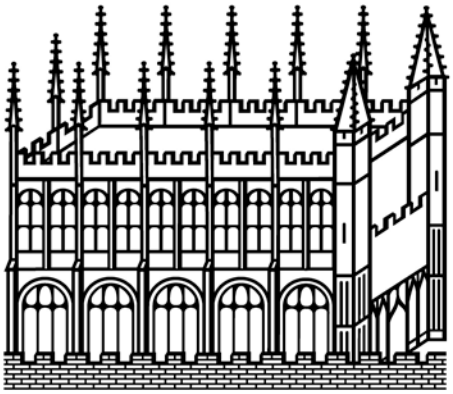

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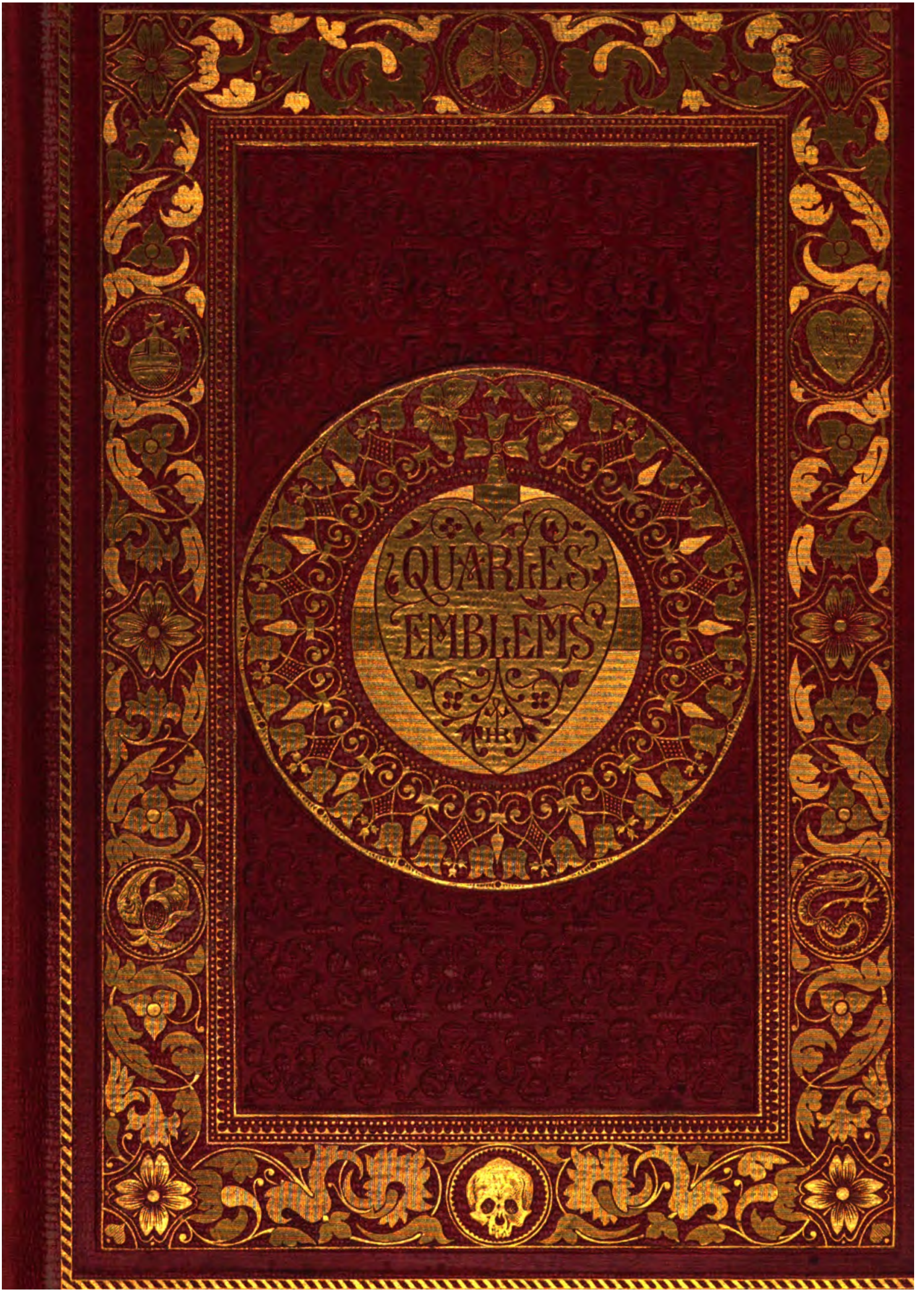
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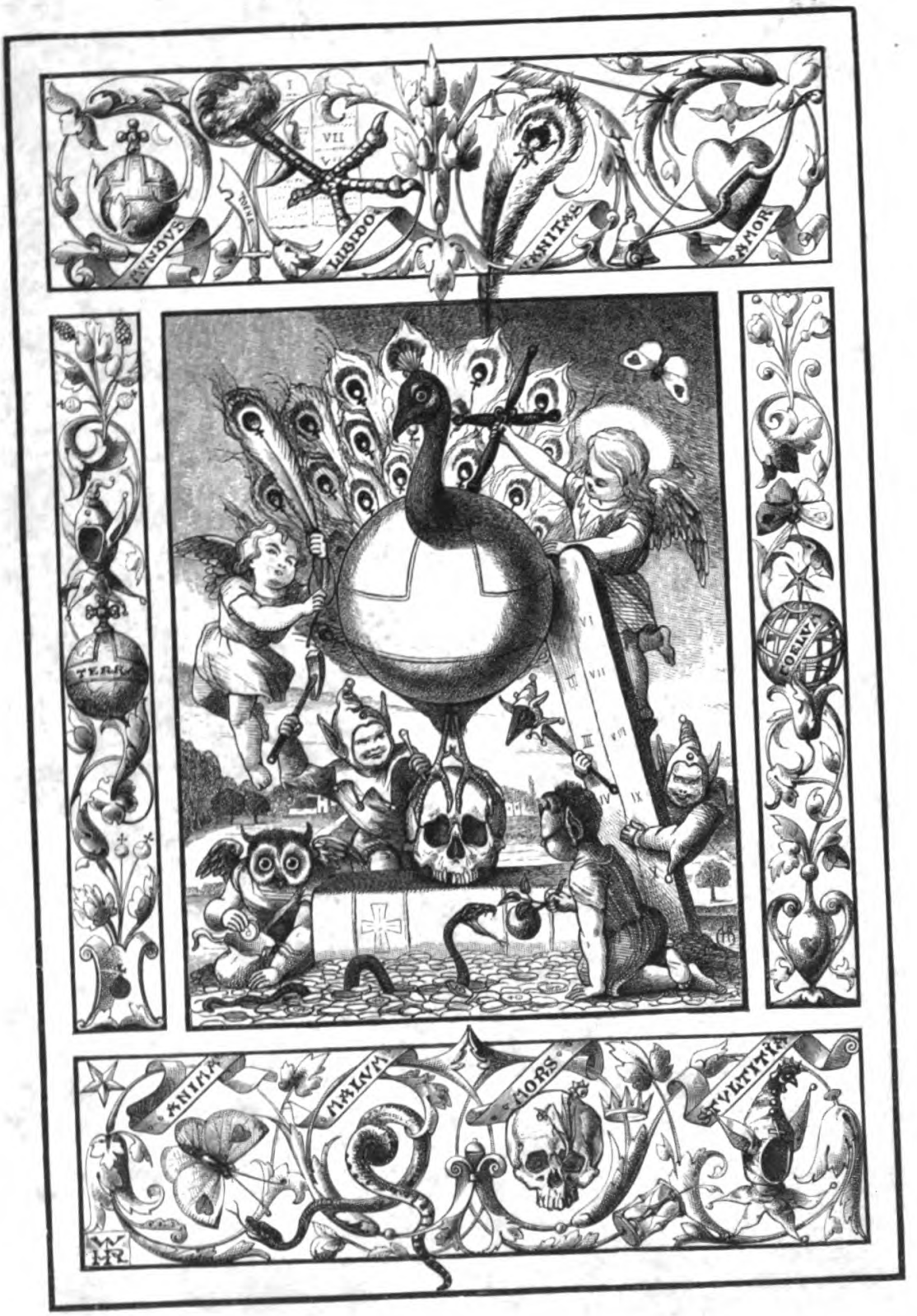
MVNDVS
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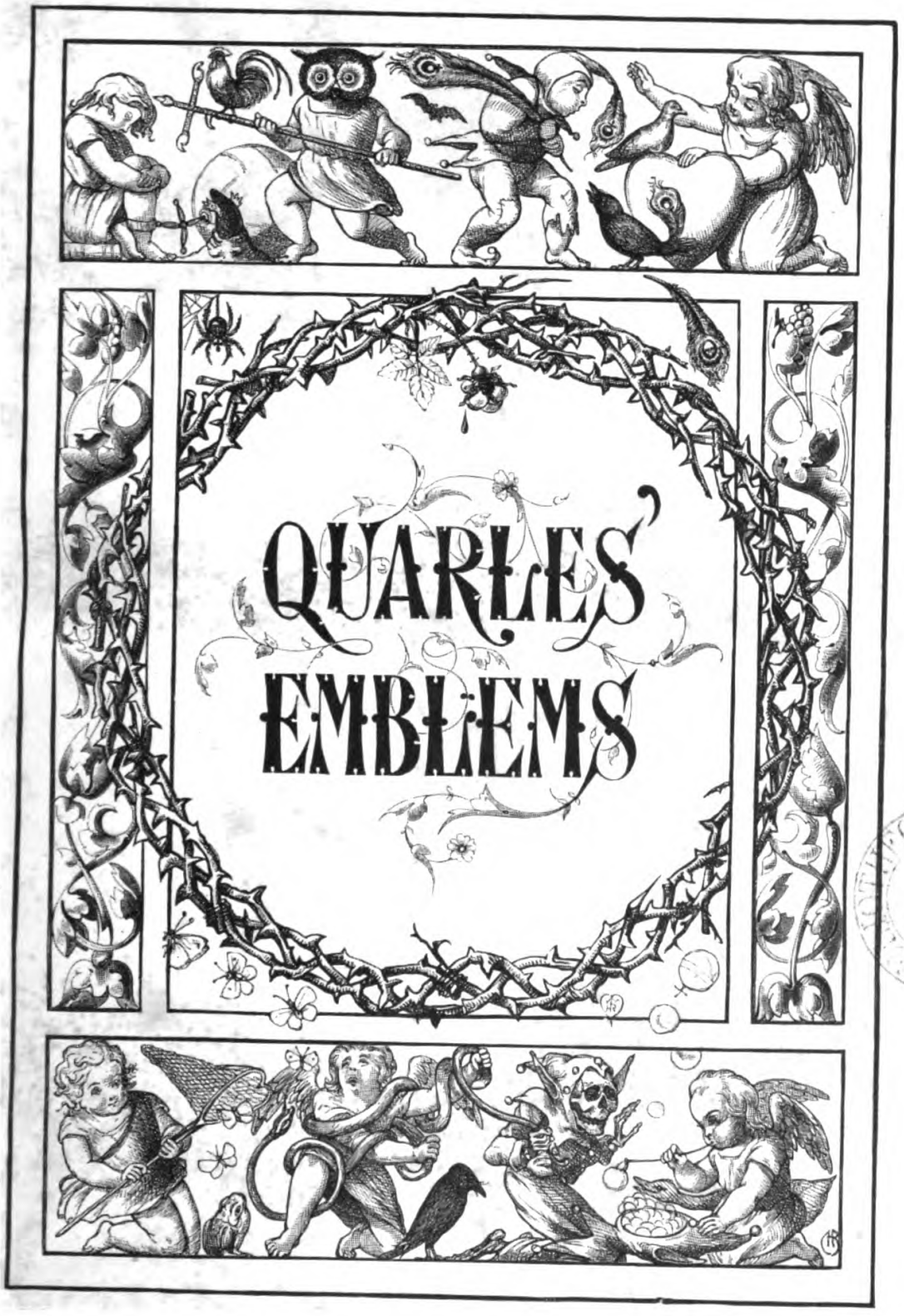

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QUARLES' EMBLEMS

ILLUSTRATED BY

CHARLES BENNETT AND W. HARRY ROGERS.

LONDON:

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MDCCCLXI.

280. d. 10.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

ENGRAVED BY JOSEPH SWAIN AND EDMUND EVANS.

TO

MY MUCH HONOURED, AND NO LESS TRULY

BELOVED FRIEND,

EDWARD BENLOWES, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have put the Theorbo into my hand, and I have played: you gave the musician the first encouragement; the music returneth to you for patronage. Had it been a light air, no doubt but it had taken the most, and among them the worst; but being a grave strain, my hopes are, that it will please the best, and among them you. Toyish airs please trivial ears; they kiss the fancy, and betray it. They cry, Hail, first; and after, Crucify: Let daws delight to immerd themselves in dung, whilst eagles scorn so poor a game as flies. Sir, you have art and candour; let the one judge, let the other excuse.

Your most affectionate Friend,

FRA. QUARLES.

To the Reader.

AN Emblem is but a silent parable: Let not the tender eye check, to see the allusion to our blessed SAVIOUR figured in these types. In holy Scripture he is sometimes called a Sower; sometimes a Fisher; sometimes a Physican: And why not presented so as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of letters, God was known by hieroglyphics. And indeed what are the Heavens, the earth, nay, every creature, but Hieroglyphics and Emblems of his glory? I have no more to say; I wish thee as much pleasure in the reading, as I had in writing. Farewell, Reader.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

BY fathers back'd, by holy writ led on :
Thou show'st the way to HEAV'N by Helicon :
The Muses' font is consecrate by thee,
And Poesy baptized Divinity :
Bless'd soul, that here embark'st : thou fail'st apace,
'Tis hard to say, mov'd more by wit or grace,
Each muse so plies her oar : But O the sail
Is fill'd from Heav'n with a diviner gale :
When poets prove divines, why should not I
Approve in verse this divine poetry ?
Let this suffice to license thee the press :
I must no more ; nor could the truth say less.

Sic approbavit.

RIC. LOVE, *Procan.* Cant.

Tot *Flores* QUARLES, quot *Paradisus* habet
Lectori benè *male*-volo.

Qui legit ex *Horto* hôc *Flores, qui* carpit, *uterque*
Jure potest *Violas* dicere, jure *Rosas :*
Non è *Parnasso VIOLAM, festivè ROSETO*
Carpit *Apollo,* magis quæ sit amœna, *ROSAM.*
Quot *Versus VIOLAS legis ;* & *quem verba* locutum
Credis, *verba* dedit : Nam dedit *ille ROSAS.*
Utque *Ego* non dicam hæc *VIOLAS* suavissima ; *Tute*
Ipse facis *VIOLAS, Livide,* si *violas.*
Nam velut è *VIOLIS* sibi fugit *Aranea* virus :
Vertis at in succos *Hasque ROSAS que* tuos.
Quas *violas Musas, VIOLAS* puto, quasque recusas
Dente tuo *rosas,* has, reor, esse *ROSAS.*
Sic *rosas,* facis esse *ROSAS,* dum *Zoile,* rodis :
Sic facies has *VIOLAS, Livide,* dum *violas.*

EDW. BENLOWES.

BRENT-HALL, 1634.

BOOK THE FIRST

SVBLIME FEROR
TRAMOR INFRA
DVM ASPICIO DESPICIO
COELVM SOLVM

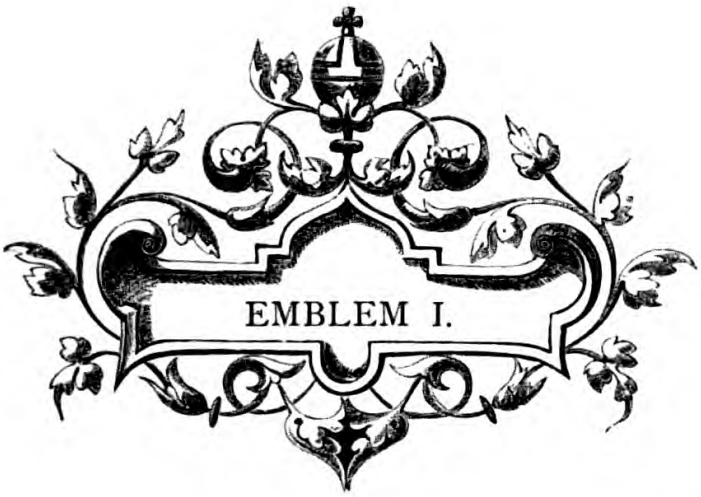
ROUSE thee, my soul; and drain thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts; screw up the heighten'd pegs
Of thy sublime Theorbo four notes high'r,
And high'r yet, that so the shrill-mouth'd quire
Of swift-wing'd seraphims may come and join,
And make the concert more than half divine.
Invoke no muse; let Heav'n be thine Apollo;
And let his sacred influences hallow
Thy high-bred strains. Let his full beams inspire
Thy ravish'd brains with more heroic fire:
Snatch thee a quill from the spread eagle's wing,
And, like the morning lark, mount up and sing:
Cast off these dangling plummets, that so clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon earth; let flesh and blood forbear
To stop thy flight, till this base world appear

A thin blue landscape: let thy pinions soar
So high a pitch, that men may seem no more
Than pismires, crawling on the mole-hill earth,
Thine ear untroubled with their frantic mirth;
Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturb
Thy new-concluded peace; let reason curb
Thy hot-mouth'd passion; and let Heav'n's fire season
The fresh conceits of thy corrected reason.
Disdain to warm thee at lust's smoky fires,
Scorn, scorn to feed on thy old bloat desires:
Come, come, my soul, hoist up thy higher sails,
The wind blows fair; shall we still creep like snails,
That glide their ways with their own native slimes?
No, we must fly like eagles, and our rhymes
Must mount to Heav'n, and reach the Olympic ear;
Our Heav'n-blown fire must seek no other sphere.

Thou, great Theanthropos, that giv'st and ground'st
Thy gifts in dust, and from our dunghill crown'st
Reflecting honour, taking by retail
What thou hast giv'n in gross, from lapsed, frail,
And sinful man: that drink'st full draughts, wherein
Thy children's lep'rous fingers, scurf'd with sin,
Have paddled; cleanse, O cleanse my crafty soul
From secret crimes, and let my thoughts control
My thoughts: O teach me stoutly to deny
Myself, that I may be no longer I:
Enrich my fancy, clarify my thoughts,
Refine my dross; O wink at human faults;

And through the slender conduit of my quill
Convey thy current, whose clear streams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praise:
Crown me with glory, take, who list, the bays.

MALIGNO
LIGNO



Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed.—JAMES I. 14.

Serpent. Eve.

Serp. Not eat? not taste? not touch? not cast an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair tree? and why?
Why eat'st thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or canst thou think that bad which Heav'n call'd good?
Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Blessings unus'd, pervert into a waste
As well as surfeits: woman, do but taste:
See how the laden boughs make silent suit
To be enjoy'd: look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way: observe but how they crouch
To kiss thy hand; coy woman, do but touch:
Mark what a pure vermillion blush has dyed
Their swelling cheeks, and how for shame they hide
Their palsy heads, to see themselves stand by
Neglected: woman, do but cast an eye.
What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for use, refuse not;
Come, pull and eat; y' abuse the thing ye use not.

Eve. Wisest of beasts, our great Creator did
Reserve this tree, and this alone forbid;
The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are
As pleasing to the taste; to the eye as fair:
But touching this, his strict commands are such
'T is death to taste, no less than death to touch.

Serp. Pish; death's a fable; did not Heav'n inspire
Your equal elements with living fire,
Blown from the spring of life? Is not that breath
Immortal? come; ye are as free from death
As he that made you. Can the flames expire
Which he has kindled; can ye quench his fire?
Did not the great Creator's voice proclaim
Whate'er he made, from the blue spangled frame
To the poor leaf that trembles, very good?
Bless'd he not both the feeder and the food?
Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue
From such bless'd food, to such half gods as you?
Curb needless fears, and let no fond conceit
Abuse your freedom; woman, take and eat.

Eve. 'T is true, we are immortal; death is yet
Unborn, and, till rebellion make it death,
Undue; I know the fruit is good, until
Presumptuous disobedience make it ill.
The lips that open to this fruit's a portal
To let in death, and make immortal mortal.

Serp. You cannot die; come, woman, taste and fear not.

Eve. Shall Eve transgress? I dare not, O, I dare not.

Serp. Afraid? why draw'st thou back thy tim'rous arm?
Harm only falls on such as fear a harm.
Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this tree:
'T will make you perfect gods as well as he.

Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness never
Fear death: do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.
Eve. 'Tis but an apple; and it is as good
To do as to desire. Fruit's made for food:
I'll pull, and taste, and tempt my Adam too
To know the secrets of this dainty.
Serp. Do.

S. CHRYS. sup. Matth.

He forced him not: he touched him not: only said, *Cast thyself down;* that we may know, that whosoever obeyeth the devil, casteth himself down: for the devil may suggest, compel he cannot.

S. BERN. in Ser.

It is the devil's part to suggest: ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so often we overcome him: as often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the angels, and glory to God; who opposeth us, that we may contend; and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

EPIG. 1.

Unlucky parliament! wherein, at last,
Both houses are agreed, and firmly past
An act of death confirm'd by higher pow'rs;
O had it had but such success as ours!

TERRA
AER
IGNIS
AQVA
VNICVM
IN·OM
CREVIT
MÆLVM
MÆLVM

Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.—JAMES I. 15.

LAMENT, lament; look, look, what thou hast done:
Lament the world's, lament thine own estate:
Look, look, by doing, how thou art undone;
Lament thy fall, lament thy change of state:
Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone,
See, see too soon, what thou lament'st too late,
O thou that wert so many men, nay, all
Abridg'd in one, how has thy desp'rate fall
Destroy'd thy unborn seed, destroy'd thyself withal!

Uxorious Adam, whom thy Maker made
Equal to angels that excel in pow'r,
What hast thou done? O why hast thou obey'd
Thine own destruction? like a new-cropt flow'r,
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blasted in an hour!
How art thou cow'd that hast the pow'r to quell
The spite of new fall'n angels, baffle hell,
And vie with those that stood, and vanquish those that fell.

See how the world (whose chaste and pregnant womb
Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)
Is now degenerated, and become
A base adult'ress, whose false births do fill
The earth with monsters, monsters that do roam
And rage about, and make a trade to kill:
Now glutt'ny paunches; lust begins to spawn;
Wrath takes revenge, and avarice a pawn;
Pale envy pines, pride swells, and sloth begins to yawn.

The air that whisper'd now begins to roar;
And blust'ring Boreas blows the boiling tide;
The white-mouth'd water now usurps the shore,
And scorns the pow'r of her tridental guide;
The fire now burns, that did but warm before,
And rules her ruler with resistless pride:
Fire, water, earth, and air, that first were made
To be subdu'd, see how they now invade;
They rule whom once they serv'd, command where once obey'd.

Behold, that nakedness, that late bewray'd
Thy glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder;
Behold, those trees whose various fruits were made
For food, now turn'd a shade to shroud thee under;
Behold, that voice (which thou hast disobey'd)
That late was music, now affrights like thunder.
Poor man! are not thy joints grown faint with shaking
To view th' effect of thy bold undertaking,
That in one hour didst mar what Heav'n six days was making.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de Lib. Arbit.

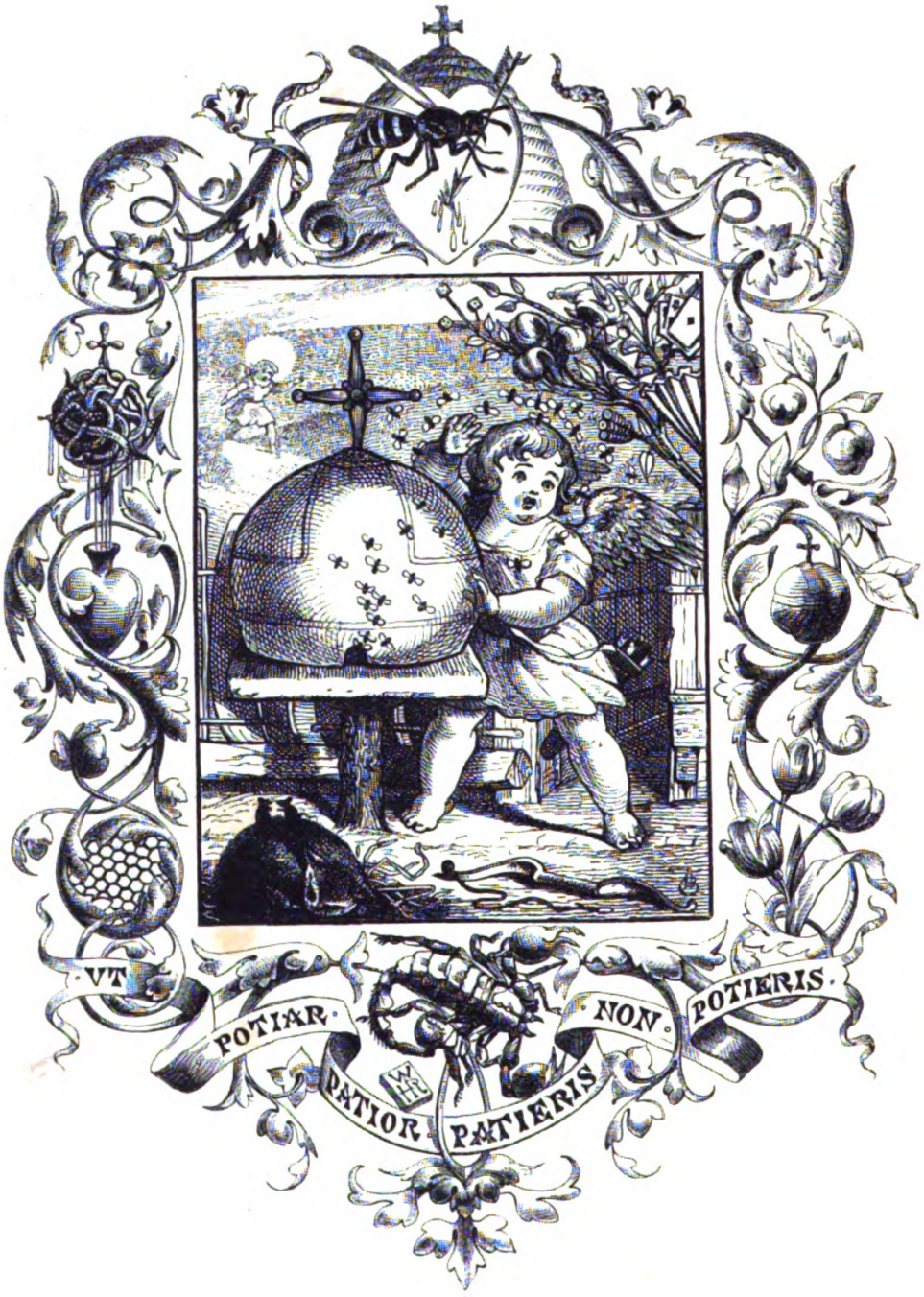
It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that freedom, which man could not use, yet had power to keep, if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right; and that he who would not do righteously, when he had the power, should lose the power to do it, when he had the will.

HUGO de Anima.

They are justly punished that abuse lawful things, but they are most justly punished, that use unlawful things: thus Lucifer fell from heaven: thus Adam lost his paradise.

EPIG. 2.

See how these fruitful kernels, being cast
Upon the earth, how thick they spring! how fast!
A full ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud!
Prepost'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd.


VT POTIAR PATIOR NON POTIERIS PATIERIS

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness.—PROV. XIV. 13.

ALAS! fond child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd
To hope for honey from a nest of wasps?
Thou may'st as well
Go seek for ease in hell,
Or sprightly nectar from the mouth of asps.

The world's a hive,
From whence thou canst derive
No good, but what thy soul's vexation brings:
But case thou meet
Some petty-petty sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

Why dost thou make
These murm'ring troops forsake
The safe protection of their waxen homes?

Their hive contains
No sweet that's worth thy pains;
There's nothing here, alas! but empty combs.

For trash and toys,
And grief-engend'ring joys,
What torment seems too sharp for flesh and blood;
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of real ills,
Men swallow down to purchase one false good!

The dainties here,
Are least what they appear;
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sour:
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not always mellow;
The fairest tulip's not the sweetest flow'r.

Fond youth, give o'er,
And vex thy soul no more
In seeking what were better far unfound;
Alas! thy gains
Are only present pains
To gather scorpions for a future wound.

What's earth or in it,
That longer than a minute,
Can lend a free delight that can endure?
O who would droil,
Or delve in such a soil,
Where gain's uncertain, and the pain is sure?

S. AUGUST.

Sweetness in temporal matters is deceitful: It is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleasure, whose beginning is without Providence, and whose end is not without repentance.

HUGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.

EPIG. 3.

What, Cupid, are thy shafts already made?
And seeking honey to set up thy trade,
True emblem of thy sweets! thy bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a sting.

QVIS LEVIOR ? CVI
PLVS PONDERIS
ADDIT AMOR

To be laid in the balance, it is altogether lighter than vanity.—PSALM LXII. 9.

PUT in another weight: 'tis yet too light:
And yet, fond Cupid, put another in;
And yet another: still there's under weight:
Put in another hundred: put again;
Add world to world; then heap a thousand more
To that; then, to renew thy wasted store,
Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy balance low'r.

Put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure;
Put in great Mammon's endless inventory;
Put in the pond'rous acts of mighty Cæsar:
Put in the greater weight of Sweden's glory;
Add Scipio's gauntlet; put in Plato's gown:
Put Circe's charms, put in the triple crown.
Thy balance will not draw; thy balance will not down.

LORD! what a world is this, which day and night,
Men seek with so much toil, with so much trouble?
Which, weigh'd in equal scales, is found so light,
So poorly overbalanc'd with a bubble!
Good GOD! that frantic mortals should destroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy!

Thou bold impostor, how hast thou befool'd
The tribe of man with counterfeit desire!
How has the breath of thy false bellows cool'd
Heav'n's freeborn flame, and kindled bastard fire!
How hast thou vented dross instead of treasure,
And cheated men with thy false weights and measure,
Proclaiming bad for good; and gilding death with pleasure!

The world's a crafty strumpet, most affecting
And closely following those that most reject her;
But seeming careless, nicely disrespecting
And coyly flying those that most affect her;
If thou be free, she's strange; if strange, she's free;
Flee, and she follows; follow, and she'll flee;
Than she there's none more coy, there's none more fond
than she.

O what a crocodilian world is this,
Compos'd of treach'ries, and insnaring wiles!
She clothes destruction in a formal kiss,
And lodges death in her deceitful smiles;
She hugs the soul she hates; and there does prove
The veriest tyrant, where she vows to love;
And is a serpent most, when most she seems a dove.

Thrice happy he, whose nobler thoughts despise
To make an object of so easy gains ;
Thrice happy he, who scorns so poor a prize
Should be the crown of his heroic pains :
Thrice happy he, who ne'er was born to try
Her frowns or smiles : or being born, did lie
In his sad nurse's arms an hour or two, and die.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward than the world can give; and what is the world, but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, momentary glory perish with herself, and let us be conversant with more eternal things. Alas! this world is miserable; life is short, and death is sure.

EPIG. 4.

My soul, what's lighter than a feather? Wind.
Than wind? The fire. And what, than fire? The mind.
What's lighter than the mind? A thought. Than thought?
This bubble world. What, than this bubble? Nought.

HIS
ORBIS
VERTITVR

The fashion of this world passeth away.—1 COR. VII. 41.

GONE are those golden days wherein
Pale conscience started not at ugly sin:
When good old Saturn's peaceful throne
Was unusurped by his beardless son:
When jealous Ops ne'er fear'd th' abuse
Of her chaste bed, or breach of nuptial truce:
When just Astrea pois'd her scales
In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewails:
When froth-born Venus and her brat,
With all that spurious brood young Jove begat,
In horrid shapes were yet unknown;
Those halcyon days, that golden age is gone.
There was no client then to wait
The leisure of his long-tail'd advocate;
The talion law was in request,
And Chanc'ry Courts were kept in every breast:
Abused statutes had no tenters,
And men could deal secure without indentures:

There was no peeping hole to clear
The wittal's eye from his incarnate fear:
There were no lustful cinders then
To broil the carbonado'd hearts of men:
The rosy cheeks did then proclaim
A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
There was no whining soul to start
At Cupid's twang, or curse his flaming dart:
The boy had then but callow wings,
And fell Erennys' scorpions had no stings:
The better-acted world did move
Upon the fixed poles of truth and love.
Love essenc'd in the hearts of men!
Then reason rul'd, there was no passion then;
Till lust and rage began to enter,
Love the circumf'rence was, and love the centre;
Until the wanton days of Jove,
The simple world was all compos'd of love;
But Jove grew fleshly, false, unjust;
Inferior beauty fill'd his veins with lust:
And cucquean Juno's fury hurl'd
Fierce balls of rape into th' incestuous world:
Astrea fled, and love return'd
From earth, earth boil'd with lust, with rage it burn'd,
And ever since the world hath been
Kept going with the scourge of lust and spleen.

S. AMBROSE.

Lust is a sharp spur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a false gallop.

HUGO.

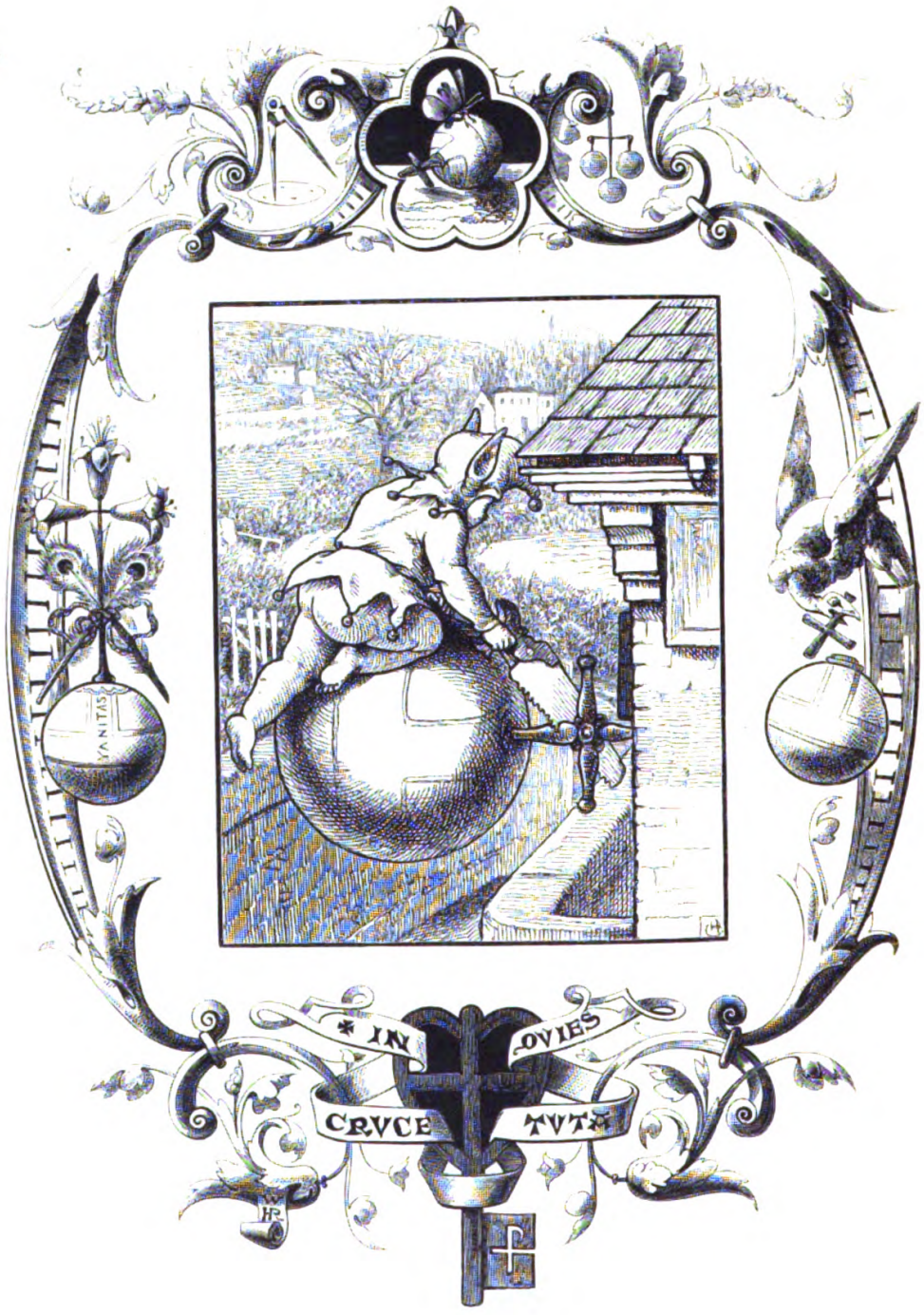
Lust is an immoderate wantonness of the flesh, a sweet poison, a cruel pestilence; a pernicious poison, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the strength of an heroic mind.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of another's felicity: in respect of superiors, because they are not equal to them; in respect of inferiors, lest he should be equal to them; in respect of equals, because they are equal to them. Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of CHRIST.

EPIG. 5.

What, Cupid, must the world be lash'd so soon?
But made at morning, and be whipt at noon?
'T is like the wag, that plays with Venus' doves,
The more 't is lash'd, the more perverse it proves.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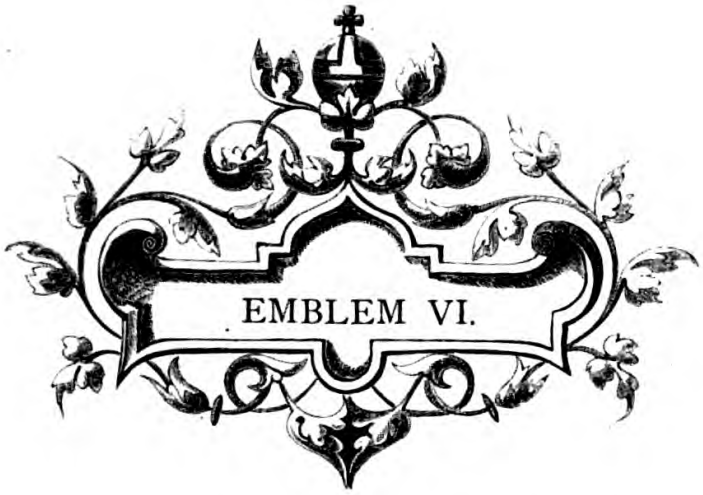


All is vanity and vexation of spirit.—ECCLES. II. 17.

HOW is the anxious soul of man befool'd
In his desire,
That thinks an hectic fever may be cool'd
In flames of fire?
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnish'd gold
From nasty mire?
A whining lover may as well request
A scornful breast
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for rest.

Let wit, and all her study'd plots effect
The best they can;
Let smiling fortune prosper and perfect
What wit began;
Let earth advise with both, and so project
A happy man;
Let wit or fawning fortune vie their best:
He may be blest
With all the earth can give; but earth can give no rest.

Whose gold is double with a careful hand,
His cares are double;
The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land
Bring but a trouble;
The world itself, and all the world's command,
Is but a bubble.
The strong desires of man's insatiate breast
May stand possest
Of all that earth can give; but earth can give
no rest.

The world's a seeming paradise, but her own
And man's tormentor;
Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling stone
Without a tenter;
It is a vast circumference, where none
Can find a centre.
Of more than earth, can earth make none possest;
And he that least
Regards this restless world, shall in this world
find rest.

True rest consists not in the oft revying
Of worldly dross;
Earth's miry purchase is not worth the buying;
Her gain is loss;
Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying
Upon her cross.
How worldlings droil for trouble! that fond breast
That is possess'd
Of earth without a cross, has earth without a rest.

CASS. in PS.

The cross is the invincible sanctuary of the humble, the dejection of the proud, the victory of Christ, the destruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbeliever, the life of the just.

DAMASCEN.

The cross of Christ is the key of paradise; the weak man's staff; the convert's convoy; the upright man's perfection; the soul and body's health; the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.

EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whose whimp'ring folly holds the losses
Of honour, pleasure, health, and wealth such crosses,
Look here, and tell me what your arms engross,
When the best end of what he hugs's a cross?

LATET HOSTIS OTIA DVCIS

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.—1 PETER v. 8.

WHY dost thou suffer lustful sloth to creep,
Dull Cyprian lad, into thy wanton brows;
Is this a time to pay thine idle vows
At Morpheus' shrine? Is this a time to steep
Thy brains in wasteful slumbers? up, and rouse
Thy leaden spirit: is this a time to sleep?
Adjourn thy sanguine dreams, awake, arise,
Call in thy thoughts, and let them all advise,
Hadst thou as many heads as thou hast wounded eyes.

Look, look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring slumbers! If thy drowsy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'st into a bed
Of sulph'rous flames, whose torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wise, let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wisdom; fools are wise too late:
Beware betimes, and let thy reason sever
Those gates which passion clos'd; wake now or never;
For if thou nod'st thou fall'st; and, falling, fall'st for ever.

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare:
His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart;
He aims, he levels at thy slumb'ring heart:
The wound is posting, O be wise, beware.
What, has the voice of danger lost the art
To raise the spirit of neglected care?
Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft reposes;
But know, withal, sweet tastes have sour closes;
And he repents in thorns, that sleeps in beds of roses.

Yet, sluggard, wake, and gull thy soul no more
With earth's false pleasures, and the world's delight,
Whose fruit is fair and pleasing to the sight,
But sour in taste, false as the putrid core:
Thy flaring glass is gems at her half light;
She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poor:
She boasts a kernel, and bestows a shell;
Performs an inch of her fair-promis'd ell:
Her words protest a heav'n; her works produce
a hell.

O thou, the fountain of whose better part,
Is earth'd and gravel'd up with vain desire:
That daily wallow'st in the fleshly mire
And base pollution of a lustful heart,
That feel'st no passion, but in wanton fire,
And own'st no torment, but in Cupid's dart;
Behold thy type: thou sitt'st upon this ball
Of earth, secure, while death that flings at all,
Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames attend
thy fall.

S. Bern.

Security is no where; neither in heaven nor in paradise, much less in the world: In heaven the angels fell from the divine presence; in paradise, Adam fell from his place of pleasure; in the world, Judas fell from the school of our Saviour.

HUGO.

I eat secure, I drink secure, I sleep secure, even as though I had passed the day of death, avoided the day of judgment, and escaped the torments of hell-fire: I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the kingdom of Heaven.

EPIG. 7.

Get up, my soul; redeem thy slavish eyes
From drowsy bondage: O beware, be wise:
Thy foe's before thee; thou must fight, or fly:
Life lies most open in a closed eye.

ET · RISV
· NECAT

Woe unto you that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep.—LUKE VI. 25.

THE world's a popular disease, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantic brains
Of poor distemper'd mortals, oft arising
From ill digestion, th' unequal poising
Of ill-weigh'd elements, whose light directs
Malignant humours to malign effects:
One raves and labours with a boiling liver;
Rends hair by handfuls, cursing Cupid's quiver;
Another, with a bloody flux of oaths,
Vows deep revenge: one doats; the other loaths:
One frisks and sings, and cries, A flagon more
To drench dry cares, and make the welkin roar;
Another droops: the sun-shine makes him sad;
Heav'n cannot please: one's mopp'd: the other's mad:
One hugs his gold; another lets it fly:
He knowing not for whom; nor t'other why.
One spends his day in plots, his night in play;
Another sleeps and slugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing, t'other cries for that.

Wonder of wonders! What we ought t'evite
As our disease, we hug as our delight:
'Tis held a symptom of approaching danger,
When disacquainted sense becomes a stranger,
And takes no knowledge of an old disease;
But when a noisome grief begins to please
The unresisting sense, it is a fear
That death has parly'd, and compounded there:
As when the dreadful Thund'rer's awful hand
Pours forth a vial on the infected land,
At first the affright'ned mortals quake and fear
And ev'ry noise is thought the Thunderer:
But when the frequent soul-departing bell
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine-days' wonder,
They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his thunder.
So when the world (a worse disease) began
To smart for sin, poor new-created man
Could seek for shelter, and his gen'rous son
Knew by his wages what his hands had done:
But bold-faced mortals in our blushless times
Can sing and smile, and make a sport of crimes,
Transgress of custom, and rebel in ease,
We false-joy'd fools can triumph in disease,
And (as the careless pilgrim, being bit
By the tarantula, begins a fit
Of life-concluding laughter) waste our breath
In lavish pleasure, till we laugh to death.

HUGO de Anima.

What profit is there in vain glory, momentary mirth, the world's power, the flesh's pleasure, full riches, noble descent,

and great desires? Where is their laughter? Where is their mirth? Where their insolence? their arrogance? From how much joy to how much sadness! After how much mirth, how much misery! From how great glory are they fallen, to how great torment! What hath fallen to them, may befal thee, because thou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou livest of earth; thou shalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every-where! Be wise, therefore, and expect death every-where.

EPIG. 8.

What ails the fool to laugh? Does something please
His vain conceit? Or is't a mere disease?
Fool, giggle on, and waste thy wanton breath;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

ERVST
QVIS STABILE
GRADIA
GAT IN ORBE

The world passeth away, and all the lusts thereof.—
1 JOHN II. 17.

DRAW near, brave sparks, whose spirits scorn to light
Your hollow tapers but at honour's flame;
You, whose heroic actions take delight
To varnish over a new painted name;
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight,
But on th' Icarian wings of babbling fame;
Behold, how tottering are your high-built stories
Of earth, whereon you trust the ground-work of your glories.

And you, more brain-sick lovers, that can prize
A wanton smile before eternal joys;
That know no heaven but in your mistress' eyes;
That feel no pleasure but what sense enjoys:
That can, like crown-distemper'd fools despise
True riches, and like babies whine for toys:
Think ye the pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth itself's unstable?

Come, dunghill worldlings, you that root like swine,
And cast up golden trenches where you come:
Whose only pleasure is to undermine,
And view the secrets of your mother's womb:
Come, bring your saint pouch'd in his leathern shrine,
And summon all your griping angels home;
Behold the world, the bank of all your store,
The world ye so admire, the world ye so adore.

A feeble world, whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tire
Before the race; before the start, retreat;
A faithless world, whose false delights expire
Before the term of half their promis'd date:
A fickle world, not worth the least desire,
Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of state:
A feeble, faithless, fickle world wherein
Each motion proves a vice, and ev'ry act a sin.

The beauty, that of late was in her flow'r,
Is now a ruin, not to raise a lust:
He that was lately drench'd in Danae's show'r,
Is master now of neither good nor trust;
Whose honour late was manned with princely pow'r,
His glory now lies buried in the dust;
O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops and changes, ev'ry minute?

Nor length of days, nor solid strength of brain,
Can find a place wherein to rest secure:
The world is various, and the earth is vain;
There's nothing certain here, there's nothing sure:

We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,
And what's our only grief's our only cure:
The world's a torment; he that would endeavour
To find the way to rest, must seek the way to leave her.

S. GREG. in Hom.

Behold, the world is withered in itself, yet flourisheth in our hearts, every-where death, every-where grief, every-where desolation: On every side we are smitten; on every side filled with bitterness, and yet, with the blind mind of carnal desire, we love her bitterness: It flieth and we follow it; it falleth, yet we stick to it: And because we cannot enjoy it falling, we fall with it, and enjoy it fallen.

EPIG. 9.

If Fortune fail, or envious Time but spurn,
The world turns round, and with the world we turn:
When Fortune sees, and lynx-ey'd Time is blind,
I'll trust thy joys, O world; till then, the wind.

CREPVNDIA
VTRIVSQVE
MERGES.

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.—JOHN VIII. 44.

HERE'S your right ground: wag gently o'er this black:
'Tis a short cast; y' are quickly at the jack.
Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one
On this bowl's side; blow wind, 'tis fairly thrown:
The next bowl's worse that comes; come, bowl away:
Mammon, you know the ground, untutor'd play:
Your last was gone, a yard of strength well spar'd,
Had touch'd the block; your hand is still too hard.
Brave pastime, readers, to consume that day,
Which, without pastime, flies too swift away!
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too short to serve their loose delight:
See how their curved bodies wreath, and screw
Such antic shapes as Proteus never knew:
One raps an oath, another deals a curse;
He never better bowl'd; this never worse:
One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs,
The other bends his beetle brows, and chafes:

Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their Stygian cries
Send their black Santo's to the blushing skies:
Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,
They make bad premises, and worse conclusion:
But where's a palm that fortune's hand allows
To bless the victor's honourable brows?
Come, reader, come; I'll light thine eye the way
To view the prize, the while the gamesters play:
Close by the jack, behold, jill Fortune stands
To wave the game; see in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open show,
To cheer the lads, and crown the conqu'ror's brow.
The world's the jack; the gamesters that contend,
Are Cupid, Mammon: that judicious fiend,
That gives the ground, is Satan: and the bowls
Are sinful thoughts; the prize, a crown for fools.
Who breathes that bowls not? What bold tongue can say
Without a blush, he has not bowl'd to-day?
It is the trade of man, and ev'ry sinner
Has play'd his rubbers: every soul's a winner.
The vulgar proverb's crost, he hardly can
Be a good bowler and an honest man.
Good GOD! turn thou my Brazil thoughts anew;
New-sole my bowls, and make their bias true,
I'll cease to game, till fairer ground be giv'n;
Nor wish to win, until the mark be Heav'n.

S. BERNARD, Lib. de Confid.

O you sons of Adam, you covetous generations, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours; gold and silver are real earth, red and white, which

only the error of man makes, or rather reputes, precious: In short, if they be yours, carry them with you.

S. HIERON. in Ep.

O lust, thou infernal fire, whose fuel is gluttony; whose flame is pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoke is infamy; whose ashes are uncleanness; whose end is hell.

EPIG. 10.

Mammon, well follow'd? Cupid, bravely led;
Both touchers; equal fortune makes a dead;
No reed can measure where the conquest lies;
Take my advice; compound and share the prize.

MVNDVS·IN·EXCIDIVM·ANIMA

Ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the air.—EPHES. II. 2.

O WHITHER will this mad-brain world at last
Be driven? Where will her restless wheels arrive?
Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast?
O whither means her furious groom to drive?
What, will her rambling fits be never past?
For ever ranging? Never once retrieve?
Will earth's perpetual progress ne'er expire?
Her team continuing in their fresh career:
And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

Sol's hot-mouth'd steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,
Their twelve hours' task perform'd, grow stiff and lame,
And their immortal spirits faint and tire:
At th' azure mountain's foot their labours claim
The privilege of rest, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and go steep
Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,
And 'fresh their tired souls with strength-restoring sleep.

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race or flight,
Can drag the idle world, expecting not
The bed of rest, but travel with delight;
Who never weighing way nor weather, trot
Through dust and dirt, and droil both night and day;
Thus droil these fiends incarnate, whose free pains
Are fed with dropsies and veneral blains.
No need to use the whip; but strength to rule the reins.

Poor captive world; How has thy lightness giv'n
A just occasion to thy foes illusion!
O, how art thou betray'd, thus fairly driv'n
In seeming triumph to thy own confusion!
How is thy empty universe bereav'n
Of all true joys, by one false joy's delusion!
So I have seen an unblown virgin fed
With sugar'd words so full, that she is led
A fair attended bride to a false bankrupt's bed.

Pull, gracious LORD! Let not thine arm forsake
The world, impounded in her own devices:
Think of that pleasure that thou once didst take
Amongst the lilies and sweet beds of spices.
Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slack
The swift-foot fury of ten thousand vices:
Let not thy dust-devouring dragon boast,
His craft has won what Judah's lion lost;
Remember what is crav'd; recount the price it cost.

ISIDOR. Lib. i. de Summo Bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by so much the more fiercely he troubleth it with persecution; that, knowing himself is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN. in Ep.

Broad and spacious is the road to infernal life; there are enticements and death-bringing pleasures. There the devil flattereth, that he may deceive; smileth, that he may endamage; allureth, that he may destroy.

EPIG. 11.

Nay, soft and fair, good world; post not too fast;
Thy journey's end requires not half this haste.
Unless that arm thou so disdain'st, reprives thee,
Alas! thou needs must go, the devil drives thee.

INOPEM ME COPIA FECIT

Ye may suck, but not be satisfied with the breast of her consolation.—ISAIAH LXVI. 11.

WHAT, never fill'd? Be thy lips screwed so fast
To th' earth's full breast? for shame, for shame unseize thee;
Thou tak'st a surfeit where thou should'st but taste,
And mak'st too much not half enough to please thee.
Ah, fool, forbear; thou swallowest at one breath
Both food and poison down! thou draw'st both milk and death.

The ub'rous breasts, when fairly drawn, repast
The thriving infant with their milky flood,
But being overstrain'd, return at last
Unwholesome gulps composed of wind and blood.
A mod'rate use does both repast and please;
Who strains beyond a mean, draws in and gulps disease.

But, O that mean, whose good the least abuse
Makes bad, is too, too hard to be directed;

Can thorns bring grapes, or crabs a pleasing juice?
There's nothing wholesome where the whole's infected.
Unseize thy lips: earth's milk's a ripened core,
That drops from her disease, that matters from her sore.

Think'st thou that paunch, that burlies out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or flesh that seems so brawny?
Thy paunch is dropsied and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;
Thy skin's a bladder blown with wat'ry tumours;
Thy flesh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humours.

And thou, whose thriveless hands are ever straining
Earth's fluent breasts into an empty sieve,
That always hast, yet always art complaining,
And whin'st for more than earth has pow'r to give;
Whose treasure flows and flees away as fast;
That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou hast.

Go choose ā substance, fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking measure;
Or else go seek an urn that will retain
The liquid body of thy slipp'ry treasure;
Alas! how poorly are thy labours crown'd!
Thy liquor's never sweet, nor yet thy vessel sound.

What less than fool is man to prog and plot,
And lavish out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor seeming goods; which, being got,
Make firm possession but a thoroughfare;
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper;
And, being kept with care, they lose their careful keeper.

S. GREG. Hom. iii. secund. Parte Ezech.

If we give more to the flesh than we ought, we nourish an enemy; if we give not to her necessity what we ought, we destroy a citizen: the flesh is to be satisfied so far as suffices to our good: whosoever alloweth so much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be satisfied: to be satisfied is a great art; lest, by the satiety of the flesh, we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

HUGO de Anima.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

EPIG. 12.

What makes thee, fool, so fat? Fool, thee so bare?
Ye suck the self-same milk, the self-same air;
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin and bone?
The mean's a virtue, and the world has none.

CALCAR AMOR
DA MIHI
FRAENA TIMOR
DA MIHI

Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.—JOHN III. 19.

LORD, when we leave the world and come to thee,
How dull, how slug are we!
How backward! How prepost'rous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are millstones, and our souls are lead,
And our desires are dead:
Our vows are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken, or not made:
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:
In whose performance one poor worldly scoff
Foils us, or beats us off.
If thy sharp scourge find out some secret fault,
We grumble or revolt;
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we stray,
Or idly lose the way.
Is the road fair, we loiter; clogg'd with mire,
We stick, or else retire:

A lamb appears a lion; and we fear,
Each bush we see's a bear.
When our dull souls direct our thoughts to thee,
As slow as snails are we:
But at the earth we dart our wing'd desire;
We burn, we burn like fire.
Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend
To her magnetic friend:
Or as the greedy lover's eye-balls fly
At his fair mistress' eye:
So, so we cling to earth; we fly and puff,
Yet fly not fast enough.
If pleasure beckon with her balmy hand,
Her beck's a strong command:
If honour calls us with her courtly breath,
An hour's delay is death:
If profit's golden finger'd charm enveigles,
We clip more swift than eagles:
Let Auster weep, or blust'ring Boreas roar
Till eyes or lungs be sore:
Let Neptune swell, until his dropsy sides
Burst into broken tides:
Nor threat'ning rocks, nor winds, nor waves, nor fire,
Can curb our fierce desire:
Nor fire, nor rocks, can stop our furious minds,
Nor waves, nor winds:
How fast and fearless do our footsteps flee!
The lightfoot roebuck's not so swift as we.

S. AUGUST. sup. Psal. lxiv.

Two several lovers built two several cities; the love of GOD buildeth a Jerusalem; the love of the world buildeth a

Babylon: Let every one inquire of himself what he loveth, and he shall resolve himself, of whence he is a citizen.

S. AUGUST. Lib. iii. Confess.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own centre; my weight is my love: by that I am driven whithersoever I am driven.

Ibidem.

LORD, he loveth thee the less, that loveth anything with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

LORD, scourge my ass, if she should make no haste,
And curb my stag, if he should fly too fast:
If he be over swift, or she prove idle,
Let love impose a spur; fear, him a bridle.

PHOSPHORE · REDDE · DIEM

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.—
PSALM XIII. 3.

WILL 'T ne'er be morning? Will that promis'd light
Ne'er break, and clear those clouds of night?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day,
Whose conqu'ring ray
May chase these fogs; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

How long! How long shall these benighted eyes
Languish in shades, like feeble flies
Expecting spring? How long shall darkness soil
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our souls of sprightful action? When, when will day
Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray
May gild the weathercocks of our devotion,
And give our unsoul'd souls new motion?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
The light will fray
These horrid mists; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Let those have night, that slily love t' immure
  Their cloister'd crimes, and sin secure;
Let those have night, that blush to let men know
  The baseness they ne'er blush to do;
Let those have night that love to have a nap,
  And loll in ignorance's lap;
Let those, whose eyes, like owls, abhor the light,
  Let those have night, that love the night:
    Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
      How sad delay
Afflicts dull hopes! sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Alas! my light in vain expecting eyes
  Can find no objects, but what rise
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark
  Of Vulcan's forge, whose flames are dark,
A dang'rous, dull blue-burning light,
  As melancholy as the night:
Here's all the suns that glitter in the sphere
  Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here!
    Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
      Haste, haste away
Heav'n's loit'ring lamp; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whose idle knee
  Rocks earth into a lethargy,
And with thy sooty fingers has benight
  The world's fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spite;
Since thou hast puft our greater taper; do
  Puff on, and out the lesser too:
If e'er that breath-exiled flame return,
  Thou hast not blown, as it will burn:

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
Light will repay
The wrongs of night; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

S. AUGUST. in Joh. Ser. xix.

GOD is all to thee: if thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirsty, he is water; if darkness, he is light; if naked, he is a robe of immortality.

ALANUS de Conq. Nat.

GOD is a light that is never darkened; an unwearied life that cannot die; a fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a seminary of wisdom; a radical beginning of all goodness.

EPIG. 14.

My soul, if ignorance puff out this light,
She'll do a favour that intends a spite:
It seems dark abroad; but take this light away,
Thy windows will discover break of day.

DEBILITATA·FIDES·TERRAS·ASTRÆA·RELIQVIT
1859

The devil is come unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.—REV. XII. 12.

LORD, canst thou see and suffer? Is thy hand
Still bound to th' peace? Shall earth's black monarch take
A full possession of thy wasted land?
O, will thy slumb'ring vengeance never wake
Till full ag'd law-resisting custom shake
The pillars of thy right by false command?
Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer, and come down;
Behold whose temples wear thy sacred crown;
Redress, redress our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy own.

See how the bold usurper mounts the seat
Of royal majesty; how overstrowing
Perils with pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bugbear death, by torments over-awing
Thy frighted subjects; or by favours drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat;
LORD, canst thou be so mild, and he so bold?
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by the fox? LORD, canst thou see and hold?

That swift-wing'd advocate, that did commence
Our welcome suits before the King of kings,
That sweet ambassador, that hurries hence
What airs th' harmonious soul or sighs or sings,
See how she flutters with her idle wings;
Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by sense;
Sense-conquering faith is now grown blind and cold,
And basely craven'd, that in times of old
Did conquer Heav'n itself, do what th' Almighty could.

Behold, how double fraud does scourge and tear
Astræa's wounded sides, plough'd up, and rent
With knotted cords, whose fury has no ear;
See how she stands a pris'ner to be sent
A slave into eternal banishment,
I know not whither, O, I know not where:
Her patent must be cancel'd in disgrace;
And sweet-lip'd fraud, with her divided face,
Must act Astræa's part, must take Astræa's place.

Faith's pinion's clipt! and fair Astræa gone!
Quick seeing Faith now blind, and Justice see:
Has Justice now found wings? And has Faith none?
What do we here? Who would not wish to be
Dissolv'd from earth, and with Astræa flee
From this blind dungeon to that sun-bright throne?
LORD, is thy sceptre lost, or laid aside?
Is hell broke loose, and all her fiends unty'd?
LORD, rise, and rouse, and rule, and crush their furious pride.

PETER RAV. in Matth.

The devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of the truth, the corrupter of the world, man's perpetual enemy; he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spurreth bodies, he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger, exposeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, soweth error, nourisheth contention, disturbeth peace, and scattereth affliction.

MACAR.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

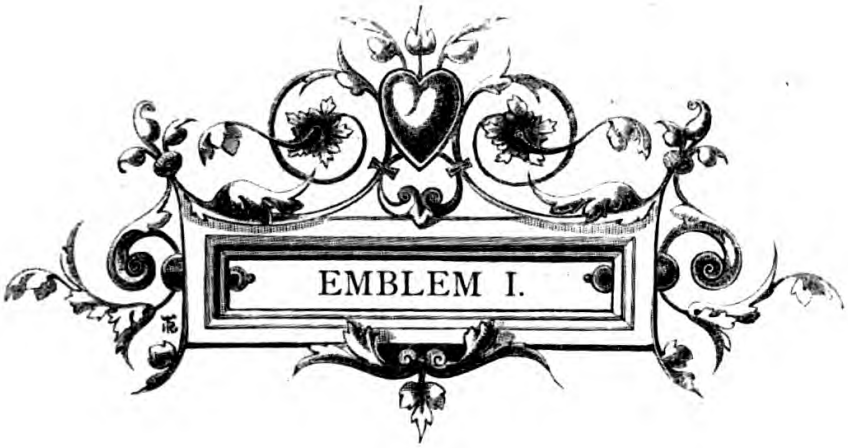
If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory if no victory, no crown.

EPIG 15.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the play before the play is done:
Her plot has many changes: ev'ry day
Speaks a new scene: the last act crowns the play.

BOOK THE SECOND

SIC LVMINE LVMEN ADEMPTVM



You that walk in the light of your own fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled, ye shall lie down in sorrow.—ISAIAH L. 2.

Do, silly Cupid, snuff and trim
  Thy false, thy feeble light,
And make her self-consuming flames more bright;
    Methinks she burns too dim.
    Is this that sprightly fire,
  Whose more than sacred beams inspire
The ravish'd hearts of men, and so inflame desire?

See, boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
  Consumes, how fast she wanes;
She spends herself, and her, whose wealth maintains
    Her weak, her idle rays.
    Cannot thy lustful blast,
  Which gave it lustre, make it last?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure spends
      so fast?

Go, wanton, place thy pale-fac'd light
  Where never-breaking day
Intends to visit mortals, or display
    Thy sullen shades of night:
    Thy torch will burn more clear
  In night's un-Titan'd hemisphere;
Heaven's scornful flames and thine can never co-appear.

In vain thy busy hands address
  Their labour to display
Thy easy blaze within the verge of day;
    The greater drowns the less!
    If Heav'n's bright glory shine,
  Thy glimmering sparks must needs resign;
Puff out Heav'n's glory, then, or Heaven will work out thine.

Go, Cupid's rammish pandar, go,
  Whose dull, whose low desire
Can find sufficient warmth from nature's fire,
    Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
    Blow wind made strong with spite;
  When thou hast puff'd the greater light
Thy lesser spark may shine, and warm the new-made night.

Deluded mortals, tell me, when
  Your daring breath has blown
Heav'n's taper out, and you have spent your own,
    What fire shall warm you then?
    Ah, fools! perpetual night
  Shall haunt your souls with Stygian fright,
Where they shall boil in flames, but flames shall bring
      no light.

S. AUGUST.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.

S. GREG. Mor. xxv.

By how much the less man seeth himself, by so much the less he displeaseth himself; and by how much the more he seeth the light of grace, by so much the more he disdaineth the light of nature.

S. GREG. Mor.

The light of the understanding, humility kindleth, and pride covereth.

EPIG. I.

Thou blow'st Heav'n's fire, the whilst thou go'st about,
Rebellious fool, in vain, to blow it out;
Thy folly adds confusion to thy death;
Heav'n's fire confounds, when fann'd with folly's breath.

DONEC TOTVM EXPLEAM ORBEM

There is no end of all his labour; neither is his eye satisfied with riches.—ECCLES. IV. 8.

O HOW our widen'd arms can over-stretch
Their own dimensions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their distance! How our yielding breast
Can shrink to be more full and full possest
Of this inferior orb! How earth refin'd
Can cling to sordid earth! How kind to kind!
We gape, we grasp, we gripe, add store to store;
Enough requires too much; too much craves more.
We charge our souls so sore beyond their stint,
That we recoil or burst: the busy mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coining new desires; desires not knowing
Where next to pitch; but, like the boundless ocean,
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by motion.
The pale-fac'd lady of the black-ey'd night
First tips her horned brows with easy light,
Whose curious train of spangled nymphs attire
Her next night's glory with increasing fire;

Each ev'ning adds more lustre, and adorns
The growing beauty of her grasping horns:
She sucks and draws her brother's golden store,
Until her glutted orb can suck no more.
E'en so the vulture of insatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting seeks, and seeking finds
New fuel to increase her rav'nous fire.
The grave is sooner cloy'd than men's desire:
We cross the seas, and midst her waves we burn,
Transporting lives, perchance that ne'er return;
We sack, we ransack to the utmost sands
Of native kingdoms, and of foreign lands;
We travel sea and soil, we pry, we prowl,
We progress, and we prog from pole to pole;
We spend our mid-day sweat, our midnight oil,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil:
We make art servile, and the trade gentile
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile),
To compass earth, and with her empty store
To fill our arms, and grasp one handful more;
Thus seeking rest, our labours never cease,
But, as our years, our hot desires increase:
Thus we, poor little worlds! with blood and sweat,
In vain attempt to comprehend the great;
Thus, in our gain, become we gainful losers,
And what's inclos'd, incloses the inclosers.
Now, reader, close thy book, and then advise;
Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking
The world's base dunghill; vermin's took by taking:
Take heed thou trust not the deceitful lap
Of wanton Dalilah; the world's a trap.

HUGO de Anima.

Tell me, where be those now, that so lately loved and hugged the world? Nothing remaineth of them but dust and worms; observe what those men were; what those men are: They were like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry days; and in a moment slipt into hell. Here, their flesh is food for worms; there their souls are fuel for fire, till they shall be rejoined in an unhappy fellowship, and cast into eternal torments; where they that were once companions in sin, can be hereafter partners in punishment.

EPIG. 2.

Gripe, Cupid, and gripe still, unto that wind,
That's pent before, find secret vent behind:
And when thou'st done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'll trust thy armful, I'll trust that.

NON AMAT ISTE SED HAMAT AMOR

He is cast into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a snare.—JOB XVIII. 8.

WHAT! nets and quiver too? what need there all
These sly devices to betray poor men?
Die they not fast enough when thousands fall
Before thy dart? what need these engines then?
Attend they not, and answer to thy call,
Like nightly coveys, where they list and when?
What needs a stratagem where strength can sway?
Or what needs strength compel where none gainsay?
Or what needs stratagem or strength, where hearts obey?

Husband thy slights: it is but vain to waste
Honey on those that will be catch'd with gall;
Thou canst not, ah! thou canst not bid so fast
As men obey: Thou art more slow to call
Than they to come; thou canst not make such haste
To strike, as they, being struck, make haste to fall.
Go save thy nets for that rebellious heart
That scorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art
T' avoid thy flying shaft, to quench thy fiery dart.

Lost mortal! how is thy destruction sure,
Between two bawds, and both without remorse!
The one's a line, the other is a lure;
This to entice thy soul; that to enforce:
Waylaid by both, how canst thou stand secure?
That draws; this woos thee to th' eternal curse.
O charming tyrant, how thou hast befool'd
And slav'd poor man, that would not, if he could,
Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay, could not, if he would.

Alas! thy sweet perfidious voice betrays
His wanton ears with thy Sirenian baits:
Thou wrap'st his eyes in mists, then boldly lays
Thy Lethal gins before their crystal gates;
Thou lock'st up ev'ry sense with thy false keys,
All willing pris'ners to thy close deceits:
His ear most nimble, where it deaf should be;
His eye most blind, where most it ought to see;
And when his heart's most bound, then thinks himself most free.

Thou grand impostor! how hast thou obtain'd
The wardship of the world? Are all men turn'd
Idiots and lunatics? Are all retain'd
Beneath thy servile bands? Is none return'd
To his forgotten self? Has none regain'd
His senses? Are their senses all adjourn'd?
What, none dismiss'd thy court? Will no plump fee
Bribe thy false fists to make a glad decree,
T' unfool whom thou hast fool'd, and set thy pris'ners free.

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much treachery, little truth; here all things are traps; here everything is beset with snares; here souls are endangered, bodies are afflicted; here all things are vanity and vexation of spirit.

EPIG. 3.

Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel where thou please,
Thou canst not fail to take such fish as these.
Thy thriving sport will ne'er be spent: no need
To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thou'lt speed.

QVAM · GRAVE · SERVITIVM · EST · QVOD · LEVIS · ESCA · PARIT
ARGENTVM
VOLVPTAS

They shall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney.—HOSEA XIII. 3.

FAINT-HEARTED Stoics, you, whose marble eyes
Contemn a wrinkle, and whose souls despise
To follow nature's too affected fashion,
Or travel in the regent walk of passion;
Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at fears,
Or play at fast and loose, with smiles and tears;
Come, burst your spleens with laughter to behold
A new-found vanity, which days of old
Ne'er knew: a vanity that has beset
The world, and made more slaves than Mahomet:
That has condemn'd us to the servile yoke
Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke.
But stay, why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
Are we sole guilty, and the first age free?
No, they were smok'd and slav'd as well as we:
What's sweet-lipt honour's blast, but smoke? What's
treasure,

But very smoke? And what more smoke than pleasure?
Alas! they're all but shadows, fumes and blasts;
That vanishes, this fades, the other wastes.
The restless merchant, he that loves to steep
His brains in wealth, and lays his soul to sleep
In bags of bullion, sees th' immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but ingots keep him down:
He brags to-day, perchance, and begs to-morrow;
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow;
Blow, winds, the treasure's gone, the merchant's
broke;
A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke.
Behold the glory-vying child of fame,
That from deep wounds sucks such an honour'd name,
That thinks no purchase worth the style of good,
But what is sold for sweat; and seal'd with blood;
That for a point, a blast of empty breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of death;
Whose dear-bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,
Breaks with a fillip, or a gen'ral's frown:
His stroke-got honour staggers with a stroke;
A slave to honour is a slave to smoke.
And that fond fool, who wastes his idle days
In loose delights, and sports about the blaze
Of Cupid's candle; he that daily spies
Twin babies in his mistress' Gemini's,
Whereto his sad devotion does impart
The sweet burnt-off'ring of a bleeding heart;
See, how his wings are sing'd in Cyprian fire,
Whose flames consume with youth, with age expire:
The world's a bubble; all the pleasures in it,
Like morning vapours, vanish in a minute:

The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke;
A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke.
Now, Stoic, cease thy laughter, and repast
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as fast.

S. HIERON.

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great because he is rich; the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly: he is blown up, but not full.

PETR. RAV.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour; the pomp of the world, and the favour of the people, are but smoke, and a blast suddenly vanishing; which if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance; and, for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.

EPIG. 4.

Cupid, thy diet's strange: it dulls, it rouses,
It cools, it heats; it binds, and then it looses:
Dull-sprightly, cold-hot fool, if e'er it winds thee
Into a looseness once, take heed, it binds thee.

NON·OMNE·QVOD·
MIC·MICAT·AVRVM·EST

Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle.—PROV. XXIII. 5.

FALSE world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st:
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With Heaven; fond earth, thou boast'st; false
world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure:
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her;

There's none can want where thou supply'st,
There's none can give where thou deny'st,
Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st.

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coin'd treasure;
A paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure:
Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man; vain man, that thou rely'st
On earth: vain man, thou doat'st; vain earth, thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls in this high measure
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash;
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?

Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordial peace? False world, thou ly'st.

PET. BLES.

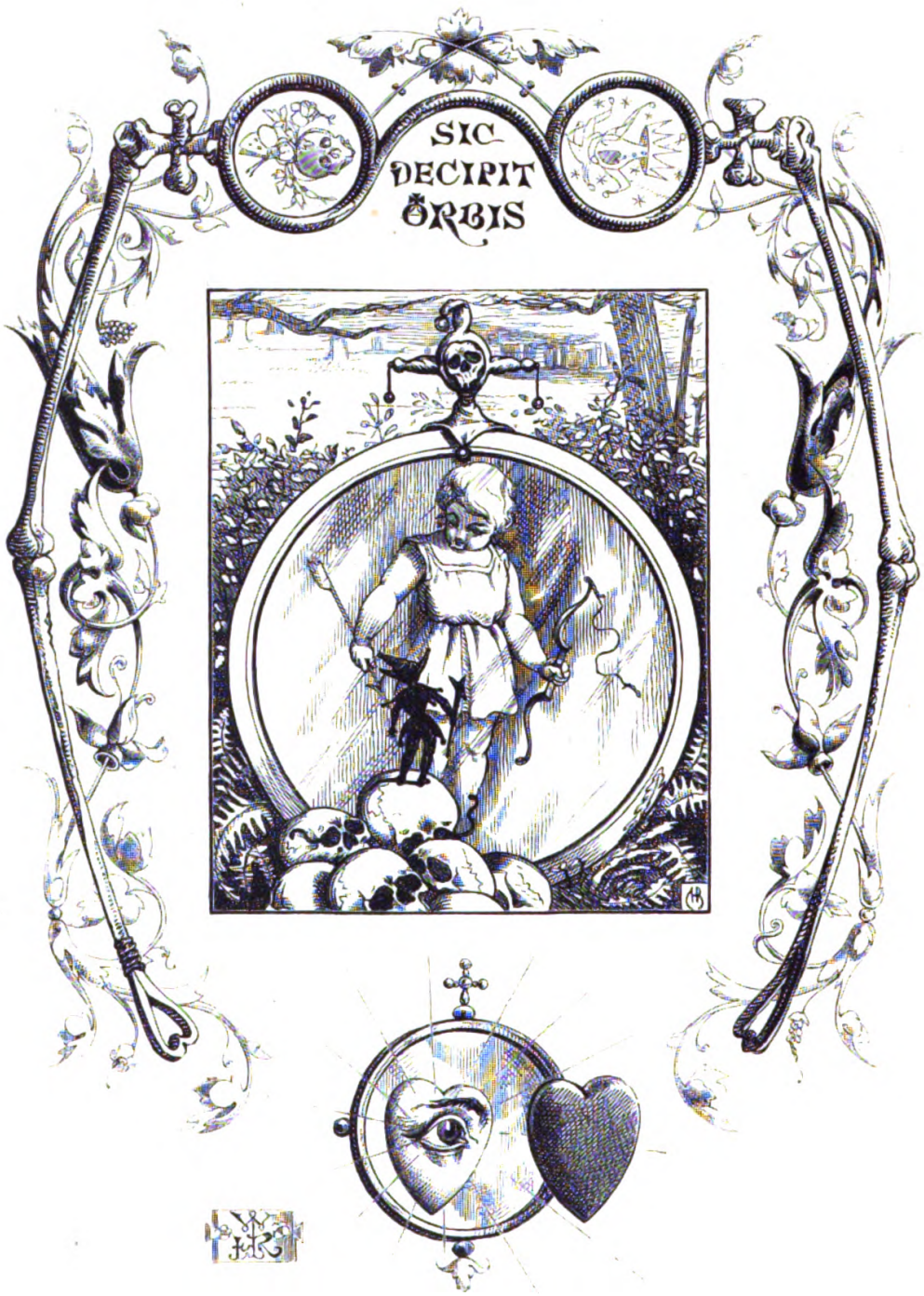
The world is deceitful; her end is doubtful, her conclusion is horrible; her judge is terrible; and her punishment is intolerable.

S. AUGUST. Lib. Confess.

The vain-glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruitless labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour: her beginning is without Providence, and her end not without repentance.

EPIG. 5.

World, thou'rt a traitor; thou hast stamp'd thy base
And chymic metal with great Cæsar's face,
And with thy bastard bullion thou hast barter'd
For wares of price; how justly drawn and quarter'd.


SIC
DECIPIT
ORBIS

Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity; for vanity shall be his recompence.—JOB XV. 31.

BELIEVE her not, her glass diffuses
False portraitures: thou canst espy
No true reflection; she abuses
Her misinform'd beholder's eye;
Her crystal's falsely steel'd; it scatters
Deceitful beams; believe her not, she flatters.

This flaring mirror represents
No right proportion, view or feature:
Her very looks are compliments;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater;
The skilful gloss of her reflection
But paints the context of thy coarse complexion.

Were thy dimensions but a stride,
Nay, wert thou statur'd but a span,
Such as the long-bill'd troops defy'd,
A very fragment of a man!
She'll make thee, Mimas, which you will,
The Jove-slain tyrant, or th' Ionic hill.

Had surfeits, or th' ungracious star,
  Conspir'd to make one common place
Of all deformities that are
  Within the volume of thy face,
    She'll lend the favour should outmove
The Troy-bane Helen, or the queen of love.

Were thy consum'd estate as poor
  As Laz'rus or afflicted Job's:
She'll change thy wants to seeming store,
  And turn thy rags to purple robes;
    She'll make thy hide-bound flank appear
As plump as theirs that feast it all the year.

Look off, let not thy optics be
  Abus'd: thou see'st not what thou should'st:
Thyself's the object thou should'st see,
  But 'tis thy shadow thou behold'st:
    And shadows thrive the more in stature,
The nearer we approach the light of nature.

Where Heav'n's bright beams look more direct,
  The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger,
But when they glance their fair aspect,
  The bold-fac'd shade grows larger, longer:
    And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th' increasing shadows lengthen most of all.

The soul that seeks the noon of grace,
  Shrinks in, but swells if grace retreat.
As Heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
  Our self-esteems grow less or great.
    The least is greatest, and who shall
Appear the greatest, are the least of all.

HUGO, Lib. de Anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his GOD, who is not first rightly advised to behold himself: First, thou must see the visible things of thyself, before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of GOD; for if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things above thee; the best looking-glass, wherein to see thy GOD, is perfectly to see thyself.

EPIG. 6.

Be not deceiv'd, great fool: there is no loss
In being small; great bulks but swell with dross.
Man is Heav'n's masterpiece: if it appear
More great, the value's less: if less, more dear.

HIC
PESSIMA
HIC
OPTIMA
SERVAT

I have set before thee life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that thou and thy seed may live.—DEUTERONOMY XXX. 19.

THE world's a floor, whose swelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the ploughman's toil;
The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnow'd grain
Is lodg'd with chaff and bury'd in her soil;
All things are mixt, the useful with the vain;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile;
The world's an ark, wherein things pure and gross
Present their lossful gain, and gainful loss,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of dross.

This furnish'd ark presents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add;
Here lasting joys; here pleasures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wish'd and had:
All points of honour, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy soul, and wealth both good and bad:
Here may'st thou open wide the two-leav'd door
Of all thy wishes, to receive that store,
Which being empty most, does overflow the more.

Come then, my soul, approach this royal burse
And see what wares our great exchange retains;
Come, come; here's that shall make a firm divorce
Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains;
No need to sit in council with thy purse,
Here's nothing good shall cost more price than pains:
But, O my soul, take heed, if thou rely
Upon thy faithless optics, thou wilt buy
Too blind a bargain: know, fools only trade by
th' eye.

The worldly wisdom of the foolish man
Is like a sieve, that does alone retain
The grosser substance of the worthless bran:
But thou, my soul, let thy brave thoughts disdain
So coarse a purchase: O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain:
Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mixt desires:
Thou art Heav'n's tasker, and thy GOD requires
The purest of thy flow'r, as well as of thy fires.

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wisdom bless the soul's unblemished ways;
No matter, then, how short or long's the lease,
Whose date determines thy self-number'd days:
No need to care for wealth's or fame's increase,
Nor Mars his palm, nor high Apollo's bays.
LORD, if thy gracious bounty please to fill
The floor of my desires, and teach me skill
To dress and choose the corn, take those the chaff that
will.

S. AUGUST. Lib. i. de Doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectation than in fruition: but things eternal, more in the fruition than expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between angels and beasts: if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts: but if he delight in spiritual things, he is suited with angels.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed
But like a child, and with the children's bread;
But thou art fed with chaff, or corn undrest:
My soul, thou savour'st too much of the beast.

HAEC · ANIMANT
ET · ILLA · VIROS
PVEROS · CVMBALA

They mind earthly things, but our conversation is in heaven.—PHILIPPIANS III. 19, 20.

Venus. Divine Cupid.

Venus.

WHAT means this peevish babe? Whish, lullaby;
What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry?
Will nothing still it? Will it neither be
Pleas'd with the nurse's breast, nor mother's knee?
What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy
To make such whimp'ring faces? Peace, my joy:
Will nothing do? Come, come, this peevish brat,
Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what?
Come, buss and friends; my lamb; whish, lullaby;
What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry?
Peace, peace, my dear; alas! thy early years
Had never faults to merit half these tears!
Come smile upon me: let thy mother spy
Thy father's image in her baby's eye:
Husband these guilty drops against the rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;

Thine eye's not ripe for tears: Whish, lullaby;
What ails my babe, my sweet-fac'd babe, to cry?
Look, look, what's here! A dainty, golden thing:
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring,
To please my bantling! Here's a knack will breed
An hundred kisses: here's a knack indeed.
So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
As Pelop's shoulder, or a milk-white pair:
Here's right the father's smile; when Mars beguil'd
Sick Venus of her heart, just thus she smil'd.

Divine Cupid.

Well may they smile alike; thy base-bred boy
And his base sire had both one cause, a toy:
How well their subjects and their smiles agree!
Thy Cupid finds a toy, and Mars found thee:
False queen of beauty, queen of false delights,
Thy knee presents an emblem, that invites
Man to himself, whose self-transported heart
(O'erwhelm'd with native sorrows, and the smart
Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
Not knowing why, till heavy-heel'd delay,
The dull-brow'd pander of despair, lays by
His leaden buskins, and presents his eye
With antic trifles, which the indulgent earth
Makes proper objects of man's childish mirth.
These be the coin that pass, the sweets that please;
There's nothing good, there's nothing great but these;
These be the pipes, that base-born minds dance after,
And turn immod'rate tears to lavish laughter;
Whilst heav'nly raptures pass without regard;
Their strings are harsh, and their high strains unheard:

The ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flute,
Find more respect than great Apollo's lute:
We 'll look to Heav'n, and trust to higher joys;
Let swine love husks, and children whine for toys.

S. BERN.

That is the true and chief joy which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator, which (being once possessed thereof) none can take from thee: whereto all pleasure, being compared, is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.

S. BERN.

Joy, in a changeable subject, must necessarily change as the subject changeth.

EPIG. 8

Peace, childish Cupid, peace; thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry.
But are thy peevish wranglings thus appeas'd?
Well may'st thou cry, that art so poorly pleas'd.

VENTVRVM · EXHORRESCO · DIEM

What will ye do in the day of your visitation? to whom will ye flee or help? and where will ye leave your glory?—ISAIAH X. 3.

Is this that jolly god, whose Cyprian bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whimp'ring hearts?
Is this that sov'reign deity, that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings
The blund'ring souls of swains, and stops the hearts
of kings?

What Circæan charm, what Hecatæan spite
Has thus abus'd the god of love?
Great Jove was vanquish'd by his greater might;
(And who is stronger arm'd than Jove?)
Or has our lustful god perform'd a rape,
And (fearing Argus' eyes) would 'scape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

Where be those rosy cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious fates?
Ah! where's that pearl port-cullis that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd ruby gates?
Where be those killing eyes that so controll'd
The world, and locks that did infold
Like knots of flaming wire, like curls of burnish'd gold?

No, no, 't was neither Hecatæan spite,
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above;
'T was neither Circe's spell, nor Stygian sprite,
That thus transform'd our god of love;
'T was owl-ey'd lust (more potent far than they)
Whose eyes and actions hate the day:
Whom all the world observe, whom all the world obey.

See how the latter trumpet's dreadful blast
Affrights stout Mars his trembling son!
See, how he startles! how he stands aghast,
And scrambles from his melting throne!
Hark how the direful hand of vengeance tears
The swelt'ring clouds, whilst Heav'n appears
A circle fill'd with flame, and centred with his fears.

This is that day, whose oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of prophets bare;
The faithless subject of the worldling's scorn,
The sum of men and angels' pray'r:
This, this the day, whose all-discerning light
Ransacks the secret dens of night,
And severs good from bad; true joys from false delight.

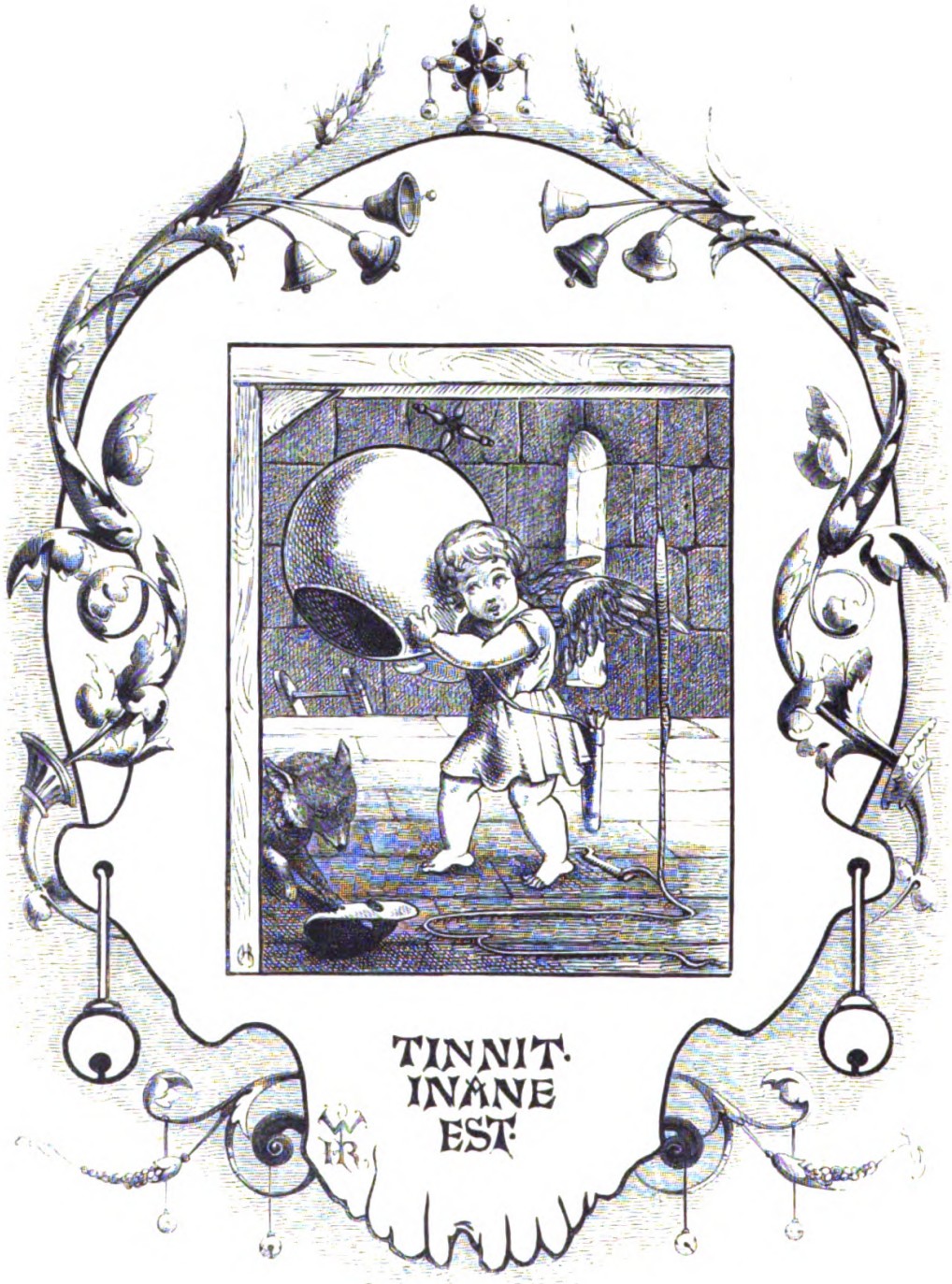
You grov'ling worldlings, you, whose wisdom trades
Where light ne'er shot his golden ray,
That hide your actions in Cimmerian shades,
How will your eyes endure this day?
Hills will be deaf, and mountains will not hear;
There be no caves, no corners there
To shade your souls from fire, to shield your hearts
from fear.

HUGO.

O the extreme loathsomeness of fleshly lust, which not only effeminates the mind, but enervates the body; which not only distaineth the soul, but disguiseth the person! It is ushered with fury and wantonness; it is accompanied with filthiness and uncleanness; and it is followed with grief and repentance.

EPIG. 9.

What, sweet-fac'd Cupid, has thy bastard-treasure,
Thy boasted honours, and thy bold-fac'd pleasure
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, fool, to wit, to woe.


TINNIT·
INANE
EST·

She is empty, and void, and waste.—NAHUM II. 10.

SHE'S empty: hark, she sounds; there's nothing there
But noise to fill thy ear;
Thy vain inquiry can at length but find
A blast of murm'ring wind:
It is a cask, that seems as full as fair,
But merely tunn'd with air:
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The soul that vainly founds
Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

She's empty: hark, she sounds: there's nothing in't;
The spark-engend'ring flint
Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first
Dissolve, and quench thy thirst,
E'er this false world shall still thy stormy breast
With smooth-fac'd calms of rest.
Thou may'st as well expect meridian light
From shades of black-mouth'd night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis void and vast;
What if some flatt'ring blast
Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,
And whisper in thine ear?
It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
And vanisheth like mist.
Poor honour earth can give! What gen'rous mind
Would be so base to bind
Her heav'n-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind?

She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis but a ball
For fools to play withal:
The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
That's lined with silken trouble:
It is a world, whose work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation;
A hag, repair'd with vice-complexion'd paint,
A quest-house of complaint;
It is a saint, a fiend; a worse fiend, when most
a saint.

She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis vain and void;
What's here to be enjoy'd
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
Drawn now, and cross'd to-morrow?
Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living death?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
Than what dull flesh propounds;
Trust not this hollow world; she's empty: hark, she
sounds.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemn riches, and thou shalt be rich; contemn glory, and thou shalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou shalt be a conqueror; contemn rest, and thou shalt gain rest; contemn earth, and thou shalt find Heaven.

HUGO, Lib. de Vanit. Mundi.

The world is a vanity which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the industrious.

EPIG. 10.

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears:
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.

ERRAS HAC ITVR AD ILLAM

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.—MATT. VII. 14.

PREPOST'ROUS fool, thou troul'st amiss;
Thou err'st; that's not the way, 'tis this:
Thy hopes, instructed by thine eye,
Make thee appear more near than I;
My floor is not so flat, so fine,
And has more obvious rubs than thine:
'Tis true; my way is hard and strait,
And leads me through a thorny gate:
Whose rankling pricks are sharp and fell;
The common way to Heav'n 's by hell.
'Tis true; thy path is short and fair,
And free from rubs: Ah! fool, beware,
The safest road's not always ev'n:
The way to hell's a seeming heav'n:
Think'st thou the crown of glory's had
With idle ease, fond Cyprian lad?

Think'st thou, that mirth, and vain delights,
High feed, and shadow-short'ning nights,
Soft knees, full bags, and beds of down,
Are proper prologues to a crown?
Or canst thou hope to come and view,
Like prosp'rous Cæsar, and subdue?
The bond-slave usurer will trudge,
In spite of gouts will turn a drudge,
And serve his soul-condemning purse,
T' increase it with the widow's curse:
And shall the crown of glory stand
Not worth the waving of an hand?
The fleshly wanton, to obtain
His minute-lust, will count it gain
To lose his freedom, his estate,
Upon so dear, so sweet a rate;
Shall pleasures thus be prized, and must
Heav'n's palm be cheaper than a lust?
The true-bred spark, to hoise his name
Upon the waxen wings of fame,
Will fight undaunted in a flood
That's rais'd with brackish drops and blood.
And shall the promis'd crown of life
Be thought a toy, not worth a strife?
An easy good brings easy gains;
But things of price are bought with pains.
The pleasing way is not the right:
He that would conquer Heav'n must fight.

S. HIERON. in Ep.

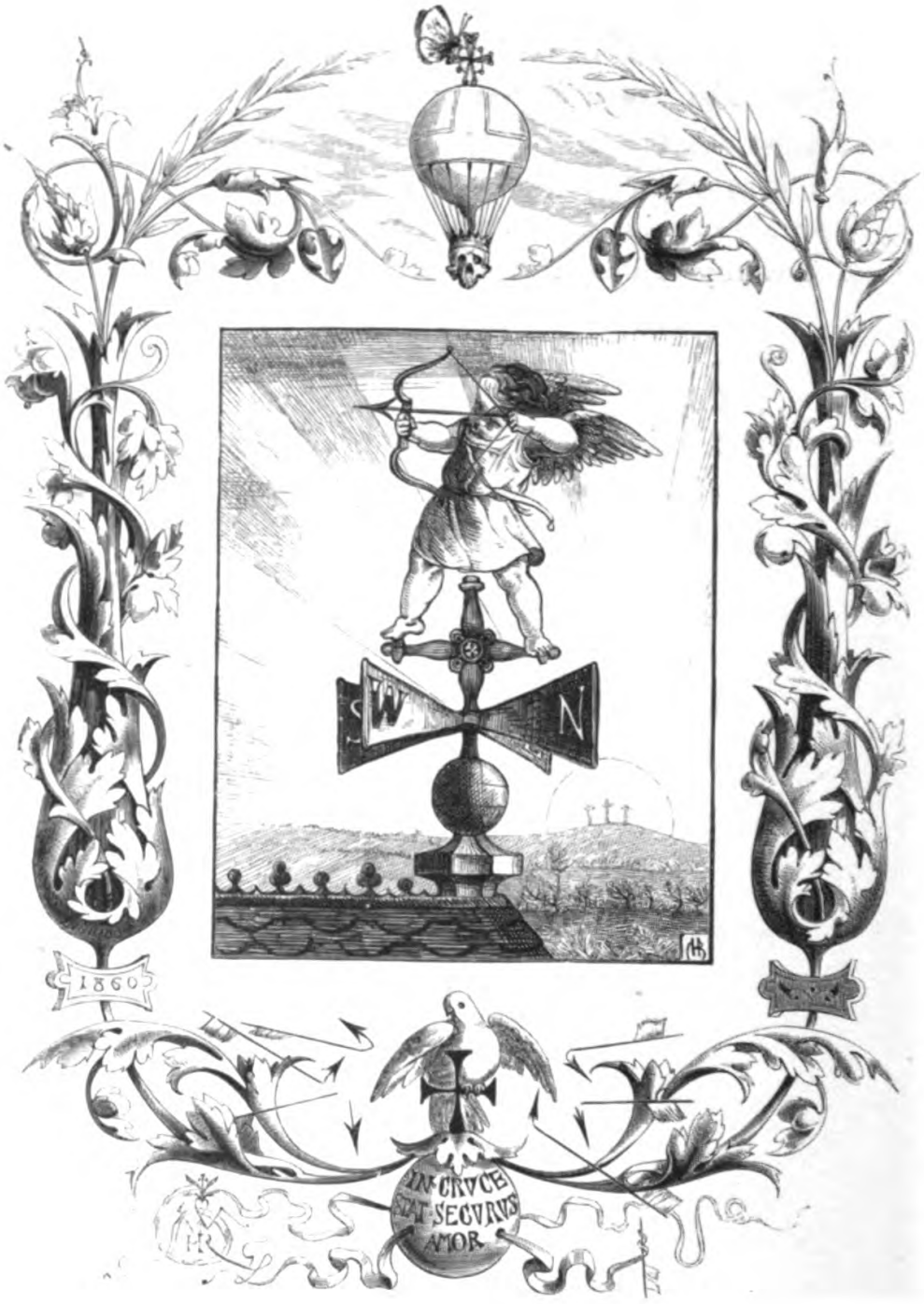
No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

S. GREG. Lib. viii. Mor.

The valour of a just man is, to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

EPIG. 11.

O Cupid, if thy smoother way were right,
I should mistrust this crown were counterfeit:
The way's not easy where the prize is great:
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.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IN CRUCE
SIT SECURUS
AMOR

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.—
GALATIANS VI. 14.

CAN nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing best,
But still and still remove?
Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of rest
Receive my restless dove?
Is there no good, than which there's nothing higher,
To bless my full desire
With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er
expire?

I wanted wealth; and, at my dear request,
Earth lent a quick supply;
I wanted mirth, to charm my sullen breast;
And who more brisk than I?
I wanted fame, to glorify the rest;
My fame flew eagle-high;
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd,
Wealth vanish'd like a shade;
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

The world's an ocean, hurried to and fro
With ev'ry blast of passion :
Her lustful streams, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of man's vexation :
They alter daily, and they daily grow
The worse by alteration :
The earth 's a cask full tunn'd, yet wanting measure ;
Her precious wine is pleasure ;
Her yeast is honour's puff ; her lees are worldly
treasure.

My trust is in the cross : let beauty flag
Her loose, her wanton sail ;
Let count'nance-gilding honour cease to brag
In courtly terms, and vail ;
Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her base, though golden, tail ;
False beauty's conquest is but real loss,
And wealth but golden dross ;
Best honour 's but a blast : my trust is in the
cross.

My trust is in the cross; there lies my rest:
My fast, my soul delight:
Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd East,
Blow till they burst with spite;
Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
And join their twisted might;
Let show'rs of thunderbolts dart down and wound me,
And troops of fiends surround me,
All this may well confront ; all this shall ne'er
confound me.

S. AUGUST.

Christ's cross is the christ-cross of all our happiness; it delivers us from all blindness of error, and enriches our darkness with light; it restoreth the troubled soul to rest; it bringeth strangers to GOD'S acquaintance; it maketh remote foreigners near neighbours; it cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace; and is the bounteous author of all good.

S. BERN. in Ser. in Resur.

We find glory in the cross; to us that are saved, it is the power of GOD, and the fulness of all virtues.

EPIG. 12.

I follow'd rest; rest fled and soon forsook me:
I ran from grief; grief ran and overtook me.
What shall I do, lest I be too much tost?
On worldly crosses, LORD, let me be crost.

POST VVLNERA DAEMON

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.—PROV. XXVI. 11.

O, I am wounded! and my wounds do smart
Beyond my patience or great Chiron's art;
I yield, I yield the day, the palm is thine;
Thy bow's more true, thy shaft's more fierce than mine,
Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand. What need
To send more darts? the first has done the deed:
Oft have we struggled, when our equal arms
Shot equal shafts, inflicted equal harms;
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twy-fork'd with death, has struck my conscience dead.
But must I die? ah me! If that were all,
Then, then I'd stroke my bleeding wounds, and call
This dart a cordial, and with joy endure
These harsh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.
But something whispers in my dying ear,
There is an after-day; which day I fear.

The slender debt to nature's quickly paid,
Discharg'd, perchance, with greater ease than made;
But if that pale-fac'd sergeant make arrest,
Ten thousand actions would (whereof the least
Is more than all this lower world can bail)
Be enter'd, and condemn me to the jail
Of Stygian darkness, bound in red-hot chains,
And grip'd with tortures worse than Tityan pains.
Farewell, my vain, farewell, my loose delights;
Farewell, my rambling days, my rev'ling nights;
'Twas you betray'd me first, and when ye found
My soul at 'vantage, gave my soul the wound:
Farewell, my bullion gods, whose sov'reign looks
So often catch'd me with their golden hooks;
Go, seek another slave; ye must all go;
I cannot serve my GOD and bullion too.
Farewell, false honour; you, whose airy wings
Did mount my soul above the thrones of kings;
Then flatter'd me, took pet, and in disdain,
Nipp'd my green buds; then kick'd me down again:
Farewell, my bow; farewell, my Cyprian quiver;
Farewell, dear world, farewell, dear world, for ever.
O, but this most delicious world, how sweet
Her pleasures relish! ah! how jump they meet
The grasping soul, and with their sprightly fire
Revive and raise, and rouse the wrapt desire!
For ever? O, to part so long! what, never
Meet more? another year, and then for ever:
To quick resolves do resolution wrong;
What, part so soon, to be divorc'd so long?
Things to be done, are long to be debated;
Heav'n's not decay'd. Repentance is not dated.

S. AUGUST. Lib. de Util. agen. Pœn.

Go up, my soul, into the tribunal of thy conscience: there set thy guilty soul before thyself: hide not thyself behind thyself, lest GOD bring thee forth before thyself.

S. AUGUST. in Soliloq.

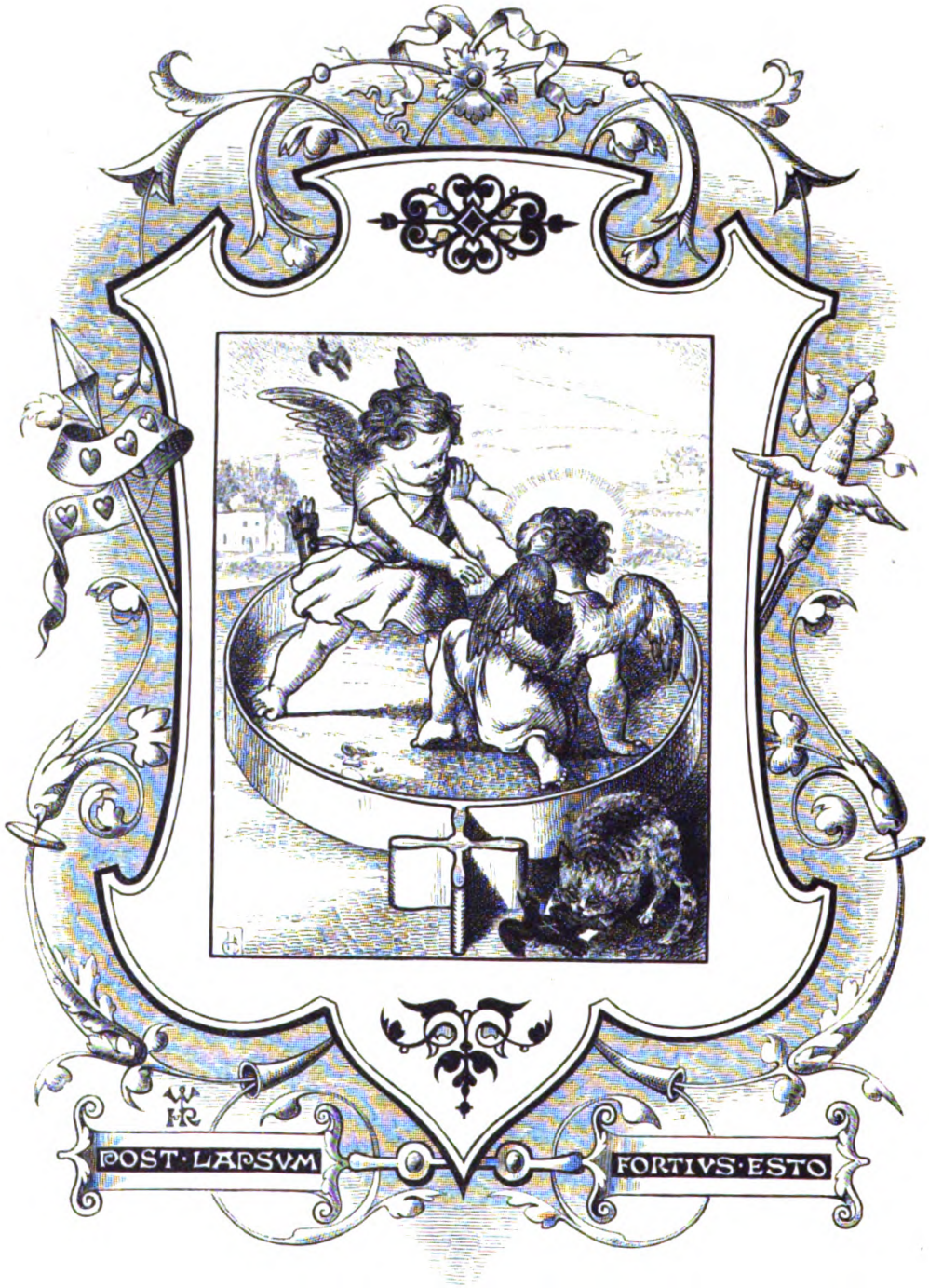
In vain is that washing, where the next sin defileth: he hath ill repented, whose sins are repeated: that stomach is the worse for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

ANSELM.

GOD hath promised pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.

EPIG. 13.

Brain-wounded Cupid, had this hasty dart,
As it has prick'd thy fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T hath been thy friend: O how hath it deceiv'd thee!
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had sav'd thee.


POST·LAPSVM
FORTIVS·ESTO

A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again; but the wicked shall fall into mischief.—PROV. XXIV. 16.

'T IS but a foil at best, and that's the most
Your skill can boast:
My slipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript,
Just as I slipt:
My wanton weakness did herself betray
With too much play:
I was too bold; he never yet stood sure,
That stands secure:
Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But fell at length?
The title's craz'd, the tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.

Boast not thy skill; the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but soft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
To crush his bones:
What if he staggers? nay, but case he be
Foil'd on his knee?

That very knee will bend to Heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred gamester ups afresh, and then
Falls to 't again;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd dies.

Boast not thy conquest; thou that ev'ry hour
Fall'st ten times low'r;
Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,
To fall more base:
Thou wallow'st where I slip; and thou dost tumble
Where I but stumble:
Thou glory'st in thy slav'ries' dirty badges,
And fall'st for wages:
Sour grief and sad repentance scours and clears
My stains with tears:
Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure;
But when I slip, I stand the more secure.

LORD, what a nothing is this little span,
We call a MAN!
What fenny trash maintains the smoth'ring fires
Of his desires!
How slight and short are his resolves at longest:
How weak at strongest!
Oh, if a sinner, held by that fast hand,
Can hardly stand,
Good GOD! in what a desp'rate case are they,
That have no stay!
Man's state implies a necessary curse;
When not himself, he's mad; when most himself,
he's worse.

S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad Vincula.

Peter stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall than before he fell; insomuch that he found more grace than he lost grace.

S. CHYRS. in Ep. ad Heliod. Monach.

It is no such heinous matter to fall afflicted, as, being down, to lie dejected. It is no danger for a soldier to receive a wound in battle, but, after the wound received, through despair of recovery, to refuse a remedy; for we often see wounded champions wear the palm at last; and, after fight, crowned with victory.

EPIG. 14.

Triumph not, Cupid, his mischance doth show
Thy trade; doth once, what thou dost always do:
Brag not too soon; has thy prevailing hand
Foil'd him? ah fool, th' hast taught him how to stand.

PATET AETHRAE CLAVDITVR ORBI

I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.—JER. XXXII. 40.

So, now the soul's sublim'd: her sour desires
Are recalcin'd in Heav'n's well temper'd fires:
The heart restor'd and purg'd from drossy nature,
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature:
It lives another life, it breathes new breath;
It neither fears nor feels the sting of death:
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts each house he views, his own;
Makes ev'ry purse his chequer; and, at pleasure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the world, like Cæsar;
At length, by virtue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand;
Whereon his pass, not fully understood,
Is taxed in a manuscript of blood;
Thus past from town to town; until he come
A sore repentant to his native home:
E'en so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to sin, and uncontroll'd removes
From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites
From old worn pleasures to new choice delights;

At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended, but his gracious GOD,
And lash'd from sins to sighs; and by degrees,
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees;
From bended knees to a true pensive breast;
From thence to torments not by tongue exprest;
Returns; and (from his sinful self exil'd)
Finds a glad father, he a welcome child:
O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd
In secret raptures; pants to be dissolv'd:
The royal offspring of a second birth,
Sets ope' to Heav'n, and shuts the door to earth:
If love-sick Jove commanded clouds should hap
To rain such show'rs as quicken'd Danæ's lap:
Or dogs (far kinder than their purple master),
Should lick his sores, he laughs, nor weeps the faster.
If earth (Heav'n's rival) dart her idle ray;
To Heav'n, 'tis wax, and to the world, 'tis clay:
If earth present delights, it scorns to draw,
But, like the jet unrubb'd, disdains that straw.
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
No grief disturbs it, and no error guides it;
No good contemns it, and no virtue blames it:
No gilt condemns it, and no folly shames it;
No sloth besots it, and no lust inthrals it;
No scorn afflicts it, and no passion galls it:
It is a casket of immortal life;
An ark of peace; the lists of sacred strife;
A purer piece of endless transitory;
A shrine of grace, a little theme of glory:
A heav'n-born offspring of a new-born birth;
An earthly heav'n; an ounce of heav'nly earth.

S. AUGUST. de Spir. et Anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility subjecteth, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.

S. GREG.

Which way soever the heart turneth itself (if carefully), it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose GOD, in those very things we shall find GOD: it shall find the heat of his power in consideration of those things, in the love of which things he was most cold; and by what things it fell perverted, by those things it is raised converted.

EPIG. 15.

My heart! but wherefore do I call thee so?
I have renounc'd my int'rest long ago:
When thou wert false and fleshly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

BOOK THE THIRD

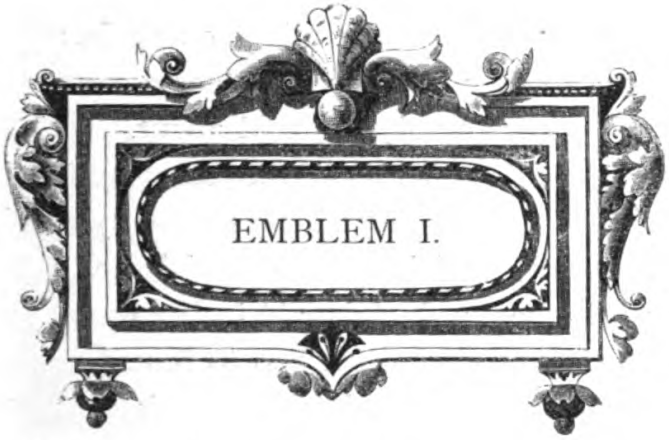
Lord, all my desire is before thee: and my groaning is not hid from thee.—PSALM XXXVIII. 9.

ALL you whose better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can scorn
The world's base trash, whose necks disdain to bear
Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whose chaste ear
No wanton songs of Sirens can surprise
With false delight; whose more than eagle-eyes
Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
On glitt'ring beams of honour, and not daze;
Whose souls can spurn at pleasure, and deny
The loose suggestions of the flesh, draw nigh:

And you, whose am'rous, whose select desires
Would feel the warmth of those transcendent fires,
Which (like the rising sun) put out the light
Of Venus' star, and turn her day to night;

You that would love, and have your passions crown'd
With greater happiness than can be found
In your own wishes; you that would affect
Where neither scorn, nor guile, nor disrespect
Shall wound your tortur'd souls; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulness cloy,
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser fear
Unflames your courage in pursuit, draw near,
Shake hands with earth, and let your soul respect
Her joys no farther, than her joys reflect
Upon her Maker's glory; if thou swim
In wealth, see him in all; see all in him:
Sink'st thou in want, and is thy small cruse spent?
See him in want: enjoy him in content:
Conceiv'st him lodg'd in cross, or lost in pain?
In pray'r and patience find him out again:
Make Heav'n thy mistress, let no change remove
Thy royal heart, be fond, be sick of love:
What, if he stop his ear, or knit his brow?
At length he'll be as fond, as sick as thou:
Dart up thy soul in groans: thy secret groan
Shall pierce his ear, shall pierce his ear alone:
Dart up thy soul in vows: thy sacred vow
Shall find him out, where Heav'n alone shall know:
Dart up thy soul in sighs: thy whisp'ring sigh
Shall rouse his ears, and fear no list'ner nigh:
Send up thy groans, thy sighs, thy closet-vow;
There's none, there's none shall know but Heav'n and thou.

Groans fresh'd with vows, and vows made salt with tears;
Unscale his eyes, and scale his conquer'd ears:
Shoot up the bosom shafts of thy desire,
Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire;
And they will hit: fear not, where Heav'n bids come,
Heav'n's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.



My soul hath desired thee in the night.—ISAIAH XXVI. 9.

GOOD God! what horrid darkness doth surround
My groping soul! how are my senses bound
In utter shades, and muffled from the light,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night!
The bold-fac'd lamp of Heav'n can set and rise;
And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chase the shadows, and restore the day:
Night's bashful empress, though she often wane,
As oft repeats her darkness, primes again;
And, with her circling horns, doth re-embrace
Her brother's wealth, and orbs her silver face.
But ah! my sun, deep swallow'd in his fall,
Is set, and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
Alas! my darkness is perpetual night.
Falls have their risings, wanings have their primes,
And desp'rate sorrows wait their better times:
Ebbs have their floods, and autumns have their springs:
All states have changes hurried with the swings

Of chance and time, still riding to and fro:
Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With lengthen'd arms to find a passage out,
That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
And bathe my soul in those celestial fires!
Like as the haggard, cloister'd in her mew,
To scour her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing t'overlook
The tim'rous mallard at the sliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch; from stock to ground;
From ground to window; thus surveying round
Her dove-befeather'd prison, till at length
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nips off her jangling jesses, strives to break
Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate:
E'en so, my weary soul, that long has been
An inmate in this tenement of sin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now scorns her shadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd desires at thee, that only art
The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
These dusky clouds that make so dark a night:
Shine forth, great glory, shine; that I may see
Both how to loathe myself, and honour thee;
But if my weakness force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye:
If I must want those beams I wish, yet grant
That I, at least, may wish those beams I want.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxiii.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the sun of justice and the light of truth: I being the sun of darkness, was involved in darkness; I loved my darkness, because I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindness, and did walk from darkness to darkness: but, LORD, thou art my GOD, who hast led me from darkness and the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

EPIG. I.

My soul, cheer up; what if the night be long?
Heav'n finds an ear when sinners find a tongue;
Thy tears are morning show'rs: Heav'n bids me say,
When Peter's cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

O Lord, thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not hid from thee.—PSALM LXIX. 5.

SEE'ST thou this fulsome idiot: in what measure
He seems transported with the antic pleasure
Of childish baubles? Canst thou but admire
The empty fulness of his vain desire?
Canst thou conceive such poor delights as these
Can fill th' insatiate soul of man, or please
The fond aspect of his deluded eye?
Reader, such very fools art thou and I:
False puffs of honour; the deceitful streams
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams
Of pleasure, are our traffic, and ensnare
Our souls, the threefold subject of our care;
We toil for trash, we barter solid joys
For airy trifles, sell our Heav'n for toys:
We catch at barley-grains, whilst pearls stand by
Despis'd; such very fools art thou and I.
Aim'st thou at honour? does not the idiot shake it
In his left hand? fond man, step forth and take it:

Or would'st thou wealth? see now the fool presents thee
With a full basket, if such wealth contents thee:
Would'st thou take pleasure? if the fool unstride
His prancing stallion, thou may'st up, and ride:
Fond man, such is the pleasure, wealth, and honour,
The earth affords such fools as doat upon her;
Such is the game whereat earth's idiots fly;
Such idiots, ah! such fools art thou and I:
Had rebel man's fool-hardiness extended
No farther than himself, and there had ended,
It had been just; but thus enrag'd to fly
Upon th' eternal eyes of Majesty,
And drag the Son of Glory from the breast
Of his indulgent Father; to arrest
His great and sacred person; in disgrace
To spit and spawl upon his sun-bright face;
To taunt him with base terms, and, being bound,
To scourge his soft, his trembling sides; to wound
His head with thorns, his heart with human fears;
His hands with nails, and his pale flank with spears;
And then to paddle in the purer stream
Of his spilt blood, is more than most extreme:
Great Builder of Mankind, canst thou propound
All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
Thy handy work? Oh! canst thou choose but see,
That mad'st the eye? can aught be hid from thee?
Thou seest our persons, LORD, and not our guilt;
Thou seest not what thou may'st, but what thou wilt:
The hand that form'd us is enforc'd to be
A screen set up betwixt thy work and thee:
Look, look upon that hand, and thou shalt spy
An open wound, a thoroughfare for thine eye;

Or if that wound be clos'd, that passage be
Deny'd between thy gracious eye and me,
Yet view the scar; that scar will countermand
Thy wrath: O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. CHRYS. Hom. iv. in Joan.

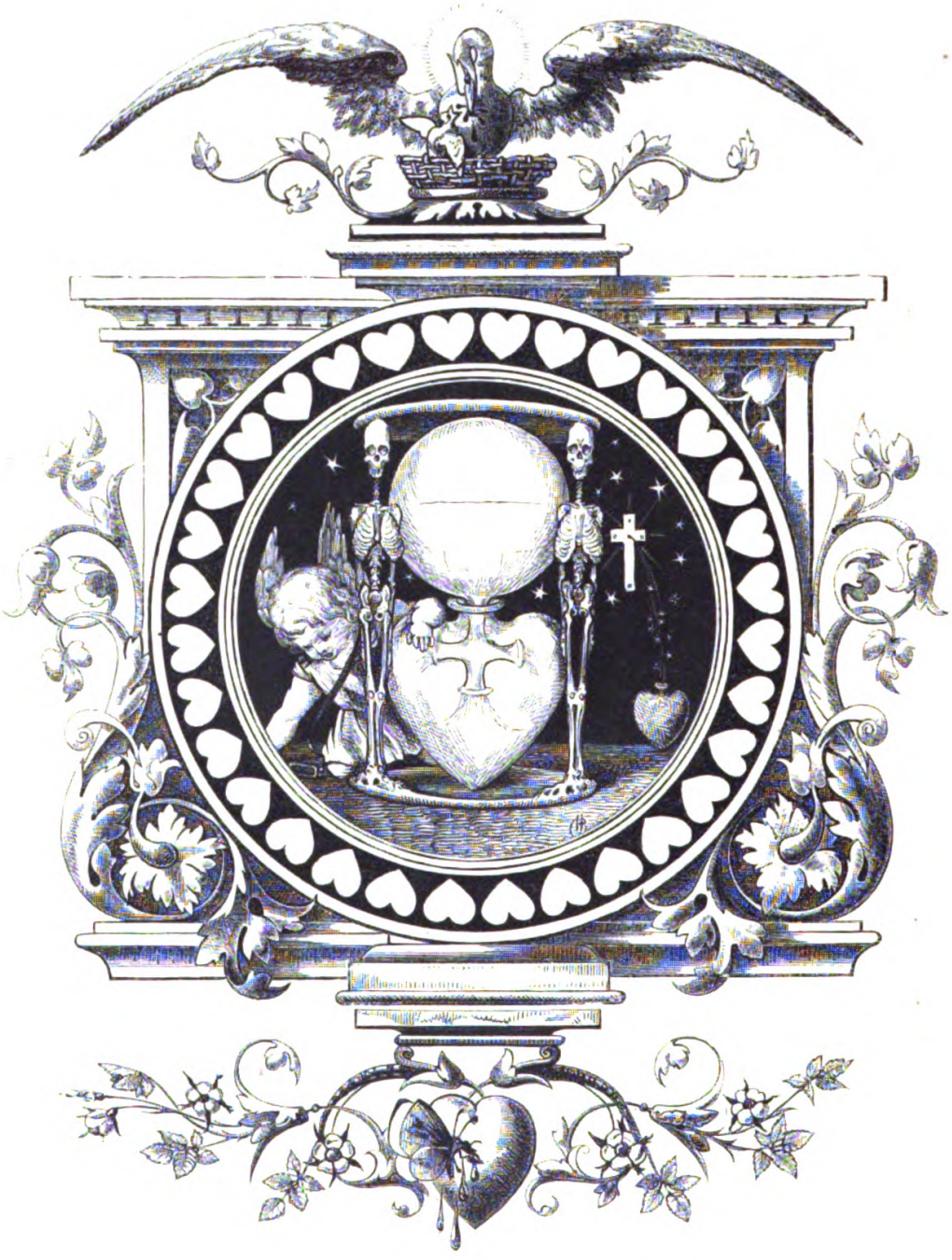
Fools seem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they seem to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are only most miserable; neither do they understand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. GREG. in Mor.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we strive to seem outwardly wise.

EPIG. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done?
Controll'd thy GOD, and crucify'd his Son?
How sweetly has the LORD of life deceiv'd thee!
Thou shedd'st his blood, and that shed blood has sav'd thee.



Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak; O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.—PSALM VI. 2.

Soul. Jesus.

Soul. AH! Son of David, help. *Jesus.* What sinful cry
Implores the Son of David. *Soul.* It is I.
Jesus. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh! a deeply wounded breast
That's heavy laden, and would fain have rest.
Jesus. I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed,
Like household children, with the children's bread.
Soul. True, LORD; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crumbs: O Son of David, help.
Jesus. Poor soul, what ail'st thou? *Soul.* O, I burn, I fry,
I cannot rest, I know not where to fly,
To find some ease; I turn my blubber'd face
From man to man; I roll from place to place
T' avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,
But still am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:

My midnight torments call the sluggish light,
And, when the morning's come, they woo the night.
Jesus. Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desires.
Soul. Quench, quench my flames, and 'suage those scorching fires.
Jesus. Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy grief?
Soul. LORD, I believe; LORD, help my unbelief.
Jesus. Hold forth thine arm, and let my fingers try
Thy pulse; where, chiefly, doth thy torment lie?
Soul. From head to foot; it reigns in ev'ry part,
But plays the self-law'd tyrant in my heart.
Jesus. Canst thou digest, canst relish wholesome food?
How stands thy taste? *Soul.* To nothing that is good:
All sinful trash, and earth's unsav'ry stuff
I can digest, and relish well enough.
Jesus. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?
Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad it burns.
Jesus. How old's thy grief? *Soul.* I took it at the fall
With eating fruit. *Jesus.* 'T is epidemical:
Thy blood's infected, and the infection sprung
From a bad liver: 't is a fever strong
And full of death, unless with present speed
A vein be opened: thou must die, or bleed.
Soul. O, I am faint and spent: that lance that shall
Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal;
My soul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of blood, than (being spent so far) to bleed:
I faint already: if I bleed, I die.
Jesus. 'T is either you must bleed, sick soul, or I:

My blood's a cordial. He that sucks my veins,
Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains
Than these: cheer up; this precious blood of mine
Shall cure thy grief; my heart shall bleed for thine.
Believe, and view me with a faithful eye,
Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

S. AUGUST. Lib. x. Confess.

LORD, be merciful unto me! ah me! behold, I hide not my wounds: thou art a physician, and I am sick; thou art merciful, and I am miserable.

S. GREG. in Pastoral.

O wisdom, with how sweet an art doth thy wine and oil restore health to my healthless soul! How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! powerful for me, merciful to me!

EPIG. 3.

Canst thou be sick, and such a doctor by?
Thou canst not live unless thy doctor die:
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good
To 'suage her pains, but the physician's blood!

Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my sins.—PSALM XXV. 18.

BOTH work and strokes? both lash and labour too?
What more could Edom, or proud Ashur do?
Stripes after stripes; and blows succeeding blows!
LORD, has thy scourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? my pains no ease? no intermission?
Is this the state, is this the sad condition
Of those that trust thee? will thy goodness please
T' allow no other favours? none but these?
Will not the rhet'ric of my torments move?
Are these the symptoms, these the signs of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil
The toilsome task of thy laborious will?
May not this labour expiate and purge
My sin, without th' addition of a scourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how fast it rains
Sad show'rs of sweat, the fruits of fruitless pains:
Behold these ridges, see what purple furrows
Thy plough has made; O think upon those sorrows

That once were thine; O wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy, by the charms of sweat and blood?
Canst thou forget that drowsy mount, wherein
Thy dull disciples slept? was not my sin
There punish'd in thy soul? did not this brow
Then sweat in thine? were not these drops enow?
Remember Golgotha, where that spring-tide
O'erflow'd thy sov'reign, sacramental side:
There was no sin, there was no guilt in thee,
That caus'd those pains; thou sweat'st, thou bledd'st
for me.
Was there not blood enough, when one small drop
Had pow'r to ransom thousand worlds, and stop
The mouth of justice? LORD, I bled before
In thy deep wounds; can justice challenge more?
Or dost thou vainly labour to hedge in
Thy losses from my sides? my blood is thin,
And thy free bounty scorns such easy thrift;
No, no, thy blood came not as loan, but gift.
But must I ever grind, and must I earn
Nothing but stripes? O wilt thou disaltern
The rest thou gav'st? hast thou perus'd the curse
Thou laid'st on Adam's fall, and made it worse?
Canst thou repent of mercy? Heav'n thought good
Lost man should feed in sweat; not work in blood:
Why dost thou wound th' already wounded breast?
Ah me! my life is but a pain at best:
I am but dying dust: my day 's a span;
What pleasure tak'st thou in the blood of man?
Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere:
Send fewer strokes, or lend more strength to bear.

S. BERN. Hom. lxxxi. in Cant.

Miserable man! who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man; free, because a man; miserable, because a servant: in regard of my bondage, miserable; in regard of my will, inexcusable: for my will, that was free, beslaved itself to sin, by assenting to sin; for he that committeth sin, is the servant to sin.

EPIG. 4.

Tax not thy GOD: thine own defaults did urge
This twofold punishment: the mill, the scourge.
Thy sin's the author of thy self-tormenting:
Thou grind'st for sinning; scourg'd for not repenting.

Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay; and wilt thou bring me into dust again?—JOB X. 9.

THUS from the bosom of the new-made earth
Poor man was delv'd, and had his unborn birth;
The same the stuff, the self-same hand doth trim
The plant that fades, the beast that dies, and him.
One was their sire, one was their common mother,
Plants are his sisters, and the beast his brother,
The elder too; beasts drew the self-same breath,
Wax old alike, and die the self-same death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes array'd;
Alike they flourish, and alike they fade:
The beast in sense exceeds him, and, in growth,
The three-ag'd oak doth thrice exceed them both.
Why look'st thou then so big, thou little span
Of earth; what art thou more in being man?
I, but my great Creator did inspire
My chosen earth, with the diviner fire
Of reason; gave me judgment and a will;
That, to know good; this, to choose good from ill:

He puts the reins of pow'r in my free hand,
A jurisdiction over sea and land;
He gave me art to lengthen out my span
Of life, and made me all, in being man:
I, but thy passion has committed treason
Against the sacred person of thy reason:
Thy judgment is corrupt, perverse thy will;
That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:
The greater height sends down the deeper fall;
And good declin'd, turns bad, turns worst of all.
Say, then, proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatness claim the more in being man?
O! but my soul transcends the pitch of nature,
Borne up by th' image of her high Creator;
Outbraves the life of reason, and bears down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen crown.
My heart's a living temple t' entertain
The King of Glory and his glorious train:
How can I mend my title then? where can
Ambition find a higher style than man?
Ah! but that image is defac'd and soil'd;
Her temples raz'd, her altars all defil'd;
Her vessels are polluted and distain'd
With loathed lust, her ornaments profan'd;
Her oil-forsaken lamps and hollow'd tapers
Put out; her incense breathes unsav'ry vapours:
Why swell'st thou then so big, thou little span
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
Eternal Potter, whose blest hands did lay
My coarse foundation from a sod of clay,
Thou know'st my slender vessel's apt to leak;
Thou know'st my brittle temper's prone to break:

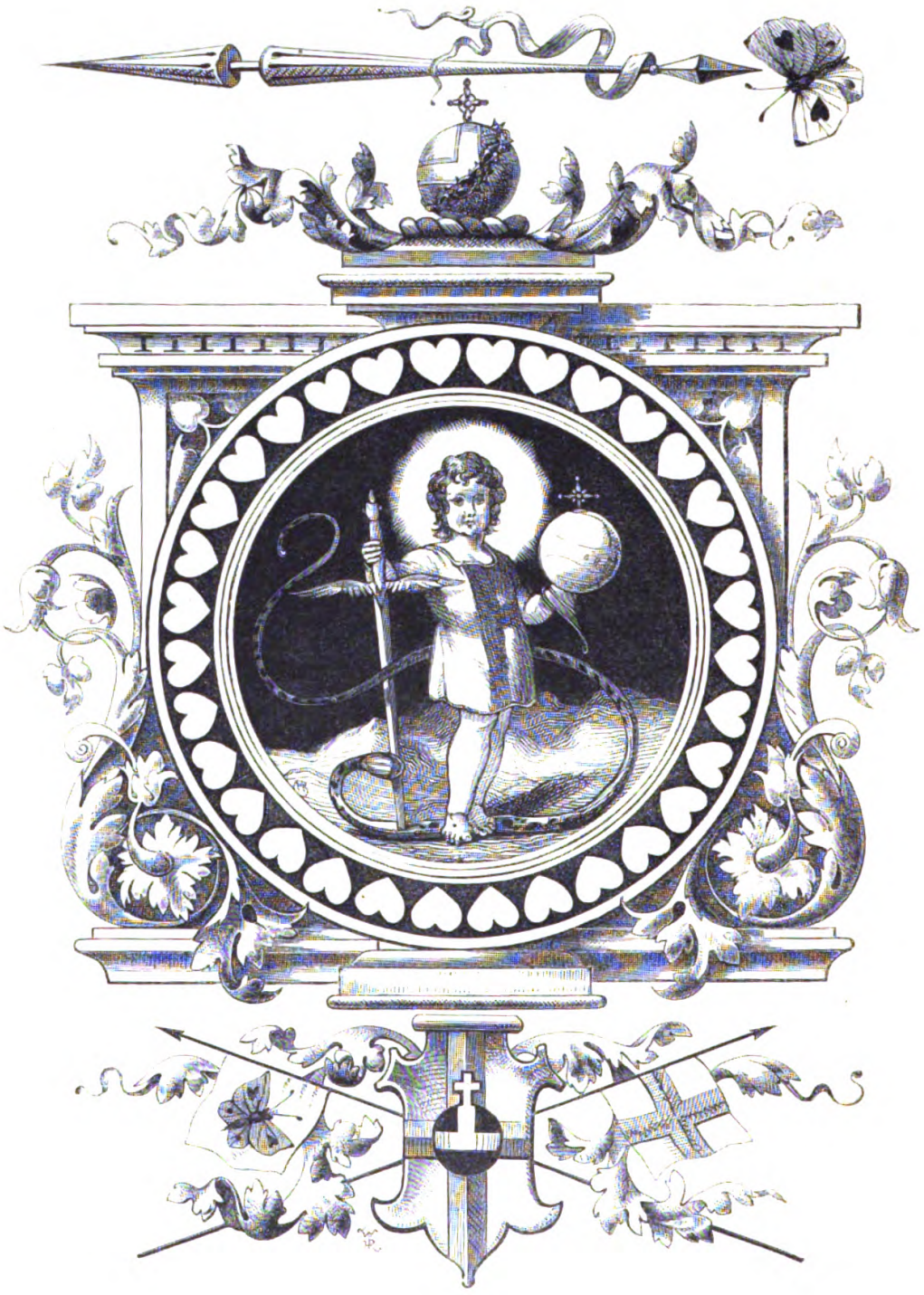
Are my bones brazil, or my flesh of oak?
O, mend what thou hast made, what I have broke:
Look, look with gentle eyes, and in thy day
Of vengeance, LORD, remember I am clay.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. xxxii.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madest me, without whom nothing was made: thou art my Maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my LORD GOD, by whom I live, and by whom all things subsist, because thou madest me: I thank thee, O my Potter, because thy hands have made me, because thy hands have formed me.

EPIG. 5.

Why swell'st thou, man, puff'd up with fame and purse?
Th' art better earth, but born to dig the worse:
Thou cam'st from earth, to earth thou must return;
And art but earth, cast from the womb to th' urn.



I have sinned: What shall I do unto thee, O thou Preserver of men? why dost thou set me as a mark against thee?—JOB VII. 20.

LORD, I have done; and, LORD, I have misdone;
'Tis folly to contest, to strive with one
That is too strong; 'tis folly to assail
Or prove an arm, that will, that must prevail.
I've done, I've done; these trembling hands have
thrown
Their daring weapons down: the day's thine own:
Forbear to strike where thou hast won the field,
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
These treach'rous hands, that were so vainly bold
To try a thriveless combat, and to hold
Self-wounded weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand; that knee that bended
Upon her guardless guard, doth now repent
Upon this naked floor; see both are bent,
And sue for pity: O my ragged wound
Is deep and desp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd

In blood and briny tears: it doth begin
To stink without, and putrify within.
Let that victorious hand that now appears
Just in my blood prove gracious to my tears:
Thou great Preserver of presumptuous man,
What shall I do? what satisfaction can
Poor dust and ashes make? O if that blood,
That yet remains unshed, were half as good
As blood of oxen, if my death might be
An off'ring to atone my GOD and me,
I would disdain injurious life, and stand
A suitor to be wounded from thy hand.
But may thy wrongs be measur'd by the span
Of life, or balanc'd with the blood of man?
No, no, eternal sin expects, for guerdon,
Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
Enlarge that soul, which base presumption binds;
Thy justice cannot lose what mercy finds;
O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
LORD if the peevish infant fights and flies,
With unpar'd weapons at his mother's eyes,
Her frowns (half-mix'd with smiles), may chance to shew
An angry love-tick on his arm, or so;
Where if the babe but make a lip and cry,
Her heart begins to melt, and by and by
She coaxes his dewy cheeks; her babe she blesses,
And chokes her language with a thousand kisses;
I am that child: lo, here I prostrate lie,
Pleading for mercy, I repent, and cry

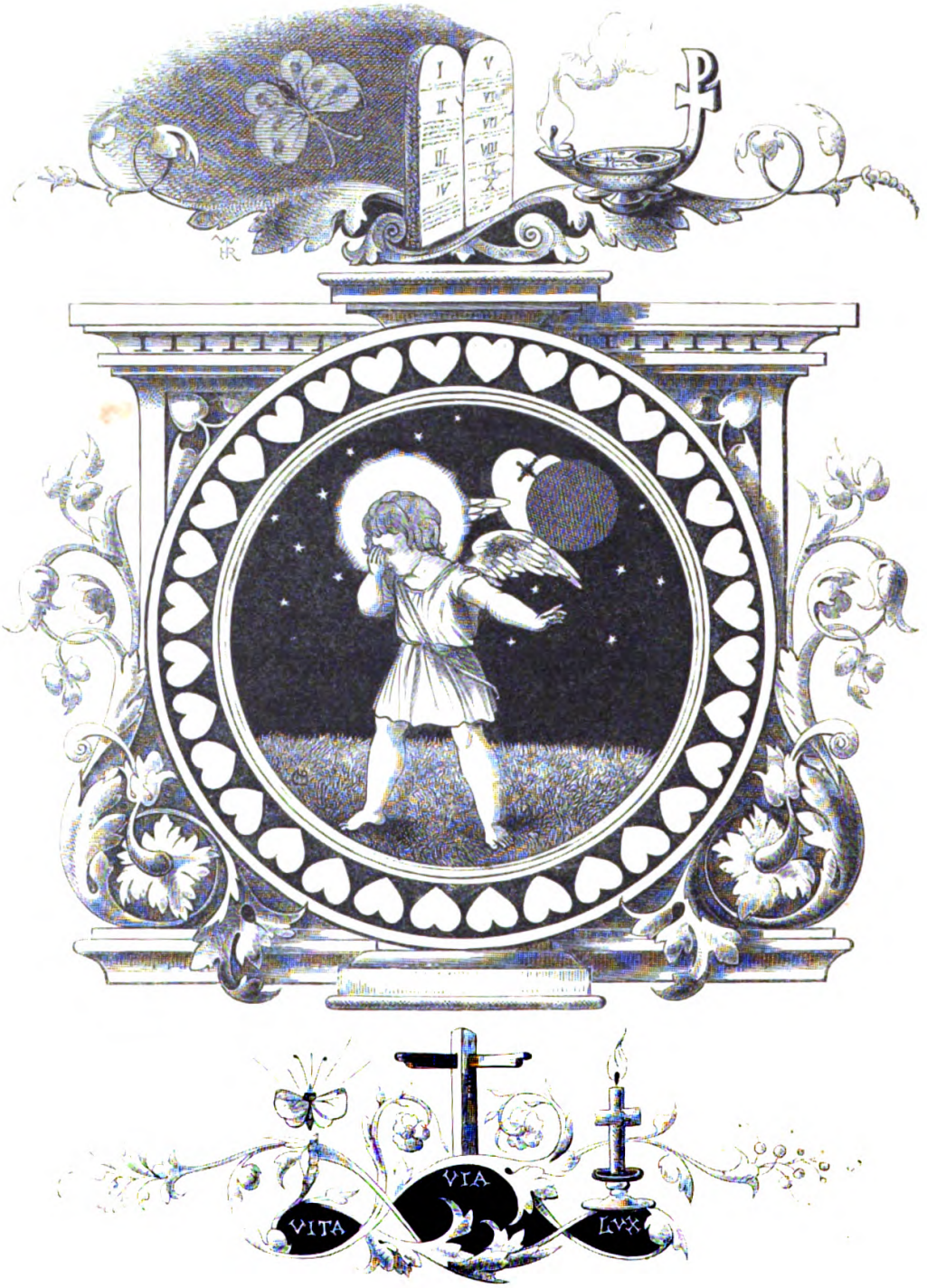
For gracious pardon; let thy gentle ears
Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears:
See not my frailties, LORD, but through my fear,
And look on every trespass through a tear:
Then calm thine anger, and appear more mild;
Remember th' art a father, I a child.

S. BERN. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

Miserable man! who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man: free, because like to GOD; miserable, because against GOD: O keeper of mankind, why hast thou set me as a mark against thee? thou hast set me, because thou hast not hindered me: It is just that thy enemy should be my enemy, and that he who repugneth thee, should repugn me: I, who am against thee, am against myself.

EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight! but born, and then rebel!
How small a blast will make a bubble swell?
But dares the floor affront the hand that laid it?
So apt is dust to fly in's face that made it.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Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me for thine enemy?—JOB XIII. 24.

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny
The sunshine of thy soul-enlivening eye?

Without that light, what light remains in me?
Thou art my life, my way, my light; in thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my life; if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths: thou art my way;
Without thee, LORD, I travel not, but stray.

My light thou art; without thy glorious sight,
My eyes are darkened with perpetual night.
My GOD, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way; I wander, if thou fly:
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I?
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot see;
To whom, or whether should my darkness flee,
But to the light? and who's that light but thee?

My path is lost, my wandering steps do stray;
I cannot safely go, nor safely stay;
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way?

O, I am dead: to whom shall I, poor I,
Repair? to whom shall my sad ashes fly
For life? and where is life but in thine eye?

And yet thou turn'st away thy face, and fly'st me;
And yet I sue for grace, and thou deny'st me;
Speak, art thou angry, LORD, or only try'st me?

Unscreen those heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou shad'st thy face; perhaps thou think'st no eye
Can view those flames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, shine forth and draw thee nigher;
Let me behold and die, for my desire
Is, phœnix-like, to perish in that fire.

Death-conquer'd Laz'rus was redeem'd by thee;
If I am dead, LORD, set death's pris'ner free;
Am I more spent, or stink I worse than he?

If my puff'd life be out, give leave to tine
My shameless snuff at that bright lamp of thine;
O what's thy light the less for light'ning mine?

If I have lost my path, great Shepherd, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?
LORD, shall a lamb of Isr'el's sheep-fold stray?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye;
The dead man's life: on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

Disclose thy sun-beams, close thy wings and stay;
See, see how I am blind and dead, and stray,
O thou that art my light, my life, my way.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Why dost thou hide thy face: happily thou wilt say, None can see thy face and live: Ah, LORD, let me die, that I may see thee; let me see thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, I despise life.

ANSELM. Med. Cap. v.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My GOD, thou hidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire! thou hidest thy pearl, to inflame the seeker; thou delayest to give, that thou mayest teach me to importune; seemest not to hear, to make me persevere.

EPIG. 7.

If Heav'n's all-quick'ning eyes vouchsafe to shine
Upon our souls, we slight; if not, we whine:
Our equinoctial hearts can never lie
Secure, beneath the tropics of that eye.

Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night.—JER. IX. 1.

OH that mine eyes were springs, and could transform
Their drops to seas; my sighs into a storm
Of zeal, and sacred violence, wherein
This lab'ring vessel, laden with her sin,
Might suffer sudden shipwreck, and be split
Upon that rock, where my drench'd soul may sit,
O'erwhelm'd with plenteous passion: Oh, and there
Drop, drop, into an everlasting tear!
Ah me! that ev'ry sliding vein that wanders
Through this vast isle, did work her wild meanders
In brackish tears instead of blood, and swell
This flesh with holy dropsies, from whose well,
Made warm with sighs, may fume my wasting breath,
Whilst I dissolve in streams, and reek to death!
These narrow sluices of my dribbling eyes
Are much too strait for those quick springs that rise,
And hourly fill my temples to the top;
I cannot shed for every sin a drop;
Great Builder of mankind, why hast thou sent
Such swelling floods, and made so small a vent?

Oh that this flesh had been composed of snow,
Instead of earth; and bones of ice; that so,
Feeling the fervour of my sin, and loathing
The fire I feel, I might have thaw'd to nothing!
O thou that didst, with hopeful joy, entomb
Me thrice three moons in thy laborious womb,
And then, with joyful pain, brought'st forth a son,
What, worth thy labour, has thy labour done?
What was there, ah! what was there in my birth
That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth?
A man was born: alas! and what's a man!
A scuttle full of dust, a measur'd span
Of flitting time; a furnish'd pack, whose wares
Are sullen griefs, and soul-tormenting cares:
A vale of tears, a vessel tunn'd with breath,
By sickness broach'd, to be drawn out by death:
A hapless, helpless thing, that, born, does cry
To feed, that feeds to live, that lives to die.
Great GOD and man, whose eye spent drops so often
For me, that cannot weep enough; O soften
These marble brains, and strike this flinty rock;
Or, if the music of thy Peter's cock
Will more prevail, fill, fill my heark'ning ears
With that sweet sound, that I may melt in tears!
I cannot weep until thou broach mine eye;
O give me vent, or else I burst, and die.

S. AMBROS. in Psal. cxviii.

He that commits sins to be wept for, cannot weep for sins committed; and being himself most lamentable, hath no tears to lament his offences.

NAZIANZ. Orat. iii.

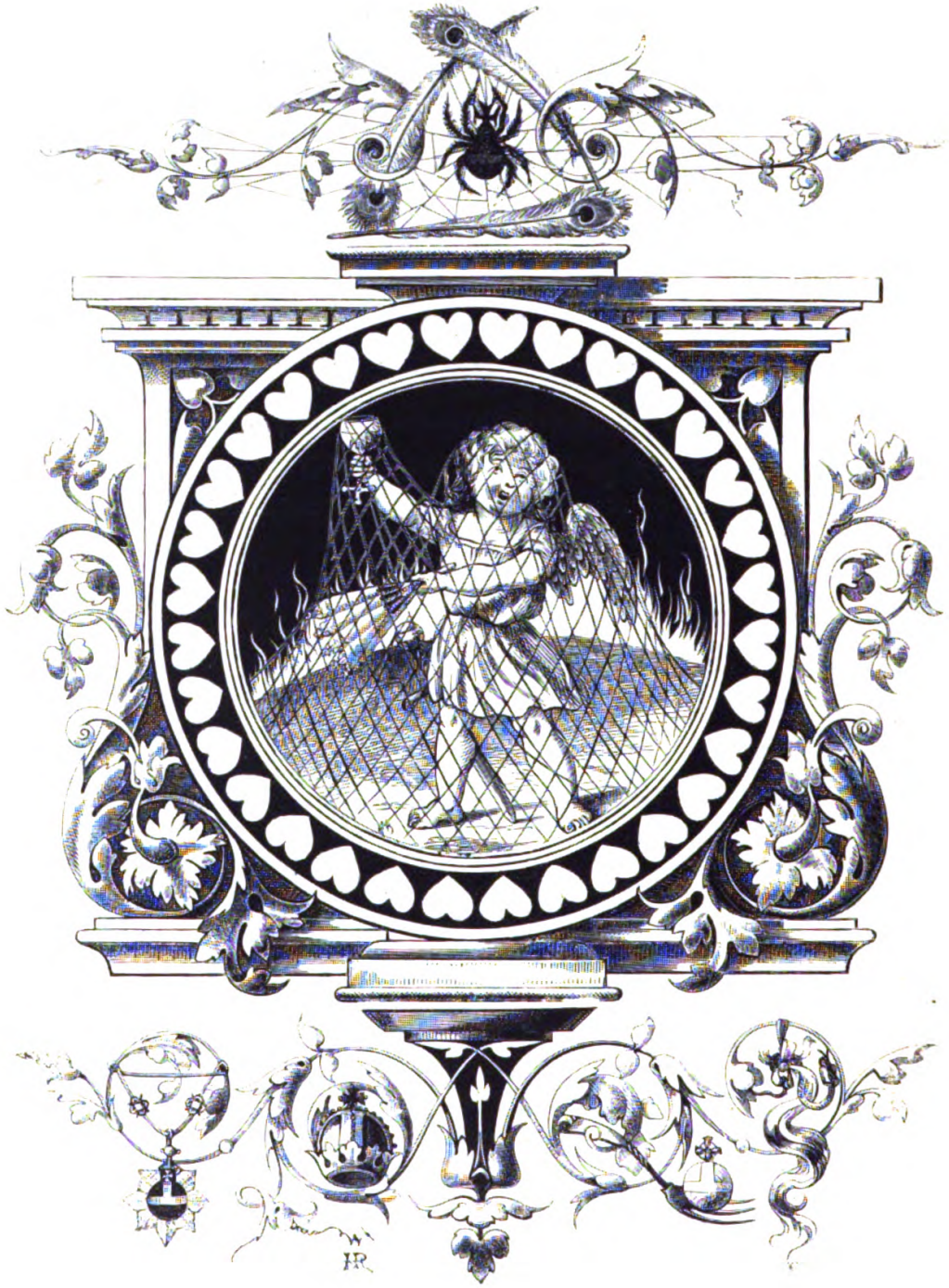
Tears are the deluge of sin, and the world's sacrifice.

S. HIERON. in Esaiam.

Prayer appeases GOD, but a tear compels him: that moves him, but this constrains him.

EPIG. 8.

Earth is an island ported round with fears;
Thy way to Heav'n is through the sea of tears;
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wreck of many a ship, but no man drown'd.



The sorrows of hell compassed me about, and the snares of death prevented me.—PSALM XVIII. 5.

IS not this type well cut, in ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning! fill'd with Zeuxian art?
Are not their hunters, and the Stygian hounds
Limn'd full to th' life? didst ever hear the sounds
Of music, and the lip-dividing breaths
Of the strong winded horn, recheats, and deaths,
Done more exact? th' infernal Nimrod's halloo?
The lawless purlieus? and the game they follow?
The hidden engines, and the snares that lie
So undiscover'd, so obscure to th' eye?
The new drawn net, and her entangled prey?
And him that closes it; Beholder, say,
Is't not well done! seems not an em'lous strife
Betwixt the rare cut picture and the life?
These purlieu men are devils; and the hounds
(Those quick-nos'd cannibals that scour the grounds)
Temptation; and the game, the fiends pursue,
Are human souls, which still they have in view;

Whose fury if they chance to 'scape, by flying,
The skilful hunter plants his net, close lying
On th' unsuspected earth, baited with treasure,
Ambitious honour, and self-wasting pleasure:
Where, if the soul but stoop, death stands prepar'd
To draw the net, and drown the souls ensnared.
Poor soul! how art thou hurried to and fro?
Where canst thou safely stay? where safely go?
If stay; these hot-mouth'd hounds are apt to tear thee:
If go; the snares enclose, the nets ensnare thee:
What good in this bad world has power t' invite thee
A willing guest; wherein can earth delight thee?
Her pleasures are but itch: her wealth, but cares:
A world of dangers, and a world of snares:
The close pursuers' busy hands do plant
Snares in thy substance; snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; snares in thy disgrace;
Snares in thy high estate; snares in thy base;
Snares tuck thy bed; and snares surround thy board;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and snares attach thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy diet; snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy resolves, snares in thy doubt;
Snares lie within thy heart, and snares without;
Snares are above thy head, and snares beneath;
Snares in thy sickness, snares are in thy death.
Oh! if these purlieus be so full of danger,
Great GOD of hearts, the world's sole sov'reign ranger,
Preserve thy deer; and let my soul be blest
In thy safe forest where I seek for rest:
Then let the hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill;
Rouse me they may, but have no power to kill.

S. AMBROS. Lib. iv. in Cap. iv. in Luc.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot, are the snares of the devil.

S. AMBROS. de Bono Mortis.

Whilst thou seekest pleasures, thou runnest into snares, for the eye of the harlot is the snare of the adulterer.

SAVANAR.

In eating, he sets before us gluttony; in generation, luxury; in labour, sluggishness; in conversing, envy; in governing, covetousness; in correcting, anger; in honour, pride; in the heart, he sets evil thoughts; in the mouth, evil words; in actions, evil works; when awake, he moves us to evil actions; when asleep, to filthy dreams.

EPIG. 9.

Be sad, my heart, deep dangers wait thy mirth:
Thy soul's waylaid by sea, by hell, by earth:
Hell has her hounds; earth, snares; the sea, a shelf:
But, most of all, my heart, beware thyself.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.—PSALM CXLIII. 2.

Jesus. Justice. Sinner.

Jesus. BRING forth the pris'ner, Justice. *Justice.* Thy commands
Are done, just Judge: See here the pris'ner stands.
Jesus. What has the pris'ner done? Say; what's the cause
Of his commitment? *Justice.* He hath broke the laws
Of his too gracious GOD; conspir'd the death
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,
And heaps transgression, LORD, upon transgression.
Jesus. How know'st thou this? *Justice.* E'en by his own confession:
His sins are crying; and they cry'd aloud:
They cry'd to Heav'n, they cry'd to Heav'n for blood.
Jesus. What say'st thou, sinner? hast thou ought to plead
That sentence should not pass? hold up thy head,
And show thy brazen, thy rebellious face.

Sinner. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth, much more to lift
Mine eyes to Heav'n; I need no other shrift
Than mine own conscience; LORD, I must confess,
I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me; ah! if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgress'd thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause.
Justice. LORD, shall I strike the blow? *Jesus.* Hold, Justice, stay:
Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say?
Sinner. Vile as I am, and of myself abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, LORD,
Stampt with thy glorious image, and at first
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst,
Convicted caitiff, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. *Justice.* Thy fault's the greater.
LORD, shall I strike the blow? *Jesus.* Hold, Justice, stay:
Speak, sinner; hast thou nothing else to say?
Sinner. Nothing but mercy, mercy, LORD; my state
Is miserably poor and desperate;
I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee
From Lord to JESUS, from thyself to thee.
Justice. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry GOD has vow'd;
Abused mercy must have blood for blood:
Shall I yet strike the blow? *Jesus.* Stay, Justice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch; methinks I spy
My Father's image in the pris'ner's eye.

Justice. I cannot hold. *Jesus.* Then turn thy
thirsty blade
Into my sides, let there the wound be made:
Cheer up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine:
My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.
Sinner. O groundless deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies to set th' offender free.

S. AUGUST.

LORD, if I have done that, for which thou mayest damn me; thou hast not lost that, whereby thou mayest save me: remember not, sweet Jesus, thy justice against the sinner, but thy benignity towards thy creature: remember not to proceed against a guilty soul, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch: forget the insolence of the provoker, and behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

ANSELM.

Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against thee: my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy: It is much that my rebellions have deserved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my advocate, is now my judge:
He suffers, pleads, and sentences alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up.—PSALM LXIX. 15.

THE world's a sea; my flesh a ship that's mann'd
With lab'ring thoughts, and steer'd by reason's hand:
My heart's the seaman's card, whereby she sails;
My loose affections are the greater sails;
The top-sail is my fancy, and the gusts
That fill these wanton sheets, are worldly lusts.
Pray'r is the cable, at whose end appears
The anchor Hope, ne'er slipp'd but in our fears:
My will's the inconstant pilot, that commands
The stagg'ring keel; my sins are like the sands:
Repentance is the bucket, and mine eye
The pump unus'd (but in extremes) and dry:
My conscience is the plummet that does press
The deeps, but seldom cries, O fathomless:
Smooth calm's security; the gulph, despair;
My freight's corruption, and this life's my fare:
My soul's the passenger, confus'dly driv'n
From fear to fright; her landing port is Heav'n.

My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak;
My sailor's rude; my steersman faint and weak:
My canvas torn, it flaps from side to side:
My cable's crack'd, my anchor's slightly ty'd,
My pilot's craz'd: my shipwreck sands are cloak'd;
My bucket's broken, and my pump is chok'd;
My calm's deceitful; and my gulph too near;
My wares are slubber'd, and my fare's too dear:
My plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound;
Oh, shall my rock-bethreaten'd soul be drown'd?
LORD, still the seas, and shield my ship from harm;
Instruct my sailors, guide my steersman's arm:
Touch thou my compass, and renew my sails,
Send stiffer courage or send milder gales;
Make strong my cable, bind my anchor faster;
Direct my pilot, and be thou his master;
Object the sands to my most serious view,
Make sound my bucket, bore my pump anew:
New cast my plummet, make it apt to try
Where the rocks lurk, and where the quicksands lie;
Guard thou the gulf with love, my calms with care;
Cleanse thou my freight; accept my slender fare;
Refresh the sea-sick passenger; cut short
His voyage; land him in his wish'd-for port:
Thou, thou, whom winds and stormy seas obey,
That through the deep gav'st grumbling Isr'el way,
Say to my soul, be safe; and then mine eye
Shall scorn grim death, although grim death stand by.
O thou whose strength-reviving arm did cherish
Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will save.

S. AMBROS. Apol. post. pro. David. Cap. iii.

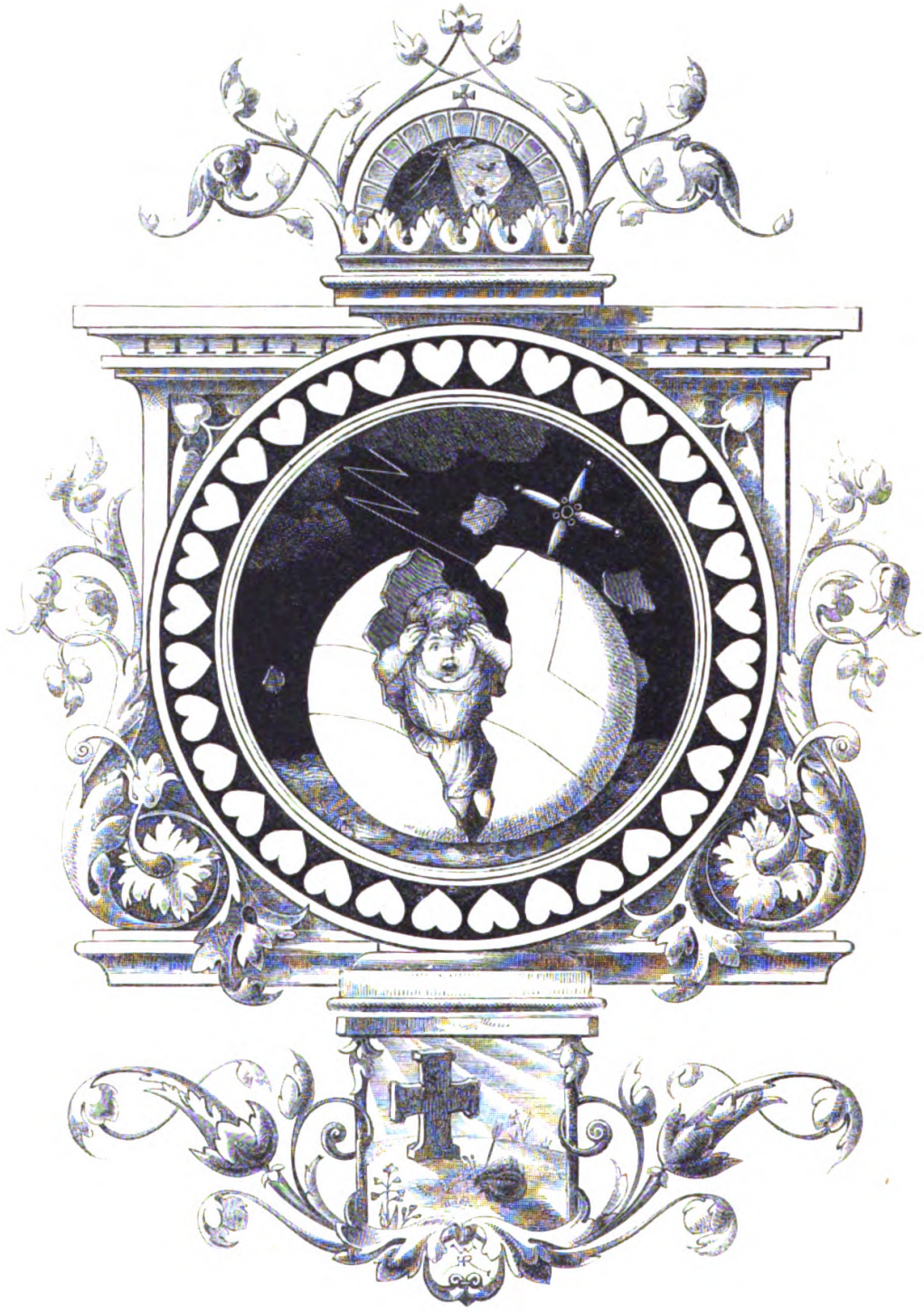
The confluence of lust makes a great tempest, which in this sea disturbeth the seafaring soul, that reason cannot govern it.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxv.

We labour in the boisterous sea: thou standest upon the shore and seest our dangers; give us grace to hold a middle course between Scylla and Charybdis, that, both dangers escaped, we may arrive at the port secure.

EPIG. 11.

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger
In these false coasts; O keep aloof; there's danger:
Cast forth thy plummet; see, a rock appears;
Thy ship wants sea-room; make it with thy tears.



O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou wouldest keep me in secret until thy wrath be past.—JOB XIV. 13.

O WHITHER shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry GOD?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What, if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the GOD of light.

What, if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert? If she springs away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

What, if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
What flame-ey'd fury means to smite, can save.

The seas will part, graves open, rocks will split;
The shield will cleave; the frighted shadows flit;
Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.

No, no, if stern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So close, but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'scape that hand, until that hand forbear;
Ah me! where is he not, that's ev'rywhere?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy show
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false;
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls;
Poor cots are e'en as safe as princes' halls.

Great GOD! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe,
'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Thou art my GOD, by thee I fall or stand;
Thy grace hath giv'n me courage to withstand
All tortures, but my conscience and thy hand.

I know thy justice is thyself; I know,
Just GOD, thy very self is mercy too;
If not to thee, where, whither shall I go?

Then work thy will; if passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey; my wings shall be
Stretch'd out no farther than from thee to thee.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. xxxiii.

Whither fly I? to what place can I safely fly? to what mountain? to what den? to what strong house? what castle shall I hold? what walls shall hold me? whithersoever I go, myself followeth me: For whatsoever thou fliest, O man, thou mayest, but thy own conscience: wheresoever, O LORD, I go, I find thee; if angry, a revenger; if appeased, a redeemer: what way have I, but to fly from thee to thee? that thou mayest avoid thy GOD, address to thy LORD.

EPIG. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? can thy fears command
No rocks to shield thee from her thund'ring hand?
Knows't thou not where to 'scape? I'll tell thee where:
My soul, make clean thy conscience; hide thee there.

Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may bewail myself a little.—JOB X. 20.

MY glass is half unspent; forbear t' arrest
My thriftless day too soon: my poor request
Is, that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; see, see how swift they run:
Cut not my thread before my thread be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay;
What loss sustain'st thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
To count my winged hours; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what's a life? a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill thy stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

And what's a life? a blast sustain'd with clothing,
Maintain'd with food, retain'd with vile self-loathing,
Then weary of itself, again to nothing.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-liv'd winter's day; hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view), how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon;
My non-ag'd day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit! how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to while
The time away, or safely to beguile
My thoughts with joy, there's nothing worth a smile.

No, no: 'tis not to please my wanton ears
With frantic mirth, I beg but hours, not years:
And what thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that soul which would be rather led!
That seed has yet not broke my serpent's head;
O shall I die before my sins are dead?

Behold these rags; am I a fitting guest
To taste the dainties of thy royal feast,
With hands and face unwash'd, ungirt, unblest?

First, let the Jordan streams, that find supplies
From the deep fountain of my heart, arise,
And cleanse my spots, and clear my lep'rous eyes.

I have a world of sins to be lamented;
I have a sea of tears that must be vented:
O spare till then; and then I die contented.

S. AUGUST. Lib. de Civit. Dei. Cap. x.

The time wherein we live, is taken from the space of our life; and what remaineth, is daily made less, insomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a passage to death.

S. GREG. Lib. ix. Cap. lxiv. in Job.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, so immoderate take away tears; insomuch that sorrow becometh no sorrow, which swallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the sense of the affliction.

EPIG. 13.

Fear'st thou to go, when such an arm invites thee?
Dread'st thou thy loads of sin? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins:
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy sins?

O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!—DEUT. XXXII. 29.

Flesh. Spirit.

Flesh. WHAT means my sister's eye so oft to pass
Through the long entry of that optic glass?
Tell me; what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?
Spirit. It helps the sight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view; it draws the objects near.
Flesh. What sense-delighting objects dost thou spy?
What doth that glass present before thine eye?
Spirit. I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim death, e'en standing at the glass's end:
His left hand holds a branch of palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Flesh.* A proper sight.
And is this all? doth thy prospective please
Th' abused fancy with no shapes but these?
Spirit. Yes, I behold the darken'd sun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of Heav'n

Swelt'ring in flames; the angel-guarded Son
Of glory on his high tribunal-throne;
I see a brimstone sea of boiling fire,
And fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poor souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.
Look, sister, how the queasy-stomach'd graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves
Scald their consumeless bodies, strongly cursing
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nursing.
Flesh. Can thy distemper'd fancy take delight
In view of tortures? these are shows t' affright:
Look in this glass triangular; look here,
Here's that will ravish eyes. *Spirit.* What seest thou there?
Flesh. The world in colours; colours that distain
The cheeks of Proteus or the silken train
Of Flora's nymphs; such various sorts of hue,
As sun-confronting Iris never knew:
Here, if thou please to beautify a town,
Thou may'st; or with a hand, turn't upside down;
Here may'st thou scant or widen by the measure
Of thine own will; make short or long at pleasure:
Here may'st thou tire thy fancy, and advise
With shows more apt to please more curious eyes.
Spirit. Ah fool! that doat'st on vain, on present toys,
And disrespect'st those true, those future joys:
How strongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas!
To doat on goods that perish with thy glass!
Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand:
Were they but painted colours, it might stand
With painted reason that they might devote thee;
But things that have no being to besot thee!

Foresight of future torments is the way
To balk those ills which present joys betray.
As thou hast fool'd thyself, so now come hither,
Break that fond glass, and let's be wise together.

S. BONAVENT. de Contemptu Sæculi.

O that men would be wise, and understand, and foresee. Be wise, to know three things, the multitude of those that are to be damned; the few number of those that are to be saved; and the vanity of transitory things: understand three things; the multitude of sins, the omission of good things, and the loss of time: foresee three things; the danger of death, the last judgment, and eternal punishment.

EPIG. 14.

What, soul, no further yet? what, ne'er commence
Master in faith? still bachelor of sense?
Is't insufficiency? or what has made thee
O'erslip thy lost degree? thy lusts have staid thee.

My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing.—
PSALM XXXI. 10.

WHAT sullen star rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my days one hour of mirth?
How oft have these bare knees been bent to gain
These slender alms of one poor smile in vain?
How often, tir'd with the fastidious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the shades of night?
How often have my nightly torments pray'd
For ling'ring twilight, glutted with the shade?
Day worse than night, night worse than day appears;
In fears I spend my nights, my days in tears:
I moan unpitied, groan without relief,
There is no end or measure of my grief.
The smiling flow'r salutes the day; it grows
Untouch'd with care; it neither spins nor sows:
O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or finish'd with an hour:

Why was I born? why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by so large a span?
Or why suspended by the common lot,
And being born to die, why die I not?
Ah me! why is my sorrow-wasted breath
Denied the easy privilege of death?
The branded slave, that tugs the weary oar,
Obtains the sabbath of a welcome shore;
His ransom'd stripes are heal'd; his native soil
Sweetens the mem'ry of his foreign toil:
But ah; my sorrows are not half so blest;
My labour finds no point, my pains no rest;
I barter sighs for tears, and tears for groans,
Still vainly rolling Sisyphæan stones.
Thou just observer of our flying hours,
That, with thy adamantine fangs, devours
The brazen monuments of renowned kings,
Doth thy glass stand? or be thy moulting wings
Unapt to fly? if not, why dost thou spare
A willing breast; a breast that stands so fair;
A dying breast, that hath but only breath
To beg a wound, and strength to crave a death?
O that the pleased Heav'ns would once dissolve
These fleshly fetters, that so fast involve
My hamper'd soul; then would my soul be blest
From all those ills, and wrap her thoughts in rest:
Till then, my days are months, my months are years,
My years are ages to be spent in tears:
My grief's entailed upon my wasteful breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off but death.
Breath drawn in cottages, puff'd out in moans,
Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

INNOCENT. de Vilitate Condit. Humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail the miserable ingress of man's condition; the sinful progress of man's conversation; the damnable egress in man's dissolution? I will consider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do! alas! he is formed of earth, conceived in sin, born to punishment: he doth evil things, which are not lawful; he doth filthy things, which are not decent; he doth vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, thy life's a debt by bond, which bears
A secret date; the use is groans and tears:
Plead not; usurious nature will have all,
As well the int'rest as the principal.

BOOK THE FOURTH

My soul hath coveted to desire thy judgments.—PSALM CXIX.

I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin.—ROM. VII. 23.

O HOW my will is hurried to and fro,
And how my unresolv'd resolves do vary!
I know not where to fix, sometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary:
I like, dislike: lament for what I could not;
I do, undo; yet still do what I should not,
And, at the selfsame instant, will the thing I would not.

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts opprest
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will;
Thus am I hourly tost from east to west
Upon the rolling streams of good and ill:
Thus am I driv'n upon the slipp'ry suds
From real ills to false apparent goods:
My life's a troubled sea, compos'd of ebbs and floods.

The curious penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabbled quill,
Lets fall a heedless drop, then in a rage
Cashiers the fruits of his unlucky skill;
E'en so my pregnant soul in th' infant bud
Of her best thoughts show'rs down a coal-black flood
Of unadvised ills, and cancels all her good.

Sometimes a sudden flash of sacred heat
Warms my chill soul, and sets my thoughts in frame;
But soon that fire is shoulder'd from her seat
By lustful Cupid's much inferior flame.
I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire;
Thus are the mongrel thoughts of mixt desire
Consum'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

Sometimes my trash-disdaining thoughts outpass
The common period of terrene conceit;
O then methinks I scorn the thing I was,
Whilst I stand ravish'd at my new estate:
But when the Icarian wings of my desire
Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
I know the frailty of my fleshly will:
My passion's eagle-ey'd; my judgment blind;
I know what's good, and yet make choice of ill.
When the ostrich wings of my desires shall be
So dull, they cannot mount the least degree,
Yet grant my sole desire, but of desiring thee.

S. BERN. Med. ix.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and instable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting divine counsel, cannot subsist in itself; and whilst it divers ways seeketh rest, findeth none, but remaineth miserable through labour, and void of peace: it agreeth not with itself, it dissenteth from itself; it altereth resolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: it willeth and willeth not; and never remaineth in the same state.

S. AUGUST. de Verb. Apost.

When it would, it cannot; because when it might, it would not: therefore by an evil will man lost his good power.

EPIG. I.

My soul, how are thy thoughts disturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!
Fix here or there; thy doubt-depending cause
Can ne'er expect one verdict 'twixt two laws.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!—PSALM CXIX. 5.

THUS I, the object of the world's disdain,
With pilgrim face surround the weary earth;
I only relish what the world counts vain;
Her mirth's my grief; her sullen grief my mirth;
Her light my darkness; and her truth my error.
Her freedom is my gaol; and her delight my terror.

Fond earth! proportion not my seeming love
To my long stay; let not my thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my prison, and my home's above;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee:
Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee:
With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee.

The world's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuous ways
Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd meanders:
No resting here; he's hurried back that stays
A thought; and he that goes unguided, wanders:
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;
So hard's the way from earth; so hard's the way to Heav'n.

This gyring lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire,
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier;
Where, if his footsteps trust their own invention,
He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.

Where shall I seek a guide? where shall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
What trusty lanthorn will direct my feet
To 'scape the danger of these dang'rous places?
What hopes have I to pass without a guide?
Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.

An unrequested star did gently slide
Before the wise men to a greater light;
Backsliding Isr'el found a double guide;
A pillar and a cloud; by day, by night:
Yet in my desp'rate dangers, which be far
More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud, nor star.

O that the pinions of a clipping dove
Would cut my passage through the empty air;
Mine eyes being seal'd, how would I mount above
The reach of danger and forgotten care!
My backward eyes should ne'er commit that fault,
Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of salt.

Great GOD, that art the flowing spring of light,
Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray:
Thou art my path; direct my steps aright;
I have no other light, no other way:
I'll trust my GOD, and him alone pursue;
His law shall be my path; his heavenly light, my clue.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. iv.

O LORD; Who art the light, the way, the truth, the life; in whom there is no darkness, error, vanity, nor death: the light, without which there is darkness; the way, without which there is wandering; the truth, without which there is error; the life, without which there is death: say, LORD, let there be light, and I shall see light, and eschew darkness; I shall see the way, and avoid wandering; I shall see the truth, and shun error; I shall see life, and escape death: illuminate, O illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness, and the shadow of death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.

EPIG. 2.

Pilgrim, trudge on: what makes thy soul complain,
Crowns thy complaint: the way to rest is pain:
The road to resolution lies by doubt:
The next way home's the farthest way about.

Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.—
PSALM XVII. 5.

WHENE'ER the old exchange of profit rings
Her silver saints-bell of uncertain gains;
My merchant-soul can stretch both legs and wings,
How I can run, and take unwearied pains!
The charms of profit are so strong, that I,
Who wanted legs to go, find wings to fly.

If time-beguiling pleasure but advance
Her lustful trump, and blow her bold alarms,
O how my sportful soul can frisk and dance,
And hug that siren in her twined arms!
The sprightly voice of sinew-strength'ning pleasure
Can lend my bedrid soul both legs and leisure.

If blazing honour chance to fill my veins
With flatt'ring warmth, and flash of courtly fire,
My soul can take a pleasure in her pains:
My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire;
My antic knees can turn upon the hinges
Of compliment, and screw a thousand cringes.

But when I come to thee, my GOD, that art
The royal mine of everlasting treasure,
The real honour of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleasure,
How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slow!
I have no wings to fly, nor legs to go.

So when the streams of swift-foot Rhine convey
Her upland riches to the Belgic shore,
The idle vessel slides the wat'ry way,
Without the blast or tug of wind or oar:
Her slipp'ry keel divides the silver foam
With ease; so facile is the way from home!

But when the home-bound vessel turns her sails
Against the breast of the resisting stream,
O then she slugs; nor sail, nor oar prevails!
The stream is sturdy, and her tide's extreme:
Each stroke is loss, and ev'ry tug is vain:
A boat-length's purchase is a league of pain.

Great ALL IN ALL, thou art my rest, my home;
My way is tedious, and my steps are slow:
Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come;
I am thy child, O teach thy child to go:
Conjoin thy sweet commands to my desire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. AUGUST. Ser. xv. de Verb. Apost.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not: for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest: always add, always walk, always proceed; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate: he that standeth still proceedeth not; he goeth back that continueth not; he deviateth, that revolteth; he goeth better that creepeth in his way than he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my soul, to lose for want of cunning;
Weep not; Heav'n is not always got by running:
Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be slow;
True love will creep, not having strength to go.

My flesh trembleth for fear of thee; and I am afraid of thy judgments.—PSALM CXIX. 120.

LET others boast of luck, and go their ways
With their fair game; know, vengeance seldom plays
To be too forward, but doth wisely frame
Her backward tables for an after-game:
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not:
But when her pointed tables are made fair,
That she be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a necessary blot be set,
She hits thee; wins the game; perchance the set:
If prosp'rous chances make thy casting high,
Be wisely temp'rate; cast a serious eye
On after dangers, and keep back thy game;
Too forward seed-times make thy harvest lame.
If left-hand fortune give thee left-hand chances,
Be wisely patient; let not envious glances
Repine, to view thy gamester's heap so fair;
The hindmost hound oft takes the doubling hare.

The world's great dice are false; sometimes they go
Extremely high, sometimes extremely low:
Of all her gamesters, he that plays the least,
Lives most at ease, plays most secure and best:
The way to win, is to play fair, and swear
Thyself a servant to the crown of fear:
Fear is the primer of a gamester's skill:
Who fears not bad, stands most unarm'd to ill.
The ill that 's wisely fear'd, is half withstood;
And fear of bad is the best foil to good.
True fear 's th' Elixir, which in days of old
Turn'd leaden crosses into crowns of gold:
The world 's the tables; stakes, eternal life;
The gamesters, Heav'n and I; unequal strife!
My fortunes are the dice, whereby I frame
My indisposed life: this life 's the game;
My sins are several blots; the lookers-on
Are angels; and in death the game is done.
LORD, I 'm a bungler, and my game doth grow
Still more and more unshap'd; my dice run low:
The stakes are great; my careless blots are many:
And yet thou passest by and hitt'st not any:
Thou art too strong; and I have none to guide me
With the least jog; the lookers-on deride me:
It is a conquest undeserving thee,
To win a stake from such a worm as me:
I have no more to lose; if we persever,
'Tis lost: and that once lost, I' m lost for ever.
LORD, wink at faults, and be not too severe,
And I will play my game with greater fear;
O give me fear, ere fear has past her date:
Whose blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. BERN. Ser. liv. in Cant.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before GOD not over wise, but to fear: happy art thou, if thy heart be replenished with three fears; a fear for received grace, a greater fear for lost grace, a greatest fear to recover grace.

S. AUGUST. super Psal.

Present fear begetteth eternal security: fear GOD, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

EPIG. 4.

LORD, shall we grumble when thy flames do scourge us?
Our sins breathe fire; that fire returns to purge us.
LORD, what an alchymist art thou, whose skill
Transmutes to perfect good from perfect ill!

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.—PSALM CXIX. 37.

How like the threads of flax
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires!
How like to yielding wax,
My soul dissolves before these wanton fires!
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn; like wax, I melt.

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire!
And how the eternal law
Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good,
Are all the laws of flesh and blood!

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid again,
With griping int'rest of the next day's sorrow!
How wild his thoughts! how apt to range!
How apt to vary! apt to change!

How intricate and nice
Is man's perplexed way to man's desire ;
Sometimes upon the ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire ;
His progress is extreme and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

The common food he doth
Sustain his soul-tormenting thoughts withal,
Is honey in his mouth
To-night, and in his heart, to-morrow, gall ;
'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,
Both very sweet and very sour.

If sweet Corinna smile,
A Heav'n of joys breaks down into his heart :
Corinna frown awhile,
Hell's torments are but copies of his smart :
Within a lustful heart doth dwell
A seeming Heav'n, a very hell.

Thus worthless, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earth's employment,
Which, ere they be enjoy'd,
Distract us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment ;
These be the pleasures that are priz'd,
When Heav'n's cheap penn'worth stands despis'd.

LORD, quench these hasty flashes,
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
And ev'ry minute dashes
Against the wanton windows of mine eyes :

LORD, close the casement, whilst I stand
Behind the curtain of thy hand.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. iv.

O thou sun, that illuminateth both Heaven and earth! woe be unto those eyes which do not behold thee: woe be unto those blind eyes which cannot behold thee: woe be unto those which turn away their eyes that they will not behold thee: woe be unto those that turn away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

S. CHRYS. Sup. Mat. xix.

What is the evil woman but the enemy of friendship, an avoidable pain, a necessary mischief, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil, painted over with the colour of good?

EPIG. 5.

'Tis vain, great GOD, to close mine eyes from ill,
When I resolve to keep the old man still;
My rambling heart must cov'nant first with thee,
Or none can pass betwixt mine eye and me.

BOENA

If I have found favour in thy sight, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition.—ESTHER VII. 3.

THOU art the great Ahasuerus, whose command
Doth stretch from pole to pole; the world's thy land;
Rebellious Vashti's the corrupted will,
Which, being call'd, refuses to fulfil
Thy just command; Esther, whose tears condole
The razed city, is the regen'rate soul;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt please to grace
With nuptial honours in stout Vashti's place:
Her kinsman, whose unbended knee did thwart
Proud Haman's glory, is the fleshly part;
The sober eunuch, that recall'd to mind
The new-built gibbet (Haman had divin'd
For his own ruin), fifty cubits high,
Is lustful thought-controlling chastity;
Insulting Haman is that fleshly lust
Whose red-hot fury, for a season, must
Triumph in pride, and study how to tread
On Mordecai, till royal Esther plead.

Great King, thy sent-for Vashti will not come;
O let the oil of the bless'd virgin's womb
Cleanse my poor Esther; look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy beam of honour
So scour her captive stains, that she may prove
An holy object of thy heav'nly love:
Anoint her with the spikenard of thy graces,
Then try the sweetness of her chaste embraces:
Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
And set thy royal crown upon her head;
If then ambitious Haman chance to spend
His spleen on Mordecai, that scorns to bend
The wilful stiffness of his stubborn knee,
Or basely crouch to any lord but thee;
If weeping Esther should prefer a groan
Before the high tribunal of thy throne,
Hold forth the golden sceptre, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious LORD:
And let thy royal Esther be possest
Of half thy kingdom, at her dear request:
Curb lustful Haman, him that would disgrace,
Nay, ravish thy fair queen before thy face:
And as proud Haman was himself ensnar'd
On that self-gibbet that himself prepar'd;
So nail my lust, both punishment and guilt,
On that dear cross that mine own lusts have built.

S. AUGUST. in Ep.

O holy Spirit, always inspire me with holy works. Constrain me, that I may do: counsel me, that I may love thee; confirm me, that I may hold thee; conserve me, that I may not lose thee.

S. AUGUST. Sup. Joan.

The spirit lusts where the flesh resteth: for as the flesh is nourished with sweet things, the spirit is refreshed with sour.

Ibidem.

Wouldest thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? then let thy spirit obey thy GOD. Thou must be governed, that thou mayest govern.

EPIG. 6.

Of mercy and justice is thy kingdom built;
This plagues my sin, and that removes my guilt;
Whene'er I sue, Ahasuerus-like, decline
Thy sceptre; LORD, say, half my kingdom 's thine.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.—CANTICLES VII. 11.

Christ. Soul.

Chr. COME, come, my dear, and let us both retire,
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant field:
Where warbling Phil'mel, and the shrill-mouth'd choir
Chaunt forth their raptures; where the turtle builds
Her lovely nest; and where the new-born brier
Breathes forth the sweetness that her April yields:
Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try
These rural delicates; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and fear no stander-by.

Soul. My heart's eternal joy, in lieu of whom
The earth 's a blast, and all the world 's a bubble;
Our city-mansion is the fairest home,
But country sweets are ting'd with lesser trouble:
Let 's try them both, and choose the better; come;
A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double;
On thy commands depends my go or tarry,
I 'll stir with Martha, or I 'll stay with Mary;
Our hearts are firmly fit, altho' our pleasures vary.

Chr. Our country-mansion (situate on high)
With various objects, still renews delight;
Her arched roof's of unstain'd ivory:
Her walls of fiery-sparkling chrysolite;
Her pavement is of hardest porphyry;
Her spacious windows are all glaz'd with bright
And flaming carbuncles; no need require
Titan's faint rays, or Vulcan's feeble fire;
And ev'ry gate's a pearl; and ev'ry pearl entire.

Soul. Fool that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd!
How falsely was my fond conceit possest!
I took it for an hermitage, but pav'd
And daub'd with neighb'ring dirt, and thatch'd at best.
Alas! I ne'er expected more nor crav'd
A turtle; hop'd but for a turtle's nest:
Come, come, my dear, and let no idle stay
Neglect th' advantage of the head-strong day;
How pleasure grates, that feels the curb of dull delay!

Chr. Come, then, my joy; let our divided paces
Conduct us to our fairest territory;
O there we'll twine our souls in sweet embraces;
Soul. And in thine arms I'll tell my passion's story:
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces;
Soul. And all these graces shall reflect thy glory:
Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celestial manna;
I'll be thy Elkanah. *Soul.* And I, thy Hannah.
Chr. I'll sound my trump of joy. *Soul.* And I'll resound Hosannah.

S. BERN.

O blessed contemplation! the death of vices, and the life of virtues! thee the law and the prophets admire: who ever attained perfection, if not by thee? O blessed solitude, the magazine of celestial treasure! by thee, things earthly and transitory are changed into heavenly and eternal.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that congregation, where Martha still complaineth of Mary.

EPIG. 7.

Mechanic soul, thou must not only do
With Martha, but with Mary ponder too:
Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary;
But most, when Martha's reconcil'd to Mary.

Draw me; we will run after thee because of the savour of thy good ointments.—CANTICLES I. 3, 4.

THUS, like a lump of the corrupted mass,
I lie secure, long lost before I was:
And like a block, beneath whose burthen lies
That undiscover'd worm that never dies,
I have no will to rouse, I have no power to rise.

Can stinking Lazarus compound or strive
With death's entangling fetters, and revive?
Or can the water-buried axe implore
A hand to raise it, or itself restore,
And from her sandy deeps approach the dry-foot shore?

So hard 's the task for sinful flesh and blood
To lend the smallest step to what is good,
My GOD! I cannot move the least degree:
Ah! if but only those that active be,
None should thy glory see, none should thy glory see.

But, if the potter please t' inform the clay:
Or some strong hand remove the block away:
  Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher;
  That proves a vessel, which before was mire;
And this, being hewn, may serve for better use than fire.

And if that life-restoring voice command
Dead Laz'rus forth; or that great Prophet's hand
  Should charm the sullen waters, and begin
  To beckon, or to dart a stick but in,
Dead Laz'rus must revive, and the axe must float again.

LORD, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To hear thy voice, or echo to thy call;
  The gloomy clouds of mine own guilt benight me;
  Thy glorious beams, not dainty sweets, invite me;
They neither can direct, nor these at all delight me.

See how my sin-bemangled body lies,
Not having pow'r to will, nor will to rise!
  Shine home upon thy creature, and inspire
  My lifeless will with thy regen'rate fire;
The first degree to do, is only to desire.

Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do;
O raise me up, and I will strive to go:
  Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twist,
  That have no pow'r but merely to resist;
O lend me strength to do, and then command thy list.

My soul 's a clock, whose wheels (for want of use
And winding up, being subject to th' abuse
Of eating rust,) want vigour to fulfil
Her twelve hours' task, and show her Maker's skill,
But idly sleeps unmov'd, and standeth vainly still.

Great GOD, it is thy work, and therefore good,
If thou be pleas'd to cleanse it with thy blood,
And wind it up with thy soul-moving keys,
Her busy wheels shall serve thee all her days;
Her hand shall point thy pow'r, her hammer strike
thy praise.

S. BERN. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run but in the savour of thy ointment, not in the confidence of our merits, not in the greatness of our strength: we trust to run but in the multitude of thy mercies, for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in GOD that showeth mercy. O let thy mercy return, and we will run: thou, like a giant, runnest by thy own power; we, unless thy ointment breathe upon us, cannot run.

EPIG. 8.

Look not, my watch, being once repair'd, to stand
Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand.
He 's wound thee up, and cleans'd thy clogs with blood:
If now thy wheels stand still, thou art not good.

IHS

O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee.—CANTICLES VIII. 1.

COME, come, my blessed infant, and immure thee
Within the temple of my sacred arms;
Secure mine arms, mine arms shall then secure thee
From Herod's fury, or the high priest's harms:
Or if thy danger'd life sustain a loss,
My folded arms shall turn thy dying cross.

But ah! what savage tyrant can behold
The beauty of so sweet a face as this is,
And not himself be by himself controll'd,
And change his fury to a thousand kisses?
One smile of thine is worth more mines of treasure
Than there were myriads in the days of Cæsar.

O had the tetrarch, as he knew thy birth,
So known thy stock, he had not thought to paddle
In thy dear blood; but prostrate on the earth,
Had vail'd his crown before thy royal cradle,
And laid the sceptre of his glory down,
And begg'd a heav'nly for an earthly crown.

Illustrious babe! how is thy handmaid grac'd
With a rich armful! how dost thou decline
Thy majesty, that wert so late embrac'd
In thy great Father's arms, and now in mine!
How humbly gracious art thou, to refresh
Me with thy spirit, and assume my flesh!

But must the treason of a traitor's hail
Abuse the sweetness of these ruby lips?
Shall marble-hearted cruelty assail
These alabaster sides with knotted whips?
And must these smiling roses entertain
The blows of scorn, and flirts of base disdain?

Ah! must these dainty little springs, that twine
So fast about my neck, be pierc'd and torn
With ragged nails? and must these brows resign
Their crown of glory for a crown of thorn?
Ah! must the blessed infant taste the pain
Of death's injurious pangs; nay, worse, be slain?

Sweet babe! at what dear rates do wretched I
Commit a sin! LORD, ev'ry sin 's a dart;
And ev'ry trespass lets a jav'lin fly;
And ev'ry jav'lin wounds thy bleeding heart:

Pardon, sweet babe, what I have done amiss;
And seal that granted pardon with a kiss.

S. BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

O sweet Jesu, I knew not that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy society so delectable, nor thy attraction so virtuous: for when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaste; when I receive thee, I am a virgin: O most sweet Jesu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanse; thy attraction polluteth not, but sanctifieth: O Jesu, the fountain of universal sweetness, pardon me that I believed so late that so much sweetness is in thy embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burden 's greatest; let not Atlas boast:
Impartial reader, judge which bears the most:
He bears but Heav'n, my folded arms sustain
Heav'n's Maker, whom Heav'n's Heav'n cannot contain.

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.—CANTICLES III. 1.

THE learned Cynic having lost the way
To honest men, did, in the height of day,
By taper-light, divide his steps about
The peopled streets, to find this dainty out;
But fail'd: the Cynic search'd not where he ought;
The thing he sought for was not where he sought.
The wise men's task seem'd harder to be done;
The wise men did by star-light seek the Sun,
And found: the wise men search'd it where they ought;
The thing they hop'd to find was where they sought.
One seeks his wishes where he should; but then
Perchance he seeks not as he should, nor when.
Another searches when he should; but there
He fails; not seeking as he should, nor where,

How often have my wild affections led
My wasted soul to this my widow'd bed,
To seek my lover, whom my soul desires!
(I speak not, Cupid, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying sparks to mine;
My flames are full of Heav'n, and all divine.)
How often have I sought this bed by night,
To find that greater by this lesser light!
How oft have my unwitness'd groans lamented
Thy dearest absence! ah! how often vented
The bitter tempest of despairing breath,
And toss'd my soul upon the waves of death!
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of silent tears (tears louder than a voice)
To plead my grief, and woo thy absent ear!
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear.
O, is thy wonted love become so cold?
Or do mine eyes not seek thee where they should?
Why do I seek thee if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'rywhere?
I see my error; 'tis not strange I could not
Find out my love; I sought him where I should not.
Thou art not found on downy beds of ease;
Alas! thy music strikes on harder keys:
Nor art thou found by that false feeble light
Of nature's candle; our Egyptian night
Is more than common darkness; nor can we
Expect a morning but what breaks from thee.
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loss,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy shameful cross:
If thou refuse to share a bed with me,
We 'll never part, I 'll share a cross with thee.

ANSELM. in Protolog. i.

LORD, if thou art not present, where shall I seek thee absent? if everywhere, why do I not see thee present? thou dwellest in light inaccessible; and where is that inaccessible light? or how shall I have access to light inaccessible? I beseech thee, LORD, teach me to seek thee, and show thyself to the seeker; because I can neither seek thee, unless thou teach me; nor find thee, unless thou show thyself to me: let me seek thee in desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee: let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where should thou seek for rest, but in thy bed?
But now thy rest is gone, thy rest is fled:
'T is vain to seek him there: my soul, be wise;
Go ask thy sins, they 'll tell thee where he lies.

I will rise, and go about the city, and will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.—CANTICLES III. 2.

O HOW my disappointed soul 's perplex'd!
How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled breast!
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crossly vext
With fears! and how betwixt them both distrest!
What place is left unransack'd? Oh! where next
Shall I go seek the author of my rest?
Of what bless'd angel shall my lips inquire
The undiscover'd way to that entire
And everlasting solace of my heart's desire?

Look how the stricken hart, that wounded flies
O'er hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the foll'wing hounds;
At length, embost, he droops, drops down, and lies
Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds:
E'en so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,
Doth search for thee, my GOD, whose deafen'd ears
Leave me the unransom'd pris'ner to my panic fears.

Where have my busy eyes not pry'd? O where,
Of whom hath not my threadbare tongue demanded?
I search'd this glorious city; he 's not here:
I sought the country; she stands empty-handed:
I search'd the court; he is a stranger there:
I ask'd the land; he 's shipp'd: the sea, he 's landed:
I climb'd the air, my thoughts began t' aspire;
But ah! the wings of my too bold desire,
Soaring too near the sun, were sing'd with sacred fire.

I mov'd the merchant's ear, alas! but he
Knew neither what I said, nor what to say:
I ask'd the lawyer, he demands a fee,
And then demurs me with a vain delay:
I ask'd the schoolman, his advice was free,
But scor'd me out too intricate a way:
I ask'd the watchman (best of all the four),
Whose gentle answer could resolve no more,
But that he lately left him at the temple door.

Thus having sought, and made my great inquest
In ev'ry place, and search'd in ev'ry ear:
I threw me on my bed; but ah! my rest
Was poison'd with th' extremes of grief and fear;
Where looking down into my troubled breast,
The magazine of wounds, I found him there:
Let others hunt, and show their sportful art;
I wish to catch the hare before she start,
As poachers use to do; Heav'n's form 's a troubled heart.

S. AMBROS. Lib. iii. de Virg.

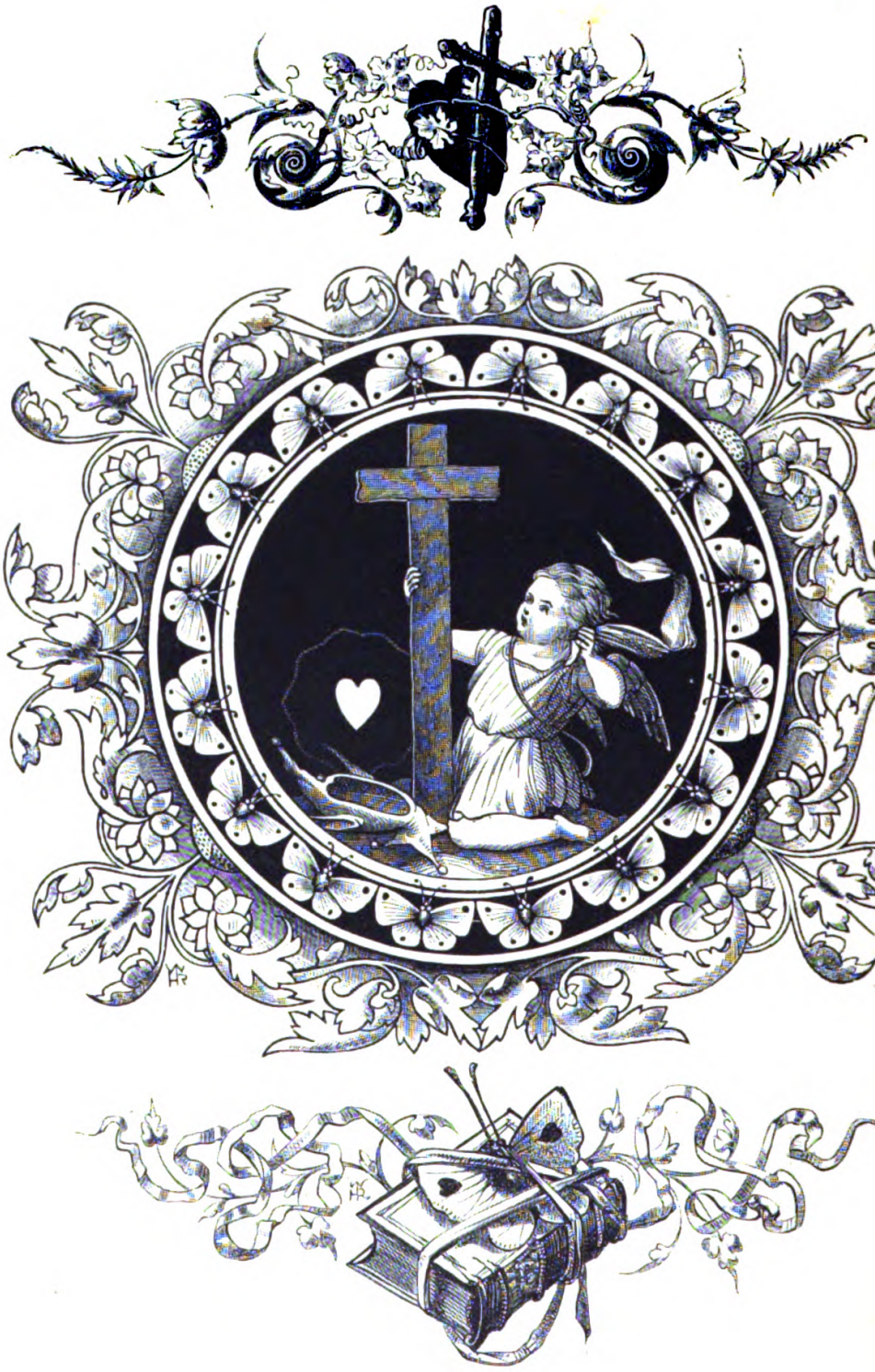
Christ is not in the market, nor in the streets: for Christ is peace, in the market are strifes: Christ is justice, in the market is iniquity: Christ is a labourer, in the market is idleness: Christ is charity, in the market is slander: Christ is faith, in the market is fraud. Let us not therefore seek Christ, where we cannot find Christ.

S. HIERON. Ser. ix. Ep. xxii. ad Eustoch.

Jesus is jealous: he will not have thy face seen: Let foolish virgins ramble abroad, seek thou thy love at home.

EPIG. 11.

What, lost thy love? will neither bed nor board
Receive him? not by tears to be implor'd?
It is the ship that moves, and not the coast;
I fear, I fear, my soul, 't is thou art lost.



Have you seen him whom my soul loveth? When I had passed a little from them, then I found him; I took hold on him, and left him not.—CANTICLES III. 3, 4.

WHAT secret corner? what unwonted way
  Has 'scap'd the ransack of my rambling thought?
The fox by night, nor the dull owl by day,
  Have never search'd those places I have sought.
    Whilst they lamented, absence taught my breast
    The ready road to grief, without request;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest.

How hath my unregarded language vented
  The sad tautologies of lavish passion!
How often have I languish'd unlamented!
  How oft have I complain'd, without compassion!
    I ask'd the city-watch, but some deny'd me
    The common street, whilst others would misguide me;
Some would debar me; some divert me; some deride me.

Mark how the widow'd turtle, having lost
The faithful partner of her royal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast,
Hunts ev'ry path; thinks ev'ry shade doth part
Her absent love and her; at length, unsped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlasting widow-head.

So when my soul had progress'd ev'ry place,
That love and dear affection could contrive,
I threw me on my couch, resolv'd t' embrace
A death for him in whom I ceas'd to live:
But there injurious Hymen did present
His landscape joys; my pickled eyes did vent
Full streams of briny tears, tears never to be spent.

Whilst thus my sorrow-wasting soul was feeding
Upon the radical humour of her thought,
E'en whilst mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding,
He that was sought unfound, was found unsought:
As if the sun should dart his orb of light
Into the secrets of the black-brow'd night:
E'en so appear'd my love, my soul's delight.

O how mine eyes, now ravish'd at the sight
Of my bright sun, shot flames of equal fire!
Ah! how my soul dissolv'd with o'er-delight,
To re-enjoy the crown of chaste desire!
How sov'reign joy depos'd and dispossest
Rebellious grief! and how my ravish'd breast!
But who can express those heights, that cannot be exprest!

O how these arms, these greedy arms did twine
And strongly twist about his yielding waist!
The sappy branches of the Thespian vine
Ne'er cling their less beloved elm so fast;
Boast not thy flames, blind boy, thy feather'd shot;
Let Hymen's easy snarls be quite forgot;
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death dissolve our knot.

ORIG. Hom. x. in Divers.

O most holy LORD, and sweetest Master, how good art thou to those that are of upright heart, and humble spirit! O how blessed are they that seek thee with a simple heart! how happy that trust in thee! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee: for, behold, thy love simply sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: she trusted in thee, and is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, than she expected from thee.

BEDA in Cap. iii. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I sought, the more earnestly I beheld him being found.

EPIG. 12.

What? found him out? let strong embraces bind him;
He 'll fly, perchance, where tears can never find him:
New sins will lose what old repentance gains.
Wisdom not only gets, but got, retains.

It is good for me to draw near to God: I have put my trust in the Lord God.—PSALM LXXIII. 28.

WHERE is that good, which wise men please to call
The chiefest? doth there any such befall
Within man's reach? or is there such a good at all?

If such there be, it neither must expire,
Nor change; than which there can be nothing high'r:
Such good must be the utter point of man's desire.

It is the mark, to which all hearts must tend;
Can be desired for no other end,
Than for itself, on which all other goods depend.

What may this exc'lence be? doth it subsist
A real essence clouded in the mist
Of curious art, or clear to ev'ry eye that list?

Or is 't a tart idea, to procure
An edge, and keep the practic soul in ure,
Like that dear chymic dust, or puzzling quadrature?

Where shall I seek this good? where shall I find
This cath'lic pleasure, whose extremes may blind
My thoughts? and fill the gulf of my insatiate mind?

Lies it in treasure? in full heaps untold?
Doth gouty Mammon's griping hand infold
This secret saint in sacred shrines of sov'reign gold?

No, no, she lies not there; wealth often sours
In keeping; makes us hers, in seeming ours;
She slides from Heav'n indeed, but not in Danae's show'rs.

Lives she in honour? No. The royal crown
Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleasure? No. Pleasure begins in rage;
Acts the fool's part on earth's uncertain stage;
Begins the play in youth, and epilogues in age.

These, these are bastard goods; the best of these
Torment the soul with pleasing it; and please,
Like waters gulp'd in fevers, with deceitful ease.

Earth's flatt'ring dainties are but sweet distresses:
Mole-hills perform the mountains she professes,
Alas! can earth confer more good than earth possesses?

Mount, mount, my soul, and let my thoughts cashier
Earth's vain delights, and make thy full career
At Heav'n's eternal joys; stop, stop, thy courser there.

There shall thy soul possess uncareful treasure:
There shalt thou swim in never-fading pleasure,
And blaze in honour far above the frowns of Cæsar.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefest good, no need to call
For earth's inferior trash; thou, thou art ALL IN ALL.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xiii.

I follow this thing, I pursue that, but I am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, undivided, and only good in thyself, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was possessed, my whole desire was satisfied.

S. BERN. Ser. ix. Sup. Beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit; let him brag of the burthen of the day; let him boast of his Sabbath-fasts, and let him glory in that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the LORD, and to put my trust in my LORD GOD.

EPIG. 13.

Let Boreas' blasts, and Neptune's waves be join'd,
Thy Æolus commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the rocks, or world's imperious waves;
Thou climb'st a Rock, my soul, a Rock that saves.

I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.—CANTICLES II. 3.

LOOK how the sheep, whose rambling steps do stray
From the safe blessing of her shepherd's eyes,
Eft-soon becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd squadron of beleag'ring flies;
Where, swelter'd with the scorching beams of day,
She frisks from bush to brake, and wildly flies away
From her own self, e'en of herself afraid;
She shrouds her troubled brow in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade.

E'en so my wand'ring soul, that hath digress'd
From her great Shepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my sins; these vultures in my breast
Gripe my Promethean heart; both night and day
I hunt from place to place, but find no rest;
I know not where to go, nor where to stay:
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My swelt'ring soul: my soul hath oft assay'd,
Yet she can find no shroud, yet can she feel no shade?

I sought the shades of mirth, to wear away
My slow-pac'd hours of soul-consuming grief;
I search'd the shades of sleep, to ease my day
Of griping sorrows with a night's reprieve.
I sought the shades of death; thought there t' allay
My final torments with a full relief:
But mirth, nor sleep, nor death, can hide my hours
In the false shades of their deceitful bowers;
The first distracts, the next disturbs, the last devours.

Where shall I turn? to whom shall I apply me?
Are there no streams where a faint soul may wade?
Thy Godhead, Jesus, are the flames that fry me;
Hath thy all-glorious Deity ne'er a shade,
Where I may sit and vengeance never eye me;
Where I might sit refresh'd or unafraid?
Is there no comfort? is there no refection;
Is there no cover that will give protection
T' a fainting soul, the subject of thy wrath's reflection?

Look up, my soul, advance the lowly stature
Of thy sad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
See, here's a shadow found: the human nature
Is made th' umbrella to the Deity,
To catch the sunbeams of thy just Creator:
Beneath this covert thou may'st safely lie:
Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree,
As quick Zacchæus did, and thou shalt see
A cloud of dying flesh betwixt those beams and thee.

GUIL. in Cap. ii. Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rays of the Sun of justice? who shall not be consumed by his beams? therefore the Sun of justice took flesh, that, through the conjunction of that Sun and this human body, a shadow may be made.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxiv.

LORD, let my soul flee from the scorching thoughts of the world, under the covert of thy wings, that, being refreshed by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing merrily. In peace will I lay me down and rest.

EPIG. 14.

Ah! treach'rous soul, would not thy pleasures give
That LORD, which made thee living, leave to live?
See what thy sins have done: thy sins have made
The Sun of Glory now become thy shade.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?—PSALM CXXXVII. 4.

URGE me no more: this airy mirth belongs
To better times: these times are not for songs.
The sprightly twang of the melodious lute
Agrees not with my voice: and both unsuit
My untun'd fortunes: the affected measure
Of strains that are constrain'd, afford no pleasure.
Music 's the child of mirth: where griefs assail
The troubled soul, both voice and fingers fail:
Let such as revel out their lavish days
In honourable riot; that can raise
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a sp'rit
Of madness by the magic of delight;
Let those of Cupid's hospital, that lie
Impatient patients to a smiling eye,
That cannot rest, until vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torment with a wanton smile:
Let such redeem their peace, and salve the wrongs
Of froward fortune with their frolic songs:
My grief, my grief's too great for smiling eyes
To cure, or counter-charms to exorcise.

The raven's dismal croaks, the midnight howls
Of empty wolves, mix'd with the screech of owls,
The nine sad knells of a dull passing bell,
With the loud language of a nightly knell,
And horrid outcries of revenged crimes,
Join'd in a medley's music for these times;
These are no times to touch the merry string
Of Orpheus; no, these are no times to sing.
Can hide-bound pris'ners, that have spent their souls
And famish'd bodies in the noisome holes
Of hell-black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,
Grown hoarse with begging alms, to warble notes?
Can the sad pilgrim, that hath lost his way
In the vast desert; there condemn'd a prey
To the wild subject, or his savage king,
Rouse up his palsy-smitten sp'rits and sing?
Can I, a pilgrim, and a pris'ner too,
Alas! where I am neither known, nor know
Aught but my torments, an unransom'd stranger
In this strange climate, in a land of danger?
O, can my voice be pleasant, or my hand,
Thus made a pris'ner to a foreign land?
How can my music relish in your ears,
That cannot speak for sobs, nor sing for tears?
Ah! if my voice could, Orpheus-like, unspell
My poor Eurydice, my soul, from hell
Of earth's misconstrued Heav'n, O then my breast
Should warble airs, whose rhapsodies should feast
The ears of seraphims, and entertain
Heav'n's highest Deity with their lofty strain:
A strain well drench'd in the true Thespian well,
Till then, earth's semiquaver, mirth, farewell.

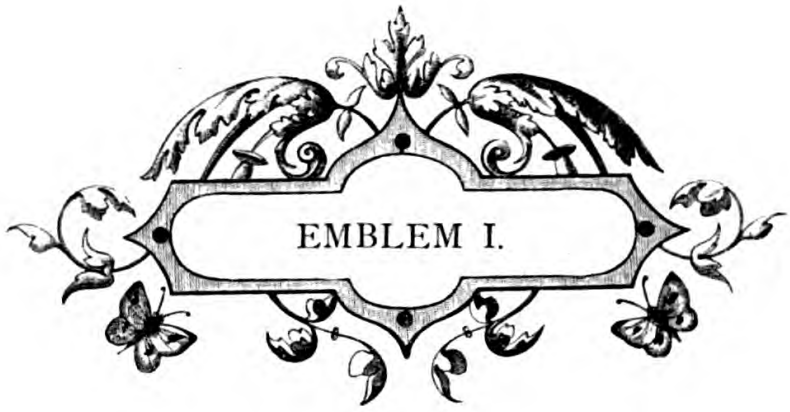
S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxiii.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues, which are able to praise thee in holiness and purity with excessive sweetness, and unutterable exaltation! from thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoice, because they continually see for what they rejoice, for what they praise thee: but we, pressed down with this burden of flesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee: we praise thee by faith, not face to face; but those angelical spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

EPIG. 15.

Did I refuse to sing? Said I, these times
Were not for songs: nor music for these climes;
It was my error: are not groans and tears
Harmonious raptures in th' Almighty's ears?

BOOK THE FIFTH



I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am sick of love.—CANTICLES v. 8.

YE holy virgins, that so oft surround
  The city's sapphire walls; whose snowy feet
Measure the pearly paths of sacred ground,
  And trace the new Jerus'lem's jasper street;
Ah! you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
  With your best wishes; that enjoy the sweet
    Of all your hopes; if e'er you chance to spy
    My absent love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded with the flames that furnac'd from his
      eye.

I charge you, virgins, as you hope to hear
  The heav'nly music of your Lover's voice;
I charge you, by the solemn faith you bear
  To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice
Of your affections, or if aught more dear
  You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joys;
    I charge you tell him, that a flaming dart,
    Shot from his eye, hath pierc'd my bleeding heart,
And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart.

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breast
Is scorch'd with flames, and how my soul is pin'd;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie opprest
With the full torments of a troubled mind;
O tell him, tell him that he loves in jest,
But I in earnest; tell him he 's unkind:
But if a discontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accost his ears
With soft and fewer words, and act the rest in tears.

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
My soul of peace, while peace in vain she seeks;
Tell him, those damask roses that did strive
With white, both fade upon my sallow cheeks;
Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
But tears, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden shrieks;
Thus if your piercing words should chance to bore
His heark'ning ear, and move a sigh, give o'er
To speak; and tell him, tell him that I could no more.

If your elegious breath should hap to rouse
A happy tear, close harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny;
Bewail the torment of his loyal spouse,
That for his sake would make a sport to die:
O blessed virgins, how my passion tires
Beneath the burden of her fond desires!
Heav'n never shot such flames, earth never felt such fires!

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xl.

What shall I say? what shall I do? whither shall I go? where shall I seek him? or when shall I find him? whom shall I ask? who will tell my beloved that I am sick of love?

GULIEL. in Cap. v. Cant.

I live, but not I: it is my beloved that liveth in me: I love myself, not with my own love, but with the love of my beloved that loveth me: I love not myself in myself, but myself in him, and him in me.

EPIG. I.

Grieve not, my soul, nor let thy love wax faint:
Weep'st thou to lose the cause of thy complaint?
He 'll come; love ne'er was bound to times nor laws?
Till then thy tears complain without a cause.

Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.—CANTICLES II. 5.

O TYRANT love! how doth thy sov'reign pow'r
  Subject poor souls to the imperious thrall!
They say, thy cup's compos'd of sweet and sour;
  They say, thy diet's honey mix'd with gall;
How comes it then to pass, these lips of ours
  Still trade in bitter; taste no sweet at all?
    O tyrant love! shall our perpetual toil
    Ne'er find a sabbath to refresh awhile
Our drooping souls? art thou all frowns, and ne'er a smile?

Ye blessed maids of honour, that frequent
  The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flowers restore my spirits faint and spent;
  O fetch me apples from love's fruitful grove,
To cool my palate and renew my scent,
  For I am sick, for I am sick of love:
    These will revive my dry, my wasted pow'rs,
    And they will sweeten my unsav'ry hours;
Refresh me then with fruit, and comfort me with flow'rs.

O bring me apples to assuage that fire,
  Which, Ætna-like, inflames my flaming breast ;
Nor is it every apple I desire,
  Nor that which pleases ev'ry palate best :
'T is not the lasting deuzan I require :
  Nor yet the red-cheek'd queening I request :
    Nor that which first beshrew'd the name of wife,
    Nor that whose beauty caus'd the golden strife ;
No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

Virgins, tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye
  With the fair wealth of Flora's magazine ;
The purple violet, and the pale-fac'd lily :
  The pansy, and the organ columbine ;
The flow'ring thyme, the gilt bowl daffodilly ;
  The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine :
    The blushing rose, the queen of flow'rs, and best
    Of Flora's beauty ; but above the rest,
Let Jesse's sov'reign flow'r perfume my qualming breast.

Haste, virgins, haste, for I lie weak, and faint
  Beneath the pangs of love ; why stand ye mute,
As if your silence neither cared to grant,
  Nor yet your language to deny my suit ?
No key can lock the door of my complaint,
  Until I smell this flow'r, or taste that fruit.
    Go, virgins, seek this tree, and search that bow'r ;
    O, how my soul shall bless that happy hour,
That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such a flow'r !

GISTEN. in Cap. ii. Cant. Expos. 3.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that GOD may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining fire! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but only savoureth divine nourishment!

S. BERN. in Serm. li. Cant.

By flowers, understand faith; by fruit, good works. As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works: so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

EPIG. 2.

Why apples, O my soul? can they remove
The pains of grief, or ease the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the first offence;
That sent him hither; that remov'd him hence.

My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.
—CANTICLES II. 16.

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.

E'en so we met; and after long pursuit,
E'en so we join'd, we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.
Our firm united souls did more than twine;
So I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.

If all those glitt'ring monarchs, that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;
The world 's but theirs; but my beloved 's mine.

Nay, more ; if the fair Thespian ladies all
  Should heap together their diviner treasure,
That treasure should be deem'd a price too small
  To buy a minute's lease of half my pleasure ;
    'T is not the sacred wealth of all the nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his from being
      mine.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death can
      bow
  My least desires unto the least remove ;
He 's firmly mine by oath ; I his by vow ;
  He 's mine by faith ; and I am his by love ;
    He 's mine by water ; I am his by wine ;
Thus I my best beloved's am ; thus he is mine.

He is my altar ; I his holy place ;
  I am his guest, and he my living food ;
I 'm his by penitence ; he mine by grace ;
  I 'm his by purchase ; he is mine by blood ;
    He 's my supporting helm ; and I his vine :
Thus I my best beloved's am ; thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows :
  I give him songs ; he gives me length of days :
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conquering
      brows :
  And I his temples with a crown of praise,
    Which he accepts ; an everlasting sign,
That I my best beloved's am ; that he is mine.

S. AUGUST. Manu. Cap. xxiv.

O my soul, stamped with the image of thy GOD, love him of whom thou art so much beloved: bend to him that boweth to thee, seek him that seeketh thee: love the lover, by whose love thou art prevented, being the cause of thy love: be careful with those that are careful, want with those that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: choose this friend above all friends, who when all are taken away, remaineth only faithful to thee: in the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring lions prepared for their prey.

EPIG. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my soul: what, lost and found?
Welcom'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soon and crown'd!
He did but climb the cross, and then came down
To the gates of hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a crown.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is toward me.—CANTICLES VII. 10.

LIKE to the arctic needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetic pow'r,
And leaves his silken gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First frantics up and down from side to side,
And restless beats his crystal'd iv'ry case,
With vain impatience jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride;
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved breast.

E'en so my soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loathes at night:
She bows to honour; then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope; now foil'd with fear:
Thus finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, good GOD, she points alone to thee.

But hath the virtued steel a power to move?
Or can the untouch'd needle point aright?
Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,
Unguided by the virtue of thy sp'rit?
O hath my leaden soul the art t' improve
Her wasted talent, and, unrais'd, aspire
In this sad moulting time of her desire?
Not first belov'd, have I the power to love;
I cannot stir, but as thou please to move me,
Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

The still commandress of the silent night
Borrows her beams from her bright brother's eye;
His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light,
If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die:
E'en so the beams of thy enlight'ning sp'rit,
Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,
Inflame my thoughts, and fill my soul with fire,
That I am ravish'd with a new delight;
But if thou shroud thy face, my glory fades,
And I remain a nothing, all compos'd of shades.

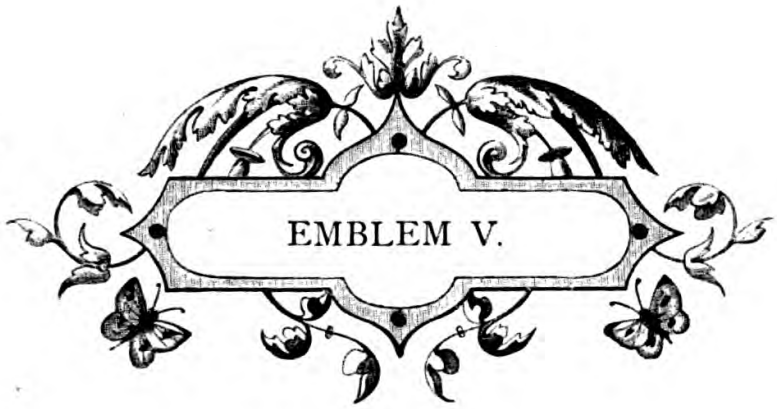
Eternal GOD! O thou that only art
The sacred fountain of eternal light,
And blessed loadstone of my better part,
O thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight!
Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,
And then my heart shall prize no good above thee;
And then my soul shall know thee; knowing, love thee;
And then my trembling thoughts shall never start
From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,
Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. x.

If man can love man with so entire affection, that the one can scarce brook the other's absence; if a bride can be joined to her bridegroom with so great an ardency of mind, that for the extremity of love she can enjoy no rest, nor suffer his absence without great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought the soul, whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love thee, her true GOD, and glorious bridegroom?

EPIG. 4.

My soul, thy love is dear: 'twas thought a good
And easy penn'worth of thy Saviour's blood:
But be not proud; all matters rightly scann'd,
'T was over-bought: 't was sold at second-hand.



My soul melted whilst my beloved spake.—CANTICLES V. 6.

LORD, has the feeble voice of flesh and blood
The pow'r to work thine ears into a flood
Of melted mercy? or the strength t' unlock
The gates of Heav'n, and to dissolve a rock
Of marble clouds into a morning show'r?
Or hath the breath of whining dust the pow'r
To stop or snatch a falling thunderbolt
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
From resolute confusion, and, instead
Of vials, pour full blessings on our head?
Or shall the want of famish'd ravens cry,
And move thy mercy to a quick supply?
Or shall the silent suits of drooping flow'rs
Woo thee for drops, and be refresh'd with show'rs?
Alas! what marvel, then, great GOD, what wonder,
If thy hell-rousing voice, that splits in sunder
The brazen portals of eternal death;
What wonder if that life-restoring breath,
Which dragg'd me from th' infernal shades of night,
Should melt my ravish'd soul with o'er-delight?

O can my frozen gutters choose but run,
That feel the warmth of such a glorious sun?
Methinks his language, like a flaming arrow,
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow.
Thy flames, O Cupid, (though the joyful heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the smart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full desires,)
Are torments, weigh'd with these celestial fires;
Pleasures that ravish in so high a measure,
That O, I languish in excess of pleasure:
What ravish'd heart that feels these melting joys,
Would not despise and loathe the treach'rous toys
Of dunghill earth? what soul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd scorns, the worst that flesh and blood
Had rancour to devise? who would not bear
The world's derision with a thankful ear?
What palate would refuse full bowls of spite
To gain a minute's taste of such delight?
Great spring of light, in whom there is no shade
But what my interposed sins have made;
Whose marrow-melting fires admit no screen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames and my obdurate ear;
Disperse this plague-distilling cloud, and clear
My mungy soul into a glorious day:
Transplant this screen, remove this bar away;
Then, then my fluent soul shall feel the fires
Of thy sweet voice, and my dissolv'd desires
Shall turn a sov'reign balsam, to make whole
Those wounds my sins inflicted on thy soul.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxiv.

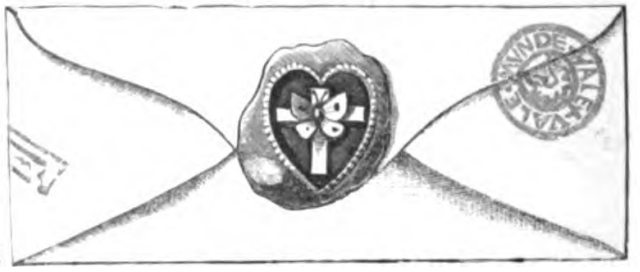
What fire is this that so warmeth my heart? what light is this that so enlighteneth my soul? O fire! that always burneth, and never goeth out, kindle me: O light, which ever shineth, and art never darkened, illuminate me: O that I had my heat from thee, most holy fire! how sweetly dost thou burn! how secretly dost thou shine! how desiredly dost thou inflame me!

S. BONAVENT. Stim. Amoris. Cap. viii.

It maketh GOD man, and man GOD; things temporal, eternal; mortal, immortal; it maketh an enemy, a friend; a servant, a son; vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard things, liquid.

EPIG. 5.

My soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross;
Thy Saviour's breath refines thee with some loss;
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou must be melted ere th' art cast anew.



Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.—PSALM LXXIII. 25.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth;
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse; she gives me food:
But what 's a creature, LORD, compar'd with thee?
Or what 's my mother, or my nurse, to me?

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what 's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to thee?

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, LORD of oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me?

To Heav'n's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is Heav'n, great GOD, compar'd to thee?
Without thy presence, Heav'n 's no Heav'n to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence, air 's a rank infection;
Without thy presence, Heav'n itself's no pleasure;
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What 's earth, or sea, or air, or Heav'n, to me?

The highest honours that the world can boast
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The proudest flames that earth can kindle be
But nightly glow-worms, if compar'd to thee.

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares;
Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet sadness:
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasure 's but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;
Without thee, LORD, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being when compar'd with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be
Possess'd of Heav'n, Heav'n unpossess'd of thee.

BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Alas! my GOD, now I understand (but blush to confess) that the beauty of thy creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable than all the creatures; to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty: for who hath adorned the heavens with stars? who hath stored the air with fowl, the waters with fish, the earth with plants and flower? but what are all these but a small spark of divine beauty?

S. CHRYS. Hom. v. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things, because I have Christ. Having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward; for he is the universal reward.

EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him?
And scorn this dross within him; that without him?
Cast up, my soul, thy clearer eye; behold,
If thou be fully melted, there's the mould.

PISGAH

Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!—PSALM CXX. 5.

Is nature's course dissolv'd? doth time's glass stand?
Or hath some frolic heart set back the hand
Of fate's perpetual clock? will 't never strike?
Is crazy time grown lazy, faint or sick,
With very age? or hath that great pair-royal
Of adamantine sisters late made trial
Of some new trade? shall mortal hearts grow old
In sorrow? shall my weary arms infold,
And under-prop my panting sides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will sever
My well-spun thread, that my imprison'd soul
May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole
Of dungeon flesh? O shall I, shall I never
Be ransom'd, but remain a slave for ever?
It is the lot of man but once to die,
But ere that death, how many deaths have I?
What human madness makes the world afraid
To entertain Heav'n's joys, because convey'd
By the hand of death? will nakedness refuse
Rich change of robes, because the man 's not spruce

That brought them? or will poverty send back
Full bags of gold, because the bringer's black?
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
Fill'd with the torment of a thousand deaths;
Which being prick'd by death (while death deprives
One life) presents the soul a thousand lives:
O frantic mortal, how hath earth bewitch'd
Thy bedlam soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd
Upon her false delights! delights that cease
Before enjoyment finds a time to please:
Her fickle joys breed doubtful fears; her fears
Bring hopeful griefs; her griefs weep fearful tears:
Tears coin deceitful hopes; hopes careful doubt,
And surly passion justles passion out:
To-day we pamper with a full repast
Of lavish mirth, at night we weep as fast:
To-night we swim in wealth, and lend; to-morrow,
We sink in want, and find no friend to borrow.
In what a climate doth my soul reside?
Where pale-fac'd murder, the first-born of pride,
Sets up her kingdom in the very smiles,
And plighted faiths of men like crocodiles:
And land, where each embroider'd satin word
Is lined with fraud; where Mars his lawless sword
Exiles Astræa's balance; where that hand
Now slays his brother, that new-sow'd his land;
O that my days of bondage would expire
In this lewd soil! LORD, how my soul's on fire
To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain
Those long'd-for joys, long'd for so oft in vain!
If, Moses-like, I may not live possest
Of this fair land, LORD, let me see't at least

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xii.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life which the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth: the farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and like a shadow, full of the snares of death: now I rejoice, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now I live, and straight I die; now I seem happy, always miserable; now I laugh, now I weep: thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one estate: O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my GOD, that dwelleth in thee?

EPIG. 7.

Art thou so weak? O canst thou not digest
An hour of travel for a night of rest?
Cheer up, my soul, call home thy sp'rits, and bear
One bad Good-Friday, full-mouth'd Easter's near.

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?—ROM. VII. 24.

BEHOLD thy darling, which thy lustful care
Pampers, for which thy restless thoughts prepare
Such early cares; for whom thy bubbling brow
So often sweats, and bankrupt eyes do owe
Such midnight scores to nature, for whose sake
Base earth is sainted, the infernal lake
Unfear'd, the crown of glory poorly rated:
Thy GOD neglected, and thy brother hated;
Behold thy darling, whom thy soul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in soft, in silken weeds;
Behold the darling, whom thy fondness feeds
With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear-bought gains
Of ill-spent time, the price of half my pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedness; and when most free,
Proclaims her lover slave; and being fed
Most full, then strikes the indulgent feeder dead.
What mean'st thou thus, my poor deluded soul,
To love so fondly? can the burning coal

Of thy affection last without the fuel
Of counter love? is thy compeer so cruel,
And thou so kind to love, unlov'd again?
Canst thou sow favours, and thus reap disdain?
Remember, O remember thou art born
Of royal blood; remember thou art sworn
A maid of honour in the court of Heav'n;
Remember what a costly price was giv'n
To ransom thee from slav'ry thou wert in:
And wilt thou now, my soul, turn slave again?
The Son and Heir to Heav'n's Triune JEHOVE
Would fain become a suitor for thy love,
And offers for thy dow'r his Father's throne,
To sit for seraphims to gaze upon;
He 'll give thee honour, pleasure, wealth, and things
Transcending far the majesty of kings,
And wilt thou prostrate to the odious charms
Of this base scullion? shall his hollow arms
Hug thy soft sides? shall these coarse hands untie
The sacred zone of thy virginity?
For shame, degen'rous soul, let thy desire
Be quick'ned up with more heroic fire;
Be wisely proud, let thy ambitious eye
Read noble objects; let thy thoughts defy
Such am'rous baseness; let thy soul disdain
Th' ignoble proffers of so base a swain;
Or if thy vows be past, and Hymen's bands
Have ceremonied your unequal hands,
Annul, at least avoid, thy lawless act
With insufficiency, or pre-contract:
Or if the act be good, yet may'st thou plead
A second freedom; or the flesh is dead.

NAZIANZ. Orat. xvi.

How I am joined to this body I know not; which, when it is healthful, provoketh me to war, and, being damaged by war, affecteth me with grief; which I both love as a fellow-servant, and hate as an utter enemy: it is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious friend. O strange conjunction and alienation: what I fear I embrace, and what I love I am afraid of; before I make war, I am reconciled: before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.

EPIG. 8.

What need that house be daub'd with flesh and blood?
Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?
Cost idly spent! that cost doth but prolong
Thy thraldom. Fool, thou mak'st thy jail too strong.

I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ.—PHILIPPIANS I. 23.

WHAT meant our careful parents so to wear,
And lavish out their ill-extended hours,
To purchase for us large possessions here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah! what meant they to endure
Such loads of needless labour, to procure
And make that thing our own, which was our own too sure?

What mean these liv'ries and possessive keys?
What mean these bargains, and these needless sales?
What mean these jealous, these suspicious ways
Of law-devis'd, and law-dissolv'd entails?
No need to sweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Estates of high-priz'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth as I.

O were their souls but clogg'd with earth as I,
They would not purchase with so salt an itch;
They would not take of alms, what now they buy;
Nor call him happy whom the world counts rich;
They would not take such pains, project and prog,
To charge their shoulders with so great a log:
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

I cannot do an act which earth disdains not;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not;
I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not:
If I but offer up an early groan,
Or spread my wings to Heav'n's long long'd-for throne,
She darkens my complaints, and drags my off'ring down.

E'en like the hawk, (whose keeper's wary hands
Have made a pris'ner to her weath'ring stock,)
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
Makes a rank bate from her forsaken block;
But her too faithful leash doth soon retain
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
It gives her loins a twitch, and tugs her back again.

So, when my soul directs her better eye
To Heav'n's bright palace, where my treasure lies,
I spread my willing wings, but cannot fly;
Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise:
When I but strive to mount the least degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
LORD, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world and thee!

Great GOD, I spread my feeble wings in vain;
In vain I offer my extended hands:
I cannot mount till thou unlock my chain:
I cannot come till thou release my bands:
Which if thou please to break, and then supply
My wings with spirit, th' eagle shall not fly
A pitch that 's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

S. BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Ah! sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the healthful shafts, of thy love, that it may truly burn, and melt, and languish, with the only desire of thee: that it may desire to be dissolved, and to be with thee: let it hunger alone for the bread of life: let it thirst after thee, the spring and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true pleasure: let it always desire thee, seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee.

EPIG. 9.

What, will thy shackles neither loose nor break?
Are they too strong, or is thine arm too weak?
Art will prevail where knotty strength denies;
My soul, there 's aquafortis in thine eyes.

Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.
—PSALM CXLII. 7.

MY soul is like a bird, my flesh the cage,
Wherein she wears her weary pilgrimage
Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed
With sacred wine and sacramental bread;
The keys that lock her in and let her out,
Are birth and death; 'twixt both she hops about
From perch to perch, from sense to reason; then
From higher reason down to sense again:
From sense she climbs to faith; where for a season
She sits and sings; then down again to reason:
From reason back to faith, and straight from thence
She rudely flutters to the perch of sense:
From sense to hope; then hops from hope to doubt,
From doubt to dull despair; there seeks about
For desp'rate freedom, and at ev'ry grate
She wildly thrusts, and begs the untimely date
Of th' unexpir'd thraldom, to release
The afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
Thus am I coop'd; within this fleshly cage
I wear my youth, and waste my weary age;

Spending that breath, which was ordain'd to chant
Heav'n's praises forth, in sighs and sad complaint:
Whilst happier birds can spread their nimble wing
From shrubs to cedars, and there chirp and sing,
In choice of raptures, the harmonious story
Of man's redemption, and his Maker's glory:
You glorious martyrs, you illustrious stoops,
That once were cloister'd in your fleshly coops
As fast as I, what rhet'ric had your tongues?
What dext'rous art had your elegiac songs?
What Paul-like pow'r had your admir'd devotion?
What shackle-breaking faith infus'd such motion
To your strong pray'r, that could obtain the boon
To be enlarg'd; to be uncag'd so soon?
Whilst I, poor I, can sing my daily tears,
Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears;
You great partakers of eternal glory,
That with your Heav'n-prevailing oratory
Releas'd your souls from your terrestrial cage,
Permit the passion of my holy rage
To recommend my sorrows, dearly known
To you, in days of old, and once your own,
To your best thoughts, (but oh 't doth not befit ye
To move your prayers; you love joy, not pity:)
Great LORD of souls, to whom should pris'ners fly
But thee? thou hadst a cage as well as I;
And, for my sake, thy pleasure was to know
The sorrows that it brought, and felt'st them too:
O let me free, and I will spend those days,
Which now I waste in begging, in thy praise.

ANSELM. in Protolog. Cap. i.

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created! alas! what hath he lost? and what hath he found? he hath lost happiness for which he was made, and found misery for which he was not made: what is gone? and what is left? that thing is gone, without which he is unhappy; that thing is left, by which he is miserable: O wretched men! from whence are we expelled? to what are we impelled? whence are we thrown? and whither are we hurried? from our home into banishment; from the sight of GOD into our own blindness; from the pleasure of immortality to the bitterness of death: miserable change; from how great a good, to how great an evil! ah me! what have I enterprised? what have I done? whither did I go? whither am I come?

EPIG. 10.

Paul's midnight voice prevail'd; his music's thunder
Unhing'd the prison-doors, split bolts in sunder:
And sitt'st thou here, and hang'st the feeble wing?
And whin'st to be enlarged? soul, learn to sing.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.—PSALM XLII. 1.

HOW shall my tongue express that hallow'd fire,
Which Heav'n hath kindled in my ravish'd heart!
What muse shall I invoke, that will inspire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part!
What art shall I devise t' express desire,
Too intricate to be express'd by art!
Let all the nine be silent; I refuse
Their aid in this high task, for they abuse
The flames of love too much: assist me, David's muse.

Not as the thirsty soil desires soft show'rs
To quicken and refresh her embryon grain;
Nor as the drooping crests of fading flow'rs
Request the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I desire my GOD: these in few hours
Re-wish what late their wishes did obtain;
But as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly
To th' much-desired streams, even so do I
Pant after thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd lusts I flee ;
O, they have singled out my panting heart,
And wanton Cupid, sitting in the tree,
Hath pierc'd my bosom with a flaming dart :
My soul being spent, for refuge seeks to thee,
But cannot find where thou my refuge art :
Like as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly
To the desired streams, e'en so do I
Pant after thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.

At length, by flight, I overwent the pack ;
Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound ;
The blood that follow'd left a purple track,
Which brought a serpent, but in shape a hound,
We strove, he bit me ; but thou break'st his back,
I left him grov'ling on th' envenomed ground ;
But as the serpent-bitten hart doth fly
To the long long'd-for streams, e'en so do I
Pant after thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.

If love should chase my soul, made swift by fright,
Thou art the stream whereto my soul is bound :
Or if a jav'lin wound my sides in flight,
Thou art the balsam that must cure my wound :
If poison chance t' infest my soul in fight,
Thou art the treacle that must make me sound
E'en as the wounded hart, embost, doth fly
To th' streams extremely long'd-for, so do I
Pant after thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.

S. CYRIL. Lib. v. in Joh. Cap. x.

O precious water, which quencheth the noisome thirst of this world, scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only GOD.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxv.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassable, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy! LORD, I thirst, thou art the spring of life, satisfy me: I thirst, LORD, I thirst after thee, the living GOD!

EPIG. 11.

The arrow-smitten hart, deep-wounded, flies
To th' springs, with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy spring: if Satan's fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides: do so, my wounded heart.

When shall I come and appear before God?—PSALM XLII. 2.

WHAT is my soul the better to be tinn'd
With holy fire? what boots it to be coin'd
With Heav'n's own stamp? what 'vantage can there be
To souls of Heav'n-descended pedigree,
More than to beasts that grovel? are not they
Fed by the Almighty's hand? and ev'ry day
Fill'd with his blessings too? do they not see
GOD in his creatures, as direct as we?
Do they not taste thee? hear thee? nay, what sense
Is not partaker of thine excellence?
What more do we? alas! what serves our reason,
But, like dark lanthorns, to accomplish treason
With greater closeness? It affords no light,
Brings thee no nearer to our purblind sight:
No pleasure rises up the least degree,
Great GOD, but in the clearer view of thee:
What priv'lege more than sense hath reason then?
What 'vantage is it to be born a man?
How often hath my patience built, dear LORD,
Vain tow'rs of hope upon thy gracious word?

How often hath thy hope-reviving grace
Woo'd my suspicious eyes to seek thy face?
How often have I sought thee? O how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'er obtain!
In vain I seek thee, and I beg in vain:
If it be high presumption to behold
Thy face, why didst thou make mine eyes so bold
To seek it? if that object be too bright
For man's aspect, why did thy lips invite
Mine eye t' expect it? If it might be seen,
Why is this envious curtain drawn between
My darken'd eye and it? O tell me, why
Thou dost command the thing thou dost deny?
Why dost thou give me so unpriz'd a treasure,
And then deny'st my greedy soul the pleasure
To view my gift? Alas! that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
If those refulgent beams of Heav'n's great light
Gild not the day, what is the day but night?
The drowsy shepherd sleeps, flow'rs droop and fade;
The birds are sullen, and the beasts are sad:
But if bright Titan dart his golden ray,
And with his riches glorify the day,
The jolly shepherd pipes; flow'rs freshly spring;
The beasts grow gamesome, and the birds they sing.
Thou art my sun, great GOD! O when shall I
View the full beams of thy meridian eye?
Draw, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies
The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes;
Or give me faith; and, by the eye of grace,
I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. xxxix.

Who created all things, is better than all things: who beautified all things, is more beautiful than all things: who made strength, is stronger than all things: who made great things, is greater than all things: whatsoever thou lovest, he is that to thee: learn to love the workman in his work, the Creator in his creature: let not that which was made by him possess thee, lest thou lose him by whom thyself was made.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxvii.

O thou most sweet, most gracious, most amiable, most fair, when shall I see thee? when shall I be satisfied with thy beauty? when wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confess thy name?

EPIG. 12.

How art thou shaded, in this veil of night,
Behind thy curtain flesh? Thou seest no light,
But what thy pride doth challenge as her own;
Thy flesh is high: Soul, take this curtain down.

O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.—PSALM LV. 6.

AND am I sworn a dunghill-slave for ever
To earth's base drudg'ry? Shall I never find
A night of rest? Shall my indentures never
Be cancell'd? Did injurious nature bind
My soul earth's 'prentice, with no clause to leave her?
No day of freedom? Must I ever grind?
O that I had the pinions of a dove,
That I might quit my bands, and soar above,
And pour my just complaints before the great JEHOVE!

How happy are the doves, that have the pow'r,
Whene'er they please, to spread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing eagles, that can tow'r
Above the scent of these inferior things!
How happy is the lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and sings!
Had my dull soul but wings as well as they,
How I would spring from earth, and clip away,
As wise Astræa did, and scorn this ball of clay!

O how my soul would spurn this ball of clay,
And loathe the dainties of earth's painful pleasure!
O how I 'd laugh to see men night and day
Turmoil to gain that trash, they call their treasure!
O how I 'd smile to see what plots they lay
To catch a blast, or own a smile from Cæsar!
Had I the pinions of a mounting dove,
How I would soar and sing, and hate the love
Of transitory toys, and feed on joys above!

There should I find that everlasting pleasure,
Which change removes not, and which chance prevents not;
There should I find that everlasting treasure,
Which force deprives not, fortune disaugments not;
There should I find that everlasting Cæsar,
Whose hand recalls not, and whose heart repents not;
Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,
How I would climb the skies, and hate the love
Of transitory toys, and joy in things above!

No rank-mouth'd slander there shall give offence,
Or blast our blooming names, as here they do;
No liver-scalding lust shall there incense
Our boiling veins; there is no Cupid's bow:
LORD, give my soul the milk-white innocence
Of doves, and I shall have their pinions too:
Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,
How I would quit this earth, and soar above,
And Heav'n's bless'd kingdom find, and Heav'n's bless'd King JEHOVE!

S. AUGUST. in Psal. cxxxviii.

What wings should I desire, but the two precepts of love, on which the law and the prophets depend! O if I could obtain these wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy justice to the face of thy mercy: let us find those wings by love, which we have lost by lust.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. lxxvi.

Let us cast off whatsoever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which satisfieth; beyond which nothing is; beneath which all things are; of which all things are.

EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wishing soul, didst ever try
How fast the wings of red-cross'd faith can fly?
Why begg'st thou, then, the pinions of a dove?
Faith's wings are swifter, but the swiftest, love.

אלהים

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts !—PSALM LXXXIV. 1.

ANCIENT of days, to whom all times are NOW,
Before whose glory seraphims do bow
Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces,
That, uncontain'd, at once dost fill all places ;
How glorious, O how far beyond the height
Of puzzled quills, or the obtuse conceit
Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortal tongues, are thy expressless courts !
Whose glory to paint forth with greater art,
Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart ;
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
For showing sense, what faith alone should see.
Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more
Of angel-measured leagues, from the eastern shore
Of dungeon-earth, his glorious palace stands,
Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands
Of armed angels wait to entertain
Those purged souls, for which the Lamb was slain ;
Whose guiltless death, and voluntary yielding
Of whose giv'n life, gave the brave court her building ;

The lukewarm blood of this dear Lamb, being spilt,
To rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built;
And what dropp'd down in a kind gelid gore,
Did turn rich sapphires, and did pave her floor:
The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd
Grew chrysolites, whereof her walls were made:
The milder glances sparkled on the ground,
And groundsill'd ev'ry door with diamond;
But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A battlement of purest sardonyx.
Her streets with burnish'd gold are paved round;
Stars lie like pebbles scatter'd on the ground:
Pearl mixt with onyx, and the jasper stone,
Made gravell'd causeways to be trampled on.
There shines no sun by day, no moon by night;
The palace glory is, the palace light:
There is no time to measure motion by,
There time is swallowed in eternity:
Wry-mouth'd disdain, and corner-hunting lust,
And twy-fac'd fraud, and beetle-brow'd distrust,
Soul-boiling rage, and trouble-state sedition,
And giddy doubt, and goggle-ey'd suspicion,
And lumpish sorrow, and degen'rous fear,
Are banish'd thence, and death 's a stranger there:
But simple love, and sempiternal joys,
Whose sweetness never gluts, nor fulness cloys:
Where face to face our ravish'd eye shall see
Great ELOHIM, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and seeing him shall bless him,
And blessing, love him; and in love possess him.
Here stay, my soul, and, ravish'd in relation,
The words being spent, spend now in contemplation.

S. GREG. in Psal. vii. Pœnitent.

Sweet Jesus, the Word of the Father, the brightness of paternal glory, whom angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that, led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed city, where day is eternal, where there is certain security, and secure eternity; and eternal peace, and peaceful happiness; and happy sweetness, and sweet pleasure, where thou, O GOD, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest world without end.

Ibidem.

There is light without darkness; joy without grief; desire without punishment; love without sadness; satiety without loathing: safety without fear; health without disease; and life without death.

EPIG. 14.

My soul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of Sol's bright face is seen by the reflection:
But would'st thou know what 's Heav'n? I 'll tell thee what:
Think what thou canst not think, and Heav'n is that.

Make haste, my beloved, and be like the roe or the young hart upon the mountains of spices.—CANTICLES VIII. 14.

GO, gentle tyrant, go ; thy flames do pierce
My soul too deep ; thy flames are too, too fierce ;
My marrow melts, my fainting spirits fry
In th' torrid zone of thy meridian eye :
Away, away, thy sweets are too perfuming :
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too consuming :
  Haste hence, and let thy winged steps outgo
  The frighted roebuck, and his flying roe.

But wilt thou leave me, then ? O thou, that art
Life of my soul, soul of my dying heart,
Without the sweet aspect of whose fair eyes
My soul doth languish, and her solace dies ?
Art thou so eas'ly woo'd ? so apt to hear
The frantic language of my foolish fear ?
  Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from
    me ;
  Look, look upon me, tho' thine eyes o'ercome
    me.

O how they wound! but how my wounds content
me!
How sweetly these delightful pains torment me!
How am I tortur'd in excessive measure
Of pleasing cruelties! too cruel treasure!
Turn, turn away, remove thy scorching beams;
I languish with these bitter-sweet extremes:
Haste, then, and let thy winged steps outgo
The flying roebuck, and his frighted roe.

Turn back, my dear; O let my ravish'd eye
Once more behold thy face before thou fly;
What, shall we part without a mutual kiss?
O who can leave so sweet a face as this?
Look full upon me; for my soul desires
To turn a holy martyr in those fires:
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, tho' thy flames o'ercome me.

If thou becloud the sunshine of thine eye,
I freeze to death; and if it shine, I fry;
Which, like a fever that my soul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot:
Alas! I cannot bear so sweet a smart,
Nor canst thou be less glorious than thou art.
Haste, then, and let thy winged steps outgo
The frighted roebuck, and his flying roe.

But go not far beyond the reach of breath;
Too large a distance makes another death:
My youth is in her spring; autumnal vows
Will make me riper for so sweet a spouse;

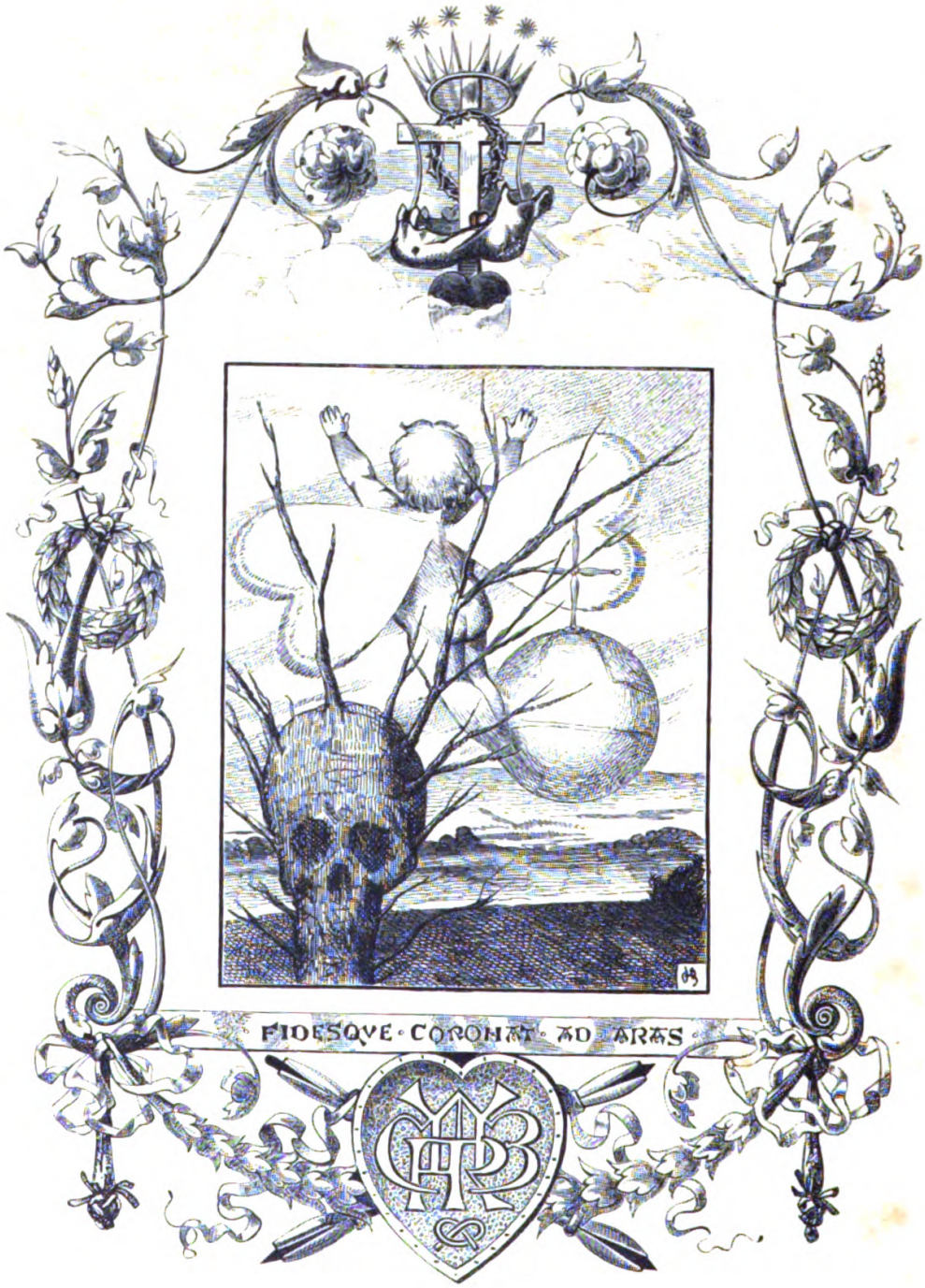
When after-times have burnish'd my desire,
I 'll shoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames o'ercome me!

Autor Scalæ Paradisi. Tom. ix. Aug. Cap. viii.

Fear not, O bride, nor despair; think not thyself contemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while, all things co-operate for the best; both from his absence, and his presence, thou gainest light: he cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: he cometh, to make thee consolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languishing soul may be comforted; he goeth, lest his familiarity should be contemned; and being absent, to be more desired; and being desired, to be more earnestly sought; and being long sought, to be more acceptably found.

EPIG. 15.

My soul, sin's monster, whom with greater ease
Ten thousand fold thy GOD could make than please,
What would'st thou have? Nor pleas'd with sun nor shade?
Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.


FIDESQVE · CORONAT · AD · ARAS

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life
—REV. II. 10.

BE faithful; LORD, what's that?
Believe: 'T is easy to believe; but what?
That he, whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,
Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
For these foul deeds thy hands have done:
Believe that he whose gentle palms
Thy needle-pointed sins have nail'd,
Hath borne thy slavish load (of alms)
And made supply where thou hast fail'd:
Did ever mis'ry find so strange relief?
It is a love too strange for man's belief.

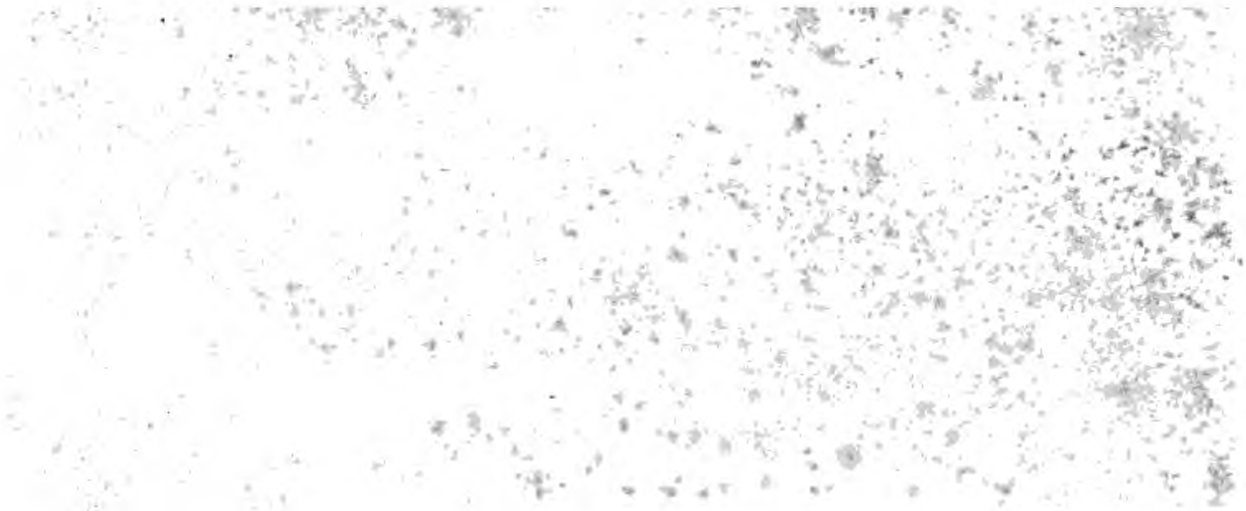
Believe that he, whose side
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, died
To save thy guilty soul from dying
Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no 'scape, there was no flying,
But through his dearest blood's expense;

Believe, this dying friend requires
No other thanks for all his pain,
But e'en the truth of weak desires,
And, for his love, but love again:
Did ever mis'ry find so true a friend?
It is a love too vast to comprehend.

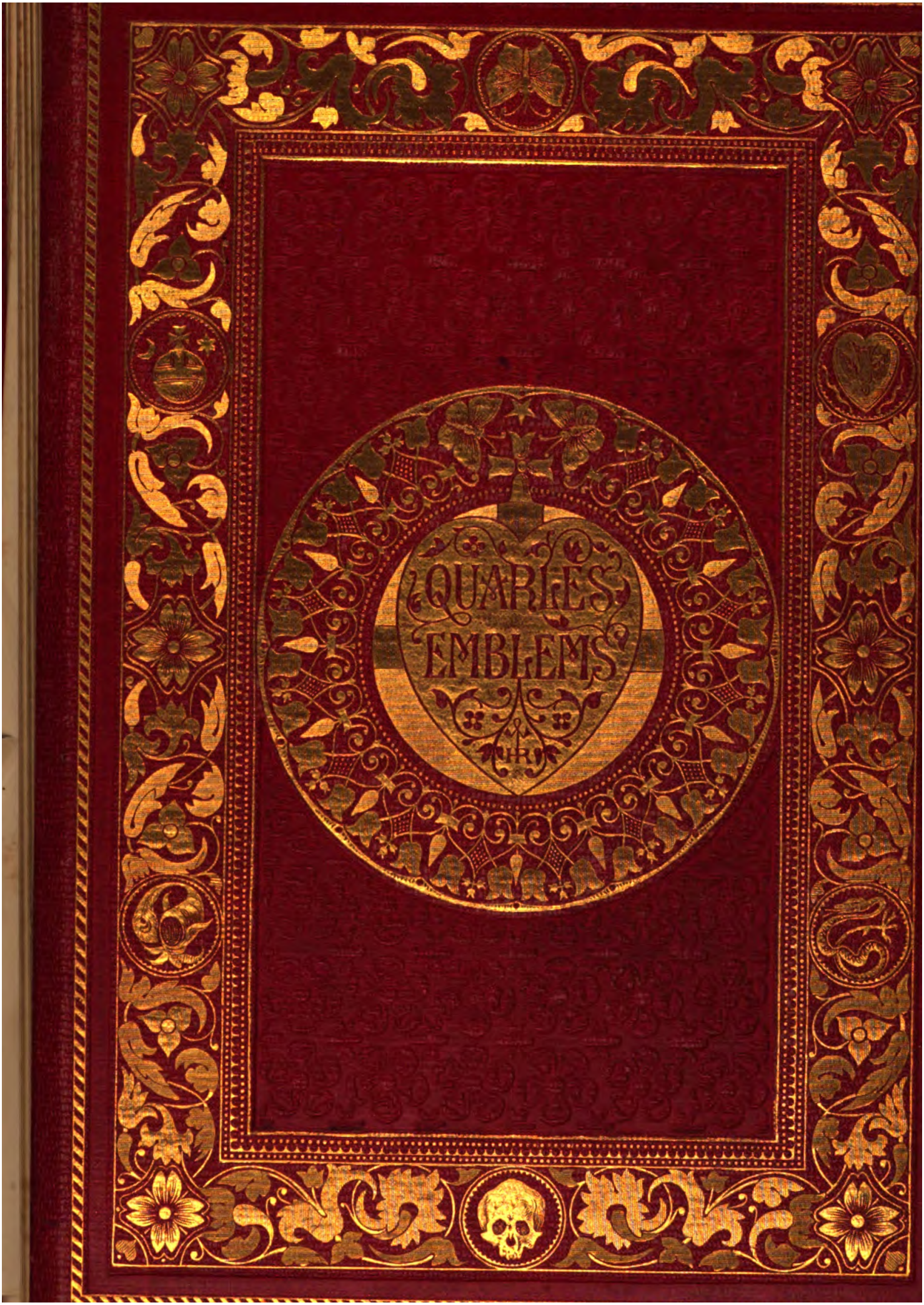
With floods of tears baptize
And drench these dry, these unregen'rate eyes;
LORD, whet my dull, my blunt belief,
And break this fleshly rock in sunder,
That from this heart, this hell of grief,
May spring a Heav'n of love and wonder:
O, if thy mercies will remove
And melt this lead from my belief,
My grief will then refine my love,
My love will then refresh my grief:
Then weep, mine eyes, as he hath bled; vouchsafe
To drop for ev'ry drop an epitaph.

But is the crown of glory
The wages of a lamentable story?
Or can so great a purchase rise
For a salt humour? Can mine eyes
Run fast enough t' obtain this prize?
If so, LORD, who 's so mad to die?
Thy tears are trifles; thou must do:
Alas! I cannot; then endeavour:
I will; but will a tug or two
Suffice the turn? Thou must persevere:
I 'll strive till death; and shall my feeble strife
Be crown'd? I 'll crown it with a crown of life.

But is there such a dearth,
That thou must buy what is thy due by birth?
He whom thy hands did form of dust,
And give him breath, upon condition
To love his great Creator; must
He now be thine by composition?
Art thou a gracious GOD and mild,
Or headstrong man, rebellious, rather?
O, man's a base rebellious child,
And thou a very gracious Father.
The gift is thine; we strive, thou crown'st our strife;
Thou giv'st us faith: and faith a crown of life.



BOUND
BY
LEIGHTON
SON AND


QUARLES
EMBLEMS