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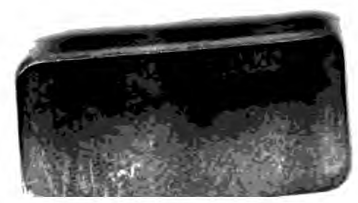


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Chertsey Worthies' Library.

THE
COMPLETE POEMS
OF
Dr. Joseph Beaumont

(1615-1699)

*FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
GLOSSARIAL INDEX, AND PORTRAIT, &c.*

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	PAGE
PSYCHE—CANTO XII. THE BANQUET,	1-16
CANTO XIII. THE IMPEACHMENT,	17-35
CANTO XIV. THE DEATH OF LOVE,	36-53
CANTO XV. THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE,	54-77
CANTO XVI. THE SUPPLY,	78-93
CANTO XVII. THE CHEAT,	95-109
CANTO XVIII. THE POYSON,	110-123
CANTO XIX. THE ANTIDOTE,	124-142
CANTO XX. THE MORTIFICATION,	143-163
CANTO XXI. THE SUBLIMATION,	164-177
CANTO XXII. THE PERSECUTION,	178-199
CANTO XXIII. THE DERELICTION,	200-214
CANTO XXIV. THE CONSUMMATION,	215-231

NOTES and ILLUSTRATIONS appended to each CANTO.

MINOR POEMS IN ENGLISH AND LATIN :—

LATIN VERSES prefixed to Hawkins' <i>Musae Juridicae</i> (1634),	235-236
(ENGLISH) POEMS on several Occasions,	237-251
POEMATA VARIA,	255-263
I. GLOSSARIAL INDEX,	265
II. ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA,	292

FACSIMILE (from DIARY) to face Title-page.



CANTO XII.

The Banquet.

The ARGUMENT.

To seal his Dear Remembrance safe and sure
Upon the hearts of his selected Sheep,
Love institutes his Parting Feast, so pure
And richly-sweet, that Psyche rap'd by deep
Desire at his Description, sues to be
A sharer in that Board's Felicity.

I.

BUT ah ! how large a Name is *Treason*, which
Doth in another fatal chanel run,
And from the Universe's Cradle reach
Down to its funeral Pile : no Ocean
E'r stretch'd its dangerous Arms so wide, or more
Wrack'd Mortals flung upon its helpless shore.

2.

Inbred *Selftreason's* this unnatural Feind
Whose bus'ness 'tis to undermine her Home ;
Who musters up intestine Storms to rend
Her too too loving Dame's unhappy Womb ;
Who on her Darlings joys her Spight to pour
And whom she pampers most do's most devour.

3.

Her title's *Luxury* ; a rampant Weed
Which grew at first in an unlikely place ;
Who would suspect that such a cursed Seed
Should *Paradise's* blessed Beds disgrace ?
Yet, as the *Serpent* there presum'd to ly,
So did this full as venomous *Prodigy*.

4.

Too prying *Eve* first found her at the *Tree*
Of *Knowledge*, and observ'd her clambing up
With licorish zeal the dangerous Rarity
Of that fair-fac'd forbidden *Fruit* to crop ;
Fool as she was, she help'd her climb the bough
Not knowing that her self she headlong threw.

5.

She knew not that her own wild Teeth would now
Tear and devour her Innocence's Bliss ;

She knew not that this flattering *Elf* would draw
Her to a forfeit of all *Paradise*,
And having dress'd it in the beautiful coat
Of that gay *Apple*, thrust *Death* down her throat.

6.

Yet She to *Adam* needs would her commend ;
Nor could unkindly-courteous He resist
The huging of his Spouse's seeming Friend,
Though *Death* and *Hell* it levell'd at his breast :
And now all *Eden's* lawful Banquet is
Too scant his wanton palate to suffice.

7.

No ; he must taste of that which never was
Design'd thus to be ravish'd : But the sour
Revengeful *Fruit* would brook no wrong, for as
She stuck between his teeth, with all the power
Of stupefaction them on edge she set,
Proving his fretful Torment, not his Meat.

8.

Nor could he chuse but leave his wretched *Heirs*
Th' Inheritance of this enchanting Pain,
Which down through all his Generations stayers
Fail'd not its propagated Bane to drain :
This hankering licorish Itch found way to run
Hot through the veins of his remotest Son.

9.

Which *Fervor* wax'd betimes so furious that
The youthful *World* on fire with Lust it set ;
A fire which glow'd with *Hell's* rebellious heat ;
A fire which downward burnt, and being knit
In league with other flaming Sins, grew stout,
And found the *Deluge* work to quench it out.

10.

Earth's face this having washed clean and white,
On *Heav'n* she smiled with wel-pleasing grace ;
And *God* vouchsafed *Humane Appetite*
A full Commission over all the Race
Of Beasts, of Fishes, and of Birds, to see
How *Man* himself would bridle being Free.

11.

For *generous Spirits* then will most abstain
 When Lords they are of their own Liberty ;
 When *Virtue* is intrusted with the Rein,
 And room's allowed for *Self-victory* ;
 When *Moderation's* Discipline may prove
 No Task of Duty, but a Strein of Love,

12.

Man's Appetite to every thing was free,
 Except the *Blood*, where *Life* hath chose to swim :
Blood's tincture's that in which stern *Cruelty*
 Dyes her bold Guilt : a tincture fit for grim
 And salvage Tigres ; not for *Man*, who is,
 Or should, Professor be of *Tenderness*.

13.

(Besides, whilst Men refrain their Lips from this
 Red Draught, their cheap Acknowledgement they make
 Of their most due Allegiance unto His
 Kind Majesty who pleased is to take
 (As little sure as they themselves could wish,)
 No homage but the *Blood* for all the flesh.)

14.

Indeed good *Noah*, who both Worlds had seen,
 And was in holy Worth above them both,
 By watchful Temperance kept himself as clean
 As now the Earth was wash'd ; and, that no Sloth
 Might tempt and steal him into *Luxury*,
 Buckled his bones to *painful Husbandry*.

15.

Then, that the Sweat his Vinyard cost him, might
 In kind requited be, into his Glass
 The Grapes he shed : whose Look, though brisk and
 bright,
 Might well have been his Monitor : alas,
 Its *ruby Dye* had he but understood
 He would have shunn'd this Liqueur too as *Blood*.

16.

Yet when it smil'd and sparkled in his face,
 And mov'd with generous fervor in the cup,
 The unsuspecting Saint invited was
 With equal cheerfulness to drink it up.
Vntried Pleasures by their dainty skin
And sweet behaviour, Approbation win.

17.

The flattering *Liquor* as it downward went,
 Knock'd at his heart, and easy entrance got ;
 Where with his Spirits it did compliment,
 And soft delicious fire amongst them shot :
Noah rejoyc'd to feel his bosom glow,
 And his old Age's Ice begin to thaw.

18.

This Bait drew down another : for, alas,
 Good Man he little dream'd that *Treachery*

In his soul-cheering Cup infused was ;
 Or that his Wine which sparkled, e'r would be
 Destructive flame : But *from tame Embers rise*
Rampant Combustions when we least surmise.

19.

By that Recruit the *Liquor* seconded,
 Awak'd its vigor, and grew proudly bold ;
 Impatient to sneak below, it spread
 Through all the upper regions, and roll'd
 About his brains, wherein there 'gan to swim
 Such thickening clouds that *Reason's Sun* grew dim.

20.

And then, infected with the pois'nous Sweet,
 He found no power left him to abstain :
 No more to quench his Thirst, but that *new Heat*
 Which burnt his veins, he takes his Bowl again ;
 Which to the brim in heedless haste he fills,
 Then part on th' earth and part in's mouth he spills.

21.

But now he Drunk no more, the Wine *drunk Him*,
 And swallow'd up both Man and Saint and all ;
 (For thus, when in their own wild Draughts they swim,
 Our witty Tongue doth Drinkers *Drunken* call ;)
 Which change so throughly did his head confound
 That Earth as well as Heav'n he thinks turns round.

22.

And this is all he thinks of Earth or Heav'n,
 So shipwrack'd was his Soul in this red Sea ;
 His Reason from its wonted helm was driven,
 His Fancy overwhelm'd, his Memory
 Away was washed, and the useless hulk
 Was only left him of his Bodie's bulk.

23.

The *Wine* now sparkles in his eyes no less
 Than in his Bowl before : He gapes and stares
 On every thing, and yet he nothing sees ;
 He trips and staggers, but no fall he fears,
 Nor feels it when he falls ; for having let
 His Bowl drop down, himself sunk after it.

24.

Thus he who in the universal *flood*
 Trampled the fury of the proudest Waves,
 And on the Ocean's back in triumph rode,
 Below him seeing all the Nations' graves ;
 Alas, was drowned in a silly Cup
 Which he himself unwittingly drunk up.

25.

No *Ark* above this *Deluge* Man can bear
 But *Temperance*, which here the *Saint* forgot ;
 Who as he downward tumbled, took no care
 Of keeping on his modest Mantle ; but
 As destitute of Cloths, as Senses lay,
 And did his *double Nakedness* display.

26.

But as the Traitor who has slain the King
Speeds from the Court as soon 's the Mischief's done :
So now the treacherous *Liquor* backward flung,
And from the Murder it committed, ran :
Besides, a rout of other Humors follow'd,
And slaughter'd *Noah* in his Vomit wallow'd.

27.

Slaughter'd indeed ; and now a *Man* no more,
For nothing was alive in him but *Beast* ;
Which spake its kind by his right *swinish Roar* :
'Till tir'd at length with yawning, and opprest
With his most heavy self, he fell asleep,
And in that nasty Rest his brains did steep.

28.

Thus *Luxury's first part* in *Eden* grew,
The *second* set in *Noah's Garden* was ;
By which kind *Heav'n* the warned World would shew
That *Danger's* root can lurk in any place.
Alas, the holiest Ground too often breeds
As well as wholesom flowers, invenom'd Weeds.

29.

God's Bounty granted all Variety
Of Meats to feast the sober *Appetite* ;
And added brisk and cheerful *Wine*, to be
The active soul of moderate *Delight* :
Yet *Man* abusing his indulged Bliss,
Deflour'd *Heav'n's Grace* by peevish Wantoness.

30.

He neither would by *Eve's* Examples, nor
By *Noah's* be advis'd, whose Sanctity
Rendred them more invulnerable far
Than common Mortals' feeble breasts can be :
He still would dive, and rake the most profound
Bottom of *Pleasures*, though himself he drown'd.

31.

And from that *bottom* up he fetch'd at last
Improved fat and full-grown Luxury ;
Who ne'r appeared to those Ages past
So hideously-compleat a Prodigy ;
For she much cooler was and tamer then,
And had not banish'd *Men quite out of Men*.

32.

But an *unruly Monster* now she grew
Incourag'd by the Vinyard's rampant flame ;
And round about the World in triumph flew,
All which she wrack'd in her sweet-bitter stream :
Stark raving she and roaring prov'd, and made
All so, who practis'd her intemperate Trade.

33.

The laws of *God*, of *Man*, of *Nature* were
Vain feeble bridles, whensoever she

Resolved in her furious career

To let the Circle of her Healths run free :
Oft has she brew'd with *Wine's* outrageous flood
Friends', Brothers', Parents', Masters', Princes' blood.

34.

With fry spurs oft has she pricked on
The neighing fury of her venery
To Daughters', Sisters', Mothers' beds to run :
Oft has she ventur'd by foul Blasphemy
Upon the Virgin *Heav'n's* ; and boldly mad,
Committed, as she could, a *rape on God*.

35.

Her Disposition 's suted with a shape
As odd and shapeless ; for her parched Head
Burns up all hopes of hair, and wastes the Sap
By ill-bestow'd excess of moisture : Red
With putrid fulness are her Eyes, and seem
In her own overflowing *Wine* to swim.

36.

But provident 's her tumid Nose, for there
The *Wine* is bottel'd up past running out ;
Which *Bottle's* lether being thin and clear
Speaks what it holds ; and studded round about
With fervent Rubies, eminently shines
Like grapes' large Bunches hung for Taverns' signs.

37.

Wroth fiery knots are marshalled upon
Her forehead and her cheeks : had *Sicily*
Her *Etna* lost, this sulphury Region
Would shew it her in multiplicity ;
For though these hills swell not so high as that,
As great 's their horror, and their smell as hot.

38.

Her powting lips still dry and crannied are
Though every day a thousand times too wet
Alas her burning Breath which traffick'd there
Makes them their supple commerce strait forget,
And by the Poison of its fulsome stinks
Taints all the aromattick *Wines* she drinks.

39.

But by her Paunch's prominent Storehouse, great
With child she seems of Mountains, for in this
What all the World can yield of Drink and Meat
In one prodigious Heap congested is :
Here *Solomon's twelve Oxen*, and with them
His mighty *brassen Sea* it self might swim.

40.

This Sink is that where *Surfeit* being bred
The fertile Parent of Diseases grows ;
Which she distributing from foot to head,
All undigested Pleasures turns to Woes.
Thus though the Bees delicious Honey bring,
They always end in an invenom'd Sting.

41.

Who knows not that *Luxuriant Mortals* eat
The fuel of their final fate, and wrest
The good intent of their abused Meat
Not *Nature* but her Maladies to feast ?
Who knows not that in *Health's* deceitful Name
They drink those Sparks which kindle fever's flame ?

42.

Themselves they diet thus with their own *Death*,
And to a *Weapon of Destruction* turn
The *Staff of Life*. In vain *Heav'n's Mercy* hath
So bounteous been : if Men perversely learn
Self-cruelty to find in it, and all
Its *Sweets* adulterate into deadly *Gall* :

43.

If *Bacchus* must be dubb'd a *God*, and have
His larger and more constant Sacrifice,
Than *He* who all their *Vines* to Mortals gave
Whilst they the Giver by the Gift despise :
If *Ceres* too a Goddess prove, and we
All sworn *Devotos of the Belly* be.

44.

Alas, and had not bold *Mortality*
Commission large enough before, to check
Our proudest Strength ! Was all the Misery
Of *Famine*, *Plague*, and *War*, so faint and weak
That We, strange *Voluntiers*, our help must lend
Of *Luxury*, to hasten on our *End* !

45.

'Twas time, high time, for *God* himself to come,
And with *Heav'n's Balsam* tame our desperate Wound ;
Our Madness swell'd so wide, that now no room
For mortal Hand to give Relief was found.
'Twas time to come ; and blessed be his Name,
For, knowing *Pity's* cue, *in time he came*.

46.

Jesus himself came down, and left the Feast
Of all Delights which he above enjoy'd ;
Into the *Depth of Poverty* he cast
His noble Life ; and taught us to avoid
Intemperance's baits, which Riches lay
So fair and thick in *Wantonness's* way.

47.

Then by his practick Abstinence he shew'd
How eas'ly, fairly, and in open field
Pernititious *Luxury* might be subdu'd,
And healthful *Temperance* the scepter weild.
Forty long days and nights at once he spent
In Consecrating of his Servants' *Lent*.

48.

His *Doctrine* He to His *Example* join'd
When for His frequent *Text* He *Fasting* took,

Proving those wilful Eyes much more than blind
Which could discover in her solemn Look
No richer Beauty than what smileth in
The polish'd plumpness of a pamper'd skin.

49.

'Tis true She's *pale* ; so is the *Lily* too,
So is her heav'nly daughter *Chastity* ;
So is the *milk*, so is the *Virgin Snow* :
And yet when *Modesty* would dressed be
In graceful *Scarlat*, she can raise a flood
Of *Purple*, and shine fair in *blushing Blood*.

50.

With costly *Pride* she seeks not to be deep
Red in spruce *Wines*, strange *Meats*, and learned *Sauce* ;
She's not ambitious a tongue to keep
More wise in *Taste*, than *Speech* ; to hold a place
Among quaint *Kitchen-criticks* ; and to gain
A more judicious *Palate*, than a *Brain*.

51.

She is contented to be lank and lean,
As one who counts it martial policy
To keep her *Ammunition* close within
Her less and therefore stronger *Walls* : for she
Laughs at those plump and burly *Gallants*, who
Can nothing but their swelling *Out-works* show.

52.

But though her most contracted *Ramparts* need
No numerous *Garrison's* incumbrance ; yet
This sober *Mistress of all active Heed*
Her guard both day and night doth duly set,
Being of treacherous *Ease* and *Sleep* afraid,
By which *fat lazy Bulwarks* are betray'd.

53.

She knows what *Ballast* will her bulk suffice
To keep her steady in *Life's* dangerous *Sea*,
And lays in but enough : the *Marchandize*
Which fraughts her stowage, *precious vertues* be ;
And provident She, *no bigger than her self*,
Securely sails by every *Rock* and *Shelf*.

54.

Her *Parts* and *Passions* all their duties know,
And she as little fears a storm within
As from without : her *flesh* delights to bow
To all commands ; no *Officers* repine
What course so e'r she steers, but all conspire
To make their own still fail with her desire.

55.

And thus she safely at that *Port* arriveth
Which leads into the *Continent of Bliss* ;
The *Port* in which her dying *Life* surviveth,
The blessed *Key* and *Gate of Paradise* :
For whose incomparably-dainty fare
With wise forecast she sav'd her stomach here.

56.

This difficult but advantageous *Grace*
Was that which *Jesus* strove on *Earth* to sow ;
But *Earth* so shamelessly-ingrateful was
As to reject the noble *Seed* ; for though
Some few ingenuous *Beds* did entertain it,
The most with peevish stubbornness disdain it.

57.

Yea those who to the *King of Abstinence*
Have sworn Allegiance, blush not to enrol
Themselves the servants of *Intemperance* ;
And their licentious and revelling *Bowl*
More sacred and obligatory count
Than all the streams of *Baptism's* Heav'nly fount.

58.

Else how comes that (O how unmanly) *Trade*
Of daily turning Swine, to be profest
With most applause, not where the *Pagan shade*
Upon prevented Reason's eyes hath cast
Blind Irreligion's Night ; but where the Rays
Of most revealed Heav'n gild *Christian dayes* ?

59.

Else how can'st thou, degenerate *Britain*, which
Barr'st out all other *Oceans* by thy shore,
To let the *Sea of Drunkenness* with such
Unruly fury in thy bowels roar !
O that thy feeble *Sands* should stronger be
Than in thy *Reason*, or thy *Piety* !

60.

How has this *Deluge* drown'd in *Sottishness*
Thy once renowned *Sense of Bravery* ;
Since in thy gallant *Sword's* and *Buckler's* place
A cowardly Succession we see
Of *Pots* and *Glasses*, and (O Valour's shame !)
Strong Drinker turned into *Credit's* name.

61.

How come those *Bacchanial Wars* so dear
In thy repute, who prid'st thy self that thou
So well appointed art as not to fear
Or *Dutch* or *Danish bowls* ; but knowest how
Both foes and friends by *Grapes'* mad blood to shed,
And, though not strike, yet surely *drink them dead*.

62.

How comes the Name of *Cynick*, or of *Clown*
To blast their fame who never learn'd the Arts
Of roaring *Revels* ! how is *Goodness* grown
No more by *Virtue's Standard*, but by *Quarts*
And *Pottles* to be measur'd ; whilst by *Good*
Fellows, *Carousers* must be understood !

63.

How comes this *Mockery of Discipline*,
To *drink in order* and observe the *Round* !

How comes *Debauchery* to defloure divine
Solemnity, and sacred modes confound
With swinish Rites ; whilst *Riot's Liturgy*
Devoutly is perform'd with Cap and Knee !

64.

Why must it be in vain that *Nature's* care
Hath tam'd thy Vines, and made them chaste and cool ?
Why must thy thirsty Lust rome far and near,
And from all forreign Climates fill thy bowl ?
Such tedious voyages why dost thou take
The whole World's Drunkenness thine own to make ?

65.

O how hast thou the sumptuous pains forgot
Which mighty *Love* hath taken to requite
The cost of Virtuous Abstinence ; and what
For *Piety's* untainted appetite
His Bounties hand prepar'd ; those dainties which
Surmount all wishes' and all fancies' pitch.

66.

At that high *Banquet's* strange magnificence
Heav'n stands amazed : nor could *Phylax* now
Longer conceal his brave ecstastick sense
Of its dear Sweets : for Heav'nly bosoms glow
So hot when *Love's* Exploits their wonder wake,
That through their lips their flaming hearts must break.

67.

The infamous *Traitor's* famous Story done :
And *Psyche* having her short Supper eat ;
Her ardent *Guardian* thus again begun :
My Dear, this Evening season, and the Meat
Thy *Spouse's* providence hath given thee,
Are Items of his greater *Feast* to Me.

68.

He, *Abstinence's noble Doctor*, who
Had taught his Servants not to clog their heart
With corruptible viands ; being now
Already *Sold*, and shortly hence to part,
A *Banquet* made so great and rich, as may
More than the whole World's Temperance repay.

69.

A *Banquet* not of gross and earthly cheer
Where birds, or beasts, or fish might convives be,
But of immortal Dainties, Spirits' Fare,
Diet of Souls ; so pure, that only He
The *God* in whom all Power and Sweetness live
Could such celestial Entertainment give.

70.

The solemn Day now summoned the *Jews*
Their memorable *Passover* to eat :
Nor would thine inoffensive *Lord* refuse
With due respect that *Feast* to celebrate,
Whose typick Office, like the faithful *Shade*
On Him the *Sun* so long attended had.

71.

With his *Disciples* down he sate ; and from
The consecrated and unblemish'd *Lamb*
Observ'd the Copy of himself, in whom
No Critick's searching eye found room for blame :
Yet could not *Innocence* secure his life
More than the *Lamb* it saved from the knife.

72.

The *Lamb* divested of his fleece and skin
The Fire's most hungry rage had naked fed,
With its tormented patient flesh ; and in
This Lesson he his Pangs beforehand read,
How to his Cross the *Jewish* fury tost him,
And how the flaming *Wrath of Heav'n* did rost him.

73.

The sad attendance of that *bitter Sauce*
Which sourest Herbs about the Meat had thrown ;
The smart resemblance of that *Anguish* was
With which his Dish of deepest Wo was strown :
The stinking *Weeds of humane Sins* exceed
In bitterness, all Herbs that Earth can breed.

74.

The *Haste* which quickned on this *transient Feast*,
Was not so winged, as the noble Speed
With which He posted in desire to rest
Upon the cruel Cross his tender head :
A *woful resting place* was that, and yet
To *Love* no Pillow seem'd so soft and sweet.

75.

The *Lamb* he eat ; and, though the *Lamb of God*,
He meant himself as truly to be eaten.
But that the strangeness of this mighty *Food*
Might not appal his Guests ; his Love do's sweeten
Its own Conveyance by that dear Invention
Whose depth exceeds created Comprehension.

76.

For having finish'd this *Solemnity*
And honorably brought it to its grave ;
He ushers in that precious *Mystery*,
Kept for his *final Favour*, which might leave
His precious Memory imprinted deep
In all the souls of his beloved *Sheep*.

77.

His combrous Mantle having laid aside,
A Towel on he girds ; for humble He
Would not the least impediment abide
Of most officious Activity :
A Basin then he fills, and at his own
Poor servants' feet the mighty *Lord* falls down.

78.

The conscience of his own eternal Worth,¹
His boundless Power, and native Sovereignty ;

The clear remembrance of his coming forth
From *God's* bright arms, and that he was to be
There re-inthroned, could not hold him up ;
All this he knew, and yet *He down did stoop*.

79.

Stoop then proud *Mortals*, whosoe'r you be
Who have no power alone to stand : *O stoop*
Now you behold your *Sovereign* on his knee,
Whose Hand of all your Beings is the Prop :
Stoop, since you see Him to his Scholars bow,
And of the *Highest* make himself so low.

80.

To stand on foolish *terms of Honor* now,
Is but to found your glory on your shame :
O, is't not more illustrious to bow
With *Jesus*, than with *Lucifer* to aim
Above your reach ! why, why will *Dust* forget
The place originally due to it !

81.

But what's *God's* bus'nes at his Vassals' feet ?
Only to wash, and wipe them clean. O now
Stoop lower still, lower and lower yet,
For at the lowest you are not so low
As *He*, the *Universe's Monarch* here
Strangely become a *servile Minister*.

82.

When *Jesus* thus with Water purged had
His Servants' feet, and cleans'd with Grace their hearts ;
Shewing what Preparation must be made
By all who hope to have their happy parts
In his pure *Banquet* ; down he sits again,
With *Miracles* his Guests to entertain.

83.

The Close of sumptuous Feasts is proud to be
With choice and sovereign Delicacies crown'd,
Which may the Convive's learned Luxury
With deep and dainty Ravishment confound ;
And *Jesus* would not let this Supper want
That costly point of princely Complement.

84.

Indeed the Supper which They now had eat
Its ready way into the Belly took ;
Where in the kitchen of poor mortal Meat
Committed 'twas to active *Heat* to cook :
And *Heat's* best skill could only dress it fit
To feed the *Body* which had fed on it.

85.

But *Christ's* adorable Design was now
With such a second Course to grace the Board,
As might to pined *Minds* relief allow,
And nutriment to hungry *Hearts* afford ;
Such Nutriment as sprightful strength might give
To all his Guests eternally to live.

¹ S. Jo. 13. 3.

86.

In his *Almighty Hand* he took the *Bread*,
And his *Magnifick Blessing* pour'd on it ;
Bate but his own, and ne'r on any Head
Such potent *Benediction* chose to sit :
Indeed, it was that *Blessing's echo*, and
Bounded upon his *Body in his Hand*.

87

For breaking that dear *Bread*, He tender'd it
To his *Disciples*, saying, *Take and eat ;*
This is my Body broke for you : and let
My *Death's Remembrance* live in this your *Meat*.
But *Jesu's Feast* must not a *dry* one be ;
His *Wine* shall match his *Meat's* high rarity.

88.

He takes the *Cup*, and cries, *Drink all of this,*
My *Blood*, the *Blood of my New Testament*,
Which shed, and liberally bequeathed is
To wash the Sins of all that will repent.
As oft as of this Fount of Life you Drink,
Of Me, your bountiful Redeemer, think.

89.

Sweet *Jesu !* O how can thy *World* forget
Their *Royal Savior*, and his *Bounty* ; who
Upon his *Tables his own Self* hath set ;
Who in their *Holy Goblets* deigns to flow,
And in their *Dishes* lie. Did ever *Friend*
So sure a *Token* of his *Love* commend ?

90.

Infallibly there dost *Thou* flow and lie ;
Though mortal eyes discover no such things,
Quick-sighted *Faith* reads all the *Mystery*,
And humble pious *Souls* know how to bring
Into the *Wonder's Cabinet*, and there
Make all the *Jewels of this Truth* appear.

91.

She generously dares on *God* rely,
And trust his *Word*, though up in *Riddles* knit :
If *Jesu* once pronounceth, *This is my*
Body and Blood : Far, far, cries she, be it
That I should think my *dying Lord* would cheat
Me in his *Legacy of Drink and Meat*.

92.

His *Word's* omnipotent : by *Saying*, He
Effects whate'r he says ; and more than I
Or can, or would conceive. What is 't to me
If He transcends *Man's* low *Capacity* ?
Surely it well becomes Him so to do ;
Nor were He *God*, if He could not do so.

93.

Let Him say what He will, I must deny
Him to be *God*, or certain hold his *Word* :

Me it concerneth not, to verify
What He proclaims : My duty's to afford
Meek credit, and let Him alone to make
Good, whatsoever He is pleas'd to speak.

94.

Good He can make it ; witness *Heav'n* and *Earth*,
Yea, ev'n *Themselves* who thus his *Words* distrust :
For from what fount flow'd this *Creation* forth,
But his *Almighty Lips* ? Needs therefore must
His *Words* be real, or the *World's* vast *Mass*
Must for a *Dream* and vain *Delusion* pass.

95.

Gross and unworthy *Spirits* sure they be,
Who of their *Lord* such mean conceptions frame,
That parting from his dearest *Consorts*, He
No token of his *Love* bequeath'd to them
But simple *Bread* and *Wine* : a likely thing,
And suting well *Magnificence's King*.

96.

A likely thing, that when the lusty *Blood*
Of *Bulls* and *Goats* can wash no *Sins* away,
The *Blood of Grapes* should with a stronger *Flood*
Quite overwhelm and drown the *World's Decay* :
O no, such virtue in no *Blood* can dwell,
But that which through the *Veins of God* did thrill.

97.

Ask me not then, How can the thing be done,
What power of *Sense* or *Reason* can digest it ?
Fools, as you are, what *Demonstration*
So evident as this, *My God* profest it ?
And if you prove it true, that *He can lye*,
This *Wonder*, and *Him* too, I'll strait deny.

98.

But first demonstrate, how one *single Sound*
Can to the *Circle's* brims its self impart,
And on a thousand *Ears* at once rebound
In its compleat totality : your *Art*
Alas, is puzell'd here : and every *Noise*
Chides your distrust of your *Redeemer's Voice*.

99.

Speak out, fond *Infidelity*, speak out,
And say, This *single Sound* is more than *One* :
Or, if shame stops thy *Mouth* : why is thy *Doubt*
So shameless as to make *Great Him* alone
Who is th' *Eternal Word*, that power want,
Which to each *fitting Voice* thy *Faith* doth grant.

100.

But what thanks were 't, if you could credit what
To *Sense* and *Reason's* eye were written plain ?
Heav'n's much to them beholden, who will not
Believe it higher is than they can strain ;
Who jealous are of *God*, and will not be
Induc'd to trust *Him* further than they see.

101.

And yet had you these modest Eyes of mine,
 You in this gloomy *Cloud* would see the *Sun* ;
 That *Sun*, who in wise justice scorns to shine
 On those who with bold prying press upon
 His *secret Majesty* ; which plainly I
 Because I make no anxious search, descry.

102.

This is the *Valorous Resolution*
 Of gallant *Faith* : the blessed Rule whereby
 All those through *Mysterie's* meanders run,
 Who are the *Scholars of Humility*.
 Yet must I tell thee, *Psyche*, *itching Pride*
 Will not hereafter thus be satisfy'd.

103.

A thousand waspish *Syllogisms* will
 Be buzzing from the mouths of those who build
 Their groundworks of Religion on the skill
 With which they proudly think their brains are fill'd ;
 'Till *Queries*, *Doubts*, *Distinctions*, *Niceties*
 Breed fretful *Schisms*, and pois'nous *Heresies*.

104.

Needs will they peep into the *Manner how*
 This hidden Miracle to pass was brought ;
 And madly being not content to know
 What *Christ* thought fit to teach them, study out
 They know not what, and make this Banquet prove
 A *Sacrament of War and not of Love*.

105.

Some press too near, and spy what is not there,
 Some carelessly take what is there away :
 Some will admit no Miracle, for fear
 That Consequent be usher'd in, which they
 Resolve to stop ; and that their Faith should be
 Forc'd to confess more than their eyes can see.

106.

Some first Conclude, and afterward Dispute,
 Loth to confess they did Define in haste :
 Some rest contented only to confute
 What others urge : nor can the mighty *Feast*
 Perswade their sceptick Stomachs to sit down,
 And by meek Faith make Angels' Cheer their own.

107.

Some sift *Existence*, *Substance*, *Accidents*,
Concomitance, through *Logick's* busy sive :
Trans, *Sub*, and *Con*, by strange experiments
 They bould so long, that they themselves deceive :
 For whilst to win the precious *Flower* they strain,
 The course and refuse *Bran* is all they gain.

108.

When *Aristotle's* Laws are urg'd to be
 The Umpiers in Religion, the Rent

Poor *Art* would fain sew up in Piety,
 Is mended but by further Detriment :
 For by th' unworthy clownish Needle, it
 Both multiply'd, and wider ope is set.

109.

O happy World, if all would once agree
 In that which *Jesus* did so plainly teach !
 If those *short Words* no more might tenter'd be
 By *long Disputes* beyond themselves to reach :
 If they to apprehend their sense, would strain
 Their faithful Heart, and not their doubtful Brain :

110.

If they their Notions and themselves would cease
 To rack and torture ; and to make their great
 And burly Volumes swell with Witnesses
 Of their profound and learned *Want of Wit* :
 If for the *Manner* they would trust their *Lord*,
 And for the *Substance* take Him at his Word.

111.

For *Heav'n* its faithful wheel shall sooner turn
 And backward hale the *Sun* into the East ;
 The *Polar Bear* in *Lybia's* furnace burn ;
 And *Sirius's* mouth be sealed up with frost ;
 Into the lofty Spheres dull *Tellus* leap
 And headlong tumble *Height* into the *Deep* ;

112.

Than any Syllable which droppeth from
 The lips of *Jesus*, can be born away
 Upon the Wind's swift wings, and never come
 Back with its full Effect : however They
 Whom Wit befools, will be so mad in this
 Clear point, as to *dispute away their Bliss*.

113.

In vain it is to tell these *Wranglers*, how
Jesus could graft cold Stones into the Stock
 Of *Abraham*, and make dead Pebles grow
 Fresh lively *Jews* : or that he did not mock
 His stomach by the Bread he daily eat,
 But to his Fleshe's substance turn'd his meat.

114.

In vain to tell them, how, into his Blood
 The Wine he drank was truly chang'd ; for though.
 Such speculations pois'd and understood
 With reverent heed, might help the soul to row
 In this deep Wonder's sea : yet *Wranglers* will,
 Because they will be so, be *Wranglers* still.

115.

But as the strictest siege of Thorns is laid
 To goodly Roses ; whilst the vulgar flowers,
 Not worth the choking, never grow afraid
 Of armed neighbours, whose infestive powers
 Might plant their bane about them : so it fares
 With this rich *Bread* invaded by the Tares.

116.

What heart can of the monstrous *Gnosticks* think
And not abhor their damned *Sacrifice*;¹
The matchless and the most blasphemous sink
Of Earth's and Hell's profound Impieties!
Thine ears were never frighted with so black
A Sin, as they their grand Religion make.

117.

But I in reverence to thy Blush forbear
That deep Abomination's Den to rake,
Whose rank Sent reaks as high 's the highest sphere
And in *God's* nostrils stinks: yet leave must take
To tell thee thine own *Albion* will at last
Contempt on this most glorious Banquet cast.

118.

For in the dregs of Time; when Wealth and Pride
Have fatted British hearts fit to defy
All sacred *Discipline*, and to the Tide
Of furious *Licence*, and wild *Ataxy*
Flung ope the gap; unhallow'd Hands will dare
From holy *Priests* this reverend Work to tear.

119.

Mechanick Zeal, inspir'd by *Sottishness*,
And by enthusiastick *Ordination*
Of self-deluded Fancy *Call'd* to dress
God's Feast in *Man's reformed misshapen fashion*;
Will purest *Purity* it self defile,
And by Heav'n's gate find out a way to Hell.

120.

But happy Thou who shalt not live to see
Thine eyes tormented with that cursed sight,
Which acted shall and authorized be
By equal Sons of everlasting Night.
Come then let our Discourse return, and be
Attendant on the *Board of Sanctity*.

121.

Thy *Lord's* great *Banquet* was the Consummation
Of *Israel's* famous *Passover*; and did
With mystick power antedate His *Passion*,
And that long-long'd-for Word, 'Tis finished.
Right noble was that *typick Passover*,
But nobler this, because *substantial*, here.

122.

How much more precious is this *Lamb*; who though
This Feast of Dainties to Himself be sour,
Presents no sauce of *bitter herbs* to gnaw
His Convive's taste; but with the plenal power
Of Sweetness entertains their Palates, and
Pozes their Wits their Bliss to understand.

123.

This is that more renown'd *Viaticum*
The *Israel of God* to fortify

¹ *Vid. S. Epiphani. Hæres. 26. 27.*

When they from *Pharaoh's* iron Bondage, home
Are hastning to their holy Liberty.

O *Psyche*, those dim Stories clearlyer are
Reacted in the *Christian* hemisphere.

124.

Sin, Sin, that hateful Egypt is, where reigns
A King more stern than *Pharoh's* fiercest rage;
The Tyrant *Belsebub*, who throws his chains
About the World, its shoulders to engage
Under a more unreasonable Law
Than *making brick* whilst 'tis denied straw.

125.

But pious Souls are by this *Paschal Feast*
With holy vigour so embrav'd, that they
This servile yoke from off their necks can cast,
And into Rest's free region snatch their way;
Although their hard obstructed passage be
Both through the dismal *Desert* and the *Sea*.

126.

This enigmatick Life of Misery,
Can own both those repugnant Names: what are
Its Storms, and Broils, and Tumults, but a *Sea*
Red with Destruction? what's a Theatre
Lin'd thick with salvage and enraged Foes,
If not a dreadful *Wilderness* of Woes?

127.

But through this wretched *Desert*, and this *Sea*,
The virtue of this *Passover* will lead
Believing Souls, till they securely be
In blessed *Canaan* established;
That *Canaan* whose Milk and Honey is
The Sweetness of exuberant *Paradise*.

128.

That *Canaan* whose Inhabitants shall not
Through nine and forty Orbs of Slavery
Be forc'd to climb to one of Freedom, but
Find every year a constant Jubile;
In which, although they never sow or reap,
They still an everlasting Feast shall keep.

129.

That *Canaan*, where no *Jebusits* shall run
Thorns through the sides of its accomplish'd *Rest*;
And whence no *Babylonish* Army can
E'r hope the happy Colonies to thrust:
A *Canaan* which alone makes good the grand
And glorious Title of the *Holy Land*.

130.

This *Sacramental Bread*, and this alone,
Is that supporting *Staff of Life*, with which
The stoutly-faithful *Generation*
Their gallant journey take to heav'n, and reach
The top of their Desires more surely far
Than by his *Staff* the Artist do's the Star.

131.

By *Bread*, and bread alone, Man now must live,
This *Bread* which from *God's* mouth on purpose came ;
Christ's potent *Institution* did derive
This virtue to it ; and Himself to them
Who pant for Life, proclaim'd the way to get
That noble Prize was by this only *Meat*.

132.

All Delicacies moulded up in one
Pure precious Composition flourish here :
No *Sybarit's* Invention e'r upon
Their Board's fat Altars sacrific'd such Cheer
To their dear *Bellies*, though of all their Rout
Of Gods, their *Paunches* they the highest thought.

133.

The *Syracusan* Tables never sweat
Under such Dainties : *Alexandrian* Feasts
Could never with such princely sprightly Meat
Ravish the palates of their pamper'd guests :
No *Asiatick*, nor no *Medick* fare,
No Cates of *Marsel's* might with these compare.

134.

Great *Solomon's* profoundest Industry,
Which through all Nature did his Pleasures hunt,
Sifting and boulding every Suavity
To find the fugitive Soul of true *Content*,
Nought but unsavory *Vanity* could taste :
All *solid Pleasures* here alone are plac't.

135.

Here, in this sacred close Conspiracy
Of most substantial Delights ; to which
That high *Angelick Cheer* which studiously
Heav'n's bounteous hand did every morning reach
To His dear *Jacob's* pilgrim hungry *Seed*,
Resigns its fame and seems course homely Bread.

136.

O Nest of fledgest Joies ! O sacred Mine
Of richest Sweetnesses ! O fertile Tree
Of Life's own Life ! O mighty Magazine
Of ever-nutritive Felicity !
O *Bread of Wonders*, who thy praise can tell
Which *God Himself* dost render Edible !

137.

Nor is the Dainties of the *Cup* less rich
Than that which in the noble *Patin* lies :
The *Wine of Love*, of *Life*, of *Spirits*, which
By new unheard-of entheous properties
So strangely human Hearts imbraves, that they
In *Fear's* most frightful looks read no Dismay.

138.

Heav'n's prudent *Law* took wary order that
No creature's Blood the lip of Man should stain :

And just and useful was the Caution ; that
All pious mouths might be reserved clean
In reverence to the *Blood* of this pure *Lamb*
Design'd into believing Lips to stream.

139.

O *blessed, bloody, peaceful Wine* ! O how
Divinely hast thou satisfaction made
For those enflaming Poisons, sweets which flow
In other Wines ! may *Noah* now be glad
Of his *Invention*, since his foul Mishap
Is clean wash'd out by this al-purging Grape.

140.

This *Wine* is that wherein dwells *Verity*,
The *Verity of Heav'n* : for *Heav'n* in it
All melted is : those boundless Joies which We
Bath'd in at home, are here together met
In strange epitomy, and smiling swim
About the *Chalice's* soul-charming brim.

141.

To *Venus's* milk let shameless Luxury
Turn other Wines, and to its swelling Cups
As to the bottles of her bosom fly,
Whence only furious Uncleanness drops ;
This is a purer Juice than can be prest
From *Chastity's* own most unspotted breast :

142.

Of this mild Doves may drink, and never fear
That any Inflammation will intrench
Upon their sober blood : white Virgins here
Their shie and bashful hearts may safely drench :
This *Liquor* breeds no flames but soft and cool,
Which though they burn, cannot infect the soul.

143.

One Drop of this, though it can amply fill
The most immeasurable Thirst's desire
With more than any wish can covet ; still
It raises that fulfilled Longing higher,
And makes in vastest *Satisfaction's* tide
The overflowing heart unsatisfy'd.

144.

Should *Greek*, *Canary*, or *Pannonian Wine*,
Should *Spanish*, *French*, *Italian*, and the rest
Which crown the chalices of Kings, combine
In one Extraction, sumptuously drest
With aromattick helps ; they would be all
If parallell'd with this, but *costly Gall*.

145.

Proud *Cleopatra's* prodigalest Bowl
Where her luxuriant Jewel learn'd to swim,
And its inestimable riches roll
Melted and mixed with the gallant stream ;
Compared with this *Cup*, was full as vile
As any bottle filled at her *Nile*.

146.

This *Wine* makes those all blush for their own shame
Which in great *Beltshazer's* goblets smil'd ;
Which *Olofernes* to the beauteous *Dame*,
And yet more masculine than beauteous, fill'd :
That *Dame*, who in her Nation's quarrel durst
Quench with his Blood more than his Wine, her thirst.

147.

Sardanapalus nor with cost or care
Such precious Liquor ever could obtain :
No Epicurean ambition e'r
Its liquorish self screw'd to so high a strein
As to affect a Draught so rich as this :
No : fancie's utmost reach here posed is.

148.

Where other Grapes' outrageous Powers reign,
Both Sence and Reason rue that tyranny ;
Which being drown'd together with their Brain,
Strait every captiv'd Part and Faculty
To beastly Madness is enslav'd, and flies
On murders, rapines, rapes, and Villanies.

149.

But where this *Wine of Angels* domineers,
The heart with noble *Drunkeness* it fills ;
The conquer'd spirits it sweetly overbears
With charming streams of mystick Miracles ;
Till quite intoxicated by this *Flood*
Of *Love and Heav'n*, the Man is drunk with God.

150.

Strange, *Psyche*, are this *Drunkeness's* fits ;
Oft have I seen, and them as oft admir'd :
The world esteem'd them fir'd out of their wits
Whom with this *Liquor's* flame it saw inspir'd :
But we know what *ecstatick Raptures* mean,
And *Zeal's Exploits* whene'r it gets the Rein.

151.

Oft have I seen brave *Spirits*, when they rose
From this great *Banquet* fill'd with generous Rage,
Fly in the face of *Vice* ; and nobly choose
Against its stoutest Ramparts to engage
Their heav'nly Confidence ; nor has their high
Adventure fail'd to reach down *Victory*.

152.

Oft have I seen them smile in sweet disdain
Upon *Misfortune's* most insulting Look :
Oft have I seen them kindly entertain
Those guests' faint humane Nature worst can brook,
Grief, Sickness, Loss, Oppression, Calumny,
Shame, Plunder, Banishment, and Poverty.

153.

Oft have I seen them scorn the frown of *Death*,
On Crosses laugh, most sweetly hug the bitter

Salutes of Swords, and spend their final breath
In wooing greatest Tortures to be greater :
Oft have I seen them enter single fight
Both with the *Peers*, and with the *Prince of Night*.

154.

For knowing well what strength they have within,
By stiff tenacious Faith they hold it fast.
How can those Champions ever fail to win,
Who cap-a-pe, for Arms, with *Heav'n* are drest !
Those Breasts must needs all Batteries defy,
Where *God* Himself in garrison doth lie.

155.

But to augment the wonder, *Psyche*, this
Great *Feast of Feasts* can never all be spent :
When Millions it has fill'd, intirely 'tis
The same it was, and knows no detriment.
So though the World all drinks in Air, yet still
The undiminish'd Region is full.

156.

And yet not so : for here each Soul doth eat
The total Banquet, and yet leaves it whole :
These antecedent Ages cannot cheat
Those which lag on behind : whilst *Heav'n* shall roll,
And Earth stand still, this ever-teeming *Board*
The same Delights will unto All afford.

157.

No fount lives on such living Springs as dwell
In this pure *Cup of Life*, to which though all
Nations and Tongues flock in to drink, it still
Maintains its equal *Plenitude* ; nor shall
The busy *School*, with all its endless fry
Of *Doubts* and *Queries* hope to draw it dry.

158.

Though all *Heav'n's* starry Tapers lighted be
At *Phabus's* eyes, his Raies keep still intire :
His Image shines in every Lake and Sea,
Yet only One is his original fire ;
Which doth its wondrous single self so wide
In its compleat *Similitude* divide.

159.

Thus, but more really thus, this *feast*
Most absolutely One is wholly spread
Into the mouth and heart of every Guest ;
And fails not there more *Heav'nly* beams to shed,
Than when the Sun by his meridian Ray
Triumphs upon the highest throne of *Day*.

160.

Thy most profoundly-gracious *Lord*, who far
Above the reach of any *Want* did reign,
Descended from His mighty *Glorie's* sphere ;
And that His voyage might be sure to gain
Him *Emptiness' fulness*, lowly He
To prove the poorer, woul'd a *Borrower* be.

161.

For hither on this strange Adventure come,
He borrow'd of the World *Humanity*,
And in the Cabinet of *Mary's* Womb
Dress'd up Himself compleatly *Man*; yet He
Though by this Condescent new raies He set
In *Nature's* crown, still thought Himself in debt.

162.

And pay He would, right generous as He was,
All back again which He had borrow'd here;
He meant His Blood and Body on the Cross
To tender, and make full requital there
To His unwitting Creditors, and that
With Interest which Numbers cannot rate.

163.

And yet because His *Human Nature* He
So dearly loves, that He concludes to bear
It home in triumph, and eternally
Those narrow Robes of bondless *Mercy* wear;
E'r He His journey took, He plotted how
It might *Ascend* and yet *Remain below*.

164.

Remain below, to be *Restor'd*, and that
As oft as human Mouths would take it in:
And this th' Invention was, this *Wine* and *Meat*,
By which His mystick power to all His Kin
Repays His *Flesh* and *Blood*, that Man might eat
And drink, and with his God *Incorporate*.

165.

For, His excessive favour to complete
Beyond the stretch of any Parallel,
This noble *Pay* is so improved, that
His *Godhead's* vastness too concurs to swell
The royal *Feast*; since this can never be
Dissevered from His *Humanity*.

166.

O boundless little *All*! O *Banquet* which
Must feed *Astonishment* for evermore,
Whilst largest Souls their intellectual reach
Tenter in vain, and find it still too poor
To equal thy extent, ev'n when thine own
Fulness they have receiv'd and swallow'd down.

167.

O *Banquet*! fit for His magnificence
Whom might and goodness own for Sovereign.
By this dear Project, *Psyche*, *Mercy's Prince*
Collecteth in His more than golden Chain
His World unto Himself, and ties it close
That no Disunion may interpose.

168.

The glorious *Incarnation* began
To knit this knot; which now redoubled is:

There *God* vouchsaf'd to join Himself to *Man*,
Here *Man* has leave to make the juncture his,
And weave himself with his Redeemer. O
What *God* e'r stooped to his Creature so!

169.

By this sweet Combination Mortals grow
Forgetful of their Singularities,
Their thwarting Interests, their *I* and *Thou*,
Their *Mine* and *Thine*, their grounds of Avarice
Of Envy, of Ambition, and comply
In holy *Peace's* common Unity.

170.

This Cement's power doth mystically wed
The *Stones* which raise *Ecclesia's* Edifice;
This Ligature the *Members* to their *Head*
Symmetrically links; the *sheep* by this
Though spread through all Earth's pastures far and
near,
One perfect Total with their shepherd are.

171.

For as the active *Soul*, although she swim
Intirely one through all the Body; still
In every Member and in every Lim
In her *Totality* doth *single* dwell:
So by this *Sacramental Union*
Jesus is One to All, and All to One.

172.

Believe it *Psyche*, though thy mortal Eye
Spies no such brave Attendance on this *Board*,
Yet thick those *Waiters* stand whose Dignity
Shines next the glories of their royal *Lord*:
No prince's Coronation Pomp was e'r
Aggrandiz'd by such servitors as here.

173.

Here Legions of the Heav'nly Army keep
The guard of Reverence; round this *Mercy-seat*
Not *two*, but thousand Gallant *Cherubs* peep
With ravishment on what you *drink and eat*;
Here stately *Principalities* attend,
Here *Thrones* bow down, and here *Dominions* bend.

174.

For when they perched were in their own sphere,
The glorious Ocean of eternal Sweets,
Their blessed eyes beheld no richer Cheer
Than *Mercy* on this noble *Table* sets:
Nor could that Troop which kept the avenue
To *Paradise* such precious Dainties shew.

175.

Pure is their sight, and sprightly can pass
Quite through that *Vail*, which on this *Banquet* lies;
A *Vail* which in profound compassion was
Thrown on the count'nance of these Mysteries;
Which dart more glories from their naked Face,
Than ever did great *Moses's* Temples grace.

176.

Yea, ev'n his Eyes, though sublimated by
His long converse with flaming Wonders, yet
Mov'd in too low an Orb to reach the high
Looks of his *Maker*; and were only fit
To read those secondary Beams which make
His Rear, and meekly wait upon his back.

177.

So long as mortal Grossness sticks upon
The brows of Man, and clogs his feeble sight,
One glimpse of Heav'nly Majesty alone
Would seal his eyes up with eternal Night.
For what exceeds the sense, the same destroys:
No pitch is darker than transcendent Rays.

178.

When Bats may venture to the *Eagle's* nest,
And their faint eyes against fair *Titan's* set;
When purblind Owls may leave their gloomy roost,
And with safe looks the face of High-noon meet;
When *Midnight* dares throw off her sable cloak,
And into bright *Aurora's* wardrobe look;

179.

Then may dim-sighted Men securely gaze
Upon their *Lord's* unvail'd Brightness; then
May they directly to His royal Face
Without a Perspective's assistance run;
Then may they boldly scorn their eyes to shroud
Under the shadowing court'sy of a Cloud.

180.

But *Jesus*, who full well their weakness knew,
Would in the shelter of plain *Wine and Bread*
Accommodate His Goodness to their view;
That in familiar Elements they might read
The hidden Mystery, and happier be
Than their dust-damp'd mortal eyes could see.

181.

The time shall come when that dull *Dust* shall by
The quick brisk virtue of the *Resurrection*,
Refined be to a capacity
Of radiant and spiritual perfection;
When faithful Souls in their celestial rest
Shall at the *Lamb's unmasked Supper Feast*.

182.

Mean while, it is their privilege that they
The Day can kiss in darkness; that the Sun
They freely in the shadow may enjoy;
And in *Hope's* Region meet *Fruition*.
But who would dream that peevish Man from hence
Should pick bold Reason of *Irreverence!*

183.

Alas, when *Time* shall old and dotting grow,
And Christian Spirits sympathize with it,

Men will not blush to make this *Banquet* know
That by its Out-side they will square, and fit
Their wary *Faith*, which further must not venture
Than blunt and feeble *Sense's* edge can enter.

184.

Rank Superstition 'tis presum'd, if they
Esteem *God's Table* holier than their own;
If to this *Chalice* more respect they pay
Than to those Cups which all the jolly Town
Toss in the publick Inns, whene'r they keep
Their free *Communion of Good-fellowship*.

185.

If they but bow the Head, or bend the Knee,
Or let their humbled Bodies comment on
Their lowly Minds; if they but dare to be
Professors of good Manners; if they shun
But that which Love and Gratitude abhors,
They must be voted *flat Idolaters*.

186.

Nor *Jove*, nor *Juno*, nor the silliest He
Or She of all that rabble, wildly made
Gods by vain Man; found such impiety
In their mad Makers, as to be betray'd
To slovenish Altars, and to clownish Rites,
By *fained Zeal's* irreverent Deceits.

187.

On *Jesus* and his Noblest *Mystery*,
Must *Rudeness* only be allow'd to wait?
Zealous and *pure* must this Religion be,
Because most *gross* and *lazy*? surely, great
Is our Mistake in Heav'n, who always there
Our *lowliest Service* to our *God* prefer.

188.

Is this the Thanks for bridling in his flames
Of most intolerable Majesty;
Which once unrein'd, by its immortal Streams
Would them destroy, and all their slovenry!
Alas, that *Love* should thus neglected be,
And for no cause, but *Mighty Charity*.

189.

Are these the Tribe of *Saints*, who boast that they
Possessed are of Faith's Monopoly?
Ah, dead and rotten Faith, which can display
No fruit to prove the Root's vivacity!
'Tis vain to dream a *faithful Soul* can dwell
In any *Body* that is *Infidel*.

190.

But those brave Lovers, of whose generous Breasts,
Jesus intire possession holds; are so
Inamor'd of this Soul-attracting *Feast*,
That they with all the art of Reverence to
Its Board approach, and make their meek desire
After Angelick Compliments aspire.

191.

Their Hearts beat high with that illustrious Zeal,
Which fires our Breasts, and fain would stoop as low
As *Seraphs* do, whene'r this *Miracle*
Of *Love* invites their reverent Knees to bow :
Fain would their panting passionate Piety
Be *infinite*, as is this *Mystery*.

192.

For *infinite* it is : and O that I
Could that Infinitude before thee set !
No Theme could raise with such exultance my
Applauding Tongue : But Angels must submit
To Ecstasies in such vast deeps as this,
Where *Love* himself reigns in his own Abyss.

193.

Here *Phylax* ended ; and observed how
The Bait would relish he so fairly cast
To *Psyche's* Soul : which being captiv'd now
By his Discourse's potent Charms, and fast
Chain'd to the venerable *Table's* foot ;
This yielding Answer gently forth she brought ;

194.

My *Soul's* sweet *Friend*, what equal thanks can I
Pay for this Honey which thy tongue hath shed
Upon my Ears and Heart ! May *He*, whom thy
Sublime *Elogium* honor'd, crown thy Head
With full Requitall : as for simple *Me*,
What can the Worm, poor *Psyche*, give to thee ?

195.

All she can give is but the Begger's Dole,
Occasion of thy further favors : yet
No earthly cates I crave : O no ! my Soul,
In spite of *Famine's* power, dares forget
All other food, if at this royal *Feast*
Of *Heav'n* and *Love* I now may be a guest.

196.

And if I be not so, I am undone !
Such hunger gnaws, such thirst do's burn my Heart,
That by this *Banquet's* Comforts I alone
Can rescu'd be from my impatient smart,
And 'tis thy courteous fault, dear, *Phylax*, who
With its Description me hast ravish'd so.

197.

The sickly, what but *Health* can satisfy ?
And what *Balsam* can the Answer be
Unto the Wound's wide mouth, and bloody cry ?
What pants the heated hunted Hart to see
But some cool Fount, or sovereign Ditany ?
What cures the Captive's grief but Liberty ?

198.

My *Health*, my *Balsam*, and my *Liberty*,
My dear *Dictamnum*, and my *Fount of Bliss*,

My only *Nectar*, and *Ambrosia* lie
In *Jesu's Cup* and *Patin* : if I miss
Of this my Hunger's necessary aim,
Psyche, a farewell must to Hopes proclaim.

199.

She fainted here. But strait her *Guardian's* hand
Snatching her arm, thrust comfort through her Heart.
I like, cry'd he, thy noble Ardor, and
Its fuel will to this thy fire impart.
In yonder House there lives a reverend *Priest*,
Who for thy pious Soul will dress this *Feast*.

200.

This said, he leads the *Virgin* thither : where
Close in a Vault a knot of *faithful Hearts*
For that great Bus'ness early did prepare :
For Pagan Tyranny wak'd all their Arts
Of Privacy, and made Devotion choose
Such Temples as might hide them from their Foes.

201.

There in a simple Dish and Cup of wood,
The furniture of Primitive poverty,
The Wonder of their *Savior's* *Flesh and Blood*,
With golden Hearts they waited on : but we
Alas, in *Patins* and in *Bowls of Plate*,
With Hearts of wood this *Banquet* celebrate.

202.

They in the *Stranger's* zeal-inflamed Eye
Such genuine beams of Piety descry'd,
As soon dispell'd their mists of jealousy
At her Intrusion ; unknown, untry'd,
She welcome was : besides, the holy *Priest*
By *Heav'n* was warn'd to entertain this *Guest*.

203.

Phylax withdrew his nimble self into
His closet of Invisibility,
And there attended on his *Psyche* ; who
With such brave fervor to the *Mystery*
Made her approaches, that her hungry *Haste*
Copy'd the boundless greatness of the *Feast*.

204.

So when th' Olympick Runner draweth nigh
The noble Goal, and sees the naked Prize
Incouraging his panting Ardency ;
First he devours with his greedy Eyes,
Then with his thirstier Thoughts ; and as he may
Reaches the End, though yet but in the way.

205.

O how her Soul into the *Patin* leap'd,
And dived to the bottom of the *Cup* !
With what Inamorations she weep'd !
What sighs of joy did break her Bosom ope !
How struggled *Fear* with *Love* ! how did she groan
Between *Humility* and *Ambition* !

206.

O how she thinks her Lips and Heart impure !
 And yet she cannot for a world refrain :
 For how shall she her useless Life endure,
 If from the *Life of Life* she must contain !
 How can her *Iron* linger and forbear
 To meet the *Loadstone* now it is so near !

207.

So near ; that she sees nothing else but that ;
 Not one of all those numerous Convives who
 About her kneel'd : Nay she has quite forgot
 The thought of her most precious *Phylax* too,
 And of her self, who *Psyche* is no longer ;
 She's nothing now but holy *Thirst and Hunger*.

208.

Whilst in this dainty agony she lay,
 Into her Mouth the *Priest* her *Wishes* brings ;
 Which to her Heart directly took their way,
 And there pour'd out ten thousand *ravishing Things* :
 By which strange Deluge her dear hopes were driven
 Into Fruition's gulph, and drown'd in Heav'n.

209.

O most miraculous *Feast* ! how fain my *Song*
 Would be luxuriant in admiring thee.
 But not my low, nor *Phylax* his high Tongue
 Knows how to reach that lofty Harmony
 Of Joys and Pleasures, which united lie
 In bounteous *Love's* profoundest *Mystery*.

210.

Yet may my pin'd and pained Spirit lay
 At this *Song's* foot her just and heavy sighs ;
 Which, never since mine Eyes first op'd on day,
 So deeply relished Life's miseries :
 The more my shame, whose active sins for me,
 Have earned this Heart-gnawing malady.

211.

Time was when *Heav'n* in this late happy *Isle*
 Kept open house ; when this celestial *Feast*
 Did freely wooe all Souls to come and fill
 Their appetite's ambition with the best
 Of *antidated Bliss*, and grow divine
 By this spiritual mighty *Bread and Wine*.

212.

But now both *Feast* and *Board* devoured are
 By strange new *Banquets*, as jejune and dry
 As barren Air : for all this *Pulpit Cheer*
 Feeds but the itching *Ear's* fond *Boulimy*
 Whilst still the *Heart* remaineth lank and thin,
 And nothing fatter grows but lusty *Sin*.

213.

(Thus when the meager *Skeletons of Cattle*
 Array'd themselves upon the banks of *Nile* ;

They had the goodly well-flesh'd *Oxen* battle
 And gormandiz'd their Preys ; yet could not fill
 Their wretched skins, but pin'd and proved more
 Ill-favour'd shrivell'd *Monsters* than before.)

214.

Sin fatter grows ; so fat that now it dares
 Kick both at *Earth* and *Heav'n*, and scorns to be
 Aw'd by those generous and ingenuous *Fears*
 Which hold the reins of *virtuous Modesty* ;
 It mocketh *Vengeance*, and derideth *Law*,
 Because their *patient Sword* they slowly draw.

215.

Witness that *Sacrilege*, that *Fury*, and
 That impudently-made *Profaneness*, which
 Tears down the *Church* with *Reformation's* hand,
 And robs its God the surer to be rich :
 Which scorns *Religion* for *Religion's sake*,
 And *Offrings* to it self doth *Altars* make.

216.

Witness those numerous Spawns of shameless *Lyes*,
 Which with heretick insultation tread
 On Sacred *Truth*, and make her patronize
 Her own Contempt ; whilst shamelesly they plead
 Th' authority of *God* Himself, and on
 His *Spirit* all their Carnal Fancies pin.

217.

Doctrine and *Use* with empty Noise ingross
 The gulled Auditors ; and there's an end.
 Out runs this sleight *Religion* with the *Glass*,
 And well is measur'd by the fruitless *Sand*.
 Here no *Excuse's* help can intervene ;
 Alas, the *Doctrine* by the *Use* is seen.

218.

O how come *Christian Souls* so well content
 To want the choisest Viands *Heav'n* could give !
 O how preposterously abstinent
 Are they who with all riotous Dainties strive
 To fortify the *Belly*, but can find
 No time to victual and recruit the *mind* !

219.

More provident those *Heros* surely were
 Upon whose nearer hearts the warmer Blood
 Of *Jesus* drop'd : not once a month, or year,
 They their Devotion cheer'd with *Angels' Food*,
 But duly every morn this *Table* spread,
 And made the *Lord of life* their daily *Bread*.

220.

They next their hearts no other *Morning Draught*
 Would take ; but what suits with the heart indeed.
 The bottles of their souls betimes they brought,
 And at this *living Fount* replenish'd
 Their brave Desires ; whose thirst did swell so high
 That nought could quench it but Immensity.

221.

With sprightful zeal this kept their bosoms warm,
This made them eagle-like their strength renew;
With *death-despising Courage* this did arm
Their gentlest Spirits; by this they Masters grew
Of earth and hell, which having trampled down,
Heav'n too by violence they made their own.

222.

So ne'r can they who feed on *preached Wind*,
Which vainly bubbles in their wanton ear;
And tympanizeth so their cheated Mind,
That they too big and burley grow to wear
Christ's humble Livery, or enter at
Supreme vast Bliss's low and narrow Gate.

223.

But O my Heart, why art thou stealing thus
From thine own woes, thy Neighbours to deplore?
Time was, when (whilst thine unfledge[d] wickedness
Flew not in Heav'n's long-patient face, nor tore
This judgment down,) I once a week, at least
Could at this *Board of wonders* be a guest.

224.

With solid Joy then could I turn mine eye
Back on the year, which happily had run:
Then could I count what Gains I reaped by
My constant trading in Devotion;
Rejoycing in my satisfied mind
That every Sunday I in heav'n had din'd.

225.

But now the flaming Coursers of the Sun
Are drawing on the fourteenth month, since I
Was sharer in the Celebration
Of this sweet *life-entliv'ning Mystery*:
Which yet I then was fain to steal; and so
A thief that day to Paradise did go.

226.

I went; but woo'd by a *forbidden Tree*
Of *Idleness*, ah fondly licorish I
Believ'd the flattering Bait, and would not see
The lurking Hook's too well-known treachery.
Dear, wonderous dear, this heedless fault hath cost me,
For all my heav'nly joys and powers it lost me.

227.

And no recruit do's now that Loss supply,
But I'm abandon'd to this tedious *Fast*:

O how the palate of my Soul is dry!
What burning Drought doth shrivel up and wast
The bowels of my heart! how is my mind
With most uncomfortable Squalour pin'd!

228.

O how my Understanding's pinions tire,
And flag below when I aloft would soar!
What leaden Numness damps those hopes of fire
With which my Fancy 'gan to glow before?
How bankrupt's my *Invention* since my Wrack
Of *Judgment* upon *Lazyness* his rock!

229.

O how this dry and barren *Verse* attests
The heavy truth of these my Lamentations!
Pity me you whose soft and gentle breasts
E'r felt the stings of mystical Vexations!
Pity me, O my *candid Readers*, now
What makes me tire your patience you know.

230.

Had I my wonted portion in that *Feast*
Which with celestial spirits embraces the heart,
A fairer *Banquet* I for you had drest;
Who now can only by my starving Smart
Warn you to prize and to embrace with most
Religious tenderness what I have lost.

231.

Lost hitherto: but must that *Loss* run on,
And can my Life meanwhile make good its name?
Can *Day* maintain her beauty, if the *Sun*
Deny to feed her with his vital flame?
Can *Rivers* keep their full unwearied course
If once the living *Fountain* them divorce?

232.

O *King of constant Love*, whose sumptuous care
For hungry hearts that high *Provision* made;
Lo how my *famish'd Soul* lies gasping here
For one dear *Crumb* of thy mysterious *Bread*;
And craves, to cool her burning tongue, one *Drop*
Of *liquid Life* from thy all-saving *Cup*.

233.

I know, and feel my worthlessness, and how
Unfit I am to hope for any share
In those peculiar Delicates, which thou
Didst for thy genuine faithful *Sons* prepare:
Yet to a Dog once more they leave afford
To catch what falleth from thy *Children's Board*.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ARGUMENT, l. 4, 'rap'd' = rapt, carried away. St. 2, 'joys,' verb = rejoices. St. 50, 'red' = read. St. 59, 'degenerous' = degenerate. St. 69, 'convives' = feasters. St. 107, 'boul't' = sift: *ib.* 'Flower' = flour: *ib.* 'course' = coarse. St. 118, 'Ataxy' = disorder. St. 119, l. 6, 'And by Heav'n's gate,' etc. See our Memorial-Introduction on this. St. 122, 'Convives' = feaster's. St. 130, 'Staff'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for parallels. St. 133, 'Marsel's'—see Index of Names, *s.n.* St. 136, 'stedgest' = most (fully) fledged. St. 137, 'entheous' = inspiring? St. 145, l. 6, 'vile as any bottle filled at her Nile'—the Poet is strangely mistaken:

the water of the Nile is delicious. St. 153, 'greatest . . . greater'—see as on st. 119, l. 6. St. 161, 'condescent' = condensation. St. 177, l. 6—see as on st. 119, l. 6. St. 179, 'Perspective' = telescope. St. 197, 'Ditany,' and st. 198, l. 2, 'Dictamnum.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for illustrations. St. 204, 'naked' = exposed; but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* St. 205, 'Inamorations' = love emotions. St. 217, ll. 3-4, 'Glass . . . Sand' = hour-glass—of old placed by pulpit-sides; and hence the *mot* of the witty if not wise Preacher, who, after preaching for one hour, said, 'We'll have another glass,' suiting the action to the words and the words to the action.—G.



CANTO XIII.

The Impeachment.

The ARGUMENT.

Spight, Slander, Scorn, Injustice, *rampant grown*,
Array themselves against Love's single head :
He hurried and worry'd up and down
Through thousand Wrongs, with mighty Patience fed
Their hungry Cruelties, who studied how
To blanch their ugly Villany with Law.

1.

THE azure *Spheres*, though in a several tract,
Their proper Motions endlessly they wheel,
With pure harmonious constant friendship act
Their mighty Parts ; and ne'r were known to reel
Beyond their bounds, or by irregular
Crossness on one another interfere.

2.

The faithful *Sun* observes from East to West
His first appointed Course ; and slopes his coach
By rule, when he through *Cancer's* claws would thrust,
Or *Capricorn's* opposed distance reach,
Nor stops he there ; in our deceived eyes,
And not in restless Heav'n the *Solstice* lies.

3.

Exactly constant in her changing face
Untired *Luna* manageth the *Night* ;
Which duly she adorns with silver grace,
As *Titan* decks the *Day* with golden light :
And though her self she often *waning* sees,
Yet in her Task admitteth no *Decrease*.

4.

The *Spring* remembers her appointed Cue?
And so doth dull benumbed *Winter* his ;
For still he worries forward at his due
Determin'd season, spight of all the Ice
Which clogs his heels, and all the banks of Snows
Which up had block'd him in his *Northern house*.

5.

All Plants and Trees their annual Tasks attend,
And fertile answer give the Gardner's sweat :

No Reptile, Beast or Bird presumes to rend
Their *God's* Prescript, and *Nature's* Laws forget.
Thus loyal Heav'n and Earth contented are
Thy yoke, O dear *Obedience*, to wear.

6.

Men, only Men perversly-wanton, throw
The reins of *Discipline* from off their necks ;
Rowing against the Tide of sacred *Law*,
And madly running upon *Vice's* rocks :
Boldly enforcing thus their heav'nly *Lord*
To draw on Earth his necessary *Sword*.

7.

His *Sword* he draws, and arms with it the hand
Of his *Viceregents* ; whom a full Commission
He gives, the Cause of *Justice* to defend
Against *Disorder's* daring opposition :
That seeing Man would not by *God* be awed,
He might by Man be to his duty bowed.

8.

But O what thing so sacred is and strait
Which humane Crossness ventures not to wrest !
Into *Astræa's* venerable Seat
How oft doth impudent Injustice thrust !
How often *purple Malefactors* are
Upon the bench, and *Virtue* at the bar !

9.

When Bribes, when Envy and when Stomach steal
Into the ponderation of the Case ;
Poor helpless *Right* her undermined Scale
Sees quite blown up : for predetermin'd was
The cruel *Tekel* ; and this grave ado
Of *Tryal*, only *Solemn* makes her wo.

10.

But to infuse in every bitter Cup
His exemplary Sweetness, and persuade
His patient Followers to drink it up ;
A willing Prize Himself great *Jesus* made
To lawless Law, and wonderfully deign'd
By Innocency's foes to be arraign'd.

11.

A Condescent so rare, that *Phylax* knew
His *Pupil* 'twould to imitation draw,
If ever Tyranny occasion threw
In her meek Spirit's way : He therefore now
Resolveth by his tutoring Tongue to lead
Through this strange story her attentive heed.

12.

For her religious Breast was fired now
With noble vigor from the *Heav'nly Board*,
And bravely fit to tower, and travel through
The loftiest Atchievements of her *Lord*.
This made him haste her from the *sacred Cave*,
When by the *holy Kiss* sh' had took her leave.

13.

Then he conducts her up to *Calvary*,
The Hill of Marvels, that this Prospect might
Yield her with uncontrolled Liberty
Of *Love's chief stations* an open sight :
And there arriv'd, *Mark now, my Dear*, said He,
What *further Wonders Jesus* did for thee.

14.

Wert thou enthroned on Heav'n's proudest Hill,
Which looks o'er all the glories of the Skies,
Thou could'st not with a nobler Spectacle
Feast there the hunger of thy wondering Eyes ;
Than from this *Mountain's* most renowned head.
Thou by my Finger and my Tongue shall read.

15.

In yonder Street of ruins trowing high
Stood High-priest *Annas's* House ; but *Caiaphas*,
(His Son by more than Marriage, since the *Dye*
Of *guiltless Blood* in which they joyn'd, may pass
For *Consanguinity*,) enjoy'd his Den,
Where now that Rubbish is the *Tomb of sin*.

16.

Those *Caytifs*, who had in the Garden seiz'd
Thy *Lord*, to *Annas* hal'd Him first, to see
What Censure's load his *Reverend Spight* was pleas'd
To heap upon the guilt of *Piety* ;
But he with cruel Favor Him dismiss
Unto his *Son*, the *bolder bloodier Priest*.

17.

Thus *Jesus* through the Streets and *scorn*, is led
To *Caiaphas* ; who smil'd within, to see
What full success had crown'd his *Bargain's* head,
And grudged not the slender price : yet he
Still in his Looks, with sage Hypocrisy,
Maintain'd his sober Priestly gravity.

18.

So hast thou seen a Lyon cast his eyes
Upon his harmless prey with stearn disdain,

As if his fury long'd for no such prize ;
Whilst he his greedy paws can scarce contain,
Or with his teeth bite in their own desire
Of blood : so certain is his salvage ire.

19.

In seeming jealous zeal of Peace and Law,
Sacred and Civil, he demandeth, Why
Throng of Disciples He presum'd to draw,
And with His *New-found Doctrines* multiply
Sects in the Church, and Tumults in the State,
Religion and Allegiance to defeat ?

20.

(Such Impudence on *Sin's* hard forehead grows,
That whilst the Laws of Heav'n and Earth she breaks,
On *Innocence* her own black crimes she throws ;
And loudly-holy ardent outcries makes
Against all *Innovations*, which on them
She chargeth, for whose Blood her thirst doth flame.)

21.

Those grave-fac'd Bloodhounds thus, those *Elders*, who
Had sold their Conscience to the barbarous *Queen*,
God's Honor and the *King's*, pretended to
Redeem from Blasphemy : and whilst with keen
Hunger and rage for *Naboth's* Life they hunted,
A solemn *Fast* the shameless Saints appointed.

22.

Thy *Lord's* wise Eye pierc'd through this vain Demand ;
And why, said He, requir'st thou this of Me ?
Behold what witness crouds on either hand,
Whose gaping Mouths expect their cue from thee.
They heard My Preaching ; and hear thou what they
Against Me, now I challenge them, can say.

23.

No Conventicle's sneaking Cloisters hid
Those Doctrines which against blind Darkness sought ;
The Synagogue and Temple witnessed,
And so did they themselves whate'r I taught.
My *Gospel* it concern'd the World to know,
And from my Lips in publick it did flow.

24.

And what more reasonable Word than this
From *Righteous Wisdom's* Mouth could strained be !
And yet by being such, alas, it is
An augmentation of His Crime ; and He
Is guilty now at least of Petty-treason
Against the *Priest*, because He speaketh Reason.

25.

For strait a surly *Sergeant* standing by,
First bent his angry Brow, and then his Fist ;
With which at *Jesus's* Face his spight let fly,
Crying, Bold Fellow, Can *God's* Reverend *Priest*
Deserve no fairer Answer ? now we see
What kind of Manners grow in *Galilee*.

26.

Would'st thou not look that Thunder's roar should be
The echo to that vile unworthy Stroak?
For how can *Jesus* seem *unmannerly*
To any *Priest of God*, who though He took
Dust's servile Vail to shrow'd His glorious head,
Still prov'd Himself to be both *Priest and God*.

27.

But from the *Lamb's* sweet mouth thus *Meekness* spoke :
If in my Answer any Crime there be,
Accuse Me thou, and let the *Highpriest* look
That legal Justice be perform'd on Me.
If not ; before the *face of Justice' Seat*
Why dost thou *Mine* injuriously beat?

28.

Melted by this ingenuous soft Reply
The *Vulgar* Him with silent pity view'd,
But *Caiaphas*, with his Society
Of consistorial *Scribes* and *Elders*, shew'd
What Covenant's poison they had swallow'd down :
And past all cure their Zeal's disease was grown.

29.

Since of free-cost no Slanderers they could get
To bring thy *Lord's Impeachment* in ; they make
Their stronger Purse supply their weaker wit,
And prodigally now mischievous, seek
To *hire false-witness*, as before they bought
That Treason which Him pris'ner thither brought.

30.

Is this the venerable *Sanhedrim*
Which hunts so eagerly to find a *Lye*
That *Truth* may not escape? Are grave and grim
Judges the Panders grown of Calumny?
In *Moses's Chair* sits bold *Injustice*, and
Wrests righteous Law by holy *Aaron's* hand?

31.

Ah this is *Hell's* refined Master-piece
Of dangerous Craft, to beautify the face
Of horrid dire *Intents*; and *Wickedness*
So foul a Monster is, that her own Glass
Frights her deformity into desire
Of sheltering her self in *Virtue's* tire.

32.

Whole troops of *Witnesses* strait thronged in
With thicker *Articles*: when *Rulers* dare
Once egg the venal *Vulgar* on to sin ;
Slander to Conscience never lends her ear ;
But, in presumption Law is on her side ;
With furious Impudence delights to ride.

33.

But this rude *Rout* were *Younglings* yet, and raw
Knights of the post, nor had they conn'd their Lye,

With wary forecast ; or remembered how
Their work required *perfect memory* :
This made th' Accusers each impeach his brother
Whilst all their stories jarr'd on one another.

34.

Yet check'd they must not be, whose clear Intent
Aim'd only at the *publick Good* ; least this
Should damp new witness with discouragement,
Who Articles might urge with more success.
Alas, those men came *well-affected*, but
Quite out of count'nance by the *Court* were put.

35.

Their *honest meaning* by the *Sanhedrim*
Is kindly constru'd, and with thanks requited ;
That others might with subtler art to trim
Their likelier Accusations be invited ;
For still the *patient Court* expects to see
Who will the next *Calumniators* be.

36.

But when that first Miscarriage had dismay'd
All other *Lyars* : *Satan*, who stood by,
Snatch'd unto hell his way to fetch some aid,
For fear the labouring *Priest's* ripe *Villany*,
And his great *Hopes*, should now abortive be :
Such care to murder thy dear *Spouse* had he.

37.

Deep in the bowels of eternal *Night*,
Is sunk a dismal *Den of choise Damnation*,
Where *Stinks* with *Stinks* maintain a deadly fight,
And *Ejulation* roars at *Ejulation* ;
Where *Horrors* *Horrors* fright, and where *Despair*
The face of *Desperation* doth tear.

38.

He hither came : when lo the iron Door
Gap'd like the thirsty Earth to drink him in ;
Whilst from the joyful Cavern's mouth a Roar
Of sulfury thunder bellow'd, to begin
Its *Sovereign's* welcome ; who with gracious look
That direful Compliment right kindly took.

39.

For in he went ; and there his *Daughter* saw
Busy in pouring ever-flaming lead
On yelling Souls, whom *Lyes* and *Slanders* threw
Into that boiling Curse. Upon a bed
Of red-hot iron, not yet cooled lay
Lust's holocaust, Madam *Potiphera*.

40.

She lay, and bit, and roard and bit again
Her *slanderous tongue* whence deadly shafts she shot
At holy *Joseph* when she had in vain
Spent all her eyes' artillery, and what
Soft blandishment's quaint wit could muster up
To bring about her hot venerial Hope.

41.

There lay that *foul-mouth'd Ten*, whose envious *Lye*
Blasted the florid Sweets of *Canaan*,
Spreading dry *Dearth* on fat *Fertility*,
And spewing Gall where Milk and Honey ran :
One drop of which they wish'd, but wish'd in vain,
To cool the fury of their burning Pain.

42.

There fry'd that *Pair of venal Souls*, who by
Their hired Falsehood *Naboth* swore to death ;
Acting themselves that foul Impiety
With which they slander'd him : with flaming breath
God and the King they curs'd, and wish'd all hell
Melted into the heart of *Jezebel*.

43.

There howling *Zedekia* felt his own
Imposture real prove upon his Heart,
Which gored by his *iron Horns* was grown
Beyond the hopes of Cure ; and by the Smart
Of meet Damnation fully taught him that
His *Lyes* did more himself than *Ahab* cheat.

44.

His throat there *Assur's Railer General* rent
With loud assertion of his Blasphemy ;
Avouching still, that *God* expressly sent
Him to extirpate *Salem's* strength : and why
Fond *Rabsheka* do's *He* thus deep torment thee,
For that bold Errand, if on it he sent thee?

45.

There raved those two goatish *Elders* who
So reverently bely'd *Susanna's* fame,
As naked now as she, and bathing too,
But in a spring of never-dying flame,
Well-suting with that fire of lecherous rage
Which burnt ev'n in their cold and snowy age.

46.

These, and ten thousand more, lay roaring there,
The dire remorseless *Mistress* of the Den
Triumphing in their tortures : never Bear
With such intemperate fierceness revell'd when
Her hungry teeth were flinging ope their way
Amidst the bowels of her helpless Prey.

47.

Fell *Calumny* it was ; a monstrous She :
Her Front and Brows were built of sevenfold brass ;
An obstinate Swarthisness, which scorn'd to be
Pierced by any Blush, besmear'd her face ;
Her hollow Eyes with peevish Spight were fill'd ;
Her powting Lips with deadly Venom swell'd.

48.

Her dreadful Jaws replenish'd Quivers were,
Wherein for Teeth, Spears, Darts and Arrows stood ;

Her lungs breath'd plagues through all the neighbour
air ;

Her mouth no moisture knew, but blended blood
Of Asps and Basilisks, to make her fit
Sure Mischief upon *Innocence* to spit.

49.

Ten Dragons' stings all twisted into one
Engin of desperate Sharpness, was her Tongue ;
This made her Language *pure Destruction*,
For *dying Knells* in every Word were rung ;
No *Sentences* composed her Oration
At any time but those of *Condemnation*.

50.

Her Brain is that mischievous shop, in which
As every other *Slander* forged was,
So that, which, all Examples to out-stretch,
Shamelessly dar'd *Omnipotence's* face,
Proclaiming that thy *Lord not by his own*
But *Satan's power* trampled *Satan* down.

51.

Whenever any rankling Canker breeds
Kingdoms' or Countries' fatal overthrow,
Her viperous trade it is, the pois'nous seeds
Of restless *Fears* and *Jealousies* to sow
In People's hearts ; who strangely readier are
To lend to *Falshood* than to *Truth* their ear.

52.

And O how greedily that Ear drinks in
All forgeries this cursed *Hag* can mint,
Whilst she on *Kings* and *Princes* joyes to pin
Whatever wittiest Envy can invent,
To make the Countrie's *publick Parent* be
In his own Children's eyes an Enemy.

53.

She spying now her *royal Father* there,
Thus beg'd his benediction on her knee ;
Bless Me, O awful *Sire* ; and grant me here
Some tools of fresh new-fashion'd Cruelty :
These *Souls* are us'd too kindly ; all their Pains
Grow stale and cold, familiar their Chains.

54.

Fear not ; it shall be so, cry'd *Satan* : but
Sweet Child, another Work first craves our Care :
My Hate's *prime* But our *Judas's* help has got
Fast in an handsome seasonable snare ;
I mean that *Galilean Beggar*, who
Pilfring my Subjects' hearts about did go.

55.

But now the *Priests* forsooth are so demure,
(And I 'l remember 't when I get them here,)
That though with *Judas* they did all conjure,
And bought that *Christ* ev'n at a rate too dear ;
Their *Holinesses* some *pretence* must have
How in destroying Him their *Fame* to save.

56.

Confusion on their *Fame*; who though they dread
 Not what the thundering wrath of *Heav'n* can do
 In vindication of a *guiltless Head*;
 Are awed by the putid *Vulgar* so,
 That they confess most *infamous Impiety*,
 Whilst they the *People* make their *greatest Deity*.

57.

Base-hearted Hypocrites! Can they not be
Brave venturous Sinners, as am I their *Prince*?
 Yet since they needs will *sneak to hell*; sure we
 For once will help the *Fools* to their *Pretence*:
 They want *False-witness* for a cloke, and Thou
 This *Livery* canst best on them bestow.

58.

But see thou mouldst up some *athletick Lye*,
 Whose burly bulk all *Truth* may overbear:
 Some *petty sucking Knaves* their best did try,
 But strait their *ill-shod Tales* did enterfere.
 On thee the *Feat* depends: come let's away;
 The *Highpriest's Court*, or rather *mine*, doth stay.

59.

This said: his *Daughter* by her hand he took,
 And with more sprightful speed than *Indian arrow*
 Cuts *Air's* soft body, violently broke
 Earth's sturdy obstacles, and posting thorough
 The sullen *Mass*, in jealous fury came
 Back to his *other Home Jerusalem*.

60.

There when the puzzell'd *Council* he had ey'd
 Gaping and staring one upon another;
 Two *itching Rogues* he in a corner spy'd
 Scratching their heads, and beating them together:
 He smels their meaning strait, and through their
 breasts
 His unperceived *Daughter* slyly thrusts.

61.

As when the bosom of the *Delphick Priest*
 Rampantly boil'd with his desired *hell*,
 His rapture by his gestures he confest,
 Hastening to vent his *belking Oracle*:
 So this accursed *Couple* kindled by
 The *Fury's* vigor, long'd to belch their *Lye*.

62.

Each flung his hand above his working head,
 Crying, *I have it sure; let's to the Bar*:
 And when their *Projects* they examined,
 They found that in one mould both minted were:
 At which they smil'd, and shaked hands, and kist,
 And flew with full-mouth'd clamor to the *Priest*.

63.

Great *Caiaphas*, and ye the *Sanhedrim*,
 The holy *Guardians* of *Heav'n's* reverend *Law*,

Hear us, said they, who will object to *Him*
 No *tales of Fame*, but what we heard and saw
 Our present selves; and may nor *Eye* nor *Ear*,
 If we a *fiction* vouch, nor see nor hear.

64.

Forgive this *Preface*: *Witness* should we know,
 As *naked* as the *Truth* they offer be;
 But when delinquents so portentous grow
 As to affright *Belief*, well well may we
 This license crave (ah that there were no need!)
 Our own hard case, no less than *Truth's* to plead.

65.

Notorious 'tis how deep this *Pris'ner* wrought
 On *Vulgar Hearts* by His miraculous *Feats*:
 And they, 'tis like, our *Evidence* will flout
 Who have enslav'd their *Faith* to His *Deceits*.
 But sure no *Jannes*, nor no *Jambres* e'r
 Shall blind the wisdom of great *Moses's Chair*.

66.

We saw Him strutting in the *Temple*, where
 Broaching His most blasphemous *Pride*, He cry'd,
 This *Hand-erected House* I down will tear,
 And rear another where no *Hand* shall guide,
 Or help the *Building*: intimating that
 He was forsooth a *God*, not *Mary's Brat*.

67.

Nay, to be sure His *Blasphemy* might want
 No compliment of desperate impudence,
 Though six and fourty years He knew were spent
 In compassing this *Work's* magnificence;
 He blush'd not to affirm, that three poor days
 Was all the time He'd take the *Pile* to raise.

68.

Thus needs must He a rank *False-prophet* be,
 Or else this sacred *Temple* lay in dust.
 Chuse which you will, th' enormous crime you see
 Is capital: for sure you ne'r will trust
 Him for the *Restauration*. Here their roar
 They ceas'd, presuming that they *home* had swore.

69.

But how shall rash self-shattering waves, maintain
 Themselves against impenetrable *Rocks*!
 This brittle wretched *Slander* beats in vain
 On *Innocence's* firmitude, and wracks
 Its own split spight, could but the *Highpriest's eye*
 Have seen its shivers which about did fly.

70.

For grant this confident *Article* as true
 As it was false; why must it branded be
 As *Blasphemy* in *Him*, who in the view
 Of ample witness prov'd His *Potency*
 Sufficient was the *Temple* to restore,
 When He from *Death* her captive *Lazarus* tore?

71.

To re-erect that little Building, was
A piece of Architecture which alone
Outvy'd all *Herod's* power, and did surpass
The wit and wealth of sumptuous *Solomon*.

No Hand but *Heav'n's* that sovereign strength can
have
Which layeth *Life's* foundation on the *Grave*.

72.

Yet to a murmur buzz'd about the Hall,
Toss'd by the silly *Rout* from one another :
The *Council* gravely shak'd their heads ; and all
Mingled their jealous whisperings together :
Till *Caiaphas* stood up, and ask'd thy *Lord*
Why He would no Reply to 's Charge afford ?

73.

But *Jesus*, who ne'r spilt a word in vain,
(For sweet and precious was his blessed Breath.)
No answer would to that Impeachment deign,
Which crosses well-known Truth, and carrieth
Its Answer in it self to any Ear,
But that which is *resolved not to hear*.

74.

The *Priest's* curs'd expectation being by
This generous *silence* quite confuted, he
Consults his own malicious *subtilty*,
And *Answered* there at least presumes to be :
Yet pumps his desperate Wits in vain, until
Satan with fresh Advice his head did fill.

75.

Which so embrav'd his Impudence, that now
This *Savior* deeply he contests to make
Him prove His own Accuser : Well we know,
Said he, those *towering Words* of thine must speak
A more than *Mortal Power* ; nor must thou hope
Thy silence now shall lock the bus'ness up.

76.

For by the ever-living *God*, whose Name
Too glorious is on human Tongues to sit,
I thee conjure expresly to proclaim,
Whether thou art the *Christ*, whom *holy Writ*
Has promis'd to the World, that *Blessed One*,
The *Heir of Heav'n*, and *God's Eternal Son*.

77.

O who would think this *consecrated Tongue*,
Which with such *reverential Awe* can quote
God and His *Word*, mean while should burn in strong
Thirst of *most guiltless Blood* ! but Hell can shoot
It self through *Heav'n*, and *Satan* dares make one
Amongst the *Sons of God* before His Throne.

78.

Hence he his Scholars teacheth to begin
The foulest crimes with *God's* all-beauteous Name ;

So with a winning cheat to usher in
What else by plain and necessary shame
Would be obstructed. Thus the Charmer's Tongue
Distils his poison through his dainty Song.

79.

But *He* who came *Truth's* glorious Lamp to light,
Was pleased now to give a clear Reply :
His *Heav'n*, His *Sire*, *Himself* did Him invite
Himself, His *Sire*, His *Heav'n* to verify.
In Me, said He, fulfill'd your *Scriptures* are,
God's Son am I, and *Heav'n's* *apparent Heir*.

80.

And though your Eyes now look such *scorn* on Me,
Time comes when they shall melt in tears for This ;
When on the Cloud's high Chariot they shall see
My Majesty in Glory's bright excess,
And by my march's flash have light to know
I own a *Judgment-seat*, as well as you.

81.

No sooner was this glorious *Truth* profest,
But *Caiaphas* in deep dissimulation
His politickly-bloody malice drest ;
For starting from the Bench, with zealous passion
He *tore his cloaths*, in token of his high
Horror at that presumed *Blasphemy*.

82.

So when the barbarous *Crocodil* doth flame
With greedy ire against his present Prey ;
His cursed eyes will needs religious seem,
Pouring out yearning tears to wash away
By *Pity's* flood the shame of that foul fact,
He so impatiently gapes to act.

83.

Vain *Hypocrite*, keep whole thy Cloths to hide
Thy shameless self ; whom thou one day shalt tear
For this thy emblematick Trick, to bid
The *People* use the *Pris'ner* at the Bar
As thou thy *Robe* : But they are dull, and yet
Read not what thou commend'st to them by it.

84.

They read it not : But, *Psyche*, salvage He
Awakes their *drowsy cruelty*, and cries,
What need we further Witnesses ? for ye
Have heard His wide-mouth'd raving *Blasphemies*.
Speak what you think ; so plain 's the Case to me,
That I dare let His friends His Judges be.

85.

O sage, O righteous *Judge*, and fit to wear
The sacred Mitre, who doth first invite
The *People's* Mouths to Blood, and then repair
To their wild Sentence ! Whether wrong or right,
Speak what think you, a firebrand is and will
Kindle the fury of their *murdering Zeal*.

86.

Refer the harmless Chicken's case unto
The censure of the hungry Kite : Demand
The Wolf's opinion of the Lamb ; and who
Can doubt what judgment they will pass, who bend
The utmost nerves of all their Wit and Might
Upon those Innocents to feast their spight ?

87.

Their feet these *Blood-hounds* felt no sooner loose,
But they pursu'd the scent, and with joint cry
Their common sense proclaimed thus : *May those
Not live, who think He is not fit to die.*
This roaring Sentence serv'd the turn ; and so
Abused Jesus for *Condemn'd* must go.

88.

What matter though the *sacred Rolls* can show
No Statute which His Life as forfeit touches ?
This popular Extemporal *Vote* is *Law*
Enough, to yield Him into barbarous clutches ;
And *He*, so foul and monstrous is His Case,
Must die for breaking that which never was.

89.

Forthwith the busy *Officers*, and all
The insolent *Servants* seize Him as their prey ;
And in the middle of the smoaky Hall,
His gentle Patience make their froward play :
Where, as a preface to His deep disgrace,
Their odious *scorn* they spit upon His Face.

90.

One at His Mouth, another at His Eyes,
One at His Beard, another at His Nose
His slaver aims, and impudently tries
To shoot his shame with art. O putid Foes,
Where are your Eyes and Face, that you can *His*
Bedaub so thick with studied Noisomness !

91.

What rival Excellence could e'r compare
With this *Majestick Look* ? is *Libanus*,
Is *Paradise*, is *Heav'n*, so sweetly-fair ?
Are *Titan's* Eyes so mildly-glorious ?
Is delicate *Aurora's* *April* cheek,
So roseal as this, so soft, so sleek ?

92.

Cull out ten thousand of th' exactest Faces
Where goodly *Feature* ever made her home ;
Yet must the Exactest of their richest Graces,
Array'd in bashful yielding blushes come
Into the presence of this *Aspect*, where
The Rule and Standard of all *Beauties* are.

93.

No other Scene of glorious Loveliness
Had everlasting *Bliss* to feast the Eye ;

An ample Banquet furnish'd were in this
Accomplish'd *Countenance*, to justify
Their Faith beyond exception, who conclude
Vision the sum of pure *Beatitude*.

94.

And must all *Gracefulness's* radiant *Throne*
Of your vile Excrement the sink be made ?
Rather on *Caiaphas* his Cheeks, or on
Great *Cesar's*, this rank Contumely spread ;
Or on the *Stars*, whose Eyes all lighted are
At those bright *Lamps* your filth beclouded here.

95.

This strange Requitall must his *Spittle* find,
His Sovereign *Spittle*, which bestowed sight,
Unknown, unhop'd-for sight, upon the Blind ;
That His own Eyes' all-love-deserving light,
Must in your foul-mouth's scum be drown'd !—O stay,
Dear *Psyche*, I have something more to say.

96.

Thy loyal streams are ready broach'd, I see,
To wash this odious Wrong from off His Face ;
But rein them in a while, that they may be
Officious to thy *Lord's* more deep *Disgrace*.
The saddest part 's behind ; and fit for thine,
And all the pious World's lamenting brine.

97.

This word so awed *Psyche's* sorrow, that
Biting her Lip, she bit off half her sigh ;
And having dry'd her cheeks, a conquest got
Against her will, of forward sympathy.
Then pray'd she *Phylax* to proceed ; and He
Thus spun on *Grief's* triumphant History.

98.

These *Varlets*, when their clotted spittle had
Besmear'd His Face with so much ugly froth,
That they their own work's sight abhorr'd ; their *Bad*
They turn to *Worse* : for strait they wind a cloth
About his patient Head, which should have been
To wipe away, not hide, their nasty Sin.

99.

Thus blinding both of Heav'n and Earth the *Light*,
Some with their Fists, some with their Cudgels fly
Upon His Head and Shoulders ; and their spight
So gamesom is, that His Calamity
Must find them sport, and all His bruises be
The ticklings of their barbarous Jollity.

100.

The petulant Caytifs, as they thresh Him, cry,
Great Sir, we know you are a *Man of God* ;
Be pleased therefore now to prophesy
Who aims at you the Cudgel or the Rod.
No matter though your eyes that towel bind,
Prophets are *Seers*, and cannot be blind.

101.

No surer way could *Peevishness* contrive
 Its most malicious self to multiply ;
 For every *jeer* they spit and *stroke* they give,
 Is now improved, and do's *double* fly :
 With witty Cruelty to overbear Him,
 They teach *each jeer to strike, each stroke to jeer Him.*

102.

Ignoble *scorn*, and sordid *insultation*,
 Add Bitterness unto the Soul of *Gall*,
 And stretch all torturing Racks with new vexation,
 When they upon *Heroick Spirits* fall :
 Who then that stinging sorrow's gulph can sound,
 With which these *Taunts* thy *Lord's brave Heart* did
 wound !

103.

For all the Metal of illustrious worth
 Which ever temper'd *Greek or Roman Breast*,
 Was glorious Dross to *that* which had its birth
 From *Heav'n and Mary* ; *that*, which not the least
 Degenerous mixture e'r deflour'd : so high
 Was *Jesus* His refined Gallantry.

104.

But on your heads, bold *Worms*, your *Mocks* rebound ;
 For he less blinded is than you, and sees
 Your antick villany ; and those profound
 Sinks of unfathomable Wickedness,
 Those Hearts of yours, which open he at last
 To all the World's both view and hate shall cast.

105.

You then shall need no *Prophecy* to clear
 Who stroke the first, or who the second Blow ;
 Whose stroke's the hardest, jeers the bitterest were,
 Who did the quaintest art of Malice show :
 Your *soul Exploits* shall then be printed *fair*
 Upon your Foreheads, and themselves declare.

106.

Whilst at this *Working-play* they busy were,
 Thy *Lord* ne'r shrunk nor sought to shield His Head :
 No Butt with firmer constancy could e'r
 Welcome the Arrow's wounds ; nor ever did
 The patient Anvil more unmoved stand
 Under the labouring Smith his iron Hand.

107.

For He resolved was Himself to wade
 Quite through the *reddest sea of Shame and Pain*,
 To bless and sanctify the *Valiant Trade*
Of Patience, and by His example train
 His faithful *Martyrs' noble Army* in
 Religion's quarrel, Glory's Bay to win.

108.

Tir'd by His *Tolerance*, at length, in loth
 Compassion of themselves these *Feinds* give over,

Snatching from His victorious Head the Cloth,
 Which now to deeper Grief did Him discover ;
 For His *Disciple* strait He heard and saw
 Bruising Him with a far more violent *Blow*.

109.

Peter, of late so fix'd and resolute, who
 Had boasted that the *grimmet face of Death*
 Should not out-look his *Faith*, and *Duty* to
 His *Royal Master* ; with the self-same Breath,
 Had *twice* renounced his Allegiance, and
 Now on the brink of his *third Fall* did stand.

110.

For as he lingred in the Hall to see,
 His fear's event about his *Lord* ; a stout
 And busy Actor in the Treachery,
 By *Judas's* lately headed, cries, About
 This sneaking *Rogue*, what need we clearer proof?
 Is not his *Galilean Tongue* enough?

111.

Then with sure claw his Throat arresting ; I
 Remember your bald Pate : nay, never stare,
 Nor puff, nor gape, nor study for a lye,
 To mask the part you in the Garden bare,
 But, Sirrah, know that now I have you here,
 I must and will revenge my *Cosen's Ear*.

112.

Nor think this leathern staring Pair of yours
 Can pay the debt you ow his single One :
 We know the Witch your *Master's* conjuring powers
 Can clap them on again : but by the *Throne*
 Of *God*, I vow, that now I'll take a course
 To make thee sure, in spight of *Magick force*.

113.

It is no running, nor no sculking now ;
 No shades, no trees are here ; before the Priest
 D'ye see your *Goodly Leader* yonder, how
 Silenc'd with Truth, with heavy Guilt opprest,
 Quite dumb, half dead He stands? Friend you must go,
 And in His *Censure* be His *Follower* too.

114.

Forthwith the Soldiers justling round about,
 Besieg'd his frighted Soul with thicker dread.
 So have I seen a peevish snarling rout
 Of hasty Curs agreeing down to tread
 The fallen Dog, and for no cause at all,
 But that 'twas his unhappy hap to fall.

115.

As when the waves which in his way grew high,
 Had wrack'd his Faith which bore him up before,
 His sinking Heart was quickly follow'd by
 His frighted Feet : so his Accusers' roar
 Now storming in his Ears, distrustful He
 Yields to this tempest's importunity.

116.

Yet there he crav'd his *Savior's* help : but now
He sinks so deep that he despairs of that,
And with vile Cowardise contriveth how
To save his wretched Skin : he cares not what
He *curses, swears, or lyes*, so any shift
Him from his *Panick-gulf* may serve to lift.

117.

Hark O ye *high-concited Mortals*, who
Presume your strength may scorn the battery
Of any earthly or infernal foe ;
Beat not *this Heart* of late with full as high
Resolves as yours? yet now it faints away ;
And all his *Courage* melteth to Dismay.

118.

Ah silly Confidence, which dares erect
Its pile on fragil *Dust!* the Bubble thus
When puff'd with widest pride, is soonest crackt ;
Thus when the foolish *Smoak's* voluminous
Ambition aims to reach the lofty sphere,
It quickly vanisheth to empty air.

119.

By *Heav'n*, he cries, and *Him* who heav'n did frame,
By all the *Sanhedrim*, the sacred *Law*,
The *Temple* and its *Gold*, by *Pilate's* name,
By *Cesar's* head, by whatsoe'r I know
Divine or *reverend*, I freely swear
That I'm a stranger to the *Pris'ner* there.

120.

If I were with Him in the *Garden*, may
I never enter blessed *Paradise* ;
In *Abraham's bosom* may I never lay
My head, if ever it did rest in *His* ;
On me may *Egypt's Plagues*, and *Sodom's Flame*
Be pour'd, if till to day I knew His Name.

121.

'Tis true, I am of *Galilee* : but was
It in my power in *Jewry* to be born?
I'm ne'r the less of *Israel's* holy Race,
Nor for a world would I Apostate turn :
I'm *Moses's* Scholar : Hell their portion be
Who e'r would such a Master change as he.

122.

Right lusty are thine *Oaths*, and generously
Thy daring *Imprecations* thou dost thunder,
Reply'd the *Soldier* ; and why might not I
For once mistake? for I confess I wonder
How thou couldst serve that *sheepish Master* there,
Who canst so bravely Curse, and stoutly Swear.

123.

Thou knowst 'twas dark, and let my Error be
Scor'd on *Night's* back, whose shades abus'd mine eye :

Go then, (and here upon his shoulder he
Clapped his barbarous applause,) but by
Thine own rare Oaths I swear, thou lookest still
As like that *Rogue* as *Tophet* do's to *Hell*.

124.

Thus *gained* he his too dear *liberty*,
And *lost himself* : but as he sneak'd away ;
A *crowing Cock* awak'd his *memory*
Into the broad light of his *Dutie's* day :
His startled *Eyes* strait hasted to repent,
And back to *Jesus* with submission went.

125.

When lo, *mild He*, who could no Pity find,
To ease His own oppressed Innocence,
With ready beams of heav'nly kindness shin'd
Upon His *Servant's* traytorous Offence ;
Forewarning *Peter* how to use his *Sheep*
When they down *Error's* precipice should leap.

126.

Denied Jesus would not him deny,
But spake His pardon by His gracious Look :
Yet so that *Peter* might withal descry,
Deep written in that most pathetick book,
The piteous copy of that causeless smart,
With which his *Falshood* pierc'd his *Saviour's* heart.

127.

Powerful and long the Sermon was which He
Preach'd in th' epitomy of this short Gliance.
But with such speed all *Wonder's* love to be
Atchiev'd when *Flashes* of Omnipotence
Weilded by *Grace's* hand the work assist ;
Witness the *Miracle* in *Peter's* breast.

128.

That breast which by this Glimpse was vanquish'd so,
That driv'n by holy shame, he seeketh where
To weep away his ugly *Crime* ; and lo
His *Tears* now *bitterer* than his *Curses* were.
Thus when the Sun on sturdy Ice but looks,
It strait repenteth into running brooks.

129.

But now *Aurora* from the roseal East
Had newly dress'd and sent abroad the *Day* ;
To finish his *Design of Night*, the *Priests*
To *Pilate's* court dispatch'd thy *Lord* away :
Nor needs he teach his *Miscreants* what to do,
Who *Spight's fell trade* had better learn'd than so.

130.

The boistrous *Rout* with galling cords and chains
Load *Jesus's* hands and feet, and hurry Him
With headlong haste through all the streets and lanes ;
Which sweat with *Crouds*,—who an outrageous stream
Of odious blasphemies and curses shed
At every step He takes, upon His head.

131.

Hast thou not mark'd how in a silver night
The mad-brain'd mungrels gather in the street ;
Where with united barkings at the light
Of beauteous *Phebe*, heav'n and earth they beat ?
Such and so causless were the Clamours which
Against thy *Lord* these railing *Throngs* did stretch.

132.

But thus arrived at the *Palace*, they
The *Pris'ner* in to *Pilate* gravely send ;
For 'twas with them an high *religious day*,
Nor could *unhallowed Places* but offend
Their scrupulous strictness ; who all *cleansed were*
To celebrate their reverend *Passover*.

133.

Shame on their foul Hypocrisy, who in
This goodly Mask of zealous Sanctity
With eager Fury strive to act a Sin
Too horrid to be expiated by
Their *greatest Sacrifices* ; and would fain
By this *Lamb's blood* their *Paschal one* destain.

134.

But when the *Judge* came forth, demanding what
Offence exposed *Jesu's Life* to Law ;
The surly *Priests* grew insolently hot,
And cry'd, We hop'd the *Governor* e'r now
Had understood that *Israel's Sanhedrim*
No *Malefactor* makes *without a Crime*.

135.

Can it be dreamt we'd take such pains to chain
A *Lamb*, and send him for a *Wolf* to thee ?
If so ; what need disputes ? the case is plain ;
We, we alone must here *Delinquents* be :
O then release that *righteous Soul*, and bid
The *slandrous Sanhedrim* be Crucifi'd.

136.

To this bold shift was *Malice* driv'n to make
Meer *Accusation* for *Conviction* pass.
But wisely then reply'd the *Judge*, why take
You this long way about ? since you so gross
Have found His *Crimes*, you might, and may do now,
Make Him a sacrifice to *your own Law*.

137.

True, said the *Priest* ; nor had our pious *Zeal*
Loiter'd thus long, did but our *Law* permit
Our indignation liberty to deal
With such a *Malefactor* as is fit :
Surely we in our looks have written plain
And legible enough, our just *Disdain*.

138.

But our *Lawgiver's* gentle heart did ne'r
Provide a *Death* for such a *Monster*, as

He ne'r suspected any *Jew* could dare
To shew himself ; and this is *Jesu's* case.
His due's the *Cross* ; and none, great Sir, but you
That *decent vengeance* can on Him bestow.

139.

The *generous Roman* shak'd his head to see
The *Priests* so shameless in their bloody *Hate* :
And yet to cool their mutinous *Spirits*, he
Commands the *Pris'ner* to the *Judgment Seat* ;
Requiring His *Impeachment* might in clear
And open terms before the *Court* appear.

140.

Forc'd here their troubled fraud to shelter in
The sanctuary of some *strong-built Lye* ;
If we, said they, by His outrageous *Sin*
But able were to mould and tune our *Cry*,
The noise not only would amaze your ear,
But rend all *Heav'n*, and *Vengeance* hither tear.

141.

For know, that in profoundly-bold despight
To *God*, and that unspotted *Truth* which *We*
Receiv'd from *Him*, this *Brat of hellish night*
Blush'd not to broach blasphemous *Heresy*,
But through the honest credulous *Country* ran
Tainting the *Commons* with his *Doctrine's* bane.

142.

Yet well it were if *Heav'n* alone had been
His desperate *Mischief's* butt : most traitorous *He*
Both hop'd, and try'd to work His dangerous teen
On *Earth*, and its *Imperial Majesty* ;
Great *Cesar's* tribute down *He* preach'd, and yet
Up for a *King* Himself the *Varlet* set.

143.

Thus roard the *Priests*. But when the *Judge* had well
The bus'ness weigh'd by grave examination,
And found its big-look'd bulk with *Malice* swell
And not with *Truth* : he made this *Protestation* :
Had I your eyes, I know not what might be,
But with mine own, *no fault in Him I see*.

144.

He, that *He* is a *King* doth not deny ;
But mark what *Royalties* he challengeth :
So simple is His *Ingenuity*,
He owns no *Territories* here beneath.
What harm to *Cesar* can by *Him* be done
Who fancyeth his *Kingdom* in the *Moon* ?

145.

There let His idle *fancy* reign : but yet
'Tis pity for His *folly* *He* should *Die*.
What *Justice* ever counted *Want of Wit*
A *capital Offence*. Nay more, if I
Be right informed, in the *Tribute* *He*
Hath witness'd His sufficient *Loyalty*.

146.

The Case was put, and cunningly, to try
 What at the bottom lay of His Design :
 Yet by His Doctrine He most readily
 Asserted it, and doubted not to join
 His *Practise* too : what *Custom* more, I pray,
 Could *Cesar* wish, than both to *Preach* and *Pay* ?

147.

As when the flames by Winds are beaten back,
 With boiling murmur they their wrath increase,
 And with more violent combustion mock
 The pacifying Gale's attempt : so these
 Repulsed *Priests* more hot and raging grew
 And with full mouth these *Exclamations* blew.

148.

All dangerous *Impostures* know their trade
 And foul Intent with fair Pretences paint :
 Whate'r He craftily or *Preach'd* or *Pay'd*,
 Was but to shield Himself from *Law's* restraint :
Sedition was His Drift, and He could ne'r
 Persue that game unless he footloose were.

149.

'Tis strange wise *Pilate* should not clearly see
 What through our Nation is so sadly spread ;
 For all *Samaria*, and *Judea* He
 With mutinous Principles evenenomed ;
 Whose eggs He hatch'd in *Galilee* ; a Nest
 Of all the world for such a brood the best.

150.

But this deferr'd their bloody hopes ; for now
 They father'd Him on *Galilee*, it put
Pilate upon a politick search to know
 If He to *Antipas'* Command might not
 Of right belong ; which having gladly found,
 Strait to the *Tetrarch* he dispatch'd Him bound.

151.

Nor fail'd this cunning Compliment to reach
 The mark of his Desires, which was to win
 The *Tetrarch's* love, and close that rupture which
 Had in their wounded friendship gaping been.
Jesus, who found no friends Himself must be
 The means to cement others' Amity.

152.

Thus through *new Streets* and *new Revilings*, He
 To surly *Herod's* lodging bandied is :
 The *Prince* could not conceal his joy to see
 Him whom his *unbelieving Curiousness*
 Had oft desir'd, since trumpeting Report
 With *Christ's* strange Acts had fill'd his wondring
 Court.

153.

And now himself he cheateth into hope
 The *Pris'ner* His *good will and word* to gain,

Would rouse His utmost skill and power up
 Him with *miraculous Feats* to entertain.
 For *Herod* knew that this Man was *He*
 Who scorn'd to buy His life with flattery.

154.

His Questions thick he spur'd, but spur'd in vain ;
 Wise *Jesus* would no idle motions mind,
 Nor any Answer but of Silence deign ;
 And though the *Priests* and *Scribes* their Railings join'd,
 He said as little to their shameless *Lye*
 As to the *Tetrarch's Curiosity*.

155.

Is this, said *Herod* then, with big disdain,
 Great *Cesar's Rival*, one who 's only fit
 Sovereign of sheepish stupid fools to reign ?
 Is this that *wonder-working He*, who yet
 In this hard pinch can not with Power or Brain
 His scorn'd, accus'd, and challeng'd self maintain ?

156.

Is all the wide-spread *Glory of His Name* ?
 Are all His *Miracles* shrunk up to this,
 That He Himself with most ignoble shame
 Should prove a *Miracle of Sottishness* ?
 Is this the *King*, to find whose heart my *Father*
 A thousand Infants' breasts tore ope together ?

157.

Ah how my fancy wrong'd brave *John*, when I
 Dream'd this was He to life again arriv'd !
 Yet grant it *John* ; His gross *Stupidity*
 Assures me still that he is not *reviv'd*.
 Come *Souldiers*, use your antick wits, that so
 We may have *sport at least*, before He go.

158.

Glad were the *Guard*, and ready equally
Jesus to mock, and to content their *Lord* :
 About Him round they danc'd with hideous Cry,
 And bid Him still that *Tempest* with His Word ;
 And when His Patience silent stood, enjoyn'd Him
 To cast out that *dumb Devil* which did bind Him.

159.

One limping came, and His great Godship pray'd
 To cure his Leg, then kick'd Him on the breast :
 For his lame Hand another crav'd His aid,
 Then beat and brus'd Him with his brawny Fist ;
 A third desir'd Him to restore a dead
 Dog unto life, then threw it at His head.

160.

To vary this most scornful sport ; at last
 Come dress Him like a Prince, the *Tetrarch* cry'd,
 And let the *Jews* return their *King* to taste
 What Banquet *Pilate* will for Him provide :
 Perhaps 'twill make Him ope that mouth which He
 So obstinately here hath shut at me.

161.

Tell him, I thank him for his Courtesy ;
It made me merry, as ye all have seen :
But I 'l not rob his *Lordship's Pleasures* by
Detaining this his *Idiot* ; when I mean
To *play with fools*, I hope my *Galilee*
With one such *Puppet* more may furnish me.

162.

Thus *Jesus* in a *gorgeous Robe* is clad,
The more conspicuous to make His shame :
And so through fresh *Disdains* and *Scoffings* led
To be of further Tyranny the Game.
With such a *Pageant of Contempt* the base
Abusive *vulgar* never feasted was.

163.

They dance, they hout, they hollow, winck, and grin,
And this occasion trayterously embrace
Upon all princely Ornaments to pin
Their scornful Jeers. But *Pilate* stricken was
With wiser wonder at His *splendid hue*,
Knowing what Garb was to Delinquents due.

164.

For those whose Lives presum'd as forfeit were
To Death, by Custom's sad solemnity
Were tir'd in *Funeral Black*, which might prepare
Them to the thoughts of their Catastrophe,
And intimate the colour of that Sin
Whose horrid darkness cloth'd their souls within.

165.

But *Providence* did so correct their *spight*,
That *He* whose breast was purer than the Day,
Wore in His Vesture's face no guilty Night,
But by His Foes' own hands in an Array
Of Glory shin'd, and was absolved when
They hal'd Him to His Condemnation.

166.

So when a boistrous loud Conspiracy
Of Winds their puffing labouring fury blow
About the World, in hopes to damp the sky
With swarthy clouds and storms ; they often throw
All Vapors out, and with a full and fair
Serenity attire the purged Air.

167.

Check'd by the sense of that pure *Vestment's* look,
And feeling *moral Honesty* beat high
In 's startled bosom, *Pilate* could not brook
His Conscience to be Slave unto the *Cry*
Of those importunate *Jews*, who roaring stood,
And gap'd with thirsty mouths for guiltless blood.

168.

What me concerned I have done, said he ;
Him, and your *Accusations* have I

Oft sifted to the bottom : as for me,
I hope I never gave you reason why
You should presume that any *Clamors* may
Fright *Pilate* out of *Justice's Highway*.

169.

Your *Temple* or your *Altars* cannot be
More venerable unto you, than is
My yet-unspotted *Judgment-Seat* to Me ;
And *mine*, I trust, shall all impatient Cries
Of groundless Rage as valiantly resist
As *Minos*, or as *Rhadamanthus's* breast.

170.

What I to *Cesar* ow, and what to *Right*,
I long have known, and must not now forget :
My heart is *Roman*, and the dearest *Light*
Of *Heav'n* or *Life* far less inamors it,
Than *Honor's splendor*, which can never be
Cohabitant with *Wrong* and *Tyranny*.

171.

In *Pilate's Annals* shall it e'er be read,
That he deflowr'd *Tiberius's sword*, and most
Divine *Astræa* foully ravished,
And that not by his own but others' Lust ?
That *Jewry's Ruler* trembled at a *Voice*,
And was subdu'd by nothing but a *Noise* ?

172.

I 'll sooner chuse mine own heart-blood should flow,
And let your Thirst carouze in it, than I
From any guiltless Veins their streams will draw,
To quench the loudest *Importunity*.
Mine is mine own ; but what have I to do
To give another's Life, when Law says No ?

173.

Law takes no hold of *Jesus*, nor must I,
Nor did the *Tetrarch* ; and why, why will you
But since I see that crafty *Calumny*
Abused hath your honest meaning, now
I 'll for your *Credit* Him *chastise*, and so
Give Him dismissal without more ado.

174.

And this the rather, since by custom I
Ingaged am to honor this your *Feast*,
In granting some Offendor Liberty,
Whom fit your Pity counts to be releast :
And who deserves your candor more than this
Poor *Man*, whose fault at most but *Folly* is.

175.

Thus strove the *Judge*, that he might not condemn
Himself with *Jesus* ; but the sullen *Priests*
His gracious Offer spitefully condemn,
And spur the *People* (in whose *fury* rests
Their final hope,) to beg with all the *strife*
Of stoutest *Throats*, none but *Barabbas's* Life.

176.

Bold Bloodhounds ! is not this *Barabbas* he
Whom you your selves know guilty of the *Fact*,
You fain would fasten upon *Jesus* ? ye
Beheld what *tumults* he presum'd to act,
And how his desperate *Riot* he persued,
Until in *Murder* he his hands imbrued.

177.

Hold you the *Murderer's* Life so dear, that he
Must live with you, whilst *Innocent Jesus* dies ?
And do's *Barabbas's* cursed Company
Suit better with your reverend *Sanctities* ?
Or think you *God* and *Man* so blind, as not
To see and hate your grosly-barbarous Plot ?

178.

Strange, *Psyche*, 'twas, with what impatient cries
The *Mad-brain'd Vulgar*, Heav'n and Earth did tear :
Barabbas's Name through all their *Clamor* flies,
Anxious for him, and none but him they are ;
He is their *Darling*, and they cannot live,
If *Pilate* will not grant them his Reprieve.

179.

Thus hellish *Hate* op'd *Providence's* door
To heav'nly *Love*, and made *Barabbas* be
The *Type* of all the World ; which from the power
Of endless Death, and equal Misery
Was to be snatch'd to day, and in its room
A harmless *Lamb* expos'd to bloody Doom.

180.

Mean while, the *Judge's Lady* sent her Page,
To pray her worried and perplexed *Lord*
Not to be *mad*, because that Rout did rage,
Nor venture to prophane the *Roman Sword*
With *Holy Blood* ; since certainly, said she,
Jesus is just, and they seditious be.

181.

For my good *Genius*, as I lay asleep,
Appear'd unto me hand in hand with *thine* ;
Thine beat his Breast, and bitterly did weep,
And told the reason of his grief to *mine* :
He said, (and sigh'd, and trembled as he said)
Pilate with Jesus now will be betray'd.

182.

Pilate will be betrayed to destroy
The Life of *Jesus*, and his own withal ;
For *Jesus's Blood* will cry another day,
And loud to *Pilate's Veins and Heart* will call :
His *Veins and Heart* must to that Call reply—
—I started here, and out the *Dream* did fly.

183.

Thus Heav'n-admonished *Claudia* sought to fright
Her *Husband* from his *Precipice's* brow,

And gave miraculous witness to the bright
Integrity of *Jesus* in the view
Of all His foes ; for *Heav'n* was pleas'd that He
By *either sex* now justify'd should be.

184.

No sooner had the trembling Page deliver'd
His ominous Message, but the *Judge's Heart*
With fatal jealousy and horror shiver'd ;
His Joints unbuckled ; Eyes and Hair did start ;
His Knees together smote ; his Blood flew back,
And left his Lips and all his Visage black.

185.

O gracious *Lord* ! who never fails to send
Smart warnings ev'n to Pagan Hearts, when they
By strong Temptations baited are, to rend
And throw their own upright Resolves away :
So monstrous is a *Conscience-stifling Evil* ;
So loth is *God* that Man should prove a Devil.

186.

But when the *Scribes* and *Priests* had learn'd the *News* :
See how this *Conjurer* hath by Magick Art,
Cry'd they, sent hellish Spirits to abuse
The honest thoughts of noble *Claudia's Heart* :
That by this Trick the *Judge* might frighted be,
Our *Truths* made *Slanders*, and *Himself* set free.

187.

'Tis well the *Lady* signify'd that she
Sleep's pris'ner was and so Delusion's prize :
But this *Impostor's* Life shall find that we
Are waking, and know how to use our Eyes.
The *Wife* may to her rest again ; but keep
We must and will the *Husband* now from sleep.

188.

Strait all the *People* with *fresh clamors* roar'd,
Thund'ring *Barabbas* in the *Judge's Ear* :
Which violent storm quite blew away the Word
His *Spouse* had sent ; and he through sudden fear
Of *Insurrection*, thus returns to treat
About the bus'ness which he most did hate.

189.

Friends, ask, I pray, your *second thoughts*, and see
If they upon *Barabbas* needs will dote :
'Tis far from my desire your *Haste* should be
Your prejudice ; 'twas *Haste* made you so hot
Against your smother'd *Reason* : but my leave
To make your choice again, I freely give.

190.

For I would fain my *Courtesy* should be
True to its Name ; which sure cannot be so,
If none but this bold *Murderer* must be he,
Whom you will let my Love on you bestow.
Consider well, and you will find it stand
More with your *Credits*, *Jesus* to demand.

191.

But that Advice melts into empty air,
Which woos the *Vulgar* to *Consideration* :
And *Pilate* might as well, by speaking fair,
Have hop'd to send a Torrent's Inundation
Back to its spring-head, to consult and see
Whether it had not best more gentle be.

192.

For at this word enrag'd, they all renew
Their former Outcry ; For *Barabbas* we,
And for none other but *Barabbas* sue ;
Our *Fame* no plaster craves or needs : you see
We beg but *wanted Favor*, which if you
Thus geld by cutting off our *Choice*, Adieu.

193.

Mov'd with their *boistrous Madness*, *Pilate* cries,
If this seditious *Murderer* alone
Can seem to you to be a worthy Prize,
Tell me what must with *Innocence* be done ?
Both cannot be *reprieved* : therefore speak
What course with *Christ* shall I and *Justice* take ?

194.

Right glad the *Judge* had giv'n them leave to name
The manner of their plotted Cruelty ;
They with a barbarous smile reply, The Game
Is not so hard to play ; *Let Jesus die* :
Do you but doom Him to the *Cross*, and We
At *charge of Executing Him* will be.

195.

Then, as an Army with united Shout
Rends all the Field, when most impatient they
Fly to their *Work of Blood* : th' unanimous *Rout*
Discharg'd at *Pilate's Ear*, and cry'd, *Away*,
Away with Him, that *Justice* on may ride
In her free course, *Let Him be crucify'd*.

196.

O more than hellish *Impudence* and *Spight* !
Is this the *People*, whose high Estimation
Of *Jesus* could the *Highpriest's* projects fright
Into a secret cautious *Conjuration* !
The *People*, who admir'd His heav'nly Word,
And His convincing Miracles ador'd !

197.

The *People*, who to pave His welcome way,
Could strip *Trees' bodies*, and their own, and spread
That Princely Entertainment, to display
How ev'n His *Ass's feet* they honored !
The *People*, who could brave *Hosanna* cry !
A *Word*, O how unlike to *Crucify* !

198.

How well sage Heads have fix'd the odious brand
Of *Fickleness* upon the *Vulgar* ! for

More safely may you on the *Lydian Sand*,
Or on the *Adriatick Billows*, or
The flitting *Winds*, build Towers, than rely
Upon the multitude's Fidelity.)

199.

The horror of that *Word* made *Pilate* start ;
Who, stepping back, and flinging up his hands,
Far be it, cry'd, far be it from my heart
To harbor such *Injustice* ! Your *Demands*
Should not be *Traps* ; nor is it fit that I
Turn *Tyrant*, others' *Spight* to gratify.

200.

Wears He the stain of *Murder*, or of *Treason*,
To mark Him out for death ? can any eye
Barabbas find in Him ? Or is it reason
That He *because He has no Crime*, must die ?
And can you choose no Instrument but Me,
The *Pandar* of your *bloody Lust* to be ?

201.

Great *Cesar* thinks me wise enough to hear
And judge of Cases ; and why will not you ?
I have (though with some prejudice ; so far
Your zeal had biass'd me,) the *Pris'ner* through
A strict Examen drawn ; and must withal
Confess, His *Crime* is far from *capital*.

202.

And shall my Foes' glad Tongues have cause to say,
To my dear *Honor's* vile confusion, that
Pilate bow'd down his *Conscience* to obey
A *Lawless Motion*. Henceforth urge me not :
Some reasonable *Castigation*, I
Will lay on *Jesus* ; but *He must not die*.

203.

As when a knot of eager Hornets are
Repressed by a wary hand, about
With doubled rage they fly, and buzzing their
Right smart, alarms more resolutely, the stout
Onset renew : So now in fiercer *Cries*,
The *Rout's* disdain at this *Repulse* did rise.

204.

The *Cataracts of Nile*, or those which tear
Their headlong way down steepest *Alpes*, make not
A fra[n]gor so astonishing, as their
Wide yelling *Mouths*, resolv'd no more to shut
Till they can conquer by Impetuousness ;
And, *Crucify Him*, still their thunder is.

205.

The frighted *Palace* trembled at the crack,
Whose dismal echo to the *Temple* flew ;
And from the *Temple* loudly bounding back,
It self through all the startled *City* threw.
Yea, ev'n the *Rout* themselves could not forbear,
Against their own *Request* to stop their Ear.

206.

Which whilst thus terribly it bellow'd, though
It shak'd the *Judge*, and made him stagger ; yet
It fail'd to work his total overthrow :
For fast he clapp'd his arms about his great
And generous *Resolution*, nor could
He fall (and that he knew) except he would.

207.

Then wisely pondering that the *Highpriest's spite*
The coals of all this mad Combustion blew ;
And that they on the headstrong *Vulgar might*,
Had built their *Salvage hopes* : he studies how
To frustrate their malicious Design
By a severe, yet tender Countermine.

208.

For in he takes thy *Lord*, and yields Him to
The servile *Scourge*, that by this *Cruelty*,
Way to His *Pity* he might ope, and so
Some blood for all the rest might satisfy.
He hop'd if once they saw Him *all in gore*,
Their *thirstiest Malice* would not wish for more.

209.

For though the *Multitude's* untutor'd Ears
Are deaf to *Reason's* Plea ; their Eyes can hear
The mute but loud complaint of bloody Tears,
And understand the *Dialect*, whene'er
It flows from Wound's red lips : And why, said He,
May *Jews*, if they be *Men*, not *Human* be !

210.

The surly *Beadles* fetch'd their *strongest Tew*,
And having stripp'd their *patient Prey* of all
His cloths' defence, with churlish twitches drew,
And to the stoutest pillar of the Hall
Fast bound Him up ; least He, by sinking under
The lashe's load, their wrath's career should hinder.

211.

With *iron Whips* then to their work they fell,
And plow'd his *Back's* delicious Garden up :
Profound and long the *Furrows* were, yet still
Levell'd and fill'd as fast as broken ope ;
For drown'd they were, and drowned in no flood,
But of their own *inestimable Blood*.

212.

Down to the bottom of each tender *Vein*
The cruel *Engins* div'd, and tore from thence
The *precious purple springs* ; which in disdain
They toss'd about, until their violence
In too too costly colours painted thick,
Upon th' unworthy *Floor* and *Pillar* stuck.

213.

The *Pillar* and the *Floor* now blush'd to see
How those remorseless *Bloodhounds* knew no shame ;

For still they prosecute their tyranny,
Till *weariness* prevails with tired them.
(As lately with the Servants of the Priest,)
Meerly in self-compassion to desist.

214.

But then the *Soldiers* take their barbarous cue,
To vex His Patience with *more witty spite* :
And that He may some royal token shew
Of His pretended *Kingship* their conceit
Prompts them to wreath a *Crown of Thorns*, and it
Upon His Head, in Fury's triumph set.

215.

And thus the *Curse* which *Heav'n* injoin'd to grow
On *Sin-condemned Earth*, from thence is rent,
And deep engrafted into *Jesus's Brow* ;
Who with this *Diadem of stings* content,
Nor wish'd nor envied their *dainty pride*,
Whose tresses were in *roseal chaplets* ty'd.

216.

Then on His Back, to mock His Temples' pain
With gorgeous scorn, a *purple Robe* they throw :
Alas, how needless ! now in richer *grain*
Too full they see His *native scarlat* flow,
Whilst all His Body is arrayed round
In one expanded universal wound.

217.

And having planted in His Hand a *Reed*,
(A *silly Scepter*, and which well comply'd
With His *ignoble Crown*,) themselves they spread
In several gamesom squadrons, to deride
This *meekly-silent miserable Thing*,
Whom of *Contempt* they had created *King*.

218.

O may the *Sovereign of the Jews*, said they,
Outlive the Hart's, the Raven's, the Eagle's years !
May His *victorious Ensigns* He display
Throughout the World, affrighted at His Wars !
Thus may He *thresh all Nations* : and here
They bang'd and brus'd Him ; and went on to *jeer* :

219.

May Heav'n's propitious Eye for ever dwell
On Him, who best deserves its care ! may all
The Clouds which with the *fattest Blessings* swell
Let on His Head their choisest riches fall,
As freely as we rain these drops on it !
And at this word they all upon Him *spit*.

220.

High on the *Roman Bird's Imperial wing*
May thy illustrious *Name* and *Glory* ride !
And may *Tiberius* to this nobler *King*
Thus yield his mighty *Throne* ! this said, a wide
And massy *Chair* full at His Face they throw,
Which deeply grav'd its footsteps in His Brow.

221.

From all the proudest Conqueror's Temples, who
Fondly conceive their never-fading Bay
Has power to make themselves immortal too,
Their glorious wreaths thus mayst Thou rend away!
Then hollowing loud, in raging sport they tear
Off from His sacred Head His goodly Hair.

222.

One, after three low bowings, on his Knee
Humble *Petitions* brings; and having pray'd
His pardon of that Importunity,
Flings dirt and mire in 's Eyes. Another play'd
Ambassador, pretending mighty things
He had in charge to Him from neighbour Kings.

223.

Most Excellent Sir, my business is, said he,
Of such immediate consequence, that it
Can no delay digest, but urgeth me
To this unwonted and uncivil fit
Of craving *present Audience*: and here
He smartly box'd His Ears to make Him hear.

224.

A third came with a golden Goblet in,
And fawning thus: The *Queen* to you hath sent
This *Morning-draught*, and prays you to begin,
That she may pledge you: suddenly he bent
At *Jesus's* gentle Face his ireful Brow
And in His Mouth the Bowl of *Urine* threw.

225.

A fourth His *Reed* pluck'd from His Hand, and cry'd,
Your *Scepter*, Sir, too heavy is, I fear;
Let not your Majesty your Servant chide,
If he offend in too much *Loyall Care*:
Your self shall judge how grievous is its weight:
Which said, Him with the *sturdy Cane* he beat.

226.

A fifth with earnest supplication su'd
For leave, his Princely *Train* that day to bear;
Then snatching up His Robe behind, with rude
But eager peevishness, he kick'd Him there;
Batt'ring the *Body of all Sweetness*, till
His *wearry Foot* stopp'd his *unwearied Will*.

227.

A sixth came bawling, *Treason, Treason, Sir*,
Treason against your *sacred Majesty*:
Your *Jewish Subjects* all *conspiring* are
Against your *Honor* and your *Life*: O fly,
And save your Royal Self. This made them all,
Seeing Him *bound so fast*, a-laughing fall.

228.

'Twere endless, *Psyche*, to describe how they
With crabbed wantonness did sneer and pout;

How they did wrest their looks; what wry-mouth'd play
They us'd, their *gentle Savior* to flout.

The worst of ugly *Petulance* conceive,
And infinitely worse than that believe.

229.

This Scene thus acted: *Pilate* brings Him forth
Accouter'd thus, into the *People's* view:
And though no Crime of His appeareth worth
The name of *Capital*; 'tis fit I shew
You with what heavy punishment, said He,
His *light and petty faults* revenged be.

230.

If this *ridiculous Garb* seem not enough,
With more than killing shame to clothe Him; see
What full-tide streams of Blood about Him flow,
And guess what favor He hath gain'd from me.
Alas, can any further room be found
In *all His Body*, but for *one more Wound*?

231.

Behold the Man; this *torn and worried Thing*
Is He, how ever *Comely* heretofore:
Sure He has for His *foolish Name of King*
Full dearly pay'd; and of your *Credits* more
Regardful were not I, than of mine own,
Such proofs of Cruelty I had not shown.

232.

Say now what augmentation of Disgrace
Or Anguish, could from any *Cross* accrue,
To that which in His brused batter'd Face,
And all-bemangled Flesh you read: 'tis true
He lives; but such a joyless Life, as hath
All reason to prefer the foulest Death.

233.

O *spectacle of most commanding sorrows!*
How would all Hearts, but [fierce] *Jews'*, melt to see
These ghastly torrents, and these gasping furrows:
The perfect Picture of Calamity!
How would a *Tyger's* thirsty wrath relent!
How would the souls of hungry *Bears* repent!

234.

Had these unhappy Miscreants any Eyes,
But those of hard'ned Rancor, they might here
Have marked how their own sad *Miseries*
To patient *Jesus* all transferred were,
And scor'd upon His *Back*: they might have found
A *salve* for all their sores in every wound.

235.

They might have seen His innocent Temples wear
That *Malediction*, which to them was due:
Whilst He the *stinging Briars* pleas'd to bear,
And leave to them the *fragrant flowers* which grew
Both in their *Mortal Gardens* here, and which
With endless Sweets did *Paradise* enrich.

236.

At least that *Lesson of Compassion* they
As well as *Pilate*, might have plainly read,
Which in large *Rubrick Letters* open lay,
And to the eyes of all Spectators spread
So fair a challenge, that no generous Breasts
Could Pity's importunity resist.

237.

But lo, the barbarous *Priests*, unsatisfy'd
With all that sea of Blood already shed,
Because *some more behind remained*: cry'd
O ease the Earth of that *blasphemous Head*,
Before *Heav'n* vindicate it self, and we
Involved in the *Flood of Vengeance* be.

238.

Those sorry Gashes, though they glare, are yet
Less deep and broad than His Offence: beside
All Serpents have the ill-bestowed wit,
To lick and heal their wounds, though far more wide
Than those of His: and why may pois'nous He
Not full as cunning as His Kindred be?

239.

Is His a *boyish fault*, that you should deem
A *whipping*, meet and ample Punishment?
O rather square your own by *Heav'n's* esteem,
And join with ours your righteous consent.
A Cross, a Cross: Heav'n cannot pleased be,
Until this *Monster crucify'd* it see.

240.

This most unreasonable Madness made
The *Judge as loud as They*: Your throat, said He,
Shall never roar me to your bloody trade.
The Man is guiltless in mine eyes; if ye
Resolved are that *Innocence must die*,
Go murder Him your selves, and cease your cry.

241.

Harsh was this word, and grated their Design:
So hard, that they inforced were to fly
To that reserve which they did most decline,
As knowing well 'twas an *old-answer'd Lye*:
That *Law* they now pretend, to which long since
The *Pri'sner* justify'd His Innocence.

242.

Nay, they reply'd, *It is not We, but Law*:
Our *Law*, more dear to us than are our Lives,
Requires His Death. May *Pilate* please to know
That our just *God* no grace, nor pardon gives
To (though but faint) *Blasphemers*; and shall He,
Who makes Himself the *Son of God*, go free?

243.

If Thou *Protector of our Laws* wilt be
Break not our greatest for this *Vartet's* sake.

Should He intrude into the *Family*
Of *Cesar*, and his *Heir's* great *Title* take,
Sure thou wouldst judge a *Cross* his due; and is
Heav'n's Emperor's Wrong a less Offence than this?

244.

Bloodthirsty Hypocrites! who clearly knew,
How they their *Law* in urging it deny'd:
Had this most false Impeachment been most true,
Yet must not *Jesus* by the *Cross* have dy'd;
Their *Law* an heap of *Stones* ordain'd to be
The *Death* and *Monument* of *Blasphemy*.

245.

Yet this *New-plea* stung jealous *Pilate* so,
That he again retires, and tries again
What fresh Examination might do:
Blind Notions tumbled in his troubled Brain
Concerning *Heros* and *Half-gods*, which had
The solemn Cheats of *Pagan Faith* been made.

246.

For seeing more than human Patience shine
In *Jesus's* strange deportment; he began
To think he might be one of *Jove's* Divine
And Sovereign Stock, though masked now in Man:
Him therefore he requireth to uncase
The truth, and satisfy him *whence He was*.

247.

But to this needless Curiosity
Thy sober *Lord* would no Reply vouchsafe:
For whether He from *Heav'n* His Pedigree
Or Earth deriv'd, 'twas evident enough,
That *Innocence* in *God* or *Man*, could from
A righteous Judge deserve no fatal doom.

248.

This Silence spurr'd indignant *Pilate's* pride:
Oft have I spoke for Thee, and yet wilt Thou
Not one poor word bestow on me? defy'd
Is all my power, said he, by which I now
Can bless Thee with a free release, or send
Thee on the *Cross* to make Thy cursed End?

249.

But *Jesus* thus: no power hadst thou to reach
My life, but by *Heav'n's special private Grant*:
'Tis not thy common Jurisdiction which
Involvet Me: this makes the *Priest* who sent
Me pris'ner hither, to be plunged in
So much the deeper and the fouler Sin.

250.

Aw'd by this Answer's gravity, into
A piercing sense of His integrity;
Th' ingenuous *Judge* resolves his best to do
In setting *Him*, and his own Conscience free;
His utmost prudence he awak'd to treat
And into honesty the *People* cheat.

251.

But whilst he signify'd his gentle Mind,
Alas, new oil upon their flames he threw ;
For in their loudest fury all combin'd,
Upon Him with this *bold Reply* they flew ;
If *Jesus* you dismiss, We must have leave
Great *Cesar* to acquaint with this *Reprieve*.

252.

Did not that *Traitor's Head* contrive to wear
A *Crown of gold*, where now those *Thorns* you see?
And who more dangerous foes to *Cesar* are
Than those who would no longer subjects be?
He says, *His Realm is not on Earth*: and what
Should *Traitors being taken*, plead, but that?

253.

But were He free again, and had proud He
New thousands at His heels, to follow on
His *Will's Career*; might His design not be
True to our *Fears*? And will our Judge alone
Let loose this danger? surely loyal We
Must hold you then for *Cesar's Enemy*.

254.

Drove by this *Menace* to his Judgment-seat,
Behold your King, and mark Him well, said he:
Can this poor sorry Wight be thought the great
Rival of Cesar? But this honest Plea
They thus confute: *Away with Him*, and let
Him pay upon the *Cross* His *Treason's debt*.

255.

The *Cross*? in smiling anger *Pilate* cry'd;
Is that the *Throne* where I must set *your King*?
No *King* have we, the sullen *Priests* reply'd,
But *Cesar*: as for this *accursed Thing*,
'Tis more than time that to His *Cross* He go,
And every one who is His *favorer* too.

256.

The *Judge* had with their *Malice* grappled long:
But now his *Place* and *Office* lay at stake;
He who before so righteous was and strong,
Hop'd to support himself by turning weak
And impious: Nor did the *People* spare
To hasten those *strange Hopes* whose ground was *Fear*.

257.

This new *State-blast* on his faint Bosom blew
So thick a storm of *Jealousy* and *Dread*
That now he fancy'd all the *City* drew
Their mutinous *Swords* against his single *Head*;
And that the *Priests* had with their *specious Lye*
Dispatch'd to *Rome* a dangerous *Embassy*.

258.

Thus toss'd and bandy'd by the tempest, He
His *Faith* and *Truth*, the dearest wares he had,

Throws over-board; and to their *Cruelty*
Steers his *Consent*: which yet appear'd so mad
And full of foul and odious horror, that
He calls for *Water*, off to wash its *Blot*.

259.

Why wilt thou ravish, foolish *Hypocrite*
The *Virgin Nymph*? what *Water* canst thou get
To wash *This* clean; which cannot make thee *white*,
But only by thy wretched touching it
For ever will be stain'd: should all the *Sea*
Flow on thy *Hands*, they still would *bloody* be.

260.

The *Leopard's* spots, which fix their feet so sure
Upon his skin, shall sooner run away;
Sooner the *Æthiop's* face shall learn a *Cure*
And change its ugly *Night* to beauteous *Day*;
The *Ravens* with *Swans* in white shall sooner vye,
Then thou be purg'd from thy *ingrain'd Dye*.

261.

Yet *Pilate* flatter'd by his own *Device*,
Will needs be dabling in the *Bacin*; and
Behold, ye *Priests* and *People* all, he cries,
Of *Jesus's blood* I wash my guiltless *Hand*:
Though I the *Sentence* pass, it shall be known
You forc'd my tongue, and *you the Act must own*.

262.

Content; and since in it you will not share,
Let ours, said they, the *Honor* wholly be:
Both *Heav'n* and *Earth* will thank our zealous *Care*,
And *safe Tiberius* praise our *Loyalty*.
So will your *Self*, when you have weigh'd well
What kind of Monster you have sent to hell.

263.

As for His *Blood* which frights your timorous *Hand*,
It is to us the *brightest paint of Glory*,
And will to all *Succession's* eyes commend
Our just and pious *Resolution's Story*:
'Tis our *Ambition's* highest *Wish*, that it
May on our *Heads*, and on our *Children's sit*.

264.

Unhappy Wish! had this been rightly fram'd,
No *Pray'r* with purer wings had soard to heaven,
Nor pull'd more *Blessings*, than would have streamed
In this rich *Blood*: But see the monstrous leaven
Of holy-looking *Malice*, which can thus
Make sweetest words turn sadly *Ominous*.

265.

For 'twas not long e'r *Titus* came and pour'd
This *Flood* upon them, and their *Wish* fulfilled:
They and their *Heirs* together were devour'd,
With such full vengeance this red *Torrent* swelled;
Their *Town* and *Temple* too the *Deluge* found,
Which in their *Wish's surplusage* were drown'd.

266.

Wild *War* did never yet so riot in
The veins of any helpless wights, as here ;
Nor *fatal Misery* hunt out any *Sin*
With so *severe a Quest* as that : for their
Outragious *Wish* and bloody *Exclamation*
Tolled the *funeral Knell* to all their *Nation*.

267.

And now the *Judge*, within whose breast the fear
Of *Men, vile Men*, much more than *God* did reign ;
Those Bonds of generous *Right* himself does tear
From which he woo'd the *People* to refrain ;
And ruins all his *Honor* that he may
Secure his tottering *Dignity* to day.

268.

His *Roman Boasting's* splendid plumes he plucks ;
To hold it fast, he stains his *Master's Sword* ;
His righteous *Tenderness*, upon the rocks
Of *Tyranny* he breaks ; and by one *Word*
Gives all his *Protestations* the lye,
Judging the Lord of Innocence to die.

269.

O *monstrous Sentence!* were the fell *Decrees*
Which ever yet from mouths of *Tyrants* brake,
With all their dismal *Pomp of Cruelties*,
Describ'd in *one black Roll* ; they could not make
So hideous a show as *This alone*
Of *Barbarousness* the dire *Perfection*.

270.

All *Injuries* in *This* triumphant are,
Skrud'd to the highest pitch of rampant *Spight* :
Injustice but a *Suckling* was, till here
She suddenly attain'd her stature's height :
Herod indeed had fairly nurs'd her ; but
Her bulk's full growth by *Pilate's* help she got.

271.

For could all *Hell* mould up so dire a *Doom*
As might send every *Babe* who 'gan to see
Life's morning light, strait from his *Mother's womb*
To *Death's* black *Ev'n* ; that *Sentence* yet would be
Less fell than *This*, which murders at a blow
More *Innocence* than all the *World* can show.

272.

Than *This* ; to which no *Copy* near shall draw
Till *Albion* with *Palestine* shall vy ;

When *British Jews* against their *King a Law*
Shall find, and make the *Rout for Justice cry* ;
When they a *Pilate* of their own shall get,
And desperate *Soldiers* too, to do the feat.

273.

Unfortunate *Judge!* how rufully hast thou
Condemn'd thy timorous *Self* in dooming *Him!*
The time draws nigh, when *Caius* will not know
Pilate for *Cesar's friend* ; thy dear *Esteem*
And *Office*, to their fatal evening draw,
And *Six Years* more will make *Thee feel the Law*.

274.

The Law of Banishment ; when *France* shall see
Thee to *Vienna* ty'd in strong *Disgrace* ;
Where *Hell* shall to thy *Soul* displayed be,
And make thy *Conscience* war against thy face,
Mustering the *Guilt* of this unhappy *Day*
Before thine eyes in terrible array.

275.

Thy *Ladie's Message* there again shall sound,
And sting thy heart ; thine own *Profession's* there
Of *Jesus's Innocence*, shall all rebound
Upon thy thoughts, and thy *Remembrance* tear :
That mocked *Water* there shall scald thee, and
Revenge its wrong on thy polluted *Hand*.

276.

There shall thy *Whips* on Thee their *Lashes* turn ;
There shall the *Thorns* plant *Tortures* on thy head ;
There to thy self each *Stripe* and *Scoff* and *Scorn*
Shall in full tale be duly numbered ;
There thy prodigious *Sentence* back shall fly,
And point black *Pilate* out as *fit to die*.

277.

Then shall the cruel *Cross*, the *Nails*, the *Spear*,
March through thy thoughts, and slaughter thee alive ;
Till *Crucify'd* by thine own *fatal fear*,
Thy *Self* meet *vengeance* to thy self shalt give,
And from thy *Hell* above by cursed death
Send thy *despairing Soul* to *Hell* beneath.

278.

So shall thine *Hand* thou thoughtst thou washt so white,
Fouly imbru'd in thine own horrid gore,
An useful *Copy* to all *Judges* write
Of what sure *Doom Heav'n's* righteous *Wrath* doth pour
On them who warp *Law's rule* to *Peoples' Lust*,
And make the *Throne of Justice* be *Unjust*.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ARGUMENT, l. 6, 'blanch' = whitewash: St. 4 and 22, 'Cue' = catch-word or sign: *ib.* 'worries'—qu. hurries? St. 11, 'Condescent' = condescension, as before: St. 13, 'Love's chief stations' = the Roman Catholic legendary pausing-places along the Via Dolorosa: St. 33, 'Knights of the post'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: St. 54 and 142, 'But' = mark: St. 56 and 90, 'putid' = base: St. 104, 'Antick' = jestful, sporting: St. 112, 'Witch'—noticeable masculine use of the word: St.

116, 'Panick-gulf'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: St. 163, 'hont' = hoot: St. 171, 'trembled'—misprinted 'trembling' in original: St. 172, 'says'—misprinted 'say' *ibid.*: St. 191, 'Vulgar' = populace: St. 203, 'alarms'—nominative the collective 'Knot' (l. 1): St. 210, 'Tew' = tow, rope: St. 247, 'sober' = serious: St. 272—see Memorial-Introduction on this and other *hits* at Cromwell and the Puritans, and in favour of Charles I.—G.



CANTO XIV.

The Death of Love.

The ARGUMENT.

LOVE having liv'd for Man, is pleas'd to Die,
To make His Purchase sure by Life and Death ;
Through Earth's profoundest gulf of Tyranny,
And vaster Ocean of Heav'n's mighty Wrath
He nobly waded : then upon the shore
After His blood, vouchsaf'd His Soul to pour.

I.

O Soul of Sweets, O Life, how dear art Thou
To all that ever had a Taste of Thee !
How much of Heav'n it self triumphs to flow
Into the region of Thy Suavity !
Indeed Heav'n were not Heav'n, unless it had
By marrying Thee the Court of Bliss been made.

2.

Thou in the Center of Divinity
Before the birth of Ages had'st Thy Spring,
Where Thou did'st sweetly smile amidst the Three
Most undivided One, and traversing
Those heights and depths of glorious Pleasure, through
Eternitie's immense Expansion flow.

3.

Thence, when the World burst out from Nothing, Thou
Let'st out some streams created Souls to cheer ;
With which sweet Influence when they 'gan to glow,
All Bosoms strait of it inamored were ;
Which as their richest dearest Jewel, in
The temple of their Hearts obtain'd its shrine.

4.

Goods were no longer Goods, compar'd with Thee ;
Parents and Children were no more of kin,
If they disturb'd thy Consanguinity :
Their tenderer Selves, though lying treasur'd in
The bosom of their Love, they thence would throw,
Counting no Wives so near them as wert Thou.

5.

For Thy sweet sake they durst rejoice to bear
All Bitterness, and not to blush at Shame :

Their Joints, Limbs, Skin, they readily could spare,
Yea and allow their precious Name and Fame.
A prey to Injury, so they by them
May Thee and Thy Security redeem.

6.

The vilest Worm whom Thou dost please to grace,
Forgets not that high Worth he gains by Thee :
He shoots his warey self from place to place,
And, when oppressed, feeble though he be,
He turns again, and with the strongest Fo
Tries what for Thy dear Rescue he can do.

7.

Rather on basest Dust the Snake will feed
His wretchedness, than part with precious Thee ;
Though Heav'n's sad Curse sits heavy on his head,
He makes his body all one helmet be
To shelter it ; and rolls himself about
Himself, to keep all mortal bruises out.

8.

Nay when the Sword, or Wand Death's way has cut
Quite through his circles, till his carcase be
In its own woful fragments buried, yet
Ev'n by the cement of his Wounds will he
Soder himself ; so loth is he to die,
Though Life him Pris'ner holds to Misery.

9.

What voyages will silly Swallows take
Warm courteous Seasons round the World to chase !
How hard a shift will hunted Pheasants make
To shun the greedy Griffen's deadly face !
What wings of speed, what tricks and sleights will Fear
Of dying, teach the close-persued Hare !

10.

In how great sweat and pains will Pismires spend
Their warmer months, to reap and carry home
Their crop, which in the Cold may them befriend
With sustentation, and protect them from
The fear of loosing that poor Life which they
In love of it, to endless Toil betray.

11.

The most industrious never-tired *Bee*
Flies through all Summer, knocking at the door
Of every likely Flower, where thoughtful she
Can borrow ought to help her Winter's store :
And thus for love of *Life*, her honey-Trade
A bitter task of Painfulness is made.

12.

Yea ev'n the simplest *Weed*, whose *Life* doth but
Preserve that Stink by which she taints the air ;
When *Boreas* 'gins his icy chains to put
On captiv'd *Earth*, makes all her Spirits repair
Down to the Root : for, rather than be dead,
Alive she chooseth to be buried.

13.

But yet no Creature with such painful pains
Doth hunt out *Life's* security, as *Man* :
What Projects tumble in his anxious brains,
What Cares and Labours make him faint and wan !
Earth all things else can freely entertain,
But he must sow before he reap his grain.

14.

A tedious Prenticehood he spends, to learn
How he may toil himself another day,
And by his still-returning Studies earn
His wasting strength's support ; that still he may
Be grappling with his growing Work ; *his Sweat*
Being the constant Sauce to all his Meat.

15.

To get a *Living's* a sufficient Charm
To lure him through the most portentuous Sea ;
To make his Weakness scorn th' outrageous Storm ;
To harden him above the durity
Of desperate Rocks : for, that he still may breath,
He dares within *three inches* live of death.

16.

A Charm sufficient to make him list
Himself a foe unto the Life of Man,
Whilst he triumphs to make his stoney breast
Yet more obdurate by bold steel, and can
Without all blushing take his bloody Pay
For his endeavours daily to *Destroy*.

17.

Sufficient to engage him in the love
Of Hate, and Spight, and Fraud, and Rapine, and
Any accursed Helps which may improve
His stock of Avarice ; to make him stand
Stiff on the mountain-top of Villanies
Defying Vengeance, and the thundring Skies.

18.

O wonderous Riddle ! though *eternal Death*
Inevitably be entail'd upon

His wicked Life ; yet he his *present breath*
Esteems so dear, as forward still to run
In any *deadly Crimes*, to spin on that
Weak thread of Days which must e'r long be cut.

19.

Indeed the Man whose teeming Coffers bring
Him forth free choise of all the dainty Store
With which the Land or Sea can court a King,
May find some feeling reason to adore
His jolly Life : but what convincing plea
Can *Beggars* move to this Idolatry ?

20.

Yet sorry they, so destitute within
And poor without, that equally they want
Both what should line and fill their wretched skin,
And what should cover it ; are well content
On these hard terms *to live*, nor quit would be
By any *Death* of this *Calamity*.

21.

The buried *Captive*, whose dark Dungeon is
His anti-dated and his sadder Grave,
Though banish'd thus from vital Happiness,
Yet hugs his *Life* as dearly, as the brave
And freest *Gallant* who his Lust can please
With all the Fat of Pleasure and of Ease.

22.

The *Leper*, clothed in his winding sheet
By his Disease, abhors the thought of Death ;
Life still is ev'n in his dead body sweet ;
And full as precious he reposes his breath
As lovely Virgins, whose fair Features' dress
Of native Roses, and of Lilies is.

23.

He whom a Fever's furnace fries, would yet
Escape the being cooled in his Grave ;
And hires Physitians' costly doubtful wit
To find some way, though painful, now to save
His torturing Life : not for a world would he
By Death's most sovereign Physick eased be.

24.

He whom a Cancer gnaws, had rather feed
That Monster, than the Worms ; nor sticks to buy
Wounds, Cauterisms, Dismembrings ; and be dead
In part, a mangled life a while to try.
On piteous Stilts he 'l rather choose to creep
Than in a sumptuous tomb lie down to sleep.

25.

The lamentable *Gally-slave*, who fast
Is chained to perpetual Misery,
Still toils and rows against the Tempest's blast
Without all hopes that any Port can be
His hav'n of Rest ; yet holds that *Life* full dear
Which only makes his bondage persevere.

26.

She whom a Siege begirts so close, that She
Is crowded up to nought but bones and skin ;
Shrinks further yet from gaining Liberty
By *Death's* assistance ; and will rather win
Upon her bowels to devour her Child
Than be by Famin of *that Life* beguild.

27.

The cursed *Traytor* fettered alive
In *Death's* strong iron chair ; though sadly sure
Abandon'd he in vain for *Life* shall strive ;
Yet will in mighty love of it endure
To feed on his own Arms, that so he may
Though by selfe-torture, *live one other day.*

28.

He who disjointed on the Rack doth lie,
Though now his *shatter'd Life* be scarcely his,
After a thousand deaths, is loth to die ;
And ne'r-thought Treasons willing to confess :
Confess he will what needs must be his death,
Only to gain a *little longer breath.*

29.

Thus all the Gall that sharpest Misery
Into the heart of *Mortal Life* can pour,
Meets there such resolute Powers of suavity
As conquer all its Bitterness ; such store
Of precious mystick Delicacies as
Eas'ly outweigh the heaviest Sorrow's mass.

30.

Tear what you will from Man besides, and he
Will stoutly set his shoulders to sustain
The Loss ; but if his *Life* attacked be,
In vain all *Comforts* fawn on him ; in vain
Are *Crowns* and *Scepters* proffer'd him, a price
Too poor to hire him to his *Obsequies,*

31.

Since then the *Life* ev'n of the *meanest Wight*
Scorns to be ballanc'd with the richest Treasure ;
What depth of mightiest Worthiness, what height
Of most refin'd preciousness can measure
The value of the *Life of Jesus,* which
Doth Earth with all the best of Heav'n inrich.

32.

A *Life* more worth than was the Breath which fann'd
The panting Hearts of all the World beside ;
More worth than all the tract of Ages, and
Old *Time* it self : A *Life* which nobly vy'd
With vast *Eternity,* though not in space,
Yet in unbounded Excellence and Grace.

33.

For whilst all *Human Life* besides, the breath
Of *Eden's* venomous *Serpent* tainted so,

That by the rankling Principles of *Death*
It from its cradle was condemned to
Its herse ; *His* kept it self unstained, and
Defy'd the gaping *Grave's* unjust Demand.

34.

And well it might, as having gain'd a pitch
Higher than *Human,* by the Mystery
Of *Theanthropick Combination,* which
Peerless Prerogative's sublimity
Did *Infinite* with *Finite* strangely wed,
And make it both *the Life of Man and God.*

35.

Yet this dear *Life* of His, less dear He held
Than *worthless Man* : so generous was His Love
His royal Heart's *last Blood* He freely spill'd
To ransom Theirs ; desiring so to prove
Ev'n by their Soul's own rule, that They to Him
More worth than His all-precious Self did seem.

36.

They, and the *worst of them* : nor did He choose
And pick some *Noble Friends,* for whose sweet sake
His *Life* to offer up ; but for His Foes
Vouchaf'd that dear Oblation to make :
Resolv'd that their ingrateful Hate should be
Drown'd in vast *Courtesy's* profoundest Sea.

37.

O most adorable and matchless Art
Of *Strange Revenge!* what Enemy is he
Whose sweetly-wounded and convinced heart
Triumpheth not to be subdu'd by thee !
By thee, *Love's highest Gallantry,* and fit
For *Him* who is the mighty *King* of it !

38.

With this divine Exploit her *Guardian* now
To ravish *Psyche's* plyant Soul, went on :
(The wonderous Legend though before she knew,
Yet 'twas at distance ; *Circumstances* can
Make deep impression, and the *present Scene*
Of Miracles more admiration win.)

39.

No sooner to the Shambles sentenc'd thus
Was Heav'n's pure *Lamb* ; but streight upon their Prey
The rampant *Soldiers* fly : His gorgeous
Attire away they snatch, and Him array
In His own simple Fleece, (yet suff'ring still
The stinging *Thorns* upon His Head to dwell.)

40.

Thus rubb'd, and wounded all those *Wounds* again,
Whose weary *Blood* had 'gan its clotted rest ;
This op'd the worry'd mouth of every *Vein,*
Which though so strictly urg'd, yet confest,
Not all they knew ; resolv'd still to keep
Enough the *Cross* in Ruby paint to steep.

41.

Thus, dress'd for further spight, to *Calvary*
 They hurry Him, ev'n though their *Senate's Law*
 Wisely provides no Execution be
 Done, till by *ten days' thoughts* the Judge may know
 Whether his Sentence more by *Passion's haste*,
 Than *slow-pac'd Reason's Rules* he has not past.

42.

The *Priests* had *Money*, that commanding spur
 Which fires all *Soldiers* with impatient speed ;
 And *Pilate* now can cast in no Demur ;
 The *Jewish Casuists* tell him there 's no need :
 But need, or not ; in vain his Fancies beat ;
 The *Soldiers* now were *bought to do the Feat*.

43.

Yet being *Martial generous Spirits*, they
 Must not debase their *armed Backs* to bear
 The servile ignominious *Cross* ; nor may
 The holy *Jews*, who *purified* were
 To keep their blessed *Paschal Supper*, be
 Stain'd by the touch of that *accursed Tree*.

44.

On *Jesus's* wounds His *Death* the *Soldiers* lay,
 And He must earn His *Cross's Service* by
 First bearing it : then hasting Him away,
 They 'gin their march ; thus with a barbarous cry
 Of Tongues and Trumpets, which the welkin rent,
 Through *Salem's* Streets this sad *procession* went.

45.

But He whose Springs so drained were before
 Of Blood and Spirits, feeble grew and faint :
 In vain they kick Him, and in vain they tore
 Him forward by His Hair ; for no constraint
 Can screw weak Nature into strength, or breed
 Robustuous *Firmness* in a *broken Reed*.

46.

Easy indeed and *light* His *Burden* is ;
 But that's not this Himself was pleas'd to bear :
 For though His bloody Yoke did grind and press
 Him to the ground, He lays upon His dear
 And faithful Followers no weight, but such
 As helps them up Heav'n's lofty gate to reach.

47.

What Heart not seared by the fire of Hell,
 Could now *Compassion's* yearning tears repress ?
 But these rude *Sons of Mars* are by the fell
 Cantagion of the *Jewish Salvageness*
 So deeply tainted, that what might invite
Panthers to pity, only whets their *Spight*.

48.

For meerly in prevention of the Loss
 Of that choice *sport* their hopes had fram'd, when He

Should fairly yield them mounted on His Cross
 A steady *Mark*, at which all *scoffs* might be
 Directly aim'd ; they from this Load reprieve Him,
 And force *Cyrenian Simon* to relieve him.

49.

Nay *Live, good Sir, you shall*, till you may *Die*
 As you deserve : mean while this *Earnest* take
 Of that *full sum*, which we will by and by
 On *Golgotha* without abatement make :
 Which said, they slash'd Him, and so much the more,
 As with His *Blood* He no *Complaints* would pour.

50.

Indeed the *softer sex*, attending Him
 And His still-growing woes with *tenderer eyes*,
 In His own Blood could not behold Him swim,
 But with their sympathetick *Tears* and *Cries*
 Confess'd that *Women* still had *Bowels*, though
 Remorsless *stone Men's* Hearts did overgrow.

51.

But *Jesus*, who had all this grievous while
 Encourag'd by His *patient silence* those
 Most spightful Tempest[s] belched by the vile
 And loudly-railling *Jews* ; doth now oppose
 These *Women's* loving showers, and turn on them
 With nobler *Pity* their own *pitying stream*.

52.

For 'twas His brave *Ambition* to engross
 All *griefs* and *sorrows* to Himself to day ;
 Esteeming every *groan* of their's His *loss*,
 And all His woes disparaged, if they
 Intruded thus, and must His Partners be
 In this *calamitous Monopoly*.

53.

Weep not ye *Daughters of Jerusalem*,
 Weep not for Me, who ope have set My Breast
 To every *Anguish* which can hither stream,
 And heartily will welcome every guest :
 Weep not for Me, said He, whose *sorrows* are
 Not to be quenched by a mortal Tear.

54.

If you will broach your *Bottles*, let them run
 Both for your *selves*, and your unhappy *seed* ;
 Those lamentable Days are posting on
 Which all your brine, and more than all will need ;
 The Days when *Blessing* shall no longer spread
 Its joyous Complement on *Mothers' Head*.

55.

The *barren Womb* shall then applauded be
 As *fertile* in the choisest *Happiness* ;
 All Tongues shall then those *Paps' aridity*
 Which ne'r nurs'd up a Prey for *slaughter*, bless :
 Then shall the dearest Pledges of your Love,
 Your Sons and Daughters, *living torments* prove.

56.

Then in impatient longing for a *Grave*,
Despairing Men shall to the Mountains call,
And every neighbour Hill's compassion crave,
Beseeching them upon their Heads to fall,
And hide them, *though in Death*, from seeing what
Perplexity shall through the World be shot.

57.

For if in *Me*, a young and verdant tree
The flames of vengeance thus prevailing are ;
What dismal Doom shall executed be
On *stumps* and *trunks*, all withered and sear,
And ready-dry'd, and *fuel* fit indeed
Only their own *combustion* to feed.

58.

Strait, in a fresh blaspheming cursing fit
This set the *frantick Rout* ; who ask'd Him, Why
When they of late so humbly begged it
He would not condescend to *prophesy* ?
And why His entheous Tongue could not as well
His own, as others' misery, foretell ?

59.

And see, good *Prophet*, yonder *Hill*, said they ;
Be sure you take before too late it prove,
Your own advice : let's hear what you can say,
Both its Compassion, and it self, to move.
Set out your throat ; if hard and loud you plead,
Perhaps 'twill bow *its own* to hide your Head.

60.

Nay, use your strongest Rhetorick ; and know
It mightily concerns you to prevail :
For your arrested Life and Credit now
Nothing but that great Miracle can bail ;
Since if that *Hill* comes not to you, by *Fate*
It is decreed, that you must go to that.

61.

Then having star'd a while upon Him, all
Whose *Fists*, or *Toes*, or *Spittle* Him could reach,
With thick and peevish indignation fall
Upon His brused bloody Body : which
Variety of Scorns He vanquish'd by
Meek Silence ; and march'd up to *Calvary*.

62.

This *Calvary*, where now we standing are,
Which from a *Scull* deriv'd its solemn Name ;
Adam's discover'd Scull, whose Sepulchre
Was digged here : which secret careful *Fame*
Told to posterity, and so the *Hill*
Wears in its *Title* that *old story* still.

63.

With such *Decorum* did thy prudent *Lord*
His meritorious *Passion* order, that

The *Second Adam* might His help afford,
To free the *First* where chain'd he lay and shut
In *Death's* dark Jayl,—the most remorseless *Grave*,—
To worms, and stinks, and putrifaction slave.

64.

Jesus on that dry *Dust* contriv'd to shed
His sovereign and purifying *Blood* ;
That He might wash and cure the tainted Head
Of *deadly miseries* ev'n by the *Flood*
Of His own *Life* ; that *Life* which only can
Restore true *vital vigor* unto *Man*.

65.

Here, here the *Cross's* steady foot was set,
When up it bare the *World's Supporter* ; here
Is that renowned *Soil*, which once was wet
With richer Drops than ever shoured were
From kindest *Heav'n* ; that potent fertile *Dew*,
By which Mature *Salvation's Harvest* grew.

66.

But yet this *Hill* wears not that only Name
Of *Calvary* ; 'twas call'd *Moriah* too,
When *Heav'n*-commanded *Abraham* hither came
His dearer Self to sacrifice, and so
By that unparallel'd Obedience prove
The valorous Bravery of *Faithful Love*.

67.

He hither came, and built his *Altar* here,
Which pre-possess the nobler *Crosse's* seat ;
So *Isaac* did thy *Lord's* a while : yet there
A snarled *Ram* untwisted *Isaac's* fate ;
But no Vicegerent here, no *Ram* alas
Which might of *God's own Lamb* supply the place.

68.

That fatal *Hour of Darkness*, *Psyche*, now
Was come, which in the hand of *Tyranny*
Left free the reins ; and she her freedom knew :
That *Hour*, when *Innocence* by *Heav'n's* Decree
Became surrendred, and abandon'd quite
To feed the Luxury of hungriest *Spight*.

69.

'Tis true, His Lips were complemented by
A draught of Wine ; but ah, the Complement
Cruelly mock'd Him by the treachery
Of *Bitterness*, which made His Taste repent.
Besides, He had resolv'd to swallow down
No blood of Grapes, till He had shed *His own*.

70.

His worried limbs forthwith the *Soldiers* stretch
To fit Him to His wide *tormenting Tree* :
Up to the top His blessed Hands they twitch,
Those Hands which made them ; and as violently
They to the bottom draw His Feet, which clear
Of all but their own *guiltless Purple* were.

71.

These *Hands* and *Feet* with salvage *Nails* they make
Ah sadly sure, and rivet Him into
His *Pains* and *Death*. What heart-strings would not
crack

To see these tender veins broke open? Who
Could barbarize his eyes to keep their flood
At home, now those *dear Torrents* run abroad?

72.

Sure none who dare the *Name of Softness* wear,
The name of *Christian*, can this *Story* read
With hearts so stony, but these *Nails* will tear
Their Thoughts, and make their Contemplations bleed :
For how can living genuine *Members* be
Not wounded with their *Head's* Calamity.

73.

But these inhumane *Torturers* shouting loud
In desperate applause of this their Sin,
Rear up the *Trophy of their rage*, with proud
Delight to see their Victory. So when
Harpyes on heaps have heap'd their butcher'd Prey,
They smile, and clap their wings for cursed joy.

74.

So when the *Prince* of monstrous *Barbarousness*
Abimelech, had sev'nty breaches in
The *Bands of Nature* made ; by murdering his
Envy'd but harmless Brethren ; on his Sin
The *Fabrick* of his high Content he built,
And measured his Triumph by his Guilt.

75.

This done ; on either hand a noted *Thief*
They crucify ; by these Companions so
To cheat the foolish World into belief
That He of equal Crimes was guilty too.
Alas, He knew no other Theft but this,
To steal His *Torturers* to heav'nly Bliss.

76.

For whilst between these *Bryers*, like the *Rose*,
Or beauteous *Virtue* 'twixt her foul *Extremes*,
He nailed is ; He plots to save His Foes,
And projects how to pay them *Diadems*
For these His *Tortures* : unto Heav'n He flies
On Love's stout wings, and to His *Father* cries :

77.

Father! by all the Sweets of that dear *Name*,
Regard the Prayer of Thy *dying Son* :
By this My *Cross*, and all its noble *Shame*,
By these *four Wounds* which with full current run ;
By all these *Thorns* which on My Temples grow,
And *sharper* those which pierce My Bosom through :

78.

Behold not Thou the Sin of these poor Men,
Since they themselves perceive not what they do ;

Though *foolish*, yet they are *My Brethren* :
O spare them then ! Let not their *Error* who
Occasion all the World's most sovereign *Bliss*,
Make their own souls their proper portion miss.

79.

Though *blind*, 'tis *Zeal* : the *Blindness* O forgive,
And teach their *Zeal* henceforth to use its eyes :
Why hang I here, if not for their Reprieve
Whose Wickedness most needs this Sacrifice?
Since I to drink Thy Fury ready am,
O make it not a *Potion* for Them.

80.

Thus deign'd the *Lamb* for ravening *Wolves* to pray,
The *Partridge* for the *Hawks*. O mighty *Love*
Which all the *Wrongs* of this most barbarous Day
Cannot repress ! the more the *Caytifs* strove
To wreak upon Him their elaborate *Spight*,
The more on them He tries His *Mercie's* *Might*.

81.

Thus let *Arabian Odours* brused be,
Their sweet revenge they on their Enemies take
By pouring out to them their treasury
Of pure *Perfumes* ; whose Breaths no *anger* speak,
But in the Language of *delicious Sent*
And that alone, are kindly eloquent.

82.

Thus when the tender *Vine* is nailed fast
About her Prop, and by the pruning Knife
Robb'd of her Limbs ; she taketh no distaste
At all those deep intrenchments on her life,
But with a bounteous Vintage strives to cheer
The heart of him who wounds and mangles her.

83.

But what care *retchless* they, who scorn to be
By *Kindness* softned? *Wax* indeed may run,
Warm'd by the Touch of *Highnoon's* charity ;
But sordid *Mud* although the courteous Sun
With free and ful-tide Raies about it flows,
In stead of *Melting* only *harder* grows.

84.

More need they think that *Jesus* has to Pray
For's *Self*, than *Them* ; and smiling with disdain
At His unask'd-for Intercession, they
High time now count it to divide their Gain :
This was His *Clothes*, the *Lamb's* poor plunder'd fleece,
The simple prize of their bold Villanies.

85.

His other Robes they severally share :
But since His larger *Vesture's* texture was
Intire and seamless, they contented are
To offer the decision of the case
To Fortune's sentence, and conclude by *Lot*
To give that whole they thought too good to cut.

86.

Too good they thought this *Common-web* to be
Mangled and slash'd ; yet with the self-same Heart
Abhorred not His precious *Flesh* to see
Gashed, and plow'd, and rent in every part.
Rude Butchers thus think fit the *Skin* to keep
Untorn, although they *quarter out the Sheep*.

87.

But now thy *Lord* was seated on His *Throne*,
Of pangs, His *Royal style* above His Head,
By *Pilate* fixed is ; and, though but *one*,
Yet in *three Languages* decyphered ;
The *Learned three* ; that all the World might learn
The *Mystery* which did their Life concern.

88.

Indeed the *Highpriest's* Stomach's rose, and pray'd
The *Judge* to write Him but *pretended King* :
But he, by *Heav'n* or Conscience overstay'd,
Their peevish suit away sullenly flung.
To make His wronged *Person* some amends,
Thy *Saviour's* Title stoutly he defends.

89.

Mean while arrayed in His naked Gore,
Sweet *Jesus* sadly hangs 'twixt Heav'n and Earth,
Of both rejected ; yet doth freely pour
The *World's red price* at four wide *floodgates* forth :
An object of *more Pity* never yet
Exposed was, nor reaped *less of it*.

90.

All *Passengers* without *Regard* went on,
And turn'd their careless backs upon His *sorrow* :
Which surely upon theirs had *Jesus* done,
Alas, they must themselves have waded thorough
The Ocean of tempestuous *Pangs*, nor had
He in their stead this woful voyage made.

91.

Yet well it were, if only this *Neglect*
Made war upon His *Patience* ; if His Foes
To heedless *sleighting* and cold *Disrespect*
No busy *active Malice* join'd : But those
Ingenious *Sons of Mischief* still devise
New tricks and ways afresh to tyrannize.

92.

For not contented with their *Nails* and *Thorns*
To dig His precious *Body*, now they strive
To pierce His *Soul* with ignominious scorns,
To wound His *Meekness*, and His *Suff'rings* grieve :
His bloody *Cross* cannot their spight suffice,
Unless He *mocked* and *reviled dies*.

93.

They point their *Fingers*, and their *Heads* they shake ;
And then their crueller *Tongues*, and thus they cry :

Remember what your *Pride* once pleas'd to crack ;
You could both ruin and re-edify
That *Pile* in *three days'* space : yet, mighty Sir,
The *Temple stands*, and *You* are *hanged* here.

94.

For shame make good your *boasted Power*, and now
Shake from your *Hands*, kick from your *Feet* the
Nails ;
Command the *Cross* before your face to bow ;
Call home your stragling *Blood* ; close at your *Heels*
Destruction hunts : high time it is to save
Your self, if you design to scape your grave.

95.

O no ; the *Elders*, *Scribes*, and *Priests* reply,
Though many *seeming Wonders* He hath done ;
Though cured many an ugly *Malady* ;
Though strangely conjur'd up *Salvation*
For others : yet 'tis certain, wretched He
Can never to *Himself* a *Saviour* be.

96.

No cheating lying *Prophet* e'r was known,
Who once into the hands of *Justice* brought,
Could by his highest *Witchcraft* reach his own
Deliverance, and work his *Carcass* out
Of *Chains* or *Tortures* : for if this might be,
Who could distinguish *Truth* from *Forgery* ?

97.

Now it appears by whose assistance He
Breath'd with His *Word* that *Nature-conquering strength*
Which charm'd the *People's* fond *Credulity*.
But *Belzebub* is wise enough at length
To leave his *Instrument* to *Justice*, when
Through all his *Task of Mischief* He has run.

98.

Now *Pilate* finds how little cause he had
To shake his *Head* at our importunate *Cry* :
Had not our *Zeal* that *fervent Onset* made
On his abused *Lordship's Lenity*,
This rank *Impostor*, then reprieved, might
Have pass'd still for a *Wonder-working Wight*.

99.

Yet if the potent *King of Israel* now
Will deign to stoop from that *unkingly Tree*,
And to His *Subjects'* doubtful hearts allow
This proof of His *Divine Supremacy* ;
For our parts, we are ready here, and will
Believe His *Pow'r*, and His *Commands* fulfil.

100.

What can He more expect from *Us*, who are
Attending on Him in His deepest *Shame*,
And wait till He will please those *Mists* to clear,
Which damp the lustre of His glorious *Name* ?
So fain our homage we to Him would pay,
Would He *assert Himself*, and ope our way.

101.

But *silly King*, nor hand nor foot can He
Stir, though His *Kingdom* lyeth at the stake ;
He talk'd as if the *Clouds* His *Coach* should be,
And that upon the *Air's* commanded back,
He'd ride into our view : yet now, alas,
We find His sorry *Charet's* but His *Cross*.

102.

He oft was heard to brag of *God His Sire* :
How is it then His *Father* owns him not ?
Sure were He worth the Owning, all the *Quire*
Of Heav'n, would bring their *Wings* to hide this Blot
Of His so broad, so deep *Disgrace*, and hence
In triumph carry home their *Native Prince*.

103.

Shame on your blasphemously-shameless Tongue,
Unpriestly *Priests* : for *Jesus* aimeth not
To free *Himself*, but *You* who flout and sting
His noble *Patience*. He has not forgot
That Truly-sovereign He holds *treasur'd* in
His *Hands Omnipotence's Magazine*.

104.

For those *Almighty Hands* He stretcheth out,
Are busied in working your *Salvation*.
He could *Come down* ; but stays till He has wrought
The *mighty Act of his victorious Passion*.
He could *Come down* ; but His *Design* is now
Up after Him all groveling *Men* to draw.

105.

He could *Come down* ; did you not fix Him there,
Not with your *Nails*, but with your stronger *sins*.
He could *Come down* ; were but His *Life* as dear
To Him as yours : but on His *Wrongs* He wins,
And by *Love's* indefatigable *Might*
Strives to subdue the utmost spight of *spight*.

106.

Down should He *come* ; ye foolish *Miscreants* how
Could you get up the *Hill of Heav'nly Bliss* !
Down should He *come* ; how desperately low
Would you and all the *World* be tumbled ! this
Your Exaltation is, and not His *own*,
Who *Condescendeth by not Coming down*.

107.

O *Psyche*, barbarous were those *scoffs* : but yet
More stinging *Ignominy's* still behind ;
For now the putid *Thieves* upon Him spit
Their odious taunts, and seem in Him to find
What their *vile Souls* amidst the *Miseries*
Of their own *cursed Crosses*, dare despise.

108.

Ink scorns the *Snow*, foul *Night* upbraideth *Day*,
The virgin *Spring* deflowered *Puddles* mock,

Dark *Shades* contemn the *Sun's Meridian Ray*,
The *Swan* by *Rav'ns* is hooted at as black,
Blind sneaking *Bats* reproach the *Eagle's Eyes*,
And *Hell* it self insults o'r *Paradise*.

109.

Art Thou that mighty *Christ*, said they, and yet
Hang'st here the patient *Game of Shame and Spight* ?
Can *Heav'n's great Son* so far *Himself* forget,
As rather to endure to *Die*, than *Fight* ?
Discredit not the *Lord of Hosts*, if He
Thy *Father* be, by yielding cowardly.

110.

Come, justify that *Royal Title* there,
Which now but laughs at Thine ignoble *Head* :
Approve Thy self the *Jewish King*, and tear
Thy *Fame* and *Life* from *Ruin's* jaws : but spread
Thy *Favour* too on us, that under Thee
The *Sovereign*, we may glorious *Nobles* be.

111.

For since in these Thy deep misfortunes we
Of all the *World* Thy sole *Companions* are ;
We well in Thy restor'd *Prosperity*
May promise our *Desert* the deepest share :
'Tis true, we're *Thieves* : but such a one we hear
Was *Judas* too ; yet your *Lord Treasurer*.

112.

And reason good : since *Thieves* and *Murderers* now
Are *Names of Credit* grown : did not our *Nation*
Elect *Barabbas*, reprobating *You* ?
Although in pangs, sweet *Sir*, be not in passion.
So scoffed they ; and then they roar'd for pain ;
But quickly fell to mock and curse again.

113.

And shall not Heav'n's *Artillery* now attend
Its *injur'd King* ? Can *Earth* this *Language* hear,
And her indignant *Mouth* not open rend
Into *Damnation's Gulph* these *Elves* to tear ?
No : *Jesus* still no *Vengeance* can approve
But that of *patient* and *silent Love*.

114.

Sweet Vengeance! which so strongly wrought upon
One of this loud blaspheming *Pair*, that he
Converts his *Curses* to *Devotion*,
And prompts his *Fellow-thief* to *Piety* ;
Rebuking sharply his outrageous *Tongue*,
Which still persu'd his *Lord* with shameless wrong.

115.

We only are the proper *Fruit*, saith he,
Of these *accursed Trees*, whose *Root* is *Sin* :
For how did *Jesse's Branch* deserve to be
Torn from His *Royal Stock*, and grafted in
To that vile *Trunk* ! O score no *Blot* on His
Account, who purer than the *Lilies* is,

116.

If e'r thou mean'st to have a sense of *God*,
'Tis time, high time, before thy Senses fail :
Though Standers-by feel nothing of His Rod,
Thy present Tortures may with thee prevail ;
They leisure have to flout, so hast not thou
Who on Damnation's brink art tottering now.

117.

Then like a *wise* and *sober Thief* indeed,
He seeks to *steal* into his *Saviour's Grace* :
Great *King of Heav'n*, he cries, I plainly read
Thy *Majesty* though in Thy *clouded Face*.
Thy *Goodness* taught mine Eyes this skill ; O then
Let *Mercy* finish what she hath begun.

118.

When in Thy *Kingdom* Thou shalt mounted be
Upon Thy *Throne of Glory*, O forget
Those *Wrongs* my Ignorance hath pour'd on Thee,
On Thee, the *God of Innocence* : but yet
Forget not *Me*, whom greater pangs must grieve
Than these, unless Thy *Pity* me relieve.

119.

Jesus, whose Goodness never yet disdain'd
To hear the humble suppliant Sinner's cry,
Though His provoked Lips themselves refrain'd
In those loud storms of scornful Blasphemy ;
With gracious sweetness now assurance gave
Unto the *dying Thief*, that he should live.

120.

Though thou to Death's dark door art drawing nigh,
Ev'n that shall prove the gate of Life to thee ;
My *Word*, the pillar of all Certainty,
To thee I pawn : Thou from that *cursed Tree*
Stepping to *Paradise's* bow'rs to day,
Thy Head with me on *Bliss's* bed shalt lay.

121.

The *Priests* and *People* loudly laugh'd to hear
Him talk of giving *Bliss*, who hung in *Pain* ;
Blind fools, who could not now discern how clear
His Power shin'd, which from *Hell's jaws* could gain
So strange a Prize, and by Love's mild constraint
Make of a *cursing Thief* a *praying Saint*.

122.

By this dear Token He to every one
Of them, aforehand did their *Pardon* seal,
If they, what now the humble *Thief* had done,
Would to His *Grace* with *broken hearts* appeal :
But wretched They this tender deep Design
Of Love, by obstinacy countermine.

123.

Profoundly did this *Scorn of Mercy* tear
His most divinely-gentle breast. But He

Spying His precious *virgin-Mother* there,
And *virgin-Friend*, of this His Tragedy
The sad Spectators : lo, a double dart
Of *fresh Grief* shot quite through His bleeding heart.

124.

For in His *Mother's* wounded Soul He saw
That *Sword* now sheathed which old *Simeon*
In Prophecy had drawn ; and though no Throw
She felt at first in bringing forth her *Son* ;
For Him she now in *hard hard Labour* strains,
And pays her debt of *puerperial Pains*.

125.

O how the bowels of her yearning Heart
Are rent and torn, although untouch'd. How she
Profoundly griped is with distant smart,
And made a Sacrifice to sympathy !
For from her *Son* she feeleth every wound
On her soft self most heavily rebound.

126.

A siege of *Thorns* now hedge her *Temples* in,
To Tortures nailed are her *Hands* and *feet*,
Tatter'd and *mangled* is her dainty *skin*,
Her *flesh plow'd up*, Her *veins wide open set*,
And all her modest *Body* to the view
Exposed is of every shameless *Jew*.

127.

On her those spiteful *Taunts* and *Blasphemies*
Their venome spew, and swell with grief her *Breast* ;
That *Breast* which noble *Love* so strictly ties
And cements to her *Son's*, that not the least
Division can interpose, or make
This *Double one* themselves for *single take*.

128.

If she had in her *other self*, if she
In *Mary* had been *Crucify'd*, the *Cross*
Had seem'd a finite Sorrow ; but to be
Destroy'd in Jesus, is so vast a Loss
As knows no limits, being stretched forth
By His incomparable boundless *Worth*.

129.

Her *Hope*, her *Joy*, her *Life*, her *Love*, her *Bliss*,
Her *Heav'n*, her *Son*, her *God*, all these she now
Abandon'd sees to deadly Enemies ;
And what has *Mary* more ? How shall she row
Through this fierce Sea, which in each gaping Wave
Presents her O how much more than a Grave !

130.

Were any Port in ken which might invite
And cheer her tempest-broken Hopes ; or did
The courtesy of any *Pharus's* light
This Ocean of Blackness check ; her head
She still with courage might have rear'd : but now
All Heav'n is dark above, all earth below.

131.

As oft as to the *Cross* she opes her eyes,
Death rusheth in ; yet she as oft do's die
 As to their strong *Compassion* she denies
 That ruful *Spectacle*. Alas had I,
 Or any *Seraph*, by Grief's armies so
 Beleaguer'd been and storm'd, what could we do !

132.

What but surrender ! yet most noble She
 Strugling amidst a thousand Deaths, at last
 Snatch'd from her mighty *Losses, victory,*
 Whilst at the feet of *God's* great *Will* she cast
 Her own : as gallant *Abraham*, when He
 Preferr'd before his *Isaac, Piety*.

133.

Yet what was *Isaac* unto *Jesus* ! O
 With how much *dearer Prize* did *Mary* part !
 Though *Isaac* precious was, he could not so
 Profoundly be ingrav'd in *Abraham's* heart,
 As *He* in *Mary's* : yet content is she
 Ev'n of her *heart's own Heart* depriv'd to be.

134.

O Heav'nly *Mother* ! never *Agony*
 Was more heroical than this of thine ;
 Except thy *Son's*, when in the *Garden* He
 His bloody *humane Patience* prov'd *Divine* :
 And all *Decorum* 'twas, that next the *Son*
 The *Mother, Glory's hardest race* should run.

135.

But *Psyche*, though this *Amazon of Love*
 So stoutly fought ; yet *John*, whose valor's metal
 Was of a britler temper, could not prove
 Himself so strong in this *Distresse's* battle :
 He strove a while with hearty fervor, but
 Poor Saint, at length he found the fight too hot.

136.

For whilst his eyes dwelt sadly on that *Breast*
 Upon whose *Sweets* his head was wont to lie ;
 And those dear *Arms*, which us'd to hug him fast
 And chain him into *Bliss* ; the *Tyranny*
 Which now on them had seized, overthrew
 His *melting Soul*, and all his *Comforts* slew.

137.

He wonder'd what the *virgin Mother* meant
 Whose *Hopes* dar'd live, ev'n whilst her *Life* was dying ;
 And on what bottom stood that strange *Content*
 The fall of *Joy's foundation* defying :
 For his part, bow he must to sad *Dismay*
 Since with his *Lord* his *Heart* a bleeding lay.

138.

Jesus observ'd them *Both* ; and saw how *She*
 Although her *Sorrows* far the mightier were,

Compell'd them to her *Will* to stoop ; how *He*
 Yielded, and let the *Tempest* domineer
 Through all his conquer'd breast : and seeing this,
 Felt what He saw in *Both*, for *Both were His*.

139.

He felt their *Tortures* ; but with deeper sense
 Than they themselves, and more *Excess of pain* :
 His *Soul* was temper'd to the Excellence
 Of *daintiest softness*, and could not refrain
 Its bowels from resenting all the *Darts*
 He spy'd in any of His *Spouse's* hearts,

140.

Witness His tender *Care* before he dies,
 To cheer them by a bounteous *Legacy* :
 His *Mother*, far above all *Jewels*' price,
 Ev'n in that *dearest of Relations*, He
 To *John* bequeaths ; and mutually *John*
 To her, and that no other than as *Sou*.

141.

Sweet Legacy ! where though the *Mother* be
 The richer Gift, if valued alone ;
 Yet is the balance poised equally
 Now *John's* inanced by the name of *Son* ;
 A Name intitling him alone to be
 (O wonderous honor !) *Jesus's Deputy*.

142.

A long-long hour had now run out, since by
 His weeping *Wounds* the *King of Mercy* hung :
 Yet from the staring *People's* stony eye
 He of compassion not one drop had wrung :
 This made the *Sun*, though on his high-noon throne,
 Doubt his own eyes had not their duty done.

143.

But looking wistly, he discover'd that
 Bold *Men* had exil'd all *Humanity* :
 Which sight a *Blush* through all his count'nance shot
 In shame and horror at the *Prodigy* :
 He blush'd, and shut his royal eyes, and hurl'd
 More than *Cimmeria* on the guilty *World*.

144.

Though *Earth* refuse, yet will the *Heav'ns* at least
 In *mourning Weeds* their *dying Lord* attend,
 And with no gaudy tire of *Light* be drest
 Now all the *Powers of Hell and Darkness* bend
 Their uncontrolled spight, in *Him* to damp
 All other lights' *divine original Lamp*.

145.

The *Air* was daunted at this monstrous *Change*,
 When *Midnight* boldly ravish'd *Highnoon Day*,
 Marching with gloomy *Spectres*, and with strange
 Phantoms of dusky fire, in fierce array ;
 Whilst every hollow *Wind* which passed by,
 Groand and bemoan'd this *sad Calamity*.

146.

The lesser *Sparks* of Heav'n all started at
Their sudden privilege, who now might view
The open face of *Noon* ; and marvell'd what
Had thrown upon the *Sun* his sable Hue :
With doubting twinckling eyes on Him they gaze
At once both *down*, and in his highest place.

147.

Each gentle fair-condition'd Bird and Beast
Hy'd them into their nests and dens for fear :
Only some ominous *Ravens* and *Scritchouls* thrust
Their sooty pinions through the swarthy air ;
And to the *Jews*, their fellow-monsters, croke ;
Who little thought what *fatal things* they spoke.

148.

Dismays and *frights* walk'd not so thick upon
The muffled face of *Memphis*, when the mad
Egyptians were by vengeance over-run,
And in a *three-days' Night* lay buried.
Amaz'd stood *Nature*, and began to doubt
Her *Life*, now she beheld her *Light* put out.

149.

The grave *Astronomers*, who with *Titan* were
Of old acquaintance, and knew all his *Gifts*,
His *Way*, his *Inns*, his *Hosts*, and wheresoe'r
His restless Coach in his bright road persists ;
Quite lost themselves to find what *Prodigies*
Had plunder'd him both of his *Locks* and *Eyes*.

150.

None could suspect the *Moon* as guilty ; She
Knew not the business, being far away ;
No less than half the Heav'n's immensity
Betwixt Hers and her *Brother's* station lay ;
For whilst He flourish'd in the *perfect Height*
Of *Day*, she groveled in the *Depth of Night*.

151.

Yet granting some *portentuous Wheel* had from
Her due and proper Place thus whirl'd her ; say
How could her *pety bulk* usurp the room
Of his *vast flames*, and dam up *all the Day*.
Sure *Phebus* scorns that her *small Blot* should rob
The *total Beauties* of his mighty *Globe*.

152.

O no ! a *larger Blot* it was then so :
A *Blot* where *Blackness* all its powers combines,
A *Blot* to which the Ink is *Alpine Snow*,
A *Blot* compounded of all ugliest *Sins*,
A *Blot* as hideous, as profound, as wide
As *Impudence* could make ; 'twas *Deicide*.

153.

No wonder now Heav'n would not viewed be
By those who slaughtered her *King* ; or that

Just *Phebus* his less reverend Majesty
Deny'd to desperate them who blushed not
Thus to eclipse and quench that *Sovereign Sun*
Whose open eyes his durst not gaze upon.

154.

Yet this dire *Darkness* but the shadow was
Of that more monstrous *Pitch* which stuck upon
The blinded *Jews'* obdurate hearts : alas
This *Prodigy's* stern admonition
Could not awake their sober thoughts to see
How frightened *Day* abhorr'd their Cruelty.

155.

The itching Wit of their immortal Spight
Detorteth all things into *Blasphemy* :
Behold, say they, the most audacious might
Of His unsufferable *Witchery* ;
Whilst other *Wizzards* only on the *Moon*
Or *Stars* throw darkness, how He chokes the *Sun*.

156.

The *Sun* He chokes, and fondly hopeth by
New Villany to hide that shame to which
His former Crimes are nail'd : yet still the *Eye*,
The *higher Eye* of Heav'n, to Him can reach ;
And so can ours, however cunning He
Before He gains His grave would buried be.

157.

His *Goblins* came too late : a pretty Trick
Women and Boys to scare ; but He, 'tis thought,
Has met with Men. Thus belched they their thick
Insulting scoffs : yet still they cast about
Their doubtful Eyes, and in their count'nance spread
A pale confession of their guilty Dread.

158.

But, *Psyche*, now the Day's *Ninth hour* drew on
This *Tragedy's last Act* to represent ;
That most *amazing Hour*, in which alone
More *Horrors* than all *Ages'* vast extent
Had e'r beheld, and ru'd, together met,
And in array themselves all armed set.

159.

His other *Griefs* but dim Preludiums were ;
And gathering Clouds, in which the storm was bred :
But now grown ripe, that storm in full career
Broke down and sous'd directly on His Head.
Thus in the stream was He, in Him the stream,
For now into His *Soul the Waters* came.

160.

The *Waters* of that loathsome *Cup*, which He
Both fear'd and lov'd, eschew'd and chose to drink :
The fatal *dregs of Wrath and Misery* ;
Of every black and dreadful thing the Sink ;
The true *dead Sea*, compar'd with which, alas,
Curs'd *Sodom's Lake* a living Fountain was.

161.

Heav'n's *Justice* (who had with a constant Eye
Observ'd all Tribes of Men, and noted down
Each little slip, and broad Impiety,
With all the trappings Time and Place had thrown
About them,) hither rent her passage, and
Full in thy *Spouse's* Face took up her stand.

162.

For at His Eyes alone her own she shot,
And not at theirs who most deserv'd the blow.
The dint was so intolerable, that
Not any Rock, nor Mount, or World knew how
To meet its fury. O what Parallel
Can represent this direful spectacle!

163.

Less Terror from the *Vulture's* count'nance breaks
When she her tallons claps upon her prey;
Less from the Eyes of *Lightning*, when it takes
Aim for the Thunder's arrows; than to day
Flash'd from this cruel *Maid*, in whose fell look
Her dismal Throne *accomplish'd Vengeance* took.

164.

Immortal *Dread* star'd wide in either Eye;
Plow'd was her Forehead, and the Furrows deep
Sown with the Seeds of all *Severity*,
And now mature for *Jesus's* Soul to reap:
Her Cheeks red-hot, a spark was every Word,
Bright fire her Lips, her Tongue a flaming Sword.

165.

She never in such horrible Array
March'd down to Earth; not when she furnish'd came
With *Water's* arms to wash the World away;
Or purge *Gomorrha* with a *flood of Flame*;
Or wet her winged fiery *Serpents'* Tongue,
The *Israelites'* Rebellion to sting.

166.

A veil, so hideously black, that *Night*
Or *Hell*, could not in *Darkness* vie with it,
'Twixt Heav'n and *Her* was spread; which, tho' *Day-
light*
Here now at liberty, would not permit
The stoutest *Mortal's* Sin-condemned Eyes,
To reach the gracious comfortable Skies.

167.

Ten thousand *Furies* throng'd on either hand,
With millions of *Pangs* and *Ejulations*;
Whilst strong *Eternity* supported, and
Hugg'd every *Horror*: troops of *Desperations*,
Raving and rioting with barbarous cheer
In their own Blood, made up her Army's Rear.

168.

A *Massy sable Book* she sternly held,
And op'd it leaf by leaf to *Jesus's* Eyes:

When lo, each dreadful *page* appeared fill'd
With crouds of such transcendent *Prodigies*,
As quite absolv'd from Horridness's guilt
Those *Feinds* of which her Regiments were built.

169.

Lin'd out was that *Rebellion* there, which grew
In *Paradise*, so huge and rank a *Weed*,
That it no limits but the World's would know;
For through all Generations its Seed
It scatter'd thick, and made each *pois'ned Birth*
Of its own *Death* bring full assurance forth.

170.

The *Serpent* which in *Eden* planted it,
Wears not such fatal Horror in his Face,
Nor stings so deep, nor can his *Venom* spit
So far and wide, nor e'r attended was
With such a numerous *hissing fry*, as this
Old *Beldame* *sin* by *young ones* follow'd is.

171.

This was the fearful *Frontespice*: But *Pride*
Usurp'd the first and fairest *Leaf*, and shew'd
(What never mask was large enough to hide)
Her swoll'n and blister'd Countenance, which spew'd
Rank baneful matter, being brus'd by
A fall she caught as she was climbing high.

172.

Then follow'd learing *Spight*, sly *Calumny*,
Lean *Avarice* besmear'd with gnawing *Rust*,
Ignoble *Cheating*, ugly *Treachery*,
Dark sneaking *Theft*, and ever-stinging *Lust*,
Intemperance wallowing in a nasty flood
Of *Vomit*; *Murder* in a sea of *Blood*.

173.

That Earth-relying Heav'n-distrusting Thing,
Foolish base-hearted *Infidelity*;
Grinding *Extortion*, and self-torturing,
Because for ever jealous *Tyranny*;
Rotten *Hypocrisy*; proud learned *Folly*;
Dire *Discontent*; and hellish *Melancholy*.

174.

Disloyal *Murmurs*; Pulpit *Villanies*;
Curs'd *Holy Leagues*; and zealous *Profanations*;
Sin-fatning *Fasts*; Thanksgiving solemn *Lyes*;
Bold *Sacrilege*; rebellious *Reformations*;
Enchanting *Error*; venomous *Heresy*;
New *Lights* and *Spirits*; old *Idolatry*.

175.

But for their number, it disdains the skill
Of *Computation*, and all figures' reach,
Not all the *Sparks* whose glistening Armies fill
The field of Heav'n; not all the *Atoms* which
Traffick about the Summer Air, can tell
Their mighty *Total* how to parallel.

176.

For each *dwarf fault*, and *gyant Crime* did stand
 In martial rank and file arrayed there,
 Which any humane Tongue of Heart or Hand
 Was ever stained with, since through the ear
 Of heedless *Eve* the *Tempter's* charms let in
 The desperate Torrent of contagious *Sin*.

177.

Nay more than so : for every *Stain* which through
 All Ages to the end of *Time's* career
 Shall taint the World, most mindful *Justice* now
 Had in a black *Appendix* marshall'd : there
Psyche, thy *proud Revolt*, and all the rest
 Of thy offences, were at large exprest.

178.

And so were *His*, whose *Pen* hereafter shall
 Paint, with more Will than Art, thy *Legend* : *His*,
His monstrous Score, which stood outglaring all
 Its hideous Neighbours. And so true is this
 My Witness, that it fairly by his Hand
 In his own Records registred shall stand.

179.

And if the *least of Crimes*, (as sure it is,)
 Be *infinitely foul*, imagin then
 How strange a *Mass of horridness* was this
 Whose bulk was swell'd with *All the Sins of Men* :
 What store of black Infinities were here
 For *single Jesus's* wounded Back to bear.

180.

For *Justice* heap'd them all upon *His Back*,
 That He who *did no Sin*, might suffer all.
 How would the World's deep-rooted Pillars crack,
 Should such a Load upon their shoulders fall !
 How would the all-supporting *Center* faint,
 And strive to shrink into a smaller Point !

181.

How would the joints of noblest *Seraphs* quake ;
 How would the *Cherubs'* sinews tremble at
 This *Burden*, which all *Nature's bones* would break,
 And lay Heav'n's highest stoutest *Powers* flat !
 Which all *human Hearts* for ever press
 Down to that *bottom* which is *bottomless* !

182.

Now *Jesus* groans, and feels His heartstrings stretch,
 This monstrous Weight so sadly on them lies :
 Those other Torments He forgets with which
 The *Whips* and *Nails* and *Jewish Blasphemies*
 His Patience had varied : River's powers
 Are lost, when them the mighty Sea devours.

183.

Should all the deepest Pangs that e'r did yet
 The Veins and Joints and Lives of Mortals tear,

In one fell composition be knit,
 And then enraged to their full career ;
 Less furious would their fury be than that
 Which now on *Jesus's* soul in triumph sate.

184.

It sate in triumph, barricading up
 All Avenues which to His heart did lead,
 That not the least Relief might pass, nor *Hope*
 It self ; if possible, be suffered
 To march that way. Alas what *Martyrs* e'r
 Girt in so strict a siege of Sorrows were !

185.

Some Comfort it would be, if *Heav'n* would now
 But with a *gentile Aspect* own its *Son* ;
 Who spies no Consolation's glimpse below :
 But O, the *Spheres* are not eclips'd alone
 By *Phebus's* absence ; no ; another Night
 Has thrown its curtain o'r Heav'n's dearer *Light*.

186.

The *Light* which from His *Father's pleased eyes*
 His *whole Soul* us'd to drink, its influence hid :
 With earnest labouring looks He pleads, and pries,
 But is by sad *Obscurity* deny'd.
 O *Blackness*, which no Parallel canst know !
 To thee, all Ink is Milk, all Pitch is Snow.

187.

Ask me not *Psyche*, what He suffer'd now :
 Those *Pangs* are fitter for thy adoration,
 Than for thine intellect : and they who row
 With bold Enquiries through this *Stormy Passion*,
 Will scarce avoid their shallow thoughts to wrack
 Upon some dangerous desperate Mistake.

188.

Long grappled He with this unbounded *Grief*
 In *patient silence* : but His Soul at length
 Snatching at least the *desolate relief*
 Of *free Complaining*, with the utmost strength
 Of His imbitter'd spirit, thus He spake :
My God, My God, why dost Thou Me forsake ?

189.

Am I not still *Thy Son*, in whom alone
Well-pleas'd Thou wert? Is not Thy Bosom still
 The same, where once My habitation
 I freely could enjoy? wilt Thou expel
Me, Me the *Image* of Thy blessed *Face*,
 Thus from the view of its all-sweetning *Grace*?

190.

Less terrible that *Outcry* was which shook
 The tow'rs of *Memphis*, when the wretched King
 And all his People, to one fatal stroke
 Beheld their *Firstborn Hopes* an Offering :
 And that which tore *Gomorrha's* throat, when from
 The Heav'ns she felt her Hell and Brimstone come.

191.

Had every *Sigh*, and every *Groan* and *Shriek*
 With which the Air of *Bethlehem* was rent
 When *Rachel* saw the streets so sadly reek
 With an unheard-of flood of innocent
 And infant blood, met in one *Ejulation*,
 Its fra[n]gor had not match'd this *Exclamation*.

192.

Never was such a *lamentable Cry*
 Wrung from the mouth of *Grief*; and never was
Complaint more unregarded: *Clemency*
 Was deaf; without all bowels *Heav'n* no less
 Than *Earth*, pass'd by. Did ever tragick Day
 So black a *Scene of Heaviness* display!

193.

Sorrow her self amazed at the sight,
 Would have repented of her Tyranny:
 But *Jesus* meant not to decline the fight
 Since *die* He could, but could not conquer'd be.
 O no: He hugs His *Horrors*, and although
 His *Nature* shrinks, His *Courage* loves His *Woe*.

194.

Thus gallant *Soldiers* in the dreadful Wars
 With generous *Pride* their gushing blood behold;
 Counting their *Glories* only by their *Scars*,
 And that their dearest *Limbs* they well have sold,
 Yea and their *Hearts*, and *Lives*; if so they may
 Upon their *Horses* wear *triumphant Bay*.

195.

How fondly dreamt some *Standers* by, who thought
 That He *Elias* call'd to help Him down!
 He help'd *Elias* up; and could have brought
 Him and his *Charet* back: but He His own
 Fast-fixed *Pillar* of extreme *Reproach*
 More glorious judgeth than that *Prophet's Coach*.

196.

At length, as in the furnace of His Pain
 This *helpless Victor* fries, He cries, *I thirst*.
 O how He long'd Himself to drink and drain
 The *dregs of Grief*; that none of that accurst
 And deadly Draught He might behind Him leave,
 His *mortal Brethren* evermore to grieve.

197.

But cruel They His burning lips present
 With *Vinager*, who broach'd the *Wine* for Them,
 His *Blood's* most precious *Wine*; all which He spent
 To wash and cheer their hearts. Do's He not seem
 O salvage *Jews*, without the help of this
 Strange Gift, to feel enough of *Bitterness*!

198.

Is this your Thanks to *Him*, whose *Bountie's Hand*
 Cull'd out for you the *Jewel* of the *Earth*,

Your fertile *milk-and-honey flowing Land*?
 And who a Kingdom of more noble worth
 To entertain you, after this, prepares,
 A *Canaan* situate above the Stars.

199.

Yet *Jesus* takes it kindly, *Psyche*; He
 Knew that this gnawing Draught would best befit
 The *dying King of Grief*; and *Prophesy*
 Had long ago for Him provided it:
 From *Heav'n's* severe Decree at first 'twas wrung,
 And drop'd into His mouth from *David's* tongue.

200.

Besides: that *Poison* He remembred well
 Which in th' enchanting *Apple's* sweetness grew:
 By wholsom *Bitterness* He means to heal
Ev's licorish *Luxury*: His *Palate* now
 Both expiates Her's, and nobly teacheth it
 That *Apple's* fatal relish to forget.

201.

This done: the *Tragedy* began to know
 Its *End* approach'd: For *Jesus* having by
 Immortal *Patience* undergone the *Law*
 And *Curse*, and grappled with the monstrous fry
 Of all the World's *Transgressions*; lifts His head
 In triumph up, and cries, '*Tis finished*.

202.

O that it were! said *Mary* who stood by:
 So should my Soul still live with my dear *Lord*.
 If He has found a way how not to die
 In purchasing our life, His cheerful word
 Now now may He make good! So sighed she:
 But He made haste to His *Catastrophe*.

203.

For *Justice* now had nothing more to say;
 The *Blood* which down the *Cross* its torrents threw
 All her *Objections* had wash'd away;
 And every *Page* of her *black Volume* grew
 Full as serene and fair as is the skies
 Pure face when rescu'd from the *Clouds'* disguise.

204.

Dismissing therefore all her *horrid Train*,
 Her satisfied self she strait withdrew:
 When *Jesus* looking up to *Heav'n* again,
 Perceiv'd the *Veil*, which shadow'd had till now
 His *Father's Face*, remov'd. O blessed Sight!
 O cheerful Morning after heavy Night!

205.

No absence of the *Sun* could now forbid
 His bright and heav'nly Day of Joy to shine;
 Such floods of purest Comfort issued
 Out from the fountain of that most divine
 Most tender Apparition, as drown'd
 The streams and pains of every bleeding wound.

206.

He saw His *Sire's* eternal Arms as wide
Stretch'd out, as His were on the Cross ; He saw
His gracious ready open Bosom bid
Him to his *Nest of Bliss* return, and grow
His *happy Self* again ; He saw His *Eye*
Flaming in pitying Love's extremity.

207.

An everlasting *Laurel* in His *hand*
He saw, designed to confute the *Shame*
Wreath'd in His *thorny Crown* ; He saw the grand
Cherubick Quire ambitious to proclaim
His *Conquests* in their *Songs* : And at the sight
Resolv'd to Die, He cries with hearty might :

208.

Father, into Thy hands I here commit
My Spirit, which Thou woo'st to come to Thee :
Up flew that *mighty Word*, and after it
Towred His blessed *Soul* ; whilst noble He
Bow'd down His head, submitting sweetly to
That *Will* He came *by life and death* to do.

209.

Th' affected *Temple* heard His dying Cry,
And with deep horror tore its clothes ; to all
The sober world the *Veil* proclaiming by
That rupture's mouth, th' approaching funeral
Of *Jewish Rites*, and *Moses'* resignation
Of mouldering *Law* to *Gospel* renovation.

210.

Earth heard it too, and at the fra[n]gor quaked,
Her *Rocks* were rent, her *Sepulchres* flew ope ;
And many sleeping *Saints* by it awaked,
Russled their *Dust* together and gat up :
Nature's commotion was so great and strange,
That in the sturdy *Guard* it wrought a Change.

211.

The bold *Centurion* with the *Earth* did shake,
(So did the *Soldiers* with the *Rocks*,) and cry,
Surely the World slept in a deep *Mistake*,
Whilst it discern'd not *Jesus's Deity* :
His *Father* now has owned Him, and He
Dy'd when Himself was pleas'd in Bliss to be.

212.

For still His *Vitals* in their strength remain'd,
Though plunder had so deeply rack'd his *Veins* ;
Witness that *final Blast* of His, which strain'd
That thundering Cry : still in their lingring pains
These wretched *Thieves* we see, whilst He is gone
To rest Himself on His *Celestial Throne*.

213.

Nay, even on salvage and obdurate *Jews*,
So far can *guilty Fear* prevail, that now

The Danger-stricken *People* could not chuse
But grant their *Conscience* felt this *Terror's Blow* ;
For though their sullen *Tongue* would not, their *Fist*
Confess'd their *Fright* upon their beaten *Breast*.

214.

Here, *Psyche*, whose soft *Heart* had come and gone
A thousand times, as he the story told,
Yielded her self to *Grief's* dominion ;
For e'r her *Guardian* spy'd it, down she roll'd,
Joining her *Passion* to her *Lord's*, and trying
With Him who dy'd for her, *to live by dying*.

215.

So when the *Father* of her *Life* and *Joy*,
His fair self plunges in th' *Atlantick Main*,
O'rpowr'd by sympathick sweet annoy
The loyal *Marigold* makes haste to gain
Her *West* as well as He ; her golden *Eye*
She shuts, and till he lives again, do's die.

216.

But *Phylax* by his *Heav'nly* tender Art,
Her and her *Spirits* rais'd, and told her, She
Must hear the other seasonable part,
Which of this *sadness* made a *Comedy*.
She look'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, *All Joys are dead*
When Jesus dies : and yet, dear Sir, proceed.

217.

Know then, said he, this *Passion* and *Death*
Hath purchas'd all *Life's Joys* that *Heav'n* can breed
And cancell'd every *fatal Bond of Wrath*,
Which *Sin* had drawn against old *Adam's Seed* :
All *Jesus's Wounds* are open *Gates*, which in
To *Paradise* lead reconciled *Men*.

218.

All *pains* and *sorrows* and *reproaches*, He,
Brave He, adventur'd to monopolize ;
The spiteful *Cunning of Hell's Treachery*
He vanquished by being made its *Prize* ;
And yielding up His *meritorious Breath*,
Blew down the *Powers* ev'n of *prevailing Death*.

219.

Which when fell *Satan* saw, it him repented
Of what he toil'd and sweat to bring about ;
And at his *Den* in *Paxis* he lamented
His *undermin'd Design*, when crying out,
Great Pan is dead, he made confession how
He had projected his own *Overthrow*.

220.

For this was *Pan* indeed, the *God of Sheep* ;
Who held His tender *Flock* so dear, that He
From *Wolves* and *Lyons* it secure to keep,
Would to their rage Himself a booty be :
But made His *Fold* a rampart sure and stout,
When with His *Blood* He *moated it about*.

221.

Yet *Hell* at length will prick on *Mortal Wit*
Against this *Passion's Merit* to dispute,
And all their syllogizing Batteries set,
In order their *Redemption* to confute.

Thus to their *Reason* must their *Faith* give way ;
Though *God* be satisfy'd, yet will not they.

222.

No ; they'll account His *Mercy* injur'd by
Allowing *Justice* to be fully pay'd.
Ah learned fool ! is *Mercy's* Majesty
Not here triumphant, when the *Load* is lay'd
On *God's* own *Son*, to bear what else would crack
Proud though you be, for evermore your back ?

223.

But now a *Soldier*, he whose only Heart
Was harder than those *Rocks* which *Grief* had burst,
To act accomplish'd *Cruelty's* last part,
His *Spear* into his *Savior* boldly thrust :
Deep in His Side the *Iron* div'd, and brought
The final Stream of *Blood* and *Water* out :

224.

That *Water* which the *Pericardium* bound
About the Heart, that *Blood* which in it dwelt :
For *Jesus* all His store with most profound
And bounteous Love, to feast His Children spilt.
The *Pelican* so with her dearest *Blood*
Diets and fattens up her dearer *Brood*.

225.

This done : the *Sun* unveil'd his clouded Eye,
And joy'd the *new-redeemed World* to see :
The monstrous *shades* forthwith made haste to fly
Down to the bottom of *Night's* hideous sea ;
That now *Sin's* blackness chased was away,
Earth might behold a *double glorious Day*.

226.

A *Day*, in which her Count'nance shin'd with more
Unspotted Grace, than when *Heav'n* tried by
A deluge of its Powers, to wash and scour
The *senior World's* ingrained villany :
For 'tis not *Heav'n* it self can yield a Flood
So purgative as that of *Jesus's Blood*.

227.

But will no *Pity* on the *Body* look,
Which now has tir'd the utmost spight of *spight* ?
Yes ; *Arimathean Joseph* undertook
Fairly to pay it its *Sepulchral Right* :
And by that courteous Loyalty, to prove
That he had a *Disciple been of Love*.

228.

A true *Disciple*, though a *secret* one :
Witness his *Fear*, to generous *Courage* grown :

For though his *Master* now was dead and gone,
His *Faith* revives ; nor shall the *Highpriest's* frown,
Or *People's* fury fright this Duty from
Yielding his *Lord* his own right costly *Tomb*.

229.

Of Honor he a Person was, and fit
To wait on this Solemnity : his fair
Petition *Pilate* could not but admit
In common Courtship : to his pious care
He grants the *Corps* ; and sighs to think that he
Had made it need that funeral charity.

230.

With prouder joy his garland never did
Olympick Victor snatch, than *Joseph* now
This richer Prize : which he enveloped
In dainty Linen, white as driven-snow,
Fine as *Arachne's* web, and yet the Sheet
More delicacy learn'd by kissing it.

231.

Right well he knew this Solemn *Paschal-Feast*
Forbad him all Pollution by the *Dead* :
And yet his loving Zeal durst not desist
Till he this votive Task had finished ;
For by the Touch, though of *Dead Purity*,
Assur'd he was he could not stained be.

232.

He being busied thus : another Friend
Appear'd, good *Nicodemus*, who by night,
On living *Jesus* did long time attend,
To gain for his obscured Judgment, Light ;
He in his blacker Ev'n of Death will now
His grateful Piety on Him bestow.

233.

Of precious Aromatick mixtures he
An hundred-weight brings in, to sacrifice
Unto this *Body's* service ; so to be
Enobled, and enhanced in their price :
For as they touch the blessed *Skin*, they smil'd,
And felt themselves with richer sweetness fill'd.

234.

Mean while the *Instruments of Death* (for this
The manner was,) were yonder buried :
Where sleep they must until a *Queen* shall rise
Out of thine *Albion*, from whose happy Bed
A *Prince* shall spring, who will exalt above
Rome's proudest *Eagles* meek *Ecclesia's Dove*.

235.

Their dear Discovery is reserv'd for none
But Venerable *Helen* ; who, when here,
Hot in her passionate Devotion,
Her *Savior's* sufferings she her self shall bear,
Transfiguring her *Meditating Heart*
Into the prey of every wound and smart.

236.

These sacred *Relicts* shall revealed be
 In guerdon of her gallant Love and Zeal :
 There for the *Jewels* she shall dig, and see
 At length, the rude but glorious Spectacle ;
 The *Cross*, and every *Nail* she there shall find
 Which her *Lord's Body* pierc'd, and her own *Mind*.

237.

Inestimable shall their Worth be held :
One Nail to her *Imperial Son* shall seem
 Illustrious enough his *Head* to gild,
 And sit enthroned on his *Diadem* :
Two in his *Bridle* shall triumph, when He
 Rides through the World like *King of Victory*.

238.

The *Fourth* shall tame the *Adriatick Main*,
 And nail it fast to its still bottom, so
 That on its polish'd pacified Plain
 The gliding *Barks* may unmolested go :
 Then by this *Gem* shall that enriched *Sea*
 More Wealthy than the *Eastern Ocean* be.

239.

But for the noble *Cross* ; no Tongue shall tell
 The wonders that shall spring from that dry Tree ;
 Which hew'd out by *Devotion's* edge, shall fill
 The zealous world, and quit that Injury,
 Which from the deadly *Bough in Eden* spread
 Through all the *fields* e'r sown with *Human seed*.

240.

Persia shall take it captive, yet not dare
 To look upon its Pris'ner ; *Piety*
 Shall thence redeem it by a generous war,
 And reinstate it in its *Calvary* ;
 When great *Heraclius* his own Royal Back
 A willing Chariot for it shall make.

241.

Nor shall his glorious *Sign* have less esteem
 Attendant on it, but be always worn
 On holy Foreheads as the only Gem,
 Which knows both how to strengthen and adorn :
 A Gem, whose lustre frights all Devils' Eyes,
 And whose brave value *Swine* alone despise.

242.

But, *Psyche*, here upon the western side
 Of this now holy Mountain, thou mayst see
 The precious *Sepulchre* of Him who dy'd
 And who aforehand bury'd was for thee.
 This Rock is it : Come let 's into the Cave ;
No Temple is more holy than this Grave.

243.

Joseph bestow'd the reverend *Treasure* here :
 Here lay the blessed *Head*, and here the *Feet* :

Hard was the Couch indeed, yet never were
 Those of the daintiest Kings so purely sweet ;
 Not *Solomon's*, although *Arabia* did
 With all her odorous Wealth, go there to bed.

244.

The Phenix's balmy Grave could ne'r afford
 Such sovereign powers of Perfumes, as here
 Breath'd from the *Body* of thy breathless *Lord* ;
 Who soon the truer *Phenix* did appear.
 O peerless Tomb ! which buries all the Fame
 Of *Mausolean Sepulchres* in shame.

245.

The *Monuments* of *Princes* are but fair
 Memorials of their putid *Rottenness*,
 Whilst odious *Worms* and *Dirt* inshrined are
 In specious Gold and Marble : But in this
 Plain artless *Vault* both *Putrification* found
 Her *Hands* were more than that *dead Body's* bound.

246.

This is that Solemn *Oratory*, where
 The choicest *Souls* ambitious are to pray ;
 Their Pilgrimages all determin here ;
 And prostrate here their zealous *Vows* they pay :
 With their devoutest *Tears* they dew this *Floor*,
 And in this *Air* their warmest *sighs* they pour.

247.

Yet time 's at hand, when strong *Idolatry*
 This sacred *Cave* will venture to prophane,
 To turn this *Paradise* into a *Sty*,
 To plant in this sweet *Bed* the worst of *Bane* ;
 To rear Hell's sovereign Monster, *odious Jove*,
 Upon this *Monument of divinest Love*.

248.

But all in vain ; for *Christian Eagles* still
 Will to the dear life-giving *Carcass* fly ;
 And their inflam'd desire's impatience fill,
 By Feasting on its precious Memory.
Jove, though the most impure of things, is not
 So foul, as *Purity's* own shrine to blot.

249.

That *Idol's* Pomp kick'd down into disgrace,
 To free and undisturbed *Piety*,
 Shall soon surrender its usurped place,
 When *Pagan Powers* by mightier *Faith* shall be
 Good Manners taught ; and Crowns, and Scepters low
 Before the *Crucified King* shall bow.

250.

And here may'st thou (for I thy heats discover)
 Sweet *Psyche*, stay, and ease thy burning Breast :
 Thy *Vows* and *Prayers*, whose working-tide runs over,
 Here may thou empty : do, thou welcome Guest,
 Do, riot in thy zeal, and revel high
 In meek *Devotion's* noble *Luxury*.

251.

Psyche, who scarcely for this Cue could wait,
Fell on her face, and kiss'd the reverend *Floor*;
Where melted by her earnest fervour, strait
Her *sighs* and *soul* she labour'd forth to pour;
And by the strong embrace of Faith and Love,
Hug'd *Him* below, who was enthron'd above.

252.

Through all His *Pains* and all His *Wounds* she went,
And in her Bosom printed every one;
Her Bowels with His woful *Cry* she rent;
Each *Scoff* she echoed by as sad a groan;
By bitter thoughts, His *Nails*, His *Thorns*, His *Spear*,
Anew she fram'd, by tears His *Vinegar*.

253.

But coming to His *Death*, she fetch'd a sigh
Up from the bottom of her Soul, in hope
Her Life would out with it together fly,
And make her *Passion* too completely up;
Striving in meek ambitious Love to have
The ready Honor of her *Savior's Grave*.

254.

Desire lay boiling in her ardent Breast;
A violent march her *Aspirations* beat,

Reaching with restless panting at that *Rest*,
To which her *Lord* was flown: and in the heat
Of this contention she was tow'd so high,
That scarce her Body upon Earth did lie.

255.

(O blessed *Boistrousness* of loving *Zeal*,
How strange a thing seem'st thou to worldly Hearts,
Whose cold and dead *Affections* never feel
The flaming Wounds of these delicious Darts!
How gravely would they pity *Psyche's* state,
As womanish and fondly passionate?)

256.

And how, alas, stand I amazed at
These rare calcining *Raptures*, who am by
Dull Indeotion's frost benumbed! yet
Their contemplation thaws me so, that I
Can drop a *Verse*, and must, to wait on Them;
So due *Applause's Tribute* I esteem.)

257.

But when Life held her on this *dainty Rack*,
She in an Ocean of *Inamorations*
And new *ecstatick Gulfs* resolv'd to wrack
Her labouring Heart: and yet these machinations,
And dangerous Storms of Love's intestine war,
She by *diviner Love's* assistance bare.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

STANZA 9, '*Griffen*' = griffin = mythical creature.

St. 10, '*Pismires*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, on this bit of curious lore.

St. 15, '*three inches*' = thickness of a ship's sides. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for parallels.

St. 34, '*Theanthropick*' = 'God manifest in the flesh.'

St. 58, '*entheous*' = inspired, as before.

St. 67 '*sarled*' = snared.

St. 83, '*retchless*' = reckless: *ib.* '*charity*'—qu. 'clarity.'

St. 130, '*Pharus*' = Pharos.

St. 139, '*resenting*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a full note.

St. 143, '*wistly*' = wistfully: *ib.* '*Cimmeria*' = blackest darkness.

St. 157, '*Goblings*' = goblins.

St. 196, '*thirst*'—misprinted 'thrist' in the original.

St. 219, '*Paxis*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.n.*

St. 236, '*Relicts*' = relics,—note the spelling after the etymology.

St. 239, '*quit*' = requite.

St. 245, '*putid*' = base, as before.

G.



CANTO XV.

The Triumph of Love.

The ARGUMENT.

*In his own Den Love binds the King of Hate,
Death and Corruption in the Grave subdues :
Turns back the bridled Stream of mortal Fate,
Himself alive to His Disciples shews :
In Triumph's bright Excess Ascends upon
A Cloud, and mounts His everlasting Throne.*

I.

VICISSITUDE, how doth thy welcome *Change*
Cheer up the *world*, which else would droop and
faint !

Strange things thou long permit'st not to be *strange*,
Since with all Companies thou canst acquaint ;
For thy *Chamelion's skin* no Colours meets
But with compliance fairly them it greets.

2.

When *Wisdom* fram'd this World's vast fabrick, she
As *Nature's* noble *Sport* and *Recreation*
Firmly enacted thy *Uncertainty*
For ever *certain* in its *Variation* :
That as *God* knows no *Change*, so all Things else
May feel the motion of *Mutation's* pulse.

3.

Night first was every Thing ; then *Day* burst forth,
But soon the *Ev'n* restored *night* again ;
Yet crept she in the *Morn* behind the *Earth*,
And suffer'd *Light* her full *twelve hours* to reign :
Thus have all *Ages* only been the *Play*
Of interwoven checker'd *Night* and *Day*.

4.

Who seeth not how beauteous *Generation*
Fails not to tread on foul *Corruption's* heels ;
And how *Corruption* by sure *Circulation*
Upon the back of *Generation* steals :
Whilst by this *Trade* of *Interchange*, from *Wombs*
Death takes its constant *Rise*, and *Life* from *Tombs* !

5.

When peevish *Winter's* Blasts churlishly blow
His frozen *Scythia* all about the *Earth*,

Commanding *Nature* in a bed of *Snow*
To lie and sleep, and let no *Bud* peep forth ;
What hopes would fancy *She* could break again
Out from the bondage of her *icy Chain* ?

6.

Yet when the *Sun* leaps in the lusty *Ram*,
Forthwith the *Spring* takes heart, embraved by
The neighbour-hood of his enlivening flame,
And clothes the *World* with fresh *Fertility* ;
Cashiering *Frost* and *Snow*, and changing *Queen*
Tellus's white *Mantle* to a lovelyer green.

7.

Sometimes the *Winds* conspire upon the *Main*
To plow the *Deep*s and throw them at the *Sky*
To let them thunder headlong down again,
And with new *Wrath* return them up as high ;
Till all the *Sea* be on a foaming sweat,
And *Rocks*, and *Ships*, and *Hearts* of *Sailers*, split.

8.

Yet when these *Breaths* their fury out have blown,
The *Ocean* slides into a polish'd *Plain*,
Mildly excusing every *billow frown*
With *smiling Looks* : the *Sirens* play again ;
The *Seamen* hoise their sails ; the *Halcyon* lays
Her eggs, and gives her name to *quiet Days*.

9.

When *Empires* stoop to more imperious *Fate*,
And *Time's* bold *Sithe* mows stoutest *Scepters* down ;
Themselves those glorious *Ruins* congregate
Into the *Circle* of some other *Crown* ;
And from the *Dust* that *Seed* of *Honor* springs
Into a golden *Harvest* of *new Kings*.

10.

After the earnest *Ploughman* hath by *Day*
Worry'd himself, and *earth*, and *water'd* it
With his own sweat ; cool *night* his head doth lay
Still on his crib, and teach him to forget
His toilsome work ; whilst soft and gentle *sleep*
Yields him a crop of *pleasant Dreams* to reap.

11.

Though pitch'd in *Power's saddle* far they ride,
And kick and trample all things in their way ;
The *insolent Vulgar* find at length their Pride
Check'd by a sudden Fall ; no Tigris may
For ever rage ; nor can the Tyranny
Of *blackest Parliaments* immortal be.

12.

When tedious *Sickness* by her rampant Fits
Has in the body her sad Revels kept ;
Health takes her happy cue, and fairly quits
Her cheerly self ; by Her the *Veins* are swept,
The *Stomach* purg'd, the *Spirits*, which 'gan to tire,
Rouz'd and encouraged by *vivid Fire*.

13.

Though *Grief* sometimes, conspiring with the Night,
On wounded Hearts *Disconsolation* throws ;
Yet *Comfort*, dawning with the morning Light,
Smootheth the sullen furrows of the brows,
And with its Virgin beams of sweetness dries
The briny moisture of the clouded eyes.

14.

But that *Vicissitude* still wins the Bay
Of Pleasantness, which cures the worst of Gall ;
Whose *Rages* can chase the *shades of Death* away,
And kindle *Solace* in a *Funeral* ;
Which to a Sepulchre dares say : *Stand ope,*
And let thy Pris'ner into Life get up.

15.

Indeed some glimpses of this blessed *Change*
Had glanced on the World before ; yet they
Were faint Preludiums of that full and strange
Mutation which shin'd on *Easterday* :
For they achieved were by *borrow'd Might*,
This dawn'd and rose by none but its *own Light*.

16.

In truly sovereign *Jesus's* only Hand
Dwelt that *authentick power*, which knew both how
To give His *mortal Fate* a Countermand,
And make His stubborn *Grave repent* ; to throw
Aside His useless *Shroud*, and cleerly turn
His own *Death's Night* into a *living Morn*.

17.

And since the present Scene now prompts him to
The *glorious Story*, *Phylax* means to paint
Its quickning wonders unto *Psyche*, who
Under her holy *Passion* strove to faint :
He takes her up, and sweetly cries, *My Dear,*
Life's Monument, as well as *Death's*, is hear.

18.

And 'tis the same ; this *Grave* proclaimeth now
With open mouth the famous *Death of Death* :

Come sit thee down, and I will tell thee how
Thy noble *Lord* by being *vanquish'd*, hath
Victorious prov'd, and reap'd such Palms of Glory
As ne'r till now adorned Conqueror's Story.

19.

When in this *Casket* pious *Joseph* had
The precious *Jewel* laid ; a massy Stone
Upon the Monument he pitch'd, and made
It safe from *Injurie's* invasion ;
Still jealous of the *Highpriest's* tyranny,
Which with the *Death of Jesus* could not die.

20.

It could not die ; and was resolv'd that He
Should neither *live*, nor *seem to live again*,
Whom their flagitious *Importunity*
Had by faint-hearted *Pilat's* Sentence slain :
To him they crouch afresh, and fawning cry,
Long live great Cesar, and his Deputy.

21.

Sir, in our *God's*, and in our *Country's* name,
Due thanks we tender for that Justice you
Have done on *Jesus*, blotting out the shame
His foul mouth on our Temple spew'd : and know
That *Cesar* too owes you applause, since He
Reigns by your Care from dangerous *Tumults* free.

22.

What might this desperate *Conjurer* not have,
If He had *vengeance* scap'd and *lived* still ;
Who by the *Magick* of His *Death* alone
Jerusalem doth with Amazement fill ?
How many *Fondlings* stroke their breasts, and cry'd,
Sure He's the Son of God, ev'n when He dy'd !

23.

Thus when some saucy *Exhalation* bears
Its earthborn self high in the yielding air,
And counterfeits possession of the Spheres ;
The Silly *Multitude* in wonder glare
Upon th' illustrious Hypocrite, and call
That *Fire a Star*, although they see it fall.

24.

There's danger therefore, least this *Serpent's Blood*
Rankle the Air, and taint our *credulous Nation* ;
Indeed Himself right cunningly thought good
To pave the way to some such Perturbation ;
Telling His *Scholars* that He must be slain,
But with the *third Day* up would rise again.

25.

Now *Sir*, if sheltered by thievish Night,
Him from His grave they pilfer, and proclaim
That He is *Risen by His heav'nly Might* ;
What *Hasard* might attend so strange a *Fame* !
How would the *seeming Miracle* entice
Seditious *Multitudes* with Him to *Rise* !

26.

Then would the *Mischief* swell to bolder height
 Than if the *Traytor* were *indeed alive* :
 Against the Torrent of that *new Deceit*
 Your Power in vain, in vain our Care should strive :
 For how shall We attach Him who is *dead*,
 Yet into *new Life's reputation* fled ?

27.

Say what we could, the *mutinous Rabble* still
 By this His Grave's wide-open mouth would seal
 Up ours, provoking to that *Miracle*
 By which they 'l count'nance their *rebellious Zeal* ;
 And with outrageous Cheating bear us down
 That *Him* they honor *who to heav'n is flown*.

28.

Pilate, whose Conscience Grip'd him hard for what
 His *Fears* before had done, no more would trade
 In that uncomfortable Bus'ness ; but
 Them of their spiteful Project Masters made.
 Ye have a *Watch* ; secure the Tomb, said he,
 And satisfy your politick Jealousy.

29.

Impowred thus, away fly They, to fix
 And *make God sure for ever stirring more* :
 Both *Caiaphas* and *Annas* sign their Wax
 Upon the Stone which dammed up the Door ;
 Charging a double *Guard*, appointed well
 With Swords and Spears, to wait on either *Seal*.

30.

Ah politick Fools ! your strong Conspiracy
 Shall only undermine it self, and make
 The *Resurrection's glorious Mystery*
 With more unanswerable Lustre break
 Forth in your Face ; since both your *Seals* and *Guard*
 Shall witness to the *Miracle* afford.

31.

So when the Envy-blinded *Median Peers*
 Had lodg'd great *Daniel* in the *Sealed Den*
 Of *hungry Death* ; their Jealousies and fears
 They confidently laid asleep : but when
 The Day awak'd, they saw their fell Design
 Prov'd his Deliverance but the more divine.

32.

Mean while the sacred *Corps* lay dormant here,
 And jolly *Death* triumphed in the Grave ;
 For once she bids her ghastly count'nance wear
 The guise of lusty *Gladness*, and gives leave
 To her dire Tongue to change its baleful Tone,
 And cheer into a *Shout* her wonted *Groan*.

33.

Long had she vex'd and pin'd, remembring how
 Brave *Enoch* and *Elias* rescu'd were

From her contagious Monarchy : but now
 That feebler Pair she is content to spare,
 And gluts her bloody heart with barbarous glee
 In this grand *Trophy* of her Victory.

34.

She never took such proud Delight to set
 Her foot upon the vast *Zamsummin's Tomb*,
 Or see all *Anak's Sons* in *Ashes* meet,
 Or *heav'n-commanding Joshua* earth become,
 Or *steely Sampson* turn to *rotten Clay*,
 Or huge *Goliath* mouldering away.

35.

She kiss'd her reeking *Dart*, and vow'd to build
 An Ark of triumph to its conquest ; high
 In fierce disdain she *all the World* beheld,
 Which now had no pretence but it *must Die* ;
 Since *Life's own Champion* became her Prey,
 And tame and cold and dead before her lay.

36.

There lay His *Body* : but His *Soul* mean time
 Triumphed more than *She* ; for down into
 The kingdom of the *hidden World*, the *Clime*
 Of *unsuspecting Night*, it march'd, and so
 Surpris'd the *Powers of Hell* all napping in
 The secret cloisters of their gloomy Den.

37.

The *Gates* of sturdy brass it flung in sunder,
 Shaking the bottom of the *monstrous Deep* ;
 The *Porter* frighted at the *Ruin's* thunder
 Into the *Gulf* for shelter took his leap ;
 But *equal Horror* there he found, for all
 The *Pit* was startled when the *Gates* did fall.

38.

So when the mighty *Son of Manoah*, who
 Presumed was the City's Pris'ner, tore
 The *Gates of Gaza*, rending freedom to
 His conquering March ; the *Neighbours'* dreadful Roar
 The *Pillars'* boistrous Crack rebounded, who
 Thought both their *Roofs* and *Sculs* were splitting too.

39.

This stubborn Fort by Storm thus taken ; on
 The noble *Victor* hasted to advance :
 No *Guard* secur'd His passage, who alone
Army and *General* was, and whose sole Glimpse
 Had power enough to make his Pris'ners know
 Whose Justice kindled their *Death's fire* below.

40.

But now imperial Lustre from His face
 Streaming upon the eyes of hideous *Night*,
 Pour'd on the swarthy *flames* of that foul place
 So vast an *Ocean of Immortal fright*
 That into every hole they crept aside
 Seeking their *everlasting shame* to hide.

41.

About the hollow bowels of the Cave
An universal *Groan* its sadness spread ;
Whose Echo such a ruful answer gave
That *Hell* seem'd gasping on its *dying bed* :
Strait followed such Yellings, Shrieks, and Cries,
As truly spake *Damnation's Miseries*.

42.

Imagin what the blear-ey'd *Sons of Night*,
Ravens, *Scritchows*, *Bats*, and such foul things would do,
When in their black blind Nests by *Highnoon Light*
Suddenly seiz'd ; O whether shall they go
Now their *illustrious foe's* bright arrows reach
The very entrails of their *closest Pitch* !

43.

Incomparably direr was the *Dread*
Which shot it self quite through the *heart of Hell*.
For these *commanding Raies* maintain'd their speed
Through every dark and massy Obstacle
With such stout *Brightness*, that amidst the store
Of *never-dying fires* it quickned more.

44.

The *Lakes of Sulphure* boiled with new heat ;
Each *Grief* and *Pang* and *Torment* hotter grew ;
Despair afresh at every bosom beat ;
Upon the next *feind's* face each *fury* flew ;
And every *Devil* scratch'd and tore his *brother*,
Wreaking their madness upon one another.

45.

The *Snakes* their hisses and their poison spit,
And in a thousand knots ty'd and unty'd
Their woful selves : the frighted *Gorgons* split
Their raving Throats' hot furnace ; and the wide
And fiery-mouthed *Dragons* howling loud
Whole torrents of their flaming venome spew'd.

46.

The *Peers of Hell* curs'd their unhappy *King*
Whose *Pride* betray'd them to this Anguish ; they
Had hopes the *Light of Heav'n* would never spring
In their *black Clime*, to pour on them *Dismay* :
But now they saw't in *Jesus's eyes*, it more
Vex'd them than when they fell from it before.

47.

Their belking bosoms heaved high, and fain
They would have belched out ther *working load*
Of *Blasphemy*, which held their souls in pain ;
But mighty *Terror* stopp'd the sulphury road
Of their rank breath, and forc'd their *ready Sin*
Only to split their hearts and *rage within*.

48.

Black *Avarice* with desperate *Treachery*
And foul-mouth'd *slander*, who their parts had play'd

With fair Success in that Conspiracy
By which *Life's Sovereign* was to death betray'd ;
With guilty horror quaked now, and found
Upon themselves their *Mischiefs* all rebound.

49.

Though mad *Confusion* always reigned here,
She never sate so high upon her throne,
Nor such monarchick sway as now did bear
In all the *Deep* ; whose strange *Distraction*
Outvy'd the *Discords* of that wallowing *Mass*
In whose rude Womb the World conceived was.

50.

But yet the *Dragon red* in guiltless blood,
Great *Belzebub*, was more confounded than
All *Hell* besides : for well he understood
He now was deeperly subdu'd, than when
Down from the pinnacle of Heav'n he fell
Into the center of profoundest Hell.

51.

That *Jesus*, for whose life he long ago
Fiercely a-hunting upon *Bethlehem* went
With *Herod's pack of Hounds* ; that *Jesus*, who
When in the *Desert* all his Craft he bent
To cheat Him into Sin, his deep Design
Quite overturn'd by *Wisdom's* countermine :

52.

Him whom he by the odious *Wit of Scorn*
Through *Jews'* blasphemous mouths had vilify'd ;
Whom by hir'd Treason he had Pris'ner born
Unto his mortal *Enemie's* Bar, and try'd
By all th' impetuous lawless *Laws of Cries*,
Threatnings, broad *Tumults*, broader *Calumnies* :

53.

Whom by the Petulance of his *Miscreants* he
Had spit upon, had scourg'd, had buffeted ;
Whom through all *Infamie's extremity*
He to this *mountain of His Death* had led ;
Whom on the *Tree of Shame and Pain* he nail'd,
And then with further *blasphemies* assail'd.

54.

Whom of His *blood* he plunder'd, and at last
Of *breath and life* : whom having murder'd thus,
In marble lodg'd and watch'd he sealed fast,
And clearly then was thought victorious ;
This very *Jesus's Soul* he seeth now
Marching with triumph in his Realm below.

55.

He sees his deep-laid *Projects* turn'd into
Just Engines of their *Master's* overthrow :
He sees he was his own most deadly fo
When he to *Jesus* gave the *mortal Blow* ;
That Death by which he hop'd to have supprest
The life of *Life*, now *lives* in his own breast.

56.

He sees that his mistaken self alone
 Condemned was in *Jesus's* Sentence ; that
 The *Multitude's* mad *Exclamation*
 But prefac'd to his *Groans* ; that *Mary's* *Brat*
 (For so his scornful *Pride* had term'd Him,) now
 Was Son to *Him* to whom all *Angels* bow.

57.

He sees the *Cross* in goodly *Banner* spread,
 And shining with imperial gallantry ;
 He sees that precious *Blood* which made it red,
 Adorn it now with dreadful Majesty.
 He sees it streaming in the swarthy air,
 And at its *awful motion* melts for fear.

58.

He sees the angry *Thorns*, and feels them pricking
 His guilty Soul : he sees each cruel *Nail*,
 And in his harder heart resents them sticking :
 He shrinks ; he winds about his woful Tail ;
 He starts, and finds that *something more than Hell*
 Did now in his tormented bosom dwell.

59.

Three times he clap'd his *Pride* upon the back,
 And cheer'd his *everlasting Stomach* up ;
 But strait his swelling heart-strings 'gan to crack,
 And fail'd the courage of his *insolent Hope* :
 Three times his *fury* strove to check his fear,
 Yet *Terror* still his Boldness overbare.

60.

But *Jesus* marched on in conquering *Might*,
 And pitch'd His *foot* full on the *Monster's* *head* :
 All *Thunder's* *throats* did never yet affright
 The Air with such a *Roar* as bellowed
 From *Satan's* jaws, when by that *crushing Load*
 He justly learn'd the *weight of angry God*.

61.

For as the *surly Lyon*, wounded by
 Some *Hero* in his *own* invaded *Den*,
 Rends all the Cavern with impatient Cry,
 And makes his frighted Neighbours further run :
 So *Belzebub's* huge *Shriek* tore all his *Deep*,
 And forc'd the *Elves* into their holes to creep.

62.

Had all the World been heav'd upon his head,
 And thousands more upon the back of this,
 The Burden had not been so vastly sad ;
 For all the weight of Weight meer Lightness is
 To that *strange Pressure* which the *Rebel* now
 Felt sealed sure upon his *squeas'd Brow*.

63.

His *squeas'd Brow* : for both his *Horns* were broke ;
 So was his *Scull* ; from whence a Torrent burst

Of ranker *Bane* than e'r had power to choke
 The soul of Sweets ; a Torrent of accurst
Designs, of *Rage*, of *Pride*, of every thing
 Which qualifies Hell's true accomplish'd *King*.

64.

Thus did the *first* and *noblest Promise* prove
 Compleatly good : thus did the *Woman's* *Seed*,
 The *Seed* of blessed *Mary*, spring above,
 And trample down the wily *Serpent's* *head*,
 Quite shattering it ; so to revenge that spight
 With which he us'd the *heel of Man* to bite,

65.

This done ; Learn now, the mighty *Victor* cry'd,
 That as *above*, so I can reign *below*.
 What you have gained by your *Hate* and *Pride*
 Your *fellow-Elves* may read upon your *Brow* :
 Deep have I grav'd the Lesson ; yet I know
 Not deep enough to mend or *Them* or *you*.

66.

For deeper printed is your desperate *Spight*
 On your obdurate hearts : and though by *Me*,
 Their *Head*, you might be warned not to fight
 Against my *Members* ; yet had you the free
 Reins of your *Rage*, you all your *Nerves* would join
 To broach and quaff their blood, as you did *Mine*.

67.

But *Mine* less precious is than *theirs* to *Me*,
 And *They* less able to defend their own.
 I *Vindication* owe ; and *Sympathy*
 Demands with speed to have it payed down.
 Down will I pay 't, and that upon thy neck,
 To prove My self as strong as they are weak.

68.

Which said : the *King of Conquest* threw about
 The *Dragon's* neck an *adamantine Chain* :
 A *Chain*, which though the *Monster's* teeth be stout
 As hardest steel, he bites and gnaws in vain :
 Fast Pris'ner now he lies, and only where
Jesus thinks fit to give him leave, can stir.

69.

Black *Judas*, whom the next *Oven's* wrath did fry,
 With unconceived anguish gnash'd his teeth,
 Being deeper tortur'd by his *Master's* *eye*
 Whom he so wretchedly had *sold to death*.
 He sold his *Master*, but the *Bargain* on
 Himself recoiled, and *he dy'd alone*.

70.

He look'd the *next Step* on his woful *Head*
 With equal *Pressure* surely fix'd should be ;
 His *Head*, which next to crushed *Satan's* did
 Deserve *preeminence in Misery*.
 But *Jesus* turn'd, and would not melt him by
 The *burning glass* of His indignant *Eye*.

71.

Him He reserved to his *other Day*
Of *Triumph*, when both *Caiaphas*, and he,
And all that cruel *Rout*, which made their Prey
Of *patient innocent Humility*,
Shall look on Him whom they have pierc'd, with *Thorns*
And *Whips*, and *Spears*, and *Blasphemies*, and *Scorns*.

72.

Yet He an universal Prospect took
With princely *Awfulness* about the *Gulf*;
The radiant *Dint* of which majestick *Look*
Scorch'd every peeping *Fire* and sneaking *Elf*
With hotter torment then when He at first
Their brazen Gates at His arrival burst.

73.

What glimpse of Hopes can cheer the *Whelps* when they
Have seen the *Father Lyon* trampled down?
Alas the head of every *Devil* lay
Bruised in *Satan's*; and they count their own
No longer so, since he could not maintain
With all his *strength* and *cunning* his own *Brain*.

74.

O how they wish with helpless desperation
That Hell were darker, or that *Jesus's Eye*
Less bright and piercing! Any new *Damnation*
Though further stretch'd than one *Eternity*,
They would embrace, so they release might gain
From *this Hour's* more than everlasting *Pain*.

75.

But whilst themselves they with this *Horror* slew;
Jesus another Fo remembering, hither
March'd back again in equal state, a new
Laurel of *Conquest* in His *Tomb* to gather;
Where shivering and couching close lay *Death*
Astonish'd at the dismal *Noise beneath*.

76.

She heard the *Ruin* of the *brazen Door*;
She heard the *yelling* of each frighted *Feind*;
She heard oppressed *Satan's* sovereign *Roar*;
And felt a sudden fatal *Terror* rend
Her late triumphant heart, now tortur'd by
Its sympathy with Hell's *Calamity*.

77.

Arrived here, this *Tyrant* He descry'd
With more than *deadly Paleness* in her face,
Striving her guilty Head in vain to hide
From that dread *Brightness* which surpriz'd the place:
None of her wonted and beloved *Shade*
To muffle up her gastly self she had.

78.

Such floods of *living Light* from *Jesus's eyes*
Broke forth, as with more splendor stuff'd the *Grave*

Than swells fair *Phebus's globe*: *Death* scalded flies
About, and hunts through all the dazell'd *Cave*
To scape, if possible, that *Lustre's ire*
Whose bus'ness seem'd to light her *funeral fire*.

79.

When lo thy *Spouse* His foot already red
With *Hell's best blood*, upon her bosom set,
And cry'd, foul *Monster*, whom I never did
Create, but stubborn *Insolence* beget.
As *I*, and *Mine* have felt thy fury, so
'Tis time that now thou feel My *Power* too.

80.

Due Vengeance hath thy cursed *Mother Sin*
Drunk from this *righteous Hand*; and thou her *Brat*
And *rightful Heir*, in vain dost nestle in
This gloomy *Rock* to scape thy *Beldame's fate*.
The whole *World's Graves* which by thy *Tyranny*
Alone are fill'd, proclaim *one due to thee*.

81.

Ev'n from thy birth *Destruction* was thy *Trade*,
And long thou traffick'dst the *Earth* about;
Upon all *Generations* didst thou feed,
And yet thy *Stomach* still new booties sought.
Hell, which I plum'd but now, less bottomless
Than that strange *Gulf of thy lank belly* is.

82.

The noblest *Kings* no favour found with thee,
But at thy stinking feet thou mad'st them bow;
Thy shameless *Worms* thou gav'st authority
On *Princes' royal* breasts to crawl and gnaw;
Saucy Corruption thou command'st to tread
And trample upon every *laureat Head*.

83.

My dearest *Saints* thou mingledst with thy *Prey*,
And stamp'dst them down into th' unworthy *Dust*.
Whether the *Lives* were vile or precious, they
Were equally devoured by thy *Lust*.
Thou mock'dst *Youth* and *Strength*; both *Physick* and
Physitian stoop'd to thy destroying hand,

84.

By this thine uncontrolled *Cruelty*
To *Insolence's* top thy *Boldness* rise,
And ventured to throw thy *Dart at Me*,
That *Dart* which in My slaughter'd *Body* lies.
And if I die, shalt thou exempted be!
Forbid it all My Might and Majesty.

85.

At that stern *Word*, the *Monster* fetch'd a *Groan*
So great, that all the *dying Cries* which she
Throughout the *World* had scrued forth in one
Huge *Ejulation* crowded seem'd to be;
All *deadly Agonies* that ever were,
With just requital bounding now on her.

86.

Strait *Jesus* tore in sunder every *Chain*
 In which she us'd her *conquer'd Preys* to ty ;
 When lo, the *fates* were venturing to complain
 That their *grand Law* groan'd under injury ;
 That *Law* which *Heav'n* it self enacted, and
 Bid it in *Paradise's* Records stand.

87.

Their breeding murmur quickly reach'd *His ear*,
 Whom nothing scaped which He pleas'd to know :
 Up looked *He*, and flash'd such potent *fear*
 Upon their souls, as bow'd their heads as low
 As loyal Meekness : in His Looks they saw
 His *royal Will*, and knew their *greater Law*.

88.

For what 's most massy strong substantial *fate*
 More than the shadow of His *mighty Pleasure* ?
 Vastest *Impossibility* do's at
 His *Beck* melt into *Easiness* : no Measure
 But His own *Mind* can of His *Power* be found ;
Infinitude Infinitude must bound.

89.

He then, as *Death* lay groaning, pluck'd the *Dart*
 Out from His *Body's* side, and to the head
 With potent vengeance plung'd it in her heart :
 Whose Wound, though deep, made not the Weapon red,
 For all the gore that at its mouth it spew'd
 As black as *Styx* his inky puddle shew'd.

90.

Thrice did the *Monster* gasp ; and then belch'd forth
 Her damned *Ghost*, which stole its way to hell.
 Her Carcase stretch'd at length lay on the earth,
 Her Chap fell down, her Teeth all star'd, her fell
 And pois'nous Tongue hung dangling out : Thus *She*
 Who reign'd o'r *mortals* felt *mortality*.

91.

But this *almighty Victor* having slain
 Her once by *killing her*, resolved now
 To slay her by *Restoring her* again
 To her accursed *life* ; for from below
 He beckned her pale *Ghost*, and bid it dwell
 At *home* again, as in a *fouler Hell*.

92.

Since I have taught thee now, said He, My *Might*,
 Remember My *Command*, and *live again* ;
 Henceforth thou with thy *Sting* no more shalt fight,
 Nor on thy Pris'ners clap a *slavish chain* :
 Yet use thy *Dart* ; for 'tis My *royal Will*
 Though I forbid thy *rage*, to let thee *Kill*.

93.

You who were their imperious *Tyrant*, now
 Shall *Servant* to my *mortal Brethren* be,

And ope the Gate by which from life below
 Their *Souls* shall fly to live and reign with Me ;
 But, till I them require, be sure you keep
 Their *Bodies* safe in undisturbed sleep.

94.

This double Conquest gain'd : He look'd aside
 And sneaking in a corner of the *Tomb*,
Corruption with her *Worms* about her spy'd ;
 Who long had crawl'd and sprawl'd and scrambled some
 Approach unto the *sacred Corps* to find,
 And wonder'd what their wonted power did bind.

95.

He spy'd them there, and charg'd them to be gone :
 At which *great Word*, they into *Nothing* fled.
 Forthwith He slipp'd His ready *Body* on
 As easily as He some cloke had spread
 Upon His shoulders, or into a fit
 And graceful Ring His nimble finger put.

96.

(Thus when an old and tryed *fencer* from
 His bloody Scene of Prowess, with the Prize
 His Virtue purchased, returneth home,
 There to enjoy his glorious Victories ;
 He first revests his arms and breast, which by
 Their *naked valour* did his foes defy.)

97.

His Heart with Life and Joy strait 'gan to leap,
 His Veins with new recover'd Heat grew hot,
 His blessed Eyes threw off their *triduan Sleep*,
 His thawed Joints their tedious frost forgot,
 Afresh the Roses budded in His lip,
 New smiles and Graces in His Cheeks did trip.

98.

Off fell the *Napkin* and the *Winding Sheet*,
 Not daring to conceal the *Beauties* which
 Here in a confluence of Glory met
 All Parts of His *pure Body* to enrich ;
 Which now no less it self outshined then
 It had before the *fairest Sons of Men*.

99.

For passing through the *Seirce of Death*, it there
 Lost all the *grossness of Mortality*,
 Becoming more illustrious and clear
 Than silver *Venus* in the evening Sky :
 What was but *course* and *animal* till now,
 Purely *refined* and *spiritual* grew.

100.

Nor must it longer like a *Prison* sit
 Obscure and lumpish on the *Soul*, but light,
 And quick and plyant and completely fit
 For all her *nimblest Bus'ness* : as our bright
 And ready *Wings* move with our *Wills*, so she
 Finds that comply with her Activity.

101.

For *He* who our brave *sprightfulness* could make
Of dull and sleepy *nothing*; easily may
Teach heavy *flesh* and *Blood* how to awake
Into *Angelick Purenness*, and array

It round with *Splendors* full as gorgeous as
Those which the *Cherubs* or the *Seraphs* grace.

102.

But *Jesus*, now the *promis'd Time* was come
As early as the *third Day* meant to *Rise*:
For to His *flesh* remarry'd, from His Tomb
He leaps; not in the *boistrous Lightning's* guise,
Which tears the Clouds, but like that *milder flash*
We see quite through *unbroken bodies* rush.

103.

Hast thou not mark'd the *sprightful Image* fly
Completely through a *crystal Wall*, which yet
Uncrack'd it leaves! So through that *Marble* thy
Much purer Lord Himself suddenly shot:
For still it kept the *Tomb's mouth* close, and still
Was trusty to the *Priests'* unmoved *Seal*.

104.

Indeed the Mountains and the Rocks He rent
When out He blew His final Gasp; to show
That with His Blood His Power was not spent,
But flourish'd ev'n in 's dying Hand: but now
His gallant *Rising* breaks no *Stones* but those
Whose stubborn mine in *Human bosoms* grows.

105.

And what more fair Decorum, than that He
Who when at first into this World He came
Unbroken left the pure Virginity
Of His dear *Mother*; should renew the same
Illustrious Wonder now, and issue from
The untorn bowels of His *virgin Tomb*?

106.

Thus *Psyche*, e'r the dull World was awake
Life rose for it, and *Death's* strong gates set ope;
The Passage clear beforehand so to make
For all His *Brethren's Ashes* to get up.
His *Members risen* are in *Him* their Head
Though yet in *Death* they never went to *bed*.

107.

His *Resurrection* the *Earnest* is
Of theirs who ever dyed, or can die:
He only buried was the Grave to dress,
To purge, to sweeten, and to sanctify:
That in that safe retiring Room His *friends*
May take their *Rest*, till back for them He sends.

108.

Indeed all *Foys* seem'd slaughtered when *He*
Wrung out the dregs of deepest Bitterness,

And drunk His *Death* upon the *fatal Tree*:
But this dear Morning they reviv'd, like His
Arising Body grown *spiritual*, and
Subject no more to cruel *Death's* command.

109.

No wonder this *sweet Day's* enthron'd so high
In *pious Souls'* esteem, and bears away
The reverend Glory and solemnity
Of old entailed on the *Sabbath Day*:
No wonder that upon this *first Day's* head
The *Sev'nth's* fair *Diadem's* established.

110.

'Tis true; on *that*, *God* did His hand withdraw,
Which He through *Six Days'* Work had reached; and
To *Jacob's seed* at length into a *Law*
His own *Example* turn'd; that They might stand
Bound unto *freedom's Feast*, and since no way
They had His *Work* to copy, act His *Play*.

111.

But greater *Rest* on this *Day's* shore He met:
For all His *Life* full hard He labour'd had;
He *wept*, He *strugled*, and His *blood* He *sweat*,
His *strength*, His *life* He spent; on *Death* He trode,
And trampled *Hell*; and now *rose up again*
In matchless triumph *evermore* to reign.

112.

O *nobler Sabbath!* may all Glories swell
Each hour and minute of thy *sacred light*:
May *Piety's* best Exultations dwell
In thee alone: and cursed be the spight
Of any *Heresy* which e'r shall thy
Most hallowed Prerogative defy.

113.

The other *Sabbath* was a shade of Thee;
And Thou the Copy art of that which shall
Amidst the triumphs of Immensity
Be all *Heav'n's* everlasting *festival*:
That *Sabbath* which no higher Name shall know
Than this, the *Lord's Day*; and *that Day* art *Thou*.

114.

But is this mighty *Savior* quite forgot
By all His followers? will faithful *Zeal*
Endure to be *interr'd with Him*, and shut
Up in Oblivion? shall *Death* and *Hell*
Be roused thus, and *Earth* her dulness steep
In most ungrateful unregarding *Sleep*?

115.

No: fervid *Magd'lene* could not rest in bed,
Because her *Soul* was *sealed* in the Tomb.
And though the *Sabbath's* statutes her forbad
Until it self expired were, to come
And seek it here; yet now she cannot stay
To be conducted by the Morning Ray.

116.

She, and another love-inflamed *friend*,
On *Speed's* wings mounted, having purchas'd store
Of precious Ointment and of Spice, to spend
Upon the *sacred Corps*, set forth before
The *Sun* had op'd his east : yet as they came
Near to the *Grave*, he peeped forth on them.

117.

He peeped forth ; and little thought that Day
Was up before, and had prevented Him :
'Twas *Jesus's Day* ; and well might scorn to stay
And be beholden to the *tardy beam*
Of glaring *Phebus*, having, of her own,
Glories enough to furnish out her crown.

118.

So had the *Corps* of *Sweets*, if here it still
Had slept : but *Risen* 'twas : yet pious *They*
Find what was sent ingenuous faith to swell
With satisfaction, and in full repay
Their *Odour's Price* ; for in the *Tomb* they see
An *Angel* cloth'd in glittering Majesty.

119.

This was that noble *Spirit* who in haste
Flew down from Heav'n, just as thy *Lord* gat up ;
And on no errand but away to cast
That *Stone* which did the *Grave's* confession stop ;
That these religious *Visitants* might read
Their *Lord's* unfailing *Word* turn'd into *Deed*.

120.

And gallantly his blessed work he did :
For at his Coming's dint the *Earth* did quake ;
The *Seal* was startled and in pieces fled ;
The trimbling *Stone* was ready too to break ;
But courteous he vouchsaf'd to roll it by
And bid it for his service quietly.

121.

When lo the *Watch* which at the *Sepulchre*
Guarded with swords and spears the *High-priest's Sin* ;
Saw that they past *their own protection* were,
Being arrested by a *Power divine* :
The *Hills' Commotion* reached all their hearts,
Which, with the *Seal*, split in a thousand parts.

122.

But chiefly at the *Angel's Presence* they
Were overwhelmed in a flood of fright :
His Robes were glorious as the morning's Ray,
And partners with the driven Snow in White ;
For 'twas his *Easter Suit*, the Suit he had
To honour this *bright feast* on purpose made.

123.

And yet the Lustre which kept Holyday
In his so pure so delicate Attire,

Could not such wealthy Seas of Light display
As streamed from his *Aspect's* mightier fire ;
For in his dreadfully majestick face
A *Spring of living Lightning* bubbling was.

124.

In this celestial bravery his throne
Taking upon the *Stone* he rolled thence,
He his illustrious *Terror* darted on
Those *Sons of Mars* ; which they too weak to fence,
Let fall their useless lamentable *Steel*,
And after it *Themselves* confounded fell.

125.

All flat and tame upon the ground they lay :
For though they gladly would from thence have fled,
Alas no Power they had to run away,
Amazement having nail'd them there for dead.
Thus they who stood to keep *Life's Master* down
Sure in *His Grave*, were fitted for *their own*,

126.

The *Pair of Maries*, when this *Stranger* there
They spy'd, and all the *Soldiers* slain with Dread ;
In their sad Passion they began to share :
And had not *Innocence* its shelter spread
Over their hearts, this *Apparition* had
An equal Conquest on their Spirits made.

127.

But when the *Angel* mark'd their agony,
He sweetly intercepted further fears :
The fright concerns not *honest you*, said he,
Which on those *impious Watchmen* domineers.
I know your Errand well, (and here he smil'd,
And all his face with *gentler Lustre* fill'd.)

128.

You likewise come to *Watch the Corps* ; but yet
To *Pray* withal : You *Jesus* come to *Oint*,
Although His *Cross* and *Shame* themselves have set
Full in your way your loyal Mind to daunt.
You bravely come, nor could the ruffian *Guard*
You knew was ranged there, your haste retard.

129.

You come to make your pious Day arise
Here in this West in which your *Titan* set ;
You come to poure your *Souls* out at your eyes,
And in Love's meekly-bold Profuseness wet
The dry bed of your new-sown *Master*, who
Charg'd all your Tears to wait on your own Wo.

130.

Thus in courageous forgetfulness
Of your *faint Sex*, you venter to attend
Upon *His body* who forsaken is
By all His *masculine Scholars*. I commend
Your *early valiant Zeal* ; although it be
Arrived here too late your *Hopes* to see.

131.

For *Jesus* earlyer was up than you,
And unto slaughter'd *Death* bequeath'd His *Tomb*.
His *royal Word* you know He pass'd ; and now
This *Third prefixed Morning* being come,
Impossible it was that longer He
In *Death's cold region* should frozen be.

132.

If Doubts assault your faith, come in, and let
Your eyes convince your hearts : His empty Bed
You see, with all the *Clothes and Sheets* of it :
A *cold dead Bed* ; yet hence He flourished
Into a *sprightful Life*, as noble He
Sprung at the first from dry *Virginity*.

133.

The *Angel's* words the holy *Women* read
Plain in the *Grave* and in the *Graveclothes* ; yet
So deeply were their *Souls* astonished
By these thick *Wonders' Conflux*, which beset
Their *unprovided Thoughts*, that they surmise
Some pleasing *Error* flattered their eyes.

134.

So when old *Jacob's* unexpected Ear
The happy *News* did suddenly receive ;
What most would gratify his *Wish* to hear,
He durst not when he heard it first, believe.
In vain against the *Tyding's* stream he strives :
His *Spirits* die to hear his *Joseph* lives.

135.

At this the *Angel* sweetly chode their *Doubt*,
Their *jealous faintness*, and *dejected look* ;
Demanding why they in *Death's Closet* sought
Him who from thence to *open Life* was broke !
Yet cheer'd them strait, and told them They should be
The *Angels* of this *News*, as well as He.

136.

Make haste to His *Disciples*, who, said He,
As anxious of this bus'ness are as *You* ;
Bid them in pre-appointed *Galilee*
Meet Him who promis'd there the *Interview* :
And tell them, to anticipate their *Doubt*,
That you *from Me* this cheerly *Message* brought.

137.

Out went the pious *Women* in a sweet
Distraction of loving *fear* and *joy* ;
The glorious *Miracle* did *fear* beget,
The blessed *News* new *Comfort* did display :
With *doubtful Certainty* they trembling ran,
And made this sutable *Relation* :

138.

Dear *Sirs*, O what, alas what shall we do !
The only *Relict* of our *Hopes* is gone ;

But where our *Lord's* sweet *Body* is, or who
Hath born it from the *Tomb*, God knows alone.
We with these eyes the *empty Grave* beheld ;
Which us with terrible *Amazement* fill'd.

139.

Indeed an *Angel*, if our *Fancy* did
Not cheat our ears, pour'd *Comfort* on our *Grief* :
He told us that our *Savior* from His *Bed*
Of death was *Risen* ; and to win belief,
Quoted His own *Prediction* : but whate'r
The matter is, our *Hearts* still beat with fear.

140.

Us He commissioned to warn you All
To *Galilee* ; the Place in which, He saith,
Your *Risen Master's Apparition* shall
Requite th' *Attendance* of your pious faith.
O that it might be so ! though He had set
Earth's furthest *End* for us that *Joy* to meet.

141.

So spake the *Women* : but the standers by,
Shak'd their wise heads at such *unlikely News* ;
And see, said they, the wild *Credulity*
Of female *Hearts*, when fancies them abuse !
How fine a story they can forge and fashion
Of no *Materials* but *Imagination* !

142.

Yet malgre this grim *Censure* ; wiser *John*
Fir'd at the *News*, thought not of *Galilee*,
But in *Love's* loyal disobedience ran
Hither, the present *Miracle* to see :
The same spur prick'd on *Peter's* fervency,
Who though he *Doubted*, would no more *Deny*.

143.

Unto their *Prey* no *Eagles* e'r could post
With speed more hearty ; no *Ambition* make
To *Crowns* and *Scepters* more impatient haste ;
No *Spark* to heav'n its venturous voyage take
With braver zeal ; than this religious *Pair*
Flew to observe the *empty Sepulchre*.

144.

But vivid *John*, in whose soft bosom reign'd
More flames of youth and more of gallant *Love*,
Quickly his *Fellow-traveller* outstrein'd
In *Ardor's* race : in vain old *Peter* strove ;
For though his *Tongue* were always forward, yet
John had the nimbler *Heart* and fleetier feet.

145.

John first arrives : but strait arrested here
With awful *Reverence*, only sends his eyes
Into the bottom of the *Cavern*, where
The *Resurrection's Relicts* he espies ;
The *Linen Clothes*, which had the grace to kiss
The softer purer *Skin of Daintiness*.

146.

But then his greedy panting follower, in
The *wonted Boldness* of his hasty Zeal,
Entred the Tomb, and made *John's* meekness win
Such courage that to this dear Spectacle
He ventur'd in, and with joint Wonder there
Gaz'd and examined the *Sepulchre*.

147.

They gaz'd and found the *Grave* that News attest
Which *Mary* sighed had; their *Lord* was gone:
But all His *Linen furniture* confest
The bus'ness was in solemn order done;
For they observed all the pieces lie
Fairly disposed, and not tumbled by.

148.

If Fraud or Rapin thence convey'd him, why
Prey'd they not on the precious Linen too?
Why lingred they to leave it orderly
Wrap'd up and plac'd? About this Riddle so
Demurr'd these puzzel'd Souls, forgetting that
Not Wit, but Faith ought to unty the Knot.

149.

At length with blind and anxious tears dismay'd
They sigh'd, and scratch'd their heads, and home
return'd.
But *Magd'lene* who had thither follow'd, stay'd
Still by the *Tomb*, to quench her heart which burn'd
In *Love's* vast furnace: all the Springs which slept
In both her Eyes, she bravely wak'd and wept.

150.

She wept and pityed her *prevented Spice*,
Which now breath'd short, and panting lay to see
It came too late to be a Sacrifice
To *Odour's sweeter Lord*: She wept that she,
Her *Tears' Drink-offring* could present no more
Upon His *Feet's* dear *Altar* as before.

151.

She wept, to think she could no longer thence
Sip Happiness by her adoring Kisses;
Nor tender to her most indeared *Prince*
The homage of her consecrated Tresses:
Her Lips, and Locks, and Self, no longer seem
Her own, because she cannot give them *Him*.

152.

Had she the plenitude of whatsoe'r
Th' idolatrous World adores, she still would be
Poorer than naked *Poverty*, whilst here
She nothing findeth but *Vacuity*;
The *Gem and Soul of her Content*, which lay
Treasur'd up here, alas was born away,

153.

For ever born away, for ought she knew:
And how can *Mary* live without her *Life*!

No Mourning e'r so lamentably slew
The *Turtle's Joys* in her disconsolate strife
Of Love and Grief, when she her *Mate* had lost,
As *Mary's* now a briney Tempest tost.

154.

Yet having prefac'd by this flood; again
She look'd to read fresh cause of further Tears:
But in the Tomb she spy'd new Splendor reign.
Two Angels ready to outshine her Fears,
And dry her cheeks, had taken there their seat,
One at the Monument's head, one at the feet.

155.

They gorgeous were in festival array
Round clothed in *Joy's colour, milky White*:
Woman, what groundless ground makes you, said they,
Becloud your brows in this fair scene of *Light*?
Alas, cry'd she, what *Light* can ever cheer
These eyes, whose *Lord* is laid I know not where!

156.

Her Springs here gush'd a fresh, and back she turn'd
To give their crouding streams full liberty:
But *Jesus's* heart, which melted, as she mourn'd,
And answered every Tear by sympathy;
Could let her *gentle Soul* suspended be
No longer in this anxious Agony.

157.

For hither He in nimble goodness stept,
That his dear *Weeper's* loyal eyes might see
Their earned Spectacle: and, *why she wept*
Was His soft Question, but blubber'd she,
Blinded wth grief, could not discover who
So courteously examined her *Wo*.

158.

Thus *Peter*, when he was discharged by
His guardian *Angel* from the gloomy Jail;
Could neither apprehend the Courtesy,
Nor who vouchsaf'd to be his wondrous Bail;
But though himself his freedom did enjoy,
His Soul's and Body's eyes close *Pris'ners* lay.

159.

She took Him for the *Gardner* of the Place,
And thus she sigh'd out her petition: Sir,
If you have hence remov'd the *Corps* which was
Interred here, O deign to tell me where
Your haste has thrown 't aside; and I will strait
For I at leisure am, upon it wait.

160.

Mine, mine shall be the care and cost to lay
That *Jewel* in some comely cabinet.
Thus pleaded She: nor did her Error stray
Quite from the truth; though 'twere her *Master*, yet
It was that *Gardner* too, who planted all
That grows about this universal Ball.

161.

That Gardner, who betimes a-weeding fell,
Ev'n in the virgin spring of His Creation :
Th' encroaching *Weeds*, which on the *heav'nly Hill*
Aspir'd to overgrow the *new Plantation*,
Up by the roots He pluck'd in righteous ire,
And threw them thence into *eternal Fire*.

162.

That Gardner, who His lower Nursery,
Planted on earth, vouchsaf'd to visit ; where
The pois'nous Sprouts of rank Impiety
He tore away ; and, with most matchless care,
To make the Soil prove Fertile, every Bed
Both with His *Sweat* and *Blood* He watered.

163.

That Gardner, who contented was to let
The *Thorns* upon His temples rather grow.
Than they should vex the *Grafts* which He had set
In His own *bodie's Stock* ; *that Gardner* who
Indeed had taken up, and born away
What in the *Tomb* until this morning lay.

164.

But pitying *Magd'len's* honest Sorrow, He
Whose single potent *Word* all Clouds can clear,
In *Love's mild Tone*,—the only *Musick* she
Could cordially relish,—treats her ear :
Yet His *Salute* was near as *short* as *sweet*,
For only by her *Name* He her did greet.

165.

Mary in *Mary's* ear no sooner sounded
From *Jesus's* Lips, but to her breast it flew,
And with incomparable joy rebounded
Upon her wakened heart : She straitway knew
The blessed *Voice*, and clearlyer by her ear
Than by her eye she saw her *Lord* was there.

166.

And sure her tender-temper'd Soul must now
Have split with swelling triumph, had not she
Unlockt it strait, and let it freely flow
In torrents of exultant Piety :
Her *Love*, her *Life*, her *Heav'n*, when least she
thought,
Were all *at once* to her fruition brought.

167.

Which sudden Onset of complete Delight
Most cruelly-delicious prov'd ; for She
Gasp'd and panted, and in joyous fright
Staring upon her strange felicity,
Cry'd *Master* : but no more ; *ecstatick Passion*
Quite stifled all her following Oration.

168.

Resolved therefore that her lips should now
Speak for her *Tongue's* Aposiopesis, she

Her self ambitiously prostrate threw
And aim'd her Kisses at His Feet : but He
Smiling reply'd, forbear to touch Me ; I
Have other bus'ness for thy Piety.

169.

No haste, sweet *Mary* ; my Ascension is
At ample distance yet ; and loving Thou
Hereafter may'st present thy zealous Kiss :
Go rather to My pensive *Brethren* now,
And let their Sorrow know that I intend
Up to our *common Father* to Ascend.

170.

At this Injunction *Mary* needs must go,
Who on the *Angel's* errand went before ;
And yet her loyal Heart could not do so,
But still behind would linger, to adore
Her *lost-found Lord* : whom that she ne'r again
Might loose, her *Soul* she to His *Feet* did chain.

171.

Thus with the News she went, which ravish'd she
A thousand times repeated by the way ;
And looked back as oft the place to see
Where, when she left it, still she made her stay.
So Bargemen struggle with the Tide, and though
They one way look, yet they another row.

172.

This *Message* startled His *Disciples* ; but
The *Hubbub* of the City mov'd them more :
For by the *Watchmen* now the *News* had got
Into the Town, and knock'd at every door :
The *Highpriests* roused at the summons, call
A *common Council* and to plotting fall.

173.

Their heads they beat, and bouted every way
How they their now endanger'd fame might save ;
What Mist might damp the *Resurrection's day*,
And stop the open mouth of *Jesus's Grave* :
They mused long, but could no trick contrive
How He who lived might not *seem to live*.

174.

For *Belzebub*, who us'd to have his Place
In all their Councils, tardy came that day ;
His new-received *Wound*, and deep *Disgrace*
Upon his vanquish'd heart with terror lay ;
Yet loth he was the *Highpriests' Malice* in
His own dear Trade of Spight should him outrun.

175.

He rais'd his head, and wiped off the gore :
Three times he sighed, and three times he shook
His broken head and horns ; and then he swore
By his own *Might and Realm*, that though the stroke
Took him at unawares, yet *Jesus* had
Howe'r He *brav'd it out*, no *Conquest* made.

176.

And, had He been, said he, a *generous fo*,
 He would have *pitch'd the day*, and *pitch'd the field* ;
 With *trumpets' sound* He would have marched to
 The fight, and not His sly Design *conceal'd* :
 He would have challeng'd Heav'n and Earth to be
 Spectators of His noble chevalry.

177.

But lying to His *fellow-thief*, that He
 Would meet him strait in Paradise ; by night
 He hither stole, and by base *burglary*
 Broke ope my doors : though We with open Might
 In our *brave battle* gave Him *fairer play*,
 Advancing in the face of *Heav'n and Day*.

178.

'Twas at the best but a *Surprise*, and He
 Can only brag He found me *too secure*.
 A fault, I grant ; but such a fault, as ye
 Can spy in none but those whose hearts assure
 Them that their Strength transcends the orb of fears.
 Let me but know 't, and come He when He dares.

179.

Here finding he could stretch his Tether to
Jerusalem ; lo all my *fiends*, he cry'd,
 You by this token instantly shall know
 How vain 's that *thievish Galilean's Pride*.
 The foolish *Carpenter* forgot His trade
 When He this *Chain* to bind great *Satan* made.

180.

This *wretched Chain* : which it shall serve to be
 The Tool of my Revenge ; for back will I
 To *Salem*, where my ripened Victory
 Attends my Coming ; never credit my
 Cunning or Power, if I these fetters lay
 Not on *His Subjects*, and hale home my Prey.

181.

His *goodly Doctrine* 'tis, that they must take
 His *yoke* upon their necks ; and for this once
 I care not if I patience have to make
 Them learn their *Lesson* ; that the fools from hence
 May be assured whether *I*, or *He*
 Who said *His yoke was light, most Lyar be*.

182.

Hell cheer'd by *Belzebub's* fresh courage, peep'd
 Forth from its timorous holes : when lo, its *King*
 To justify his lusty boasting, leap'd
 Up from his Den, and through Earth's bowels flung :
 But at his heels, besides his *Tail's* long train,
 He drew the longer volumes of his *Chain*.

183.

Then cloth'd in unsuspecting Air, into
 The *Sanhedrim* he slips, and takes his seat

Next to the plotting *Highpriest's* elbow : who
 Strait felt his brains with politick council beat.
 He little knew his *Prompter* was so near,
 Nor heard him when he whisper'd in his ear.

184.

So well he lik'd the *Plot* he had conceiv'd,
 That confidently smiling, *Sirs*, said he,
 Think not this Cheater's Art has Us bereav'd
 Of Council's safe Reserve : it must not be,
 Whilst in this Consistory you assist,
 Whilst *God is God*, and *Caiaphas* is *Priest*.

185.

Are We the *Men*, and these our *Brains*, which have
 So toss'd Him up and down ; first to His *Cross*,
 Then *out of Life*, and then *into His Grave* ?
 And should our wisdom now be at a loss !
 Or shall ignoble *Nazareth* outvy
 Our learned *Salem's* known Sagacity !

186.

Full strange I grant the *Soldiers' Story* is,
 As in their staring eyes and startled hair
 Our selves too evidently read : but this
 Doth only for our *Policy* prepare
More worthy matter, such as may befit
 The reverend *Sanhedrim's* profoundest Wit.

187.

To us this noble Task belongs : for why
 Should We whose sacred honor 'tis to sit
 In mighty *Moses's Chair*, not verify
 Our Title to our Power, by proving it
 On *Jannes's* and on *Jambres's Heir*, who thus
 Affronteth *Truth* and *Heavn's*, in daring *Us* ?

188.

Indeed I hetherto believed that
Magicians' Power with themselves had dy'd ;
 But since this one Example tells me what
 I ne'r could learn from all the World beside ;
 We must resolve, e'r it too rank be grown,
 This *Conjuration* to *conjure down*.

189.

If We to salve our Credit's Soar should find
 No Cunning's Balme, the *Romans* would deride
 That violent Zeal in which we all combin'd
 To get this *Galilean* crucify'd ;
 And *Pilate* o'r our Guilt would triumph that
 His *hands* he washed from this *bloody Blot*.

190.

Nay our own *Bandogs* too, the *wide-mouth'd Crew*,
 Whose shameless *Bawling* brought about our *Plot*,
 May turn their boistrous Throats at Us who blew
 Their Rage's coals : sure they will ne'r be got
 To serve us with a *Second Roar*, if in
 The *first* they learn that they have cheated been.

191.

My final Council therefore is, that We
From our own Purses raise our last Recruit.
Believe it, *Money's* of that Potency
That Miracles themselves cannot confute.
Sure you have not forgot how strange a feat
Poor *thirty silver pieces* wrought of late.

192.

And if that *silly Sum* so strongly wun
His own *Disciple's* heart ; compute what may
By fair well-limbed and fat *Bribes* be done
Upon this *mercenary Guard*, since they
Have no Relation, nor no Reason why
They should be tender to maintain a *Ly*.

193.

I say, a *Lye* : and if you scruple't, pray
Remember 'tis the way in which we went
When witness we suborn'd Him to destroy
Whom *Truth* could not impeach : but our *Intent*
You know, aim'd only to assert our *Law*,
And therefore then 'twas good ; and may be now.

194.

To you I speak who in our *Sacred Writ*
No Strangers are : you know what *Abraham* did,
And *Isaac* too, when Need exacted it
In *Gerar's* Court ; what *David* when he fled
To *Nob*, and *Gath* : and if *the Saints may ly*,
Who dares that Privilege to Us deny ?

195.

Yet let me say 't, *Self's* not so dear to me
That with the cost of one *Untruth* I'd buy
My Life's reprieve : but now we clearly see
Our whole *Religion* at the stake doth lie ;
Why should we by unthrifty Thrift be drawn
To loose *God's Truth*, that we may keep our own ?

196.

Fear not, sage *Brethren*, *God* Himself allows
These *Dispensations* : for otherwise
He in requital had not built an House
To shelter th' old *Egyptian Midwives' Lyes*.
Indeed to th' *People Truth* we preach ; for why,
Dull Souls, they know not when 'tis fit to *Ly*.

197.

Since then the *Soldiers' Mouths* no less are ope
Than *Jesus's Grave*, the surest course will be
Them with the *thickest stiffest Clay* to stop ;
This is the only Bung and Seal which we
Can clap upon them : and you need not doubt
That *Truth* will ever through this Dam burst out.

198.

We'l bid them say, and if need urge them, *swear*,
That whilst their tedious Watching made them nod,

His *Scholars*, who in ready ambush were,
Favour'd by silent Night, the boldness had
To take their *Master's Corps* away by theft,
Though they the shroud in craft behind them left.

199.

To them our Promise too we'l pawn, that we
Will blanch the bus'ness so with *Pilate*, as
To shield them from his frown : plain Equity
Indeed ingageth us to make their case
Our own, and with some *forgery* defend
Those who by *Lyes* our Laws and Us befriend.

200.

When thus their cheating *Oracle* had spoke ;
His Council highly pleas'd, and every one
Into Applause and Acclamation broke
In glad presumption that the *Feat was done*.
In were the *Soldiers* call'd again, and told
What they must do ; and forthwith shew'd the *Gold*.

201.

As when their *Mirrors* cunning *Fowlers* set,
Whose gaudy lustre plays about the air ;
The silly *Birds* regardless of the Net,
Are suddenly inamor'd of those fair
But fatally-insidious Baits, and fly
With chirping joy to their captivity :

202.

So by the *Gold's* enchanting splendor They
Tickled and ravish'd, gladly undertake
Their cursed Task ; and snatching up their Pay,
Into the Streets with *full-mouth'd Lyes* they break,
Railing, and *banning His Disciples* for
Their *stealing Jesus* from His Sepulchre.

203.

'Twas not one quarter of an hour, that we
Borrow'd to ease our heavy eyes ; and yet
So dextrous were they in their *Thievery*,
They catch'd that very cue to compass it.
Let all, they cry'd, who long complete to be
In *Pilfering*, go to School in *Galilee*.

204.

The *credulous Vulgar*, without more ado
Imbrac'd the *News*, and spread it all abroad,
And still that *Slander* has the luck to go
Current among the *Jews* ; who though to *God*,
The *God of Truth*, they will no Credit give,
These *hired Lyars* readily believe.

205.

And time may come, when *Albion's* woful eye
Shall see this *Madness* plainly copied out ;
When *Lyes alone* shall be adored by
The strange wild Faith of its *plebian Rout* ;
Who sooner will believe what *Soldiers* preach,
Than what ev'n *Angels* or *Apostles* teach.

206.

But as the timorous *Disciples* now
In cautious *Privacy's* dark nest lay hid ;
Their tender *Master* so contrived how
To manifest His *Risen Self*: indeed
In *Galilee* He promis'd to appear,
But He cannot their Joy so long defer.

207.

He with His Company an *holy Pair*
Had at *Emmaus* entertain'd to day ;
Where, as He brake the *sacred Bread*, He tare
From their beclouded eyes the veil away :
And with like favour now He hastes to cheer
His sad and thoughtful *Friends* assembled here.

208.

Here, where the Doors all being made as fast
As locks and bars and fear could charm them ; He
Whose sprightly Body through His tomb had past,
Entred the house with like facility.
They *slander'd* were abroad for stealing Him,
But now He *truly steals at home on Them*,

209.

Yet, as excessive unexpected Bliss
Swallows up dazell'd Faith in Ravishment ;
So His *Disciples* all amaz'd at this
Strange *Apparition*, mutually bent
Their frighted eyes, and held their hands on high,
Confounded in a silent Ecstasy.

210.

But *Comfort's King* unlocking then His sweet
And gracious Lips, *Peace be among you*, said ;
My *Promise* I in love prevent ; O let
Not *Love* by being *wing'd*, make you afraid :
'Tis I, 'tis I ; observe you not these wide
Tokens both in my *Hands* and *Feet* and *Side* ?

211.

Why fancy you, that you some *Spirit* see ?
These *Mouths* proclaim as much as I profess :
You know a *Spirit* cannot wounded be,
Nor wear such Marks of *humane Passiveness*.
Come handle Me, and be assured well
If not of what you see, of what you feel.

212.

But this Probation shin'd so fully, that
It struck their Apprehension blind : away
The mighty Torrent snatch'd their thoughts, and shot
Them all into the gulf of *trembling Joy*.
Thus those who gaze on *Phebus*, cannot see
Him for his *too much Visibility*.

213.

So strange a thing's faint *Hope*, if unawares
It be surpris'd by full *Fruition*, that

In fond ambiguous Jealousy, it bars
Out what it do's possess ; and aiming at
Some proofs of what is absolutely clear,
Transfigureth it self from *Hope* to *Fear*.

214.

But *Jesus*, their amazement to allay,
Grew more familiar, and call'd for *Meat* :
And of a *Fish* and *Honycomb*, which they
Present Him with, disdaineth not to eat.
Though *Paradise* its Sweets for Him prepar'd,
He this *plain Diet* with His *friends* preferr'd.

215.

('Tis not the costly Taste of far-fetch'd Fare,
Nor all the Kitchen's aromattick Art,
That can embrace the Relish of the Cheer
To entertain the Palate of the Heart.
Friends friends alone make Feasts indeed ; whose
meats
Though coarse, their sauce flows with the soul of
sweets.)

216.

Then kindly angry He to *Chiding* fell
That all this while their *Doubt* would not repent,
Though of His Resurrection's Miracle
He by eye-witness frequent Proof had sent.
He Chode ; but with such rare and dainty art,
That every Wound He made, was with *Love's Dart*.

217.

This done ; His *Peace* to them again He gave ;
That *Peace* He purchas'd when He trampled down
Hell into Hell, and *Death into the Grave* :
When He seren'd His *Father's* gloomy *Frown* ;
When *Heav'n* and *Earth's* wide *Disagreement* He
Clos'd up, and chang'd to blessed *Amity*.

218.

Then breathing on Them with that noble *Breath*
Which kindled Life's first Spark in Humane Heart ;
The dearest *Gift*, said He, which ever hath
To Man been deign'd, I here to you impart :
'Tis *Heav'n's all-holy Spirit*, which shall now
With mighty fervor in your bosoms glow.

219.

Henceforth, whose *Sins* soever You *Remit*,
By this *great Patent* I My self *Forgive* ;
And whom you *Bind* to Death's infernal Pit,
They from your *Doom* shall purchase no *Reprieve*.
As *Me* My *Father* sent, so send I you
To be My potent *Deputies* below.

220.

This said ; into *Invisibility*
He shut His *Bodie's* looks, and so withdrew.
Yet They on *Love's* wings Him persu'd, and by
Faith's Perspective still kept their *Joy* in view ;
Ten thousand blessings powring on His *Name*
Who drown'd their *Sorrow's* flood in *Comfort's* stream.

221.

But *Thomas*, who mean time was step'd aside,
 Returning now ; they met him at the door
 Shouting into his ears the News's tide ;
 Their *Lord's* great *Promises* they o'r and o'r
 With every Circumstance at large repeat,
 And how He shew'd His *Wounds*, and how He *Eat*.

222.

Thomas amaz'd at their Relation, stood
 Staring a while, and musing what to say
 In opposition of that swelling flood
 Of most *unanimous Confidence*, which they
 Stream'd forth upon his *Incredulity* ;
 At last he stamp'd, and cry'd, *It cannot be*.

223.

Indeed the foul-mouth'd *Souldiers* rave, and cry
 That We have stoll'n our *Master* from His *Grave* ;
 Perhaps, to shelter their own *Theft*, and by
 Calumniating Us, Themselves to save.
 But can bold *Death* repent, and free Him whom
 She held close Pris'n'er in a rocky *Tomb* ?

224.

I grant your *Fancy* may do much, and you
 Perchance imagin all is true you say ;
 But *Sirs*, is 't reason my *Belief* should bow
 To your *Imaginations* ? you may
 By *Probabilities* persuade me far ;
 But I no glimpse of them discover here.

225.

I am not so much *wiser* now at *Night*
 Than I was in the *Morn*, as to admit
 What then to your own *Prudence* seem'd so slight
 That you no less than I rejected it :
 Why must it *real* prove in *you*, which all
 Of Us in *Magdalen* judg'd *Fantastical* !

226.

When with *these Eyes* those *Wounds* I have descry'd,
 And div'd my *Finger* where the *Nails* went through :
 When I have thrust my *Hand* into His *Side*,
 And felt that in it no *Impostures* grow ;
 I of your mind may be : at present give
 Me leave *not at a venture to Believe*.

227.

At least let 's sleep on 't first ; a good night's *Rest*
 May wake and cheer up our *Consideration* :
 We better may the *Day*, than *Darkness* trust
 With so abstruse a *Mystery's* *Probation*.
 Or if you be in haste, yet grant that *They*
 Who would be sure, may soberly delay.

228.

(Thus *Heav'n* in *Love* and *Wisdom* thought it fit
 To let thick *Clouds* of *Doubt* objected be

Before the *Resurrection's Truth*, that it
 Might fairer break from that *Obscurity* ;
 And pierce all *Hearts of cold and faithless Stone*
 As it the *Marble of the Tomb* had done.)

229.

Eight days in this imprudent *Prudence* he
 Lay petrify'd : when lo, again their *Lord*
 Through all their lock'd and bolted *Privacy*
 To them His *Presence* pleased to afford :
 Whose *sprightful Coming*, though it made them start,
 Perplex'd not as at first their roused heart.

230.

But *Thomas*, unto whom the *Sight* was new,
 Afflicted stood with *quaking Joy and Fear* :
 His *Master's* matchless *Looks* he plainly knew,
 And yet his *fancies* odd and anxious were :
 He blush'd, and then grew pale, and blush'd again,
 And gave *cross Passions* at once the rein.

231.

When *Jesus* saw him on this dainty rack
 Tort'ring his shamed *Soul* ; *Draw near*, He said,
 And thine own *Satisfaction* freely take ;
 Lo here My *Wounds* before thine *Eyes* display :
 Repierce thou them ; 'twill not be so much grief,
 As to be wounded by thy *Unbelief*.

232.

This *Condescent* so conquer'd *Thomas's* heart,
 That full *Assurance* threw him on his knees,
 And thus he cry'd : *My God and Lord Thou art* ;
 Not only by those *wide-mouth'd Witnesses*
 Thy *Servant* is convinc'd, but also by
 The *Heav'nly Sweetness* of Thy *Lenity*.

233.

I find that Thou eight days ago wert here
 When foolish I so faithlessly was wise ;
 Thou heard'st my obstinate *Distrust* outdare
 The pregnant *Witness* of my *fellows' eyes*.
 Thou heard'st what bold *Conditions* I set
 Before my faith their *Story* should admit.

234.

O I *believe* dear *Lord*, and ready am
 Thy *Wounds* to answer, and the like to bear
 In spreading forth the glories of Thy *Name*
 About the furthest *Worlds* as well as here :
 Pardon my *tardy faith* ; it doth suffice
 That I have felt those *Tokens* with mine eyes.

235.

I see, I see, and my *Beatitude*
 Doth in this noble *Vision* consist :
 see my *God* ; and though my *Thoughts* were rude
 Before, and stubborn ; melted now, their best
 And humblest *Adoration*, *Jesus*, they
 At Thy dear feet most penitently lay.

236.

His *Lord* reply'd : Thou build'st thy faith upon
Thine *eyes* ; (and happy 'tis thou canst do so :)
But in how full a Stream shall *Blessings* run
Into their pliant docil Bosoms, who
Ne'r saw these deep-writ Characters, and yet
Shall to the Credit of their Truth submit !

237.

This said, He stepp'd into His *Secresy*,
And vanish'd from their wondering sight ; but yet
With frequent love returned to their eye
As His divinely-wisest self thought fit :
Yet with most eminence on *Tabor's Hill*,
A comely Scene for that high Spectacle.

238.

But not *transfigur'd*, as before ; for now
His proper shape was radiant Majesty :
From *dull* and *mortal Dross* refin'd, you know,
Out of His *Tomb* He sprang ; nor needed He
That *Heav'n* should ope its mouth to trumpet forth
A Testimony of His splendid Worth.

239.

This was that *solemn Apparition* He
On *Easter Morn* by *Mary* promised,
That this appointed Theatre might be
With plenty of Spectators furnished :
And so it was ; for His Disciples thither
Five hundred trusty friends had brought together.

240.

When lo their *Hopes* they met upon the Mount,
And more, much more, than their *Ambition's* aim :
For *Jesus* op'd His lips, and let the *fount*
Of potent Sweetness liberally stream ;
Which in the chanel of these Words upon
The Heads and Hearts of His *Disciples* ran :

241.

The *Nerves* and *Sinews* of all *Power* and *Might*
Which branch through *Heav'n* and *Earth* so far and wide,
Here in this single *Hand* of Mine unite,
And to My *royal Will* alone are ty'd ;
By virtue of which *Sovereignty* I
Commit to you *complete Authority*.

242.

Go take your *Charge* ; whose noble bounds I make
Coequal with the *World's* : My *Gospel* preach
To every *Soul*, whose Bliss to reach them back,
I on the cursed *Cross* My self did stretch ;
That in as large a *Circle* as the *Sun*
The more illustrious *Beams of Grace* may run.

243.

Whoe'r despiseth your *great News*, and *You*,
Shall answer with his Life that high Disdain,

And find his flaming Punishment below
In *Desperation's* everburning Pain :
But He who to *your faith his own* shall give,
As long 's that other *Dying* is, shall *Live*.

244.

Live, and in Life's own dearest bosom, where
All *Joy*s and *Blisses* have their habitation ;
Where no intrusion of Storms can tear
The gentle Calm of absolute *Salvation* :
Where his *fruition* shall as far transcend
As here his *faith*, all he can comprehend.

245.

Nor shall his Glory only *future* be ;
Miraculous Power shall *here* on him attend ;
Upon the stoutest boldest *Devils* he
Shall invoke My *Name*, and make them bend :
From humane breasts his Word shall them expel,
And force them howling home unto their Hell.

246.

Babel's Confusion shall not him confound,
But every *Tongue* on his distinctly dwell
That he My *Gospel* freely may resound,
And *every Ear* with plain *Salvation* fill ;
I who created it, as eas'y can
With *Words* as *Meat*, supply the *Mouth of Man*.

247.

In vain shall Scorpions bite him, and in vain
Shall Adders sting him ; he as certainly
Over all Serpents here on earth shall gain
As over *Hell's foul Dragon*, victory :
By those *mysterious Stings* which I endured,
He from their dangerous dint shall be secured.

248.

In vain shall *Poison* steal into his cup
An ambush for his life to lay ; for he
Cannot, though *Basilisks' galls* he drinketh up,
Or *Sodom's Lake*, a prey to *Venome* be :
That *Cup* which on My *Cross* I drank shall make
Wholsome to him what ever *Draughts* he take.

249.

More *Virtue* than in Plants could ever grow,
Shall flourish in his Hand ; the World shall see
Those whom on desperate Beds Diseases throw,
Thence into Health rebound, if once they be
But *touch'd* by *him* whose faith on *Me* relies :
The *grand Physician of all Maladies*.

250.

But his *Initiation* must be
By being *washed* in the potent *Name*
Of *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost* ; that He
His orthodox Devotion right may aim ;
Remembering he by *Baptism* unto none
Was consecrated, but the *triple One*.

251.

So spake their mighty *Lord*; and then withdrew
Himself to let them feed and feast upon
These Heav'nly Privileges He granted now
To Earth, by faithful Meditation.

Right dear He knew His *Presence* was, and yet
He by Retiring more endeared it.

252.

The tender *Lover* thus with dainty art
From his *more precious Self* sometimes retires;
Alas not that he willing is to Part,
But that more near Conjunction he desires;
For love in Absence oft most Present is,
And her soft Knot by Distance closer ties.

253.

But now the signal Time was come, when He
Who cheer'd the *Earth* for forty days with His
Bright *Apparitions*, meant that *Heav'n* should be
Embellish'd with His glorious *Access*;

That as Himself He nobly *raised* hither,
So He might reach His *Resurrection* thither.

254.

His precious *Consorts* now again He met;
And then, as loth ev'n unto Heav'n to go
From their Society, to *Olivet*
He walk'd them on with kind Discourse: When lo,
Upon the mountain's top arrived, He
Began in *Tone* and *Aspect* chang'd to be.

255.

Stir not, said He, from *Salem*, but attend
The *Father's Promise* pawn'd to you by Me:
That *Baptism*, whose strange Virtues far transcend
John's poor and frigid Institution; He
Baptiz'd with *Water*, but your Baptism shall
In Heav'n's sweet *Spirit of fire* immerge you all.

256.

Erected at this solemn Item, They
Fancy'd no less than Crowns and Scepters: yet
Their erring Thoughts below the *Promise* lay,
Hankring in Earth's dull sphere, and reaching at
No more than what too worthless was for *Him*
Their great *Ascendent Lord* to leave to them.

257.

We know, said they, that *Israel's* sacred *Crown*
Is due to Thy sole Head, most fit for it:
Is this the Time dear *Lord* when Thou wilt own
And make Thy *Title* good? Shall we now sit
On our inferior Thrones before Thy feet,
And to the Tribes of *Israel* judgment meet?

258.

(Long Journeys thus when prudent Parents take,
Though they their shiftless Babes their Blessing leave,

And for their maint'nance fair provision make;
The fond dull-hearted Children further crave
Some silly trifling Boon, or baby Toy,
Follie's delight, and Wantonesses' joy.)

259.

Jesus, who at His parting could not chide,
Passing their gross and secular fancies by,
With true parental Gentleness reply'd:
Those *Times* and *Seasons* which inshrined lie
In *God's* own cabinet, too mystick be
For you to dive into their Privacy.

260.

Yet Courage, O my *friends!* for clearly you
Ten thousand other *Mysteries* shall see,
By that bright *Spirit's* light which down shall flow
On all your heads: Your Glory then shall be
To go as *Heralds*, and My royal Name
Through every Quarter of My World proclaim.

261.

This said; to Heav'n three times His eyes He cast;
Which thence as oft recoiled back upon
His deep-amused *Darlings*: yet at last
Remembering He could both be *here* and *gone*,
His mighty voyage He resolv'd to make,
And His *Disciples* leave, but not forsake.

262.

Hast thou not seen the glittering *Spark* Ascend
With natural Lightness to its proper sphere?
So glorious He, now having put an end
To all His sweet and blessed Business here;
Upon the Wings of His own *Purity*
Began to mount up to His *native sky*.

263.

They started at the sight, and both with eyes
And hands flung up in sudden fearful Joy,
Labour'd to trace His wonderous Path, and rise
After their *towering Lord*, who flew away
With all their hearts: When lo they spy'd a *Cloud*
'Gin 'twixt their *Ecstasy* and *Him* to croud.

264.

It crouded on apace, for fear to miss
That honor which its gloomy cheeks would gild
With more refin'd celestial Statelyness
That on *Serenity's* brisk forehead smil'd.
So fast it crouded, that the tired *Wind*
Which would have born it, puffing came behind.

265.

All other *Clouds* which her Prerogative saw
Grew black with Grief, and melted into tears:
Forthwith the *Welkin* clear'd her dainty brow,
Whilst pleasant *Day* with open eyes prepares
Her *Admiration* to gaze upon
The motion of a fairer sweeter *Sun*.

266.

But then this *Meteor* her soft shoulders bent,
 And meekly stooped to her *Maker's feet* ;
 Her pliant Volumes gathered close, and went
 Into the fashion of a Princely Seat ;
 That in a seemly Chariot *Jesus* might
 Take to His Throne His *most triumphant Flight*.

267.

The Golden Coach inchas'd with *eastern Gems*
 And burnished with *living Fire*, wherein
 Great *Phebus* in his brightest glory swims
 Through Heav'n's high chanel, never yet could shine
 With such clear credit, as this *Chariot* which
God's own enshrined Beauties here enrich.

268.

All other *Clouds* at every busy *Wind's*
 Shrill whistle, in this nether troubled sky
 Are fain wildly to rove : this only finds
 An undisturbed passage fair and high,
 And strait to heav'n's illustrious Ceeling hastes
 Without the helping wheels of any Blasts.

269.

For since at first she by the courtesy
 Of heav'n's less potent *Sun* impowred was
 To rise from earth with trowing levity ;
 No wonder She can now more briskly pass
 Through all the Air's sublimest stories, when
 She on her shoulders bears the *Sun's own Sun*.

270.

Earth was indebted to those *Clouds*, till now
 Which op'd *Heav'n's Pantry*, and rain'd *Manna* down ;
 But *This* full Pay doth to the Spheres allow,
 Which to the *Angels* beareth home their own
Diviner Bread, and by restoring more
 Than *Earth* received, *nobly quits the score*.

271.

That *Israel-conducting Cloud* which through
 The tedious *Desert's* windings mannaged
 So patient a *Pilgrimage*, must bow
 Its famous head to *This* : that only led
 The way to *earthly Canaan*, but *this*
 The gallant Convoy to the *heav'nly* is.

272.

As *Jesus* thus soard through the Air, He saw
 The Treasuries of every kind of Weather,
 Of fair, of foul, of Rain, of Hail, of Snow ;
 Which did their homage to their *Prince* as thither
 His coach arriv'd : He bad them gently fall
 Upon His Earth, and kindly blest them all.

273.

So did He too, that sweetly-loyal *Quire*
 Of *Larks*, which with applauding Songs and Wings

In delicate attendance did aspire
 After His *mounting Train* : Go gentle Things
 Said He, go rest your weary pinions ; I
 My other *Choristers* approaching spy.

274.

Lo, at the word, the *winged Legions*, who
 Flutter about the everlasting Sphere,
 And on the great *Creator's* errands go
 Throughout His World, appeared hovering there :
 Great was their number, and their glory great
 If they with *Jesus's* lustre had not met.

275.

Before His *Feet* their *Heads* made haste to bow,
 Press'd down with sweet *extremities of joy* ;
 That they without a *Vail's* assistance now
 His eyes' full Bliss might read, which till to day
 Lay hid to them in *too much light* ; but here
 Dressed in *humane mitigation* were.

276.

For though *some* of their *Quire* had long before
 Enjoy'd the happy privilege to see
 His *theanthropick Face* ; though *All* did poure
 Their high Applause on His *Nativity* ;
 This was the hour which Heav'n's *whole Host* at once
 Freely to view their *General* did advance.

277.

A dainty and long-study'd Song they had
 Prepar'd and tuned to a gentle Key :
 But this excessive Sight of Sweetness made
 Their *Acclamations* correspondent be :
 Their Wings and Hands aloud they clap'd, and rent
 With louder *Pæans* all the *Element*.

278.

But marking then His bright *Retinue*, which
 About Him shin'd like His *reflected Raies* ;
 They hug'd their *new Acquaintance*, since in each
 Ingenuous face they read their *Sovereign's Praise* ;
 For *Gratitude* had deep imprinted there
 Their glorious *Redemption's Character*.

279.

These were those holy *Souls* who long had lain
 At anchor in great *Abraham's Bay*, and there
 Looked and longed when their *Lord* would deign
 Them to their final Port of rest to steer ;
 To chase their *Mists* and *Shades* with His own Ray,
 And turn their *doubtful Dawn* to *Highnoon Day*.

280.

Abraham himself march'd in the head of them,
 And glittered with a *choise* and *leading Grace* ;
Prophets were rank'd, and *Patriarchs* next to *Him*
 Each in their proper dignity and place :
 Then every *Saint* in order follow'd, who
 Ventur'd in His hard Steps on earth to go.

281.

Their *Charges* many *Guardian Angels* saw,
And highly triumph'd to behold them there :
So when the Bark which long hath labour'd through
The Sea's proud Anger, to the Hav'n draws near,
The *Pilot's* eyes and heart with joy are fill'd
No less than with the Winds his Sails are swell'd.

282.

But all the *Host* beheld a fair Recruit
Of their own Regiments, which robbed were
When sullen *Pride*, presuming to dispute
With *God*, in heav'n's campania waged War,
And many *Empyraean Tapers* fell
From *Blisse's Day* into the *Night of Hell*.

283.

Yet greater Torrents of Delight were they
Which through the æstuating bosoms ran
Of all those *Saints*, to see themselves to day
To *Glory's Sovereign* so near of kin.
They envy not the *Angels'* radiant Dresses,
Nor wish their silver Wings, or golden Tresses.

284.

O no! they thank their *mean Original*,
And pour applause on their poor *Dust and Clay* :
Their *Shame's* their *Honor* ; nor would they for all
The World not have been *Worms*, since mortal they
Have by their Vileness gain'd the best of Worth,
Affinity with Heav'n ev'n by their *Earth*.

285.

And that their Triumph might be sweetned by
Harmonious Joy, amidst the *Masculine Troop*
Great *David* let his learned fingers fly
About his *Harp*, and beat those Accents up
Which *Miriam's Timbril* echoed from among
Her softer Company, the *Female Throng*.

286.

But now the *Brightness* too excessive grew
For that faint *Cloud* its mighty flames to bear :
And nothing that did like a Shadow shew
In open *Glory's* Substance might appear :
As all the *Types* before were cleared, so
The *Cloud* must be content to vanish too.

287.

Here *Jesus* her dismiss'd. When lo a Croud
Of *Seraphs* in ambition of her place
With humble pride su'd to His foot, and bow'd
Their youthful shoulders, that their *Lord* might pass
To heav'n upon the *best of heav'n*, and be
Drawn to His Throne in *comely Majesty*.

288.

Then *Michael* flourishing the *Standard*, which
With conquer'd *Death's* and *Hell's* heart-blood was red,

And *charged* with the *Cross*, began to stretch
It toward heav'n, and forward fluttered.
In this Array the Triumph marched on,
Abashing *Day*, and dazelling the *Sun*.

289.

Thus He who lately that *Procession* went
Where cruel *Spight* and *Scorn* did Him attend,
When He through *Salem's* streets was kick'd and rent,
And through a *thousand Deaths* hal'd to His *End* ;
Is now requited by a *March*, whose *Glory*
Gilds those *Disgraces* of His *Passion's Story*.

290.

As to the Confines of the spheres they drew,
His *Harp* and *Voice* their *Chanter* strein'd as high
That ancient *Song of Honor* to renew,
Which he had in prophetick Ecstasy
Turn'd to a special and illustrious Lay,
And sung aforehand to this *noble Day*.

291.

Eternal *Gates of heav'n*, said he, lift up
Your cheerly *heads*, and know your *Holyday* ;
As mine is now, so let your mouths be ope
To entertain our universal *Joy* :
'Tis *Glory's*, *Glory's native King*, who home
To bring *That* and the *sweeter Heav'n* is come.

292.

'Tis *War's approved Prince*, whose matchless strength
Hath trode down our and your fell *enemies* :
Read but His *Banner*, where are writ at length
The *ruby Tokens* of His *Victories*.
Ope, ope, as wide 's your heav'n can give you leave,
And *Him much greater than all it*, receive.

293.

The *crystal Doors* no sooner heard the *Song*,
But in obedient gladness echoed it ;
Their everlasting Bars aside they flung,
And their resplendent Portals open set :
Strait through the mighty Gap a *Flood of Gold*
Soft as the locks of *Phebus* downward roll'd.

294.

With that the *Musick of the Spheres* burst out,
Pouring a Deluge of soul-ravishing *Layes* :
With which a while though *David's* fingers fought,
His mortal strings so high he could not raise ;
My Harp must yield, he cry'd, but yet my *Heart*
Shall in your loftiest Accents bear her part.

295.

Indeed those *Airs* are so refin'd, that none
But purest *Hearts' spiritual Strings* can be
Stretch'd to their *chords' full compass* : this alone
That *Consort* is, to which the *Melody*
You with the Name of *Musick* honor here,
Is only learned *Gratings of the ear*.

296.

Thus to the silver Orbs they came : when lo
The *Stars* all trip'd about, and danc'd for joy ;
And as his Sphere the *Triumph* enter'd, to
His *Lord* right meekly *Sol* resign'd the *Day* ;
His *brighter Lord*, from whose original Beam
He takes his *Light* as all the *Stars* from Him.

297.

But yet these gorgeous Stages only were
The fairly paved *Way* and *Stairs*, which led
Up to that fairer larger Palace, where
Dwells *Light* and *Life*, and *Bliss*, and *Heav'n* indeed :
And therefore *Jesus* through all these made haste,
And only blest and gilt them as He past.

298.

When to the Crest of His Creation He
Was now arriv'd, and saw the World below ;
The mighty Gate of pure *Felicity*
It self before its *Sovereign* open threw :
Of *living Glories* strait appear'd a *Sea*
Girt in no *shoars* but clear *Immensity*.

299.

What pompous *Powers of Ravishment* were here,
What delicate *Extremities of Pleasure* !
Th' unworthy Parallel injurious were
By *earthly Paradise* if we should measure
These *everlasting Sweets*, of whose Abyss
All *Eden's Dainties* not the *Shadow* is.

300.

For never did the sharpest pointed Eye
Which sparkled in the head or heart of Man
Such *Miracles of Suavity* descry,
As all about these splendid Regions ran ;
Chanting those *Tunes of Bliss* no mortal ear
Hath any capability to hear.

301.

And all these *Gallantries* enhanced now
Their Excellence in most excessive Joy ;
That this *great Hour* was come which would allow
Them freedom their ambitious selves to lay
In His triumphant Path, and nobler be
By waiting on *His* sweeter Majesty.

302.

But through these vast *Expansions* as He went,
Lo His Almighty *Father* came to meet Him :
O *Psyche* hadst thou seen that *Complement*
Of *boundless Love* with which He there did greet Him ;
The Spectacle for ever thee had blest,
And more than heav'n diffused in thy breast.

303.

Unfathomable Streams of *Jubilation*
Attended on *Him*, bearing up His Train ;

A Flood of most excessive *Gratulation*
Before *Him* roll'd ; but O how sovereign
Was that impatient *Infinity*
Of *Complacence* which issued from His Eye !

304.

On 's *Son's* bright neck his radiant *Arms* He threw,
And seal'd His lips with an enamor'd *Kiss* :
His yearning *bosom* then wide open flew
(That *Home* and *Center of eternal Bliss* ;)
To bid Him welcome to that daintiest bed
In which He us'd of old to rest His head.

305.

Come, come, said He, no more to part from hence ;
My highest *Will* Thou hast completely done,
And by Perfection of *Obedience*
Approv'd Thy worthy Self *My only Son*.
Eternity shall entertain Thee, and
For Thy dear sake *Those* who about Thee stand.

306.

Henceforth I can behold *My World below*
With comfort, which before displeas'd Mine eye ;
For all its *blots* and *stains*, and *horrors* Thou
Hast nobly turned into *Purity* :
It shineth now, wash'd by the liberal Flood
Of Thine illustrious all-cleansing *Blood*.

307.

I see Thy *Wounds* ; and I observ'd the Shame
With which they were *engrav'd* on Thee ; but now
With *never-dying Lustre* they shall flame,
And on their *Gravers* one day *Terror* throw ;
When guilty they again shall view these *Scars*
Thou purchasedst in *Love's and Mercy's Wars*.

308.

The *Father* so : But then the *Holy Ghost*
Who hand in hand along with Him was come,
Renewed His *applauding Joy* ; whilst most
Mysterious Emanations issuing, from
His *breast*, *Love's Living Spring*, flow'd full upon
The welcome face of *Heav'n's returned Son*.

309.

The surplusage of which Effusion, spread
Its aromattick preciousness about,
And with its bounteous Tide replenished
Th' enobled Hearts of *Them* whom *Jesus* brought
In triumph thither, evermore to be
The glorious *Captives to Felicity*.

310.

This *Salutation* done : Heav'n's *Trumpets* sounded :
Whose gallant Noise, with equal Majesty
That *Hill of all Sublimity* rebounded,
To which this *more than royal Company*
Hastned their pompous March, and strait gat up
To clear *Beatitude's* and *Honor's Top*.

311.

Three radiant Chairs of awful beauty there
Stand founded on secure *Eternity*;
Which with such *mystick art* united are
That 'tis intirely *One*, as well as *Three*;
Three equal and distinguish'd Seats, yet one
Essential and everlasting Throne.

312.

Down in the *midst the Father sate*, and on
His *left hand* His all-quickning *Spirit*; but
He at His *right* enthron'd His *mighty Son*;
On whose fair Temples He rejoicing put
A *Wreath of Glories*, to requite those *Scorns*
And *Pains* they ware with their late *Crown of Thorns*.

313.

The *ignominy* of His feeble *Reed*
With *solid Dignity* to recompence,
Into His right Hand He delivered
A *Scepter* temper'd of *Omnipotence*;
And then erected high before His face
His *fairer Cross* upon a diamond Base.

314.

As thus He mounted sate on *Triumph's Crown*,
The *Peers* of that illustrious *Kingdom* came
And at His *feet* their Coronets threw down
In loyal homage, and themselves with them;
Begging His leave that their unworthy *Tongues*
Might with His *royal Name* enrich their *Songs*.

315.

The *gracious King* (who knew no *Praise* could add
To His enthroned *Self*; but that the *Bliss*
Would be their own alone, who to their *God*
Offer'd encomiastick *Sacrifice*;)
To ease and crown their gravid *Piety*
Grants their Request by His assenting *Eye*.

316.

Forthwith an *Anthem of ecstatick Praise*
Broke from their lips and Heav'n's roof nobly beat:
This brave Example spur'd the *Saints* to raise
Their highest Tunes, and mingle in that sweet
Deluge of Triumphs their *Applauses*, which
Must flow as far's *Eternity* can reach.

317.

But His *Disciples, Psyche*, all this while
Follow'd Him with their eyes: for loth they were
To let the interposing *Cloud* beguile
Their Looks' sharp Hunger; nor could they forbear
Their *Gazing* still, in hopes their *Sun* might break
This *Veil* at length, and they *free prospect* take.

318.

When lo, two *Angels* all array'd in *Snow*
A *courteous check* thus to their Error gave:

Your Eyes in vain why do you upward throw?
What mean your ignorant staring Hopes, to crave
A sight of Him who's towred higher far
Above the Cloud than you *beneath* it are?

319.

He on His *Heav'nly throne* is pitch'd, and you
Must wait, till thence He thinks it fit to rise:
'Twill not be long e'er He vouchsafe to show
To yours and all the World's His royal Eyes;
And, as His journey hence He pleas'd to take,
So on the *shoulders of a Cloud* ride back.

320.

Which said: the *Angels* posted home to share
In their new *festival* above: and they
Convinced by that *Item*, yielding were
Back to *Jerusalem* to take their way;
But as their eyes returned to the ground
The *final footsteps* of their *Lord* they found.

321.

And so may thy Affection too, for lo
The precious *Characters* still here remain;
The *trusty Earth* would never let them go,
Nor durst desire to smooth her face again,
Which by these *Prints* was so embellish'd that
Her self to be the *World's Base* she forgot.

322.

These dear *Impressions* his *Disciples* kisst,
And taking so their leave, to *Salem* went;
Full little thinking that the simple *Dust*
In keeping them would prove so diligent,
That neither *Winds* nor *Storms* should them deface,
Nor pious *Pilgrims* bear them from the place.

323.

A thousand greedy *Hands* their zeal have fill'd
With this most *privileg'd Earth*, and held it more
Golden than all the *glistering Sand* which swell'd
The fame of *Ganges* or of *Indus's* shoar;
Yet still the *faithful Dust* with nimble care
Supply'd and kept intire each *Character*.

324.

Nay when that Time shall come, as come it will,
When *Christian Piety* shall courage take
To rear a Temple on this sacred *Hill*;
Proof of their *holyer Worth* these *Steps* shall make.
Refusing to forget the *Honor* they
Were sealed with upon *Ascension Day*.

325.

Back will they kick into the Workman's face
All his *entrenching Stones*, as oft as he
With pavement's smoothness strives to trim the place,
And injure with his *earthly decency*
Their *Heav'nly beauty*; yea though he with more
Than Gold, or Pearls, or Gems should court the floor.

326.

Nor shall he with his strongest *Roof* forbid
 Their *prospect* towards His celestial Seat
 Who stamp'd them here : their Eyes will know no Lid,
 But make the beams recoil, the spars retreat,
 And never suffer bold *Concameration*
 To dam the way of *Jesus's Exaltation*.

327.

Thus *Psyche*, have I made thee trace thy *Lord*
 To His *last footsteps* through a thousand ways
 With Mercy strew'd, and justify'd my word.
 Thou seest what *Countermures* He deign'd to raise
 Against *Sin's Batteries* ; nor need'st thou fear
Hell's Spight, now *Heav'n* thus arms thee for the War.

328.

For surely it transcends all fancie's reach
 To think ev'n what *Desire* could further do ;
 And these are those *divine Exploits* by which
 His causeless foes thy *Spouse* contriv'd to woo :
 Who signally deserves *all Love*, since He
 Has prov'd His great *Self nothing else to be*.

329.

Nor durst I doubt, but thine own heart will say
 Thy *Pilgrimage*, though long, is well requited ;
 Since thou in it hast read a full *Display*
 Of that with which all *Angels* are delighted.
 Whose Souls then with sublimest triumph leap
 When on these *Mysteries of Love* they peep.

330.

Here *Phylax* on his *Steeds* their harness threw
 Who all this while were grazing on the Hill :
 The meaning of that Warning *Psyche* knew,
 And pray'd him on her knee, to tarry till
 Like other *Pilgrims* She had taken leave
 The reins to her *Devotion* to give.

331.

He smil'd and stay'd : when falling prostrate She
 Innumerable Kisses heap'd upon
 The *venerable Steps* ; and amorously
 Mingled with every Kiss a Tear and Grone.
 At length her Bosom with the *Dust* she fill'd,
 And cry'd *Go thou and my foul body gild*.

332.

Then casting up to *Heav'n* her zealous eye,
 After her *Spouse* a thousand thoughts she sent ;
 To whom her panting Soul strove hard to fly
 Upon the wings of lofty *Ravishment*.
 But when she felt her self stick still to Earth,
 Her breast she struck, and beat this Out-cry forth.

333.

Why may my heart *not be*, where most *it is*
 O *Thou my dearest Life!* O *Jesus*, why

Since Thou art mounted to the *Top of Bliss*,
 And leav'st Me *dead*, have I not *leave to Die?*
 A *Ghost* so straitned was there ever found
 As I, who am *in my own body bound*.

334.

I by Thy *Cross* and *Death* was *wholly slain*,
 And by Thy *Resurrection's Life* I grew
 No less intirely *vigorous* again :
 But Thy *Ascension* doth my *Death* renew,
 Since nothing of my *Life* poor I can find
 But these bare *footsteps* left Me here behind.

335.

By these Thy *Psyche* cannot cannot live,
 Though for Thy *precious sake* they'r such to me :
 O no ! their *Worth* doth but more reason give
 To long for most *inestimable Thee*.
 If any *footstep* me can satisfy
 It must be that which *next Thy foot* doth lie.

336.

Hast not profess'd, that *Earth Thy footstool is*
 As well as *Heav'n Thy Throne?* O mighty *Lord*
 'Twill be Thy *Handmaid's* most accomplish'd *Bliss*
 If thou to Me mak'st good Thy gracious *Word* :
 Lo I, Thy *Dust*, the *footstool* crave to be
 Of Thy now *Heav'n-enthroned Majesty*.

337.

High my *Petition* is, and bold, I know ;
 And yet the worthless *Dew* must needs aspire
 To *Heav'n* it self, when once it 'gins to glow
 With *Phebus's* sprightful and attracting *Fire* ;
 Can *Sparks* in their dull *Ashes* sleeping lie,
 And not take leave to *venture at the sky?*

338.

Alas, what is this *weary World* to me?
 What are the *silver Spheres* and *golden Sun?*
 Though Queen I reign'd of *Earth's* vast *Monarchy*,
 At my sole *Nod* though all *Heav'n's* wheels would run ;
 What were this *Empire* worth to *Psyche's* heart
 Since *Thou* her *only Treasure* absent art?

339.

'Tis not Thy *upper Paradise*, that I
 Ambitious am to see, 'tis not Thy *Court*
 Of *Angels*, though by *Phylax's* *Company*,
 I guess their *Worth* ; 'tis not the *Pomp* and *Port*
 That magnifies Thy *Throne* ; nor do I long
 To dance to Thy sweet *Quire's* eternal *Song*.

340.

To that soft *Calm* of never troubled *Rest*,
 Which smiles in none but th' *empyrean Bay*,
 My wishes are not bound : To be possess
 Of *Glory's Realm*, and sleep in *beds of Joy* ;
 Are lofty things ; but yet, alas, too low
 For me and my *Desires* to aim at now.

341.

My bosom pants for *Thee*, and *only Thee* :
And couldst Thou be in *Hell*, I never more
Would loose a looking up to *Heav'n*, but be
Inamored of that *Abyss*, and poure
My *longing Aspirations downward*, till
I at Thy feet my *Vows* and *Soul* could spill.

342.

Why art Thou gone, and yet so strongly here !
Why art Thou here, yet to such distance gone !
Why dost Thou draw Thy ravish'd *Worm* so near,
Yet banish her by Thy *Ascension* !
Why must my *Soul* be kindled to a pitch
Which she cannot permitted be to reach !

343.

O why art *Thou* so infinitely *sweet* ?
Or rather, why must We that *sweetness* know
If Thou dear *Jesus*, wilt not think it meet
To these our *Fires* their *Fuel* to allow ?
Away Thou flyest, and *forsaken We*
Tormented lie ev'n by Thy *Suavity*.

344.

How shall I help this my excessive *Passion*,
Or how can it this torture merit ? since
Thine own strange *Love* profest *Immoderation*,
And guilty was of *boundless influence* :
In which soft *Sea of Fire* whilst drown'd I am,
What can I do but *burn with answering flame* ?

345.

Ah blame me not, great *Lord* ; it is not I,
But *Thou Thy Self* rebounding from my *Heart*,
Who *beat'st heav'n* with this *Importunity*,
And call'st for *Ease* for my *mysterious Smart* :
Hadst Thou by *Love* not stamp'd Thy *Self* upon
My *Soul*, Thy *Worm* had now *let Thee alone*.

346.

Remember what deep *Anguish* 'tis to be
Forsaken ; O remember Thine own *Cry*,
Which in Thy *Desolation* on the *Tree*
Challeng'd Thy *Sire's Retirement* : May not I
Resume Thy *Plea* ? *My God, My God, why now*
Hast Thou abandon'd Psyche left below ?

347.

Upon this *Olivet* my *Calvary*
I find, and to my *Cross* am *nailed here* :

Ten thousand pangs are revelling in me ;
And full as many *Thorns* as planted were
Upon Thy *Temples*, in my *Bosom* stick,
There all the *bowels of my Soul* they prick.

348.

O *Love* ! why must thine *only Tyranny*
The bounds of other *Cruelties* exceed ?
Why will it not allow the *Courtesy*
Of *Death* to thy poor *Vassals* who are *dead*
By its *reviving Slaughters*, and desire
Free Holocausts to be in thy *sweet Fire* ?

349.

Her *Passion* here above *Expression* tow'r'd,
And left her flagging *Tongue* in *Silence* seal'd :
Yet with resolved *Eyes* to *Heav'n* she soar'd,
And by a *long Oration* there appeal'd ;
Both *long*, and *fluent*, in th' *exuberance*
Of *Tears*, the *streams of strongest Eloquence*.

350.

But *Phylax* having to her boiling *Heart*
Thus far indulg'd, thought fit to cool it here :
Psyche, said he, imagin not thou art
Inamor'd deeper than His *Scholars* were
Of their *Ascended Lord* : yet desolate they
Warn'd by the *Angels*, meekly went away.

351.

Do Thou like *Warning* now receive from *Me* :
On *heav'n* why nailest Thou thine eyes in vain ?
Thy *Savior's* flown too high for them to see,
Till on a *Cloud* He posteth back again ;
Then shalt thou *look thy fill of Bliss*, and be
To all thy *Love's Extremities* let free.

352.

Mean while thine *Adorations* and *Embraces*
Thou on His *Name* and *Memory* may'st pour,
Why should these bitterly-delightful *Places*
Of *Mercie's Triumphs* longer rub the *Soar*
Of thy soft heart ? Here on Her hand he laid
His own, and raised up the *heavy Maid*.

353.

Then in his *Chariot* gently her he set,
Who on the *Footsteps* kept her *hankering eye*,
But instantly he mov'd his *Reins*, to let
His sprightful *Coursers* know their liberty :
Forthwith their *Mains* luxuriant *Volumes* they
Shook in proud haste, and galloped away.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. 6, 'Cashiering'—noticeable early use of the word : St. 8, 'Halcyon'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for a full note : St. 26, 'attach' = arrest—a legal term : St. 81, 'plum'd' = plummed, i.e. sounded (as with plummet) : St. 85, 'Ejulation' = lamentation : St. 96, 'Virtue' = manhood, strength, valour : St. 97, 'triduan' = three days : St. 99, 'Seirce' = fine sieve : St. 120, 'bid' = bided, appointed ? St. 129, 'Titan'—odd but not uncommon importation of classical name and legend : St. 142, 'Censure'—an example of the word passing into 'blame' from simple

'judgment' : St. 161, 'a-weeding' = taking up weeds : St. 173, 'boulded' = sifted : St. 189, 'Soar' = sore : St. 190, 'Bandogs'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : St. 205, 'believe what Soldiers preach'—another of the Author's frequent girds at Cromwell and the Commonwealth—see our Memorial-Introduction : St. 232, 'Condescent' = condescension : St. 261, 'deep-amused' = amazed, put into a deep muse : St. 276, 'their' is misprinted 'our' in the original : St. 283, 'astuating'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.—G.



CANTO XVI.

The Supply.

The ARGUMENT.

*That Absent Love might here be Present still,
He on His dear Disciples' Heads His own
Coequal Spirit from heav'n's lofty Hill
Pours in a Wind's loud-rushing Torrent down ;
And Pentecost in solemn State transfers
From Jewish, to the Christian Calendars.*

1.

YE gentle *Souls*, whose ravish'd bosoms are
Tun'd to the sweet and lofty Key of *Love* ;
Whose flaming Thoughts can in the answering sphere
Of pure and mystick Fire securely move ;
Whose stoutly-paradoxick Essence founds
Its dearest Health upon its deepest wounds ;

2.

Ye whose brave Strength in Languishments can reign,
Whose calmest Solace in Disquiet rests,
Whose resolute Joy's inhanc'd by cruel Pain,
Whose daintiest life by daily Deaths subsists ;
Ye who by Loss your secret Gains improve,
And are not *what you are*, but *what you love* :

3.

To You, most apprehensive you alone
This *Preface* her abstruser self presents ;
For though the Stoicism of Ice and Stone
Which stupifies ignoble Hearts, prevents
Her entertainment there : yet you can well
And truly understand the *Truths* you feel.

4.

Those torturing *Truths*, which too-too *Present* are
And *Near*, in *Absence* and sad *Separation* :
O cruel Names, which on a *Lover's* ear
Beat more unsufferable Perturbation
Than ever from the angriest Thunder's Roar
Down on the soul of frighted *Guilt* could pour.

5.

For what is *Love*, but that mysterious Glue
Which joins—O no ! which *more* can do *than join* :

Which makes Two Hearts disdain themselves to view
Longer as *Two*, and generously combine
Into an Union so severely close
That in the knot ev'n *Self* it self doth lose.

6.

No such cold Things remain as *I* and *Thou*,
No such loose-laced Words as *Mine* and *Thine* :
Thou into *I*, *I* into *Thou* doth grow,
Or rather *Thou* and *I* in *I* intwine.
Both *Here* and *There* together strangely shut,
I in *this bosom*, *I* the same in *that*.

7.

Mine hates it self, until it self it feel
Daintily nestling in *Thine's* dearer breast :
And *Thine* is not at home till it can steal
Its property into *Mine's* sweeter nest :
Thus *Mine* and *Thine* into one *Mine* are run,
Nor will *Love* know *more Possessives* than *One*.

8.

Is 't for my *Friend* ? it is not mine to give ;
O let him freely take what is *his own* :
His wants must needs my Interest derive
Unto himself : then let it be my Crown,
My Fame, my Life ; I cannot lose, nor miss
What will be *more mine own* in being *His*.

9.

Doth golden Plenty wait upon His Pleasures ?
I dare *Misfortune's* spight to make me Poor :
For my Estate's ensured in his Treasures ;
Kept in his bank are my Accounts : the more
I need, the more must He disburse, and be
Malgre Disasters Envy, *Me to Me*.

10.

Doth spiteful *Mirth* smile in my pleased eyes ?
He by those Mirrours dresses his Delight.
Do *Sorrow's* clouds in his horizon rise ?
The same envelope mine in doleful night.
No different things are such to Us, but We
As willingly in Griefs as Joys agree.

11.

I by His Wisdom sage and learned am ;
 He by my Beauty gracefully doth shine ;
 He my Dishonor owns, and I His Fame ;
 My Health is his, and his Diseases Mine :
 Abroad He always in my Journeys is,
 In his Retirement I my Home possess.

12.

Mine are his Thoughts, and His are my desires :
 Alike our faithful Bosoms pant and heave ;
 One equal Fervor all our Motions fires ;
 Heart doth with Heart embraces interweave :
 What Words can ne'r express, *emphatick Sighs*
 Speak plain, and *most intelligible Eyes*.

13.

We sigh for joy our happy selves to find
 More closly soder'd than our Tongues can tell ;
 We glance our Rhetorick, and look our mind
 To one another ; till the Spectacle
 So equally reflects us both, that He
 As I in Him, beholds himself in Me.

14.

Yet though the Soul of Sweetness thrilling be
 In this dear *Riddle* ; still it doth create
 New Thirst of more Content amidst this Sea
 Of Satisfaction ; still our Bosoms beat
 In strong ambition to be nearer yet,
 Though they in straitest Union be knit.

15.

In everlasting *Discord* they agree,
 Still fighting which should with the best Embrace
 Hug his most-nearly-precious Enemy,
 And higher strein what most excessive was :
 O noble Strife, whose venturous Ardors prove
There's no end of Superlatives in Love !

16.

Since then the *Marriage of souls*, which are
 Espous'd by true and genuine *Affection*,
 Reigns in Delight's supremest purest Sphere ;
 What reach of fancy, or Poetick fiction
 Can with due horror paint that strange Vexation
 Which boils in *Absence* and in *Separation*.

17.

Disrobe me of my Beauty, and unty
 My closest veins ; undress me, of my skin ;
 Unclasp my Joints ; unlace my nerves ; and try
 My finest tenderest membranes to unpin :
 Yet something still you leave me since I find
 My *Heart* at home, and in my Heart my *Mind*.

18.

But if you snatch *my friend, my friend* away,
 Of all my dearest All you quite devest me ;

Upon my Heart, my mind ; my Life, you prey :
 And in this loss what Comfort can assist me !
 My Soul you split, you cleave my Bowels, and
 My *Sweetest Essence* quite in sunder rend.

19.

Mistake me not : though here I now appear,
 O I am nothing less than here ; for I
 Intirely am confin'd and chained there
 Where e'r it be that *My most Mine* doth lie.
 Trust, trust sad Truth : 'tis but my shadow this ;
 With *Him*, with *precious Him* my Substance is.

20.

Feel not my Pulse, nor ask me *How I do* ;
 Such Questions only mock my Loss and Me :
 Go where I am ; to my *Soul's Jewel* go,
 Where your Demand can clearlyest answer'd be :
 By his Disease or Health you best shall tell
 Whether unhappy I be Sick or Well.

21.

Nay lose no grave Discourses on my Pain,
 Which no Philosophy has wit to cure :
 Wisely you preach, but that you preach in vain ;
 Nor can my wedded loyal Ear endure
 New Counsels to embrace, since *He* is gone,
 Whom I espous'd for Oracle alone.

22.

Peace idle *Musick* ; thy concurring Strings
 With jarring discord grate my widdow'd Heart.
 No harmony, say I, whoever sings,
 Unless my dearest Solace bears his part.
 Airs are cold Wind, but where soul-charming *He*
 Inflames the Tune with cordial Suavity.

23.

Remove that Banquet, whose choise Dainties be
 But bitter Memorandums of my Wo ;
 Whilst every Viand feeds my Memory
 With thoughts of how much sweeter sweets I now
 Bereaved am, and left to famish here
 Far far from *Him* my heart's sustaining Cheer.

24.

Walk if you will ; I no Delights can gather
 In all that thicket Garden of Content :
 Those spicy Beds whose smiles invite you thither,
 Choke my Approach ev'n with their odorous sent :
He He's my *Paradise* ; whence being thrown,
 All Earth to me with Thorns is overgrown.

25.

Y' are out again : nor will the Theatre
 Find me more Company than yon dark Grove :
 Though rivited in thickest Throongs I were,
 I still through woful Solitude should rove :
 Still I'm *alone*, yea *singler than alone* ;
 In *Absent Him* I from my self am gone.

26.

When *Titans's* wheels have roll'd him under Night,
Her Widdowhood so sadly sits upon
The loyal *Marygold*, that from the sight
Of all the World she willing is to run :
She shuts her curtains, down she hangs her head
And leaves her self so long[s] her spouse is fled.

27.

My friend's my Sun; and what 's this World to me
But Night and Blackness, seeing He is set?
Wonder not then my hanging head to see,
My senses' windows clos'd, my Spirit 's put
To bed; alas, but not to rest! and this
My house of flesh and bone grown Tenantless.

28.

Kind Brothers, gentle Sisters, O how fain
My Arms would meet and hug your Courtesy!
But strange Impossibility's great Chain
Forbids me that Delight, since *dearest He*
In whose embrace alone I sweetness taste
Beyond my vainly-panting reach is plac'd.

29.

Brothers and Sisters are no more to me
Than empty Names and handsome Skins of Joy:
Talk not of *Blood*; of all Affinity
Love's is the nearest: and now *He's* away,
All all my Kinred 's lost, and you to me
Are strangers by meer Consanguinity.

30.

Tell me no more that my arriv'd Ships
Have brought the East to make my Riches rise
Fuller and fairer; for *His* Absence nips
That springing Wealth; *His* West seals up mine eyes
To eastern Joys, and no *Returns* can be
Gainful, but that which brings *Him* back to me.

31.

I grant my Crop is fair, and well content
Is *Ceres* to lie crouded in my Barn:
But ah, what pleasure can I thence resent
Who famish'd am amidst my plenteous Corn!
That swelling store but mocketh my Distress;
My Barn is full, my Bosom empty is.

32.

Do, if you please, think me and call me *Mad*;
For I alas, find I am more than so:
Madmen lose nothing but their wits; and had
My Loss no further reach'd, my present wo
Had not been infinite; but wretched I
Of Head and Heart and all deprived lie.

33.

Never was lunatick lymphatick Wight
So cruelly *Distracted*, as poor I,

Who thus am torn and flung far from the light
Of mine own eyes; far from the Kiss of my
Own lips; far far from *Him* who needs must be
In spight of *Distance Nearest* still to me.

34.

Discredit not the Strangeness of my Pain
By bowing it to any Parallel;
Nor let the rack'd dismembred Men complain
That they on Earth are damn'd to *such an Hell*:
There, only *Composition's* rent, but I
This sad Division find in *Unity*.

35.

I am not I; nor know I what I am:
A monstrous *Nothing* for my self I find.
O how comes Emptiness so full of flame,
Which scorches and devours my absent mind!
O Me, not Me! Why may my Pangs not end
In mine own Inanition! *O my friend!*

36.

This is the *fury* of the *sober Lover*
Whene'r the fuel of his fire's away;
In this impatient Phrensy he boils over
The brim of whatsoe'r strives to allay
His Desolation; nor dares he be
Content, till his *more precious Self* he see.

37.

Let not Amazement then on *Psyche* gaze;
Her Passion's violence no more then suits
With *Love's* Decorum: *Love* enacted has
This brave Self-torture, whose excess confutes
All Comforts in that Bosom, which is left
Quite of her *Soul's intirest Soul* bereft.

38.

For 'twas not after any *Mortal friend*
That now her labouring heart did pant and reach:
O no! her restless Aim was to ascend
After *Ascended Jesus*; who with such
Infinitude of Sweetness drew that she
Could not in this contention finite be.

39.

This swell'd the Billows of her sighs so high,
That soon they overwhelmed *Phylax's* Haste;
Drown'd all the Nighings of the *Coursers* by
A louder Tempest; a new Bridle cast
On their loose Reins: and by a mighty Shock
Broke the *Wheels' Speed*, and blew the Chariot back.

40.

For now the tender-hearted *Angel* grew
So deep a sharer in the *Virgin's* Pain;
That to aswage his own in hers, he flew
To *Salem's* cordial Spectacle again;
Steering his smoaking Steeds' cloud-cutting feet
Into Content's dear Harbor, *Olivet*.

41.

Psyche forthwith levell'd her hasty Eye
Against the venerable *footsteps*, and
Shot her heart thither fether'd with a sigh
Of pious Joy : then darting out her hand
And Head, her fervor hug'd and kissed what
(Being distant still) she hug'd and kissed not.

42.

When *Philax* thus : sweetly-afflicted Dear,
Disparage not thy *Lord's* Magnificence
By deeming that those empty *footsteps* there
Are all the Tokens *Love's* triumphant Prince
Did on the *Spouse's* loyal hearts bestow,
Whom, though on earth, He would not leave below.

43.

No : His most bounteous Wisdom found a way
To make them be in Heav'n e'r they come thither,
By not enduring that His Heav'n should stay
For them above, but come aforehand hither :
It came, and taught *Beneath* to be on *High* ;
It came, *His Absence* fully to SUPPLY.

44.

Sit then soft Soul, sit down ; for Rest may here
Be reap'd, ev'n in this World of Restlessness.
Sit down, and I to entertain thine ear
Will such a feast of royal *Comfort* dress,
As shall compel thy hungry heart to say
All Dainties are not with thy *Lord* away.

45.

Mark that bare head of yonder Mountain : 'twas
Once cover'd with a House ; until the Broom
Of *Vengeance* swept away proud *Salem's* grace,
And made for righteous Desolation room :
That scene it was were *Jesus's* bounty chose
The *Comedy of Comfort* to expose.

46.

For His Disciples, though no longer they
Could hold *Himself*, yet kept they His *Command* ;
Not dreading in that Town to fix their stay
Where thousand foes their Valour did attend.
What Dangers could afflict their stay with fear,
Who waited for the Promis'd *Comforter*.

47.

And yet they challeng'd not the Wrath of Spight
With broad defiance ; but in sober Care
Array'd their Resolution to fight
If to the battle they inforc'd were.
As valour's stain it is, and shame, *to fly* ;
So, *needlesly to seek an Enemy*.

48.

Into that House they manag'd their Retreat,
And gallantly their Hold they fortify'd

With *Unanimity* : strong Guards they set
Of *Prayers* and *Watchings* ; and on every side
Themselves secured with a moat of Brine
Fed by no other Springs but their own Eyn.

49.

Well-furnished they were with Ammunition,
With shields of *faith*, with fiery darts of *Love* ;
Besides a plenteous Stock of sound Provision
To dare all Perils' siege ; for from above
Being at first with *Hope* supplied, they
Fed on that hearty Diet Night and Day.

50.

Hearty it was, and able to maintain
The fortress of their Life and Health : but yet
Their breeding Solace in its birth was slain,
Because the *Promise* which had fir'd their great
Zeal's Expectation, cold delays did make,
And now the *ninth Day* held them on the rack.

51.

Alas how shall their wearied Anchor bear
The Tempest of the *Tenth* ; which with more sadness
Will on their Patience beat, because they are
Summon'd by it to publick solemn Gladness :
To pensive Them the joyous *Pentecost*
Its own renown'd festivity hath lost.

52.

O how the most unseasonable *feast*
Insults and laugheth at their Desolation !
For since the *Bridegroom of their Souls*, who blest
The Palate of their hearts with Contentation,
Away is flown ; fast, fast they must, though they
At *Plenty's* proudest board sit down to day.

53.

And fast they will, now He would have them fast,
Whose Pleasure feasts them when they most abstain :
His *Will* their *Banquet* is ; nor dares their Taste
But please its loyal self in any Pain
His wholesome Love provides ; like bitter sauce
The sweetness of His sweets the more to grace.

54.

Resolved thus ; with cheerful Sadness they
Look'd up, and faced *Pentecost's* fair Dawn :
When *Jesus*, weary of His own delay
A brighter festival hastes to pour down ;
A festival which by the sacred power
Of fuller sweets that other might devour.

55.

The *Angels* started at the wondrous sight ;
All Heav'n was mov'd and quak'd with mighty joy ;
In sunder shivered with sacred fright
The spheres laid open an Illustrious way,
And fain through their own gap would have descended
And on the progress of their *King* attended.

56.

For leaping out of His eternal throne,
Where He with equal Majesty did shine
Together with the *Father* and the *Son*,
Th' almighty *Spirit* bowed His divine
Highness to this low journey ; for He went
Though sent by Them, yet, by His own Consent.

57.

And that His Progress might embraved be
By all the Port of bright Magnificence ;
Master of His own Ceremonies He
Himself contriv'd the way how to advance
His Coming down ; since He descended now
Not to Descend, but Rule and Reign below.

58.

Through that soft Air which fills the boundless Sea
Of highest Heav'n, though no rude Tempests roar,
Yet dainty *Gales* of potent Suavity
Their storms of everlasting Odours pour ;
Which Blisse's Calms more calm and gentle make,
And in deep Joy the Souls of *Angels* wrack.

59.

All these He summon'd to attend His Eye
By an imperious Beck ; and nimble They
By Prest Obedience making their reply,
Flew to His glorious foot, and panting lay
In greedy expectation to know
How by His service they might nobler grow :

60.

When *Sovereign He* from their delicious Throng
Cull'd all the choisest *Breaths* He saw excel
In Pleasure's wealth, or Speed's impatient wing,
Or Power's nerves : which as they 'gan to swell
To goodly Multitudes, He into one
Conspiracy of Closeness bad them run.

61.

Forthwith their yielding Essences they clung
Into such strait submission, that now
They find their various selves quite lost among
Themselves ; nor can they any longer blow
Their *several ways*, but fitted are to fly
About no bus'ness but of *Unity*.

62.

Which when their *Lord* observ'd, you now, said He,
Shall learn, that 'tis not *Height* that maketh Heav'n ;
To My celestial Realm *beneath*, with Me
You shall the honor have to stoop : for ev'n
On lowest earth I mean My Throne to found,
And spread My Empyreum on the Ground.

63.

This said ; full in the lap of that fair *Wind*
He pitch'd Him down, and there His Chariot took :

To which He meant no Coursers' help to bind,
Which through the mighty Road away might smoke :
A Coach of Wind no borrow'd Swiftness needs,
Being it self its own most speedy Steeds.

64.

But yet e'r this *Almighty Traveller*
Set forth, much more of Heav'n He pleas'd to take :
A glorious *Altar* its four horns doth rear
Before th' eternal Throne, and holier make
The sacred Hecatombs it beareth, by
Its own inestimable Purity.

65.

For all its radiant Metal temper'd was
Of *Clarity's* own thrice-refined Soul :
But since the poverty of Language has
No richer Word, we are constrain'd to foul
Its gallant Beauties, and its Splendors fold
Up in the dim unworthy name of *Gold*.

66.

Yet though the golden Pile with fairer beams
Than horns did flame, the *Coals* enthron'd on it,
Pour'd out a flood of more illustrious streams,
Dazeling the metal'd Eyes of their own Seat.
Strong was the *fire*, yet amorously mild ;
Deeply it burnt, yet harmlessly it smil'd.

67.

For with a Ray, shot from His quickning Eye,
LOVE kindled it at first ; and ever since
It gratefully maintains the gallantry
Of its most blessed birth : the Excellence
Of sweetest *Vigor* in the Bonfire keeps
Its court ; in every Spark *Life's fervor* leaps.

68.

Let any of these *Coals* bestow a kiss
On mortal lips, the ardent Complement
With Heav'nly Eloquence will stigmatize
The blessed Mouth ; nor shall the stout Consent
Of *Learning's* opposition break the force
Of that inflamed Tongue's sublime Discourse.

69.

But if it burns its passage through the breast,
The Heart with nature's pulse no longer beats ;
But with the fulness of new Life opprest,
Lab'reth and panteth with immortal Heats ;
Yielding bright proofs, that Heav'n's high fire 's no less
Unquenchable than that of Hell's Abyss.

70.

The *Sovereign Spirit* from this fair *Altar's* sphere
Listing two Troops of choise serenest *flames*,
Together coupled them all pair by pair ;
Then severing by a Cleft their upper beams,
Their radiant roots into one stock he clung,
And form'd each Two like One divided Tongue.

71.

In splendid equipage He mustered
 All these before His sprightly Coach, that they
 Might graceful Tapers be to light and lead
 His great Procession's Pomp ; which to the Ray
 Of far inferior *Titan* for a golden
 And flaming Convoy, scorn'd to be beholden.

72.

Appointed thus, His royal March He 'gan,
 Needing no Trumpets' throats the News to tell ;
 The gallant Pæans of His *vocal Van*
 To all the Orbs proclaim'd the Spectacle :
Heav'n summon'd by the strong Alarm, awoke,
 And all its twinkling Eyes did thither look.

73.

Into Amazement's Deep old *Nature* started,
 And there stood staring on the wonderous sight
 In which She read her own great Statutes thwarted
 By *Him* whose Mandate first had set them right ;
 Seeing brisk *Lightness* its strange Progress rending
 Through *weight's* dull road, and *wind* and *fire*
 descending.

74.

As in the speed of furious Sweetness this
 Greedy Procession down it self did croud ;
 By sudden fragor's vast Impetuosity
 The Air's calm Ocean all was overflow'd :
 Which Noise's flood broke ope that *House*, and there
 Thy *Lord's Disciples* overwhelm'd with fear.

75.

Not with that slavish fear which strikes the stroke
 Of Vengeance upon guilty Hearts before
 The whip can touch them ; but with Dread whose Look
 Starts into joyous Hope ; a Dread which more
 Afflicts with piercing Comfort than with Pain ;
 Which pinches, but by breaking of the Rein.

76.

The blustering Language of the Coach they heard,
 And fully understood from whence it came ;
 By which their Expectation's Bliss appear'd
 Before its Apparition : had no flame
 Lighted the noble Truth, yet plain the case
 They found, that *Heav'n* upon them rushing was.

77.

But as their eyes they lifted up to meet
 Their glorious Hopes, th' authentick Attestation
 On their brave faith its radiant signet set :
 In broke the mighty *Wind of Consolation*,
 With all the *Lightning's* graceful *Troop*, and on
 Their Heads each flaming *Tongue* strait took its throne.

78.

The blessed *Breath* its vigor roll'd about
 The wondering *House*, and every corner fill'd ;

Yet suffered no Blasts to straggle out,
 And blow on *Jewish*, or on *Pagan* field :
Heav'n's Spirit hither deigned to resort,
 And only here He means to keep His Court.

79.

What though its Walls be poor ; what though the Room
 As yet be scant ? the simple fabrick is
 His *Holy Church*, His sublunary Home,
 His sweet though but His earthly Paradise :
 Though other Piles be fair, *God* chooseth none
 To be His Temple, but His *Church* alone.

80.

The fond Schismatick and Heretick fry
 Flatter their conventicling Cells in vain,
 As if the sneaking Arms of Privacy
 The great and *Catholick Spirit* could contain ;
 Or *He* in snarling several Sects could dwell
 Who *Union's* is and *Peace's* closest Seal.

81.

Indeed with *Wind* their Houses filled are ;
 But empty Wind, or full of baneful breath ;
 Breath much of kin to that contagious Air
 Whose bosom stuffed is with gales of Death :
 Breath of immortal Plagues, which pierceth through
 The breast and heart, till Souls to hell it blow.

82.

Nay several Breaths together bluster there,
 And all the Card of Winds in battle meet :
 Whence by the Tempest of their monstrous War
 They upon Cities, Churches, Kingdoms beat,
 Till into mad Confusion's gulf at last
 Wrack'd friends and foes, and their own selves they
 cast.

83.

O that the foolish World so far would learn
 Its own felicity as but to know
 The soil that bears it ! could they once discern
 That in the Church's mount it groweth, how
 Could madness be so mad as once to think
 To find it in a conventicle's sink ?

84.

But to display the Plenitude with which
 The *Spirit's* vast Magnificence did store
 His dear *Ecclesiastick House*, the reach
 Of *Seraph's* largest Eloquence, nay more,
 The glorious Compass of the *Tongues* which thus
 Attended it, too scant and narrow is.

85.

Yet noble were those *Tongues* : whose *cloven* fashion
 Their temples crown'd with due Significance,
 Who were by this sublime Inauguration
 Made *sacred Princes of all Lands*. Not chance,
 But just and *Heav'nly Reason* did bestow
 These *flaming Miters* on the *Church's* brow.

86.

Mitres, whose bright Prerogative as far
Outshines old *Aaron's* golden Coronet,
As purest *Evangelick Glories* are
Above the sphere of *Legal Beauties* set :
Most reverend *Miters*, which ingraved were
With greater Holyness than triumph'd there.

87.

This shape's fair Points right gloriously maintain
Due opposition to Hell's ugly *King* :
These *Princes* destin'd were above to reign,
For ever, *He* beneath : and answering
In head and feet their several Kingdoms, now
They *Cloven* are above, and *He* below.

88.

Nor must th' Ambition of the *forked Hill*
Which higher than it self proud *Greece* doth lift,
By *Cirrho* or by *Nissa* parallel
The loftier Honor of this splended *Cleft* :
Here here in multiplicity the true
Parnassus his most learned Top doth shew.

89.

Here dwels not that thin family of *Nine*
Fictitious *Sisters*, whom kind *Poets* first
Devoutly fixing in their fancie's shrine,
With Praises and quaint Admirations nurst
Into fond *Deities* ; and then desir'd
By what themselves had made, to be inspir'd.

90.

O no ! a Brood of *Graces* numberless
And really divine, which hatched were
By th' everlasting *Dove's* pure warmth, in this
Illustrious habitation Tenants are :
Graces with whose enthusiastick Heat
Both breasts of *Poets* and of *Preachers* beat.

91.

For these fire-crowned *Saints* convey'd here
Where Heav'n's grand *Trumpets*, chosen to proclaim
Round *Phebus's* circle unto every ear
The glories of a fairer *Titan's* Name :
And now Heav'n's *Breath* was ready come to teach
The World-alariming *Trumpets*, how to Preach.

92.

And this unclouds thy doubting, *Psyche*, why
On these *Disciples'* heads this Embleme sate :
No Badge so truly proper to imply
The signal Glory of their Charge, as that :
Talk not of Beauty, Wealth or Pedegree ;
What but a *Tongue* the Preacher's Crown can be ?

93.

This with meet emphasis declares that they
Are His Embassadors who is the *Word* :

Their Errand's Peace ; nor seek they to array
Themselves in Steel, or trust to spear and sword ;
Compounded all of Sweetness is their might,
As being sent to *Treat*, and not to *Fight*.

94.

Religion knows no stern Artillery,
But in her *Tongue* her gentle Powers reign ;
Prayers and *Persuasions* her Engins be,
Prepared pure unbloody Bays to gain :
Her *Master's Death* suffices her, and she
No other *Wounds* desires to make or see.

95.

Her own dear Veins She rather will expose
To quench the barbarous Thirst of any steel,
Than broach and quaff in others ; with her foes
More kindly She than with her self will deal,
And struggles at her own Life's price to give
Them happy power *eternally to live*.

96.

Shame then, the dregs of shame all poured be
On their bold Souls, who shall hereafter by
The Ammunition of Barbarity
Religion's peaceful Quarrel fortify ;
Who not by *Prayers*, but *Armies* shall beseech,
Who not by *Tongues*, but *Canons'* Roar shall preach.

97.

Whose *Church* shall grow so *Militant* indeed,
That it by nothing but by *War* can stand ;
The flames of whose hell-kindled *Zeal* shall feed
Upon and quite devour the *Altar* ; and
Its wild Combustion spread to Court and Bar,
Till Throne and Laws in Ashes buried are.

98.

'Tis true, these *Tongues of Pentecosts* were all
Compos'd of *fire*, but *fire serene and mild* ;
Which corresponding to the *festival*,
With harmless fervor on these *Preachers* smil'd :
Bright were the flames, yet did not scorch but gild,
Covering their Temples with a radiant Shield.

99.

Resolv'd to sport it in a Summer's Eve
Thus did of late the merry *Lambent fire*
An innocent Kiss to thine own Tresses give ;
A Kiss which still thy ravish'd thoughts admire,
Being so tender that it could not by
Thy touch be felt, but only by thine Eye.

100.

Yet though those *flames* on this Assembly sate
With unconsuming delicacy ; They
Approv'd themselves victoriously hot,
When through the World their might rent ope its way
And burnt so bright from East to West, that it
On a-light fire with *Zeal* all Nations set.

101.

With *sacred Zeal*, which made all Dross its Prey,
 All Dross of Ignorance, of Superstition,
 Of atheous Grossness; and refin'd the Clay
 Of *humane Nature* into a condition
 So richly pure, that on its holy face
 Splendidly legible *God's Image* was.

102.

Nor prov'd their *Heat* less useful than their *Light*,
 Which poured out meridian *Grace's Day*
 Upon the Depth of that Soul-blinding Night
 Of Sin in which all Countries groping lay:
 For *Piety* forthwith awoke, and read
 Heav'n clear and plain, and what way thither led.

103.

Has *holy Fame* not acted to thine ear
 That old Exploit which graved *Shinar's Plain*
 On *Memorie's* eternal pillars? where
 The deep and dreadful Item stands, to rein
 All mortal *Pride's* bold speed, and fright *Ambition*
 Into remembrance of its frail Condition.

104.

All several Tongues as yet were One, nor did
 Distinction of cross Dialects estrange
 This Colony from that; no Sense lay hid
 In an exotick Dress; no Climate's change
 Created need of an Interpreter
 To speak again what once was spoken there.

105.

When *humane Race*, who freely now could trade
 With one another's Minds, together laid
 Their heads and plots, and politickly mad
 Consulted how to make their fears afraid,
 To fortify their Strength, to teach their *Pride*
 To rise, and Union not to divide.

106.

The *drowned World* so deep had sunk into
 Their jealous hearts, that though the *King of Fate*
 Shot them Assurance from his splendid *Bow*,
 On their own Council's anvil still they beat,
 And hop'd to hammer by their *Wisdom's* work
 Some surer larger Refuge than an *Ark*.

107.

For all in Parliament most gravely met,
 And having popular *Nimrod* chose to be
 Their learned Speaker; cunning he, to get
 By his sly Bait of *outside Honesty*.
 Power's prize his proud-hearted-burning thirst to slake,
 With looks demure the *wild House* thus bespake:

108.

Henceforth all private Thoughts farewell, adieu
 Mine own Estate, my Fame, my Liberty;

Nimrod must have no more to do with you
 Than with the *Publick* you *the same* can be:
 My *Life's* without me now, nor can I feel
 My proper Health but in the *Common-weal*.

109.

How miserable were my Gains, could I
 Shift for *my Self alone*, when all my dear
 And rational Kinred must exposed lie
 To cruel *Chance's* insolent carreer?
 How could my *Life* its Name to me maintain
 Who must in every one of them be slain!

110.

That therefore no *Dispersion* may unty
 Our *Common Bodies'* joints, and ope a way
 To Disolation's full-tide injury;
 I here propound, what I will first obey;
 Let it enacted be, that All combine
 Their Purses and their Hands in one Design.

111.

In one Design, to build a *City*, where
 Against all fears we may our selves immure:
 And in that *City's* heart a *Tower* to rear
 Whose chance-defying Top shall not endure
 To be o'rlooked and controlled by
 Proud Clouds, or at the Thunder's mercy lie.

112.

A Tower whose head amidst the Spheres shall dwell,
 And with a starry Crown imbellish'd be;
 A Tower which may befriend the Heav'ns as well
 As Earth, with bravely firm Security;
 And higher than *Rain's* empire, scorn the froth
 Of any *Deluge's* impatient Wrath.

113.

Bold *Nimrod* so. The silly Senate all
 Voted his Motion strait into a Law,
 And then about their insolent Work they fall,
 And mounts of Slime and Brick together draw;
 Unto a barbarous depth they dig, and set
 In hell their heav'n-aspiring Fabrick's feet.

114.

That Expedition then their Work might crown,
 They with their Morter mix'd their willing Sweat;
 The long-breath'd Sun was tir'd, and laid him down
 Before their daily Task would Rest admit;
 Nor could he out of bed so early be
 As they, who higher vow'd to climb than He.

115.

O how much easier might they have ascended
 To heav'n's fair Hill, would they have gone the way
 Which Heav'n it self had oft to them commended!
 The possible and ready way, which lay
 Not o'r the dangerous tops of *highlook'd Towers*,
 But through *Humility's* safe shady bowers.

116.

As now the monstrous *Pile* began to rise,
 One story climbing on another's back ;
 The *Workmen's* swelling Joy first through their eyes,
 Then through their lips in haughty triumph brake :
 Loud were their Acclamations, and beat
 The Stars, which now their Tower presum'd to threat.

117.

God heard the *saucy Noise*, and challeng'd by
 Its importunity, came down to see
 How far the Madness of Impiety,
 To her own ruin clambering would be :
 He came, and saw th' outrageous Work, and how
 Proud *Dust* above its Earth aspir'd to grow.

118.

This made Him His just Indignation seal
 Sure on their *Tongues* which call'd His Vengeance down :
 The troubled *Builders* strait a-staring fell,
 Deeming all Ears were deaf except their own,
 Or that their Fellows' wits grew dizzy by
 Their rearing up this Edifice so high.

119.

This man gives Brick, when that for Morter calls,
 This cries, a Hammer, that a Ladder brings ;
 A-swearing this, and that a-Laughing falls
 To hear his Neighbours thus miscalling Things :
 This Prays, that Curses his Commanding ; and
 This Rails, and that his Praises doth commend.

120.

A hideous Combustion of Voice
 Amaz'd the Air ; and each one wonder'd why
 He spake so loud, and yet could make no noise
 To any of the gaping Standers by ;
 Whose Senses equally astonish'd were
 To find they heard not what they still did hear.

121.

Confounded thus, away their Tools they threw,
 And all their Hopes which with their Tower had swell'd ;
 Being inforc'd to study out a new
 Manner of Architecture, which might build
 More useful *Castles in the Air* than this,
 And raise of Words a various Edifice.

122.

For in this clamorous hurliburly tost,
 They saw their Language which till now had run
 In one smooth chanel, miserably lost
 Into a maze of more than seven times ten
 Ragged Meanders, where the vexed Sound
 Alas, an harsh and troubled passage found.

123.

This fatal Curse made every Country be
 Barbarian to one another, and

To mighty cost put Humane Industry
 Their sillyest Neighbours how to understand :
 On sprucest *Wit* this stamp't the name of fool,
 And sent profoundest *Learning's* self to School.

124.

This forc'd through many tedious sweating Years
 The patience of the earnest Student ; who
 Consumed with a thousand pallid Cares,
 Amidst his painful Work could nothing do.
 For to enrich his Tongue, his Brains he brake,
 And aged grew e'r he had learn'd to *speak*.

125.

Strange scrambling Alphabets this multiply'd,
 And to an Art improv'd Necessity ;
 Each parted Tongue this did again divide
 Into Eight several Stations, and by
 Unworthy *Grammar's* busy Niceties
 All generous Apprehensions exercise.

126.

Yea *Grammar* too found all her Laws too weak
 To govern Language's extravagance ;
 Such odd and unruly *Idioms* did kick
 Against her settled Discipline, and prance
 So wildly through Expression's fields, that *Art*
 Was fain to play the child, and conne by heart.

127.

But *Pentecost's* miraculous Virtue now
 By cloven *Tongues* did *Tongues' Division* heal,
 And teach all different Languages to flow
 From single mouths ; which happily repeal
 The fate of *Babel*, and can fully rear
 A loftier Tower then was designed there.

128.

For these brave *Architects* impowred were
 The royal fabrick of the *Church* to raise :
 A fabrick which though its foundation here
 In low and scorn'd Humility it lays,
 It mounts above the Clouds in sacred pride
 And in the Heav'n of Heav'ns its head doth hide.

129.

A fabrick whose Materials scatter'd lay
 Both in the East and West, the South and North ;
 Which though no more than simple *Dust* and *Clay*,
 Yet far excell'd the *Parian Marble's* worth,
 And those fair *Stones'* whose sparkling eyes with sweet
 And bright *Good Morrows* rising *Titan* meet.

130.

These all both live and breath, and are endow'd
 With vigor which on *Time's* proud Sithe can tread :
 For in the bosom of this *dusty cloud*
 Are pure immortal Souls enveloped ;
 Which, since the *Church's Pile Spiritual* is,
 Suit fairest with the glorious Edifice.

131.

And O, what power of Art's requir'd to hew
And square and polish Spirits! *Psyche* this
High Workmanship's rare difficulties shew
That more than Man the *Master-builder* is.
He is indeed; and these Disciples now
Felt with no less than *God* their bosoms glow.

132.

Though flaming Tongues perch'd on their heads, yet in
Their breasts the mighty fire its furnace chose:
There, there th' eternal *Spirit* his divine
All-quickning fervor's plenitude let loose;
Which swell'd its Dwelling with impatient Bliss,
And strain'd their heart-strings to Delight's excess.

133.

As when the Harvest with a plenteous Crop
Of smiling streams augments his teeming store,
Jordan grown bigger than himself, flings ope
The bounty of his Arms on either shore;
And deluges of kind Embraces spreads
Over the beauties of his neighbour Meads.

134.

So in this time of *Grace's Harvest* now
These sacred *Souls* were stuff'd and stretch'd so high
That all their bosoms' banks proved much too low
To bridle in their floods' immensity:
The working Torrent broke their lips in sunder,
And drown'd all *Salem's* ears in holy wonder.

135.

(For sooner shall the fire refuse to burn,
The golden Sun to chase out leaden Night,
Earth's Lump to stand, Heav'n's nimble Wheels to turn,
Th' inamor'd Needle to affect the sight
Of her dear North; than all the World shall slake
Their Tongues' carrier whom Heav'n inspires to speak.)

136.

They Spake; but hampered and scant'd now
No longer in the *Syrian* Speeches' pale:
All Sounds to them in champagne lay; and through
That open Race they scoured, to forestal
Bold *Ignorance's* Plea, and make't appear
That All might learn, who would not stop their ear.

137.

Nor were they common murmuring Rills which broke
From their Lips' fount, but highest floods of Praise:
Heav'n's mighty *King* they for their Subject took,
And bravely ventured their first Essays
On *Love's Omnipotence*, whose Wonders they
In most courageous faith and Zeal display.

138.

Forthwith a noble Auditory on
These *all-tongu'd Preachers* throng'd to attend;

For from the rising to the setting Sun
Devotion's bus'ness did to *Salem* send
All pious hungry Hearts to feast it here,
With sacred *Pentecost's* most solemn cheer.

139.

Here *Lybia* with *Cappadocia* met;
Egypt and *Media* saw *Pamphilia* here;
Here *Parthia* and *Pontus* crowded *Creet*;
With *Elamites* here *Jews* surrounded were;
Mesopotamia here kiss'd *Phrygia*, and
Arabia here took *Asia* by the hand.

140.

Had any been too great and proud to come,
Imperial *Rome* on those high terms had stood;
Yet she disdain'd not to travel from
Her Pomp and mingle with this common flood:
All which were welcom'd by a nobler *feast*
Than by *Mosaick Rites* was ever drest.

141.

A *Feast* so strangely sumptuous, that they
Can nothing but their deep Amazement feed;
The *Elamite* his wonder doth bewray
Unto the *Jew*, the *Lybian* to the *Mede*.
All loose themselves in dubious fancies, and
Astonish'd are because they Understand.

142.

The *Babylonian Workmen* wracked were
In less devouring Deeps of Ecstasy
Those unintelligible Sounds to hear
Whose breath blew down their bold Conspiracy;
Than these admiring Nations, now they know
Plainly what spoken is, yet know not how.

143.

Up fly their puzzell'd hands and eyes and voice,
And thus they cry: What, O what do we hear!
Did e'r from any single fountain choise
Of every Liquor flow! what Root can bare
All tribes and kinds of Herbs and flowers, and make,
A goodly Garden grow on one poor Stalk!

144.

Yet lo, those numerous Varieties
Of disagreeing Languages, by which
Each Country shut from one another lies
Beyond Communication's friendly reach,
All flourishing in reconciliation here
Upon the tips of single Tongues appear.

145.

And were not these strange *Orators* all bred
In dull and simple *Galilee*? Yet we
Find more than learned *Athens'* treasured
In *Ignorance's* clownish Proginy;
Which them both *Linguists* doth and *Doctors* make,
For they as marvelously *Teach* as *spake*.

146.

Home to our hearts they piercing come in our
Own Dialects, and print their Sermons there,
Leaving our most convinced Souls no power
Of contradiction : O how Heav'nly-rare
Is that Magnificence of Mercy they
Like *God's* own *Trumpets* royally display !

147.

What Miracles of News ; what Oracles
Of bliss-begetting Truths are these, by which
We learn how bright *Divinity* a Dress
Of Clouds put on ; how *God* was pleas'd to pitch
His Tent on Earth ; and how *Immensity*
Shrunk into Dust, and deign'd a *Babe* to be.

148.

How mighty *Jesus* shin'd so fair, ev'n by
His dim Condition, as away to chase
Each misty Type and shady Prophecy
Which muffled up till now Religion's face :
How most oppressed *He* triumph'd, and though
Both poor and scorn'd, *Heav'n's Kingdom* rais'd
below.

149.

What sacred Laws He for that Realm enacted ;
In what stupendous Deeds His Power did reign ;
How He His *twice six Deputies* elected ;
How He His *Spirit* promis'd to sustain
Their faint frail flesh in that grand Office, and
Their Patience arm'd that Promise to attend.

150.

How by His *dying Breath* He blew down *Death*
And undermin'd *Corruption* in His Grave ;
How *Hell* He lower trode, when 's foot's brave Wrath
Into the *Dragon's* brains due Vengeance drave ;
How He the third Day cancell'd *mortal fate*,
And to the World op'd *Resurrection's* gate.

151.

How gloriously besmear'd with Conquests, He
Encoached in a thriambeutick Cloud
Returned home ; how Heav'n's sublimity
In loyal reverence to His Coming bow'd ;
How He resum'd His Sovereign Throne, and there
Honor's own earned Crown on 's Temples ware.

152.

The pious *Strangers* by these Admirations
Eas'd their oppressed hearts. When *Hell's* black *King*
Whose ever-jealous ear caught all Mutations
Which through the coasts of startled Nature run,
Rous'd his mad head, and shook the snaky hair
And fiery horns which sadly stared there.

153.

The fragor of the Heav'nly *Wind* he heard,
Which rent his sturdy throne and stouter heart

Into suspition that some stronger Lord
Had seized on his Realm's superior part,
And blown away his power to maintain
His dearest Title of *Air's Sovereign*.

154.

This fir'd his speed, and he to *Salem* flew
To see what most he fear'd and hated most :
Where those fair troops of flaming *Tongues* through
new
Terrors and Doubts his dazell'd fancy tost,
And fry'd his brains in pangs, because they did
Not burn but burnish this *Assemblee's* head.

155.

Not all the seizings, shrieks, grones, yellings, which
To damned ears his hideous *Hell* apply,
Had ever jarr'd upon his Soul with such
Sad harshness, as that blessed Melody
Of all-agreeing Languages, which through
Th' *Apostles'* Heav'n-tun'd lips distilled now.

156.

Nor was the Theme of their most sweet Discourse
Less bitter to his fell malicious Taste ;
For by *divine Love's* wonderworking force
He into fetters felt his fury cast,
And those Exploits he heard proclaimed here
The History of his own Ruins were.

157.

But that which with more cruel anguish tore
His venomous Soul, was to observe how all
This *Conflux* in astonishment before
This Miracle's bright face made haste to fall ;
Ne'r struggling by fond prejudice to slight
What they could not resist by Reason's Might.

158.

His breast he smote, he stamp'd, his lips he bit ;
Three desperate sighs he fetch'd ; three times he try'd
His tortured impatience forth to spit ;
But was as oft repulsed by the Tide
Of gloriously-convincing power which he
Saw shining in this *sacred Prodigy*.

159.

Recoiling then into his belking heart
Thus his indignant Fury there he chewed :
Fy *Belzebub* ; shall thine immortal Art
Of Spight and Wrath so poorly be subdued,
That silly *Fishermen* should catch thy Prey,
And empty send thy Plots and Thee away !

160.

Shall *Galilean Tongues* the credit wrest
From thy renowned *Oracles*, and draw
Astonish'd Nations to adore that *Christ*
Who galls his Subjects with an iron Law ;
Whilst fooled Thou ingrateful Man to please
Lin'st thy Commands with silken downy Ease ?

161.

What boots it Thee Damnation's King to be,
 If thy vast Realms depopulated lie ;
 If thy presumed Slaves revolt from Thee
 And to thy hated *Rival's* standard fly ;
 If Emptiness must fill thy *Fails of Pain* ;
 If all thy sulphury Gulfs must flame in vain !

162.

Canst thou with patience be a Devil, and yet
 Behold how in this new converted *Rout*,
 (Who for his *Church's* Pile, themselves as fit
 Materials, to the *Carpenter* have brought,)
 Thy heedless Earth is tainted by the strong
Christ-bred Contagion, swelling every Tongue !

163.

Thus murmuring in his fretful self ; at length
 His Wrath and Craft trode down his fear ; and He
 Vowed to tenter Desperation's strength,
 And deepest Hell's profounder Policy,
 Rather than any of those Tongues should grow
 Famous by preaching his Pride's Overthrow.

164.

Wind is but *Wind*, though puff'd from Heav'n, said He,
 And what care I for what was with it blown ?
 Great *Satan's* Tongue is full as fiery
 As those which now these *Galileans* crown :
 Yea and from Heav'n it fell as well as They,
 Why then, why should it fear what those can Say ?

165.

'Tis true, their Might is mightier than their own ;
 For Heav'n's grand *Spirit* nestles in their breast ;
 (Though with more credit, sure, He might have shown
 Himself abroad, and chose fair Honor's List.)
 But am not I, brave I, a *Spirit* too ?
 Yes ; and will make my *Rival* find it so.

166.

And since in ambush He His strength hath laid,
 (Whether in fear to pitch a field, or no,
 Let others judge :) it never shall be said
 But I at His own play will meet my Fo.
 I'd rather win by open battel ; yet
 Rather than loose, I'll fight by secret Wit.

167.

He to His cost shall quickly find, that I
 Can my *Disciples* too *inspire* ; nor shall
 His *Tongue's* admired Multiplicity
 Outpreach my Orators. Shall Words appall
 Me, who ne'r stoop'd to Deeds? forbid it my
 Immortally-rebellious Gallantry.

168.

Well beat my Pulse ; well belk'd my noble Brain ;
 Brave *Triumph's* March in my own heart I feel :

My Plot's as sure and safe, as my Disdain
 And Wrath are just : all foolish Doubts farewell.
 Thus having brag'd his *Blasphemies*, the *Feind*
 With hideous gladness smiled in his mind.

169.

Then having spy'd out an unhappy Knot
 Of unbelieving Souls, who stared there
 And scratch'd their musing heads ; himself he shot
 Deep into their unguarded bosoms, where
 He tainted to such rampant strength their *Doubt*
 That from their lips the raging *Venom* wrought.

170.

O fond Mistake ! cry'd they : where are your eyes,
 Your Reason's eyes, ye blind Admirers ! Why
 Must all the world by your rash Ecstasies
 Run headlong into credulous Foolery ?
 Shall every Country else besotted be
 By,—which of all 's the sillyest,—*Galilee* ?

171.

Is 't such a tame and sober Age, that you
 A pack of Drunkards never saw but here !
 Alas poor *Fishers* ; they have only now
 Taken too great a Draught : their Brains which were
 With Water more than Wine acquainted, feel
 What 'tis with new strange Elements to deal.

172.

Perhaps 'twas *Pentecost's* Festivity
 Which tempted them into this jovial Fit :
 But they began the Feast too soon ; or by
 Rude headlong Joy outran their Wits, and it.
 By this, had they a Temple there, you see
 What goodly Feasts they'd keep in *Galilee*.

173.

The *Wine* was new, and news, and woo'd their Taste
 With such strong complement, that yielding They
 The pleasant smiling sparkling *Nymph* embrac't
 With wanton greediness ; and threw away
 The tedious thoughts of their old Nets and Pains
 When once imprison'd in her dainty chains.

174.

What cause of Marvel is it then, that they
 Who thus were stuff'd and stretch'd, at length run over ;
 That working *Must* would not the bung obey,
 But on the Vessel's brim its strength discover !
 That brim's their lips, on which the surplusage
 Of their mad fulness foams its drunken rage.

175.

What wonder e'r fool'd sober hearts, to see
 The *Menades* rapt into Ecstasies
 When ravish'd by their raging *Deity*
 They lost their virgin sense? And do not these
 Intoxicated *Priests of Wildness* now
 With *Bacchus's* vitious virtue overflow ?

176.

What though their Legs no staggering betray?
 This drunken Fit works only upwards; and
 What gross and fuming burdens oversway
 Their Brains, you by their mouths may understand:
 For their unweildy Tongues reel to and fro,
 And stumbling through a thousand Dialects go.

177.

Or if *Wine's Spirit* too unlearned seem
 To prompt so many Languages; why may
 That other *Spirit* not have tutor'd them
 Who taught their *Master* strength! 'tis less to *Say*
 Than *Do*: If He by *Belzebub* could break
 Hell's Laws, against them why may These not *Speak*?

178.

Old *Satan's* cunning and hath often found
 The way his great *Creator's* steps to trace;
 A gainful Trick, and which hath fairly crown'd
 His hellish Projects with an heavenly Grace.
 If *God* once preach'd by *Balaam's Ass*, why may
 Not *Satan* do as much by *These* to-day?

179.

But clearly to uncloud your Stupor, let
 A little Sleep but cool these *Linguists'* brain;
 And they from their evaporated Wit
 Will wake into their silly selves again:
 These *Fishers* then will all as silent be
 As their mute Preys they hunted in the Sea.

180.

Thus rail'd this slanderous Crew: and *Satan*, who
 Had roared through their throats this Calumny,
 Presum'd to hope the *Miracle* was so
 Smitten and blasted, that it needs must die.
 Fond Devil! who though beat from heav'n to hell,
 Will still conceit he with his *God* can deal.

181.

As when bold Malice contumely spits
 Upon th' *Embassage* of some glorious Prince,
 The generous *Embassador* forgets
 His own, and putteth on his *Sovereign's* sense;
 Whom stoutly he asserts, and from the face
 Of his great Interest wipes all *Disgrace*:

182.

So *Heav'n's twelve Legers* now affronted by
 This foul *Reproach* which on their *God* did bound;
 Pluck'd up their loyal *Zeal*, and lifting high
 Their most undaunted heads, dispensed round
 About their railing Foes an awful *Look*,
 Which to their *Lye*, resolv'd *Defiance* spoke.

183.

Their *Captain* then, He whose faint *Tongue* of late
 Into *Apostasie's* base safety sneaked;

That cowardly *Retreat* to expiate,
 The powers of faithful *Bravery* awaked,
 And full in *Slander's* face led up the *Van*
 Of strong though naked *Truth*; and thus began:

184.

O most mistaken *Jews*, lend me your ears,
 And fill'd with *Bliss* I'll pay them back again:
 Wer't *Wine's* wild *Energy* which domineers
 In our O how unjustly slander'd brain;
 Yet would it quit your cost to hear us speak
 Since *Verity* from *Wine's* free lips doth break.

185.

But ask your eyes, and they will tell you *Day*
 Is young and has but crawl'd three steps as yet:
 And can *Suspition* dream We would betray
 Our early hours to *Night's* foul bus'ness? let
 All *Histories* of *Monsters* ransack'd be,
 No *morning Drunkards* you inroll'd shall see.

186.

Yet if you wash from *Drunkenness's* Name
 The guilty blot of carnal *Luxury*;
 We own the *Word*, and fear not any shame
 That can attend on such *Ebriety*.
 That *Drunk* we are, we willingly profess,
 But not, as you suppose, by *Wine's* excess.

187.

'Tis not the blood of *Grapes* which swells our veins
 And makes our tongues so glib: O no, the *Wine*
 Whose sprightly vigor in our bosoms reigns,
 The gallant issue is of th' heav'nly *Vine*;
 Whence pressed but this *Morning*, down upon
 Our heads and hearts in living streams it ran.

188.

Long since, your reverend *Joel's* piercing eye
 Discover'd this intoxicating *Day*;
 When drunk with sympathetick ecstasy
 This sacred *Rage* of ours he did display.
 O blame not then our *Tongues* nor *Brains*, since *We*
 Are thus distemper'd ev'n by *Prophecy*.

189.

He, noble He, foretold, how in the dry
 Old age of *Time*, his *God* abroad would set
 Th' alquickning *Fountain* of *Immensity*
 To cure the languishing *World's* *Drought*, and let
 The *Deluge* of his mighty *Spirit* flow
 Down on parch'd gasping bosoms here below:

190.

How this most cleansing *Flood* should wash the eye
 Of every *Age* and *Sex* so bright, that they
 Through gloomy *Closets* of *futurity*
 Should light themselves by their own searching *Ray*;
 And traffick in the deepest *Mysteries*
 Of holy *Visions*, *Dreams*, and *Prophecies*.

191.

This, this, that strange *Effusion* is which now
Our blind illiterate Ignorance hath drown'd ;
This from our heav'n-instructed tongues doth flow
In every Dialect's right-tuned Sound.
Our Souls *this Wine* enflames ; and thus are We
Drunk with mysterious Sobriety.

192.

When *Slander* at this high Apology
Chain'd in inevitable Muteness stood :
Further to reach his blessed Victory,
The conquering *Saint* on in 's Oration rode,
And on his now engaged Auditory
Full volleys poured of his *Master's Story*.

193.

Which Charge so smartly wounded them, that they
Fling up their Arms, and Quarter, Quarter cry ;
No longer they dispute, but meekly pray
For life and pardon : nor could all the sly
Recruits which *Satan* stole into their breast,
The sense of this their Overthrow resist.

194.

Three thousand Souls thus at one single Cast
This lately-vilified *Fisher* caught ;
Whom from their Unbelief's rough Deep, to most
Serene and happy Baptism's streams he brought ;
And sent back frighted *Belzebub* to quake
Ev'n in the bottom of his burning Lake.

195.

This early Conquest's grand Experiment
Doubled their Privilege's former sense
On these *Disciples'* hearts : the full extent
Of that dear Promise their *ascending Prince*
Pawn'd to their Widdowhood, perform'd they see :
Now they invested are in *Potency*.

196.

In *Potency* ; and in such pure *Delight*
That *Joy's* own Soul's not more content than they :
Indeed all *Pleasures* seem'd to take their flight
On *Jesus's* wings, when hence He tow'r'd away.
But now in their own ravish'd breasts they find
Heav'n's and Earth's *Comforter* Himself inshrind.

197.

Whole Oceans of Jubilations beat
And foam'd upon their bosoms' swelled shore :
Their former selves they sought amongst those sweet
Extremities, but found themselves no more :
The Men were lost in joyous Perturbation,
And all their Essence turn'd to *Exultation*.

198.

This *Solace's* divine *Contagion* spread
Upon all Contraries its conquering might ;

With Honor, *this* disgrace imbellished ;
This candied bitterest Tortures with Delight ;
This sow'd the Smiles of Life and pleasant Grace
Thick in the furrows of Death's frowning face.

199.

Nor could all *Persecution's* Troops forbid
These *Heros'* March, whose valiant *Jollity*
Through all Distress, and Straits and Anguish rid ;
Which muster'd stood to stop their Victory.
Their Heav'n they sweetly antided here,
Whilst from their eyes was wiped every Tear.

200.

Great was this glorious Bliss. But, *Psyche*, know
A royaler Prerogative than this
On their selected Souls was sealed now :
As wide 's *Heav'n's Kingdom* their Dominion is ;
Both East and West 's their Jurisdiction, and
They sacred *Princes* are in every Land.

201.

On twelve fair Thrones they sit in heav'nly state,
Judging the Tribes not of that *Israel* which
Is scanted in poor *Canaan*, but that
Whose equal bounds the World's wide margin reach ;
Spiritual *Israel*, link'd to *Abraham* by
The surest bands of Faith's Affinity.

202.

So absolute 's their Legislative Right,
That what they once establish for a Law,
Not all the Votes of Hell, not all the Might
Of contradicting Earth can overthrow :
For in this style run their great Statutes, *Thus*
It seems good to the Holy Ghost and Us.

203.

And little thinks *Heretick* madness, she
At *God* Himself lifts up her desperate heels,
Whene'r her proud Opiniastrete
Against Ecclesiastick Sanctions swells :
For this almighty Spirit came not now
To visit, but inhabit here below.

204.

T' inhabit here, as long as *Here* is here,
Till *Dissolution's* gulf this World devours :
Although this *royal Twelve* have chang'd their sphere,
And in a higher heav'n are fix'd than yours ;
Amongst their Successors *He* still abides,
And always at their Council-Board Presides.

205.

But as these Wonders with ecstatic joy
Embrav'd and feasted these *Disciples'* hearts ;
Behold another Miracle's bright Ray
Fresh Delicacies of Amazement darts :
Their heads' dim region they enlightned find
No less than was th' horizon of their mind.

206.

For their faint Memories' low-seated Cells,
Which fogs and mists had dammed up before,
This searching *Spirit* with pure Brightness fills ;
And rouses their Astonishment the more
To see how in their Brains' unlikely West
That Claritude vouchsaf'd to choose its East.

207.

Hast thou not seen, when courteous *Titan's* beams
Pour his bright bounty through the Summer air,
How in the golden bosom of his streams
Thick shoals of Atoms swim? About this fair
Irradiation's Scene thus scudding here
Millions of *Memorative Figures* were.

208.

And those not thin and starv'd, not blind, or lame ;
Not crude and embryo Notions ; no shreds
Of half-lost Things ; no open-eyed Dream ;
No slow-pac'd Topicks, whose dull tedium leads
Poor Recollection long long ways about,
And often seeks what needed not be sought :

209.

But fair and full Ideas ; which were all
Muster'd in Method's rational array ;
Offering their ripe and perfect selves to fall
Into the gatherer's eye without delay ;
And telling brisk *Anamnesis* that she
And all her pains henceforth might spared be.

210.

Drawn up in fairly-ranged Bodies here
Appear'd those mighty *Precepts* which of late
Preach'd in the Mountain's awful Pulpit were
When Truth's and Power's grand *Prince* the Doctor
sate.

Precepts which far outshined those which broke
From thundering *Sina's* head in fire and smoke.

211.

Here in their several Troops and Squadrons all
Those Sayings and Expressions marshall'd were,
Which from His venerable Lips did fall,
Whether He taught, or prais'd or chode, or tare
Out Devils and Diseases, or with smart
Threatnings, alarm'd the dull obdurate Heart.

212.

Here in a sweet Reserve all smiling stood
His Promises and Benedictions : from
His Baptism's streams down to His own Side's flood
Whate'r He spake, found here its proper room :
So did His new-rai'd Tongue's Discourse, which now
Reviv'd again and march'd in open view.

213.

The smallest Syllable, and lesser Point
Fail'd not their due appearance here to make :

The massy bulk of heav'n and earth shall faint
And fade to nothing ; but no Words that break
From His dear mouth who is th' almighty *Word*
In black Oblivion's pit can lie interr'd,

214.

Thus, thus the *Gospel* first was writ, and in
Thus many Copies : which soon after by
The same great *Spirit's* providential Pen
Transcrib'd in quadruple Epitomy,
Sure to perpetual Memory treasur'd are
In Piety's authentick Register.

215.

Wonder not then, that no Conspiracy
Of Earth's bold envy, or Hell's madder spight
Could blast the growth of *Christianity* ;
Which flourish'd by no mortal Vigour's might,
But by th' eternal *Spirit*, who power can give
(And who alone,) to Life it self to live.

216.

He potent *He's* her Soul, and fortifies
Her heart's inexpugnable garrison :
Whence He to every Part sends due supplies
Of vivid heat and chearful Motion :
No Members so remote, but still He warms
And hugs them in His Influence's arms.

217.

He warms and hugs them, if they kick and fight
Not with His Favour's patience ; nor by
Sin's black cold puddle strive to *quench* the bright
Flames of His Grace's Importunity :
If by rebellious spight they *grieve* not Him
Whose sweetness works to solace worthless Them.

218.

Retort thine eyes into thy Self, my Dear,
(For thou a Member of this Body art,)
And mark by strict examination there
How matters tuned are in thine own heart :
Thy heart, I know, will answer, that it beats
Less by its own than by this *Spirit's* heats.

219.

Those Heats of His are they to which thou owest
The speed of this thy sacred *Pilgrimage*,
Far more than to these fiery *Steeds* : nor knowest
Thou how to travel to the final Stage
Of thy celestial Hopes, unless the blast
Of this great *Spirit* help thy zealous haste.

220.

Forget not then how happy is the debt
Which thy best Thanks to *Pentecost* ingages :
The royal Feast is not expired yet,
Nor has long *Time* cool'd its heav'n-kindled Rages,
Which here will surely flame till all this *All*
By fatal fire into its ashes fall.

221.

The *Angel* ceased here, in hopes that he
Had quenched now his *Pupil's* sacred thirst :
When with exultant tears bedewed, She
Into her wonted Zeal's impatience burst,
Crying, O LOVE, how how shall finite I
Contain thy ravishing Immensity !

222.

Was't not enough that thy Magnificence
Sent *Phylax* down from heav'n to Comfort me ;
But thou must pour a greater *Spirit* thence
Than any of the winged Hierarchy ;
That *Spirit* which enlivens heav'n with bliss,
And all our guardian *Angels Phylax* is !

223.

Was't not enough, O matchless Sovereign
Of most inestimable Bounty, that
Thou climb'st Thy Cross in valiant disdain
Of Shame and Torment, and refusedst not
To give Thine utmost *Blood* for me, but Thou
Must thus Thy mighty *Spirit* too bestow !

224.

Do, sweetest Conqueror, if Thou canst, do more
To triumph over Thy thrice-vanquish'd Slave :
Lo here most potent Thee I challenge, for
I fear no heavier Chains than these I have :
Under Thy Love's whole Tyranny I groan,
Nor could Omnipotence do more than 's done.

225.

Yet shall not this profoundest Project prove
Sufficient thy poor Vassal to deceive ;
Nor must the greatest Tokens of thy Love
Seduce my Loyal Languishment to leave
Thirsting and panting after precious *Thee*,
And drink full Solace from their Suavity.

226.

How cowardly is his Affection's Heat
Which can by any Present from his Friend
Be tam'd and pacify'd, and fail to beat
With ferventer Desire ! Let *Jesus* send
Me what He will, or can, His Gift shall but
Whet and enrage my soul *Himself* to get.

227.

Because this *Paraclete* the Fountain is
Of sacred Comfort, therefore dare not I
Pitch my Contentment's final rest in His
Divinely-satisfying Company :
He but augments my Debt, dear *Lord*, to Thee,
And makes my love's impatience fiercer be.

228.

Poor *Psyche's* heart why draw'st Thou by so great
And irresistible a Cord as *He*.

Yet strangely still averse, wilt not permit
This violence to hale me home to Thee ?
Why must the Giver of mysterious Ease
The *Comforter* Himself my pains increase ?

229.

Not for the price of thousand heav'ns would I
A stranger to His blessed Influence be :
Yet in Desire's deep furnace this doth fry
My soul together, *Him* and *Thee* to see.
Art *Thou* not one with *Him* ? this then I crave,
That *Thee* I may not want whilst *Him* I have.

230.

O pardon my Unsatiableness,
Since *Thou* thy self alone art cause of it :
Though *Pentecost's* vast Plentitude should press
Its feast of Joyes into my bosom, yet
I should but famish'd be the more until
I my Desires might at thy fountain fill.

231.

As long 's this cruel Distance puts a bar
'Twixt *Psyche* and her *Jesus*, woful she
Is torn and sever'd from her self as far
As groveling Earth from Heav'n's sublimity.
O most prodigious Rack, which thus canst spare
My life, and yet my heart in sunder tear !

232.

Might I but die, how would I thank my pain !
But I am that strangely-massacred She,
Who sport for Death to make, must still be slain,
Yet still survive, destroy'd afresh to be.
Help, help, dear *Phylax*, for my *Lord* is deaf ;
Unriddle thou my Smart by some Relief.

233.

Thus groaned she. But her wise *Guardian* now
Seeing her Passion's Cunning drew Dismay
From *Comfort's* purest *Spring*, forbore to throw
Forestalled Council in her headlong way.
'Twas now too late to stop the Torrent's rage,
Which yet Diversion might perhaps aswage.

234.

He therefore to her ear made no reply,
But seal'd his silent Answer on her lip :
Which Kiss she welcom'd with a loving sigh,
And hopes of something more in it did sip.
But soon she saw that what her Expectation
Took for the Preface, prov'd the whole Oration,

235.

For nimble He strait by his shaken Rein
Unto his *Courasers* signifies his mind ;
And they, whose fierceness all this while in pain
Had stood and stamp'd, now snuff'd the scorned *Wind* ;
Louder and swifter than whose stoutest wing,
In neighing triumph through the clouds they fling.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Stanza	45, ' <i>Comedy of Comfort</i> ' — see Glossarial Index, <i>s.v.</i> , for a full note.	Stanza	151, ' <i>thriambentick</i> ' — see Glossarial Index, <i>s.v.</i>
,,	59, ' <i>Prest</i> ' = ready.	,,	159, ' <i>belking</i> ' = belching, swelling.
,,	74 and 153, ' <i>fragor's</i> ' = frangor's.	,,	163, ' <i>tenter</i> ' — see Glossarial Index, <i>s.v.</i>
,,	80 — see our Memorial-Introduction on this Churchly slander of Nonconformists.	,,	168, ' <i>belk'd</i> ' = belched, swollen, as before.
,,	101, ' <i>atheous</i> ' = atheistic.	,,	181, ' <i>Interest</i> ' = interest — earlier, contemporary, and later spelling.
,,	110, ' <i>enacted</i> ' — misprinted ' <i>anacted</i> ' in original.	,,	182, ' <i>Legers</i> ' = ambassadors.
,,	136, ' <i>pale</i> ' = boundary or limits.	,,	203, ' <i>Opiniastrete</i> ' = opinionastray or opinionativeness.
,,	142, ' <i>admiring</i> ' = wondering.	,,	218, ' <i>retort</i> ' = bend. G.



CANTO XVII.

The Cheat.

The ARGUMENT.

*Leaving his Psyche, careful Phylax arms
With wholesome sage Advice her tender breast ;
Yet by the Venom of Heretick Charms
Demurely baited, down She sits a guest
At Error's board ; and by the treacherous Cheer
It quite devoured, which She swallow'd there.*

1.

THus snatched from her *Paradise*, where She
No interdicted Fruit as yet had tasted ;
Poor *Psyche* groans, and counts her self to be
Exil'd to woful Thorns and Bryars : blasted
Were her late florid Joys, which knew not how
On any ground but *Palestine* to grow.

2.

And sits the *Holy Land* so high and dear
In pious Souls' esteem? What Tongue can then
Thunder sufficient Vengeance out, to tear
Th' ignoble Sloth of those unmanly Men
With equal indignation, who have let
Vile *Pagan Powers* from *Christians* ravish it.

3.

O who can patient be to see the grand
Memorials of th' adored *Incarnation*
Basely enslav'd to barbarous Rudeness, and
Faith's Soil become an *Infidel Plantation* :
Whilst *Palestine* is now no longer known
By our *Redeemer's Footsteps*, or *our own* !

4.

Could this prodigious *Shame* digested be
By *Roman Hearts*, when on their Empire's throne
No other *Prince* was culminant but *He*
Whom all the best of *Bayes* attended on ;
Who like a Bank against the *Torrent* stood
And turn'd the *Gyant* into *Sarus's* flood :

5.

Whose mighty Hand sent bold *Razates* down
To his eternal Night : who from the brow

Of stern *Cosrhoes* shaken off his Crown ;
Before *Syrhoes* cancell'd nature's Law,
Improving Vengeance, that the *Tyrant* by
A *Parricide* dispatch'd, might double die :

6.

Who wip'd the *Roman Ignominy* out,
When he *three hundred Eagles*, which had long
Been mew'd in *Persian* cages, nobly brought
In triumph back, and bad them fly among
Their fellow *Ensigns*, and as freely gaze
As any of the brood, on *Phebus's* face :

7.

Who not these *Banners* only did redeem,
But ev'n *Redemption's royal Standard* too ;
Which he could then so preciouslly esteem
That he himself its *Porter* turn'd, and so
Made all his Empire stoop to that which He
Upon His shoulders bore to *Calvary*.

8.

Alas *Heraclius*, how has *Heresy*
Atchieved what all *Persia* could not do !
How has it made thine *Eagles'* pinions be
Only of use to *flie before thy Fo* !
Whilst one of *Christ's* great *Wills* thou tak'st away,
In vain *thine own* thou hopest to enjoy.

9.

Lo how the Monster *Mahomet's* black Fry
Like numerous *Locusts* from the pit of Night
Crawle into *Palestine*, and there defy
The blasted Powers of this *Monotheite* :
Lo, they are to the *holy City* come,
And *Haumar* robs him of his *Savior's Tomb*.

10.

This rais'd in reverend *Sophronius's* breast
A mighty Storm of *Agonies*, to see
His venerable *Salem's* walls possess
By *Saracenic Impiety* ;
And *James* his sacred *Seat* become the throne
For curs'd *Apostasy* to reign upon.

11.

He sigh'd and weep'd, and finding no Relief
From Heav'n or Earth to slake his Lamentation,
Resign'd himself to his victorious Grief,
And drown'd in his own Tears, fulfill'd his Passion :
For why should I live longer here, said he,
Still to be slain by what mine eyes must see !

12.

And now the *Land of Milk and Honey* lay
For more than four long Ages overflown
With *Mahumetick Poison* : till a Ray
Of vigorous *Christian Gallantry* shot down
From heav'n, and by the *Ermite Peter's* breath
Blown to a Bonfire, flam'd with *holy Wrath*.

13.

With *holy Wrath* it flam'd in many a Breast,
But most in brave *Bolonian Godfrey's*, who
In steel, and stronger Resolution, drest,
Burnt with desire to meet his *Pagan Fo* :
His *Lorain* can no longer hold him, He
Has vow'd *another kind of Duke* to be.

14.

His *consecrated Legions* he leads ;
And in their eyes their *Quarrel* to display,
Fair in his goodly streaming Standard spreads
The *bloody Cross* : whose dreadful beauty They
Beheld with reverend Joy, and cryed, *We*
Though in thy *tincture*, ne'r will shrink from *Thee*.

15.

The *Turkish Moon* grew paler than before,
And in a cowardly eclipse drew back,
When this bright *Banner* Terrors 'gan to pour
Upon her dazel'd face, and passage make
To *Victory*, who always waited there,
And never fail'd to bring up *Godfrey's* Rear,

16.

To *Christ's* soft yoke from *Turkish* galling Lore
Thus lesser *Asia* was reduc'd ; and now
The only Cries of *Salem's* Woes implore
Great *Godfry's* Sword Fame's final crop to mow :
Nor must those other *Jebuseans* hope
This *David's* conquest by their Fort to stop,

17.

Brave Indignation Him forbad to see
That Theatre in barbarous bondage, where
The World's Redemption acted was : for He
Soon rescu'd it, and taught the *Pagans* there
What *Occidental Arms* could do, whose eyes
Beheld their own *East* set, his *West* arise.

18.

Right *Christian Hero*, O how due to Thee
Was sacred *Salem's* Crown, and more than this ?

How justly wears thy pious *Victory*
Both Martial and Poetick Laurels' dress ;
Whilst thy illustrious Name and Glory reigns
Both in the World's Applause, and *Tasso's Streins* !

19.

Those *Streins* in which thy heightned Valour takes
Not *Salem* only, but *Eternity* ;
In which with louder life thy Trumpet speaks,
Because blown by a *Muse* whose Blast can fly
Beyond *Judea's* bounds, and nobly dares
Alarm the Admiration of all ears.

20.

But when by Death *Heav'n* sent for *Godfrey* home ;
Baldwin, his brother both in Piety,
And Blood, and Might, supply'd his royal Room.
Sidon and *Ptolemais* felt what He
Could in Religion's heav'nly Quarrel do,
And so did *Egypt's* sturdy *Caliph* too.

21.

He to his cousin *Baldwin* left his Crown,
And his entailed Gallantry with it :
Witness the routed *Turks*, and *Antioch* thrown
In flat submission at his conquering feet.
What though to *Persia* some renown he lost ;
His gains upon *Damascus* bare that cost.

22.

Then *Turine Fulco* to this Scepter rose,
But by 's unhappy Fall drop'd it upon
His unripe Son, his *Baldwin* ; over whose
Surprised Powers stern *Noradine* began
Proudly to triumph, but was soon compel'd
His stollen Laurel back again to yield.

23.

Brother, and heir both of his Throne and Praise
Was *Almerick*, a Prince of active Might ;
Whose sword grew fertile in triumphant Bays,
And glittered with Glorie's awful light.
All *Ascalon* beheld its noble flame
When he from conquer'd *Alexandria* came.

24.

Baldwin, his worthy Son, succeeded, and
A long tough war with *Saladine* maintain'd ;
Till Leprosy subdu'd his martial Hand,
And what force vainly tugg'd for, Weakness gain'd.
Then chose he for his trusty Deputy
Since Fate would have him choose, *Joppean Guy*.

25.

Next him, his nephew *Baldwin* climb'd the throne,
But quickly tumbled from his royal sphere ;
For undermining *Guy's* ambition
Had vowed no Superior to bear :
Which stung the Earl of *Tripoly* so deep,
That he in desperate Plots his Wrath did steep.

26.

With *Saladine* he deals, and wins so far
On his proud hopes, that he persuades him to
Conjure against the *Christians* in a War
Which soon atchiev'd their total Overthrow.
Just *Heav'n* this 'Taliaion did decree,
That Treason Treason's deadly Scourge should be.

27.

In *Piety's Metropolis* anew
Thus Barbarism came to domineer :
Which rous'd the *Western Emperor*, and drew
Devoted Legions to attend his War.
Surprised *Syria* at his presence quak'd ;
'Twixt fears and hopes the startled *Turks* were rack'd.

28.

But as this generous *Frederick* in his Might
Rode fairly on, his Courser's fatal Fall
Flung down his Lord into the sudden night
Of Death. When lo his noble *Son*, by all
The Army chosen General, persued
His Father's steps, and where he went, subdued.

29.

But what can Virtue do, when Fates oppose !
Against this hopeful *Son of Valour*, who
Had taught the stoutest of his Pagan Foes
How hopelessly they Him assailed, lo
The Plague took arms, and in his warlike heart
Fixt her unseen and most untimely dart.

30.

French Philip then, and *English Richard* came,
And with new *Western Bravery* made good
That mighty Loss : the Lightning of their fame
Flashed before their Swords ; for like a Flood
Incourag'd by two Torrents meeting, They
Swallow'd up their Resisters, and their Way.

31.

But *Discord*, that avow'd eternal Fo
Of high Designs, turn'd *Philip* back again ;
Yet *Richard* still for *Salem* means ; where though
He had with *Cyprus* bought his right to reign ;
Home was he summon'd from his foreign Wars
Timely to still his *Albion's* loud Jars.

32.

To *Salem* then new *Western Heros* sped,
By *Saladine's* decease invited thither.
Fair smiling Hopes their Landing flattered,
But strait their Sunshine turn'd to lowry weather :
For lo, the *Austrian Duke*, and *Saxon*, by
Their own deaths caus'd their Partie's hopes to die.

33.

And yet undaunted *Montfort* with his brave
Selected *French*, disdain'd back to start ;

Till he good reason to the *Panims* gave
To grow so tame and kind as to impart
Peace to the *Christians*, granting their desire
Of freely holding *Ptolemais* and *Tyre*.

34.

Mean while a glorious Conspiracy
Of new-fir'd Princes to their Standards stream :
Henry, Count of Saint Paul : of *Campany*
Theobald ; of *Flanders Baldwin* ; and of *Breme*,
Gualter : of *Lovane, Henry* ; *Boniface*
Of *Monferrat* : all cloth'd in steel and brass.

35.

And these their march strait toward *Salem* bent,
Till, by the *Grecian Quarrels* turn'd aside
On *Ducas* they their holy Zeal mis-spent ;
And finding then fit fuel for their Pride,
Forgot the Butt of their devout Design,
And took no longer aim at *Palestine*.

36.

The mighty Plunder of the *Eastern Throne*
Takes up their care to try who most could snatch :
Of Islands some, some the Dominion
Of Cities, Provinces, or Countries catch :
Yet Fortune's and the Armie's love bestow
The vanquish'd Empire's crown on *Baldwin's* brow.

37.

But *Montfort's* Truce expir'd : *Germany*
Conjur'd again into the Holy War,
Of which stout *Brennus* had the conduct : He,
Whose Coming through the *Pagans* shot such fear,
That they to buy it off agreed to yield
Up whatsoe'r in *Palestine* they held.

38.

But vain Ambition lost this offer'd Prize,
Whilst sudden Hope of conquering *Egypt* throws
So thick a mist before the *Christians'* eyes,
That unto *Cair* the blinded Army goes ;
Where they with *Nilus's* Floods besieged round,
Their sacred Enterprize untimely drown'd.

39.

Yet *Frederick* his *German Eagles* spread,
With which again he into *Syria* flew.
The *royal Birds* no sooner fluttered
About the *Sultan*, but his Trust they slew :
He hast's to yield, and totally resign
Unto the *Christians* their dear *Palestine*.

40.

Thus when to his Imperial Diadem
This conquering Prince had wedded *Salem's* Crown ;
He *Raynold* honors with his Vice-roy's Name,
And brings his Triumph home. But soon the frown
Of *Fortune*, or of *Fate*, blasted what He
Had nobly brought to such maturity.

41.

For when the heav'ns had roll'd five years about,
Lo *Raynold* dies, and *Salem's* Bliss with Him ;
The *Templer's* Insolence such Falsehood wrought
As *Christians' Faith* doth worst of all beseem :
Their Breach of truce their punish'd selves deceives,
And *Salem* unto *Egypt's Sultan* gives.

42.

Yet holy *Lewis* with his Frenchmen strook
New fright into the *Panims'* souls ; for they
At his illustrious *Oriflambe's* look
Unto his Victories gave ample way ;
Offering him *Salem, Palestine,* and more
Than *Christians* own'd in *Syria* long before.

43.

But fatal Counsel (and which ill became
Th' *ecclesiastick Oracle* to give)
Inveigled him against the glorious stream
Of his own willing Happiness to strive :
And thus refusing what he came to gain,
Himself he lost, and only found a Chain.

44.

For overborn by *Egypt's* armed Tide
He to the *Sultan* prov'd a captive Prey.
Yea when set free again in vain he try'd
His new Adventure's strength ; for by the way
Both on his Army, and Himself, a dire
Contagion empty'd out its deadly ire.

45.

His Quarrel *Edward, England's* sprightly Prince
Took up and lost none of the *English fame* :
What Palms had this stout Hero pluck'd from thence,
Had his confederate Princes timely came !
But whilst unworthily they lingred, He
Return'd, and left behind *ripe victory*.

46.

To gather which, imperial *Rodolf* sent
The forward Prince of *Megalopolis* :
A noble General He, and bravely bent ;
But yet against the bold impetuousness
Of stern-fac'd *Mamalukes* too weak to stand,
He yields his neck to wear a Captive's band.

47.

These unsuccessful Expeditions' shame
Awak'd the *Christians'* utmost indignations ;
Who in religious Throngs to *Syria* came
With hopes as high as were their Preparations ;
Yet both by baneful Pride invenom'd were,
Which soon atchiev'd more than the *Turks* could dare.

48.

For as fond Huntsmen, riding to the chase,
Wrangle and quarrel for the *Lyon's* skin

As yet uncaught, until their Strife increase
To such Intemperance, that their whole Design
It undermines, and makes them readier to
Chase one another, than that common fo.

49.

So here the *Christians,* who all hunting went
For *Salem's* Crown ; before the Prize they gain,
Into disputing factions are rent
About their right and title there to reign.
Not one but thought his Plea the best, and each
Eagerly caught that which was still to catch.

50.

The Kings of *England, Cyprus, Sicily,*
And *France* ; the *Pisans, Florentines,* and *Pope* ;
The Prince of *Antioch,* Count of *Tripoly,*
The *Genovese,* and the *Venetian's* hope,
So did the *Hospitals,* and *Templers* too ;
That Justice could not, durst not, say them No.

51.

Thus while this *cursed War of Contestation*
Protracts the *Holy one* ; the Soldiers, who
Grow, like their Weapons, rusty by Cessation,
No other business finding now to do
But to be Wicked, through each neighbour town
Run havocking and plundering up and down.

52.

At these unmanly Wrongs the *Pagans* grew
Both in their Rage and in their Courage high ;
And *Vengeance* joining with their Legions, flew
Upon their quarreling foes' Impiety,
Till by a quick and general Defeat
All *Christians* out of *Syria* they beat.

53.

They beat them out of *Syria,* and out
Of all that fertile Bravery, whereby
Their frequent Armies they to *Salem* brought
With fresh Recruits of zealous Piety :
Their Courage now lies dead and cold at home,
Which us'd to live about their *Savior's* Tomb.

54.

Yet not so dead, but it revives again
Into a Life much worse than Death ; since They
With most unchristian Rage have learn'd to stain
Their Swords in one another's blood, and play
The *Turks* among themselves, whom they were wont
More nobly from their *Syrian* Dens to hunt.

55.

The *Cross* must now against the *Cross* be spred,
(Blush Heav'n and Earth at this !) and they who are
To *Peace's King* in strict allegiance bred
Be barbarized by a mutual War ;
Tearing that gentle Legacy which He
Dearly bequeathed to their custody.

56.

They who are in one *sacred Body* knit
By mystick Union, no foes will seek
But their fraternal *Members*; and forget
That whilst on them their salvage spight they wreak,
The tender *Head* feels every Wound and will
Score up each drop, which of his Blood they spill.

57.

Weep all good eyes which see this horrid shame
Of *Christians* digging christian bowels up.
With what pretence can we the *Pagans* blame!
Our Wars, our own dire Wars, our mouths will stop.
We tutor them, and shew their Rage the way:
If we suck Christian blood, why may not they!

58.

Had but the thousand part of those dear veins
Adventur'd to be broach'd in *Palestine*,
'T had wash'd out both our Cowardize's stains,
And black *Mahometism*: yea *Greece* had been
Redeemed also, and no longer lain
A groaning slave under a pagan chain.

59.

Or had that Power of Policy, of Wrath,
Of Arms, of Horse, of Men, and stronger Gold,
Which in our self-destroying *Britain* hath
Of late been lavish'd out, when *England* sold
Her Bliss to Misery, with provident
And pious Ardor been in *Syria* spent:

60.

Had that blind Madness of our costly Zeal
Which joined in a *Covenant* to destroy
The Church's and the Kingdom's glorious weal,
But chose its venturous fervor to employ
Against *true Tyrants*, and been christened
Into a *just and holy League* indeed;

61.

Our guilty Swords had now not blushed in
Fraternal blood: nor had our wretched Bays
Deflour'd with English Sighs and Curses bin;
But *Salem's* face had shin'd in freedom's rays,
And from her long-press'd neck th' unworthy Yoke
Of *Ottomanick Barbarism* been broke.

62.

As loth was *Psyche Salem* to forsake
As are our Banners thither to advance:
She oft look'd back her long Adieu to take
With weeping eyes and blubber'd countenance;
But when the Hills she could no longer spy
Let Blindness now, say'd She, lock up mine eye.

63.

And with such potent passion did she breath
That sigh-clogg'd Word, as made her *Phylax* start:

For lo, the pallid characters of Death
Star'd in her daunted face, and every Part
Ghastly proclaim'd her soul was thither fled
From whence her Body now was hurried.

64.

In application of his cordial Powers
Had not her dextrous *Guardian* nimble been,
His *Psyche's* eyes in these their amorous showers
Had their own final deluge found, and seen
No more for ever: with such boundless rage
Acts *Love*, when female bosoms are his stage.

65.

(And ask me not, What makes this Passion prove
So bravely stubborn in the softest hearts?
Thy self the Answer feel'st, if genuine Love
On thee e'r try'd his mysterious darts.
If not; 'tis vain to tell thee Riddles which
Pose all but deep *Experience's* reach.)

66.

But quick as is the influence of Light,
New vigorous Spirits he breaths into her breast;
Which thrilling through her *veins*, chas'd out the night
Of languid Cold from its congealed Nest;
And wak'd her blood, bidding it rise, and thaw
Her cheeks, and lips, and forehead's frozen snow.

67.

Psyche look'd up; but toward *Salem* bent
Her fruitless eye, and then she groan'd anew.
Courage my Dear, said *Phylax*, be content,
Thou all hast seen in *Salem* worth thy view.
'Tis time that to thine *Albion* thou thy great
And holy Pilgrimages now relate.

68.

'Tis time to check those Distances which make
Britain a stranger unto *Salem*; time
That thy narration others teach to break
Though still at home, through all this foreign Clime;
Whilst they, attending what thy tongue declares,
Travel not by their feet, but by their ears.

69.

As when a friend unwelcome things propounds,
His *other Self* (who has no power to be
Right-down displeas'd at whatsoever sounds
From those beloved lips, which faithful He
Holds dearer than his own,) displays the smart
In his Eye's mirror, of his wounded heart:

70.

The dainty anguish of her loving Look
Thus *Psyche* open lays to *Phylax* view;
That he might read in that pathetick book
How this *Return's* Alarm her Comforts slew.
But when he seem'd that language not to ken,
Her lips thus to interpret it began:

71.

Between two Deaths, which shall poor *Psyche* choose !
'Tis death my *Guardian's* motions to resist ;
And death, religious *Salem's* sweets to loose :
And but of one poor Life am I possest.

Yet had I more, my straits were still the same ;
For all were due to *Thee*, and all to *Them*.

72.

O dear *Protector* of my Joys, and Me,
Divide not now thy Charge : Had I not been
Conducted hither by thy Piety,
Mine eyes had ne'r adored *Palestine*,
Nor been enchanted by the precious Graces
Which have indear'd these *consecrated Places*.

73.

I had not now forgot, or scorned all
The World beside ; which is but Dirt indeed
To this pure Soil ; whose Riches justly call
Tagus and *Ganges* poor ; as being bred
By his prolifick Heav'nly rays alone
Whom *Righteousness* owns for her Sovereign *Sun*.

74.

And of these Jewels must I robbed be
By none but dearest *Thee* ! Had open foes
Thus absolutely wrack'd and ruin'd me,
I might have grapled with my single Woes ;
But springing now from unsuspected *Thee*
Much more than double all my losses be.

75.

Ah what has *Albion* that can entertain
A soul from *Salem* snatch'd, from *Salem*, which
Queen in the World's heart chosen was to reign ;
Whilst *Albion's* Clime doth us her Vileness teach :
Whom nature threw into the West and sought
How from the Universe to kick her out.

76.

Arimathean Joseph's Tomb indeed
Is there, that something that poor Isle might have :
But O, the sight of that, will only feed
The fire which burns me for his *other Grave*,
His *other Grave* in which my *Spouse* did lie
Far far from *Britain* whither thou wouldst fly.

77.

When in the loftiest Air the Whale can live,
When in the bottom of the Sea the Lark,
When *Cancer* can to Winter welcome give,
When Highnoon can inhabit in the Dark,
When *Britain* can to *Salem* shipped be,
Then may it prove a fitting Home for me.

78.

But until then, I only thither go
Bearing my woful Carcase to my tomb,

Since thou sweet-bitter friend wilt have it so,
And not vouchsafe in *Palestine* a Home
For now most-banish'd *Psyche*. Here a stream
Of tears flow'd down from her, and softned Him.

79.

Nay I am not so hard says he, but I
Can melt by fewer drops of thine than those :
Come, wipe thine eyes, for thou shalt instantly
Live in those Joys thou hold'st it death to loose.
With that, he slop'd the Rein, and wheel'd about
And smiling *Psyche* back to *Salem* brought.

80.

She smil'd ; but sober He confess'd no signs
Of jollity at this Returning ; for
By his profounder judgment he divines
That *Land*, however *holy*, would to her
Scarce prove a trusty Sanctuary, since
His and her Master's summons call'd her thence.

81.

Yet He, still true to his own *guardian Care*,
A fitting Mansion for the Virgin sought ;
A mean and private House, retired far
Both from Temptation's and from Tumult's rout :
Which he replenished with plain, but pure
And Piety-becoming furniture.

82.

But when the sweetness of his Court'sy here
Had settled her ; his brows he sadly knit,
And cry'd, with earnest awful Looks, my Dear,
Thou seest what order I have took to fit
Thy longing and thy Lodging too ; but now
A gift more useful I'll on *Thee* bestow.

83.

'Tis my *Advice* ; of which th' hast greater need
Than here to sojourn ; for thy fixing here
Doth all that mystick mighty danger breed,
Which by thy life I thee conjure to fear.
Thy life at *Salem* is in peril, which
Had been in *Albion* out of Danger's reach.

84.

Where Waters fairlyest smile, and smoothest flow,
The deepest Gulfs beneath in ambush lie ;
Where in their briskest beauties Roses grow,
Of Thorns springs up a thick Conspiracy ;
All Poisons then most active are and bold
When they are lodg'd in pompous Pearl and Gold.

85.

Sweet *Paradise* was not so safe, but there
The worst of *Serpents* in its Sweets could dwell :
And though to *Thee* Heav'n seems descended here,
Yet even in *Salem* thou may'st meet with Hell.
I grant the *Serpent* here was slain, but yet
Their fragments Snakes know how again to knit.

86

Trust not their glittering skins, which wooe the eye
 With gorgeous baits; for thick Enchantments are
 Enammel'd in their out-side Bravery,
 And holy Traps and Treacheries they wear;
 With wiley art they wind about, and glide,
 And into unsuspecting holes they slide.

87.

Trust not their Tongue (which is indeed a Sting,)
 Though fairly tipp'd with golden Courtesy
 All Heav'n roll'd up in Promises it bring,
 And Wisdom's winning Sweetness. Was not, ye
Shall be as Gods, discerning good and evil,
 A gallant word? yet minted by the Devil.

88.

Let it thy *Wisdom* be to take due heed
 Of being wiser than thy *faith*; beware
 That no capricious Longing make thee feed
 On outside Learning's baits; but wiselyer fear
 The lurking holes of *Heresy*, least thou
 Besotted prov'st by Coveting to know.

89.

Remember, here thy *Spouse* was once betray'd;
 Remember, here three times he was deny'd;
 Remember, well thy self a feeble Maid;
 Remember, thy *Agenor*, and thy *Pride*;
 Remember, what Rebellion fir'd thy *Passions*;
 Remember, *Aphrodisius's* Protestations.

90.

Remember, what from *Charis*, and from Me,
 Thy Soul receiv'd; and let no *Siren's* song
 Bewitch those ears with killing harmony
 In which the blessed Tunes of Heav'n have rung.
 Watch well this Humor of thy Zeal which may
 Its overweening self and Thee betray.

91.

Lock up these Counsels in thine heart, and there
 Safe let them lie for me till I come back.
 Thy Trust and Love shall hence to me appear
 If of these Pawns thou faithful care shalt take;
 These Pawns, which will my guardian Wings supply
 Though from thy presence far away I fly.

92.

Away I must; for this *Heav'n's* pleasure is,
 And therefore must be mine, and should be thine.
 I business have abroad; but by this Kiss,
 (And here he took his leave,) the truth of mine
 Affection, *Psyche*, on thy lip I seal:
 Keep this Impression safe, and so farewell.

93.

Away this Word, and He, together flew:
 For now the *King of Souls* thought fit to teach

Psyche how little of her heart she knew,
 Who thought it raised past Delusion's reach.
 To her own *strength* she now was left, that she
 How short it fell of that stout Name might see.

94.

But when her *Guardian* thus outflow her view,
 On her most sudden Desolation she
 Star'd round about, and 'gan her cheeks to dew.
 But strait revolving that her heart was free
 With her obtain'd Abode to satisfy
 Its curious fervency, she ceas'd to sigh.

95.

Then in a modest Veil her face she hid,
 Leaving her eyes but room her way to see;
Zeal furnished her feet with wings of *Speed*,
 And on she made amain to *Calvary*,
 Afresh her Savior's Tortures to lament;
 Not thinking that to *her own Cross* she went.

96.

Thus *Peter* with too venturesome Piety
 Crouded into the *Highpriest's* dangerous hall,
 To view and to bewail the Tragedy
 Of *Jesus's* injur'd Innocence: but all
 The fruit his Boldness reap'd him, was, that he
 Deny'd Him whom he took such pains to see:

97.

Mean while, all pious Hearts' eternal *Fo*,
 Who to intrap them keeps perpetual watch,
 Observing her without her *Guardian* go,
 Judg'd this his only time his prey to catch:
 He posted to a special *Fury's* den,
 Whose Snakes all started up as He rush'd in.

98.

But whilst rous'd She in thousand hisses spoke
 Her Sovereign's welcom: Peace my Child, say'd He,
 Part of my Errand's Haste, and cannot brook
 These Complements' delay: I have for thee
 A piece of service, which will better prove
 How much thy Father *Satan* thou dost love.

99.

Psyche, a thing to *Jesus's* wonderous dear,
 (And therefore full as odious to Me,
 Who by his Love am always pointed where
 I ought to shoot my Spight,) is that coy She
 Whom though my Craft hath often baited, yet
 Back in my face the poison still she spit.

100.

I *Aphrodisius* and *Agenor* sent,
 And genuine Feinds they prov'd themselves to be;
 About their hellish work they wisely went,
 And faithfully they ply'd their Treachery:
 But yet, good Devils, their fair-driven Plot,
 So cunning was that Wench, they finish'd not.

101.

And yet this Art in her poor silly brain
Was never bred ; O no, abus'd we are ;
And *Heav'n*, though We to it give fair and plain
Defiance, underhand maintain's this War.
There thou long since had *Psyche* drowned seen
In sulphure, had it not for *Phylax* been.

102.

He, base unworthy Spirit as he is,
Not only stoops to *Christ* (which gallant We
Of old disdain'd, and still that Scorn profess)
But with intolerable flattery
Turns Page to *Dust*, and blusheth not to bow
From heav'n to wait on this vile Worm below.

103.

Had he not better nobly Fall'n with Us,
And kept the Credit of his *highborn Mind* ;
Than crouch, and sneak, and curry favor thus
Of that proud *Tyrant* ? Can an *Angel* find
Christ's love and smile, worth being hackny'd down
Far more below himself than we are thrown !

104.

For my part, were I freely now to choose,
I would accept the bottom of my Hell
And hug Damnation ; rather than with those
Ignoble *Sons of Earth* a Servant dwell.
Those *guardian Angels* think We cursed be :
Fools, who perceive not their own *Slavery* !

105.

They boast, *Heav'n's King's* their Sovereign ; and I
Take these confessing Vassals at their word :
But, I'll maintain 't, 'tis greater Dignity
To have him for my *Fo*, than for my *Lord*.
They brag that *Heav'n's* their own, and *Blisses Hill* ;
Why I have more than so, I have *my Will*.

106.

And so have they, if you'll the Fools believe,
Who say *Their Master's Pleasure is their own*.
But may not any Slaves say so, and give
Their *Angel-ships* the Lie ? By my dread Crown
I swear, it is my bitterest agony
To think such Dastards are of kin to Me.

107.

But now, my Daughter, *Phylax* is away ;
His servile Deligence thou need'st not fear ;
Left to her Self his *Pupil* is to day,
And therefore left to us, if with due care
Thou play'st thy part ; for on thine Industry
Alone I build thy hopes of Victory.

108.

She now is crawling up to *Calvary*,
The hill which more than *Heav'n* it self I hate ;

And therefore scorn in person to come nigh
That cursed Place. It stands not with the state
Of royal and immortal *Lucifer*
To smell the stink of *Jesus's* Sepulchre.

109.

But for thy Father's sake and service Thou
This once shalt stop thy nose and venture thither :
Where thou a subtile chain of Snakes shalt throw
About that peevish *Wench*, and hale her hither.
So at her cheated *Spouse*, and *Her*, both I
And Thou will laugh out our Eternity.

110.

His foaming lips he closed here, which beat
The flood of flaming sulphure back into
His monstrous throat. Strait at his burning feet
His damned *Daughter* took her leave ; and so
With headlong fury rushed through the Earth,
And mingled with the Air in breaking forth.

111.

In this she flew above suspicion's eye,
And shot her unseen self into the breasts
Of divers Mortals, where she formerly
Had entertainment found : but now her Nests
She feathered anew with greater store
Of treacherous Powers than there she left before.

112.

Her Policy was so profound, that She
For *Psyche* laid her Nets in others' hearts ;
Which she imbellish'd by the bravery
Of most refined sublimated Arts.
To cheat poor Birds, by craftiest Fowler's wit
Such dangerous Decoys were never set.

113.

For though She were the nasty Center, where
All Lines of ugliness and Horror met ;
The looks of Beauty she knew how to wear,
Making dissembled Faith appear so sweet
That she the wisest and most piercing Eyes
Had often blinded by quaint Fallacies.

114.

Oft has she forc'd such Graces to unite
In her Attire, that *Truth's* inamoring face
Hath shin'd with less Command ; oft has the sight
Of her bewitching Mirror, from the Glass
Of *Heav'n* the credit won, and made her be
Or God, or more at least *Believ'd* than *He*.

115.

But now the *Virgin* at the *doleful Mount*
Arrived was, resolving at her dear
Redeemer's Crosse's foot to ease the fount
Of her impatient gravid Eyes : but there
A strange *Devoto* prepossess her room,
Who yet of her own Errand seem'd to come.

116.

His Looks, though guilty of few years, were yet
Grown pale and old with pious Gravity ;
His sober garb was sutable, and fit
For one who would not *brave*, but *clothed* be :
His body thin, but thick his hair, which grown
To uncontroll'd length, on his back flow'd down.

117.

Upon the ground he lay, and beat his breast,
Which echoed back the Blows with groans and sighs :
At length by thick importunate Knocking prest
It yielded forth these correspondent Cries :
O *Griefs* and *Pains*, had you no other *Heart*
But His, to make the sink of all your Smart !

118.

That Heart! the fountain of all sweetest Grace,
That Heart! to which the best of Joyes were due ;
That Heart! where not the least Demerit was
To waken Justice, and to call for you ;
The *Heart of Jesus!* here a boistrous Groan
Would needs break off his Lamentation.

119.

But then recovering his sad tongue again,
Alas, said he, and why are you *unjust* ?
Why from this breast of mine do you refrain,
Which all your utmost Stings deserveth? Must
Dear He, who more than Heav'n's delights did merit
Alone the dregs of Passion inherit?

120.

Are there no Whips, no Thorns, no Nails for Me?
For this young fitter back of mine no Cross?
No shame ; no remnant of Calamity
Left for my due reward? Did he engross
What sinful I had better title to?
Surely this Want of Woes shall be my Wo.

121.

As when the hollow Winds have drove together
Black lagging clouds, the gravid Vapor breaks
With its own weight, and pours the sousing weather
Down through the gloomy air : so on his cheeks
His labouring eyes let loose their flood, and leave
To *Sorrow's* most tempestuous deluge gave.

122.

And now his Lips no more had power to speak
In zealous Kisses he their strength employ'd :
He kiss'd the Soil, where once that *Blood* did reek
Which all the Earth's redemption fully pay'd.
And every Kiss did new desire beget
Of more affectionate embracing it.

123.

Psyche observing his strong Passion swell
With such *Devotion*, soon forgot her own ;

And with the Stranger in such love she fell
That at his honored feet she bowed down :
She bowed down, and little thought that then
She stoop'd to enter her *forbidden Gin*.

124.

But as the wary Seaman, when he spies
The amiable Mermaid floating nigh,
Turns from the dangerous Bait his jealous eyes,
Hoiseth his Sail, makes haste his oars to ply :
So this *Devoto* seeing *Psyche* there
Confess'd and fortify'd his holy Fear.

125.

For starting at the unexpected sight,
Shield me, my blessed *Guardian*, said he :
Satan, whose Craft with everlasting spight
Disturbs the course of zealous Piety,
Hath, to facilitate my Molestation
In this fair *Damsel* sent me my Temptation.

126.

Ill hast thou chose thy scene, *mistaken Maid*,
For this is *Purity's* own Theatre.
In vain hath all inamoring Grace array'd
Thy cheeks and eyes to court Desire ; for here
No Love can live, but unto *Him* who hath
Quickned it by His dear and potent Death.

127.

Hence therefore, hence, and seek thy putid Prey
Where rampant Lust in furious bonfires reigns :
Thy Beauty's Lustre must not thaw its way
Thorough my tame and now long-cooled veins.
How know I but thou art some fair-dress'd *Feind*
To make me foul? and here himself he *sign'd*.

128.

Ravish'd with this religious Jealousy
Thy Handmaid, Sir, said *Psyche*, hither came
Upon that Errand which thy Piety
Hath here dispatched ; in that very room
I purpos'd my devoted Sighs to blow
And make mine Eyes their liquid duty know.

129.

My bounteous *Lord* took my Intent, I see,
For actual Deed ; and hath rewarded it :
He knew no Blessing could more welcome be
Unto my heart, than this which here I meet :
For this art Thou, in whom I plainly read
The love of *Him* who of my soul is head.

130.

I heard thy holy Sighs and hearty Groans
As up to heav'n from thy sweet breast they flew ;
I heard thy generous Lamentations ;
And by those genuine characters I knew
That *Jesus* had by his soul-conquering Dart
Engrav'd Heav'n's best Impression on thy heart.

131.

I thank thee that thou wert of me afraid ;
Such pious fear I reverently admire :
Yet be assured Thou hast met a Maid
In whom there glows no embers of black fire.
No, no : my heart abhors such guests as those
Since she tricks of *Aphrodisius* knows.

132.

I might indeed have been, what you suspected,
Foul *Satan's Agent*, and a *Feind* of hell ;
Had our dear *Lord* His worthless *Worm* neglected,
And not seal'd sure on Mine His blessed Will.
And so might'st Thou, had He not spread above
Thy helpless head the banner of His *Love*.

133.

That *Love*, which wheresoe'r I find it shine
Must humblest reverence from my heart command.
Wonder not at my Case, but make it thine,
And think how thou could'st possibly withstand
Thy charming Self : if I immodest be,
Like Love will pardon Love's immodesty.

134.

Yet 'tis no Boldness with th' attractive *Sun*
To fall in love ; or with, what lovelier is,
Pure *Virtue's* face : what ravish'd I have done,
To Thee, great *Jesus* gave me leave to His
Own self to do ; O then no more admire
That I grow warm, now I come near thy fire.

135.

My Warmth is pure, as is its Spring in Thee,
And doth as much adulterous Heats detest :
For only on thy zealous Piety
The hunger of my chaste Desires I feast.
I am a Stranger here, and hither come
Religion's Merchant from my *British* home.

136.

But in this *Land of Holiness* I meet
Such rare, such price-transcending Wares, that I
Desire my native *Albion* to forget,
And where my *Savior* did, both live and die.
Me thinks I here am nearest *Him*, who is
Whither I live or die, mine only Bliss.

137.

Yet not so near, but mighty Distance still
Doth interpose, and Him divide from Me :
Witness the sacred *Marks* on yonder Hill
Engrav'd to His *Ascension's* memory.
And how shall *Psyche* meet Him now, but in
Some *Saint* in whom His Image here doth shine ?

138.

Wherefore some heav'n-inflam'd Companion I
Would gladly gain, with whom my Soul might live

In holy Friendship's sweet society,
And mutual Heats of Zeal from him receive.
And since Heav'n puts you in my way, O be
True to your self, and you 'l be kind to me.

139.

This said : sometimes to Him her pleading Eye,
Somtimes to Heav'n she turn'd ; and by that mute
But most mysterious Importunity
Solicited her earnest-bashful Sute ;
By yielding Silence wisely urging more
Strong arguments than she had spoke before.

140.

Mov'd with her soft Expressions and her Tears
(For these flow'd out as thick and fast as they,)
The Man gives credit unto both, and cheers
His clouded looks, and cries, O happy day
Which to my admiration shew'st a Breast
Of heav'n's pure *Dove* the chaste and comely Nest.

141.

Pardon dear *Stranger*, pardon my Mistake,
And be no longer in *that Name* to me.
The best amends I can, I vow to make
To my misprised slander'd Piety.
I at thy bounteous Offer catch, and will
Both thy Desires and mine own Joyes fulfil.

142.

Rare are those *Friends* as Birds of Paradise
But seldom seen in this unworthy Earth,
Whose hearts in one no other Cement ties
But heav'nly Zeal and Love. O were my Worth
As great 's my Vileness, that thy Servant might
With equal Court'sy this of thine requite !

143.

If by the royal Law of Love's great *Lord*
Precious in our esteem our Foes must be ;
What what Embraces must we then afford
To them who us outvy in *Charity* !
Come gentle Soul, and this chaste token take
That to thy Wish my heart I pliant make.

144.

Here by an *holy Kiss* (for that of old
The Symbole was of *Christian Consent*,)
He seal'd his words : then taking reverent hold
Of her right hand, he down the Mountain went,
Leading her to his Dwelling ; whither she
Trip'd cheerly on, and fear'd no Treachery.

145.

(Into the Vulture's Nest thus flies the Dove ;
Thus to the smiling Shelves the Ship doth run ;
The Stranger thus into th' enchanted Grove
Hastes for delight ; Thus to the fatal den
Of fairest-tongu'd Hyenas skips the Lamb ;
The Child thus leaps into the playing Flame.)

146.

Arrived there ; *Athades* (such his Name,
And such his Nature was,) prays her that since
She in a busy season thither came,
She would attend with friendly patience
What might not be deferred : but, said he,
The Work though great, will soon dispatched be.

147.

In his eighth journey now fair *Phebus* ran
Since his *Firstborn Athades* did enjoy ;
Who by the Rule of his Religion
Was bound to *Circumcise* the Child that day :
Which with a consecrated knife of stone
He did, and gave his own Name to his Son.

148.

The *Infant's* wound the softer heart did lance
Of *Psyche*, who strait wept, and knock'd her breast,
And testify'd her sad Impatience.
But watchful He perceiving how his Guest
Disrelished her Welcome, to her stept,
And, weeping first, demanded why she wept ?

149.

So when the bleating Sheep in *Samuel's* ear
Proclaim'd the Sin of his rapacious *Prince* :
At which the pious *Prophet*, vext to hear
What heav'n and He did hate, took just offence ;
Remorsless *Saul* pretended still that he
Admired why the *Saint* displeas'd should be.

150.

She made in sullen silence her Reply
Compos'd of Frowns and of complete Disdain ;
Till forc'd by his mild Importunity
She gave her angry Tongue a liberal rein :
Shame on my credulous Love, which thus, said she,
Bewitch'd me to the Den of *Heresy*.

151.

Are you the Man who crouched to the Place
Of *Jesus's* Cross with such profound regret ?
How come you now to wear a *Jewish* face,
And with your *Circumcision* Whittle cut
Your *Christian* mask in pieces ? Blind were I,
As was your Zeal, this Fraud could I not spy.

152.

Had you believ'd that *Jesus's* blood was shed
To wash the stains of all the World away,
Your cruel *Heresy* had not made red
Your Infant in his needless blood to day ;
Who had been purer, in the gentler stream
Of holy *Baptism* had you drenched him.

153.

Upon the *Christian's* God you faun in vain
Whilst thus you mock His *Merits*, and prevent

Those high Prerogatives of Power which reign
In His all-clean all-cleansing *Sacrament* :
For how can you be to *His* service true,
Yet dare to consecrate your Son a *Jew* ?

154.

I see what reason my wise *Guardian* had
To be so jealous of my *Staying here* ;
Why he so solemnly appeared sad
When I was merry and refus'd to fear.
He knew black *Satan* would himself array
In Light, my too soft Softness to betray.

155.

Here she was flinging out. But flattering He
By *Christ's* great *Cross*, and by His greater *Name*
Pray'd and conjur'd her pious Charity
His unexamined Action not to blame ;
But to defer her Censure, and to hear
With patience, how he could his Cause declare.

156.

Such power breath'd from that high Contestation
On *Psyche's* tender heart, that she relented :
When expert He, with crafty commendation
Of her mild Candor, told her he repented
That by a Declaration's Preface He
Had not made way to that Solemnity.

157.

Her to a private chamber then he brought,
That no Disturbance might his Ends prevent ;
And by all ceremonious Service sought
To calm her angry thoughts with kind content ;
For, on a silken couch when she was set,
With softer language thus he 'gan the feat :

158.

Sure now dear *Stranger*, thou art quit with me,
And hast repaid me in my proper Coin :
For Hell's foul Agent I suspected Thee,
Thou for an Heretick dost me define.
But I recanted ; and if Thou do so,
Quit on the other side we may be too.

159.

If headlong Jealousy for Proof should pass,
What thing so perilous were as *Innocence* ?
How deplorable was our *Saviour's* Case
When *God*, a *Devil* deemed was ? and whence
Shall we acquit His wise *Apostles*, who
In this fond World's esteem for Fools did go ?

160.

Thou prov'dst not what my sudden fear did speak,
Nor am I such as thine did me present,
Truth can, if heard, her self transparent make,
And never fail'd to yield compleat content
To those whom *Prejudice's* poison had
Not first envenomed and partial made.

161.

Know then, that I am one of those whose breasts
Are consecrated to that *Lord* whom Thou
Alone adorest ; and permit no guests
To thrust in thither, who will not allow
That gentle *Sovereign* His throne to rear
And reign without all contradiction there.

162.

The poor contemptuous Place whence glorious He
Vouchsaf'd His Surname to assume, is that
Whence, imitating His humility,
We draw our common Title : wonder not
That *Christian*, we forbear ; too high it is ;
Plain *Nazareen*, our Ambition doth suffice.

163.

Before the Dictates of His royal Law
With universal Meekness we submit ;
Whilst others but by halves will deign to bow,
As Umpiers, not as Subjects unto it.
All hard and costly Precepts they refuse,
And leave that burden for the slavish *Jews*.

164.

They tell the World, that they a Patent have
Writ in the stile of *Christian Liberty*,
By which heav'n's *King* to them Commission gave
To break the bonds of *Legal Slavery*.
A wise King sure the while they make Him, who
Allows them what His Law forbids to do.

165.

And is not this a choise *Religion*, where
No more is left for any Charge or Pains?
Cunning and thrifty its Professors are,
Who in their own hands moderate the Reins
Which on their necks should lie ; who, as they please
Dispose their *Discipline* to their own ease.

166.

And yet 'twere well, would they their Charter show
Which constituted them *Free States* ; or but
Declare what in the *new-delivered Law*
Doth check and disannul the *Old one* ; that
The World might satisfaction gain, and We
Be made Partakers of their Liberty.

167.

For we know no such thing : but this we know
That *Jesus*, who is Author of the *New*,
Was Institutor of the *Ancient Law* ;
And upon *Sinai's* head His trumpet blew
To wake the drowsy World's obedient ear
Unto the Precepts which He thundred there.

168.

And did He then Retract the *Rite* He had
Before ordain'd? was *Circumcision* there

Repeal'd, and *Abraham's* Badge decre'd too sad
A load for *Abraham's* faithful *Sons* to bear?
O no ! such Changings inconsistent be
With wisest *God's* Immutability.

169.

Like His pure *Self*, His *Laws eternal* are,
And need no Reformation or Corrections :
Our inconsiderate *Lawgivers* here
Infect their *Laws* with their own Imperfections,
And both may mended be : Which surely 'tis
Blasphemous pride to say of *Him*, or *His*.

170.

But of His *Laws* the surest Explication
Is His *Example* : What did righteous He
When fitted by His blessed Incarnation
He could, like Us, to them a Subject be?
Did He not set the seal of His own Blood
To *Circumcision* that this *Law* was good?

171.

His *Presentation* in the Temple shews
His clear Submission to that *Statute* there ;
No less exactly than the strictest *Jews*
He solemniz'd the *Festivals* which were
Legally sacred ; and though Death drew near,
Still spar'd He time to keep the *Passover*.

172.

Let *Error* cast the blustering scare-crow Name
Of *Heresy* on this our genuine *Zeal* ;
We trust we never shall repute it shame
His steps to tread who is our *King* : nor shall
The proud World beat our Resolution down,
Since *Christ* will His own Followers surely own.

173.

The *Gospel Laws* we equally embrace :
And though my Son I *circumcised*, yet
Him off I cut not from *Baptismal Grace* :
We in that Laver too our Children wet,
That in this double Sacramental stream
Of blood and water they to *God* may swim.

174.

We grant, that where the *Circumcision Blood*
Blusheth not to oppose and useless make
That venerable *World-redeeming Flood*
Which from the precious Veins of *Jesus* brake,
The Sacrament's heretical : but we
Teach it more meek and mannerly to be.

175.

We bring it home, and tutor it to do
Its homage nearer than it did of old :
We use it as th' officious Usher to
The *Mystery* which it at first foretold :
We teach it to fore-run, but not prevent
The nobler Stream of *Baptism's* Sacrament.

176.

If of too much Obedience now We seem
 Guilty to Thee, convince us of our sin :
 'Tis plain thou hast an hopeful pleasant Theme,
 And easily upon our hearts may'st win,
 If *Truth* fight with thee ; for what Mortal's He
 Who by just Licence would not conquer'd be ?

177.

He ceased here. But as the loathing *Vine*
 Though in the *Coleworts* she can plainly read
 No hostile humor ; cannot but decline
 Their touch, and any pois'nous Shrub or Weed
 Will rather hug with all her Arms, than by
 The least Embrace accept that Company :

178.

So *Psyche*, though she could not easily show
 The venom of *Authades'* Sophistry ;
 Yet her reluctant heart could not allow
 What she could not confute : Much rather she
 Can with fell Adders' hisses fall in love
 Than his Discourse's dire design approve.

179.

For *Discontent* still gather'd up her brow,
 Still nauseous *Neglect* stream'd from her eye,
 Still on her *Guardian's* Word she chew'd ; and now
 The Serpent had his pois'nous Suavity
 Display'd, with scornful silence She reply'd,
 And wav'd her hand, and turn'd her head aside.

180.

But *Logos* (as with *Thelema* he lay
 Close in her breast,) prickt up his jolly ear,
 And drunk in all *Authades* had to say
 With such delight, that he could not forbear
 Now *Psyche* seem'd unsatisfy'd, to break
 His itching mind ; and thus he freely spake :

181.

Madam, although the *Jewish Law* to you
 Expired seems, yet that of *Courtesy*
 You needs must still to be in date allow :
 And why will then your Looks transgressors be ?
 Why with such glances of Disdain must they
 Your gentle Entertainment here repay ?

182.

It was his Goodness mildly to digest
 The Scorn which you at first upon him threw ;
 And this new Kindness might deserve at least
 Civil acceptance. Whether false, or true
 You find his Arguments, you must confess
 His Love unfain'd, his Carriage Christian is.

183.

And yet if *Logos* ever understood
 What firm perspicuous Probations meant,

What Reasons solid were, what Topicks good,
 What Demonstrations sound ; I must consent
 That he hath none but such Materials chose
 His strong Discourse's fabrick to compose.

184.

And, let me tell you, *Reason* is a Law
 By *God's* own hand ingrav'd in every breast,
 Which must no Change nor Antiquation know ;
 A Law, which whosoever dares resist,
 Rebels against *himself*, whom stamping under
 His obstinate feet, he *Nature* tears in sunder.

185.

O strive not then more wise to be, than what
 Is Wisdom's only Rule : *Authades* now
 By Reason's genuine lustre shews you that
 He walks in highnoon *Light* ; and why will you
 Be groping still in *Darkness*, when you may
 By his fair *Pharus's* conduct sail to *Day* ?

186.

Stung by this Check, *Psyche* began to groan :
 When lo, her *Thelema* took courage, and
 With most resolved count'nance, fastned on
Logos his shoulder her imperious hand ;
 Which shak'd him from his boldness into fear,
 And summon'd to her words his humbler ear.

187.

Pert Sir, said she, do's it to you belong
 The golden reins of *Psyche's* heart to guide,
 That thus you stretch your magisterial tongue
 To twit your Sovereign ? To compleat your pride,
 Y' had best e'n take her throne, and make both me
 And Her, attend your upstart Majesty.

188.

His soft smug words tickle your wanton ear ;
 But to such easy Charms we must not yield :
 Both *Psyche's* stomach is too weak to bear,
 And so is mine, his gilded Dose, though fill'd
 With sugard blandishments. Yet ask not, Why :
 It is enough for Us but to *Deny*.

189.

This peremptory sentence, at her feet
 Threw *Logos* down, and held him quaking there :
 Much wrong'd he thought himself, yet durst not beat
 With vain Complaints his angred *Prince's* ear.
 Themselves thus *Rebels* always injur'd deem
 Because their *Kings* refuse to bow to them.

190.

Authades marking how his dainty Bait
 Disgusted was, to heav'n lift up his eye,
 And cry'd, Alas that dangerous *Deceit*
 Should be suspected in *Truth's* arms to lie !
 Yet, *Psyche*, dare not I disprove thy fear :
 The wisest Souls, most jealous always are.

191.

And this thy pious Jealousy to me
So precious is, that it inflames my heart
With higher estimation of Thee
Who in Faith's bus'ness shie and tender art.
They who with headlong haste such Points receive ;
In truth do only *Fancy*, not *Believe*.

192.

I grant 'twas thy Unhappiness that Thou
Met'st with so faint a Disputant as I :
And sure our *Cause* were feeble, could it show
No better Pillars of its verity
Than my Abilities, which I confess
Are full as slender as That solid is.

193.

Yet why should *Truth* for my unworthy sake
Fail of her welcome in thy precious breast ?
Why should'st Thou pay so dearly for my Lack
Of Eloquence or Logick, as to rest
In that unfortunate Mistake content,
Which though I cannot help, I must lament.

194.

That word broke ope the fountain of his eyes,
Which in deceitful pity flowed down :
But smiting then his crafty breast, he cries,
Yet should I think *just Heav'n* on Thee hath thrown
The Punishment of this my Weakness, and
Because I'm dull, not let Thee understand !

195.

O no ! would'st thou to yonder house with me
But condescend to step, Thou clearly there
The Looks of *living Piety* should'st see,
And from an *Oracle* Resolutions hear.
If thou repent thee (which can never be)
Heap all the blame, I am content, on me.

196.

Blame me and rank me in the vilest list
Of toads and spiders : publish me to be
What most I hate, an *Enemy to Christ*,
To *Truth*, to *Goodness*, and to gracious *Thee*,
If *Satisfaction* stands not ready there
With heav'nly Light thy misty Doubts to clear.

197.

The solemn guise of this prest Kindness was
So potent that soft *Psyche* yields, and goes
With her fair-tongu'd Companion : Alas,
That facil Hearts should to themselves be foes
Whilst others they with facilness befriend ;
That pliant Twigs should break, because they bend.

198.

But in that House, they at his Prayers find
A Man whom Age had covered with snow :

Yet noble fervor in his zealous Mind
With more than youthful Vigor seem'd to glow ;
So strong was his Devotion, and so high
In all expressions of Love's ecstasy.

199.

Authades at his back strait kneeled down,
And so did *Psyche*, much amaz'd to see
How far that old Devoto had outflown
The flagging pitch of her young Piety.
Such flaming prayers she never heard before,
Nor such impetuous Knocks at th' heav'nly door.

200.

Still still she looked when the spheres should ope
And to the longing Saint his *Lord* disclose.
She wonder'd that his Body flew not up
Whose tawring Soul on such stout pinions rose.
It pos'd her thoughts to see his working Heart.
Stretching so high, did not in sunder start.

201.

With secret checks her languid Soul she chid
Which with such violence never yet did flame ;
Her Eyes hung down ; her Cheeks were overspred
With blushing (but with O how guiltless) shame.
Nor ravish'd less was *Thelema*, although
The *Nazareens* she had abhorr'd till now.

202.

But with confessing looks she here forgave
And praised *Logos* whom she chode before,
And jolly He grown insolently brave,
To see how *Fortune* her consent did pour
Upon his Verdict, hop'd that thenceforth He
In *Thelema's* own realm supreme should be.

203.

O *Looks*, and *outside Things*, how mighty are
And how substantial your Impostures, on
Unwarey Mortals, who their judgment square
By *ear* and *eye*, and those vain Rules alone
They borrow from the Senses' school, wherein
How many Beasts more learned are than Men !

204.

Pseudagius now three times bow'd down his face
In mystick Adoration, and arose.
Authades strait in Reverence's pace
Step'd forward his sly bus'ness to disclose :
But *Psyche* pluck'd him back, and told him, He
So bold on her account now need not be.

205.

Pardon me Sir, said she ; my vanquish'd Mind
Convinc'd by how much more than Reason is !
In *Him* I such commanding Goodness find
That, though I would not, yet I must profess
That *Faith* which nobly authoriz'd I see
By such irrefragable Piety.

206.

The crest of my Desires, (if yet it be
Not pride to reach at such transcendent bliss,)
Is, that his Leave would dignify poor Me
With his religious Acquaintance : This
Perhaps may be unable to repay
The Debt your Love hath laid on me to day.

207.

Authades glad and proud that he had thus
This conquest gained, bad her be secure.
Then meekly bowing to *Pseudagius*,
Regard most holy Sir, said he, the pure
And pious sute of this right virtuous Maid,
Which modest she upon my tongue hath laid.

208.

Heav'n's love hath kindled in her pliant breast
Full Approbation of whatever she
Beholds amongst us *Nazareens* profest,
And she our Proselite resolves to be.
Only she begs that you would not disdain
Her, as your lowlyest friend to entertain.

209.

His solemn eye to Heav'n *Pseudagius* cast,
And cry'd, forbid it blessed *Jesu*, I
Should not be kind to any whom Thou hast
In thine own Favour deign'd to raise so high.
In Thee, a Condescent, but nothing less
In me a Worm who crawle below, is this.

210.

Which said ; in sober pleasantness he came,
And grave acquaintance took of *Psyche's* lip,
She, big with humble thanks, cry'd out, Who am
Unworthy I, such holy Sweets to sip !
Hadst Thou vouchsaf'd me but thy feet to kiss,
That favour I had hugged as my Bliss.

211.

Thus cheated She her Misery admires,
As doth the silly Fly the beauteous flame ;
Little surmising what outrageous fires
Reign'd in that Bait which look'd so mild and tame.
Ne'r did she stand on such a Brink as this,
And never feared less a Precipice.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Stanza 10, '*James*' = the apostle who is alleged to
have been 'bishop' of Jerusalem.
.. 12, '*Ermite*' = eremite, hermit.
.. 26, '*Taliation*' = retaliation.
.. 35, '*Butt*' = mark (as of arrows, etc.).
.. 38, '*Cair*' = Cairo.
.. 115 and 121, '*gravid*' = tear-swollen : *ibid.*,
'*Devoto*' = devotee.

Stanza 127, '*putid*' = mean, worthless : *ibid.*, '*sign'd*'
= with the 'sign' of the cross.
.. 149, '*admired*' = wondered.
.. 157, '*couch*'—misprinted 'coach' in the original.
.. 176, '*convince*' = convict.
.. 185, '*Pharus's*' = Pharos.
.. 209, '*Condescent*' = condescension.

G.



CANTO XVIII.

The Poyson.

The ARGUMENT.

*The rankling Bane of Error on the heart
Of heedless Psyche greater strength doth get :
Fond Logos plyeth his capricious part,
And slie Agyrtes works the deadly Feat.
Phylax returns, and in his Pupil's eye
Rakes up the nasty Sink of Heresy.*

1.

NO more did wretched I ; who lately thought
My self pitch'd safe on *Happiness's throne* :
Ah slippery *Throne* ! how sadly hast thou taught
My credulous Joys no more to build upon
A mortal bottom, nor my Solace trust
On what so soon falls into mouldring *Dust*.

2.

O where shall I my just Complaint begin,
Which must no Ending know ! How am I lost
In *Sorrow's Maze* ! fain would my mourning Pen
Vie with mine Eyes, and drop my Grief as fast :
Fain would my *Muse*, to complement my Smart,
Indite the *funeral Elegy* of my Heart.

3.

But by the Ruins of my high Delight
Such vast Confusion overwhelms my Mind,
That it can prompt me nothing now to write
But meer Perplexity. Thy pardon, kind
Reader, thy pardon then : since 'tis not I
Abuse thy patience, but Necessity.

4.

I am not I ; O no, my *I* is gone,
That precious *Self* who mighty value gave
To worthless Me. What 'tis to be *Undone*
None more profoundly knows than I, who live
Torn and in sunder cleft, whilst lost I see
That *Half* which was more than the Whole to me.

5.

Sweet *Soul* how goodly was the Temple which
Heav'n pleas'd to make thy earthly Habitation !

Built all of graceful Delicacy, rich
In Symmetry ; and of a dangerous fashion
For youthful eyes, had not the *Saint* within
Govern'd the Charms of her inamoring Shrine.

6.

How happily compendious didst Thou make
My study when I was the Lines to draw
Of genuine Beauty ! never put to take
Long journies was my fancy ; still I saw
At home my Copy, and I knew 'twould be
But *Beauty's* wrong further to seek than *Thee*.

7.

Full little knew the World (for I as yet
In studied silence hugg'd my secret Bliss,)
How facil was my *Muse's* task, when set
Virtue's and *Grace's* features to express !
For whilst accomplish'd Thou wert in my sight
I nothing had to do, but *Look* and *Write*.

8.

How sadly parted are those words ; since I
Must now be *Writing*, but no more can *Look* !
Yet in my Heart thy precious Memory
So deep is grav'd, that from this faithful Book
Truly transcrib'd, thy Character shall shine ;
Nor shall thy Death devour what was divine.

9.

Hear then, O all soft-hearted *Turtles*, hear
What you alone profoundly will resent :
A Bird of your pure feather 'tis, whom here
Her desolate *Mate* remaineth to lament,
Whilst She is flown to meet her *dearer Love*,
And sing among the winged Quire above.

10.

Twelve times the glorious *Sovereign of Day*
Had made his progress, and in every Inn
Whose golden Signs through all his radiant way
So high are hung, as often lodged been ;
Since in the *sacred Knot* this noble *She*
Deign'd to be ty'd to (then how happy) me.

11.

Ty'd, ty'd we were so intimately, that
 We strait were sweetly lost in one another.
 Thus when two Notes in Musick's wedlock knit
 They in one Concord blended are together :
 For nothing now our life but musick was,
 Her Soul the Treble made, and mine, the Base.

12.

How at the needless Question would she smile
 When ask'd, what she desir'd or counted fit?
 Still bidding me examine mine own will,
 And read the surest answer ready writ.
 So center'd was her heart in mine, that She
 Would own no wish if first not wish'd by Me.

13.

Delight was no such thing to her ; if I
 Relish'd it not : the Palate of her Pleasure
 Carefully watch'd what mine could taste, and by
 That standard her content resolv'd to measure.
 By this rare art of sweetness did she prove
 That though she joy'd, yet *all her Joy was Love*.

14.

So was her Grief : for wrong'd her self she held
 If I were sad alone ; her share, alas,
 And more than so, in all my Sorrow's field
 She duly reap'd : and here alone she was
 Unjust to me. Ah dear injustice, which
 Mak'st me complain That I was lov'd too much !

15.

Yet tenderest she, was no less stiff and stout
 In Virtue's service : from our nuptial Bed
 A lovely flower no sooner peeped out,
 But it into the grave withdrew its head.
 And let it go ; the Method's just, cry'd She,
 My *firstfruits* are for *Heav'n* and not for Me.

16.

A second sprouted then ; who for a while
 Flatter'd our Joys ; but withering in his bud,
 Did only them the deeper beguile.
 When lo, my valiant *Dear* discretely shed
 Such moderate Tears as testify'd that she
 Would *Mother* here and yet not *Woman* be.

17.

To loose the fruit, said she, shall not dismay
 My heart, so long as it enjoys the *Tree* :
 I am content the streams should slip away,
 Since still the *Spring*, the *Spring*, remains with me ;
 Whilst I th' *Original* at large possess,
 Of two small Copies little is the loss.

18.

What wonder now that *Heav'n* was pleased this
 Twice-tryed Patience doubly to requite ;

And for one Pair it snatch'd away, to bliss
 Her afterward with two, on whom she might
 Transcribe her virtuous self, and make them be
 Her Soul's as well 's her Body's Progeny.

19.

And to this welcome task betimes she fell,
 Moulding the soft and tender Wax ; on which
 Of Discipline she clapt the early seal,
 That it not Art might seem, but Nature : such
 Was her Indulgence's sagacity
 That on the *future* still she kept her Eye.

20.

Her tender *Twigs*, whilst fitted any way
 To bend, she wisely bended to the best ;
 And this was Upward, that thus thriving They
 Might grow to Heav'n. How oft has she profest
 'Twas not th' ambition of her prime endeavour
 To have them live, but have them *live for ever*.

21.

Nor could her Servants scape her pious care,
 Whom she more truly serv'd than they did Her,
 Watching to keep them in religious fear
 And in the bounds of sober Order : for
 Unless their *God* they learn to serve, said she,
 How can they faithful service do to me ?

22.

But o'r her self her watch was most severe,
 Jealous of nothing more than of her heart.
 Her richest Virtues, which admired were
 By others' eyes, her own suspected : Art,
 Art still she fear'd, and right profoundly wise
 Judg'd artificial Virtue real Vice.

23.

And this such deep and bitter quarrels bred
 Between her Soul and Her, that often I
 Ran in to part the fray, and help her read
 The Error of her Zeal : and though she by
 Mine eyes resolved were to see, yet ne'r
 So lothly kept She that resolve as here.

24.

For in her self meek She so much below
 Her self was sunk, that all her high Deserts
 From her own prospect vanished ; and though
 Those Graces which imbellish'd others' hearts
 Were to her reverent observation known,
 Her own were not, because they were her own.

25.

To Heav'nward open'd She her morning eyes,
 And darted her Devotion's preface thither :
 Before she rose, thus did she duly rise ;
 And then gat up, and call'd her thoughts together,
 Her *Matin's* sacrifice to kindle ; for
 All Offerings but by fire did she abhor.

26.

Then for her morning's Draught, unto the spring
Of life and bliss, the *Book of books*, she flew ;
Which her with various Nectar furnishing,
Sometimes she quaff'd the *Old*, sometimes the *New* :
And knew both Tastes so fully, that 'twas clear
The *New* at length was not the *New* to her.

27.

All *David* fairly she transcribed on
The tables of her faithful *Memory* ;
There likewise wrote she *Soul-inamoring John* ;
Nor e'r was more exact *Orthography*.
That from *Love's Laws* her *Soul* might never start,
She thus had *Piety* it self by heart.

28.

But that her time might in the *Chanel* run
Of pure *Devotion*, she for every day
Cut out her holy work, by which alone
She knew how *Weeks* both came and went away.
Right *Christian Account*, which thus could make
Her dearest *Jesus* be her *Almanack*.

29.

For by the *Wonders of His Love* did she
Distinguish all the *Week* : She first descended
With Him from *Heav'n*, and His *Humility*
Traced to *Bethlehem* ; where she attended
His simple *Cratch*, and learn'd those *Pomps* to scorn
In which true *Glory's Prince* would not be born.

30.

The next *Day* led her to that *Desert* where
Grapling with *Hunger* and with *Satan*, she
Beheld her *Lord*. The *Third* invited her
To meditate His scorn and *Injury*
When by His *Scholar* at a sordid price
Sold and betray'd to bloody *Enemies*.

31.

Her thoughts were highly entertained by
The fourth at that dear *Board* of purest *Bliss*,
Which *Jesus* furnish'd with the *Mystery*
Of His own *Blood's* and *Bodie's Sacrifice*.
Deep in her heart, upon the fifth she strove
To print the sacred *Wounds* and *Death of Love*.

32.

The *Sixth*, as duly found her at His *Grave*
Embalming Him with sweet *Devotion's* spice.
But on the *Seventh*, His *Resurrection* gave
Her cheerlyest *Contemplation* leave to rise ;
Nor could the *Clouds* convey Him from its view,
For after His *Ascension* too she flew.

33.

And by this bless'd hebdomadary *Round*
(The *Heav'nly Orb* which she on *Earth* contriv'd)

Weaned from our *Worldly motions*, she found
Her circled self in solid *Rest*, and liv'd
Above that *Cheat* which makes fond *Mortals* prize
For true *Content*, heart-vexing *Vanities*.

34.

Her *Soul* resolv'd to keep its home within,
And not dwell fluttering in her outward *Tire* :
Her *Rule* was, what was fit, not, what was fine ;
Not to be sold, but cloth'd, was her desire.
Miscall it not ; it is, said she to me
No *Suit*, unless it suits with my *Degree*.

35.

Preposterousness she counted it, to wear
Her purse upon her back : yet with no less
Abhorrence look'd she on that sordid *Care*
Which blush'd not to appear in open *Dress*.
Right prudently she cut her way between,
Approving nothing *Golden*, but the mean.

36.

She ne'r took post to keep an equal pace
Still with the newest *Modes*, which swiftly run :
She never was perplex'd to hear her *Lace*
Accus'd for six months old, when first put on :
She laid no watchful *Leigers*, costly-vain
Intelligence with fashions to maintain.

37.

On a *Pin's* point she ne'r held consultation,
Nor at her *Glass's* strict tribunal brought
Each *Pleit* to scrupulous examination :
Asham'd she was that *Titan's* coach about
Half *Heav'n* should sooner wheel, than she could pass
Through all the petty stages of her *Dress*.

38.

No gadding *Itch* e'r spurr'd her to delight
In needless *Sallies* ; none but civil care
Of friendly correspondence could invite
Her out of doors ; unless she pointed were
By *Visitations* from *Heav'n's* hand, where she
Might make her own in tender sympathy.

39.

Abroad, she counted but her *Prison* : *Home*,
Home was the region of her *Liberty*.
Abroad *Diversion* throug'd, and left no room
For *Zeal's* set task, and virtue's bus'ness free :
Home was her less incumbred *Scene*, though there
Angels and *God* she knew *Spectators* were.

40.

Yet this *Retirement's* cloud ne'r overcast
Those beams of leggiadrous *Courtesy*
Which smil'd in her *Department* ; and express
Full confutation of their *Calumny*,
Who lumpish, sullen, and the source of all
Affected *Soureness*, strict *Devotion* call.

41.

Nor was this sweetness partial, and design'd
 In complemental Gracefulness to vy ;
 But full as facil to the plainest Hind
 As to the courtlyest Gallant : Poverty
 She ne'r could count a reason of neglect,
 Who did so oft on *Bethlehem Cratch* reflect.

42.

This made her trade with such sincere delight
 In frequent Alms : her self she satisfy'd
 When she the Needy fill'd ; and that she might
 As ready be as was their want, she ty'd
 Her self to spare a weekly sum, and be
 Provided of a *Bank of Charity*.

43.

Nor did her sympathetick Soul with less
 Tenderness yearn the publick Woes to see,
 When bolster'd up with long-abus'd Success
 Sediton, Rapin, Murder, Perjury,
 Schism, Heresy, Rebellion, Usurpation
 Reign'd on the stage of this distracted Nation.

44.

But when the monstrous Tempest tam'd she saw
 To Peace's Calm ; when glorious *Charles* ascended
 His rightful throne, restoring both the Law
 Of Earth and Heav'n ; when Truth no more was branded
 For Superstition ; when the Church had to
 The Temple liberty again to go :

45.

Such was her Joy, as if the total Bliss
 Had been her own : for by the common Good,
 On her Particular she set the price ;
 And not contented with the vulgar Mode,
 Besides what flaming at her gate she had,
 True Triumph's Bonfire in her heart she made.

46.

Yet sadly cool'd that Fervor was, when she
 Observ'd how those who deeplyest were engaged
 To flie the Crimes whose importunity
 Had lately *Vengeance* rous'd, and *Heav'n* enraged,
 Back to their Vomit turn'd, as if their Peace
 Had only come to let them *Sin at ease*.

47.

How did she sigh ! to see fantastick Pride,
 Restless Ambition, studied Luxury,
 All in a fresh carreer eagerly ride ;
 Forgetting quite that injur'd Lenity
 To Fury boils ; that Justice, when constrain'd,
 New *Covenants* and new *Presbiters* can find,

48.

Oft did she chew this heavy Meditation,
 Crying, Are these the thanks and praise we pay

To Him who from the jaws of Desolation
 Snatch'd us ! did He the Rebels' powers destroy
 To make free room for our Contempt to swell
 And shamelesly against Himself rebel !

49.

This wean'd her weary heart from things below,
 And kindled it with strong desire to gain
 Her Hopes' high Aim. Life could no longer now
 Flatter her love, or make her prayers refrain
 From begging (yet with humble resignation)
 To be dismissed from her mortal station.

50.

Long in this earnest fervour did she fry,
 Until a Fever's mighty flame begun
 To cool it, and encourage her with high
 Expectance that she had not far to run
 Before her tedious Race would ended be
 In never-ending Rest's felicity.

51.

O how she welcomed her courteous Pain,
 And languished with most serene Content !
 No Paroxysms could make her once complain,
 Nor suffer'd she her Patience to be spent
 Before her Life ; contriving thus to yield
 To her disease, and yet not loose the field.

52.

This trying furnace wasted day by day
 (What she her self had always counted Dross,)
 Her mortal Mansion, which so ruin'd lay
 That of the goodly fabrick nothing was
 Remaining now but skin and bone ; refin'd
 Together were her Body and her Mind.

53.

At length the final hour (sad hour to me !)
 Releas'd the longing *Soul* : no Ejulation
 Tollo'd her knell ; no dying Agony
 Frown'd in her death ; but in that lamb-like fashion
 In which she liv'd (O righteous *Heav'n*, said I
 Who clos'd her dear eyes,) she had leave to die.

54.

She dy'd ; but to that Life's possession flew
 In hopes of which alone before she lived.
 Alas, I only perish'd, who in shew
 Was left alive ; and she who dy'd, survived.
 None, none this woful Riddle feels but I ;
 Hers was the Death, but mine the Tragedy.

55.

O ever-precious *Soul*, yet shall that flight
 Of thine, not snatch thee from thy wonted Nest :
 Here shalt thou dwell, here shalt thou live in spight
 Of any death, here in this faithful Breast.
 Unworthy 'tis, I know, by being Mine ;
 Yet nothing less, since long it has been Thine.

56.

Accept thy dearer Pourtraiture, which I
Have on my *other Psyche* fixed here ;
Since her ideal Beauties signify
The truth of thine : as for her spots, they are
Thy useful foil, and shall inservient be
But to inhance and more illustrate Thee.

57.

PSEUDAGIUS, whose fairfaced Piety
Possession of the *Virgin's* heart had won,
Now fully feasts his hungry Tyranny
Upon his tender yielding Prey ; and soon
Instils his Poisons with such holy art
That their contagion rul'd in every part.

58.

Both in the Suburbs of her Soul, and in
The Capitol she found it domineer ;
And quickly grown completely *Nazaren*,
She fondly joy'd that slavish yoke to wear ;
Esteeming it to be his gentle Lore
Whom as her only *Lord* she did adore.

59.

Satan, who lurk'd in ambush to espy
His slie Designs' effect ; triumph'd to see
That *Psyche* by this moderate Heresy
Was so extremly charm'd : for crafty He
When but a little Leven had crept in,
The whole Lump's body oft had tainted seen.

60.

He knew a petty Gap might quickly turn
A mighty Chasme : he knew one Spark might thrive
Into a fulgrown Flame, and serve to burn
The strongest Fort : he knew one Wheel might drive
A thousand more : he knew a careless Slip
Might cause a Fall, as well 's a wilful Skip.

61.

He knew that they who once a foot had set
In Error's labyrinth, would easily be
Allured further to proceed in it
By their own tickling Curiosity ;
And having turn'd from Truth's meridian light,
Might soon inamored be of blackest Night.

62.

Yet to secure his Plot, he *Logos* fill'd
With greater Pride and Confidence, since he
Saw *Thelema* and *Psyche* forc'd to yield
At last, to what he did at first agree ;
And they abashed with unhappy shame
His domineering carriage durst not blame.

63.

By this unbrideled Impudence he grew
So vainly bigger than himself, that he

Presum'd far more than all the World he knew
In Truth's judicious discovery.
Thus foolish Dreamers think they view the skies
When dusky Sleep has sealed up their eyes.

64.

O miserable Soul, whose Blindness is
The argument by which she thinks her Sight
Acute and pure ! who, 'cause she once did miss,
Her way, is confident of going right !
Who on her Fall doth build her Arrogance,
And counts her Knowledge by her Ignorance.

65.

For when the Morn call'd early *Psyche* out,
And led her to the sacred Sepulchre ;
Full in her way the watchful *Tempter* brought
One who no common Mortal's aspect wore :
Grave was his garb, but graver far his look :
And him for some deep-learned Man she took.

66.

Capricious *Logos* could not rest content
Till he had sounded what the Man could say :
Big with a spruce and eloquent Complement,
He brings it forth and strews it in his way,
And bowed to the ground with it : which done,
Agyrtes stay'd, and *Logos* thus went on :

67.

Sir, if your Soul be to your Body true
It must be Science's vast Treasury ;
And those spiritual Riches never knew
What Loss or Diminution meant, when by
Ingenuous Impartment they were sown
In other's breasts, yet not plucked from their own.

68.

For though his radiant Largise on the Moon,
And every Star, and all the World besides
He poureth out ; yet still the copious Sun
On in his undiminish'd Glory rides.
Though thousand Brooks it grudges not to fill,
The teeming Fountain lives in fulness still.

69.

A portion of your Streams, and of your Light,
Which by this spending are the more to you
Increas'd, is that we beg : Our stupid Night
To knowing Day may by your Influence grow :
Our arid barren Intellect may be
By your Effusions taught Fertility.

70.

That natural Desire which did inflame
Your Industry to reach at Knowledge, is
Common to Us ; nor will your Wisdom blame
Our free and bold Obedience to this
Potent Instinct, by following which have You
Attain'd that Blessing which we sue for now.

71.

So *Logos* spake ; and bowing down again
 Press'd his Petition by his fauning gesture :
 Nor could his ceremonious Lips refrain,
 But kiss'd the margin of the Stranger's vesture ;
 Thus craving with his closed mouth, and wooing
 With all his courtlyest Art his own *Vndoing*.

72.

When by a gravely graceful Pause the *Man*
 More reverence had won, with friendly eye
 He first their Welcome look'd ; then thus began
 To speak it : though safe silence suits with my
 Devout Profession, more than Words, yet now
 To Courtesie's strong Law my tongue must bow.

73.

If I to Strangers should not Kindness show
 I should affront that *Lord* who owned me
 A Stranger to himself. Yet must you know
 That I pretend not by my industry
 To have acquir'd that mystick wealth in which
 Your not mistaking fancy counts me rich.

74.

Alas, *Agyrtes* had as sottish been
 As is the heaviest He that sees the light,
 Had Heav'n's sweet Rays not pleas'd to intervene
 Between my heart and Ignorance's Night.
 But *Jesus*, who is King of *Love* as well
 As *Wisdom*, deign'd with both my breast to fill.

75.

Yet this no Wisdom is but only what
 Concerns his Truth and Him : if therefore you
 For any other Learning thirst but that,
 Pray seek where Vanity and Error grow.
 That that, or none, sweet Sir, said *Psyche* ; We
 Would only in Heav'n's Wisdom learned be.

76.

This yielding Answer made him smile within,
 And promise his proud heart the Victory :
 Yet sure to make, and grace his holy Sin,
 To heav'n he turn'd his hell-directed Eye ;
 And lifting up his hands, seem'd thence to take
 The copy of what next he meant to speak.

77.

Then on the ready grass, which offer'd there
 Its gentle service, jointly sitting down ;
 Although said he, you yet but Strangers are,
 Your holy Wish thus far has made you known
 That I perceive you are not yet to be
 Inform'd, there is a *Christ* and *Piety*.

78.

But as the noblest things besieged are
 With thorniest difficulties, so is this

Religion and *Truth* yet never were
 Enthron'd so high, but saucy *Wickedness*
 Would muster as aspiring Errors, and
 Before their face in flat defiance stand.

79.

Yet if a Candidate you ever were
 In great *Cerinthus's* School, what need I now
 Open my bottles to your thirst, who there
 All fulness from the Fount were taught to draw ?
 My School, cry'd *Psyche*, gentle Sir, alas
 Only in blind and barbarous *Albion* was.

80.

Know then, that when kind *Heav'n* implanted had
 (Replied he) its Gospel here below :
 Ten thousand Weeds a conjuration made
 To choke it when it first began to grow :
 The Blade no sooner peeped forth, but there
 These pois'nous Tyrants strove to domineer.

81.

And surely all the harvest Hopes had been
 Slain in their birth, had *Jesus's* watchful Care
 Into his Field not sent *Cerinthus* : Sin
 Ev'n in the spring presum'd the Crop to shear ;
 And *Truth* her infant head sought where to hide :
 So rampant *Error* was, and spread so wide.

82.

But this sage *Gardner* with his timely hook
 Cut those Intruders down, and clear'd the ground.
 The Church's soil strait cheer'd its doleful Look,
 And rescu'd *Truth*, full room to flourish found.
 The mystick Paradise began to be
 From all th' insidious Serpent's dangers free.

83.

The reverend *Law*, whose flaming Majesty
 Flashed from *Sinai*, now brake out again ;
 And chasing all licentious Mists, which by
 Heretick Sloth had gain'd Religion's rein,
 Mingled its Lustre with the *Gospel's* Ray,
 And doubled beauteous *Truth's* unspotted Day.

84.

And wonder not if that severity
 Which could not but attend this Reformation,
 Gall'd *Error's* soul, and made *Cerinthus* be
 The Butt of all despightful Indignation ;
 Since gallant He durst check the World, and ride
 Against ev'n *Catholic Corruption's* tide.

85.

Blind *Ignorance* was grown so bold, that she
 Would needs persuade the World it had no Eyes ;
 Making the lazy name of *Mystery*
 In stead of *Demonstration* suffice,
 From this black Pit those Prodigies of blear
 Hoodwink'd abused *Faith* vomited were.

86.

For who can fancy *Heav'n* would e'r obtrude
On reasonable Souls such shameless Fictions
As full against all Reason's Rules conclude,
And founded are on jarring Contradictions !
Sure *God* so strange a Law did never give,
That *Men* must not be *Men* if they believe.

87.

No ; 'twas not *God's*, but *Man's* most lawless Law,
Who by enacting it usurped more
Than Godlike Power on those he won to bow
Their superstitious Necks to this new Lore ;
By which to brutish Sotishness they are
Enslav'd, who Free by *Christian* Title were.

88.

'Tis not enough, forsooth, that we believe
Mary the *Mother* was to *Jesus* ; but
Into the bargain needs we must receive
That she a *Virgin* still remain'd. And what
More likely Proof, than her Virginity
The truth of His blest *Birth* to nullify ?

89.

If she a *Mother* be, she must be so ;
But if a *Virgin*, she a *Virgin* is,
He that in *One* ties these repugnant *Two*,
May reconcile the Poles into a Kiss,
May Midnight in the face of Highnoon throw,
May cement in one Center, ay and No.

90.

But by this Trick such Forgers pave a way
How their new *Doctrines* may embraced be
For most unspotted *virgin Truths*, though they
Prove *Mothers* of a numerous Progeny :
A Progeny of canonized Fictions,
Religious Lyes, and reverend Contradictions.

91.

Yet well it were, had *Mary* been alone
The subject of this *holy Nonsense* : but
With greater impudence upon her *Son*
It ventur'd, and madly forging what
Unbias'd Reason cannot but detest,
This as the *sacred Rule of Faith* profest.

92.

For though the *Marveilmongers* grant that *He*
Was moulded up but of a mortal metal,
And that his Substance was the same which We
Find in our selves so sadly weak and brittle ;
Yet an *eternal God* they make him too,
And angry are that We will not do so.

93.

(The idle Madness of a dreaming Brain
Thus counts one thing a Mountain and a Mite ;

Fancies the Sun, Light's royal Sovereign,
To look like swarthy and ignoble Night ;
Imagins wretched Worms, although it see
Them crawl in dirt, illustrious Kings to be.)

94.

But *Heav'n* forbid our Tongues should so blaspheme,
And call our *God* as poor a thing as We.
How can Eternity be born in Time !
How can Infinitude a Baby be !
Or how can *Heav'n* and Earth's *Almighty Lord*
To *Egypt* fly for fear of *Herod's* sword !

95.

How can the *Spring of Wisdom* wiser grow !
How can the *most immeasurable Nature*
By bounded years assistance from a low
And childish pitch, rise to a manly Stature !
How more than sottish is that Forgery,
That He should higher wax, who is *Most High* !

96.

Can *He* be hungry who doth all things feed ?
Can boundless Joy's eternal *Monarch* weep ?
An Angel's help can Angel's *Maker* need ?
Is He *all Eye*, and yet can fall asleep ?
Can Man the *Prince of Power* crucify ?
Can *He*, *life's everlasting Fountain*, die ?

97.

Such *Gods* as these indeed were *Jupiter*,
Mars, *Saturn*, *Neptune*, *Mercury*, *Appolo*,
And all that Rout to whom blind *Pagans* rear
Their cursed Altars : and must *Christians* follow
Such goodly Leaders, and their copy take
Religion worse than Atheism to make !

98.

Surely much thank their *Maker* owes to them
Whose glorious Faith hath been so studious to
Heap all those vile Indignities on Him
Which they themselves abhor to undergo.
If *God* be such a *wretched Thing*, no more
Will I (and 'tis no proud word) Him adore.

99.

But He is as *impassible* as they
Would make Him *weak* and *faint* : nor can He bow
To yield His high almighty Self a Prey
To our Infirmities who crawl below.
His superglorious most refined Nature
As far from *Suffring* is, as from a *Creature*.

100.

I know they strive to mince the Matter by
Distinguishing His Natures ; for their Art
(Resolv'd to blush at no Absurdity,)
Doubts not Himself ev'n from Himself to part.
Yet durst not We admit a Deity
Which must upon Distinctions builded be.

101.

First let them prove that Contraries are one,
 And that Immensity can bounded be :
 That Height and Depth can friendly meet, and run
 Into one Center's common Unity :
 That Truth is double : that one Person can
 Be *Adam's* genuine Son, yet more than Man.

102.

But O how madly mad their Doctrine is,
 And how transcending Pagan Blasphemy,
 Who not content to make a God of this
 Both passible and mortal *Jesus* : try
 To thrust Him into one substantial Knot
 With an *eternal Sire* who Him begot !

103.

Two, yet not *Two*, but One these *Two* must be ;
 Nay and a *Third* into the Knot must cling :
 The *Spirit* in they twist to make up *Three* :
 Yet vouch these *Three* for but *One* single thing ;
 Thus fast and loose they play, or ev'n and odd,
 And we a *juggling Trick* must have for *God*.

104.

If *God* be *one* ; then let Him be so still :
 Why jumble We we know not what together ?
 Discerned not the World their God, until
 This old blind Age discovered Him ? Did neither
 The *Patriarks* believe, nor *Seers* see
 Aright, because they took not *One for Three* ?

105.

I and my Brethren are full well content
 Ne'r to aspire to other *Paradise*
 Than that to which those holy *Heroes* went
 Whose Faith knew no such curious Prodigies.
 No ; *Faith's* a grave and sober Maid : and she
 Loves neither Quirk nor Trick nor Forgery.

106.

Let love and duty make of *Christ* as high
 And glorious a Thing as Wit can reach ;
 Provided that against the *Deity*
 No sacrilegious injury they preach.
 If He that only way may honored be,
 Him to neglect is Piety, say We.

107.

But we neglect Him not, who merits more
 Of us, than all our Reverence can pay :
 Our necks we yield to His most gentle Lore,
 And His Commands ambitiously obey.
 His royal Law, is *Love* ; and hated be
 They who love not so sweet a Lord as He.

108.

For our parts, we can willingly defy
 Whatever dares our Love to *Him* oppose ;

No Persecution frights our Loyalty,
 Nor durst we think those lives are lost we loose
 In His dear quarrel, who by Dying hath
 Op'd us a way to Life through any Death.

109.

You see how freely our Profession we
 Impart to Strangers ; being confident
 That honest *Truth* can never shamed be.
 Yet whither you will bow down your Consent
 To our meek Doctrines, since I doubtful am,
 Expect not I should further lavish them.

110.

For if your Faith relies on *Men*, who are
 Themselves but founded upon mouldering Dust ;
 If you by *Reason's* rule disdain to square
 Your Piety, and take your *God on trust*,
 (Which Heav'n forbid !) you only are a Prize
 To foul Imposters' fairtongu'd Fallacies.

111.

He ceased here. When *Logos* louting low
 His fauning head to *Psyche*, gave her joy
 That she had met so grave a *Doctor* now
 Whose piercing Judgment's edge could cut the way
 So plain and clear through those thik fogs which had
 Religions' region sadly overspread.

112.

Err not, said he, your former Error, but
 Think how unjustly you *Athades* sleighted.
 O what substantial Arguments, and what
 Strong Motives has he muster'd and united
 In this concise Discourse, whose depth might well
 Be owned by the holiest *Oracle*.

113.

Psyche, whose shier heart not long ago
 Would have abhor'd this venomous Language more
 Than doth the Lamb the Wolf's or Lyon's, who
 Nothing but barbarous slaughter to it roar ;
 Had now forgot her pious jealous fear,
 And knew not what it meant to *be aware*.

114.

She from the *Nazaren* Cup already had
 Sipped some drops of Bane ; which having won
 Her fond heart's approbation, it made
 An open chanel for full streams to run
 Into her bosom. Thus an Army by
 One little breach pours in its Victory.

115.

Nay though a strange reluctant Tremor through
 Her bones did glide, she would not hearken what
 That secret Item whispered, nor know
 What dangerous Knowledge she affected ; but
 With monstrous Weakness conquers her own Might
 And to her fatal *Wo* yields with delight.

116.

She yields to swallow this *Cerinthian* Bait,
And studies to her Murderer thanks to pay.
Dear Sir, said she, your solid Reason's weight
Doth on my heart such sound Persuasion lay
That needs it must submit, and henceforth learn
Your further Favour thankfully to earn.

117.

Scarce had she spoke; when lo, her *Doctor*, who
Had spy'd her *Guardian* flying thither, took
His leave as handsomly as haste and wo
Would him permit. Alas the *Angel's* look
Frighted the *Cheater*, who suspicious was
That *Phylax* would his holy Fraud uncase.

118.

But as away he sneaked; *Psyche's friend*
Hot in th' impatience of loving Wrath,
The whining air with sprightful wings did rend
And shot himself through the directest path
To reach his *Charge*; for whom his heart did quake,
Because her own, though ruin'd, would not shake.

119.

For by Love's Faithful Sympathy (though He
About his other work far distant were.)
He still preserv'd a soft Vicinity
With *Psyche's* Soul, and felt each wound: which there
Sophistick Darts had made, though foolish she
Perceived not her sugar'd misery.

120.

At his approach, for joy the *Virgin* wept,
Not thinking that those tears to Shame were due:
For still *Syneidesis* securely slept,
And to her heart forbore her heart to shew.
She to her Self was more a Stranger, than
The *Tarter* to the *Ætheopian*.

121.

But *Phylax*, almost out of breath for haste,
Suck'd in fresh spirits, and strictly then demanded
Who 'twas that gather'd up his heels so fast,
And fled from his arrival? if offended
He at my presence were, 'tis meet that I
Said he, suspect him for your Enemy.

122.

No sure, replied she; for neither I,
Nor *Logos*, could discover ought but love.
He freely taught us many a Verity,
And what he undertook, did clearly prove.
Misconster not his haste; 'twas no Offense
At you, but sudden bus'ness snatch'd him hence.

123.

But *Phylax* better knowing him, than She,
The total matter gently sifted out;

And wrought upon her Softness so, that He
His kind Design right subtly brought about:
For full confession from her charmed tongue
Of both her *Doctors' Principles* he wrung.

124.

Which heard; he groan'd, and smote his pitying breast,
And fixed upon hers his speaking eye;
By which the mixed language he exprest
Of love and wrath, of hope and jealousy:
And in this Prologue setting ope the door,
He from his lips his troubled Mind did pour,

125.

Left I my Charge, O *Psyche*, to the Wind
When hence I took my journey, or to Thee?
If in my dearest cabinet, thy Mind,
I my Advice deposed, could it be
That every *Cheater's* breath should open lay
Thy breast, and blow that solid Pawn away?

126.

If ever yet I fail'd to justify
My tenderest Affection's truth to thee;
Thou thence mightst patch up some Apology
Wherewith to cloke thy proving False to me.
But see what Logick thou hast learnt of late,
Who mak'st Love's Premisses conclude in Hate.

127.

'T had been but fair, if thou hadst staid to hear
What I against those *Arguments* could say,
Whose Charms have stoll'n thy Faith out at thine ear.
But *Phylax* was not worth Expecting; nay
Not worth Remembering; else how could thy lip
Seal'd up by mine, *Cerinthus's* kisses sip!

128.

My heart misgave me when away I went,
Or rather when with thine I left it here:
Ask but thy self what earnest pains I spent
To arm thy tender Soul with sacred fear.
O why with foolish confidence wouldst thou
Disarm thy self, and make room for the Blow?

129.

That Blow, which struck so deep into thy breast
That if some sovereign Balsam makes not speed;
If strait thy Wounds be not as deeply drest;
If *Heav'n* be not as quick new life to shed
Into thy Soul, as *Hell* was to betray
It unto death; this is thy *fatal Day*.

130.

Alas those Doctrines only Poisons were,
Squeeze'd from the dregs of *Satan's* direful Pit.
Less pestilential those Venoms are
Which desperate *Basilisks* and *Vipers* spit.
Nor *Aphrodisus's*, nor *Agenor's* tongue
With such sure Bane thy careless bosom stung.

131.

And canst thou *Psyche*, thus requite thy *Lord*
 For all the treasures of His Love which He
 So freely into thy poor heart hath pour'd?
 What? plainly rob Him of his *Deity*,
 And tear Him from his throne, whilst royal He
 His heav'nly Realm prepares for worthless Thee?

132.

Brisk *Logos* here no longer patience had;
 For pricking up his insolent crest, he cry'd,
 Good Sir, and take you me for one so mad
 That in my proper road I cannot ride;
 But both my Self, and Way, so wildly loose,
 And willingly deep Precipices choose?

133.

If Eyes of Colours sober judges be,
 If Tongues can censure what is sour and sweet,
 If Ears can Discords know from Harmony,
 If Touching may decide in Cold and Heat;
 Why may not I, who sit in Reason's chair,
 Presume to judge what Proofs convincing are?

134.

Unless I to my Essence give the Lye,
 These *Doctrines* builded are on Demonstration.
 But if you only must be *Psyche's* Eye;
 Ev'n pull me out, that by no perturbation
 The progress of your Plots I may forestal:
 Pray let me be my Self, or not at all.

135.

Psyche was glad to hear this Challenge beat
 So high, and hop'd that *Phylax* would relent.
 And were Angelick love's heroick Heat
 Less resolute than it is, just Discontent
 Had quenched *Phylax's* flames, which braved now
 By this bold Opposition stouter grew.

136.

For from her heav'n with secret instance He
 Drew *Charis* down, to join her Powers with his.
 Strait viewing *Psyche's* wounded bosom, she
 Melted with pity at her deep distress;
 And by victorious Sweetness op'd a way
 Into her heart, and *Thelema* made her prey.

137.

For with all heav'nly Operations, *Speed*
 Contempor'd is; that in the quick Effect
 The dullest Eye apparently may read
 Omnipotence's dint. Thus *Charis* checkt
 Stout *Thelema*, and in a moment prest
 Her to a Willingness not to Resist.

138.

Which *Phylax* marking: *Logos* strives in vain,
 Said he, to countermine my care of thee,

I these Affronts, and greater, can sustain
 Rather than *Psyche* should destroyed be;
 All this, and more, I will forget, so thou
 Wilt see one Spectacle I have to show.

139.

Logos look'd big, and struggled might and main;
 But *Thelema* was tractable and tame,
 And vow'd the sullen Rebel to constrain
 Unto her pliant mind his own to frame.
 Poor *Psyche* sigh'd and wept, and half afraid,
Phylax with her to do his pleasure pray'd.

140.

He weighing well that her Disease had need
 Of nothing more than Haste in her Physitian;
 Stay'd not to parle, but made all loving speed
 To snatch her from these jaws of deep Perdition;
 Whilst yet with *Charis's* soulsubduing heat
 Her melted and convicted heart did beat.

141.

Ready at hand his welknown Chariot stood,
 In which he takes her up; and shakes the rein:
 Forthwith the sprightful Steeds tearing the road
 Which open lay upon th' ethereal plain,
 Soon reached *Gitton* in *Samaria*; where
Phylax as quickly curbed their career.

142.

Then lighting down, Lo *Psyche*, this, said he,
 Is those thy newfound *Doctor's* native Town;
 Here thou their true Original shalt see,
 And from what kind of Nest they all are flown.
 This House their *Father's* was: Come, let us in,
 And view the Birthplace of *Heretick Sin*.

143.

Thus entred they: when in the house they find
 Such swarms of Doors, and Cells, and Galleries,
 Which by quaint Turnings to and fro did wind,
 That *Psyche* quickly lost her rolling eyes;
 As she had done her Self, had *Phylax* not
 Of all the Labyrinth full knowledge got.

144.

But through a thousand snarl'd Meanders, to
 A goodly Room he soon conducted her;
 Where she another Door espy'd, but no
 Cause to suspect what Dens in ambush were
 Lurking behind it; so alluring was
 The holy beauty of its cheating face.

145.

A goodly *Crucifix* was there displaid,
Altars were rear'd, and reverend *Bibles* ope,
 By which majestick *Liturgies* were laid,
 And lofty-tuned *Anthems*; on the top
 Art plac'd a Quire of Angels hovering,
 And made the gorgeous Roof all seem to sing.

146.

Truth's best Dissembler, old *Apelles heir*
 Had quickned those dead Walls, and made them live
 In many a holy History; whose fair
 And breathing Colours did such welcome give,
 That all Spectators' hearts leap'd to their eyes
 To feast, though but on painted Rarities.

147.

There *Faith* appeared with her eagle's Eye,
Hope with both hands her Anchor clasping fast,
 And with wide-open bosom *Charity*;
 Whose looks with such beseeming beams were drest,
 That those who thoroughly scann'd them not, might
 deem
 She at heav'n's genuine fire had kindled them.

148.

With these were ranked *Zeal, Austerity,*
Devotion, Meekness, Gentleness, Content;
 And whatsoe'r might advantageous be
 The brave Imposture wisely to present.
 Baits which might easily work a greater feat
 Than *Psyche's* soft Simplicity to cheat.

149.

She gaz'd, and copied in her foolish heart
 With Fancie's pencil, what her Wonder saw.
 But sober *Phylax*, whom no Painter's art
 Could into rash (because blind) Error draw,
 As easily return'd his *Pupil* back
 As she had slipt into her fond Mistake.

150.

What credit thou to those fair Looks may'st give,
 Said he, thou shalt behold when I have shown
 What ugliness those beauteous Porters strive
 To palliate. With that, he bent his Frown
 Upon th' enchanting Hypocrites, and they
 To his imperious Anger strait gave way.

151.

The holy Pageantry it self confest,
 And yielded into naked Truth; for what
 Before, the life of Goodliness exprest,
 Repented now into its native Blot:
 No quintessence of ink, or soot, or pitch,
 The blackness of that Chamber's walls might reach.

152.

Nor could the Door sustain his piercing Look,
 But started into shivers: when, behold,
 An hideous Grot, belching out stink and smoke,
 A cloud of Terror upon *Psyche* roll'd;
 In which her groping thoughts were lost, and she
 Quite buried in blind Perplexity.

153.

But *Phylax* shot from his illustrious Eye
 Such potent lightning as subdu'd that cloud;

When lo about the Cavern's sides a Fry
 Of frighted Toads into their holes did croud;
 And thousand Spiders, at the sight agast,
 Into the centers of their webs made haste.

154.

But O what Man's, or Muse's tongue can tell
 The other Monsters which were hissing there!
 Huge Snakes, preposterous *Amphisbænas* fell,
 And fiery Basilisks discover'd were
 With angry Hydras, Scorpions, Dragons, and
 Of foul *Chimæras* many a marshall'd band.

155.

Yet these all fled before the *Angel's* face,
 And in their several dens loud howling lay:
 But he intending for a further place
 With these less monstrous Monsters made no stay:
 Strait to a closer darker door he goes,
 Things far more deadly pois'nous to disclose.

156.

Glozing *Deceits*, and handsom *Lyes* stood there,
 With gentle meek demure *Hypocrisy*;
 All which in goodly state attended were
 By treacherous *Rhetorick* and *Phylosophy*;
 With *Syllogisms* in rank and file array'd
 Whose hands three-forked massy halberts sway'd.

157.

But dreadfully abashed, on the ground
 All these before the hasting *Angel* fell;
 Who entring by that damned Portal, found
 To such a Porch a correspondent Hall.
 The Stinks he met before, pure Odours were
 To these which reek'd in every corner here.

158.

The Master of the house, grim *Simon*, who
 Wore *Magus* for his cussed surname, sate
 Full in the midst; whose pois'ned stomach so
 Surcharged was with crude Opinions, that
 Its pestilential Load, which belk'd and wrought,
 Into a brazen bowl, he spewed out.

159.

And this that indigested *Chaos* was
 Wherein all *Heresies* did jumbled lie;
 The fertile Womb which fostered the Mass
 Of every kind of breeding Blasphemy;
 The Seed and Matter whence Sin's foul Creator
 Of all black hideous Fancies fram'd the feature.

160.

As this dire *Vomit* smoked in the bowl,
 A croud of desperate Men throng'd round about;
 Whose most accursed Thirst betray'd their soul
 To covet this black draught. No scalding drought
 Of chased Harts e'r bred such strong desire
 In cooling springs to quench their raging fire.

161.

The first Sup bold *Menander* got, and by,
That cankering liquor so infected grew
That *Simon* he outspit in Heresy,
And higher than his spewing Father flew.
Much he disdain'd that *God* or *Man* should be
However noble, nobler thought than He.

162.

Cerinthus next to lapping fell, and then
His hungry Younglings with the Venom fed ;
'Mongst whom *Agyrtes* suck'd his part : whom when
Psyche beheld, Guilt dy'd her cheeks with red.
But *Ebion* thrusting in took off her eye :
He Scripture's Mangler, Fo of Chastity.

163.

Yet *Nicholas* madder prov'd himself than He,
And drunk so deep, that of all learned Lust
He turn'd Professor, and attain'd to be
The Hate of God. Behind him *Elxai* thrust,
And foul *Jexeus*, bretheren no less
In Nature than in lustful Putridness.

164.

Then *Saturnine*, whose draught so strangely wrought,
That *Purity* it self he judg'd impure ;
Chaste Matrimony he abhorr'd as fraught
With shameful odiousness ; nor would endure
That any creature's blood his lips should stain,
Though they all humane lawful Births had slain.

165.

Then *Basilides*, from this loathsome fount
Like dangerous Poison drunk : right pure and clean
Uncleanness seem'd in his corrupt account.
Nor had this Liquor different relish in
Carpocrates his mouth, and *Valentin's*,
The Oracles of all libidinous Sins.

166.

From these dire Parents flow'd that numerous spawn
Of most portentous *Gnosticks*, *Antilacks*,
Zacchæans, *Coddians*, *Ophites*, *Cainites* ; known
By their profession of such shameless facts
As Hell would blush at : yet these facts were those
Which they for proofs of pure Religion chose.

167.

Next these, about the bowl's brim licking lay
The *Nasarens* : amongst whose sneaking fry
Were both *Anthades* and *Pseudagius*, they
Who tainted *Psyche's* heart with Heresy.
She saw them there, and stood amaz'd to see
Saint-seeming Souls in deep-damn'd Company.

168.

Her woful indignation on her breast
She sealed with a loud and hearty stroak ;

And having thus her venturous Crime confest
Under her own hand, into tears she broke.
But *Phylax* charg'd her to observe the rest
Who forward to Death's living fountain prest.

169.

For after those, appear'd the *Marcosites*,
Epiphanes, *Secundus*, *Isidore* ;
Bold *Cerdonists*, and fond *Heracleonites* ;
Marcion, *Apelles* ; with blasphemous store
Of their Disciples : *Lucan*, *Lucian*,
Photinus, *Basiliscus*, *Hermogen*.

170.

Then proud *Montanus* ; with *Quintilians*,
Ascites, *Pepuzians*, and *Artotyrites*,
Priscillians, pharisaik *Tatians*,
Abstemious yet profane *Severianites* ;
Archonticks, *Adamites*, *Quartadecimans*,
Vain *Alogists*, and *Melchisidekians*.

171.

Tertullianists, *Arabicks*, *Symmachists*,
Homousiasts, *Elxites*, *Origenians*,
Valesians, *Agrippinians*, *Catharists*,
Hydroparastates, *Patripassians*,
Apostolicks, *Angelicks*, *Chiliasts*,
Samosatenian Paulianists.

172.

Mad *Maniches*, outrageous *Donatists*,
Curs'd *Arians*, *Colluthians*, *Audianites*,
Marcellians, and *Macedonianists*,
Aerians, *Acacians*, *Eustathites*,
Eunomians, *Messalians*, *Luciferians*,
Agnoites, *Hypsistarists*, *Apollinarians*.

173.

Timotheans, *Seleucians*, *Collyridians*
Rhetorians, *Venustians*, *Proclianites*,
Foul-mouth'd *Jovinianists*, and black *Helvidians*,
Bonosians, *Campensians*, *Agapites* ;
Pelagius, *Nestorius*, *Eutyches*,
Accompany'd with all their Progenies.

174.

Innumerable more besides were there
Whose several Poisons' Nature *Phylax* read
To his attentive *Pupil*, though they ne'r
As yet were to this world discovered.
Yea those he shew'd her, who at length would fill
With soul-destroying Bane her native *Isle*.

175.

New-coyned Catharists were they ; who bread
All Tribes and Kinds of raging Monsters, and
By traiterous *Heresy* upon the head
Of trampled Church and State presum'd to stand.
Yet these to *Him* but petty Vermin were
Who brandish'd now his vaster terror there.

176.

A Prodigy of such commanding Look
That all those awed *Suckers* gave him way :
Three times his mighty head and locks he shook,
Three times he stoop'd, and seem'd too proud to lay
His lips so low ; yet bowing down at length,
Upon the *Bowl* he shew'd his cursed strength :

177.

For every drop of that foul Vomit he
Ingorged strait ; and kick'd the *Bowl* away.
When lo the *Venom's* rampant potency
Made all the desperate Man its frightful Prey.
In's staring eyes, and all about his face
Infernal Horror freely took its place.

178.

Two ragged horns brake from his brazen brow,
From's sulphury mouth impatient Blasphemy ;
Big with all rancorous Spight his bosom grew ;
His soul was stretch'd with arrogant Majesty,
Nor was't a wonder that he thus did swell,
Who quaffed had and drunken was with *Hell*.

179.

He swore, and with a thundering oath, that he
Would make the whole World to his pleasure bow.
He threatned all Heav'n's starry Bravery
Down from their highest strongest Orbs to throw ;
And vow'd by his own Head, no God should be
Thenceforth believed or ador'd but He.

180.

Forthwith he proudly bent his brawny fists,
And mounted up his more than Dragon's tail ;
With that artillery entering the lists,
And impudently trusting to prevail.
Nor was his Insolence in vain, for he
From *Heav'n* it self snatch'd down his victory.

181.

From th' *Evangelick Heav'n* he boldly drew
Millions of Souls, whom he in sunder tore
Or with his breath's most Murdering Venom slew,
Bellowing his triumph in a dismal Roar :
Which made th' *Heretick Frie* terribly quake,
Curs'd *Simon* start, and honest *Psyche* shake.

182.

But to allay the tempest of her fear,
Mark, *Phylax* cry'd, mark but what bounds restrain
The *Monster's* pride ; for He's a pris'ner here,
And cannot break that *adamantine Chain*
Which Him and all his viperous Company
Though at some distance, fast to Hell doth tie.

183.

She look'd, and saw her *Guardian* told her true :
She saw the *Chain*, which led into a Pit

Whence thick sulphureous Eructations flew,
And boiling Iron fiery terror spit.
Aloud she shriek'd, and turn'd about to spy
How from that gaping mouth of death to fly.

184.

But shelter'd by his Wings' Security,
And by his trusty Word encouraged,
Into the Grot she ventured her eye ;
Which there a more prodigious Object read,
Than she had seen imprinted in the book
Of hideous *Antichrist's* portentuous Look.

185.

It was that *Beldame Hag* from whose black breast
Simon his rank unweildy Poison drew ;
Never was *Fury* so completely drest
In all the bravery of *Horror's* hue :
All shapeless shapes together tumbled were
To mould up *Shame's* extremity in Her.

186.

Two heads she had, which on her Legs did grow ;
Two faces, and two mouths, but ne'r an eye ;
Six rows of teeth, whose task it was to gnaw
What of her Carkase they could reach : Her thigh
From an eternal Sore did poison drain
Into her throat, which spew'd it up again.

187.

About her nasty hide the Vermins swarms,
Young Adders, Slow-worms, Toads, and Spiders were :
Out at her Loins she reach'd her scaley Arms ;
An hundred Nails on either hand did tear
Her dangling Dugs, and when they weary grew,
The tatter'd budgets o'r her shoulders threw.

188.

High on her neck a twisted Tail did sprout
Arm'd with a thousand forked stings, which she
For her own torture us'd, and round about
Her self its lashes threw : prodigiously
Her pois'ned Paunch was swoll'n, and thick beset
With snarled throngs of cole-black cloven feet.

189.

These scratch'd and scrambled every way, and drew
Her sometimes forward, sometimes back again :
If yet this most confounded *Monster* knew
What *back* and *forward* meant ; for 'twas in vain
For any Eye to hope in her to find,
What might be term'd *Before*, and what *Behind*.

190.

As *Psyche* shiver'd at this baleful sight,
And now, said *Phylax*, do'st not see and feel
That *Logos's* counsel solid was and right,
By which sage He engag'd thy heart to dwell
In this *fine Ladie's* family : for she
Is Grandame to that hideous Progeny.

191.

Since thou hast made this choice, and scorned Me,
And my Advice; ev'n take thy chosen place,
Or in *Pseudagius* his company,
Or in *Agyrtes*: nay do not disgrace
Thy learned Prudence so as to retract:
Judicious *Logos* will not like the fact.

192.

Poor *Logos* heard this word; which through his heart
Such Shame and Sorrow shot, that humbled He
Resolved ne'r to trust his proper art
Unless with *Phylax*' mind it did agree.
But yet in *Psyche*'s tender breast the Wound
More stinging was, more fatally profound.

193.

For prostrate at his feet, in silence she
Grappled a while with her outrageous Grief:
But when she saw the woful Victory
Growing upon her, and found no relief
In all her soul; she mingles with her sighs
Her Deplorations, and thus she cries:

194.

Alas, *Pseudagius*' or *Agyrtes*' Place,
Though sunk in horrors, are too high for me:
That dreadful *Hag*'s prodigious embrace
Is doubly due to my Apostasy:
Deserv'd have wretched I that she should hug
Me with her Tail, and feed me with her Dug.

195.

For had *Pseudagius*' or *Agyrtes*' heart,
Like mine, been by a *Phylax* fortify'd;
No Mines, no Onslates of heretick Art
Had won their Forts: but I, by sottish Pride
Sleiting the Potent help of thy supply,
Chose on mine own bold Weakness to rely.

196.

I fain would pardon beg; but mighty Shame
Seals up my mouth, and Guilt beats back my breath:
I fain would invoke His gracious Name
Who gave His Life to rescue me from death:
But Horror stifles my Attempt, since I
Have prov'd a Traytor to His Deity.

197.

But thou, sweet *Phylax*, never did'st displease
Our sacred *Sovereign*, nor force His frown;

Seal'd sure on Thee His endless Favour is,
And thy Desires He with success will crown;
Would'st thou but plead for me, though not for mine,
He will for thy dear sake His ear incline.

198.

I know my Impudence strains high, who dare
Crave thus much favour of abused Thee;
But thy brave Charity delights to war
Against the most perverse conspiracy
Of my Demerits, witness its divine
Battle against, *Agenor's Pride and Mine*.

199.

O why shall my ingrateful Error be
Able to frustrate thy strong Love's Design!
Why may'st thou not be *Phylax* still to me,
And, spight of all my Darkness, freely shine
With heav'nly Help! why must *Hell's Tyrant* boast
That *Heav'n* and *You* your pains and me have lost!

200.

If ever more from thy Advice I start,
By bold and traitorous Curiosity,
Amidst those *Furies* may I reap my part
Of my already-earned misery;
And may thy Wing no more for me be spread,
No more thy Tongue for my reprieve plead.

201.

Divided here 'twixt trembling hope and fear,
On Him she fix'd her lamentable Eye:
Urging the rest by Looks; which louder were
Than all her former Cries. This modesty
A potent charm to her soft *Guardian* was,
Who took her up, and bad her wipe her face.

202.

Your holy Resolution hold, said he,
And with the Issue trust my love and care:
Into false paths you ne'r were lur'd by me
Who more discerning eyes than *Logos* wear.
The ways I set may craggy seem, and high;
But such lead up to heav'n's sublimity.

203.

Here by her hand then tenderly he led,
Gathering the steps by which he came into
The Grot: the curs'd Inhabitants were glad
(Though vex'd withal) that he had pass'd them so.
The Serpents creeping from their holes again,
Hiss'd after him, and spit their angry pain.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

STs. 29, 41, 'Cratch' = cradle: St. 33, 'hebdomadary' = every seven days, i.e. Sabbath: St. 35, 'mean' = middle or medium: St. 36, 'Leigers' = ambassadors: St. 40, 'leggiadrous' = bright or sprightly—from leggiadro (Italian), in music a direction to the player that the place where the word occurs is to be performed gayly or briskly: St. 56, 'inservient' = subservient: St. 158, 'cussed' = cursed—a living slang word: St. 163, 'putidness' = vileness, meanness: St. 166,

'facts' = acts, deeds: St. 169-173. See our Memorial-Introduction on this drollest of all heresy-catalogues: St. 181, ll. 1-2, 'drew Millions of Souls'—an absolutely unwarranted and pestiferous statement: St. 187, 'Vermis' = collective plural to 'swarms': *ib.* 'scaley'—from scall, i.e. scab probably: *ib.* 'budgets' = bags? St. 195, 'Onslates' = onslaughts: *ib.* 'Sleiting' = slighting.—G.



CANTO XIX.

The Antidote.

The ARGUMENT.

Psyche, to purge that spreading Taint which had
So sliely stoll'n into her cheated breast,
By Phylax to Ecclesia's court is led;
Where she by Truth's divine embraces blest,
Quickly perceiv'd her Cure, and how the heat
Of Catholick Health in her sound Pulse did beat.

1.

Vain miserable Man, why dost thou tread
So proudly on the Worm which crawls below;
Forgetting that thine own erected head
To far more solid Wretchedness doth bow
Than ever made the vilest Reptile be
The footstool of Contempt to sirly Thee.

2.

Are not the Bowels of Disgrace the Spring
Whence thou dost flow? Is not Corruption
That despicable Mother which did bring
Forth Thee her genuine corruptible Son?
Though Flesh and Blood dissemble long, they must
Confess at last their putrid mouldring Dust.

3.

For in the Center of thy proudest heart
Thy fatal Shame thou dost inshrined bear;
The Seeds of Rottenness, which pose all Art
Of Extirpation, lie breeding there;
Which are no sooner to matureness grown,
But, with thy self, they must be mowed down.

4.

Sage Nature at the moment of thy birth
Made thee Lament, when yet thou knew'st not Why;
Being with Pollution tumbled headlong forth
Into the stage of Life's sure Tragedy;
Inevitably there first Vex'd to be,
And after murder'd, by Mortality.

5.

The meanest Creature that e'r drunk in Light
Was richer born, and stronger far than Thou:

Completely shiftless was thy native plight,
And no self-succour would to thee allow:
Naked thou wert of every Help beside,
As well's of Clothes, thy woful shame to hide.

6.

With Cares, and Fears, in thy young Education
Thy troubled Parent travelled again;
Her bowels yearn'd with no less perturbation
Than when they stretch'd with puerperial pain;
It being but Extension of thy Birth
To bring thee up, as she had brought thee forth.

7.

How worrisomly cross and peevish were
Thy feeble years, when thou could'st only fight
With thy rebellious Will, and vex the Care
Of thy dear Nurse by sullen froward spight!
All other Twigs will freely bend: but thou
Alone, though young, had'st rather Break than Bow.

8.

To school, the Rod both drives, and keeps thee there:
Who wholesome Institution dost embrace
Not out of Love, but most ignoble fear:
Like stubborn Colts, who tutor'd are to pace
When dreadful Awe compels them to submit
Not to the Rider, but his Whip and Bit.

9.

But as the Tinder never fails to catch
The smallest spark, though burnt it needs must be
By what it hugs: so doth thy Madness snatch
At every glistening Sin and Vanity,
And grasp it close, although the treacherous Guest
Hell-fire most surely kindles in thy breast.

10.

When riper years to manly Acts invite
Thy well-grown soul, what trade thy strength employs
But that of amorous languishing Delight,
Of bitter Sweets, of delicate Annoys,
Of fawning Rhymes, of witty Fopperies,
Of dainty Perjuries, of smiling Lies?

11.

In *Ceremonies* idely-busy school
 Thou disciplinest every limb and joint,
 Until thou grow'st a most accomplish'd Fool
 In histrionick Vanities : each Point
 Of finess thou disput'st, and wilt not Look,
 Or move thy learned Body, but by book.

12.

Combs, Brushes, Scissors, Crisping-irons, are
 The choicest Tools of thy fantastick Trade ;
 By which more Art appeareth in thy *Hair*
 Than in thy Head : which yet more curious made
 By *Powder's* help, doth more thy Folly cheat,
 For 'tis that *Powder* not thy *Dust* is sweet.

13.

To Sheers and Needle thou thy self inlapest
 And at the mercy liv'st of each new Cut
 And upstart Garb : yet when thou in thy bravest
 And most belaced Servitude dost strut,
 Some newer Fashion still usurps, and thou
 Unto its foolish yoke durst not but bow.

14.

Thus through a thousand shapes thou art content
 To croud thy self, *Her* favour to obtain
 Who is as Various as the Complement
 Of thine uncertain Fashions : in vain
 Thou huntest thus to gain thy slippery Prize :
 Her Mind as changing as thy Body is.

15.

Yet thou inshrin'st in thy devoted breast
 Her idoliz'd *Idea* : night and day
 Thou prov'st thy thoughtful self her zealous Priest,
 And Contemplation's Sacrifice dost pay :
 For every Lineament, and every Part
 Of her, thou mak'st *divine* in thy fond heart.

16.

A Curle of silly feeble Hair, which is
 The Sport and Scorn of every idle Wind,
 Like chains of sturdy Adamant can seize
 And captivate thy most unmanly Mind :
 Which vain Captivity of thine makes Hair
 The current granted Name of *Locks* to wear.

17.

Her Motions and her Gestures traver's'd are
 By thy attending thoughts, and ravish'd thou
 Think'st silver *Venus* through her limpid sphere
 Swims with less gagliardise, and knows not how
 So well to justify her Stile, and prove
 Her self the Queen of soft leggiadrous Love.

18.

Whate'r it be that thou dost hear or see,
 Thou neither seest nor hearest : she alone

Reigns in thy heart, nor can deposed be
 By any other Thought's intrusion.
 Thy self is not thy self ; nor art thou where
 Thou art, unless *She She* be also there.

19.

In vain thy Friends remember thee that she
 Is black without and more deform'd within :
 Thou know'st no Friend but *Her*, and joy'st to see
 All others Envy at thy Choise repine.
 Infallible thou art, and cause can'st find
 To think that all the World but Love is blind.

20.

In vain they ask thee how thy purse will bear
 The unknown charge of Wedlock's life : for more
 Than both the Indies' Wealth thou reck'nest *Her* ;
 Whom could'st thou gain, Thou would'st esteem but
 poor,
 Ev'n *Solomon*, with his seven hundred Queens
 And three fair Centuries of Concubines.

21.

If *She* commands, O how thy heart doth leap
 Into Obedience, though it be to run
 Through all the vastest most tempestuous Deep
 Unto the Setting or the Rising Sun !
 If *She* forbids ; let *Earth* and *Heav'n* command,
She is thy *Goddess* and her Will must stand.

22.

How reverent's thy Devotion, when thou
 To *sacred Her* dost thy Approaches make !
 With what Zeal of exactness dost thou bow,
 In meek ambition from her foot to take
 Thy thirsty Fervor's aim, and thence ascend
 To drink the dear draught of her milky Hand !

23.

Then pour'st thou out thy Soul for thine Oblation
 On her smooth Lip, thine Altar of delight ;
 Whence thou receiv'st with joyous adoration
 The *Blessings of her Kiss*. Her calmy sight
 Thou think'st thy Heav'n, and in her smiling Eyes
 Read'st all the Sweets of thy Fool's Paradise.

24.

But if coy Frowns, or one denying Glance
 Becloud that Sphere of thine imagin'd Bliss ;
 How are thy Comforts cast into a trance
 Of gnawing Dread, and anxious Distress !
 What jealous fearful Pallor doth surprise
 Thy Cheeks, what deadly Ghastlyness thine Eyes !

25.

If she at last replies by sullen scorn,
 To thy unwelcome suit ; how dost thou hate
 Thy sleighted self, and wish thou hadst been born
 To any *Reprobation*, but that !
 Happy, in earnest happy might'st thou prove,
 Could'st thou so much thy *God* or *Fear* or *Love*.

26.

When thou in matrimonial Bands art ty'd,
 (Bands which no Sithe but that of Death can cut,)
 Though them as soft thou countest as thy Bride.
 From thine own Freedom thou hast freely shut
 Thy self, not knowing but that yoke to thee
 May prove more heavy than Virginitie.

27.

Fool! couldst thou dream thy *female Deity*
 Would let thee know she but an *Idol* was;
 Or had not wit to keep thy charmed eye
 From reading any Line of her Disgrace?
 Did ever *Siren* to the Seaman show
 That her fair Flesh above, was Fish below?

28.

Did'st thou thy self unmask thy self, and let
 Her eyes the face of thy Condition see?
 What makes thee then surmise she could forget
 To meet thee with thine own Hypocrisy?
 Or that her shie demure Sex understood
 Not more than thine, what 'tis to wear a hood?

29.

Alas thou saw'st but half of Her, those years
 Thou drov'st so hot the Wooer's blinded trade,
 And had'st full power to take or leave: but Fears
 And Doubts are now too late, since thou hast made
 The bargain up; not all the World can ease thee:
 Thou must be pleas'd although she doth not please
 thee.

30.

Yet grant her genuine Worth and virtuous Graces
 Answer thy highest Hopes with full success:
 Still thy Adventure's management debases
 The fondly-founded credit of thy Bliss:
 And though thou sit'st in *Happiness's* lap,
 Thou can'st not praise thy *Wisdom*, but thy *Hap*.

31.

If She proves Barren, who is thus thy Spouse,
 Such such are all thy Hopes and Joyes: if She
 With numerous Issue fills thy widest House,
 What warrant hast that these will Blessings be?
 They *easyest may be bad*; nor canst thou tell
 But thou hast helped to impeople Hell.

32.

No *Bed* so thick with thorns can ever grow
 As do's the *Nuptial*: what large Crops of Cares
 It yields in every time and season! how
 Fertile and rank 'tis in perpetual Fears!
 In Winter and in Summer this doth bear,
 And spreads its harvest over all the year.

33.

Besides; unhappy Fortunato, how
 Wilt thou indure to loose thy precious *Dear*!

Hast thou her Life in lease? or canst thou show
 A better claim than *Death* will lay to her?
 Thy Spouse, how soon thou know'st not, *Death* may
 wed,
 And make the doleful Grave her nuptial Bed.

34.

But if thou rests content to be a dry
 And fruitless Tree, and wilt thy self restrain
 Within the bounds of strict Virginitie;
 Intestine War will in thy bosom reign,
 And Legions of Temptations always be
 In arms against thy single Chastity.

35.

Loud will thy fair Estate call for an Heir;
 So will thy Name, and natural Philauty;
 So will the thought of crazy Age, and Fear
 Of wanting an unfained Friend's supply
 Towards thy grave when years shall bow thee, and
 For thy Wealth's Carkase Vultures gaping stand.

36.

The World will heap on thy Severity
 Bold Imputations, and surmise that thou
 Deal'st underhand for what should purchas'd be
 In open legal manner; or will grow
 Into belief, thy Pertinacity
 Hath scorn'd all Females, or all Females thee.

37.

Yea they whom Nuptial Cares have vex'd and toss't,
 In envy of thy Quiet, will lament
 Thy tedious Solitariness, and boast
 Their own to be the Life of free Content.
 Much like Decoys, rejoicing in the Net,
 Only to tempt more Pris'ners into it.

38.

Would'st thou be *Rich*? then through outrageous Seas,
 Within three inches of thy death, must thou
 Sail from thy quiet Home, and yield to be
 The worried Slave of all the Winds that blow.
 Through grievous Mines thou must thy Labour reach,
 And delve to hell thy *Plutus* thence to fetch.

39.

Grant then that *He* thy largest Coffers fill:
 Thy Heart 's as poor and empty as before:
 The cursed thirst of Gold grows hotter still
 Though *Plate* and *Indus* thou on it dost poure.
 The peevish Itch thus proves more fertile when
 Thou rubb'st and strivest with the tainted Skin.

40.

And now, though thou before could'st safely sleep;
 In fear of Thieves thou break'st thy nightly rest,
 Setting thy thoughtful Heart a watch to keep
 About thy Bags. Unhappy Fool! at least
 Consider, though thy Gold thou holdst so fast,
 Thy self thou canst not, who must die at last.

41.

Die, die thou must, and an account give up
Of all the fruitless Store thou hoardedst here.
Those Bags on which thy Soul had built her hope,
But rich and heavy Torments will appear :
And thou shalt bless their Poverty, who had
No Reckonings to make when they were Dead.

42.

Is *Poverty* thy Lot? then look to be
The helpless Butt of Wrong and of Disgrace.
Thy Joints must buckle hard to Industry ;
Continual Sweat must reek upon thy face ;
To purchase what must fill and hide thy skin,
Least thou *without* be naked, and *within*.

43.

If *Vice* to thy assistance thou shalt call,
And by thy Sins thy Fortunes hope to mend ;
Thou digg'st a Pit wherein thy self must fall,
And to thy *hellish Fo* dost succour lend.
Thou spend'st thine *only stock*, and hast'st to be
A woful Bankrupt to eternity.

44.

If thou a rich-descended Heir art born,
'Tis odds but that thy Birth will thee undo.
Such Wealth its Duty thinketh it to scorn
In Industry's laborious Paths to go.
'Tis Worth enough, if your young Gallant can
Look big, Luxuriate, and Write Gentleman.

45.

In *Learning's* Lists adventur'st thou to try
Thy strength? this makes all *Ignorants* thy foes ;
And they wel-near are All. Yet could'st thou flie
Their *Envie's* reach, thy *learned Joyes* will loose
Their taste (if wisest *Solomon* may be
Trusted for judge,) in stinging Vanity.

46.

Arts dar'st thou scorn? then dar'st thou be a Beast :
Nay beastlier than they ; Beasts scorn them not.
Thy *Scorn's Pride's* daughter, and do's but resist
The progress of her own aspiring Plot :
For are not *Arts* the ready wings whereby
Proud Spirits, as well as *Generous*, soar high?

47.

With *martial Bayes* dost thou affect to build
Glory's fair structure on thy hardy brow?
Know then that in the laurel-breeding Field
Millions of Dangers and of Vices grow :
And those, alas, may thee of life deprive ;
These, which is worse, may make thee *die alive*.

48.

Or doth the *Muse's Wreath* thy head invite
Restless innumerable Pains to take

In *Numbers' study*? O how few aright
Do guide Poetick Feet ! how few extend
Their Lines by *Virtue's Rule* ! how few escape
A Fall from *Cynthius's Hill* to *Venus's lap* !

49.

But if thou chooseth *Virtue's* lofty way,
Nobly disdain All that flags beneath ;
If thy dull *Body's* burden cannot sway
Thee downward ; if this *Life* to thee be *Death* ;
If pure and heav'nly be the trowing Heat
Which doth in thy heroick bosom beat :

50.

Right generous is thine *Enterprise* : but yet
Strong *Difficulties* block it up ; thy cross
And headstrong *Passions* in array will set
Their utmost Powers thy *Valour* to oppose.
Thine own false *Heart*, unless thy *Care* be great,
Will *Traitor* prove and her own *Aim* defeat.

51.

Besides ; All they whose souls are tainted by
Sin's envious *Contagion*, will join
Their *Mischief* in a full *Conspiracy*
Thy single *Piety* to undermine.
For all thy *Virtue* checks and chides their *Vice*,
Thy gracious *Glories* shame their *Villanies*.

52.

Thou art their *Scandal*, and their *Fame* doth call
Upon their deepest waryest *Craft* for aid
Against that *Blot* thy *Beauty* throws on all
Who are of *hardy Piety* afraid.
To force back these, what *Weapons* wilt thou find ;
How shall thy *Vessel* conquer *Tide* and *Wind*?

53.

Yet through this rampant *Sea* of *Opposition*
Could'st thou tear ope thy way ; how would'st thou tame
Those higher stouter *Billows of Perdition*
Whose *Wrath* in all thy paths doth roar and foam?
Hell and its *Prince* their toughest *Nerves* combine
To terrify and to enervate thine.

54.

And sure this *Tempest* would effect its *Spight* ;
On thy weak *Bark*, did not kind *Heav'n* descend
In part beforehand ; did not *Grace's Light*
With cordial *Assistance* thee befriend ;
Did She not steer thy *Course*, and bid thee ride
Securely o'r the *Surge's* highest *Pride*.

55.

Thy *Life* to *Execution* only leads.
Condemned thee ; unless all-pitying She
By seasonable *Mercy* intercedes
Between thy *Soul* and its *Catastrophe*.
Grace only can poor sentenc'd *Man* reprieve,
And find a way to teach his *Life to live*.

56.

'Twas blessed *Charis*, who so fast did move
Phylax his wings when He to *Psyche* flew,
 And with the wholesom speed of heav'nly love
 Her from the Jaws of those *Cerinthians* drew ;
 By shewing her the horror of that Pit
 Where *Heresy* and all her *Brood* were met.

57.

But *Phylax* thence return'd, without delay
 His nimble Chariot takes, and *Her* with it.
 Strait *Gitton* sunk and vanished away ;
 For warned by the motion of their Bit
 The lusty *Coursers* took their sprightful Wing,
 And juggling through the clouds, away did fling.

58.

As *Psyche* wonder'd whither they would fly,
 She found her self rapt to a gentle Sphere :
 No saucy Wind durst ever press so high,
 Or blow up any Tempest's tumults there.
 The only Gales which in this Orb did move
 Were pure delicious Breaths of Heav'n and Love.

59.

The only Clouds which greeted there her eye,
 Thick Volumes of religious *Incense* were ;
 The only Noise which rolled through that Sky
 Were holy Echoes welcoming her ear
 With soft Rebounds of those rich *Anthems* which
 The throats and hearts of *Saints* divinely stretch.

60.

She mused much what privileg'd Creatures were
 Inhabitants in that *calm Sea of Bliss* :
 When lo, a troop of glistening Towers drew near
 To meet her pressing Chariot's earnestness :
 And straight a goodly *Palace* fill'd her eye
 With large and high-erected Majesty.

61.

Directly thither, for they knew the Way,
 The *Coursers* speeded, neighing as they flew :
 But *Phylax* pluck'd the Reins, to bid them stay
 Their Course, when near the outer Gate they drew.
 Then lighting, with his Virgin Pupil ; He
 Taught her to see indeed what she did see.

62.

Never, said He, my Dear, those Eyes of thine
 Though they have travell'd through the World so far,
 Were honored with Objects so divine
 As these with which they now saluted are.
 No Pile e'r swell'd to such bright Statelyness,
 Nor sham'd all Princes' proudest Courts, as this.

63.

That pompous Fabrick which great *David's Son*
 Erected for a *greater King*, was plain

And poor, if brought into comparison
 With this Magnificence which here doth reign.
 As shades the Substance ; so did typick that
 But blindly intimate *this Temple's* state.

64.

The Gold which shin'd, the Stones which sparkled there,
 Were all th' ignoble Sons of dirty Earth :
 But these substantial Glories flaming here
 From Heav'n's fair womb derive their splendid birth.
 Nor was the Work atchiev'd by mortal Hand,
 Which firm as Immortality doth stand.

65.

Had'st thou my wings, and through the Spheres could'st
 flie,
 Heav'n's most Imperial Palace there to read ;
 That Spectacle would feast thy ravish'd Eye
 But with an ampler Copy, wider spread
 And fuller drawn ; a Copy of what here
 Is written in a smaller character.

66.

Mark well its Situation : *Caucasus*,
 The *Alps*, th' *Atlantick Mountains*, *Ararat*,
 Noble *Olympus*, nobler *Libanus*,
 Are in their proudest exaltations, not
 Half so sublime as is this *royal Hill*,
 Which almost in both Worlds at once doth dwell.

67.

Its worthy Head to Heav'n next neighbour is ;
 Sure upon Hell its conquering Foot is set :
 On Hell, which often has repin'd at this
 Oppressing load, and often strove to get
 Its neck at liberty ; but still in vain
 The *Powers* of all that vexed Pit did strain.

68.

For lo, the *Mountain's* all one solid Rock
 Compacted in the strength of *Unity* :
 Though Hills of brass should yield unto the shock
 Of Violence ; though Earth's vast Mass should be
 From its profound Foundation shoulder'd ; still
 All Force must melt before this steady *Pile*.

69.

So stands the craggy Promontory sure,
 With head triumphing o'r the frustrate Storm,
 When all the Winds against its Site conjure,
 And thousand Waves with high-swoll'n fury arm :
 It stands, and sees the Blasts blown out of breath,
 And all the Billows shattered beneath.

70.

But mark the Fabrick of this *outer Gate* :
 Has thy Experience e'r observ'd a more
 Unlikely Passage to a Court of State ?
 Strong those Materials are ; but yet the Door
 Is built so *low*, and so extremely *narrow*,
 That Worms, not Men, seem fit to scramble thorough.

71.

And *Worms* indeed the Passengers must be,
 Poor, thin, and humble Things, which enter here.
 Big puffing *Pride* presumes in vain that She
 Shall through this Portal croud; or worldly Care
 (Swell'd with Incumbrances, and lagg'd with Sin.)
 At this small *mystick Needless Eye* thrust in.

72.

They whose unhappy Bosoms stuff'd with Gold,
 Whilst all their Bags lie heaped in their heart;
 They who in Fat and Ease themselves infold,
 And never were pinch'd up by any Smart:
 Too burly are to enter here, and fit
 Through Hell's wide-gaping Jaws alone to get.

73.

And so is He whose boldly-busy Brain,
 Grown tumid with a thousand Niceties,
 Of blind yet prying Wisdom, doth disdain
 Plain simple *Faith*; and by the Tympanies
 Of strange, corrupt, hydropick Disputations
 Each smallest *Point* into a *Mountain* fashions.

74.

All secular *Impostumes*, which arise
 From any Humor's Superfluity,
 From ranging Lusts, from bubbling Vanities,
 From inward or from outward Luxury;
 Must at this lowly Passage never hope
 To find a Pass; for still they dam it up.

75.

This said; He led the Virgin to the *Gate*;
 Where, though she shrunk and closely gathered up
 Her self within her self; yet still so great
 She found her bulk, that she was fain to stoop,
 And croud, and struggle hard, e'r she could win
 Tenuity enough to wrestle in.

76.

But once got through; a spacious *Court* she saw,
 And yet wel-near as strait as was the *Door*;
 Such Difficulties all about it grew,
 Such high, such stoney, craggy Paths, such store
 Of troublesom Shrubs and Thorns; all which did threat
 With Snares and Scratches her obstructed feet.

77.

Yet by the *Angel's* prudent Conduct She
 Rubb'd through, though at the cost of Sweat and Pains:
 When lo, with recreating Suavity
 A second *Gate* her Wonder entertains;
 A Gate as glorious and as venerable,
 As was the other poor and despicable.

78.

The Posts of milky Alabaster were,
 So was the Lintel; but the Leaf was all

Of purest Crystal, that the Commers near,
 Before the Door was open set, might fall
 In love with those interiour Beauties, which
 Themselves through that clear Perspective did reach.

79.

But *Psyche* here observ'd a *serious Maid*
 Who kept the Keys of that transparent Gate,
 Upon the ground disconsolately laid,
 Like one who felt and wail'd the Wrath of Fate.
 Her left hand bolster'd up her heavy head;
 And on her heavier heart her right was spread.

80.

Part of her Tresses *Sorrow* off had torn,
 And scatter'd at her feet: what did remain,
Neglect dishevel'd clotted and forlorn
 About her ears: Her Forehead's native Plain
 Self-hatred o'r and o'r had plowed, and
 Deep were the furrows of that woful Land.

81.

Her pensive Eyes so overladen were
 With constant Clouds, that downward to the earth
 They swaid her looks: the Weather ne'r was clear
 With Her, but when one storm had broken forth
 Another crouded on; or rather one
 Continual Flood from both her Fountains ran.

82.

The beauties of her Cheeks this wash'd away,
 And through their hills two sallow chanel cut;
 This marshal'd liquid Pearls in full array
 Upon her Clothes, as sadly torn as wet:
 This made the count'nance of the neighbour ground
 Deep in th' exuberant brine of hers be drown'd.

83.

Disgraced by a Kick of Indignation,
 The foolish Furniture of Vanity
 Kept distance from her naked Feet: the fashion
 Of every Dress was spoild; the gallantry
 Of all her Jewels, dust and mire did choke;
 Spilt were her Red and White; her Mirrours broke.

84.

Of woful Whips before her lay an heap
 Red with the Vengeance on her Body she
 Had sternly took: instead of needful sleep,
 And proper Cordials, *Austerity*,
 With pale-fac'd *Watching*, pensive *Shame*, and *Fear*,
 And hollow-cheeked *Fasts*, besieged Her.

85.

For grateful Powders to perfume her Head,
 Cold contemptible Ashes there were strown;
 Which an untimely hoary Winter spread
 Upon her Locks, and preach'd to Her her own
 Beginning and her End, that *certain Dust*
 From whence she came, and unto which she must.

86.

As *Psyche* ponder'd who this *Maid* should be
Which like a vanquish'd Prey to *Grief* did lie ;
Howe'r She looks, said *Phylax*, this is *She*
Whom only *Heav'n* intrusteth with the Key
Of this vast *Palace* ; She whose piteous Look,
Hath writ her Worth so high in *God's* own book.

87.

Her Name is *Penance* ; and with her must All
Whose brave ambition here would get access,
Into familiar meek acquaintance fall,
And love her painful Life and Wretchedness.
Though her embraces comfortless may seem,
And cold, yet heav'nly Fervors glow in them.

88.

Delightful *Ease* lies nestling in her *Smart*,
Security inhabits in her *Fears*,
Content keeps house in her *disconsolate heart*,
Pure *Solace* bathes it self in all her *Tears*,
And in the frowning furrows of her *Sadness*
Are sown the seeds of everlasting *Gladness*.

89.

This Word threw *Psyche* on her humble knee
To beg the favour of that mournful *Maid* ;
Who rais'd her self with ready courtesy,
And for no stately-long Intreaty staid :
Welcome, she cry'd, and seal'd it with a Kiss,
And in her sober arms she hug'd her thrice.

90.

She hug'd her thrice ; and every time she shot
Into her Soul *Grief's* wholesome influence ;
Whereby intire possession she got
Of all her Thoughts, and left her there no sense
Or relish of terrest[r]ial Delight,
But fitted her to see this heav'nly sight.

91.

Which done ; upon her penitent head she spred
Part of her Tears, and of her Ashes part :
Then to the Door she Her right kindly led,
Which as she gently touch'd, did open start.
Straitway a Gale of holy Pleasures flew
Forth at the Gate, and full on *Psyche* blew.

92.

Thus entred in, she there espies a *Well*
Of clearer crystal far than was that Door :
And here, all *Purities*, said *Phylax*, dwell ;
Of limpid *Life* here lives the endless Store ;
These *Streams* alone can conquer those deep *Stains*
Of which the *tainted Universe* complains.

93.

No foolish wanton *Nymphs* are dabling here ;
But *Graces* genuine, and numberless,

And all divine, who sutably do cheer
Their pious Guests, and bathe their souls in Bliss.
Fain'd *Venus* from her native Sea did rise
Less fair than Those this Fountain purifies.

94.

For this is *Baptism's* sacred *Laver*, where
All They must wash the *other World* away
Who enter this *new Life's* celestial sphere,
And of *Night's Brats* turn *Children of the Day*.
Far hence profane unwashen feet must be ;
This holy ground belongs to Sanctity.

95.

But of such everlasting Virtue is
This heav'nly *Liquor*, that one Drenching will
Suffice ; and 'tis presumptuous Lavishness
A second time its noble Drops to spill :
For since *Life's* purest Day hence takes its Morn,
What He can twice into one Life be born ?

96.

Though thine unhappy *Albion* will breed
Such *Imps of Contradiction*, as will row
Against great *Baptism's Stream*, and forge a need
Of padding in their own *new Waters* : Thou
Shalt find thy *single Washing* is alone,
Sufficient Cleansing ; and may'st now go on.

97.

This said ; he leads her forward through a Way
Pav'd with the soul of *Sweetness*, to the bright
Palace, which courted with a full display
Of all its parts her now approaching Sight :
Magnifick was its Aspect, and upon
The *Rock* look'd like *another Mount of Stone*.

98.

A *Mount of Marble*, polished and white ;
But with such Architecture varied,
That *Majesty* was temper'd with *Delight*.
Thus all the Countenance of *Heav'n* is spred
With *Awe* and *Beauty*, that Spectators may
To it at once both Love and Reverence pay.

99.

What goodly Pillars, Arcs, and Walls, were there !
What Rows of Lights in equi-distant grace !
What learn'd Engravings lived every where
With Anticks peopling each convenient space !
With what brave strife did cunning *Art* contend
The rich *Material's* Lustre to transcend !

100.

But they by twelve fair steps advanced now ;
Enter'd the *Hall*, whose princely Bravery
So far outshin'd what they had seen below,
That sweetly it perplexed *Psyche's* eye
In walking through the several Wonders, which
Did every corner of the Room inrich.

101.

The Floor with glittering Silver all was spread,
The Allmug Walls with royal Arras drest,
The Cedar Roof with Gold imbellished,
With glorious Paint the Windows : such a Feast
Of pompous sights she never saw before,
Though she had view'd *Agenor's* splendid Store.

102.

Yet this was but the handsome case and skin
Of what did more Majestick make the Place ;
For nobly lost were all the Pillars in
Innumerable *Spoils*, which She who was
Queen of the Palace, in her Wars had won,
And fix'd them here, as *Proofs* what she had done.

103.

Here by their Horns, *Dilemmas* hanging were,
And of big *Syllogisms*, the empty Skins.
Bold busy *Wit*, lay tame and quiet here ;
Here *Rhetorick*, with all her cunning Gins
Twisted about her neck ; here all the Pride
Of *secular Wisdom*, was close Pris'ner ty'd.

104.

Next those, that *insolent Severity*,
That *humble Arrogance*, which long did reign
In th' old admired *Porch*, hung dead and dry ;
And chained *Zeno* knit his brows in vain
To see that Doctrine which so far prevail'd,
Up here by conquering *Truth* in triumph nail'd.

105.

And yet some comfort 'twas, that He beheld
The *Pythagorean Prudence* hanging by ;
And its great *Master*, though he ne'r would yield
It fit for *Men* with *Flesh* to satisfy
Their Hunger's Call, forc'd madly now to eat
Himself, and make his chained Arms his Meat.

106.

Nor had the *Epicurean Discipline*
Better Success, for she was Captive here ;
And both with Shame and Hunger taught to pine
And dearly pay for her luxuriant Cheer :
All lank and thin she hung, like nothing less
Than Magazine of swell'd Voluptuousness.

107.

Th' *Egyptian Learning*, black as blackest Hell
Where it was bred and born, hung also here ;
Nor could invent with all its *Magick Skill*
Any mysterious Charm or Character
It self from that Disgrace to conjure down,
But found *Truth's* Spells much stronger than her own.

108.

By these, the *Spoils* snatch'd from the furthest Parts
Of strangest *Indian Worlds*, hung one by one ;

The proud *Gymnosophists* and *Brachman's Arts* :
(For noble *Bartholmew* had thither run,
And *Thomas* too ; and made their Journey be
Only the March of speedy *Victory*.)

109.

So did the *Persians' Astrologick Skill*,
And what in *Balaam's Midian School* was taught :
A mighty Prize was this, the Flower of Hell,
With thousand Sects of various Learning fraught ;
Yet none of these could calculate that They
Should unto *Catholick Truth* become a Prey.

110.

Nor did the *Academick Glory*, 'scape,
Though sage grave *Plato* rais'd it fair and high ;
For here it hung in contemptible shape,
Presenting more of reverend Foolery,
Than genuine Wisdom, and lamenting that
It reach'd so near to *Truth*, yet reach'd it not.

111.

Next this, the *Oracles* of the *Stagarite*,
(That God of logical and wrangling Brains.)
Hung all in scorn'd miserable plight,
Unable to Confute their conquering Chains ;
And wish'd that they their *Master's* fate had seen,
And drowned with him in *Euripus* been.

112.

Yea ev'n the *Skeptick Protean Cunning* too,
For all her wiley wiles, was taken here ;
And now convinced by her certain Wo,
Confess'd some *Truth* could naked be and clear ;
And into palpable assurance grew
That her *Captivity* at least was *True*.

113.

In one side of the Hall these marshall'd were ;
Nor did the other with less *Spoils* abound :
For all the *Sadducean Points* hung there,
Too late bewailing what too late they found,
That they from thence should no Redemption have,
Who held no Resurrection from the Grave.

114.

And in the same condition hanging was
Stubborn *Herodianism*, but buckled now ;
Finding that Help to its distressed Cause
Its dead and rotten God could not allow ;
That *Herod* proved no such kind of Thing
As *Christ*, of Glory and of Power King.

115.

Essæan Prudence too was fain to bear
Her Fate, and share in this Captivity ;
Though all her Ways, and Grounds, and Doctrins were
Of nearest kin to *Truth* : yet seeing She
Made least resistance, *Justice* gave command
She should be tyed in the gentler Band.

116.

But puff'd with zealous Ignorance and Pride,
The *Pharisaick Discipline* held out
In flat defiance : bravely she try'd
Her fancied strength, and obstinately fought.
And much she might have done, had *Truth* not been
Aided by *Heav'n* to bring her Pris'ner in.

117.

Yet after Her, innumerable Swarms
Of peevish restless *Vermin* undertook
The War again ; and being once in arms,
From sucking sneaking *Schisms*, they boldly broke
Into the monstrous amplitude of those
Black *Heresies* whose depth *Hell* only knows.

118.

The *Authors* lately in their native Pit
Psyche beheld, and here their *Brood* she sees ;
The hideous *Portents* of malicious Wit,
And piety-pretending Villanies ;
Which now perforce their open Shame confess,
All hanging in their odious *Nakedness*.

119.

They *Naked* hung ; yet clothed in their gore ;
Which livery too they gave the neighbour Wall,
Whilst they with rage their viperous Members tore
And upon one another spit their Gall ;
Stark mad their huge and warlike selves to see
The Subjects of eternal Triumph be.

120.

But one strange *Spoil* (though but prophetick yet)
More eminent and ugly than the rest
Upon a special Pillar, high was set ;
The *Presbyterian God*, demurely drest
In solemn Weeds, spun all of Publick Weal,
Pure Christian Liberty, reforming Zeal.

121.

His name was *Covenant* ; and the Sacrifice
He gormandiz'd, more vast then that of *Bel*,
Or of the Dragon ; for no smaller prize
Than *Church* and *State* would serve his paunch to fill :
For which huge feast he had as long a Grace,
And this ycleep'd *the Directory* was.

122.

But stretch'd at length by this enormous Diet,
The wretched *Idol's* maw in sunder burst :
Forthwith the Issue of his boundless Riot
Flow'd out in millions of *Sects*, which curst
Their monstrous *Parent*, and are here with meet
Decorum rank'd and fetter'd at his feet.

123.

These Trophies right heroick were : but yet
The upper end of this illustrious Hall

With gallanter *Memorials* was beset :
For all about the fair and lofty Wall
Hung goodly *Tables*, offering to the Eye
A full account of *larger Victory*.

124.

The first display'd subdued *Asia's* face,
Where *Conquest* at *Jerusalem* begun
Her noble Progress, rending ope her ways
Quite through the heart of every Region ;
Nor stay'd her Chariot, until it met
The *rising Sun*, and fairer shew'd than it.

125.

The second, generous *Europe* did present,
The Queen of *Arms* and *Arts*, and yet too weak
And silly, to confute or stop the Dint
Of *Christian Vigor*, which undaunted brake
Through all her Quarters, till both *Rome* and *Greece*
Yielded, and su'd for *Evangelick Peace*.

126.

Hot sandy *Africk* boiled in the Third,
Where all its *Monsters* gentle grew and tame ;
Not frighted by the Lightning of the Sword,
But mollify'd by *Christ's* sweet-thrilling *Name*,
Which won (though with an *Eunuch* it began,)
At length the mightiest and completest Man.

127.

The fourth, by Prophecy was painted ; which
Decyphered a *strange untutored World*,
In golden Mines and Veins of Silver rich,
But poor in all the best of Wealth, and hurl'd
Quite on the Backside of these Climes which then
Were known to this our Universe's Men.

128.

Yet was the *Church* assur'd that She should through
The vast *Atlantick* reach her conquering Arm ;
And on the *Western Ev'n* her *East* bestow,
Which Pagan Cold with Christian Heats might warm :
She was assur'd, her *Baptism's* Streams upon
The wealthy Shore of noble *Plate* should run.

129.

As *Psyche* paid her Admiration to
These Marvels, through whose stories one by one
Phylax' expounding Tongue vouchsaf'd to go ;
Far goodlyer Sights, said he, this *Mansion*
Do's yet afford : These but the Preface be
(And poor enough) to what thou now shalt see.

130.

Then up a spacious Ascent He brings
Her to the Presence-chamber of the *Queen*.
O what celestial, what matchless Things
Were sparkling in this holy *Glorie's* Scene !
Which whilst the *Angel* read to *Psyche*, He
Was ravished well near as much as She.

131.

This precious *Pavement* first observe, said He ;
Thy foot ne'r trampled on such Worth as this.
The floor 's no less than pure *Humility*,
As smooth as *Politure's* own dainty Dress
Yet softer than those Carpets are whose sweet
And silken Kisses flatter Princes' feet.

132.

The *Walls* are built of neither Wood nor Stone,
No nor of Brass, of Silver, or of Gold,
Or any Substance which *Duration*
Can make decrepit as it groweth old :
O no ! these pure Materials are such
As wretched Weakness must not dare to touch :

133.

Of genuine *Strength* and of *Security*
They temper'd are, and correspondence keep
With their foundations which fixed lie
Upon a *Rock* that scorns the raging Deep.
As Those, the Pow'rs beneath ; so These disdain
All them above which in the Air do reign.

134.

These *Walls* ; which gloriously clothed are
With all the *Gospel Wardrobe* : there thy *spouse*
Is Born ; to *Egypt* there he flies ; and there
He is Baptized : there his Power flows
In miracle's full Deluge ; there he hath
His Cross ; and there to life is drawn his Death.

135.

The *Roof*, whose patent Arch and azure Hue
Like Heav'n's Epitomy above us flows ;
With no hypocrisy deludes our View,
Being conscious of more Value than it shows.
Well may it dazel thy poor mortal sense,
For 'tis no less than *God's own Providence*.

136.

Those middle *Pillars* which so stoutly set
Their lusty shoulders under it, are cast
Of sound substantial *faith* ; though Rocks should split ;
Though Earth's vast Groundsels which are ramm'd so
fast
About the Center, should in pieces fly ;
These still will hold their own *Solidity*.

137.

That strange *solidity*, whose mystick Root
Quite cross to all the World is taught to grow ;
For its profoundly paradoxick foot
Implanted is above and not below ;
Whilst by *Love's* all-uniting-strengthening Art
The *Roof* it self the *Pillars* doth support.

138.

Those spacious *Windows*, which like limpid Eyes
Adorn this Chamber's face, are not of *Glass*,

(The brittle Emblem of fair Vanities,)
But firmest *Hope* ; through which the *Soul* doth pass,
And climb aforehand to those Joys above
Which have monopoliz'd her loyal love.

139.

That golden *Chimney*, and the *fire* which there
With unconsuming Sweetness flames so high,
The Shop and fervent Operations are
Of strong and never-idle *Charity* ;
Whose soft Extremities of fostering Heat
As Pulses in true Christian bosoms beat.

140.

But this resplendent Mount of Majesty
Which crowns the Navel of the Chamber, this
Large *Diamond Throne*, whose Glories far outvy
The rays of *Solomon's*, erected is
For *Her* whose Beauties make the Seat appear
But poor and dim when it supporteth *Her*.

141.

Just as he spake, from her retiring Room,
Attended by her most imperial *Train*,
To that her Throne the *Queen* her self did come,
And justify the *Angel's* word : in vain
The *Diamond* strove, for all its Sparks gave way
To *Her's*, as Stars to *Phebus* and his Day.

142.

No sooner set, but She to reading fell
Out of a golden Scrol those sacred Laws
Which from her sovereign Assent and Seal
Look'd for their life and Soul. This lucky Pause
Warn'd *Psyche* too to read, who for her Book
Could choose no other but this *Monarch's Look*.

143.

A *Look* in which such blessed Gallantry
Its triumph held, that *Psyche* judged *Her*
No daughter of Mortality to be,
But sprung from Race divine : nor did she fear
Idolatry in worshiping a face
In which all Heav'n, and more, compacted was.

144.

But as her knees were melting to the floor,
Phylax commands her first to satisfy
Her eye's profoundest hunger with that store
Of royal Chear, whose superfluity
Was so excessive : and thou then, said He,
Shalt know who is this *Queen of Sweets*, from me.

145.

Thou then shalt know, when by due Observation
Thou of her sovereign Worth instructed art
That so thy well-confirmed Admiration
May soberly perform its Dutie's part,
And blot out that rash Zeal, whose hasty fire
Inflam'd thy Soul *Pseudagi*us to admire,

146.
This Precept She obey'd : but as a Child
Into a Prince's Garden brought, which he
Sees with innumerable Beauties fill'd ;
Yields up himself to dainty Ecstasy,
Not knowing where he should begin to gather,
Being woo'd by every flower from one another :
147.
So in delicious Confusion She
Among the *Graces* of this *Empress* lost
Her wandring self, nor could resolved be
Which Part deserv'd her Admiration most :
She look'd to find one *better* than the rest,
But look'd in vain, for every one was *Best*.
148.
Down from the Head of this accomplish'd *Queen*
To her fair foot, there was no room for Blame :
Sooner shall *Pitch* in *Venus's* Rayes be seen ;
Sooner shall *Glory's* face be damp'd with *Shame* ;
Sooner shall *Crystal* guilty be of *Blots*, *Cantic :*
Than purer *She* can be accus'd of *spots*. 4 7.
149.
As through the roseal casements of the East 6. 10.
Aurora looks, when fresh come out of bed ;
So is her briskly-blooming Aspect drest
With all the Delicates of blushing Red :
Yet though these streams of *Blushes* overflow,
Firm truce maintain they with their neighbour *Snow*.
150.
As modest *Phebe* in th' unclouded sphere *ibid :*
Smiles with chaste beauty, so do's chaster *She* :
Nay more than so ; for *virgin Mildness* here
Is married to *Titan's Majesty* :
The Moon's sweet silver, and his stately Gold
Are in this face's Orb together roll'd.
151.
Yet such its temper is, that if bold *Eyes* *ibid :*
Its *Sweetness* dare ; such Terrors flame in it
As from a martial'd Army's front surprize
Cold-hearted Cowards, when the *Standards* get
Their cue to poure ther awful Colours through
The Air, and stately *Banners* open flow.
152.
This makes the *Ladies'* precious features be 6. 4.
As pleasant as the gracefulest Excess
Of *Tirzah's* Beauties ; and her Bravery
As rich as *Salem's* was in Portlynness,
When her best Excellence had crown'd her Queen
Of whatsoe'r below the Sun was seen.
153.
But as th' illustrious *Tree of Victory*,
The verdant *Palm*, lifts her triumphant head 7. 7.
- Above the vulgar shrubs : so glorious *She*
Her princely stature. And 'tis fairly read
In all her *Hall's* bright Characters, how near
Of kin the *Palm* and *She* by conquests are.
154.
Carmel, which looks from his exalted seat 7. 5.
With state upon the Vales that creep beneath,
And is so strong in high-grown Woods, so sweet
In fragrant Pastures, fairly copieth
Her goodly *Head*, that living Coronet
Enobling all the Members under it.
155.
As from steep *Gilead* the milky *flocks*
Of climbing *Goats* right gracefully appear ; 4. 1.
Such is the prospect of her flaxen *Locks*
Whose merry *Curles* like *Kids* all sporting are ;
And by their sport, though *feeble Chains* they be,
Do captive take the *King of Majesty*. 7. 5.
156.
Beneath the curious Arbour of her Hair 4. 3.
Half-hid, half-ope her sacred *Temples* lie,
Which like a rich *Pomgranat* lovely are,
And lovelyer by that *open secrecie*,
For what is naked speaks for what is hid ;
Whence more Desire is in Spectators bred.
157.
He who by fair *Bethrabbim Gate* hath seen 7. 4.
The *Pools of Heshbon* even with the brim,
Where *living Smiles* inhabit, where serene
And genuine *Purities* delight to Swim ;
Where both the Stars by night, and Sun by day
As in a softer Heav'n delight to play :
158.
The Emblem of her *Eyes* hath He beheld ;
Her *Eyes*, the smiling Mirrours whence those beams
Which dart forth *Loves* and *Joyes*, which sweetly gild
Spectators' hearts, poure out their gracious streams ;
Her *Eyes*, the sparkling Nests of brightest *Bliss*,
The purest Springs of *mystick Paradise*.
159.
That white and stately *Tower of Marble* which 7. 4.
Down from its *Lebanon* its looks extends
As far's *Damascus* ; did aforehand preach
That princely Beauty which her *Nose* commends ;
Whose alabaster Prominence doth grace
And fortify the region of her face.
160.
Her *Lips*, of Scarlat are a fine-spun Thred ; 4. 3.
Yet not so fine or delicate as is
The rare Effusion which through them is shed
When that sweet fount of Eloquence doth bless
Admiring Auditors, when vocal Gold
And Honey from th' enclosed Tongue is roll'd.

161.

No *Sheep*, new-shorn and even, and washed white, 4. 2.
 And marching home in decent order ; can
 Tickle Beholders' eyes with more delight,
 Than her two *Ranges of fair Ivory*, when
 A Smile, or some such sweet occasion hath
 Display'd the equal Orders of her Teeth.

162.

As *David's* portly *Tower*, the dwelling-place 4. 4.
 Of *Comeliness* and *Strength* ; such is her *Neck* :
 A thousand mighty shields that Fortress grace,
 And this as many lovely Jewels deck,
 Or rather decked are by hanging there ;
 Their wealthy Home for them can lustre spare.

163.

Two tender *Roes*, the Sons of one spruce Dame 4. 5.
 And of one Birth, which in a lily field
 Are put to pasture : in another name
 Are her two *Breasts*, with polish'd softness swell'd,
 Which in her *Bosom's* fragrant garden feed
 Where *whitest Sweetness* takes delight to breed.

164.

Her royal Robe is all of purest Silk ;
 In softness parallel to her own Skin,
 In spotless Whiteness, to her precious Milk.
 A cunning needle over it had run,
 And scatter'd pritty Hills and Valleys, where
 Neat flocks of Lambs feeding and sporting were.

165.

But as when *April's* gentle Breath doth wake 4. 11.
 The floury Eyes of *Lebanon*, or plays
 Against his balmy Boughs, the *Odours* take
 The soft alarm, and their sweet Powers raise :
 So this rich *Vesture's* *Smell* replies to all
 The Complements of every fanning Gale.

166.

To either Hand belongs a Massy *Key*
 The royal Scepters She was born to sway :
 The one of beaten burnish'd *Gold*, which She
 Hugs in her *Right* : for through Heav'n's narrow Way
 Though many struggle, none can enter at
 That Port of Bliss, if this locks up the Gate.

167.

But her *Sinister* one, of *Iron* is :
 A swarthy fatal *Key*, which keeps the door
 Of everlasting Torment's foul Abyss,
 Where anathematized Miscreants roar.
 Proud *Belzebub*, although he Sovereign be
 Of Hell, possesseth not his Kingdom's *Key*.

168.

No ; this is *Her* Prerogative alone
 Who *Arbitratrix* sits of *Heav'n* and *Hell* :

And though her gentle Soul delights in none
 But her mild Bliss-unlocking key ; yet still
 She maketh her abused Sweetness just
 Against rebellious unrepentant Dust.

169.

The Diadems of garish Gold and Gems
 She to the heads of mortal Princes leaves ;
 That Heav'nly *flame* which round her Temples streams,
 A richer Crown of *living Glory* weaves ;
 Which *Mitre-like*, and like the mystick guise
 Of *Cloven Tongues* of sprightly *fire* doth rise.

170.

But for a Canopie to shade her head ;
 No Babylonian Embroidery,
 No Tyrian, nor Phrygian Texture's spread,
 No artificial Help of Majesty,
 No *State* which lasts no longer than 'tis stay'd
 And fastned up by Cords' and Pillars' aid.

171.

A *Dove*, not hatch'd in sublunary Nest,
 Nor hatch'd at all, but of *eternal Breed* ;
 Weigh'd on his equal Wings, displays her Crest
 At near but comely distance o'r her head :
 Where by his splendid widespread feathers He
 Is both her Glory and Security.

172.

This was the *Queen* ; on whom as *Psyche* gazed ;
 The reason why, my Dear, said *Phylax*, so
 At her high Gallantry thou stand'st amazed,
 Is, That thou know'st not yet her *Name*, nor who
 Hath her espous'd. O pity then, cry'd She,
 Sweet Tutor, this my Ignorance and Me.

173.

He, by a speaking Smile at first, then by
 This smiling Speech, his pupil satisfy'd :
 That *Queen*, *Ecclesia* is, and to the high
 And mighty *King of Kings* the sovereign *Bride* :
 Poor of her self, and sprung from Mortal race,
 But thus advanced by His bounteous Grace.

174.

Those Princes who descended are of Clay,
 Are fain to make a tedious search to find
 Ladies whose florid features answer may
 The brisk Ideas of their youthful Mind ;
 Nay for a Dowry oft they hunt, that so
 The Maid and Money they may marry too.

175.

But it becomes *Heav'n's* *Emperor* to make,
 Not seek a *Spouse* which may his fancy please ;
 Nor can it with his Greatness stand to take
 A Portion with his Bride, who Owner is
 Of more than thine, or *Phebus's* larger eye
 Could in his furthest Travels e'r descry.

176.

Both Thou, and every pious Soul beside,
As *Spouses* by his Favour owned are :
But *She* alone is his *Imperial Bride*,
His *Heart's own Heart*, his *most indeared Dear*.
One *Lady* thus to glorious *Solomon*
Amongst his *Thousand* was his *Only One*.

177.

Before, alas, *She* black and crooked was,
The nasty Sink of all Deformities :
Such heaps of odious Blains and Boils ; a Mass
Of such Distortions ; such rank Heresies
Of Form and Feature ; could not any where
Be found in one Colluvies, as in *Her*.

178.

Indeed when first *She* in her Filth was born *Ezech.*
No friendly Hand took care to Wash her clean, 16. 4.
Or cut her Navel : helpless and forlorn
In her foul blood she lay, till *He* sent in
His yearning *Providence*, relief to give,
Which on *Death's* brink commanded her to Live.

179.

She Liv'd : but so as still her Life confest
By its Procession, what its Entrance was :
Yet when all other Lovers did detest
The thought of her most ugly-vile embrace ;
In *Jesus* steps, and cries, why may not *She*
Grow beautiful by my superfluity ?

180.

Then from the Mine of his exuberant Graces
Ten thousand rich and radiant Things he takes ;
Which all about the wondering Maid he places,
And of a *Worm* this *Queen of Glory* makes ;
That *chosen she* might be embellished
Proportionably to his royal Bed.

181.

And that she also might attended be
With fair and sutable Retinues to
Her radiant Self ; that *Train* magnifick *He*
Both furnish'd and maintaineth for her : lo
With what prest forwardness they waiting are
About her sparkling Throne, and brighter *Her*.

182.

The formost Squadron is of *threescore Queens*,
Who yet can from her Service, Honor take : *Cantic.*
The next 's of *fourescore* goodly *Concubines* ; 6. 8.
But they who those exterior Ranges make,
Where in a number numberless they flow,
Are *Virgins* all, both white and chaste as Snow.

183.

These were the minor single *Churches*, spread
So thick in every Gospel-conquer'd Place ;

Which still their Strength and their Dependance had
From this most *Catholick Majesty*, which was
Diffus'd as wide 's all they, and never found
That Land or Sea which could its Progress bound.

184.

These every Morn, and every Evening raise
Their homage in religious Anthems high ;
Paying their Admiration and Praise
To *Her* the Monarch of all Piety :
And happy Tributaries too are they
Who always Gainers are by what they pay.

185.

But mark that Company whose station is
Before the Throne ; true *Maids of Honor*, whose
Sweet privilege it is this *Queen* to Dress :
Their hands alone have her adorn'd with those
Embellishments, which round about her shine,
And make that fairer look which was Divine.

186.

That slender strait-lac'd Maid, is *Unity*,
Who buckles on (for that 's her proper part)
That golden Girdle which so decently
Huggeth her Sovereign's Loins : and with what art
Her noble Duty she performs, thou may'st
Read in the *Queen's* epitomized Waste.

187.

That sober *Matron*, in whose stayed Eye,
And venerable Face, so fair are writ
The awful Lines of Heaven, is *Sanctity* :
Who reverently before the *Queen* doth set
Her faithful self, and serves her for a Glass
By which to guide and order all her Dress.

188.

The Next, whose Soft and yielding Looks confess
The temper of her heart, is *Patience* :
Her *Empress* she bedecks with *Tenderness*
And makes her slow and loth to take offence ;
That all her Subjects by her Softness may
Be charm'd, so kind a Princess to obey.

189.

But *Magnanimity*, that highlook'd *She*,
Embraves that *Mildness* with right active *Fire* ;
This that *Virago* is, who scorns to see
Any Exploit of Gallantry outvie her.
Ecclesia's Brows with *Stoutness* she doth build,
And helps her both her mighty Keys to weild.

190.

She whose wideopen Breasts so fairly swell,
And wears as large a Purse upon her side ;
Who looks about to see where she may spill
Her teeming Charity's never-ebbing Tide ;
Is *Bounty*, *Almner* to the *Queen*, whom she
Likewise arrays with *Grace* and *Courtesy*.

191.

That other, whose ev'n Look was never knit
 Into a Frown, nor loos'd into a smile ;
 Whose right hand holds a Sword, whose left a fit
 And equal Balance, *Justice* is ; who still
 As Cases come, her *Ladie's* eyes doth dress
 With what is neither *Wrath* nor *Friendlyness*.

192.

She whose sharp Eye looks all things through and
 through,
 And sees both sides of double-faced *Chance* ;
 Who in *Futurity's* blind Sea can rowe,
 And take a plenal Prospect by a Gance ;
 Is searching *Wisdom*, and do's every morn
 Her *Sovereign's* Head most studiously adorn.

193.

That amiable sweet-complexion'd *Maid*
 Is *Temperance*, which keeps the *Queen* so fair :
 In all Distempers She with ready Aid
 Knows how her health and beauty to repair :
 Her Body sound, her skin she maketh sleek ;
 She with warm *Roses* trims her lovely Cheek.

194.

Those other *Virtues* too (for All are there,)
 Attend their several Offices. But turn,
 And mark that neighbour Combination, where
 Far nobler *Virgins* wait ; that thou may'st learn
 By their rare Worth how glorious is *She*
 Whose household Servants they are proud to be.

195.

That martial *She* all over writ with Scars,
 Laden with Palms, and clothed round in Blood,
Ecclesia's Champion is : ten thousand Wars
 She waged hath, and valiantly withstood
 The Outrages of Earth and Hell ; her Name
 Is *Martyrdom* : her Story, highest *Fame*.

196.

That plainlook'd *Maid*, whose course and simple Hue
 May seem Discredit to this gorgeous Place,
 Is *Poverty* ; who though to outward view
 She shines with no alluring courtly Grace,
 Yet is within as truly bright and fair
 As on their outside her Companions are.

197.

For *Jesus*, who the heart of things doth see,
 Was so inamor'd of her Beauties, that
 He chose to dwell with Her alone when He
 Entred upon His Theanthropick State :
 And Her (so high He found her Worth) commended
 To *Queen Ecclesia* when He hence Ascended.

198.

The next, her Sister is, *Obedience* :
 Thou never saw'st a Twig more apt to bow,

Nor Wax more pliant, whensoe'r her Prince
 Summons her Duty into Action : though
 A *Will* she once had of her own, yet She
 Gave it her *Queen*, that so she might be Free.

199.

For, prudent as she was, right well she knew
 How edg'd a Tool is every Humane Will,
 Oft making her enslaved Owners rue
 Her desperate Freedom ; whose carreer to quell
 The safest way she found, was to submit
 Her to a wiser Rein and stronger Bit.

200.

Lo there *Virginity* her self : O who
 Can count the Graces reigning in her eyes ;
 Or those which all about her body flow
 In Love's and Pleasure's chaste Extremities !
 Precious she is to Heav'n it self ; for she
 As truly is Angelical as *We*.

201.

Indeed the old Acquaintance which we had
 With her pure Softness, makes us what we are,
 Upon our Wings her Hands their Whiteness spread ;
 'Tis she who frees us from vexatious care,
 And gives us leave to be attendant on
 The bus'ness of *Heav'n's* Sovereign alone.

202.

The *Tenderness* which smileth in her Face
 Cohabits with heroick *Bravery* ;
 Which can ev'n from your mortal Weakness chase
 Faint Nature's inbred Imbecillity ;
 Incouraging dull *Flesh* it self to strain
 And with pure *Spirits* equal pace maintain.

203.

She, she it is, who scorneth to enjoy
 A Dispensation from her *Lord's* advice ;
 Who chooseth not, to do *all that she may*,
 But *all she can* ; who generously flies
 Soul-bigamy ; who to her heart allows,
 Since She's betroth'd to *Christ*, no other Spouse.

204.

But there stand Ladies more illustrious yet,
 Stars of the first and fairest Magnitude ;
 To which this Universe is deep in debt
 For that commanding Light whose dint subdu'd
 The monstrous Night of Ignorance which had
 All Nations its blinded Pris'ners made.

205.

That awful *Maid*, Heav'n's glorious *Amazon*,
 Before whose March the World made haste to bow,
 And take the *Evangelick* Yoke upon
 Its conquer'd neck ; thou by her Looks may'st know :
 O brave *Apostleship*, which hast outrun
 The Course, outshin'd the Glories of the Sun !

206.

The *Lady Treasurer* is She ; into
The faithful hands of whose *dispensing Care*
Ecclesia's precious Store was put ; that so
All pious Souls might be directed where
To find their holy Food, the heav'nly *Word*
And *Sacraments* of their most provident *Lord*.

207.

Behind her standeth her *apparent Heir*,
Who, when to heav'n *she* steps, her Office takes :
Yet, modest as she is, doth still forbear
The Glory her great *Mother's* Title speaks,
And meekly turns the *Apostolical*
Denomination to *Episcopal*.

208.

But when the Tide of Converts flowed high,
Episcopacy happily was forc'd
To substitute that sacred Deputy
Part of the Charge to bear which She at first
Manag'd alone : behold the *Virgin* there ;
Priesthood's the Name she honored is to wear.

209.

She, in whose startled Look and dazell'd Eye
Enthusiastick Characters appear,
Is sacredly-inspired *Prophecy* :
Earth's Monitor, Heav'n's Privy-counsellor :
She, whose quicksighted Soul can Wonders see
A day, a year, an age before they be.

210.

The next, is *Doctrine* ; in whose lips there dwells
A spring of *Honey* sweeter than its Name ;
Honey which never fulsome is, yet fills
The widest Souls ; *Honey* which first did stream
In Heav'n's most happy *Canaan*, and thence
Remov'd to Earth's its blessed Influence.

211.

The Sixth's, that mighty *She*, to whom the *Prince*
Of *Wonders* left the noble *Legacy*
Of his *miraculous Power* ; which ever since
Hath flourish'd in her potent Arm : for She
Still triumphs over *Nature's* Laws, and still
Makes Mountains stoop to her imperious Will.

212.

The Seav'nth's, the Mistress of profounder Art
Than in the brain of *Æsculapius* grew :
She calls no Roots nor Herbs to take her part ;
Nor needs the virtuous souls of Plants to brew ;
But by her Touch, or her commanding Breath
Knows how to slay both *Sicknesses* and *Death*.

213.

The Eighth, whose ready and officious Eyes
Her Ministerial Aptitude declare,

Is *She* who on the sacred *Mysteries*
With reverent distance waits, and takes the care
Of Those who, did not pious *Charity*
Keep open house, would no where harbour'd be.

214.

The Ninth, whose Stature rises high and fair,
So broad whose Shoulders, and whose Breast so wide,
Whose Joints well-knit, whose Bones well-timber'd are,
But stronger far her Heart ; is signify'd
By these sure Marks firm *Government* to be,
The Pillar of *Ecclesia's* Policy.

215.

See'st thou the Last ? know *Psyche*, wondrous she
Can by no Token but her *Tongue* be known ;
And yet her *Tongue's* strange Multiplicity
Looses her self again ; for what's her own
Of all the Languages with which she flows,
(Each one so right she hits,) no Censor knows.

216.

She in their proper Dialects can trade
With all the World, and Heav'n's Wares set to sale :
No *Sound* to *Sense* a Dress was ever made
But she with it can strait acquainted fall,
And best determin whether it doth sit
Upon that *Sense's* shoulders right and fit.

217.

Unhappy *Babel's Antidote* is she,
And cures the Wound which there did *Tongues* divide :
All Languages in her sole Lips agree,
For to her single *Tongue* they All are ty'd ;
So are their *Virtues* too, and *Eloquence*
Dwells there in all her Tunes of Excellence.

218.

But now behold where at the *Queen's* right hand,
As best deserving that illustrious Place,
The Flower of all these Maiden Flowers doth stand,
The Gallantry ev'n of her *Queen* to grace :
A *Virgin* fairer than her native Nest
The silver Spheres, which by her Birth were blest.

219.

Lo she from head to foot all *Naked* is,
As are the *Sun* by day and *Stars* by night :
Her self She with her *proper Beams* doth dress,
As *they* with their Attire of natural Light.
External Helps true Beauty never lacks ;
'Tis Shame alone which Vestments useful makes.

220.

Who ever thought the Rose or Lilly stood
Guilty of course unhandson *Nakedness*,
Because they never put on borrowed Hood,
Nor veiled up their native Sweetness ?
For where shall Ornaments be found which may
Fairer, such *Sons of Goodliness* array ?

221.

Believe it *Psyche*, she doth but retain
Her Country's fashion : they whose Bliss it is
In Heav'n, the Realm of richest Pomp, to reign,
Profess no other kind of Dress but this ;
They naked go of whatsoe'r might hinder
Or cloke the Grace of their *arraying Splendor*.

222.

A Texture all of *Glory*, soft and white
As is her virgin Soul, surrounds her : when
Darkness can smutch the highnoon Face of Light,
When veins of Ink in floods of Milk can run ;
Then may a Critick hope to spie in her
Pellucid *Robe of Nakedness*, a Blur.

223.

That *Nakedness*, which though it breeds Desire,
In every Heart not stupify'd with stone,
It kindles none but sweet and spotless Fire ;
In whose pure furnace brave *Devotion*
Learns with more sprightly fervency to glow,
And *Chastity* it self refin'd doth grow.

224.

But O what Powers are flaming in her Face,
Pouring her Conquests upon every Eye !
The hardyest He that e'r on her did gaze,
Yielded and lov'd his sweet Captivity.
Error her self, though swell'd with Pride and Hell,
In her bright presence is content to kneel.

225.

Her name is *Truth* ; and what her Care and Charge
Judge by those Tokens which her Hands present ;
Two *Autographs* : that in her Left, the large
And *Old*, but never-failing *Testament* :
That in her Right, the *New* : which could with none
Justly intrusted be, but Her alone.

226.

For every Leaf of them a Mirrour is
In which she reads her own unspotted Face :
Each Line is taught sincerely to express
Some correspondent Lineament of Grace
In her sweet Body, whose all-lovely Looks
Are nothing but the *Life* of those *dead Books*.

227.

Bold *Heresy* has often in that Glass
Presum'd to peep, and swore that there she spied
The faithful shape of her own faithless face :
But yet the shameless *Elf* as often lyed.
That trusty Glass will no false Colours shew,
But unto *Truth*, and *Truth* alone ; is true.

228.

And though *Rebellion* too hereafter will
Be studying here, and prying how to find

The pourtraiture of her foul self ; yet still
The Lustre of the noble *Book* will blind
Such saucy Readers, whose true Image is
Reflected only in Hell's black Abyss.

229.

But mark what clings about the *Virgin's* breast ;
A Knot of Things whose Splendor bids thine Eye
Be with a Glimpse content, and not contest
With what confounds bold *Curiosity*.
Faith's Mysteries they are, which by the bright
Excess of their own beams, are hid from sight.

230.

In vain thou seek'st these flames to parallel
By any Raies which e'r amaz'd thine Eye :
Souls which in most heroick Worth excel
Cannot endure their naked Majesty ;
But happy count themselves that they can see
These *Mysteries* ev'n through a Mystery.

231.

And happy thou, my *Psyche*, who are hither
By Heav'n's indulgence and my conduct, brought ;
If thou that Bliss neglected not to gather
Which now is ripe, and bids thy Heart not doubt
Here freely to enrich its Poverty
At highest heav'nlyest Wealth's own Treasury.

232.

Thus *Phylax* spake : and *Psyche* all the while,
Viewing these several Glories of the *Court*,
Did with as many Satisfactions fill
Her wondring spirit, and her self transport
From this to that ; till *Truth's* strange Contemplation
Monopolized all her Admiration.

233.

For as the noble *Eaglet* perched high
In open prospect to the naked Sun,
Banquets and riots with her ravish'd Eye
In that bright Sea of Beauty, where alone
Her genuine *Sight* meets with its *flaming Love*,
And by his sovereign Beams its own doth prove :

234.

So *She* with strong impatient Ardor here
Stood feeding upon *Truth's* all-glorious Face ;
Where since she found most satiating Cheer,
She therefore still unsatiated was :
Till lost in amorous Greediness, she cries,
Sweet *Guardian* help me, or thy *Psyche* dies.

235.

Phylax, who knew the soul of that Complaint,
(For on his own it beat) with tender Hand
Reliev'd his *Pupil* as he saw her faint ;
And, Well, said he, thy Grief I understand :
Fear't not ; though sharp, 'tis salutiferous ;
Thy Joys had dy'd, hadst thou not Grieved thus.

236.

The Pictures of thy late *Acquaintance*, and
Newly imbibed *Doctrins*, in the Eye
Of thy now self-revenged Conscience stand ;
Checking thy venturous Credulity,
Which durst embrace such *Monsters*, and dismiss
A *Beauty* so divinely bright as this.

237.

Yet let not Sorrow quench thy Hopes, for *She*
All Injuries rejoiceth to forget :
She never laughed at the Misery
Of any Heart which would to Her submit :
Revenge indeed, but soft and sweet she takes ;
Her Foes to Liberty she Captives makes.

238.

This said : his *Charge* to that bright *Maid* he led ;
Whom, by their old *Acquaintance* he desired
Her favour on this begging Soul to spread,
Who with her lustre was already fired.
Truth gently smiled at his sweet Request,
And by her Looks her forwardness confest.

239.

Forthwith, as humble *Psyche* trembling lay,
Pouring her tears and heart at her fair feet ;
She mildly took her up, and gave her joy
That she was rescued thus from *Error's* Net.
That word she clos'd with an Embrace ; and this
She more indeer'd by an Heav'nly Kiss.

240.

As when the vernal life-enlivening Sun
Embraceth languid Earth with courteous Raies ;
Through her cold starved Veins fresh fire doth run ;
New Life and Verdure smile in all her face,
Herby and floury Gallantry combine
Their fairest powers to make her mantle fine :

241.

So *Psyche* hugg'd and warm'd intirely by
The Arms and Lips of *Truth*, soon felt her breast,
Before envelopp'd in Obscurity,
Now by a pure and precious Light possess :
She felt her inward *Mystick* Day arise,
Which gently flourish'd through her wondring eyes.

242.

O mighty *Truth* ! whose glorious *Nakedness*
The troublous burly furniture transcends
Of *strongest Arguments* ; whose winning Kiss
Presseth thy Conquests home ; whose look commands
Success ; whose brave Conclusions need not stay
Till tedious Premises prepare the way.

243.

Logos, who had so pert and busy been,
Was strangely startled at the sudden sight :

For to himself his Blindness now was seen,
So critical was this new-dawning Light :
He saw his Blindness, and in seeing this,
Descry'd withal a thousand Mysteries.

244.

And that so clearly, that he fear'd no more
What Mists *Authades* in his way could throw ;
Agyrtes Charms he scorned, which before
To Darkness's paths had power his feet to draw :
This happy Morn he bless'd and kissed, which
His eyes with Heav'n's true Prospect did enrich.

245.

For here far more convincing Things he read
Than were his late adored *Demonstrations*.
No brisk *Distinction* now durst show her head,
Or hope to damp those glorious *Probations*
Which to *Syneidesis* her self so great
Appear'd, that unto them her seal she set.

246.

Nor less on *Thelema* this Wonder wrought ;
For with intire submission down she bow'd
Her high and mighty Neck, and low did lout
To what her sober *Logos* now allow'd.
Those precious Gems she hugg'd within her heart,
Resolved never more with them to part.

247.

With holy sprightful joy replenished
Was *Psyche*, at this happy Change's sight :
All *Catholick Verities* at large were spread
In her bright soul, whence *Scruples* took their flight ;
Resigning all that Region to be
Possess'd by *Satisfaction's Clarity*.

248.

Ten thousand Thanks to courteous *Truth* she paid ;
And would as many times have paid them o'r ;
But *Phylax* her excess of Passion staid,
Telling her, she must now employ that store
She here had gain'd, where Need requir'd it, and
Turn Benefactrix to her *native Land*.

249.

She rose : but at the Throne fell down again
To pay her homage to the *Empress*, who
Higher enthroned in her heart did reign :
Then with loth willingness she yields to go,
Having receiv'd a *Benediction* from
Ecclesia for her dear Viaticum.

250.

But as she went, she bless'd the blessed *Place* :
And, O, How happy are the Souls, said she,
Who in this *holy Court's* illustrious Face
May be Attendants, and those Glories see
With constant freedom, which all Heav'n can dart
With one short glimpse on their Spectators' heart !

251.

O happy they, who here secured are
Far far above unhappy *Error's* reach !
How vainly aimed I my zealous Care
To find the *Holy Land* in *Chanaan*, which
Lost me my foolish self ! henceforth to me
No *Land* but this alone shall *Holy* be.

252.

O happy they who in this *Hall* may Live,
Perpetually those noble *Spoils* to read ;
And Acclamations of Honor give
To *Her* who all these Monsters' blood hath shed :
To *Her*, whom all the World must yield to be
As large as is it self, in Victory.

253.

O happy they who have but leave to dwell
Here in this Preface to that larger Bliss !
This empty *Porch* alone doth far excel
The Fulness of all other Palaces :
This is the Morning unto Glory's Day,
The Brink of Joy, the Top of Heav'n's highway.

254.

O happy they, who in this beauteous *Court*
May wait upon the *Porch*, and feed their eyes,
And with their eyes their hearts, in any sort
Upon this *House and Home of Mysteries* !
This Neighbourhood to Bliss, would prove to me
A full Infeofment in Felicity.

255.

O happy they, who may permitted be
Ev'n in this Realm of Thorns, these craggy Ways,
This Field of Hardship and Perplexity,
This Maze of Fears and Snares, to spend their days !
The Prospect to yon Palace would suffice
To bless and sweeten all Anxieties.

256.

O happy they, who may remain with Thee,
Disconsolate Maid, though at this *outmost Gate* !
The Comfort but of such Vicinity
To those fair *Towers*, would easily abate
The trouble of thy sighs ; and ne'r would I
Repent of *Penance's* sad Company.

257.

With these sweet Complaints she measur'd her return,
Till to the waiting Chariot back she came.
And well was *Phylax* pleas'd to hear her mourn,
And by her sighs blow up the pious flame
Of her Affection to that *holy place*,
Which kindled was by *Truth's* divine embrace.

258.

Then mounting up, and gently seating Her
At his right hand, his mighty Reins he shook ;

And these could scarce before his *Courcers* stir,
For strait their leap into the Air they took ;
Their ready Wings wide Oars displaying, through
The waves of that soft Ocean to row.

259.

For deeply she remembering what Event
Plagu'd her affected stay in *Palestine*,
By dear-bought Wisdom learn'd to be content
To leave this reverend Place, though more divine
Temptations here invited her to stay ;
Since wiser *Phylax* summon'd her away.

260.

So when a Child, woo'd by the sporting flame,
Is once but scorch'd into a feeling sense
Of such fair-faced Danger ; Fear and Shame
Subject him to his Nurse's Providence,
And make him any harmless Lustre shun
If but her Nod adviseth him to run.

261.

But He, to entertain her by the way
With advantageous Discourse, begun
To reckon through what worthy Wonders They
In their long Pilgrimage's Tract had run.
For *Repetition's* trusty hand both saves
The old Impression, and a new one graves.

262.

This rous'd her soul to recollect how she
Under the shield of Heav'n's especial Grace
Through thousand Dangers pass'd ; though resolutely
Satan and all his Wit engaged was
In open field to cross, or undermine
By secret Wilyness her brave Design.

263.

Afresh her Mind did feast on every sweet
And sacred Thing, which all the way she went
With rich Varieties her eyes had met :
So clearly did the *Angel* them present
In their distinct and proper colours, by
His Eloquence's prompt dexterity.

264.

Thus in two Chariots she at once did ride :
But yet in this of his *Discourse* she flew
With swiftest speed, outrunning ev'n the tide
Of Time it self : for still her Joys were new,
Cheating her Weariness as He along
Through all her Journeys travell'd with his Tongue.

265.

Her Voice this tuned by her heart's soft strings
To honest Gratitude's ingenuous lays :
High was her Key, and delicate the Songs,
Composed to the sweetest Air of Praise :
For ever may these lips be seal'd, said She,
When they suppress the Thanks I owe to *Thee*.

266.

To *Thee*, dear Pilot of my tender Bark,
Which many Rocks e'r this had dash'd in sunder ;
Which oft had wander'd in the Deep and Dark :
Which many storms' proud feet had trampled under ;
Which many Sands into its Grave long since
Had swallow'd : hadst not Thou been my Defence.

267.

To *Thee*, whom no Contempt of mine could drive
To just Disdain of this vile *Worm* : To *thee*
By whose kind Care my better Life I live ;
If yet I live at all, and rather be
Not dead and buried in those sins which I
Preferr'd before the *Life of Piety*.

268.

Yet more I owe to *Him* (and more must pay)
By whose appointment Thou conductedst Me :
Be still my *Guide*, and in this loyal *Way*
Of *Thanks*, instruct me what those *Thanks* must be.
If they must be *my Self*, I ready am
This sacrifice to offer to *His Name*.

269.

His Name, in whose dear Syllables alone
I read my self intirely such : for there,
There lives the Soul of that *Redemption*
Which snatch'd me from the desperat Bondage where
I lay abandon'd to the tyrannous Will
Of Pride, Rebellion, Heresy, and Hell.

270.

His Name, in which the Praise and Adoration
Of His *Seraphick* and *Cherubick Quire*
Rejoyce to meet : *His Name*, of every Nation
The dearest Joy and sovereign Desire.
His Name, which o'r the World's subdued Pride
Doth in sublime but gracious triumph ride.

271.

His Name, the only Musick which mine Ear
Can of no Jars accuse : that lovely *Name*
Which when Heav'n's most melodious Circles hear,
They throw aside their other songs, and frame
Their Tunes by *Jesus's* sweets.—Here off she broke,
Ravish'd and *silenc'd* by the *Name* she spoke.

272.

And here the *Steeds*, who all this while had flown
With stout but silent fervor, neigh'd aloud ;
Their Journey now was to its period grown,
And *Albion* her chalkey forehead show'd ;
Which with erected Ears, and shaked Mains
They doubled strait, and scoured o'r the Plains.

273.

Forthwith all clouded in their smoking foam
The Chariot they hurl'd to *Psyche's* door,
Where *Phylax* bid his Pupil *Welcome* home ;
Which she did on her knee to him restore,
And then she prais'd the steeds unwearied Pains,
Stroking her thanks upon their ruffled Mains.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Argument, l. 2, '*cheated*' = deceived : St. 1, l. 6, '*sirly*' = surly : St. 6, l. 2, '*travelled*' = travailed—so c. xx., st. 7, l. 3 : St. 7, l. 1, '*worrisonily*.' See Glossarial Index, s.v. : St. 16, l. 6, '*Locks*'—see *ibid* : St. 17, l. 4, '*gagliardise*'—see *ibid* : l. 6, '*leggiadrous*'—see *ibid* : St. 35, l. 2, '*Philauty*'—see *ibid* : St. 68, l. 5, '*shoulder'd*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for examples from Bp. Hall and Marston : St. 71, l. 5, '*lagg'd*' = hindered or made to lag : St. 72, l. 5, '*burly*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for other occurrences of the word : St. 120, l. 4 onward, '*The Presbyterian God*'—on this utter nonsense and bigotry, see our Memorial-Introduction : St. 127, l. 5, '*Backside*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : St. 131, l. 4, '*Politure's*'—see Glossarial Index,

s.v. : St. 136, l. 4, '*Groundsels*' = threshold of a door or stones thereof ; St. 152, l. 4, '*Sortlyness*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : St. 177, l. 6, '*Colluvies*'—see *ibid* : St. 192, l. 4, '*plenal*' = full : St. 196, l. 1, '*course*' = coarse. So in st. 220, l. 2 : St. 197, l. 4, '*Theanthropick*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : St. 204, l. 4, '*dint*' = stroke—misprinted in the original '*dint-subdued*' : St. 207, l. 1, '*apparent Heir*' = heir apparent : St. 210, l. 3, '*fulsome*' = satiating : St. 235, l. 5, '*salutiferous*' = salutary : St. 253, l. 2, '*Preface*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : St. 254, l. 6, '*Infeofment*' = put in possession, a Law term ; St. 273, l. 6, '*Mains*' = manes.—G.



CANTO XX.

The Mortification.

The ARGUMENT.

*Right wisely busy in her Leisure, now
Psyche asserts her royal Power; and by
Severest Tenderness contriveth how
In strict Obedience's chain to ty
The Commons of her Realm: as knowing well
The way to Live, was thus her Self to Kill.*

1.

P*Peace, gentle Queen of whatsoever makes
Sweets acceptable, Bliss delightful be;
What fatal Conjunction of Mistakes
Inchanteth mortal Hearts, that they will see
Thy Worth not by its own clear light, but by
The hideous Glass of War's Deformity!*

2.

*They see Sol's beauty by his proper beams;
Gems by their native Lustre them allure;
They taste the Fountain's sweetness by the streams;
The Rose's scarlet Cheeks can them assure
The Flower is gorgeous: yet will they not
Thy Graces read, but by a Stain and Blot:*

3.

*The Blot of every Sin, of Blood the Stain,
Which in the lawless Fields of Mars doth grow:
Thus silly Sheep by sad experience gain
To know the safety of the Fold, when through
The Mountains straying they have lost their way,
And found themselves to Bears and Wolves a Prey.*

4.

*Dear is this Learning, and how oft too late!
O how much sooner, and much cheaper might
They War's most tedious costly study bate,
If they to Thee would come to School, and write
But from th' Original of thy fair Eyes;
That Book, which dims the Volumes of the Skies!*

5.

*Thy Temper is all Musick; never did
The least of Jars thy sweet Complexion crack:*

*From thine, all Concords first were copied;
Nor would the Center on his trusty back
Agree to bear the World, didst Thou not by
Thy dainty Chains his Load upon him ty.*

6.

*In Time's first Dawn, when in th' untuned Deep
Each Thing was wroth and snarled at his Brother;
When Heav'n and Earth tumbled in one blind heap,
Struggled and strove to stifle one another;
When with their peevish selves all Creatures fought,
And in their own hearts for their Enemies sought:*

7.

*With seasonable Kindness Thou didst come,
And those wild Tumults sweetly chase away:
The boistrous Pangs of Nature's travelling Womb
With happy Quietness Thou didst allay,
Making those Embryos friends, who never since
Have to that Knot of Love done Violence.*

8.

*All rest contented with the Stations Thou
Appointedst them: and Earth is pleas'd as well
With her poor Habitation here below,
As Stars which in Heav'n's loftiest stories dwell.
Nor will the Winds, though big they be and proud,
Desire above the middle Air to croud.*

9.

*The surly Sea, who in his boiling Wrath
Against the shore with mountainous Waves doth make;
Dreadeth that List of feeble Sands, which hath
No power his desperate Carreer to slake;
Because he reads in it Thy potent Law
Which to a meek Ebb chides his proudest Flow.*

10.

*All honest Beasts and sociable, are
Made such by Thy mild Influence: in vain
The tender Oaten Pipe, and weaker Care
Of Pan's plain Sons their silly selves would strain,
Didst Thou not first persuade the Sheep to be
Best pleased with the Flock's Community.*

11.

The boldest *Brats of Salvageness* are not
So barbarous, but they to Thy Sweetness yield :
The rugged *Bears* in Thy commanding Knot
Are closed fast, when through the widest field
They range and roar : nor durst fierce *Lyons* break
Thy yoke of Friendship from their sturdy neck.

12.

Men whose discording Tempers them invite
To seek new Worlds their several minds to please,
Are by Thy Cement taught to take delight
In courteous Unions of Families :
One House will hold a Brood, when Thou dost join
To build their Walls, and their Desires combine.

13.

No *Cities* ever could erected be,
Did not Thine Hand the Architecture guide ;
Were not the sound Materials by Thee
For every Street and every Isle supply'd :
Their Firmitude to neither Wood nor Stone
They owe, but to *Thine Unity* alone.

14.

Most distant Countries Thou canst Neighbours make
By safe and friendly Traffick, which doth bear
One World into another's Lap, and pack
Away the rich and radiant East, that here
It may adorn the West ; whose mutual Store
Of other Wealth requites that Golden Ore.

15.

Nations whose differing Languages divide
Them from the hopes of joint Community,
Are in one Common-wealth securely ty'd
When Thou dost knit them up, and make them see
That *All* want friendly Help of *All* : that *One*
Is next to *Nothing* when 'tis left *alone*.

16.

A Scepter's mighty Load Thou makest light,
And wean'st from Wearyness the Subjects' necks,
Except by wilful sottishness they slight
Thy Kindness, and their own Subjection vex.
For Highnoon 's dark to those who will not see ;
And Feathers Lead, when Men *will* tired be.

17.

When sacred Thou prevail'st, all *Laws* do so,
And fair *Astræa* ventures down again ;
Right through the blessed Streets hath leave to go,
And awful *Modesty* fails not to chain
All *Rudeness* up ; which once let loose by *War*
Nor Heav'n, nor Earth, nor its own Weal doth spare.

18.

The coolest Veil could never yet secure
The bashful *Virgin* from Lust's rampant fire ;

But when in sober bounds *thy Rules* immure
The youthful Violence of hot Desire ;
Her only safety lily *Chastity*
To thy *white Banner* owes, and *purser Thee*.

19.

The Gown may keep the thoughtful *Student* warm,
Yet not but when they kindly are embraced,
And girded close by Thy incircling Arm :
Else is their poor unguarded Garb outfaced
By Buff and Shields ; and they enforc'd to try
What Habit best will sute them when they fly.

20.

For from their Studies reprobated They
Though unaccused, must *Ejected* be ;
And sadly driv'n to make where e'r they may
The Universe their *University* ;
Whilst in the *Muses' Hives* an upstart Breed
Of misbegot *intruding Drones* succeed.

21.

All *Arts* which are of age, and grown complete,
That Happiness to Thy Tuition owe :
No Honey e'r had chose its dainty Seat
In *Orator's* Mouths ; no Bay on *Poet's* brow
Had flourished ; did not Thine Influence bless
All Learning's Seasons with due Fertility.

22.

By Thy sole Patent Heav'n on Earth hath room ;
Churches have license to be what they are ;
God is permitted here to have an *Home*,
And *handsome* too : thou puttest in the Bar
Which bids *Profaness* learn its distance, and
Confess that there's *more than one Holy Land*.

23.

The Walls to their own *Altars* cannot yield
Protection, if Thou lend'st them not Thine aid ;
The Roof cannot the *Rites* and *Service* shield
When by Heretick storms they are assay'd,
Except Thou help'st the Churches air to clear.
And bridle up that *popular Carreer*.

24.

The Theme of everlasting Admiration,
Miraculous *Love's* selected *Mystery*,
Lies prostituted to the Usurpation
Of lay unwashed Hands but where by thy
Just Discipline, from that *Communion* this
Shameless *Community* forestalled is.

25.

The sacred *Priests*, who never injur'd be
By unrevenged Hand, are not secured,
Though all the Reverence of Piety
In venerable Awe hath them immur'd ;
Unless Thy potent Arm be stretch'd to keep
The *Shepherds* from the mouths of their own *Sheep*.

26.

For by the teeth of spiteful *Accusations*
Whetted by thousand Lies, they snarle and grin ;
Then by the crueler Jaws of *Sequestrations*
Grind and devour their patient *Pastors*, in
Prodigious desire that in their stead
They may by some rapacious *Wolf* be fed.

27.

Or if their Mercy let them live ; 'tis but
To mock them by a killing Livelyhood,
The *Fifth Part* ; which is sooner spent than got,
And that in getting ; thus they suck the blood
They seemed to have left, and find a way
To make their very Charity destroy.

28.

Religion's venerable *Cedars*, They
In whom the grand *Apostles* still survive ;
Alas, must *Root and Branch* be torn away,
And room to *Shrubs* and scrambling *Brambles* give ;
Vile *Underwoods*, and their own Planter's shame ;
Elders in nothing but their stinking name.

29.

In vain our *holy Mother's* own *Freehold*
That Title weareth, so unnatural be
Her Sons, and sacrilegiously bold ;
Unless Thou curb'st their cursed Liberty :
Poor *Church!* she Bankrupt turns, except by Thee
Her Patrimony she protected see.

30.

Nay *Princes*, upon whose majestick Head
God's Name was poured in the *sacred Unction*,
No sooner are by Thee abandoned ;
But in despite to their *most awful Function*
Of all th' ingrateful and apostate *Scum*
Of their own *Vassals*, they the *Scorn* become.

31.

No Region, though before the Garden where
All *Happiness* had ample room to grow,
Forsaken is by Thee, but strait doth wear
The woful garb of *Misery*, and flow
With streams of briney tears for those sweet currents
Where Milk and Honey join'd to make the torrents.

32.

But *Plenty's Horn* in thy fair bosom dwells ;
Whence, whereso'er thy happy foot but treads,
Thy Benisons it liberally spills,
And all the Fields with smiling Fatness spreads ;
Whilst jolly Hinds repay thee honest praise,
Not Guns' dread Thunder, but soft oaten Lays.

33.

Away sneaks *Vice*, when thou thy face revealest,
And seeks blind Holes to hide her blacker head ;

Whose Dwellings Thou to chosen *Virtues* dealest,
Cheering them up to take sure root and spread
Their Arms so wide that all the Country may
Under their shade calm Happiness enjoy.

34.

O *blessed Maid*, how long, how long shall we
Our Curses number by the days and years !
The tedious days and years, which still we see
All black with sullen clouds of fatal Fears,
Whilst thou art fled, and leav'st our woful *Land*
In most *unnatural War's* destroying Hand !

35.

How is unhappy *Britain* now become
The *Isle of Sorrow* which was once of *Joy!*
How have all Monsters made those Fields their Home
Where only harmless Sheep were wont to play !
How are the Drums and Cannons taught to roar
Where only Pipes of Reed were heard before !

36.

How have we stained *Albion's* lily hue
In bloody gore, and wash'd that Name away !
How has our *Red-cross* prov'd too truly true
To that its Tincture ! How are we a Prey
Unto our Selves, whilst we have made a *Sea*
No less *amidst* us, than *about* us be !

37.

A *Sea*, broke ope from our own desperate Veins,
Which both to *Crown* and *Mitre* shipwrack threats :
A *Sea*, in which though Some still fish for Gains,
They'l be at length the Draught to their own Nets.
Alas, there's nothing to be gained here
But certain Loss ; which makes the Trade too dear.

38.

How have we coin'd fond *Names of Hate*, which we
With sword and bullet to the death persue !
Are there no *Turks!* that thus the Unity
Of our brave *English Name* must by a new
Portentuous Rent, all massacred appear
Into the *Roundhead* and the *Cavalier!*

39.

Yea ev'n that *Roundhead*, like his *Master's Foot*
Is clov'n, and into two new Monsters split :
The *Presbyterian* (once the only Root,
Now but a Branch,) and *Independent* ; fit
And hopeful Twins, and like to multiply
Into a more-and-more-divided Fry.

40.

How have we strove our *Lyon's* Nails to pare,
Who was before the royal Dread and Awe
Of all the *neighbour Beasts!* How has our Fear
And Jealousy now help'd their Cause to grow
To greater strength ! How has our first Expeuce
But op'd our Purse till all be drained thence !

41.

How have our idle *Compositions* given,
Power to our foes' Divisions to maintain!
How are our Servants by our Madness thriven
Into imperious Lords! whilst We are fain
To be at charges toward our own Plunder,
And keep an *Army* up to keep us under!

42.

Sweet Queen of Joys, O when, when will it be!
When will the blessed Dawn of thy fair Eyes
Clear our benighted Hemisphere, that We
And all our wonted Bliss, with thee may Rise!
Dear *Peace*, when will thy calming Presence please
Our *inland Tempest's* billows to appease?

43.

When shall we cease, with mighty Care and Cost
To raise the heap of our own Ruins high!
When shall we yield to be no longer tost
In waves of self-affected Misery!
When shall we with our Tortures cease to play!
When shall we *Do*, what we so often *Say*!

44.

When shall we scorn to make our *Isle* the scorn
Of All who at self-sought Disasters jest!
When shall we judge our selves enough forlorn!
When shall we think our Woes deserve at least
Our *own Compassion*; that our Bowels may
Be wounded only by that healing way.

45.

(Such were my *Muse's* sighs, when She and I
Heard in our Cell, the Crack of Church and State
So sad a time of its Nativity
Had *Psyche's legend*. For, the *better fate*
Of worried *Britan* stay'd with *Him* to come
Who only worthy was to bring it home.

46.

He wondrous He, upon the *Belgick* main
Imbark'd, and then in triumph landed it
Safe on the *Kentish* Strand: where *Charles his Wain*
Broke from its long and black Eclipse; and met
Those gazing Throngs, whose strange Applauses prest
Both Heav'n and Earth their Gladness to attest.

47.

From hence, to scarce-believing *London* flew
The *grand Restorer*: in whose glorious Train
How suddenly *great Britain* greater grew,
Outshining her old self, to entertain
Her new felicity! O loyal Pride,
Which meek Submission bravely testify'd!

48.

Thus through his vast *Metropolis*, the *King*
Now of her heart, pass'd to his royal Home!

Whilst all th' adorned Streets with shouting rung.
No Acclamations ever thundred from
More earnest Mouths; no Calm of Peace was e'r
Welcom'd with such tempestuous Joys, as here.

49.

Prudent and tender Phylax, knew that He
In both those Titles, nothing could bestow
Which in Advantages would richer be
To his most precious *Pupil's* heart, than now
To exile every troublous Mist and clear
The count'nance of her Habitation's sphere.

50.

He knew the worth of *Peace*; and long ago,
When he had left his *Charge* in *Palestine*,
He hither flew, and order'd business so
That all things into Quiet did combine:
Yet none could tell it was to entertain
Psyche, now ready to return again.

51.

But she, arrived at her native Home,
Wonder'd to find *Security* made Queen
Of all that Region: vacant was no room
For *Molestation* to be tampering in;
Nor any gap left ope, by which she might
Thrust in her head, and *Settlement* affright.

52.

Her Friends and Parents much advanc'd this Wonder,
When in their cheerly Gratulations they
Told her, how *Peace* had trode all *Perils* under
Her sure-set feet, and puff'd the Storm away.
They told it o'r, and o'r; and marvel'd why
She turn'd to *Phylax* her mistrusting eye,

53.

Which He observing, to her silent Doubt
Made this Reply: suspect no Falsehood here;
'Tis Truth thou seest; a Truth my Care has brought
About, to bid thee welcome home, my Dear.
Thy Voyage finish'd is; and safely thou
May'st in this Hav'n of Rest thy Bark bestow.

54.

But see thou rigg'st it still, and keep'st it trim,
For fear some treacherous storm hereafter rise:
What boots it, stoutly through strange Seas to swim,
And poorly prove at home a Tempest's Prize?
Safe is the Harbour whilst thy Care awakes:
Just Shipwrack sleeping Pilots overtakes.

55.

Complete *Security* dwells in no Bay
But that above, to which thine Heart doth sail:
There in the Downs of Peace for ever may
Thy Vessel ride: but here no Help can bail
Thee from the Wind's arrest, if thou forget
To aid thy self, and thine own Watches set.

56.

O set them then, and bravely antidate
The Rest that happy makes the heav'nly Port ;
Cheap, cheap's the Prize, though at the dearest Rate :
O stick not then to pay thus little for't.
Thy Life no further than a span can reach ;
And wilt not thou thus far thy Labour stretch ?

57.

If thou repent thee of thy bargain, say
That with false Wares thy *Phylax* cheated thee :
Throw, boldly throw both them and Me away ;
And call the Shoar more treacherous than the Sea.
Conclude all things but Vanity, are vain,
And count Perdition for the only Gain.

58.

But surely no such desperate Thought will e'r
Debauch the sober heart of *Psyche*: No ;
My Hopes are greater of thy holy Care,
With which mine own shall be combined too ;
For as a Guard upon thy Guard will I
My wonted Love and Watchfulness employ.

59.

Nor will thy other Soul-embraving *Friend*
Be slow in lending thee her mighty Aid :
She who through every Obstacle can rend
Her conquering way ; *She* who hath often stay'd
Thy tottering feet, and often thee restor'd
To thy lost Self, and thy forsaken *Lord*.

60.

Scarce had he spoke ; but (as the heav'nly Dew
Into Earth's thirsty mouth drops soaking Joy)
Right seasonable *Charis* hither flew,
Whose thrilling Influence op'd its dainty way,
With most invincibly-delicious art,
Through *Psyche's* soft breast to her softer heart.

61.

Nor did her Favor use, or need, her tongue ;
But spake it self in *Psyche's* inmost ear ;
And by soul-plying secret language rung
More solid sweets than airy Words could bear :
The Virgin understood its meaning well,
And hugg'd it in her heart's profoundest cell.

62.

(That cell wherein her Life inshrined lay,
Which now rose up in pious reverence,
And to this royal Guest gave willing way :
For what is *Grace's* blessed Influence,
But Life's best Life? and therefore well may in
The vital Palace reign as sovereign Queen.)

63.

So close she hugg'd it, that it there grew warm,
And glow'd so hot, that strait it fell on fire :

The sudden flame sounded a smart Alarm
Through all her breast, and roused brave *Desire* :
Desire, the other Forces muster'd up ;
And now no bar her high Design could stop.

64.

As when heroick Fervour has awoke
A Prince's heart to take a strict Survey
Of all his Realm, and Reformation make
Of what is swerv'd from Right's and Law's Highway :
To his own *King*, the King of Heav'n, he calls
For Aid, and then to his great Bus'ness falls :

65.

So entheous *Psyche*, prostrate on her face,
Begs *Jesus's* help to speed her Enterprise :
(For *Phylax* now by Heav'n admonished was
To snatch his Presence from his *Pupil's* eyes :
In prest obedience to which Item, He
Fled strait into Invisibilty.)

66.

Dear Lord, said she, who never didst reject
Thy Worms, which to thy footstool crawl for Aid ;
Thy Pity on thy Handmaid O reflect,
That she by her faint self be not betray'd.
Thou, who vouchsaf'd to kindle my *Desire*,
Assist me, least it prove an useless Fire.

67.

Well knows thy wronged Majesty, how I
The flames Thou giv'st me, oft, too oft, did choke,
And sent up no Returns at all to thy
Most liberal Heav'n, but black and stinking smoke ;
Hell's proper breath, and yet as truly mine
When to *Cerinthus's* School I ran from Thine.

68.

O trust me not alone ; though now my Will
Bravely inspired and spurred on by Thee,
Aims at a lofty mark ; yet *Psyche* still
Is that unfortunate and feeble she
Who in her full careers proves out of breath,
And when she soars to Life sinks down to Death.

69.

Dear is my *Guardian's* Company to me :
And yet when He is here, I am alone :
My soul in no Companion finds but *Thee*
A perfect Cure of Desolation :
For I my self, alas, do never stay
Ev'n with my self, if *Thou* but step'st away.

70.

But if *Thou* stay'st, I shall defiance give
To any Labour and to any Pain :
As oft's mine own do faint, I shall receive
New spirits from Thee, and venture on again :
Nor shall misfortune cheat me of my Bay,
For though I die, I still shall win the day.

71.

Yet not for mine, but for thy *Grace's*, and
 For thine own Credit, here I crave success :
 Paid soley to the Praise of thy kind Hand
 Shall be th' Atchievment's glory : *Psyche* is
 Beneath Disgrace, but it in honor do's
 Concern *thy strength* no Victory to loose.

72.

Up tow'r'd her Prayer, and knock'd at *Jesus's* ear ;
 So loud it knock'd, that strait he let it in ;
 In, to his Favor's Presence-chamber, where
 Their highest Ends all lowly Suters win :
 Its Embassy was heard, and *Jesus* granted
 What *Psyche* in this noble Business wanted.

73.

This bred fresh courage in her soul, and she
 With doubled Gallantry adventur'd on
 Her generous Task : Her antient *Royalty*,
 Which bold *Incroachment* oft had trode upon,
 She meant to rescue, and assert her Crown ;
 Though for her *Spouse's* sake, more than her own.

74.

A general Court she calls, and summons all
 Her Subjects in, her royal mind to know :
 Large this Appearence prov'd ; both great and small
 Hasting their prest obedience to show.
 For, strict the Proclamation was, and they
 Some special Business did expect that day.

75.

No sooner had this Conflux swell'd the Hall
 Of *Psyche's* palace, but in princely state
 Ballast both with her Scepter and her Ball
 She fairly sails into her sovereign Seat.
 Up stood the Company, while she sate down,
 And bow'd their heads to Her's, and to her Crown.

76.

How kindly she that joint submission took
 As Earnest of their several Duties, she
 Assur'd them first by her welpleas'd Look,
 (With which she paus'd a while ; for *Majesty*
 Must not make haste) then by her softer Tongue,
 From whence her charming honey thus she wrung :

77.

My multiplyed self, my numerous I,
 In whom as many and as pleasant Lives
 I live, as each of you enjoy ; how high
 Content to me your loyal Prescence gives,
 Shall not be now my Theme ; it were too long
 A story, and would do the other wrong :

78.

The Other ; which, since it would more than fill
 This Day, (as having cost me several years

To travel through it,) I must only tell
 Part of its Wonders ; for against your Ears
 I plot no tyranny, nor aim to break
 Them on a tedious Narration's Rack.

79.

Through many Climats I have whirled been
 Safe by the Conduct of my *Guardian's* Care :
 The World I in its several Garbs have seen,
 And how their Clothes and Manners Mortals wear ;
 Fair Cities, foul inhabitants ; and sorry
 Hamlets, yet noble by their Dwellers' Glory.

80.

I saw Men live in their outsides alone,
 Scarce dreaming that within a Soul they had :
 And yet (because the *fashion* help'd it on,)
 A Cloke they wisely of Religion made :
 A Summer Cloke, so thin and light, that they
 Ne'r felt it when upon their backs it lay.

81.

The crisp'd, perfum'd, belac'd, befooled Wights,
 Jetting in histrionick Pride I saw ;
 And jolly *Cupid's* smug salacious Knights
 Proud of atchieving Virtue's overthrow ;
 With *Bacchus's* wrangling Squires, whose strange
 Contest
 Was, who should prove the best at *being Beast*.

82.

Fondlings I saw their fatal Bane embrace,
 And loath the Antidote of Piety :
 I saw true *Honor* loaded with Disgrace,
 And humble *Zeal* disdain'd by those high
 And *silken Things*, who know no way to be
 Gentile, but Pride and sinful Liberty.

83.

I saw severely-holy Souls, the Aim
 Of lusty Gallants' scorn and peevish Hate ;
 Who threap'd upon their patient heads the Blame
 Of foolish Singularity ; and that
 Alone because they down the flattering Tide
 Of deep Damnation would not with them ride.

84.

The holier Stories, whence the *Holy Land*
 Deriv'd her Name, I by their footsteps read ;
 For many there still deep imprinted stand
 To give all pious Pilgrims aim, and lead
 Their hearts in that meek hardy Path, which for
 Their sakes great *Love* himself would not abhor.

85.

But by that Lesson of Humility
 Both proud and confident I strangely grew ;
 My own poor waxen wings I needs would try,
 And wilfully from those stout Pinions flew
 Which *Phylax* always for my service spread
 When sturdy Dangers levell'd at my head.

86.

My Wings, alas, did only me commit
 An helpless booty to the Birds of Prey :
 With Kites and Vultures strait I was beset,
 Whose foul heretick Tallons pluck'd away
 My best and fairest plumes ; and hasting were
 My blood and life with equal spight to tear.

87.

But *Heav'n* and *Phylax* present pity took,
 And snatched me from that fatal Company,
 Up to a Palace whose illustrious Look
 Revived mine ; whose royal Courtesy
 Gave me more solid precious Things, than those
 Plunder's wild Law made forfeit to my foes.

88.

This was *Ecclesia's* famous Court ; where I
 Beheld the *Miracles of Discipline* :
 No Spectacle e'r blessed mortal eye
 With Ravishments more sacred and divine ;
 Which on my heart themselves so deep did seal,
 That there th' Impression must for ever dwell.

89.

So sweet a Calm of heav'nly Peace was there,
 That no Disturbance could its Jars intrude :
 Which made it genuine Heav'n on Earth appear,
 All over with harmonious Pleasures strew'd :
 Each Courtier perfect was in's Office grown,
 And lov'd it best *because it was his own*.

90.

And happy are those Courts, and none but those,
 Where wise *Content* doth in all Stations dwell ;
 Where every Officer, if put to choose,
 Would only be ambitious to excel
 In what's his own Employment, and appear
 Splendid in none but in his *proper sphere*.

91.

Such welplac'd Beams as theirs, can only be
 The comely Glory of a Prince's Court.
 Thus all the prudent Stars above agree
 To swell and garnish Heav'n's majestick Port :
 Each orb thus loves his own dear Road, and on
 His mighty Journey doth with Musick run.

92.

Thus those more radiant *Sparks* which on the face
 Of th' Empyrean Vastness glittering are,
 The holy *Angels*, hug their *Orders* Place,
 And wish no nobler Work than meets them there.
 And who can *Us* impede, if stoutly We
 Resolve to model thus our Polity ?

93.

How lovelyly shine these Examples, which
 Invite our Study into Honor's way !

What Tongue would grudge in its sublimest pitch
 Of strained Art, to consecrate a Lay
 Of praise to them ? and why should we admire
 What yet we dare not venture to desire ?

94.

Foul Shame forbid our Souls should flag so low
 As ne'r to try one reach at Excellence.
 Grant it should cost us all a sweating brow ;
 The Gain will more than wipe off that Expence.
 Ease, Ease alone's the Rust of that brave Metal
 Which strengthens noble Spirits for Virtue's Battel.

95

No pains so painful are to those who know
 Their Soul's Activity, as *lazy Rest* :
 And on my foes, might I free Curses throw ;
 My worst should be, What Drones esteem the best :
 No Imprecations would I shoot, but this ;
 And damn them to no Hell but *Idleness*.

96

Come then, Enacted let it henceforth be,
 That all our Bows shall to the utmost bend :
 That generous and hardy *Industry*
 Through all our Court her active arms extend :
 That each one in his proper Office prove
 How much my Credit, and their own, they love.

97

Though I be Queen, I stick not to submit,
 And yield my neck to this our common Law :
 The yoke for Me no less then you is fit ;
 And be assured, I my part will draw.
 If e'r you see me shrink at any strains,
 It shall be your Discharge from further pains.

98

But if you winch and kick, and scorn to be
 Partners with me in your propounded Prize ;
 Know I'm no youngling now ; maturity
 Dwells in my Hand and Brain ; well can I poise
 My Scepter, and have learned how to make
 Those who disdain to bow, be fain to break.

99

I paid an high price for that Learning, when
 Crafty *Agenor* made his market here.
 And who can blame my Prudence, if I mean
 To make the most of what has cost so dear ?
 It must and shall appear, how well I know
 That Kindness makes but Rebels bolder grow.

100.

But O ! I feel my unaccustom'd Tongue
 Distaste this threatning stile : for sweetest I
 Esteem my breath, when melted to a Song
 In Commendation of your Loyalty.
 Your Loyalty, which now me thinks, I see
 Flaming in forward Sacrifice to Me.

101.

She ceased here. When lo, on all the Hall
A chain of general musing silence lay.
Divers suspected that this Law would gall
Their necks beyond all Patience: yet they
Fearing their Parties votes would prove too weak,
Durst not their belking Motions open make.

102.

Not with their Tongues: but with their Eyes about
The Room they walk'd, and question'd one another;
In every look they met both *Hope* and *Doubt*,
Which mutually their trembling selves did smother;
Their shoulders some, and some their heads did shake,
Plainly confessing what they fear'd to speak.

103.

At length presuming it the safer way
Their vessels down the potent stream to steer;
They with the rest resolved to Obey,
And rather bend than break. Thus thankless fear
Of being crush'd by *Boreas'* wrath, can win
The lazy Clouds through widest Skies to run.

104.

Thrice bow'd the whole Assembly to the ground,
And thrice their Thanks professed to their *Prince*;
Whose Prudence such a certain way had found
To yoke her Subjects unto Excellence.
And may Rebellion's brand and curse, said they,
Mark and revenge all them that Disobey.

105.

Thus pass'd the *Act*: which being fairly writ,
High on the middle Pillar of the Hall
Was hung, by *Psyche's* wise Command, that it
Might of their Duties daily warn them All.
So is the Rod stuck up at School, whose look
Awes Children's eyes and points them to their book.

106.

But She, to practice what was now Decreed,
Begins with them who easiest were to tame;
That their Examples useful seeds might breed,
A ready stinging Argument of Shame,
To lash those Servants who more manly were,
If they more weakly should their Task forbear.

107.

Her *Porters* five She called one by one,
Their several Instructions now to take.
Opsis was first; to whom she thus begun:
Though thine high Seat, and sprightly Quickness make
Thee ready at Discoveries, yet I
Am sharper sighted, and can deeper pry.

108.

Believe me then, Thou hast most need to be
Jealous of what usurpeth *Beauty's* skin.

Danger is politick, and *Treachery*
Too wise to lodge in a suspicious Inn.
The rankest Weeds in richest soils abound,
The deepest Holes in smoothest floods are found.

109.

That *Apple* which bewitch'd our *Grandame's* eyes,
Was in *Pomona's* goodlyest robe array'd;
Its plump and ruddy cheeks did sweetly rise,
And seeming smiles in all its count'nance play'd;
Yet in it's Juice there lurk'd that venomous Sea
Which drown'd the World in deep Mortality.

110.

Fair were the Grapes to *Noah's* fearless eye,
Nor with less pleasure found they on his taste:
His unsuspecting Heart was also by
Their sweet enchantments ravish'd; till at last
His treacherous Guest trip'd up his heels, and He
Spew'd out confession of the victory.

111.

Elisha's servant read no cause of fear
In that wild Vine, whose smooth Hypocrisy
Woo'd him to fill his mantle with the Cheer
Which thus had feasted his wellpleas'd Eye:
Yet cheated Man, he did he knew not what,
And shred abundant Death into the pot.

112.

Israel's and *Wisdom's* most renowned *King*
In folly's guilt was plunged by his Eyes;
Which in his *Queens'* bright Beauties rioting,
Slyly seduc'd him first to idolize
Those *female Powers*; and then fall down before
What he set up, and *Stocks* and *Stones* adore.

113.

Isariot's Eyes, when fascinated by
Most dangerous Money's gaudy glistening look,
No longer could those richer Beams descry
Whose pure Exuberance from his *Master's* broke:
But he, blind Traytor, to eternal Night
Betray'd himself, in scorning *Jesus's* Light.

114.

That gorgeous *fruit* which dangled on the Trees
That deck'd *Asphaltites'* ugly shore,
Outvy'd in fragrant Gold th' *Hesperides*
Admired boughs, and more Enticements wore
On its smug cheeks: yet all this Statelyness
Was but of Ashes and of stinks the Dress.

115.

The dainty skin which shines on *Beauty's* face,
Where White's the life of Red, and Red of White,
Alas too oft proves but the lovely Case
Of odious lust and Pride. The goodlyest Wight
Is seldom Good; and hard it is to find
Under a splendid look, a graceful mind.

116.

Be wary then in time, for fear some Bait
Demurely steals an Hook into thine Eye ;
For fear the Blandishments of sweet Deceit
Pour Bitterness on thy Credulity.
Security delights in *Fear's* meek Cell,
And scorns in *Confidence's* Towers to dwell.

117.

Thou'lt ne'r repent thee of the easy cost
Before thine Eyes a constant Watch to set :
Two nimble Lids thou always ready hast,
Which, if thou wilt, all Dangers out can shut.
Shall it be said, that *Opsis* means to keep
Those Curtains only to inclose her Sleep ?

118.

When *Dinah's* Eyes would needs be gadding out,
And tracing *Hamor's* Court ; though honest She
Only to feed her curious fancy sought,
Insar'd she was in *Shechem's* Treachery,
And, silly Maiden, suddenly became
An Holocaust to Lust's unhappy flame.

119.

O then indanger not, nor waste thy Look
On any Object that concerns thee not :
Thy *proper Bus'ness* is the safest Book
On which thy studies can be fixed : but
If thou on others cast'st thy venturous eyes,
Thou dangerous Errors read'st and Heresies.

120.

Thou hear'st thy Task ; a Task by which thou may'st
Be safe and happy, as my Self would be.
So shall thy Tears be useless, when thou hast
No Crimes to wash : so shall the Bravery
Of thy sweet Beams persist for ever clear,
And from Hell's gloomy Fire no outrage fear.

121.

The time will surely come, as sure as Fate,
Which will this Abstinence of thine requite ;
When thou shalt freely rove and range through that
Ocean of Beauties which make Heav'n so bright.
Discredit not with Earthly sights, those eyes
Which are design'd to read the glorious skies.

122.

The glorious skies ; and what makes them be so ?
That *double Fount* whence purest Glories rise,
The *Eyes of Jesus* ; which on thine shall throw
Whole Deluges of everlasting Bliss ;
When they have done their duty here beneath,
And once by *Him* awakened are from death.

123.

But sure that Duty never will be done
By dwelling on that *Mirroure* in thy hands ;

That brittle Emblem of Corruption,
Which though a polish'd sparkling Front commends,
It wears unlovely Blackness on its back,
And at the mercy lives of every Knock.

124.

Opsis this Charge receiv'd with anxious Look,
And trembled at its smart severity :
That Tremor, from her hand her *Mirroure* shook ;
Which falling into its own ruins, she
With many a foolish tear its death lamented,
And took her leave unwillingly contented.

125.

The next was *Acoe* ; who came dancing in,
And with her wanton fingers tripped o'r
A tickled *Lute*, in jolly hopes to win
The favor of her awful *Sovereign* ; for
She felt the pulse of every String to find
Where lay the soul of *Melody* inshrin'd.

126.

Grave *Psyche*, till the Galliard's Close, was mute
But then reply'd : now lend thine ear to me,
Who will requite thy Lays. I grant thy *Lute*
Cheer'd and encourag'd by Art's bravery,
May pant thee Airs more sweet in thy esteem
Than any breath which from my lips can stream.

127.

But what is *Sweetest*, is not always *Best*,
And therefore not so sweet as is its Name ;
Else treacherous Charmers' Pipes must be confest
To merit all the loudest Trumps of *Fame* :
Though their delicious Tunes *Spight's* Hisses be
Dissembled under cheating Harmony.

128.

Else might th' insidious *Sirens'* warbling Note
Vie with the Accents of the Nightingale ;
Although no barbarous Tempest's bellowing throat
Did with more certain Peril e'r assail
The Mariner ; unless with timely Care
Against her Musick up he seal'd his ear.

129.

Else were th' *Hyæna*, who with friendly tone
Demurely knocketh at the simple door,
As courteous as his *Salutation*,
Though in his breast he bloody Treason bore ;
And that false Mouth which them bespake so fair
Prepared were the silly Lambs to tear.

130.

Else should the *Parasite*, whose trade it is
To feed and clothe himself by Praising thee
And stroking all thy rankling Wickedness :
Be thy more useful faithful Friend, than He
Who for thy breeding Canker's sure prevention
Applies the Corsive of sound Reprehension.

131.

Else should *Agyrtes's* honey-tipped Tongue
Of ears and hearts more meritorious be,
Than is th' unstudied and harsh-grating Song
Of plain *Syneidesis*: though dangerous *He*
Speaks nothing but the Dialect of Hell,
Whilst trusty *She* doth vocal Heav'n distil.

132.

Remember *Acoe* with what oily words
The *Serpent* ointed *Eve's* imprudent ears:
Yet all the Syllables were two-edg'd swords,
Longbearded Arrows, or envenom'd Spears;
Which flew not only through *her* careless heart,
But wounds and Death through all the world did dart.

133.

That *Serpent* marking what himself had done,
Wisely apply'd it to his own Defence:
So did his cunning Generation,
Who stop their ears against the Influence
Of soft Enchantments. And it can be no
Disgrace, to learn a *Virtue* of a Foe.

134.

Had *Delilah's* Tongue not been so musical,
It ne'r had ventur'd upon *Samson's* might;
Nor in his chamber conquer'd more than all
Philistia's Powers could do in open sight.
But when the sturdiest Bands were try'd in vain,
Her supple Language prov'd his fatal Chain.

135.

Puff'd with Heav'n-daring Pride and Victory
Great *Holofernes* fear'd no dint of Fear;
When walled in with his vast Army, He
Vow'd *Jacob's* Stock up by the roots to tear.
Yet *Judith's* glozing Tongue his Boasts outdid;
For having won his Ears, she gain'd his Head.

136.

O then thine Avenues let Prudence shut
When worldly Charms are tuning *Falshood's* strings:
Be deaf, and happy; rather than admit
Those traiterously-melodious Flourishings;
Which stealing once into thy heart, will there
With everlasting Jars thy Conscience tear.

137.

The *Voice of Truth*, though seeming plain and dry,
Flows with more honey than all Tongues beside:
With Honey so sincere, that *Purity*
It self in those sole streams delights to glide.
Securely may'st thou be Luxuriant here,
Nor any Surfeit from this Fulness fear.

138.

Thus shalt thou never need to hunt abroad
For *News*, the Bait by which Fools mock their hunger;

Who when most fill'd with this most empty food
Find their abused Appetite the stronger.
Well may'st thou other *Novelties* refuse
For now, alas, ev'n *Truth it self is News*.

139.

Let others slander't with the name of *Pride*,
I'll stile it *Virtue* in thee, to disdain
That Foam of useless Prattle, which doth ride
Upon the idely-busy tongues of vain
And shallow Mortals; who though all the day
They spin out long Discourses, *Nothing say*.

140.

Scorn light fond Accents, and reserve thine Ear
For those which solid Musick's sweets distil;
Years post about apace: the Time draws near,
When thou exalted on Heav'n's glistering Hill
With those rich Notes shalt entertained be,
Whose Comfort makes the spherick melody.

141.

My *Guardian's* blessed Voice there shalt thou hear,
And all the winged Quire, whose sprightly Tongues
Blisses and *Honors*, joys and triumphs cheer,
By lofty raptures of their entheous Songs:
Songs, which must ne'r inebriate any Ear
But what were sober kept on purpose here.

142.

On *Acoe* so hard this Lesson grated,
That in her heart she wish'd she had been deaf:
And, since their old Rebellion was defeated,
She fear'd the *Senses* could have no Relief
By any new: full well she knew beside
Who most should feel it when her *Queen* did chide.

143.

She groan'd, and let her Lutestrings down as though
Those of her heart with them she loosned had:
And then, O sweetest Womb of Pleasures, how
Shall *Acoe* live, said she, now thou ly'st dead!
With that, she fetch'd her Musick's funeral sigh,
And kiss'd her *Lute*, and gently laid it by.

144.

Then *Osphresis* came in; who in one hand
Court'd a *Civit box*, and in the other
A *Nest of Rosebuds* built upon a Wand
Of Juniper, and quaintly knit together.
Which *Psyche* seeing, Court it warily,
Roses wear Pricks as well as Leaves, said she.

145.

Could all the Balm of *Gilead*, all the spice
Of happy *Araby*, inform thee how
To counterplot those fatal Miseries
Whose certain Seeds in thine own bosom grow;
I could approve such Helps: but they, as frail
And mortal as thy self, thy hopes will fail.

146.

Alas, so deep *Corruption* rooted is
 Ev'n in the center of thy fading breast ;
 That Odours spend their breath in vain to dress
 The tainted Soil. How largely 'tis confest
 By all the former Ages Ashes, that
 Mortality on Man is seal'd by Fate !

147.

And shall the Son and true apparent *Heir*
 Of *Rottenness* mispend his time upon
 Unprofitable *Sweets*, by which the Air
 Is for a while enrich'd and that alone ?
Sweets which each silly Wind that whisketh by,
 Snatcheth, and scattereth, in proud mockery.

148.

Why should'st thou studious be to make the Prey
 Of stinking Worms, so sweetly dainty ? why
 Affect'st thou on perfumed beds to lay
 Thine head, which must e'r long a-rotting lie ?
 Why should'st thou with such curious cost and trouble
 Conspire *Corruption's* victory to double ?

149.

Wer't not a cheaper and a wiser Plot,
 Aforehand with displeasent smiles to grow
 Acquainted ; that the brackish Grave may not
 By being strange to thee, the bitterer show ?
 Besides ; Perfumes, Contagions may be
 With Delicacies' Bane infecting thee.

150.

Howe'r, thou usest not those Odours which
 So much thou usest : others nostrils reap
 The crop of *Sweets* thou plantest, and grow rich
 At thy vain charge ; whilst thou dost only keep
 To please thy Neighbours' smell, thy powder'd Tresses,
 And preciously-aromatized Dresses.

151.

O *Osphresis*, that thou didst truly know
 What fields of Fragrances, what beds of spice,
 What hills of Roses, plains of Spiknard grow
 In fair and eververdant *Paradise* ;
 Thou generously would'st scorn to dote upon
 Earth's poor Perfumes, which whilst they come are
 gone.

152.

Yet all the purest names of Odours are
 Short of that soul-enlivening *Incense* which
 From Heav'n's high Altar pyramides doth rear
 Of Suavity, and *Bliss* it self enrich.
 O then reserve thy Sense, for that which will
 Its Fast with all the best of Fulness fill.

153.

And yet mean while I will to thee allow,
 More worthy *Sweets*, than those thou throw'st away,

In *Virtue's* garden do but walk, and Thou
 Shalt meet such spicey Breaths of holy Joy
 As will compell thy ravish'd soul to think,
 This World's gentilest sent, but precious stink.

154.

Such Breaths, as will perfume thy heart indeed,
 And all thy Thoughts and Words aromatize ;
 Until their odorous Emanations breed
 Delight in *God's* own nostrils ; who doth prize
 All pious Incense, only by the sent
 Of its meek Sacrificers pure Intent.

155.

So spake the *Queen* : whose words, though soft and
 sweet
 As is the morning blast of eastern Gales,
 Seem'd strong and rank to *Osphresis* ; who beat
 Her foolish thoughts on present Hills and Dales
 Of fragrant wealth, which she desir'd to crop,
 Being loth to live on that cold sent of hope.

156.

Deep sighing, she thrice on her *Civet*, and
 Thrice on her smiling *Posy* smelt ; but yet
 At length she drop'd them out of either hand,
 Perceiving *Psyche's* awful Count'nance set
 With Resolution ; and no longer stout,
 As *Genus* marched in, she trembled out.

157.

But *Psyche*, prompted by the *honey Comb*
 Which *Genus* hug'd, thus 'gan the maid to greet :
 What if that *Nest of Sweetness* hath no room
 For any thing that is intirely sweet ?
 What if the Bee hath in that Cabinet
 More of her Sting, than of her Honey put ?

158.

Hard, hard it is, to eat no more than may
 True friendship keep 'twixt *Safety* and *Delight* ;
 The least Excess will thee to Pangs betray,
 And break thy Work by day, thy Rest by night.
 Indeed a surfeit goes like Honey down,
 But strait with Gall the heart is overflown.

159.

How ravenous is the mouth of *Mars* his Sword,
 Vast Armies swallow'd up by it, confess :
 Yet Luxury with sharper Stings is stor'd ;
 Her throat's devouring Gulf much wider is :
 No reeking Steel thou ever yet didst see
 Blush in the guilt of so much blood, as *She*.

160.

We wrong, alas, we wrong the bloody Paws
 Of Lyons, Panthers, Tigres, Bears, and Wolves ;
 Yea and the direful *Plague's* relentless Jaws,
 By calling them *most salvage* : We our Selves
 More deadly *Plagues*, and Beasts more cruel are ;
 For our own Lives with our own Teeth we tear.

161.

Of his *Sobrieties* sage stayed weight
Had great *Belshazzar* not been cozen'd by
The cruel Sweets of *Luxury's* Deceit ;
He had not in Heav'n's scale of Equity
 Been found so light, as by *Darius* down
 From his high Empires Zenith to be blown.

162.

Of her in time had *Dives* taken heed,
When in each Dish for him she lay in wait,
When into every Boul her self she shed,
When each superfluous Bit she made a Bait ;
 In Hell the wretched Gallant had not lain
 Acting poor *Lazarus* his part in vain.

163.

His broiled Tongue had not so earnest been
In lamentable Outcries, to obtain
No crowned Cups of lusty foaming Wine,
But one cold drop of Water, to restrain
 Those rampant Flames which with luxuriant spight
 Reveng'd his former Luxuries' Delight.

164.

But *Lazarus*, whose meek ambition was
No more than with this *Glutton's* Dogs to be
A Commoner ; into the sweet Embrace
Of *Abraham*, and of *Felicity*
 Mounted, on Angels' pinions tow'r'd, and there
 Enjoy'd a fuller Feast than *Dives* here.

165.

Wise Saint, his stomach he had sav'd, that he
With a full Appetite might thither go
Where sumptuous Dainties hold their Monarchy,
And purest Pleasures by whole Rivers flow.
 And if Thou after Him desir'st to climb,
 Be sure to trace his footsteps here in time.

166.

I know the Boards of many *holy Souls*
In Fatness often have been seen to shine ;
On which their golden overflowing Boulds
Leap'd up in sparks of aromattick Wine :
 But canst thou say, That they themselves did so ?
 Surely their Looks and Lives will tell thee No.

167.

This constant Plenty did but keep them close
To temperance's manlyest Exercise ;
And difficultest *Virtues'* list they chose
When to their Boards they went, to play the prize
 Of Abstinence, and, by forbearing, fight
 With those arrayed Armies of Delight.

168.

Heroick Hearts ! who though beleaguered by
A siege of Superfluity, could yet

Maintain chaste Moderation. But thy
Metal and temper, *Geusis*, are not fit
 To wage war with temptations : no, 'tis well
 If thou by flying canst thy Safety steal.

169.

To *sparing Diet* fly : there may'st thou eat
And drink thine Health ; but never in Excess.
Excess makes Sickness reek in all thy meat ;
And with thy Liquor, Surfeits treason press
 Into thy Cup ; by which before thou art
 Aware, thy Head is drowned, chok'd thy Heart.

170.

But fasting's vertue never fails to be
A sovereign Purge where vicious humours reign ;
Whilst other *Physick* drains thy Purse, not Thee,
This plots not to evacuate thy Coin ;
 But battle bids, and bids to none but those
 Who are thy Body's or thy Spirit's foes.

171.

This will prepare, and keep thy Taste in taste,
Till this short *Eve* shall be expired, which
Ushers thee to that everlasting feast,
Where at the *Lamb's* most royal Board the rich
 Extremities of Delicacies will
 More than thy mouth, yea or thy wishes fill.

172.

And since thou know'st thy Duty ; likewise know
I love thee better than to let thee 'scape
Severest censure, if thou swerdest now
From this fair Path which leads to Blisse's Top ;
 And with such ballast stuff'st thy self, as will
 If Heav'n prevent not, lag thee down to Hell.

173.

Close all this while her *Comb* had *Geusis* held ;
But this last Word's smart dint prevail'd to smite
It from her quaking hand : at which she swell'd
With sullen sadness, and began to bite
 Her lips : but marking then stern *Psyche's* eye,
 She bow'd her head and made her will comply.

174.

Scarce was she out ; but mincing *Haphe* came,
Whose hands were in a Muff of Sables drown'd ;
Her Body wantonized in a frame
By *Ease's* measure made, a Robe, which round
 With silken softness courted her : no Pin
 Nor Seam presum'd to touch her dainty skin.

175.

The sight made *Psyche* smile : And what, said she ;
If that soft furniture grow thick with Pricks ?
If harshest Hair or sackcloth, gentler be,
Which close and strait on hardy Bodies sticks ?
 Alas the Wounds of Silk more dangerous far
 Than those of sharpest Swords and Arrows are.

176.

Such Weapons' Wounds can never further sink
Than to the Bodie's bottom ; but a proud
Attire doth sadly soak the *Soul*, and drink
Its best blood up ; nor knows she how to shroud
Her self from this mishap so long as she
Builds inward Joys on outward Bravery.

177.

Potiphara was deeper wounded by
The delicacies of her soft array,
Then *Joseph* by his Chains' austerity
Whose iron load eat ope a cruel way
Through skin and flesh : her wounds did her destroy,
His cur'd their earthly Pain with Heav'nly Joy.

178.

Thou know'st in what a Soft and curious Dress
Madam *Herodias* danced down to hell :
Whilst reverend *John*, array'd in Simplesness,
Did proudlyest-decked Mortals so excel,
That, though in *Herod's Court* despised, yet
Plain as he was, he into *Heav'n's* was let.

179.

Had'st thou beheld his homespun *Camel's hair*,
And *leathern Thong* ; how would thy quaint and new
Fashions, thy Lawns, thy Silks, thy Sables dare
Their cowardly effeminate face to shew ?
Would not thy worthless Skin have blush'd to see
It self in fairer Robes then glorious He.

180.

What ugl[i]er Sight can Fancy's storehouse show,
Than goodly-formed Man disfigured by
Strange garbs and cuts ; and madly bent to grow
More handsome than himself ! what Vanity
Of Pride so foolish, as for man to aim
A comelyer fashion than his *God* to frame !

181.

Thou in Life's scene hast but one Part to play,
Why like a thousand things then art thou drest ?
Why art thou big and ruffling loose to day,
To morrow spruce and slender ? if the best
Garb be thy Wish, the Best can be but one :
Why dost thou woo them all, yet weddest none ?

182.

O could'st thou see that course and rural Suit
The wise *Creator* did for *Adam* make ;
How would it thy vain Gallantry confute,
Who all the world's best Dainties up would'st rake
Thy vulgar Carcase, to array, when He
In Leather goes who's King of Earth and Sea !

183.

God's Copy satisfy'd the *Saints* of old, *Hebr.*
Who sought no further than Goats or Sheep 11. 37.

For Skins, in which they might their own infold :
A rude Plantation this ; yet hence they reap
A royal Harvest, and bedeck'd in fair
Robes of immortal Glory glittering are.

184.

No beds of wanton Down desired They 11. 38.
Wherein to loose themselves ; but were content
In Dens and Caves their manly heads to lay ;
Where they to Rest with fuller comfort went
Than pompous lusty *Solomon*, when he
Climb'd up his couch of stately Ivory.

185.

Nor e'r was't known that precious Pearl would lie
In any Shells but wondrous course and plain ;
That any search could Gold and Silver spy
But nestled in some dark and dirty Vein :
That brisket sparks of fire would choose their rest
But in some black rude Flint's unlikely breast.

186.

I grant that now *distinct Degrees* require
Such Garbs as may their Dignity proclaim :
Not that they by their outside beams aspire
To gaudy foolish Glory ; for their aim
Is only by this necessary Art
Their Place's proper honor to assert.

187.

Else Man's perversly-blear and peevish Eye
Would find a way how not to be aware
Of what dread Lustre flames in *Majesty* ;
Or that the *Sacerdotal Temples* are
With venerable Privileges crown'd,
Which from their Function's Sanctity redound.

188.

This made Heav'n's Ordination of old
The consecrated Body of the *Priest*
With reverence-commanding Gems and Gold,
And finest Linen's Purity invest.
But what's all this to Thee, whose private State
All Helps of publick Dignity may bate ?

189.

My peremptory Pleasure therefore 'tis
That Thou thy fittest Patterns copy out :
Since thou delighted art with Tenderness,
Be Tender of thy Bliss ; and never doubt
But that will softer prove, and warmer be
Than are thy *Wishes* and that *Muff* to thee.

190.

This said ; she spake her Expectation by
Her serious Looks which darted *Haphe* through
With servile dread, and summon'd off her eye
Which hankered upon her *Fur* till now.
Sad was the foolish Maid, she knew not why,
Being only chid from *tickling Misery*.

191.

For full as loth as that Beast's back which wore
The furry skin at first, did part with it,
She let her hand drop down her *Muff* before
Her *Sovereign's* foot, and made her head submit.
But yet she shrunk her shoulders, and betray'd
How sad a load she counted on them laid.

192.

Psyche, her *Cinque-Ports* being thus secured,
For *Glossa* call'd ; who cheerfully came in,
And with a thousand Complements allured
The kind Opinion of her frowning *Queen* :
But thou mistak'st, said she, in reck'ning by
Thy numerous Complements thy Loyalty.

193.

Truth's quickly said ; for pure unspotted she
Delights in her own genuine Nakedness,
And scorns that ceremonious Bravery
Which *Flattery's* Deformity doth dress.
Dull Wood alone needs Vernice ; radiant Gems
Are brave in their own native naked beams.

194.

Much Talk is either stretched out by Lies,
Which poison all the streams wherein they flow ;
Or tricked up with pritty Vanities,
Which like fond Ribands, serve but for a show,
And catch Spectators' eyes, but tie not that
Which they embrace with their close-fauning Knot.

195.

The idle Froth which plays upon the face
Of troubled Waters, swelleth not with Wind
So pitifully slight and empty, as
Is that which bubbles from a royled Mind ;
When, overflowing Wisdom's sober brims,
In drunken Prattle on the Lips it swims.

196.

As is thy neighbor *Geusis* apt to be
Luxurious by too much *Taking in* ;
So thou the hazard run'st of Gluttony
By *Pouring out* : if once thy Lips begin
To give the Reins to Words, thou in profound
Intemperance wilt suddenly be drown'd.

197.

Silence, her Master never did undo ;
But O how guilty is *Multiloquie*
Of this unnatural Treason ! *Nature*, who
The danger spy'd by Providence's eye,
Was studious this mischief to prevent
When thee a ready *double Guard* she lent.

198.

The *outer* are thy Lips ; which though they be
But soft and tender, yet their two-leav'd Door

So close they shut, that not the first Degree
Of Words, not Breath it self has power to bore
Its path, but silently must tack about
And through the Nose's sluces wrestle out.

199.

The *inner*, are those Ranks of Ivory, which
Right strongly barracado up thy way :
To sally out in vain thy *Murmurs* itch,
Unless the Passage fondly these betray.
'Tis no hard task for thee to rest in peace,
Who strengthened art by two such Guards as these.

200.

Before thou speakest, thou art Queen alone,
And freely may'st command and rule thy thought ;
But thou to foreign Jurisdiction
Surrendrest it, when Words have blown it out :
For strait 'tis subject to the cruel Laws
Of every Auditor's censorious Jaws.

201.

When leave thou giv'st to other Tongues to walk,
They travel for thy gain : if wise he be
Who speaks, thou learnest Wisdom by his Talk ;
If fond, thou reapest from his Vanity
A wholsom warning : but when e'r thy Cock
Alone doth run, thou spendest on the Stock.

202.

Fear no Discredit by *Pauciloquie* :
All *Jesus's* footsteps high and noble are ;
Never was stripped Sheep more mute than He,
His *humane fleece* when Spight inhumane shore.
And if the *Word* himself was not ashamed
Of *Silence*, can it in the *Tongue* be blamed ?

203.

Nay dullest *Fools*, when they their Lips contained,
Have often purchas'd Wisdom's reputation ;
Whilst greatest *Clarks* who rashly have unreined
Their prancing Tongues, from their own Credit's station
By their unruly venturous Coursers down
The Precipices of Contempt are thrown.

204.

What will it boot thee to inhanche that score
Of debts thou ow'st the dreadful *Judge* ; since thou
A strict account must render up before
His throne, of all the stragling words that flow
From thee in vain ? Why, why wilt thou to death
Be sentenced by thine own *lavish Breath* ?

205.

Improve it rather in an holy Thrift,
And make it up to Heav'n thy Prayers blow ;
Or Hallelujahs thither let it lift ;
And not, like wanton Gales, play here below.
But if thou needs wilt idely prattle, I
Must deal in earnest with thy Vanity.

206.

No word to this, check'd *Glossa* could reply,
 But look'd demurely, and obeysance did :
 Her conge to withdraw, in *Psyche's* eye
 And in her Nod, no sooner had she read ;
 But out she meekly went, and left the room
 Free for the *Passions* now thither come.

207.

As these in order stood before the Throne,
 With earnest Looks the *Queen* first aw'd them, and
 Then thus began : Now you are here alone,
 I am content to let you understand
 How you I prize, so long as you can be
 What Heav'n has made you, to your selves and Me.

208.

Of all the Commons who allegiance owe
 To this my Crown, I you the noblest count ;
 More quick, more generous Service you can show
 Than those whose highest faculties can mount
 But to exterior grosser things, which are
 Lab'ring in Sensibilitie's dull sphere.

209.

On your fleet backs I can far higher flie,
 And with more speed, than on the *Senses'* wings :
 But you I welcome bid, or I defie
 The tribute which to me their Service brings.
 You are the lovely *Mirrou* which presents
 My Disposition's truest lineaments.

210.

The inward Body of the Soul are you,
 The outside of the hidden Heart : all springs
 Which there peep up, learn openly to flow
 In your free chanel ; and th' abstrusest things
 Which in the Mind's dark Temper nuzling lie,
 By you exposed are to every eye.

211.

But as your native strength and worth is high,
 So is the Guilt of your Extravagance :
 Though Worms, the Sons of vile Dirt, mudling lie
 In their Dames' bosom, they do not inhance
 Their Baseness : but should Birds be groveling there,
 The sordid Crime unnatural would appear.

212.

Be then but truly what you are, and flie
 In your own sphere : so you shall surely meet
 Together with your own Felicity,
 My Love and Praise : damp not that generous heat
 Whose embers in your veins desire to flame
 Into the Lustre of eternal Fame.

213.

Love, know thy self, and own a holy Pride ;
 Thine Arms were not made pliant, to embrace

Such low ignoble Joys as can abide
 Beasts for their Owners : never then disgrace
 The gallantry of thy illustrious wings
 By hankering here about vile *earthly Things*.

214.

Though to *Humility's* submissive Law
 Thou art sworn Subject ; yet thine Aim may be
 At *Excellency's* lofty crest : for know
 That *Meekness Jesus's* steps may trace, and He
 Through deep Contempt's black Valley towred up
 To *God's* right hand, and *Glory's* brightest Top.

215.

Virtue, and *Heav'n* (the soil whence first it sprung)
 Exposed are to thee a royal Prey :
 If rotten *Earth* can more allurements bring,
 More worth, more satisfaction, than they ;
 Pour scorn upon them, and thy self apply
 To hug the Pleasures of Mortality.

216.

The great Adventures of all *Saints* deride,
 Who spent their lives those Prizes to obtain ;
 And bless fond Wantons, who swum down the Tide
 Of these short Sweets, into that Gulf of Pain
 Where endless *Horrors* boil, and where ev'n *Love*
 It self is changed, and doth *Hatred* prove.

217.

But ne'r may'st *Thou* prove so, most noble *Thou*,
 The privileged and selected she,
 Who, whilst thy Sisters all are fain to row
 In some shore-girted measurable Sea,
 Into Infinitude may'st lanch, and there
 Thy endless Course without all Compass steer.

218.

Fear, be not thou afraid to know thy Part :
 'Tis not to quake at any Powers which Hell
 Or Earth can arm against thy jealous Heart :
 Those Tempests all are chain'd, nor can they swell
 Higher than *his more lofty Hand* will yield,
 Which always out is stretch'd to be thy Shield.

219.

See'st thou that single Hair, which shivering lies
 Upon thy breast, and dreads the mildest Wind ?
 Were all th' *Aereal Principalities*
 In one sworn knot of Violence combin'd,
 'Twould pose their Might and Wit to tear it thence,
 If checked by that *Hand of Providence*.

220.

Thy duty is, to tremble at the sight
 Of that foul *Monster* which makes Hell so black ;
Sin's face alone is that which needs affright
 Thy tenderest Eyes ; a Face, whose dint can rack
 The Basilisks with pois'nous torture, and
 All Dragons' fiery Souls with terror rend.

221.

Yet if thy Wilfulness will not attend
The frightfulness of that most dismal look ;
View but the Horrors of a *Cursed End*,
And make Eternal flames a while thy Book :
There shalt thou read what will deserve to be
With ghastly Dread contemplated by thee.

222.

And in this shaking fit, shalt thou admire
What madness makes fond Mortals quake so much
At fortune's frowns, or at a Prince's ire ;
Yet never fear the wrath of *Vengeance* ; which
Inrag'd by Brimstone in the burning Pit,
Gapes wide for All, who, slighting, merit it.

223.

But when with soft and gentle Tremor thou
Would'st sweetly exercise thy self ; apply
Thy reverent Thoughts to *Him* whose sovereign brow
Adorns the Crown of highest Majesty.
So will thy *God* his eyes to thine incline ;
Which on thy heart with *dainty Awe* will shine.

224.

And Thou, stern *Hatred*, as relentless be
As Rocks, or Souls of Tigres in thy spight ;
But see the dart of this thy Cruelty
Miss not its proper Butt : thine only fight
With *Sin's* bold troops must be ; on which accurst
And dangerous Enemy do, do thy worst.

225.

All other foes, how fell soe'r, belong
To *Love's* vast Jurisdiction ; for She
Knows how revenge to take on any Wrong
By drowning it in mighty Charity.
Thy Wrath is sharp, but hers is gentle ; Thou
With steel dost break, but She with Warmth doth thaw.

226.

Be warey then to guide thy stroke aright,
For close the *Sin* and *Sinner* linked are ;
Least when thou aim'st against the Crime, thy fight,
Unto the Person thou extend'st thy war.
The Person's *God's*, who nothing hates which he
Hath made, and therefore will not suffer Thee.

227.

Hope, lavish not thy fruitless Expectation
On any birth this World's womb forth can bring :
Why should'st thou dance attendance on vexation,
On wind, on froth, on shadows vanishing
In their original ; and gape to be
Replenished with meer *Vacuity* ?

228.

On *fulness* rather wait, and lift thine Eye,
Thy longing eye, to Heav'n, in which it dwells.

Far off indeed the Object is, but thy
Discerning Power, at distance most excels.
Be brave and confident, thou can'st not miss
A mark so ample and so fair as this.

229.

Since *Absence* nothing is to mystick Thee
But its bare name (for to thy reaching eye
The thing is *present*, though it hidden be
In darkest bosom of *futurity*.)
O turn *fruition* ; antidate thy Bliss,
And climb aforehand into *Paradise*.

230.

But thou, tart *Anger*, never hunt abroad
For meat to please thy washpish appetite :
Home will supply thee with sufficient food
To fatten thee with solid true Delight.
What *faults* soever thou espyest here,
Fall to and make thee merry with the cheer.

231.

Thy *useful Self* why should'st thou strive to be
In others' bosoms, rather than thine own ?
Wrath's arrows seldom fly aright, when she
Levels against a foreign Mark her frown :
Her Archery is surest practiz'd on
The Buts of her domestick Sins alone.

232.

No less to Thee, pale thoughtful *Jealousy*
Belongs this Item : Let no vain surmise
Of others' bus'ness breed perplexity
In thine ; but inward turn thy prying eyes,
And give the reins to thy suspicion here
In any thing which looks not sound and clear.

233.

I grant thee leave, ev'n not to spare thy *Queen* ;
Be diligent, and if thou wilt, severe :
For sure if thou such heretofore had'st been,
Immured safe in never-sleeping fear
Psyche had dwelt, and not been conquer'd by
The charms of *Lust*, and fouler *Heresy*.

234.

Yet *Sorrow*, thou thy fears may'st safely spend
On alien and on publick Mischiefs ; thou
May'st help *Compassion* freely to extend
Her reaching bowels, and her bounty show
In sympathetick tenderness to all
Whom tyrannous Disasters hold in thrall.

235.

Provided, all thy store thou pour'st not forth
To quench thy Neighbours' flames, but stor'st up some
To wash out those sad stains which from thy birth
Have daily multiplied here at home.
These, these, deserve them : but no drop shalt thou
On any temporal Cross of mine bestow.

236.

O no ! a *Tear's* a nobler thing than so,
Nor must be squander'd in such vain expence.
No oriental Pearls, though married to
Richest Embroideries, shew such pretence
To Beauty, as those precious Beads, whose Mine
Lives in the fertile womb of humane Eyn.

237.

Let wanton *Fortune* take her proud delight
In trampling on what Error *Goods* doth call :
A name which mocks the Thing, whose frail and slight
Being at *Change's* beck must rise and fall.
Let her insult ; why should thy Tears flow down
For *fortune's* faults, and not lament thine own ?

238.

Joy, thou hast hitherto too careless been
In distribution of thy lavish *Smiles* :
What is't to thee, if fields abroad are green ;
If *Plenty* with her Bliss thy coffers fills ;
If any thing *without thee* prospers, when
Thou poor, and parch'd, and barren art *within* :

239.

If thou at home canst nothing worthy find
Of just applauding Notice ; no brave feat
Of resolute Virtue, no soul-plying Wind
Of Heav'n's great *Spirit*, no adventurous Heat
Of holy Love : alas, thy Merriment
Is but th' *Hypocrisy of Discontent*.

240.

'Tis but a shaddowy dreaming Pleasure, which
May float and play in thy fantastick brain,
But ne'r can to thy bosom's region reach
Which still beclouded is with pensive pain.
Yea ev'n thy laughter with deep wrinkles plows
Thy face, and in thy Mirth *Care's* Visage shows.

241.

In smiling Wine let rampant Roarers brue
The Quintessence of their lymphatick mirth :
Let idleness's busy Sons persue
Pleasure through thousand Sports ; in tedious Earth
Let Muckworms delve, and grope, Content to gain :
What 's that to thee, if they will sweat in vain ?

242.

In *God* alone, and what of Him in thy
Meek loyal Soul thou find'st, fix thy delight ;
And then walk out ; yet only to descry
What hearts pant Heav'n like thine ; that only sight
Abroad, deserves thou should'st Spectator be ;
All else, with *Grief* suit better than with Thee.

243.

And *you* the rest, whose near attendance on
My royal Person equally requires

Exact and generous Duty ; see you run
Not on the errands of your own Desires,
But mine ; which should be yours : and know, that I
Much better than your selves can you employ.

244.

So shall our Kingdom with such Peace be blest
As no intrusion of storms shall fear.
So of your selves you all shall be possess
And reign in your own bounds, as I do here.
So no *Agenor* shall again intice
You to Conspire to your own Miseries.

245.

But if you scorn to walk in *Honor's* way
(Which way is, *Doing what becomes you best*)
Yet must not I permit you to betray,
Your own Capacity of Welfare. Is't
Your Lot or Office here to Govern? No ;
Your *Queen* her power better knows than so.

246.

She ending here : the Passions each on other
Cast cowardly-couragious glances : for,
Though loth their itching Waywardness to smother,
These strict injunctions griped them so sore,
Yet none such venturous metal had, as up
To lead their belking Stomacks' forlorn Hope.

247.

Then vex'd at one another's faintness, they
Hung down their sheepish look, and bent their knees
In token they were ready to obey
Their *Queen's*, however new and strange, Decrees ;
And so in peevish shame went blushing out
That they into Subjection's Guilt were brought.

248.

For those whose Palats ne'r were taught to taste
The piercing Sweets of *Holy Discipline*,
By wilful *Licence's* mad Revels cast
Their fond Accounts of freedom, and repine
At any chains, although they keep them in
From rushing to the slavery of Sin.

249.

Psyche observ'd how they this serious Bit
Into their mouths like sullen Horses took ;
How mutinously they foam'd and champed it,
And in their hearts the Reins aforehand broke.
This made her instantly resolve to ride
Them hard, and weary out their lusty Pride.

250.

Not theirs alone ; but her chaf'd *Senses* too,
Whom their new *Laws* had almost *Passions* made,
So hard their stubborn necks they grated, so
Straitly they ty'd them to a sourer trade
Than e'r they drove before, or than they had
Observ'd professed by the World abroad.

251.

She by a Peremptory brave Decree
 Enacted *Scorn* of every thing which here
 The *Tempter* makes a bait to Luxury,
 Pride, Avarice, or any Crimes which bear
 Chief rule in mortal Hearts, whilst heedless they
 Mark not the Hook ev'n when they are its Prey.

252.

A general Proclamation then she made
 That none who to her Scepter homage owe
 In any case presume abroad to gad ;
 Unless *Necessity* were seen to go
 As their Companion ; who might limits set
 Both to their Walk, and what they did in it.

253.

Nor would now Prudence her commission seal
 To any *Judge's* serious eye, to see
 Due execution of her Laws ; for well
 She knew, that to her self her own would be
 Most true and trusty : and she vowed here
 To prove her self as *Watchful* as *Severe*.

254.

As when an headstrong *Torrent*, wont to throw
 His lawless arms on every Mead where he
 Listed to riot, is injoyn'd to flow
 In some strait Chanel's Regularity ;
 The stream with belking indignation beats,
 And foams against the Banks with murmuring threats :

255.

So with high-swelling self-tormenting Wrath
Her Subjects pent in these new narrow bounds,
 Impatiently rebel against their Path,
 And every one his fretful grief expounds
 In long long commentaries of Complaint :
 The only freedom of their close Restraint.

256.

Were *other Subjects* yok'd so strait as We,
 Their Company would lighter make our yoke ;
 For *Misery* spread in Community
 Abates the terror of her cruel look.

But how, said they, shall we support alone
 This mountainous load of Persecution !

257.

If 'twere the *fashion* any where beside,
 For *Sense* and *Passion* thus in chains to lie ;
 Our Souls it would not torture to be ty'd
 In *patternable slavery* : but why
 Must all the World laugh at our Woes, whilst We
 The sole Examples of this Bondage be ?

258.

Psyche, who all their struggling Murmurs heard
 With awful Majesty inflam'd her eye :

And, Come, said she, if I must needs be fear'd,
 Who would much rather have been loved by
My Subjects ; be it so : for know, that still
 Keep you intirely *Such* I must and will.

259.

Yet since the *fashion*'s all your Plea, and you
 As *singular* have tax'd your present State ;
 Observe I pray how amply I allow
 You your own wish : but see you kick not at
 My royal love, nor force me to the *fashion*
 Which Princes use in Rebels' Insultation.

260.

The noble *Mode* which I have put you in,
 Is that which made the *Saints* of old so fine ;
 That they the eyes of Heav'n it self could win,
 And ravish All but those to whom divine
 And earth-despising Beauty dimmer seems
 Than pallid Gold's and glaring Silver's beams.

261.

Yea, that illustrious Realm whose situation
 Lies higher than the Stars, has no disdain
 At that which you repute a *servile fashion* :
 For every *Angel* his own will doth chain
 Close to his *Sovereign's Law*, and never flies
 Abroad, but when his pinions *That* employs.

262.

Tell me not then what Garbs and Humors are
 By this blind foolish World ador'd ; but take
 Your Copy from those Patterns which outdare
 The worth of any Parellel ; and make
 Those men your Pity, who make you their scorn :
 Your *fashion* gorgeous is, but theirs forlorn.

263.

These words with such convincing horror flew
 Upon the faces of the mutinous Rout,
 That all their Murmurs' Blasts away they blew ;
 Calming the storms which in their bosoms wrought.
 And now their *Stoutness* nothing had to say,
 Nothing remain'd to do, but to obey.

264.

So when the stubborn Colt has kick'd, and flung
 And tryed his rebellious strength in vain,
 Finding his stomach and his neck too young
 To grapple with his skilful Rider's Rein ;
 To strong *Necessity* he giveth place,
 And melteth into an obedient pace.

265.

Thus from exterior Troubles sequestred,
 Close to her private bus'ness *Psyche* fell ;
 She, long before the Sun sprung out of bed,
 And call'd it morning, e'r the *East* could tell
Aurora dressing was ; for I, said she,
 Have fiercer Steeds to rule than *Titan's* be.

266.

Then, higher in to Heav'n, than he can roll
His wheels, she leap'd ; so stout and sinewy were
Her early Mattens ; which career'd her Soul
Up to the pinnacle of Glory ; where
Praises and Prayers in a flood before
Her *Spouse's* footstool she of course did pour.

267.

Her hands then letting down, she set them to
Their second Task ; and hasted to prepare
Clothes for the Orphans and the Widows, who
By generous Charitie's Adoption were
Become her Children : thus did prudent She
Nobly make fruitful her Virginity.

268.

And from this *voluntary Offspring* She
Reap'd pure delight : for they who Parents are
By Nature's Help, too oft engaged be
In their unnatural Brood's vexatious Care :
But she from her's no Discontent could find,
Being the chosen Children of her mind.

269.

Yet with her Work, her Prayers she so enchas'd
That she of both a goodly checker made :
For through her pious hands no bus'ness pass'd,
But *Heav'n* she enterwove ; her constant trade
Was but a faithful Prenticehood to *Him*
Whose royal Temples wear *Heav'n's* Diadem.

270.

So though the mariner with busy Care
Waits on his Card, yet oft he lifts his eye
To drink direction from that trusty *Star*
Which darteth on his Voyage, Certainty ;
And by this mixed study safely rides
Over the proudest and the furthest Tides.

271.

Never could She find leisure to attend
On *ceremonious Idleness*, nor by
The civil speciousness of Visits spend
Her precious Time on courteous Vanity.
Wealth against Wealth she never meant to try,
Nor bandy Feasts, or Entertainments vy.

272.

Yet painful Bus'ness her abroad could draw,
And wheresoe'r the sick despised *Poor*
Lay succourless, she by the *Gospel Law*
Her self accounted summon'd to restore
Her needy *Lord* that tender help which she
Had oft receiv'd from his Benignity.

273.

For *Him* on all those languid Beds she saw ;
His pained broken limbs, *His* parched skin,

His burning Tumours, *His* black stripes, *His* raw
And gaping Wounds : and these so strongly won
On her Compassion, that her own they proved,
Whilst her soft bowels them both felt and loved.

274.

The odious *Sores* which would have loathing bred
Ev'n in the Surgeon's eyes, she gladly view'd ;
Her choicest Plasters pleasantly she spread,
And all her Powders with delight she strewed.
Her self she robbed of her Clothes to wind
About the Naked, and the maimed bind.

275.

By their Diseases height she joy'd to measure
The worth of such distressed Company :
The foulest *Lepers* yielded choicest pleasure
To her Attendance ; who aspir'd to be
Chief Servant unto those whose noisom stench
Could Parents love and Childrens duty quench.

276.

In vain her *Senses* turn'd their nauseous head,
Since she resolv'd to love what they abhorr'd :
In vain her dainty *Passions* murmured,
And *Logos* too with some Dislike was stirred :
Her Resolution she the more professed,
And ever Kiss'd the Sores which she had dressed.

277.

The coy-ey'd *Ladies*, with a squeamish look,
Admir'd and loath'd her lowly Complement :
Not for a world would their fine Fingers brook
The touch of what they saw her Lips resent
As soft and sweet : yet could not their Disdain
Her Kisses most courageous zeal restrain.

278.

She still her merciful Design persues,
And by divine Insinuation tries
How in her Potions she may *Heav'n* infuse,
And reach the soul's mysterious Maladies.
Heart-startling Hints she sprinkles here and there,
And poures in holy Cordials every where.

279.

Nor by this paradoxick Zeal alone
Did she run counter to the World's career ;
But valiant in her high Devotion,
Adventur'd further yet to domineer
Over her Flesh and Blood ; whose lusty heat
Down flat by Abstinence she meant to beat.

280.

Wherefore no set and customary Time
Tempted her to unnecessary Meat ;
But earnest Hunger always toll'd the chime
Which smartly her admonished to eat.
And then her Meal she would not measure by
Her stomachful, but bare sufficiency.

281.

And thus did she her Food her Servant make,
 Whilst others, slaves to their own Tables were ;
 Thus did she relish every Bit, and take
 The genuine Pleasure of her sober Fare :
 Whilst those whom *Plenty's* Fat brimful doth keep,
 Their Palat's proper Joys can never reap.

282.

This Art so pluck'd her Bodies plumes, that she
 Could easily grasp, and rule it with her Will :
 For she resolv'd it never more should be
 Permitted bigger than it self to swell ;
 And if it winch'd and struggled, straiter yet
 By fresh severity she yoked it.

283.

The tenderest Flesh's delicacy, she
 Us'd as an argument to pass them by :
 Those Fishes, whose rude shells are found to be
 Of daintiest Nutriment the Treasury,
 She for that Reason still despis'd ; and none
 But choicest Viands always chose to shun.

284.

The Garden's roseal and lily store,
 With all its wealth of Spice and Odours, she
 For being such, did scorn : of eastern Ore,
 Since it was rich, she would no Hoarder be :
 From Lute and Harp, because they pleasing were
 She pleasure took to sequester her ear.

285.

(For yet *Religion's* cheerly jovial Days
 Incourag'd not the Christian Hemisphere :
 No Musick married Instrumental Lays
 To holy *Churche's* Anthems, striving here
 To echo those celestial Tunes which ring
 From Angels throats about their glorious *King*.)

286.

Else surely *Psyche's* Soul must needs have leap'd
 At such Delights ; and her sweet-tuned Heart
 With its exultant Pulse due time have keep'd
 To all such pious Airs ; by which the Art
 Of charming *Sanctity* can steal upon
 The coldest bosom, hot Devotion.)

287.

Delicious *Wine*, because it guilty was
 But of it self, exactly she eschewed :
 The Gallantry of clothes, she held Disgrace
 In those whose hearts had Vanity subdued :
 By simplest *Nature's* Rules she strove to square
 What she did touch, or taste, or smell, or hear.

288.

To Heav'n she charg'd on *Fervor's* wings to ride
 All those *Affections* which could traffick there,

To be her Factors, and her Stock provide,
 Against her Death should thither send up her.
 And those, whose work lay here below, she taught
 To think it Heav'n, when upon Earth they wrought.

289.

By constant waiting on her Penitence
 Her Tears acquir'd so quick an habit, that
 No Tide with such perpetual Effluence
 Its swelling Brine above the shores could shoot ;
 Her Flood disdained Ebbs, and still she found
 Both night and day her cheeks and bosom drown'd.

290.

Etesian Winds could never hold so long
 In breath as her loud sighs unwearied Blast ;
 Nor could the Air's thin storms blow half so strong,
 Or one another forward croud so fast :
 And what for her Design so fit a gale
 Who meant through *Sorrow's* Ocean to sail ?

291.

Indeed when Days of reverend *Churche's* Joy
 Did in their festival horizon dawn,
 She laid aside her penitent Annoy,
 And with the Catholick Triumph mix'd her own :
 Yet still her Sighs and Tears she could not choose
 At least for joyous Love, to interpose.

292.

Her Couch was ready furnish'd every where,
 Her valiant Sleep being on the naked Ground :
 Forecasting as she was, her lodging there
 Right politickly she contriv'd ; and found
 A way to make her Grave seem neither odd
 Nor uncooth, when she there should go to bed.

293.

And though faint Flesh, this Couch might churlish deem,
 She felt it courteous in the best of Love ;
 Those *lusty Thoughts* which in a soft-lay'd Dream
 With hot uncleanness through the fancy rove ;
 Were curbed by this sober Hardship's Rein
 Which cool'd all mutinies' pulses in her Brain.

294.

For, *wanton Cogitations* Cowards are,
 The delicate tender Sons of *easy Rest* :
 Who painful *Virtues* hardy quarters fear,
 And only love a lazy downy Nest.
 Soft are their limbs, and therefore warm and drie
 Would fain be kept, and upon Feathers lie.

295.

When sparing *Capricorn* would not allow
 To Day, a space as liberal, as to Night ;
 She no advantage took, but studied how
 To piece up curtail'd Day with Candle-light :
 And still was up, though *Phabus* were in bed,
 Till her Devotion's Task she finish'd had.

296.

But that to such extension swell'd, that she
Was often spy'd, and overtaken by
The laziest *Morn*, e'r her great work could be
As great's her mind, and gain maturity.
Yet then to Rest she seldom bowed till
Her weary Head down on her Prayerbook fell.

297.

For *Time*, inestimable *Time*, was that
On which her only Avarice she fed :
Griev'd that the world with such elaborate
And costly Idleness had studied.
A thousand courtly *Pastimes*, seeing they
Alas, pass not the *Time*, but *Man*, away :

298.

Madly-improvident *Man* ; who though vain he
Be sure he's sure of nothing, but to Die ;
Though in his power the next poor moment be
No more than is the next *Age* ; labours by
The help of long-extended empty *Sport*
To make the too-too-posting Hours seem short.

299.

Psyche ne'r found so tedious a Day,
But still she thought Night crouded on too fast :
She knew, as *hard* and *narrow*, so the *Way*
To Heav'n was *long* ; and in her greatest haste
She fear'd Death's darkness might rush on, e'r she
Safe at her mighty Journey's end could be.

300.

Unwearied Custom in this strictness made
The sweetest world unsavory to her Taste :
Her *Senses* relish'd not their wonted Trade,
Tame were her *Passions*, and her *Fervor's* chaste ;
Her Body humbled and beat down so low,
That no rank weeds in that dry Soil could grow.

301.

Her Pulse beat none but *Moderation's* pace ;
Her virgin Blood cloistred it self within,

And never look'd abroad but when her face
In graceful *Virtue's* blushing Dress would shine :
Her venerable gravely-moving Eye
Darted no beams but those of *Piety*.

302.

About her Soul her fleshy Vestment sate
As close and fit as *Fitness* could devise ;
A Maid more trim and sprucely delicate
She seemed now in Heav'n's judicious eyes,
Than when she wore a larger bulk without her
And her *full Body* ruffled more about her.

303.

So just and strait her Feature was, no wild
Distortions or *Distempers* room could spy
Where to assail her : *Health* its kingdom held
In every Part, and brisk *Activity*
Liv'd in her mortified Flesh ; whose skin
Look'd near as pale, as she was pure within.

304.

But yet her *Mental Powers* more lively were,
Not being hampered or clogged by
Those Fumes and Clouds which from luxuriant Cheer
Full at the face of heedless *Reason* fly ;
And damp those Eyes with lazy Dimness which
Objects sublime intended were to reach.

305.

The Bow of all her sprightful *Faculties*
She order'd to be always strung and bent :
No bus'ness was so quick as to surprise
Her heart asleep ; nor could she be content
Lazy *Concoction's* leisure to attend ;
If work were ready, ready was her Hand.

306.

Thus quite disbanded in her troubled sky
All gloomy Frowns she saw, which cleer'd into
The cheerful beauty of serenity :
She saw her rudely-blustering servants, who
Disturb'd her Region, in one Calm united :
And at this sight of Peace her soul delighted.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

CANTO XX. On various historical matters whereon the Poet pronounces (mis-)judgment in this Canto, as elsewhere, see our Memorial-Introduction, e.g. st. 20, 26, and 27, 'Ejected,' 'Sequestrations,' and 'the Fifth Part,' etc. etc. : St. 7, l. 3, 'travelling' = travelling : St. 8, l. 4, 'stories' = storeys : St. 9, l. 3, 'List' = boundary : St. 46, l. 1, 'He wondrous He' = 'our most religious king' Charles II. : St. 65, l. 1, 'entheous' and st. 141, l. 4 = inspired : St. 81, l. 1, 'Wights'—misprinted 'Weights' : *ib.* l. 3, 'salacious' = lecherous : St. 82, l. 6, 'Gentile' = gentle, i.e. genteel, well-born : St. 83, l. 3, 'threap'd' = contended pertinaciously : St. 98, l. 1, 'winch' = wince : St. 101, l. 6, 'belking'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for

other occurrences : St. 110, l. 2, 'faund' = fawned? St. 130, l. 6, 'Corsive' = corrosive : St. 160, l. 4, 'salvage' = savage : St. 165, l. 6, and st. 214, l. 4, 'trace' = track, follow : St. 166, l. 1, 'Boards' = tables—still retained as in 'side-board' : St. 172, l. 6, 'lag' = drag, weighten down : St. 182, l. 1, and st. 185, l. 2, 'course' = coarse : St. 193, l. 5, 'Vernice' = varnish : St. 194, l. 6, 'close-fawning.' See on St. 110, l. 2 : St. 195, l. 4, 'royled'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : St. 197, l. 2, 'Multiloquie' = much speech, talkativeness : St. 202, l. 1, 'Pauciloquie' = little speech, silence : St. 231, l. 6, 'Buts' = arrow-marks, butts : St. 271, l. 4, 'courteous Vanity' = vain ceremonial courtesies : St. 283, l. 3, 'Fieshs' = oysters.—G.



CANTO XXI.

The Sublimation.

The ARGUMENT.

*Dead to unworthy Life, her self above
Her self, aspiring Psyche lifts, and in
Perfection's Sphere appoints those wheels to move
On which her Logos and her Thelema ran.
Then Satan she defies, though crafty He
Came clothed in Angelick Clarity.*

I.

Hard is thy hap, poor *Virtue*, who by All
Applauded art, yet truly Lov'd by Few ;
Whilst lucky *Vice*, although both Great and Small
Brand her for Ugly, yet her horrid Hue
They hug so close, that 'tis no Hell can fright,
No Heav'n can woo them from that mad Delight.

2.

With Most, *Thou* serv'st to trim Discourse, and paint
Praise-hunting Gestures and ambitious Looks ;
But *She*, inshrined like the adored Saint,
Reigns in the Temple of the Soul : in Books
Thou dwellest, *She* in Lives ; and though *Thou* art
Frequently Read, *She's* oftner got by heart.

3.

Or if thy worth so fortunate can be
(For sometimes wondrous things will come to pass)
As to convince our Approbation ; we
Afford thee still a warey shie Embrace :
Some piece of thee we venture on : but are
Jealous, in Goodness to proceed too far.

4.

And witty too in Self delusion, we
Against high-streined Piety can plead ;
Gravely pretending that *Extremity*,
Is *Vice's* Clime ; that by the Catholick Creed
Of all the world it is acknowledg'd, that
The temperate *Mean* is always *Virtue's* seat.

5.

Hence comes the Race of mungrel Goodness ; hence
Faint *Tepidness* usurpeth *Fervor's* name :

Hence will the earthborn *Meteor* needs commence
In his gay glaring robes, *sydereal Flame* :
Hence foolish Man, if moderately Evil,
Dreams he's a *Saint* because he's not a Devil.

6.

Rare souls are they, who still forgetting what
Behind them conquer'd lies ; with restless heat
Reach at new Laurels, and adventure at
Whate'r inviteth Gallantry to sweat ;
Who, like our *Psyche*, scorn their course to stop,
Till they have doubled fair *Perfection's* Top.

7.

For as the generous *Spark* is not content
With having climb'd the Air's first stage, since by
The spurring fervor of its natural Bent
Above the third it aims ; and needs must die,
Unless it may its high Design atchieve,
And in *Fire's* elemental bosom live :

8.

So *Psyche*, who to Excellence's sphere
Steer'd her brave Course, now for a second flight
Her Wings and Resolution did prepare ;
Knowing a *Third* remained still, which might
Her former Venture frustrate ; if in this
She coward turn'd, and bow'd to Weariness.

9.

In meekly-daring Zeal, she vow'd to try
The utmost of her strength : and fear'd not what
Mishap might intercept her Bravery :
Though *Chance's* Wheel in her hand rolled not,
In *God's* it did ; And upon This will I
Since he has giv'n me leave, said she, rely.

10.

As sure I am that he can bear me up,
As that, left to my self, I down shall tumble :
Nor can I fail to reach the glorious Top
Of my inflam'd Ambition, whilst I humble
My climbing heart : no longer will I, though
On Earth I live, a Dweller be below.

11.

Logos forthwith appearing at her Call,
With fixed count'nance thus she him bespake:
Thou seest with what exact Obedience all
My vulgar Subjects on their shoulders take
My heavyest yokes; and far, far be it *Thou*
Who greater art, less Loyalty should'st show.

12.

If common Herbs and Grass can learn to give
Faithful Attendance on their Lord the Sun;
What Candor can the Marigold relieve
From Censure's shameful Lash, if she alone
Whom Nature joins so near to Him, denies
Her higher Duties' kindly sacrifice?

13.

Could thy best Hopes have ever thought that my
Wild suburb Servants would have found such dear
Content in those sad Loads; whose Novelty
Quite slew at first their jealous hearts with fear?
Yet now Tranquillity and Joy and Bliss
The fruit of my severe Injunctions is.

14.

To brutish Dulness being near of kin,
Their ears disrelish'd *Reason's* sweetest Plea;
And hard it was for heavy them to win
Upon their carnal selves, and bow to Me.
But should'st thou linger so, it monstrous were,
And would with thine own Essence interfere.

15.

Remember but thy noble strength, and dare
To be thy self: no Arrow with such speed
Snatcheth its shortest journey through the Air;
No lightning with such nimble wings can spread
Its self from East to West; as thou canst fly
Ev'n to the crest of all Sublimity.

16.

Abuse not then that brave Activity
By hankering and flagging here below:
Stout-winged Eagles ne'r were made to be
Consorts to flitting Dunghil flies. O how
Wilt Thou thine own worth answer, if thine aim
Thou tak'st beneath thy Self, and thy high Name?

17.

Alas, these sublunary Gewgaws be
So full of Emptiness, that wretched they
Will shrink and crumble into Vanity
When thou begin'st to grasp them: never play
At such poor game, as will but mock thy Pains;
So far are they from answering cost with gains.

18.

Learning, which looks so big, and nods Disdain
On course illiterate Swains, could never yet

More than that self-tormenting Wit attain
Of understanding its own *Want of Wit*:
Whilst *simple Souls* are never vexed by
Those stinging Checks of *learn'd Simplicity*.

19.

Yet no disdainful *Knower* e'r can gain
That Admiration which ambitious He
Hunts for with studious and palefac'd pain,
Unless his Auditors unlearned be.
Art wonders not at Art; 'tis Ignorance's
Staring applause which Learning's fame advances.

20.

How lost are those poor Worms, who though they crawl
On Earth, will needs be traversing Heav'n's Hill:
Where whilst their dazel'd Eyes and Brains do roll,
The spheres with Birds and Beasts and Fish they fill;
And though they talk much of *Seav'n others* there,
Alas themselves the greatest *Planets* are.

21.

Nature's Disciples, whose vast Library
In every mine, and every Garden grow,
Ne'r learnt for their own Health's security
Such sure Receipts as each brute Creature knows:
These know, They Guess, and make it plain appear
That Beasts Physicians, Men but Doctors are.

22.

The busy *Schools*, what are they but perplex
And snarled Mazes, in whose wild Meander
With thousand craggy scrupulous By-paths vex
The everdoubting *Student's* forc'd to wander?
Learning her self's a *Circle*, and the Soul
Can find no Rest where she must always roul.

23.

Had any Rest dwelt there, thou hadst not in
Ecclesia's glorious Hall beheld how all
The *Patriarchs of Worldly Wit* did grin
Upon the Chains which held their Pride in thrall;
And by sad Demonstration made them see
How hard they studied endless fools to be.

24.

What gains reap'st thou thy self when thou didst sow
Thy pains on *Nazerene* or *Cerinthian* soil;
When coyly scorning *Heav'n's* Instruction, thou
Would'st with terrestrial Wisdom needs beguile
Thy better Knowledge? in thy Blush I see
Confession of that costly Vanity.

25.

But ask thy *Memory*, and she will tell
Thee what thou undertook'st when thou wert freed
From fairtongu'd Heresy's foulhearted Hell:
Of all thy Self mad'st thou not then a Deed
To me? a Deed which still in force doth stand
For sure I am, I cancell'd not the Bond.

26.

And now Performance I require, nor will
I bate a Tittle of the Obligation :
If this strict Course involv'd thee any ill,
I easily would admit thy Deprecation.
But Bound thou art to thine own Happiness,
And Heav'n forbid I thence should thee release.

27.

No such Indulgence must I thee allow
As most malicious Tyranny would be :
Sooner among the clouds shall Dolphins row,
And Eagles flutter through the deepest Sea ;
Then I will Accessary be to thy
Enslaving freedom and self-felony.

28.

No ; thy perpetual Task henceforth shall be
In Heav'n's soft air thy right-aim'd wings to stretch.
Say not, they are too short ; for Constancy
Of Exercise will quickly make them reach,
And thee enable gallantly to rise
And soar amongst the *Birds of Paradise*.

29.

Amongst those *Birds* who on the royal face
Of th' everhighnoon *Sun of Majesty*
In meek audacity devoutly gaze.
Reading his mighty Providential Eye,
And all those splendid Marvels his Dignation
Permitteth to created Contemplation.

30.

Thy endless study thou shalt settle there :
But with this sober caution, that thine eye
Trust not its blear and feeble self too far,
But on that never-erring Glass rely
Which in *Ecclesia's* Court to thee was given :
Truth's Mirrour, and the *Spectacles of Heav'n*.

31.

There may'st thou meet a Feast, and only there,
Which all thy vast Capacity will fill :
There may'st thou riot in that sacred cheer,
Which would'st thou buy, the whole World could not sell ;
That cheer, whose worth's above the World as far
As its Exuberance and Dwelling are.

32.

Leaps not thy Soul at this? If any where
Thy search can once retrieve a worthier Prize
I'll not command thy strength to wrestle here :
But since all Treasures this alone outvies ;
I must not suffer *Scorn* to say of thee,
Logos could reason find a fool to be.

33.

And that *Anamnesis* thine handmaid may
Advance thy brave Adventure, upon Her

My strict and peremptory charge I lay
To see no Trash pollute her Register :
For many a Toy which wears an harmless look,
May cunningly deflower her virgin Book.

34.

Wild *fancy* would be tame ; did she not find
A thousand Shapes of vain and useless Things
Wandering about the storehouse of the mind ;
On whose soft backs she gets, and madly flings
About the region of the Brain ; when sleep
In her blind arms doth Thee close pris'er keep.

35.

Those *Arts* unfortunately-pregnant *Wits*
Bring forth to wait on *Curiosity* ;
That too-industrious *Learning* which forgets
Th' *eternal Wisdom* ; that sage *foolery*
Which puffs up Pharisaick Hearts ; that *skill*
Which with fine froth the Theatre doth fill ;

36.

Quaint *Legends*, fond *Romances*, wanton *Songs* ;
With idelness's bus'ness, tickling *News* ;
Which swarm so thick upon unwary Tongues,
And man's sole Treasure, precious *Time*, abuse ;
Must not that Bosom clog and pester, where
Heav'n is desir'd to be a Sojourner.

37.

No ; *Heav'n* is large, and our poor Hearts are narrow ;
Heav'n will our utmost Stowage fraught, and more.
The spacious breasts of *Seraphs* could we borrow,
Still in Capacity we should be poor ;
Still would our Blisse's eb-defying Tide
Over our highest banks in triumph ride.

38.

Those *Notions* which their bounden tribute pay
To *Sanctity*, I will not her forbid :
But yet her Zeal's prime care shall be, to lay
Up store of that pure Heav'n-descended *Bread* ;
Which *Manna's* famous bounty doth outgive,
And teach frail Men eternal Lives to live.

39.

That *Bread* which flourish'd from the *Mouth of Bliss*,
God's sacred Word consign'd in Scripture ; where
Wisdom's best Jewels, and the rich excess
Of deepest Learning, all inshrined are :
That living Mine of Oracles, that spring
Of every sober heart-contenting thing.

40.

Such precious *Eloquence* ne'r built its hive
On any *Roman* or *Athenian* Tongue,
As in this honey-shaming *Book* doth live :
Such rare ecstasick *Sweets* were never rung
From humane *Poets'* love-oppressed Soul,
As in each leaf and line their currents roul

41.

For what is every leaf, and every line,
But several Chansels through whose bosom glides
The soft and supple Soul of most divine
Most satisfying *Truth*; which welcome bids
All holy Guests, and with unwearied Store
Of royal Pleasures flow for evermore.

42.

Her prudent Bottles must at every one
Of these dear *Streams* be taught to drink : yet she
Shall with most constant ardent study run
To *David's* blessed *Well*; where *Suavity*
In three times fifty Springs is bubbling up,
And *liquid Heav'n* to thirsty Souls set ope.

43.

Then in the *Song of Songs* (that is, of *Love*,
Who there in sacred Wantonness doth play,
Streining his strong inamor'd Notes above
The loftiest spheres most sublimated lay,)
Her pious Revels she may freely make,
And choise of *Solomon's* best Riches take.

44.

But from the *Evangelick fountains* she
The readiest floods of Holyness shall draw ;
Floods, in whose more than crystal Clarity
Innumerable virgin *Graces* row ;
Floods were *Humility*, who only hath
All *Virtues* for her handmaids, joys to bathe.

45.

All *Mysteris* array'd in Sweetness there,
And *Life's own Life*, she shall not fail to see :
There *God's* own Motions in an human sphere
Accommodated to her Weakness, she
Shall safely read ; and from the dropping Lip
Of *Jesus*, how much more than *Nectar* sip.

46.

And thus laid in ; thy Stock so great will be
As well may laugh at any fear of driving
That generous Trade of busy Piety,
And any Doubt of answerable Thriving.
'Tis rotten Wealth makes Bankrupts such, but thine
Estate shall be immortal and divine.

47.

Here *Psyche* ceas'd. But *Logos* scratch'd his head,
And muster'd up his contradicting Wit ;
Yet her Proposal when he pondered,
And what strong Reasons back'd and flanker'd it ;
Finding all Pleas forestall'd, he bow'd in mute
Obedience to what he could not confute.

48.

She, glad on any terms that *Logos* had
Buckled his shoulders to this noble yoke ;

In all his Task a decent method made,
That *Time* it self might call him to his book ;
And turn his leaves and shew him every day
What lesson ready for his study lay.

49.

For sad Experience oft had shewed her
That best Employments, if not ranked in
A constant Equipage, would enterfere,
And one another's Progress undermine :
That *Order is the soul of Bus'ness*, and
Supports the Work both of the Brain and Hand.

50.

A glorious *Week of Attributes* she chose
Among the *Deitie's* most boundless Treasures ;
And prest her *Sev'n Days* to attend them close
Each at his proper cue : Time's constant measures
She meant to count, not by the posting Sun,
But her own Contemplation's Motion.

51.

The Morn which to the World set *Sunday* ope,
(That *Sun's* fair Day which did at *Salem* rise,)
Awak'd her not, but found her ready up
And busy at her work : the reverent eyes
Of *Logos* wide were ope, and earnestly
Fix'd on the *Godhead's* wondrous *Unity*.

52.

Nothing is lac'd so strictly-strait into
It self, as this *immeasurable Nature* ;
That *Singularity* which seemeth so
Close girt to every Individual Creature ;
Hangs loose about them, if they judged be
By this sole *Rule of pure Simplicity*.

53.

A dull *Passivity* doth sneaking lie
About the center of the *Seraphs'* hearts,
Checking those Flames of their Activity
Which seem *all spirit* : and wheresoever Parts
Can be descry'd, though ne'r so close they run,
Yet still the whole's not *absolutely One*.

54.

O no ! should *God* dissolve those secret Glues
Which in their strait and spruce subsistence knit
The purest *Angels'* Natures ; that which shews
So strangely single, would in sunder split ;
Their wings would moult and melt, their flames would
die,
And they themselves from their own selves would fly.

55.

Ev'n *Unity* it self had never grown
It self, if not shrunk up and model'd by
This *Prototype* : that *Unity*, which thrown
About this world, girts up all things which lie
Under the foot of that eternal Throne
On which he reigns, who is *supremely One*.

56.

Yet not more truly *One*, than strangely *Three*,
But knit up in a most mysterious Knot
Of simple singular *Triplicity* :
Which *Psyche*, though she comprehended not,
Yet with admiring eyes she dwelt upon,
As Eagles on the *Light*, the *Flame*, the *Sun*.

57.

There she beheld, how infinitely Bold,
And equally Besotted was their sin,
Who in their wild Religion's List inroll'd
A *Croud of Gods* : she now could easlier win
Upon her Faith, to think that there were *none*
At all, than yield there could be *more than One*.

58.

O how she praised and ador'd that high
And burning *Jealousy*, which though she saw
Flaming with most indignant Ardency
Upon the forehead of the ancient *Law* ;
Till now she knew not so profoundly why
Heav'n most abhor'd *Polytheous Piety*.

59.

But then embrav'd by meek heroick heat
Nearer and nearer to this *Knot* she drew ;
And prostrate at her mighty *Maker's* feet
This panting Cry upon his footstool threw :
Great *Lord*, why may not I with Thee be *One*,
Though not by *Unity*, yet by *Union* !

60.

O, I am now a thousand Things a day !
But were I once to Thee intirely join'd ;
No Objects should thy *Psyche* steal away,
Nor into their vain selves transform my mind :
Thy self, and mine I should behold in *Thee*,
And all things else I could desire to see.

61.

So I no longer should this moment be
All *Hope*, and nothing else but *Fear* the next :
So by no Checker of pure *Clarity*,
And gloomy *Doubting*, should I still be vex't :
So to it self my *Life* no more shall give
The *Lye*, nor I be *Dying* while I *Live*.

62.

The *next Day's* Dawn her meditations drew
On her adored *Master's Truth* to feed ;
Truth so supreme and infinitely true,
As Seas of boundless satisfaction shed
Upon her *Intellect* ; whose daintiest Feast
By *Truth* alone is furnished and drest.

63.

Solid substantial Treasures here she saw,
To which all other Beings, shadows are ;

And found compulsive Reason to avow
This maxim which astounds a natural Ear ;
That *God is in such sovereign Certainty*
Himself, that Nothing truly is, but He.

64.

The Universe's Fulness being founded
On *Emptiness's* self, it cannot be
More real than its Bottom : what is grounded
On frothy Bubbles, sticks to Vanity
Close by the roots : and seeing *All Things* came
From *Nothing's* womb, they must be like their *Dame*.

65.

Hence, when a quickpac'd Intellect doth trace
The lines of any Creature's Essence, though
At first it meets with what presents a face
Of solid *Something* ; it will quickly grow
To its vain journey's end ; and stopped be
By huge Abysses of Vacuity.

66.

But when it launcheth forth into the Sea
Of *increated Nature*, it can sail
Through true and genuine substantiality
Which never will its contemplation fail
By terminating *Want's* ignoble shore,
But lets it drive its Course for evermore.

67.

And in this blessed Ocean *Psyche* met
Such vast *Reality*, that in disdain
She call'd the World, and all that swell'd in it,
A *mighty lye*, dress'd up and trim'd with vain
Embellishments ; whose outside flatteries
Make blear-ey'd credulous fools Delusion's prize.

68.

Yet far more Sweets her *Third Day* did afford ;
For then her Speculation fix'd its Eye
Upon the royal *Goodness of her Lord*,
The *fountain* of unbounded *Suavity* ;
A fountain which it self at home doth fill,
And through the Universe its Influence thrill.

69.

For as the Sun on every Star doth poure
The Bounty of his inexhausted beams ;
Inriching them with his illustrious store,
Who else could ne'r have kindled their own flames :
So all the Raies of *Goodness* which are read
In *Creatures' eyes*, are but the *Sparks of God*.

70.

Meer *Sparks* indeed, who of their Weakness by
Their twinkling Tremor plain confession make :
But *God's* supreme original *Bonity*
Doth from its Home its vast demensions take :
It lives, and flames in his most boundless Breast,
And fills with sweetest fulness all its Nest.

71.

Here *Thelema* leap'd in, and clearly found
That *God* alone was absolutely *Good* :
Fain, fain she would her ravish'd self have drown'd
In this delicious *Attribute's* dear flood ;
But *Psyche* rein'd her Zeal ; whose life she meant
Should in another sacrifice be spent.

72.

Her *fourth Day's task* was wondrous hard and high ;
For now her thoughts adventured to look
Upon the Volumes of *Immensity*,
The seal'd though ope, the plain though mystick Book
Of her grand *Lord's Extent* : a Book which made
The World to less than its *first Nothing* fade.

73.

But as her Contemplations wander'd here,
The further they went on, the further they
Were from the end of their most endless sphere,
Loosing themselves in their increasing Way :
Yet *Psyche* felt her heart take dear delight
Thus to be *lost* from morning unto night.

74.

Oft did she cry, what though by *loosing*, I
Am fain to *find* ; by being *Blind*, to *see* ?
What though I cannot *Comprehend*, but by
Granting my want of due Capacity ?
I am content, my *God*, since I by this
Negation thy greatness best confess.

75.

I see thou art *Immense* and *Infinite*,
And therefore *See thee not* ; yet see thee more
By this unable and denying Sight,
Than they whose saucy Eyes dare by the poor
Comparison of whatsoe'r it be
Express the Measure of thy *Deity*.

76.

But since thou art so vast, O mighty *Lord*,
Whence is't, that Man's scant narrow Heart to Thee
An acceptable Dwelling can afford !
How is it, that thy *Love's Immensity*
Shrinks up thy *Nature's* ! which is yet as great
As 'twas before, ev'n in this *Little seat*.

77.

And O, may *Psyche's* Breast become the Scene
Of this dear Wonder ! thy *Infinite*
Can no where find a Mansion so mean,
So low, so disproportion'd to include
What knows no bounds : O then inhabit me,
And so shall I be sure to dwell in thee.

78.

The *fifth Day* summon'd all her *Might*, to view
That matchless *Power* of pure *Divinity* :

Strait in her face the whole *Creation* flew
With witness of its *Author's Strength*, which she
Read from the fairest Heav'n's sublimest Crest
Down to the gloomy Center's lowest Nest.

79.

Yet though the universal fabrick were
The full Expansion of Magnificence ;
She often chose the smallest Character
Of close short-writ Epitomies ; and thence
Observ'd *God's* finger-work in smallest flies,
As great as was his Arm's in widest Skies.

80.

But *Man* took up her deepest Admiration :
Man that rich Extract of all things beside,
That wonderous Juncture of the whole Creation,
By which the Heav'n to Earth is strangely ty'd ;
Yea more than so, for *God* unto the Creature
Is married by none but *Human Nature*.

81.

Such comely Architecture, such Concert
Of fair Proportions, such Variety
Of well-agreeing Rooms, such Ornament
Of Softness, Politure and Colour, she
Observed here, as fully taught her why
Man was enthron'd in Nature's Sovereignty.

82.

Yet not content thus at the second hand
To feast her hungry Meditations ; she
Gallantly made a further Venture, and
Gaz'd on her *Maker's naked Potency* ;
Where she discover'd *strength* enough to build
More Worlds than Atoms she in this beheld.

83.

Nor Bounds nor Bars she saw, which could forbid
The Pleasure of his Hand, but only those
Which *Contradiction* had established :
Yet serv'd not they his Power to inclose,
But to demonstrate that his noble *Might*
Could nothing do but what was *true and right*.

84.

O how she pitied those gay Princes, who
Upon exterior helps misplace the Name
Of *Strength* : and dread not what all foes can do,
If they have once prevail'd with vaunting *fame*
To publish to the World their numerous force
Of Castles, Ships, Arms, Money, Men, and Horse.

85.

For what are those swollen words to any King,
Whose Arm's as short, whose sinews are as weak
As those of his mean Peasants ; who can bring
No Legions into the field, nor wreak
His challeng'd fury on his ready Fo,
If his be not his Subjects' Pleasure too ?

86.

Can his sole Word the battle fight, and wrest
The Laurel from the struggling Enemies?
O no! his Power doth more in Others rest
Than in Himself; and if by Mutiny's
Unhappy spark, Rebellion's flame burst out,
By his own forces his defeat is wrought.

87.

But *Psyche* saw how her *Creator's Might*
Fast to his proper *Will* alone was chain'd;
Omnipotence, whene'er he pleased to fight
Led up his Van, for in his Hand it reign'd;
In that vast hand which doth support and stay
All other Arms from mouldering away.

88.

Yet though thus *Potent*, He is also *Mild*,
And she as such the *Sixth Day* him admired:
She sadly weighed, how all Ages held
One Principle of Boldness, and conspired
Against their *Patient God*, as if his strong
Right-hand were bound because He held his Tongue.

89.

Amaz'd she stood, to mark how He kept under
Incensed *Justice*, who would fain have thrown
His ready Vengeance dress'd in dreadful Thunder,
In Wars, Plagues, Deluges, Drought, Famine, down
Upon the wretched heads and hearts of those
Who durst in spight of *Mercy*, be his foes.

90.

Indeed she saw that *Mercy* fix her eye
Upon the *Rainbow*; where she sweetly read
An Obligation of her Lenity,
Though Hell-encourag'd *Sin* bore up its head
As high as Heav'n: yet by her own consent,
Yea and desire, that signal *Bow* was bent.

91.

The *Bow* was bent; yet not to shoot, but show
How *Mercy* bound her self to do her best
The world to shelter from a *second* Blow,
Which from the *first* her only Hand releast.
Else had the *Deluge* not repented, and
To Earth made restitution of dry Land.

92.

Else had the vaster *flood of fire* e'r now
Broke from the banks of *Fate*, and over run
Not only Nature's Colonies below,
But all the fairly-spread Plantation
Of highest Stars, and this condemned World
Into its final funeral Ashes hurl'd.

93.

This *Speculation* inform'd her how
Much more heroick is the Victory,

When *Sweetness* wreaths the Bay about the brow,
Than when plain *force* snatches it thither: *He*
In whom are both supreme, takes more delight
In conquering by his *Mercy*, than his *Might*.

94.

And O may I, said she, (when Night at length
Warn'd this her Meditation to conclude,)
Not by the dint of thy enraged *Strength*,
Dear *Lord*, but by thy *Mercy* be subdu'd!
If on a *Worm* thy Power thou wilt try,
O let it be the *Might of Lenity*!

95.

But then each *Seav'nth Day* brings her thoughts their
Cue,
The *Wonders* of his *Glory* to behold,
Which from the *six* preceeding did accrew,
And *Brightness's* Excess about him roll'd:
Wonders which gave Heav'n's *Quire* their Task to sing
Eternal *Hallelujahs* to their *King*.

96.

And ravish'd here with mighty Joy and Love,
She took with entheous Them her part of Praise;
With utmost *Zeal's* intension she strove
Her Acclamations to their Key to raise:
And though she could not Sing so high nor clear
Her hearty Musick pleas'd *Heav'n's* candid ear.

97.

She Thought, and Sung, and then she thought again,
For still new floods came rushing in upon her:
God's other *Attributes*' illustrious Train
Themselves in homage pay unto his *Honor*;
In whose incomparable *Vastness* they
Can all their now *Infinitudes* display.

98.

Whatever breaths, or lives, or owns the least
Share of Existence, constant Tribute brings
To this bright Treasury, as well's the best
And fairest *Cherub*: yea ev'n empty things,
Defects and *Sins*, though not by Doing, yet
By Suffering what they merit, render it.

99.

And shall my duty faint and pining be,
When all the World besides so fruitfull is?
Forbid it mighty *King of Souls*, said she;
Let not thy *Psyche's* heart the glory miss
Of honoring Thee, yea though my Life it cost;
That Life's best Saved which for Thee is lost.

100.

In these high Roads thus did her restless soul
Renew her fervent Journeys day by day:
And as the Sun perpetually doth roul
From East to West, yet still in Heav'n doth stay;
So loftier-moving she in *God* alone
Still found her happy self where-e'r she ran.

101.

Thus having spent, or rather gain'd, some years,
 She chang'd her task, but not her Industry :
 For her meek Contemplation she prepares
 To wait upon her *Spouse's* Majesty ;
 And those sweet *Marvails* of his *Love* to read
 Which over her, and all the World, was spread.

102.

And here with sympathetick Exultation
 In amorous flames she strove her heart to melt ;
 For in the tract of every speculation
 His *Acts* and *Passions* in her heart she felt,
 Which always sad, or cheerly was, as she
 His *Sorrows* or his *Joys* in thought did see.

103.

A *Pilgrimage* much longer now she went,
 And travell'd all the way with more divine
 Delight, than when she from her *Britain* bent
 Her zealous Course to holy *Palestine* :
 Longer she dwelt on every Monument
 Of what her *Lord* for her had done, or spent.

104.

For then her Soul ran gazing to her Eye,
 But now her Eye did to her Soul retreat :
 And in that mystick Holy Land descry
 Those Monuments all copied by the sweet
 Art of Devotion, but exposed to
 No dangerous Ambush of *Cerinthian Fo.*

105.

A thousand times she sigh'd and wonder'd why
 Brisk generous *Spirits*, who hunt for noble *Stories*
 Through all *Books* else, should not be ravish'd by
 The Lustre of the *Evangelick Glories* ;
 But more exactly strive to know the List
 Of *Cesar's* Acts, than what was done by *Christ*.

106.

But more she marvell'd how a *Christian Heart*,
 Which scorn'd to give its blessed *Name* the Lye,
 Could possibly forbear to snatch its part
 In its *Redemer's* sacred *History* :
 How Love could quit its loyal self, and yet
 Not know whatever of its *Spouse* was writ.

107.

Yet all this while on *Logos's* Wings she flew,
 (Though *Thelema* sometimes would flutter by,)
 And these were much too short and weak, she knew,
 To tower and double that sublimity ;
 Which makes *Perfection's* third and highest story,
 The Crown of Saints, and all the Angels' Glory.

108.

On *Thelema*, to practise therefore now
 Her Wit, she set, by charming Courtesy,

Contriving how her mighty Heart to bow,
 And make it plyant to the Plot, which she
 Had lay'd to Catch her into Bliss : and then
 She gently grasp'd her hand, and thus began :

109.

O Thou, the dearest of my Servants, who
 Command'st the Keys of all that I possess ;
 Yea and of Me thy native Sovereign too,
 Who have no power to stir abroad, unless
 Thou op'st the door ; how much I wish, that I
 Had more to trust with thy Fidelity.

110.

But since I neither am, nor have no more,
 Let this suffice to bind thy heart to Me :
 In gratitude Thou canst no less restore
 Than prest Compliance, though I ask of thee
 Some hard and costly service, so to prove
 The rate and value of my Steward's Love.

111.

But I my proper Interest can bate,
 And by my Subjects' Gains account mine own :
 Whate'r Advantages inhanche their State,
 In my repute will higher build my Crown.
 They are my Riches, nor can I be poor
 So long as thriving They increase their store.

112.

All my Desire's no more than this : That thou
 Would'st venture highest Happiness to reap ;
 And now dull *Sense* and *Passion* valiant grow,
 Now *Logos* daily up to heav'n doth leap ;
 Not finch alone, nor be content to stay
 In any lower Region than They.

113.

Remember that thy *Wings of Strength* are made ;
 No flight's too high or long for metall'd Thee :
 No hard Design e'r made thy Courage fade,
 Unless thy Self did'st timorously agree
 To thy Defeat ; such thine Advantage is,
 If Win thou *Will*, to Win thou canst not miss.

114.

Jesus, the sovereign Lord of Thee and Me,
 Will give thee leave to make himself thy Prey :
 Reach then thine Arms of noble Love, that He
 Imprisoned in thy Embraces, may
 For ever make thee Free, and with the best
 Of Heav'n fill up and deify thy breast.

115.

If this Adventure thou esteem'st too high,
 Throw down thy self before his blessed Feet :
 He cannot let thee there despised lie,
 But will thy Homage with Acceptance greet ;
 And for that *Resignation* of thine,
 His gracious Self to Thee again *Resign*.

116.

This gallant Challenge wrought so strong upon
The generous heart of *Thelema*, that She
The forward Proof of her Submission
Shot instantly from her low-bended Knee ;
And Heav'n forbid, she cry'd, I should deny
Your Pleasure, or mine own Felicity.

117.

Though not at *Jesus's* royal feet, (O no,
I am too vile to aim my Pride so high,)
Yet, Madam, all my Self at your's I throw
To be accepted, and disposed by
Your Love and Wisdom ; use me as you please,
Lo I return you yours, and mine own *Keys*.

118.

Triumphant Joy strait flam'd in *Psyche's* breast
The *Virgin's* ready Loyalty to see :
Whom she embraced thrice, and thrice she kist,
And sweetly forc'd to bate her humble knee.
Her welcome *Keys* she then to her own side
(Weeping and smiling) in a loveknot ty'd.

119.

And now I feel my self a *Queen*, said she,
Queen of my Self: yet be assured Thou,
O faithful *Maid*, shalt find thy self more free
By this subjection, than when thou did'st bow
To thine own blind and rash Desires ; which have
Made thee too oft to Vanity a Slave.

120.

Exalted thus to her own Wishes' Crest,
Into her pious Oratory She
With Throngs of Vows impatiently prest,
To celebrate a new Solemnity :
An Holocaust she had to sacrifice,
For which her own stout Zeal the Fire supplies.

121.

Did golden Mountains tempt her now to stay ;
Did Millions of Worlds made up in one
Inestimable Bait, smile in her way,
And woo her but to let one Minute run
Before her work ; not all th' enchanting force
Of those strong Complements could stop her Course.

122.

No ; she of joyous Love in travail is,
And feels the pangs of dainty Parturition ;
Till forth she brings her mighty *Sacrifice*,
'Tis not all Heav'n can ease her smart condition.
Speed, *Speed* alone could gratify her now :
Speed's wings she snatch'd, and to her bus'ness flew.

123.

So fast she flew, that she outstript the Thought
Of all the World, which now she left behind her :

No other Work but what she went about
Lay in her Fancie's shop : Self could not mind her
Of her own self ; for, totally on fire,
She nothing was but what she did desire.

124.

A Preface of a thousand Sighs and Tears
Before her brave *Oblation* she spread ;
As many mystick Groans to *Jesus's* ears
Like Harbingers of her design she speed :
Then prostrate on the ground her Face she laid,
And of her humbler Heart the *Altar* made.

125.

Upon this *Altar*, bound both hands and feet,
Her *Thelema* she for the *Offring* threw :
And, bend thy gracious Eye, she cry'd, thou sweet
Compassionate *Lamb of Heav'n*, to Me, who sue
For thy Acceptance of this *Sacrifice*,
Which at the footstool of thy *Mercy* lies.

126.

Thy royal Bounty gave this Will to Me ;
But I have long long found my self too weak
To manage such a great Estate : to Thee
I therefore render it. O gently take
It home again, and govern it for Me
The feeble Handmaid of thy Majesty.

127.

Do with 't whate'r thou wilt ; so it be Thine
I care not what betide it ; since I know
Thy *Pleasure*, like thy *Self*, must be *Divine*.
O see, see how it pants and heaves ! if Thou
Wilt not accept it, let it lie, for me ;
How can I love what is despis'd by Thee ?

128.

Never did Lightning flashing from the skie
Rush down and flame to Earth with less delay,
Than did the Fervor of this *Prayer* flie,
And snatch from thence to Heav'n its sudden way ;
Nor made it there a stop at any Sphere,
But scour'd through all and reached *Jesus's* ear.

129.

Propitious *He* strait yielded his Consent,
And opening wide his blessed Arms, embraced
His *Psyche's Offring* with as high Content,
As if Himself had more than She been graced.
O *King of sweetest Love*, what Contemplation
Can stand enough amaz'd at thy Dignation !

130.

But zealous she now striving up to send
Her *Altar* after her brave *Sacrifice* ;
Perceiv'd a suddain Plenitude extend
Her bosom with such ravishing Rarities ;
That she perplex with unknown sweets, admired
With what strange *Paradise* she was inspired.

131.

At length examining her incroaching Bliss,
Another *Thelema* in her heart she spied ;
But in so lovely and majestick Dress,
That whence she came she by her Looks descryed,
And most profoundly felt she could by none
Be sent, but by her *heav'nly Spouse* alone.

132.

His *Will* it was, indeed : for noble He
Not to Return, more than he Takes, disdains ;
In lieu of *Psyche's Offring*, instantly
This *Present*, which more precious Worth contains
Than Heav'n and Earth, from his own bosom's nest
He delicately shot into her breast.

133.

This grasp'd her soul so fast, and knit it so
Intirely to her *Spouse's* heart, that She
Strait seemed to have nothing more to do
With *Psyche's* Interest, since potent He
Was seized of her ; and of self bereft,
She now to *Love's* sole Tyranny was left.

134.

Nor lost great *Love* his time, but domineer'd
In her subdued heart with full career ;
And she as glad to be his Slave appear'd
As he rejoyc'd to triumph on Her.
For by his Conquests counted she her own,
Being by every Fall far higher thrown.

135.

Thrown up to new strange stages of Delight,
And fresh Excess of those immortal Things
Which never were debas'd to mortal sight,
Nor stoop'd to please the Ears of proudest Kings :
Things which the largest heart of Man with vain
Indeavor pants and stretches to contain.

136.

O no ; spiritual mystick Joys, although
They in the Bosom's inmost Closet dwell,
Their Habitation's limits overflow,
And past the shores of *Comprehension* swell.
Lost in her Gains was *Psyche*, and by this
Riddle of Solace made her Prize's Prize.

137.

And now her Soul, much like a weaned Child
Which wholly hangs upon his Nurse's Will,
It self not by it self did move and wield,
But absolutely resting on the Skill
And Care of her dear *Lord* who tutor'd it,
Was carried wheresoever He thought fit.

138.

This made all Sweets and Dainties here below
(For with such Names our fond Mistaks will grace them)

Disrellish in her accurate Sense, and grow
Truly themselves : which was enough to chase them
From *wise Acceptance* ; for their *borrow'd shape*
Is that alone which do's our love entrap.

139.

On *God* her only Joys she chose to feast ;
His Pleasure was her sole and precious Bliss ;
Her heart's sage Palate found such savory Taste
In all His Statutes, that the Pleasantness
Both of the Honey and the Honey-comb
Lost in her approbation all their room.

140.

What grated hardest on her Soul before,
Wrongs, Slanders, Pains, Distress, Calamities,
Mishaps, and Sickness tortur'd her no more ;
For by her *Spouse's* beck she mov'd her eyes,
And still embrac'd as *Best* whatever He
Did either Order, or Permit, to be.

141.

This kindled such a Bonfire of Delight
Throughout her breast, that had she been invited
For goodly *Paradise* to yield her Right
In this Possession, she would strait have slighted
The mighty lure, and triumph'd still to be
The Holocaust of *Love's* Extremity.

142.

Yet was her Passion's wondrous Violence
Sweetned with such divine Serenity ;
That with less undisturbed influence
The Sun's full Beams about the Welkin flie
To light the Day, than did these Flames of Love
Through all her Heart's calm quiet rigions move.

143.

In dainty Silence she her Soul possest
With firm Adhesion to her secret Bliss ;
Ev'n all her motions mingled were with Rest,
Because they still centered with *His* ;
Whose Actions, though all Infinite they be,
Their number up is ty'd in Unity.

144.

Mean while the *World*, whom her Austerity
Could not but check and sting ; by peevish scorn
Reveng'd themselves : for lo, said they, how she
By Melancholy's blackness grown forlorn,
Esteems her self as fair as if the best
Of heav'n's bright Beauties had her count'nance drest.

145.

In proud Retirement her Content she mews,
And doggedly Reserv'd disdains to hold
Fair Correspondence, or as much as use
The Courtsy of her Friends : as if she could
Not keep the *Statutes* of her *God*, but by
Breaking the Laws of all Civility.

146.

She from her self by wilful Robbery
 Plunders those honest sweets which gracious *Heav'n*
 To check Life's Tide of Infelicity
 Hath into *Moderation's* bosom given ;
 And taxeth *God's* own Bounty, by Refusing
 What Men cannot approve but by their Using.

147.

Should any paltry Begger venture so
 To serve her Ladyship, could she surmise
 That both the thankless Gift, and Giver too
 He scorned not ? scarce would his humble Guise
 Persuade her that his Stomach's inward Pride
 Was by Devotion's Fervor *Mortify'd*.

148.

Thus did the Ravens against the Swan inveigh :
 But now no seeds of Discontent remain'd
 In *Psyche's* heart : she let them say their Say,
 And from their Envy this new Laurel gain'd :
 Her silent Patience answer'd all their Scorn,
 And to her Crown their Calumnies did turn.

149.

But as she reigned in this mystick Peace ;
 Her's, and all pious Souls' eternal *Fo*,
 Counting his own Vexations by her Ease,
 Tore his fell heart with studying what to do.
 At length resolv'd, he hastes, the Uglyness
 Of his Design, in Beauty's Mask to dress.

150.

Time was, when He Precentor of that Quire
 Which all the Spheres with Hallelujahs fill,
 Arrayed was in glorious Attire,
 Whose gallantry did then become him well :
 But when he Discord sung, and Rebel turn'd
 That Crime for him his hideous Blackness earn'd.

151.

Yet he remembering his original guise,
 And skill'd in cunningest Hypocrisy,
 Patch'd up himself a Coat of gorgeous *Lies*,
 And many a comely Trapping got ; whereby,
 Though He the *Sovereign* were of foulest *Night*,
 He might an *Angel* seem of fairest *Light*.

152.

His ragged Horns of steel he plucked in,
 And on his rusty brazen Count'nance spread
 A soft, a ruddy, and wel Polish'd skin ;
 His Front, with envious wrinkles furrowed,
 He planed over, sweetning all his Face
 With blooming *Youthfulness*, and smiling *Grace*.

153.

Into a knot he gathered up his Tail,
 And ty'd it at his back ; of every Toe

And Finger carefully he cut the Nail ;
 And then his Hands and Feet he painted so
 That what before was harsh and sooty, now
 Usurped cleanly Daintiness's hue.

154.

The glaring Pitch of his wide-flaming Eyes
 To moderate and comely Beams he turned ;
 Beams which profess'd Cognation with the Skies,
 And like the highest Stars' pure glances burned.
 He borrowed both *Arabia's* Gales and Spice
 His Breath's rank Sulphure to aromatize.

155.

His bushy snarled Locks of fretful Snakes
 He shaved off from his more angry Head ;
 By whose advice into the Tomb he breaks
 Of an embalmed Virgin lately dead ;
 And stealing thence her fresh-perfumed Tresses,
 His Baldness he with Curles of Amber dresses.

156.

An hundred Swans then having plundered ;
 Their fairest and their softest feathers he
 In two brave Combinations marshalled,
 And measured and poised equally ;
 Which to his shoulders close he fitted, and
 A pair of goodly Wings had at command.

157.

A Robe he chose whose colour scorn'd the Milk,
 And with his Wings did correspondence hold ;
 Its texture was of light and pliant silk
 Belac'd and fring'd with oriental Gold :
 That both its Pureness and its splendor might
 Maintain, that down from *Heav'n* he took his flight.

158.

Accouter'd thus ; whilst *Psyche* wearied by
 Her holy Vigils, yielded unto sleep ;
 Into her chamber softly stole the sly
Impostor, and found out a way to creep
 Under the eyelids of her heart, where He
 Himself presented in his Pageantry.

159.

But when she started and awoke : fear not
 Said cunning He, for *Phylax* is thy friend :
 These Raies of mine did never Terror shoot,
 But to thy Weakness Strength and Comfort lend :
 And *Heav'n* forbid that I should prove unkind
 Now thou my favor most deserv'st to find.

160.

The gallantry of thy Devotion I
 Come to applaud, and to increase its fire :
 I grant thy zealous Wings have towed high,
 But yet thy *Spouse* would have them labour higher ;
 And as *immoderate* in their Answer prove
 As is the Challenge of his boundless *Love*.

161.

Has not thy Soul now chose her worthy station
Far far above this groveling World below?
Has not the Virtue of thy last *Oblation*
Clasp'd thee close to thy *God*? how then canst thou
Any ignoble *Solecism* bear,
And make thy Motion lower than thy sphere?

162.

The *Watches* frequent are and long, which thou
In dear attendance upon Him dost keep;
Yet oftner generous *He*, and longer too
To purchase Rest for thee did loose his sleep.
Be active now, remembering thou shalt have
Sufficient sleeping time in thy still grave.

163.

Low hast thou pluck'd thy *Bodie's* plumes; but *He*
Was rent and torn and furrow'd up with lashes:
Shall not the Zeal of thy *Austerity*
Be legible in correspondent *Gashes*?
I know thou lovest not thy skin; but yet
'Twere not amiss *thus much were writ on it.*

164.

Severe and resolute thy fastings be
If scanned by the faint World's vulgar fashion;
But forty Days *He* deign'd to fast for thee,
And now expects thy faithful Imitation:
As well he may, who an eternal feast
To quit a few days' fast, in Heav'n has drest.

165.

Since then he means that thou with us shalt reign,
Betimes it will become thee to prepare
Thy self for our *Society*, and strein
Out all the dregs thou hast contracted here;
That raised to our Purity, thy Soul
May in *Angelick* Orbs for ever roul.

166.

By *Moses* and *Elias*, who beheld
But at a distance *Jesus's* glimmering face,
Shall *Psyche* be in *Abstinence* excell'd?
Can she, on whom the *Evangelick* Grace
With such full lustre beats, by those whom blind
And shady Types envelop'd, be outshin'd?

167.

O no; dear Pupil; since thy generous breast
Dar'd wish to be inflamed by that fire
Whose Aim's *Perfection*; let no lazy Rest
Be clog the Wings of thy sublime Desire.
What though thy death it hastens? Thou and I
To life's fair Realm shall but the sooner fly.

168.

Thus sought the wily *Tempter* to invite
The *Virgin* to a fair-fac'd *Precipice*;

But as the Lamb's inspir'd by natural fright
To hate the Wolf, though in the honest fleece
Of mildest sheep be trim his spight's adventure,
And with the smoothest flattery complement her.

169.

So *Psyche's* heart (for Heav'nly *Charis* there
Close in the center of her Soul did lie,
Misgave her at the sight, and quak'd for fear
Of this strange *Angel's* uncooth Courtesy:
For all his dainty looks and skin, yet she
Assured was, it could not *Phylax* be.

170.

None of those soft and blessed Heats she felt,
Which sweetly when her genuine *Phylax* spake
Did all her breast into Compliance melt,
And way for their own gentle Conquests make:
Besides, the *Voice*, though scrued to appear
Divine, seem'd something out of tune to Her.

171.

Too high it seem'd, and of too loud a strein;
Still was her *Spouse's* musick wont to be:
Sweet Gospel notes, whose mildly-charming chain
Drew by the strength of thrilling *Suavity*.
Nor knew she why He suddenly should raise
Into a Trumpet's Roar his gentle *Layes*.

172.

Besides; had mighty *He* this Message sent,
She knew her Heart (which now did pant and move
By His sole motions,) must needs relent,
And by submission his Commands approve.
But now she by reluctant *Nauseousness*
Felt, whosoe'r it were, 'twas none of *His*.

173.

Awaking therefore her wise Confidence,
And with three *Invocations* having sued
Her *Saviour* to engage in her Defence,
Upon her faithful forehead she renewed
His *potent sign*; and then with courage cry'd,
In *Light's* fair looks why dost thou *Darkness* hide?

174.

Fair is thy face's Preachment to mine Eye,
But yet thy Tongue's foul Language to mine Ear
Sounds nothing less than *Phylax*: wherefore hie
Thee hence, false *feind*, and seek thy booty where
A beauteous Count'nance, and a snowy Pair
Of wings, the full proof of an *Angel* are.

175.

I know my Debt to my great *Lord*, is high;
Yet I no more can pay him than I have:
For his dear sake I more than once could Die,
Yet must I not Destroy what He do's save.
O no; *Heav'n* gives no such Advice, but *Hell*,
Our selves in meer Devotion to kill.

176.

As when the *Sun's* stout beams burst out upon
A waxen *Idol*, straight its goodly face
Too weak to bear that glorious Dint, doth run
Away in droyling Drops, and fouts the place
Which it adorn'd : so *Satan* melted at
The *fervant Answer* noble *Psyche* shot.

177.

Off dropt his Coat, his Perriwig, his Wings,
His roseal Vizard, and his milky skin :
And in the room of those usurped Things
His proper shape of Horridness began
To clothe him round : at which indignant he,—
Least *Psyche* should triumph his shame to see,—

178.

Tore his way down to Hell, in cursed Night
His baffled Head and his Disgrace to hide :
A thousand Stinks behind him at his flight
He left : and being tumbled home, he try'd
Upon the Souls which in his brimstone Lake
All yelling lay, his vexed spight to wreak.

179.

But as the *Victor*, those quaint spoils admired
Which dropped from her beauteous-hideous *Fo*,
And with her Sacrifice of Thanks aspired
Unto the footstool of her *Saviour*, who
Had in that fight her faithful Champion been ;
Her old unfeigned *Phylax* flutter'd in.

180.

O how her heart leap'd at the welcome sight,
And thus broke from her lips ! *Thou, thou art He* ;
I knew thee at the dawning of thy light
In which no fauning lurks, nor fallacy :
Spare all Probations : Thou need'st not tell
Me who thou art ; I know my *Phylax* well.

181.

This said ; her self before his feet she threw,
Which hugging fast, she welcom'd with a kiss.
He gave his Passion leave a while to shew
The meek impatience of this sweet Excess :
Then up he took her, and return'd upon
Her Lip, what that unto his feet had done.

182.

And, Joy, said he, my valiant Dear, of thy
Victorious Encounter with thy *Fo* :
That goodly furniture of Treason I
As well as Thou who art the *Victor*, know :
I saw the pilfering *Traytor* when he pickt
It up, and when his ugly self he trickt.

183.

Close at his heels I follow'd him when he
His forgery advanc'd, and hither flew :

I was Spectator when he storm'd thee,
And in Heav'n's Name his Hell against thee drew :
Unseen I saw the dangerous battle, and
By it I stood, but aided not thy Hand.

184.

No ; thy dear *Spouse*, who never can forget
His humble faithful Servants, that supply
Of Power provided, and conveyed it
By ever-ready *Charis's* ministry.
I claim no share ; thy Thanks and Praises are
Intirely due to none but *Him* and *Her*.

185.

Thou find'st how bountifully they repay
The loyalty of thy sublime Devotion ;
And what thou gain'st by giving *Thelema*
To *Him*, who will not be in debt. Thy station
Is now secure, unless thou back shalt start,
And fondly home again recal thy Heart.

186.

Surely thou never hadst so much thy *Will*
As since thou hadst it not : for all things now
Throughout the Universe thy mind fulfil,
And Nature's Laws to thy great Pleasure bow ;
Because thy Pleasure's not thine own, but *His*
Who of Omnipotence the Sovereign is.

187.

That dainty *Peace* thou valuedst so high,
Hath now its lodging taken in thy breast ;
Nor could the *Tempter's* deepest Subtilty
Disturb thy Calm or undermine thy Rest.
Be then content for ever to possess
By holding fast thine hold, thine Happiness.

188.

For if thou let it slip, and weary grow
Of blessed Ease, it soon will fly away :
No *Certainty* inhabits here below
In this unstable fitting World ; and they
Alone dwell out of *Change's* reach, who are
Infeof'd above in endless Quiet's sphere.

189.

Take heed no desperate Logick make thee be
Most dangerously secure : O never dream
That thou by *God's Immutability*
Unalterable prov'st ; for still the same
Will He remain, though from this Bliss's brink
Thou start'st, and fall'st into Perdition's sink.

190.

'Tis true, those everlasting chains which tie
Heav'n's Destinations to their Ends, excel
All Adamantine firmitude, and by
No opposition of Earth or Hell
Are forced to betray their hold : yet this
No ground of Confidence to Mortals is.

191.

For those *Decrees* profoundly treasur'd are
In *His* dread bosom which no *Angel's* eye
Dares peep into. This maketh pious *fear*,
Religious *Awe* and holy *Jealousy*;

The only Anchors which Assurance can
Afford unto the tossed heart of Man.

192.

And this to him *Heav'n's* favour is ; least he
Should bold and careless grow, if once he saw
The *Patent* of his own felicity
Were sign'd and seal'd so sure, that by the Law
Of absolute Necessity, he through
All Tempests safely to his Port must row.

193.

For then should he be but a thankless slave
To Bliss ; whose Crown for none prepared is

But them who venture at it by the brave
Ambition of Humble Holiness :
Then if he lists, his mighty *God* might he
Disdain, and dare him with his own *Decree*.

194.

O then with reverend Dread march on my Dear,
In this Design of thy high Virtue ; and
Think it sufficient Happiness, if here
Thy *Fear* can *Desperation* countermand ;
If thou by *Trembling* canst *Victorious* grow,
And meet thy Laurel with a sweating Brow.

165.

As for these *Spoils*, the Trophies they shall be
Of what by *Love's* assistance thou hast done :
These Memorandums of thy Victory
May keep awake thy wise Devotion :
Lo here I hang them up ; and if again
The *Serpent* hither creep, shew him his *skin*.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Stanza 18, l. 2, '*course*' = coarse.

.. 29, l. 5, '*Dignation*' = dignotion, distinction.
So st. 129, l. 6.

.. 37, l. 2, '*fraught*' = freight.

.. 42, l. 5, '*three times fifty*' = the Psalms, CL. in
all.

.. 47, l. 4, '*flanker'd*' = flanked, strengthened.

Stanza 58, l. 6, '*Polytheous*' = polytheistic,

.. 70, l. 3, '*Bonity*' = goodness.

.. 96, l. 2, '*entheous*' = inspired, as before.

.. 133, l. 5, '*seized*' = legal term, put in posses-
sion.

.. 154, l. 3, '*Cognition*' = knowledge,

G,



CANTO XXII.

The Persecution.

The ARGUMENT.

*Still Satan wars on Psyche's Constancy ;
Both by his own and Persecution's Hand ;
But most impregnably resolved She
Their Mines and Onslates doubts not to withstand ;
Until her Guardian by a blessed Cheat
Enforc'd her to a glorious Retreat.*

1.

THeir Nest though Joys, and Loves, and Blissés make,
In *Peace's* bosom ; oftentimes beneath
That Surface of Security a Snake
His unsuspected Venome sheltereth :
For 'tis an everlasting Statute, that
No genuine Rest can here below be got.

2.

Else *Glory's* Favorite, admired He
Who reign'd on *Peace's*, *Plenty's*, *Wisdom's*, throne,
Had compassed *Content's* serenity,
And in his Joys found Ease : but *Solomon*
Could neither with his Brain nor Treasure free
His great Self from *Vexation's* Vanity.

3.

The *Creatures* courteous Faithlessness, who still
Shrink from our grasping hands and cheat our Hope ;
Admonish our Desires themselves to fill
At those pure springs of fulness, which stand ope
In Heav'n alone, and never fancy here
Complete Delights and Satisfaction's Sphere.

4.

This makes courageous hardy *Exercise*
Dearer to *Virtue* than is lazy *Quiet* ;
Hence she so highly *Patience* learns to prize,
And constantly her self with *Suffrings* diet ;
That this sharp sauce may wholesomly repress
Of *Peace's* Sweets and Fat, the Fulsomness.

5.

Affliction is the only School where she
Is *Magnanimity's* brave Lessons taught :

The Theatre on which her Gallantry
Before the royal Eyes of Heav'n is brought ;
Where of her Acting both the *Angels*, and
The *Angels' Sovereign* Spectators stand.

6.

Full well she knows that stealing Rust will creep
Upon the briskest *Sword*, if lazily
In his blind quiet sheath he lies asleep,
And be not rubb'd, nor chaf'd, nor vexed by
Harsh scouring, churlish whetting, or kept bright
By its perpetual bus'ness in the Fight.

7.

That never *Horse* was made of so much fire,
Nor temper'd for so proud impatient speed,
Though *Pegasus* had been his sprightly *Sire*,
Or *Titan's* fiercest heav'n-devouring *Steed*,
But if he stirr'd not from his fat and lusty
Manger and Rack, would soon prove lame and resty.

8.

That purest *Air*, if in Tranquillity
It loiters in the Sun, will putrid grow :
But when 'tis startled and afflicted by
Thunder and Lightning : when it feels the blow
Of boistrous winds ; its drowsy dull *Disease*
Wakes at the frightful News, and vanishes.

9.

That sluggish *Lakes* which alway sleeping lie
Upon their easy beds of Mud, beget
Of Toads and Stinks a nasty Progeny :
But those brisk busy *Rills*, which, though beset
With craggy Hindrances, still struggle through,
Preserve their Worth, and clean and limpid flow.

10.

That never Soil was so ingenuous yet,
But, if not duly worried, digg'd and plow'd,
Harrow'd and torn, and forced to be fit
By such sharp usage ; with a rampant Croud
Of useless Thorns and Thistles would defeat
All hopes of honest advantageous Wheat.

11.

That never *Tree* was known so thrifty, as
To spare his juice and husband it aright ;
But on loose idle Suckers would misplace
The careless Bounty of his verdant Might ;
Until the disciplining Pruner's Hook
Lopp'd of those Wantons, and reform'd the Stock.

12.

That if the goodliest *Watch* be not wound up ;
In vain the curious Wheels are glib and fit,
Even and stout the String ; in vain that shop
Of artificial life is clean and neat ;
The Virtue of the Spring, alas, is drie,
The Hand turns only lame, the Quick doth die.

13.

That finest *Vestments*, when they idle lie,
Would gather nasty Dust, and quickly breed
Of Moths,—a most ingrateful fretting frie—
Unless the earnest Wands and Brushes did
Rouse up their laziness, and whip away
Those busy bold Incroachers from their Prey.

14.

That *Mariners* who in the easy Bay
Their Winter and their Summer fondly waste ;
Would never learn to steer their Bark, till they
Were by some Tempest into Danger cast ;
And had accustomed their venturous Minds
To ken the boisterous language of the Winds.

15.

That *Soldiers* listed are in vain, and wear
Steel by their side, and Brass upon their head ;
If they decline the pitched field, and fear
To face the shouting Fo, and battle bid,
To force Success, and bring away their skars
As Letters testimonial of their Wars.

16.

And though no *Life* scarce any Title merits
But that of *War* ; (so many Enemies
By his most wretched Birthright Man inherits,
Since rebel *Adam* taught the World to rise
Rebelliously against himself ;) no state
More than the Christian, is besieg'd with Hate.

17.

The *Christian Life* the surest *Warfare* is ;
And though a thousand Victories it gains,
Yet on it still more and more Armies press,
More Care, more Sweat, more struggling still remains :
Though in an *inward Calm* Peace luls us, yet
External Tryals still will us beset.

18.

Though all the headstrong *Senses* and the *Passions*
Be civilized *Virtue's* yolk to bear :

Though all the stickling peevish Insultations
Of crossgrain'd *Will* and *Reason*, by the care
Of an untired *Soul* be tam'd, yet still
There is a *World without* to work her ill.

19.

For by her Christian Course, against the Tide
Of all that world she rows ; and therefore by
Eternal Opposition is try'd,
And hardned to victorious Constancy.
No way had She Magnanimous to seem
If she had floated down the willing stream.

20.

But now her gallant *Metal* wetted is ;
Her own luxuriant *Twigs* are prun'd away ;
Her *Clothes* are brush'd from Moths and Dustiness ;
Her soil is digg'd and dress'd ; the lazy *Bay*
She changeth for the active manly Main ;
And in *pitch'd field* her foes doth entertain.

21.

Her *Beasts* are to their pace right strictly kept,
And daily ridden hard ; her wholesome *Air*
By frequent Tempests of loud sighs is swept,
Tempests, which make her Bosom's region fair ;
The *Torrents* of her Eyes continue clear
Because perpetually they flowing are.

22.

Her *Watch* by constant Vigils up she winds,
And every Wheel in its due motion keeps :
By which unwearied Diligence she finds
How every Hour doth pass : yea though she sleeps,
Still her *Devotion's waking spring* persists,
And towards Heav'n she moves ev'n whilst she rests.

23.

Thus though *Affliction's* looks be sad and sour,
Her Heart is kind, and she the best of friends ;
Whilst *Ease* her Poisons gently plots to pour,
Her Antidotes *She* most severely blends ;
Her *Physick*, smart and searching Corsives be,
But their Conclusion's always Lenity.

24.

And *Psyche*, since she's to her *Spouse* as dear
As is the blessed Apple of his Eye,
Abandon'd to *Affliction's* full career
Must now be left ; that as *Sol's* Majesty
From blackest Clouds breaks out with fairest Rays,
So might her *Virtue* pluck from Briars Bays.

25.

When *Satan* for his late Repulse could find
No comfort in his spiteful Tyranny
Over his damned Slaves ; his frightful Mind
Boil'd with such hot Impatience, that He
Into the Air's cool region again
Flung up himself with terrible Disdain.

26.

Where, as he champ'd his meditating Rage,
 He chanc'd a winged Squadron to espy,
 Returning home in beauteous equipage,
 Having dispatched each his Embassy,
 With which they had been delegated hither
 From Heav'n, to fit our Earth to mount up thither.

27.

This prompted him to brew a new Device :
 With cunning speed he play'd the Thief again,
 And having stoll'n a Tire of Gallantries,
 After the *Angel-troops* posted amain ;
 Trimming his cursed feature as he flew,
 Till like a Bird of that fair Brood he grew,

28.

Something behind he lagg'd, least piercing *They*
 His impudent Imposture should descry,
 And intercept his Project by the way
 In just Disdain of his foul Company.
 So at wise distance sneaks the Traitor, when
 True-hearted Peers to Court he follows in.

29.

But fluttering through the spheres, his lips he bit
 To see the famous fatal Tract whereby
 He once was tumbled headlong down ; and yet
 Though they with fell Despite and Blasphemy
 Were big, he durst not ope them, knowing well
Heav'n ill would bear the Dialect of *Hell*.

30.

Arrived at the everlasting Gate,
 Into th' imperial Palace of their *King*,
 The well-known *Angels* in triumphant state
 Their entrance made : but *Satan's* foreign Wing
 Shiver'd for fear ; so did the Vizard he
 Had clapp'd upon his Guilt's Deformity.

31.

For from the Luster of his *Maker's* eyes
 Such Dread flashed on his, that swarthy He,
 Who had been us'd to Night's black Prodigies,
 Was dazel'd at the naked Majesty
 Of *more than day* : Three times he winck'd, and then
 With both his hands his spurious eyes did screen.

32.

Such fright the sooty *Bats* is wont to seize
 When *Highnoon's* darts of splendor shoot them through :
 The woful *Ghosts* who in sad shadows please
 Their gloomy Thoughts, thus terrified grow,
 If in the East the curtains ope are thrown,
 And up *Aurora* get e'r they be down.

33.

The blessed Spectacles which here he saw
 Were sharper Torments than he felt at home ;

No *Glories'* sparkling streams could near him flow,
 But burnt him more than his own *fiery Doom* :
 Each holy *Joy* a Torture was, and He
 Fry'd in the midst of this felicity.

34.

He fry'd and flam'd, and strait his look's spruce Craft
 His forged Plumes, his curled Grove of Hair,
 His dainty Coat, and all his gorgeous Theft
 A sacrifice unto the lightning were
 Of *Jesus's Eyes* ; and in his naked Dress
 He now appear'd of helish Ugliness.

35.

The *Angels* started at the hideous sight,
 And standing at a distance round about,
 Gaz'd on the *Portent* ; who with all the might
 Of Impudence, although a while he fought,
 Could not against his guilty shame prevail ;
 Down hung his Head, his Tallons, and his Tail.

36.

Thus when the conscious *Traitor's* hateful face
 Is in the presence of the *Prince* descry'd,
 And persecuted by the joint Disgrace
 Of all the loyal Court ; against that Tide
 Of Ignominy he in vain contends ;
 Such Horror all his Stubbornness transcends.

37.

As *Jesus* saw the *fiend*, abashed so,
 He charg'd him to confess from whence he came :
 Nor durst the thus commanded *Monster*, though
 Lyes were his only Trade, a fiction frame :
 Yet loth to loose the credit of his Pride,
 With dogged sullenness he thus reply'd.

38.

Whence can I come, but from *Beneath* ? unless
 You know some *higher* place than this your *Heav'n* ?
 This *Heav'n*, from whence by you, I must confess,
 (But let All judge how justly) I was driven.
 From visiting the Earth I come, where I
 Have far more Subjects than your *Deity*.

39.

But mine, said *Jesus*, (for he scorn'd to chide
 The stomachful *fiend*, since ever-damned He
 Finds equal Torment for his endless Pride,)
 Although so *few*, yet highly *Precious* be.
Vain multitudes to Thee their homage pay :
 Mine not by *Number*, but by *Weight* I weigh.

40.

By *Virtue's Weight* ; for that alone can show
 The worth of *Gems* : and such my Servants be.
 Who though a while Inhabitants below,
 Yet are an *Heav'n-descended* Progeny ;
 Whose genuine Raies assert their noble birth,
 And in their *Dust* prove something *more than Earth*.

41.

Let one Example speak the praise of All ;
 My handmaid *Psyche* ; Hath thy prying Eye
 Which scoureth round about the terrene Ball,
 Full notice taken of her Piety?
 And how none live in all that World, who be
 Higher above it, than is lowly she?

42.

Is not her Soul intirely fixed here,
 Preoccupating Heav'n and endless Bliss?
 Nor Earth nor Hell can strike her thoughts with fear,
 But *He* alone who her Creator is ;
 Of *Him* she always stands in *dainty awe*,
 For still she loves as much as dreads his Law.

43.

But wheresoe'r she reads the open face,
 Or can discover but the Limbs or Claws
 Of ugly *Sin*, she flies the dangerous Place,
 And into straitest hardest shifts withdraws ;
 Rather than hazard to be overrun
 With pleasure-promising Destruction.

44.

Is not the temper of her warey Heart,
 Admonished by wise instinct, afraid
 Of every Bait, which by the subtlest Art
 Of spight and Wickedness for her is laid?
 Or is there any *Hag* which she doth more
 Than *Thee*, ev'n in thy *fairest Looks* abhor?

45.

Stung by these words, with strong intestine Pain,
 The *Monster* felt his heartstrings stretch'd and torn ;
 Yet that he might not bear these Pangs in vain,
 But on his *God* his Stomach's Vomit turn ;
 He rear'd his face of everlasting Brass,
 And what he spake, of that bold metal was.

46.

Is not your mighty providential Arm
 Become that paltry Wench's hedge, said he,
 Infallibly to shut out fear and harm,
 And make her Pris'ner to *Security*?
 Is not brave *Phylax* forc'd to be her Squire,
 And dance attendance on that Brat's desire?

47.

On all her Errands runs not servile He?
 Has he not trotted from the farthest West,
 In duty to her Curiosity,
 Into the fondly-venerable East?
 Where like a silly Pilgrim up and down,
 Forsooth, the *Angel* jogg'd from Town to Town.

48.

Nay and your Daughter *Charis* too (yet who
 Would think her so, who her Employment sees?)

As though in Heav'n she nothing had to do,
 Degraded is to Earth, and charg'd to please
 This *Imp of Dust*, on whom her noble store
 Of Sweets, to win the *Urcheon*, she must pour.

49.

A worthy Purchase you have got ; but I
 For my part, would not buy a *Worm* so dear.
 If wretched *Psyche's* price must be so high,
 Surely you need no rival Chapmen fear :
 Only by this proportion I would know
 What rate you would for *Me*, for *Me*, allow.

50.

Me, whose sublime, and therefore envied Nature
 Hath no cognation to ignoble Dust :
Me, whose sole blemish is the Name of *Creature*,
 Which yet is not my Fault : *Me*, whom you must
 Confess to be the Crest of your Creation,
 However plunder'd of my native Station.

51.

But as for *Her*, might I have leave to try,
 I soon would shew you of what brittle Clay
 She moulded is : would *Phylax* not deny
 To let me on her naked shoulder lay
 This Hand of mine, no Touchstone you should see
 Was ever nimbler at Discovery.

52.

For on your pamper'd Darling should *Distresses*
 With full and free Commission domineer ;
 That *Tongue* which now your Praises' Pageant dresses
 (For to the Task 'tis hir'd, and hir'd full dear)
 Would change its Tune, and on your *Godship* spit
 More Curses than my Self e'r spew'd on it.

53.

If *Psyche's* bosom harbours any Breed
 Of such profound *Ingratitude*, replied
 Almighty *Jesus*, 'tis no more than need
 The ugly Embryos be in time descried.
 Go, use thy Skill ; full Power to thee I give :
 No *Phylax* shall against thy Project strive.

54.

Yet must thy Tether not extend so far
 As to her Life : her Life belongs to me :
 For in my Hand th'authentick Volumes are
 Of mortal and immortal Destiny.
 Nor could'st thou make th' Experiment, unless
 She lives, to belch out her *Unthankfulness*.

55.

As when the Lyon's loos'd to tear his Prey,
 With furious Joy he shakes his dreadful Crest
 He mounts his surly Tail, and rends his way
 Into the Theatre : so *Satan* prest
 Back through the Spheres, and thought his Shame was
 cheap
 He suffer'd there, since he his End did reap.

56.

For his mad Spight's irrefragable Pride
Would not permit him mannerly to part :
He neither bow'd, nor bent, nor signify'd
The least of Thanks for gaining what his heart
Did most desire ; but thought he needed not
Take other leave, who leave to rage had got.

57.

As down through Heav'n he rush'd, he proudly threw
Scorn on the Stars which he could not possess :
Then through the Air imperiously he flew,
And by his looks proclaim'd that Realm was his ;
The blackest Clouds which floated there, made haste
To clear the way, till blacker He was past.

58.

His swarthy Wings lash'd that soft Element
With violent speed, and made it roar aloud :
No wind did ever with such furious Bent
Or hideous Noise, through those mild Regions croud ;
No Bolt of Thunder ever rent its path
With such precipitant tumultuous wrath.

59.

Though once he hop'd he might have reach'd his Aim
By those fell Agents he dispatch'd from Hell :
Yet since without their Errand home they came,
To this curs'd bus'ness he in person fell ;
Resolv'd whatever Labour or Disgrace
It cost him, *Psyche* should not 'scape his chase.

60.

Thus came the *Monster* to his dearest Place
On Earth, a Palace wondrous large and high,
Which on *seav'n Mountains'* heads enthroned was,
All which it higher rais'd with Majesty ;
Thus by its *seav'nfold Tumor* copying
The number of the *Horns* which crown'd its *King*.

61.

Of dead Men's Bones were all th'exterior Walls
Rais'd to a fair but formidable height ;
In answer to which strange Materials
A Graff of dreadful depth and bredth did wait
Upon the Works, fill'd with a piteous flood
Of innocently-pure and holy Blood.

62.

Those awful Birds whose Joy is ravenous War,
Strong-tallon'd *Eagles*, perch'd upon the head
Of every Turret, took their prospect far
And wide about the World ; and questioned
Each *Wind* that travel'd by, to know if they
Could tell them News of any bloody Prey.

63.

The inner Bulwarks rais'd of shining Brass,
With *Firmitude* and *Pride* were buttressed.

The Gate of polish'd Steel, wide open was
To entertain those Throngs, who offered
Their slavish Necks, to take the yoke, with which
That City's *Tyrant* did the World bewitch.

64.

For She had wisely order'd it to be
Gilded with *Liberty's* enchanting Name :
Whence cheated Nations, who before were Free
Into her flattering Chains for Freedom came.
Thus her strange Conquests overtook the Sun,
Who Rose and Set in her Dominion.

65.

But thick within the Line, erected were
Innumerable *Prisons*, plated round
With massy Iron and with zealous Fear :
And in those Forts of Barbarism, profound
And mirey *Dungeons*, where contagious stink,
Cold, Anguish, Horror, had their dismal sink.

66.

In these, press'd down with Chains of fretting Brass
Ten thousand innocent *Lambs* did bleating lie
Whose Groans, reported by the hollow Place,
Summon'd Compassion from the Passers by ;
Whom they, alas, no less relentless found
Than was the Brass which them to Sorrow bound.

67.

For they designed for the Shambles were
To feast the *Tyrant's* greedy Cruelty ;
Who could be gratified with no Fare
But such Delights of *salvage Luxury* :
Though sweetest Dainties woo'd her morning Taste
She with an hundred *Lives* would *break her Fast*.

68.

Vast were the Treasures of her house ; yet she
Solac'd her Fancy in no Furniture
But choicest Tools of *Inhumanity*,
Which might her bloody Ends to her assure.
This stuff'd her Court with direful Engins ; this
Made every Room an *Armory* profess.

69.

Swords, Daggers, Bodkins, bearded Arrows, Spears,
Nails, Pinsers, Crosses, Gibbets, Hurdles, Ropes,
Tallons of Griffens, Paws and Teeth of Bears,
Tigres' and Lyons' Mouths, hot iron Hoops,
Racks, Wheels, Strappados, brazen Cauldrons, which
Boiled with oil, huge Tuns, which flam'd with pitch.

70.

These, and more dangerous Weapons yet were there ;
Fairfaced *Promises*, but lin'd with *Spight* ;
High royal outside *Courtesies*, but mere
Traps and *Conspiracies*, which with Delight
To heedless Men the worst of Poisons give,
And stealing to their hearts slay them alive.

71.

Satan arrived here, strait enter'd in ;
 (For well he knew the Place, and well was known ;)
 The fawning *Courtiers* all were proud to win
 His gracious Look, and in his way fell down
 To beg his Blessing and to kiss his feet,
 As on he press'd their Sovereign to greet.

72.

She then (for long within she could not stay)
 Preparing was her Chariot to take,
 And her loud Stomach's sharp Commands obey :
 But spying *Belzebub*, she started back,
 Surpris'd with reverential Dread to see
 The sudden Presence of her *Deity*.

73.

Then down she fell, and pray'd Him to ascend
 Her Throne Imperial, which was standing there ;
 And thence his Pleasure to his *Worm* commend,
 Ready with all Humility to hear
 What bow'd her God so low, as thus to come
 In person to his worthless Vassal's Home.

74.

But kindly taking up his loyal Creature,
 He in his scaly Arms did her embrace ;
 Inamor'd of her correspondent Feature,
 Which render'd him his own infernal Face.
 Three times he kiss'd and hugg'd her close, and round
 About her waste his royal Tail he wound.

75.

And, I have no such leisure now, said He,
 To climb thy Throne, who must secure mine own ;
 I have discover'd in my *Brittany*
 The Seeds of dangerous *Rebellion* sown ;
 Which to an harvest, if it thrive, may
 Disturb mine Empire, and thine oversway.

76.

The *Christian* spreading *Canker* there hath got
 Deep footing in the hearts of heedless Men ;
 Who to the *poor mechanick God* are not
 Asham'd to pay their holiest Homage, when
 With Credit they might it to *Me* prefer
 Who am, I trow, *more than a Carpenter*.

77.

Me thinks my Scepter should as noble be
 As *Ax* or *Mallet* ; and as brave my Train
 Of heav'n-descended *Sparks*, the gallantry
 Of whose high Souls, did *God's* own Yoke disdain ;
 As those who from their dirty *Fishing Boat*
 Into the threadbare Court of *Jesus* got.

78.

It cannot be deny'd but mighty I
 Had a Mischance of old ; and I confess

My foot once slip'd ; yet still my Majesty
 Above *Reproach's* wretched triumph is.
 My *Honor* suffer'd not in that my Loss,
 And though I fell, I fell not to a Cross.

79.

They use to cast it in our teeth, that We
 By blackest Powers of Spells and Incantations
 Both founded and advanc'd our Monarchy :
 As if there were not stranger Conjurations
 In this besetting *Witchery*, which can
 Make worse than Beasts of Reasonable Man.

80.

For, Brutes to brutish can the silliest Flock
 Afford, who would themselves with Him intrust
 Who runs away to Heav'n ; and bids them look
 For Wrongs and Crosses, which indure they must
 For his *dear Sake* ? right *dear* indeed, if they
 Their Lives must to his cruel Precept pay.

81.

Strange *sheep* were they which thus would fooled be,
 And for their Loyalty to Him alone
 Be quite abandon'd, and relinquish'd free
 To thousand Wolves' and Bears' Incursion :
 Nay *Sheep* would never turn so sheepish ; yet
Men to this Paradox themselves submit.

82.

Grant Heav'n be in reversion their own ;
 What shall the *Fondlings* gain by dwelling there,
 Who must eternally be crouching down,
 And paying Praise's Tribute to *His* ear,
 Who will requite them with a Chain, which shall
 Bind ev'n their *Wills* in everlasting Thrall !

83.

Were not their Souls more generous, if they
 The gallant Freedom of our Hell would choose ;
 Which scorneth that ignoble Word *Obey*,
 And lets full Blasphemy for ever loose ?
 Faint-hearted Fools, who needs will *Vassals* be
 For fear lest I should make them truly *Free*.

84.

Thou see'st this Crime is Crying, and for high
 Revenge beats loud upon my royal Ear.
 And should my Fury wake, and instantly
 Those mad *Apostates* all in pieces tear ;
 Surely my Justice I could well acquit,
 However envious *Heav'n* would rail at it.

85.

But I (for this far more becomes a *King*)
 A better relish find in Lenity :
 I know the *Galileans'* tongues do ring
 With restless Clamors on my Tyranny :
 Forgetting that their *Lord* has banish'd me
 From Heav'n, against all Law and Equity.

86.

Yet neither *He* nor *They* shall ever make
Brave Me their Baseness in its kind repay.
 No : let them henceforth Demonstration take
 With what intolerable Slander *They*
 Lay to my charge all barbarous Cruelties :
 Judge all the World, who *Father* is of *eyes*.

87.

For I resolved am at first to try
 What by my royal *Mercy* may be done :
 Far rather would I win them thus, than by
 Stern Vengeance drown them in Destruction.
 The *People's* fault is not so foul, as *His*
 Whose *gospel Pipe* has charm'd their Simpleness.

88.

Snatch, therefore now thy necessary speed
 To *Britain*, and divulge my Proclamation
 Of *Grace* and *Pardon* unto every Head,
 Which strait abjures that dangerous *Innovation*,
 And penitent for his *Christian Heresy*,
 With orthodox Devotion bows to *Me*.

89.

To *Me*, who will their Loyalty requite
 With golden Plenty and with pleasant Ease ;
 To *Me*, whose Laws are Statutes of Delight,
 Not of unnatural Severities,
 Of Watchings, Fastings, Sighs and Tears ; O no !
 What Mildness means I better know than so.

90.

But if my princely Favor be despised,
 Both Heav'n and Earth must needs my Rage approve.
 Denounce all Vengeance that can be devised
 By scorn'd and therefore most indignant Love :
 Make all the stupid stubborn Rebels feel
 That I can on their Earth display my Hell.

91.

This said : the *Feind* with three short adorations
 Of her dread *Lord*, her salvage Task embrac'd,
 And loth that ceremonious Dilations
 Should greater Duties stop, to Coach made haste.
 Thus mounting at the Gate, they parted ; *He*
 Home to his Hell, and towards *Britain She*.

92.

Forthwith, in terrible Magnificence,
 An hundred Trumpets sent their Voice before,
 To tell the People that their awful *Prince*
 Her Progress now began : that stately Roar
 Through every Street imperiously flew,
 And warn'd all Eyes this mighty Sight to view.

93.

When lo, the sweating Throings her way bespread
 With Admirations of her Pomp and Train,

Two Squires before the rest at distance rid,
Suspition and *Envy* : both did rein
 Their fitting Steeds, the one a *Fox*, the other
 A *Wolf*, and forc'd them on to march together.

94.

The next was *Blandishment*, whose winning Face
 Alone was open to the People's eye ;
 On whom she smil'd with amiable grace,
 And cunningly maintain'd her goodly *Lye* :
 For all her Harpy-bodie's monstrous Fashion
 Lurk'd in her Trappings spruce Dissimulation.

95.

Then follow'd *Pride* upon a surly *Horse*,
 Whose stomach swell'd like *Her's* : fierce Sparkles brook
 From his impatient Eyes ; with martial force
 He bent his Neck's large Bow ; his Main he shook ;
 About he flung his Foam ; and champ'd his Bit,
 For both his Rider he disdain'd, and it.

96.

But in her right hand *She* a Banner held,
 And fair display'd its bosom to the Wind :
 Forthwith the Flag with stately Fulness swell'd
 Wherein the *Tyrant's* golden Scutcheon shin'd,
 A widespread *Eagle*, whose stout Pinions seem'd
 To bear her up still as the *Colours* stream'd.

97.

Then came the Coach, which two strange Monsters drew
 For one a dreadful *Lybian Dragon* was,
 Who from his mouth did flaming Sulphure spew.
 Empoisoning all the Way he was to pass :
 The other, an enormous *Crocodile*,
 The most accursed Son of happy *Nile*.

98.

On them, two fierce Postillions mounted were :
 Intolerable headstrong *Anger*, who
 Her *Dragon's* sides with restless Lashes tore,
 Yet knew not why she him tormented so :
 And *Cruelty*, whose heart was harder than
 His knotty *Crocodile's* black iron skin.

99.

Upon the Coachbox sate a *Driver*, hight
Selfwil, a madbrain'd most outrageous He ;
 Who makes devouring Speed his sole Delight,
 Though thousand Perils chide his Fervency
 Never could Hills or Dales, or Sea or Land,
 Or desperate Precipices, make him stand.

100.

The Chariot's metal nothing was but *Brass*,
 Bright burning *Brass* ; of which each dismal side
 With sharp and hungry Hooks thick platted was,
 To mow down All it met : in this did ride
 The dreadful *Queen*, a *Queen* of mighty Fame
 Who hath not heard of *Persecution's* Name

101.

All Frowns which make stern Panthers' aspects be
Of ravenous Cruelty the hideous Book ;
With indefatigable Industry
She had transcrib'd into her monstrous Look,
And strangely turn'd her vainly-humane Face
To *Inhumanitie's* most frightful Glass.

102.

The mighty Plea of gracious *Innocence*
Proves weak and useless at her salvage Bar ;
For causeless Spight, and bloody Violence
Her only Laws and only Pleasures are.
Heav'n shield all pious Souls, and raise their fears
To generous Faith, where-ever She appears.

103.

Her steely Coat 's all smear'd with gore ; her Hands
Gripe two imprison'd Twists of angry Snakes,
With which, though still her *Coachman* never stands,
Eternally she threshes him, and makes
His furious Speed more speedy grow, that she
Might at her Prey as soon 's her *Wishes* be.

104.

Thus whirl'd she through the Popular Rout, and flew
To her desired *Isle* the straitest way ;
Behind the Coach her larger Train she drew,
Right glad to tread her cruel steps ; for they
Were All her own infernal genuine Brood,
Whom she had nurs'd and fatten'd up with blood.

105.

Upon a *Goat*, more stinking far than He,
Rode *Ravishment* ; who threw his licorish eyes,
And they bold wanton fire, on every *She*
Whom Beauty's Wealth commended for a Prize.
The Chariot's Haste he curs'd, and he alone,
From 's Sin's fair fuel loth to part so soon.

106.

Perch'd on a *Vultur's* back was *Rapine*, who
In length of Tallons did that Bird exceed ;
Starv'd with Desire, though fat in Spoils, she so
Tormented was, that with more headlong Speed
She wish'd her *Queen* would march, that at the Feast
Of *British Plunder* she might be a Guest.

107.

Upon an *Ostrich*, more unnatural
Than barbarous She, rode meagre *Astorgy*,
Vowing aloud to tear in sunder all
Those Cords with which true Love delights to tie
The Souls of Parents, and of Children ; and
Shatter the links of every Nuptial Band.

108.

High-mounted on an *Hydra*, *Heresy*
With more and stranger heads than had her *Steed* ;

Rejoyc'd in hope that now contagious She
Her Poison to another World should spread ;
And *Albion's* Sands, which bridled in the Sea,
Should by her stouter Tide o'rflowed be.

109.

A black and grizly *Dog* bore *Profanation* :
Her who ne'r learnt Distinction of Place,
Of Time, or Things ; who never yet could fashion
A modest Look, or paint a Blush's Grace ;
Whose Rudeness no more reverence affords
To holy Altars, than to Dresser-boards.

110.

Bold *Sacrilege* sate pertly on a *Kite* ;
And though her Claws were burnt, and sing'd her Wings
E'r since the Altar might have taught her Wit,
(For vengeful Coals stuck to the sacred Things,
Branding the saucy Thief,) yet shameless She
A-robbing Heav'n and *God* again would be.

111.

Upon a *Serpent* bred in Hell beneath,
Which belch'd rank fire at every step he took,
Which reached Heav'n with his pestiferous breath,
Which fought with holy Incense by the smoke
Of his foul Throat ; rode desperate *Blasphemy*,
And dared all the way *Divinity*.

112.

But on an Heifer of Egyptian race,
Right proud of his renown'd Descent (for he
The Heir of *Apis* and of *Isis* was,)
Sate full as gross a Brute, *Idolatry* :
And yet *Devoto's*, grosser than her Beast,
Or She, about her with their Offerings prest.

113.

And this was *Persecution's* princely Train ;
Which all the way she went, stroke mortal fright
Into the Countries, travelling in Pain,
As she in Triumph ; till her rushing Flight
Her, and their Fears far out of sight had born,
And bad them from their Dens and Caves return.

114.

Poor *Albion* thrice started as she drew
Near to the shore, and would have further run
Into the Sea : but now the *Tyrant* flew
With cursed Joy and snatch'd possession
Of her unhappy Isle ; where dreadful she
Took up her Quarters in a Colony.

115.

A strange Amusement on all hearts did seize,
And each Man chew'd his own misgiving Thoughts :
None durst have courage by Discourse to ease
The heavy burden of his labouring Doubts.
'Twixt nearest Friend and Friend *Suspicion* thrust,
And *Jealousy* devour'd all dearest Trust.

116.

When lo, *She* issued out her Proclamations
Of Pardon unto All who would come in :
But sour'd that Sweetness by stern Denuntiations
To those who still continued in their *Sin* ;
Who wasted still their Piety upon
The *Carpenter's* poor *Crucified Son*.

117.

She summon'd all the *Isle* to *Reformation*,
That mighty *Jove*, by whose high blessing She
Reign'd Empress of the World, in worthy fashion,
And like his sovereign Self, might worship'd be ;
And mov'd to shower his fattest Favours down,
And *Albion* with Peace and Plenty crown.

118.

For by her royal Declaration She
All Blastings, Mildews, Droughts, Plagues, Earthquakes,
Wars,
Charg'd sely upon *Christianity* ;
Which impious *Sect*, said she, so boldly dares
The Wrath of all the *Gods*, that righteous They
On stubborn Earth must needs this Vengeance lay.

119.

Forthwith, all *Those* whose bosoms tainted were
With rank *Idolatri's* mad Venom, grew
Luxuriously glad the News to hear ;
And with immediate rampant Confluence flew
To do their homage, and their thanks prefer
Ev'n in the Name of *succoured Jove* to *Her*.

120.

Then *They*, who could have lov'd *safe Piety*
Yet durst no more than *faint cold Virtue* own ;
They in whose Hearts the *World* and *Self* did lie
As well as *Jesus* ; they who would have drawn
In th' *Evangelick Yoke* with patience, so
Mean while their *secular Plough* might also go ;

121.

They who conceiv'd, for *Wives'* and *Children's* sake
Depending sely on their Love and Care,
(So dreamt the faithless Fondlings) they might make
A little bold with *God* ; and They who were
Flatter'd with hopes that *Heav'n's* propitious Eye
Would wink at what they held *Necessity* ;

122.

Came in the rear, like Men who *scarcely came*,
For not so much as half their Minds were there :
In *Evening's* guilty Vail they clok'd their Shame
Which honest *Day's* clear-judging eye did fear ;
Whilst to escape the *Tyrant's* Condemnation
Themselves condemn their own Dissimulation.

123.

But they whose Loyalty stood firm and sound,
They who to *Love* intirely were resigned,

Such potent Sweetness in his Service found
As scorn'd all Hate with bloody Power combin'd :
Such Sweetness as enforced to be sweet
That Gall which flow'd in *Persecution's* Threat.

124.

Sooner will they be charmed by the Hiss
Of Dragons, into their fell Dens to go ;
Than be persuaded to accept of this
So treacherous and destructive *Pardon* ; No
Whate'r they loose, they from their Loss will reap
This noble *Gain*, that they themselves will keep.

125.

Their Life, Limbs, Fame, Estate, and Liberty
They can more eas'y than their Conscience spare :
They nothing count their own, which cannot be
Without Impiety possess ; and are
Content with any Thing but *God* to part,
Who only can secure them their own Heart.

126.

Psyche was one, and not the meanest one
Of these brave Champions ; who since *Phylax* had
By Heav'n's disposal left her now alone,
Her meek Addresses to *Uranus* made :
An holy Priest was He, and unto Her
An Oracle in any Doubt or Fear.

127.

To You, said She, my reverend *Father*, I
Now *Persecution's* furious Storms arise,
As to my wise and faithful Pilot flie ;
Not to be steered where *Calamities*
May never reach my Vessel, but to know
The nearest way how I to them may row.

128.

Forbid it genuine Love, that I should flie
The noblest Testimony I can give,
Of my O how deserved Loyalty
To my great *Spouse*, for whom alone I live :
For Him I live ; and must that Truth deny
If in his Quarel I refuse to die.

129.

For was not *His* ten thousand times more dear
And precious than *my Life* ? yet generous He
His heart-blood's utmost Drop stuck not to spare
Ev'n for the worst of Worms, vile sinful *Me* :
Loud cries the Merit of this Blood, and I
Though oft I dy'd for Him, in debt should die.

130.

And should I shrink from *one* poor Death, what Eye
Would not shoot Wrath at such Unthankfulness ?
How should I hate my self, and strive to die
For shame of Fearing Death ? yet I confess
This wretched Life's so mean a thing, that We
By Martyrdom do Heav'n no courtesy.

131.

Mine all the Gains will be : nor know I how
To 'scape this Profit ; which could I but shun,
More Solace from my Death to me would flow,
And to the Stake I cheerlyer should run.

But since that may not be ; since *Bliss* is still
To *Suffrings* ty'd, let *Love* enjoy his Will.

132.

Let *Love* assert his own Magnificence,
And make us for our very *Service* be
Deeper in *Debt* ; yet surely I will hence
Revenge me of his *Liberality*,
And do my best to run upon the score
With this great *Creditor* for evermore.

133.

But grave *Uranius*, who was deeper read
I' th' cool sage *Gospel Discipline*, reply'd ;
The fire by which those *Flames* of thine are bred
Is pure and genuine ; but they blaze too *wide* :
Dear Daughter be content, and think that I
Can wish and dare, as well as you, to Die.

134.

Though I were courted by secure *Delight*
And *Glory's* Complement to live and breath :
My feeble Age would stronglier me invite
To take my rest in any Bed of Death :
But since no Baits allure me here to stay,
O how much worse than Death, is *Death's Delay*!

135.

Yet must no headlong Haste of mine prevent
My *Sovereign's* Pleasure, who, for ought I know,
Desires *Uranius* should rest content
To wrestle still with Sorrows *here below* ;
Still to be exil'd from the blessed Sight
Of His dear Eyes, and grovel here in Night.

136.

Besides, if I before *his Call* should run,
This hot Impatience might outstrip his Grace :
And where should feeble I, thus left alone,
Find Courage to outlook the dreadful Face
Of *Death*, when dress'd in martial Array
He gives the Onset to my *Dust* and *Clay* ?

137.

Will any *General* thank that *Captain* who
Without Commission has presum'd to fight ?
Into the Lists if any *Pris'ner* go
On *Tigres* or on *Bears* to try his might
Till thither forc'd ; what Eye will grieve to see
His torn limbs pay for his *Temerity* ?

138.

Is't not enough, if when we challeng'd are,
We flinch not from maintaining, That his Name

Doth in our bosoms sit more near and dear
Than Life it self? mean while ne'r think it shame
To balk the tempest, which will soon retrieve
Thy Heav'n and Thee, if *Jesus* gives it leave.

139.

As some young Soldier, who was more on fire
Than his fierce sparkling Steed, the Charge to give,
When by some old Commander his Desire
As rash and perillous, doth a Curb receive,
Finds it an harder Conflict to subdue
His single self, than all his hostile Crew :

140.

So *Psyche* crossed in her venturous way
By that grave bulk of her sage Priest's Advice,
Feels it an heavy troublous Task to stay,
And shun the winning of her dearest Prize :
Yet knowing He was wiser far than she,
Bravely she yields, and gains self-victory.

141.

Uranius well remembring now how He,
Then young and shiftless, by his Parents was
Into a Nest of silent Privacy,
Whose Avenue lay through a Desert's maze,
Hurry'd by night, when such a storm as this
Into the Britain Hemisphere did press :

142.

Thither, when Ev'n had muffled up the Eye
Of Heav'n, and those of Earth, he *Psyche* led ;
And by a *Lantern* which would not descry
More than He pleas'd, his journey governed :
Till at the Cavern they arrived, where
Cheerly he bad the *Maid* be of good cheer.

143.

It is no new Adventure, this, said He,
But practis'd and well-season'd to thine hand :
Moses, that Man of God, was glad to flee,
And wander up and down a foreign Land.
With hungrier sp[r]ight no Partridge ever on
The hills was chas'd, than *Jesse's* holy Son.

144.

Noble *Elijah* in the Desert hid
His persecuted head, when *Jesabel*,
Our *Tyrant's* Type, her threatnings thundered
Against his Life : there chose this *Saint* to dwell,
Supplied with no Caterer or Cook,
But only *Ravens*, no Cellar, but a Brook.

145.

Nay mighty *Jesus* too himself did flie
When bloody *Herod* drew his desperate Sword :
And never think it can discredit thy
Devotion, to follow Him thy *Lord*
In any of his steps, who is alone
The way which leads to all *Perfection*.

146.

Whilst thus the sober *Priest* encourag'd Her :
A Troop of furious Soldiers had by night
Beset their houses, in presumption there
To catch their ready Prey : but when their flight
They understood, their frustrate Expectation
Flam'd into most impatient Vexation.

147.

All Rooms they ransak'd, where what Goods they met
Were hungry *Plunder's* instant Sacrifice :
Yet still their Rage unsatisfied, set
The Houses too on fire ; with barbarous Cries
Threatning like vengeance to their Owners, when
Justice could hunt them from their secret Den.

148.

If any of the Neighbours, wounded by
The salvage Spectacle, but smote their breast,
Or shak'd their head, or mourned in a sigh ;
The salvage Caytifs took it for Confest
That to their *Queen* they ill-affected were,
And them with rayling Cries to Prison tare.

149.

Yet, by the way, the cruel Courtesy
Of hungry Thieves they frankly offer'd *Them* ;
Who ready were their Lives and Liberty
With present sums of Money to redeem.
Their *Queen* is safe enough, so *They* can line
Their greedy Coffers with Delinquents' Coin.

150.

Which having gain'd, they set their Pris'ners free ;
Free to new Rapine, giving Information
Of their Religious Delinquency
To other Plunderers ; who with fresh Invasion
On their fat Booties seize, whose Guilt is sure
To last as long 's their Purses' Springs endure.

151.

But through the Eastern ruby Portals now
Aurora op'd the passage to the Day ;
When lo, an old and shaggy *Lyon*, who
Had busy been all night about his prey,
Came panting home, and with a mighty Roar
Proclaim'd his entrance at his Cavern's door.

152.

This was that Cavern where for shelter lay
The good *Uranus* and *Psyche*, who
Rous'd by the Noise, but destitute of way
To flie the presence of their hideous Fo ;
Their hearts to Heav'n with instant fervor sent,
Imploring Succour in this Peril's dint.

153.

In rush'd the *Beast*, whose dreadful Mouth and Paw
Still reeked with his worried Bootie's blood :

But those unlook'd-for Guests when there he saw,
Stroke with the awful News a while he stood,
And as he wistly view'd, he smooth'd his frown
And by degrees his Crest and Tail let down.

154.

Uranus musing what the *Lyon* meant
To melt from his stern self, thus him bespake :
If *He* who is our *Lord* and thine, hath sent
Thee hither with Commission to take
Our lives by gentler Tyranny than that
From which we fled, lo we deny them not.

155.

Much Solace it will be to Us that We
Augment not by our deaths the *Guilt of Men* ;
This bloody Trade far better suits with Thee,
Of Salvageness the dreadful Sovereign, than
With them whose softer Tempers to the key
Of mild Compassion should tuned be.

156.

Yet if Thou dost not on Heav'n's Errand come,
But on the bus'ness of thy barbarous Thirst ;
Unarmed though we be, no Peril from
Thy Paws or Jaws we dread ; do all thy worst.
So faithful *He*, and so said *Psyche* too,
And waited what the *Beast* would dare to do.

157.

When lo, the trusty generous *Lyon*, who
No Vengeance ought to *Men* but where he saw
The print of Guilt and of Rebellion to
Their *common Sovereign*, right meekly threw
Himself before these *Saints* ; in whom he read
The Lines of Innocence so fairly spread.

158.

(Thus his ingenuous *Forefathers*, when
Great *Daniel* at their Hunger's mercy lay,
Permitted Him to reign in their own Den ;
And stuck not to his Sanctity to pay
Their couchant Tribute, though their stomachs' Cry
Mean while alarm'd their fierce Rapacity.)

159.

Then having humbly lick'd their holy feet,
And seem'd to beg their Blessings e'r he went ;
What universal *Providence* finds meet
And useful for thy Modestie's content,
Uranus cry'd, may it bestowed be
In due requital of thy Piety.

160.

Forthwith the joyful *Lyon* took his leave,
With all the manners his rude Education
Could teach his joints ; which sight made *Psyche* grieve,
Reflecting with a tender Meditation
On those *unmanly Men* from whom she fled,
Who did the wildest Beasts in Rage exceed.

161.

And well she might ; for lo, a trusty friend
Both to the *Priest* and *Her*, who knew the place
Where now they lurk'd, his way did thither rend
With Ashes on his head and Grief in 's face :
And enter'd there, a while he silent stood,
And eas'd his Passion in a weeping flood.

162.

Then prefacing with Groans, Alas, he cry'd,
That I have liv'd to bring this deadly News !
Your selves have by your flight escap'd the Tide
Of Salvageness which all our Town imbrues :
But nothing else ; for what behind you left,
The Booty is of most outrageous Theft.

163.

Your Houses, turn'd to their own funeral pile,
Now in their Ashes lie——. Vast Sorrow here
Stifeled the rest. But then, thy story's stile
To Us is not so dreadful ; never fear
That what remains, will torture Us, replies
The *Priest*, who dare embrace our miseries.

164.

Whate'r was ours, thou know'st, We never *Made*,
But by our *Lord's Donation* did possess :
Since all we had, we but as *Stewards* had,
Well may our *Master* call for what was *His*.
And blessed be His Name, who Us from these
Incumbrances is pleased to release.

165.

Chidden by this heroick Bravery,
The *Messenger* took heart, and thus went on :
Had furious Tyranny presum'd to fly
No higher than at you, and yours, alone ;
Tears might have reach'd that Loss ; but now her
Rage
With the *Most High* adventures War to wage.

166.

The desperate *Caytifs* feared not to break
Into the sacred *Oratory* (where
Our bus'ness we with Heav'n dispatch'd, for lack
Of publick safety for our *Rites*.) and there
Made Hellish havock, challenging, in spight,
God for His *Temple* and *Himself* to fight.

167.

The sacred *Volumes* they no sooner saw,
But cry'd, in atheistick scorn, Behold
These odious *Galileans'* lawless *Law*,
Which boldly *breaks* all *Statutes* else, enroll'd
Either in *Cesar's* books, or *Jove's* : but We
Will try if this may now not *broken be*.

168.

Forthwith they madly tore it leaf by leaf ;
Here *Moses* tatter'd lay, the *Prophets* there :

But on the *Evangelick* Part their chief
Revenge they pour'd, and, as they able were
Massacred patient *Christ* again, and rent
Him in the Body of his Testament.

169.

Which done ; upon Religion's next support,
And grave Devotion's Rule, the *Liturgy*,
They made their equally-malicious sport :
Crying, These are those Leaves of Witchery,
That bulk of Conjurations and Charms,
To which the whole World owes its present Harms.

170.

Next, all the Altar's reverend furniture
They snatch'd, and scrambled who should rifle most ;
The sacerdotal Vestments, white and pure,
About the room at first in scorn they tost ;
And then with them array'd their gamesome selves,
Acting in Lambs' mild fleeces, murderous Wolves.

171.

Upon the *Chalice*, when they had espyed
The *Shepherd* bringing home the strayed sheep,
All in an hell-combined Clamor cryed,
Look how those *Christians* set their *God* to keep
Their *Wine* : but fools, they should have hir'd a
friend
Who might his Godship from our hands defend.

172.

Is not our *Pan* more like a God, than this ?
Pan, who the Shepherds selves has power to keep,
Whilst this poor servile *Thing* contented is
To spend his foolish time on silly sheep.
But since He 's here of Silver, in our need
His Deity may stand us in some stead.

173.

When in these Contumelies they their fill
Had wantoniz'd ; one ill-look'd Soldier brings
A black Dog's carcase, which (O wit of Hell !)
He scornfully upon the Altar flings ;
And with blasphemous supplication, cries,
Accept, O *Christ*, my bounden Sacrifice.

174.

Then said another, we must not forget
Humbly to tender our Drinkoffring too.
With that, upon the Altar thrice he spit,
And having fill'd a putrified shoe
With his vile Urine, on his bended knee
He pour'd out his foul Impiety.

175.

But then a Third, to make their Crime complete,
Yelling and rayling, set the Place on fire.
For since, said he, this *Jesus* is so great
A Deity, his Godship may require
An *Holocaust* : which word, and Act, the Rout
Applauded with an universal shout.

176.

No more, cry'd here *Uranius* ; O forbear
Till we have pour'd out our due Tears for this.
That *Jesus*, and his *Temple* wronged are,
Our *Sins*, and ours alone, the reason is :
Our Breach of His Commandments is the Gap
Which let into His *House* this foul Mishap.

177.

This said ; the reins to pious Lamentation
Both *He* and *Psyche* liberally gave.
When lo, a strong and mixt Vociferation
Conquer'd their Cries, and triumph'd in the Cave :
Some *Huntsmen's* Noise it seemed in their ear ;
And right they guess'd, for these *Men-hunters* were.

178.

It prov'd that *Rout*, who when they mist the *Priest*
At his own house, concluded he was fled,
And in the Desert sought some private Nest,
Wherein to hide his persecuted head.
But they all bent and sworn to hunt him out,
A Pack of *Bloodhounds* for the purpose brought.

179.

As up and down these trac'd the Solitude,
A busy Cur the Cavern did surround.
And having caught the wished sent, persu'd
It close till he these holy *Weepers* found ;
Whom spying, wide he opened, and howl'd
Till he to all the *Rabble* tales had toll'd.

180.

This brought them tumbling thither : where when they
Beheld *Uranius*, with a barbarous Cry
Up went their Voice and Hands to pull Dismay
Down on their *Pris'ner* ; whom forthwith they tie
To that grim Hound which him retriev'd, that he
Might his contemptible Conductor be.

181.

The reverend *Captive* knew it was in vain
To ask their madness why it us'd him so ;
Or what Offence of his had earn'd that Chain
Which bound him to such ignominious Wo ;
He was not now to learn, that sober *Reason*
By this *Committee* would be voted *Treason*.

182.

In patient silence he attends their spight,
Ready to stay, or go, to live, or die ;
Not doubting but in *Persecution's* sight
To *yield's* the surest way to *Victory*.
Thus harmless Lambs are in their *Suffrings* mute,
And never with the Butcher's Knife dispute.

183.

As *Psyche* at his back lamenting stood,
One who pretended to have something still

Of Man and Kindness, bad her stop that flood,
Which poor seduced She amiss did spill ;
And never weep to see Him *Pris'ner* there,
Who by Enchantments had enslaved Her.

184.

For this your lurking, and your wailing here,
Tell us He hath bewitch'd you into his
Ridiculous Religion's yolk : yet were
It only *such*, said he, we would not press
The Law against him ; but the wide World knows
That it with *Crimes* as well as *Follies* flows.

185.

This old *Ringleader* of the *Sect* will we
To justice sacrifice : but as for you,
Whose Guilt we hope is but Simplicity,
To your less fault we Pardon will allow :
And to your silly *Servant* here, if He
Henceforth will be content more *Wise* to be.

186.

Psyche with silent and with sad Disdain
Threw back his *Courtesy* into his face :
For though her heart at present did refrain
To speak it self, yet she resolved was :
Resolved not to leave her friend that day
Though Death and Devils blocked up her way.

187.

And now the raging *Miscreants* tore the *Priest*
Back to the Town with shameless Exclamations,
And all the way his *Patience* oppress
With Kicks, and Stripes, and Taunts, and Accusations ;
Which sad *Procession* reached to the Place
Where their *Tribunal* high-erected was.

188.

A *Deputy* of *Persecution* there
Upon the Bench with ready Malice sate ;
Full on whose face an Altar looked, where
Prepared Coals did glowing lie ; and at
The shrine stood one with Incense in his hand
To wait upon the *Deputy's* Command.

189.

Uranius thus presented at the Bar ;
The *Judge* begins an insolent Oration,
In which his spight had took sufficient Care
To blast, and to blaspheme the *Christian* nation ;
To whose sole Charge he loudly layed all
The Miseries which did that Age befall.

190.

Nor those alone (his *Sovereign's Declaration*
Had thus far ly'd,) but all that Calumny
Could possibly invent ; the Combination
Of bloody and unclean Impiety,
Which made the *Gnosticks' Name* so horrid, He
Avow'd the *Christian Discipline* to be.

191.

His Praise advanc'd his *Gods* unto the skies,
 (A place which they, alas, could never reach,)
 But heap'd on *Christ* all slanderous Injuries
 Which Envy could suggest, or Hell could teach.
 And at each period the *People's* Roar
 Pour'd proud Applause upon their *Orator*.

192.

But in the Close, he gravely turn'd his speech
 With cruel Pity to *Uranius* ;
 Whom by his reverend Age he did beseech
 No longer to be fool'd and cheated thus
 By *silly Wickedness*, but choose their odds
 Who offer'd him for *One a Troop of Gods*.

193.

He wonder'd why he should not much prefer
 The *Deities* all Nations did adore,
 Before the single simple *Carpenter*
 Who found no Worship but amongst a poor
 Few sneaking and despised Souls, which He
 (Vain God) could not protect from Misery.

194.

With earnest looks he then conjur'd him to
 Remember what was done at *Calvary* ;
 Who there was mock'd, and pierc'd, and nailed ; who
 Expired there on Shame's and Torment's Tree ;
 And not with desperate Sottishness lay down
 His life for *Him* who could not save His own.

195.

But if he still refused to present
 Incense to *Jove*, he bad him strait expect
 The most severe Excess of Punishment
 Which scorn'd and anger'd Mercy could inflict.
 This said ; with anxious and greedy eye
 He gaped for *Uranius* his Reply.

196.

But *He* right brave Defiance to return
 Upon the crafty *Judge's* hated love,
 Cry'd out, Much sooner I *my self* will burn,
 Than Incense to an *Idol* : could you prove
 Your favor would not surely me destroy,
 I it would hug with humble thanks and joy.

197.

But Sir, *Uranius* is assur'd that They
 On whom you thrust the Names of *Deities*,
 Are weaker far than we poor things of Clay ;
 And that the *Carpenter* you so despise
 Is He who fram'd both You and Me, and all
 The fabrick of this universal Ball.

198.

And His revenging Arm it is which now
 Lasheth the World with those Calamities

Whose guilt on our *Religion's* shoulders you
 So freely threap : your own *Idolatries*
 Force *Him* to *Justice*, who had rather be
 Known unto all this World by *Lenity*.

199.

Would *He* think fit to rescue me, it is
 Not all your Power, or your *Queen's*, can stand
 Against his might : But if I must by His
 Most just, be left to your tyrannick Hand ;
 His Pleasure dearer is than life to Me ;
 I dread not *Death*, but dread *Apostasy*.

200.

No Sea repulsed by a solid Rock
 E'r swell'd and foam'd with more disdainful Wrath ;
 Than now the *Judge*, to hear the Pris'ner mock
 So solemnly his *Gods* and *Him*, and *Death*.
 Then let him Burn, he cry'd ; since he denies
 To offer, make him be, *Jove's Sacrifice*.

201.

The *Soldiers*, who were much afraid lest He
 Should have embrac'd the *Judge's* profer'd Grace,
 Rejoyc'd and clap'd their cursed hands to see
 That to their Rage He now condemned was.
 Away they drag him to the stake, and there
 A fort of fagots round about him rear.

202.

Then with a Brand from *Jove's* high Altar brought,
 The Pile they kindle, and blow up the flame :
 Which as it rose, they bellow'd out their shout :
 May such Revenge those stubborn Dotards tame,
 Who scorning to the mighty *Gods* to yield,
 Their trust on *Crucified Jesus* build.

203.

But mild *Uranius* having kiss'd the stake,
 And every fagot which his lips could reach ;
 At leisure was his noble Prayers to make
 For Pardon for his Murderers' *fury*, which
 Blinded with Superstition's veil, alas,
 Perceived not what part it Acting was.

204.

Then purer than the flame, and brighter far,
 Which mounted from his Pile, his *Soul* did fly :
 It higher flew than That, and gain'd the sphere
 Not of the *Stars*, but of *felicity* ;
 Where it was welcom'd to its final Home
 By Martyrdom's illustrious Diademe.

205.

So when brave *Gold* hath by the cruelty
 Of an incensed furnace been refined ;
 Its genuine substance is allow'd to be
 Crowned, and with th' Imperial Image signed ;
 Free leave and full authority it has
 Current through all its Sovereign's Realm to pass.

206.

Psyche, whose sympathick heart attended
Upon this holy Tragick-comedy,
No sooner saw how gloriously it ended,
But gravid with her pious Plaudit, she,
Forgetful of the furious standers by,
Thus eas'd her Soul's exultant Ecstasy :

207.

Go, valiant *Saint*, thy Conquest is complete ;
Go where immortal Laurel ready is
With endless Honor thy bright brows to meet ;
Go and possess thy *Master's* Realm of Bliss :
Thy Name and fame shall reverend be beneath
So long as *Piety* on Earth shall breath.

208.

Happy, most happy Thou, who art supply'd
Ev'n by thy Foes with this fair Chariot, in
Whose flaming Glories thou hast leave to ride
To those which in the *Empyreum* shine :
Well might'st thou pray their sin be not imputed
To them, who thee to Heav'n have persecuted.

209.

O that poor *Psyche* might the grace obtain,
Though at the price of all the World's worst spight,
To kiss thy glorious feet, and bear thy Train
In thy triumphant March ! O that I might
Through all thy hottest flames climb after thee,
And from this mortal Dross refined be ?

210.

This high-strain'd Air full well besee'd Her,
And in all holy Ears good musick made ;
But no flat Discord could more grate and jar
Upon the *Soldiers*, whose professed Trade
Was how to tune their Curses to a Key
Of wild impetuous Importunity.

211.

And how intolerable they esteem
This note of hers, they make her fully feel ;
For first they vote her to be *Furie's* Game,
And then with barbarous haste kick, tear and hale
Her to the *Judge's* Bar ; in hopes that He
Their bloody Hunger's Caterer would be.

212.

Here they exclaim, that this bold *Woman* was
As *manly* as the *Priest* in Wickedness ;
That she nor fear'd nor blush'd to make his Case
Heav'n's quarrel, and his cursed Death to bless ;
And so must needs as guilty be as He
Of sin's Perfection, *Christianity*.

213.

Yea of the rankest foulest part of it ;
Witness the shelter of the Night and Cave,

An advantageous Circumstance, and fit
For none but Lust's black work : And now you have
Just Sir, said they, arraigned here before
Your righteous Seat a *Christian* and a *Whore*.

214.

But *She*, commanded by the *Judge* to make
Her own Apologie, (which best, said he,
Will be evinc'd, if you that Censer take
And choke with holy smoke all Calumny,)
With elevated Eyes thank'd *Heav'n* for this
Occasion to ascend unto her Bliss.

215.

Embraving then her face with gallant Joy,
And like a *Champion* ready for the fight,
Or some bright *Queen* who gilds her nuptial Day,
Or *Venus* whose pure lustre silvers Night,
Or brisk *Aurora* garnishing the Morn,
Or goodly *Ceres* traversing her Corn,

216.

Or rather like that glorious *Deacon* who
First op'd the ruby Gate of *Martyrdom*,
Whom sweet and princely beams imbellish'd so
That Heav'n it self aforehand seem'd to come
And perch upon his face, which to his Foes
An *Angel's* Count'nance did in *Man's* disclose ;

217.

She thus began : No Confutation I
But Thanks alone to my *Accusers* owe,
Who charge on me no vulgar Piety,
But rank me with *Uranius*, and allow
That simple I deserve no less than He
With *Martyrdom's* fair Palms adorn'd to be.

218.

Indeed 'tis my Ambition's Aim that I
May but appear as deep ingrain'd as He
In what you fondly count Guilt's ugly Die :
And since their malice hath befriended me
Above my merit, I am loth to lose
What is so freely granted by my Foes.

219.

But that part of their spight which call'd me *Whore*
Fouly mistaketh my Delights and Me ;
For might I choose my *flames*, for evermore
In all Hell's sulphur I would fry'd be,
Rather than hatch a Thought of giving way
That *lust's black fire* should make my heart its Prey.

220.

But how have I demean'd my self, that you
Wise Sir, should think this wretched *Life* to me
Can seem more precious than the *faith* I owe
To *Him* who can from Death's Captivity
Redeem His Subjects, and a course will take
Uranius from his Ashes out to rake.

221.

If e'r this Tongue of mine was known to spill
The least Consent or seeming Approbation
Of you or of your Gods, (which sure my Will
Was never privy to,) this Detestation
May wipe it off, and make my Guilt as clear
As my Accusers wish it may appear.

222.

Your *Jove's* no more, nay not so much to Me
As you, or as the meanest Wight that lives :
He to your fancies ow's his Deity,
And from your Superstition receives
His several shapes : and therefore well may you
Be bold with him, and what you please allow.

223.

Sometimes a *Bull* must serve, sometimes a *Swan*
For *King of Gods and Men* ; sometimes a *shower*
Of *Gold*, and, when you kindest are, a *Man* :
But such a *Man*, as wast's his *Godship's* Power
In Lust and Luxury ; that politick ye
May by your *God's* Example Wicked be.

224.

And must I lavish Incense to perfume
His Name, the *Name of filths and Stinks* ? must I
His wretched Vileness to content presume
On *Jesu's* pure and mighty Majesty ?
No : *Him* indeed I fear, but dread not you ;
Which with my life I ready am to show.

225.

I grant *Corruption* is my Pedegree,
And Worms my kindred ; yet I must have leave
To think my self too noble still to be
Your God's Devoto : O do not deceive
Your selves in vain ; my *Essence* *real* is,
And therefore may not worship *forgeries*.

226.

Were I as foul as *Slander's* thoughts of me,
Were I the worst of horrid Things, a *Whore* ;
I see not why your goodly Piety
Should not forthwith convince you to Adore
My *Wickedness* and *Me*, unless you dare
Your *Venus* from her Goddesship debar.

227.

What *Perfica*, *Pertunda*, *Mutunus*,
What *Cyprian Rites*, what *Ithyphallies*, mean,
What sacred sport old *Baubo's* glorious
Invention made to cheer up *Harvest's Queen*,
You and your Temples know : but pardon me
If I abhor to name such Villany.

228.

No : it shall never stain this Tongue of mine
This Tongue, whose Homage is intirely due

To *Jesu's Name* ; that *Name* of most divine
Unspotted Sweetness : doubt not Sir, although
I am a feeble *Female*, *His* dear Sake
My Resolution *Masculine* can make.

229.

It can, and will ; and if you find to day
That *Jove*, or *greater you*, can make me start
From what becomes *his* faithfull Champion, say
Jesus has *Psyche's* Tongue, but none her Heart.
This said : with hopes of deadly Tortures fill'd,
On her grim *Judge's* face she nobly smil'd.

230.

But He, deep stung by this most stout Reply,
And highly scorning to acknowledge in
A *Woman* such heroick Constancy,
With envious Cunning cry'd, now have I seen
Enough to quit lowd *Fame* from any Lie
Which charg'd such *Charms* on *Christianity*.

231.

If every silly Soul enchanted were
With fauning Superstition's Witchery,
This obstinate and retchless *Maiden* here
Is Captive to that curs'd Impiety ;
Being so monstrously transform'd, that to
The *Gods* and her own *Self* she's open Foe.

232.

But must We rage because this Wench is mad ?
Perhaps her Spell's of short extent, and she
Tam'd by a Prison's Hardship, may be glad
To turn into her self again, and be
Content (which may the *Gods* vouchsafe to grant !)
Her Blasphemy and Boldness to recant.

233.

Great *Jove*, who heard when she did him defy,
Forbore to fling his Lightning at her head ;
And by that sweet and heav'nly Lenity,
Of *Patience* to Us a Lecture read.
To Prison with her, and instruct her by
New *Chains* to quit these *Bands of Witchery*.

234.

Laden with Irons, but much more with scorn,
Poor *Psyche* thus unto the Jayl is led ;
And in a dungeon gloomy and forlorn
(That she might doubly be imprisoned,)
Cruelly plung'd : where as she 'gan to sink
Into the nasty Mire, she wak'd the *Stink*.

235.

A *Stink* which might disdain what *Arabie*
And all its Odors could against it do :
An aged *Stink*, which in that Sordid stie
Had mellowing lain ; for it was long agoe
Since any Foot disquieted the Heap
Of pois'nous Lothsomness which there did sleep.

236.

Fast in this Torment stuck, afflicted *She*
 No succour could receive from any Friend :
 The Jaylor barr'd out all Their Piety
 Who long'd to give what He deny'd to lend,
 And only once a day his Pris'ner fed
 With puddle Water and more dirty Bread.

237.

Yet harder than this *Diet*, was the *Grace*
 He duly said : *Repent*, unhappy Wretch,
Repent, he cry'd : why should this odious Place
 Be dearer to thee, than the Favor which
 The gentle *Judge* hath offer'd thee, if thou
 With *Him*, and our great *Queen*, to *Jove* wilt bow ?

238.

These curs'd importunate Preachments sorely grated
 Upon the bowels of her Soul, who in
 This woful Leisure deeply meditated
 Upon the Age's most contagious *Sin* ;
 Which now with zealous superstition rung
 From her destructive *Keeper's* pitying Tongue.

239.

No Member e'r with softer Sympathy
 The Wounds of its fraternal Part could feel,
 Than she that deadly-spreading Malady
 Which now had tainted *Albion's* Commonweal ;
 And like the Plague indeed, into the Heart
 Its desperate Poison did directly dart.

240.

Inestimable Souls (for such the Price
 Which *Jesus* paid, demonstrates them to be,)
 Their own illustrious Value did despise,
 Selling themselves to *poor Idolatry* ;
 And at no higher rate, than to escape
 Some worldly Shame, and temporal Mishap.

241.

Their dear *Redeemer's* most transcendent Love
 They kick'd and scorned and his Heav'n with it ;
 And spent their Service on ignoble *Jove*,
 Although no Guerdon but the lowest Pit
 Of everflaming Torments did attend them,
 Where ev'n that *Jove* himself no help could lend them.

242.

This pierc'd her Soul so deep, that she should give
 Her Life ten thousand times to Death, might she
 But at that cost be able to relieve
 Or Friends or Foes from this mad misery.
 But seeing this unfeasible, the sight
 Doubled her sorrow's heart-oppressing weight.

243.

This fair Advantage envious *Satan* took
 To work upon her rocky Constancy,

Trusting his Art at length would her provoke
 To kiss the Judge's offer'd Courtesy ;
 He hop'd that *Desolation* gall'd by *Grief*
 Would stoop at last, and not disdain Relief.

244.

And yet her charitable Meditation
 Highly displeas'd him ; wherefore crafty He
 Resolv'd perforce to knit her Contemplation
 Close to her own new-sprung Calamity ;
 For all her Veins with angry Flames he fill'd,
 Till into burning Pearls and Boils they swell'd.

245.

Her skin, so soft, and white, and sleek before,
 All rugged now with odious Tumors is :
 From head to foot one universal Sore
 Arrays her round in a tormenting Dress ;
 A Dress which *Vase's* patient *Prince* of old
 He forc'd to wear instead of Robes of gold.

246.

Yet on dry Ashes He had leave to sit,
 And with a Potsherd scrape his scurfy skin :
 A Comfort *Psyche's* Fate would not permit,
 Who stuck beneath that Help, a Captive in
 The thick relentless *Mire* ; where she is fain
 To rub her torturing Tumors with her Chain.

247.

She rub'd, and every Rub did but irage
 The fretful Sores to higher swelling Pain ;
 Whose fury for the present to assuage
 She rub'd, and so augmented it again.
 O deplorable Wight, whose only Ease
 Is her own flaming Anguish to increase !

248.

And yet these Torments less tormenting were
 Than those which now her *Parents'* treacherous Love
 Heap'd on her wounded Soul : the *Judge's* ear,
 And then his Leave they gain'd, to come and prove
 What their Persuasions with their Child could do ;
 And cunningly they did their bus'ness too.

249.

For on the Dungeon's brink their Lamentation
 They poured first, and then this charming Cry :
Psyche, O *Psyche*, If thy Tribulation
 Be yet too weak to make thee bow to thy
 Own Ease and Quiet ; let thy *Parents' Griev*
 At least, by thy Consent, obtain Relief.

250.

The Staff of our decrepit years art Thou,
 Sole Thou, dear Daughter ; all our Joys in Thee
 Are fresh and young : O do not rob us now
 Of that by which we live, thy *Liberty* :
 Thy *Liberty*, which we would rather choose
 By any Hand than by thine own to loose.

251.

The *Judge* would yield thee back to Us again,
 And wilt thou Cruel be when He is kind?
 By thee have we deserved to be slain
 Who from our Foes such generous Pity find?
 Though thine own Life thou strangely scornest, yet
 Abhor not Ours to whom thou owest it.

252.

Surely thy *Christ*, if he as gentle be,
 As thou didst vaunt him for, will never praise
 That wilful and unnatural Piety
 Which both thine own and Parents' lives betrays.
 O no : our common *Lord* we also know,
 And honor his Compassion more than thou.

253.

Our Faith in his abundant Mercy makes
 Us, till this boistrous Storm abates, Comply.
 His Eye, which through all Hearts its Prospect takes,
 Beholds that Ours pant still with Loyalty
 To him and his dear Laws ; and therefore He
 Propitious to our *ou[tside-fault]* will be.

254.

To *Peter's* Tongue, though fould with *three Denyals*,
 'Cause still his Heart was clean, he pardon gave :
 And doubt not thou but since thy present Tryals
 More dreadful are than His, thy Lips may have
 Leave to be bold for once, if still thy Breast
 In Loyalty to *Jesus* doth persist.

255.

O force not then thine own Destruction !
 Accept of what thou surely ought'st to crave ;
 Whilst yet it shines, enjoy the courteous Sun,
 And let this Dungeon not forestal thy Grave.
 Speak, speak, and bid Us Live with Thee ; or by
 Thy willful Silence, send Us home to Dy.

256.

So pleaded they : but *Psyche* with a Sigh
 Fetch'd deeper than the bottom of her Grot,
 Sounded the woful Charge, and valiantly
 With this athletic Answer vanquish'd what
 Artillery their crafty Tongues had brought
 From Piety's strong-Hold to force her out.

257.

I now no longer can the *Jaylor* blame
 Who tempted me my Liberty to gain
 By being Slave to *Jove's* accursed Name,
 And scorning *Him* who on Heav'n's throne doth reign :
 Why should I look that Pagan He, to Me
 Should kinder than my *Christian Parents* be?

258.

If yet you dare that holy Title wear,
 Who antichristianly invite me now

To kick at *Christ*. Alas, that I appear,
 So execrable in your eyes, that you
 (As if this Dungeon here were shallow grown,)
 Into Hell's Gulf should strive to plunge me down !

259.

The sacred Law of *Filial Duty* I
 Hold dearer than this World : for well I know
 (Nor shall all Torments force me to deny
 This Truth,) that unto you my Life I ow ;
 Which in your Service if I ever fear
 To spend, then may I prove *Idolater*.

260.

But that's the Life by which I Pris'ner am
 In Earth's unworthy Jayl : a Life I have
 Much truer to its active noble Name ;
 A Life so precious, that to reprieve
 It from the Jaws of endless Death, his own
 The *King of Kings* vouchsafed to lay down.

261.

That Life I mean by which my Soul doth live ;
 A Life which from your Loins I never drew :
 O call not then for what you did not give,
 Nor think that this is to your Pleasure due.
God is my only *Parent* here, and I
 Intire to him must keep my Loyalty.

262.

As fast as in this Mire I stick, the *Way*
 Of His *Commands* I running am : and though
 Your Prayers or Necks you in my Path should lay
 To barricado up my Race ; yet now
 I would not hear my *Mortal Duty* plead,
 But on your Necks and Prayers freely tread.

263.

Yet *Heav'n* forbid I should be forc'd to take
 This hard Experiment of Piety !
 O rather help to haste me to the Stake
 And of my Combat there Spectators be :
 You'l ne'r repent that you your Child, though in
 A Coach of Flames, to Heav'n have mounting seen.

264.

But since you know so well the vast extent
 Of *Jesus's* Mercy, know it not in vain :
 Your own decrepit years bid you repent
 With speediest speed : and that deep-dyed stain
 Of your Idolatrous Compliance dares
 The utmost Power of your fullest Tears.

265.

This is the properest Use your souls can make
 Of *Peter's* signal Case ; his triple Sin
 No warrant for Presumption is to take
 His faithless Course ; but his repentant Brine
 Shews to all sinful Eyes, what Waters are
 Able to purge such stains, and quench Despair.

266.

Mispend not then those precious Beads on me ;
Your Selves need all their ornament : and I
This only Favor crave, that you would be
But so courageous yet, as to rely
On Heav'n's Protection. Speak, O speak, and ease
My throbbing heart's tormenting Jealousies.

267.

I burn, I burn in Anguish, till I hear
You by a stout Profession defy
Those Baits of secular ignoble Fear
Which strangely lur'd you to Apostasy.
Speak then, and make my Life grow sweet, in spite
Of all these Tortures which against it fight.

268.

So pious *She*. But feeble-hearted *They*
Rending no Answer but a faithless sigh,
Their griefs and fears to witness, went their way,
Confounded by their Daughter's Constancy.
Yet by this foul Retreat they gave her more
Soul-piercing Wounds, than did their Charge before.

269.

For now her ominous Meditations threw
Her down into that Gulf of flaming Pain
Which to *Apostate Wickedness* was due ;
Where every Torment, every Rack and Chain
To which her Parents seem'd condemned now,
A Sea of Woe into her bosom threw.

270.

So vast a Sea, as drowned all the Sense
Of her own overflowing Pangs ; and she
Is quite transformed by the Violence
Of tender but self-cruel Sympathy
Into their imminent Condition, where
She underwent what she for them did fear.

271.

But as she struggled to maintain this Fight
Of mighty Charity, at length she fainted ;
When lo, a sudden unexpected Light
(A thing with which that Grot had ne'r acquainted,
The Place, and Her, with Glory did surprise,
Offering a radiant *Stranger* to her eyes.

272.

For she beheld at her right hand a *Maid*
On whose fair head a diamond Crown did shine :
With gentle Majesty she was array'd,
And all her Ornaments appear'd divine.
Which *Sight* amazed *Psyche* so, that she
Hasted to wellcom't on her bended knee.

273.

But as her Soreness, Mire, and Clay, forbad
Her meek Intent, she fetch'd a modest sigh :

To which the *Stranger* this mild Answer made :
I see thy Mind in thy ingenuous Eye ;
Thy Courtesy by thy Desire is done,
And sweetly calls my ern'd Requit on.

274.

This said ; she hugg'd her with a dear Embrace,
Which clasp'd her straiter than her Gyves and Chains,
And deeper printed was than her Disease ;
For mightily it pierc'd through all her Pains
Into her Heart, and girt it up so close,
That now no *Anguish* there could interpose.

275.

As He who is some wager'd Race to run,
Having his Loins knit up, and being by
His Girdle tyed to Himself alone,
With nimbler stoutness to the Goal doth fly,
Than when his Waste he loose about him ware
And there for wearyness had room to spare.

276.

Embraced *Psyche* thus perceiv'd her Breast
Lac'd strait, and shrunk into *Collection's* strength.
At first she wonder'd her importunate *Guest*
So much should press her Courtesy ; but at length
Finding fresh Vigor glowing in her heart,
She knew she only squeezed out her smart.

277.

This threw her down in humble Gratitude
To court and kiss her heav'nly *Surgeon's* foot ;
A *Surgeon* whose mysterious Art subdu'd
Her strong Disease, and yet subdu'd it not :
For though at perfect Ease, yet still as sore
She found her boiling Body as before.

278.

And now such Courage in her Bosom reigns,
That she rejoic'd she had so hard a Race :
Her gauntlet she dares give to any *Pains*,
And dreads no *lingring Death's* most tedious face.
Her Chains to her no more than Bracelets are,
Her flaming Boyls as *Pearls* indeed appear.

279.

Her *Parents' Case* to *Heav'n's* yet hidden *Will*
She freely now resigns ; that *Will*, which though
It bitter seem to Worldly Tastes, can still
To meek and uncorrupted Palats flow
With all the Soul of Sweetness, and will make
From Springs of Gall a Flood of Honey break.

280.

She seeming yet not to have fully shar'd
In Pangs and Suffrings, feareth not to Pray
That *He* who had on her such strength confer'd
Would still more Load upon her shoulders lay :
More fewel still unto her Fervor give,
Who now by nothing but by Pains could live.

281.

Nor was it wonder ; for the *Stranger* here
 (Thenceforth a stranger unto her no more,)
 Was sped from Heav'n a special Messenger
 To heal her Heart now 'ginning to be sore,
 In her pain'd Body. Willingly she came
 And did her work, for *Patience* was her Name.

282.

The Eyes of *Lambs* ne'r darted meeker Raies
 Than stream from Hers ; and yet the *Lyon's* face
 With stouter Bravery could never raise
 His royal Looks, nor with more Courage gaze
 Upon and challenge *Terrors*, than do's she,
 Though soft as Honey, or as Oil she be.

283.

All over She is nothing else but Scars,
 Writ large and fair, to testify what she
 Had undergone in Heav'n's adventurous Wars ;
 And yet these Characters her Beauty be ;
 For with such silver Light they smile, that they
 Her noble Limbs like Tires of Stars array.

284.

But having thus dispatch'd her Bus'ness, she
 The cheer'd resolved Pris'ner leav's : when lo
 The *Judge's* Messenger arriv'd, to see
 If *Psyche* yet were fully tam'd or no :
 And standing at the Dungeon's mouth, he cries,
 Learn wretched Maid, at length, learn to be wise.

285.

The *Judge*, on whose sole Will thy Fate depends,
 In spite of thy Perversness Tender is ;
 And Me on *Mercie's* Errand hither sends
 To offer to thee at an easy price
 Thy Life and Liberty ; and more than that
 If thou thy Irreligion wilt forget.

286.

His noble Word (is any Bond or Seal
 So sure?) he gives, to change thy Poverty
 Into a wealthy state ; nor shalt thou feel
 What Scorns and Chains, and Dungeons signify ;
 But living in soft Peace and Plenty His
 High Favor, and the World's Esteem possess.

287.

His only *Son*, the Heir of his Estate,
 And present Owner of his Heart, for Thee
 He doth design, except thou shutt'st the gate
 Against thy entering *Felicity* ;
 And desperately foolish, wilt desire
 Before thy Nuptial Torch, thy Funeral Fire.

288.

But if you obstinately yet deny
 To offer Incense to our mighty *Jove* ;

You dam the way to all his Clemency,
 And a deserved Sacrifice must prove
 To your own Madness : this *Decree* is past ;
 You must *Vranius's* Fate to morrow taste.

289.

As when the tossed Mariner descries
 The Promontory of his native Soil,
 Within whose craggy Horns his harbor lies,
 He strait forgets his long tempestuous Toil,
 Beginning his revived Heart to find
 Swell'd more with *Joy* than are his Sails with wind.

290.

So *Psyche* hearing that her Doom was past
 Which to her long-wisht Port would her convey ;
 Her Arms in triumph up to Heav'n she cast
 With thanks and praises for that happy Day ;
 And in Defiance of his offer'd Grace,
 Threw this stout answer at the *Serjeant's* face :

291.

My Thanks to your kind Master carry back ;
 High is his Favor, and I it embrace :
 But sure your Errand you did much mistake,
 Or willingly at least your words misplace.
 Death, Death, not Life, a Favor is, and I
 More gratefully accept *That Courtesy*.

292.

Tell Him he woo's me for his Son too late
 Who long since was betroth'd, and mean to be
 True to my noble *Spouse* : nor can your Threat
 E'r shake the groundsel of my Constancy,
 Who doubt not but my Nuptial Tapers will
 Be lighted at my funeral flaming Pile.

293.

As for your vain and wretched *Jupiter*,
 Were he but half so *true* a thing as you,
 I then would some respect to Him defer ;
 But unto *Nothing*, what can I allow
 But what it is? and though your *Incense* be
 But *smoke*, 'tis more *substantial* far than *He*.

294.

Deceive your foolish Selves no longer, I
 Am not *Enchanted*, but All you are so :
 What else should make you dream I fear to dy,
 Who through Death's gate to Life's bright Court shall
 go?
 Away, and pray your Master, if he be
 An honest Man, to keep his word with Me.

295.

This Answer (which the Bearer fully did,)
 Inrag'd the *Judge* to make his Threatnings good.
 But all in vain his Wrath he marshalled ;
Heav'n's mild, against his bloody Purpose stood ;
 Nor could fierce *Satan* further help him, or
 One step beyond his sturdy Tether stir.

296.

Mean while such *Joy* in *Psyche's* bosom glow'd
Through Expectation of the Fire and Stake,
That all her Pains and Torments to it bow'd :
For in sweet Quiet she that evening brake
Her tedious Vigils, and permitted *Sleep*
Over the Curtains of her Eyes to creep.

297.

But *Phylax*, who in Absence's sad night
Had all this while been set ; now gained leave
Of *Heav'n* to Rise in his dear Pupil's sight,
And from the *Tyrant's* fury her reprieve :
Down to the Dungeon he as gladly flies,
As ever he had towred to the skies.

298.

Where finding her not only Pris'ner to
Her iron Chains, but *Sleep's* soft silken Bands,
He wisely set himself his work to do
Whilst She was yet at Rest : His potent Hands
Upon her burning *Soars* he gently laid ;
Which quench'd, and fled, as of his Touch afraid.

299.

Her scurfy *Roughcast* scaled off, and all
Her Skin to fresh and tender *smoothness* left.
So when of old the *Syrian General*
In *Jordan* had exchang'd his leprous shift,
His Flesh appear'd as soft and pure as were
The Virgin Streams which smil'd and sported there.

300.

With like facility He did but touch
The massy Chains which on his Daring lay :
Nor durst their brasen Locks so much as grutch
That mystick Key's Commandment to obey :
But down they tumbled, clashing as they fell ;
Which Noise to *Psyche* did their Ruine tell.

301.

Up started she, and sought to understand
The Noise's meaning, hoping 't had been Day ;
And that the challeng'd *Judge* had sent Command
Strait to the Stake to hurry her away ;
That hungry he might other charges save
And her for Breakfast ready rosted have.

302.

When lo, her self in *Phylax's* Arms she found
Chain'd by the Bands of Love : her other Gyves
Confuted all and shattered on the ground
She wondring sees ; and instantly perceiv's
Her Sores were fled she knew not whither : which
Scru'd her Amazement to an higher pitch.

303.

But then, My Dear, said *Phylax*, we have now
No time to loyter here, but must be gone.

Three times she shak'd her head and rubb'd her brow,
But off she could not rub the Vision :
She yielded therefore to attend the *Dream*,
For no such *Truth* to her it self could seem.

304.

Up from the Dungeon the *Angel* flew
Proud of the Prize which in his Arms he bore ;
The Bolts and Locks ran from his radiant View,
So did the Prison's seav'nfold brasen Door,
Yet durst not make the least Complaint, or bear
Tales, by their clashing, to the *Jaylor's* ear.

305.

Thus through the Town unseen, unheard he past
Leading his *Pupil* in a silent Way :
Great was his Care of her, and great his Haste
Till he had brought her into *Safetie's Bay* ;
This was a Place which in the Desert He
For her immured had with Privacy.

306.

A Place sequester'd far beyond the Scent
Of any *Bloodhound* whether *Man* or *Beast* ;
A Place well-furnished with sweet Content
And all Conveniences ready drest :
Where, having brought her in, No more mistake
Thy Bliss, he cry'd, but know thou art Awake.

307.

For amply pleas'd with this Experiment,
Thy *Spouse* accepts thy faithful Patience :
To snatch Thee from thy Chains and Sores, He sent
Me hither, and from all that Violence
The furious *Tyrant* hath prepar'd to day
Upon thine undeserving Life to lay.

308.

Psyche appal'd at this unlook'd-for Word,
And well-perceiving that she *heard* and *saw*,
With such indignant Discontent was stirr'd
Against her *Guardian*, that had not the *Law*
Of *Modesty* been printed on her Tongue,
Full in his face Defiance she had flung.

309.

Sadly she frown'd, and sadlier smote her breast ;
And looked round about, some hopes to meet
That still she was not totally releast
Out of the reach of *Persecution's* Threat :
But nothing answer'd her examining Eye,
But, what she most abhor'd, *Safe Privacy*.

310.

Wherefore at length she ventur'd thus to ease
Her belking Heart : O *Phylax*, how art Thou,
Known hitherto to me by Courtesies,
Into mine Enemy transformed now !
A greater Tyrant why art Thou to Me
Than He from whom thou hast set me free.

311.

I by His help, this morning should have seen
That Day which riseth from my *Spouse's* Eyes ;
Nor had I any longer troubled been
Upward to gaze when I would read the skies :
O no ! *Vranius* now looks down, when he
The region of the Sun and Stars would see.

312.

What is this Life of Banishment to Me,
Who have no settled Home but That above ?
What boots it, that my Chains and Malady
Are shaken off, if *Psyche* still must grove
A Pris'ner to this heavy *Flesh*, which more
Tormenteth me than any Chain or Sore.

313.

And are the Palms and ever-radiant Crown
Of *Martyrdom* so poor and vile a prize ;
Are Heav'n, and Bliss, and *Jesus's* presence, grown
Things so indifferent, that my longing Eyes
Should spare their Tears, when I am snatch'd away
From them, and forc'd on sordid Earth to stay ?

314.

O *Phylax*, thou hast not reprieved me
From any of my pangs : I'm at the stake,
I burn, I burn ; nor can my Agony
But by my final Dissolution slake.
She fainted here—But *Phylax* snatch'd her up,
And hasted thus her sorrow's Tide to stop :

315.

Courage, sweet soul ; and he assured, I
Have not deceiv'd thee of thy noble Aim :

Thy *Spouse* design's a *Martyrdom* whereby
To fetch thee to Himself, but not the same
He de[s]ign'd to *Vranius* : no ; for Thee
He treasur'd hath a *braver Destiny*.

316.

A *Destiny* which He on none bestows
But those who highest in his Favor set ;
A *Destiny* to which thy highest Vows
Ne'r yet aspir'd ; a *Destiny* so fit
For brightest *Seraphs*, that were mortal Fate
To end their Life, they'd choose no Death but that.

317.

More long, more strong, and stretch'd with fuller Pain
Thy *Martyrdom* shall be, than from the Spight
Of this, th[r]ough raging *Tyrant* thou canst gain :
Thy Strength's reserv'd for a hardier Fight
Than that *Vranius* fought ; and this shall be
The Scene of thy heroic Chevalry.

318.

Here, here shalt Thou impregably maintain
The sturdy Combat, whilst thy *Spouse*, and all
His *Angels* waiting on his royal Train,
Will be Spectators : Do not then forestal
Thy greater Fame by hasty Zeal, but stay
With patience for thy *Coronation Day*.

319.

This welcome Answer such Refreshment blew
On *Psyche's* heart, that meek and pliant she
Cool'd her importunate Desires, and grew
Content to wait the full Maturity
Of her affected Laurel : though as yet
She little knew *how she must Gather it*.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ARGUMENT, l. 4, 'Onslates' = onslaughts : st. 4, l. 6, 'Fulsomness' = satiety : st. 7, l. 6, 'resty' = restive : st. 18, l. 3, 'Insultations' = boastings : st. 20, l. 1, 'wetted' = whetted : st. 23, l. 5, 'Corsives' = corrosives : st. 48, l. 6, 'Urcheon'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* : st. 50, l. 2, 'cognation' = kindred : st. 60, l. 1, 'dearest place' = Rome : st. 61, l. 4, 'Graff' = grave ? st. 74, l. 3, 'Feature'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* : st. 75, l. 3, 'Brittany' = Britain, as in st. 91, l. 6 : st. 91, l. 3, 'Dilations' = delays : st. 107, l. 2, 'Astorgy'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* : st. 109, l. 6, 'Dresser-boards' = kitchen tables corresponding with the 'side-boards' of the dining-room : st. 110, l. 5, 'saucy thief' = the eagle of the classical myth : st. 113, l. 3, 'travelling' = travelling, as *frequenter* : st. 115, l. 1, 'Amusement' = amazement, put into a 'muse' : st. 124, l. 3, 'accept'—misprinted 'except' in the original : st. 132, l. 5, 'score'

= debt : st. 153, l. 5, 'wistly' = wistfully : st. 157, l. 2, 'ought' = owed : st. 174, l. 1, 'Then'—printed 'Than' in the original : st. 175, l. 5, 'An'—misprinted 'And' in the original : st. 180, l. 5, 'grim Hound which him retriev'd'—hence the name for a game-dog of 'retriever' : st. 181, l. 6, 'Committee'—on this and related attacks on the government of the period, see our Memorial-Introduction : st. 198, l. 4, 'threap' = argumentatively insist on : st. 216, l. 1, 'glorious Deacon' = St. Stephen : st. 225, l. 4, 'Devoto'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* : st. 231, l. 3, 'retchless' = wretched ; also reckless : st. 245, l. 1, 'sleck' = sleek : st. 249, l. 2, 'charming' = as using a charm or spell : st. 292, l. 4, 'groundsel' = threshold, or here, foundation : st. 299, l. 3, 'Syrian General' = Naaman : st. 305, l. 6, 'immured' = walled : st. 312, l. 4, 'grove' = grovel, by stress of rhyme with 'above' : st. 319, l. 5, 'affected' = chosen, desired.—G.



CANTO XXIII.

The Dereliction.

The ARGUMENT.

*Psyche abandon'd to the Solitude
Of Soul and Body, by the resolute Might
Of patient loyal Constancy subdu'd
Hell's Champion Despair in single fight.
Yet in her Conquest no free triumph found,
Being still a Slave to Dereliction bound.*

1.

Though cold grim *Sadness* frowneth in thine Eye,
Dear *Solitude*, yet in thy silent Breast
Some worthy *Sweetness* doth inshrined ly ;
Witness that *Vileness*, and that *high Request*
By which betwixt the lazy *earthly heart*
And *Pious Soul* thou so divided art.

2.

He whom *black Conscience* catching all alone,
Suffers not to be so ; but in his face
Musters in dread array each Legion
Of his hell-lifted Sins ; and in that Glass
Of self-affrighting Terror makes him see
What cause he has ev'n his own Foe to be :

3.

He, foolish He, a large Inditement draws
Against thy larger Innocence ; upon
Thy *Credit's* fairest Top his Anger throws
Scorn's foulest Bottom : Thee he calls, and none
But Thee, the *Mother* of vexatious *Folly*,
Of *Horrors*, and despairing *Melancholy*.

4.

He no where but among his *roaring Boys*
Can meet a Quire whose Musick suits his ears,
Whilst in the tumult of that boistrous Noise
All *Atheisme's* ranting Wit he hears,
And learns what *Phrases of mad Vanity*,
What *Oaths*, what *Blasphemies in fashion* be.

5.

In this loud *Tempest* (joined with a Sea
Of lusty Wine) he desperately drowns

The wholsom Thoughts of sad *Sobriety* :
In this gay *Throng*, made up of all the Town's
Gentilest Crimes, He's certain not to find
Free Room to take a View of his own *Mind*.

6.

And thus, unhappy Man, he only lives
In his *Outside*, and therefore liveth not :
But when *sure Death* his woful Summons gives,
Alarm'd into a Fright past knowing what
To do or think, in vain for help he cries,
And to himself a wretched *Stranger* dies.

7.

He dies, and leaves his *Body*, which could not
Endure to be a little while alone,
In *Grave's* dark tedious *Solitude* to rot ;
Whilst in the *Tumult of Damnation*
His now unclyster'd *Soul* is forc'd to dwell
Amongst the *Roarers* of eternal Hell.

8.

But He who dares his Bosom ransack, and
Take due survey of every thing within,
That he may always ready have at hand
An Inventory of Himself, and win
Time upon Death by prudent Preparation
To entertain and kiss his Consummation ;

9.

He who can venture to endure the Slander
Of *Stoicism*, and scorn the wanton Lure
Of gaudy *Fashion*, *Sin's* most faithful *Pander* ;
He who can think it reason to Immure
Himself, when They who ly at open Ease
Prove Prizes to Soul-plundering Miseries ;

10.

He who will rather sail *alone* ; than run
With that wild Navy which no *Compass* keeps,
Nor steers by any *heav'nly Light*, but on
Fleet Shelves doth ride, or rush through rocky Deeps ;
He whom no cheating Charms can win to be
Content to perish for mere Company :

11.

He who both Leisure and Desire can find
To sequester *Impertinences*, that
His *proper Business* he may only mind
And raise by pious Thrift his best Estate,
That he a Bank of endless Wealth may have
When poor he go's and naked to his grave :

12.

He, He's the Man, on whom the Citie's Joys
And proud Excess; and the Countrie's hearty Sport;
The gallant Licence, and the glittering Toys,
With all the glorious Nothings of the Court,
As on their Conqueror look; Since sober He
Can of plain *Solitude* inamored be.

13.

For here his Soul more Company can meet
And of more high and worthy Quality,
Than in the Theater's most thronging Sweat,
Where Spectacles profess to court the Eye.
Such *Preasses* juggle out all *Heav'n*, but He
Reads it at large in this *Vacuity*.

14.

An undisturbed View he here can take
Of all its fairest and its loftiest Stories:
His Contemplation here can freely break
Through all its Treasures of unbounded Glories;
And in the Court where Bliss and Pleasures reign
With *Saints* and *Angels* brave Acquaintance gain.

15.

Here to the *Universe's King* may He
His free attendance pay from Morn to Night,
Whilst in the everlasting *One and Three*
He learneth to *Divide* and to *Unite*
His *mystick Homage*, as the *Spirit's Gale*
Makes him in this *Abyss of Wonders* sail.

16.

Here constantly he stands upon his Watch,
That when the *roaring Lyon*, whose fierce Chase
Surrounds the World his careless Preys to catch,
Hunteth that way, his heav'n-imbraved Face
May with inured ready-waking Might
Confront his Fo, and entertain the Fight.

17.

Here, from the sapless *World's* enchanting breast
Where only mocking Froth and Bubbles spring,
Himself he weans; and studies how to feast
Upon some masculine substantial Thing,
Which may not cheat him with short false Content,
But yield his Soul eternal Nutriment.

18.

No *Humor* of the Times, no *Garbs* or *Fashions*,
Can here seduce his Care; no boistrous *News*

Of publick Woes, or fatal Alterations,
His Harbour's Halcyon Quiet can abuse.
No storms can rage but in the *open Seas*;
His *private Bay* the Cloyster is of Ease.

19.

His righteous Soul is not afflicted here
To see and hear how wretched *Worms* defy
Omnipotence's Self, and scorn to fear
The Jaws of Hell, to which their Villany
Makes them apparent Heirs; but take delight
The *Love* and *Blood of Jesus* to despight.

20.

He sees no *Levellers* begin their Trade
With *Altars* first, and then with *Crowns*; he sees
No *Temples* Dens of *Holy Robbers* made,
And garrison'd with strong *Impieties*;
Temples, where under foot the *Church* is trod,
And only *Horses serv'd* in stead of *God*.

21.

He heareth no *Rebellion's Canons* first
Giving their dire *Reports* in *Pulpits*, and
As loud, as if indeed their Thunder burst
From Heav'n's Artillery; till th' imbroiled Land
Too late perceiveth this *Vociferation*
Is but the *funeral Sermon* to the *Nation*.

22.

Here past the reach of those bewitching *Darts*
Which flash with radiant Bane from *Wanton Eyes*,
And grave both Timorous and Martial Hearts
With Mortal, though fanastick Wounds, He lies
Secure and safe, and undisturbed may
Prepare for his *eternal Nuptial Day*.

23.

Here Time and Freedom he enjoys, to weed
And cultivate *himself*: with pious toil
Each *Herb of Grace* he plants, and sows the Seed
Of every Virtue in his Bosom's Soil;
Assur'd this Agriculture will conclude
I' th' Harvest of mature *Beatitude*.

24.

With prudent Fore-cast he can here provide
An ample Stock in readiness to be
Against all Charges which may him betide
In managing a *Publick Life*, if he
Be called from his private Nest, and made
Against the thronging stream of sin to wade.

25.

More furnished with strength of Argument
From learned *Athens* never Student came,
Who had his nimblest Years and Spirits spent
The Engins of deep-reaching Wit to frame;
Than doth this sagely-sprightful Champion from
His private School of publick Virtue come.

26.

For having learn'd their due Contempt to throw
Upon those *Interests* and *Baits* which make
The bias'd Hearts of Men unmanly grow,
And cowardly Sin's sneaking Bypaths take ;
In spite of all the World which dares say No,
He in the *King of Heav'n's Highway* will go :

27.

And that is *Truth's* and holy *Wisdom's* Road ;
In which whoever travels, always wins
The Games he hunts ; for whilst he is abroad,
He finds *Success* and *Victory* his Inns :
And when he to his heav'nly Home ascends,
His Journey he in endless Triumphs ends.

28.

The Garland thus of all Advantages
Retirement's Life is privileg'd to wear :
Which therefore only dear and precious is
To Them who *Sons of heav'n* and *Prudence* are ;
And which *insipid timorous Souls*, as they
Cannot believe, so never can enjoy.

29.

Psyche, who now conducted was into
This *Solitude*, though *Zeal's* most venturous heat
Spurr'd her in stout *Uranius's* steps to go ;
Yet, since her *Phylax* stop'd her forward feet,
Appeas'd the Flames of her Impatience by
The streaming Comforts of her *Privacy*.

30.

If in the Tumult of the World she still
Had mingled been, the Croud had surely slain her ;
For all Earth's friendliest Furniture and Skill
Could with no savory Solace entertain her :
Her heart already dwelt in Heav'n, and she
Liv'd best where least she could behind it be.

31.

And that was here, where by no secular Care
Or Interruption's Clog she hamper'd was ;
But harbouring in a calmy Hemisphere,
Upon free Meditation's wings could pass
Above the Moon and Sun, and Troops of fair
Stars, which in Heav'n's Campagna ranged are.

32.

Yet Contemplation's too jejune and dry
To satisfy *Love's* mighty Hunger : *Love*
Will venture in rebellious Loyalty
To reach at full *Fruition*, though above
Her reach it lie : *Love's* quickned when repell'd,
And may *Forbidden* be, but not *With-held*.

33.

But as her Soul began to pant again
For that dear Day of *final Conflict* she

By *Phylax's* Promise hoped to obtain,
And that alone : Lo on the suddain he
Warn'd thence by secret Bus'ness from his *King*,
Presently took his leave, and took his wing.

34.

As she made haste to ask the reason, he
With sprightful speed outflew her Voice, and Eye.
A *Sigh* then strove to follow him ; but she
Repulsed it with noble Constancy ;
And cry'd, It must not, and it shall not grieve me :
Did *Heav'n* not call him, *Phylax* would not leave me.

35.

Then down upon her yielding Knees she fell,
And casting upward her most loyal Eyes,
Since thou no less on Earth below dost dwell
Sweet *Lord*, said she, than in the highest skies ;
Though *Phylax's* wings now shelter not my head
Yet *Thine* are always o'r thy Handmaid spread.

36.

Though to my soul his Company be dear,
Yet not so precious as thy blessed *Will* :
Though he has left his feeble *Psyche* here,
I can, and dare be more *Abandon'd* still,
If mighty *Thou*, who never wilt forsake me,
With nearer Losses pleased art to rack me.

37.

Fain would I quit the Debt in which to *Thee*,
And mine own *Vows* I stand ; fain would I prove
By combating with any Misery,
The valiant Truth of my obliged Love.
Thou bidst us *Follow with our Cross*, and lo
I in thy bloodiest steps desire to go.

38.

I would not to a *Figure's* Courtesy
Beholden be in my Affliction, nor
To such a tender *Cross* condemned be
As needs th' assistance of a *Metaphor*
To make its *hard Name* good ; for That, I'm sure
Was *true* and *real* which Thou didst endure.

39.

No golden Plenty *Psyche* craves of Thee,
No soft Content, or silken Peace ; impart
Those Favors unto whom thou wilt, for me ;
Thy *sharpest Blessings* best will sute my Heart :
My Heart, which burneth in profound Desire
Of some heroick and consuming Fire.

40.

If ever *Martyr* ow'd thee more than I,
Permit me not to pay my Blood to Thee.
But mighty *King of Equity*, O Why
Must *Psyche* only not have leave to be
What Duty bids her? why must Life be mine,
Which is not so, till I have made it Thine?

41.

O slay me not by *still Denying Death!*
 To *suffer want of Suff'rings*, is to Me
 The only Dregs which from thy deepest Wrath
 Vengeance can squeeze; from this one misery,
 Which is the Pith of all, I beg reprieve:
 I die in Torment if in Ease I live.

42.

I die; and which is worse than Death and Hell,
 Die not for Thee, though Thou for me wert slain:
 Pity, O Pity, *Jesu*.—Here her Zeal
 Outflew her Tongue: yet though she could Complain
 By Words no longer; by her weeping Eyes
 She poured out as strong a Flood of Cries.

43.

Jesus, whose Ear to Love's sweet Dialect
 Stands always ope, strait heard her Agony;
 Whose potent Musick charm'd him to respect
 Her meekly-venturous Importunity:
 His sweetned Bitterness apace he sent,
 And bless'd her with her begged Punishment.

44.

Charis, accusom'd open house to keep
 In her free heart, he there shut up so close
 That now no glimmering Ray had power to Peep
 Forth from that Nest of Light: nor could she choose
 But be suspicious that the spring was dry'd,
 From whence she saw no Emanations glide.

45.

When lo the Welkin, which before was clear,
 And flow'd with the Sun's transparent Gold;
 Started from its fair Looks with sudden fear,
 And did in swarthy Weeds it self infold.
Day was abash'd to see how boldly *Night*
 Incroach'd upon her, and despis'd her Light:

46.

The *Air*, presaging what outrageous Pains
 Would tear her tender weatherbeaten sides,
 Looks sadly, and with hollow Groans complains
 Aforehand of the *Storm*; which as she chides,
 She but awakes; and so provokes to rage
 With louder fury on this tragick Stage.

47.

Forthwith the Clouds came tumbling one upon
 Another's back, for fear to loose their place
 And office in that blind Confusion
 With which the Element all gravid was:
 Close quaking in his Cave lay every Beast,
 And every Bird lamenting in his Nest.

48.

The daunted Trees shiver'd in every Leaf;
 The stones forgot their strength, and sweat for fear;

The Corn hung down their heads, and pour'd their grief
 By whispers into one another's ear.
 Never did more dismaying Expectation
 Usher in any Tempest's Indignation.

49.

Strange *Phantoms* dress'd in spurious smoaking Light
 Fed by foul Sulphur, flashed all about;
 Fell grizly *Ghosts* array'd in gloomy Fright
 Both with themselves and one another fought:
 Whole Troops of *Feinds* and *Furies*, in despair,
 Threw their torn Serpents through the sable Air.

50.

The labouring Clouds at length with open Cry
 Brought forth their Woe, and thunder'd their Complaint:
 The Bowels of the hardest Rocks were by
 Compassion mov'd; the massy Earth grew faint,
 And all her boldest Mountains shak'd to hear
 The doleful Outcry of her neighbour Sphere.

51.

Psyche alone as yet refus'd to melt
 By any Tremor; only in her heart
 A leaden Numness creeping on she felt,
 Since *Charis* there forbore her sprightful Part:
 When blacker than the rest one heavy Cloud
 Down to the ground before her face did crou'd.

52.

Where having op'd its hideous Curtains wide,
 Forth at the gap a stream of Lightning broke;
 The suddenness of whose most dazeling Tide
 The resolute *Maid* with some amazement stroke:
 But strait an *Hand* reach'd out it self and held
 A deep wide *Cup* with greater *Terrors* fill'd.

53.

It held it to her Lip, and that which had
 Till now been *Thunder*, prov'd a *fiercer Voice*,
 Commanding Her to drink that *liquid Dread*
 In proper Answer to her venturous Choise:
 She nothing more than Pleasures feard; and here
 Was nothing less than what her heart did fear.

54.

Thus challeng'd by the Voice, whose *Fount* she knew
 And durst not disobey; into the Cup
 She sent her Eye to take a plenal view
 Of this sad Deep before she drunk it up.
 But there such boiling Horrors she descried,
 That down she prostrate fell, and thus she cried:

55.

Weak Woman, as I was; how has my Pride,
 My silly Pride, betrayed me to Wo!
 On *Confidence's* wings I needs would ride,
 And pertly towre up to mine overthrow.
 Had I remembered that a *Worm* I am,
 I ne'r had crawl'd so high to reach my Shame.

56.

I ne'r had woo'd all Tryals to assail me,
I ne'r had challeng'd what I quake to see :
But since my prudent *Meekness* then did fail me
'Tis just my *Courage* now should languid be.
Alas my *blindly-valiant Wish* is too,
Too fully come ; and I, what shall I do ?

57.

To its dead bottom *Jesus* didst not Thou
Grief's mighty Cup for all thy *Members* drink ?
How is it then, that *this* of mine is now
Of Poison's rankest Soul a swelling sink :
Whose *Sorrows*, though to *Thine* they shallow be,
Yet are too deep for faint unhappy Me.

58.

Thy *naked Anger* floating here I see,
In which no Glimpse of *Favor* mixed is :
What will become of weak abandon'd me
Who in thy Count'nance read mine only bliss,
If I be drowned in this *Sea of Night*
And buried from *thy all-enlivening Sight* ?

59.

Sweet was the Bowle of which *Vranius* drunk ;
For being swallow'd up in streams of Fire,
Fortunate Saint to Heav'n he only sunk :
But I in this black Gulf of hideous Ire
Must downward dive, and overwhelmed be
In *Dereliction's* vast Profoundity.

60.

I would not fear the most appalling *Face*
Of any *Sorrow*, which did not forbid
The sight of *Thine* : but now thine *Eyes*, alas,
In strange *Aversion's* angry Cloud are hid ;
How shall I steer through this vast Deep, who may
Not see the *Stars* which are to guide my way !

61.

Here having knock'd her breast, and turn'd her Eye,
Her generous Eye, three times into the *Cup* ;
She chid her Sadness with a sadder Sigh,
And looking then with noble fervor up ;
Yet why should I demur, she cry'd, since mine
Own Will long since is not mine own, but *Thine* ?

62.

If any Title to my Self I had,
I might be tender of my Ease and Rest :
But since to Thee a Deed of *Gift* I made
(O no ! of bounden *Pay*) Thou art possess
Intirely of me ; nor must I refuse
That Thou what is thine Own shouldst freely use.

63.

I am no further I, than Thou wilt grant ;
Propriety is no such thing to Me :

Yet I who nothing have, can nothing want
So long as I resigned am to *Thee* :
Thy *Will* in Sweetness always equal is,
Though our false Palates sometimes judge amiss.

64.

And now I know thy Will is mingled here
In this most dismal *Draught*, whatever be
The present Rellish, *Psyche* doth not fear
But it will end in purest Suavity.
I fear it not : and here She snatch'd the *Cup*,
And bravely to the bottom drunk it up.

65.

Thus have I seen a real-hearted *Friend*
(Though startled at some hard Experiment
Required by his dearer Self,) ascend
Above his Fears, and loyally consent
To what he hates, his *Friendship* so to prove
Ev'n by the *Desperation of his Love*.

66.

But He who has in poison quaffed deep,
And drown'd himself in what he swallow'd down ;
Quickly perceives the groping *Mischief* creep
About his heart : where being Victor grown,
Its fatal Chains of cold and heavy Lead
Are soon upon its fainting pris'ner spread :

67.

So *Psyche* having poured down this *black*
Potion of living Death, strait felt its force
A Battery against all *Comforts* make,
Which prov'd too weak to stop its Triumph's course ;
For through her Soul the Deluge broke, and there
Maintain'd its cruel uncontroll'd career.

68.

Forthwith the *Clouds*, which had beset the Air,
Broke up their gloomy Siege ; the *Phantoms* fled ;
Serenity made all the Welkin fair ;
The *Rocks* left quaking : *Birds* began to spread
Their cheery Wings abroad ; *Beasts* ventur'd forth
So did the *Sun*, and rendred Heav'n to Earth.

69.

The World to every Thing grew fresh and clear,
But unto *Psyche* ; for distressed she
Perceiv'd no Change whose Courtesy could cheer
The turbid Region of her *Agony* :
The Brightness of the Day, to her was more
Black than the Vail of Pitch she saw before.

70.

Thus cheerly Musick sounds but Torment to
A pained Ear : thus Neighbor's Liberty
With stricter Fetters gripes the Pris'ner's Wo :
Thus Lamps are to the Blind but Mockery :
Thus Gales, though cool and gentle, only learn
The boiling Flames more furiously to burn.

71.

Alas her *outward Self* long since had she
Forgot, and knew not what Earth's Pleasures meant ;
Above the Sphere of *Sensibility*
She had established her sole Content.

What is't to Her, that *Phebus* shineth fair,
Whose *Comforts* higher than His *Zenith* were ?

72.

That little glaring Thing, that mortal *Sun*,
Was not the King and Father of *her Day* :
Her Morning dawn'd with *Jesus's* Eyes alone,
The glorious Fountains of her gallant Joy :
And how, how can she live, now she no more
Can drink her draughts of Life as heretofore ?

73.

How can the ravish'd *Lover's* Comforts breath
When from his *most inestimably Precious*
His Eyes exiled are ? Death, dolefull Death
Meets him in all his Life ; and what delicious
Objects salute his Sight, but make him read
How much more sweet a Gem from him is hid.

74.

Her Soul look'd up, alas, but look'd in vain ;
For on her Eylids sate a Night so thick
As damp'd all Prospect, and made *Hope* complain
Which never until now receiv'd a Check.
Small is the Blind Man's Grief, to theirs who see
Nothing at all but their own *Misery*.

75.

For unto *this*, and *this alone*, her Eyes
Wide open were, yea though she shut them close :
Still her importunate *Calamities*
And *Desolations*, their black Troops expose
In full array to *Psyche's* view, in spight
Of any Vail which could forbid the sight.

76.

Tortur'd by this *unsufferable Loss*,
(For she *Alone*, till now, had never been,)
She spread to Heav'n her woful Hands across,
And sinking on her Knee to Earth ; she in
A most abashed deplorable guise
Thus to her *Spouse's* wonted Favor flies.

77.

My God, where e'r thou art, Why, why wilt Thou
Who every where canst Thy great Self display,
To Thy poor Handmaid not one glimpse allow
Who once enjoy'd Thy Grace's Highnoon Day ?
Which had I never done, my present Pain
With such excess of Anguish would not reign.

78.

Hath not Thy boundless *Sweetness* taught my heart
Complete Disrellish of all things beside ?

Where grows the Balsam then which for this smart
Of mine can any Lenitive provide ;
So long as most abandon'd I in this
Black Death, the Life of thy sweet Aspect miss ?

79.

Strong was this *Cry* ; for all the Heav'ns it rent,
Yet prov'd too weak to make them hear : and she
Remembering not she e'r had thither sent
Such Prayers in vain, amazed was to see
These which so loud about her *Spouse* resounded,
Back to her breast with Emptiness rebounded.

80.

Yet as the noble *Palm*, though on her head
A sturdy Burden's stern oppression lies,
In valiant Patience still go's on to spread
Her indefatigable Arms, and tries
How she may both her sad Afflictions bear,
And her ambitious boughs still higher rear :

81.

So gallant *Psyche*, though upon her Back
Grief's Load more ponderous than Mountains lay ;
Heroickly resolv'd it should not crack,
Nor Her most loyal Tolerance betray :
She knew what *Jesus* underwent before,
And that His Love deserv'd *thus much and more*.

82.

She knew she could not Fall, except she would,
Although she saw not how she still could stand :
No Comfort's Ray she spy'd whereon to hold,
Yet fast ev'n on blind Hope she held her Hand ;
Not doubting but through this most heavy blood
Fair *Titan's* cheerly Face at length would croud.

83.

Confirmed therefore, to her *Task* she went,
And spurr'd up *Logos* to his daily Part ;
Whom she in Contemplation's Chariot sent
To fetch some Solace for her pined Heart :
To *Joy's celestial Board* she sent him, where
He us'd to meet with high and holy Cheer.

84.

But every Night when He returned home
He nothing brought but cold and sapless Fare,
Lank dry Results, whose Bulk and Total Sum
She never saw amount to more than bare
And flashy *Vseliness*, which mock'd her Hunger
And only made her wofull Weakness stronger.

85.

This sad miscarriage could not but awake
The languid Fountains of her heavy Eyes ;
Which with continual showers strove to slake,
Or empty out her flaming miseries :
Yet all the Brine, alas, she thus could pour,
But scalt her cheeks and galled her the more.

86.

In all Attempts thus thwarted still, though she
Too reasonable a Temptation had
No more to flout her own Calamity
With fruitless Toil : yet she this Statute made
To her stout Self, *Her Duty still to do*
Whither Heav'n would regard her Pains or no.

87.

So when the unrelenting *Storm* hath driven
The *Marriner* into the boiling main,
Vailing with sullen Clouds the face of Heav'n
That from no star he may Direction gain ;
Though lost, he yields not to his Loss, but plies
His trusty Oars, whither he lives or dies.

88.

Her Tears she poured still, her Sighs she blew,
Her hands she lifted up, her Knees she bent,
She knock'd her breast, her Contemplations flew
Their wonted flight, her Groans her bosom rent,
Her Heart dissolv'd in Languishments of Love,
By Watchings, Prayers, and Fasts with *God* she strove.

89.

With *God* she strove, and with *her Self* ; for all
This while her Soul was out of taste, and those
Dear *Exercises* savour'd now of Gall
Whose Sweets before all Honey's Powers did pose.
Yet she this tedious Gall would not refuse,
Nor in exchange accept of *Hybla's* Dews.

90.

Thus when foul Humors have usurp'd and reign
In his weak stomach, still his wholesom meat
The *hungry Man* ingesteth, still in vain
He feeds what hateth to be fed, and eats
But an Assurance that his Cates again
Must be regorg'd with nauseous tearing Pain.

91.

Her heavy Breast, as cold and dead was now
Become, as if it ne'r had been the Seat
Of *holy Fire*, and *Heav'n* : though wonderous low
Her Body beaten lay by Penance, yet
Her Soul was far more mortify'd and dry,
Pining in *Desolation's* Agony.

92.

This scrued her Condition's Anguish high ;
For still she neither thought she Watch'd nor Pray'd,
Nor shed a Tear, nor heaved up a Sigh,
Nor managed her Contemplation's Trade,
Nor Groan'd, nor Lov'd ; because she never felt
Her Heart in all these mighty Ardors melt.

93.

What man upon the thankless Rocks can plow,
Or found his Building on the faithless Sand,

Or in the stormy Ocean's furrows sow,
Or wash the tawny *Æthiopian's* Hand ;
And still be patient, though his Pains and Cost
A thousand times already he has lost ?

94.

Where's that unwearied He, who though employ'd
In waiting upon Fire and Flames, and set
With sulphury fuel up to keep the Tide
Of iron Furnace's enraged Heat,
Can be content Frost's Tyranny mean time
Should cross his Trade, and nip and shrivel Him ?

95.

Yet through these Riddles of *Disconsolation*
Brave *Psyche* waded, and bore up her head
Above the Deluge ; whilst without all Passion
Her Passion she embrac'd, and wearyed
Her Self with so much Quiet, as to seem
To Row indeed, but only down the stream.

96.

For patiently she tired was ; but found
No Comfort in this Conquest of her Pain :
Yet though she every day and hour were drown'd
Ev'n whilst she swum, she vowed to maintain
The mighty Conflict, and her self to give
Up freely in this rueful Death to Live.

97.

Long liv'd she in it : and although her Fasts
She duely kept, yet would she not forbear,
When Nature challeng'd them, such spare Repasts
As her might fit to wage this *Suffrings War* :
Though her Ambition's Aim were, but to Die,
She scorn'd to haste by force her Destiny.

98.

Long liv'd she in it : for her *Spouse* was now
Resolv'd her Valour's full Extent to trie ;
And make her Soul most lamentably know
The Value of his own *reveled Eye*
By hiding it from hers. No Lesson can
Like *Loss* and *Absence*, teach unhappy Man.

99.

As thus she panting lay ; the fretted *Prince*
Of restless Envy, who roves night and day,
Prying about the World to gather thence
Fresh Booties upon which his Wrath may prey ;
Discover'd her in this disconsolate plight,
And leap'd for cruel Joy to see the sight.

100.

But as a Coward, who hath oft been beat,
Yet still on base revengeful hope doth feed,
Waits opportunity till he may meet
His fear'd Antagonist empoverished
In Strength and Spirits by some other Fight,
And on that Weakness builds his stollen Might :

101.

So now basehearted *He* that shock forbore
Till *Psyche's* Courage he conceived spent :
And then with prouder Hopes than e'r before
Down to his damned Home puff'd up he went :
(Fool as he was, to let his hasty Eye
Such Triumph look before the Victory.)

102.

Then having climb'd his Throne, and from his face
Wip'd off the coalblack sweat, into a smile
He forc'd his Cheeks : The *feinds* admir'd what cause
Their *King's* Austerity could so beguile :
Yet in compliance every one begun
To shrivel up his chaps and gently grin.

103.

When *Satan* thus : Hate and Defiance first
To *Heav'n*, and then all glory to my *Self*.
You know to what expence of Pains that curst
And though most feeble, yet most stubborn Elf
Jesus his Mistress, long hath put me, yet
On that vile *Worm* my Will I ne'r could get.

104.

But now the feat is done, and wretched she
Is by her goodly *spouse* divorc'd, and lies
To our just Vengeance's severity
A most abandon'd and devoted Prize.
I saw her as she lay ; but scorn'd to bring
Her with me : no ; it sutes not with a *King*.

105.

Not with the *King of most heroick Pride* ;
Disdain's the highest Jewel in my Crown :
I who to *Heav'n's big Sovereign* deny'd
To bend my sturdy knee, must not stoop down
To take up vile *Dust* : though below I dwell
In *Night*, the *Rising Morn's* my Mother still.

106.

But Thou, *Dispair*, (and here he turn'd aside,
For waiting at his right hand stood the *feind*.)
Shalt tear her hither : Thou mayst find her hid
In that blind Desert's furthest closest End,
Which borders on the Superstitious sink
Where *Arimathean Joseph's* bones do stink.

107.

The delegated *fury* made no stay,
(For what so headlong is as *Desperation* ?)
But posted upward, snatching by the way
Her dismal Engins in such ireful fashion,
That all her *Sisters* started at her haste,
And frighted Hell was glad when she was past.

108.

I'th dark deep bowels of the hilly *Peak*
There lies a gloomy and disconsolate Way,

Through which with such impatient pace she brake,
That round about the *Country* trembling lay ;
In whose dull bosom all the sleepy *Lead* ;
Awak'd for fear, and ran about its bed.

109.

The Beasts which saw the *Monster* as she flew,
Distracted at the horror of the sight,
Themselves down fatal Precipices threw ;
All Birds unable to maintain their flight
Let their Wings flag, and hung their heads aside,
And having chang'd their *Songs* to *shriekings*, dy'd.

110.

But still the frighted *Fury* posted on
Till she arriv'd at her desired Place :
Where finding pensive *Psyche* all alone,
She set her hideous self full in her face.
All horrid Wrinkles to her odious Looks
Are Gardens of Delight and Beautie's Books.

111.

Pale *Ghastlyness* triumphed in her face.
Which yet with *fierceness* strangely truce maintain'd :
Her own Veins swarthy Gore with hellish Grace
The grim deep Valleys of her Cheeks ingrain'd ;
Where her fell Nails to plough full often went,
And on her cursed self her madness spent.

112.

Her locks were half rent off, so was her Gown ;
And more by careless Nastyness was she
Arrayed than by Clothes : Her breasts hung down
All lank and torn, and flapp'd upon her knee,
Which gap'd, and shew'd the naked shatter'd bones
She wilfully had dash'd on ragged stones.

113.

Ten thousand Bruises made her Leanness fat
With Tumors and with Pains : no Joints were true
To their uniting Name ; nor any knot
Of Ligaments their binding Office knew :
Her carcase was an heap of broken Limbs,
By which she only *her own Ruins* seems.

114.

But every part look'd delicate and fair,
To her most hollow yet most staring Eyes ;
In which such sovereign Terrors muster'd were,
As *fear's* own fancy ne'r could equalize ;
For one was like to nothing but the other,
And either strove which should outstare his brother.

115.

These were the ominous Mirrours where each He
Whose Bosom was not innocent and clear
No sooner look'd, but he was forc'd to see
His heart in all her Crimes array'd ; which there
Appearing *double*, rais'd his fright so high
That from his odious self he long'd to fly.

116.

The direfull Basilisks' mischievous Eyes,
 And those of fascinating Witches, are
 Far safer Glasses, than these Prodigies
 Which with the Life of killing Horrors glare.
 Heav'n shield the Man whose miserable Chance
 Damns him into the compass of her Glance.

117.

Nor was the furniture of this foul *Hag*
 Improper for her formidable looks :
 Her starv'd sharp Arms did loads of Weapons lag,
 Rust-eaten Swords, Knives, Daggers, Bodkins, Hooks,
 With poison-hugging Boxes ; all bound up
 Here with a fatal Wieth, there with a Rope.

118.

Appointed thus ; she stood a while and stared
 On desolate *Psyche* ; who at first was stroke
 (For unexpectedly the *fein'd* appeared,
 And with a sudden Dint,) at her fell look :
 Yet she disdained to be beaten over,
 And nobly did her strength and self recover.

119.

The Tower thus, which at th' unlook'd-for Blast
 Of th' angry Storms forlorn doth yield to quake ;
 Forgetteth not withal to stand more fast
 Than those proud Buildings which refuse to shake,
 And therefore by an instant Ruin down
 From their exalted Confidence are thrown.

120.

Dispair perceiving that her looks were vain,
 Her far more dangerous Engin mov'd, (for this
 Was her bewitching *Tongue*, now taught to strain
 Up to the highest Key of *Craftiness* ;
 And casting down her Luggage, thus assay'd
 To do as much upon the constant *Maid*.

121.

If I thy doubtful Count'nance read aright,
 Thy gloomy *Wo* perceives not who am I
 Nor who thy Self : But this thy desolate plight
 Charms my convinced Pity to descry
 Both unto Thee ; that if thou wilt befriend
 Thy self, no Enemies may Thee offend.

122.

I know my *Aspect* speaketh nothing less
 Than Courtesy : but Things which fairest smile,
 Too frequently in their enchanting Dress
 The lurking stings of odious Treason veil :
 And sober Wisdom always must commend
 Before a fauning Fo, a frowning friend.

123.

Were it not so ; thy self hadst never strove
 Against the flattering Tide of Things below ;

Distrustful always of the soothing Love
 With which the World's inviting Courtships flow :
 Were it not so ; what Price could be so high
 To hire thee thus thy self to *Mortify* ?

124.

And what should I do here in any Dress
 Of gaudy Sweetness, which strict Thou long since
 Hast banish'd from thy Love, espousing this
 Course Life of Solitude, where no pretence
 Of Beauty peeps? nor canst thou now deny
 But thine own *Choise* is my *Apology*.

125.

Suspect not then my *Looks*, which only show
 Like *Terror's* living Theatre to Them
 Whose vain deluded bosom's overflow
 With secular Pleasure's frothy empty stream :
 These think each Gale which to the Haven would
 blow them
 Will prove a storm, and into Ruin throw them.

126.

But thy Condition, if thou weigh'st it right,
 Will teach thee better what concerns thy Bliss :
 Remember then, that since thou saw'st the Light,
 Thou ne'r hadst reason to be friends with this
Vntoward Life, which always to regret thee
 With restless *Swarms of Sorrows* hath beset thee.

127.

The dainty Buds of thy young vigorous years
 Served not to trim a Garland for *Delight* ;
 By rigid *Virtue's* most untimely Cares
 They blasted were ; and Thou, ev'n in Despight
 Of *blooming-Tenderness* preventedst *Time*,
 And provedst *Old* and *wither'd* in thy *Prime*.

128.

Whilst other *Maidens* ripe for *Nuptial Joy*,
 Gather'd the *Sweetest Sweets* of *cheerly Nature* ;
 Thou spentst thy self in *solitude's* Annoy,
 Living a Comfortless and single Creature :
 Yet in thy Virgin Bed thou could'st not 'scape
 Being a *Mother* to all sad *mishap*.

129.

For from thine *Isle of Bliss*, thy native Home,
 Thy fruitless Zeal exil'd thee to the *East* ;
 Where Thou through cursed *Palestine* did'st rome,
 Both to the *Place* a Stranger, and to *Rest* :
 What found'st thou but thy loss, whilst there thy Soul
 Drunk, and was drown'd, in *Heresy's* black Boul ?

130.

Alas the dear *Memorials* of thy *Lord*
 Which there thy hankering Eyes so often read,
 Did but Assurance to thy Heart afford
 That *He*, its only Joy, to Heav'n was fled :
 And surely here at *home* thou wert as near
 The *happy Spheres*, as in thine *Exile* there.

131.

Thus having wasted out thy Strength and Time
 (And Credit too, with those who lov'd thee best,)
 Thou flutter'dst back to this thy *British Clime*
 Like some poor weary'd Bird to her old Nest ;
 Where when thou countedst up thy Journey's Gains,
 Thou only had'st thy *Labour for thy Pains*.

132.

Then fired by *unhappy Piety*,
 Upon thy Self thou did'st the Tyrant play :
 Thy lamentable *Body* sheweth by
 Its ghastly Leanness, how thou strov'st to slay
 Thy guiltless *flesh*, and by Devotion's Rack
 Languid and *senseless* every *Sense* to make.

133.

And for no other End, but to refine
 Thy Self from this dull Earth into a state
 Which might thy backward *Spouse's* Heart incline
 To loyal Thee, who with such venturous Heat
 Did'st trace thy hardest steps, and cheerly toss
 On thy soft shoulders his *most heavy Cross*.

134.

Yet when her just Reward thy faith expected,
 (Less due to thy *Uranius*, than to thee,)
 He to an odious *Dungeon* thee rejected,
 (A Place how far from *Heav'nly Liberty*!)
 Where Thou who in *pure flames* long'dst to expire,
 Wert forc'd to lead a dying Life in *mire*.

135.

Remember what intolerable Chains
 Into thy Soul their cruel Iron prest ;
 What floods of boiling Soars and fiery Pains
 Were pour'd on thee ; what Anguish slew thy Rest :
 Remember how all foes but *He* relented,
 And mighty *Cruelty* her self repented.

136.

He to whose barbarous trust the Management
 Of *Persecution's* War was here committed,
 Fought with his own outrageous Intent,
 And conquer'd by thy Woes, thy Sufferings pity'd :
 But from *Life's* Dungeon when he had prepared
 To set thee free, thy freedom was debarred.

137.

It was debarr'd, and by no other Hand
 But that which rather should have lent thee aid :
 And what did *Phylax* but thy *Lord's* Command
 When from Joy's brink he stole thee, and betrayed
 Thy hopes of *Martyrdom*, which now was grown
 Mature, and offer'd to thine head a Crown ?

138.

I grant, thy torturing soars he healed, but
 Deserv'd no thanks for such a cruel Cure,

Which did but thy repaired Body put
 Into an abler posture to endure
 This greater Load ; whose merciless Excess
 Doth my unpity'd shoulders now oppress.

139.

Shoulders unpity'd by Him from whom
 Thy Service had full dearly earn'd Relief :
 But in his hardned Ears was left no room
 To entertain the suit of deepest Grief.
 Had any there been left, sure He could not
 Thy mighty Supplications out have shut.

140.

How has the stroke of thy impetuous Cry
 Taught this dumb *Desert* Sorrow's Dialect ;
 Whilst all its Rocks and Caverns shaken by
 Thy Groans and Lamentations, them reflect
 To Heav'n with doubled fervor, and agree
 Fellow-petitioners to be with Thee !

141.

And yet thy grated Throat is not so dry,
 As are thy now exhausted Eyes ; from whence
 Thy *Spouse's* sturdy heart to mollify
 Thou pour'd'st thy constant floods : but that immense
 Relentless *stone* which barbarizeth His
 Strange Breast, by all those streams unpeirc'd is.

142.

Unkindly He still turns his face away
 Least any helpful Glimpse should leap to thee :
 And thou long flatter'd by his favor's Day,
 Art now betrayed to the Misery
 Of blackest Night. O may all Souls be ware
 How they *Heav'n's wiley Sovereign* trust too far.

143.

He mighty Promises indeed doth give ;
 For Words are cheap and put Him to no cost :
 But can thy Soul on aëry Diet live,
 And feed on verbal Nutriment ? the most
 Thou can'st pretend is *Hope* : and what is that
 But *Sorrow's* flattering and endless Cheat ?

144.

Alas thy desolate Heart too well doth know
 How little I in thy Condition err :
 And with secure Presumption *Psyche*, thou
 May'st this Conclusion from my Art infer :
 That I who can discover all thy Grief,
 May tell what Physick must be thy Relief.

145.

Thy *Phylax*, once esteem'd thy trustiest friend,
 Well understands the depth of thy Disease :
 Yet finding all his skill too faint to lend
 Thee any real Help, himself he frees
 From fruitless Trouble, and is fled away ;
 Ashamed now his weakness to betray.

146.

I know not how ; but always at a pinch
When great Extremities crave equal Aid,
Your vulgar Comforters use still to flinch,
And Cry, *God's will be done* : but I afraid
Of nothing am, no not *God's Destination* ;
Dispair alone can feel no Desperation.

147.

I, I, the only able Doctress, who
In desperate Cases certain Physick give ;
In pity of thy unregarded Wo
Am hither come on purpose to relieve
Thy helpless Heart : Nor do I ask a fee ;
My ample guerdon shall thy *Safety* be.

148.

Lo here approv'd *Receipts* : When noble *Saul*
The field, his Kingdom, and his God had lost ;
That Rapièr he no sooner found, but all
The conquering Plot of his *mishaps* he crost,
And malgré stern *Philistia's* Powers, fell
Down to the Rest of holy *Samuel*.

149.

Disgrac'd by *Hushai*, and rejected by
Fond *Absalom*, profound *Achitophel*
For rescue from *misfortuné's* Tyranny
Consulted with his own deep *Oracle* ;
And found no wiser way than by this *Rope*
His Breath, his Life, and his Contempt to stop.

150.

Great *Annibal*, accustom'd long to ride
In *Triumph's* Chariot, being overborn
By undeserv'd Disaster's pow'ful Tide ;
Scorn'd to become th' insulting *Roman's* scorn,
But sipp'd his safety from that *Poison* there
And went in glorious Peace unto his *Beir*.

151.

Renowned *Cato*, when by peevish fate
Thrust into straits too narrow to contain
His mighty Spirit ; by soon-ended Hate
Of wretched Life, immortal Rest did gain.
There lies the *Sword*, the *lucky Sword* whereby
He op'd his way to generous Liberty.

152.

When base false-hearted *Fortune* had betray'd
The gallant *Antony* to Overthrow ;
Of nothing but vile *fear* was he afraid,
And much disdain'g, though subdu'd, to bow ;
Cut with that Weapon his unworthy thred
Of Life, and laid him down in *Honor's Bed*.

153.

Say not, that These were *Men*, and *female* Thou
Too weak to manage *Masculine Bravery* :

Thy Sex's stout exploits will not allow
That weak Excuse : yet, could I cite to thee
No *Precedents*, thy most Extreme Distress
Might be thy warrant for this *manlyness*.

154.

But see that *Daggor*, smeared with the Blood
The manly Blood of female *Lucrece* ; she
Not trusting to her Tears' poor womanish flood,
Took her courageous Advice from Me ;
And broach'd red Torrents from her noble Veins
To paint with Glory her Pollution's stains.

155.

Brave *Portia*, when her sad Disasters grew
So thick and cross that they the way had damm'd
To every known Relief, found out a new
Road unto Death, and down her throat she cramm'd
That Fire which made her *Valour's* sacrifice :
Part of the Coals still in that Vial lies.

156.

Though sweetest *Antony* was wont to rest
In *Cleopatra's* dainty bosom ; yet
When Losses her besieged, to her breast,
Her lovely breast, an odious *Aspe* she set ;
Which suck'd out her abhorred Life ; and in
That *Box the Serpent* doth himself intwine.

157.

Now that a *British* Hand as much may do
As any *Foreign*, thou hast witness by
Thy late Compatriot *Boadicia*, who
Boldly outbrav'd her own Calamity.
Lo there's the *Poison* by whose Virtue she
Preserv'd her self from *Roman Bondage* free.

158.

These, and ten thousand more have I befriended
With Rescue from deplor'd Extremities :
And though I ne'r to any one commended
His *Choise* of these *Receipts* ; thy Miseries
Move my Compassion so, that I'm content
Thou shouldst have leave to choose thy Instrument.

159.

A burning or a freezing Poison take,
A Sword, Stiletto, Dart, Spear, Dagger, Knife,
Fire, Water, Rope ; or whatsoe'r will make
An end of *thine* ; no, of thy *Torments' life* :
And if one will not serve, take two or three ;
Nay I can spare them all *poor Heart*, for thee.

160.

But hate not thou thy self, 'cause I am kind,
Nor scorn the Bounty of my Pity : know
It stands not with a truly generous mind
To fear her *own* more than *another's Blow*.
If thou wouldst *Live indeed*, be brave, and *Die* :
The Life of Fame will reach Eternity.

161.

Come then ; and since thy *Spouse* so cruell is,
Give him his Due, and Curse him to his face :
Come choose thy Passage to thy ready Bliss,
And nobly send thy Self to that calm Place,
Where *Heros* who durst wretched Life disdain
Safe in the Arms of endless Peace remain.

162.

Thou hast too long already waited on
The leisure of regardless *Heav'n* ; since thou
Art able by thy valiant Hand alone
To give thy self what that will not allow.
A *Martyrdom*'s thy wish ; and thou may'st be
A *Martyr* now to thine own *Bravery*.

163.

So spake *Dispair*. But *Psyche* all the while
Stood firm and constant as the resolute Rock :
For well she understood Her fatal Guile,
And wisely arm'd her self against the Shock ;
Which in the *Fury's* unexpected face
By her stout Answer thus returned was :

164.

Take up thy Implements mischievous *Elf*,
And, since thou fail'st in this thy deep Design,
Go and employ them on thy curs'd self :
My state is bad enough ; I need not join
Thy damned Offer to augment my Grief,
And 'cause I'm Sick, *dispair* of all Relief.

165.

Surely it may suffice my *Wish*, that I
Thus miserable am : why should I throw
My most dejected self still lower ? why
Should I whom now no other *Friend* will know,
Turn, in destructive Pity, mine own Fo,
And wilfully join *Madness* to my *Wo* ?

166.

What were those *Heros* whose preposterous Might
Thou gild'st so fairly with thine eloquent Lye ;
But *venturous Cowards*, who in fear to fight
With Pain, Loss, Shame, or Bondage, chose to Die ?
Far be it I should *Valour's* Title give
To those who durst not *do so much as live*.

167.

'Tis true, my *Spouse* hath hid his joyous face,
And sure I have deserv'd he should do so.
Yet ne'r was *Night* so long, but yielded place
At length to cheerly *Day* ; but that which you
Howl in Beneath, and therefore wondrous fain
Into that *endlesse Darkness* me would gain.

168.

Let *Jesus* use his Pleasure on me ; I
His Dust and Ashes am : and so go tell

Black *Belzebub*, your envious Father, by
Whose delegation you are come from Hell.
Tell him, though *Jesus* kill me, yet I must
And in his *Goodness* will repose my Trust.

169.

The *Fury* to this Word made no Reply,
But by an hideous *Shriek* ; which split the Air
And rent the Earth, rebounding on the Sky
And heart of Hell at once : all thunders were
Faint Murmurs, and the Tempest's bellowing Voice
But trembling Whispers to this monstrous Noise.

170.

Then snatching up her Baggage, with one Hand,
And with the other tearing off her hair,
Her skin, her flesh ; she curs'd *Jesus*, and
To *Peak's* close road returned bleeding ; where
She shriek'd again and shak'd all Hell before
She entred through the Gulf of th' iron Door.

171.

Great *Satan* started, when the *Feind* he saw
Come thus lamenting home without her Prey :
Full on her throat he clapt his brazen Paw,
And through it tore his Indignation's way :
For Pain *She* roared, so did *He* for spight ;
The dire *Deeps* trembling at the dreadful sight.

172.

But *Psyche*, though her Victory were great,
And might in other Hearts have Triumph bred,
No Joy could relish in her glorious Feat ;
For to all Comfort she was cold and dead,
And in her Conquest still remain'd as sad
As if her self had been the Captive made.

173.

Her hands she wrung, and smote her pensive breast,
And cry'd, what is that *good success* to me ?
So long as *Heaven* is deaf to my Request,
So long 's I grope in this Obscurity,
So long as from my *Spouse's* Eyes the wide
Black Curtains of Disfavor mine must hide ?

174.

What have I gained now my Fo is fled
But freer leisure to observe my Sorrows ?
Indeed the *field* is mine ; but oh ! the Seed
Of Desolation grows in all its furrows.
Let those triumph, to *Rest* whom *Conquest* sends ;
My *Victory* in *Grief* begins, and ends.

175.

Now, now alas, by dear Experience, I
Have learn'd that *Sweets* and *Pleasures* no where are
Their genuine selves, but in the Treasury
Of *Jesus's* all-enamoring Count'nance : there,
O there they shine ; but hidden are from me
Who ev'n in *Joy* find nought but *Misery*.

176.

As in the Gulf of this *Disconsolation*
 She plunged lay, and saw no way to rise :
 Her *Phylax* tir'd with his long Sequestration
 From his dear *Charge*, of whose Calamities
 His tender heart was jealous ; never rested
 Till Leave to see Her he from Heav'n had wrested.

177.

And then, no wind its wings e'r stoutlier stretch'd
 Or flew with cheerlier Velocity :
 But when his Speed the wished Place had reach'd,
 Far from his Wish prov'd disappointed He :
 Down fell his Plumes and Eyes, back flew his Blood,
 And he O how unlike an Angel stood !

178.

Such havock Grief had made in *Psyche's* Face
 That in *her Self her self* he scarce could spy.
 Besides, the lovely beams of heav'nly *Grace*,
 Which us'd to sparkle in her holy Eye
 Were damp'd with deadish Dulness, and no sign
 Peep'd forth of any thing within *divine*.

179.

This further spurred on his Search to see
 What weather 'twas in her high-throbbing Breast :
 Where finding thick and heavy *Darkness*, He
 Would to the Center of her Heart have prest ;
 But *Charis* there so close lay locked up,
 That all his sweetness could not charm it ope.

180.

At this amazed, and amazed too
 That *She* who with impatient Love had used
 To bid him welcome, and his Feet to woo
 With humble Kisses, strangely stood amased ;
 As doubtful whether now it were not best
 To throw *Neglect*, on her *unsent for Guest*.

181.

And yet resolv'd to try the strength of Love,
 And not be dash'd out of his kind Intent ;
 He thrice embraced Her, and gently strove
 Her Sorrows' Fulness to out-compliment :
 With all his heav'nly Heats he wrought to thaw
 That Frost, whose Chains about her Soul he saw.

182.

But what can tardy Salves and Balsams do
 If Life has once the Member bid Adieu ?
 In vain do's *Phylax* hug his *Pupil*, who
 Beyond all help of *finite Cordials* grew.
 In vain he blew those Ashes, in whose Heap
 No Embers, nor no hopeful spark did sleep.

183.

With full as probable success might *Lot*
 Have hugg'd and courted his *transformed Wife* ;

Wooing the Pillar to be moved at
 His Kisses' suit, when her condemned Life
 Was choked up in Salt, and she become
 At once the doleful Carcase and the Tomb.

184.

This plough'd his heart with so severe a wound
 That he forgot with him he brought his Tongue.
 And pitching sadly down upon the ground,
 His anxious Thoughts and Eyes on her he hung ;
 Whilst *Silence* curb'd his daunted Lips, and quite
 Sealed them up for many a day and night.

185.

So when the *Desolate Idumaean Prince*
 Not worth so much as his own Skin was left,
 But by an universal Confluence
 Of Losses and of Soars, of all bereft ;
 His dearest *Friends* sate by him in profound
 And *silent Grief's deep stupifaction* drown'd.

186.

But then perceiving his long Expectation
 Bred no relenting in her stiff Disease ;
 Into the Dialect of Consolation
 He forc'd his Breath, and try'd his best by these
 Most tender Lenitives, to venture on
 A Combat with her Heart's cold heavy stone.

187.

O *Psyche*, (if thou yet remainest she,)
 What means this long Aversness in thine Eye ?
 How hast thou lost thy memory of me
 Who still am *Phylax* ; and Calamity,
 Me thinks, should make thee not forget that *Name*,
 Which tells thy Grief I thy *Protector* am.

188.

If ever thou hadst found me *false*, when thy
 Distress had summon'd my helping hand ;
 Or if thy present Load of misery
 Doth not in need of my Assistance stand ;
 Well mightst thou by this strange Department dart
 Disdain upon the Comforts I impart.

189.

It was no Bus'ness of mine own which drew
 Thy faithful *Phylax* from thy Company ;
 Witness the time when I so gladly flew
 To *Palestine*, and back again, with Thee ;
 Forsaking all that while the sphere where I
 In sovereign Blessedness was wont to fly.

190.

But *He* who both my *Master* is and thine
 Call'd me away ; if yet it were away :
 For this my late Employment less was mine,
 Than thine, for whose sweet sake thy *Spouse* did lay
 That charge upon me : Courage then, my Dear,
 And to my happy News give cheerly ear.

191.

When I in heav'n had long Attendance paid
To *Jesus's* Pleasure, most propitious *He*
Hearing my Sighs, in Gentleness array'd
His Looks, and to his Footstool beckned Me?
Where having on my Face ador'd him thrice,
He blessed me as oft, and bad me rise.

192.

Then smiling towards his right Hand, at which
His gracious *Mother* shin'd ; who makes the Light
Of heav'n it self with her mild Luster rich ;
Behold, said he to me, my *Dearest Sight* ;
Behold the *Queen* of all this Joy and Bliss,
Which by my *Regal Title* I possess.

193.

But her *Retinue's* yet not so complete
As she deserves, and I must therefore grant :
Soft snowy Followers, answering her sweet
And *ever-virgin Self*, she still doth want ;
And from my Nursery below must I
Her worthy Train with fitting *Plants* supply.

194.

And one of those is *humble Psyche*, she
Whose Watering, and whose Pruning is thy Charge :
Her from unworthy Dust's Captivity,
And her now bitterer Straits, will I enlarge,
When I have thoroughly proved her to be
By *Fire's* true Witness, fitting *Gold* for me.

195.

In that bright Station shall her Dwelling be,
(To *Mary's* right hand his he pointed here,)
There shall the *Clouds* of her *Humility*
Break up into a *Day of Glory* ; there
Shall all her gloomy *Suffrings* shine : and go,
And from my Mouth assure thy *Pupil* so.

196.

I prostrate fell, and took my leave ; and flew,
More on *Joy's wings* than *these*, through our vast Sea
Of glorious Blessedness : but as I drew
Near thine old Friend *Vranius*, (for he
Reigns on a lower Throne than thine,) he cry'd,
What Fortune *Phylax* doth thy *Charge* betide ?

197.

That shall you shortly see, said I ; and so
Posted directly hither unto Thee.
And if this *News* cannot outlook thy *Wo*,
Tell me why thus thou slight'st *Felicity* ;
Why *Phylax* ne'r less welcome seem'd than now
He of thine highest Hopes the Dawn doth show :

198.

Why thou against the meek ingenuous Law
Of *Gratitude*, refrainest to embrace

With joyous heart, and with unfurrowed brow
This mighty Token of Heav'n's royal Grace :
Why thou thine own Ambition contradictest,
Whilst with his *Promise* thou thy *Spouse* rejectest.

199.

So spake the *Angel*. But the heavy *Maid*
Grown deaf to every word that sounded Joy ;
Her hand upon her dolefull Bosom laid,
And overpress'd with Mountains of Annoy,
Hung down her head ; replying by a Flood
Of Tears, how little Him she understood.

200.

But seeing his Demand unsatisfy'd
With that dumb Answer, first an heavy Groan
She helped forth ; then flinging open wide
Her lamentable Arms, Let me alone,
She cry'd, and to my domineering Grief
Afford at least in Pity *this Relief*.

201.

I know you were of old, and still would be
My faithfull *Friend* ; I well remember you
Are *Phylax*, and what blessed Suavity
Your constant Love did to my heart allow.
But this was when that heart alive you found,
Which now in *Desolation's* Sea is drown'd.

202.

What Comfort tastes a Carcase cold and dead
In th' ardent Courtesy of Fomentations ?
In vain are Tables sumptuously spread,
With *Luxury's* own proudest Preparations,
To court a *Stomach*, when her Appetite
By Nauseousness is slain to all Delight.

203.

Blame me not *Phylax*, for I love you still,
And of your Presence fain the Sweets would reap ;
But now my *greater Joy* is damp'd, my Will
Reacheth her Arms to *this* in vain ; you heap
But Torments on me whilst before my face
You rank those *Pleasures* I cannot embrace.

204.

Should I but strive to grasp them, envious They
Would shrink to Emptiness, and mock my Hand ;
Or from their lovely selves quite fly away,
Degenerating into *Sorrows* and
Rightdown *Vexations*, rather than impart
One Taste of Joy to *Psyche's* hated heart.

205.

For what, what Relish can there be to Me
In any Dainties *Daintiness* can cook ;
So long's the *Lord of my Felicity*
From my devorced Eyes himself doth cloke ?
If *Phobus* once withdraws his sovereign Ray,
What can poor *Candles* do to cheer up *Day* ?

206.

Wonder not *Phylax* at my bold Complaint ;
Psyche in *Sorrow's* School 's more learn'd than Thou :
 Thy privileged Heart did ne'r acquaint
 With *Desolation's* company, nor know
 What mine now feels : It feels, and no Pretence
 It findeth to *distinguish Loss and Sense*.

207.

Thy *News* a potent Cordial would appear
 If fann'd on any fainting Wight but Me ;
 But I in *Heav'n's* and *Bliss's* Name can hear
 No Melody at all, since *Misery*
 Hath seal'd and frozen up my Breast, and I
 To my dead self alone abandon'd lie.

208.

Were I now perch'd upon the Battlement
 Of highest Glory, and beneath me saw
 The *Seraph's* flame ; yet I should not resent
 That Throne as glorious : still, still *Below*
 Should I esteem my self, so long as I
 Am muffled up from seeing my *Most High*.

209.

Did but the wonted Beams of heav'nly *Grace*
 Vouchsafe to smile upon my Hemisphere
 They eas'ly would outdare the sourest face
 Of all the *Sorrows* which are frowning there :
 But since sweet *Charis* is eclips'd to me
Phylax is absent though he Present be.

210.

Yet now great *Jesus*, whose poor Worm I am,
 Is pleas'd to leave me to my arid Dust ;
 His Pleasure I must not presume to blame,
 Which though most Bitter, yet is surely Just.
 His mighty *Name* I still adore and bless,
 His heavy *Rod* which plough's my Soul, I kiss.

211.

Here manly Sadness stopt her mouth, and she
 From *Phylax* having turn'd her ghastly Eyes,
 With folded Arms embrac'd her *Agony*.
 When *He*, who could no Antidote devise
 For Her, turn'd sick himself ; and hanging down
 His pensive head, tun'd by her Groans his own.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

STANZA 13, l. 5, '*Preasses*' = throngs, pressure of crowds : st. 19, l. 5, '*apparent Heirs*' = heirs-apparent : st. 20, l. 6, '*only Horses*' = the cathedrals and churches in which, during the Civil War, horses were occasionally stabled by stern necessity. See our Memorial-Introduction on this : st. 31, l. 6, '*Campagna*'—the great plain stretching from Rome gives this splendid image : st. 57, l. 1, '*dead*'—I suspected a misprint for '*dread*' ; but cf. st. 67, l. 2, '*living Death*' : st. 63, l. 2, '*Pro-*

priety' = property, possession : st. 108, l. 1, '*Peak*' it is a somewhat left-handed compliment to the famous Peak of Derbyshire thus to locate one of the entrances to Hell in it. I suppose the vulgar name of the '*Devil's Arse*' suggested it : st. 117, l. 3, '*lag*' = drag, or to lag heavily : *ibid.* '*Wieth*' = with, or willow wand : st. 118, l. 1, '*grated*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : st. 154, l. 1, '*broach'd*' = set open and running.



CANTO XXIV.

The Consummation.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Restor'd to Grace's Light, and Ravish'd by
The splendor of Beatitude, which shin'd
In her sleep-closed eyes, Psyche with high
Desire's Impatience, feels her fervent Mind
Fall all on fire : and thus She nobly dies,
As she before had Liv'd, LOVE'S Sacrifice.*

1.

Sweet *END*, thou *Sea of Satisfaction*, which
The weary Streams into thy Bosom tak'st ;
The Springs unto the *Spring* Thou first dost reach,
And by thine inexhausted Kindness mak'st
Them fall so deep in love with thee, that through
All Rocks and Mountains to thy *Arms* they flow.

2.

Thou art the *Center*, in whose close Embrace,
From all the wild Circumference, each *Line*
Directly runs to find its resting Place,
Upon their swiftest Wings, to perch on thine
Enobling Breast, which is their only *Butt*,
The *Arrows* of all high *Desires* are shot.

3.

All *Labours* pant and languish after *Thee*,
Stretching their longest *Arms* to catch their *Bliss* ;
Which in the *Way*, how sweet soe'r it be,
They never find ; and therefore on they press
Further and further, till desired *Thou*,
Their only *Crown*, meet'st their *Ambition's* brow.

4.

With smiles the *Plowman* to the *smiling Spring*
Returns not *Answer*, but is jealous till
His patient *Hopes* thy happy *Season* bring
Unto their *Ripeness* with his *Corn*, and fill
His *Barns* with plenteous *Sheaves*, with *Joy* his *Heart* ;
For *Thou*, and none but *Thou*, his *Harvest* art.

5.

The no less sweating and industrious *Lover*
Lays not his panting heart to rest upon

Kind *Looks* and gracious *Promises*, which hover
On *Love's* Outside, and may as soon be gone
As easily they came : but strives to see
His *Hopes* and *Nuptials* ratify'd by *Thee*.

6.

The *Traveller* suspecteth every *Way*,
Though they thick trac'd and fairly beaten be ;
Nor is secure but that his *Leader* may
Step into some *Mistake* as well as *He* ;
Or that his strength may fail him ; till he win,
Possession of *Thee* his wished *Inn*.

7.

Nobly besmeared with *Olimpick Dust*,
The hardy *Runner* prosecutes his *Race*
With obstinate *Celerity*, in trust
That *Thou* wilt wipe and glorify his face :
His *Prize's* *Soul* art *Thou*, whose precious sake
Makes him those mighty *Pains* with *Pleasure* take.

8.

The *Mariner* will trust no *Winds*, although
Upon his *Sails* they blow fair *Flattery* ;
No *Tides*, which with all fauning *Smoothness* flow,
Can charm his *Fears* into *Security* ;
He Credits none but *Thee*, who art his *Bay*,
To which through *Calms* and *Storms* he hunts his way.

9.

And so have I, cheer'd up with *Hopes* at last
To double *Thee*, endur'd a tedious *Sea* ;
Through publick foaming *Tempests* I have past ;
Through flattering *Calms* of private *Suavity* ;
Through interrupting *Companies'* thick *Press* ;
And through the *Lake* of mine own *Laziness* ;

10.

Through many *Sirens'* *Charms*, which me invited
To dance to *Ease's* *Tunes*, the *Tunes* in fashion ;
Through many *cross misgiving Thoughts* which frighted
My jealous *Pen* ; and through the *Conjuration*
Of ignorant and envious *Censures*, which
Implacably against all *Poems* itch.

11.

But chiefly *Those* which venture in a Way
That yet no *Muse's* feet have chose to trace ;
Which trust that *Psyche* and her *Jesus* may
Adorn a *Verse* with as becoming Grace
As *Venus* and her *Son* ; that *Truth* may be
A nobler *Theme* than *Lyes* and *Vanity*.

12.

Which broach no *Aganippe's* Streams, but those
Where Virgin Souls without a Blush may bathe ;
Which dare the boistrous *Multitude* oppose
With gentle *Numbers* ; which despise the Wrath
Of galled *Sin* ; which think not fit to trace
Or *Greek* or *Roman Song* with slavish pace.

13.

And seeing now I am in ken of *Thee*,
The *Harbour* which enflamed my Desire,
And with this stedy *Patience* ballas'd Me
In my uneven Road ; I am on fire,
Till into thy Embrace my Self I throw,
And on the *shore* hang up my finish'd *Vow*.

14.

Nor will thy Pleasantness less welcome be
To worried *Psyche*, who so long hath sail'd
Through deepest Oceans of Calamity,
And over many a boistrous Storm prevail'd ;
Who through the Smiles, and through the Frowns of
heaven
With equal *Meekness* hath till now been driven.

15.

For still on *Thee* She fix'd her longing Eye ;
On *Thee*, who only couldst her Soul afford
The Plenitude of her Felicity ;
The dear Enjoyment of her precious *Lord* ;
Which made *Thee* nobly change thy fading Name
Of *End*, and firm *Eternity* become.

16.

As *She* sate teaching *Phylax* how to grieve,
Who faithfully her Sorrows copyed ;
The Time approach'd when *Heav'n* would her reprieve
From this sad Duty, and upon her Head
Let fall the Crown, which in this tedious Fight
She bravely earned by her *constant* *Might*.

17.

With *joyeuse Horror* on the sudden she
Started and trembled, and leapt from the ground :
The *Angel* wonder'd what the Cause might be
Whose quick Effect did upon Him rebound ;
For up he sprung and in suspense expected
What rais'd the *Maid* so much before dejected.

18.

When lo, the Joy thus kindled in her breast
Broke forth and flamed in her cheerful Eye :

For blessed *Charis*, who so long suppress
Deep in the centre of her Heart did lie,
Was now unlock'd by *Jesus*, and had leave
To her sweet Influence the Reins to give.

19.

So when thick sullen Clouds have damm'd up Day
And dolefull Blackness veil'd the Welkin's face ;
If *Phebus* through those Curtains rends his way
And chides home Darkness to its proper Place ;
The *Air* surpris'd with her sudden Bliss
At first with frightfull Gladness started is.

20.

So when the unexpected virgin *Light*
Broke from the glorious Mouth of *God* upon
The rude disconsolate *Heap of first-born* *Night* ;
That flashing *Morn* with *cheerfull* *Terror* ran
About the Universal *Deep*, which was
Astonish'd at the Dint of *Luster's* face.

21.

Psyche with *Pleasure's* strong Incursion seiz'd
And shaken thus ; before she leisure had
To vent her Gladness, was anew surpris'd :
For *Charis* through her breast a passage made,
And in th' exuberance of Suavity
Her smiling self presented to her Eye.

22.

But humane Souls are in Capacity
So poor and dull whilst here they dwell below ;
They know not how to bear ev'n Courtesy,
Unless by *slow degrees* on them it grow.
Delights, if rushing in a sudden stream,
A Deluge of amazing Torments seem.

23.

This Spectacle bred such Extremities
Of mighty Comforts in the *Virgin's* Mind,
That she, alas, too narrow to comprise
Her own most sweetly-raging Sea, resign'd
Her self to *Delicacie's* Wrack, and down
These pleasing Depths sunk gently by a S^[w]own.

24.

But *Charis* being Mistress of the Tide,
So bridled in the swelling Floods, that they
Submitted to her hand their dainty Pride,
And for her gentler Complement made way :
This was a soft Embrace, by which the *Maid*
She girded, and her fainting Passion staid.

25.

Allaying then her glorious Aspect by
More tolerable Sweets, she thus began :
Has short *Disuse* such nauseous Potency
That it upon my cheerly Presence can
Disrellish cast ; or are my Beams too strong
For One who hath in Darkness grop'd so long ?

26.

Henceforth take Courage, for no more will I
 (And here I pawn to thee my royal Word,)
 Leave me to wade in gloomy Misery,
 But trusty Light to all thy Ways afford ;
Full broad-day Light : for all this while I gave
 These secret Beams which thou didst not perceive.

27.

Had I not help'd thee so ; had I not lain
 Close at the bottom of thy Heart, to keep
 Thy Soul's Foundation firm and sure ; in vain
 Laborious Zeal had duely broke thy sleep,
 In vain had all thy Sighs and Tears been spent,
 In vain thy Prayers had to Heav'n been sent.

28.

Unto its dismal Name too truly true
 Thy Dereliction would have prov'd, had I,
 With never-sleeping Care not lain perdu
 To watch the Motions of thine Enemy ;
 That Enemy, whose Company alone
 Is that which perfects Desolation.

29

When that infernal Hag, the damned Queen
 Of Hideousness, advanced to the fight
 Armed both Hand and Tongue ; had I not been
 In thy main Fort, her potent Engines might
 Have eas'ly undermined it, and Thou
 Had'st by *Despair* been quite blown up e'r now.

30.

For Humane Constitution, alas
 Is fram'd of faint and frail Materials ; no
 Immortal Adamant, or sturdy Brass,
 Secures thy fabrick, and defies thy Fo :
 Thy Walls are crumbling treacherous Dust, which flies
 In thy Soul's face, and blinds thy Reason's eyes.

31.

Yet close I lurk'd, thy Courage so to try
 When thou no *Second* could'st perceive at hand.
 This was the Plot of LOVE himself, and I
 My Ambush placed but at his Command :
 LOVE hid my face, and so he did his own ;
 But all that while He weav'd for thee a Crown.

32.

The Crown which thy long loyal Patience
 I' th' highest Realm of humblest Saints shalt wear :
 And till thou thither art translated hence,
 I in thy Breast my open Tent will rear ;
 That till the greater Heav'n receiveth Thee,
 Thou may'st contain it in *Epitomy*.

33.

This said : She gather'd up her Train of light,
 Which in an Orb was all about her spread ;

And shrinking up her self by Heav'nly slight
 Within her sprightfull self, re-entered
 The *Virgin's* Breast ; where her Dominion she
 Began to show by entheous Energie.

34-

Forthwith a Tumult boil'd in *Psyche's* Heart,
 But boil'd and foam'd in vain ; for instantly
 The *Rout* by *Charis's* most victorious Art
 Was forc'd from that usurped Hold to fly.
Vain Dread was first who shrunk and turned head,
 And so these Cowards flying Army led.

35-

For she her self no sooner shiver'd out,
 But at her heels lamenting *Sorrow* came,
 Accompany'd with blind and groping *Doubt* ;
 Then lear-ey'd *Jealousy*, unworthy *Shame*,
 Palefac'd *Disconsolation*, and *Frigidity*,
 With *Indevotion's* dead and stiff *Aridity*.

36.

But in the Rear rush'd forth *Forgetfulness*,
 A dim-ey'd swarthy Crone ; and hand in hand
 Led her Compatriots and Complices,
 Gross sluggish *Mists*, dull *Night*, thick *Blackness*, and
 What ever is of kin to them, whatever
 Can block up Heav'n, and Souls from Light dissever.

37-

Compar'd with these, all Soot and Ink, and Pitch,
 Were Compositions of Milk and Snow ;
 So was the tough and triduan Darkness, which
 Beclogg'd the Impudence of *Memphis's* brow ;
 And that which lock'd up *Sodom's* eyelids more
 Close than *Lol's* Care and Fear had done his Door.

38.

Psyche with blushing Joy admiring stood
 Her own Heart's strange fertility to see.
 She little dreamt so hideous a Brood
 Could nestling in her Virgin Bosom be ;
 Whose foul mishapen features while she read,
 She thought her self *Delivered indeed*.

39-

But they remembring where they first were bred,
 And hoping for more quiet harbour there ;
 In scrambling haste from *Psyche's* triumph fled,
 Whose gladsome Eye with Torments scorch'd them here :
 Downward they fled, and in *Sin's* proper Womb,
 Hell's gloomy furnace, sought their cooler Home.

40.

And now she found her Bosom's Orb as clear
 As when to Heav'n she *Thelema* presented ;
 Now all her *Passions* unhamper'd were,
 And every Bond to Liberty relented :
 All things look'd sweet and fair *within*, and she
 Rejoyc'd in her complete *Serenity*.

41.

Love, Anger, Hatred, Jealousy, and Fear,
And all the rest of that swiftwinged Crew,
With Sprightfulness revived were,
And to their proper Objects nimbly flew :
Nor clash'd they any more their Wings together,
But kindly help'd and cheered one another.

42.

Hope, which had grop'd and languished till now
In deplorable Mists ; fresh courage took,
And challeng'd every Wind its worst to blow,
Since she perceiv'd her *Cable* was not broke,
But that her trusty *Anchor* held its hold,
Whilst *Desolation's Sea* about her roll'd.

43.

And *Logos* too, sad heretofore and dry,
Felt cheerly Vigor leaping in his Heart ;
Which spurr'd his Zeal to beg Her leave to try,
Whither he could not now perform his part
With more successful strength, and from the Treasures
Of Heav'n, fetch Contemplation's solid Pleasures.

44.

His Motion She embrac'd with joyeuse Ear ;
And turn'd to Heav'n her sparkling Eye, to see
Whether the Way to it companion were
In her brisk Bosom's new Serenity :
She turn'd her Eye, and in Heav'n's Volumes read
A Lesson, which did ev'n her wish exceed.

45.

For lo, the sullen *Clouds* which heretofore
Had damm'd the Road to her rejected Sight,
Down in repentant Tears themselves did poure,
Contending which should first clear up a bright
And undisturbed Passage to that Sphere
Where *Psyche's* Jewels all inshrined were.

46.

In bounteous Beams of royal Influence
Her *open Sun* bestow'd himself upon her ;
And this awak'd her long-astonish'd sense
To revel in this Feast of sweetest Honor.
This swell'd her Bosom with such Ravishment
That through her Lips she hast's to give it vent.

47.

And now, O my *delicious Lord*, said she,
I thank thee for that *Famin* I endured :
What Hope could fancy this Felicity
Would by that torturing Anguish be procur'd !
But in the Prudence of thy Love didst Thou
Then make me *Fast*, the more to *Feast* me now.

48.

Thou by that wholesom Tempest tossedst me,
That I might thoroughly understand the Bliss

Of this pure Calm : by that Severity
Of tedious breathing Death, didst Thou suppress
My secular Spirits, that revived I
Might Live to Thee, as to the World I die.

49.

Now, now, I taste this Life indeed, which I,
Though I possess, enjoyed not before.
Alas, we fools are best instructed by
Absence and *Loss* to prize the richest Store :
These Thanks my *Dereliction* I owe
That thus I relish my *Fruition* now.

50.

So deep I relish't, that convinced I
Would not for all the Streams of *Paradise*
But have been drown'd in that *Aridity*,
Whence to the Bliss of mine own Bliss I rise.
For what were *Paradise* to me, unless
I feelingly perceiv'd its Pleasantness ?

51.

Wise King of Souls! who knowest how to make
Severity the sweetest way of *Love* ;
And *nearest* drawst when thou dost most *Forsake*
Thy fainting Worms. How far, how far above
Our *Retribution* is thy *Goodness*, which
Transcends our highest *Comprehension's* reach !

52.

O that more *Thelemas* I had, which I
Might sacrifice as Tokens of this Debt ;
Since thy *revealed Count'nance* upon my
Unworthy Head this mighty Score hath set !
Yet what do our poor *Wills* by being Thine,
But only make *Themselves*, not *Thee*, divine ?

53.

Thy vast Munificence on Me bestows
All that Ambition could desire, and more :
Whence is it *Jesus* then that *Psyche* grows
Ev'n in this Ocean of Abundance poor ?
I have —, What have I not in having *Thee* ?
Yet still me thinks I Covetous could be.

54.

I could be Covetous, and wish that all
The Wealth of Heav'n and Earth were soley mine,
That with this Off'ring I might prostrate fall,
And dedicate it at thy *Favour's* Shrine.
Yet what were all this World to that which I
Owe to thy sovereign Benignity !

55.

Had I ten thousand Lives to spend on thee,
That vast Expence would but my Gains augment :
How then, where *Gratitude* her self must be
Ingrate, can needy I due Thanks present !
Sweet *Lord* inform and help my Soul, which fain
Would render *something* back to Thee again.

56.

She ceased here ; and *Phylax*, who attended
The leisure of her fervent *Exultation* ;
With equal Heat and Gladness, where she ended
Began her Praises and Congratulation :
Joy, Joy, dear *Pupil*, of this Morn, said He,
Which hath dispell'd thy Night of misery.

57.

I see what reason forc'd thee to be sad
Beyond my Comfort's reach : because I see
The high occasion which hath made thee glad :
Such mighty Grief could only chased be
By that meridian all-potent Ray
Which drives the life of Wo, ev'n Death, away.

58.

And here th' Excess of his triumphant Joy
Would let him speak no more, but spurr'd him on
With Kisses and Embraces to allay
The dainty fierceness of his Passion ;
Full close he chain'd her in the tender Bands
Of Zealous Love, his blessed Arms and Hands.

59.

The *Maid*, who would not to this Compliment
Be long in debt, thus in a smile reply'd :
The begging of my Pardon you prevent,
But must not stop my *Thanks* most bounden Tide ;
The only Tide which can returned be
Upon your mighty Flood of Love to me.

60.

Surely the other day you were the same
Which you are now, in every Ornament
Of *gracious sweetness*, when you hither came
With ready Cordials of divine Content :
But clownish senseless I could not embrace
Your undeserved yet obtruded Grace.

61.

Had this Behaviour quench'd your Charity,
To none but my rude self had Blame been due.
Yet you with faithful patient Fervency
More careful still, and still more tender grew :
My very Grievs into your bosom you
Admitted, and for me with tears did flow.

62.

Though I by Heav'n and Earth abandon'd was,
And plung'd into the Gulf of *Desolation* ;
To own me in that despicable Case
You blushed not ; but by your sweet Narration
Of what *Love* destin'd to relieve my smart
Endeavor'd to advance my drooping heart.

63.

Well I remember how I then forgot
My self and you ; how dead and cold I lay

Before that *flaming News*, which would have shot
Life into any Soul but mine ; away
I turn'd my foolish head from that which through
A thousand Deaths I would run after now.

64.

For what is *Death* ? which is not when it is ;
A *dreadful Nothing*, ending where it 'gins,
And dead as soon as We : But *heav'nly Bliss*
In its own boundless Circle lives, and shines
With endless Glory ; yet without Regard
Thy Proffer of this Happiness I heard.

65.

But now, O *indefatigable friend*,
I feel thy Comforts thrilling in my heart,
Which there with *Charis's* quickning Influence blend,
And to my soul another soul impart.
Surely my mind can never thee forget
Who helpst to revive and double it.

66.

When *Earth* denies her Vapors to repay
To *Heav'n*, whose Bounty sent her down the Rain ;
When *Fountains* bid their posting *Currents* stay,
Whose Thanks were flowing to their Mother *Main* ;
Their faithful *Buttresses* when Buildings scorn ;
Then I'll upon thy *Love*, *Neglect* return.

67.

In this Contention of Court'sy they
Their Words and Kisses sweetly bandied ;
Until the dim decrepit Time of Day,
Which common mortals summoneth to bed,
Admonish'd *Psyche* of her Compline ; who
Obey'd the Item, and to Pray'rs did go.

68.

Which most sublime and holy bus'ness she
Perform'd no more with cold and fruitless pains ;
But mounting with encourag'd fervency,
Reap'd in the middle of her Work, its Gains,
And found her Intercessions wellcom'd were
Into her *Spouse's* ready open Ear.

69.

Phylax mean while by Heav'n's appointment flew
To learn her *Parents'* fortunes out : which he
No sooner had descry'd, but fill'd with new
Powers of Joy, he posted back as she
From her Devotions rose ; and thus display'd
The blessed Tidings to the reverend *Maid* :

70.

News *Psyche*, happy News ! for now I come
From *holy Valor's Scene*, that signal Place
Where thy *Uranius* his brave *Martyrdom*
Of late atchiev'd, and finish'd *Virtue's* Race ;
That Race thou feardst had been too hard for thy
Decrepit *Parents* limping Piety.

71.

But at the *Stake* I found them both, where they
 Before the face of Heav'n and Earth, to thy
 Sole Charge that Resolution's strength did lay,
 Which fir'd them to contemn *those Flames*; for by
 Our *Daughter's Zeal*, said they, this sacred Heat
 In our old frozen fearful Veins doth beat.

72.

Here we acknowledge, that right nobly she
 Hath more than quit the Debt she us did ow:
 'Twas but the Life of poor Mortality
 Which from our Loins she borrowed; but now
 Her generous Love embraces us to ascend
 Where flourisheth that Life which knows no End.

73.

That heav'nly *Answer* from her Dungeon she
 Gave to our *cruel Kindness*, though with shame
 It sent us weeping home; yet instantly
 Those causeless Tears it dried by this flame
 Of *Christian Courage*, whilst admonish'd by
 Our *second Thoughts* our *first* we did defy.

74.

Where e'r she is, may Heav'n her Care requite,
 Who whilst we tempted her to idolize,
 Us from Idolatry did wisely fright;
 And teach us how we safelier might despise
 Both *Life* and *Death*, than *Jesus*, who alone
 Holds over *Both* supreme Dominion.

75.

Then let him shew it now; the *Soldiers* cry'd,
 Kindling the Pile; and shouting loud, that they
 Had, malgré Darkness, leave to turn the Tide
 Of Night, by *Christian Bonfires*, into Day.
 O *blessed Pair!* said I, who in a new
 Marriage are joined thus: and hither flew.

76.

So *Phylax* spake: when *She* surprised by
 This blessed News's shock, could not contain
 The pious fountain of her loyal Eye,
 Nor yet her Tongue's more swelling streams restrain:
 Abundant Tears she shed; but larger far
 Her Thanks to *Jesus*, and her Praises were.

77.

Before, alas, her thoughts could not bestow
 A Visit on her *Parents*, till they had
 Travell'd into the heart of Hell: but now
 A grateful Progress they in triumph made,
 Climbing the Pinnacle of Heav'n, where *She*,
 Since they were there, aforehand seems to be.

78.

But as she oft had wearied been before
 With *Heaviness's* cumbrous Burden; so

Surcharged now with *Joy's* unbounded store,
 She laid her down in sweet submission to
 This pleasing Load, and sunk into the deep
 But soft untroubled gulf of downy sleep.

79.

When *Charis*, upon whose eternal Eye
 No slumber ever creeps, begun a new
 Mysterious Work; for with activity
 About *Imagination's* Orb she flew,
 And cull'd and crop'd those *Fancies* here and there
 Which for her Purpose serviceable were.

80.

Thus furnished, with all Materials, she
 Upon the theater of *Psyche's* breast
 By orderly degrees the Gallantry
 Of an incomparable Pageant drest.
 She first rear'd up a goodly *Throne*, whose Light
 Outv'd the hyperborean Snow in white.

81.

Forthwith she placed on that royal Seat
 A *Prince*, who with more Beauty garnish'd it.
 No Monarch ever in more awful State
 On his imperial glistening Chair did sit.
 Indeed all *Potentates* but shadows be
 To this *authentick sovereign's* Majesty.

82.

His copious Robe down from his shoulders flow'd
 To his fair Feet with streams of Gracefulness;
 A Girdle of illustrious Gold, which ow'd
 Its birth not unto Earth, but Heav'n, did kiss
 And closely hug his blessed Loins, which yet
 In goodly Richness far outshined it.

83.

No Fuller's Labour ever made so white
 The finest Wool, as was his daintier Hair;
 Which poured down the volumes of its bright
 And curled Wealth with curious careless Care
 About his Alabaster Neck; which stood
 Like some white Pillar in that snowy Wood.

84.

As in their venerable Sockets on
 The sacred Altar glorious Tapers flame,
 So look'd his Eyes; whose reverend Beams alone
 About the Temple of his Face did stream;
 Which parallel'd the Sun's best Looks when He
 Is awful in his *highnoon Clarity*.

85.

The most refin'd Corinthian Brass which in
 The bosom of th' incensed Furnace glows,
 With such fair Terror ne'r was known to shine
 As from his burning Feet of Glory flows.
 Thus was this radiant *King* from foot to head
 With Majesty's Excess embellished.

86.

Innumerable *Angels* then she brought
To furnish out his Court and fill his Train ;
Who their bright Stations took as quick as Thought,
And with their golden Trumpets in a strain,
Which through the roused Universe rebounded,
The glory of their mighty *Sovereign* sounded.

87.

Forthwith His Standard to the open Air
She poured out ; in which embroider'd stood,
Most dreadfully-illustrious and fair,
His *Arms Imperial* stained all with blood :
For 'twas his *Cross*, encompass'd now with more
Notorious Honor than with *Shame* before.

88.

As thus He sate triumphant on his Throne,
He lifted up his Face and look'd about :
Straitway the frighted Earth confus'dly ran
From his intollerable Eyes ; the stout
And hardy hearts of Rocks were split with Dread ;
The proudest Hills and Mountains trembling fled.

89.

To their salt Home all Floods forgot their way,
And tumbled into *Nothing's* deeper Deep :
The highest Tides, seiz'd with profound Dismay,
Into an universal Eb did creep ;
The Sands devour'd the Waves they fear'd before,
And now the middle of the Sea was Shore.

90.

The Spheres above, his Aspect's Power felt,
And breaking off their lofty Harmony,
In *Dissolution's* final Tears did melt :
The dazl'd Sun and Stars, abash'd to see
There was no need of them by Day or Night,
Fell headlong down, and choaked their own Light.

91.

Yet in this huddling Haste, the *Sea* and *Land*
Were mindful of their *Faith*, and honestly
Restor'd all Pledges put into their hand
By *Fate*, *Sin*, *Vengeance* and *Mortality* ;
Giving up punctually a true and just
Account of every Dram of *Human Dust*.

92.

When lo, *Corruption* started from the Heap
Of *Ashes*, and fled after *Earth* and *Sea* :
Forthwith the Mass threw off its deadly Sleep,
And waked into Life's Activity :
Each Piece awak'd, and nimbly Rose, and shew'd
For one cold Lump, a vigorous Multitude.

93.

Adam and *Eve*, the Springs of all the Rest,
Led up the Front : on whom attended all

The *Senior World* ; Then *Noah* forward prest,
Who reimpeopled th' ancient shipwrack'd Ball :
And after Him step'd every Nation forth
Whose Colonies had swarm'd through all the Earth.

94.

Not One was missing now, who ever drew
The breath of Life, or saw the face of Light :
Yea They whom *Nature's* self yet never knew,
As lying in *Futurity's* blind Night
Lock'd up to furnish after Ages, there
In their Ideal Beings did appear.

95.

But yet the Proudest bore his head as low
As did the poorest and ignoblest Wight ;
Nor was the starch'd and silken Gallant now
More sprucely than the leathern Shepherd dight :
This Day had rased such Distinctions out,
And All to one just garb and fashion brought.

96.

They whom their tedious Age had bowed down,
Were to their brisker years remanded back ;
And they who in their Bud were crop'd, and thrown
Into untimely Graves, did nothing lack
Of full-grown and accomplish'd Vigor ; which
Fix'd all and every One in equal Pitch.

97.

Yet still so different their *Conditions* were,
That now the ready *Angels*, who attended
Their *Sovereign's* Beck, with quick unerring Care
Parted the Crowd, which was together blended ;
To his Right hand the harmless *Sheep* they drew,
But to his Left the stinking *Goats* they threw.

98.

Psyche rejoyc'd her *Parents* here to see
Rank'd in the Dexter Wing : but fuller was
Her holy Exultation, when she
Perceiv'd her own Effigies had the grace
There to be marshalled ; and though she slept,
Her waking Soul at that sweet Omen leapt.

99.

When lo, as thus her Hopes and Joys grew high
At this illustrious Spectacle ; before
The Throne two mighty *Books* were open by
The *Angels* flung : no Volumes ever bore
So huge a bulk as these, which written be
With all the World's eternal Destiny.

100.

The One was black as *Horror's* darkest Face,
The *Book of Death* daub'd with the Ink of Hell ;
Wherein each Word some ugly Trespass was,
Scor'd on their sad account, who needs would spil
Their pains to gain Vexation, and in spite
Of offer'd Bliss, against their *Maker* fight.

101.

The other shew'd as fair, as this was foul ;
The beauteous *Book of Life* ; where every Line
Shin'd brighter than those Notes that made the Scroul
Of Heav'n appear so glorious and divine.
No Letters here, but *Part of God* express
Character'd in his *Servant's Holyness*.

102.

These blessed Leaves the *King* no sooner read,
But to the *Right-hand Troop* he turn'd his Eye,
Which with majestick sweetness prefaced
To these high Words : *Come ye whose Piety*
Is by my *Father's* Benediction grown
Mature, and of full age to wear its Crown.

103.

Come take your due Possession now with me
Of that bright Kingdom, whose Foundations were
Lay'd upon stable Perpetuity
Long e'r the Earth sunk down beneath, long e'r
The Air and Fire grew light and upward fled,
Long e'r the Curtains of the Heav'ns were spread.

104.

For in this faithful *Register* I see
Your brave Deserts recorded full and fair :
When I exposed lay to Misery,
Your pious Charity made me your Heir :
The Debt I here acknowledge, and to Day
Both Principal and Use I must repay.

105.

I grant, in person I did never crave
Your tender Love's Assistance ; yet what you
To any of my needy *Members* gave,
Has Me their mindful *Head* oblig'd : and now
Your Souls shall find I 'l full Requital make
For whatsoever by Proxy I did take.

106.

Then turning to the *gloomy Book*, and to
The *Lefthand Squadrons* who stood all aghast ;
With frowns of killing Wrath He cryed, Go
Ye cursed Brood, this Evidence hath cast
Your Plea, and these true Leaves full witness bear
Of your foul Crimes which all stand staring here.

107.

Your Eyes no Pity would afford to Me
When Prison, Hunger, Thirst, and Nakedness
Call'd for Compassion : and strict Equity
Now seals up *Mine* against your due Distress.
Go, and your deeply-earned Places take
Amidst the everburning Brimstone *Lake*.

108.

The *Lake* my Fury kindled to requite
With challeng'd Vengeance that rebellious Pride,

Which flam'd against my Self in open fight,
When *Satan* and his Crew their Stomachs try'd.
For you I meant it not ; but you alone
Have snatch'd your shares in their Damnation.

109.

The *adamantine Doom* thus being past ;
The *guardian Angels* with impatient Joy
Their several and well-known Saints embrac't,
Applauding this their Coronation Day :
And then their Tongues they join'd with Them to sing
Ecstastick Praises to their gracious King.

110.

But as this Melody was sweet and high ;
So were the Outcries horrid, which did tear
The throats and hearts of all that Company
Who to *Death's living Furnace* sentenc'd were :
Numberless *Devils* strait about them flew,
And in their face *Dispairs* and *Terrors* threw.

111.

But dressed in a more affrighting shape
Than ever yet infernal Hag deformed,
Their monstrous *Consciences* on them did clap
Their Tallons of eternal Wrath, all armed
With thousand Stings, which on the wretches prey'd
And in their Souls outrageous havock made.

112.

Just, Just, cry'd they, your *Sentence* is ; and though
In Life you needs would stop your squeamish ear
Against the Clamor of our Truth ; yet you
In Death for evermore our Cry shall hear.
Thus their own Bosom's Verdict roar'd, forestalling
Hell's hideous yellings whether they were falling.

113.

For on the sudden that infernal Pit
Opening its Mouth, and gaping for its Prey ;
Their Flames' Firstfruits began on Them to spit,
And warn'd the *Feinds* to hasten them away
To their full Harvest. O what Tongue can tell
The Anguish which these Captives now befel !

114.

Upon their shrieking Throats, and frighted Hair
Damnation's Sergeants flung their fiery Paws ;
Whilst Troops of *Furies*, who appointed were
With burning Whips of Snakes, and Harpies' Claws,
Lash'd them so sore, that haste they made to Hell
In hopes less salvage Torments there did dwell.

115.

In plung'd the mighty Rout, and almost split
The greedy Throat of black *Perdition's Deep* :
Loud was the Noise of this great Fall ; but yet
Far louder was their Cry, who down the steep
Eternal Precipice still tumbled, and
No *Bottom* saw to bid their *Ruin* stand.

116.

The hasty *Fire* soon flew upon this Feast,
And with unbounded Riot gormandised ;
Resolving thenceforth never more to Fast,
Nor yet with all this store to be sufficed ;
Although th' o'rcharged Grot its Fulness spoke,
By belching up contagious Stink and Smoke.

117.

About the brink some *Devils* hanker'd still ;
So did two *Monsters* uglier far than They,
Thin ghastly *Death*, and pois'nous *Sin* ; until
The *King* design'd an *Angel* Them to slay,
Who threw them headlong down the *Pit* ; for this
And this alone, *eternal Slaughter* is.

118.

That done : the *Sentence* firm and sure to make,
Upon the Cave's wide Mouth his Seal he set :
A Seal which no Reluctancy can break
Since his Omnipotence hath temper'd it
Of such a mixture that *Eternity*
It self, as soon as that, shall brittle be.

119.

The *Saints* and *Angels* seeing Nothing now
But Joy, and Life, and Bliss, and Holyness ;
Before the *Conquerer's* Throne their faces threw,
In meek Ambition hasting to profess
Their thankful Souls in *Triumph's* stateliest Song ;
Whence all the World with *Hallelujahs* rung.

120.

When lo, a Flood of new and gorgeous Light
Pour'd sweetly down from th' *everlasting Hill* ;
Which drown'd the Scene, and swallow'd up from sight
Th' outshined Luster of that Spectacle.
This fetch'd a sigh from *Psyche*, who had view'd
With hearty Joy that *holy Multitude*.

121.

But *Charis*, to revive her fainting Cheer,
Whom empty Claritude could not suffice ;
A sudden *City* on the Stage did rear,
Whose Beauty so enamor'd *Psyche's* eyes
That she was sad no longer for the Change,
But joy'd about the stately *Pile* to range.

122.

For ne'r did sweeter *Graces* trip about
The blooming Count'nance of a *royal Bride*,
Who by all strength of Delicacy sought
To ravish her *great Spouse* ; than beautify'd
This virgin *City's* face, which pleas'd the Eye
Of th' awful *Sovereign of Eternity*.

123.

Square shew'd the Platform, destin'd for the Seat
Of everlasting *Firmitude* ; for this

Substantial *Figure* feareth no Defeat
By any bold Concussion's boistrousness :
Whereas the *Round and eas'ly rolling World*,
Alas, before was into *Nothing* whirl'd.

124.

The Fabrick of the Wall rose fair and high ;
Much higher than the proudest Battlement
Of th' ancient Heav'ns, whose lofty Majesty
Down unto Mortall Eyes such Wonder sent ;
For they were but the Tipe and Shade of This
Which *Heav'n of Heav'ns*, and *Glory's Glory* is.

125.

And with this princely *Height* the mighty *Base*
Held correspondence ; for on *Twelve Foundations*
All most unmov'd, the Building mounted was,
And laught at any Thought of Perturbations.
The only *Garrison of Rest* was this,
And *stable Peace's* grand *Metropolis*.

126.

The First *Foundation* was of *Jasper* green ;
For Florid must this *Structure* ever be :
The next of *Sapphir*, in whose face were seen
The proper Lines of heav'nly Clarity ;
A Stone which fortifies all drooping Hearts,
And friendly Help to *Chastity* imparts.

127.

The Third, of radiant *Chalcedony* ; which
Judiciously upon the *Sapphir* set,
With Constellations doth its Ground enrich.
A cheerly Gem is this, and scorns to let
The tedious Insultations of *Fear*
Or bold *Dispair*, entrench upon its sphere.

128.

The Fourth of *Emerald*, of filthy *Lust*,
And every other Poison too, the Fo :
The Fifth of *Sardonix*, in Blushes drest :
The Sixth of *Sardy*, Antidote of Wo,
Quickner of Wit : the Seaventh of *Chrysolite*,
Which frights away dull Melancholy's Night.

129.

The Eight of *Beril*, rich in Modest Grace :
The Ninth of *Topaz*, full of flaming Gold :
The Tenth, his sparkling Cousen *Chrysoprase* :
The next, the cordial *Jacinth*, which the cold
And sinking Heart invigorates : the Last,
The sober and the healthful *Amethyst*.

130.

On these Foundations fairly graven stand
Twelve honored *Names* ; the *Names* of Them who spred
The *Lamb's* bless'd Blood through thousand Chanels,
and
The *Stones* to build this *City* gathered
From every soil, and from the furthest shores
On which the barbarous Ocean foams and roars.

131.

As *Psyche* reach'd her Wonder round about
 This gallant Structure ; she on every side
 Three most magnifick *Gates*, each carved out
 Of one intire and masty *Pearl*, espy'd :
 By these great *LOVE* kept open House, and all
 The East and West, the North and South did call.

132.

Invited therefore thus, she enter'd in ;
 Where pav'd with solid *Gold* she found the Street ;
 With *Gold* not of our earthly Metals kin,
 But of a higher purer Breed, and meet
Saints feet to kiss : for more tralucid 'twas
 Than is the fairest Cheek of virgin Glass.

133.

But strait a brighter Spectacle she met,
 A *River* all of *living Crystal*, which
 Came smiling down the glorious Street ; and beat
 Its rugged Path of Gems with Musick : such
 Chastly-enamoring *Loves* and *Joy*s did ne'r
 Sport it in *Fancy's Spring*, as bathed there.

134.

Each Bank was guarded by a goodly Row
 Of one divinely multiplied *Tree* ;
 Whose wide-stretch'd Arms did courteously bestow
 Upon the Flood a fair green Canopy,
 Whose ever-verdant Twigs, though sound and strong,
 Bow'd with the blessed Fruit which on them hung.

135.

Twelve sorts of Fruits it duly bore, and yet
 Fail'd not each Month again to bud and blow ;
 Such endless Vigor liv'd and reign'd in it
 As with more sovereign Virtue did endow
 The smallest Leaves, than e'r was known to drop
 From famous *Gilead's* all-balmy Top.

136.

They ne'r were mustered against the wound
 Of any Nations, but the conquer'd *Pain*
 Fled from its Hold, and left it whole and sound,
 When humane Surgery had sought in vain.
 O noble *Tree* ! whose only Shadow is
 Th' eternal Roof of sure substantial Bliss.

137.

Under these mighty Boughs, and on this Shore
 Of flowing *Life*, walk'd *Psyche* to descry
 What Spring could be the *Mother* to such Store
 Of pure and everteeming Suavity :
 When lo, a glorious *Throne* she spy'd, from whence
 Gush'd out these vivid Bliss'es Influence.

138.

A *Throne* of pure and solid splendor framed,
 On which the *Monarch of Immensity*

With such intollerable Brightness flamed
 That none of all the purest Standers by
 Could with Cherubick or Seraphick eyes
 His vast Irradiations comprise.

139.

But at his right Hand, mitigated by
 His marriage with Flesh, there sate the *Lamb* ;
 Whose spotless Fleece was *sweetned Majesty* ;
 Whose Scepter smiled with *Love's* gentle flame ;
 Whose Hand, to poure his Blessings forth, was
 spread ;
 Whose Crown was *Honor*, wreath'd about his Head.

140.

From this fair Throne flow'd that eternal Day
 Which all this new *Jerusalem* doth gild :
 No other *Phebus* needed to display
 Himself upon this Region, which was fill'd
 With such enlivening Fires as could refine
 Ev'n gross and mortal Eyes into Divine.

141.

Here *Psyche* clearly read those wonders she
 Before by *Logos*, her Ambassador,
 Through *Distance's* large Veil did dimly see :
God's naked *Attributes* were marshal'd here ;
 Deep *Mysteries* in one another wove,
Infinitudes, and *Miracles of Love*.

142.

Here vast oraculous *Profoundities*,
 And wondrous *Words* from *Wisdom's* lips she heard ;
 Such *Words*, as taught her what the reason is
 Why *God* himself doth wear the Name of *Word* ;
Words raised to so sovereign a pitch
 As Mortal Tongues must never hope to reach.

143.

Here she beheld how from *Divinity*
Beatitude her glorious Self display'd ;
 And unto all the holy Company
 A Deluge of Munificence convey'd,
 For Millions of Millions th' honor had
 About th' illustrious *Throne* themselves to spread.

144.

Most matchless was the Equipage in which
 Their Ranges shined : that symmetrious Grace
 Which through all Heav'n and Earth did Beauty reach.
 To this far fairer World gave willing place,
 When, guilty only of it self, it slunk
 Aside, and into *Inanition* sunk.

145.

Nor e'r was *Grecian* or *Roman* Court
 (Through Fame had trumpeted their Praises high)
 Contrived in such wise majestick Port
 As *this*, *Perfection's own Polity*,
 Which by one universal Spirit moves,
 And by no Laws is governed but Loves.

146.

All *Saints* and *Angels* knew their proper Station,
 And lov'd it best, because it was their own :
 Among them all no jarring Inclination
 E'r aim'd at Discord ; for each one had thrown
 His Will down at his *Sovereign's* footstool, and
 Own'd no Desires but only His Command.

147.

In *Him* they liv'd, and lov'd, and joy'd, and by
 That Resignation received were
 Into their *Master's* own Immensity ;
 Since *Jesus's* Fulness had enough to spare,
 Nor was his Diadem diminish'd, though
 To all of them their Crowns He did allow.

148.

They All were Crown'd, and yet not flattered
 With titular and empty Sovereignty :
 O no ! such cheating Honors all were fled
 Away, and with the mouldering World did die.
 This Sea of Bliss, of Kingdoms was the Spring,
 And every Subject made a mighty King.

149.

For what was proper unto every one
 Prov'd both the Joy and Riches of the Rest :
 That *Glorie's* Excellence which flam'd upon
 The Head of *Jesus*, fully was possess'd
 By all this Multitude ; for bounteous He
 In Common laid his own Propriety.

150.

Thus whatsoever Honor decks the Brow,
 Or Consolation smileth in the Heart ;
 Its Beams are not confined there, but flow
 With brotherly Delight to every Part ;
 That all the Body may engaged be
 To make a private Comfort, publick Glee.

151.

And yet these so united Spirits were
 Diversify'd by Classical Degrees ;
Nine goodly *Orders* shin'd distinctly there,
 Which in *Three Hierarchick Unities*
 Conjoin'd again, and by their single *Three*
 Thrice copy'd th' *eternal Trinity*.

152.

With these the mingled *Saints* had leave to reign,
 And fill those *Spirits'* Rooms, who traiterously
 Hoping against their *Maker* to maintain
 Their Stomach's Quarrel, needs their Arms would try ;
 But overwhelm'd by His Almighty Tide,
 Their Ruin only gained by their Pride.

153.

Nor did the *Angels'* noble Hearts repine
 To see the lowborn Sons of rotten earth

Made their Companions, and advanc'd to shine
 Above the Heavens : for since the mighty Birth
 Of their *Incaruate God*, they could not say
 But *Dust* it self was more Divine than They.

154.

By that proportion of Humility,
 And holy Love they practis'd here below,
 Their Guerdons Measures on these *Saints* the high
 And righteous *King of Bounty* modell'd now :
 Which though much gradual Difference they shew'd,
 Yet every One enjoyed Plenitude.

155.

So of a thousand Vessels great and small
 Into the Ocean thrown, though some receive
 A larger portion of the Waves, yet All
 Brim full are fill'd ; nor can the Meanest grieve
 Their Brethren's fairer Amplitude to see,
 Since they no fuller than the smallest be.

156.

But how to blazon these bright *Honors* ; how
 To sound this boundless Sea of equal *Pleasures* ;
 How to compute this vast Account, and know
 The total Sum of *perfect Bliss's Treasures* ;
 Pos'd all their highest strength and deepest wit
 Who were infeofed and possess'd of it.

157.

Yet all the Homage that they paid for this
 Supremacy of Glory, was but Praise,
 Pour'd forth in high ecstasick Chanting His
 Eternal Name and Fame, who them did raise
 To this Capacity of Exultation.
O blessed Life! whose Task is Acclamation.

158.

Through this illustrious Maze of Joy and Bliss
 As *Psyche* laboured, and seem'd to be
 In Heav'n afresh at every step ; by this
 Unwearied *Quir's* heroick *Peans* she
 Fancy'd the Entertainment near as high,
 Which rouz'd her Ear, as that which fill'd her Eye.

159.

The sweetest Powers of mortal String and Voice
 Had courted oft and complemented Her ;
 But charmed now by this soul-cheering Noise,
 She thinks she ne'r true Musick heard but here :
 Nor can she grant that Blessedness doth so
 In *Vision* reign, as not in *Hearing* too.

160.

The strong Assault of that all-glorious *Sight*,
 And this strange *Harmony*, perplexed Her
 In sweet Confusion : for by This Delight
 She tempted was to wish her self all Ear ;
 By that, intirely Eye ; or else that she
 Could teach her Eyes to hear, her Ears to see.

161.

At length her Wonder could endure no Rein,
But sacrific'd her Soul to Ecstasy :
When lo, the *Seraphs* Pipes let flie a strein
Of holy Triumph so exceeding high,
That starting at the mighty Song, she shaked
Her precious *Dream* in sunder, and awaked.

162.

As when unhappy *Adam* was expell'd
From Bliss's Scene, joy-planted *Paradise*,
And on the sudden all the World beheld
Set thick with helpless thorny Miseries :
With Sighs and Sobs his woful hands he wrung,
To think from *Whence*, and *Whether* he was flung.

163.

Thus *Psyche* seiz'd with lamentable fright
To see the face of gross Mortality ;
To see the glaring Beams of *Nature's Light* ;
To see her self on her poor pallet lie,
So far remov'd from Bliss's royal sphere
That on dull Earth she still was groveling here :

164.

Cry'd out, Alas what injury have I
E'r done to *Sleep*, that it should mock me thus ?
To heave me up into the glorious Sky
Why should my *Dreams* be so industrious,
If me by this Defection treacherous They
Back to this Deep intended to betray ?

165.

Unhappy *Life* ! which whilst we are *Awake*
With nothing else but *Dreams* enchantst our eyes.
The burly Show this Mortal World doth make,
Is but a puffed Bulk of Vanities,
Where whilst we hope substantial Worth to find
We cheated are with foolish empty wind.

166.

But when by *Sleep* we robbed are of more
Than half our Selves, and in *Death's Emblem* lie,
Then only wilt thou suffer us to sore
To solid *Joys* ; which yet deserted by
Our flitting faithless *Dreams* that buoy'd them up,
Strait into wretched Nothing headlong drop.

167.

Deceitful *Sleep*, which wear'st the Name of *Rest*,
Why wilt thou never make it good to me ?
Why was I with thy highest Favors blest,
If they must but my *waking Torture* be ?
Why slept I, if I needs must start, and miss
By setting ope mine eyes, my sight of Bliss ?

168.

How much more Comfort is it to be *Blind*
Than that our eyes should only witness be

Of what our Souls must needs abhor to find,
The Flight and Loss of our Felicity !
And can such Eyes be dry ? which said, she wept,
And her Complaints in briney currents steep'd.

169.

But *Phylax*, who had with his piercing eye
Div'd through her breast, and was Spectator there
Whilst *Charis* order'd all that Pageantry
Upon her wondring Soul's fair theatre,
Stop'd with a Kiss that Tide of Grief which ran
From her complaining Lips ; then thus began :

170.

To *Joy* this Morning sacred is, my Dear ;
And if thy Bottles thou wouldst rightly spend,
On *Sorrow* lavish not the smallest Tear,
But all thy Streams to Exultation lend.
Thy *Dream* has not deceiv'd thee ; all was true
Which it display'd to thine admiring View.

171.

It is enough that *Heav'n* hath condescended
To act it self aforehand unto Thee :
Nor canst thou think thy *Savior* e'r intended
To put thee off with *Dreams* : No ; royal He
Prepares thine Eyes by this short glimpse of *Bliss*,
Henceforth to see its endless bright Excess.

172.

In patience then thine humble Soul possess ;
For sure this Prize is worth thine Expectation,
Yea though it should attended be till this
Firm World grows weak, and stoops to *Consummation*.
Time at its utmost Tether cannot be
More than a Span to vast *Eternity*.

173.

Eternity, is that which shall inhance
Beatitude, and crown its Diadems :
In hopes of which do thou thy Soul advance,
And ne'r dejected be to think that *Dreams*,
Which on thin Fancy their foundation lay,
Are fickle fluid things, and start away.

174.

Courageous Friend, the *Maid* to this reply'd,
Brave is the Metal of thy sprightful Heart ;
Which easily beats back all Misfortune's Tide,
And can the Streams of Grief to Joy convert :
Full well with Thee those Looks of Triumph suit,
Who all my Loss canst with a Smile confute.

175.

But I can not do so ; *Mischances* throw
Their cruel Smiles on mine with high Disdain :
My deep Passivity will not allow
Me any power or cunning to maintain
A fight with *Suffrings* so as not to feel
The Wound, when in my heart I find the Steel.

176.

It is but lately since unhapy I
Was lost, quite lost in Mists of *Desolation* :
And heavy was that blind Calamity
Which muffled up my quick-ey'd *Contemplation*,
And clipt those Wings that had been us'd before
Unto the Pinnacles of Heav'n to sore.

177.

But now her eyes again unmasked are,
And unto useful strength her feathers grown ;
Nō sooner I in Heav'n's illustrious sphere
Or read, or fly, but I am tumbled down,
And by my journey (to complete my Cross)
No Profit reap but *Knowledge of my loss*.

178.

O I acquit my *Dream* from any Guilt
Of fairfac'd Fraud ; in every blessed Part
The genuine pulse of *Truth* I clearly felt
Which beat right time with my exultant Heart.
I would not have it *False* for Heav'n, and yet
Its being *True* begets this deep Regret.

179.

Had it not prov'd it self th' unfeined scene
Of brave *Beatitude* in full display ;
Without this stinging Torment that had been
Snatched from Me, or I from that, away :
But now what Comforts' breath can blow Content
When from my Heart my Heart it self is rent ?

180.

If *Lucifer* had never walk'd upon
Complete *Felicities*' transcendent Stories,
If he had ne'r beheld Heav'n's radiant Throne,
Nor grown acquainted with the Court of Glories ;
His Loss had finite been ; and though he fell
To Ruin's Gulf, his Hell had not been Hell.

181.

I might have dwelt contented in dead Night
Had I not known and seen *Life's* royal Day :
These rotten rags of Dust and Ashes might
Have pleased me, had not the rich Array
Of *Immortality* which shines so bright
Upon the backs of *Saints*, ravish'd my sight.

182.

The Ardor of my Thirst might eas'ly by
That simple Brook have cool'd, and quenched been,
Had not that *Crystal* run into mine Eye,
Whose all-enlivening Current glides between
Those two Plantations of tall *Life*, which flourish
With sovereign Health, and all faint Nations cherish.

183.

Yon *Phebus*, who with virgin Gold doth gild
The *Morning's* cheeks, with some delight might I

Have gazed on ; If I had not beheld
My *Lord's* more sunlike Eyes, with Majesty
Sparkling, and Joy, and Love, and everything
Which can accomplish *Glorie's* gracious King.

184.

Then since I fully understand my Loss ;
O do not envy me, sweet Guardian, leave
Not to be fondly stupid ; do not cross
My *Wo's* career who have such cause to grieve :
For Grief their *Daughter's* only dowry is,
Whilst my dear *Parents* reign in joyous Bliss.

185.

These words with such commanding Passion she
On facil *Phylax* blew, as made him yield ;
And this the rather, since deep-pondering He
Mark'd now how wisely *LOVE* his Plot conceal'd :
For *Psyche* knew not He for her this kind
Of softest-hardest *Martyrdom* design'd.

186.

But *Charis* (to augment her Agony,
Although the blessed *Dream* had taken wing,
Yet on the Tables of her Memory
Fairly transcrib'd and fastned every thing.
There shin'd the total Apparition still,
And all her Thoughts with *Ravishment* did fill.

187.

With *Ravishment*, which proved fuel to
Her ancient fire of Love : a Fire that now
Flash'd resolutely out, and feasted so
On this vast Banquet, which had leave to flow
With fresh Infinitude upon it, that
The Flames all bridles and all bounds forgot.

188.

Like Wax which yields before the Summer's Sun ;
So in the presence of this scorching Heat
Her Bowels melted, and her Heart did run
About her Bosom, labouring to get
Releasment from the Furnace : but in vain ;
Heav'n still to these sweet Torments her did chain.

189.

Still she beheld what yet she might not see ;
Still there she walk'd whence she was snatch'd away ;
Her Eyes still feasted on *Life's* absent *Tree* ;
Still on the *Crystal River's* shore her stay
She made, though on gross Earth she prostrate were,
Being in sunder torn 'twixt *Here* and *There*.

190.

In dainty Anguish thus she lay and fried,
Till through her lips at last the Bonfire brake,
And unto *Phylax* thus aloud she cryed :
O why to *Persecution's* gentler stake
Was I not bound ; why might I not expire
Amidst the bosom of that courteous *Fire* ?

191.

That Fire would soon have drunk up all my breath
And into Ashes parch'd my Life ; but *This*
Plays with my Pangs, and freshly furnisheth
My fainting Heart with passive Vigorousness :
This, woful Immortality doth give
To mouldering Dust, and teacheth *Death to Live*.

192.

Nor *Etna's* nor *Vesuvius's* bowels were
E'r gravid with such teeming Flames, as mine :
Should *Humber, Thames, and Severn*, by thy care
Their everflowing Mouths together join,
And empty out their Torrents on my Heart,
Alas they could not quench my burning Smart.

193.

Flatter me not with vainly smiling Eye ;
Compassion is the utmost thou canst lend.
He, He alone can cure my Malady
Who plung'd me in this flaming Fever ; and
If Thou canst hasten down his Help, O do !
Or tell me when He will conclude my Wo.

194.

The *Angel*, who her blessed Sickness knew,
Had now no longer power to pity her ;
But strait invisible, away he flew,
That her Seraphick Pains might domineer ;
And she, thus left alone, might sooner prove
The perfect Holocaust of generous Love.

195.

When lo, her modest tender Jealousy
Could not interpret his Discession so :
She fear'd that by indecent Passion she
Had wrong'd his Patience, and forc'd him to
Withdraw ; till troubled she grew calm again,
And fit his Company to entertain.

196.

This made her check her boiling Fervor by
Deep Recollection of her *Spouses's Will* :
She knockt her Breast, which made its first reply
In Sighs, the next in these sad Words : O still
This tumult of my Soul, dear *Lord*, whose heat
Hath all my Bosom in combustion set.

197.

I love the cause of my Destemper, yet
Would fain more quietly disturbed be :
I know my Torment can no Cure admit
While I am Pris'ner to Mortality :
Yet Thou canst find a way to make me dwell
In Pain with Ease, with heav'nly Joy in Hell.

198.

Although my long'd-for *Union with Thee*
More precious is than thousand Lives ; although

Desire and *Languor* all my Essence be
Till to Fruition of Thee I grow ;
Yet since *thy Will* prolongs my banishment
From thy dear Sight, (peace Heart) I am Content.

199.

I am Content : for all I am is *Thine*.
The freedom of thy Pleasure use on Me ;
If I thine Arrows' smartest dint decline,
Then say I lov'd my self, but lov'd not Thee :
Pour on this Heart, pour all thine amorous Might
And slay me if thou wilt, from Morn to Night.

200.

But if I still must Live this Death, O may
I live to Thee, my God, to Thee alone !
O let some hard heroick Task allay
The Fervor's edge, which thou hast set upon,
My ravish'd Soul ; that soundly busied, I
May less resent the Flames in which I fry.

201.

Shall I confront whate'r defyeth *Thee* ?
Shall I go check the *Gallantry of Sin*,
And tell the boldest Crimes what Misery
Waits at the desperate Goal to which they run ?
Shall I go sell my self, to ransom thy
More worthy Servants from Captivity ?

202.

Shall I to *Persecution's* Court, and there
Erect thy Standard in the *Tyrant's* face ?
Shall I her Racks, and Arts of Torture dare,
And to the ground her *Gods* and *Altars* raise ?
Thy *Majesty's* Commands and Declarations,
Shall I promulge against her *Proclamations* ?

203.

Shall all the Bruises, Wounds, Boils, Ruptures, Pains,
With every Grief, Distemper, and Mischance ;
Shall all the Hungers, Thirsts, and Stripes and Chains,
Which allways were the sure Inheritance
Of Thine abused patient *Members*, join
And domineer in this sole Corps of mine ?

204.

Shall I be made the Hate of Man and Beast ?
Shall I be scorn'd and kicked round about
Th' insulting Universe ? shall I be preat
Down to the dismal ever-yelling Rout
Of *Feinds* and *Hags*, and dragged through the *Deep*
Where *Horrors* reign, and *Torments* never sleep ?

205.

This, this, and more, for thy all-precious sake
Thy bounden *Psyche* surely could sustain :
Speak then, O most deserving *Sovereign* speak,
And by some suff'rings mitigate my Pain.
Set me my hardy Task, that I may prove
On any terms *how much I love thy Love*.

206.

Thus panted loyal She : till tired by
Her Fervor's high Intension, she descended
Into her self again : but instantly
That strong Combustion she hop'd was ended,
Met her amidst her Breast ; for new *Desire*
Kindled afresh her most impatient Fire.

207.

By *Resignation* to her *Spouse* she hasted
Again to quench its Rage ; yet day by day
Her self she found in amorous Languor wasted,
And waking night by night, and Longing lay :
Or, when from place to place she hunted *Rest*,
Her Torments' Spring still bore she in her Breast.

208.

As *Conscience's* quick *Book*, which flyeth in
Their guilty faces, who have stained it
With hideous Blots of Mercy-daring Sin,
Before their eyes doth armed *Vengeance* set,
With Snakes, and Furies, Dread, and Desperation,
And all Attendants of complete Damnation :

209.

Thus, thus her restless Memory to her
The beautiful Wonders of her *Dream* objected,
With all *Beatitude's* bright Furniture :
In vain her eyes she studiously deflected,
Which were in every corner crost by this
Intrusion of strange importunate *Bliss*.

210.

When to her Prayers she went, she could not Pray ;
Heav'n and *Amazement* strait were crowding in :
When to her *Book*, alas, she could not say ;
Love's Languor stop'd her e'r she could begin :
When to her Course of Psalms, she could not sing ;
Loud in her ears the *Angels' Anthem* rung.

211.

When to her Meat she went, she could not Eat ;
The *Tree* of endless *Life* her thoughts took up :
When to the Fountain of her Drink, the sweet
River of Heav'n prov'd her tormenting Stop :
When to her sleep, she was disturbed by
The undisturb'd *Rest of Eternity*.

212.

Oft she resolved with Content to wait
Heav'n's leisure, till her Heart might thither sore ;
Yet her *Resolves* but mock'd themselves, for strait
She found her Heart was settled there before :
And still the more she check'd and downward bent
Her Thoughts, the more she felt them upward rent.

213.

The dear Remembrance of her *Sovereign Lord*
Boil'd in her Soul, and would not slaked be :

So that while tortur'd She could not afford
Her Body what Recruits Necessity
Crav'd at her hands ; she faint and feeble grew,
And by degrees her *Mortal Self* she slew.

214.

She slew her *Flesh*, which pin'd and sunk away ;
She slew the Vigor of her *Senses*, which
Like unbent Bows, all damp'd and useless lay :
Yet by these Slaughters she did but enrich
The Life of her afflicted Heart, which still
Found out a way with stouter Fire to swell.

215.

So high it swell'd, that whatsoe'r came near
The raging Torrent, strait became its Prey :
Yea ev'n the Bridles too subdued were,
Which still she hop'd and strove on it to lay ;
Her *Meditations* all to *Passions* turned ;
And whatsoe'r she did, or Fancy'd ; *Burned*.

216.

Since Man receiv'd Capacity to be
The Vassal of *Diseases*, He was ne'r
In bondage to so deep a *Malady*
As when imperious fiery *Love* doth bear
The scepter of his Thoughts, and is possess'd
Of all the Realm of his soft yielding Breast.

217.

I know, alas, I know for certain, I
Believed am by every genuine Heart
Whose Tenderness hath been transfixed by
The violence of *Love's* mysterious Dart.
These, these will justify my Song, and be
Condolers with my *Psyche*, and with Me.

218.

Inamoration, be it of a Thing
But weak and mortal, and Dust's wretched Heir ;
Can with immortal Pains and Wishes sting,
And spur the Soul into unwearied Care ;
Doubts and *Discouragements* in vain lead up
Their Troops of Obstacles its way to stop.

219.

No, no : the generous *Lover's* Heart disdains
Not to approve his *Passion* infinite :
With gallant Obstinacy he maintains
Against the Will of *Heav'n* and Earth the fight,
To win his *Idol* ; for whose sake, had He
Millions of Lives, Millions should ventur'd be.

220.

For in Her Image, which he hath inshrind
High in the Temple of his loyal Breast,
Such mighty Charms his zealous Fancies find
As rob him of all Power to resist.
On, on he runs ; and in such furious wise,
That *Love* is slandered with want of Eyes.

221.

Knows not the World how *Hamor's* royal Son
His Foreskin scorn'd and his Religion too,
When *Dinah's* Love got full possession
Of his subdued Soul? How *David*, who
Was Heav'n's choise Darling, durst Heav'n's Law
despise
For what he read in *Bathsheba's* fair Eyes?

222.

Who hath not heard what power *one Helen* had
Upon *two mighty Nations*, both content,
For love of Her to run so strangly mad
Upon a War of Hate; whose Fury rent
Up *Ilium* by the roots; which to the flame
Of *Lust* a woful Holocaust became?

223.

No marvel then the Fire of *heav'nly Love*
With such intollerable Fervor reigns;
Whose ravishing Sweetness is so far above
All sublunary Charms; whose mystick Chains
Draw with almighty Force, and cannot be
Outv'y'd by feeble Man's Reluctancy.

224.

Sick, desperately Sick is *Psyche* now,
And finds no Physick to aswage her Pain:
Did any Salve in furthest *India* grow,
Through all the Seas she thither would amain:
But Earth breeds no such Herb as can relieve
The Wounds which Heav'n's *inamoring Arrows* give.

225.

For all those Wounds bleed nothing else but *Fire*;
Fire, which remembring its original Flame,
With neverwearing struggling must aspire
Back to the radiant Home from whence it came;
Its proper Element are *Jesus's* Eyes,
And thither in heroick Zeal it Flies.

226.

And what can racked *Psyche* do, who by
This most unruly Heat to Heav'n is haled;
And yet by mortal Life's repugnancy
Fast to her Body and dull Earth is sealed?
What can she do in this Extremity
Of raging Life and Death at once; but *Cry*?

227.

Hardy and bold she grows in her Complaint:
For lifting up her love-encourag'd eyes,
Although her sickly Voice were low and faint,
Yet full of sinews were her serious Cries:
Which thus she suting to her flaming Passion,
Tun'd by the stout Key of *Expostulation*:

228.

O *Lord of Gentleness*, O why dost thou
Make *Love* so cruel to tormented me?

O *Lord of Justice*, canst thou me allow
No other Torturer but *Suavity*?
Why must my Gall be only Honey? why
Of nothing else but *Life* must *Psyche* die?

229.

Why didst thou not permit me to Decease
When thou hadst left me to my Self alone?
So had thine Handmaid been repriev'd from these
Riddles of charming Pangs; so had I gone
Whole to my grave, who now must *Melited* be
By thine unsufferable sweets, and thee.

230.

O might thy *Presence* but consume me, I
Should drop into my Nothing with Delight,
But thus to be dissolv'd and murder'd by
Thine only *Absence*, duplicates the weight
Of my strange Death, whilst in my killing woes
I all the Pleasure of my Ruin loose.

231.

And am I not a *Worm*, and worse than so?
What Triumph then canst thou atchieve on me!
Why dost thou not pick out some *Seraph*, who
With this sublime and blessed Misery
Might bravely grapple? or why mightst thou not
At *Phylax's* nobler Breast my Dart have shot?

232.

O be not angry! 'tis not I that speak,
But tortured *Necessity*: my Heart
A thousand times desir'd, but could not break;
My Lips had not presumed else to part
And ope into these bold *Complaints*; wherein
Excuse (I hope) is woven with my *Sin*.

233.

Not for innumerable Worlds would I
Have miss'd that splendid *Apparition*: but
Should full as many Worlds their Tyranny
Combine against my Soul, they could not put
Poor Me to any Torture so extream
As this Remembrance of my blessed *Dream*.

234.

Yet though in Ravishments thy Kingdom be
So truly Sovereign: *Psyche* could forbear
From reaching her ambitious Ardency
To any glorious Joys which triumph there,
Wert *Thou* away: but pardon, pardon Me
If I profess I needs must Covet *Thee*.

235.

In Sweetness why art thou so *Infinite*?
Or why must that *Infinity* appear
To any Soul to fire her with Delight,
If to the Front she may not come, and there
Quench her impatient Thirst? O *Jesus* be
Still what thou art; but then *be so to Me!*

236.

Be so to Me; and O be so with speed!
Death is not Death compared with Delay:
This teacheth every Moment to excede
 All those long Years I till this cruel Day
 Have tediously measured; and now
 I older by an *Age* each *Minute* grow.

237.

Fain fain would I *let thee alone*, and be
 Content to wait thy longest *Leisure* still:
 But O, all-lovely Thou now urgest me,
 And violently dragg'st my conquer'd Will.
 Thou dragg'st me; yet wilt not permit that I
 Should follow home to my *Felicity*.

238.

If thou wilt kill me; lo thy *Worm's* content:
 But O, vouchsafe to let my slaughter be
 By *Death*, not by this *breathing Banishment*
 From my *best Life*, most amiable thee!
 O pity, pity thy poor *Handmaid's* Cry,
 Whose *Tongue* cleaves to her mouth, whose *throat* is
 dry.

239.

Here hop'd she to have fainted: but her *Pain*
 Whose load so heavy on her shoulders lay,
 With cruel *Kindness* helped to sustain
 Her parched *Vigor*, that it still might prey
 Upon her *Patience*, and consume her still.
O strange Disease which canst by Curing Kill!

240.

Phylax mean while unseen, perceiv'd that she
 To Heav'n's fair *Suburbs* was arrived now;
 And that the *Strings* of her *Mortality*
 By this high stretch would quickly crack: for though
 Her Self her *Change's* Dawn could not descry,
 He saw her final *Hour* was drawing nigh.

241.

His Love this roused timely to prepare
 For's precious *Pupil's* never-ending *End*:

About her *Funeral* kind and decent *Care*
 He took; because himself could not attend
 Those *Rites*, when She had once *Expir'd*; for He
 Her noble *Paranymphus* was to be.

242.

He was to be her *Convoy* when she flew
 Up to her royal *Spouse's* marriage *Bed*:
 This made him dress his *Count'nance* with a new
Festivity; his *Wings* this made him spread
 With fresh and snowy *Down*, that's *Master's* *Bride*
 In that soft *Coach* of *Triumph* home might ride.

243.

And in this joiou's Hue to her he came;
 Yet She his sweet *Approach* regarded not:
 For, burning in her more delicious *Flame*,
 The *Sense* of all things else she quite forgot.
 The *Phenix* thus, amidst her *funeral* *Fires*,
 Sees nothing else, and nothing else desires.

244.

Flat on the ground, though wholly snatch'd from *Earth*,
 The *most subdued* *Prize* of *Zeal* she lay:
 Her tired *Blood* no longer sally'd forth,
 But to her *Heart* retreating back, gave way
 To overpowering *Pallor's* deadly *Chase*,
 Who strait set up his *Colours* in her face.

245.

The double *Fountain* of her *Tears* was dry;
 Her *Groans* were tired; and her *Languishment*
 It self did languish: but her *Ecstasy*
 Outrageous grew, and like a *Giant* bent
 The mighty *Bow* of her *Desires*, by which
 The *Mark* of all her *Hopes* she was to reach.

246.

To loathed *Earth* then having bid *Adieu*,
 And firmly fixt her loving longing *Eye*
 On her dear *Heav'n*, to keep her *Aim* in view;
 Her *Flame's* triumphant *Tempest* swell'd so high
 That She, unable to contain its *Tide*,
 With three deep sighs cry'd out *O LOVE*, and dy'd.

Δόξα Θεῷ.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

STANZA 33, l. 6, '*entheous*' = inspired: st. 37, l. 3, '*triduan*' = triple, or for three days: st. 67, l. 5, '*Compline*' = the closing prayer of the day in the Romish Breviary: st. 104, l. 6, '*Use*' = interest: st.

131, l. 4, '*masty*' = very large: st. 132, l. 5, '*tralucid*' = translucent, semi-transparent: st. 166, l. 3, '*sore*' = soar. So st. 176, l. 6, and st. 212, l. 2: st. 202, l. 4, '*rase*' = raze. G.



MINOR POEMS

IN

ENGLISH AND LATIN.



NOTE.

THE whole of these Minor Poems, with the exception of the opening one (Latin), from a rare volume, for which I am indebted to my friend ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, Esq., are derived from the quarto first published in 1749. Of this volume see more in our Introduction. A few noticeable words in these Minor Poems will be found in their places in the Glossarial Index.

G.

LATIN VERSES

Prefixed to the *Musae Juridicae* of WILLIAM HAWKINS.

1634.

NO storm in a small schoolroom teapot can ever have made more noise in classic metre than the lawsuit brought against William Hawkins, Master of Hadleigh School in Suffolk. A sufficient account of the whole matter, offensive and defensive, having been given in the only complete edition of Crashaw's poems,* dispenses me (not unwilling) from any duty of recapitulation. The little volume of Latin verse in which the literally much-trying pedagogue came forward after many days to plead his own cause before other than legal hearers is headed by a general title-page. At the top are the words *Corolla Varia*; immediately beneath is a woodcut representing a plump and stalwart hand, with a tuft of small solid clouds by way of wristband, vigorously grasping a large oval wreath of such undeniably varied components as to comprise among other miscellaneous trifles, only comparable for incongruity with the immemorial contents of Mrs. Harris's imperishable pocket, spikes of thorn, sprays of foliage, knotted and snaky roots, with a stray vine-leaf or two, on the right side; then, rising to the left, two pastoral crooks entwined with field-flowers, a squat and ponderous school-book, a sixfold bundle, consisting, first, of three implements unknown to me by sight, which I took at first for children's wooden spades, but now presume rather to be samples of the weapon described in old dictionaries as 'a ferula or spatter,' and, secondly, of three birch rods, so thick, stunted, and stumpy, that if sub-

* In Fuller Worthies' Library, 2 vols. 1872.

mitted to Etonian inspection they would be likelier to provoke a grin than to produce any tingling sense of recognition. Above these again hang aslant and overweighted the too partial scales of Themis, and above those are sundry scrolls of bescribbled and perforated parchment, reaching right up to the thick flat thumbnail of the cloud-cuffed hand, which grasps the tough stout hoop of planed and solid wood round which this remarkably composite garland is significantly twisted. Round an empty space in the midst, apparently intended to receive some design or inscription, which in my copy has never been supplied, runs the following inner sub-title:—

*Funereum : Lætum : Querulū : Hospes :
Virgula : Leges.*

This I humbly presume to be a Hadleian hexameter, and sincerely hope it may not be a fair sample of the school produce under the fertilising rod of worthy Master William Hawkins. Below this are the words in full italic type:—

*Contexta per Guil : Haukinū
Scholarchā Hadleianū in
agro Suffolciensi.*

A motto on a scroll follows in smaller italics:—

*juvat petere inde coronam
Unde prius nulli velarūt tempora Musæ.*

LUCRET.

Below this again comes the imprint:—

Cantabrigiæ apud Tho : Buck 1634.
*Venundatur autem Londini apud Rob.
Milbourn in Cœmiterio Paulino ad*

the sign of the running greyhound engraved on a small oblong tablet, and over against

this in the corner by way of epigraph :

T. Cecill Sculp :

On the next page follows a duly complicated 'Autoris (*sic*) ad Musas CANTABRIDAS Dedicatorium contortuplicatum.'

On the next are six lines of Latin commendation by one 'THO. ROWE, *S. Theol. Bacc. Coll. Regal. Socius.*' Then follows a separate title-page on which are announced :

Eclogæ tres
Virgilianæ
declinatae ;
TITYRUS, } AD { *Pestifugium.*
POLLIO, } { POSTLIMINIUM.
GALLUS, } { FASTIDIUM.

Which eclogues he may read who cares, and he who reads may praise. After twenty-two pages of them comes a third title-page :—

NISUS
VERBERANS
ET
VAPULANS,
Decantatus
per
Musas { *Virgiferas*
 { *Juridicas.*
In tenui labor—
CANTABRIGLÆ,
Ex Academia celeberrimæ
Typographeo. 1634.

On the reverse page :—

Pars prior
per Musas
Virgiferas.

This first part is subdivided into twelve *Lectiones* in the order following : *Schola, Discipulus, Caballus, Conspurcatio, Indignatio, Deprehensio, Castigatio, Expostulatio* (this heading, omitted by the printer, my copy supplies in manuscript), *Instigatio, Raptatio, Deploratio, Buccinatio.* After some twenty-one pages of these, in facile and fluent hexameters, not devoid of humour and vigour on occasion, arrives at length without a fresh title-page

Pars altera
per Musas
JURIDICAS.

Seven pages following of commendatory Latin verse include as penultimate contribution the following twice annotated (as are also some pages of the former commendatory verses) on the margin of my copy by some Latin scrap of commentary in a fine Lilliputian hand, which bids defiance alike to my eyesight and my scholarship.

Testor ego : Plagas infixit molliter olim
Nisus. At infixas prælia Scripta dabunt.
Præla magis. Vivunt hîc plagæ quattuor illæ,
Inque plagas sparse quattuor orbis erunt.

Ita testor, carmine testor
Bello de monte Josephus,
Jam justâ ætate Sophista
Grantani de Lare Petri :
Nisei pars gregis olim,
De quattuor unus alumnis,
In nostri lite Magistri
Testis prodire paratus.
Edmundi visere Burgum
Non damno est : fortè labori ;
Nec vano. Namque *Tribunum*
Equitem, peditésque bipenni
Claros, *binôque Tribunal*
Ornatum *Judice* vidi.
Monachalis fragmina Cellæ
Conspexi, sed sine fletu ;
Et vicos, sed sine risu,
Quia (lentum audire) nequivi
Pompam *albi* cernere *Tauri.*

Ad TAURILIA.

Cœlo gemellas summus astrigero Pater
Infixit Ursas. Bajulo *Europæ* bovi
Junone sedem quin et invitâ dedit.
Huic concolorem gratiorem fæminis
Quidni secundum jungat ? An geminos *Atla*
Milone longè fortior *Taurus* nequit
Humeris subire ? Si nequit ; juvet *Hercules,*
Jove annuente. *Nise,* cœlos suspice :
Vide (videmus nos) bovem niveum tuum
Intra micantis astra rutilantem poli.
Non per plateas sordidas nunc ambulat ;
Per alta puri spatia signiferi viam
Molitus, Orbem metrico volvit pede.
Auditis ? Heus audite sphærarum melos.
O quàm boatu dulce Diapason sonat !

JOSEPHUS BEAUMONT.

Having transcribed his verses with literal and even punctual fidelity, I need hardly disclaim any share of responsibility for all the future Doctor's quantities.

A. C. SWINBURNE.



P O E M S

On several Occasions.

Reasonable Melancholly.

I.

TELL me no more of Sweets and Joys ;
Miscall not things ;
Nor flatter poor unworthy Toys
As they were Kings.
'Tis not a pretty Name
That can transform the frame
Of Bitterness, and cheat a sober taste.
'Tis not a Smile
That can beguile
Good Eyes, and on false Joys true Colours cast.

II.

The World has store of things, which she
Does Pastimes call ;
Which, tho' they sweet and tempting be,
Yet have their Gall.
Alas! tho' Time be now
Grown old, he's not so slow
That we should lend him wings ; do what we can,
He makes no stay :
Mistaken Play
Passeth not Time away, but silly Man.

III.

Defiance, fair-impostur'd Names
Of beauteous Cheats,
Well-favour'd Lies, and handsome Frames
Of poison'd Sweets,
Your Bait full fine does shew ;
But the false Hook below
Is bearded with Vexation ; who desires
Sweetly to be
Destroyed, he
May burn in your dear Aromatick Fires.

IV.

It must be so.—Could rotten Earth
Spring with sound Joys,
Fair Heav'n, and all it's sacred Mirth
Would seem but Toys.
Immortal Pleasures may
A Soul's brave thirst allay ;

And those alone, those that are kindled by
The flaming grace
Of that bright Face
Which gilds the beauteous Sweets, that smile on high.

V.

Come hither Grief ; one draught of thee
Will taste more sweet
Than all false Joy's Hypocrisy,
Which here doth greet
Deluded Souls ; one Tear
Flows with more Honey far
Than all *Hyblean* Hives ; one pious Sigh
Breaths sweeter Air,
Than all the fair
Arabia, and can sooner reach the Sky.

DEATH.

I.

LOOK not so fierce ; thy hands are ty'd, I know,
And must be, till my Master lets them go.
Come let us parl awhile, and see
What makes the World to fly from thee :
Perhaps there 's some mistake, and they
Shou'd rather run to be thy Prey.
Frown not in vain ; I long to feel thy Sword,
But thou and I must stay, till Heaven gives the word.

II.

What Fury's hand rak'd up the monstrous deep
Of Shame and Horror, thence to fetch an heap
Of shapeless Shapes, which join'd in one
Make up thy Constitution ?
Was Night thy Mother, or was Hell ?
Both which in thy black Looks do dwell :
Or Sin than both more horrid ? Surely none
But such an hideous She could bear so foul a Son.

III.

No sooner born but straight thou learn'dst thy Trade,
And 'twas Destruction : All the World was made
Thine easy Prize ; nor didst thou spare
To take thy glutt'nous fill : But where

Is all bestow'd? Thy craving Look
Is sad and thin, as *Famine's Book* ;
All Flesh becomes thy Food, yet naked be
Thine ugly Bones ; there 's nought but *Hunger* grows in
thee.

IV.

Great was thine Empire, and thy Conquests great :
The proudest Kings bow'd at thy prouder feet.
With bold Corruption thou didst tread
On *Glory's* stoutest, fairest Head.
Thou bad'st thy shameless *Worms* go feed
In *Princes' bosoms*, and with speed
Gnaw out the marks of Men, that none might know
What difference *Human Dust*, from common Earth cou'd
shew.

V.

But now all that was *Death* in thee is dead ;
This was thy *Sting*, and this lies buried
In one strong *Grave* ; and there must lie
'Till all the rest of thee doth die.
Look not so grim and fierce ; we know
Y'are not our *Lord*, but *Servant* now.
Or rather, y'are our *Friend* ; do what you can
You must be courteous now, ev'n in *destroying Man*.

VI.

Sweet *Death*, so let me call thee now, thy *Hand*
Alone can bring our *shipwreck'd Souls* to *Land*.
Thou with this *stormy Life* compar'd
More calm, more sweet, more lovely art.
The *Graves* thou ope'st are but the *Gates*
Of blest and everlasting *Fates*,
Thro' which our *dying Life* doth pass, to be
Born in a surer *Birth of Immortality*.

Cantic. chap. 2. ver. 10. 11. 12. 13.

I.

RISE up my *Love*, my *Fairest one*
Make no delay ;
Now *Winter's* utmost blast hath blown
Himself away.

II.

The cloudy *Curtain* 's drawn aside
To free the *Light* ;
No drop is left, pure *Heav'n* to hide
From thy full sight.

III.

The chearly *Earth* doth, as she may,
Reflect *Heav'n's* Face,
With flow'ry *Constellations* gay
In every place.

IV.

Our *Birds* sit tuning their soft throats,
The *Angels' Quire*
To echo back : The *Turtle's* Notes
With them conspire.

V.

The teeming *Fig-tree's* new-born *Brood*
Abroad appear :
Vines and young *Grapes* breath out a good
And wholesome *Air*.

VI.

All *Sweets* invite us to lay down
Our dull delay ;
Rise up my *Love*, my *Fairest one*
And come away.

Thou shalt call his Name JESUS.

S. Luke 1. 31.

I.

IS it an *Incense-Cloud* that breaks,
Or is it *Balm* the *Angel* speaks?

CHORUS.

Ne'er did *Arabian* Beds enrich the *Sky*
With such rich breath, nor *Eastern* field
So pure and balmy *Odours* yield ;
Nor *Paradise' Perfumes* ascend so high.

II.

From his fair *Lips* does *Balsam* flow,
Or is it *Manna* that they strew?

CHORUS.

Such fragrant *Balsam* ne'er drop'd on the *Earth* ;
The kindest *Heaven* ne'er shower'd down
So noble *Manna* on its own
Dear *Flock*, when *Wonders* were its usual birth.

III.

What is it then, O who can tell?
Speak Thou thyself, sweet *Gabriel!*

CHORUS.

'Tis *Heav'n* I speak, from whence I hither came,
To shew how all it's *Sweets* do lie
Couch'd in one rich *Epitome* ;
Of which great *Treasure JESUS* is the *Name*.

HOME.

WHAT is *House* and what is *Home*,
Where with *Freedom* thou hast room,
And may'st to all *Tyrants* say,
This you cannot take away?
'Tis no thing with *Doors* and *Walls*,
Which at every *Earthquake* falls ;
No fair *Towers*, whose *Princely* fashion
Is but *Plunder's* invitation ;
No stout *Marble* Structure, where
Walls *Eternity* do dare ;
No *Brass* Gates, no *Bars* of *Steel*,
Tho' *Time's* Teeth they scorn to feel :

Brass is not so bold as Pride,
 If on Power's Wings it ride ;
 Marble 's not so hard as Spite
 Arm'd with lawless Strength and Might.
 Right and just Possession, be
 Potent Names, when Laws stand free :
 But if once that Rampart fall,
 Stoutest Thieves inherit all :
 To be rich and weak 's a sure
 And sufficient Forfeiture.

Seek no more abroad, say I,
 House and Home, but turn thine Eye
 Inward, and observe thy Breast ;
 There alone dwells solid Rest.
 That 's a close immured Tower
 Which can mock all hostile Power.
 To thyself a Tenant be,
 And inhabit safe and free.
 Say not that this House is small,
 Girt up in a narrow Wall :
 In a cleanly sober Mind
 Heav'n itself full Room doth find.
 Th' Infinite CREATOR can
 Dwell in it ; and may not Man ?
 Here content make thy abode
 With thyself and with thy God.
 Here in this sweet privacy
 May'st thou with thyself agree,
 And keep House in peace, tho' all
 Th' Universe's Fabrick fall.
 No Disaster can distress thee,
 Nor no Fury dispossess thee :
 Let all War and Plunder come,
 Still may'st thou dwell safe at Home.

Home is every where to thee,
 Who can'st thine own Dwelling be ;
 Yea, tho' ruthless Death assail thee,
 Still thy Lodging will not fail thee :
 Still thy Soul 's thine own ; and she
 To an House remov'd shall be ;
 An eternal House above,
 Wall'd, and roof'd, and pav'd with Love.
 There shall these Mud-walls of thine
 Gallantly repair'd out-shine
 Mortal Stars ;—No Stars shall be
 In that Heav'n but such as Thee.

WISHES.

NOW I have mind and leisure
 To trip a chearly measure ;
 Desire, come freely hither,
 And tell me plainly whether
 Thy Wishes come not thronging,
 And make thee big with longing.
 Dost hanker after Pleasures,
 The Belly's lazy Treasures ;
 Which there will rot before thee,
 And with Corruption store thee ;

Providing quicker breeding
 For Worms and fatter feeding ?
 And howso'er it pleases
 Cheats thee into Diseases.

Do Gold and Silver woo thee ?
 Abundance will undo thee.
 The Metal 's sad ; be wary
 How much thou striv'st to carry.
 Enough is vaster Treasure,
 Than Wealth that knows no measure ;
 Which Dropsy-like may kill thee,
 And split, but never fill thee.

To Honour's gaudy Splendor,
 Could'st thou thyself surrender,
 And court the glitt'ring graces
 Of high-commanding Places ?
 Where flatt'ring Eyes' Devotions
 Will wait on all thy Motions ;
 And foulest Vices garnish
 With Virtue's forced Varnish ;
 Where Envy's Disaffections
 Will blast thy fairest Actions,
 And in ten thousand Places
 Will undermine thy Paces ;
 Painting in thy confusion
 A falling Star's conclusion.

Do Wedlock's Looks invite thee
 In chaste Sweets to delight thee ?
 But what if thou dost marry
 Millions of Cares, and carry
 Thy single Freedom's Treasure
 Into a Chain for Pleasure,
 Of which sole Death can ease thee ;
 A Friend which scarce will please thee ?

What, does thy Study lure thee
 Within it to immure thee ?
 Alas vain project, Plunder
 Has broke that Plot in sunder :
Cambridge, thy genuine Mother,
 Is forc'd to be no other
 But Step-dame, and reject thee,
 Tho' once she did elect thee.
 'Tis well, God does not fashion
 By Man's, his Reprobation.

Would'st if thou could'st come by it,
 Thy Living hold in quiet,
 And by its Profits, treasure
 Up Fuel for thy Pleasure ?
 Fondling, how thou mistakest
 Thy Happiness, and makest
 Thy Gain, thy Loss ! Th' hast gained
 Not to be spent and pained
 With mystick Cares : Most mighty
 Heroes who knew the weighty
 Burthen of Souls, have faster
 Fled from the Name of Pastor,
 Than unfledg'd Brats now hasten
 Upon this charge to fasten.

S. JOHAN. ad Port. Latin.

I.

FOOLISH Tyrant ! spare thy Cost,
 All thine Oil and Labour 's lost.
 This is a Seraph all on fire ;
 Oil will but feed his Flames up higher.
 If thou would'st kill him, let him live :
 Death his best Life to him will give.

II.

Foolish Tyrant,
 Who thus anoint'st thine Enemy
 Too strong before for Hell and Thee,
 And dost for streams of Torments, shed
 Soft Oil of Gladness on his Head.

SS. INNOCENT'S Day.

I.

GO, Roseal Buds of Martyrdom,
 In Paradise go take your room ;
 Where you may flourish, and not fear
 That *Herod's* Sword can crop you there.

II.

Your little Lord that 'scapes to-day
 All yours in richer Blood will pay :
 First let him grow, and fill his Veins
 Whose Blood must wash the whole World's Stains.

NEW-YEAR'S Day.

I.

FEign'd *Janus*, now forget thy Name,
 And both thy Faces hide, for shame.
 The nobler Face of Heaven and Earth
 Are join'd in this Great Infant's Birth ;
 Who in his double Nature now is come
 To ope the Year at *Bethlehem*, not at *Rome*.

II.

Sweet Earnest of an happy Year,
 Which on thy Front all Heav'n dost wear ;
 Shine out Fair Day, that we may see
 That fairer Sun which smiles in Thee.
 Shine out, that Heaven and Earth may have the Grace
 To read the Name that 's printed on thy Face.

EPIPHANY OBLATION.

I.

OUR Gold, rich King of Poverty,
 Our Incense, Infant Deity,
 Our Myrrh for thy Humanity,
 And our poor selves we bring to Thee.
 In us our *East* is hither come,
 To meet thine Eyes, its fairer Home.

II.

O let this Gold wait on thy Crown :
 This Incense let thine Altar own ;
 And this Myrrh on thy Tomb be thrown ;
 And our *East* be thine Eyes' sweet Dawn.
 So shall our other *East* and we
 Adore no Sun, but only Thee.

ASCENSION.

I.

LIFT up your Heads, great Gates, and sing,
 Now Glory comes, and Glory's King ;
 Now by your high all-golden way
 The fairer Heav'n comes home to-day.

II.

Hark ! now the Gates are ope, and hear
 The Tune of each triumphant Sphere ;
 Where ev'ry Angel as he sings
 Keeps Time with his applauding Wings,
 And makes Heav'n's loftiest Roof rebound
 The Echos of the noble Sound.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

I.

FOUNTAIN of Sweets ! Eternal Dove !
 Which leav'st thy glorious Perch above,
 And hov'ring down, vouchsafest thus
 To make thy Nest below with Us.

II.

Soft as thy softest Feathers, may
 We find thy Love to us to-day ;
 And in the Shelter of thy Wing
 Obtain thy Leave and Grace to Sing.

On the same.

I.

THY Heav'nly Kingdom here below
 Now like itself, dear Lord, doth shew ;
 And needs no Metaphor to tell
 How lofty things beneath can dwell ;
 Now thy Celestial Flames are hither sent
 To light the Stars of Earth's new Firmament.

II.

How bright they shine ! Brave Stars, whose Light
 Spreads Day upon the face of Night !
 And gilds the farthest Shades, which lye
 Hid from the upper Heaven's great Eye.
 Coasts to the glaring Sun unknown shall say,
 Welcome sweet Beams of bright Religious Day.

III.

These Heav'ns thy Glory shall declare,
 And with thy Praises fill the Air.
 The Tongues of this great Day shall send
 Thy Name unto the World's vast End.
 Where-e'er it lists this Spirit shall blow, and find
 Its Chariot on the Wings of ev'ry Wind.

On the same.

TUNE we our Heart-strings high,
 And to the Heav'nly Dove,
 As we are able, fly
 On vocal Wings of Love :
 To Him our Thanks and Praises pay
 In all the Tongues he gave To-Day.

Whiteness, or Chastity.

TELL me, where doth Whiteness grow ?
 Not on Beds of *Scythian* Snow ;
 Nor on Alabaster Hills ;
 Nor in *Canaan's* milky Rills ;
 Nor the dainty living Land
 Of a young Queen's Breast or Hand ;
 Nor on Cygnets' lovely Necks ;
 Nor in Lap of Virgin Wax ;
 Nor upon the soft and sleek
 Pillows of the Lilly's Cheek ;
 Nor the precious smiling Heirs
 Of the Morning's pearly Tears ;
 Nor the Silver-shaming Grace
 Of the Moon's unclouded Face :
 No ; all these Candours
 Are but the handsome Slanders
 Cast on the Name of genuine Whiteness, which
 Doth Thee alone, fair Chastity, enrich.

A Morning Hymn.

WHAT 's this Morn's bright Eye to Me,
 If I see not thine and Thee,
 Fairer *JESU* ; in whose Face
 All my Heaven is spread ! Alas,
 Still I grovel in dead Night,
 Whilst I want thy living Light ;
 Dreaming with wide open Eyes
 Fond fantastick Vanities.
 Shine, my only Day-Star, shine :
 So mine Eyes shall wake by thine ;
 So the Dreams I grope in now
 To clear Visions all shall grow ;
 So my Day shall measur'd be
 By thy Grace's Clarity ;
 So shall I discern the Path
 Thy sweet Law prescribed hath ;
 For thy ways cannot be shown
 By any Light but by thine own.

An Evening Hymn.

NEVER yet could careless Sleep
 On Love's watchful Eyelid creep ;
 Never yet could gloomy Night
 Damp his Eye's immortal Light :
 Love is his own Day, and sees
 Whatsoe'er himself doth please :

Love his piercing Look can dart
 Thro' the Shades of my dark Heart,
 And read plainer far than I
 All the Spots which there do lye.
 Pardon then what thou dost see,
 Mighty Love, in wretched Me :
 Let the sweet Wrath of thy Ray
 Chide my sinful Night to Day ;
 To the blessed Day of Grace
 Whose dear *East* smiles in thy Face.
 So no Powers of Darkness shall
 In this Night my Soul appall ;
 So shall I the sounder sleep,
 'Cause my Heart awake I keep ;
 Meekly waiting upon Thee,
 Whilst Thou deign'st to watch for Me.

A FRIEND.

I.

DEAR Name, and dearer thing ! to Thee
 How dull and coarse all Jewels be !
 Tho' I to them can Love maintain,
 Yet they can not love me again ;
 Cold stones are sparkling gay,
 But Thou of Fire of Life dost make thy Ray.

II.

O could our greedy World but read
 The Value of a Friend indeed ;
 No *Indies* should be raked more,
 No Deeps unbowell'd of their Store :
 All Voyages should be
 Made to no other Port but Amity :

III.

The only Port where we can find
 Safe Harbour from the furious Wind
 Of treacherous Fortune ; she who ranges
 About the World with Storms of Changes,
 And with her sudden Shocks
 Dashes Prosperity upon Sorrow's Rocks.

IV.

Why dost thou go much way about
 Vain Man ! to find some Treasure out ?
 'Tis not at City, nor at Court,
 At neighbour or at foreign Port,
 Where thou can'st surely find
 Thy Hopes, tho' firm and strong, crown'd to thy mind.

V.

O take the nearest Way : go trade
 To gain a Friend, and thou hast made
 A better Market far than they
 Who make returns of glittering Clay,
 Which ever was and must
 Be subject unto Envy, Thieves, and Rust.

VI.

Hast thou a Friend! O hold him fast
As thine own Soul; and know thou hast
A Prize, which as most Kings desire,
Few are so blest as to acquire.

Greatness may Flatterers gain,
But Friends scorn to be drawn by such a Chain.

VII.

Hast thou a Friend! what'ere thou hast,
Thou hast compleatly double: cast
Up thy Account no more for One,
Thy scant Identity is gone:

Thou art thy Friend, and He
By mutual Faith transanimates with Thee.

VIII.

That Life He leads in Thee, to Him
More precious than his own doth seem;
His own he freely will resign,
So he may still be sure of Thine;

Death only makes him live,
When he, by dying, Life to Thee doth give.

IX.

Joys lose to Him their Name and Taste
But when with Him thy Share Thou hast:
Whenever thou receiv'st a wound,
He feels as deep the Strokes rebound,
And claimeth as his right

The Moiety of thy disastrous plight.

X.

Tho' all the World upon Thee frown,
He counts Thee still no less his own:
'Tis not thy Fortune, tho' as high
As is a Crown's brave Majesty;
But 'tis thyself alone

Which knits Him to Thee in Love's Union.

XI.

Of Virtue's genuine Faithfulness
True Love's pure Cement temper'd is;
A Cement that disdains to feel
Time's Teeth, which triumph over Steel,
Or suffer any Harm

From angry Fortune's most outrageous Storm.

XII.

Parental Kindness cold may grow,
And filial Duty cease to glow:
Ev'n matrimonial Fervour may
Be chill and faint and dye away:

But Friendship's res'lute Heat
In Loyalty's eternal Pulse doth beat.

XIII.

Tell all things else by thy slight Eye,
Thou scorn'st their glosing Treachery;

But, next to thy Devotions, spend
Thy holiest Powers upon thy Friend.
None but thy God, and He
Inseparably linked are to Thee.

FRIENDS.

I.

THY Friends! nay, spare the Plural there;
Such things as Friends are Singular:
Thou of thy Phœnixes as well

May'st tell
Thy tale, and be believ'd as soon,
That thou hast many of what scarce is one.

II.

Shines thy Sun fair? that glaring Light
To shew a Friend is too too bright:
The Day with gloomy Shades oppress'd
Will best

Discover him, whose Worth by none
But its own gen'rous Rays is seen alone.

III.

Alas! thy fawning Courtiers be
Friends of thy Fortune, not of Thee:
Let Her but frown, and they will do
So too.

Be wary then, and just as far
Rely on them, as thou can'st trust to Her.

IV.

But hast thou met a faithful Heart?
In spite of Fortune blest thou art.
Write others down Acquaintance, yet
Admit

Sole Him into thy Friends' dear Roll;
Them in thine Arms embrace, Him in thy Soul.

HONOUR.

I.

AMBITIOUS Sir, take heed,
For thou on Glass dost tread:
No Glass more beautiful and clear
Than all the Paths of Honour are;
No Glass more slippery can be,
Or brittle, than deceitful She.

II.

Ambitious Sir, take heed!
Thou trustest to a Reed:
No Reeds more toss'd, and scorn'd by
All Winds, than Honour's Bravery;
No Reed will wound more deeply thee
Who lean'st on it, than treacherous She.

III.

Ambitious Sir, take heed!
Thou rid'st a dang'rous Steed:

No Steed his Crest doth more advance,
Or prouder than Honour prance ;
No Steed did e'er so fatally
Stumble, as most uncertain She.

IV.

Ambitious Sir, take heed !
Thou dost on Poison feed :
No Poison in a goodlier Cup
Than that of Honour served up ;
No Poison e'er made Drinker be
More swollen than doth baneful She.

LOVE's Eye.

I.

BOLD Proverb ! do not thus blaspheme :
What, is Love blind ? why, GOD is Love,
And can'st thou Blindness charge on Him
Who is all Eye ? Do but remove
False Prejudice, and thou shalt find
'Tis Passion, and not Love is blind.

II.

Love 's of so quick a sight, that He
Aforehand with his Object is,
And into dark Futurity
With præsential Rays doth press.
How strange were Heav'n's fam'd Bliss, which lies
In Vision, had Heav'n's King no Eyes !

III.

Hast thou not heard how He set ope
Those Eyelids into broad day sight,
Which Nature's Seal had dammed up
With a deep-lay'd annealed Night ?
And how can He in Blindness live
Who, spite of Nature, Eyes can give ?

IV.

And wonder not that by a Clay,
(The likeliest thing to close them up)
He them unlock'd ; this was the way
His own Divinity to ope :
A way which none but He could take,
Who Man at first of Clay did make.

V.

But if by Love thy meaning were
Vain *Cupid*, I consent with thee ;
Blindness herself would never dare
To count herself more blind than He :
And justly He doth want his Sight,
Who joys in none but Deeds of Night.

The Oath.

I.

YES, *As I live*, I'll do't.—Nay stay
My Friend, if that be all, I may

Not rest on this Security ;
Your swearing by
Your *Life*, doth but my Faith deter,
For you but by a Vapour swear.

II.

Your Life ! what Lease makes Life your own ?
May not your flitting Breath be blown
Away by every moment's Blast ?
Future, and *past*,
Quite out of thy possession are,
And *present's* gone as soon as here.

III.

What mean'st thou then by *As I Live* ?
Death can thy Confidence deceive,
And make thee dye a perjurd Man
Precisely when
Thou'rt swearing by thy Life : Take heed,
That Oath thy Essence doth exceed :

IV.

An Oath, which only doth become
The mighty Mouth of GOD, from whom
Life learn'd to live.—Ah, mortal Wight,
I sooner might
Yield on thy Credit to rely,
If thou but swearest, *As I Dye* !

The World.

I.

NAY, now I'm sure my Judgment's sound,
Since ripe Experience is its ground.
Why, I myself have felt and seen
Thy tedious Vanity,
Fond shameless World, and can'st thou ween
I will for Thee ev'n Common Sense deny ?

II.

Thou wear'st a beauteous Skin, I grant ;
And do the deadly Serpents want
Those dangerous Hypocrisies ?
Or is the Poison's Soul
Less its curs'd self, because it lies
In the brave Ambush of a Golden Bowl ?

III.

When *Israel's* and Wisdom's King
Did stoutly to the touchstone bring
Thy fairest Pieces, did not they
Prove base and Counterfeits ?
Whose Stamp tho' neat, and Colour gay,
Their purest Ore was but refined Cheats.

IV.

And, Oh that I had been content
To rest on his Experiment !
But since I at the Cost have been
By Thee deceiv'd to be,
'Tis not another World could win
My Heart to dote or trust on empty Thee.

V.

Go, fawn on those, whose frothy Mind
Can Solace in a Bubble find,
And *Juno* in a Cloud embrace ;
Who by the lying Paint
Which smiles upon their Idol's Face,
Doubt not to count the Beauties of their Saint.

The Journey.

MY Parents dear to see to-day
My Duty summons me away :
Yet must my Heart first wait on Thee,
Great Father, both of them and me.
So guide my Journey, that I may
Remember still Thou art my Way.
Thou art my Way, and if of Thee I miss,
My plainest Path will prove a Precipice.

Winter-Spring, May 18.

I.

O How the World's amazement now doth stare
Upon this Contradiction of the Year !
Whilst frowning *January's* Frost
Doth smiling *Maia's* Beauties blast ;
Whilst Winter his chaste Bounds forgets,
And on the Virgin Spring a Rape commits.

II.

Poor ravish'd Spring ! how ev'ry Leaf confesses
The Violence done to her goodly Tresses !
Her woeful Head how sadly she
Hangs down in ev'ry Flow'r ! No Tree,
No Field, no Garden, where she went,
But doth her piteous Injury lament.

III.

Mark well, my Heart, too plainly painted here
The Emblem of thyself in this sad Year :
The Rays of Righteousness's Sun
By gracious Nearness had begun
With Vernal Beauties thee to grace,
And Heav'n's sweet Dew had wash'd and chear'd thy
Face :

IV.

But blasted now by Indevotion's Cold,
Thy youthful Spring turns withered and old ;
The Beds where thy fair Flow'rs did grow
Alas ! are but their Death-beds now :
Nipp'd in their Bud thy First-Fruits are,
And thou can'st only say, Such Sweets grew here !

V.

And has some sudden Anger snatch'd away
Thy courteous Sun ? O no ; thyself didst stray
From thine own Bliss : He, constant He
Desires not retrograde to be :

It is not this, but th' other Sun
Who of himself doth back to Winter run.

Eloquence.

I.

TO speak or write
Things which dare meet the searching Light ;
Solid Discourses pois'd with fit
Judgment, and trimm'd with handsome Wit ;
Sweet Numbers, which can Pleasure's Soul distill,
And thro' the willing Heart their Conquests thrill ;

II.

Words tuned by
The heavenly Sphere's high Melody ;
Which with Devotion's Musick ring,
And the Creator's Glory sing ;
Words which with charming ravishment surprize,
And all the Hearers' Souls imparadise ;

III.

Is brave, I grant :
And yet no certain argument
But he who thus doth speak or write
May be a Brat of swarthy Night ;
Nor must we think to calculate the Men
By the sole Horoscope of Tongue or Pen.

IV.

The Hand which paints
The Glories of sin-conquering Saints,
And makes the Deaths of Martyrs able
To breath fresh Life on a dead Table,
Upon a wicked Arm too often grows :
'Tis them, and not himself the Painter draws.

V.

That Man for me
Not in whose Words, but Deeds I see
Zeal's gallant Flames. I dare not found
Substantial Worth upon a Sound :
His only is the solid Excellence
Of Rhetorick, whose Life's his Eloquence.

Scripture Translated.

I.

O F Babes in *Christ* is this your care,
To let them dang'rous Weapons wear ?
What you esteem the safely-handled Word,
Is sharper than a two-edg'd Sword :
Must Children's fond Temerity
With two-edg'd Tools intrusted be ?

II.

Yes, Sophister, with this they may :
Altho' themselves with it they slay,

Their Sacrifice gives Heav'n the best content,
When they a broken Heart present :
And only by this Sword they can
Cut off their old condemned Man.

III.

The sturdy Heretick it is,
And not the tender Babe, whom this
Weapon doth arm for Mischief : that wild Wight
Under Hell's Dragon loves to fight :
But Heaven's most gentle Lamb of all
Meek harmless Babes, is General.

IV.

And He doth by his own sweet might
Teach them to weild this Sword aright.
To God thou need'st not lend thy Caution thus,
For fear his Gift prove dangerous :
Thou may'st thy Preachers, but 'tis odd
Methinks, for Man to silence God.

V.

Yet if he will in Latin teach,
He shall thy License have to preach,
And Sermons he *ad Clerum* when he please
May freely make. But have not these
Lay simple Souls more need, good Sir,
Than your learn'd Scholars, Him to hear?

VI.

Come, come ; 'twas ne'er Saint *Peter's* mind
The Spirit's Sword should be confin'd,
And under his Keys locked up : 'tis you
Who in your Latin Scabbard now
Keep it so close, I more than fear
That Rust, at least, it gathers there.

VII.

Then draw it out, for shame, and let
Careful Translations furbish it :
The oft'ner thus you draw it, you will see
It brighter, and more genuine be.
Draw, draw ; if not for Laymen, yet
For your own Priests it may be fit.

Life's Uncertainty.

I.

WHAT ail'st thou, to complain of what
Thy Heart believeth not ?
Why cry'st thou out on Life's Uncertainty,
And yet preparest not to dye ?
Either thy Mock-Repinings spare,
Or else be true to thine own Fear.

II.

Yet let me tell thee, hadst thou wise
And right-discerning Eyes,
Thou might'st an advantageous Courtesy
In Life's Uncertainty espy,

And ground to thank thy Lord, that he
Let it not out by Lease to thee.

III.

This was the way Love did contrive
To make thee truly live
Before thou dy'st, and after thou art dead :
The only way thy Heart to lead
On in devout religious Care,
And holy profitable Fear.

IV.

Thy brittle Life's Inconstancy
Alarms thee constantly
To stand upon thy never-sleeping guard,
And Night and Day keep watch and ward :
By which strict Discipline may'st thou
In thy Lord's service perfect grow.

V.

So wilt thou suffer no sly Sin
Thy hold to undermine ;
So shalt thou sift by wise Examination
The bottom of each fair Temptation :
For Spies Temptations are, and sent
To murder thee in compliment.

VI.

Wert thou for any term secure
That this Life should endure,
Alas, how eas'ly would'st thou yield to set
Up all thy Rest and Joys in it !
And never strive that Life to gain,
Which shall for evermore remain.

VII.

But now be brave, and throw disdain
On what thou find'st so vain.
Is not thy Soul eternal ? and can she
On this short Vapour doating be ?
A Vapour, which each minute may
Break, toss, and mock, and puff away !

S. PETER'S Cock.

I.

WITH what indiff'rence read I how
The Cock did by his signal Crow
Alarm Saint *Peter's* Heart !
No Echo in my Breast I felt,
Into the thought of my own Guilt
To make my Conscience start.

II.

But ah ! sweet Lord of Lenity,
Have not ungrateful faithless I
Deny'd Thee more than thrice ?
And has the Cock not warned me
To think of both myself and Thee
By crowing more than twice ?

III.

Should all my Life be brought to trial,
It would appear but a Denial
Of what I owe to Thee :
Yet no such terrible Temptation
As *Peter's* was, e'er made invasion
Upon my Loyalty.

IV.

Alas ! the Cock, who by his Crow
Doth terror upon Lions throw,
Hath never frightened me :
I bolder am than they, for I
Tho' but a Worm, have dared thy
Almighty Majesty.

V.

Sweet *Jesus*, it must be the Art
Of Love, which seizeth this my Heart
With penitent pious Fear :
Soft Strokes will steal themselves into
The Flint of that hard Soul, which no
Fierce Violence can tear.

VI.

O turn to me thy gracious Eye,
And with its dear Artillery
Shoot, shoot my Bosom thro' ;
My Heart, tho' deaf unto the stroke
Of Sound, may learn to hear a Look,
And broken, Weeper grow.

VII.

Thy blessed Look knows how to speak
Louder than any Voice, and shake
The sturdiest Heart asunder :
For in the radiant Treasury,
Great Lord, of thy Soul-conquering Eye,
Both Lightning dwells and Thunder.

The Master. S. Matth. 11. 29.

I.

WOULD thy Ambition paint thy Story
With Learning's never-fading Glory?
Thy aim is brave and high,
If thou thy Master warily
Dost choose ; for such a choice, to thee
Will half the way to Learning be.

II.

Looks thy Election now about
To find some Man or other out,
Whom Wisdom's Fame doth crown?
Take heed : for Error's plainly grown
So epidemical, that she
Becomes an human Property.

III.

Look higher then ; thine Eye advance
Above that Cloud of Ignorance

Which blinds this World below :
Hark how the heav'nly Master now
His Scholars woo's ;—Come all, says he,
Who would be learn'd, and *Learn of Me.*

IV.

Who would not learn of Him ? and yet
How few Disciples does he get !
All Oracles are dumb
But His ; and yet how slow we come
To only Him ! how fondly we
Fain would, yet would not learned be !

V.

For Knowledge still doth tempt us all,
Nor fell we by our fatal Fall
From that Ambition, which
For the forbidden Fruit did itch :
But now true Knowledge on no Tree
Can grow, but that which once bare Thee.

The Lesson. *ibid.*

I.

WHAT Lesson reads Heav'n's Master now
Is't not too high for Worms below ?
Can most immeasurable He
Shroud in our scant capacity ?
Does not the very plainest Alphabet
Of Heav'nly Wisdom pose our quickest Wit ?

II.

Know then, that tho' He Sovereign be
In Wisdom's glorious Monarchy ;
He's so in Mercy's too, and can
Stoop to the lowest Form of Man.
He who himself unto the Cross did bow,
Will not disdain to teach true Wisdom now.

III.

Witness his easy Lesson, which
Tho' Heav'nly, doth no higher reach
Than *Lowliness* : and who is he
Who here can want Capacity ?
Descent's Earth's natural Motion, and how
Can it be hard for Sons of Clay to bow ?

IV.

Come learn of Me, for meek am I
And *lowly*, cryeth the Most High.
Ne'er didst thou in *Lyceum*, ne'er
In the grave Porch this Lesson hear ;
The lofty Academy ne'er could reach
So high as this most lowly Lesson's pitch.

V.

O study then with all thy Art
This Lesson how to get by Heart :
By Heart, by Heart it must be got,
And not upon thy outside float.
Meekness is then right built, when thou canst find
Her Ground-work in the bottom of thy Mind.

Anger.

I.

MY Friend, run quickly to thy Glass,
And read thy Cure in thine own Face.
Why should the Scorpion be
The readiest Remedy
For his own Poison, and not thou?
Apply, apply; 'twill do, I know.

II.

See what black Clouds thy Brow deform
With grim Threats of th' approaching Storm!
Lo! how thy pallid Cheek
And trembling Lips do seek
To make thee understand, how thou
Art posting to self-torture now!

III.

Look how thy working troubled Eye
In its own Fire doth strangely fry!
What Frowns plow up the grace
Of thy disturbed Face,
Preventing Time, and making thee
In one hour old and wrinkled be!

IV.

On mine rely not, but receive
The Warning that thyself do'st give:
Did'st ever view a Sight
Fuller of ugly Fright?
Be calmer then, in mercy to
Thy tortur'd self, tho' not thy Foe.

The Times.

I.

WHY slander we the Times?
What Crimes
Have Days and Years, that we
Thus charge on them Iniquity?
If we would rightly scan,
'Tis not the Times are bad, but Man.

II.

Constant Obedience they
Do pay
To their great Maker; and
Do we do so? Nay, never stand
To study Shifts; 'tis plain
'Tis our Blot which the Times doth stain.

III.

If thy Desire it be
To see
The Times prove good, be thou
But such thyself, and surely know
That all thy Days to thee
Shall, spite of Mischief, happy be.

The Rich Scorned. S. Luke 16. 21.

I.

WHAT? shall thy Dogs more courteous
Be, than thyself, to *Lazarus*?
Shall their Tongues court his Sores, and thine mean while
His Misery revile?
Strange Metamorphosis! which thus doth make
The Master strive to bark, the Dogs to speak.

II.

Take heed: the Play may soon be done:
For in Life's Comedy not one
Of all the Acts but well may be the last.
O do but then forecast
What thy high Part will prove, when thou shalt be
Quite level'd by the just Catastrophe.

III.

May not thine Exit follow'd be
With hellish Hissings? May not he
His Plaudit find clap'd by fair Angels' Wings?
Come, come, great Sir, these things
Are not vain Fancy's Froth; Life, tho' it be
A Play, will prove a real History.

Home.

I.

HOME's Home, altho' it reached be
Thro' Wet and Dirt and Night; tho' heartily
I welcom'd was, yet something still,
Methinks, was wanting to fulfil
Content's odd Appetite: no cheer,
Say I, so good as that which meets me here,

II.

Here, here at Home: Not that my Board
I find with quainter, richer Dainties stor'd;
No, my high Welcome all in this
Cheap simple Word presented is,
My *Home*; a Word so dearly sweet,
That all Variety in it I meet.

III.

When I'm abroad, my Joys are so,
And therefore they to me seem Strangers too:
I may salute them lovingly,
But must not too familiar be;
Some ceremonious Points there are
Which me from Pleasure's careless Freedom bar.

IV.

There must my Mirth's Tunes taken be
Not by mine own, but by my Convive's Key:
My Words and Smiles must temporize,
And I myself a Sacrifice
Must on that Humour's Altar yield,
Which there the Company shall please to build.

V.

If there on every Dish I tast,
 'Tis not myself, but some Disease I feast ;
 My Friend suspects if I forbear,
 That I neglect him and his Cheer :
 Nor is it easy to prevent
 Or mine own Mischief, or his Discontent.

VI.

But Home, sweet Home, releaseth me
 From anxious Joys, into the Liberty
 Of unsollicitous Delight ;
 Which howsoever mean and slight
 By being absolutely free
 Enthrones me in Contentment's Monarchy.

Idleness.

I.

O Tedious Idleness,
 How irksome is
 Thy foolish Nothing ! When all day
 I struggled thro' the craggiest way
 Of knottiest Learning to get up
 To the fair top
 Of some clear Knowledge, I did never find
 My Body half so tir'd, so damp'd my Mind,

II.

So tir'd and damp'd as now :
 For monstrous thou
 Thwart'st ev'n mine Essence, and dost choak
 My sprightly Flame in drowsy Smoke.
 Surely a Soul which dwells among
 A quick and strong
 Consort of Organs, ne'er was seated there
 To lend to Sloth's dull Pipe her active Ear.

III.

Were I to curse my Foe,
 I'd damn him to
 No Hell but thee ; in whose blind Grot
 He, tho' in Health, might lie and rot,
 And prove Death's wretched Sacrifice
 Before he dies ;
 Whilst he himself doth to himself become
 Both the dead Carcase and the living Tomb.

IV.

May some Work ever keep
 My Eyes from Sleep
 Whilst they are waking ! tho' it be
 But some poor Song to throw at Thee,
 Mischievous Sloth. Alas ! I grutch
 That I so much
 Of this my little Time expend, whilst I
 All Night seal'd up in lazy Slumbers lye.

V.

The longest Summer Day
 Strait posts away :

An honestly employed Mind
 Doth shrivel'd-up *December* find
 In wide-spread *June*, and thinks black Night
 Crowds out fair Light
 As soon when *Sol* thro' lofty *Cancer* rides,
 As when down to the *Fishes'* Depth he slides.

Hope.

I.

YET still bear up : No Bark did e'er
 By stooping to the Storm of Fear
 'Scape that Tempest's Wrath, which rent
 Two into one Element ;
 Whilst into one
 Confusion
 The groaning Air, and weeping Water run.

II.

Bear up ; and those proud Waves which dash thee
 Shall but only fairer wash thee.
 Bear up ; and thou at length shalt find
 All these Blust'rings are but Wind.
 Trust Hope, and be
 Assur'd that she
 Will find thee out an Haven 'midst the Sea.

III.

Suspect not any stony Shelf ;
 No Rock can split Thee, but Thyself.
 Hope casts her Anchor upward, where
 No Storm durst ever domineer.
 Her Hand kind she
 Holds out to thee,
 To bid thee welcome to Security.

IV.

O then take her aboard, altho'
 All other Wares thou out dost throw ;
 Thy Bark will only lighter be
 By Hope's chearly Company ;
 Tho' she doth far
 Outweigh whate'er
 To stop the Waves' wide Mouths thou threw'st in there.

V.

Hope, tho' slow she be, and late,
 Yet outruns swift Time and Fate ;
 And aforehand loves to be
 With most remote Futurity.
 Hope, tho' she dies,
 Immortal is,
 And in Fruition's Fruit doth fairer rise.

VI.

Hope is Comfort in Distress ;
 Hope is in Misfortune Bliss :
 Hope in Sorrow is Delight ;
 Hope is Day in darkest Night.

Nor wonder at
This riddling Knot,
For Hope is ev'ry Thing which she is not.

Content. Philip. 4. 11.

I.

DIVINE Content !
O could the World resent
How much of Bliss doth lye
Wrap'd up in thy
Delicious Name ; and at
How low a Rate
Thou might'st be bought ; no Trade would driven be
To purchase any Wealth, but only Thee !

II.

Thee, precious Thee,
Who can'st make Poverty
As rich as th' Eastern Shore,
Or Western Ore ;
And furnish *Job* a Seat
More fair and sweet
Upon the Dunghill, than the glitt'ring Throne
Of Glory's Darling, pompous *Solomon*.

III.

And why may I
Not valiantly defy
The Face of any Storm
Mischance can arm
Against my Bark? Why may
I not obey
His Will, which, tho' a Flood of Gall it seems,
Will by Submission, turn to Honey Streams?

IV.

What will it cost,
When I by Storms am toss'd,
Not by repining to
Augment my Woe?
Let all the Wind's worst Ire
Proudly conspire ;
Yet, if I durst but say, *I am content*,
Those Winds may whistle, for their Fury's spent.

V.

Content's the thing
Which makes the Slave a King,
Whilst in all Fortunes, still
He has his Will :
Nor do his Gives to him
More heavy seem
Because of Brass, than if they were of Gold ;
For, his own Slav'ry, he in Chains doth hold.

VI.

Content can laugh
At all Mishaps, and scoff

VOL. II.

Ev'n Scoffings and Disgraces ;
Content outfaces
All Impudence, ev'n by
Meek Modesty :
And the Career of Opposition breaks,
Only because she no resistance makes.

VII.

Content can be
Full, and good Company
In Solitude : Content's
Christmas in *Lent* ;
In Wracks and Losses, Gain ;
Sun-shine in Rain ;
A Crop of Sons and Daughters springing from
A single Bed, or Barrenness of Womb.

VIII.

Content, is Peace
Amidst War's Miseries :
Content is Rest, altho'
Sleep flies the Brow.
Content, in Plunder's Wealth,
In Sickness Health,
Fruition in Hope, Plenty in Dearth,
In Night Day, Life in Death, and Heav'n on Earth.

IX.

O dear Content,
Thou only Firmament,
Where Stars can fixed shine ;
May I in thine
Illustrious Orb, above
All Motions move !
So shall my panting Heart, with restless Rest
Wherever I am whirl'd about, be blest.

A Dialogue. S. Luke 16. ver. 24.

DIVES.

O Let thy Pity, gracious Sire,
Drop down on my tormenting Fire !
Tho' in profoundest Death I fry,
Alas ! I have not leave to dye.
Lo ! how, with my Complaint, the Flame
Forth from my scorched Lips doth stream :
One Drop of Water will to me
An Ocean of Comfort be :
Send *Lazarus* then to me beneath,
To quench my Tongue and cool my Death.

ABRAHAM. v. 25.

When Thou and He on Earth did dwell,
Thou hadst thy Heav'n, and He his Hell :
But changed both, you now do reign,
In Pleasure He, and thou in Pain.

v. 26.

Besides, between our Realm and yours,
A mighty Gulph the way devours,
And frights all feet from vent'ring thro'
From you to us, and us to you.

DIVES. v. 27, 28.

Then let him warn my Brethren, how
To 'scape this Sink of Deaths below :
'Tis Loss more than enough, that thus
Hell has gain'd One of Six of us.

ABRAHAM. v. 29.

What other Preachers need they, who
May to the Law and Prophets go ?

DIVES. v. 30.

If one from Death to Life repent,
'Twill make them also penitent ;
A dead Tongue moves the quickliest, and
No Pulpits can like Graves command.

ABRAHAM. v. 31.

When *Moses* and the Prophets can
Not rouse th' impenitent Heart of Man,
No Resurrection from the Dead
Will raise him from his sinful Bed.

A Dialogue. S. John 11. ver. 21.

MARTHA.

DEATH had not ventur'd to draw near,
Hadst Thou, Great Lord of Life, been here.
But in thine absence bold he grew,
And us in our dear Brother slew.

JESUS. v. 23.

Thy Brother fell, when he was slain,
But to rebound to Life again.

MARTHA. v. 24.

I know that he shall raise his Head
Again, when Time is put to bed ;
When thy great Trump shall summon forth
The World, and wake up Dust from Earth.

JESUS. v. 25.

Already Faith's clear Eye in me
May Life and Resurrection see.
Who puts in me his faithful trust,
Shall live ev'n in his bury'd Dust ;
Nor ever shall Death's proudest Darts
Feed on believing living Hearts.
Believ'st thou this ?

MARTHA. v. 27.

Sweet Lord, no more ;
My Faith doth Thee as God adore ;
Who from thy Father's Bosom forth
Didst come to bring down Heav'n to Earth.

MARY. v. 32.

Dear Lord, who once vouchsaf'st to let
My Ointment dew thy blessed Feet ;
O give me leave, that I before
These Altars now my Tears may pour :

That for thy Burial was ; but this
Effusion for my Brother's is.
For he, because Thou wert not here,
Is flown to Heav'n to seek Thee there.

JESUS. v. 34.

Where is he laid ?

MARY.

Sweet Lord, O come,
See our Grief's Monument, his Tomb.

JESUS. v. 39.

Remove the Stone.

MARTHA.

Corruption now
Has had four Days mature to grow :
Alas ! what Comfort can we think
Such Graves' Mouths breathe, but deadly Stink ?

JESUS. v. 40.

Told I not thee, thy faithful Eye
God's glorious Power should descry ?
Alas ! thy Faith (as thou shalt see)
More dead and rotten is than he.

—*Lazarus, come forth !*

v. 44.

He comes, he comes !
O mighty Word, which can from Tombs
Fright Death and Fate ; and make him, who
Is ty'd and bound, have pow'r to go !

EASTER Dialogue. S. Joh. 20. 13.

1st ANGEL.

THOSE Fun'ral Tears why dost thou shed
On *Life's* and *Resurrection's* Bed ?

2d ANGEL.

Why must those low'ring Clouds of Sadness
Deflow'r this Virgin Morn of Gladness ?

MAGDALENE.

What Morn of Gladness, now the Sun
Of all my fairest Joys is gone ;
He whom my Soul did hope to meet
Here in this West in which he set ?
But Oh ! that more than deadly Spight,
Which rob'd him of his Life's sweet Light,
Lives here, you see, in Death's own Cave,
And plunders Him ev'n of His Grave.
Nor know I where our Foes have set
His Body and my Soul with it.

JESUS.

Woman, to what Loss do thine Eyes
Such full Drink-Off'rings sacrifice ?

MAGDALENE.

Sweet Gard'ner, if thy Hand it were
Which did transplant Him, tell me where

Thou set'st that precious Root on whom
 Grow all my Hopes ; and I will from
 That Soil remove him to a Bed
 With Balm, and Myrrh, and Spices spread ;
 Where by mine Eyes' two Fountains He
 For evermore shall water'd be.

J E S U S.

Mary.

M A G D A L E N E.

O Master !

A N G E L S 1st and 2d.

With what sweet
 Fury she flies at his dear Feet,
 To weep and kiss out, what she by
 Her Tongue could never signify !
 O no ! the Powers of sweetest Tongues
 Of String or Pipe-attended Songs,
 Can raise no pitch of Joy so high
 As *Easter's* rising Majesty.
 O glorious Resurrection which does rise
 Above the Reach of loftiest Ecstacies !





P O E M A T A
V A R I A.

AUCTORE

JOSEPHO BEAUMONT, S.T.P.





Poemata Varia.

Magi ad Christum.

PRIMUS.

I.

O Tu, sereni deliciae Poli !
O Matre longè Gnate vetustior !
O arra Cælorum, O Catena
Quæ Superos Hominesque jungis !

II.

In se remigrent byssina luminum
Plenasque reddant pallia gemmulas.
Excessit huc Ganges, tuumque
Ipse Oriens coliturus ortum.

III.

Nunc sume flavas pocula filias
Summi Metalli ; nunc cochlearia
Cessantis hæredes mamillæ,
Et teneri famulos palati.

IV.

Dum colla sperant hæ tua bracteæ
Ludunt refractis lumina saltibus.
Sume has catenas, sume amicas,
Non aliter tibi vincla vellem.

SECUNDUS.

I.

Cæli propago ; signiferi faber ;
Lux prima Phœbi ; maxime parvule ;
Qui solus Atlas, quique solus
Omnipotens, tenerumque Numen,

II.

Permitte, (nostro pectore stat focus)
Permitte parvam thuris adorem ;
Fumumque per nares vagari,
Et tenebras simulare suaves.

TERTIUS.

I.

O Horte nuper consite, semina
Cujus dederunt sydera ; sydera
Jam victa demisso decore,
Jam stabuli radiis minora.

II.

Frontis venustus jungito liliis
Myrrham ; genarum consere florido
Myrrham roseto. Vestri odore
Myrrha cupit redolere vultûs.

In Christi Passionem, Threnodia.

SUSPIRIUM I. Mat. 27. 2.

*Δήσαντες αὐτὸν ἀπήγαγον, καὶ παρέδωκαν αὐτὸν
Ποντίῳ Πιλάτῳ τῷ ἡγεμόνι.*

I.

PORTARE parvum est pondera criminum,
Ni detur ultra, crimine cum novo
Pondus catenæ ? has plûs peritè
Vota manus sociare norûnt.

II.

Sic osculantèr cur digitos procus
Ferratus ambit ? pulchrior annulus
Debetur illis, et refuso
Gemma suo radiaret auro.

III.

En O ! satelles ruminat horrido
In dente bilem, marmora complicans
Callosa vultûs, ut minaci
Latius expatientur irâ.

IV.

Cætus protervis æthera fustibus
Stuprant querentem ; lusitat ensium
Fatale fulgur, dum catervæ
Fulmina vociferantis, istis

V.

Condigna factis præmia personant,
Quassoque narrant flagitium polo.
Ecce ! ecce porrecti furoris
Dextra sacrum violenta corpus

VI.

Contemptuoso promovet impetu,
Donec fatetur proxima Curiae
Horrenda majestas tribunal
Quo timide sedet aura judex.

VII.

Sic terrefactæ vulnera carbaso
Sufflatus Eurus densat, et asserum
Fædus procelloso resolvit
Dissidio, minuitque mali

VIII.

Illâ innocentem sorte Superbiam.
Hujus furores discipulus studet
Primo, Euroauster murmuranter
Mox tumidis recitare buccis.

IX.

Accitus isto cominus irruit
Fragore Caurus, nec minus impetu
Dives tremendo, vel ruinæ
Mitior ambitione fertur.

X.

Incerta fati, certa que vellitur
Hinc inde Navis; factaque frivole
Vicina Cælo, proniore
Prora petit Phlegetonta rostro.

XI.

Illamque tandem spumea naufragi
Index doloris suscipit, aurium
Indocta semper, viscerumque
Scylla, necem minitante saxo.

SUSPIRIUM II. v. II.

Ὅ δὲ Ἰησοῦς ἔστη ἔμπροσθεν τοῦ ἡγεμόνος· καὶ ἐπηρώ-
τησεν αὐτὸν ὁ ἡγεμὼν, λέγων· Σὺ εἶ ὁ βασιλεὺς
τῶν Ἰουδαίων; ὁ δὲ Ἰησοῦς ἔφη αὐτῷ·
Σὺ λέγεις.

I.

SIC stare certo est corruiere impetu:
Scandas tribunal, justior arbiter,
Arramque supremi protervos
Judicii doceas, JESU.

II.

Heu! nescienti crimina (ni pati)
Objectat atro gutture Concio,
Mendax sed et verax aruspex
Horribilis subitique fati.

III.

Castigat intus languidulè pio
Sese Pilatus judicio, manu
Deludit ignarum fluentum
Sanguine protinus imbuendâ.

IV.

O en! potentes omnigeni mali,
Latronis ultra discipiunt scelus.
En stragis audacem Barabbam
Turba petit sitibunda cædis,

V.

Illumque tandem non ducis indiga
Exemplar iræ sanguineæ capit,
Vincitque tam docto furore, ut
Vivere jam mereat Barabbas.

VI.

Christi apparatus, nubila ut impudens
De Sole ventus, dissipat impetu
Vulgus rapaci; puritatis
Sola suæ toga copiosa

VII.

Mansit fideli tegmine Numini,
Dum surda multo verbera milite
Nimbus coarctant pertinacem
In lacerum, tacitumque corpus.

VIII.

Heus O; flagellum jam sua crimina
Et vestra luget planctibus asperis.
Fraudatis ipsi vos futuri
Præpropera feritate lusûs,

IX.

Quem falsa cudad gloria purpuræ.
Heu! vanus oro. Non patiens suæ
Ripæ tumescit provocatus
In latices cruor ampliores,

X.

Ut liberato corporis hortulos
Torrente mergat; lymphula lymphulam
Suadens vagari, dat dolori
Mille oculos, lachrymasque mille.

SUSPIRIUM III.

Ἐκδύσαντες αὐτὸν, περιέθηκαν αὐτῷ χλαμίδα κοκκίνην.

I.

VAH purpurantis dedecoris decus!
Ingloriosæ tollite gloriæ
Fraudes superbas, nec modestè
Improbis insidiosa rubro

II.

Commenta pannus tegmine contegat.
Quid tu lacertis, heu! male fortibus
Cogis corollam, quid sodales
Implicitas vegetantis iræ

III.

Unire diro conjugio studes,
Certans tyrannos cudere spineos?
Averte crudeles honores,
Non opus est cumulare spinas

IV.

Huic quem dolorum pectore turbido
Spineta vexant. Fertilius nemo
Non sic capillorum vigeret.
Atque polo caput implicandum

V.

Guttantis odit tegmina coccini ;
Et crinosi fraude voluminis
Undare mallet, tutiusque
Aereis fluitare viris.

VI.

Cur sceptræ dextræ tradere mimica
Testes caduci sic juvat imperi ?
Heu ! ipse stridentis procellæ
Stat Dominus patiens arundo.

VII.

En ! mentienti poplite militum
Curvatur astus, sollicitus dare
Submissiones arrogantes,
Atque humiles simulare fastus.

VIII.

Salve tremendum filia criminis
Iscariotæ subdola perstreptit.
Magnisque vestitum rotatur
Nominibus titolare virus.

IX.

Mox ora sputum tristia fætidum
Non hanc merentis Canitiem tegit :
Sputum salivæ suscitantis
Immemor è tenebris ocellos.

X.

Nunc pervicacem degener induit
Sceptrum bacillum, verberibus genas
Christi frequentantem silentes
Plurima dum parit ora vultus.

XI.

Et vulnerantur vulnera. Malleo
Victorioso sic domat artifex
Non obstinatam subjugari
Egregii faciem metalli.

XII.

En pompa tandem progreditur ; sua
Vivo feretro non modo funera
Portat, sed et Christus dolendo
Officio parilem meretur

XIII.

Ligni laborem. Currito, Musula,
(Guttæ sequaci prodere tramitem
Nōrunt cruentæ) sed memento
Cum tragico simul ire plectro.

SUSPIRIUM IV. v. 33.

Ἐλθόντες εἰς τόπον λεγόμενον Γολγοθᾶ, ἔδωκαν αὐτῷ
πιεῖν ὄξος μετὰ χολῆς μεμιγμένον.

I.

EN O, silentis municipes Stygis !
Ut Terra vestram Tisiphonen novi

Excusat invento furoris
Difficilem superantis Orcum !

II.

Affixus hæret certior ut ruat,
Tardoque leto crebrior occidat.
Plantas inexpertas cruoris,
Atque manus cruor osculatur.

III.

En ! en, aceti conscia spongia
Fellisque fratris stulta superfluos
Propinat angores labellis
Felle alio nimium lavatis.

IV.

Tandem intricati flumina sanguinis
Scrutatur ensis cuspidè splendidâ,
Heu ! quam potentèr curiosus
In lateris penetrare cellas !

V.

Phæbus pudicis se tenebris tegit,
Atque immerenti lumina seculo
Infensus aufert, et relicta
Attonito sinit astra mundo.

VI.

Nocturnus omni climate stat dies ;
Sub Sole summo serpere maximas
Miratur umbras, inquieta
Terra die latitante falli.

VII.

Expergefacto marmora pulveri
Jam pænitentes discutiunt fores ;
Vermisque reddit mutuatas
Fænore cum vegeto placentas.

VIII.

Postliminares non trepide choro
Jam corda tentant ; et cineres suâ
Jam sponte in ævi audaciora
Bis validi cicurantur ossa.

IX.

Sanguis relictus jam laticis memor
Audet reverti. Durities soli
In carneam byssum labascit,
Inque viros respiscit ultro

X.

Commota tellus. Decrepitus sibi
Velum senectam proditor advocat,
Rumpique contentus, fatetur
Commoriens retegenda sancti

XI.

Secreta Templi (forsan et obviam
Tecti ruinam) dum facilis Dei
Flecti, oscitantem in victimarum
Fatum aliud manifestat aram.

Ad Christi Sepulchrum.

I.

FINGE Tu, saltem lachrymante vultu
Præficas Marmor, (cadiit Ille dignus
Saxa quem plangant) liquidis cadaver
Imbue gemmis.

II.

O lapis, tandem pretiose, lectum
Disce mentiri; triduana mortis
Bruma pulvinar roget et profundi
Gaudia somni.

III.

Tertio en! tandem juga ditat auro
Sol, et detexit tacito sepulchro,
Saxeo longum manet haud IESUS
Incola sulco.

IV.

Surge tu, Saxum, domitantis audi
Mallei jussum, pete chasma Templi,
Sic novis notum poteris lacertis
Cingere Christum.

*Ad venerabilem SS. Eucharistiæ institutionem
Plausus Hymnicus.*

I.

ABITE, vilis quos reprimat Tepor,
Sensuque Cælum iudice pensitat.
Abite, quos vanus benignum
Fervor agit cohibere Numen.

II.

Jam fæta magno semine Charitas
Immensa gestit promere gaudia,
Majorque festinat renasci
Degeneri Paradisus Orbi.

III.

Resolvit omnem fortis Amor Deum,
Totumque miras dividit in dapes:
Docetque Sacratissimam liquentem
In pateris fluitare JESUM.

IV.

Non Angelorum nobilior cibus
Mensas coronat; non generosius
Ridet Nepenthes, crediturque
Cherubicas animare Cænas.

V.

Venite Mystæ, siqua monet sitis
Æternitatis: jam liquidam licet
Haurire Vitam, jam Supremæ
Mente piâ accubuisse Mensæ.

VI.

Non invidemus Cælitibus suum
Numen reverti: sufficis integer
Utrique Mundo, Teque Terra
Servat adhuc tua, Magne JESU.

Ad suam Animam.

I.

REGINA vitæ maxima, parvula,
Quæ sola sensus et regis et fugis,
Constare quam delectat osse,
Et liquidis trepidare venis;

II.

Ne te catenis Plutus in aureis
Ducat. Metallo non animam cupit
Natura; sic nec fulva terra,
Credito, par queat esse rubræ.

III.

En! omne pallor conscius occupat
Languoris aurum. Mittito, mittito,
En! sponte nativas remigrans
Terruit in Phlegetontis oras.

IV.

Pulchrâ superbos temne superbiâ.
Non unde lapsus celsior, expete.
His astra sublimi negantur
Vertice qui cupiunt ferire.

V.

Fallax honoris bractea lusitat
Furtim, vicissim, fulgura surripit,
Accersit et fronti nigellam
Ebria vel levitate larvam.

VI.

Sublime vitrum tu fuge, lubrico
Calcare passu; tu loca fulmini
Vicina, permittas ruinæ
Enceladi minitantis astra.

VII.

Ne tu venustum capta puellulæ
Sugas venenum; nec sine flammulæ
Dulces dolores, nec sagittam
Te tacito violare sulco.

VIII.

Ah! non rosetum fæmineis genis
Natura pinxit, sed muliebria
Peccata veraci colore
Insinuat rubicunda testis.

IX.

Nix quæ vagatur tramite lacteo
Dispersa tersas per manuum vias,
Non suadet ignes, sed pudicam
Casta docet tolerare brumam.

X.

Nodi capillis qui faciles meant
Non corda quærunt ; sed bene perfidi
Nunc colla produnt, nunc procantis
Blanda fugant Aquilonis arma.

XI.

Sis tu pudico corporis unici
Contenta tecto ; te tua brachia
Cingant, et osculum dent vicissim
Labra sibi, rapiantque dando.

Recumbens Dormitum.

I.

NUNC, O, sopori vos quoque cedite
Curæ diurnæ, nec vigiles meum
Turbate somnum ; quin jacete ;
Namque graves satis esse novi.

II.

Et tu quietis, mens mea, pulsibus
Mulceto pectus, dum calidum gelu
Deludit artus, dumque plumbum
Pondere me levat innocentem.

III.

Sic, O, secundam sentio vesperam
Tardis ocellis ; fimbria fimbriam
Prendit sororem, et lenta passu
Invalido semiverba languent.

Ad D. M. SKIPPON.

I.

I Charta, ne sis tramitis anxia,
Spissis politur semita gratis,
Musæque divino protervas
Tripudio domuere cautes.

II.

Illuc videbis tendere gloriæ
Justæ curulem, quâ sedet impudens
Risura marmor, temporumque
Canitiem, fluidosque dentes,

III.

Et non superbis proxima Numini
Sparsura lauris Fama sedilia.
Adversus occurret fugati
Grege vitii, et pudibunda curtans

IV.

Mortale vulgus nomina. Prodigio
Laxata risu, et congenito levis
Moria plumbo, terreoque
Aufugit hinc glaciata plastro.

V.

Hinc ambulantes passibus ebris
Montes videbis ; credito, Pelios

Et Taurus humanam figuram
Jam referunt simulante fastu.

VI.

Hinc iste crebris divitiis inops
Fulvi sacerdos Numinis, et simul
Lictor recedit, gloriosas
Sollicitus retinere sordes.

VII.

I charta, dextram, quærto candidam
Skipponianam, nam calami sinat
Fortasse nævos ; heus, magistri
Grata etiam memorato pectus.

*Ad C. B. in illud suum cum Voto :
Ad magna pergo Sydera Cælitum.*

I.

SIC vota cudas, sic rutilantia
Præoccupari Sydera gestiunt,
Scintillulanti dum feruntur
Tripudio, latebrisque curtis

II.

Mallent prehendi. More puellulæ
Quæ fraude primum vitat amasium
Ut capta vincat, conscioque
Strata siet, sed amata lecto

III.

Imusne ! colles ut minuunt suos
Pinus ! ut omni sordida Libano
Arbusta serpunt, et superbæ
Decubuit genus omne Cedri !

IV.

Amisit altam Cambria montium
Distinctionem ; Pendulus in tuo
Macrescit arvo, nec modestæ
Despicit inferiora vallis

V.

Et fastuoso pascua vertice
Obscurat : Ipsum Gogmagog impudens
Sacras sacelli Henriciani
Desinit exuperare cristas.

VI.

Vix Ætna flammis conspicitur suis,
Soloque restat nomine Caucasus ;
Neutramque Parnassus levare
Jam meminit super arva frontem.

VII.

Nascuntur omni Cyclades in Globo,
Nec magna durant regna ; per æquora
Passim supergressus refusa
Navigat irrequietus Orbis.

VIII.

Jam, jam liquescit, jamque suum nihil
 Ultro fatetur Terra ; supernato
 Utres Deorum, spongiasque
 Ætherias, liquidumque cælum.

IX.

Nunc abstinentis janua flammulæ
 Puro remigrat cardine ; panditur
 Immixtus ardor, congenerque
 Syderibus generosus ignis.

X.

Saltem hoc probati simus, ut ætheris
 Justum metallum. Eheu ! urimur, urimur,
 O Tu Supernorum Monarcha
 Salvifica appropere dextrâ.

XI.

Io ! prehenso cornua frigidæ
 Jucunda Phæbes. Splendida, splendida
 Quæcunque cerno ; nec metallum
 Jam niteat, neque margarita.

XII.

En ! ipsa cæli bruta micantibus
 Vestita stellis ; ceditæ bestię,
 Humanus advento. Quid hoc est ?
 Deficit, hei mihi, pes.

*Ad T. S. qui ruri agentem, Incusavit
 languentis amoris.*

I.

VOS O maritis quæ datis ulmeis
 Complexa vites gaudia rusticæ,
 Narrate quam vestris amores
 Sæpe meos recolens notavi.

II.

Tu, Brette, pratis qui recreas sitim,
 Tortisque furtim laberis atris
 Qui fallis Hadleiam fluentis
 Quæ fugiunt remanentque semper,

III.

Dic O ! propinquis quot tua murmura
 Vici querelis, dum latices lego
 Dextris amicis conjugatos,
 Hasque manus vacuas amici.

IV.

Dic, ut reperi creber adulteram
 Lympham lutoso quæ recubat toro ;
 Dixique cælesti nitore
 Stanbrigii radiare pectus.

V.

Dic sylva, nostræ conscia semitæ
 (Quid quid susurris flamina circinas ?)
 O dic aperte, dic sacrata
 Quot corylos docui fateri

VI.

Cultro magistro nomina Stanbrigi.
 Heus ! certa vocis, sera licet comes
 Echo, supremum tu studebas
 Dic, quoties simulare Thomam.

Ad C. B. post Cupidini vale dictum.

VICINO de sole tuæ rediere Carinæ,
 Et victa in miti climate flamma perit.
 Quàm meminisse juvat grato confecta labore
 Tædia, et incertæ gaudia dura moræ !
 Pons tibi, quem toties transisti nocte minutus,
 Angustum et dubium dixit Amoris iter :
 Per mare pectoreus Paridem sic transtulit ignis,
 Ut per torrentem te tua flamma trahit ;
 Conscia te quoties tacitum postica recepit ;
 Erudit in fraudes ostia doctus amor.
 Scintillam seræ quoties texere favillæ
 Quæ solet in radios tæda redire suos !
 Tæda factum monitrix, et luminis arra cupiti.
 Fallitur augurio quam bene tæda suo !
 Te quoties passa est semitensi incuria veli
 Ad tacitas oculos appropere dapes !
 Tum quoque tu duplices umbras, noctesque fateris,
 Dum neutro fulgent æthera sole tua.
 Nam tua spes dixit. Sed spes bene nescia veri,
 Fæmineo cælo quam cecidisse, juvat !
 Tu tamen hoc plaudis, tuto quod lumine fixus
 Jam radii vacuas intueare genas.
 Omnia membra suis ad cælos laudibus effers.
 Quæ tamen haud velles arripienda polo.
 Elogium oblongum, repetitum effundis ; at illam
 Ad laudes nolles evigilare suas.
 Hæc frons quæ Niobes planissima marmora vincit.
 Illud et Hesperidum germina flava nemus.
 Sic Veneris micuere comæ, sic Daphnidis ora ;
 Laurum, at non laurum commeruere suam.
 Pervaga sic potuit Stygio Proserpina Regi,
 Sic potuit Danae plus placuisse Jovi.
 Nec satis hoc. Pergis : Quam sunt hæc cerea labra,
 Digna quibus pressi surgat imago Dei !
 His obsignatum quoties conaris amorem !
 Heu dubius, fragilis, cereus omnis amor.
 Ah quoties placuit non constans forma genarum ?
 Attamen his melius picta tabella rubet :
 Mox credis bifori consurgere lilia naso.
 Tutius at tellus lilia vera dabit.
 Miraris mollis sudantia marmora colli.
 Marmore sed molli crede subesse dolum.
 Tunc humeros pariter laudas, Divumque labores,
 Sic Pelopem gemino monte fatetur ebur.
 His subter colles pendentes ubera tollunt ;
 Filiolisque patent mensa torusque tuis.
 Ubra contingis, sed protinus ubera cedunt.
 O si tam facilè cor mihi cedat, ais.
 Falleris ah ! fugiunt non cernis ut ubera tactum ?
 Non cernis. Quivis quàm male cæcus amor !

Cætera non audes, ne somno mota resciscat.
At forsam quicquid jam facis illa videt.
Ah fuge subtectè; sic somnia somnia cernas,
Et dormitantem dicere posse: Mane.

Ad eundem, responsorie.

DESIPUISSE juvat; si sic mihi præmia reddas;
Sim stolidus, stolido dum tua Musa favet;
Musa relucenti quæ sic variatur honore,
Ut credam Musas, et sine fraude, Deas.
Ad titulum spectans gemebundo murmure frendis;
At murmur, fuerit dum titulare, placet.
Fronti nulla fides; at sum de fronte Poeta,
Perfidiaæ nævum sic meruisse dolet;
Si meruisse tamen; quid peccat garrula Musa?
Innocuâ non sum simplicitate reus.
Frontis erat, cerebrum quia nullum Musa fatetur?
Sed cerebro sedes proxima frontis adest.
Victè Cupido, vale; num sic te dicere vellem?
Ah, mallem dicas, Elizabetha vale:
Sim vates, modo sic dederis prædicere certum;
Te solum noscet Turba novena procum.
Forte nec ille tuus Deus est puer, ille Cupido;
Prima puellorum sit nisi causa puer.
Quid mihi cum barba, mento quid et illa virili?
Non illam mento gestat Apollo suo:
Quam levis hæc gravitas, levibus quæ crinibus orta est?
Sunt magis ex illo nomine bruta viri.
Quid virgulta genis, aut quid vepreta labellis?
Arbustum nollem, sit mihi vultus ager.
Quid tua sic setis stant verruncantia labra?
Num nasi scopas larga cloaca vocât?
Ora, tuæ, caveas, ne pronus in oscula Divæ
Detergas setis proditor ipse rosas.
Languentem flammam tibi Cynthia suscitât? cheu,
Quam malè non meminit frigoris illa sui!
At ne subsidant, in me convertito flammæ.
Conveniat melius mascula flamma viris.
Mentiris; sic fallit amor. Quin, subdole, pergas;
Namque amor ut mendax sit tuus ille velim.
Oro, tuam constanter ames, sed fallere. Tutus
Sic tandem, et fixus te redamare queas.
Dum me perlectas citius jurabis amare?
Plumbeus haud telum versus amoris habet.
Quid Satyrum narras? Hanc vel mordere recusem.
(Audi ultra) morsu ne male læsa siet.
Mitte tamen Satyri, vel tu tibi suscipe Nomen.
Tu Satyrus Nymphæ plûs videare tuæ.
Membra quidem laudo, sed sic laudabit Equiso
Ægrum quem tectè vendere vellet equum.
Tu potius laudes, expertaque commoda cantes.
Maxima laus usu dicitur orsa rei.
Quid maneas, cedas? poterit num tanta Cupido?
Sic est; sic Numen, qui putat, ille facit.
At bivio torqueris amans? mihi porrigere dextram,
Ducam ego; sed tendas ne sine corde manum.
Ah maneas, video duplicis mendacia cordis.
De te fæminei dejice cordis onus.

Non mihi pandochium communi pectore præstat.
Te possum, haud Venerem possem adamare tuam.

Ad T. S.

ACCIPE; nec speres tumidæ magnalia vocis;
Prodeat è parvo gutture magnus amor.
Accipe; si pæti proculus es, mea pagina præsto est,
Hæc erit in flammæ officiosa tuas.
Adjice, si desint cinamomo pallia, chartam,
Dulcia sic saltem carmina nostra sient.
Me cantare stupes? prius haud cecinisse stupendum.
Figitur in cantu desipientis opus.
Heu, male deliqui, mea non sunt carmina cantus.
Mugitu nullum crede latere melos.
At quid narro? malum! quam sunt mea verba muta!
Multa loquor, multo carmine, nulla loquor.
Garrio. Non sensûs mea quærit nomina Lingua.
Fecit amor stolidum; sed tamen ille tui.
Verbula mitto tibi; quam me quoque verba vellem!
(Mitte precor, stolidus si malesana precor.)
Tu tamen hæc ridenda putas; sed et ipse putavi;
Unanimes quovis non dolet esse modo.
Hæc forsam lacerare juvat; sed mitte laborem;
Tam male compositos vix lacerare queas.
At laceres, tutum maneat modo fædus amoris.
Me laceres; lacerum si modo poscat Amor.

Ad D. G. excusatoriè post longum silentium.

HÆC mea quàm timeo ne perlectare recuses!
Est tamen ut timeam si malè sarta legas.
Qui canit arma virûm, qui delabentia mundi
Secula, mellifluo carmine torquet opus.
Verba reum nobis, miserumque fatentia sunt;
Sum tuba longævi criminis ipsa mei.
Ah quoties avidâ lustravi mente Camænas,
Immemor in medio te recubâsse choro!
Historicis legi miracula docta columnis,
Nescius antitypum te tenuisse suum.
Naturæ vepres, et torta sophismata vidi,
Nec dixi, dubiis Oedipus ipse clues.
Non mihi sic Samus dictare silentia Vates,
Nec potuit gratis mens dominata fibris.
Ipsa manus trepidat, quod non trepidaverit ante.
Ille pudor fuerat; jam quoque culpa, tremor.
Vix testes potero maculas non spargere chartæ,
Ut similis mentis sordeat illa meæ.
Ah! sparsi ignarus; sunt nostra hæc carmina sordes;
Quam culpam culpâ sic minuisse piget!
Ergo (precor) fædam chartam deponere; repurget
Hanc focus, atque manum lympha serena tuam.

*Ad Reverendum D. G. excusatoria quod Car-
men funebre promissum non obtulerim.*

ACCIPE, non isto deformem carmine chartam
Quod petis: Ah! maculas fert nova charta novas.

Flebile carmen erat quod crasso è pectore fudit
 Musa, nimis lachrymis heu sibi digna suis.
 O utinam expletis alieno in funere justis,
 Sensisset proprii funeris illa rogos !
 Jam mihi non soli sordet, jam nuda videtur
 Ipsa sibi, et turpis turpior esse velit.
 Jam stat plena sui, perfectis sordibus, unguis
 Jam timet, et terret commaculata meos.
 O precor, O vestri cedat reverentia jussi,
 O liceat tutò non placuisse Tibi.
 O liceat malesana cadant promissa ; pudori
 Des veniam, quamvis perfidus iste pudor.
 O liceat puros squallenti carmine ocellos,
 O liceat doctas non violare manus !
 Ipse tibi parcas et nobis. Quæso, fatentis
 Ne cupias scripto crimina teste legi.
 Sic meminisse juvat tam digni funus Amici,
 Ut nisi per nævum non meminisse, juvet ?
 Hunc melius revocare diem tibi pulpita possunt ;
 Pulpita quæ modulis intonuere tuis ;
 Plena Tui et Cæli, cùm non caruisse Magistro
 Quanquam defuncto visa fuere suo.
 Obstupuit Cætus tantæ ad miracula linguæ,
 Et nimis alatum tempus abire gemit.
 Jam placet et funus ; tua jam cælestia tanto
 Tam charo pretio quærere mella juvat.

Dies Judicii. LUC. 21. 27.

UT tellus, siccis quando vox faucibus hæret,
 Invocat expanso clarius ore Jovem ;
 Sic Te, nos pulvis, pulvis tuus, expectamus ;
 Hocceine (proh Superos !) Illico, Christe, tuum est ?
 Phosphore, perde diem, nam gaudia nostra moraris,
 Si reddas iterum ; Phosphore, perde diem.
 Phæbe, tuos tonde radios, nec lumina differ
 Nostra tuo. Ah ! longùm te nova signa manent.
 Nostra dies gestit majorem cernere Phæbum ;
 Siste parum ; totus sol sibi mundus erit.
 Efficto nimium defectu, Cynthia, ludis,
 Et nimium tuto sanguinolenta volas.
 O tibi cum placeat noctu per prata vagari
 Cælorum, æternæ tegmina noctis habe !
 Ah ! aliis tandem maculis nigrescere discas,
 Nec fluido illusas lumine tinge genas.
 Vosque diu dubio trepidâstis lumine, stellæ :
 O vos, O quando vera ruina feret !
 Si tua non moveant rigidum te fulmina, Cælum,
 At moveant nostræ, fulmina nostra, preces.
 Io sat est. Latum lituus taratantara dixit :
 Judicis emicuit nuntius ille sonus.
 Ecce facit nubes currum, superambulat alas
 Ventorum, et miro Jupiter imbre cadit.

Fortitudo Ed. Stanleii Angli ad Zutfaniam.

*Zutfanis captæ decus unius Edvardi Stanleii virtuti
 debetur. Is enim apprehensam hostis, a quo præcipue
 repellebatur, hastam tanta vi tenuit, ut, ab ipso hoste*

arma sua sibi eripi veniente attractus, in propugnaculum transilierit : eoque tam insperato ascensu animos suis pone sequentibus fecit, ac tantum terrorem hostibus injecit, ut protinus locum deseruerint.
 Thuan. Lib. 85. Cap. 5.

B UCCIS plus solitis tume,
 Et narra dubiis, Fama, nepotibus
 Audacis facinus viri
 Ignotum decori sternere tramitem.
 Toto Marte furentia
 Stanleii docuit gloria pectora
 Arram Zutfanis suâ
 Turrim magnificâ prendere dexterâ.
 Mens insueta timoribus
 Ferratæ ravidum fulgur Iberiæ,
 Et nimbos jaculis graves
 Ridet, non timidæ docta superbiæ.
 Denso pulvere pulchrior
 Heros Elysi vel decoris procus
 Primi sorte periculi
 Exultans, gladio millia fulgurat
 Raptim fata cohortibus ;
 Dum tergo pharetræ dissilientibus
 Plaudunt verberibus virum.
 Et plumis Zephyrus mixtus euntibus
 Alas addit inutiles
 Scuto, quod rutilæ nomen adoreæ
 Prono provocat impetu.
 At tandem pavidis proxima turribus
 Virtus impatiens moræ,
 Et major lapidum robore, mænna
 Ponit vulneribus jocos,
 Dum multo laceri lumine chasmatis
 Fatum prospiciunt suum.
 Torquens interea longa pericula
 Altæ cuspidis lanceæ
 Hispanus, variâ strage notabilis
 Angli submonuit latus.
 At magnis gravidus mente curulibus,
 Et caræ rabide memor
 Laurus ; intrepidæ carcere dexteræ
 Angustat jaculum reum
 Stanleius spoliis sanguinei rapax ;
 Donec viribus hostium
 Hostes comminuit ; nam malè strenuo
 Attractus brachio, suum
 Captivus spoliis gestat, et undique
 Totis meta periculis
 Ad muros rapitur celsior in necem.
 At mox horribili pavor
 Hispanis domuit corda tyrannide ;
 Et muris equitans, velut
 Spectandus solio, rubra diplomata
 Mortis distribuit, vago
 Quæ signat gladio, nec doluit capi,
 Dum sic serviat hostibus
 Stanleius, validæ fraudis anhelitu
 Qui turris dominus simul
 Et Famæ meritis audiit impigris.

*Ad increbescentem famam de Hispanicâ in
Angliam expeditione.*

ADSIS sollicito, Lyra,
 Et magnos levibus pelle tremoribus.
 Cædis non teneros avus
 Enses progenerans Bilbicus Faber,
 Vaginæ male nescios
 Aut saltem ancipites efferat incolas.
 Nigri semina fulminis
 Haud longâ dolii nocte latentia,
 Intus concipiunt Styga,
 Et quicquid Furiæ non stolidæ mali
 Nörunt ferre periculi.
 Intrat flammigeras præproperus minas
 Ferri, et promptus in impudens
 Miles flagitium, terribilis sibi
 Vultus induit æreos.
 Mox raptim patrio terga recolligens
 Altum stridula balteo
 Appendit pharetram fructiferam necis ;
 Et dextram cupidam aspici
 Vibrat Bilbilico aut fulgure Norico.
 Longe littora mugiant
 Dum Doris creperas ingeminat tubas ;
 Atque anceps numeri sui
 Densis militibus cedit arenula.

Audin' ut sceleris vorax
 Et major modico nauta celeusmate,
 Nil pleni cupidus Noti
 Accersit proprium gutturi Æolum.
 En ut veligerum nemus
 Addiscit Thetidos per viridaria,
 Et campis liquidis vehi.
 Quassat non veteris ponderis immemor
 Canos ipse Tridentifer,
 Et non vincibilis robora nominis
 Horret Classe loquacia ;
 Et spes haud teneras magnificæ fugæ.
 Audivit Thamesis suo
 Non frustra tremulo murmura littore, et
 Vultu fluctibus eminens,
 Per læti properat pascua Cantii,
 Secum filiolos trahens
 In ulnis fluvios ; perruit ostium
 Rapto curriculo fremens,
 Et complens querulis fluminibus Patris
 Aulam ; deprecor anchoræ
 Morsûs Hesperiae, dixit, et impudens
 Gades ne satient suam
 Extremæ nimium turbine carbasum
 Quem noster Boreas rotat.
 Audivit liquidus Rex querimonias,
 Et risu tumuit senex ;
 Arrisit Thamesis : classis abierat.



NOTE.

THE references in the Glossarial Index which follows this are simple, viz.,

I., 12/35 = Vol. I., page 12, stanza 35.

II., 239/1, l. ... = Vol. II., page 239, column 1, line

As with the other Worthies, my earnest endeavour has been to record every word in any way noticeable. Occasionally—as in DR. HENRY MORE—now familiar words are included, because, while they do not call for explanation or annotation, they illustrate (1) the growth of our language and usage ; (2) the variations and freaks of orthography. Classical commonplaces of names and personifications and allusions are left unannotated. All words or things that seemed to call for illustration or explanation will be found more or less annotated. This other Glossarial Index is respectfully offered as an additional contribution to the English Dictionary of the future now being prepared under a capable Editor.

A. B. G.



I.—GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

A

ABROACH, to set running—metaphor from a cask :
'What mishaps might be set *abroach*' (Henry IV.
pt. ii. iv. 2). So Swift—

'The Templar spruce, while every sport's *abroach*,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
(City Shower.)

I. 63/32, 185/127, 195/179; II. 90/189.

Abroad, to fall down abroad, I. 152/173.

Absolute, *adj.* = perfect, II. 70/244.

— 'Thou art indeed
So *absolute* in body and in mind,
That but to speak the least part to the height
Would ask an angel's tongue.'

(Massinger's *Duke of Milan*, I. 3.)

Absolutely, II. 100/74, 167/53, 169/71, 173/137.

Abusive, II. 28/162.

Access, II. 71/253.

Acquaint = acquainted, I. 52/122.

Acted, *v.*, I. 139/281.

Adamant, I. 153/190, 166/42, 177/208; II. 125/16,
217/30.

Adamantine—Adamas, adamant = the diamond; but
the *adj.* here and elsewhere, seems used rather with
reference to the quality of hardness, etc., than to
those of its beauty, whiteness, clearness, and costli-
ness. Thus Milton of Hell's gates 'thrice threefold,'

... 'threefold were brass

Three iron, three of *adamantine* rock,' etc. (P. L. II.)

He has also (Samson Agon. 130) the word applied
to suit of mail. Modernly Campbell uses it—

'Each gun
From its *adamantine* lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships.'
(Battle of the Baltic.)

I. 14/44, 17/88, 118/316, 148/112; II. 58/68, 122/182,
et frequenter.

Admiration, II. 169/80.

Admire, *v.*, admired = to wonder, I. 49/63, 93/213,
106/130; II. 105/149, etc.

Admiring, *adj.*, I. 52/111, 115/274, 124/59; II. 87/142.

Adulterate, I. 178/221.

Aeruginous, I. 216/70.

Aestuating, *adj.*, II. 73/283.

Aestuating, *v.*, Latinate for *aestus maris*, 'The troublous
motion of the sea, the ebbing and flowing of the
sea' (Cooper's *Thes. s. v.*). More exactly *aestus*,
heat: hence *aestus*, to be hot—to be agitated by
heat as boiling water, to bubble: of the sea, to
foam, rage with force of tide or storm, etc. I.
141/3.

Affected, *v.*, affect'st, II. 117/115, 153/148.

Affected, *adj.*, II. 50/209, 199/319.

Affrightment, I. 168/74.

Affy'd, *v.*, = affianced, I. 193/151.

Affronting, *v.* = facing, I. 15/65.

Aforehand, I. 31/30, 36/104, 48/54, etc.

After-game, I. 123/42.

Aggrandized, *v.*, I. 92/204.

Agonistick, I. 226/206.

Alabaster, II. 134/159.

Albian, I. 123/47.

A-light (set on a-light), II. 84/100.

All-agreeing, II. 88/155.

All-beauteous, II. 22/78.

All-balmy, I. 194/161.

All-bane-transcending, I. 168/298.

All-bemangled, II. 32/232.

All-dooming, I. 226/211.

All-dazling, I. 184/21.

All-glory-shunning, I. 143/29.

All-love-deserving, II. 23/95.

Allow, allow'd, *v.* = to approve, II. 107/178, 140/246.

All-ravishing, I. 15/58.

All-snowy, I. 131/168.

All this All, II. 92/220.

All-tongu'd = speaking all languages, II. 87/138.

All-warming, I. 213/21.

Almain, *adj.*, I. 183/3.

Almug, Allmug. See 1 Kings, x. 11-12, and cf. 2
Chronicles, ii. 8, where they are called *algum* trees.
I. 175/180; II. 131/101.

Almner, cf. *Fairy Queen*, I. x. 38, II. 136/190.

Alquickning, II. 90/189.

Amain, I. 36/108, 128/129.

Ambiguous, I. 148/104.

Ambushment, I. 154/199, 197/216.

Ambrosia, I. 184/15.

Ameable, I. 126/87.

Amorously, I. 140/301.
 Amours, I. 8/21.
 Amphisbaenas, II. 120/154.
 Amusement = being in a muse, II. 185/115.
 Anathematized, *adj.*, II. 135/167.
 Angels = messengers, II. 63/135.
 Angel-faced, I. 220/122.
 Angel-ships, II. 102/106.
 Annealed, *adj.*, II. 243, st. 2. (Loves's Eye.)
 Anneiled, *adj.*, I. 118/323, 207/357.
 Annoy, *sb.*, II. 162/291.
 Annular—the annular finger, I. 82/50.
 Answerable = corresponding to, I. 134/216.
 Antick, *adj.*, antic, I. 71/147; II. 24/104, 27/157.
 Anticks, *sb.*, I. 219/109; II. 130/99.
 Antichristianly, II. 195/258.
 Antidate, *v.*, I. 218/88; II. 9/121, 147/56, 158/229.
 Antidated, *adj.*, II. 15/211, 37/21.
 Antiquation, II. 107/184.
 Anvil—to beat on, 'The surest armour *anvil'd* in the shop of passive fortitude' (Beaumont and Fletcher's *Lover's Progress*, iv. 1): 'You are now *anvilling* out some petty servant' (Hicks, *Gentleman Instructed*, ii. 303). II. 85/106.
 Apace, I. 120/10.
 Apes, *sb.*, I. 15/55.
 Apologies, I. 70/131.
 Apopsiopsis, II. 68/168.
 Appaled, *adj.* = turned pale. 'Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer *appaled*' (Henry vi. pt. i. 1. 2). Same as our 'appal,' which has its meaning from the pallors of fear. I. 39/157.
 Apparation, I. 137/254.
 Apparent = visible. See Davies's *Bible Engl.*, p. 194. I. 117/296.
 Apparent heirs = heirs apparent, II. 201/19.
 Apparition, II. 63/140, 68/209, 70/239, 71/253, etc.
 Appiration, I. 142/13.
 Appointed, *v.* = equipped, II. 83/72, 208/118.
 Approof = approval — 'condemnation and *approof*' (*Measure for Measure*, II. 4), I. 50/71.
 Arachne, I. 64/51.
 Arbitratrix,—'arbitratrix and compoundresse of any quarrell' (Howell's *Dodona's Grove*, p. 4), II. 135/168.
 Arcenal, I. 9/28.
 Arcs, I. 178/232; II. 130/99.
 Ardency, I. 18/99, 47/30, 204/318; II. 230/234, etc.
 Ardent, *adj.* = burning, II. 82/68. Cf. 'fervent,' which also is almost always now metaphorically used, not as in 2 Peter iii. 10, 12.
 Ardor, I. 175/181; II. 63/144, 79/15.
 Aridity, II. 39/55.
 Arithmetic Art, I. 223/167.
 A-robbing, II. 185/110.
 Aromatize, *v.*, II. 153/154, 174/154.
 Aromatized, *adj.*, I. 14/52.
 A-rotting, II. 153/148.
 Aspect, *sb.*, I. 131/167, 172.

Asphaltites, I. 12/10.
 A-staring, II. 86/118.
 Astorgy = want of natural affection (*ἀστροργος*) such as the ostrich (onward) is (erroneously) miscredited with. See Romans i. 31; 2 Timothy iii. 3 (Greek); also Job xxxix. 13-15. Astorgy is therefore the genius or rather fiend who produces this. She rides the ostrich because that bird 'neglecteth to brood her egges.' (Batman upon Barth, lxii. c. 33.) II. 185/107.
 Astrologick, *adj.*, II. 131/109.
 A-swearing, II. 86/119.
 Ataxy, I. 91/189, 105/121; II. 9/118.
 Atchiements, II. 18/12.
 Atheous, II. 85/101. See *Paradise Regained*, i. 486.
 Athletic, II. 195/256.
 Attach, *v.*, II. 56/26.
 Attending = waiting, II. 211/418.
 Auditor, II. 156/200.
 Aure—a misprint for 'awe,' the reading of 1648, text (c. vi. st. 14). But *in loco* (2d edn.) he may have meant to use it as Hippocrates uses *ἀῦρα* (from wind in the stomach) = gripings or throbbings of pain. I. 98/17.
 Authentic, authentick, I. 61/7; II. 55/16, 181/54.
 Authoriz'd, *v.*, II. 108/205.
 Autographs, *sb.*, II. 138/225.
 A-weeding, II. 65/161.
 Awfulness, II. 59/72.
 Axel, I. 99/27, 218/99.

B

BABY = toy, II. 71/258.
 Baby-God, I. 155/218.
 Bacchanalian wars, II. 5/61.
 Bacins, bacin, I. 92/198; II. 34/261.
 Back-side, I. 105/126; II. 132/127. I must refer the student-reader to my full note in edition of Henry Vaughan's Works (4 vols., F. W. Lby). Similarly Herbert uses it in his *Country Parson*, c. x. p. 44 (1st edn., 1652), 'if he adds anything for a great day, or a stranger, his garden or orchard supplies it, or his barne and back-side.' Modern editors print 'yard.' Merely = that side or part opposite the front. We now say the backside of the house. Elizabethans used it for gardens, yards, etc. Cf. Exodus iii. 1. 'How in my back-side? where? what come they for?' (Jonson's *Case* is altered, iv. 4.)
 Baffled, *v.*, I. 155/216.
 Baffled, *adj.*, II. 176/178.
 Bail (to be thy bail), I. 177/219.
 Baited, *v.* = fed, I. 142/52.
 Baited, *v.* = assailed, II. 29/185.
 Balcōny, balcōnies, I. 84/79, 219/109. See N. and Q. *passim*.
 Baleful, I. 229/263; II. 56/32.
 Balk, *v.*, II. 187/138.
 Ballas'd, *v.*, II. 216/13.
 Ballast, *v.*, II. 148/75.
 Band, *sb.*, bands, II. 126/26, 131/115, 152/134.

- Bandogs = bound or tied-up dogs, *i.e.* with a collar—so, fierce. II. 66/190. See Nares, *s.v.* According to Pennant and others, the mastiff, 'fitted to match the bull or bear' (Whitney, 1586). Query = the watch-dog who by fierceness *banned* all intruders? 'The time when screech owls cry and ban-dogs howl' (2 Hen. VI. 4, 21).
- Bandore, I. 67/93.
- Bandy, *v.*, bandying, bandied, I. 147/86, 198/230; II. 34/258, 27/152, 219/67.
- Bane, *sb.*, I. 104/103, 114/258, 154/199, etc.
- Bane, *v.*, banes, I. 119/330, 149/129.
- Baneful, I. 159/273, 202/293; II. 83/81, etc.
- Bang'd, *v.*, I. 198/230; II. 31/218.
- Banning, *v.*, II. 67/202.
- Barbarism, II. 182/67.
- Barbarize, *v.*, I. 146/85, 213/22; II. 41/71, etc.
- Barbarousness, I. 214/34, 226/219; II. 35/269, etc.
- Barracado, *v.*, barracadoing, I. 116/287, 184/18; II. 195/262.
- Barracado up, *v.*, II. 156/199.
- Base-hearted, II. 47/173.
- Basilisk, I. 153/188, 230/268; II. 20/48, 70/248, 120/154, 157/220.
- Bate, *v.* = to abate, II. 143/4, 166/26.
- Bate, *v.*, II. 155/188, 171/111, 172/118.
- Bating, *v.*, bate, as, *e.g.* bating only this, I. 109/181, 124/59; II. 7/86.
- Battails = battles, I. 8/22.
- Battalia, I. 79/7, 190/115.
- Bawd, I. 226/219.
- Bawling, *sb.*, II. 66/190.
- Bay (Abraham's Bay) I. 210/415.
- Bay, *sb.* = wreath, I. 11/4; II. 147/70.
- Bear, *sb.* = bier, I. 95/249.
- Beauteous-hideous, II. 176/179.
- Beck, *sb.*, I. 77/244, 171/118; II. 60/88, 82/59, etc.
- Beclug, *v.*, II. 175/167.
- Becloud, *v.*, beclouded, becloudeth, I. 52/114; II. 125/24, 9/240, etc.
- Beclouded, *adj.*, II. 68/207.
- Bedewed, *adj.*, I. 210/403.
- Befooled, *adj.*, I. 190/113; II. 148/81.
- Begay, *v.*, I. 50/75.
- Beggar-god, I. 191/127.
- Beholden, *v.* (to be beholden), II. 83/71.
- Belace, *v.*, belac'd, I. 32/48; II. 174/157.
- Belaced, *adj.*, II. 125/13, 148/81.
- Belch, *v.*, belching, belched, I. 100/48; II. 21/61, 39/51, 57/47, etc.
- Belch out, *v.*, II. 181/54.
- Beldame, I. 58/198; II. 47/170, 59/80, 122/185.—See Nares, *s.v.*, for full notes and examples.
- Belk, *v.*, belking, I. 39/146, 104/103, 212/4; II. 89/168, etc.
- Belking, *adj.*, I. 13/30, 45/6, 114/260,; II. 21/61, etc.
- Bemangled, I. 200/261, 221/137.
- Benefactrix, II. 140/248.
- Benisons, II. 145/32.
- Bent, *sb.*, II. 182/58.
- Beseech'd, *v.*, I. 185/37.
- Besmear'd, *v.*, II. 20/47, 23/98, 88/151.
- Besotted, *v.*, II. 168/57.
- Bid, *v.*, II. 62/120.
- Big-bin'd, I. 155/206.
- Big-look'd, II. 26/143.
- Billowy, *adj.*, billowy frown = wave, II. 54/8. See our Introduction (II. Critical) on this.
- Bin, *v.*, II. 99/61.
- Bitterly-delicious, I. 217/76.
- Bitterly-delightful, II. 77/352.
- Black, lagging, II. 103/121.
- Blackness (His B. = Devil), I. 164/15.
- Blains, *sb.*, II. 136/177.
- Blanch, *v.*, blanche, II. 17, Argument, 67/199.
- Blandishings, I. 97/4.
- Blandishment, I. 127/10, 221/113; II. 19/40, 184/94.
- Blasphemous, II. 9/116, 106/169.
- Blaz'd, *v.*, I. 156/227.
- Blear-eyd, II. 57/42, 168/67.
- Bliss-begetting, II. 88/147.
- Bliss-unlocking, II. 135/168.
- Bloodhounds, II. 18/21, 31/213.
- Blood-squeezing, I. 128/127.
- Bloody-meeke, I. 227/235.
- Blubber, *v.*, I. 93/210.
- Blubber'd, *adj.*, I. 15/59, 46/20, 106/130; II. 99/62, etc.
- Blur, *v.*, I. 130/150.
- Blur, *sb.*, II. 139/222.
- Board, *sb.*, boards = table, I. 218/96; II. 154/166, 167.
- Bodkins, II. 182/69, 208/117.
- Bohn, I. 105/117.
- Boistrousness, II. 53/255, 223/123.
- Boldly-busy, II. 129/73.
- Bolonian Godfrey, II. 96/13.
- Bolster'd up, *v.*, II. 129/79.
- Bolt, *sb.* (of fire), I. 204/314.
- Bolt, *sb.* (of thunder), II. 182/58.
- Bondless, II. 12/163.
- Bonfire, bonfires, II. 82/67, 96/12, 103/127, 113/45, etc.
- Bonity, II. 168/70.
- Born = borne, I. 21/144.
- Bookish, I. 32/51.
- Boot, *v.*, boots, I. 79/1, 109/182; II. 89/161, etc.
- Bottles, *sb.*, bottles, I. 81/27, 141/2, 210/409, 214/40; II. 15/220, 39/54, 167/42, 226/170.
- Boul, *sb.* = bowl, I. 65/61, 67/95; II. 154/162, 166.
- Boulimy = ox-hunger, insatiate appetite, I. 65/63, 167/64; II. 15/212. Bailey in his Dictionary gives two explanations of this word, (1.) hunger like an ox's, (2.) hunger sufficient to eat an ox.
- Boult, *v.*, boulded, boulding, I. 84/75, 124/69, 154/203; II. 8/107, 10/134, 65/173.
- Bounden, *adj.* (bounden brine, bounden homage), I. 38/134, 137/263.
- Bow'd, *v.*, bowing = to bend, I. 132/187, 193/160, 196/200.

Brachmans, I. 189/88.
 Brackish, II. 153/149.
 Brag, *adj.*, I. 168/72.
 Brags, *sb.*, I. 206/347.
 Brag'd, *v.*, II. 89/168.
 Brat, *sb.*, brats, I. 73/188, 121/20, 229/64; II. 130/94, etc.
 Brave, I. 53/126, 129/135, 197/210, 209/387, etc.
 Bravery = adornment in braveries, I. 53/118, 65/61, 84/77, 104/109, 174/174, etc.
 Bravery = courage, I. 168/84.
 Braving, *adj.* = boasting, I. 226/213.
 Bravingly, II. 132/116.
 Brawn, I. 189/92, 93.
 Breakfast, I. 132/176.
 Brew, *v.*, II. 180/27.
 Bridled in, *v.*, II. 185/108.
 Bright-flaming, I. 184/16.
 Brims, *v.*, II. 89/174.
 Brine, *sb.*, I. 38/134.
 Brisk, *adj.* 'Brisk as the April birds' (Comus, 671).
 I. 87/121, 113/241, 219/109; II. 92/209.
 Briskest, *adj.*, II. 155/185, 178/6.
 Briskly-blooming, II. 134/149.
 Broach, *v.*, I. 16/68, 44/5, 73/179, 80/14, 119/330, etc.
 Broach, *v.*, broach your bottles = weep, II. 39/54. Cf. 'water your plants.' See Nares, *s.v.*
 Broad-ey'd, I. 136/245.
 Brook, I. 88/141; II. 11/152, 161/277.
 Bruit, I. 164/24.
 Bubling, *adj.*, II. 129/74.
 Buckle, *v.* (to buckle to), II. 127/42.
 Budgets, *sb.*, II. 122/187.
 Buff, *sb.*, II. 144/19.
 Buisy, I. 52/106.
 Bulk, *sb.*, II. 4/53, 21/58, 226/165.
 Bunched, *adj.*, I. 218/90.
 Bung, *sb.*, II. 67/197, 89/174.
 Burglary, II. 66/177.
 Burly = like a boor:

'a tombe that in her *burly* breast
 The sea shall open.' (Chapman's Iliad, xxi.)

Used sometimes with a sub-signification of swelling with pride, strutting, etc. I. 95/241, 96/253, 124/70, 129/135, 174/174; II. 16/222, etc.

Burning-glass, II. 58/70.
 Burroughs, I. 196/200.
 Busks, I. 92/195, 103/95.
 But, *sb.* butt, I. 98/15, 123/53, 177/215; II. 20/54, etc.
 Buxom, I. 220/121.
 By and by = immediately, I. 33/59.
 By-blows = bastards, 'Such *by-blows*, old stories say, still proved Fortunate captains' (Massinger's Parl. of Love, v. 1): 'He . . . is the natural brother of the King, a *by-blow*' (*ibid.* Maid of Honour, i. 1). Jonson (Magnetic Lady, iv. 2) has 'by-chop' in the same sense. Cf. Tom Jones, bk. viii. c. 4. I. 17/85, 68/113.
 By-paths, bypaths, I. 146/71; II. 165/22.

C

CAKED, *adj.*, I. 110/195.
 Calcining, *adj.*, I. 101/64; II. 53/256.
 Calming, *adj.*, II. 146/42.
 Calmy, I. 202/284; II. 125/23, 202/31.
 Campagnia, II. 202/31.
 Campania, II. 73/282.
 Candied, *ad.*, I. 184/15.
 Candor, *sb.* = whiteness, I. 42/197, 124/64, 195/180; II. 165/12.
 Candy, *v.* candied, I. 193/146; II. 91/198.
 Candy'd, *adj.*, I. 17/96.
 Canker, *sb.*, I. 212/1, 216/70; II. 20/51, 151/130, etc.
 Cankering, *adj.*, II. 121/161.
 Canonized, *adj.*, II. 116/90.
 Cantagion, II. 39/47.
 Cants, *sb.*, I. 219/209.
 Cants out, *v.* = distributes, I. 202/281.
 Cap-a-pe, II. 11/154.
 Captivate, *v.*, II. 125/16.
 Captivated, *adj.*, I. 228/238.
 Captiv'd, *v.*, II. 14/193.
 Card, *sb.* = chart, I. 81/37; II. 161/270.
 Carking, *adj.*, I. 216/58.
 Carreer'd, *v. tr.*, II. 161/266.
 Carrion, I. 192/142.
 Carriages, *sb.* = that which bore the baggage, I. 175/187.
 Cashiering, *v.*, II. 54/6.
 Cast, *v.* = to cast in his mind = consider, I. 144/44.
 Cast, *v.* = to reckon, cast their fund accounts, II. 159/248.
 Catastrophe—It is told of a pedantic person who was at once parson and village schoolmaster, that having severely chastised some lads for forgetting the meaning of this word, which he had explained as = end of a thing, he was next day met by his victims while on horseback. All of a sudden his not usually frisky Dobbin reared, and became extremely excited. Why? Because the mischievous school-boys had placed a gorse-spray under the tail of the steed, and roared after its irate rider to 'look under the *catastrophe* of his horse'!! So Shakespeare 'I'll tickle your catastrophe' (Henry IV., pt. II. ii. 1). I. 220/118.
 Catch'd, *v.* = caught, I. 186/54, 55, 193/147, 153.
 Cates, I. 39/151, 53/123, 117/301, 182/284, etc.
 Cates of Marsels, II. 10/133.
 Cater, *sb.* = caterer, I. 56/172, 71/147.
 Caterer, I. 184/16.
 Causeless-rebel, I. 149/123.
 Caution'd, *v.*, I. 8/12.
 Caytiff, *sb.* caytiffs, I. 157/247; II. 41/80.
 Cedar-crowned, I. 14/50.
 Cedar head, I. 73/181.
 Celsitude, I. 132/187.
 Cement, *sb.*, I. 193/148; II. 36/8, 104/142, 144/12.
 Cement, *v.*, I. 227/222; II. 27/151, 116/89.
 Censor, II. 138/215.

- Censure, *sb.*, I. 51/98, 199/243; II. 23/86, 63/142, etc.
 Censure, *v.*, I. 208/381; II. 119/133.
 Centuries = hundreds, II. 125/20.
 Ceremonious, II. 105/107, *et alibi*.
 Cerinthian, II. 118/116.
 Chaf'd, *adj.*, II. 159/250.
 Chalkey, *adj.*, II. 142/272.
 Chamelions, I. 170/101.
 Champagne (lay in), II. 87/136.
 Champain, I. 134/207.
 Champing, *v.* champ'd, I. 71/155; II. 159/249, 180/26, 184/95.
 Chance-defying, II. 85/111.
 Chap, *sb.* = chops, II. 60/90, 207/102.
 Chapter, I. 112/231.
 Chapman, chapmen, I. 153/184, 223/163-6, 230/272; II. 181/49, etc.
 Charet, I. 175/180, 204/321; II. 43/101, etc.
 Characters, *sb.*, I. 128/117, 222/157; II. 75/323.
 Character'd, *v.*, II. 222/101.
 Charles his wain, II. 146/46.
 Chaste-sighing, I. 42/197.
 Chastly-pleasant, I. 182/283.
 Chearly, cheerly, *adj.*, I. 40/161, 138/275, 203/310; II. 55/12, 63/136, etc.
 Chearlier, cheerlyer, I. 161/302; II. 9/123, 187/131, 212/177.
 Cheerlyest, II. 112/32.
 Check, *sb.*, II. 165/18.
 Check, *v.*, check'd, I. 178/233; II. 173/144.
 Check'd, *adj.*, II. 157/206.
 Checker, *sb.* = alternate white or black, as in checkers or draughts—pure Clarity and glowing Doubting alternating, II. 168/61.
 Checker, *sb.* = exchequer, treasury, I. 223/168; II. 161/69.
 Chequer, *sb.* = exchequer, treasury, I. 65/69.
 Chevalry, I. 32/54, 66/176.
 Chew'd upon, I. 174/161.
 Chimæras, II. 120/154.
 Chink'd, *adj.*, I. 90/162.
 Chinks, *sb.* = crevices, I. 219/113.
 Chinks, *sb.* = sounds as of coin, I. 224/176.
 Chirping, *adj.*, II. 67/201.
 Chode, *v.*, I. 99/31, 137/261; II. 63/135, 68/216, etc.
 Christ-bred, II. 89/162.
 Cignet, I. 124/64.
 Cimmerian, II. 45/143.
 Cincture, I. 49/69, 52/115, 122/28.
 Cinque-ports, I. 87/118; II. 156/192.
 Circled, *adj.*, II. 112/33. The reference is to the 'cycle' mentioned in previous stanzas = she went round in a circle or cycle.
 Civet, *sb.*, II. 153/156.
 Civit box, *sb.*, II. 152/144.
 Civil speciousness, II. 161/271.
 Civility, II. 173/145.
 Civilized, *v.*, II. 179/18.
 Clambering, *v.*, II. 86/117.
 Claritude, I. 119/331, 124/66, 131/166, 195/183; II. 92/206, etc.
 Clarity, clarities, I. 11/5, 42/200; II. 140/247, 164, The Argument, 168/61.
 Clarks, II. 156/203.
 Classical Degrees, II. 225/151.
 Clear-ey'd, I. 165/35.
 Cleft, *sb.*, II. 82/70, 84/88.
 Cleopatra, I. 70/146.
 Clip, *v.* = to cut or trim, I. 178/221.
 Clock (Nature's Vigilant Clock) = cock, I. 130/146.
 Close-fauning, II. 156/194.
 Close-shrunk, I. 184/12.
 Clotted, *adj.*, II. 23/98.
 Clotted, *v.*, II. 129/80.
 Cloud-cutting, II. 80/40.
 Clouded, *v.*, II. 142/273.
 Clouted, *v.*, I. 175/180.
 Clouds, *sb.*, I. 134/216, 139/287.
 Clownish, II. 13/186.
 Clung-up, *adj.*, I. 166/49.
 Coach, I. 205/337; II. 72/267, 83/76.
 Coalblack (and see cole-black), I. 153/176; II. 207/102.
 Cock, *sb.* = a tap, II. 156/201.
 Cock-boat, I. 164/14.
 Cœmities, I. 200/252.
 Cognation = relation to, I. 118/319; II. 174/154, 181/50.
 Cohabitant, II. 28/170.
 Cohabits, *v.*, II. 137/202.
 Cold dry = barren, I. 126/94.
 Cold-hearted, II. 134/157.
 Cole-black, and see Coalblack, I. 104/103, 147/96; II. 122/88.
 Coleworts, II. 107/177.
 Colin = Spenser, I. 68/105.
 Colluvies—and 'colluvio,' which latter is the commoner Latin form = concourse of filth (as from the mouth of a sewer), often used metaphorically = things washed together, a mass of filth, a strange medley, etc., II. 136/177.
 Combine, *v.*, II. 144/12.
 Combrous, II. 6/77.
 Comedy, and (of comfort), as used by Dante, 'The Divine Comedy' = drama, in a large sense any thing acted out, without reference to the stage, or our notions of comedy as involving the ludicrous, II. 50/216, 81/45.
 Committee, II. 190/181.
 Commoner, *sb.*, II. 186/164.
 Commons, *sb.* = common people, II. 26/141, 157/208.
 Common-web, II. 42/86.
 Community, II. 143/10, 144/24.
 Complacence, II. 74/303.
 Complement = completion, I. 50/79.
 Complement, *v.*, to complete, II. 110/2.
 Complement, *sb.* = compliment I. 23/175, 33/63, 91/178, 197/211.
 Complementary, I. 18/102, 210/415, 219/110, 226/216.
 Complemented, *v.* = complimented, II. 40/69.
 Complices, I. 84/75; II. 217/36.
 Compliment, *sb.*, compliments, II. 13/190, 21/67.

- Compline, II. 219/67.
 Composure = composition, I. 119/333, 148/104.
 Comprehension = compendium, epitome, I. 168/72.
 Comprise, *v.*, I. 45/7, 87/117; II. 224/138.
 Concameration, II. 76/326.
 Conceit, *v. int.*, II. 90/180.
 Conceit, *sb.*, II. 31/214.
 Concent, *sb.* = harmony, II. 169/181.
 Concentred, *v. int.*, concentrating, I. 185/29; II. 173/143.
 Concoct, *v.* = digest, I. 142/12.
 Concoction = digestion, II. 163/305.
 Concomitance, II. 8/107.
 Concording, I. 32/47, 227/222.
 Concurr'd, *v.*, to run together (wounds concurr'd), I. 202/262.
 Condescent, *sb.*, I. 132/183, 218/100; II. 12/161, etc.
 Conduct, *sb.* = guidance, I. 128/123.
 Confectionary art, I. 71/147.
 Confluence, II. 60/98.
 Conflux, I. 174/173; II. 63/133, 88/157.
 Confute, *v.*, I. 213/24, 216/56.
 Confuting, *v.*, I. 40/166.
 Congé, I. 9/37; II. 157/206.
 Congested, I. 216/64; II. 3/39.
 Congregate, *v. tr.* = to gather together, II. 54/9.
 Conjurament = conspiracy, I. 39/153, 198/233, 178/236; II. 115/80, etc.
 Conjure, *v.*, conjur'd, I. 153/190; II. 20/55, 97/26, 128/69.
 Conjure down, II. 66/188.
 Conjur'd up, II. 42/95.
 Conjur'd, *v.*, II. 97/37.
 Conjuring, *adj.*, I. 94/226, 152/166.
 Conn'd, *v.*, I. 173/159; II. 19/33.
 Conne by heart, II. 86/126.
 Consanguinity, II. 36/4, 80/29.
 Conscience = consciousness, II. 6/78.
 Consequents, *sb.*, I. 75/212; II. 8/105.
 Consistorial, II. 19/28.
 Consorts, *sb.* = companions, I. 39/160, 41/190, 193/156; II. 7/95, etc.
 Consort, *sb.* = in music, I. 68/110, 73/295.
 Conspiracy, I. 49/56, 85/98, 113/235, 185/28; II. 82/60, etc.
 Conspire, *v.*, conspir'd, I. 146/82; II. 4/54, 54/7, 55/13; II. 153/148.
 Constellated, *v.*, I. 18/11.
 Contain'd, *v.* = kept in, restrained, II. 156/203.
 Contempor'd, *v.*, II. 119/137.
 Contentation, II. 81/52.
 Contention = distaste, I. 95/249.
 Contestation = dispute, I. 160/295, 225/196; II. 98/51, 105/156.
 Continent, II. 4/55.
 Contradicting, *adj.*, II. 167/47.
 Contreplot, I. 149/124.
 Contrivement, I. 24/189.
 Conventicle, II. 18/23, 83/83.
 Conventicling, *adj.*, II. 83/80.
 Convert, *v. tr.*, I. 121/11, 187/65; II. 226/174.
 Convince, *v.*, convinced, I. 52/134, 90/169, 101/58, 102/80; II. 193/26, etc.
 Convinced, *adj.*, II. 38/37, 208/121.
 Convincing, *adj.* = conquering, I. 100/54; II. 160/263.
 Convive, *sb.*, II. 247, st. 4. (Horne.)
 Convives, *sb.*, I. 196/205, 197/211; II. 5/69, 6/83, etc.
 Convoy, *sb.*, I. 123/50, 138/271; II. 72/271, 231/242.
 Convoy'd, *v.*, convoys, I. 42/194, 134/224, 137/259.
 Burns introduces the word finely in his 'Cottar's Saturday Night' of Jenny 'convoy'd' by her 'sweet-heart,'—through the French instead of the Latin. In 1648 ed. c. ii., 148, it 'swiftlie carried her.'
 Convoing, *adj.*, I. 184/16.
 Cops, I. 108/73.
 Copulation, I. 227/221.
 Cordial, *adj.*, II. 80/40.
 Cordials, *sb.*, II. 161/278.
 Cormorants, I. 218/87.
 Corn, *sb.*, *pl.*, 'the corn hung down their heads,' II. 203/48. 'Its' was at this time rather a modern introduction. See Davies's 'Bible English,' p. 59.
 Corneous, I. 64/46.
 Cornishes, *sb.* = cornices, I. 219/109.
 Corps, I. 102/171, 211/417; II. 51/229, etc.
 Correspondence = agreement, II. 174/157.
 Correspondent, *adj.*, I. 212/3; II. 175/163, 183/74.
 Corruptive, I. 59/209.
 Corsives, *sb.*, II. 151/130, 179/23.
 Corsive, *adj.*, I. 76/221, 168/81.
 Cosen'd, *v.*, I. 156/229.
 Couchant, I. 112/228, 213/14; II. 188/158.
 Couching, *v.*, II. 59/75.
 Countermand, *sb.*, II. 55/16.
 Countermine, *sb.*, I. 168/75; II. 31/207, 57/51.
 Countermine, *v.*, II. 119/138.
 Countermeasures, II. 76/327.
 Counterplot, II. 152/145.
 Counter-works, I. p. 11, Argument.
 Course, *adj.* = coarse, I. 38/139, 47/34, 210/201, etc.
 Courser, *adj.* = coarser, I. 50/75, 63/29.
 Course-spun, *adj.* = coarse-spun, I. 43/219.
 Courtship = courtesy, II. 51/229.
 Covenants, II. 113/47, 132/121.
 Cowardly-courageous, II. 159/246.
 Cozenage, I. 41/178.
 Cozen'd, *v.*, II. 154/161.
 Crabbed, *adj.*, II. 32/228.
 Crack, *v.* = to boast, II. 42/93.
 Crack'd, *adj.*, I. 116/293.
 Cracked, I. 68/112.
 Cragged, *adj.*, I. 141/6.
 Craggedst, *adj.*, II. 248, st. 1. (Idleness.)
 Craggy, II. 123/202, 141/255, 178/9.
 Crambe, I. 159/276.
 Crampfish, I. 110/195.
 Crannied, II. 3/38.
 Cranny, I. 154/192.
 Cratch, I. 132/180, 189, 133/200; II. 112/29, 113/41.
 Craziness, I. 40/173.

Crazy, I. 116/293, 159/279, 198/233; II. 126/35.
 Crazy-brained, I. 94/234.
 Cream, *sb.* = choicest part, I. 133/202.
 Crest, *sb.* (of lion), II. 181/55.
 Crest, *sb.* = top, I. 169/89; II. 165/15, 169/78, 172/120, etc.
 Crinkling, *adj.*, crinckling, I. 40/173, 166/50. If I err not, John Clare uses the word of snow under the feet. It is found so early as John Skelton (Elynour Rummin),
 ' Her face all bowsy '
 Comely *crinckled*
 Wonderously wrynckled.'
 The usual sense is = bendings or bowings. Hence wrinkled and therefore withered.
 Crisped, *adj.*, I. 208/380; II. 148/81.
 Crisping-irons, II. 125/12.
 Crisping pin (Isaiah iii. 22), I. 93/215.
 Crocodile, crocodil, I. 183/73; II. 22/82, 184/97-98.
 Crone, *sb.*, II. 217/36.
 Crookback'd, I. 108/161.
 Cross, *adj.*, I. 95/246, 121/16; II. 69/230, 127/50.
 Cross-grain'd, II. 179/18.
 Crossly, *adv.*, I. 216/62.
 Crossness, II. 17/1, 8.
 Crow'd, *v.* = crowd, I. 53/125.
 Cruel-beak'd, I. 213/16.
 Cruel-looking, I. 20/129.
 Crumbled, *v. tr.*, I. 65/59.
 Crystallize (crystallize) = to make clear, I. 193/46.
 Cue, *sb.*, I. 174/169, 186/42; II. 4/45, 17/4, etc.
 Culminant, *adj.*, II. 95/4.
 Cunning, *adj.*, I. 222/151.
 Cunning, *sb.*, I. 213/25; II. 66/189.
 Cunningest, I. 157/243; II. 174/151.
 Curiosity, II. 166/35, 181/47.
 Curious, I. 50/71; II. 153/148, 155/178.
 Curiously, I. 124/62.
 Curiousness, II. 27/152.
 Curtail'd, *adj.*, II. 162/295.
 Cushionets, I. 112/228.
 Cussed, *adj.*, II. 120/158.
 Cuts, *sb.*, article of dress, II. 155/180.
 Cygnet, I. 19/119.

D

DABLING, *v.*, II. 34/261, 130/93.
 Dainties, *sb.*, I. 29/7.
 Daintily, II. 78/7.
 Daintiness, II. 63/145, 174/173.
 Dainty, II. 51/230, 69/231, 71/252, 265, etc.
 Dam'd, *v.* = dammed—pent up, I. 126/95.
 Damn'd, *v.* = to condemn, I. 87/128; II. 208/116.
 Dammed, *adj.*, qu. dammed? I. 207/362.
 Danger-scorning, I. 85/92.
 Danger-stricken, II. 50/213.
 Dangling, *adj.*, I. 30/16; II. 122/87.
 Dare, I. 70/144 = dace (according to Halliwell-Phillips, *s.v.*). See Iz. Walton, pt. i. c. xvii. In Couch's 'British Fishes' (iv. 54) it is called Dart.

Dead, *v.*, I. 83/66.
 Deadish, II. 212/178.
 Deafs, *v.*, I. 80/23.
 Death-awakening, I. 226/211.
 Death-daring, I. 49/59.
 Death-deriving, I. 165/30.
 Death-designing, I. 156/228.
 Death-despising, II. 16/221.
 Death-scorning, I. 194/173.
 Decent, I. 171/129, 175/188.
 Decorum, I. 184/22.
 Decoys, *sb.* = decoy birds, II. 126/37.
 Decyphered, II. 42/87.
 Deep-amused, II. 71/261.
 Deep-damn'd, II. 121/167.
 Deep-dy'd, I. 168/74.
 Deep-grain'd, I. 102/84.
 Deeplyer, II. 57/50.
 Deep-observing, I. 133/205.
 Deep-plow'd, I. 176/202.
 Deep-writ, I. 155/214, 171/121.
 Deflected, II. 229/209.
 Defloure, *v.*, deflower, I. 40/171, 121/21, 163/3; II. 3/29.
 Defloured, *adj.*, II. 43/108.
 Degenerous, II. 5/59, 24/103.
 Deicide—'The earth profaned yet blessed by Deicide' (Prior, Ode on Exodus iii. 14). II. 46/152.
 Dejected, *v.* = cast down, I. 174/171, 176/196.
 Delicately-sacred, I. 185/28.
 Delicates, I. 204/323; II. 16/233, 134/149.
 Deligence, II. 102/107.
 Delinquency, II. 188/150.
 Delinquents, II. 188/149.
 Delve, *v.*, I. 218/90; II. 126/38, 159/241.
 Demur, *sb.* = delay, I. 73/177, 103/88; II. 39/42.
 Demurr'd, *v.*, II. 64/148.
 Deplorations, II. 122/193.
 Deposed, *v.*, II. 118/125.
 Dereliction, I. 5/5; II. 200, The Argument, 204/51, 217/28, 218/49.
 Derives, *v.*, I. 210/413, 227/221.
 Descension, I. 95/246.
 Designed, *adj.* = designated, I. 14/45.
 Desperation, I. 200/252.
 Desperateness, I. 168/72.
 Despightful, II. 115/184.
 Destain, *v.*, II. 26/133.
 Detorteth, *v.*, II. 46/155.
 Devest, *v.*, divested, II. 62/72, 79/18.
 Devotos, I. 151/150, 172/139, 205/338, 218/86; II. 193/225, *et frequenter*.
 Devour'd, *v.*, (devour'd their way), I. 162/311.
 Dexter, *adj.*, (d. hand. d. Wing), I. 220/116; II. 221/98.
 ' My mother's blood
 Runs on the *dexter* cheek.'
 (Tr. and Cress. iv. 5.)
 Diaphanous, I. 64/66.
 Dictamnum, and see 'Ditany,' II. 14, 198. Derives its

- name from Mount Dicta, where Zeus was nourished in Crete. Cf. Holyoke, *s.v.*, and Aelian, *s.v.* In English Plant Names published by Engl. Dialect Socy. is this:—'Dictamnus Fraxinella, or Burning Bush. It is said that the plant gives off so large a quantity of essential oil that the air around it becomes inflammable, and will ignite if a light be brought near' (p. 77).
- Difficultest, II. 154/17.
 Dight, I. 171/122; II. 221/95.
 Dignation, II. 166/29, 172/129.
 Dilations, II. 184/91.
 Dint, *sb.*, I. 29/4, 46/11, 47/36, 76/225, 98/17, etc.
 Diocess, I. 202/281.
 Disagreeing, *adj.* = diverse, II. 87/144.
 Disbanded, *v.*, II. 163/306.
 Discession, II. 228/195.
 Disciplining, *adj.*, II. 179/11.
 Disconsolation, II. 54/13, 212/176.
 Disease, *sb.*, I. 33/61 (= Bibliomania): II. 19/28.
 Disgusted, *v.* (was disgusted), II. 107/190.
 Dishevel, *v.*, dishevel'd, I. 29/19; II. 129/80.
 Disherited, I. 221/145.
 Dismal, I. 30/23.
 Dismission, I. 196/200; II. 28/173.
 Disolation, II. 85/110.
 Displeasant, II. 153/149.
 Disrelish, *v.*, disrelished, II. 105/148, 165/14, 173/138.
 Dissembler = imitator, II. 120/146.
 Ditany (sovereign), and see Dictamnum, II. 14/197.
 Dive, *adj.* = divine? I. 230/278.
 Doctress, II. 210/147.
 Doctor = teacher, II. 5/68.
 Dogged, *adj.*, I. 217/76; II. 180/37.
 Doggedly, II. 173/145.
 Dole, *sb.*, II. 14/195.
 Domineer, *v.*, domineers = to reign, II. 11/49, 173/34, 181/52.
 Doom, *sb.*, I. 184/25, 217/71; II. 68/219, 180/33.
 Dorce, I. 70/144. The sea-fish St. Peter's fish (*dorée*, Fr.), the John Dory. In Couch (iii. 66) it is spelled Dorse, and has the other name of 'variable cod': 'Baltic cod.' In 1648 edition it is not named, the line being:—
 'The Mullet, Barble, Codfish, Conger, Trout.'
- Double, *v.*, II. 215/9.
 Doubled, II. 164/6.
 Double-faced, II. 139/192.
 Double-hearted, I. 97/4.
 Doubtful = doubting, I. 125/71.
 Dragons, I. 213/15, 230/268; II. 20/49, 58/68, etc.
 Dread-darting, I. 103/96.
 Dreadfulness, I. 221/140.
 Dresser-boards, II. 185/109.
 Driven-snow, II. 51/230, 62/122.
 Dross, II. 70/238.
 Droyling, *adj.*, II. 176/176.
 Dry-starv'd, I. 184/14.
- Dubb'd, II. 4/43.
 Dugs, II. 122/187.
 Dull-ey'd, I. 27/247, 153/180.
 Dull-hearted, II. 71/258.
 Dunghill, *adj.*, II. 165/16.
 Duplicates, *v.*, I. 132/182; II. 230/230.
 Durity, I. 177/208; II. 37/15.
 Dust-begotten, I. 12/21.
 Dust-damp'd, II. 13/180.
 Dutch or Danish bowls = notorious drunken nations; II. 5/61.
- E
- EAGLE-LIKE, II. 16/221.
 Early-pious, I. 142/19.
 Earned, *adj.*, = ? longed for? yearned? II. 64/159.
 Earned, *adj.*, = the spectacle earned by and vouchsafed to her tears, II. 88/151.
 Earnest—bashful, II. 104/139.
 Earnestness—seems to be used as = earnest sparkling, 'earnest' being = stretching forward to, striving to reach its aim (brilliancy) in accordance with context word 'strive,' I. 85/95.
 Earth-despising, II. 160/260.
 Earthed, *adj.*, I. 207/356.
 Earth-relying, II. 47/173.
 Easlier, II. 168/57.
 Easiest, II. 126/131.
 Easts, *sb.*, I. 131/166.
 Eb-defying, II. 166/37.
 Ebon-shining, I. 175/178.
 Ecclesiastick House, II. 83/84.
 Ecstasies, ecstasy, II. 14/192, 68/209, 71/263, 73/290.
 Ecstatick, I. 133/199, 205/330; II. 5/66, 11/150, etc.
 Effeminated, I. 68/109.
 Effigies, I. 204/313; II. 221/98.
 Effluence, II. 162/289.
 Effusions, II. 114/69.
 Egg, *v.*, II. 19/32.
 Ejaculations, *sb.* = darting forth of rays, as the diamond, I. 54/143.
 Ejulations, I. 100/43, 201/274, 229/255, 230/273; II. 19/37, etc.
 Elders, *sb.*, play on word, II. 145/28.
 Elf, I. 159/279, 191/118, 212/1; II. 1/5, etc.
 Elogium, elogiums, I. 24/196; II. 14/194.
 Elves, I. 59/210, 177/216, 178/227, 200/257, etc.
 Ambassador, I. 9/37; II. 89/93, 90/181, 224/141.
 Embassy, II. 90/181.
 Emblematicize, *v.*, I. 43/217.
 Embrace, *v.* = to adorn, I. 17/83; II. 54/6, 82/57.
 Embrace, *v.* = to strengthen, encourage, I. 168/72; II. 9/125, 22/75, 91/205.
 Embraved, *adj.* = strengthened, encouraged, I. 164/20.
 Embroider'd, *v.*, I. 208/385.
 Embryo, II. 143/7, 181/53.
 Emergent, *adj.*, I. 197/207.
 Empoisoning, II. 184/97.
 Empyræan, II. 76/340, 149/92.
 Empyræan tapers, II. 73/282.

Empyræum, I. 132/176 ; II. 82/62, 192/208.
 Enammel'd, *v.*, II. 101/86.
 Enchas'd, *v.*, II. 161/269.
 Encoached, *v.*, II. 88/151.
 Encomiastic, encomiastick, I. 67/91 ; II. 75/315.
 Enflames, *v.*, II. 91/191.
 Enflaming, *adj.*, II. 10/139.
 Engin, engins, I. 213/25 ; II. 20/49, 182/68.
 Engrav'd, *v.*, II. 74/307.
 Engravings, *sb.*, II. 130/99.
 Enigmatick, I. 224/177.
 Enroul, *v.*, II. 5/57.
 Enterfere, *v.*, II. 167/49.
 Enterwove, I. 161/269.
 Entheous, I. 122/30 ; II. 10/137, 40/58, 147/65, 152/141, 170/96, 217/33.
 Enthusiastick, II. 84/90.
 Entrench, *v.*, II. 223/127.
 Envenomed, *v.* II. 27/149.
 Envy-blinded, II. 56/31.
 Envy-breeding, I. 21/144.
 Epicuræan, II. 11/47, 131/106.
 Epitome, epitomies, epitomy, I. 89/149, 127/111 ; II. 25/127, 169/79.
 Epitomize, *v.*, epitomized, I. 85/98, 124/66, 166/47.
 Epitomized, *adj.*, II. 136/186.
 Erected, *v.* = elated, II. 71/256.
 Eremitical, I. 205/327.
 Ermite, I. 104/109 ; II. 96/12.
 Ermyn, I. 53/117.
 Error, I. 115/273.
 Eructations, II. 122/183.
 Erythræan tide = Red Sea, I. 11/3.
 Escheated, *adj.*, I. 108/180, 193/154.
 Estate (mantle of Estate), I. 175/188.
 Estrich, I. 109/188.
 Eternal-dying, I. 148/113.
 Eternally-resolved, I. 188/72.
 Etesian, II. 162/290.
 Evacuate, *v.*, II. 154/170.
 Evangelick, II. 84/86, 122/181, 132/125, 137/205.
 Event, I. 58/198.
 Ever-boiling, I. 200/265.
 Ever-burning, I. 155/218.
 Ever-flaming, I. 164/13 ; II. 19/39.
 Ever-fretting, *adj.*, I. 12/18.
 Everhighnoon (everhighnoon sun), II. 166/29.
 Ever-howling, I. 216/56.
 Ever-jealous, II. 88/152.
 Ever-knawing, I. 159/273.
 Ever-polish'd, I. 181/267.
 Eversion, I. 148/113.
 Eververdant, II. 153/151.
 Exaltation, II. 76/326.
 Examen, II. 30/201.
 Excrements, I. 114/250.
 Excrementitious, I. 224/186.
 Exemplary, I. 135/230.
 Exigence, exigences, I. 214/32, 220/123.

Exotick, *adj.*, II. 85/104.
 Expectance, II. 113/50.
 Experiment = trial, II. 204/65.
 Experimental, I. 176/198.
 Expires, *v.*, I. 47/29.
 Expired, *v.*, II. 154/171.
 Extemporal, I. 49/62, 142/11 ; II. 23/88.
 Extent, *sb.*, II. 169/72.
 Extraction = essence, II. 10/144.
 Extrecate, *v.*, I. 176/205.
 Exuberance, I. 66/72, 124/67 ; II. 150/13.
 Exuberant, I. 169/96 ; II. 9/127, 129/82.
 Exultant, I. 131/161, 135/222, 210/45, etc.
 Eyn, II. 159/236.

F

FACIL, II. 108/197, 110/7, 113/41.
 Facilness, II. 108/197.
 Fact, I. 83/63, 203/310 ; II. 22/82, etc.
 Factors, factor, I. 77/242, 122/31 ; II. 162/288.
 Factress, I. 148/109.
 Fained, *adj.*, I. 176/193.
 Fainted, *v.* (was fainted), I. 34/85.
 Fainting, I. 129/144.
 Fair, *sb.*, I. 113/253.
 Fair-faced, I. 22/166, 29/1 ; II. 114/57, 175/168, etc.
 Fair-spread, I. 151/149.
 Fair-tongu'd, I. 77/246, 97/2 ; II. 108/197, etc.
 Fairer-wing'd, I. 135/221.
 Fairest-fac'd, I. 190/112.
 Fairest-tongu'd, II. 104/145.
 Fairly-dreadful, I. 109/187.
 Fairly-tall, I. 150/143.
 Fairly-treacherous, I. 97/6.
 False fires, I. 103/86.
 False-named, I. 75/212.
 Far, far, II. 80/33, 165/11, 175/161.
 Far-fetch'd, II. 68/215.
 Far-resounding, I. 164/24.
 Fashion-mongers, I. 53/119.
 Fat, *sb.* = Vat, II. 162/281.
 Fatal, I. 159/266 ; II. 92/220.
 Fatally-insidious, II. 67/201.
 Fate-controlling, I. 211/416.
 Fate-inamoring, I. 131/174.
 Fate-ripping, I. 126/100.
 Fatned, II. 9/118.
 Faund, *v.*, II. 150/110.
 Fawning, *adj.* (fawning down bed), I. 26/220.
 Feat, *sb.*, I. 12/14, 115/270 ; II. 21/65, 67/200.
 Feathered oars = wings, I. 60/222. A curious counterpart to this phrase is found in the following :—' The Turks . . . came flying [in their galleys] with the force of all those wooden wings [= oars] that bore them up.' (John Reynard's Deliverance from the captivity of the Turks : Harl. Misc. 1. 159.)
 Feature = complexion rather than structure, I. 92/204.
 Feind, *sb.* = fiend, II. 1/2, 47/168, 57/96, etc.
 Feindship, I. 101/70.

- Fell, *adj.*, I. 61/4, 71/155, 77/239, 114/254, etc.
 Fellow-elves, II. 58/65.
 Fertility, II. 144/21.
 Fervency, II. 63/142, 184/99.
 Fervid, II. 61/115.
 Fether'd, *v.*, II. 81/41.
 Fierce-tallon'd, I. 213/16.
 Fiery-mouthed, II. 57/45.
 Finess, II. 125/11.
 Finger-work, II. 169/79.
 Fire-breathing, I. 149/129.
 Fire-crowned, II. 84/91.
 Firmitude, I. 48/42, 108/167; II. 21/69, 144/13, etc.
 Flanker'd, II. 167/47.
 Flash, *sb.*, I. 226/213.
 Flattering-bloody, I. 226/218.
 Flea, *v.*, flead = to flay, I. 192/142, 144, 200/262.
 Fledgest, *adj.*, II. 10/136.
 Fleet, *adj.* = swift, II. 157/209.
 Flesh-amazing, I. 209/400.
 Flings, *v.*, 'from the table flings,' I. 57/188; II. 128/57, 166/34. 'Metellus . . . came *flinging* home to Rome again' (Udal's Erasmus Apop. p. 341): 'The Britons *flung* out at a back way' (Holland's Camden, p. 37): 'He *flung* from her and went out of the room' (Richardson's Guardian, iv. 209). See under 'Flung.'
 Flitting, *adj.*, II. 7/99, 30/198, 165/16, 176/188.
 Floridness, I. 131/170.
 Flout, *v.*, flouted, I. 19/132, 142/16.
 Flouts, *sb.*, I. 198/213.
 Flower-gentle, I. 69/123. Fr. Floramor—applied to various species of *amaranthus*. See English Plant Names published by English Dialect Society, pp. 188, 189.
 Flowing, *v.*, I. 217/77.
 Flowry, *adj.* = flowery, II. 135/165, 140/240.
 Flung, *v.* (back Psyche flung), and see 'Flings,' I. 36/105; II. 160/264.
 Foil'd, *v.*, I. 226/214.
 Foiles, *sb.*, foil, I. 9/29, 146/83; II. 114/56.
 Fond, I. 17/87, 30/19, 76/222, 79/3, *et frequenter*.
 Fondling, *sb.*, fondlings, I. 92/194; II. 55/22, 148/82, 183/82.
 Fondly-founded, II. 126/130.
 Fondly-venerable, II. 181/47.
 Fondly-wretched, I. 95/237.
 Fondness, I. 25/208, 59/209.
 Fondly, II. 16/226, 46/156, etc.
 Fool, *v.*, fool'd, I. 136/249; II. 89/175, 183/81.
 Fooled, *adj.*, II. 88/160.
 Foolery, II. 131/110, 166/35.
 Fool's Paradise, II. 125/123.
 Footloose, II. 27/148.
 Fopperies, II. 124/10.
 Forbod, I. 123/41.
 Forecast, *sb.*, II. 19/33.
 Forefront, *sb.*, I. 158/258.
 Forefront, *adj.*, I. 148/104.
 Forge, *v.*, forg'd, I. 185/35; II. 63/141.
 Forged, *adj.*, I. 35/91.
 Forgers, II. 116/90.
 Forgery, forgeries, I. 178/235, 184/22; II. 116/99, 117/105.
 Forked hill, 'forked mountain' (Anth. and Cleop. iv. 2), II. 84/88.
 Forked, *adj.*, I. 228/242.
 Forlorn, *sb.*, I. 70/143.
 Form, *sb.* (a higher form than mine), I. 124/65.
 Fortunate, *sb.*, II. 126/33.
 Foul-hearted, II. 165/25.
 Foul-mouth'd, *adj.*, I. 206/347; II. 20/41, 57/48, 69/223.
 Foul-mouth's scum, II. 23/95.
 Fragar, *sb.*, I. 198/226; II. 30/204, 49/191, 50/210, 83/74, 88/153. Latin = crash. Cf. Georgics, i. 306, etc.
 Fraught, *v.*, fraughts, II. 4/53, 166/37.
 Free-cost (of free cost), II. 19/29.
 Frency = frenzy, I. 63/28.
 Fresh-perfumed, II. 174/155.
 Fretting, *adj.* (fretting fire, of moths), II. 179/13.
 Fries, *sb.*, fry = progeny, I. 214/37; II. 11/157, 83/80, 95/9, etc.
 Fries, *v.*, fry, I. 26/218, 41/182, 81/34, 102/85, etc. Cf. the now well-known phrase, 'stewing in their own gravy.' Crashaw and later poets use it without any sense of a grotesque element in the word. Cf. Taming of Shrew, II. i. 340. One of the most unhappy printer's misprints that perhaps ever chanced any one was the substitution of 'fries' for 'tries' in a sentence setting forth how God puts his own best beloved into the furnace of affliction, and so 'tries' or proves them as silver is tried. This actually occurred to myself in an American periodical. Cf. st. 217, l. 4, and st. 218.
 Friendly—rigid, I. 141/6.
 Frights, *v.*, frighted = affright, alarm, I. 11/8; II. 56/37.
 Frighted, *adj.* = affrighted, II. 59/76.
 Fringe, *v.*, I. 32/48.
 Front, *sb.*, I. 178/230, 189/92.
 Frontespice—of a book, II. 47/171.
 Frontispice = front or facade of a building, I. 209/108.
 Frustrate, *adj.*, I. 45/7, 157/243; II. 128/69.
 Fulfed, I. 220/121.
 Full-bent, I. 62/21.
 Full-eyd, I. 145/68.
 Fulfill, *v.* = to fill full, I. 167/60.
 Full-mouth'd, full-mouth'd = foul-mouthed, I. 43/211; II. 21/62, 67/202.
 Full-mouth'd, 'full-mouth'd fame' = full-voiced or in full cry, noisy, I. 209/396.
 Fulsome, *adj.* = foul, II. 3/28, 138/210.
 Fulsomness, II. 178/4.
 Full-tide, I. 35/91, 64/49; II. 41/83.
 Full-tide, I. 207/366; II. 85/110.
 Fume, *sb.* = smoke, vapour, I. 204/323, 222/159; II. 163/304.
 Fuming, *adj.*, I. 202/293.
 Furniture, I. 53/121, 84/77, 86/102; II. 64/147, etc.

G

GAD, *v.*, gads, p. 29, Argument; II. 160/252.
 Gadding, *adj.*, II. 112/38.
 Gagliardise = galliardise, or sprightliness, II. 125/17.
 'I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of company.' (Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*.)
 Galiard, I. 57/180, 181, 134/220.
 Galliard, II. 151/126.
 Gallant, *sb.*, II. 154/162.
 Gallantly, I. 149/125.
 Gallantry, gallantries = beauty, I. 43/217, 65/61, 109/179, 111/208; II. 24/103, 74/301, etc.
 Galled, *adj.*, I. 90/166.
 Gall'd, *v.*, I. 185/34.
 Gallentry, I. 113/235.
 Gamesome, II. 31/217.
 Garboils, I. 79/11.
 Garded, *v.* = adorned, I. 124/62.
 Garish, I. 113/238, 204/319.
 Gate, *sb.* = gait, I. 42/202.
 Generously-flaming, I. 120/2.
 Gentile, *adj.* = genteel, II. 148/82.
 Gentilest, II. 153/153, 200/5.
 German, *adj.*, I. 106/138.
 Gewgaw, *adj.*, I. 17/93.
 Gewgaws, *sb.*, II. 165/17.
 Ghastliness, I. 211/417.
 Gilt, *v.* = gilded, II. 74/297.
 Gin, *sb.*, gins, II. 103/123, 131/103.
 Glib, I. 180/254; II. 90/187, 179/12. 'A polished ice-like *glibness* doth enfold the rock.' (Chapman's *Odyssey*, bk. xii.) Milton uses it as a verb, *Par. Reg.* i. 375. See *Wedgwood, s.v.*
 Glibbest, I. 146/79.
 Glistening, *adj.*, I. 215/54, 218/91, 223/169; II. 124/9.
 Glisters, *v.*, I. 114/256.
 Globe of Light, I. 134/217.
 Glorious, *adj.* = vain, I. 35/195, 114/256.
 Glosing, *adj.*, I. 8/13.
 Glozing, *adj.*, I. 77/246; II. 120/156, 152/135.
 Glozings, *sb.*, I. 82/46.
 Glue, *sb.*, glues, II. 78/5, 167/54.
 Glues, *v.* = attaches, I. 91/67.
 Goal, I. 56/164.
 Goblings, II. 46/157.
 Goddessip, II. 193/226.
 God-bewitched, I. 216/77.
 God-ship, I. 151/150; II. 181/52, 189/171, 193/223.
 God-wit, I. 70/142—a delicate-fleshed bird, a kind of quail. Jonson so translates Horace's *attagen*. So in his *Alchemist*, ii. 1.: 'My foot-boy shall eat pheasants . . . *godwits*, lampreys.'
 Golden-trapped, I. 173/153.
 Goodliest-featur'd, I. 190/112.
 Goodly-dreadful, I. 12/12.
 Goodly-formed, II. 155/180.

Gormandiz'd, II. 15/213, 132/121.
 Gospel-conquer'd, II. 136/183.
 Gradual difference = difference of degrees, II. 225/154.
 Graff, *sb.*, II. 182/61.
 Grain, *sb.* = tint, dye, I. 168/74.
 Grandame, I. 196/195; II. 122/190, 150/109.
 Grated, *adj.* = rough or roughened, II. 209/141. A person with a dry or rough throat often says, 'It's as dry (or rough) as a nutmeg-grater.' Or = dried up as a thing rubbed to powder, and as it were choked with dust? The word 'baked' is used similarly of men in training.
 Gratings of the ear, II. 73/295.
 Grave-fac'd, II. 18/21.
 Graveliest-cheating, I. 23/178.
 Gravely-wicked, I. 230/267.
 Gravers, *sb.*, II. 74/307.
 Gravid = pregnant, ready to bring forth, I. 127/101; II. 75/315, 102/115, 103/121, etc.
 Greatfully, I. 113/241.
 Griffen, I. 148/102, 164/14; II. 36/9, 182/69.
 Grisselly, I. 107/147.
 Grissels, *sb.*, I. 111/218.
 Grizly, grizely, I. 12/17, 40/171, 153/176, 156/225; II. 203/49.
 Groundsel, *sb.*, groundsels = foundations, 'earth's vast groundsell,' II. 133/136, 197/292.
 Grove, *v.* = grovel, II. 199/312.
 Grownd, *v.* = ground, I. 220/128.
 Grutch, *v.*, I. 8/11.
 Guerdon, *sb.*, guerdons, I. 16/72, 27/243; II. 52/236, 225/154.
 Guernet, I. 70/144—more correctly 'gurnard,' so called from the grunting sound it emits. 'I'm a sowered *gurnet*.' (Henry IV. pt. i. iv. 2.) Couch (ii. 17) says that the name comes from the old language of Britain, in which it signified something with a firm, rugged and bony structure of head.
 Guilt-appalling, I. 226/212.
 Gules, I. 12/12.
 Gulled, *adj.*, II. 25/217.
 Gymnosophists, I. 189/88.

H

HABIT, *sb.* = dress, II. 144/19.
 Hackny'd down, *v.*, II. 102/103.
 Ha ha, I. 107/145.
 Hairclothes, I. 104/107.
 Halcyon = king-fisher, II. 54/8. See *Nares, s.v.*: Ovid, *Met.* xi.: bird of calm, as petrel of storm.
 Halcyon quiet, II. 201/18.
 Hale, *v.*, hal'd, haling = to drag, draw, I. 37/123, 43/212, 89/155; II. 8/111, etc.
 Half-gods, II. 33/245.
 Hallow, *adj.* = hollow, I. 100/48.
 Hammer, *v.*, II. 85/106.
 Hamper'd, *v.*, II. 163/304.
 Hand-erected, II. 21/66.

- Handsome, *adj.* = plausible, specious, I. 33/60, 41/177, 87/125; II. 20/54, 80/29, 120/156.
 Hanker, *v.*, hankered, hankering, I. 77/246, 81/32, 143/34; II. 71/256.
 Hankering, *adj.*, I. 77/246; II. 77/353.
 Hants, *v.* = haunts, I. 23/176.
 Harbingers, II. 174/124.
 Hard, hard, II. 153/158.
 Harpy-bodies, II. 184/94.
 Harsh-grating, II. 152/131.
 Hatch, *v.*, I. 120/6.
 Hatred-hating, I. 83/62.
 Havocking, *v.*, II. 98/51.
 He, II. 138/224.
 Heady, I. 183/4.
 Heart-attracting, I. 68/109.
 Heart-contenting, II. 166/39.
 Heart-disturbing, I. 124/70.
 Heart-galling, I. 128/128.
 Heart-gnawing, II. 15/210.
 Heart-melting, I. 48/42.
 Heart-startling, II. 161/278.
 Heart-vexing, II. 112/33.
 Heartned, *v.*, I. 20/132, 146/78, 173/157, 226/213.
 Heav'n-admonish'd, II. 29/183.
 Heav'n-affronting, I. 183/6.
 Heav'n-aiming, I. 211/422.
 Heav'n-aspiring, I. 115/269; II. 85/113.
 Heav'n-beloved, I. 12/15.
 Heav'n-blown, I. 163/213.
 Heav'n-breathing, I. 208/385.
 Heav'n-commanded, II. 40/66.
 Heav'n-commanding, II. 56/34.
 Heav'n-crowned, I. 135/225.
 Heav'n-daring, I. 191/118; II. 152/135.
 Heav'n-defying, I. 174/134.
 Heav'n-descended, II. 166/38, 180/40.
 Heav'n-devouring, I. 175/181; II. 178/7.
 Heav'n-distrusting, II. 47/173.
 Heav'n-embroidered, I. 55/156.
 Heav'n-enthroned, II. 76/336.
 Heav'n-fired, I. 68/106.
 Heav'n-imbraved, II. 201/16.
 Heav'n-inamoring, I. 117/298.
 Heav'n-instructed, II. 91/191.
 Heav'n-kindled, I. 184/14; II. 92/220.
 Heav'n-renowned, I. 164/15.
 Heav'n-spurred, I. 17/94.
 Heav'n-tuned, II. 88/155.
 Heav'n-witness'd, I. 193/154.
 Heav'nly-rare, II. 88/146.
 Heavy-brow'd, I. 36/104.
 Hebdomadary, II. 112/33.
 Hecatombs, I. 21/158; II. 82/64.
 Hell-appalling, I. 37/122.
 Hell-begotten, I. 165/33.
 Hell-breathing, I. 160/293.
 Hell-bred, I. 183/5, 227/235.
 Hell-directed, II. 115/76.
 Hell-encourag'd, II. 170/90.
 Hell-kindled, I. 24/191; II. 84/97.
 Hell-lifted, II. 200/2.
 Hemicranies, I. 159/271.
 Herby, *adj.*, II. 140/240.
 High-bragging, I. 13/25.
 High-conceited, I. 93/214; II. 25/117.
 High-esteemed, I. 185/34.
 High-fam'd, I. 153/181.
 High-fed, I. 164/17, 169/92.
 High-languag'd, I. 78/255.
 High-look'd, I. 120/7; II. 85/115, 136/189.
 High-noon, *adj.*, I. 46/13, 143/36, 148/111, 187/60, etc.
 High-noon, *sb.*, I. 47/30, 114/256; II. 13/178, 41/83, etc.
 High-noon-day, I. 130/147.
 High-strain'd, I. 169/93, 181/276.
 High-streined, II. 164/4.
 High-swoln, I. 147/86; II. 128/169.
 Highest, I. 218/96.
 Hight, *v.*, II. 184/99.
 Hightnings, *sb.*, I. 9/29.
 Hind, *sb.* = servant, II. 113/41, 145/32.
 Histrionick, II. 125/11.
 Hoise, *v.*, hoiseth, II. 54/8, 103/124.
 Hollow'd, *v.*, to call out, shout, I. 158/255.
 Hollowing, *v.*, II. 32/221.
 Hollow-cheeked, II. 129/184.
 Holocaust, *sb.*, I. 18/99, 45/5, 131/161, 179/248; II. 172/120, 173/141, etc.—one of the words in the Rhemish version objected to by our Translators as obscure and darkening the sense.
 Holy-looking, I. 138/266; II. 34/264.
 Homespun, I. 132/185, 204/327; II. 155/179.
 Homespun man, I. 95/236.
 Honey-tipped, II. 152/131.
 Honey-trade, II. 37/11.
 Honey-shaming, II. 166/40.
 Hood, *sb.*, II. 138/220.
 Hood, *sb.* (to wear a hood), II. 126/28.
 Hoodwink'd, *adj.*, II. 115/85.
 Horned statues, I. 151/156.
 Horridness, II. 47/168, 48/179, 176/177.
 Horse-infantry = centaurs, I. 148/104.
 Hospitably-pious, I. 208/372.
 Hout, *v.* = to hoot, II. 28/163.
 Hubbub, II. 65/172.
 Hudling, *adj.*, II. 221/91.
 Hug'd, *v.*, I. 141/7.
 Huggeth, *v.*, II. 136/186.
 Hugging, *v.* = hugging, II. 1/6.
 Humbleness, I. 95/245.
 Humbly-gentle, I. 51/100.
 Humbly-royal, I. 204/318.
 Humicubations, I. 88/146.
 Humid, I. 184/19.
 Hungrier, II. 187/143.
 Hurliburly—hurlyburly, I. 167/63, 198/227; II. 86/122.
 Hutches, *sb.*, I. 216/59.
 Hydras, II. 120/151.

Hydropick, II. 129/73.
 Hyenas, II. 104/145.
 Hyperbole, I. 124/69.
 Hyperborean, II. 220/80.
 Hypocrisy, I. 222/152.
 Hypocrite—see our Introduction (II. Critical). I. 52/101.
 Hysteron Proteron, I. 17/85.

I

I, II. 183/78.

'It cannot be deny'd but mighty I
 Had a mischance of old.'

Idea, *sb.*, ideas, I. 218/28; II. 125/13, 135/174.
 Idely-busy, II. 125/11, 152/139.
 Idioms, II. 86/126.
 Idle, I. 129/49.
 Idolize, *v.* int., II. 220/74.
 Idolize, *v.* (idolize the rising sun), I. 156/235.
 Ignorants, *sb.*, II. 127/45.
 Ill-boding, I. 156/221.
 Ill-favour'd, II. 15/213.
 Ill-reck'ning, I. 290/386.
 Ill-shod, *adj.* (ill-shod tales), II. 21/58.
 Illustrious = lustrous, I. 43/217; II. 168/69.
 Image (image of a noise), I. 154/194.
 Imbark'd, *v.*, II. 146/46.
 Imbellish'd, *v.*, II. 85/112, 102/112, 111/24, 131/101.
 Imbezil, *v.*, I. 24/202, 181/270.
 Imbitter'd, II. 48/188.
 Imbrac'd, I. 158/260; II. 67/204.
 Imbosom'd, I. 210/415.
 Imbost, *v.*, I. 12/15.
 Imbraved, *adj.* = strengthened, made brave, I. 121/11.
 Imbraved, *v.* = to make brave, I. 11/3; II. 10/137.
 Imbru'd, II. 35/278.
 Immense, *adj.*, II. 169/75.
 Immensity = infinity, I. 53/126, 107/149, 123/42, 132/188,
 209/388; II. 61/113, 74/298, 88/47, 90/189, etc.
 Immerge, *v.*, II. 71/255.
 Immesurable, *adj.* = infinite, II. 167/52.
 Immoderation, I. 209/387; II. 77/344.
 Immure, *v.*, immured, I. 83/58, 123/51, 143/45, 189/92,
 etc.
 Immured, *adj.*, II. 231/1, l. 15.
 Imparadise, *v.*, II. 244, st. 2. (Eloquence.)
 Impartment, II. 114/67.
 Impassible, II. 116/99.
 Impeople, *v.*, impeopled, I. 48/44, 67/88, 159/266; II.
 126/131.
 Impetuousness, II. 83/74.
 Imploy, *v.*, II. 147/58.
 Employment, employments, II. 149/90, 167/49.
 Impois'ned, *adj.*, I. 219/104.
 Imposthumes, I. 55/155.
 Impostumes, II. 129/74.
 Impostur'd, *adj.*, I. 38/136.
 Impowred, *v.*, II. 56/29.
 Imps, *sb.*, imp. Used originally as synonym for child,
 it became appropriated to fiends, etc., as children

of the Evil One. Similarly still—the word still
 retaining somewhat of its original sense—we speak
 of a boy as a mischievous imp, or imp of mischief,
 or limb of the devil. I. 178/234; II. 130/96,
 181/48.
 Impudently-meek, I. 57/188.
 Inable, II. 109/206.
 Inamel'd, *v.*, inamelling, I. 141/1, 205/326.
 Inamorations, II. 14/205, 53/257, 229/218.
 Inamored, *adj.*, inamor'd, I. 194/162, 210/402; II.
 167/43.
 Inamoring, *v.*, inamored, I. 23/176, 106/132.
 Inamoring, *adj.*, I. 108/171, 112/229; II. 102/114,
 103/126, 230/224.
 Inamour, *v.*, I. 79/6, 169/94.
 Inanition, II. 80/35.
 Incensed, *adj.* = inflamed, burnt, I. 39/146, 99/39.
 Inchanteth, *v.*, II. 143/1.
 Inchanting, *adj.*, I. 217/82; II. 1/8, 67/202, etc.
 Inchantments, I. 196/195.
 Inchas'd, *v.*, II. 72/267.
 Incircling, *adj.*, I. 193/160; II. 144/19.
 Incline, *sb.*, I. 7/7.
 Inclose, *v.*, II. 169/83.
 Incompos'dness, I. 124/62.
 Incorporate, *v.*, II. 12/164.
 Incouraged, *v.*, incouraging, II. 14/204, 122/84.
 Increased, *adj.*, II. 168/66.
 Incroachers, II. 179/13.
 Incroaching, II. 173/131.
 Incroachment, II. 148/73.
 Incumbred, *v.*, I. 218/87.
 Incumbring, *adj.*, I. 195/180.
 Indear'd, *v.*, I. 211/425, 215/48.
 Indear'd, *adj.*, II. 64/151.
 Indeaavor, *sb.*, II. 173/135.
 Indeaavoring, *v.*, I. 148/104.
 Indented, *v.* = covenanted, I. 224/179.
 Indevotion, II. 53/256, 217/35.
 Indifferent, I. 12/23.
 Indigested, *adj.*, II. 120/159.
 Indure, *v.*, II. 126/33.
 Inestimable, I. 216/65; II. 82/64.
 Inexhausted, *adj.*, II. 168/69.
 Inexpugnable, II. 92/216.
 Infeof'd, *v.*, II. 176/188, 225/156.
 Infeofment, II. 141/254.
 Infestive, II. 8/115.
 Infinitude, infinitudes, II. 169/77, 170/97.
 Inflamm'd, *v.*, II. 160/258.
 Influence, I. 113/239.
 Infold, *v.*, II. 129/72, 155/183.
 Inforc'd, II. 81/47.
 Inform, *v.*, II. 218/55.
 Ingage, *v.*, ingageth, I. 190/112; II. 28/174, 67/199,
 92/220.
 Ingaged, *adj.*, I. 143/46.
 Ingements, I. 220/123.
 Ingeminations, I. 102/82.

Ingenerate, I. 74/204.
 Ingenious, I. 101/59.
 Ingenuity, I. p. 5, l. 15; II. 26/144.
 Ingesteth, II. 206/90.
 Ingorgeth, *v.*, ingorged, I. 172/44; II. 122/177.
 Ingrain, *v.*, ingrained, II. 192/218, 207/111.
 Ingrained, *adj.*, II. 34/260.
 Ingrateful, II. 123/199, 88/160.
 Ingraven, *v.*, ingraved, I. 222/157; II. 84/86.
 Ingross, *v.*, I. 138/268; II. 15/217.
 Inhabit, *v.* = to dwell, II. 100/77, 176/188.
 Inhance, *v.*, inhanc'd, II. 114/56, 78/2, 156/204, 157/211, etc.
 Injoin'd, *v.*, II. 31/215.
 Injoying, *v.*, injoy'd, injoyest, I. 133/194, 207/36; II. 154/164.
 Injoynd, *v.*, II. 160/254.
 Inky, II. 60/89.
 Inlanders, I. 87/118.
 Inn, *sb.*, inns, I. 91/182, 164/25, 216/57.
 Innocently-pure, II. 182/61.
 Inrage, *v.*, inrag'd, I. 215/55; II. 158/222.
 Inrich, *v.*, I. 207/263; II. 130/100, 139/231, etc.
 Inroll'd, *v.* = recorded, I. 137/254.
 Inservient, *adj.*, I. 128/130; II. 114/56.
 Inslavest, *v.*, II. 125/13.
 Inshrin'd, *v.*, inshrined, II. 124/3, 121/152, 164/2, etc.
 Insnar'd, *v.*, II. 151/118.
 Insolent, II. 58/59.
 Insphered, *v.*, I. 66/61.
 Instated, *v.*, I. 18/101.
 Institution = instruction, II. 124/8.
 Insultation, insultations, I. 81/33, 155/207; II. 24/102, 160/259, etc.
 Intangled, *adj.*, I. 103/93.
 Intension, II. 170/96, 229/206.
 Intention, I. 47/36, 113/240.
 Intentive, I. 36/108.
 Interest, *sb.* = interest, II. 78/8, 90/181.
 Intice, *v.*, II. 159/244.
 Intire, I. 211/426; II. 41/85, 140/246.
 Intirest, I. 169/91; II. 80/37.
 Intirely, II. 140/241, 160/250, etc.
 Intitling, *v.*, II. 45/141.
 Intrench, *v.* (to intrench upon), II. 10/142.
 Intrenchments, *sb.* (on her lips), II. 41/82.
 Intwine, *v.*, II. 78/6.
 Inured, *adj.*, II. 201/16.
 Invaluable, I. 119/329.
 Inveagle, *v.*, I. 183/3.
 Inveloped, *v.*, II. 86/130.
 Invenom, *v.*, invenomed, I. 43/207, 95/242.
 Invenomed, *adj.*, I. 12/10, 220/119, 227/229; II. 3/28.
 Invigor'd, I. 7/6.
 Invisibility, II. 68/220.
 Invoke, *v.*, I. 11/1; II. 70/245, 123/196.
 Inwrapt, *v.*, I. 134/216.
 Ireful, I. 201/268, 220/116, 228/242.
 Iron-jaw'd, *adj.*, I. 179/246.
 Irradiation, irradiations, I. 174/161; II. 224/138.

Irrefragable, II. 182/56.
 Israel-conducting, II. 72/171.
 Itch, *sb.*, I. 35/62, 68/113, 118/324; II. 1/8.
 Itching, *sb.*, I. 101/70.
 Itching, *adj.*, II. 8/102, 15/212, 46/155.
 Item, *sb.* = hint or reminder. 'Our neighbours' harms are *items* to the wise' (Whetstone's Life of Gascoigne). So Richardson's Sir Charles Grandeson, vi. 292. Cf. Cotgrave, *s.v.* I. 28/252, 103/92, 134/213, 145/66. *et frequenter*.
 Iterated, *adj.*, I. 110/193, 193/157.
 Ithiphallies, II. 193/227.

J

JAR, *sb.*, jars, I. 152/168, 212/4; II. 143/5.
 Jear, *sb.* = jeer, I. 88/132.
 Jebuseans, *sb.*, II. 96/16.
 Jejune, *adj.*, I. 71/152, 167/61; II. 15/212.
 Jessean Prince, I. 156/227.
 Jetting, *v.*, II. 148/81.
 Jewel-paved, I. 64/52.
 Jogg'd, *v.*, II. 181/47.
 John, I. 51/86.
 Jolly, I. 106/136, 135/221, 168/172; II. 148/81.
 Joppean, *adj.*, II. 96/24.
 Jovial, II. 162/285.
 Joyeuse, II. 216/17, 218/44.
 Joys, *v.*, II. 1/2.
 Jubilation, II. 74/303.
 Judicious, II. 163/302.
 Juggling trick, II. 117/103.
 July-flowers, I. 69/123.
 Jumble, *v.*, jumbled, II. 117/103, 120/159.
 Juncture = union, I. 113/248; II. 169/80.
 Junto, I. 146/73.
 Jurie = Judea, I. 54/135.
 Justling, *adj.*, I. 123/48, 175/188.

K

KEEP'D, *v.* = kept, I. 105/121, 144/46; II. 162/286.
 Ken, *v.*, ken'd, I. 22/160, 155/216, 172/131; II. 99/70.
 Ken, *sb.* (in ken), II. 44/130, 216/13.
 Kindly, *adj.*, II. 165/12.
 Kindly-salvage, I. 60/227.
 Kine, *sb.* = cattle, I. 164/34.
 Kinred, II. 80/25, 85/109.
 Kissed, I. 227/227.
 Kitchen-criticks, II. 4/50.
 Kitchen-heat, I. 169/90.
 Knaw, *v.*, knawing, I. 80/16, 228/240.
 Knawing, *adj.*, I. 142/17.
 Knights of the post = whipping post, II. 19/33. See Nares, *s.v.* Those who gained a livelihood by giving false evidence at trials, etc., so called either because they were to be found haunting the posts in the neighbourhood of the courts, or more probably *ut supra*, because for their frequent perjuries, etc., they had been whipped at the post. See Brewer's Dict. of Phrase and Fable, *s.v.*

Knot, *sb.* = a small company, a few people, II. 14/200, 30/203.

Knotty, II. 184/98.

Knower, II. 165/19.

L

LACE, *sb.*, I. 15/59.

Lac'd, *v.* = adorned, I. 150/139.

Lag, *v.*, lagg'd, I. 157/249, 173/149; II. 129/71, 154/172, 208/117.

Lambent, I. 204/223; II. 84/99.

Lamentable = lamenting, mournful, II. 123/201, 154/163, 213/200. Daniel vi. 20.

Languishments, I. 194/171.

Lanthorn, I. 64/46.

Lap'd, *v.*, lap'd up = stored, I. 32/49. In proof (armour), Macbeth, i. 2.

Lapp'd, *v.*, (lapp'd in swadling bands), I. 132/178.

Largise, I. 207/360, 209/386; II. 114/68.

Latches, *sb.*, of a door, I. 154/194.

Launced, *adj.*, I. 200/260.

Laureat, *adj.*, II. 59/82.

Laurel-breeding, II. 127/47.

Laver, I. 152/166; II. 106/173, 130/94.

Lay, *adj.*, II. 144/24.

Lay, *adj.*, II. 245, st. 5. (Scripture.)

Leaden, *adj.*, II. 16/228, 87/135.

Leaden-pac'd, I. 26/226.

Leaguer, I. 81/39.

Lear-ey'd, II. 217/35. Query—misprint for 'blear-eyed,' or leer, *i.e.* left-eyed, looking askance?

Learing, *adj.* = leering, I. 37/124, 82/48; II. 47/172.

Learing, *v.*, I. 154/196.

Learn, *v.*, learn'd = to teach, I. 78/249, 95/246, 193/159.

Least = lest, I. 163/8.

Leather, II. 155/182. Goes in leather = in skins of beasts, or qu.—in his own skin = naked? Is the allusion to Genesis iii. 21?

Lecture, I. 40/175, 138/277.

Legers, *sb.*, II. 90/182.

Leggiadrous, I. 112/233; II. 112/40, 125/17.

Lenity, I. 227/226; II. 170/90, 94, 179/23, etc.

Letters testimonial, II. 179/15.

Licorish, *adj.*, and see Liquorish, I. 109/180, 116/289; II. 1/4, 8, etc.

Liege, I. 7/2, 222/157.

Liegers, *sb.*, I. 9/37, 37/120; II. 112/36.

Life-enliv'ning, II. 16/225, 140/240.

Life-kindling, I. 116/280.

Ligature, II. 12/170.

Lily, *adj.*, II. 144/18, 145/36, 162/284.

Lily-name, I. 42/206.

Linage, I. 125/77.

Lin'd, *v.* = marked with lines, I. 200/260.

Linguists, *sb.*, II. 90/179.

Lip's, I. 57/189.

Liquorish, *adj.*, and see licorish, I. 45/1, 56/172, 71/149, etc.

List, *sb.* = pathway, track, I. 145/70, 146/80.

List, *sb.* = catalogue, II. 170/105.

List, *sb.*, lists = bounds, enclosures, I. 165/32, 182/281; II. 143/9, 154/167.

List, *v.* = to enlist, listed, listing, II. 37/16, 82/70, 179/15.

Lively, I. 169/91; II. 8/113.

Loadstone, I. 210/402.

Locks (of hair), II. 125/16.

Longbearded stars = comets, I. 17/96.

... 'What care I
For bearded Stars? it is all one to me
As if they had been shav'd.'

Randolph.

Longbearded arrows, II. 152/132.

Long-breath'd, II. 85/114.

Long-extended, II. 163/298.

Long, long, I. 169/95; II. 45/142, 160/255, 172/126.

Long-panting, I. 172/138.

Long-patient, II. 16/223.

Long-thundering, I. 172/134.

Looking lines, I. 99/30.

Loose, *v.* = to lose, I. 34/74, 121/17, 227/231, etc.

Loose-laced, II. 78/6.

Lopped, *adj.*, I. 84/84.

Lost-found, II. 65/170.

Lothly, *adv.*, II. 111/23.

Loudly-holy-ardent, II. 18/20.

Lout, *v.*, louted, louting, I. 100/55, 106/135, 109/186, etc.

Love-inflamed, II. 62/116.

Love-oppressed, II. 166/40.

Love-ravish'd, I. 210/403.

Love-renowned, I. 208/371.

Lowring-loathing, I. 98/19.

Lowry, *adj.*, I. 121/19; II. 97/32.

Lubrick, I. 186/49.

Lufted, I. 150/139. A misprint for 'tufted,' which is the word in the 1648 text. As 'lufted' = puff'd, furbelow'd or flounced.

Lump, *sb.*, II. 86/135.

Lumpish, I. 18/108, 70/144; II. 60/100, 112/40. A thick fish of genus *cyclopterus*, called also a sea-owl and puddle. Fr. Suetolt, Cotgrave. Lovell says their habitat is in the septentrional ocean. Latin orchis or orbis and calvaria (Pliny). (Misprinted 'Sump' in our note.) Couch (ii. 183) quotes Hollinshed: 'Lumps are ugly fish to sight, and yet very delicate in eating if it be kindlie dressed.'

Lure, *sb.*, II. 173/141.

Lured, *v.*, lure, I. 193/158; II. 37/15.

Lust-burning, I. 35/95.

Luxuriant = luxurious, II. 4/41, 131/106, 163/304.

Luxuriate, *v.*, II. 127/44.

Luxury, II. 1/3.

Lymphatick, II. 80/33, 159/241.

Lyon-faced, I. 85/91.

M

MAD-BRAIN'D, II. 26/131, 29/178, 184/99.

Madly-improvident, II. 163/298.

- Madly-mighty, I. 227/231.
 Magi, *sb.*, magy, I. 137/254, 174/161.
 Magnalia Christi, I. 5/7.
 Magnific, magnifick, I. 125/76, 175/189; II. 7/86, 130/97, 224/131.
 Mahometism, II. 98/58.
 Mahumetie, II. 96/12.
 Maiden-faces, I. 148/104.
 Mains, *sb.*, main = (mane of a horse), II. 142/272-273, 184/95.
 Malgré, I. 91/187, 123/48; II. 63/142, etc.
 Malitious, II. 132/118.
 Mallet, *sb.*, II. 183/77.
 Mamelukes, II. 98/46.
 Mammillar, *adj.*, I. 69/121.
 Mandrakes, I. 110/197, 156/221, 229/255.
 Manger-cradeled, I. 192/140.
 Mangler, 121/162.
 Mannerly, *adv.*, I. 175/187; II. 182/56.
 Mannor-house, I. 107/153, 132/189.
 Marsel's, II. 10/133—here said to be famous for 'cates.' We have an oration of Cicero Pro Milone, of which Milo is reported to have said that had Cicero spoken that speech in his defence, he (Milo) would not have been eating figs at Marseilles; for which it also seems to have been famous.
 Marvel-mongers, II. 116/92.
 Massy, I. 145/68, 148/112, 165/39; II. 182/65, etc.
 Masty, II. 224/131.
 Mausolean, II. 52/244.
 Meagre, II. 185/107.
 Mean, *sb.*, II. 112/35.
 Meander, *sb.*, meanders, I. 154/192; II. 8/102, 86/122, 119/44, 165/22.
 Mechanick, *adj.*, II. 183/76.
 Meek-insolent, I. 82/55.
 Meekly-bold, II. 62/129.
 Meekly-daring, II. 164/9.
 Meekly-faithful, I. 203/306.
 Meekly-noble, I. 124/70.
 Meekly-silent, II. 31/217.
 Meer, II. 80/29, 175/175.
 Meerly, I. 5/21; II. 39/48.
 Melancholic, melancholick, I. 62/20, 159/269.
 Memorandums, I. 99/34, 218/94; II. 79/23, 177/165.
 Memorative, II. 92/207.
 Men-fishers, I. 187/58.
 Men-hunters, II. 190/177.
 Merveils, *sb.* = marvels, Fr. merveille, I. 134/217.
 Metal'd, *adj.* (from metal), II. 82/66.
 Metal'd, *adj.* = mettled, II. 171/113.
 Mew'd, *v.*, mews, II. 95/6, 173/145.
 Microcosme, I. 63/36.
 Mid-land, I. 123/49.
 Mildly-glorious, II. 23/91.
 Milk-and-honey-flowing, II. 49/198.
 Milky = innocent, I. 108/165.
 Mince, *v.* (mince the matter), II. 116/100. Cf. Isaiah iii. 16.
 Mince, *v.*, I. 57/182.
 Min'd, *v.*, I. 167/63.
 Mint, *v.*, minted = coined, I. 164/19; II. 20/52, 21/62, 101/87.
 Mischievous, mischiëvius, I. 201/267, 202/287.
 Miscreants, I. 227/235; II. 57/53, 135/167, 190/187.
 Misconster, *v.*, II. 118/122.
 Misdeeming, I. 83/63.
 Misprised, *adj.*, II. 104/141.
 Mistick, *adj.*, I. 126/92.
 Moated, *v.*, I. 225/198.
 Mocks, *sb.*, II. 24/104.
 Mode, *sb.* = fashion, II. 160/260.
 Moderatrix, I. 89/160. Du Bartas' Magnificence, 349.
 Modestly-illustrious, I. 124/66.
 Moe, I. 179/238.
 Mole, I. 70/144 = molebat or but, a rock-fish in the Adriatic, so called from its resemblance to a lump of flesh. See Couch, iv. 377, 'the sun-fish: called by Linnæus Tetraodon Mola, from its uncouth shape.'
 Monarchick, II. 57/49.
 Monition, I. 128/124.
 Monothelite, *sb.*, II. 95/9.
 Monstrousness, I. 213/18, 220/118.
 Mother-fountains, I. 174/194.
 Mother-pearl, I. 138/276.
 Mother-shells, I. 46/12.
 Moul, *sb.* = mole, I. 207/356.
 Mounts, *v.* = raises, elevates, II. 181/55.
 Muckworms, II. 159/241.
 Mudling, *adj.*, I. 186/48.
 Mudling, *v.*, II. 157/211.
 Muffle up, *v.*, muffled, II. 59/77, 88/148, 187/142.
 Mulct, *sb.*, I. 87/120.
 Multiloquie, II. 156/197.
 Mungrel, *adj.*, II. 164/5.
 Mungrels, *sb.*, II. 26/131.
 Must, *sb.*, II. 89/174.
 Mutation, II. 54/2, 55/15.
 Mystery, I. 34/75.
 Mystick, *adj.*, II. 129/71, 133/137.

N

- NAKED = the simple wreath or prize, II. 14/204.
 Nard, I. 208/383-4.
 Nature-conquering, II. 42/97.
 Nauseous = nauseated, II. 161/276.
 Nauseousness, II. 175/172.
 Navel, II. 133/140.
 Nazareens, II. 109/208, 121/167.
 Nazaren, *adj.*, II. 117/114.
 Neat, I. 182/283.
 Negros, I. 193/146.
 Neighbour, *adj.*, I. 134/211.
 Nest, *sb.*, I. 123/52, 127/107, 129/134; II. 168/70, etc.
 Nestling, *v.*, nestled, I. 169/92; II. 130/88, 155/185.
 Never-blushing, I. 178/230.

Never-daunted, I. 171/127.
 Never-faint, I. 194/171.
 Never-pruned, I. 166/50.
 Never-sleeping, II. 158/233.
 Never-wearied, I. 173/153.
 New-born-men-rejected, I. 170/106.
 New-bru'd, I. 155/212.
 New-coyned, II. 121/175.
 New-fir'd, *adj.*, II. 97/34.
 New-gilded, I. 142/20.
 Nice, *adj.* = fastidious, I. 211/421.
 Niceness, I. 36/102.
 Niceties, II. 129/73.
 Nighings, *sb.* = neighings, II. 80/39.
 Night-birds (band of = Judas and his company), I. 224/182.
 Night-conceived, I. 59/210.
 Nimbly-piercing, I. 116/284.
 Nobly-privileg'd, I. 133/192.
 Nobly-sacred, I. 11/3.
 Noisom, II. 161/275.
 Noisomness, II. 23/90.
 Nomenclator, I. 51/86.
 Nonage, I. 212/4.
 North-begotten, I. 165/39.
 Nothing well drest, I. 140/298.
 Numbers, *sb.* = verses, II. 127/48.
 Numeration, I. 126/93.
 Numness, II. 16/228.
 Nuzling, *v.*, II. 157/210.

O

OARS, *sb.* = wings : feathered, I. 60/222 ; II. 141/258.
 Oaten, *adj.*, II. 145/32.
 Obedsance, I. 159/279.
 Object, *v.*, object, objected, I. 166/55 ; II. 21/63, 69/228, 229/209.
 Obligement, I. 224/177.
 Obtruding, *adj.*, I. 122/37.
 Occasion, *sb.*, occasions, I. 27/243, 185/37. In the first reference = cause. Joseph's dreams made his brethren hate him and sell him. In the second reference = opportunity.
 Occidental, II. 96/17.
 Odrysian, I. 183/5.
 Oeconomy, I. 205/330.
 Oily, II. 152/132.
 Oint, *v.*, ointed, I. 208/381 ; II. 62/128, 152/132.
 Old-answer'd, II. 33/241.
 Ominous, I. 230/267 ; II. 46/147.
 One-different, I. 49/65.
 Onslates, *sb.*, II. 123/195, 178, Argument.
 Ope, *v.*, op'd, I. 123/55, 126/86, 96, 197/214.
 Opened, *v.*, 'wide he (the dog) opened' = made an outcry, II. 190/179 :—
 'Hark the dog opens ; take thy certain aim.'
 (Gay's Rural Sports, ii. 348.)
 Opinionastrete, II. 91/203.

Or, heraldic (a Lyon or), I. 85/95.
 Oraculous, II. 224/142.
 Oration, II. 77/349.
 Oratory, II. 52/246, 172/120, 189/166.
 Orient, *adj.*, I. 144/43, 206/342.
 Oriental, II. 159/236, 174/157.
 Oriflambe, II. 98/42.
 Original, *sb.*, I. 13/75, 23/182 ; II. 73/284, etc.
 Orison, I. 133/205.
 Orthodoxal, I. 138/287.
 Ottomanick, *adj.*, II. 98/61.
 Ought, *v.* = owed, I. 126/93 ; II. 188/157.
 Outbrave, *v.*, outbraves, I. 47/30, 192/242.
 Out-compliment, *v.*, II. 212/181.
 Out-dare, II. 69/223, 160/262.
 Out-fac'd, II. 144/19.
 Out-flew, I. 194/175 ; II. 101/94.
 Out-give, *v.*, to surpass in giving, II. 166/38.
 Out-glaring, *v.*, II. 48/178.
 Out glittering, *v.*, outglitters, I. 43/218, 175/181.
 Out grain'd, *v.*, out purpled and outgrain'd = out-blushed, I. 48/57 :—

'How the red roses flush up in her cheeks
 And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain
 Like crimson dy'd in grain.'

(Spenser's Epithalamium.)

Out-look, *v.*, out-look'd, I. 76/225 ; II. 24/109, 213/197.
 Out-pois'ning, I. 227/223.
 Outpurpled, *v.*, and see Outgrain'd, I. 48/51.
 Out-shin'd, *v.*, II. 130/100, 175/166.
 Out-sparkled, *adj.*, I. 17/84.
 Outspit, *v.*, II. 121/161.
 Outstare, *v.*, I. 157/240.
 Outstrein'd, *v.*, II. 63/144.
 Outvye, *v.*, outvies, I. 137/262 ; II. 22/71, 57/49, 133/140, etc.
 Oven, II. 58/69.
 Overbears, II. 11/149.
 Oversway, II. 183/75.

P

PACK, *v.*, I. 88/153.
 Pack, *v.*, *int.*, I. 128/129, 217/72.
 Pack, *sb.*, I. 156/232.
 Padling, *v.*, II. 130/96.
 Pæans, II. 72/277, 83/72.
 Painful, I. 53/125 ; II. 37/13, 161/272, 162/294, etc.
 Pale, *sb.* = enclosure, II. 87/136.
 Pale-fac'd, II. 129/84, 165/19, 217/35.
 Paledness, I. 125/71.
 Pallet, II. 226/163.
 Panders, II. 19/30.
 Panegyrick, *adj.*, I. 194/174.
 Panick-gulf = in depths of despair = gulph of fear, II. 25/116. See Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, *s.v.*
 Panims, II. 97/33, 98/42.

- Pant, *v. tr.*, II. 159/242.
 Pantry (heavn's pantry), II. 72/270.
 Paraclete, II. 93/227.
 Paradox, I. 169/94.
 Paradoxick, II. 133/137, 161/279.
 Parallel, II. 135/164.
 Paranymp = bride-man, I. 226/219. Samson Agon.
 1020: Du Bartas' Voc. 351. In Nares's Glossary as
 edited by Halliwell-Phillips and Wright (the word
 is not in the original edition) paranymp is said to
 usually signify a bridesmaid—an assertion supported
 by a single quotation from Watson's *Quodlibets of
 Religion*, 'Our blessed ladie's paranymp Saint
 Gabivielle.' The editors were misled by the appar-
 ently feminine termination. Is the allusion to the
 communication of the archangel? Jeremy Taylor
 uses it as = assistant, backer up. See Dyche, *s.v.* In
 Greek marriages he was the bridegroom's best man.
 Paranympus, I. 88/143; II. 231/241.
 Parcel = part, I. 105/118, 187/62.
 Parian, *adj.*, II. 86/129.
 Parl, *v.*, II. p. 237, st. 1. (Death).
 Parle, *v.*, II. 119/140.
 Parley, *v.*, I. 84/74.
 Passant, *adj.*, I. 145/70.
 Passive, *adj.* = capable of suffering, I. 225/193; II.
 117/102.
 Passivity = a passive or insensible state, II. 167/53,
 226/175.
 Passiveness = capability of suffering, II. 68/211.
 Pastimes, *sb.*, II. 163/297.
 Patch'd, *adj.*, I. 216/58.
 Patching, *v.*, I. 215/43.
 Patent, *sb.*, II. 177/192.
 Patin, II. 10/137, 14/198. 201, 205.
 Patternable, II. 160/257.
 Pauciloquie, II. 156/202.
 Pawn'd, II. 71/255.
 Paxi = Paxi, two small islands between Corcyra and
 Leucas, now Paxo and Antipaxo. See Milton's
 Hymn on the Nativity xx. and the Commentators:
 also Keats's *Endymion*. II. 50/219.
 Peans, II. 225/158.
 Peeping, *adj.* (peeping dawn), I. 206/355; II. 59/52.
 Peevish, I. 31/27, 59/210, 68/105, 103/93, etc.
 Peevishness, II. 32/226.
 Pelf, I. 103/81.
 Pend, *v.* = to pen, enclose? I. 16/73.
 Pendle. See our Introduction (II. Critical), I. 178/228.
 Pentecost, pentecosts, II. 84/98, 86/127, 87/138, 92/220.
 Perdu, *adj.*, perdue = concealed, I. 97/6; II. 217/28.
 Period, I. 68/100.
 Perriwig, II. 176/177.
 Persist, *v.*, II. 151/120.
 Perspective, *sb.*, II. 13/179, 68/220, 129/78.
 Persue, *v.*, II. 27/148.
 Pert, *adj.*, II. 140/243.
 Peruque, I. 40/166.
 Perversely-blear, II. 155/187.
 Pester, *v.* = to crowd, II. 166/36.
 Petard, I. 40/175.
 Petrify'd, *v.*, II. 69/229.
 Pharus, II. 107/185.
 Philauty = self-love, I. 13/38, 85/101, 114/269; II.
 126/35. Tyndale (i. 154, 157, Parker Soc. Ed.)
 uses *philautia* for philosophy, perhaps meaning a
 gird at the conceit of some philosophers.
 Phobe's, I. 53/119.
 Phylax, I. 11/1. 3. (Argument.)
 Phrase, *v.*, inst. = to table, I. 50/81.
 Phthisick, I. 159/272.
 Pick, *v.*, I. 34/75.
 Piece up, *v.*, II. 162/295.
 Piety-becoming, II. 100/81.
 Piety-pretending, II. 132/118.
 Pikaxes, I. 167/63.
 Pilfering, *sb.*, II. 67/203.
 Pin, *v.*, II. 28/163.
 Pinched, *adj.*, I. 166/47.
 Pined, *adj.*, I. 45/3, 168/81, 176/195, 180/255, etc.
 Pinfeathered, *adj.* = pen-feathered, I. 59/209. 'Your
 intellect is pen-feathered, too weak to soar so high'
 (Gentleman Instructed, p. 470): 'my children
 then were just pen-feathered' (Prior's *Turtle and
 Sparrow*).
 Pinn'd, *v.*, I. 57/184.
 Piously-sullied, I. 37/126.
 Pismires, II. 36/10. Wedgwood says, 'so named from
 the sharp urinous smell of an ant-hill' (*s.v.*). I've
 examined many ant-hills, but I never detected such
 a smell—a mere fancy probably. In the *Breeches
 Bible*, Proverbs vi. 6-8, ant is 'pismire.'
 Pitch, *sb.* = blackness, II. 174/154.
 Pitch, *sb.* = reach, height, II. 5/65, 108/199.
 Pittance, I. 196/201.
 Pix, I. 183/1.
 Plainlook'd, II. 137/196.
 Plait, *sb.*, I. 124/62.
 Planed over, *v.*, = smoothed, II. 174/152.
 Planets, *sb.* = wanderers, II. 165/20.
 Plantation = colony, II. 95/3, 155/183, 170/92.
 Plated, *v.*, I. 153/190, 184/19, 188/91; II. 182/65.
 Pleasure-promising, II. 181/43.
 Plebian, *adj.*, II. 67/205.
 Pleit, *sb.*, II. 112/37.
 Plenal, II. 137/192, 203/54.
 Plenitude, I. 184/21.
 Plethora, I. 122/30.
 Pliant, I. 134/217.
 Plot, *sb.* = plan, design, I. 209/395; II. 153/149,
 171/108, 210/148.
 Plots, *v.*, plotted = to plan, I. 186/41; II. 12/163, 41/76,
 154/170.
 Plum'd, *v.* = plummed, II. 59/81.
 Plummed, *v.*, I. 65/58, 148/109.
 Plumy, *adj.* = soft, feathery, I. 142/15.
 Plunder, *sb.*, I. 149/130; II. 146/41, 149/87.
 Plundering, *v.*, plundered, II. 98/51, 174/156, 181/50.

- Plutus = riches, II. 126/38.
 Ply'd, *v.*, I. 123/54.
 Poetick feet, II. 127/48.
 Poised, *v.*, pois'd=weighed, II. 8/114; 54/141, 176/156.
 Pointed, *v.* = directed, II. 112/38.
 Poison-hugging, II. 208/117.
 Poison-pointed, I. 229/258.
 Poiz'd, *v.*, I. 172/142.
 Politely, *adv.* = in a polished manner, I. 42/195.
 Politickly, II. 162/292.
 Politickly-bloody, II. 22/81.
 Politickly-mad, II. 85/105.
 Politickly-mild, I. 97/8.
 Politure, I. 112/234, 219/113; II. 133/131, 169/81.
 Latham quotes from Downe's History of Septuagint, p. 45 (1633), 'The table was a work of admirable *politure*,' and from Evelyn, 'The perfection of these hard materials consists in their receiving the most exquisite *politure*.' Latin *politura*, polishing, trimming.
 Polled, *v.*, poll'd, I. 97/7, 216/66.
 Polytheous, II. 168/58.
 Pompous, II. 74/299.
 Ponderation, II. 17/9.
 Poor-looking, I. 129/134.
 Poorly-glimmering, I. 44/221.
 Poring, *adj.*, I. 216/69.
 Port, *sb.* = bearing, I. 8/23, 129/135, 132/188, 148/101; II. 82/57, etc.
 Port, *sb.* = a gate, I. 93/208.
 Port, *sb.* = harbour, destination, II. 82/57.
 Porter, *sb.*, porters, I. 135/235, 145/62.
 Portentous, II. 21/64.
 Portentuous, I. 157/250, 166/41, 172/134, etc.
 Portly, I. 73/182.
 Portlyness, II. 134/152. See Spenser, Sonnet v.
 Pose, *v.*, pos'd, posed, II. 11/147, 99/65, 108/200, 124/3, etc.
 Poss'd, *v.*, I. 134/219. Chaucer uses this word = to push, and so here = to teach, come up to—unless it is a misprint for 'pass.' See Rom. of Rose, 4479. Legend of Fair Women, 2409.
 Posteth, *v.*, I. 213/18.
 Posy, II. 153/156.
 Potency, II. 21/70, 91/195-6, 122/177, 169/82.
 Pottles, II. 5/62.
 Pouch, *sb.*, pouches = a bag, I. 144/53, 218/94.
 Pout, *v.*, II. 32/228.
 Powder, *sb.* = hair powder, II. 125/12.
 Powring = pouring, II. 68/220.
 Powting, *adj.*, II. 3/38.
 Pozes, *v.*, II. 9/122.
 Practic, *adj.*, practick, I. 32/43, 208/373; II. 4/47.
 Præsciential, II. 243, st. 2. (Love's Eye.)
 Pragmatic, I. 88/153.
 Praise-hunting, II. 164/2.
 Prance, *v.*, II. 86/126.
 Prancing, *adj.*, II. 156/203.
 Prate, *v.*, I. 156/227.
 Prattle, *sb.*, II. 152/139, 156/195.
 Prattle, *v.*, II. 156/205.
 Pray, *sb.* = prey, I. 122/28.
 Preached wind, II. 16/222.
 Preachment, I. 184/57, 196/196; II. 175/174, 194/238.
 Precentor, II. 174/150.
 Precious-relishing, I. 71/149.
 Preciously-aromatized, II. 153/150.
 Precipitant, II. 182/58.
 Preface, *sb.* = fore-part or preface to a greater bliss; an inlet, introduction or way, II. 141/253. Keats in Hyperion has: 'That inlet to severe magnificence, stood full blown for the god to enter in.'
 Prefaced, *v.*, I. 99/27.
 Prefer, *v.* = offer, I. 138/286.
 Prefixed, *adj.*, II. 63/131.
 Preludiums, I. 184/21; II. 46/159, 55/15.
 Premisses, II. 140/242.
 Prenticehood, prentisehood, I. 32/43; II. 37/14, 161/269.
 Preoccupating, *v.*, II. 181/42.
 Prepossess, *v.*, II. 40/67.
 Preposterous, II. 120/154.
 Preposterousness, I. 91/190; II. 112/35.
 Prescript, *sb.*, II. 17/5.
 Presses, *sb.* = crowds, I. 53/125.
 Prest, *adj.*, I. 64/43, 136/181; II. 82/59, 108/197, etc.
 Prevent, *v.*, prevented, I. 20/139, 142/18, 149/125, etc.
 Prevented, *adj.*, II. 5/58, 64/150.
 Prevention, II. 151/130.
 Price-transcending, II. 104/136.
 Pricks, *sb.* = thorns, II. 152/144, 154/175.
 Prides, *v. tr.* = adorns, glorifies, I. 131/171.
 Prime, *v.*, I. 168/86.
 Principality = highest place, I. 221/141.
 Print, to look on, I. 34/79.
 Print, I. 34/79. 'To look in print' = to look very fine, well-dressed, etc. 'To starch mustachios and to prank in print': (Du. Bartas' Voc. 352). So Chapman:—
 'Not a haire
 About his whole bulke but it *stands in print*;
 Each pinne hath his due place.' (All Fooles v. 1.)
 So too Massinger:—
 'Is he not, madam,
 A monsieur *in print*? what a garb was there.'
 (Guardian ii. 1.)
 Finally—'You may with more ease harasse a peacock out of his brains than a Town-spark of his Gaudry. He will appear in print and convince the world that Finery and Folly are near allied.'
 (Gentleman Instructed, 477.)
 Print, *sb.* = foot-print, II. 75/321.
 Prints, *v.* = inscribes, I. 214/32.
 Pritty, II. 156/194.
 Private, *adj.* = retired, secluded, I. 34/82.
 'To *private* Night slip all the stars away.'
 Probations, probation = proofs, I. 176/203, 206/341; II. 107/183, 176/180.

Procession = progress, II. 136/179.
 Proconnesian, I. 66/70. Proconnesus is an island in the Propontis celebrated for its marble quarries, white with black streaks. Its modern name, hence derived, Marmore or Marmora, has given the same name to the sea of Marmora—that most charming-coloured of our seas. See Pliny, Nat. Hist. xxxvi. 6, and xxxvii. 10.
 Prodigious = portentous, I. 59/212, 221/140; II. 3/39, 123/194, 194/238.
 Profest, *v.*, I. 67/94.
 Profuseness, II. 62/129.
 Project, *sb.*, I. 123/42.
 Projects, *v.* = to plan, II. 41/76.
 Prolific, I. 126/91, 127/107.
 Promulge, *v.*, II. 228/202.
 Propriety, *sb.* = property, II. 204/63, 225/149.
 Propounded, *adj.*, II. 149/98.
 Prospective, I. 175/177.
 Protean, *adj.*, II. 131/112.
 Protoplast, I. 171/124, 185/31.
 Protracts, *v.* = delays, II. 98/51.
 Provident, *adj.*, I. 158/258.
 Proud-hearted-burning, II. 85/107.
 Proudly-decked, II. 155/178.
 Proudly-sumptuous, I. 120/3.
 Prowess, I. 214/27; II. 60/96.
 Proxy, I. 169/99.
 Puddle, *sb.*, II. 92/217.
 Puerperial, II. 44/124, 124/6.
 Puff'd, *v.*, II. 146/52.
 Puffed, *adj.*, II. 226/165.
 Puffing, *adj.*, I. 52/112, 104/107; II. 129/71.
 Punctually, *adv.* = exactly, I. p. 6, l. 27.
 Puny, *adj.* = younger, I. 17/86, 19/114.
 Purely-sprightly, I. 186/45.
 Purling = flowing with a gentle noise, as in Shakespeare and others, I. 77/245. 'Dialect' is used metaphorically on account of the 'soft murmuring,' and 'story' of the context.
 Putid, I. 44/220; II. 21/56, 23/90, 43/107, 52/245, etc.
 Putidness, II. 121/163.

Q

QUAKEMIRE, I. 147/93.
 Queen-ship, I. 63/25.
 Quick, I. 107/150, 109/176.
 Quick-ey'd, I. 137/255.
 Quick pac'd, I. 168/65.
 Quinsey, I. 159/271.
 Quintessence, II. 159/241.
 Quintessential, I. 174/173.
 Quirk, *sb.*, II. 116/105.
 Quit, *v.* = to requite, II. 52/239, 175/164, 202/37.

R

RACE, *sb.*, open race = expanse, II. 87/136.
 Rack, *sb.*, I. 87/119.

Rain'd, *v.* = reined, I. 128/118.
 Ram, *v.*, I. 149/119.
 Rams, *sb.*, military, I. 222/151.
 Rampant, I. 36/114, 78/256, 108/160, 228/242, etc.
 Rampantly, II. 21/61.
 Rankle, *v. tr.*, II. 55/24.
 Rap'd, *v.* = ravished, I. 67/90; II. p. 1, Argument.
 Rare, II. 53/266, 164/6.
 Rarely = eminently, I. 157/240.
 Rarities, II. 172/130.
 Rasp, I. 70/140.
 Ravishing, *adj.*, II. 174/130.
 Ravishment, I. 23/176; II. 6/83, 68/209, 74/299, etc.
 Ravishment, impersonated = rape, II. 185/105.
 Recoil, *v.*, I. 141/3.
 Recollect, I. 30/19.
 Recreating, *adj.*, II. 129/77.
 Recruit, *sb.*, recruits, II. 16/227, 67/191, 73/282, 91/193, etc.
 Red-cross, II. 145/36.
 Re-edify, II. 42/93.
 Redound, II. 155/187.
 Reform, *v. int.*, I. 39/152.
 Refrain, *v. tr.*, II. 2/13.
 Regardless, I. 155/208.
 Regorg'd, *v.*, II. 206/90.
 Regret, *v. tr.* = to cause regret, to vex, II. 208/126.
 Reimbellish, *v.*, I. 119/329.
 Reinvested, *v.*, I. 209/398.
 Relation = narrative, I. 150/145.
 Releasment, I. 52/110.
 Relent, *v.*, relented, I. 77/234; II. 217/40—

'Earth relenting feels the genial ray.'

(Pope's Temple of Fame, 4.)

Relict, *sb.*, relics = relics, II. 52/236, 63/138, 145.
 Reluctancy, II. 230/223.
 Reluctant, *adj.*, I. 59/210; II. 107/178, 175/172.
 Remarry'd, *v.*, II. 61/102.
 Remember, *v.* = to remind, II. 125/19.
 Remoras, I. 110/95.
 Remorse = pity, I. 176/194.
 Remorseless, I. 76/229, 147/99, 192/143, etc.
 Remorselessness, I. 173/157.
 Rend, *v.*, I. 144/47.
 Rent, *v.*, II. 229/212.
 Rent, *sb.* = division, schism, II. 145/38.
 Re-ordain, I. 172/136, 7.
 Repatch'd, I. 218/93.
 Repeal, *v.*, II. 86/127.
 Repercussed, *adj.* = reflected, I. 92/203—

'The sunne

Doth parch all things that *repercusse* her beames.'

(Stirling's 'Aurora,' quoted in Richardson, *s.v.*)

See Aeneid viii. 22-25.

Repenteth, *v.*, repented = to relent, II. 25/128, 170/91.
 Repierce, *v.*, II. 69/231.
 Replinish'd, II. 15/220.

Reposement, I. 215/45.
 Reprieve, II. 123/200.
 Reprise, *v.*, I. 8/19.
 Resent, *v.*, II. p. 249, st. i. (Content.)
 Resent, *v.*, resents, resenting—*re* and *sentio* = to feel again or in return, I. 71/156; II. 45/139, 58/58, 80/31, etc.
 Restauration, I. 127/106; II. 21/68.
 Resty = restive, II. 178/7.
 Retardments, I. 210/413.
 Retchless, I. 29/2, 91/191; II. 41/83.
 Retort, *v.*, II. 92/218.
 Retribution = repayment, II. 213/51.
 Retriev'd, *v.*, II. 190/180.
 Revel'd, *v.*, I. 74/192. Latin form of reveal (*revelare*)? Or = *revailer*, to waken, keep awake (a wake called a 'revel' in some counties), so, to make a noise, rest, row?
 Revenue, I. 136/239.
 Reverberated, *v.*, I. 48/43. See under 'Repercussed.' 'The sun-beams falling upon a rock of cristall . . . makes the *reverberation* stronger' (Howell's 'Forraine Travell,' sect. ii.) Latinate form = struck back, reflected.
 Reverence-commanding, II. 155/188.
 Revest, I. 226/207; II. 60/96.
 Rhinocerot, I. 170/114. Cf. Isaiah xxxiv. 7 (margin), authorised version of 1611, but altered in modern Bibles. See Du Bartas' 6th day, 1st week, 42, and Handicrafts, 295.
 Right-boldly-shining, I. 183/2.
 Right-down, I. 82/45; II. 99/69, 213/204.
 Ringle, *sb.*, I. 110/198.
 Roarers, II. 159/241.
 Roaring Boys, II. 200/4.
 Robustuous, II. 29/45.
 Roitish, *adj.* = straggling, I. 107/160. Halliwell-Phillips gives root = to walk about idly.
 Roseal, *adj.*, I. 15/58, 65/58, 92/203, 130/154, etc., etc. Cf. Du Bartas' 2d day, 1st week, 432: Magnif. 354. So *frequenter*, e.g. Sir T. Elyot, Davenant, etc., etc. So 'lacteal,' etc.
 Rough-cast, *v.*, I. 40/167.
 Rough-cast, *sb.*, I. 88/141; II. 198/299.
 Roul, *v.* = to roll, I. 20/132, 38/135, 204/320, etc.
 Rout, *sb.* = mob, II. 35/272, 30/203, 67/205.
 Royle'd, *adj.*—query our 'riled' = disturb, vex, II. 156/195. 'Roiled, soiled affections' (Ward's Sermons, p. 65): 'The lambe down stream *roiled* the wolf's water above' (North's Examen, p. 354): 'That his friends . . . should believe it was what *roiled* him extremely' (*Ibid.* Life of Lord Guilford, ii. 241).
 Rub, *sb.*, I. 39/157, 98/24.
 Rubrick, *adj.*, rubrick, I. 33/64; II. 33/236.
 Ruby, *adj.*, I. 158/255; II. 73/292.
 Rudely-blustering, II. 163/306.
 Rue, *v.*, ru'd, I. 84/84, 120/7; II. 11/148.
 Rueful, *adj.*, ruful, I. 158/251, 176/191; II. 57/41.
 Ruff, I. 70/144. Du Bartas' Schism, 1010—a small river

fish, a species of perch. See Is. Walton i. c. xx. called also a pope, a Jack Ruff.
 Ruffled, *v.*, II. 163/302.
 Ruffling, *adj.*, I. 112/223.
 Ruffling loose, II. 155/181.
 Russled, *v.*, II. 50/210.
 Russling, *adj.*, I. 183/1.

S

SACK, *sb.*, I. 68/113.
 Sad = heavy, II. p. 239/2, l. 7; II. 106/168.
 Sagely-sprightful, II. 201/25.
 Saint-seeming, II. 121/167.
 Salacious, II. 148/81.
 Salamanders, I. 169/100. See Browne's Vulgar Errors. Falstaff calls Bardolph's red nose a salamander. The old old story found in Pliny (N. H. x. 67) of its quenching fire but not as to its living in it. Cf. Batman upon Barth, xviii. 92. See Brewer, *s.v.*
 Salt-royl'd = made turbid with salt, I. 64/52. See Royl'd.
 Salutiferous, I. 122/31; II. 139/235.
 Salvage, I. 57/183, 58/198, 79/4, *et frequenter*.
 Salvagely, I. 155/217.
 Salvageness, I. 134/220, 161/305, 171/125, etc.
 Sand, *sb.*, fruitless sand = wasted time, alluding to the Hour-glass, II. 15/217.
 Sanhedrim, II. 66/183.
 Sapless, I. 150/131, 165/32, 166/48, 170/101, etc.
 Sappers, I. 70/137.
 Saracenic, II. 95/10.
 Saucy, *adj.*, II. 86/117.
 Savageness, I. 97/8.
 Say, *sb.*, let them say their say, II. 174/148.
 Scaley, II. 122/187, 184/74.
 Scalt, *v.*, I. 220/126.
 Scanter, *adj.*, I. 166/52.
 Scape, *v.*, scaping, I. 126/88, 229/260.
 Scare-crow, *adj.*, II. 106/172.
 Schedule, I. 18/101.
 Science, I. 116/285.
 Score, *sb.*, scores, I. 34/74; II. 48/178, 218/52.
 Score, *sb.*, to run upon the score, I. 34/80; II. 187/132.
 Scrambling, *adj.*, I. 108/161, 152/168; II. 86/125, 145/28. *craping, sb.*, II. 218/92.
 Scritchowls, I. 156/221.
 Scrued, *adj.*, I. 215/50.
 Scrued, *v.*, II. 175/170, 206/92.
 Scud, *v.*, I. 186/51.
 Scum, *sb.* = foam, I. 147/92.
 Scum, *sb.*, the populace, II. 145/30.
 Seal'd, I. 48/42.
 Sear, *adj.*, I. 51/93, 165/37.
 Seasing, *v.* = seizing, I. 41/166.
 Seav'n-horned, I. 165/34.
 Seav'n-times-redoubted, I. 177/208.
 Secular, I. 95/241.
 Secure, *adj.* = confident, II. 66/178, 176/189.
 Securely, *adv.* = carelessly, confidently, II. 118/120.

- Seirce, *sb.*, II. 60/99.
 Seized of, *v.* = possessed of, II. 173/133.
 Seizings, *sb.* = seizure, as of violent pain, etc., II. 88/155.
 Cf. *taken* in Ben Jonson's 'Sad Shepherd,'—
 'Poor Tom, the cook, is *taken*,' etc.
- Self-applauding, I. 203/305.
 Self-destroying, I. 128/128.
 Self-felony, II. 166/27.
 Self-shattering, II. 21/69.
 Self-thwarting, I. 156/225.
 Self-treason, I. 164/16.
 Sell, *sb.* = sill, threshold, I. 151/150.
 Sent, *sb.* = scent, II. 9/117, 41/81, 79/24, etc.
 Septennial, I. 165/36.
 Sequester, *v.*, sequestred, I. 204/317; II. 160/265, 162/284, 201/11.
 Sequestration, II. 212/176.
 Seren'd, *v.*, II. 68/217.
 Serpent-like, I. 22/166.
 Set, *adj.*, II. 161/280.
 Shaked, *v.*, shak'd = shook, I. 12/19, 215/47.
 Shaked, *adj.*, II. 93/235, 142/272.
 Shambles, I. 158/255; II. 38/39, 182/67.
 Shapeless shapes, I. 152/168; II. 122/185.
 Sharp-affrighted, I. 165/37.
 Sharp-ey'd, I. 156/226.
 She (that she), I. 124/56, 127/110, etc.
 Shear, *v.* = to reap, II. 115/81.
 Sheepish, II. 25/122, 27/155.
 Shelf, *sb.*, shelves, shelfs, I. 94/233; II. 4/53, 104/145.
 Shift, *sb.*, a garment, II. 198/299.
 Shiftless, II. 71/258, 124/5.
 Shipwrack, *sb.*, II. 145/37, 146/54.
 Shipwrack'd, *v.*, II. 2/22.
 Shivers, *sb.*, to start or run into shivers, I. 185/33; II. 120/152.
 Shivers, *sb.*, pieces, fragments, II. 21/69.
 Shoar, *sb.*, shoars = shore, II. 74/298, 147/57.
 Shop, *sb.* = storehouse, I. 112/225; II. 133/139.
 Shore-girted, II. 157/217.
 Short-winded, I. 67/92.
 Short-writ, II. 169/79.
 Shoulder'd, *v.* = pushed aside with the shoulder. Cf. Hall's Def. to Envy, st. 7, and Marston's ridicule of it. II. 128/68.
 Shred, *v.*, II. 150/111.
 Shrowd, *sb.* = shroud, II. 67/198.
 Shuffled in, *v.*, I. 92/198.
 Siege, *sb.*, I. 93/212.
 Sigh-clogg'd, II. 99/63.
 Sign'd, *v.* (here himself he signed), query with sign of cross? II. 103/127.
 Silken, I. 129/135; II. 88/160, 133/131, 148/82.
 Silly, *adj.* = simple, I. 73/188, 79/11, 86/107, 92/192, etc.
 Silvers, *v.*, II. 192/215.
 Silver-shaming, II. 241, whiteness, I. 13.
 Silver-thrilling, I. 194/174.
 Simple, II. 158/66.
 Simpleness, II. 155/178, 184/87.
- Simplicity, II. 167/52.
 Sincerest honey = purest, *sine cera*, I. 53/124.
 Sin-condemned, II. 31/215, 47/166.
 Sin-fatning, II. 47/174.
 Singler, II. 79/25.
 Singular, II. 168/56.
 Singularity, singularities, II. 12/169, 167/52.
 Sinister, I. 220/116; II. 135/167.
 Sink, *sb.*, I. 110/194.
 'Where sorrows find their sink and cares their grave.'
 Sink, *sb.* = cess-pool (conventicle's sink), II. 83/83.
 Sirenian, *adj.*, I. 150/134.
 Sirly, II. 124/1.
 Sirname, II. 120/158.
 Sixt, I. 126/95.
 Skeptick, *adj.*, II. 131/112.
 Skilled, *v.*, skills't, I. 73/180, 74/195; II. 35/270.
 Skru'd, *v.*,
 Slake, *v.*, I. 98/17; II. 87/135.
 Slaver, *sb.*, II. 23/90.
 Sleek, I. 112/228.
 Sleep'd, *v.*, slep'd = slept, I. 134/207, 144/46, 216/65.
 Sleep-inthralled, I. 113/242.
 Sleight, *adj.* = slight, superficial, II. 15/217.
 Sleighted, *adj.*, II. 125/25.
 Sleight-handed, I. 170/170.
 Sleiting, *v.*, II. 123/195.
 Slender-mighty, I. 110/204.
 Slovenish, II. 13/186.
 Slovenry, I. 22/162; II. 13/188.
 Slow-paced, I. 160/286; II. 39/41.
 Smart, *adj.* = pungent (smart gall), I. 168/81.
 Smoaky, II. 23/89.
 Smooth-burnish'd, I. 174/170.
 Smooth-fac'd, I. 38/139.
 Smug, *adj.*, I. 80/23, 97/4, 175/176; II. 107/188, 148/81, 150/114.
 Smutch, *v.*, II. 138/222.
 Snaky-heads, I. 14/45.
 Snarle, *v. int.*, to disagree, I. 49/62.
 'Making the most divided things agree,
 And most united snarle.'
 Snarle, *v.* = to quarrel, to snarle as a dog snarled, snarleth, I. 217/76; II. 143/6, 145/26.
 Snarled, *v. tr.*, ensnared, entangled, I. 181/275, 211/420.
 Snarled, *adj.*, snarl'd = entangled, I. 12/9, 31/27, 152/168; 176/205; II. 119/124, 122/188, 165/22.
 Snarled, *adj.*, ensnared, II. 40/67.
 Snarles, *sb.* = snares, or rather entanglements, I. 174/169.
 Snarling, *adj.* = disagreeing, as dogs snarl (snarling discords), etc., I. 32/47; II. 83/80.
 Snatch'd, *v.*, I. 128/124.
 Sneak'd, *v. tr.*, sneak'd their faint heads aside, I. 14/47.
 Sneaking, *adj.*, I. 222/164; II. 18/23.
 Sneesings, *sb.*, I. 106/139.
 Snowy, snowy age = old age, II. 20/45.
 Snowy-countenance'd, I. 53/118.

- Snugging, *v.*, I. 29/6.
 Soaking, *adj.*, II. 147/60.
 Soar, *sb.*, soars = sore, II. 66/189, 77/352, 209/135, 8, etc.
 Sober, *adj.* = self-restrained, II. 33/247. There is a curious parallel in Chapman's Gentleman Usher, where one of the speakers excuses a drunken woman by saying :—
 'She's as discrete a dame
 As any in these countries, and as *sober*
 But for this only humour of the cup.'
- Soder, *sb.*, I. 227/222.
 Soder, *v.*, soder'd, I. 29/2; II. 36/8, 79/13.
 Soder'd up, *v.* = closed, I. 29/2.
 Soft-harted, II. 110/9.
 Soft-lay'd, II. 162/293.
 Soft-murmuring, I. 77/245.
 Softer sex, II. 39/50.
 Softest-hardest, II. 227/185.
 Solæcism, I. 91/191.
 Solecism, II. 175/161.
 Solid, *adj.* = serious, II. 152/140.
 Sonnets, I. 34/80.
 Sooty, I. 121/18, 155/219; II. 46/147, 174/153, 180/32.
 Sophistick, *adj.*, II. 118/119.
 Sore, *v.* = to soar, II. 226/166, 229/212.
 Sorry, *adj.* = mean, contemptible. I. 132/180; II. 34/254, 43/101.
 'Sortlyness'—our misprint in note for 'Portlyness,' which see.
 Sot, *sb.*, I. 228/249.
 Sottish, II. 115/74, 116/95, 123/195.
 Sottishness, II. 5/60, 9/119, 27/156, 116/87, etc.
 Soul-attracting, II. 13/190.
 Soul-bigamy, II. 137/203.
 Soul-blinding, II. 85/102.
 Soul-charming, I. 67/92, 134/218; II. 79/42, etc.
 Soul-cheering, II. 2/19; 225/159.
 Soul-commanding, I. 99/30.
 Soul-conquering, I. 32/48; II. 103/130.
 Soul-deflouring, I. 120, the Argument.
 Soul-embraving, II. 147/59.
 Soul-enlivening, II. 153/152.
 Soul-knawing, I. 217/74.
 Soule-knawing, I. 148/113.
 Soul-fatning, I. 117/301.
 Soul-inamoring, II. 148/113.
 Soul-piercing, I. 143/36.
 Soul-plundering, II. 200/9.
 Soul-plying, I. 100/55; II. 147/61, 159/239.
 Soul-ravishing, II. 73/294.
 Soul-subduing, II. 119/140. The two literary ladies in 'Martin Chuzzlewit' had often contemplated Elijah Pogram 'in the speaking marble of the soul-subduing Ciggle.'
 Soul of sweetness, II. 196/279.
 Sourer, *adj.*, II. 159/250.
 Soused, *v.*, sous'd, I. 12/19; II. 46/159.
 Sousing, *adj.*, II. 103/121.
 Soverain, I. 100/43.
 Sovereignly-odious, I. 154/205.
 Spangles, *sb.* = stars, I. 137/252. 'The twinkling *spungles*, the ornaments of the upper world' (Glanville, quoted by Latham, *s.v.*).
 Spars, *sb.*, II. 76/326.
 Speciousness, II. 161/271.
 Spectacle, *sb.* = an object of sight, I. 149/124.
 Spectacles, *sb.* = optic glasses, II. 166/30.
 Speculation = contemplation, II. 168/68.
 Speculation = object contemplated, II. 170/93, 171/102.
 Spermatick, *adj.*, spermatick Nile, I. 165/34.
 Spew, *v.*, spew'd, spu'd, I. 215/54, 228/241, 231/292.
 Spewing, *adj.*, II. 121/161.
 Spherick, *adj.*, II. 152/140.
 Spice-breathing, I. 59/214.
 Spight, *sb.* = spite, I. 37/119, 119/327, 155/209, etc.
 Spightful = spiteful, I. 41/180, 97/9, 115/271; II. 39/51, etc.
 Spinster, *sb.* = spinner, I. 64/51.
 Splendidly-contagious, I. 215/53.
 Splendidness, I. 145/63.
 Sprightful, I. 46/20, 53/126, 58/198, etc.
 Sprightfulness, II. 61/101.
 Spruce, I. 14/29, 34/79, 57/182, 110/201, 219/109, etc.
 Sprucer, I. 103/93.
 Sprucely, I. 41/178; II. 163/302, 221/95.
 Sprucest, I. 43/219, 109/180; II. 86/123.
 Spurious, II. 180/31.
 Spurring, *adj.*, II. 164/7.
 Square, *v.*, squared, I. 208/376; II. 13/183, 162/287.
 Squeazed, *adj.*, squeezed, I. 59/206, 225/194; II. 58/62-63.
 Squeazing, *v.*, I. 220/128.
 Squire, *sb.*, squires, II. 148/81, 181/46, 184/93.
 Stable-born, I. 192/140.
 Staff of life = Jacob's staff, the prelude to the quadrant, II. 9/130.
 Stark-frozen, I. 211/417.
 Stark-mad, I. 152/168.
 Stark raving, II. 3/32.
 Starved, *adj.*, I. 166/47.
 State-blast, II. 34/257.
 Stated, *v.*, I. 169/99.
 Stately-beauteous, I. 103/89.
 Stay, *sb.*, I. 187/62.
 Stayers, *sb.* = stairs, I. 150/137, 173/150, 191/117, etc.
 Steal, *v.* = to insinuate, II. 162/286.
 Steals, *v.* = steals about, I. 100/46.
 Steely, I. 151/252, 228/240; II. 56/34.
 Steep-down, *adj.*, I. 46/14. Cf. Shakespeare's Sonnets. steep-up.
 Steeping, I. 36/107.
 Stern-fac'd, II. 98/46.
 Stick, *v.*, II. 149/97. I stick not = hesitate not.
 Sticklers, *sb.*, I. 91/187.
 Stickling, *adj.*, II. 179/18.
 Stifeled, *v.*, II. 65/16.
 Stigmatize, *v.*, II. 82/68.
 Still-florid, I. 117/301.
 Stiptick, *adj.*, I. 51/98.

- Stock, to spend on the stock, II. 156/201.
 Stomach, *v.*, I. 61/9.
 Stomach, *sb.*, I. 62/16, 76/225, 101/58, 157/236, etc.
 Stomachful, I. 73/175, 180/256; II. 180/39, 161/280.
 Stones, to roll all stones = to use all means, I. 187/70.
 Stony, stony eye = uncompassionate, II. 45/142.
 Stopping, *v.* = stopping, I. 153/176.
 Stories, *sb.*, of a building, II. 227/180.
 Stoutly-flashing, I. 134/210.
 Stoutly-paradoxick, II. 78/1.
 Stout-winged, II. 165/16.
 Stowage, II. 166/37.
 Stragling, *adj.*, II. 156/204.
 Strait-besieged, I. 164/18.
 Strait-embraced, I. 23/174.
 Strait-lac'd, I. 166/52.
 Strange-temper'd, I. 124/57.
 Strangely-broach'd, I. 137/265.
 Strangely-massacred, II. 93/232.
 Strangely-potent, I. 40/175.
 Strangely-precious, I. 167/64.
 Strangury, I. 159/272.
 Strappados, II. 182/69.
 Straw = strawberry, I. 70/140.
 Streak, *v. int.*, I. 111/225.
 Strein, *v.*, strein'd, I. 230/273; II. 73/290, 79/15.
 Strein, *sb.*, II. 2/11, 11/147, 96/18-19.
 Strictly-straight, II. 167/52.
 Stroaking, *v.* = caressing, II. 151/130.
 Stroke, *v.* = struck, I. 174/162; II. 24/105, 188/153.
 Stroking, *v.* = caressing, II. 142/273.
 Strong-built, a strong-built lie, II. 26/140.
 Strong-reaching, I. 78/250.
 Strong-tallon'd, II. 182/62.
 Strook, *v.* = struck, II. 98/42.
 Strutting, *adj.*, I. 104/107.
 Stub, *sb.*, I. 108/161.
 Sturting, *v.* = starting, I. 132/179.
 Suavity, I. 219/103; II. 36/1, 38/29, 74/300, etc.
 Sublimate, *adj.*, I. 187/65.
 Sublimated, *adj.*, I. 224/188; II. 102/112, 167/43.
 Sublunary, II. 135/171, 165/17.
 Substantiality, II. 168/66.
 Suburb, *adj.*, wild suburb servants, II. 165/13.
 Suburbs, *sb.*, II. 231/240.
 Suburbs, *sb.*, suburbs of her soul, II. 114/58.
 Suckers, *sb.*, — of a plant, II. 179/11.
 Sucking, *adj.*, sucking knaves, II. 21/58.
 Sucking, *adj.*, sucking schisms, II. 132/117.
 Sucking = immature, but growing. 'My enemies are but sucking critics who would fain be nibbling ere their teeth are come' (Dryden's Preface to *All for Love*). The word is still used, *e.g.*, a Middy is called 'a sucking Nelson.'
 Sue, *v. int.* = to follow, to ensue, I. 40/167.
 Sued, *v.* = intreated, II. 175/173.
 Sugar'd, *adj.*, I. 226/217; II. 107/188, 118/119.
 Suit, *sb.*, of clothes, II. 112/34.
 Sulfury, II. 19/38.
 Sulphury, II. 3/37, 57/47.
 Sultan, I. 155/212.
 Sumpture, *sb.*, sumptures, I. 137/258, 144/54, 175/187.
 Sun-affronting, I. 110/202.
 Sun-bred, I. 209/395.
 Sun-outshining, I. 171/126.
 Superglorious, II. 116/99.
 Supernal, I. 195/190.
 Supposal, I. 74/200.
 Sure-set, II. 146/52.
 Surplusage, I. 197/212, 204/324; II. 74/309, etc.
 Suspensive, I. 35/97.
 Sustentation, II. 36/10.
 Sute, *sb.*, in every danger's sute = suit at law, met., I. 177/219.
 Suters, *sb.* = suitors, II. 148/72.
 Swaddling, swadling, I. 132/178, 134/216.
 Swarthinness, II. 20/47.
 Swarthy, I. 110/196, 193/146, 228/240; II. 46/147, etc.
 Sweaty, I. 141/4.
 Sweet-bitter, II. 3/32, 100/78.
 Sweet-complexion'd, II. 137/193.
 Sweet-invenom'd, I. 117/299.
 Sweet-thrilling, II. 132/126.
 Sweet-tormenting, I. 80/24.
 Sweet-tuned, I. 200/257; II. 162/286.
 Sweeter-throated, I. 135/221.
 Sweetly-cheated, I. 60/227.
 Sweetly-flaming, I. 106/132.
 Sweetly-loyal, II. 72/273.
 Sweetly-spightful, I. 116/289.
 Sweetly-swelling, I. 146/73, 181/267.
 Sweetly-temper'd, I. 213/17.
 Sweetly-thrilling, I. 97/6.
 Sweetly-wounded, II. 38/37.
 Sweetest-tuned, I. 172/134.
 Swep'd, *v.*, I. 175/179.
 Swift-footed, I. 170/114.
 Swindge, *sb.*, I. 91/185, 202/289.
 Swoning, *adj.* = swooning, I. 122/29.
 Sybarit, II. 10/132.
 Sydereal, II. 164/5.
 Syllable = syllabus, or table of contents, I. p. 5.
 Symmetrical, I. 67/94; II. 224/144.
 Symmetrically, II. 12/170.
 Syneidesis, I. 29/11, 30/20.
 Synod, I. 138/266.

T

- TABLE, *sb.* = picture, Fr. *tableau*, I. 9/25, 48/45, 173/147; II. 132/123.
 Tactile, I. 35/95, 71/158.
 Tale—full tale, II. 35/276.
 Taliation = retaliation, II. 97/26.
 Tallon'd, *v.*, I. 166/50.
 Tallons, *sb.*, I. 173/157, 202/289.
 Tantalizes, *v.*, II. 188/72.
 Tapers, I. 173/153; II. 11/158, 73/282.
 Tarantula, I. 101/57.
 Tart, *adj.*, II. 158/230.

- Taster, I. 117/302.
 Tawny, *adj.*, I. 12/17.
 Tax'd, *v.*, taxes, II. 160/259, 174/146.
 Teen, *sb.*, II. 26/142.
 Tekel, II. 17/9.
 Tell-tale, *adj.*, I. 26/226.
 Tell-truth, *sb.*, I. 82/42. 'He 'll dismiss you with a pill to rectify your judgment that shall send you to a place where a great many bold *tell-truths* are gone before you' (Thomas Brown's Works, iii. 20—not Sir Thomas Browne).
 Temper, *sb.* = quality, disposition, I. 76/230, 154/200; II. 134/151, 181/44.
 Temper'd, *v.*, II. 178/7.
 Tempest-broken, II. 44/130.
 Tempestuous, I. 149/121.
 Temple-steps, I. 68/107. See our Introduction (II. Critical).
 Tender-hearted, I. 158/257.
 Tender-temper'd, II. 65/166.
 Tenders, *v.* = esteems, I. 220/123, 231/284.
 Tenders, *v.* = offers, I. 225/191; II. 7/87, 12/162, 64/151.
 Ten-horned, I. 179/246.
 Tenter = a stretcher or frame used by clothiers and dyers, on which were tenter-hooks for stretching serges, etc. In Devonshire the fields in which these frames are set up are called rack-fields, rack being = tenter: from Latin *tendere*. II. 89/163.
 Tenter'd, *v.* = stretched as by tenter-hooks, I. 146/76; II. 8/109, 12/166, 89/163.
 Tenuity, II. 129/75.
 Tepidness, II. 164/5.
 Terrene, II. 181/41.
 Tew, *sb.* = rope? tow? II. 31/210. So Halliwell-Phillipps—the rope by which a boat is towed. But query = some forms of taws, the pedagogic instrument?
 Thawn, *v.*, I. 141/2.
 Theanthropick, I. 123/42; II. 38/34.
 Them, *sb.*, with entheous them, II. 170/96.
 Theorb, I. 67/93.
 Thickset, II. 79/24.
 Thievish, I. 169/86.
 Thorough, II. 21/59, 42/90.
 Thoughtful, I. 152/196, 207/361; II. 158/232.
 Thoughtfulness, I. 155/208.
 Threadbare, II. 183/77.
 Threap, *v.*, threap'd, I. 94/227; II. 148/83, 191/198.
 Three inches—within three inches of death. II. 37/15, 126/38, = in a ship. So Doune, etc.
 Three-forked, II. 120/156.
 Thriambeutick = Triumphal, II. 88/151. The Greek verb is *θριαμβέω* but the *adj.* *θριαμβικός*.
 Thrill, *v.*, thrill'd, I. 116/290, 219/11; II. 168/68.
 Thrilling, *adj.*, II. 175/171.
 Throws, *sb.* = throes, I. 59/208, 202/292.
 Tickle, *v.*, tickled, I. 158/262; II. 67/202, 135/161.
 Tickling, *adj.*, I. 164/17; II. 114/61, 155/190, 166/36.
 Ticklings, *sb.*, II. 23/99.
 Timber'd, *adj.*, goodly timber'd limbs, I. 15/61. 'A goodly *timber'd* fellow, valiant no doubt' (Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover, i. 1): 'Lisander was a *fine timber'd* gentleman and actor' (*ib.* Lover's Progress v.): 'May I not be a page? I am old enough, *well-timber'd* too' (Massinger's Bashful Lover, v. 1).
 Tincture, I. 124/64, 215/41; II. 2/11, 96/14, 145/36.
 Tip'd, *v.* = typified, I. 136/237. Cf. Du Bartas' Urania, st. 62.
 'He [the lark] cuts the yielding air, and flies
 To heav'n to type your future joys.'
 Richardson's Pamela, ii. 385.
 Tire, *sb.* = tress, I. 43/218, 103/94; II. 112/34, 180/27.
 Tir'd, *v.* = attired, II. 28/164.
 Titan = the Sun, II. 62/129, 84/91, 86/129.
 To = compared to, I. 165/38.
 Tohn, I. 105/117.
 Toll'd, *v.*, I. 158/259.
 Too too, I. 17/93, 51/93, 53/125, 100/43, 133/198, etc.
 Too-too-posting, II. 163/298.
 Top, *sb.*, I. 75/215; II. 9/130, 76/333, 154/173, 157/214, 164/6-9.
 Topicks, *sb.*, II. 92/208.
 Topstone, I. 112/221.
 Total, *sb.*, I. 187/62.
 Touch, *sb.* = trial, I. 68/113, 103/89.
 Touch-stone, I. 103/92; II. 180/51.
 Tower, *v. tr.* ? 'to tower and double that Sublimity,' II. 171/107.
 Tower, *v. int.* = to rise, to ascend, I. 17/97; II. 157/214.
 Towry, *adj.* = lofty, I. 137/260.
 Toys, I. 19/127.
 Towr'd, I. 17/97.
 Trace, *v.* I. 47/40, 90/169, 120/5, 184/19, 213/21. Cf. Hall's Satires v. iii. 8. *et frequenter*.
 Tract, *sb.*, I. 213/21; II. 17/1, 38/32, 180/29.
 Trade, *v.*, I. 95/243, 172/144, 188/88; II. 56/28, etc.
 Trade, *sb.*, I. 77/252, 203/296; II. 124/10, 161/269.
 Trading, *sb.*, II. 16/224.
 Traduction, I. 167/70.
 Tragick-Comedy, II. 192/206.
 Trained, *v.*, I. 65/68.
 Trains, *sb.*, I. 37/120.
 Transanimates, *v.*, II. 242, l. 12.
 Traluced, I. 193/146.
 Tralucid, I. 18/100 108/165; II. 224/132.
 Travel, *sb.* = travail, I. 118/322, 129/133, 202/293.
 Travelling, *v.*, *id.*, I. 130/152, 141/7.
 Travelling, *adj.* = travailing, II. 143/7.
 Tricked up, *v.*, II. 156/194.
 Trickt, *v.* = adorned, II. 176/182.
 Triduan, II. 60/97, 217/37.
 Trim, *adj.*, II. 163/302.
 Trim, *v.*, trimms, I. 32/54, 37/126, 48/43, 78/252, etc.
 Trimm'd, I. 17/95.
 Trimbling, II. 62/120.

Trip, *v.*, trip'd, II. 60/97, 74/296.
 Triple One, II. 70/250.
 Triplicity, I. 152/172; II. 168/56.
 Triply-plated, I. 12/16.
 Trow, *v.*, II. 183/76.
 Trump, I. 52/112.
 Trumpeting, *adj.*, II. 27/152.
 Tugged, *v.*, I. 36/116.
 Tumble, *v.*, tumbled, *v. tr.*, I. 151/148; II. 176/178.
 Tumid, I. 120/5; II. 129/73.
 Tumor, I. 124/69, 175/182; II. 182/60.
 Tutor'd, *v.*, II. 173/137.
 Tutoring, *adj.*, II. 18/11.
 Twelve, I. 74/189.
 Twinckling, *adj.*, II. 168/70.
 Twinckling books = stars, I. 138/277.
 Twinkling eyes = stars, II. 82/72.
 Twines, *v.* = twists, I. 37/125.
 Twins of heav'n, I. 29/9.
 Twist, *sb.*, twists, I. 47/28.
 Twit, *v.*, I. 56/174; II. 107/187.
 Twitch, *v.*, II. 40/70.
 Twitches, *sb.*, II. 31/210.
 Two leav'd door = lips, II. 156/198.
 Tympanizeth, *v.*, II. 16/222.
 Tympany, *sb.*, tympanies, I. 159/272; II. 129/173.
 Typick, *adj.*, II. 128/63; I. 149/124; II. 9/121, 128/63.
 Tyranny, II. 173/133.

U

UGLY-TUMID, I. 98/14.
 Umpiers, II. 8/188, 106/163.
 Unable, II. 169/75.
 Unbarbarize, I. 157/249.
 Unbloody, II. 84/94.
 Unbridles, *v.*, I. 160/284.
 Unbuckled, *v.*, II. 29/184.
 Uncase, *v.*, to de-vest? I. 101/56.
 Uncase, *v.* = to uncover, to reveal, II. 33/246, 118/117.
 Unclasp, *v.*, II. 79/17.
 Uncloud, *v.*, unclouds, II. 84/92, 90/179.
 Unconceived, *adj.* = inconceivable, II. 58/69.
 Uncooth, II. 175/169.
 Underwoods, II. 145/28.
 Unfathomable, I. 153/189.
 Unfained, *adj.* = unfeigned, II. 126/35.
 Unfeasible, II. 194/242.
 Unhamper'd, *adj.*, I. 169/89.
 Unhamper'd, *v.* II. 217/40.
 Unhandsom, II. 138/220.
 Unicorn, I. 170/111. See Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors* :—

'I once did see . . .

An angrie Unicorne in his full career
 Charge with too swift a foot, a Jeweller
 That watcht him for the treasure of his horne.'

(Chapman's *Bussy D' Ambois*, ii. 1). See Spenser's *F. Q.*, II. v. 10. Julius Cæsar (ii. 1.) speaks of

'His precious horne sought by his enemyes.' Cf. Brewer, *s.v.*

Unkindly-courteous, II. 1/6.
 Unkingly Tree = the Cross, II. 42/99.
 Unlace *v.* = to unstring, II. 79/17.
 Unpin, *v.*, II. 79/17.
 Unsatiableness, II. 93/230.
 Unsnarle, *v.*, = to loosen, untie, 'unsnarle my promise.' I. 57/190.
 Untuned, *adj.*, II. 143/6.
 Unwashen, *adj.*, II. 130/94.
 Unweildly, I. 122/37, 209/386; II. 122/185.
 Unworthy = undeserved, I. 129/132.
 Upstart, *adj.*, II. 125/13.
 Urcheon—applied to a girl by Goldsmith, I. 174/163, 178/221, 185/36; II. 181/48. Croaker calls Olivia an urchin (Good Natured Man, ii.) So Smollet, 'The little deformed urchin joined her mother with much virulence' (Rod. Random, c. 53). Archbishop Williams, having some frivolous articles of accusation brought against him, said it was easy to 'stride over such urchin articles' (Life of Hacket, ii. 91). But qu.— = a little orc? The orc is a sea-monster that devours men and women. The orc-kin or little ork is the hedge-hog (see Tim Bobbin), supposed to be a sprite or mischievous imp. See Brewer, *s.v.*
 Use, *sb.* = interest, I. 114/256; II. 222/104.

V

VACUITIES, vacuity, I. 216/68; II. 168/65.
 Vail, *sb.* = veil, I. 204/320, 205/333, etc.
 Vail'd, *v.* = veiled, I. 125/79, 204/315.
 Vainly-panting, II. 80/28.
 Van, *sb.*, II. 83/72, 170/87.
 Varlet, *sb.*, varlets, II. 23/98, 26/142, 33/243.
 Veal, *sb.* = a calf, I. 70/143.—
 'Is this a fast to keep
 The larder leane?
 And cleane
 From fat of *veales* and sheep?'
 (Herrick's *Noble Numbers*: to keepe true lent : Grosart's edition of Works, 3 vols.) Latin *vitulus*.
 Venerial, II. 19/40.
 Vengeance-daring, II. 153/189.
 Vent, *v.*, I. 114/25; II. 21/61.
 Venter, *v.*, ventring, I. 36/108, 193/146; II. 62/130.
 Ventricle, I. 142/12.
 Venture, at a venture, II. 69/226.
 Verdent, I. 29/7.
 Verity, verities, I. 51/96; II. 10/140, 140/247.
 Vermin, vermins, I. 13/21; II. 122/187.
 Vernice, *sb.* = varnish, II. 156/193.
 Vestiment, I. 52/115.
 Vestment, vestments, II. 138/219, 163/302, 179/13.
 Viaticum, II. 9/123, 140/249.
 Victual, *v.*, II. 15/218.
 Vie, *v.*, vy, vy'd, then much used, as it was a card term, I. 23/188, 210/407; II. 35/272, 38/32, 113/41, etc.

Vigourousness, I. 175/177.
 Vinaigre, I. 168/81.
 Viperous, I. 37/128, 212/8; II. 20/51, 122/182.
 Viperously, I. 59/210.
 Virago, in a good sense = heroine, II. 136/189. In Bailey's transl. of Erasmus's Colloq. (The Shipwreck) one of the speakers describes a woman supporting her child with one hand and swimming with the other. The other colloquist exclaims in admiration, 'O virago!' The original is 'O virginem' which is explained in a note *feminam fortem*.
 Virgin nymph = water, II. 34/259.
 Virtue, *sb.* = valour, II. 60/96.
 Visibility, II. 68/212.
 Vivacity, II. 13/189.
 Vizard, vizzard, I. 220/122; II. 176/177, 180/30.
 Volumes, *sb.*, the longer volumes of his chain, II. 66/182.
 Vouchaf'd, *v.* = vouchsafed, I. 213/17.
 Voyage, *sb.*, voyages = journeys by land, or air, I. 41/179, 164/22; II. 36/9.
 Vulgar, *sb.*, the common people used contemptuously, I. 153/180, 220/122, 221/133; II. 19/28, 32, 28/162.
 Vulgar, *adj.*, vulgar subjects = those of the lower classes, the common people, II. 165/11.
 Venerable, II. 14/193. A misprint for venerable = to be honoured.

W

WAINS, *sb.*, I. 175/187.
 Want, *sb.* = deficiency, I. 104/109, 141/1.
 Want, *v.*, II. 15/218.
 Wantonize, *v.*, wantoniz'd, wantonizing, I. 16/72, 31/36, 40/166, 103/99, etc.
 Ware, *v.* = wore, I. 156/229, 204/325.
 Washpish, II. 158/230.
 Waspish, I. 185/33; II. 8/103.
 Waxen, *adj.*, made of wax, I. 112/233; II. 148/85, 176/176.
 Weak-wall'd, I. 144/46.
 Weather-beaten, I. 129/133, 198/223.
 Weeds, *sb.* = garments, I. 53/117, 104/105, 113, 132/184, etc.
 Weep'd, *v.*, II. 14/205, 96/11.
 Well, *sb.* = a fountain, II. 162/42.
 Well-dung'd, I. 152/165.
 Well-flesh'd, II. 15/213.
 Well-limbed, well-limbed and fat Bribes, II. 67/192.
 Well-timber'd, bones well timber'd, II. 138/214.
 Welkin, I. 142/1, 177/215, 198/223; II. 39/44, etc.
 Whet, *v.*, II. 93/226.
 Whether = whither, I. 123/46, 128/121.
 Whining, *adj.*, II. 118/118.

Whisketh, *v.*, II. 153/147.
 Whitening, *adj.*, I. 124/64.
 Whither = whether, I. 163/2; II. 117/109.
 Whittle, *sb.*, II. 105/151.
 Why, why, II. 156/204.
 Wide-flaming, II. 174/154.
 Wide-mouth'd, I. 65/63; II. 22/84, 69/232.
 Wide-threshing, I. 149/122.
 Wieth, *sb.* = withe, II. 208/117.
 Wight, *sb.*, wights, I. 129/138, 200/254, 265, 207/359.
 Winch, *v.*, winch'd, II. 149/98, 162/281.
 Wist, *v.*, I. 145/70.
 Wistly, *adv.*, I. 204/324; II. 45/143.
 Wit, *sb.* = wisdom, I. 213/225; II. 37/23, 79/21, 165/18.
 Witch-male, the witch your master, II. 24/112.
 Witchery, II. 46/155.
 Withe, *sb.*, withs, I. 40/163, 41/184, 97/7, 220/129.
 Witty, *adj.* = wise, II. 2/21, 31/214, 164/1.
 Wittiest, II. 20/52.
 Wizzard, I. 151/160, 163/6, 191/120, 216/72; II. 46/152.
 Wolfbane, I. 230/268.
 Wolkin = welkin, I. 116/293.
 World-alariming, II. 84/91.
 Wormship, I. 90/172.
 Worried, *adj.*, worried, II. 40/70, 126/38, 188/153, 216/14.
 Worryingly, *adv. fn. adj.*, worrisome—a word still used colloquially, though not in the Dictionaries, II. 124/7.
 Worried, *v. tr.*, if not duly worried, II. 178/10.
 Worries, *v. int.*, he worries forward, II. 17/4.
 Worrying, *v. int.*, worrying among the waves, I. 67/97.
 Worship, *sb.*, I. 136/239.
 Wrack, *v.*, wracked, I. 25/217, 55/157; II. 24/115.
 Wrack, *sb.*, I. 27/234, 38/137, 198/230, 199/248, etc.
 Wracked, *adj.*, wrack'd, I. 67/97, 198/234; II. 83/82.
 Wrath, *sb.*, I. 30/23.
 Wrest, *v.*, wrests, II. 4/41, 19/30, 32/228.
 Wrestle, *v.*, wrestle out, II. 156/198.
 Wroth, *adj.*, II. 3/37.
 Wry-mouth'd, II. 32/228.

Y

YCLEPED, *v.*, II. 132/121.
 Yoaks, *sb.*, I. 214/34.
 Youngling, younglings, I. 88/135; II. 19/33, 121/162, 149/98.

Z

ZEAL-INFLAMED, II. 14/202.



II.—ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

- VOL. I. 20/135, l. 1, for 'fold' read 'sold': l. 3, 'there' = their.
.. 84/85, l. 6, 'wear'—query read 'bear'? (but perhaps he wrote 'wear' as = a garment on his back.)
.. 95/249, l. 3, 'bear' = bier.
.. 101/60, l. 3, 'broke'—the rhyme requires 'brake.'
.. 118/317, l. 1, imperfect—query for 'strait' read 'straitway'?
.. *ib.* l. 6, 'try'd,' pronounce 'tryèd.'
.. 121/19, l. 5, imperfect—query, insert 'then' after 'what'?
.. 133/192, l. 1, for 'though' read 'thou.'
.. 134/219, l. 5, 'poss'd'—query pos'd = puzzled? or rather 'pass'd' *i.e.* surpassed. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
.. 148/105, l. 5, for 'falacious' read 'salacious.'
.. 179/242, l. 3, imperfect—query, insert 'from' after 'and'?
.. 183/10, l. 4, imperfect—query read 'awake' for 'wake'? or 'waken'? or for loud read 'loudly'?
.. 198/226, l. 2, and in various other places, I have printed 'fragor' as 'fra[n]gor.' But Beaumont really meant 'fragor.' So Samuel Daniel, 'Those thundring fragors that affright the earth' (Philotas, Chorus at end of Act ii.). It seems to have been thus an ineffectual candidate for admission into our English language.
.. 207/362, l. 3, 'damned' = dammed, *i.e.* closed up.
.. 213/17, l. 3, 'vouchaf'd'—query peculiarity of spelling or misprint?
.. 217/81, l. 6, for 'of' read 'oft.'

- VOL. II. 14/193, l. 5, 'vulnerable'—query 'venerable'?
.. 18/12, l. 4, 'achievements'?
.. 18/23, l. 2, for 'sought' read 'fought.'
.. 30/203, l. 4, and relative note—omit comma after 'smart,' 'alarms' being *sb.* 'buzzing their right smart alarms.'
.. 39/47, l. 4, 'Contagion' = contagion.
.. 78/10, l. 1, for 'spightful' read 'sprightful.'
.. 84/91, l. 2, for 'where' read 'were.'
.. 85/107, l. 5, redundant—query read 'proud-heart-burning'? (*not* 'hearted').
.. 85/110, l. 3, Disolation = desolation.
.. 97/34, l. 6, for 'Monferrat' read 'Monserrat.'
.. 121/175, l. 1, 'bread' = bred.
.. 123/203, l. 1, for 'here' read 'her.'
.. 155/183, l. 2, imperfect—query insert 'to' after 'than'?
.. 175/175, l. 3, for 'that' read 'than'?
.. 179/12, l. 3, 'String'—query 'Spring'?
.. 212/180, l. 4, for 'amased'—query, read 'amused'?
.. 217/26, l. 3, for 'me' read 'thee'?
.. 218/41, l. 3, imperfect. In 1648 'holy' comes before 'sprightfulness.'

I have not encumbered the Glossarial Index with the many (somewhat) uncouth Greek-derived names for the personifications or 'characters' and weary catalogues of heretics introduced so lavishly into 'Psyche.' *As a rule* the context fills in the meaning, so that the merest tyro can understand. Any other names incidentally occurring have nothing said of them to warrant a separate index of Names. Only exceptionally therefore and in noticeable cases have any been recorded in the Glossarial Index.

A. B. G.

END OF VOL. II.

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