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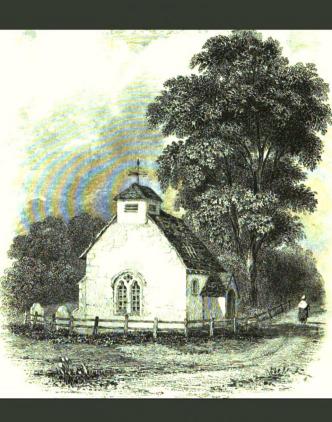
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The temple

George Herbert, Christopher Harvey, Herbert, George, 1593-1633, His

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THE

Works of George Herbert

VOL. II.

The Temple and other Poems

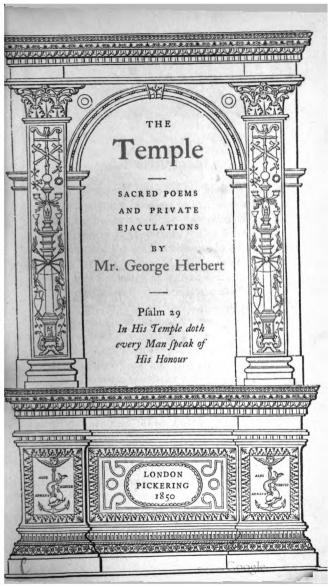
FOURTH EDITION





Physiaves, by G. Adcock . From a sketch by G. Hafsell

Bronertor





Advertisement.

HE Poems of "the Divine Herbert" will be found more complete in this edition than in any that has before appeared; they were first printed at Cambridge in 1633, entitled "THE TEMPLE. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations, by Mr. George Herbert," with a preface of "The Printers to the Reader," by Nicholas Ferrar, who was usually called 'The Protestant Saint Nicholas, and the pious Mr. Herbert's brother; * to this publication are added certain Latin and Greek poems. Of the Temple, it has been remarked by his first biographer, the Rev. Barnabas Oley, that "He that reads Mr. Herbert's poems attendingly, shall finde not only the excellencies of Scripture Divinitie, and choice passages of the Fathers bound up in meetre; but the doctrine of Rome also finely and strongly confuted; as in the poems 'To Saints and Angels,' 'The British Church,' 'The Church Militant," &c.

Richard Baxter, in the preface to his Poetical Fragments (Lond. 1681) fays:—" Next to the Scripture Poems, there are none so savoury to me as Mr.

^{*} Nicholas Ferrar translated Valdesso's Divine Considerations; to which work George Herbert wrote a preface and notes.

—In Pickhard's Life of Ferrar of Little Gidding is printed a Prayer by N. F. for his friend George Herbert in his Sickness.

George Herbert's and Mr. George Sandys'. I know that Cowley and others far excel Herbert in wit and accurate composure; But (as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh things by words, feelingly and seriously, like a man that is past jest, so) Herbert speaks to God like one that really believeth a God, and whose business in this world is most with God. Heart-work and Heaven-work make up his books."

Walton states that Herbert, on his death-bed, delivered the Temple to Mr. Edmond Duncon, his executor, with the following injunction: "'Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my foul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom; defire him to read it, and then if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor foul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.' Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of THE TEMPLE, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations; of which Mr. Ferrar would fay, there was the picture of a Divine Soul in every page; and that the whole book was fuch a harmony of holy passions, as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety. And it appears to have done so, for there have been ten thousand of them fold fince the first impression."*

In the life of Dr. Donne, Walton fays:-

^{*} Izaak Walton published his life of Herbert in 1670. In

"And in this enumeration of his friends, though many must be omitted; yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not: I mean that George Herbert, who was the author of 'The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Ejaculations,' a book, in which, by declaring his own spiritual conslicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and Heaven, and may by still reading still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of the

the fourth edition, 1674, Walton says, that "there have been more than twenty thousand of them fold fince the first impresfion." The Temple was first printed at Cambridge, 1622; the fecond edition the same year; third edition in 1634; fourth edit. 1635; fifth edit. 1638; fixth edit. 1641; feventh edit. 1656; eighth edit. 1660; ninth edit. 1667; tenth edit. 1674; eleventh edit. 1679; twelfth edit. 1703; thirteenth edit. 1709; fourteenth edit. Briftol, 1799; fifteenth edit. Lond. 1805. There is in the Bodleian Library a MS. formerly belonging to Abp. Sancroft, and afterwards to Bp. Tanner, entitled "The original of Mr. George Herbert's Temple, as it was at first Licensed for the Presse. W. Sancroft;" beautifully written in folio, the punctuation altered by Sancroft. Dr. Blifs observes. that the poems are the same with those ed. 1656, on a slight collation, there does not appear to be any various readings, and but one transposition. On the title is the poetical dedication. and at the bottom, original autographs .- B. Lany Procan. Tho. Bainbrigg. M. Wren. William Beale. Tho. Freman. There is also in the same library the following in MS. " Mr. Herbert's Temple and Church Militant, explained and improved by a discourse upon each poem, critical and practical, by Geo. Ryley, 1715."

world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt this George Herbert and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments."

Of the Latin poems, three are appended to the original edition of his Remains, two are found in the Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses and Epicedium Cantabrigiense, and three more are given from autographs in the hands of the publisher. Some others were sirst printed by Dr. Ja. Duport, Prosessor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, at the end of a small volume,* containing other similar productions. They are introduced with this notice, "Epigrammata quædam pro disciplina Ecclessa nostra Apologetica, aliquot abbinc annis conscripta a Geo. Herberto, at quali et quanto viro et poeta, quam pio, quam ingenioso! de quo præstat omninotacere quam pauca dicere; præsertim cum eximiam ejus pietatim admirabilis ingenii sale conditam loquetur Templum, loquetur Tempus, loquetur Æternitas. Hæc igitur carmina, po-

[◆] Ecclefiastes Solomonis, Auctore Joan. Viviano, Canticum Solomonis: necnon Epigrammata Sacra per Ja. Duportum. Accedunt Georgii Herberti Muse Responsoriæ, &c. 1662. In Duport's Muse Subsecivæ, &c. Camb. 1676, 8vo. are Latin verses addressed to Herbert; also in a volume of Latin Poems by Will. Dillingham, D. D. of Camb. 8vo. 1678, are transactions of sive of Herbert's, viz. The Church Porch, The Sacrifice, Providence, Charms and Knots, and Man's Medley. In the Poems of Daniel Baker, M. A. 1697, will be found verses "On Mr. George Herbert's Poems, called the Temple." Those by Crashaw and Ford are printed at the end of the Commendatory Verses.

pus, loquetur Æternitas. Ηæc igitur carmina, polita ad modum et elegantia, τοῦ παπρὸς γνήσια τέκνα, et Auctoris genium plane redolentia, quasi aureæ coronidis (χρυσέην πορώνην Hom.) loco prioribus attexere vi/um est."

The Greek and Latin Poems entitled Parentalia, were first printed at the end of a Sermon by Dr. Donne, on the death of Lady Danvers, the mother of G. Herbert. In the present volume every poetical fragment of Herbert's has been inserted, that could be traced.

The Synagogue, or the Shadow of the Temple, by the Rev. Christopher Harvey,* first printed 1640, is retained in this edition. By the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Bliss, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, the publisher is enabled to add a Poem, ascribed to Herbert,† entitled "a Paradox, that the sicke are in a better case then the whole;" and also for some particulars of C. Harvey. The Notes of S. T. Coleridge, occur in a copy of the Temple which formerly belonged to him, and with whom it was a great favorite. He appears to have contemplated editing a selection, with an occasional verbal alteration.

The Profe Works of Herbert confift of the Priest to the Temple, Proverbs, Letters, &c. which are printed uniform with the Poems, with the Life by Barnabas Oley and Izaak Walton prefixed, and together form the entire works of Herbert known to be extant.

One of the most successful imitators of Herbert was Henry Vaughan; of whom Mr. Lyte; says,

^{*} See the advertisement before the Synagogue.

[†] From a MS. collection of Poems in the Bodleian Library, chiefly by Cambridge men, and written from 1647 to 1658.

† See Vaughan's Poems, Life, p. xxxii. fcp. 8vo. Pickering, 1847.

" Just at this time he became acquainted with the " writings of George Herbert, and derived from them " fo much of comfort and instruction, that he deter-" mined to make the life and compositions of that " holy man his own future models. In imitation "therefore of his Temple, he composed, during the " intervals of exemption from acute fuffering, a num-" ber of little 'Sacred Poems, and private Ejacula-"tions;' and while his Oxford friends were pub-" lishing, contrary to his wishes, the Olor Iscanus, " he gave the world a more faithful record of his " mind and heart, in a collection of these, entitled, " 'Silex Scintillans,' (Sparks from the flintstone.) "This work was printed in London in the year " 1650, and confifted of only one of the two parts " fubsequently published together."

This edition of Herbert's Temple has been very carefully collated with the first edition, and the original orthography restored, together with the use of italic and capital letters; for which if any apology were needed The Author of the Christian Year, a work whose Christian feeling is in unison with that of Herbert, says in his presace to Hooker's Works—" that in punctuation and still more in spelling he should himself preser an exact reprint of the original, excepting of course the palpable errors of the press. In one respect especially, i. e. as a specimen and monument of language, ancient books lose very much of their value by the neglect of ancient or thography."*

Piccadilly. Sept. 13, 1849.

^{*} Keble, preface to Hooker, p. viii. ed. 1841.



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COMMENDATORY VERSES.

A MEMORIAL TO THE HONORABLE

GEORGE HERBERT,

AUTHOR OF THE SACRED POEMS, WHO DIED

ABOUT ANNO 1635.

EAD O'er these Raptures with a curious Eye, You must conclude, this Eagle soured high: Montgomery Castle was the place where he Had his first breathing, and Nativitie.

Of that most Noble House this Hero came, Who left the World this Legacy of Fame. Great Saint, unto thy Memory and Shrine I owe all Veneration, save Divine, For thy rare Porms: Piety and Pen Speak thee no less than Miracle of Men. The Graces all, both Moral and Divine, In thee concenter, and with thee combine: These Sacred Lessons, set to thy sweet Lute, Was Musick that would make Apollo mute: Nay, all those warbling Chanters of the Spring Would sit half tame To hear Arion sing. What Province hath produc'd a greater Soul, Between the Arctique, and Antarctique Pole,

In the Register of Fuggleston and Bemerton, the following entry occurs, "Mr. George Herbert, Esq. Parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632."

xvi COMMENDATORY VERSES.

Then Wales hath done? where HERBERT's Church shall be A lafting Pyramid, for him and thee. What Father of a Church; can you rehearse, That gain'd more Souls to God 'twixt Profe and Verse? What Orator had more Magnetique Strains? What Poet fuch a Fancy, Pen, or Brains, In our Great Hierarchie? Shew me the Man That Sang more fadly than this dying Swan, This Bird of Paradife, this Glowworm bright, This Philomel, This Glory of the Night. Seeing the Deluge rage, the Clouds still dark, Restless below, return'd up to the Ark, This Sacred Dove, before he Scaled the Skies, Rarely fet forth, the Worlds great Sacrifice; A melting POEM, all the rest so high. That the Dull World may learn to live and die. Never did Pen humane, or Earing brain, Express or vent such a Seraphique strain. You that are poets born, contend and strive. In spite of Death, dead HERBERT to revive. Bring Wreaths of Larick, an immortal Tree, To Salems facred Hill, for Obsequie. Parnassus' Mount was never so divine, To turn the Muses Water, into Wine. The Delphian Poet went from thence to Rome. And there was entertain'd as Major Dome; And though the Bishop, and his Clerks do boast; That old false Prophet there doth rule the Roaft. A lasting Spring of Blood Springs near that Hill, There he did bathe; there you your Vials fill. 'Twill melt your hearts, to view those desolations; Yet from that Spring flows highest Inspirations. Therein your Annals Such Encomiums bring. To his memorial, as the Doves in Spring. Such moan, as Ægypts Vice Roy once did make At Abel-Mizraim, For his Fathers fake, Make your shrill Trumpets: from that thorny Hill Benhinnons Valleys with amazement fill. To the Sepulchre go, there Sacrifice The Distillations of your Hearts and Eyes. When you depart, fall down, and kiss that Land,

COMMENDATORY VERSES. xvii

Where once his Masters sacred feet did stand. No Art or Engine can you safely trust To polish him, but his own sacred Dust. Nor can you Paint, or Pencil him too high, That liv'd and dy'd, without an enemy; That left behind him, this admired Tomb, But no Elisba In Eliab's roome.

An Epitaph upon the Honorable GEORGE HERBERT.

YOU weeping Marbles; Monuments we trust,
As well with the Injurious, as the just.
When your great trust at last shall be resign'd,
And when his noble dust, shall be refind:
You shall more Gold, Myrrh, Frankincense return,
Than shall be found in great Augussu' Urn.

He was the wonder, of a better age,
Th' Eclipse of this of emptie heads, the rage.
Phonix of Wales of his great name the glory.
A theme above all verse, beyond all story.
A plant of Paradise; which, in a word,
Worms ne're shall wither, as they did the Gourd.

Go you unborn, bedew dear HERBERT's Tomb; No more such Babes, are in Dame Natures Womb. No more such Blazing Comets shall appear, Nor leave so happy influences here. Go thaw your hearts at his celestial fire, And what you cannot comprehend, admire.

Go you dark *Poems*, dark even as the Skies, Make the *Scales* fall from our dark dazling eyes. Mirrors were made to mend, not mar our fight, Glowworms to glitter, in th' most gloomy Night. About those glorious Regions, he is sted, Where once Saint Paul was wrapt and ravished.

Her's a Divine, Prophet and Poet lies, That lay'd up Manna for posterities. P. D. Esq.

The Church Militant.

THE Churches progress; is a Master-piece, Limn'd to the Life; Of Egypt Rome and Greece: Wherein he gives the Conclave fuch a blow. They ne'er receiv'd from either friend or foe. England and France, do bear an equal share In his predictions, which time will declare; Here's height of malice, here's prodigious lust, Impudent finning, cruelty, diffruft; Here's black ingratitude, here's pride and fcorn, Here's damned Oaths, that cause the Land to Mourn; And here's oppression, marks of Future Bane, And here's Hypocrifie, the Counter-pane. Here's love of Guineas, curfed Root of all, And here's Religion turn'd up to the wall: And could we see with HERBERT's Eagle eyes, Without Checkmate Religion westward flies. A most sad Sacrifice was made of late Of Gods poor Lambs by Pharasaigue hate. For Discipline with Doctrine so to jarr, Was just like bringing Justice to the Barr. Was it the will, or judgment, or commands, Of the great Pilot, for to pass the Sands: Well may we hope; That our quick-fighted State Will take God's grievance into a debate. Cathedral Priests, long since have laid about, Hammer and Tongs, to drive Religion out. Her Grace and Majesty, makes them so fraid, They cry content, and fo Espouse her Maid. She's decent, lovely, chafte, Divine they fay, She loves their Sons, that fing our fins away. Could we but count the Thousands every year These dreams consume, The Musick is too dear. When Eli's Sons made luxury their God, Their Widows nam'd their postbumes Icabod. They both were flain, Gods facred Ark was loft, Though they had with it, a most mighty Host. Well may ingratitude make us all mourn; Pearls we receive, poor Pebbles we return.

Now Seine is swallowing Tiber; if the Thames, By letting in them both, pollute her streams; Or if the Seers shall connive or wink, Beware the Thunderbolt; Migremus binc. O let me die, and not survive to see Before my death, Religions Obsequie. Religion and dear Truth will prove at length The Alpha and Omega of our Strength; Our Boaz, our Jachin, our Great Britains glory, Look'd on by Owls, as a Romantick story. Our Cloud, that comes behind us in the day, Nights fiery Pillar, to direct our way. Our Chariots, Ships, and Horsemen, to withstand The fury of our Foes by Sea or Land. Our Eyes may see, as hath been seen before, Religion's Foes lie floating on the Shore: The head of Englands church proud Babels, but Will Faith defend, and peace will Janus shut. Adversus Impia.

Anno 1670.

Lines intended to be placed under HERBERT'S Portrait.

BEHOLD an Orator, Divinely fage,
The Prophet; and Apofile of that age.
View but his Porch and Temple, you shall see
The Body of Divine Philosophy.
Examine well the Lines of his dead Face,
Therein you may discern, Wisdom and Grace.
Now if the Shell so lovely doth appear,
How Orient, was the Pearl, Imprison'd here.

ON MR. G. HERBERT'S BOOK,

Entituled, the Temple of Sacred Poems,

Sent to a Gentlewoman.

K NOW you faire, on what you looke; Divinest Love lies in this booke: Expecting fire from your eyes, To kindle this his facrifice. When your Hands untie these strings, Think you have an Angel by th' wings. One that gladly will bee nigh, To wait upon each morning figh. To flutter in the balmy aire Of your well-perfumed Prayer. These white Plumes of his heele lend you, Which every day to Heaven will fend you: To take acquaintance of the spheare, And all the smooth-fac'd kindred there. And though Herbert's name doe owe These Devotions, fairest; know That while I lay them on the shrine Of your white Hand, they are mine.

R. Crashaw, Steps to the Temple 1646.

Lines with HERBERT'S Poems.

THE Poet's now become a Prieft, and layes
His Poem at your feet, expects no Bayes
But your acceptance; kind'le it with your eyes,
And make this offering prove a facrifice.
The Veftal fire that's in your breaft, will burn
Up all his droffe, and make it Incense turne;
And then your smile a second life will give,
Hee'l fear no death, if you but bid him live.
Pardon this bold ambition, 'tis his drift,
To make the Altar sanctifie the Gift.
Visit this Temple, at your vacant houres,
Twas Herberts Poem once, but now tis Yours.

Thomas Forde. Loves Labyrinth 1660.



The Printers to the Reader.*

HE dedication of this work having been made by the Authour to the *Divine Majestie* onely, how should we now presume to interest any mortall man

in the patronage of it? Much lesse think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was consident to have been inspired by a diviner breath than flows from Helicon. The world therefore, shall receive it in that naked simplicitie, with which he less it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more than is included in itself. We leave it free and unforestalled to every mans judgment, and to the benefit that he shall since by perusall. Onely for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privie to some sew particularities of the condition and disposition of the Person.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the minde, and having by industrie and happy

The Printer, at this period, meant what we now term Editor. Walton, in his Life of Herbert, fays that the Temple came to be printed without the addition or diminution of a fyllable, — fave only that Mr. Ferrar hath added that excellent preface that is printed before it. The first edition was printed at Cambridge 1633.

education perfected them to that great height of excellencie, whereof his fellowship of Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and his Orator-ship in the Universitie, together with that knowledge which the King's Court had taken of him, could make relation farre above ordinarie. Quitting both his deferts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuarie and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at God's Altar, then to feek the honour of State-employments. those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing verses bear witnesse of, they detract not from the freedome, but adde to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not onely to be called, but to be compelled to this fervice: Wherein his faithfull discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To testifie his independencie upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kinde, he used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to adde, My Master.

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemne protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformitie to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable: Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his familie to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and en-

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couragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompany him dayly in the publick celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously feek, then he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclefiastical dignitie, which he was possessour But God permitted not the accomplishment of this defire, having ordained him his instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had layen ruinated almost twenty yeares. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by publick collections, was in the end by his own and fome few others' private free-will-offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especiall good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the bloud of Christ: otherwise than in this respect he could finde nothing to glorie or comfort himself with, neither in this, nor in any other thing.

And these are but a sew of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader. We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour,

Lesse than the least of Gods mercies.

[Nicholas Ferrar.]







I. THE TEMPLE.

The Dedication.

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

1. The Church-porch.

Perirrhanterium.

HOU, whose sweet youth and early hopes inhance

Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,

Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance Ryme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:

A verse may finde him, who a sermon slies, And turn delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of lust; it doth pollute and foul Whom God in Baptisme washt with his own blood: It blots thy lesson written in thy soul; The holy lines cannot be understood.

How dare those eyes upon a Bible look, Much lesse towards God, whose lust is all their book!

THE CHURCH-PORCH.

Abstain wholly, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choise of paths: take no by-wayes;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging, that thy lust hath bounds and staies.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both; and so
If rottennesse have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' incloser: but fince now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrarie
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
O what were man, might he himself misplace!
Sure to be crosse he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glasse, which thou canst not tame, When once it is within thee; but before Mayst rule it, as thou list: and poure the shame, Which it would poure on thee, upon the sloore.

It is most just to throw that on the ground, Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
Bigge with his fifter: he hath loft the reins,
Is outlawd by himfelf: all kinde of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
The drunkard forfets Man, and doth devest
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I; to please anothers wine-sprung minde,
Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure
Short of his canne, and bodie; must I finde
A pain in that, wherein he findes a pleasure?
Stay at the third glasse: if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the room;
(All in a shipwrack shift their severall way)
Let not a common ruine thee intombe:
Be not a beast in courtesse, but stay,
Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.
Wine above all things doth Gods stamp deface.

Yet, if thou finne in wine or wantonnesse,
Boast not thereof; nor make thy shame thy glorie.
Frailtie gets pardon by submissivenesse;
But he that boasts, shuts that out of his storie:
He makes shat warre with God, and doth defie
With his poore clod of earth the spacious sky.

Of Salve State

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain:

It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.

Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain: 1814

But the cheap swearer through his open sluce

Lets his soul runne for nought, as little fearing:

Were I an Epicure, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell anothers jest, therein
Omit the oathes, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sinne.
He pares his apple, that will cleanly feed.

Play not away the vertue of that name, Which is thy best stake, when griefs make thee tame.

The cheapest sinnes most dearly punisht are;
Because to shun them also is so cheap:
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
O crumble not away thy souls fair heap.
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad:
Pride and sull sinnes have made the way a road.

THE CHURCH-PORCH.

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

Flie idlenesse, which yet thou canst not flie By dressing, mistressing, and complement. If those take up thy day, the sunne will crie Against thee; for his light was onely lent.

God gave thy foul brave wings; put not those feathers Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate? then be severe:

If studious; copie fair what time hath blurr'd;

Redeem truth from his jawes: if souldier,

Chase brave employments with a naked sword

Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have,

If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England! full of finne, but most of floth; Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breast with glorie: Thy Gentrie bleats, as if thy native cloth Transsus'd a sheepishnesse into thy storie: Not that they all are so; but that the most

Not that they all are so; but that the most Are gone to grasse, and in the pasture lost.

This losse springs chiefly from our education.

Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sonne:

Some mark a partridge, never their childes sashion:

Some ship them over, and the thing is done.

Studie this art, make it thy great defigne; And if Gods image move thee not, let thine. Some great estates provide, but do not breed A mast'ring minde; so both are lost thereby: Or els they breed them tender, make them need All that they leave: this is stat povertie. For he, that needs five thousand pound to live Is full as poore as he, that needs but five.

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

When thou dost purpose ought, (within thy power)
Be sure to doe it, though it be but small:
Constancie knits the bones, and makes us stowre,
When wanton pleasures becken us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Doe all things like a man, not sneakingly:
Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.
Simpring is but a lay-hypocrisie:
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who sears to do ill, sets himself to task:
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

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

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so, but man?
Houses are built by rule, and common-wealths.
Entice the trusty sunne, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line; becken the skie.
Who lives by rule then, keeps good companie.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss d pack,
Whose every parcell under-writes a law.
Less not the fall nor give the humours we

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

By all means use sometimes to be alone.

Salute thy self: see what thy soul doth wear.

Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:

And tumble up and down what thou find's there.

Who cannot rest till he good sellows finde,

He breaks up house, turns out of doores his minde.

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

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make Ev'n with the yeare: but age, if it will hit, Shoots a bow fhort, and lessens still his stake, As the day lessens, and his life with it.

Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call; Before thy journey fairly part with all.

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

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head; Take starres for money; starres not to be told By any art, yet to be purchased.

None is so wasteful as the scraping dame: She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, same.

By no means runne in debt: take thine own measure.

Who cannot live on twentie pound a yeare,

Cannot on fourtie: he's a man of pleasure,

A kinde of thing that's for itself too deere.

The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,

And spares himself, but would his taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes Do fortunes feek, when worth and fervice fail, Would have their tale beleeved for their oathes, And are like empty vessels under fail.

Old courtiers know this; therefore set out so, As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handsomenesse doth bear the bell. Wisdome's a trimmer thing, than shop e're gave. Say not then, This with that lace will do well; But, This with my discretion will be brave.

Much curiousnesse is a perpetual wooing, Nothing with labour, folly long a doing. Play not for gain, but fport. Who playes for more, Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart: Perhaps his wives too, and whom she hath bore: Servants and churches also play their part.

Onely a herauld, who that way doth passe, [glasse.]

Onely a herauld, who that way doth passe, [glasse. Findes his crackt name at length in the church-

If yet thou love game at so deere a rate, Learn this, that hath old gamesters deerely cost: Dost lose? rise up: dost winne? rise in that state. Who strive to sit out losing hands, are lost.

Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In conversation boldnesse now bears sway.
But know, that nothing can so foolish be,
As empty boldnesse: therefore first assay
To stuffe thy minde with solid braverie;
Then march on gallant: get substantiall worth:
Boldnesse guilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sowre? Then keep such companie; make them thy allay: Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lowre. A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.

Command thyself in chief. He lifes warre knows, Whom all his passions sollow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak Plainly and home, is coward of the two.

Think not thy same at ev'ry twitch will break:

By great deeds shew, that thou canst little do;

And do them not: that shall thy wisdome be;

And change thy temperance into braverie.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thinne web, which poysonous fancies make;
But the great souldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker stuffe, which would endure a shake.
Wisdome picks friends; civilitie playes the rest.
A toy shunn'd cleanly passet with the best.

Laugh not too much: the wittie man laughs least: For wit is newes only to ignorance.

Lesse at thine own things laugh; less in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.

Make not thy sport, abuses: for the fly,
That seeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground, Profanenesse, filthinesse, abusivenesse. These are these cumme, with which course wits abound: The sine may spare these well, yet not go lesse. All things are bigge with jest: nothing that's plain

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

But may be wittie, if thou hast the vein.

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

Towards great persons use respective boldnesse: That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take Nothing from thine: in service, care, or coldnesse Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.

Feed no man in his finnes: for adulation Doth make thee parcell-devil in damnation.

Envie not greatnesse: for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet such jealousse,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good spurre. Correct thy passions spite;
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

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

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

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.

Love is a personall debt. I cannot give

My childrens right, nor ought he take it: rather

Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.

Fathers first enter bonds to natures ends;

And are her sureties, ere they are a friends.

If thou be fingle, all thy goods and ground Submit to love; but yet not more then all. Give one estate, as one life. None is bound To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.

God made me one man; love makes me no more, Till labour come, and make my weaknesse score.

In thy discourse, if thou defire to please:
All such is courteous, usefull, new, or wittie:
Usefulnesse comes by labour, wit by ease;
Courtesse grows in court; news in the citie.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card;
That suites him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

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

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

Be calm in arguing: for fiercenesse makes

Errour a fault, and truth discourtesse.

Why should I feel another mans mistakes

More, than his sicknesses or povertie?

In love I should: but anger is not love,

Nor wisdome neither; therefore gently move.

Calmnesse is great advantage: he that lets
Another chase, may warm him at his fire:
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning sencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwels not in the clouds: the bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

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

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

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindnesse, good parts, great places are the way
To compasse this. Finde out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joyes go lesse
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse
Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.

Let thy minde still be bent, still plotting where, And when, and how the businesse may be done. Slacknesse breeds worms; but the sure traveller, Though he alight fometimes, still goeth on.

Active and stirring spirits live alone: Write on the others, Here lies such a one. Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be
In love or honour; take account of all:
Shine like the sunne in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.
Who say, I care not, those I give for loss;
And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree; (Love is a present for a mightie king,)
Much lesse make any one thine enemie.
As gunnes destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth resuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

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

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All forrain of that name; but fcorn their ill:
Embrace their activenesse, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forseiteth his will.
If thou observes strangers in each fit,
In time they'l runne thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlinesse,
That all may gladly board thee, as a slowre.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomenesse
Beforehand, and anticipate their last houre.
Let thy mindes sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

14 THE CHURCH-PORCH.

In Almes regard thy means, and others merit.

Think heav'n a better bargain, then to give
Onely thy fingle market-money for it.

Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.

Give to all something; to a good poore man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

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

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

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

Though private prayer be a brave defigne,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love:
And love's a weight to hearts, to eies a figne.
We all are but cold suitours; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most: for where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there, then thou: for thou art there
Onely by his permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne're spoil'd filk stocking: quit thy state.
All equal are within the churches gate.

Refort to fermons, but to prayers most:

Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest;

Stay not for th' other pin: why thou hast lost

A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest

Away thy blessings, and extreamly flout thee,

Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eies,
And send them to thine heart; that spying sinne,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
Those doores being shut, all by the eare comes in.
Who marks in church-time others symmetrie,
Makes all their beautie his desormitie.

Let vain or busie thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purg'd his temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together
To couzin thee. Look to thy actions well;
For churches either are our heav'n or hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good: if all want sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains. He that by being at church escapes the ditch, Which he might fall in by companions, gains. He that loves Gods abode, and to combine With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at preachers language, or expression:
How know'st thou, but thy sinnes made him miscarrie?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession:
God sent him, whatsoe're he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Master: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physician.

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

Summe up at night, what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dresse and undresse thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both, since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.

Look not on pleafures as they come, but go.

Defer not the least vertue: lifes poore span

Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:

If well; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

2. Superliminare.

THOU, whom the former precepts have Sprinkled and taught, how to behave Thy felf in church; approach, and taste The churches mysticall repast.

Avoid profanenesse; come not here: Nothing but holy, pure, and cleare, Or that which groneth to be so, May at his perill further go.

3. The Altar.

A broken ALTAR, Lord, thy fervant reares, Made of a heart, and cemented with teares: Whose parts are as thy hand did frame; No workmans tool hath touch'd the same.

A HEART alone
Is fuch a ftone,
As nothing but
Thy pow'r doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise thy name:

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise thee may not cease.
O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,
And sanctifie this ALTAR to be thine.

4. The Sacrifice.

To me, who took eyes that I might you finde:

Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head Against their Maker: they do wish me dead, Who cannot wish, except I give them bread: Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave, Had to this day been an Egyptian flave.

They use that power against me, which I gave:

Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did beare, Though he had all I had, did not forbeare To sell me also, and to put me there: Was ever grief like mine?

For thirtie pence he did my death devise, Who at three hundred did the ointment prize, Not half so sweet as my sweet facrifice: Was ever grief like mine?

Therefore my foul melts, and my hearts deare treasure
Drops bloud (the only beads) my words to measure:
O let this cup passe, if it be thy pleasure:
Was ever grief like mine?

These drops being temper'd with a sinners tears, A Balsome are for both the Hemispheres, Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my sears. Was ever grief like mine?

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

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they runne Alas! what haste they make to be undone! How with their lanterns do they seek the sunne! Was ever grief like mine?

With clubs and staves they seek me, as a thief, Who am the way of truth, the true relief, Most true to those who are my greatest grief: Was ever grief like mine?

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kisse?

Canst thou finde hell about my lips? and misse

Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse?

Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands Of faith, but furie; yet at their commands I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands: Was ever grief like mine?

All my Disciples flie; sear puts a barre
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the starre,
That brought the wise men of the East from sarre:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then from one ruler to another bound They leade me: urging, that it was not found What I taught: Comments would the text confound. Was ever grief like mine?

The Priests and rulers all false witnesse seek 'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek And readie Paschal Lambe of this great week: Was ever grief like mine?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemie, That I did thrust into the Deitie,
Who never thought that any robberie: Was ever grief like mine?

> Some faid, that I the Temple to the floore In three days raz'd, and raifed as before. Why, he that built the world can do much more: Was ever grief like mine?

Then they condemne me all with that fame breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus Adam my first breathing rendereth:
Was ever grief like mine?

They binde, and leade me unto Herod: he Sends me to Pilate. This makes them agree; But yet their friendship is my enmitie.

Was ever grief like mine?

Herod and all his bands do fet me light, Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight, And onely am the Lord of hosts and might. Was ever grief like mine? Herod in judgment fits, while I do stand; Examines me with a censorious hand: I him obey, who all things else command: Was ever grief like mine?

The Jews accuse me with despitefulnesse; And vying malice with my gentlenesse, Pick quarrels with their onely happinesse: \ Was ever grief like mine?

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

My filence rather doth augment their crie; My dove doth back into my bosome flie, Because the raging waters still are high: Was ever grief like mine?

Hark how they crie aloud still, Crucifie: It is not fit be live a day, they crie, Who cannot live leffe than eternally: Was ever grief like mine?

Pilate a stranger holdeth off; but they, Mine own deare people, cry, Away, away, With noises confused frighting the day: Was ever grief like mine?

Yet still they shout, and crie, and stop their eares, Putting my life among their finnes and fears, And therefore wish my bloud on them and theirs: Was ever grief like mine?

See how spite cankers things. These words aright Used, and wished, are the whole worlds light:
But hony is their gall, brightnesse their night:
Was ever grief like mine?

They choose a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a courtesse;
For it was their own cause who killed me:
Was ever grief like mine?

And a feditious murderer he was:

But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth passe
All understanding, more than heav'n doth glasse:

Was ever grief like mine?

Why, Cefar is their onely King, not I:

He clave the stonie rock, when they were drie;
But surely not their hearts, as I well trie:

Was ever grief like mine?

Ah! how they scourge me! yet my tendernesse!

Doubles each lash: and yet their bitternesse!

Windes up my grief to a mysteriousnesse:

Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet me, and box me as they lift, Who grasp the earth and heaven with my fist, And never yet, whom I would punish, mis'd: Was ever grief like mine?

Behold, they spit on me in scornfull wise;
Who by my spittle gave the blinde man eies,
Leaving his blindnesse to mine enemies:
Was ever grief like mine?

Vas V

Zal 1

My face they cover, though it be divine.

As Moses face was vailed, so is mine,

Lest on their double-dark souls either shine:

Was ever grief like mine?

Servants and abjects flout me; they are wittie:

Now prophesse who strikes thee, is their dittie.

So they in me denie themselves all pitie:

Was ever grief like mine?

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

Was ever grief like mine?

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

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

Then with a scarlet robe they me aray;
Which shews my bloud to be the onely way,
And cordiall lest to repair mans decay:
Was ever grief like mine?

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

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THE CHURCH.

VSo fits the earths great curse in Adams fall
Upon my head; so I remove it all
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They strike my head, the rock from whence all store
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore:

Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, Hail king: What ever scoffes or scornfulnesse can bring, I am the sloore, the fink, where they it sling:

Was ever grief like mine?

Yet fince mans scepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloudie their weeds;
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds:
Was ever grief like mine?

The fouldiers also spit upon that face
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
And Prophets once to see, but sound no place:
Was ever grief like mine?

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout, Who Crucifie him, crie with one strong shout. God holds his peace at man, and man cries out: Was ever grief like mine?

They leade me in once more, and putting then Mine own clothes on, they leade me out agen. Whom devils flie, thus is he toff'd of men: Was ever grief like mine? And now wearie of fport, glad to ingrosse All spite in one, counting my life their losse, They carrie me to my most bitter crosse:

Was ever grief like mine?

My crosse I bear my self, untill I faint: Then Simon bears it for me by constraint, The decreed burden of each mortall Saint: 11 Was ever grief like mine?

O all ye who passe by, behold and see:

/ Man stole the fruit, but I must climbe the tree;

The tree of life to all, but onely me:

Was ever grief like mine?

do

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of finne, The greater world o' th' two; for that came in By words, but this by forrow I must win: Was ever grief like mine?

Such forrow, as if finful man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
Till all were melted, though he were all steel.
Was ever grief like mine?

Never was grief like mine?

Shame tears my foul, my bodie many a wound; Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound; Reproches, which are free, while I am bound: Was ever grief like mine? Now heal thyself, Physician; now come down.

Alas! I did so, when I left my crown

And fathers smile for you, to feel his frown:

Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not myself, there doth consist
All that salvation, which ye now resist;
Your safetie in my sicknesse doth subsist:
Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two theeves I fpend my utmost breath, As he that for some robberie suffereth, Alas! what have I stollen from you? death: Was ever grief like mine?

A king my title is, prefixt on high;
Yet by my subjects am condemn'd to die
A servile death in servile companie:

Was ever grief like mine?

They gave me vineger mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all:
Was ever grief like mine?

They part my garments, and by lot dispose My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those Who sought for help, never malicious soes:

Was ever grief like mine?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go; For they will pierce my side, I full well know; That as sinne came, so Sacraments might flow:

Was ever grief like mine?

But now I die; now all is finished.

My wo, mans weal: and now I bow my head:

Onely let others say, when I am dead,

Never was grief like mine.

5. The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
To thee of all kings onely due)
Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventest me?
Shall I ween bloud? why thou hast went such story

Shall I weep bloud? why, thou hast wept such store,

d That all thy body was one doore.

Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, fold?

'Tis but to tell the tale is told.

My God, my God, why dost thou part from me?

Was such a grief as cannot be.

Shall I then fing, skipping, thy dolefull storie,

And fide with thy triumphant glorie?
Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?

Thy rod, my posie? crosse, my bower? But how then shall I imitate thee, and

Copie thy fair, though bloudie hand?

Surely I will revenge me on thy love,

And trie who shall victorious prove.

And trie who shall victorious prove

If thou dost give me wealth; I will restore

All back unto thee by the poore.

If thou dost give me honour; men shall see, The honour doth belong to thee.

I will not marry; or, if she be mine, She and her children shall be thine. My bosome friend, if he blaspheme thy name,

I will tear thence his love and fame.

One half of me being gone, the rest I give Unto some Chapell, die or live.

As for thy passion—But of that anon,

When with the other I have done.

For thy predestination, I'le contrive,

That three years hence, if I survive,

I'le build a fpittle, or mend common wayes,

But mend mine own without delayes.

Then I will use the works of thy creation,
As if I us'd them but for fashion.

The world and I will quarrell; and the yeare Shall not perceive, that I am here.

My musick shall finde thee, and ev'ry string Shall have his attribute to sing;

That all together may accord in thee,

And prove one God, one harmonie. If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appeare,

If thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here. Nay, I will reade thy booke, and never move

Till I have found therein thy love;

Thy art of love, which I'le turn back on thee,

Oh my deare Saviour, Victorie! Then for thy passion—I will do for that—

Alas, my God, I know not what.

6. The Reprifall.

HAVE confider'd' it, and finde
There is no dealing with thy mighty passion:
For though I die for thee, I am behinde;
My sinnes deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I

May give a disentangled state and free;

And yet thy wounds still my attempts desie,

For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou

By thy eternall glorie didft outgo me?

Couldft thou not griefs fad conquefts me allow,

But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

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

7. The Agonie.

PHILOSOPHERS have measur'd mountains, Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings, Walk'd with a staffe to heav'n, and traced fountains:

But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove:
Yet sew there are that sound them; Sinne and Love.

Who would know Sinne, let him repair Unto mount Olivet; there shall he see A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair, His skinne, his corments bloudie be

His skinne, his garments bloudie be. Sinne is that presse and vice, which forceth pain To hunt his cruell food through ev'ry vein.

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

8. The Sinner.

ORD, how I am all ague, when I feek
What I have treasur'd in my memorie!
Since, if my foul make even with the week,
Each seventh note by right is due to thee.
I finde there quarries of pil'd vanities,

But shreds of holinesse, that dare not venture To shew their face, since crosse to thy decrees: There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre. In so much dregs the quintessence is small:

The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet, Lord, restore thine image, heare my call:
And though my hard heart scarce to thee can
grone,

Remember that thou once didst write in stone.

9. Good Friday.

MY chief good,
How shall I measure out thy bloud?
How shall I count what thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes

Number according to thy foes?

Or, fince one starre show'd thy first breath,

Shall all thy death?

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

Then let each houre
Of my whole life one grief devoure;
That thy diffresse through all may runne,
And be my sunne.

Or rather let
My severall sinnes their sorrows get;
That as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sinne may so.

Since bloud is fittest, Lord, to write Thy forrows in, and bloudie fight; My heart hath store; write there, where in One box doth lie both ink and sinne:

That when finne spies so many foes, Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes, All come to lodge there, sinne may say, No room for me, and slie away.

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

10. Redemption.

HAVING been tenant long to a rich Lord, Not thriving, I refolved to be bold, And make a fuit unto him, to afford A new small-rented lease, and cancell th' old.

In heaven at his manour I him fought:

They told me there, that he was lately gone
About fome land, which he had dearly bought
Long fince on earth, to take possession.

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

Of theeves and murderers: there I him espied, Whostraight, Your suit is granted, said, and died.

11. Sepulchre.

O BLESSED bodie! Whither art thou thrown?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive thee?

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

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

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain thee,

And missing this, most falsely did arraigne thee;
Onely these stones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

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

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

12. Easter.

R ISE heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delayes,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him mayst rise:
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

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

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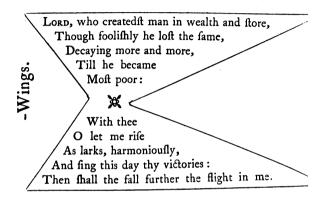
The crosse taught all wood to resound his name
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

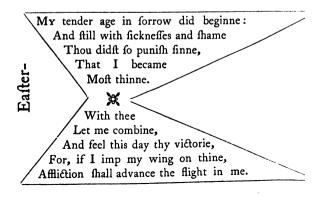
Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or since all musick is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our desects with his sweet art.

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

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

Can there be any day but this, Though many funnes to shine endeavour? We count three hundred, but we misse: There is but one, and that one ever. 13.





14. Holy Baptisme.

A S he that fees a dark and shadie grove,
Stayes not, but looks beyond it on the skie;
So when I view my sinnes, mine eyes remove
More backward still, and to that water slie,

Which is above the heav'ns, whose spring and rent
Is in my dear Redeemers pierced side.
O blessed streams! either ye do prevent
And stop our sinnes from growing thick and wide,

Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow. In you Redemption measures all my time, And spreads the plaister equal to the crime: You taught the book of life my name, that so,

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

15. Holy Baptisme.

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

O let me still
Write thee great God, and me a childe:

Let me be foft and supple to thy will, Small to myself, to others milde, Behither ill.

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

16. Nature.

FULL of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travell, or denie
That thou hast ought to do with me.
O tame my heart;
It is thy highest art
To captivate strong holds to thee.

If thou shalt let this venome lurk,
And in suggestions sume and work,
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
And thence by kinde
Vanish into a winde,
Making thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend law and sear;
Or make a new one, fince the old
Is saplesse grown,
And a much fitter stone
To hide my dust, then thee to hold.

17. Sinne.

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

Pulpits and fundayes, forrow dogging finne, Afflictions forted, anguish of all fizes, Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in, Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Bleffings beforehand, tyes of gratefulneffe,

The found of glorie ringing in our eares;

Without, our shame; within, our consciences;

Angels and grace, eternall hopes and sears.

Yet all these fences and their whole aray One cunning bosome-sinne blows quite away.

18. Affliction.

HEN first thou didst entice to thee my heart,

I thought the service brave:

So many joyes I writ down for my part,

Besides what I might have

Out of my stock of naturall delights,

Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

And made it fine to me;
Thy glorious houshold-stuffe did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.

Such starres I counted mine: both heav'n and earth

I looked on thy furniture fo fine.

Such starres I counted mine: both heav'n and earth Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
Where joyes my fellows were?
Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear;
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and siercenesse seek thy face:

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetness;

I had my wish and way:

My dayes were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesse;

There was no moneth but May.

But with my yeares forrow did twist and grow,

And made a partie unawares for wo.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses cleave my bones,
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to grones:
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce beleeved,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
And more; for my friends die:
My mirth and edge was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use then I.
Thus thinne and lean without a sence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and winde.

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

Yet, for I threatned oft the fiege to raife,

Not fimpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with Academick praise

Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweetned pill, till I came neare;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet lest perchance I should too happie be
In my unhappinesse,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.

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

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

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;
In weaknesse must be stout.

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

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

19. Repentance.

ORD, I confesse my sinne is great;
Great is my sinne. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick slow'r, thy momentarie bloom;
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steadie aiming at a tombe.

Mans age is two houres work, or three;
Each day doth round about us fee.
Thus are we to delights: but we are all
To forrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adams fall.

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

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

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

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

20. Faith.

CRD, how couldst thou so much appease
Thy wrath for finne, as when mans sight
was dimme,
And could see little, to regard his ease,

And bring by Faith all things to him?

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

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

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

Faith makes me any thing, or all That I beleeve is in the facred storie: And where sinne placeth me in Adams fall, Faith sets me higher in his glorie.

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

If bliffe had lien in art or strength,

None but the wise or strong had gained it:

Where now by Faith all arms are of a length;

One fize doth all conditions sit.

A peafant may beleeve as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend and
While grace fills up uneven nature. [crouch,

When creatures had no reall light Inherent in them, thou didft make the sunne, Impute a lustre, and allow them bright: And in this shew, what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean With bushie groves, pricking the lookers eie, Vanisht away, when Faith did change the scene: And then appear'd a glorious skie. What though my bodie run to dust? Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain, With an exact and most particular trust, Reserving all for slesh again.

21. Prayer.

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

Engine against th' Almightie, sinner's towre,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The fix daies world-transposing in an houre,
A kinde of tune, which all things heare and sear;

Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse, Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best, Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest, The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,

Church-bels beyond the stars heard, the souls bloud,
The land of spices, something understood.

22. The Holy Communion.

Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me wast sold,

To me dost now thyself convey;
For so thou should'st without me still have been,
Leaving within me sinne:

But by the way of nourishment and strength,

Thou creep'st into my breast;

Making thy way my rest,

And thy small quantities my length;

Which spread their forces into every part,

Meeting sinnes force and art.

Yet can these not get over to my soul,

Leaping the wall that parts

Our souls and fleshly hearts;

But as th' outworks, they may controll

My rebel-slesh, and carrying thy name,

Affright both sinne and shame.

Onely thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privie key,
Op'ning the souls most subtile rooms:
While those to spirits refin'd, at doore attend
Despatches from their friend.

GIVE me my captive foul, or take
My body also thither.

Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

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

For fure when Adam did not know
To finne, or finne to fmother;
He might to heav'n from Paradife go,
As from one room t' another.

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

23. Antiphon.

Cho. LET all the world in ev'ry corner fing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heav'ns are not too high, His praise may thither flie: The earth is not too low, His praises there may grow.

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

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

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner fing,

My God and King.

24. Love.

Τ.

MMORTALL Love, authour of this great frame, Sprung from that beautie which can never fade; How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name, And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,

While mortall love doth all the title gain!
Which fiding with invention, they together
Bear all the fway, possessing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.

Wit fancies beautie, beautie raiseth wit:

The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou standing by: and though thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from th' infernall pit,

Who fings thy praise? onely a skarf or glove Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

2.

MMORTALL Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the leffer to it: let those fires
Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may confume our lufts, and make thee way.

Then shall our hearts pant thee; then shall our
All her invention on thine Altar lay, [brain
And there in hymnes send back thy fire again:

Our eies shall see thee, which before saw dust;
Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blinde:
Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kinde,
Who wert disseized by usurping lust:

All knees shall bow to thee; all wits shall rise, And praise him who did make and mend our eies.

25. The Temper.

HOW should I praise thee, Lord! how should my rymes

Gladly engrave thy love in steel,

If what my soul doth feel sometimes,

My soul might ever feel!

Although there were fome fourtie heav'ns, or more, Sometimes I peere above them all; Sometimes I hardly reach a score, Sometimes to hell I fall.

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

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou doft stretch
A crumme of dust from heav'n to hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall he thy stature spell?

O let me, when thy roof my foul hath hid,
O let me rooft and neftle there:
Then of a finner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for fure thy way is best: Stretch or contract me thy poore debter: This is but tuning of my breast, To make the musick better.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with duft, Thy hands made both, and I am there. Thy power and love, my love and truft, Make one place ev'ry where.

26. The Temper.

Which just now took up all my heart?
Lord! if thou must needs use thy dart,
Save that, and me; or fin for both destroy.

The groffer world stands to thy word and art;
But thy diviner world of grace
Thou suddenly dost raise and race,
And ev'ry day a new Creatour art.

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

Scatter, or binde them all to bend to thee:

Though elements change, and heaven move;

Let not thy higher Court remove,

But keep a standing Majestie in me.

27. Jordan.

HO fayes that fictions onely and false hair Become a verse? Is there in truth no beautie? Is all good structure in a winding stair? May no lines passe, except they do their dutie Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spunne lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lovers loves?
Must all be vail'd, while he that reades, divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing: Riddle who list, for me, and pull for Prime: I envie no mans nightingale or spring; Nor let them punish me with losse of ryme, Who plainly say, My God, My King.

28. Employment.

T as a flowre doth spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were by frosts extremitie
Nipt in the bud;

The sweetnesse and the praise were thine;
But the extension and the room,
Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
The greater shall our glorie be.
The measure of our joyes is in this place,
The stuffe with thee.

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

All things are busie; only I
Neither bring hony with the bees,
Nor slowres to make that, nor the husbandrie
To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my companie is a weed.
Lord, place me in thy confort; give one strain
To my poore reed.

29. The Holy Scriptures.

1

OH Book! infinite fweetneffe! let my heart Suck ev'ry letter, and a hony gain, Precious for any grief in any part; To cleare the breaft, to mollifie all pain. Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make A full eternitie: thou art a masse Of strange delights, where we may wish and take. Ladies, look here; this is the thankfull glasse,

That mends the lookers eyes: this is the well
That washes what it shows. Who can indeare
Thy praise too much? thou art heav'ns Lidger here,
Working against the states of death and hell.

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

2.

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

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie: Then as dispersed herbs do watch a potion, These three make up some Christians destinie.

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

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do misse: This book of starres lights to eternall blisse.

30. Whitfunday.

ISTEN fweet Dove unto my fong,
And fpread thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart fo long,
Till it get wing, and flie away with thee.

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

Such glorious gifts thou didft bestow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appeare:
The starres were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The sunne, which once did shine alone, Hung down his head, and wisht for night, When he beheld twelve sunnes for one Going about the world, and giving light.

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

Thou shutt'st the doore, and keep'st within; Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink: And if the braves of conqu'ring sinne Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink. Lord, though we change, thou art the same; The same sweet God of love and light: Restore this day, for thy great name, Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

31. Grace.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase

Doth my dull husbandrie improve:

O let thy graces without cease

Drop from above!

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

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And shall the dew outstrip thy dove?
The dew, for which grasse cannot call,
Drop from above.

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

Sinne is still hammering my heart Unto a hardnesse, void of love: Let suppling grace, to crosse his art, Drop from above. O come! for thou dost know the way.
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me, where I need not say—
Drop from above.

32. Praise.

To write a verse or two, is all the praise,

That I can raise:

Mend my estate in any wayes,

Thou shalt have more.

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

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

A herb destill'd, and drunk, may dwell next doore,
On the same floore,
To a brave soul: Exalt the poore,
They can do more.

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

33. Affliction.

KILL me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of life; fince thy one death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methusalems stay.

If all mens tears were let
Into one common fewer, fea, and brine;
What were they all, compar'd to thine?
Wherein if they were fet,
They would discolour thy most bloudy sweat.

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

34. Mattens.

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

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

My God, what is a heart,
That thou shouldst it so eye, and wooe,
Powring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadst nothing els to do?

Indeed mans whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve thee:
He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I fee,
May both the work and workman show:
Then by a sunne-beam I will climbe to thee.

35. Sinne.

THAT I could a finne once fee!
We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath fome good in him, all agree.
Sinne is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of vertue, and of being.

But God more care of us hath had, If apparitions make us fad, By fight of finne we should grow mad. Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live; So devils are our finnes in perspective.

36. Even-fong.

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

Who gave me fight alone,
Which to himself he did denie:
For when he sees my waies, I dy:
But I have got his sonne, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I discharg'd the debt,
Which this dayes savour did beget?
I ranne; but all I brought, was some.

Thy diet, care, and cost
Do end in bubbles, balls of winde;
Of winde to thee whom I have crost,
But balls of wilde-fire to my troubled minde.

Yet still thou goest on,

And now with darknesse closest wearie eyes,
Saying to man, It doth suffice:

Henceforth repose; your work is done.

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

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

My God, thou art all love.

Not one poore minute 'scapes thy breast,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

37. Church-monuments.

HILE that my foul repairs to her devotion, Here I intombe my flesh, that it betimes May take acquaintance of this heap of dust; To which the blast of deaths incessant motion, Fed with the exhalation of our crimes, Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My bodie to this school, that it may learn To spell his elements, and finde his birth Written in dustie heraldrie and lines; Which dissolution sure doth best discern, Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth. These laugh at Jeat, and Marble put for signes,

To sever the good sellowship of dust, And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them, When they shall bow, and kneel, and sall down shat To kisse those heaps, which now they have in trust? Deare slesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stemme And true descent; that when thou shalt grow sat, And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know, That flesh is but the glasse, which holds the dust That measures all our time; which also shall Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below, How tame these ashes are, how free from lust, That thou mayst sit thyself against thy fall.

38. Church-musick.

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you: when displea-Did through my bodie wound my minde, [sure You took me thence; and in your house of pleasure A daintie lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a bodie move,
Rifing and falling with your wings:
We both together fweetly live and love,
Yet fay fometimes, God help poore Kings.

Comfort, 'Ile die; for if you poste from me, Sure I shall do so, and much more: But if I travell in your companie, You know the way to heavens doore.

39. Church-lock and key.

KNOW it is my finne, which locks thine eares,
And bindes thy hands!
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears;
Or else the chilnesse of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angrie with the fire,

And mend it still;

So I do lay the want of my defire,

Not on my finnes, or coldnesse, but thy will.

Yet heare, O God, onely for his blouds fake,

Which pleads for me:

For though finnes plead too, yet like stones they make
His blouds sweet current much more loud to be.

40. The Church-floore.

MARK you the floore? that square and speckled Which looks so firm and strong, [stone, Is Patience:

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,

Humilitie:

The gentle rifing, which on either hand Leads to the Quire above, Is Confidence:

But the fweet cement, which in one fure band Ties the whole frame, is *Love*. And *Charitie*.

Hither fometimes Sinne steals, and stains The marbles neat and curious veins: But all is cleansed when the marble weeps. Sometimes Death, pussing at the doore, Blows all the dust about the floore:
But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.
Blest be the Architest, whose art
Could build so strong in a weak heart.

41. The Windows.

ORD, how can man preach thy eternall word?

He is a brittle crazie glaffe:

Yet in thy temple thou doft him afford

This glorious and transcendent place,

To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glasse thy storie,
Making thy life to shine within
The holy Preachers, then the light and glorie
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;
Which else shows watrish, bleak, and thin.

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

42. Trinitie Sunday.

ORD, who hast form'd me out of mud, And hast redeem'd me through thy bloud, And fanctifi'd me to do good; Purge all my finnes done heretofore;
For I confesse my heavie score,
And I will strive to finne no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me, With faith, with hope, with charitie; That I may runne, rise, rest with thee.

43. Content.

PEACE mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to Within the walls of your own breaft. [keep Who cannot on his own bed fweetly fleep, Can on anothers hardly reft.

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

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie, Content and warm t' it self alone: But when it would appeare to others eye,

But when it would appeare to others eye, Without a knock it never shone.

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

Take up within a cloifters gates.

This foul doth span the world, and hang content

From either pole unto the centre:

Where in each room of the well-furnisht tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

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

Onely thy Chronicle is lost: and yet

Better by worms be all once spent,

Than to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret

Thy name in books, which may not rent.

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

Then cease discoursing soul, till thine own ground;
Do not thyself or friends importune.

He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happie fortune.

44. The Quidditie.

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

It cannot vault, or dance, or play; It never was in *France* or *Spain*; Nor can it entertain the day With a great stable or demain. It is no office, art, or news; Nor the Exchange, or busie Hall: But it is that which while I use, I am with thee, and Most take all.

45. Humilitie.

I SAW the Vertues fitting hand in hand
In fev'rall ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the beafts and fowls, by their command,
Presented tokens of submission.
Humilitie, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
When by the beafts the presents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The angrie Lion did present his paw,
Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude.
The fearfull Hare her eares, which by their law
Humilitie did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turkie brought his corall-chain,
That went to Temperance.
On Justice was bestow'd the Foxes brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow, bringing the Peacocks plume, (For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it, as proper to his place,
Till they fell out; which when the beafts espied,
They leapt upon the throne;

And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their fide, They had depof'd each one.

Humilitie, who held the plume, at this Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down Spoil'd all the train: then saying, Here it is For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown Against the beasts: so joyntly bandying,

They drive them soon away; And then amerc'd them, double gifts to bring At the next Session-day.

46. Frailtie.

ORD, in my silence how do I despise

What upon trust

Is styled bonour, riches, or fair eyes;

But is fair dust!

I surname them guilded clay,

Deare earth, fine grasse or bay;

In all, I think my foot doth ever tread

Upon their head,

But when I view abroad both Regiments,

The worlds, and thine;

Thine clad with simplenesse, and fad events;

The other fine,

Full of glorie and gay weeds,

Brave language, braver deeds:

That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,

And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, left if what even now

My foot did tread,

Affront those joyes, wherewith thou didst endow,

And long fince wed

My poore soul, ev'n sick of love;

It may a Babel prove,

Commodious to conquer heav'n and thee

Planted in me.

47. Constancie.

WHO is the honest man?

He that doth still and strongly good pursue,

To God, his neighbour, and himself most true:

Whom neither force nor fawning can

Unpinne, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honestie is not
So loose or easie, that a ruffling winde
Can blow away, or glittering look it blinde:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behinde.

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

Whom none can work or wooe, To use in any thing a trick or sleight;

For above all things he abhorres deceit:

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

Who never melts or thaws
At close tentations: when the day is done,
His goodnesse fets not, but in dark can runne:
The sunne to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue; Vertue is his Sunne.

Who, when he is to treat
With fick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
Whom others faults do not deseat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runnes bias, from his will
To writhe his limbes, and share, not mend the ill.
This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prayes to be so still.

48. Affliction.

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

By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,

To guide and govern it to my relief,

Making a scepter of the rod:

Hadst thou not had thy part,

Sure the unruly figh had broke my heart.

But fince thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou knowst my tallies; and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behinde?
Or if some yeares with it escape,
The sigh then onely is
A gale to bring me sooner to my blisse.

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

49. The Starre.

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

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

First with thy fire-work burn to dust Folly, and worse than folly, lust: Then with thy light refine, And make it shine. So disengag'd from sinne and sicknesse,
Touch it with thy celestiall quicknesse
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then with our trinitie of light,

Motion, and heat, let's take our flight

Unto the place where thou

Before didft bow.

Get me a standing there, and place
Among the beams, which crown the face
Of him, who dy'd to part
Sinne and my heart:

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

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

50. Sunday.

DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his bloud;
The couch of time; cares balm and bay;

The week were dark, but for thy light:

Thy torch doth show the way.

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

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

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

The Sundaies of mans life,
Thredded together on times firing,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King.
On Sunday heavens gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull then hope.

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

The rest of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doores away,
Christs hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day,

The brightnesse of that day
We fullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of bloud paid the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And sit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-dayes trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from fev'n to fev'n,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,

Flie hand in hand to heav'n!

51. Avarice.

MONEY, thou bane of bliffe, and fource of wo, Whence com'ft thou, that thou art fo fresh and fine?

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

Surely thou didft so little contribute

To this great kingdome, which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wert destitute,
To digge thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:

Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we

Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right:

Thou art the man, and man but drosse to thee.

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

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

53. To all Angels and Saints.

OH glorious spirits, who after all your bands See the smooth face of God, without a frown, Or strict commands;

Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown, If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not out of envie or maliciousnesse

Do I forbear to crave your special aid.

I would addresse
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distresse:

Thou art the holy mine, whence came the gold,
The great reftorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the cabinet where the jewell lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my foul unfold.

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

All worship is prerogative, and a slower Of his rich crown, from whom lyes no appeal At the last houre:

Therefore we dare not from his garland steal, To make a posse for inferiour power. Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse,
Who do not so;
Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Masters hand can show,

54. Employment.

HE that is weary, let him fit.

My foul would ftirre

And trade in courtefies and wit,

Quitting the furre

To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no starre, but a quick coal
Of mortall fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint defire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When th' elements did for place contest

With him, whose will

Ordain'd the highest to be best:

The earth sat still,

And by the others is opprest.

Life is a bufineffe, not good cheer;

Ever in warres.

The funne still shineth there or here,

Whereas the starres

Watch an advantage to appeare.

Oh that I were an Orenge-tree,

That busie plant!
Then should I ever laden be,

And never want
Some fruit for him that dressed me.

But we are still too young or old;

The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:

So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

55. Deniall.

WHEN my devotions could not pierce
Thy filent eares;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse;
My breast was full of sears
And disorder,

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,

Did flie afunder:

Each took his way; fome would to pleasures go,

Some to the warres and thunder

Of alarms.

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

O thou that shouldst give dust a tongue
To crie to thee,
And then not heare it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee, who
But no hearing.

Therefore my foul lay out of fight,
Untun'd, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossome, hung
Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartleffe breaft,

Deferre no time;

That fo thy favours granting my request,

They and my minde may chime,

And mend my ryme.

56. Christmas.

A LL after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd, bodie and minde,
With full crie of affections, quite astray;
I took up in the next inne I could finde.

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

O Thou, whose glorious, yet contracted light, Wrapt in nights mantle, stole into a manger; Since my dark soul and brutish is thy right, To Man of all beasts be not thou a stranger:

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

THE shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymne for thee?
My soul's a shepherd too: a slock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.

The pasture is thy word; the streams, thy grace Enriching all the place.

Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers Out-sing the day-light houres.

Then we will chide the sunne for letting night

Take up his place and right:

We fing one common Lord; wherefore he should Himself the candle hold.

I will go fearching, till I finde a funne Shall stay, till we have done;

A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly, As frost-nipt sunnes look sadly.

Then we will fing, and shine all our own day, And one another pay:

His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine, Till ev'n his beams sing, and my musick shine.

57. Ungratefulnesse.

ORD, with what bountie and rare clemencie
Hast thou redeem'd us from the grave!
If thou hadst let us runne,
Gladly had man ador'd the sunne,
And thought his god most brave;
Where now we shall be better gods then he.

Thou hast but two rare cabinets full of treasure,
The Trinitie, and Incarnation:
Thou hast unlockt them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of thy creation
Unto thyself in everlasting pleasure.

The statelier cabinet is the *Trinitie*,

Whose sparkling light access denies:

Therefore thou dost not show

This fully to us, till death blow

The dust into our eyes;

For by that powder thou wilt make us see.

But all thy fweets are packt up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow;
That as the first affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Because this box we know;
For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserv'd, and dark to thee; When thou demandest but a heart, He cavils inftantly.
In his poore cabinet of bone
Sinnes have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gavest two for one.

58. Sighs and Grones.

DO not use me
After my finnes! look not on my desert,
But on thy glorie! then thou wilt resorm,
And not resuse me: for thou onely art
The mightie God, but I a fillie worm:
O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me!

For what account can thy ill steward make?

I have abus'd thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,

Suckt all thy magazens: my head did ake,

Till it found out how to consume thy goods:

O do not scourge me!

O do not blind me!

I have deserv'd that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers; because my lust
Hath still sow'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
But I am frailtie, and already dust:

O do not grinde me!

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

But O reprieve me!

For thou hast life and death at thy command;

Thou art both Judge and Saviour, feast and rod,

Cordiall and Corrosive: put not thy hand

Into the bitter box; but O my God,

My God, relieve me!



59. The World.

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

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

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

Then Sinne combined with Death in a firm band, To rase the building to the very sloore: Which they effected, none could them withstand; But Love and Grace took Glorie by the hand, And built a braver Palace then before.

60. Coloff. iii. 3.

Our life is bid with Christ in God.

M' words and thoughts do both expresse this notion,

That Life hath with the sun a double motion.

The first Is straight, and our diurnall friend;

The other Hid, and doth obliquely bend.

One life is wrapt In sless, and tends to earth:

The other winds towards Him, whose happie birth

Taught me to live here so, That still one eye

Should aim and shoot at that which Is on high;

Quitting with daily labour all My pleasure,

To gain at harvest an eternall Treasure.

61. Vanitie.

THE fleet Astronomer can bore
And thred the spheres with his quickpiercing minde:

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

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

The subtil Chymick can devest
And strip the creature naked, till he finde
The callow principles within their nest:
There he imparts to them his minde,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appeare trim and drest
To ordinarie suitours at the doore.

What hath not man fought out and found, But his deare God? who yet his glorious law Embosomes in us, mellowing the ground
With showres and frosts, with love and aw; So that we need not say, Where's this command?

Poore man! thou searchest round
To finde out death, but misses life at hand.

62. Lent.

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

He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,

But is compos'd of passion.

The Scriptures bid us fast; the Church says, now:

Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow

To ev'ry Corporation.

The humble foul compof'd of love and fear,
Begins at home, and layes the burden there,
When doctrines difagree:
He fayes, in things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandall to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unlesse Authoritie, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it lesse,
And Power it self disable.

Besides the cleannesse of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulnesse there are sluttish sumes,
Sowre exhalations, and dishonest rheumes,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendant profits, which the spring And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodnesse of the deed.

Neither ought other mens abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forseit all our Creed,

It's true, we cannot reach Christs forti'th day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better then to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviours puritie;
Yet are we bid, "Be boly ev'n as be."
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone, Is much more fure to meet with him, than one That travelleth by-wayes.

Perhaps my God, though he be farre before, May turn, and take me by the hand, and more, May strengthen my decayes.

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

63. Vertue.

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

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

Sweet fpring, full of fweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a fweet and vertuous foul,
Like feafon'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

64. The Pearl.

Matt. XIII.

KNOW the wayes of learning; both the head And pipes that feed the presse, and make it runne; What reason hath from nature borrowed, Or of itself, like a good huswife, spunne In laws and policie; what the starres conspire, What willing nature speaks, what forc'd by sire; Both th' old discoveries, and the new-sound seas, The stock and surplus, cause and historie: All these stand open, or I have the keyes:

I know the wayes of honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtefie and wit:
In vies of favours whether partie gains,
When glorie swells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe're it goes:
How many drammes of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or soes:
Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of pleasure, the sweet strains, The lullings and the relishes of it; The propositions of hot bloud and brains; What mirth and musick mean; what love and wit Have done these twentie hundred yeares, and more: I know the projects of unbridled store: My stuffe is flesh, not brasse; my senses live, And grumble oft, that they have more in me Than he that curbs them, being but one to five: Yet I love thee.

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

65. Affliction.

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

My thoughts are all a case of knives,

Wounding my heart

With scatter'd smart;

As watring pots give flowers their lives.

Nothing their furie can controll,

While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,

Quitting their place
Unto my face:

Nothing performs the task of life:

The elements are let loose to fight,

And while I live, trie out their right.

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also thee,

Who art my life: diffolve the knot,
As the funne scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers, which work for grief,
Enter thy pay,
And day by day
Labour thy praise, and my relief;
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach heav'n, and much more thee.

66. Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, then is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing, And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;

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A beaft, yet is, or should be more:

Reason and speech we onely bring.

Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,

They go upon the score.

Man is all fymmetrie,

Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world befides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre,

But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.

His eyes dismount the highest starre:

He is in little all the sphere.

Herbs gladly cure our sless, because that they

Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow;
The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and sountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is, either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws:
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being; to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie: Waters united are our navigation;

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Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat:
Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beautie?
Then how are all things neat!

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

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

67. Antiphon.

Chor. PRAISED be the God of love,

Men. Here below,

Angels. And here above:

Chor. Who hath dealt his mercies fo,

Ang. To his friend,

Men. And to his foe;

Chor. That both grace and glorie tend Ang. Us of old, Men. And us in th' end. Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold Ang. Us did make, Men. For us was fold.

Chor. He our foes in pieces brake:

Ang. Him we touch;

Men. And him we take.

Chor. Wherefore fince that he is fuch,

Ang. We adore,

Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, thy praises should be more.

Men. We have none,

Ang. And we no store.

Chor. Praised be the God alone

Who hath made of two folds one.

68. Unkindnesse.

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

If any touch my friend, or his good name, It is my honour and my love to free His blafted fame

From the least spot or thought of blame. I could not use a friend, as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floore: Would he have gold? I lend it instantly; But let the poore.

And thou within them starve at doore. I cannot use a friend, as I use Thee.

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

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

Yet can a friend what thou hast done fulfill?
O write in brass, My God upon a tree

His bloud did spill,

Onely to purchase my good-will: Yet use I not my foes, as I use thee.

69. Life.

MADE a posse, while the day ran by:

Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie

My life within this band.

But time did becken to the flowers, and they

By noon most cunningly did steal away,

And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly deaths sad taste convey,
Making my minde to smell my satall day,
Yet sugring the suspicion.

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

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

70. Submission.

BUT that thou art my wisdome, Lord, And both mine eyes are thine, My minde would be extreamly stirr'd For missing my designe.

Were it not better to bestow

Some place and power on me?

Then should thy praises with me grow,

And share in my degree.

But when I thus difpute and grieve,
I do refume my fight;
And pilfring what I once did give,
Diffeize thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou shouldst me raise,

That I should then raise thee?

Perhaps great places and thy praise

Do not so well agree.

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

71. Justice.

CANNOT skill of these thy ways:

Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me:

Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me:

Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee:

Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praise,
Thy justice me most fitly payes:
For, I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not:
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray:
I would do well, yet sinne the hand hath got:
My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of these my ways.

72. Charms and Knots.

WHO reade a chapter when they rife, Shall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

A poore mans rod, when thou dost ride, Is both a weapon and a guide.

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

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray, Maketh two nights to ev'ry day. Who by aspersions throw a stone At th' head of others, hit their own.

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

When th' hair is fweet through pride or lust, The powder doth forget the dust.

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

In shallow waters heav'n doth show: But who drinks on, to hell may go.

73. Affliction.

Y God, I read this day,
That planted Paradife was not so firm
As was and is thy floting Ark; whose stay
And anchor thou art onely, to confirm
And strengthen it in every age,
When waves do rise, and tempests rage,

At first we liv'd in pleasure;
Thine own delights thou didst to us impart:
When we grew wanton, thou didst use displeasure
To make us thine: yet that we might not part,
As we at first did board with thee,
Now thou wouldst taste our miserie.

There is but joy and grief; If either will convert us, we are thine:

Some Angels us'd the first; if our relief Take up the second, then thy double line And sev'rall baits in either kinde Furnish thy table to thy minde.

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While blustring windes destroy the wanton bowres,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.

My God so temper in and my

My God, so temper joy and wo, That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

74. Mortification.

When clothes are taken from a cheft of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way;
Those clouts are little winding sheets,
Which do consigne and send them unto death.

When boyes go first to bed,
They step into their voluntarie graves;
Sleep bindes them fast; onely their breath
Makes them not dead.
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free, And calls for mufick, while his veins do fwell, All day exchanging mirth and breath In companie;

That mufick fummons to the knell, Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

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

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

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a folemnitie,
And drest his herse, while he has breath
As yet to spare.
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die
That all these dyings may be life in death.

75. Decay.

SWEET were the dayes, when thou didft lodge with Struggle with Jacob, fit with Gideon, [Lot, Advise with Abraham, when thy power could not Encounter Moses strong complaints and moan:

Thy words were then, Let me alone.

One might have fought and found thee presently At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well:

Is my God this way? No, they would reply;

He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:

List, ye may heare great Aarons bell.

But now thou dost thyself immure and close In some one corner of a seeble heart: Where yet both Sinne and Salan, thy old soes, Do pinch and straiten thee, and use much art To gain thy thirds and little part.

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

∨ 76. Miserie.

ORD, let the Angels praise thy name.

Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing,
Folly and Sinne play all his game.

His house still burns; and yet he still doth sing,

Man is but grasse,

He knows it, fill the glasse.

How canst thou brook his soolishnesse?
Why, he'l not lose a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his excesse;
Not he: he knows, where he can better be,
As he will swear,
Then to serve thee in sear.

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

The best of men, turn but thy hand

For one poore minute, stumble at a pinne:

They would not have their actions scann'd,

Nor any sorrow tell them that they sinne,

Though it be small,

And measure not their fall.

They quarrell thee, and would give over
The bargain made to ferve thee: but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy milde Dove,
Not fuff'ring those
Who would, to be thy foes.

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

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

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

Oh foolish man! where are thine eyes?

How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares?

Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,

No not to purchase the whole pack of starres:

There let them shine,

Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that fees a daintie bowre

Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,

Wonders and sings, but not his power

Who made the arbour: this exceeds her wit.

But Man doth know

The spring, whence all things flow:

And yet as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reigne:
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the bloud of God to run in vain.
Ah, wretch! what verse

Can thy strange wayes rehearse?

Indeed at first Man was a treasure,

A box of jewels, shop of rarities,

A ring, whose posse was, My pleasure:

He was a garden in a Paradise:

Glorie and grace

Did crown his heart and face.

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

77. Jordan.

WHEN first my lines of heav'nly joyes made mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excell,
That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention

That I fought out quaint words, and trim invention; My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell, Curling with metaphors a plain intention, Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did runne, Off'ring their service, if I were not sped:
I often blotted what I had begunne;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sunne,
Much lesse those joyes which trample on his head.

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

78. Prayer.

F what an eafie quick acceffe,
My bleffed Lord, art thou! how fuddenly
May our requests thine eare invade!
To shew that state dislikes not easinesse,
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made:
Thou canst no more not heare, than thou canst die.

Of what supreme almightie power
Is thy great arm which spans the east and west,
And tacks the centre to the sphere!
By it do all things live their measur'd houre:
We cannot ask the thing, which is not there,
Blaming the shallownesse of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love

Art thou possess, who, when thou couldst not die,

Wert fain to take our sless and curse,

And for our sakes in person sinne reprove;

That by destroying that which ty'd thy purse,

Thou mightst make way for liberalitie!

Since then these three wait on thy throne,

Ease, Power, and Love; I value prayer so,

That were I to leave all but one,

Wealth, same, endowments, vertues, all should go;
I and deare prayer would together dwell,

And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

79. Obedience.

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

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

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavill, and claim her part and measure,
As if this passed with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashion;
I here exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy facred will
All thy delight in me fulfill!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,

That thou shouldst minde a rotten tree?

Yet since thou canst not choose but see my actions;

So great are thy perfections,

Thou mayst as well my actions guide, as see.

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

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

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

How happie were my part,
If fome kinde man would thrust his heart
Into these lines; till in heav'ns court of rolls
They were by winged souls
Entred for both, farre above their desert!

80. Conscience.

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

Pratler, no more, I say:
My thoughts must work, but like a noiselesse sphere.
Harmonious peace must rock them all the day:

No room for pratters there. If thou perfistest, I will tell thee, That I have physick to expell thee.

And the receit shall be
My Saviours bloud: whenever at his board
I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word;
No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions carp, or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,

Besides my physick, know there's some for thee:

Some wood and nails to make a staffe or bill

For those that trouble me:

The bloudie crosse of my deare Lord

Is both my physick and my sword.

81. Sion.

ORD, with what glorie wast thou serv'd of old,
When Solomons temple stood and slourished!
Where most things were of purest gold;
The wood was all embellished
With slowers and carvings, mysticall and rare:
All show'd the builders, crav'd the seers care.

Yet all this glorie, all this pomp and state, Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim Something there was that fow'd debate: Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient claim: And now thy Architecture meets with sinne; For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it:
The fight is hard on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
All Solomons sea of brasse and world of stone

And truly braffe and stones are heavie things,
Tombes for the dead, not temples sit for thee:
But grones are quick, and sull of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing:
The note is sad, yet musick for a king.

Is not fo deare to thee as one good grone.

82. Home.

OME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is fick,
While thou dost ever, ever stay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee!

How canst thou stay, considering the pace

The bloud did make, which thou didst waste?

When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never faw thing make fuch hafte.
O show thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee!

When man was loft, thy pitie lookt about,

To fee what help in th' earth or skie:
But there was none; at least no help without:

The help did in thy bosome lie.

O show thy felf, &c.

There lay thy fonne: and must he leave that nest,
That hive of sweetnesse, to remove
Thraldome from those, who would not at a feast
Leave one poore apple for thy love?
O show thy self, &c.

He did, he came: O my Redeemer deare,
After all this canft thou be ftrange?
So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appeare;
As if thy love could fail or change?
O fhow thy felf, &c.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay?

My God, what is this world to me?

This world of wo? hence, all ye clouds, away,

Away; I must get up and see.

O show thy self, &c.

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

With one small figh thou gav'ft me th' other day I blasted all the joyes about me: And scouling on them as they pin'd away, Now come again, faid I, and flout me.

O show thy felf to me. Or take me up to thee!

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake, Which way fo-e're I look, I fee. Some may dream merrily, but when they wake, They dreffe themselves and come to thee. O show thy felf, &c.

We talk of harvests; there are no such things, But when we leave our corn and hav: There is no fruitfull yeare, but that which brings

The last and lov'd, though dreadfull day. O show thy felf, &c.

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie! That my free foul may use her wing. Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie. As an intangled, hamper'd thing. O show thy felf, &c.

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

Come, dearest Lord, passe not this holy season, My flesh and bones and joynts do pray: And ev'n my verse, when by the ryme and reason The word is, Stay, fays ever, Come.

O show thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee!

83. The British Church.

JOY, deare Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both sweet and bright:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But, dearest Mother, (what those misse)
The mean thy praise and glorie is,
And long may be.

Bleffed be God, whose love it was
To double-most thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

84. The Quip.

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

First, Beautie crept into a rose; Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she, Tell me, I pray, Whose hands are those? But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still, What tune is this, poore man? said he: I heard in Musick you had skill: But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glorie puffing by In filks that whistled, who but he! He scarce allow'd me half an eie: But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me. Then came quick Wit and Conversation, And he would needs a comfort be, And, to be short, make an oration. But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of thy defigne To answer these fine things shall come; Speak not at large, say, I am thine, And then they have their answer home.

85. Vanitie.

POORE filly foul, whose hope and head lies low; Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow: To whom the starres shine not so fair, as eyes; Nor solid work, as salse embroyderies; Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure, And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

May come too late!

To purchase heaven for repenting
Is no hard rate.

If souls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred slie:
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regain their ancient nest.

Then filly soul take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

O heare betimes, left thy relenting

86. The Dawning.

A WAKE fad heart, whom forrow ever drowns:

Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth,

Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns:

Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:

Awake, awake;

And with a thankfull heart his comforts take. But thou dost still lament, and pine, and crie; And feel his death, but not his victorie.

Arife sad heart; if thou dost not withstand,
Christs resurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riseth, raiseth thee:

Arife, arife;

And with his buriall-linen drie thine eyes.

Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when grief

Draws tears, or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

87. Jesu.

JESU is in my heart, his facred name
Is deeply carved there: but th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to feek:
And first I found the corner where was J,
After, where ES, and next where U was graved.

When I had got these parcels, instantly I sat me down to spell them, and perceived That to my broken heart he was I ease you,

And to my whole is JESU.

88. Bufinesse.

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

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

If, poore foul, thou hast no tears; Would thou hadst no faults or fears! Who hath these, those ill forbears.

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

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

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

Who did leave his Fathers throne, To assume thy flesh and bone? Had he life, or had he none? If he had not liv'd for thee, Thou hadft di'd most wretchedly; And two deaths had been thy see.

He so farre thy good did plot, That his own self he forgot. Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not di'd for thee, Thou hadft liv'd in miferie. Two lives worse then ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath 'Twixt his sinnes and Saviours death?

He that loseth gold, though drosse, Tells to all he meets, his crosse: He that sinnes, hath he no losse?

He that findes a filver vein, Thinks on it, and thinks again: Brings thy Saviours death no gain?

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

89. Dialogue.

SWEETEST Saviour, if my foul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then controll
Any thought of waving.

But when all my care and pains Cannot give the name of gains To thy wretch fo full of stains; What delight or hope remains?

What (childe), is the ballance thine,
Thine the poise and measure?

If I say, Thou shalt be mine,
Finger not my treasure.

What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, onely he,
Who for man was sold, can see,
That transferr'd th' accounts to me.

But as I can fee no merit,

Leading to this favour:

So the way to fit me for it,

Is beyond my favour.

As the reason then is thine;

So the way is none of mine:

I disclaim the whole designe:

Sinne disclaims and I resigne.

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

90. Dulnesse.

WHY do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quicknesse, that I may with mirth
Praise thee brim-full!

The wanton lover in a curious strain

Can praise his fairest fair;

And with quaint metaphors her curled hair

Curl o're again:

Thou art my lovelinesse, my life, my light,

Beautie alone to me:

Thy bloudy death and undeserv'd, makes thee

Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appeare,

That those thy form doth show,
The very dust, where thou dost tread and go

Makes beauties here;

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?

Where are my window-fongs?

Lovers are still pretending, and ev'n wrongs

Sharpen their Muse.

But I am loft in flesh, whose sugred lyes
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didst put a minde there, if I could
Finde where it lies.

Lord, cleare thy gift, that with a constant wit

I may but look towards thee:

Look onely; for to love thee, who can be,

What angel fit?

91. Love-Joy.

A S on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with J and C
Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgement) said, It seem'd to me
To be the bodie and the letters both
Of Joy and Charitie; Sir, you have not miss'd,
The man reply'd; It sigures JESUS CHRIST.

92. Providence.

SACRED Providence, who from end to end Strongly and fweetly movest! shall I write, And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend To hold my quill? shall they not do thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land, Onely to Man thou hast made known thy wayes, And put the penne alone into his hand, And made him Secretarie of thy praise.

Beafts fain would fing; birds dittie to their notes; Trees would be tuning on their native lute To thy renown: but all their hands and throats Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute. Man is the worlds high Priest: he doth present The sacrifice for all; while they below Unto the service mutter an assent, Such as springs use that fall, and windes that blow.

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

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

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

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

For either thy command, or thy permission Lay hands on all: they are thy right and left: The first puts on with speed and expedition; The other curbs sinnes stealing pace and thest;

Nothing escapes them both: all must appeare, And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee, Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could heare Thy skill and art, what musick would it be! Thou art in small things great, not small in any: Thy even praise can neither rise, nor fall. Thou art in all things one, in each thing many: For thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy hand, And hold it fast, as children do their fathers, Which crie and follow. Thou hast made poore sand Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swells and gathers.

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

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his meat; Flies have their table spread, ere they appeare; Some creatures have in winter what to eat; Others do sleep, and envie not their cheer.

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

Each creature hath a wisdome for his good. The pigeons feed their tender off-spring, crying, When they are callow; but withdraw their sood, When they are fledge, that need may teach them slying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise Their masters slower, but leave it, having done, As fair as ever, and as sit to use: So both the slower doth stay, and hony run. Sheep eat the graffe, and dung the ground for more: Trees after bearing drop their leaves for foil: Springs vent their streams, and by expense get store: Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

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

And if an herb hath power, what hath the starres? A rose, besides his beautie, is a cure. Doubtlesse our plagues and plentie, peace and warres, Are there much surer than our art is sure.

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

Ev'n poysons praise thee. Should a thing be lost? Should creatures want, for want of heed their due? Since where are poysons, antidotes are most; The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

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

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

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

Light without winde is glasse: warm without weight Is wooll and furres: cool without closenesse, shade: Speed without pains, a horse: tall without height, A servile hawk: low without losse, a spade.

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

Nothing wears clothes, but Man; nothing doth need But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire, But Man alone, to show his heav'nly breed: And onely he hath suell in desire.

When th' earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet: When that lay gather'd, thou didst broach the moun-When yet some places could no moisture get, [tains: The windes grew gard'ners, and the clouds good sounstains.

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

How harsh are thorns to pears! and yet they make A better hedge, and need lesse reparation. How smooth are filks compared with a stake, Or with a stone! yet make no good soundation. Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts to man, Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and kan, Boat, cable, fail and needle, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry. Cold fruits warm kernells help against the winde. The lemmons juice and rinde cure mutually. The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth binde.

Thy creatures leap not, but expresse a feast,
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry sish and sless, bird and beast;
Sponges, non-sense and sense; mines, th' earth and
[plants.

To show thou art not bound, as if thy lot Were worse than ours, sometimes thou shiftest hands. Most things move th' under-jaw; the Crocodile not. Most things sleep lying, th' Elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough? nay, who hath any? None can expresse thy works, but he that knows them; And none can know thy works, which are so many, And so complete, but onely he that owes them.

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

Each thing that is, although in use and name It go for one, hath many wayes in store To honour thee; and so each hymne thy same Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

93. Hope.

An anchor gave to me.

Then an old prayer-book I did prefent:
And he an optick fent.

With that I gave a viall full of tears:
But he a few green eares.

Ah Loyterer! I'le no more, no more I'le bring:
I did expect a ring.

94. Sinnes round.

SORRIE I am, my God, forrie I am,
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busie slame,
Untill their cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.

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

My hands do joyn to finish the inventions: And so my sinnes ascend three stories high, As Babel grew, before there were diffentions. Yet ill deeds loyter not: for they supplie New thoughts of sinning; wherefore, to my shame, Sorrie I am, my God, forrie I am.

95. Time.

MEETING with Time, flack thing, faid I,
Thy fithe is dull; whet it for fhame.
No marvell Sir, he did replie,
If it at length deferve fome blame:
But where one man would have me grinde it,
Twentie for one too fharp do finde it.

Perhaps some such of old did passe,
Who above all things lov'd this life;
To whom thy sithe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
Christs coming hath made man thy debter,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his bleffing thou art bleft:
For where thou onely wert before
An executioner at beft,
Thou art a gard'ner now, and more.
An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost starres and poles.

And this is that makes life so long, While it detains us from our God. Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong: And length of dayes lengthen the rod.

Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be, Which ev'n eternitie excludes! Thus farre Time heard me patiently: Then chasing said, This man deludes: What do I here before his doore? He doth not crave lesse time, but more.

96. Gratefulnesse.

THOU that hast giv'n so much to me,
Give one thing more, a gratefull heart.
See how thy beggar works on thee
By art.

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

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

Perpetuall knockings at thy doore,
Tears fullying thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This not withstanding, thou wentst on, And didst allow us all our noise: Nay thou hast made a sigh and grone Thy joyes.

Not that thou hast not still above
Much better tunes, then grones can make;
But that these countrey-aires thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I crie, and crie again; And in no quiet canst thou be, Till I a thankfull heart obtain

Of thee:

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

97. Peace.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I hum-Let me once know. [bly crave, I sought thee in a secret cave, And ask'd, if Peace were there. A hollow winde did seem to answer, No: Go seek elsewhere.

I did; and going did a rainbow note: Surely, thought I, This is the lace of Peaces coat: I will fearch out the matter.

But while I lookt, the clouds immediately

Did break and featter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown Imperiall: Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devoure
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man:

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

There was a Prince of old

At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase

Of flock and fold.

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

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

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows, And grows for you; Make bread of it: and that repose
And peace, which ev'ry where
With so much earnestnesse you do pursue
Is onely there.

[∨] 98. Confession.

WHAT a cunning guest
Is this same grief! within my heart I
made

Closets; and in them many a cheft; And like a master in my trade, In those chests, boxes; in each box, a till: Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No scrue, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and winde,
As Gods afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath defign'd.
They are too subtill for the subt'llest hearts;
And fall, like rheumes, upon the tendrest parts.

We are the earth; and they,

Like moles within us, heave, and cast about:

And till they foot and clutch their prey,

They never cool, much lesse give out.

No smith can make such locks, but they have keyes;

Closets are halls to them; and hearts, high-wayes.

Onely an open breast

Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;

Or, if they enter, cannot rest,

But quickly seek some new adventure. Smooth open hearts no fastning have; but siction Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and finnes,
Lord, I acknowledge; take thy plagues away:
For fince confession pardon winnes,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond: let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudie to my breast.

99. Giddinesse.

OH, what a thing is man! how farre from power,
From fetled peace and rest!
He is some twentie sev'rall men at least
Each sev'rall houre.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure:

But then a thought creeps in,

And calls him coward, who for fear of finne

Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the warres;

Now eat his bread in peace,

And fnudge in quiet: now he scorns increase;

Now all day spares.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwinde blew
And crusht the building: and it's partly true,
His minde is so.

O what a fight were Man, if his attires
Did alter with his minde;
And, like a Dolphins skinne, his clothes combin'd
With his desires!

Surely if each one saw anothers heart,

There would be no commerce,

No sale or bargain passe: all would disperse,

And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us: one creation
Will not fuffice our turn:
Except thou make us dayly, we shall spurn
Our own salvation.

100. The Bunch of Grapes.

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

For as the Jews of old by Gods command
Travell'd, and saw no town;
So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd:
Their storie pennes and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown.
Gods works are wide, and let in suture times;

His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds;

Our Scripture-dew drops fast:

We have our fands and serpents, tents and shrowds

Alas! our murmurings come not last.

But where's the cluster? where's the taste

Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,

Let me as well take up their joy, as forrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?

I have their fruit and more.

Bleffed be God, who prosper'd Noahs vine,

And made it bring forth grapes good store.

But much more him I must adore,

Who of the laws sowre juice sweet wine did make,

Ev'n God himself, being pressed for my sake.

101. Love unknown.

EARE friend, fit down, the tale is long and fad:
And in my faintings I prefume your love
Will more complie, then help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom fome grounds, which may imI hold for two lives, and both lives in me. [prove,
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
(I figh to fay)

Lookt on a servant, who did know his eye Better than you know me, or (which is one) Then I my self. The servant instantly Quitting the fruit, seiz'd on my heart alone, And threw it in a sont, wherein did sall A stream of bloud, which issu'd from the side
Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cause: there it was dipt and di'd,
And washt, and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. Your beart was foul, I fear.
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more than my lease will bear;
Yet still askt pardon, and was not deni'd.
But you shall heare. After my heart was well,
And clean and sair, as I one even-tide
(I sigh to tell)

Walkt by myself abroad, I saw a large
And spacious fornace slaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron, round about whose verge

Was in great letters fet AFFLICTION.
The greatnesse shew'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a facrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man

Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand, And threw my heart into the scalding pan; My heart, that brought it (do you understand?) The offerers heart. Your heart was hard, I fear. Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter

Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug, then scalding water,
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy bloud,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and most divine

To supple hardnesses. But at the length Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled Unto my house, where to repair the strength Which I had loft, I hasted to my bed:
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
(I figh to speak)

I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts, I would fay thorns. Deare, could my heart not break. When with my pleasures ev'n my rest was gone? Full well I understood, who had been there: For I had giv'n the key to none, but one: It must be he. Your beart was dull, I fear. Indeed a flack and fleepie state of minde Did oft possesse me, so that when I pray'd, Though my lips went, my heart did stay behinde. But all my scores were by another paid, Who took the debt upon him. Truly, Friend, For ought I heare, your Master shows to you More favour then you wot of. Mark the end. The Font did onely, what was old, renew: The Caldron suppled, what was grown too bard: The Thorns did quicken, what was grown too dull: All did but strive to mend, what you had marr'd. Wherefore be cheer'd, and praise him to the full Each day, each houre, each moment of the week. Who fain would have you be, new, tender, quick.

102. Man's Medley.

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

To this life things of fense

Make their pretence:

In th' other Angels have a right by birth:

Man ties them both alone,

And makes them one,

With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth.

In foul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies.

He wears a stuffe whose thread is course and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place

After the trimming, not the stuffe and ground.

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

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

Yet ev'n the greatest griess
May be reliess,
Could he but take them right, and in their wayes.
Happie is he, whose heart
Hath sound the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.



103. The Storm.

The ast he windes and waters here below
Do flie and flow,
My fighs and tears as bufy were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempestuous times
Amaze poore mortals, and object their crimes.

Starres have their storms, ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse

Hath a strange force: It quits the earth, and mounting more and more, Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy doore.

There it stands knocking, to thy musicks wrong,
And drowns the song.

Glorie and honour are set by till it An answer get.

Poets have wrong'd poore storms: such dayes are best; They purge the aire without, within the breast.

104. Paradise.

BLESSE thee, Lord, because I GROW Among thy trees, which in a ROW To thee both fruit and order ow. What open force, or hidden CHARM Can blaft my fruit, or bring me HARM, While the inclosure is thine ARM?

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

When thou dost greater judgements SPARE, And with thy knife but prune and PARE, Ey'n fruitful trees more fruitfull ARE.

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

105. The Method.

POORE heart, lament.

For fince thy God refuseth still,

There is some rub, some discontent,

Which cools his will.

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

Go fearch this thing,
Tumble thy breaft, and turn thy book:
If thou hadft loft a glove or ring,
Wouldft thou not look?

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

And should Gods eare
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions heare?
Is God lesse free?

But stay! what's there?

Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,

Yet I went on.

And should Gods eare,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to those
Who heare not him, but quickly heare
His utter foes?

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

106. Divinitie.

As if a starre were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other heav'n they also serve,

Divinities transcendent skie:

Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.

Reason triumphs, and faith lies by.

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

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave,
Was cleare as heav'n, from whence it came.

At least those beams of truth, which onely save, Surpasse in brightnesse any slame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watchand pray.

Do as you would be done unto.

O dark instructions, ev'n as dark as day!

Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his bloud for wine.

Bid what he please; yet I am sure,

To take and taste what he doth there designe,

Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man;
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head;
Faith needs no staffe of slesh, but stoutly can
To heav'n alone both go, and leade.

107. Ephef. iv. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, etc.

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

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve: Weep foolish heart,

And weeping live;
For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sinnes expresse; melt into dew.

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

Almightie God doth grieve, he puts on sense:

I sinne not to my grief alone,
But to my Gods too; he doth grone.

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

There can no discord but in ceasing be.

Marbles can weep; and surely strings

More bowels have, than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief, Ev'n endlesse tears Without relief

Without relief.

If a cleare fpring for me no time forbears, But runnes, although I be not drie; I am no Crystall, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail

Nature denies;
And sless would fail,

If my deserts were masters of mine eyes:

Lord, pardon, for thy sonne makes good

My want of tears with store of bloud.

108. The Familie.

WHAT doth this noise of thoughts within my
As if they had a part? [heart,
What do these loud complaints and pulling sears,
As if there were no rule or eares?

But, Lord, the house and familie are thine,

Though some of them repine.

Turn out these wranglers, which defile thy seat:

For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes controll,

Then Order plaies the foul;

And giving all things their set forms and houres,

Makes of wilde woods sweet walks and bowres.

Humble Obedience neare the doore doth stand, Expecting a command:

Then whom in waiting nothing feems more flow, Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes;

But griefs without a noise:

Yet speak they louder, then distemper'd sears:

What is so shrill as silent tears?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound:

And where these are not found,

Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day;

But not to make a constant stay.

109. The Size.

ONTENT thee, greedie heart.

Modest and moderate joyes to those, that have Title to more hereafter when they part,

Are passing brave.

Let th' upper springs into the low Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though fome have a fraught Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinamon fail? If thou hast wherewithall to spice a draught, When griess prevail, And for the future time art heir To th' Isle of spices, Is't not fair?

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

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

Thy Saviour fentenc'd joy,
And in the flesh condemn'd it as unsit,
At least in lump: for such doth oft destroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,

And for the present health restore.

A Christians state and case

Is not a corpulent, but a thinne and spare,
Yet active strength: whose long and bonie face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide,

Like a pretender, not a bride.

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

Then close again the seam,
Which thou hast open'd; do not spread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
An earthly globe,

On whose meridian was engraven, These seas are tears, and heav'n the haven.

V

110. Artillerie.

A S I one ev'ning fat before my cell,
Me thought a starre did shoot into my lap.
I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
That from small sires comes oft no small mishap:

When suddenly I heard one say,

Do as thou usest, disobey,

Expell good motions from thy breast,

Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I, who had heard of musick in the spheres, But not of speech in starres, began to muse: But turning to my God, whose ministers The starres and all things are; If I resuse,

Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good;
Then I refuse not ev'n with bloud
To wash away my stubborn thought:
For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also starres and shooters too, Born where thy servants both artilleries use. My tears and prayers night and day do wooe, And work up to thee; yet thou dost resuse. Not but I am (I must say still)

Much more oblig'd to do thy will,

Than thou to grant mine: but because

Thy promise now hath ev'n set thee thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deigne To enter combate with us, and contest With thine own clay. But I would parley fain: Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breast.

Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine:
I must be so, if I am mine.
There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

111. Church-rents and schismes.

RAVE rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair, Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine, A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine. This, this hath done it, this did bite the root And bottome of the leaves: which when the winde Did once perceive, it blew them under foot, Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grinde Their beauteous glories. Onely shreds of thee, And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

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

Then did your sev'rall parts unloose and start:
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-winde
They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother deare and kinde,
Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
As many eyes as starres? since it is night,
And much of Asia and Europe sast asleep,
And ev'n all Africk; would at least I might
With these two poore ones lick up all the dew,
Which salls by night, and poure it out for you!

112. Justice.

DREADFULL justice, what a fright and terrour
Wast thou of old,
When sinne and errour
Did show and shape thy looks to me,
And through their glasse discolour thee!
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy ballance seem'd to gape,

Like two great pits;

The beam and scape

Did like some tott'ring engine show: Thy hand above did burn and glow, Danting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christs pure vail presents the fight, I fee no fears: Thy hand is white. Thy scales like buckets, which attend And interchangeably descend, Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

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

II3. The Pilgrimage.

TRAVELL'D on, seeing the hill, where lay My expectation. A long it was and weary way.

The gloomy cave of Desperation I left on th' one, and on the other fide The rock of Pride.

And fo I came to phanfies medow strow'd With many a flower: Fain would I here have made abode. But I was quicken'd by my houre.

So to cares cops I came, and there got through With much ado.

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

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,

Where lay my hope,

Where lay my heart; and climbing still,

When I had gain'd the brow and top,

A lake of brackish waters on the ground

Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
Of swarming sears,
I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King;
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd:

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

114. The Holdfast.

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

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.

Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his:

We must confesse, that nothing is our own.

Then I confesse that he my succour is:

But to have nought is ours, not to confesse
That we have nought. I stood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expresse,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What Adam had, and forseited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

115. Complaining.

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

Thou art the Lord of glorie;
The deed and storie
Are both thy due: but I a filly slie,
That live or die,
According as the weather falls.

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

Let not thy wrathfull power
Afflict my houre,
My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
Contract my houre,
That I may climbe and finde relief.

116. The Discharge.

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

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

Did not thy heart

Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?

Let what will fall:

That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone, And is his right.

He is thy night at noon: he is at night

Thy noon alone.

The crop is his, for he hath fown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,

That God did make

Thy bufineffe his, and in thy life partake:

For thou canft tell,

If it be his once, all is well.

Onely the present is thy part and see.

And happy thou,

If, though thou didst not beat thy suture brow,

Thou couldst well see

What present things required of thee.

They ask enough; why shouldst thou further go?
Raise not the mudde
Of future depths, but drink the cleare and good.
Dig not for wo
In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the present sit: if he provide,

He breaks the square.

This houre is mine: if for the next I care,

I grow too wide,

And do encroach upon deaths side:

For death each houre environs and furrounds.

He that would know

And care for future chances, cannot go

Unto those grounds,

But thro' a Church-yard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die: but they that spend
Their thoughts and sense
On suture grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottome out an end.

God chains the dog till night: wilt loofe the chain,
And wake thy forrow?

Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freshly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come: or if it must,

Do not forecast:

And while it cometh, it is almost past.

Away distrust:

My God hath promised; he is just.

117. Praise.

ING of glorie, King of peace,
I will love thee:
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,

Thou hast heard me:
Thou didst note my working breast,

Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost art I will fing thee,

And the cream of all my heart

I will bring thee.

Though my finnes against me cried,

Thou didst cleare me;
And alone, when they replied,

Thou didst heare me.

Sev'n whole dayes, not one in feven,

I will praife thee.

In my heart, though not in heaven,

I can raife thee.

Thou grew'st fost and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst.
And when Justice call'd for sears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poore fort
To enroll thee:
Ev'n eternitie is too fhort
To extoll thee.

118. An Offering.

OME, bring thy gift. If bleffings were as flow As mens returns, what would become of fools? What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure? Search well and see; for hearts have many holes. Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow: In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation, Since many gifts do challenge many hearts! Yet one, if good, may title to a number; And fingle things grow fruitfull by deserts. In publick judgments one may be a nation. And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is left thy heart displease, As neither good, nor one: so oft divisions Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone; Thy passions also have their set partitions. These parcell out thy heart: recover these, And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balfome, or indeed a bloud, [close Dropping from heav'n, which doth both cleanse and All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is. Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose, Until thou sinde, and use it to thy good: Then bring thy gift; and let thy hymne be this;

Since my fadnesse
Into gladnesse,
Lord thou dost convert,
O accept
What thou hast kept,
As thy due desert.

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none)
All were thine
And none of mine,
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
May give favour
To this poore oblation;
And it raise
To be thy praise,
And be my falvation.

119. Longing.

WITH fick and famisht eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my grones,
To thee my fighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat, my foul is hoarfe;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which thou dost curse.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddie; Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pitie flows.

Mothers are kinde, because thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:

Their infants, them; and they suck thee
More free.

Bowels of pitie, heare!

Lord of my foul, love of my minde,

Bow down thine eare!

Let not the winde

Scatter my words, and in the fame

Thy name!

Look on my forrows round!

Mark well my furnace! O what flames,

What heats abound!

What griefs, what fhames!

Confider, Lord; Lord, bow thine eare,

And heare!

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord, heare! Shall be that made the eare
Not beare?

Behold, thy dust doth stirre;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:
Wilt thou deferre
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumme
Sayes, Come?

To thee help appertains.

Hast thou left all things to their course,

And laid the reins

Upon the horse?

Is all lockt? hath a sinners plea

No key?

Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their leafe affign'd:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble guefts
Finde nefts.

Thou tarrieft, while I die,
And fall to nothing: thou dost reigne,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief: yet am I stil'd
Thy childe.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sinne alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both finne is dead,
And all thy promifes live and bide.
That wants his head;
These speak and chide,
And in thy bosome poure my tears,
As theirs.

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

My love, my sweetnesse, heare!
By these thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the yeare,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast which cryes,
Which dyes.

120. The Bag.

WAY despair; my gracious Lord doth heare,
Though windes and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it: he doth steer,
Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard, that my Lord Jesus di'd?
Then let me tell thee a strange storie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majestick robes of glorie,
Resolv'd to light; and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The starres his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,
The sky his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd, what he would wear;
He smil'd, and said as he did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont, He did repair unto an inne. Both then, and after, many a brunt He did endure to cancell finne: And having giv'n the rest before, Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a spear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon his side,
And straight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to fend or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my fathers hands and fight
(Beleeve me) it shall safely come.
That I shall minde, what you impart;
Look, you may put it very neare my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends

Will use me in this kinde, the doore
Shall still be open; what he sends
I will present, and somewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Anything to me. Heark despair, away.

121. The Jews.

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

Oh that my prayers! mine, alas!

Oh that some Angel might a trumpet sound:

At which the Church falling upon her sace

Should crie so loud, untill the trump were drown'd,

And by that crie of her deare Lord obtain,

That your sweet sap might come again!

122. The Collar.

STRUCK the board, and cry'd, No more; I will abroad. What? shall I ever figh and pine? My lines and life are free; free as the rode, Loose as the winde, as large as store. Shall I be still in suit? Have I no harvest but a thorn To let me bloud, and not restore What I have loft with cordiall fruit? Sure there was wine. Before my fighs did drie it: there was corn, Before my tears did drown it. Is the yeare onely lost to me? Have I no bayes to crown it? No flowers, no garlands gay? all blafted? All wasted? Not fo, my heart: but there is fruit.

Recover all thy figh-blown age

And thou hast hands.

On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute Of what is fit, and not, for sake thy cage, Thy rope of fands,

Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee Good cable, to enforce and draw,

And be thy law,

While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.

Away; take heed: I will abroad.

Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.

He that forbears To fuit and ferve his need,

Deferves his load.

Rut as I rav'd and grew more fierce an

But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde,
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, Childe:

And I reply'd, My Lord.

123. The Glimpse.

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

Methinks delight should have

More skill in musick, and keep better time.

Wert thou a winde or wave,

They quickly go and come with lesser crime:

Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy fhort abode and stay

Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.

Lime begg'd of old (they say)

A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat;

Which by the springs accesse grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt here and there a crumme, and would not die;
But conftant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did replie,
A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spinne,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
Thou knowst how grief and sinne
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a court!

124. Assurance.

SPITEFULL bitter thought!

Bitterly spitefull thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poyson bought?

Doubtlesse, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poyson can there be.

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

And what to this? what more
Could poyfon, if it had a tongue, expresse?
What is thy aim? wouldst thou unlock the doore
To cold despairs, and gnawing pensivenesse?
Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from myself, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my defert:
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not onely to perform thy part,
But also mine; as when the league was made,
Thou didst at once thyself indite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst fail,
Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks stand,
And rivers stirre, thou canst not shrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
Then shalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruine praise thy power.

Now foolish thought go on, Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat To hide thy shame: for thou hast cast a bone, Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.

What for it felf love once began, Now love and truth will end in man.

125. The Call.

OME, my Way, my Truth, my Life: Such a Way, as gives us breath: Such a Truth, as ends all strife: Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength: Such a Light, as shows a feast: Such a Feast, as mends in length: Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart: Such a Joy, as none can move: Such a Love, as none can part: Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

126. Clasping of Hands.

ORD, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Than I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me restore;

So that again I now am mine, And with advantage mine the more. Since this being mine, brings with it thine, And thou with me dost thee restore.

> If I without thee would be mine, I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine: So mine thou art, that something more I may presume thee mine, then thine. For thou didst suffer to restore Not thee, but me, and to be mine: And with advantage mine the more, Since thou in death wast none of thine, Yet then as mine didst me restore.

> O be mine still! still make me thine; Or rather make no Thine and Mine!

127. Praise.

ORD, I will mean and speak thy praise,
Thy praise alone.

My busie heart shall spin it all my dayes:
And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or grone,
That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou dost favour any action,

It runnes, it flies:

All things concurre to give it a perfection.

That which had but two legs before, [rise When thou dost blesse, hath twelve: one wheel doth To twentie then, or more.

But when thou doft on businesse blow, It hangs, it clogs:

Not all the teams of Albion in a row Can hale or draw it out of doore.

Legs are but stumps, and Pharaohs wheels but logs,
And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of things do thee employ
In ruling all

This spacious globe: Angels must have their joy, Devils their rod, the sea his shore,

The windes their stint: and yet when I did call,
Thou heardst my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear:

But when mine eyes

Did weep to heav'n, they sound a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poore)

Readie to take them in; yet of a size

That would contain much more.

But after thou hadft slipt a drop
From thy right eye
(Which there did hang like streamers neare the top
Of some fair church to show the sore
And bloudie battell which thou once didst trie)
The glasse was full and more.

Wherefore I fing. Yet fince my heart,

Though press'd, runnes thin;
O that I might some other hearts convert,

And so take up at use good store:
That to thy chests there might be coming in

Both all my praise, and more!

128. Joseph's Coat.

OUNDED I fing, tormented I indite, Thrown down I fall into a bed, and rest: Sorrow hath chang'd its note: fuch is his will Who changeth all things, as him pleaseth best.

For well he knows, if but one grief and fmart Among my many had his full career, Sure it would carrie with it ev'n my heart, And both would runne until they found a biere

To fetch the bodie; both being due to grief. But he hath spoil'd the race; and giv'n to anguish One of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief To linger in me, and together languish.

I live to shew his power, who once did bring My joyes to weep, and now my griefs to fing.

129. The Pulley.

7HEN God at first made man. Having a glasse of blessings standing by; Let us (faid he) poure on him all we can: Let the worlds riches, which dispersed lie, Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way; Then beautie flow'd, then wisdome, honour, pleasure: When almost all was out, God made a stay, Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure, Rest in the bottome lav.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts in stead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlesnesse:
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to my breast.

130. The Priesthood.

BLEST Order, which in power dost so excell,
That with th' one hand thou listest to the sky,
And with the other throwest down to hell
In thy just censures; sain would I draw nigh;
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
For that of th' holy word.

But thou art fire, facred and hallow'd fire;
And I but earth and clay: fhould I prefume
To wear thy habit, the fevere attire
My flender compositions might consume.
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet have I often feen, by cunning hand And force of fire, what curious things are made Of wretched earth. Where once I fcorn'd to stand, That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilfull artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But fince those great ones, be they ne're so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come;
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat,
Have one beginning and one finall summe:
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God such vessels are,
As serve him up, who all the world commands.
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands:
O what pure things, most pure must those things be,
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand To hold the Ark, although it feem to shake Through th' old sinnes and new doctrines of our land. Onely, since God doth often vessels make Of lowly matter for high uses meet, I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, untill my Maker seek
For some mean stuffe whereon to show his skill:
Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poore do by submission
What pride by opposition.

131. The Search.

WHITHER, O, whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My fearches are my daily bread;
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eies the skie:

And yet the sphere

And centre both to me denie

That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below

Grow green and gay;
As if to meet thee they did know,

While I decay.

Yet can I mark how starres above
Simper and shine,
As having keyes unto thy love,
While poor I pine.

I fent a figh to feek thee out,

Deep drawn in pain,

Wing'd like an arrow: but my fcout

Returns in vain.

I tun'd another (having ftore)
Into a grone,
Because the search was dumbe before:
But all was one.

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

Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals thee still?
What covert dare eclipse thy face?
Is it thy will?

O let not that of any thing:

Let rather braffe,

Or steel, or mountains be thy ring,

And I will passe.

Thy will such an intrenching is,

As passeth thought:

To it all strength, all subtilities

Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,

As that to it

East and West touch, the poles do kisse,

And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large
As is thy space,
Thy distance from me; see my charge,
Lord, see my case.

O take these barres, these lengths away;

Turn, and restore me:

Be not Almightie, let me say,

Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be neare;
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appeare
To come between?

For as thy absence doth excell

All distance known:
So doth thy nearnesse bear the bell,

Making two one.

132. Grief.

WHO will give me tears? Come all ye springs, Dwell in my head and eyes: come, clouds, and My grief hath need of all the watry things, That nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry vein Suck up a river to supply mine eyes, My weary weeping eyes too drie for me, Unlesse they get new conduits, new supplies. To bear them out, and with my state agree. What are two shallow foords, two little spouts Of a leffe world? the greater is but small, A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts, Which want provision in the midst of all. Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise For my rough forrows: cease, be dumbe and mute, Give up your feet and running to mine eyes, And keep your measures for some lover's lute, Whose grief allows him musick and a ryme: For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time. Alas, my God!

133. The Crosse.

WHAT is this strange and uncouth thing
To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and die,
Untill I had some place, where I might sing,
And serve thee; and not onely I,
But all my wealth, and familie might combine
To set thy honour up, as our designe.

And then when after much delay, Much wrastling, many a combate, this deare end, So much desir'd, is giv'n, to take away

My power to serve thee: to unbend All my abilities, my designes confound, And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my foul (the memorie
What I would do for thee, if once my grones
Could be allow'd for harmonie)
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the fight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Befides, things fort not to my will, Ev'n when my will doth studie thy renown: Thou turnest th' edge of all things on me still,

Taking me up to throw me down: So that, ev'n when my hopes feem to be sped, I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be Farther from it than when I bent my bow;

To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another wo,
Is in the midft of delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradife to be a weed.

Ah my deare Father, ease my smart!
These contrarieties crush me: these crosse actions
Doe winde a rope about, and cut my heart:

And yet fince these thy contradictions

Are properly a crosse selt by thy sonne

With but soure words, my words, Thy will be done.

134. The Flower.

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in spring;

To which, besides their own demean, The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.

Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greennesse? It was gone
Quite under ground; as slowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather.

Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power, Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell And up to heaven in an houre; Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amisse,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,

Fast in thy Paradise, where no slower can wither!

Many a spring I shoot up fair,

Offring at heav'n, growing and groning thither:

Nor doth my slower

Want a spring-showre,

My sinnes and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,

Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,

Thy anger comes, and I decline:

What frost to that? what pole is not the zone

Where all things burn,

When thou dost turn,

And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my onely light,
It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy tempests sell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love, To make us see we are but slowers that glide:

Which when we once can finde and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forseit their Paradise by their pride.

135. Dotage.

PALSE glozing pleasures, casks of happinesse, Foolish night-fires, womens and childrens wishes, Chases in Arras, guilded emptinesse, Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career, Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two dishes; These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-sooted griefs, solid calamities,
Plain demonstrations, evident and cleare,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone;
These are the sorrows here.

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

136. The Sonne.

ET forrain nations of their language boaft,
What fine varietie each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men and coaft;
Who cannot dreffe it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one onely name
To parents iffue and the funnes bright flarre!
A fonne is light and fruit; a fruitfull flame
Chafing the fathers dimnesse, carri'd far
From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
Western discov'ries of posteritie.
So in one word our Lords humilitie
We turn upon him in a sense most true:
For what Christ once in humblenesse began,
We him in glorie call, The Sonne of Man.

137. A true Hymne.

My heart was meaning all the day, Somewhat it fain would fay: And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down With only this, My joy, my life, my crown.

Yet flight not these few words;
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art.
The finenesse which a hymne or psalme affords,
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the minde,
And all the foul, and ftrength, and time,
If the words onely ryme,
Juftly complains, that fomewhat is behinde
To make his verse, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supplie the want.
As when th' heart sayes (sighing to be approved)
O, could I love! and stops; God writeth, Loved.

138. The Answer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like snow:
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my sierce youth did bandie, fall and slow
Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,
Flyes of estates and sunne-shine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my prosecutions slack and small;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky;
But cooling by the way, grows pursie and slow,
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark state of tears: to all, that so
Show me, and set me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest, know more then I.

139. A Dialogue-Anthem.

Christian, Death.

Chr. A LAS, poore death! where is thy glorie? Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Dea. Alas, poore mortall, void of storie, Go spell and reade how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr. Poore death! and who was hurt thereby?

Thy curse being laid on him makes thee accurst.

Dea. Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die;

These arms shall crush thee. Chr. Spare not,
do thy worst.

I shall be one day better then before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

140. The Water-Course.

THOU who dost dwell and linger here below, Since the condition of this world is frail, Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow; If troubles overtake thee, do not wail: For who can look for lesse, that loveth { Life. Strife.

But rather turn the pipe, and waters course To serve thy sinnes, and surnish thee with store Of fov'raigne tears, springing from true remorse:
That so in purenesse thou mayst him adore
Who gives to man, as he sees sit, Salvation.
Damnation.

141. Self-Condemnation.

THOU who condemnest Jewish hate,
For choosing Barabbas a murderer
Before the Lord of glorie;
Look back upon thine own estate,
Call home thine eye (that busie wanderer)
That choice may be thy storie.

He that doth love, and love amisse
This worlds delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a forrie wedding

Between his foul and gold, and hath preferr'd

False gain before the true,

Hath done what he condemnes in reading:

For he hath sold for money his deare Lord,

And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day, •
And judge our selves. That light which sin and passion

Did before dimme and choke, When once those snuffes are ta'ne away, Shines bright and cleare, ev'n unto condemnation, Without excuse or cloak.

142. Bitter-Sweet.

A H, my deare angrie Lord,
Since thou dost love, yet strike;
Cast down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise; I will bewail, approve: And all my sowre-sweet dayes I will lament, and love.

143. The Glance.

W HEN first thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsaf'd ev'n in the midst of youth and
night
To look upon me, who before did lie

Weltring in finne;
I felt a fugred strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalme, and overrunne my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy, Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm His swing and sway:

But still thy sweet original joy,
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griess, when they grew bold, controll,
And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerfull be,
A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again;
What wonders shall we seel, when we shall see
Thy full-ey'd love!

When thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of thine spend in delight
More then a thousand sunnes disburse in light,
In heav'n above.

144. The Twenty-third Psalme.

THE God of love my shepherd is, And he that doth me feed: While he is mine, and I am his, What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender graffe,

Where I both feed and rest;

Then to the streams that gently passe:

In both I have the best.

Or if I ftray, he doth convert,

And bring my minde in frame:

And all this not for my defert, But for his holy name.

Yea, in deaths shadie black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staffe to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine, Ev'n in my enemies sight; My head with oyl, my cup with wine Runnes over day and night.

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

145. Marie Magdalene.

WHEN bleffed Marie wip'd her Saviours feet,
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before)
And wore them for a jewell on her head,
Shewing his steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humblenesse would live and tread:

She being stain'd herself, why did she strive To make him clean, who could not be defil'd? Why kept she not her tears for her own faults, And not his feet? Though we could dive In tears like feas, our finnes are pil'd Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare foul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deigne To bear her filth; and that her sinnes did dash Ev'n God himself: wherefore she was not loth, As she had brought wherewith to stain, So to bring in wherewith to wash:

And yet in washing one, she washed both.

146. Aaron.

Holinesse on the head,
Light and perfections on the breaft,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To leade them unto life and reft.
Thus are true Aarons dreft.

Profanenessie in my head,
Defects and darknesse in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poore priest thus am I drest.

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

Christ is my onely head,
My alone onely heart and breast,
My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead;
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my deare breast,
My doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest)
Come, people; Aaron's drest.

147. The Odour.

2 Cor. 11.

HOW fweetly doth My Master found! My Master!

As Amber-greese leaves a rich scent

Unto the taster:

So do these words a sweet content,

An orientall fragrancie, My Master.

With these all day I do persume my minde,
My mind ev'n thrust into them both;
That I might finde
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells, that seeds and sats my minde.

My Master, shall I speak? O that to thee
My Servant were a little so,
As slesh may be;

That these two words might creep and grow;
To some degree of spicinesse to thee!

Then should the Pomander, which was before A speaking sweet, mend by reslection, And tell me more:

For pardon of my imperfection Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when My Master, which alone is fweet, And ev'n in my unworthinesse pleasing, Shall call and meet,

My fervant, as thee not displeasing, That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by fweetning me
(As fweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to thee.

And so this new commerce and sweet Should all my life employ, and busie me.

148. The Foil.

The sphere of vertue, and each shining grace,
As plainly as that above doth show;
This were the better skie, the brighter place.

God hath made starres the soil
To set off vertues; griess to set off sinning:
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not soul, nor vertue winning.

149. The Forerunners.

THE harbingers are come. See, see their mark;
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But must they have my brain? must they dispark
Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Must dulnesse turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me. Those art still my God.

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room, Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there: I passe not, I, what of the rest become, So, Thou art still my God, be out of sear.

He will be pleased with that dittie; And if I please him, I write fine and wittie.

Farewell fweet phrases, lovely metaphors: But will ye leave me thus? when ye before Of stews and brothels onely knew the doores, Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,

Brought you to Church well dreft and clad: My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, fugar-cane, Hony of roses, whither wilt thou slie? Hath some fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane? And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a stie?

Fie, thou wilt foil thy broider'd coat, And hurt thyself, and him that fings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung, With canvas, not with arras clothe their shame: Let follie speak in her own native tongue. True beautie dwells on high: ours is a flame

But borrow'd thence to light us thither. Beautie and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I passe not; take your way: For, Thou art still my God, is all that ye Perhaps with more embellishment can say. Go birds of spring: let winter have his see;

Let a bleak palenesse chalk the doore, So all within be livelier then before.

150. The Rose.

PRESSE me not to take more pleasure
In this world of sugred lies,
And to use a larger measure
Than my strict, yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here:

Colour'd griess indeed there are,
Blushing woes, that look as cleare,

As if they could beautie spare.

Or if fuch deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to fay;
There are no fuch things to me,
Who have paff'd my right away.

But I will not much oppose

Unto what you now advise;

Onely take this gentle rose,

And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer then a rose? What is fweeter? yet it purgeth. Purgings enmitie disclose, Enmitie forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize Be contracted to a role: Sweetly there indeed it lies. But it biteth in the close.

So this flower doth judge and fentence Worldly joyes to be a scourge: For they all produce repentance, And repentance is a purge.

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

151. Discipline.

HROW away thy rod, Throw away thy wrath: O my God. Take the gentle path.

For my hearts defire Unto thine is bent: I aspire

To a full consent.

Not a word or look I affect to own.

But by book, And thy book alone.

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

Then let wrath remove;

Love will do the deed:

For with love

Stonie hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of warre,
And can shoot,
And can hit from farre.

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

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

152. The Invitation.

OME ye hither all, whose taste
Is your waste;
Save your cost, and mend your fare.
God is here prepar'd and drest,
And the seast,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good:
Weep what ye have drunk amisse,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is bloud.

Come ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraigne,
Bringing all your finnes to fight:
Tafte and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
And on finne doth caft the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth deftroy,
While ye graze without your bounds:
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a floud the lower grounds.

Come ye hither all, whose love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the skie:

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Here is love, which, having breath Ev'n in death, After death can never die.

Lord I have invited all,

And I shall
Still invite, still call to thee:
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

153. The Banquet.

WELCOME fweet and facred cheer,
Welcome deare;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy neatneffe paffeth fight,
Thy delight
Paffeth tongue to tafte or tell.

O what fweetnesse from the bowl Fills my foul, Such as is, and makes divine! Is some starre (sled from the sphere) Melted there, As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetnesse in the bread

Made a head

To subdue the smell of sinne,
Flowers, and gummes, and powders giving

All their living,

Lest the enemie should winne?

Doubtlesse, neither starre nor slower
Hath the power
Such a sweetnesse to impart:
Onely God, who gives persumes,
Flesh assumes,
And with it persumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruif'd are better fented;
God, to show how farre his love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my birth,

And on earth
In delights of earth was drown'd;
God took bloud, and needs would be

Spilt with me,
And fo found me on the ground.

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

For with it alone I flie

To the skie:

Where I wipe mine eyes, and see

What I seek, for what I sue;

Him I view

Who hath done so much for me.

Let the wonder of this pitie

Be my dittie,

And take up my lines and life:

Hearken under pain of death,

Hands and breath,

Strive in this, and love the strife.

154. The Posie.

ET wits contest,

And with their words and posses windows sill:

Lesse than the least

Of all thy mercies, is my posse still.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write;
Whether I fing,
Or fay, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention rest;
Comparisons go play; wit use thy will:

Lesse than the least
Of all Gods mercies, is my posie still.

155. A Parodie.

SOULS joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on thee;

Yet when thou dost suppresse

The cheerfulnesse
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not stirre abroad,
But leave me to my load:

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

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,

Lest want of aw

Make finne appeare;

And when thou dost but shine lesse cleare,

Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,

While Sinne doth rave,

And falfly boaft,

That I may feek, but thou art loft;

Thou and alone thou know'ft.

O what a deadly cold

Doth me infold!

I half beleeve,

That Sinne fays true: but while I grieve,

Thou com'ft and dost relieve.

J 156. The Elixer.

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

Not rudely, as a beaft, To runne into an action; But still to make thee preposses, And give it his persection.

A man that looks on glaffe, On it may flay his eye; Or if he pleaseth, through it passe, And then the heav'n espie.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A fervant with this clause
Makes drudgerie divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told.

157. A Wreath.

WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knowest all my wayes,
My crooked winding wayes, wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more farre above deceit,
Than deceit seems above simplicitie.
Give me simplicitie, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy wayes,
Know them and practise them: then shall I give
For this poore wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

158. Death.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous

Nothing but bones, [thing,

The sad effect of sadder grones:

Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not fing.

For we confider'd thee as at fome fix

Or ten yeares hence,

After the losse of life and sense,

Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We lookt on this fide of thee, shooting short; Where we did finde

The shells of sledge souls left behinde, Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But fince our Saviours death did put fome bloud Into thy face;

Thou art grown fair and full of grace, Much in request, much fought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad, As at dooms-day;

When fouls shall wear their new aray, And all thy bones with beautie shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust Half that we have Unto an honest faithfull grave; Making our pillows either down, or dust.

159. Dooms-day.

OME away,
Make no delay.

Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stirre, and rubbe the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispring, Live you, brother?

Come away,
Make this the day.
Duft, alas, no mufick feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and ftrains
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

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

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.

Some to the windes their bodie lend,
And in them may drown a friend:

Some in noisome vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.

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

160. Judgement.

A LMIGHTIE Judge, how shall poore wretches
Thy dreadfull look, [brook
Able a heart of iron to appall,
When thou shalt call
For ev'ry mans peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well; Yet I heare tell, That some will turn thee to some leaves therein So void of finne.

That they in merit shall excell.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine, That to decline. And thrust a Testament into thy hand: Let that be scann'd. There thou shalt finde my faults are thine.

161. Heaven.

WHO will show me those delights on high? Echo. Thou Echo, thou art mortall, all men know. No. Echo. Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves? Echo. Leaves. And are there any leaves, that still abide? Echo. Ride. What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly. Echo. Holv. Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliffe? Echo. Then tell me, what is that supreme delight? Echo. Light. Light to the minde: what shall the will enjoy? Echo. Fov. But are there cares and businesse with the pleasure? Echo. Leisure. Light, joy, and leifure; but shall they persever? Echo. Ever.

162. Love.

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

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:

Love said, you shall be he.

I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,

I cannot look on thee.

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,

Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame Go where it doth deserve.

And know you not, fayes Love, who bore the blame?

My deare, then I will ferve.

You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat: So I did sit and eat.

FINIS.

Glorie be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men.



II. The Church Militant.

LMIGHTIE Lord, who from thy glo-

rious throne Seeft and rulest all things ev'n as one: The smallest ant or atome knows thy Known also to each minute of an houre: Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee, And wrap their policies in thy decree, Complying with thy counsels, doing nought Which doth not meet with an eternall thought. But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove Not the decrees of power, but bands of love. Early didst thou arise to plant this vine, Which might the more indeare it to be thine. Spices come from the East; so did thy Spouse, Trimme as the light, sweet as the laden boughs Of Noabs shadie vine, chaste as the dove, Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love. The course was westward, that the sunne might light As well our understanding as our fight. Where th' Ark did rest, there Abraham began To bring the other Ark from Canaan. Moses pursu'd this: but King Solomon Finish'd and fixt the old religion. When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain By nailing Christ to fasten it again. But to the Gentiles he bore croffe and all, Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall. Onely whereas the Ark in glorie shone,

Now with the crosse, as with a staffe, alone, Religion, like a pilgrime, westward bent, Knocking at all doores, ever as she went. Yet as the funne, though forward be his flight, Listens behinde him, and allows some light, Till all depart: fo went the Church her way. Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay Among the eastern nations for a time. Till both removed to the western clime. To Egypt first she came, where they did prove Wonders of anger once, but now of love. The ten Commandments there did flourish more Than the ten bitter plagues had done before. Holy Macarius and great Anthonie Made Pharaoh Moses, changing th' historie. Golben was darknesse, Egypt full of lights, Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites. Such power hath mightie Baptisme to produce, For things misshapen, things of highest use. How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are! Who may with thee compare?

Religion thence fled into Greece, where arts Gave her the highest place in all mens hearts. Learning was pos'd, Philosophie was set, Sophisters taken in a sishers net. Plato and Aristotle were at a losse, And wheel'd about again to spell Christ-Crosse. Prayers chas'd syllogismes into their den, And Ergo was transform'd into Amen. Though Greece took horse as soon as Egypt did, And Rome as both; yet Egypt saster rid, And spent her period and prefixed time Before the other. Greece being past her prime, Religion went to Rome, subduing those, Who, that they might subdue, made all their soes.

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The Warrier his deere skarres no more resounds, But feems to yeeld Christ hath the greater wounds; Wounds willingly endur'd to work his bliffe, Who by an ambush lost his Paradise. The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust A fad repentance, not the spoils of lust: Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again Him in his members, who for him was flain. The Shepherds hook grew to a scepter here, Giving new names and numbers to the yeare. But th' Empire dwelt in Greece, to comfort them, Who were cut short in Alexanders stemme. In both of these Prowesse and Arts did tame And tune mens hearts against the Gospel came: Which using, and not fearing skill in th' one, Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne, Many a rent and struggling th' Empire knew, (As dying things are wont,) untill it flew At length to Germanie, still westward bending, And there the Churches festivall attending: That as before Empire and Arts made way, (For no lesse Harbingers would serve then they) So they might still, and point us out the place, Where first the Church should raise her down-cast

Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there; Then showres Religion, and makes all to bear.

Spain in the Empire shar'd with Germanie,
But England in the higher victorie;
Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
And not go lesse than she had done of late.

Constantines British line meant this of old,
And did this mysterie wrap up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
From times great Chronicle, and hither sent.

Thus both the Church and Sunne together ran Unto the farthest old meridian.

How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!

Who may with thee compare?

Much about one and the same time and place, Both where and when the Church began her race. Sinne did fet out of Eastern Babylon, And travell'd westward also: journeying on He chid the Church away, where e're he came, Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name. At first he got to Egypt, and did sow Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow, Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost, Who for a god clearely a fallet loft. Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace, Adoring garlick with an humble face. Begging his food of that which he may eat, Starving the while he worshippeth his meat! Who makes a root his god, how low is he, If God and man be fever'd infinitely! What wretchednesse can give him any room, Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom? None will beleeve this now, though money be In us the same transplanted foolerie. Thus Sinne in Egypt sneaked for a while; His highest was an ox or crocodile, Daffe. And fuch poore game. Thence he to Greece doth And being craftier much then Goodnesse was, He left behinde him garrisons of sinnes. To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes. Here Sinne took heart, and for a garden-bed Rich shrines and oracles he purchased: He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell As well what should befall, as what befell. Nay, he became a poet, and would ferve

His pills of sublimate in that conferve. The world came both with hands and purses full To this great lotterie, and all would pull. But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit. Where some poore truths were shuffled for a bait To credit him, and to discredit those, Who after him should braver truths disclose. From Greece he went to Rome: and as before He was a God, now he's an Emperour. Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there, Put him in trust to rule the Romane sphere. Glorie was his chief instrument of old: Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold: Which foon was blown to fuch a mightie flame. That though our Saviour did destroy the game, Disparking oracles, and all their treasure, Setting affliction to encounter pleafure; Yet did a rogue with hope of carnall joy, Cheat the most subtill nations. Who so coy, So trimme, as Greece and Egypt? yet their hearts Are given over, for their curious arts, To fuch Mahometan stupidities, As the old heathen would deem prodigies. How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are! Who may with thee compare? Onely the West and Rome do keep them free From this contagious infidelitie. And this is all the Rock, whereof they boaft, As Rome will one day finde unto her cost. Sinne being not able to extirpate quite The Churches here, bravely refolv'd one night To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre: The old debauched ruffian would turn writer. I faw him in his studie, where he sate Busie in controversies sprung of late.

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A gown and pen became him wondrous well: His grave aspect had more of heav'n then hell: Onely there was a handsome picture by, To which he lent a corner of his eve. As Sinne in Greece a Prophet was before, And in old Rome a mightie Emperour: So now being Priest he plainly did professe To make a jest of Christs three offices: The rather fince his fcatter'd jugglings were United now in one both time and fphere. From Egypt he took pettie deities. From Greece oracular infallibilities. And from old Rome the libertie of pleasure, By free dispensings of the Churches treasure. Then in memoriall of his ancient throne. He did furname his palace, Babylon. Yet that he might the better gain all nations, And make that name good by their transmigrations; From all these places, but at divers times. He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes: From Egypt Anchorisme and retirednesse, Learning from Greece, from old Rome stateliness; And blending these, he carri'd all mens eyes, While Truth fat by, counting his victories: Whereby he grew apace and fcorn'd to use Such force as once did captivate the lews: But did bewitch, and finelly work each nation Into a voluntarie transmigration. All poste to Rome: Princes submit their necks Either t' his publick foot or private tricks. It did not fit his gravitie to stirre, Nor his long journey, nor his gout and furre: Therefore he fent out able ministers. Statesmen within, without doores cloisterers; Who without spear, or sword, or other drumme,

Than what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Popes mule.
As new and old Rome did one Empire twist;
So both together are one Antichrist;
Yet with two faces, as their Janus was,
Being in this their old crackt looking-glasse.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

Thus Sinne triumphs in Western Babylon; Yet not as Sinne, but as Religion. Of his two thrones he made the latter best. And to defray his journey from the east. Old and new Babylon are to hell and night. As is the moon and funne to heav'n and light. When th' one did fet, the other did take place, Confronting equally the law and grace. They are hells land-marks, Satans double creft: They are Sinnes nipples, feeding th' east and west. But as in vice the copie still exceeds The pattern, but not so in vertuous deeds; So though Sinne made his latter feat the better, The latter Church is to the first a debter. The fecond Temple could not reach the first: And the late reformation never durst Compare with ancient times and purer yeares; But in the Jews and us deserveth tears. Nay, it shall ev'ry yeare decrease and fade; Till fuch a darknesse do the world invade At Christs last coming, as his first did finde: Yet must there such proportions be assign'd To these diminishings, as is between The spacious world and Jurie to be seen. Religion stands on tip-toe in our land, Readie to passe to the American strand.

When height of malice, and prodigious lufts, Impudent finning, witchcrafts, and distrusts. (The marks of future bane.) shall fill our cup Unto the brimme, and make our measure up; When Sein shall swallow Tiber, and the Thames By letting in them both, pollutes her streams: When Italie of us shall have her will. And all her calendar of finnes fulfill: Whereby one may foretell, what finnes next yeare Shall both in France and England domineer: Then shall Religion to America flee: They have their times of Gospel, ev'n as we. My God, thou dost prepare for them a way. By carrying first their gold from them away: For gold and grace did never yet agree: Religion alwaies fides with povertie. We think we rob them, but we think amisse: We are more poore, and they more rich by this. Thou wilt revenge their quarrell, making grace To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place To go to them, while that, which now their nation But lends to us, shall be our desolation. Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie. So Sinne shall trace and dog her instantly: They have their period also and set times Both for their vertuous actions and their crimes. And where of old the Empire and the Arts Usher'd the Gospel ever in mens hearts, Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other, The Church shall come, and Sinne the Church shall fmother:

That when they have accomplished the round, And met in th' east their first and ancient sound, Judgement may meet them both, and search them round.

Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sunne, Light one another, and together runne.

Thus also Sinne and Darknesse follow still

The Church and Sunne with all their power and skill.

But as the Sunne still goes both west and east:

So also did the Church by going west

Still eastward go; because it drew more neare

To time and place, where judgement shall appeare

How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!

Who may with thee compare?

L'Envoy.

ING of glorie, King of peace, With the one make warre to cease: With the other bleffe thy sheep, Thee to love, in thee to fleep. Let not Sinne devoure thy fold, Bragging that thy bloud is cold; That thy death is also dead, While his conquefts dayly spread; That thy flesh hath lost his food, And thy Crosse is common wood. Choke him, let him fay no more, But referve his breath in store, Till thy conquest and his fall Make his fighs to use it all; And then bargain with the winde To discharge what is behinde.

> Bleffed be God alone, Thrice bleffed Three in One.

> > FINIS.



III. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

1. A Sonnet.

SENT BY GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM CAMBRIDGE.

Y God, where is that ancient heat towards thee, [once did burn, Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs Besides their other slames? Doth poetrie

Wear Venus' liverie? onely serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of thee? and layes
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove
Outstrip their Cupid easilie in flight?

Or, fince thy wayes are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse runne smooth that bears thy name!
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver suel choose

Each breast does feel, no braver suel choose
Then that, which one day, worms may chance reSure Lord, there is enough in thee to drie
Oceans of ink; for, as the Deluge did

Cover the Earth, so doth thy Majestie:

Each cloud distills thy praise, and doth forbid Poets to turn it to another use.

Roses and lilies speak thee; and to make A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.

The beauty lies, in the discoverie.

Why should I womens eyes for crystal take? Such poor invention burns in their low minde

Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing finde
In the best face but filth; when Lord, in thee

2. Inscription.

IN THE PARSONAGE, BEMERTON.

To my fuccesfor.

IF thou chance for to find A new House to thy mind And built without thy Cost: Be good to the Poor, As God gives thee store, And then, my Labours not lost.

3. On Lord Danvers.

SACRED marble, fafely keep
His dust, who under thee must sleep,
Until the yeares again restore
Their dead, and time shall be no more.
Mean while, if he, (which all things wears)
Does ruin thee, or if thy tears

Are shed for him; dissolve thy frame, Thou art requited: for his fame, His vertue, and his worth shall be Another monument to thee.

4. A Paradox.*

(FROM A MS. COLLECTION FORMERLY DR. RAWLINSON'S, IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.)

That the fick are in a better case, then the whole.

You neither groan nor weep,

And think it contrarie to Natures laws

To want one ounce of fleep,

Your strong belief

Acquits yourselves, and gives the sick all grief.

Your state to ours is contrarie,

That makes you think us poore,
So Black-moors think us foul, and wee
Are quit with them, and more,
Nothing can see,
And judge of things but mediocritie.

The fick are in themselves a state
Which health hath nought to do.

^{*} See a poem (No. xli.) in the Synagogue at the end of the volume.

How know you that our tears proceed from wo,
And not from better fate?

Since that mirth hath

Her waters also and defired bath.

How know you that the fighs we fend
From want of breath proceed,
Not from excess? and therefore we do spend
That which we do not need;
So trembling may
As well show inward warbling, as decay.

Cease then to judge calamities
By outward form and shew,
But view yourselves, and inward turn your eyes,
Then you shall fully know
That your estate
Is, of the two, the far more desperate.

You always fear to feel those smarts
Which we but sometimes prove,
Each little comfort much affects our hearts,
None but gross joys you move:
Why then confess
Your fears in number more, your joyes are less.

Then for yourselves not us embrace
Plaints to bad fortune due,
For though you visit us, and plaint or case,
We doubt much whether you
Come to our bed
To comfort us, or to be comforted.



LATIN AND GREEK POEMS.

IV. PARENTALIA.

Auctore G. HERBERT.*

Memoriæ Matris Sacrum.

I.

H Mater, quo te deplorem fonte? Dolores Quæ guttæ poterunt enumerare meos? Sicca meis lacrymis Thamefis vicina videtur,

Virtutumque choro ficcior ipse tuo.
In flumen mœrore nigrum si funderer ardens,
Laudibus haud sierem sepia justa tuis.
Tantùm istæc scribo gratus, ne tu mihi tantùm
Mater: et ista Dolor nunc tibi Metra parit.

2.

CORNELIÆ fanctæ, graves Semproniæ, Et quicquid uspiam est severæ sæminæ, Conserte lacrymas: Illa, quæ vos miscuit Vestrasque laudes, poscit et mixtas genas.

^{*} Printed at the end of Dr. Donne's Sermon of Commemoration of the Lady Danvers, late wife of Sir John Danvers, preach'd at Chilfey, July 1, 1627, together with other commemorations of her; by her fonne G. Herbert. Lond. 1627, 18mo.—See Barnabas Oley's Life of Herbert, p. civ. and Walton's Life, p. xviii. prefixed to Herbert's Remains.

Namque hanc ruinam falva Gravitas defleat, Pudorque constet vel solutis crinibus; Quandoque vultûs sola majestas, Dolor.

Decus mulierum periit: et metuunt viri Utrumque sexum dote ne mulctaverit. Non illa soles terere comptu lubricos, Struices superbas atque turritum caput Molita, reliquum deinde garriens diem, (Nam post Babelem linguæ adest consusso) Quin post modestam, qualis integras decet, Substructionem capitis et nimbum brevem, Animam recentem rite curavit sacris Adorta numen acri et ignea prece.

Dein familiam luftrat, et res prandii, Horti, colique distributim pensitat. Suum cuïque tempus et locus datur. Inde exiguntur pensa crudo vespere. Ratione certà vita constat et domus. Prudentèr inito quot-diebus calculo. Tota renident æde decus et suavitas Animo renidentes priùs. Sin rarior Magnatis appulsu extulit se occasio. Surrexit unà et illa, seseque extulit: Occasione certat imò et obtinet. Proh? quantus imber, quanta labri comitas, Lepos feverus, Pallas mixta Gratiis; Loquitur numellas, compedes, et retia: Aut si negotio hora sumenda est, rei Per angiportus et mæandros labitur, Ipfos Catones provocans oraculis. Tum quanta tabulis artifex? quæ scriptio? Bellum putamen, nucleus bellissimus Sententiæ cum voce mirè convenit. Volant per orbem literæ notissimæ: O blanda dextra, neutiquam istoc pulveris, Quò nunc recumbis, scriptio merita est tua, Pactoli arena tibi tumulus est unicus.

Adde his trientem Musices, quæ molliens Mulcensque dotes cæteras, visa est quasi Cælestis harmoniæ breve præludium. Quam mira tandem Sublevatrix pauperum? Languentium baculus, teges jacentium, Commune cordis palpitantis balfamum: Benedictiones publicæ cingunt caput, Cælique referunt et præoccupant modum. Fatifco, referens tanta quæ numerant mei Solùm dolores.—et dolores. stellulæ!

At tu qui ineptè hæc dicta censes filio,
Nato parentis auferens Encomium,
Abito trunce cum tuis pudoribus.
Ergo ipse solum mutus atque excors ero
Strepente mundo tinnulis præconiis?
Mihine matris urna clausa est unico,
Herbæ exoletæ, ros-marinus aridus?
Matrine linguam resero, solum ut mordeam?
Abito barde! Quam piè istic sum impudens?
Tu verò mater perpetim laudabere
Nato dolenti: literæ hoc debent tibi
Queis me educasti; sponte chartas illinunt
Fructum laborum consecutæ maximum
Laudando Matrem, cum repugnant inscii.

3.

CUR splendes, O Phebe? ecquid demittere matrem
Ad nos cum radio tam rutilante potes?
At superat caput illa tuum, quantum ipsa cadaver
Mens superat; corpus solum Elementa tenent.
Scilicet id splendes: hæc est tibi causa micandi
Et lucro apponis gaudia sancta tuo.
Verum heus si nequeas cœlo demittere matrem,
Sitque omnis motús nescia, tanta quies,
Fac radios saltèm ingemines, ut dextera tortos
Implicet, et matrem, matre manente, petam.

4.

UID nugor calamo favens?

Mater perpetuis uvida gaudiis,
Horto pro tenui colit
Edenem Boreæ flatibus invium.

Quin cœli mihi funt mei,

Materni decus, et debita nominis,
Dumque his invigilo frequens
Stellarum focius, pellibus Exuor.
Quare Sphæram egomet meam
Connixus, digitis impiger urgeo:
Te, Mater, celebrans diû,
Noctû te celebrans luminis æmulo.
Per te nascor in hunc globum,
Exemploque tuo nascor in alterum:
Bis tu mater eras mihi,
Ut currat paribus gloria tibiis.

5.

HORTI, deliciæ Dominæ, marcescite tandem;
Ornâstis capulum, nec superesse licet.
Ecce decus vestrum spinis horrescit, acutâ
Cultricem revocans anxietate manum:
Terram et sunus olent slores: Dominæque cadaver
Contiguas stirpes asslat, eæque rosas.
In terram violæ capite inclinantur opaco,
Quæque domus Dominæ sit, gravitate docent.
Quare haud vos hortos, sed cæmeteria dico,
Dum torus absentem quisque reponit heram.
Eugè, perite omnes; nec posthâc exeat ulla
Quæsitum Dominam gemma vel herba suam.
Cuncta ad radices redeant, tumulosque paternos;
(Nempe sepulcra Satis numen inempta dedit)
Occidite; aut sanè tantisper vivite, donec
Vespere ros mæstis sunus honestet aquis.

6.

ALENE frustrà es, cur miserum premens
Tot quæstionum sluctibus obruis,
Arterias tractans micantes
Corporeæ sluidæque molis?
Aegroto mentis? quam neque pixides
Nec tarda possunt pharmaca consequi,
Utrumque si præderis Indum,
Ultrà animus spatiatur exlex.

Impos medendi, occidere si potes, Nec fic parentem ducar ad optimam: Ni sanctè, uti mater, recedam, Morte magis viduabor illâ. Quin cerne ut erres inscie, brachium Tentando sanum: si calet, æstuans, Ardore scribendi calescit. Mater inest saliente venâ. Si totus infler, si tumeam crepax. Ne membra culpes, causa animo latet Oui parturit laudes parentis: Nec gravidis medicina tuta est. Irregularis nunc habitus mihi est: Non exigatur crasis ad alterum. Quod tu febrem censes, salubre est Atque animo medicatur unum.

7.

PALLIDA materni Genii atque exanguis imago, In nebulas fimilesque tui res gaudia numquid Mutata? et pro matre mihi phantasma dolosum Uberaque aerea hiscentem fallentia natum? Væ nubi pluviå gravidæ, non lacte, measque Ridenti lacrymas quibus unis concolor unda est. Quin fugias? mea non fuerat tam nubila Juno. Tam segnis facies auroræ nescia vernæ. Tam languens genitrix cineri supposta fugaci: Verum augusta parens, sanctum os cæloque locandum, Quale paludosos jamjam lictura recessus Prætulit Aftræa, aut folio Themis alma vetufto Penfilis, atque acri dirimens Examine lites. Hunc vultum oftendas, et tecum nobile spectrum Quod superest vitæ, insumam: Solisque jugales Ipse tuæ solum adnectam, fine murmure, thensæ. Nec querar ingratos, studiis dum tabidus insto, Effluxisse dies, suffocatamve Minervam, Aut spes productas, barbataque somnia vertam In vicium mundo sterili, cui cedo cometas Ipfe fuos, tanquam digno, pallentiaque aftra. Est mihi bis quinis laqueata domuncula tignis

Rure; brevisque hortus, cujus cum vellere storum Luctatur spacium, qualem tamen eligit æqui Judicii dominus, stores ut junctiùs halent Stipati, rudibusque volis impervius hortus Sit quasi fasciculus crescens, et nidus odorum. Hic ego tuque erimus, variæ sussitious herbæ Quotidiè pasti: tantùm verum indue vultum Affectusque mei similem; nec languida misce Ora meæ memori menti: ne dispare cultu Pugnaces, teneros storum turbemus odores, Atque inter reliquos horti crescentia sætus Nostra etiam paribus marcescant gaudia fatis.

8.

PARVAM piamque dum lubentèr femitam Grandi reæque præfero. Carpfit malignum fydus hanc modestiam Vinumque felle miscuit. Hinc fremere totus et minari gestio Ipsis severus orbibus, Tandem prehensâ comiter lacernulâ Susurrat aure quispiam, Hæc suerat olim potio Domini tui. Gusto proboque Dolium.

9.

HOC Genitrix, scriptum proles tibi sedula mittit.

Siste parum cantus, dum legis ista, tuos.

Nôsse sui quid agant, quædam est quoque musica sanctis,
Quæque olim suerat cura, manere potest.

Nos miserè slemus, solesque obducimus almos
Occiduis, tanquam duplice nube, genis.

Interea classem magnis Rex instruit ausis:
Nos autem slemus: res ea sola tuis.

Ecce solutura est, ventos causata morantes:
Sin pluviam: stetus suppeditasset aquas.

Tillius incumbit Dano: Gallusque marinis:
Nos slendo: hæc nostrum tessera sola ducum.

Sic ævum exigitur tardum, dum præpetis anni
Mille rotæ nimiis impediuntur aquis.

Plura tibi missurus eram (nam quæ mihi laurus, Quod nectar, nisi cum te celebrare diem?) Sed partem in scriptis etiam dum lacryma poscit, Diluit oppositas candidus humor aquas.

10.

NEMPE hucusque notos tenebricosos,
Et mæstum nimio madore Cælum,
Tellurisque Britannicæ salivam
Injustè satis arguit viator.
At te commoriente, Magna Mater,
Rectè, quem trahit, aerem repellit
Cum probro madidum, reumque dissat.
Nam te nunc Ager, Urbs, et Aula plorant:
Te nunc Anglia, Scotiæque binæ,
Quin te Cambria pervetusta destet,
Deducens lacrymas prioris ævi
Ne seræ meritis tuis venirent.
Non est angulus uspiam serenus,
Nec cingit mare, nunc inundat omnes.

II.

DUM librata suis hæret radicibus ilex
Nescia vulturnis cedere, firma manet.
Post ubi crudelem sentit divisa securem,
Quò placet oblato, mortua sertur, hero:
Arbor et ipse inversa vocor: dumque insitus almæ
Assideo Matri, robore vinco cedros.
Nunc sorti pateo, expositus sine matre procellis,
Lubricus, et superans mobilitate salum.
Tu radix, tu petra mihi sirmissima, Mater
Ceu Polypus, chelis saxa prehendo tenax:
Non tibi nunc soli silum abrupere sorores
Dissutus videor sunere et ipse tuo.
Unde vagans passim rectè vocer alter Ulysses,
Alteraque hæc tua mors, Ilias esto mihi.

12.

RACESSE Stoica plebs, obambulans cautes.
Exuta strato carnis, ossibus constans,

Iisque ficcis, adeo ut os molossorum
Haud glubat inde tres teruncios escæ.
Dolere prohibes? aut dolere me gentis
Adeò inficetæ, plumbeæ, Meduseæ,
Ad saxa speciem retrahentis humanam,
Tantoque nequioris optimâ Pyrrhâ.
At forte matrem perdere haud soles demens:
Quin nec potes; cui præbuit Tigris partum.
Proinde parco belluis, nec irascor.

13. Epitaphium.

HIC fita fœminei laus et victoria fexus:
Virgo pudens, uxor fida, fevera parens:
Magnatumque inopumque æquum certamen et ardor:
Nobilitate illos, hos pietate rapit.
Sic excelfa humilifque fimul loca diffita junxit,
Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid et aftra, fruens.

14.

Ψυχῆς ἀσθενὸς ἔρκος, ἀμαυρὸν πνεύματος ἄγγος Τῷδε παρὰ τύμβῳ δίζεο, φίλε, μόνον.
Νῦ δ' ἀυτῦ τάφος ἐς' ἀστήρ' φέγγος γὰρ ἐκείνε Φεγγώδη μόνον, ὡς ἔκος, ἔπαυλιν ἔχει.
Νῦν όράας ὅτι κάλλος ἀπείριτον ἀπὸς ἀπαυγες Οὐ σαθρὸν, ὀυδὲ μελῶν ἔπλετο, ἀλλὰ νοός.
"Ος διὰ σωματίου πρότερον καὶ νῦν δὶ 'Ολύμπε 'Αστράπτων, θυρίδων ὡς δία, νεῖμε σέλας.

15.

Μῆτερ, γυναικῶν ἄγλη, ἀνθρώπων ἔρις,
Το 'Οδυρμα Δαιμόνων, Θεοῦ γεώργιον,
Πῶς τῶν ἀφίπτασαι, γόμ καὶ κινδύνου
Ἡμᾶς λιποῦσα κυκλόθεν μεταιχμίμς.
Μενοῦγε σοφίην, εἰ δ' ἀπηλλάχθαι χρεών,
Ζωῆς ξυνεργὸν σὴνδε διαθεῖναι τέκνοις

Έχρην φυγούσα, τήν τ' ἐπιστήμων βίου.
Μενούν τὸ γλαφυρὸν, καὶ μελίβρου τρόπων,
Λόγων τε φίλτρον, ὥστ' ὑπεξελθεῖν λεών.
Νύν δ' ὧχου ἐνθενδ' ὡς στρατὸς κκυφόρος
Φέρων τὸ πᾶν, κάγων' ἡ ὡς 'Απαρκτίας
Κήπου συνωθών ἀνθικὴν εὐωδίαν,
Μιάν τ' ἄταρπον συμπορεύεσθαι δράσας.
'Εγω δὲ ρινὶ ξυμβαλων ἰχνηλατώ
Εἴκου τύχοιμι τῆςδ' ἀρίστης ἀτραποῦ,
Θανείν συνειδώς κρεϊττον, ἡ ἄλλως βιούν.

16.

Χαλεπόν δοικεί δαμφύσαι.
Χαλεπόν μεν οὐ δακρύσαι.
Χαλεπόν μεν οὐ δακρύσαι.
Χαλεπόντερον δὲ πάντων
Δακρύσντας ἀμπαύεσθαι.
Γενέτειραν οὐ τις ἄνδρων
Διδύμαις κόραις τοιαύτην
'Εποδύρεται πρεπόντως.
Τάλας; είθε γ' "Αργος εἴην
Πολυόμματος, πολύτλας,
"Ινα μητρὸς εὐθενούσης
'Αρετὰς διακριθείσας
'Ιδίαις κόραισι κλαύσω.

17.

Α ἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι καὶ ἄλλοι,
Α οὐκ ἐθ' ἐμὴν ἰδίας φύλης γράψαντες ἀρωγὸν,
Προυνομίω δ' ἀρετῆς κοινὴν γενέτειραν ἐλόντες.
Οὐκ ἔνι θαῦμα τόσον σφετερίζειν: οὕδε γὰρ ὕδωρ,
Οὐ φέγγος, κοινὸν τ' ἀγαθὸν, μίαν εἰς θύραν εἴργειν
'Η θέμις, ἡ δυνατόν. σεμνώματος ἔπλετο στάθμη,
Δημόσιον τ' ἴνδαλμα καλοῦ, θεῖόν τε κατόπτρον.
Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι γυναῖκες,
Οἰκ ἔτι βαλλομένης χάρισιν βεβολημέναι ἤτορ,
Αὐταρ ἄχει μεγάλω κεντούμεναι: εὖτε γὰρ αὐται
Τῆς περὶ συλλαλέουσιν, ἐοῦ ποικίλματος ἄρδην

Λήσμονες, ή βελόνη σφαλεροι κήρ τράυματι νύττει Εργου άμαρτηκυία, νέον πέπλον αίματι στικτόν Μητέρι τικταίνουσα, γόω και πένθεσι σύγχρουν.

Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσιν ὀπώραι,
Οὐκ ἔτι δεσποίνης γλυκερὰ μελεδῶνι τραφεῖσαι.
Ἡς βίος ἡελίοιο δίκην, ἀκτῖνας ἰέντος
Πραεῖς εἰαρινούς τε χαραῖς ἐπικίδνατι κῆπον.
Αὖταρ ὀδό αὖ θάνατος κυρίης ὡς ἥλιος αὖος
Σειρίου ἡττηθεὶς βυλήμασι, πάντα μαραίνει.
Ζῶ δ΄ αὐτὸς βραχύ τι πνείων, ὡς' ἔμπαλιν αὐτῆς
Αἴνον ὁμοῦ ζώειν καὶ πνεύματος ἄλλο γενέσθαι
Πνεῦμα, βίου πάροδον μούνοις ἐπέεσσι μετρῆσαν.

18.

Κύματ' ἐπαφριοῦντα Θαμήσεος, ἄικε σελήνης Φωτὸς ἀπαυρομένης, ὅγκου ἐφεῖσθε πλέον.
Νῦν θέμις ὀρφναίη μεγάλης ἐπὶ γείτονος αἴση,
Οὐλυμπόνδε βιβᾶν ὕμμιν ἀνισταμένοις.
'Αλλὰ μενεῖτ', οὐ γὰρ τάραχος ποτὶ μητέρα βαίνη,
Καὶ πρέπον ἄδε παρὰ δακρυόεσσι ῥέειν.

19.

Rure, fibi dixit Musa fuisse probro.

Aggreditur Matrem (conductis carmine Parcis)
Funereque hoc cultum vindicat ægra suum.

Non potui non ire acri stimulante slagello:
Quin matris superans carmina poscit honos.

Eja, agedum scribo: vicisti Musa; sed audi,
Stulta semel scribo, perpetuò ut sileam.



V. GEORGII HERBERTI ANGLI MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ, AD ANDREÆ MELVINI SCOTI Anti-tami-cami-categoriam.

Pro Supplici

Evangelicorum Ministrorum in Anglia, ad Serenissimum Regem Contra larvatam geminæ Academiæ Gorgonem Apologia;

SIVE

ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIA, Auctore Andrea Melvino.

Responsum, non dictum.



NSOLENS, audax, facinus nefandum, Scilicet, (poscit ratio ut decori, Poscit ex omni officio ut fibi mens Conscia recti)

Anxiam Christi vigilémque curam, Quæ pias terris animas relictis Sublevans deducit in astra, nigróque Invidet Orco,

De facri casta ratione cultûs,
De Sacro-sancti Officii decoro
Supplicem ritu veteri libellum

Porr'gere Regi,

12

8

MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ.	225
Simplici mente atque animo integello, Spiritu recto, et studiis modestis, Numinis fancti veniam, et benigni Regis honorem	16
Ritè præfantem : Scelus expiandum Scilicet taurorum, ovium, suúmque Millibus centum, voluisse nudo Tangere verbo	20
Præsulum fastus; monuisse Ritus Impios, deridiculos, ineptos Lege, ceu labes, maculásque lecta ex Gente sugandos.	24
Júsque-jurandum ingemuisse jura Exigi contra omnia; tum misellis Mentibus tristem laqueum injici per Fásque, nesásque.	28
Turbida illimi Crucis in lavacro Signa confignem? magico rotatu Verba devolvam? facra vox facratâ im- Murmuret undâ	32
Strigis in morem? Rationis ufu ad- Fabor Infantem vacuum? canoras Ingeram nugas minùs audienti Dicta puello?	36
Parvulo impôstis manibus sacrabo Gratiæ sædus? digitóne Sponsæ Annulus Sponsi impositus sacrabit Connubiale	4 0
Fœdus æternæ bonitatis? Undâ Num falutari mulier Sacerdos Tinget in vitam, Sephorámque reddet Luftrica mater?	44
Pilei quadrum capiti rotundo Ritè quadrabit? Pharium camillo Supparum Christi, et decus Antichristi Pontificale?	48

226 MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ.

Pastor examen gregis exigendum Curet invitus, celebrare cenam Promptus arcanam, memorando Jesu	
Vulnera dira?	52
Cantibus certent Berecynthia æra Muficûm fractis? reboéntve rauco Templa mugitu? Illecebris fupremi ah Rector Olympi	56
Captus humanis? libitúmque nobis, Scilicet, Regi id Superúm allubeſcet? Somniúmque ægri cerebri profanum est Dictio facra?	60
Haud fecus luftri Lupa Vaticani Romuli fæcem bibit, et bibendam Porrigit poc'lo, populifque et ipfis Regibus aureo.	64
Non ità æterni <i>Witakerus</i> acer Luminis vindex, patriæque lumen Dixit, aut fensit; neque celsa summi Penna <i>Renoldi</i> ,	68
Certa fublimes aperire calles, Sueta cœleftes iterare curfus, Læta mifceri niveis beatæ Civibus aulæ;	72
Nec Tami, aut Cami accola faniore Mente, qui cœlum fapit in frequenti Hermathenæo, et celebri Lyceo Culta juventus,	76
Cujus affulget genio Jovæ lux, Cui nitens Sol justitiæ renidet, Quem jubar Christi radiantis alto Spectat Olympo.	·
Bucerum laudem? memorémque magnum Martyrem? gemmas geminas renati Aurei fæc'li, duo dura facri Fulmina belli?	_
ruimina belli!	84

MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ.	227
Alterum Camus liquido recurfu, Alterum Tamus trepidante lymphâ Audiit, multum stupuítque magno Ore fonantem.	88
Anne mulcentem Rhodanum, et Lemanum Prædicem Bezam viridi in senecta? Octies cujus trepidavit ætas Claudere denos	92
Solis anfractus, reditúlque, et ultra Quinque percurrens ípatiola in annos Longiùs florem viridantis ævi Prorogat et ver.	96
Oris erumpit scatebra perenni Amnis exundans, gravidique rores Gratia sœcunda animos apertis Auribus implent.	100
Major hic omni invidia, et superstes Millibus mille, et Sadecle, et omnium Maximo CALVINO, aliisque veri Testibus æquis;	104
Voce olorina liquidas ad undas Nunc canit laudes Genitoris almi Carmen, et Nato canit, eliquante Numinis aurâ,	108
Sensa de castu sacra puriore, Dicta de cultu potiore Sancta, Arma quæ in castris jugulent severi Tramitis hostes.	112
Cana cantanti juga ninguidarum Alpium applaudunt, refonántque valles; Jura concentu nemorum fonoro, Et pater Ister	116
Confonant longè; pater et bicornis Rhenus afcenfum ingeminat, Garumna, Sequana, atque Arar, Liger: infularum et Undipotentum	120

228 MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ.

Magna pars intenta Britannicarum Voce conspirat liquida: solúmque, Et salum, et cœlum, æmula præcinentis More, modóque	12,
Concinunt Bezæ numeris, modísque Et polo plaudunt; referúntque leges Lege quas sanxit pius ardor, et Rex Scoto-britannus.	125
Sicut edictum in tabulis ahenis Servat æternum pia cura Regis Qui mare, et terras, variisque mundum Temperat horis:	133
Cujus æqualis Soboles Parenti Gentis electæ pater, atque custos; Par et ambobus, veniens utrinque Spiritus almus;	136
Quippe Tres-unus Deus; unus actus, Una natura est tribus; una virtus Una Majestas, Deitas et una, Gloria et una.	140
Una vis immenfa, perennis una Vita, lux una, et fapientia una, Una mens, una et ratio, una vox, et Una voluntas	144
Lenis, indulgens, facilis, benigna; Dura, et inclemens, rigida, et fevera; Semper æterna, omnipotens, et æqua, Semper et alma:	145
Lucidum cujus speculum est, restectens Aureum vultûs jubar, et verendum, Virginis proles, sata cœlo, et alti In- Terpres Olympi:	152
Qui Patris mentémque, animúmque sancti Filius pandit face noctilucâ, Sive Doctrinæ documenta, seu com- Pendia Vitæ,	156
•	-

MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ.	229
Publicæ, privæ, facra scita Regni Regis ad nutum referens, Domúsque Ad voluntatem Domini instituta Singula librans,	160
Luce quam Phœbus melior refundit, Lege, quam Legum- tulit ipse -lator, Cujus exacti officii suprema est Norma voluntas.	164
Cœca mens humana, hominum voluntas Prava, et affectus rabidi : indigétque Luce mens, normâ officii voluntas, Lege libido,	163
Quisquis hanc surda negat aure, quà se Fundit ubertim liquidas sub auras, Ille ter prudens, sapiénsque, et omni ex Parte beatus.	172
Ergò vos <i>Cami</i> proceres, <i>Tami</i> que, Quos vià flexit malefuadas error, Denuo rectum, duce Rege Regum, in- Siftite callem.	176
Vos metus tangit si hominum nec ullus, At Deum fandi memorem et nefandi Vindicem sperate, et amœna solis Tartara Diris;	180
Quæ manent sontes animas, trucésque Præsulum fastus, malè quas perurit Pervigil zelus vigilum, et gregis cu- Stodia pernox.	184
Veste bis tinctâ Tyrio superbos Murice, et pastos dape pinguiore Regia quondam aut saliari inuncta a- Bdomine cæna.	, 188
Qualis <i>Urfini</i> , <i>Damaf íque</i> faftus Turgidus, luxúque ferox, feróque Ambitu pugnax, facram et ædem, et urbem Cæde nefandâ	192

230 MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ.

Civium inceftavit, et omniofum Traxit exemplum veniens in ævum, Præfulum quod nobilium indecorus Provocat ordo.

196

Quid fames auri facra? quid cupido Ambitu diro fera non propagat Posteris culpæ? mala damna quanta Plurima fundit?

200

VI. PRO DISCIPLINA ECCLESIÆ NOSTRÆ, EPIGRAMMATA APOLOGETICA.

 Augustissimo Potentissimoque Monarchæ Jacobo, D. G., Magnæ Britanniæ,
 Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Regi, Fidei Defenfori, etc. Geo. Herbertus.

ECCE recedentis fœcundo in littore Nili
Sol generat populum luce fovente novum.
Antè tui, Cæfar, quàm fulferat aura favoris,
Nostræ etiam Musæ vile fuere lutum:
Nunc adeò per te vivunt, ut repere possint,
Síntque ausæ thalamum solis adire tui.

2. Illustris Celsissimoque Carolo, Walliæ, et juventutis principi.

UAM chartam tibi porrigo recentem, Humanæ decus atque apex juventæ, Obtutu placido benignus affles, Nam [que] aspectibus è tuis vel unus Mordaces tineas, nigrásque blattas, Quas livor mihi parturit, retundet, Ceu, quas culta timet seges, pruinas Nascentes radii sugant, vel acres Tantùm dulcia leniunt catarrhos. Sic ô te (juvenem, senémve) credat Mors semper juvenem, senem Britanni.

3. Reverendissimo in Christo Patri, ac Domino, Episcopo Vintoniensi, etc.

[LAVNCELOT. ANDREWES.]

SANCTE Pater, cœli cuftos, quo doctius uno Terra nihil, nec quo fanctius aftra vident; Cùm mea futilibus numeris se verba viderent Claudi, penè tuas præterière fores.

Sed properè, dextréque reduxit euntia sensus, Ista docens soli scripta quadrare tibi.

4. Ad Regem. Instituti epigrammatici ratio.

Epigr. 1.

CUM millena tuam pulsare negotia mentem Constet, et ex illa pendeat orbis ope; Nè te productis videar lassare Camænis, Pro solido, CÆSAR, carmine frusta dabo. Cùm tu contundens Catharos, vultúque librísque, Grata mihi mensæ sunt analecta tuæ.

Ad Melvinum.

Epigr. 2.

Non ut te superem: res tamen ipsa feret. Ætatis numerum supplebit causa minorem; Sic tu nunc juvenis sactus, egóque senex. Aspice, dum perstas, ut te tua deserat ætas; Et mea sint canis scripta reserta tuis. Ecce tamen quam suavis ero! cum, sine duelli, Clauserit extremas pugna peracta vices, Tum tibi, si placeat, sugientia tempora reddam; Sufficiet votis ista juventa meis.

In monstrum vocabuli Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria.

Epigr. 3. Ad eundem.

QUAM bellus homo es! lepido quam nomine fingis
Istas Anti-Tami-Cami-Categorias!
Sic Catharis nova sola placent; res, verba novantur:
Quæ sapiunt ævum, ceu cariosa jacent.
Quin liceat nobis aliquas procudere voces:
Non tibi fingendi sola taberna patet.
Cum sacra perturbet vester suror omnia, scriptum
Hoc erit, Anti-furi-Puri-Categoria.
Pollubra vel cum olim damnaris Regia in ara,
Est Anti-pelvi-Melvi-Categoria.

4. Partitio Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriæ.

TRES video partes, quò re diftinctiùs utar,
Anticategoriæ, Scoto-Britanne, tuæ:
Ritibus* una Sacris opponitur;† altera Sanctos
Prædicat auctores;† tertia plena Deo est.
Postremis ambabus idem sentimus uterque;
Ipse pios laudo; Numen et ipse colo.
Non nisi prima suas patiuntur prælia lites.
O bene quòd dubium possideamus agrum!

^{*} Ab initio ad vers. 65. 1 Inde 176.

[†] Inde ad vers. 128.

5. In metri genus.

CUR, ubi tot ludat numeris antiqua poesis,
Sola tibi Sappho, feminàque una placet?
Cur tibi tam facilè non arrifère poetæ
Heroum grandi carmina fulta pede?
Cur non lugentes Elegi? non acer Iambus?
Commotos animos rectiùs ista decent.
Scilicet hoc vobis proprium, qui puriùs itis,
Et populi spurcas creditis esse vias;
Vos ducibus missis, missis doctoribus, omnes
Femineum blanda fallitis arte genus:
Nunc etiam teneras quò versus gratior aures
Mulceat, imbelles complacuère modi.

6. De Larvata Gorgone.*

GORGONA cur diram, larvásque obtrudis inanes,
Cùm propè sit nobis Musa, Medusa procul?
Si, quia selices olim dixere poetæ
Pallada gorgoneam, sic tua verba placent.
Vel potiùs liceat distinguere. Túque tusque
Sumite gorgoneam, nostráque Pallas erit.

7. De præsulum fastu.+

PRÆSULIBUS nostris fastus, Melvine, tumentes Sæpius aspergis. Siste, pudore vacas. An quod semotum populo laquearibus altis Eminet, id tumidum protinus esse sesse sesse

^{*} In titulo.

8. De gemina Acudemia.*

OUS hîc fuperbit, oro? túne, an præfules? Quos dente nigro corripis? Tu duplicem folus Camænarum thronum Virtute percellis tua; Et unus impar æstimatur viribus, Utrumque sternis calcitro: Omnésque stulti audimus, aut hypocritæ, Te perspicaci, atque integro. An rectiùs nos, si vices vertas, probi-Te contumaci, et livido? Ouifquis tuetur perspicillis Belgicis Qua parte tractari solent, Res ampliantur, fin per adversam videt, Minora fiunt omnia: Tu qui superbos cæteros existimas (Superbius cum te nihil) Vertas specillum: nam, prout se res habent, Vitro minus rectè uteris.

9. De S. Baptismi ritu.+

CUM tener ad facros infans fiftatur aquales,
Quòd puer ignorat, verba profana putas?
Annon fic mercamur agros? quibus ecce Redemptor
Comparat æterni regna beata Dei.
Scilicet emptorem fi res aut parcior ætas
Impediant, apices legis amicus obit.
Forfitan et prohibes infans portetur ad undas,
Et per se Templi limen adire velis:
Sin, Melvine, pedes alienos postulet infans,
Cur sic displiceat vox aliena tibi?
Rectiùs innocuis lactentibus omnia præstes,
Quæ ratio per se, si fit adulta, facit.

^{*} In titulo.

Quid vetat ut pueri vagitus suppleat alter. Cùm nequeat claras ipse litare preces? Sævus es eripiens parvis vadimonia cæli: * Et tibi sit nemo præs, ubi poscis opem.

10. De Signaculo Crucis.*

CUR tanta sufflas probra in innocuam Crucem?

Non plùs maligni dæmones Christi cruce
Unquam fugari, quam tui socii solent,
Apostolorum culpa non levis fuit
Vitasse Christi spiritum efflantis crucem.
Et Christianus quisque piscis dicitur
Tertulliano, propter undæ pollubrum,
Quo tingimur parvi. Ecquis autem brachiis
Natare sine clarissima potest cruce?
Sed non moramur: namque vestra crux erit,
Vobis faventibúsve, vel negantibus.

II. De juramento Ecclesiæ.†

ARTICULIS facris quidam fubscribere jussus,
Ah! Cheiragra vetat, quò minùs, inquit, agam.
O verè dictum, et bellè! cùm torqueat omnes
Ordinis osores articulare malum.

12. De Purificatione post puerperium. ‡

ENIXAS pueros matres le fistere templis
Displicet, et laudis tura litare Deo.
Fortè quidem, cùm per vestras Ecclesia turbas
Fluctibus internis exagitata natet,
Vos sine maternis hymnis infantia vidit,
Vitáque neglectas est satis ulta preces.
Sed nos, cum nequeat parvorum lingua parentem

† Ver. 25.

1 Ver. 22.

^{*} Ver. 29.

Non laudare Deum, credimus esse nesas.
Quotidiana suas poscant si fercula grates,
Nostra caro sanctæ nescia laudis erit?
Adde piis animis quævis occasio lucro est,
Quæ possint humili fundere corde preces.
Sic ubi jam mulier decerpti conscia pomi
Ingemat ob partus, ceu maledicta, suos,
Appositè quem commotum subsugerat olim,
Nunc redit ad mitem, ceu benedicta, Deum.

13. De Antichristi decore Pontisicali.*

NON quia Pontificum funt olim afflata veneno, Omnia funt temere projicienda foras. Tollantur fi cuncta malus quæ polluit ufus, Non remanent nobis corpora, non animæ.

14. De Superpelliceo. +

QUID facræ tandem meruêre veftes?
Quas malus livor jaculis laceflit
Polluens caftam chlamydis colorem
Dentibus atris?

Quicquid ex urna meliore ductum Luce præluftri, vel honore pollet, Mens fub infigni fpecie coloris Concipit albi.

Scilicet talem liquet esse solem; Angeli vultu radiante candent; Incolæ cæli melioris albâ

Veste triumphant.
E creaturis sine mentis usu †
Conditis binas homini sequendas
Spiritus proponit, et est utrique
Candor amicus.

^{*} Ver. 48. † Ver. 49. † Ovis, et Columba. Columal. 6. 7. c. 2. et 8. c. 8.

Ergò ringantur pietatis hostes, Filii noctis, populus malignus, Dum suum nomen tenet, et triumphat Albion albo.

15. De Pileo quadrato.*

UÆ dicteria fuderat Britannus
Superpellicei tremendus hoftis,
Isthæc pileus audiit propinquus,
Et partem capitis petit supremam;
Non sic effugit angulus vel unus
Quo dictis minùs acribus notetur.
Verùm heus! si reputes, tibi, tussque
Longè pileus anteit galerum,
Ut fervor cerebri refrigeretur,
Qui vestras edit intimè medullas.
Sed qui tam malè pileos habetis,
Quos Ecclesia comprobat, verendum
Nè tandem caput ejus impetatis.

16. In Catharum.

CUR Latiam linguam reris nimis effe profanam?
Quam præmiffa probant fecula, nostra probant?
Cur teretem Græcam damnas, atque Hellada totam,
Qua tamen occisi sædera scripta Dei?
Scilicet Hebræam cantas, et perstrepis unam:
Hæc facit ad nasum sola loquela tuum.

17. De Episcopis.+

UOS charos habuit Christus Apostolos, Testatósque suo tradiderat gregi; Ut cum mors rabidis unguibus imminens Doctrinæ sluvios clauderet aureæ,

[†] Ver. 129.

Mites acciperent Lampada Præfules, Servaréntque facrum clavibus ordinem; Hos nunc barbaries impia vellicat Indulgens propriis ambitionibus, Et quos ipsa nequit scandere vertices Hos ad se trahere, et mergere gestiens. O cœcum populum! si bona res siet Præful, cur renuis? sin mala, pauculos Quàm cunctos sieri præstat Episcopos.

18. De iisdem, ad Melvinum.*

PRÆSULIBUS dirum te Musa coarguit hostem, An quia Textores, Artificésque probas?

19. De Textore Catharo.

CUM piscatores Textor legit esse vocatos,
Ut sanctum Domini persequerentur opus;
Ille quóque invadit Divinam Flaminis artem,
Subtegmen reti dignius esse putans,
Et nunc persongas Scripturæ stamine telas †
Torquet, et in Textu Doctor utróque cluet.

20. De Magicis rotatibus.‡

UOS tu rotatus, quale murmur auscultas In ritibus nostris? Ego audio nullum. Agè, provocemus úsque ad Angelos ipsos, Aurésque superas: arbitri ipsi sint litis, Utrum tenore facra nostra sint necne Æquabili facta. Ecquid ergo te tanta Calumniandi concitavit urtica, Ut, que Papicolis porpria, assuas nobis, Falsúmque potius, quam crepes [vero?] versu? Tu perstrepis tamen; útque turgeat carmen

^{*} Ver. 184.

[†] Ver. 59.

Tuum tibi, poeta belle non mystes Magicos rotatus, et perhorridas Striges,* Dicteriis mordacibus notans, clamas Non convenire precibus ista Divinis. O sævus hostis! quàm ferociter pugnas! Nihilne respondebimus tibi? Fatemur.

21. Ad fratres.

OS'CLUM lepidum! circumstant undique Fratres,
Papicolísque sui sunt, Catharísque sui.
Sic nunc plena boni sunt omnia Fratris, amore
Cùm nil fraterno rarius esse queat.

22. De labe, maculisque.+

ABECULAS, maculâsque nobis objicis,
Quid? hoccine est mirum? Viatores sumus.
Quò sanguis est Christi, nisi ut maculas lavet,
Quas spargit animæ corporis propius lutum?
Vos ergo puri! O nomen appositissimum
Quo vulgus ornat vos! At audias parum;
Astronomus olim (ut sama) dum maculas diu,
Quas Luna habet, tuetur, in soveam cadit,
Totúsque cænum Cynthiæ ignoscit notis.
Ecclesia est mihi Luna; perge in Fabulâ.

23. De Musica Sacra. ‡

CUR efficaci, Deucalion, manu,
Post restitutos succibus obices,
Mutas in humanam figuram
Saxa supervacuásque cautes?
Quin redde formas, O bone, pristinas,
Et nos reducas ad lapides avos:
Nam saxa mirantur canentes,
Saxa lyras, citharásque callent.

[•] Ver. 33.

Rupes tenaces, et filices ferunt Potentiori carmine percitas Saltus per incultos, lacúsque Orphea mellifluum secutas. Et saxa diris hispida montibus

Amphionis testitudine nobili

Percussa dum currunt ad urbem.

Mænia contribuêre Thebis.

Tantum repertum est trux hominum genus,
Qui templa sacris expoliant choris,

Non erubescentes vel ipsas

Duritiâ fuperare cautes. O plena centum Musica Gratiis, Præclariorum spirituum cibus,

Quò me vocas tandem, tuúmque
Ut celebrem decus infufurras?
Tu Diva miro pollice fpiritum
Cæno profani corporis exuens

Ter millies cælo reponis:
Aftra rogant, Novus hic quis hospes
Ardore Moses concitus entheo,
Mersis revertens lætus ab hostibus

Exuscitat plebem sacratos

Ad Dominum properare cantus.

Quid hocce? Psalmos audión'? O dapes!

O succulenti balsama spiritus!

Ramenta cæli, guttulæque Deciduæ melioris orbis Quos David, ipfæ deliciæ Dei, Ingens piorum gloria Principum, Sionis excelfas ad arces Cum citharis, lituifque mifcet.

Miratur æquor finitimum fonos,
Et ipfe Jordan fistit aquas stupens;
Præ quo Tibris vultum recondit,
Eridanúsque pudore fusus.
Tun' obdis aures, grex nove, barbaras,

Et nullus audis? Cantibus obstrepens, Ut, quò fatiges verberésque Pulpita, plus spatii lucreris?

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At cui videri prodigium potest

Mentes, quietis tympana publicæ,

Discordiis plenas sonoris

Harmoniam tolerare nullam!

24. De eadem.*

CANTUS facros, profane, mugitus vocas?

Mugire multò mavelim quam rudere.

25. De rituum usu.+

CUM primum ratibus suis nostram Cæsar ad insulam olim appelleret, intuens omnes indigenas loci viventes sine vestibus, O victoria, clamitat, certa, ac perfacilis mini!

Non alio Cathari modo dum fponsam Domini piis orbam ritibus expetunt, atque ad barbariem patrum vellent omnia regredi, illam tegminis insciam prorsus Dæmoni, et hostibus exponunt superabilem.

Atqui vos fecus, O boni, fentire, ac fapere addecet, fi veftros animos regant fcripturæ canones facræ:
Námque hæc, jure, cuipiam veftem non adimi ſuam, fed nudis et egentibus non ſuam tribui jubet.

† Ver. 21.

^{*} Ver. 35.

26. De annulo conjugali.

SED nec conjugii fignum, Melvine, probabis?
Nec vel tantillum pignus habebit amor?
Nulla tibi fi figna placent, è nubibus arcum
Eripe cælesti qui moderatur aquæ.
Illa quidem à nostro non multùm abludit imago,
Annulus et plenus tempore forsan erit.
Sin nebulis parcas et nostro parcito figno,
Cui non absimilis sensus inesse folet.
Scilicet, ut quos ante suas cum conjuge tedas
Merserat in lustris perniciosa Venus,
Annulus hos revocet, sistatque libidinis undas
Legitimi fignum connubiale tori.

27. De Mundis et mundanis.

EX prælio undæ ignísque (si Physicis sides) tranquillus aer nascitur: Sic ex prosano Cosmico et Catharo potest Christianus extundi bonus.

28. De oratione Dominica.*

UAM Christus immortalis innocuo gregi
voce sua dederat,
quis crederet mortalibus
orationem rejici septemplicem,
quæ miseris clypeo
Ajacis est præstantior?
Hæc verba, superos advolaturus thronos
Christus, ut auxilii
nos haud inanes linqueret,
(cùm dignius nil posset aut melius dare)
pignora chara sui
fruenda nobis tradidit.

^{*} Ver. 31.

Quis fic amicum excipiet, ut Cathari Deum, qui renovare facri audent amoris Symbolum? Tu verò quifquis es, cave, nè dum neges improbe verba Dei, te deneget VERBUM Deus.

29. In Catharum quendam.

CUM templis effare, madent sudaria, mappæ, Trux caper alarum, suppara, læna, sagum. Quin populo, clemens, aliquid largire caloris: Nunc sudas solus; cætera turba riget.

30. De lupa lustri Vaticani.*

CALUMNIARUM nec pudor quis nec modus
Nec Vaticanæ defines unquam Lupæ?
Metus inanes! Nos pari prætervehi
Illam Charybdim cautione novimus
Veftramque Scyllam, æquis parati spiculis
Britannicam in Vulpem, inque Romanam Lupam.
Dicti fidem firmabimus Anagrammate.

Roma dabit Oram, Maro, Ramo, Armo, Mora, et Amor.

R OMA, tuum nomen quam non pertransiit Oram,
Cum Latium serrent secula prisca jugum?
Non deerat vel sama tibi, vel carmina samæ,
Unde Maro laudes duxit ad Astra tuas.
At nunc exsucco similis tua gloria Ramo
A veteri trunco et nobilitate cadit.
Laus antiqua et honor perierunt, te velut Armo
Jam deturbârunt tempora longa suo.

Quin tibi jam desperatæ Mora nulla medetur; Qua Fabio quondam sub duce nata salus. Hinc te olim Gentes miratæ odêre vicissim; Et cum sublatâ laude recedit Amor.

31. De Impositione manuum.*

NEC dextra te fugit almi Amoris emblema? Atqui manus imponere integras præftat, Quàm (more vestro) imponere inscio vulgo. Quanto Impositio melior est Impostura?!

32. Supplicum Ministrorum Raptus Κωμωδουμενος.

- A MBITIO Cathari quínque constat Actibus.
 Primò, unus aut alter parum ritus placet.
 Jam repit impietas volatura illico.
- II. Mox displicent omnes. Ubi hoc permanserit
- III. Paulò, secretis mussitans in angulis Quærit recessus. Incalescit sabula,
- IV. Erumpit inde, et continere nescius
- V. Sylvas pererrat. Fibulis dein omnibus
 Præ fpiritu ruptis, quò eas refarciat
 Amstellodamum corripit se. Plaudite.

33. De Auctorum enumeratione.

UO magis invidiam nobis, et crimina confles,
Pertrahis in partes nomina magna tuas;
Martyra, Calvinum, Bezam, doctúmque Bucerum,
Qui tamen in nostros fortiter ire negant.
Whitaker, erranti quem præfers carmine, miles
Assiduus nostræ papilionis erat.
Nos quóque possemus longas conscribere turmas,
Si numero starent prælia, non animis.

Primus adest nobis, Pharisæis omnibus hostis, Christus Apostolici cinctus amore gregis. Tu geminas belli portas, O Petre, repandis, Dum gladium stringens Paulus ad arma vocat. Indè Patres pergunt quadrati, et tota Vetustas. Nempe Novatores quis Veteranus amat? Jam Constantinus multo se milite miscet; Invifamque tuis erigit hasta Crucem. Hipponensis adest properans, et torquet in hostes Lampada, quâ studiis invigilare solet. Téque Deum alternis cantans Ambrofius iram, Immemor antiqui mellis, eundo coquit. Hæc etiam ad pugnam præsens, quâ vivimus, ætas Innumeram nostris partibus addit opem. Quos inter plenuíque Deo, genióque Jacobus Defendit veram mente manuque fidem. Interea ad facrum stimulat facra Musica bellum, Qua fine vos miseri lentiùs itis ope. Militat et nobis, quem vos contemnitis, Ordo, Ordine discerni maxima bella solent. O vos invalidos! Audi quem talibus armis Eventum Naso vidit et admonuit; Una dies Catharos ad bellum miserat omnes: Ad bellum missos perdidit una dies.

34. De auri sacra fame.*

CLAUDIS avaritiâ Satyram; statuísque sacrorum Esse recidendas, Æace noster, opes. Cætera condonabo tibi, scombrisque remittam: Sacrilegum carmen, censeo, slamma voret.

35. Ad Scotiam protrepticon ad Pacem.

SCOTIA, quæ frigente jaces porrecta sub Arcto, Cur adeo immodicâ relligione cales? Anne tuas slammas ipsa Antiperistasis auget, Ut nive torpentes incaluêre manus? Aut ut pruna gelu summo mordaciùs urit,
Sic acuunt zelum frigora tanta tuum?
Quin nocuas extingue faces, precor: unda propinqua est
Et tibi vicinas porrigit æquor aquas;
Aut potiùs Christi sanguis demissius ab alto,
Vicinusque magis nobiliórque sluit:
Nè, si slamma novis adolescat mota slabellis,
Ante diem vestro mundus ab igne ruat.

36. Ad seductos innocentes.

INNOCUÆ mentes, quibus inter flumina mundi Ducitur illimi candida vita fide, Abfit ut ingenuum pungant mea verba pudorem; Perfringunt veftros carmina fola duces. O utinam aut illorum oculi (quod comprecor unum) Vobis, aut illis pectora veftra forent.

37. Ad Melvinum.

TQUI te precor unicè per ipsam, Quæ scripsit numeros, manum; per omnes Musarum calices, per et beatos Sarcasmos quibus artifex triumphas; Quin per Presbyteros tuos; per urbem Quam curto nequeo referre versu: Per charas tibi, nobilésque dextras, Quas subscriptio neutiquam inquinavit; Per quicquid tibi fuaviter probatur; Nè me carminibus nimis dicacem. Aut sævum reputes. Amica nostra est Atque edentula Musa, nec veneno Splenis perlita contumeliofi. Nam si te cuperem secare versu, Totámque evomerem potenter iram Quam aut Ecclefia despicata vobis, Aut læsæ mihi suggerunt Athenæ, (Et quem non stimularet hæc simultas) Jam te funditus igneis Camænis, Et Musa crepitante subruissem : Omnis linea sepiam recusans

Plumbo ducta fuisset æstuanti, Centum stigmatibus tuos inurens Profanos fremitus bonásque sannas: Plùs charta hæc mea delibuta dictis Hæssiset tibi, quam suprema vestis Olim accreverit Herculi surenti: Quin hoc carmine lexicon probrorum Extruxissem, ubi, cum moneret usus, Haurirent tibi tota plaustra Musæ.

Nunc hæc omnia sustuli, tonantes
Affectus sociis tuis remittens.
Non te carmine 1 turbidum vocavi,
Non deridiculumve, sive 2 ineptum,
Non 3 striges, 4 magiámve, vel rotatus,
Non 5 sastus tibi 6 turgidos repono;
7 Errores, 8 maculas, 9 superbiámque,
10 Labes, 11 somniáque, 12 ambitúsque diros,
Tinnitus 13 Berecynthios omittens
Nil horum regero tibi merenti.

Quin te laudibus orno: quippe dico, Cæsar sobrius ad rei Latinæ Unus dicitur advenire cladem: Et tu solus ad Angliæ procellas (Cùm plerúmque tuâ sodalitate Nil sit crassius, impolitios et poëta.

38. Ad eundem.

NCIPIS irridens; stomachans in carmine pergis; Definis exclamans: Tota figura, vale.

39. Ad Seren. Regem.

ECCE pererratas, regum doctifiime, nugas, Quas gens inconfulta, fuis vexata procellis, Libandas nobis, absorbendasque propinat!

1 Verf. 29.	² 2I.	3 33·	4 30.	5 21.
6 193.	7 178.	8 23.	° 129.	¹⁰ 23.
11 59.	12 262.	13 53·		

O cæcos animi fratres! quis vestra fatigat Corda furor, spissaque afflat caligine sensus? Cernite, quàm formosa suas Ecclesia pennas Explicat, et radiis ipsum pertingit Olympum! Vicini populi passim mirantur, et æquos Mentibus attonitis cupiunt addiscere ritus: Angelicæ turmæ nostris se cætibus addunt: Ipse etiam Christus cælo speculatus ab alto Intuitúque uno stringens habitacula mundi, Sola mihi plenos, ait, exhibet Anglia cultus. Scilicet has olim divisas æquore terras Seposuit Divina sibi, cùm conderet orbem, Progenies gemmámque sua quasi pyxide clausit.

O qui Defensor Fidei meritistimus audis, Responde æternům titulo; quoque ordine selix Cœpisti, pergas fimili res texere filo. Obrue ferventes, ruptis conatibus, hostes: Quasque habet aut patulas, aut cæco tramite, moles Hæresis evertas. Quid enim te fallere possit? Tu venas, laticésque omnes quos sacra recludit Pagina, gustâsti, multóque interprete gaudes: Tu Synodósque, Patresque, et quod dedit alta vetustas Haud per te moritura, Scholámque introspicis omnem. Nec transire licet quo mentis acumine findis Viscera naturæ, commistúsque omnibus astris Ante tuum tempus coolum gratissimus ambis. Hac ope munitus fecurior excipis undas. Quas Latii, Catharique movent, atque inter utrasque Pastor agis proprios, medio tutissimus, agnos.

Perge, decus Regum; fic, Augustissime, plures Sint tibi vel stellis laudes, et laudibus anni: Sic pulsare tuas, exclusis luctibus, ausint Gaudia sola sores: sic quicquid somnia mentis Intus agunt, habeat certum meditatio finem; Sic positis nugis, quibus irretita libido Innumeros mergit vitiata mente poetas, Sola Jacobæum decantent carmina nomen.

40. Ad Deum.

UEM tu, summe Deus, semel
Scribentem placido rore beaveris,
Illum non labor irritus
Exercet miserum; non dolor unguium
Morsus increpat anxios;
Non mæret calamus; non queritur caput:
Sed sæcunda počsως
Vis, et vena sacris regnat in artubus
Qualis nescius aggerum
Exundat sluvio Nilus amabili.
O dulcissime spiritus,
Sanctos qui gemitus mentibus inseris
A Te turture desluos,
Quòd scribo, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

VII. INVENTA BELLICA.

E MSTO, AUTOG.

H Mortis longæva fames, venterque perennis!
Quem non Emathius torrens, non fanguine pinguis
Daunia, non fatiat bis ter millesima cædis
Progenies, mundique ætas abdomine tanto
Ingluvieque minor. Quercus habitare feruntur
Prisci, crescentesque una cum prole cavernas;
Hinc tamen excludi mors noluit, ipsaque vitam
Glans dedit, et truncus tectum, et ramalia mortem.
Confluere interea passim ad Floralia pubes
Cæperat, agricolis mentemque et aratra solutis.
Compita fervescunt pedibus, clamoribus æther.
Hîc ubi discumbunt per gramina, salsior unus
Omnia suspendit naso, sociosque lacessit:
Non fert Ucalegon, atque amentata retorquet
Dicta ferox, hærent lateri convitia fixo.

Scinditur in partes vulgus ceu compita, telum Ira facit, mundusque ipse est apotheca suroris, Liber alit rixas, potantibus omnia bina Sunt præter vitam: saxis hic sternitur, alter Ambustis sudibus, pars vitam in pocula fundunt, Bacchantur Lapithæ, furit inconstantia vini, Sanguine quem dederat spolians: primordia belli Hæc suerant, sic Tisiphone virguncula lusit.

Non placuit rudis atque ignara occifio, morti Quæritur ingenium, doctusque homicida probatur. Hinc tyrocinium, parvoque affueta juventus, Fictaque Bellona, et veræ ludibria pugnæ. Instructæque acies, hvemesque in pellibus actæ. Omniaque hæc ut transadigant fine crimine costas Artificesque necis clueant et mortis alumni. Nempe et millenos ad palum interficit hostes Affiduus tyro, fi fit spectanda voluntas. O superi! quis tantum ipsis virtutibus instat, Quantum cædi? adeone unam nos vivere vitam, Perdere sexcentas? crescet tamen hydra nocendi Tristis, ubi ac ferrum tellure reciditur imâ, Fœcundusque chalybs sceleris, jam sanguine tinctus, Expleri nequit, at totum depascitur orbem. Quid memorem tormenta, quibus prius horruit ævum, Balistasque, Onagrosque, et quicquid Scorpio sævus Vel Catapulta potest, Siculique inventa magistri, Angligenûmque arces, gaudentes sanguine Galli Fustibales, fundasque quibus cum numine fretus Stravit Idumæum divinus Titvrus hostem.

Adde etiam currus et cum temone Britanno Arviragum, falcesque obstantia quæque metentes. Quin aries ruit et multâ Demetrius * arte, Sic olim cecidere.

Deerat adhuc vitiis nostris dignissima mundo Machina, quam nullum satis execrabitur ævum; Liquitur ardenti candens fornace metallum, Fusaque decurrit notis aqua serrea sulcis: Exoritur tubus, atque instar Cyclopis Homeri,

^{*} Poliorcates, cog: (thus the manuscript.)

Luscum prodigium, medioque foramine gaudens! Inde rotæ atque axis subeunt, quasi sella curulis, Qua mors ipsa sedens hominum de gente triumphat. Accedit Pyrius pulvis laquearibus Orci Exulis, Infernæ pretiofa tragemata menfæ, Sulphureaque lacu, totaque imbuta Mephiti. Hinc glans adjicitur, non quam ructare vetustas Creditur, ante fatas prono cum vertice fruges. Plumbea glans, livensque suæ quasi conscia noxæ, Purpureus lictor Plutonis, epistola fati Plumbis obfignata, colofque et stamina vitze Perrumpens, Atropi vetulæ marcentibus ulnis, Hæc ubi vincta, subit vivo cum fune minister. Fatalemque levans dextram, qua stupeus ignis Mulcetur vento, accendit cum fomite partem Pulveris inferni, properat, datur ignis, et omnem Materiam vexat, nec jam se continet antro Tifiphone, flamma et fallaci fulmine cincta; Evolat, horrendumque ciet bacchata fragorem. It stridor, cælosque omnes et Tartara findit, Non jam exaudiri quidquam vel mufica fphæræ Vel gemitus Erebi, piceo se turbine volvens, Totamque eructans nubem glans proruit imo Precipitata, cadunt urbes formidine, muri Diffugiunt, fragilisque crepant conacula mundi. Strata iacent toto millena cadavera campo. Uno ictu; non fic pestis, non stella maligno Afflatu perimunt. En Cymba Cocytia turbis Ingemit, et defessus opem jam portitor orat. Nec glans fola nocet, mortem quandoque fufurrat Aura volans, vitamque aer quam paverat, aufert. Dicite vos, Furiæ! qua gaudet origine monstrum? Nox Ætnam, noctemque Chaos genuere priores, Ætna Cacum ignivomum dedit, hic Ixiona Græcis Cantatum, deinde Ixion cum nubibus atris Congrediens genuit monachum, qui limen opacæ Trifte colens sellæ, noctuque et Dæmone plenum Protulit horrendum hoc primum cum pulvere monstrum. Quis monachos mortem meditari, et pulvere tristi Versatos neget? atque humiles queis talia cordi Tam demissa, ipsamque adeo subeuntia terram?

Nec tamen hic mortis rabies stetit; exilit omni Tormento pejor Jesuita, et fulminat orbem, Ridens bombardas miseras, quæ corpora perdunt Non animas; raroque ornantur sanguine regum Obstreperæ stutto sonitu, crimenque fatentes. Sistimus hic, inquit fatum, sat prata biberunt Sanguinis, innocuum tandem luet orbis Abelum.

G. HERBERTE.

VIII. ALIA POEMATA LATINA.

1. Ad auctorem Instaurationis magnæ.

[FRANCISCUM BACON.]

PER strages licet auctorum veterúmque ruinam Ad samæ properes vera Tropæa tuæ, Tam nitidè tamen occidís, tam suaviter hostes, Se quasi donatum sunere quisque putat. Scilicet apponit pretium tua dextera fato, Vulneréque emanat sanguis, ut intret honos. O quam selices sunt, qui tua castra sequuntur, Cum per te sit, res ambitiosa mori.

2. IN HONOREM ILLUSTRISSIMI DOMINI

FRANCISCI DE VERULAMIO VICE-COMITIS STI. ALBANI.

POST EDITAM AB EO INSTAAUR. MAGNUM.

Quotidiano. Nescis, ignare? audies. Dux Notionum; Veritatis Pontisex; Inductionis Dominus; Et Verulamii; Rerum Magister Unicus, at non Artium: Profunditatis Pinus, atque Elegantiæ;

Naturæ Aruspex intimus; Philosophiæ Ærarium, Sequester Experientiæ, Speculationisque ; Æquitatis Signifer ; Scientiarum fub pupillari statu Degentium olim Emancipator: Luminis Promus: Fugator Idolûm, atque Nubium: Collega Solis: Quadra Certitudinis: Sophismatum Mastix: Brutus Literarius. Authoritatis exuens Tyrannidem: Rationis et Sensus Stupendus Arbiter? Repumicator mentis: Atlas Phyficus. Alcide succumbente Stagiritico: Columba Noæ, quæ in vetustate Artibùs Nullum locum requiemque cernens, præstitit Ad se suumque Matris, Arcam regredi. Subtilitatis terebra; Temporis nepos Ex veritate Matre; Mellis Alveus; Mundique et Animarum Sacerdos Unicus; Securifque Errorum : inque Natalibus Granum Sinapis, acre aliis, Crescens sibi O me prope Lassum! Juvate Posteri. GEOR. HERBERT. ORAT. PUB. IN ACADEM. CANTAR.

3. IN OBITUM INCOMPARABILIS

FRANCISCI VICE-COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI,

BARONIS VERULAMII.

DUM longi lentíque gemis sub pondere morbi, Atque hæret dubio tabida vita pede; Quid voluit prudens Fatum, jam sentio tandem: Constat, Aprile uno te potuisse mori: Ut Flos hinc lacrymis, illinc Philomela querelis, Deducant linguæ funera sola tuæ.

4. Comparatio inter munus fummi Cancellariatus et Librum.

MUNERE dum nobis prodes, Libróque futuris,
In laudes abeunt sæcula quæque tuas;
Munere dum nobis prodes, Libróque remotis,
In laudes abeunt jam loca quæque tuas:
Hæ tibi sunt alæ laudum. Cui contigit unquam
Longius æterno, latius orbe decus?

5. Æthiopissa ambit Cestum diversi coloris virum.

QUID mihi fi facies nigra est? hoc, Ceste, colore
Sunt etiam tenebræ, quas tamen optat amor.
Cernis ut exusta semper sit fronte viator;
Ah longum, quæ te deperit, errat iter.
Si nigro sit terra solo, quis despicit arvum?
Claude oculos, et erunt omnia nigra tibi:
Aut aperi, et cernes corpus quas projicit umbras;
Hoc saltem officio sungar amore tui.
Cum mihi sit facies sumus, quas pectore slammas
Jamdudum tacitè delituisse putes?
Dure, negas? O sta mihi præsaga doloris,
Quæ mihi lugubres contribuère genas!

6. In Natales et Pascha concurrentes.

CUM tu, Christe, cadis, nascor; mentémque ligavit Una meam membris horula, téque cruci. O me disparibus natum cum numine fatis! Cur mihi das vitam, quam tibi, Christe, negas? Quin moriar tecum: vitam, quam negligis ipse, Accipe; ni talem des, tibi qualis erat. Hoc mihi legatum tristi si funere præstes, Christe, duplex siet mors tua vita mihi: Atque ibi per te sanctissicer natalibus ipsis, In vitam, et nervos Pascha coæva sluet.

7. AD IOHANNEM DONNE, D.D.

DE UNO SIGILLORUM EIUS, ANCHORA ET CHRISTO.



UOD crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi (Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet) Tuive Christum devocans facundia Ultra loquendi tempus : addit Anchora : Nec hoc abundè est tibi, nisi certæ Anchoræ Addas Sigillum: nempè fymbolum fuæ Tibi dedit unda et terra certitudinis Quondam fessus amor loquens amato Tot et tanta loquens amica; scripsit Tandem et fessa manus, dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta, dolens, lacerando recludi Sanctiùs in regno magni credebat amoris (In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare Sigillum. Munde, fluas fugiásque licet, nos nostráque fixi: Deridet motus fancta Catena tuos

8. IN OBITUM SERENISSIMÆ REGINÆ ANNÆ.

(E LACRYMIS CANTABRIGIENSIBUS.)

OUO te, felix Anna, modo deflere licebit? Cui magnum imperium, gloria major erat : Ecce meus torpens animus succumbit utrique, Cui tenuis fama est, ingeniumque minus. Quis, nisi qui manibus Briareus, oculisque sit Argus, Scribere te dignum vel lacrymare queat? Frustra igitur sudo; superest mihi sola voluptas,

256 ALIA POEMATA LATINA.

Quod calamum excusent Pontus et Astra meum : Namque Annæ laudes cælo scribuntur aperto, Sed luctus noster scribitur Oceano.

9. IN OBITUM HENRICI PRINCIPIS WALLIÆ.*

(EX EPICEDIO CANTABRIGIENSI.)

TE leves (inquam), Parnassia numina, musæ! Non ego vos posthac, hederæ velatus amictu, Somnis nescio queis nocturna ad vota vocabo: Sed nec Cirrhæi saltus, Libethriave arva In mea dicta ruant; non tam mihi pendula mens est. Sic quafi Diis certem, magnos accerfere montes; Nec vaga de summo deducam flumina monte, Qualia parturiente colunt sub rupe sorores: Si quas mens agitet moles (dum pectora fævo Tota stupent luctu) lachrymisque exæstuet æquis Spiritus, hi mihi jam montes, hæc flumina funto: Musa, vale! et tu, Phæbe! dolor mea carmina dicter: Hinc mihi principium: vos, o labentia mentis Lumina, nutantes paullatim acquirite vires, Vivite, dum mortem oftendam: fic tempora vestram Non comedant famam, fic nulla oblivia potent: Quare age, mens! effare, precor, quo numine læfo? Quæ suberant causæ? quid nos committere tantum. Quod non lanigeræ pecudes, non agmina luftrent? Annon longa fames, miseræque injuria pestis Pæna minor fuerat, quam fatum Principis ægrum? Jam felix Philomela, et menti conscia Dido! Felices quos bella premunt et plurimus ensis! Non metuunt ultra; nostra infortunia tantum Fataque, Fortunasque et spem læsere suturam. Quod fi fata illi longam invidere falutem Et patrio regno (sub quo jam Principe nobis

Fuller, in his Church History, Book x. Cent. xvii. fays, "Give me leave to add one more, untranslatable for its elegancy and expressiveness, made by Mr. George Herbert:—

^{&#}x27;Ulteriora timens cum morte pacifcitur Orbis.'"

ALIA POEMATA LATINA. 257

Quid sperare, immo quid non sperare licebat?) Debuit ista pati prima et non nobilis ætas: Aut cita mors est danda bonis aut longa senectus. Sic lætare animos et fic oftendere gemmam Excitat optatus avidos, et ventilat ignem. Quare etiam nuper Pyrii de pulveris ictu Principis innocuam servâstis numina vitam Ut morbi perimant, alioque in pulvere proftet. Phæbe, tui puduit, quum fummo mane redires, Sol fine fole tuo! quum te tum nubibus atris Totum offuscari peteres, ut nocte filenti Humana æternos agerent præcordia questus: Tantum etenim vestras, Parcæ, non slectit habenas Tempus edax rerum, tuque o mors improba fola es Cui cæcas tribuit vires annosa vetustas! Quid non mutatum est? requierunt flumina cursus: Plus etiam veteres cœlum videre remotum : Cur ideo verbis triftes effundere curas Expeto, tanquam hæc fic nostri medicina doloris? Immodicus luctus tacito vorat igne medullas, Ut fluvio currente, vadum sonat, alta quiescunt.

MNUPTA Pallas, nata Diespatre!
Æterna summæ gloria regiæ!
Cui dulcis arrident camænæ
Pieridis Latiæque Musæ.

Cur tela mortis, vel tibi, vel tuis Quacunque gutta temporis imminent? Tantaque propendet statera Regula sanguinolenta sati?

Numne Hydra talis tantaque bellua est Mors tot virorum fordida sanguine Ut mucro rumpatur Minervæ Utque minax superetur Ægis?

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare cærulum Uffisse prono fulmine diceris, Ajacis exesas triremes Præcipitans graviore casu.

258 ALIA POEMATA LATINA.

Tu discidisti Gorgoneas manus Nexas, capillos anguibus oblitos, Furvosque vicisti Gigantem Enceladum, pharetramque Rhœci.

Ceu victa, mufis porrigit herbulas Pennata cæci dextra cupidinis, Non ulla Bellonæ furentis Arma tui metuunt alumni.

Pallas retortis cæfia vocibus Refpondit: Eia! ne metuas precor, Nam fata non justis repugnant Principibus, sed amica siunt.

Ut fi recifis arboribus meis
Nudetur illic lucus amabilis,
Fructufque post mortem recusent
Perpetuos mihi ferre rami.

Dulcem rependent tum mihi tibiam Pulchre renatam ex arbore mortua, Dignamque cœlesti corona Harmoniam dabit inter astra.

X. E MSTO. AUTOG.

CUM petit Infantem Princeps, Grantamque Jacobus, Quifnam horum major fit, dubitatur, amor? Vincit more fuo Noster: nam millibus Infans Non tot abest, quot nos Regis ab ingenio.

XI. E MSTO. AUTOG.

VERO verius ergo quid fit, audi Verum, Gallice, non libenter audis.



The Synagogue

OR THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE SACRED POEMS

AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS IN IMITA
TION OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT

[By Christopher Harvie M.A.]

"Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque proponere." Plin. Sec. lib. 1. Ep. 5.

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

> > LONDON M DCCC L.





Advertisement to the Synagogue.

HE "Synagogue" was first published in 1640,* without the author's name; and the authority for ascribing the work to Christopher Harvey rests upon the following evidence: In the "Complete Angler," chap. v. Walton, after quoting George Herbert, says, "And fince you like these verses of Mr. Herbert's fo well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned divine, that professes to imitate him, and has indeed done so most excellently, hath writ of our Book of Common Prayer; which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am fure no enemy to angling;" then follow the Verses on the Book of Common Prayer, printed in this volume, p. 280, which are subscribed, Ch. Harvie. In the second edition of the "Complete Angler," published in 1653, will be found commendatory verses, addressed to Walton by "Ch. Harvie.

Printed by T. L. for Phil. Stephens, and Christopher Meredith, at the Golden Lion, in St. Paul's Church-yard. The second edition enlarged, was published Lond. 1647, third edit. 1657; fourth, 1661; fifth, 1667; fixth, 1673; seventh, 1679; eighth, 1703; ninth, 1709, and fince with almost every edition of the Temple.

M. of Arts." In the fourth edition of the "Synagogue" are verfes by Walton, addreffed "to my reverend friend, the Author of the Synagogue," wherein he fays,

"I loved you for your Synagogue, before I knew your person, but now love you more."

from these facts there cannot be any doubt that the work is assigned to its true author.

Another work, probably by Ch. Harvie, is entitled 'Schola Cordis;" or the Heart of it Selfe gone away, from God; brought back againe to him; and inftructed by him, in 47 emblems, London, printed for H. Blunden, at the Castle in Cornhill, 1647," 12mo. pp. 196.* In the edition of 1675 it is stated, that they were "written by the Author of the 'Synagogue' annexed to Herbert's Poems;" if so, this volume must be also ascribed to Christopher Harvey; it should, however, be observed, that it has been reprinted two or three times, within the last half century, and ascribed to Francis Quarles, but erroneously.

The only Christopher Harvey that can be traced in both universities, and who probably was our author, is the one mentioned by Anthony Wood, who says "that he was a minister's son of Cheshire, was born in that county, became a battler of Brazen-Nose College, in 1613, aged sixteen years, took the degrees in Arts, that of Master being completed in 1620,

[•] The second edition was printed in 1664; third in 1675; fourth, 1676; the emblems were taken from a work by Benedictus Haestenus, entitled "Schola Cordis sive aversi a deo cordis ad eundem reductio et instructio, Antw. 1635."

[†] B.A. 19th May, 1617; M.A. 10th May, 1620.

holy orders, and at length was made vicar of Clifton in Warwickshire.* His works are these:"

- ΑΦΗΝΙΑΣΤΗΣ: or, the Right Rebel, a Treatise discovering the true Use of the Name by the Nature of Rebellion, with the Properties and Practices of Rebels. Appliable to all, both old and New Phanatics, by Christopher Harvey, Vicar of Clifton, in the county of Warwick. Lond. Printed for R. Royston, Bookseller to his sacred Majesty, 1661, oct. p. 176, besides title, dedication, and presace, eight leaves.†
- II. Faction supplanted: or, a Caveat against the ecclesiastical and secular Rebels, in two Parts. I. A discourse concerning the Nature, Properties, and Practices of Rebels. 2. Against the Inconstancy and inconsistent Contrariety of the same Pretensions and Practices, Principles and Doctrines. Lond. 1663, oct. "penn'd mostly in 1642, and finished 3 Ap. 1645. This book, I suppose (for I have not seen it, or the other,) is the same with the former, only a new title put to it, to make it vend the better. Another book goes under his name, called Conditions of Christianity, printed at Lond. in tw. but that, or any other besides, I have not yet seen." A. Wood, Athenæ Oxon. ed. Blis, v. 3, p. 538.
- III. An edition of The Churches Exercise under Affliction: or an exposition of the LXXXV Plalm, by Mr. Thomas Pierfon, late Rectour of Brompton Brian, in the county of Hereford. London, printed for Philemon Stephens, at the Gilded Lyon in Paul's Church-yard, 1647, with a dedication

^{*} By the kindness of the Rev. J. H. C. Moor, the present rector of Rugby, the following additional particulars of Christopher Harvey have been obtained. He was instituted November 14, 1639. On the 12th of June 1642, were baptized Bridget and Mary, the daughters of Christopher Harvey, clerk, and Margaret, his wife. In September 24, 1643, a son, named Whitney, was baptized, who was buried Oct. 11, in the same year, (he appears to have been named after the patron of the living of Cliston, Sir Robert Whitney, knt. of Whitney, Herefordshire,) another son, named Thomas, was baptized Feb. 22, 1645; and on the 4th of April, 1663, was "buried Mr. Christopher Harvey, vicar of Cliston."

[†] Dedicated to the Hon. Sir Geoffery Palmer, knt. and bart. In the preface the author states that it was sinished April 3, 1645, and the postscript added March 11, 1660.

by Ch. Harvey to his honoured patron, Sir Robert Whitney, knight, and a postfcript to the Christian Reader.*

- IV. An edition of The Great Charter of the Church. Contayning a Catalogue of gracious priviledges granted unto it by the King of Heaven: or an exposition of the LXXXVII Psalm. By Mr. Thomas Pierson, &c. as before, with a dedication by Ch. Harvey, to Lady Anne Whitney.
- v. An edition of Excellent encouragements against afflictions; or Expositions of sour select Psalmes: the XXVII, LXXXIV, LXXXV, and LXXXVII, containing.
 - 1. David's triumph over distresse.

2. David's heart's defire.

- 3. The Churches exercise under affliction.
- 4. The Great Charter of the Church.

By the learned and laborious, faithfull and prudent Minister of God's word, Mr. Thomas Pierson, late Passeur of Brompton-Brien in the county of Hereford [Rom. 15. 4. quoted]. London, printed by John Legatt, for Philemon Stephens; at the gilded Lion in St. Paul's Church-yard, MDCXLVII. 4to.†

^{*} In the dedication of this work, Ch. Harvey fays—" And having long agoe put on almost an obstinate resolution never to fend mine own name to the presse (except it be, as now I do, to bring to light another man's labour)." This expression tends to shew that he was the writer of other works, but to which he did not affix his name.

[†] The first, second, third, sourth, and fifth editions of "The Synagogue" were "printed by T. L. for Philemon Stephens, at the gilded Lion in Paul's Church-yard, 1647," who was the publisher of the three last-mentioned works edited by Christopher Harvey, from which fact, there can be but little doubt that all the foregoing works are by the same author or editor.

To my Reverend friend, the Author of The Synagogue.

SIR,

I LOV'D you for your Synagogue, before
I knew your person; but now love you more;
Because I finde

It is so true a picture of your minde:

Which tunes your facred lyre To that eternal quire, Where holy *Herbert* fits (O shame to prophane wits!)

And fings his and your Anthems, to the praise Of him that is the first and last of dayes.

These holy Hymnes had an Etherial birth;
For they can raise sad souls above the earth,
And fix them there.

Free from the worlds anxieties and fear.

Herbert and you have pow'r To do this: ev'ry hour I read you kills a fin, Or lets a vertue in

To fight against it; and the Holy Ghost Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms,

W'are circumvested with a world of harms.

But I will watch, and ward, And stand upon my guard, And still confult with you And Herbert, and renew

My vows, and fay, Well fare his, and your heart, The Fountains of fuch facred wit and art.

Izaak Walton.

To the Author.

He that doth imitate must comprehend;

Verse, Matter, Order, Titles, Spirit, Wit;

For these all our Church-Poet doth intend,

And he who hath this Imitation writ.

O glory of the time! best English Singer,

Happy both he the Hand and thou the Finger:

R. Langford of Gray's-Inn,

Counsellor of Law.

To his ingenious Friend, the Author of The Synagogue,

Upon his additional Church-utenfils.

SIR,

O the cheap Touch-stone's bold
To question the more noble gold;
As I, at your command,
Put forth my blushing hand
To try these Raptures, sent to my poor Test:
But since your Question's, Are they like the rest?
I say they are the best:
That once conceiv'd, the other is confest.

But, Sir, now they are here,

For to prevent a female jeere,

Thus much affirm I do,

They'r like the father too;

And you like him whose sublime paths you tread,

Herbert! to be like whom, who'd not be dead?

Herbert! whom when I read,

I stoop at stars that shine below my head.

COMMENDATORY VERSES. 267

Herbert! whose every strain
'Twists holy Breasts with happy Brain;
So that who strives to be
As elegant as he
Must climb mount Calvary for Parnassus' hill,
And in his Saviours sides baptize his Quill;
A Jordan fit t' instill
A Saint-like style, back'd with an Angels skill.

He was our Solomon,

And you are our Centurion;

Our Temple him we owe,

Our Synagogue to you:

Where if your piety fo much allow

That structure with these ornaments t' endow,

All good men will avow,

Your Synagogue, built before, is furnisht now.

SIR

WHILE I read your lines, methinks I fpie,
Churches, and Church-men, and the old Hierarchie:
What potent charms are these! you have the knack
To make men young again, and setch time back.
I've lost what was bestow'd on Judahs prince,
And am now where I was thrice five years since.
The mid-space shrunk to nothing, Manners, Men
And Times, and all look, just as they did then.
Rubbish and ruins vanisht, every where
Order and comelinesse afresh appear.
What cannot Poet's do? They change with ease
The face of things, and lead us as they please.
Yet here's no siction neither. We may see
ThelPoet, Prophet; his Verse, Historie.

Jan. 1, 1654.

A. S.



THE SYNAGOGUE.

1. Subterliminare.

IC, cujus Templum? Christi. Quis condidit? Ede. auxiliis?

Condidit Herbertus. Dic, quibus

Auxiliis multis: quibus, baud mibi dicere fas eft. Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.

Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia; protinus obstat Ingenium, dicens, cuncta fuisse sua.

Ars negat, et nibil est non nostrum dicit in illo : Nec facile est litem composuisse mibi.

Divide: Materiam det gratia, materiæque Ingenium cultus induat, arsque modos.

Non: ne displiceat pariter res omnibus ista, Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua.

Nempe pari sibi jure petunt, cultusque, modosque, Materiamque, ars, et gratia, et ingenium.

Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum. De Templo Herberti talia dicta dabit.

In Templo Herbertus condendo est gratia totus, Ars pariter totus, totus et ingenium.

Cedite Romanæ, Graiiæ quoque cedite Musæ; Unum par cunctis Anglia jactat opus.

2. A Stepping stone

To the threshold of Mr. Herbert's Church-Porch.

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

3. The Dedication.

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

But while I had the use, the fruit was mine:

Not so divine
As that I dare presume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe it fell unto the ground:

And fince I found
It bruised in the dirt, nor clean, nor sound.

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

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best,

Accept the rest.

Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest.

4. The Church-yard.

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

5. The Church-stile.

SEEST thou that stile? Observe then how it rises,
Step after step, and equally descends:
Such is the way to winne celestial prizes:
Humility the course begins, and ends.
Wouldst thou in grace to high persections grow?

Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thyself, and God will lift thee up:
Those that exalt themselves he casteth down:
The hungry he invites with him to sup;
And cloaths the naked with his robe and crown.
Think not thou hast, what thou from him wouldst have:

His labour's loft, if thou thyfelf canst save.

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

6. The Church-gate.

EXT to the stile, see where the gate doth stand, Which, turning upon hooks and hinges may Eas'ly be shut, or open'd with an hand:
Yet constant to its center still doth stay;

And fetching a wide compasse round about, Keeps the same course, and distance, never out.

Such must the course be that to heaven tends; He that the gates of righteousnesse would enter, Must still continue constant to his ends, And sixe himself in God, as in his center.

Cleave close to him by faith, then move which way Discretion leads thee, and thou shalt not stray.

We never wander, till we loofe our hold Of him that is our way, our light, our guide: But, when we grow of our own firength too bold, Unhook'd from him, we quickly turn afide.

He holds us up, whilst in him we are found: If once we fall from him we go to ground.

7. The Church-walls.

OW view the walls: the Church is compassed As much for fasety, as for ornament: [round, 'Tis an inclosure, and no common ground; 'Tis Gods free-hold, and but our tenement.

Tenants at will, and yet in taile, we be:

Our children have the same right to't as we.

Remember there must be no gaps left ope,
Where God hath fenc'd, for fear of false illusions.
God will have all, or none: allows no scope
For fins incroachments, or mens own intrusions.
Close binding locks his laws together fast:
He that plucks out the first, pulls down the last.

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

8. The Church.

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

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

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

9. The Church-porch.

OW, e're thou passest further, sit thee down In the Church-porch, and think what thou hast seen;

Let due confideration either crown,
Or crush, thy former purposes. Between
Rash undertakings, and firm resolutions,
Depends the strength, or weaknesse, of conclusions.

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory:
And first resolve of, what thou heardest last,
Sincerity; It blots the history
Of all religious actions, and doth blast
The comfort of them, when in them God sees
Nothing but out-sides of formalities.

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

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

And having giv'n him all, thou must receive All that he gives. Mete his commandment: Resolve that thine obedience must not leave, Until it reach unto the same extent. For all his precepts are of equal strength,

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

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

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

[gain.

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

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate Anothers worth; but deal indifferently: View the defects of thy spiritual state. And others graces, with impartial eye. The more thou deemest of thyself, the lesse

Esteem of thee will all men esse expresse.

Contract thy lesson now, and this is just The sum of all. He that desires to see The sace of God, in his religion must Sincere, entire, constant, and humble be.

If thus resolved, sear not to proceed:
Else the more haste thou mak'st, the worse thou'st
speed.

10. Church-Utenfils.

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

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

11. The Font.

THE Font, I say. Why not? And why not near
To the Church door? Why not of stone?
Is not that blessed fountain open'd here,
From whence that water slows alone,
Which from fin and uncleannesse washeth clear?

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

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

But call it what, and place it where you will:

Let it be made indifferently

Of any form, or matter; yet, untill

The bleffed Sacrament thereby

Impaired be, my hopes you shall not kill.

To want a complement of comlinesse
Some of my comfort may abate,
And for the present make my joy go lesse:
Yet I will hugge mine homely state,
And povertie with patience richly dresse.

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

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

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

12. The reading-Pue.

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

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

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

But why should he, that thinks himself well grown,
Be discontent that such a one,
As knows himself an insant yet, should be
Dandled upon his mothers knee,
And babe-like sed with milk, till he have got
More strength and stomach? Why should not
Nurslings in Church, as well as weanlings, find
Their food sit for them in their proper kinde.

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

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

13. The Book of Common Prayer.

WHAT Pray'r by th' book? and Common?
Yes. Why not?

The fpirit of grace,
And supplication,
Is not left free alone
For time and place;
But manner too. To read, or speak by rote,
Is all alike to him that prayes
With's heart, that with his mouth he sayes.

Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In choosing of the wayes,
Wherein to make
Their souls most intimate affections known
To him that sees in secret, when
Th' are most conceal'd from other men.

They that in private by themselves alone

But he, that unto others leads the way
In publick pray'r,

Should choose to do it so,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not sear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they should have pray'd.

Devotion will adde life unto the letter.

And why should not

That, which Authority

Prescribes, esteemed be

Advantage got?

If th' Pray'r be good, the commoner, the better.

Pray'r in the Churches words, as well

As sense, of all pray'rs bears the bell.

14. The Bible.

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

Or, when he hungry is, for better food
To feed upon,
Than this alone,
If he bring ftomach and digeftion good:
And if he be amisse,
This the best physick is.

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The true Panchreston 'tis for ev'ry fore
And sicknesse, which
The poore, and rich
With equal ease may come by, Yea, 'tis more,

An antidote, as well

As remedie 'gainst hell.

'Tis heaven in perspective, and the blisse
Of glory here,
If any where,
Ry Sainte on any here,

By Saints on earth anticipated is,
Whilst faith to ev'ry word
A being doth afford.

It is the Looking-glasse of souls, wherein
All men may see,
Whether they be
Still as by nature th' are deformed with

Still, as by nature th' are, deform'd with fin;
Or in a better case,
As new adorn'd with grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of spiritual arms, Wherein doth lye Th' artillerie

Of heaven ready charg'd against all harmes, That might come by the blowes Of our infernal foes.

God's Cabinet of reveal'd counsel 'tis:

Where weal and woe

Are order'd so,

That every man may know which shall be his; Unlesse his own mistake False application make. It is the Index to Eternitie.

He cannot misse Of endless blisse,

That takes this chart to steer his voyage by.

Nor can he be mistook,

That speaketh by this Book.

A Book, to which no Book may be compar'd
For excellence;
Preeminence
Is proper to it, and cannot be shar'd.
Divinitie alone
Belongs to it, or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I should Say, God of Books?

Let him that looks

Angry at that expression, as too bold,

His thoughts in silence smother,

Till he finds such another.

15. The Pulpit.

'T IS dinner time: and now I look
For a full meal. God fend me a good cook:
This is the dreffer-bord, and here
I wait in expectation of good chear.
I'm fure the Master of the house
Enough to entertain his guests allows:

Enough to entertain his guests allows: And not enough of some one sort alone, But choice of what best fitteth ev'ry one. God grant me taste and stomach good:

My feeding will diversifie my food;

"Tis a good appetite to eat,

And good digestion, that makes good meat.

The best food in itself will be,

Not sed on well, poyson, not food, to me.

Let him that speaks look to his words; my eare

Must careful be, both what and how I hear.

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

Here the same fountain powreth forth
Water, wine, milk, oyl, honey, and the worth
Of all transcendent, infinite
In excellence, and to each appetite
In fitnesse answerable; so
That none needs hence unsatisfied go,
Whose stomach serves him unto any thing,
That health, strength, comfort, or content can bring.

Yea, dead men here invited are
Unto the bread of life, and whilft they spare
To come and take it, they must blame
Themselves, if they continue still the same.

The body's fed by food, which it Affimilates, and to it felf doth fit: But, that the foul may feed, itfelf must be Transformed to the word, with it agree. To milk the strongest men must be As new born babes, when ever they it see, Desiring, not despising it.

For strong meat babes must stay, and strive to sit
Themselves in time, until they can
Get by degrees (which best beseem a man)
Experience, exercised senses, able
Good to discerne from evil, truth from sable.

Here I will wait then; till I see
The steward reaching out a mess for me:
Resolve I'll take it thankfully,
What e'er it be, and seed on't heartily.
Although no Benjamins choice messe,
Five times as much as others, but far less:

Five times as much as others, but far less;
Yea, if it be but a basket full of crums,
I'll blesse the hand, from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited guest, I will
Be bold, but mannerly withall, sit still
And see what th' Master of the feast
Will carve unto me, and account that best
Which he doth choose for me, not I
My self desire: yea, though I should espy

My felf defire: yea, though I should espy Some fault in th' dressing, in the dishing, or The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be wholesom, though The sawce shall not be toothsome, I'll not go Empty away, and starve my soul,

To feed my foolish phancy; but controule My appetite to dainty things, Which oft instead of strength diseases brings: But, if my Pulpit-hopes shall all prove vain, I'll back unto the reading Pue again.

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16. The Communion Table.

HERE stands my banquet ready, the last course,
And best provision,
That I must feed upon,
Till death my soul and body shall divorce,
And that I am
Call'd to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, some the holy Table.

The name I stick not at,

Whether't be this, or that,
I care not much, so that I may be able

Truly to know

Both why it is, and may be called so.

And for the matter whereof it is made,

The matter is not much,

Although it be of tuch,

Or wood, or mettal, what will last, or fade;

So vanitie

And superstition avoided be.

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

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

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

At a Communion I wish I might
Have no cause to suspect
Any, the least, defect
Of unity and peace, either in fight
Apparently,
Or in mens hearts concealed secretly.

That, which ordained is to make men one,

More than before they were,

Should not it felf appear,

Though but appeare, diffinctly divers. None

Too much can fee

Of what, when most, yet but enough can be.

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

17. Communion Plate.

To bring this body, and this blood, to us
Is more,
Then to crown Kings,
Or be made rings,
For star-like diamonds to glitter in.

No precious ftones are meet to match this bread
Divine.

Spirits of pearles diffolved would but dead
This wine.
This heav'nly food
Is too too good
To be compar'd to any earthly thing.

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

Although 'tis true, that fanctitie's not ty'd
To state,
Yet sure religion should not be envy'd
The fate
Of meaner worth,

To be set forth As best becomes the service of a King.

A King, unto whose crosse all Kings must vail Their crowns,

And at his beck in their full course strike sail: Whose frowns

And fmiles give date Unto their fate.

And doom them, either unto weale, or woe.

A King, whose will is justice: and whose word Is pow'r,

And wisdom both. A King, whom to afford
An how'r

Of service truly Perform'd, and duly,

Is to bespeak eternitie of bliss.

When such a King offers to come to me As food,

Shall I fuppose his carriages can be Too good?

> No: Stars to gold Turn'd, never could

Be rich enough, to be employed fo.

If I might wish, then I would have this bread, This wine,

Veffel'd in what the Sun might blush to shed

When he should see: But, till that be,

I'll rest contented with it, as it is.

18. Church-officers.

STAY. Officers in Church? Take heed: it is
A tender matter to be touch't.

If I chance to fay any thing amifs,
Which is not fit to be avouch't,
I must expect whole swarms of waspes to sting me,
Few, or no bees, honey or wax, to bring me.

Some would have none in Church do any thing
As Officers, but gifted men;
Others into the number more would bring,
Than I fee warrant for: So then,
All that I fay, 'tis like, will cenfur'd be,
Through prejudice, or partialitie.

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

19. The Sexton.

THE Churches key-keeper opens the door,
And shuts it, sweeps the floor,
Rings bells, digs graves, and fills them up again;
All Emblemes unto men,
Openly owning Christianitie,
To marke, and learn many good lessons by.

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

Cleanse thou our fin-soyl'd soules from th' dirt and dust
Of ev'ry noysome lust,
Brought in by the soule seet of our affections:
The beesome of afflictions,
With th' blessing of thy spirit added to it.
If thou be pleas'd to say it shall, will do it.

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

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

20. The Cleark.

THE Churches Bible-Cleark attends
Her Utenfils, and ends
Her prayers with Amen;
Tunes Pfalms, and to the Sacraments
Brings in the Elements,
And takes them out again;
Is humble-minded, and industrious handed,
Doth nothing of himself, but as commanded.

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

Pfalms then are alwayes tuned best,
When there is most exprest
The holy penmans heart:
All Musick is but discord, where
That wants, or doth not bear
The first and chiefest part.
Voices, without affections answerable,
When best, to God are most abominable.

Though in the bleffed Sacraments
The outward Elements

Are but as husks and shells;
Yet he that knows the kernels worth,
If even those send forth
Some Aromatick smels,
Will not esteem it waste, lest, Judas-like,
Through Maries side he Christ himself should strike.

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

21. The Overseer of the Poor.

THE Churches Almoner takes care, that none
In their necessity
Shall unprovided be
Of maint'nance, or imployment; those alone,
Whom carelesse idleness,
Or riotous excesse,
Condemnes to needlesse want, he leaves to be
Chasten'd a while by their own povertie.

Thou, gracious Lord, rich in thy felf, dost give
To all men lib'rally,
Upbraiding none. Thine eye
Is open upon all. In thee we live,

We move, and have our being:

But there is more than feeing.

For th' poor with thee: they are thy special charge;

To them thou dost thine heart and hand enlarge.

Four forts of poor there are, with whom thou deal'st.

Though alwayes diff'rently,

With such indiff'rency,

That none hath reason to complain: thou heal'st
All those whom thou dost wound:
If there be any found

Hurt by themselves, thou leav'st them to endure The pain, till th' pain render them sit for cure.

Some in the world are poor, but rich in faith:

Their outward poverty A plentiful fupply

Of inward comforts and contentments hath.

And their estate is blest, In this above the rest,

It was thy choyce, whilst thou on earth did'st stay, And had'st not whereupon thy head to lay.

Some poor in spirit in the world are rich,
Although not many such:
And no man needs to grutch

Their happinesse, who to maintain that pitch,

Have an hard task in hand, Not eas'ly can withstand,

The strong temptations that attend on riches: Mountains are more expos'd to stormes than ditches-

Some rich in th' world are sp'ritually poor, And destitute of grace, Who may perchance have place
In the Church upon earth; but heavens door
Too narrow is t' admit
Such camels in at it,
Till they fell all they have, that field to buy,
Wherein the true treasure doth hidden ly.

Some spiritually poor, and destitute

Of grace in th' world are poor,
Begging from door to door,
Accursed both in Gods and mans repute,
Till by their miseries
Tutor'd they learn to prize
Hungering and thirsting after righteousnesse,
Whilst they're on earth, their greatest happinesse.

Lord, make me poor in spirit, and relieve
Me how thou wilt thyself,
No want of worldly pelf
Shall make me discontented, fret and grieve.
I know thine almes are best:
But, above all the rest,
Condemne me not unto the hell of riches,
Without thy grace to countercharme the witches.

22. The Church-warden.

THE Churches guardian takes care to keep Her buildings alwayes in repaire, Unwilling that any decay should creep On them, before he is aware. Nothing defac'd, Nothing displac'd

He likes; but most doth long and love to see The living stones order'd as they should be.

Lord, thou not only super-visor art

Of all our works, but in all those,

Which we dare own, thine is the chiefest part;

For there is none of us, that knows

How to do well; Nor can we tell

What we should doe, unlesse by thee directed: It prospers not that's by our selves projected.

That which we think our felves to mend, we marre,
And often make it tenne times worse:

Reforming of religion by warre

Is th' chymick bleffing of a curse.

Great odds it is
That we shall misse

Of what we looked for: Thine ends cannot By any but By thine own means be got.

'Tis strange we so much dote upon our own
Desormitie, and others scorne:
As if our selves were beautiful alone:

When that which did us most adorne

We purposely Choose to lay by.

Such decency and order, as did place us In high'ft efteem, and guard as well as grace us.

Is not thy daughter glorious within,

When cloath'd in needle-work without?

Or is't not rather both their shame and sin, That change her robe into a clout, Too narrow, and Too thin, to stand Her need in any stead, much lesse to be

An ornament fit for her high degree.

Take pitty on her, Lord, and heal her breaches; Cloath all her enemies with shame: All the despight that's done unto her reaches To the dishonour of thy name. Make all her fons Rich precious stones,

To shine each of them in his proper place, Receiving of thy fulnesse grace for grace.

23. The Deacon.

THE Deacon! That's the Minister. True, taken gen'rally; And without any finister Intent, uf'd specially, Hee's purposely ordain'd to Minister, In facred things, t' another officer.

At whose appointment, in whose stead, He doth what he should do, In fome things, not in all: is led By law, and custom too. Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he Thinks this fufficient authority:

Loves not to vary, when he fees
No great necessitie;
To what's commanded he agrees,
With all humilitie;
Knowing how highly God submission prizes,
Pleaf'd with obedience more than sacrifices.

Lord, thou did'ft of thy felf professe

Thou wast as one that serv'd,

And freely chosest to go lesse,

Though none so much deserv'd.

With what face can we then resuse to be

Entred thy servants in a low degree?

Thy way to exaltation
Was by humilitie;
But we, proud generation,
No diff'rence of degree
In holy orders will allow, nay more,
All holy orders would turn out of door.

But, if thy precept cannot doe't,

To make us humbly ferve,

Nor thy example added to't,

If still from both we swerve,

Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,

How t' use the office of a Deacon well.

Which by the blessing of thy spirit,

Whom thou hast left to be
Thy vicar here, we may inherit,

And minister to thee,
Though not so well as thou may'st well expect,
Yet so, as thou wilt pleased be t' accept.

24. The Priest.

THE Priest, I say, the Presbyter, I mean,
As now-adays hee's call'd
By many men: but I choose to retain
The name wherewith instal'd
He was at first in our own mother tongue:
And doing so, I hope, I do no wrong.

The Prieft, I fay, 's a middle Officer,
Between the Bishop and
The Deacon; as a middle officer,
Which in the Church doth stand
Between God and the people, ready prest
In the behalf of both to do his best.

From him to them offers the promifes
Of mercy which he makes;
For them to him doth all their faults confesse,
Their pray'rs and praises takes;
And offers for them, at the throne of grace,
Contentedly attending his own place.

The word and facraments, the means of grace,
He duly doth dispense,
The slourishes of falsehood to deface,
With truths clear evidence;
And fins usurped tyranny suppresse,
By advancing righteousnesse, and holinesse.

The publick censures of the Church he sees
To execution brought:

But nothing rashly of himself decrees,

Nor covets to be thought

Wifer than his superiours; whom alwayes
He actively, or passively obeys.

Lord Jesus, thou the Mediatour art
Of the new Testament,
And fully did'st perform thy double part
Of God and man, when sent
To reconcile the world, and to attone
'Twixt it and heaven, of two making one.

Yea, after the order of Melchisedeck,

Thou art a Priest for ever.

With persect righteousness thyself do'st deck,

Such as decayeth never.

Like to thy self make all thy Priests on earth,
Bless'd fathers to thy sons of th' second birth.

Thou cam'ft to do the will of him that fent thee,
And didft his honour feek

More than thine own: well may it then repent thee,
Being thy felf so meek,
To have admitted them into the place
Of sons, that feek their fathers to disgrace,

Lord, grant that the abuse may be reform'd,

Before it ruine bring

Upon thy poor despised Church, transform'd

As if it were no such thing:

Thou that the God of order art, and peace,

Make curs'd consussion and contention cease.

25. The Bishop.

THE Bishop? Yes, why not? What doth that name
Import that is unlawful, or unsit?
To say the Overseer is the same
In substance, and no hurt, I hope, in it:
But sure if men did not despise the thing,
Such scorn upon the name they would not fling.

Some Priefts, some Presbyters, I mean, would be Each Overseer of his sev'rall cure;
But one superiour, to oversee
Them all together, they will not endure:
This the maine diff'rence is, that I can see,
Bishops they would not have, but they would be.

But who can show of old that ever any
Presbyteries without their Bishops were:
Though Bishops without Presbyteries many,
At first must needs be, almost every where?
That Presbyters from Bishops first arose,
T' affist them, 's probable, not these from those.

However, a true Bishop I esteem
The highest officer the Church on earth
Can have, as proper to it felf, and deem
A Church without one an impersect birth,
If constituted so at first, and maimed,
If whom it had, it afterwards disclaimed.

All order first from unitie ariseth,
And th' essence of it is subordination:
Who ever this contemnes, and that despiseth,
May talk of, but intends not, reformation.
'Tis not of God, of nature, or of art,
T' ascribe to all what's proper to one part.

To rule and to be ruled are diffinct,
And sev'rall duties, sev'rally belong
To sev'ral persons, can no more be link't
In all together, than amidst the throng
Of rude unruly passions, in the heart,
Reason can see to act her soveraigne part.

But a good Bishop, as a tender father,
Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd;
And rev'renc'd by it, so much the rather,
By how much he delighted more to lead
All by his own example in the way,
Than punish any, when they go astray.

Lord, thou the Bishop, and chief Shepherd, art Of all that flock, which thou hast purchased With thine own blood: to them thou do'st impart The benefits which thou hast merited, Teaching, and ruling, by thy blessed spirit,

Their fouls in grace, til glory they inherit:

The stars which thou dost hold in thy right hand,
The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
Clearly thy holy will to understand,
And do accordingly: Let no defect
Nor fault, no not in our New Prelaticks,
Provoke thee to remove our candle-sticks;

But, let thy Urim and thy Thummim be Garments of praise t' adorne thine holy ones: Light and persection let all men see Brightly shine forth in those rich precious stones; Of whom thou wilt make a foundation, To raise thy new Hierusalem upon.

And, at the brightnesse of its rising, let
All nations with thy people shout for joy:
Salvation for walls and bulwarks set
About it, that nothing may it annoy.
Then the whole world thy diocesse shall be,
And Bishops all but Suffragans to Thee.

26. Church Festivals.

MARROW of time, Eternitie in brief
Compendiums Epitomiz'd, the chief
Contents the Indices the Title-pages
Of all past, present, and succeeding ages,
Sublimate graces, antidated glories,
The cream of holinesse,

The inventories
Of future bleffednesse,
The Florilegia of celestial stories,
Spirits of joyes, the relishes and closes
Of Angels musick, pearls dissolved, roses
Perfumed, sugar'd honey-combs, delights

Never too highly priz'd, The marriage rites, Which duly folemniz'd Usher espoused souls to bridal nights, Gilded fun-beams, refined Elixirs, And quintessential extracts of stars: Who loves not you, doth but in vain profess That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness.

27. The Sabbath, or Lords Day.

Vaile

HAILE Holy King of dayes, The Emperour, Or universal [weeks Monarch of time, the Perpetual Dictatour. Thy Beauty Far exceeds The reach of art. To blazon fully;

And I thy light eclipse, When I most strive to raise Alone, are fit to praise

[thee.

What Nothing Else can be, Thou only art; Th' extracted spirit Of all Eternitie. By favour antidated.

Wholly To thy praise, For evermore Must the reherfal Of all, that honour seeks, Under the worlds creator. My Duty Yet must needs Yield thee mine heart, And that not dully:

Tthee. That Slow thing Time by thee Hath got the start, And doth inherit That immortalitie Which fin anticipated,

Spirits of fouls, not lips

O
That I
Could lay by
This body fo,
That my foul might be
Incorporate with thee,
And no more to fix daies owe.

28. The Annunciation, or Lady-Day.

UNTO the musick of the speares
Let men, and Angels, joyn in concert theirs.

So great a messenger
From heaven to earth
Is seldom seen,
Attir'd in so much glory;
A message welcomer,
Fraught with more mirth,
Hath never been
Subject of any story:
This by a double right, if any may
Be truly stil'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er cost
So dear, by much, as to redeem it lost.
God said but, Let it be,
And ev'ry thing
Was made straightway,
So as he saw it good:

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But e're that he could see
A course to bring
Man gone astray
To the place where he stood,
His wisdom with his mercy, for mans sake,
Against his justice part did take.

And the refult was this day's news
Able the meffenger himfelf t' amufe,
As well as her, to whom
By him 'twas told,
That though she were
A Virgin pure, and knew
No man, yet in her womb
A son she should
Conceive and bear,
As sure as God was true.
Such high place in his favour she possessed,
Being among all women blessed.

But bleft especially in this,
That she beleev'd, and for eternal blisse
Reli'd on him, whom she
Her self should bear,
And her own son
Took for her Saviour.
And if there any be,
That when they hear,
As she had done,
Suit their behaviour,
They may be blessed, as she was, and say,
'Tis their Annunciation-day.

29. The Nativity, or Christmas-Day.

NFOLD thy face, unmask thy ray, Shine forth bright fun, double the day. Let no malignant misty fume, Nor foggy vapour, once presume To interpose thy perfect fight This day, which makes us love thy light For ever better, that we could That bleffed object once behold, Which is both the circumference. And center of all excellence: Or rather neither, but a treasure Unconfined without measure. Whose center, and circumference, Including all preheminence, Excluding nothing but defect, And infinite in each respect, Is equally both here and there, And now, and then, and ev'ry where, And alwayes, one, himself, the same. A being far above a name. Draw nearer then, and freely powre Forth all thy light into that houre, Which was crowned with his birth. And made heaven envy earth. Let not his birth-day clowded be,

Let not his birth-day clowded be, By whom thou shinest, and we see.

30. The Circumcifion, or New-Years Day.

SORROW betide my fins! Must smart so soon
Seize on my Saviours tender slesh scarce grown
Unto an eighth daies age?
Can nothing else asswage
The wrath of heaven, but his infant-blood,

Is this thy welcome to the world great God!

No fooner born, but subject to the rod

Of fin-incensed wrath?

Alas, what pleasure hath

Thy Fatheres justice to begin thy passion,

Almost together with thine incarnation?

Innocent Infant, infinitely good!

Is it to antidate thy death? T' indite
Thy condemnation himself, and write
The copy with thy blood,
Since nothing is so good,
Or, is't by this experiment to try,
Whether thou beest born mortal, and canst dye?

If man must needs draw blood of God, yet why
Stayes he not till thy time be come to dye?

Did'st thou thus early bleed

For us to shew what need

We have to hasten unto thee as fast;

And learn that all the time is lost that's past?

'Tis true we should do so: Yet in this blood
There's something else, that must be understood;
It seales thy covenant,

That so we may not want Witnesse enough against thee, that thou art Made subject to the Law, to act our part.

The sacrament of thy regeneration
It cannot be; It gives no intimation
Of what thou wert, but we:
Native impurity;
Original corruption, was not thine,
But onely as thy righteousnesse is mine.

In holy Baptism this is brought to me,
As that in Circumcision was to thee:
So that thy losse and pain
Do prove my joy and gain.
Thy Circumcision writ thy death in blood:
Baptism in water seales my livelihood.

O bleffed change! Yet, rightly understood, That blood was water, and this water's blood.

What shall I give again,
To recompense thy pain?
Lord, take revenge upon me for this smart:
To quit thy fore-skin, circumcise my heart.

31. The Epiphany, or Twelfth-day.

REAT, without controversie great,
They that do know it will confesse
The mystery of godlinesse;
Whereof the Gospel doth intreat.

God in the flesh is manifest,
And that which hath for ever been
Invisible, may now be seen,
Th' eternal deity new drest.

Angels to shepherds brought the news:
And Wise men, guided by a Star,
To seek the sun, are come from far:
Gentiles have got the start of Jews.

The stable and the manger hide
His glory from his own; but these
Though strangers, his resplendent rays
Of majesty divine have spy'd.

Gold, frankincense, and myrrhe, they give; And worshipping him plainly show, That unto him they all things owe, By whose free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a vaile of flesh, The sun of righteousnesse appears, Melting cold cares, and frosty fears, And making joyes spring up afresh. O that his light and influence, Would work effectually in me Another new Epiphany, Exhale, and elevate me hence:

That, as my calling doth require, Star-like, I may to others shine; And guide them to that sunne divine, Whose day-light never shall expire.

32. The Passion, or Good Friday.

THIS day my Saviour dy'd: and do I live?
What hath not forrow flain me yet?
Did the immortal God vouchsafe to give
His life for mine, and do I set
More by my wretched life, than he by his,
So full of glory, and of blisse?

Did his free mercy, and meer love to me,
Make him forfake his glorious throne,
And mount a croffe, the stage of infamy,
That so he might not dye alone;
But dying suffer more through grief and shame,
Than mortal men have pow'r to name?

And can ingratitude so far prevail,

To keep me living still? Alas!

Methinks some thorne out of his crown, some naile,
At least his speare, might pierce, and passe

Thorow, and thorow, till it riev'd mine heart,
As the right death-deserving part.

And doth he not expect it should be so?

Would he lay down a price so great,

And not look that his purchases should grow

Accordingly? Shall I deseat

His just desire? O no, it cannot be:

His death must needs be death to me.

My life's not mine, but his: for he did dye
That I might live: yet dyed fo,
That being dead he was alive; and I
Thorow the gates of death must go
To live with him: yea, to live by him here
Is a part in his death to bear.

Dye then, dull foul, and if thou canst not dye,
Dissolve thyself into a sea
Of living teares, whose streams may ne'r go dry.
Nor turned be another way,
Till they have drown'd all joyes, but those alone,
Which forrow claimeth for its own.

For forrow hath its joyes: and I am glad
That I would grieve, if I do not:
But, if I neither could, nor would, be fad
And forrowful, this day, my lot
Would be to grieve for ever, with a grief
Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that, which he griev'd for me,
A greater grief than can be told:
And like my grief for him no grief should be,
If I could grieve so, as I would:
But what I would, and cannot, he doth see,
And will accept, that dy'd for me.

Lord, as thy grief and death for me are mine,
For thou hast given them unto me;
So my desires to grieve and dye are thine,
For they are wrought onely by thee.
Not for my sake then, but thine own, be pleased
With that, which thou thyself hast rais'd.

33. The Refurrection, or Easterday.

P, and away,
Thy Saviour's gone before.
Why dost thou stay,

Dull foul? behold, the door
Is open, and his precept bids thee rife,
Whose pow'r hath vanquish't all thine enemies.

Say not, I live,

Whil'st in the grave thou ly'st:

He that doth give

Thee life would have thee prize't More highly than to keep it bury'd, where Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottennesse,

And dust so pleasant to thee,

That happinesse,

And heaven, cannot wooe thee, To shake thy shackles off, and leave behind thee Those fetters, which to death and hell do bind thee?

In vain thou fay'st,

Th' art bury'd with thy Saviour,

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If thou delay'st,

To shew, by thy behaviour, That thou art risen with him; Till thou shine Like him, how canst thou say his light is thine?

Early he rose,

And with him brought the day,

Which all thy foes

Frighted out of the way:
And wilt thou fluggard-like turn in thy bed,
Till noon-fun beams draw up thy drowfie head?

Open thine eyes,
Sin-seised soul, and see
What cobweb-tyes

They are, that trammel thee; Not profits, pleasures, honours, as thou thinkest; But losse, pain, shame, at which thou vainly winkest.

All that is good

Thy Saviour dearly bought With his hearts blood:

And it must there be sought, Where he keeps residence, who rose this day: Linger no longer then; up, and away.

34. The Ascension, or Holy Thursday.

MOUNT, mount, my foul, and climbe, or rather
With all thy force on high,
Thy Saviour rose not onely, but ascended;

And he must be attended
Both in his conquest and his triumph too.
His gloryes strongly wooe
His graces to them, and will not appear
In their full lustre, until both be there,

Where he now fits, not for himself alone,
But that upon his throne
All his redeemed may attendants be,
Robed, and crown'd as he.
Kings without courtiers are lone men, they say;
And do'ft thou think to stay
Behind on earth, whilst thy King reignes in heaven,
Yet not be of thy happinesse bereaven?

Nothing that thou canst think worth having's here.

Nothing is wanting there,

That thou canst wish, to make thee truly blest.

And, above all the rest,

Thy life is hid with God in Jesus Christ,

Higher than what is high'st.

O grovel then no longer here on earth,

Where mis'ry ev'ry moment drowns thy mirth.

But towre, my foul, and foare above the skyes,
Where thy true treasure lies.
Though with corruption, and mortality
Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be;
Yet thy sleet thoughts, and sprightly wishes, may
Speedily glide away.
To what thou canst not reach, at least aspire,
Ascend, if not in deed, yet in desire.

35. Whitfunday.

AY, startle not to hear that rushing winde,
Wherewith this place is shaken:
Attend awhile, and thou shalt quickly find,
How much thou art mistaken;
If thou think here
Is any cause of fear.

See'ft thou not how on those twelve rev'rend heads
Sit cloven tongues of fire?

And as the rumor of that wonder spreads,
The multitude admire
To see it: and

Yet more amazed stand

To hear at once so great variety
Of language from them come,
Of whom they dare be bold to say they be
Bred no where but at home,
And never were
In place such words to hear.

Mock not, prophane despisers of the spirit,
At what's to you unknown:
This earnest he hath sent, who must inherit
All nations as his own:
That they may know
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is ascended up on high
To his celestial throne,
And hath led captive all captivity,
Hee'll not receive alone,
But likewise give
Gifts unto all that live;

To all that live by him, that they may be,
In his due time, each one,
Partakers with him in his victory,
Nor he triumph alone;
But take all his
Unto him where he is.

To fit them for which bleffed state of glory,
This is his agent here:
To publish to the world that happy story,
Alwayes, and every where,
This resident
Embassadour is sent.

Heavens legier upon earth to counter-work
The mines that Satan made,
And bring to light those enemies, that lurk
Under fins gloomy shade:
That hell may not
Still boast what it hath got.

Thus Babels curse, confusion, is retriev'd;
Diversity of tongues
By this division of the sp'rit reliev'd:
And to prevent all wrongs,
One faith unites
People of diff'rent rites.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

O let his intertainment then be fuch,
As doth him best besit:
Whatever he requireth think not much
Freely to yield him it:
For who doth this
Reapes the first-fruits of blisse.

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36. Trinity Sunday.

RACE, wit, and art, affift me; for I see
The subject of this dayes solemnity
So far excels in worth,

That fooner may I drain the fea, Or drive the day With light away, fully fet it forth.

Than fully fet it forth, Except you joyn all three to take my part, And chiefly grace fill both my head and heart.

Stay, busie soul, presume not to enquire
Too much of what Angels can but admire,
And never comprehend:

The Trinity
In Unity,

And Unity In Trinity,

All reason doth transcend. God Father, Sonne God, and God holy Ghost Who most admireth, magnifieth most. And who most magnifies best understands, And best expresset what the heads, and hands,

And hearts, of all men living,

When most they try To glorifie, And raise on high, Fall short, and lie,

Groveling below: Mans giving
Is but restoring by retail, with losse,
What from his God he first receiv'd in grosse.

Faith must perform the office of invention, And Elocution, struck with apprehension Of wonder silence keep.

> Not tongues, but eyes Lift to the skies In reverend wise, Best solemnize

This day: whereof the deep Mysterious subject lies out of the reach Of wit to learn, much more of art to teach.

Then write Nón ultra here; Look not for leave To speak of what thou never canst conceive

Worthily, as thou shouldest:

And it shall be Enough for thee, If none but he Himself doth see,

Though thou canst not, thou wouldest Make his praise glorious, who is alone Thrice blessed one in three, and three in one.

37. Invitation.

TURN in, my Lord, turn in to me;
Mine heart's an homely place;
But thou canst make corruption slee,
And fill it with thy grace:
So furnished it will be brave,
And a rich dwelling thou shalt have.

It was thy lodging once before,

It builded was by thee:
But I to fin fet ope the door,

It render'd was by me.
And so thy building was defac'd,
And in thy roome another plac'd.

But he usurps, the right is thine:

O disposses him, Lord.

Do thou but say, this heart is mine,

He's gone at the first word.

Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,

Thy time is alwayes; now's mine hour.

Now say to fin, depart:
And, son give me thine heart.

Thou, that by saying, Let it be, didst make it,
Canst, if thou wilt, by saying, Give't me, take it.

38. Comfort in Extremity.

A LAS! my Lord is going,
Oh my woe!
It will be mine undoing;
If he go,
I'll run and overtake him:
If he stay,
I'll cry aloud, and make him
Look this way.
O stay, my Lord, my love, 'tis I;
Comfort me quickly, or I dye.

Cheer up thy drooping spirits,

I am here.

Mine all-sufficient merits

Shall appear

Before the throne of glory

In thy stead:

I'll put into the story

What I did.

Lift up thine eyes, sad soul, and see
Thy Saviour here. Loe, I am he.

Alas! shall I present

My sinfulnesse

To thee? thou wilt resent

The loathsomenesse.

Be not afraid, Pll take

Thy sinnes on me,

And all my favour make

To Shine on thee.

Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou must make me.
As I bave made thee now, I take thee.

39. Resolution and Assurance.

CRD, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?

Beshrew that not:

It was my fin begot

That question first: Yes, Lord, thou wilt:

Thy blood was spilt

To wash away my guilt,

Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?

Beshrew that not.

'Twas deaths accurfed plot

To put that question; Yes, I will,

Lord, love theo still,

In spite of all my ill.

Then life, and love continue still

We shall, and will,

My Lord and I, untill, In his celestial hill,

We love our fill,

When he hath purged all mine ill.

40. Vows broken and renewed.

SAID I not fo, that I would fin no more?
Witnesse my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the score:
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do? Make vows, and break them still?
'Twill be but labour lost;
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The bus nesses will be cross.

O, fay not so: thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length:
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that's past.
Vow, whilst thou canst: while thou canst vow, thou
may'st
Perhaps performe it, when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,
Whilst he permits thee but to call:
Call to thy God for grace to keep
Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.

Then once again
I vow to mend my ways;
Lord, fay Amen,
And thine be all the praise.

41. Confusion.

O! HOW my mind
Is gravell'd!
Not a thought,
That I can find,
But's ravel'd
All to nought.

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Short ends of threads,

And narrow shreds

Of lifts,

Knots inarled ruffes,

Loose broken tufts

Of twifts,

Are my torne meditations ragged cloathing, Which wound, and woven shape a sute for nothing: One while I think, and then I am in pain To think how to unthink that thought again.

How can my foul

But famish

With this food?

Pleasures full bowl,

Tastes rammish,

Taints the blood.

Profit picks bones,

And chewes on stones

That choak:

Honour climbs hills,

Fats not, but fills

With smoak.

And whilst my thoughts are greedy upon these, They passe by pearles, and stoop to pick up pease. Such wash and draffe is fit for none but swine:

And fuch I am not, Lord, if I am thine.

Cloath me anew, and feed me then afresh; Else my soul dies samish't, and starv'd with slesh.

42. A Paradox.

The worse the better.

WELCOME mine health: this fickness makes

Med'cines adieu: [me well.

When with diseases I have lift to dwell,

I'll wish for you.

Welcome my strength: this weakness makes me able.

Powers adiew:

When I am weary grown of standing stable, I'll wish for you.

Welcome my wealth, this loss hath gain'd me more.

Riches adiew:

When I again grow greedy to be poor, I'll wish for you.

Welcome my credit: this difgrace is glory.

Honours adiew:

When for renown, and fame I shall be forry, I'll wish for you.

Welcome content: this forrow is my joy.

Pleasures adieu:

When I defire fuch griefes as may annoy, I'll wish for you.

Health, strength, and riches, credit, and content, Are spared best, sometimes, when they are spent: Sicknesse and weaknesse, losse, disgrace, and forrow, Lend most sometimes, when they most seem to borrow. Blest be that hand, that helps by hurting, gives By taking, by forsaking, me, relieves. If in my fall my rising be thy will, Lord, I will say, The worse the better still. I'll speak the Paradox, maintain thou it, And let thy grace supply my want of Wit.

Leave me no learning that a man may see, So I may be a scholler unto thee.

43. Inmates.

And full of spacious roomes on every fide,
That viewing it I thought I might do well,
Rather than keep it void, and make no gain,
Of what I could not use, to entertain
Such guests as came: I did; But what befel
Me quickly in that course, I figh to tell.

A guest I had (alas! I have her still)
A great big-belly'd guest, enough to sill
The vast content of hell, Corruption.
By intertaining her, I lost my right
To more than all the world hath now in sight.
Each day, each hour, almost, she brought forth one,
Or other base-begot Transgression.

The charge grew great. I, that had lost before All that I had, was forced now to score

For all the charges of their maintenance
In doomes-day book: Whoever knew't would fay
The least summe there was more than I could pay,
When first 'twas due, besides continuance,
Which could not chose but much the debt enhance.

To ease me first I wish't her to remove:

But she would not. I su'd her then above,
And begg'd the Court of heaven but in vain
To cast her out. No, I could not evade
The bargain, which she pleaded I had made,
That, whilst both lived, I should entertain,
At mine own charge, both her and all her train.

No help then, but or I must dye or she;
And yet my death of no availe would be:
For one death I had dy'd already, then,
When first she liv'd in me: and now to dye
Another death again were but to tye,
And twist them both into a third, which when
It once hath seiz'd on, ne'r looseth men.

Her death might be my life; but her to kill
I, of myfelf, had neither power nor will.
So desperate was my case. Whilst I delay'd,
My guest still teem'd, my debts still greater grew;
The less I had to pay, the more was due.
The more I knew, the more I was affraid:
The more I mus'd, the more I was dismaid.

At last I learn'd, there was no way but one:
A friend must do it for me. He alone,
That is the Lord of life, by dying can

Save men from death, and kill Corruption:
And many years agoe the deed was done,
His heart was pierc'd; out of his fide there ran
Sins corrafives, restoratives for man.

This precious balm I begg'd, for pities fake,
At mercies gate: where Faith alone may take
What Grace and Truth do offer lib'rally.
Bounty faid, Come. I heard it, and believed;
None ever there complain'd but was relieved.
Hope waiting upon Faith faid inftantly,
That thenceforth I should live, Corruption dye.

And so she dy'd, I live. But yet, alas!

We are not parted: She is where she was,

Cleaves fast unto me still, looks through mine eyes,
Speaks in my tongue, and museth in my mind,
Works with mine hands: her body's lest behind,
Although her soul be gone. My miseries

All flow from hence; from hence my woes arise.

I loath my felf, because I leave her not;
Yet cannot leave her. No, she is my lot,
Now being dead, that living was my choice;
And still, though dead, she both conceives and bears,
Many faults daily, and as many fears:
All which for vengeance call with a loud voice,
And drown my comforts with their deadly noise.

Dead bodies kept unbury'd quickly stink
And putrisse. How can I then but think
Corruption noysome, even mortis'd?
Though such she were before, yet such to me
She seemed not. Kind sools can never see.

Or will not credit, until they have try'd, That friendly looks oft false intents do hide.

But mortifi'd Corruption lies unmaskt,
Blabs her own secret filthinesse unaskt,
To all that understand her. That do none
In whom she lives embraced with delight:
She sirft of all deprives them of their sight;
Then dote they on her, as upon their own,
And she to them seems beautiful alone.

But woe is me! One part of me is dead;
The other lives: Yet that which lives is led,
Or rather carry'd captive unto fin,
By the dead part. I am a living grave,
And a dead body I within me have.
The worse part of the better, oft doth win:
And, when I should have ended, I begin.

The scent would choke me, were it not that grace Sometimes vouchsafeth to persume the place With odours of the spirit, which do ease me, And counterpoise Corruption. Blessed spirit, Although eternal torments be my merit, And of myself Transgressions onely please me, Adde grace enough being reviv'd to raise me.

Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold
Against thy right, what to my wrong I sold.
Having no state my self, but tenancy,
And tenancy at will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou say, avaunt!
O speak the word, and make these inmates slee:
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

44. The Curb.

PEACE, rebel thought: do'ft thou not know thy
My God, is here? [King,
Cannot his presence, if no other thing,

Make thee forbear?

Or were he absent, all the standers by Are but his spyes:

And well he knows, if thou should'st it deny, Thy words were lyes.

If others will not, yet I must, and will, My self complain.

My God, ev'n now a base rebellious thought
Began to move,

And fubt'ly twineing with me would have wrought
Me from thy love:

Fain he would have me to believe, that fin
And thou might both

Take up my heart together for your Inne, And neither loath

The others company: a while fit still, And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redreft:

The fault is great,

And I the guilty party have confest, I must be beat.

And I refuse not punishment for this, Though to my pain; So I may learn to do no more amisse,

Nor fin again:

Correct me, if thou wilt; but teach me then, What I shall do.

Lord of my life, methinks I hear thee fay, That labours eaf'd:

The fault, that is confest is done away, And thou art pleas'd.

How can I fin again, and wrong thee then, That do'ft relent,

And cease thine anger straight, as soone as men

Do but repent?

No, rebel thought; for if thou move again, I'll tell that too.

45. The losse.

THE match is made

Between my love and me:

And therefore glad

And merry now I'll be.

Come, glory, crown

My head;

And, pleasures drown

My bed

Of thorns in down.

Sorrow, be gone;

Delight

And joy alone

Befit

My honey-Moon.

Be packing now,

You comb'rous cares, and fears:

Mirth will allow

No room to fighs and teares.

Whilst thus I lay,

As ravisht with delight,

I heard one say,

So fools their friends requite.

I knew the voice,

My Lords,

And at the noise

His words

Did make, arose.

I look'd, and spy'd

Each where,

And loudly cry'd,

My dear;

But none replied:

Then to my grief

I found my love was gone,

Without relief,

Leaving me all alone.

46. The Search.

WHITHER, oh! whither is my Lord departed?
What can my love, that is so tender-hearted,
Forsake the soul, which once he thorow darted,
As if it never smarted?

No, fure my love is here, if I could find him: He that fills all can leave no place behind him. But oh! my fenses are too weak to wind him:

Or else I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not so as I ought;
Nor seek him so as I by him was sought,
When I had lost my self: he dearly bought
Me, that was sold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me found; Lost him again, by whom I first was found: Him, that exalted me, have cast to th' ground; My fins his blood have drown'd.

Tell me, Oh! tell me, (thou alone canst tell)
Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell:
For, in thy absence heav'n itself is hell:
Without thee none is well.

Or, if thou beeft not gone, but onely hideft
Thy presence in the place where thou abidest,
Teach me the sacred art, which thou providest
For all them, whom thou guidest,

To feek and find thee by. Else here I'll lie, Until thou find me. If thou let me dye, That only unto thee for life do cry, Thou dy'ft as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee, Then either both alive, or dead must be: At least I'll lay my death on thee, and see If thou wilt not agree For, though thou be the judge thyself, I have Thy promise for it, which thou canst not wave, That who salvation at thine hands do crave, Thou wilt not fail to save.

Oh! feek, and find me then; or else deny
Thy truth, thyself. Oh! thou that canst not lye,
Show thyself constant to thy word, draw nigh.
Find me. Loe, here I lye.

47. The Return.

OE, now my love appears;
My tears
Have clear'd mine eyes: I see
'Tis he.

Thanks, bleffed Lord, thine absence was my hell; And, now thou art returned, I am well.

> By this I fee I must not trust My joyes unto my self: This shelf,

Of too secure, and too presumptuous pleasure, Had almost sunk my ship, and drown'd my treasure.

Who would have thought a joy
So coy
To be offended so,
And go
So suddenly away? As if enjoying
Full pleasure and contentment, were annoying,

Hereafter I had need
Take heed.
Joyes, amongst other things,
Have wings,
And watch their opportunities of flight,
Converting in a moment day to night.

But, is't enough for me
To be
Instructed to be wise?
I'l rise.

And read a lecture unto them that are Willing to learn, how comfort dwels with care.

He that his joyes would keep
Must weep;
And in the brine of tears
And fears
ickle them. That powder will

Must pickle them. That powder will preserve: Faith with repentance is the souls conserve.

Learn to make much of care:
A rare

And precious balfom 'tis For bliffe;

Which oft refides, where mirth with forrow meets: Heavenly joyes on earth are bitter-fweets.

48. Inundations.

WE talk of Noahs flood, as of a wonder;
And well we may;
The Scriptures fay,
The water did prevaile, the hills were under,
And nothing could be feen but fea.

And yet there are two other floods surpasse

That flood, as far,

As heav'n one star,

Which many men regard, as little, as

The ordinari'st things that are.

The one is fin, the other is falvation:

And we must need

Confesse indeed,

That either of them is an inundation,

Which doth the deluge far exceed.

In Noahs flood he and his household liv'd:

And there abode

A whole Ark-load

Of other creatures, that were then repriev'd:

All safely on the waters rode.

But, when fin came, it overflowed all,
And left none free:
Nay, even he,
That knew no fin, could not release my thral,
But that he was made fin for me;

And, when falvation came, my Saviours blood
Drown'd fin again,
With all its train
Of evils, everflowing them with good

Of evils, overflowing them with good, With good that ever shall remain.

O, let there be one other inundation,

Let grace o'rflow

In my foul fo,

That thankfulnesse may level with falvation, And forrow sin may over-grow.

Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,

That Angels shall

Admire mans fall,

When they shall see Gods greatest glory grow,

Where Satan thought to root out all.

49. Sinne.

SIN, I would fain define thee; but thou art
An uncouth thing:
All that I bring
To show thee fully, shows thee but in part.

I call thee the transgression of the law,

And yet I read

That sin is dead

Without the law; and thence its strength doth draw.

I fay thou art the sting of death. 'Tis true:
And yet I find

Death comes behind:
The work is done before the pay be due.

I fay thou art the devils work; Yet he
Should much rather
Call thee father;
For he had been no devil but for thee.

What shall I call thee then? If death and devil,
Right understood,
Be names too good,
I'll say thou art the quintessence of evil.

50. Travels at Home.

FT have I wish'd a traveller to be: Mine eves did even itch the fights to fee, That I had heard and read of. Oft I have Been greedy of occasion, as the grave, That never fayes enough; yet still was crost, When opportunities had promif'd most. At last I said, what mean'st thou, wand'ring elf, To straggle thus? Go travel first thy self. Thy little world can shew thee wonders great: The greater may have more, but not more neat And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt find Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy minde Europe supplies, and Asia thy will, And Affrick thine Affections. And if still Thou lift to travel further, put thy fenses For both the Indies. Make no more pretences,

Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own, And nearest, little world is still unknown. Away then with thy quadrants, compasses, Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glasses: Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries. Close up thine annals, and thine histories. Study thy felf, and read what thou hast writ In thine own book, thy conscience. To labour after other knowledge fo. And thine own nearest, dearest, self not know? Travels abroad both dear and dang'rous are, Whilst oft the foul payes for the bodies fare: Travels at home are cheap, and fafe. Salvation Comes mounting on the wings of meditation. He that doth live at home, and learns to know God and bimself, needeth no further go.

51. The Journey.

IFE is a journey. From our mothers wombs, As houses, we set out: and in our tombs, As inns, we rest, til it be time to rise. Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow soot-path lies: Haughty presumption and hell-deep despair Make our way dangerous, though seeming fair. The world, with its inticements sleek and sly, Slabbers our steps, and makes them slippery. The slesh, with its corruptions, clogs our feet, And burdens us with loads of lusts unmeet. The devil where we tread, doth spread his snares, And with temptations takes us unawares

Our footsteps are our thoughts, our words, our works: These carry us along; in these there lurks Envy, luft, avarice, ambition. The crooked turnings to perdition. One while we creep amongst the thorny brakes Of worldly profits; and the devil takes Delight to see us pierce our selves with forrow To-day, by thinking what may be to-morrow. Another while we wade, and wallow, in Puddles of pleafure: and we never lin Daubing ourselves, with dirty dam'd delights, Till self-begotten pain our pleasure frights. Sometimes we scramble to get up the banks Of icy honour; and we break our ranks To step before our fellows; though, they fay, He soonest tyreth, that still leads the way. Somtimes, when others justle and provoke us, We stir that dust our selves, that serves to choak us; And raise those tempests of contention, which Blow us befide the way into the ditch. Our minds should be our guides; but they are blind: Our wills out-run our wits, or lagge behind. Our furious passions, like unbridled jades, Hurry us headlong to th' infernal shades.

If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend, Eternal death will be our journeys end.

52. Engines.

MEN often finde, when nature's at a stand,
And hath in vain try'd all her utmost strength,
That art, her ape, can reach her out an hand,
To piece her power's with to a full length.
And may not grace have means enough in store
Wherewith to do as much as that, and more?

She may: she hath engines of ev'ry kind,
To work, what art and nature, when they view,
Stupendous miracles of wonder find,
And yet must needs acknowledg to be true;
So far transcending all their pow'r and might,
That they stand ev'n amazed at the sight.

Take but three inflances; faith, hope, and love. Souls help'd by the perspective glasse of faith Are able to perceive what is above The reach of reason: yea, the scripture saith, Ev'n him that is invisible behold, And suture things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith looks into the fecret cabinet
Of Gods eternal counsels, and doth see
Such mysteries of glory there, as set
Believing hearts on longing, till they be
Transform'd to the same image, and appear
So altered, as if themselves were there.

Faith can raise earth to heaven, or draw down Heaven to earth, make both extremes to meet, Felicitie and miserie, can crown Reproach with honour, season sowre with sweet. Nothing's impossible to faith: a man May do all things, that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raise the heart Above it self in expectation Of what the soul desireth for its part: Then, when its time of transmigration Is delay'd longest, yet as patiently To wait, as if 't were answer'd by and by.

When grief unwieldy grows, hope can abate
The bulk to what proportion it will:
So that a large circumference of late
A little center shall not reach to fill.
Nor that, which gyant-like before did strout,
Be able with a pigmey's pace t' hold out.

Hope can disperse the thickest clouds of night,
That sear hath over-spread the soule withall;
And make the darkest shadows shine as bright
As the Sun-beams spred upon a silver wall.
Sin-shaken souls Hope anchor-like holds stedy,
When storms and tempests make them more than
[giddy.

Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able
To travel through the worlds wide wildernesse;
And burdens seeming most intollerable
Both to take up, and bear with chearfulnesse.
To do, or suffer, what appears in fight
Extreamly heavy, love will make most light.

Yea, what by men is done, or suffered,
Either for God, or else for one another,
Though in it self it be much blemished
With many impersections, which smother,
And drown, the worth, and weight of it; yet, fall
What will, or can, love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep Things one together, which were otherwise, Or would be both divers, and distant. Deep, High, long and broad, or whatsoever size Eternitie is of, or happiness,

Love comprehends it all, bee't more or lesse.

Give me this three-fold cord of graces then,
Faith, hope, and love, let them possesse mine heart,
And gladly I'll resigne to other men
All I can claim by nature, or by art.
To mount a soul, and make it still stand stable,
These are alone Engines incomparable.





NOTES ON THE TEMPLE AND SYNAGOGUE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

generis, the merits of whose poems will never be felt without a sympathy with the mind and character of the man. To appreciate this volume, it is not enough that the reader possesses a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetic sensibility, unless he be likewise a Christian, and both a zealous and an orthodox, both a devout and a devotional, Christian. But even this will not quite suffice. He must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and from habit, conviction, and a constitutional predisposition to ceremoniousness, in piety as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids of religion, not sources of formality; for religion is the element in which he lives, and the region in which he moves.

The Church, fay rather, the Churchmen of England under the first two Stuarts, have been charged with a yearning after the Romish sopperies and even the Papistic usurpations, but we shall decide more correctly, as well as more charitably, if for the Romish and Papistic we substitute the Patristic leaven. There even was (natural enough from their distinguished learning, and knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquities) an overrating of the Church and of the Fathers, for the first five or even six centuries; the lines on the Egyptian monks, "Holy Macarius and great Anthony" [p. 202] supply a striking instance and illustration of this.

P. 11, last stanza. I do not understand this stanza.

P. 20. 'My flesh began unto my soul in pain.' Either a misprint, or a noticeable idiom of the word 'began?' Yes! and a very beautiful idiom it is; -the first colloquy or address of the flefh.

P. 44. 'With an exact and most particular trust,' &c. I find few historical facts so difficult of solution as the continuance, in Protestantism, of this anti-Scriptural superstition.

P. 52. 'This verse marks that,' &c. The spiritual unity of the Bible = the order and connexion of organic forms, in which the unity of life is shown, though as widely dispersed in the world of the mere fight as the text.

P. 52. 'Then, as dispersed herbs do watch a potion.' Some P. 85. 'A box where,' &c. Neft.

P. 90. 'Distinguished.' I understand this but imperfectly. Distinguished - they form an island? and the next lines refer perhaps to the then belief that all fruits grow and are nourished by water? but then how is the ascending sap "our cleanliness?"

P. 138. 'But he doth bid us take his bloud for wine.' Nay, the contrary; take wine to be blood, and the blood of a man who died 1800 years ago. This is the faith which even the Church of England demands; for Confubstantiation only adds a mystery to that of Transubstantiation, which it implies,

P. 173. 'The Flower.' A delicious poem.

P. 173. 'The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.'

Epitritus primus + Dactyl + Trochee + a long monofyllable, which, together with the paufe intervening between it and the preceding trochee, equals o o o, form a pleafing variety in the Pentameter Iambic with rhymes. Ex. gr.

The late past frosts | tributes of | pleasure | bring.

N.B. First, the difference between - - | - and an amphimacer - - | and this not always or necessarily arising out of the latter being one word. It may even confift of three words: vet the effect be the same. It is the pause that makes the difference. Secondly, the expediency if not necessity that the first syllable both of the Dactyl and the Trochee should be short by quantity, and only long by force of accent or polition—the Epitrite being true lengths. Whether the last svillable be long or short, the force of the rhymes renders indifferent.

- P. 173. 'As if there were no fuch cold thing.' Had been no fuch thing.
 P. 179. 'That choice,' &c. Their.

 - P. 182. 'Ev'n in my enemies fight,' Foemen's,
- P. 199. 'That they in merit shall excell.' I should not have expected from Herbert so open an avowal of Romanism in the article of merit. In the fame spirit is boly Macarius and great Anthony, p. 202.*
- P. 286. 'Although it be of tuch.' Tuch rhyming to much. from the German tuch, cloth; - I never met with it before, as an English word. So I find platt for foliage in Stanley's Hist. of Philosophy, p. 22.
- P. 301. 'Though bishops without presbyteries many.' An instance of proving too much.
- P. 202. 'To fev'ral persons,' &c. Functions of times, but not persons, of necessity? Ex. Bishop to Archbishop.
- P. 204. 'That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness.' Equally unthinking and uncharitable; -I approve of them; -

What others mean to do, I know not well, Yet I here tell, &c. &c.

should be hear tell. The sense is then obvious, and Herbert is not made to do that which he was the last man in the world to have done, namely, to avow 'Romanism in the article of merit;' on the contrary, he fays, although I know not the intention of others, yet I am told that there are who will plead their freedom from fin and the excellence of their own deeds-not fo with me, when my account is called for, fo far from laying claim to any merit, I shall at once tender the New Testament, by which we learn that Christ hath taken upon himself our sins. Herbert does not avow the article of merit: he hears that some do, but refolves ' that to decline.""

^{*} The Rev. Dr. Blis has kindly furnished the following judicious remark, and which is proved to be correct, as the word is printed ' heare' in the first edition (1633). He says, 66 Let me take this opportunity of mentioning what a very learned and able friend pointed out on this note. The fact is, Coleridge has been missed by an error of the press.

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but yet remember Roman Catholic idolatry, and that it originated in such high flown metaphors as these.

P. 304. 'The Sabbath, or Lords Day.' Make it sense, and lose the rhyme; or make it rhyme, and lose the sense.

P. 307. 'The Nativity,' &c. The only poem in the Synagogue which possessies merit; with a few changes and additions this would be a striking poem.

Mr. C. proposes to substitute the following for the fifth to the eighth line:

To sheath or blunt one happy ray,
That wins new splendour from the day.
This day that gives the power to rise,
And shine on hearts as well as eyes:
This birth-day of all souls, when first
On eyes of stesh and blood did burst
That primal great lucific light,
That rays to thee, to us gave sight.

P. 316. 'Whitfunday.' The spiritual miracle was the defect of the Holy Ghost: the outward the wind and the tongues; and so St. Peter himself explains it. That each individual obtained the power of speaking all languages, is neither contained in, nor fairly deducible from, St. Luke's account.

P. 318. 'All reason doth transcend.' Most true; but not contradict. Reason is to faith, as the eye to the telescope.

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Mr. Coleridge, in his Biographia Literaria, after quoting some stanzas from Chaucer's Troilus and Cressida, says, "Another exquisite master of this species of style, where the scholar and the poet supplies the material, but the perfect well-bred gentleman, the expressions and the arrangement, is George Herbert. As from the nature of the subject, and the too frequent quaintness of the thoughts, his "Temple; or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations" are comparatively but little known, I shall extract two poems. The first is a sonnet, equally admirable for the weight, number, and expression of the thoughts, and for the simple dignity of the language, (unless indeed a fastidious taste should object to the latter half of the sixth line); the second is

a poem of greater length, which I have chosen not only for the present purpose, but likewise as a striking example and illustration of an affertion hazarded in a former page of these sketches: namely, that the characteristic fault of our elder poets is the reverse of that, which distinguishes too many of our recent versifiers; the one conveying the most fantastic thoughts in the most correct and natural language; the other in the most fantastic language conveying the most trivial thoughts. The latter is a riddle of words; the former an enigma of thoughts. The one reminds me of an odd passage in Drayton's Ideas:

SONNET IX.

As other men, fo I myself do muse, Why in this sort I wrest invention so; And why these giddy metaphors I use, Leaving the path the greater part do go? I will resolve you: I am lunatic!

The other recalls a still odder passage in the "Synagogue: or the Shadow of the Temple," a connected series of poems in imitation of Herbert's "Temple," and in some editions annexed to it:

O! how my mind, &c. p. 323.

Immediately after these burlesque passages, I cannot proceed to the extracts promised, without changing the ludicrous tone of feeling by the interposition of the three following stanzas of Herbert's:

VERTUE.

Sweet day, &c. p. 85.

THE BOSOM SINNE.

Lord, with what care, &c. p. 38.

LOVE UNKNOWN.

Deare friend, fit down, &c. p. 131.

Vide Biographia Literaria, vol. 2. p. 98.

The best and most forcible sense of a word is often that which is contained in its Etymology. The author of the Poems (the

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Synagogue), frequently affixed to Herbert's "Temple," gives the original purport of the word Integrity, in the following lines of the fourth stanza of the eighth poem;

Next to Sincerity, remember fill, Thou must resolve upon *Integrity*. God will have all thou hast, thy mind, thy will, Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works.

And again, after some verses on constancy and humility, the poem concludes with-

He that defires to see The face of God, in his religion must Sincere, entire, constant, and humble be.

Having mentioned the name of Herbert, that model of a man, a gentleman, and a clergyman, let me add, that the quaintness of some of his thoughts, not of his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, and unaffected, has blinded modern readers to the great general merit of his poems, which are for the most part exquisite in their kind.

The Friend, vol. i. p. 53, edit. 1837.

To feel the full force of the Christian religion, it is perhaps necessary, for many tempers, that they should first be made to feel experimentally the hollowness of human friendship, the prefumptuous emptiness of human hopes. I find more substantial comfort now in pious George Herbert's 'Temple,' which I used to read to amuse myself with his quaintness—in short, only to laugh at—than in all the poetry since the poems of Milton. If you have not read Herbert, I can recommend the book to you confidently. The poem entitled 'The Flower' is especially affecting; and to me such a phrase as "and relish versing," expresses a sincerity, a reality, which I would unwillingly exchange for the more dignified, "and once more love the Muse" &c. and so with many other of Herbert's homely phrases.

S. T. COLERIDGE, in a letter to W. Collins Efq. A. R. A. Dec. 1818.



