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Excerpta Tudoriana:

OR

EXTRACTS

FROM

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

VOL. II.

EXCERPTA TUDORIANA:

OR

EXTRACTS

FROM

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

CANTO XL.

From Willobie's "Avisa."

4to. 4th Edit. 1605.

AFTER long absence D. H. happening to come in on a time suddenly to her house, and finding her all alone amongst her maids that were spinning, said nothing, but going home wrote these verses following, which he called his *Dum Habui*, and sent them unto her.



W HILST erst I had my liberty,
To range the woods where fancy list,
The cause of all my misery,
By heedless haste my way I mist:
Until I found within a plain
A crystal well, where nymphs remain.

As weary of this wild-goose race,
That led askance, I know not where,
I chose at length a shadow place,
To take the cold and pleasant air;
But from the brink of that same well
I saw my heaven, or else my hell.

I saw a bird from joining grove,
That soaring came with comely grace:
The Lily and Vermilion strove,
In maiden-like and lovely face:
 With seemly arms instead of wings;
 No claws, but fingers set with rings.

And in her hand she held a dart,
As being of Diana's train:
O, that's the cause of all my smart,
And breeder of this endless pain!
 The thing I sought not there I find,
 And lost the freedom of my mind.

While on her eyes my eyes did hang,
From rolling eye there sprang a glance;
And therewith heard a sudden clang,
That struck me in a deadly trance:
 But wak'd I saw blind Cupid's craft,
 And in my heart the golden shaft.

I sued for grace, but she denied;
Her lofty looks she cast awry:
And when my folly she espied,
She laugh'd to see my misery:

Away she soars, and from my sight
She smiling takes her parting flight.

You are the bird that bred the bane,
That swelleth thus in restless thought;
You are the snare that thus hath ta'ne,
And senses all to thraldom brought:

You are the jailor that do keep
Your friend in bonds and dungeon deep.

Renowned chaste Penelope,
With all her words could not redrive
Her suitors, till she set a day
In which she would them answer give;

When thready spindle full was grown,
Then would she choose one for her own.

They daily came to see the end,
And every man doth hope to be
The chosen man to be her friend;
But women's wiles here men may see;

Her spill was never fully spun,
For night undid that day had done.

I hope the like you have decreed,
That found you spinning but of late;

6 Excerpta Tudoriana.

Would God your spill were full of thread,
That might relieve my wretched state:

I will forget the wrongs are past,
So you will choose me at the last.

Choose one at length, I know you will;
Let tried faith for ten years space,
However that your spindle fill,
With joy possess that empty place:
And if you will, I do protest
My love shall far surmount the rest.

These lines that hope for better speed,
As loving spies are sent to see;
Where you have spun up all your thread,
And what good hap is left for me:
Let their return yet make him glad,
Whom love's despair hath made so sad.



SONNET III.

From "*Cælica*," consisting of 109 Sonnets.

Fol. 1633.

BY FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

MORE than most fair, full of that heavenly fire,
Kindled above to shew the Maker's glory;
Beauty's first-born, in whom all powers conspire
To write the Graces' life, and Muses' story;
 If in my heart all Saints else be defaced,
 Honour the Shrine where you alone are placed!

Thou window of the sky, and pride of spirits,
True character of honour in perfection;
Thou heavenly creature, judge of earthly merits,
And glorious prison of man's pure affection;
 If in my heart all Nymphs else be defaced,
 Honour the Shrine where you alone are placed!

SONNET IV.

YOU little stars that live in skies,
And glory in Apollo's glory,
In whose aspects conjoined lies
The Heaven's will and Nature's story;

Joy to be liken'd to those eyes,
 Which eyes make all eyes glad or sorry;
 For when you force thoughts from above,
 These overrule your force by love.

And thou, O Love, which in these eyes
 Hast married reason with affection,
 And made them saints of Beauty's skies,
 Where joys are shadows of perfection,
 Lend me thy wings that I may rise
 Up not by worth, but thy election:
 For I have vow'd in strangest fashion
 To love, and never seek compassion.

~~~~~

*SONNET XXV.*

**C**UPID, my pretty boy, leave off thy crying;  
 Thou shalt have bells or apples; be not peevish;  
 Kiss me, sweet lad; beshrew her for denying;  
 Such rude denials do make children thievish!

Did reason say that boys must be restrained?  
 What was it? Tell: hath cruel honour chidden?  
 Or would they have thee from sweet Myra weaned?  
 Are her fair breasts made dainty to be hidden?



Tell me, sweet boy, doth Myra's beauty threaten?  
Must you say grace when you would be a playing?  
Does she cause thee make faults to make thee beaten?  
Is beauty's pride in innocents betraying?  
Give me a bow, let me thy quiver borrow,  
And she shall play the child with love or sorrow.

---

SONNET XXVI.

WAS ever man so over-match'd with boy?  
When I am thinking how to keep him under,  
He plays and dallies me with every toy;  
With pretty stealths he makes me laugh and wonder.

When with the child, the child-thoughts of mine own  
Do long to play and toy as well as he;  
The boy is sad and melancholy grown,  
And with one humour cannot long agree.

Straight do I scorn and bid the child away,  
The boy knows fury, and soon sheweth me  
Cælica's sweet eyes, where love and beauty play,  
Fury turns into love of that I see.

If these mad changes do make children gods,  
Women and children are not far at odds.

SONNET XXVIII.

FACTION, that ever dwells  
In courts where wit excels,  
Hath set defiance:  
Fortune and Love have sworn  
That they were never born  
Of one alliance.

Cupid, that doth aspire  
To be God of desire,  
Swears he gives laws:  
That where his arrows hit,  
Some joy, some sorrow it,  
Fortune no cause.

Fortune swears weakest hearts,  
The books of Cupid's arts  
Turn with her wheel:  
Senses themselves shall prove,  
Venture hath place in love,  
Ask them that feel.

This discord it begot  
Atheists, that honour not  
Nature, thought good;

Fortune should ever dwell  
In courts where wits excel:  
Love keep the wood.

Thus to the wood went I,  
With Love to live and die;  
Fortune's forlorn:  
Experience of my youth  
Thus makes me think the truth,  
In desert born.

My Saint is dear to me,  
Myra herself is she,  
She fair and true:  
Myra that knows to move  
Passions of love with love:  
Fortune, Adieu.

-----  
*SONNET XLIV.*

**A**BSENCE, the noble truce  
Of Cupid's war:  
Where though desires want use,  
They honour'd are.  
Thou art the just protection  
Of prodigal affection,

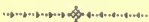
Have thou the praise;  
When bankrupt Cupid braveth,  
Thy mines his credit saveth  
With sweet delays.

Of wounds which presence makes  
With beauty's shot,  
Absence the anguish slakes,  
But healeth not:  
Absence records the stories  
Wherein Desire glories,  
Although she burn,  
She cherisheth the spirits  
Where Constancy inherits  
And Passions mourn.

Absence, like dainty clouds,  
On glorious bright,  
Nature's weak senses shrouds  
From harming light.  
Absence maintains the treasure  
Of pleasure unto pleasure,  
Sparing with praise;  
Absence doth nurse the fire,  
Which starves and feeds desire  
With sweet delays.

Presence to every part  
Of Beauty ties,  
Where wonder rules the heart,  
There Pleasure dies:  
Presence plagues mind and senses,  
With modesty's defences,  
Absence is free:  
Thoughts do in absence venture  
On Cupid's shadow'd centre,  
They wink and see.

But thoughts be not so brave  
With absent joy;  
For you with that you have  
Yourself destroy:  
The absence which you glory,  
Is that which makes you sorry,  
And burn in vain:  
For thought is not the weapon,  
Wherewith thoughts-ease men cheapen,  
Absence is pain.



SONNET LI.

AWAY with these self-loving lads,  
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads;  
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep  
In love of those that lie asleep:  
For Cupid is a meadow God,  
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweet Cupid's shafts like destiny,  
Do causeless good or ill decree;  
Desert is borne out of his bow,  
Reward upon his wing doth go;  
What fools are they that have not known  
That Love likes no laws but his own.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,  
I wear her rings on holy days,  
In every tree I write her name,  
And every day I read the same.  
Where Honour Cupid's rival is,  
There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,  
I blot her name out of the tree,

If doubt do darken things held dear,  
Then well-fare nothing once a year.

For many run, but one must win,  
Fools only hedge the Cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move,  
Is Love, that is the bow of love;  
And Love as well thee foster can,  
As can the mighty nobleman.

Sweet Saint, 'tis true you worthy be,  
Yet without Love nought worth to me.

~~~~~

SONNET LXXXI.

UNDER a throne I saw a Virgin sit,
The red and white rose quartered in her face;
Star of the North, and for true guards to it,
Princes, Church, States, all pointing out her Grace.
The homage done her was not born of Wit,
Wisdom admir'd, Zeal took Ambition's place,
State in her eyes taught Order how to fit,
And fix confusion's unobserving race.

Fortune can here claim nothing truly great,
But that this princely creature is her seat.

◆

SONNET LXXXII.

YOU that seek what life is in death,
Now find it air that once was breath.
New names unknown, old names gone:
Till time end bodies, but souls none.
Reader! then make time, while you be,
But steps to your eternity.

~~~~~  
*SONNET LXXXIV.*

FAREWELL, sweet boy, complain not of my truth;  
Thy mother loved thee not with more devotion;  
For to thy boy's play I gave all my youth;  
Young Master, I did hope for your promotion.

While some sought honours, princes thoughts observing;  
Many wooed Fame, the child of pain and anguish;  
Others judged inward good a chief deserving;  
I in thy wanton visions joyed to languish.

I bow'd not to thy image for succession,  
Nor bound thy bow to shoot reformed kindness;



Thy plays of hope and fear were my confession,  
The spectacles to my life was thy blindness:  
But Cupid now farewell, I will go play me  
With thoughts that please me less, and less betray  
me.

---

SONNET XCVIII.

WRAPT up, O Lord, in man's degeneration,  
The glories of thy truth, thy joys eternal,  
Reflect upon my soul dark desolation,  
And ugly prospects o'er the sp'rits infernal.

“ Lord, I have sinned, and mine iniquity  
Deserves this hell; yet, Lord, deliver me.”

Thy power and mercy never comprehended,  
Rest lively imaged in my conscience wounded:  
Mercy to grace, and power to fear extended,  
Both infinite, and I in both confounded;

“ Lord, I have sinned, and mine iniquity  
Deserves this hell; yet, Lord, deliver me.”

If from this depth of sin, this hellish grave,  
And fatal absence from my Saviour's glory,

I could implore his mercy, who can save,  
And for my sins, not pains of sin, be sorry:  
Lord, from this horror of iniquity,  
And hellish grave, thou wouldst deliver me.

~~~~~

SONNET CV.

THREE things there be in Man's opinion dear,
Fame, many Friends, and Fortune's dignities:
False visions all, which in our sense appear,
To sanctify desire's idolatry.

For what is Fortune but a watery glass?
Whose crystal forehead wants a steely back,
Where rain and storms bear all away that was,
Whose ship alike both depths and shallows wreck.

Fame again, which from blinding power takes light,
Both Cæsar's shadow is, and Cato's friend;
The child of humour, not allied to right,
Living by oft exchange of winged end.

And many Friends, false strength of feeble mind,
Betraying equals, as true slaves to might;
Like echos still send voices down the wind,
But never in adversity find right.

Then Man, though virtue of extremities,
The middle be, and so hath two to one;
By place and nature constant enemies,
And against both these no strength but her own:
 Yet quit thou for her Friends, Fame, Fortune's throne;
 Devils there many be, and Gods but one.

SONNET CVIII.

WHAT is the cause why states, that war and win,
Have honour, and breed men of better fame
Than states in peace, since war and conquest sin
In blood, wrong liberty, all trades of shame?
 Force-framing instruments which it must use,
 Proud in excess, and glory to abuse.

The reason is, Peace is a quiet nurse
Of idleness, and idleness the field
Where wit and power change all seeds to the worse,
By narrow self-wit upon which they build;
 And thence bring forth captiv'd inconstant ends,
 Neither to princes nor to people friends.

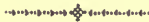
Besides, the sins of peace on subjects feed,
And thence wound power, which for it all things can;

With wrong to one despairs in many breed,
For while laws, oaths, power's creditors to man,
 Make humble subjects dream of native right,
Man's faith abused adds courage to despite.

Where conquest works by strength, and stirs up Fame,
A glorious echo, pleasing doom of pain,
"Which in the sleep of death yet keeps a name,
And makes detracting loss speak ill in vain."

For to great actions time so friendly is,
As o'er the means (albeit the means be ill)
It casts forgetfulness, veils things amiss,
With power and honour to encourage will.

Besides things hard a reputation bear,
To die resolved though guilty wonder breeds;
Yet what strength those be which can blot out fear,
And to self-ruin joyfully proceeds;
 Ask them that from the ashes of this fire,
 With new lives still to such new flames aspire.



A
TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS

From the MS. Collection of

FRANCIS DAVISON.

HARL. MSS. 6930.

~~~~~\*~\*~\*~~~~~

PSALM I.

---

By Joseph Bryan.

---

*Beatur Vir.*

1. HE's blest that walks not after ill men's sway,  
Nor stands in their perverse and crooked way,  
Nor seats him in the chair of pestilence,  
To scorn and scoff at good men's innocence.
2. But his delight and soul's content is fix'd  
Still on God's law, and all his thoughts are mix'd  
With sacred raptures, which both day and night  
His soul revolves with comfort and delight.
3. He shall be like a tree close by the streams,  
Spreading his lofty sprouts unto the beams  
Of the reviving sun, which doth produce  
His timely fruit, to his glad Master's use,

Whose sappy roots so bountiful to all  
His laden boughs, that not a leaf doth fall;  
So whatsoe'er it be this man intends,  
It still is crown'd with most successful ends.

4. As for the Godless men, it fares not so  
With their designs, but all doth backward go;  
And as neglected chaff, whiff'd here and there
5. By a rough careless blast. When they appear  
Before God's dread tribunal, he shall then  
E'en with his breath confound those evil men.
6. For God doth know, and knowing doth approve  
The good man's way, and his uprightness love:  
But wicked men, as both their way and thought,  
Shall perish utterly, and come to nought.

~~~~~  
PSALM I. (aliter.)

By Richard Gipps.

1. **H**E's blest, that wicked counsel ne'er obeys,
Nor leads a careless life in sinner's ways;
Nor sitting in his chair full fraught with pride,
Will scornfully the righteous deride.

2. But makes God's holy laws his soul's delight,
Recording them each day and every night.

3. He shall be like the fruitful tree, which grows
Upon a bank, by which a river flows:
Whose leaf shall know no fall; whose fruit deceives
No hopeful owner; but exceeds the leaves.

4. But wicked men, as chaff from better corn
With every puff of wind away is borne.

5. So when the Judge of Heaven and Earth shall come
To sit in judgment at the day of doom,
They shall not stand before his sight, but then
Their sins shall sever them from righteous men.

6. Thus ill men perish: God them not regards;
But knows all good men's ways, and them rewards.

////////////////////////////////////

PSALM VI.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **W**HILE thy rage, Lord, is enflamed,
Let not faulty me be named;

Nor yet in wrath, O God,
Betake thee to thy rod.

2. But in mercy look upon me;
For such griefs have over gone me,
That all my strength is gone,
And crush'd with pain and moan.
O infuse thy balm of pity,
Bring me heal'd into thy city;
For I am sore perplex'd;
My sapless bones are vex'd.
3. Neither is my soul protected
From her gripes, but worse affected.
But, Lord, how long shall I,
Unanswer'd, to thee cry?
4. Resume thy wonted favour,
Send my soul a healthful savour;
And for thy mercy, save
Me, not for aught I have.
5. Dust unto his dust returned,
Thinks not on thee: who enurned
In the still greedy pit,
Will give thee praises fit?

6. Griefs assail me still, so easeless,
That I faint with sorrows ceaseless;
 Each night my restless bed
 Swims with the tears I shed.
My couch, whereon I whilom rested,
Mine eyes bedews with sighs molested.
7. My sight to dimness grows,
 Half sunk in by my foes.
8. But hence from me, ye wicked rabble,
 That joy in ill, and vainly babble;
 For God hath bent his ear,
 My turtle's voice to hear.
9. He heard, and kindly condescended
 To those poor suits my soul commended:
10. So that my foes shall fall,
 And be coufounded all,
 And turned back with blame,
 And put to sudden shame.



PSALM VI.

By Richard Gipps.

1. **D**O not correct me in thy wrath, O God,
Nor in thy fury let me feel thy rod.
2. For I am weak; Lord, pity me therefore!
Lord, heal me, for my very bones are sore.
3. My soul is troubled, and that much dismay'd me;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou forbear to aid me?
4. O turn again, and me for pity save;
And my poor soul deliver from the grave.
5. Shall dead men's bones to future ages blaze thee?
Or hath the grave's wide mouth a tongue to praise
thee?
6. Each night with mourning I bedew my bed,
And with salt tears my couch is watered.
7. My sight grows dim: mine eyes are sunk to see
My foes rejoice, and work my misery.

8. But now ye workers of iniquity,
The Lord hath heard my cry: depart from me.

 9. He hears my mournful lamentation;
And will receive my supplication.

 10. He will confound my foes, and vex them all;
Shame and confusion shall them befall.
-

PSALM III.

By Joseph Bryan.

Domine quid?

1. **L**ORD, thou seest to what a number
They are grown, that me encumber;
And what mighty ones they be,
That rise up 'gainst poor weak me.

2. Many think my soul forsaken,
Seeing me so sorrow shaken;
And, insulting, say, In thee
There is no help, my God, for me.

3. But thou, Lord, art my defender,
My sole hope, and safety-sender;

And the lifter of my head
Far above the waves of dread.

4. When I felt myself enthralled,
Unto thee, O Lord, I called;
And thou didst hear, and cheer me still
Out of thy most holy hill.

5. Then I laid me down and rested,
And rose up still unmolested;
For thy wakeful care did keep
Me most safe, while I did sleep.

6. Though ten thousands were arrayed,
Yet I would not be dismayed,
Though they hem'd me round, and I
Saw no means to fight or fly.

7. Up, O Lord, my God, and aid me,
For thou smit'st those that dismay'd me
On their fierce and grinding jaws,
And hast broke their fangs and paws.

8. For from thee is our salvation,
All our help, and preservation;

And thy blessing, Lord, doth dwell
With thy chosen Israel.

PSALM VIII.

By Joseph Bryan.

Deus noster, &c.

1. **L**ORD, our God, how full of glory
Is thy name! how large thy story
All the earth throughout!
Thou thy glory high hast reached,
By no means to be impeached
By the hell-born rout.

2. Thou the wise ones hast refused,
And hast babes and sucklings used
To declare thy might.
Strength in them thou hast ordained,
That thy foes might be restrained,
Still subdued quite.

3. When the Heavens I do ponder,
Which thou hast stretch'd out with wonder,

Curtain-like to sight;
And that glorious eye, all seeing,
Quickning all things that have being,
Moon and stars so bright.

4. What is man, of dust composed,
That thy mind is so disposed
To him, Lord, I say?
What is man, that thou shouldst mind him,
Or man's son, to have assign'd him,
Lord, thy care alway?

5. Lord, thou art a free bestower:
Thou hast made him little lower
Than the angels were!
Thou with worship hast renown'd him,
And with might and glory crown'd him,
For thy Viceroy here.

6. Thou hast given him domination
On the works thy hands did fashion,
Even on them all.
All things under his protection
Thou hast put, and in subjection
At his feet they fall.

7. The fleecy sheep, to man so gameful,
The big-boned ox, in work so painful,
 And in all the field
Not a beast so fell or raging,
But to man, his wrath assuaging,
 Did obeysance yield.
8. All the winged troop swift-gliding
Through the air; the fishes sliding
 Through the sea so vast;
Though the air be so unbounded,
And the sea so deep unsounded,
 Yet thy doom is past:
All which pass the sea's paths, pathless
Unto man, their homage, wrathless,
 Yield, though ne'er so stout.
9. Lord, our God, how full of glory
Is thy name! how large the story
 All the world throughout!



PSALM XXIII.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. GREAT Jehovah, Jacob's keeper,
Israel's watchman, never-sleeper,
Shepherd-like, vouchsafe to feed
Me, his sheep; what can I need?
He me keeping, none can harm me,
He, the Lord of Hosts, doth arm me.
Good he sends, dispelling ill;
Kindly keeps, and feeds me still.

2. He doth feed me in a pasture
Clad with spring's rich various vesture,
Through which honey-bubbling brooks
Glide in their meandring nooks;
Pasture, to prevent my leanness,
Brooks, to wash me from uncleanness;
Pastures, brooks, to fill my joy;
Brooks in pasture, lest I cloy.

3. He doth bring me, being strayed,
Home, upon his shoulders laid;
Guides me, child-like, in his ways,
For his namesake and his praise:

Seeks me, lost; no pains he spareth;
Bears me, found, and for me careth;
Seeks me, bears me, guides my way,
Wholly lost, and gone astray.

4. Though my walk were Death's sad valley,
Whence pale-ashy-shades should sally,
Yet, my God, thou being there,
Dreadless, I no ill would fear,
For thy power o'er Death prevailleth;
At thy good all evil quailleth;
For thy staff and tut'ring rod,
Stay, and comfort me, O God.

5. Thou my table hast enlarged,
And with precious eates surcharged,
In despite and sight of those
Toad-swoln beasts that be my foes.
Balmy oil thou hast appointed,
And therewith my head anointed;
And my cup above the brim
With heart-cheering wine doth swim.

6. Doubtless, Lord, thy grace and favour
Not of end or change do savour;

So that I shall spend my days
In thy house, to blaze thy praise.

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*PSALM XXVI.*

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By Joseph Bryan.

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1. **J**UDGE, O Lord, mine innocence,  
And my care to shun offence.  
Lord, I trust in thee for ever;  
Therefore shall I still persever.
2. Prove and try me; my affections,  
Known to thee, need no detections.
3. Lord, thy mercy is the stay,  
That upholds me in thy way.
4. To lewd men I ne'er assented,  
Nor with hollow-hearts frequented.
5. I have had in detestation  
Wicked men's association.

6. In mine innocency still  
Wash my guiltless hands I will;  
And to thee, my safety's-sender,  
Vows and offerings will I render,
7. To declare thy preservations  
Of my soul to generations.
8. In thy temple, in thy sight,  
Is my joy and soul's delight.
9. Lord, my soul with sinner's suit not ;  
It with bloody men repute not,
10. Who by fraud augment their portion,  
Whose hands swell with bribes' extortion.
11. In uprightnes I'll proceed;  
Save me, send me help at need.
12. By thine aid my foot is grounded  
In thy paths, and not confounded.  
Lord, I'll praise thee 'mongst all nations,  
In the greatest congregations:  
And thine altar with oblations  
I will load, for oft salvations.

*PSALM XXVIII.*

By Joseph Bryan.

1. To thee, O Lord, of power,  
    I pray, I call, I cry;  
O God, my strength and tower,  
    Give ear, and make reply;  
Lest if my poor petition  
    From thee no answer have,  
I be in like condition  
    Of them that sleep in grave.
  
2. O hear my supplication,  
    And in thy mercy mark  
My hand's, heart's, elevation  
    Towards thy holy ark.
  
3. Account me not in favour  
    With men that joy in ill,  
Whose words of friendship savour,  
    When hate their hearts doth fill.
  
4. Reward their ill inventions  
    As justly they deserve,

And guerdon their intentions  
That still in mischief swerve.

5. Lord, for thy works they care not,  
The great works thou hast wrought;  
Destroy thou them and spare not,  
And make them less than nought.

6. All praise to thee I'll render  
For thy sweet mercy's sake;  
Who heard'st, and heard, didst tender  
The prayers I did make.

7. My strength is all reposed,  
My hope, help, health, in thee;  
Harp, heart, and voice exposed  
To joyful songs most free.

8. Thy church is still maintained  
By thy almighty hand;  
Our foes are still restrained,  
And we, untouched, stand.

9. Protect, O Lord, thy Sion,  
Thy lot, thy flock, thy fold;

By Judah's mighty lion  
Let it be still extoll'd.

~~~~~

PSALM XLIII.

Anonymous.

1. I APPEAL, O God, to thee ;
O give sentence, Lord, with me,
And defend my helpless cause
'Gainst such men as hate thy laws.
O deliver me from those
That deceitfully can gloze.

2. For thou art the God of whom
All my strength and help doth come.
Why, O why, hast thou from thee
So estranged and parted me?
And why doth my pace so slow
Me dejected, heartless, show,
While insulting enemies
Press me with their injuries?

3. O send out thy truth, and light,
To instruct and lead me right ;

To conduct me to thy hill,
And thy dwelling, holy still.

4. Then unto thine altar I
With oblations will hie,
Offering there to thee, who art
Joy and gladness to my heart,
And upon my harp will sing
Praise to thee, O God, my king.
5. O, my soul, O, why art thou
So cast down? so heavy now?
And why art thou in my breast
So disturbed of thy rest?
Wait on God, be patient,
And in him be confident.
Yet I will remain the same,
To give thanks to his great name;
For he is my God of Might,
Who my countenance sets right.



PSALM LIV.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. O GOD, from them that grudge me
Preserve me by thy name;
And by thy power judge me,
And put my foes to shame.

2. O hear my supplication,
For I am poor and weak;
Hear, hear with acceptation
The tear-dew'd words I speak.

3. For strangers have insulted
In pride, on my poor state;
Fell tyrants have consulted
My soul to ruinate.
These tyrants have not placed
Thy fear before their face,
But would have me defaced,
Me, me, that thee embrace.

4. Behold, ye godly livers,
God, help to me doth send,

And to my succour-givers
Is an assisting friend.

5. With plagues he shall repay them,
That, causeless, are my foes,
O cut them off, and slay them;
Thy truth is my repose.

6. My fatlings then I'll tender,
And offerings to thee make;
And praise to thee I'll render
For thy great mercy's sake.

7. Thou hast freed me from trouble,
And my long tear-fraught eyes
Have seen thy plagues redouble
Upon mine enemies.

PSALM LVI.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **S**TEP to my rescue; Lord, for thou dost see
Men, all enraged, would devour me;

They never cease to fight
'Gainst me, my soul to spight.

2. My foes, their throats stretching sepulchral wide,
Would daily, whale-like, swallow me. Beside,
O thou Most High, they be
Not few that trouble me.

3. Though fear sometime my frailty may endure,
Yet trusting, Lord, in thee, I rest secure.

4. My thankful soul thy praise
Shall for thy promise raise;
And trusting in my God, I will not fear
For aught an arm of flesh can do or dare.

5. They wrest my words intent
To that I never meant;
And all their teeming brain is big withal
Is to procure my mischief and my fall.

6. They hold together still,
Like brethren in ill.
They lie in ambush close, and narrowly
Marking my steps, into mine actions pry;
Still lying wait to trap
My soul by some mishap.

7. Yet they applaud themselves, and soothing guess
That they shall 'scape, for all their wickedness;
But with an ireful frown,
Thou, Lord, shalt cast them down.

8. Lord, thou dost see, and mark, and number those
My restless fittings from my ruthless foes,
So fierce they are, that I
Still for my life must fly.
O put my tears into thy bottle, till
Thy vials, with the drops mine eyes distil,
Thou dost record my throes,
For proofs against my foes.

9. Whene'er, O Lord, I cry to thee for aid,
My foes shall fly all heartless and dismay'd;
I on this anchor ride:
Thou, Lord, art on my side.

10. I will cheer up my heart and fainting voice,
And in thy word, O Lord, will I rejoice;
And, for thy promise sake,
To comfort me betake.

11. O God, my strength, I put my trust in thee!
What shall I fear that man can do to me?

12. To thee I'll pay my vow,
And thankfully will bow.
13. For thou hast freed my soul from death, and set
My sliding feet secure from snare or net,
That I thy name may praise
In light and length of days.
-

PSALM LXV.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. PRAISE, O God, attends thy will;
In thy hill
Vows to thee shall be performed.
2. To thee, who with open ear
Prayers dost hear,
Comes all flesh which thou hast formed.
3. Wickedness hath me assailed,
And prevailed
On my soul, with wild oppressions.

But thou, O Lord, in mercy wilt
Purge our guilt,
And our numberless transgressions.

4. Bless'd is he, O Lord, whom thou
Dost allow
In thy courts to have his dwelling:
His large soul shall have her fill,
Tasting still
Joys and pleasures past all telling.

5. Dreadful signs, O Lord, we know,
Thou wilt show
For thy chosen's preservation;
O thou God of earth's whole scope,
The sole hope,
And of the yet unknown nation.

6. By thy power thou sett'st fast
Mountains vast,
Heaven-affronting cloud-surmounting:
Strength and glory thee accost.
And the host
Of thy power passeth counting.

7. Thou the raging seas dost still
 At thy will
The vast swelling surges suaging.
At thy beck the headless rout
 (Mad not stout)
Strait are hush'd, though ne'er so raging :
8. Dwellers beyond Thule's bands,
 In fair lands
At thy signs shall be affrighted.
Morn's bright gate, and ruddy West,
 By their guest
Are with light and heat delighted.
9. Thou distil'st refreshing drops,
 And the chops
Of the parched earth are closed ;
Thou the mould dost much enrich,
 By the which
Large increase is still exposed.
Thou prepar'st us corn, for so
 Long ago
Thou, our God, hast pre-ordained.
10. Furrows else plough'd, sow'd in vain,
 By thy rain

Are with blades and ears maintained.
Thou send'st rain into thy dales,
 And the vales,
Pranking them with curious flowers;
And the stiffened earth mak'st soft
 With thy oft
Sweet and soft descending showers:
Thou dost speed the seed-man's hand,
 In the land
His dead-seeming seed reviving;
And the tender bud, unless
 Thou didst bless,
Blasts and frosts would keep from thriving.

11. Thou the year with plenty's horn
 Dost adorn,
Crowning it with large increasing;
And the clouds, with timely drops,
 Yield fat crops,
Mel and manna never ceasing.

12. These thy gracious showers still
 Fall, and fill
With thy blessing barren places;
And the lesser hills are seen

Fresh and green,
Deck'd with Flora's various graces.

13. The fat pasture's curled locks
 With large flocks
Shall be poled, yet still be growing :
Plenteous crops the vale shall yield,
 And the field
Bounteously shall pay for sowing.
Thus the land enjoying peace,
 And increase
In so ample manner bringing,
Men for very joy shall shout
 All about,
Praising thee, and to thee singing.
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PSALM LXX.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **H**ASTE thee, O God, to rescue me, opprest;
 Make speed to help thy servant, sore distress.
2. Let shame and swift confusion on them light,
 That seek to slay and overthrow me quite.

Pervert, O Lord, and subvert them all,
That joy to see a mischief me befall.

3. Let them be soon abash'd that wish to see,
And, seeing, frolic in my misery.

4. But let them all that seek thee, still rejoice,
And to their joy tune their well pleasing voice;
Such as delight in thy salvation, Lord,
Let them still praise thy name with one accord.

5. As for thy servant, I am poor; O haste,
Haste to my succour; else my hope is past.

6. Thou art my sole Redeemer, my sole aid;
O stay not long, for I am sore dismay'd.

PSALM XCIII.

By Joseph Bryan.

To St. Bernard's Hymn of *Cur mundus militat?*

1. **G**OD, who of naught at all, this All did fashion,
'Tis he alone reigneth, and hath domination;

Eye-dazzling majesty clothes him most gloriously;
Strength, power, glory, girt him victoriously.
Earth's base is fitting, air mov'd with agility;
Yet stands it unmoved in fixed stability.

2. Lord, when thy throne was fix'd wants resolution,
Thou art beyond old Time's vast revolution.

3. The floods spew from their depths deep and unmeasured
Mountain-resembling waves, long before treasured.
The floods the winds crossings brooking injuriously,
Dash against heaven's front billows most furiously.

4. The sea bandies billows like balls light rebounding;
The waves counter-crossing like thunder resounding.
Lord, thou true Neptune, wave taming, sea-ruling
still,
At thy rebuke they droop faintly reculing still.
The sea's mounting surges are curbed supernally,
The bands that are set them, do bound them eternally.

5. Lord, thy good promise is free from mutation;
Thy house is still graced with sanctification.



Part of PSALM CVII.

By Joseph Bryan.

23. The daring offspring of mankind,
Who forreign stronds and gain to find,
 'Gainst waves and wind
Launch out in ships into the deep,
(Two inches' distance from Death's sleep,)
 And traffick in the watery regions.
24. These men, God's works and wonders see
In the huge depths, and what they be
 Apparently.
25. For at his word, if he but say
Arise; the stormy winds obey,
 Lifting up their waves in legions.
26. The whirling puff bears them so high,
That they do seem to meet the sky,
 And by and by
They tumble headlong down amain
Into the briny deeps again,
 So that their soul dissolves with anguish.

27. Th' are tossed, crossed, to and fro ;
They foam and fume, and swell and flow,
 And tottering go
Much like a drunken man, who reels
With giddy head, unsteady heels,
 And all their wit and art doth languish.
Their sails, and tackles, close compact,
Are tatter'd; and their anchors crack'd,
 And cables rack'd :
The whistle's mute, the canting sound
The roaring waves, and winds confound.
 None climbs, none steers, none guides them
 sailing,
But with deep sense of misery,
All, all amaz'd and senseless lie,
 No comfort nigh ;
But bellowing winds, and swallowing waves
Mast-high do fly: their bark's vast graves
 They are prepared, and melt with wailing.
28. Then in this doleful ecstasy
They pour out prayers to God on high,
 And to him cry,
Who, seeing them disconsolate,
Pities, relieves their hope-reft state,
 And their orisons fulfillleth.

29. He then rebukes the raging wind,
And it in earth's vast womb doth bind,
 And there confin'd,
A calm supplies the storm's place now;
He smooths the frowning ocean's brow,
 And the whale-like waves he stilleth.
30. The waves thus calm'd, the sea made plain,
They recollect themselves again
 In joyful vein;
And then unto the long-sought port,
Whither their compass would resort,
 He, pilot-like, their bark directeth.
31. O therefore let men never cease
God's countless mercies to express,
 But them confess,
And shew, that all the world may see
What, and how mighty wonders he
 For the sons of men affecteth.



PSALM CXII.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **THRICE** blessed is the man that fears the Lord,
Whose soul's delight and study's in his word.

2. His seed successively
 Shall be exalted high;
And blessing after blessing shall light on,
And still attend his generation.

3. Wealth, with content, and plenty still shall dwell
Within his house, and crown his happy cell;
And God shall bear in mind
His pious deeds in kind.

4. The light of comfort rising shines upon
The good, eclipsed by affliction:
For God, who is both merciful and just,
Is loving unto such as in him trust.

5. The good man of his store
 Lends part unto the poor;
Guides his affairs with such discretion,
That he may pleasure all, endamage none.

6. Therefore, though Satan and the world conspire
Against his life, God frustrates their desire,
And makes his memory
Still live, although he die.
7. No daunting news of misery at hand
Startles his settled heart, though all the land
Seem therewithal appall'd, for his defence
Is in God's power, and his providence.
8. His heart is not dismay'd,
But on God's promised aid
Is anchored sure, and will not shrink till he
Upon his foes God's hoped-for vengeance see.
9. Upon the waters hath he cast his bread;
Dispersed his goods, the needy succoured,
His God still bears in mind
His pious deeds in kind.
His horn, as was his charity, shall be
Extoll'd with glory in a high degree.
10. The wicked man shall see the godly's good,
More to enrage his soul, and vex his blood,
And sorrow at the sight,
And gnash his teeth in spite,

And gnashing, pine with envy: and his thought
Shall perish, like himself, and come to naught.

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*PSALM C̄XIII.*

~~~~~  
By Joseph Bryan.
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1. **G**IVE praise to the Lord, O praise his name,  
Ye saints his servants, glorify the same.
  
2. Blessed be his great name and majesty,  
From age to age to all eternity.
  
3. Let him be prais'd, O let his name be blest  
From th' early East, to the declining West.
  
4. The Lord is high, and doth alone command  
The heathen, and the nations of each land.  
His glory's higher, and doth far excel  
The heavens which he made, where he doth dwell.
  
5. What, or who is, or may presume to be  
Like to our God, so high in dignity?  
Yet deigns to behold, and care for all  
In heaven and earth that humbly on him call.



6. Dejected ones he raiseth from the dust,  
And from the dunghill them that in him trust;
  
7. Associating them with princes, to advise  
And counsel them, lest they should tyrannize;  
To rule, not under Ethnic kings, but such  
As rule his people, and to rule them much.
  
8. The barren womb, contemned as a curse,  
He doth unlock, and makes her mother, nurse,  
And mistress, of a copious family,  
And joyfully to see her long-liv'd progeny.

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*PSALM CXIV.*

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By Joseph Bryan.

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1. **W**HEN from Egypt's servile land,  
(From the hand  
Of proud Pharoah, flinty-hearted)  
Israel, old Jacob's seed,  
Being freed  
From the barbarous rout, departed;
  
2. God in Judah shewed forth  
His great worth,  
And his holiness, sure grounded,

And in Israel, his own  
    Might was shewn,  
And his power and strength unbounded.

3. The sea seeing him come nigh,  
    Straight did fly,  
As one frighted and perplexed ;  
All his surges from earth part  
    To his heart  
Ran to succour it, so vexed.  
Jordan with a liquid wing,  
    To his spring  
Fled, as to his life's sole-giver ;  
If the sea, amaz'd did flee,  
    Much more he,  
But a brook, a petty river.

4. Mountains leap'd like frolic rams,  
    And like lambs  
Frisking in some flowery valley :  
Mountainets did trembling trip,  
    Dance, and skip,  
Seeming sportfully to dally.

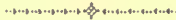
5. Say, O Sea, what ailed thee  
    So to flee,

And thy channel to discover?  
Jordan, why hadst thou recourse  
    To thy source,  
And thy wonted way gav'st over?

6. Mountains, why leap'd ye like rams,  
    And like lambs  
Frisking in some flowery valley?  
Mountainets, why did ye trip,  
    Dance, and skip,  
Seeming sportfully to dally?

7. The firm-founded earth did quake,  
    Shrink, and shake,  
At the Lord's all-daunting presence;  
At his presence, whose hand wrought  
    All of naught,  
Jacob's God, all creature's essence.

8. Who the dry hard craggy rock  
    With a knock  
Makes a fountain fully flowing;  
And the fire-sire flint a pool,  
    So to cool  
Israel, with thirst's heat glowing.



*PSALM CXXIII.*

---

Anonymous.

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1. **W**ITH misery enclos'd,  
By all the world oppos'd,  
    To thee I lift mine eye,  
    O thou that dwell'st on high,  
Assur'd that thou wilt hear,  
And me dejected cheer!
  
2. **L**o, as a servant's eye  
Still looks regardfully  
    Upon his master's hand  
    For gift more than command;  
And as a handmaid still  
Attends her mistress's will:  
So we, with sorrow fraught,  
Near sunk, upon thee wait,  
    Our hopeful eye and heart  
    Fix'd on thee, never start,  
Till thou, for thine own sake,  
Some pity on us take.
  
3. **O** Lord, we do resort  
    To thee, our safest port;

With help compassionate  
Our healthless, helpless state;  
For we, and we alone,  
Are scorn'd and trampled on.

4. Our souls are fill'd with vaunts,  
And with reproachful taunts,  
From them that wealthy be,  
And hate both us and thee,  
And with derisions  
From proud and mighty ones.

~~~~~  
PSALM CXXIV.

~~~~~  
By Joseph Bryan.  
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1. **I**F the Lord, our God and Guide,
On our side
Had not been, and us protected,
Israel's seed may truly say,
By this day,
This day, so much to be respected:
2. If the Lord, our God and Guide,
On our side

Had not been, and us protected,
When our foes, with malice fraught,
Closely sought
Their damn'd plots to have effected:

3. They had then devour'd us all,
Great and small,
And engulph'd us quick and quickly;
For so raging was the mood,
And so wood,
That no milder doom was likely.
4. Then the waters, hemming round,
Had us drown'd,
And the floods our souls had drenched.
5. Then our souls in swelling waves,
As in graves,
Had been swallow'd, and entrenched.
6. Prais'd be God, with all our souls,
Who controuls
Our proud foes, and hath not given
Us a prey to their fell jaws
Or fierce paws,
But their forces back hath driven.

7. As a bird by feigned call,
 Fallen in thrall,
Breaks the snare and is untrapped;
So our souls, so near betray'd,
 By thine aid,
As a bird un-snar'd escaped.

8. God, who earth and heaven made,
 Doth us shade
With the wing of his protection;
He it is by whom we daunt
 Foes that vaunt,
He 'tis keeps them in subjection.

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*PSALM CXXVII.*

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By Joseph Bryan.  
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1. **E**XCEPT the Lord himself will deign  
To build the house, the work to guide,  
The builder's labour is in vain,  
Like Babel's builder's haughty pride.  
Nor watch, nor guard, nor centinel,  
Can battled, trench'd, fenc'd towns defend,

Unless the God of Israel  
Do guard, and guide, and his help lend.

2. It is not early rising up,  
Nor going very late to bed,  
Nor drinking of a strengthless cup,  
Nor sweating eating careful bread,  
That aught avails; 'tis all in vain,  
Carking is naught worth approved;  
But God gives rest, and without pain,  
All needful things to his beloved.
  
3. Children, the staff and crown of age,  
Issue to succeed their sires,  
Are th' Almighty's heritage,  
Wherewith he crowns his Saints' desires.
  
4. As shafts are in an archer's hand,  
Who draws a stiff bent sinewy bow;  
Even so are children in thy land,  
Which up in strength and virtue grow.  
Strength shaft-like sprouts in shape and mind,  
Strong but to virtue, not to vice;  
Straight bent to glorious deeds by kind,  
And to no brave achievements nice.



5. O happy sire, whose aged wings  
Are ympt with plumes of this account;  
He need not fear the face of kings;  
But eagle-like his fame shall mount.

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PSALM CXXVIII.

1. **H**OWSOEVER the world doth deem thee,
Or thy godless rout esteem thee,
 Thou secure and sure mayst rest,
 That thou, fearing God, art blest.
2. Thou shalt eat, and be sustained
With thy food, thy hand hath gained.
 O then happy shalt thou be,
 And it shall go well with thee.
3. Thy kind wife, a chaste life leading,
Shall be like a fair vine spreading
 On thy houses southward wall,
 Fraught with fruit celestial.
And about thy heaven-stor'd table,
Shall thy children amiable,

Stand like olive plants around,
Fat and green in thriving ground.

4. Thus behold, the Lord hath spoke it,
He who never will revoke it,
Shall the man be blessed still,
That fears God, and doth his will.

5. God shall bless thee out of Sion,
And thou still shalt feast thine eye on
Salem's joy, and Salem's wealth,
Salem's good and saving health.

6. Thou shalt view, and joy in viewing,
Thy son's sons thy name renewing;
And calm peace to rest, and dwell
Still on God's own Israel.



PSALM CXXXIII.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **O** BEHOLD with admiration
What great good and contentation,
And what joy it is to see
Brethren's love and amity.

2. It is like that balmy ointment,
Consecrate by God's appointment,
And still used to be shed
Upon Aaron's sacred head;
Which unto his beard distilling,
And along his vesture trilling,
Did embalm the very hem,
And the nether skirts of them.

3. As the dew, so fat, so pearly,
Waters Hermon late and early,
Clothing Sion's sacred hill
Like to Ver, and Flora still.

4. So, where the kind band is holden
Firmly, still the age is golden:

For God's blessings from above
Flow, to grace the knot of love.

PSALM CXXXVII.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **B**y the still streams of Babylon
We mutely sat, and spent thereon,
And sent thereby our hapless tears
And sighs to neighbour-lands and ears;
When our afflicting enemy
Reneweth fresh our memory,
Set our sad minds to muse upon
Poor Sion's desolation.

2. Our harps neglected, stringless, mute,
(That whilom were so absolute)
Hung up on willows, gave no sound,
But echoes from our groans rebound.

3. We sitting, moaning, groaning thus,
Thus our captivers vexed us
With mocks and scorns, and laid on more,
Which was too sad a weight before.

Come (said they) dry your eyes, and cheer
Your drooping hearts: Come, let us hear
A song from you; yea one of them
So famous in Jerusalem.

4. How can our eye, alas, or heart,
Or clear, or cheer, or bear a part
In any mirth? or take in hand
A Sion's song in Babel's land?

5. No, dear Jerusalem, if I
Fail to bemoan thy misery,
Let my right hand forget to play
Any sweet touch, or heavenly lay.

6. Let my furr'd tongue cleave fast unto
My clammy roof, if any woo
My grief-betrothed heart to joy,
Till thou thy peace dost re-enjoy.

7. Remember, Lord, and Lord requite
The proud despiteful Edomite;
O bear in mind their tyranny,
Their savage facts, their butchery:
Their cry at Salem's ruining,
Sack, raze, and burn up every thing;

Make all one heap; let no eye see
One place from blood and ruin free.

8. And then, curs'd Babylon, though thou
In thy swoln pride, thus brav'st us now,
A darken'd wave, ne'er to renew
Thy glorious full, shall soon ensue.
Happy be he, and bless'd his hand,
That shall bring woe upon thy land;
And all endrench thy soil in blood,
And drink thy tears grown to a flood:
And in a brave disdainful rage,
Shall trample in thy vassalage,
And with a proud and cruel spite
Our wrongs in thee at full requite.

9. Happy be he; bliss him betide,
That laying all remorse aside,
Shall take thy sprawling viperous brood,
And dash 'gainst stones their brains and blood.



PSALM CXLII.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. FROM out the depth of misery, I cry
To thee, O Lord, and that most earnestly;
Prayers intermix'd with sighs and tears,
My soul sends up into thine ears.

2. I pour out all my moan
Before thee, thee alone;
And for relief
Shew thee my grief.

3. Lord, when my troubled spirit could not rest
For anguish of my mind, thou knewest best
What way to help me, and didst see
A path through all, to set me free.
Thy foes and mine do lay
Snares for me in my way,
And privily
In ambush lie.

4. I look'd on every side, but I could see
None that would know, and much less succour me.

My friends revolted totally,
On whom I used to rely.

5. All ways to 'scape by flight
Were stopp'd, and that up quite;
And none did care
My soul to spare.
6. Thus troubled, laid in wait for, desolate,
Enclosed round, and thus disconsolate,
I cried to thee, O Lord, and said,
Thou art my hope, my help, my aid,
The rock I build upon,
My lot, my portion
In this life, and
A better land.
7. O therefore hear my prayers attentively,
For with contempt and weight of misery,
My soul doth cleave unto the dust,
Yet thou, O Lord, art all my trust.
8. O free me by thy might
From them, against whose spite
And violence
I have no fence.

9. Lord, bring my soul out of the straits and dread,
Wherein my foes have her imprisoned;
 Lord, loose her bands, that for the same
 I may give thanks to thy great name;
And that the righteous men
May flock to me again,
 And they with me
 Sing praise to thee.
-

PSALM CXLVI.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. O, my soul, do thou give praise,
 And sing lays
 To the Lord, God ever living.
2. And my tongue, till tied by death,
 And my breath,
 Praise to him shall still be giving.
3. Put no trust in potentates,
 Nor in states,
 Nor in wealth, in strength, or feature,

For in them no help is found
Sure or sound,
Nor in any other creature.

4. For their staff of life is breath,
Which by death
Soon is craz'd; their corpse they cherish,
When as they, soon after birth,
Turn to earth,
All their thoughts, plots, councils perish.

5. Blest is he whose soul so learns,
And discerns
These false hopes, and them forsaketh;
Who the God of Jacob's seed,
At his need
His sure help and refuge maketh.

6. Who both heaven and earth did make,
And but spake,
And the sea, with her hid treasure.
And doth keep his word and oath
Firmly both,
And in keeping them takes pleasure.

7. Who doth justice execute,
 Ne'er being mute
For the wrongfully oppressed:
Who, with plenteous bread doth feed
 Them that need,
Loosing prisoners distressed.
8. God restores the blind to sight,
 And sets right
Limbs distorted, lameness curing;
And his love to him that still
 Doth his will,
Is for evermore enduring.
9. God relieves the fatherless,
 In distress
Widows' plaints to him are moving.
Strangers safely he protects;
 But rejects
Godless men, no good ways loving.
10. God, thy God, on Sion hill
 Reigneth still;
Still in glory higher raised,

He from age to age doth 'dure,
Holy, pure:
Let his mighty Name be praised!

~~~~~  
End of the Psalms.  
~~~~~



A
DIVINE POEM,

DIVIDED INTO TWO PARTS:

THE RAVISHED SOUL;

AND

THE BLESSED WEEPER.

COMPILED

BY NICHOLAS BRETON, GENTLEMAN.



IMPRINTED AT LONDON,
FOR JOHN BROWNE AND JOHN DEANE.

1601.

TO

The Right Honourable, discreet and virtuous Lady,

THE NOURISHER OF THE LEARNED, AND FAVOURER OF THE GODLY;

MY SINGULAR GOOD LADY,

The Lady Mary, Countess of Pembroke;

NICHOLAS BRETON

WISHETH ALL THE GOOD THAT THE HEAVENS WILL,

AND THE WORLD CAN GIVE;

TO THE PLEASURE OF THE HIGHEST, AND HER WORTHY HEART'S DESIRE.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

MATTER of most worth, to most worthy minds is most worthily presented. What matter in worth may compare with divine meditation? What mind more worthy honour, than the heavenly inclined? And whose mind more truly worthy of that blessed title, than your Ladyship's? I would there were many; but I know too few. Being then in that excellent sense truly yourself; whom, for more worth than I will speak of, the wise admire, the learned follow, the virtuous love, and the honest serve: vouchsafe me leave, among those poor people that being thrown from the world look only

Epistle Dedicatory.

towards heaven and heavenly graces, to lay before your eyes a divine humour of a ravished soul: which being above itself carried into the heavenly meditations of the mercies of the Almighty, by the blessing of his Holy Spirit, hath brought such fruits of praise, as I hope will be pleasing to your good favour. To the honour of whose commandment, avowing the duty of my heart's service, in all humble thankfulness for your bountiful undeserved goodness, praying for your eternal happiness, I take my leave.

Your Ladyship's in all humbleness,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

TO THE READER.

YOU, that with a zealous love of religion, with an indifferent regard of learning, and without disdain of poetry, will vouchsafe to bestow a little time in the perusing of this little volume of verses; it may be, you will not repent you of your labour, nor think much of your cost: but, when you have once read it over, perhaps begin it again, and end it without weariness. If you note it well, you may find matter of comfort, and nothing to the contrary: God truly glorified in his manifold blessings; and man greatly blessed, that being endued with his graces, by faith taketh hold of his mercies; the Atheists confounded in their follies, and the virtuous blessed in their election. This if you find not, blame either yourself or me. But if you note what I write, much good do you in the reading, and God increase you in his blessing. And so, in the best nature of love, leaving you to the joy of the best life, I end.

Your friend,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

IN AUCTOREM.

Two hopeful Twins, joint issues of one brain,
A ravish'd Soul, and longing Spirit sends
Into your bosom's high and heavenly train,
That are Wit's kinsmen, and the Muse's friends.
Embrace them, love them, and with Judgment's view
Eye them. Believe me, Reader, thou shalt find
Their limbs well measur'd, and proportions true;
No part dissenting from their perfect kind:
Only the fashion sits not on their clothes,
To make them sightly to fantastic eyes.
Pallas, not *Venus*, did the work dispose,
Cutting their garments from Angelic skies.
Plain is their habit, yet divine and sweet;
Fit for the wise, but for the wisest meet.

H. T. GENT.

THE
RAVISHED SOUL.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.



ING, my Soul, to God thy Lord,
All in glory's highest key;
Lay the angels quire aboard,^a
In their highest holy day:

Crave their helps to tune thy heart
Unto praises' highest part.

Tell the world---no world can tell
What the hand of Heaven deserveth,
In whose only mercies dwell
All that heaven and earth preserveth;
Death's confounding, Sin's forgiving,
Faith's relieving, Comfort's living.

Grace and glory, life and love,
Be the sum of all thy ditty;

^a This word is spelled *abaorde* in the printed copy. Vide Johnson
in voc.

Where a sinner's tears may prove
Comfort's joy in Mercy's pity:
 Every note in love alluding,
 Endless glory in concluding.

Praise of praises, where thou dwellest,
Tell me (if the world may know thee)
In what sense thou most excellest,
When thy wonder-worth doth show thee
 In that state of honour's story,
 Where thou gain'st thy highest glory.

'Tis not earth, nor earthly wonder,
Can discern thy dearest honour:
All her praises are put under,
When thy glory looks upon her.
 No: in heaven thy glory dwelleth,
 Where thy wonder most excelleth.

Yet in heaven was never living
Virgin, saint, nor angel's spirit,
Where thy grace may have the giving
Of thy honour's highest merit.
 'Tis their glory's admiration
 That deserves thy commendation.

Since then, by all consequences,
In the notes of glory's nature,
And the grace's influences---
'Tis no earth nor heavenly creature :
 In my God alone, on high,
 Is this only mystery.

And since in his Majesty,
All and only, ever dwelleth
That most glorious Deity,
That all praises praise excelleth :
 Say, although thy soul attend him,
 It can never comprehend him.

If thou speak'st of power---all powers
To his power are in subjection :
If thou speak'st of time---all hours
Run their course by his direction :
 If of wisdom---all is vanity,
 But in his divine humanity.

If of truth---it is his trial :
If of love---it is his treasure :
If of life---it is his dial :
If of grace---it is his pleasure :

If of goodness---'tis his story:
If of mercy---'tis his glory!

If of justice---judgment showeth
His proceeding is impartial:
If of valour---all hell knoweth
Who is heaven's high marshal:
 If of bounty---'tis his blessing:
 If of place---'tis his possessing.

If of patience---his perfection:
If of comfort---'tis his favour:
If of virtue---his affection:
If of sweet---it his savour:
 If of triumph---'tis his merit:
 If perfection---'tis his spirit.

If above all these thou singest,
Ravish'd in thy reason's glory;
Tell the world, whate'er thou bringest,
Admiration's, wonder's story,
 To such height my Saviour raiseth,
 As above all praises praiseth.

Let all kings and princes then,
In submission fall before him,

Virgins, angels, holy men,
Both in heaven and earth adore him!
 In his only mercy seeing
 All, and only all your being.

Babes and children, show his glory,
In your silly souls preserving:
Men and women, note this story
Of the life of love's deserving:
 Heaven and earth, be ever reading
 Of this essence of exceeding.

Sun and moon, and every creature
In that shining starry sky,
All confess your brightness' feature
In the hand of mercy's eye;
 And for all your blessed powers,
 Show it God's, and none of yours.

And when all the world together
Join with angel's harmony,
Let my soul come singing thither,
With that blessed company,---
 God, in mercy's power victorious,
 Be above all glory glorious! *Amen.*

Sacred Muse, that only sittest
In the spirits of the blessed,
And the faithful only fittest
With their thoughts to heaven addressed,
 Help my humble soul to sing
 To my glorious heavenly King.

All abandon earth's conjecture,
Think not on so mean an instance:
Make thine honour's architecture,
But on grace's glorious substance:
 There, in comfort's confirmation,
 Build thy heavenly habitation.

Study not astronomy,
Lest to darkness turn thy light;
But that high divinity,
Where the day hath never night:
 There find out that work of worth,
 That may bring thy wonder forth.

In the tears of true contrition,
Think on mercy's blessedness,
And, in care of love's condition,
Of perfection's holiness;

Then, in notes of grace's glory,
Make the state of all thy story.



IL CHRISTIANO AL HONORE DI CRISTO.

Before there was a light, there was a light
Which saw the world, the world could never see;
From which the world receives his brightest sight,
Yet cannot see what brightness there may be.

From this fair light there came a living love,
A love, which gives the living all their seeing;
And in the life of all their seeing prove
The only essence of their only being.

From this bright love there came a living word,
A word that doth in wisdom signify
What heaven and earth in wonder can afford,
Is but in life this love to dignify.

For in this word was that almighty power,
Which was, before that power was ever named;
Begun before the first beginning hour,
Framing each substance that was ever framed.

And in that word that only wisdom dwelleth,
That only knows what only may be known;
And in that knowledge all excelleth,
Because it knows all knowledge is his own.

This worthy word of Wisdom's wonderment,
(To give some notice of his powerful nature)
In wisdom made his will an instrument,
To show himself unto his silly creature.

This holy essence of the Deity,
In virgin's womb did take the veil of flesh,
Bringing the dew of blessed charity,
Our withering spirits sweetly to refresh.

This highest height of heavenly Majesty,
This word of wisdom's gracious, glorious love,
Invested in all virtue's unity,
That perfect God and perfect man approve.

From the sweet bosom of his Father's breast,
Eternal Babe of all eternal bliss;
All blessed Babe, that made the mother blest,
By that sweet blessed holy love of his:

From the high throne of heavenly glory's seat,
Unto this world, this worthless world descended,

With their cross spirits kindly to intreat,
For their own good, that highly him offended.

This blessed Infant of eternity,
And only glorious essence of the same,
By the clear light of his all-seeing eye,
Beholding all things---all, so out of frame :

Unto his servants to make known his love,
And to redeem what lack of love had lost,
In tender age and elder years did prove
How patience, care, might be in passion's crost.

When first sweet infant in the mother's arms,
Fed with the milk of pure virginity,
How did he 'scape the tyrant Herod's harms,
That little knew of his divinity.

But oh, when first his presence sweet appear'd
Unto the silly shepherds in the field,
With how much joy were all their spirits cheer'd,
Whose humble eyes his heavenly face beheld.

While in the heavens the angels sung for joy,
That peace by him unto the world was come;
By him who should both death and hell destroy,
And be the saviour of his chosen some.

The virgin-mother joyed in her child,
And in her joy did call her son her saviour:
Whose gracious spirit in her countenance mild
Did show the blessing of her meek behaviour.

Oh, blessed Son! the Father's best beloved,
In whom he all and only did delight;
How many ways his works in wonder proved
He held the sceptre of his Father's right.

In simpleness, all harmless as the dove;
In learning, putting all the doctors down;
In power, the hand of highest heaven's bebove;
In state, the king of kings in glory's crown.

In patience, the true proof of sufferance;
In truth, the touch-stone of all virtue's trial;
In love, director of life's ordinance;
In life, the hand of the eternal dial.

In charity, the giver of all good;
In bounty, the bestower of all bliss;
In mercy, faith's eternal blessed food;
In grace, the guide that cannot lead amiss.

In wisdom, founder of all wit and sense;
In will, the worker of all wonder's worth;

In essence, all the sum of excellence;
In all, that good that brings all glory forth.

This essence all incomprehensible,
Yet willing in his mercies to be known,
That glory might not be offensive,
That in a shadow only should be shown.

First, in the time of feeble infancy,
When nature's weakness fled a feared force;
Then in the years of reason's constancy,
When gracious mercy gloried in remorse.

Came to the world, to call the world to come
Unto his call, that had the heavens at call;
Healing the sick, the blind, lame, deaf and dumb,
And raised them up that ready were to fall.

Contented with the badge of poverty,
Who might command both heaven and earth at will;
Lodged in a manger in humility,
Who in himself both heaven and earth did fill.

Threaten'd with death, who was the life of life;
Sought to be slain, who was the death of death;
The ground of peace, yet with the world at strife;
And suffer'd death, yet gave the living breath.

Seek heaven and earth, and find out such another,
So might command, and so could be commanded;
Who was our king, yet would become our brother,
Might strike all dumb, and yet would be demanded:

Would leave such pleasure, and endure such pain,
And for their lives that crucified his love;
With loss of life, to make their living gain,
That proved turkeys to their turtle-dove.

Who ever craved his help, and was denied?
Who loved him so, but left him at his death?
Who ever fail'd, whose faith on him relied?
Yet who for him would spare one favour's breath?

Oh Lord! what madness could be more in men,
Than when they knew the truth, to make a doubt?
And long in darkness, having light e'en then,
To blind themselves, to put the candle out.

And blessed women that his death bewailed,
While heart's deep grief found comfort's high perfection;
When passion's tears so much with love prevailed,
As first to them reveal'd his resurrection.

The mother wept, to see her son so used;
The sinner wept, to see her Saviour dying;

The cousin wept, to see her kin abused;
All for his death fell to a deadly crying.

The sun eclipsed, the day did lose his light,
And stones did rise against their Maker's foes;
The temple rent, the people were affright,
And from the graves the troubled spirits rose.

All these were tokens of his holy truth,
To make men know how they were woe-begone them;
But graceless spirits, void of gracious ruth,
Ventured to take the guiltless blood upon them.

Here then behold the majesty of bliss,
That pray'd for them that prey'd upon him so:
Content with all might come to him amiss,
So his with him might to their comfort go.

His life, the lantern of eternal light;
His death, the passage to eternal rest;
His grace, the mark of the most blessed sight;
His love, the life of the eternal blest.

His miracles, the witness of his power;
His sacrament, remembrance of his love;
His resurrection, his triumphant hour;
And his ascension, angels' joys above.

His travail all, to bring our souls to rest;
His prayer, for our preservation;
His work, to joy the spirits of the blest;
His word, the assured truth of our salvation.

His war a fight, but only for our peace;
His peace, the joy wherein our souls do live;
His wounds, the salve that doth our woes release;
His triumph, freely of his grace to give.

Oh, should I run into that world of worth,
Wherein his glory duly doth increase,
I should more wonder of most worth bring forth,
Than thought can reach, until all thinking cease.

But since true love requited with unkindness,
Grace with disgrace, comfort with misery,
Wisdom with folly, truth with falsehood's blindness,
Honour with shame, and right with injury:

Since all the contraries of true content,
That wit and reason rightly may receive;
His heavenly mercy, truly patient,
All for our good, full meekly did receive.

And being gone from our ungracious hands,
Unto the right hand of his Father's rest,

There in his hourly intercession stands,
For our remission making love's request.

And by his word, the message of his will,
Sent by the preachers of his proved truth,
Doth call our souls from all accursed ill,
Unto the good of gracious mercy's ruth.

And bids our faith to fear no hurt of sin,
And leaves us lessons in the rules of grace,
Where true repentance doth remission win,
And humble faith doth find in heaven a place.

And let's us see, each day and every night,
A kind of figure both of heaven and hell;
And how that sins do always fly the light,
While blessed graces do in brightness dwell.

And how the virtuous in the heavens are bless'd,
And how the vicious in their horrors hated,
And how the just shall have their wrongs redress'd,
And how the proud shall have their pride abated.

How charity shall be in heaven rewarded,
How patience' care, shall richly be contented,
How bribery shall be utterly discarded,
And tyranny shall be in hell tormented.

How humble faith shall be in heaven beloved,
And gracious spirits blessedly embraced,
And faithless spirits from all grace removed,
And graceless spirits utterly disgraced.

When life shall be pronounc'd to the elected,
And love shall take the charge of the beloved,
And hell receive the souls of the rejected,
To endless pains of graceless will reproved.

When this I say, and all that can be said,
That can revive the virtuous in their death,
And justly make the reprobate afraid,
With looking down into their hell beneath,

Our Lord hath left us in those lines of love,
That heavenly wisdom wrote for our instruction;
Yet we, all careless of our souls' behove,
Will headlong run upon our own destruction.

What shall I say?---but let the Atheist fry
Within the coals of his own conscience' fire:
Torments too true, too late will make him try;
He cannot 'scape the fury of God's ire.

And let the faithful in their fearless hope
Assure their spirits of especial grace;

The breadth of heaven doth bear so large a scope,
That none so poor but there shall have a place.

And let the prince not glory in his crown,
But lay it at the feet of Mercy's love;
And let the haughty pull those humours down,
That only work for wicked hell's behove.

Oh, let the fair leave painting of their faces,
And only seek the beauty of the mind:
For God alone doth love the inward graces,
And not the shadows that the eye do blind.

And let the rich not let his riches rust,
But seek the wealth but of the Spirit's worth:
For God doth know your treasure is but dust,
And ye but stewards for to let it forth.

And let the wise so well employ their wits,
They may attain the knowledge to do well;
And shun the follies of those madding fits,
That, leaving heaven, do run the way to hell.

Oh, let that queen be truly angel-like,
With grace's sceptre hold the sword of peace;
And by her faith, in Mercy's hand doth seek
A joyful kingdom, that shall never cease.

And let that lady think herself a queen,
That hath possession of her spirit so,
That she could leave all comforts she hath seen,
And her own self,---unto her God to go.

And let that soldier most that valour love,
Where God assists the faithful in their fight;
Where lack of faith in coward fear doth prove
Each shadow doth the faithless soul affright.

And let the lawyēr look on justice' lines,
And know that God will right the poor man's wrong;
And that such lawyers as are true divines,
Do love the Muses sing of mercy's song.

And let the merchant love that traffic best
Where travail finds the treasure of God's grace,
While greedy minds, that fill the golden chest,
Shall never see their Saviour in the face.

And let the scholar that doth study most,
Find out the truth of life's eternal treasure;
And think all labour in his study lost,
Where God his grāce gives not the spirit pleasure.

And let the lover leave his wanton look,
With such illusions as enchant the mind;

And only love the beauty of that book,
Where God alone is in his love to find.

Abhor the Devil, and he will depart:
Grace is as near as sin, if you will crave it;
So faith do beg it with repentant heart:
For fear, nor pride, are ever like to have it.

Cry unto Christ, whom you have crucified;
In tears of love reveal your hate of sin;
So, in your grief when grace is glorified,
Be sure, in mercy doth your bliss begin.

Believe his word, seek to obey his will,
And know the work is his, and none of yours;
Strive to do well, and fly the way to ill,
And be submissive to supernal powers.

Be patient, in the cross of any care;
Repentant, in remembrance of amiss;
Constant in faith, love God without compare,
And give all glory to that name of his.

Hate him that speaks against his majesty,
Love him in soul that will forsake him never;
And know, the scornors of the Deity
Shall all be damn'd, and fry in hell for ever.

Go to your closet; lovely there alone

Bleed forth in tears the truth of your belief:
And you shall see your smallest spirit's groan
Will find a grace to ease you of your grief.

For he that knows the secret's of your thought,
And knows the nature of your sin's disease,
Will never see your spirit over-wrought;
But in the instant give you present ease.

You shall be the dear daughter of his love,
And like a father he will look upon you,
And in his mercy so much comfort prove,
That you shall never more be woe-begone you.

Your soul in heaven shall half already be;
The angels 'gin to set your part to sing;
Your spirit's eye shall, in some graces, see
Some shadowing glory of your heavenly King.

And you, all ravish'd with your heavenly joy,
Will so his gracious, glorious name adore,
That being healed of your soul's annoy,
This hateful world shall be your love no more.

And you, of men that have been long admir'd
For many worths well worthy admiration,

Shall then of angels be as much desir'd,
For heavenly grounds of grace's confirmation.

And God himself so near himself will set you
In grace's seat, where mercy so will love you,
That faith's regard will never more forget you,
Nor sín, nor death, nor devil shall remove you.

But where the saints and angels are reciting
The heavenly truth of high Jehovah's story,
Your ravish'd soul in such divine enditing
Shall evermore be singing of his glory.

To the assured hope of which high grace,
In humble prayer let my poor humble pen
In your good favour beg that blessed place,
Where my poor heart may happily say---AMEN!

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.



THE
BLESSED WEEPER.



Y thoughts amaz'd, I know not how of late :
Half in a slumber, and more half a sleep,
My troubled senses, at a strange debate
What kind of care should most my spirit
keep ;

Methought I saw a silly woman weep,
And with her weeping, as it seem'd, so pleas'd,
As if her heart had with her tears been eas'd.

The place near which she sate was like a grave,
But all uncover'd, and the body gone ;
Where in her care, she nothing seem'd to crave
But that stol'n body how to look upon.

When weeping so, appear'd to her anon
Two blessed angels and one Lord of bliss,
Who came to comfort this poor wretch of his.

But ere they came, how she in bitter tears
Bewail'd the loss, or lack, of her dear love,
As to her words my vision witness bears,
And my remembrance may for truth approve,
The whole discourse her passions seem'd to move,
 In heart's deep grief and soul's high joy conceived,
 Was, as I write,---were not my thoughts deceived.

If ever sorrow in a sinner's heart
Liv'd, to distil those drops of bitter tears,
That to the world in passions can impart
Part of that pain the troubled spirit bears,
Smothering the woes wherein all pleasure wears,
 Oh, let her show the deepest of her skill,
 In drawing out the essence of mine ill.

The loss of health the heart may somewhat craze,
The loss of wealth distemper may the mind,
The loss of honour is a fearful maze,
The loss of friends, a care of grievous kind;
But all these woes upon one heart to wind
 Were much to think; but much more to believe,
 How it could live, whom far more crosses grieve.

But from the brag of naked poverty,
To have more wealth than all the world can give;

And from the care of all calamity,
In all the comfort of content to live,
Where settled joy all grief away doth drive,
 And suddenly grow sick and poor again,
 Who can conceive the plague of such a pain?

I, wretched I, the outcast of all grace,
And banish'd for my sin from heavenly bliss;
I, that to hell did headlong run my race,
Not caring how my soul was led amiss,
While I was couzen'd by the serpent's hiss,
 I, caitiff wretch, of all the world the worst,
 By sin's just doom to endless sorrow curst.

I, wretched soul, whom sin had bared so,
As left me naked of all Nature's grace;
I, sink of sin, and also full of woe,
As knew not how in heaven to have a place;
And in the depth of all this desperate case,
 To be reliev'd and cloth'd, grac'd and beloved,
 And on the sudden from all these removed.

To lose the vesture of that virtue's grace,
That cloth'd my naked soul, asham'd of sin,
To lose the beauty of that blessed face,
Where Mercy's love did comfort's life begin;

To lose the joys that heavens were glad to win,
To lose the life of such a lovely friend,
Oh! let me weep, and never make an end.

The child that hath his father dearly loving,
Who sees his faults and greatly doth abhor them,
Yet so from wrath will have his thoughts removing,
As he will neither check nor chide him for them,
But puts them back, while pity stands before them,
And doth not only all his faults forgive,
But makes him kindly in his grace to live:

That happy child that in his heart hath felt
The blessed life of such a father's love;
Think how his heart must needs in sorrow melt,
That must the loss of such a father prove,
And curse the death doth such a life remove,
And, as a creature in all comforts friendless,
Bleed out his time in tears of sorrow endless.

That wicked child of too much ill am I,
That had a father held me all too dear;
Who from my sins did turn his angry eye,
And on my sorrow show'd a smiling cheer,
And to his grace did take my soul so near,

As when asham'd to come his face before,
He said but this---'Take heed thou sin no more!'

My sins forgiven, what joy my soul received
None can express but the repentant heart;
Nor can that sorrow ever be conceived,
To see that father from that child depart,
But in that soul that, in the bitter smart
Of the true feeling of that father's love,
Had rather death than his departure prove.

The careless servant that the goods misspends,
Which his kind master to his trust committeth,
And his neat house to thieves and varlets lends,
And cares for nought but what his humour fitteth;
That gracious lord that all such faults remitteth,
And in his goodness doth so dearly love him,
That from his favour nothing shall remove him.

So ill a servant, that doth find the love
Of such a lord, as never like was found;
And in the midst of all his joy must prove
The death, to see his comfort all aground:
Scoff'd, scourg'd, and beaten; sorrowing, sighing, dying;
How can that servant cease continual crying?

That wicked servant, wretched wretch, am I!
That loving master was my living Lord!
Whose gracious gifts abused ungraciously,
Whose house, my soul, foul spirits laid aboard;
Fill'd full of sins, of graces all abhor'd:
 Yet for all this, and all that I could do,
 My Lord forgave me, and did love me too.

He cleansed my soul from all my filthy sin,
And with my tears did wash it clean again;
Drove out the fiends, and kindly enter'd in,
With grace to heal, that sorrow would have slain;
And in his love did so my tears retain,
 That every drop that fell upon his feet,
 Unto my soul did give a heavenly sweet.

Now such a master as was never such,
So good unto a servant, none so ill;
So much abused abuses; oh! too much;
A cursed crew, to work their hellish will,
Like ravening wolves, a silly lamb to kill:
 Foul darkness, so to govern over light,
 Who would not weep to death at such a sight?

A sorry sister that hath such a brother,
As for her love would venture loss of life,

And her unkindness so in kindness smother,
 As 'twixt their loves should kill all cause of strife,
 Though her ill course were his heart's cutting knife;
 To see that brother lose his living breath,
 How can that sister choose but weep to death?

That sister I, that brother was my Lord,
 Who, in his love, laid down his life for me;
 Whose death (oh! cross of crosses to record)
 Ah, wretch! that ever I was born to see,
 Though by his death my life must only be.
 To lose a father, master, brother such,
 Child, servant, sister,---how can I weep too much?

Shame bade me weep enough, to see how sin
 Besmeared had my soul with ugly spots;
 And weep, to feel how I was felter'd in
 The wretched snarls of wicked nature's knots;
 And weep, to look upon those loathsome blots,
 That fill'd me so with grief of all disgrace,
 I durst not see my Saviour in the face.

At whose sweet feet I, kneeling, wept with fear,
 I had offended to presume so near;
 But sin so fled away at every tear,
 That grace began my heavy heart to cheer,

When my dear Lord said not---‘What dost thou here?’
Or ‘get thee hence;’---or like a dog out spurn me;
But from my sin unto his mercy turn me.

He felt my tears, though no man heard my weeping;
And gave me grace, though no man for me moved him;
Which made me know he had my soul in keeping,
Though sin too long, too far from me removed him:
For sin once fled, how dear in soul I loved him,
His words can witness, that my soul did touch---
‘Much is forgiven her, for she loved much.’

He loved much, that me so much forgave;
(Such my forgiver---how much should I love!)
Forgave my sins, and from the fiend did save
My wounded soul, that could no comfort prove,
Till grace and mercy did my grief remove.
But when I felt my pain of sin once past,
In mercy’s grace, I wept with joy as fast.

But oh! my soul, unworthy of this sweet,
Could not enjoy these joyful tears too long:
For sin and sorrow did so soundly meet,
As made my heart to sing another song,
When I beheld the too apparent wrong

My Lord, my love, my life, my king, my God!
For my poor soul, and for my sin's abode.

To see the Lamb, that bleated but our bliss,
Brought all by wolves unto a bleeding end;
To see that cruel, shameful death of his,
Who did his course but for our comfort bend;
And held our foe, that was our dearest friend:
 Who did such good, and to receive such ill;
 Weep, heart! to death; and die in weeping still.

Ungrateful wretches! worthless of all grace;
Rebellious subjects! traitors to your king;
Could ye behold his works before your face,
What choice of good his charity did bring,
And from your hearts could so much venom spring,
 As with the Lord of Peace to stir such strife,
 To seek his death, who only gave you life.

Slaves, dogs, and devils,---worse, if I could call ye,
That so have shown the malice of your minds,
I cannot wish more ill than shall befall ye,
That are the imps of such accursed kinds,
As ugly Satan with illusion blinds:
 I weep not for your sorrow,---but to see
 That all ye did not die, to set him free.

And better had it been for ye to die,
Than have been born to bring him to his death,
And by your deeds to die eternally,
Or live in death within the hell beneath,
Where never air shall breathe you wholesome breath;
But by your choice of torments, make you know
What ye have done to breed my weeping so.

Alas! what sin but did my soul possess?
But that accursed crucifying sin,
That would not let your wicked souls confess
His glorious grace, whose grace did first begin
By true desert all glory due to win;
And by such grace did win my soul so to him,
My death were sweet, if it might service do him.

Oh! that my tears kept number with my sins;
Or that my sins were drowned in my tears:
Then should my weeping show how joy begins
In faithful heart, where fearful sorrow wears,
And comfort's bliss so much contentment bears,
That hope should show, that half a heaven doth win,
Better to weep in grace, than laugh in sin.

But what speak I of either sin or grace?
My sin's too grievous, and my grace is gone;

My life is dead, the earth is all too base
 For my love's Lord to deign to look upon;
 Where lives not one good creature,---no, not one:
 And what should I but weep, to live to see
 I cannot see where my sweet Lord may be.

But since mine eyes have lived to behold
 The heavenly substance of my life and love,
 Wherein my faith doth graciously unfold
 The only blessing of my soul's behove,
 All in the glory of the heavens above;
 Why should I live and look upon the light,
 Now I have lost the joy of such a sight?

No: I do hope my darkness will not hold;
 The night will pass, and sun again will shine:
 Although my heart in comfort be a-cold,
 My soul doth tell me, that these tears of mine
 Shall all be dried up by his hand divine,
 Who so will cure me of my sinful sore,
 That I shall joy in grace, and weep no more!

But he is gone---my spirit's only sweet!
 And I am left, a wretched sinner, here:
 Oh! that my tears could with my comfort meet,
 And I might see my saving health so near,

As with his sight my heavy heart might cheer;
Then should I love mine eyes for such a seeing,
Without which sight they joy not in their being.

Let me then seek where I may hope to see
The only substance of my joying sight;
And never rest, nor ever weary be,
Until I come unto that star of light,
Which may direct my heart and spirit right,
Unto that place, where gracious love will show
My soul his presence, that it loveth so.

To climb to heaven it is too high a place;
Sin weighs me down to love, to seek him there:
For hell, it is unworthy of such grace;
And for the world, my sorrow, witness bear
It is not worthy of his name to hear:
Then since nor here nor there, without all doubt
Within the grave I must go seek him out.

Oh! ground, more gracious than the world besides,
Which dost enclose that, all the world commands:
And blessed earth, that in thy centre hides
His corpse, for whom my weeping soul demands:
Tell me, oh heavens! into what holy hands

He is convey'd, and where he now may be,
Whom thus my heart with tears desires to see?

Thus weeping still, two angels did appear,
Who, as it seem'd, desirous for to know
The mournful cause of this her mourning cheer,
Wherefore she wept, and what she sought for so?
Briefly she thus her grief began to show---
(Wringing her hands, with many a bitter tear,)
Her Lord was stol'n, and laid she knew not where.

“O, blessed angels! blessed as ye be,
Tell me---where is my highest bliss become?
Your Lord and mine, oh! tell me, where is He
May cheer the heart that sorrow doth benumb?
Starve not my tears, vouchsafe my soul one crumb
Of comfort's care---to let me truly know
Where is my Lord, that I lament for so?

“But do ye ask me, whom I seek for so?
Or why I weep, because I cannot find him?
O heavenly creature! help my soul to know
But where he is, that I may come behind him,
That he may know but how my love doth mind him.
If dead---I may unto his tomb restore him;
And if alive---I may on knees adore him.

“ Oh, happy gardener of this holy ground!
Blest art thou born, if thou hast lived to see
That blessed body where it may be found,
That here lay buried:---tell me, if thou be
Sent from my Lord, to come and comfort me?

Who hence hath stol'n the substance of my bliss,
And where bestow'd that holy corps of his?

“ But do you ask me, why I weep so much?
And what I seek?---I seek my soul's delight!
And weep, because I find not any such
As can direct me to so sweet a sight:
This is the cause of my heart's heavy plight.

Oh! tell me then, and put me out of doubt,
Dead or alive, where I may find him out?”

Thus while her eyes continual weeping kept,
Came Christ himself, (although a while unknown)
Who ask'd her---‘ What she sought, and why she wept?’
She, as before unto the angels shown,
Began in tears to make her piteous moan---

“ Her Lord was stol'n, and borne she knew not whither;
But, if he knew, he would direct her thither.”

But while the Lord of all her life and love
Beheld her tears, the witness of her truth,

To make her faith in heavenly favour prove
 The sweet reward of mercy's sacred ruth,
 And know what life of such a love ensueth,
 Spake but one word, but that word was so sweet,
 As would have made her soul to kiss his feet.

“Mary!” quoth he: “Oh, Master! blessed voice,
 From which my heart receives so sweet a sound,
 As makes my soul in ravish'd joy rejoice,
 To think to live, that I my Lord have found:
 Oh! let my sins be in my tears so drown'd,
 That in my joys my soul be ever weeping,
 To have thy presence in my comfort's keeping.

“I will not press one foot beyond the line
 Of thy love's leave: vouchsafe me but a look
 Of that sweet, heavenly, holy eye of thine,
 Of my dear love the ever-living book,
 Wherein my tears have such true comfort took,
 That, let the world torment me ne'er so sore,
 Let me see thee---and I desire no more!

“Oh, sight more precious than tongue can express!
 Wherein the eye doth comfort so the heart,
 The heart the soul, and all in their distress
 Do find an ease and end of every smart:

When eye, and heart, and soul, and every part
Conclude in joy, that comfort did begin,---
Better to weep in grace than laugh in sin.”

And, with that word she vanish'd so away,
As if that no such woman there had been:
But yet, methought, her weeping seem'd to say,
The spirit was of Mary Magdalen;
Whose body now, although not to be seen,
Yet, by her speech it seemed, it was she
That wish'd all women might such Weepers be.





CONCLUSION OF VOL. II.



T may perhaps be thought that the foregoing Poems are not so interesting as those contained in the First Volume. Two new names are however here added to our lists of old Poets, RICHARD GIPPS, and JOSEPH BRYAN: and the Extracts from WILLOUGHBY'S "*Avisa*," and LORD BROOK'S "*Celica*," surely deserve notice. The entire Poem by NICHOLAS BRETON, of which the original edition is exceedingly rare, is very beautiful, and very worthy the re-impression it has received. Every reader of taste must be struck with the simplicity and clearness of the language, and the flow of the versification.

The writers most eminent for the lighter Lyric, and Pastoral Song, in these days, appear to have been Christopher Marlow; Robert Greene; Nicholas Breton; Thomas Lodge; Richard Barnfield; Sir Walter Raleigh; and A. W. Of all these the original volumes have

at least for a century been singularly scarce. Marlow's beautiful translation of "*The Hero and Leander*," (a most rare little volume) is reprinted in "*Restituta*." Many extracts from the choice pieces of Robert Greene and Thomas Lodge occur in the first volume of this work. The poems of Raleigh, Breton's "*Longing*," and "*Melancholike Humours*;" and A. W.'s poems, (which form the second volume of Davison's "*Rhapsody*,") have also been given from the Lee Priory Press. Mr. James Boswell has furnished the rare pieces of Barnfield in his present to the Roxburghe Club; and Mr. Alexander Boswell has given Lodge's "*Fig for Momus*" from his private press. The cultivated reader has thus opened to him an access to treasures, which had hitherto been shut to all but two or three fortunate Collectors. Over such stores Steevens and Malone brooded with solitary complacence. Hence they generally drew their parallel passages; and often much of the subject and matter of their notes. It was a field in which it was fair and wise to glean: and the task was worthy of praise, had it not been a little too selfishly

conducted; and had they borne their heads no higher than the standard to which their abilities and acquirements would have limited them.

With Marlow's powers, from his celebrated Song, *Come, live with me, and be my love*, the modern public have long been familiar. With two or three of the shorter pieces of Breton, Bishop Percy has also long ago made them acquainted. One of Barnfield's odes has also been long in the hands of the people as a poem of Shakespeare. But A. W. as a separate poet, is now for the first time revived to fame. Let the reader turn to the elegant, highly-finished, and enchanting FICTION, *How Cupid made a Nymph wound herself with his arrows*, in the first volume of the new edition of Davison's "*Rhapsody*," p. 17. beginning,

"It chanc'd of late a shepherd's swain:"

and let him answer, if such a poet ought to have died unhonoured and unknown! I had formerly ascribed this poem to Raleigh, till new lights containing positive proof made me reluctantly withdraw it from him.

It would not have seemed very easy to have added any pieces worthy of revival to the elegant Selections of Percy and Ellis: but the two volumes of EXCERPTA TUDORIANA will, I trust, prove that the task has been accomplished. Many little flowers are now offered to the reader's notice, which those works do not contain: and the garland I here present will form a necessary Supplement to them.

So much has been said of late about the minor Elizabethan Poetry, that nothing occurs to me regarding these productions, which has not been already anticipated. A most acceptable treasure to readers of this class has just been furnished by a singularly elegant reprint from Bensley's press, of FAIRFAX'S vigorous and admirable translation of Tasso, in two vols. large 12mo. under the editorial care of Mr. Singer. The wood engravings at the head of each book, designed by Thurston, are exquisite. I cannot however agree with the accomplished Editor, with whose refined and cultivated taste I seldom find occasion to differ, in preferring Fairfax's, or rather the Italian stanza, to that which

Spenser invented as an improvement on it. The swell of the Alexandrine as adopted by the unrivalled author of "*The Fairy Queen*," seems to my ear to give to that magnificent form of stanza the greatest excellence which poetical metre has ever yet reached. Accustomed to this, the close of Fairfax's stanza sounds to me flat and impotent: it disappoints the ear, and wants that climax of thought as well as diction by which Spenser conveys such enchanting pleasure. I am aware that in ordinary hands that complicated and varied form is apt to fail. A drawling Alexandrine, which is weak in sound, and feeble in thought, is strangely disgusting.

Nervous as is the style, and striking as is the imagery of *Sackville*, I have always thought that the form of his stanza operated more than any other cause to give him an apparent inferiority to Spenser.

In a calm and comprehensive consideration of the stores of poetry, ancient and modern, it is wonderful how few writers emerge from the paths of their predecessors, and take new ground. They flutter about in beaten tracks, and strive to

draw new honey from flowers already exhausted. The materials of poetry are as wide as the creation; as the endless variety of its forms; and the endless modifications of the thoughts and passions of its intellectual beings. How narrow therefore they, who would, like Darwin, confine poetry to description; though original subjects of description yet remain in inexhaustible abundance.

The critic who argues that Pope was not a true poet, because he was deficient in descriptive powers, exhibits a very limited range of judgment. To excite a swelling emotion by magnificent thought or affecting sentiment, is among the noblest capacities of poetry. It is this which elevates the *Dedication to Lord Oxford*, and the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, as well as the *Eloisa to Abelard*, into the highest ranks of the art!

In aspiring to heighten the charms of Nature, there is a general tendency to adopt fantastical and tinsel ornaments, which, if they please in one age, are sure to disgust in the next. Simple and unadorned beauty is always the

same: the workings of the human bosom are alike in all ages.

But how few are there who dare to venture beyond their model! how few, who have courage to express a thought, or delineate an image, for which they have not an authority! Thus, while fields, which exceed calculation, lie unexplored, our versifiers pursue to nausea the same dull round of repeated materials, still attempting to give them a freshness by shades of disgusting artifice, by which at length the whole spirit evaporates, and nothing but the dead exterior remains.

When we observe that fame has been so generally the reward of boldness, when we see that almost every poet who has risen into fame, has succeeded by bursting and trampling down some limits which fashion had prescribed, this timidity affords a greater cause for wonder. Cowper and Burns in the last age: Lord Byron, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, and others, in the present, are proofs of my position. I may go further back, and ascribe to this the great success which attended Hayley's "*Triumphs of*

Temper." An imitator, or echo, of a poet in full fashion, never has obtained much celebrity, and never will obtain it.

The technical rules of poetry, on which mechanical critics insist with such blind conceit, may perhaps be fairly accused as main extinguishers of genuine fruit. Laborious ambition catches at them as the sources of hope: while the free vigour of an elastic mind is discouraged and rendered impotent by this enchainment of it's active sallies; and retires spirit-broken from the field.

That it has frequently happened that men who have been best known as candidates for poetical honours, have not been those whom Nature had most qualified for them, I cannot doubt: while many a great genius goes to his grave unknown; and without a suspicion that he was gifted above the common herd of mortals!

Nov. 7, 1817.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

<p>ABSENCE, the noble truce, 11 Away with these self-loving lads, 14 Before there was a light, there was a light, 89 By the still streams of Babylon, 68 Cupid, my pretty boy, leave off thy cry- ing; 8 Do not correct me in thy wrath, O God, 26 Except the Lord himself will deign, 63 Faction, that ever dwells, 10 Farewell, sweet boy, complain not of my truth; 16 From out the depth of misery I cry, 71 Give praise to the Lord, O praise his name, 56 God, who of naught at all, this all did fashion, 49 Great Jehovah, Jacob's keeper, 32 Haste thee, O God, to rescue me, opprest; 48 He's blest that walks not after ill men's sway, 21 He's blest, that wicked counsel ne'er obeys, 22 Howsoever the world doth deem thee, 65 I appeal, O God, to thee; 38 If the Lord, our God and Guide, 6 t Judge, O Lord, mine innocence, 34 Lord, thou seest to what a number, 27</p>	<p>Lord, our God, how full of glory, 29 More than most fair, full of that hea- venly fire, 7 My thoughts amaz'd, I know not how of late: 104 O behold with admiration, 67 O God, from them that grudge me, 40 O, my soul, do thou give praise, 73 Praise, O God, attends thy will; 44 Sing, my soul, to God thy Lord, 83 Step to my rescue, Lord, for thou dost see, 41 The daring offspring of mankind, 51 Three things there be in man's opinion dear, 18 Thrice blessed is the man that fears the Lord, 54 To thee, O Lord of power, 36 Under a throne I saw a virgin sit, 15 Was ever man so over-match'd with boy? 9 What is the cause whystates, that war and win, 19 When from Egypt's servile land, 57 While thy rage, Lord, is enflamed, 23 Whilst erst I had my liberty, 1 With misery enclos'd, 60 Wrapt up, O Lord, in man's degeneration, 17 You little stars that live in skies, 7 You that seek what life is in death, 16</p>
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End of the Second Volume.

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