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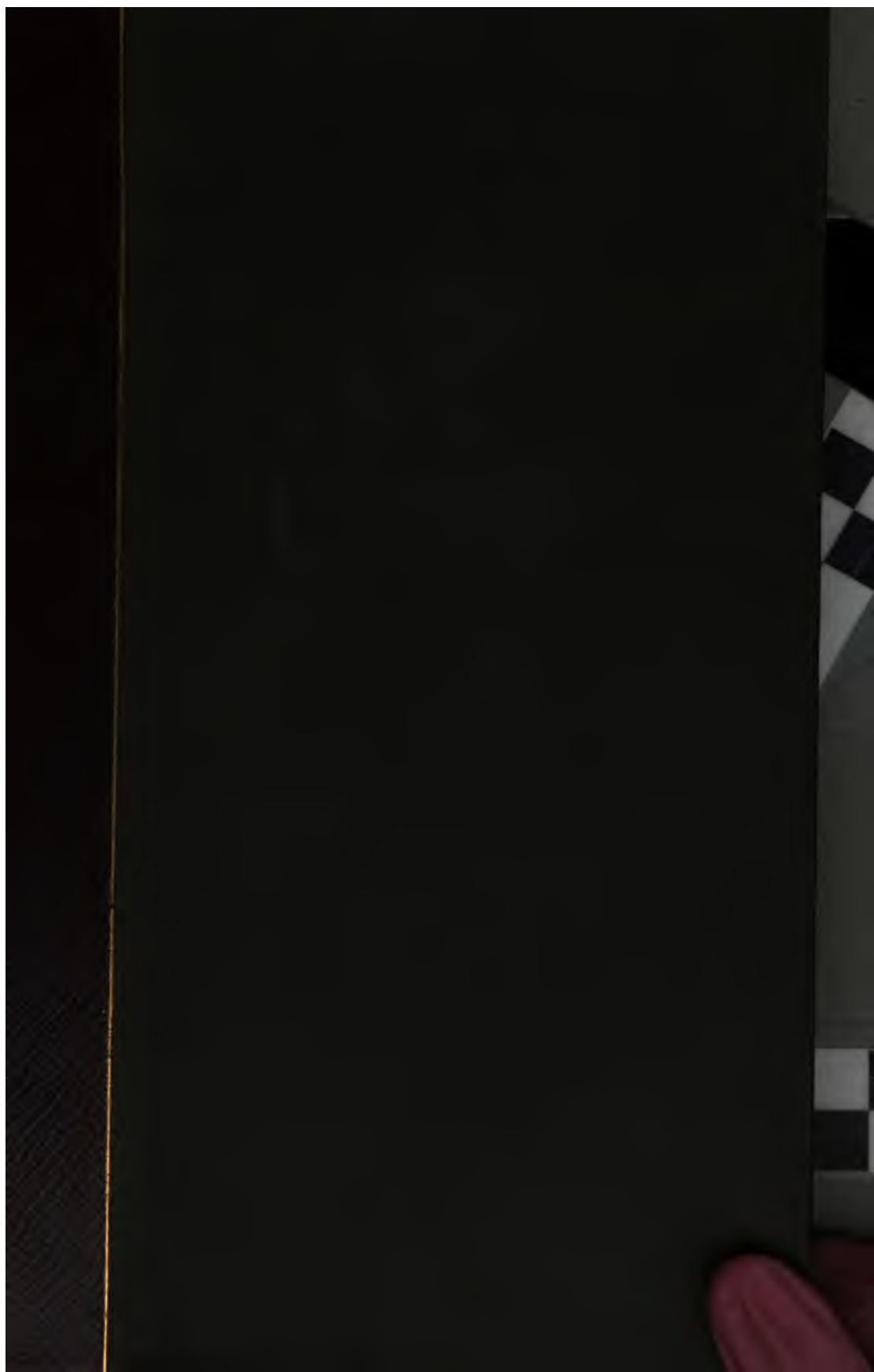
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The Scottish Text Society

THE WORKS  
OF  
SIR WILLIAM MURE  
OF ROWALLAN





THE WORKS  
OF  
SIR WILLIAM MURE  
OF ROWALLAN

EDITED  
*WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY*

BY  
WILLIAM TOUGH, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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### ROWALLAN CASTLE.

ROWALLAN CASTLE, the ancient residence of the Mures of Rowallan, stands on the banks of the Carmel Water, about three miles north of Kilmarnock. It is more than probable that at some remote period the stream, widening at this point, altogether surrounded the slight elevation on which the castle stands, and thus formed of it a small island rock or craig—a circumstance to which, it has been suggested, the name Rowallan is due. Several rocks of similar appearance in the Firth of Clyde, in the neighbourhood of the Cumbræes, are called *Allans* to the present day. The promontory forming the approach to the castle would perhaps sufficiently account for the first syllable of the name.<sup>1</sup> The prominence occupied by it is stated by Crawford to have been called the “Craig of Rowallan,” and the proprietors were sometimes designated therefrom “de Crag.” The environs of Rowallan, adorned with many aged trees, some of them of great size and beauty, are delightfully suggestive of poetic musings, while the venerable mansion itself “affords a very perfect specimen of an

<sup>1</sup> See note to p. 237 of ‘Historie’ (p. 301) on etymology of Rowallan.

early feudal residence, progressively enlarged and fashioned to the advancing course of civilisation and manners."

The original fortlet, of which only the vaulted under apartment remains, has been with great probability assigned as the birthplace of Elizabeth More, the first wife of Robert, the High Steward of Scotland, afterwards Robert II. By this marriage—the most important event in the long history of the Barons of Rowallan, and a source of lively discussion to several generations of historians—the descendants of Elizabeth were destined to fill first the throne of Scotland, and afterwards that of Great Britain, and by it the blood of the Mures of Rowallan flows in the veins of our royal family at the present day.

The southern front, the principal and more ornamental part of the building, was erected about the year 1562 by John Mure of Rowallan and his wife, Marion Cunninghame, of the family of Cunninghamehead. This is indicated by the inscription on a small tablet at the top of the wall JON . MVR . M . CVGM . SPVVIS . 1562. In the neighbourhood of this inscription appears the arms of the family and also its crest, a Moor's head. This crest, which seems to be alluded to in the old family tree as the "bludy heid," may probably refer to some feat of arms performed against the Saracens during the Crusades. Unfortunately the building, with its pleasant old garden, is fast falling into decay. With the exception of the part occupied by the ground-officer on the estate, it has long been uninhabited.

#### LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM MURE.

Sir William Mure was born in the year 1594. As his grandfather was then alive, it is likely that he first saw the

light not in the Castle of Rowallan itself, but in the Old Hall, a building situated a short distance from the family seat, and the recognised dwelling of the eldest son after marriage. There is little now to distinguish the Old Hall from the ordinary farmhouse, but in earlier times it was a place of some importance. Before the existence of the village of Fenwick, the smith's and cartwright's shops, and the dwellings of others of the more useful retainers of the family, grouped themselves around it, and in its immediate neighbourhood grew up the first school of the barony.

Of the early life of the poet we cannot speak with any certainty. Whether he received the rudiments of his education in the barony school and afterwards at Kilmarnock, or privately in his father's house, there is no record left to tell us. That he may have attended school at Kilmarnock, however, seems probable. It is true we have no authentic information regarding the parish school of that town until the comparatively late date of 1727. But we know that in 1633 Parliament passed an Act authorising the establishment of a school in every parish in Scotland, "upon a sum to be stented upon every plough or husband land according to the worth"; and, as Kilmarnock had risen to the rank of a burgh long before then, there is no great improbability in supposing it to have had the means of affording rudimentary instruction as early as the period of Mure's boyhood. With greater probability may it be assumed that he finished his scholastic career at the University of Glasgow. His younger brother Hugh, afterwards "preacher at Burstone, in Northfolke in England," was enrolled there as a student in 1618, and his own connection with the university in after-life points to the



likelihood of some earlier bond of union. It has been suggested that the sentiment of veneration which he ever cherished towards the eminent Principal, Robert Boyd of Trochrig, may have been due, in part at least, to their early relation as teacher and student; but as Boyd was only appointed Professor and Principal in 1615, the year of Mure's marriage, the suggestion cannot be held to be of much value. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that Mure received the best education the times could afford. There is abundant evidence of this in his writings. The frequent references to classical fable in his earlier poems may not, indeed, prove much. They were probably to some extent due to youthful vanity, and the desire to write "according to the fashion." But his later works, especially his translations from Virgil, and his faithful and vigorous rendering of Boyd's 'Hecatombe Christiana,' prove that he was not only widely read in the classical authors, but also that he was deeply imbued with their spirit and beauty. That with such tastes he should content himself with the exercise of his poetic faculty in his native tongue would be, perhaps, too much to expect, and accordingly we find that the manuscript of his Miscellaneous Poems contains several specimens of his Latin versification. These, however, have not been included in the present volumes, partly because they were considered beyond the scope of the work—partly, perhaps mainly, because of their incompleteness. With one exception,<sup>1</sup> they seem to

<sup>1</sup> The exception consists of the following six lines on the death of his grandfather:—

" Vir virtutis, homo antiquæ fideique recumbit,  
 Quales haud multos tempora nostra ferunt,  
 Simplicitas cui cordi et priscae secula vitæ,  
 Sors sine dissidio mens sine fraude fuit,  
 Quæ, quia degeneri hoc ævo sunt rara, perosus,  
 Ævum hoc indignum dignius ille adiit."

be little more than first drafts. They have many unmusical lines, and contain defects in Latinity which would most assuredly have been amended had they had the benefit of their author's revising hand.

Mure seems to have looked upon himself as a poet by heredity, and there is no doubt he did his best to cultivate his hereditary gift. In this endeavour he received every encouragement from his friends and contemporaries. His mother was Elizabeth Montgomery,<sup>1</sup> daughter of the laird of Hazelhead, and sister of Alexander Montgomery, the author of 'The Cherrie and the Slae.' To this connection he makes reference in his address to Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., in the following lines :—

“ Machles Montgomery in his native tounge,  
In former tymes to thy Great Syre hath sung,  
And often ravischt his harmonious ear  
W<sup>t</sup> straynes fitt only for a prince to heir.

My muse, q<sup>ch</sup> nought doth challenge worthy fame,  
Sae from Montgomery sche hir birth doth clayme,  
(Altho his Phoenix ashes have sent forth  
Pan for Apollo, if compaird in worth),  
Pretending tytyls to supply his place  
By ryt hereditar to serve thy grace.”

In one of two sonnets addressed to him, probably about the year 1617, the same relationship is also mentioned,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See the 'Historie,' p. 256.

<sup>2</sup> The reference is contained in the following lines :—

“ Sprang thou from Maxwell and Montgomerie's muse,  
To let o' poets perisch in the West?  
No, no ! (brave youth) continow in thy kynd.  
No sweeter subject sall thy muses fynd.”

The name of Maxwell which here occurs as that of a then recognised poet seems to have perished. As Mure's grandmother, however, was a daughter of Maxwell of Newark, in Renfrewshire, his descent from that branch of the Maxwells would seem to be pretty clearly indicated.

On the last page of his edition of 'The Historie and Descent of the House

and Mure is urged to continue his poetical efforts. He probably required no encouragement. At all events, from 1611, the date of the first of his poems which has come down to us, till his death in 1657, his pen was rarely idle.

The chief events of Mure's life, as far as possible in their chronological order, may now be given. In 1615, before fully completing his majority, he married Anna Dundas, daughter to the laird of Newliston. It now became necessary for him to set up an establishment of his own, and he accordingly built the house of Dalmusternock. It is prettily situated, and stands quite in the neighbourhood both of the castle itself and of the Old Hall. The arms of Sir William and his wife are still to be seen above the door at Dalmusternock. The date of his marriage, 1615, is shown on a stone to the right of the doorway, and the initials A. D. (Anna Dundas) appeared, until recently, on a stone to the left. The D still remains, but the A has become obliterated within the last few years.

Of this marriage five sons and six daughters were born. The sons were: "Sir William who succeeded, Captain Alex<sup>r</sup>, slaine in the warre against the Rebels in Irland, Major Ro<sup>t</sup>, married to the ladie Newhall in fyfe, Johne, finnickhill, and Patrick." Of the daughters only one, Elizabeth, reached years of maturity. She married Knox, laird of Ranfurly.

On the death of his first wife Mure married again, choosing for his second wife Dame Jane Hamilton, Lady Duntreth, by whom he had two sons, James and Hugh, and two daughters, Jeane and Marion.

of Rowallan,' the Rev. Wm. Muir curiously enough gives the first part of one of the above-mentioned sonnets, with the omission of two lines, and to this tags on the four lines quoted, which only occur in the other sonnet.

In 1616, the year after Sir William's first marriage, his grandfather died and his father succeeded to the family estates.

In 1617 appeared his 'Address to the King's Maiestie,' which was included in the collection entitled 'The Muse's Welcome,' published the following year, and was thus in all probability the first of Mure's effusions to appear in print. His 'Dido and Æneas' was written before this. In the second stanza of that poem he describes himself as—

"To twyse two lustres scarce of 3eirs attained,"

so that we shall not probably err in ascribing it to the year 1614. It is now published for the first time.

From 1617 till 1628 we have nothing from Mure's pen; but in the latter year he issued a small volume containing 'A Spirituall Hymne,' 'Fancies Farewell,' and 'Doomes-day.' The first of these is a translation of Boyd of Trochrig's Latin poem, the 'Hecatombe Christiana'; the last is an original poem of considerable length, the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by its full title. In 'Fancies Farewell,' a series of three sonnets, the poet describes the change which had taken place in his views of life since the time when his mind was wholly occupied with his "Amourouse Essayes." He deplores the years of youth wasted in the composition of his "lovelie layes,"—

"Love's false delight and beautees blazing beame  
Too long benighted haue my dazled eyes,"

and resolves to devote his remaining days to the consideration of the only subject worthy of concern to sinful man.

“Hence-foorth fare-well all counterfeit delyte,  
 Blinde Dwarfing, I disclaime thy deitie,  
 My Pen thy Trophees neuer more shall write :  
 Nor after shall thine arts enveigle mee.  
 With sacred straines, reaching a higher key,  
 My Thoughts about thy fictions farre aspire :  
 Mounted on wings of immortalitie,  
 I feele my brest warmde with a wountless fire.”

These were no idle words. Mure kept his promise—and wrote very little more that is worthy the name of poetry.

In 1629 ‘The Trve Crvcifixe’ appeared. This is Mure’s longest, and, from his own point of view, most important work. It is also his best known, and, whatever we may think of its merits, it undoubtedly deserves the credit of having done more than any of his other writings to preserve his memory from utterly perishing. As a poem, in the true sense of the word, however, it will hardly bear investigation.

The consideration of Mure’s remaining works need only occupy a few lines. Between the years 1629 and 1639 he seems to have been engaged on his version of the Psalms, now published for the first time. Next to the ‘Dido and Æneas,’ this is undoubtedly the most valuable and interesting thing he ever produced. The ‘Covnter-bvff to Lysimachus Nicanor’ appeared in 1640 under the *nom de plume* of Philopatris. ‘Caledon’s Complaint,’ which bears no date, may, with a fair degree of likelihood, be put down to 1641. ‘The Cry of Blood and of a Broken Covenant’ was published in 1650. It was the last of Mure’s works, with the probable exception of ‘The Historie and Descent of the House of Rowallan,’ of which we can only surmise, since it was left unfinished, that he was engaged on it at the time of his death in 1657.

On the death of his father in 1639, Mure was at once drawn into the whirlpool of political life. This change, which is immediately reflected in his writings, cannot have been altogether pleasing to one of his disposition and studious habits. Nevertheless, with a conscientious recognition of the claims of his position, he threw himself with vigour into the troublous life of the times, and promptly took his place as the representative of an important county family. In Scotland, as in England, the political atmosphere had long been stormy. The headstrong and bigoted policy of the Court, brought into conflict with the no less obstinate resistance of the Presbyterians, had rendered an open rupture unavoidable. The crisis came in the Assembly held at Glasgow in 1638. There the Covenanters found themselves forced, as a last resource, to decide upon resistance by arms. Early in the summer of 1639, therefore, the forces of the Covenant began to assemble, and, about the beginning of June, they formed the famous camp at Dunse Law. To this gathering Ayrshire sent a contribution of 1200 men, foot and horse, under the leadership of Lord Loudon. Lord Montgomery, the son of the Earl of Eglinton, accompanied them on the march, and the Earl himself, whom a threatened descent from Ireland had kept employed in the west, joined the camp later on. Of this subsidy Mure commanded a company of his own tenants and others from the neighbourhood.

After the assembling of the Scots at Dunse Law we hear nothing of our author until 1643, in which year we find his name mentioned as member of the Scots Parliament for Ayrshire. In 1644 he accompanied the Scottish army into England; and on July 2nd he was present and

wounded in the memorable battle of Marston Moor. In August he was engaged in the storming of Newcastle, where, for some time, he held command of his regiment, owing to the absence of Colonel Hobart and other officers who had been wounded in the late battle.<sup>1</sup>

This is the last glimpse we have of Mure in any political or military capacity. That he did not lose his interest in public affairs is shown by the publication of 'The Cry of Blood and of a Broken Covenant' in 1650. But, so far as we know, the last years of his life were spent in those peaceful pursuits so suitable to his disposition, and in the enjoyment of such domestic felicity as the turbulent times

<sup>1</sup> The following letter from Sir William to his son may be of interest as bearing on these events:—

“LOVEING SONE,

“We are now lying before Newcastle engaiged anew to rancounter w<sup>t</sup> new dangers, for we are to adventure the storming of the toun if it be not quickly rendred by treaty, wherof ther is very smal apearance for they look very quickly for ayde to releave them. They are very proud as yet for oght we can perceave, and those that come out to us resolute. For the most part they are reformer officers under the commandment of the Earle of Craufurd and Mackay. We have had diverse bowts w<sup>t</sup> them, and on satterday last, a sound one, wherein we had good sport from the sunryseing till twelve a'clock, both partyes retreating and chaargeing by touers w<sup>t</sup>out great losse to eyther for o<sup>r</sup> gen: Ma: shew himselfe that day both a brave and wise commander, and if it had not been so, we could not but haue great losse, for we were put back over the water at the last, for their forces grew, and we had no armes but pistoles and they played upon us still at a very far distance w<sup>t</sup> muskets and long fowling peeces. I am kept heir now beyond my purpose upon necessity, haveing the only chaarge of the Regiment till Col: Hobert, the Lieut: Col: and Major come heir, who have bein all in very great danger but are now pretty well recovered so that I expect them heir very shortly. I am engadged in credit and cannot leave such a chaarge, of such consequence, in ane abrupt maner, qlk might hazard the breaking of the Regiment notw<sup>t</sup>standing of the urgent necessity that I know calls for my presence and attendance upon my owne affaires at this time, which in so far as yee can be able ye must haue ane ey to.

“I have written to Adame Mure to whom yee shall also speak and requeist, that he must take the whole care and chaarge of my harvest and stay constantly at my house for that effect and I will sufficiently recompense his paynes.

allowed. The Rowallan loft in Fenwick church was evidently built by him during this period of retirement, since over the door leading to it is a representation of the Mure arms with the date 1649. Mure's character is excellently, if somewhat quaintly, summed up in the concluding words of the 'Historie': "This Sr W<sup>m</sup> was pious & learned, & had ane excellent vaine in poyesie; he deltyed much in building and planting, he builded the new wark in the north syde of the close, & the batlement of the back wall, & reformed the whole house exceidingly. He lived Religiouslie & died Christianlie in the yeare of [his] age 63, and the yeare of [our] lord 1657."

## MURE'S POSITION AS A POET.

Considering the esteem in which which Sir William Mure was held by his contemporaries, it is remarkable

Yee may be now and then visiting my workers, and hasting them to their dwty as yo<sup>r</sup> owne affaires may permitt. It is very long since I heard from you, and am uncertane whither yee received my letters written since the battle at long marston moore. I know I will hear from you by this bearar, again whose retourne to me I hope to be ready to take a voyage home. Praying heartily the Lord to blesse you, yo<sup>r</sup> bedfellow and children, till o<sup>r</sup> happy meeting and ever I rest,

"Youre loveing father,

"S. W. M. Rowallane.

*from Tyne-side before newcastle  
the 12 of august 1644.*

"I blesse the Lord I am in good health and sound every way.

"I gote a sore blow at the battle upon my back w<sup>t</sup> the butt of a musket, which hath vexed me very much but specially in the night being deprivd therby of sleep, but I hope it shall peece and peece weare away, for I am already nearly sound. I thank god for it."

[*Superscription.*]

"ffor his very Loveing Sone

Sr William Mure

yo: of Rowallane."

*b*



that no edition of his collected works has appeared before this time. The Rev. William Muir, editor of the 'Historie,' did indeed announce as preparing for publication in 1625, "The Poetical Remains of Sir William Mure, written from the year 1611 to 1635"; but, unfortunately, for some reason the project seems to have fallen through, and Mure was left in undisturbed obscurity. That there has been some excuse for this obscurity and this neglect cannot be doubted. Mure's manuscripts had passed, by some means, regarding which it would be unprofitable now to make any inquiry, into the possession of certain individuals who made use of them simply in so far as it suited their own convenience. Consequently it was only by those works which were published by their author himself that any estimate of his position as a poet could be formed. The grounds for judgment have hitherto, therefore, been insufficient. No wonder, then, that the judgment itself has been inadequate and unjust. The works which Mure considered most important are precisely those which reveal him at his weakest as a poet. A perusal of 'The Trve Crvcifixe,' 'Caledon's Complaint,' or the 'Covnter-bvff,' is not calculated to impress the reader with any high idea of the "divine fire" of their author. But as those and a few other similar pieces were almost all by which the reader had to judge, there is little cause for astonishment that Mure's name should long have been—among the comparatively few who were aware of his existence at all—a synonym for all that is dreary and barren in poetry. The criticism is justifiable only so far as it concerns itself with his later writings; applied in a general sense it is unjust, because it is based on insufficient knowledge. That large proportion of Mure's

work which now sees the light for the first time contains all of his that is most valuable from a literary, not to mention a poetical, point of view. In his earlier years at least Mure was no mere Dryasdust. In some of his Miscellaneous Poems, in his paraphrase of the Psalms, and particularly in his 'Dido and Æneas,' qualities are shown and excellences displayed which will no doubt materially alter the views of those who have hitherto looked upon him merely as the stern and somewhat gloomy laureate of the Covenanters.

On the other hand, however, it is true that by no possibility can Mure ever be assigned a high rank among poets. His limits are too narrow. Nevertheless, by confining himself to the two great concerns of love and religion, he enjoyed a considerable reputation in his own day as the poet of both. His later poems contain his most serious and original work; but they cannot compare with those of his more youthful days in lightness, grace, and mastery of technique. Much of his earlier poetry, indeed, will bear favourable comparison for smoothness of diction, and purity and delicacy of thought, with the work of his better known contemporaries and immediate predecessors both in Scotland and England.

Whether all of Mure's love poetry is to be taken seriously is open to question. He was apparently well read in the English poets of the Elizabethan period, and much of his work is modelled on their writings. It had become recognised as indispensable to the reputation of a man of blood and breeding that he should offer up homage to beauty; and if he was not touched with a real passion, nothing was easier than to feign one. It was but natural that much of this imitated emotion should be expressed in

exaggerated and artificial language. Its main design was to paint the unhappy condition of the lover agitated by doubts and terrors; to extol the beauty of his lady, and chronicle the means by which she maintained her empire over his susceptible feelings, her looks and gestures, her disdain that froze, and her kindness that thawed again his heart. Hence, while there was considerable scope for variety in the treatment of details, there was little room for originality of conception. Consequently we find the same ideas, the same images, and even the same turns of expression, constantly reproduced. It would be easy to parallel lines of Mure with those of Surrey, Wyatt, and other writers who did much to transplant this fictional love from the sonnets of Petrarch into English poetry. But the mistake must not be made of setting down as artificial all that is expressed in conventional form. The miscellaneous poems numbered viii., ix., and x. seem undoubtedly to have been addressed by Mure to the lady who became his wife. They breathe the spirit of a true and fervent love in the language of genuine passion.

It is not so much in the mere art of expression that Mure falls short of more famous writers. It is because, as a love poet, he has only one string to his harp. Though altogether introspective, his glance penetrates to no great depth. He has but little originality, and is deficient in powers both of reflection and of observation.

Let us examine the last point somewhat in detail, as one which must forcibly strike every reader of Mure's poems. It is not too much to say that for him external nature has absolutely no existence. Apart from the 'Dido and Æneas,' which is mostly translation, there is hardly a reference to outside nature in all his writings. Even in

the 'Dido and Æneas' itself he seems to avoid the merely picturesque as much as possible. To take an example. The happy and restful description of the bay, or inlet, where the Trojans, wearied with the buffeting of the stormy seas, and burdened with the grief of lost comrades, first find refuge on the Carthaginian coast, is entirely omitted. The pictures of the hunting of the deer and of the feasting that followed also appeal to him in vain. These and similar omissions are particularly interesting in the case of a writer like Mure, who, as a man, was evidently not insensible to the charms of wood and stream and flower. Brought up amid the scenery surrounding his ancestral seat of Rowallan, which he did so much to improve and beautify, such insensibility on his part would seem to be impossible. But the sense of beauty, though undoubtedly there, was not strong enough to assert itself in literary form.

From this point of view Mure's "ryt hereditar" to the mantle of Montgomery is open to question. The influence of Montgomery on his young relative was unmistakable, and is remarked on elsewhere;<sup>1</sup> but, in nearly all that constitutes the true poet, the older man towers head and shoulders above the younger. In vigour, passion, and power Mure never approaches Montgomery. Unlike the latter, he neither sees with the eye nor feels with the heart of the true lover of nature. The "melodious mirth of merle and mavis," the bloom spread over "branche and bewch," the sparkling dew, like diamonds "vpon the tender twists," "the sounding beis," the shadows of the trees in the river,—none of these, or the thousand other equally beautiful sights and sounds with which he must have been familiar from his childhood, had importance, even exist-

<sup>1</sup> Notes to Miscellaneous Poems.

ence, for Mure as a poet. It is true that in the opening lines of his second poem he makes reference to a pleasant spring—

“W<sup>t</sup> fairest schads of trees o’rschadoued, wnder”—

but the description is too general to be effective. It strikes one as accidental rather than as due to any innate sense of beauty. What is perhaps his only other attempt at nature-painting occurs in his ‘Address to the King’s Maiestie,’ lines 97-102:—

“Heir plesant plains alongst the crystall Clyd,  
Which in a flowrie labyrinth her playes,  
Heir blooming banks, heir silver brooks doe slyd,  
Heir Mearle and Mavis sing melodious layes,  
Heir heards of Deer defy the fleetest hounds;  
Heir wods and vails and echoes that resounds.”

This is not only merely conventional; as a piece of poetical description it is stiff, forced, and utterly hopeless.

The late Professor Veitch, whose own passionate delight in every aspect of external nature lay at the root of most of his writings, has well expressed the condition into which Scottish poetry had sunk in the time of Mure: “With Montgomerie and his contemporaries, Scott and Hume, we bid adieu for a long period to any apparent sympathy with the Scottish landscape. After these men, we have almost no references to outward scenery in the way of description for several generations of poets, and those we have are generally mere imitations. There was, indeed, no true return to nature among the acknowledged poets until the time of Drummond of Hawthornden, to be followed by Allan Ramsay. For the most part it is wholly passed by; and we find the Scottish muse employed on

what are known as sacred themes—seeking to make popular, or throw into recognised popular forms, theological and spiritual conceptions and experience—often with a passionate conviction and enthusiasm which command respect, while it is quaint in its form and eminently national. The very intensity which pervades this kind of composition is perhaps essentially connected with its narrowness, even in the religious sphere, and with its exclusion of what is high, elevating, and refining, alike in the walks of reflection and imagination. It was probably a necessity of the age and time; it arose partly in the way of reaction from the insincerity, hypocrisy, and unworthiness of life characteristic of the immediately preceding age; but that it involved a serious loss to the integrity of our human life—to its breadth, its culture, its true vitality and place in the real world of experience—cannot, I think, be doubted. We cannot without harm turn a deaf ear to any side of that world through which God is revealed to us. To sever the twinship of Nature and Revelation, or to break with art for the sake of worship, is a mistake hurtful to the interests of both.”<sup>1</sup> It is not difficult to believe, although he makes no mention of him, that while penning the above sentences the writer had in his mind the author of ‘The True Crucifix.’

But although we must deny Mure the divine gift of originality, and not only acknowledge but insist on the limits, both natural and self-imposed, within which he worked, we must grant him the possession of a cultured literary taste and a high power of literary expression. He was in no sense a “Makar,” but, on the other hand, he was no contemptible artist. His skill in versification led him

<sup>1</sup> The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry, vol. i. pp. 339, 340.

to the occasional perpetration of a mere feat of rhyming gymnastics, but his feeling for what was best in literature was pure and true. Detached examples, such as the application of Spenser's beautiful line, to Venus, might be given in proof of this :—

“ Thus having said, she turn'd away her face,  
*Which made a sunne-shine in the shady place.*”

But the best proof is his choice of the story of Dido and Æneas itself, combined with his selection of Virgil for translation rather than Ovid. That a Scottish lad, barely twenty years of age, should undertake the translation of two books of the ‘Æneid’ into English verse, one of those being the fourth, and thus challenge direct comparison with the famous Lord Surrey, perhaps only indicates the presence of the usual self-confidence of youth. That he succeeded so well proves that the confidence was not unfounded. The performance, indeed, in no small degree justified the pretension. In his choice of a subject, to begin with, Mure showed that he was possessed of the true instinct. Of all the episodes in the ‘Æneid,’ perhaps in all Roman literature, there is nothing that appeals to us—awakens our sympathies, kindles our emotions, and arouses our feelings of kinship as human beings—like the story of the unfortunate Dido. In the words of Professor Sellar, “The only personage of the ‘Æneid’ which entitles Virgil to rank among great creators is Dido, an ideal of a true queen and a true woman. She is the sole creation which Roman poetry has added to the great gallery of men and women filled by the imaginative art of different times and peoples. . . . Dido alone is a life-like and completed picture. On the episode of which

she is the heroine the most intense human interest is concentrated." In his choice, therefore, Mure showed an unmistakable appreciation, not only of what was best in his author and most calculated to interest his readers, but also of what he himself was best fitted to accomplish. But he had not only the ability to recognise; he had also the power to assimilate and reproduce—in a word, the gifts of the born translator. How great is the pity, then, that he should have buried so much of his talent in the barren field of religious and political controversy!

That Mure should have so tightly bound himself within the limits of verse in his translation was perhaps unfortunate. Into the question of the possibility of doing justice to Virgil in any verse-rendering there is no need to enter here. That is a point regarding which there seems to be no doubt in the minds of those best qualified to judge. In Mure's case the effect of the restraint on the dignity and power of his original is marked; but his attempt, as a totally new departure, may fairly enough look for lenient criticism, and this can be the more willingly accorded in consideration of the truthful rendering, and in admiration of the force and beauty of many of the passages.

Regarding Mure's later works, almost all that need be said will be found in the notes. Perhaps the most valuable, and undoubtedly the most interesting, of them is his paraphrase of the Psalms. Of the esteem in which his other works were held by his contemporaries we can judge from their own utterances. But from the nineteenth century point of view, it seems that little would have been lost, perhaps something gained, had they been composed in good nervous prose. His own standing, and the condi-



tions of his time, seemed to demand their composition and publication as a duty ; but it is perhaps not too much to say, that if all the works which Mure published in his lifetime had remained unwritten, and only those had been made public which appear in these volumes for the first time, his reputation as a poet would not have suffered.

Of Mure as a man, apart from the indirect evidence of his writings, we know little. What his personal appearance was—whether he was tall or short, dark or fair, slender or buirdly—we cannot tell. What we do know is that he was, in every sense of the word, a truly religious and highly cultured gentleman. Upright, kindly, courteous, no word he ever wrote could give offence to the most fastidious taste. He could indeed write strongly when stirred to indignation by injustice and oppression ; but the course ribaldry of the “Flytings” and the witty licentiousness of many of his predecessors were equally distasteful to his pure and modest mind. That he could fight bravely in defence of what he believed to be the right he proved, and that he was a careful and prudent manager of his own affairs his letter to his son shows.

An interesting relic, giving evidence of Mure’s musical tastes, is still preserved in the Edinburgh University Library.<sup>1</sup> This is his ‘Lute Book,’ a small, neatly bound volume, containing a considerable number of pieces, and bearing the quaint inscription : “For Kissing, for Clapping, for Lowing, for Proveing, goe to ye Lute be W. Mure.” Several of the tunes have no title, but among those which have are “Corne Yairds,” “Battel of Harlaw,” “Our the dek [dyke], Davie,” “Maggr<sup>t</sup> Ramsay,” and “Katherine Bairdie.” Most of the pieces in this interesting collection

<sup>1</sup> Laing collection of MSS., No. 487.

have probably been long forgotten — both names and music. None of them are accompanied by the words.

It is believed that the present edition of Sir William Mure's works is as complete as it is possible now to make it. At all events, it contains every writing of his made mention of by the numerous authorities consulted by the editor, with two exceptions. These two, a religious poem called 'The Joy of Tears,' and another called 'The Challenge and Reply,' are mentioned in the Rev. Wm. Muir's continuation of the 'Historie of the House of Rowallan,' but no trace of them has been found. They are probably lost beyond recovery.

I have to record my obligations to the following gentlemen for kindly aid in preparing this book : To Dr Cranstoun and the late Dr Gregor, for assistance in reading the proofs ; to Mr Webster of the University Library, and Mr Clark of the Advocates' Library, for facilities in consulting MSS., original editions, and works of reference ; to the authorities of Glasgow University Library, for permission to copy the MSS. of the Psalms ; and particularly to Mr George Muir, of Kilmarnock, who placed his wide knowledge of all pertaining to the Rowallan family, as well as his manuscript notes to the 'Historie,' entirely at my disposal.

W. T.

E R R A T A.

VOLUME I.

Miscellaneous Poems, xvi. 6. *For He read I'le.*

Dido and Æneas, iii. 13. *For wals as read als was.*

VOLUME II.

Covnter-Bvff, 382. *For sesam read sceane.*

EARLY MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



I.

ANE CONFLICT TUIX LOVE AND RESSOUN.

**Q**UHEN Morpheus, w<sup>t</sup> his sleepe vaile,  
 Apollo's brightnes did assaile,  
 And forc'd him chainge his course,  
 Towards ye Ocean streamis,  
 To coole his burning beimis 5  
 In ould Neptunus' source,  
 And quhen the Night the Stigian caues had schroudit,  
 And ye Horizons of myne eyes o'rclouidit,

The Citherean boy in Airmes  
 Appeird then, sounding Loues alarmes. 10  
 Ane Ensigne displayed  
 In sing of ware he bair,  
 Quhose colours to declair  
 3it maks my hert affrayed,  
 Resolu'd, by force, by subtil slight, or treassoune, 15  
 To siege, and sack the Rampier of my ressoune.

His campe was arm'd w<sup>t</sup> horrid night  
 As one quho lothed to sie ye Light,  
 A bow bent in his hand  
 He caryed to invaid 20  
 All such as durst wpbraid,  
 Or contrar his comānd.  
 Inventing then all the Ingynes he can,  
 To brash my breast ye battery thus began.

*Cup.* "Zeild to his powar quho rules and ringis 25  
 Both ower mein men, and o're kingis ;  
 Quhose shafts hath ay subdued  
 Ye most heroick hertis ;  
 Quhose flames and deidly derts  
 No martiall mynds eschued ; 30  
 Zeild thou and learne how to practize and proue  
 The heavinly Joyes, and suggared sweets of Loue.

"Once taist yat nectared delyte,  
 Of all pleasoures ye most perfyte,  
 To spend thy tender zeiris 35  
 In loves lascivious layes  
 Sporting thy youthfull dayes  
 In Ven<sup>n</sup> wantoune weiris :  
 O, so the springtyme of thyne age t'employ,  
 It is to baith in oceanes of Joy." 40

His speichis beutifully sainted,  
 And for ye present purpose painted,  
 Mou'd, (by thair chairming power,)  
 Against me to conspyre,  
 Youth, courage, and desyer, 45  
 To haist my fatall houer ;  
 Ressoune alone, to ratifie my right,  
 To Cupid then replied, suolne w<sup>t</sup> dispicht :

*R.* "Cease, serpent, seik no to subdue  
 And kill ane hert, bot for a vieu ; 50  
 Thy pleasour is bot paine,  
 A dreame, a toy, a schadou,  
 Lyk to a blooming meadou,  
 Quhose pryd doth schort remaine.  
 Thy sweetest joyes proue oft in end most sowre, 55  
 Lyk to a fair sunschyne befor a schoure."

ANE CONFLICT TUIX LOVE AND RESSOUN. 5

ȝouth then, with courage and desyer,  
All flaming in voluptuose fyre,  
    W<sup>t</sup> fervent myndes assayed  
    My Sences to suppryse, 60  
    Esteiming me wnwysse  
    To ressoune to be tyed,  
So that, by only his adwyce and will,  
My actiounes all must be directed still.

Z. "Fy thou," (quod ȝouth,) "faint is the spirit, 65  
Of lytill vertue, worth, or merit,  
    Can tolerat to liue,  
    Thrall to an oyers will,  
    His humour to fulfill,  
    As he comānd doth giwe. 70  
Fy thou, contemne such servile slawischnes,  
If any spunk of valour ye possesse."

R. "Peace, peace," (q<sup>d</sup> ressoune), "stint thy tounge,  
No lesse he profits hes bein dumbe ;  
    Thought thine owin eyes be blind, 75  
    ȝit woldst thou teach ane oyer,  
    To saile w<sup>t</sup>out ane routh,  
    Contrair both waue and wind ;  
To losse ane Infinit and endles treassour,  
In hope to gaine ye fleiting frooths of pleassour." 80

I then perplex'd q<sup>t</sup> to performe,  
To hazard or escheu ȝe storme :  
    To suime in sueatned seas  
    Now loues delights bereaues me :  
    Now feir of falling greeues me, 85  
    To such as raschly flies :  
Sua, now to loue, now contrairely inclyn'd,  
A field of fancies musterd in my mynd.



- To fie I long'd, aboue all things ;  
 3it loth to trust in Cupid's wings, 90  
 Tuix danger and desyer,  
 Thus howering to and fro,  
 3outh newer ceas'd to blo,  
 Forging affectiounes fyre.  
 Bot ressoune, then, perceauing my estait, 95  
 W<sup>t</sup> wraithfull voice did thus begin to threat :
- R.* " Art thus thy vertue rock'd asleepe,  
 Thy witt dround in a boundles deepe,  
 Thy senses so ensnared,  
 To sie and 3it miskno 100  
 Ane labyrinth of woe,  
 For ye (puir wretch), prepar'd ?  
 Behold h'ill proue, quho now doth ye promote,  
 Ane monstruouse Minotaur to cutt thy throate.
- " Ane spytfull spidar, ewer spewing 105  
 Ye poysonous potioune of late rewing,  
 3ouths venemous infectiounes ;  
 In age, a doating madnes,  
 A schort abiding glaidnes,  
 A foolisch imperfectiounes, 110  
 A basse-borne passioune schairce rype till rottin,  
 Tuix hatefull lust and Idilnes begottin."
- C.* Quod Cupid then : " Let ressoune raue ;  
 Its not his counsell thou must craue ;  
 Bot once his 3ock reject, 115  
 And proue yat divine pleassour,  
 That Joy beyond all meassour,  
 First from aboue direct,  
 That heavin[y] vniting of tuo mynds in one,  
 Quhich nothing can dissolue bot death alone." 120

- R. "Abstract," (q<sup>d</sup> ressoune,) "then thyne eares  
 Ye charming Sirenes songs q<sup>th</sup> hears,  
 Flie ye voluptuose voice,  
 Quhich hes no other scope  
 But guyde ye on ye rock 125  
 Of thy perpetuell losse.  
 In tyme tak heid then, least too lait thou mourne,  
 Ye port is patent, bot w<sup>t</sup>out retourne."
- C. "Behold," (q<sup>d</sup> Cupid,) "ressounes schifts  
 Of false philosophie consists ; 130  
 By sophistrie he schaues  
 Loues hoñy to be gall,  
 A bait only to thrall  
 Such as obeys his lawes.  
 Bot quho into such Rhetorick reposses, 135  
 Lyfes sueitest joyes, and true contentmēt lossis.
- "Since then, to the, consists our stryfe,  
 Of no lesse momēt then thy lyfe,  
 Present, befor thyne eyes,  
 Ye cause of our dissentioure, 140  
 And ponder my intentioune  
 W<sup>t</sup> ressoues fenjied eyes.  
 Let yen thy hert discern quho best doth merit,  
 If subtile fraud, or faith, sould the inherit."
- My hert, elected then to judge, 145  
 Armies of diverse tho'is did ludge ;  
 3it, out of judgments deepe,  
 Did loue in end prefer,  
 Quhose adversar did erre  
 And thus pronunc'd decretit : 150  
 Hencefoorth contemne, reject and banisch reassoune,  
 A crocodoil, w<sup>t</sup> tears obscuiring treassoune.

"Giue place to loues cælestial force,  
 Quhich joynes tuo soules w<sup>t</sup>out diworce;  
     Quhose vertue and true power                   155  
     No crosse can oght impaire,  
     Bot still growes mair and mair,  
     Quhen most it seimes to lowre.  
 Since then this heavinly essence thus doth proue,  
 Let death alone put period to thy loue."           160

*Finis be me, W. Mure.*

## II.

MES AMOURS ET MES DOULEURS SONT  
SANS COMPARISOUNE.

**Q**UHILL Beutie by a pleasant spring reposes,  
 W<sup>t</sup> fairest schads of trees o'rschadoued, wnder ;  
 Ye cooling air, w<sup>t</sup> calmest blasts, rejoyses  
 To sport hir w<sup>t</sup> hir locks, o'rcume w<sup>t</sup> wonder ;  
 So then, admiring hir most heavinly featour,         5  
 I mervel'd much if scho was form'd by natour.

The smyling blinks, sent from hir wantoune eyes,  
 Had force to robe proud Cupid of his dairts ;  
 Hir schamefast, blusching smyles quho ever sies,  
 Must pairt perforce, liuing behind yair herts.         10  
 I stuid astonisch'd, greedie to behold  
 So rair perfectioune as cannot be told.

*B.* Scho then, perceauing me in thot perplex'd,  
 W<sup>t</sup> voice angelicall did thus begin :  
 "Thy gesture doth bewray thy mynd is wexed,         15  
 W<sup>t</sup> crosses compast and invironed in :  
 Schau then if loue, or q<sup>t</sup> misfortoune else,  
 Such sings of sorow in thy saule compellis."

*A.* "No crosse at all, fair dame, no force in loue  
 Can aght disquet or perturbe my mynde.         20  
 Ye wonders now ar present me doth moue  
 To sie heavins excellence in humane kynd."

*B.* "No, Cupid the molestis, cease to deny him."

*A.* "Fy, treacherouse loue, fond Cupid I defy him."

Evin at this tyme the blindit god arywed, 25

His bow bent in his hand ready to nocke :

Bot q<sup>m</sup> he aim'd, of power quyte deprieved,

Himself he band in his awin flattring zocke.

Feeding his eyes on beuties tempting lookes,

His pain he thot to ease w<sup>t</sup> baited hookes. 30

*C.* So boyl'd w<sup>t</sup> flames, vex'd both w<sup>t</sup> feir and teires,

Out of the anguisch of his hert did plaine :

"Ah, mackles dame, quhom all ye world admires,

Pitty, I pray, my never ceasing paine.

Do not thy rigour wnto me extend, 35

Quhome once no mortall durst presume t'offend.

"Bot now at last, o'rcume, I humbly zeild ;

Save then or sloe ane captiue beggand grace :

Receau, in sing that thou hes won the field,

Ye bow, ye shafts, ye quaver and ye brace, 40

Once q<sup>ch</sup> I bruick'd, bot now w<sup>t</sup>out invy

I yeild to the, more worthie thame nor I."

The homage endit, and ye goddesse airmed

W<sup>t</sup> proud, presuming Cupid's conquered spoyle,

He then, remitted, fled away wnhairmed : 45

Bot, (woes me,) left behind his tort'ring toyle.

Scho, spying me zit wnacquaint in loue,

Hir new got dairts throught my puir hert did roue.

[*B.*] "Sport now," (scho sayes), "w<sup>t</sup> Cupid : boldly try him ;

In loue if any force, no[w] proue, I pray : 50

Too lait, I feir, thow rew thou did espy him,

Thyne insolence 'gainst him or he repay."

Disdainfully delywring thus hir words,

No small displeasour to my saule affordis.

I, zit ane novice in my new learned airt, 55  
 Admir'd so quick a chainge from joy to woe;  
 Doubted myself; ewin gif it was my hert;  
 My tears, quhich trickling from myne eyes did go,  
     Bot (ah) in vaine, for zit my wound did bleede;  
     No spaits of teires culd quench ye boyling leede. 60

I flam'd, I fruisse, in loue, in cold disdaine,  
 Dyed in dispair, in hope againe I liued.  
 All pleasours past agreedg'd my present paine,  
 Hir froune did kill, hir smyle againe reviued.  
     Q<sup>m</sup> death I wish'd, lyf then refused to liue me: 65  
     Liue q<sup>m</sup> I wold, death then propon'd to riue me.

Quhil in this weak estait, all meanes I soght  
 To be aweng'd on him quhose schaftes did greiue me:  
 Alace! ane faint persuit; I furthered noht.  
 For he, now Cupid, now a spreit, did liue me. 70  
     Thus metamorphos'd fled away for ayde,  
     In Beuties lippes, q<sup>r</sup> I durst not inuaid.

Then favour beg'd, pittie moued hir consent  
 Rendir ye fortresse, and his suirest scheild.  
 Great searche I maid to mak ye wretch repent 75  
 His bold attempts, intreating him to zeild.  
     Bot nather prayers could preuaile nor wisses,  
     Then I resolved to kill him euen w<sup>t</sup> kissis.

Afrayed he fled then in hir eyes to hyde him,  
 Out of hir eyes into hir lipps againe. 80  
 "Stay, fond wretch, stay," thus I beguth to chyde him,  
 "Or chuisse hir hert, thou chainges oft in vaine.  
     Sua, as by the, our lipps els ar vnited,  
     Our herts als to conioyne may be invited."

Bot nothing could ye cruel spidar moue 85  
 To liue his hold, delichting in my woe :  
 Sche lykwyse, quhom I serued, bot scorn'd my loue,  
 Lauching to sie my trickling teirs doune go.  
     The more sche did perceauē increase my paine,  
     The more sche mach'd my loue w<sup>t</sup> cold disdaine. 90

Quhat then, sall I liue off my hope to speid,  
 And liue no more, cros'd w<sup>t</sup> consuming cair?  
 No ! let hir froune and flit, yairs no remeid ;  
 I liue resolued neauer to dispair.  
     Content I am, (and sua my faith deserwest,) 95  
     My spring be toylsome w<sup>t</sup> a pleasent herwest.

*Finis*, 1611.

## III.

ANE REPLY TO I CAIR NOT QUITHER  
I GET HIR OR NO.

**T**O pleid bot q<sup>r</sup> mutuel kyndnes is gain'd,  
 And fancie alone quhair favour hath place,  
 Such frozen affectioun I ewer disdain'd.  
 Can oght be impaird by distance or space?  
 My loue salbe endles quhair once I affect. 5  
 Ewin thocht it sould please hir my service reject,  
 Stil sall I determine, till breath and lyfe go,  
 To loue hir quither scho loue me or no.

If sche, by quhose favour I liue, sould disdain,  
 Sall I match hir wnkyndnes by prowng wngrait? 10  
 O no! in hir keiping my hert must remaine,  
 To honour and loue hir, more then sche can heat.  
 Hir pleasour can nowayes retourne to my smairt,  
 Quhose lyfe, in hir power, must stay or depairt.  
 Thocht fortune delyt into my owirthro, 15  
 I loue hir quither scho loue me or no.

To losse both trawel and tyme for a froune,  
 And chainge for a secreit surmize of disdain;  
 Loues force, and trew vertue to such is wnknowne,  
 Quhose faintnes of courage is constancies staine. 20



14 REPLY TO I CAIR NOT QUITHER I GET HIR OR NO.

My loyal affectione no tyme sall diminisch.  
Quhair once I affect my favour sall finisch.  
So sall I determine, till breath and lyfe go,  
To loue hir quither scho loue me or no.

*Finis*, 1614, 10 Octob.

## IV.

## ELEGIE.

**A**LACE! q<sup>n</sup> I begin into my mynd to call  
 The tragick end of Icarus and his most fatall fall ;  
 My stait yen worse then his, if any worse can be,  
 Convoyed w<sup>t</sup> duilfull death, ensues to end the fait's decree,  
 Lyk as he did presume, too hie w<sup>t</sup> borrowed pends, 5  
 Bot by the raiging force of floods o'rquhelm'd but mercie endis.  
 Sua q<sup>n</sup> about my bounds fondly I did aspyre,  
 Deceau'd by loues alluiring wingis, I fell in quenchles fyre,  
 In quhich alace I boyle but mercie or retourne.  
 Sche quhom I serue the fornace feeds, quhair my puir hert doth  
 burne ; 10  
 Bot causles is sche blaim'd, in hir no wayt remaines,  
 Nocht els bot cruell Cupid's ire my martyrdome constrainis.  
 In endles pain I liue, in furieuse flaṃs I fume,  
 Death still doth threat my dayes to end, I sie no other doome.  
 My passiounes ar extreame, my hert doth brist for woe, 15  
 My tears lyk water from a spring doune from myne eyes doth go.  
 Consum'd w<sup>t</sup> secreit sighs, but confort I remaine ;  
 Ilk thing on earth gainst me conspyre to agravat my paine.  
 Bot most of all, alace ! that sche by quhom I liue,  
 Feeling, by simpathie, my smairt, from death wold me reviuē. 20  
 Bot (ah), the frouning faits, alwayes my fatall foes,  
 Noch bot our mynd permits to meet, to periodize our woes.  
 ʒit tho<sup>t</sup> ane perfyte end in loue ye faits deny,  
 Still sall I hir adoir and serwe, ewer till death envy :

Resolu'd I am but chainge to loue hir q<sup>u</sup> I liue. 25  
Let fortune froune, the world invy, hir smyle will me reviuue.  
And tho<sup>t</sup>, against my will, distant we must remaine,  
3it in a breist sall both our herts no more at all be tuaine.  
Thoght crossis intervein to mak our myndis remoue,  
3it still sall I most constant liue, death sall dissolue my loue. 30

*Finis, 1611.*

## V.

## CHAUNSOUNE.

CALLING to mynd the heuinly featour,  
 The baschfull blinks, and comely grace,  
 The forme of hir angelick face  
 Deckt w<sup>t</sup> ye quintascence of natour,  
 To none inferiour in place, 5  
 Oft am I forc'd,  
 Altho diuors'd  
 From presence of my deirests eyes,  
 The too slou day  
 To steil away, 10  
 Admiring hir, my smairt quho sies.

Thought by myne eyes I sould distill,  
 And quyt dissolue in tears my hert  
 To satisfie hir causles smairt ;  
 3it rather sche delytis to kill, 15  
 Then any joy to me impairt.  
 Bot since ye faits,  
 Q<sup>ch</sup> ruils all staitis,  
 Such tragick luck to me doth threat,  
 Do quhat sche can, 20  
 Resolued I am  
 To loue hir more then sche can heat.

Altho sche froune, sall I dispair?  
Or, if it please hir prove wnkynd,  
Sall I abstrack my loyal mynd? 25  
O no! its sche must hail my sair.  
For hir I loth no to be pyn'd.  
Shee, I suppose,  
Lyk to the rose,  
The prick befoir ye smell impairs. 30  
Hert-breking woes  
Oft-tymes forgoes  
The mirth of murning, martyred herts.

*Finis*, 1611.

## VI.

## ANAGRAMME.

**T**O the Cupido 3eilds his golden dairt,  
 Quoise name aboue both fame and envy flies ;  
 No rair decoirment natour can impairt,  
 Q<sup>th</sup> doth not schyne in those sueit Angel's eyes,  
     Heauin's admiratioune, and ye world's terrour,         5  
     Earth's excellence, and loue's most machles mirroure.

A machles mirroure of vnstain'd renoune,  
 Quhair beutie, (by wnsponsored puirnes graced,)  
 Adorn'd w<sup>t</sup> chest Dianais sacred croune,  
 (To tymes amaizment,) from above is plac'd ;         10  
     So that to the, in nather earth nor heauin,  
     In all preferment, any match is giwin.

*Na maches giuin* to equall thy perfectioun  
 In diuin rairnes, vertue, worth, or witt.  
 Euin so, (the heuins doth kno,) in true affectioun,         15  
 In spotles loue, no maches I admitt.  
     Since then on earth machles we liue alone,  
     Justly, (sueit loue), we sould be mach'd in one.

*Finis, 1614, W. Muir.*

## VII.

## ANE REPROCH TO YE PRATLER.

**E**NVIOUSE wretch, on earth ye most ingrait,  
 In Venus Court thy libertie is loissed,  
 Deseruing punischment as Momus mait,  
 Misconstruing ladies mirrily disposit.  
 If proud Ixion, in ye hels incloisit, 5  
 Doth suffer tortour on ye restles quheel,  
 Justly from all felicity deposite,  
 Junois discredit quho did not conceale ;  
 And if Acteon Cynthya's ire did feele,  
 Turn'd in a hert, (thus for a vieu revengit), 10  
 Much more thou, then, quho ladyes did reveale,  
 In worse then he demerites to be chaingit ;  
     Form'd in a doge, to bark at such, most meet,  
     As chalmer talk divulgats on ye street.

*Finis*, 1614.

## VIII.

## TO YE TUNE OF PERT JEAN.

**F**AIR goddes, Loadstar of delight,  
 Natours triumph, and beuties lyfe,  
 Earth's ornament, my hopes full hight,  
 My only peace, and pleasing stryfe  
 Let mercie mollifie thy mynd ! 5  
 A Saturnes hert sould Venus haue?  
 Or sould thou proue to him wnkynnd,  
 Quho humbly lyfe of ye doth craue?  
 Since all thy pairts sum special grace  
 Decoris, to schau thy heavinly race, 10  
 Vertue thy mynd, and loue thy face,  
     Proportioune braue thy featour,  
 Pitty then must neids haue place  
     In such a diuin creatour,  
         Quhose sueitnes 15  
         And meiknes  
     Exceids ye bounds of natour.

Quhen first thoise angel's eyes I vieued,  
 (Tuo sparks t'inflame a world of loue),  
 My fatal thraldome then ensued, 20  
 Then did my liberty remoue.  
 Thair first infected was my mynd,  
 Loues nectared poysoune thair I drank,  
 Thy sacred countenance so schyn'd  
 So far aboue all humane rank. 25



## TO YE TUNE OF PERT JEAN.

Let then thoise eyes q<sup>th</sup> did insnair,  
 (Those schyning stares), thair fault repair,  
 Dispersing by thair beimes preclair  
     The clouds of thy disdaining.  
 Wosdome, vertue, beutie rair,                     30  
     In the haue all remaining.  
         Let not then  
         Ye spot then  
 Of rigour be thy staining.

Sould crueltie, (sueit loue,) ecllips             35  
 Ye sunschyne of those glorious rayes ?  
 Or sould thoise louely smyling lips  
 Breath foorth affectiounes delayes ?  
 Let mercie countervail thy worth,  
 And measour pittie by my paine ;                 40  
 Sua, thy perfectiounes to paint foorth  
 Ane endles labour sall remaine.  
 Lat beuties beames then thau away,  
 (Reflecting only on ws tuay),  
 The ycinesse of loues delay,                     45  
     And melt disdaines cold treassour.  
 Natours due so sall we pay,  
     Baithing in boundles pleassour,  
         Inioying  
         That toying,                                     50  
     Quhose sueits exceid all meassour.

*Finis*, 1615.

## IX.

## [ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME.]

[In this version the first two verses are the same as in the other, with the following exceptions :—

Verse 1, line 2, has "Triumph of nature," for "Natours triumph."

" " " 8, reads—"Quho lyfe of the alone doth craue."

" 2, " 6, has "potions," for "poysoune."

Verse 3 is given here in full.]

SOULD crueltie, sueit love, ecllipse  
 Those eyes quhos smyls seame voyd of wraith?  
 Or sould those soule enchanting lips  
 Pronounce the sentance of my death?  
 Banisch disdain, (my deir<sup>t</sup>), O spair 5  
 In guiltles blood thy hands to stayne!  
 Be bountifull as thow art fair,  
 Measur thy pittie w<sup>t</sup> my pain. •

So shall my Muse rich trophes rayse  
 To eternize thy endles prayse, 10  
 Q<sup>u</sup> heavins haue stars, q<sup>u</sup> sune hath rayes,  
 W<sup>t</sup> light all creatours cheering;  
 Q<sup>u</sup> Cupid's scepter earth o'rsweyes  
 Nor great nor small forbearing,  
 Thy prayse sall 15  
 Amaze all  
 Things sensible of heering.

*Finis*, S. W. M., Rowallan.

## X.

## TO THE TUNE OF ANE NEW LILT.

**B**EUTIE hath myne eyes assailed,  
 And subdued my saulis affectione.  
 Cupid's dairt hath so prevail'd,  
 That I must liue in his subiectioun,  
     Tyed till one, 5  
     Quho's machles alone,  
     And secund to none  
     In all perfectione.

Since my fortune such must be,  
 No chainge sall pairt my loue and me. 10

Wosdome, meiknes, vertue, grace,  
 Suetnes, modestie, bontie but meassour,  
 Decks her suet celestial face,  
 Rich in beuties heavinly treassour.  
     Joy nor smairt 15  
     Sall newer diuert  
     My most loyall hert  
     For paine nor pleassour.

Bot resolu'd, I auou, till I die,  
 No chainge sall pairt my loue and me. 20

Tyme nor distance sall have force,  
 (Altho by fortunes smyle invited),  
 Ws tuo ewer to diuorce,  
 By such a sympathie vnited.

TO THE TUNE OF ANE NEW LILT. 25

True loue hates 25

Ye waw'ring estaits

Of such as ye faits

Hath chaing'd or retreated.

But recourse in any degre,

No change sall pairt my loue and me. 30

Deir! Let death then only finisch,

And alter alone our choyse and electioun.

Let no change our loue diminisch,

Nor breed from constancie any defectioun.

Time nor space, 35

No distance of place,

Sall ewer deface

Our fervēt affectioun.

Then, (sueit loue), thus let us decrie,

No change sall pairt ws q<sup>u</sup> we die. 40

*Finis, 1615.*

## XI.

## ANE LETTER TO ANE MUSICALL TUNE.

**G**AISE, eyes, on nocht quich can content 30<sup>r</sup> sight,  
 Sad tragoedies behold alone !  
 Ears, heir no sounds quich can afford delight,  
 Till sight and heiring both be gone !  
     Hands, forbear to tuich 5  
     Oght 30<sup>r</sup> tuiching can bewitch !  
         Ah ! since scho doth disdain,  
 Eyes, ears, hands and heart,  
 Seing, heiring, feeling, smairt  
     All in one consort plain, 10  
         Since sche, alace !  
     Quhose bright angelick face  
 Did sett my woundit hert on fyre,  
     Will 3eild no grace,  
     Regairdles of my cace, 15  
 Bot doth against hir awne conspyre.

Eyes, by 30<sup>r</sup> streames of silwer trickling teares,  
 Regrait, since sche is butt remorse !  
 Ears, heir no sweits, since nothing sweit apears,  
 Q<sup>u</sup> thus the faits do us diworce ! 20  
     Die, most haples heart !  
     Newer cease w<sup>t</sup> greif to smairt,  
         In tears and sighs consume.  
 Sorow, smairt and greiff,  
 Be only thy releiff, 25  
     Since sche hath giwin thy dome.

ANE LETTER TO ANE MUSICALL TUNE. 27

Oh, (sueit !) then scho  
Compassioun on my woe,  
Or lett no longer lyf remain.  
Lyf giues no more 30  
To cuir my inward soare,  
Bot zeilds the greater sence of pain.

Hatred (alace !) for deirest loue I gain,  
(Ay me !) this is my best reward,  
And, for my paines, reaps wndeserwed disdain. 35  
My service sche doth thus regaird,  
Tho<sup>t</sup> I plead in vain  
Loue for loue of hir t'obtean,  
And humbly begs remorse ;  
Thought my tears doun rain, 40  
Q<sup>u</sup> my sorowing cheiks do stain,  
Such is hir bewties force  
To charme my mynd,  
To liue, alace, thus pynd  
For hir, in such a ruefull stait, 45  
Resolving still  
To wait wpon hir will,  
And loue hir more then sche can heat.

Bot as the rose, in pulling, oft impairts  
The prick, before the smell be found, 50  
Sua may my Loue now, w<sup>t</sup> disdainfull dairts  
Thocht sche my hert but mercie wound.  
Sche the stroak did giue,  
Only sche must me reviuue,  
Thocht reuthles now sche proue. 55  
Such ane heavinly face  
Can not bot giue pittie place,  
And zeild at lenth to loue.  
Sueit ! then, the more  
Thou heats, I sall adore, 60

And serwe the q<sup>u</sup> my breath be gone.  
My changles mynd  
No tyme sall mak wnkynnd,  
Bot death my loue sall end alone.

*Finis*, S. W. M., Rowallan, 3oungar, 1616.

## XII.

## HYMNE.

**H**ELP, help, O Lord! sueit saviour aryse,  
 Giwe ear unto my humble suits, and heir my wofull  
 cryes,  
 My sorowing sighes, (guid Lord!), do not dispyse,  
 Awalk, my sillie saul, in sin q<sup>ch</sup> too securely lyes.  
 Help (blessed Lord!) I pray, 5  
 Thy servant in distresse;  
 Haist, (sueit Jehova!) schune delay,  
 My hynous sins redresse.  
 Deir Father, I confesse  
 Still yat I ran astray; 10  
 Bot now recall me, not ye lesse,  
 Out of ye wandring way,  
 In quhich so long  
 I have gone wronge,  
 Alace! 15  
 Accompany'd w<sup>t</sup> bluid convoyes.  
 One drop afford,  
 O heavinly Lord!  
 Of grace,  
 And cloath my sorowing saule w<sup>t</sup> joyes. 20  
 Thyne ayde, O my creatour, I implore;  
 Withhold from me thy favour now no more;  
 Justly tho<sup>t</sup> I deserued thyne ire,  
 And nothing bot hels fyre,



3it, Lord, I humbly the requyre, 25  
 Contemne not my desyre.  
 Erect my puir dejected spreit,  
 Prostrat befoir thy mercies feete,  
 Full sore affrayed to pleid for grace,  
 Wnworthy to present thy face. 30  
 3it suffer not, sueit Lord, I pray,  
 My silly saule decay,  
 Bot once remitt, w<sup>t</sup>out delay,  
 My sinis for now and ay.

*Finis.*

## XIII.

THE EPITAPH OF THE RY<sup>T</sup> VENERABLE, GODLY AND  
 LEARNED FATHER GEORGE, BE GRACE FROM  
 GOD, ORDERLY CALLIT, AND BE HIS PRINCE  
 APOYNTED TO BE GREATEST PRELAT  
 IN SCOTLAND, ARCHBISCHOPPE  
 OF SANCTANDROIS.

**B**EREFT of breath, zit nocht from lyfe depoised,  
 Heir lyes inclos'd Sanctandrois richest treassour,  
 A pearle but meassour hath ye word ill loossed  
 Quhoise mynd repoised in no decaying pleassour,  
     A machles Phoenix, quho, from mein estait,           5  
     Becam a prelat and a prince's mait.  
 A painfull pastour, worthy such a place,  
 Too schort a space his natioune hath decoired ;  
 Quho now restord to earth, doth rest in peace,  
 Receaued in grace, the heawins in sanctis hath stoired.   10  
     Quhoise corps t'intomb, glaid ar ye sensles stones,  
     Promou'd to honour by his buried bones,

## IN ZOILUM

Thou then, quho by thy false and fenziend fact,  
 Strywes to detract this prudent prelat's name,           15  
 Bewar such schame becum thy suirest hap,  
 Thrawin from ye tap of fortoune to defame.  
     No blot, no blemisch, no defect, no moth  
     Presum'd to enter in so rich a cleath.

## XIV.

ANE EPITAPH (EFTER YE VULGAR OPINIOUNE)  
 WPON YE D(EATH) OF GEORGE GLAIDSTANES  
 B. OF S. A.

**G**LAIDSTONES is gone, his corps doth heir duell,  
 Bot q<sup>f</sup> be his oyer halfē no man can tell.  
 The heauins doth abhor to ludge such a ghost,  
 Quho still, q<sup>l</sup> he liued, to Pluto raid post.  
 The earth hath expell'd him, as loathing such load,           5  
 Quho honoured Bacchus and no other god.  
 Since both then reiect him, t' this outcast of heavin  
 In midst of ye furies a place must be giwin ;  
 Quhose covetouse mynd no richesse contented,  
 Bot heiping wp treassour wnmyndfull quho lēt it,           10  
 Till contrarie fortoun, by turning ye dyce,  
 Metamorphos'd his thowsands in milleounes of lyce ;  
 Quhich endit ye dayes of this sensuall slaue,  
 Wnwordy the earth sould ʒeild him a graue.  
 By him quho wischeth that this wretches fait           15  
 May giwe exemple wnto ewery stait ;  
 That hyer Powares be w<sup>t</sup> feir regairdit,  
 Or by this Athist's punischmēt rewairded.

*Finis, 1615.*

## XV.

THE EPITAPH OF THE WERY VERTUOUSE AND  
 EXCELLENT GENTELUOMAN A. C. SISTER  
 TO 3E RIGHT HONO<sup>UL</sup> THE LAIRD  
 OF CAPRINTOUNE.

AH! q<sup>t</sup> ecclipse, q<sup>t</sup> night of sad a<sup>n</sup>oyis  
 Thus hath o<sup>r</sup>schadoued Phoebus' schyning face?  
 Art natour's pryde, loue's mirrou, earthis true joyes,  
 Fled and evanisch in a moment's space?  
 Ah! art affectiounes florisch, beutie's vigour, 5  
 Crop't in the floure, and slain by Clotho's rigour?

Ah! art ye sunschyne of those machles beames  
 In sorowes seas so suddenly gone doune,  
 Lyk fleing schadoues, and deceauing dreames,  
 Tomorrou clay, today perfectiounes croune? 10  
 Ah! art ye world of hir rair Phoenix spoyld,  
 And earth's decoirment by death's furie soyld?

3it nothing straunge, thot Joue chusd such a mait,  
 This age wnworthy such a braue ingyne;  
 And chaing't this mortal's mutable estait 15  
 For ay in immortality to schyne.  
 Thus sche, to quhom belou na mar  
 Triumphs in endles glorie, mache

Then happie nimph, quhoise spreit in peace repoises,  
 Fred of all chainge and to na frailtie thrall, 20  
 The tomb thryse happie, q<sup>th</sup> thy corps incloises,  
 So happie ay, bot happiest nou of all,  
     That, as ye world did learne to liue by the,  
     Sua, by thy death, ye world may learne to die.

Be then comforted, ʒe, whom natour tyes 25  
 W<sup>t</sup> weiping eyes this spectacle to vieu.  
 Heuins did afford, and now ʒe heuins denyes  
 This staige of toyes sould more retein thair due.  
     Since all must die, thē let no mortall froune,  
     Thot hyer powers do reclaime thair owin. 30

## XVI.

SAX LYNES WPON THE FALL OF  
SOMERSAIT.

**E**ACH man w<sup>t</sup> silence stopes his mouth, and heares  
 Sad newes w<sup>t</sup> wonder, bot my barren muse  
 Fain wold Brust forth, bot ʒit to wryt forbear[s];  
 Feir to offend must be my best excuse.

Since malice thrists for braue Ephestion's blood, 5  
 He wryt no Ill, nor dar I wryt no good.

## XVII.

EPITAPH OF THE WERY EXCELLENT, VERTUOUSE  
AND TRULIE HONOURED LADY, THE  
LADY ARNESTOUN.

PEACE! wantone Muse, Leave now thy lovelie layes.  
 Here, here a sadder subject thou doth fynd.  
 Hence Helicon, hence Phoebus blooming bayes,  
 The sorowing Cypres now thy brows must bynd,  
 Ane Tragick Tokin of a mourning mynd, 5  
 Quhich fain wold wtter, (if it could for smairt,)  
 Thir latest dutyes of a dulefull hert.

Quhat ey so cruell must no melt in teares?  
 Q<sup>t</sup> flintie hert from sorow can refrain?  
 Q<sup>t</sup> ruthles care, this tragedy q<sup>ch</sup> heares, 10  
 Can inward anguish smother and restrain?  
 O! sence wnsensible q<sup>ch</sup> feeles no pain,  
 And, pittiles, doth not w<sup>t</sup> greif regrait  
 This ruefull object and wntymely fait.

Death hath subdued Wit, Vertue, Beutie braue, 15  
 By conquering hir in q<sup>m</sup> those all remain'd.  
 Nane humbler, meiker, modester, more graue,  
 Mor wyse, more worthy, Natour ewer' framed.  
 Few matches earth hath any quhair retain'd  
 So prudent, patient, pittifull, but pryde. 20  
 More courtesse, comelie creator newer dyed.

EPITAPH OF THE LADY ARNESTOUN.

37

Then nothing strange tho<sup>t</sup> Joue chus'd such a mait,  
This age wnworthy such a rair ingyne,  
And chang't this mortal's mutable estate,  
For ay in imortality to schyne ;  
Quho glorefied amidst the schads dewyne,  
    In place of wordlie transitorie toyes  
    Reaps now all plentie of Celestiall joyes.

25

*Finis*, 1616.



## XVIII.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE RICHT WORSCHIPFULL,  
 VERTEOUSE AND WERY WORTHY GENTLEMAN,  
 THE LAIRD OF ARNESTON 3OUNGAR

THOU, thou, quhose lovelie schaip, of all admyr'de,  
 In robs most rich a richer spreit attyrd ;  
 In quhom true vertue, worth and valour schynd ;  
 In face a Venus, and a Mars in mynd.  
 Too sone, (alace !) in blossome of thyn age 5  
 Thy pairt is acted on this wordlie stage.

3it happie, happie thou, in earth quho lyes !  
 Quhose ghost triumphes in azor-volted skyes !  
 Lou'd q<sup>ll</sup> thou liu'd, of all, all now regrait  
 In 3outhes Apryle thy far vntymelie fait. 10  
 Bot ah ! no eyes can render store of teares  
 To mourne aneugh thy losse in such 3oung 3eares.

Then, (worthy 3outh,) dear to thy freinds, adieu !  
 Heawins have reclaimed bot q<sup>b</sup> to thame was due.  
 Ane Angel's place far better doth beseame the, 15  
 For this inferiour fram could no conteane the.  
 For quhy, (braue 3outh,) basse earth was far wnfitt  
 To comprehend such beutie, grace, and wit.

S. W. M., Rowallane, 3oungar, 1617.

## XIX.

[MUST I WNPITTIED STILL REMAIN].

MUST I wnpittied still remain,  
 But regaird,  
 Or rewaird,  
 Nothing caird,  
 Bot by my sueitest slain? 5

Ah! sall I still contemned remain,  
 Still, alace!  
 Begging grace,  
 Bot in place  
 Of favo<sup>r</sup> reap disdain? 10

3it, most sueit,  
 I must no retreat,  
 Altho thou froun a quhyle.  
 Since my pain proceeds of the,  
 All is sueit it breeds to me, 15  
 If thou wouchaife bot on smyle.

## XX.

TO THE MOST HOPEFUL AND HIGH-BORN  
PRINCE CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES.

**M**ACHLES Montgomery in his native tounge,  
 In former tymes to thy Great Syre hath sung,  
 And often ravischt his harmonious ear  
 W<sup>t</sup> straynes fitt only for a prince to heir.  
 My muse, q<sup>ch</sup> noght doth challenge worthy fame,      5  
 Saue from Montgomery sche hir birth doth clayme,  
 (Altho his Phoenix ashes have sent forth  
 Pan for Apollo, if compaird in worth),  
 Pretending tytyls to supply his place  
 By ryt hereditar to serve thy grace.      10  
 Tho the puir issues of my weak ingyne  
 Can add smal luster to thy gloryes schyne,  
 Q<sup>ch</sup>, (lyk the boundles oceā), swels no moir,  
 Tho springs and founts infuis thair liquid stoir ;  
 And tho the guift be mean I may bestow,      15  
 3it, (gratiows prince,) my myt to thee I owe,  
 Q<sup>ch</sup> I w<sup>t</sup> 3eale present. O daigne to vieu  
 Those airtles measurs, to thee only due ;  
 Q<sup>n</sup> thy auntcestors' passiouns I have schowne,  
 Iff, (but offence,) Great Charles, Ile sing thyne owne.      20

*The most unworthy of 3or. hy : Wassels, S. W. M.*

## XXI.

THE KINGS MAIESTIE CAME TO HAMILTON  
ON MONDAY THE XXVIII IULY [1617].

**B**URST furth, my Muse, Too long thou holds thy peace.  
 Paint furth the passions of thy new-borne joy :  
 Forbear to sing thy lovelie layes a space ;  
 Leave wanton Venus and her blinded boy.  
     Raise vp thy voice and now, deare Muse, proclaime     5  
     A greater subject and a graver theame.

Since our much lov'd *Apollo* doth appeare  
 In pompe and pow'r, busked with golden rayes,  
 More brignt heir shyning on our hemispheare,  
 Nor that great planet, father of the dayes ;     10  
     With boldnes offer at his sacred shryne  
     These firstlings of thy weake and poore ingyne.

GREAT IAMES, whose hand a thre-fold scepter swayes,  
 By heavens exalted to so high a place,  
 Both crown'd with gold and never fading bayes.     15  
 Who keps three kingdoms in so still a peace,  
     Whose love, cair, wisdome, grace & high deserts  
     Have maid thee Monarch of thy subjects' harts.

Thogh thou by armes great empyrs may'st emprise,  
 Mak Europ thrall and over Asia reigne,     20  
 Yet at thy feet despysed, Bellona lyes :  
 No crownes thou craves which bloodie conqueis staine.

Whill others aime at greatnes boght with blood,  
Not to bee great thou stryves, bot to bee good.

Whome snakie hatred, soule conceav'd disdainie, 25  
Hart-rooted rancor, envy borne in hell  
Did long in long antipathie detainie  
To eithers ruine, as they both can tell.  
    Uniting them thou hast enlarged thy throne,  
    And maid devyded *Albion* all bee one. 30

O heavenlie vnion ! O thryse happie change !  
From bloodie broyles, from battells and debait,  
From mischeifs, cruelties and sad revenge  
To love and peace thou hes transformd our stait,  
    Which now confirmed, by thee before begunne, 35  
    Shall last till earth is circuit with the Sunne.

Jov's great vice-gerent, Neptun's richest treasure,  
Earth's glorie, Europ's wonder, Britann's pryde,  
Thy wit (lyk heaven) in such a divyne measure  
This litle world so happilie doth guyd, 40  
    That Caesar, Trajan, Pompey, Alexander,  
    If now they liv'd, the place to thee might rander.

What wants in the (O king) heavens could impairt ?  
Or what is in thee not of highest pryce ?  
A liberall hand, a most magnifick hart, 45  
A readie judgment, and a prompt advyse,  
    A mynd unconquered, fearcest foes to thrall,  
    Bright eye of knowledge : singular in all.

Thy waitchfull caire, thy zeale, and fervent love,  
The Church, the laye, each high or low estaite 50  
Long-since by many worthie deeds did prove ;  
Bot most of all by these effects of laite.  
    For thou affects amongst thy high designs  
    To build the Sanctuarie of the King of Kings.

- THE KINGS MAIESTIE CAME TO HAMILTON. 43
- Heavens therefore did thy royall grandeur guard ; 55  
 Thy Royall person from the cradle keap'd  
 From thousand plots t'eclips thy Sunne, prepar'd  
 By these who horror vpon horror heap'd  
     Their barbarous hands into thy blood to bathe  
     And mak thee (guiltles) object of their wrathe. 60
- Thogh Anak's cursed children did repyne,  
 Yet heavens made Josua over them prevaill :  
 Thogh hellish harts envyd'd thy glories shyne,  
 Yet in the practise their attempts did faill.  
     But loe, thy mercie still to be admir'd ! 65  
     Thou spared them against thee who conspyr'd.
- For as in all thou second art to none,  
 To thee all kings in clemencie give place.  
 Thryce happie people rul'd by such a one,  
 Whose lyfe both this and after-tymes shall grace : 70  
     Long may thy subjects, ere thy glasse outrunne,  
     Enjoy the light of thee, their glorious Sunne.
- What Load-stone strange had such attractive force  
 To draw thee home-ward to these northerne parts ?  
 Whill Mars the world affrights with trumpets hoarse, 75  
 Broyls inhumaine devyding humane harts ;  
     Whill Belgium braine-sick is, France mother sick,  
     And with Iberian fyres the Alpes doe reik.
- Most lyk that fishe, whose golden shape of late  
 Was to thee given, thy love to represent, 80  
 Which in the Ocean thogh she doe grow great,  
 And many foraine floods and shelves frequēt ;  
     Yet not vnmyndfull of her native Burnes,  
     Thogh with great toyle, vnto them back returnes.

44 THE KINGS MAIESTIE CAME TO HAMILTON.

Rejoyce then, Scotland ; change thy mourning weed ; 85  
 Now deck thyselfe into thy best attyre :  
 And lyk a bryd advance thy chearfull head ;  
 Enjoy with surfet now thy soules desyre ;  
     Uncessantlie with sights importune heaven  
     That thou may long enjoy this gift new given. 90

Welcome, O welcome thryse, our glorious guyd ;  
 A thousand tymes this soyle doth thee salute ;  
 Welcome, O welcome, Britann's greatest pryde,  
 By thee which happie doth it selfe repute.  
     Thogh all-where welcome ; yet most welcome heir ; 95  
     Long haunt thir bounds, ere thou from hence retire.

Heir plesant plains amongst the crystall Clyd,  
 Which in a flowrie labyrinth her playes,  
 Heir blooming banks, heir silver brooks doe slyd,  
 Heir Mearle and Mavis sing melodious layes, 100  
     Heir heards of Deer defy the fleetest hounds ;  
     Heir wods and vails and echoes that resounds.

Stay then, O stay, and with thy presence grace  
 That noble race, which famous by thy blood,  
 Long toyle and trouble glaidlie did embrace, 105  
 And wounded oft gusht furth a crimson flood,  
     In hazards great defending with renowne  
     The liberties and glorie of thy Crowne.

But leaving more to entertaine thyn ears  
 With airie accents, hoarse and homelie songs, 110  
 My solitarie Muse her selfe reteirs,  
 Un-usd abroad to haunt such pompous throngs.  
     Sua renders place that after emptie words  
     Thou may partack such as this soyle affords.

Sr. William Mure, younger : of Rowallan.

SONNETS





I.

[TO MARGAREIT.]

**M**ORE chest then fair Diana, first in place,  
 From quhose fair eyes floues loue's alluiring springis ;  
 Secund to none in bonty, beutie, grace,  
 Quhose heavinly hands holds proud Cupidois stingis ;  
 Endles repoint, wpon aspyring wingis, 5  
 Thy hie, heroick verteues hath stoired.  
 Admir'd, but maik, euin in a thowsand thingis,  
 To eternize ye fame hath endeuoired.  
 Miraculous, machles Margareit, decoired  
 With all preferments natour can afford ! 10  
 Favouird from heauins aboue, in earth adoir'd,  
 Extold by treuth of thy most loyall word,  
 With vertue grac'd far more yen forme of face,  
 3it Venus in ye same doth 3eild ye place.

## II.

## [TO THE SAME.]

**M**AIRGRAIT then I can any wayes deserue,  
 Mair rair then fair, zit machles in ye same.  
 Quho with thy eyes, (least my puir lyfe sould sterue),  
 Wouchaiffes to look w<sup>t</sup> pitty on my paine.  
 Heir I avou thyne ewer to remaine, 5  
 To serwe ye still, till breath and lyfe depairt,  
 Reviu'd by vertue of thy sacred name.  
 Cum death or lyfe, in loue I find no smairt.  
 Let Cupid wreck him on my martyred hert ;  
 Let fortune froune, and all ye world invy ; 10  
 Gif I be thyne, no greiff can death impair  
 Sall mak me seime thy service to deny.  
     I liue mair weil contented thyne to die  
     Then cround w<sup>t</sup> honour, and disdain'd by the.

## III.

## [TO THE SAME.]

**C**AN any crosse, sall ewer intervein  
 Mak me to change my neuer chaunging mynd?  
 Can oght, yat my puir eyes hath ewer seine,  
 Mak me to hir quho holds my lyfe wnkynd?  
 O no! euin tho<sup>t</sup> ye worldis beutie schyn'd,                     5  
 To try my treuth and temp my loyall loue,  
 I more esteime for hir to liue still pynd,  
 Then any other be preferd aboue.  
 My constant hert no tortour sall remoue,  
 Thought duilfull death and frouning fortune threat.     10  
 No greif at all, no paine that I can proue,  
 Sall mack me ewer loath of my estait.  
     I glaidly 3eild me; let hir saue or kill,  
     I heat to liue except it be hir will.

## IV.

## [TO THE SAME.]

**A** LACE! (sueit love,) yat ewer my puir eyes  
 Presum'd to gaize on yat most heuinly face.  
 Alace! yat fortoune ewer seimd to ease  
 My endles woes, but now wold me deface.  
 Alace! yat ewer I expected grace, 5  
 To snair myselve in hope to be reliued.  
 Alace! Alace! that loue wold now disgrace  
 My loyall hert, q<sup>th</sup> once to serwe him liued.  
 Alace! Alace! yat ewer I surviued  
 Ye fatall tyme, quhen first appeir'd my joy : 10  
 For now, alace! I die : bot 3it reviued,  
 In hope thy love my luck sall once injoy.  
     Still to remaine, resolued then sall I liue,  
     Thy humblest servant, ewin till breath me liue.

## V.

## [TO THE SAME.]

**L**YK as Actaeon fand the fatall boundis  
 Q<sup>r</sup> as Diana baithed hir by a well,  
 Quhich hie attempt, punisch'd by his awin hounds,  
 Turn'd in ane timorouse hert, he fled, bot fell.  
 Sua, q<sup>u</sup> my Cynthia, quho doth hir excell,                   5  
 I did behold, cruell Cupid invyed,  
 And myne awin eyes to crosse me did compell,  
 Still gaizing on ye goddesse they espyed.  
 At liberty befoir, alace! now tyed,  
 I live expecting my Dianais doome;                   10  
 Ather to be prefer'd, or die denyed,  
 Wnworthy of ye honour to presume.  
     3it tho<sup>t</sup> I die, (for sua I ewer doe,)  
     Had I mo lyfes, tham sould I hazart too.

## VI.

## [TO THE SAME.]

**S**INCE fame's schril trumpet equal'd w<sup>t</sup> the skyes  
 The rair perfectiounes and miraculous art,  
 Natour and educatioun did impairt  
 To mak the wondrous to amazed eyes,  
 Thy beutyeyes did my senses suire suppryse, 5  
 Or eir thy sight my ravischt eyes did blesse.  
 Bot now I fynd Fame too, too niggard is,  
 Or thy deserts above hir reach aryse.  
 All loue, all joy, all suetnes, all delight,  
 The heawins into thoise angel's eyes haue plac'd. 10  
 Thyse happie he quho may the rosis taist,  
 And pull the lilies of those cheeks so quhyt.  
 But those fayre brests' rype clusters quho myt presse  
 W<sup>t</sup> Jove may weel compair in happines.

## VII.

[TO THE SAME.]

**A** DIEU ! my loue, my lyfe, my blesse, my beeing,  
 My hope, my hape, my joy, my all, adieu !  
 Adieu ! sueit subject of my pleasant dying,  
 And most delichtfull object of my view.  
 Bright spark of beutie, paragon'd by few ; 5  
 Wnspotted pearle, q<sup>th</sup> doth thy sex adorne ;  
 Loadstar of loue, quhose puir vermilion hew  
 Makes pale the rose & stains the blushing morne ;  
 That zeale to the q<sup>th</sup> I haue ewer borne, 10  
 Sole essence, lyfe and vigour of my spreit,  
 By tract of tyme sall newer be out worne ;  
 My secund self, my charming syren sueit.  
 And so, my Phoenix & my turtle true,  
 A thousand, thousand tymes adieu ! adieu !



## VIII.

## [TO THE SAME.]

**S**OME gallant spreits desyrrouse of renowne,  
 To climb w<sup>t</sup> pain Parnassus do aspyre.  
 By Natour some do weir ye Lawrell croun,  
 And some the poet proues for hoip of hyre.  
 Bot none of those my spirits doth inspyre,                   5  
 My muse is more admird then all the nyne,  
 Quho doth infuse my breast w<sup>t</sup> sacred fyre  
 To paint hir foorth most heavinly and dewyne.  
 Hir worth I raise in Elegiak lyne ;  
 In Lyricks sueit hir beuties I extoll ;                   10  
 The brave Heroik doth hir rair ingyne  
 In tyme's i<sup>m</sup>ortal register enroll :  
     Since thou of me hath maid thy poet, then  
     Be bold, (sueit Lady), to imploy my pen.

## IX.

## [THE POWER OF BEAUTY.]

**I**N bewty, (loue's sueit object), ravischt sight  
 Doth some peculiar perfectioun pryse,  
 In which most worth e admiration lyes,  
 The sensses charming with most deir delight.  
 Some eyes adoir, lyk stars, cleir glistering bright;       5  
 Some, wrapt in blak, those comets most entyse;  
 Some ar transported w<sup>b</sup> pureayn dyes,  
 And some most value greene about ye light.  
 Awrora's flaīng hayre some fondly love.  
 Quhyt dangling tresses, yallow curls of gold,       10  
 Wthers in greatest estimation hold.  
 All eyes alyk, each bewty doth me move;  
     Eyes lovely broun, broun chastnut color'd hayre  
     Enflame my hart, and sensses all ensnair.

## X.

## [ON A VILE PRIEST.]

**F**AITH, now, e wryt all falsifyed ar found  
 By one, quho must be faithles, fals, perjur'd ;  
 Quhose othe e promiseis ar a slidrie ground  
 To build wpon, to make a man assuird.  
 My modest muse must keip his name obscur'd ;                   5  
 His epithets do sound the same a-loud.  
 A drunkin divin, by the devil obdurd,  
 A preacher, oh ! a persecuter proud,  
 To Bacchus great, quhose knees ar oftest boud.  
 Devoirs tabacco, Cupid's plagues to quenche ;                   10  
 Quhose paralytik lips and tounge vntrou'd  
 Hath oft intrappit many a wanton wench ;  
     This Priest, or beist, doth weir a fylthy fame,  
     A blotted conscience, and a spotted name.

## XI.

## [THE SAME.]

**N**AME spotted, fame defyld, saule fraucht w<sup>t</sup> sin,  
 Too long in such a carioun vyle inclois'd ;  
 Presumptuous, puir, aspyring for a pin,  
 Adulterous, double, deuilischly disposit,  
 A sensual slaue, quho sence of schame hath loosit ;      5  
 False, flatt'ring, fickle, and defamed for ay,  
 Quhose doating and deceat ar oft discloisd ;  
 Earth's excrement, heavin's hatred, Plutoes pray,  
 A parlage cur, a brokin staffe for stay ;  
 A Turk but treuth, a Pagane for a preist,      10  
 Quho, for his faults, sall render count one day,  
 Q<sup>u</sup> wormes wpon his filthy fleche do feast.  
     Sua, till the feinds this fyre brand fetch, I . . .  
     W<sup>t</sup> such a subject loath to stain my . . .

## XII.

## [THE SAME.]

**P**UIR, perjurd palliard, plaged w<sup>t</sup> the parls,  
 By quick repentance heavin's just wrath prevêts,  
 Of paine to come the gallouse is but arles,  
 Q<sup>u</sup> for the gaips, and laiks but ones consent.  
 Thy epitaph sall then be putt in prent, 5  
 To blaize abroad how leudlie thou hath liued ;  
 Religioun's foe, against thy brethren bent,  
 Quho one and all, (and not but cause), ar greeued  
 . . . the rape hath no<sup>t</sup> thy lyfe berewed.  
 . . . thy calling, to the churche a curse 10  
 . . . thou thy birth had not survived  
 . . . . no conscience for to fill thy purse.  
 Adieu till death ; to die a slauchterd oxe  
 How punisht w<sup>t</sup> the palsie e the poxe.

# DIDO AND ÆNEAS

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*Aetas prima canat venter*

## TO THE READER.

## SONET.

**3**OW Heliconian witts, with arte who view  
 The pain-borne brood of heaven-enspired spreits ;  
 3owr presence, humbly, (loe), my muse invites,  
 To taist of her fore-rypened fruits a few.  
 Though meane and small desert for such be dew,                   5  
 Her strenthles pinneouns and vnhardned plume,  
 As 3it in blood, no hyer dar presume,  
 Till ryper 3eirs her infancy subdue.  
 Accept what she doth painfully impairt  
 With toyle and travell to begyle the time ;                   10  
 And let, in her minority and prime,  
 Her tender age excuse her slender airt ;  
     Not darring things of importance to write,  
     With humble 3eale, (loe), she presents her mite.

S. W. M.

## DIDO AND ÆNEAS.

## THE FIRST BOOK.

**I** [SING Aeneas fortunes, whil on fyr  
 Of dying Troy he takes his last farewell ;  
 Queen Didoe's love, and cruell Junoe's ire  
 With equall fervor which he both doth feell.  
     Path'd ways I trace, as Theseus in his neid,           5  
     Conducted by a loyall virgin's threid.

But pardon ! Maro, if myn infant muse  
 (To twyse two lustres scarce of zeirs attained),  
 Such task to treat (vnwisely bold), doth choose,  
 As thy sweit voyce hath earst divinly strained.           10  
     And in grave numbers of bewitching verse  
     Ravisht with wonder all the vniverse.

Rap't with delight óf thy mellifluous phrase,  
 Thy divine discant, and harmonious layes,  
 Whose sugg'red accords, (which thy worth do blaze),   15  
 The hearers' senses, at thair ears betrays.  
     O then I stowp as one in airt too shallow  
     Thy never matched monarch muse to follow.

But, ravisht with a vehement desyre,  
 Those paths to trace which zeilds ane endles name,   20  
 By the, to climb Parnassus I aspyre,  
 And by thy feathers to impen my fame :  
     Nothing asham'd thir colours to display,  
     Vnder thy conduct as my first assay.



Sacred Apollo ! Lend thy Cynthia light, 25  
 Which by thy gloriows rayes reflexe doth shyne,  
 That I, partaking of thy purest spright,  
 May grave (anew) on tyme's immortall shryne,  
     In homely stile, those sweet deliciows ayrs  
     In which thy Muse admirable appears. 30

And ye Pierian maids ! ye sacred nyne !  
 Which haunt Parnassus and the Pegas spring,  
 Infuse your furie in my weak ingyne,  
 That (mask'd with Maro) sweetly I may sing,  
     And warble forth this Hero's changing state, 35  
     Eliza's love, and last, her tragick fate.

Now bloody warre, (the mistres of debait,  
 Attendit still with discorde, death, dispair ;  
 The child of wrath, nurst by despightfull hait,  
 With visage pale, sterne lookes, and snaiky hair), 40  
     By Groecian armes, old Troy had beatne downe,  
     And rais'd the ten-yeirs siege from Priam's towne.

Whose brasen teeth her walls did shake asunder,  
 And staitly turrets levell'd with the ground ;  
 Insulting Greeks, with fire and sword, did thunder, 45  
 And both alike the sone and syre confound,  
     The maid and matron, striving to compence  
     Fair Helen's rapt, and Paris' prowde offence.

When Venus' sone, got by Anchises great,  
 The noble prince Æneas re-unites 50  
 His scattered forces, dissipate of laite  
 By Graecian furie on Troy's bloody streets,  
     And sweetly chearing their dejected hearts,  
     By sugg'red words he stryves to ease their smarts.

- “Lo! (champions bold,” quoth he), “quha fyr and sword,  
 And thowsand dangers have with me eschewed, 56  
 Courage and comfort let my words afford  
 To 3ow, though now by sad mischaunce subdued.  
     Blind Fortune favoures oft th’ignoble parte,  
     But he is free keeps ane vnconquered heart. 60

“Banish base sorrow, raise 3owr drowping heids.  
 Vertue oppressed brighter still doth blaze.  
 Let wonted valour, by 3owr worthy deids,  
 Reconquere credit, and the world amaze ;  
     That ritch with spoiles and praise, 3owr prowes hie  
     May be renoun’d with fame and victorie. 66

“Learne, (noble warriours !) Fortunes storme to beir ;  
 And let 3owr valour be by vertue back’t.  
 The golden sunne-shyn of her count’nance cleir  
 On vs againe may shyne, though Troy be sack’t. 70  
     Palmes, whil prest downe, ar loathest to give place,  
 — And Phaebus lowest showes her broadest face.

“Since heir owr countrey, by the foe possest,  
 And conquer’d kingdomes small content can 3eild ;  
 Since honour seldome is acquir’d by rest, 75  
 But wonne by awfull armes in open field :  
     Let vs a navie then prepar with speid  
     With wings displayed the seas to overspreid.

“In perill praise, in hazard honour lyes.  
 Hiest attempts ar worthiest of renowne. 80  
 And who do most death’s bitter stroake despise,  
 Fortune doth such with glory soonest crowne.  
     Let vs resolve to suffer all assayes,  
     To purchase fame, or perish all with prayse.”

Thus said, their hopes half dead ar now revived ; 85  
 Their troubles calm'd : his speaches so prevaill  
 Their hearts of sorrow's heavie load relieved,  
 Off suddaine joy strange passiouns do assail ;  
 All cry aloud : " Quhair ever thou dost leid,  
 We follow the, owr prince, owr guide, owr heid." 90

Their valiant chiftane speidily gives charge,  
 With sayles display'd, to turne their backs on Troy.  
 Now many a gailley, brigandine, and barge  
 Rid ov'r the roaring billowes ; whil with joy  
 The Trojane fleet in armes to seas ar gone. 95  
 Great Neptune with the burthene greiv'd doth grone.

Their speedy cowrse amidst the maine they ply,  
 And ways vnknown search out, twixt foame and flood.  
 Now scarce the soyle, with bleeding hearts, they spy,  
 Quhair Troy, (Rome's stately rival whilome), stood ; 100  
 Whose ruines poore, which low in ashes lye,  
 Doth force a teare from every gaizing eye.

The pleasant plaines of Thracia then they coast,  
 Which doth their eyes of native land deprive,  
 Thence through the Ocean speedily they poast, 105  
 Till now in sight of Delos they arrive.  
 The Ile no sooner to their eyes appear'd,  
 Till thither Palinure their pilote steir'd.

Apollo there, in dark responses, told  
 Of things to come the 3it-vnknowne event ; 110  
 And did in dowbtsome oracles vnfold  
 Hid mysteries the curios to content :  
 Where now arriv'd their prince setts foot on land,  
 His fortunes of the God to vnderstand.

“Behold!” (quoth he) “before thy sacred schrine, 115  
 Divine Apollo, the distrest estate  
 Of Troy’s poor remnant, servants all of thine;  
 Brought lowe by Graecian furie, and by fate.  
     Show to quhat soyle owr cowrse sall be address,  
     Which after toyle in end, may 3eild vs rest.” 120

“Renowned Prince! of heavinly issue sprung,”  
 The God replied, “Jove doth for the provide!  
 Thy trophe’s sall, (by after-ages sung),  
 In times immortall register abide.  
     Spread foorth thy sayles, to Italy repair; 125  
     Thow and thy race sall swey the scepter thair.”

Ravish’d with joy, with clamoures lowd they loose,  
 And smoothly through the silver waves do slide.  
 A gentle gale sweet Zephyrus bestowes,  
 Which streight their cowrse to Italy doth guide. 130  
     The azure face of heaven’s broad looking-glasse  
     With cannowse wings they quickly overpasse.

But scarce the floods had 3it depriv’d their eyes  
 Frome sight of shoare, and viewe of neirest land,  
 Quhen angrie Juno, frome the christall skyes, 135  
 Vpon ye seas the Trojane navie fand.  
     Her deadly hatred and deep-rooted ire  
     Inflams her minde, and sets her all on fire.

But say! my muse, what crime so hynows hath  
 Commoved the Goddes, who in furie fryes? 140  
 Showe thow the source of her vindictive wrath:  
 Why she this Prince so singulare envyes,  
     Him tosses to and fro, deprives of rest?  
     Are heavinly mindes with such despight possesset?

The Goddes heiring that demolish'd Troy                   145  
 Out of her ashes should a Phoenix raise,  
 A natioune fierce, who Carthage should destroy,  
 Her stately towres ov'rturne, and city raise ;  
     A martiall people far and neir to reigne,  
     In warre invincible, so the Fates ordaine ;           150

This towne above all others to extoll  
 Her native soyle at Samos Ile she leaves ;  
 Throughout the streets her hurling chariots roll ;  
 Her armes heir places, and great honors gives :  
     And heir she mindes, (if Fates do not withstand), 155  
     To found ane empire shall the world command.

His kinde she hates, which should the same surprise,  
 And Ganimeses rapt vpbraides her minde ;  
 And how her beauty Paris did despise  
 The golden fruit to Venus who assign'd ;                   160  
     Which most her heart with malice doth incense,  
     No mends can expiat this hie offence.

Her forme disprais't ingenders such disdain  
 As never female heart could 3it forgive.  
 Beauty can not abide to beir a stayne,                   165  
 And with a rivall doth abhorre to live.  
     Quhat can so loathsome be a woman told,  
     As say she lookes deformed, fowl, or old?

O cruell sexe ! whose hate no time can change,  
 Nor furyowse minde with sugg'red words be meased. 170  
 As Hyrcane tigers, greedy of revenge,  
 Bellona[s] fury far easier is appeased.  
     For one man's caws no Trojane finds a shield.  
     Who may resist whil heavenly broode doth 3eild?

But what strange furie thus transportes my pen, 175  
 Those creatures sweit of cruelty to taxe?  
 Who now-adayes do prove so kinde to men,  
 Apt for impression as the zeilding waxe.  
 Of this sweit sexe my muse doth pardon crave,  
 Which thus misledde with Juno's rage did rave. 180

The Trojane fleet now being vnder saile,  
 Whil smyling Nereus with cups is crown'd ;  
 And mariners, glaid of the prosperows gaile,  
 Their chearful whisles meryly do sownd.  
 Enraged Juno, full of discontent, 185  
 Thus doth apairt by words her passion vent :

" Thus must I zeild? thus my designes forgoe?  
 And sall the Trojanes save arive on shoare  
 Maugre my will? Have Fat's ordain'd it so?  
 Of such a conquest justly [lose the] gloir? 190  
 By Pallas earst for Ajax caws alone  
 The Graecian fleet was sunk and overthro'ne.

" Devoiring flames downe from the clouds she threw,  
 Thunder and fireflaught, to avenge her ire.  
 Waves threat the skies, a fearfull tempest blew, 195  
 The rageing seas against the Greeks conspire.  
 Himself, with fire transfixt, against a rock  
 She dasht with whirlwind, quhair his corps did smoake.

" But I, first Goddes, first by birth and place,  
 Jove's spowse, and sister, heaven's arch-empresse great, 200  
 With one poore nation never zit at peace!  
 What do avall my dignity, my state?  
 Who Juno's godhead, thus contemn'd, sall feare?  
 Or who sall offrings on my altar reare?"

With heart inflam'd, from clouds with furie fleeing, 205  
 The Goddes at Æolia doth arive ;  
 A land where tempests dwell, stormes have their being ;  
 In caves inclos'd, where murm'ring winds do strive.  
     But Æolus, their king, with mace in hand,  
     Their rage restrains, and fury doth withstand. 210

At such impresonement they oft, repining,  
 Lowd bellowing all break out, with blust'ring noyse ;  
 But he in chaines more stoutly them confining,  
 Tempers their ire, and calmes their roaring voyce ;  
     For if they were vnbridled and vnbound, 215  
     Heavens, earth, and seas they should anone confound.

The thunder great this fearing, then inclosed  
 In caverns dark, fast bound with brazen bands :  
 With hills suppress them, and a prince imposed  
 To let or loose their rains, as he commands ; 220  
     To whom these speches Juno fierce directed,  
     With gesture sad, and ey's on ground dejected :

“O Æolus! at whose imperiows word  
 The storms arise, and swelling seas give place ;  
 My mortall foes, new scaip't the Graecian sword, 225  
 The Trojans crosse the seas to my disgrace.  
     Let louse the winds, thy rav'nows postes employ,  
     Disperse their navie, and themselves destroy !

“Of all my nymphs, in beauty most excelling,  
 Fair Diopœia sall be thy reward ; 230  
 Who, all her lyf in thy subjection dwelling,  
 The as her lord and husband sall regarde ;  
     With the who many happy dayes sall have,  
     And mak the parent of a bairne-tyme brave.”

“Too many words, (great Goddess!),” he replies,      235  
 “Are spent in vaine, thy servand to entraite.  
 My self, my scepter, and in me what lyes,  
 Boldly command to execute thy haite.  
     Jov’s love by the I find, by the I reigne,  
     By thee the stormes I raise, and tempests straine.” 240

Butt more, him turning to the hallow hill,  
 With silver scepter open passage made ;  
 The winds owt gushing heavens and earth do fill  
 With hiddeows noyse, none in the cave abaide :  
     They roar, they rush, and with a murmuring sownd, 245  
     The elements all threatne to confound.

To seas anone all furiows foorth they flew ;  
 ’Gainst East and West are Sowth and North opposed.  
 Waves climb the clouds, a deadly tempest blew ;  
 Gray Proteus’ flocks through foamie floods ar tossed,      250  
     Which present death to sailing Trojans threatne.  
     Men cry, and caibles crack by Boreas beatne.

The day grew dark, night shew her sable face,  
 Ane hoste of clouds did overcast the skies ;  
 Ane mist obscure did light of day displace,      255  
 And load starre rest frome woefull sailers eyes.  
     With lightning flashes thund’ring heavens gave light ;  
     Each where pale death vpbraids the Trojanes sight.

Æneas now, (sad prince), in minde dismayed,  
 With hands heav’d vp first having heavens implor’d :      260  
 “Thrise happy ze, my mates !” sore sighing say’d,  
 “In Troyes defence who died by Graecian sword.  
     O Diomedes, would to God that I,  
     Kill’d by thy martiall hand, at Troy did ly !



"Quhair noble Hector by Achilles spear,                   265  
 And stowt Sarpedon both their breathes did zeild ;  
 Whose live-lesse bodyes Simois' floods did bear  
 With bloody armes and many a woundit sheild."  
     Thus whil apairt he speiks, a contrare blast  
     Doth force his saile against the trembling mast.           270

Now helme-les, oar-les now, the shippe doth sail ;  
 Her ribbes do roare, her tacklings all are torne ;  
 The tumbling billowes fast her syddes assail,  
 She sinking sippes the seas, by weight downe borne.  
     The fleet disperst, some to the heavins are throwne,  
     To some the bottomes of the seas are showne.           276

Thus tos't with stormes, the poore remaine of Troy  
 Each to some speciall office him betaks :  
 Some sailes pull in, others the oares imploy,  
 Some the maine bouling hale, some tacklings slacks ;       280  
     Some hold the helme, some caibles cut in twaine,  
     Some at the pumpe powr seas in seas againe.

But all in vaine they strive 'gainst angrie heavin ;  
 In shallow shelves some vnawares ar cast ;  
 Some 'gainst a rock are violently drivin ;                   285  
 And some in Syrtes sinking sands are fast ;  
     Some, (being robb't of ruther, mast and oares),  
     With gaiping mowth the whirling poole devores.

The remnant past all hope, now neir ov'rthrowne,  
 Their leiking seames drink in the floods so fast,           290  
 Whil Neptune wond'ring by what charge vnknowne  
 The swelling seas their limits have ov'rpast ;  
     By what strange pow'r they have ov'rflow'd the plains,  
     And who, (by his command), hath loos'd the raines.

At which emov'd, his hoarie head he reares 295  
 Above the waters, toss'd by Juno's wraith.  
 The Trojane fleet soone to his eyes appeares,  
 Some drown'd, some dying, some scarce drawing breath ;  
     Whome pittying, in the twinkling of ane eye  
     The storme he stills, and calm's the rageing sea. 300

Even as a rude concurse of people swairmes,  
 A heidles multitude misledde by rage,  
 Do fight confus'd ; furie doth furnish armes ;  
 No meanes can their ignoble ire asswage.  
     But if some man of eminence appeare, 305  
     They quit their strife, and to his words give eare.

Even so, no sooner Neptune show[s] his face,  
 Till bello'ing Boreas calmes his roaring voyce.  
 The striving stream's are suddenly at peace,  
 And rageing tempests still their blust'ring noyse. 310  
     With trumpets hoarse the Trytons soun'd retreat.  
     Waves war no more against the scattered fleet.

Cymothoe applies her helping hands,  
 With many a sea-nymph Neptun's cowrt frequenting ;  
 Who free the shipp's frome shoalds and sinking sands, 315  
 To Trojan's pittyfull themselves presenting.  
     The storme allay'd, they saiff away do slide.  
     On smooth-fac'd seas the God by coach doth ride.

Now weary sailers with desired sight  
 Discerne afarre the long-long wissed land ; 320  
 And thither plying, on the coasts do light  
 Of Africk, where Queen Dido bears command.  
     Frome Italy, a contrare cowrse, which driven,  
     Of all the sailes none find the porte but seven.

Soone as the rosie-fingered morning fair                    325  
 Left Tython's bed, and glaid good-morrow gave  
 To Phæbus, blushing red, with golden hair,  
 Ariseing from the Orientall wave :  
     Wher Æneas early go's abroad,  
     And leaves the shipp's at anchore in the roade.            330

To see the soile he slumber sweit forsakes,  
 Longing to learne what people thair do stay ;  
 Achates only he his convoy makes,  
 Swa journey tak's where fortune guides the way,  
     By paths vnknow'n, perplexed much in minde,            335  
     They travell long, but people none can finde.

Till Venus last, disguised in shape, appears,  
 Most like a Spartan maid in armes and weed ;  
 The gesture of Harpalice she bears,  
 To whom the light-foote horse gives place in speed.        340  
     Owt runnes swift running Heber's rav'nows streames ;  
     With bowe on shoulder she ane huntres seames.

The heavenly treasure of her golden hair  
 Was toss'd by sweet-breath'd Zephyr heir and thair ;  
 Her rayment short, her lovely knees wer bair,            345  
 With which no snowe in whitnes might compair.  
     Her eyes shin'd favour, courtesie, and grace,  
     No mortall ever saw more sweet a face.

“Stay, stowtly zowthes!” (she sayes), “who heir resorte,  
 And showe me if by chance ye have espied            350  
 Heir any of my sister nymphs at sporte,  
 With bowe in hand, and quaver by their syd,  
     The footsteps of a foamie boare who trace,  
     And hallo'ing lowd, fast follow on the chace.”

"None such we saw," (quoth they), "O nymph divine! 355  
 Or sall we rather the a Goddes call?  
 Such heavenly beautys on thy face do shine,  
 Thy gloriows rayes owr mortall eyes appal ;  
 But O ! thrice happy Goddes, nymph or maid,  
 Quhat e're thow art, we humbly crave thine aid. 360

"Teach vs what soile is this, what countrey strange,  
 What fields so fair heir to owr sight are showen,  
 Vnder what climat of the heaven we range,  
 Where neither man nor place to vs are knowne.  
 We crave" (sweit lady), "if a stile so lowe 365  
 Beseeme thy state, this let thy servants knowe."

"To me such honors," she replies, "forbeare ;  
 For this the fashion is for virgins heir  
 A bowe and quaver by their thighs to beare,  
 And rayment short above their knee to weir. 370  
 Of fertile Africk heir the soile 3e see,  
 And those the walls of famows Carthage be.

"The scepter Dido swayes, heir fled of late  
 For horro<sup>r</sup> of Pigmalion's cruell crime,  
 Against her mate in privy perpetrate, 375  
 Which sad discowrse requirs a longer time.  
 But things of greatest moment to discover,  
 All circumstance I breefly sall runne over.

"Sicheus was her lord and loyall mate,  
 With many gifts of minde and body graced, 380  
 Who her espous'd into her virgin state,  
 A spotless maid, 3oung, beautyfull, and chaste.  
 Her bloody brother over Tyrus raigned :  
 No fiercer monster on the earth remained.

“He, blind with greed, to gaine Sicheus gold                   385  
 Him vnawars before the altars slew,  
 And forg’t inventiounes to his sister told,  
 Cloaking his cruelty with airts anew.  
     But murther, though it ly a space conceal’d,  
     By meanes vnlook’t for, ay at last’s reveal’d.                   390

“Himself, vnburied zit, Sicheus shew,  
 Before this wofull lady’s sleeping eyes,  
 With visage wan, pale looks, and deidly hew,  
 Whom, fearfull lyk, she trembling fast espyes,  
     With gapeing wound, from whence a crimson flood           395  
     Ran gushing downe his breast, begor’d with blood.

“‘Flie ! flie ! my dearest half,’ quoth he, ‘from hence  
 Expect no better at thy brother’s hands,  
 Flie him who kill’d thy husband but offence,  
 And cruelly dissolv’d ovr nuptiall bands ;                   400  
     Whose cursed weapon Hymen’s solemne knot  
     Disjoin’d, which joined was so long by lote.

“She, (wofull soule), appalled with the sight,  
 Her fainting hands three times stretcht owt in vaine  
 The shadow to embrace ; but sadly sight                   405  
 When nought but air her folded armes containe.  
     Three times againe, thus in her sleep misse-led  
     Three times his ghost her kinde embraces fled.

“Awak’t, the charge she speedily obeyes ;  
 Prepares for flight, conveining such as hate                   410  
 This monster, who with fear the scepter swayes,  
 And tyrannizing reignes with terrour greate.  
     Whom spoiling, hence they fled with wealth vntold ;  
     Their shipps they ballast with the traitouris gold.

“ Heir they arived, where now the walls arise 415  
 Of stately Carthage, reaching to the skies.  
 The soile she bought, along the coast which lies,  
 Within the reach and compasse of 30wr eyes :  
     First Byrsa call’d, as much in length and breid  
     As she could with an oxen hide ov’rspreid. 420

“ But whence be 3e, (my freinds), who seame so sad,  
 Whose ruethfull looks 30wr inward sorrows showe ?  
 Frome what far coast have 3e 30wr journey had ?  
 Or whither further purpose 3e to go ? ”  
     To which, with wounded heart and watrie eyes, 425  
     Sore sighing, thus the sea-toss’d prince replies :

“ Ah lady ! if I should at length relate  
 And of owr bitter sorrows showe the source ;  
 Owr adverse fortune and estrang’t estate  
 Requires a longsome dolorows discowrse : 430  
     Day should departe and Phoebus bright descend,  
     Long ere owr wofull tragedy should end.

“ Frome Troy we come, Troy was owr haples soile,  
 (If ever Troy into thine ears fand place),  
 By wind and wave heir toss’d we are with toile, 435  
 Of heavenly issue and immortal race.  
     Frome Jove I sprang ; brought lowe, before thine eyes  
     Æneas stands, whose fame surmounts the skyes.

“ To Italy Apollo did exhorte  
 My cowrse : I follow’d where the Fates did guide ; 440  
 With twentie sailes, (alas !) I left the porte,  
 Of which scarce seven saiff frome the stormes abide.  
     Myself in neid heir strayes, to all vnknowne,  
     Far, far from Europ, and frome Asia throwne.”

But such regrates vnable more to hear : 445

“ Brave Trojane, be encourag’d,” Venus sayes ;

“ Raise vp thine heart, such sad complaints forbear,  
Heavens guide thy footsteps and direct thy wayes.

Hold on to Carthage, where Quein Dido reignes ;  
Thy shippes ar save ; thy mates alive remaines. 450

“ Even as those swanns, by six and six which flye,

Doung by ane eagle in the skies of late,

For joy of perill past all mounting hye,

With wanton wings the yieling air they beat :

Even so thy shippes, long toss’d on seas, in end 455

With mirth and noyse all to the porte intend.”

Thus having said, she turn’d away her face,

Which made a sunne-shine in the shady place,

With rosie cheeks and cheirfull smiling face,

Such as Adonis earst she did embrace, 460

Her sweet ambrosiall breath and nect’red hair,

With musk and amber did perfume the air.

He ravish’t both with wonder and delight,

“ Ah ! mother, stay thy cowrse ;” sore sighing sayes,

“ Why, masked thus, dost thou delude my sight ? 465

Pitty thy childe, heir comfortles who stayes.”

Ne’re word she spak, but as they walk’t in dowbt,

She with a cloud encompass them about.

The subtle air, (a wondrous thing to shoue),

In solide substance did the self congeale, 470

With wonder rapt, environing the two,

Themselves with mists enfolded thus to feel,

To whome alone the cloud transparent bright,

With thick’ned damps debarr’d all others sight.

They, subject now vnto no mortall eyes, 475  
 Hold forward, where the Goddes them commands.  
 She to her soile, by skies, to Paphos flies,  
 Wher consecrate to her a temple stands,  
     Whose altars, which in odowrs sweet excell,  
     With cassia, myrrhe, and cynamome do smell. 480

They meanwhile to a mountaines toppe intending,  
 From which the towne lies subject to their sight;  
 The stately work with walls to skies ascending,  
 The pompows ports with gold all glist'ring bright,  
     The towres, on Porphyr pillars which arise, 485  
     And mabre streets feed with delight their eyes.

The workmen earnestly do their hands applie ;  
 Some dig the earth and search a solide ground ;  
 Some found below, some build amidst the skie ;  
 With noyse of hammers hollow heavens resownd. 490  
     Some stones do roll ; some vnder burthens grone ;  
     Some grave in brasse ; some kyth their craft in stone.

Lyk as when Phoebus, father of the 3eir,  
 With warme reflexe the frosted flowrs revives,  
 When natur's alchymists from rest retein, 495  
 And to the sluggarde life and courage gives.  
     Whil some at home, some in the fields abroade,  
     Their tender thighs with waxe & hony loade ;

Assail'd by stormes, some litle stones do beir,  
 And ballast thus do contrepoyze the winde ; 500  
 Some waxen pallaces with paine do reir ;  
 Some search a field the fragrant flowrs to finde ;  
     Some, bussied in the hyve, great murmure mak,  
     Whil others of the brood the charge do tak.



All wisely for the winter do provide, 505  
 And empty combs with liquours sweet do fill ;  
 Parte at the ports, as sentinells abide,  
 Vnloade their mat's and drowsie dron's do kill ;  
     The work doth prosper, Nectar-plenish't cels  
     With thyme and cammomile most sweetly smels. 510

Even so the Tyrians, some a stately stage  
 On arches rais'd for comedyes ereck ;  
 For judgement some a place prepare more sage,  
 Establish lawes, and magistrats elect.  
     Each with a sev'rall work employ'd tak paine : 515  
     None sluthfull in the citty do remaine.

“Happy ! O happy ye !” Æneas sayes,  
 “Whose fortun's flourish, and whose walls arise.”  
 No longer he vpon the mountaine staves,  
 But, ent'ring at the porche, seene by no eyes, 520  
     Bereft with wonder he abroad doth range,  
     Apparell'd with this airy rayment strange.

A shady groave amidst this citty grew,  
 Of amrows myrtles and immortall bayes,  
 Which, heavenly sweet, deliciows odours threw, 525  
 Whil Zephyr breath'd among the palme-trie spraves,  
     Whose topps, entwyn'd, a pleasant arbor made,  
     Which yielded a delightsome cooling shade.

Amidst this groave, to Juno sacred, stood  
 A church with all choyse rarities enriched, 530  
 Which, of no humane industry denude,  
 All eyes with admiratioune bewitched,  
     Who viewe what arte hath in this work devis'd,  
     With curiows pencill, cunningly compris'd.

Heir she to nature not inferiowr much, 535  
 In shaps admir'd her excellence hath showne,  
 The live-les pictures seeme to see, move, touch,  
 With wondrows colours by the painter drawne :  
     The statues stand, wrought with exceeding coste,  
     By cunning craftsmen carved and embost. 540

Æneas wond'ring at this temple's glory,  
 And, with those sights, his sorrowing eyes delighting,  
 Neir by, abr[i]g'd, he viewes Troyes tragick story,  
 Drawen with such life as seem'd he saw them fighting :  
     Great Ilion by triumphing Greeks surpris'd, 545  
     Their bloody rage who prowdly exercys'd.

Before the towne did stand the wooden horse ;  
 Whilas the ramme the walls is vndermining.  
 The Trojans val'rowsly resist their force,  
 In plumed caskes and glitt'ring armour shining. 550  
     Now from the ports the Greeks they seeme to chase,  
     And now retreating, to the foe give place.

Heir sent to death by Diomedes' hand,  
 The breathles body of prow'd Rhesus lyes.  
 Heir Troylus, vnable to withstand 555  
 Achilles' stroak's, by gloriows conquest dyes.  
     Heir Priame doth his strenthles hands uphold,  
     Sueing to ransome Hector's corps with gold.

There, 'mongst his foes, himself anone he viewes,  
 Acting his parte vpon this bloody stage, 560  
 In Graecian blood his blaid who oft embrues,  
 Arm'd with trew valowr, not misseledde with rage.  
     There Memnon, there the souldiers of Aurore,  
     Distill their dearest blood to conquere glore.

But see ! see how Penthesilea leads 565  
 Her Amazonian trowpes to Troye's supplie !  
 To all her valour admiration-breids,  
 But death and horreur to the enemy.  
 All other women with their tongues mak warre,  
 She, by her hands, more famows is be farre. 570

But in this age such Amazons ar rare,  
 Now strange Hermaphrodites supplie their place,  
 Whose cloths, whose cariage, curlings, cuted haire,  
 Complexiounes, coloures, ar their cheifest grace :  
 Whose greatest study's foundlings to abuse ; 575  
 The mystery of painting how to vse.

Viewing at last those vnexpected sights :  
 "Ah, deir Achates !" sighing sore, he said :  
 " In owr mishapps what nation not delights ?  
 What place doth not owr infamies vpbraid ? 580  
 Betwix the fyrie and the frozen zone  
 Our sad misfortunes are vnknowne to none."

But as no joy's so great as lasteth ay,  
 So no mis-hap's so hard, but once may end.  
 Dark night o'rpast, succeedes the pleasant day, 585  
 Heavens, after sorrowes, joyes and solace send.  
 So now, the lustre of Eliza's eyes  
 Cheirs vp his spreits & calmes his miseryes.

Her presence soone gives respett to his teares ;  
 Her milde aspect him with assurance armes ; 590  
 Her beautyes peace proclaime vnto his feares ;  
 Her gratiows countenance his anguish charmes.  
 For, loe, as Cynthia 'mongst the stars doth shyne,  
 She comes attended with a stately tryne.

Fair Iris in her choisest colourrs clad,  
 Arayed in robes of pure blew-golden-green,  
 Should in this cowrt have look't but pale and sad  
 Amids the pompows throng which guarde the Queen,  
     Who might have put a period to the strife  
     'Twix Juno, Pallas, and lame Vulcan's wife.      600

More lovely creature never mortall ey,  
 More ritche in beautyes, ever 3it did viewe,  
 Whose lips of corall, cheeks of yvorie,  
 Where lillyes sweet & budding roses grew,  
     The smothest pearle, and ritche rubies stain'd,      605  
     Still kissing and still blushing which remain'd.

Her fore-head full of bashfullnes and state,  
 Where Venus' babe did bend his Heben bowe,  
 Of majesty and mildenes seam't the seate,  
 Whose native white made pale the purest snowe.      610  
     Two stars are fixt into this beautyes sphere,  
     Smile-frowning, stormie-calm, and cloudie-cleare.

Each glance alone of those celestiall lights  
 Dairt forth a living death, or deadly wound,  
 And by allurements strange insnare the sights,      615  
 And do beholders' senses quite confound,  
     Whose silent rhetorick far more perswade  
     Then all the airts enchanting Circe hade.

Each beawty, to attract the curiows eye,  
 Hath something rare, peculiar, and alone,      620  
 Which most the face with forme doth beautyfie,  
 And leaves impression in a heart of stone.  
     Some, sweetly smileing, kindle Cupid's fire,  
     And, blushing, some adde fewell to desire.

Some with the cheryes of sweet lips ensnare ; 625  
 Some with the dimples of a vermile cheek ;  
 By wanton looks some leave a lasting care,  
 And others most do move by seeming meek.  
     But heir, all beautyes in this object meit :  
     O miracle of nature thus compleit ! 630

Even as Diana, by Eurota's banks,  
 Or Cynthus' tops, with many a nymph attendit,  
 With deep-mowth'd hounds the fleeing deir disranks ;  
 Some fall, by flight some have their lyves defendit.  
     The Goddes egerly the chace doth follow, 635  
     Cheiring her hounds with a harmoniows hallow.

The wanton wod-nymphs fast abowt her throng,  
 Both at her sport and heavenly shape amazed.  
 She joyfully them traines the plains along,  
 Still more admiring, more on her they gazed. 640  
     For loe ! she shyne amidst this crew more bright  
     Then clear Aurora, parting frome the night.

So ent'red Dido : such her princely port,  
 A sweet, majestick, and heart-moving creature,  
 With pompows splendour, far above report, 645  
 But airt adorn't, with beautyes choysest feature,  
     Whose gracefull gesture, whose enchanting eyes,  
     Æneas' sorrows seam't at once to ease.

Magnifickly thus mounting to her throne,  
 Weiring a costly coronet of gold, 650  
 The sword of justice to her subjects showne,  
 The scepter her imperiall hand doth hold ;  
     Where, guarded with a groave of awfull armes,  
     She sitts secure frome spightfull traitors' harmes.

There, like that nymph who fled from earth to heaven, 655  
 So much by all for equity renown'd,  
 Of justice she doth hold the ballance eaven,  
 And solidly doth lawes and statutes found,  
     Wherby good subjects easily are rain'd,  
     The viciows sort by fear and force restrain'd. 660

The Queen scarce plac't into her yvorie throne,  
 Whil suddenly a companie arives  
 Of souldiers, as it seam't to all vnknowne,  
 Which preassing, as perplex't, for presence strives :  
     Sergestus, Antheus and Cloánthus strong, 665  
     Were leaders of this vnexpected throng.

Three Trojane captanes with their trowpes attendit,  
 New scapt the furie of the boyst'rows king,  
 Heir last on shoare, whil otherwise intendit ;  
 Heaven's angry Empresse hindred their designe, 670  
     Their ships assailing on the wattrie plaine,  
     Till Neptune calm'd the swelling seas againe.

Their prince, his people heir at cowrt espying,  
 In Thetis' bosome whom entomb't he trowed,  
 Amaz'd he stood, with deep attention trying 675  
 If visions false his eyes did overcloud,  
     If apparitions or chymerçees vaine  
     Appear'd, illudeing his distempered braine.

But finding heir his followers in effect,  
 Sick with a surfeit of excessive joy, 680  
 He long'd himself vnmasked to detect,  
 That mutuallie they comfort might enjoy ;  
     But, seasouning this passion with feare,  
     Their sute to Dido first resolves to heare.

Meanwhile Ilioneus doth humbly kneel, 685  
 And thus the Queen with reverence doth greet :  
 "Great Princes ! we, (poore strangers), do appeale  
 To thy protection, prostrate at thy feet,  
     Embold'ned by thy virtewes to draw neare,  
     And in thy sacred presence to appeare. 690

"We, wofull Trojanes, wand'ring in exile,  
 Long toss't abroad vpon the troublows seas,  
 Do humbly crave to rest with the a while ;  
 Let not owr sute thy patience displease ;  
     But, (gratiows Princes !), pitty owr distres, 695  
     And over vs thy people's pride repres.

"To raise thy cittyes and returne with spoile,  
 To no such end we did vs heir addresse ;  
 We, being objects of disgrace and toile,  
 No such prow'd thoughts owr conquer'd mindes possesse.  
     Whil first we did on foamie seas ascend, 701  
     To Italy we did owr cowrse intend.

"Scarce did the floods owr sight from shoar divorce,  
 Whil mad with furie, and inflam'd with rage,  
 Lowd bellowing Boreas prow'dly offers force, 705  
 And maid owr navie of his pride the stage.  
     The elements, all intermixt in one,  
     Owr ships were soone disperst and overthrowne.

"A Prince we had, (O had !), word full of grieff !  
 By name Æneas, great in armes and fame, 710  
 Whom, if the heavens preserve for owr relieff,  
 Feir no ; thy fortoune thow shall never blame,  
     That we by the ar favor'd for his caws."  
     Thus, with a sigh, the Trojane maide a pause.

Her waxen heart, touch't with a trew remorse, 715  
 And sympathie of their distrest estate,  
 Did her compassion in such sort enforce,  
 As, sweetly smileing, from her regall seat :  
 " Cheer vp 30<sup>r</sup> mindes, (brave Trojanes)," she replied ;  
 " Exile base sorrow, be no more dismayed. 720

" What people are so barren of engine,  
 As have not heard of great Æneas' name ?  
 Troyes ancient splendour ? of her gloryes shine ?  
 With longsome warre how Mars did her inflame ?  
 To vs 30<sup>r</sup> vertewes admiration breeds, 725  
 Amazed much by 30<sup>wr</sup> heroick deeds.

" If hence 3e minde, free pasport I will give,  
 And, with a lib'rall hande, 30<sup>wr</sup> wants supplie.  
 Or, if my kingdome can 30<sup>wr</sup> woes relieve,  
 Welcome ! thrise welcome, heir to stay with me ! 730  
 If Trojanes can submit them to my throne,  
 Trojane and Tyrian sall to me be one.

" And O ! I wish 30<sup>wr</sup> brave, illustuows prince,  
 With whose renowne the earth's seaven climats rings,  
 Were heir ; if heavens have not him ravish't hence, 735  
 But do reserve for some vnknowne designes,  
 Happy, how happy should Queen Dido bee,  
 To succour him in his extremitie."

Scarce had she endit till the airie cloud,  
 Which him encompass't, vanisht owt of sight, 740  
 And he, deliv' red of his sable shroud,  
 With sudden wonder, shyn'd into the light,  
 More lyke a God then any earthly creature,  
 So perfect he appear'd in every feature.



With stately shape, a smileing awfull eye, 745  
 A piercing look, a sweet majestick face ;  
 The golden treasure of his locks which lye  
 Adowne his shoulders with celestiall grace,  
 In heavenly hew excell'd that far sought fleece,  
 Gain'd with such hazarde by the yowth of Greece. 750

Now see how Dido narrowly doth eye him,  
 Into her heart great things of him divining ;  
 With admiration all the cowrt espye him,  
 Vpon his royall brow true vertue shining.  
 No dame so chaste but, spite of all defences, 755  
 Must zeeld to love, him viewing with right senses.

“Behold,” (quoth he), “great Princes, in thy sight,  
 The man for whome thou kindly dost enquire ;  
 Thy humblest servant, if a sea-tost wight,  
 Infolded in misfortune’s sad attire, 760  
 Can be thought worthy the, (dear Queen), to serve,  
 Who dost so infin’tly of vs deserve.

“Thou onely with owr miseryes art moved ;  
 By the alone we comfort do enjoy ;  
 Thou only kinde and pittifull hast proved 765  
 To vs, the poore distrest remaine of Troy.  
 We only by thy gratiows favour breath,  
 Near ent’red at the frozen gates of death.

“Thow, feelingly enflam’t with zealows fire,  
 Our indigence dost vndeserv’dly aid, 770  
 The wofull objects of proud Æol’s ire,  
 Whom heavens each where, by sea, by land, invade ;  
 The scorne of time, the mirrour of mishap,  
 Of deepest grieff the most expressive map.

"Can e're thy bountyes be by vs repayed? 775  
 All-vertuouse princes! Africk's gloriows starre!  
 We straying Pelerins will ne'r assay't,  
 Thy great deserts exceed owr pow'r so farre.  
     Jove, dowbtles, Dido duely sall rewarde,  
     If Jove doth rueth or equity regarde. 780

"Whill night's clear torches in true measure daunce  
 To heavenly accords of harmoniows spheares,  
 Whil Phoebus' steeds abowt the Poles do prounce,  
 Earth's pond'rows masse whill giant Atlas beares;  
     Thy fame, praise, glory, and thy partes divine, 785  
     Shall last, enrol'd on times immortall shrine.

"And, whill the heavens dissolve owr bodyes frame,  
 Thy kindnes no oblivion shall blot owt."  
 Thus having said, burnt with affection's flame,  
 His subjects he embraces all abowt. 790  
     Hands join'd in hands, joy hath their hearts transfix'd,  
     Both smiles and teares at once ar intermixed.

"Great Cytherea's sone!" the Queen replied,  
 Ravish't with wonder of this object strange;  
 "What fortune heir thy wand'ring steps doth guide? 795  
 How coms't thir costs thow solitare dost range?  
     Art thou that Prince, by progeny divine,  
     Whom great Anchises gote on beautyes Queen?

"My father Belus, (well I do record),  
 Whil wasteing Cyprus with victoriows hand, 800  
 To Teucer's aide, who by the dint of sword  
 Most violently was expell'd the land;  
     Their first thy fame did sound into mine eare;  
     Their Troyes distres and ruine I did heare.

" Like bitter fortunes als myself have proved ;      805  
 But, greiff digested, sweet content redowbles.  
 Afflicted wights to pittie I am moved,  
 Not inexpert in woe and saddest troubles.  
     Rest heir, Æneas, in thir partes a space,  
     For bloody broiles enjoying blessed peace."      810

Butt more, descending frome imperiall seate,  
 Her ghuests she guides into a pompows hall,  
 Then holy-dayes proclaim'd with triumph great,  
 In honour of th' ensewing festivall :  
     A Hecatombe is offered, beasts are slaine      815  
     To Neptune, ruler of the glassie plaine.

The regall palace, royally prepar'd,  
 With hangings ritch is sumptuously decor'd ;  
 In midst the tables, on ritch pillars rear'd,  
 With silver plate are plentifully stor'd.      820  
     On which, laboriously engraven in gold,  
     The Princes' royall pedegrie's enrol'd.

Æneas now discharg't of heavy care,  
 Preparing to refresh his fainting sprights,  
 Ascanius' absence only doth empare      825  
 His perfect joyes, enless'ning his delights.  
     Such was the tender, fatherly respect  
     Whereby his child he dearly doth affect.

" Achates, haist," (quoth he), " at length relate  
 To that sweet Boy, who in the ships doth stay,      830  
 The period of owr paines, owr present state,  
 How calme a night hath still'd owr stormie day.  
     Be thow a guide vnto his footsteps weake,  
     That of owr pleasures heir he may partake.

“And those few tokens, which alone do laste  
 Of all the treasures of demolish't Troy, 835  
 Bring with that hopefull childe to vs in haste;  
 The costly jewells Helen did enjoy,  
     Her ritche embroid'ed robes, the scepter rare,  
     And crowne, which fair Ilionea bare. 840

“With these the Queen I purpose to present,  
 Small pledges of these dueties to her due.  
 Whill smoothest words to no effect are spent,  
 Gifts, (strange perswadeing oratours), subdue,  
     And force the firmest mindes, do still prevaill, 845  
     Whil complements and kindest speaches fail.”

But whill Achates for Ascanius hyes  
 With winged pace: Loe! frome the cristall skies,  
 The Cyprian Goddes suddenly espyes  
 Th'event of all; who doth anone devise 850  
     That Cupid shall assume the shape and face  
     Of sweet Ascanius, and supplie his place,

And so the Queen with furie strange enspire,  
 Into her bosome breathing love's infection,  
 And kindle in her breast a boyling fire, 855  
 A quenchles flame of violent affection,  
     Whose deadly poyson, once infused deep,  
     May peice and peice through all her arteirs creep.

And whill he doth present the ritche propyne  
 Of Trojan reliques, in Ascanius' shape, 860  
 He may, (vnwarre), the Princes vndermyne,  
 And craftily her liberty entrappe;  
     So, being once enamor'd on her sone,  
     May free his danger her suspition.

"Cupid, my sone," saith she, (for Cupid still's      865  
 Attending Venus), "thow my strenth, my stay,  
 Whose trophes great both heavens and earth do fill,  
 O'r gods, o'r men, who dost thy scepter swey,  
     Behold before thy sacred Deity,  
     Thy mother Venus comes entreating the.      870

"With what despight, (thow knowes), Jove's jealous wife  
 Thy brother, dear Æneas, hath persewed,  
 Whom, nixt to the, I tender as my life,  
 My joy, my cheifest care, and neir subdewed  
     On Neptun's azure bosome, to my smarte ;      875  
     Thow of my woes hast oft made vp a parte.

"Him Carthage now containes ; Loe ! how the Queen,  
 With sugg'red speaches, much his stay importunes,  
 And royally her ghest doth entertaine,  
 With kinde compassion on his former fortunes.      880  
     But what these gloriows guilded sho's portend,  
     It's hard to constre : O ! I fear the end.

"In Junoes citty, since by Juno hated,  
 How can he draw secure one minute's breath ?  
 Since no where saiff, but by her furie threatred,      885  
 Heir, at her pleasure, she may plot his death.  
     No place more oportune, no time more fit,  
     Such inhumane a murther to commit.

"But hark ! deir infant, Loe ! I have devis'd  
 A policie all perill to prevent.      890  
 Queen Dido, by thy slights, must be surpris'd ;  
 A secret flame must frome thy forge be sent ,  
     To boyle her breast, her minde to fancie move,  
     Æneas only object of her love.

"Now fit occasion favors our designs. 895  
 The lovely boy Ascanius goes to court.  
 Lay thou aside a space thy shafts, thy wings,  
 Put on his person, and his princely porte.  
     A child, thou mayst a childe in shape resemble,  
     More subtilly with Dido to dissemble. 900

"That while embraced, cherish't, entertain'd,  
 The nectar of thy balmie lips she seeks,  
 And while she clasps thee in her armes enchain'd,  
 Redoubling kisses on thy rosiall cheeks,  
     Thou privily may in her veins enspire 905  
     A pleasing poyson, a deceiving fire."

Cupid obeys the Goddess' charming voice.  
 An humane shape him instantly investes.  
 Of sweet Ascanius' shadow he makes choise,  
 And of his wings himself anon devestes, 910  
     Layes downe his bow and arrowes, one by one,  
     So with Achates to the court is gone.

But, least Ascanius should the guile disclose,  
 To Ida woods the Goddess him doth beare,  
 Where pleasant slumber, rest and sweet repose 915  
 Lock't vp his eyes; and Morpheus drawing neire  
     Seas'd on his senses, in the cooling shade  
     Which lillyes sweet and budding roses made.

So now, while Dido doth her ghests entreat,  
 With choisest courses and deliciows faire, 920  
 Loading the tables with all sortes of meat,  
 Which yielded are on earth or liquid aire,  
     An hundredth groomes, with diligence and skill,  
     Giving attendance on the strangers still.

And whill Iöpas sweetly doth expresse 925  
 With warbling voice, and yvorie instrument,  
 The motion, order, cowrse of great and lesse,  
 Fires fixt and straying, in the firmament ;  
 How Phoebus eyther hemi-spheare enflames,  
 And how his thunders Jove, and lightnings frames. 930

How Mars and Venus Vulcane did ensnare ;  
 How stars' aspects benigne or froward bee ;  
 How Iris bends her bowe amidst the aire ;  
 How rolling spheares resound harmoniowsly :  
 Lo ! suddenly amidst this joyfull throng, 935  
 Ascanius, comming, interrupts the song.

For, as he ent'red, all with greedy eyes  
 Gaze on the beautyes of the lovely boy.  
 Resplendant rayes his visage beautifyes,  
 His chearfull countenance augments their joy. 940  
 Smiles grace his gesture, which in them doth move  
 Amazement, wonder, joy, delight, and love.

They mervell at Æneas ritch propyne.  
 They mervell at the boy the gifts doth bring.  
 They muse a mortall's face so bright doth shyne, 945  
 Mistaking him to be a God, a king,  
 A mighty monarch, whose imperiows hand  
 Bears over all the vniverse command.

But none, so much as Dido, him admires :  
 In this sweet object such delight she fand, 950  
 She, in his breast, (as fixed starrs), ensphears  
 Her sparkling lights, which still butt motion stand.  
 But, still the more, her starving eyes she feeds,  
 Desire encreasing still the greater breeds.

The silver beames about his locks of gold, 955  
 The heavenly lustre of his shining face,  
 Her more and more still in amazement hold.  
 Within her breast she finds no rest nor peace,  
     But, surfeitting on such vnusuall sights,  
     Although enflam't, she in the flame delights. 960

Thus, whill she feeds, she pynes herself away,  
 (An harmeles flie allured by the low) ;  
 Her self, vnwar, thus doth her self betray,  
 And feels the force of this small archer's bowe,  
     Whose eyes alone, sweet, cowrtes, voide of ire, 965  
     Dairt lightnings forth, a world of love to fire.

But now the Syren, by enchantments false,  
 The senses charmes of his supposed syre,  
 Now sucks his lips, now hings about his halse,  
 With kinde embraceings kindling his desyre. 970  
     He tenderly his child doth intertaine,  
     Mistaking whome his folded armes containe.

His cowrse, anone, vnto the Queen he takes,  
 Whose marrowe boyles already in her bones.  
 She, for the cherries of his lips forsakes 975  
 All other daintyes, and in love suppones  
     A sweeter issue, nor experience bad,  
     In end expressed, in characters sad.

Within the prison of her yvorie armes,  
 The infant clasping closely, she confines ; 980  
 And to her foe's assaultes herself disarmes,  
 Vnwar, her liberty who vndermines,  
     And ignorant she holdeth on her breast  
     So great a God, so dangerows a ghest.



He, peice and peice, the dear remembrance kills      985  
 Of late Sicheus, who her love enjoyed,  
 And empty veines with living fire he fills,  
 Her former flames which quickly have destroyed ;  
     Her heart, long disaccustom'd now to love,  
     Affections strange and passions new doth prove.      990

Now is the Queen ensnar'd with Cupid's airts,  
 By love led captive to a suddaine change.  
 She feels the poyson of his deadly dairts  
 To work in her by operation strange.  
     But none her trembling pulses neids to finde.      995  
     Her eyes bewray the sicknes of her minde.

O love ! how many are thy subtle snares,  
 To conquer beauty and to climb her forte ;  
 Vowes, protestations, prayers, sighs and teares,  
 And cowering strange in many a sundry sorte,      1000  
     Betray poore women. Nature beauty made  
     Both to be loved and proved, nought die and fade.

Now silent night spred fourth her sable wings,  
 And broad display'd her spangled cannopye.  
 In fire, air, sea and earth, all living things,      1005  
 Which moving, flying, creeping, breathing be,  
     Did rest, in pleasant slumber buryed deep,  
     Save she whose wakeing thoughts impeacht her sleep.

*Heir endeth the First  
 Book.*

## THE SECOND BOOK.

THE quein, sore sick of love, surcharg't with care,  
 In wounded veines a secret flame doth feed.  
 Æneas' vertue and his stemme preclare,  
 Still, in her ravisht minde, a place doth plead.  
 Both voyce and eyes one onely object hold, 5  
 A masse of cares her restles thoughts enfold.

If slumber sweet vpon her senses sease,  
 Her troubled braines, with visions new acquainted,  
 Present her lover still before her eyes,  
 The object which by day they most frequented. 10  
 Awak't againe frome her vnquiet rest,  
 She finds her spreit with passions strange possesst.

Her beating pulses and her panting heart  
 Showe the distemper of her troubled minde.  
 No practise, humane industry, nor airt, 15  
 For her infection a remeid can finde ;  
 Whose spreading poyson wholly hath ov'rrunne  
 Her veines, ere scairce she knew her grieff begun.

With purple blush, soone as the morne displayes  
 Heaven's cristall gates, (dayes golden beames recall'd), 20  
 "Deir sister Anna," sighing sore, she sayes,  
 "What dreames, by night, my senses have appal'd !  
 What apparitions did vpraid my sight !  
 And broken sleeps, with sudden fears, affright !

"What ghest so strange hath heir ariv'd of late? 25  
 How brave of gesture! and in armes as great!  
 Whose eyes, of humble majesty the seat,  
 With grave-sweit looks, imperiowsly entreat.  
     What broyles, what battles, what encontres bold,  
     Hath he ov'rpast with courage vncontrol'd! 30

"If most advis'dly I did not resolve,  
 Myself to none in nuptiall bands to joine,  
 Since death my first affection did dissolve,  
 And sacred Hymen's solemne knot disjoine;  
     To his assault, (if vnto any one), 35  
     I might be moved, (perhaps), to zeeld alone.

"To the, (dear Anne), to the I must reveale,  
 Since death frome me Sicheus did divorce,  
 Who prowd Pigmalion's cruelty did feele,  
 This man alone my fredome did enforce. 40  
     He only hath enflam't my dead desires;  
     I feel the footsteps of my former fires.

"I feel within the fornace of my breast  
 A secret flame, a close confined fire;  
 What hope is left to smother and supress't? 45  
 Which bred my sight, is fostered by desire;  
     O how I frye and freize, I faint and feare.  
     How great a load, (alace), is love to beare!

"What passion strange, (poore Dido!) thus transports the?  
 Love bids the zeeld the in a stranger's will. 50  
 But honor tells how highly it imports the,  
 With headles haste thy pleasures to fulfill.  
     Since flying beauty most enflames desire,  
     And sweet deniall kindles Cupid's fire.

“ Love bids the runne where sweet delight doth leade, 55  
 And prove those pleasures which to yowth belong ;  
 But honor doth advise the to tak heade,  
 Thy spotles fame and princely partes to wrong.  
     Since vertue’s field is easily laid waste,  
     And meates vnwholsomest most please the taste. 60

“ Nay, rather earth devore me first alive,  
 And, Erebus’ dark shad’s enclos’d among,  
 Let thund’ring Jove me of my life deprive,  
 O sacred modesty, ere I the wrong !  
     Or ever prease the statutes to eschew, 65  
     Of shamefastnes which to my sexe is due.

“ He, he, (alace), to whome I first was fast,  
 My soules affection hes frome hence transported ;  
 O let it with his ghost for ever last,  
 Entomb’t with him, where first my love resorted.” 70  
     This said, her eyes a cristall flood fourth powre,  
     And on her cheiks distill a pearlie showre.

“ Sweet sister,” Anna then at lenth replied,  
 “ Dear as my life, more then my self affected,  
 Still shall thy yowth to mourne alone be tied? 75  
 Are childrene deare, by the, no more respected?  
     Hatst thow so much those joyes which Venus brings?  
     And think’st thow soules departed care such things?

“ Although, when sade melancholie of late  
 Seas’d on thy minde, all sutes thow didst reject ; 80  
 No Lybian husband, not Hiarbas great,  
 Nor Africk captaine couldst thow then affect ;  
     But canst thow now resist, and not approve  
     The sweet effects of such contenting love?

"Thow weyes not well what bounds thow dost possesse ; 85  
 Heir the Getulianes and Numidians stowt,  
 Heir Syrtes sands, famowse in barrenesse,  
 Heir the Barceans compas the abowt ;  
     What shall I speak of Tyrus' new debates,  
     Which now arise, and of thy brother's threats? 90

"By heaven's assent, (I hope), and Junoes aide,  
 The Trojane ships have heir the cowrse intended ;  
 What citty, (sister), sall of this be made,  
 If such alliance prosperowsly wer ended ?  
     What reigns arise, if Troy with vs wer one? 95  
     With what triumph should Africk shine anone?

"Plead first, frome heaven, protectione divine,  
 Pretending cawses to thy ghuest of stay,  
 Till stormes be still, the seas to smile incline,  
 Ships saiff may saile, and heavens their furie lay." 100  
     Her kindled breast thus Anna did enflame,  
     Swa hope she caught, exiling dowbt and shame.

How easily do women women move,  
 To whome they truste the secret of their heart !  
 By her perswasion, O how quick doth love 105  
 Disperse the self, and spreed in every parte  
     A furiows flame, a fumeing fever fell !  
     No antidote this poyson can expell.

To church they haste, and first heaven's peace entreate,  
 On altars off'ring to the gods above, 110  
 To Ceres, Phaebus, and to Bacchus great,  
 To Juno chiefly, who hath care of love.  
     With cuppe in hand, the Queen herself doth syne  
     Powre foorth vpon the sacrifice the wyne.

Or at the altars off'ring gifts she spaces, 115  
 Observing what new Fortunes do ensue ;  
 Marking the bowells, and the breathing places  
 Of every beast, with most attentive viewe,  
     Which open to her sight ; with narrow eyes,  
     She gaz'd and guess'd ; what all doth boad she sies. 120

Ah fond conceits ! What do her vowes avail ?  
 Or what do temples sought her rage empare ?  
 Whill as her marrow doth already fail,  
 With soaking flames consumed, dry'd vp with care,  
     And whill enclos'd into her breast profound, 125  
     She nourisheth a deadly feast'ring wound.

Like as the dear, which wounded vnawar,  
 With hunter's shaft fast fix't into her side,  
 Runnes headlongs heir and their, both near and far,  
 But still the dart doth in her breast abide, 130  
     So Dido, poyson'd with a deadly head,  
     Butt rest doth rage, sore martyr'd but remeid.

Through stately Carthage now her ghest she guides,  
 With gloriows shows to entertaine his sight ;  
 Now sumptuows banquets painfully provides, 135  
 With variows objects surfeiting delight.  
     Then Trojane toyles with burning minde to heere,  
     Oft she entreats, and gives most watchfull eare.

But whill she speaks, her speach confus'd doth fail,  
 Whill frome her minde her wav'ring tongue debordes ; 140  
 With looks anone she doth anew assail,  
 Dumb oratours perswading more then words ;  
     Whose silent language doth most lively teach,  
     How meane a messenger in love is speach.

For loe ! her eyes, the index of her minde, 145  
 With piercing lookes imperiowsly entreate,  
 And tell her lover that, too long vnkinde,  
 He overlookes her passionat estate.  
     O heavenly Rhet'rike ! which butt words reveals  
     What modesty in women still conceales. 150

But ah ! whil he is gone, and night's pale face  
 Day doth displace, provoking pleasant rest,  
 Oft she alone laments, oft doth embrace  
 The happy place which he of late imprest.  
     Oft to her trowbled senses it appeares, 155  
     That him still present she both sees and heares.

Then young Ascanius she doth entertaine,  
 His parents portrate perfectly presenting,  
 Whome in her armes she softly doth enchaine,  
 By sweits suppos'd, her sowres of life relenting. 160  
     Thus stealing by the slowly sliding howres,  
     So to subdue loves still assailing powers.

Her careles minde, slouth, meanwhile, doth surprise ;  
 Buildings begun ar left : yowth armes despise ;  
 No bullwarkes brave, no rampiers rare arise, 165  
 But all engine of warre imperfect lies.  
     No martiall thought her minde doth more retaine,  
     For love and slouth inseparable remaine.

When Juno, from her azure pale, espied  
 With such a frensie Didoes minde infected ; 170  
 And when her furiows fever, such she tried,  
 As no reporte nor rumour she respected,  
     To Venus first her cowrse she doth direct,  
     And to the Goddes thus begowth to break :

"How great thy conquest, glory and renowne ! 175  
 Thy boy and thow victoriows parte the spoile.  
 Have two, of heavenly issue both, throwne downe  
 One simple woman ? O ! a famows foile.  
     Art a beleving lady, vnadvised,  
     By Cupid conquer'd, and thy slight surpris'd ? 180

"Oh poore weak conquest ! But to what effect  
 Thus keep we armes ? Why peace and amity  
 Prefer we not, though earst we did suspect  
 Owr prow'd skie-reaching wals of Carthage hie ?  
     Those feares remov'd, now at thine owne desire, 185  
     Thow hast what heart can wish or tongue require.

"Love-sick Eliza now thy boy doth burne.  
 The furiows forge Æneas feeds alone.  
 O ! let vs then conjoine, withoutt returne,  
 With equall love vniting both in one. 190  
     Now Dido may be tyed to Trojane mate,  
     And thow receive, in tougher, Carthage great."

But Venus soone the stinging snake espied,  
 Hid in the grasse, quick in her gilded wordes,  
 And counterfeet the Siren's song she tried ; 195  
 To whome the Goddes answere thus affordes,  
     (Perceiving that of policy she spak  
     From Italy Æneas to keip back.)

"Who war so mad, with the in armes contend,  
 Refuse thy freindship, or thy sutes denie ? 200  
 If fates owr projects happily would end !  
 But O, I feare, when Jove owr minds doth trie,  
     If he will graunt this purpose to approve,  
     And if assent those partyes joine in love.



"Thow art his spowse, thow boldly may assay                   205  
 To learne [his] will ; lead thow the way I followe."  
 "That parte," (quoth shee), "pertaines to me to play,  
 That fuird, though fear'd, I hope to find but shallowe.  
     But how the present purpose finish may,  
     Give eare, and shortly I sall showe the way.                   210

"Soone as Aurora frome her bed of roses,  
 Arising chearfully, beginnes to blush ;  
 And, in the East, heavens cristall gate vncloses,  
 From whence big-looking Phaeton doth rush  
     With flaming haire ; then are those lovers two                   215  
     A hunting in the woddes resolv'd to goe.

"There, whil the horsemen, prancing to and fro,  
 Enclose abowt with hounds the trembling deir,  
 I, frome above, a tempest downe shall thro',  
 A fearfull storme, till all their troupes reiteir.                   220  
     With thund'ring noyse both heaven and earth sall shake,  
     Perforce the hunters shall the fields forsake.

"Their mates, butt more, shall all at once be gone ;  
 None shall abide, but all in darknes stray ;  
 With sable wings night shall envolve anone                   225  
 The world each where : all shall in darknes stray.  
     One cave shall then, (butt witnes more), containe  
     The Trojane prince and Carthaginiane queene.

"Where, if thow firmly to my minde accord,  
 I shall be present, and with mutuall voves                   230  
 Mak her his wife, and him her mate and lord,  
 In all respects to vse her as his spouse ;  
     Both tying with vnseparable bands,  
     In Hymen's presence joining hearts and hands."

The Goddess showing by a gracefull smile, 235  
 That she applauded vnto Junoes minde,  
 Begowth to laugh when shee perceiv'd the guile,  
 And gave a signe in token she enclin'd,  
     And to the purpose did assent, and so,  
     Whil they devise, the night away doth go. 240

Aurora blushing then at once appears.  
 The gallant 3owthes for pastime all prepare,  
 With nets of ev'ry sorte, with hunting speares ;  
 The horsemen haste with hounds, of sent most rare.  
     Before the palace all the cowrt attends 245  
     The Queen's aryvall, whil the morning spends.

With gold attir'd, and robes of costly worth,  
 Threat'ning the bitt, her palfrey stamping stayed.  
 With mighty traine herself then marches foorth,  
 With broid'red mantle, hunter-like arrayed. 250  
     Of gold her quaver, gold her loks dividis,  
     And purple garment, tied with gold, abides.

Lo! now, the prince Ascanius proceeds,  
 Accompany'd with all the Trojane peers.  
 Æneas last majestickly succeeds, 255  
 Whose brave proportion all, butt match, admires.  
     With stately cariage, marching forward fast,  
     Till with the Queen his troupes he joines at last.

Most like Apollo, shuneing winters stormes,  
 When Zanthus' floods, and Lycia's cold he flyes, 260  
 And to his native soile himself conformes,  
 To Delos, there to feast and sacrificize.  
     For gladenes all th' inhabitants do shout,  
     Dancing with joy the altars round about.

On Cynthus' toppes the God doth proudly space,      265  
 With hov'ring locks, which drest in circling rownds,  
 With Lawrell garlandes, and with golden lace,  
 Are touss'd ; his shafts betwix his shoulders sounds.  
     So march't the stately Trojane ; such his grace,  
     Such was the beauty of his heavenly face.      270

How soone the' aryv'd upon the montaines hie,  
 And found the haunts where as the beasts had stayed ;  
 Behold ! the deir downe frome the rocks do flie,  
 Coursing abroad, athort the fields affrayed.  
     Both heards of Hart and Hinde the hills forgoe,      275  
     And in one globe with feet the dust vpthroe.

But in the vaile Ascanius doth abide,  
 Making his steid his 3owthfull rider feele ;  
 And now doth one, now others over-ride,  
 With dastard beasts disdainig more to deele,      280  
     But earnestly wisheth for some foamie boare,  
     Or that ane ramping lyon once would roare.

Heaven's ordinance with this the earth do threat,  
 With noyse and terrour ; fire and lightnings flie ;  
 Of raine and rageing wind a tempest great,      285  
 With horride darknes, dimme the worlds bright eye ;  
     Fire, water, air, and earth seame all anone,  
     With hiddeows tumult, intermixt in one.

Not trees alone but solide rocks do shake,  
 Assail'd by rageing torrents tumbling downe      290  
 Frome toppes of steipest montaines : all forsake  
 The fields, affrayed in every rill to drowne.  
     Their troupes, divided, search themselves to shroud  
     Frome furiows heavins, with thunders roaring lowd.

One cave, whil all the tempest dark do shield, 295  
 The Trojane Duke and Dido both contained.  
 Prodigious presages sad earth did zeeld,  
 With them when Juno in the cave convey'd.  
     The guilty air gave light ; the fire did glance ;  
     And montaine Faryes did bewaile the chance. 300

Looke ! how a Comet, whose bright flaming haire  
 Brings tidings sad of dearth, or death of kings,  
 Drawes all men's eyes to gaze amidst the aire,  
 Conjecturing thereby of future things ;  
     So, whil at first, the Princes beauty shin'd, 305  
     Æneas wond'ring ravish't was in minde.

Her pure vnborrowed blush, her native white,  
 The piercing rayes of her victoriows eyes,  
 Bred in his soule such singulare delight,  
 And did his senses suddainely surprise, 310  
     In such a sort, that of all sense denude,  
     He long a lifes, senseles statue stooede.

But soone her looks, of pow'r t'awaken death,  
 And ravish with amazement hardest hearts,  
 Reviv'd him frome his traunse, recal'd his breath, 315  
 And to his sleeping senses life empertes ;  
     Who instantly confines, within his armes,  
     His sweetest Siren, who his fancie charmes.

Sie now how honour, love, and modesty,  
 With diverse colours dye her blushing cheeks ! 320  
 When, (lay'd aside respect of majesty),  
 The fort to render, proud Æneas seeks.  
     And whil, (desire rul'd by the blinded boy,)  
     Loves sweet-stolne sport he labours to enjoy.

With faint repulses and denials sweet, 325  
 Lo ! how she shrinking, strives his sutes to shune ;  
 But he now offers force, now doth entreate,  
 And still persewes, till last the prise is wonne.  
     The jemme enjoy'd, which women hold so deare,  
     And honour prostrate, blushing did retere. 330

Can words, can vowes, can feeble hands resist,  
 With hote desire whil yowthfull blood doth boyle ?  
 Though she repine, do his assaults desist ?  
 Small glory is a yeedled foe to foyle.  
     Women must still deny and vse defences, 335  
     Till charming Cupid lull a sleep the senses.

This wrought to sin, anone she waxeth bold,  
 And mutually her mate doth entertaine ;  
 Loe ! how her strict embraces him enfold,  
 Whil as they issue frome the cave againe, 340  
     Nothing asham'd to come in open sight,  
     Thus vse in sinning soone maks sin seame light.

This disemall day did Didoes death begin ;  
 This day of all her sorrowes was the source :  
 Now neither fame she cares, nor shame, nor sin, 345  
 Nor more devises any secrete cowrse  
     To cloake her love ; but mariage this she thinks,  
     And at this foule offence, (effronted), winks.

Swift-flying fame those tydings quickly spreads,  
 And suddaine rumours soone through Africk sends. 350  
 Fame, which by flight and moving lives & breads,  
 Lurks first belowe, then straight to hevin ascends.  
     With nimble wings from earth she doth arise,  
     And hides her head amidst the starry skies.

Her mother earth, (whil as her brood rebelld  
 Against the gods, with blind ambition driven,  
 Themselves ov'rthrowne, their proud designs repell'd,  
 Darring to scale the batlements of heaven),  
     Her brooded forth, (they say), in great despight,  
     A sister light of foot, and swift of flight. 360

A fearfull monster, horrible butt match ;  
 How many wav'ring plumes her carcasse beares,  
 Als many eyes them vnderneath do watch ;  
 (A wondrous thing to showe), als many eares  
     Still heark both near and far, throughowt all bounds ; 365  
     Als many mowthes ; als many tongues resounds.

Twixt heaven and earth, by night she nimbly flies.  
 Her brazen trumpe to sownd she sleep forsakes.  
 Great cityes oft by day she terrifyes.  
 On turrets hie she sitts, when rest she takes. 370  
     And whil she showes what she hath seene by viewe,  
     Things ofter fain'd she doth reporte then true.

Then diverse rumours she disperst anone,  
 Blazing abroad both things vndone and done.  
 How to Æneas, of the Trojanes one, 375  
 The matchles Dido dain'd her self to joine,  
     Who given to please the flesh, (a life vnjust),  
     Care-les of kingdomes, live in lawles lust.

With those reportes whil she the world did fill,  
 To loath'd Hiarbas now she taks her flight, 380  
 And shows this lover even the worst of ill,—  
 How, he disdain'd, a stranger joyes his right.  
     This king was Joves owne sone, and child most deare,  
     Whome Garamanth the noble nymph did beare.

An hundreth temples in his large empire, 385  
 An hundreth altars are to Jove vpraised,  
 Where he hath consecrate a quencheles fire,  
 Where, night and day, th' eternall gods are praised.  
 The blood of bullocks cover all the ground ;  
 Sweit smelling floures through all the flures are founde. 390

He, mad almost in minde, depriv'd of rest,  
 Sore griev'd and with those bitter newes displeas'd,  
 Himself in presence of the gods address,  
 And their before the altars sacrific'd.  
 With humble heart, and hie erected hands, 395  
 Thus powring foorth his plaints to Jove he stands :

“ Æternall Jove ! whom Lybianes all adore,  
 As heaven's most gloriows guide and judge supreme,  
 On carpetts ritch, to thy immortall glorie  
 Solemnely feasting, celebrate thy name. 400  
 Beholdst thou this, O father most benigne !  
 Of heaven and earth the sempiternall king.

“ Though, frome above, thou fire-flaughts downe dost throwe,  
 (Dread soveraigne ! ) ÿit we nothing are affrayed ;  
 Though by thy lightnings we thy wraith do knowe, 405  
 ÿit not-the-les owr wickednes is stay'd ;  
 As lacking force, thy fires no fear affords,  
 And judgements past no mortall more records.

“ A woman, wand'ring in owr coastes of late,  
 To whome, both towne and bounds where she remain'd 410  
 I gave, with lawes to governe her estate,  
 My mariage most vngrately hath disdain'd,  
 And plac'd a stranger over her empires,  
 As only Sov'raigne of her soules desires.

"And now he, Paris-like, with mates disguised,      415  
 Half-men, half-maids, resembling both or neither,  
 His curled head with Phrygian mytre guised,  
 With balmed haire, his spoyle enjoyes the rather.  
     But we, befoire thine altares gifts do heape,  
     And nothing els but fruteles fame do reape."      420

Him playning thus, with melancholiows minde,  
 The Thund'rer heard, and turning straight his eyes  
 To Carthage cowrt, (whose stately turrets shin'd  
 'Gainst Phoebus' rayes), where he those lovers sees,  
     Drunk with delight of sin, not careing shame,      425  
     Whole given to lust and misregarding fame :

"Go, Mercury, my sone, mak haste," he sayes,  
 "And with Æolian wings addresse thy flight  
 To Carthage, where the Trojane chiftane staves,  
 And kingdomes given by Fate regardes so light.      430  
     Go swiftly sliding through the subtle aire,  
     My vncontrolled will to him declare.

"None such fair Venus promeist he shuld prove,  
 Nor wise for this from Graecian armes reskued ;  
 But one to daunt sterne Mars, not doate in love,      435  
 Ov'r Italy to reigne, by him subdued.  
     To kythe his courage frome his noble race,  
     And mak the world each where his lawes embrace.

"If no desire of glore can raise his spright,  
 Nor loves for praise to putt himself to paine,      440  
 Should he Ascanius frustrate of his right?  
 Amidst his foes what meanes he to remaine?  
     Nor looks what justly to his ayres doth fall?  
     To sea he must ! this is the summe of all !"



This said : the God hence, (swift as thought), he flew, 445  
 With nimble feathers to the winds displayed ;  
 Divides the cristall spears and circles blew,  
 And cutts the clouds, with golden wings arrayed.  
     The mover first, the light and shying fire  
     He leaves, descending frome great Jove's empire. 450

The Ramme, the bull, the Twinnes he passeth nixt,  
 With all the signes the Zodiak adorne.  
 Owtrunnes the cowrse of straying starres and fixt,  
 Of planets, which the rest in beauty scorne,  
     And glist'ring bright, each in a golden robe, 455  
     With gloriows lustre, grace heaven's azure globe.

Now by the Artick Pole he swiftly slides,  
 Owtflyes the eagle and the silver swan,  
 The flamming dragon, which the Beirs divides,  
 The Dolphin ravish't with delight of man, 460  
     The crowne and speare, with many many a million  
     Of lamps, which light this spatiows pavillion.

This climate cold, where haille, where frost and snowe,  
 Where raine and thunders, heat and cold do strive,  
 He leaves als swift as shaft from archers bowe, 465  
 And in a sweitter soyle doth soone arive,  
     Where as the Hydra, and the hirpling Hare,  
     As mates, in the Antartick Pole repare.

A rod he bears, by which he calls againe,  
 And sends downe soules to Plutoes dark empires ; 470  
 Both giveth sleep, and sleeping doth restraine,  
 Lenthes and abridges life, as he desires.  
     Still thus he flyes, till he discernes the tops  
     Of Atlas hudge, the Pole which vnderprops,—

Of aged Atlas, whose pyn-bearing browes, 475  
 With sable clouds encompass all abowt,  
 Nor haile, nor sleet, nor wind, nor weit eschewes ;  
 Adoune his shoulders raging spates do spowt ;  
     Whose wrinkled chin great floods do overflowe,  
     And hiddeows beard maide stiff with frost and snowe. 480

Heir first his flight heaven's nimble herauld staves ;  
 Hence posts with speed, his cowrse through th' ocean plying,  
 And as the swiftest bird, a thowsand wayes,  
 Now soaring hie, now low her feathers trying,  
     Alongst the coast of Africk still he flyes, 485  
     Till stately Carthage now at lenth he sees.

Heir whil he first with winged feet did light,  
 And touch't the turrets of those buildings rare,  
 Anone Æneas he perceaves in sight,  
 Raising ritch monuments amidst the aire, 490  
     To building bent, begirt with sword most bright  
     With jasper stones, which, starrified, gave light.

With Tyrian purpour robe arayed he shin'd,  
 Hung frome his shoulders, gloriows to behold,  
 Which gifts the noble Dido had propin'd, 495  
 Wov'ne by her self, and warpt with twist of gold.  
     No sooner him thus busied he beholds,  
     But instantly his message sad vnfolde.

"Thow most effeminatly who dost found,  
 And, (far from hence), heir sumptuous buildings reares, 500  
 Skie-reaching castells raising from the ground,  
 Vnmindfull of thy kingdome and effaires ;  
     To the I come, to the, frome heavens above,  
     The winged herauld of great thund'ring Jove.

"Hee hath given charge I should imparte his minde. 505  
 What meanst thou heir in Africk to remaine?  
 To conquere glory if thou be not inclin'd,  
 Nor loves for praise to put thy self to paine,  
     Ascanius rising 3it behold, and wey  
     The hope of ayers from him by just degrie, 510

"To which the crowne of Italy is due,  
 To which the Romane empire appertaines.  
 To sea thou must!" Thus said, he bids adieue,  
 And visible no more at all remaines  
     To mortall sight : as Phœbus beames do banish 515  
     A sable cloud, so did the god evanish.

But now, sad Prince, what stand'st thou thus amazed?  
 What passions the perplexe? why lookst thou pale?  
 What suddaine sorrowes on thy soule have seized?  
 What froward fate hath turn'd thy blesse to baill? 520  
     What woes so vive, charact'red in thy face,  
     Thus overcloud the rayes of princely grace?

As one whome fearfull visions do affright,  
 In nature's dear embraces laid a sleep,  
 Whil Hydras and Chymeras mock the sight, 525  
 And wound the soule with apprehensions deep,  
     Whil as this masse, wherein nought moves but breath,  
     Oft starts, whil gastly Gorgones threatne death;

So still he stands, nor voyce nor gesture steirs,  
 With armes acrossse; his colour comes and goes; 530  
 Words find no vent; confus'd with suddaine feares,  
 His haire for horrou and affright vprose.  
     Sad, pale, astonisht, and of sense bereft  
     He seem'd; this sight such deep impression left.

But, self-return'd, he layes aside respect  
 Of things humane to Jove's eternall will. 535  
 He must not follow what he doth affect.  
 What heavens command poore mortalls must fulfill.  
 Now must he leave his princesse and her state.  
 Who may resist inevitable Fate? 540

But ah! (sad soule), what shall he first attempt?  
 How dar he this his enterprise reveale  
 To furiows Dido? how her minde relent?  
 What way with her dar he begin to deale?  
 Resolving now, now changing, nought contents, 545  
 In diverse partes his dowbtsome minde he rents.

At last his captaines he concludes to call,  
 (As only best advise to be embrac'd),  
 Sergestus, Mnestheus, and Cloanthus tall;  
 Straight gives command their fleet to rig in haist, 550  
 And by their counsell, providence, and care,  
 For flight by sea doth privily prepare.

Their souldiers they do secretly conveene,  
 In readines remaining on the shoare,  
 In shining armes who suddainly ar seene 555  
 For feare of any following vproare,  
 And cawses fain'd, to keip their plots vnkend,  
 Of such novationes publickly pretend.

He meanwhile minds, whil Dido least doth knowe,  
 And doubts no breach of such sure founded love, 560  
 To try her pleasant hours most fitt to showe,  
 And search if he her owne consent could move.  
 Their prince's pleasure they, butt more delay,  
 Haste all anone with glaidnes to obey.

But watchfull Dido did the guile perceive, 565  
 And fand the cowrse intended for their flight,  
 (What slight so great a lover can deceive?  
 What fetch of fyne device could syle her sight?)  
 Then forthwith fame disperst for newes abroad,  
 In readines their ships at anchore roade. 570

She, mov'd in minde, with looks and gesture sad,  
 With hiddeows clamoure railes the streets through owt,  
 Most like the furiows Thyas running mad,  
 The fearfull leader of that rageing rowt ;  
 Whil as the Moenads, who abhorre the light, 575  
 Do sacrificize to Bacchus in the night.

With boundles rage, thus overrul'd a space,  
 Anger and furie in her face did flame ;  
 Mad passions did her patience displace,  
 Despight and rancour reason overcame ; 580  
 Wraith kept in words, sighs only passage finde,  
 Whose vapours vented, ease her burden'd minde.

At last, more calme, she thus begowth to speak,  
 (Extremity to words a way affords :)  
 "Dost thou intend, deir lord," (quoth she), "to break 585  
 Thy solemne vowes, and violate thy words?  
 Thy sad departure frome thy love to hyd,  
 And frome thir shoares thus secretly to slyde?

"Whither, O cruell ! whither dost thou flie?  
 What discontent thus change in the doth move? 590  
 What wrong, (alas !), or what offence in me,  
 Thus maks the loath and vilipend my love?  
 With too much kindnes art thou overcloyed?  
 Or ar my favowrs hated, 'cawse enjoyed?

“ Ah ! ’twas not so, when thou did pensive sit,  
Sigh, faine to die, look pale, protest, and sweare,  
Vowing thy service at my feet, whil zit  
For all thy oathes thy policies appear.  
    By sad experience, O ! I find it true,  
    That seldome lust delights in what is due. 600

“ But zit the world in me some fault may deeme,  
(For poore, weak women euer bear the blame),  
Why thou my bed, as stayn’d, dost disesteeme,  
Regardles of my favour, thy defame.  
    But I to the appeal, if ere my zowth 605  
    Gave prooffe of ought butt vndistained trewth.

“ Did my cold breast so long vnwarm’t remaine  
From men’s deceits, and charming flatterings free,  
Nor once one thought of love did intertaine,  
Cruell to all, but kinde alone to the ? 610  
    Keipt I so long my marble minde vnshaken,  
    To be by the disdain’d, and thus forsaken ?

“ Stay zit, O ! stay, my Deir, possesse in peace  
The jewell, which of laite so dear thou prised ;  
And be not author of her sad disgrace, 615  
Who cannot breath and be by the despised.  
    Returne, Deir Lord, leave not thy halfe behind,  
    What I entreate with tears thy oathes do bind.

“ Oh ! hast thou ells forgot, (when in the cave  
Thy guilded words and vowes first won the field ; 620  
When, to thy sutes, consent my silence gave,  
And poore beleving I, myself did zeild.)  
    How thou did swear, resolve, protest and vow,  
    Still to be hers, whom thou disdainest now ?

"How can I think those sighs, so feeling, fained?      625  
 Those passionat regrates, but arm'd with airt?  
 Those looks, so sad, but for the fashion fraimed  
 To melt with pitty my relenting heart?  
     Whil thow beneath thy passions seam'd to faint,  
     And thowsand colours thy pale cheiks did paint.      630

"Those sighs, regrates, lookes, passions, colours strange,  
 Though faynd, in me produc't no false effects.  
 By those betray'd, I from myself did range,  
 Too prodigall of what thow now neglects;  
     And headlesly to thy desires consenting;      635  
     Whilk breeds in the dislike, in me lamenting.

"If thow object thy love was then entire,  
 What owtward virtues now in me do want?  
 Do not thir beautyes even the same appeare,  
 That did attract thine heart of adamant?      640  
     No stolne vermilion blush, to charme delight  
     With false allurements, did bewitch thy sight.

"That bastard beauty, and adultrate dye,  
 That new-found falshood, conterfoot of nature,  
 Shame of owr sexe, the stayne of modesty,      645  
 Fewell to lust, to chastity a traitoure,  
     That mystery to me was still vnknowne,  
     This red and white was then, as now, mine owne.

"Though loathed beauty lack perswading force,  
 Now overclouded with afflictions vaile;      650  
 Though sutes, nor sighes find pitty nor remorse;  
 Though passions, plaints, and prayers nought prevaile;  
     And though thir eyes' bright sunne, obscur'd with  
     smarte,  
     Lack piercing rayes to penetrate thy heart;

“ ʒit cannot my affection nor thy faith, 655  
 My constant love, thy promise and right hand,  
 Nor thine owne Didoes miserable death ;—  
 Can none of those deteine the in this land ?  
     But ah ! whil winter’s stormes thus raigeing be,  
     Wilt thou endanger both thy self and me ? 660

“ Wilt thou, O cruell thou, to saile mak haste,  
 Whil boystrows Boreas threats the swelling seas ?  
 Suppone, though Troy ʒit vndestroy’d did last,  
 And to no forraine countrey now thou flyes,  
     Whil furiows Neptune rageing doth remaine, 665  
     Thy native Troy should thou by shipping gaine ?

“ Ah ! fleest thou me ? ʒit by those streaming teares,  
 Which leaue affliction’s furrowes on my face ;  
 By thy right hand, by all the hopes and feares  
 Possesse poore lovers, by those oathes, alace ! 670  
     Which me betrayed, by ovr espousall day,  
     And by that love thou bar’st me once, I pray,

“ If ever I of the did well deserve,  
 To the ought dear if ever Dido gave,  
 Showe now compassion ; firme thy faith observe ; 675  
 My life and croune from death and ruine save.  
     O ! let my prayers ʒit relent thy minde,  
     If any place with the my sutes may finde.

“ For thee, the Lybian Kings conspire my wrack ;  
 For thee, the hatred of mine owne I beare ; 680  
 For thee alone, my shamefast lyf I brack,  
 And Fame I lost, to me nor life more deare.  
     To whom thus leavest thou me, to die with shame,  
     O ghest ? I dar no more the husband name.



" Ah ! loathed Dido, must thou live to sie 685  
 Thy foes triumph ? thy self detained a slave ?  
 Sit, if at least before thy flight from me,  
 My luck had been succession sweet to have ;  
     If any small Æneas heir did play  
     Within this hall, thy face who might bewray, 690

" Those sorrowes then I should not shrink to prove,  
 Nor vtterly forsaken should I seeme."  
 Thus clos'd she weeping, but no words culd move  
 His marble minde, he doth so much esteime  
     The Thund'rer's will. With stedfast eyes he stair'd, 695  
 And, obstinate, for answere thus prepar'd :

" Deir Queen ! (quoth he), I never shall deny  
 Thy favowres far surmount my meane deserts.  
 Thy beauty's bountys, and thy loyaltie,  
 Would ravish with remorce the hardest hearts. 700  
     Nor shall I euer cease, (till heavens afford  
     My life's last gaspe), thy kindnes to record.

" Those dear delights which I enjoyed of the  
 No tract of time shall frome my minde remove.  
 Dear shall thy memory be still to me ; 705  
 Dear the remembrance of Eliza's love ;  
     And, where so e're remov'd, thou may by right  
     Esteime me still thy souldier and thy knight.

" But to the purpose briefly I replie : 710  
 As to this end I never heir arived  
 Myself in Hymen's sacred bands to tie,  
 To be of dearest liberty deprived.  
     So, butt thy knowledge, neither did I minde  
     To steale from hence, forjetfull, and vnkinde.

“ If heavens and Fortune did assent that I  
 My life, according to my minde, shuld lead, 715  
 Demolish't Troy in dust no more should lie,  
 And Priam's tow'rs should 3it amazement bread.  
     Those hands my native city should restore,  
     And raise anone to all her former glore. 720

“ To Itally, but now Apollo great,  
 To Itally the dest'nyes me command.  
 Their my delight, my countrey, mine estate.  
 How canst thou my departure thus withstand?  
     As thow a stranger dost in Africk stay, 725  
     Why may not I to Italy mak way?

“ How oft dark night with shadowes overcasts  
 Earth's low'ring face, and glist'ring starres arise ;  
 Anchises' ghost als oft my soule agasts  
 With fearfull visions to my sleeping eyes ; 730  
     Admonishing, with terrour and affright,  
     Me to forgoe thy soyle and deirest sight.

“ Ascanius als, whom I vnjustly wrong,  
 By dreames appeareth frustrate of his right,  
 Keipt from the croune of Itally so long, 735  
 And fatall bounds ; both those steir vp my flight.  
     And now wing'd Hermes, sent from Jove to me,  
     Commands from hence that I in haste should flie.

“ Myself the God within the walls appeare  
 (Whil as dayes bright beames wer shining) did perceive ; 740  
 His heavenly voyce thir humane ears did heare.  
 Leaue then, (I pray), dear Queen, those things to crave,  
     As may steir vp both the and me to woe.  
     To Italy against my will I goe.”

Him speaking thus, she, sore perplext in minde, 745  
 (With greiff in heart and sorrow in her face,  
 Rolling each where her eyes with lookes vnkinde,  
 As in amazement), did behold a space.

Not able more her passion to suppress,  
 Those bitter words, at last, she doth expresse : 750

“ Remorceles traitour, whom I held too deare !  
 Sprung from no parents, but of brutish kinde,  
 The Paphyen Queen such brood did never beare,  
 Nor the Anchises gott, O wretch vnkinde !

But of the hoarse sea wavs, and hardest stane, 755  
 Nurst by some Tigresse, thow hast essence taine.

“ Why do I longer my signes disguise ?  
 For what things more should I myself reserve ?  
 Oh ! how he did my wofull plaints despise,  
 And stood vnmov'd, whill I for greiff did swarve. 760

All my regrates and tears, powr'd foorth in vaine,  
 From his hard breast one sigh could never straine.

“ Ay me ! what shall I first lament (alace) ?  
 Ay me ! where shall my tragoedy begin ?  
 Let heauens behold my sad afflicted cace, 765  
 The grievs and woes I am envolved in.

Let mighty Jove, let Juno from above,  
 Look on my wrongs and ill-rewarded love.

“ 3e happy maids, in fredome who enjoy  
 The dear delights of sacred chastity, 770  
 Free from the slee deceits of Venus' boy,  
 Secure frome danger of disloyalty ;

Who never 3it have knowne men's perjuries,  
 Nor stand in neid of Argus' hundreth eyes ;

“ O ze, who, (Phoenix like), do live but one ; 775  
 Whose vertew's streame vntrubled still runnes pure ;  
 Frie birds, whom never hand hath seiz't vpon,  
 From fouler's whisle and deceits secure ;  
     Frie from love's plague and perillows infection,  
     Nor wonne by men, nor vassails to affection ; 780

“ O never, never to the oaths giue eare,  
 Nor truste that impiows and vnfaithfull race,  
 Who ne're to vs do what they are appeare,  
 (Perniciows instruments of ovr disgrace) ;  
     And whatsomever showe they do pretend, 785  
     Nought but ovr shame and infamy intend.

“ Their vows, their prayers, protestations, teares,  
 Are all but fain'd to breid in vs compassion.  
 None minds his oaths, nor meanes the thing he sweares,  
 ʒit cunningly can cōterfitt a passion. 790  
     Ovr tender hearts with pittie which betraying,  
     Works their advantage, and ovr sure decaying.

“ O then, how of ovr favours kinde they boast,  
 And overcloud with black reproach ovr fame !  
 Thus are ovr fortunes mar'd, ovr honours lost, 795  
 By those who ar delighted in ovr shame.  
     Let Dido's sad experience serve to prove  
     Their is no trewth in men, nor trust in love.

“ No trust in love, nor trewth in men remaines.  
 This wretch whom seas had naked cast on shoare, 800  
 I, (foolish I), prefer'd, who now disdaines  
 My self, my sceptor, and will stay no more ;  
     Vnmindfull miser whom I did receive,  
     And plac'd, as Lord, ov'r me and all I have.

"What furies thus (alace!), incense my breast?                   805  
 Apollo now! now Oracles Divine!  
 Now heaven's great messenger is thus impesht!  
 Quhat ells? Now thund'ring Jove doth thus encline,  
     And hath his winged herald sent to vs!  
     It's like enough the gods ar busied thus!                   810

"A deep invention, forg'd by fine deceit,  
 I neither hold it's trew, nor false repells.  
 Go, cruell, go! to Italy, ingrate!  
 Go, traitour! where thy dest'nies the compells.  
     Go with such joy, such comfort, peace, and rest,           815  
     As now thou leaves in my afflicted breast.

"I hope, in midst of furiows raging seas,  
 (If heavens with equity behold my wrongs),  
 Vengeance on the, in presence of thir eyes,  
 For thy deserts, shall fall, the rocks amongs,                   820  
     Where Dido, whom thou oft by name shall call,  
     With brands of fire thy conscience shall apall.

"And when death's inevitable decree  
 My body from my better halfe shall parte,  
 My angry ghost, till I avenged be,                               825  
 Shall the persee each where with armes and airt,  
     Nor earth's lowe centre, neither heaven nor hell,  
     Shall shield the frome my spight and fury fell."

Ov'rcome with passion, she no more could speak,  
 But, preassing to eschew his hatefull sight,                   830  
 Excesse of greiff her purpose heir did break,  
 (Her latest words scarce heard, nor vtt'ed right).  
     Her vitall powers did fail, her life did faint,  
     And death his image in her face did paint.

Thus, sleeping in a traunce, his eyes she fled, 835  
 And left him, (wofull wight), himself alone,  
 Full many things prepareing to have said,  
 And maid reply. With that her maids anone,  
     With ruefull cryes, her frozen corps do bear,  
     And her in bed they lay with duilfull chear. 840

But now Æneas, though he much enclined,  
 (Ov'come with greiff, and wounded with remorse),  
 T' have calm'd the tempest of her troubled minde  
 With chearfull words, touch't with affection's force ;  
     Whil as the tears, which from his eyes did slide, 845  
     If seene by her, her rage had mollifi'd ;

Afflicted soule ! what shall he now resolve ?  
 To heavens and her his duety how discharge ?  
 A labyrinth of dowbts doth him involve ;  
 Pitty withstood what Jove did strictly charge ; 850  
     Constraint him led at lenth, with ruefull look,  
     Loe ! how of her, his last farewell he took.

Hard hearted lover to thy loyall love !  
 Could not the sunne-set of those lovely eyes,  
 (Whil death her senses stopt), to pitty move 855  
 Thy flinty heart ? O ! so to tyrannize  
     Ov'r conquer'd beauty, to thy fame adds soyle :  
     The victor seldome leaves behind his spoyle.

Now Trojanes all with earnestnes endevore  
 Their fleet to loose, and launch into the deepe : 860  
 Ships, hulks, and galleyes slide along the shore,  
 And frome the haven with pitched keills do creep.  
     Trees jit vnshapen, blooming leawes for haste,  
     And oakes jit floorishing for oares they plac't.

Them, swarming from the portes, 30w might have spyed, 865  
 All rushing headlongs, hasting from the towne ;  
 As emmets, whil for winter they provide,  
 Disperst abroad, each running vp and downe,  
     An heap of corne do spoyle, and beare away  
     To those hid dennes where they intend to stay.     870

Those little troupes marche through the fields butt feare,  
 And through darne passages their spoyles convoy ;  
 The greatest graine on shoulders some do beare,  
 With all his might each doth himself employ.  
     With earnest repare the paths do seeme to sweate : 875  
     So ran the Trojanes to launch forth their fleate.

What minde, (alace !) then Dido, was to the?  
 What sense of sorrow? what vnkindly care?  
 What deep-drawne sighs? when thow, (sad soule), didst see,  
 (Wak't from thy traunce), such tumult every where.     880  
     When all the Ocean seem'd, frome shore to shore,  
     With thund'ring noyse into thine eares to rore.

O love ! thow tyrant love ! what humane wight  
 Feeles not the force of thy vnbounded ire ?  
 What breathing creature may resist thy might?     885  
 Thy fierce assaults, thy bowe, thy shafts, thy fire?  
     What dost thow not poor mortall's force to trie,  
     Subjected once vnto thy tyranny ?

Now is she forc't, who late triumph't ov'r love,  
 Againe to treat, againe to turne to teares ;     890  
 A poore petitioner constrain't to prove,  
 An humble supplicant to closed eares ;  
     And least, vntried, she ought had overpast,  
     Thus she resolv's to try him jit at last.

"O! Anna! Anna! siest thou now what haste      895  
 Those impiows traitours mak from hence to saile?  
 And leaue me loath'd, forsaken, and disgrac't,  
 Whome death and infamy alike assaile.  
     Loe! where their fleet, an happy gayle to finde,  
     Doth ly at anchor, waiting on the winde.      900

"If ever such an ocean of annoyes,  
 A waste abyссе, a boundles gulf of greiff,  
 I could have fear'd should thus have drown'd my joyes,  
 Those feares afforded might haue my releiff.  
     But, (sister), ʒit before my tragick fate,      905  
     Go, charg't with teares, this last requeest entreate.

"For, faithles, he to the alone gaue eare,  
 To the alone his minde he would reveale;  
 Thow knows his graciows howres, O sister deare;  
 Thow knows his times, most fitt with him to deale.      910  
     Go! I entreat, to my disdainfull foe,  
     And those few words from his poore Dido shoe.

"'Gainst him with Graecians I did not conspire,  
 Nor vow'd at Aulis ancient Troyes disgrace;  
 Nor sent I navies, armed with sword and fire,      915  
 To sack his citty, or extirpe his race.  
     Anchises' ghost, inter'd, I did not teare.  
     Why, why refuses he my words to hear?

"Where hastes he headlongs? whither doth he move?  
 Nought ells I crave, (O! let him now obey      920  
 This last request of me his dying love),  
 Before his flight let heavens their fury lay,  
     O! let him stay whil Æol's rage doth last,  
     Till Thetys calme, till perill first be past.



" Rejected Hymen, now I crave no more, 925  
 Nor sues he should forgoe his mindes delight.  
 Showe him nought ells his Dido doth emlore,  
 But let him choose a time more fitt for flight.  
     A pause to slack my fury I beseach,  
     My state to mourne, till me my fortune teach. 930

" This latest fauour, this my last desire,  
 I humbly plead ; pittie thy sister's state,  
 And when thou hast obtain'd what I require,  
 To all my greiffs death shall afforde a date."  
     Thus she entreats, thus Anna weeping goes, 935  
     And thus with teares Æneas' answe're sho'es.

But he, (most cruell tyger), stops his eares,  
 No pittie can preuale to plead remorse ;  
 Sighs are despised, no place is found for teares,  
 Her sutes vnheard, her prayers have no force. 940  
     Fates do withstand, great Jove his eares hath charmed,  
     And heavens him with an hard'ned heart have armed.

Most like an ancient oake or statly pine,  
 Which rageing winds impetuously assaile,  
 And threat the trembling tree to vndermine, 945  
 On each side striving her from earth t' vphale,  
     With hiddeows noyse which reeling to and froe,  
     Now heir now their, still seames to overbloe.

Her branches beatne by the storme resound,  
 Her heaven-bent bewes must either bow or break, 950  
 Her straughtest tops are forc't the earth to wound,  
 But zit how much they do themselves ereck  
     To heavens ; als much her rootes reach downe belowe,  
     And grips the rocks ; no storme can her ov'rthrowe.

Even so, Æneas, now for flight prepar'd, 955  
With tears and prayers on each side assail'd,  
Though long his minde confus'd with dowbts appear'd,  
It neither pittie, plaints, nor words avail'd ;  
He stedfast stands, sighes can no favour gaine ;  
Torrents of teares ar powred foorth in vaine. 960

THE THIRD BOOKE, CONTAINING ÆNEAS  
DEPARTURE AND DIDOES TRAGAEDY, &c.

**N**OW woefull Dido, sad afflicted wight,  
 Greiv'd with the Fates' vnflexible decree,  
 Her heavy soull abhorres the loathed light,  
 Charg't with affliction and anxietie.  
 Heaven's cristall vaults she wearyes more to view,     5  
 Resolv't at once to bid the world adiewe.

Whil as on altars she did incense burne,  
 It seem't she saw, (a monstrows sight to showe),  
 The liquours black, the wyne in blood to turne,  
 Presaging her approaching overthrowe.     10  
 To none this fearfull vision she reveal'd,  
 3ea, even from Anne, she this sight conceal'd.

Ane chappell wals as in the palace plac'd,  
 Where humbly heavens Sicheus earst ador'd,  
 Whose marble walls rare artifice had grac'd,     15  
 With sacred bewes, and fleeces white decor'd.—  
 From thence, (whill night earth's face did overcloud),  
 It seem'd Sicheus call'd her name aloud.

And als the light-envying owle, alone,  
 With tragick toones her smarte and sorrow shew,     20  
 With mourning accents seiming to bemone,  
 As if she knew some bad mischaunce t' ensue;  
 Then diverse things, which prophets shew of old,  
 Her mangled minde with monstrows visions hold.

Her oft, by dreames, Æneas fierce doth chace, 25  
 Still seaming to be left herself alone,  
 And vagabounding in ane heavy cace  
 Through fields vnknowne, accompanied by none,  
 Searching her people, but she none can finde,  
 A tediows journey to her wearyed minde : 30

As Pentheus mad, affray't by furies, seam't  
 Two Sunnes, two Thebes, both at once to see ;  
 Or as Orestes in his fancy dream't  
 His hydra-headed mother he did flie,  
 Arm'd all with snakes, and brands of burning fire, 35  
 Each place seam't plenisht with revenge and ire.

In guilty conscience having now decreed,  
 No salue butt death could cure her inward sore,  
 And with her self on time and forme agreed,  
 (Loathing the world, resolv't to liue no more), 40  
 This fain'd device, suspicion till eschew,  
 Of her designes she to her sister shew.

(Her thoughts disguising with a smiling face,  
 And hope appearing in her eyes to shine) :  
 " O Anna, now rejoyce thy sister's cace, 45  
 For I an way have found by rare engine,  
 Which him with me to stay shall either move,  
 Or teach me to reclaime from him my love.

" A land there is, far, far remote from hence,  
 Which sees the sonne go downe in westerne deeps ; 50  
 Whose coastes about the Ocean doth fence ;  
 Of Æthiopia the name it keeps ;  
 Where Atlas hudge on shoulders strong doth beare,  
 And vnderprops heaven's star-embroidred sphere.

"A virgin preist by chance of Morish lyne, 55  
 Expert in magick, hath from thence repair'd,  
 Who keeps the garden of th' Hesperian tryne,  
 And feeds the dragon which the frute doth garde ;  
     Mixing with honey, and with liquours sweet,  
     The purple poppy which provoketh sleep. 60

"She, by her charmes, can stop affection's source,  
 And whom she pleases, als can plague with love ;  
 Torrents ar stayed ; stars retrograde their cowrse ;  
 Spreits from belowe do at her word remove ;  
     Dull earth doth roare, and horribly resound, 65  
     And tallest trees do headlongs fall to ground.

"Let heavens and the, deir sister ! bear recorde,  
 And witnes to the world, against my will,  
 That I, constrain'd, to magick airts accorde,  
 And seeks redresse by such vnlawfull skill. 70  
     Go thow, ereck in th' inner cowrt in haste  
     A fire of wod, vpon the walls hie plac'd.

"Tak syne the sword leaft by this perjur'd wretch,  
 His cloaths, and als owr haples wedding-bed,  
 In which I perisht whil I fear'd no bretch ; 75  
 And let those all vpon the flame be laid,  
     So that no token vndestroyed may stand  
     Which him pertain'd. Thus doth the priest c̄mand."

Heir clois'd she, sighing sore, perplext a space 80  
 To stop the currant of her swelling teares ;  
 The crimson dy abandoning her face,  
 Sad, faint, and pale, she look't, confus't with feares.  
     ÿit Anna doubts not that she doth intend  
     Thus to disguise her death, and cloak her end.

No rage so great, no fury so extreame, 85  
 She dreids her sister in her thoughts conceav'd ;  
 Nor feares now ought more fearfull till haue seene,  
 Nor when Sicheus was of life bereav'd.  
 Wherefore in haste, she, (simple soull), obeyes,  
 And, to performe her charge, no more delays. 90

Ane heap of wod for fire prepair'd at once,  
 With garlands deckt, and crownd with Cypres bewes.  
 The Queen her sad misfortunes first bemones,  
 And with her teares his portrate she bedewes.  
 Syne with the bed, sword, cloathes, she layes ye  
 same 95  
 Vpon the heap, to perish in the flame.

In circles rownd, the altars stand abowt ;  
 The Priest appearing then with hov'ring haire,  
 With thund'ring noyse, three hundreth times doth showt  
 On Fiends and Pharyes thither to repare ; 100  
 Conjuring by some charme or magick spell,  
 The fowle three headed Hecate from hell.

Then sprinkling waters of the Stygian fount,  
 They search by night some sucking foale to finde,  
 And pull the hippom'nes from his tender front, 105  
 The mother's minde which to the brood doth binde.  
 Collecting als, their damned work to speed,  
 The milkie poyson of each ven'mowse weed.

The Queen herself before the altars stands,  
 With one foot bair, her garment loose vntied, 110  
 With humble heart, and heaven-erected hands,  
 Calling to witnes, (now before she dyed),  
 Her guilty starres, and all the gods above,  
 Of both their partes,—his perjury, her love.

If any pow'r supreme then heavens containe, 115  
 Or godhead which such lovers doth regarde,  
 As loves sweet yock, and sympathie, do stayne,  
 And true affection with disdaine regarde,  
     With fervent minde, fixing her eyes above,  
     To such she prayes, mindfull and just to prove. 120

With mantle dark night now did earth ovrspreed,  
 Each living soull death's image pale possest.  
 The savage citizens, which life did leed  
 In wods and waters, all secure did rest.  
     Whil as the heavenly torches, burning bright, 125  
     The equall half had wasted of their light.

The skailly squadrones of the liquid lakes,  
 The brutish bands which in the deserts dwell,  
 Easing their wearyed mindes, sweet slumber takes,  
 Cares past entombeing in oblivion's cell. 130  
     But not so Dido: neither sleep nor ease  
     Vpon her self-consuming minde can cease.

Her cares increase, her sorrowes never sleep;  
 No night her eyes, no rest her thoughts obtaine;  
 Despight, wraith, furie,—each his place doth keip;  
 No paussing-space her troubled spreit doth gaine. 135  
     But now, inflamed, she burnes in furiens fire,  
     Now fourth with freejeth in revenge and ire.

“ Ah! shall I jit assay, (quoth she), to speak  
 My scornfull victor, proud of my disgrace? 140  
 Shall I with shame my former suters seeke?  
 There sew for favour, there entreat for grace  
     Where pittie pleaded, I so oft disdain'd?  
     Where mercy beg'd, I ruethles still remain'd?

"Or shall I follow that inglorious fleet, 145  
 Fraughted with falshood, guile, and perjures?  
 As if thy former favours now shuld meet  
 My discontents, and sad afflictions ease.  
     O zes! performed pleasures, kindnes past,  
     In gratefull mindes lay'd vp so long doth last. 150

"Suppone such thoughts to practise I would prove,  
 Should any second my desires? alace!  
 Who would regarde so much my loathed love,  
 As daigne their stips to render me a place?  
     Forsaken soule, too late thow dost repent, 155  
     Thow knew Laomedon's perjur'd discent.

"Shall I, alone, my bragging foes persewe,  
 Or raise my people to revenge and waste?  
 And so endanger by the seas anew,  
 Those, present perill who have scarce ov'rpast? 160  
     Fy! Dye thyself! such is thy due desert;  
     Once let this sword put period to thy smarte.

"Thow, sister, first, thow, by my teares betrayed,  
 Didst overloade me with this masse of care;  
 Thow to my foe captiv'd me vnaffrayed; 165  
 Thow to mine en'mie mad'st me zeeld butt feare.  
     Ah! might I not have happy liv'd alone,  
     And never more the cares of wedlock knowne?

"I needed not thus waste in teares my zowth,  
 With love's misfortunes and afflictions crost, 170  
 If I had kept inviolate my trueth  
 To my Sicheus, dear departed ghost."  
     Those sad regrates, with all the wofull words  
     A troubled soull could zeeld, she thus affords.



But, each thing now for present flight prepar'd, 175  
 Æneas in his schip secure did sleep,  
 When to his eyes the god againe appear'd,  
 Such as before, and thus did seame to speak,  
     Lyk Mercury in all, in 3owthfull stature,  
     In golden haire, in speach, in face, in feature : 180

“ Fair Venus' issue, canst thou now tak ease,  
 And pond'rest not thy perillows estate?  
 Hath sleep so much o'rcome thy fainting eyes,  
 That thou regard'st no danger nor deceate?  
     Rests thou secure, whil death doth the invade, 185  
     Vnwar what plottes against thy life ar laid?

“ Hear'st thou not how the whisling winds invite the?  
 Sweet-breathing Zephyr with a gentle gale  
 From hence to haiste seames smilingly t'entraite the;  
 For death-bent Dido, full of bitter bale, 190  
     Transported with a rageing spait of ire,  
     'Gainst the is minded both with sword and fire.

“ And flyest thou not, whil flye thou may'st in peace?  
 The seas anone shall scarce for shipps be seene;  
 Thy navy furiows firebrands shall deface, 195  
 And all the Ocean in one flame shall seeme,  
     If fondly thou thy flight frome hence delay,  
     Till once Aurora parte the night from day.

“ Haist! haist! Dispatch with speed! But more be gone!  
 A woman wav'ring formed is by nature; 200  
 Now bent to love, to hate inclyn'd anone,  
 In only jnconstancie a constant creature.”  
     This spoken, he evanisht owt of sight  
     In the ayrie essence of the sable night.

Æneas, with this vision dismay'd, 205  
 Rouz'd vp his sleepy senses ; loud did call :  
 " Awake, my mates ! too long our flight's delay'd ;  
 Hoase sayle in haste ! hy to the hatches all !  
     The thund'rer great hath sent anone by night,  
     His winged messenger into my sight. 210

" Now anchors wey ! now let's owr navy loose !  
 Trusse vp owr taickling ! cables cut in twaine !  
 Once let's set fordwart all with one applawse,  
 Behold, the God admonisheth againe !  
     We follow the, O gloriows guide, butt stay, 215  
     And thy great charge we gladly all obey.

" Be thow propitiows ! prosper owr designe !  
 Adjoine thy presence and thine helping might !  
 Grant that a prosp'rows Planet now may reigne !  
 Let happy starres arise to guide owr flight !" 220  
     This having said, butt more the anchore roape,  
     With shyning sword vnsheath't, in twaine he stroake.

One earnestnes then, one fervency to all ;  
 All headlongs haiste ; one ardowre all retaine ;  
 They rush, they reele, as heaven and earth did fall, 225  
 And overspread with sayles the wat'ry plaine.  
     On Neptun's back all whyt with foame they ride,  
     And ov'r the tumbling billows fast do slide.

Now was the' time when as Aurora cleare  
 Over sad earth her silver mantle spread, 230  
 And in the Orient blushing did appeare,  
 Asham't to rise frome aged Tython's bed,  
     When watchfull Dido from her palace spy'd  
     The Trojane fleet alongst the coast to glyde.

Of shipp, hulks, galleyes, brigandines and barks, 235  
 With wings owtstreach't, all vnder equall saile,  
 The hudge armado, watching, she remarkes  
 Through Neptun's empires with ane evenly gale ;  
     Whil roaring engines, throwing globes off steele,  
     Did thunder foorth an horrible fareweell. 240

Beating her breast with blows, with plaints the aire,  
 Hope's wings cutt of, she enters in despare,  
 And renting foorth, (enrage't), her golden haire :  
 "O Jove," she cries, " who know'st alone my care,  
     Thus shall he go? And must I, in my soyle, 245  
     Of such a vagabound receiue this foyle?

" Thus is he gone? And shall not armes avail? .  
 Or shall my subjects all persue the chase  
 With fire and sword their scornefull shipp to quail?  
 Fy ! People owt ! Their fleet with flames deface ! 250  
     Hoase sayle in haste ! Fy, now 3owr oares employ,  
     Sack, wreak, revenge, demolish and destroy !

" Complaints, farewell, which butt bewail my wrongs,  
 With armes and arte I will persue to death  
 This traitour. Vengeance now to me belongs. 255  
 In hope alone of sweet revenge I breath.  
     In crwely I will this cruell wight  
     Surpas. No sheild shall saue him frome my spight.

" But what do now prowde words avail, alace?  
 Where art thou now thus frome thy self astray, 260  
 Afflicted Dido? O how hard thy cace !  
 What suddaine change doth thus thy minde dismay?  
     Oh how accurst ! how haples is thy fate !  
     These threats (alace !) thou vtters now too late.

"Such seem'd the when thy scepter thou didst render, 265  
 When thus the fortune of thy foe thou rays'd.  
 Is this his promise? Is his faith so slender,  
 Whose piety each where abroad was blaz'd,  
     Both to his Gods, and aged parent deare,  
     Whome, worne with zeirs, on shoulders he did beare? 270

"Ah! might I not long since have sent to death  
 This truthles tyrant and his fellowes all?  
 Ah! might I not have stop't Ascanius' breath,  
 And torne his tender flesh in parcells small?  
     Then drest him for that traitour false to eate, 275  
     To fairse his belly with so kindly meate.

"O that I had their shipps once set on fire,  
 And ov'rlofts all with flaming firebrands fill'd!  
 O that thir hands at once both sonne and syre,  
 And all those traitours cruelly had kill'd! 280  
     O, then how gladly should this hand and sword  
     In that same moment als my death afford!

"Thow great Apollo, whose bright gloriows ey  
 With piercing rayes each work on earth doth viewe;  
 Thow, Juno, guilty of my misery, 285  
 Sacred Diana, with thy silver hew,  
     Whose triple-horned forehead doth controule  
     Skies, earth and hell,—the night's swift moving soule;

"See heavenly pow'rs, just, bountyfull, divine!  
 See, in whose safegarde wretch't Eliza lived! 290  
 And see, O furies! O vindictive tryne!  
 Who venge their wrongs who are vnjustly grieved,  
     Pitty my plaints! O seeled to my desire!  
     Vpon those traitours exercise your ire!

" If so must be this execrable wight 295  
 At heaven's dispose must passe the Stygian tide,  
 And after death enjoy that wished sight,  
 Ferry'd by Charon to the farther side,  
     3it grant ! O grant, whil flesh his ghost doth wrap,  
     Plague, sword and famine, be his surest hap ! 300

" Of awfull natiounes let him feele the force,  
 Frome place to place persu'd, in saifty never.  
 Exil'd, in neid, butt any man's remorse,  
 Dissev'red from his only child for ever.  
     Imploring pittie, let him none obtaine ; 305  
     But see his people with dishonour slaine.

" And if he ever peace on earth enjoy,  
 Short be his reigne ; soone may his dayes be spent.  
 And, whill he breathes, be never butt annoy ;  
 But by vntimely death his powr prevent ; 310  
     Syne rott on ground butt honour of a grave :  
     This I emplore, this with my blood I crave.

" Last, to his linage showe despight and ire,  
 Deir people whose true love a life I fand !  
 This latest favo<sup>r</sup> onely I require, 315  
 Let never love nor league betwixt 3ow stand !  
     O let mine ashes, after death, afford  
     One to destroy those clownes with fire and sword !

" As time and place permitts, both now and ay,  
 Let discord alwise, and debate domine ! 320  
 Let shoare to shoare, let streame 'gainst streime, I pray,  
 And let ovr ofspring ever armes reteine !"  
     Heir closing, deeply she doth now revolve,  
     What way she soonest may her life dissolve.

Then calling on Sicheus' aged nurse, 325  
 (Of purpose only to be left alone),  
 "Go, Barce! carefull nurse, direct thy course  
 To Anna, pray her heir arive anone,  
 With waters purg't from each polluted thing,  
 Expiatory offrings caws her bring. 330

"And thow, enfold with sacred cloithes thine head;  
 The rites intended now I minde to finish  
 To Stygian Jove, which must afford remead,  
 Whereby my cares may peice and piece diminish."  
 With aged pase, this said, to haste enclin'd, 335  
 She stagg'ring foorth did show her forward minde.

Now deathbent Dido, (trembling fast for feare  
 Her horrible attemptings to persue,  
 Rolling her eyes, which bloody did appeare,  
 And flaming sparkles of her fury showe, 340  
 With sorrow-tainted cheiks, and deadly hew),  
 Look't pale for horroure of the fact t'ensue.

But quickly ent'ring where the flame was fram'd,  
 The wodden heap she doth amount anone;  
 The haples sword she in her hand retain'd 345  
 Vnsheath'd, which once pertain'd to him was gone;  
 That cursed blaide, that instrument of death,  
 Ordained never to abridge her breath.

Thair whil her eyes, which still butt motion stair'd,  
 Th' acquainted cowlch and remnant weids did viewe, 350  
 Paussing, (now vtterly of life despair'd),  
 With gushing teares her breath a litle d[r]ew;  
 Syne tumbling on the bed, without moe words,  
 Thir latest speaches she, poore soull, affords:

"O thow sweet vesture ! and O happy bed ! 355  
 Whil heavens above and dest'nyes did permitt,  
 That once, ah ! once with 3ow my life I led,  
 Receive this soull, frome me which hence doth flitt,  
     This fleshly preson ready now to leave,  
     And of all earthly toyles ane end to have. 360

" My glasse is spent ; my time I have owt-lived ;  
 The race is runne, which Dest'nyes did designe ;  
 And as the heavens my terme of life contrived,  
 Swa have I lived, accomplisht in my reigne.  
     So now this earthly shaddow goeth to grave ; 365  
     So now at once this loathed lyf I leave.

" Skie-matching Carthage from the ground I rais'd ;  
 Her staitly walls I floorishing did viewe ;  
 My wrath vpon the prow'd Pigmalion seas'd,  
 My lord Sicheus trait'rously who slewe. 370  
     Happy, (alace) ! too happy had I beene,  
     If never Trojane ship my shoare had seene."

With drowping gesture and dejected eye,  
 " Die shall I," sayes she, " and no vengeance finde ?  
 Butt die thow must, faint Dido, boldly die : 375  
 Thus, thus my breath I render in the winde.  
     Now let the traitour viewe, though not regrate,  
     This flame, the presage of my present Fate.

" But oh ! 3it art thow, (feeble flesh), affray'd ?  
 Why trembles thow to be depriv'd of breath ? 380  
 Oh coward hand ! and art thow als dismay'd  
 To be the executioner of Death ?  
     Though hands, though flesh doth faint, O fearles knife,  
     End thow my cares, and cut my threed of life !"

With gushing teares, those words whil as she spak, 385  
 The cursed blaide but more her purpose brak,  
 Which in her breast vnto the hilts she strak,  
 Withowt remorse : O exsecrable fact !  
     The wepon, foaming in her luk-warme blood,  
     Maide open passage to the gushing flood. 390

Her Dams attending see their mistris fall  
 On piercing sword, with armes abroad othrow'ne,  
 Sprauling in paine, with blood begoared all,  
 Which freshly from her wonded breast was gone :  
     The skreigh is rais'd, with many rewoffull cries, 395  
     The clamours great reverberat the skies.

Fame through the citty blaz'd her fall anone ;  
 Anone the streets with those sad newes ar fill'd ;  
 The women wailing yeeld a pitteows mone,  
 Viewing their Princes and their lady kill'd. 400  
     Showts, sighs, smarte, sorow, all each where abound ;  
     With hiddeows noyse the hallow hevens resownd.

Most lyk, as by some vnexpected plott,  
 The rageing en'my ent'red had the citty ;  
 The bulwarks brave downe batt'red all with shott ; 405  
 With dint of sword destroying all butt pitty.  
     Whate'ere occur'd made objects of their rage,  
     Regairdles both of sexe, of yowth, of age.

Whil rageing flames of furiows spreiding fire,  
 The buildings both of gods and men devore : 410  
 Whil rewoffull cries of those who life require,  
 With dying groanes for pitty who explore,  
     For rewth would rent a flinty heart a sunder :  
     Such were the clamoures through the air did thunder.



But Anna, wofull nymph, ran trembling there, 415  
 Confus'd and speechles, where the noyse was heard.  
 Faint, breathles, pale, astonisht, full of feare,  
 To see this refull object she appear'd ;  
     Then, preissing through the throng, her call'd by name,  
     And oft, "Dear Dido ! Dido !" did exclaime. 420

" Ah sister ! wast for this thow sought by slight  
 To syle my sight, thy curs't designes to cloake ?  
 Ah ! wast for this the flame I built on hight ?  
 To this intent or did the altars smoake ?  
     Ah wretched wight, left now thyself alone ! 425  
     Forsaken soull ! what shall I first bemone ?

" Did ever I demerite such disdaine,  
 That thow thine Anna hast at death debarr'd  
 To be thy convoy ? to partake thy paine ?  
 And reape with the the fruits of thy reward ? 430  
     Hast thow despis'd thine only sister thus ?  
     Such guerdon never was deserv'd of vs.

" O ! since one sword, dy'd in a crimson streame,  
 Had in one moment both bereft of breath.  
 But ah ! and have thir hands, (O lasting shame !)  
 Prepair'd the flame, as guilty of thy death ? 435  
     Call'd I my Gods at altars, prostrate lowe,  
     Alace ! jit absent at thy last ov'rthrowe.

" Thy self, thy sister, and thy subjects all,  
 Thy citty, senate, kingdome and estate, 440  
 Each by one stroak destroy'd, with the do fall,  
 And perish all by thy abortive Fate."  
     This said : her bleeding wounds she bath'd in haist,  
     And kyndly her in dying armes embract.

Then seizing on her death-seal'd lipps to knowe 445  
 If any sponk of breath as ʒit remain'd,  
 The streaming teares her face did overflowe,  
 Whil as she, clasping in her armes, retain'd  
 Her half-dead sister, faintly drawing breath  
 In dead-throwe ent'ring at the gates of death. 450

She, feeling in this agony of minde,  
 (With soft though sad embraces oft bestowd),  
 Herself in such frequented bounds confin'd,  
 As mindefull of the favo<sup>r</sup> Anna show'd,  
 To lift her eyes assay'd, but streight did fail : 455  
 Her heart fix't wounds presage a sad farewell.

Then leining on her elbowe, preis'd in vaine,  
 Thrie times her body from the bed to rayse ;  
 Three times she fainting tumbles downe againe,  
 Death on her senses ready now to seaze. 460  
 Three times she strove to see the cristall skies,  
 And three times clos'd again her gazing eyes.

Then heaven's Arch-empresse from her azure tent,  
 Viewing this dead-lyve lover's toylsome end,  
 Her stormy breast compassion did relent, 465  
 And Iris quickly from the clouds did send  
 To calme the combat, and compoise the sight  
 Betwix her drossie flesh and ayrie spright.

For sith no dest'ny did abridge her breath,  
 Nor due deserved death her day prevent ; 470  
 Both spightfull rage did antidate her death,  
 And turn'd the Glasse befor her howr was spent.  
 Her haire as ʒit Proserpine had not touch't,  
 Nor by such gift th' Elysian groaves enrich't.

On saffron pineouns soaring then anone, 475  
 The winged Iris cutts the cristall skies,  
 In thowsand colours shining 'gainst the Sunne,  
 Doth light at lenth where this poore patient lyes :  
 Syne off'ring vp her haires at Pluto's shryne,  
 "Leave, leave," (quoth she), "this corps, O soule  
 divine !" 480

Thus whil she said, with fingers heavenly white  
 The golden fleece clip't frome her head in haist.  
 The native heit her limmes abandon'd quite,  
 Then in ane instant, by cold death displac't,  
 Her breath expiring, ane eternall sleep 485  
 Did piece and piece vpon her senses creep.

*Finis.*

A  
**Spiritual Hymne.**

or

The Sacrifice of a Sinner  
To be offred upon the Altar of a humbled  
Heart to Christ our Redeemer.  
Inverted in English Sapphicks from the  
Latine of that Reverend, Religious,  
and Learned Divine, Mr Robert  
Boyd of Trochorege

By

**SIR · WILLIAM · MVRE.**

Y<sup>o</sup> of Rowallane, Knight

By whom is also annexed a Poeme entituled

**Doomes-Day**

Containing Hells horroure  
and Heavens happinesse.

Edinburgh

Printed by John Wreittoun, and are to be sold  
at his shop a little beneath the Salt Trone

Anno Dom : 1628



THE  
S A C R I F I C E  
OF A SINNER  
TO  
CHRIST OUR REDEEMER.

---

<sup>a</sup>Eph. 4. 15.  
<sup>b</sup>Luk. 1. 33.
CHRIST, of thy Saints the <sup>a</sup>Head, the <sup>b</sup>King,  
 Whose bountie's vn-exhausted spring  
<sup>c</sup>Ioh. 1. 16. Doth to thy meanest <sup>c</sup> members bring  
 Eternall streames of grace,  
 Give mee, (sweet Saviour,) Thee to sing 5  
 In holy hymnes, with heart condigne,  
 Which eating age, nor envyes sting  
 Shall in no time deface.

<sup>d</sup>Ioh. 1. 9.
Thou Lord, with glorious beams <sup>d</sup> all bright,  
 Blazing around thy Throne of light, 10  
<sup>e</sup>Exod. 33. 20.  
<sup>f</sup>1 Tim. 6. 16. <sup>e</sup> Outreaching farre my feeble sight,  
 Heere, in death's shade exylde,  
 Sin's clouds dispell, guilt's loade make light,  
 Which doth surcharge my fainting spright,  
 That I may spreade thy praise, thy might, 15  
 With heart pure, vndefyl'de.







- But say, (sweet Iesu,) what procurde  
 Thee, in a <sup>a</sup> servant's shape immurde,  
 To pittie man in sinne obdurde,  
 God's rebell to beefriend?  
 To pleade for him who thee abjurde, 85  
 Suffring thy Godhead lurke obscurde,  
 Last, on the <sup>b</sup>Tree, (O Tears!) indurde  
 an ignominious end?
- <sup>c</sup> Tim. 1. 15. <sup>c</sup> Else perisht had the World for aye,  
<sup>d</sup> Col. 1. 20. <sup>d</sup> No other Meanes God's wrath could lay, 90  
<sup>e</sup> Rom. 6. 4. <sup>e</sup> None else, could, (working death's decay,)  
 Man's Image first, infuse.  
<sup>f</sup> Gal. 3. 13. <sup>f</sup> None else, Law's paine severe could pay;  
 Heauen's walls to scale no other way;  
<sup>g</sup> Rom. 8. 11. <sup>g</sup> To vernish fresh graues rotten prey, 95  
 Means Thou alone couldst vse.
- Without thee Lord, supremely blest,  
<sup>h</sup> Phil. 2. 9, 10, <sup>h</sup> Whom highest honour doth invest,  
<sup>i</sup> Esay 53. 7, 10. <sup>i</sup> For Man with paines extremly prest  
 by spoyles of conquer'd Hell, 100  
 Heaven's glorious courts had neere encrest:  
 Nor should our fleshes loade, to rest  
 About the Spheares, its selfe address,  
 'midst heauen's blest hosts to dwell.
- Hence sprang Man's ease exyling toyle, 105  
 His hopelesse groanes, which so did boyle  
 Thy breast, that Thou pourd'st in the oyle  
 of Mercie in his wounds.  
<sup>k</sup> Esay. 53. <sup>k</sup> His Plaints procur'd thy soules turmoyle,  
 That Thou his lot didst take, to foyle 110  
 Sinne, Death and Hell, O Glorious spoyle!  
 which reason's ray confounds.

A SPIRITUALL HYMNE.

151

Our guilt's foule shame shame did deface,  
 Empur'ring thy vnstained face ;  
 Thy clouds, thy care, our light, our peace, 115  
 Our Victorie thy listes ;  
 Thy hels in heauen procurde vs place,  
 Our honour grew by thy disgrace ;  
 O Wisedome ! if not found by grace,  
 Man's wit involves in mists. 120

O Sauing Knowledge ! which of right  
 \*The deepest Polititan's sight  
 Oresyles, drownde in eternall night,  
 Jn clowdes of self-conceate !  
 O contrares ! which by nature fight, 125  
 Thus reconcil'de, mix'd by thy might,  
 Things weightie ballancing with light,  
 O change ! O wonders great !

Thy dumpes our doolefull hearts did cheare ;  
 Our teare-blind sights thy teares did cleare ; 130  
 Thy deepe afflictions calmde our feare ;  
 Thy bands vs fred from paine.  
<sup>b</sup>Thy wants our wealth procur'de ; we weare  
 Roabs by thy rags ; grieves thou didst beare,  
 Our greifes, our languishings en-deare, 135  
 thy blood did ours restraine.

<sup>c</sup>That crimson sweat, these drops which drownd  
 Thy blessed face, with rayes ours crownde ;

<sup>d</sup>Sin's leprous spots, which soules confound,  
 from Parents' seede they purgde. 140  
 Thou, shak'd by death's approaching wound,  
 'gainst death mad'st vs secure be found,  
 Thou of our innocence the ground,  
 for vs, with guilt was vrgde.

- <sup>a</sup>Mat. 27. 46.   <sup>a</sup>And when thou seemde some space to bee   145  
 Depriv'de from heauen of all supplie,  
 Yet banisht Man, still deare to Thee,  
     Thou neuer didst forsake.  
 Man's state was still before thine Eye,  
 Till entering Hell, Thou sett him free,   150  
<sup>b</sup>Deut. 23.   O <sup>b</sup>Crosse once curst, now happie Tree,  
     Source whence all good wee take !
- When Thou thy selfe triumphde o're sho's,  
 Nailde to the Crosse, exposde to blo's,  
 Chargde by thy proud insulting foes   155  
     with infamie, with shame ;  
 Torne, naked, pale, a mappe of woes,  
 Whilst floods of wrath thou vndergoes,  
 Thy syde trans-fixde, from which forth floes  
<sup>c</sup>Ioh. 19. 34.   a <sup>c</sup>double gushing streame ;   160
- <sup>d</sup>Luk. 23. 46.   <sup>d</sup>Thy soule commending to thy Syre,  
<sup>e</sup>Luk. 23. 39.   While twixt two <sup>e</sup>Theeues Thou didst expire ;  
<sup>f</sup>Col. 2. 15.   <sup>f</sup>Loe ! then enlarging thine Jmpire,  
     Thy foes Thou Captiues led ;  
 Triumphant on the Tree, hell's ire,   165  
<sup>g</sup>Hos. 13. 14.   <sup>g</sup>Death's sting, Earth's Kings that did conspire,  
 Bound, hand and foote, thy wrath's hote fyre  
     their shame before Thee bred.
- <sup>h</sup>Hab. 2. 14.   Thou ledst, (great Victor,) foylde in fight,  
 Those <sup>h</sup>bands, in darknesse that delight ;   170  
 Roots of man's ruine, foes to right,  
<sup>i</sup>Rom. 8. 2.   <sup>i</sup>Sin, bound Thou didst detaine ;  
 To Heauen's high courtes, a glorious sight,  
 God's Rebels vanquishde by thy might,  
 Condemnde in chains of horride night,   175  
     for euer to remaine.

- <sup>a</sup> 1 Cor. 15. 26. Loe ! heere, death's <sup>a</sup>double-poynted sting,  
<sup>b</sup> 1 Cor. 15. 56. <sup>b</sup>Law's hand-writ there traverst, (death's spring,)
- Trode vnderfoote, in triumph, bring  
<sup>c</sup> Col. 2. 14. Thou didst, <sup>c</sup>nail'd to thy crosse. 180  
 Thee, swallowing vp, (death conqu'ring King,)
- <sup>d</sup> 1 Cor. 15. 55. <sup>d</sup>Death to it selfe the graue did bring ;  
 On rav'ning Wolfe preyde ravishde thing,  
 Victorious by losse.
- By death insulting held as dead, 185  
 Death's death Thou was, and death's remeed.
- <sup>e</sup> John 1. 18. <sup>e</sup>O ! Thou who dost God's secreets spread,  
 Author, revealer wise,  
 Heauen's pure delight, the woman's seede,
- <sup>f</sup> Gen. 3. 15. Who, <sup>f</sup>treading downe the Serpent's head, 190  
 To wretched Man didst pittie plead,  
 Way, leading to the Skyes !
- Oh, what had beene our fearefull fate,  
 Deare soules Redeemer ? what our state ?  
 Of ire what hudge, inunding spaite, 195  
 had quenchde our of-spring weake ?  
 Without thee, Lord, hell's preys of late,
- <sup>g</sup> Col. 1. 1. <sup>g</sup>Who mongst thy saints didst vs relate,  
 And mounting heauens with glorie great,  
 deathes brazen barres didst breake ? 200
- Who saues vs in the day of ire,  
 When all shall be refinde with fire ?  
 Who with thy Sp'rit dost vs inspire,  
<sup>h</sup> Arls of eternall Life ?
- <sup>i</sup> 2 Cor. 5. 5. <sup>i</sup>Thy SP'RIT of peace, our pledge, our hyre, 205  
<sup>j</sup> Eph. 1. 13, 14. Who, all vnites of thy empire  
 To Thee, our Head, our soules desire,  
 for ever shunning strife.

- His seuen-fold grace doth vs defend  
 From snares ; the World, the flesh forth send ; 210  
 From Fiends infernall, which doe bend  
 theirs pow'rs 'gainst Thine, by night ;  
<sup>a</sup> Psal. 91. 5, 6. Which flie like <sup>a</sup>pestes by day ; in end  
 On winges, with faith and hope empen'd,  
 Heauen's starrie circuits wee transcend, 215  
 by vertue of his might.
- Hee, who eternallie fourth came,  
 With Father and with Sonne, the Same  
 Third <sup>b</sup>branch, joynd with that twofold stream,  
<sup>1</sup> Ioh. 5. 8. <sup>c</sup>witnesse on earth to beare : 220  
<sup>c</sup> Rom. 8. 16.  
<sup>d</sup> Eph. 2. 18. By him confirmde, wee <sup>d</sup>accesses claime  
 To God's hie Throne : with feare and shame  
 Brought low, by him wee doe proclaime,  
<sup>e</sup> Rom. 8. 15. <sup>e</sup>Abba, O Father deare !
- <sup>f</sup> Rom. 8. 26. <sup>f</sup>He, sending vp a secreet grone, 225  
 Doth penetrat God's eares anone ;  
 No wordes, no cryes can reach his throne,  
 nor speedier pierce the skies :  
 He doth vnsyle the eyes alone  
 Of soules sincere, to them is showne 230  
 The lawes hid sense : Hee doth enthrone  
 the lowe ; the proud despise.
- Soules languishing his grace revives ;  
 To wandring steps hee regresse gives ;  
 The falne liftes vp, deathes throe's relieues, 235  
 by warme light of his flame.  
 The hardest heart of flint he reaves ;  
 For subjects, Rebels home receiues ;  
 Subdues the stubburne, that believes  
 no hardnesse breeds him shame. 240

- Ev'n as perfumes, which most excell,  
 Worke on weake sents, and doe dispell  
 All former loathings : So befell  
 Thy Saints, the Virgines deare :
- <sup>a</sup> Cant. 1. 23.    <sup>a</sup>How soone thy Name's sweet fragrant smell    245  
 Was powred foorth, all prostrate fell,  
 Who gainst Thee did before rebell,  
 Thy yoke now gladly beare.
- O ! let this dewy showre descend,  
 Of thy sweet Oyle, that We in end    250  
 That Rocke of safetie may ascend  
 admitting no retreat.
- <sup>b</sup> Col. 3. 4.    Conduct vs who on thee depend,  
 (<sup>b</sup>Life-giuing essence,) vs defend,  
 Who here our days in dangers spend,    255  
 which vs each moment meete.
- Lead vs, poore Pilgrims vnexpert,  
 Our Compasse, Pilote, Pole, who art,  
 Through this inhospitall desert,  
 this vaile of bitter teares,    260  
 Where perill lurkes in euerie part,  
 Where Asps their poys'nous stings forth dart,  
 Whose plaines no pleasures else impart,  
 but scrotching drought and feares.
- <sup>c</sup> Esay. 55. 1.    <sup>c</sup>Lead vs, those rivers to frequent,    265  
 Where milke and honey yeelds content.  
 O ! euer blesse, with good event,  
 the wrestlings of thine owne,  
 Till, comming in the firmament,  
 Unlookt for by earth's trembling tent,    270
- <sup>d</sup> Rev. 10. 16.    When time's last <sup>d</sup>Period shall bee spent,  
 Thy glory thou make knowne.

- Rev. 6. 14. That Day shall rest <sup>a</sup>Heauen's rolling spheares,  
 Earth's refluos tumults, deathes pale feares,
- <sup>b</sup> Rev. 22. 5. <sup>b</sup>O day, which neuer night outweares, 275  
 Night, by no day displac't !  
 Then, to the source flood's course reteires,  
 Time lurking then, no more appears,  
 Hid in the vast abysses of yeares,  
 from whence it first did haste. 280
- Rev. 21. 4. <sup>c</sup>O day, which doth all blesse impart  
 To all, who vpright are in heart !
- <sup>d</sup> Rev. 21. 8. <sup>d</sup>O day of horroure, full of smart,  
 to all of sprite impure !
- Rev. 21. 4. <sup>e</sup>Day, which shall sobs of saints convert 285  
 In songes of Joy ! Day which shall dart  
 Wrath on the wretch, who then shall start  
 wak'd from their sleepe secure !
- <sup>f</sup> Mat. 24. 31. <sup>f</sup>That Trumpet's terrifying sound,  
 That day, their ears, their souls, shall wound, 290  
 In sin's deepe Lethargie long drownde,  
 to heare a fearefull doome ;  
 Whose noise, whose murmurings profound  
 Shall call, whate're earth's limits bound,
- <sup>g</sup> Rev. 20. 13. <sup>g</sup>Or who in floods o'rewhelmde are found, 295  
 hid in the Ocean's wombe.
- <sup>h</sup> Thess. 4. 16. 17. <sup>h</sup>Who cheard are with the World's bright Eye,  
 Invest'd yet with mortalitie,  
 Or whose dead ashes scattered flie,  
 dispersde through earth or aire ; 300  
 This dayes sharpe tryall all must see,  
 If entered once lifes miserie,  
 Yea, babes, which scarce yet breathing bee,  
 must at this sound appeare.

A SPIRITUALL HYMNE.

157

- <sup>a</sup> 2 Thes. 1. 8. <sup>a</sup>When flammes shall furiously confound,  
Lightning thy glorious Throne around,  
Whate're shall bee their object found,  
in this inferiour Frame,  
Shaking the World, ev'n to the ground,  
Razde from its center, laid profound, 310  
Dissolving what earth's fabricke crownde  
with greatest Arte, or fame ;
- <sup>b</sup> Mark 13. 24. <sup>b</sup>The Sun's cleare beames clouds shall enfold,  
<sup>c</sup> Rev. 6. 13. <sup>c</sup>Starres losse their light, (earth's pride controld,)  
What Earthlings did most precious hold, 315  
<sup>d</sup> 2 Pet. 3. 10. <sup>d</sup>records of wit, of strength,  
<sup>e</sup> 2 Pet. 3. 10. <sup>e</sup>Shall with this monument's rare mold  
More quicklie melt than can bee told,  
All this great All shall, (as of old,)  
a Chaos turne at length. 320
- <sup>f</sup> Esay. 19. 20. <sup>f</sup>Then when the screiches, and frightfull cries  
Or such, God's wrath as vnderlyes,  
Encrease the noise of rushing skies,  
of earthes disjoynted frame,
- <sup>g</sup> Mat. 25. 22. <sup>g</sup>Hee makes divorce that's only wise ; 325  
The damned goates hee doth despise ;
- <sup>h</sup> Rev. 7. 14. <sup>h</sup>Poynts out his lambes, <sup>h</sup>whose sinfull dyes  
hee purgde with bloody streame.
- <sup>i</sup> Rev. 7. 9. <sup>i</sup>When blessed soules shall, fred of feare,  
Thy Throne encircling, Thee draw neare, 330  
As dayes comforting Beame, the spheare,  
the Orbe of purest heauen ;
- <sup>k</sup> Rev. 11. 12. The clouds transcending, <sup>k</sup>shining cleare,  
<sup>l</sup> Rev. 14. 14. <sup>l</sup>Thy footsteps stretched forth to beare,  
Those trembling bands shall streight reteare, 3  
downe to the Center driven.



- Trembling to heare the thundring noise  
 Of thy three-forked fearefull voyce,  
 Which streight their soules with sad annoyes,  
     with terrours strange shall pierce : 340
- <sup>a</sup>Mat. 25. 41.   <sup>a</sup>Hence, hence yee cursed ! hell's convoyes,  
 Who of this Portion earst made choyse,  
 In chaines of darknesse end your Joyes,  
     amidst hell's furyes fierce.
- Goe curst for aye, exylde from light, 345  
<sup>b</sup>Rev. 14. 12.   From hope, from <sup>b</sup>rest, from all delight,  
 Where wormes ne're dying, wrath and spight,  
<sup>c</sup>Matt. 25. 20.       <sup>c</sup>gnashing of teeth, and teares.  
 O ! then, what horroure, what affright  
 Shall on those hopelesse prisners light, 350  
 Debarrde eternally his sight  
     who on the Throne appeares.
- <sup>d</sup>Rev. 5. 9.   <sup>d</sup>Deare World's Redeemer ! let thy blood,  
 Mee, from this multitude seclude,  
 Affraide to see the raging flood, 355  
     of thy vnbounded ire :
- <sup>e</sup>Matt. 5. 8.   Grant J may 'mongst thy <sup>e</sup>blessed broode  
 Surfet vpon that heauenly foode  
 Of thy sweet face ; the chiefest goode  
     Thyne haue, or can desire. 360
- <sup>f</sup>Rom. 8. 11.   That life which did thy bandes releiue,  
 When laide in graue, <sup>f</sup>may mee revive,  
 Raisde from deathes Jayle with thee to liue,  
     eternally above,  
 Joyes more than mortalls can belieue, 365  
 Contents, which thou alone canst giue,  
 Hid treasures, which no wrong can reave,  
     enjoying of thy loue.

- Cloyde with delights, with dainties rare  
 With which heauen's tables charged are, 370  
<sup>1 Cor. 2. 9.</sup> <sup>a</sup>Which man's weake Eye, amazed Eare  
 nor Heart, can right conceave,  
 Things hid by his eternall care,  
 Who doth them for his Saintes prepare,  
 Who, gaining him, the fairest faire, 375  
 they All in all things have.
- <sup>b 1 Cor. 15. 24.</sup> <sup>b</sup>When conquering life hath death subdued,  
<sup>c Rev. 21. 1.</sup> This World's false <sup>c</sup>shew our sight eschued,  
 Whose face and countenance renewde  
 shall more delightfull seeme, 380  
 Thou, who with grace thy Saintes indued,  
 Whose shield them from this wrath rescued,  
 Transport mee thither, all bedewed  
 with blood did mee redeeme.
- <sup>d Rev. 22. 16.</sup> <sup>d</sup>Bright Starre—illightning darkest night, 385  
 Attractive loadstone, full of might,  
 Inflamt by thy transpeircing sight,  
 there draw my heatlesse heart ;  
 Winge my desires, that raisde on hight,  
<sup>e Rev. 21. 4.</sup> <sup>e</sup>I may arriue by heauenly flight 390  
 There, where's no feare of ill, no spight,  
 but blesse, without desart.
- Where J, thy praises may make knowne,  
 Three vndivided Trinall One !  
 Joynde with thy Saynts about thy Throne, 395  
 in hymnes not made by Men.  
 Grant this sweet Sauour, Thou alone  
 Crowne these desires, here to Thee showne,  
 As to its end this raptur's flowne,  
 Sweet Jesu, say Amen. 400

Μὴνὼ δοξα θεῶν.

*Finis.*



# Doomesday

containing

Hells horroure and Heavens happinesse

By

S<sup>R</sup>. WILLIAM MVRE

Yo: of Rowallane Knight.

1628

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# DOOMSDAY

CONTAINING

HELLS HORROUR AND HEAVENS HAPPINESSE

BY

SR. WILLIAM MVRE

Yo: of Rowallane Knight.

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**B**UT now, my Sprite refresht a space,  
Forbearing pressed steppes to trace,  
Aspires about the vulgar prease,  
to raise a second flight.  
I feele my bosome, peece and peece, 5  
Warmde with vnusuall flammes : Giue place  
Eare-charming fancies, Artes disgrace,  
affording false delight.

Thoughts, which about the spheares inclyne,  
Wings, furnish to my weake engine, 10  
If Thou, O Lord, the <sup>a</sup>Horne of Thine  
in mee, this Rapture wrought.  
Bee present by thy power divine,  
Grant in my lines thy might may shyne,  
From drosse of sinne my sprite refine, 15  
raise from the earth my thought.

<sup>a</sup> 2 Sam. 22.  
3:



## DOOMESDAY.

165

Death's loathsome den, detested Jayle,  
 Scout, following sin with stretched sayle, 50  
 Which fleeting froaths, which pleasures fraile,  
 on Rocke of shipwrack led.

Maske of mischiefe, sin's slender vaile,  
 Good Motions euer bent to quaile,  
 Which in the birth thou didst assaile, 55  
 them burying as they bred.

Wretch, who to pamper dust didst doate,  
 Whom Hell attends with open throate,  
 Readie to retribute the lote  
 to thy deservings due. 60  
 Oh ! what hath violate death's knot,  
 That still in graue thou didst not rot,  
 Masse overspred with sin's foule spot,  
 raisde anguish to renue.

Thus, (too, too late,) the Soule shall rayle ; 65  
 Re-entring this abhorred Iayle,  
 Which recombyned, while both bevaile  
 Life's misgoverned raines.

Then Angels shall to Judgement haile,  
 There, whence no party can appeale, 70  
 To heare deathe's sentence countervaile,  
 Lyfe's Ioyes, with endlesse paines.

O wretch ! who Judgement heere delays,  
 Whom false securitie betrayes,  
 Who ne're thy Sins' blacke summe surveyes, 75  
 which future anguish breedes.

Then shall the Auncient of dayes,  
 Who all men's works in ballance layes,  
 Examine all thy wordes, thy wayes,  
 thy thoughts, thy foule misdeeds. 80



None shall this search seuere eschew,  
 From bookes laide open to the view  
 A summar processe shall ensew,  
     conforme to thy trespasse.  
 Thy sins all summond, Thee which slew,                   85  
 Approving thy damnation due,  
 When all the blest coelestiall crew  
     shall on thee verdict passe.

Thiou, who to lewdnesse now art prone,  
 What shame, what smart, (lif's pleasures gone,)           90  
 Shall on thee seaze, when gazde vpon  
     By earth, by angrie heauen?  
 When naked, comfortlesse, alone,  
 Thou trembling stands before the Throne,  
 Under God's wrath, guilt's loade doth grone,           95  
     Feares with thy faults made eaven.

When thy tormenting conscience torne,  
 Thou guiltie stands that Iudge beforen,  
 Whose Image did thy soule adorne,  
     who did infuse thy breath.                           100  
 Who, pitying thee to sin forlorne,  
 Left heauens, was of an earthling borne,  
 Liude loth'd, dyde with contempt and scorne,  
     Emptyed the Cup of wrath.

Witnesse earth trembling at his paines,                   105  
 Dayes beame, which all in clouds detaines,  
 The silver Moone, which pale remains,  
     For horroure of the sight.  
 Witnesse his hands, with bleeding veines,  
 Of this great All which holds the raines,               110  
 His side pierc't through to purge thy staines,  
     Polluted sinfull wight.

## DOOMESDAY.

167

Where shall thou then safe shelter finde  
 Soule, than the sightlesse Mole more blinde,  
 When with those straits extreame confynd, 115  
     Faint, pale, confusde thou stands?  
 By doome which cannot bee decline,  
 Adjugde for euer to be pinde,  
 Where day nere dawnde, Sunne neuer shinde,  
     Mongst the infernall bands. 120

Where tears no truce, playnts find no place,  
 On either hand in desp'rate cace,  
 Behinde thee, who thy pathes did trace,  
     Attend thy woefull lote.  
 Before thee, flamms Earth's frame deface, 125  
 Aboue, an angrie Judge's face,  
 Below, Thee gaping to embrace,  
     Hell's sulphure-smoking throat.

Thy feares shall be with cryes encrest  
 Of damned Soules, with anguish prest, 130  
 With greife, with horrou vnexpress,  
     Of due deserved ire.  
 The fyre-brands of a conscious brest,  
 Shall of thy terrours not be least,  
 While worms, which on thy conscience feast, 135  
     Thy ceaselesse paine conspire.

But when, (most like a thunder dart,  
 That separating doome, <sup>a</sup>*Depart*,  
 Pronounc'd, shall pierce thy panting heart,  
     With a most fearefull knell, 140  
 Which shall thee from God's presence part,  
 Exposde to torments that impart  
 Nor end of time, nor ease of smart,  
     While headlongs hurld in hell.

<sup>a</sup> Mat. 25.  
 41.

Their shalt thou dive in depthes profound, 145  
 Still sinke but never meete a ground,  
 In waves still wrestling to bee drownd,  
     Deluded still by death ;  
 Crying, where comfort none is found,  
 Pynde, where no pittie rage doth bound, 150  
 Thy Cup with floods of vengeance crownde,  
     Of the Almighty's wrath ;

Bathde in a bottomlesse abisse,  
 Paine still encressing, ne're remisse,  
 Where scorpion's sting, where serpent's hisse, 155  
     Wormes, neuer satiate, gnaw ;  
 Rackt, thinking what thou was, now is,  
 Deprivde for aye from hope of blisse,  
 For toyes, eternall joy didst misse,  
     Nor crub't by love, nor aw, 160

Paine of  
Sense.

No torments doth it selfe extend  
 Heere all the members to offend,  
 Which Vniversall grieve doth send,  
     Doth every part entrinch :  
 These paines, which reason's reach transcend, 165  
 On Soule and body doth descend,  
 No joynt, nerve, muscle, without end  
     But sev'rall plagues doe pinch.

Lascivious Eye, with objects light  
 Which earst did entertaine thy sight, 170  
 Weepe, there exylde in endlesse night,  
     Lockt vp in horride shads.  
 Nyce Eare, whose Organ earst did spight  
 All sounds, whence flowde no fals delight,  
 There, horror ever and affright, 175  
     Thy curious sense vpbraids.

## DOOMESDAY.

169

Smell, earst with rare perfumes acquent,  
 Still interchange to please thy sent,  
 For incense, sulphure, (there) doth vent,  
     Smoake for thy odoures sweet.

180

Taste, vnto which to breed content,  
 Rob't were the Earth, Sea, Firmament,  
 'Mongst soules which penurie torment,  
     There, famine Thee doth meete.

Vile wormeling, Thou whose tender pride,  
 The weakest sunshine scarce couldst byde,  
 There, plunge in this impetuous tyde,  
     Must feele the force of fire.

185

Where damned soules on every syde,  
 Howling and roaring still abyde,  
 Which finde no shelter them to hyde  
     From this eternall ire.

190

There, the Ambitious, who in skies  
 Did, (late,) on wax-joynde winges arise,  
 Of base contempt is made the pryse,  
     The Proudling pestred downe.

195

There *Dives*, who did earst despise  
 Of famisht soules the piercing cries,  
 Shall one cold drop of water pryse  
     Aboue a Monarche's crowne.

200

Loe! there the vile, licentious goate,  
 Whom lawlesse lust did earst besotte,  
 Enchainde in the embracements hotte  
     Of furious raging flames.

There, to the drunkard's parched throate,  
 Justice doth scrotching drought allote,  
 In floods of fire, which judgde to floate,  
     Still vaine refreshment claimes.

205

On covetous, on cruell wight,  
 Shall equall weight of vengeance light 210  
 With byting vsurie, with spight,  
 The poore ones who did presse.  
 So, to the remnant that did fight  
 'Gainst heauen's decrees, their conscience light,  
 God's wrath shall bee proportionde right, 215  
 By measure more or lesse.

Soule, which vnpittied ever playnes,  
 Heere, suff'ring for thy sins' foule staynes,  
 Flammes, lashing whips, rackes, fyrie chaynes,  
 Tormenting outward sense. 220  
 Of all, most terrible remaines,  
 Losse of God's face while thou sustaines,  
 O hell of hell ! O paine of paines !  
 Still to be banisht thence.

Paine of  
 Losse.

But when thou hast as many yeares 225  
 Those tortures felt, as shyne in spears  
 Lights, fixed and straying, eyes haue teares,  
 Or waves the azure plaine,  
 No nearer are their end those feares,  
 Ever beginning which thou beares, 230  
 No change abates, no date outweares  
 Thy euer pinching paine.

O dying life ! O living death !  
 O stinging fyre, blowne by God's breath !  
 O boyling lake no ground which hath, 235  
 Destroying nought it burnes !  
 O overflowing flood of wrath,  
 Which damned soules are drencht beneath !  
 O pit profound ! O woefull path  
 Whence Entrer ne're returnes ! 240

<sup>a</sup> Rom. 5. 10. Sweet <sup>a</sup>Reconciler, Prince of peace,  
 Who pitying man's most wretched cace,  
 Didst hellish agonies embrace  
     In soule, in bodie shame,  
 Let mee in those extreames finde grace,                   245  
 Illightned by thy glorious face,  
 Rank't 'mongst thy Saints, the elect race,  
     Whose wayes Thou didst proclaime!

O ! Let me safe protection plead  
 Unto my soule, which full of dread,                   250  
 Hanges ouer Hell by life's fraile threed,  
     Conservde but by thy might ;  
 That when heauens, whence it did proceed,  
 Its separation haue decreed,  
<sup>b</sup> Gen. 8. 8. With <sup>b</sup>Noah's Doue, Thou mayst it lead                   255  
     There, whence it first tooke flight.

Oh, how it longes on winges to rise,  
 (Secure from sin's contagious dyes,  
 Endenizde citizen of skies  
     With Thee for aye to rest !                                   260  
 O, how it doth the Jayle despise,  
 In fleshes fetters it which tyes,  
 And lets it to enjoy the pryse,  
     With which thy Saints are blest !

For Thee I thirst, O living spring !                   265  
 Pure source of life, who guides faith's wing,  
 By flight to reach the hiest thing,  
     To compasse things most hard.  
 When shalt Thou mee from danger bring  
 To Port of peace ? my God ! my King !                   270  
 Blest giver, and the gifted thing ?  
     Rewarder, and reward ?

- When shall I, from exile set free,  
 My native home, my country see?  
 When one immortal pineons flie? 275  
     That holy Citie reach,  
 Whose streets pure gold, gold buildings bee,  
 Apoc. 19. 21. Walls, stoness most precious beautifie,  
 Ports, solide Pearles, Guests neuer die,  
     Whose peace no paines empeach? 280
- Eternall spring, (shrill Winter gone,)  
 This climate constant makes alone,  
 Nor flamming heate, nor frozen Zone  
     Distemper heere doe breed.  
 From Lambe's sweet breath, on glorie's throne 285  
 Enstalde, are balmie odours throwne,  
 Time hath no turnes, heere change is none,  
     No seasons doe succeed.
- Pale envy, emulation, spight,  
 Nor death, nor danger heere affright, 290  
 Heere hopes, nor feares, nor false delight,  
 Apoc. 21. 23. In sublunarie toyes.  
 No Lampe darts foorth alternat light,  
 The Lambe's sweet face here shines ay bright,  
 Which of the Saints doth blesse the sight, 295  
     Who doe in him rejoyse.
- Heere simple beautie scorneth Arte,  
 Rose-cheeked youth, old age's dart,  
 Joye's perpetuitie impart,  
     No warre disturbs this peace. 300  
 O! this God's Palace royall arte,  
 1 Pet. 1. 20. Preparde in these, with all desart,  
 For all that vpriight are in heart,  
     Ere light did paynt heaven's face.

## DOOMESDAY.

173

Thou, by whose pow're the spheares are rold, 305  
 Earth's hanging orbe who dost vphold,  
 Great Architect, King vncontrold,  
     Lord of this Universe,  
 Enstalde heere on a Throne of gold,  
 Dost diamantine scepter hold, 310  
 Givest Lawes to earth, hence dost behold  
     How wights below converse !

If heere, such eye-enchauting sights,  
 Amazing beauties, choise delights,  
 This Mansion low, of dying wights, 315  
     Earth's brittle orbe adorne,  
 What wonders then, what glorious lights,  
 Must beautifie those reachlesse hights,  
 Thy blest aboade, which daye's, which night's  
     Vicissitude doth scorne? 320

If these such admiration breed,  
 What Thou, who did'st heauen's Curtain spread,  
 Earth stayde midst aire, that it doth neede  
     Its weight nought to sustaine,  
 Who full of Majestie and dread, 325  
 Of intellectuall pow'rs dost plead  
 Attendance, on thy face which feede?  
     O ever blessed traine !

Archangels, Angels, clothde with might,  
 Thrones, Cherubs, Seraphins of light, 330  
 Princes and Powers all shining bright,  
     Dominions, vertues pure,  
 With beames that sparkle from the sight,  
 Inflamde, which flie no other flight,  
 But satiat rest, rapt with delight, 335  
     Which doth for aye endure !





## DOOMESDAY.

175

No woefull earth-confined wight,  
 With owlish eyes can view this light, 370  
 The meake horizon of Man's sight,  
 Farre, farre which doth outreach.  
 This vnexpressible delight,  
 Doth reason's dazelde eye benight,  
 What I cannot conceiue aright, 375  
 Lord, let experience teach !

Give mee, that in some measure small  
 (While fleshe's bands my sprite enthrall)  
 J may, a farre, a glance let fall,  
 At these contentments poynt, 380  
 These termlesse Joyes which, (one day,) shall  
 In honny turne Saints' bitter gall,  
 From guilt, when flamms shall purge this Ball,  
 This Engine hudge disjoynt.

1 Cor. 15. 52. When the Arch-angel's voice shall raise 385  
 The graues pale guests, the World amaze,  
 1 Thes. 4. 16. Around all burning in a blaze,  
 Suffring for man's offence,  
 What Joyes, then, sleeping Saints shall seaze,  
 How much this long-longde sight them please, 390  
 This sight, death's fetters which shall ease,  
 All passed cares compense ?

O what a happie houre ! how deare,  
 How glorious shall this day appeare  
 To thee my Soule, when fred from feare, 395  
 Grimme death thou darst outface ?  
 Luke 21. 28. When, (thy redemption drawing neare,)  
 Life's toyles shall trophees to Thee reare,  
 Which cank'ring Tyme shall ne'er outweare,  
 Nor foes' despight deface. 400

Though tyrants haue, by doome vnjust,  
 In furious flammes thy carcase thrust,  
 Not daigning It to earth to trust  
 With honour of a graue.

No Atome of thy scattered dust 405  
 But see this solemne Meeting must,  
 Purgde from corruption, from rust  
 Of sinne did It deprauē ;

Thy shape renewde, more glorious made  
 Than when it entred deathes darke shade, 410  
 Raisde by his viuifying aide,

Death's powres who did controule ;  
 With flesh adornde, which ne're shall fade,  
 Nor rotte, in earthe's cold bosome laide,  
 But liue for aye, the Mansion glade 415  
 Of a Triumphant soule.

No beautie nature brought to light  
 Did ravish most amazed sight,  
 Which, as farre short from day as night  
 From This, shall not be found, 420  
 Which shall adorne each new-borne wight,  
 Co-partner of this hid delight,  
 The lame shall leape, proportionde right,  
 The dumbe God's praises sound,

Esay 35. 6.

Caught vp, when on immortall wings, 425  
 To aire this stage which ouerhings,  
 To meete thy Head, the Saints who brings  
 To iudge the damned traine.

1 Thes. 14.

17.

1 Cor. 6. 2.

(Saints, earst accounted abject things,  
 Objects of scorne, weake underlings, 430  
 On thrones enstalde, now sceptred kings  
 Eternally who reigne.)

Apoc. 10.

What bands enclustred thee around,  
 Shall make the Heauens with hymnes rebound,  
 That Thou, a stragglng sheepe, art found, 435  
 Luk. 15. 71.      Their numbers to encrease?  
 If they did such applauses sound  
 At thy conversion, how profound  
 Shall be their Joyes to see thee crownd,  
                     With them to acquiesse? 440

As pansiue Pilgrime, sore distrest,  
 Wearie and weake, with famine prest,  
 Whom feare of Robbers doth infest,  
                     Straying alone, in need,  
 If Hee, while dreaming least of rest, 445  
 Should in an instant bee address,  
 Where hee might live for ever blest,  
                     How should his Joyes exceed?

Even so my Soule, (now on the way,)  
 Too easily seduct' astray, 450  
 When Thou shalt find this solide stay,  
                     This Center of repose,  
 How shall the pleasures of this day,  
 Adorning Thee with rich array,  
 Thy suffred labours all delay, 455  
                     Afflictions all compose?

What boundlesse Ocean of delight  
 Shall quench all paines, all passed plight,  
 Endured wrongs, digested spight  
                     Of tyrannizing pride, 460  
 By Angels, Messengers of light,  
 Mat. 14. 3.      When brought in thy Redeemer's sight,  
 Set free from deathe's eternall night,  
                     Adjudg't, in blesse to byde?

- Mat. 25. 34.  
 35. 36. When large Memorials shall record 465  
 The meanest good thou didst afford,  
 To poore, to sicke : when deed, nor word,  
 Shall want the owne rewarde ?
- 1 Ioh. 2. 1. The Judge, thy Advocate, thy Lord,  
 Who now absolues, Thee, first restorde : 470  
 O bond ! O double-twisted cord !  
 O vnderdeserved regard !
- But O ! when Thou casts back thine eyes,  
 Thy voyage dangerous espyes,  
 Foes and ambushments, laide to surprise 475  
 Thy wayes, when thou dost vieu ;  
 The traines set forth Thee to entise,  
 Base pleasures, which Thou didst despise,  
 What boundlesse joyes shall thence arise,  
 What Solace sweet ensue ? 480
- What strange applauses thence shall spring,  
 When Saints doe shout, when Angels sing,  
 When Heauen's hie vaults loud Ecchos ring,  
 Of that *Absoluing* voyce ?  
*Come yee*, whose faith did vpwards spring, 485  
 Contempt who on the World did fling,  
*Blest* of that great Sky-ruling King,  
*Enter in endlesse Ioyes.*
- O Joyes, with these as farre vn-even,  
 To Man which to conceiue are given, 490  
 As loftiest of the Planets seven  
 Earth's Center doth transcend !  
 (By wit, who prease to pry in heauen,  
 Backe by a Cherubin is driven,)  
 Man's Reason is a vessell riven, 495  
 Can litle comprehend.



How more perspectiue, pure and free,  
(Sequestred from mortalitie,) 530

The Understanding facultie,  
    How prompter it perceiues !  
How more sublime the Object bee,  
The Union inward and more nie :  
Joyes of a more supreme degrie 535  
    The Intellect conceaues !

Here charg'd with chains of flesh and bloode,  
We apprehend by Organs roode,  
The drossie mindes of Earth's weake broode  
    Imaginde knowledge swells : 540  
There, bathing in a boundlesse floode  
Of blesse, we shall, (as sprites which stooode)  
Know, (vnpuft vp) our Soueraigne goode,  
    In him, all creatures els.

What object can, in greatnesse, hight, 545  
In glorie, majestie, in might,  
This paralell, whence all delight,  
    All pleasure only springs ?  
With rayes of vncreated light  
Which cherish, not offend the sight, 550  
Who shines most blest, for euer bright,  
    Eternall King of Kings.

What Union can so strict bee found,  
So firme, successionlesse, profound ?  
Man's deepest speculation drown'd 555  
    Is in this vast abisse.  
This gulfe, this Ocean without ground,  
The ravisht minde doth wholly bound,  
It drencht heerein, with glorie crownd,  
    Bathes in a Sea of blesse. 560

If charming sounds, ensnaring sights,  
 In mindes of wonder-strucken wights,  
 Doe moue such violent delights  
     As passe the bounds of speach,  
 The Joyes then midst these reachlesse hights,      565  
 Ay bright with euer-burning lights,  
 Must farre transcend the loftiest flights,  
     Wits most profound can reach.

The fluide Joyes which here entise,  
 From things corruptible arise,      570  
 No Union, but externall, ties  
     The sense and object fraile.  
 How should wee then these pleasures prise,  
 Which euer laste aboue the skies?  
 This Union strict all change defies,      575  
     This bonde can neuer faile.

What superexcellent degrees  
 Of Ioy, the Intellect shall seaze,  
 When It, with cleare, vnsyled eyes,  
     The spes, natures, strength,      580  
 Of beastes, of birds, of stones, of trees,  
 Of hearbes, the hid proprieties,  
 Th' essentiall differences sees  
     Of Creatures all at length?

Of Ioy, what ouerflowing spaite,      585  
 Inunding this Theater great,  
 Drench with delight shall euery state  
     Here marshalled above?  
 Till now, euen from the World's first date,  
 When Saints secure from sin's decreate.      590  
 Their Palmes, their Crow  
     Earth's vtmost spig!



Nor shall the knowledge of the paine,  
 The torments which the damn'd sustain,  
 The cryms which earst their soules did staine,      595  
     Impare these joyes divine !  
 These blacke Characters show most plaine  
 God's justice, their deserved bane,  
 The brightnesse of the blessed traine  
     Opposde, now cleare doth shine.      600

Their Vengeance shall the Just rejoyse,  
 (Heaven's blesse comparde with hel's annoyes,)  
 As earst by regal Prophet's voice,  
     Divinely was fore-told.

Psalm 58. 10. Saintes should, incompassed with Joys,      605  
 Bathe in their blood, whom death destroys,  
 Happie, who so his life employes  
     'Mongst Saints to bee enrold.

Heere oft, (with wonder rapt) wee find,  
 The punishment with vertuous minde,      610  
 The fault with the rewarde combinde,  
     At which the Just repines.  
 There, fault with punishment confinde,  
 Rewarde, to vertuously inclinde,  
 Eternall justice vndeclinde,      615  
     Impartially assignes.

As these and more joyes vnexpress,  
 The Understanding doe invest,  
 As in the Center of its rest,  
     So heere, the *Will* doth pause      620  
 In peace, which cannot bee encrest,  
 Not wrestling passions to digest ;  
 O calme tranquillitie ! how blest  
     They whom this loadstone drawes.

Hence spring such ardent flammes of loue 625  
 To God, to all the Saints aboue,  
 That not one ioy these hoasts do proue  
     Which It doe not delight.  
 Hence It no fewer joyes doe moue,  
 Then God, Co-partners doth approue, 630  
 Joyes infinite, which ne're remoue,  
     Nor weakned are by slight.

As soules, which horride shads enchaine,  
 This doe not feele their meanest paine,  
 With mates most hated to remaine 635  
     For ay, by just decreite :  
 How happie then, this glorious traine,  
 With these eternally to raigne,  
 Who mutuall loue doe entertaine,  
     Insep'able vnite ! 640

From thence a quiet, calme *Content*,  
 A sympathizing sweet concent,  
 Satiety, which vnacquaint  
     With loathing, doth arise.  
 Man heere in earth's ignoble tent, 645  
 Desires vnbounded still torment,  
 The more hee hath, the more is bent,  
     Things fading to comprise.

O soule ! which life doth heere expose  
 To inward feares, to outward foes, 650  
 Deluded by deceaving shows,  
     With shads of seeming blesse,  
 When with content thy Cup oreflows,  
 When hopes nor vast desires thou knowes,  
 How deare shall bee this sweet repose 655  
     Which aye beginning is !

O Peace! on which all hap depends,  
 Man's vnderstanding which transcends,  
 To Thee alone our labour tends,  
     Our Pilgrimage aspires. 660  
 Happie in Thee his life who spends,  
 In Joy, in peace which never ends,  
 To present Toyles which solace sends,  
     Encentring our desires.

By perfect *Justice*, what excesse 665  
 Of Joy shall to the *Will* accesse,  
 Out-shining *Adam's* righteousnesse  
     In innocent estate?  
 (But O! this Joy who can expresse?  
 Not tongues of angels, Man's much lesse, 670  
 O ravisht Soule! heere acquiesse,  
     Drencht in this Ocean great.)

His Reason, *Adam's* sense and will  
 Did serve this God; but changeable  
 Was this submission; now, but still 675  
     All doe themselves subject  
 To God; by bonde most durable,  
 Fearing no fall, secure from ill,  
 Rendring the soule most am'able  
     To God, selfe, Saints elect. 680

O soule dejected, plungde in feare,  
 Which stinging thoughts, mind's horrors teare,  
 Thy wounded sprite who canst not beare,  
     With inward terrours torne!  
 O how invaluable, how deare, 685  
 Would this integritie sincere  
 To Thee, (in conscience rackt) appeare,  
     Which doth the saints adorne!

## DOOMESDAY.

185

This innocence which doth exclude  
 All spots, polluting earth's fraile broode, 690  
 Pure, vndistainde, perfectly good,  
     Free from least sinfull thought :  
 Saintes aye refreshing with that food  
 Of God's wingde messengers, which stood  
 Confirnde in grace by purple floode, 695  
     Which Man's redemption wrought.

Nor shall lesse measure of content  
 To *Memory* of Saints present,  
 How life's small period heere was spent,  
     Encompassed with cares. 700  
 From warres most pittifull event  
 If settled, sweetest peace is spent,  
 The Soule, which earst did most lament,  
     Joyes most, now fred of teares.

Of passed fight the doubtosome [fate] 705  
 The souldier doth with joye relate.  
 The sea-tosde wight, in dangers great,  
     If gone, most pleasure finds.  
 Past miseries inunding spaite  
 Most sweetens Saint's triumphing state, 710  
 Foes spoyles, which no invasion threat,  
     Lesse ravish noble Minds.

From passions fred, for happiest lote  
 Their purest parts which did bespote,  
 Strugling, as exhalations hote 715  
     In humide clouds inclosde ;  
 From flight of dartes, the World fourth shot,  
 (Entisements which the best besotte,)  
 While these in their remembrance float,  
     How much are they rejoynde? 7



## DOOMESDAY.

187

- Mat. 12. 43. Nor shall the *Bodie*, now all bright,  
 The fellow souldier of the spright,  
 Bee frustrat of these Joyes, by right 755  
     Of its redemption due.  
 Of all, the noblest sense, the *sight*  
 Impassible, not harmde by light,  
 About all measure shall delight,  
     Amazde with wonders new. 760
- Mat. 13. 43. How shall the ravisht Eye admire  
 When Suns past number doe appeare?  
 Dark'ning that sparke, our hemispheare,  
     Which cleeres with chearefull rayes?  
 On all hands, Nought, when farre and neare, 765  
 Encounters sight but objects cleare,  
 Blest Empyrean bands, which weare  
     Crowns, Palmes, immortall bayes?
- How shall this Beautie vs amaze?  
 How on this glorie shall wee gaze? 770  
 How on our bodies, which doe blaze  
     With brightest beames of light?  
 Our bodies, which ere death did seaze,  
 (Death, which no prayers can appease)  
 Most loathsome burthens were to these 775  
     Whom most they now delight.
- What breast can bound this joye's full spaite,  
 To see falne Angels' chayrs of state  
 Filde with our friends, familiars late,  
     Love long dissolvde, renewde? 780  
 To see, to know, (O wonder great !)  
 Saints all, all times did heere relate,  
 Since *Abel's* blood, (a long long date,)
- Gen. 4. 8. His brother's hands imbrued?

	By force of flammes which all subdue, When broght to nought this world's false shew,	785
2 Pet. 3. 13.	Of Heauen, of earth, the fabricke new What wonders shall afford?	
Rev. 19. 2.	Things which before wee never knew, Charming our euer-gazing view, With pleasures endlesse, perfect, true, Which tongue cannot record.	790
	But none of all these objects rare, Can with thy sight, O Christ, compare. <i>Fulnesse</i> of Joy reflecteth there On these at thy right hand.	795
Psal. 17. 15.	In Righteousnesse thy face preclare Who viewing satisfied are, For which a place Thou didst prepare Before Thy throne to stand.	800
	If that great Herald of Heaun's King, Record of Thee sent foorth to bring, For Joy, did in thy presence spring, An Embrion yet vnborne. If yet a babe, thy sight benigne So <i>Simeon's</i> soule with joy did sting, That hee his Obsequies did sing, With age and weaknesse worne.	805
	If Easterne <i>Sages</i> spar'de no paine, By Pilgrims' toyles, thy sight to gaine, An infant, borne but to bee slaine, In manger meanlie laide ; What soule then can these joyes containe Which shall arise to see Thy raigne, The glory of thy heauenlie traine, Whose pompe shall never fade?	810 815

## DOOMESDAY.

189

But O! (Mee thinkes) of heavenly layes  
 A consort sweet my sense betrayes,  
 By organs of mine Eare, allayes  
     All mind-remording cares. 820  
 Aboute time, motion, place, which raise  
 My ravisht thoughts, to heare his praise  
 Proclainde which heauen's blest hosts amaze,  
     By notes of Angels' ayres.

O harmony transcending Arte! 825  
 Of which the hopes ease present smart;  
 Thrise happie they who beare a part  
     In this coelestiall Quire.  
 O blest Musitians most expert,  
 Whose Ditties all delight impart, 830  
 Whose hymnes exhilarate the heart,  
     And entertaine the Eare!

Of Ambrosie, of Nectar, streames,  
 (Heaven's dainties hid in heathnish names,)  
 An endlesse feast the Lambe proclaimes, 835  
     To all the Saints above.  
 The Saints refresht more with his beames  
 Then worldlings with vaine pleasures dreams,  
 O how desirable seemes  
     To Thine, this feast of Love! 840

If beggars vile themselves hold grac't,  
 At tables of great Kings to feast,  
 With curious cates to please their taste,  
     With choise of rarest things:  
 O! what a heavenly sweet repast 845  
 Doe Saints enjoy, which aye shall last,  
 Who at immortall Tables plac't,  
     Feast with the King of Kings.



Of all these Millions which frequent  
 This Paradise of sweet content, 850  
 Perfumes most rare refresh the sent,  
     From a perpetuall spring.  
 Comforting oynments odours vent,  
 Sweet'ning the heauens' transparent tent,  
 Which flow from him his blood who spent 855  
     His to blesse to bring.

Which, (as in smell, taste, hearing, sight,)  
 In feeling als enjoy delight,  
 The Body changde, spirituall light,  
     Apt euery way to moue ; 860  
 Nimble, as thought, to reach by flight,  
 (Unwearied,) heauen's supremest hight,  
 The Center low, from Zenith bright,  
     As It the Minde doth move.

By Motion swift, heere, Bodies tost, 865  
 If thus endangered to bee lost,  
 The feeling sense, affected most  
     Participats most paine :  
 What Joyes (to view this numbrous host)  
 The Elementar regions crost, 870  
 When both vnarm'd through heauen's way post,  
     Shall then this sense sustaine ?

If Spasmes, if Palsies pincing throes,  
 If Colick paines invade, (health's foes,)  
 These torments Feeling vndergoes, 875  
     Most sensible of grieffe,  
 Now when sequestred from those woes,  
 Which marre lifes vnsecure repose,  
 How shall this sense, set free, rejoyse,  
     Exult at its reliefe ? 880

But 'euen as one, (more bold than wise,)  
 A Pilgrimage doth enterpryse,  
 O're *Atlas'* tops, which hid in skies,  
     Crownde are with Winter glasse :  
 Hudge Mountains past while hee espyes,      885  
 Impenetrable Rockes arise,  
 Forc't to retire, his course applyes  
     By smoother paths to passe.

So, while about the Spheares I prease,  
 Steps not by Nature reacht, to trace,      890  
 The clouds to climbe with halting pace  
     Lets infinite impeach.  
 Those reachlesse Ioyes, this boundlesse peace,  
 In number, measure, weight, encrease :  
 That scarce begunne, my song must cease,      895  
     These hights transcend my reach.

Μεγω δοξα θεω.



FANCIES FAREWELL

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11

## SON. 1.

Too long, my Muse, (ah) thou too long didst toile,  
 An Æthiopian striving to make white ;  
 Lost seede on furrowes of a fruitlesse soile,  
 Which doth thy trauels but with Tares acquite.  
 Hence-foorth fare-well all counterfeit delyte, 5  
 Blinde Dwarfling, I disclaime thy deitie,  
 My Pen thy Trophees neuer more shall write :  
 Nor after shall thine arts enveigle mee.  
 With sacred straines, reaching a higher key,  
 My Thoughts about thy fictions farre aspire : 10  
 Mounted on wings of immortalitie,  
 I feele my brest warmde with a wountless fire.  
     My Muse a strange enthusiasme inspires,  
     And peece and peece thy flamme in smoake expires.

## SON. 2.

Houres mis-employed, evanisht as a dreame,  
 My lapse from Vertue and recourse to Ill,  
 I should, I would, I dare not say I will,  
 By due repentance and remorse redeeme.  
 Love's false delight and beautees blazing beame 5  
 Too long benighted haue my dazled eyes.  
 By Youth misled, I too too much did prise  
 Deceaving shads, toyes worthy no esteame.  
 Plungde in the tyde of that impetuous streame,  
 Where fynest wits haue frequent naufrage made. 10  
 O heavenly Pilote, I implore thine aide !  
 Rescue my Soule, in danger most extreame :  
     Conduct mee to thy Mercyes Port, I pray,  
     Save Lord ; oh let mee not bee cast away !

## SONNET 3.

Looke home my Soule, deferre not to repent,  
 Time euer runnes : in sloath great dangers ly :  
 Impostumde soares the patient most torment,  
 While wounds are greene the salve with speed apply,  
 Workes once adjourn'd good successe seldome try,      5  
 Delay's attended still with discontent :  
 Thrise happie hee takes time ere time slyde by  
 And doth by fore-sight after-wit prevent.  
 Look on thy labours : timouslie lament :  
 Trees are hewde down vnwholesome fruits bring foorth.      10  
 Thy younger yeares, youthes sweet Aprile mispent,  
 Strive to redeeme with works of greater worth.  
     Looke home, I say, make haste : O shunne delay :  
     Hoys sayle while tyde doth last : Time posts away.

*Finis.*

THE  
T r v e C r u c i f i x e

for

True Catholickes

or

The way for true Catholickes  
*to haue the true Crucifixe*

By

S<sup>R</sup>. WILLIAM MOORE, Y<sup>O</sup>.

of Rovvallane, *Knight*

IOHN 4. 24

God is a Spirit and they that worship  
Him must worshippe Him in  
Spirit & in truth.

Edinburgh

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the Salt-Trone. 1629



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Vertical line

## TO THE READER.

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CHRISTIAN READER,—

Looke rather to what is intended, than what I have attained. My principall aime and purpose is to show that who soever doth love to see the true purtrate of IESUS CHRIST our LORD, must verse Himselfe in holy Scripture except Hee will chuisse to ly open to delusion. If it please Thee to read and seriously perpend what is said to this purpose, I have enuegh for my paines. I haue contriv'd it in a measured stile, that thou mayst read with lesser wearying. Looke not for elaborat words, for not only the weightinesse of the subject made mee shunne whatsoever might breed obscuritie, but I ever held the whorish ornaments of affected eloquence an vnsutable ornament to garnish pure Truth. If it seeme to Thee I haue extended the worke to more than a competent length, some few moments shall serue Thee to runne thorow the margents, Howrs thou mayst reserue to what further it shall please [Thee] to make search for in the work. If my stile seeme any where sharpe against the abuse and abusers of the Artificiall Crucifixe, weigh my reasons without prejudice, and I hope I shall not neede, to stand in feare of thy condemning censure. If the maner of handling of this Subject seeme to thee more proper for a Preacher than a Gentleman of my place, refuse it not for this, for a worthy Preacher, of my neere and deare acquaintance, out of His loue to CHRIST and thy Salvation, did not only stirre mee vp to build this peece of work, but both by Conference and Counsell, (as my weaknesse stood in neede of advise) did forwardly concurre to furnish helpe

to the materials. Thou shall doe well therefore to passe by the insufficiencie of the Instrument ; that, likeing the purpose neither the better nor the worse for this respect, but looking (chiefly) to the Truth of that which is spoken, by occasion thereof Thou mayst

bee stirred vp to a further study of the  
knowledge of IESUS CHRIST, and  
Riches of grace and truth in Him,  
and so to a greater love of  
Him, and communion with  
Him, for which end I  
pray the Spirit of  
IESUS be with  
Thee.

# THE TRVE CRVCIFIXE

## FOR TRVE CATHOLIQUES.

\* 2 Thes. 11. 12. **I**F sacred \*Truth did not conciliate trust,  
 My doubt remoue by satisfaction just,  
 But muse I could not, how from time to time,  
† Gen. 2. Man, (<sup>b</sup>but a masse of animated slime,  
 A cloud of dust, tos'd by vncertaine breath, 5  
 A wormeling weake, soone to stoupe downe to death,)  
 Durst bee so bold, his pow'r as to enlarge ;  
‡ 2 Command, And <sup>c</sup>(proudly vilipending God's discharge)  
Levit. 26. 2. A frantick freedome to himselfe durst take,  
Psal. 97. 7. An Image for religious vse to make. 10  
 And now I can not halfe enough admire,  
 How fondlings (<sup>d</sup>daring offer vncouth fire)  
§ Levit. 10. 1. The naughtie issue of a noysome seed.  
¶ Agnus Dei and Crucifixus, Christ his proper stiles, and ascribe such virtue as flows from CHRIST his person to them, and trust and leave and giue religious worship to thē, and yet plead to passe free of Idolatrie. Agnus Dei, is as much as the lambe of God. Crucifixus, as Christ nailed on the Crosse. Like error yet should to lyke madnesse lead,  
 CHRIST of his honour due induc't to reauē 15  
 Vnto their owne inventions, it to giue  
 A peece of abject waxe, clos'd in a clout,  
 For GOD's *lamb*, blushing not to beare about :  
 Nor (sense distracted) CHRIST's owne proper stile,  
 The *Crucifixe*, forbearing to defile, 20  
 It attributing to their Christs of drosse,  
 (A man's faind shape, fix'd on a fancied crosse)

With honours, stiles, and titles, not a few,  
To crucified CHRIST JESUS, only due.

<sup>a</sup> 1 Cor. 2. 2. To <sup>a</sup> *Paule* no Crucifixe besids was knowne, 25  
God's Spirit calleth  
Christ himselfe the  
crucifixe, and noth-  
ing else.  
 Saue CHRIST. <sup>b</sup> Sonne of the living GOD alone :  
<sup>b</sup> Mat. 16. 16. This crucifixe of His, our <sup>c</sup> God, our <sup>d</sup> Lord,  
<sup>c</sup> Isa. 40. 9. By all should be obey'd, serv'd, lov'd, ador'd.  
<sup>d</sup> Iohn 20. 28. Our harts for Him, whose heart for vs did bleed,  
 Isa. 43. 11. A rowme should bee to rest in, and reside. 30

Hee should our glorie, <sup>e</sup> our rejoycing bee,  
<sup>e</sup> Gal. 6. 14. Wee <sup>f</sup> liue to Him, who chusd for vs to die.  
<sup>f</sup> 2 Cor. 10. 17. His image in our lyfe we all should beare,  
<sup>f</sup> 2 Cor. 4. 17. Ibid. 5. 16. Walking as Hee, <sup>g</sup> pure, innocent, sincere,  
<sup>g</sup> Philip 2. 15. Our <sup>h</sup> flesh, our soule affections mortifying 35  
<sup>h</sup> Gal. 5. 14. Heere, to be His for ay, <sup>i</sup> our selues denying.

As <sup>k</sup> to the world, as crucified to sinne  
<sup>k</sup> Gal. 6. 14. Readie <sup>l</sup> for Him, with each thing els to twinne  
<sup>l</sup> Mat. 19. 27. Wee labour should, while heere wee borrow breath,  
 Mark 10. 28. Luke 18. 28. In bleeding hearts <sup>m</sup> to beare about his death. 40  
<sup>m</sup> 2 Cor. 4. 10.

To this intent, in pure Truth's sacred booke,  
 Our dayly task should bee on Him to looke ;  
 To <sup>n</sup> search the Scriptures, which of Him record,  
 And crucified before our eyes afford.  
<sup>n</sup> Iohn 5. 39. Isa. 8. 20.

We should those holy ordinances haunt, 45  
 His Sacraments, means which Himselfe did grant,  
 And Registered left in His latter will,  
 His death to keepe in fresh remembrance still :  
 And with a longing soule and listening eare,  
 The Gospell's joyfull tidings bent to heare, 50

Such wee should bee, <sup>o</sup> as knowledge all hold vaine  
<sup>o</sup> 1 Cor. 2. 2. Saue CHRIST to know, and for our sinnes Him slaine.

Thus <sup>p</sup> Paul him suffering to all eyes exposd,  
<sup>p</sup> Gal. 3. 1. Which <sup>q</sup> misbeliefe and ignorance not clos'd,  
<sup>q</sup> 2 Cor. 4. 3. 4. Thus may wee all Him by faith's piercing eye 55  
In God's Word and  
ordinances CHRIST  
may be seeme as in  
a mirrour.  
 In Glasse of his owne institutions see ;  
 Thus bee preseru'd from following Christ-lings vaine  
 Shewd in the juggling trickes of wits prophane,

Which Numbers lead astray; amongst which crew  
 No doubt but chosen soules are not a few; 60  
 To whom cleare eyes GOD once to see will giue,  
 As others, who did in like error liue,  
 That meanes none els, CHRIST's knowledge can  
 afford,

But such, himselfe hath stablisht in his word.

Thou knowst (sweete CHRIST) the pitifull respect,  
 Those simple soules I beare which thee affect, 66  
 And faine would find thee, but astray are ledde,  
 With vaine inventions in man's fancie bredde,  
 Who searching thee, cast in a curious mold  
 Of baser mettle, or of purest gold, 70  
 Worship to thee, vnwarranted allow,  
 And basely to a lying idole bow,  
 Intending thus to impetrat thy peace  
 Doe loade themselues with sin, thee with disgrace

With pittie mov'd, with indignation just, 75  
 To such, a better pourtrate wish I must;  
 Which to draw foorth, LORD furnish me with airt,  
 Bee thou my Patrone, who my patterne art;  
 My hand, my pinsell, let thy Spirit guide,  
 That (all humane respects farre laide aside) 80  
 Free from presumption curiously to trace  
 Each subtile line of thy Immortall face.  
 Thee shadding foorth, my draughts may not  
 debord

From sacred mirror of thy sauing word.

Teach Thou my straines to flie no other flight, 85  
 Still leade mee with the Lanterne of thy light,  
 That with thy loue enflam'd, I may with feare,  
 Thee in that Glorious mirror still admire:  
 Where, to our measure, Thee abridg't we haue,  
 Of Thee at least sufficient truth to saue. 90  
 Yet so that what thou to reueale hast dain'd,  
 A part can bee but of that part attain'd

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Which as Man's Soule thy Spirit doth empire,  
Some more, some lesse, none fully can acquire :  
The soberest measure, euen the least of all 95  
If thou vouchsafe, LORD serue my purpose shall.

1. **M**AN'S prime felicitie and soveraigne blisse,  
 His onely chiefest good, which most doe  
 misse,  
 By combination of eternall bands,  
 In his Communion with his Maker stands.

2. This Vnion first spirituall must bee found : 5  
 The Soule our better halfe to GOD bee bound,  
 To him conjoynd, before our Bodie's loade  
 Can bee admitted to his blest aboade.

3. This band to make, of GOD the knowledge true  
 So needfull is, to man ere sinne hee knewe, 10  
 That life it was his GOD to know aright :  
 Now life eternall is, since put to flight  
 By disobedience, truly GOD to knowe,  
 And CHRIST his Sonne, the source whence life doth  
 flowe.

GOD's Rebell \*Sathan, man's malicious foe, 15  
 Debard from grace, since first by pride brought low ;  
 Depruid of happinesse, <sup>b</sup>exild from Heaven,  
 Hopelesse to be restor'd, to darkenesse driven,  
 In malice set, by subiltie and slight  
 Man's happinesse to marre with all his might, 20  
 Him from his GOD, and Soveraigne good to part,  
 Striues, of his GOD the knowledge to pervert.

In man (his <sup>c</sup>Maker's image) GOD infus'd  
 A light too glorious to haue bene abus'd,  
 A <sup>d</sup>Heavenly knowledge (forefault by his fall) 25  
 Both of himselfe and things created all ;  
 In which faire volume Man might dayly look  
 And exercise his witts, as in a Booke,

1. Man's happinesse stands in his cōmunion with GOD.  
 2. This communion in this world is Spirituall only.  
 3. The way to make it vp & keepe it the right knowledge of GOD.  
 Ihon 17. 3.  
 \* 1 Pet. 5. 8. Sathan therefore hath ever labored to mar man's knowledge of God that he might marre man's communion with GOD.  
<sup>b</sup> Apoc. 12. 9. Jude 5. 6.  
<sup>c</sup> Gen. 1. 26. Man at his first making had sufficient knowledge of GOD given him by meanes appointed of GOD to moue him to keepe cōmunion with his Maker.  
<sup>d</sup> Rom. 1. 19.



- Which him to reade, to studie did invite,  
 God's boundlesse pow'r, his wisdome infinite. 30
- \* Gen. 3. 5.  
 But Sathan by an  
 vnlawfull meane  
 offering to augment  
 his knowledge be-  
 reft him of the  
 benefite of that  
 which he had. The \*Serpent offering to augment this light,  
 By greater knowledge to vnstile His sight ;  
 (For yet his eyes had still beene closde to ill,  
 No wicked thoughts perverted had his will) ;  
 Did vnawarres thus worke his ouerthrow, 35  
 Sinne making him at once commit and know.
- Thus not alone by treason did seclude  
 Himselfe from grace, lost GOD, his chiefest good,  
b Rom. 5. 12. <sup>b</sup> But guiltie made his offspring by his fall,  
 Which puld in him the fruit which poysond all : 40  
 Thus (Errour ruling Reason's sacred raigne)  
 False Gods, Imaginarie Good did faine  
 Iustly of skill, of will, of strength denude,  
 To know, loue, follow, what was truly good.
- GOD after the fall  
 brake vp the light  
 of the restoring and  
 saving knowledge  
 of CHRIST in the  
 promise of the in-  
 carnation of his  
 word and wisdome. But O the bountie ! O the boundles loue 45  
 Of GOD, whom mercie no desert did move,  
 Hee of his goodnesse willing to reclaime  
 Those Rebels, objects vile of wrath and shame,  
 Did with himselfe determine to bringe backe,  
 And His, wretcht Man, by double title, make, 50  
 Restoring him to more since his offence,  
 Than he enjoyd in state of innocence :
- Gen. 3. 15. So bound himselfe by promise to this end  
*A Woman's Sonne* vnto the world to send,  
*A Man* in Wisdome, Majestie and Might, 55  
 Equall with God, to frustrate Sathan's slight :  
 The Serpent's heade to breake, his works destroy,  
 Lost happynesse that man might re-enjoy.
- 1 Ioh. 3. 8.  
 But Sathan stroue  
 by misbellefe to  
 debarre man from  
 seeing this light. The father of deceitt, That lyar bold,  
 Now blinded Man in darknesse striues to hold, 60  
 And, with his owne prevailling did pervert,  
 And harden cursed *Cain's* cruell heart,  
 And such as hee, his misbeliving seede,  
 God's faithfull word and promise to disside.
- John 8. 44.  
 Gen. 4.

God appointed sacrifices and oblations as spectacles to helpe man's dimme sight to see Christ the Lambe slaine from the beginning of the world.

But Sathan stroue to make men gaze on the spectacles only, and not looke through them to CHRIST.

After the flood God made it yet more manifest that his Sonne should be a man incarnat by apparitions, and personall types.

<sup>a</sup> Gen. 19. and 32. 24.

Iosh. 5. 13.

But Sathan stroue to destroy this light by inuention of images in Sew's posteritie where the visible kirk was.

<sup>b</sup> Compare Gen. 31. 30. with the 34 & 53 verses of that cap. Nixt Iosh. 24. 2. and 14. 15. Last Ezek. 20 from the 5th to the 10th, and cap. 23. 3. 14. 19. 21. 27.

<sup>c</sup> Gen. 12. 4. GOD called foorth Abraham frō the societie of Image worahpers.

<sup>d</sup> Rom. 4. 11.

<sup>e</sup> Ezek. 20. 7. 8. But Sathan so farre preualled with the world by this bewiching device that euerie age almost he ensnared by imagerie the people of God, Abrahā's offspring, till the captiuitie of Babylon.

To help man's weaknesse, GOD in offerings shew 65

*His holy Lambe* set fourth to publicke viewe,

Him outward figures shadowing beneath :

To manifest the vertue of his death.

The Devill of all their types the trueths did hide :

Man made vpon the outward worke abide : 70

To set all labor'd (whom his sugred hooke,

To swallow over he could moue to looke),

Beyond the signes to their appointments end,

That so for trueths men might on shads depend.

GOD yet this mysterie to make more plaine, 75

His Sonne for Man's redemption to bee slaine

More clearly in the flesh to manifest,

Good hopes to Man did giue, on which to rest,

To <sup>a</sup>mortall eyes presenting now and than,

The *World's Redeemer* in the shape of man. 80

Now Sathan seeing hee did moyen lacke,

CHRIST's comming in man's Nature to keepe backe,

New slights assayde, and so his purpose wrought,

That he, in *Heber's* house, (*Sem's* offspring) brought

<sup>b</sup> Imagerie of mettell, wood, and stone, 85

Perswading those the safest means alone

God's knowledge both to haue and keepe acquird,

Man's ouerthrow thus craftily conspir'd ;

Wonne to giue way thus to inventions vaine

*Abraham's* stocke idolatrie did staine. 90

From <sup>c</sup>this contagious crew which thus did fall,

The <sup>d</sup>*father of the faithfull* GOD did call,

And (separat from their societie,)

His Church did stablsh in his familie.

By <sup>e</sup>Sathan's arts, by Egypt's foule infection, 95

Here yet ensued anone a new defection,

Till God brought foorth his people, did his law

By his owne finger on two tables drawe,

Midst flames promulgate ; tha'

His will presume should .

Yet base imagerie, in such a sort,  
 Corrupted man's conceat did so transport,  
 That \*euerie age almost, afresh they fell,  
\* Iudg. 8. 33.  
Ibid. 3. 7. and 10.  
13.  
Deut. 32. 15.  
Ier. 2. 13. &c. Though plagued for this sinne did thus rebell,  
 And on this fancie never ceasde to dotte, 105  
 Till GOD made even with their deserts their lotte.  
 Them (after heauy stroakes of his disdaine,)  
 Delyuering to proud Tyrants to detain  
 In fearefull bondage, slauerie worse than death,  
b 2 King 24. 15.  
2 Chron. 36. 17.  
Ester 2. 6. In <sup>b</sup>Babell 'mongst idolaters to breath. 110  
 Hence Iewes (wee reade) did neuer image make,  
 Loue, beare about, their God for such forsake,  
 But as they did of the *Messiah* heare,  
 Did to the ancient Prophecies giue eare.  
When GOD had banished images out of his church, Sathan labored still to make man misconceiue the promised Messias so to mar the true knowledge of Him. Yet Sathan's thoughts on euill ever fixd, 115  
 Not ceassing his intent to follow, mixd  
 With GOD's pure Truth traditions, not a few,  
 Which lasted till our LORD did all make new;  
 And 'mongst GOD's people, and peculiar race,  
 For outward idols finding now no place, 120  
 Wholly his slight extending, did neglect  
 No meanes in minds an idole to erect:  
 Of many, whom his subiltie did make  
 GOD's oracles, the Prophecies mistake,  
 To dreame that CHRIST should bee an earthly king,  
 To earthlings earthly dignities to bring, 126  
c Mat. 13. 15.  
Isa. 6. 10.  
d 2 Cor. 4. 3. 4. Their Eyes <sup>c</sup>lockt vp, giuen ov'r to Vanitie,  
 GOD's true spirituall meaning <sup>d</sup>blynd to see,  
 That Saducees secure, who nought did care,  
 But things for present life, which vsefull were, 130  
 Soules Immortalitie, the general doome,  
e Acts 23. 8.  
Mat. 22. 23. The <sup>e</sup>bodies rising fables durst presume  
 Of cheieffe accompt, of speciall respect,  
 Became with men, tho Atheists in effect.  
f Act. 23. 6. 7. Thus <sup>f</sup>Superstitious Pharysies Prophane 135  
 And Godlesse Saducees, (Religion's staine)

Did almost all the Iewish Church deuide,  
(The Blinde giuen ouer to the Blinde to guide,)

At last Christ came  
himselfe that all  
might gett the right  
knowledge of Him-  
selfe.

Till GOD in end, Man pitting thus misled,  
Sent in the flesh his CHRIST the plea to redde, 140  
His mourning Saints to cheare these broils among,  
Which did for *Israel's* consolation long.

\* Eph. 1. 10.  
Gal. 4. 4.

Thus Man to GOD, earth to conceale to Heaven,  
In *time's full terme*, by Him the SONNE was giuen,  
Hee to the world, did to this onely end, 145

<sup>b</sup> Gal. 1. 15.

The *expresse* <sup>b</sup>*Image* of his Person send,

<sup>c</sup> Heb. 1. 3.

In whom the <sup>c</sup>*brightnesse of His Glory* shind,  
Immortall GOD in mortall shape enshrind,

<sup>d</sup> Isa. 9. 6; Act.  
20. 28.

<sup>d</sup>True GOD, <sup>e</sup>true MAN, a <sup>f</sup>Mediator meet  
To GOD his Soueraïne good, Man to vnite 150

<sup>e</sup> Io. 1-14; Heb.

In <sup>g</sup>man's base shape, GOD thus made manifest,

2. 14.

<sup>f</sup> 1 Tim. 2. 5;

The <sup>h</sup>Word made flesh, to grace man repossesst,

Heb. 9. 15.

<sup>g</sup> Phil. 2. 7.

GOD's wisdome infinit, His <sup>i</sup>Loue sincere,

<sup>h</sup> Io. 1. 14.

Thus in the <sup>k</sup>*Man* CHRIST IESVS did appeare.

<sup>i</sup> 1 Io. 4. 9.

His Trueth vncomprehensible was than 155

<sup>k</sup> 1 Tim. 2. 5.

In Him made sensible to shallow man,

Who saw in Him the Rays of Heavenly light,

χαρᾶς τῆς  
ὑποστάσεως  
αυτοῦ.

The viue character of His paterne bright,

Heb. 1. 3.

Which did not in His outward featur's shine,

But in his doctrine, life and works diuine : 160

Which did all eyes in admiration draw,

Ioh. 14. 9.

That *who the Sonne, the Father* also saw.

But Sathan stroue  
that man should  
looke onely on his  
bodily shap and not  
looke through the  
Vaille to his god-  
head dwelling in the  
man Christ.

Gainst this restoring of GOD's knowledge true,

Man to his GOD, in malice Sathan flew,

<sup>2</sup> Cor. 4. 4.  
Mat. 13. 55.  
Mark 6. 3.

And boldly dares renew the auncient warre, 165

With envy swolne, this glorious worke to marre ;

He streight did stoppe Man's vnattentiu'e eare,

That man should not His heavenly doctrine heare.

With foggie mists, with sinne's thick clouds He blinds,

The mirror darke of world-distracted minds, 170

That they no further than his outside pierce,

The glorious beames His Godhead did disperse,

In all his actions dazling so their sight,  
 That with weake eyes they might no view this light ;  
 But Him disvaluing, Them who dearely lov'd, 175  
 Nor with His life, not works, nor wonders mov'd ;  
 They onely pore vpon His outward frame,  
 Philip. 2. 7. Who in a seruant's shape most meanly came,  
 Cladde with our Nature's imperfections fraile,  
 Rom. 8. 3. Inwrapt (as seem'd) in sinfull fleshe's vaile, 180  
 Whom viewing with the cloudie eyes of sense,  
 No wonder that the world conceiud offence,  
 That Hee who came the world to saue alone,  
 Rom. 9. 33. Thus to the world did proue a *Stumbling Stone*.  
 Isa. 8. 14. Thus did the *Jews*, thus *Turks*, thus *Heathens* fall.  
 Thus *Saracens*, thus *Machometans* all, 186  
 Rejecting CHRIST cause man's basse shape He bare,  
 Ly taken in the craftie hunter's snaire.  
 But CHRIST who came, lost mankind to reclame,  
 Least this humilitie should marre his ayme, 190  
 GOD in himselfe invisible to show,  
 And manifest to Earthlings heere below,  
 That Essence Infinit, Omnipotent,  
 Most Good, most Glorious, most Excellent,  
 Did wonderfully in His Heavenly brest, 195  
 (Tho never but in motion) ever rest,  
 Hee, his Apostles, Messingers divine,  
 Pen-men, in whom pure Trueth vnstain'd did shine,  
 Inspyrd, as Hee did by His Spreit endite,  
 His birth, lyfe, death and testament to write, 200  
 So that (tho Atheists this wovne coate would rend,  
 God's WORD by heavenly inspiration pend,)  
 What These, what His Evangelists record,  
 Sweet straines, in sweetest harmony accord ;  
 Which *holy ditements* as a mirrour meete, 205  
 Ioynd with the Prophetes in Him compleet,  
 Might serue His Glorious Image to present,  
 To such as sought Him with a pure intent,

To remed this error,  
 Christ remoueth his  
 bodily presence &  
 causeth write His  
 Natures, Offices,  
 Wordes, Workes,  
 life, death, and all  
 that serued to sal-  
 uation.

To make Him truely to salvation knowne,  
 To all that loue Him, ev'n to all His owne. 210

Onely the outward  
 shape & lineaments  
 of His face and  
 bodie. He will haue  
 conceald and not  
 written in scriptur.

In These His Pen-men whose skild pencill drew,  
 Not His adulterat, but his pourtrait true,  
 In mirror of the Scriptures He imprints,  
 Vntouched to leave His outward Lineaments,  
 His bodies frame, the featur of His face 215  
 To Him but common with fraile *Adam's* race,  
 Giues charge his person, properties to paint  
 The world with His life, doctrine, death, acquaint,  
 His Nature's offices, His wonders wrought,  
 His suffrings, sayings ; not omitting ought 220  
 That to His praise, Man's profite might redound  
 In all whats needefull to Saluation found,  
 Which might our Faith confirme, our Loue inflame,  
 Or paterne proue to which our Life to frame.

And this our LORD did wiselie : for the sight, 225  
 Of man's base shape, in Him, but dim'd the light  
 Of GOD's perfection, and did onely show,  
 The fraile infirmities from flesh that flow.

The bodily sight of  
 the lineaments of  
 our Lord his face  
 and bodie was a  
 stumbling block to  
 many that saw  
 him : the rehearsall  
 whereof in Scrip-  
 ture hee thought  
 not expedient.

And what of These, could the record haue wrought ?  
 What good His bodie's just proportion brought, 230  
 Since, face to face injoyd, His living sight,  
 As heere he did present an earthly wight,  
 So little helpt the world in Him to view,  
 Of GOD Invisible The Image true ?

At These the world did stumble : These espyde  
 With nature's twilight, millions made to slide 236  
 These were the barke, through which (with pleasing  
 strife,)

Illightned eyes did view the Tree of life :  
 These were the Caske, which peirc'd, sweet balme  
 did yeeld

That to an angrie GOD wretcht man concei

These were the vaile the Godhead's be

Coloss. 2. 9.

In Him did dwell and bodily abid

Which cloud to peirce, this Sunne which did withhold,  
Did all behouoe, who view His Godhead would.

These but the superface, which cover did 245  
The richer substance of the Treasures hidde  
Of knowledge deepe, of wisdome most profound,  
Of vnseene graces, which in Him were found.

Christ's bodily  
shape did not show  
what a one Hee  
was, much lesse is  
the faind shaddow  
of that shape, fitt  
to show to vs what  
a one he either was  
or is.

Thus what of CHRIST was set to outward sight  
(While seene on Earth of Heaven to make vs right)  
His bodie's shape, His lineaments of face, 251  
The featur's choice, which Him did chieffie grace,  
Him to point fourth were equall in no sort,  
And what a one Hee was, to show came short :

Againe, of what the Eye a-lyfe espyde, 255  
A lifelesse picture can no be denyed  
Yet short to come : for Painters doe not ayme  
The soule of Him, whose shape the hand doth frame  
To set in sight : They striue alone to leaue  
His Bodie's figure, whom they paint or graue, 260  
And that but for the present day or houre  
They did the Paterne see, but having pow'r,  
Time, wrinkled age still hastning by degrees,  
Their arte to mock, which mock mistaken Eyes.

The Scripture onely  
is a fitt mirror  
wherein we may  
gett a right sight of  
Iesus, and of what-  
soeuer is to bee  
knowne of him for  
confort and salva-  
tion.

But these viue draughts whose Heavenly luster shine,  
By arte most exquisite, in write divine 266  
Not superficially his shape doe show,  
But solidly make vs our Saviour know ;  
Not as our Image, but as GOD's He bare,  
In our fraile Nature, Man as men wee are ; 270  
Not in one Nature, but in both vnite,  
God-man conjoynd, a Sauour compleet,  
Not in one act, one case, or one estate,  
But from his birth, even to His life's last date,  
From his descending to Earth's lower parts, 275  
The Virgin's wombe, this mirror bright imparts  
Him fully, till He suffering did ascend,  
At GOD's right hand to raigne, world without end.

He must therefore  
verse himselfe in  
Scripture who de-  
sires to see Christ  
and not to be de-  
luded with conceits  
of a false CHRIST.

If CHRIST's true pourtrait truely then to see,  
Thou longest, the Scripture must thy mirror bee, 280  
The Spirit (heere) thy LORD, then yeeres more  
old,

What one He should bee, ere Hee came, foretold,  
And, ere humanitie did Him invest,  
His purtrait wonderfully (heere) exprest,  
For vs not onely serving on the stage, 285  
But all the Elect, since the world's first age.  
The auncient Church did all in substance see,  
Know, loue, beleewe, enjoy, of Him what wee.

John 8. 56.

Heere, as the Spirit in this mirror cleare,  
Him singled foorth, His sight, by faith sinceere, 290  
Did patriarchs all and Prophets so enflame,  
That in His day they joyd before Hee came.

In the old Testam<sup>t</sup>  
you shall see Christ  
described as the  
Faithfull before His  
cometng saw him.

Loe! heere the Iewish Church by *Moses'* Law  
Conveend, His suffrings in some measure saw,  
Him slaine for sinne, though dimly to their view 295  
The torchlight of their Sacrifices shew:

<sup>a</sup> Mal. 4. 2.

<sup>b</sup> Ioh. 1. 29.  
Apocal. 13. 8.

On Him they weakly, yet with pleasure deepe,  
Through lattices of Typs, and figures, peepe,  
And (as they may) behold, from this dark cloud,  
The <sup>a</sup>Sonne of righteousnesse Himselfe vnshrowd,  
That <sup>b</sup>Lambe of GOD, that taks away sinne's  
staine, 301

<sup>c</sup> 1 Cor. 10. 3.

<sup>d</sup> Gen. 28. 12.

<sup>e</sup> Gen. 49. 10.

<sup>f</sup> Iob 19. 25.

Ere world was made, who for the world was slaine,  
Feeding on Him their souls, as wee, by faith  
Thus to bee fre<sup>d</sup> with vs, from endlesse wrath;  
Both <sup>e</sup>by one cuppe, by one spirituall foode 305  
Refresh'd, both sav'd by vertue of His blood.

To see this ladder was to <sup>d</sup>*Jacob* given,  
From Earth's low centre, reaching highest Heaven,  
Till <sup>e</sup>*Shilo* came who cleerly did impart,  
The Scepter should from *Judah* neuer part, 310  
<sup>f</sup>*Iob* liu'd perswaded, while most deeply grieu'd,  
That for his safetie his *Redeemer* liu'd.



- Isa. 9. 6. This Prince of peace, this counseller most wise,  
The Father euerlasting, Blessed thrise,  
A Child of wounder, euen the GOD of might, 315
- Luke 2. 32. Israel's Glorie, and the Gentile's light,  
\* Zach. 3. 8. *Esay* foretold (a \*branch of peerelesse worth,)  
Isa. 11. 1. From *Jesses* stemme, shall in the Flesh sprout forth,  
A King on whom the gouernement shall stay,  
Of all the world who shall the Scepter sway, 320  
A pow'rfull Prophet, by the LORD anointed,  
Good tydings to the meeke to preach appointed,  
Who shall bind vp, not breake the bruised reed,  
Ibid. 42. 3. The weakly smoaking flaxe not quenche, but feed.  
See the 53 cap. which is full of cleare Prophecies of CHRIST. *Isra'ls Sweete singer* did his straines accord, 325  
All to set forth the Glorie of this LORD,  
Psal. 110. 4. Whom Hee a *Priest* for euer doth detect,  
After the order of *Melchisedecke*,  
Psal. 22. 7. Him doth point forth, now as expos'd to scorne,  
Psal. 22. 16. His hands and feet most pitifully torne, 330  
Ibid. 18. By lot his vestures parted, in his neede  
Psal. 69. 21. Made vinegar to drinke, on gall to feede,  
Constrained to crye, with sense of horror shaken,  
Psal. 22. 1. *My GOD, My GOD, why hast thou Me forsaken ?*  
Psal. 68. 18. Now as victoriously on high ascending, 335  
Him twentie thousand thousand Angels tending,  
A captiue making of captiuitie,  
To His proclaiming peace, and libertie,  
The swelling pride of proude insulters laid,  
b Psal. 2. His <sup>b</sup>foes crusht downe, His <sup>c</sup>foot-stoole being made.  
c Psal. 110; Ier. 23. 5. Of this Eternall, ever budding *Braunche* 341  
1 Chr. 11. 17. To be raisd vp to *David* (who to quench,  
His burning thirst with *Bethlem's* streams did long)  
The Spirit spoke by *Ieremia's* tonge,  
Him setting forth a King, whose prosperous raigne  
Iustice and judgement should on Earth maintaine, 346  
Who *Iudath* save, who *Israel* should reclame,  
*The Lord our Righteousnesse* designd by name.

In short, no age did revelatioun lacke,  
 CHRIST the *Messiah* manifest to make 350  
 From time to time, who by degrees of light,  
 By Types or Prophecies was set in sight,  
 Till from the Arke, the outward covering drawne,  
 This glorious Day-starre in the flesh did dawne.

Looke yet a little in this mirror rare, 355  
 Predictions with accomplishments compare,  
 With wonder ravisht, heere thou shalt behold  
 All done, what earst was to bee done, foretold,  
 Of Typs the clowdie Mysteries explaind,  
 Shadows sequestred, reall Truths attaind, 360  
 The legall rites, the ceremoniall lawe,  
 By Him abolisht, who the vaile did draw,  
 Of CHRIST affording a more liuely sight,  
 A clearer knowledge, and a nearer light,  
 So that the tenderest sight, the weakest eye, 365  
 Him now vnmasked in this glasse may see.

For now the Spirit (*Moses' face vnvaild,*)  
 A <sup>a</sup>*Babe* presents Him, <sup>b</sup>death and hell who quaild,  
 The <sup>c</sup>*Ancient of dayes* a suckling weake,  
 Who <sup>d</sup>from His daughter's bowells birth did take,  
 An Infant, <sup>e</sup>coeternall with his Sire, 371  
 Whose <sup>f</sup>Incarnation Angels did admire,  
 Prizd by the foolish with contempt and scorne,  
 Because a weakling of a weakling borne,  
 In humble state, layd in a homelie stall, 375  
 To narrow bounds confind, who boundeth all,  
 The comfort crauing of Her Virgine brest  
 Who gaued Him birth (his wants by cryes exprest,  
 Borne and exposd at once to Tyrant's spight,  
 Constraind His lyfe to saue by secret flight, 380

The stormie flood of bloodie *Herod's* rage  
 Let loose on all the equals of his age,  
 Who, to assure Himselfe of Him alone,  
 Cruell to all, prou'd pitifull to none.

In the new Testa-  
 ment you shall  
 see more clearly  
 Christ revealed than  
 the Prophets sawe  
 Him vnder the  
 Law.

<sup>a</sup> Luke 2. 7.

<sup>b</sup> 1 Cor. 15. 54.

<sup>c</sup> Dan. 7. 9.

<sup>d</sup> Rom. 1. 3.

<sup>e</sup> Iohn 1. 1.

<sup>f</sup> 1 Pet. 1. 12.

Luke 2. 7.

Mat. 2. 14.

Mat. 2. 16.

- Heere shalt thou see Him even while thus despisd,  
 By Princes of the East, a *Saviour* prizd, 386  
 His God-head who no sooner doe behold,  
 But offering gifts of Incense, Myrrhe, and gold,  
 Fall downe, adore, and to their LORD approue,  
 Their faith, their hope, their loyaltie and loue. 390  
 Since costliest Crucifixes, Picturs none,  
 Since craftsman's skill on mettall, wood, nor stone,  
 This can so liuely to the Eye present,  
 As doth His written Word and Testament,  
 Why fondly then prefer phantastick men 395  
 The Graver's toole to the *Apostle's* penne?  
 Hold on, thine eye fixe on His Youth's sweet  
 spring,  
 Which doth faire buds of Pietie forth bring,  
 Inciting tymouslie our tender yeeres  
 To true devotion (since no act appears, 400  
 In which he provd to vs a President,  
 The which was not for our instruction ment.)  
 Heere thou shalt find Him in the Temple sett  
 And Heavenly knowledge from His child-hood gett,  
 Israel's doctours hearing Him demand, 405  
 Who at His doctrine all astonishd stand,  
 Ravisht to see, yeeres so vnripe admitt  
 Such full perfection of a hoarie witt.  
 But now, the Spirit doth invite thine eye  
 Thy Saviour drencht in *Jordan's* streams to see: 410  
 Loe, <sup>a</sup>Hee who formerly was circumcis'd,  
 By His great <sup>b</sup>Harbinger must be baptiz'd:  
 Thus sanctifying by those *seales* divine,  
 The auncient Church, the Church that was to shine:  
 Those actions His pure bodie must endure, 415  
 Which should have force to clense our soules im-  
 pure;  
 Tho Him, <sup>c</sup>in whom (vnseene) the Godhead raignd,  
 Nor <sup>d</sup>filth, nor fore-skinne of corruption staind,

Mat. 2. 11.

Pictures cannot describe that which the Scriptures speake of Christ his infance.

Luke 2. 46.

Luke 2. 46. 47.

<sup>a</sup> Luke 2. 21.

<sup>b</sup> Mat. 3. 13.  
 Mark 1. 8.

<sup>c</sup> Col. 2. 9.

<sup>d</sup> Heb. 4. 15.

So that, except for vs, the LORD of life,  
 Did need nor streams, nor circumcising knife : 420

2 Cor. 5. 21. Yet sinne for vs himselfe hee made, that wee,  
 In Him the righteousnesse of GOD might bee.

Mat. 4.  
 Mark 2. 12.  
 Luk. 4. 1. Hence by the *Spirit* led, hold on thy pace,  
 Thy SAVIOVR's footsteps to the deserts trace.

There shalt thou view in single combat foyld, 425  
 By proper armes, troad vnder foote and spoyld,  
 That pow'rfull Aduersare, the dragon old,  
 Who to assaile the SONNE of GOD was bold.

1 Pet. 5. 8.  
 Apoc. 20. 2. Fullnesse of grace when thou in him dost see,  
 Truth, mercie, pittie, loue, humilitie, 430  
 All wisdome, meeknesse, patience, prudence, peace,  
 Which in perfection but in him found place,

Nothing can ex-  
 presse Christ his  
 growing age, &  
 variety of vertues  
 except the holie  
 Scripture. No wonder then this Mirror thee amaze,  
 Since in no corner Thou heereof canst gaze  
 Which doth no liuely set before thy sight 435  
 A lanterne to thy lyfe, the LORD of light.

Deluded soule, these who forsak'st to view,  
 Of *living waters* in the fountaine true  
 The Scripture, digging to thy selfe in vaine

1er. 2. 13. Such cisternes as no water can containe, 440  
 What can the Pencil's most industrious art,  
 By pictures dumbe to Thee of these impart?

But you, (poore soules) beare not alone the blame,  
 In others chiefly lyes the fault, the shame,  
 Dumbe Doctors ceassing when for ease to preach,  
 Or would not, or els could no people teach, 446  
 Least men by vse should loath, at length despise  
 Their often-mumbled matins did devise,  
 Guyses to gaze on, showes men's soules to feed,  
 An vncouth language for their dayly bread ; 450  
 To charme the Eare did mixe a sweete concent  
 Of Melodie, by voice, by instrument,  
 With choise divisions of an hundreth **kinds**  
 About to moue, and melt the **hardest mi**

- If pictures did decl- Books turnd in blocks, blind dotards to delyte ; 455  
 pher the corruption  
 of the doctrine and  
 life of Churchmen  
 als clearelie as the  
 Scriptures do, they  
 should bee in lesse  
 request among the  
 Roman Clergie.
- These, they were sure, would neither bark nor bite,  
 For did they teach the Trueth, their faults expose,  
 As Scripturs, which their lewdnesse doe disclose,  
 They surelie should such intertainment lake,  
 And (thrust to doores) the Scripturs' bonds partake,  
 Which ly in fetters of an vncouth leid, 461  
 Keept vp from sillie soules, which faine would read,  
 Claspt by authoritie, that on this booke  
 Saue privileged persons none may looke,  
 Because in this engrav'd *Christ's* portrait true 465  
 Is by the Spirit set to publike view,  
 Plainely proclaiming, what doth them displease,  
 Crying a WOË to Scribes and Pharisees,  
 Faind Church-men, who pretend the saint to feed,  
 By lanterne of GOD's Word, weake soules to lead,  
 Of knowledge key, them meantyme doe debarre, 471  
 So both their owne, and others' entrie marre.  
 Who set in *Moses'* chaire, doe over-charge  
 With grievous burdens, impositions large  
 The People's backs, denying ev'n the aide 475  
 That by their little finger may be made.  
 In lifelesse ceremonies most precise  
 To seeme who studie, to obseruing eyes,  
 Yet soules committed to their cure neglect,  
 And truth and mercie hold in small respect. 480  
 Who cloaking by Religious pretence  
 The grossest sinne, the grievousest offence,  
 Devouring widowes houses, doe betray  
 The innocent, poore Orphans make their prey.  
 Like painted Tombs who clense the vtter side, 485  
 Where nought within but rotten bon's abide,  
 To satisfie GOD'S Iustice daring stand,  
 For works of Righteousnesse of Men's owne hand.  
 To doe who care no, much delight to prat,  
 Hudge Camels swallow, straining at a gnat, 490
- Called blind guides.  
 Mat. 23. 6.  
 Luke 11. 52.  
 Mat. 23. 13.  
 Mat. 23. 2.  
 Ibid. 4. &c.  
 Luke 11. 46.  
 Luke 11. 42.  
 Mat. 23. 14.  
 Mark 12. 40.  
 Luke 20. 47.  
 Mat. 23. 27.  
 Ibid. 28.  
 Mat. 23. 3.  
 Ibid. 24.  
 Ibid. 15.

- A Proselite to make who spare no paine,  
Whom, with themselues they adde to Sathan's traine.  
Whom so Ambition blinds, so pride transports,  
That life and beeing them no more imports,  
Then tumide Titles, Greetings, caps and knees, 495  
Prioritie of place of all degrees.  
Harke how in all sorts Christ doth sinne rebuke,  
In These but chieffie, set to ouerlooke  
His flockes, *lights* in the chayre of truth to shine,  
Call'd to dispense his mysteries divine, 500  
O with what care their sacred charge to tend,  
Doth hee vnto his *watch-men* recommend,  
Warning least they should by ambition slyde,  
By worldlie grandour, statelnesse or pride.  
LORDLY dominion, Raines of Sov'raignetic, 505  
Prohibiting by them vsurp't should bee.  
Him thou mayst heare establishing His word,  
A rule from which vnlawfull to debord,  
In matter of Religion, worship true  
Of GOD in doctrine to Salvation due ; 510  
Traditions all rejecting, to this square  
(How old soever) which repugnant are.  
Lo ! now He comes in flames of firie zeale ;  
Flie, flie, O yee, who of His house make sale,  
Base *Simonists* beware, the LORD of LORDS 515  
Hasts with a whip, a lashing scourge of Cords,  
All mercenarie misers to expell  
*Buyers* and *sellers* from His house to Hell.  
With frequent warnings (now) He armes His owne,  
By future errors least they bee o'rethrowne, 520  
Of Hypocrits doth (now) vnmaske the face,  
How ere their outsids shine with showes of grace,  
Cowsning the world with a pretence of goode,  
(Their fruits neere comming further than the bud,)  
Who, tho they Vice can deck in Vertue's dye, 525  
Yet sile they can not His all-seeing Eye.

Such doctriens as be these, not motiues least  
 Haue beene, to bring dumb Idols in request,  
 CHRIST's speaking purtrait such haue put to peace,  
 (This stocks and stones admitted to outface,) 530  
 But hearken thou, to his sweet voice giue eare,  
 From His owne mouth, thou by the Sprit shalt heare  
 The word of Trueth, Him powring foorth sweet  
 streams

Of *living waters*, to the soule that cleams  
 Refreshment, feeling want, in feare to sterue. 535  
 Such (heere) shall find, what may to saue them serve.

Math. 14. 25. O ! view Him walking on the raging waues,  
 Mat. 8. 26. The winds rebuking, sinne's possessed slaues  
 Mark 5. 9. From Legions of foule Spirits setting free,  
 Mat. 9. 25. The dead recalling to mortalitie : 540  
 Yea ; raising vp thy selfe from sinne's dark cave,

Iohn 5. 21, 25. A Lazare, stinking in corruption's grave  
 Iohn 11. 44. To see the danger, the deserved wrath,  
 The guilt, thy trembling soule lyes drencht beneath,  
 By which if humbled, Hee shall comfort speake, 545  
 Thy wounds bind vp, vnloade thy conscience  
 weake,

Invite thee with thy burden to draw neere,  
 Offring for thee the *Father's* wrath to beare ;  
 Whom, that thou may'st from filth of sinne bee purg'd,  
 Thou shalt behold arraign't, condemned, scourg'd,

Onely the scriptures  
 expresse CHRIST  
 his miracles and  
 passion. Sighing and groaning, with thy burden prest, 551  
 Expos'd to paines which can not be exprest,  
 Weeping, and bleeding, suffering death for thee.  
 O Love ! O Pittie, in a strange degree !

Now in this combat entring Him behold 555  
 Of his sad *passion*, tryed as purest gold  
 By fire dissolv'd, in which no drosse is found,

Mat. 26. 37. Deeplie afflicted, prostrat on the ground,  
 The Garden watering with a Crimson flood,  
 Luke 22. 44. From all his pores distilling streams of blood, 560

His Glorye's beames obscurd, His Might allayed,  
 His Courage seeming quaild, His Strength decayed ;  
 Crusht downe with weight of GOD's incumbering wrath,  
 Mat. 26. 38. His guiltlesse soule made heavy to the death,  
 Thy Crimes the cause, thy sinnes inunding speate,  
 The meanes from Him which drew this bloudie  
 sweate, 566  
 Whom (notwithstanding) Hee did (so) esteeme,  
 That all His suffrings did most pleasant seeme  
 Thee, wretched wormeling, to redeeme from death,  
 Perditiō's heyre, sinne's slaue, the child of wrath ;  
 To thee the Father's favour to acquire, 571  
 Not shrinking to drinke off the dregs of ire.  
 These bee the suffrings, counterfits which scorne,  
 Which lyfelesse draughts deface, but not adorne.  
 These be the suffrings which perplexed soules 575  
 Most sensibly conceiue, sunk deep in scrouls  
 Of tender bleeding hearts, The only way,  
 Most liuelie felt which make his Torments may ;  
 Who (heere) the dolors of his death engrosse,  
 Best feele the fructs and comforts of his crosse. 580  
 O wonderfull respect ! O loue vnheard !  
 O deare affection matcht with misregard !  
 Loe, Hee who bought Man at so deare a rate,  
 By Man is \*sold, betrayd by Man vngrate,  
 The traitor's mouth, which flowd with fraud, with  
 hate, 585  
 His lips dare touch where found was <sup>b</sup>no deceit:  
 Friend whether comst thou ? (Christ his friend yet is :)  
 The SONE OF MAN betrayst thou with a kisse ?  
 Hee who those armed bands did cast to ground,  
 Them, with his breath, all able to confound, 590  
 With this soft speech, this gracious checke alone,  
 Doth wound, not wonne, the traytor's heart of stone.  
 See how Hee doth *His* forwardnesse repressse,  
 Mat. 26. 52. Who preasd, by arms, this offred wrong redresse,

The Popish cruci-  
 fixe doth but mocke  
 & not expresse the  
 sufferings of Christ.

\* Mat. 26. 14, 15.  
 Mark 14. 10.  
 Luk. 22. 3.  
 Luk. 22. 47.

<sup>b</sup> Isa. 53. 9.  
 1 Pet. 2. 21.  
 Mat. 26. 50.

John 18. 6.



And healing instantlie the harme receav'd, 595  
 Yet did not mease the causelesse spight, conceau'd  
 In hardned hearts so farre from grace, from loue,  
 That miracle, nor favour them can move.  
 O see Him in a most opprobrious forme  
 Led hence, transported with this raging storme, 600  
 Left by His owne, yeelding His conqur'ing hands,  
 Thee to set free, to ignominious bands.  
 With lamps, with lanterns led, they apprehend  
 The Sonne of *truth*, incarnate to this end.  
 That glorious *Beame* of vncreated light, 605  
 By flesh and bloode inuaild, hid from their sight,  
 Thus all foretold gainst actors of this *III*,  
 Against themselves do perfily fullfill.  
 O Earth! O ashes who thyselfe turmoylst,  
 And with vindictiue flams of furie boylst, 610  
 Tormenting others, darst revenge avouch,  
 Vpon thy reputation's slendrest touch,  
 See, with what patience, with what silence deepe,  
 While *Jews* disgrace vpon disgrace doe heape,  
 Thy Sauour to the *Smiters* giues his backe, 615  
 Doth from the *Nippers* not his cheeks keepe backe.  
 To shame, to spitting, doth expose his face,  
 The path not only pointing thou shouldst trace,  
 But treading euerie steppe, hath taught the way,  
 From which t'is shame, yea dangerous to stray. 620  
 Loe in this hight of scorne, depth of disgrace,  
 With cheare vnchang'de he dares his foes outface,  
 Yet from his lips not one intemperat word,  
 His mercilesse tormenters doth remord.  
 CHRIST'S *Testament* which these and all contains,  
 That Hee did suffer, shame or outward paines, 626  
 Needfull for Thee to know in one small *Booke*  
 Is found, on this in steade of pictures looke :  
 This beare, this weare, this reverentlie reade,  
 When read, at least attentiuellie take heede, 630

Mat. 26. 56.  
Ibid. 27. 2.

Mat. 26. 47.  
Iohn 18. 3.  
Iohn 18. 37.

Esa. 50. 6.  
Mat. 26. 67.

Isa. 53. 7.

Act. 8. 32.

If 10000 pictures  
 were forged, they  
 should all come  
 short in showing  
 that which the new  
 Testament declares  
 of Christ crucified.  
 Yet Christ's Testa-  
 ment is in small  
 estem with many  
 in comparison of a  
 fond & fals picture.  
 The BIBLE sets not  
 so well as the cru-  
 cifixe doth where  
 poperie preualles.

This doth make known the Will, the legacie,  
Which thy deare LORD a-dying left to thee.

With this *love-token* Hee remembred hath,  
Each loue-sicke soule to Him betroathd by fayth,  
His loue thus showne, to kindle loue againe, 635  
That mutually love wee might intertaine;

If *Christ* thy loue be, then what hee hath left  
Nor let by wrong nor violence be reft,  
But striue to know what written for thy well,  
With's owne deare blood thy louing LORD did seale.

Indg. 16. 16. See our true *Samson* yeelding now at length, 641  
Spoild of the hayres of his vnmatched strength,

A bloodie butchrie suffering for thy sake,  
Mat. 27. 28. Stript naked, torne with whips, faint, pale and weake,  
The Souldiours mocking His enfeebled might, 645

Combining, in His torment, sport with spight,  
His offices all branding with reproch,

Luk. 25. 32, 37. With blasphemie Him charging, they encroch  
Vpon his Priest-hood with a bitter blow,

Luke 22. 64. Now, siling vp his eyes, Hee streight must show 650  
Who him did most with causelesse strips infest,  
As Prophet this by him must bee exprest :

Mat. 27. 29. Then, cloathd in purple, crownd with pricking thorne  
As King, is made the object of their scorne.

But ah ! behold He comes : O heauië sight, 655  
Bright *Eye of Heaven*, O now shut vp thy light ;  
Salt fountains all of tears be now enlarg't,

Gen. 22. 6. Weake *Isaak's* tender shoulders (loe) are charg't,  
With wood, Himselfe to sacrifice prepar'd ;

Iohn 19. 17. Lo ! neither is from shame Thy Saviour spar'd, 660  
From pressing loadë of that disgracefull Tree,  
The means appointed of his death to bee ;  
See, faintlie staggring, how He grones beneath  
The pondrous weight of God's incumbënt wrath.

O see the bloodie banner now display'd, 665  
The SONNE of GOD by Souldiours disaray'd,

- Esa. 63. 2, 3. Cladde only with our sinnes, in Garments red,  
 The vine-presse of the Father's Ire doth treade,  
 Fixt to the crosse, his hands, his feete transpierced,  
 Exposd to paine, to horrors vnrehearsed, 670  
 His gracious armes foorth stretch'ing all the day,  
 To rebells walking in an evill way.
- Rome 10. 21. Who (GOD not robde) equalitie did plead,  
 Es. 65. 2. With robbers matcht, for thee a *curse* is made  
 Phil. 2. 6. And even to death, endures vpon the Crosse, 675  
 Deut. 21. 23. In soule, in bodie, pains of sense, of losse.  
 Gal. 3. 13. Heavens suted to their Makers mournfull state,  
 Mat. 27. 46. Mask't vp with clouds, in their owne kinde regrait,  
 Mat. 27. 51. Loe, Earth doth tremble, flintie Rocks doe rend,  
 Ibid. 51. Graves backe to light their sleeping guasts doe send,  
 Ibid. 52. And loe, while ev'n his life's last spunke is spent, 681  
 The Temple's vaile is to the bottome rent.
- Col. 2. 14. See, now through tears, how He himselfe presents  
 Nailling vnto his Crosse Thy oblishments,  
 Cancelling those Inditements which did tye 685  
 GOD's wrath in iustice Thee to vnderly,  
 Resolving more by sinning, to abstaine  
 To crucifie The LORD. of life againe ;
- Heb. 6. 6. On his owne death, who freelie of his grace,  
 Rom. 3. 23. Did ground thy life and euerlasting peace. 690
- In short their is no-  
 thing thou needst  
 to know of Christ  
 but all is in His  
 testament.
- THIS, and what more to search for, thou *aspire*s,  
 What faith can wish or what thy soule desires,  
 The *Spirit* in this mirrou shall disclose,  
 And to thy sight of Him as much expose,  
 As may thy soule heereafter serue to saue, 695  
 And guide thee (heere) with comfort to the *graue*,  
 Except His inward vertues thou neglect,  
 And but his outside carnally affect.  
*This*, GOD hath thought vnneccessare to show,  
*This* farre vnneccessare for thee to knowe ; 700  
 Sufficient that, which These who knew Him best,  
 And best did know to make him knowne, exprest

Haue left, enregistred in holy write,  
Which They did penne, God's Spirite did endite.

Luke 16. 29.

These who saw  
Christ with their  
bodilie eyes knew  
him not to be that  
Christ till hee  
opened their eyes  
to behold him in  
the scriptures.

Thus hath the Lord his will most clearelie showne,  
By other means refusing to bee knowne 706

Then by his word alone, where faith's bright eye,  
His hidden graces may most liuelie see,  
So that (except this way) no knowledge true,

Accrest of Him, vnto the outward viewe 710  
Of These, admitted in his humane state,  
To touch Him, ev'n with Him to drinke, to eate.

THIS being then the course by God prescriv'd  
To Man, of other means of grace depriv'd,  
To know the Sonne, and in the Sonne the Sire, 715

Col. 1. 19, 26.

Christ to make men  
know him hath set  
forth the Scrip-  
tures and hidden  
his bodilie shape.  
But Satban strives  
by meane of the  
Roman Clergie to  
express his bodilie  
shape which can  
not show Him and  
suppress the scrip-  
tures which might  
make Him knowne.

The Sonne, concealler of the Father's Ire,  
O iudge what *Spirit* this great worke to marre,

This course to crosse, the Scriptures would debarre  
And hide this Mirror from the longing sight  
Of Soules, which faine would see this Sunne of  
light, 720

Enjoying such, this knowledge to attaine,  
By pictures false, or some resemblance vaine  
Of that externall shape, which God did hide,  
Least any in this fruitlesse search should slide?

No *Spirit* doubtlesse els, but Hee, whose slight  
Seeks GOD and Man, to seuer day and night, 726  
With envy boyling, at man's good who griev'd,  
Hath ay a lyer and a Murtherer liv'd;

Gen. 3. 6.

His point for once who gayning, seeks yet still,  
To disconforme man to his Maker's will; 730

Even Hee, who since his fall, with wondrous art,  
From GOD'S true worship man did still divert,

2 King 23. 5.

By whom to such prophanenesse mortals driv'ne,  
Haue worshipt Sunne, Moone, Starrs, the bust of  
Heaven;

1 King 11.  
Iudg. 6. 25.  
Ibid. 3. 7.  
2 King 23. 5.

For *Moloch, Milcom, Baal, Ashtareth,*  
Who made the nations God's true worship.

Who Images of GOD, hath oft devysd,  
 And Men's deluded fantasies entysd  
 A furtherance in GOD'S seruice to conceat,  
 By means engendring his eternall hate ; 740  
 Thus *Aaron* did the *golden calf* erect ;  
 These vain surmises *Micah* did infect.  
 A house of GODS, a *Levite* to his *Priest*  
 Who having This of blessings held no least ;  
 Of the *Messias* who possest Man's braine 745  
 With fond conceats, Imaginations vaine  
 Before Hee came, that when in humble state,  
 Not seconding their expectation great,  
 Hee did a servant's shape assume, whom they  
 Conceiv'd, the scepter of the world should sway, 750  
 An earthly *Monarch*, a triumphing King,  
 Who by resistlesse force should freedome bring  
 To their subjected state, Himselfe oppose  
 To tyranizing pride of conqu'ring foes,  
 Whom finding Other then they did surmise, 755  
 With strong delusions led, the world agrees,  
 The true *Messias* cruellie to kill,  
 Expecting their fore-fancied Saviour still :  
 Although our LORD, inviting oft there view,  
 In Scriptures to behold his paterne true, 760  
 Which, holy Prophets livelie had exprest,  
 Ere fleshe's vaile His God-head did invest,  
 Yet He, this Glasse who hid, their eyes did sile :  
 His guiltlesse blood must needs their hands defile.  
 The same is Hee who trauells in excesse, 765  
 Yet from the world the Scriptures to suppressse,  
 And from the knowledge true of CHRIST, therein,  
 The world debarring keeps the world in sinne :  
 Cous'ning poore people by deceitfull slight,  
 Of paynters arte, affording false delight, 770  
 Filling their hands, robt of GOD's sacred word,  
 With pictures, from their paterns which debord,

Exod. 32.

Iudg. 27.

The error of Christ  
 his earthly King-  
 dome was so com-  
 monlie receined  
 that the Apostles  
 were possessed  
 with it & not de-  
 livered of it till  
 after the Resurrec-  
 tioun. Act. 1.

2 Thes. 2. 11.

Which bold blasphemers, destitute of shame,  
 Now CHRIST, the holy *Crucifixe* now name.  
 What *Spirit* els, except GOD'S auncient Foe, 775  
 Would striue to hide what God hath meant to show?  
 Or who, except alone that *Spirit* bold,  
 That dare raike vp, which GOD ly buried would?  
 What *Spirit* els the world to looke would let  
 In that pure Mirror, whence faint soules might get  
 Refreshment, by the sight of Him alone, 781  
 Who in His word is seene, is rightlie knowne?  
 Who els would sweate the multitude to leade,  
 By lying Images, GOD'S peace to pleade,  
 By which the world is rather led astray 785  
 After dumb Idols in damnation's way?

Indge then whom These, who willfull Agents bee,  
 Patrons prophane of this impietie  
 Doe serue, who superstitiouslie maintaine  
 This forg'rie, Man in darknesse to detaine, 790  
 The *Romane* Clergie, who of pow're too weake,  
 The *words* pure light to make the world forsake  
 By craft doe cast about another way  
 To dimme the luster of this *Lamps* cleare Raye,  
 The holy Scripture branding with disgrace, 795  
 Which to traditions they but second place,  
 Making the world It, with a just neglect,  
 Corrupt and poysond in the source suspect,  
 Imperfyte, and in vulgare tongues to bee  
 Translated, needlesse, not from danger free. 800  
 Thus from foule mouths maliciouslie they spew,  
 Against the Scriptures not aspersions few,  
 Furthering the world (so farre as in them lyes),  
 GOD'S *word* as hard, yea hurtfull, to despyse,  
 Yet CHRIST'S pretended Image on the C  
 Their leaden braines with superstition gre  
 Doth so distract, that This, they ma  
 To honour more than Him did the

Antichristian  
 hatred & the Spirit  
 of Sathan may bee  
 seene in these who  
 blaspheme the  
 scripture, for if  
 any man at Rome  
 should say but the  
 same of all the  
 popes writings and  
 the writings of  
 popish doctors  
 which they say of  
 the holle Scripture,  
 hee should bee  
 streight way de-  
 clared an enemy to  
 the kirk of Rome,  
 and put to death  
 for a deullish here-  
 tick.

To which they teach, as CHRIST's Resemblance true,  
 Religious worship, yea divyne is due, 810  
 Yea that same worship, which to CHRIST they owe,  
 If Hee Himselfe did personally showe.

The suppressing of  
 the common read-  
 ing of the Scrip-  
 ture makes such  
 way to all errors,  
 that the Romane  
 clergie rules secure-  
 lie and rainges over  
 all kingdoms, cou-  
 tries, and com-  
 mounwealths, while  
 they get place over  
 King's crowns,  
 men's consciences,  
 their soules, bodies,  
 lands, rents, and  
 movables, and all  
 at their pleasure.

The Scripture thus defended from the *Lay*,  
*Traditions* vncontrold synd patent way,  
 Their *canons, constitutions, Popes' decrees,* 815  
 False *definitions, legends* stuff with lyes,  
*Doctrines* deboarding from the *written Word*  
 With *Scripture* equall credite thus afford,  
 Yea of the *Scripture* thou mayst nought beleue,  
 But in what sense the *Pope* is pleas'd to giue : 820  
 Thus, to the blinded world's astonishment,  
 Their *Lying wonders* with beleife they went,  
 Thus from the *People* they their *Errors* hyde,  
 Which, by the sharper sighted if espyd,  
 The *word* withdrawne, their labour lighter is, 825  
 To make them thinke they did decerne a-misse.  
 Thus must the *People* found their *fayth* on trust,  
 For as their *Church-men*, so belieue they must.

This fyner threed doth to their arts-men giue,  
 A net of *merits, of good works* to weave, 830  
 By which they fish, (from such as may be brought,  
 To apprehend that Heaven may thus bee bought,  
 With excesse to maintayne Those who have charge,  
 Of convents, cloisters) Rents, dotations large,  
 And if this fully doth no worke their end, 835  
 A larger Net of *Pennance* they extend,  
 From which to bee exem'd, they ward, they watch,  
 The *Rich-ones* by *Indulgences* to catch,  
 Who by their purse chuisse rather to bee purgt,  
 Then fast from flesh, then suffer to bee scourgt. 840

But if some *Fish*, free from the danger leape,  
 And both the one and other doe escape,  
 To bee assur'de then both of poore and rich,  
 A *Hose-nett* they of Purgatorie pitch,

By which they seaze a-like on each degree ; 845  
 Heere *Great ones* stick, yea not the *Frie* go free ;  
 All, by the doctrine which these Clerks do found,  
 Vngratious, yea vnnat'all must be found,  
 (At death at least) except with minds devote,  
 Allowance, in some measure, they allote, 850  
 Some kynd remembrance, *Masses* to maintaine,  
 Soules to set free, from *purgatorid's* paine.

Thus do those *Glow-wormes* which but shine by  
 night,

The substance of the world suck vp by slight,  
 By shows of holynesse, by secreet stealth, 855  
 Congesting mountaines of entysing wealth,  
 To which, as *Ravens* which doe a Carion see,  
 Trowps of *Church-orders*, swarms of *Shavelings* fie,  
 Of which none idle, all on worke are set :

By Cous'ning miracles, some doe credite get, 860  
 To Cristen bells, tosse beads they some appoint,  
 Some crosse, some creepe, some sprinkle, some  
 anynt,

Some hallow candles, palmes, crisme, ashes, wax,  
 Some penitents admitt to Kisse the Pax ;  
 And while this crew in these employment wants, 865  
 They multiply both male and female *Saints* ;  
 A severall Church they to each Saint allote ;  
 By raysing Altars they must seme devote,  
 In one Church diverse, to a diverse end,  
 Which men enabled with new meanes must tend. 870

No wonder then they vrge a strict restraynt,  
 Of Scripture, Seene, which would the World acyunt  
 With these Imposturs, damnable deceats,  
 Indang'ring vnder trust, so great Estates,  
 Which if they licenc't were GOD's Word to view, 875  
 Should doubtlesse bide those *forg'ries* all adiew.

For *Images* looke what did set on fire  
 What earst did kindle the Ignoble Ire

Act. 19. 24.





Poplah crucifixes  
bring more gaines  
to the Poplah  
craftesmen and  
Clargie, than the  
Images of Diana,  
or any Idoll to the  
craftsmen of Ephe-  
sus.

Of that EPHESIAN confused crew,  
All in a Mutinous concourse which flew, 880  
While of this *Monster* the seditious *Head*,  
*Demetrius* for *Diana's* shrines did plead.  
What motives then did these incense, the same,  
Place now for their *Imagery* doe clayme,  
Them stirring vp more turbulent, how much 885  
Their trade doth breed them greater gayne, then such.  
For but the mettel's worth and craftsmen's paynes,  
Did breed *Ephesians* answerable gaynes,  
But of their Picturs what the eye espyes, 889  
'Tis nought ; their worth in forme nor matter lyes,  
These valued are, on these the world doth doate,  
As Church-men *holinesse* to them alloate,  
As sacred *vertue Men* in them conceave,  
Which *Pope* or *Prelate*, at their pleasure gave,  
Thus by conceit, the Simple to entyse, 895  
These by opinion, not by worth who prise.  
Thus doe they farre those *Silver-smiths* out-flee,  
In witty traffiquing, in policy,  
Masking their avarice with greater slight,  
Than these who sold but what they set in sight, 900  
Their consecrated *Crucifixes* be  
Most prisd for their supposed sanctitie.

It is strange that  
their being so many  
pretended Cruci-  
fixes, and sensible  
differences betuixt  
euerie one of them,  
yet men will beare  
it out that every  
one of them ar pur-  
traits of Christ.

But this in mee moves greatest admiration,  
Tho every day bring foorth a new creation  
Of these false pictures, an adulterat brood, 905  
So that in number, number they exclude,  
Yet all of them, though of a diverse frame,  
Each differing from another, boldly clame,  
CHRIST vively to exhibite to the eye,  
Stretcht foorth to death vpon an abject tree ; 910  
So that, it seems more CHRISTS they either make,  
Or CHRIST doe for the damned thiefe mistake,  
Sith neither Graver's toole, nor Paynter's arte,  
Doe other difference, saue in thoght impairt,

Yet howsoever, whether This or that 915  
 They doe resemble, all of them they rate,  
 And doe in as high estimation hold,  
 (Though infinite in number) as of old,  
*Ephesians* did their One *Palladium* prise, 919  
 Which they did fancie *Iove* sent downe from skyes.

The Bible serues  
 not for Poperie as  
 fained Crucifixes  
 doe and therefore  
 sell the worse, yea  
 are thrust out of  
 the Market.

CHRIST'S purtrate thus in Scripture is supprest,  
 Lest their abuses It should manifest,  
 And lying Pictures in its place are thrust,  
 Yet vnder colour of a reason just,  
 Since *Images* (say they) by silent speach, 925  
 As bookes, the rude, the ignorant doe teach,  
 Since *Scripture* to the vse of all, least free,  
 Oft misconceiud doth lead to *heresie*.

The pretense of  
 Images serving for  
 books to the Laicks  
 answered.

But who but poore deluded soules can trust,  
 That Images, inventions but of dust, 930  
 In teaching *truth* GOD'S sacred word doe match,  
 That Scriptures serue but heresies to hatch?

Shall *Idols* dumbe, be speaking Teachers prisd?  
 Shall speaking scriptures be *dumbe rules* despisd?  
 By Craftsman's arte on mettle, woode, or stone, 935  
 Shall CHRIST more lively to the world bee showne,  
 Then by Their dytments who did him behold,  
 And left His words, deeds, life, & death enrold?

If holy write some impiously abuse,  
 This to maintaine lewd heresies who chuse, 940  
 Must guiltlesse soules, must people innocent,  
 Of their offence endure the punishment?  
 Thus should wee shunne the Sunne's conforing light,  
 Which (happily) hath hurt some stairing sight,  
 Thus losse the comfort of GOD'S creatures goode,  
 Since some that poysons which is others' foode. 946  
 If *heresies* (by which are most misled)

In learned, but vnhallowed brayns are bred,  
 Since hatcht, nor nurst by the simplicitie,  
 Of vulgar braynes these deepe delusions bee,

Why then doe holy harmelesse people smart,  
For heady *Churchmen's* fault, without desart?

The 4 answers.

If *Error* (which wee should as death despise),

Mat. 21. 16 & 42.

Doth from not reading of the word arise,

Mat. 22. 29.

As CHRIST doth teach, why then (in Christ's despight), 955

To keepe from erring smother they this light?

But all that to their minds doth disagree,

Is repute Error, held for heresie;

Though *Peter, Paul,* or *Prophet* did perswade,

Though CHRIST Himself affirmd the contrarie  
hade,

Their words must either not bee hard at all, 961

Or vnder Popish dispensation fall

To passe for Scripture, so a sense receive,

In other meaning than the Spirit gave,

A glosse the Text confounding quyte; because 965

For *Error* all they hold that hurts their *cause*.

The Scripture such  
a mirror to shew  
Christ that it  
changes the student  
into the likeness of  
Christ while there  
he beholdeth him  
by fayth.

The Mirror pure, in which *Christ's* face doth  
shine

The Scripture is, that register divyne

Of holy write, that sacred, saving *Booke*,

In which our LORD hath licenc't vs to looke, 970

Where, if wee labour earn'stly for His sight,

The skales of darknesse which our eyes be-night,

He doth remove, and maks vs clearly see

With *open face*, the beames of Majestie,

2 Cor. 3. 18.

And true Beholders by a manner strange, 975

Doth peece and peece in His owne likeness

change,

And in this study as wee progresse make,

Wee of the *Glory* which wee see partake,

Exod. 34. 29.

Changt in our soules by CHRIST's reuening grace,

As on the mount was changed *Moses'* face. 980

The impletie of sup-  
pressing the scrip-  
ture.

Why doe they syle poore mocked peoples' sight,

CHRIST's face from viewing in this *mirror* bright?

Why hinder they faynt sin-chargt soules to see,  
CHRIST whom they search for, where hee found may  
bee?

The Spirit's working which doth men renew, 985  
By means of this true sight, this inward view,  
The change of soules from sinne why do they marre,  
Why saving knowledge from the world debarre?

What helpe can all their pow'rlesse purtraits make,  
From forger's fancie which doe fashion take, 990  
Truely to teach CHRIST's *Naturs, Essence, Will,*  
Or in CHRIST's Image men to change from ill?

Popish Crucifixes  
doe marre the true  
knowledge of Christ  
and teach the  
people lies.

Shall Their false pictures, *Crucifixes* faynd,  
CHRIST's Mirror bee (that sacred fountaine staind),  
In these or shall the Spirit men make see, 995  
Or what CHRIST is, or what themselves should bee.

O three times impious! O blasphemous speach!  
These nought to lookers on but lyes do teach,  
And like themselves, their favourits they make,

Psal. 115. 8.  
Ibid. 5, 6, 7, &  
Psal. 135. 15.

As *heads* they have, but *understanding* lake, 1000  
As *mouths* which speike no, *feete* which never  
move,

As *eyes* that see no, yet doe set on love,  
And justly doe of wit, of sense bereave,  
*Disciples* all, such *Teachers* as beleave,  
Suffering themselues to bee debard the sight, 1005  
Of holy write, which truely teach them might.

Great is the *miserie* of man by Sinne,

Ephe. 4. 18.

The *Ignorance* of GOD Man binds therin.

Christ's incompar-  
able love of man's  
salvation hath set  
his wisdom (Luke  
10. 22; Mat. 11. 27;  
John 17. 3) on worke  
to devyse the fittest  
means to make  
himselife knowne  
to the world, and  
what his wisdom  
thought fittest for  
that end, his love  
hath mad him  
cairefully set

The way to freedome from these heavy bands,  
In GOD's true knowledge principally stands; 1010  
GOD truely's knowne but in his Christ to none,  
And GOD in CHRIST who know fynd life alone.

Now CHRIST, who onely GOD Himselfe who so,  
That man may GOD, Man must Himselfe make kno.  
The fittest meanes Himselfe to manifest, 1015  
To His owne searchlesse *Wisdom*e knowne are be\*

downe in his testa-  
ment, but no word  
of the lineaments  
of his face or shape  
of his bodie or pic-  
tures to expresse it.

Hee knows what neede wee of this knowledge  
have,

And how without it nothing vs can save,  
And how the losse of Mankynd he doth beare,  
Doth by His Death, to bring vs life appeare. 1020

His loue to saue vs, Him who did despise,  
Did set on worke His *wisdom*e to devise,  
All *Meanes* which of Himselfe the knowledge pure  
And so of God, might to our soules procure,  
And so in him bee reconceild, so fred 1025  
From wrath, so to eternall life bee led :

And what His *Wisdom*e for our well devisd,  
His constant care, in holy write comprisd  
Hath left, the *Meanes* thus setting in our sight,  
Which of Himselfe the saving knowledge might 1030  
Sufficiently disclose ; *Meanes* onely meet  
To make Him knowne, *Meanes* in themselues com-  
pleet,

Without the forg'ry hatcht in humane braine  
Of lying pictures, *Crucifixes* vaine, 1034  
Which for His knowledge Hee hath thought vnfit,  
Since mongst His *Meanes* these He doth not admit.

Thus hath Hee not the *Means* alone prescriv'd,  
Which point Him foorth (*Means* in His Word  
contriv'd).

But All doth charge, who warm'd are with His loue,  
And *Means* to make Him rightly knowne would  
proue, 1040

To search the Scriptures, if for life they looke ;  
In all men's hand CHRIST puts this saving *Booke* :  
*This*, Hee doth warrant, to eternitie,  
A constant wnesse of Himselfe to bee.

But *Picture-mongers*, mad *Demetrius'* heires, 1045  
Vnlawfull gayne to make of worthles wares,  
By other *Means* then CHRIST, to lead to Heaven,  
New bookes haue fayned, new directions given.

Therefore the skar-  
ring of people from  
the Scripture, and  
putting in their  
hands Images & pic-  
tures vnder what-  
soever pretence, is  
a challenging of  
Christ, either as  
witlesse or love-  
lesse or carelesse  
who did not recom-  
mend in his testa-  
ment such a meane  
as they alledge the  
artificiall crucifixe  
to be.

Poor simple *Laikes* (they in substance say),  
By searching of the Scriptures erre yee may, 1050  
Pictures are plaine, these harmelesse bookes doe  
show

What needfull is for you of Christ to know,  
In Scripture darke 'tis dangerous to pry,  
Such curious search concernes not you to trye.  
Thus impudently teach the world they dare, 1055  
That both vnfit and vnsufficient are  
CHRIST'S *Means*; their owne devices more import  
The well and safety of the weaker sort.

Thus argue they of *Ignorance* our LORD,  
The *Means* most fitting, who could not afford; 1060  
Of *Envie*, means who would not recommend,  
Which choysen, most might to our safetie tend;  
Of *Carelesnesse*, sith He forgot to give  
Charge, in his *Latter-Will* these meanes to leave.

For peoples *Well* thus will they seame to be 1065  
More *Wise*, more *Loving*, *Carefuller* than Hee.  
What else is this, by a pretence to teach  
CHRIST'S knowledge, but *Christ's* knowledge to  
empeach,

By faining a false *Christ*, to barre the way  
By which the *True* attayne wee only may, 1070  
Who, not attaind, GOD neither can wee know,  
Since GOD in Him alone Himselfe doth show?  
Thus are the bonds of Man's most wretcht estate  
By Nature, straitned by the Devil's deceate.

Albeit civile Im-  
ages for civile vse  
bee lawfull, yet no  
religious Images  
of man's device for  
religious vse are  
lawfull.

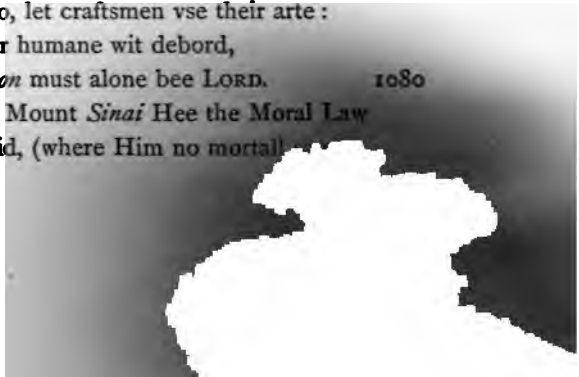
Let civile *Images*, for civile vse 1075  
Haue place, we challenge only the abuse.  
That paynter's Pencil pleasure doe impart  
Wee hinder no, let craftsmen vse their arte:  
But howsoever humane wit debord,

Exod. 19. 18.

GOD in *Religion* must alone bee LORD. 1080

The 2 command of  
the first Table  
which is the Law for

While from Mount *Sinai* Hee the Moral Law  
Promulgate did, (where Him no mortal)



- religion expressly forbids religious Images of man's device. Incompast all about with flames of fire,  
 As Royall Roabs which *Majestie* attire,  
 Hee, onely as His owne *Prerogatiue*, 1085  
 Did, of Religion, plead the *Rule* to giue,  
 And Man, (with vaine presumption swolne), at large  
 Madly with *This* to meddle doth discharge,  
 Binding His hands, by words expresse and plaine,  
Deut. 4. 15. Of Him, no foolish *Counterfit* to faine, 1090  
Exod. 20. 22. No Image, for Religious vse, to make,  
We may make a Image which resembles Something, but not an Idole which resembles Nothing sayes the Papist: No sayes the Lord, you shall not make the liknesse of any thing in Heaven &<sup>st</sup>. Deut. 4. 23. Of ought, in Heaven or earth did being take ;  
 Nor made, to honour, with the least respect,  
 Save They with Him their *Covenant* would breake,  
 Kindling gainst them His iealousie most just, 1095  
 Rankt as *Adult' rers*, (from His service thrust)  
 Who, worship with Him, or besyde Him, gave,  
 To others, due for Him alone to have.  
 Thus GOD hath banisht, from Religion's bounds  
Exod. 23. 24, & 34. 13. This worship vaine, His worship which confounds,  
 All vse of Images, by Man devysd, 1101  
 To GOD Man hatefull rendring and despysd.  
2 Thes. 2. 3. 4. *But Hee* who doth exalt Himselfe to raigne,  
 Of Princes all *Monarchick Soveraigne*,  
Why may not the people and the Church apoint Images sayes the papist. I am a Lord says God, that is it is God's Royall prerogatiue to apoint the meanes of his owne Honour. That Man of Sinne, perdition's Sonne, the slave  
 Of Sathan, yet pretends CHRIST's place to have, 1106  
 Dare gainst this Law most impudently stand,  
 And GOD's great VETO boldly counter-mand.  
 Of GOD, of Man, he images dare make,  
 Thus Mocketh CHRIST, even suffring for our sake :  
Why may wee not give some Religious worship & honour to Images sayeth the papist. I am a Ielous God sayes the Lord, that is, Religious worship is due only to God the husband of the Church, whatsoever is given to another is adulterie, that is Idolatrie & provokes God's Ielousie. To these, Religious worship Hee allowes, 1111  
 And *This* their *Due* most shamelessly avowes.  
 Whyle of this Rav'ry wee a reason crave,  
 O how themselves they willfully deceave !  
 The *custome of their Fathers* They pretend, 1115  
*The love of GOD, of CHRIST*, this is the end  
 Why they Their purtraits reverently respect,  
 Whose persons They so dearely did affect,

Our forefathers  
vned Images sayes  
the papist. I will  
visit the sinnes of  
the fathers vpon  
the children sayes  
the LORD.

We make and hon-  
our Images out of  
loue to God, sayes  
the papist. They  
hate mee that  
keepees not my com-  
mandemēt sayes  
the Lord.

When the Church  
of Rome scrapt out  
the 2 command out  
of the vulgare books  
& made two of the  
10 command, they  
saw that their  
Images could not  
abyd the assise of  
God's law.

To elude God's Law  
Image lovers haue  
vned as (they yet  
vse) many pre-  
tences, but notwith-  
standing of them  
all, God reiects this  
invention, refus  
it, condemnes and  
curses both it and  
the maintainers of  
it.

Jerem. 10. 3.

Ier. 10. 8.

v. 5.

v. 8.

v. 11.

But O weake shifts! pretences worthy tears!  
Evasions serving more to mocke the eares, 1120  
Of simple Hearers, than this Error vaine  
With meanest show of reason to maintaine.  
*God's Law* most clearly these detects: the same  
Excuses for this foolishnesse they frame  
Which clearly are condemnd (shifts farre amisse),  
In that *Command* which Rankt the *Second* is: 1126  
Which, GOD of purpose, gainst this Sinne did place,  
This wickednesse so staring in the face,  
That when heereof, they can not stand in sight,  
Accusd, convict by their owne conscience light,  
To burie it from vulgare eyes they striue, 1131  
And this of place amongst the Ten depriue,  
Braunching the Tent in twaine; to hide the thift,  
Vsing a shamelesse sacrilegious shift,  
Least seene the people should these *snares* forsake,  
Layde (doubtlesse by the devill) their soules to take.  
Thus, though our LORD, as a religious *Meane*, 1137  
Condemned hath to *Images* to leane,  
Yet still doe *Image-doatars* God's decreit  
Striue to make Irrite, as vnjust, vnmeet, 1140  
Thus pleading profite to the Simpler sort,  
Who come of knowledge by the Scripture short  
But by the Eye inform'd, are brought in mynd,  
Of what by These they represented fynd.  
But harke O *fondling*, who thy GOD dost faine,  
GOD by his *Spirit* cals this custome vaine. 1146  
Those *creatures* of thine owne, nor care, nor feare  
Thou needst, which Thee can neither see nor heare.  
How foolish they who doe on such depend,  
Which neither *Friend* can help nor *Foe* offend? 1150  
The *Stocke* which GOD they to resemble frame,  
Doth doctrines but of vanity proclame.  
These perish shall from Earth, from vnder  
Their *Founders* to confusion shall bee dri



- v. 14. Whose arte but *Error* serves to vnderproppe, 1155  
 Whose worke is falshoode, forgt in Sathan's shoppe.  
 This foolish Toy, this hell-devised slight,  
 Men charming with a naturall delight,  
 Loe, GOD doth scorne, the workman's fruitlesse  
 paynes, 1159  
 The zeale poore people which hood-winkt detaynes,  
 Him seeking whose pure worship they professe,
- Is. 40. 18, 19, 20. By some *Resemblance* fondly to expresse.  
 Isa. 4. 20. GOD to a dispute challengeth in end,  
 Such as dare graven Images defend,  
 Deluded soules and blinded by deceate 1165  
 GOD proves them, who transported with this  
 spaite  
 Of madnesse, basely doe crouch downe before  
 The crafts-man's worke ; which ought to have no more  
 Respect, then as much mettell, timber, stone,  
 Is. 44. 9, 10. Appointed for the basest vse, or none. 1170  
 Hee laughs to heading their conceats, to see,  
 What lavish chairges spent in *Making* bee,  
 In *Consecrating*, what obsequious care,  
 What *Superstition*, straitning Sathan's snaire,  
 What base *Devotion* madly they bequeath 1175  
 Vnto their *Idoles*, which (tho voyde of breath),  
 On shoulders mounted they on high doe reare,  
 Isa. 46. 5, 6, 7. And in ridiculous *Procession* beare.  
 Let blind *Idolaters* with errors streame  
 Transported headlong, vse and profite dreame, 1180  
 Isa. 44. 9. By these devices ; GOD professeth plaine,  
 Hee knows no profite by these *Meanes* profaine,  
*Meanes* to bee made vnworthy, *Meanes* to trust  
 Intolerable ; teaching lyes to *Dust*,  
 Whence beeing they did take. The *Curse of Woe*,  
 Of Vengeance, thundred foorth they vndergoe, 1186  
 Hab. 2. 18, 19, 20. Who *Prayer's* sweete perfume to such present,  
 Whom words nor vows can with or wants acquent.

- Dent. 27. 15. *Cursd* by the Law, is Hee, who toole doth take  
 Or grav'ne, or molten *Image* for to make, 1190  
 GOD thus abhominably to disgrace.  
*Cursd*, for devotion, who in secret place,  
 The *Crafts-man's* worke, GOD'S worship to confound  
 Set vp, the People all *Amen* resound.
- Psal. 97. 7. Harke, how the *Prophet* doth confusion threat,  
 A *Curse* denunceth both to Meane and Great, 1196  
 That boast of Idols, Images doe serue.  
 The reason why *Such* do this curse deserue,
- Rom. 1. 23. Saint *Paule* expresseth. For, from GOD estraingt  
 His Glory Incorruptible, transchangt 1200  
 By them into an Image, made in all,  
 Like Man corruptible, proclive to fall,
- Rom. 1. 25. They even GOD'S Trueth, have turned in a *Lie*,  
 Ascribing worship, in more high degrie,  
 Vnto the *Creature* subject to decay, 1205  
 Than the CREATOR, who is blest for ay.
- Obiection. Yet notwithstanding all, *Some* dare avouch,  
 That while before a *Crucifixe* they crouch,  
 Or on a well done *Image* fixe their eye,  
 Their frozen *Zeale* they fynd enflamt to bee, 1210  
 Their half-dead *Faith* reviv'd, their faynting Loue  
 To CHRIST, incitements wonderfull to prove,  
 Passions of joy, of feare, of grieffe increst,  
 Fitting to further their devotion best,  
 So, though the world, (they openly avow), 1215  
 Though all authoritie these disallow,  
 Which in their brests such strange effects doe bread,  
 And whence such motions of the *Sp'rit*, proçead,  
 They can not bee induc't, so much as doubt,  
 But GOD aproves, even to be borne about, 1220  
 Sollicitously kept, devoutely kist,  
 To bee falne downe before, these *Means* most blest,  
*Means*, of that worship worthy held to bee  
 Even due to CHRIST; though not in like degree.

But O sayeth the  
 papist I find my  
 affection stirred  
 & my devotion  
 helped by Images  
 & namelle the arti-  
 ficall Crucifixe.  
 This pretence an-  
 swered.

Affections and motions accompanying Image worshiping are but the whorish allurments of the spirit of idolatrie.

- But O *Blind soules* these folyes which frequent,  
 If with GOD'S will yee truely were acquent, 1226  
 In holy write reveald, and did believe,  
 These *Means* suspicion should not faile to give ;  
 Thus narrowly yee should that Serpent's slight  
 Examine, in an *Angel* changt of light, 1230  
 God's *Spirit* counterfitting, whose deceat,  
 Vnder pretence of peace procuring hate,  
 By bastard *Motions* of the minde doth make,  
 Deluded soules grosse *Lyes* for *Truths* mistake.  
 'Tis most absurd, even in the least degree, 1235  
 To thinke God's *Word* and *Spirit* disagree,  
*This*, striving to restraine and stop the way,  
*That*, grounds to this impiety to lay.  
 God's holy *Spirit* by no other *Meanes*  
 Doth worke, but such as GOD Himselfe ordaines,  
 Whatever superstitious potards dreame, 1241  
 Forbidden *Meanes* He hates ; and these by name.  
 A contrair *Spirit* then *This* hold wee must,  
 Insinuating Himselfe to settell trust  
 In the deluded soules of such, as find 1245  
 Such seeming-sacred-*Motions* of the mind,  
 Warming with woontlesse flames their frozen hearts,  
 Enveigling man's conceit with wondrous arts.  
 These (doubtlesse) must the whoorish *Motions* bee,  
 Even of the *Spirite* of Idolatrie ; 1250  
 The fire of worship false ; entysing traines  
 Layd by that crafty *Foe*, who spairs no paines  
 Wretcht Man to make vnlawfully delite  
 In what GOD most condemns, in *sacred write*.  
 Such were the *Motions Jewes* made *daunce* for joy  
 Before the *Calfe*, which *Moses* did destroy. 1256  
 Such, made the *Prophet* by those *Tribs* contemnd,  
 In *Dan* and *Bethell*, who their *calues* contemnd.  
 Such earst (wee reade) was the deluding dreame,  
 Made *Micah happy* in his owne esteeme. 1260

Exod. 32. 19.

Deut. 9. 21 ;

Exod. 32. 20.

1 King 13.

Iudg. 17. 13.

Such vncooth *flames* made men the Temple leaue  
a Deut. 7. 5; & 12. 3- Worship to <sup>a</sup>*Images* in groaues to giue.  
Such zeale made *Israelits* of sense denude,  
b Isa. 57. 5; Deut. 12. 31; Levit. 20. 1, & 18. 21. Bathe <sup>b</sup>*Molech's* Image with their children's blood.  
The *Devill*, who Them did to this madnesse driue  
As subtile now as earst, is yet a-lieue : 1266  
And still goth on, by all the craft hee can,  
From service of the *Living* GOD, fond man  
To tempt, *Spiritually Whordome* to commit  
With *Idols* dombe : who, destitute of wit 1270  
With the inchaunting *Motions* of the minde  
Is charmd, in Scripture which no warrant finde.  
Though *Motions* follow not *Means* vsd in *Faith*  
Which for His service GOD appointed hath  
As men would haue, or in their hearts project, 1275  
Yet such (wee find) haue ever good effect.  
But *Motions* which without GOD's *Meanes* doe worke  
Are still to be suspect : the *Snaike* doth lurk  
Beneath the blooming flowre : the deadliest blow  
Is to bee fear'd from a disguised foe. 1280  
Who so, come by such *Motions*, can not flee  
By Sathan's snares but must entangled be.  
By GOD'S *Prophetick Spirit* when inspird  
Isa. 53. 2. *Isaiah* CHRIST made (long ere seene) admir'd,  
Before Christ came Isaiah prophesied that Christ should neither have forme nor comlines for which we should loue him. Therefore the lying resemblance of our Lord's form in the artificiall Crucifixe must haue lesser force. Nor *Forme*, nor *Comlinesse* hee did foretell 1285  
Should make His outward feature to excell,  
No beauty admiration to moue,  
For which, wee should Him or desire, or loue.  
And so it did succeed : for, who by sight  
Of His externall shape, Him knew a-right 1290  
To bee the CHRIST, who Man to GOD conceald,  
*Such thing of Him, nor flesh, nor blood reveald.*  
Since CHRIST'S true lineaments set to the eye  
(Which any Painter could haue wisht to see)  
The bodily beholding of our LORD, 1295  
So little force, or furtherance did afforde,

To kindle Men's affections, or to draw  
 Whom even the *Princ'pall*, not the *Purtrait* saw  
 To His obedience ; O what madnesse then  
 What fury strange doth fill the braines of Men, 1300  
 With dreams deluded, fondly to conceate,  
 That *lying Pictures* are of powre more great ?  
 That counterfites of His exterior frame,  
*Zeale* can make fervent, or with *loue* enflame ?  
 As greater vertue did from *Picturs* flow 1305  
 Then *Person's* presence they are set to show ?

Since of a *Servant's shape*, the outward sight,  
 Which in the flesh did clowde CHRIST's Heavenly  
 light

Did, nor with *Motions* nat'rall, nor divine,  
 Make men to loue, or seeke to Him, incline, 1310  
 Shall *Motions* by this *Shap's* vaine picture wrought  
 Iustly, or nat'rall, or divine be thought ?  
 No certaine : else the *Crafts-man's toole* should proue  
 On wood, or stone more forcible to moue  
 Then God's owne hand, CHRIST's frame, and featur  
 true 1315

On superface of humane flesh which drew.

Faith in Christ is  
 necessar, the seing  
 of Christ bodily is  
 not necessar, far  
 lesse is the false  
 counterfitting of  
 his shape necessar. However Men conceate that *Faith*, by sight  
 Is fostred ; thus that *loues* decaying might  
 Is quickned, yet CHRIST doth the  *blessing* giue  
 To such as *haue not seene* and doe *beleue*. 1320

The artificiall Cru-  
 cifixe is a fleshly  
 meane to know  
 Christ after the  
 flesh which the  
 Apostle doth relect. After the *flesh Paul* CHRIST refusd to know  
 Resolv'd Him thus no more, if ever so :  
 How should these *Means* of knowledge then content  
 After the *flesh* CHRIST made to represent ?

Naturall considera-  
 tions of the art of  
 painting, or grav-  
 ing, may show the  
 artificiall Crucifixe  
 to be but the mock-  
 age of the World. BVT, of these *Pictures* poysning not a few 1325  
 With Error, yet to take a nearer view,  
 Each *Image* should bee like its Patterne made,  
 From imitating which, it name doth pleade,  
 And if heereof it no resemblance leaue,  
 Beholders' Eyes it serues but to deceaue. 1330

The *Painter* then the *Prototype* must see,  
 Which in his brest must first engraved bee  
 Before his Pensill, with deserved praise,  
 Can with its semblance raviht Eyes amaze.  
 The Shape, the Lineaments, the Features right 1335  
 His fantasie must apprehend by sight,  
 His hand directing, as hee did conceaue,  
 A viue impression to the Eye to leaue,  
 Els both deluded is His simple braine  
 And Men but mocked with an *Idole* vaine. 1340

For, of the Patterne if through Ignorance,  
 A bleare-eyed *Leah* hee should draw by chaunce,  
 A traytrous *Iudas*, being of intent  
*Rachel's*, or *Peter's* purtrait to present,  
 Needs force the picture (yet) of that must bee 1345  
 Which it most liuely sets before the *Eye*.

Though Hee His work should cristen with the Name  
 Proper to that to make which was His aime,  
 Yet must it bee that which it truely is,  
 Not what proposd it was, though nam'd amisse. 1350

Tho with *Apelles'* skill, Men now should striue  
 Pictures, procuring wonder, to contriue,  
 If from the Patterne diffing, wrought by guesse,  
 What serue they, fruitlesly but to expresse  
 And (valued though with vndeserved worth) 1355  
 Conceptions but fantastick to set forth?  
 Since these (however by opinion great)  
 Yet births abortiue of some vaine conceate,  
 What can they els bee but resemble thought,  
 The fond *Imagination* them which wrought? 1360  
 Though Popish Church should authorize the Dead  
 Church, Painter, picture, all to *Error* lead.

For, as the braine the *Patterne* doth conceaue  
 So doth the *Image-Maker* paint or graue:  
 The Patterns faynd *Idea*, in his braine 1365  
 First must bee forg't, next the *Image* vaine

Not of the *Patterne*, but of His conceate,  
 (A fantasie, hatcht in his head of late)  
 Finds on the *Table*, or the *mettall*, place,  
 As arte can his Imagination trace ; 1370  
 Thus, hold wee must each *Image* of this kinde,

The definition of an  
 Image made by  
 arte.

*The first Resemblance of the craftsman's minde.*  
 How falsly then doth a mis-shapen masse  
 Of mettall for our SAVIOUR'S *Image* passe?  
 How fondlie men perplexe themselues to mixe 1375  
 Colours most fit to frame a *crucifixe*?  
 Which when perfited by the best of arte  
 The most accomplit *Crafts-men* can imparte,  
 In no respect with CHRIST resemblance hath,  
 Triumphant on the Crosse o're Hell, o're death, 1380  
 No not so much as in His outward frame  
 By lines which *they* to counterfit doe clame.

The artificall Cru-  
 cifixe hath no  
 ground but the  
 Craftsman's guesse,  
 seeing never one  
 that drew Christ's  
 purtrait saw the  
 true Paterne.

For, nor the *Paterne* blessed the *Crafts-man's* Eye  
 CHRIST'S living face who did no living see,  
 Nor saw He Any who could show by speach 1385  
 And of our LORD the features truely teach,  
 But as conceate him ledde, hee boldly gues't,  
 And, as the *Blind-man* casts his staffe, exprest  
 Vpon his table : meerly ignorant  
 Whether in shape, this new-created *Saint* 1390  
 Lookt liker CHRIST, or either of those *twaine*  
 Like shamefull death who did with CHRIST sustaine.

But (to giue place to trueth) it lookes like neither,  
 But, as the Child resemble doth the father,  
 This new-borne *issue* of the *crafts-man's* braine, 1395  
 Got by imagination, hatcht for gaine,  
 Like to the fancie of *his* fond conceate  
 Who brought it forth, with paine, with labour great,  
 Must only be supposd ; An IDOL right  
 By Romish definition ; (else but slight) 1400  
*The Semblance of a thing but faind to bee,*  
*Which no subsistance hath essentially.*

Put case, a *Painter*, for a prooffe of arte,  
 Three pictures did most exquisite imparte,  
 Of Men, stretchd fourth vpon the crosse to  
 death,

When the Crafts-  
 Man hath made the  
 portrate of a cruci-  
 fled man, it is at  
 his pleasure to ap-  
 point it for a picture  
 of one of the thieues  
 crucified with  
 CHRIST, or of  
 Christ, with the  
 change of some  
 draughts as he  
 thinketh meete.

This *Master-peece* while he accomplisht hath 1406  
 Is't not to his arbitrimnt left free

By CHRIST to cristen any of the three?

Or, at his pleasure, all three theeues to make,  
 Resolving (least they company should lake) 1410

Three other *Christs* to forge? or, to affixe

The Superscription of CHRIST'S *Crucifixe*

About the purtrait of a *Thiefe* of late,  
 (Adjudged so at least in his conceate)

It calling *Christ*? or, if hee rather please 1415

The superscription new affixt to raise

So make his *Christ* a Thiefe, for some wrong  
 draught

Which nearer observation him hath taught,

Can *Pope, Priest, Prelate*, alter his decree?

Which hee thinks fit, that *Picture Christ's* must  
 be.

His *Word* must for a sentence stable stand, 1421

What Hee determins, none can countermand,

None can His worke controule. For, if the sight,

The *Judge* which onely can decerne aright

Of Picturs, never hath the *Patterne* spyed 1425

How can in such the grossest faults be tryed?

Sense, lacking thus a rule to censure by

In vaine, but in the *Painter's* arte doth pry.

Thus foulest Errors in this kind goe free,

Thus Painters boldly take them leaue to *lie* 1430

Audaciously, with liberty vnraind,

Coosning the world with *Crucifixes* faind,

Them giving fourth CHRIST'S semblances to  
 bee,

Which but (at most) His *Superficie* belie.



Christ Iesus when  
Hee was crucified  
was glorious in the  
meane time to the  
astonishment of His  
adversaries : But  
the Popish Crucifixe  
faineth a Christ  
as base as any  
Malefactor, in no-  
thing glorious.

<sup>a</sup> Heb. 12. 2.

<sup>b</sup> Heb. 7. 26.

<sup>c</sup> Esay. 53. 12.

<sup>d</sup> 1 Pet. 3. 18.

True IESUS CHRIST the world's *great Iudge*, while  
judg'd, 1435

(At shame<sup>a</sup> nor shrinkt, nor at disgrace who grudgd)

An Offring *Holy*,<sup>b</sup> *Harmelesse*, *Vndefild*,

While sacrific'd for Man, from grace exild,

While, compted with<sup>c</sup> *Transgressors*, lift'd on hie,

(The<sup>d</sup> *Innocent* the *Guillie* setting free) 1440

Loe ! While enduring even the worst of spight,

*Strength*, *Glory*, *Greatnesse*, *Majestie*, and *Might*.

Brake forth so brightlie through contempt's dark  
cloud,

So (cleare) His *Godhead* did in death, vnshrowd,

That, the *Centurion*, overcome with wonder, 1445

Math. 27. 46.

Ibid. v. 51.

(While HEAVENS their face vaild vp, *Earth* sobt  
a-sunder,

These *glorious Lanterns*, as their lights were spent,

To shine forbearing, while their LORD was shent,

This, to the GOD of *Strength*, while seeming weake,

Its strength resigning, whence it strength did take).

Forc't was, convinc't in conscience, to confesse 1451

Math. 27. 54.

That suffer did the SONNE of *Righteousnesse*.

But where's that Splendor darkning *Daye's* bright  
beame,

These Rayes of Glory, shyning even in shame ?

What doe their Popish *Crucifixes* show 1455

Of CHRIST, but shame, death, nakednesse, and woe ?

What greater *Glory* set they to our view

Then to the basest *Malefactor's* due,

That on a gibbet, e're depriv'd of breath,

Endurd like shamefull execrable death ? 1460

Christ crucified was  
quickenng and con-  
verting soules, &  
conquering princi-  
palities and powers.  
The artificiall crucifixe  
faines a Christ  
as dead as the  
drosse of which it  
doth subsist.

True CHRIST, to death while yeelding on the crosse,

(*Life* to giue *life* content ev'n *life* to losse)

Though dead for vs, at all who could no die,

Ceast never living LORD of *life* to bee,

Quickenng, converting, strengthning *Soules*, even then

When seeming most contemptible to Men, 1466

While *Bodies* long agoe consumd in graue  
 Raisd by His pow'r, of Him twice life receau.

How doe their *Crucifixes* this expresse  
 Than a Triumphant CHRIST like nothing lesse? 1470  
 Of their owne *Patterns* (yet) true shads they are,  
 Viue *Idols* of a lifelesse *Corps*, as farre  
 From any force in working, by their view,  
 Or bodyes to raise vp, or soules renew  
 As is the basest Earth, or fondest braine, 1475  
 Which first gave birth to these *Inventions* vaine.

Christ's bodie was  
 ioined in personall  
 vnion with the God-  
 head. The Popish  
 crucifixe faines a  
 Christ whose body  
 is separate from  
 the Godhead.

*Christ's Bodie* (farre above our sin-tost *Masse*)  
 Not of an onely *Man* the Body was,  
 But of that peerlesse *Lord*, true *God*, true *Man*,  
 Whose neare conjunction sunder nothing can, 1480  
 Whose humane soule, though from its mansion  
 forc'd,

Vpon the crosse by painefull death divorc'd,  
 Yet in the *God-head*, even o'recome by death  
 The *Body* Being had, while robt of breath,  
 Which, lying even in graue, His soule possesst 1485  
 In highest Heavens, that *Paradise* of rest,  
 Inviolable yet the *Vnion* stodee ;  
 Nor Heaven, nor Earth (one minute) could seclude  
 The *God-head* from the *Man-hood* ; *life*, nor *death*,  
 Nor hellish horror, nor the sense of wrath 1490  
 Could hinder, still (yet so as none can tell)

Col. 2. 9.

The *Godhead* *bodily* in *Christ* to dwell :  
 Which caus'd, (though buried hee behov'd to bee)

Psal. 16. 8, 9 ;  
 Acts 2. 27.

GOD's *Holy-One*, *corruption* not to see,  
 Preserving thus (while dead, in coffin layde, 1495  
 By putrefaction, as all flesh, to fade)  
 More pow'rfully the *Body* of our LORD  
 Than all the means the world could els afford.

What madnesse then to thinke, (though painter's  
 arte  
 Some shadow of Man's *Body* can impart, 1500

Which from its soule may sev'ed bee by death,  
 And turnd in dust, while banished from breath,)
 That by the pensill, may resembled bee  
 The *Sonne of Man*, the GOD of *Majestie*?  
 Who, having once a mortall shape assum'd, 1505  
 Can, (without danger) never bee presum'd,  
 That from his *Manhood* (not in any cace)  
 His *Godhead* to *dis-union* can give place.

If this wee hould (of this as who may doubt?)  
 How madde are Men, who fondly goe about 1510  
 Their Crucifixes false, means to appoint,  
 CHRIST'S Body blest, without the *Godhead* joynt,  
 To represent; and set before the Eye

The artificiall Cru-  
 cifixe teacheth a  
 Christ who is only  
 man, or whose two  
 naturs are not  
 vnite, or who hath  
 two Persons, as the  
 old hereticke did.

CHRIST-*Man*, cut short of divine *Majestie*;  
 The *Word* made flesh denying, or in death 1515  
 Loosing that *Vnion*, lasting but with breath;  
 Or, faining such a CHRIST, a Onely *Man*  
 Even by it selfe subsist whose *Body* can;

Or, of one *Nature*, or of *Persons* twaine,  
 A CHRIST Imaginary, therefore vaine; 1520  
 Injuring thus those *ever-blessed Three*,  
 That *Trinall One*, which was, is, ay shall bee,  
 Thus venting blasphemies against our *Lord*,  
 Whose soule abhorreth thus to be ador'd,

Is. 42. 8; 48. 11.

And whom His *Glory* and His *Praise* to giue 1525  
 To grauen *Images*, doth highly grieue.

Christ's Image  
 stands in righteous-  
 nesse and holinesse,  
 and can not be seen  
 with bodilie eyes.

CHRIST'S *Image* mockt thus by audacious hands,  
 In *Righteousnesse* and *Holinesse* which stands,  
 The object of the soule's spirituall eye  
 By Carnall sight can not discerned bee: 1530

If it be a filthy dis-  
 honor to liken the  
 worke of man's  
 hands to God the  
 father, it is no les  
 disgrace to liken  
 the work of man's  
 hands to God the  
 Son.

And, as no meane presumption 'tis in Man  
 To liken ought his weake invention can  
 Produce, to GOD, *Beginner*, *Vnbegunne*,  
 So to set forth his *ever-procreat Sonne*,  
 In nothing to his great *Begetter* lesse, 1535  
 By ought or toole or pensil can expresse,

No lesser madnesse : if wee GOD esteeme,  
 That *Holy One* who did the world redeeme,  
 Who, though for vs, His *Glory* layde asyde,  
 Did meanly in mortalitie abyde, 1540  
 Should wee, Himselfe cause humbling, more neglect,  
 Or should his *Man-hood*, breed him lesse respect?  
 Though painter's *lines* might possiblie present  
 His *Counterfite* as Hee with shame was shent,  
 And of his *Servant's-shape* some shadow leaue, 1545  
 (Or ayming so, at least the world deceaue)  
 Doth possibilitie a warrant plead,  
 Or to excuse or Iustifie this deed,  
 Since every Sinne hath possibilitie,  
 But none for this as lawfull held may bee? 1550  
 In humane Shape, if GOD the *Fathers* saw  
 Yet no Resemblance durst presume to draw,  
 Why rather now, since *Flesh* the *Word* assumd,  
 May GOD by *Man* to bee drawne fourth presumd?  
 Sith that the Law, this madnesse to restraine, 1555  
 Midst flames of fire was not given fourth in vaine,  
 Nor now is made lesse valide, than before  
 A *Mortall vaile* the *King of Glory* wore.  
 If not *Apostles* durst transgresse this law,  
 Nor cause draw fourth or grave the *Shape* they saw ;  
 If none of all Our *Lord's* obsequious Trayne, 1561  
 His *Will* durst write, but whom Hee did ordaine ;  
 Beyond commission ev'n if none of Those  
 That wrote, His *Shape* might to the World expose ;  
 If none may, by Himselfe, this honour reach 1565  
 Except by CHRIST thrust fourth CHRIST yet to preach,  
 Shall it to painters only bee left free,  
 CHRIST'S shape and Lineaments to falsifie,  
 Even though no warrant doth their worke invite,  
 Nor having seene what to set fourth they sweate. 1570  
 'Tis like those dreamers, who poore soules deceaue,  
 CHRIST *crucifi'd* n'ere right considred haue,

Christ's abasing of himselfe giues not libertie to man to abase him more, but obligeth rather to honour Him the more.

Put case it were possible to find out Christ's Lineaments, and to expresse them by art, yet still the glorie of His person discharges to doe Him such disgrace as to liken Him to the worke of man's hands.

1 Cor. 2. 8.

The Apostles durst not, nor would not draw his purtrait much lesse should a profane Craftsman.

None may preach Christ without a calling from Christ, much lesse make fained pictures of Christ.

Whyſe *once for all*, and *Once for ay our Lord*,  
 Ne're more to bee repeated, did afford

Christ would not  
 bee ſeeme to ſuffer  
 but once, but will  
 bee heard to have  
 ſuffred ever. His  
 ſuffrings He will  
 have ſet before the  
 eye of the minde  
 by His owne ordin-  
 ances of *Word* and  
*Sacrament*, but not  
 to the bodilie eye  
 by man's invention.

Himſelfe a living *Sacrifice* for Sinne, 1575

Vpon the Crosse, loſt Man from hell to winne,

Himſelfe Hee did expoſe to ſuffer death,  
 Shame, paine, and dolour, ev'n the *Father's* wrath,

No more to bee the object of the *Eye*,  
 Though by the *Eare* oft crucified to bee. 1580

As death's tormenting throws, as ſenſe of payne,  
 Hee for a ſeaſon was but to ſuſtaine,  
 So was the *Shame* which *Nakedneſſe* did give,  
 Not all his other ſuffrings to ſur-vive.

When therefore having (mortalls to reclame), 1585  
 Sufficentlie now ſuffred open ſhame,  
 Even at mid-day Hee drew the vaile of night,  
 About His naked Bodie, ſo the ſight

Christ darkned the  
 Sunne and made it  
 as *Night* at *Mid-  
 Day* while He was  
 ſuffring, to ſhow  
 that hee would not  
 have men to gaze  
 vpon his naked  
 bodie after hee had  
 ſuffred ſufficient  
 ſhame. The Pop-  
 iſh *Crucifixes* doe  
 croſſe *Christ's* pur-  
 poſe.

Of gazing eyes (with clouds eclipsd) did ſtay, 1589

Enlightning Some, who midſt thoſe miſts did ſtray,  
 Them making ſee, while weakeſt made, His *Might*,  
 Sinne's clouds diſpel'd, which did their ſoules benight.

But (loe) their antichriſtian *Crucifixe*  
 With vaine Inventions who God's worſhip mixe,  
 Serves to no other end, but as it may, 1595

CHRIST's *Body* naked to the eye to lay.  
 And to expoſe His long-paſt *Shame* to ſight,  
 Hiding the Glorious vaile of darkned light,  
 By which more honord was that *Prince of Peace*  
 Than *Nakedneſſe*, or *Jews* did Him diſgrace. 1600

CHRIST, of the *Cover* Hee drew on, they ſtrieu  
 (Though all in vaine) thus boldly to depriue,  
 Preaſſing preſumptuoſly, in CHRIST's deſpight,  
 To prorogate the ſhortned ſhame of *Sight*. 1604

But ſuch their CHRIST, ſuch *Crucifixe* they faire,  
 Such *Paterne*, ſuch the *Purtraite* : both moſt vaine.  
 The *Painter's* fantaſie the patterne is :  
 The *Purtrait* only muſt reſemble this,

The Genealogie or  
Pedegrie of the  
Popish Crucifixe.

That lying *Spirit*; Father of deceate,  
That Man true CHRIST should know, who boyles  
with hate, 1610

And studies still to forme in man's fond braine,  
False *Christs*; or of the *True*, conceats prophane,  
Doth Parent to this purtrat's Patterne proue,  
Hatcht in the Crafts-man's head as hee doth moue.  
The *Crucifixe*, *Child* of the Paynter's *Thought*, 1615  
Oye to this Lying *Spirit*, thus forth brought  
By arte, as carefull *Midwif*'s helping hand,  
Is from the painfull wretch receiued; who fand,  
And did more labour in this *Birth* sustaine,  
As hee opinion did conceiue of gaine. 1620

This new-borne *Saint* thus being brought to  
light,

See how the wretch doth in his *Worke* delight,  
Hee gazeth, wondreth, narrowly doth pry,  
Striues if hee can the least escape espy,  
Proport'oning by due esteeme its worth, 1625  
As longsome paines, and labour brought it forth,  
Which in each feature, finding now compleat,  
As to adorne some *Temple* only meet,  
Hee to the *Preist* presents't, who streight doth giue  
It *Name*; yea, *Holinesse*, as some beleue. 1630

The profaine and  
wicked christning  
of the artificiall  
Crucifixe.

By *Charmes*, by *Exorcisme* of *Magick* art,  
With *Salt*, and *Water* Christned thus a part,  
With *Pardons* priuiledg't, with *Odors* sweet  
Perfumd, with *Altars* honord, Head and Feet  
*Anoynted*, *Torches* lighted, *Gifts* presented, 1635  
Made fitt for *Pilgrimes* now to bee frequented,  
*Erected* last, in place most eminent,  
The *Never-Erring-Clergie* giue consent,  
That it shall stand to *bee admir'd*, *ador'd*,  
*Kiss'd*, *reueren'd*, *crouch'd before*, *embraç'd*, *implor'd*,  
The Holy *Crucifixe* from hence forth cald, 1641  
Or, *On His Crosse the KING OF GLORIE nail'd*.

The Blinded people's foolishe superstition,  
 The base credulitie of their condition,  
 Approoves the *Error*, ratifies the *Deed*, 1645  
 With them this *Crucifixe* doth credit plead,  
 Which in affinity or *Shape* more neare  
 As they conceiue, the *Holier* doth appeare.

The devilish deli-  
 ving of the Popish  
 Crucifixe.

Loe now the *Crafts-man*, *Priest* and vulgar *Crew*,  
 Ioyntly fall down, and with devotion due, 1650  
 As many *Pater-nosters* doe repeat  
 By number of their beads, as they finde meet,  
 To this *New-Christned-CHRIST*; and, as acquent  
 With Tongues their sutes in Latin must bee sent,  
 To *This* not sparing, with blasphemous breath, 1655  
 The Honour of *Latria* to bequeath,  
 Preferring it to all the Heauenly *Quire*,  
 Or *Crownde* about, or *Militating* heere,  
 Of *Angels*, *Saints*; euen to that *Mother-Maide*,  
 The *Queene of Heauen*, (of Her if truth be said). 1660

But when for foule *Idolatrie* arraing'd,  
 Some *shift* in place of *Reason* must bee fain'd :  
 These subtile *Sophists*, wittie in invention,  
 Doe pleade by vertue of their good *intention*,  
 The honour to the *Crucifixe* ascriv'd, 1665  
 The *Purtrate* first, by *Crafts-man* hand contriu'd,  
 Doth hit, but streight sent back, is vpwards driven,  
 And by *Reflexe* doth sklent hye way to Heauen,

The pretense of  
 good intention doth  
 no more excuse the  
 popish idolaters,  
 than if a woman  
 should abuse her  
 bodie with every  
 one that she thought  
 like her husband,  
 and then say shee  
 did so of good in-  
 tention willing to  
 loue all that were  
 like her husband.

Possessing such as see with others' eyes,  
 This *By-way worship* CHRIST no lesse doth please,  
 Than on these *Tables* earst by God's owne hand 1671  
 Engrav'd, it had beene left th'eleaventh *Command*.

But let those *Doctors* licence me demand,  
 Who in *Intention* make *Devotion* stand,  
 If simple *Women* in their *Husbands'* places, 1675  
 May warrantably yeeld to strange embraces,  
 And if it passe may for a just excuse,  
 That their *Intention* *Them* did not abuse,

Supposing, they did by obedience due  
 Themselues subject, vnto their *Husbands* true, 1680  
 And, if those *Husbands*, wrong'd in such a sort,  
 Thus to bee mockt and cousind, ought comport,  
 And over-looke this as a light offence,  
 Which *Ignorance* doth challenge in defence?  
 This, without shame, these Clerks can not approue,  
 Except some *Intrest* having in this *Loue*. 1686

How easily it selfe doth *Error* roote,  
 In such as on God's *Light* their eyes doe shoote,  
 That on all hazard will goe on Their way,  
 With them or walke, or stumble, stand, or stray?

The profane of-  
 spring and broodie  
 generation of little  
 Crucifixa.

NOW, this great *Idole*, set to publick view, 1691  
 Yet can not serve; all of this numbrous *Crew*,  
 For private vse *One* must peculiar haue,  
 To beare about Him, even vnto His graue.  
 Enricht with gold and Iewels, *These* are borne 1695  
 The breasts of *Dames* of *Honor* to adorne,  
 Which not beseeming *Vulgars* (as too deare),  
 The *Poorer* sort doe *Poorer Christlings* wear  
 Of polisht *Ivorie*, of gilded *Glasse*,  
 Of glistening *Horne*, of *Copper*, *Tinne*, or *Brasse*, 1700  
 Which by the *Priest* if *hallow'd*, so much more  
 Held worthie are of *Worship*, than before.

A Holy man is more  
 like Christ than all  
 the artificall pic-  
 tures in the earth,  
 & more worthie of  
 honour for His  
 cause; yet if any  
 man for holnesse  
 were so worshiped  
 as the popish cru-  
 cifixe, a honest  
 hearted papist  
 would scouder at  
 that Idolatrie, and  
 why not now, but  
 because he beliveth  
 the Romish Church  
 cannot erre.

<sup>a</sup> Heb. 2. 11.

If any living *Saint*, heere sucking breath,  
 Who with our LORD more neare resemblance hath,  
 To Him more deare, and held of greater worth, 1705  
 Than all the *Images* art can bring foorth,  
 In whom this *Spirit*, *Life*, and *Grace* doth shine,  
 Whom a most neere *conjunction* doth combine,  
 And whom CHRIST (one day) though despised now,  
 Shall not think shame *His<sup>a</sup> Brother* to avow, 1710  
 Yet if this *Saint* of *God*, adored were,  
 Cald on, as senselesse *Crucifixes* are,  
 The World anone the *sacriledge* should see,  
 Cry out against this vile *Idolatrie*,



- Abhorre, to any *Mortall* vnder *Heaven* 1715  
*Worship*, or divine *Honour* should bee given,  
 But now when greater measure they bequeath,  
 To *Stockes*, to *Stones*, to *Idoles* voyde of breath,  
 They neither can, nor will their *Error spy*,
- 2 Cor. 4. 3, 4. So darkned hath the devill their Reason's eye, 1720  
 Or, to damnation boasting on amaine,  
 Rom. 1. 18. Dare in *vnrighteousnesse* the *truth* detaine.
- Since then those *Wares* so slender are in worth,  
 To mocked sight *lyes* only setting foorth, 1724  
*Bookes* which pervsd, leaue *Ignorants* more rude,  
 Gulling the World but with imagind *goode*,  
 To CHRIST disgracefull, breeding in man's braine  
*Conceats* of Him but carnall, and prophaine,  
 What Hee left *buryed* preassing to proclame,  
 His *Glory* darkning with disgrace and shame, 1730  
 Loosing these *bands* insep'rably *vnite*,  
 By which both *Natures* in one *Person* meete,  
 Men's *Faith* diverting from that solide stay
- John 14. 6. The only *Rocke*, the *Life*, the *Truth*, the *Way*,  
 Vpon a *Shadow* fondly to rely 1735  
 Which CHRIST shall (one day) to bee His deny,  
 As being only the *Resemblance* vaine
- All the worahip and respect that is given to the artificiall crucifixe is given to a filthie idole.
- And *Birth fantastick* of the *Painter's braine*,  
 Who, though hee boldly playde the cunning *Ape*,  
 Did never see, nor could set foorth His shape, 1740  
 The *Honour* then to This bequeathd, must even  
 Neids-force, bee to a filthie *Idole* given.
- The way to get a right sight of Christ shining in the mirror of the scripture, and to be changt in the likeness of Christ seene there.
- BVT leaving more to stirre this noysome *Sinke*,  
 Poysning pure *Soules* with a pestifrous stinke,  
 To bee abhor'd, and held in just neglect, 1745  
 Of all, true CHRIST who truly doe affect,  
 And on that *Purtrate* long to fixe their eye,  
 Drawne by his *Spirit*, which the soule must see,  
 In *Holie Write*, that *Mirror* most divine,  
 In which His *Image* Gloriously doth shine, 1750

- By preaching of His *Word* which set to view  
 By *Faith* is seene, and doth by *Sight* renew,  
 So working on the *Soule* which doth behold,  
 That thus it lookes as from another mold,  
 Both to the selfe and Others seeming strange, 1755
- 1 Cor. 15. 49. *Turnd in its liknesse* by a gracious *change* ;  
 So by the *Spirit* quickned is this *Meane*,  
 That *heere* if CHRIST thy *Faith* hath truly seene,  
 Thou shalt His *Shape* take on, bee like *Him* made,  
 Adorn'd with *Glorie* which shall never fade, 1760  
 In Thee this *Image*, whence all *Grace* doth flow,  
 From *Glorie* shall to further *Glorie* grow,  
 Each faithfull *Looke* on *This*, of force shall bee  
 Some gracious effect to worke in Thee. 1764
- Come then, draw neere, *Thou* who to see aspires  
 Sweete IESVS CHRIST, the *Crowne* of thy desires ;  
 Come, *Thou* who loues on *Him* to looke aright  
 (Abhorring *Counterfits* which mock the sight)  
 Whose face alone doth true content afford, 1769  
 Come, heere behold thy *Loue*, thy *Life*, thy LORD.
- A man must see his  
 owne vglines in the  
 glasse of the law  
 before hee can see  
 Christ's beaultie in  
 the Gospell.
- BVT if thou *Him* wouldst to Salvation see,  
 Thy *Soule* must glas'd in this same *Mirror* bee,  
 Thy breast's most inward *Cabins* must bee sought,  
 Thy selfe made *Center* of thy *Circling* thought :
- Ezek. 16. 3, 4, 5. Thou must not skarre vpon thy *Soares* to looke, 1775  
 To read thy *dittay* in that sacred *Booke*,  
 As thou by *Nature* art from *Grace* exild,
- Rom. 5. 12, 14. With *Miserie* surcharg't, with *sinne* defyld,  
 Procliue to *fall*, to *perish* by and by  
 Without remeed, if *pitty* CHRIST deny ; 1780
- Ep. 2. 1, 5. As dead in *Sinne*, till quickned by His *Grace*  
 Already damn'd till Hee the *doome* deface ;  
*Lost*, on His shoulders till Hee home *thee* take,  
 God's *Enemie* till Hee the *friendship* make,  
 Rom. 6. 17. The *Deuill's* bound *slave*, still ragging on in Ill 1785  
 Till He redeeme thee, and *renew* thy *Will* ;

- Eph. 5. 8, 14;    An *Atheist* vile, *Erroneous*, short of *sight*,  
Ibid. 4. 18.        Till Hee *thee* teach to know thy GOD aright,  
Gen. 6. 5;        Thy heart a *Seminary*, which doth breed  
Mat. 15. 19.      And nurse of all kind wickednesse the seed        1790  
Eph. 2. 3.        Till by his *Spirit* purg'd; a *Child* in short  
Of *Sathan*, miserable in each sort,  
Iohn 3. 5.        Till hee *Regenerate*, thy soule endue  
With *Grace*, and make of thee a *Creature* new.  
If the sight of thy    BVT if this *Sight* doth vertue lacke to lead        1795  
owne sins doe not  
humble, yet the  
terror of an Iust &  
angrie Iudge may  
bring the low.  
Deut. 9. 3.        Thee, thy estate to mourne and seeke remed,  
Behold that *Lambe* a *Lyon*, full of Ire,  
An angrie *Iudge*, a hotte consuming *Fire*,  
Heb. 12. 29.      Thee citing, whom no *misery* can draw,  
By terrifying *Trumpet* of His *Law*,                    1800  
Araign'd, before His fearfull *Throne* to stand,  
Condemn'd in *Conscience*, trembling foot, and hand,  
His awful *Eyes*, which *Flames* and *Lightning* dart,  
The deepest *Darkes* of thy deceived heart        1804  
Iohn 2. 24, 25;    Shall search: none needs to tell Him what thy breast  
1 Cor. 4. 5-        Keeps buried from the World: the *Most* the *Least*  
Heb. 4. 13.        Nor of thy *Words*, nor *Deeds* can *Him* escape:  
The *Thoughts* most secret, which thy *Soule* did shape,  
Even ere outbreacking wilfull *Involution*  
Thee guiltie made by *Actuall* pollution,            1810  
Before Him muster: He can open lay  
All that make vp thy dreadfull *Dittay* may.  
                  Though *use* of *Sinning* Thee secure hath made,  
Psal. 53. 1.        Though with the *foole* Thou in thy *Heart* hast said  
There was no GOD thy foule *Misdeeds* to marke,  
Thy *Words* to view committed in the darke,        1816  
Or to avenge the wrongs thou boldly wrought,  
As to a reckning never to bee brought;  
Though while the LORD did patiently forbear,  
But like thy selfe, Hee did to the appeare,        1820  
Thou shalt Him comming vnto *thee* behold,  
These sinnes which thou committed vncontrold,

- In order ranking All before thy face,  
 No *circumstance* omitted; *Time* nor *Place*. 1824  
 These grosse *Offences*, which (to thee but slight)  
 Thy *Nat'rall Conscience* rub'd, by *Nature's* light,  
 In their commission, beeing set to view,  
 Then, shall another *sight* of *sinne* enswe:  
 Thy former *actuall Roll* Hee shall enlarge  
*Sinnes* of *Omission* laying to thy charge, 1830  
 Math. 25. 42, 43. The *Good* vndone requiring at thy hand  
 Which to performe, or *Law* or *duty* band,  
 Thus shall hee judge thee guiltie of neglect  
 Of *things* which thou didst never wrong suspect;  
 Mat. 12. 36. Thy Idle *Words* shall not vnchalleng't slide; 1835  
 The vnadvised *Passions* of thy *Pride*  
 Which thou couldst never curbe, a cause thou must  
 Acknowledge now of thy *Damnation* just.  
 Thy *heart* exposing lust-intangling *Hookes*  
 By wanton *gestures*, by lascivious *lookes*, 1840  
 Mat. 5. 28. Thee shall Hee make convince, a *Wretch* most vile  
 Whom *Whoredome* and *Adultery* did defile.  
 Ibid. 22. Each *Word* from thy deceatfull *lips* sent foorth  
 To wound thy *Brother's fame*, or wrong his *Worth*  
 No *light* or *veniall sinne* (as men now speake) 1845  
 Hee shall admitt, but such as *Wrath* shall eake,  
*Thee* rendring worthy of eternall *Ire*,  
 The wofull *object* made of quenchlesse *Fire*.  
 Numb. 16. Behold *Him*, charging *Earth* with open *Wombe*  
 To swallow over and aliue entombe 1850  
 Thy proud ambitious *Spirit*, still repining  
 While thou in *Darknesse* art, at others *Shining*.  
 Gen. 19. 24. Behold IEHOVA from IEHOVA sent,  
 Thy filth to clenge with *Fire* and *Brimstone* bent,  
 Act. 5. 5. Readie to strike to death thy guilefull *Heart* 1855  
 Which, with thy double *tongue* confed'rat, parte  
 Act. 12. 23. Taks gainst the *Truth*: Thee readie to devowre  
 With *Vermine*, (creatures though of meanest pow're.)

- Of sacrilegious *Pride*, while in the hight, 1859  
 Thou crownst thy selfe, GOD roabing of his right.
- Mat. 23. 13, 14,  
 15. Him shalt thou heare denouncing *Wrath* and  
*Woe*  
 Against thy base *Hypocrisie*, in show  
 Who other seem'd, then ever in effect  
 Thou was, or truly didst to be, respect,  
 Even to thy face, not mongst thy least offences, 1865  
 To thy disgrace discour'ing thy *Pretences*,  
 Whom wordly aymes, whom private ends did leade  
*Religion* but to follow, for thy bread.
- Luk. 14. 18, 19,  
 20. Hee, nor thy *Mariage, Oxen, Farme* nor ought  
 Which thou a fit *Apologie* hast thought, 1870  
 Shall for a just excuse admitt, for thee  
 More slacke in serving of thy GOD to bee.  
 To him all *Judgement* hath the FATHER given,
- Mat. 25. 21. *Him shalt* thou (on day) in the *Clouds* of Heaven  
 See, seperating soules Impenitent, 1875  
 Such *Goates* as Thee, to all vncleannesse bent,
- Iohn 10. 3, 4. From His owne *Deare-Ones*, His selected *Sheepe*  
 His voice decerning who his ways did keepe.  
 Thine Eares what then thy *Doom*e shall bee, may  
 heare,  
 If thou from *sinne* doe not in time reteare ; 1880  
 Once Hee hath sayd, and yet againe will say  
*Depart Accursed*, to be damn'd for ay,  
 Yee *Workers of Iniquitie*, (and none  
 More guiltie than thy selfe thou maist suppose),  
 In endlesse *Fyre*, in everlasting *Paine* 1885  
 Prepared for the *Deuill* and all his *Traine*,  
 Of which are all, who drencht with sinfull spaite,  
 Lye buried in their *Naturall* estate,  
 Even thou, as long as *Vnrenew'd* by grace,  
 And dost *vnchangt* continue in this cace 1890  
 Deferring to that gracious *Iudge* to sue  
 The SONNE of GOD, by *absolution* true,

Who only can thy free *Remission* seale,  
 Cancell thy debts, thy *Conscience* calm'd make feele  
 The fruit of his *forgivenesse* ; give thee *Peace*, 1895  
 That true *Tranquillity*, which finds no place  
 In *Pardons* given by men, for gayne procur'd,  
 In *All* at least, who ever haue endurd  
 The Inward tempest of a sin-tos'd soule,  
 Looking aright vpon that fearefull *Scroule* 1900  
 Of *accusations*, having layd to heart  
 The Nature of GOD'S *Iustice*, *Sinne's* desert.

If a man be humbled  
 in the sense of his  
 sin, & God's deserv-  
 ed wrath, then may  
 he get a comfortable  
 sight of Iesus Christ  
 in the Gospell.

If in thy selfe, thou hast this vgly *Sight*,  
 Perceav'd, the *Vengance* due to Thee by right  
 If thence, thy soule with inward *Terrors* shaken,  
 By *Iustice*, trembling stands, to be o're-taken : 1906  
 If feele thou dost a gnawing *Worme* torment  
 Thy vexed conscience, but with ease acquent,  
 Stinging thy heart, which with remembrance bleeds,  
 Of long-long buried, and of late *Misdeeds*, 1910  
 Kindling in thee sparkes of that quenchesse *Fire*,  
 Sent foorth as Messingers of further Ire  
 In time to warne Thee what abids for ay  
 All, that in *Sinne* without *Repentance* stay ;  
 If from *Above* some sharpe correcting *Rod* 1915  
 Hath made thee see an awfull angrie GOD  
 Quickning in thee some *Spunke* of true desire  
 His *Peace* to haue, gainst whom thou didst conspire,  
 Renouncing henceforth to bee Sathan's slaue,  
 In life renew'd resolv'd thy sinnes to leaue, 1920  
 In this pure MIRROR thou mayst then make bold  
 Sweet IESUS CHRIST thy SAVIOUR to behold  
 A readie MEDIATOR full of *grace*,  
 Pleading thy *Pardon* and eternall *Peace* ;  
 A *Fountaine* open'd, living streams distilling, 1925  
 In *David's* house, with *Heavenly water* filling  
 Thy thirsting Soule, That true *Physitian*  
 The precious *balme* of *grace* who only can

Heb. 8. 6.  
 Ibid. 9. 15, and  
 12. 24.  
 Zach. 18. 1.  
 Apoc. 22. 6 ;  
 Ibid. 7. 17.  
 Mat. 9. 12 ;  
 Luk. 10. 35. 43.

- Powre in thy wounds, THEE can alone make cleane,  
 Though nought but *leprous* spots in thee bee seene;
- Mal. 3. 1. The *Angell of the Covenant*, who brings 1931
- Ibid. 4. 2. To *Sinners*, healing vnderneath His wings,
- <sup>a</sup> Exod. 25. 21. A *Mercie seate*, the <sup>a</sup> *Tables of the Law*  
 To hide, whose challenge Thee in *Judgment* draw.
- <sup>b</sup> 1 King 1. 50. An *Altar*, from whose <sup>b</sup> *Hornes of safe protection* 1935  
 God's justice most severe gainst sinnes infection
- <sup>c</sup> Iohn 6. 37. Man never banish'd, for <sup>c</sup> *refuge* who fled,  
 Or whom to Him the *Hope of Mercie* led.
- <sup>d</sup> Numb. 35. 6 ;  
 Deut. 4. 41.  
 Ios. 20. 2. A <sup>d</sup> *Citie*, where in safety to reside  
 And beare the *Deuill* and all the *World* at fead,
- <sup>e</sup> Apoc. 21. 25. Whose <sup>e</sup> *Ports* shoote never, ever patent bee 1941
- <sup>f</sup> Esa. 60. 11. To all, that from persuing <sup>f</sup> *Justice* flee.
- <sup>g</sup> Genes. 6. A saving <sup>g</sup> *Arke* where thou secure mayst rest  
 Where inward *feares*, nor *foes* can thee infest,  
 Where thou most safe mayst ly, though *Heavens*  
 should weepe 1945  
 Even floods of wrath man from Earth's face to  
 sweepe.
- <sup>h</sup> Numb. 14. 46. A *gratious* <sup>h</sup> *Aaron*, reaching forth his hand  
 Who doth with *Incense* in his *Censor* stand  
 To stay the *Plague* of *sinne*, on thee begunne  
 (Without Remeed) ere thou bee over-runne. 1950  
 Draw neare in time, and labour to perceauē  
 How such as went before Thee furthred haue :
- <sup>i</sup> Math. 9. 10. To <sup>i</sup> *eate*, to *drink*, Loe ! He did not disdaine  
<sup>k</sup> Luke 7. 36. With <sup>k</sup> *Publicanes*, with *persons* most prophane, 1954  
 Curing their sinnes : vile <sup>l</sup> *Whoores*, adu'trous *Goates*  
<sup>l</sup> Luke 4 ;  
 Iohn 8. 3.  
 Luke 7. 38. Hee gathers in, and purgeth all their spots.  
<sup>m</sup> Luke 19. 5. Most covetous <sup>m</sup> *Extortioners* find grace,  
 None are debar'd who mourne to Him their *cace*.  
*Behold* as He doth stand ! Doth sweetly call,  
*Come*, O yee <sup>n</sup> *Weary*, *Come* yee loaden all, 1960  
<sup>o</sup> Math. 11. 28. Draw neare my <sup>o</sup> *Deare-Ones*, I will giue you *rest*,  
 Ierem. 6. 16. Your Soules in *peace* shall *hence-foorth* bee *possest* ;

“Who come to Mee faint, comfortlesse, and  
weake

“For succour, in no cace I can forsake.”

If thy conscience be  
not quieted at the  
first looke on  
Christ, yet a con-  
tinuing to looke  
vpon Him, and His  
offices, and natures,  
and gracious work-  
ing with others,  
may doe it.

But YET, if still thy *faults* thy *conscience* vexe, 1965

If still the sence of *Wrath* thy Soule perplexe,

If still the hope-exyling *feares* remaine

That *justice* shall, with never-ceassing paine

For sinne, at last, sease on thy guiltie Soule,

A righteous GOD, who boldly durst controule: 1970

And, if thou canst not yet be brought to see

How GOD can pardon such a wretch as thee,

So vile a worthlesse wormeling, by desert

Who worthie of hel's deepest dungeon art,

Looke on the *Mirror* then ; *See*, from aboue, 1975

Of GOD the FATHER the vnbounded loue,

Who, when He All haue damnd in *justice* might,

*So lovd* <sup>a</sup> *the World*, that He His chiefe delight

His SONNE Eternall, *Second* of these *Three*

Which still make vp a *Trinall Vnitie*, 1980

To mortall *Man* did gift, in time a *Child*

Heere to be borne, to *Man* from grace exild,

Whose *Name* and *Nature* thereto made agree

Our blest IMMANUEL, GOD *with vs*, should bee,

The Mightie <sup>b</sup> GOD in humane flesh, and feature,

GOD reconcealed vnto manly *Nature*, 1986

That Hee man's *Persons* might to GOD conceale,

And that through *Him* GOD'S friendship *Man* might

feele :

Whose searchlesse *Wisdome* so profound appears

That thence the name of <sup>c</sup> WONDERFULL He beares,

For, wonderfully Hee found out a *Way* 1991

Man to set free, and fully to defray

His debts, the *Iustice* Infinite contenting,

And of an angrie GOD the rage relenting ;

A *Way*, to make on Thee, while *even* <sup>d</sup> *God's foe*

The boundlesse *Fountaine* of His *Mercie* flow, 1996

<sup>a</sup> Iohn 3. 16 ;  
<sup>i</sup> Iohn 4. 9.

Esay. 7. 14 ;  
Math. 1. 23.  
<sup>b</sup> Esa. 9. 6.

<sup>c</sup> Ibid.

<sup>d</sup> Col. 1. 21.



While thou (deservedly) groaning lay'st beneath  
*Sinnes* pressing load, and GOD's Eternall *Wrath*.

<sup>a</sup> Iohn 1. 14;  
 Math. 5. 17.

*Behold* for Thee He <sup>a</sup> MAN becomes, GOD's will  
 In ev'ry point compleetly to fulfill, 2000

<sup>b</sup> Heb. 7. 22.

Thy <sup>b</sup> *Cautioner*, who to procure thy Peace  
 (A bankrupt vnthrif, prodigall of grace)

That from *Rebellion* thou relax'd might bee,

<sup>c</sup> Heb. 9. 14.

By <sup>c</sup> *satisfaction* full did set thee free,

<sup>d</sup> Heb. 7. 27.

Himselfe for thee a <sup>d</sup> *Sacrifice* presenting, 2005

<sup>e</sup> 1 Ioh. 4. 19.

Ere loue thou couldst Him, thee with <sup>e</sup> *loue* prevent-  
 ing.

<sup>f</sup> Math. 3. 13.

*See* how He stands, as if with <sup>f</sup> *sinne* defild,

<sup>g</sup> Mark 1. 8;  
 Luke 3. 21.

Even in thy <sup>g</sup> *Name* and *Roome*, by *sinne* exild,

Washd as a *Sinner*, by the clenging streame

Of *Baptisme*, sinfull in the world's esteeme, 2010

<sup>h</sup> Math. 17. 5;  
<sup>2</sup> Pet. 1. 17.

The <sup>h</sup> *Father* audibly from HEAVEN expressing,

And fully pleasd in HIM, HIMSELFE professing

That Hee should *Suretie* bee, thy *burden* beare,

And charging thee againe *His voice to heare*.

How canst thou then, (while lying vnder ire), 2015

But boile with flames of vehement desire

To heare Him calling, *Come*, O weary wight

If vex'd with inward *feares*, or outward *spight*,

*Come* mourning Soule, in *conscience* opprest,

Vnder my *wings* securely take thee *rest*? 2020

If thou belieue, if thou in *faith* doe heare

And follow Him that cals, thou needst not feare

That thou assaulted, shall a *shelter* lake,

That wrath shall thee persue, or overtake.

Why still then trembling stands thou? still agast?

Twixt GOD and CHRIST (now) *covenant* is past 2026

In thy behalfe: and CHRIST accordingly

Hath *suffered*, *absolv'd* and *ransom'd* thee.

Since then of GOD the free, and endlesse *Loue*

<sup>1</sup> Iohn 3. 16;  
<sup>1</sup> Iohn 4. 9.

Thou for thy <sup>1</sup> *Warrant* hast, what should thee  
 moue?

<sup>a</sup> Ezek. 37. 26. Since of that <sup>a</sup> *Covenant* new which lasts for ay, 2031  
The *Truth* and *Strength* not subject to decay  
Twixt GOD and CHRIST for *Man*, twixt GOD and  
*Man*

In CHRIST, which nothing change, or alter can,  
Doe thee secure; what need'th thee doubt or feare?  
That thou shouldst perish, CHRIST thee bought too  
deare. 2036

What lackst thou? what deficient is to found  
And build thy *faith* on a most solide ground?

<sup>b</sup> Act. 20. 28;  
<sup>c</sup> Heb. 9. 14.  
<sup>c</sup> Philip. 2. 10.

The MAN, who doth thy <sup>b</sup> *Mediator* stand  
Is <sup>c</sup> *also* GOD: doth all this *All* command. 2040

Hee, worthy pardon is for thee to pleade:  
When Hee maks sute for what thou standst in neede,  
The FATHER can not what Hee asks forsake:  
Hee Greater is than a repulse to take.

Hee *High is as the Highest* to appeare, 2045  
And GOD for *sinne* offended, to draw neare,  
Before whose face no creature dare be found,  
When frowning, Hee His anger doth vnbound.

<sup>d</sup> 1 Tim. 2. 5;  
Heb. 7. 24.

*Againe*, that GOD, thy glorious <sup>d</sup> MEDIATOR, 2049  
*Man* likewayes is, *Man's Sonne*, and *Man's CREATOR*.

<sup>e</sup> GOEL. So  
stiled by  
Iob 19. 25.

Thy <sup>e</sup> *Kinse-Man in the flesh*, to thee more neare  
Than any *Saint*, or was, or can bee, heere.

<sup>f</sup> Essay. 57. 15.

Though He that *Loftie* <sup>o</sup> *One*, that *Great One* bee  
Who *Ever-blest*, endwelth *Eternitie*,

Yet daind He hath (thee to lift vp and saue 2055  
Though even the basest and most abject slaue)

*Himselfe* to humble, and stowp downe more low  
Then any other able was to doe,

<sup>g</sup> Iohn 19. 17;  
Philip. 2. 7.

*Himselfe* Hee <sup>f</sup> *emptied*, did the *Crosse* take on,  
Was made of *reputation* small, or none, 2060  
Was *peircd*, was *presd* with paine, to clenge thy score,  
A shamefull death endurd: *What wouldst thou more?*

*Behold* Man's *Nature* wondrously combind  
(By vnion such, as nature can not find)

Vnto the *Godhead*, in His *Person*: so 2065  
 How easie thing it is for GOD to doe  
 Thence see thou mayst, tho *Sinne* hath made *dis-*  
*union*,

To make thy *Person* haue with Him *Communion*.  
*Behold*, how by this *union personall*  
 Of *Persons* not, but *Natures*: naturall 2070  
 Sense all transcending, *Sathan* conquered lyes,  
 Even by that *Nature* He did first entyse.  
 Thy LORD on Him assum'd thy humane *Nature*  
 That Hee of thee might make a divine *creature*,  
 Abaisd *Himselfe* the *Sonne* of *man* to bee, 2075  
 To make to GOD a chosen child of thee.

*Behold His Worthinesse* who pleads thy *peace*,  
 Thus shalt thou see how thou, vnworthy *grace*,  
 Mayst bee receav'd, through *Him* mayst favour find  
 Who, though thou faultie, *loving* is and *kind*. 2080

<sup>a</sup> 1 Tim. 2. 4.

*Behold*<sup>a</sup> how GOD, in CHRIST, most willing is  
 To saue, to comfort, and to cherish *His* ;  
 The soules of trembling *sinner*s doth sustaine  
 While seeming swallow'd vp, with sense of paine,  
 With inward anguish, and thou nought shalt see 2085  
 In GOD from grace to let or hinder thee.

*Behold* thy LORD, how not without *delite*,  
 The Worke of *Man's salvation* to perfitte,  
 Such *Offices* did daine to vndertake  
 As for thy well and safety best did make. 2090

<sup>b</sup> Heb. 4. 16.

Thus strengthned thou more <sup>b</sup> boldly mayst draw  
 neare

The *Throne of grace*, to bee exeemd of feare,  
 Set free from thy rebellion, so eschue  
 The *Vengeance* to thy *disobedience* due.

<sup>c</sup> Essay. 9. 6.

*Behold* how *Hee*, as <sup>c</sup> *Counsellor* most wise, 2095

<sup>d</sup> Iohn 1. 18.

To the Eternall *Monarch* of the skies,  
 While in the *Father's* <sup>d</sup> bosome, GOD alone  
*Man's flesh* as yet not having taken on,

- By *Patriarchs*, & *Prophets*' mouths, did breath  
 GOD's *Mysteries*, to man deserving death, 2100  
 His *Counsell*s deepe reveald, His *secret*s spred,  
 And *Man* againe to know His *Maker* led.
- <sup>a</sup> Luke 13. 23. Behold how in His <sup>a</sup> *flesh* He went along  
 The holy land, and (even His foes among)  
 In proper *person* preacht in ev'ry place 2105  
 Glade <sup>b</sup> *tydings* to the Soule that mournd for grace,  
 And yet by <sup>c</sup> *Preachers*' mouths continues still  
 Revealing to the world *His Father's will*.
- <sup>b</sup> Isa. 61. 1;  
<sup>c</sup> Math. 5. 4;  
<sup>c</sup> Iohn 15. 15.  
 Behold, to HEAVEN how having taught the way  
<sup>d</sup> 1 Pet. 1. 19. A <sup>d</sup> *Lambe* vnspotted, *Once* for <sup>e</sup> *all*, and *ay*, 2110  
<sup>e</sup> Hebr. 7. 27. Hee offred vp *Himselfe*, the world from *sinne*  
 To purge, o're hell the <sup>f</sup> *Victorie* to winne,  
<sup>f</sup> Col. 2. 15. A <sup>g</sup> *Sacrifice* most *perfily* to saue  
<sup>g</sup> Heb. 7. 25. And *sanctifie throughout*, no spot to leaue  
 Vnpurgt, in *all*, through *Him* who accesse clame  
 To GOD, *salvation* vrging in His name. 2116
- <sup>h</sup> Levit. 16;  
 Exod. 13. 10;  
 Heb. 9. 12.  
<sup>i</sup> Heb. 9. 24.  
 Looke how our <sup>h</sup> *Aaron* with a purpure flood  
 All over-sprinkled of His owne deare blood,  
 Enters the Holyest <sup>i</sup> *Sanctuary* of HEAVEN  
 To repoesse *Man* thence most justly driven, 2120
- <sup>k</sup> Exod. 28. 29  
 & 9.  
 Our <sup>k</sup> *Names* vpon His *breast*, and *shoulders* bearing  
 With *heart's affection*, and with *strength* appearing  
 His owne poore mourning *Weake Ones* to sustaine,  
 That they with GOD may still in grace remaine. 2124
- <sup>l</sup> 1 Pet. 3. 22;  
 Heb. 1. 3;  
 Psal. 110. 1;  
 Math. 22. 44.  
 Behold thy LORD set downe, on <sup>l</sup> GOD's right hand  
 O're HEAVEN, o're *Earth* o're *hell* to beare command  
 As *King*, as *Conqu'ror*, *captiues* to rescue,  
 The *tyrannie* of *Sathan* to subdue,  
 From thraldome to set free *all* that desire 2129  
 To bee releev'd from *wrath*, from *Sinne's* Impire.
- <sup>m</sup> 1 Tim. 6. 15.  
 Behold Him gifted with *Dominion* free  
 MONARCH of *Monarchs*, <sup>m</sup> KING of *Kings* to bee,  
 With vniuersall pow're, to *rule*, to *raigne*  
 GOD over *All*, *All's* onely *Soveraigne*,

- Of all things at his pleasure to dispose, 1352  
 • Mat. 18. 6. For well of *His*; those <sup>a</sup> *Proudlings* to oppose  
 Who boldly dare presume to vexe or wrong  
 The meanest *member* that doth *Him* belong,  
 To whom Hee lists eternall <sup>b</sup> *life* to giue,  
 To damne to *death*, from *death* or to reviuē, 2140  
 Psal. 2. His *foes* to make his *foot-stoole*: pestring downe,  
 All godlesse *Atheists*, traytors to his crowne  
 That Him contemne, or dare His *Scepter* slight  
 Them making feele His powre, His boundlesse  
 might. 2144
- No inlake in thee but thou may see how it is supplied in Christ.  
 • Hosea 14. 4. What fearest thou then, if thou thy *Sinnes* foosake,  
 And seeke that Hee in *friendship* thee may take?  
 God's *loue* is *free*, and <sup>c</sup> *firme*; no change admits,  
 Continues to the end, and never flits;  
 His *Truth* both *seald*, and *sworne*, doth thee secure  
 By way of *Cov'nant*, <sup>d</sup> which shall ay endure. 2150
- <sup>d</sup> Esa. 54. 10. The LORD of *lyfe*, CHRIST IESUS set to sight  
 In this cleare *Mirror*, *Thine* by *double* right  
 Is made, to thee *twice sibbe* who groanst for grace,  
 The *Sonne* of GOD, the *Seede* of mortall race,  
 Twice *Brother's* Hee become; by *Incarnation* 2155  
 Himselfe for thee to make a fit *Oblation*:  
 By thy *adoption*; even with Him to *share*  
 • Rom. 8. 17. The *Heritage*, of Heaven to bee made <sup>e</sup> *heyre*.  
 If *Blind* thou bee, and of a *guide* hast neede 2159  
 From *Sinne* and *wrath* thy straying soule to leade  
 Loe, Hee a *Prophet* is, who <sup>f</sup> *peace* doth preach  
 Deut. 18. 15, 18; Eph. 2. 17; f Iohn 14. 6. Draw neere, Him hearken: Hee the way shall  
 teach.  
 Twixt GOD and *Thee*, if thou the *feade* dost feare,  
 Behold, a <sup>g</sup> *Priest* Hee doth for thee appeare, 2164  
 Who all His *friends*, or *friends* that seeke to bee,  
 Hath by one *Sacrifice*, for ay, set free.  
 If *Lame* and *Impotent* thou art, vnmeete  
 To runne to God, or flee from *Sathan's feete*,

<sup>a</sup> Luke 1. 32. 33. To strengthen thee, hee is a *Mightie* \* KING,  
Who can rayse vp the weakest *vnderling*. 2170

What long agoe, as *Priest*, hee hath procurd,  
As *Prophet* Hee expones, perswads; assurd  
To make His owne of safety: shall at last  
As *King* apply, conforme to *Paction* past.

What Hee, as *Priest* hath purchast, foorth hee  
drawes 2175

From *God's* great *Treasure*, opned for his cause  
To our behoue, who as he *dayly* pleads

<sup>b</sup> Rom. 8. 34. For vs, by <sup>b</sup> *priestly* *Intercession* speeds.

What Hee as *Prophet* hath expnd, by *Word*  
In holy *Write*, as *Prophet* doth afford 2180  
Perspicuous, by his *Spirit* made most plaine,  
That Gracious *Doctor*, *Teacher* of His Trayne.

What Hee as *King* hath gifted and applyed,  
(And what in Him can bee by GOD denied?)  
Hee doth as KING gainst all thy foes maintaine 2185  
To settle thee, in peace with Him to raigne.

*Now, if to Him His weaklings bee so deare,*  
*Courage dejected soule; thou needst not feare;*  
*Ryse, follow on, Thou in this Glasse shalt see* 2189  
CHRIST'S GLORY *shining more and more to thee.*

How Christ may  
bee looked vpon for  
strengthening of thy  
fayth.

If Thou from *feare* bee in some measure fred,  
*If hope of mercie* thee to feele hath led  
Some spunk of *life*, some woontlesse *warmnesse*  
glow

Within thy bosome, making *tears* to flow  
Of godly *sorrow*, mixd of *Griefe* and *love*, 2195  
Thy frozen heart begunne to melt and moue;  
*Behold* how hee hath *breath*, as thou dost *Mourne*

<sup>c</sup> Math. 12. 10;  
Esa. 42. 3.

To make thy <sup>c</sup> *faintly-smoaking flaxe* to burne,  
And tenderly, till greater strength it breed, 2199  
Of thy weake *Fayth* doth touch the *bruised reed*.

<sup>d</sup> Mat. 9. 2;  
Mark 2. 3.  
Luke 5. 18.

*Behold* how <sup>d</sup> One, brought in his bed, by force,  
Layd at his feete, his *pittie* doth enforce,

Departs, of *sickenesse* and of *Sinne* made cleane,  
 Rejected not, because despisd and meane; 2204  
 How much more thee shall Hee receaue in *grace*  
 Who running comst, layst out to Him thy cace,  
 With bleeding heart dost His *compassion* plead,  
 Seeking to thy diseased *Soule* remeed ?

Thy LORD thou mayst, with thee a part who  
 beares,

*Behold* His *bottle filling* with thy *teares*, 2210

<sup>a</sup>Luke 7. 38. With that Sweete SAINT, for sinne, in *sense* <sup>a</sup> of *wrath*  
 With luke-warme *floods* when thou thy cheeks dost bath,  
 With *Her* sitts mourning, powring from thine eyes  
 In heartie *love*, thy greeved LORD to please,  
 Streames to be-dew and washe His sacred *Feete*, 2215  
 That Hee may cleanse, and for Himselfe make meete  
 Thy spotted *Soule*, who nought esteemest too *rare*  
 Too *pretious*, on *Himselfe*, or *cause* to ware.

Though men doe *mock*, and with *contempt* doe prise  
 Thy *mourning*, thy *devotion* doe despise, 2220

<sup>b</sup>Mat. 5. 4. Thy LORD, who (one day) shall thy <sup>b</sup> *paynes* com-  
 pense,

Thou speaking mayst perceave in thy defence :

<sup>c</sup>Cant. 2. 4. Loe Hee, a *Banner* <sup>c</sup> of *His love* doth *spread*,  
 And to his owne *Wine-sellers* thee doth leade,  
<sup>d</sup>Cant. 2. 5. That by his <sup>d</sup> *flagons* comfort thou mayst fynd, 2225

<sup>e</sup>Ih. 16. 20. 22. Hartning thy sorrow with his <sup>e</sup> *favours* kynd,  
 The *earnst* thee giving of that gracious day  
 When from thine eyes, *teares* <sup>f</sup> *Hee shall wipe away*.

<sup>f</sup>Apoc. 7. 17;  
 Ibid 21. 4.  
<sup>g</sup>Ez. 9. 4. 5. 6;  
 Apoc. 7. 3. Hee shall his *Seale* vpon thy <sup>g</sup> *forehead* set  
 That the *Destroyer* thus may warning get, 2230  
 The wicked *World* while *floods* of *vengeance* bath,  
 Thee to discern, from mongst the *Sonnes* of *wrath*.

How hee who be-  
 leueth must looke  
 to *Christ* present-  
 ing his burthen and  
 his yoke.  
<sup>h</sup>Mat. 11. 30.  
 Hold to thy shoulder, sturre not to take on  
 His lightsome <sup>h</sup> *burthen*; which repenteth none  
 That ever it did beare: which all makes glad 2235  
 On whomsoever Hee the same hath layd.

*Behold* Hee stretcheth foorth His hand, to lay  
His *Law* vpon thy back, thy sinnes to slay,  
So to presse foorth thy old impostumd *soares*,  
But not to harme thee, who his *Peace* implores. 2240  
Thy *flesh* and vitious *Nature*, must bee slayne :  
Thou must not shrinke at sense of outward *Payne*.

<sup>a</sup> Mat. 11. 29.

*Behold*, His <sup>a</sup> *Yoke* Hee brings! *How loath to  
part?*

Stretch forth thy *necke*, thy *hands*, thy *feete*, thy  
*heart*,

That Hee may bind it on : that, (hence) for ay 2245  
None, saue thy LORD, thy *service* challenge may.

*Loe!* that thy *yoke* may *light* and *ease* bee  
Hee goes before *Himselſe* and drawes with thee,  
Yea both thy *yoke* and *thee* Hee drawes ; and beares  
*Thee*, wrestling with thy *burthen* who appeares. 2250

Goe on : O never, never leave thy LORD  
Where ere Hee leads thee ; Hee will strength afford.  
Hee no where els *Thee* shall invite to goe  
But where before, the way *Himselſe* did show. 2254

How a man under  
temptation may  
looke vpon Christ  
in the mirror of His  
word.

BVT NOW doth *Sathan* rage with greater spight  
Then when secure thou layst in *sinne's* dark night,  
Redoubling his assaults, *Thee* vexing more,  
Presenting *bayts* more frequent then before?  
*Behold* thy LORD, whom HEAVEN, whom *Earth*  
obeys,

<sup>b</sup> Mat. 4 ;  
Mark 1. 12.  
Luke 4. 1.

In <sup>b</sup> *Wildernesſe*, *alone*, twice twentie dayes 2260  
With *apparitions* visible frequented,  
Not from that *Ill-One's* fire *darts* exempted.  
If CHRIST hee durst attempt to make his *Thrall*,  
Whom gainst his *dints* Hee knew a *brazen wall*,  
What wonder thee a *weakling* hee entyse, 2265  
To his *persute* whose *soule* oft guardlesse lyeth

But seest thou CHRIST prevaile? *Hi*  
*fine?*

Him streight dis-arme? *The Victorie* :



<sup>a</sup> Ex. 14. 13. O stand! O heere *behold* <sup>a</sup> the *LORD'S Salvation!*  
 This Combate to thy *safety* hath relation, 2270  
 Heere *Sathan* also made before *thee* flee,  
 Thy selfe in CHRIST victorious thou mayst see.

*Sathan is not af-  
 frayd though some-  
 times hee faime  
 feare, for holy water  
 or crossing.*

But *holie water* in the Ayre to tosse,  
 And with the finger *heere and there* to *crosse*, 2274  
 Scorne thou, as fruitlesse freets, least *Sathan* slight  
 And scorne such *weapons* should resist his *might*.

*How a man vnder  
 cōtempt of the  
 world, or despised  
 of his friends may  
 looke on Christ.  
<sup>b</sup> Psal. 38. 11.  
<sup>c</sup> Iohn 15. 19.*

*Doth now* the World a *mocking-stock* thee make?  
 Thy <sup>b</sup> *friends* (before) thy *fellowship* forsake?  
 Now art thou hated, since by gracious <sup>c</sup> *change*  
 Thy former *life* become to thee is strange? 2280  
 Now pointed at? because to sin thou shunnes

<sup>d</sup> 1 Pet. 4. 4.

And no more to thy wonted <sup>d</sup> *ryot runnes*?  
 Now doe the wicked louse their tongues to *lyes*,  
 Traducing thy *profession* as they please,  
 Not sparing even thy *person*, cens'ring *thee* 2285  
 Or *madde*, or *foolish*, or *precise* to bee?  
*Behold* thy LORD, exposd to like despight,  
*Vexd, mockt, persued*, with *malice* greatest *might*,  
*Despysd, opprest*, the marke of *envy* made,  
 A common *foe* for all men to invade. 2290

<sup>e</sup> Iohn 1. 11.

*See* <sup>e</sup> how Hee comes vnto His *Owne* by *Blood*,  
 By *bonds* of *nature*, even by *them* withstood,  
 Rejected, not receiv'd, but mett in place  
 Of kindlie acceptation, with disgrace.  
 A Man, beside *Himselfe*, in their esteeme 2295  
*Behold* the SAVIOUR of the world doth seeme :

<sup>f</sup> Luke 23. 2.

As if His countrie's <sup>f</sup> *foe*, not *Cæsar's* friend, 2298  
 Even one whose *course*, (which they not rightly saw)

<sup>g</sup> Iohn 11. 45.

Their <sup>g</sup> *State* might touch, *themselves* in danger draw.  
 Each day that did His *life's* short terme compleet  
 Heere, with a severall affront did meet. 2302

<sup>h</sup> Is. 33. 3;  
 Mat. 27. 41. &<sup>ca</sup>.

But while His *course* Hee closd, *O grieffe! O teares!*  
 See how <sup>h</sup> *unmov'd*, what bitter *taunts* Hee beares.

With what vntterable *anguish* torne,  
 While suffering midst His *Paines*, the *Hight* of *Scorne*,  
 Which more than all the *Stripes*, His *Soule* did  
 racke,

Which scourging *Burrio's* layd vpon His backe. 2308

<sup>a</sup> *Ibid.* 27. 29. 30. Behold, they nod <sup>a</sup> the head, they bow the knee ;

Who *Wisdome* was, to them a *foole* must bee.

The Honorable SONNE of GOD they floute,

<sup>b</sup> *Math.* 27. 28. And put a *Purpure* <sup>b</sup> garment Him about,

A *Crowne* of *Thornes*, vpon His holy head,

And in His harmelesse *hand* a brittle *Reede*

Worthy no other *Scepter*, in their thought : 2315

With *shame*, with *scorne* to death He thus was  
 brought.

“ LORD Thou, that I should liue, who daind to  
 die,

“ Thy servant and disciple make of mee,

“ Though I with Thee should suffer, even while  
 heere,

“ *Scorne*, *spight*, *contempt*, *wrong* most *vnjustlie*  
 beare, 2320

“ Which, to my sight, thou standst, by my *procur-*  
*ing*,

“ Before the eyes of liuelie *faith* enduring.”

How a man vnder  
 povertie may looke  
 vpon Christ in the  
 mirror of the Word.

If *Povertie* thee pinch, if *want* thee vexe

Looke on thy LORD, whom care did ne'er perplexe  
 Of wordly *Wealth*; who heere did liue content 2325

To serue *Himself* with what His *servants* lent ;

<sup>c</sup> *Luke* 8. 3.

Those holy <sup>c</sup> *Matrons* who did Him attend

Vnto His death, who did permit to spend

Their proper *goods*, forth for His vse to lay,

The charges of His *Journey* to defray. 2330

<sup>d</sup> *Mat.* 17. 27.

Who being *tax'd* did <sup>d</sup> *Tribute-money* lake :

<sup>e</sup> *Mat.* 8. 20.

Whom <sup>e</sup> *house*, nor *hold* did ever *owner* make :

<sup>f</sup> *Luke* 2. 7.

In poore estate most meanly who was <sup>f</sup> *borne* ;

<sup>g</sup> *Ibid.* 24.

Whose *offring*, which the <sup>g</sup> *Altar* did adorne

- <sup>a</sup> Levit. 12. 8. In *His* behalfe, instead of fatned <sup>a</sup> *droaves*, 2335  
 The poore-man's *Pigeons* was, the *Turtle doves* ;  
 In *Ioseph's* house his *life* not *Rich* could bee :  
 A poorer spoyle the *Sunne* did never see  
 Than at His *death* His *foes* did part by lote,  
<sup>b</sup> Iohn 19. 23. His greatest wealth a <sup>b</sup> *sober seamelesse coate*. 2340  
 If this *communion* with his *povertie*  
 Griefe of all *straits* can not asswage to thee,  
 Looke on the *riches* of spirituall *grace* 2343  
 Which hee on all bestowes, His steps who trace.  
<sup>c</sup> Heb. 1. 2. *Loe, heyre* Hee is of <sup>c</sup> HEAVEN and *Earth* : of all,  
<sup>d</sup> Rom. 8. 17. And with Himselfe <sup>d</sup> *Co-Heyre* annexe thee shall,  
 Yea will not (heere) with thee so sharply deale  
 But (as best sutes His *Glorie*, and thy well)  
 Both will, and can provide, that thou nor lacke  
*Foode* for thy bellie, *cloathing* for thy back. 2350  
 And, though thou seest not how, yet take not *care*,  
<sup>e</sup> Luke 12. 6. His providence to <sup>e</sup> *Sparrowes* in the ayre,  
 To *Lillyes* of the field, to every thing  
 Which His *eternall Word* to life did bring  
 Extended is, and (as to him seemes best) 2355  
 Thy *Portion* furnish shall amongst the rest.  
 By speciall care, thy LORD can make thee feele,  
<sup>f</sup> 1 King 17. 14-16. Enlarg't, the *lytle* measure of thy <sup>f</sup> *Meale*,  
<sup>2</sup> King 4. Thy *Cruise of Oyle* sufficient, thee to feede  
 Till more Hee send, to *last* as thou hast need, 2360  
 Deut. 8. 4. Can in thy greatest troubles thee vphold,  
 Cause that thy *Garments*, nor thy *shoes* waxe old,  
 Dan. 1. And if Hee but a dish of *Pulse* propine  
 About thy fellows can thy *face* make *shine* ;  
 Hee multiply thy *lytle*, even thy *least*, 2365  
 Can, though a daye's *provision* thou but hast,  
 As easily it makes to hundreths stretch  
<sup>g</sup> Mat. 14. 19 ; <sup>h</sup> Iohn 6. 11. As for *five* <sup>g</sup> *Thousand Soules* hee earst made reach  
 (With plentie fed,) those *Loaves* and *fishes few*,  
 For *Fyue* alone which els were but enew. 2370

- If thou for Him doe *thirst*, by manner strange  
 He, for thy vse, *in wine* can <sup>a</sup> *Water* change :
- <sup>a</sup> Iohn 2. 8.      Yea *living* <sup>b</sup> *streams* can give thee, if he list,  
<sup>b</sup> Iohn 4. 14.      Which tasted once, thou never more shall thirst.
- Mat. 17. 27.      *A Fish*, with money in its mouth, be driven      2375  
<sup>c</sup> 1 King 17. 6.      Shalt on thy *Hooke*, <sup>c</sup> *Ravens* feede thee *Noone* and  
    *Even*,
- <sup>d</sup> Ex. 16. 14 ;      *Heaven's* <sup>d</sup> *Manna* rayne, the flintie <sup>e</sup> *Rocke* shall serue  
 Psal. 78. 27.      Thy thirst to quench, ere thou for want doe  
<sup>e</sup> Exod. 17. 6 ;      starue.  
 Numb. 20. 9.      " *O that I may* (LORD) *for thy Kingdome care*,  
 Psal. 78. 15.      " *Thee aboute all things serue ; so shall I feare*  
    " *Adversitie nor want : thus what may ayde*  
    " *My vext estate, shall to my hand be layde.*      2382
- <sup>f</sup> Tim. 16. 17.      If *Rich* thou bee, take heede *uncertaine* <sup>f</sup> *wealth*  
 How a man in      Steale not thy heart, thy soule deprive of health :  
 wealth & prosper-      *Trust* not therein ; be not puft vp with pride      2385  
 itie may behold      Of things, on <sup>g</sup> *Eagles'* wings which swiftly slyde,  
 Christ with profite.      Fixe thou on *Him* alone thine *heart*, thine *Eye*,  
<sup>g</sup> Prover. 23. 5.      To make *Thee Rich*, who *poore* did chuse to bee.  
    O ! let thy *humble* Cariage, *modest* mynde,  
<sup>2</sup> Cor. 8. 9.      Thy thoughts with *moderation* confind,      2390  
    Beare witnesse, that thou *pure* in *Spirit* art,  
    That thou dost *thirst* and *hunger* in thy heart  
    To bee inriched with that *Righteousnesse*  
    Which CHRIST still gifts, yet never is made lesse.  
    Bee greedie of His *golde* ; O begge to weare      2395  
    His *Garments*, that thou glorious mayst appeare,  
    That truly *rich*, thou mayst thy selfe present  
<sup>h</sup> Phil. 4. 11.      To GOD ; <sup>h</sup> *in wealth*, in *want* alike content.  
    These earthly things, but solide as a *dreame*,  
    More worthy than they are, doe not esteeme,      2400  
    But for thy LORD's vse, seeke to vse them, so  
    That on their *Owner* thou mayst them bestow :  
    *Whom* if thou see, or in his *Churches* neede  
    Or *Any* of his *Saints*, thy pittie pleade,

O then thy *superfluitie* to spare 2405

To help the cause belonging to *His care*,  
His poore distressed *Brethren* to relieue  
In whom His *grace* and *Image* shineth viue,  
A horrible *Ingratitude* must bee,  
Yea even a damnable *Impietie*. 2410

How a man in sick-  
nesse may get a  
helpfull sight of  
Christ.

If *sense of payne*, if *soares* of any sort  
Thee so assaile, as hard is to comport,  
Looke on thy LORD, how *torturd* for thy sake,  
*Scourg'd* backe and sides, GOD'S *wrath*, thy *paynes* to  
slake,

See how his pretious *bloode* for thee is shed, 2415  
To *Calvary* with shame, along while led,  
With which the senselesse streets all red, seem'd  
blushing,

While bath'd with *Rivers* from his *woundes* foorth  
gushing.

*Behold* the *Nailes*, driven both through foote and  
hand,

Not in a *masse* of *mettell* which doth stand 2420  
*Him* suffering to set foorth : a *living Man*  
Thy object is ; what *spight*, what *malice* can  
Enduring on the *Crosse* ; a publicke wonder,  
Whose *Legs* and *Armes* stretchd foorth, neere ract  
asunder,

Not suffered were to stand, as to His grieffe 2425  
The least-least meanes afford might of reliefe,  
But as most obvious to the *Souldiers'* minde  
They might bee found, His *Bones* to *breake* combine.

*Behold*, by burthen of His *Body* blest, 2429  
His flesh doth yeeld (while being down-ward prest)  
Gaping and growing *Wounds*, still made more large,  
As more His *Weight* His tender *Hands* doth charge.

\* Iohn 19. 28.

Harke, how He cryes I\* *THIRST*, complains of  
*drouth*,  
For other *Paines* who *opned not His mouth*,

Though passing great, most sensibly though felt,  
 With this of all most vehemently delt. 2436

<sup>a</sup> Iohn 17. 29. O see, how *He His* weary <sup>a</sup> *Neck* extends  
 And languishing, with ready *mouth* attends  
 To drink the offred *Vinegar* and *Gall*,  
 His burning *Thirst* to quench, to FINISH ALL, 2440

<sup>b</sup> Math. 27. 34. Of which the bitter <sup>b</sup> *sowrenesse* proving, straight  
 A very *Tast* to *Him* becomes a draught.  
 This Ruefull sight presented to thine eyes,  
 Inward or outward *Paynes* may serue to ease,  
*Griues* all allay, giue *Patience* to comport, 2445  
 Till GOD thy *Dolours* slaken, in some sort.

How a man in health may looke vpon CHRIST. If *healthy*, *sound*, and *strong*, from trouble free,  
 Looke on the *Price* that purchast *All* to thee,  
<sup>c</sup> 1 Pet. 2. 24. *His* <sup>c</sup> *Stripes* did make thee whole: thy <sup>d</sup> LORD did  
<sup>d</sup> Esa. 53. 4. beare  
 Thy *Maladyes*, that thou mightst sound appeare.  
*Hee* thy *Infirmities* on Him did take, 2451  
 Thy *Health* to thee a *Blessing* thus to make,  
 And that thy sicklie *Soule* might whole bee found,  
 Whose stat's oft worst, thy *Body* while most sound.  
 "O that I may LORD whollie heere employ 2455  
 "My selfe, while health, while strength I doe  
 enjoy,  
 "In seruing Thee; and, to my dayes as length  
 "Thou addst, I loue Thee may with greater  
 strength,  
 "That so, while health and strength, as shads  
 shall flee, 2459  
 "Both sound and strong I may bee found in Thee."

How a Noble or base borne person, may behold Christ for their instruction. Doth long *discent*, vn-discontinued *race*  
 Of hon'rabl *Ancestors*, make thee place,  
 Worldly *Preheminence* to thee beget  
 About the *Simpler Sort*, below thee set?  
 Art thou a *Noble*, or some speciall *Peere* 2  
 So *Great* as thy *Inferiors* thee admire?

Or, (tho *Enobled* not by *Place*) doth *blood*  
 From the *Ignoble* *Vulgar* thee seclude ?  
 In this forbear to *glorie* ; but *behold*  
 Thy *LORD* of *Royall Linage*, *Race* most *Old*, 2470  
 A *BRAUNCH* whose *blood* deriv'd from *David's*  
 stemme

Did make Him right to weare a *Diademe*,  
 A *KING*, respecting even His *Manhoode*, borne ;  
 Yet, all proud thoughts of *Pedegries* to scorne,  
 Himselfe abasd, in *Grace* to make vs *Great*, 2475  
 And (though a *Personage* of *High estate*)  
 Became most *low*, vs *Hon'rabl*e to make  
 Even our *Dishonour* on *Himselfe* did take.

“ *O seeke Nobilitie, which ne'er shall fade,*  
 “ *Honour from which thee no man can degrade,*  
 “ *By seeking right in Him, a Child to bee* 2481  
*Of GOD ; true Honour's most supreme degree.*

Art thou by birth *Ignoble*, *Base*, *Obscure* ?  
 Behold thy *Glorious* *KING* in state as poore,  
 As *meane* as thou, descended, *thee* to raise, 2485  
 Even with *Himselfe* thee to possesse and *sease*,  
 Not in a *State* but lasting for a day,  
 But of a *Kingdome* made secure for ay,  
 Vpon a *Throne* thee freely to set downe  
 To swey a *Scepter*, and to weare a *crowne*. 2490

If *Base* thou bee, yet still to *climbe* assayes  
 The bruckle *braunches* of *vaineglorious* wayes,  
 If *Noble*, yet to swell with *Pride* doth chuse,  
 And seekst *ambitiouslie* all meanes to vse  
 To proppe thy worldlie *Credite*, with profane 2495  
 And worthless wretches, who no *Course* disdain  
 May further their base *Ends*, affecting *Praise*  
 Of *Men*, their *Names* upon *Fame's* wings to raise,  
 Blind to behold that *Glorie*, to bee found  
 With *GOD*, which seene, all such *Desires* doth  
 bound ; 2500

- O study then more steadfastly to stare,  
 And on thy LORD to looke with greater *Care* ;  
 Yea, neede thou hast to *Touch*, from Him that so  
*Vertue* to heale this <sup>a</sup> *Vanitie* may flow.
- <sup>a</sup> Luke 8. 46. *Behold*, he sits as *Doctor*, teaching thee 2505  
 How a man may learne humilitie  
 looking on Christ (Himselſe thy *Patterne*) true *Humilitie* ;  
 in the Scripture. Inviting thee who to His *Schoole* dost seeke
- <sup>b</sup> Math. 11. 29. To learne of <sup>b</sup> *Him*, who *lowly* is and *meeke*.  
 See, how to purge thy Soule of stinking *Pride*,  
 The God of *Glorie*, *Glorie* layes aside, 2510
- <sup>c</sup> Philip. 2. 7. A <sup>c</sup> *Servant's shape* assumes, a *Man* most meane  
 Math. 9. 10. Becomes ; mongst *Publicanes* and *Sinners* seene,  
 To winne them home : *Himselſe* associating  
 Even to the *Basest*, *Good* to them to bring,  
 Accesſe and ſpeech to None, when askd, denying,  
 Most homelie with *His friends*, on *Him* relying. 2516  
*Behold*, (not pampred with delicious fare,)  
 With theſe Hee ſits whoſe *Table* turnes their ſnare,  
 His traine attending, till Hee baſelie haue  
 By ſurfetting become his bellyes ſlave ; 2520
- <sup>d</sup> Math. 21. 18. But <sup>d</sup> *hungring* oft, and *thiſtling* for thy ſake,  
 His ſober *Trayne* doth His *Companions* make,  
 Serv'd at one *Table*, feeding even as *Hee* ;
- <sup>e</sup> Iohn 13. 5. Whoſe <sup>e</sup> *feete* from *filth* that *He* might *wash*, O ſee  
 How with a *Towell* girt about *Hee* ſtands, 2525  
 And ſtowing downe, with *Baſen* twixt *His* hands,  
 With humble *Heart* performs that *ſervice* meane,  
 And wipes them with the *Linnen*, thus made cleane,  
 The Greateſt teaching who *His* Schollers are,  
 For *Him* their *Pride* to *mortifie* ſo far 2530  
 That to *His* *Leaſt-ones*, though deſpiſd they lye,  
 The meanest charge in *loue* they not deny.  
 If *He*, thy LORD and KING, became ſo low,  
 Wilt thou, to be *His* *Servant* who makes ſhow,  
 Lodge in a haughtie heart ſoule-poysning *Pride*,  
 Who glory canſt, as thine, of nought beſide 2536



*Sinne, Miseric and Shame?* Thy *Pride* disclame,  
 Or in thy *Lord* no part thou needst to clame.  
 Humble LORD IESUS mongst *His* lowlie traine  
 Doth no ambitious servants intertaine. 2540  
 Both *Paradice* and *Heaven* spewd out once haue  
 The *Proud*, and such can never back receaue.

How the Ambitious  
 may behold Christ  
 & bee humbled.

If *Honour's* smoakie vapour blind thee so,  
 Thy GOD, thy selfe nor suffring *Thee* to know ;  
*Thee*, if *High place* so please, that nought beside  
 Can serue to feed the *fire-brand* of thy *Pride*, 2546  
 Why thus O Foole ! art thy affection fird  
 With what thou canst nor haue, nor keepe, acquird ?  
 Why doth their worldly *Greatnesse* thee intyse,  
 Who nothing lesse than *Vertue's worth* can prise ?  
 Why pin'st thou for Preferment ? Casts thy care  
 On things which may thy inward *Peace* impare ? 2552  
 Is earthlie *Dignitie* to Thee so deare,  
 In it thy *Happinesse* esteeming heere,  
 That, (with all danger) thou darst it imbrace, 2555  
 By this prejudg't though of a better *Place* ?  
 Vaine *Glorie-hunter* change in time thy course,  
 Leaue taynted *Streams*, seeke *Honour* in the *Source*.  
 If meanes thou vse, with CHRIST thou mayst  
 obtaine

In *Glory* which shall never end to raigne. 2560  
 His *Crosse* to *Climbe*, by *suffring* bee content,  
 The *Seale* by which the *Saints* to *Heauen* are  
 sent ;

There shall thy *Honour*, (never to take flight,)  
 By GOD bee given, in *Men* and *Angels'* sight,  
 Where *Time* discourt, nor *Envie* thee can harme,  
 Nor flattring *Straines* of *Sycophants* can charme 2566  
 Thy *Prince's* eare, from *Honour* to degrade  
 Thee, *Great* but for *thy greater* ruine made,  
 Nor *Life* bee short, toile-conq'red *Sutes* to brooke  
 Some anxious *Dayes*, but lasting as a *Looke*. 2570

- <sup>a</sup> 1 Tim. 6. 10. If *Loue of Money*, whence all <sup>a</sup> *Evill* springs,  
 Thee, (*prickt with thornie cares*), in bondage brings,  
 Moue thee to *scrape*, to *scart*, to *pinch*, to *spare*,  
 To *rake*, to *runne*, to *kill* thyselfe with *care*, 2574  
 Things most secure to *doubt*, to *waite*, to *watch*,  
 Of *Penny*, or of *Penny-worth* to *catch*  
 Some *Gnat*, by chance, in *Spider-web* arriv'd,  
 Of *Bowel-wasting-wretched wayes* contrivd,  
<sup>b</sup> Math. 6. 34. Draw neere, heere learne but for the <sup>b</sup> *Day* to care,  
 Vncertaine to suck vp *To-morrow's Ayre* : 2580  
 Come see thy LORD and *His* poore *Traine* preparing  
 Things for another *life* ; no travell sparing  
 About this *Task* : for worldly *goods* content  
 With what by GOD to serue the *Time* was sent,  
 Like *Pilgrims*, passing to their blest *aboade*, 2585  
 Not over-charged with superfluous *loade*.  
 Alace ! what meanst thou, (while in soule most pore,)  
 Thy selfe to toile, to conquesse cankring *Ore* ?  
 Heaps to hoarde vp of *Pelfe*, whose *Rust* at last  
<sup>c</sup> 1am. 1. 2. 3. Shall *Witness* bee, that <sup>c</sup> Sentence just is past 2590  
 Of thy *damnation* ? O ! in time forbear  
 On *drosse*, on *dunge*, still to bee *doating* heere ;  
 Care for these *Treasures*, which in CHRIST are found,  
 In which all *grace*, all *wisdome* doth abound :  
 That *Pearle*, Himselfe, aboue all *price* who is, 2595  
 Than all the world beside, more *deare* to *His* ;  
 If thou enrichd wouldst by some *Good-thing* bee,  
*Sell* all thou hast ; and with *affection* free  
 Prefer to *part*, with all things earthly twinne,  
<sup>d</sup> Mat. 13. 45. 46. Losse even thy *lyfe*, this peereles <sup>d</sup> *Pearle* to winne :  
 And though no *Coine* thou dost command, nor *ware*  
 With this *Equivalent* thou canst compare, 2602  
 Hee without <sup>e</sup> *price*, or *money* will bestow,  
<sup>e</sup> Isa. 55. 1 ;  
<sup>f</sup> Apoc. 3. 18. (As thou thy *wants* and *Indigence* doth show,)  
<sup>f</sup> 1h. 6. 33, 35. Both *gold* and *garments*, <sup>f</sup> *livelie foode* and *all* 2605  
 What wish thou canst, yea even *Himselfe* withall.

- How the Licentious  
may learn Temper-  
ance by looking on  
Christ.
- Mongst those *diseases*, to thy soule which sticke,  
If of the *fever* of *Intemp'rance* sicke,  
Selfe-rotting fleshlie *pleasure* it affect,  
Thee carying headlongs to eternall wreake, 2610  
If with this beastlie *Sensualitie*,  
This soule-besotting *sinne*, thou grieved bee,  
That *poyson* casting vp, which (late) seemd sweete,  
And with delight thy *senses* did invite  
Even to a *surfet*, Longing for *remeed*, 2615  
Looke on thy LORD, who all *His dayes* was dead  
To Earthlie *pleasures*: who, with *grievous* acquainted,  
*A man of sorrowes* liu'd, heere vnlamented,  
Whose *breast* did beare, brash't with *displeasure's*  
dart,
- <sup>a</sup> Mark 8. 12. ' A *bruised*<sup>a</sup> *Spirit*, and a <sup>b</sup> *broken heart*, 2620  
<sup>b</sup> Psal. 69. 20.  
<sup>c</sup> Mat. 26. 38;  
Mark 14. 33 and  
34. On whose sad <sup>c</sup> *soule did heavie sorrowes* light,  
When *wrath* sustaining, (due to vs by right,)  
In Him our sinfull *pleasures* were persued,  
Eternallie which wee had not eschued  
If GOD and vs Hee had not stept betweene, 2625  
Even with his owne *Heart-blood* to make vs cleane.  
Hast, sensuall *slawe*, thy filthie *soule* to hyde  
Vnder his *shadow*, least thy daring *pride*  
With *wrath* bee punisht: who *forbidden Tree*  
Of false *delights* durst taste, defended thee. 2630  
<sup>d</sup> Heb. 5. 7. Behold <sup>d</sup> Hee *mourns*, for what thou madst thy  
*sport*,  
While check't in *Conscience*; O! with *tears* resort  
To Him in private, lest for lightlie prising  
His *Tears*, for want of *tears* in thee arising,  
*Anguish* and *sorrow*, which shall never slake, 2635  
*Teares* never finding *truce*, thee overtake.  
Behold, how *Horror* on his *soule* doth sease,  
Forth-wringing *sighs* and *sobs*, for thy *disease*,  
With *wrath* brunt vp for *sinne*, in which of late  
Thy foolish *soule* did false *content* conceate. 2640

“ *O change thy mind: Thoughts sometime seeming  
sweete*

“ *Judge causes now for which thy cheeks to weete.*

See, how all *baithd* in His owne *blood* Hee lyes,  
Thy lewd *delights* how He most *dearely* buyes, 2644  
*Torne, beaten, stabt, with thorns, nailes, cruell speare;*  
*Stript naked, Sham'd and slayne;* yea more, doth  
*beare,*

Persuing *wrath*, to *expiate* thy *Crime*,  
Thy *beastly swine-like bathing*, all thy time,  
In brutish *lusts*, still *wallowing* in the *myre*  
Of *fylth*, no *limits* set to thy *desire*. 2650

O! See his *veynes* their pretious *Treasures* spend-  
ing,

His *heart* yet hot, a *double streame* foorth sending  
Of *blood* and *water*. *Quicklie, quicklie* haste  
With mournefull *soule*, which truely doth detaste  
Thy vile licentious life: most humbly craue 2655  
Those guiltlesse *streames* in thee no *guilt* may leaue,  
That (hence) by vertue of this *Ransome* fred,  
*Tears* thou to Him, who *bloode* for thee, mayst shed.  
Soft *ease* exile, till, by vnfaind *confession*,  
Thy pittying LORD for thee make *Intercession*. 2660  
Those pois'nable *delights*, disgorg'd now having,  
Once greedilie drunke in, thy *soule* deceaving;  
Resolving (hence) by *action*, nor *consent*  
More to licke vp thy *sins'* loathd *excrement*,  
To *sense* though seeming *sweete*, which now turnd  
*sowre*, 2665

A *flood of bitterness* on thee doth powre,  
Thee, stinging with soule-wringing sad *remorse*,  
The more repress *repining* with more *force*.

But, gainst this *Tyrant* having now prevaild,  
By time, this *hundreth-headed Monster* quaild, 2670  
Beware, once *foyl'd*, thou never set it *free*,  
Once *damn'd*, ne're after it *absolved* bee,

- Least by that Righteous *Judge*, whose *sentence* stands,  
 Thou bee adjudged to eternall *bands*, 2674
- <sup>a</sup> Heb. 10. 19. Whose trampled <sup>a</sup> *blood* Hee shall at thee require,  
<sup>b</sup> 2 Pet. 2. 22. A *Sow* turnd backe to *wallow* in the <sup>b</sup> *myre*.  
 If with thyselfe, for *Sinne*, to live at *strife*  
 In *detestation* of thy vitious *life*  
 Thou truly dost desire, to find true *peace*,  
 Looke, looke upon thy LORD'S most lovelie *face*,  
*Perpending, pond'ring, laying deepe to heart*, 2681  
 No midst there is, but thou with Him must part,  
 For *ever* sev'red from His *Holinesse*,  
 To pyne in *Torments* which no *time* makes lesse,  
 Thy *Back*, in time, or turning, with thy *Sinne*, 2685  
<sup>c</sup> Mat. 5. 29. 30. (As thy <sup>c</sup> *right hand* or *eye* though deare,) to twinne.  
 'Tis base to thinke (if *soules* not to betray)  
<sup>d</sup> 2 Cor. 14. 15. That CHRIST and <sup>d</sup> *Belial* can together stay,  
 Thy LORD'S chast *loue*, and thy licentious *lusts*  
 From thy divided *soule* one other thrusts. 2690  
*Pleasure* in Him and fleshlie *pleasure* fall  
 So foull at *strife*, they can, nor *mixe*, nor *wall*.  
 To bee conform'd to Him take *pleasure*; so  
 As thou makst *progresse* shall thy *pleasure* grow,  
*Pleasure* without compare, which thee shall make  
*Sinne's* deare bought seeming *pleasures* soone forsake.  
 No *Concupiscence* e're defild his minde, 2697  
 Nor sinfull *Motions* least-least place did find  
 In His *affections*, Him to lead astray,  
 Darkning in Him the weakest shining *Ray* 2700  
 Of perfite *holinesse*, mou'd but draw neare  
 That beastly *Idole*, as thy *life* held deare,  
 The which to *serue* thou all thy *dayes* hast doted,  
 To sinfull, sensuall *delights*, devoted.  
<sup>e</sup> Mat. 7. 7. 8;  
 Mark 11. 24.  
 Luke 11. 6;  
 Iohn 16. 24.  
 Iames 1. 6. O runne to Him for *grace*; <sup>e</sup> Hee can deny 2705  
 None, who in *patient hope, knock, seeke*, or cry.  
 If thou but *mourne* to Him with *sorrow* true  
 Of *lusts* vncleane, thy *Deuill* hee will subdue.

His *Father's* service, Him in such a fashion  
 Did ravish with continuall *meditation*, 2710  
 Wholly with *This* tane vp, that in his *minde*  
 No idle *Rav'ryes* place besids could finde,  
 Such as thy *time* doe waste, *doores* open make  
 To *Sathan* and his *Trayne*; who course doth take  
 On *Wings* of vaging *thoughts*, before to send 2715  
 His *Messingers*; comes then *apace* in end  
*Himselſe*; *These* in *securitie* possest,  
 And having rowme prepaired for him to *rest*.

His *Calling* painefully hee did persue  
 At all *occasions*: teaching *thee* thy due, 2720  
 To *watch*, to *fast*, to *pray*, Hee giues the ground,  
 Least thou by *Sathan* shouldst bee *Idle* found.  
 Hee vs'd the *meanes*, of which hee had no neede,  
 But by *example* that He thee might lead.

<sup>a</sup> Luke 28. 37;  
 Mat. 14. 23.  
 Mark 6. 46.  
<sup>b</sup> John 8. 12.

In solitarie <sup>a</sup> *mountaines*, all alone, 2725  
 Hee oft for thee hath *mournd*, till *night* was gone,  
 Hath all the *day-long* in the <sup>b</sup> *Temple* stood,  
*Feeding* the *famisht soule* with HEAVENLY food,  
 Delighted more his FATHER to obey,  
 His *will* to doe, to HEAVEN to teach the *way*, 2730  
 When <sup>c</sup> *Thirst* or *hunger* vrg'd, then *drink* or *eate*,  
 Though length of *Time* and *travell* did invite.

<sup>c</sup> John 4. 31. 32.  
 33.

“ Now if a *Patterne* this to make, thee please,  
 “ A *Scope* to ayme at, standing not for ease,  
 “ Bee diligent to *follow*, spare no *paine*, 2735  
 “ Thus are thy *lusts* subdu'd, thy *sinne* is slaine.

*O giue me LORD, with floods of teares vnfaind*  
*To bath my bosome, with vncleannesse staind;*  
*Looke on a sorrie wight, in mournefull state,*  
*A Lazare lying at thy mercie's gate:* 2740

Ezek. 16. 8.

*O passe not by: let mee thy pittie proue,*  
*Cast over mee the Mantle of thy loue:*  
*Though I bee out of measure vile, yet LORD,*  
*I cleane shall bee, if thou but speake the word.*

Thou who hast proudly the oppressor played, 2745

A rav'ning vulture on the Pigeon preyd,

The faces of the poore hast grunde, laid watch

The Tyrannizing  
extortioner, by  
turning to Christ  
procureth pardon.  
Luke 19.

The very morsels from their mouths to snatch,

Runne, runne, make hast, thy SAVIOUR comes along,

Climbe with *Zacheus* to eschue the throng 2750

Of *sinnes*, which happily in silence lye,

Yet to the Heavens for wrath and vengeance cry,

And, on thy selfe if lookt thou hast aright,

Thou canst no misse a comfortable sight

Of Him, the lost who came to seeke and saue, 2755

Of whom thou shalt not a repulse receaue.

“None ask in fayth and do vnpardond part,

“Those suts alone lack successe which lack  
heart.

*Behold*, no readier thou art course to take

Due reparation for thy wrongs to make 2760

Than *Hee*, to bid himselfe thy guest to bee,

Salvation offering, even vnaskt of Thee.

How the Envious  
may be helped by  
looking on Christ.

If *Envy*, harbord but in worthles breast,

With *plentie pind*, *disquieted* with *rest*,

*Evill* with *good*, with soundest *health* most *sicke*,

With *wellfare wretched*, doth thy *soule* afflict, 2766

*Looke* on thy loving LORD, and *blush* to see

Him for his *Foes*, in *loue*, content to *die*,

While causlesly, thou dost thy *Brother* hate,

Who harmd thee never, but in thy *conceate*, 2770

Or, as the bleard-man's *eye* the *light* offends,

Whose *hurt* upon his owne *defect* depends.

Impatient passions  
healed by looking  
on Christ.

*Thou*, whose proude heart doth boyle with *furys*'  
flame,

Who canst not thy vndaunted *Passions* tame,

O, bee ashamd the *Meeknesse* to *behold* 2775

Of thy provoked LORD, *betrayd* and *sold*,

By *words*, by *deeds* injurd; in whom did shine

Such *patience*, that even *those* who did repine

- To see Him *liue* he *pittyed*, yea *procurd*  
 Luke 23. 34 ; For *them*, by whom Hee cruell *death* endurd. 2780  
 Isa. 53. 12. Learne, as thou lookst, thy beastlie *rage* to bound,  
 To bridle *Furie*, least it thee confound,  
 Which as a *fire*, still readie is to *burne*,  
 As to *revenge*, or *malice* thou dost turne,  
 Yea to *devoure*, if finding once a *vent*, 2785  
 Though for the least conceated *discontent*.
- Base FEARE, who darst not in thy *place* discharge  
 Feare to doe right, Thy *duetic*, *lesning* what thou shouldst enlarge,  
 in evrie estate, cured by looking on Christ.  
 Looke heere, and learne wise *Courage*, to persue  
 Thy righteous *Ends*, what's to thy *Calling* due, 2790  
 For *fead* nor *favour*, which thou canst no spare,  
 Thy LORD's *Commission* if thou not empare.  
 Hath GOD thee cald his *Counsels* to disclose,  
 His *will* to publish? <sup>a</sup> standst thou who oppose  
 Thy message? What <sup>b</sup> *Goliah* thee assaile? 2795  
 What raging <sup>c</sup> *Rabsaketh* against thee raile?  
<sup>d</sup> 1 King 22. 27. Fearst thou *distresse*? <sup>d</sup> what though constrained to  
*fead*  
 Thy famisht *Bodie* with *affliction's* bread  
 While heere thou breathst, wilt thou to *speake* for-  
 beare  
 But what may pleasing be to <sup>e</sup> *Achab's* eare. 2800  
 Art thou a <sup>f</sup> *Man* of GOD, a Prophet true?  
<sup>g</sup> It lyes thee on thy *life*, what ere ensue,  
<sup>g</sup> Ez. 3. 18, & 33- 7. *Wrath* to denounce gainst a revolting Land :  
<sup>h</sup> 1 King 13. 4. Though <sup>h</sup> *Ieroboam* should stretch foorth his hand.  
 Nor *death* nor *danger*, thou by *sense* must scan. 2805  
<sup>i</sup> 2 Sam. 12. 7. Thou must not shrink to say, <sup>i</sup> *Thou art the Man*.  
<sup>k</sup> Heb. 4. 12. Him, whom thy hand hath charged, <sup>k</sup> of his *word*  
 With the two-edged soule-dividing *sword*,  
 Thou canst not but to *Indignation* moue,  
 If Thou a *Coward* in His *cause* shouldst proue. 2810  
 To speake doth thy *commission* warrant beare,  
 And dost thou of the *Arme* of *flesh* take *feare*?



- \* 1 King. 19. 4,  
 5, 6, 7. Behold, though to the <sup>a</sup> *desarts* forc'd by flight,  
 To shield thy *life* from tiranizing *spight*,  
 Thy LORD can send, who best doth know thy neede,  
 An *Angell*, in thy *Famine* thee to feede. 2816  
 Can strengthen thee, that <sup>b</sup> *Chaines* nor <sup>c</sup> *Stockes* nor  
<sup>b</sup> Ier. 40. 1.  
<sup>c</sup> Ibid. 20. 2.  
<sup>d</sup> Ibid. 32. 3, and  
 38. 6. <sup>d</sup> *Iaile*  
 Shall in His *Service* hence thy *Courage* quaille ;  
 Even for thy cause, can make the <sup>e</sup> *Earth* to quake,  
 All the *foundations* of the *prison* shake, 2820  
 Thy *boults* of *brasse*, thy *bands* to burst asunder,  
 Thy *keepers* overcome with *feare* and *wonder*,  
 To *stoupe* before thee, and to *wash* with *teares*  
 Thy *strips*, the *badges* which for CHRIST thou beares.  
 If GOD bee for thee, panse no who oppose : 2825  
 † 2 King. 19. 18. His <sup>f</sup> *Hooke* can *haill* the *haughtiest* by the *nose*.  
 What ere thou art, beware for *Feare*, to wrong  
 Thy LIEGE or *Lord*, to whom thou dost belong,  
 Least for a *Counseller*, of faith vnfaind,  
 A *Servant*, with no imputation staind, 2830  
*Disloyall* and *Vnfaithfull* thou be found ;  
 To thy base *Ends* to lay a sliprie *ground*  
 While thine owne *Ease*, (of all true worth denude,)  
 Thou setst before GOD'S glorie and their *Good*,  
 And, from the *Right* made slavishlie to swerue, 2835  
 Stoupst downe their *Will*, though not their *Well* to  
 serue.  
 Although, (transported with the *Times* disease,)  
 Thy *selfe* and *Men* thou for a space mayst please,  
 Base *Temporizer*, yet when better *Light*  
 The *Weaknesse* of thy *wayes* shall set in sight, 2840  
 In thine owne *Colours* then bee seene thou must ;  
 For loyall *Subject*, *Servant* worthie trust  
 To GOD, thy PRINCE and *Lord*, thou shalt apeare  
 A slavish *Drudge* alone to servile *Feare*. 2844  
 Behold, that No man's face should breed *affright*,  
 Or turne thee but a haire-bredth from thee *right*,

Thy LORD Himselfe doth in the *Mirror* show  
 Mat. 10. 32, 33; As to his faythfull *Servants* friendlie, so  
 Mark 8. 38. Most terrible to *All*, whom *Feare* doth draw,  
 Of *Man* than GOD to stand in greater aw. 2850  
 THOU whose leud *tongue* and lips to *lyes* did moue,  
 To looke on Christ for bridling and ruleing of the Looke heere, and learne the *Truth* to speake, to  
 tongue. *loue*.  
*No guile was in his mouth. No faire Pretence*  
 Of *Complementall* kindnesse mockt the *sense*  
 Isa. 53. 6. Of *Any*, His *Societie* who sought ; 2855  
 His *speeches* never varied from his Thought.  
 \* 1 Pet. 2. 22. None Hee did <sup>a</sup> *cousin*, none with *lyes* deceaue,  
 Did *flatter* none, of none would *flattery* haue,  
 b Mat. 11. 19, and 12. 24. While foul <sup>b</sup> *reproach* His *Patience* did assaile,  
 Iohn 8. 48. His *peace* He kept : <sup>c</sup> *raild on*, He did no *raile*.  
 c 1 Pet. 2. 23. Hee No-man *slandred*, but who did offend, 2861  
 In *time* and *place* most fit did *reprehend*,  
 In All rebuking *sinne* ; Hee *Cursed* none  
 But when of *Heaven* and *Earth* as *Judge* alone,  
 Gainst *Hypocrits*, *Professors* but in *show*, 2865  
 Hee thundred fourth *damnation*, *wrath* and *woe*.  
 Chast were His *speeches*, *sober* were His *words*,  
 To nought vndecent His *discourse* debords.  
 No *Time* Hee did in idle *purpose* spend  
 But such as did to *edifying* tend : 2870  
 Hee knew, in things committed to His care,  
 The fittest *season* both to speake and *spare*.  
 By hurtfull *Silence* Hee did *Nought* conceale,  
 His FATHER'S *Glory*, or his *People's* well  
 That might prejudice ; in *speache* nor *word* at all  
 Vntimely vttered from his lips did fall. 2876  
 " Thus to thy *Good*, as Hee did frame His *speech*,  
 " Him make thy *patterne* ; speak as He doth  
*teach*.  
 " What by *exemple* hee doth set thee to,  
 " According to thy *measure*, ayme to doe. 2880

Everie maladie of soule may be helped by looking by faith on Christ in the Scriptur and everie vertue may be gotten this way.

IN SHORT, cause *All* heere can not reckned be,

To reade thy *life's* past *legend* leaving *Thee*,

So, in the *Mirror*, for thy help to looke,

To turne the *volumnes* of that sacred *Booke*

Where CHRIST is seene *aliue, dead, rais'd againe*

To *life*, for *sinne* ne're after to bee *slaine*, 2886

That looking heere, *faults* of what ever kinde

By light of *Scripture* in thy *selfe* thou find,

CHRIST thy *Consulter* thou alone mayst make,

What course most meet for thy remeed to take.

What ever *Sinnes* thy *Conscience* on thee draw,

By looking in the *Mirror* of the *Law* 2892

CHRIST make thy *glasse*, (tho with thy faults offended,)

To show thee how thy *misses* may bee mended.

What ere *deforme* doth in thy *soule* abide, 2895

In Him looke *something* that *defect* to hide,

No leprous *spot* vnpurgt in *thee* is seene,

The which in *Him* thou mayst not haue made cleane,

How ere in thee *Sinne's Plague* its *poison* spread,

Seeke out, in *Him*, and thou shalt find *remead*.

To GOD, to *Man*, by whatsoever bands 2901

What thou to *doe*, or *suffer* oblisht stands,

How e're extended bee thy *dutye's* lines

Looke still on CHRIST, as in His *Word* He *shines*,

By *light* of which thy *minde* lift vp to see 2905

HIM in the HEAVENS, dispensing vnto *thee*

These *vertues* which hee craues; and what hee showes

By *Life's* rare *Patterne*, working even in *those*

In whome His *loue* a true *desire* doth bread

To bee *conforme*, made like *Himselpe* their *Head*.

True *faith*, not *firme* but for a *day* or *houre*, 2911

But such as stedfast stands, in ev'ry stoure,

True *Loue*, possessing all the *soule* and *senses*,

The *powers* all drawing, (free of faind *pretences*,)

To GOD, in full *obedience* to His *will*, 2915

In *absolute submission*, suffring still

Truth of religion may bee learned of Christ seene in the Scriptur.

With patient *heart* as pleaseth Him to deale,  
 Who best doth know what best is for thy *well* ;  
 Pure *worshipping* of GOD, in maner *chast*,  
 For *warrant* as His *ordinance* thou hast, 2920  
 Without all *mixture* of *Inventions* vaine,  
 The *bastard broode* of man's presumptuous *braine*,  
*Him* teaching thou shalt *heare*, *Him* showing *see* ;  
*Himselfe* in *Person* even preceeding thee,  
 A blest *exemplar*, a most gracious *guyde*, 2925  
 And if thou loue, (*sinne's* luggage layde aside,)  
 To follow on, to thy eternall *well*  
 In *thee* the like *Him* working thou shalt feele.

Whatever bonds of *neighbourhood* doe clame  
 Thy LORD will fitt, and by *degrees* thee frame 2930  
 Thy *Duty* to discharge, to *Great*, to *Small*  
 As *equity* requires to doe to *All* ;  
*Mercie* to show vnto the *miserable*  
 As *neede* in them exacts, as thou art *able* :  
 As *Lazarus*, as His *Disciples* deare 2935  
 Hee did *esteeme*, loue to thy *friends* to beare,  
*Kindred* and *bloode* with due *respect* to prise,  
 But those whom *Nature* thee more nearlie tyes  
*Most* to regard, thy *Parents*, who did spare  
 No *paynes* for thee, while for thy selfe to care 2940  
 Thou couldst not, in more *speciall* degree,  
 In greater *measure*, loe *Hee* teacheth *thee*

10. 19. 26, 27. While from the *CROSSE*, to *IOHNE*, his loving *friend*,  
 Now in *His* place, *HER* hee doth recommend  
 Who gaue Him *birth*, *His Virgine-Mother* blest, 2945  
 By speciall *care* *HER* singling from the *rest*.

*Servants* may learne their *dutty* by looking on Christ. *Servants* may looke, in *servant's* shape, how Hee  
 Good prooffe did give of his *fidelitie*  
 And diligence to *HIM* did *Him* employ,  
 So, follow on with *cheerefullnesse* and *Ioy*, 2950  
 That to what ever *Charge* their *Place* them call,  
 Eph. 6. 5, 6. As done to *CHRIST* their *service* may bee all.

- And masters their  
dutie. *Maisters*, remarking how their LORD did lead  
These *twelue*, who special *priviledge* did plead  
To serve Him as *Disciples*: how most *kind*, 2955  
Most *affable* Him all of them did find,  
Their *faults* so *wisely* checking that no eye  
Did no their *well* sought in His *service* see,  
Eph. 9. 6. May learne in *meecknesse*, *lenitie* and *loue*  
To *rule* aright, not *Tyrannizers* proue, 2960  
Their *servants* in *obedience* due to draw,  
By *wisdome* more than *force*, *loue* more than *awe*.
- And the married  
their dutie. The *Maryed* may that strait *conjunction* see,  
Of matchlesse *loue*, that sacred *mysterie*,  
CHRIST and His *Church* combining, thence to *loue*  
May learne, as *wedded* to a LORD about 2966  
Who *lov'd* them *first*, so from this *patterne* draw  
In earthly *wedlock* a religious *law*,  
Of holy *loue* a *lesson*, how to frame  
These *duty*es chast which *mariage bands* do clame.  
The fitted *Soule*, which hath its *lusts* subdued,  
*Singly* to *liue* with *strength* of *grace* endued, 2972  
Mat. 19. 11, 12. A NAZARITE to GOD to which is given  
To *liue*, an *Eunuch* consecrate for HEAVEN,  
Hath for a *Guyde*, to follow who invites, 2975  
Iohn 1. 45. IESUS of *Naz'reth*, *prince* of *Nazarites*.
- And parents their  
dutie. Heere carefull *Parents* how to trayne may see  
Their *Children*, *Them* how nurse in *pietie*,  
How in their hearts to sow the *seeds* of *grace*,  
How *vice* and inborne *Error* to displace, 2980  
Hereditarie *Evils*, *faults* foreseene,  
*Sinnes* ready to break forth how to preveene,  
Mat. 16. 6-12. How keepe from leavenning with *doctrins* vaine,  
From *course* of *life* corrupt how to restrayne.
- By looking on  
Christ as Hee shines  
in the Mirror of  
the Scripture Sub-  
jects may learne  
their dutie to Magis-  
trats and namelie  
Churchmen. Heere *Subjects* study may *subjection* true, 2985  
*Submissiue* *loyalty*, *obeysance* due,  
But *Church-men* chiefly, by *ambition* blind,  
Whom CHRIST fore-seing should affect to find

Worldlie *Preheminence, Respect* and *Place*,  
 Aspire the steps of *Sov'raignety* to trace; 2990  
 That ONE about the rest, should, (thus made weake,)  
 The *yock* of *Civill Jurisdiction* shake  
 From scornfull shoulders, raysd those *Men* about  
 Whom God hath called *Gods*, (how ere they proue  
 Exod. 12. 13; In this *submission* lesse then *Men*,) to beare, 2995  
 22. 28. In Princelie *Pow're*, His Royall Image heere,  
 Though therefore He *exemption* might haue pleaded,  
 And not beene *Caesar's Tributary* needed  
 To teach *obedience*, yet, to *Subjects* true,  
 Mat. 22. 21; Would giue to *Caesar* what was *Caesar's* due. 3000  
 Rom. 13. 7. And, though hee might attaynd haue to a crowne,  
 Iohn 6. 15. Himselfe made *Great* by throwing *Others* downe,  
 To voluntary *offers* giving eare  
 Of *such*, repining *Caesar's yoke* to beare,  
 As gladly would haue *Insurrection* made, 3005  
 Conspird by arms a bloodie *cause* to plead,  
 Yet did He flye; and, (by *exemple* rare);  
 To solitarie *Desarts* to repare  
 Preferring, did all loyall *Subjects* teach  
 To shunne *Seditioun*, though a *Crowne* to reach.  
 Yea when His *life* was most vnjustlie sought, 3011  
 A *Weapon* to bee drawne He suffred nought  
 In His *defence*, but chuisd *Himselfe* alone  
 To *suffer*, rather than by *armes* oppone  
 The Lawfull *Magistrat*, so *authorize* 3015  
*Seditious* men, for private *Injuries*  
 Persu'd by *Iustice*, who dare set their *face*  
 Against their PRINCE or *Deputs* in his place.  
 Not of this *world* His *Kingdome* He profest,  
 To conquesse *rents* and *Lands* Him troubled least.  
 Men's *soules* alone He sought, and *these* to saue;  
 No Prince by Him did *prejudice* receaue, 3022  
 By civile *challenge*, by pretended *right*,  
 By open *violence*, or secret *slight*.

Let *Church-men* follow as Hee did preceed, 3025  
 In *Imitation* of their LORD and *Heed*,  
 Or quite the false *pretence* themselves to call  
 His *Servants*, while with Him at *strife* they fall,  
 Proudly *practizing* what they contrare find,  
 Both to His *Mouth's* direction and His *minde*, 3030  
 For, (bee they sure), no *TITLES* of respect,  
 No rev'rend *Stiles* which *proudlings* so affect,  
 No name of *Fathers* in his *house*, no place  
 Of *Honour*, which so eagerlie they chace,  
 No *scugge* of *PETERS* chayre, no vaine *pretence* 3035  
 Of *powre*, by soveraigne *preheminnence*,  
 No casting out of *devills* shall ought availe,  
*Preaching* nor *wonders working* ; all shall faile  
 Proud *wordlings* from that dreadfull *doome* to saue :

Luke 13. 27.

*I know you not ; with mee no part yee haue.* 3040

Kings and rulers  
 may learne their  
 dutie by looking  
 vpon Christ's pur-  
 trate in the Scrip-  
 ture.

As *Subjects* Him beholding humbled, see

A pearlesse *Patterne* of true *loyaltie*,

So *Kings* may looking on this *KING* of *Kings*,

Who proudest *Tyrants* in *subjection* brings,

Learne to be truly *Royall*, *Rule* as Hee 3045

To whom all earthly *Monarchs* vassels bee.

As *Subjects* prosper best, when to their *King*

They *Loyall* proue, and to his *Lawes* to bring

*Obedience* due no paynes *esteeme* too great,

The well to establish of His *royall* State, 3050

So *Princes* then, when *Subjects* good they proue

To *IESUS CHRIST*, a *KING* all *Kings* aboue,

His *Kingdome* seeking to advance, to *plant*

*Relligion* in Their bounds, thence to *supplant*

*Contemners* of His lawes, his *Throne* enlarge, 3055

Ezra 7. 23.

With noble *Artaxarxes* giving charge

That what enjoynd is by the *GOD* of Heaven

His House concerning, *Order* may bee given

It to *performe* with speed, *wrath* to keepe backe,

Which may the *Realme*, the *King*, his *Sonnes* o'retake.

Let *Kings* behold this KING, how *Hee* who stands  
 Nor by His *Subiects' wisdome, wealth, nor hands,*  
 Yet so doth seeke the wellfare of their *State,* 3063  
 As if, they weakned, hee could not bee *Great ;*  
*Behould,* how Hee All such as dare injure,  
 The hurt or *Prejudice* of *His* procure, 3066  
*Foes* to Himselfe professing : no *pretence*  
 Of fayned *friendship, show* of *Innocence*  
 Admittance finding to abuse His *Eare,*  
 All *Flatt'ners* false defended to draw neare, 3070  
 Whom Hee will, (on day,) to their endlesse shame,  
 (As if He them had never known,) disclame.

As DAVID than, to whom GOD'S *Counsell*s deepe  
 Revealed were, of this true KING the *Type,*  
 Looking vpon the *Prototype,* His LORD, 3075  
 His *Kinglie Carriage* did to His accord ;

Psal. 101. v. 1. Learnd GOD His *Joy* to make ; GOD'S *Law* alone  
 v. 2. His *Rule,* in *life,* and in *Relligion ;*  
 v. 3. *Apostasie* and *Apostats* to *hate,*  
 v. 4. And every *wicked* man, or *Meane* or *Great :* 3080  
 v. 6. All such to *curbe :* the *Godlie* in their place  
 As *Favourits, Friends, Counsellers* to grace,  
 Raysd to *preferment,* in his *Eyes* to stand ;  
 v. 8. GOD'S *foes* degraded, *rooted* from the Land ;  
 So let all *Kings,* *anoynted* from *aboue,* 3085  
 GOD for their *Portion, David's Lote* who loue,  
 Him who doth both *vnsccepter* and *enstall*  
 Beholding, learne to *do the like* in all.

Every estate may  
 profite by looking  
 on Christ in the  
 Scripture.

Let every *Soule* in end, of what *condition*  
 Of *mind* or *case* of present *disposition* 3090  
 Of *Body, goods, or name,* of what *degree,*  
*Sexe, age, estate* or *Ranke* so-ere they bee,  
 Seeke by the *eye* of liuelie *Fayth* to looke  
 ON CHRIST, described in the sacred *Booke*  
 Of GOD'S two *Testaments,* the *Mirror* true 3095  
 From whence alone reflects His perfite *view,*



And All in *Him*, (if rightlie seene,) shall find  
 For each *defect* of *Bodie* or of *minde*  
 Some seasonable *good*, some soveraine cure  
 To doe away in them *sinne's* spots impure. 3100  
 No *looke* on Him shall bee bestou'd in vaine,  
 For Hee in *Mercie* shall *looke* backe againe,  
 And from each *looke* shall liuelie *vertue* flow,  
 Which *difference* sufficient shall show  
 Twix CHRIST (aright) thus by His owne *Means*  
 sought, 3105

And that deceaving, shamefull *Idole*, brought  
 In place of CHRIST, as CHRIST to bee *adord*,  
 And (now) is by deluded *soules implord*  
 For Christ, and *cald*, (what *blasphemie* more vile?)  
 By *Christ's* owne *personall* and proper stile. 3110

The particulare uses  
 of Christ's descrip-  
 tion in the Scripture  
 left to preachers.

*Which things*, as more than equal to my *strength*,  
 I leave to *Preachers* to informe at length,  
 Whose *Calling* is, (not in the *Bed* of slouth  
 Reposing), from the *Chayre* of sacred *Truth*  
 That LAMBE of GOD, by *Scriptures*, to point  
 foorth, 3115

Mat. 13. 44.

That *Treasure* of vnestimable *worth*  
 Hid in the *Gospels'* field in *sight* to set,  
 Whence needie *soules* may lasting *riches* get,  
 CHRIST, *sacrifize* for *sinner*s, to present,  
 (By *preaching* of His *death* and *Testament*), 3120  
 Vnto their *peoples'* eyes, by *uses* due  
*Quickning* dead *soules* vnto obedience new.

1 Cor. 3. 12.

O, that not *Pastors* may a few bee found,  
*Gold*, *pretious stones*, who building on this GROVND,  
 With hearts right set, their *Maister's will* to know,  
 Him to their flocks may chieflie strive to show,  
*His Honour*, and *safetie* of his *Sheepe* 3127  
 Preferring to what els the *world* doth keepe.

Christ a pattern  
 to preachers in a  
 speciall maner.

As CHRIST to All Himselfe a *patterne* gaue,  
 To *These* so chieflie *Charge* of *soules* who haue, 3130

- Hee, not Himselfe *Intruding*, sent from HEAVEN,  
 Heb. 5. 4. As *Aaron* cald vnto the *Jews* was given,  
 To Them the *Gospell's* joyfull *news* to preach :  
 Thus in *God's House* no *charge at all* to teach  
*Place* ought to haue, but *such*, (by GOD designd,)  
 As *warrant* doe from His *apointment* find, 3136
- Iohn 10. 1, 2. And that in such None ought *themselues* to *thrust*,  
 But whom alone GOD daind hath to *entrust*  
 With His *Commission*, in His *worke* to *sweate*,  
 Found *Messingers* for His *Embassage* meet, 3140  
 Who, scorning *Means* which *worthlesse men* doe  
 make,  
 By *doore* of lawfull calling *Entrie* take.  
 The *charge* to beare of GOD'S *peculiar flock*  
 Thus when *thrust* foorth, the *Truth* of God Hee  
 spoke,
- Iohn 12. 29. Him in *Commission* given, and still did care 3145  
 Of all His *words*, *God's word* to make the *square*.  
 No *sinne* Hee spard, Him No man's *face* did *fear* ;  
 Hee neither *whipt* in *spleene*, nor did forbear  
 For *favour* ; so their *saftie* might bee wrought,  
 Men's *well* and not to please their *will* he sought.
- Iohn 7. 18. *Glory* of men Hee *gloryed* not to get, 3151  
 Nor *Honour* to Himselfe Himselfe did set  
 To purchase, (though to Him was due by *right*  
 All *Glory*, *Honour*, *Majestie* and *might*),  
 To seeke GOD'S honour was his *maine intent*  
 Him who to *Labour* in His *Harvest* sent. 3156  
 No curious *Phrase*, applause of *men* to *breed*,  
 (To *Ignorants* one with an *vncouth leid*,)  
 No *Eloquence* of *words*, no swelling *stile*  
 Did from His mouth His *flock* of *foode* beguile ;  
 In all *Simplicitie*, in *termes* most plaine, 3161  
 His *minde* He *vttered*, to the *vulgar* braine  
 And *Iudgement* weake of *All* Himselfe applying  
*Eares had to heare*, vpon His *charge* relying.

- To further man's *Salvation* Hee did spare 3165  
*Paynes*, nor by *night* nor *day*, nor *late* nor *ayre*.  
 Iohn 4. 34. His *meate*, his *drink* it was, *soules* home to bring,  
*His Father's will to doe* in everie thing.  
 Wordlie *Preferment*, *Honours*, *Titles*, *Place*,  
 Hee did not with ambitious *wordlings* chace, 3170  
 But vtterlie refusde, and lookt afarre  
 On what so ere his maine *Intent* might marre.  
 With things His *Presence* which did not exact,  
 Or from a better *worke* Him might destract,  
 Hee did no meddle, would no lay aside 3175  
 His *Calling*, matters civill to decide,  
 Luk. 12. 13, 14. Though in pretence twixt *Brothers* peace to make  
 Vrg'd, Hee the *Judge's* office did forsake.  
 His *Preaching* while Impugnd by *sinner's* bold,  
 Heb. 12. 3. Hee suffred patientlie to bee controlld, 3180  
 Mat. 22. 15. Not with the *obstinate* by *Iangling* vaine  
 Mark 12. 13. To *tempt* Him set, and of his *words* to gaine  
 Luke 20. 20. *Advantage*, Hee by *dispute* did contend :  
 Or *peace* Hee kept, or some few *words* did spend  
 Sufficient to *convince*, the *Conscience* check 3185  
 Of such as thus their *Envy* durst detect.  
 Luke 23. 2. When as not *loyall* scandalizd, hee pleads  
*Fidelitie*, in *suffring*, *doctrine*, *deeds*,  
 1 Tim. 6. 13. Though KING of *Kings*, repining not to bee,  
 Heere subject to *Supreme Authoritie*. 3190  
 When to the Romane *Governour* accusd  
 As on whose *doctrins* false the world abusd,  
 1 Tim. 6. 13. A *good Confession* witnessing, Hee stooode  
 Fast for the *Truth*, and *seald* it with His blood.  
 To this His *Patterne*, perfitlie espyd, 3195  
 If true *conformitie* had beene applyd,  
 His *Vicar*, Him at least who steales this *stile*,  
 But from His *life* and *doctrine* doth resile,  
 Mat. 4. 8, 9. Those Evill *offers* never had entisd,  
 Nor bad *condition*, by our LORD despisd. 3200

Nor should *ambitious* Men, puft vp with pride,  
 With *loue* of worldlie *Glory* led aside,  
 Haue turnd, their Earthlie *pompe* to entertaine,  
 CHRIST'S *Heavenly Kingdome* in a temp'rall *Raigne*.

Apoc. 2. 4.

Nor should the *Dragon's* taile haue drawne from  
*Heaven,* 3205

(By greed of *gaine*, and filthie *lucre* driven,)  
 So many *Stars* to *Earth*, and earthlie *wayes*,  
 Depriving both of *light* and *heat* their *Rayes*.

Nor should *vaine Men*, in damnable *pretence*  
 Of *Pietie*, with windie *Eloquence* 3210  
 And falsely cald *Philosophy*, haue dard  
 Themselues to *Preach*, of GOD the *Truth* haue  
 mard.

Nor should such *Errors*, breeding onlie *gaine*  
 To blinded *Guids* of a deluded *Traine*,  
 Haue *Scriptures* made despisd, so farre suspect,  
 And *Toyes* and *Trifles* cary such *respect*. 3216  
*Strengthen*, LORD IESUS, and *stretch forth thine*  
*hand*

*To ayde thy Servants, for thy cause who stand,*  
*And redde are to suffer fyre and sword*  
*For Thee, thy Truth, and credite of thy Word.*  
*Sufficient Workmen in thy Harv'st thrust foorth,*  
*Fitted for those pernicious Times in worth:* 3220

*Come clense thy Kirk, discover by degrees*  
*The Man of Sinne, to All whose darkned eyes,*  
*Blind to discern, yet can not truelie see* 3225  
*Midst such a glorious Sunne-shine, who is Hee.*

Iohn 14. 6.

*Thine owne deare Lambs set free, who captives lye,*  
*Which chains of Ignorance and Error tye ;*  
*That hence, (no more in by-paths led astray)*  
*In seeking Thee, the Truth, the Life, the Way,*  
*Their Crucifixes faind they may disclame,* 3231  
*And of their Idols and false Christs thinke*  
*shame.*

*Amongst their hands, their hearts lift up to Heaven,  
Where Truelie Thee to see by Faith is given,  
To All, that in the Means ordaind by Thee, 3235  
With Souls right set, seeke in SINCERITIE.*

Μονω δοξα θεω.

GAL. 6. 14.

*GOD forbid that I should rejoyce,  
but in the Crosse of our LORD  
IESUS CHRIST,  
Whereby the World is cru-  
cified vnto mee, and I  
vnto the World.*

# SONNETS



SONET 1.

While (mine owne glasse), vpon myself I looke,  
Examining how (heere) my part is plaid,  
Reading in conscience's accusing Booke,  
Of pretious Time how meane account I made,  
What hideous Formes my frighted Eyes vprade,  
Reflecting from the Mirror of my mynd :  
Abortiue Flowrs which in the blossome fade,  
Most of my labours past, alone I find.  
Eternall Ivstice, Thou who (vndeclynd)  
To everie Worke proportions the Reward,  
Pittie my folyes past : with Sprite refynd  
So shall I praise Thee, who my paths repaid ;  
    So from Egyptian Brick and Clay set free,  
    My Songs shall only, only bee of THEE.

SONET 2.

Bvt while my Sprite aboue the spheares aspyres,  
And from the World would separation make,  
Myne Eyes repynning at my Soules desyres,  
With Lot's fond Wife, relenting looks cast backe.  
Thou, whose consuming breath her soyle did sacke,  
All Lets, my flight which doe empeach, remove :  
Wing my affection that in word, in act,  
From Earth sequestred I may vpwards move,  
There, where around Thee, Wisdome, Iustice, Loue.  
Truth, Mercie with extended wings, abide,  
With numbrous hostes all number farre aboue,  
Of Sprites which in eternity them hyde :  
    O lead me thither, thither make mee runne :  
    Perfite thy worke, (Good Lord), in mee begunne.



## SONET 3.

My wayes, my wandrings all to Thee are knowne,  
 No strength to stand (Lord) of my selfe I haue ;  
 I breath in bondage, so am not mine owne,  
 Emancipat to Sinne, so Sathan's slave.  
 No stinking carion, halfe consumd in graue,  
 My leprous soule in loathsomenesse exceeds.  
 Thy glorious Image how defacd I haue  
 While I record, my heart for horror bleeds.  
 Sweete Reconcealer, Thou who pardon pleads  
 To sin-chargd soules, which, faynting, groane for grace,  
 Thy Mercie measure not with my misdeeds ;  
 Thy wandring chyld, turnd home at length, embrace,  
     Who brutishly mongst beasts, (with ackorns fed),  
     Too long, a shamefull, swynish life haue led.

## SONET 4.

O Three times happie, if the day of grace  
 In my dark soule did, (though but dimly), dawne ;  
 If to my strugling thoughts proclaimd were peace ;  
 If from mine eyes the vaile of darknesse drawne ;  
 If once the seed of true Repentance sawne  
 Made gushing streames leave furrowes on my face ;  
 Sinne's menstruous rags in pure transparent laune  
 Were chang't ; O then how happie were my cace !  
 So darknesse paths no more my feete should trace,  
 So ever on a quyet conscience feast.  
 Repentance planted so should vice displace,  
 So clenst from sinne, sinne's filth I should detest,  
     Grace, Light, Repentance, inward peace I crave,  
     Grant these, good Lord, for mee thy selfe who gave.

## SONET 5.

Awake mee, (Lord,) from fancie's charming dreame,  
 My Sprit rowze vp from lethargie of sloath :  
 With doubled pace, O give mee to redeeme  
 My time mispent, the errors of my youth.  
 Hence let my taske bee thy eternall Truth,  
 Free from vaine fictions of distempred brains :  
 Grant what Thou addst vnto my years of growth  
 Good seed may prove, cast on more fertile plains.  
 Set to the key of grace, tune all my straines  
 From lawlesse stryfe, fred from conceits prophaine,  
 Which poyson doe with gall the sweetest veines,  
 And, with the Sprit of lyes, most sprits enchainē.  
     My sprit with thine inspire ; on wings mee raise.  
     Lord, henceforth let my tongue sound fourth thy praise.

## SONET 6.

Since that vast orbe, which doth the rest embrace,  
 More swift than thought still whirls about times wheele ;  
 Since years' serpentine course, with speedy pace,  
 Doth a continuall revolution feele ;  
 Since houres still slyde, still life away doth steale,  
 Why then, my soule, heere art thou luld asleepe ?  
 As if on Earth's low stage were placd thy Well,  
 In streams of slyding pleasurs drencht too deepe :  
 Breake off thy dreame : from world's basse fetters creepe,  
 Thy souveraine Good with eyes vnsyld to view :  
 Ryse from earth's vaile to climbe that Mountaine steepe,  
 The only station of contentment true.  
     Sooth no thy selfe, my soule ; shake of delay :  
     Life's Flowre both spreidth and fadeth in a day.

## SONET 7.

As waue doth waue, so day doth day displace ;  
 Time's clock goes quickly : Moments swiftly slyde :  
 The longest Age scare doth a minut's space,  
 If with eternity compaird, abyde.  
 Yet Mortals, charg'd with madnesse, fraught with pryde,  
 Day-livers, dreame to see the world's last date :  
 Guyle held no guilt, craft they with craft doe hyde,  
 Sinne heap on sinne, deceat vpon deceat ;  
 No paine is spair'd to gaine the name of GREAT,  
 Prizde with contempt, aym'd at by few, is GOOD  
 But Ah ! and buildst thou vp a slipry state  
 With pressing vsury, with bribes, with bloode,  
     Madde Man, yet dost not, neither wilt take heede,  
     Thy Life ore hell hings by a slender threed.

## SONET 8.

If Lines which Sphears in equall shares diuylde,  
 But once the Center, twice the Circle touch,  
 Like slow-pac'd snails, why then still doe wee crouch,  
 Still craule on earth, on earth still grov'ling bide ?  
 Let fayth our flight aboue Heaven's circuits guide  
 Where wee should dwell, redoubling our desires.  
 The Doue, no rest heere finding, streight retyres,  
 But in our Prison plac'd is all our pride.  
 As all the vast inferiour orbs of Heaven,  
 By proper pace, vnsensibly are rold,  
 But hurld about, with motion vncontrolld,  
 Are by the Highest violently driven,  
     O Mover first, let mee thy motion proue  
     In grace, who rather retrograde than moue.

## SONET 9.

A constant course, heere, Lord each creature keeps,  
 Not swarving from thine ordinance their ends :  
 Earth vnsustained stands, in shows ayre weeps,  
 Fyre vppward, water to the Center tends.  
 The Sunne in his Ecliptick, mounts, descends,  
 Oblicklie runnes, with Tropics two confynd,  
 Whose course the years alternat seasons sends ;  
 Seas ne're transgresse the Limits thou assing'd.  
 But Man, in whom thy vive Character shynd,  
 That lytle World, of all thy works a Breefe,  
 Made Lord of All, of all hath most declynd  
 From thy obedience. O tears ! O grieffe !  
     Man to the Angels whom Thou didst preferre,  
     From his Creation's end doth only erre.

## SONET 10.

My lif's fraile Barge, with an impetuous tyde,  
 Is on this world's tempestuous Ocean tost :  
 For me, as for our second Sire, provyde  
 A saving Ark, O Lord, or I am lost.  
 Or as thy people, (while proud Pharaoh's hoast  
 Seas overwhelmed,) through floods firme passage fand.  
 A Vessell weake, Mee save, at too much cost  
 Redeem't to bee depriv'd of promis'd Land.  
 As earst to Peter, Lord, stretch foorth thine hand,  
 On liquid floare while as his fayth did faynt :  
 Let not betwixt mee and thy mercie stand  
 That I a sinner vile, hee liv'd a Saint.  
     Thy Glorie greater, greater is thy praise,  
     Mee a dead Lazare, from sinne's grave to raise.

## SONET.

## TO THE BLESSED TRINITIE.

Essence vnmov'd, whose Word made all things move,  
 Earth's pondrous Orbe midst Ayre who ballanst even,  
 By Discords sweete, who tun'd the ten-stringt Heaven,  
 God rich in Mercie, infinite in Love,  
 Light out of Light, O life who death didst prove,  
 Lost Earthlings to redeeme, depriv'd of grace ;  
 Child full of wonder, glorious Prince of Peace,  
 Begotten, from Eternitie, aboue ;  
 O Holy Ghost, sweete sanctifying Sprit  
 From both proceeding : All, in essence One,  
 Most sacred Triade : first and last alone,  
 Three vndividuall, Trinally vnite,  
     Father, Sonne, Holy Ghost, God, One in Three  
     And three in One ! for ever blessed bee.

*Amen.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.















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