

A  
0  
0  
0  
6  
6  
7  
6  
3  
2  
4



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

Unive  
So  
L



UCSB LIBRARY

X-21029



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation





*From Crashaw's "Steps to the Temple" (1670)*

Thomas Traherne  
Selected Poems

Thomas Vaughan  
(“Eugenius Philalethes”)  
English Verse-Remains

John Norris  
of Bemerton  
Selected Poems



J. R. Tutin  
Hull  
1905

*Limited to 250 Copies.*

## Thomas Traherne

(1636(?)—1674)

" . . . *A religious lyric poet, who in the iron age of religious controversy and bitterness kept open a spring of clear and limpid expression of universal, kindly piety. In him we seem to have that rarest and most precious combination—passionate religious emotion with the genuine artistry of song.*"—W. D. MACCLINTOCK, *The Dial* (Chicago).

## Thomas Vaughan

("Eugenius Philalethes")

(1622(?)—1665)

" . . . *A great chymist, a noted son of the fire, an experimental philosopher, a zealous brother of the Rosie-Crucian fraternity, an understander of some of the Oriental languages, and a tolerable good English and Latin poet.*"—ANTHONY WOOD, *Athen. Oxon.*

## John Norris

(1657—1711)

" *Norris may be reckoned the last among our Christian Platonists of the seventeenth century. He has 'the same noble tone of spiritualised thought and wistful, imaginative speculation, and a like golden haze over it all'* (Abbey)." —F. T. PALGRAVE, *Treasury of Sacred Song.*



# Contents

## THOMAS TRAHERNE

	PAGE
Wonder . . . . .	9
The Rapture . . . . .	11
My Spirit . . . . .	12
Of Meekness . . . . .	16
Of Contentment . . . . .	19
The Ways of Wisdom . . . . .	20
"Were all the World a Paradise of Ease" . . . . .	21
[Life's Blessedness]. . . . .	21
"As in a Clock, 'tis hinder'd Force doth bring" . . . . .	22
"For Man to Act as if his Soul did see" . . . . .	23
"All Musick, Sawces, Feasts, Delights and Pleasures" . . . . .	24
"And if the Glory and Esteem I have" . . . . .	25
[The Resurrection] . . . . .	25

## THOMAS VAUGHAN

### ("EUGENIUS PHILALETHES")

To the Usk . . . . .	27
Ælia Lælia : Hyanthe . . . . .	28
Thalia . . . . .	30
Dawn . . . . .	31
To Oxford . . . . .	31
An Encomium on the Three Books of Cornelius Agrippa, Knight . . . . .	32
The Author of his Book . . . . .	34
To God . . . . .	35
A Stone, and the Stony Heart . . . . .	35
To his Book . . . . .	36
On the Death of Mr William Cartwright . . . . .	38

# Contents

## JOHN NORRIS, OF BEMERTON

	PAGE
Seraphic Love . . . . .	41
The Aspiration . . . . .	42
Hymn to Darkness . . . . .	43
The Parting . . . . .	44
The Infidel . . . . .	46
The Consolation . . . . .	47
The Return . . . . .	48
The Passion of the Virgin Mother beholding the Crucifixion of her divine Son . . . . .	48
Quotations . . . . .	51

## APPENDIX OF ILLUSTRATIVE POEMS

The Retreat. By Henry Vaughan, Silurist . . . . .	53
Childhood. " " . . . . .	54
Content. " " . . . . .	55
The Dawning. " " . . . . .	56
To the River Isca [Usk]. By Henry Vaughan, Silurist. . . . .	57
Ad Fluvium Iscam. " " . . . . .	59
Authoris Emblema (Silex Scintillans). By Henry Vaughan, Silurist . . . . .	60
Midnight. By Henry Vaughan, Silurist . . . . .	60
The Mother of Sorrows. By Richard Crashaw . . . . .	61

## Introductory Note

THIS little volume would make upon the general reader a claim for his consideration of the authors whose work it represents by selection. The selection, as every one such, is made according to an individual taste. But any reader who will take the trouble of comparing it with the entire works of these poets will value it as an interesting and very serviceable anthology. And the hope is that he will be induced to proceed thus far.

A general word is required from some other pen than that of the editor, in order that the reader may have the direction of a friend and a point of view which is in some manner impartial; a word which at the same time shall both indicate the nature of this particular collection and cover the character of the whole field from which the editor has so lovingly gathered these flowers.

Samuel Johnson endangered the reputation of our seventeenth-century singers—the long line from Donne to Herbert, in range from complexity to simplicity—by denominating them “metaphysical”; and this precarious repute has militated not a little against their rightful popularity. He had, no doubt, his own qualification of the term: but the unfortunate fact is that, in all matters of human interest, men seize exclusively upon terms, particularly when they become encased in inverted commas, and do not interest themselves in mental foot-notes. But this term has always been entirely misleading. Give a dog a bad name, and hang him. Give a poet a wrong name, and you damn him. He escapes from this Inferno after generations, to have no designation—the fortunate fact which Providence establishes. The classifica-

## Introductory Note

tion of poets into "schools" organises them in a monastery; they are pressed out of the world as individuals; and only when his "school" is broken up does the poet stand forth—as a poet. He may be a "minor," a secondary sort of fellow, but he stands forth, and sings. Now, it is because in recent years, through the labours of a few whose work has had scant recognition, the poets of the seventeenth century have come to be regarded more individually and independently, and regarded as "poets" and not as "metaphysicians," that this little volume is likely to be acceptable by those who have been quaintly styled "the generality of readers."

Herein will be found much to surprise not a few. For the impression which most people have is that, apart from the great names of our poetical literature, the bulk of the verse of more than two centuries ago is tiresome stuff, full of thin fancy and overloaded with false conceits; and this is an erroneous impression. Even among these "minors" poetry is at least natural, expressive in the best sense, and much of it has wonderful spontaneity. The work of Norris, for example, may have its serious lapses from his true standard, but not a little of it reflects the grace of an earlier time, when Spenser sang amid fields, and certainly voices a spirit of things which can only express itself in song. Let the reader turn from the pieces, his best, which here represent him, to his pastoral pieces, and he will be convinced readily of a very respectable contribution to the experimental verse of the time. Very much of the verse of the seventeenth century was experimental, because it was transitional, but only in very isolated instances—and the simplest poets are perhaps to be regarded as the worst offenders—did it fall away from the natural. And if the reader will approach it with the willingness of a little thoughtfulness, with the patience real poetry always demands, he will be amply paid for his pains.

In the mind of the general reader a strange mystery hangs about his conception of poetry. Of this fact good evidence could be adduced. But poetry is, after

## Introductory Note

all, a plainer thing, a thing more fundamental and real, than the commonest prose. And if one can be brought at last to believe that for this reason it is less artificial he will be very far in the way to an appreciation of the authors this volume sets before him. Henry Vaughan will be less the Silurist of that ilk—fearful designation!—and more one who caught the rich mind of Donne and the simple heart of Herbert, whom all men love; Thomas Vaughan will be less an “ingenious” person, and be seen to have some little of the spirit of his brother; Norris of Bemerton will be less the “recluse” of that quiet Salisbury hamlet, and rather a singer in far-open fields; and Traherne—

This book is particularly valuable for what, by the favour of the owner of copyright, it gives of the work of Thomas Traherne. The time is not yet for a comprehensive judgment, particularly because we are waiting for the publication of his more important prose writings, but it may safely be said that Traherne’s poetry, presented as his only yesterday by Mr Bertram Dobell, must henceforward take no unimportant place among the verse of the seventeenth century. What little we know of his life, in a succinct biography, is sufficient, nevertheless, for an estimate of his character; and we have his character as an index to his work. It is that of an exceptionally sensitive soul which moved to delicate thoughts of the meaning of life, as a magnet to the north, and lay itself bare as a mirror to reflect the deep lights of its constant ideas. Wordsworth had the brooding mind which transfigures common incident in the wonder of an eternal beginning; he saw from childhood the great fatherhood of things before, and treasured “intimations” of what “cometh from afar”: but Traherne had the continuous *experience* of these things. His poems are not voluminous—in these days of thin-paper editions they would go comfortably into the waistcoat-pocket—but they touch the everlasting problem of life, Can life die? They touch it gracefully—a fact which gauges all the difference between our discussions in metaphysics and our musings in poetry. His imagery is simple,

## Introductory Note

confined to very few figures, but it is quite adequate to his general theme, which calls for reflectiveness rather than concreteness—it is meditative, introspective, in the gentlest manner. The poems by which he is represented here will convey to the reader an impression of his delicately cultured and finely critical mind ; and they will impress him farther with their wonderful melodiousness. Save for a few small blemishes, such as the constant recurrence of particular words and rimes, Traherne's verse, compared with that of his time, has exceptional volume of sound ; moreover, it is most equable and sustained. Sound and sense in his writings are closely allied, and the reason is that he was, in the popular meaning of the word, natural. This, in spite of much involved expression, and a seeming complication here and there. For the rest, let us apply to him a couplet he wrote of King David :—

“ Enflam'd with love it was his great desire,  
To sing, contemplate, ponder, and admire.”

W. C. HALL.

# Thomas Traherne

[For permission to use several copyright poems I am indebted to, and hereby thank, Mr Bertram Dobell, the editor, biographer and publisher of Traherne's Poetical Works (1903). The first three poems included in the present volume were first published in that volume, seven of the remaining ten pieces originally appeared in Traherne's *Christian Ethics*, the rest in *A Serious and Patheticall Contemplation of the Mercies of God* (?1699).—J. R. TUTIN.]

## Wonder

### I

How like an Angel came I down !  
How bright are all things here !  
When first among His works I did appear  
O how their Glory me did crown !  
The world resembled his *Eternity*,  
In which my soul did walk ;  
And every thing that I did see  
Did with me talk.

### II

The skies in their magnificence,  
The lively, lovely air,  
Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair !  
The stars did entertain my sense,  
And all the works of God, so bright and pure,  
So rich and great did seem,  
As if they ever must endure  
In my esteem.

# Thomas Traherne

## III

A native health and innocence  
Within my bones did grow,  
And while my God did all his Glories show,  
I felt a vigour in my sense  
That was all Spirit. I within did flow  
With seas of life, like wind ;  
I nothing in the world did know  
But 'twas divine.

## IV

Harsh ragged objects were concealed,  
Oppressions, tears and cries,  
Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes  
Were hid, and only things revealed  
Which heavenly Spirits and the Angels prize.  
The state of Innocence  
And bliss, not trades and poverties,  
Did fill my sense.

## V

The streets were paved with golden stones,  
The boys and girls were mine,  
Oh how did all their lovely faces shine !  
The sons of men were holy ones,  
In joy and beauty they appeared to me,  
And every thing which here I found,  
While like an angel I did see,  
Adorned the ground.

## VI

Rich diamond and pearl and gold  
In every place was seen ;  
Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white and green,  
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.  
Great Wonders clothed with glory did appear,  
Amazement was my bliss,  
That and my wealth was everywhere ;  
No joy to this !



# Thomas Traherne

## VII

Cursed and devised proprieties,  
With envy, avarice  
And fraud, those friends that spoil even Paradise,  
Flew from the splendour of mine eyes.  
And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,  
I dreamed not aught of those,  
But wandered over all men's grounds,  
And found repose.

## VIII

Proprieties themselves were mine,  
And hedges ornaments ;  
Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents  
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.  
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed  
My joys by others worn :  
For me they all to wear them seemed  
When I was born.

# The Rapture

## I

SWEET Infancy !  
O fire of heaven ! O Sacred Light !  
How fair and bright,  
How great am I,  
Whom all the world doth magnify !

## II

O Heavenly Joy !  
O great and sacred blessedness  
Which I possess !  
So great a joy  
Who did into my arms convey !

## II

# Thomas Traherne

## III

From God above  
Being sent, the Heavens me enflame :  
To praise his Name  
The Stars do move !  
The burning Sun doth shew his Love.

## IV

O how Divine  
Am I ! To all this sacred Wealth,  
This life and health,  
Who raised ? Who mine  
Did make the same ? What hand Divine ?

# My Spirit

## I

My naked simple Life was I ;  
That Act so strongly shin'd  
Upon the Earth, the Sea, the Sky,  
It was the substance of my Mind ;  
The sense itself was I.  
I felt no dross nor matter in my Soul,  
No brims nor borders, such as in a bowl  
We see. My Essence was Capacity,  
That felt all things ;  
The thought that springs  
Therefrom 's itself. It hath no other wings  
To spread abroad, nor eyes to see,  
Nor hands distinct to feel,  
Nor knees to kneel ;  
But being simple like the Deity  
In its own centre is a Sphere  
Not shut up here, but everywhere.

# Thomas Traherne

## II

It acts not from a centre to  
Its object as remote,  
But present is when it doth view,  
Being with the Being it doth note  
Whatever it doth do.  
It doth not by another engine work,  
But by itself; which in the Act doth lurk.  
Its Essence is transformed into a true  
And perfect Act,  
And so exact  
Hath God appeared in this Mysterious fact,  
That 'tis all Eye, all Act, all Sight,  
And what it please can be,  
Not only see,  
Or do; for 'tis more voluble than Light,  
Which can put on ten thousand forms,  
Being cloth'd with what itself adorns.

## III

This made me present evermore  
With whatsoever I saw.  
An object, if it were before  
My eye, was by Dame Nature's Law,  
Within my soul. Her store  
Was all at once within me; all Her treasures  
Were my immediate and internal pleasures,  
Substantial joys, which did inform my Mind.  
With all She wrought  
My Soul was fraught,  
And every object in my Heart a Thought  
Begot, or was; I could not tell,  
Whether the things did there  
Themselves appear,  
Which in my Spirit *truly* seem'd to dwell;  
Or whether my conforming Mind  
Were not even all that therein shin'd.

# Thomas Traherne

## IV

But yet of this I was most sure,  
That at the utmost length,  
(So worthy was it to endure)  
My Soul could best express its Strength.  
It was so quick and pure,  
That all my Mind was wholly everywhere,  
Whate'er it saw, 'twas ever wholly there ;  
The Sun ten thousand legions off, was nigh :  
The utmost star,  
Though seen from far,  
Was present in the apple of my Eye.  
There was my sight, my life, my sense,  
My substance, and my mind ;  
My Spirit shin'd  
Even there, not by a transient Influence :  
The Act was immanent, yet there :  
The Thing remote, yet felt even here.

## V

O Joy ! O Wonder and Delight !  
O Sacred Mystery !  
My Soul a Spirit infinite !  
An Image of the Deity !  
A pure substantial Light !  
That Being Greatest which doth nothing seem !  
Why, 'twas my all, I nothing did esteem  
But that alone. A strange mysterious Sphere !  
A deep Abyss  
That sees and is  
The only proper place of Heavenly Bliss.  
To its Creator 'tis so near  
In Love and Excellence,  
In Life and Sense,  
In Greatness, Worth, and Nature ; And so dear,  
In it, without hyperbole,  
The Son and friend of God we see.

# Thomas Traherne

## VI

A strange extended Orb of Joy,  
Proceeding from within,  
Which did on every side, convey  
Itself, and being nigh of kin  
To God did every way  
Dilate itself even in an instant, and  
Like an indivisible Centre stand,  
At once surrounding all Eternity.  
'Twas not a sphere,  
Yet did appear,  
One Infinite. 'Twas somewhat every where,  
And tho' it had a power to see  
Far more, yet still it shin'd  
And was a Mind  
Exerted, for it saw Infinity.  
'Twas not a Sphere, but 'twas a Might  
Invisible, and yet gave Light.

## VII

O Wondrous Self! O Sphere of Light,  
O Sphere of Joy most fair;  
O Act, O Power infinite;  
O Subtile and unbounded Air!  
O living Orb of Sight!  
Thou which within me art, yet me! Thou Eye,  
And Temple of His whole Infinity!  
O what a World art Thou! A World within!  
All Things appear  
All Objects are  
Alive in Thee! Supersubstantial, Rare,  
Above themselves, and nigh of kin  
To those pure things we find  
In His great Mind  
Who made the World! Tho' now eclipsed by sin  
There they are useful and Divine,  
Exalted there they ought to shine.

# Thomas Traherne

## Of Meekness

MANKIND is sick, the World distempered lies  
Opprest with Sins and Miseries.  
Their Sins are Woes ; a long corrupted Train  
Of Poyson, drawn from Adam's vein,  
Stains all his Seed, and all his Kin  
Are one Disease of Life within ;  
They all torment themselves !  
The World's one Bedlam, or a greater Cave  
Of Mad-men that do alwaies rave.

The Wise and Good like kind Physicians are,  
That strive to heal them by their Care ;  
They Physick and their Learning calmly use  
Although the Patient them abuse,  
For since the Sickness is (they find)  
A sad Distemper of the Mind,  
All railings they impute,  
All Injuries, unto the sore Disease  
They are expressly come to ease.

If we would to the World's distempered Mind  
Impute the Rage which there we find,  
We might, even in the midst of all our Foes  
Enjoy and feel a sweet Repose,  
Might pity all the Griefs we see,  
Anointing every Malady  
With precious Oil and Balm ;  
And while ourselves are calm, our Art improve  
To rescue them and show our Love.

But let's not fondly our own selves beguile ;  
If we Revile 'cause they Revile,  
Ourselves infected with their sore Disease  
Need other's Helps to give us ease ;

## Thomas Traherne

For we more Mad than they remain,  
Need to be cut, and need a Chain  
Far more than they. Our Brain  
Is craz'd, and if we put our Wit to theirs,  
We may be justly made their Heirs.

But while with open eyes we clearly see  
The brightness of His Majesty ;  
While all the World by Sin to Satan sold,  
In daily Wickedness grows old,  
Men in chains of Darkness lye  
In Bondage and Iniquity,  
And pierce and grieve themselves !  
The dismal Woes wherein they crawl, enhance  
The peace of our Inheritance.

We wonder to behold ourselves so nigh  
To so much Sin and Misery,  
And yet to see our selves so safe from harm !  
What Amulet, what hidden Charm  
Could fortifie and raise the Soul  
So far above them and controul  
Such fierce Malignity?  
The brightness and the glory which we see  
Is made a greater Mystery.

And while we feel how much our God doth love  
The Peace of Sinners, how much move  
And sue, and thirst, intreat, lament, and grieve  
For all the Crimes in which they live,  
And seek and wait and call again,  
And long to save them from the pain  
Of Sin, from all their Woe !  
With greater thirst as well as grief we try  
How to relieve their Misery.

The life and splendour of Felicity,  
Whose floods so overflowing be,  
The streams of joy which round about his Throne  
Enrich and fill each Holy One,

## Thomas Traherne

Are so abundant, that we can  
Spare all, even all to any Man !  
And have it all ourselves !  
Nay, have the more ! We long to make them see  
The sweetness of Felicity.

While we contemplate their Distresses, how  
Blind Wretches, they in bondage bow,  
And tear and wound themselves, and vex and groan,  
And chafe and fret so near His Throne  
And know not what they ail, but lye  
Tormented in their Misery,  
(Like Mad-men that are blind)  
In works of darkness nigh such full Delight :  
That they might find and see the sight,

What would we give ! that these might likewise see  
The Glory of His Majesty,  
The joy and fulness of that high delight  
Whose Blessedness is infinite !  
We would even cease to live to gain  
Them from their misery and pain,  
And make them with us reign,  
For they themselves would be our greatest Treasures :  
When sav'd our own most Heavenly Pleasures.

O holy Jesus who didst for us die,  
And on the Altar bleeding lie,  
Bearing all torment, pain, reproach, and shame,  
That we, by vertue of the same,  
Though enemies to God, might be  
Redeem'd and set at liberty :  
As thou didst us forgive,  
So meekly let us love to others shew  
And live in Heaven on Earth below.

Let's prize their Souls, and let them be our Gems,  
Our Temples and our Diadems,  
Our Brides, our Friends, our fellow-Members, Eyes,  
Hands, Hearts, and Souls, our Victories,



## Thomas Traherne

And Spoils and Trophies, our own Joys !  
Compar'd to Souls all else are Toys ;  
O Jesus, let them be  
Such unto us as they are unto Thee,  
Vessels of Glory and Felicity !

How will they love us, when they find our Care  
Brought them all thither where they are !  
When they conceive what terror 'tis to dwell  
In all the punishments of Hell ;  
And in a lively manner see,  
O Christ, eternal Joys in thee !  
How will they all delight  
In praising Thee for us with all their might :  
How sweet a Grace, how infinite !

## Of Contentment

CONTENTMENT is a sleepy thing !  
If it in Death alone must die,  
A quiet Mind is worse than Poverty,  
Unless it from Enjoyment spring !  
That's Blessedness alone that makes a King !  
Wherein the Joys and Treasures are so great,  
They all the powers of the Soul employ,  
And fill it with a Work compleat,  
While it doth all enjoy.  
True Joys alone Contentment do inspire,  
Enrich Content and make our Courage higher.  
Content alone 's a dead and silent Stone ;  
The real life of Bliss  
Is Glory reigning in a Throne.  
Where all Enjoyment is,  
The Soul of Man is so inclin'd to see,  
Without his Treasures no man's Soul can be,  
Nor rest content Uncrown'd !  
Desire and Love

## Thomas Traherne

Must in the height of all their Rapture move,  
Where there is true Felicity.  
Employment is the very life and ground  
Of Life itself ; whose pleasant Motion is  
The form of Bliss :  
All Blessedness a life with Glory Crown'd :  
Life ! Life is all ; in its most full extent  
Stretcht out to all things, and with all Content !

## The Ways of Wisdom

“ Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are  
peace.”

THESE sweeter far than lilies are,  
No roses may with these compare !  
How these excel  
No tongue can tell,  
Which he that well and truly knows  
With praise and joy he goes !  
How great and happy 's he that knows his ways  
To be divine and heavenly Joys :—  
To whom each city is more brave  
Than walls of pearl, and streets which gold doth  
pave :—  
Whose open eyes  
Behold the skies ;  
Who loves their wealth and beauty more  
Than kings love golden ore !  
Who sees the heavenly ancient ways  
Of God the Lord with joy and praise,  
More than the skies  
With open eyes  
Doth prize them all ; yea, more than gems,  
And regal diadems ;  
That more esteemeth mountains, as they are,  
Than if they gold and silver were :

## Thomas Traherne

To whom the sun more pleasure brings  
Than crowns, and thrones, and palaces to kings ;—  
That knows his ways  
To be the joys  
And way of God—those things who knows  
With joy and praise he goes !

WERE all the World a Paradise of Ease  
'Twere easie then to live in Peace.  
Were all men Wise, Divine, and Innocent,  
Just, Holy, Peaceful and Content,  
Kind, Loving, True and alwaies Good  
As in the Golden-Age they stood ;  
'Twere easie then to live  
In all Delight and Glory, full of Love,  
Blest as the Angels are above.

But we such Principles must now attain  
(If we true Blessedness would gain)  
As those are which will help to make us reign  
Over Disorders, Injuries,  
Ingratitudes, Calamities,  
Affronts, Oppressions, Slanders, Wrongs,  
Lies, Angers, bitter Tongues  
The reach of malice must surmount, and quell  
The very Rage and Power of Hell.

### [Life's Blessedness]

WHILE I, O Lord, exalted by Thy hand  
Above the skies, in glory seem to stand,  
The skies being made to serve me, as they do,  
While I thy Glories in thy Goodness view.

## Thomas Traherne

To be in Glory higher than the skies  
Is greater bliss than 'tis in place to rise  
Above the Stars : More blessed and divine  
To live and see than like the Sun to shine.  
O what Profoundness in my Body lies,  
For whom the Earth was made, the Sea, the Skies !  
So greatly high our human Bodies are  
That Angels scarcely may with these compare :  
In all the heights of Glory seated, they  
Above the Sun in Thine eternal day  
Are seen to shine ; with greater gifts adorned  
Than Gold with Light or Flesh with Life suborned ;  
Suns are but Servants, Skies beneath their feet ;  
The Stars but Stones ; Moons but to serve them  
meet.  
Beyond all heights above the World they reign  
In thy great Throne ordained to remain.  
All Tropes are Clouds ; Truth doth itself excel,  
Whatever Heights Hyperboles can tell.

If you say it would be Beneficial to God or to that Spectator  
or that intelligible Power, that Spirit for whom it was made :  
It is apparent that no Corporeal Being can be serviceable to a  
Spirit but only by the Beauty of those Services it performeth to  
other Corporeals that are capable of receiving them, and that  
therefore all Corporeals must be limited and bounded for each  
other's sake. And for this Cause it is that a Philosophical Poet  
said :

AS in a Clock, 'tis hinder'd Force doth bring  
The Wheels to order'd Motion by a Spring ;  
Which order'd Motion guides a steady Hand  
In useful sort at Figures just to stand ;  
Which, were it not by Counter-balance staid,  
The Fabrick quickly would aside be laid  
As wholly useless : So a Might too Great  
But well-proportion'd makes the World compleat.  
Power well-bounded is more Great in Might  
Than if let loose 'twere wholly Infinite.

## Thomas Traherne

He could have made an endless Sea by this,  
But then it had not been a Sea of Bliss ;  
A Sea that's bounded in a finite shore  
Is better far because it is no more.  
Should Waters endlessly exceed the Skies  
They'd drown the World, and all whate'er we  
prize.

Had the bright Sun been Infinite, its flame  
Had burnt the World and quite consumed the  
same.

That Flame would yield no splendour to the Sight,  
Twould be but Darkness though 'twere Infinite.

One Star made Infinite would all exclude,  
An Earth made Infinite could ne'er be view'd.

But all being bounded for each other's sake,  
He, bounding all, did all most useful make :

And which is best, in Profit and Delight  
Though not in Bulk, He made all Infinite !

He, in his Wisdom, did their use extend  
By all, to all the World from End to End.

In all Things all Things service do to all ;  
And thus a Sand is Endless, though most small ;

And every Thing is truly Infinite  
In its Relation deep and exquisite.

How glorious the Counsel and Design of God is for the  
Atchieving of this Great End, for the making of all Vertues  
more compleat and Excellent, and for the Heightening of their  
Beauty and Perfection we will exemplifie here in the Perfection  
of Courage. For the Height and depth and Splendour of every  
Vertue is of great Concernment to the Perfection of the Soul  
since the Glory of its Life is seated in the Accomplishment of  
its essence, in the fruit it yieldeth in its Operations. Take it  
in Verse made long ago upon this occasion—

FOR Man to Act as if his Soul did see  
The very Brightness of Eternity ;  
For Man to Act as if his Love did burn  
Above the Spheres, even while it's in its Urne

## Thomas Traherne

For Man to Act even in the Wilderness,  
As if he did those Sovereign Joys possess,  
Which do at once confirm, stir up, enflame,  
And perfect Angels ; having not the same !  
It doth increase the value of his Deeds,  
In this a Man a Seraphim exceeds :  
To Act on Obligations yet unknown,  
To Act upon Rewards as yet unshewn,  
To keep Commands whose Beauty's yet unseen,  
To cherish and retain a Zeal between  
Sleeping and Waking ; shews a constant care  
And that a deeper Love, a Love so rare  
That no Eye Service may with it compare.  
The Angels, who are faithful while they view  
His Glory, know not what themselves would do,  
Were they in our Estate ! A Dimmer Light  
Perhaps would make them erre as well as we,  
And in the Coldness of a darker Night  
Forgetful and Lukewarm Themselves might be.  
Our very Rust shall cover us with Gold,  
Our Dust shall sprinkle<sup>1</sup> while their Eyes behold  
The Glory Springing from a feeble State,  
Where meer Belief doth, if not conquer Fate,  
Surmount and pass what it doth Antedate.

In matters of Art the force of Temperance is undeniable. It relateth not only to our Meats and Drinks, but to all our Behaviours, Passions and Desires.

ALL Musick, Sawces, Feasts, Delights and Pleasures,  
Games, Dancing, Arts consist in govern'd Measures ;  
Much more do Words and Passions of the Mind  
In Temperance their sacred Beauty find.

1? Sparkle.

## Thomas Traherne

AND if the Glory and Esteem I have,  
Be nothing else than what my Silver gave,  
If, for no other ground,  
I am with Love or Praises crown'd,  
'Tis such a shame, such vile, such base Repute,  
'Tis better starve than eat such empty Fruit.

### [The Resurrection]

THEN shall each Limb a spring of Joy be found,  
And every member with its Glory crown'd :  
While all the Senses, fill'd with all the Good  
That ever Ages in them understood  
Transported are : Containing Worlds of Treasure  
At one delight with all their Joy and Pleasure,  
From whence, like Rivers, Joy shall ever flow,  
Affect the Soul, though in the Body grow,  
Return again and make the Body shine  
Like Jesus Christ, while both in one combine.  
Mysterious Contracts are between the Soul,  
Which touch the Spirits and by those its Bowl ;  
The Marrow, Bowels, Spirits, melt and move,  
Dissolving ravish, teach them how to love.  
He that could bring the Heavens thro' the eye,  
And make the World within the Fancy lie,  
By beams of Light that closing meet in one,  
From all the parts of His celestial Throne,  
Far more than this in framing Bliss can do,  
Inflame the Body and the Spirit too ;  
Can make the Soul by Sense to feel and see,  
And with her Joy the Senses wrap'd to be :  
Yea, while the Flesh or Body subject lies  
To those Affections which in Souls arise ;  
All holy Glories from the Soul redound,  
And in the Body by the Soul abound,  
Are felt within and ravish ev'ry Sense  
With all the Godhead's glorious Excellence,

## Thomas Traherne

Who found the way Himself to dwell within,  
As if even Flesh were nigh to Him of kin :  
His Goodness, Wisdom, Power, Love Divine,  
Make by the Soul convey'd the Body shine,  
Not like the Sun (that earthly Darkness is)  
But in the strengths and heights of all this bliss,  
For God designed thy Body for His sake,  
A Temple of the Deity to make.



# Thomas Vaughan

## ("Eugenius Philalethes")

[The editor would acquaint the reader that the present collection of Thomas Vaughan's original Verse-Remains is the fullest hitherto published, the long poem *On the Death of Mr William Cartwright*—originally prefixed to the 1651 edition of Cartwright's Works—being here reprinted, he believes, for the first time. Miss L. I. Guiney kindly drew my attention to this interesting poem in the afore-named edition of Cartwright.—J. R. TUTIN.]

### To the Usk

'TIS day, my crystal Usk : now the sad night  
Resigns her place as tenant to the light ;  
See the amazed mists begin to fly,  
And the victorious sun hath got the sky.  
How shall I recompense thy streams that keep  
Me and my soul awaked, when others sleep ?  
I watch my stars, I move on with the skies,  
And weary all the planets with mine eyes.  
Shall I seek thy forgotten birth, and see  
What days are spent since thy nativity ?  
Didst run with ancient Kishon ? canst thou tell  
So many years as holy Hiddekel ?  
Thou art not paid in this : I'll levy more  
Such harmless contributions from thy store,  
And dress my soul by thee as thou dost pass,  
As I would do my body by my glass.  
What a clear running crystal here I find !  
Sure I will strive to gain as clear a mind,  
And have my spirits, freed from dross, made light,  
That no base puddle may allay their flight.  
How I admire thy humble banks ! nought's here  
But the same simple vesture all the year.

## Thomas Vaughan

I'll learn simplicity of thee, and when  
I walk the streets, I will not storm at men,  
Nor look as if I had a mind to cry :  
" It is my valiant cloth of gold, and I."  
Let me not live, but I'm amazed to see  
What a clear type thou art of piety.  
Why should thy floods enrich those shores, that sin  
Against thy liberty, and keep thee in ?  
Thy waters nurse that rude land, which enslaves  
And captivates thy free and spacious waves.  
Most blessèd tutors ! I will learn of those  
To show my charity unto my foes,  
And strive to do some good unto the poor,  
As thy streams do unto the barren shore.  
All this from thee, my Ysca ? yes, and more :  
I am for many virtues on thy score.  
Trust me thy waters yet : why, wilt not so ?  
Let me but drink again, and I will go.  
I see thy course anticipates my plea ;  
I'll haste to God, as thou dost to the sea.  
And when my eyes in waters drown their beams,  
(The pious imitation of thy streams,)  
May every holy, happy, hearty tear  
Help me to run to heaven, as thou dost there.  
From "Anima Magica Abscondita" (1650).

## Ælia Lælia : Hyanthe

[Much might be spoken in this place concerning Beauty : what it is, from whence it came, and how it may be defaced, not only in the outward figure, but in the inward Idea, and lost for ever in both worlds. But these pretty shuttles I am in no way acquainted with. I have no mistress but Nature : wherefore I shall leave the fine ladies to fine lads, and speak of my simple Ælia Lælia.]

IT was scarce day, when all alone  
I saw Hyanthe and her throne.  
In fresh green damasks she was drest,  
And o'er a sapphire globe did rest.

## Thomas Vaughan

This slippery sphere when I did see,  
Fortune, I thought it had been thee !  
But when I saw she did present  
A majesty more permanent,  
I thought my cares not lost, if I  
Should finish my discovery.

Sleepy she looked to my first sight,  
As if she had watched all the night,  
And underneath, her hand was spread,  
The white supporter of her head.  
But at my second studied view,  
I could perceive a silent dew  
Steal down her cheeks, lest it should stain  
Those cheeks where only smiles should reign.  
The tears streamed down for haste, and all  
In chains of liquid pearl did fall.  
Fair sorrows ! and more dear than joys,  
Which are but empty airs, and noise :  
Your drops present a richer prize,  
For they are something like her eyes.

Pretty, white fool ! why hast thou been  
Sullied with tears, and not with sin ?  
'Tis true : thy tears, like polished skies,  
Are the bright rosials of thy eyes,  
But such strange fates do them attend,  
As if thy woes would never end.  
From drops to sighs they turn, and then  
Those sighs return to drops again :  
But whiles the silver torrent seeks  
Those flowers that watch it in thy cheeks,  
The white and red Hyanthe wears,  
Turn to rose-water all her tears.

Have you beheld a flame, that springs  
From incense, when sweet, curlèd rings  
Of smoke attend her last weak fires,  
And she all in perfumes expires ?  
So died Hyanthe. " Here," said she,  
" Let not this vial part from thee :  
It holds my heart ; though now 'tis spilled,  
And unto waters all distilled,  
'Tis constant still. Trust not false smiles ;

## Thomas Vaughan

Who smiles, and weeps not, she beguiles.  
Nay, trust not tears : false are the few ;  
Those tears are many that are true.  
Trust me, and take the better choice !  
Who hath my tears can want no joys."

From "Magia Adamica" (1650).

## Thalia

[I turned aside to see if she [Thalia] was still asleep, but she was gone, and this did not a little trouble me. I expected her return till the day was quite spent, but she did not appear. At last, fixing my eyes on that place where she sometimes rested, I discovered certain pieces of gold, which she had left behind her, and hard by a paper folded like a letter. These I took up, and now the night approaching, the evening star tinn'd in the west, when taking my last survey of her flowery pillow, I parted from it in this verse.]

PRETTY green bank, farewell ! and mayst thou wear  
Sunbeams, and rose, and lilies all the year :  
She slept on thee, but needed not to shed  
Her gold : 'twas pay enough to be her bed.  
Thy flowers are favourites : for this lov'd day  
They were my rivals, and with her did play.  
They found their heaven at hand, and in her eyes  
Enjoyed a copy of their absent skies.  
Their weaker paint did with true glories trade,  
And, mingl'd with her cheeks, one posy made.  
And did not her soft skin confine their pride,  
And with a screen of silk both flowers divide,  
They had sucked life from thence, and from her heat  
Borrow'd a soul to make themselves complete.

O happy pillow ! Though thou art laid even  
With dust, she made thee up almost a heaven.  
Her breath rain'd spices, and each amber ring  
Of her bright locks strew'd bracelets o'er thy spring.  
That earth's not poor did such a treasure hold,  
But thrice enrich'd, with amber, spice, and gold.

From "Lumen de Lumine" (1651).

# Thomas Vaughan

## Dawn

Now had the Night spent her black stage, and all  
Her beauteous twinkling flames grew sick and pale.  
Her scene of shades and silence fled ; and Day  
Dress'd the young East in roses, where each ray  
Falling on sables, made the Sun and Night  
Kiss in a checker of mix'd clouds and light.

From "Lumen de Lumine" (1651).

## To Oxford

[For a close, I should say for custom, you fall on my person, and tell me I am a very unnatural son to my mother Oxford. Do not thou prophane her name with thy rude illiterate chops. I am, thou know'st, Mastix,<sup>1</sup> a notable wag and a saucy boy, whom she hath sometimes dandled on her knees. She hath commanded me to be an enemy to thee, because thou art an enemy to Truth, but to my mother I am a very natural loving child. If thou canst but read, here are a few sighs I breathed over her when thy father Presbyter destroyed her.]

DRY pumic statues ! can you have an eye,  
And have no tears to see your Mother die ?  
Were you not taught such numbers to rehearse  
Might make the marble weep, to bear your verse ?  
Or those less polish'd quarries, where each part  
Acts by infusèd malice of the heart ?  
She heav'd your fancies higher than the pride  
Of all her pinnacles, and would have died  
Blest in her martyrdom, had you but shed  
A tear, to prove her children were not dead.  
Such drops and pearls had sent her sparkling hence  
A constellation, and your influence  
To all her woes had been a just relief,  
Because your life was argu'd by your grief.  
But you keep back those joys, which even Fate  
In all her malice thought not to translate ;

<sup>1</sup> Dr Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist.

## Thomas Vaughan

You spend not one poor sigh for her last breath,  
That we may say she liv'd before her death.  
Yet hath she comforts, which proceed from thence  
Where grief hath lost the tyranny of sense,  
When on those reliques [s]he doth cast an eye  
Whom Death hath lodg'd where her foundations lie.  
Their dust (when all is gone) remains within,  
Only to tell how fertile she hath been.

But I forbear : perhaps you have new arts  
Not to spend eyes at funerals, but hearts.  
Who in the wash of tears sets Oxford forth  
Mourns at a rate, and circumscribes her worth :  
Such lay-resents become not this her day ;  
'Twere malice to lament the common way,  
Unless we could place knowledge in the eye,  
And thence distil it to an elegy.  
Who threads his tears into such learned beads  
Is a professor when he weeps, not reads.  
Nor would our Oxford grieve to die, could she  
In such a bracelet wear her Heptarchy.  
But since (dear mother !) I can not express  
Thy desolations in their own sad dress,  
Give my soul leave to study a degree  
Of sorrow, that may fit thy fate and thee ;  
And till my eyes can weep what I can think,  
Spare my fond tears, and here accept my ink.

From "The Man-Mouse" (1650).

## An Encomium on the Three Books of Cornelius Agrippa, Knight

GREAT, glorious penman, (whom I should not name,  
Lest I might seem to measure thee by fame),  
Nature's apostle and her choice high-priest,  
Her mystical and bright evangelist !

## Thomas Vaughan

How am I rapt when I contemplate thee,  
And wind myself above all that I see !  
The spirits of thy lines infuse a fire  
Like the world's soul, which make me thus aspire .  
I am unbodied by thy books and thee,  
And in thy papers find my ecstasy :  
Or if I please but to descend a strain,  
Thy Elements do screen my soul again.  
I can undress myself by thy bright glass,  
And then resume th' enclosure, as I was.  
Now I am earth, and now a star, and then  
A spirit : now a star, and earth again ;  
Or if I will but ramasle [*sic*] all that be,  
In the least moment I engross all three.  
I span the Heaven and Earth, and things above,  
And, which is more, join natures with their Jove.  
He crowns my soul with fire, and there doth shine,  
But like the rainbow in a cloud of mine.  
Yet there's a law by which I discompose  
The ashes, and the fire itself disclose,  
But in his emerald still He doth appear ;  
They are but grave-clothes which he scatters here.  
Who sees this fire without his mask, his eye  
Must needs be swallow'd by the light, and die.

These are the mysteries for which I wept,  
Glorious Agrippa, where thy language slept,  
Where thy dark texture made me wander far,  
Whiles through that pathless night I traced the star ;  
But I have found those mysteries, for which  
Thy book was more than thrice-pil'd-o'er with pitch.  
Now a new East beyond the stars I see,  
Where breaks the day of thy divinity :  
Heaven states a commerce here with man, had he  
But grateful hands to take, and eyes to see.

Hence, you fond school-men, that high truths deride,  
And with no arguments but noise, and pride ;  
You that damn all but what yourselves invent,  
And yet find nothing by experiment ;  
Your fate is written by an unseen hand !  
But his three books with the three worlds shall stand.

From "Anthroposophia Theomagica" (1650).

## Thomas Vaughan

### The Author of his Book

MY sweetest Jesus ! 'twas Thy voice : " If I  
Be lifted up I'll draw all to the sky."  
Yet I am here : I'm stifled in this clay,  
Shut up from Thee, and the fresh East of day,  
I know Thy hand's not short, but I'm unfit,  
A foul, unclean thing ! to take hold of it.  
I am all dirt : nor can I hope to please  
Unless, in mercy, Thou lov'st a disease.  
Diseases may be cur'd : but who'll relieve  
Him that is dead ? Tell me, my God, I live.  
'Tis true, I live : but I so sleep withal  
I cannot move, scarce hear, when Thou dost call.  
Sin's lullabies charm me when I would come,  
But draw me after Thee, and I will run.  
Thou know'st I'm sick : let me not feasted be,  
But keep a diet, and prescrib'd by Thee.  
Should I carve for myself, I would exceed  
To surfeits soon, and by self-murder bleed.  
I ask for stones and scorpions, but still crost,  
And all for love ; shouldst Thou grant, I were lost.  
Dear Lord, deny me still : and never sign  
My will, but when that will agrees with Thine.  
And when this conflict's past, and I appear  
To answer what a patient I was here ;  
How I did weep when Thou didst woo, repine  
At Thy best sweets, and in a childish whine  
Refuse Thy proffer'd love ; yet cry and call  
For rattles of my own to play withal ;—  
Look on Thy Cross and let Thy Blood come in,  
When mine shall blush, as guilty of my sin !  
Then shall I live, being rescu'd in my fall,  
A text of mercy to Thy creatures all,  
Who having seen the worst of sins in me,  
Must needs confess the best of loves in Thee.

From "Anthroposophia Theomagica" (1650).



Thomas Vaughan

## To God

My God, my life ! whose essence man  
Is no way fit to know, or scan ;  
But should approach Thy Court a guest  
In thoughts more low than his request !  
When I consider how I stray,  
Methinks 'tis pride in me to pray.  
How dare I speak to Heaven, nor fear  
In all my sins to court Thy ear ?  
But as I look on moles that lurk  
In blind entrenchments, and there work  
Their own dark prisons to repair,  
Heaving the earth to take in air :  
So view my fetter'd soul, that must  
Struggle with this her load of dust ;  
Meet her address, and add one ray  
To this mew'd parcel of Thy day.  
She would, though here imprison'd, see  
Through all her dirt, Thy Throne and Thee :  
Lord, guide her out of this sad night,  
And say once more : Let there be light !  
From "Anthroposophia Theomagica" (1650).

## A Stone, and the Stony Heart

LORD God ! This was a stone  
As hard as any one  
Thy laws in Nature fram'd :  
'Tis now a springing well,  
And many drops can tell,  
Since it by art was tam'd.

My God ! my heart is so :  
'Tis all of flint, and no  
Extract of tears will yield :

## Thomas Vaughan

Dissolve it with Thy fire,  
That something may aspire,  
And grow up in my field.

Bare tears I'll not entreat,  
But let Thy Spirit's seat  
Upon those waters be ;  
Then I, new-form'd with light,  
Shall move without all night,  
Or eccentricity.

From "Anthroposophia Theomagica" (1650).

## To his Book

AND now, my Book, let it not stop thy flight  
That thy just Author is not lord or knight.  
I can define myself : and have the art  
Still to present one face, and still one heart.  
But for nine<sup>1</sup> years, some great ones cannot see  
What they have been, nor know they what to be.  
What though I have no rattles to my name,  
Dost hold a simple honesty no fame?  
Or art thou such a stranger to the times,  
Thou canst not know my fortunes from my crimes?  
Go forth, and fear not : some will gladly be  
Thy learnèd friends, whom I did never see.  
Nor shouldst thou fear thy welcome ; thy small price  
Cannot undo 'em, though they pay excise.  
Thy bulk's not great ; it will not much distress  
Their empty pockets, but their studies less.  
Thou'rt no galleon, as books of burthen be,  
Which cannot ride but in a library.  
Th' art a fine thing and little : it may chance  
Ladies will buy thee for a new romance.  
Oh, how I'll envy Thee ! when thou art spread  
In the bright sunshine of their eyes, and read

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, since the out-break of the Civil Wars.

## Thomas Vaughan

With breath of amber, lips of rose, that lend  
Perfumes unto thy leaves shall never spend ;  
When from their white hands they shall let thee fall  
Into their bosoms, which I may not call  
Aught of misfortune ; thou dost drop to rest  
In a more pleasing place, and art more blest.  
There in some silken soft fold thou shalt lie,  
Hid like their love, or thy own mystery.  
Nor shouldst thou grieve thy language is not fine,  
For *it is* not my best, though it be thine.  
I could have voiced thee forth in such a dress  
The Spring had been a slut to thy express ;<sup>1</sup>  
Such as might file the rude unpolish'd age,  
And fix the reader's soul to every page ;  
But I have us'd a coarse and homely strain  
Because it suits with Truth, which should be plain.  
Last, my dear Book, if any look on thee  
As on three suns, or some great prodigy,  
And swear to a full point, I do deride  
All other sects, to publish my own pride.  
Tell such they lie, and since they love not thee,  
Bid them go learn some high-shoe heresy.  
Nature is not so simple, but she can  
Procure a solid reverence from man :  
Nor is my pen so lightly plum'd that I  
Should serve Ambition with her majesty.  
'Tis Truth makes me come forth, and having writ  
This her short scene, I would stifle it :  
For I have call'd it child, and I had rather  
See't torn by them, than strangled by the father.

From "Magia Adamica" (1650). From  
the latter part of this book, having  
a separate title : "Cœlum Terræ or  
The Magician's Heavenly Chaos."

<sup>1</sup> expression, language.

Thomas Vaughan

## On the Death of Mr William Cartwright

So ! we are now beyond the spleen of Fate :  
Our miseries have made us fortunate.  
The grave was physic here ; Death speaks <sup>1</sup> us free.  
Her malice now is spent, as well as we.  
Nay, now our ruin doth so much displease,  
That to strike more is to her a disease.  
None can deserve her envy ; her contempt <sup>2</sup>  
Exceeds her former anger ; she hath spent  
No arrows but on precious lives, and we  
Are but the leavings of her tyranny,  
Such, whom when she hath taken from the prease,  
Cannot requite the expense of a disease.<sup>3</sup>  
He fell, a nobler ruin : we that live  
Owe our short lives but to a base reprieve.  
He, when as yet in death he was not lost,  
Made Fate suspect her jurisdiction cross'd,  
'Cause Learning knew no destiny ; 'twas he  
Whose studies border'd on eternity.  
Our speculations were too poor to leave  
With thee the equal glory of a grave,  
And share a fair mortality, that we  
Might be thought wise because we fell with thee.  
Death had thee hence, lest thy large fancy might  
In time take wing, and with a saving flight  
Rove thee beyond the world into a state  
Too high, and so outrun the reach of Fate.  
Thou wert so richly good, so great, that we  
The Church in thee, even at one view, might see—  
Saints that so long possess'd the quiet earth  
And slept out centuries, were at thy birth  
Regenerate ; they liv'd again in thee,  
And did outdo their former piety.

<sup>1</sup> sets?

<sup>2</sup> content.

<sup>3</sup> decease.

## Thomas Vaughan

And as their souls, contracted in thine own,  
Did thus forestall the Resurrection,  
So in thy death they met a second fate.  
Nature in thee did recapitulate :  
So fraught wert thou with learning, that we can  
Style thee almost a breathing Vatican,  
A library not framed of stone and wood,  
But animate and cemented with blood.  
All arts so suffer'd in thy fall, that we  
May call thy grave an University,  
And look our Schools out there, as if that now  
Eternal Bodley did descend below  
To gratify thy dust. O that we might  
Install thee lecturer again, and right  
The injur'd metaphysics like to be  
Eclipsed with their own obscurity,  
Robb'd of thy light ! and yet they are content  
To mourn the ruin of their ornament.  
When he did read, how did we flock to hear ?  
Sure, some Professors became pupils there.  
He would refine abstractions ; it was he  
That gave the text all its authority :  
As if the Stagyrice resign'd his pen  
And took his censure, not his comment, then.  
And though, with some, the science goes for pelf,  
His Lectures made it to transcend itself :  
He used the creatures as a scale to storm  
The spiritual world ; and though 'twas torn  
And broken with uncertainties, yet he,  
By reason as by faith, a Deity  
Could apprehend and reach. Thus having trac'd  
These secondary things, his soul made haste  
To view the Cause ; and there began to plod,  
Nothing being left to puzzle him but God :  
Whose mysteries he reached, as far as He  
Of His great self had made discovery.  
He plunder'd not the heavens, nor brought he down  
Secrets from thence, which were before unknown ;  
Yet some there are believe their wits so ripe  
That they can draw a map of the Archetype,  
And with strange optics tutor'd, they can view

## Thomas Vaughan

The emanations of the mystic Jew.  
In this his pious ignorance was best,  
And did excel his knowledge of the rest.  
But he is gone ! and Providence took him  
To add to Heaven another cherubim.  
This to our tears may minister relief :  
'Tis his preferment that hath caused our grief.  
[Signed] Tho. Vaughan, è Coll. Jesu, Oxon.  
(From among the verses prefixed to CART-  
WRIGHT'S *Comedies, etc.*, London, 1651).

# John Norris

(Of Bemerton)

[Norris's poems originally appeared in 1687.]

## Seraphic Love

'TIS true, frail Beauty, I did once resign  
To thy imperious charms this heart of mine :  
There didst thou undisturb'd thy Sceptre sway,  
    And I, methought, was pleased t' obey.  
    Thou seem'st so lovely, so divine,  
    With such sweet Graces didst thou shine,  
    Thou entertain'st my amorous sense  
    With such harmonious excellence,  
    That, credulous and silly I,  
With vain, with impious idolatry,  
Adored that Star which was to lead me to the Deity.

But now, thou soft enchantress of the mind,  
Farewell, a change, a mighty change I find ;  
The empire of my heart thou must resign,  
    For I can be no longer thine.  
    A nobler, a diviner guest,  
    Has took possession of my breast,  
    He has, and must engross it all,  
    And yet the room is still too small.  
    In vain you tempt my heart to rove,  
A fairer object now my soul does move,  
It must be all devotion, what before was love.

Through Contemplation's optics I have seen  
Him Who is "fairer than the sons of men" :

## John Norris, of Bemerton

The source of good, the light archetypal,  
Beauty in the original.  
"The fairest of ten thousand," He,  
Proportion all and harmony ;  
All mortal beauty's but a ray  
Of His bright ever-shining day ;  
A little, feeble, twinkling star,  
Which, now the Sun's in place, must disappear :—  
There is but One that's good, there is but One that's  
fair.

To Thee, Thou only Fair, my soul aspires  
With holy breathings, languishing desires.  
To Thee, m' inamoured panting heart does move,  
By efforts of ecstatic love.  
How do Thy glorious streams of light  
Refresh my intellectual sight !  
Tho' broken, and strain'd through a screen  
Of envious flesh that stands between !  
When shall m' imprison'd soul be free,  
That she Thy native uncorrected light may see,  
And gaze upon Thy beatific face to all eternity ?

## The Aspiration

How long, great God, how long must I  
Immured in this dark prison lie !  
Whereat the grates and avenues of sense  
My Soul must watch to have intelligence ;  
Where but faint gleams of Thee salute my sight,  
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night.  
When shall I leave this magic sphere,  
And be all mind, all eye, all ear ?

How cold this clime ! and yet my sense  
Perceives even here Thy influence.  
Even here thy strong magnetic charms I feel,  
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.



## John Norris, of Bemerton

To lower good, and beauties less divine,  
Sometimes my erroneous needle does decline ;  
    But yet, so strong the sympathy,  
    It turns, and points again to Thee.

I long to see this excellence  
    Which at such distance strikes my sense.  
My impatient Soul struggles to disengage  
Her wings from the confinement of her cage.  
Would'st Thou, great Love, this prisoner once set free,  
How would she hasten to be link'd to thee !  
    She'd for no angels conduct stay,  
    But fly, and love on all the way.

## Hymn to Darkness

HAIL, thou most sacred venerable thing !  
    What Muse is worthy thee to sing ?  
Thee, from whose pregnant universal womb  
All things, even Light, thy rival, first did come.  
What dares he not attempt that sings of thee,  
    Thou first and greatest mystery ?  
Who can the secrets of thy essence tell ?  
Thou, like the light of God, art inaccessible.

Before great Love this monument did raise,  
    This ample theatre of praise ;  
Before the folding circles of the sky  
Were tuned by Him who is all harmony ;  
Before the morning stars their hymn began,  
    Before the council held for man ;  
Before the birth of either Time or Place  
Thou reign'st unquestion'd monarch in the empty space.

Thy native lot thou didst to Light resign,  
    But still half of the globe is thine.  
Here with a quiet, and yet awful hand, —  
Like the best emperors, thou dost command.

## John Norris, of Bemerton

To thee the stars above their brightness owe,  
And mortals their repose below.  
To thy protection Fear and Sorrow flee,

And those that weary are of light find rest in thee.  
Though light and glory be th' Almighty's throne,  
Darkness is His pavilion.  
From that his radiant beauty, but from thee  
He has his terror and his majesty.  
Thus when he first proclaimed his sacred law,  
And would his rebel subjects awe,  
Like princes on some great solemnity,  
H' appeared in's robes of state and clad himself with  
thee.

The blest above do thy sweet umbrage prize,  
When, cloyed with light, they veil their eyes ;  
The vision of the Deity is made  
More sweet and beatific by thy shade.  
But we, poor tenants of this orb below,  
Don't here thy excellences know,  
Till death our understandings does improve,  
And then our wiser-ghosts thy silent night-walks love.

But thee I now admire, thee would I choose  
For my religion, or my Muse.  
'Tis hard to tell whether thy reverend shade  
Has more good votaries or poets made ;  
From thy dark caves were inspirations given,  
And from thick groves went vows to Heaven.  
Hail then, thou Muse's and devotion's spring !  
'Tis just we should adore, 'tis just we should thee sing.

## The Parting

DEPART ! the sentence of the damn'd I hear ;  
Compendious Grief and black Despair.  
I now believe the Schools with ease  
(Though once a happy infidel)  
That should the sense no torment seize,  
Yet pain of loss alone would make a hell.

## John Norris, of Bemerton

Take all, since me of this you gods deprive,  
'Tis hardly now worth while to live.  
Nought in exchange can grateful prove,  
No second friendship can be found  
To match my mourning widow'd Love ;  
Eden is lost, the rest's but common ground.

Why are the greatest blessings sent in vain  
Which must be lost with greater pain ?  
Or why do we fondly admire  
The greatest good which life can boast ?  
When Fate will have the bliss expire,  
Like life, with painful agonies 'tis lost.

How fading are the joys we dote upon  
Like apparitions seen and gone !  
But those which soonest take their flight  
Are the most exquisite and strong :  
Like angels' visits, short and bright ;<sup>1</sup>  
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

No pleasure certainly is so divine  
As when two souls in love combine :  
He has the substance of all bliss  
To whom a virtuous friend is given,  
So sweet harmonious friendship is,  
Add but Eternity, you'll make it Heaven.

The minutes in your conversation spent  
Were festivals of true content.

<sup>1</sup> Compare : Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,  
So neither do they make long stay,  
They do but visit, and away.  
*To the memory of my dear niece, M. C.*  
in visits  
Like those of angels, short and far between.  
BLAIR : *The Grave*.  
Like angel visits, few and far between.  
CAMPBELL : *Pleasures of Hope*.

## John Norris, of Bemerton

Here, here, an ark of pleasing rest,  
My Soul had found that restless Dove ;  
My present state methought was best,  
I envied none below, scarce those above.

But now the better part of me is gone,  
My Sun is set, my turtle flown.  
Though here and there of lesser bliss  
Some twinkling stars give feeble light,  
Still there a mournful darkness is,—  
They shine but just enough to shew 'tis night.

Fatal divorce ! What have I done amiss  
To bear such misery as this ?  
The World yields now no real good :  
All happiness is now become  
But painted and deluding food :  
As mere a fiction as Elysium.

Well then, since nothing else can please my taste  
I'll ruminare on pleasures past.  
So when with glorious visions blest  
The waking hermit finds no theme  
That's grateful to his thoughtful breast,  
He sweetly recollects his pleasing dream.

## The Infidel

FAREWELL Fruition, thy grand, cruel cheat,  
Which first our hopes dost raise, and then defeat ;  
Farewell thou midwife to abortive bliss,  
Thou mystery of fallacies.  
Distance presents the object fair,  
With charming features and a graceful air ;  
But when we come to seize th' inviting prey,  
Like a shy ghost it vanishes away.

## John Norris, of Bemerton

So to th' unthinking boy the distant sky  
Seems on some mountain's surface to rely :  
He with ambitious haste climbs the ascent,  
Curious to touch the firmament :  
But when, with an unwearied pace,  
Arrived he is at the long wished-for place,  
With sighs the sad defeat he does deplore—  
His heaven is still as distant as before.

And yet 'twas long ere I could throughly see  
This grand impostor's frequent treachery ;  
Though often fooled, yet I should still dream on  
Of pleasure in reversion :  
Though still he did my hopes deceive,  
His fair pretensions I would still believe ;  
Such was my charity, that though I knew  
And found him false, yet I would think him true.

But now he shall no more with shows deceive,  
I will no more enjoy, no more believe ;  
Th' unwary juggler has so often shown  
His fallacies, that now they're known.  
Shall I trust on? the cheat is plain ;  
I will not be imposed upon again ;  
I'll view the bright appearance from afar,  
But never try to catch the falling star.

## The Consolation

I GRANT 'tis bad, but there is some relief  
In the society of grief.  
'Tis sweet to him that mourns to see  
A whole house clad in Sorrow's livery.  
Grief in communion does remiss appear,  
Like harsher sounds in consort, which less grate the ear.

Men would not curse the stars did they dispense  
In common their ill influence.  
Let none be rich, and Poverty

## John Norris, of Bemerton

Would not be thought so great a misery.  
Our discontent is from comparison :  
Were better states unseen each man would like his own.

Should partial seas wreck my poor ship alone,  
I might with cause my fate bemoan.  
But since before I sink, I see  
A numerous fleet of ships descend with me,  
Why don't I with content my breath resign?  
I will, and in the greater ruin bury mine.

## The Return

DEAR Contemplation ! my divinest joy !  
When I thy sacred mount ascend,  
What heavenly sweets my soul employ !  
Why can't I there my days for ever spend ?  
When I have conquer'd thy steep heights with pain  
What pity 'tis that I must down again !

And yet I must : my passions would rebel  
Should I too long continue here :  
No, here I must not think to dwell,  
But mind the duties of my proper sphere.  
So angels, though they heaven's glories know,  
Forget not to attend their charge below.

## The Passion of the Virgin Mother

Beholding the Crucifixion of her  
divine Son

NIGH to the fatal and yet sovereign wood,  
Which crowds of wond'ring angels did surround,  
Devoutly sad the holy mother stood,  
And view'd her Son, and sympathized with every wound.

## John Norris, of Bemerton

Angelic piety in her mournful face,  
Like rays of light through a wat'ry cloud did shine ;  
Two mighty passions in her breast took place  
And like her Son sh' appear'd, half human, half divine.

She saw a blacker and more tragic scene  
Than e'er the sun before, or then, would see ;  
In vain did Nature draw her dusky screen ;  
She saw, and wept, and felt the dreadful agony.

Grief in the abstract sure can rise no higher  
Than that which this deep tragedy did move ;  
She saw in tortures and in shame expire  
Her Son, her God, her worship and her Love.

That sacred head which all divine and bright  
Struck with deep awe the votaries of the East,  
To which a star paid tributary light,  
Which the then joyful mother kiss'd, adored, and  
blest.

That head which angels with pure light had crown'd,  
Where Wisdom's seat and oracle was placed,  
Whose air divine threw his traitors to the ground,  
She saw with pointed circles of rude thorns embrac'd.

Those hands whose sovereign touch were wont to heal  
All wounds and hurts that others did endure,  
Did now the piercings of rough iron feel,  
Nor could the wounded heart of his sad mother cure.

No, no, it bled to see his body torn  
With nails, and deck'd with gems of purple gore,  
On four great wounds to see him rudely borne,  
Whom oft her arms a happy burthen found before.

It bled to hear that voice of grief and dread  
Which the earth's pillars and foundations shook,  
Which rent the rocks, and 'woke the sleeping dead :  
" My God, my God, O why, why hast Thou me forsok ?"

## John Norris, of Bemerton

And can the tide of sorrow rise more high?  
Her melting face stood thick with tears to view,  
Like those of heaven, His setting glory's dye,  
As flowers left by the sun are charged with evening dew.

But see, Grief spreads her empire still more wide,  
Another spring of tears begins to flow,  
A barbarous hand wounds His now-senseless side,  
And death that ends the Son's, renews the Mother's woe.

She sees now by the rude inhuman stroke  
The mystic river flow, and in her breast  
Wonders by what strange figure th' angel spoke  
When amongst all the daughters he pronounc'd her  
"blest."

Thus far did Nature, pity, grief and love  
And all the passions their strong efforts try,  
But still, tho' dark below, 'twas clear above,  
She had (as once her Son) her strength'ning angel by.

Gabriel, the chiefest of th' Almighty's train  
That first with happy tidings blest her ear,  
Th' archangel Gabriel was sent again,  
To stem the tide of grief, and qualify her fear.

A large prospective wrought by hands divine  
He set before her first-enlighten'd eye ;  
'Twas hewn out of the heaven crystalline,  
One of whose ends did lessen, th' other magnify.

With that His sufferings he exposed to sight,  
With this His glories he did represent ;  
The weight of this made th' other seem but light,  
She saw the mighty odds, adored, and was content.







# Appendix of Illustrative Poems

## The Retreat

HAPPY those early days ! when I  
Shin'd in my Angel-infancy.  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy ought  
But a white, celestial thought ;  
When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two from my First Love,  
And looking back (at that short space)  
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;  
When on some gilded cloud or flower  
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity ;  
Before I taught my tongue to wound  
My conscience with a sinful sound,  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A several sin to every sense,  
But felt through all this fleshly dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,  
And tread again that ancient track !  
That I might once more reach that plain,  
Where first I left my glorious train ;  
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees  
That shady City of palm trees.  
But ah ! my soul with too much stay  
Is drunk, and staggers in the way !

## Appendix of Illustrative Poems

Some men a forward motion love,  
But I by backward steps would move ;  
And, when this dust falls to the urn,  
In that state I came, return.

### Childhood

I CANNOT reach it ; and my striving eye  
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.  
Were now that chronicle alive,  
Those white designs which children drive,  
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,  
With their content, too, in my power,  
Quickly would I make my path even,  
And by mere playing go to Heaven.

Why should men love  
A wolf, more than a lamb or dove ?  
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams  
Before bright stars and God's own beams ?  
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,  
But flowers do both refresh and grace ;  
And sweetly living (fie on men !)  
Are, when dead, medicinal then.  
If seeing much should make staid eyes,  
And long experience should make wise,  
Since all that age doth teach is ill,  
Why should not I love childhood still ?  
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,  
Shall I from thence cast down myself,  
Or by complying with the world,  
From the same precipice be hurl'd ?  
Those observations are but foul  
Which make me wise to lose my soul.  
And yet the practi<sup>1</sup> worldlings call  
Business and weighty action all,  
Checking the poor child for his play ;  
But gravely cast themselves away.

<sup>1</sup> Practical.

## Appendix of Illustrative Poems

Dear harmless age ! the short, swift span  
Where weeping Virtue parts with man ;  
Where love without lust dwells, and bends ;  
What way we please without self-ends ;  
An age of mysteries ! which he  
Must live twice that would God's face see ;  
Which Angels guard, and with it play,  
Angels ! which foul men drive away.  
How do I study now, and scan  
Thee more than e'er I studied man,  
And only see, through a long night,  
Thy edges, and thy bordering light !  
O for thy centre and mid-day !  
For, sure, that is "the narrow way."

### Content

PEACE, peace ! I know 'twas brave ;  
    But this coarse fleece  
I shelter in, is slave  
    To no such piece.  
    When I am gone,  
I shall no wardrobes leave  
    To friend, or son,  
But what their own homes weave.

Such, though not proud, nor full,  
    May make them weep,  
And mourn to see the wool  
    Outlast the sheep ;  
    Poor, pious wear !  
Hadst thou been such or fine,  
    Perhaps that tear  
Had mourn'd thy loss, not mine.

Why, then, these curl'd puff'd points,  
    Or a lac'd story ?  
Death sets all out of joint,  
    And scorns their glory ;

## Appendix of Illustrative Poems

Some love a rose  
In hand, some in the skin :  
But, cross to those,  
I would have mine within.

### The Dawning

AH ! what time wilt Thou come ? when shall that cry  
" The Bridegroom's Coming ! " fill the sky ?  
Shall it in the evening run  
When our words and works are done ?  
Or will Thy all-surprising light  
Break at midnight ?  
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure,  
Possesseth mad man without measure ?  
Or shall these early, fragrant hours  
Unlock Thy bowers ?  
And with their blush of light descry  
Thy locks, crown'd with eternity ?  
Indeed, it is the only time  
That with Thy glory doth best chime.  
All now are stirring ; every field  
Full hymns doth yield ;  
The whole creation shakes off night,  
And for Thy shadow looks the light ;  
Stars now vanish without number ;  
Sleepy planets set and slumber ;  
The pury clouds disband, and scatter ;  
All expect some sudden matter ;  
Not one beam triumphs, but from far  
That morning-star.

Oh, at what time soever Thou  
(Unknown to us) the heavens wilt bow,  
And, with Thy Angels in the van,  
Descend to judge poor careless man,  
Grant I may not like puddle lie  
In a corrupt security,

## Appendix of Illustrative Poems

Where, if a traveller water crave,  
He finds it dead, and in a grave ;  
But as this restless, vocal spring  
All day and night doth run, and sing,  
And though here born, yet is acquainted  
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted ;  
So let me all my busy age  
In Thy free services engage,  
And though (while here) of force I must  
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,  
And in my flesh, though vile and low,  
As this doth in her channel, flow,—  
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,  
And chief acquaintance be above :  
So when that day and hour shall come  
In which Thyself will be the Sun,  
Thou'll find me drest and on my way,  
Watching the break of Thy great Day.

### To the River Isca

WHEN Daphne's lover here first wore the bays,  
Eurotas' secret streams heard all his lays,  
And holy Orpheus, Nature's busy child,  
By headlong Hebrus his deep hymns compil'd.  
Soft Petrarch, thaw'd by Laura's flames, did weep  
On Tiber's banks, when she, proud fair ! could sleep ;  
Mosella boasts Ausonius, and the Thames  
Doth murmur Sidney's Stella to her streams ;  
While Severn, swollen with joy and sorrow, wears  
Castara's smiles mixed with fair Sabrin's tears.  
Thus Poets (like the nymphs, their pleasing themes),  
Haunted the bubbling springs and gliding streams,  
And happy banks, whence such fair flowers have  
sprung,  
But happier those where they have sat and sung !  
Poets, like angels, where they once appear,  
Hallow the place ; and each succeeding year

## Appendix of Illustrative Poems

Adds reverence to 't, such as at length doth give  
This agèd faith that there their geni live.  
Hence, th' ancients say, that from this sickly air  
They pass to regions more refined and fair,  
To meadows strew'd with lilies and the rose,  
And shades whose youthful green no old age knows :  
Where all in white they walk, discourse, and sing,  
Like bees' soft murmurs or a chiding spring.

But, Isca, whensoever those shades I see,  
And thy loved arbours must no more know me,  
When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,  
And my sun sets, where first it sprang in beams,  
I'll leave behind me such a large, kind light,  
As shall redeem thee from oblivious night,  
And in these vows which, living yet, I pay,  
Shed such a pervious and enduring ray,  
As shall from age to age thy fair name lead,  
Till rivers leave to run, and men to read.

First, may all bards born after me,  
When I am ashes, sing of thee !  
May thy green banks and streams—or none—  
Be both their hill and Helicon ;  
May vocal groves grow there, and all  
The shades in them prophetic,  
Where, laid, men shall more fair truths see  
Than fictions were of Thessaly.  
May thy gentle swains like flowers  
Sweetly spend their youthful hours,  
And thy beauteous nymphs like doves  
Be kind and faithful to their loves ;  
Garlands and songs and roundelays,  
Mild, dewy nights, and sunshine days,  
The turtle's voice, joy without fear,  
Dwell on thy bosom all the year !  
May the evet and the toad  
Within thy banks have no abode,  
Nor the wily, winding snake  
Her voyage through thy waters make !  
In all thy journey to the main  
No nitrous clay, no brimstone-vein



## Appendix of Illustrative Poems

Mix with thy streams, but may they pass  
Fresh as the air, and clear as glass ;  
And where the wandering crystal treads  
Roses shall kiss and couple heads.  
The factor-wind from far shall bring  
The odours of the scatter'd Spring,  
And loaden with the rich arrear,  
Spend it in spicy whispers here.  
No sullen heats, nor flames that are  
Offensive, and canicular,  
Shine on thy sands, nor pry to see  
Thy scaly, shading<sup>1</sup> family,  
But noons as mild as Hesper's rays,  
Or the first blushes of fair days !  
What gifts more heaven or earth can add,  
With all those blessings be thou clad !

Honour, Beauty,  
Faith and Duty,  
Delight and Truth,  
With Love and Youth

Crown all about thee ! and whatever fate  
Impose elsewhere, whether the graver state  
Or some toy else, may those loud, anxious cares  
For dead and dying things (the common wares  
And shows of Time) ne'er break thy peace, nor make  
Thy repos'd arms to a new war awake !  
But freedom, safety, joy, and bliss,  
United in one loving kiss,  
Surround thee quite, and style thy borders  
The land redeem'd from all disorders !

### Ad Fluvium Iscam

ISCA parens florum, placido qui spumeus ore  
Lambis lapillos aureos ;  
Qui maestos hyacinthos, et picti *δυθηα* tophi  
Mulces susurris humidis ;

<sup>1</sup> Probably a misprint for "sliding" or "shining."

## Appendix of Illustrative Poems

Dumque novas pergunt menses consumere lunas  
Coelumque mortales terit,  
Accumulas cum sole dies, aevumque per omne  
Fidelis induras latex ;  
O quis inaccessos et quali murmure lucos  
Mutumque solaris nemus !  
Per te discerpti credo Thracis ire querelas  
Plectrumque divini senis.

### Authoris Emblema

#### (Silex Scintillans)

TENTASTI, fateor, sine vulnere sæpius et me  
Consultum voluit vox, sine voce, frequens ;  
Ambivitt placido diviniior aura meatu,  
Et frustra sancto murmure præmonuit.  
Surdus eram, mutusque Silex : Tu (quanta tuorum  
Cura tibi est !) aliâ das renovare viâ ;  
Permutas curam : jamque irritatus amorem  
Posse negas, et vim vi superare paras ;  
Accedis propior, molemque, et saxea rumpis  
Pectora, fitque caro, quod fuit arte lapis.  
En lacerum ! Cælosque tuos ardentia tandem  
Fragmenta, et liquidas ex adamante genas.  
Sic olim undantes petras, scopulosque vomentes  
Curâsti, O populi providus usque tui !  
Quam miranda tibi manus est ! Moriendo, revixi ;  
Et fractas jam sum ditior inter opes.

### Midnight

WHEN to my eyes,  
Whilst deep sleep others catches,  
Thine host of spies,  
The stars, shine in their watches,

## Appendix of Illustrative Poems

I do survey  
Each busy ray,  
And how they work and wind,  
And wish each beam  
My soul doth stream  
With the like ardour shin'd.  
What emanations,  
Quick vibrations,  
And bright stirs are there !  
What thin ejections,  
Cold affections,  
And slow motions here !

Thy heavens, some say,  
Are a fiery-liquid light,  
Which, mingling aye,  
Streams and flames thus to the sight.  
Come, then, my God !  
Shine on this blood  
And water in one beam ;  
And thou shalt see,  
Kindled by Thee,  
Both liquors burn and stream.  
O what bright quickness,  
Active brightness,  
And celestial flows,  
Will follow after,  
On that water  
Which thy Spirit blows !

## The Mother of Sorrows

IN shade of Death's sad Tree  
Stood doleful she.  
Ah she ! now by none other  
Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's Mother.  
Before her eyes  
Her's and the whole World's joys,

## Appendix of Illustrative Poems

Hanging all torn, she sees ; and in His woes  
And pains, her pangs and throes :  
Each wound of His, from every part,  
Are more at home in her one heart.

What kind of marble then  
Is that cold man  
Who can look on and see,  
Nor keep such noble sorrows company?  
Sure even from you  
(My flints) some drops are due,  
To see so many unkind swords contest  
So fast for one soft breast :  
While with a faithful, mutual flood,  
Her eyes bleed tears, His wounds weep blood.

O costly intercourse  
Of deaths, and worse—  
Divided loves, while Son and mother  
Discourse alternate wounds to one another,  
Quick deaths that grow  
And gather, as they come and go :  
His nails write swords in her, which soon her heart  
Pays back, with more than their own smart ;  
Her swords, still growing with His pain,  
Turn spears, and straight come home again.

She sees her Son, her God,  
Bow with a load  
Of borrow'd sins ; and swim  
In woes that were not made for Him.  
Ah ! hard command  
Of love, here must she stand,  
Charged to look on, and with a steadfast eye  
See her life die ;  
Leaving her only so much breath  
As serves to keep alive her death.

O mother turtle-dove !  
Soft source of love !  
That these dry lids might borrow

## Appendix of Illustrative Poems

Something from thy full seas of sorrow !  
O in that breast  
Of thine (the noblest nest  
Both of Love's fires and floods) might I recline  
This hard, cold heart of mine !  
The chill lump would relent, and prove  
Soft subject for the siege of Love.

O teach those wounds to bleed  
In me ; me, so to read  
This book of love, thus writ  
In lines of death, my life may copy it  
With loyal cares.  
O let me, here, claim shares,  
Yield something to thy sad prerogative  
(Great queen of griefs !), and give  
Me too my tears ; who, though all stone,  
Think much that thou shouldst mourn alone.

[Yea, let my life and me  
Fix here with thee,  
And at the humble foot  
Of this fair Tree, take our eternal root.  
That so we may  
At least be in Love's way ;  
And in these chaste wars, while the wing'd wounds flee  
So fast 'twixt Him and thee,  
My breast may catch the kiss of some kind dart,  
Though as at second hand, from either heart.

O you, your own best darts,  
Dear, doleful hearts !  
Hail ; and strike home, and make me see  
That wounded bosoms their own weapons be.  
Come wounds ! come darts !  
Nail'd hands ! and piercèd hearts !  
Come your whole selves, Sorrow's great Son and  
mother !  
Nor grudge a younger brother  
Of griefs his portion, who (had all their due)  
One single wound should not have left for you.]

## Appendix of Illustrative Poems

Shall I in sins set there  
So deep a share,  
(Dear wounds), and only now  
In sorrows draw no dividend with you?  
O be more wise,  
If not more just, mine eyes!  
Flow, tardy founts! and into decent showers  
Dissolve my days and hours.  
And if thou yet (faint soul!) defer  
To bleed with Him, fail not to weep with her.

Lend, O lend some relief;  
At least an alms of grief,  
To a heart who by sad right of sin  
Could prove the whole sum (too sure) due to him. -  
By all those stings  
Of Love, sweet-bitter things,  
Which these torn hands transcribed on thy true  
heart;  
O teach mine, too, the art  
To study thee so, till we mix  
Wounds, and become one crucifix.

O let me suck the wine  
So long of this chaste Vine,  
Till drunk of the dear wounds, I be  
A lost thing to the world, as it to me.  
O faithful friend,  
Of me and of my end,  
Let my life end in love; and lie beneath  
Thy dear lost vital death.  
Lo, heart, thy hope's whole plea, her precious breath  
Pour'd out in prayers for thee; in thy Lord's death.



nia