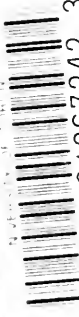


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*Book-plate of GERVASE MARKHAM from his copy
of Thomas a-Kempis' Imitation in possession of
Clements R. Markham Esq.*

~~MS 4568~~

MISCELLANIES

OF

The Fuller Worthies' Library.

THE

TEARES OF THE BELOUED :

(1600)

AND

MARIE MAGDALENE'S TEARES :

(1601)

BY .

GERVASE MARKHAM :

Edited, with Memorial-Introduction and Notes,

AND

PHOTO-CHROMO-LITH ILLUSTRATION, &c.

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

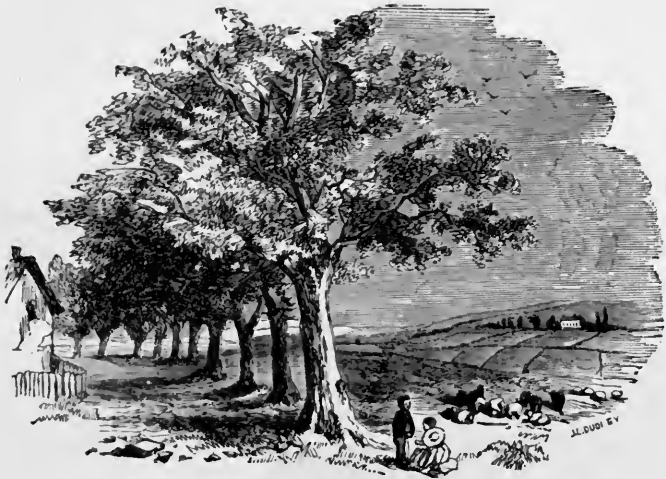
1871.

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In our large paper we have the pleasure to present a photo-chromo-lith of the book-plate of GERVASE MARKHAM It must have been among the earliest in England. Cf. that of CROMWELL in our VAUGHAN (Vol. II. illustrated 4to.) G.

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Memorial-Introduction.

Tis vexatious to later Inquirers such as ourselves to discover how perfunctorily the Biography of the Worthies of our Country has been written, and how much has been allowed to perish from sheer neglect. For example, in pursuing our researches for a Memoir of GERVASE MARKHAM, we have found in what really is the best of our general biographic authorities, viz. ALEXANDER CHALMERS' edition of

the General Biographical Dictionary (1815), this summary of a scanty notice: "The time of his birth, death, and all other particulars regarding him are utterly unknown": whereas at the very time in which this was written the MARKHAMS were a prominent family, and one gifted representative at least held family-papers that would (even then) have yielded very considerable information, and doubtless have been willingly communicated on application. But such a thing as making local and personal investigations never seems to have occurred to these compilers, and their successors have too often followed suit. Well-nigh every Life in our Fuller Worthies' Library has called for such a statement and complaint.

It is well that both in our own Country and in the United States of America, increasing attention is being given to utilizing the public and private Manuscript-stores of national and family history. Many of the books that have resulted are printed only, not published: but all, as a rule, are placed in the great Public Libraries, and thus are accessible to the conscientious Worker. The MARKHAMS have a singularly careful and valuable Family-history in the "History of the MARKHAM Family, By the REV. DAVID FREDERICK MARKHAM",

(London, 1854, 8vo : a very limited private impression) : and therein is told such a story as few Families have surpassed, carrying within it names and achievements of note in the three spheres of the Law, Literature, and the Church : while at this hour the lustre of the name is unpaled. Our researches have brought us into pleasant correspondence with Lieutenant-Colonel MARKHAM, whose soldierly *esprit* is gratified in counting back to our "Captain" Jervase Markham—to name no more—and CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM Esq, the Historian of the War of ABYSSINIA, the Biographer of FAIRFAX, and in connection with the introduction of Chincona into INDIA, the doer of deeds of daring such as match with the heroes of the Elizabethan days as his chronicle of them does with the grand old folios of Voyage and Travel. There is apparently no liklihood of the name of MARKHAM dying out : and no fear of its whiteness being smirched by its present bearers,—descendents from Dr. William Markham, Archbishop of York, who died in 1807 in his eighty-ninth year and sleeps well in Westminster.

Leaving the Reader to consult the volume named—a copy being in the British Museum—where the most pains-taking and elaborate genealogies are given : and also inviting attention

to an interesting supplement to it, called "Entries in an Old Pocket Book, of A. D., 1680, belonging to Sir Robert Markham, Baronet, of Sedgebrook, county Lincoln: from additional MSS., British Museum, 10, 621," (privately printed) by which it seems to us made good that Judge MARKHAM, *not* Judge Gascoigne, was the fearless asserter of the supremacy of Law in ordering the Prince of Wales to prison—we have simply—after a brief retrospect—to present the few facts that survive concerning our Worthy—adding thereto from MSS. unknown to the Family, and hence not used in their Family-History.

Like many of our English families, the MARKHAMS took their name¹ from their lands in WEST and EAST MARKHAM, which are two contiguous parishes

¹ A question has long existed in the family, as to what the exact device of our [the Markham] crest is, whether the head of the lion should be surrounded with rays, and what instrument it holds in its paw. This may be set at rest by an entry in one of the Harleian MSS. "Standard of Sir John Markham in temp. Henry VIII. Par fesse, gold and blue. The device (or crest) *a lion rampant gules with wings endorsed or, holding a pair of horse heames of the first*, the lion of St. Mark and the heames forming a very indifferent pun on the name. (Harleian MSS., fol. 209)" (Family History, as *supra*, pp. 16-17.)

in the county of NOTTINGHAM, and southern division of the hundred of BASSETLAW. They had been seated there from time immemorial or at least un-memoriated, and were says CAMDEN in his Britannia, "very famous heretofore, both for antiquity and valor." The MARKHAMS trace their lineage to a date anterior to the Norman Conquest, and subsequent to Edward the Confessor, the line is unbroken. WEST MARKHAM became the fee of ROGER DE BUSLI, a chieftian of high esteem with WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, who in addition to this, conferred upon him no less than thirty-nine manors in the county of NOTTINGHAM. Under this Roger, the manor of WEST MARKHAM was held by CLARON or ARON, who is mentioned in Domesday Book, as occupying land there, and Roger—who had a son FULC—held land similarly in East Markham, and so they were styled "de Marcham"—the ancient mode of spelling the name. Fule's son became SIR ALEXANDER DE MARCHAM, Lord of Marcham. He was born about the year A. D. 1130, and is the first man of mark in the Family, having distinguished himself in the turbulent wars of STEPHEN's reign. I pass as irrelevant here, the numerous marriages and inter-marriages and the many remaining lapidary and other family-memorials—resisting the temptation of

lingering over the fine love-story and old-fashioned love-verse of SIR JOHN HARRINGTON and "sweete Isabella Markham" and their subsequent marriage under the auspices of the PRINCESS ELIZABETH, not long before her committal to the Tower, in 1554,—and come to ROBERT MARKHAM, born at Sireston, (Notts), who succeeded his grandfather SIR JOHN MARKHAM in the family-estates, and like him was a "valiant consumer of his paternal inheritance". He was much trusted by QUEEN ELIZABETH, and was in constant attendance upon her. In the 13th year of the great Queen, he was knight of the Shire for the county of Nottingham, and High Sheriff in the same year. In the twenty-fifth year of the same reign, he again served the office of High Sheriff, and was elected once more, in the thirty-first of Elizabeth, as Knight of the shire for the same county. His name is introduced in the famous distich of the Queen, in which she celebrated her four Nottinghamshire knights.

"Gervase the gentle, Stanhope the stout,
MARKHAM THE LION, and Sutton the lout."

SIR ROBERT MARKHAM'S main family-residence latterly, was COTHAM: and hence he is known as MARKHAM OF COTHAM. He was twice married,

first, to MARY, daughter of SIR FRANCIS LEEKE, and secondly, to JANE, daughter of William Burnell,—by the latter having only one son ROGER, who died without issue. He himself died in 1606. By his first wife he had five sons, first, ROBERT, who succeeded him, second, FRANCIS, third, GERVASE, fourth, JOHN, fifth, GODFREY: and three daughters. Of the ‘fair ladyes’ GERTRUDE alone need be noticed, as having become the wife of SIR THOMAS SADLEIR, of STANDEN COURT in Hertfordshire. Their son Ralph is thus mentioned by ISAAC WALTON, through VENATOR: “Tomorrow morning we shall meete a pack of other dogs of noble Mr. Sadleir, upon Amwell Hill, who will be there so early that they mean to prevent [= anticipate] the sun rising.”

Of the other sons, full details are given in the Family-History. The third, GERVASE, is our present Worthy. It is apparent then, that he was well-born. His cradle was rocked in a lordly mansion. Time’s “effacing fingers” have more than defaced it: but evidence remains of its splendor. By the kindness of the Family I am able to present in our (large paper), as vignette at head of this Memorial, the “Site of the House at COTHAM”—great trees enriched by

the ancient dust, growing thereon, and where as GOLDSMITH sings, are

.....“seats beneath the shade
For talking age, and whispering lovers made”¹

Gervase—sometimes written *Jervais*, *Jervis*, and simply I and J—was born ‘about the year 1566’:² and in the quaint account given by his elder brother Francis, we get insight into the manner of education of the cadets of good families in England at the time. Here is a short portion: “Francis Markham, second son of Robert Markham of Cotham, borne 7 Eliz. [1564-5] on Wednesday at afternoon between ten and eleven, July 25. First brought up at my lord of Pembroke’s, whose wife was Catherine, daughter of y^e earl of Shrewsbury, whose mother and his were cousin Germans. Brought up after 10 years with BILSON, schoolmaster of Winchester and after bishop there. After, I was put to Adrianus de Saraina, at Southampton, a schoolmaster, who going to his country, the Lowe Countries, my lord put me to

¹ Deserted Village.

² So in the Family-history. As Robert and Francis preceded Gervase, probably 1568 at earliest was his birth-year. Robert as *supra* seems to have been born in 1654-5.

one Malin, a lowe fellowe, schoolmaster at Paules. Then, 1582, my lord put me to Trinity Colledge in Cambridge, to my tutor Dr. Hammond, and allowed me forty marks per annum. My tutor departing, left me at Dr. Gray's. I contemned him, and went to y^e warrs. Whereat my lord was angry and cut off my pension. So lived I in disgrace, till I submitted myself to my father in 1586 :” then follows a strangely chequered career. We cannot go far astray in assuming that the younger brother followed very much the same course. Indeed it is found that foreign tongues were at his tongue's end and that he became a soldier of Fortune in the European battle-ground of the Low Countries, and later followed Essex into Ireland, serving under his command, in company with his brothers FRANCIS and GODFREY, and later still, he took a prominent and heroic part as a Captain under CHARLES I. But however mixed up with the military services and troubles of a troublous period—earlier and later—he must have lived much in the Country and observed closely the entire range of Agriculture and Arboriculture or Husbandry ; while his numerous and strangely varying and rapidly-issued books, attest large literary leisure. The Bibliographical authorities—as Hazlitt—furnish ample

information on these technical treatises. This is not the place for recording or dwelling on them. We content ourselves with shortened titles. "The English Husbandman" "The Country Farm", "Cheap and Good Husbandry", "A Farewell to Husbandry", "The Way to get Wealth", "The Whole Art of Husbandry", "The Enrichment of the Weald of Kent", "The English Housewife", "The Pleasure of Princes, containing a Discourse on the Arte of fishing with the Angle, and of breeding the Fightinge Cock", "A Health to the gentlemanly profession of Serving-men or the servingman's comfort", "Country Contentments", "Hunger's Prevention, or the Whole Art of Fowling, by Water and Land", "The Art of Archerie", "The Perfect Horseman", "The Soldier's Accidence or an Introduction to Military Discipline", "The Soldier's Exercise" and "Honour in his Perfection or a Treatise in Commendation of the Virtues of several Noblemen", "The Gentleman's Academy; or the Book of St. Alban's by Juliana Berners, now reduced unto a better methode". Some of these books passed through an extraordinary number of editions, and each was usually in advance of the former. Some of the earlier indeed are first-forms of the fuller

treatises later : others are portions of what were subsequently made complete treatises. Such was his reputation that the Booksellers to guard their interest in his writings obtained the following singular agreement from him : "Mem. That I, Gervase Markham of London, Gent, do promise hereafter never to write any more book, or books to be printed of the diseases or cures of any cattle, horse, ox, or cow, sheepe, swine, or goates. In witnesse whereof I have hereunto set my hand the 24th daie of July, 1617. Gervase Markham." Throughout we have been struck with the quaintly-introduced piety of many of the counsels. The 'Gardener' in the planting of his trees and flowers, the 'Horseman' and 'Farrier' in their 'care' of the 'horse', the 'House-wife' in home-arrangements, the 'Archer' in his choice of bow and arrows, the Labourer in the lowliest field-work, is charged to 'go about' all with prayer and composedness of spirit. In his rural books too, there are incidental word-paintings of scenery, utterances of the joys and enjoyments of the country, that breathe of the woodland and which so-to-say alternately flutter and scent the pages with out-of-door freshneses and fragrances.

Without tarrying longer on these old treatises, with their graphic, vigorous wood-cuts — now

rarely to be met with and eagerly snatched up whensoever they occur—we have to do here mainly with his poetical productions. These were very much ‘*asides*,’ and hence are semi-anonymous: our two reprints for example of “The Teares of the Beloved or Lamentation of St. John concerning the Death and Passion of Christ Jesus our Saviour” (1600) and “Marie Magdalene’s Lamentations for the Loss of her Master Iesus” (1601) having in the former his initials I. M. only, and in the latter not even his initials.

A hitherto unpublished letter which we have unearthed with others from the Lambeth Shrewsbury papers (709, p. 65) puts somewhat strongly and roughly his ‘intermeddling’ with Verse and his verdict upon himself as a Poet, albeit the circumstances out of which the letter came must modify our interpretation of the vehement words :

“ Sr,

Ye reuerence I beare to age, & my loue to Modestye shall euer houlde me wth in those gentyle limitts w^{ch} beinge brake by any passion of Furye, doth in my conceyt disgrace both age and modestye.

Yow haue chargd me in a letter to my father y^t I haue bene an Instigator of those vnkindnesses

w^{ch} haue past betwene yow; to w^{ch} I doe aunswere, it is altogethyther vntrue, for I did euer and doe styll see y^t these ciuill dissentions, and vnhappie disvnions in our owne bloods will if yow will contynewe theyme be the vtter ruine of both your estimations, whylst those y^t are y^e publike enemyes of our name (and who of my soule haue bene y^e first stirrers of this indignation) doe as in a Theater sytt and laughe at our ech others deuowringe. To this instigation yow ade me y^e tittle of a poetycall lyinge knave, to w^{ch} I thus aunswere.

For my loue to poesye if it be an error, I confes my selfe faultye, and haue wth as greate hartynes as ever I greived for any sinne comytted gaynst the hycst, mourned for myne howers mispent in y^t feather-light studye, yet can I name many noble personages who wth greater desyer, and more feruencie haue contynued and boasted in y^e humor, w^{ch} thoughe in others it be excellent, in my selfe I loathe and vtterlye abhorr it; but for 'lyinge knaue', wth him dwell it w^{ch} vniustlye gaue it me, and doe but name hym that will in equal place so name me, and I will eyther giue my soule to god or thrust y^e lyinge knaue into hys bossome. S^r imagin me as yow wryte me to be trulye my father's sonne, so haue I trulye

a feelinge of my father's indignities w^{ch} agaynst my mother's sonne I will mayntayne to be false and contrarye, taske me when you will, for in y^t I respect no creature ; And so I comytt yow to god, assuringe yow hereafter I will proue no knaue but your nephew.

GERUIS MARKHAM."

The dedication of his book on "Horses" to 'the right worshipful and his singular good father Robert Markham of Cotham in the county of Nottingham, esquire,' harmonizes with this vindication as "his father's sonne" in the letter.

We have given this passionate Letter *in extenso* for two reasons, (1) Because it seems to be the only specimen of his that has come down to us : (2) Because of its curious disavowal of Poetry. It may be as well before passing to explain that the quarrel and consequent challenge were between SIR JOHN MARKHAM of Ollerton and SIR ROBERT MARKHAM of Cotham. We are enabled to supply the lack of the Family-History by printing (again for the first time) the extraordinary Letter, to part of which our Gervase wrote as above. It also is preserved at Lambeth (708, p. 45): the close-binding of the volume obliterating here and elsewhere a few words. We

adhere literally to the original: and *cortes* it is a suggestive glimpse that it gives us into the manners of England's gentry at the period. Nor will the Shakespearean reader fail to mark the mention of the "*Mermaid in Bred Street*".

Yor. Worships lre¹ y^u sent mee y^e 12 of June, dated fro^m Winkborne hath not hitherto been answered by me, and for that I would be glad better to informe yo^u of yo^r self then yet y^e know yo^r self, I doe take this paines for yo^r worships sake. Now to the matter. Ffirst yo^r great conceipted Worship compareth me to Tosse, a man better knowne to mee then to yo^r self, for when y^e Lord Marques carried the order of y^e garter to Henry y^e ffrench kinge, then I did waite of Henry, Earle of Rutland, al w^{ch} tyme y^e forsaid Tosse waited of Edward Horsex and ffrancis, both of them my good friends, and diverse tymes pleased mee wth his service, and from that day to his deathe vsed me ever kindlie when he was himself, but sometimes when he was drunke, then he would waile as your worship will doe when y^e are in such like case, as for example at the Fun'all at Sheffield one night

¹ lre (= letter).

at supper in the great chamber, Mr. Carter and yo^r self maintained great and lowde argument, one of y^u against t'other: now said my Lord, marke Robert Markham for he is drunke, and that maketh him so lowde, therefore I am to advise you to drinke smaller drinke and then I hope I shall not be soe much troubled wth yo^r Worships drunken lyinge railinge. A better person then yourself shall iustify this whensoever you list to bringe it in question.

Also touchinge Charles Chester, a man better knowne to me than yo^r Worship, for he and I this Michoemas tearme last, mett twice or thrice a weeke at the Mermaid, in Bred St., wheare my Lo^r Compton, Mr. Pope, Mr. Catesby, my brother Sheldon his sonne, with divers others of good account; and then I founde kindness at his hands, whearby I judge him of better and more gratefull nature then yo^r Worship, so as I thanke God you are not able to compare me to soe arrand an vngrateful knave as y^r self. If you call yt to remembrance I sent my servant Stuffin to yo^u twice or thrice when you weare in the kinges Bench to see you and to tell you that I would be glad to come to visitt yow, to shew you such poore pleasure as I could, the w^{ch} Message by yo^r aunswere to him you seemed to take kindlie

but you did not desire my companie there, but when you should come into y^r countrey you would be glad see me, both in yo^r oune house and mine: now what befell in this meantyme that made this great alteracon, is better knowne to you than to me. But as I gesse it proceeded from yo^r vngratefull lyinge sonne Robert, and also the instigation of yo^r poetically and lyinge knave Gervas. Thus I find these two shew themselves rightly yo^r sonnes, presuminge of y^r accustomed boasting of yo^r bastardlie descent, the w^{ch} descent for feare you should forgett it I have sent you hearewth vnder y^e Harrolds hand, even of charitie to entreat you to know yo^r self.

Though you worship is most vngratfull yet I would haue you remember that by my meanes before yo^r acquaintance wth that honorable knight S^r Ralph Sadler, I procured the partition of yo^r ffences at Cotham, which my good father could nev^{er} doe. Also that favo^r you founde in the Starr Chamber against Mr. Jhon Molyneux was likewise by my meanes. To conclude, a ream of paper cannot contain the ffriendships of my parte and the ingratitude of y^{rs}. You and I have been Justices of peace, thereby we know the manner of the Warrants that are to be graunted in that behalf, and in trew faith not-

withstandinge yo^r great threates, I will not feare that I am affraid of yo^r person, for all the lands you have, notwithstandinge yo^r priveledge and my delaye, for I thinke my self verie well able to beate you, if you will attempt anie violence against me in yo^r owne person. Robbin hath not deserued at yo^r hand the touch you give him in yo^r letter : he diverse tymes ventured his liffe for you both in feilde and towne.

You had best lett that lyinge bragge cease to say you are the best of my howse, for Griffin may iustly reprove you in that, and soe it is like he will. The lye you made in yo^r first letter to the younge Countess touchinge y^e Stanhops as that letter you termed them : alas the hearinge of you and by common report knowinge you as they doe, they make a mockerie at yo^r reports and writings. If it please you to aske Mr. Laurence Wright of it, I thinke he will confidentlie and iustlie reprove you, whose words credit and state is better then yo^rs (whose sonne the more you shame, he beginnige wth little, and you possessing in effect the substance of my father's livinge) is like to overtop yo^rs in credit, estimacon and renews, ys more my greiffe for his wives sake, whose vertewes doe trewlie witnes her desir to be as yt is from an honest worshipfull

line. And so I cease to trouble my self to advise you whose graltsnesse¹ will give place to no good Counsell.

ffrom Ollerton the 4 of February 1600.

by me more you^r frend then you
hever deserved.

TH^O MARKHAM.²

¹ *Sic*: or graltsneshe—an unintelligable word, unless it be a clumsy play on *grallatores* = the long-legged or wading class of birds, by which to symbolize his correspondent's stilted and boastful character (alleged).

² For full details on the Markhams of Ollerton, see Family History, as before, c. iv. The printed Catalogue of Lambeth thus describes this Letter: "MS. 708-45. Letter of remonstrance, relating many curious circumstances from Thomas Markham to the Earl of Shrewsbury: Ollerton, 4 February, 1600." This cannot possibly be correct, as Robert and Gervase are distinctly designated in it, his correspondent's 'sonnes'. The *Tho.* (not John) is plain enough; but it is a copy (probably a hasty one). This can scarcely have been "Black Markham, of Kirkby Bellers": for *he* was eldest son of Sir John Markham, of Cotham. One would regret to make out that the writer was the chivalrous Colonel Thomas Markham, who died sword in hand for his king and what he believed to be the cause of his country.

With reference to these Lambeth MSS. the only one that appears to be autograph is Gervase's (709. f. 65): the rest transcripts.

There were other family-quarrels of the same outrageous sort. The Markham Family-History already mentioned repeatedly, gives details of the parties and a somewhat imperfect and inaccurate 'copy' (from the Lansdowne MSS.) of Sir John Markham's "*railing* letter", as it is headed. We present only (also for the first time) the old verse-libels, in all their rage and oddity of phrase:

Lambeth MSS. 701, p. 67.

These are the verses w^{ch} weere written the day after S^r Thomas Stanhop's Cooche Lethers was cutt at Newark and dispersed abroad in the streetes, being twentie of them lapped upp like letters wth this direction,

To m^r John Markham one of the yonger sonnes of m^r Robert Markham of Cotham.

thou crooke backte scabted scurvie Squyer,
 thou plaiest the knave for flatterie and hyer:
 thou shalte haue to portion, by this birth right,
 the Gallowes most fitt for so scurvie a wight.

And for the Cooche cutting and libells sett upp
 Thou arte a Calf and a sheepes face, no wiser
 than a tupp,

A scurvie knaue thou arte and so thou wilt dye
 Farewell scabbed crooke back, not worthie a
 flye.

These following m^r John Markham wrott in
 aunswere to these above :

Yf slaunderous woordes may stande for trew
 reportes
 and whooremongers the honestest defame,
 Yf incest be accompted but a sporte
 and offered rape to sonnes wief but a game ;
 Yf these be thus conceited by the knyght
 of stanhops race who libellèd on me,
 I hope the world will weigh my case aright
 And saye that lyes his vsuall Customes be.

The "railing" letter follows : but as it is given
 in the Family-History need not be reprinted.
 Only it may be well to note that by mis-reading
 'Markham's' for 'Machivael's' the meaning is
 there confused, and so with other mis-readings,
 albeit the Lambeth copy is far from an accurate
 one.

These MSS. have swept us away from our more
 immediate subject : and yet their fierce satiric, not
 to say libellous Verse, gives a link of connection.
 The MARKHAMS earlier and onward seem all to have

had something of the Poet or Verse-Thinker and Writer about them. Perhaps the very strong (professed) 'abhorring' of Poetry in Gervase's letter explains his anonymity, seeing the letter and "Teares of the Beloved" both belong to 1600, while the tacit announcement of "Marie Magdelene's Lamentations" in the short Epistle of the first, might cause him to deem even initials supererogatory. His words are definite enough: "I offer thee my harsh and untuned Muse, which being as my talent is, slender and simple, so account of the *first part that I may not be discomforted in the second*'.

We must return upon our Worthy's poetical publications. In 1595 he published "The most honorable Tragedie of Sir Richarde Grinville, Knight". Its Italian motto—found elsewhere also—"Bramo assai, poco spero, nulla chieggio" gives point to Bishop HALL's sarcastic hits in his Satires on the practice. "England's Parnassus" (1600) quotes with disproportionate abundance from this small tome, a tomb rather than a Memory-preserving monument to the gallant knight, it somewhat stammeringly celebrates. In 1596 appeared "The Poem of Poems or Sion's Muse. Contayning the diuine Song of King Salomon, deuided into eight Eclogues". It was

reprinted the following year, and dedicated to "The sacred virgin, divine Mistress Elizabeth Sidney, sole daughter of the ever-admired Sir Philip Sidney." A copy of the former is preserved among the Grenville books of the British Museum: the latter is in the Bodleian. We have not been rewarded for blowing the dust from them. In 1597 he issued another work paraphrastically translated from the French of Madame Petau Maulette, called "Devoreux: or Vertue's Tears for the Losse of the most Christian King Henry, third of that name, King of Fraunce: and the vntimely death of the most noble and heroicall gentleman Walter Devoreux, who was slain before Roan in France." In 1600 came the "Teares of the Beloved"—copies of which occur with slightly differing title-pages—and in 1601 its sequel "Marie Magdalene's Teares." Until we read in the Markham Family-History that our Worthy was the author of the second poem—the statement resting upon the authority of HASLEWOOD—we had deemed its authorship unknown, and had intended reprinting it as of the too many anonymous productions of the period. But for reasons already given, we have now no hesitation in assigning it to GERVASE MARKHAM: and hence it will follow the other, and by its continuous pagination complete our

small revival of his Verse. To 1607 belongs the following: "Rodomonth's Infernall, or the Diuell conquered. Ariastos Conclusions. Of the Marriage of Rogero with Bradamonth his loue, and the fell fought Battell betweene Rogero and Rodomonth the neuer-conquered Pagan. Written in French by Philip de Pórtés, and Paraphrastically translated by G[ervase] M[arkham]." RIRSON in his "Bibliographia Poetica" has this Note on the quaint volume: "In the title of the [British] Museum copy, the name of Gervase Markham is obliterated and that of "Robert Tofte, gentleman" inserted in its stead. R. T. [Robert Tofte] in his translation of Varchi, 1615, says, "read *my* Ariostos Satyres in English; and, in a postscript to the courteous reader, "he speaks of having intended to insert the disastrous fall of three notable Roman gentlemen, ouerthrown through jealousy; but the same was (with Ariosto's Satyrs, translated by him out of Italian into English verse, and notes upon the same) printed without his consent or knowledge, in another man's name": probably Markham's. (The latter part of this note is by the ingenious Mr. Park." It is preposterous to accept a claim of this sort in the face of Markham's own title-page *eight years before*, and when he was still living

to be named if **TOFTE** had any worth or warrant in his statement. The book is an empty one: but we can't withdraw the authorship from him with counter-proof so poor and indefinite.

In 1609 came forth "The famous Whore, or Noble Curtizan: conteining the lamentable complaint of Pavlina, the famous Roman Curtizan, sometimes Mrs. unto the great Cardinall Hypolito, of Est. By Garuis Markham". The Author putting on the mask of the Printer thus speaks to the Reader: "Gentlemen, I haue aduentured to bring a whore into your company, but with no bad intent; but to giue you honest recreation: not to hurt you in purse or body. Therefore you must thinke this is a famous, strange whore: for shee seekes the hurt of no man. Wrong her not then, but giue her kind welcome out of Italy." Besides these, wholly his own, our Worthy according to the custom of the period and onward, joined with **LEWIS MACHIN** in "The dumbe Knight, a pleasant Comedy, acted sundry times by the children of his Maiestic's Revels" (1608) and with **WILLIAM SAMPSON** in "The true Tragedy of Herod and Antipater: with the death of faire Marriam." (1622). An address "To the understanding Reader" of "The dumbe Knight" signed by **MACHIN**, speaks of the part-authorship

but does not name MARKHAM. It is only a fair reprisal that in certain copies MARKHAM inserted his own name. Mr. Hazlitt's hasty remark (*s.n.*) that "he was rather an adept at this" has no real basis. "Herod and Antipater" seems to have escaped even his omniverous reading, as it appears under neither MARKHAM nor SAMPSON. The "Dumbe Knight" was reprinted by DODSLEY.

Such were the literary, and more particularly, the Verse productions of GERVASE MARKHAM,—in quantity alone noticeable. He must have held the pen of "a ready writer" and that as the instrument of a very rapid, sharp, vigilant, fecund, receptive intellect and capacious and resolute memory. His culture too must have been considerable. Besides the ancient languages, he was familiar with French, Italian, Spanish and probably Dutch. I fear that in his prose books he acted as what came to be known in later years as the Bookseller's 'hack' or 'drudge', rejecting no topic that offered and assured from his unexampled popularity that his name would 'sell' anything.

Of the Facts of his Life, beyond its literary activities, scarcely anything more remains to be told. Only certain family outrages—one touched on by HUME in his "History of England"—and

another which fills a goodly space in the old "Biographia Britannica" under HOLLES. The Family-History gives them in full, and thither and to the B. B. we refer the Reader who cares.

The Family-Biographer remarks that "in reading the account of this extraordinary outrage, (the Holles one) it should be remembered that it came chiefly from partizans of the house of Holles, and that if Markham's version of the story were given, it might assume for him a more favourable aspect." We suspect, to use a vulgar proverb, there were six of the one and half-a-dozen o' the other. The most stolid Conservatism can scarcely regret that such strifes as theirs are now an impossibility.

The HOLLES Narrative informs us that Gervase Markham lived to be "an old man". True, but not so old as the accounts have made him. The usual Notices give 1655 as his death-date, with 1570 as his birth-date *i. e.* at death in his 85th year. Even the Family-History with 'about 1566' for his birth records him to have "died subsequently to the year 1646 at a very advanced age" viz., in his 80th year. All are mistaken. For the first time we are able to give his death-date. In the Register of St. Giles, Cripplegate, is this burial-entry: "1636/7 Feb. 3. Jarvis Markham, Gent".

As there was only one Jarvis or (Gervase) Markham, there can be no doubt this was our Worthy—and it is a gratification to add this *bit* of fact to our literary-biography—one of the many *finds* by my excellent friend Colonel Chester, in his searches and researches among our English muniments.¹ Gervase Markham was married to a daughter of one GELSTHORP, of whom nothing is known. There was no issue. LANGBAINÉ thus summarizes his brief Notice. “He may be accounted, if not *unus in omnibus* at least a benefactor to the public, by those works which he left behind him, which without doubt will eternise his name. To have lived a military life, which too often engages its professors in a life of dissipation and pleasure, and at the same time to have furnished himself with such various knowledge, and to be skilled in so many languages, entitles him to hold no small rank among those who have been distinguished for ingenuity.”

The Poetry of our Worthy now reprinted, including the ‘Teares of the Beloved’ and ‘Marie

¹ It was by a lucky accident we got it; for Colonel Chester had merely jotted it down and erased it in sending something else, unaware of its importance and interest to us.

Magdalene Teares' is not at all of the spasmodic sort. It is quiet, tranquil, simple, with only now and again a touch of pathos or quaint symbolism. Occasionally too there are things that lay hold of and stick to the memory. Altogether our early English sacred verse is not so large or opulent as to warrant the keeping out of sight of even GERVASE MARKHAM's russet-clad Muse. If the swallow have no song, we none the less welcome its bright swift wing under our eaves, ay of the House of God—as the "sweet Singer" puts it long long ago.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



I.

The Teares of the Beloued.

Note.

The following is the original title-page of the "Teares of the Beloued":

THE TEARES
Of the Beloued:
OR,
The LAMENTATION of
Saint Iohn,
Concerning the death and passion of
Christ Iesus our Saviour.

By I. M.

Imprinted at London by *Simon Stafford*
And are to be sold by *Iohn Browne*
at the signe of the Bible
in Fleete-streete

1600. [4o.]

Collation: Title-page—To the Christian Reader 2 pp—and 18 leaves. On the title-page is a small wood-cut of Time on a wheel, with the legend "Aut nunc aut nunquam." G.



To the Christian Reader.

MESEEMETH, the same, who had so resolute a purpose to enlarge our Sauour's suffring, tooke on him a wearisome and needlesse iourney—for that he left the most Sacred Scriptures—and made inquirie after CODRUS, that was sometime King of ATHENS: which CODRUS, begirt with a strong siege of the Peloponesians, hazarded his best health for his citie's good.¹ For though the example appeareth to hold in our head CHRIST, and their ruler, because both beare the titles of kings; else in this, for that both died for

¹ Codrus, the son of Melanthus, king of Athens, where he reigned, according to tradition, some time after the conquest of Peloponnesus by the Dorians, about B. C. 1068. His patriotic sacrifice of his own life for the deliverance of his invaded country, is a common-place in classic History. (See Herodotus v. 76; Lyeurg, *c. Leocr.* 20: Pausanias, iv. 5 §4 vii. 2: Strabo xiv.) MARKHAM hits doubtless Thomas Nash's "Christ's Teares over Jerusalem" (1593)—full of classical allusions and illustrations, as Codrus &c. &c. G.

the good of their people : yet questionlesse, the oddes betwixt both are wonderfull: for what is the shaddow to the substance? A king for a small time, to a King beyond all time? the one a creature, the other a Creator? The one for a few, but our King from before all beginning, to the end of the world, is that Lambe of God, &c. Leauing the one which was finite, I commend thee—courteous reader—to the same Who is as He euer hath beene, and will be infinite in His fauors to those that are His : and I offer thee my harsh and untuned Muse, which being as my talent is, slender and simple, so accompt of the first part, that I may not be discomforted in the second.¹ The Highest continue His fauors and graces vnto His Church, and shield vs in these dangerous dayes, from His and our enemies. Amen.

Thine vndoubtedly,

I. M.

¹ As shown in the Memorial-Introduction this seems to point to "Marie Magdalen's Teares" published in the next year. It follows this in the present Volume. G.



The Teares of the Beloued.

THOU first and last, Author and Cause of all !
That wast with God, before these worlds were
made !

Thou perfect Good, Whom I God's Word will call ;
Most soueraigne grace ! do with Thy grace me
trade,

That from Thy fauors, as from fountaine rare
In flowing sort, I may Thy selfe declare.

Euen in Thy might, Thou art beyond esteeme :
For this wide world, Thou art the chiefest King :
For heauen's high Head, the angels all Thee deeme,
Within Thy Church, Thy saints Thy prayes sing.

Vnto my soule, Thou art the chiefe of choyce ;
Life of my life, I must in Thee reioyce.

Now that I leane vpon Thy sacred brest,
In Thee I ioy, sweete Sauour of mankind :
Hauen of health, succour to soules opprest,
Occans of ease, in Thee the poore shall finde :

For broken heart, pyning away with grieve,
Sorrowing for sinne, findeth in Thee reliefe.

Fly foorth, my soule, for sure this Word diuine,
Hath power on thee, to call thee backe againe ;
Vnseene thóu art, my body doth thee shrine,
Bodillesse, and immortall, subiect to ioy or paine.
To none more like, then to that hidden grace
The Godhead hath, which Satan would deface.

O that I might command the moone to stay !
O that the houre of darknes, hence might poast !
But God's decree must stand, though flesh gainsay ;
There's no resist,¹ to that He purposeth most.
His bitter death, from death shall saue man-
kinde ;
Wonder of angels, to foes that art so kinde.

Come Peter, come Iames, my brother deare ;
Our Lord doth haste, and hasting calles vs hence ;
You knowe the place, although it darke appeare ;
This light so true, and truth is our defence.
More might He hath, then any fencèd tower
More strength He hath, then any earthly power.

Now in our walke, recompt His power diuine,

¹ = resistance. G.

Which like sunne-rayes, shall spread in euery place.
Such strange effects from the chiefe good do shine,
That foggie mists of foes farre hence shall chace.

Stoope, furious fiends, ye malice Him in vaine,
He hath great power, your frenzies to restraine.

See how this Lambe, of sinne that hath no spot,
Seemes dombe, and mute, He answereth not at all ;
What He foretold, must not be now forgot :
Let vs with teares, record what must befall.

Exceeding grieffe we had, when Thou didst say,
One of vs twelue, should Thee our Lord betray.

That grieffe being past, another is in place :
But may it be that thus Thou shouldest faint ?
Ah ! show Thy might, those hellish hags to chace,
Who Thee and vs do force to sad complaint.

I say no more, that must my moane restraine :
This garden wils, I should a while refraine.

Refraine, said I ? no, now began my moane,
Seeing sluggish sloth, my eyes with sleepe opprest :
I carelesse slept, but Lord of Life did groane,
With grieffe of griefs, that brought Him such vn-
rest.

Woe worth my sinne, the cause of His com-
plaint,
Forcing my Lord indure such hard constraint.

He wil'd vs stay, and watch with Him a space,
 And prooffe hereof, he had from sad aspect.
 Full fraughted He with grieffe for man's disgrace,
 Strangely perplext, did yeeld cause of suspect.

My soule, He said, is heauie to the death,
 Oh stay and watch, sorrow now stops My breath !

Away He went, and fell vpon His face,
 Where groanes, and sighes, shewèd a troubled
 minde.

O Father Mine, He said, afford this grace,
 If it may be, Thou wilt approue Thy kind :
 Let this fierce cup, I pray Thee, passe from Me :
 Not as I will, but as Thou wilt, let be.

After He came, and found vs three to sleepe,
 Simon, said He, can ye not watch one houre?
 Watch ye with Me, 'tis prayer must ye keepe
 From Sathan's spight; to tempthe hath the power :
 See, see, the spirit is prest, the gole to gaine :
 But flesh is fraile, esteeming labour paine.

Away from vs the second time He went,
 Begging againe, oh Father Mine I pray,
 If Thou as yet, to fauour so art bent,
 Permit this cup, no longer with Me stay :
 If needs I must indeede driuke of the same,
 Thy will be done, vpon Me rest the blame.

And then He came, but found vs fast to sleepe,
 Our heauie heads were glad in warre to rest :
 He saw our want, and kept vs as His sheepe :
 Cause had He none, being Himselfe opprest.

For friends are knowne, when dangers most
 assaile :

Deeme him thy selfe, that for thee shall preuaile.

Stay here and pawse, before He come againe,
 Why what should moue vs three be so vnkinde,
 To worke our woe. to seeke our selues such paine,
 That what He would, we should so little minde ?

Surely the best, in their decline should say,
 There is iust cause, Sathan should on vs pray.¹

Admit before, His preaching did vs stay,
 Or such like let,² cannot our crime excuse :
 He is our Lord, how might we Him gainesay ?
 For fond resist, proues, we did Him abuse.

Ours was the lot, our Lord thus to offend :
 His was the grace, to guide vs to the end.

And though we slept, from heauen an angell sent,
 Did comfort Him, Whom we in grieffe did leaue :
 Great was His grieffe ; for Hell did Him preuent,
 With endlesse pangs, of Heauen Him to bereaue :

¹ Prey. G.

² Hindrance. G.

And gastly sweate, vpon His face was found,
Like drops of blood, that trickling fell to ground.

Ye siluer drops, that from my eyes thus streame,
Crossing that colour, brinish as ye be !

My Lord's were red ; for fore't with paines ex-
treame,

He ventured life, from death to set vs free.

His bitter pangs, what pen or wit can tell ?

My Lord indured th' extreame paines of Hell.

Cast we our sight on one that parteth hence,
Striuing for life, when soule away must poast ;
In such we see cleane gone to be their sence,
They yeld to that, which cleareth euery coast.

So when that Death, His message pale hath
done,

He sweeps all hence : and thus the fort is
wonne.

Or thinke Thou standst this present at the barre,
Before the iudge, that pries into thy blame,
Thou knowst thy guilt, thy discord makes the
iarre :

Thy sinnes preuaile, facing thy vtter shame.

The irefull iudge begins with angry frowne :

And e're He speake, thy conscience casts thee
downe.

O Sauour sweete ! Thou hadst Thy proper sence :
 With perfect health, Thou didst approach this
 place,
 All furious fiends of Hell, Thou driuedst hence,
 Death hath no power Thy godhead to deface :
 The angry iudge, Thou needest not to feare,
 Thou hadst no sinne, and yet our sinne didst
 bears.

Our sinnes did force, that far from Nature's reach,
 These bloody drops should still¹ from our sweet
 Head :

In these, euen yet, presumers He doth teach,
 They be not bold the tract of Hell to tread.
 Lest all too soone they fall into the snare,
 The angry iudge doth for His foes prepare.

These drops declare His inward sad lament :
 For greater grieffe no earthly tongue can tell :
 They shew His loue to vs, what good He ment
 He would we knew, His grieffe did farre excell.

Oh, why do men delight with sinnes to dwell,
 When sinnes do weigh the sinner downe to
 Hell ?

¹ = distill. G.

He gaue the checke to vs for former sleepe,
 Graunting vs leaue, of ease to take our fill,
 That had no care, in anguish Him to keepe,
 With good regard Who suffred for our ill.

Behold, quoth He, of darknesse now the hower:
 Of Sonne of man, fowle sinners haue the power.

Indas, that treason harboured in his brest,
 Knew well that here our Lord did oft resort
 Vnto this place: knowledge had wrought thy rest,
 If all in time, thou wouldst haue found comfort:

But murtherous wretch, this onely did thee
 good:

Thou thirstie went after th' innocent blood.

O monstrous change, that for a friend of trust,
 Thou art a fox, and wilt thy friend betray!
 Companion once, and now 'mongst thieues to
 thrust,

As chieftest guide, the spotlesse Lamb to fray.

Cannot great fauours cause thee to returne,
 Thou wofull wretch, at goodnes that dost
 spurne!

How many speeches, tending to our health:
 What feruent vowes He sent beyond the sky:
 All wayes were sought still to procure our wealth;

His grace to none that would, He did deny.

Might not His grace from treason thee reclaime,
But at His life, thou traitour now wilt aime.

Ye couctuous carles, that for a little gaine
Set soule to sale, as though there were no Hell,
Looke on this Iudas, thinke vpon his paine ;
His endlesse pangs all torments far excell.

The very fire, the forgèd far doth passe :¹
And like hell fire, no torment euer was.

Consider yet, while here we haue a space,
What grieffe it is, to be exilde from God ;
What ioy it is, to view His pleasant face,
What paine it is, to feele His heauie rod.

Thrise happie they, that cleaue vnto Thy
grace :

Thrice cursed they, that will not life imbrace.

O wretched man, bereft of inward peace,
Commet thou arm'd with weapons and with
lights ?

A cutthroate crew serue for thy shame's increase ;
Are these thy mates ? belike feare thee affrights.

A guiltie conscience brings a restlesse grieffe :
Easless in ease, finding no sound reliefe.

¹ = doth surpass that of a furnace. G.

Thou statelie citie of the highest King,
 Fitting Thy name, that hadst the prince of peace :
 Whilom whose praise, the virgins faire did sing,
 What time thy glory, the chiefest did increase :
 Thy famous temple deuotion that relieues,
 Is now become a den for lothsome thieues.

And must thy rulers now their forces bend,
 To send their seruants forth in all the haste,
 To binde this lambe, and then His blood to spend ?
 What doe ye long to see your land lye waste ?
 All this was done the Scripture to fulfill :
 Who can dissolue what God alone doth will ?

In these we see, that bring such weapons stoare,
 How foes with might God's children do oppresse,
 They haue no truth, and as for iustice loare,¹
 They likewise want, which causes should redresse :
 Trusting to flesh, this stay as it is wurst,
 So for this fault they are of God accurst.

Forward they march, bringing along their light,
 Their lanterns, that a little light containe,
 With other helpes to guide them in the night,
 Vsing the lesse, and from the great refraine :

¹ Lore = knowledge. G.

To dim that light each one doth now prepare :
For light of world, no whit at all they care.

Christ knowing well the secrets of mankind,
This instant sawe, what should to Him betyde :
Forward He goeth against the crue vnkind,
From whom He could haue parted cleane vnspyde.
Whom do ye seeke, said He, to Me now tell :
Iesus of Nazareth, said they, and downe they
fell.

This hath the taste of His most soueraigne might,
Who with a word could shake them to the ground.
Weake is man's power, if God begin to fight,
His onely breath can all His foes confound.
If slender touch, huge mountains maketh smoke,
How dares then man His Maiestie prouoke ?

The harmlesse Lambe, deuoide of sinfull spot,
Askes the offenders, and doth them preuent.¹
Wanted they lawes ? was pietie cleane forgot ?
Should they not loue and keepe the innocent ?
Yes, yes, they knew, th' innocent's blood would
cry.
For sharpe reuenge against this carelesse fry.

¹ = anticipate. G.

Whom do ye seeke ? He verely did scorne
 Their fond¹ attempt, deriding all their force :
 Yet offereth grace to men that were forlorne :
 And sure He had, euen of His foes remorse.

For from themselues, He would they should
 confesse,
 That weaponlesse, He could their wrong re-
 presse.

Oh, when we heare, that of His francke accord
 Our God is good to His professèd foes ;
 How kinde a good, is this our soueraigne Lord,
 Vnto His friends, on whom He grace bestowes ?

Oh, loue this well and fountaine of all grace,
 Tender His truth, and all His heasts² imbrace.

No whit dismaid, Christ said, Euen I am He :
 Which ready speech proueth He fear'd not death.
 This holy Sauour would His owne flocke free,

¹ Foolish. G.

² Hests : So Bishop Hall, in his "Defiance to Envy" has

"Now ye muses, sith your sacred *hests*
 Profanèd are"

= behests, commands : from *haitan*, Gothic, to command.
 Henry Vaughan also uses it. See Index of words in our
 edition of his works, s. v. G.

By suffring shame, and stopping of His breath.
 Learne courage hence: God's cause if we
 defend,
 He fights for vs, that life for vs did spend.

Now Iudas stood with all this armèd traine,
 Like Bayard bold, forecasting no mishap
 Vnto himselfe, whereby he might refraine
 The further ill, by falling in the trap.
 Thus one vile sinne, another sinne doth chaine,
 Vntill it bring th' offender to his paine.

Whom do ye seeke? the second time He said.
 Iesus of Nazareth, they say to Him againe.
 That I am He, before I not denyd:
 If Me ye seeke, from these I pray refraine.
 This, that the word fulfill'd might be, He
 spake:
 Of them Thou gauest, I will not one forsake.

Now louing Lord, I thinke vpon this care
 Thou hadst for vs, and I remember well,
 Seeing Thou alone, to suffer didst prepare:
 For so of old, sweete Esay did foretell.
 And when Thy pangs appeard, fresh to approach
 Thou hadst a care, foes should not vs reproch.

Attend ye pastors, that your flocke should feede:

How that our Lord did say He none had lost.
 Your charge is great, ye dayly prayer neede,
 To cheere those soules, bought with so royall cost.
 They are Christ's flocke, His blood them bought
 indeed :
 My lambs, good Peter, O my sheepe still feed.

Before that Peter heard these words thrise tolde ;
 He was couragous ere he saw the fight :
 His sword he drew, like to a champion bolde,
 And Malchus eare, he cutteth off outright.
 Into thy sheath, thy sword put vp, let be
 Shall I not drinke the cup preparte for Me ?

Thus said our Lord, Who by this checke so kinde,
 Would take from Peter, his no small offence ;
 From priuate men, the vse of sword to binde :
 Except that kings arme subiects for defence.
 And for Religion gladly should we fight :
 That cause is good, and God will aide the right.

But Peter's fault appeareth now the more :
 For sharpe reuenge belongeth vnto God :
 Too saucie he God's taske to take therefore :
 Him to resist, is to procure His rod :
 For spirituall warre are weapons of that kinde :
 Search we the Word, and there we shall them
 finde.

And now the band, the captaine, with the rest,
 Our Sauour tooke, and fast They do Him binde,
 His inward grieffe I moand, now is exprest
 The outward anguish, that my Lord did finde.

They had no might His person to assaile,
 He suffred them, and then they did preuaile.

Not one, but many—then began their spight—
 Infram'd with wrath, incensèd with great yre,
 Their masters would them now in blood delight,
 And they deuise, how to increase that fire.

If high estates against Religion frowne,
 They shall haue mates to cast it headlong
 downe.

Ah wicked Iudas ! this was thy consent,
 Vsing all meanes that might our Lord betray.
 Lay holde on Him, were words with fury bent :
 No maruayle then if these from reason stray.

Thy words and workes so treasonfull desery,
 Vnder greene grasse a serpent foule may lie.

The father in law of Caiphas was the first
 Annas I meane, to whome my Lord was led.
 He, and the other, yea all, for blood did thirst :
 Not one I saw, as yet with pittie sped.

¹ St Matthew, xxvi, 51-52. G.

Their violent wrongs prouèd so huge a streame,
 Suppressing right, their dealing was extreame.

These I espied, but cruelty with deceight,
 And this pretence to stop the common fame :
 Matters of state, and those of no small weight,
 Were laid to Christ, for which they do Him blame
 Their high account, which all in them esteeme,
 Must beare them out, whatso'ere men should
 deeme.

Besides, let Christ with wisdome Him defend,
 And them confute, this they did all agree,
 The Romanes should His life soon bring to end :
 Thus were they bent, no more to set Him free.
 Here may ye see the force of Enuye's spight,
 Glutted with gall, and doth in death delight.

Caiphas was he, to Iewes that counsell gaue,
 How it was meete, that one for them should dye:¹
 A visage fowle, a vizer faire doth craue.
 Sathan would not that all his craft should spy.
 Oh, such preuaile oft times, who faire pretend :
 But giue me him that faithfull proues in end.

I do not muse so much how Nature's kinde
 Appeareth changèd, in so corrupt a man :

¹ St. John, xi. 50. G.

For God I know, euen from His foes will finde
Matter of worth, fit for His will to scan.

So Balaam's asse, against his proper kinde,
Once cheekt his lord when he remainèd blinde.

There was no cause, O Caiphas, thou shouldst
feare,

How that our Lord would take from thee thy
state.

The Lambe of God, which all our sinne did beare,
Did much abhor His extreame foes to hate :

Malicious man, whom Enuy so did blinde,
To vrge His guilt, in Whom no guilt ye finde.

Peter did follow, so did I like ease :

But I was knowne, and went into the hall
Without stode Peter : then I left my place,
And with great care, my fellow in to call.

I spake to her who there the dore then kept,
To shew her fauour : who in boldly stept.

The selfe same woman, vnto Peter said,
Of this man's schollers art thou not now one ?
The fearefull man to lye was not afraid,
Boldly to say, of them, that he was none.

Art thou the man, which with our Lord wilt
dye ?

And all in haste, doth flatly Him deny ?

The officers, and sérnants of that place,
 Stoode there also, for they had made a fire :
 The extreume cold, with heate away they chace :
 Peter, and they to warme themselues desire.

It's not amisse, God's graces should be vsed,
 So in the vse, His grace be not abuscd.

Then the high-priest doth these two things pro-
 pound.

Vnto sweete Iesus, of His disciples first :
 Next of His doctrine ; two demaunds profound :
 The wolfe was dry, and after blood did thirst.

The hypocrite one thing in shew doth minde,
 But is another in his proper kinde.

Our Sauour said nothing of vs at all :
 One Him betraid, another Him denide :
 The rest did flee from Christ, being in thrall :
 Small was the solace, in so sad a tide.

And for His doctrine, the world might testifie,
 What truth He taught, was spoken openlie.

The Synagogue, and Temple for resort,
 To all the Iewes, ye euery one can tell :
 Who did Me heare, let such of Me report :
 Aske these I pray, and then Thou shalt do well.

Herein Christ mouèd him who did faire pretend,

Vnmasking his malice and His doctrine did
defend.

Note the proceeding in a cause vniust,
An officer there smote Iesus with his rod :
Our high priest thus to answeere now Thou must ?
O great oppression, hatefull indeed to God !
Such blind presumption, mortall man to please.
So great outrage, the highest to disease.¹

If I, quoth Iesus, haue spoken that is ill,
Then witnes beare vnto the ill thy selfe :
But for good speech thy fury to fulfill,
Why smitest thou Me ? what is it hope of pelfe ?
For earthly gainē, men oftentimes runne astray :
For stoare of gold, men will whole lands betray.

Annas had now Christ bound to Caiphas sent,
And Simon Peter stode himselfe to warme.
Thus to and fro, they lead the innocent :
Who still did good, must suffer extreame harme.
But Peter once, being tangled in the snare,
The second time, to deny our Lord doth dare.

What, not content, our Life twice to deny ?
For high priest's seruant and a kinseman neere

¹ = dis-case, to distress. So Phineas Fletcher: iii.
194. G.

To Malchus, said, Did I thee not espie
 With Christ in garden? 'tis a case most cleere.
 Peter euen then denied our Lord againe :
 Fraile is our flesh, if faintness we retaine.

The crowing cocke must Peter put in minde
 Of his offence; for thus our Sauour said :
 And he remembring—Sathan did him blinde—
 Poasteth away : his guilt made him afraid.

He that euen now a firme faith could not keepe,
 Pines for a place with bitternes to weepe.

And now they lead Christ to the common hall :
 For day appear'd, high priests not thither went,
 For being defil'd were yet to sinne a thrall :
 And for to eate the Passouer they ment.

See how great sinners not so great would seeme :
 Making moats mountaines, and mountains moats
 esteeme.

For Pilate's place, he being vncircumcizde,
 Would them defile, but not the innocent's blood :
 Their soules their tongues, with murther were
 surpriz'd,

They vs'd all meanes, to haue the truth withstood.
 Great sepulchers without are painted fayre,
 But hold within all stench and lothsome ayre.

Pilate perceiued himselfe must take some paine,
 To goe to them who frighted¹ were with spight :
 Tell me, he said, of Christ sith² ye complaine,
 So shew the wrong, that I the same may right.
 They thus reply, Were not His doings ill,
 We would not vrge that thou His blood should
 spill.

Pilate then said, The man vnto ye take :
 Doome him to death as your law shall permit.
 The Iewes short time then vnto Pilate spake,
 This thy resist doth not our humors fit.
 It is not lawfull for any of our traine,
 To kill a man ; we must from blood refraine.

This speech of theirs had also this effect :
 For He who knew the secrets of mankinde,
 Knew long before we did the Iewes suspect ;
 His bitter death, and thereof eke the kinde.
 He would not faile, our ransome now to pay :
 Vs to redeeme, though Hell would Him gainsay.

Let those that list³ into their dealings pry.
 Those wicked men, the rulers and the rest,
 False counsell sought, with which they meant to
 try

¹ = Freightened. G. ² Since. G. ³ Choose. G.

Their great vntruth, that Iesus thus opprest,
 So foule offenders might be clear'd from blame :
 Themselues thus clear'd, were they not neerer
 shame ?

As if a wretch incensèd from deep hell,
 Should kill a friend that sauèd once his life :
 And seeing on sleepe, the wretch with fury fell,
 In sleeper's hand should fast the bloody knife ;
 And then abroad, with outeries should maintaine,
 His slaughtered friend was by the other slaine.¹

False witnes sought, but none then found at all :
 Though many came laden with vntruthe's stoare ;
 At last came two into the high priest's hall :
 These were the last—like bulles prepar'd to
 goare—

Who said that Christ the temple would deface,
 And reare it vp againe in three dayes space.

The lovely Sweet, hereat did hold His peace.
 Then the high priest incensèd all with yre,
 By the liuing God did charge Christ should not
 cease,

¹ This is a scene of Macbeth, in brief, before Macbeth appeared. G.

But answer make to that He would require.

Art Thou the Christ? of God art Thou the
Sonne?

Herewith he hoapt Iesus would be vndonne.

Iesus to this replies, Thou it hast said':

But neuer the lesse, hereafter ye shall see

The Sonne of Man, when ye shall stand dismaid,

All glorious seated on God's right hand to be :

I then will come with glory and great might,

Guarded with millions, compast with clouds most
bright.

Now think ye see vpon this answer prest,

The high priest doth his cloathes in sunder rent :

Christ hath blasphem'd; on witnesses to rest

I see 'tis vaine, that longer time be spent.

What thinke ye now? ye heare His blasphemy :

They answer all, He worthy is to dye.

The fowle-mouth'd monsters spit vpon His face :

Which face, the angels to behold are glad :

They buffet Him, and yeld Him all disgrace,

Smote Him with rods; hereat I waxt most sad.

This to inlarge, as Peter much did moane,

So what insues, must force th'offender groane.

The extreame spight, shewed to God's deare Sonne,

Was for our sinnes, our sinnes causèd this spight.
 Vexe Him not fresh, now that the Iewes haue
 done :

Such vexè Him still who in their sinnes delight,
 All armèd foes cannot such paines procure,
 That wilfull sinners for euer shall endure.

This will I proue in one example plaine :
 When Iudas sawe our Lord condemn'd to dye,
 When he beheld Him led with cursed traine,
 When in each place he did all violence spye,
 The sense of sinne assailes, and fresh doth fray,
 He yeldes, and said, I did my Lord betray.

Let presse in sight, the kindnes of this Lord,
 In choosing me vnto so high estate,
 In trusting me euen of His owne accord,
 In louing me that did deserue all hate.
 Ah, brutish beasts are thankfull in their kinde :
 I much more brutish, His fauours did not minde.

I others taught, myselfe I did not teach :
 I wonders wrought, and now haue wrought a
 wonder,
 Accursed houre, I after gaine did reach !
 Woe to my selfe, God doth with vengeance thun-
 der.

Who lookes on me, with this will me vpbraid :
There goes the wretch, his Master that betraid.

I,¹ there's the sting that frets me to the gall :
For ranckerous Iewes excuse them from my spight :
I Christ betraid, on me all vengeance fall :
I am condemn'd, that did in sinne delight.

This monstrous sinne, for which I thus am
shent :²

With graue forecast, why did I not preuent ?

Now must I looke vpon my present losse :
And what is that ? but an Apostle's place.
That '*but*', brings more, I gaind a little drosse :
And thus lose heauen, the looking on God's face.

Ye greedy gripes, that feede on liuing men,
Hasten to Hell, my lothsome dark'ned den.

Ye monstrous sinners, to my talke attend :
Seducing Sathan snarde me with his baite :
Faire word I had, but these, and deedes, did bend
My couteous minde, on treason now to waite.

If euery sinne should in their kinde appeare,
Ye would detest, siluer to buy so deare.

I feele my sinne a cause my selfe to hate :
I haue no sence, I should for mercy cry :

¹ = Ay. G.

² Punished. G.

My sinne exclames, accursèd is my state :
 Iustice is iust, this course I minde to try :
 These thirty pieces of siluer now at last,
 I will againe, to priests and elders, cast.

Good worke this is, but wanteth loue, and faith :
 What helpeth it to say I did offend ?
 The diuell prest, vnto my soule then saith,
 'Tis true thou speakst, despaire and life now end.
 Thus he that first did me to mischief traine,
 Doth much reioyce at my perpetuall paine.

I sinn'd a sinne, betraying the innocent blood :
 O innocent blood, with cryes that dost affright,
 Affright me not : why am I thus withstood ?
 Withstood with wrath, and with my tainted
 spright,
 One mischief doth vpon another heape :
 'Tis good ye looke before the ditch ye leape :

What's that to vs ? see Thou to these things looke :
 So said the guides, making of me a scorne ;
 No one I found, that pittie on me tooke :
 For I became, indeede, a wretch forlorne.
 A strangling coard¹ made end of all my doubt :
 I hangd my selfe, my bowels gushèd out.

¹ Cord. G.

Suffer my speech, who suffer now with griefe :
 Death void of death ; for death here liueth still :
 Barr'd from all hope, shut out from all reliefe,
 Most sad complaints, my hearing now doth fill :
 I haue no rest, but in vnrest remaine :
 No tongue, or penne, can well declare my paine.

Now to returne to Pilate, who like case,
 To the common hall had entred now with speede :
 Who tendring much Cæsar's and his disgrace,
 Did aske of Christ, if He were king in decde.¹
 For rebels wrought the Romanes much vnrest :
 Which caus'd great care, to haue such wrongs
 redrest.

He questioned much if Christ then were a king,
 But no aduantage of His words could take ;
 Our Sauour so about His state did bring,
 That of His kingdome, thus in briefe He spake :
 My kingly state it is no earthly might :
 For then my seruants would be prest to fight.

Belike the saying of the wise men, much
 Moued mens minds, who callèd Christ a king,
 But this is true, 'gainst Romanes all did gruch,²

¹ St. John xviii. 37. G.

² Grudge. So HEYWOOD (" Spider and Flie " 1556)

" By taking peace under conlusion such
 As maie extinkt (in both partes) all cause of *gruch* ". G.

The hope of freedome, flowing state would bring.
 Vaine was their hope, whom God ment not to
 free :
 Who fights 'gainst God, should he with such
 agree.

Our heauenly King in His especiall grace,
 Doth spirituall gifts vpon His friends bestow :
 He loueth them that loue Him to imbrace.
 Who such sheepe are, this Shepherd true doth
 know.
 Shaddowes haue shewes, wanting their proper
 weight :
 Who wants the ground, are fed with fond de-
 ceight.

In this my moane, although I do digresse,
 Iust cause I haue, Christ's kingdome me con-
 straines:
 This name is it, which Sathan would oppresse,
 Herein the wicked most do tire their braines.
 The singer sweete of Israel saw this age :
 Which causd him muse, why vainely they do
 rage.¹

Ye mortall men, who haue on Earth your time,

¹ Psalm ii. 1. G.

Like pilgrims poore, to plod in vncoath wayes,
What are ye here but drosse, earth, clay, and
slime,

Can ye prolong your life, with yeares or dayes ?

Your glasse doth run, though sand in glasse do
stay :

But being run, you hence must poast away.

Vpon the charge, Pilate to Christ did lay,
Our Wisedome would he should declare againe :

If of Himselfe He then the words did say ?

Or that some other, to speake so did Him traine ?

But as Iewes name, the deputy did deny :

So he declarde on whom the blame did lye.

Then he demaunds what our sweete Lord had
done,

Since earthly pompe of kings, He did not claime ?

For that with spight, the Iewes this threed had
spone,

'Gainst proper life of Sauour, so to aime.

The heathen yet, he doth assay to teach,

Though he did here matter about his reach.

Hearken to Him who is a glorious king,

Whose gouernment, Whose lawes and other rights,

Are fram'd from heauen, of Him the angels sing :

Of Him to take, each godly one delights.

For ods are great, 'twixt that which shall decay,
And this dread king, which shall indure for aye.

Stoope, stately kings, vnto this King indeede :
Your greatest glory to His is not a sparke :
He you defends, His taske is you to feede :
He is your light, and guides you in the darke :
All possible good, from this great good doth
flowe :
His are your crownes, to Him your crownes ye
owc.

And Pilate said, a king now art Thou then !
Iesus replies, Thou saiest I am a king.
This title much doth trouble carnall men
Who causlesse heare, but conscience hath a sting.
Yet of that sting they haue no sence at all,
Which forceth them to greater dangers fall.

Euen for this cause, saith Iesus, I am borne,
Into this world ; for this cause I did come,
Witnes to beare to truth, which most men scorne :
Yet friends to truth that heare My voyce are some.
What is the truth ? thus Pilate then did say,
But turn'd his backe, and would no longer stay.

A question sweete, Pilate, thou didst propound :
Why wouldst not stay, to heare our Lord's reply ?

Thou shouldst haue heard Him error soone confound :

This gracefull Good would not to teach deny :

But Thou foreshewest, how some of chiefest place,

To talke of truth, accompt it their disgrace.

But glorious truth shall in the end preuaile

Against all foes, who seeke to presse it downe ;

Sathan doth know, in vaine he doth assaile

This onely good : his ministers yet must frowne,

Banding their might, against this highest grace,

Working their spight, that do this truth imbrace.

Most splendent Truth, Thy glorious golden rayes

Many degrees surmounts the shining sunne :

Thy maruellous might, and Thy most worthy

prayse

Who can declare ? for when we all haue donne,

We come too short, Thy greatnesse to declare :

Thee to disgrace, yet flesh and blood doth dare.

But sunne to darke, we know a practise vaine,

To warre with heauen, will proue a fearefull fight :

God such doth hate as do His truth disdain :

Against such foes He girded is with might.

Who for the truth would not his life thus spend,

Seeing God is prest, His owne right to defend ?

To Iewes now Pilate goeth yet once againe,
 And to them said, in Christ no cause I finde :
 Your custome is, I one should loose from paine,
 At this your feast : then Iesus he doth minde :
 Ye Iewes, your King if now ye meane to choose,
 Your minds vnfold, will ye I Iesus loose ?

Me thought this was like to a sudden stay,
 Fore'd to retrait¹ where egre battaile meetes :
 Where man, doth man, with mutuall might assay,
 And bloodlesse bodies, earth then gladly gretes :
 But then againe, both armies forces tryes,
 Till one of them must yeeld with fainting cryes.

So then this comfort, corsiu² I may call,
 For what refreshing found my sad lament ?
 My chiefe of choyce, my soule I saw in thrall,
 So I perceiued the Iewes to murther bent.
 Faces of men are tables of their minde :
 By outward signes mens malice ye may finde.

For wicked Iewes their clamours now began :
 We will not Iesus, Barrabas we will :

¹ Retreat. G.

² Contraction of 'corrosive' = anything that corrodes or gnawes the heart. Spenser (F. Q. iv. ix. 15), Drayton (Legend of P. Gav.), Chapman, &c., &c. use it. G.

Like eraues their like, let loose a murtherous
man.

Haue ye no care, the spotlesse blood to spill?
Drop bloody tears, my moysture waxeth dry,
Like Sommer's drouth that for more raine doth
cry.

Poore Iotham¹, now me thinkes, I doe thee see,
Who didst rebuke thy vnkinde countrymen,
In offer made to trees, who king should be :
They rule refus'd : but hooking bramble then
Would needes be king, and then had his desire :
The tyrant's rule is like a consuming fire.

Ah, my Redeemer, this oft Thou didst foretell
In parables, and in Thy preaching plaine,
That of the Vineyard,² wherein is vttered well,
How for great good, they Thee requite with paine.
God's heire Thou art, to kill Thee these now
ment,
Thou being slaine, they to possesse are bent.

Possesse ye shall, and cruelly be destroyd :
Oh wicked men, your glory shall decay,
Your pleasant Land shall lye both waste and voyd,
To all the world ye shall become a pray,

¹ Judges ix. 5, *et seqq.* G. ² St. Mark xii. 1-7 G.

Such, who will not that Christ should rule alone,
Must finde His might where they must waile
and mone.

Ye will not Him that would your proper good ;
Ye Him reiect that came you to redeeme.
Oh people blinde, that thus God's grace withstood !
So light to set of Him beyond esteeme :
Virtue in place we haue no care to minde :
But being gone, we gladly would it finde.

*The first Adiunct.*¹

My sweetest Sweete, my Lord, my loue, my life,
The World's bright lampe, farre clearer then the
sunne,
What may this meane : cannot I end this strife,
This ranckorous spight, by wicked Iewes begunne ?
O man most pure, for wretches most forlorne,
Must my great God to men be made a scorne ?
He made His soule an offering for our sinne ;
His will was such His death doth life prolong ;
He dying for vs, then did our life beginne :
His is the gaine, to Him all ioyes belong.

¹ 'First' with relation to the sequel in "Mary Magdalene's Teares". G.

Although our guilt did force our Lord to faint,
Yet all His foes could not with sinne Him taint.

Thou Light of God, in Whom no darknes dwels,
Sole reconciler and worker of our wealth,
Thy bitter pangs all passions farre excels,
Our soules sweete Shepheard carèd for our health.
Thus as my Loue constrained was to groane,
So me permit againe refresh my moane.

I grieue that sleepe so sore did me oppresse :
Sinne in my selfe moues me to sad complaint :
For wicked men to watch themselves addresse
To pamper pleasure ; where's one that seemes to
faint ?

What lawes forbid, to that in haste we poast :
The best offends, though hypocrits yet will
boast.

Iudas slept not, nor any of his traine :
Night after night men watch, if pleasure call.
Our Head did watch, I could not sleep refraine :
Thus to my will I was become a thrall.

Ah crooked will, that wouldst me so misleade,
That vnder foote my Lord's will I should treade.

I will recount what harmes haue come by sleepe :

While Sampson slept, he then did lose his might :¹
 Sleeping Saule's sonne,² his kingdome could not
 keepe :

While Sisera slept, Iael him slew outright.³

In towne of warre if all should seeke for rest,
 Quickly they should with enemies be opprest.

How glad is Satan when we yeld to sleepe :
 How sad sweete Iesus when we slouth imbrace :
 Sleepe not securely ye that are Christ's sheepe,
 With sighes and groanes pray vnto God for grace :
 For in our sinne if God with iudgement ceaze,
 Late will it be His iustice to appeaze.

Now in my moane to Him I will returne,
 Who trayterously had made a cursèd change :
 The Vine most true this withered branch did
 spurne :

Such wander wide who in by-paths do range.
 O treasonfull wretch, my Lord as thou hast sold,
 Shall those fowle lips to kisse my Lord make
 bold.

The subtill serpent seeking to seduce,
 Shroudeth himselfe vnder a faire pretence ;

¹ Judges xvi., 19. G. ² 1 Samuel xxvi. 12. G.

³ Judges iv. 21. G.

In heart hath hate, with tongue he taketh truce,
His spightfull spirit he shields with sweete defence.

His chearefull looke who gaue the glad 'all
haile'.

Fed fowle conceite his treason should preuaile.

Our tainted nature quickly will vs teach,
To follow that we can in others blame.

What needes the serpent th' apple faire to reach ?

We hazard all as though we were past shame.

The way to Hell appeareth wondrous faire,

The end whereof doth leade to fowle despaire.

Regard in Iudas, when foule flesh begins

To nibble a little vpon the serpent's baite,

How such will make a sport of all their sinnes :

Doubtlesse such sinners neere to Sathan waite.

For so at first the diuell Iudas tooke,

And held him fast vpon his siluer hooke.

Christ is betrayed of many in this life,

For art thou where religion is abused,

And hast no care then to confute that strife ?

There is great feare thy selfe shall be refused.

Thou stragling sheepe, herein thou goest astray ;

Thy silence proues, thou Iesus doest betray.

Else doest thou take on thee a Christian's name,

Following not that thou seemest to professe :

Thy owne vilde¹ life Religion much doth shame,
 Thou Christ betrayest that doest His truth repress.

Repent thee soone for former life mispent,
 And turne to God, while God to grace is bent.

Jesus to Iudas vseth words most kinde :
 For, Friend, He saith, a reason to Me render,
 Why thou art come ? as if He would him binde
 From former good his owne estate to tender.

But none more blinde then wilfull blinded bee,
 That to renounce which offereth cause of glee.

Traytor, thou camest, another to annoy,
 To annoy Him, who euer sought thy good ;
 Thy good He sought, and thou wilt Him destroy.
 But be thou sure thus thirsting after blood,
 That thou thy selfe of blood shalt haue thy fill,
 Though thou delight the guiltlesse blood to spill.

This to conclude, our Prince of might did foyle
 Not onely Sathan, but all his darkesome traine.
 Betray not Christ, by giuing backe the spoyle
 Vnto His foes ; from so vile sinne refraine.

As God in Christ hath shewed His bountie large,
 So haue great care still to regard His charge.

¹ Vile. G.

On Peter now if we shall cast our sight,
 Else on vs all the Apostles to our Lord.
 Cause great we haue, not to boast of our might,
 That weaknes are, and fall of franke accord.

Yet in our fall as we feele want of strength :
 So God relieues, and succor sends at length.

God suffred vs to see our weak'ned state,
 That seeing it, we should detest our sinne :
 He did vouchsafe to open wide His gate,
 His gate of grace, that we should enter in.

But that His grace to vs did much abound,
 He had iust cause for aye vs to confound.

The wounded soule from vs may comfort finde :
 For though we fell, yet God did vs uphold,
 He tendred vs, and we againe Him minde,
 Yelding Him thanks and praises manifold.

How so ere, Lord, of frailty we offend,
 Succour Thou vs, and vs with grace defend.

What now remains vnto the hard'ned Iewes,
 Iewes that would not our Lord as King should
 raigne ?

Raigne yet He must, although they doe refuse :
 Refuse that list, He will His right maintaine.

I know, when time of darknes shall expire,
 Our glorious King will haue His full desire.

For of this nation our Sauour did foretell,
 That as they sought from Him His state to cleare,
 So God in wrath would them from thence expell,
 Who did reiect His louing Sonne so deare.

Learne hence therefore if ye desire God's grace,
 Haue good regard God's Christ ye doe imbrace.

If Christ alone ye would in you should raigne,
 —For He delights within our soules to dwell—
 Haue good regard affections to restraine,—
 That are not good, but of our flesh do smell,

If Christ us guide, our gaine exceeds esteeme,
 We haue more store, then all the world can
 deeme.

The last of all, yet first in next complaint,
 Is the selfe same, who was chiefe actor made.
 Who seeth not he did true Iustice taint?
 Doubtlesse the wicked make of sinne a trade.

These yet—forsooth—must equitie pretend,
 Though to the world oppression they defend.

Why, Pilate, why? thou art a man of' might,
 Thy country lawes vilde¹ violence doth detest:
 As thou art Iudge thou oughtst regard the right,

¹ Vile, as before. G.

And haue great care the poore be not opprest :
Desire to please should not thy minde peruert,
That rightfull cause thou shouldest so subuert.

finis.





· II.

Marie Magdalen's Lamentations

FOR

The Losse of her Master.

1601.

Note.

As explained in our Memorial-Introduction, I accept the ascription of "Marie Magdalen's Lamentations" to GERVASE MARKHAM on the authority of HASLEWOOD, as stated in the Family-History of the MARKHAMS: and also as being confirmed by the Author's own words in his Epistle to his immediately preceding sacred Poem, reprinted by us. The circumstances stated in our Introduction account for the anonymity, and perhaps the giving of it to NICOLAS BRETON rests on an inaccurate reminiscence of a somewhat resembling title-page in one of his numerous publications. The following is the original title-page of the poem:

MARIE MAG -
DALENS LAMEN-
Tations For The
Losse of Her
Master Iesus.

Disce mori mundo vivere disce Deo.

London,

Printed by Adam Islip for Edward White, and are to be
sold at his shop, dwelling at the little North dore
of Paules, at the signe of the Gun.

1601.

Collation: Title and 29 leaves. As before we give a faithful reproduction of the Author's own text of this exceedingly rare poem. For our exemplar, we are indebted to the MARSH Library, Dublin. G.



The Preface to Mary Magdalen's Lamentations.

THE happiest soule that ever was invested
In sinne-staind skin, awakes my woefed Muse,

To sing her loue—whose loue is now celested—
Sith grauer pens so good a worke refuse ;
To wet the world with her sinne-washing teares,
Which well destil'd, each cloudie conscience
cleares.

She shed them once in most abundant wise,
Thinking no future aire should drie them up,
While any drop remain'd in tender eyes,
Or any heart could heartie sorrow sup,
Or any soule could sigh for sinne forepast,
Or feare that God's iust iudgements aye should
last.

But world worse waxing, hath forgot her lore :
Relenting hearts are adamanted so,
They cannot greeue, drie eyes can drop no more,
And sin-clog'd soule[s] doe now so heedlesse go :

They cannot sigh—ah! 'tis too great a paine—
 With contrite minds such soure-sweete throbs
 to stain.

Yea soule-confounding sinne so far hath crept,
 Repentant sighes are reckonèd for toies,
 And Marie's teares condemnèd long hath slept,
 As jems unpriz'd, which corrupt age destroies,
 Sane that her Lord because they still should
 last,
 In surest caske hath them invested fast.

For wretched soules let loose to libertie,
 So wanton like are weanèd to each wrong,
 So licensèd to worke impietie,
 And free to fleshly wils haue liv'd so long :
 That those fresh springs, whence penitent tears
 should flow,
 Presumption hath so stopt, that none will know

And sencelesse hearts, obdurat to all good,
 Haue so perverted their perfixèd end,
 That now—O greefe!—their sighs and dearest
 bloud,
 To feed fond fancie they doe vanelly spend :
 But for their sins one teare for to let fall,
 They have—alas!—nor eye nor heart at all.

Ah could they see what sinne from sence hath
 shut,
 How sweet it were to summon deeds misdome,
 To haue their lives in equall ballance put,
 To waigh each worke ere that the iudge doe come :
 Ah then their teares would trickle like the raine,
 And their eye-flouds would helpe to fill the
 maine.

They would with Marie send forth bitter cries,
 To get the ioies of their soule-saving love,
 They would gush forth fresh fountaines from their
 eies,
 To win His fauour, and His mercie proue :
 Eyes, heart, and tongue, should poure, breath
 out and send,
 Teares, sighs and plaints, untill their loue they
 find.

No idle houres ill spent in fond delight,
 No teares distil'd for momentarie losses,
 No sighs for missing absent lover's sight,
 No care contriv'd of common worldly crosses,
 Should then be us'd : but all consum'd on this,
 To beg amendment and bewaile their misse.

Yea all too little to an humble soule :
 —That only sees her ill misgovern'd life—

Would it appeare, to spend whole yeares in dole ;
 Yea many ages to declare her strife

Would passe as minuts, wishing Time would
 stand,

While she with feare her endlesse life had
 scand.

But farre from this lives sinners—too secure—

Who giving bridle to their selfe-desires,

Cannot alas! one scanted houre indure

In sacred service, but their mind aspires

In following Pleasure's height, whose froward
 will

In doing good doth make them carelesse still.

Which scene with pitie on our gracelesse minds,

This blessed sinner, whose so precious teares

Once bath'd His feet, that heaven and earth

inbinds,

And made a towell of her trayling haire,

To wipe the drops which for her sins were shed,

Now deignes to tell how our soules should be
 fed.

And Marie shewes to maids and matrons both,

How they should weepe and decke their rosc-like

cheekes,

With showers of griefe, whereto hard hearts are
loth,

And who it is her matchlesse mourning seekes :
And when we ought to send our reeking sighs,
To thicke the passage of the purest lights.

And Marie showes us when we ought to beat
Our brazen breasts, and let our robes be rent,
How prostrating, to creepe unto the seat
Of that sweet Lambe Whose bloud for us was
spent:

And that we should giue way unto our woes,
When the excesse no fault or errour showes.

If you will deigne with fauour to peruse
Marie's memoriall of her sad lament,
Exciting Collin¹ in his grauer Muse,
To tell the manner of her heart's repent :
My gaine is great, my guerdon granted is,
Let Marie's plaints plead pardon for amisse.

¹ The well-known (self-given) poetic name of SPENSER. Before our Poem (probably) saw the light he had died sorrowfully, viz. on January 16th, 1599. This may be taken as another confirmation that the present Poem was composed contemporaneously with "The Teares of the Beloued : " and hence of the authorship. G.

Marie Magdalen's first Lamentation.

AT THE TOMBE OF IESUS.



THAT climat will affourd a mournfull mate,
 All wo-begon, that vollies out hir grones,
 Whose griefs do equalize my sad grown
 state,

Whose heart poures forth a sea of helpelesse mones !
 If to my case, comparison such there be,
 Ile help her mourne, if she will mourne with
 me.

But since, no such associat there is,
 My Muse may tell a greefe without compare,—
 A blacke rehearse of metamorphos'd blis,
 And sad memoriall of untimely care,
Lugubre carmen fitteth best my use ;
 In waining state best fits a wailing Muse.

The deepest passion of true burning loue,
 That euer any loue-sicke heart possesst,
 —Drown'd in distresse—I silly woman prove,
 Whose ardent zeale is nurse of mine vnrest,
 But euen to death—O haplesse death!—alone
 I ru'd His death when other friends were gone.

I did behold my Love's too cruell death
 With these sad eyes, made red with brinish teares :
 My soule did sorrow for His losse of breath,
 By whose sweet life, my life was free from feares.
 Oh had I dy'd, when He dy'd on the crosse,
 I needed no complaint to waile my losse.

But that—too sweet a favour—was deny'de,
 I, might not I consort¹ my louer dying ;
 My course of life doth sorrow still bctyde,
 Which moves my soule to such a ceaselesse crying :
 Oh haplesse soule, so clog'd with care and greefe,
 For losse of Him that was thy comfort cheefe.

My Lord is dead, to Whom my soule did live ;
 He dy'd for me, I wretch am left alive ;
 Now to the dead I lasting praise must give,
 Sith light is lost, which did my life revive,
 And all in darkenesse I desire to dwell,
 In death's dread shade my saddest griefes to tell.

My Jesu's tombe my mansion is become,
 My wearie soule hath there made choise to inn ;²
 Vpon His crosse my comfort shall consume,

¹ Querq—comfort ? G.

² = to dwell. See our Ph. Fletcher, II. 294, 302 :
 IV. 35. G.

And ioies shall end where ioies did first begin.
 Oh eies gush forth your fast distilling force
 Of ocean tears upon His tombe and corse.

Oh life-containing tombe of my dead Lord,
 From thee no chauce shall hale me hence away ;
 Ile linger here while death doth life affourd,
 And being dead, my twining armes shall stay,
 And cleave unto Thee : nor alive or dead
 Will I be drawne from whence my Lord is laid.

Thou art the altar of all mercies meeke,
 The temple of all truth, the grave of death,
 The sanctuarie which lost soules doe seeke,
 The cradle of eternall living breath.
 Oh sweetest heaven of my eclipsèd Sonne,
 Receive this silly star, whose light is done.

Oh whale, that my deare Ionas swallowed hast,¹
 Come swallow me—more sweet to be thy prey—
 'Twas I, not He, that should in right have past
 This bloodie tempest : I was cause I say :
 Vnequall doomer, what hast Thou misdone,
 To rob the Earth of her celestiall Sonne.

Oh cesterne of my Joseph innocent,
 Let thy drie bottome take me prisoner,²

¹ Jonah I. 17. G.

² Genesis xxxvii. 20. G.

Sith I, not He—oh wretch most impudent—
Gave cause that so enrag'd my brethren were.

What pitch clouds darken our translucent¹ way,
And on what shore doth Truth's sweet preacher
stay?

Aye me accurst, why did I not before
Thinke upon this, which now I aske too late?
Why did I leave Him when I had Him sure?
To rue His losse, and more my ruthlesse state.
Oh had I watchèd, as I waile Him now,
None could have taken Him without me too.

But being too precise to keepe the Law,
The Lawe's sweet Maker I have thereby lost;
And bearing to His ceremonies too much awe,
I misse His sweetest selfe, of far more cost;
Sith rather with the Truth I should have beene,
Than working that which but a tipe was seen.

The Sabbath day so strickt solemnizèd
The standing by his coarse had not prophan'd;
By which, prophanest things are sanctified,
And that made pure which earst was foulely
stain'd;

¹ A Miltonic word *e.g.* Sampson Agonistes, 511: Comus
861. G.

Whose touch doth not not defile the thing that's
 clean,
 But most defilèd maketh faire againe.

But when I should haue staid, I went away,
 And when it was too late, I came againe ;
 In time of helpe—ah then !—my helpe did stay,
 Now I repent my follie—but in vain —
 My carelesse heed hath brought a heape of care,
 And carefull I, must ceaselesse teares prepare.

Ah ! let my heart into sad sighs dissolve,
 Let eies consume their flouds in brinish teares,
 Let soule—Care's captiue—in dislikes resolute,
 To languish still—sunke with despaire and feares—
 Let all I have endure deseruèd paine,
 That pennance due, sin's losses may regaine.

But ah ! my sweetest Iesu—my deare heart—
 Thou art not now, where Thou went but of late ;
 And yet, alas ! I know not where Thou art :
 —O wretched care ! O lamentable state !—
 Such haplesse state, unhappie I live in,
 To better it, I cannot yet begin.

Alas ! my ioy, my hope, my cheefe desire,
 How hast Thou left me wavering thus in doubt ?
 In mazèd moodinesse my thoughts to tire,

Wandering in woe, and cannot find way out.
 If I stay here I cannot find Thee so,
 To seek elsewhere I know not where to goe.

To leave the tombe, is for to gaine vnrest,
 To stand still helpelesse, is a curelesse paine ;
 So all my comfort in this plot doth rest,
 Helpelesse to stay, or going, hope in vaine.
 And to this choise poore soule I am left free,
 Which is to say, with what death I will die.

And yet—euen this—too happie a choice would be,
 For me, so vile, so base, unhappie wretch :
 For if to chuse my death it lay in me,
 How soone should I that execution catch ?
 How willing would I be to stop live's breath,
 If I might 'point the manner of my death ?

I would be nailèd to the selfe-same crosse,
 With those same nailes, and in the selfe-same
 place,
 Where bloudie Iewes did butcher up my losse ;
 His speare should wound my hart, His thorns my
 face,
 His whip my bodie : I would tast all smart
 To tread His steps with an embrued hart.

But oh ambitious thoughts, gaze not so hie,
 Vpon so sweet divine felicitie,

Thinke not with such a glorious death to die,
Whose life is privie to such infamie :

Death I deserv'd, not one, but many a death,
But not so sweet a meane to stop my breath.

So sweet a death seasoned with such deepe ioy,
The instruments whereof, dead corpses would
raise,

And most impurest soules from sinne destroy,
And make it pure, to yeeld Thee pure due praise :

A scourge too much—ah! where alas!—too
small

For my offences to be beat withall.

And therefore am I left, more deaths to tast
Than I live houres, and far more woes to shun,
Than I haue thoughts for my lost ioy to wast,
Which are in number more then motes in sun.

Vnhappie me whose weake estate must beare
The violence of such confusèd care.

But sith I cannot as He died, die,
Nor yet can live where He now liveth dead,
To end my dying life I here will lie,
Fast by His grave, and leane my wearie head
Vpon His tombe, on whose most sweete repose
He leaue to live, and death my eies shall close.

Better it is after His bodie's losse,
 —His sacred bodie which all creatures ioy'de—
 To keepe His sepulchre from farther crosse,
 Than losing one to let both be destroy'de ;
 Though I haue lost the Saint of clearest shine,
 I wil at least have care to keep the shrine.

And to this shrine I'le sacrifice my heart,
 Though it be spoilèd of the soveraigne host ;
 It shall the altar be and sacred part,
 Where I my teares will offer with the most ;
 My teares distillèd from my heart's deepe paine,
 Which going out, my sighs shall blow againe.

Here in this place—oh happie place !—I'le lead
 Yea lead and end my wofull loathèd life,
 That at the least my cold grave may be made
 Neare to this tombe, where I haue told my griefe :
 Neare this stone-couch, my eies their light shall
 lose,
 Which my Lord made the place of sweet repose.

It may be so this sindon¹ lying here,
 Thus emptie left and sezing to no use,

¹ From *σινδών* (Latin *sindon*) originally = a fine Indian cloth or muslin (and hence the derivation from *Ἰνδός*): later, as in text = fine linen, and so the Lord's 'grave-clothes.' G.

This tombe being open without any there.
 May pierce some piteous heart for to peruse,
 My naked bones, whose rights for to preferre,
 This shroud may wrap and this sweet tomb
 interre.

But oh too fortunat a lot to craue,
 For her that is a wretch so unfortunate ;
 No, no, I seeke not such a blisse to haue,
 Alas ! I dare not beg so good estate :
 But yet if such a sinne may proue unblam'd,
 I would forgiue by whom it first was fram'd.

And if to wish no presumption were
 In me alive then to permit it dead,
 If I knew him that that should prise me here,
 My teares should woo to haue my corpes so laid,
 And with my praiers I that man would hire,
 To blesse me with this blisse which I desire.

And though I dare not wish that anie do it,
 Yet this without offence to all I say,
 This sindon hath my love so tyde unto it,
 Above all clothes I love to it will pay.
 And this same tombe my heart more deare doth
 deeme,
 Than anie prince's hearse of most esteeme.

Yea and I thinke that coarse is favoured much,
 That shall my Lord in this same tombe succeed :
 And for my part—as my resolute is such—
 Vpon this plot to meet Death's fatal deed ;
 So doe I wish, that in the readiest graue,
 My breathlesse bones the right of buriall haue.

But this is all, and I dare say no more,
 My bodie I will leave to what befalls ;
 And in this paradise all ioy will store
 For my poore soule, which flesh and blood intrals,
 Which from this brittle case shall passe even
 then,
 Into the glorions tombe of God and Man.

Marie Magdalen's second Lamentation.

FOR THE LOSSE OF THE BODIE, WHICH
 SHE CAME TO ANNOINT.

BUT stay my Muse, I feare my Maister's love
 —The only portion that my fortune left
 me—

Would languish in my breast, and chillish prove,
 Sith warmth to cherish it, was quite bereft me.

His words, His presence gone, which fed my
 flame,
 And not the ashes left to rake the same.

My spice and ointment shall be then prepar'd,
 To pay last tribute of eternall dutie ;
 Though others have thereto devoutly car'd,
 And brought the best in worth, in worke, in
 beautie ;
 Yet such desire my dutie doth inherit,
 That I must yeeld my loue my latest merit.

My love each quantitie too little deem'd,
 Vnlesse that mine were added thereunto ;
 Best quantitie too meane and not esteem'd,
 Except with mine it somewhat have to doe :
 No diligence ynough for to apply,
 Vnlesse my service be employed by.

Nor doe I thus sharpe censure others' deeds,
 But 'cause love makes me covetous of doing ;
 Though Joseph's worke no reprehension needs,
 Though to my wish his baulme he was bestowing :
 Yet all he did cannot my love suffise,
 But I must actor be to please mine eies.

Such is the force of true affecting love,
 To be as eagre in effects t' appeare,

As it is zealous, fervently to move
Affections firme, to what it holdeth deare.

This loue devout sets my poore heart on fire,
To show some deed of my most deepe desire.

And to embaulme His breathlesse corps I came,
As once afore I did annoint His feet,
And to preserue the reliques of the same,
The only remnant that my blisse did meet :
To weepe afresh for Him in deapth of dole,
That lately wept to Him for mine owne soule.

But loe alas ! I find the graue wide ope,
The bodie gone, the emptie sindon¹ left :
The hollow tombe I every where doe grope,
To be assur'd of what I am bereft,
The labour of embaulming is prevented,²
But cause of endlesse weeping is augmented.

He wanting is unto my obsequies,
That was not wanting to my ceaselesse teares ;
I find a cause to moue my miseries,
To ease my woe, no wisht for ioy appeares.
Thus though I misse, whom to annoint I meant,
Yet have I found a matter to lament.

¹ = fine linen wrapper, as before. G.

² = anticipated. G.

I having settled all my sole desires
 On Christ my love, Who all my love possesst,
 In whose rare goodnesse, my affection fires,
 Whom to enioy I other ioies suppress,
 Whose peerlesse worth unmatched of all that
 liue,
 Being had—all ioy--and lost—all sorrowes—
 give.

The life of lives thus murthering in His death,
 Doth leaue behind Him lasting to endure,
 A generall death of each thing having breath,
 And His decease our nature hath made pure :
 Yet am poore I of ornament bereft,
 And all the world without perfection left.

What maruell then if my heart's hot desire,
 And vehement loue to such a lovely Lord,
 To see life's wracke, with scalding sighs aspire,
 And for His bodie's losse such woe afford,
 And feele like tast of sorrow in His misse,
 As in His presence I enioied blisse.

And though my teares, destil'd from moistned
 eies,
 Are rather oile than water to my flame,
 More apt to nourish sorrow in such wise,
 Then to deminish or abate the same.

Yet silly soule I plung'd in deapth of paine,
Do yeeld my selfe a captiue to complaine.

Most true it is that Peter came and John,
With me unto the tombe to trie report,
They came in hast, and hastily were gone,
They—having searcht—dare make no more resort ;
And what gain'd I, two witnessse of my losse,
Dismaiers of my hope, cause of more crosse.

Love made them come, but love was quickly
quail'd,
With such a feare as cal'd them soone away ;
I—poore I—hoping, in despaire assail'd,
Without all feare, persevering¹ still to stay,
Because I thought, no cause of feare was left,
Sith Whom I feard was from my sight bereft.

For I—poore soule—haue lost my Maister deare,
To whom my thoughts devoutly were combin'd ;
The totall of my love my cheefest cheare,
The height of hope in Whom my glorie shin'd ;
My finall feare, and therefore Him excepted,
Nor other hope, nor love, nor losse respected.

¹ See our Ph. Fletcher for like pronunciation of 'per-
sever' : I. 37 : III. 166, 223, 357. G.

Worse feare behind, was death, which I desired
 And fearèd not—my soule's life being gone—
 Without which I no other life required,
 And in which death had been delight alone :
 And thus—ah thus !—I live a dying life,
 Yet neither death nor life can end my strife.

Yet now me thinkes 'tis better die than liue,
 For haply dying, I my loue may find,
 Who while I liue no hope at all can giue,
 And He not had, to liue I haue no mind :
 For nothing in my selfe, but Christ I lov'd,
 And nothing ioies, my Iesus so remov'd.

If any thing alive to keepe me, striv'd,
 It is His image, cause it should not die
 With me, whose likenesse love in me contriv'd,
 And treasured up in sweetest memorie :
 From which my love by no way can depart,
 Vnlesse I rip the centre of my heart.

Which had been done, but that I feard to burst
 The worthlesse trunck which my dear Lord inclosed,
 In which the reliques of lost ioy was trust,¹
 And all the remnant of my life imposed :

¹ = trussed : cf. our Ph. Fletcher III. 11. G.

Else greefe had charg'd my hart to bleeding
tears,
And fatall end had past from pittious ears.

Yet pittious I, in so unperfect sort
Doe seeme to draw my undesirèd breath,
That true I prove this often-heard report,
Love is more strong than life-destroying death :
For what more could pale Death in me have done,
Than in my life performèd plaine is showne.

My wits destraught, and all my sence amaz'd,
My thoughts let loose, and fled I know not where ;
Of understanding rob'd, I stand agaz'd,
Not able to conceit what I doe heare :
That in the end, finding I did not know,
And seeing, could not well discernè the show.

I am not where I am, but with my Love,
And where He is, poore soule I cannot tell ;
Yet from His sight no thing my heart can move,
I more in Him than in my selfe doe dwell :
And missing Whom I looke for with sad seeking,
Poor wo-worn woman, at the tomb stay weeping.

Marie Magdalen's third Lamentation.

IN FINDING THE ANGELS AND MISSING WHOM SHE SOUGHT.

BUT hope-beguiling Fortune, now to cheere
My long sad spirits with a shade of ioy,
With angels presents doth present me here,
Granting a moment's mirth to increase annoy.

For lacking¹ Him, though for Him I find twaine,
To thinke on Him, redoubleth still my pane.

Yet for a time I will revive my soule,
With this good hope, which may my hopes exceed:
Comfort, sweet comfort shall my cares controule,
Releefe may hatch, where greefe did lately breed;
I seeke for One, and now have found out twaine,
A bodie dead, yet two alive againe.

My woofull weeping, all was for a Man,
And now my teares have angel bright obtained:
I will suppress my sigh-swolne sadnesse than,
And glad my heart with this good fortune gained:
These Heaven attendants to a parle envite me,
Il'e heare what they will say; it may delight me.

¹ Misprinted 'looking' G.

For I assure my selfe, if that the corse
 By fraud or mallice had removèd bin,
 The linnen had not found so much remorse,
 But had been caried too away with Him :
 Nor could the angels looke so chearfully,
 But of some happier chance to warrant me.

And for to free me from all feares—even now—
 They thus encounter, these their speeches were,
 And thus they spake, Woman why weepest thou ?
 As if they bad me weeping to forbear :
 For ill it fits a mortall eye should weepe,
 Where heauenly angels such reioicing keepe.

Erewhile they said, thou camst with manly
 courage,
 Arming thy feet, through greatest thornes to run,
 Thy bodie to endure all tyrants rage,
 Thy soule no violent tortures for to shun :
 And art thou now so much a woman made,
 Thou canst not bid thine eies from teares be
 staide.

If that thou hadst a true disciple's name,
 So many certaine proofes would thee persuade,
 But incredulitie so blots the same,
 Thou of that title art unworthie made :

And therefore woman—too much woman now—
Tell us – O woman—wherefore weepst thou ?

If there were any coase here lying by,
We then would thinke for it thou shedst thy teares,
That sorrow for the dead inforst thee cry :
But now this place, a place of ioy appeares,
Thou findst no dead, but living, to be here,
Oh! then why weepst thou with mournfull
cheere ?

What is our presence so discomfortable,
That seeing us, thou art inforst to weepe,
Thinkst thou if teares were so availeable,
That we ourselues from flowing streams could
keep :
Or is thy kindnesse in this cause extended,
That we with teares should thus be entertained.

If they be teares of loue to shew goodwill,
As love is knowne, so let them be suppressèd ;
If teares of wrath, denouncing anger still,
To shed them here, thou shouldst not haue
addressèd :

Here where all anger lately buried was,
But none deserv'd, ah ! none deserv'd alas !

If they be teares of sorrow, dead men's duties,
—The dead revivèd—they are spent in vaine ;

If teares of ioy destillèd from the booties
 Of happie fortune—flowers of ioyfull gainc—
 It better were that feuer had been spent,
 And fitter tokens might expresse content.

And angel's semblance visible, presents
 The will invisible of His dread Lord,
 Whose shapes are shaddowed after the intents
 And drift of Him, that rules him by His word :
 They brandish swords when God begins to frown,
 They sheath in scabbards when His wrath is
 downe.

When He would fight, they armèd come to field,
 When He would terrific, their forme afright,
 When he would comfort, they their countenance
 yeeld
 To smiling lookes, and signes of sweet delight :
 Mirth in their eies, and mildnesse in their words,
 All favour, grace, and comeliness affourds.

Why weepest Thou Marie then when we reioice ?
 Thinke not our nature can degenerat,
 Or faile in dutie—which we hold so choice—
 Ours is no changing or sin-working state :
 Doest thou more love or more His secrets know,
 Than we that at His Throne our service show ?

Oh ! deeme not Marie, deeme not then amisse.
 Against so plaine apparent evidence ;
 At our request forbear, and leave of this,
 Leave weeping Marie, and with teares dispence :
 Exchange thy sorrow for our offered ioy
 Accept sweet comfort, and forsake annoy.

No, no, you saints of glorie, ever shining,
 Persuade not me to harbor ioyfull glee,
 But thinke to whom my sorrow is enclining,
 And beare with my poore love-bound miserie :
 Alas ! I weepe for this one only losse,
 For whom all ioy doth but inferre new crosse.

For while He liv'd, I made my Paradise
 In euery place where I His presence found ;
 A speciaall blisse was euery exercise ;
 Wherein I shewed my service to Him bound :
 Each season wherein I inioy'd my King,
 Did seeme to me a neuer dying Spring.

Mary Magdalen's fourth Lamentation.

MARIE BEWAILES THE LOSSE OF THAT
PART WHICH CHRIST PROMISED HER :
WHEN HE SAID, MARIE HATH CHO-
SEN THE BETTER PART, WHICH
SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY FROM
HER.¹

T comforts me to send forth dryrie² plaints,
To fill the aire with my uncessant cries,
To volley forth a sea of sad laments,
With liquid teares to moisten still mine eies :
Yet neither plaints, nor cries, laments, nor
teares,
Can serue, can ease, can salue, can shew my
feares.

For all inioin'd to doe their best availe,
To helpe the mourne³ of my greefe-burthened soule,
Persuade me still it is my best to waile,
And spend the day in pittie-pleading dole :

¹ St. Luke x. 42. G. ² = dreary. G.

³ Query—moane ? G.

Sith whom I chose, the comfort of my heart,
Is now bereft—oh care-increasing smart !

That I did chuse the best and precious part,
It is no doubt, sith Christ I only chose ;
My Lord, the soveraigne of my zealous heart,
Whom to possesse, I wish my life to lose :
But how I haue it now I cannot say,
Sith He that was that part, is tane away.

Ah ! could I still haue kept Him with me here,
I would not thus haue lost him from my sight ;
No, I would not haue parted from my deare,
If to my will I had obtainèd might :
And might I now with teares His presence buy,
Rather than lose it, I all chance would trie.

Sith then I nothing seeke, but what I chose,
And losse of choice is all my combat's cause,
Either vouchsafe this part I doe not lose
Or I see not how to averre this clause :
Or how—poore wretch !—I now may truly say,
I chose best part, which is not tane away ?

But happily, His heavenly meaning was,
That it should not be taken from my heart ;
Though from mine eies Thou suffered it to passe,
Thy inward presence should supplie this part :

And yet I thinke if Thou within me were,
 I should Thee feele—and felt—not seeke Thee
 here.

Thou art too hotte a fire to heat my breast,
 And not to burne me with Thy scorching flame ;
 Thy glorious light would not leave me to rest
 In this blind darknesse, if I had the same ;
 For if Thy glorie in me duly shin'd,
 It would reioice and cheere my dying mind.

No, no, if that I had the virgin's Boy,
 My innocent heart—which never yet hath knowne
 To counterfeit an outside of hid ioy—
 Could not complain and make such greevous mone :
 Nor should my thoughts feed on a dead man's
 grave,
 If they at home so sweet a feast might have.

My love would not retaine a thought to spare,
 Nor have an idle minute for to spend,
 In any other action for to care,
 But in the sweet amplecting¹ of my friend :
 Ah nothing could withdraw my mind from this,
 To abridge least part in me from such a blisse.

¹ = laumenting. G.

My starving thirst for His lost sight is such
 The sea of my still flowing ioies againe,
 So able is to let me drinke as much,
 As may suffice to fill my longing paine :
 That though each part whole tides of ioy shou d
 drinke,
 Yet all too few my greedie drought would
 thinke.

In true loue's hearts each part is made an eie,
 And every thought prefixèd for a looke ;
 Then I so sweet an obiect soone would spie,
 'That 'mongst so many eyes should darknesse
 brooke :
 So cleare a shine, so bright, so cleare a light,
 Could not be hidden from a lover's sight.

Yea doubtlesse had the Lord in me a seat,
 I would not envie at the fortunes sweet
 Of mightiest prince—or empresse ne're so great—
 Yea I could more—if so He thought me meet—
 Reioice in Earth to be His tombe or shrine,
 Than be in Heaven, a throne, or saint faire
 shine.

But peradventure now 'tis with my mind,
 As earst it was with His apostles eyes,
 Who on the sea thought they a ghost did find,

When there He walkèd in miraculous wise :
 And I knowing more His bodie's shape than
 might,
 Take Him but for a fancie in heart's sight.

But oh ! sad soule—it seemes too strange that He,
 He whom I seeke, and Hee for whom I weepe,
 Should to my plainings thus estrangèd be,
 And leave me to these fits which sorrow keepe :
 If that in me a cause He did not see,
 For which He will not yet be seene of mee.

For hence it comes that water-wasted eies,
 Commaund a fresh incessant shower of teares,
 And drive my breast, which under burthen cries,
 Vnto a new made storme of sighs and feares :
 And last my soule—oh soule with woe opprest—
 Is made a prisoner to my owne unrest.

My heart shall never cease to tire my tounge,
 My tounge shall never rest to tell my smart,
 My smart shall cause me still to waile my wrong,
 My wrong—bereaving me of my best part—
 So heart, so tounge, so smart, shall all accord,
 To sigh, tell, shew, my greefes for my dead
 Lord.

I silly soule, sith I my mirth have lost,
 For my part will make much of heartie sorrow ;

And sith my ioy with such deepe woe is erost,
In bitter teares all comfort I will borrow :

Which I presume I lawfully may sheed,
Fetching my warrant from His latest deed.

Alas ! what need had my sweet Lord to weepe
Vpon the crosse, but for my learning's sake ?
Which cannot sure be ill for me to keepe,
That He thought good to give, 'tis good to take.

My weeping cannot preiudice my blisse,
A world of teares cannot bewaile my misse.

I still will draw to my distressed mind,
All sad conceits, all heauiue pensive musing ;
My heart to daily languour I will bind,
Where it may pine in withered care perusing :

Taking no comfort for my woe's redresse,
But in consenting to be comfortlesse.

Oh would to God I were as privie made
Vnto His blessed bodie's sweet remoue,
To know where that pure vessell now is laid,
As He is witting of my faithfull love :

Oh Thou my Lord and owner of my soule,
That knowes my heart and can conceiue my
dole.

If skies bright sunne to shew his beames did shame,
When light of lights was darkened with disgrace ;

If heavens their beautie did with louring staine,
Suting their colours to their Maker's case.


If Nature's frame did—melting—shake to see
Nature's faire Author us'd unnaturally.

Why should not I, whose ouer-burthening smart
Hath equall cause to waile His heaue case,
Helpe in this bad consort to beare a part?
Especially sith in this little space,

His bodie's losse hath mourners number lessened,
And yet the cause of weeping is increased:
The Apostles all are fled, His friends afraid,
And I alone to weep for all am staid.

Marie Magdalen's fift Lamentation.

MARIE'S PERSEVERANCE AT THE TOMBE,
AND THE AP'RING OF CHRIST IN THE
LIKENESSE OF A GARDINER.

 H my deare Lord, Thy grieffe the greatest
was
That euer was in man or manly heart,
And my greefe is as great a greefe alas!

As euer came to woman for her part :

For out of Thine my loue hath carvèd mee,
A part not small, and yet too small for Thee.

Thy losse my torment hath redoublèd,
And all sad soules pay me what they did borrow ;
I beare the grieffe, which them too much hath
troubled,

Yet I am made vice-gerent of all sorrow.

Sorrow, ah sorrow thou O tombe with me,
And thaw to teares you stones that hardest be.

The time is come—now is the very time—

That leave it had and license for to cry,

To tell the Pharises their sinfull crime,

Now for the Lord, the breach of silence try:

Who said, if His disciples held their peace,
The very stones would crie for sin's increase.

Sith then their lips be lockèd up with feare,

And sadnesse makes them mute, and not a word

Oh crie you stones, and no exclames forbear,

Crie out against the murtherers of my Lord :

The robbers of His sacred coarse bewray,
Bring them to light that stole my Lord away.

For sure it was some Pharise's fell spight

Or bloodie Scribe—not suted with the paine

His bodie felt—but bloud their hearts envite
 To practise some worse crueltie againe :
 And now to glut their brutish mind withall,
 Have stolne His coarse to use unnaturall.

Oh rockes and stones, if euer you must crie,
 Now is high time to poure your loud exclames ;
 Now let your clamours to the welkin¹ flie,
 Sith light is darkened, dead the flame of flames,
 The world's great Monarch foulely massacred,
 The life of lives outrageously misused.

Doth not His tongue—whose truth infallible is—
 Whose word omnipotent rules sea and wind,
 Whom creatures—most insensible—doe kisse,
 With aw'd obedience, which His power doth bind :
 Promise the whole world shall defend the iust,
 Against those sencelesse soules, which selfe-
 power trust.

And who more iust than He, of Iustice king ?
 Who then His barbarous murtherers, sencelesse
 more ?
 Whose innocent bloud could not a staunching bring
 Vnto their greedie thirst, slaughterèd before ;
 Vnlesse they to this impious act proceed
 To worke—His bodie dead—some hellish deed.

¹ A noticeable early use of this word. G.

Why doe not then all creatures them applie
 To be revengèd in a cause so iust,
 Vpon the Lewes incivile tyrannie,
 Bereft of sence and blinded in mistrust,
 Their hearts made inhumane, of reason barrain,
 Void of good feeling both to God and Man?

But sure it cannot be in humane might
 To steale the bodie of the Lord away,
 No bloudie theefe, nor any mortall wight
 Had sufferance to beare so wicked sway :
 It cannot be that any sinfull soule
 Would undertake a deed of such deepe dole.

No, no, He was no bootie for a theefe,
 Nor for a cruell Pharisee a pray,¹
 Nor were the angels' slacke to attend Him cheefe,
 As my suspition doth presume to say :
 If this thing cannot change my mind from feare,
 Yet looking on the clothes, my doubts may cleare.

Would any theefe have so religious beene,
 To steale the bodie and the clothes not take ?
 Would any theefe so venterous have been
 seene,
 To stay, so many feare-delaies to make,

¹ Prey. G.

As to unshroud the coarse, order the sheets,
And fold the napkins with such seemly pleets ?

I know that mirrhe makes linnen cleave as fast
As pitch or glue well temperèd or made ;
And could a theefe's stolne leasure so long last,
As to dissolue the mirrhe, and bare the dead,
Breake up the scales, open the tombe and all ?
Where was the watch when these things did
befall ?

If all this yet cannot persuade my mind,
Yet might my own experience make me see :
When at the crosse they strippèd Him, unkind,
I saw His garment would not parted bee
From goarie backe, but tare His tender skin,
Much more if it with mirrhe had 'nointed bin.

I'le looke into the sheet, if there remaine
Any one parcell of His mangled flesh,
Or any haire pluckt from His head's soft vaine,
If none that shall my wearie woe refresh :
I'le think a better chaunce betides my loue,
Than my misdeeming feare will let me prove.

A guiltie conscience doubteth want of time,
And leand¹ attempts are still dispatcht in hast,

¹ = lean or destitute of good qualities. G.

Offenders doubt least light make known their
 crime,
 And in Night's sable weed commit their wast :
 With dread and horror acting fearefully,
 And cannot marke when things well ordered be.

But to unwrap a bodie mangled so,
 Out of mirrhe, cloathes, and not the flesh to teare,
 Leaving them thus so cleanly wip'd in show,
 It is a thing most marvellous to heare,
 And most impossible for man to do,
 Vnlesse they had light, helpe, and time thereto.

But oh! the great effects of rarest loue !
 If loue a langour be, how then liue I ?
 If life, how do I then such dead fits proue ?
 If it bereaveth sence, how did I see
 The angels then? if it revive the same,
 Why did I not know Iesus when He came ?

And doe I in such zeale thus seeke for One,
 Whom when I have found out, I do not know,
 Or if I know Him that of late was gone,
 Now having Him, why doe I seeke Him so ?
 Behold my Christ is come, He whom I sought,
 Doth talke with me, and I my selfe know
 nought.

Why doe I not then wipe my dazled eies ?
 Ah hath my Lord in this world liv'd so long,
 Di'de with such paine, shed shours of tears with
 cries,
 Laboured so much, and suffered so much wrong,
 And hath thereby no more preferment cought,
 But for to be a silly gardiner thought ?

And hath my kindnesse so much cost bestowed
 Vpon this ointment which I did prepare ?
 Have I in anguish pin'd and so long sorrowed,
 Shead all these teares, and had such heedlesse
 care :

 And was all done for One, and one no better
 Than is a silly simple gardiner ?

Alas ! and is a silly garden plot
 The best free-hold that my loue can afford,
 Is this the highest office He hath got,
 To be a gardiner now that was my Lord ?
 He better might have liv'd and ownèd me,
 Than with His death to have bought so small'a
 fee.

Marie Magdalen's sixth Lamentation.

JESUS SAID UNTO HER (MARIE): SHE
TURNED, AND SAID UNTO HIM,
RABBONI.¹

QH loving Lord, Thou only didst deferre
My consolation, to encrease it more,
That Thy delightfull: presence might
preferre

The better welcome, being wisht so sore ;
In that Thy absence little hope had left.
Vnto my heart, so long of blisse bereft.

It may be that I knew not former blisse,
Till I a time was from the sweetnesse wean'd,
Nor what it was such treasures rich to misse,
Which in Thy presence I of late attain'd ;
Vntill my povertie had made it cleere,
Of what inestimable rate they were.

But now Thou shewst me by a prooffe most sweet,
That though I paid Thee with my dearest love,
With water of my teares to wash Thy feet,
With my best breath, which all desire could move:

¹ St. John xx. 16. G.

Yet small the price was that I did bestowe,
 Waying the worth, which now Thou letst me
 know.

I sought Thee dead, pind in a stonie gaile,¹
 But find Thee living, and at libertie :
 Shrin'd in a shroud, Thy visage sad and pale,
 Left as the modell of all miserie :

But now invest in glorious robes I find Thee,
 And as the president of blisse I mind Thee.

As all this while I sought but could not find,
 Wept without comfort, cal'd unanswered to :
 So now Thy comming satisfies my mind,
 Thy triumphs please my teares, which long did
 wo ;

And all my cries are husht with this one word,
 —Marie—'cause sweetly spoken from my Lord.

For when I heard Thee call in wonted sort,
 And with Thy usuall voice, my only name,
 Issuing from that Thy heavenly mouth's report :
 So strange an alteration it did frame,

As if I had been wholly made anew,
 Being only nam'd by Thee—Whose voice I
 knew—

¹ = gaol. G.

Whereas before my grieffe benum'd me so,
 My bodie seem'd the hearse of my dead hart :
 My heart—soule's coffin—kil'd with care and wo,
 And my whole selfe did seeme in euery part
 A double funerall presented plain,
 Of Thee and of my selfe together slaine.

But now this one word, hath my sence restored,
 Lightned my mind and quicknèd my heart,
 And in my soule a living spirit poured,
 Yea, with sweet comfort strengthened every part :
 For well this word a spirit dead may raise,
 Which only word made Heaven, world and seas.

Marie I was when sin possest me whole,
 Marie I am, being now in state of grace ;
 Marie did worke the ill that damn'd her soule,
 Marie did good in giving ill a place,
 And now I shew but what I was and am,
 This word alone displaies my ioy and shame.

For by His vertues that did speak the same,
 An epitome of all His mercies sweet,
 A repetition of my miseries came,
 And all good haps I did together meet :
 Which so my senses ravishèd with ioy,
 I soone forgot my sorrowes and annoy.

And thus my heart a troupe of ioyes did lead ;
 Mustered in rankes, to mutinie they fell,
 Conspiring which might worthiest be made ;
 With them my owne unworthies doe rebell,
 And long in doubtfull issue they contend,
 Till view of highest blisse the strife did end.

He was my Sunne, whose going downe did leave,
 A dumpish night with fearefull fancies fild,
 And did each starre of glistering shines bereave,
 And all the world with mystie horror kill'd :
 And every planet reigning erst so bright,
 Were chang'd to dismall signes in this darke
 night.

Yet now the cleareness of His lovely face,
 His words, authoritie which all obey,
 This foggie darknesse cleane away doth chace,
 And brings a calme and bright well-tempered day :
 And doth disperse clouds of melancholic,
 Awakes my sence and cures my lethargie.

Rapt with His voice, impatient of delay,
 Out of His mouth His talke I greedily take,
 And to His first and only word I say,
 And with one other word this answer make,
 Rabboni : then my ioy, my speech did choke,
 I could no more proceed, nor more hear spoke.

Some would have spoke, but Fear conceal'd the
 clause,

Hope framèd words, but Doubt their passage staies :
 When I should speake, I then stood in a pause,
 My suddaine ioy my inward thoughts quite slaies :
 My voice doth tremble, and my tounge doth falter,
 My breath doth faile, and all my sences alter.

Lastly, in lieu of words, issue my teares,
 Deepe sighs in stead of sentences are spent ;
 Their mother's want they fill with sighs and feares,
 And from the heart halfe-uttered breath they sent :
 Which so in passion's conflict disagree,
 To sounds perceiv'd they cannot sorted be.

So fares the heart that's sicke for suddain ioy,
 Attaining that for which it long did fire :
 For even as Feare is Loue's still servile boy,
 And Hope an usher unto lost desire,
 So Love is hard, a firme beleefe in gaining,
 And credulous coniectures entertaining.

And though desire be apt for to admit
 Of wisht for comfort any smallest shade,
 The hotter yet it burnes in having it,
 The more it cares to have it perfect made :
 And while least hope is wanting which is sought,
 The best assurances avantage nought.

And even as hope doth still the best presume,
 Inviting ioy to welcome good successe,
 So Fame suspects true blisse can hardly come,
 And cals up Sorrow, making it seeme lesse :

 With greefe bewailing the uncertaintie.
 Of that which should be sole felicitie.

And while as these doe mutually contend,
 Feare sometime falleth into deepe despaire,
 Hope rising up, his fierie darts doth send
 Of wrath, repining to the emptie aire :

 Making a doubtfull skirmish, dead they stand,
 Till evidence of prooffe the strife have skand.

For though—poore I—so suddainly repli'de
 Vpon the notice of His voice well knowne,
 Yet for because so rare a chaunce I spi'de,
 His person chaung'd, Himselfe unlookt for showne :

 The sight my thoughts into sedition drew,
 Then were they purg'd from doubts by stricter
 view.

And then though specches would have issued faine,
 And my poore heart to His haue dutie sent,
 Yet euery thought for utterance taking paine,
 Which first might be receav'd, so hastily went,

 That I was forc'd—indifferent iudgo to all—
 To act by signes, and let my speeches fall.

And running to the haunt of my delight,
 My cheefest blisse, I straight fell at His feet,
 And kindly offer in my Saviour's sight,
 To bath them now with teares of ioy most sweet :
 To sanctife my lips with kissing His,
 Once greevous, but now glorious wounds of blis.

To hear more words I listed not to stay,
 Being with the Word it selfe now happie made,
 But deeme a greater blisse for to assay,
 To have at once my wishes full apaide,
 In honoring and kissing of His feet,
 Than in the hearing of His speech, lesse sweet.

For euen as loue, in nature coueteth,
 To be united, yea transformèd whole,
 Out of it selfe into the thing it loueth ;
 So what unites, loue most affecteth sole,
 And still preferreth least coniunction euer,
 Before best ioies, which distance seemes to
 seuer.

To see Him, therefore, doth not me suffice,
 To heare Him doth not quiet whole my mind,
 To speake with Him in so familiar wise,
 Is not ynough my loose-let soule to bind :
 No, nothing can my vehement loue appease,
 Least by His touch my wo-worne heart I please.

Marie Magdalen's seventh Lamentation.

HER FALLING AT CHRIST'S FEET TO
KISSE THEM, HIS FORBIDDING HER:
SAYING, DO NOT TOUCH ME, FOR I
AM NOT YET ASCENDED TO MY
FATHER.¹



H loving Lord, what mysterie is this?
Being dead in sinne, I toucht Thy mortall
feet

That were to die for me, now may not kisse
Thy glorious feet; yet Thou hast thought it meet
They should as well for my good now revive,
As for my good they dy'de, being late aline?

Thou didst admit me once to annoint Thy head,
And am I now unmeet Thy feet to touch?
Thou wonted was for to commend the deed,
Which now Thou doest command me from as much:
O Lord, sith I and others shall them feele,
Why doest Thou now forbid me so to kneele?

What meanest Thou, good Lord, that Thou re-
strainst

¹ St. John xx, 17. G.

My heart of such a dutie so desired,
 Sith Thou 'mongst all Thy friends, to me hast
 deign'd

The first of Thy selfe—of all requirèd :

With Thy first words my cares sole happie be,
 And may I not be blest with touching Thee ?

If teares haue woon such favour, from mine eies,
 If longing earnes a recompence so sweet,
 Why doest Thou Lord my feeling hands despise,
 And barre my mouth from kissing Thy sweet feet :
 Sith lips—with plaints—and hands—with will
 to serve—

Doe seeme as great reward for to deserve.

But notwithstanding, thus Thou doest prevent,
 My tender offer, which I would effect,
 Forbidding me to touch—as if Thou meant—
 I should the difference of Thy state respect :
 Being now a glorious, not a mortall bodie,
 A life eternall and not momentarie.

For sith the bodie's immortalitie,
 The glorie of the soule together knit,
 Are both of them indowments heavenly,
 For such as in sweet paradice doe sit :
 Rights of another world well maist Thou deeme
 This favour, than nothing of small esteeme.

Though to my Father I have not ascended,
 I shortly shall ; let thy demeanure then
 Not by the place where I am, be intended,
 But by that place which is my due : and when
 With reverence thou farre off wouldst fall,
 I will consent that thou Me handle shall.

If thou My former promises beleeve
 My present words may be a constant prooffe ;
 Doe not thy eies and eares true witnessse give,
 Must hands and face most feeble for heart's be-
 hoofe ?

 If eies and eares deceivèd be by Me,
 As well may hands and face deluded be.

Yet if thou feare lest I so suddaine part,
 That if thou take not leave now of My feet,
 With humble kisse, with teares fetched from thy
 heart,

Thou never shalt so fit a season meet :
 License that doubt, for all those loves of thine.
 There will be found a more convenient time.

But goe about what now more hast requires,
 Run to My brethren, tell them what I say,
 That I to satisfie their soules desires,
 For them in Gallilee will goe stay :

And there before them shortly will I bee,
Where they My sacred heavenly face shall see.¹

And I preferring 'fore my wish His will
Even like a hungrie child, departed from Him,
Puld from a teat, which store of milke doth fill,
Or like a thirstie hart from brookes exil'd :
 Sorrise that I by carrying ioyfull newes,
 Should leaue my Lord, Whom I did rather chuse.

Alas! then — said I—cannot others be
Made happie, but by my unhappie crosse?
Cannot their gaine come in by none but me,
And not by me, but by my heauielosse?
 Must dawning of their day my evening be,
 And to enrich themselves, must they rob me?

Alas! goe seeke to better thee—deare hart—
And ease thy woe in some more happie brest,
Sith I unworthie creature for my part,
Am nothing freed from my late unrest, :
 But in the tast of high felicitie,
 The want whercof doth worke more miserie.

Thus lead by dutie, and held backe by love,
I pacèd forward, but my thoughts goe backe,
Readie eftsoones a sounding fit to prove,

¹ St. Matthew xxvi. 32. G.

But that firme faith supported me from wracke :
And towards the tombe in breathing oft I turn'd,
As if that aire with new refreshing burn'd.

Sometimes poore soule my selfe I do forget :
Love in a sweet distraction leading me,
Makes me imagine I my love have met,
And seems as though His words were feeding me :
I deeme His fecte are folded in my armes,
And that His comfort my chill spirit warmes.

But when my wits are all againe awake,
And this a meere illusion is found,
My heart halfe dead, its wonted woe doth take,
And greater greefe my sicke soule doth confound,
That I—alas!—the thing it selfe must misse,
Whose only thought so much delightfull is.

And as I passèd where my Lord hath beene,
Oh stones—said I—more happie farre than I,
Most wretched caitife ! I alas ! have scene.
When unto you my Lord did not denie,
The touch of His for euer blessed feet,
Whereof my ill deserts make me unmeet,

Alas ! what crime have I of late commit,
That cancels me out of His good conceit ?
Or doth my Lord His wonted love forget ?

May I no more His wonted love a wait?
 Had I for tearme of life His love in lease,
 And did my right expire in His decease?

Oh in His feet with teares at first I writ
 My supplication for His mercie sweet,
 With sobs and sighes—poore soule—I pointed it,
 My haire did choisely fold it, being wet;
 My lips impression humbly seal'd the same,
 With reverent stamp, which from my sicke soule
 came.

They were the dores that entrance first did giue,
 Into His favour, and by them I came
 By kind acceptance in His heart to liue;
 By them I did my humble homage frame,
 Vnto His head, while it did yet containe
 In man, a mirror of God's brightnesse plaine.

But now alas! I must contented be
 To beare a lower saile, and stoope to time,
 To take downe my desires that sores so high,
 To meaner hopes, and leaue aloft to clime:
 Sith former favours now are markes too high,
 Either to levell at, or to come nigh.

But oh! ambitious eies! for so weake sight,
 He is too bright a sunne; your lookes are ty'de,

And now are limited to meaner light,
 And rather like a batt, than eagle ey'de :
 You must your selves t'inferiour lookes submit,
 For Him to see, such substance is unfit.

No, no, sith I am from His feet reiected,
 How can I thinke, but that my want of faith
 Is cause I am so slenderly respected,
 And that His heart to yeeld me love gainesaith :
 Yea, that I am from all possession throwne,
 Of His kind favour, which were earst mine owne.

Yet why should I stoope to a feare so base,
 When want of faith with sinne was worse
 agreed :

He did vouchsafe to graunt me of His grace,
 And shall I now, cause faintly I belceued,
 Thinke that my Lord so rigorously will deale,
 As to abridge me of this wishèd weale ?

Is the sinceritie of my pure loue,
 —Wherein He hath no partener at all—
 In no respect availeable to moue ?
 Or in account is it so slight and small,
 As that it may not hope some sparke to find
 Of wonted mercie, and His grace so kind ?

I will not wrong Him with so vniust a thought,
 Sith His appearing doth approve the same,

His words o'rethrow that such suspition wrought,
His countenance doth tell I am to blame :

Why then should I from such a vaine surmise,
Sucke so much sorrow in such foolish wise.

Thus as I travailed in this iourney short,
My fantasies long voiages did make,
And heal'd¹ my mind in such a wavering sort,
Hope could not win nor Feare would not forsake :

But twixt them both my vision made me glad,
And greefe of my deniall made me sad.


But as I was in this perplexèd wise,
Rising and falling in uncertaintie,
The other holy women I espie,
That first with me came to the grave to see :

To whom the angels had made demonstration
Of Christ my Lord and Maister's resurrection.

¹ = held G.

The Conclusion.

JESUS MET THEM, SAYING, ALL HAILE.

 H how profound are all Thy iudgements
 Lord!
 How doest Thou take my sorrow to Thy,
 heart!

How doth Thy eies such bleeding drops afford,
 To see my wounded love and greevous smart:
 That Thy refusall late, requited is
 With such a grant so free and full of blis.

Full of content, the baulme of troubled mind,
 That tooke no pleasure where Thy presence wanted:
 But oh! that grace hath gracèd me to find
 The love wherewith my soule is cheefe acquainted:
 His love's my life, by His love my life liveth,
 For to my soule His love the life breath giveth.

Now are the dolefull, darke, and pitcht-fae'd
 clouds

Dispearst and driven from my comfort's face;
 Those melancholy, moist, and wat'rie shrouds,
 That did the brightnesse of my ioies displace,

Wrapping me up, as in eternall night,
 Vanisht they are, seeing my heart's delight.

Delight in Him, to Whom all love is debt,
 Seald with the heart, the soule, and all the might :
 A paiement that admits no worldly let,
 To linger or defraud, a heavenly right :
 Which if I cannot pay as due requires,
 Accept—O Lord !—Thy debtor's true desires.

Let me Thy everlasting prisoner be,
 Chain'd in the linkes of an eternall love ;
 My want and will is only knowne to Thee,
 A willing debtour I will ever prove :
 And what I have, I freely doe bestowe,
 Take all my worth, for past of that I owe.

Oh Christian soule take Marie to thy mirrour,
 And if Thou wilt the like effects obtaine,
 Then follow her in like affections fervour,
 And so with her, like mercie shalt thou gaine :
 Learn sinfull man of this once sinfull woman,
 That sinners may find Christ, which sin abandon.

That love recovereth Him that sinne did lose,
 That firme believe recalleth that againe.
 What fainting faith did quite forsake to chose,
 That what nor force nor favour can obtaine,

Nor pollicie by mortall meanes bring in,
Continued teares of constant loue, can win.

Learne then of her for Christ no force to feare,
And out of Christ no comfort to desire.
With Christ His loue, all loue—though ne're so
deare—

To ouer-rule, to quench fond fancie's fire :
Rise earcly soule, in thy good motion's morne,
Sleepe not in sloth, when diligence may per-
forme.

Run with repentance to thy sinfull hart,
Which should the temple undefil'd have bin,
But through thy fault, deserves no better part
Than be the tombe for Christ to burie in :
For wanting life to tast this heavenly bread,
He seem'd to thee as if He had been dead.

Remoue the loads that presse thee downe in sin,
The stone of former hardnesse roule away,
Looke to thy soule, if Christ be lodg'd therein,
And if thou find that there He doe not stay,
Then weepe without; in other creatures mind
Him,
Sith had in all, in any thou maiest find Him.

Make Faith thine eie, Hope guide, and Love thy
light,

Seeke Him, not His ; for Himselfe, not His meeds :
 If Faith have found him in a cloudie night,
 Let Hope seeke for Him when the Day spring
 breeds :

 If Hope to see Him have thee luckly led,
 Let Love seeke further, in Him to be fed.

If Sorrow knocke, Remorse is Mercie's porter,
 And euer opens to let Dolour in ;
 Vnto that dore be thou a quicke resorter,
 'Tis much to save the losse that comes by sin :

 He that of sorrow is true mournefull taster,
 Doth feel Sin's smart, and also Sin's salving-
 plaster.

Striue with thy thoughts, being all prepar'd
 together,
 To rise out of mortalitie's foule mire,
 Which hath no standing, nor firme footing neither ;
 Prevent the danger, and in time retire :

 Crave to be cleane of that same filth sinne urged,
 For who is pure, that Iesus hath not purged ?

He can the ruines of thy soule repaire,
 He yet distributeth His mercie's treasure,
 The dore stands open yet, thy suite prepare,
 Let not repentance stay old age's leasure :

When the meridian of thy sun's once past,
The night of Nature hies upon thee fast.

Awake therefore, watch th' evils hourelly nie,
Provide before thou be surpriz'd of breath ;
Vpon the pale horse heedfull cast thine eie,
Note him that sits thereon, whose name is Death :
 Be readie for the stroke he is to give,
 For feare thou die ere thou begins to liue.

Oh mild Physician, how well didst Thou know !
Thy corosive so sharp did greeve my wound :
Which did by ignorance, not error grow,
Therefore no sooner felt, but helpe was found :
 Thy linative appli'de, did ease my paine,
 For though Thou did forbid, 'twas no restraine.

And now to shew that Thy denial late
Was but a checke to my unsetled faith,
And no reiecting of my fault with hate,
Thou letst me wash Thy feet in my teare bath :
 I kisse them too, the seales of our redemption,
 My loue renewèd with endlesse consolation.

Thus hast Thou Lord full finishèd my teares,
Assured my hopes, contented my desire,
Repair'd my loves, extirpèd quite my feares,
Perfected ioies with all that heart requires.

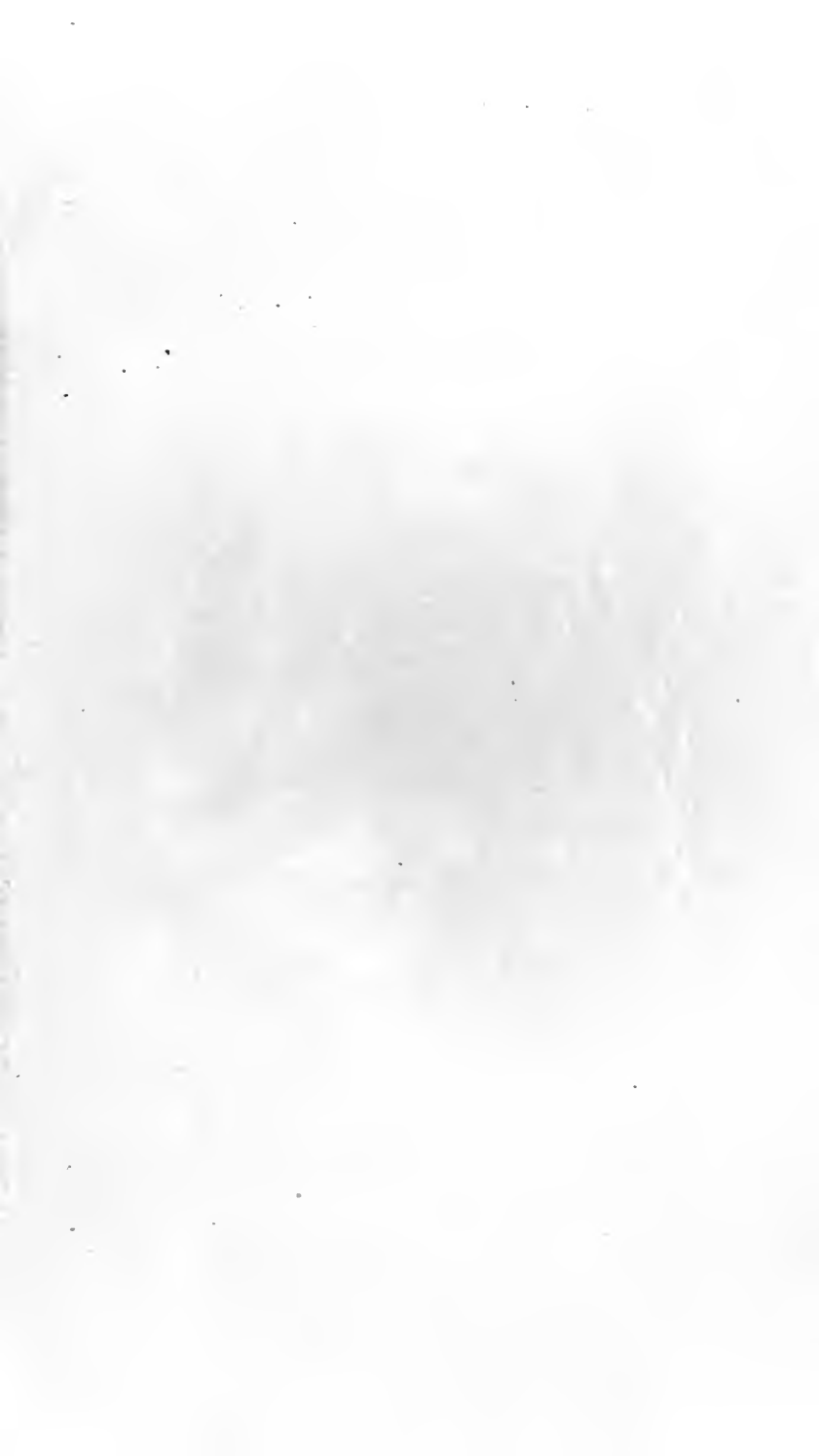
And made the period of expiring griefes,
The preamble to euer fresh reliefes.

How mercifull a father art Thou Lord,
To poore forsaken orphans in distresse !
How soft a iudge, that iudgement doth afford
With mildest grace, to sinners comfortlesse !
How sure a friend unto a syncere loue,
Whose pure and faithfull loue doth alter neuer !

Thou then that art with diligence prepar'd,
Going with speed, standing with hopes lift hie,
Humbling thy heart, thy haughtie will impar'd,
If Thou with Marie none but Christ would see,
Himselfe will to thy teares an answere giue,
And His owne words assure thee He doth liue :

That sweetly He, unto thee being showne,
To others thou maiest run, and make Him knowne.







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Markham, Gervase
The teares of the beloved

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