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THE TEMPLE.





THE TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE

EJACULATIONS.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Being a Facsimile Reprint of the First Edition

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

EDITOR OF "HERBERT'S COMPLETE WORKS, IN VERSE AND PROSE,"
AND THE ALDINE EDITION OF "HERBERT'S
POEMS," ETC., ETC.



LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.

CHISWICK PRESS;—C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.



INTRODUCTION.

ISSAK WALTON — whose “Compleat Angler,” in similar facsimile, precedes this—in his pathetic narrative of the last illness and gentle end of GEORGE HERBERT, tells the story of the delivery to good Mr. EDMUND DUNCON of that manuscript which proved to be those poems that, as “The Temple,” have passed “for all time” into the sacred verse of England, if one might not even say of Christendom. Biographically and bibliographically, it is important to fix the exact date of its “sweet finger’s” death, and as a corollary of the first edition of “The Temple.” Consequently this incident falls here first of all to be given and examined. After other more personal matters, the departing faint, says his bio-

grapher, “did, with such a humility as seemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and with a thoughtful and contented look, say to him: Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer [Nicholas Ferrar], and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have past betwixt God and my soul before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in Whose service I have now found perfect freedom; desire him to read it, and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made publick; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God’s mercies.” “Thus meanly,” adds Walton, “did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of *The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations.*” The incident and interview and the swift-following death have usually been assigned to 1632, because of the register’s entry of the burial, but they really belong to 1633. For reasons that will appear immediately,

the entries preceding and succeeding, and the entry of Herbert's own burial, are here given *verbatim et literatim*, as thus:—

ANN 1633.

Buried was the widow Smith 5 of February
William Ellyott the younger was buried viij March
Mr George Herbert Esq^r Parson of Fugglestone
and Bemerton buried the 3^d day of

March 1632

Richard Pirmmett was buried

xxij of June

AN. DOM.

1634 Edith Bacon the wife of
John Bacon was buried iiij January

1634

It lies on the surface that these entries were made by the old (illiterate) scribe of Fugglestone and Bemerton irregularly, as probably suited his memory or convenience. Though apparently he used to reckon as a rule from January to January, in adding the year in the Herbert entry, he slid into the old mode of reckoning from 25th March, whereby our 3rd March, 1633, would be recorded as 3rd March, 1632. It will be noticed that in addition to this, as

Edith Bacon's burial belongs to 1634, the presumption would have been that Herbert's and Pirmmett's belonged to the immediately preceding year, *i.e.* 1633, while Herbert's FOLLOWS one belonging to 1633, not 1632. But besides these considerations, other facts go to prove that GEORGE HERBERT was living long subsequent to 3rd March, 1632, as = 1632, *e.g.* his well-known Letter to NICHOLAS FERRAR concerning VALDESSO is dated 29th September, 1632; then, the Will of his niece DOROTHY VAUGHAN (daughter of his sister MARGARET) was "proved" by him as executor in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on 9th October, 1632*; and finally, his own Will is shown to have been drawn up subsequent to his niece's, by its disposing of 100*l.* left by her to him. Thus 3rd March, 1633, was unquestionably the real date of Herbert's interment, and the last of February or 1st of March his probable day of death. It follows that not to 1632 but to 1633 belongs the

* Herbert was sworn by commission before Nathaniel Bostock, his curate—the 'commission' being explained by his fragile health.

“first impresson” of “The Temple.”* NICHOLAS FERRAR appears to have thrown off a few gift copies of the “little book” for immediate friends. These are without date, AND ONLY A SINGLE EXEMPLAR OF THESE UNDATED COPIES IS AT PRESENT KNOWN. From that, by the kindness of its owner (HENRY HUTH, Esq.), our facsimile has been made. But with the slight exception of the imprints on the title-pages, the two editions of 1633—first and second—are identical with the undated copy. Doubtless the two title-pages of these two editions will be acceptable. They are as follows:—

* The Rev. I. Gregory Smith, M. A., in his collected *Essays* (from “The Christian Remembrancer,” vol. xliv. pp. 106-7) says: “‘The Temple’ was first given to the world in 1633, by Nicholas Ferrar, Herbert’s literary executor; under his editorship it was printed by his daughters and other members of his household, or ‘Protestant Nunnery,’ as it has been called, at Little Gidding, in Northamptonshire, and then published at Cambridge, after being, of course, formally licensed by the Vice-Chancellor’s ‘imprimatur.’” There is no authority whatever for this alleged printing privately at Little Gidding. The undated and dated alike are expressly stated to be “Printed by Thomas Buck” (as *supra*).

THE
TEMPLE.
SACRED POEMS
AND
PRIVATE EJA-
CULATIONS.

By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT.

PSAL. 29.

*In his Temple doth every
man speak of his honour.*



CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by *Thom. Buck,*
and *Roger Daniel,* printers
to the Univerfitie.
1633.

THE
TEMPLE.
SACRED POEMS
AND
PRIVATE EJACU-
LATIONS.

By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT,
late Oratour of the Universitie
of Cambridge.

The second Edition.

PSAL. 29.

*In his Temple doth every man
speak of his honour.*



Printed by *T. Buck*, and *R. Daniel*,
printers to the Universitie
of Cambridge, 1633.

† And are to be sold by *Fr. Green*.

Following the 2nd edition of 1633—which was a distinct book, with new setting up of types—came the 3rd in 1634, 4th in 1635, 5th in 1638, 6th in 1641, 7th in 1656, 8th in 1660, 9th in 1667, 10th in 1674, 11th in 1679, 12th in 1703, 13th in 1709. The text from the 1st to the 6th edition remained the same; from 1640 “The Synagogue” of CHRISTOPHER HARVEY accompanied “The Temple;” from 1656 onward there were orthographical alterations; in 1660 was “an alphabetical table for ready finding out chief places;” in the Life by Walton, 1670, first appeared a portrait of Herbert; in 1674, “Temple,” another portrait, and two (sorry) illustrations to “The Church Threshold” and “The Altar;” in 1679 began such corruptions of the text as “gore” for “door” in The Thanksgiving (l. 6), and “my” for “thy” (l. 29); and so increasingly onward.

The “first impression,” though in the undated copies sent out early in 1633, was not committed to the press without opposition. WALTON informs us in his own quaint way

of such opposition: "This ought to be noted, that when Mr. Farrer sent this book to Cambridge to be licensed for the press, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two so much-noted verses,

‘ Religion stands a-tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand,’
(“The Church Militant,” ll. 239-40.)

to be printed, and Mr. Farrer would by no means allow the book to be printed and want them. But after some time and some arguments for and against this being made publick, the Vice-Chancellor said, ‘I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly speculations, and was a divine poet; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I license the whole book.’ So that it came to be printed without the diminution or addition of a syllable since it was delivered into the hands of Mr. Duncon, save only that Mr. Farrer had added that excellent preface that is printed before it.”

The manuscript delivered to Mr. EDMUND DUNCON has disappeared, but two important MSS. of "The Temple" are extant. The first, and most valuable, is a little Gidding-bound volume, now in the Williams Library, London. It contains about one-half of "The Temple," and extremely interesting additional Poems, as well as corrections and variations of the others in Herbert's own autograph. The whole of these were first given to the world by me in my Fuller Worthies' Library edition of the complete Works in Verse and Prose of George Herbert; and as I write this the Aldine Edition of the poems (George Bell and Sons) is published, containing the same. Thither the curious Reader is referred. The other MS. is in The Bodleian, and seemsto have been the transcript presented to the Vice-Chancellor for his "license"—albeit neither in the undated nor dated copy of 1633 or onward, does any "license" appear. It may be noted that in the Williams MS. volume the title is not "The Temple," but more simply and Christianly "The

Church"—that of "The Temple" having been bestowed by Ferrar, who fetched it from Psalm xxix.—"In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour,"—which was the original motto on the title-page.

The little volume now reproduced in absolute fac-simile in every way—viz., in type, paper, binding—apart from its own intrinsic preciousness, in its own humble but most genuine kind, holds a memorable place in our literary biography. The greater HENRY VAUGHAN earlier, and WILLIAM COWPER later, regarded their meeting with "The Temple" as a profoundly formative element in their inner life. Still earlier it was one of the scanty library of Charles I. in his imprisonment, and the royal copy revealed "much reading" of it. But its crowning glory is to have drawn from RICHARD CRASHAW the peerless tribute of naming his own Poems "Steps to the Temple," and his delightful lines, with which this little Introduction may most fitly close:—

*On Mr. George Herbert's Booke intituled The Temple
of Sacred Poems : sent to a Gentle-Woman.*

Know you, faire, on what you looke?
 Divineſt love lyes in this booke :
 Expecting fier from your faire eyes,
 To kindle this his ſacrifice.
 When your hands untie theſe ſtrings,
 Thinke yo' have an angell by the wings ;
 One that gladly would be nigh,
 To waite upon each morning ſigh ;
 To flutter in the balmy aire
 Of your well-perfumèd praier ;
 Theſe white plumes of his hee'l lend you,
 Which every day to Heaven will ſend you :
 To take acquaintance of each ſpheare,
 And all your ſmooth-fac'd kindred there.
 And though Herbert's name doe owe
 Theſe devotions ; faireſt, know
 While I thus lay them on the ſhrine
 Of your white hand, they are mine.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART

ST. GEORGE'S VESTRY,
 BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE,
April, 1876.

THE
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By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT.
late Oratour of the Univerſitie
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PSAL. 29.
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CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by *Thomas Buck*
and *Roger Daniel*:
¶ And are to be ſold by *Francis*
Green, ſtationer in
Cambridge.



¶ The Dedication.

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





The Printers to the Reader.

He dedication of this work having been made by the Authour to the *Divine Majesty* onely, how should we now presume to interest any mortall man in the patronage of it? Much lesse think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath then flows from *Helicon*. The world therefore shall receive it in that naked simplicitie, with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more then is included in it self. We leave it free and unforestalled to every mans judgement, and to the benefit that he shall finde by perusall. Onely for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privie to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the Person;

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the minde, and having by industrie and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellencie, whereof his fellowship of Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and his Orator-ship in the Universitie, together with that knowledge which the Kings Court had taken of him, could make relation farre above ordinarie. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuarie and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at Gods Altar, then to seek the ho-

nour of State-employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing verses bear witnesse of, they detract not from the freedome, but adde to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not onely to be called, but to be compelled to this service: Wherein his faithfull discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

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

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

His obedience and conformitie to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable. Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his familie to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompanie him dayly in the publick celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, then he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiasticall dignitie, which he was possessour of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for reedifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had layen ruined almost twenty yeares. The reparation whereof, having

having been uneffectually attempted by publick collections, was in the end by his own and some few others private free-will-offerings succesfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, *It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the bloud of Christ*: otherwise then in this respect he could finde nothing to glorie or comfort himself with, neither in this, nor in any other thing.

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

Lesse then the least of Gods mercies.





The Church-porch.

Perirrhanterium.



Hou, whose sweet youth and early hopes in-
hance

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

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

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

Beware of lust: it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptisme washt with his own blood.

It blots thy lesson written in thy soul;

'The holy lines cannot be understood.

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

Abstain wholly, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choise of paths: take no by-wayes;

But gladly welcome what he doth afford;

Not grudging, that thy lust hath bounds and staies.

Continence hath his joy: weigh both; and still
If rottenesse have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th'incloser: but since now

God hath impal'd us, on the contrarie

Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.

O what were man, might he himself misplace!

Sure to be crosse he would shift feet and face.

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

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

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
 Bigge with his sifter: he hath lost the reins,
 Is outlawd by himself: all kinde of ill
 Did with his liquour slide into his veins.

The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth deuest
 All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

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

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

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

Take

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain:
But the cheap swearer through his open sluice
Lets his soul runne for nought, as little fearing.
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell anothers jest, therein
Omit the oathes, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sinne.
He pares his apple, that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the vertue of that name, (tame.
Which is thy best stake, when griefs make thee

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

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

Flie idlenesse, which yet thou canst not flie
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.
If those take up thy day, the sunne will crie
Against thee : for his light was onely lent. (thers
God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those sea-
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate? then be severe:
 If studious; copie fair, what time hath blurr'd;
 Redeem truth from his jawes: if souldier,
 Chase brave employments with a naked sword
 Throughout the world. Fool not: for all may have,
 If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England! full of sinne, but most of sloth;
 Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy brest with glorie:
 Thy Gentrie bleats, as if thy native cloth
 Transfus'd a sheepishnesse into thy storie:
 Not that they all are so; but that the most
 Are gone to grasse, and in the pasture lost.

This losse springs chiefly from our education.
 Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sonne:
 Some mark a partridge, never their childes fashion:
 Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
 Studie this art, make it thy great designe;
 And if Gods image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but doe not breed
 A mast'ring minde; so both are lost thereby:
 Or els they breed them tender, make them need
 All that they leave: this is flat povertie.
 For he, that needs five thousand pound to live,
 Is full as poore as he, that needs but five.

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

When

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

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

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

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

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well trust'd pack,
Whose every parcell under-writes a law.
Lose not thy self, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
 Salute thy self: see what thy soul doth wear.
 Dare to look in thy chest; for'tis thine own:
 And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
 Who cannot rest till hee good fellows finde,
 He breaks up house, turns out of doores his minde.

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

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
 Ev'n with the year: but age, if it will hit,
 Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
 As the day lessens, and his life with it.
 Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
 Before thy journey fairly part with all.

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

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
 About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;
 Take starres for money; starres not to be told
 By any art, yet to be purchased.
 None is so wastefull as the scraping dame.
 She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

By no means runne in debt : take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twentie pound a yeare,
Cannot on fourtie : he's a man of pleasure,
A kinde of thing that's for it self too deere.

The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And spares himself , but would his taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale beleev'd for their oathes,
And are like empty vessels under sail.

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

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

Much curiousnesse is a perpetuall wooing
Nothing with labour; folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more,
Then he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart ;
Perhaps his wives too, and whom she hath bore :
Servants and churches also play their part.

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

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

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

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

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sowre?
 Then keep such companie; make them thy allay:
 Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lowre.
 A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
 Command thy self in chief. He lifes warre knows,
 Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
 Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
 Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break:
 By great deeds shew, that thou canst little do;
 And do them not: that shall thy wisdome be;
 And change thy temperance into braverie.

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

Laugh not too much: the wittie man laughs least:
 For wit is newes onely to ignorance.
 Lesse at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest
 Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
 Make not thy sport, abuses: for the fly
 That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

The Church-porch.

9

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness.
These are the scumme, with which course wits abound.
The fine may spare these well, yet not go lesse.
All things are bigge with jest: nothing that's plain,
But may be wittie, if thou hast the vein.

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

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

Towards great persons use respective boldness:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine: in service, care, or coldness
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.
Feed no man in his finnes: for adulation
Doth make thee parcell-devil in damnation.

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

When basenesse is exalted, do not bate
 The place its honour, for the persons sake.
 The shrine is that which thou dost venerate;
 And not the beast, that bears it on his back.

I care not though the cloth of state should be
 Not of rich arras, but mean tapestrie.

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

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
 Love is a personall debt. I cannot give
 My childrens right, nor ought he take it: rather
 Both friends should die, then hinder them to live.
 Fathers first enter bonds to natures ends;
 And are her sureties, ere they are a friends.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground
 Submit to love; but yet not more then all.
 Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
 To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
 God made me one man; love makes me no more,
 Till labour come, and make my weaknesse score.

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

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

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

Be calm in arguing: for fiercenesse makes
Errour a fault, and truth discourtesie.
Why should I feel another mans mistakes
More, then his sicknesses or povertie?
In love I should: but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither: therefore gently move.

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

Mark what another sayes: for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equall care
Ballance each dramme of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conquest, and confesse a troth.

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

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

Let thy minde still be bent, still plotting where,
 And when, and how the businesse may be done.
 Slacknesse breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
 Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
 Active and stirring spirits live alone.
 Write on the others, Here lies such a one.

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be
 In love or honour: take account of all ;
 Shine like the sunne in every corner: see
 Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.
 Who say, I care not, those I give for lost ;
 And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

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

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

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

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

In Almes regard thy means, and others merit.
Think heav'n a better bargain, then to give
Onely thy single market-money for it.
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something; to a good poore man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

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

Restore

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

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

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

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

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
 Praying 's the end of preaching. O be drest;
 Stay not for th' other pin: why thou hast lost
 A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
 Away thy blessing, and extreemly flout thee,
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

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

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

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

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

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

None

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

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

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
 Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
 Deferre not the least vertue: lifes poore span
 Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
 If thou do ill; the joy fades, not the pains:
 If well; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.



Super-



Superliminare.

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

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



The



The Altar.

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

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

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



The

¶ The Sacrifice.

O *H all ye*, who passe by, whose eyes and minde
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blinde;
To me, who took eyes that I might you finde:
Was ever grief like mine?

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

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.
They use that power against me, which I gave:
Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did beare,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell me also, and to put me there:
Was ever grief, &c.

For thirtie pence he did my death devise,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice:
Was ever grief, &c.

Therefore my soul melts, and my hearts deare treasure
Drops bloud (the onely beads) my words to measure:
O let this cup passe, if it be thy pleasure:
Was ever grief, &c.

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

Yet

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

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they runne.
 Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
 How with their lanterns do they seek the funne!
 Was ever grief, &c.

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

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kisse?
 Canst thou finde hell about my lips? and misse
 Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse?
 Was ever grief, &c.

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

All my Disciples flie; fear puts a barre
 Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the starre,
 That brought the wise men of the East from farre.
 Was ever grief, &c.

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

The Priest and rulers all false witnesse seek
 'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
 And readie Paschal Lambe of this great week:
 Was ever grief, &c.

Then

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

Some said, that I the Temple to the floore
In three dayes raz'd, and raised as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more:
Was ever grief, &c.

Then they condemne me all with that same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth:
Was ever grief, &c.

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

Herod and all his bands do fet me light,
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,
And onely am the Lord of hosts and might:
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod in judgement sits, while I do stand;
Examines me with a censorious hand:
I him obey, who all things else command:
Was ever grief, &c.

The *Jews* accuse me with despitefulnesse;
And vying malice with my gentlenesse,
Pick quarrels with their onely happinesse:
Was ever grief, &c.

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

My silence rather doth augment their crie;
 My dove doth back into my bosome flie,
 Because the raging waters still are high:

Was ever grief like mine?

Heark how they crie aloud still, *Crucifie:*

It is not fit he live a day, they crie,

Who cannot live lesse then eternally:

Was ever grief, &c.

Pilate a stranger holdeth off; but they,
 Mine owne deare people, cry, *Away, away,*
 With noises confused frightening the day:

Was ever grief, &c.

Yet still they shout, and crie, and stop their eares,
 Putting my life among their finnes and feares,
 And therefore with *my bloud on them and theirs.*

Was ever grief, &c.

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

Was ever grief, &c.

They choose a murderer, and all agree
 In him to do themselves a courtesie:
 For it was their own cause who killed me:

Was ever grief, &c.

And a seditious murderer he was:
 But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth passe
 All understanding, more then heav'n doth glasse:

Was ever grief, &c.

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

Was ever grief, &c.

Ah!

Ah! how they scourge me! yet my tenderneſſe
Doubles each laſh: and yet their bitterneſſe
Winded up my grief to a myſterioſneſſe:

Was ever grief like mine ?

They buffet me, and box me as they liſt,
Who graſp the earth and heaven with my fiſt,
And never yet, whom I would puniſh, miſ'd :

Was ever grief, &c.

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

Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As *Mofes* face was vailed, ſo is mine,
Leſt on their double-dark ſouls either ſhine:

Was ever grief, &c.

Servants and abjects flout me; they are wittie:
Now propheſie who ſtrikes thee, is their dittie.
So they in me denie themſelves all pitie:

Was ever grief, &c.

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

Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, deare friends, ſince I for both have wept
When all my tears were bloud, the while you ſlept:
Your tears for your own fortunes ſhould be kept:

Was ever grief, &c.

The ſouldiers lead me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuſe me all :
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call:

Was ever grief, &c.

Then

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

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear:
 For these are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,
 Though I my vine planted and watred there:
 Was ever grief, &c.

So fits the earths great curse in *Adams* fall
 Upon my head: so I remove it all
 From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall:
 Was ever grief, &c.

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

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail king*:
 What ever scoffes or scornfulnesse can bring,
 I am the floore, the sink, where they it fling:
 Was ever grief, &c.

Yet since mans scepters are as frail as reeds,
 And thorny all their crowns, bloudie their weeds;
 I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds:
 Was ever grief, &c.

The souldiers also spit upon that face,
 Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
 And Prophets once to see, but found no place:
 Was ever grief, &c.

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

They

They leade me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they leade me out agen.
Whom devils flie, thus is he tofs'd of men:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now wearie of sport, glad to ingrosse
All spite in one, counting my life their losse,
They carrie me to my most bitter crosse:
Was ever grief, &c.

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

O all ye who passe by, behold and see;
Man stole the fruit, but I must climbe the tree;
The tree of life to all, but onely me:
Was ever grief, &c.

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sinne,
The greater world o'th' two; for that came in
By words, but this by sorrow I must win:
Was ever grief, &c.

Such sorrow, as if sinfull man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
Till all were melted, though he were all steel:
Was ever grief, &c.

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'st thou me,
The sonne, in whom thou dost delight to be?
My God, my God —————
Never was grief like mine.

Shame tears my soul my bodie many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
Reproches, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever grief, &c.

Now heal thy self, Physician; now come down.

Alas! I did so, when I left my crown

And fathers smile for you, to feel his frown:

Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not my self, there doth consist

All that salvation, which ye now resist;

Your safetie in my sicknesse doth subsist:

Was ever grief, &c.

Betwixt two theeves I spend my utmost breath,

As he that for some robbetrie suffereth.

Alas! what have I stollen from you? death:

Was ever grief, &c.

A king my title is, prefixt on high;

Yet by my subjects am condemn'd to die

A servile death in servile companie:

Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vineger mingled with gall,

But more with malice: yet, when they did call,

With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all:

Was ever grief, &c.

They part my garments, and by lot dispose

My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those

Who sought for help, never malicious foes:

Was ever grief, &c.

Nay, after death their spite shall further go;

For they will pierce my side, I full well know;

That as sinne came, so Sacraments might flow:

Was ever grief, &c.

But now I die; now all is finished.

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

Onely let others say, when I am dead,

Never was grief like mine.

¶ The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
 To thee of all kings onely due)
 Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,
 Who in all grief preventest me?
 Shall I weep bloud? why thou hast wept such store
 That all thy body was one doore.
 Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
 'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why dost thou part from me?
 Was such a grief as cannot be.
 Shall I then sing, skipping, thy dolefull storie,
 And side with thy triumphant glorie?
 Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?
 Thy rod, my posie? crosse, my bower?
 But how then shall I imitate thee, and
 Copie thy fair, though bloudie hand?
 Surely I will reuenge me on thy love,
 And trie who shall victorious prove.
 If thou dost give me wealth; I will restore
 All back unto thee by the poore.
 If thou dost give me honour; men shall see,
 The honour doth belong to thee.
 I will not marry; or, if she be mine,
 She and her children shall be thine.
 My bosome friend, if he blaspheme thy name,
 I will tear thence his love and fame.
 One half of me being gone, the rest I give
 Unto some Chappell, die or live.
 As for thy passion---But of that anon,
 When with the other I have done.
 For thy predestination I'll contrive,
 That three yeares hence, if I survive,

I'll build a spittle, or mend common wayes,
 But mend mine own without delays.
 Then I will use the works of thy creation,
 As if I us'd them but for fashion.
 The world and I will quarrell; and the yeare
 Shall not perceive, that I am here.
 My musick shall finde thee, and ev'ry string
 Shall have his attribute to sing;
 That all together may accord in thee,
 And prove one God, one harmonie.
 If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appeare,
 If thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.
 Nay, I will reade thy book, and never move
 Till I have found therein thy love;
 Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee,
 O my deare Saviour, Victorie!
 Then for thy passion-- I will do for that--
 Alas, my God, I know not what.

¶ The Reprifall.

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

O make me innocent, that I
 May give a disentangled state and free:
 And yet thy wounds still my attempts desie,
 For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
 By thy eternall glorie didst outgo me?
 Couldst thou not griefs sad conquests me allow,
 But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

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

¶ The Agonie.

PHilosophers have measur'd mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings,
Walk'd with a staffe to heav'n, and traced fountains:
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that found them; Sinne and Love

Who would know Sinne, let him repair
Unto mount Olivet; there shall he see
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skinne, his garments bloudie be.
Sinne is that presse and vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruell food through ev'ry vein.

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

¶ The Sinner.

Lord, how I am all ague, when I seek
 What I have treasur'd in my memorie!
 Since, if my soul make even with the week,
 Each seventh note by right is due to thee.
 I finde there quarries of pil'd vanities,
 But shreds of holinesse, that dare not venture
 To shew their face, since crosse to thy decrees:
 There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.
 In so much dregs the quintessence is small:
 The spirit and good extract of my heart
 Comes to about the many hundredth part.
 Yet Lord restore thine image, heare my call: (grone,
 And though my hard heart scarce to thee can
 Remember that thou once didst write in stone.

¶ Good Friday.

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

 Shall I thy woes
 Number according to thy foes?
 Or, since one starre show'd thy first breath,
 Shall all thy death?

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

Then

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

Or rather let
My severall finnes their sorrows get;
That as each beaſt his cure doth know,
Each finne may fo.

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

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

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

¶ Redemption.

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

In heaven at his manour I him ſought:
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About ſome land, which he had dearly bought
Long ſince on earth, to take poſſeſſion.

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

Of theeves and murderers: there I him espied,
 Who fraight, *Your suit is granted*, said, & died.

¶ Sepulchre.

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

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

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

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain
 And missing this, most falsly did arraigne thee;
 Onely these stones in quiet entertain thee,
 And order.

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

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

The Church.

¶ *Easter.*

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

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The crosse taught all wood to resound his name,
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

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

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

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

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

The Church.

♩ *Easter wings.*

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poore:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

Easter

☞ *Easter wings.*

My tender age in sorrow did beginne
And fill with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sinne,
That I became
Most thine.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victorie:
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

H. Ba-

¶ H. Baptisme.

A She that sees a dark and shadie grove,
 Stayes not, but looks beyond it on the skie;
 So when I view my finnes, mine eyes remove
 More backward still, and to that water flie,

Which is above the heav'ns, whose spring and rent
 Is in my deare Redeemers pierced side.

O blessed streams! either ye do prevent
 And stop our finnes from growing thick and wide,

Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.

In you Redemption measures all my time,
 And spreads the plaister equall to the crime:

You taught the book of life my name, that so

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

¶ H. Baptisme.

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

O let me still
 Write thee great God, and me a childe
 Let me be soft and supple to thy will,
 Small to my self, to others milde,
 Behither ill.

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

¶ Nature.

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

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

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

¶ Sinne.

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

Pulpits and fundayes, sorrow dogging sinne,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and strategems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings

Blessings beforehand, eyes of gratefulnessse,
 The sound of glorie ringing in our eares:
 Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
 Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

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

¶ Affliction.

WHen first thou didst entice to thee my heart,
 I thought the service brave:
 So many joyes I writ down for my part,
 Besides what I might have
 Out of my stock of naturall delights,
 Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
 And made it fine to me:
 Thy glorious household-stuffe did me entwine,
 And 'tice me unto thee.
 Such starres I counted mine: both heav'n and earth
 Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

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

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesse;
 I had my wish and way:
 My dayes were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesse;
 There was no moneth but May.
 But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,
 And made a partie unawares for wo. My

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

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

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

Yet, for I threatned oft the ſiege to raiſe,
Not ſimpring all mine age,
Thou often didſt with Academick praiſe
Melt and diſſolve my rage.
I took thy ſweetned pill, till I came neare;
I could not go away, nor perſevere.

Yet left perchance I ſhould too happie be
In my unhappineſſe,
Turning my purge to food, thou throweſt me
Into more ſickneſſes.
Thus doth thy power croſſe-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my wayes taking.
Now

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
 None of my books will show:
 I reade, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;
 For sure then I should grow
 To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust
 Her household to me, and I should be just.
 Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;
 In weaknesse must be stout.
 Well, I will change the service, and go seek
 Some other master out.
 Ah my deare God! though I am clean forgot,
 Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

¶ Repentance.

Lord, I confesse my sinne is great;
 Great is my sinne. Oh! gently treat
 With thy quick flow'r, thy momentanie bloom;
 Whose life still pressing
 Is one undressing,
 A steadie aiming at a tombe.
 Mans age is two houres work, or three:
 Each day doth round about us see.
 Thus are we to delights: but we are all
 To sorrows old,
 If life be told
 From what life feeleth, Adams fall.
 O let thy height of mercie then
 Compassionate short-breathed men.
 Cut me not off for my most foul transgression
 I do confesse
 My foolishnesse;
 My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten

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

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

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

¶ Faith.

Lord, how couldst thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sinne, as when mans sight was dimme,
And could see little, to regard his ease,
And bring by Faith all things to him?

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

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

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

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

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

If blisse had lien in art or strength,
 None but the wise or strong had gained it:
 Where now by Faith all arms are of a length;
 One size doth all conditions fit.

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

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

That which before was darkned clean
 With bushie groves, pricking the lookers eie,
 Vanisht away, when Faith did change the scene:
 And then appear'd a glorious skie.

What though my bodie runne to dust?
 Faith cleaves unto it, counting evr'y grain
 With an exact and most particular trust,
 Reserving all for flesh again.

¶ Prayer.

¶ Prayer.

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

Engine against th' Almighty, sinners towre,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-daies world-transposing in an houre,
A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear;

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

(bloud,
Church-bels beyond the starres heard, the soules
The land of spices; something understood.

¶ The H. Communion.

NOt in rich furniture, or fine aray,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me wast sold,
To me dost now thy self convey;
For so thou should'st without me still have been,
Leaving within me sinne:

But by the way of nourishment and strength
Thou creep'st into my breast;
Making thy way my rest,
And thy small quantities my length;
Which spread their forces into every part,
Meeting sinnes force and art.

Yet

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
 Leaping the wall that parts
 Our souls and fleshly hearts;
 But as th' outworks, they may controll
 My rebel-flesh, and carrying thy name,
 Affright both sinne and shame.

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

Give me my captive soul, or take
 My bodie also thither.
 Another list like this will make
 Them both to be together.

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

For sure when Adam did not know
 To sinne, or sinne to smother;
 He might to heav'n from Paradise go,
 As from one room t'another.

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

¶ Antiphon.

¶ Antiphon.

Cho. **L** Et all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

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

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

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

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

¶ Love I.

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

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

Wit

Wit fancies beautie, beautie raiseth wit:

The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou standing by: and though thy glorious name

Wrought our deliverance from th' infernall pit,

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

II.

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

As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.
Then shall our hearts pant thee; then shall our brain
All her invention on thine Altar lay,
And there in hymnes send back thy fire again:

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

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

¶ The Temper.

How should I praise thee, Lord! how should my
Gladly engrave thy love in steel, (rymes
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel!

Al-

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

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

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

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there:
Then of a sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

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

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

¶ The Temper.

IT cannot be. Where is that mightie joy,
Which just now took up all my heart?
Lord, if thou must needs use thy dart,
Save that, and me; or sin for both destroy.

The grofser world stands to thy word and art;
 But thy diviner world of grace
 Thou fuddenly doft raife and race,
 And ev'ry day a new Creatour art.

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

Scatter, or binde them all to bend to thee:
 Though elements change, and heaven move,
 Let not thy higher Court remove,
 But keep a ftanding Majeftie in me.

¶ Jordan.

WHo fays that fictions onely and falfe hair
 Become a verfe? Is there in truth no beautie?
 Is all good ftructure in a winding ftair?
 May no lines paffe, except they do their dutie
 Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it no verfe, except enchanted groves
 And fudden arbours shadow courfe-fpunne lines?
 Muft purling ftreams refresh a lovers loves?
 Muft all be vail'd, while he that reades, divines,
 Catching the fense at two removes?

Shepherds are honeft people; let them fing:
 Riddle who lift, for me, and pull for Prime:
 I envie no mans nightingale or fpring;
 Nor let them punifh me with losse of ryme,
 Who plainly fay, *My God, My King.*

¶ Employ-

¶ *Employment.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

¶ **The H. Scriptures. I.**

OH Book! infinite sweetnesse let my heart!
 Suck ev'ry letter, and a hony gain,
 Precious for any grief in any part;
 To cleare the breast, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
 A full eternitie: thou art a masse
 Of strange delights, where we may wish & take.
 Ladies, look here; this is the thankfull glasse,

That mends the lookers eyes: this is the well
 That washes what it shows. Who can indeare
 Thy praise too much? thou art heav'ns Lidger
 Working against the states of death and hell. (here,
 Thou art joyes handsell: heav'n lies flat in thee,
 Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

II.

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

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

Such

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

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

¶ **Whitfunday.**

Listen sweet Dove unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and flie away with thee.

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

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

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

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

Thou shutt'st the doore, and keep'st within;
 Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
 And if the braves of conqu'ring sinne
 Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same;
 The same sweet God of love and light:
 Restore this day, for thy great name,
 Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

¶ Grace.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
 Doth my dull husbandrie improve:
 O let thy graces without cease
 Drop from above!

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

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

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

Sinne is still hammering my heart
 Unto a hardnesse, void of love:
 Let suppling grace, to crosse his art,
 Drop from above.

O come! for thou dost know the way.
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me, where I need not say,
Drop from above.

¶ Praise.

TO write a verse or two, is all the praise,
That I can raise:
Mend my estate in any wayes,
Thou shalt have more.

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

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

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

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

¶ Affliction.

Kill me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of life; since thy one death for me
Is more then all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each houre of Methuselems stay.

If all mens tears were let
 Into one common sewer, sea, and brine;
 What were they all, compar'd to thine?
 Wherein if they were set,
 They would discolour thy most bloody sweat.

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

¶ Mattens.

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

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

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

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

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

¶ Sinne

† Sinne.

O That I could a sinne once see!
 We paint the devil foul, yet he
 Hath some good in him, all agree.
 Sinne is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
 It wants the good of *vertue*, and of *being*.

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

¶ Even-song.

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

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

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

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

Yet still thou goest on,
 And now with darknesse closest wearie eyes,
 Saying to man, *It doth suffice:*
Henceforth repose; your work is done.

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

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

My God, thou art all love.
 Not one poore minute 'scapes thy breast,
 But brings a favour from above;
 And in this love, more then in bed, I rest.

¶ Church-monuments.

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

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

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
 And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,
 When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
 To kisse those heaps, which now they have in trust?
 Deare flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stemme
 And true descent; that when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
 That flesh is but the glasse, which holds the dust
 That measures all our time; which also shall
 Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below
 How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
 That thou mayst fit thy self against thy fall.

¶ Church-musick.

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure
 Did through my bodie wound y minde,
 You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
 A daintie lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a bodie move,
 Rising and falling with your wings:
 We both together sweetly live and love,
 Yet say sometimes, *God help poore Kings.*

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

¶ Church-lock and key.

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

¶ The Windows.

Lord, how can man preach thy eternall word i
 He is a brittle crazie glasse:
 Yet in thy temple thou dost him afford
 This glorious and transcendent place,
 To be a window, through thy grace.

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

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

¶ Trinitie Sunday.

Lord, who hast form'd me out of mud,
 And hast redeem'd me through thy bloud,
 And sanctifi'd me to do good;

Purge all my finnes done heretofore:
 For I confesse my heavie score,
 And I will strive to sinne no more.

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

¶ Con-

¶ Content.

Peace mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
 Within the walls of your own breast:
 Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
 Can on anothers hardly rest.

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

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
 Content and warm t' it self alone:
 But when it would appeare to others eye,
 Without a knock it never shone.

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

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
 From either pole unto the centre:
 Where in each room of the well-furnisht tent
 He lies warm, and without adventure.

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

Onely thy Chronicle is lost; and yet
 Better by worms be all once spent,
 Then to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
 Thy name in books, which may not rent :

When

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

Then cease discoursing soul, till thine own ground,
 Do not thy self or friends importune.

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

¶ The Quidditie.

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

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
 It never was in *France* or *Spain*;
 Nor can it entertain the day
 With a great stable or demain:

It is no office, art, or news,
 Nor the Exchange, or busie Hall;
 But it is that which while I use
 I am with thee, and *Most take all*.

¶ Humilitie.

I Saw the Vertues fitting hand in hand
 In sev'rall ranks upon an azure throne,
 Where all the beasts and fowls by their command
 Presented tokens of submission.

Humilitie, who sat the lowest there

To execute their call,

When by the beasts the presents tendred were,

Gave them about to all.

The

But when I view abroad both Regiments;
The worlds, and thine:
Thine clad with simpleness, and sad events;
The other fine,
Full of glorie and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deed's:
That which was dull before, doth quickly rise,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
My foot did tread,
Affront those joyes, wherewith thou didst endow,
And long since wed
My poore soul, ev'n sick of love:
It may a Babel prove
Commodious to conquer heav'n and thee
Planted in me.

¶ *Constancie.*

WHo is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpinne, or wrench from giving all their due.

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

Who

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

Whom none can work or woove
 To use in any thing a trick or sleight;
 For above all things he abhorres deceit:
 His words and works and fashion too
 All of a piece, and all are cleare and straight.

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

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

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

¶ Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
 By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,
 To guide and govern it to my relief,
 Making a scepter of the rod:
 Hadst thou not had thy part,
 Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou knowst my tallies; and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behinde?

Or if some yeares with it escape,
The sigh then onely is
A gale to bring me sooner to my blisse.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be

A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members suffer ill.

They who lament one crosse,
Thou dying dayly, praise thee to thy losse.

J The Starre.

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

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

First with thy fire-work burn to dust
Folly, and worse then folly, lust:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it shine:

So disengag'd from sinne and sicknesse,
Toucht with thy celestiall quicknesse,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then

Then with our trinitie of light,
 Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
 Unto the place where thou
 Before didst bow.

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

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

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

¶ Sunday.

O Day most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
 Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
 The couch of time; cares balm and bay:
 The week were dark, but for thy light:
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¶ Avarice.

† Avarice.

Money, thou bane of blisse, & source of wo, (fine?
 Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and
 I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poore and dirtie in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
 To this great kingdome, which thou now hast got,
 That he was fain, when thou wert destitute,
 To digge thee out of thy dark cave and grot:

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
 Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
 Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right:
 Thou art the man, and man but drosse to thee.

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

Ana- { MARY }
 { ARMY } gram.

How well her name an *Army* doth present,
 In whom the *Lord of hosts* did pitch his tent!

To all Angels and Saints.

OH glorious spirits, who after all your bands
 See the smooth face of God, without a frown
 Or strict commands;
 Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown,
 If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not

Man is no starre, but a quick coal
Of mortall fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.
When th' elements did for place contest
With him, whose will
Ordain'd the highest to be best;
The earth sat still,
And by the others is oppress.
Life is a businesse, not good cheer;
Ever in warres.
The sunne still shineth there or here,
Whereas the starres
Watch an advantage to appear.
Oh that I were an Orenge-tree,
That busie plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dressed me.
But we are still too young or old;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Untill the grave increase our cold.

¶ Deniall.

WHen my devotions could not pierce
Thy silent eares;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse:
My breast was full of fears
And disorder:

My

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
 Did flie afunder:
 Each took his way; some would to pleasures go,
 Some to the warres and thunder
 Of alarms.

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

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

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

O cheer and tune my heartlesse breast,
 Deferre no time;
 That so thy favours granting my request,
 They and my minde may chime,
 And mend my ryme.

¶ Christmas.

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

There

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

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

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

THe shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymne for thee?
My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds:
The pasture is thy word: the streams, thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the day-light houres.
Then we will chide the sunne for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should
Himself the candle hold.
I will go searching, till I finde a sunne
Shall stay, till we have done;
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
As frost-nipt sunnes look sadly.
Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
And one another pay :
His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
Till ev'n his beams sing, and my musick shine.

D

¶ Un-

¶ Ungratefulnesse.

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

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

The statelier cabinet is the *Trinitie*,
 Whose sparkling light accessse denies:
 Therefore thou dost not show
 This fully to us, till death blow
 The dust into our eyes:
 For by that powder thou wilt make us see.

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

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

¶ Sighs

¶ Sighs and Groanes.

O Do not use me

After my finnes ! look not on my desert,
But on thy glorie ! then thou wilt reform
And not refuse me: for thou onely art
The mightie God, but I a fillie worm;

O do not bruise me !

O do not urge me !

For what account can thy ill steward make ?
I have abus'd thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,
Suckt all thy magazens: my head did ake,
Till it found out how to consume thy goods :

O do not scourge me !

O do not blinde me !

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

O do not grinde me !

O do not fill me

With the turn'd viall of thy bitter wrath !
For thou hast other vessels full of bloud,
A part whereof my Saviour empti'd hath,
Ev'n unto death : since he di'd for my good ,

O do not kill me !

But O reprieve me !

For thou hast *life* and *death* at thy command;
Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *feast* and *red*,
Cordiall and *Corrosive*: put not thy hand
Into the bitter box; but O my God,

My God, relieve me!

¶ The World.

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

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

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

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

Coloff.

Coloss. 3. 3.

Our life is hid with Christ in God.

M*Y* words & thoughts do both expresse this notion,
 That *Life* hath with the sun a double motion.
 The first *Is* straight, and our diurnall friend,
 The other *Hid*, and doth obliquely bend.
 One life is wrapt *In* flesh, and tends to earth.
 The other winds towards *Him*, whose happie birth
 Taught me to live here so, *That* still one eye
 Should aim and shoot at that which *Is* on high:
 Quitting with daily labour all *My* pleasure,
 To gain at harvest an eternall *Treasure*.

¶ Vanitie.

THe fleet Astronomer can bore,
 And thred the spheres with his quick-piercing minde:
 He views their stations, walks from doore to doore,
 Surveys, as if he had design'd
 To make a purchase there: he sees their dances,
 And knoweth long before,
 Both their full-ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

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

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

What hath not man sought out and found,
 But his deare God? who yet his glorious law
 Embosomes in us, mellowing the ground
 With showres and frosts, with love & aw,
 So that we need not say, Where's this command?
 Poore man, thou searchest round
 To finde out *death*, but missest *life* at hand.

¶ Lent.

Welcome deare feast of Lent: who loves not thee,
 He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,
 But is compos'd of passion.
 The Scriptures bid us *fast*; the Church sayes, *now*:
 Give to thy Mother, what thou wouldst allow
 To ev'ry Corporation.

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

True

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

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

Then those same pendant profits, which the spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodnesse of the deed.
Neither ought other mens abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

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

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, then one
That travelleth by-ways:
Perhaps my God, though he be farre before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more
May strengthen my decays.

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

¶ *Vertue.*

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

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

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

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

¶ *The Pearl. Matth. 13.*

I Know the wayes of learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the presse, and make it runne
What reason hath from nature borrowed,
Or of it self, like a good hufwife, spunne
In laws and policie; what the starres conspire,
What willing nature speaks, what forc'd by fire;
Both th' old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and historie;
All these stand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love thee.

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

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

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

¶ Affliction.

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

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
 Wounding my heart
 With scatter'd smart,
 As watering pots give flowers their lives.
 Nothing their furie can controll,
 While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
 Quitting their place
 Unto my face:
 Nothing performs the task of life:
 The elements are let loose to fight,
 And while I live, trie out their right.

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also thee,
Who art my life: dissolve the knot,
As the funne scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

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

¶ *Man.*

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

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be more:
Reason and speech we onely bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

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

Nothing

Nothing hath got so farre,
 But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
 His eyes dismount the highest starre:
 He is in little all the sphere.
 Herbs gladly cure our flesh; because that they
 Finde their acquaintance there.

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

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

Each thing is full of dutie:
 Waters united are our navigation;
 Distinguished, our habitation;
 Below, our drink; above, our meat;
 Both are our cleanness. Hath one such beautie?
 Then how are all things neat?

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

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

¶ Antiphon.

Cbr. **P**raised be the God of love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:

Cbr. Who hath dealt his mercies so,
Ang. To his friend,
Men. And to his foe ;

Cbr. That both grace and glorie tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th'end.

Cbr. The great shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was sold.

Cbr. He our foes in pieces brake ;
Ang. Him we touch ;
Men. And him we take.

Cbr. Wherefore since that he is such ,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Cbr. Lord, thy praises should be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no store.

Cbr. Praised be the God alone,
 Who hath made of two folds one.

¶ *Life.*

I Made a posie, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did becken to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

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

Farewell deare flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my sent be good, I care not, if
It be as short as yours,

¶ *Submission.*

But that thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My minde would be extreemly stirr'd
For missing my designe.

Were it not better to bestow
Some place and power on me?
Then should thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.

But

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
 I do resume my fight,
 And pilfring what I once did give,
 Disseize thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou shouldst me raise,
 That I should then raise thee?
 Perhaps great places and thy praise
 Do not so well agree.

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

¶ Justice.

I Cannot skill of these thy wayes.
Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me :
Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me :
Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee :
Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.

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

¶ Charms and Knots.

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

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

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

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

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

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

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

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

¶ Affliction.

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

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

There is but joy and grief;
 If either will convert us, we are thine:
 Some Angels us'd the first; if our relief
 Take up the second, then thy double line
 And sev'ral baits in either kinde
 Furnish thy table to thy minde.

Affliction then is ours;
 We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
 While blustering windes destroy the wanton bowres,
 And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
 My God, so temper joy and wo,
 That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

¶ Mortification.

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

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

When youth is frank and free,
 And calls for musick, while his veins do swell,
 All day exchanging mirth and breath
 In companie;
 That musick summons to the knell,
 Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When

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

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

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

¶ Decay.

Sweet were the dayes, when thou didst lodge with
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon, (Lot,
Advise with Abraham, when thy power could not
Encounter Moses strong complaints and mone:
 Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have sought and found thee presently
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply:
He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
 Lift, ye may heare great Aarons bell.

But

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

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

¶ Miserie.

Lord, let the Angels praise thy name.
 Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing,
 Folly and Sinne play all his game.
 His house still burns, and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but grasse,
He knows it, fill the glasse.

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

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

The best of men, turn but thy hand
For one poore minute, stumble at a pinne:
They would not have their actions scann'd,
Nor any sorrow tell them that they sinne,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

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

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

As dirtie hands foul all they touch,¹
And those things most, which are most pure and fine:
So our clay hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To sing thy praises, make them lesse divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy portion is.

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

Oh foolish man! where are thine eyes?
 How hast thou lost them in a croud of cares?
 Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
 No not to purchase the whole pack of starres:
 There let them shine,
 Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a daintie bowre
 Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,
 Wonders and sings, but not his power
 Who made the arbour: this exceeds her wit.
 But Man doth know
 The spring, whence all things flow:

And yet as though he knew it not,
 His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reigne;
 They make his life a constant blot,
 And all the blood of God to run in vain.
 Ah wretch! what verfe
 Can thy strange wayes rehearse?

Indeed at first Man was a treasure,
 A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
 A ring, whose posie was, *My pleasure*:
 He was a garden in a Paradise:
 Glorie and grace
 Did crown his heart and face.

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

¶ Jordan.

WHEN first my lines of heav'nly joyes made men-
Such was their lustre, they did so excell, (tion,
That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

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

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

¶ Prayer.

OF what an easie quick acceſſe,
My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly
May our requests thine eare invade!
To shew that state dislikes not easinesse.
If I but list mine eyes, my suit is made:
Thou canst no more not heare, then thou canst die.

Of

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

Of what unmeasurable love
 Art thou possesse, who, when thou couldst not die,
 Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
 And for our sakes in person sinne reprove,
 That by destroying that which ty'd thy purse,
 Thou mightst make way for liberalitie!

Since then these three wait on thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love; I value prayer so,
 That were I to leave all but one,
 Wealth, fame, endowments, vertues, all should go;
 I and deare prayer would together dwell,
 And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

¶ Obedience.

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

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

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

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

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou shouldst minde a rotten tree?
Yet since thou canst not choose but see my actions;
So great are thy perfections,
Thou mayst as well my actions guide, as see.

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

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

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

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

¶ *Conscience.*

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

Pratler, no more, I say:
 My thoughts must work, but like a noifelesse sphere;
 Harmonious peace must rock them all the day:
 No room for pratlers there.
 If thou persistest, I will tell thee,
 That I have physick to expell thee.

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

Yet if thou talkest still,
 Besides my physick, know there's some for thee:
 Some wood and nails to make a staffe or bill
 For those that trouble me:
 The bloudie crosse of my deare Lord
 Is both my physick and my sword.

¶ Sion.

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

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

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it:
The fight is hard on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
All Solomons sea of brasse and world of stone
Is not so deare to thee as one good grone.

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

¶ Home.

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

How canst thou stay, considering the pace
 The bloud did make, which thou didst waste?
 When I behold it trickling down thy face,
 I never saw thing make such haste.
 O show thy self to me,
 Or take me up to thee!

When man was lost, thy pitie lookt about
 To see what help in th' earth or skie:
 But there was none; at least no help without:
 The help did in thy bosome lie.
 O show thy, &c.

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

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

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay?
 My God, what is this world to me?
 This world of wo? hence all ye clouds, away,
 Away; I must get up and see.
 O show thy, &c.

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

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day
I blasted all the joyes about me:
And scouling on them as they pin'd away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me.
O show thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee!

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bust and brake,
Which way so-e're I look, I see.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dresse themselves and come to thee.
O show thy, &c.

We talk of harvests; there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay:
There is no fruitfull yeare, but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadfull day.
O show thy, &c.

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

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

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

¶ *The Quip.*

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

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

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

Then came brave Glorie puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he?
He scarce allow'd me half an eie.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

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

¶ *Vanitie.*

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

O heare betimes, lest thy relenting
 May come too late!
 To purchase heaven for repenting,
 Is no hard rate.
 If souls be made of earthly mold,
 Let them love gold;
 If born on high,
 Let them unto their kindred flie:
 For they can never be at rest,
 Till they regain their ancient nest
 Then silly soul take heed; for earthly joy
 Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

¶ *The Dawning.*

AWake sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns;
 Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
 Untold thy forehead gather'd into frowns:
 Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:
 Awake, awake;
 And with a thankfull heart his comforts take.
 But thou dost still lament, and pine, and crie;
 And feel his death, but not his victorie.

Arise

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

Arise, arise;

And with his buriall-linen drie thine eyes: (grief
 Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when
 Draws tears, or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

¶ J E S U .

J E S U is in my heart, his sacred name
 Is deeply carved there: but th'other week
 A great affliction broke the little frame,
 Ev'n all to pieces: which I went to seek:
 And first I found the corner, where was *J*,
 After, where *E S*, and next where *V* was graved.
 When I had got these parcels, instantly
 I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
 That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
 And to my whole is *J E S U*.

¶ Buſineſſe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who did leave his Fathers throne,
 To assume thy flesh and bone;
 Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
 Thou hadst di'd most wretchedly;
 And two deaths had been thy fee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

¶ Dialogue.

Sweetest Saviour, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then controll
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch so full of stains;
What delight or hope remains?

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

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

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

But as I can see no merit,
Leading to this favour:
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my favour.
As the reason then is thine;
So the way is none of mine:
I disclaim the whole designe:
Sinne disclaims and I resigne.

*That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my clay my creature would
Follow my resigning.*

*That as I did freely part
With my glorie and desert,
Left all joyes to feel all smart----*

Ah! no more: thou break'st my heart.

¶ Dulnesse.

VVHy do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?

O give me quicknesse, that I may with mirth
Praise thee brim-full!

The wanton lover in a curious strain
Can praise his fairest fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o're again.

Thou art my lovelinesse, my life, my light,
Beautie alone to me:
Thy bloody death and undeserv'd, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appeare,
That those thy form doth show,
The very dust, where thou dost tread and go,
Makes beauties here;

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?
Where are my window-songs?
Lovers are still pretending, & ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muse:

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

Lord, cleare thy gift, that with a constant wit
I may but look towards thee:
Look onely; for to love thee, who can be,
What angel fit?

¶ Love-joy.

¶ Love-joy.

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

¶ Providence.

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

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

Beasts fain would sing; birds dittie to their notes;
 Trees would be tuning on their native lute
 To thy renown: but all their hands and throats
 Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high Priest: he doth present
 The sacrifice for all; while they below
 Unto the service mutter an assent,
 Such as springs use that fall, and windes that blow.

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

The

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

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

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

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

Nothing escapes them both; all must appeare,
 And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
 Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could heare
 Thy skill and art, what musick would it be!

Thou art in small things great, not small in any:
 Thy even praise can neither rise, nor fall.
 Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
 For thou art infinite in one and all.

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

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

Nothing

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

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

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

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise
Their masters flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use;
So both the flower doth stay, and hony run.

Sheep eat the grasse, and dung the ground for more:
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil:
Springs vent their streams, and by expense get store:
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

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

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

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

Ev'n

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How harsh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need lesse reparation.
How smooth are silks compared with a stake,
Or with a stone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and kan,
Boat, cable, sail and needle, all in one.

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

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

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

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

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

Each

¶ Time.

MEeting with Time, slack thing, said I,
Thy fithe is dull; whet it for shame.
No marvell Sir, he did replie,
If it at length deserve some blame:
But where one man would have me grinde it,
Twentie for one too sharp do finde it.

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

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

And this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God.
Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong,
And length of dayes lengthen the rod.
Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

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

¶ Grate-

¶ Gratefulness.

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

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

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

Perpetuall knockings at thy doore,
 Tears fulling thy transparent rooms,
 Gist upon gist, much would have more,
 And comes.

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

Not that thou hast not fill above
 Much better tunes, then groanes can make;
 But that these cuntry-aies thy love
 Did take.

Wherefore I crie, and crie again;
 And is no quiet canst thou be,
 Till I a thankfull heart obtain
 Of thee:

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

¶ Peace.

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

I did; and going did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peaces coat:
I will search out the matter.
But while I lookt, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

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

At length I met a rev'rend good old man,
Whom when for Peace
I did demand; he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He

He sweetly liv'd; yet sweetnesse did not save
His life from foes.

But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:
Which many wondring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

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

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

¶ Confession.

O What a cunning guest
Is this same grief! within my heart I made
Closets; and in them many a chest;
And like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

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

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave, and cast about:
And till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much lesse give out.
No smith can make such locks, but they have keys;
Closets are halls to them; and hearts, high-ways.

Onely an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
Or, if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastning have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

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

¶ Giddinesse.

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

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure;
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sinne
Will lose a pleasure.

Now

Now he will fight it out, and to the warres;
 Now eat his bread in peace,
 And snudge in quiet: now he scorns increase;
 Now all day spares.

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

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

Surely if each one saw anothers heart,
 There would be no commerce,
 No sale or bargain passe: all would disperse,
 And live apart.

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

¶ The bunch of grapes.

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

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

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds;
Our Scripture-dew drops fast:
We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrowds;
Alas! our murmurings come not last.
But where's the cluster? where's the taste
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy, as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessed be God, who prosper'd *Noahs* vine,
And made it bring forth grapes good store.
But much more him I must adore,
Who of the laws sowre juice sweet wine did make,
Ev'n God himself, being pressed for my sake.

¶ Love unknown.

DEARE Friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad:
And in my faintings I presume your loue
Will more complie, then help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom some grounds which may im-
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me. (prove,
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
(I sigh to say)

F

Lookt

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

(I sigh to tell)

Walkt by my self abroad, I saw a large
 And spacious fornace flaming, and thereon
 A boyling caldron, round about whose verge
 Was in great letters set *AFFLICTION*.
 The greatnesse shew'd the owner. So I went
 To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
 Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
 To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
 But as my heart did tender it, the man
 Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
 And threw my heart into the scalding pan;
 My heart, that brought it (do you understand?)
 The offerers heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
 Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
 Began to spread and to expatiate there:
 But with a richer drug, then scalding water,
 I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy bloud,
 Which at a board, while many drunk bare wine,
 A friend did steal into my cup for good,
 Ev'n taken inwardly, and most divine

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

(I sigh to speak)

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

¶ Mans medley.

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

The Church.

To this life things of sense
 Make their pretence:
 In th'other Angels have a right by birth:
 Man ties them both alone,
 And makes them one,
 With th'one hand touching heav'n, with th'other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
 In flesh he dies.
 He wears a stuffe whose thread is course and round,
 But trimm'd with curious lace,
 And should take place
 After the trimming, not the stuffe and ground.

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

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

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

¶ The Storm.

IF as the windes and waters here below
Do flie and flow,
My sighs and tears as busie were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempestuous times
Amaze poore mortals, and object their crimes.

Starrs have their storms, ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse
Hath a strange force:
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy doore.

There it stands knocking, to thy musicks wrong,
And drowns the song.
Glorie and honour are set by till it
An answer get.
Poets have wrong'd poore storms: such dayes are best;
They purge the aire without, within the breast.

¶ Paradise.

IBlesse thee, Lord, because I **G**ROW
Among thy trees, which in a **R**OW
To thee both fruit and order **O**W.

What open force, or hidden **C**HARM
Can blast my fruit, or bring me **H**ARM,
While the inclosure is thine **A**RM?

Inclose me still for fear I *S*TART.
 Be to me rather sharp and *T*ART,
 Then let me want thy hand & *A*RT.

When thou dost greater judgements *S*PARE,
 And with thy knife but prune and *P*ARE,
 Ev'n fruitfull trees more fruitfull *A*RE.

Such sharpnes shows the sweetest *F*REND:
 Such cuttings rather heal then *R*END:
 And such beginnings touch their *E*ND.

¶ The Method.

POore heart, lament.
 For since thy God refuseth still,
 There is some rub, some discontent,
 Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
 Quickly effect, what thou dost move;
 For he is *Power*: and sure he *would*;
 For he is *Love*.

Go search this thing,
 Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book.
 If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
 Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
 Written above there? *Yesterday*
I did behave me carelesly,
When I did pray.

And

And should Gods eare
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions heare?
Is God lesse free?

But stay! what's there?
*Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.*

And should Gods eare,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to those
Who heare not him, but quickly heare
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice.
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart rejoyce.

¶ *Divinitie.*

AS men, for fear the starres should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have spheres suppli'd;
As if a starre were duller then a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other heav'n they also serve,
Divinities transcendent skie:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reason triumphs, and faith lies by.

Could not that wisdome, which first broacht the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd his seamlesse coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave,
 Was cleare as heav'n, from whence it came.
 At least those beams of truth, which onely save,
 Surpasse in brightnesse any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.

Do as ye would be done unto.

O dark instructions; ev'n as dark as day!
 Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his bloud for wine.
 Bid what he please; yet I am sure,
 To take and taste what he doth there designe,
 Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man;
 Break all thy spheres, and save thy head.
 Faith needs no staffe of flesh, but stoutly can
 To heav'n alone both go, and leade.

Ephes. 4. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.

And art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
 When I am sowre,
 And crosse thy love?
 Grieved for me? the God of strength and power
 Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,
 I passe away and leave it dead?

Then

Then weep mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve

 Weep foolish heart,

 And weeping live:

For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,

 End as the night, whose sable hue

 Your finnes expresse; melt into dew.

When sawcie mirth shall knock or call at doore,

 Cry out, Get hence,

 Or cry no more.

Almightie God doth grieve, he puts on sense:

 I sinne not to my grief alone,

 But to my Gods too; he doth grone.

Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,

 Which may with thee

 All day complain.

There can no discord but in ceasing be.

 Marbles can weep; and surely strings

 More bowels have, then such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge my self to tears and grief,

 Ev'n endlesse tears

 Without relief.

If a cleare spring for me no time forbears,

 But runnes, although I be not drie;

 I am no Crystall, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail

 Nature denies;

 And flesh would fail,

If my deserts were masters of mine eyes:

 Lord, pardon, for thy sonne makes good

 My want of tears with store of blood.

¶ *The Familie.*

WHat doth this noise of thoughts within my heart
 As if they had a part?
 What do these loud complaints and pulling fears,
 As if there were no rule or eares?

But, Lord, the house and familie are thine,
 Though some of them repine.
 Turn out these wranglers, which defile thy feat:
 For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes controll,
 Then Order plaies the soul;
 And giving all things their set forms and houres,
 Makes of wilde woods sweet walks and bowres.

Humble Obedience neare the doore doth stand,
 Expecting a command:
 Then whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
 Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes;
 But griefs without a noise:
 Yet speak they louder, then distemper'd fears.
 What is so shrill as silent tears?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound:
 And where these are not found,
 Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day;
 But not to make a constant stay.

¶ The Size.

Content thee, greedie heart.
Modest and moderate joyes to those, that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are passing brave.
Let th' upper springs into the low
Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinamon sail;
If thou hast wherewithall to spice a draught,
When griefs prevail;
And for the future time art heir
To th' Isle of spices? Is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more then God was, who was hungrie here.
Wouldst thou his laws of fasting disanull?
Enact good cheer?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?
Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joyes are all at once;
But little do reserve themselves for more:
Those have their hopes; these what they have renounce,
And live on score:
Those are at home; these journey still,
And meet the rest on Sions hill.

Thy Saviour sentenc'd joy,
And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit,
At least in lump: for such doth oft destroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the present health restore.

I, who had heard of musick in the spheres,
But not of speech in starres, began to muse:
But turning to my God, whose ministers
The starres and all things are; If I refuse,
 Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good;
 Then I refuse not ev'n with blood
 To wash away my stubborn thought:
For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also starres and shooters too,
Born where thy servants both artilleries use.
My tears and prayers night and day do wooc,
And work up to thee; yet thou dost refuse.
 Not, but I am (I must say still)
 Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
 Then thou to grant mine: but because
Thy promise now hath ev'n fet thee thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deigne
To enter combate with us, and contest
With thine own clay. But I would parley fain:
Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breast.
 Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine:
 I must be so, if I am mine.
 There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

Church

¶ Church-rents and schifmes.

BRave rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair
 Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
 A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
 Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
 This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
 And bottome of the leaves: which when the winde
 Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
 Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grinde
 Their beauteous glories. Onely shreds of thee,
 And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,
 And shows it so? Indeed Christs precious bloud
 Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
 Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
 And made you look much fresher then before.
 But when debates and fretting jealousies
 Did worm and work within you more and more,
 Your colour faded, and calamities
 Turned your roddie into pale and bleak:
 Your health and beautie both began to break.

Then did your sev'ral parts unloose and start:
 Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-winde,
 They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
 Where Pagans tread. O Mother deare and kinde,
 Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
 As many eyes as itarres? since it is night,
 And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
 And ev'n all Africk; would at least I might
 With these two poore ones lick up all the dew,
 Which falls by night, and poure it out for you!

¶ Justice.

¶ Justice.

O Dreadfull Justice, what a fright and terrour
Wait thou of old,
When sinne and error

Did show and shape thy looks to me,
And through their glasse discolour thee!
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy ballance seem'd to gape,
Like two great pits;
The beam and scape
Did like some tort'ring engine show:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Danting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christs pure vail presents the sight,
I see no fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy scales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably descend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee.
Gods promises have made thee mine;
Why should I justice now decline?
Against me there is none, but for me much.

¶ The Pilgrimage.

I Travell'd on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on th' one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride. And

¶ The Holdfast.

I Threatned to observe the strict decree
Of my deare God with all my power & might.
But I was told by one, it could not be ;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.
Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his:
We must confesse, that nothing is our own.
Then I confesse that he my succour is:

But to have nought is ours, not to confesse
That we have nought. I stood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expresse,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
Because thou art
My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls.
Thou art the Lord of glorie ;
The deed and storie
Are both thy due: but I a silly flie,
That live or die
According as the weather falls.
Art thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or crie?
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let

Let not thy wrathfull power
 Afflict my houre,
 My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
 Contract my houre,
 That I may climbe and finde relief.

¶ *The Discharge.*

BUse enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
 Why dost thou prie,
 And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
 Look high and low;
 And in thy lookings stretch and grow?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
 Did not thy heart
 Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
 Let what will fall:
 That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,
 And is his right.
 He is thy night at noon: he is at night
 Thy noon alone.
 The crop is his, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
 That God did make
 Thy businesse his, and in thy life partake:
 For thou canst tell,
 If it be his once, all is well.

Onely the present is thy part and fee.
 And happy thou,
 If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
 Thou couldst well see
 What present things requir'd of thee.
 They

They ask enough; why shouldst thou further go?
 Raise not the mudde
Of future depths, but drink the cleare and good.
 Dig not for wo
 In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit: if he provide,
 He breaks the square.
This houre is mine: if for the next I care,
 I grow too wide,
 And do encroach upon deaths side.

For death each houre environs and surrounds.
 He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
 Unto those grounds,
 But through a Church-yard which the boūds.

Things present shrink and die: but they that spend
 Their thoughts and sense
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
 But it extend,
 And draw the bottome out an end.

God chains the dog till night: wilt loose the chain,
 And wake thy sorrow?
Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to morrow,
 And then again
 Grieve over freshly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come: or if it must,
 Do not forecast.
And while it cometh, it is almost past.
 Away distrust:
 My God hath promis'd, he is just.

¶ Praise.

¶ Praise.

King of Glorie, King of Peace,
 I will love thee:
 And that love may never cease,
 I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
 Thou hast heard me:
 Thou didst note my working breast,
 Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
 I will sing thee,
 And the cream of all my heart
 I will bring thee.

Though my finnes against me cried,
 Thou didst cleare me;
 And alone, when they replied,
 Thou didst heare me.

Sev'n whole dayes, not one in seven,
 I will praise thee.
 In my heart, though not in heaven,
 I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
 Thou relentedst:
 And when Justice call'd for fears,
 Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poore sort
 To enroll thee:
 Ev'n eternitie is too short
 To extoll thee.

¶ *An Offering.*

COME, bring thy gift. If blessings were as flow
As mens returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
And single things grow fruitfull by deserts.
In publick judgements one may be a nation,
And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is lest thy heart displease,
As neither good, nor one: so oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;
Thy passions also have their set partitions.
These parcell out thy heart: recover these,
And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsome, or indeed a bloud, (close
Dropping from heav'n, which doth both cleanse and
All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
Untill thou finde and use it to thy good:
Then bringthy gift;and let thy hymne be this;

Since my sadnesse
Into gladnesse
Lord thou dost convert,
O accept
What thou hast kept,
As thy due desert.

Had

Had I many,
 Had I any,
 (For this heart is none)
 All were thine
 And none of mine:
 Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
 May give favour
 To this poore oblation;
 And it raise
 To be thy praise,
 And be my falvation.

¶ Longing.

VVith sick and famisht eyes,
 With doubling knees and weary bones,
 To thee my cries,
 To thee my grones,
 To thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
 No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse;
 My heart is wither'd like a ground
 Which thou dost curse.
 My thoughts turn round,
 And make me giddie; Lord, I fall,
 Yet call.

From thee all pitie flows.
 Mothers are kinde, because thou art,
 And dost dispose
 To them a part:
 Their infants, them; and they suck thee
 More free.

Bowels of pitie, heare!
Lord of my soul, love of my minde,
Bow down thine eare!
Let not the winde
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name!

Look on my sorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what shames!
Consider, Lord; Lord, bow thine eare,
And heare!

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord heare! *Shall be that made the eare,
Not heare?*

Behold, thy dust doth stirre,
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:
Wilt thou deferre
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumme
Sayes, Come?

To thee help appertains.
Hast thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse?
Is all lockt? hath a sinners plea
No key?

Indeed

Indeed the world's thy book,
 Where all things have their lease assign'd:
 Yet a meek look
 Hath interlin'd.
 Thy board is full, yet humble guests
 Finde nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
 And fall to nothing: thou dost reign,
 And rule on high,
 While I remain
 In bitter grief: yet am I stil'd
 Thy childe.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
 Not to relieve? how can it be,
 That thou art grown
 Thus hard to me?
 Were sinne alive, good cause there were
 To bear.

But now both sinne is dead,
 And all thy promises live and bide.
 That wants his head;
 These speak and chide,
 And in thy bosome poure my tears,
 As theirs.

Lord J E S U, heare my heart,
 Which hath been broken now so long,
 That ev'ry part
 Hath got a tongue!
 Thy beggars grow; rid them away
 To day.

My love, my sweetnesse, heare!
By these thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the yeare,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast which cries,
Which dyes.

¶ *The Bag.*

A Way despair; my gracious Lord doth heare,
Though windes and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it: he doth steer,
Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard, that my Lord Jesus di'd?
Then let me tell thee a strange storie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majestick robes of glorie,
Resolv'd to light; and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The starres his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,
The sky his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd, what he would wear,
He smil'd and said as he did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inne.
Both then, and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancell sinne:
And having giv'n the rest before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning, there came one
 That ran upon him with a spear.
 He, who came hither all alone,
 Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
 Receiv'd the blow upon his side,
 And straight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to send or write,
 (I have no bag, but here is room)
 Unto my fathers hands and fight
 (Beleeve me) it shall safely come.
 That I shall minde, what you impart;
 Look, you may put it very neare my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
 Will use me in this kinde, the doore
 Shall still be open; what he sends
 I will present, and somewhat more,
 Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
 Any thing to me. Hark despair, away.

¶ The Jews.

Poore nation, whose sweet sap, and juice
 Our cyens have purloin'd, and left you drie:
 Whose streams we got by the Apostles sluice,
 And use in baptisme, while ye pine and die:
 Who by not keeping once, became a debter;
 And now by keeping lose the letter:

Oh that my prayers! mine, alas!
 Oh that some Angel might a trumpet sound;
 At which the Church falling upon her face
 Should crie so loud, untill the trump were drown'd,
 And by that crie of her deare Lord obtain,
 That your sweet sap might come again!

¶ The

¶ The Collar.

I Struck the board, and cry'd, No more.
I will abroad.
What? shalt I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the rode,
Loose as the winde, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not restore
What I have lost with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did drie it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the yeare onely lost to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Gibde:*
And I reply'd, *My Lord.*

¶ *The Glimpse.*

W Hither away delight?
 Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
 And give me up to night?
 For many weeks of lingring pain and smart
 But one half houre of comfort for my heart?

Me thinks delight should have
 More skill in musick, and keep better time.
 Wert thou a winde or wave,
 They quickly go and come with lesser crime:
 Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
 Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.
 Lime begg'd of old (they say)
 A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat;
 Which by the springs accessse grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
 Pickt here and there a crumme, and would not die;
 But constant to his part
 When as my fears foretold this, did replie,
 A slenderthread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
 Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
 Although thy heap be kept
 For future times, the droppings of the stock
 May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spinne,
 The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
 Thou knowst how grief and sinne
 Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
 Who by thy coming may be made a court!

¶ Assurance.

¶ Assurance.

O Spitefull bitter thought!
Bitterly spitefull thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poyson bought?
Doubtlesse, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair, as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coin large hopes; but, that I was deceiv'd:
Either the league was broke, or neare it;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? what more
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse?
What is thy aim? wouldst thou unlock the doore
To cold despairs, and gnawing pensivenesse?
Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from my self, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert;
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not onely to perform thy part,
But also mine; as when the league was made
Thou didst at once thy self indite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst fail,
 Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks stand,
 And rivers stirre, thou canst not shrink or quail:
 Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
 Then shalt thou be my rock and tower,
 And make their ruine praise thy power.

Now foolish thought go on,
 Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
 To hide thy shame: for thou hast cast a bone
 Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat:
 What for it self love once began,
 Now love and truth will end in man.

¶ The Call.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
 Such a Way, as gives us breath:
 Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
 And such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
 Such a Light, as shows a feast:
 Such a Feast, as mends in length:
 Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
 Such a Joy, as none can move:
 Such a Love, as none can part:
 Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

¶ Claspings

¶ Clasp^{ing} of hands.

Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Then I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me restore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more.
Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
And thou with me dost thee restore.
 If I without thee would be mine,
 I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine:
So mine thou art, that something more
I may presume thee mine, then thine.
For thou didst suffer to restore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death wast none of thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore.
 O be mine still! still make me thine!
 Or rather make no Thine and Mine!

¶ Praise.

Lord, I will mean and speak thy praise,
 Thy praise alone.
My busie heart shall spin it all my dayes:
 And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or grone,
 That thou mayst yet have more.

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,
Though press'd, runnes thin;
O that I might some other hearts convert,
And so take up at use good store:
That to thy chests there might be coming in
Both all my praise, and more!

¶ Josephs coat.

Wounded I sing, tormented I indite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and rest:
Sorrow hath chang'd its note: such is his will,
Who changeth all things, as him pleaseth best.
For well he knows, if but one grief and smart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carrie with it ev'n my heart,
And both would runne untill they found a biere
To fetch the bodie; both being due to grief.
But he hath spoil'd the race; and giv'n to anguish
One of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languish.
I live to shew his power, who once did bring
My joyes to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

¶ The Pulley.

When God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by;
Let us (said he) poure on him all we can:
Let the worlds riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
 Then beautie flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
 Rest in the bottome lay.

For if I should (said he)
 Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts in stead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature.
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlesnesse:
 Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
 If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
 May toss him to my breast.

¶ The Priesthood.

Blest Order, which in power dost so excell,
 That with th'one hand thou listest to the sky,
 And with the other throwest down to hell
 In thy just censures; fain would I draw nigh,
 Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
 For that of th' holy word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire;
 And I but earth and clay: should I presume
 To wear thy habit, the severe attire
 My slender compositions might consume.
 I am both soul and brittle; much unfit
 To deal in holy Writ.

Yet

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilfull artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come;
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat
Have one beginning and one finall summe:
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God such vessels are,
As serve him up, who all the world commands:
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands conuey him, who conveys their hands.
O what pure things, most pure must those things be,
Who bring my God to me !

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through th'old sinnes and new doctrines of our land.
Onely, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, untill my Maker seek
For some mean stuffe whereon to show his skill:
Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poore do by submission
What pride by opposition.

¶ *The Search.*

VVHither, O, whither art thou fled,
 My Lord, my Love?
 My searches are my daily bread;
 Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th'earth, mine eies the skie;
 And yet the sphere
 And centre both to me denie
 That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
 Grow green and gay,
 As if to meet thee they did know,
 While I decay.

Yet can I mark how starres above
 Simper and shine,
 As having keyes unto thy love,
 While poore I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek thee out,
 Deep drawn in pain,
 Wing'd like an arrow: but my scout
 Returns in vain.

I tun'd another (having store)
 Into a grone;
 Because the search was dumbe before:
 But all was one.

Lord, dost thou some new fabrick mold
 Which favour winnes,
 And keeps thee present, leaving th' old
 Unto their finnes?

Where

The Church.

157.

Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals thee still?
What covert dare eclipse thy face?
Is it thy will?

O let not that of any thing;
Let rather brasse,
Or steel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will passe.

Thy will such an intrenching is,
As passeth thought!
To it all strength, all subtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kisse,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large,
As is thy space,
Thy distance from me; see my charge,
Lord, see my case.

O take these barres, these lengths away;
Turn, and restore me:
Be not Almighty, let me say,
Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be neare;
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appeare
To come between?

For as thy absence doth excell
All distance known:
So doth thy nearenesse bear the bell,
Making two one.

¶ Grief

¶ Grief.

O Who will give me tears? Come all ye springs,
 Dwell in my head & eyes: come clouds, & rain:
 My grief hath need of all the watry things,
 That nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry vein
 Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
 My weary weeping eyes too drie for me,
 Unlesse they get new conduits, new supplies
 To bear them out, and with my state agree.
 What are two shallow foords, two little spouts
 Of a lesse world? the greater is but small,
 A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
 Which want provision in the midst of all.
 Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
 For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumbe and mute,
 Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
 And keep your measures for some lovers lute,
 Whose grief allows him musick and a ryme:
 For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.
 Alas, my God!

¶ The Crosse.

WHat is this strange and uncouth thing?
 To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and die,
 Untill I had some place, where I might sing,
 And serve thee; and not onely I,
 But all my wealth, and familie might combine
 To set thy honour up, as our designe.

And

And then when after much delay,
 Much wraſtling, many a combate, this deare end,
 So much deſir'd, is giv'n, to take away
 My power to ſerve thee; to unbend
 All my abilities, my deſignes confound,
 And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
 Another in my ſoul (the memorie
 What I would do for thee, if once my grones
 Could be allow'd for harmonie)
 I am in all a weak disabled thing,
 Save in the fight thereof, where ſtrength doth ſting.

Befides, things ſort not to my will,
 Ev'n when my will doth ſtudie thy renown:
 Thou turneſt th' edge of all things on me ſtill,
 Taking me up to throw me down:
 So that, ev'n when my hopes ſeem to be ſped,
 I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
 Farther from it then when I bent my bow;
 To make my hopes my torture, and the ſee
 Of all my woes another wo,
 Is in the miſt of delicates to need,
 And ev'n in Paradife to be a weed.

Ah my deare Father, eaſe my ſmart!
 Theſe contrarieties cruſh me: theſe croſſe actions
 Doe winde a rope about, and cut my heart:
 And yet ſince theſe thy contradictions
 Are properly a croſſe felt by thy ſonne,
 With but foure words, my words, *Tby will be done.*

¶ *The Flower.*

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in spring;
 To which, besides their own demean,
 The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
 Grief melts away
 Like snow in May,
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
 Could have recover'd greenesse? It was gone
 Quite under ground; as flowers depart
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
 Where they together
 All the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power
 Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
 And up to heaven in an hour;
 Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
 We say amisse,
 This or that is:
 Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
 Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
 Many a spring I shoot up fair,
 Offring at heav'n, growing and groning thither:
 Nor doth my flower
 Want a spring-showre,
 My finnes and I joining together:

But

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone,
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my onely light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide:
Which when we once can finde and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

¶ Dotage.

False glozing pleasures, casks of happinesse,
Foolish night-fires, womens and childrens wishes,
Chafes in Arras, gilded emptinesse,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two dishes;
These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,
Plain demonstrations, evident and cleare,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone;
These are the sorrows here. But

But oh the folly of distracted men,
 Who grieves in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;
 Preferring, like brute beasts, a lothsome den
 Before a court, ev'n that above so cleare,
 Where are no sorrows, but delights more true,
 Then miseries are here!

¶ The Sonne.

L Et forrain nations of their language boast,
 What fine varietie each tongue affords:
 I like our language, as our men and coast:
 Who cannot dresse it well, want wit, not words.
 How neatly doe we give one onely name
 To parents issue and the sunnes bright starre!
 A sonne is light and fruit; a fruitfull flame
 Chasing the fathers dimnesse, carri'd farre
 From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
 Western discov'ries of posteritie.
 So in one word our Lords humilitie
 We turn upon him in a sense most true:
 For what Christ once in humblenesse began,
 We him in glorie call, *The Sonne of Man.*

¶ A true Hymne.

MY joy, my life, my crown!
 My heart was meaning all the day,
 Somewhat it fain would say:
 And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down
 With onely this, *My joy, my life, my crown.*

Yet

Yet slight not these few words:
 If truly said, they may take part
 Among the best in art.
 The fineness which a hymne or psalme affords,
 Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the minde,
 And all the soul, and strength, and time,
 If the words onely ryme,
 Justly complains, that somewhat is behinde
 To make his verse, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
 Although the verse be somewhat scant,
 God doth supplie the want.
 As when th' heart sayes (sighing to be approved)
O, could I love! and stops: God writeth, *Loved.*

¶ The Answer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like snow:
 I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
 Which my fierce youth did bandie, fall and flow
 Like leaves about me; or like summer friends,
 Flyes of estates and sunne-shine. But to all,
 Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
 But in my prosecutions slack and small;
 As a young exhalation, newly waking,
 Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky;
 But cooling by the way, grows purfie and slow,
 And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
 In that dark state of tears: to all, that so
 Show me, and set me, I have one reply,
 Which they that know the rest, know more then I.

¶ *Self-condemnation.*

THou who condemneſt Jewiſh hate,
For chooſing Barabbas a murderer
 Before the Lord of glorie;
 Look back upon thine own eſtate,
Call home thine eye (that buſie wanderer)
 That choice may be thy ſtorie.

 He that doth love, and love amiſſe
This worlds delights before true Chriſtian joy,
 Hath made a Jewiſh choice:
 The world an ancient murderer is;
Thousands of ſouls it hath and doth deſtroy
 With her enchanting voice.

 He that hath made a ſorrie wedding
Between his ſoul and gold, and hath preferr'd
 False gain before the true,
 Hath done what he condemnes in reading:
For he hath ſold for money his deare Lord,
 And is a Judas-Jew.

 Thus we prevent the laſt great day,
And judge our ſelves. That light, which ſin & paſſion
 Did before dimme and choke,
 When once thoſe ſnuffes are ta'ne away,
Shines bright and cleare, ev'n unto condemnation,
 Without excuſe or cloke.

¶ *Bitter-ſweet.*

AH my deare angric Lord,
Since thou doſt love, yet ſtrike;
Caſt down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

¶ The 23 Pſalme.

THe God of love my ſhepherd is,
And he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender graſſe,
Where I both feed and reſt;
Then to the ſtreams that gently paſſe:
In both I have the beſt.

Or if I ſtray, he doth convert
And bring my minde in frame:
And all this not for my deſert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in deaths ſhadie black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
To guide, thy ſtaffe to bear.

Nay, thou doſt make me fit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies fight:
My head with oyl, my cup with wine
Runnes over day and night.

Surely thy ſweet and wondrous love
Shall meaſure all my dayes;
And as it never ſhall remove,
So neither ſhall my praiſe.

¶ Mary

¶ Marie Magdalene.

WHEN blessed Marie wip'd her Saviours feet,
 (Whose precepts she had trampled on before)
 And wore them for a jewell on her head,
 Shewing his steps should be the street,
 Wherein she thenceforth evermore
 With pensive humbleness would live and tread:

She being stain'd her self, why did she strive
 To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?
 Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
 And not his feet? Though we could dive
 In tears like seas, our finnes are pil'd
 Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deigne
 To bear her filth; and that her finnes did dash
 Ev'n God himself: wherefore she was not loth,
 As she had brought wherewith to stain,
 So to bring in wherewith to wash:
 And yet in washing one, she washed both.

¶ Aaron.

HOLINESS on the head,
 Light and perfections on the breast,
 Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
 To leade them unto life and rest.
 Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head,
 Defects and darknesse in my breast,
 A noise of passions ringing me for dead
 Unto a place where is no rest.
 Poore priest thus am I drest.

Onely another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another musick, making live not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest:
In him I am well drest.

Christ is my onely head,
My alone onely heart and breast,
My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead;
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my deare breast,
My doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest)
Come people; Aaron's drest.

¶ *The Odour, 2. Cor. 2.*

How sweetly doth *My Master* sound! *My Master!*
As Amber-greece leaves a rich sent
Unto the taster:
So do these words a sweet content,
An orientall fragrancie, *My Master.*

With these all day I do perfume my minde,
My minde ev'n thrust into them both:
That I might finde
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my minde.

My Master, shall I speak? O that to thee
My servant were a little so,
As flesh may be;
That these two words might creep & grow
To some degree of spicinesse to thee!

H

Then

Then should the Pomander, which was before
 A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
 And tell me more :
 For pardon of my imperfection
 Would warm and work it sweeter then before.

For when *My Master*, which alone is sweet,
 And ev'n in my unworthinesse pleasing,
 Shall call and meet,
My servant, as thee not displeasing,
 That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetning me
 (As sweet things traffick when they meet)
 Return to thee.
 And so this new commerce and sweet
 Should all my life employ, and busie me.

¶ The Foil.

If we could see below
 The sphere of vertue, and each shining grace
 As plainly as that above doth show;
 This were the better skie, the brighter place.

God hath made starres the foil
 To set off vertues; griefs to set off sinning:
 Yet in this wretched world we toil,
 As if grief were not foul, nor vertue winning.

¶ The Forerunners.

THe harbingers are come. See, see their mark;
 White is their colour, and behold my head.
 But must they have my brain? must they dispart
 Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred?
 Must dulnesse turn me to a clod?
 Yet have they left me, *Thou art still my God.*

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
 Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there:
 I passe not, I, what of the rest become,
 So *Thou art still my God*, be out of fear.

He will be pleased with that dittie;
 And if I please him, I write fine and wittie.

Farewell sweet phrascs, lovely metaphors.
 But will ye leave me thus? when ye before
 Of stews and brothels onely knew the doores,
 Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
 Brought you to Church well drest and clad:
 My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Louely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
 Hony of roses, whither wilt thou flie?
 Hath some fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane?
 And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a flie?
 Fie, thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
 And hurt thy self, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
 With canvas, not with arras clothe their shame:
 Let follie speak in her own native tongue.
 True beautie dwells on high: ours is a flame
 But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
 Beautie and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I passe not; take your way:
 For, *Thou art still my God*, is all that ye
 Perhaps with more embellishment can say,
 Go birds of spring: let winter have his fee,
 Let a bleak paleness chalk the doore,
 So all within be livelier then before.

¶ *The Rose.*

PReſſe me not to take more pleaſure
 In this world of ſugred lies,
 And to uſe a larger meaſure
 Then my ſtrict, yet welcome ſize.

Fiſt, there is no pleaſure here:
 Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
 Bluſhing woes, that look as cleare
 As if they could beautie ſpare.

Or if ſuch deceits there be,
 Such delights I meant to ſay;
 There are no ſuch things to me,
 Who have paſs'd my right away.

But I will not much oppoſe
 Unto what you now adviſe:
 Onely take this gentle roſe,
 And therein my anſwer lies.

What is fairer then a roſe ?
 What is ſweeter? yet it purgeth.
 Purgings enmitie diſcloſe,
 Enmitie forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
 Be contracted to a roſe;
 Sweetly there indeed it lies,
 But it biteth in the cloſe.

So this flower doth judge and ſentence
 Worldly joyes to be a ſcourge:
 For they all produce repentance,
 And repentance is a purge.

But

But I health, not physick choose:
Onely though I you oppose,
Say that fairly I refuse,
For my answer is a rose.

¶ Discipline.

THrow away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath:
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my hearts desire
Unto thine is bent:
I aspire.

To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed:
For with love
Stonie hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of warre,
And can shoot,
And can hit from farre.

Come ye hither all, whose love
 Is your dove,
 And exalts you to the skie:
 Here is love, which having breath
 Ev'n in death,
 After death can never die.

Lord I have invited all,
 And I shall
 Still invite, still call to thee :
 For it seems but just and right
 In my fight,
 Where is all, there all should be.

¶ The Banquet.

Welcome sweet and sacred cheer,
 Welcome deare;
 With me, in me, live and dwell:
 For thy neatnesse passeth sight,
 Thy delight
 Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetnesse from the bowl
 Fills my soul,
 Such as is, and makes divine!
 Is some starre (fled from the sphere)
 Melted there,
 As we sugar melt in wine ?

Or hath sweetnesse in the bread
 Made a head
 To subdue the smell of sinne;
 Flowers, and gummess, and powders giving
 All their living,
 Lest the enemy should winne ?

Let the wonder of this pitie
Be my dittie,
And take up my lines and life :
Hearken under pain of death,
Hands and breath;
Strive in this, and love the strife.

¶ The Posie.

Let wits contest,
And with their words and posies windows fill:
Lesse then the least
Of all thy mercies, is my posie still.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write:
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention rest,
Comparisons go play, wit use thy will:
Lesse then the least
Of all Gods mercies, is my posie still.

¶ A Parodie.

Souls joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on thee ;
Yet when thou dost suppress
The cheerfulness
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not stirre abroad,
But leave me to my load:

O what a damp and shade
 Doth me invade!
 No stormie night
 Can so afflict or so affright,
 As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
 Lest want of aw
 Make Sinne appeare;
 And when thou dost but shine lesse cleare,
 Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
 While Sinne doth rave,
 And falsly boast,
 That I may seek, but thou art lost;
 Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
 Doth me infold!
 I half beleeve,
 That Sinne sayes true: but while I grieve,
 Thou com'st and dost relieve.

¶ The Elixer.

TEach me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see,
 And what I do in any thing,
 To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
 To runne into an action;
 But still to make thee prepossess,
 And give it his perfection.

A man

A man that looks on glasse,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heav'n espie.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgerie divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told.

¶ A Wreath.

A Wreathed garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knowest all my wayes,
My crooked winding wayes, wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live: for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more farre above deceit,
Then deceit seems above simplicitie.
Give me simplicitie, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy wayes,
Know them and practise them: then shall I give
For this poore wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

¶ Death.

¶ *Death.*

DEsth, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
 Nothing but bones,
 The sad effect of sadder grones:
 Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six
 Or ten yeares hence,
 After the losse of life and sense,
 Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short;
 Where we did finde
 The shells of fledg souls left behinde,
 Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviours death did put some blood
 Into thy face;
 Thou art grown fair and full of grace
 Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
 As at dooms-day;
 When souls shall wear their new aray,
 And all thy bones with beautie shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
 Half that we have
 Unto an honest faithfull grave;
 Making our pillows either down, or dust.

¶ *Dooms-*

¶ Dooms-day.

Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stirre, and rubbe the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispring, *Lize you brother?*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no musick feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Left at length they plead possession:
Fleashes stubbornnesse may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to windes their bodie lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noisome vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcel'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken consort raise,
And the musick shall be praise.

¶ Judge-

¶ *Judgement.*

Almighty Judge, how shall poore wretches brook
 Thy dreadfull look,
 Able a heart of iron to appall,
 When thou shalt call
 For ev'ry mans peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well;
 Yet I heare tell,
 That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
 So void of sinne,
 That they in merit shall excell.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
 That to decline,
 And thrust a Testament into thy hand:
 Let that be scann'd.
 There thou shalt finde my faults are thine.

¶ *Heaven.*

O Who will show me those delights on high?
Echo. *I.*
 Thou Echo, thou art mortall, all men know.
Echo. *No.*
 Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo. *Leaves.*
 And are there any leaves, that still abide?
Echo. *Bide.*
 What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
 Are holy leaves the Echo then of blisse?
Echo. *Yes.*
 Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?
Echo. *Light.*

Light

Light to the minde: what shall the will enjoy?

Echo. *Joy.*

But are there cares and businesse with the pleasure?

Echo. *Leisure.*

Light, joy, and leisure; but shall they persever?

Echo. *Ever.*

¶ *Love.*

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sinne.

But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
Love said, you shall be he.

I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
I cannot look on thee.

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.

And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will serve.

You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

FINIS.

*Glorie be to God on high, and on earth
peace, good will towards men.*



¶ The Church Militant.



Almighty Lord, who from thy glorious
 throne
 Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one:
 The smallest ant or atome knows thy
 power,
 Known also to each minute of an hour:
 Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee,
 And wrap their policies in thy decree,
 Complying with thy counsels, doing nought
 Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.
 But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
 Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
 Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,
 Which might the more indeare it to be thine.
 Spices come from the East; so did thy Spouse,
 Trimme as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
 Of *Noahs* shadie vine, chaste as the dove;
 Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
 The course was westward, that the sunne might light
 As well our understanding as our sight.
 Where th' Ark did rest, there *Abraham* began
 To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.
Moses pursu'd this: but King *Solomon*
 Finish'd and fixt the old religion.
 When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
 By nailing Christ to fasten it again.
 But to the Gentiles he bore crosse and all,
 Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall:
 Onely whereas the Ark in glorie shone,
 Now with the crosse, as with a staffe, alone,
 Religion, like a pilgrime, westward bent,

Knock-

Knocking at all doores, ever as she went.
Yet as the sunne, though forward be his flight,
Listens behinde him, and allows some light,
Till all depart : so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the eastern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the western clime.
To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Then the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthony*
Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' historie.
Goshen was darknesse, *Egypt* full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.
Such power hath mightie Baptisme to produce
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!

Who may with thee compare ?

Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where arts
Gave her the highest place in all mens hearts.
Learning was pos'd, Philosophie was set,
Sophisters taken in a fishers net.
Plato and *Aristotle* were at a losse,
And wheel'd about again to spell *Christ-Crosse*.
Prayers chas'd syllogismes into their den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* took horse as soon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both; yet *Egypt* faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. *Greece* being past her prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,
Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.
The Warriar his deere skarres no more resounds,
But seems to yeeld Christ hath the greater wounds,
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his blisse,
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.

The

The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust
 A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust:
 Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again
 Him in his members, who for him was slain.
 The Shepherds hook grew to a scepter here,
 Giving new names and numbers to the yeare.
 But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them
 Who were cut short in *Alexanders* stemme.
 In both of these Prowesse and Arts did tame
 And tune mens hearts against the Gospel came:
 Which using, and not fearing skill in th' one,
 Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne.
 Many a rent and strugling th' Empire knew,
 (As dying things are wont) untill it flew
 At length to *Germanie*, still westward bending,
 And there the Churches festivall attending:
 That as before Empire and Arts made way,
 (For no lesse Harbingers would serve then they)
 So they might still, and point us out the place
 Where first the Church should raise her down-cast face.
 Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there;
 Then showres Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire shar'd with *Germanie*,
 But *England* in the higher victorie:
 Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
 And not go lesse then she had done of late.
Constantines British line meant this of old,
 And did this myserie wrap up and fold
 Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
 From times great Chronicle, and hither sent.
 Thus both the Church and Sunne together ran
 Unto the farthest old meridian.

How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !

Who may with thee compare ?

Much about one and the same time and place,
 Both where and when the Church began her race,

Sinne

Sinne did set out of Eastern *Babylon*,
And travell'd westward also: journeying on
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow
Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow,
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearly a faller lost.
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshipping his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely!
What wretchednesse can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will beleve this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolerie.
Thus Sinne in *Egypt* sneaked for a while;
His highest was an ox or crocodile,
And such poore game. Thence he to *Greece* doth passe,
And being craftier much then Goodnesse was,
He left behinde him garrisons of sinnes
To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes.
Here Sinne took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchased:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lotterie, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poore truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to discredit those
Who after him should braver truths disclose.

From

From *Greece* he went to *Rome*: and as before
 He was a God, now he's an Emperour.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
 Put him in trust to rule the *Romane* sphere.
 Glorie was his chief instrument of old:
 Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold.
 Which soon was blown to such a mightie flame,
 That though our Saviour did destroy the game,
 Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,
 Setting affliction to encounter pleasure;
 Yet did a rogue with hope of carnall joy
 Cheat the most subtill nations. Who so coy,
 So trimme, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? yet their hearts
 Are given over, for their curious arts,
 To such Mahometan stupidities,
 As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
 Onely the West and *Rome* do keep them free
 From this contagious infidelitie.
 And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,
 As *Rome* will one day finde unto her cost.
 Sinne being not able to extirpate quite
 The Churches here, bravely resolv'd one night
 To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre:
 The old debauched ruffian would turn writer.
 I saw him in his studie, where he fate
 Busie in controversies sprung of late.
 A gown and pen became him wondrous well:
 His grave aspect had more of heav'n then hell:
 Onely there was a handsome picture by,
 To which he lent a corner of his eye.
 As Sinne in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
 And in old *Rome* a mightie Emperour;
 So now being Priest he plainly did professe
 To make a jest of Christs three offices:

The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were
United now in one both time and sphere.
From *Egypt* he took pettie deities,
From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the libertie of pleasure,
By free dispensings of the Churches treasure.
Then in memoriall of his ancient throne
He did surname his palace, *Babylon*.
Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations;
From all these places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
From *Egypt* Anchorisme and retirednesse,
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* statelinesse:
And blending these he carri'd all mens eyes,
While Truth sat by, counting his victories:
Whereby he grew apace and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finely work each nation
Into a voluntarie transmigration.
All poste to *Rome*: Princes submit their necks
Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravitie to stirre,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and furre.
Therefore he sent out able ministers,
Statesmen within, without doores cloisterers:
Who wit hout spear, or sword, or other drumme
Then what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Popes mule.
As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist;
So both together are one Antichrist,
Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was;
Being in this their old crackt looking-glasse.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

Thus

Thus Sinne triumphs in Western *Babylon*;
 Yet not as Sinne, but as Religion.
 Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
 And to defray his journey from the east.
 Old and new *Babylon* are to hell and night,
 As is the moon and sunne to heav'n and light.
 When th' one did set, the other did take place,
 Confronting equally the law and grace.
 They are hells land-marks, Satans double crest:
 They are Sinnes nipples, feeding th' east and west.
 But as in vice the copie still exceeds
 The pattern, but not so in vertuous deeds;
 So though Sinne made his latter seat the better,
 The latter Church is to the first a debter.
 The second Temple could not reach the first:
 And the late reformation never durst
 Compare with ancient times and purer yeares;
 But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.
 Nay, it shall ev'ry yeare decrease and fade;
 Till such a darknesse do the world invade
 At Christs last coming, as his first did finde:
 Yet must there such proportions be assign'd
 To these diminishings, as is between
 The spacious world and *Jurie* to be seen.
 Religion stands on tip-toe in our land,
 Readie to passe to the *American* strand.
 When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,
 Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts
 (The marks of future bane) shall fill our cup
 Unto the brimme, and make our measure up;
 When *Sein* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the *Tbames*
 By letting in them both, pollutes her streams:
 When *Italie* of us shall have her will,
 And all her calender of sinnes fulfill;
 Whereby one may fortell, what sinnes next yeare
 Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer:

Then

Then shall Religion to *America* flee:
They have their times of Gospel, ev'n as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way
By carrying first their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion alwaies sides with povertie.
We think we rob them, but we think amisse:
We are more poore, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrell, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that which now their nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie,
So Sinne shall trace and dog her instantly:
They have their period also and set times
Both for their vertuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in mens hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church shall come, & Sinne the Church shall smo-
That when they haue accomplished the round, (ther:
And met in th' east their first and ancient found,
Judgement may meet them both& search them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sunne,
Light one another, and together runne.
Thus also Sinne and Darknesse follow still
The Church and Sunne with all their power and skill.
But as the Sunne still goes both west and east;
So also did the Church by going west
Still eastward go; because it drew more neare
To time and place, where judgement shall appeare.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare ?

¶ L'Envoy.



¶ L'Envoy.

King of glorie, King of peace,
 With the one make warre to cease;
 With the other blesse thy sheep,
 Thee to love, in thee to sleep.
 Let not Sinne devoure thy fold,
 Bragging that thy bloud is cold,
 That thy death is also dead,
 While his conquests dayly spread;
 That thy flesh hath lost his food,
 And thy Crosse is common wood.
 Choke him, let him say no more,
 But reserve his breath in store,
 Till thy conquests and his fall
 Make his sighs to use it all,
 And then bargain with thewinde
 To discharge what is behinde.

*Blessed be God alone,
 Thrice blessed Three in One.*

FINIS.





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