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THE LIFE AND DEATH

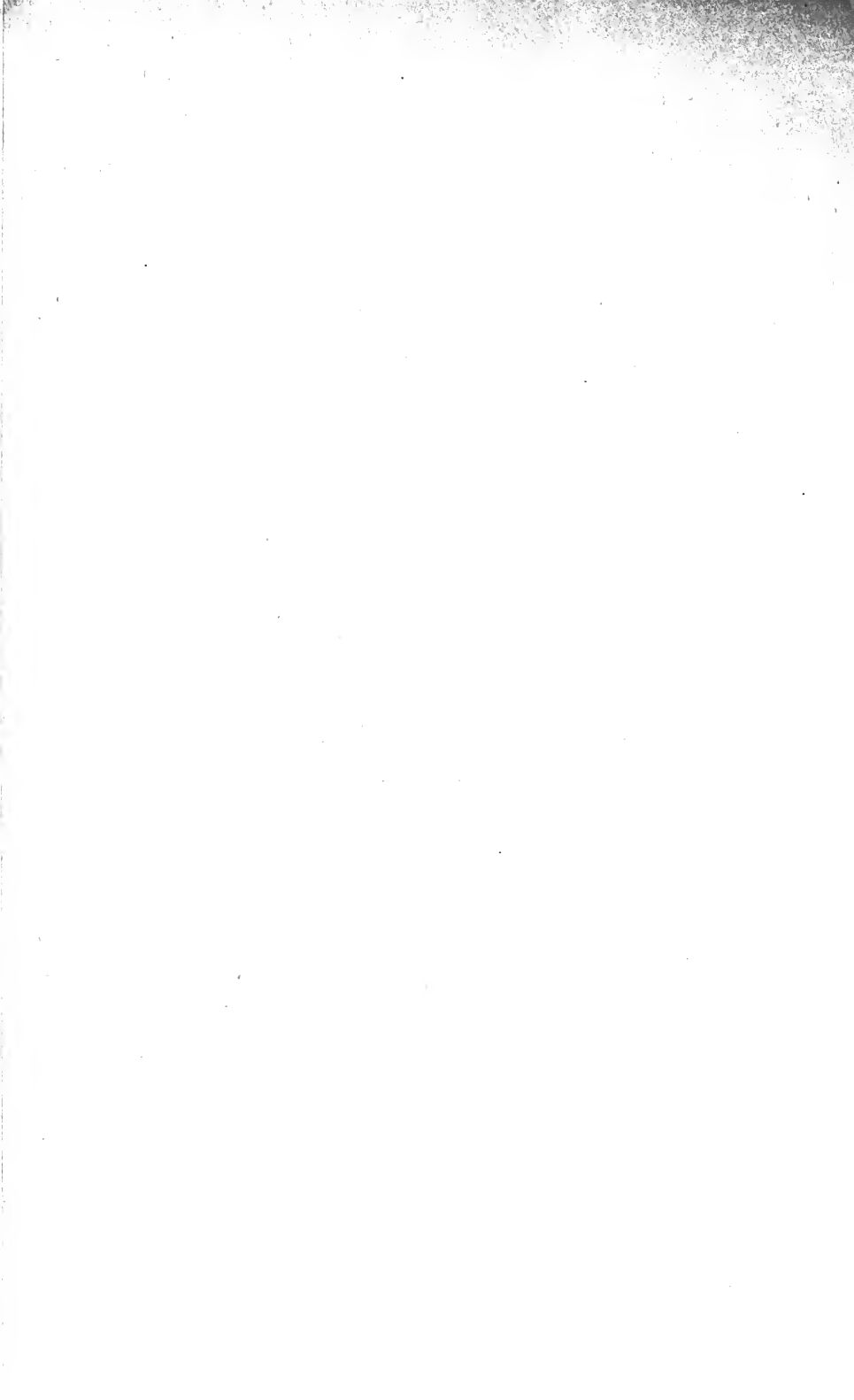
OF

May Magdalene.

Early English Text Society.

Extra Series, No. LXXVIII.

1899.



THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

May Magdalene,

A LEGENDARY POEM IN TWO PARTS,
ABOUT A.D. 1620,

BY

THOMAS ROBINSON.

EDITED FROM THE ONLY KNOWN MANUSCRIPTS IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM AND BODLEIAN LIBRARIES,

WITH AN

Introduction, a Life of the Author, and Notes,

BY

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY
BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO.,
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, CHARING-CROSS ROAD.

1899

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A Reprint of this Text was issued in Germany some
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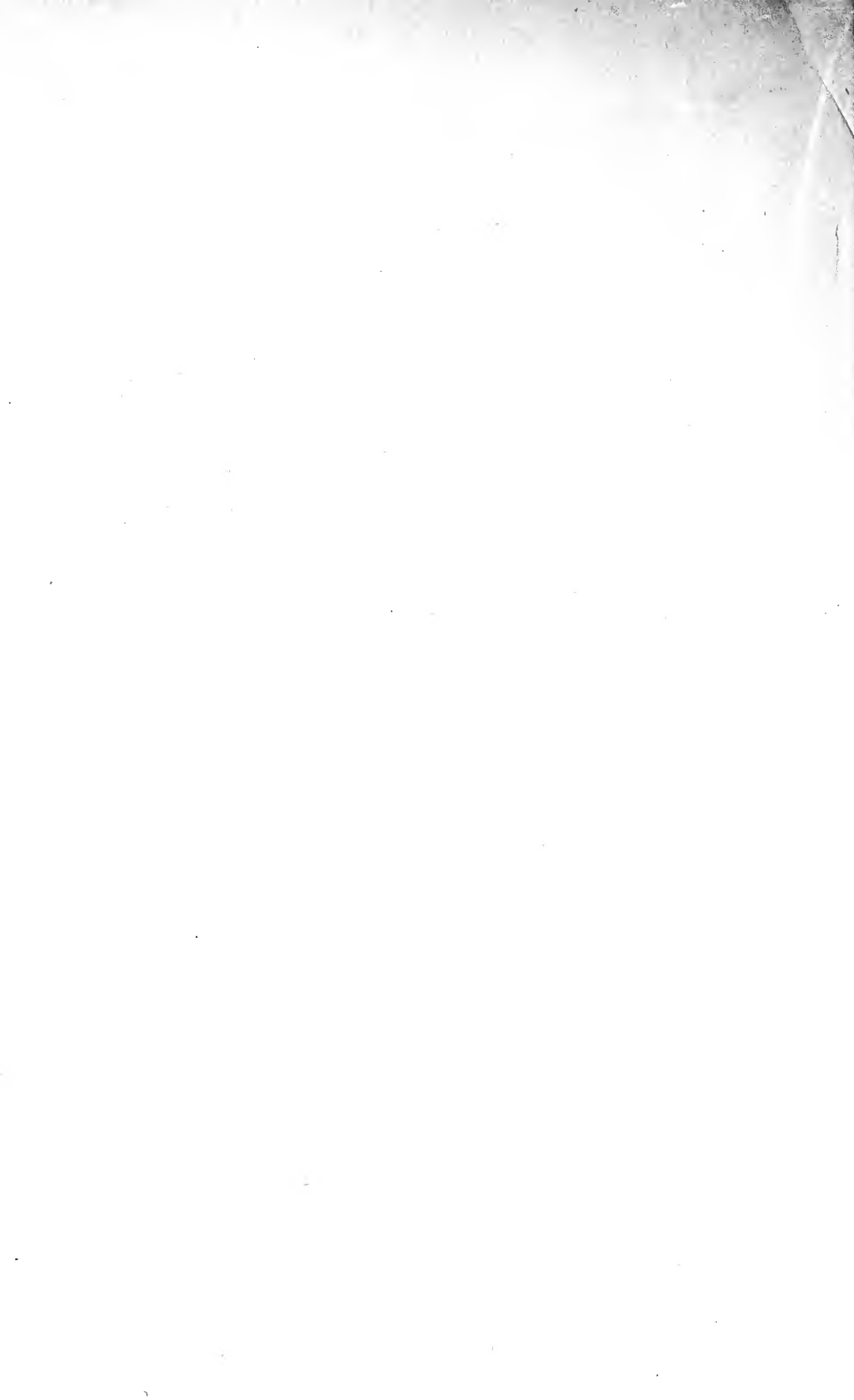
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INTRODUCTION.

I. THE MANUSCRIPTS AND THE AUTHOR.

The Life and Death of Mary Magdalene exists in two MSS. of the first quarter of the 17th century, Harleian 6211 (p. 56—94),¹ and Rawlinson 41 in the Bodleian. The latter MS. contains the author's name, "Thomas Robinson," plainly at full length; the former his initials "T. R.", and his full name blotted out, but still legible. The Rawlinson MS.² contains another legend of another writer, entitled *The Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary*,³ and has the following dedication to its *Mary Magdalene* :

¹ A small part of the poem, altered and modernised, appeared in 1869 (February and March), in a monthly periodical called *The Westminster Abbey Magazine*, or *Reminiscences of Past Literature*, which lived but three months. At the beginning is a foot-note : "This poem, which now for the first time sees light of day in print, was probably written by Sir Philip Sidney—it is thoroughly Spenserian in style, and will recommend itself in a very marked manner to the poetic mind."

² The Curators of the Bodleian Library were good enough to send the Rawlinson Manuscript to Loudon for me, after Mr. E. M. Thompson, the Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum, had declared his readiness to take charge of it.

³ On the cover of the volume are written the following lines, by Edw. Umfreville, who has described several of the Bodleian Manuscripts : "Mr. Robinson's *Life and Death of M. Magdalene*, I have seen and read years since in MS. It is a very pretty little thing of about 100 years old, and, I believe, never printed—its age may be found by inquiring the time when W. Taylor was fellow of Trinity College." I did enquire, but without result. The Wood Manuscript (vol. 8490, f. 172), Ashmolean Library, Oxford, which contains a list of the fellows of Trinity College, does not mention the name of Taylor at all, nor could the College library give any other information from the archives on the subject, than that a man of this name entered the College in 1670 as a commoner. The words "To the Worshippeful," etc., seem to imply that Taylor was then an old man, possibly one of the senior fellows. There is no certainty that Wood's list is complete, which would account for its omission of Taylor's name. Moreover, the dedicatory lines do not specify whether Trinity College, Oxford or Cambridge, was meant. But the list of the college of that name at Cambridge (Brit. Mus. Coll. of Cambr. and Miscell., Vol. xlv., Add. 5846, p. 230) does not mention the name of Taylor.

“To the Worshippeful, his very kinde
Friend, and quondam Tutor.
Mr. W. Taylour, Bachelor of Divinity,
and fellowe of Trin. Coll.
T. R.

Wisheth health, and Happinesse.

When Socrates his sholars ev'ry yeare,
Brought gifts, and presents to their Master deare,
Among the rest 't was Æschines's device,
To give himselfe, instead of greater price:
My selfe (Kinde S') I can not nowe present
To your acceptance, sith I rest ypent
In Northern climat: but my image true,
The offspring of my braine, I give in lieu.
Deign but to cherrish this yong birth of mine,
A Muse it may be, though no Muse divine.
And thus much I with Æschines will saye,
In commendation of my ruder lay:
They that give much, more for themselves doe save,
But this is all I give, and all I have.

Yours in all duty to

command

THOMAS ROBINSON.”

The Harleian MS. has, before the Magdalene legend, a Prologue¹ in heroic couplets in the same handwriting as the sidenotes to *Mary Magdalene*. Its last ten verses are addressed to a “great Lord,” who is styled the poet's grace, and who is identified by the four lines prefixed to this poem, and scrawled over with ink, but reading as follows: “To the right honourable and truly noble gentleman and Lord, Henry Clifford, Lord-Lieutenant of the middle shires of Westmoreland, Cumberland and Northumberland, T. R. wisheth all happinesse and increase of honour.”²

At the end of this poem are the words: “Your Honours in all duty and service to commaund,” and underneath, instead of a name, is a long rectangular inkblot, from which some strokes of writing

¹ It is of course printed below.

It begins with some reflections on the difficulties that poets have in finding a patron, and also in choosing the subjects of their compositions. The various subjects of poetry are then analysed, and some complaints made, that poetry is not so much liked and patronised as in former days, for people are rather ashamed to call themselves poets. Then follows an enumeration of many Greek, Latin, and English poets, and, finally, the profit that arises from poetry is commended.

² Thus the author dedicated the two different copies of his poem to different persons, as Norden did two copies of his *Description of Essex*: compare the Camden Society's print of it with the MS. in the Granville collection.

project. By using a powerful magnifying-glass, I was enabled to read, through the blot, the name "Thomas Robinson," and thus confirm the suggestion of the Harleian Catalogue.¹

To fix the date of the MS. it was natural to inquire the time when either of the two dedicatees was living. The inquiry after W. Taylour, which Umfreville suggests, proved entirely fruitless, as I have above stated; and the result which the inquiry after Lord Clifford afforded left the matter in so far undetermined, as the Clifford family had several members of the Christian name "Henry." Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, the Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, was kind enough to decide the point for me, after I had myself gone wrong, by showing that the watermark of the paper on which the Legend is written is such as was used in the year 1621. Perhaps it was also used some few years earlier or later, but the difference is certainly not great, as Mr. Thompson says that the watermarks about this time change very rapidly. We may therefore reasonably date the poem "about A.D. 1621." This date falls within the lifetime of Lord Henry Clifford, the fifth and last Earl of Cumberland.² Moreover, the poem contains (Part II. 1132) the line,

"There stood y^e Monarche of this tripple Isle," etc.,

which is internal evidence to its date, as referring to King James I., to whom this epithet was first given; for he was the first monarch who united under his sceptre the three islands of England, Ireland, and Scotland.³

¹ "The author's name at the end has been more carefully blotted out, but seems to have been 'Thomas Robinson.'"—p. 243, col. 2. The Harleian Catalogue, moreover, mentions the two poems separately, as if they had nothing to do with one another. This fact has misled the editor in the *Westminster Magazine*, so that he did not find Robinson's name, and supposed it to be written by Sir Philip Sidney.

² (a.) Sir B. Burke's *Extinct Peerage of England*, etc. (b.) Dugdale *English Baronage*, vol. i. p. 346: Henry, Lord Clifford, Earl of Cumberland succeeded to his father's title in 1640. He was the last Earl of Cumberland, and at his death, in 1643, this peerage became extinct, as he only left one daughter.

³ Compare Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, IV. i. 120, 121:

"And some I see

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry."

This is an allusion to the union of the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland, and the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which took place at the accession of James I.

Although the date was thus fixed, and the author's name attached to the poem in initials and at full length, there was little or no chance to settle the question who was this Thomas Robinson. In despite of the most careful searches through the State Papers, ecclesiastical Fasti,¹ and literary records of the time I had access to, I was entirely unable to get a satisfactory result. The name, being a very common one, occurs, it is true, several times about this date, but unless he was either the Thomas Robinson mentioned (Hardy's *Le Neve*, vol. ii. p. 186) in 1615, one of the prebendaries of St. Martin's, Lincoln, or (vol. iii. p. 637) another Th. Robinson, one of the taxors of Jesus College, Cambridge,—I know not who wrote the poem. Except one line, Part I. 25,

"Poore, silly sheapherd-swaines? ev'n such am I,"

which may be understood to mean that the poet was a minister, calling himself the shepherd of his congregation, the poem does not contain the slightest allusion to its writer. So far as we may draw a conjectural picture of an author from his work, we have to imagine a man highly educated for his time; not only well versed in Holy Scripture, but also thoroughly at home in classical literature, and a perfect master of versification. Even the name of Lord Clifford,² which at the first sight promises to throw some light on the author's personality, does not do so. This nobleman's life is involved in great

¹ I speak of the biographies and dates of divines to be got from the following works:—1. Bliss's edition of Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*, 1813. 2. Hardy's edition of Le Neve's *Fasti Ecclesie Anglicanae*, 1854. 3. Dodd's *Church History of England*. 4. Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica*, 1748. 5. Bale's *De Scriptoribus Britannicis*, 1557. 6. Pit's *Scriptores illustres Britanniae*, 1619.

² The following few particulars about Lord Clifford I have gleaned from, a. *Court and Time of James I.*, London, 1848; b. *The Progresses, ProceSSIONS, etc. of James I.*, by John Nichols (vol. ii.), 1828; c. Gardiner's *History of England from the Accession of James I.*, etc., Lond., 1883; d. Th. D. Whitaker's *Craven*, ed. Morant, Lond., 1878. Lord Henry Clifford, the nephew of the celebrated Earl George, was made Knight of the Bath. After having married Francis, daughter of the Lord Treasurer, Earl of Salisbury, he accompanied Lord Wotton on his embassy to France. "Earl Henry," says the Countess of Pembroke (Lady Anne Clifford), "was endued with a good natural wit, was a tall and proper man, a good courtier, a brave horseman, an excellent huntsman, and had a good skill in architecture and mathematics. He was much favoured by King James and Charles I. He died of a burning fever at one of the Prebendaries' houses in York in 1643."

obscurity, and he is but seldom mentioned in the historical records of his time. I was therefore unable to ascertain what his relations were to Thomas Robinson, or why the dedicatory inscription and the name were so carefully blotted out. Possibly the poet had changed his mind before carrying out his intention, or some unknown reasons compelled him to do so; at least his introductory lines to the *Legend of Mary Magdalene* in the Rawlinson manuscript:

“ My selfe (kinde Sir) I cannot nowe preesent,
To your acceptance, sith I rest ypent
In Northern climat,” etc.

give rise to the supposition that he did not go voluntarily to the North. Possibly the later scrawler, I. W., who in 1682 disfigured Robinson's MS.,¹ smudged over Lord Clifford's name. I think it likely that Lord Henry Clifford never saw the poem. The lines:

“ What should I speake of those of latter yeares?
Of Harrington among our noble Peares?
Or of thy selfe (great Earle) the Poets grace?”

are noteworthy, because the Earl was the author of ‘Poeticall Translations of some Psalmes and the Song of Solomon, with other Divine Poems.’² After all, the want of news about the life of the author is not so much to be lamented as one might think. If we could say this Thomas Robinson is the writer; he was born in such a year; these were the offices he held; he died when 60 years old: these few mere dates would probably make all we could hope to get about a man at this period, in which biography was not cultivated as it is now-a-days, as people were not anxious about registering all the little details of the private life of even great contemporaries.

II. THE POEM.

a. *Its two Parts.*

This *Life and Death of Mary Magdalene* is, so far as we know, the latest English poetical version of the life of that Saint; and it is most probably one of the last legends of Saints written in England. The late date of this legend is only intelligible from its subject. It is from its character that legendary poetry, describing the lives of

¹ See next page.

² See Bliss's ed. of Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* iii. 82-3, where specimens are given from the MS.—W.

Saints, martyrs, and eminent divines, developed itself always hand in hand with the ecclesiastical hierarchy. It flourished in the 12th and 13th centuries, when the Church after the Crusades had come to full supremacy over the State. From this time forward it gradually decayed, and ceased to exist when the classical revival and religious reform had shaken for ever the pillars of Church rule. But Protestantism, rooting out the worship of Saints, still acknowledged Mary Magdalene, because the Saviour himself had declared her a Saint. The poem is in eight-line stanzas, and consists of two parts, each of which has its own title. The first part: "Her Life in sin and Death to sin," comprises 107 stanzas; the second part: "Her Life in Righteousness," 92 stanzas. The manuscript itself is finely and neatly written, and is very legible, except in a few corrupted lines. On the margin, throughout the poem, is a concise abstract of the text, and now and then passages are cited from Holy Scripture, or from some classical writer, to which some of the stanzas refer. All the marginal notes are of a different style of writing to the text itself. In the Harleian MS. the first forty stanzas of the First Part show numerous corrections and alterations by another hand, and these are, in some cases, difficult to decipher. Sometimes only single words (especially in the rime), sometimes whole lines, and thrice whole stanzas, are altered. From the nature of these corrections, one would think that the poet himself had made them (for it is scarcely credible that any person would take the liberty to alter so arbitrarily the work of another); but their being of a far later date than the poem, proves the contrary. The original passages are much disfigured and almost effaced by the corrector. Underneath the dedicatory verses, between the words "Service to command" and the inkblot covering the name Thomas Robinson, almost invisible to the unaided eye, and, as it appears, wilfully effaced, Mr. Thompson found the initials I. W., and by applying a chemical re-agent to the passage he restored the number 1682. Most probably these initials and the number refer to the unknown corrector. At the end, as a kind of epilogue, are added 24 verses in Latin, headed: "De Christo cum Simone pharisaeo prandente et Mariam Magdalenam comiter excipiente." The manuscript is signed "T. R."

β. *Analysis of the Poem.*

Though the title of the poem leads us to expect a description of the facts of the life of Mary Magdalene, the work is purely allegorical, and touches but few events of real life.

After a short statement of his subject, followed by an invocation to the High Powers, that he may be kept refined and otherwise worthy of his subject, the poet plunges at once *in medias res*. The pleasurable surroundings of Mary Magdalene are described by means of a stately palace. This description (10/33) is entirely in Chaucer's style (*Knight's Tale*), and shows that the author possessed no inconsiderable amount of imagination. In this palace dwells a stately dame, gorgeously apparelled, and surrounded everywhere with all the rich treasures and stores of the known world. "Pleasure", for this is her name (11/65), rules the loves of men, and can make happy or unhappy any of her numerous suitors whom she may deign to notice or to ignore. Her attendants are numberless. Two voluptuous ladies bear her train; "Flattery" supports her right hand; "Wantonness" her left (12/89); "Foolish Laughter" paints her eyelids, and "Idleness, Jealousy, Inconstancy, Despair, Presumption, Envy," and "a thousand other graceless graces" are ready to realize her slightest desire. She strikes her lute, and sings a sensuous song descriptive of the pleasures of the flesh, and inviting her wantons to partake of them while life lasts (13/104). Then the revels commence; and here the poet indulges in the most voluptuous and realistic descriptions (14/143). Particularly to be noticed is his fine simile, in which he compares the boundless Ocean, receiving all the rivers and casting them back again in different forms, to the ebb and flow of the various enjoyments of the hour (15/159). Among the throng of revellers is one more lovely than the rest: she is Mary Magdalene (16/191). The poet pictures her as a being supremely beautiful, and goes rather minutely into her charms, subjoining the inevitable moral regret that such a fair form should enshroud so guilty a soul, or to quote his own words, that:

"So white a wall immured such worthlesse stones" (18/245).

For the favour and love of this beautiful and angelic woman, many

rivals contend ; but the simile the poet brings in here, cannot be said to be particularly refined or graceful (19/263). The suitors fight together, and the successful one claims the reward of his valour (19/270). The lovers then betake themselves to a garden, which is described as containing many fair flowers, "rich and rare" (20/303). The world of Flora has been ransacked to furnish a collection of beautiful plants, such as a garden of lovers should contain (21/311), and the result is magnificent ; one almost feels the fine perfume, and can feast one's eyes on the blaze of colour. Here again the poet's description suggests Chaucer (*House of Fame*). The turn of his verse is often fairly happy, such as :

" The Damaske-roses heere were brought a bed,
Iust opposite y^e Lilie of y^e Vale :
The Rose, to see y^e Lilie white, wax'd red ;
To see y^e Rose so red, y^e Lilie pale."

There are numerous other conceits of a similar character, which the reader will doubtless duly appreciate.

In this garden an arbour stands, where the happiness of the lovers is consummated (22/345), to their own shame and to the righteous horror of the indignant poet, who, generally ready with his moralizings, nevertheless continues his elaborate descriptions of what he seemingly deprecates (23/359). Indulging all these pleasures, and enjoying whatever can increase her sensuous cupidities, Mary Magdalene spends the best part of her life, only living for the brief hour (23/383). This opportunity the author does not let slip to "point again a moral" (24/399), although by doing so, he has not "adorned his tale."

From this life of pleasure, the Magdalene is at last aroused by the visit of a personage, whom there can be no difficulty in recognizing ; it is "Conscience" (25/419). The poet describes her as possessing "myriads of eyes," having a knowledge of the future, and being the unmerciful Nemesis of every idle word and action. The advent of "Conscience" suggests to the poet an opportunity for a description of heaven with its spheres and different planets (26/439).

The workings of "Conscience" have their due effect on Mary, and she dimly begins to perceive the evil of her way (28/525). But "Pleasure" and "Custom" soon extinguish the glimmer of light, and

she returns to her former estate (29/528). "Conscience" now changes her tactics, and instead of a good angel, comes again in the form of "a dreary hag of Acheron," accompanied with a "viperous brood" of torments (29/547). Mary is filled with melancholy and despair, and is hurried, and deposited with more force than elegance, before the gates of hell (31/593). The description of hell, as seen from the open gate, is, to say the least of it, original (31/599). Evidently the poet endeavoured to make it as dreadful and terrible as he possibly could, and he certainly has not failed (31/599). If making the blood curdle is a proof of art, he possesses it in abundance. Close by, sits "Melancholy" described as a man, and having a figure calculated to strike despair into the heart of Mary Magdalene (32/631). He has one peculiarity, which we hitherto imagined to have belonged entirely to the upper world; he calls for paper, pen, and ink, and wishes to indite a letter to his love (33/651). Afterwards his actions resemble those of a mad man (33/653). Mary is placed close by the side of this detestable monster, becomes his ape, and imitates his every action (33/672). Mary is thus allegorically described as being possessed of Melancholy in its most dreadful forms (34/687).

The poet then strikes out a new path, a path down a steepy way :

"Wrapt all in vncouth silence of the night," (34/696).

This second abode of punishment is as dreadful as, if not more so than, the first. Here "raging winter" and "parching summer" co-exist, and the poor wretches "frying, freeze," and "freezing, sweat" (35/723). Nemesis appears, and dispatches some of her subjects to torture Mary Magdalene exquisitely, but to spare her life (36/750). They accomplish their task thoroughly: she is led, in imagination, through deserts, over snowy tops of hills, and through populous cities, finding no rest for her troubled soul (37/783). The violent possession of melancholy and despair work on her like madness, and she fancies that she undergoes, in succession, all the fabled torments that the classic learning of the poet can bring to bear on the subject (38/823).

The first Part then closes with the description of the earth, given up to the cruel inventions of hellish thought and deed (40/863).

The second, and undoubtedly the better, Part of the poem, opens

MARY MAGDALENE.

b

with a description of the meeting between Mary Magdalene and the Saviour (42/908). Christ is walking in the fields, which are adorned with all the flowers of May; there he meets Mary, coming down from the hills (43/915). She casts herself before him, and the evil spirits with which she is possessed, cry aloud, begging that they may not be cast out, but saved along with all those for whom he had come to die (43/925). These evil spirits, remarks the poet, know the Saviour and his mission, and thus reveal their intelligence. The Saviour is beautifully described in a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon (43/935). After that, the spirits for a second time entreat his mercy :

“ And hopinge, prayd ; but prayinge, prayd in vain ” (44/970),

but Jesus, with an awful voice, commands them to leave their habitation (45/974). His voice, says the poet, is like the thunder on Mount Sinai, which “the nations of Salem” once upon a time feared (45/977). Mary Magdalene, dispossessed of the hellish spirits, sinks down in speechless gratitude and amazement, but exhausted with the fightings of the spirits as they leave her (45/984). Christ takes her by the hand, cheers her in her tribulation, and tells her in well-known words, to go and sin no more (46/1006). Perhaps no passage of the poem shows better the poet’s style of workmanship. He is nothing if not classical. In one stanza he is a Christian ; in the following he has turned a thorough pagan, and Christ is styled “the winged Perseus of the Sky,” and Mary Magdalene a “distressed Andromeda” (46/1007).

In a succession of figures,—such as the storm-tossed ship coming into a safe harbour, and the weary pilgrim coming to his journey’s end,—Mary Magdalene is described as, at last, finding peace (46/1015). She is directed by a voice from an unseen source, to go to the courts of “Wisdom” ; and there and then a dove guides her to the desired spot, much in the same way as the star did the wise men to Bethlehem (47/1033). The ways of “Wisdom”—to freely paraphrase the poet’s gorgeous description of the forest through which Mary goes—are ways of pleasantness and paths of peace (47/1039). In the midst of this forest, the tower wherein “Wisdom” dwells, rears its head “to the cloudy skies” (48/1058). Certain peculiarities distinguish this tower from others ; and, indeed, it is no common tower. It stands

on a high hill; a rock is its foundation; thorns grow before it; seas lie beyond it; deserts with wild beasts lie on either side of it, and it is protected from the curious by a "thousand toilsome labyrinths" (48/1070). Like the castles of Chaucer, Spenser, John Bunyan, and other allegorical writers, each of these peculiarities has a hidden meaning. The castle's height represents Wisdom's glories, its rocky foundation her constancy; the thorns around it, the labours which must be overcome by the searcher after Truth (48/1065). The seas, the deserts, the wild beasts, and the labyrinths are its protections against unhallowed folly.

Humility, the door-keeper, admits Mary Magdalene, who stands amazed at the glories of Wisdom's dwelling-place. As she stands, lost in wonder, Wisdom reveals herself, and is described much in the words of Solomon, for whom the poet appears to have a great fondness (49/1087). Although the words of this description are almost exactly those used in the Holy Scriptures, Robinson has wonderfully adapted them to the necessities of his stanza, betraying no small skill in versification. In this tower, within the two rooms of Wisdom, sit Solomon and David, together with "the monarch of this triple isle" (*i. e.* Great Britain), on whom the poet implores the destinies always to shine (50/1133). Besides these, a numerous train of attendants await her pleasure. By these surroundings, personal and otherwise, Wisdom is allegorically conceived, not as a mere abstraction, but as a real person, leading Mary Magdalene to "Repentance" (51/1148).

"Repentance" sits in a "dark closet," clad in "sack-cloth," covered with ashes, and weeping bitterly. Unseen angels minister unto her, and catch her tears as they fall, in bottles (51/1162). The poet then finds a congenial task in opposing the results of tears and repentance. First, there is one stanza devoted to tears, their uses and effects; repentance is similarly treated in the next; while a third is given up to both in alternate lines (52/1175). A certain facility of imagination is shown in these three stanzas; and some of the lines are noticeable, such as:

"Repentance, health given in a bitter pill," &c.

The Magdalene entreats "Repentance" to let her in (53/1213); and a dialogue then ensues as to why Mary seeks admission. Various

reasons are given, and at last she is admitted (54/1230). By various outward signs she shows her sincere repentance, and finds to her bitter cost that

“ One ounce of mirth procures a world of pains ” (55/1258).

She acknowledges her former sin, and laments that she should have been made so beautiful as to cause her fall (55/1263). Some of the stanzas which record her lament are remarkably good, and worthy to be compared with the stanzas of *Mary Magdalene's Lament*, wrongly attributed to Chaucer.

With Repentance, Mary spends some time, walks forth with her, and has her for a constant companion (60/1403). Mary fancies that all nature is acquainted with her sin ; and this makes her lamentations the more acute (56/1279). She grows contemplative, and sees with spiritual eyes hidden beauties in the natural objects that surround her ; and this contemplation is preparative to a fuller conversion (58/1359). She gets to know that Christ is with Simon the Pharisee, and she overcomes her scruples so far as to determine to go and seek her Saviour (62/1444) ; but before doing so, she provides herself with the box of precious ointment (62/1448). Then the well-known biblical incident that took place in Simon's house is described (62/1451). The poet takes the opportunity given him by this incident, to indulge his taste for hidden meanings. The glory of Christ is apostrophized, and the former and latter loves of Magdalene compared (65/1530) ; the parable of the debtors told to Simon is brought in, and various lessons, more or less useful, are drawn from it by the poet, who particularly emphasizes the rebuke which the Pharisee received (66/1551). Mary then gets pardon for her sins, and is sent away rejoicing (66/1559) ; and the true nature of her repentance is shown in her subsequent good life, and her great sorrow for Christ's death (67/1583). The poem ends with the description of Mary Magdalene's meeting the risen Saviour in the garden, and her joy thereat (68/1607).

γ. *The Sources of the Poem.*

Robinson's poem proves to be entirely different from all the known earlier versions¹ of the life of Mary Magdalene, not only

¹ α. Version of the Laud Manuscript ; β. Version of the Auchinleck MS.,

with respect to the style (which would be quite intelligible from the different date), but also in the way of treating the subject itself. The earlier versions, without exception, treat of Mary Magdalene as the daughter of Cyrus, and sister to Lazarus and Martha. They describe her falling into certain evil ways in her youth; her chastisement by being possessed of seven devils; her salvation by Christ; her sincere repentance, and the service that she rendered to the Saviour in the house of Simon the Pharisee; and they finally speak more fully about that part of her life which she spent after her conversion in attending the Saviour. Robinson, on the contrary, describes elaborately the part of her life preceding the moment of her salvation, and only outlines the other part. He does not mention anything at all of her father Cyrus, her brother Lazarus, or her sister Martha. It is a well-known fact that the early Christian writers were much exercised in discovering whether Mary of Bethany, —according to John xi. 2, xii. 3; cf. Matthew xxvi. 6,—the sister of Lazarus, and Mary Magdalene, who followed Jesus from Galilee, were identical with each other and with the penitent ‘sinner’ of Luke vii. And this question, so often discussed, is not yet answered, and will most likely remain unanswered, as the Holy Scriptures do not afford sufficient evidence. Whether Robinson, as a learned divine, acted purposely,—being of the opinion that Mary, sister to Lazarus, and Mary Magdalene, were different persons,—or whether he thought it better not to mention these particulars on account of the allegorical treatment of his subject, cannot be decided. His poem gives the impression, that, by describing the illustrious penitent woman whom Christ himself gave as an instance of true repentance, it was more his purpose to point a moral than to make an interesting and minute description of her life.

Some resemblance is to be noticed between the *Digby-Mystery* Mary Magdalene,¹ and Robinson’s legend. (The counsel of the

Edinburgh. γ . Version in Bokenam’s Collection. I. Band. Koelbing’s Altengl. Bibliothek. δ . Version of the Barbour Collection. ϵ . Version of the Harl. MS. 2277 (fol. 38*b*), going to be edited by Dr. C. Horstmann for the Early English Text Society. And finally, ζ . Version of the Harl. MS. 4196 (fol. 157). (a. β . γ . δ . ζ edited by Dr. C. Horstmann).

¹ New Shakspere Society: *Digby Mysteries*, ed. by F. J. Furnivall. 1881.

devils, how to make Mary sin, and to serve them; her seduction by Lechery, and some of the allegorical personifications, are somewhat similar.) Nevertheless, this resemblance is not sufficient to give rise to the hypothesis that Robinson took the former as his source. Perhaps Robinson saw or read this play, or else knew another source of the life of Mary Magdalene which we do not possess. The accounts of her life under July 22, in the *Legenda Aurea* and the *Acta Sanctorum*, which were most likely to have been the sources, agree with the above-mentioned earlier versions, and are therefore out of the question. In my opinion, the style of treating the subject is Robinson's own original idea; his principal source for the Magdalene's life being the Gospels, and for his poetical descriptions and adornments some parts of the Holy Scriptures (especially the Song and Wisdom of Solomon), and the classical Greek and Latin writers. The marginal notes, already mentioned, cite in many cases the passages in question.

δ. *The Versification.*

The whole Poem is in iambs, the Introduction in 5-measure couplets, the Enchantress's Song (I. 105—142) in 4-measure couplets, and the Life is in Chaucer's and other writers' customary 5-measure stanza,¹ *ab abb, cc*, but with an added 6-measure line, *c*, ryming with the couplet *cc*. Robinson thus imitates Spenser in binding up his stanza with a 6-measure line, though Spenser's stanza is 9-lined, and rymes *ababb, cbcc*, as against Robinson's 8-line *ababb, ccc*, a form which Giles Fletcher the younger had earlier adopted in his "Christ's victorie and triumph in Heaven and earth, over and after death," Cambridge, 1610: see Guest's *Hist. of Engl. Rhythms*, ed. 1883, p. 668.²

ε. *The Style.*

In this, as in the form, Robinson has evidently made Spenser his model, and can thus be called a Spenserian in the true sense of the

¹ It is often called "Rime Royal," because James I., following Chaucer, used it in his *Quhair*. The stanza occurs in Old French before Chaucer's time.

² On Sir Thos. More's occasional use of a final 6-measure line, see Guest, p. 669, note.

word. One spirit pervaded all Elizabethan poetry, and although Classical Literature has been at all times more or less the model for English poets, and influenced their compositions, yet it never exerted that influence so powerfully as in the 16th and the beginning of the 17th centuries. A poem in which—as in Robinson's—the ideas of Christianity are blended with the mythological conceptions of the ancient Greeks and Romans, in which allegory so entirely prevails, and which is marked by such a profusion of classical names, could only originate in a time, when the classics, brought back to a new life, were so carefully studied, and had so powerful and constructive an influence upon every branch of literature, as in the days of the classical revival and the epoch that followed it. As to the language, the poem contains comparatively few archaisms, but is peculiarly marked by many words which one recognizes at the first sight as the author's own coinages; such as “ramillets, pillastrells, turrulet,” etc. Particularly to be noticed are his numerous *de* formations; such as “deglorious, depurpured, debellished,” etc.

III. THE TEXT.

As to the text, the Harleian and Rawlinson manuscripts differ very little from each other, but the Rawlinson does not contain any of those alterations which are found in the Harleian. I have, therefore, as those corrections were evidently not made by the author himself, restored the passages in question by help of the Rawlinson Manuscript, and mentioned the corrections in foot-notes, where I also quote the few variations between the two manuscripts. The orthography of the MS. has been strictly preserved. The side-notes of the MS. are set in Clarendon type; those in the ordinary Roman type are by Mr. Furnivall, who added them while reading the proofs and revises of the text with the MS. during my absence in Germany.

The Harleian MS. was pointed out to me by Dr. Carl Horstmann. Both he and the authorities believed it to be unique, and neither knew anything of its author beyond his initials, T. R. A search through the Bodleian Catalogues disclosed to me Robinson's Rawlinson

MS.; and that, when it reached London, proved to be the same as the Harleian copy, save as to its Introduction and corrections. Saving Robinson's legend of M. Magdalene from oblivion, the present edition enriches the treasure of English poetry by another monument, and the list of English poets by a new name, although no particulars can be added as to its bearer. May it be useful to the student of the poetical spirit of the time, and contribute in particular to increase the knowledge of the development of the English tongue!

It is with pleasure that I express my thanks to Dr. Horstmann, and the Authorities of the Bodleian and British Museum Libraries—especially Mr. E. Maunde Thompson—for their kindness and courtesy.

OSKAR SOMMER.

London, March 13, 1884.

ERRATA (1899).

Owing to an unfortunate oversight, the *Notes* (pp. 71-76) have not been revised, and contain a number of literal errors, especially in the spelling of proper names. Besides these, the reader is requested to note the following corrections:—

- P. 71, note on line 52. The writer intended is more probably Sir John Harrington (1561-1612), the translator of Ariosto.
- P. 72, *dele* note on line 178. (*iarre* is simply = 'jar').
- P. 73, note on lines 459-461. The passage quoted is irrelevant. The reference should be 'Part. 2, lib. 6' (which deals with the heavenly bodies, in two chapters).
- P. 74, note on lines 759-66, for *montis* read *mentis*, and for *Gebennali* read *Gehennali*.
- P. 76, *dele* note on line 1574.

The Legend of Mary Magdalene,

FROM THE

HARLEIAN MANUSCRIPT 6211,

AND THE RAWLINSON MS. 41 IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

(THE DEDICATION IS IN THE HARL. MS. ONLY.)

H = Harleian MS. 6211.

R = Rawlinson MS. 41.

To the right honourable and truly
 Noble gentleman, Lord Hen :
 Clifford, Lord Liuetenent
 Of the midle shires
 Of Westmorland,
 Cumberland, and
 Northumberland
 T : R : wisheth all happinesse
 and encrease of honour.

Where should a Poet nowe a Patron finde, To please his own, and please his Patrons minnde ?	How can a Poet please his Patron ?
Some, Satyres ; others, Epigrammes, desire ;	Men admire such different things :
Some, Cronicles and Warlicke strains admire ;	4
Others, a deepe conceited Pastorall, Or Elegiacks at a funerall :	
Some are halfe rauish'd with a Tragicke style, Others affect the gentler Comicke smile :	8
Some one perhaps (and not without desart) Likes Heros hand and yonge Læanders heart, Sung by diuine Musæus in a story	some, Hero and Leander ;
Of loue-sicke passion, worthy of all glory :	12
Others, an Emblem or quaint Epitaphe,	[leaf 53, back]
Or merry mad conceipts, to make one laugh :	
Some loue diuiner poems, and in this, Deserue to be commended ; but they misse	* others, Diuine poems ;
In making a iudicious choyce : For why, With painted flowers of Ethnicke Poetry, Good matters (say they) must not be endited, But rather in plaine easy termes recited :	16
Others, regardlesse of the Muses dity, ¹ With Plato banish Poets from their city,	20
	others, like Plato, despise Poetry.

¹ Corrected by a much later hand to 'ditty.'

	Because they are too vulgar, and no kinde Of Poetry what's e'r can please their minde :	24
	In faire Encomiasticks to commend, They count it flattery ; to reprehend In sharpe-fang'd Satyres, is to libellize, To raise vile slaunders, and false infamies :	28
They condemn comedies.	Base, the Comœdian's witty mirth <i>they deeme</i> , And Epigrammes, phantasticall <i>doe seeme</i> : Thees are a sect, of which most men partake, That litle reckonng of the Muses make.	32
The Brazen Age has come back.	The brazen age is nowe return'd agen, And hath defac'd the Poets siluer pen ; Whereas in former time, the greatest men Were not asham'd to be call'd Poets then :	36
Yet of old, Poets flourish'd.	Witness Augustus, in whose Laureat time, Learning and liberall arts were in their prime, And Poets flourish'd : Persius (though a Knight) Was not ashamed, Satyres to recite ;	40
[leaf 54]	Propertius, borne of enobled race, T'indite Elegies, thought it no disgrace. And sweet Amphion, sonne to princely Ioue, With his shrill Musicke made the stoncs to moue.	44
	Nor did this art moue onely in their sphœre : <i>An</i> Helicon hath not been wanting heere. <i>Then sent forth</i> Cydney, glory of his time, And Chaucer, auld, who for his <i>anzfient</i> rythme	48
Chaucer and		

29 and 30. The rime is altered thus by the corrector of H :
doth seeme—they deeme.

32. Altered by the Corrector of H. to 'little.'

41—42. nearly blotted out.

43—44. crossed through.

46. *A.* Corrector. ? MS. An, or One.

47—48. altered by H. Corrector as follows :

Witness great Sydney, glory of his time,

Chaucer and Spenser, who for his ancient rythme, etc.

In despite of this alteration, line 50 reads "his memory." This correction shows distinctly that he who revised the poems was quite ignorant about the date of their origin ; Robertson is not likely to have seen any poetry of Spenser and Sydney. The name "Cydney", which occurs in the original passage, can only

Obtein'd a monument of lasting praise,
 That kept his memory to thees our dayes.
 What should I speake of those of latter yeares?
 Of Harrington *among our* noble Peares? 52 Harrington won
 Or of thy selfe (great *Earle*) the Poets grace? praise.
 Why then should Poets be esteem'd so base?—
 Because their pouerty o'recloudes their witt,
 And makes men rather scorne, then pity it? 56 Why are Poets
 Shall vertue, which in riche men we adore, now despised
 Be e'r the worse esteemed in the poore? because they're
 Or can not some mens honours credite lend, poor?
 To that, which others meannesse doth offend?— 60
 Beside, I might recount in ample wise, Poetry profits:
 The profites that from Poetry arrise.
 Where each thinge, truly acted, we may see,
 As in a theatre: Aratus, he 64
 Shewes vs *the p[re]s[ences]* of spangled starres;
 And Lucan sings the broyles of ciuill warres; Witness Lucan,
 Of loue, and louers trickes, Catullus tells:
 With warlicke stratagemes, *grave* Virgill swells, 68 Virgill,
 And makes his verse each circumstance betoken, [leaf 54, back]
 That one would thinke the matter done, not spoken.
 Ovid is various, and in nimble paces, Ovid,
 The love of Gods, the flight of nymphes, he traces, 72
 And well he calls it transformation,
 For he [reuiues] again the [antique] fashion,

refer to Sir Henry Sydney, the father of the known poet, or to some other nobleman, who can not be identified.

51. MS. latter. H. Corrector 'later'.

52. altered by H. Corrector to 'and other.'

53. Sir. H. Corrector.

62. profitts. H. Corrector.

65. both sphaeres and poles. H. Corrector. This alteration spoils the metre. If 'presences' is the right reading of the obliterated word, it is used for the figures of the constellations which Aratus described in his chief poem.

68. sweet. H. Corrector.

73—4 much scribbled over by the Corrector. 'reuiues' is only a guess at the reading; 'antique' is probably right.

	Transforming truth into a witty fable, So to delight the mindes of the vnstable :	76
	His seas of sorrowe, holy dayes, and rites, Letters of passion, arte of loues delights, In eu'ry kinde may teach the rude some skill. Hesiod <i>giues instructions</i> to till ;	80
Homer,	And Homers lofty style would make one doubt, Whether he better sung, or Hector fought.	
Horace.	Martiall lends witt ; Horace, in sharpe essayes, Against the vices of his time inueighes.	84
	Empedocles, in verses did attire Secrets of Nature ; and the Samian Sire, Morall Philosophy could grauely teach. But Chrysostome had a farre higher reach :	88
	And wise Prudentius, with other Sages, Haue writt diuinely in thees latter ages. What should I bringe Poets antiquity ?	
So also Deborah,	From Deborah, and Moses victory ?	92
and David.	What should I tell of Simeon, and Mary ? Of Salomon, and Dauid, that could vary Musicall notes vpon his well-tun'd stringe :	
	When the Angellique troopes doe praises singe,	96
[leaf 55]	And harmony, that nowe is brought to ground, Seemes to begin amid the sphoeres so round ? Much might I speake in praise of Poet's dity, And make my gates farre larger then my city.	100
	I may commend, not mend them with my pen, For Patronage belongs to greatest men. And more to saye were vaine : For Poetry Liues of it selfe, though Poets helplesse be.	104
Be, then, my Mœcenas !	Yet some Mœcenases this age hath left vs, (Though of Mœcenas, time long since bereft vs,) That fauour learning, and accept a lay, Though no'r so mean, though clad in simple grey.	108

80. altered to 'Hesiod instructions giues us how to till.'

99. Corrector, ditty.

Amonge the which, since chiefe I reckon thee,

Accept (great *Peare*) this ruder rapsodie.

And though no *Muse* I am of great desart,

Yet fauour graunt ; because I loue the arte ! 112

Thy better iudgement happily may spie

The slender twist of my sleight Poetry :

Yet fauourably take it in good part,

(If there want wordes, be sure there wants no heart,) 116

And shine vpon my Muse with gracious rayes,

So shall it muse to sonnet out thy prayse.

Your Honours in all duty, and
Seruice to Commaund,

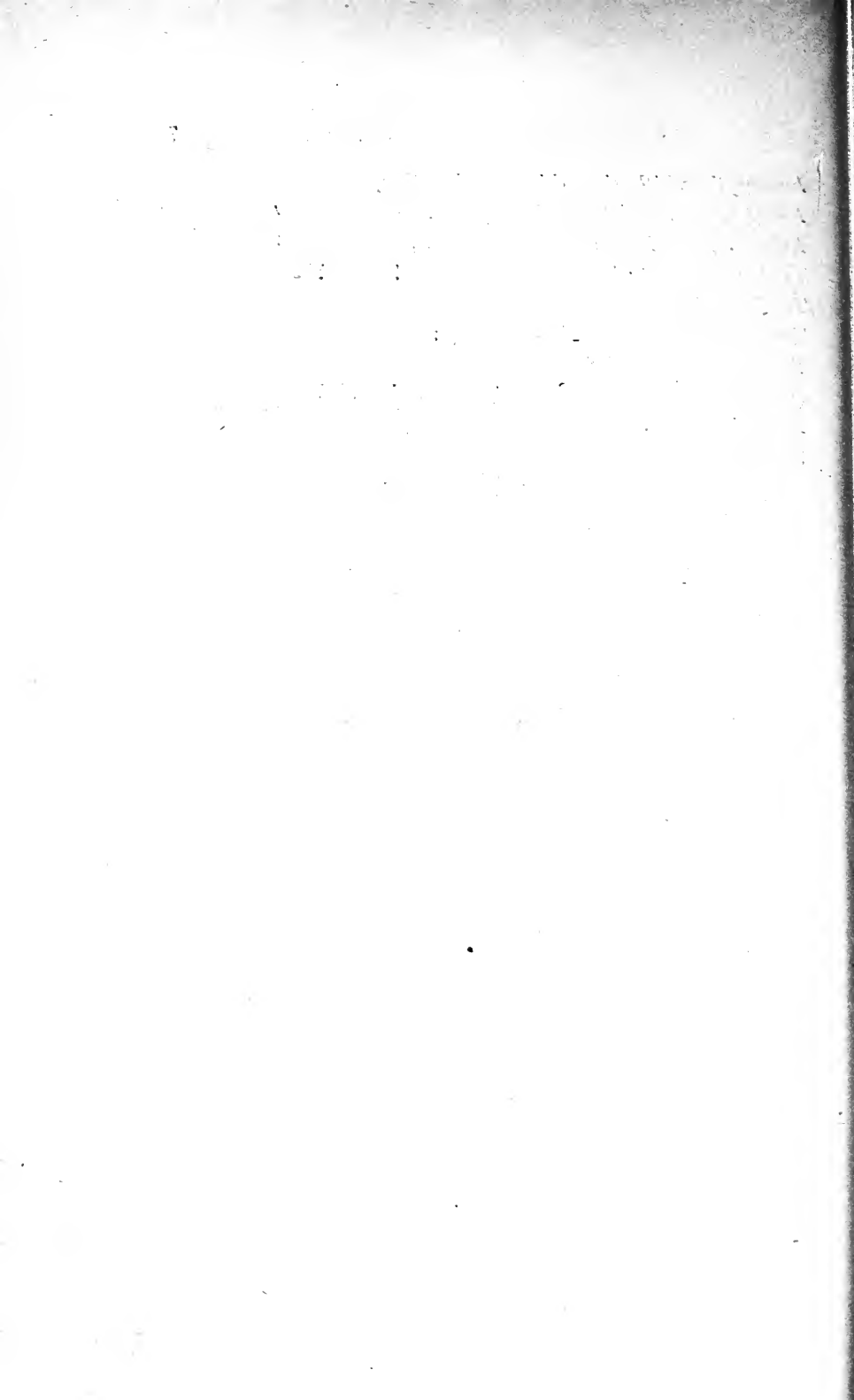
Thomas Robinson.

Accept, great
Earl, my rude
lines!

They flow from
my heart.

110. Sir . . . rhapsodie.—H. Corrector.

111. Poet I'm.—H. Corrector.



[PART I.]

The
 Life and Death of Mary Magdalene,
 OR,
 Her Life in Sin, and Death to Sin.

1.

The death of her that was but newly borne : 1 The hypothesis
or subject of the
discourse.
 The birth of her that longe agoe was dead :
 The life of her, whome heauen and earth did scorne :
 Her beauty, that wast *erst*¹ debellished :
 How² snowy white inueild the crimson red, 5
 And yet the lily sprange vnto the rose,
 Vnder his³ spiny fortresse to repose ;
 How sorrowe, ioye, and ioye *again*e did sorrowe close. 8

2.

How night disrobed of her sad attire, 9 [leaf 56, back]
 Put on the glitteringe *stole* of brightest day :
 How dreary Acheron did once retire,
 And needs would goe vnto the milky way,
 To quench his wild fire, and his heat allay : 13
 How am'rous heau'n earth, earth heau'n did viewe :
 How the ag'd Eagle did her life renewe,
 And blacke not *to be dy'd*, receiud an other hue : 16

¹ The words in italics are those altered by some later hand in the Harleian MS. For *erst* the Corrector writes *once*. The stanzas are numbered in the MS., and lines 6, 7 of each stanza are inset, to bring-out the fact of the 8th line having 6 measures instead of 5.

² 'How' altered from 'Her.' ³ his—MS. altered.

8. *again*e—Corrector : original blotted out.

10. *leams* (or beams).—H. Corrector.

11. *pitchy*.—H. Corrector.

16. MS. altered, seemingly from 'bee dyed.'

3.

	This <i>bee</i> the dity of my oaten reed,	17
	Too meane (alas !) such mysteries to tell :	
The authors invocation.	Yet heauens mirroure daine mee this one meed !	
	In earthen vessels, heau'nly soules may dwell,	
	And sandy caskets oft invest the pearle :	21
	Æthereall states, and high Angellique traines,	
	(Blest bee the time !) haue sometime tooke y ^e paines	
	To visit Abells sonnes, poore, silly sheapheard-swaines.	

4.

I pray that I	Poore, silly sheapheard-swaines ! eu'n such am I :	25
	(Farre bee præsumption from an humble minde !)	
	I will not, (oh, I dare not,) soare too high,	
	Least hee, that all enlightens, strike mee blinde :	
may be enabled to write of Mary.	<i>Sooth</i> , this is all I craue, to be refind,	29*
	So to endite a laye with siluer pen,	
	Of Mary, and of Marys sonne : and then	
	Her life, his loue declare, her loue, and life agen.	32

5.

[leaf 57] The narration of Mary Magda- lenes life described by ye Palace of Pleasure, whither shee retaind.	Vnder th' Appendix of a hillocke small,	33
	A stately palace <i>in a dale</i> was plac't,	
	Fairely incircled with a marble wall,	
	And with a court of shining Amber grac't.	
	The Chrystall windowes too, were interchast	37
	With Iacynths, Diamonds, and Sappheirs blew[e] :	
	Too happy treasure for so damn'd a crewe,	
	That newe sins hoary make, and ould sins <i>aye</i> renewe.	40

6.

Pleasure poetically	The squared <i>greeces</i> were of beaten gould,	41
	(Oh might it euer thus bee trod on ground !)	

17. is.—H. Corrector. 19. heauens. ? MS.

22. ? MS. Æthereall. R. spells "Angellicke."

28. least = *lest*.

29. H. Corrector reads "truth,"

34. H. Corrector, on y^e plain. 40. H. Corrector, soon.

41. H. Corrector, steps were all.

Pillars of Iu'ry did the frame vphould :
 Ouer the brasen gates stood Venus, crownd
 With Myrtle chaplets, in a charret round, 45
 Drawn by two siluer doues, more innocent
 Then shee her selfe : in the same continent
 Blind Cupid seem'd to shoote, and tender hearts *vprent*.

described by her
 Palace.

7.

A turrelet tooke vp each angles shade : 49
 Two in the middle stood, iust opposite :
 The battlements of smoothest Iett were made :
 A glorious out side, eu'ry where so bright,
 The braine it dizieth, and dimmes the sight. 53
 Doubtles Alcides leaft his pillars there,
 Baccus his Elephants, and Sol his sphoere ;
 While each was chear'd with ioye, and overioyd with
 cheare. 56

The Palace of
 Pleasure
 described.

[leaf 57, back]

8.

The nimble shaddowes skipinge here a pace, 57
 Seem'd in the Amber courts to sporte, and play,
 Like wanton kidds vpon some steepy place,
 Or tender *lambkins* on a sommers day :
 So doth Apollo's euer-sparkelinge raye 61
 Daunce through the heauens spangled firmament
 To solitary earth, so male-content,
 And backe from heau'n to earth, in lue of loue is sent. 64

9.

Within this palace dwells a *gentle spright* 65
 Soft, sweete, smooth, tender, Goddesses of all pleasure

Aphrodite
 described.

43. Pillars. H. Corrector : the original word looks like
 Finiales.'

45. Myrtle : first 'Mirtle.'

48. H. Corrector 'to taint.' ? MS. 'vprent'.

60. H. Corrector "lambs upon a summers".

65. H. Corrector "A queen of loue."

66. H. Corrector cuts out 'Soft', and puts 'fair' after
 'smooth' : 'sweete, smooth, faire.'

By her owne beauty, wealth, and suiters. Amorous, younge, *faire* slender *Aphrodite*,
 To whome the Lydian wealth, the Indian treasure,
 The Falern wine is brought in lauish measure; 69
 The *Thyme* of Hybla, and the Libyan *flore*,
 The gemms of Tagus and the golden shore,
 With swetest odours and Assyrian Spikenard store. 72

10.

[leaf 58] About her head a veile of lawne shee wore; 73
 By her apparell. Her garments were of skarlet rosy red :
 Aphrodite, the Goddess of Pleasure described. A goulden bowle in her right hand shee bore,
 Wherein all pleasure and delight were bred :
 The nations came to her *deprostrate* bed : 77
 Happy was hee, that could obtaine a kisse ;
 Vnhappy he, that of her loue did misse :
 Yet, oh most happy misse, and most vnhappy blisse ! 80

11.

Two Ladies did vphold the Damsells traine, 81
 Plumpe, pursiue Luxury, and quainter Pride ;
 By her attendants. The one *streight* lac'd, and *boulstred in amaine* ;
 The other in a gowne, large, loose and wide.
 Both, nearer then the rest, went by her side. 85
 Easier it is to empty out the seas,
 Then her with clothes, and her with dainties please :
 In flittinge vanities (God wot) so litle ease ! 88

12.

Flattery, Her right hand, guilded Flattery supported; 89
 Wantonness. Her left, did fickle Wantonnesse vpbeare ;
 Foolish *dame* Laughter thither too resorted,
 To paint her eye lids, and her browe to cleare.

67. H. Corrector 'beauteous soft, slender, as a doue.'

68. Lydian : first, 'Lidyian.'

70. ? first 'Thime,' 'Libian,' 'flore': H. Corr. 'flower.'

77. H. Corrector "inuiting."

83. H. Corrector, strait—twisted was amane.

91. H. Corrector, And Foolish Laughter.

Idleness too, and Jealousy was there, 93 *Idleness, &c.*
 Inconstancy, Despair, Presumption,
 And Envy, that would brooke no Paragon,
 Put their worst garments of, and their best faces on. 96

13.

A thousand graceless Graces more beside, 97 [*leaf 58, back*]
 Attended on her, ready at her call :
 They *nowe* awaited, *but* for winde and tide.
 They launch into the deepe, hoist sayle *and* all.
 "Come (saith th' Enchantresse) 't is our *nuptiall*, 101
 Let others sad and sullen liue, while wee
 Swimme in the sweets of loue and iollity!"
So, tinkling on her lute, shee made this harmony : 104

"Come, come, my louers! make no stay!
 Let's take our pleasure, while wee may :
 See, how the canopies all ope"¹

The Song of the
 Goddess of
 Pleasure.

To entertaine our loues do hope : 108

See howe the silken beds 'gin swell,

Daring vs their pride to quell.

Gold and Amber in their places,

By her charme.

Bid vs come, and see our faces : 112

The pretty pearle lends many a smile,

The sparklinge gemms our sight beguile,

While the marble pillars weepe,

'Cause wee are not yet a-sleepe. 116

Hearke, howe the musike doth delight,

Of that yonge slender catamite!

See, the snowy virgins white,

She has lovely
 maidens,

Hands and lipps, and heart invite. 120

¹ A later side-note in H. says 'See Proverbe Solom Har:'

99. H. Corrector, only waited for y^e.

100. H. Corrector, Thei . . . with.

101. H. Corrector, let vs merry be.

102. all scribbled over by the Corrector.

104. H. Corr., Striking her Iu'ry lute. 109. H. Corr., do.

111. their : MS. y^e. 113, 129. H. Corr., y^e.

117, 118. scribbled over by H. Corr.

[leaf 59]	Thousand Hellens faire, I haue	
and brave men attending on her;	And as many Troians braue ; Richly they attired bee, Onely to attend on mee.	124
and about her everything that can ravish the senses.	What so'er the sence doth rauish, Heere it swimes in plenty lauish : Loue to mee hath brought his courte, And the Naiadès heere sporte :	128
	The Dryadès their groues have left, And haue stol'n to me by theft ; While y ^e Cocheman of the Sphœre Loues to driue his horses heere :	132
	Neptune too, and Thetis greene, In my palace may bee seene. Neuer saile out of the land ! I can giue yee Tagus sand :	136
	Neuer goe to <i>Colchos</i> shore ! I haue Golden fleeces store. Shades, yee wander all in vaine ; Th' Elysian feilds are in my plaine.	140
Let all take their pleasure !	Then come, my louers, come away ! Let's take our pleasure, while wee may !"	142

14.

[leaf 59, back]	This said, a thowsand prostitute delights, Flewe vp and downe y ^e courts as bright as day :	143
By her excesse, and company.	Gluttonie, to a feast her guests invites, And Baccus, to the wine is gone his way : Others more eager, ceaze vpon the prey :	147
	The tables richly were adorn'd with store, Of delicates, <i>not known in times of yore.</i> Such, Cleopatra gaue, vnto her Paramour.	150

129. their : MS. y^r. 131. H. Corrector, Cocheman.
 135. saile : first 'faile,' 136. H. Corrector, ye.
 137. Colchos.—H. Corrector. ? Original word.
 148, 151, 152, 162. with. MS. wth.
 149. H. Corr., which scarce were known before.

15.

The chambers were perfum'd with odours sweet, 151 Sweet chambers,
 And strow'd with fragrant flowers eu'ry where.
The Damsells naked stood (ah, too vnmeet!) naked girls,
 The Flute, the Lute, the *Timbrell* sounded cleare : music,
 Flagons of wine were brought, to mend their cheare. 155 and wine.
 'T was hard to say, which had the most delight,
 The taste, y^e touch, the hearinge, smell, or sight :
 So ioye triumph'd o'r greefe, and day dispelled night.

16.

As, when y^e boundlesse, braunge Ocean, 159 Comparison.¹
 Imbezilinge y^e riuers all in pride,
 Receiues their waters in his ample maine ;
 Some backe againe retire with curled tide,
 Some through y^e mountaines to y^e valleys glide, 163
 Some struggle with y^e brine, and foaminge flie
 Vp to the pauement of the valted skie,
 And downe againe, as lowe as hell, they fall, and die ; 166

17.

So soone this crewe dispers'd : some to their sporte, 167
 Some in greene arbours spent the *liue longe* day ;
 Some staulked round about y^e amber court ;
 Others to gaminge fell, and such like play,
 And heere and there a drunken louer lay, 171
 Who, by his giddy, braine-sicke concubine,
 Disgorg'd y^e venoun baite of raginge wine :
 'T is sugar in the mouth ; but in the bowells, brine.

[leaf 60]
 All the Goddesses's
 followers disport
 themselves.

18.

Fast by, y^e Lapithoe and Centaures sate, 175
 Each largely swillinge in a full-crown'd bowle,

153. H. Corrector, Damsells half. 154. H. Corr., Viol.
 155, 161. their. MS. y^e. 156. which. MS. w^{ch}.
 158. H. Corrector, o're . . . dispell'd y^e.
 168. H. Corr., blistering.
 1 'Comparison' is in a later hand.

- Til their tongues tripp'd, and spake they knewe not
what,
- Some quarrel; And speakinge made them iarre; and iarringe, scoule,
And scoulinge, tumults raise, and vproares foule: 179
Downe goe the tables and the goblets *faire*;
The ruddy wine, spilt on the Iu'ry *ware*,
Seemes like a fiery comet in the cleared aire. 182
- 19.
- What should I tell of all might there be seen? 183
Some were transform'd to swine, and some to Apes,
Such was the power of the enchantinge Queen:
With Circes virge shee could commaund all shapes,
Or giue rancke poyson in a bunch of grapes; 187
Or like Medusas snaky haire at will,
Transforme y^e wisest *Atlas* to a hill.
Her Magicke knowledge good, but Magicke practise, ill.
- 20.
- [leaf 60, back] Amonge y^e wanton traines of Luxury, 191
That in her palaces themselues address,
One was more beautifull vnto y^e eye,
More faire, more debonaire, then all the rest;
In colour and proportiō so blest, 195.
That, were shee but with softer sleepe alayd,
Of virgin waxe you would suppose her made.
O Damsell faire without, but inwardely decay'd! 198
- Mary Magda-
lene describ'd
to bee one amonge
Pleasures
retinue.
- 21.
- The beauty of
her body
described by the
symmetry of
her limmes.
- Her louely tresses of embellish'd haire, 199
Kist her soft necke, and shoulders iu'ry white:
The Apples of Hesperides weere there:
So Titan swifte displayes his blazing light,
On toppe of Rhodope, with snow *bedight* 203
Her eyes, as blacke as Iett, doe finely blaze,
177. their. MS. y^r. 180. H. Corrector, rare.
181. H. Corrector, fair. 189. H. Corrector, greatest Sages.
201. H. Corrector, of th'. 203. H. Corrector, so white.

Rowlinge about, and they that in them gaze,
Looke for themselues in her, halfe lost, as in a maze. 206

22.

What should I of her arched browe relate, 207 Her brow,
Guiled with smiles, and amorous aspects ;
The port of quietnesse, loues chaire of state ?
Aurora hither her bright teame directs,
And all the while her higher race neglects. 211
Her fluent tongue, with siluer is betipt ; her tongue,
And from the caskets of her corall lippe, and lips ;
Loue may diuine Ambrosia and Nectar sippe. 214

23.

Her ruby cheekes laid o'r the snowy white, 215 [leaf 61]
(Why may not *Antiques* erre ?) were the rare frame her cheeks,
That curious Apelles brought to light :
The litle birds *ynchantinge* hither came,
To picke y^e ruddy grapelets, was their aime. 219
Her nose, for Venus hill, I might commend ; her nose,
But to the pearle, her teeth doe beauty lend,
While her eares pretty gemmes, with louely lookes
contend. 222

24.

Next her *debaled* brests *bewitch mine* eyes, 223 her bare breasts,
And with a Lethargy *my* sight appall ;
But *by and by the selfe-wild heauy spies*
Vnto y^e centre of her nauell fall,
From whence they starte, awaked at the call 227
Of her *depurpur'd* thinges, *heere* at a stand,

215. H. Corr. o're. 216. H. Corr. Ancients.
218. H. Corrector, Inchantede.
219. H. Corr. grapes was all. 219. their. MS y^r.
222. H. Corr. do bend.
223. H. Corr. soft snowy brests enchant ones eyes.
224. H. Corr. y^e.
225. H. Corr. suddenly y^e eyling [? MS] heauy spies.
226. H. Corr. And does to th'.228. H. Corr. plump—it makes one.

her white hand, Whither to vieue y^e siluer of her hand,
And armes as streight as pine, or subtill Circes wand, 230

25.

Or rather cast a due-deuoted glaunce 231
 Vpon the marble tressels vnder plac't :
 her legs and feet. But then her douelike feete themselues aduance :
 On such, Dianas nymphes y^e game haue chast,
 And the Nereïdes, with nimble hast, 235
 Trippe vp and downe, forward and backe again[e,]
 Amid y^e gentle murm'ringe of the maine,
 Curlinge y^e flaggy lockes of the Neptunian plaine. 238

26.

[leaf 61, back] Wonder it is, mee thinkes, without to see 239
 So faire a face, (*aye mee, y^e more her smart !*)
 And that her soule should so *deglorious* bee :
 But her white A brest so white, and yet so black a heart ;
 breast covers a *Her worst the best, her best y^e worser parte.* 243
 black heart. Can such faire hiues inclose such idle Drones ?
 So white a wall *immure* such worthlesse stones ?
 So beauteous a sepulchre, such rotten bones ? 246

27.

A 'sepulchre,' that caue I rightly call, 247
 Wherein her soule so longe imu'd hath been,
 Bound with y^e fetters of a willinge thrall :
 Yet she must be And yet that sepulchre must bury sin,
 brought to God. And for *Astroëa* make a shrine within : 251
 It cannot bee, but such a heauenly grace,
 In heauens quire at length must have a place :
 But first the goodly corne must winnow'd bee a space. 254

229. H. Corr. whether.

230. H. Corr. Or.

240. H. Corr. alas.

241. H. Corr. polluted.

243. H. Corr. Her best y^e worst, her worst y^e better part.

245. H. Corr. immure.

247—254 are crossed out by the H. Corrector.

28.

Amonge her riuals <i>iolly</i> nowe shee sate :	255	
Each sues for loue, and loue to her affordes ;		By the contention of her rivalls. She loves the strongest.
But hee, that strongest was, the conquest gate :		
No other arte præuailles, no sugred words,		
But force of armes, and dint of <i>steeled</i> swords.	259	
(Venus, the Sun still followes with her light ; If Titan fauor <i>thee</i> , her rayes shine bright ;		
If hee but hide his head, Venus is out of sight.)	262	

29.

So may you see alonge y ^e meadowes green,	263	[leaf 62]
Two sturdy bullockes, (hard it is to say, Whither with loue, or furies flames more keen,)		So two bullocks fight for Io.
Both this and that <i>infect</i> y ^e purple waye,		
And make y ^e sanguine riuelets to play,	267	
Flie at each other swifter then the winde, And with y ^r hornes y ^r heads together binde :		
The victor, Io gaines ; y ^e conquer'd comes behind[e.]		

30.

Great valour, sure to goe into y ^e feild,	271	
And battell bid for Lady Aphrodite, To whet y ^e sworde, and beare the trusty sheild, To win y ^e fauor of some foemale white :		
'T were better for thy countries good to fight :	275	Better fight for your country than a woman's love.
There, if thou conquer, thou shalt conquered be ; If conquer'd, death thou gainst, or infamy :		
Heere victorie is fame, and losse of victory.	278	

31.

The bloody broyles thus ended and allay'd, Faire Magdalene (for so the Damsell <i>hight</i>)	279	Mary Magdalene
--	-----	----------------

255. H. Corr. merry.

257. that. MS. y^t.

259. H. Corr. glittering.

261. H. Corr. her.

266. H. Corr. rush ore.

269. y^r = their.

271—278 crossed out by the H. Corrector.

280. H. Corr. bright.

Her louer for his labour *well* appay'd,
 And all *aggladd* with his newe delight,
 Led by y^e hand alonge y^e valleys bright : 283
 And, as they went, hee am'rous glaunces cas[t]
 Vpon her rosy cheekes and slender wast ;
 And nowe a kisse hee begg'd, and nowe his loue embract.

32.

[leaf 62, back] *The glory of the pole did* nothings please him, 287
 Apollos haire could not one glaunce allure,
 Nor did y^e fragrant-smelling meadows ease him,
 The melody of birds could worke no cure ;
 So fond is loue, so dotingly dimure : 291
 The tender plants, and minerals vnseen,
 Conquer each sicknesse and disease vnclean ;
 But loue, by the same hand is kill'd and cur'd agen.

33.

His sences nowe no frame but hers receiue, 295
 And in his fancy eu'ry member paint :
 His minde, both sence and fancy doth bereaue,
 And they againe his intellect attaint,
 To thinke on nothings but his seeming saint : 299
 Her loue is all hee sees, or heares, or knowes,
 So the bewitching *oracle yt throughes*
 About the *maidens* fancy, strange Deludinge showes. 302

34.

Vnto y^e garden by, at length they hy'd : 303
 Atlas his orchard was not halfe so rare,
 Nor *Heloriz* in midst of Sommer pride :
 Nor kinge Alcinous his cheifest care :

281. H. Corr. Was called, her louer for his labour payd.

282. H. Corr. enflamed.

287. H. Corr. The spangling Diamonds rays could.

301. (? MS. yt ythroughes.) H. Corr. Delphian tripod
 throwes.

302. H. Corr. Preistess.

303. H. Corr. The garden then at length by them being spy'd.

305. H. Corr. feighn'd Elisium euen in Summers.

Heere y^e dead louers sprights reuiued are : 307
 Flora had empti'd heere her precious horne,
 With store y^e beds of pleasure to adorne ;
 No thistle heere was seen, ne pricle-armed thorne ; 310

35.

The Damaske-roses heere were brought a bed, 311 [leaf 63]
In it are Roses,
Lilies,
 Iust opposite y^e Lilie of y^e Vale :
 The Rose, to see y^e Lilie white, wax'd red ;
 To see y^e rose so red, y^e Lilie pale ;
 While Zephyre fann'd then with a gentler gale. 315
 The woody Primrose and the pretty Paunce, Primroses and
Daffodils,
 The Pinke, y^e Daffodill and Cheuisance,
 All in Perfumed sets, y^r fragrant heads aduance. 318

36.

Sweet Casia, and y^e yealowe Marigould, 319 the Marigold,
 That when the Sun bringes forth y^e Orient daye,
 Her armes, in signe of loue, loues to vnfold,
 But closes when her Paramour's awaye :
 The Cullumbine and Violets there play, 323 Columbine,
 With Couslips of Hierusalem so nice,
 Sweet Eglantine, and cloues of Paradise, Eglantine,
 Rare shrubs, and rarer hearbs, and beds perfum'd with
 spice. 326

37.

Narcissus too, that heart enamouringe lad, 327 and Narcissus.
 Grewe by a springe (a chrystiall springe was nighe),
 Whose siluer streames y^e gaudy flowers *agglad*,
 Glidinge alonge, as if they faine would prie
 Vnder the Veluet leaues, and by and by 331
 Into y^r watry cells againe they start,

311. H. Corr. Of—there was. 317. R. Deffodill.

318. y^r = their: the contraction is not extended, as it usually is in the Society's Texts, italics being here wanted for Corrections in the MS.

328. 'chrystiall', altered by the writer of the MS.?, to 'crystall'.

329. H. Corr. make glad. 332. y^r = their.

But with a gentle pace, as loath to part,
Leauinge y^r teares behinde, in token of y^r hearte. 334

38.

[leaf 63, back] The flower, mindefull of his former loue, 335
Declines his head toward y^e neighbour springe :
His sportefull shade, affection seems to mooue,
Vnder y^e fountaine water wantoninge ;
Yet to y^e banckes his tender rootes *yclinge*, 339
The silken staulkes *'gan* tremble sore affraid,
Least once againe Narcissus in his shade
Should loose himselfe for loue, and in sad silence fade.

39.

Mary and her
Lover go into
Her arbour.
All these delights y^e louers' eyes *aggrate*, 343
But yet y^r appetite hath made no stay :
Into an arbour nowe *at length they gate*,—
This was the hopefull Period of y^r way ;—
An arbour, pleasant, beautifull and gay, 347
Incompast with triumphant baye about,
And farther in, y^e laden vines *ysprout* :
If Baccus bee within, Apollo stands without. 350

40.

Its seats are of
grass.
The leauy pillastrells were neatly shorne ; 351
The grassy seats, y^e eyes to slumber wed ;
The vaulted roofe, on ample *baulkes vborne*,
With Violets and Lilies was bespread,
Like th' Azure skie with starres *besiluered* ; 355
The floore with many a flower was bedeck'd.
The Gilly-flower, and Carnation speck'd,
But Lady Rose, y^e other with her beauty check'd. 358

339. H. Corr. do clinge.

340. H. Corr. do.

343. H. Corr. do charme.

345. H. Corr. they arme in arme.

346. H. Corr. Together walke.

349. H. Corr. do sprout.

353. H. Corr. pillars borne.

355. H. Corr. all siluered.

356. H. Corr. The fragrant seat with flowers was bedect.

41.

On flowry beds y^e Louers heere repose ; 359 [leaf 64]
 And nowe sweet words must guild their bad intent : Mary and her
 With smiles, with lookes, with lippe and hand hee woes : Lover
 Such were y^e Dartes, y^t subtill Cupid lent,
 Lustes wandringe harbinger, vaine complement : 363
 Faire ramillets and posies hee præpares,
 With sonnets smooth, and garlands for her haire ;
And so with gentle pace, into her brest hee fares. 366

42.

What should I tell of those polluted acts 367 do deeds of lust
 That followe wantonnesse and Luxury ? in the Arbour,
 Let modesty not meddle with y^r facts,
Sith tongue and hart, in mischeife still agree,
 And as y^e wordes, y^e actions often bee : 371
 Their descants nowe they tooke, and restles rest,
 And thought they were with ioyes of heauen blest ;
 But night as blacke as hell, y^r meltinge soules possesst.

43.

The Sun peep'd in with his declininge raye, 375
 And dy'd his paler cheekes with fiery hue ;
 It seems, hee blush'd, and would recall y^e day, and make the
 The wickednesse of *Vestaes sonnes* to viewe, Sun blush.
 That rush to folly, but y^r folly rue : 379
 And thou, my Muse, packe hence with nimble flight !
 The shame of sinners, 't is no great delight,
 For modest eare to heare, or chaster pen to write. 382

44.

Thus Magdalene in Pleasures wanton courts, 383 [leaf 64, back]
 Parte of her youthfull dayes did fondly waste,

360. their. MS y^r.366. H. Corr. And on her brest he slumbers, too too freed
 from cares. 369. y^r facts = their deeds, doings.

370. H. Corr. for.

378. H. Corr. Mortall men.

Mary Magdalene
spends her time
in dress and
feasts.

Ioying in vanity and idle sportes,
To spend the time, y^e soone (*God wot*) was past.
Prœuentinge all her pleasure with her haste : 387
Parte of her time in idle languishment,
Parte in attire, and gaudy ornament,
And parte in frolicke feasts and banquetinge, shee spent.

45.

She walks ;
she lies in bed ;
she bathes.

Sometimes the palace walkes delight her minde ; 391
Sometimes in silken beds shee *sweltred* lies ;
And nowe shee's vacant to her louers kinde,
And nowe the garden doth inuite her eyes ;
But by and by, her arbour greene shee spies : 395
Nowe in y^e springe shee bathes, to coole her heat,
And waues her *plume*, to fanne away y^e sweat ;
And cooler nowe, shee makes a sunny bancke her seat.

46.

So do our
fondlings wanton
in their youth,
and offer only
their age to God.

So *doe* the fondlings of our latter age, 399
In iollity their fresher yeares *dispend*,
Treadinge this scœne, as 't were a silken stage,
But neuer dreaminge of a Tragicke end :
Can great Iehouah take him for his friend, 403
That in his youth doth nought but wantonize,
But whenould age decayes, both eares and eyes,
Then to y^e altar bringes his haltinge sacrifice ? 406

47.

[leaf 65]
Yet life is but a
fading flower.

Let none on Magdalens delaye præsume, 407
Though (sooth to say) it was not very longe :
Life's but a fadinge flower, a subtile fume,
A shadowe vaine, a shorte, though pleasant songe.
Then oyle your lampes betimes ! and in y^e thronge 411
Of Saintlie Heroes, *enter heau'n* amaine ;

386. H. Corr. which (ah, too soon). 387. her : first 'his.'
392. H. Corr. softer. 397. H. Corr. Or—Fann.
399. H. Corr. euen so. 400. H. Corr. do spend.
412. H. Corr. Saintlike . . run y^e course.

For what the Fates decree, is not in vain[e:]
 Ioye heere, shall sorrowe there; teares heere, ioy there
 obtaine. 414

48.

When heau'ns bright eye, farre brighter then the Sun,
 Beheld th' asp[i]ringe tower of vaine delight,
 And howe this harlot had her selfe vndon,
 Hee sent Syneide, daughter of the light,
 To tell the Caytiffe of her wretched plight: 419
 The Damsell brighter then y^e brightest glasse,
 The *Isicles* in splendor did surpasse,
 And in her siluer hand, a poynted *goad* there was; 422

The touch of a
 good conscience
 comes from
 heau'n.

49.

A tiffany shee wore about her head, 423
 Hanging submissely to her shoulders white;
 From top to toe, she was immanteled
 With purest Lawne; and, for her nimble sight,
 Lynceus his eyes were neuer halfe so bright: 427
 The Eagles quickenesse in respect is blinde,
 And Argus with his hundred comes behinde,
 For myriads of eyes about her body shin'd. 430

A good con-
 science describ'd.

[leaf 65, back]

50.

Things past were proesent to her searchinge viewe, 431
 And future reprocresented in her thought,
 Where newe things n'er wax'd ould, but oulder newe.
 Each idle word and action hither brought,
 Receiue y^r doome and censure (as they ought). 435
 Sometimes in Paradise shee likes to dwell,
 Sometimes shee diues into the deepes of Hell;
 Shee sees the heart, and pries into his closest cell. 438

Conscience judges
 every idle word.

413. H. Corr. Before you set, for.

421. H. Corr. Iasper stone. 422. H. Corr. spear.

428 is: first 'was'. 435. y^r = their.

51.

	<i>Faine</i> of her message, nowe shee tooke her flight	439
Ezek: 1:	Through the bright amber of y ^e flaminge Court,	
Reuel: 4:	Passinge y ^e wheelles of purest Chrysolite,	
The heau'n of heauens.	Drawn by y ^e fiery beasts y ^t there resort, Where millions of Angells euer sporte,	443
	And glorious martyrs, after all y ^r woes, Singe praise to him y ^t ouercame y ^r foes, And all y ^e Saints, y ^r crownes, at Glories throne depose.	

52.

[leaf 66] The Crystall heaven.	Then by y ^e Chrystell waye shee nimbly past,	447
	Vnto y ^e radiant spangled firmament, Where heauens euer-wakinge sheapheard fast, His starry flockes into y ^r fouldes had pent.	
The eighth sphere.	The Gnossian Crowne among y ^e rest was sent,	451
	The Goblet, Helen, and the Brothers twaine, Cassiope, y ^e Pleiads, and y ^e Swaine That Arctos kept in warde, with all y ^e starry traine.	454

53.

The Planets.	<i>And</i> through y ^e wandring sphœres shee wandringe went,	
Amo: 9: 6:	Leauinge y ^e rasters of the starry light; Then to y ^e pure æthereall element	
Zanch: de operi: Dei: Lib: 2: cap. 6:	That 's whirld about y ^e hornes of Cynthia bright, Both they and shee out-strippe y ^e feeble sight,	459
	So rare and subtile substances they been. Natures so much depur'd, that (well I ween) No mortall eye, sphœres, fire, or conscience, e'r hath seen.	

54.

The ayre.	So passinge through y ^e tripple-region'd ayre,	463
	Where diuerse mixtures and aspects appeare: The flyinge Dragon, y ^e resplendent Haire, The Darte, the Candle and y ^e burninge Speare,	
Arist: 1: meteor:		

439. H. Corr. Glad.

440. sidenote; 1st Chapter of Ezekiel, and 4th of Revelation.

455. H. Corr. Next. 455—462 crossed-through in H.

The Milke, the Kidds that skipped here and there, 467
 The poynted Beame, th' infatuating Fire,
 The Northern Comets and y^e painted Ire,
 With many more, whereof some fall, and some aspire.

Senec : lib : 7 :
 not : quæst :
 cap : 5

55.

At length shee touch'd y^e toppe of hillockes highe, 471 [leaf 66, back]
 That ouer-shaddowe Aphrodites towers,
 And streight-way, in y^e twinkling of an eye,
 Shee windes her selfe into y^e secret bowers
 Of Mary Magdalenes depraued powers : 475
 With gentle hand shee prickes her festerd hart ;
 The boylinge blood from eu'ry veine 'gan start,
 And thus y^e wanton mayde assaults with mickle smart :

Conscience winds
 herself into
 Mary's heart,

56.

" Ah, fondling ! whither, whither do'st thou flie 479
 With guilded winges of selfe opinion vaine ?
 Can ought escape heaucens all-seeinge eye ?
 Or shall thy pleasure breed no after-paine ?
 If so, a Paradise on earth were gaine ! 483
 But when y^e reuolution of yeares
 Shall bee at hand, then ioy must end in teares,
 And pleasant spectacles bee chang'd to ghastely feares.

and asks her how
 she can escape
 God's eye.

57.

" Sion was holy to the Lord of yore ; 487
 Salem's in-habitants his cheife delight ;
 Each to his altar, freewill of-fringes bore,
 And payd y^e Leuite aye the Leuites right ;
 So did y^e temple shine with glory bright ; 491
 Religion ruld y^e royall politic
 With iustice, temperance and æquitie :
 Then let not Magdalene her natiue soile denie. 494

She knows she
 once was pure.

58.

" Wilt thou in riot swimme, while others fast ? 495 [leaf 67]
 Wilt thou bee sporting, when as others pray ?

Conscience
appeals to Mary

Or canst thou still delight to bee imbrac't,
When others, drown'd in sorrowe all y^e day,
With sacke-cloth gird y^r loynes, and sad araye? 499
Or while the aged sire 's besprinkeled
With dust and ashes on his siluer head,
Canst thou thy various Iunonian plumes dispread? 502

59.

“Doubtlesse those haire for lust were not intended ; 503
Those eyes for Cupids darts were neuer meant ;
That heaunly face, by art but litle mended,
(Sith nature in it all her skill hath spent,)
Was not to bee a wanton's ornament ; 507
Those eyes were made so bright, the heauns to see ;
to be good to
God. Those feet, to tread y^e paths of æquitie :
Bee not so bad to him, y^t is so good to the !” 510

60.

She pierces
Mary's breast.

This sayd, shee brandishes her quiueringe darte, 511
And makes a deeper wound in Maries brest :
The silly soule amaz'd, beginnes to starte,
As one awaked from his nightly rest,
With slumber soft, and hopefull dreames possest. 515
For pleasure is a dreame of sweet delight,
That lastes no longer then y^e shortest night,
But when the day appeares, away it takes his flight ;

61.

[leaf 67, back] Or as y^e nimble doe in lawny parke, 519
Browsinge vpon y^e palate-pleasing brier,
Is on a suddaine made y^e hunter's marke,
And wounded in her brest, perceiues a fire,
So Magdalene, in midst of her desire, 523
Crown'd with y^e blisse of fooles, and pleasures vaine,
Feeles in her heart y^e stinge of gripinge paine ;
Mary sorrowe. And then to feigne sad sighes, and sorrowe, shee is faine.

62.

But sorrowe soone in streames of pleasure's drownd, 527 Pleasure and
custome in sin
choake a good
conscience. .
 And conscience away doth vanish quite ;
 So litle truth in womens teares are found.
 The Crocodile can sorrowe to y^e sight,
 And vnder sighes embaite his venom'd spight. 531
 Vaine woman ! see ! y^e hart hath quickly found
 A saluing ditany, to heale his wound :
 And shall thy heart vnsounded, still remaine vnsound ?

63.

But custome is a tyrant, and his slaues 535
 Are forc'd within his limits to abide.
 Tis easier to still y^e swellinge Waues,
 And turne y^e torrent of y^e strongest tide,
 Then to resist his course, or quell his pride : 539
 So Mary to her lust againe returnes, Mary returns to
her lust.
 And at Ambrosian mercy, offerd, spurnes,
 Till Heauens awefull power in zealous anger burnes. 542

64.

Withat a dreary hagge of Acheron, 543 [leaf 68]
 Arm'd with a gastely torch, new dipt in blood,
 A sable weed, as blacke as night, put on, The state of a
tormentinge
conscience
poetically
describ'd.
 And in the palaces of Pleasure stood,
 Shakinge y^e frie of her vipereous brood : 547
 Fury attends her, and the want of sence,
 Sorrow, Despight, with y^e sad Influence, Ovid metamorph:
Lib; 4: fab: 9:
 Famine, and bloody Warre, and meagre Pestilence. 550

65.

The pillars trembled at this ghastely sight ; 551
 The dores were tainted with a pallid hue ;
 The Sun, amaz'd, deny'd his wonted light,
 While y^e poore mayd, disquieted anewe, Mary is
disquieted.
 Striues to go forth of dores ; but there a crewe 555
 Of hideous glowinge snakes y^e entraunce keepe,

543. withat = 'With that'.

That all about y^e direfull fury creepe,
And in whole troopes from out her shaggy cauerne peepe.

66.

- The snakes of
Conscience twine
round Mary. Some wandred vp and downe her dismall brest ; 559
Some to her pitchy armes and shoulders clunge,
With fiery eyes and hissinge tongues possest ;
And one vpon y^e wretched mayd shee slunge,
Virgil: *Aenei*: 7: That twininge here and there, about her sprunge, 563
And glided on her brest with gentle hast,
And there vipereous cogitations plac't,
With pininge greife and sorrowes, y^t y^e spirites wast. 566

67.

- [leaf 68, back] The crinkled snake about her Crystall necke, 567
Seem'd like a wreathed chaine of brightest gould,
And for a fillet seru'd, her haire to decke,
For through each parte y^e slippery pilgrim rould,
And fire within y^e marrowe did infould, 571
Taintinge y^e sences with his poysond gall,
That soone y^e Damsells riot could appall,
And Sorrowe much aggladd at Pleasures funerall. 574

68.

- She cannot smile. Nowe all yee fittinge daughters of the light, 575
Packer hence with speed, and see, yee bee not seene !
Let neuer smile or laughter come in sight !
For ioye and ioyllity too longe haue been
Sorrow is queen
of her, Within these courtes : but Sorrowe now is queen. 579
Mary hath cast her louers out of minde,
And solace in her brest no place can finde,
and earking Care. For earking care doth all delights together binde. 582

69.

The Fury nowe (it seemes) has stood her freind, 583
And counsell'd her to bidd vaine sports adieu.
But ther's much difference 't-wixt freind and fiend,

And hee, y^t monster-headed Gorgon slewe,
 Did but y^e ould one in younge snakes renewe : 587
 The blood, y^t Perseus heere and there did spill,
 Begate another brood of serpents still.
 If Hell be cause of good, that good is nought but ill. 590

70.

Into y^e hollowe of a darke-some cell, 591
 The Messenger of Night conueigh'd her streight :
 Shee thought, shee had been wafted quicke to hell,
 So swift shee flewe, y^t now shee felt no weight,
 Till downe shee squats before a balefull gate 595
 That euer open stood, both daye and night,
 To entertaine each sad, disastrous spright,
 With horrid shapes, and apparitions for his sight. 598

[leaf 60]
 The sting of a
 bad conscience
 leads to extreme
 Melancholy, or
 kinde of despaire.

 Melancholy
 described by his
 dwellinge.

71.

So gape the gloomy courts of Pluto fell, 599
 Exhaling cloudy mistes of sulphur blewe,
 With horrid damp, and many a noysom smell,
 Ready to swallowe vp y^e damned crewe,
 That thither hast, and yet y^r hast they rue ; 603
 When death a punishment for life they se[e,]
 And life for death a punishment to bee,
 And death with life, and life with death ioyne amity ;

It is like Hell,

72.

Or as y^e iawes of Scyllas barking hounds, 607
 That aye for greedinesse of booties raue,
 And swallowe all that come within y^r bounds :
 Such was y^e gap of Melancholies caue,
 Where many loose, but fewe y^r lives can saue ; 611
 Onely for barking hounds, y^e grimme-fac'd cat,
 The slowe pac'd asse was there, y^e flutteringe bat,
 The croaking rauon on a slaughtred carcasse sate. 614

this caue of
 Melancholy.

593. R. wafted. 595. R. quats. 603. y^r = their.

73.

- [leaf 69, back] The ground, no whole-some hearbe, no flower breeds, 615
 No fruitfull tree aray'd with sommers hue,
 Foul weeds fill it. But cockell, darnell, thornes, and stinkinge weeds,
 And wither'd trunckes, denoy'd of leanes, in liewe
 Of better plants, with y^e fauerous yewe, 619
 Plin: lib: 16: Beside y^e fatal tree, where Phyllis faire
 cap: 26: Hung by y^e tresses of her goulden haire,
 For loue of him, y^t of her loue tooke litle care. 622

74.

- The murdered Heere Pyramus and Thyse murdered lie; 623
 lie there. Heere Antony and Cleopatra been;
 Heere Ajax, with his bloody speare fast by;
 Heere Cato, and y^e Carthagenian Queen;
 Sad spectacles! no sadder euer seen! 627
 Ægeus was heere, deluded once by fame;
 Empedocles leapt hither through y^e flame
 Of Ætna; and y^e Stagirite by water came. 630

75.

- [Melancholy described] But loe, within, dull Melancholy sits, 631
 By his gesture. Proppinge with weary hand his heauy head,
 And lowringe on y^e ground in franticke fits,
 Melancholy looks like Death. With pallid hue hee look'd, as hee were dead,
 Or Death himselfe: for many hee had sped 635
 By the severall parts of his body. And sent vnto y^e graue: rough was his haire,
 His hollowe eyes, Hyæna-like did staire,
 Sparkelinge like fishes scales amid y^e cloudy aire. 638

76.

- [leaf 70] Longe eares, blacke lippes, teeth yeallowe, meagr[e] face,
 Sharpe nose, thin cheekes, chin pendant, vaulted cragge,
 Lean ribbes, bare loynes, lank belly, snale-like pace,
 By his apparell. Lame feet, dead hands, and all his garments sag[ge:]
 [y^r = ther] Heere hangs a patch, and ther a tatter'd ragge: 643
 Such Melancholy hight; and seated so,

A thousand Gorgons doe his fancy woe,
And horrid apparitions about him through. 646

77.

Sometimes with loue his cogitation swells, 647
And then 'gainst churlish riualdry hee braules,
And of his Ladies cruelty hee tells,
And makes sad plaint vnto y^e ruthlesse walles :
In hast, for paper, pen, and inke, hee calles, 651

Melancholy
complains his
Lady's cruelty.

A letter to his loue hee will endite,
And with a thorne on ground hee 'gins to writight ;
Then vp hee takes y^e dust, and blowes it out of sight.

78.

Sometimes about y^e starres his minde doth roue, 655
And light Ambition in his brest beares swaye ;
And then hee will contend with mighty Ioue,
And haue commaund o'r vassal Titan's raye :
But, by and by, hee softly steales awaye, 659

Diuerse kinds of
Melancholy
described.

And slinkes from out his den, supposinge ther[e]
Some furious hagge would him in peeces teare,
So closely couch'd hee lies, all quiueringe for feare. 662

79.

Nowe out hee hollowes, and full loudly yells, 663 [leaf 70, back].
As if hee chas'd before him some wilde beast :
But that devise another thought expells ;
And till hee finde his goulden interest,
Hid vnder ground, with feare hee is possest : 667
Nowe hee supposes, hee's a man of glasse ;
And nowe straunge colours seeme before him passe ;
And now hee thinkes, hee is not, what but nowe hee was.

80.

Hard by his side, sad Magdalene was plac't, 671
Within y^e vgly caue of this dull spright.
Kindely each other at y^e first embrac't,
But soone shee felt y^e rancor of his spight,

Mary is with
Melancholy in his
cave.

For all her daye was turned into night : 675
 And shee, y^t was with pleasure lately crown'd,
 Now hanges y^e head, and viewes y^e cursed ground,
 Bearinge about her still an euer-smarting wound. 678

Mary's pleasure
 is changed to
 sadness.

81.

As in the splendor of a glassy sphere, 679
 What s'euer hee y^t vewes it, doth assaye,
 Bee sure to see it repræsented there,
 The mimicke orbe each action will bewraye,
 And in a nimble shaddowe soone displaye 683
 The motion of y^e foot, y^e hand, y^e eye,
 The lippes, y^e tongue, and tell what is awry,—
 Whither hee sad his browe, or looke more cheerfully,—

82.

[leaf 71] So Magdalene is Melancholies Ape, 687
 And, what soe'r hee does, assayes to doe :
 His fancy bringes him each fantasticke shape,
 And so fantasticke is her fancy too :
 Hee stayer, shee stands : hee stirres, and shee doth goe :
 Hee trembles at y^e trembling of the winde ;
 Shee feares each blast : hee beares a guilty mind ;
 A guilty conscience shee within her brest can finde. 694

She shares all
 Melancholy's
 fancies.

83.

Ovid: meta-
 morph: lib: 4:
 fab: 10: There is a path adown a steepy waye, 695
 Wrapt all in vncouth silence of the night,
 Where wandringe (cursed hap !) poore pilgrims stray[e,]
 A path, y^t leades vnto y^e lake Cocyte,
 A description of
 Hell: Where hellish torments wretched soules affright, 699
 Where deadly scritch-owles direfull dities sing[e,]
 [y^r = their] The grisly ghostes y^r sorrowe ecchoinge,
 And all about y^e aire y^e poyson'd vapours clinge. 702

84.

A thousand gates and entraunces there bee, 703
 To Lethes burninge waues and scaldinge fire,

But backe againe, wee no returne can see ;
 The Lions den lets fewe or none retire :
 And though y^e intricate Dædalean gyre
 Haue many portalls, easy to attaine,
 Yet hee y^t knowes how to returne againe.
 May count y^e countles sands, and make y^e mountains
 plaine. 710

85.

As Amphitrite in her larger wombe
 Receives all other floods and Chrystall brookes,
 So doth this lake all hopelesse soules in-tombe,
 And still it hath more roome, for more it lookes :
 So many windings there, and wandring nookes, 715
 That, though all nations of y^e world should cease,
 And fall together in a close-throng'd prease,
 Yet boundlesse hell could ne'r perceiue his owne
 encrease. 718

86.

There raging winter euer doth abide,
 And yet no showre, y^r burninge tongues to wet :
 They allwayes haue y^e parchinge sommer tide,
 And yet no sun, y^r frozen limmes to heat :
 So doe they fryinge freeze, and freezing sweat : 723
 And (y^t which to y^r gripinge paine and greife
 Still addes a newe supplie without releife)
 Æternity amonge y^r torments is y^e cheefe. 726

87.

Hither came Nemesis, and left y^e skie ;
 (In iust reuenge shee tooke so much delight :)
 Soone as shee entred with her maiesty,
 The ghostes inuegled with perpetuall night,
 Stood all amaz'd, and trembled at the sight : 731
 Their eyes were dazled with her bright attire,
 But, o, they quaked at her awfull ire,
 Freezing with fearefull could amid the flames of fire. 734

88.

[leaf 72] Amonge y^e blacker sonnes of Tartary, 735
 Nemesis calls up Seu'n hideous fiery sprights shee euocates :
 7 fiery Spirits, They came with speed ; yet durst not come too nigh,
 Least, happily adiudged by y^e Fates,
 They should augment y^r chaines and heauy weights :
 For Iustice could not Stygian vassals brooke ;
 But terrified them with her angry looke,
 And heau'nly maiesty in hell vpon her tooke. 742

89.

In thunder then shee spake, great silence made, 743
 (At eu'ry worde shee shak'd y^e gates of hell)
 "Goe to y^e earth, and seeke y^e wanton maide
 That erst in idle Pleasures courts did dwell,
 But nowe remains in Melancholies cell ! 747
 Torment and vexee her ! take away her rest !
 Enter her thoughts ! fully possesse her brest !
 But spare her life ! in y^t yee haue no interest." 750

Melancholy a fit
 preparatiue to
 possession.
 and bids them
 torment Mary.

90.

So hauinge giu'n her charge, awaye shee flinges 751
 From out y^e cauernes of aye-lastinge woe,
 And postes vnto y^e skie with nimble winges,
 Where Iris by y^e waye salutes her lowe,
 And on her weeds sweete water shee would throughe :
 But y^e immortall power gaue no consent :
 For though vnto y^e poyson'd lake shee went,
 Vncapable shee was of y^e sulphurean sent. 758

Then Nemesis
 goes back to the
 sky.

91.

[leaf 72, back] The Hierarchies and Dominations bright, 759
 Burned in fiery zeale and zealous fire,
 Soone as thees tidings shee had tould arright,
 And all with her in iust reuenge conspire :
 The hellish fiends were glad at Heauens ire ; 763
 And though about them they y^r to[r]ments bore.

Zanch: lib: 4:
 cap: 19:

Yet nowe more ioyfull then they were before,
The damned spirits scund'd alonge y^e Stygian shore.

The 7 damned
Spirits find

92.

Through sad Cimmerian¹ mistes as blacke as night, 767 [MS. Cimmerian]

At length to fresher aire they did aspire ;

Though dazled with y^e glimmeringe of the light,

They easily found out this aged Sire :

Melancholy,

Swift was y^r speed, but swifter y^r desire, 771

Had not they been with iron chaines confin'd,

By him y^t greeat Leviathan can binde.

Then let not silly Saints bee troubled in y^r minde. 774

93.

Soone as into his cell they entraunce made, 775

(And soone they entraunce made into his cell,)

Leauinge y^e borders of the airy glade,

Within y^e Damsells brest they come to dwell,

and take up their
abode in Mary's
breast.

And thither bringe they mischeefes store from hell :

Scorpions, and flames of Ætna, to affright ;

Madnesse and feare, with many a ghastely sight, 781

And malice (what more deadly ?) like a womans spight. Iunonis odium.

94.

But then y^e haplesse maide (vnhappy tide !) 783

[leaf 73]

Incited by y^e monsters huge² within,

Virgil: Ænei: 7:
et: Hom: Il: 6:

Runs maddinge vp and downe y^e citie wide,

Like to y^e top, y^t in his gyre doth spin,

When game-some lads with limber stroakes begin 787

They drive her

To scourg it round about some larger court,

That fecches compasse, while y^e simple sorte

Stand wondringe at y^e swiftnesse of y^e boxen sport. 790

95.

The stroakes adde heart, and driue it forward well : 791

No slower pace y^e maide is forced to hie,

Through th' midst of cities, and of people fell ;

through cities and
woods.

Beside, [i]nto y^e woods shee seemes to flie,

² MS. 'monsters hunge', with (?) *n* of *hunge* crossed out.

Like to y^e Menades y^t 'Euhœ' crie, 795
 And in the honour of y^e God of wine,
 Nourish y^r sacred haire, and doe entwine
 Their tender Iuy iauelins with y^e braunchinge vine, 798

96.

That girt about with y^e faire spoyle of hindes, 799
 Their merry orgialls and iollities
 Aye celebrate, with mad outragious mindes,
 And fill y^e great circumference of y^e skies
 With hideous shouts, and vaste redoubled cries. 803
 So doth y^e Damsell wander heere and there,
 Trailinge along her lowe dissheueld haire,
 With fearefull fire enflam'd, and could with fiery feare.

Mary wanders
 about, with hair
 dishevelled.

97.

[leaf 73, back] Nowe through y^e aire with nimble pace shee braues, 807
 And on y^e top of snowy hills is plac't;
 And nowe vnto y^e dales beneath shee waues,
 And yet shee knowes no reason of her hast:
 Sometimes shee makes her nest in deserts waste, 811
 And groaues become her den, with trees around;
 But litle it auailles to hide a wound:
 A guilty conscience maye in darkest night bee found. 814

She makes her
 nest in deserts.

98.

Nowe shee is catchinge Cynthia by y^e horne, 815
 (For so y^e troubled fancy will suppose,)
 And nowe y^e wandringe plançets shee doth scorne;
 Vnto y^e higher Cynosure shee goes;
 But by and by a newe delusion throughes 819
 Her pride as lowe as Phlegetonticke maine.
 So litle blisse eu'n in our dreames wee gaine;
 And for such momentary ioye, such endlesse paine. 822

Her fancy is
 disordered.

99.

Heere a longe time musinge in mind shee stayes, 823
 Conceitinge shee in Pluto's court remaines:

Heere flames shee sees: 'greater, my flames!' shee sayes;
 There ice congeald; but coulder are her veins;
 And all y^e fictions of infernall paynes, 827 She thinks she
suffers all the
pains of Hell,
 Shee to her selfe ascribes: dire vulturs rent
 Her bowells, Tityus-like; and shee is spent
 With longing for y^e fount and tree neare-imminent. 830

100.

And Sisypus his stone, shee makes account, 831 [leaf 74]
with Sisypus,
 Comes rouling, troulinge downe y^e hill againe,
 That erst shee labour'd vp y^e steepy mount:
 And nowe shee must endure Ixions paine with Ixion,
 On y^e tormentinge wheele: then all in vaine 835
 With Danaus his daughters shee helps fill and the daughters
of Danaus.
 The siue-like vessells, y^t y^e water spill
 Out at a thousand holes, y^r taske renewinge still. 838

101.

Thus (ah poore soule!) shee 's tossed too and fro: 839
 The deadly feinds, y^r furious will obtaine: The violence of
possession.
 And nowe her body headlonge downe they throughe,
 Into y^e brinish waters of y^e maine;
 And nowe in fiery flames shee 's allmost slaine: 843
 Sometimes shee liues in dens and hollowe caues,
 Sometimes shee has her dwellinge in y^e graues,
 And sometimes on y^e top of ragged rockes shee raues.

102.

No freinds can now persuade her to abide; 847
 No bolts of iron can her feet detain:
 The spirits driue her on with winde and tide: She is driven
about,
 (Where reason's failinge freindshippe is but vaine)
 Fetters, like limber strawes, shee breakes in twaine, 851
 And then vnto y^e monuments shee flies,
 Where, groavelinge on the ground, shee breathlesse and falls down.
 lies:
 When (poore distressed soule!) oh when, wilt thou
 arise? 854

103.

- [leaf 74, back] Vnhappy seruants to such Fairy nymphes ! 855
 Vnhappy younglinges, that haue such a sire!
 Vnhappy handmaidens to such cursed impes,
 That, for a litle sweete of vaine desire,
 Adde paine to paine, and fuell to y^e fire ! 859
- The writer pities
 Mary. Vnhappy Magdalene ! vnhappy I !
 Vnhappy all vnder y^e azure skie,
 Had not heau'n pity'd earth, and life been pleas'd
 to die. 862

104.

- No cruelty is as
 bad as Hell's. No cruelty with Hellish, maye compare, 863
 For, from this fount, all cruelty proceeds :
 While bloody Sylla no mans blood will spare,
 (The walles lament, and swellinge Tyber bleeds) ;
 The Furies fury, fury slaughter breeds : 867
 Eight thousand Romans, Mithridates sped
 With one sad letter : and on bodies dead,
 Through Vergell, did y^e Punick wight his army lead.

105.

- From Hell, Perillus fetcht his bull of brasse, 871
 Wherin him-selfe first learnt to lowe and roare ;
 Th' Italian Turke from hence deriued was ;
 And army-murdringe peeces from this shore,
 Were, by y^e Spanish frier, brought in store : 875
 There Cain first learnt his brothers blood to spill ;
 Herod, his endlesse fury to fullfill,
 Had a decree from thence, y^e tender babes to kill. 878

106.

- [leaf 75] Fond worldlinges then, that make a league with Hell,
 As if thees quicke sands did not all beguile ; 880
 If so it were, y^e Scythians sure did well
 T' adore y^e Fiend for feare, and those of Nile

To worshippe Ibis and y^e Crocodile : 883
 But pride and tyranny together rise :
 Since Lucifer 's debarred from y^e skies,
 Hee in y^e ayre his stratagemes doth exercise. 886

107.

Witnesse distressed Maries sad estate, 887 Mary is in sad
estate.
 Who erst with worldely happinnesse was blest,
 And liu'd in Pleasures affluence of late :
 But gnawinge Conscience, deuoy'd of rest, Conscience has
turned her
pleasure to
misery.
 Her shorte-liu'd pleasure quickly dispossesst, 891
 Her former iollity, tormenting thought,
 Terroure of conscience, melancholy wrought
 That misery,¹ and misery to Mercy brought. 894

¹ 'Misery' from R. It is torn out of H.

[leaf 76]

Mary Magdalens death to sinne

OR

Her life in righteousnesse.

[PART II.]

108. (II. 1)¹The occasion of
Maries dis-
possession.

Soe night with sable weedes 'gan disapeare, 895
 So melancholy vanishd quite away ;
 So ioy her clearfull countenance did reare,
 So did the orient day-springe bringe the day,
 And all the trees were clad with bloominge May : 899
 The gladsome wren sate carolinge y^e while,
 And faine the Titmouse would the day beguile,
 But vnderneath, the meadowes at y^r musicke smile. 902

109. (II. 2)

Christ, in his
course,

Why did the flowers blaze in wanton pride, 903
 And pearke y^r heades aboute the tender stalkes ?
 Why was the Mary-gold distended wide ?
 Why sange the birds amonge² their leauy walkes ?
 Why skipp'd the lambs vpon their steepy balkes ? 907
 Certes, the welbeloued went that waye,
 The heire of heauen, from whose glorious ray
 The Sun deriuies his light, and Phosphorus y^e daye. 910

110. (II. 3)

[leaf 76, back]

sees Mary.

And as that way he went (thrice happy houre !) 911
 He spy'd a mayde come tumblinge downe apace,

¹ The numbering of the Stanzas begins again with 1 in the MS, but it is carried on from Part I in this print, for convenience of reference, as *M. M.* st. 108, &c.

² Corrected to 'amid'.

From toppe of hills, y^t to the heauen towre :
 A hollowe voice he heard, y^t would aghast
 A wandringe straunger, and the Spirits cast 915 The Spirits in her
 Her beauteous frame before his whiter feet, cast her at His
 And boweing to y^e ground, (as it was meete,) feet.
 His maiesty with feigned salutations greeete. 918

111. (II. 4)

Then with their vncouth hollow soundinge voice, 919
 (Such language Hell had taught them longe agoe,)
 They roare and crye aloude with hydeous noyse,
 "Wee knowe thy name; and whence thou art, we The Spirits in
 knowe : Mary ask Christ
 O doe not vse vs licke a cruell foe ! 923 not to turn them
 Thou art the Sonne of God, for euer blest ! out of her.
 Thou cam'st to saue ; then saue vs with y^e rest,
 And dispossesse vs not from out this balefull brest ! 926

112. (II. 5)

"Wee bee y^e harbingers of heauens ire, 927
 Wee Mercuries vnto Astræa bright,
 Wee punish sinners in y^e lake of fire,
 Wee giue thee reuerence, and homage right,
 And dutifully tremble at thy sight ; 931 They tremble and
 While man doth mocke at heauens ofspringe still, obey Him, the
 Wee yeeld obedience to thy sacred will :
 Thou art a springe of good ; oh, worke not vs this ill ! " Source of Good.

113. (II. 6)

Wonder it is, y^t this accursed crue 935 [leaf 77]
 Should knowe y^e Sauour, whom but few could knowe ; For so hee is
 Sure, they obseru'd his white and ruddy hue, described in the
 That made him cheefest of 10 thousand showe, Canticles :
 His lockes as blacke as rauens, and y^e snowe 939 and the diuine
 Of his faire Doue-like eyes. His cheekes beneath knowe the
 Bedight with flowers, like beds of Spices breath ; Scriptures.
 His lily lippes, pure myrrhe vnto his spouse bequeath. Luk: 9:

114. (II. 7)

Cantic: 5: 13:	His hands, Gould ringes beset with Chrysolite ;	943
	His mouth, with sweetnesse fraught, and odours newe ;	
	His belly vnder, like y ^e Iu'ry white,	
	All interchast with veins of Sappheirs blewe :	
	His pleasant countenance like Hermons dewe,	947
	His leggs and feete, like marble pillers rare	
	On goulden sockets, yet by farre more faire :	
	His vestures, with y ^r Casia perfum'd y ^e aire.	950

115. (II. 8)

Christ's robe.	A robe hee wore, like to his essence, pure ;	951
	That vndiuided ; vndeuided hee :	
	No wonder then (though 't seemes a wonder, sure)	
	That gloomy hell withouten eyes can see,	
	Iesus alone y ^e holy one to bee,	955
	And y ^e Messias, y ^t should sin deface :	
	Such was his countenance and louely grace,	
	That they bewrayd his country, and his heau'nly race.	

116. (II. 9)

[leaf 77, back]	Though thought be free, nor can y ^e Stygian frie	959
Zanch: lib: 3:	Enter y ^e chambers of our better parte,	
cap: 9: et: lib: 9:	(For y ^t belongs to heau'ns all-seeing eye,	
cap: 9:	To search y ^e reines, and vnderstand y ^e hearte,	
	Nor will he this vnto his foes imparte)	963
	Whither they through y ^e Sences windowes pry'd,	
	Or this by reuelation espy'd :	
	They knewe our Sauours thought, and what would them	
	betyde.	966

117. (II. 10)

But thus y ^e subtill serpents him bespake,	967
Hopinge, of Mercy, mercy to obtaine :	
Yet simple elues, y ^r marke they did mistake,	
And hopinge prayd, and prayinge prayd in vaine :	

For hee, poore Adam's sonnes will rather gaine; 971
 " You knowe me, (said hee) but I knowe not you;
 And yet I knowe yee for a cursed crewe :
 Then leaue your habitation, and seeke a newe ! 974

Christ bids the
Spirits quit Mary.

118. (II. 11)

Like as y^e thunder on mount Sinai hearde, 975
 With flashinge lightnings and shrill trumpets soude,
 The future nations of Salem feard,
 And made them flie, or fall flat on the ground,
 Soe doth y^e thunder of his voice confounde 979
 The powers of hell, who from his glorious sight,
 Swelling with rancor, blasphemies and spight,
 Vnto y^r dungeon againe they take y^r flight. 982

The dispossession
of the euill
spirits.

119. (II. 12)

Soone as they tooke y^r leaue, y^t causd her thrall, 983
 Downe sunke y^e Damsell in amazement deepe, [leaf 78]
 (After an earth-quake, soe the ground doth fall,) Mary sinks down.
 And soundinge, yeelded to a sencelesse sleepe,
 Ne could shee speake a worde, ne could shee weepe : 987
 But he y^t conquered all the powers beneath,
 The Hell of sin, and sin of Hell, and Death,
 Soone brought againe y^e maydens pantinge, faintinge
 breath. 990

120. (II. 13)

With milke-white hand, hee by y^e hand her tooke, 991
 And stayd her faintinge head, and bad her cheare : Christ lifts her by
the hand,
 The burninge feuer then her heart forsooke,
 Instead of which there came a suddaine feare :
 So, when y^e night begins to disappeare, 995
 The dawinge of y^e day with glimmeringe light,
 That seemeth vncouth to y^e weaker sight,
 One newly layd a sleepe, and new awakd doth fright.

121. (II. 14)

But feare soone vanishd, when y^e heauenly swan, 999
 and comforts her. With Musicke of his voice did comforte giue ;
 And then to sue for fauour shee began,
 And humbly craue y^t shee with him might liue,
 That did her soule from Hell and death reprieue. 1003
 As yet he granted not her suite : but said,
 "Thy trespasses are pardoned (O maide) !
 [1 first, 'them'] Repent¹ thee ; and to sin heere after, bee affrayd !"

122. (II. 15)

[leaf 75, back] Thus did y^e winged Perseus of y^e skie 1007
 Mary is rescued. Deliuer our distress'd Andromede,
 That nowe with greefe præpar'd herselfe to dye
 By y^e waue-tossinge monster of y^e sea,
 The sea of Acheron : nowe Panopee, 1011
 With all her nimphes, scuddes on y^e marble plaine ;
 The storme is ouerblowne, and once againe
 Daye triumphes ouer night, and pleasure ouer paine. 1014

123. (II. 16)

The ship, that erst was toss'd with winde and tyde ;
 Hath nowe y^e port of quietnesse attaind ;
 The pilgrime wandringe through y^e deserts wide,
 Hath nowe at length a ioyefull harbour gaind ;
 And shee, that erst was pitied and plaine, 1019
 The returns of a
 good conscience. Nowe weepes for ioy, and ioyes in sorrow true ;
 And faire Syneide is return'd to viewe
 Her chambers, and to build y^e palaces a newe. 1022

124. (II. 17)

No sooner had she entred, but y^e mayde 1023
 Felt a warme motion within her brest,
 And hard a tongue (though none shee save) y^t sayd :
 Mary is told to
 seek Repentance. "Goe to y^e courts of Wisedome, gentle guest ;
 There seeke Repentance, and with her, find rest : 1027

Repentance hath a flood, doth euer flowe,
 A flood of brinish¹ teares and bitter woe,
 That, bee thou n'er soe blacke, will make thee white as
 snowe." 1030

125. (II. 18)

Mary, aggladded at this ioyfull newes, 1031 [leaf 79]
 Seekes for y^e palaces of Sapience; Mary is guided
 to the Palace of
 Wisdom.
 A siluer doue, y^e way vnto her shewes,
 And with his bill giues her intelligence,
 Soe that shee needs no conduct of y^e sence, 1035
 And yet shee can not bee without it well.
 Such pleasure, by y^e way shee goes, doth dwell,
 'T is hard to bee conceiud, but harder farre to tell.

126. (II. 19)

The forrests were like fragrant Lebanon : 1039 Cantic: 4: 11:
 Pome-granates sweete, and saffron there contend ;
 Spiknarde and Camphire with browne Cinnamon ; Wisidome
 described by her
 Forrest.
 Calamus, Myrrhe and Aloes befreind
 Th' enamour'd ayre, and all about they send 1043
 Perfumes, exhaled from y^r spicy beds.
 And heere and there a springe of milke dispreads,
 And hony-dewe y^e sweeter shrubs of spices weds. 1046

127. (II. 20)

The riuers shind with oyle, and on y^e shore 1047 On the shore are
 pearls and jewels.
 Faire Margarites and costly iewells laye ;
 The land emboweled great mines of Ore,
 And all a-longe y^e tinne-decayinge way,
 The goodly Cedars seem'd to bidde her stay : 1051
 These did her captiuated eyes delight ;
 The flowry beds detaine her feete so white,
 And middle-sizèd shrubs her tender hands invite. 1054

¹ MS. 'brimish,' as below too, p. 54, l. 1232.

128. (II. 21)

[leaf 79, back] But then a rarer spectacle shee spies, 1055
 By the situation of her tower. The tower of Wisedome, y^t did seeme to threat,
 With highe-aspiring toppe y^e cloudy skies :
 The ground-worke on a massy rocke was set,
 That neither windes could hurt, nor waters great. 1059
 Sharpe pricking thornes and thistles were before ;
 On each side, desarts waste, and wilde beasts roare ;
 Beyond, a furious sea doth wrastle with y^e shore. 1062

129. (II. 22)

Why standes it on a hill ?—her glorie's highe ; 1063
 Why on a rocke ?—shee constant doth perseuer ;
 Wisdom's Palace. Why thornes before it ?—hard aduersity
 And spiny labour goe before her euer ;
 Why seas beyond it ?—head-longe folly neuer 1067
 Is farre from daunger ; why on eyther side
 Desarts and beasts ?—if either way you slide,
 Into a thousand toylesome Labyrinths you glide. 1070

130. (II. 23)

What should I of this palace more relate, 1071
 That in it-selfe all beauties doth enfould ?
 All there was pretious, and of highest rate,
 And though all glist' red not, yet all was gould,
 Or moule as pure, or farre the purer mould. 1075
 By humility her porter. Watchfull Humility still kept y^e dore,
 And none had entrance to y^e courte, before
 They crau'd her helpinge hand, and did her ayde
 implore. 1078

131. (II. 24)

[leaf 80] Humility, instructions harbinger, 1079
 Sorrowes glad ofspringe, mother of our peace,
 Charities nurse, Religions fosterer,
 Path-way to heauen, troubled soules release ;

Prides great abater, vertues great encrease, 1083
 Others by risinge, raize y^r high desires;
 But when shee lowest falls, shee most aspires;
 Shee dulls y^e sharpest swordes, and quenches flaminge
 fiers. 1086

132. (II. 25)

Magdalene entred with this happy guide; 1087
 And all amazed at y^e rasters¹ bright, [1 ? rafters]
 Stone-still shee stood, till Wisedome shee espy'd,
 With her owne worke of needle-worke bedight:
 Then while shee wonders, giue mee leaue to write 1091 *By her own
 personage.*
 Of her, with whome y^e Sun may not compare:
 Doue-like her eyes; her lockes of curled haire, *Wised: Sal: 7:
 29:*
 A flocke of kids, y^t on mount Gilead feedinge are 1094 *Cantic: 4:*

133. (II. 26)

Her temples, peices of Pomegranates seeme; 1095 *The person of
 Wisdom
 described.*
 Her feet, like newe-wash'd sheepe, ordred arright;
 Her lippes, a thred of scarlet, you would deeme;
 Her necke, like Dauids tower, where men of might
 Hange vp y^r Targets, all in open sight; 1099
 Her brests like two yonge roes of cequall age,
 Amid y^e lilies that haue pasturage:
 Her talke is euer comely, sweet her carriage. 1102

134. (II. 27)

Doth any, honours diadem admire? 1103 [leaf 80, back]
 With her, immortall honours euer dwell.
 Doth any, great possessions desire?
 Her riches, fadinge treasures farre excell. *Her riches excel
 all other treasures.*
 Is any thirsty? shee 's a liuinge well; 1107
 Shee makes y^e weake man stronge, y^e foolish wise;
 Shee lends y^e lame man feete, y^e blinde man eyes;
 Shee feedes y^e hungry soule, and clothes y^e naked
 thighes. 1110

135. (II. 28)

By her
properties.

Wisedome's y^e best of thinges, th' immortal treasure,
 The double booke of Nature and of grace,
 Honour deuoyd of shame, and painelesse pleasure,
 Pilot of life, and life of eu'ry place,
 Nobles reiecter, raiser of y^e base, 1115
 Falsehoods discouery, light of humaine sence,
 The great Allmighties subtyll influence,
 Mirroure of maiesty, heauens purest Quintessence. 1118

Wised: Sal: 7:
v: 25: 26:

136. (II. 29)

[¹ y^t = that]

Oh that I might for euer heere abide, 1119
 Within y^e palaces, that¹ age out-last,
 And stay with Mary hard by Wisedomes side;
 How nimble would y^e goulden numbers hast,
 When of her Nectar I should sippe a tast. 1123
 Hence did y^e waters of Castalian plaine
 First issue forth, though in a purer vaine:
 And shee, y^e Pallas is, of great Iehouahs braine. 1126

137. (II. 30)

[leaf 81]

By her 2
chambers.

In them are all

But nowe, behould, a goodly company 1127
 Of Wisedomes children stand about her round:
 Two roomes shee hath, this lowe, the other highe:
 Heere sate Prince Salomon, and Dauid crownd,
 With thousands of his Saints in pleasure drownd. 1131
 There stood y^e Monarche of this tripple Isle:
 The Destinies for euer on him smile.
 Others there were, but fewe, or none appear'd y^e
 while, 1134

138. (II. 31)

Beside all those that fauour her essayes, 1135
 Whom in her palaces shee highly grac't,

1122, 1123. In H., 'hast,' 'tast' have a final e put on by a later hand.

And crownd with garlands of immortal bayes,
 That soe y^r names might neuer be defact,
 Nor by y^e tyranny of time eract, 1139
 That they y^e Muses with y^r faouour rayse,
 And, by y^e trumpet of y^e Muses prayse,
 Out-weare all-wearinge time, and liue immortal dayes.

whom
 Wisdom makes
 immortal.

139. (II. 32)

But whither doe my wandringe numbers straye? 1143
 Returne (yee Muses) to the path againe!
 And yet, with Wisedome, well they wander may,
 Better then walke right on with folly vaine.
 Heere all y^e while stooode Magdalene, soe faine 1147
 To meete Repentance: Wisedome at y^e last
 With hand in hand (shee knew y^e Damselles hast)
 Conductes her thither, where y^e weepinge grace was
 plac't. 1150

By her inmate
 repentance.
 Wisdom leads
 Mary to Repent-
 ance.

140. (II. 33)

Streightly immured in a closet small, 1151
 Repentance sate, with eyes still fixt on ground;
 A-downe her cheekes y^e tricklinge teares fall;
 Her slender hands, her tender brest ywound;
 And, (woe is me!) shee cries with sighinge sound: 1155
 Her carelesse-hanginge haire shee teares, her head
 Was crownd with thornes, with dust besprinkeled;
 Her loynes with sacke-cloth girt, her feete vncovered

[leaf 81, back]
 Repentance
 described by her
 closet.

By her actions.

By her attire.

141. (II. 34)

Angells stood round about her, as her gard, 1159
 (Though to y^e outwarde eye, they were not seene)
 And what on earth was sayd, in heaun was hard,
 And all her teares were kept in bottels cleane;
 (Teares, though a signe, yet ease of sorrowes keene:)
 Her head was stayd by y^e Angelique crewe,
 Who all besprinkled her with holy dewe,
 That shee might neuer faint, but aye her plaints re-
 newe. 1166

By her attend-
 ants.

142. (II. 35)

By her riuer of
teares.
[¹ MS. first
'Christall.']

A Crystall¹ riuer swifte before her fled, 1167
(Noe other lookinge-glasse shee had, poore soule,)
Instead of waues, the teares lift vp y^r head,
And to y^e muddy shore of sin they rowle,
Beatinge against y^e rocke of scandalls fowle : 1171
The water of it was exceedinge tarte,
Sore to y^e eyes, but saluinge to y^e heart :
Thees streames, abundant teares to all sicke soules
imparte. 1174

143. (II. 36)

[leaf 82]

Teares, y^e Soules bath, y^e weepinge oliue tree ; 1175
Teares, cause of comforte, though effect of greefe ;
Teares, heauens showers, y^e dewe of Iris bee,
Teares, amonge Paradises riuers cheefe,
Teares, Pœnitences badge, and hearts releife ; 1179
Teares bee y^e sinner's solitary sporte ;
Teares, hopefull sorrowe's longe-desired port ;
Teares, handmaidens to Repentance in Astræas courte.

144. (II. 37)

Repentance is the
way to Life.

Repentance is y^e way to life by death ; 1183
Repentance, health giu'n in a bitter pill ;
Repentance, hearbe of grace, diuiner breath ;
Repentance, rectifier of the will ;
Repentance, loue of good, and hate of ill ; 1187
Repentance, mirth at last, though first annoy ;
Repentance, Ibis, y^t doth snakes destroye ;
Repentance, earth's debate, heau'ns darlinge Angels
ioye. 1190

145. (II. 38)

Tears purify,

Teares quench y^e thunder-bolts of zeale diuine, 1191
Repentance makes y^e cruellst foe repent :
Teares keepe from putrefaction with y^r brine,
Repentance sharpe, but sweetend by content :

Teares earthly, yet vnto y^e heauen¹ sent ; 1195 and lead to
 Repentance euer doth y^e worke begin : heaven.
 Teares follow her, and cleanse y^e sinke of sin : [1 MS. first
 'heausn']
 Come, come, ye Saints, a pace! and with Repentance
 inne. 1198

146. (II. 39)

Desire's y^e cause of Sin ; Sin, cause of greefe ; 1199 [leaf 82, back]
 Greife bids repent, Repentance brings forth teares ; The cause of
 Teares, pitie mooue, and pittie graunts releife, Marie Magda-
 That comforte, comforte hope, which nothinge feares ; lenes repent-
 Hope leades to faith, faith to y^e Sauour reares : 1203 ance.
 Iesus, to blisse, his militants doth raize ;
 Blisse causes glory, glory ends in prayse ;
 Prayse ends in him, y^t no begininge knew, nor end of
 dayes. 1206

147. (II. 40)

This made y^e Damsell in distressed state, 1207
 Hopinge in teares to drench her misery,
 Stand waitinge still at Pœnitence's gate :
 Where, when shee knockt, Repentance by and by
 Demanded, whoe was there ; shee made replie : 1211
 A sinfull soule.—(Rep.) Then must you not come The true repent-
 heere. ance is a turninge
 (Magdal.) Oh, let me in (sweet Grace!) you need not from sin.
 feare.
 (Rep.) Thou wilt defile my bridall chamber.—(Mag.)
 I am cleare. 1214

148. (II. 41)

(Rep.) Cleare? Whoe hath cleard thee, or with gracious
 light 1215
 Illumined thy minde?—(Magd.) The holy one.
 (Rep.) Where bee y^e Spirits of Infernall night,
 That whilome thee possesst?—(Mag.) Oh ; they are
 gone.

(*Repent.*) Where bee thy louers?—(*Mag.*) I am heere
alone. 1219

(*Rep.*) If I admit thee, wilt thou not repent?

Mary promises
to be firm in her
repentance.

(*Magd.*) Repent I neuer will.—(*Rep.*) To what intent
Should I then let thee in, if thou wilt n'er repent?

149. (II. 42)

[leaf 88] (*Magd.*) Oh yes, I will repent me of my sin ; 1223
But of Repentance I will n'er repent.

(*Rep.*) What wilt thou doe, if y^t I let thee in?

(*Mag.*) With sorrowes due, I'll paye thee yearly rent.

(*Rep.*) What diœt wilt thou haue?—(*Mag.*) Sighes to
relent. 1227

(*Rep.*) They 're too stronge-breath'd.—(*Ma.*) Fitter
for my weake plaint.—

(*Rep.*) What more?—(*M.*) Fewe teares. (*Rep.*) y^r
heat will make thee faint.

(*M.*) I freeze. (*Rep.*) They coulde are. (*M.*) I burne.

(*Rep.*) Come in, poore Saint ! 1230

150. (II. 43)

Mary Magda-
lens repent-
ance. Soe in shee came, directed by her guide, 1231
And dipt her finger in y^e brinish¹ well,

[¹ MS. brimish] And with her eyes y^e sharpnesse of it try'd,

In teares. From whence y^e teares, as thicke as showers, fell,
And raisd y^e bubbles of y^e watry cell, 1235

As when a doubtfull cloud dissolus his raine,

Into y^e ample bosome of y^e maine :

His showers, her teares, y^t fell, seeme all to fall in
vaine. 1238

151. (II. 44)

In gesture. Her head hunge downe, (heauy it was with greefe,)
Nor durst shee euer looke vp to y^e skie : 1240

Of sinners shee esteem'd herselfe y^e cheefe,

And knewe y^e wrath of heauens maiesty.

Fast on y^e moystened floore, shee cast her eye, 1243
 And eu'ry where shee findes some cause to plaine,
 But still Syneide comforts her againe,
 And tells her, y^t y^e lambe, for sinners must bee slaine.

Conscience com-
 forts Mary.

152. (II. 45)

At length a rufull voice her silence brake, 1247
 Like swellinge waters, troubled with y^e winde,
 And thus with greefe of heart y^e Damsell spake,
 "Ah, foolish woman, to thy selfe vnkinde !
 When others see, howe longe hast thou been blinde? 1251
 Witnessse y^e flash of pleasure for a while,
 That, with y^e falshehood of a guilded smile,
 Did thee, poore wretch, allure ; alluringe, did beguile.

[leaf 83, back]

In sorrowfull
 circulations.

153. (II. 46)

"Vaine pleasure, cause of endlesse paine, adieu ! 1255
 Sweete is thy baite, but deadly is thy baine,
 When for an howres delight, an age wee rue,
 An ounce of mirth procures a world of paine,
 And pleasure in his infancy is slaine : 1259
 The swellinge bubble, sweet flower, springinge grasse,
 Falls, fadeth, is not, what but now it was :
 But shorter pleasure, all in shortnesse doth surpasse."

Conscience shows
 Mary the vanity
 of Pleasure.

154. (II. 47)

Thus shee laments, and while shee casts her eyes 1263
 Vpon y^e water, y^t was vnder placd,
 Her gentle shadowe, mourninge shee espies,
 And all y^e beauty of her face defacd : 1266
 "Oh, hadst thou euer, (sayes shee) thus been grac'd,
 Beauty, thou rocke of Soules, faire Sirens smile,
 Nights glitteringe glowe-worme, wepinge Crocodile.
 Beauty more lou'd then purest gould, then drosse more
 vile. 1270

In occasioninge
 of lamentation.

1268. Rawl. reads "Hellen's."

155. (II. 48)

[leaf 84] “ And yet y^e pourtract of this outward frame, 1271
 The rarest gifte, y^t euer from aboue
 Heau’n did on earth bestowe, had not y^t shame
 Of wretched man with-drawne his makers loue :
 For, saue his soule infused by y^e Doue, 1275
 What else in man worth note ?—vnhappy fall.
 Since when (but whoe can date expir’d recall?)
 That which is best in vs, wee make it worst of all. 1278

156. (II. 49)

In acknowledg-
 inge her former
 misdemeanor. “ Thees haire, y^t modestly should haue beene ty’d 1279
 (For modesty ’s a maydes best ornament)
 Layd out in tresses, haue declar’d my pride :
 Thees eyes were made to viewe y^e firmament,
 And giue Him glory, y^t such glory lent. 1283
 But (woe is mee !) they haue y^e glasses beene,
 Mary’s eyes have
 been wanton. Where folly lookd, and wantonnesse was scene,
 Soe ioyfull to attend vpon y^e Cyprian Queene. 1286

157. (II. 50)

Her smiles have
 tempted the
 onlooker. “ Thees cheekes should blush at sin with crimson die,
 But they to lewdnesse cheefely doe inuite,
 With smiles deceiuinge y^e behoulders eye :
 Thees lippes were made to prayse, and pray arright,
 Not to delude y^e soone-deluded sight : 1291
 This tongue should singe out Halleluiahs,
 Not accent vaine lasciuious essayes :
 Hands, feet, heart, all were made, to speake y^r makers
 prayse. 1294

158. (II. 51)

“ But I (poore wretch ! such wretches, sinners bee), 1295
 Led captiue by y^e powers of Hell beneath,
 Each member haue defild, noe parcell free,
 And liuinge, entred in y^e snares of death,

Vnworthy then to drawe this vitall breath. 1299
 Oh that I might those yeares againe recall,
 That made me free to Sin in Pleasures thrall."
 Yet better late repente, then not repent at all : 1302

She wishes she
 could recall her
 ill-spent days.

159. (II. 52)

No siluer haire her goulden twist had chang'd, 1303 [leaf 84, back]
 No pallid hue assaild her rosy-red,
 No wrinkles had her browe from loue estraung'd,
 No rottenesse her Iu'ry teeth be-spread :
 Youth in his freshest colours flourished. 1307
 And yet shee thought, in humblenesse of minde, In humblenesse.
 The dayes to longe, y^t had her thus confin'd,
 Repentance, with y^e least offence, some falt can finde.

160. (II. 53)

Thus in her selfe, her selfe shee wellnigh lost, 1311
 And on her selfe her sighes and sorrowes spent ;
 Till y^e next roome her cogitations crost,
 With pearly teares and Crystall¹ due besprent,
 And gaue her store of matter to lament : 1315
 Then shee begins a-fresh, (for to her thought
 Thees spectacles y^e courts of Pleasure brought,
 Where ill was counted good, and good was counted
 naught.) 1318

Mary weeps,
 and shows her
 repentance.
 [1 MS. first
 'Christall']

161. (II. 54)

"Faire courtes without, but foulest sinkes within, 1319 In detestinge of
 Vnder your roofes, would I had neuer beene ! her sinfull life.
 Sweet sportes, but leauend with a lumpe of Sin !
 Would God, I neuer had your madnesse seene !
 And thou, vaine Pleasure, youths adored queene, 1323
 Oh, maist thou euer bound in hell remaine,
 And suffer tormentes of æternall paine !
 For thou hast ship-wrackt all, and many a Soule hast
 slaine. 1326

162. (II. 55)

[leaf 85] "Better it is with-in this narrowe roome 1327
 To spend our flittinge dayes, and closely keepe,
 Then, while wee liue, soe fairely to intombe
 Our soules in Marble pleasures, y^t will weepe
 Dayes without end, when wee haue tooke our sleepe.
 Better, this well of teares, then clearest founts,
 For sad Repentance, in true ioye surmounts
 Vaine Pleasures shady bowers, sweet gardens, rich
 accounts. 1334

She would rather
 be shut up,
 than left free to
 sin.

163. (II. 56)

"Better thy thorne-bush then a crowne of Myrtle, 1335
 Thy ashes, better then y^e bread of strife ;
 Better thy sacke-cloth, then a silken kirtle ;
 Thy bitter, better then y^e sweetest life ;
 Better thy selfe, then is y^e rarest wife : 1339
 Repentance, hearts content, y^e sinners stay,
 The salt of all our actions, y^e key
 That opens heau'n, and leads into y^e courts of day. 1342

Repentance is the
 key of Heaven.

164. (II. 57)

"The hate of sinfull life, and sorrowes deepe, 1343
 Surpasse y^e loue of life, and life of loue :
 For what is y^t which wantons 'loue' yclepe,
 But hot desires y^t doe each passion moouue,
 And through y^e veines with lust-full poyson roaue ;
 A foolish fancy and a pleasinge paine,
 That dimmes y^e eyes, and dulls y^e purest braine. 1349
 But loue, from heauen came, and thither goes againe."

165. (II. 58)

[leaf 85, back] So nowe, me thinkes, her waylinge should be done, 1351
 The closetts shutt, y^e liquid fountaine drie ;
 Herselfe, loue, pleasure, shee hath ouer-run,
 Yet downe her cheekes y^e Isicles doe hie,

Mary stops weep-
 ing,

Though sad laments and waylinge accents die : 1355
 Sighes serue for voice, teares for a tongue, to showe
 The meaninge of her minde, and inward woe : and goes out with
 And when all 's done, abroad shee and Repentance goe. Repentance.

166. (II. 59)

And as they walke abroad in open aire, 1359
 Each thinge shee spies, is matter of her teares :
 The creatures with her-selfe shee doth compare ; In contempla-
 And when y^e Sun in bright array appeares, tion.
 He blushes at her shame ; and when shee heares 1363
 The chirpinge birds, she thinkes they doe reioyce
 To see her weepe, and heare her broken voice ;
 And vpon her alone, y^e beasts to gaze make choyse.

167. (II. 60)

As by she passes, each tree shakes his head, 1367 All Nature seems
 Noting her shame, and infamy of life : to reproach Mary.
 The flowers turne, and seeme refuse her tread ;
 The buzzinge flies about are very rife ;
 The winde, against her, blowes with mickle strife :
 But to herselfe most sharpe, she rents her haire,
 Showringe forth teares, with sighes and humble Ioy'n'd with
 prayer, sighes and
 prayer.
 So to content y^e earth with teares, with sighes y^e aire.

168. (II. 61)

Then a newe contemplation shee invents, 1375 [leaf 86]
 (But all her contemplations holy were,)
 And thus with piteous mone shee sore laments,
 Holding her hands vp to y^e spangled sphære :
 "Oh thou y^t guidst thy burninge horses there, 1379
 Thy state I envie, sith thy race is run
 From East to West, and mine scarce yet begun ;
 My darknesse, others blindes ; to others, shines y^e
 Sun.

169. (II. 62)

She contrasts its sweet scents	“Sweete is y ^e smell, y ^t fragrant flowers bringe, Wouinge y ^e winde to kisse them once againe; Sweet are y ^e notes, y ^t birds sit carolinge To him y ^t made them; but y ^e filthy staine	1383
with her foul sin.	Of sin hath mee disodour'd, and my straine Tunes nought but vanity and fond delight: The grasse with freshest colours is bedight; The trees bringe fruit: but fruitlesse I, as darke as night.	1387 1390

170. (II. 63)

[leaf 86, back]	“The fire hath heat, but I was dead in sin: The aire is moist, my vertue withered: Solid y ^e earth: but I haue euer been Vnstable: water coole; I, tortured With burninge lust: All haue perseuered In true obedience, performinge still, What was inioyn'd them first by heauens will, While I, vnhappy soule, haue wrought no worke but [ill.]	1391 1395
Nature has obeyed God. Mary has wrought only ill.		

171. (II. 64)

In her wishes.	“Oh that mine eyes a fountaine weare of teares, That I might cleanse my sin-polluted soule, Or y ^t my dayes were like y ^e Eagles yeares, That with my age I might renewe my smarte, So should Repentance neuer from mee parte!” But oh, enough (faire Damsell), though y ^e skies Nor y ^e vast sea with water can suffice To purge our sin, yet faith from heauen biddes thee rise.”	1399 1403
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172. (II. 65)

Mary hears that Jesus is at the Pharisee's house.	So shee arrose, and by y ^e way heard tell, That Iesus with y ^e Pharise nowe sate: Thrice happy messenger, y ^t came so well, Such vnexpected tidinges to relate,	1407
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And helpe a sinner in distress'd estate! 1411
 Yet shee was daunted at y^e Pharise,
 (For Pharises and sinners n'er agree,
 Though Pharises themselues, of s[i]nners cheefest bee).

173. (II. 66)

A while shee pauzinge stood, and 'gan to doubt, 1415 [leaf 87]
 Whither shee to y^e Pharises should goe,
 Or rather for her Saniour staye without; She doubts whether she should go there.
 (Such men bee of austere regarde, wee knowe,
 And to y^e vulgar make a goodly showe.) 1419
 But other thoughts, to quell this care begin,
 "The Pharise's a man, and men haue sin;
 Then, bee hee n'er so good, a better is within. 1422

174. (II. 67)

"A better is within, and hee so good, 1423
 That howe maye I, polluted soule, come neare?
 Women defiled with a fluxe of blood,
 Maye not amonge y^e hallowed appeare:
 I am vnclean, and leprous eu'ry where, 1427 She is unclean.
 How shall I then approach before his eye,
 More bright then is [y^e] Eagle's, y^t doth prie
 Into y^e cabinets of deepest secrecy?— 1430

175. (II. 68)

"But yet in mercy is his cheefe delight: 1431 [leaf 87, back]
 Hee came to heale y^e sicke, to saue y^e lost;
 Hee cur'd 10 Lepres, gaue y^e blinde y^e sight,
 Feet to y^e lame, life to y^e nummed ghost,
 Speech to y^e dumbe, and comforte to y^e moste: 1435
 And, which with prayse must euer bee confest,
 (Blest be y^e time! his name for euer blest!)
 Seu'n sprights, with thunder hee ycharm'd from out my
 brest. 1438

Mary recounts
the good deeds of
Jesus.

176. (II. 69)

" Certes his loue will couer all my shame, 1439
 And with his robe my errours I may hide :
 For I am sicke, lost, leprous, blinde, and lame,
 Dumbe, comforteles, and dead : nor is it pride,
 To seeke for helpe : then, what so'er betide, 1443
 Thither I'l goe ! if Christ once bidde me stay,
 The Pharise can neuer say mee nay :
 Oh, happy place, where heau'n hath placd another day ! "

She resolves to
 go to Him at the
 Pharisee's.

177. (II. 70)

[leaf 88] A boxe of costely odours shee præpar'd, 1447
 [1 H. anoint] Odours t' anoynt¹ th' anoynted from aboue,
 In her charity. And with it streight to Simons house shee far'd,
 With true repentance to declare her loue :
 Shee brake it, and y^e roome could soone approue 1451
 The fragrant smell : such is a contrite heart,
 That to y^e heau'n sweet sauours doth impart,
 The oyntment of good workes, and pænitence, ne'r parte.

178. (II. 71)

Luk. 7: 38: Præpared thus, behinde his feet shee stood, 1455
 In her behaviour. Dissolu'd in teares of sweet (though bitter) brine,
 [1 MS. first
'Chrystall'] And with y^e torrent of a Chrystall¹ flood,
 Mary washes Christ's feet: wipeth them with her hair, and kisses them. Shee wash'd his feet, his iu'ry feet diuine,
 And then shee wip'd them with y^e goulden twine 1459
 Of her dissheuel'd haire : full many a kisse
 Shee gaue, and tooke ; and, conscious of y^r blisse,
 Her lippes waxt pale, for feare they had done ought
 amisse. 1462

179. (II. 72)

[leaf 88, back] That falt, y^e willinge maide will soon amend, 1463
 Then she anoints them. For lauishely shee powres her oyntement sweet,
 (Though lauishely enough shee n'er could spend
 That which shee spent vpon his heau'nly feet :)

So did her misery his mercy greet : 1467
 Sweet was thy vnction (Mary), sweet thy kisse,
 But sweetest of all sweetes, thy teares (I-wis) :
 The onely waye to heauen, by salt water is. 1470

180. (II. 73)

Happy wert thou to touch y^e tressells bare 1471 Happy she to
touch and kiss
her Saviour's
body so!
 Of thy beloued, heau'nly paramour,
 With eye, with hand, with temples, lippe and haire :
 Yet thrice more happy, sith thy Sauour,
 With eye, heart, hand of faith thou didst adore : 1475
 So doth a loue-sicke soule of best desarte,
 Desire to touch her louer in each part,
 And closely steale his body, y^t hath stole her heart.

181. (II. 74)

Oyntement shee mingles aye with bitter teares ; 1479 [leaf 89]
 Teares with sweet oyntement aye shee doth confound : She sheds bitter
tears.
 No better balme in Gilead appeares,
 No sweeter smell in Lebanons rich ground :
 This saints y^e sinner, makes y^e sickest sound : 1483
 Oyntement and teares (if true) to get her inne,
 First ope y^e sluice, and shed teares for thy sin,
 Then to anoynt Christe's feet, with Magdalen begin. 1486

182. (II. 75)

Humility, lowe at his feet biddes stand ; 1487 Reflections on
Mary's acts.
 Behinde him, rosy-blushinge Modesty :
 Teares for his feet, Repentance doth commaund ;
 And Selfe-Hate, with her haire biddes make them drie :
 Loue biddes her kisse, and Liberality 1491
 Wills her to breake y^e boxe, and oyntement powre.
 Hardenes of heart, pride, shamelesnesse before,
 Lust, luxury, selfe-loue, possess'd her thoughts of yore.

183. (II. 76)

[leaf 89, back] Mee thinkes, I see y^e Damsell at her worke, 1495
 While shee embalmes his feet with odours rare ;
 With modest blush, howe shee hath learnt to lurke,
 And kisse his feet, his marble feet, so faire,
 Mary at Jesus' feet. And then to wipe them with her carelesse haire : 1499
 Often her hands, often her lippes, came near[e] ;
 Oft wipes shee of y^e oyntement, y^t I feare,
 The oyntement wanted sweet, his feet perfumed weare.

184. (II. 77)

Her ointment and the Nectar of His feet are more precious than Simon's good cheer. Yet sweet y^e oyntement was, though sweeter farre 1503
 The Nectar of his feet, with dewe besprent :
 So weake perfumes (though sweet) soone drowned are,
 If they bee mingled with a deper sent :
 Simons good cheare giues no such good content : 1507
 His ghuests are frolicke with y^r dainty meat ;
 But shee delights y^e brinish teares to eat,
 And ioyeth more in hers, then they in highest seat. 1510

185. (II. 78)

[leaf 90] Some at feast haue crau'd thy company ; 1511
 An apostrophe to Christe. But fewe or none, sweet oyntement for thee kept ;
 Some haue anoynted, but fewe wip'd the[e] drie :
 Some wip'd thee drie ; but wiping, fewe haue wept ;
 Beyond them all, kinde Magdalene hath stept : 1515
 [y^r = their] Some on thy head bestow'd y^r charity,
 (Such was y^e vse in auncient times,) but shee,
 Oyntinge thy feet, from toppe to toe anoynted thee. 1518

186. (II. 79)

Would that I could do as St. Thomas or Mary did! O, that I might, with waueringe Thomas, dippe 1519
 The finger of my faith within his side,
 Or heere with Magdalene obtaine a sippe,
 (Farre from my humble thought bee greater pride !)

From out his feet, with pleasures beautified ; 1523
 What would hee giue for weepinge Mariess place,
 Whose hermitinge humility could grace
 The Linnen cloutes, y^t did our Sauours wound embrace. Lips: in theat:
honor: Iesuit:

187. (II. 80)

Faine would I leaue of Mariess loue to writ[e], 1527 I must write still
of Mary's love.
 But still her loue y^t will not let me leaue :
 In loue shee liu'd, and now with loues delight,
 Her former loue, y^t did her eyes deceiue,
 In-stead of loue, of life shee doth bereaue : 1531
 Faire mayde, redeemed from y^e iawes of Hell,
 Howe hardly can I bidde thy loue fare-well !
 That which thou lou'st to doe, so doe I loue to tell. 1534

188. (II. 81)

The Pharisee y^t thought hee sawe, was blinde ; 1535 [leaf 90, back]
 The abiect sinner had the clearer eye ;
 For thus hee reasoned within his minde ;
 ' Were this a Prophet, hee would soone descrie
 The wickednesse of her y^t standes so nigh : ' 1539 Simon doubts
Jesus being a
Prophet.
 Thus hee coniectur'd, yet hee vtter'd nought :
 But his hypocrisie to light was brought ;
 For well hee knewe her former life, y^t knewe his
 thought. 1542

189. (II. 82)

Then hee begins her action to commend 1543
 To Simon in a parable of debt,
 And sayes vnto him : " Seest thou her, my freind ?
 Great is her loue, because her Sin is great : Jesus shows
Simon how Mary's
love exceeds his.
 To washe my feet, no water hast thou set ; 1547
 But shee with teares hath washt them : on my head
 Thou hast not powred oyle : but shee, in-stead,
 With costly oyntement hath my feet be-sprinkled. 1550

190. (II. 83)

"No kisse thou gau'st mee for a kinde salute ; 1551
 But shee vnto my feet doth kisses giue :
 So her affection with her smiles doe sute :
 Jesus pardons and Thy sinns (sayth hee) are cleansd, and thou shalt liue :
 blesses Mary. Goe hence in peace, sweete mayde ! for euer thriue !"
 Wonder it is, y^t hee, whose sacred might 1556
 May call all prayse and glory, his by right,
 Should giue such heaunly prayse vnto a mortall wight.

191. (II. 84)

[leaf 91] Away shee went, aggladded at the heart, 1559
 (Packe hence all sorrowe, let y^e Damsell cheare !)
 Yet so, y^t neuer from him shee would parte :
 And nowe her browe and cheekes began to cleare,
 And ioye displayd his banners eu'ry where ; 1563
 Now with a shole of Maries so deuout,
 In her religious Shee ministers, and deales her goods about,
 duties. And followes her Leige-Lorde y^e villages throughout.

192. (II. 85)

Nowe on his rarest miracles shee gazeth, 1567
 And with attention shee likes to heare,
 While hee y^e lustre of his light eblazeth,
 Mary listens to all And charmes with sacred eloquence each eare.
 Christ says. So shee awaited still, both farre and neare, 1571
 Till death approach'd, and hee inuaded Hell :
 But of his death, what should I further tell ?
 Better maye hee that sange his birth, ringe out his knell.

193. (II. 86)

Many a teare in Golgotha shee spent, 1575
 To waile his torment and her owne distresse ;
 And after, hied her to his monument,
 Mary anoints Christ's corpse. With odours sweet his wounded corps to dresse :

In life shee lou'd him, and in death no lesse. 1579
 The earth was clad with sable weeds of night
 When Magdalene, so full of ruffull plight,
 Procurents y^e daye, and in y^e darke seekes for her light. Joh: 20: 1:

194. (II. 87)

O blessed woman, without Paragon, 1583 [leaf 91, back]
 That couldst outrun (such is y^e force of loue)
 The faithfull Peter and beloued Iohn,
 And bee y^e first y^t sawe y^e stoness remoue!
 This boone was graunted thee from heau'n aboue: 1587 Her loue to
Christe, and
sorrowe for his
death.
 But when shee could not finde his body there,
 Shee runs to them, and cries with piteous feare,
 "Aye mee! my lord is gon! and layd, wee knowe not
 where." 1590

195. (II. 88)

Iohn faster ran, but Peter farther went: 1591
 Hee came vnto y^e sepulchre, and stayd;
 The other entred in y^e monument;
 But both out-stripp'd by y^e weepinge mayde:
 They sawe y^e linnen clothes and kercheife layd 1595
 A-part: but shee, y^e Angells first did viewe, Mary sees the
Angels first.
 As downe shee bow'd, in weeds of whitest hue.
 Poore Mary knewe not them, although they Mary
 knewe. 1598

196. (II. 89)

Shee drownes her-selfe in teares of salttest brine; 1599
 They aske her, why shee weepes, and makes such mone:
 Shee sayes, "my Lorde is taken from this shrine;"
 And hauing sayd, shee spies her Lord alone;
 And yet to her, though seen, hee is not knowne: 1603
 "Woman! (sayes hee) why makst thou such laments?"
 Shee aunswerd, "Sir! if thou hast borne him hence, Mary asks Christ
where her Lord is
laid.
 Tell mee but where hee lies, and I will fetch him thence."

1580. H. and R. read "might," which I suppose is a mistake of the copyist.

197. (II. 90)

[leaf 92]
Mary thinks
Christ is the
Gardener.

Shee thought her Lorde, y^e gardiner had been : 1607
 And keeper of a garden, sure, was hee :
 Yet no such garden, where dead sculls are seen,
 But Paradise, where pleasures euer bee,
 And blisse deriu'd from lifes aye-liuinge tree : 1611
 Thither y^e theife and he together went,
 And thither Mary must at length bee sent ;
 But first y^e dimme light of her life must needs bee spent.

198. (II. 91)

Christ calls her
by her name.

Shee, to anoynt his breathlesse body came ; 1615
 With oyle of gladnesse hee, to oynt her head :
 To keepe him from corruption, was her ayme ;
 His purpose was to raise her from y^e dead.
 By name hee call'd her (happily shee sped !) 1619
 To bee the messenger of heau'[n]ly newes,
 That gladdes the heart, and fadinge age renewes,
 And to y^e Saints, thinges longe time vnreueiled shewes.

199. (II. 92)

She tells the
Saints that He
has risen.

All reiolee.

Away shee postes, all rauish'd with desire, 1623
 And to y^e Saints together met, shee hies :
 Her tidings make y^e trobled soules admire ;
 And yet her solace, and sweet obloquies,
 Make constant hope, and better thoughts arrise. 1627
 Their prayes loud vp to y^e heau'ns they send :
 Ioye closes all, (such ioye no style hath penn'd)
 So end I with y^r ioye ; ner may y^t ioye haue end ! 1630

Δοξα τῷ Θεῷ.

DE CHRISTO CUM SIMONE PHARISÆO PRANDENTE,
ET MARIAM MAGDALENAM COMITER EXCIPIENTE.

[leaf 93]

Quid petit angustas epulas Simonis Iesus,
Qui sua Nectareis proluit ora cadis?
Non opus est illi mortalibus: ille tuetur,
Quicquid habet tellus, æquora quicquid habent:
Forsitan haud cupiit ditis conviuiam mensæ,
Sed cupiit lacrymas præsciis (alma) tuas:
Credo, insulsa forent tua nam conviuiam Simon,
Magdala in tepidum funderet vsque salem.

FLET: RIDET.

AD MARIAM MAGDALENAM.

Cum video risum porrecta fronte serenum,
Cum video lacrymas (alma puella) tuas,
Sic reputo: certè omen habet, seu riserit amens
Magdala, sine etiam Magdala fleuit amans:
Sunt avi violenta breuis: nam gaudia luctum
Tanta ferunt, tantus gaudia luctus habet:
Vt fleat alternum, mihi sic risisse videtur,
Sic flere, vt tandem rideat illa magis.

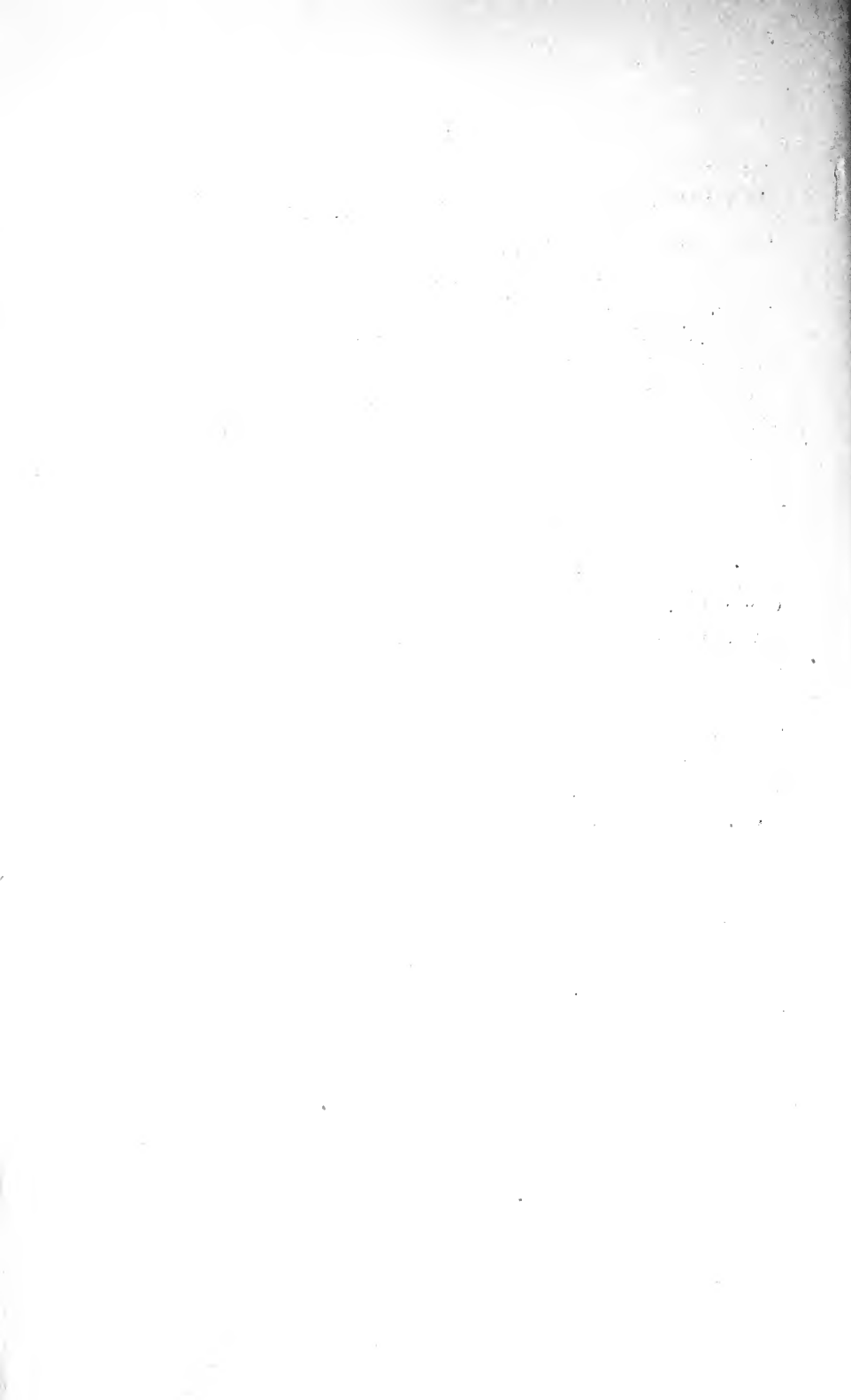
AD EANDEM.

Magdala, quid miserè lacrymarum flumina fundis?
Perfundis liquido quid tibi rore genas?
Abluis an pedes Domini? sed sorde carebant;
Abluis an culpam (non caret illa) tuam?
An sic Angelicos vtres implere requiris?
An sic cœlestes pura videbis aquas?
O sale macte tuo: tibi Spiritus, aura fecunda est,
Anchora, spes audax, carbasa, laeta fides.

[leaf 93, back]

T. R.

Laus Deo.



NOTES.

α. NOTES TO THE DEDICATORY LINES WHICH ARE ONLY IN THE HARLEIAN MANUSCRIPT.

40. *Persius*, Flaccus Aulus, a Latin poet of Volaterræ, was of an equestrian family, and made himself known by his intimacy with the most illustrious Romans of the age. He distinguished himself by satirical humour, and made the faults of the orators and poets of his time the subject of his poems. He died A.D. 62.

52. *Harrington*, James, an eminent political writer, was born in 1611, being the eldest son of Sir Lapcote Harrington. When he made progress in classical learning, he was admitted, in 1629, a gentleman-commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, etc. He made some attempts in the poetical way. In 1658 he published an English translation of two eclogues of Virgil, and two books of the *Æneis*, and in 1659 was printed his translation of the four following books of the *Æneis*; but his poetry gained him no reputation as his political writings did. See *Biographica Britannica*; *Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii., and Chalmers's *Biograph. Dictionary*.

64. *Aratus*, a Greek poet of Cilicia; about 277 B.C. He was greatly esteemed by Antigonus Gonatus, king of Macedonia, at whose court he passed much of his time, and at whose request he wrote a poem on astronomy, comprehended in 1154 verses, in which he gives an account of the situations, rising, setting, number, and motion of the stars. Cicero represents him as unacquainted with astrology, yet capable of writing upon it in elegant and highly-finished verses, which, however, from the subject, admit of little variety. Aratus wrote also hymns and epigrams, etc.

St. Paul, when addressing the philosophers of Athens in the Areopagus, quotes the exordium of Aratus's *Phenomena* (Acts xvii. 28. For *in him we live, and move, and have our being*: as certain also of *your own poets have said*, For we are also his offspring). "Although the sacred historian only gives four words as a reference to the passage, it is likely that St. Paul quoted some more, to prove to his learned audience that the doctrine of the eternity, unity, and omnipotence of the Godhead was no new invention, or confined to the Jewish nation, but the creed of the wisest of their own philosophers and poets."

English translations of his works are: α. Jabez Hughes, Translations from Aratus in his *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*. Lond. 1737. β *The Phenomena and Diosemeia*, translated into English verse, with notes, by J. Lamb. Lond. 1848. γ. *The Skies and Weather Forecasts of Aratus*, translated, with notes, by E. Poste. Lond. 1880.

66. *Lucan*, Roman poet of the Augustan age, died A.D. 65.

88. *Chrysostom*[e], a bishop of Constantinople, who died A.D. 407, in his 53rd year. He was a great disciplinarian, and by severely lashing the vices of his age, he procured himself many enemies. He was banished for opposing the raising a statue to the Empress Eudoxia, the wife of Arcadius, after having displayed his abilities as an elegant preacher, a sound theologian, and a faithful interpreter of Scripture. His works appeared in 1718 in 13 vols. fol., Paris, ed. Benedict. Mount-faucon.

89. *Prudentius*, Aurelius Clemens, a Latin poet, who flourished A.D. 392, and was successively a soldier, an advocate, and a judge. His poems are numerous, and all theological, devoid of the elegance and purity of the Augustan age, and yet greatly valued for the zeal which he manifests in the cause of Christianity, and for the learning and good sense which he everywhere displays. He lived a great age, and his piety was rewarded by the highest offices in the Church. His works appeared at Paris, 1687, ed. The Delphin.

β. NOTES TO "THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MARY MAGDALENE."

4. *debellish* = embellish (Fletcher).

7. *spiny* = thorny.

12. *needs* is here the old adverb *necessarily*

41. *greeces*: obs. term for steps.

54. *Alcides*: a name of Heracles, either from his strength (*ἀλκιή*) or from his grandfather *Alcæus*.

64. *in lue of*, in lewe of = au lieu de.

69. *Falern*: on the south-west coast of Italy, famous for its wine.

70. *Thyme of Hybla*: Hybla (major) near the south of Ætna, on a hill of the same name as the city; near it ran the Limæthus; famous for honey and bees.

Libyan flowers. Libya is the name given by the Greek and Roman poets to what is otherwise called Africa; in a more restricted sense applied to the two countries of Cyrenica and Marmarica.

71. *Tagus*: Tajo river in Portugal.

83. *streight* or strait = narrowly. *amaine* = violently.

175. *Lapithæ*: Lapithus, son of Apollo by Stilbe, brother of Centaurus.

178. *iurre* = eare, heare. *Stratmann Dict.*, p. 334.

203. Rhodope, a high mountain in Thrace.

251. *Astroea*, a daughter of Astræus, king of Arradia, or according to others of Titan, Saturn's brother, by Aurora; some make her daughter of Jupiter and Themis. She was called Justice as a goddess of virtue, and lived on the earth during the golden age; the impiety of mankind drove her to heaven in the brazen and iron ages, and she was placed as Virgo among the constellations of the zodiac.

304. Atlas, a Titan, son of Japetus and Clymene, one of the Oceanides, brother of Prometheus.

305. *Heloriz*: Helorus (Abiso), a river of Sicily near the southern extremity of the island; mentioned by several ancient poets for the remarkably fertile country through which it flows. Virgil, *Aeneid*, iii. 659; Ovid, *Fast.*, iv. 487.

306. Alcinous, a son of Nausithous, king of Phæacia, praised for his love of agriculture; he is the same that entertained Ulysses. Homer beautifully describes his gardens on the island of Sheria (Corfu or Coreyra).

351. *pillastrells*, from the Ital. *pillustrello*.

364. *ramillets*, from the Spanish *ramillete*, means: 1. A bunch of divers flowers and herbs tied together. 2. A collection of exquisite and useful thoughts on any subject.

Posy. 1. Motto inscribed on a ring. (Addison.) 2. A bunch of flowers. (Spenser.)

427. Lynceus, a son of Alphareus, among the hunters of the Caledonian boar, one of the Argonauts. He was so sharp-sighted, that it is reported he could see through the earth and distinguish objects at nine miles. Palaeph., 57; Pliny, ii. xvii.

451. *Gnossian Crowne*: Gnossis, Gnossia, an epithet given to Ariadne, because she lived or was born at Gnossus; the crown which she received from Bacchus, and which was made a constellation: Gnossia stella. Virgil, *G.* i. 222.

459—461. Hieronymus Zanchius: De operibus Dei intra spatium sex dierum creatis; Hanoviæ 1597, lib. 2, cap. 6. Thesis: Nemo Angelorum creatus fuit a Deo malus, sed omnes ex æquo boni; verum, sicut omnes intellectu ad cognoscendum præditi, sic etiam omnes voluntate ad eligendum, vel repudiandum liberi. Quare quod quidam illorum mali sint, hoc a se ipsis, non autem ex Deo habere.

582. *to cark* = to care in v. Esmay. Cf. Collier's *Old Ballads*, p. 38. F. carke = *je chagrine*. Palsgrave.

620. Phyllis, a daughter of Sitho, or according to others of Lycurgus, king of Thrace, hospitably received Demophro, son of Theseus, who at his return from the Trojan war had stopped on her coasts; became enamoured of him, and he was not insensible of her passion. After some months of mutual tenderness and affection, Demophro set sail for Athens, where his domestic affairs recalled him; promised faithfully to return as soon as a month was expired. His dislike for Phyllis, or the irreparable situation of his affairs, obliged him to violate his engagement, and Phyllis, desperate from his absence, hanged herself. Ovid, *Her.*, II. ii. 353; *Trist.*, ii. 437; Virgil, *Eclogue* III.

623. Pyramus, a youth of Babylon, became enamoured of Thisbe, a beautiful virgin who dwelt in the vicinity; the flame was mutual, and the two lovers, whom their parents forbade to marry, regularly received each other's addresses through the chink of a wall which separated their houses. After the most solemn vows of sincerity, they both agreed to

clude the vigilance of their friends, and meet one another on the tomb of Ninus, under a white mulberry-tree, without the walls of Babylon. Thisbe came first to the appointed place, but the sudden arrival of a lioness frightened her away; and as she fled into a neighbouring cave; dropped her veil, which the lioness found and besmeared with blood. Pyramus soon found Thisbe's veil all bloody, and concluding that she had been torn to pieces by the wild beasts of the place, stabbed himself with his sword. Thisbe, when her fears were vanished, returned from the cave, and at the sight of dying Pyramus, fell on the sword reeking with his blood. This happened under a mulberry-tree, which, as the poets mention, was stained with the blood of the lovers, and ever after bore fruit of the colour of blood. Ovid, *Met.*, iv. 55.

629. Empedocles, a philosopher, poet, and historian of Agrigentum, in Sicily, flourished in 444; he was the disciple of Telanges the Pythagorean, and warmly adopted the doctrine of transmigration. His curiosity to inspect the crater of *Ætna* proved fatal to him; some maintain that he wished to pass for a god, and, that his death might be unknown, threw himself into the crater; his expectations were frustrated, the volcano threw up one of his sandals, and discovered to the world that he perished by fire.

630. Stagirite, surname of Aristotle, from the city of Stagira in Macedonia, on the western shore of the Sinus Strymonicus (Gulf of Contessa), founded 665, and native place of Aristotle.

642. *sagge* = to hang down heavily (North). "Sir Rowland Russet-coat, goes sagging everie day in his round gascoynes of white cotton." —*Pierce Penilesse*, 1592.

698. *Cocyte* (Cocytus), a river of Epirus, blends its nauseous waters with those of the *Achero*; *Paus.*, I. 17. Its etymology, the unwholeness of its waters, and its vicinity to the *Achero*, have made the poets call it a river of hell; hence *Cocytia virgo*, applied to *Alecto*, one of the *Furies*. *Virg.*, G. III. 38; IV. 479. *Æneis*, VI. 297, 323; VII. 479.

700. *scritch* = to shriek (Devonshire).

711. *Amphitrite*, daughter of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*, married *Neptune*, though he had made a vow of perpetual celibacy; she had a statue at *Corinth* in the temple of *Neptune*, sometimes called *Salaria*, often taken for the sea itself. Ovid, *Met.*, i. 14.

720, 722. It looks, at first, as if these lines needed transposing; but the point is, that the folk in *Hell* suffer at the same moment both intense heat and intense cold, and yet neither of these affords any relief to its opposite.

759—66. H. Zanchius, *De operibus*, etc., lib. 4, cap. 19. Thesis: *Dæmones sive præditi sint corporibus, sive non præditi: Tamen præter spiritualem montis et voluntatis multiplicem afflictionem, tormentum etiam ac dolorem, et nunc a multis rebus corporeis pati, idque mirabilibus modis possibile est atque probabile: Et postmodum a fine seculi usque in sempiternum passuros esse ab igne Gebennali necesse est.*

767. *Cimmerii*, a people near the *Palus Mæotis*; invaded *Asia*

Minor, and seized on the kingdom of Cyaxares; masters of the country for 28 years; driven back by Algathes, king of Lydia (Herod., I. vi. 4). They seem to have been a northern nation driven from their abodes by the Scythians, and compelled to seek for new habitations; Posidonius makes them of Cimbric or German origin. Their first appellation is not known; that of Cimmerii they are said to have obtained after inhabiting the town of Cimmerium and its vicinity on the Cimmerian Bosphorus. This seems improbable, as it is more natural to suppose that they gave name to the town and strait. The country bordering on the Palus Mæotis and Bosphorus, inhabited by the Cimmerii, is represented by the ancients as inhospitable and black, covered with forests and fogs, impenetrable for the sun; hence, according to some, arose the expression Cimmerian darkness. Homer places his Cimmerium beyond the Oceanus, in a land of continual gloom, and immediately after them the empire of the shades.

773. *Leviathan* (Hebrew): water animal mentioned in the book of Job, by some imagined to be the crocodile, but in poetry generally taken for the whale. No known animal answers to it exactly. Shakspeare mentions it in *Henry V.*, III. iii. Compare Job xii.

789. *fecche* = to fetch.

815. Cynthus (Monte Cintio), a mountain of Delos. Apollo was surnamed Cynthius; Diana, Cynthia; as born on the mountain sacred to them. Virgil, *G.* iii. 36; Ovid, *Met.*, vi. 304.

818. Cynosure (Cape Cavala), a promontory of Attica, formed by the range of Pentelicus.

820. Phlegetho, a river of hell whose waters were burning. Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 550; Ovid, *Met.*, xv. 532.

829. Tityus, a giant, son of Terra, according to others of Jupiter by Elara, daughter of Orchomenos, was of such a prodigious size, that his mother died in travail after Jupiter had drawn her from the bowels of the earth, where she had been concealed during her pregnancy, to avoid the anger of Juno. Ovid, *Met.*, iv. 457.

834. Ixion, king of Thessaly, was tortured in hell by being tied to a wheel which was continually whirling round. Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 601; Ovid, *Met.*, xii. 210, 338.

870. Vergellus, a small river near Cannæ, falling into the Aufidus, over which Hannibal (the Punicki) made a bridge with the slaughtered bodies of the Romans. Flor., ii. 6.

871. Perillus, an artist of Athens, made a brazen bull for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum. This machine was fabricated to put criminals to death by burning them alive, and it was said that their cries were like the roaring of a bull. When Perillus gave it to Phalaris, the tyrant made the first experiment on him, and cruelly put him to death by lighting a slow fire under the belly of the bull. Pliny, xxxiv. 8; Ovid, *A. A.*, i. 439, 653.

959—966. H. Zanchius, *De operibus*, etc., lib. 3, cap. 9. Thesis: Quæ in nobis sunt cogitationes, desideria et affectus, nisi per externa

vel affecta, vel signa sese utcumque prodant, vel a Deo revelentur: cognosci ab Angelis minime possunt. lib. 4, cap. 9. (The manuscript gives wrongly lib. 9, for the book contains but five chapters.) Thesis: Dæmones nullas hominis cogitationes certo et per se cognoscere possunt; sed multas per externa signa et probabiliter percipere valent.

1011. Panopee, one of the Nereides, whom sailors generally invoked in storms. Virgil, *Æneid*, v. 825.

1124. Castalus fons in Syria, near Daphne; the waters believed to give a knowledge of futurity to those who drank them. The oracle at the fountain promised Hadrian supreme power when he was yet in a private station; he had the fountain shut up with stones when he ascended the throne.

1574. "*Better maye hee that sauge his birth, ringe out his knell.*" The Singer of Christ's birth, referred to in this line, is doubtless Thomas Becon (or Beacon), born about 1512 in Norfolk or Suffolk, and died in 1567 or 1570. He is a contemporary of, and most likely a man well known to, Robinson. I have mentioned in the introduction that Robinson belonged to the divines who were ordered to assist Bishop Cranmer in the compilation of the Book of Common Prayer. Becon was Cranmer's chaplain, and Prebendary of Canterbury; he was a learned divine, and published a great number of writings of a religious character, which appeared in three folio volumes in 1560—4. News about his life may be gained from—1. Lupton's *History of the Modern Protestant Divines*. Lond. 1637. 2. The Biographies prefixed to the late selections of his writings published by the Religious Tract Society (*British Reformers*. Lond. 1828—31), and by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (*Selections from the Works of Thomas Becon*. Lond. 1839). 3. Several particulars may also be gleaned from *Fox* and *Strype*. A complete list of his numerous writings is to be found in Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannica*. The Rev. John Ayre, M.A., republished most of Becon's works in 1844 (Cambridge) for the Parker Society, and prefixed to his edition the little that is known about Becon's life. The poem in question is entitled: "A newe Dialoge betwene thangel of god and the Shepherds of y^e felde concerning the nativite & byrth of Iesus Christ our Lord and savior, no lesse Godly than swete and pleasante to reade, lately compyled by Thomas Becon." It is the only known poetical work of the author, and not yet republished; it appears that it is very little known, and even Allibone does not mention it under Becon. The first stanza runs:

A swete message
To euery age
From God so sage
Is gyuen to me:
Whiche to declare
Both nere and fare
To exclude care
Glad wolde I be, etc.

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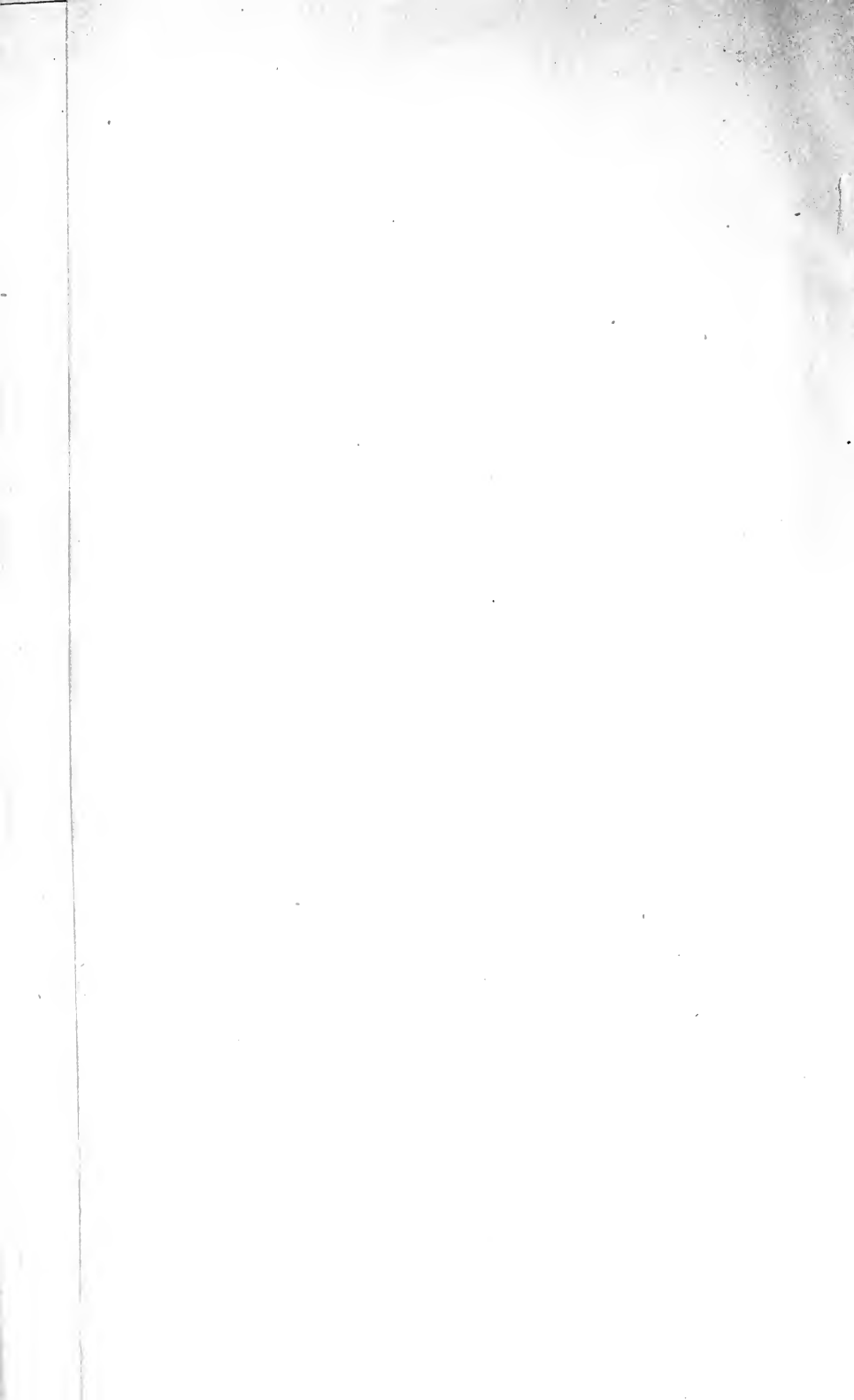
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