



3 1761 04643938 6



# LIBRARY EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

*In demy 8vo, superfine paper, pica type, extra cloth boards.*

EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

Six Volumes, averaging 350 pages each, are delivered to  
Subscribers for £1, 1s. per annum.

Thirty Volumes have been already published containing the Works of the following authors, viz.—

ISSUE FOR 1853.	{ Milton, 2 vols.—Thomson,—Herbert.— Young's Night Thoughts.—Goldsmith, Collins, T. Warton.	{ SIX VOLS. ONE GUINEA.
ISSUE FOR 1854.	{ Cowper, 2 vols.—Butler, 2 vols.—Shenstone. —Beattie, Blair, Falconer,	{ SIX VOLS. ONE GUINEA.
ISSUE FOR 1855.	{ Dryden, 2 vols.—Bowles, 2 vols.—Churchill. —Johnson, Parnell, Gray, Smollett.	{ SIX VOLS. ONE GUINEA.
ISSUE FOR 1856.	{ Burns, 2 vols.—Pope, 2 vols.—H. K. White, J. Grahame.—Shakspeare, Surrey.	{ SIX VOLS. ONE GUINEA.
ISSUE FOR 1857.	{ Scott, 3 vols.—Akenside.—Waller, Denham. —Crashaw, Quarles' Emblems.	{ SIX VOLS. ONE GUINEA.

The Six Volumes issued during any of the past years may still be obtained at Subscription Price through any Bookseller.

At the close of the Fifth Year of the Publication of the Library Edition of the British Poets, when the Thirtieth Volume is in the hands of the Subscribers, it becomes once more the duty of the Publisher to tender his hearty thanks to the Public and to the Press for the support and encouragement which continue to be extended to his undertaking, and to announce the Works which he proposes to add to the Series during the ensuing year.

The Works selected for Publication during the year 1858 are:—

Dr PERCY'S Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,	. . . . .	3 Vols.
PRIOR'S Poetical Works,	. . . . .	1 Vol.
WYATT'S Poetical Works,	. . . . .	1 Vol.
The Poetical Works of ARMSTRONG, DYER, and GREEN,	. . . . .	1 Vol.

The highly interesting work of Dr PERCY has always been a decided favourite; and its reproduction, in a handsome form, cannot fail to be welcome to every lover of our national Poetry. As a whole, it is hoped that the issue proposed for 1858 will prove quite as acceptable to the Subscribers, and the Public generally, as the publications of any former year.

In making his appeal at this time for continued and more extended support, the Publisher feels himself entitled to hold that the character of this Work, as the best and cheapest uniform Edition of the British Poets which has ever appeared, is now established. It was the aim both of the Editor and the Publisher, in commencing this undertaking, to produce a Work which should rank as a Standard, on account of its accuracy; which should grace

the collections even of the opulent and of the learned, by reason of its large type, its elegant form, and its superior finish; while it should be within the reach of all classes of readers, from the easy terms of publication, and the extreme moderation of its price. That these conditions, however unattainable they may have been deemed previously, have in this instance been satisfactorily realised, those who have examined the thirty volumes already published, need no further evidence. For the information of those, however, who may be still unacquainted with the Work, unequivocal testimony is offered in the Appendix, in quotations from the Letters of various eminently distinguished literary authorities, and in numerous extracts from Reviews, and notices by the Press. Certainly, no more ample body of evidence has been adduced in proof of the substantial merits of any modern literary enterprise; and the Publisher cannot doubt, that, in so far at least as the issue of the Library Edition of the British Poets has yet proceeded, this evidence will be accepted as conclusive.

In regard to what yet remains to be accomplished, the Publisher can only repeat his emphatic assurance, that every effort will be used both by the Editor and himself to sustain the reputation which has been happily acquired for the "Library Edition of the British Poets."

---

## OPINIONS OF THE LIBRARY EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

---

### I.—QUOTATIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF DISTINGUISHED LITERARY MEN.\*

"Compiled with judgment, handsomely printed, and accompanied with spirited and intelligent Biographical Memoirs. . . . I know no Edition which might more suitably take its stand in the Libraries of the opulent and learned."—REV. DR CROLY, 11th March 1856.

"While cheap and acceptable to the mass of the public, it is in form a handsome library work, and is got up with literary taste and scholarship."—SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart., M.P., 7th May 1856.

"I perfectly coincide with the opinions expressed by Dr Croly and Sir E. Lytton."—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq., 14th June 1856.

"You have succeeded in producing the *handsomest* and *cheapest* edition of the British Poets that has yet issued from the press. After a careful examination of several of its volumes, and a reference to the republications of the writings of the same poets, in the editions of the authors themselves, and in those of Chalmers, Anderson, Park, Pickering, and more than one contemporary editor, I am enabled to bear my unequivocal testimony to the diligence and good taste with which its *text* has been collated and adjusted."—ALARIC A. WATTS, Esq., 23d July 1856.

"I have carefully compared these volumes with the best editions known to the public, and can conscientiously affirm that in correctness, arrangement, clearness of type, and beauty of execution, I find none comparable to them. The Biographical and Critical Notices are not only eloquent, but fairly and *impartially* written."—CHARLES SWAIN, Esq., 18th Aug. 1854.

\* Copies of these letters, in full, may be obtained from the Publisher, on application.

“Exceedingly well executed,—the type clear, the printing correct, and the whole Lives display a taste and judgment which are rarely to be found.”—Right Honourable LORD JOHN RUSSELL, *20th August 1856.*

“Lord Brougham agrees entirely with those who consider this publication as important and useful.”—*1st September 1856.*

“Very meritorious. The type is excellent, the annotations sensible and not too frequent, the price most moderate.”—RICHARD MONKTON MILNES, Esq., M.P., *5th September 1856.*

“The text is very carefully presented. The Biographies are good summaries of facts, and the Literary Notices graceful and earnest examples of criticism.”—T. K. HERVEY, Esq., late Editor of the “Athenæum,” *19th Sept. 1856.*

“Far the most beautiful edition of the works of the Poets which I have seen. In such parts of it as I have read, the text appears to me very carefully printed, and this, to any one acquainted with the way in which all the editions of Johnson’s Poets (including Chalmers’s) have been printed, is saying what cannot be said of any one of them. Mr Gilfillan’s Prefaces appear to me greatly to increase the value of the volumes.”—DR ANSTER, R<sup>egius</sup> Professor of Civil Law, Dublin University, *19th September 1856.*

“If I may judge of the whole by a part, this edition of the British Poets will occupy, as it deserves, a prominent place in every complete library. The accuracy of the text will commend it to every student of our vernacular literature, as well as the clearness and beauty of the type to the general reader; while the Biographical Prefaces condense within moderate limits not only all that is most interesting to be known concerning the respective writers, but all that is best adapted to illustrate and explain their works.”—Rev. CANON DALE, *4th October 1856.*

“I know nothing of the kind at once so cheap, so well edited and produced, and so handsome. It is a beautiful Library Edition.”—WILLIAM HOWITT, Esq., *8th October 1856.*

“Another error of some new editions has been well avoided in yours—the undue multiplication of notes. The notes which it does contain (speaking only of the volumes that I have consulted) seem to me very good, and the text is accurately given.”—Right Honourable the EARL of STANHOPE, *18th October 1856.*

“I can also testify to the pleasure I have received from such of the introductory Memoirs and Criticisms as I have read. The earnestness and pictorial vigour with which these are written make them refreshing innovations in this kind of literature; while, at the same time, their appreciations of the characteristic peculiarities of our different Poets seem none the less exact and just for being so emphatically stated.”—DAVID MASSON, Esq., M.A., Professor of English Language and Literature, London University, *30th October 1856.*

“So far as respects the general plan, and the execution of that plan, up to the point to which you have arrived, there is no other collection of our national poetry which could bear comparison with yours.”—Right Honourable Sir JAMES STEPHEN, LL.D., Professor of Modern History, Cambridge University, *13th November 1856.*

# OPINIONS OF THE LIBRARY EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

## II.—EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS AND NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

THE Reviews and Notices, of which the following extracts are mere specimens, have appeared at intervals during a period of five years—that is, from the beginning of 1853, the date of the publication of the first volume, till the close of 1857, the date of the publication of the thirtieth volume. A number of opinions are quoted under the date of each year; and in this order they shew, perhaps more clearly than under any other arrangement, the measure of success which has attended the efforts of the Editor and Publisher, to fulfil their engagements with the Subscribers, and to maintain for the work during the entire period of its past progress, the high character for accuracy and elegance which it was fortunate enough to command at the commencement.

### OPINIONS IN 1853.

“The proposal issued by Mr Nichol is remarkable even in this age of cheap literature, and will go far to supply what has been long needed—an accurate, elegant, and cheap Edition of the Poets. . . . Mr Gilfillan’s temperament involves some of the choicest elements of poetic impressions, while his critical canons are for the most part sound and trustworthy.”—*Eclectic Review*.

“A fitter man could not have been found for the task which the enterprising Publisher has confided to him. Of the typographical attractions of this Edition it is impossible to speak too highly. They are perfect.”—*Critic*.

“The Editorial work is done with true Christian liberality, and the sympathy of a man of genius. . . . In typography and appearance the volumes are very superior.”—*Literary Gazette*.

“Paper, print, and binding are all excellent, and the type large and clear. We cannot harbour a doubt of their success.”—*Tait’s Magazine*.

“The most correct texts have been copied from, and the errors which have crept into many former editions have been expunged.”—*Evangelical Magazine*.

“This beautiful Edition reflects the highest credit on the enterprising Publisher.”—*Church of Scotland Review*.

“If the Editor has done his part to admiration, so also has the Publisher.”—*Hogg’s Instructor*.

“The Publication is one that ought to be successful.”—*British Quarterly*.

“Entirely fulfils the import of a Library Edition.”—*National Miscellany*.

“A truly valuable, correct, and cheap Edition of the British Poets.”—*Globe*.

“Large handsome type, fitted even for ancient eyes, with liberal margin for the loving pencils of students. As reprints they are the cheapest and handsomest we can name.”—*Leader*.

“This Edition of the Poets is one of the very best and cheapest that has ever appeared.”—*Daily News*.

“Most assuredly the work itself, no less than the price at which it is proposed to be issued, must commend the plan to all lovers of literature.”—*Bell’s Weekly Messenger*.

“Even in this age of Cheap Books, such a bargain has never been presented.”—*Christian News*.

“The critical remarks, like all that Mr Gilfillan writes, are vigorous in conception and generally felicitous in phrase. The volumes are handsome and tasteful.”—*Scotsman*.

“Alike honourable to Publisher and Editor.”—*Dumfries Herald*.

“A boon for which the respectable Publisher is well entitled to thanks.”—*Scottish Guardian*.

“Leaves nothing to desire either as to printing or paper.”—*North British Daily Mail*.

"Not a library in the United Kingdom should be without this superb Edition of our Poets."—*Critic*.

"We believed that there were few men in the kingdom better fitted for the undertaking than Mr Gilfillan; and his fresh and brilliant sketches of the authors of this excellent volume, together with the interesting notes, fully justify this opinion."—*English Presbyterian Messenger*.

"The perfection of art in type, paper, and other accessories. George Gilfillan's sketch is temperate and appreciating."—*Clerical Journal*.

"The latter volumes merit the commendations we bestowed on those which preceded them."—*Sharp's Illustrated Magazine*.

"The biographies are well and carefully condensed. . . . Few publications can be so strongly recommended."—*Art Journal*.

"This is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable achievements in the department of cheap literature."—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

"This is one of the most magnificent enterprises of modern times. We know of no one who would compare with Mr Gilfillan in competency for the work he has undertaken."—*Homilist*.

"This Edition of the Poets, in point of type and finish and cheapness, is one of the best we know of."—*Illustrated London Magazine*.

"The Publisher has more than realised the promise contained in the prospectus."—*Hogg's Instructor*.

"An ornament to any library."—*Atlas*.

"This series is beyond impeachment on the score of careful accuracy; and the books are quite a glory of typography, unsurpassed in that respect by the most costly edition ever produced."—*Nonconformist*.

"Of the good old library sort. Very beautifully and clearly printed."—*Leader*.

"Mr Gilfillan has performed his task with characteristic ability. . . . We commend the book to everybody who has not got it already."—*British Banner*.

"Of Mr Gilfillan's Edition we have before spoken with the hearty commendation it deserves."—*Britannia*.

"Six volumes, so rich in matter, internally so beautiful, and so splendid in external appearance, have never, we believe, been presented to the public before at the charge of a guinea."—*Christian News*.

"For typographical beauty, combined with moderate cost, we know nothing to equal it."—*Wesleyan Times*.

"A series at once eloquent, elegant, and cheap."—*Daily Reporter*.

"The life of a poet is always a valuable addition to his works, and Mr Gilfillan is well qualified for the task. Those who are desirous of possessing a standard Edition of the British Poets, with useful information for reference, will do well to become subscribers for Mr Nichol's series."—*Sun*.

"The general accuracy of the whole is a merit as undeniable to the present Edition as the beauty of its type and dress."—*The Watchman*.

"To Mr Gilfillan the task seems to be a labour of love. . . . Mr Nichol has well done his part, and supplied solid paper and excellent print."—*Economist*.

"A gentleman better fitted for the task of Editor could not have been selected than Mr Gilfillan."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

"The editorial embellishments have been supplied with taste."—*Globe*.

"The Publisher and Editor have both fulfilled their promises to the public."—*Scotsman*.

"It is scarcely necessary we should do more at present than merely characterise this volume as quite in keeping with those issued during the past year."—*Scottish Press*.

"Mr Gilfillan acquits himself of his task with his accustomed talent and discrimination."—*North British Daily Mail*.

"Apart from the contents, it is a positive pleasure to read these books."—*Witness*.

"The best printed, the most judiciously edited, the handsomest, the cheapest—in short, the only true national Edition."—*Welshman*.

"An undertaking which has several times received our meed of approval, not only for the satisfactory manner in which the original design has been carried out, but for the care displayed in collating the text, and the critical ability evinced by the Editor."—*Oxford Chronicle*.

"The volumes before us combine, in a more eminent degree than we have ever before seen exemplified, extreme cheapness with excellence."—*Sheffield Times*.

"Remarkable for careful editing, excellent paper, a bold type, and unusual cheapness. They have also another recommendation—that is, a Life of each Poet, pithy and eloquent, and a critical dissertation upon his writings, penned by one who knows how to appreciate and describe the efforts of genius."—*Cumbridge Chronicle*.

"Three more volumes of this excellent series. . . . Welcome indeed is their genial light to us, and to thousands of the reading world besides. We can add nothing to what we have already stated as to the merits of this Edition. There can be but one opinion."—*Illustrated London Magazine*.

"We have before expressed our approval of this cheap and handsome publication."—*Journal of Sacred Literature*.

"The recent additions to this singularly cheap and excellent series only confirms our impressions of their value as a permanent contribution to our literature. The introductory dissertations form altogether the best *resumé* of the stores of English poetry."—*Educational Record*.

"A real library book, not printed for the purpose of compressing as much as possible into a page, but so large that even the aged could read it with ease. It should be a part of every library."—*Critic*.

"We do trust that the Publisher of this magnificent and amazingly cheap edition of the British Poets meets with that liberal measure of public patronage to which his generous and noble enterprise justly entitles him."—*Homilist*.

"Both print and paper are equal in quality to those which won our favour for the previous volumes."—*Clerical Journal*.

"Mr Nichol, whose beautiful Edition of the Poets has laid all men of taste under obligation to him, has just added two volumes to that incomparable series."—*Hogg's Instructor*.

"The astonishing cheapness of these volumes, added to their other excellences, cannot fail to make them generally acceptable, and we wish them every success."—*Charles Knight's Weekly Spectator*.

"Executed in a style that reflects the highest credit on the enterprise, skill, and conscientiousness of Mr Nichol."—*Economist*.

"We have more than once acknowledged our obligation to Mr Nichol for the excellent service he is rendering by his uniform Edition of the English Poets."—*Wesleyan Times*.

"Amongst Mr Gilfillan's criticisms, we consider those of Cowper and Dryden the best—the latter, indeed, one of the best that has been written on that poet."—*Globe*.

"Mr Gilfillan's handsome Library Edition of the British Poets continues its course with admirable regularity and unflagging energy."—*Atlas*.

"The volume itself is all that could be wished by the subscribers to Mr Nichol's Library Edition of the Poets."—*Nonconformist*.

"So unexceptionable, both as regards quality and price, that Mr Nichol deserves the gratitude of the reading public."—*The Rock*.

"The purchaser of Nichol's Library Edition will thank the Publisher, and the Editor too, for these two beautiful and rich volumes of the great work."—*Christian News*.

"He continues conscientiously to keep faith with his subscribers."—*Caledonian Mercury*.

"The remarkably cheap and handsome large-print Edition of the English Poets continues to make satisfactory progress."—*Edinburgh News*.

"The present volumes are in all respects counterparts of the previous ones, of which we have had occasion to express our high admiration."—*North British Daily Mail*.

"Will do lasting credit to both Publisher and Editor."—*Scottish Guardian*.

"Whether it be the ability with which it is edited, its moderate price, or the luxury of its bold type and beautiful printing, the series forms a kind of era in this age of rough and cheap reproduction."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"This valuable Edition of the British Poets continues to maintain the character with which it started."—*Suffolk Chronicle*.

"These beautiful volumes well sustain the high character which this Edition of the British Poets has deservedly acquired."—*Monitor*.

"So far, in what relates to the fulfilment of the Publisher's promises toward the public, the undertaking has proceeded in a most satisfactory manner; nor is less credit due to Mr Gilfillan for the spirit in which his editorial duties have been discharged."—*Midland Counties Herald*.

"No such Library Edition of the Poets has yet appeared. The present volume fully sustains the reputation of its predecessors."—*Freeman*.

"Such an Edition of the British Poets was never before presented to the British people so worthy of both."—*Watchman*.

"The handsomest and cheapest Edition of the British Poets ever published. Mr Gilfillan has prefaced the poems with a memoir and critical review of each poet, written in his own brilliant style. As every household might easily place this collection of British Minstrelsy on its book-shelf, none should be without it."—*The Critic*.

"Although Mr Nichol and his talented Editor announced a high standard by which the public were to judge their Edition, the expectations induced have been more than realised."—*British Controversialist*.

"Characterised by the same neatness of typography and accuracy of text, that have already given this Edition of the Poets so high a rank, while the biographical notices are the best of their kind since Johnson."—*Educational Record*.

"Every admirer of Burns must rejoice in seeing this very handsome Edition, and doubtless it will find its way into the libraries and book-shelves of thousands of his countrymen. This will be henceforward the standard Edition."—*Hogg's Instructor*.

"The volume, like all the others of this Edition of the Poets, is a very handsome one."—*Atlas*.

"Another volume of this admirable Edition of the 'British Poets,'—a handsome octavo, and large type—literally, 'a good sight for sair e'en.'"—*The Economist*.

"Mr Gilfillan's memoirs, though brief, are always to the point; and his criticisms are, on the whole, very just and accurate."—*Wesleyan Times*.

"An Edition as creditable to the enterprise of the Publisher, as the literary adornment is to the competent Editor."—*Weekly Messenger*.

"It is impossible to lay down one of these volumes composing the Library Edition of the British Poets, without recording the deep sense which every reader entertains of the eminent Publisher's strict fidelity to his engagements in the splendid volumes which he brings out every second month."—*Christian News*.

"The present volume fully deserves the praise we bestowed upon its predecessors in the Library Edition of the British Poets. Gilfillan has supplied much curious information respecting his author."—*North Briton*.

"The public owes a debt of gratitude to Mr Nichol for the Library Edition of the British Poets."—*Liverpool Mail*.

"In the lives and criticisms Mr Gilfillan has performed his task in a gentle, loving spirit."—*Derby Mercury*.

"Superior to the specimen volume which commenced the series."—*The Liverpool Albion*.

"The text of the works is carefully edited, and there is no attempt, as there was no need, to introduce much in the way of explanatory notes. The getting up, the typography, and the appearance of the volume are all worthy of the enterprising Publisher, and of his beautiful Library Edition of the British Poets."—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

"Careful and judicious editing, elegant binding and typography, and excellent paper distinguish this issue above all others."—*Durham Chronicle*.

"Nichol's Edition of the Poets remains unrivalled for the beauty, we may call it the comfort, of its fine bold type, which is impressed on as fine a paper, while its size, the full octavo, complete its claims as the Library Edition of the Poets."—*Worcester Herald*.

"The volumes will be ornaments to any library in the kingdom."—*Brighton Gazette*.

"No Publisher ever kept better faith with his subscribers than Mr Nichol has done, in the issue of this splendid and wonderfully cheap series."—*Dundee Saturday Post*.

"Handsome books, or books more carefully edited, we have no desire to see."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

"The lovers of library editions of the poets, owe a great debt to Mr Gilfillan and his Publisher for the series."—*Leeds Mercury*.

"This Edition of the Poets is decidedly the cheapest and best."—*Exeter Weekly Times*.

"Such an Edition—whether we consider the value of the reprints, the soundness of the criticism from the Editor, or the beautiful clearness of the typography and cheapness of the volumes—has certainly never been attempted before."—*Border Advertiser*.

"We wish we could use terms strong enough to induce every public library, and all tasteful book buyers, to possess themselves of the admirable Edition of the Poets."—*Greenock Advertiser*.

"This splendid Edition of the Poets continues to reflect infinite credit on the Publisher. The labours of Mr Gilfillan as commentator and critic, are marked by much discernment and philosophic acumen."—*Kelso Chronicle*.

"This Edition of the Poets is decidedly the best, as well as the cheapest, that has ever been given to the public."—*Dundee Courier*.

"This is not merely the cheapest, it is the handsomest Edition of the British Poets ever published."—*The Critic*.

"Bids fair for the honours of a standard Edition."—*Illustrated Monthly Magazine*.

"Of this Edition of the Poets we cannot speak too highly, both for elegance and cheapness; and we hope Mr Nichol, the Publisher, will be well sustained in his enterprise."—*Clerical Journal*.

"One of the best issues of Mr Nichol's collection of the British Poets, . . . a favourable testimony to the Publisher's liberality."—*Atlas*.

"This volume of Mr Nichol's excellent Edition of the Poems of the Northern Bard contains Marmion and the Vision of Don Roderick. The type, as usual, is large and clear, and the getting up unexceptionable."—*Economist*.

"Mr Gilfillan and the Publisher have done their work we believe every way to the satisfaction of their numerous subscribers."—*Christian News*.

"How such clear type, elegant binding, and diligent editing can be given for the annual subscription of £1, 1s., which insures the delivery of six volumes, is indeed one of the marvels of the age."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

"Mr Gilfillan has collected and condensed the facts of Scott's busy life with care and general correctness, and has commented sparingly, and for the most part judiciously, on his career and works."—*Scotsman*.

"Mr Gilfillan has done ample justice to himself and his Publisher in the admirable sketch of the works and life of Sir Walter with which he introduces the compositions of the present volume. . . . As to the style in which the work is produced, we cannot add anything to the cordial admiration we have more than once expressed."—*Caledonian Mercury*.

"The series fulfils all the conditions which the most exacting could demand or the least reasonable imagine."—*Edinburgh Weekly Herald*.

"A very model of taste, elegance, and respectability. The Editor's Biographical Sketches are written with a free and easy pen, *con amore*, and are always interesting."—*North British Daily Mail*.

"The Edition has won a standard reputation for its careful editing, the beauty of its typography, and the lowness of its price."—*Scottish Guardian*.

"This Edition far outstrips any similar attempt that has yet been made."—*Plymouth Journal*.

"Finely printed and handsomely got up."—*Dundee Courier*.

"We are enabled by this time to form a tolerably correct opinion of the manner in which its conductors have kept faith with the public. Their avowed object was to produce a work, which, for excellence of typography, quality of paper, neatness of appearance, and judicious editing, should, combined with cheapness, entitle it to the patronage of all classes; this object has been hitherto effected in a way that cannot fail to satisfy even the most fastidious. . . . The Prefaces are written by Mr Gilfillan with taste, judgment, and impartiality."—*Art Journal*.

"We like the generous spirit which marks the labours of the Editor. The volumes are at once so cheap and desirable, that we fear the Publisher has consulted the advantage of his readers at the cost of his own."—*Irish Eccles. Gazette*.

"Merits the warmest praise."—*Durham Chronicle*.

"At this stage of the 'Library' series, it is only an act of common justice to the Publisher to say, that he has rigidly adhered to the pledges given in his prospectus."—*Norfolk News*.

"Worthy of being added to every library in the kingdom."—*Doncaster Gazette*.

"The fidelity with which the promise of the preceding four years has been kept in respect to regularity of issue, uniform beauty of type and paper, together with purity of text, is the best guarantee that Mr Nichol is a man in all respects to be believed in his promises."—*Liverpool Mail*.

"Its beautiful paper, and clear, large type, render it a treasure for strong young eyes, and a great source of happiness and comfort for weak sight or aged optics."—*Worcester Herald*.

"Unique in the style of its typography."—*Cheltenham Examiner*.

"An Edition which, in point of beauty, style, and care in the editorial department, is unrivalled."—*Brighton Gazette*.

"This magnificent Edition of the British Poets, embellished with all the appliances which good paper and typography can render it, progresses with a regularity which must satisfy its subscribers and all others concerned."—*Nottingham Journal*.

"The memoir of Sir Walter Scott, which Mr Gilfillan has added to this issue, greatly enhances the value of the volume. It is brief, tasteful, and truthful."—*Greenock Advertiser*.

"No library, either public or private, ought to be without a copy of this valuable Edition of the British Poets."—*Stirling Observer*.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD CRASHAW

AND

QUARLES' EMBLEMS.

EDINBURGH:  
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,  
PAUL'S WORK.

LE  
CRASHAW

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
RICHARD CRASHAW  
AND

QUARLES' EMBLEMS.

---

With Memoirs and Critical Dissertations,

BY THE

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

---

111935  
257511

EDINBURGH:

JAMES NICHOL, 104 HIGH STREET.

LONDON: JAMES NISBET & CO. DUBLIN: W. ROBERTSON.

M.DCCC.LVII.

LIBRARY OF THE  
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY  
GEORGETOWN, GEORGIA  
1857

PR  
3386  
A127  
1857

THE

## LIFE AND POETRY OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

---

CONCERNING the life of this true and transcendent genius very little is known. He was born in London, in circumstances highly favourable to the development of his intellectual powers; for his father, although his works brought him no profit, was an able author, as well as an eminent preacher in the Temple, and on terms of intimacy with such men as Sir Randolph Crew and Sir Henry Yelverton, the latter one of the judges of King's Bench. Through their influence, young Richard was placed on the foundation of Charter House School, where Brook a celebrated master of the day, greatly contributed to his improvement. Our poet wrote afterwards a glowing panegyric on him in the shape of an epigram. On the 26th day of March 1632, Crashaw was elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall. He had probably visited that college before, for we find him lamenting the early death of one William Herry, of Pembroke, which had occurred in October 1631. Herry was a youth connected with a respectable family in Essex, and distinguished by the sweetness of his temper. Crashaw mourned his loss in five epitaphs, one of them written in Latin. It is a good sign of a student when he praises his teachers; and certainly Crashaw, on this theory, must have been one of the best of scholars, since he has liberally commended almost all his tutors—not only Brook, his early master, but Benjamin Laney, the master of Pembroke Hall, and Mr Tournay, the tutor in the same college. In 1633 he took his Bachelor's degree, and in 1634 he published, without

his name, a volume, entitled, "Epigrammata Sacra," dedicating it to Laney.

About this time, his strong tendency to mysticism began to develop itself. He prefixed, in 1635, a copy of verses to Shelford's "Five Pious and Learned Discourses"—a book which Archbishop Usher denounced as a disgrace to the Cambridge press, and as deeply infected with the corruption of Popery. He was wont, too, to pass some hours every day alone in St Mary's Church. "In the temple of God, under His wing, he led his life in St Mary's Church, near St Peter's College, under Tertullian's roof of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow, near the house of God; where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day." On the 20th of November 1636, he removed to Peterhouse—became a fellow the next year—and in 1638 took the degree of Master of Arts. In 1641, according to Wood, he also took degrees at Oxford. He entered—but in what year is uncertain—on holy orders, and became an ardent and powerful preacher.

In 1644, under the domination of the Puritans, who were angry at the sympathy shewn by Cambridge and her children with the king, Crashaw and some others were expelled from their fellowships. Leaving his University, our poet seems at the same time to have forsaken Protestantism. At heart he had been long a Roman Catholic. He is accused of having left the Protestant Church partly from a desire of lucre, and partly to conciliate some Court ladies, such as the Countess of Denbigh, who had become a Papist. The real reason, however, of his perversion lay in the peculiar cast of his imagination, which seemed, as if by a "pre-established harmony," assimilated to the Popish theory of things.

Crashaw did not long continue in England after his expulsion from Cambridge. He repaired to France, where, in 1646, Cowley, at that time secretary to Lord Jermyn, met him, and aided him in his deep poverty. Cowley had been a friend of Crashaw's at Cambridge; and he is said, by some, to have introduced our poet to Henrietta, queen of Charles I.,

but this act of kindness is by others ascribed to Dr Gough and Mr Car. At all events, the queen gave him letters of recommendation to Italy, and there he became secretary to one of the Roman cardinals. The cardinal's name was Palotta, and Crashaw is said to have loved and commended him, but to have complained bitterly of the "wickedness of his retinue." His complaint of these creatures of the cardinal reached their master's ear, and the result was that he dismissed Crashaw from his service, and, it is said, procured him some "small employ" at the Lady of Loretto's, where he went on a pilgrimage in the summer-time, and, overheating himself, took a fever, and died. A report, very much wanting confirmation, says that he was poisoned! The date of his death, like that of his birth, is uncertain. That he was dead ere 1652 is manifest from the fact that his friend Thomas Car, to whom his manuscripts had been confided, published a selection from them in that year.

If Crashaw was not generally popular, and if his detractors malignantly defamed him as a "small poet," a "slip of the times," and as a "peevish, silly seeker, who glided away from his principles in a poetical vein of fancy and an impertinent curiosity," he enjoyed, on the other hand, the praise of some applauded men, and a general "sweet savour" of renown in his day and generation. He is said to have been a universal scholar—versed in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Italian languages—to have made the Grecian and Roman poets his study—and to have possessed, besides, the accomplishments of music, drawing, engraving, and painting. In his habits, too, he was temperate to severity; indeed, had he not been so, his poetry would have sunk from a panegyric on God into a bitter, unintentional satire on himself.

Wilmott, Cowley, and others, have deplored Crashaw's secession from the Protestant Church. So do we; but less for the sake of that Church than for the sake of Crashaw himself. In deploring his secession, we are in fact only mourning the *supra*-superstitious tendencies of his nature. We yield to none in opposing and denouncing that grand caricature of Christianity called Popery, in its bigotry, intolerance, affecta-

tion of purity, catholicity, and of age—in its gigantic smallness, elaborate accommodation to the worst passions of human nature—its attempted amalgam of principles which cannot meet, except for mutual destruction, and the false and frail unity produced thereby; but we are none the less convinced that there have been noble spirits, which, if not in Popery, yet in Roman Catholicism, felt themselves at home, or at least formed for themselves an ideal and a happy abode. So did Abelard; so did Bernard; so did Fenelon; and so did Crashaw.

From the beginning of his being, Crashaw was a Catholic; and in saying so, we deem that we have stated at once the source of his poetic weakness and strength, as well as that of all men of genius similarly situated. Roman Catholicism, in our judgment, is not Christianity; but, by dwelling in its neighbourhood, and trying to mimic its marvellous results, it has imbibed a portion of its spirit, and bears nearly that relation to it which Judaism would have done, had it been contemporaneous with, instead of prior to the Christian scheme. Besides, the admixture of fiction, the amount of ceremony, the quantity to be *supposed*, to be implicitly believed, to be loved without reason, and admitted without proof,—all this renders Popery favourable to the exercise of the poetic imagination; while, on the other hand, the false and useless mystery, the tame subjection it requires of soul and heart and intellect, its “proud liminary spirit,” the routine of idle monotonous rite,—stamp a certain vulgarity upon it, against which the wings of lofty genius have to struggle, and often to struggle in vain. In Crashaw, the struggle is generally successful. He looks at Popery, not as Dryden does, through the cold medium of the intellect, but through the burning haze of the imagination. His spirit is generally that of a true Christian poet, although considerably perverted by a false and bad form of the religion. In soaring imagination, in gorgeous language, in ardent enthusiasm, and in ecstasy of lyrical movement, Crashaw very much resembles Shelley, and may be called indeed the Christian Shelley.

“His raptures are,  
All air and fire.”

His verse is pervaded everywhere by that fine madness, characteristic of the higher order of bards.

There can, we think, be little doubt that a great deal of Popish, and not a little of Protestant piety, is animalism inverted and transfigured. The saying of Pope about lust, "through certain strainers well-refined," becoming "gentle love," admits of another application. Desire, thrown into a new channel, becomes devotion—devotion sincere and strong, although assuming a spurious and exaggerated form. Hence in some writers, the same epithets are applied to the Saviour and to God, which in others are used to the objects of earthly tenderness, and we are disgusted with a profusion of "sweet Saviour," "dear lovely Jesus," &c. In the writings of the mystics, in the poems for instance of Madame Guion, you see a temperament of the warmest kind turned into the channel of a high-soaring and rather superstitious piety. Conceive of Anacreon converted, and beginning to sing of celestial love, in the same numbers with which he had previously chanted the praises of women and wine! Nay, we need not make any such supposition. Moore—the modern Anacreon—has written Hebrew melodies, in which you find something of the same lusciousness of tone as in Tom Little's poems; the *nature* coming out irresistibly in both. We are far from questioning the sincerity of these writers, and far from denying that they are better employed when singing of Divine things, than when fanning the flames of earthly passion; but we should ever be ready, while reading their strains, to *subtract* a good deal on account of their temperament. Such writers too frequently become mawkish, and loathsomely sweet, and thus at once repel the tasteful and gratify the profane. Croly says, somewhere, "our religion is a manly religion," but we would not refer those who wished a proof of this to the love-sick and sentimental class in question, who seem to prefer Solomon's Song to every other book of the Bible, and without the excuse of oriental day, discover all the languor and voluptuousness of the oriental bosom. There is, too, considerable danger of a reaction on their part—that the fire, after turning up its crest for a season toward heaven, should sink into its

war, has

old furnace again, and that then their "last state should be worse than the first."

These remarks apply in some measure to Crashaw, although the strength of his genius in a measure counteracts the impression. Yet, often you hear the language of earthly instead of celestial love, and discover a certain swooning, languishing voluptuousness of feeling, as when in his lines on Teresa, he says:—

"Oh, what delight when she shall stand,  
And teach *thy lips Heaven* with her hand,  
On which thou now may'st to thy wishes  
Heap up thy *consecrated kisses*.  
What joy shall seize thy soul when she,  
Bending her blessed eyes on thee,  
Those second smiles of Heaven, shall dart  
Her mild rays through thy *melting heart*."

More offensive are the following lines on "The Wounds of our Crucified Lord:"—

"O thou, that on this foot hast laid,  
Many a kiss, and many a tear,  
Now thou shalt have all repaid,  
Whatsoe'er thy charges were.

This foot hath got a mouth and lips,  
To pay the *sweet sum of thy kisses*;  
To pay thy tears, an eye that weeps,  
Instead of tears, such gems as this is."

We may remark, in passing, how different and how far superior is Milton's language in reference to women to that of the Crashaw school! How respectful, dignified, admiring, yet modest and delicate, all Milton's allusions to female beauty! How different from the tone of languishment, the everlasting talk about "sighs," and "kisses," and "bosoms," found in some parts of our poet! Milton seems as much struck with woman's resemblance to, as with her difference from man, and regards her as a fainter stamp of the same Divine image—fainter but more exquisitely finished: her smile that of man, dying away in a dimple of loveliness, the lovelier for the dissolution; her eye his, less, but seeming sometimes larger from the tenderness with which it is filled; her brow his, in minia-

ture, cut out too in alabaster, and bathed in the moonlight of a more spiritual radiance; her lips his, but tinged with a softer crimson, and capable of a finer play of meanings; her voice his, but hushed as if in the felt presence of a sanctuary, and trembling as in the conscious audience of an unearthly ear; her cheek his, but with a more delicate and diviner hue resting on it, like an infant-blush, ever ready to overspread her countenance with that glorious glow which arises only as a witness at the marriage of Modesty and Beauty; her hair his, but dipped in a softer brown, or suffused with a richer darkness, or yellowed over with a purer gold; and above all, her soul his, but more meekly informing its tenement of clay, breathing more fitfully, though sweetly, through its fairer chamber, and communicating more directly with its Maker and God.

———“Both

Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;  
 For contemplation he, and valour form'd;  
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace:  
 He for God only, she for God in him.  
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks,  
 Round from his parted forelock, manly hung,  
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad;  
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore,  
 Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,  
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best received,  
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.”

Crashaw has written, and written beautifully, on general subjects, but is always most at home in the field of sacred poetry. His Muse is never fully herself, till she hears the organs of the Roman Catholic Church

“Blow their tempests of sweet sound.”

To this music, and to those splendid litanies which swell up upon it, like strong eagles riding on mighty winds, Crashaw seems to write; and we question if ever man better appreciated

the poetical elements which abound in the Roman Catholic faith. Every wise Protestant will admit that these are many. The supposed antiquity and pretended universality of that proud religion—the triple apex into which it towers—its centre in the Eternal City, where, amidst the crumbling fanes of Paganism, and the general decay of empire, the Vatican still lifts its unabashed and unaltered front—the long line of martyrs and confessors whose blood seems to blush on every painted window, and change every church into a shrine—its ceremonies, often indeed overdone, gaudy, and unmeaning, but often, too, sublime and imposing—its music, with its varied enchantment—its paintings, so numerous, so exquisite, and so identified with this religion, that one of its votaries might almost dream that Italian genius and Italian day were two witnesses, testifying in its behalf, and proclaiming its glory—the large classes of men and women devoted to its service by vows of sternest severity—its monastic piles, buried in woods, or towering on mountain cliffs :

“ Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains  
 Repentant sighs and voluntary pains ;  
 Ye rugged rocks ! which holy knees have worn ;  
 Ye grotts and caverns, shagg'd with horrid thorn !  
 Shrines ! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,  
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep”—

*such ant ! ?*  
 its awful practice (only inferior to the old Roman custom of burying the erring vestal alive) of consigning young and beautiful females to the premature grave of the cloister—its cathedrals, with their immemorial grandeur and their frowning and gorgeous architecture—the dim-lit and far-stretching dungeons of its Inquisition, with a tale of horror or mystery inscribed on every door ; and, above all, the glimpses it professes to give, and the power it pretends to exert in the unseen world, where, high above a purgatory, crowded with myriads of sufferers, whom the Church, and the Church alone, can redeem from penal fire, and above tiers of angels, and above the Son himself, and on a level with the throne of God, it shews you a woman's face, of ravishing beauty and sweetness—forming precisely such a climax to the universe as human nature would

*Wit*

desire, and shedding a mild steadfast moonlight on the whole picture and scheme of things;—all this, and much more than all this, to be found in Roman Catholicism, is calculated to please the fancy or delight the taste, or to rouse and rivet the imagination. All this Milton, as well as Crashaw, understood and felt; but he had the intellectual strength and moral hardihood to resist their fascination. He entered the splendid Catholic temple, and he did not refuse his admiration, he bathed his brow in the “dim religious light,” he praised the pictures, he was ravished with the music, but he did not remain to worship; he turned away in sorrow and in anger, saying, “It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting: your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them.” Crashaw, on the other hand, seems, without a struggle, to have yielded to the soft seductions of the system, and was soon sighingly but luxuriously lost.

- soul!

again

He is a strong man, but no Milton—nay, rather a strong man unnerved by perfumes and lulled with unhealthy opiates—who writes the following lines “in a prayer-book:”—

“Am’rous languishments, luminous trances,  
Sights which are not seen with eyes,  
Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,  
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies  
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,  
And melts it down in sweet desire,  
Yet doth not stay  
To ask the windows’ leave to pass that way.  
Delicious deaths, soft exhalations  
Of soul! dear, and divine annihilations!  
A thousand unknown rites  
Of joys, and rarefied delights;  
An hundred thousand loves and graces,  
And many a mystic thing,  
Which the divine embraces  
Of th’ dear spouse of spirits with them will bring.”

If our readers will turn to Shelley, and read his “Lines addressed to the noble and unfortunate Lady Emilia V——,” they will find extremes meeting, and that the sceptical Shelley, and the Roman Catholic Crashaw, write, the one of earthly,

E. S. Elliot  
Lancelot  
Andrews  
corrective
 nay, illicit love, and the other of spiritual communion, in language marvellously similar both in beauty and extravagance. These two poets resembled each other in the weakness that was bound up with their strength. (Their fault was an excess of the emotional)—a morbid excitability and enthusiasm, which in Shelley, and probably in Crashaw too, sprung from a scrofulous habit and a consumptive tendency. Shelley's conception of love, however, is in general purer and more ideal than that of the other poet.

Crashaw's volume is a small one, and yet small as it is, it contains a good deal of that quaint and tricky conceit, which Johnson has called, by a signal misnomer, "metaphysic." Crashaw, at least, has never mingled metaphysics with his poetry, although here and there he is as fantastic as Donne or Cowley, or any of the class. For instance, he writes thus on the text—"And he answered them nothing:"—

"O mighty Nothing! unto thee,  
 Nothing, we owe all things that be;  
 God spake once when he all things made,  
 He saved all when he nothing said.  
 The world was made by Nothing then;  
 'Tis made by Nothing now again.

Johnson valued himself on his brief but vigorous account of the "Metaphysical Poets," in his Life of Cowley. We think, however, with all deference to his high critical authority, that not only has he used the word "metaphysical" in an arbitrary and inapposite sense, but that he has besides confounded wit with perverted ingenuity, and very much under-rated the genius of the men. He calls them, after Dryden, "wits, not poets," but if wit is almost always held to signify a *sudden perception of analogies more or less recondite*, along with a TENDENCY to the *ludicrous*, then these writers have very little of the quality indeed. They see and shew remote analogies, but the analogies are too remote or too grave to excite any laughable emotion. Coming from far—coming as captives—and coming violently chained together in pairs, they produce rather wonder, tinged with melancholy, than that vivid delight which creates smiles, if it does not explode into laughter.

Sometimes, indeed, the conceits produce a ridiculous effect, but this arises rather from their absurdity than their wit. Who can laugh, however, at such lines as these describing God harmonising the chaos?—

“ Water and air he for the *Tenor* chose,  
Earth made the *Base*—the *Treble* flame arose.”

But apart from their perverted ingenuity, their straining after effect, their profusion of small and often crooked points, and their desire to shew their learning, these writers had undoubtedly high imagination. Cowley, in his poetry and in his prose, has given undeniable evidences of a genius at once versatile, elegant, and powerful—nay, we venture to uphold the great poetical merit of some of the lines Johnson quotes from him to condemn—of the following for example:—

“ His bloody eyes he *hurls* round ; his sharp paws  
Tear up the ground—then runs he wild about,  
Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out ;  
Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there.  
Trees, though no wind is stirring, shake for fear ;  
Silence and horror fill the place around,  
*Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound.*

These are bold metaphors, but they are not conceits. We feel them to rise naturally out of, and exactly to measure the majesty of the theme, not like conceits, to be *arbitrarily embossed* upon the shield of a subject, without any regard to its size, proportions, or general effect. We are happy to find De Quincy coinciding in part with our opinion of Johnson's criticism. Let us hear him speaking with a special reference to Donne: “ Dr Johnson inconsiderately calls him and Cowley, &c., metaphysical poets, but rhetorical would have been a more accurate designation. In saying that, however, we revert to the original use of the word rhetoric, as laying the principal stress upon the management of the thoughts, and only a secondary one upon the ornaments of style. Few writers have shewn a more extraordinary compass of powers than Donne, for he combined the last sublimation of dialectical subtlety and address with the most impassioned majesty.

Many diamonds compose the very substance of his poem on the Metempsychosis, thoughts and descriptions which have the fervent and gloomy sublimity of Ezekiel or Eschylus, whilst a diamond dust of rhetorical brilliance is strewed over the whole of his occasional verses and his prose. No criticism was ever more unhappy than that of Dr Johnson, which denounces all this artificial display as so much perversion of taste. There cannot be a falser thought than this, for upon that principle a whole class of compositions might be vicious by conforming to its own ideal. The artifice and machinery of rhetoric furnishes in its degree as legitimate a basis for intellectual pleasure as any other—that the pleasure is of an inferior order can no more attain the idea or model of the composition, than it can impeach the excellence of an epigram that it is not a tragedy. Every species of composition is to be tried by its own laws.”

Here it will be noticed that De Quincy takes somewhat different ground from what we would take in reply to Johnson. He seems to think that Johnson principally objected to the *manner* of these writers, and he argues, very justly, that as professed rhetoricians they had a right to use the artifices of rhetoric, and none the less that they wrote in metre; and he might have maintained, besides, that finding a peculiar mode of writing in fashion, they were quite as justifiable in using it, IF they did not caricature it, as in wearing the bag, sword, and ruffles of their day. But Johnson, besides, denied that these men were poets; he objected to the *matter* as well as the manner of their song; and here we join issue with him, nay, are ready to admit that they were often rhetorically faulty, even by their own standard, if it be granted that they possessed a real and sublime poetic genius. That De Quincy agrees with us in this belief, we are certain, but it was his part to defend them upon another and a lower basis of assault. The most powerful passage in Johnson’s account of the Metaphysical Poets is that in which he denies their claims to sublimity. He says with great eloquence—“The sublime was not within their reach—they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of mind, which at once filled the

whole mind, and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment, and the second rational admiration. Sublimity is produced by aggregation, and littleness by dispersion. Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness. It is with great propriety that subtlety, which in its original import means exility of particles, is taken, in its metaphorical meaning, for nicety of distinction. Those writers who lay on the watch for novelty could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation. Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments, and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature or the scenes of life, than he who dissects a sunbeam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer's noon."

In these remarks there is much truth as well as splendour; but Dr Johnson seems to forget that with all the elaborate pettiness of much in their writings—Cowley in portions of his "Davideis;" Donne in his "Metempsychosis;" Crashaw in his "Sospetto d'Herode;" Quarles in a few of his "Emblems;" and Herbert in certain parts of his "Temple," have, perhaps *in spite* of their own system, attained a rare grandeur of thought and language. He might have remembered, too, that in prose Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne, who both sinned in over-subtlety and subdivision of thinking, and were "Metaphysical Prose Poets," have both produced passages surpassed by nothing, even in Milton, for sublimity of imagination. He says "Great things cannot have escaped former observation;" but surely, although all men in all ages have seen the sun, the ocean, the earth, and the stars, new aspects of them are often presenting themselves to the poetic eye: all men in all ages have seen the sun, but did all men from the beginning see him eclipsed at noonday in May 1836? all men have seen the stars, but have all looked through a Rossian telescope at the Moon, Mars, or Saturn? The truth is, Dr Johnson had great sympathy with the broad—the materially sublime and the colossally great; but, from a defect in eye-

sight and in mind, had little or none with either the beautiful or the subtle, and did not perceive the exquisite effects which a minute use of the knowledge of both these often produces. Of the great passages of Milton he had much admiration, but could not understand such lines as—

“Many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,”—

as what a poet calls it—“a charming embodiment of thin air and sound in something palpable, tangible, malleable;” nor that other wondrous line of “imaginative incarnation”—

“Rose like a steam of rich, distill’d perfumes;”

nor would he have, we fear, admired Crashaw’s “Music’s Duel,” which, altogether, we think, is not only his finest effort, but accomplishes with magical ease one of the most difficult of poetic tasks, and seems almost higher than nature. Like an Arabian sorcerer, the soul of the poet leaps back and forward, from the musician to the bird, entering into the very heart, and living in the very voice of each. Let our readers read the whole, and they will agree with us that they have read the most deliciously-true and incredibly-sustained piece of poetry in probably the whole compass of the language.

Just think of this; could Shakspeare have surpassed it?—

“Her supple breast thrills out  
Sharp airs, and *staggers in a warbling doubt*  
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o’er her skill,  
And *folds in wav’d notes with a trembling bill*  
The *pliant series of her slipp’ry song*;  
Then starts she suddenly into a throng  
Of short, thick sobs,” &c.

We may close by strongly recommending to our readers the “Sospetto d’Herode,” that fine transfusion of Crashaw’s—a poem from which Milton, in his “Hymn on the Nativity,” has derived a good deal; and by expressing the peculiar satisfaction with which we present the public with a handsome edition of the too little known productions of this exquisite poet.

# CONTENTS.

---

## CRASHAW'S POEMS.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Preface to the Reader . . . . .	1	Upon the Death of the most desired Mr Herry's . . . . .	80
The Author's Motto . . . . .	2	Another . . . . .	83
<b>STEPS TO THE TEMPLE:—</b>		His Epitaph . . . . .	85
The Weeper . . . . .	3	An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife . . . . .	87
The Tear . . . . .	8	An Epitaph upon Dr Brook . . . . .	87
Divine Epigrams . . . . .	9	Upon Mr Staninough's Death . . . . .	88
Sospetto d' Herode . . . . .	32	Upon the Duke of York's Birth . . . . .	89
On a Prayer-Book sent to Mrs M. R. . . . .	51	Upon Ford's two Tragedies . . . . .	92
On Mr G. Herbert's Book, entitled, 'The Temple of Sacred Poems' . . . . .	55	On a Foul Morning, being then to take a Journey . . . . .	93
A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint Teresa . . . . .	55	Upon the Fair Ethiopian, sent to a Gentlewoman . . . . .	94
An Apology for the Precedent Hymn . . . . .	62	On Marriage . . . . .	94
On a Treatise of Charity . . . . .	63	To the Morning . . . . .	94
On the Glorious Assumption of the Blessed Virgin . . . . .	65	Love's Horoscope . . . . .	96
An Hymn on the Circumcision of our Lord . . . . .	67	Out of Virgil . . . . .	98
On Hope . . . . .	69	With a Picture sent to a Friend In praise of Lessius his Rule of Health . . . . .	99
<b>THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES:—</b>		The Beginning of Heliodorus . . . . .	101
Music's Duel . . . . .	73	Out of the Greek—Cupid's Crier . . . . .	102
Upon the Death of a Gentle- man . . . . .	78	On Nanus mounted upon an Ant . . . . .	105
Upon the Death of Mr Herry's . . . . .	79	Upon Venus putting on Mars his Arms . . . . .	105
		Upon the same . . . . .	105

	PAGE		PAGE
Upon Bishop Andrews his Picture before his Sermons . . .	105	For the Hour of Prime . . .	140
Out of Martial . . .	106	The Third . . .	142
Out of the Italian . . .	106	The Sixth . . .	144
Out of the Italian . . .	108	The Ninth . . .	145
Out of the Italian . . .	109	Even-song . . .	147
On the Frontispiece of Isaacson's Chronology Explained . . .	109	Compline . . .	149
Or thus . . .	110	The Recommendation . . .	151
An Epitaph upon Mr Ashton, a conformable Citizen . . .	111	Vexilla Regis . . .	151
Out of Catullus . . .	112	Charitas Nimia . . .	153
Wishes to his Supposed Mistress . . .	113	Sancta Maria Dolorum . . .	155
Crashawe . . .	118	The Hymn of St Thomas . . .	159
<b>SACRED POEMS :—</b>		The Hymn for the Blessed Sacrament . . .	161
To the noblest and best of Ladies, the Countess of Denbigh . . .	120	The Hymn, Dies Iræ Dies Illa . . .	164
To the Name above every Name, the Name of Jesus . . .	122	The Hymn, O Gloriosa Domina . . .	167
In the Glorious Epiphany of our Lord God . . .	130	The Flaming Heart, upon the Book and Picture of the Seraphical Saint Teresa . . .	168
To the Queen's Majesty on Twelfth-Day . . .	138	A Song . . .	171
The Office of the Holy Cross : For the Hour of Matins . . .	139	To Mrs M. R., Counsel concerning her Choice . . .	172
		Alexias . . .	174
		Description of a Religious House and Condition of Life . . .	178

QUARLES' EMBLEMS.

	PAGE		PAGE
<b>BOOK THE FIRST:—</b>		No. VIII. . . . .	283
The Invocation . . . . .	201	" IX. . . . .	285
No. I. . . . .	203	" X. . . . .	287
" II. . . . .	205	" XI. . . . .	290
" III. . . . .	207	" XII. . . . .	292
" IV. . . . .	209	" XIII. . . . .	294
" V. . . . .	212	" XIV. . . . .	296
" VI. . . . .	214	" XV. . . . .	299
" VII. . . . .	216	<b>BOOK THE FOURTH:—</b>	
" VIII. . . . .	218	No. I. . . . .	301
" IX. . . . .	220	" II. . . . .	303
" X. . . . .	222	" III. . . . .	305
" XI. . . . .	224	" IV. . . . .	307
" XII. . . . .	226	" V. . . . .	309
" XIII. . . . .	228	" VI. . . . .	312
" XIV. . . . .	230	" VII. . . . .	314
" XV. . . . .	232	" VIII. . . . .	316
<b>BOOK THE SECOND:—</b>		" IX. . . . .	318
No. I. . . . .	235	" X. . . . .	320
" II. . . . .	237	" XI. . . . .	322
" III. . . . .	239	" XII. . . . .	324
" IV. . . . .	241	" XIII. . . . .	326
" V. . . . .	243	" XIV. . . . .	329
" VI. . . . .	246	" XV. . . . .	331
" VII. . . . .	248	<b>BOOK THE FIFTH:—</b>	
" VIII. . . . .	250	No. I. . . . .	334
" IX. . . . .	252	" II. . . . .	336
" X. . . . .	254	" III. . . . .	338
" XI. . . . .	256	" IV. . . . .	340
" XII. . . . .	258	" V. . . . .	342
" XIII. . . . .	260	" VI. . . . .	344
" XIV. . . . .	262	" VII. . . . .	347
" XV. . . . .	264	" VIII. . . . .	349
<b>BOOK THE THIRD:—</b>		" IX. . . . .	351
The Entertainment . . . . .	267	" X. . . . .	353
No. I. . . . .	269	" XI. . . . .	356
" II. . . . .	271	" XII. . . . .	358
" III. . . . .	273	" XIII. . . . .	360
" IV. . . . .	275	" XIV. . . . .	362
" V. . . . .	277	" XV. . . . .	364
" VI. . . . .	279	The Farewell . . . . .	366
" VII. . . . .	281		



THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD CRASHAW.



# CRASHAW'S POETICAL WORKS.

---

## THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

LEARNED READER,—The Author's friend will not usurp much upon thy eye; this is only for those whom the name of our divine poet hath not yet seized into admiration. I dare undertake, that what Jamblicus (in vita Pythagoræ) affirmeth of his master, at his Contemplations, these poems can, viz., They shalt lift thee, reader, some yards above the ground; and, as in Pythagoras' school, every temper was first tuned into a height by several proportions of music, and spiritualised for one of his weighty lectures; so mayest thou take a poem hence, and tune thy soul by it into a heavenly pitch; and thus refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, in these poems thou mayest talk freely of God, and of that other state.

Here is Herbert's second, but equal, who hath retrieved poetry of late, and returned it up to its primitive use; let it bound back to heaven gates whence it came. Think ye St Augustine would have stained his graver learning with a book of poetry, had he fancied their dearest end to be the vanity of love-sonnets and epithalamiums? No, no, he thought with this our poet, that every foot in a high-born verse, might help to measure the soul into that better world. Divine poetry, I dare hold it, in position, against Suarez on the subject, to be the language of the angels; it is the quintessence of phantasy and discourse centered in heaven; it is the very outgoings of the soul; it is what alone our Author is able to tell you, and that in his own verse.

It were profane but to mention here in the Preface those under-headed poets, retainers to seven shares and a-half; madrigal fellows, whose only business in verse is to rhyme a poor sixpenny soul, a suburb sinner into hell;—may such arrogant pretenders to poetry vanish, with their prodigious issue of tumorous heats and flashes of their adulterate brains, and for ever after may this our poet fill up the better room of man. O! when the general arraignment of Poets shall be, to give an account of their higher souls, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine poet sit above and look down upon poor Homêr, Virgil, Horace, Claudian, &c., who had amongst them the ill luck to talk out a great part of their gallant genius upon bees, dung, frogs, and

gnats, &c., and not as himself here, upon scriptures, divine graces, martyrs, and angels.

Reader, we style his sacred poems, 'Steps to the Temple,' and aptly, for in the temple of God, under his wing, he led his life in St Mary's Church, near St Peter's College; there he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God: where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day; there he penned these poems, steps for happy souls to climb heaven by.

And those other of his pieces, intituled, 'The Delights of the Muses,' (though of a more human mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent.

The praises that follow are but few of many that might be conferred on him: he was excellent in five languages (besides his mother-tongue), viz., Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, the two last whereof he had little help in—they were of his own acquisition.

Amongst his other accomplishments in academic (as well pious as harmless) arts, he made his skill in poetry, music, drawing, limning, gravng (exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy) to be but his subservient recreations for vacant hours, not the grand business of his soul.

To the former qualifications I might add that which would crown them all—his rare moderation in diet (almost Lessian temperance); he never created a Muse out of distempers, nor (with our canary scribblers) cast any strange mists of surfeits before the intellectual beams of his mind or memory, the latter of which he was so much a master of, that he had there, under lock and key, in readiness, the richest treasures of the best Greek and Latin poets, some of which authors he had more at his command by heart, than others that only read their works, to retain little and understand less.

Enough, reader; I intend not a volume of praises larger than this book, nor need I longer transport thee to think over his vast perfections; I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this learned young gentleman (now dead to us) as he himself doth, with the last line of his poem upon Bishop Andrews' picture before his sermons—

Verte paginas.

— Look on his following leaves and see him breathe.

---

### THE AUTHOR'S MOTTO.

Live, Jesus, live, and let it be  
My life to die for love of Thee.

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE.

---

### THE WEEPER.

- 1 HAIL, sister springs,  
Parents of silver-forded rills!  
Ever bubbling things!  
Thawing crystal! snowy hills!  
Still spending, never spent; I mean  
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene.
- 2 Heavens thy fair eyes be,  
Heavens of ever-falling stars;  
'Tis seed-time still with thee,  
And stars thou sow'st, whose harvest dares  
Promise the Earth to countershine  
Whatever makes Heaven's forehead fine.
- 3 But we're deceived all,  
Stars they're indeed too true,  
For they but seem to fall  
As Heaven's other spangles do :  
It is not for our Earth and us,  
To shine in things so precious.
- 4 Upwards thou dost weep,  
Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream ;  
Where the milky rivers meet,  
Thine crawls above and is the cream.

Heaven, of such fair floods as this,  
 Heaven the crystal ocean is.

5 Ev'ry morn from hence,  
     A brisk cherub something sips,  
     Whose soft influence  
         Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips ;  
 Then to his music and his song  
 Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

6 When some new, bright guest  
     Takes up among the stars a room,  
     And Heaven will make a feast,  
         Angels with their bottles come ;  
 And draw from these full eyes of thine,  
 Their master's water, their own wine.

7 The dew no more will weep,  
     The primrose's pale cheek to deck,  
     The dew no more will sleep,  
         Nuzzle'd in the lily's neck ;  
 Much rather would it tremble here,  
 And leave them both, to be thy tear.

8 Not the soft gold, which  
     Steals from the amber-weeping tree,  
     Makes sorrow half so rich,  
         As the drops distill'd from thee.  
 Sorrow's best jewels lie in these  
 Caskets of which Heaven keeps the keys.

9 When Sorrow would be seen  
     In her brightest majesty,  
     (For she is a queen)  
         Then is she dress'd by none but thee ;

Then, and only then she wears  
Her richest pearls, I mean thy tears.

10 Not in the Ev'ning's eyes  
When they red with weeping are,  
For the Sun that dies,  
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair ;  
Nowhere but here did ever meet  
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

11 Sadness, all the while  
She sits in such a throne as this,  
Can do nought but smile,  
Nor believes she sadness is :  
Gladness itself would be more glad  
To be made so sweetly sad.

12 There is no need at all  
That the balsam-sweating bough  
So coyly should let fall  
His med'cinable tears ; for now  
Nature hath learn'd t' extract a dew,  
More sovereign and sweet from you.

13 Yet let the poor drops weep,  
Weeping is the ease of woe ;  
Softly let them creep,  
Sad that they are vanquish'd so ;  
They, though to others no relief,  
May balsam be for their own grief.

14 Golden though he be,  
Golden Tagus murmurs, though,  
Might he flow from thee,  
Content and quiet would he go ;

Richer far does he esteem  
Thy silver, than his golden stream.

15 Well does the May that lies  
Smiling in thy cheeks, confess  
The April in thine eyes,  
Mutual sweetness they express.  
No April e'er lent softer showers,  
Nor May returned fairer flowers.

16 Thus dost thou melt the year  
Into a weeping motion:  
Each minute waiteth here,  
Takes his tear and gets him gone;  
By thine eyes' tinct ennobled thus,  
Time lays him up: he's precious.

17 Time as by thee he passes,  
Makes thy ever-watery eyes  
His hour-glasses;  
By them his steps he rectifies.  
The sands he used no longer please,  
For his own sands he'll use thy seas.

18 Does thy song lull the air?  
Thy tears' just cadence still keeps time.  
Does thy sweet-breath'd prayer  
Up in clouds of incense climb?  
Still at each sigh, that is each stop,  
A bead, that is a tear doth drop.

19 Does the night arise?  
Still thy tears do fall, and fall.  
Does night lose her eyes?  
Still the fountain weeps for all.

Let night or day do what they will,  
Thou hast thy task, thou weepest still.

20 Not, so long she lived,  
Will thy tomb report of thee ;  
But, so long she grieved,  
Thus must we date thy memory.  
Others, by days, by months, by years  
Measure their ages, thou by tears.

21 Say, wat'ry brothers,  
Ye simp'ring sons of those fair eyes,  
Your fertile mothers,  
What hath our world that can entice  
You to be born ? what is 't can borrow  
You from her eyes, swoln wombs of sorrow ?

22 Whither away so fast ?  
Oh whither ? for the sluttish Earth  
Your sweetness cannot taste,  
Nor does the dust deserve your birth.  
Whither haste ye then ? Oh say  
Why ye trip so fast away ?

23 We go not to seek  
The darlings of Aurora's bed,  
The rose's modest cheek,  
Nor the violet's humble head :  
No such thing ; we go to meet  
A worthier object, our Lord's feet.

---

## THE TEAR.

1 WHAT bright soft thing is this,  
 Sweet Mary, thy fair eyes' expense ?  
 A moist spark it is,  
 A wat'ry diamond ; from whence  
 The very term, I think, was found,  
 The water of a diamond.

2 Oh ! 'tis not a tear,  
 'Tis a star about to drop  
 From thine eye, its sphere ;  
 The Sun will stoop and take it up.  
 Proud will his sister be to wear  
 This thine eye's jewel in her ear.

3 Oh ! 'tis a tear,  
 Too true a tear ; for no sad eyne,  
 How sad soe'er,  
 Rain so true a tear as thine ;  
 Each drop, leaving a place so dear,  
 Weeps for itself, is its own tear.

4 Such a pearl as this is,  
 (Slipp'd from Aurora's dewy breast)  
 The rose-bud's sweet lip kisses ;  
 And such the rose itself, when vex'd  
 With ungentle flames, does shed,  
 Sweating in too warm a bed.

5 Such the maiden gem  
 By the wanton Spring put on,  
 Peeps from her parent stem,  
 And blushes on the wat'ry Sun :

This wat'ry blossom of thy eyne,  
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

6 Fair drop, why quak'st thou so ?  
'Cause thou straight must lay thy head  
In the dust ? Oh no ;  
The dust shall never be thy bed :  
A pillow for thee will I bring,  
Stuff'd with down of angel's wing.

7 Thus carried up on high,  
(For to heaven thou must go)  
Sweetly shalt thou lie,  
And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe ;  
Till the singing orbs awake thee,  
And one of their bright chorus make thee.

8 There thyself shalt be  
An eye, but not a weeping one ;  
Yet I doubt of thee,  
Whither thou 'dst rather there have shone  
An eye of Heaven ; or still shine here  
In th' Heaven of Mary's eye, a tear.

---

## DIVINE EPIGRAMS.

### ON THE WATER OF OUR LORD'S BAPTISM.

EACH blest drop on each blest limb,  
Is wash'd itself in washing him :  
'Tis a gem while it stays here ;  
While it falls hence 'tis a tear.



ON THE STILL SURVIVING MARKS OF OUR SAVIOUR'S  
WOUNDS.

Whatever story of their cruelty,  
Or nail, or thorn, or spear have writ in thee,  
Are in another sense  
Still legible ;  
Sweet is the difference :  
Once I did spell  
Every red letter  
A wound of thine ;  
Now (what is better),  
Balsam for mine.

THE SICK IMPLORE ST PETER'S SHADOW.—ACTS V.

Under thy shadow may I lurk awhile,  
Death's busy search I'll easily beguile :  
Thy shadow, Peter, must show me the Sun,  
My light's thy shadow's shadow, or 'tis done.

THE DUMB HEALED, AND THE PEOPLE ENJOINED SILENCE.

—MARK VII.

Christ bids the dumb-tongue speak, it speaks ; the sound  
He charges to be quiet, it runs round ;  
If in the first he used his fingers' touch,  
His hand's whole strength here could not be too much.

COME, SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY.—

MATT. XXVIII.

Show me himself, himself (bright Sir), oh show  
Which way my poor tears to himself may go ;  
Were it enough to show the place, and say,  
Look, Mary, here, see where thy Lord once lay,



That braves you out;  
 You are the storm that mocks  
 Yourselves; you are the rocks  
 Of your own doubt:  
 Besides this fear of danger, there 's no danger here;  
 And he that here fears danger, does deserve his fear.

## ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S BASHFULNESS.

That on her lap she casts her humble eye,  
 'Tis the sweet pride of her humility.  
 The fair star is well fix'd, for where, O where  
 Could she have fix'd it on a fairer sphere?  
 'Tis Heaven, 'tis Heaven she sees, Heaven's God there lies,  
 She can see Heaven, and ne'er lift up her eyes:  
 This new guest to her eyes new laws hath given,  
 'Twas once look up, 'tis now look down to Heaven.

## UPON LAZARUS HIS TEARS.

Rich Laz'rus! richer in those gems, thy tears,  
 Then Dives in the robes he wears:  
 He scorns them now, but oh! they'll suit full well  
 With the purple he must wear in hell.

## TWO WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray? O rather say  
 One went to brag, th' other to pray;

One stands up close and treads on high,  
 Where th' other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,  
 The other to the altar's God.



THE BLIND CURED BY THE WORD OF OUR SAVIOUR.—

MATT. X.

Thou spak'st the word (thy word's a law)  
 Thou spak'st, and straight the blind man saw.  
 To speak and make the blind man see,  
 'Was never man, Lord, spake like thee.'  
 To speak thus, was to speak (say I)  
 Not to his ear, but to his eye.

AND HE ANSWERED THEM NOTHING.—MATT. XXVII.

O Mighty Nothing! unto thee,  
 Nothing, we owe all things that be;  
 God spake once when he all things made,  
 He saved all when he nothing said.  
 The world was made of nothing then;  
 'Tis made by nothing now again.

TO OUR LORD, UPON THE WATER MADE WINE.

Thou water turn'st to wine (fair friend of life);  
 Thy foe, to cross the sweet arts of thy reign,  
 Distils from thence the tears of wrath and strife,  
 And so turns wine to water back again.

NEITHER DURST ANY MAN FROM THAT DAY ASK HIM ANY  
 MORE QUESTIONS.—MATT. XXII.

'Midst all the dark and knotty snares,  
 Black wit or malice can or dares,  
 Thy glorious wisdom breaks the nets,  
 And treads with uncontrolled steps.  
 Thy quell'd foes are not only now  
 Thy triumphs, but thy trophies too:



Yet if thou 'lt fill one poor eye with thy heaven and thee,  
Oh! grant (sweet goodness) that one eye may be  
All, and every whit of me.

UPON THE DUMB DEVIL CAST OUT, AND THE SLANDEROUS  
JEW'S PUT TO SILENCE.—LUKE XI.

Two devils at one blow thou hast laid flat,  
A speaking devil this, a dumb one that;  
Was 't thy full victory's fairer increase,  
That th' one spake, or that th' other held his peace?

AND A CERTAIN PRIEST COMING THAT WAY LOOKED ON HIM,  
AND PASSED BY.—LUKE X.

Why dost thou wound my wounds, O thou that passest by,  
Handling and turning them with an unwounded eye?  
The calm that cools thine eyes does shipwreck mine,  
for, oh!  
Unmoved to see one wretched, is to make him so.

BLESSED BE THE PAPS WHICH THOU HAST SUCKED.—LUKE XI.

Suppose he had been tabled at thy teats,  
Thy hunger feels not what he eats:  
He'll have his teat e'er long (a bloody one),  
The mother then must suck the son.

TO PONTIUS WASHING HIS BLOOD-STAINED HANDS.

Is murder no sin? or a sin so cheap,  
That thou need'st heap  
A rape upon 't? Till thy adult'rous touch  
Taught her these sullied cheeks, this blubber'd face,  
She was a nymph, the meadows knew none such,  
Of honest parentage, of unstain'd race,

The daughter of a fair and well-famed fountain,  
As ever silver tipp'd the side of shady mountain.

See how she weeps, and weeps, that she appears  
Nothing but tears;

Each drop's a tear that weeps for her own waste.

Hark how at ev'ry touch she does complain her!

Hark how she bids her frighted drops make haste,

And with sad murmurs chides the hands that stain her!

Leave, leave, for shame, or else (good judge) decree

What water shall wash this, when this hath washed thee.

YE BUILD THE SEPULCHRES OF THE PROPHETS.—MATT. XXIII.

Thou trimm'st a prophet's tomb, and dost bequeath

The life thou took'st from him unto his death.

Vain man! the stones that on his tomb do lie,

Keep but the score of them that made him die.

UPON THE INFANT MARTYRS.

To see both blended in one flood,

The mother's milk, the children's blood,

Makes me doubt if Heaven will gather

Roses hence, or lilies rather.

VERILY I SAY UNTO YOU, YE SHALL WEEP AND LAMENT.—

JOHN XVI.

Welcome, my grief, my joy; how dear's

To me my legacy of tears!

I'll weep, and weep, and will therefore

Weep, 'cause I can weep no more:

Thou, thou (dear Lord) even thou alone,

Giv'st joy, even when thou givest none.

UPON OUR LORD'S LAST COMFORTABLE DISCOURSE WITH HIS  
DISCIPLES.—JOHN XV.

All Hybla's honey, all that sweetness can  
Flows in thy song (O fair, O dying swan!)  
Yet is the joy I take in 't small or none;  
It is too sweet to be a long-lived one.

DIVES ASKING A DROP.—LUKE XVI.

A drop, one drop, how sweetly one fair drop  
Would tremble on my pearl-tipp'd finger's top!  
My wealth is gone; oh! go it where it will,  
Spare this one jewel; I'll be Dives still.

GIVE TO CÆSAR—AND TO GOD.—MARK XII.

All we have is God's, and yet  
Cæsar challenges a debt,  
Nor hath God a thinner share,  
Whatever Cæsar's payments are;  
All is God's; and yet 'tis true,  
All we have is Cæsar's too;  
All is Cæsar's: and what odds,  
So long as Cæsar's self is God's?

BUT NOW THEY HAVE SEEN AND HATED.

Seen? and yet hated thee? they did not see,  
They saw thee not, that saw and hated thee:  
No, no, they saw thee not, O Life, O Love,  
Who saw ought in thee that their hate could move!

UPON THE CROWN OF THORNS TAKEN FROM OUR BLESSED  
LORD'S HEAD ALL BLOODY.

Know'st thou this, soldier? 'tis a much changed plant,  
which yet

Thyself didst set,  
'Tis changed indeed; did Autumn e'er such beauties bring  
To shame his Spring?  
Oh! who so hard a husbandman could ever find  
A soil so kind?  
Is not the soil a kind one (think ye) that returns  
Roses for thorns?

SHE BEGAN TO WASH HIS FEET WITH TEARS, AND WIPE  
THEM WITH THE HAIRS OF HER HEAD.

Her eyes' flood licks his feet's fair stain,  
Her hair's flame licks up that again;  
This flame thus quench'd hath brighter beams:  
This flood thus stain'd fairer streams.

ON ST PETER CUTTING OFF MALCHUS' EAR.

Well, Peter, dost thou wield thy active sword;  
Well for thyself (I mean), not for thy Lord.  
To strike at ears, is to take heed there be  
No witness, Peter, of thy perjury.

BUT MEN LOVED DARKNESS RATHER THAN LIGHT.—JOHN III.

The world's light shines; shine as it will,  
The world will love its darkness still;  
I doubt though, when the world's in hell,  
It will not love its darkness half so well.

I AM READY NOT ONLY TO BE BOUND, BUT TO DIE.—ACTS XXI.

Come death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my ears,  
At those hard words man's cowardice calls fears.  
Save those of fear, no other bands fear I;  
Nor other death than this—the fear to die.

ON ST PETER CASTING AWAY HIS NETS AT OUR SAVIOUR'S  
CALL.

Thou hast the art on 't, Peter, and canst tell  
To cast thy nets on all occasions well.  
When Christ calls, and thy nets would have thee stay,  
To cast them well's to cast them quite away.

OUR LORD IN HIS CIRCUMCISION TO HIS FATHER.

To thee these first-fruits of my growing death,  
(For what else is my life?) lo, I bequeath.  
Taste this, and as thou lik'st this lesser flood  
Expect a sea, my heart shall make it good.  
Thy wrath that wades here now, ere long shall swim,  
The flood-gate shall be set wide ope for him.  
Then let him drink, and drink, and do his worst,  
To drown the wantonness of his wild thirst.  
Now's but the nonage of my pains, my fears  
Are yet both in their hopes, not come to years.  
The day of my dark woes is yet but morn,  
My tears but tender, and my death new-born.  
Yet may these unfledged griefs give fate some guess,  
These cradle-torments have their towardness.  
These purple buds of blooming death may be  
Erst the full stature of a fatal tree.  
And till my riper woes to age are come,  
This knife may be the spear's præludium.

## ON THE WOUNDS OF OUR CRUCIFIED LORD.

- 1 O these wakeful wounds of thine!  
 Are they mouths? or are they eyes?  
 Be they mouths, or be they eyne,  
 Each bleeding part some one supplies.
- 2 Lo! a mouth, whose full-bloom'd lips  
 At too dear a rate are roses.  
 Lo! a blood-shot eye, that weeps,  
 And many a cruel tear discloses.
- 3 O thou, that on this foot hast laid  
 Many a kiss, and many a tear,  
 Now thou shalt have all repaid,  
 Whatsoe'er thy charges were.
- 4 This foot hath got a mouth and lips,  
 To pay the sweet sum of thy kisses;  
 To pay thy tears, an eye that weeps,  
 Instead of tears, such gems as this is.
- 5 The diff'rence only this appears,  
 (Nor can the change offend)  
 The debt is paid in ruby tears,  
 Which thou in pearls didst lend.

## ON OUR CRUCIFIED LORD NAKED AND BLOODY.

They've left Thee naked, Lord; oh that they had!  
 This garment, too, I would they had denied.  
 Thee with thyself they have too richly clad,  
 Op'ning the purple wardrobe of thy side.  
 O never could be found garments too good  
 For Thee to wear, but these of Thine own blood.

## EASTER-DAY.

- 1 Rise, heir of fresh eternity,  
 From thy virgin-tomb ;  
 Rise, mighty man of wonders, and thy world with thee,  
 Thy tomb, the universal east,  
 Nature's new womb ;  
 Thy tomb, fair immortality's perfumed nest.
- 2 Of all the glories make noon gay,  
 This is the morn.  
 This rock buds forth the fountain of the streams of day.  
 In joy's white annals live this hour,  
 When life was born,  
 No cloud scowl on his radiant lids, no tempest lower.
- 3 Life, by this light's nativity,  
 All creatures have.  
 Death only by this day's just doom is forced to die :  
 Nor is death forced ; for, may he lie  
 Throned in thy grave,  
 Death will, on this condition, be content to die.

## ON THE BLEEDING WOUNDS OF OUR CRUCIFIED LORD.

- 1 Jesu ! no more, it is full tide ;  
 From thy hands and from thy feet,  
 From thy head, and from thy side,  
 All thy purple rivers meet.
- 2 Thy restless feet, they cannot go,  
 For us and our eternal good,  
 As they are wont ; what though ?  
 They swim, alas ! in their own flood.

- 3 Thy hand to give thou canst not lift ;  
Yet will thy hand still giving be ;  
It gives, but oh, itself 's the gift,  
It drops though bound ; though bound, 'tis free.
- 4 But, O thy side ! thy deep digg'd side,  
That hath a double Nilus going,  
Nor ever was the Pharian tide  
Half so fruitful, half so flowing.
- 5 What need thy fair head bear a part  
In tears, as if thine eyes had none ?  
What need they help to drown thine heart,  
That strives in torrents of its own ?
- 6 Water'd by the showers they bring,  
The thorns that thy blest brow encloses  
(A cruel and a costly spring)  
Conceive proud hopes of proving roses.
- 7 Not a hair but pays his river  
To this Red Sea of thy blood ;  
Their little channels can deliver  
Something to the gen'ral flood.
- 8 But while I speak, whither are run  
All the rivers named before ?  
I counted wrong ; there is but one,  
But oh, that one is one all o'er.
- 9 Rain-swoln rivers may rise proud,  
Threat'ning all to overflow ;  
But when indeed all 's overflow'd  
They themselves are drowned too.

- 10 This thy blood's deluge (a dire chance,  
 Dear Lord, to thee) to us is found  
 A deluge of deliverance,  
 A deluge lest we should be drown'd.
- 11 Ne'er wast thou in a sense so sadly true,  
 The well of living waters, Lord, till now.

## SAMSON TO HIS DELILAH.

Could not once blinding me, cruel, suffice?  
 When first I look'd on thee, I lost mine eyes.

## PSALM XXIII.

Happy me! O happy sheep!  
 Whom my God vouchsafes to keep;  
 Even my God, ev'n he it is  
 That points me to these ways of bliss;  
 On whose pastures cheerful Spring  
 All the year doth sit and sing,  
 And rejoicing, smiles to see  
 Their green backs wear his liv'ry:  
 Pleasure sings my soul to rest,  
 Plenty wears me at her breast, 10  
 Whose sweet temper teaches me  
 Nor wanton, nor in want to be.  
 At my feet the blubb'ring mountain  
 Weeping, melts into a fountain,  
 Whose soft, silver-sweating streams  
 Make high noon forget his beams:  
 When my wayward breath is flying,  
 He calls home my soul from dying,  
 Strokes and tames my rabid grief,  
 And does woo me into life: 20

When my simple weakness strays, 21  
 (Tangled in forbidden ways)  
 He (my Shepherd) is my guide,  
 He's before me, on my side,  
 And behind me; he beguiles  
 Craft in all her knotty wiles:  
 He expounds the giddy wonder  
 Of my weary steps, and under  
 Spreads a path clear as the day,  
 Where no churlish rub says nay 30  
 To my joy-conducted feet,  
 Whilst they gladly go to meet  
 Grace and peace, to meet new lays  
 Tuned to my great Shepherd's praise.  
 Come now, all ye terrors, sally,  
 Muster forth into the valley,  
 Where triumphant darkness hovers  
 With a sable wing, that covers  
 Brooding horror. Come thou, Death,  
 Let the damps of thy dull breath 40  
 Overshadow ev'n the shade,  
 And make darkness' self afraid;  
 There my feet, ev'n there, shall find  
 Way for a resolved mind.  
 Still my Shepherd, still my God  
 Thou art with me; still thy rod,  
 And thy staff, whose influence  
 Gives direction, gives defence.  
 At the whisper of thy word  
 Crown'd abundance spreads my board: 50  
 While I feast, my foes do feed  
 Their rank malice, not their need;  
 So that with the self-same bread  
 They are starved, and I am fed.

How my head in ointment swims! 55  
 How my cup o'erlooks her brims!  
 So, ev'n so, still may I move  
 By the line of thy dear love;  
 Still may thy sweet mercy spread  
 A shady arm above my head, 60  
 About my paths; so shall I find  
 The fair centre of my mind,  
 Thy temple, and those lovely walls  
 Bright ever with a beam that falls  
 Fresh from th' pure glance of thine eye,  
 Lighting to eternity.  
 There I'll dwell for ever, there  
 Will I find a purer air,  
 To feed my life with; there I'll sup  
 Balm and nectar in my cup, 70  
 And thence my ripe soul will I breathe  
 Warm into the arms of death.

## PSALM CXXXVII.

- 1 On the proud banks of great Euphrates' flood,  
 There we sate, and there we wept:  
 Our harps that now no music understood,  
 Nodding on the willows slept,  
 While unhappy captived we,  
 Lovely Sion, thought on thee.
- 2 They, they that snatch'd us from our country's breast  
 Would have a song carved to their ears  
 In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel jest!)  
 When harps and hearts were drown'd in tears!  
 'Come,' they cried, 'come, sing and play  
 One of Sion's songs to-day.'

- 3 Sing? play? to whom (ah!) shall we sing or play  
 If not, Jerusalem, to thee?  
 Ah, thee, Jerusalem! ah sooner may  
 This hand forget the mastery  
 Of music's dainty touch, than I  
 The music of thy memory.
- 4 Which when I lose, oh may at once my tongue  
 Lose this same busy speaking art,  
 Unparch'd, her vocal arteries unstrung,  
 No more acquainted with my heart,  
 On my dry palate's roof to rest  
 A wither'd leaf, an idle guest.
- 5 No, no, thy good, Sion, alone must crown  
 The head of all my hope-nursed joys.  
 But, Edom, cruel thou! thou cri'dst, 'Down, down,  
 Sink, Sion, down and never rise;'  
 Her falling thou didst urge and thrust,  
 And haste to dash her into dust.
- 6 Dost laugh, proud Babel's daughter? do, laugh on,  
 Till thy ruin teach thee tears,  
 Ev'n such as these; laugh, till a venging throng  
 Of woes too late do rouse thy fears:  
 Laugh till thy children's bleeding bones  
 Weep precious tears upon the stones.

QUEM VIDISTIS PASTORES, ETC.

A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY, SUNG BY THE SHEPHERDS.

- 1 *Chorus.* Come, we shepherds, who have seen  
 Day's king deposed by night's queen,  
 Come, lift we up our lofty song,  
 To wake the sun, that sleeps too long.

- 2 He, in this our general joy,  
Slept, and dreamt of no such thing,  
While we found out the fair-eyed boy,  
And kiss'd the cradle of our king;  
Tell him he rises now too late  
To show us ought worth looking at.
- 3 Tell him we now can show him more  
Than he e'er show'd to mortal sight,  
Than he himself e'er saw before,  
Which to be seen needs not his light:  
Tell him, Tityrus, where thou 'st been,  
Tell him, Thyrsis, what thou 'st seen.
- 4 *Tityrus.* Gloomy night embraced the place  
Where the noble infant lay:  
The babe look'd up and show'd his face,  
In spite of darkness it was day.  
It was thy day, sweet, and did rise,  
Not from the east, but from thy eyes.
- 5 *Thyrsis.* Winter chid the world, and sent  
The angry North to wage his wars:  
The North forgot his fierce intent,  
And left perfumes instead of scars:  
By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,  
Where he meant frosts he scatter'd flowers.
- 6 *Both.* We saw thee in thy balmy nest,  
Bright dawn of our eternal day;  
We saw thine eyes break from the east,  
And chase the trembling shades away:  
We saw thee (and we bless'd the sight),  
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

- 7 *Tityrus*. I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,  
 Come hov'ring o'er the place's head,  
 Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow,  
 To furnish the fair infant's bed :  
 'Forbear,' said I, 'be not too bold ;  
 Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.'
- 8 *Thyrsis*. I saw th' officious angels bring  
 The down that their soft breasts did strow,  
 For well they now can spare their wings,  
 When Heaven itself lies here below :  
 'Fair youth,' said I, 'be not too rough,  
 Your down though soft's not soft enough.'
- 9 *Tityrus*. The babe no sooner 'gan to seek  
 Where to lay his lovely head,  
 But straight his eyes advised his cheek  
 'Twixt mother's breasts to go to bed :  
 'Sweet choice,' said I, 'no way but so,  
 Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow.'
- 10 *All*. Welcome to our wond'ring sight  
 Eternity shut in a span!  
 Summer in winter! day in night!  
*Chorus*. Heaven in earth! and God in man!  
 Great little one, whose glorious birth  
 Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to Earth.
- 11 Welcome, though not to gold nor silk,  
 To more than Cæsar's birthright is:  
 Two sister seas of virgin's milk,  
 With many a rarely temper'd kiss,  
 That breathes at once both maid and mother,  
 Warms in the one, cools in th' other.

- 12           She sings thy tears asleep, and dips  
              Her kisses in thy weeping eye;  
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,  
              That in their buds yet blushing lie.  
She 'gainst those mother-diamonds tries  
The points of her young eagle's eyes.
- 13           Welcome (though not to those gay flies  
              Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,  
Slippery souls in smiling eyes),  
              But to poor shepherds, simple things,  
That use no varnish, no oil'd arts,  
But lift clean hands full of clear hearts.
- 14           Yet when young April's husband showers  
              Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,  
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,  
              To kiss thy feet, and crown thy head;  
To thee (dread Lamb) whose love must keep  
The shepherds while they feed their sheep,
- 15           To thee, meek majesty, soft king  
              Of simple graces and sweet loves,  
Each of us his lamb will bring,  
              Each his pair of silver doves.  
At last, in fire of thy fair eyes,  
We'll burn our own best sacrifice.
-

SOSPETTO D' HERODE.<sup>1</sup>

## LIBRO PRIMO.

## ARGOMENTO.

Casting the times with their strong signs,  
 Death's master his own death divines ;  
 Struggling for help, his best hope is  
 Herod's suspicion may heal his ;  
 Therefore he sends a fiend to wake  
 The sleeping tyrant's fond mistake,  
 Who fears (in vain) that he whose birth  
 Means Heaven, should meddle with his earth.

- 1 MUSE ! now the servant of soft loves no more,  
 Hate is thy theme, and Herod, whose unblest  
 Hand (Oh, what dares not jealous greatness ?) tore  
 A thousand sweet babes from their mothers' breast,  
 The blooms of martyrdoms. Oh, be a door  
 Of language to my infant lips, ye best  
 Of confessors: whose throats answ'ring his  
 swords,  
 Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke souls  
 for words.
- 2 Great Anthony ! Spain's well-beseeming pride,  
 Thou mighty branch of emperors and kings,  
 The beauties of whose dawn what eye may bide,  
 Which with the Sun himself weighs equal wings ;  
 Map of heroic worth ! whom far and wide  
 To the believing world Fame boldly sings:  
 Deign thou to wear this humble wreath that  
 bows,  
 To be the sacred honour of thy brows.

<sup>1</sup> See 'Life.'

- 3 Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these bright flowers  
 Other than what their own blest beauties bring;  
 They were the smiling sons of those sweet bowers,  
 That drink the dew of life, whose deathless spring,  
 Nor Syrian flame, nor Borean frost deflowers:  
 From whence Heaven-labouring bees with busy  
 wing,  
 Suck hidden sweets, which well digested, proves  
 Immortal honey for the hive of loves.
- 4 Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent worth,  
 Holds high the reign of fair Parthenope,  
 That neither Rome, nor Athens can bring forth  
 A name in noble deeds rival to thee!  
 Thy fame's full noise makes proud the patient earth,  
 Far more than matter for my Muse and me.  
 The Tyrrhene seas and shores sound all the  
 same,  
 And in their murmurs keep thy mighty name.
- 5 Below the bottom of the great abyss,  
 There where one centre reconciles all things,  
 The world's profound heart pants; there placed is  
 Mischief's old master; close about him clings  
 A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss  
 His correspondent cheeks: these loathsome strings  
 Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties  
 Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.
- 6 The judge of torments, and the king of tears,  
 He fills a burnish'd throne of quenchless fire:  
 And for his old fair robes of light he wears  
 A gloomy mantle of dark flames; the tire

That crowns his hated head on high appears;  
 Where seven tall horns (his empire's pride) aspire;  
 And to make up Hell's Majesty, each horn  
 Seven crested hydras horribly adorn.

7 His eyes, the sullen dens of death and night,  
 Startle the dull air with a dismal red:  
 Such his fell glances as the fatal light  
 Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead:  
 From his black nostrils and blue lips, in spite  
 Of Hell's own stink, a worsen stench is spread.  
 His breath Hell's lightning is: and each deep groan  
 Disdains to think that Heaven thunders alone.

8 His flaming eyes' dire exhalation  
 Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath;  
 Whose unconsumed consumption preys upon  
 The never-dying life of a long death.  
 In this sad house of slow destruction  
 (His shop of flames) he fries himself; beneath  
 A mass of woes, his teeth for torment gnash,  
 While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong  
 lash.

9 Three rig'rous virgins waiting still behind,  
 Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptred king:  
 With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twined  
 They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need a  
 sting:  
 Their locks are beds of uncomb'd snakes, that wind  
 About their shady brows in wanton rings.  
 Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he  
 reigns,  
 His sceptre and himself both he disdains.

- 10 Disdainful wretch! how hath one bold sin cost  
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes!  
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd and crost  
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise!  
Proud morning of a perverse day! how lost  
Art thou unto thyself, thou too self-wise  
Narcissus! foolish Phaeton! who for all  
Thy high-aim'd hopes gain'dst but a flaming fall.
- 11 From Death's sad shades to the life-breathing air,  
This mortal enemy to mankind's good,  
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,  
To become beautiful in human blood.  
Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair  
The fields of Pal'stine, with so pure a flood,  
There does he fix his eyes, and there detect  
New matter, to make good his great suspect.
- 12 He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark  
Set the contending sons of Heaven on fire:  
Oft in his deep thought he revolvés the dark  
Sybil's divining leaves: he does inquire  
Into th' old prophecies, trembling to mark  
How many present prodigies conspire  
To crown their past predictions; both he lays  
Together; in his pond'rous mind both weighs.
- 13 Heaven's golden-winged herald, late he saw  
To a poor Galilean virgin sent:  
How low the bright youth bowed, and with what awe  
Immortal flow'rs to her fair hand present.  
He saw th' old Hebrew's womb neglect the law  
Of age and barr'nness, and her babe prevent  
His birth by his devotion, who began  
Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

- 14 He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigor  
Of th' icy North; from frost-bound Atlas' hands  
His adamantine fetters fall: green vigor  
Gladding the Scythian rocks and Libyan sands.  
He saw a vernal smile sweetly disfigure  
Winter's sad face, and through the flow'ry lands  
Of fair Engaddi, honey-sweating fountains  
With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the  
mountains.
- 15 He saw how, in that blest day-bearing night,  
The Heaven-rebuked shades made haste away;  
How bright a dawn of angels with new light  
Amazed the midnight world, and made a day  
Of which the morning knew not; mad with spite  
He mark'd how the poor shepherds ran to pay  
Their simple tribute to the Babe, whose birth  
Was the great business both of Heaven and earth.
- 16 He saw a threefold sun, with rich increase,  
Make proud the ruby portals of the East:  
He saw the temple sacred to sweet peace,  
Adore her prince's birth, flat on her breast:  
He saw the falling idols all confess  
A coming deity: he saw the nest  
Of pois'nous and unnatural loves, earth-nursed,  
Touch'd with the world's true antidote, to burst.
- 17 He saw Heaven blossom with a new-born light,  
On which, as on a glorious stranger, gazed  
The golden eyes of night: whose beam made bright  
The way to Bethle'm, and as boldly blazed,  
(Nor ask'd leave of the sun) by day as night,  
By whom (as Heaven's illustrious handmaid) raised,

Three kings (or what is more) three wise men  
 went  
 Westward to find the world's true Orient.

- 18 Struck with these great concurrences of things,  
 Symptoms so deadly unto Death and him,  
 Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings,  
 Eternally bind each rebellious limb.  
 He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings;  
 Which, like two bosom'd sails, embrace the dim  
 Air with a dismal shade; but all in vain,  
 Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.
- 19 While thus Heaven's highest counsels by the low  
 Footsteps of their effects, he traced too well,  
 He toss'd his troubled eyes, embers that glow  
 Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell.  
 With his foul claws he fenced his furrow'd brow,  
 And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell  
 Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of night,  
 The while his twisted tail he gnaw'd for spite.
- 20 Yet on the other side fain would he start  
 Above his fears, and think it cannot be:  
 He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart,  
 And feel the pulse of every prophecy,  
 He knows (but knows not how, or by what art)  
 The Heaven-expecting ages hope to see  
 A mighty babe, whose pure, unspotted birth,  
 From a chaste virgin womb should bless the earth.
- 21 But these vast mysteries his senses smother,  
 And reason (for what's faith to him?) devour,  
 How she that is a maid should prove a mother,  
 Yet keep inviolate her virgin flower;

How God's Eternal Son should be man's brother,  
 Poseth his proudest intellectual power;  
 How a pure spirit should incarnate be,  
 And life itself wear death's frail livery.

- 22 That the great angel-blinding light should shrink  
 His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye;  
 That the unmeasured God so low should sink,  
 As pris'ner in a few poor rags to lie;  
 That from his mother's breast he milk should drink,  
 Who feeds with nectar Heaven's fair family;  
 That a vile manger his low bed should prove,  
 Who in a throne of stars thunders above;
- 23 That he whom the Sun serves should faintly peep  
 Through clouds of infant flesh: that he, the old  
 Eternal Word, should be a child, and weep:  
 That he who made the fire should fear the cold:  
 That Heaven's high majesty his court should keep  
 In a clay cottage, by each blast controll'd:  
 That glory's self should serve our griefs and  
 fears:  
 And free eternity submit to years:
- 24 And further, that the law's eternal giver,  
 Should bleed in his own law's obedience:  
 And to the circumcising knife deliver  
 Himself, the forfeit of his slaves' offence.  
 That the unblemish'd Lamb, blessed for ever,  
 Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense:  
 These are the knotty riddles, whose dark  
 doubt  
 Entangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

- 25 While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged breast,  
 His gloomy bosom's darkest character,  
 Was in his shady forehead seen exprest.  
 The forehead's shade in grief's expression there,  
 Is what in sign of joy among the blest  
 The face's lightning, or a smile is here.  
 Those stings of care that his strong heart opprest,  
 A desp'rate, 'Oh me!' drew from his deep breast.
- 26 'Oh me!' (thus bellow'd he) 'Oh me!' what great  
 Portents before mine eyes their powers advance?  
 And serves my purer sight only to beat  
 Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance?  
 Frown I; and can great Nature keep her seat,  
 And the gay stars lead on their golden dance?  
 Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,  
 Auspicious still, in spite of hell and me?
- 27 'He has my heaven (what would he more?) whose  
 bright  
 And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear,  
 And for the never-fading fields of light,  
 My fair inher'tance, he confines me here,  
 To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,  
 To draw a long-lived death, where all my cheer  
 Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,  
 That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.
- 28 'Dark, dusky man he needs would single forth,  
 To make the partner of his own pure ray:  
 And should we powers of Heaven, spirits of worth,  
 Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?  
 It shall not be, said I, and clomb the North,  
 Where never wing of angel yet made way.

What though I miss'd my blow? yet I strook high,  
And to dare something is some victory.

- 29 ' Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest  
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?  
Vile human nature, means he not t' invest  
(O my despite!) with his divinest glories?  
And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,  
With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?  
Must the bright arms of Heaven rebuke these  
eyes?  
Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?
- 30 ' Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves  
Of stars that gild the morn, in charge were  
given?  
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?  
The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heaven?  
Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves  
Rev'rently circled by the lesser sev'n;  
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine  
eyes  
Oppress'd the common people of the skies.
- 31 ' Ah, wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy eyes,  
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows?  
While the reflection of thy forepast joys,  
Renders thee double to thy present woes;  
Rather make up to thy new miseries,  
And meet the mischief that upon thee grows;  
If Hell must mourn, Heaven sure shall  
sympathise;  
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

- 32 ' And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost  
 Myself? my strength too with my innocence?  
 Come, try who dares, Heaven, Earth, whate'er dost  
 boast  
 A borrow'd being, make thy bold defence:  
 Come thy Creator too; what though it cost  
 Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths;  
 Heaven saw us struggle once; as brave a fight  
 Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.'
- 33 Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause,  
 His foul hags raised their heads, and clapp'd their  
 hands;  
 And all the powers of Hell in full applause  
 Flourish'd their snakes and toss'd their flaming  
 brands,  
 We' (said the horrid sisters) ' wait thy laws,  
 Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands,  
 Be it thy part, Hell's mighty lord, to lay  
 On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.
- 34 ' What thy Alecto, what these hands can do,  
 Thou mad'st bold proof upon the brow of Heaven,  
 Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,  
 To these thy sooty kingdoms thou art driven:  
 Let Heaven's lord chide above louder than thou  
 In language of his thunder, thou art even  
 With him below: here thou art lord alone  
 Boundless and absolute: Hell is thine own.
- 35 ' If usual wit and strength will do no good,  
 Virtues of stones, nor herbs: use stronger charms,  
 Anger, and love, best hooks of human blood:  
 If all fail, we'll put on our proudest arms,

And pouring on Heaven's face the sea's huge flood,  
 Quench his curl'd fires; we'll wake with our alarms  
 Ruin, where'er she sleeps at Nature's feet;  
 And crush the world till his wide corners meet.'

- 36 Replied the proud king, 'O my crown's defence!  
 Stay of whose strong hopes, you, of whose brave  
 worth,  
 The frighted stars took faint experience,  
 When 'gainst the thunder's mouth we marched forth:  
 Still you are prodigal of your love's expense  
 In our great projects, both 'gainst Heaven and  
 Earth:  
 I thank you all, but one must single out,  
 Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.'
- 37 Fourth of the cursed knot of hags is she,  
 Or rather all the other three in one;  
 Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,  
 And still assist the execution:  
 But chiefly there does she delight to be,  
 Where Hell's capacious cauldron is set on:  
 And while the black souls boil in their own gore,  
 To hold them down, and look that none see the o'er.
- 38 Thrice howl'd the caves of night, and thrice the sound,  
 Thund'ring upon the banks of those black lakes,  
 Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:  
 At last her list'ning ears the noise o'ertakes,  
 She lifts her sooty lamps, and looking round,  
 A gen'ral hiss from the whole tire of snakes  
 Rebounding, through Hell's inmost caverns came,  
 In answer to her formidable name.

- 39 'Mongst all the palaces in Hell's command,  
 No one so merciless as this of hers.  
 The adamantine doors, for ever stand  
 Impenetrable, both to prayers and tears,  
 The walls' inexorable steel no hand  
 Of Time, or teeth of hungry Ruin fears.  
 Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains  
 Of ragged limbs, torn skulls, and dash'd-out brains.
- 40 There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat,  
 Whose ever-brandish'd sword is sheath'd in blood :  
 About her Hate, Wrath, War, and Slaughter sweat,  
 Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.  
 There rude impetuous Rage does storm and fret :  
 And there, as master of this murd'ring brood,  
 Swinging a huge scythe, stands impartial Death,  
 With endless business almost out of breath.
- 41 For hangings and for curtains, all along  
 The walls (abominable ornaments !)  
 Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung ;  
 Fell executioners of foul intents,  
 Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong,  
 Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments  
 Of Sin, and Death, twice dipp'd in the dire  
 stains  
 Of brothers' mutual blood, and fathers' brains.
- 42 The tables furnish'd with a cursed feast,  
 Which Harpies with lean Famine feed upon,  
 Unfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,  
 Inhuman Erisichthon, too, makes one ;  
 Tantalus, Atreus, Progne,<sup>1</sup> here are guests :  
 Wolvish Lycaon here a place hath won.

<sup>1</sup> 'Progne, Lycaon,' &c. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

The cup they drink in is Medusa's skull,  
Which, mix'd with gall and blood, they quaff  
brim full.

- 43 The foul queen's most abhorr'd maids of honour,  
Medæa, Jezabel, many a meagre witch,  
With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her ;  
But her best huswives are the Parcæ, which  
Still work for her, and have their wages from her ;  
They prick a bleeding heart at ev'ry stitch.  
Her cruel clothes of costly threads they weave,  
Which short-cut lives of murder'd infants leave.
- 44 The house is hers'd about with a black wood,  
Which nods with many a heavy-headed tree :  
Each flower 's a pregnant poison, tried and good :  
Each herb a plague : the wind's sighs timed be  
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.  
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see  
Minotaurs, Cyclopes, with a dark drove  
Of Dragons, Hydras, Sphinxes, fill the grove.
- 45 Here Diomed's horses, Phereus' dogs appear,  
With the fierce lions of Therodamas ;  
Busiris has his bloody altar here,  
Here Sylla his severest prison has ;  
The Lestrigonians here their table rear ;  
Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brass ;  
Here cruel Scyron boasts his bloody rocks,  
And hateful Schinas his so feared oaks.
- 46 Whatever schemes of blood, fantastic frames  
Of death Mezentius, or Geryon drew ;  
Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelinus, names  
Mighty in mischief, with dread Nero too,

Here are they all, here all the swords or flames  
Assyrian Tyrants, or Egyptian knew.  
Such was the house, so furnish'd was the hall,  
Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call.

47 Scarce to this monster could the shady king  
The horrid sum of his intentions tell;  
But she (swift as the momentary wing  
Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left hell:  
She rose, and with her to our world did bring  
Pale proof of her fell presence; th' air too well  
With a changed countenance witnessed the  
fight,  
And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

48 Heaven saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight.  
The fields' fair eyes saw her, and saw no more,  
But shut their flowery lids for ever; night  
And winter strow her way; yea, such a sore  
Is she to Nature, that a gen'ral fright,  
An universal palsy spreading o'er  
The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,  
Had not her thick snakes hid them from the  
sun.

49 Now had the Night's companion from her den,  
Where all the busy day she close doth lie,  
With her soft wing wiped from the brows of men  
Day's sweat, and by a gentle tyranny,  
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them  
Of all their cares, tamed the rebellious eye  
Of sorrow with a soft and downy hand,  
Sealing all breasts in a Lethæan band.

- 50 When the Erynnis her black pinions spread,  
 And came to Bethle'm, where the cruel king  
 Had now retired himself, and borrowed  
 His breast awhile from Care's unquiet sting.  
 Such as at Thebes' dire feast she show'd her head,  
 Her sulphur-breathed torches brandishing,  
 Such to the frighted palace now she comes,  
 And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.
- 51 By Herod \* \* \* \* now was borne  
 The sceptre, which of old great David sway'd;  
 Whose right by David's lineage so long worn,  
 Himself a stranger to, his own had made:  
 And from the head of Judah's house quite torn  
 The crown, for which upon their necks he laid  
 A sad yoke, under which they sigh'd in vain,  
 And looking on their lost state sigh'd again.
- 52 Up through the spacious palace passed she  
 To where the king's proudly-reposed head  
 (If any can be soft to tyranny  
 And self-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.  
 She thinks not fit such he her face should see,  
 As it is seen by Hell, and seen with dread:  
 To change her face's style she doth devise,  
 And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes.
- 53 Herself a while she lays aside, and makes  
 Ready to personate a mortal part.  
 Joseph the king's dead brother's shape she takes;  
 What he by nature was, is she by art.  
 She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand  
 slakes  
 His sp'rits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,

Life's forge; feign'd is her voice, and false  
too be

Her words: 'Sleep'st thou, fond man? sleep'st  
thou?' said she.

54 'So sleeps a pilot whose poor bark is prest  
With many a merciless o'ermastr'ring wave;  
For whom (as dead) the wrathful winds contest,  
Which of them deep'st shall dig her wat'ry grave.  
Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie supprest  
In death-like slumbers, while thy dangers crave  
A waking eye and hand? look up and see  
The Fates ripe, in their great conspiracy.

55 'Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrew's royal stem  
(That old dry stock) a despair'd branch is sprung,  
A most strange babe! who here conceal'd by them  
In a neglected stable lies, among  
Beasts and base straw: already is the stream  
Quite turn'd: th' ingrateful rebels this their young  
Master (with voice free as the trump of Fame)  
Their new king, and thy successor proclaim.

56 'What busy motions, what wild engines stand  
On tiptoe in their giddy brains! they've fire  
Already in their bosoms; and their hand  
Already reaches at a sword: they hire  
Poisons to speed thee; yet through all the land  
What one comes to reveal what they conspire?  
Go now, make much of these; wage still their  
wars,  
And bring home on thy breast more thankless  
scars.

- 57 ' Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,  
 That thy firm hand for ever might sustain  
 A well-poised sceptre? Does it now seem good  
 Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vain?  
 'Gainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood  
 In arms, when lesser cause was to complain:  
 And now cross Fates a watch about thee keep,  
 Canst thou be careless now, now canst thou  
 sleep?
- 58 ' Where art thou, man? what cowardly mistake  
 Of thy great self hath stol'n king Herod from thee?  
 Oh, call thyself home to thyself; wake, wake,  
 And fence the hanging sword Heaven throws upon  
 thee:  
 Redeem a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake  
 Thyself into a shape that may become thee.  
 Be Herod, and thou shalt not miss from me  
 Immortal stings to thy great thoughts, and thee.'
- 59 So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist  
 For a beseeming bracelet she had tied,  
 (A special worm it was as ever kist  
 The foamy lips of Cerberus), she applied  
 To the king's heart; the snake no sooner hist  
 But Virtue heard it, and away she hied.  
 Dire flames diffuse themselves through every  
 vein;  
 This done, home to her Hell she hied again.
- 60 He wakes, and with him (ne'er to sleep) new fears:  
 His sweat-bedew'd bed hath now betray'd him  
 To a vast field of thorns; ten thousand spears  
 All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him:

So mighty were th' amazing characters  
 With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd  
 him,  
 He his own fancy-framed foes defies:  
 In rage, 'My arms, give me my arms,' he cries.

61 As when a pile of food-preparing fire  
 The breath of artificial lungs embraves,  
 The cauldron-prison'd waters straight conspire,  
 And beat the hot brass with rebellious waves;  
 He murmurs, and rebukes their bold desire;  
 Th' impatient liquor frets, and foams, and raves,  
 Till his o'erflowing pride suppress the flame,  
 Whence all his high sp'rits and hot courage came.

62 So boils the fired Herod's blood-swoll'n breast,  
 Not to be slaked but by a sea of blood.  
 His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,  
 Which on false tyrant's head ne'er firmly stood.  
 The worm of jealous envy and unrest,  
 To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,  
 Makes him impatient of the ling'ring light,  
 Hate the sweet peace of all-composing night.

63 A thousand prophecies, that talk strange things,  
 Had sown of old these doubts in his deep breast;  
 And now of late came tributary kings,  
 Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' East,  
 More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings,  
 With which his fev'rous cares their cold increast;  
 And now his dream (Hell's firebrand), still  
 more bright,  
 Show'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the sight.

- 64 No sooner therefore shall the morning see  
 (Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day),  
 But all his counsellors must summon'd be  
 To meet their troubled lord: without delay  
 Heralds and messengers immediately  
 Are sent about, who posting ev'ry way  
 To th' heads and officers of ev'ry band,  
 Declare who sends, and what is his command.
- 65 Why art thou troubled, Herod? what vain fear  
 Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move?  
 Heaven's King, who doffs himself weak flesh to wear,  
 Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love:  
 Nor would he this thy fear'd crown from thee tear,  
 But give thee a better with himself above.  
 Poor jealousy! why should he wish to prey  
 Upon thy crown, who gives his own away?
- 66 Make to thy reason, man, and mock thy doubts;  
 Look how below thy feats their causes are;  
 Thou art a soldier, Herod; send thy scouts,  
 See how he's furnish'd for so fear'd a war.  
 What armour does he wear? a few thin clouts.  
 His trumpets? tender cries. His men, to dare  
 So much? rude shepherds. What his steeds?  
 alas!  
 Poor beasts! a slow ox and a simple ass.

## ON A PRAYER-BOOK SENT TO MRS M. R.

Lo, here a little volume, but great book  
 (Fear it not, sweet,  
 It is no hypocrite),  
 Much larger in itself than in its look.

It is, in one rich handful, Heaven, and all  
 Heaven's royal hosts encamp'd, thus small ;  
 To prove that true schools use to tell,  
 A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is love's great artillery,  
 Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie 10  
 Close couch'd in your white bosom, and from thence,  
 As from a snowy fortress of defence,  
 Against the ghostly foe to take your part,  
 And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is the armoury of light ;  
 Let constant use but keep it bright,  
 You'll find it yields,  
 To holy hands and humble hearts,  
 More swords and shields 20  
 Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.

Only be sure  
 The hands be pure  
 That hold these weapons, and the eyes  
 Those of turtles, chaste and true,  
 Wakeful and wise.

Here is a friend shall fight for you,  
 Hold but this book before your heart,  
 Let prayer alone to play his part.

But oh! the heart 29  
 That studies this high art,  
 Must be a sure house-keeper,  
 And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong,  
 Mercy will come ere long,  
 And bring her bosom full of blessings,  
 Flowers of never-fading graces;  
 To make immortal dressings  
 For worthy souls whose wise embraces  
 Store up themselves for him, who is alone  
 The spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's son. 40

But if the noble Bridegroom when he comes  
 Shall find the wand'ring heart from home,  
 Leaving her chaste abode,  
 To gad abroad :  
 Amongst the gay mates of the god of lies  
 To take her pleasures, and to play  
 And keep the devil's holy day;  
 To dance in the sunshine of some smiling  
 But beguiling  
 Sphere of sweet and sugar'd lies, 50  
 Some slippery pair,  
 Of false, perhaps as fair,  
 Flattering but forswearing eyes;

Doubtless some other heart  
 Will get the start,  
 And stepping in before,  
 Will take possession of the sacred store

Of hidden sweets and holy joys, 53  
 Words which are not heard with ears,  
 (These tumultuous shops of noise)  
 Effectual whispers, whose still voice  
 The soul itself more feels than hears.

Am'rous languishments, luminous trances,  
 Sights which are not seen with eyes,  
 Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,  
 Whose pure and subtle lightning flies  
 Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,  
 And melts it down in sweet desire :  
 Yet doth not stay  
 To ask the windows' leave to pass that way. 70

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations  
 Of soul! dear, and divine annihilations!  
 A thousand unknown rites  
 Of joys, and rarified delights.

An hundred thousand loves and graces,  
 And many a mystic thing,  
 Which the divine embraces  
 Of th' dear spouse of spirits with them will bring;  
 For which it is no shame,  
 That dull mortal'ty must not know a name. 80

Of all this hidden store  
 Of blessings, and ten thousand more ;  
 If when he come  
 He find the heart from home,  
 Doubtless he will unload  
 Himself some otherwhere,  
 And pour abroad

His precious sweets  
On the fair soul whom first he meets.

88

O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!

O happy and thrice happy she

Dear silver-breasted dove

Whoe'er she be,

Whose early love

With winged vows,

Makes haste to meet her morning spouse,

And close with his immortal kisses;

Happy soul who never misses,

To improve that precious hour:

And ev'ry day,

100

Seize her sweet prey,

All fresh and fragrant as he rises,

Dropping with a balmy shower

A delicious dew of spices.

Oh! let that happy soul hold fast

Her heavenly armful; she shall taste

At once ten thousand paradises;

She shall have power,

To rifle and deflower

The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets,

110

Which with a swelling bosom there she meets,

Boundless and infin'te, bottomless treasures

Of pure inebriating pleasures,

Happy soul, she shall discover,

What joy, what bliss,

How many heavens at once it is,

To have a God become her lover.

ON MR G. HERBERT'S BOOK, ENTITULED,  
'THE TEMPLE OF SACRED POEMS.'

SENT TO A GENTLEWOMAN.

KNOW you, fair, on what you look ?  
Divinest love lies in this book :  
Expecting fire from your eyes,  
To kindle this his sacrifice.  
When your hands untie these strings,  
Think you've an angel by the wings ;  
One that gladly will be nigh,  
To wait upon each morning sigh,  
To flutter in the balmy air,  
Of your well-perfumed prayer. 10  
These white plumes of his he'll lend you,  
Which ev'ry day to Heaven will send you :  
To take acquaintance of the sphere,  
And all the smooth-faced kindred there.  
And though Herbert's name do owe  
These devotions, fairest ; know  
That while I lay them on the shrine  
Of your white hand, they are mine.

A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOUR OF  
THE ADMIRABLE SAINT TERESA,

FOUNDRRESS OF THE REFORMATION OF THE DISCALCED <sup>1</sup>  
CARMELITES, BOTH MEN AND WOMEN,

A Woman for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance, more than a woman, who yet a child outran maturity, and durst plot a martyrdom.

LOVE, thou art absolute, sole lord  
Of life and death!—To prove the word,

<sup>1</sup> 'Discalced : ' barefooted. There were four orders of Carmelites : 1. the Observantes, who wore shoes ; 2. the Congregation of Mantua ; 3. the Barefooted Friars in Italy ; and 4. the Barefooted Friars and Teresian Nuns in Spain. Teresa was born in Avila, in Spain ; visited Mauritania in vain search of martyrdom, founded convents, &c.

We need to go to none of all  
 Those thy old soldiers, stout and tall,  
 Ripe and full grown, that could reach down,  
 With strong arms their triumphant crown:  
 Such as could, with lusty breath,  
 Speak loud unto the face of Death  
 Their great lord's glorious name; to none  
 Of those whose large breasts built a throne 10  
 For love, their lord, glorious and great;  
 We'll see him take a private seat,  
 And make his mansion in the mild  
 And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce had she learnt to lisp a name  
 Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame  
 Life should so long play with that breath,  
 Which, spent, can buy so brave a death.

She never undertook to know,  
 What Death with Love should have to do. 20  
 Nor hath she e'er yet understood,  
 Why to show love, she should shed blood,  
 Yet though she cannot tell you why,  
 She can love and she can die.

Scarce had she blood enough to make  
 A guilty sword blush for her sake;  
 Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove,  
 How much less strong is Death than Love.

Be love but there, let poor six years,  
 Be posed with the maturest fears 30  
 Man trembles at, we straight shall find  
 Love knows no nonage, nor the mind.

'Tis love, not years, or limbs, that can      33  
 Make the martyr or the man.

Love touch'd her heart, and lo it beats  
 High, and burns with such brave heats,  
 Such thirst to die, as dare drink up  
 A thousand cold deaths in one cup :  
 Good reason, for she breathes all fire,  
 Her weak breast heaves with strong desire,      40  
 Of what she may with fruitless wishes  
 Seek for, amongst her mother's kisses.

Since 'tis not to be had at home,  
 She'll travel to a martyrdom.  
 No home for her confesses she,  
 But where she may a martyr be.

She'll to the Moors, and trade with them,  
 For this unvalued diadem ;  
 She offers them her dearest breath,  
 With Christ's name in 't, in change for death :      50  
 She'll bargain with them, and will give  
 Them God, and teach them how to live  
 In him, or if they this deny,  
 For him she'll teach them how to die.  
 So shall she leave amongst them sown  
 Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.

Farewell, then, all the world, adieu,  
 Teresa is no more for you :  
 Farewell all pleasures, sports, and joys,  
 Never till now esteemed toys :      60  
 Farewell, whatever dear may be,  
 Mother's arms, or father's knee :  
 Farewell house, and farewell home,  
 She's for the Moors and martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast ; lo, thy fair spouse, - 65  
 Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows,  
 Calls thee back, and bids thee come,  
 T' embrace a milder martyrdom.

Blest powers forbid, thy tender life  
 Should bleed upon a barbarous knife, 70  
 Or some base hand have power to rase  
 Thy breast's chaste cab'net, and uncase  
 A soul kept there so sweet ; oh no,  
 Wise Heaven will never have it so :  
 Thou art Love's victim, and must die  
 A death more mystical and high :  
 Into Love's hand thou shalt let fall,  
 A still surviving funeral.

He is the dart must make the death,  
 Whose stroke shall taste thy hallowed  
 breath ; 80  
 A dart thrice dipp'd in that rich flame,  
 Which writes thy spouse's radiant name  
 Upon the roof of Heaven, where aye  
 It shines, and with a sovereign ray  
 Beats bright upon the burning faces  
 Of souls, which in that name's sweet graces,

Find everlasting smiles : so rare,  
 So spiritual, pure and fair,  
 Must be th' immortal instrument,  
 Upon whose choice point shall be spent 90  
 A life so loved ; and that there be  
 Fit executioners for thee,  
 The fairest, and the first-born loves of fire,  
 Blest seraphims, shall leave their choir,

And turn love's soldiers, upon thee 95  
To exercise their archery.

Oh, how oft shalt thou complain,  
Of a sweet and subtile pain!  
Of intolerable joys!  
Of a death in which who dies, 100  
Loves his death, and dies again,  
And would for ever so be slain!  
And lives and dies, and knows not why  
To live, but that he still may die.

How kindly will thy gentle heart,  
Kiss the sweetly killing dart:  
And close in his embraces keep  
Those delicious wounds that weep  
Balsam, to heal themselves with thus;  
When these thy deaths so numerous, 110  
Shall all at once die into one,  
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion:  
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted  
By too hot a fire, and wasted  
Into perfuming clouds, so fast  
Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at last,  
In a dissolving sigh, and then,  
O what? ask not the tongues of men!

Angels cannot tell; suffice,  
Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys, 120  
And hold them fast for ever there,  
So soon as thou shalt first appear  
The Moon of maiden stars; thy white  
Mistress attended by such bright  
Souls as thy shining self shall come,  
And in her first ranks make thee room;

Where 'mongst her snowy family 127  
 Immortal welcomes wait on thee.  
 Oh, what delight when she shall stand,  
 And teach thy lips Heaven, with her hand,  
 On which thou now may'st to thy wishes  
 Heap up thy consecrated kisses.  
 What joy shall seize thy soul when she,  
 Bending her blessed eyes on thee,  
 Those second smiles of Heaven, shall dart  
 Her mild rays through thy melting heart:

Angels thy old friends there shall greet thee,  
 Glad at their own home now to meet thee.  
 All thy good works, which went before,  
 And waited for thee at the door, 140  
 Shall own thee there: and all in one  
 Weave a constellation  
 Of crowns, with which the King thy spouse,  
 Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,  
 And thy pains set bright upon thee:  
 All thy sorrows here shall shine,  
 And thy suff'rings be divine.  
 Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,  
 And wrongs repent to diadems. 150  
 Ev'n thy deaths shall live, and new  
 Dress the soul, which late they slew.  
 Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars,  
 As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works, where thou shalt leave writ  
 Love's noble history, with wit

Taught thee by none but him, while here 157  
 They feed our souls; shall clothe thine there.  
 Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame  
 Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same  
 Shall flourish on thy brows, and be  
 Both fire to us, and flame to thee:  
 Whose light shall live bright, in thy face  
 By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see  
 Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be  
 Themselves thy crown, sons of thy vows:  
 The virgin births with which thy spouse  
 Made fruitful thy fair soul; go now,  
 And with them all about thee, bow 170  
 To him, 'Put on,' he'll say, 'put on,  
 My rosy love, that thy rich zone,  
 Sparkling with the sacred flames,  
 Of thousand souls whose happy names  
 Heaven keeps upon thy score; thy bright  
 Life brought them first to kiss the light  
 That kindled them to stars.' And so  
 Thou with the Lamb thy Lord shalt go,  
 And, wheresoe'er he sets his white  
 Steps, walk with him those ways of light, 180  
 Which who in death would live to see,  
 Must learn in life to die like thee.

---

## AN APOLOGY FOR THE PRECEDENT HYMN,

AS HAVING BEEN WRIT WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS YET A  
PROTESTANT.

THUS have I back again to thy bright name,  
 Fair sea of holy fires, transfused the flame  
 I took from reading thee; 'tis to thy wrong,  
 I know, that in my weak and worthless song  
 Thou here art set to shine, where thy full day  
 Scarce dawns. Oh, pardon if I dare to say  
 Thine own dear books are guilty, for from thence  
 I learn'd to know that love is eloquence:  
 That heavenly maxim gave me heart to try  
 If what to other tongues is tuned so high 10  
 Thy praise might not speak English too. Forbid  
 (By all thy mysteries that there lie hid)  
 Forbid it, mighty Love, let no fond hate  
 Of names and words so far prejudicate;  
 Souls are not Spaniards too; one friendly flood  
 Of baptism blends them all into one blood.  
 Christ's faith makes but one body of all souls,  
 And love's that body's soul; no law controls  
 Our free traffic for Heaven; we may maintain  
 Peace sure with piety, though it dwell in Spain. 20  
 What soul so'er in any language can  
 Speak Heaven like hers, is my soul's countryman.  
 Oh, 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heaven she speaks;  
 'Tis Heaven that lies in ambush there, and breaks  
 From thence into the wond'ring reader's breast,  
 Who finds his warm heart hatch into a nest  
 Of little eagles and young loves, whose high  
 Flights scorn the lazy dust, and things that die.

There are enow whose draughts as deep as hell    29  
 Drink up all Spain in sack, let my soul swell  
 With thee, strong wine of love! let others swim  
 In puddles, we will pledge this seraphim  
 Bowls full of richer blood than blush of grape  
 Was ever guilty of. Change we our shape,  
 My soul; some drink from men to beasts; oh, then  
 Drink we till we prove more, not less than men,  
 And turn not beasts, but angels. Let the king  
 Me ever into these his cellars bring,  
 Where flows such wine as we can have of none  
 But him who trode the wine-press all alone:    40  
 Wine of youth's life, and the sweet deaths of love,  
 Wine of immortal mixture, which can prove  
 Its tincture from the rosy nectar, wine  
 That can exalt weak earth, and so refine  
 Our dust, that, in one draught, mortality  
 May drink itself up, and forget to die.

---

### ON A TREATISE OF CHARITY

RISE, then, immortal maid! Religion rise!  
 Put on thyself in thine own looks: t' our eyes  
 Be what thy beauties, not our blots, have made thee,  
 Such as (ere our dark sins to dust betray'd thee)  
 Heaven set thee down new dress'd; when thy bright birth  
 Shot thee like lightning to th' astonish'd earth.  
 From th' dawn of thy fair eyelids wipe away  
 Dull mists and melancholy clouds: take day  
 And thine own beams about thee: bring the best  
 Of whatsoe'r perfumed thy eastern nest.    10

Girt all thy glories to thee: then sit down, 11  
 Open this book, fair queen, and take thy crown,  
 These learned leaves shall vindicate to thee  
 Thy holiest, humblest handmaid, Charity;  
 She'll dress thee like thyself, set thee on high  
 Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each eye.  
 Lo, where I see thy off'rings wake, and rise  
 From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice  
 Which they themselves were; each one putting on  
 A majesty that may beseem thy throne. 20  
 The holy youth of Heaven, whose golden rings  
 Girt round thy awful altars, with bright wings  
 Fanning thy fair locks (which the world believes  
 As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves  
 Trick their tall plumes, and in that garb shall go  
 If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho'.

— Be it enacted then  
 By the fair laws of thy firm-pointed pen,  
 God's services no longer shall put on  
 A sluttishness, for pure religion: 30  
 No longer shall our churches' frighted stones  
 Lie scatter'd like the burnt and martyr'd bones  
 Of dead devotion; nor faint marbles weep  
 In their sad ruins; nor religion keep  
 A melancholy mansion in those cold  
 Urns. Like God's sanctuaries they look'd of old:  
 Now seem they temples consecrate to none,  
 Or to a new god Desolation.  
 No more the hypocrite shall th' upright be  
 Because he's stiff, and will confess no knee: 40  
 While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou,  
 (Disdainful dust and ashes) bend thy brow;  
 Nor on God's altar cast two scorching eyes  
 Baked in hot scorn, for a burnt sacrifice:

But (for a lamb) thy tame and tender heart      45  
 New struck by love, still trembling on his dart;  
 Or (for two turtle doves) it shall suffice  
 To bring a pair of meek and humble eyes.  
 This shall from henceforth be the masc'line theme  
 Pulpits and pens shall sweat in; to redeem      50  
 Virtue to action, that life-feeding flame  
 That keeps religion warm: not swell a name  
 Of faith, a mountain-word, made up of air,  
 With those dear spoils that wont to dress the fair  
 And fruitful Charity's full breasts (of old),  
 Turning her out to tremble in the cold.  
 What can the poor hope from us, when we be  
 Uncharitable ev'n to Charity?

---

ON THE GLORIOUS ASSUMPTION OF THE  
BLESSED VIRGIN.

HARK! she is call'd, the parting hour is come,  
 Take thy farewell, poor world, Heaven must go home.  
 A piece of heavenly light purer and brighter  
 Than the chaste stars whose choice lamps come to light  
     her,  
 While through the crystal orbs clearer than they  
 She climbs and makes a far more milky way.  
 She's call'd again! hark how th' immortal Dove  
 Sighs to his silver mate: 'Rise up my love,  
 Rise up my fair, my spotless one,  
 The winter's past, the rain is gone:      10  
 The spring is come, the flowers appear,  
 No sweets, since thou art wanting here.

Come away, my love, 13  
 Come away, my dove,  
     Cast off delay :  
 The court of Heaven is come,  
 To wait upon thee home ;  
     Come away, come away.'

She's call'd again! and will she go?  
 When Heaven bids come, who can say no? 20  
 Heaven calls her, and she must away,  
 Heaven will not, and she cannot stay.  
 Go then, go (glorious) on the golden wings  
 Of the bright youth of Heaven, that sings  
 Under so sweet a burden: go,  
 Since thy great Son will have it so:  
 And while thou go'st, our song and we  
 Will, as we may, reach after thee.  
 Hail, Holy Queen of humble hearts,  
 We in thy praise will have our parts; 30  
 And though thy dearest looks must now be light  
 To none but the blest Heavens, whose bright  
 Beholders, lost in sweet delight,  
 Feed for ever their fair sight  
 With those divinest eyes, which we  
 And our dark world no more shall see;  
 Though our poor joys are parted so,  
 Yet shall our lips never let go  
 Thy gracious name, but to the last,  
 Our loving song shall hold it fast. 40

Thy sacred name shall be  
 Thyself to us, and we  
     With holy cares will keep it by us,  
     We to the last

Will hold it fast, 45  
 And no assumption shall deny us.  
 All the sweetest showers  
 Of our fairest flowers  
 Will we strow upon it:  
 Though our sweetness cannot make 50  
 It sweeter, they may take  
 Themselves new sweetness from it.  
 Maria, men and angels sing,  
 Maria, mother of our King.  
 Live, rarest princess! and oh, may the bright  
 Crown of a most incomparable light  
 Embrace thy radiant brows! Oh, may the best  
 Of everlasting joys bathe thy white breast!  
 Live, our chaste love, the holy mirth  
 Of Heaven, and humble pride of Earth! 60  
 Live, crown of women, queen of men;  
 Live, mistress of our song, and when  
 Our weak desires have done their best,  
 Sweet angels, come, and sing the rest.

---

AN HYMN ON THE CIRCUMCISION OF OUR  
LORD.

- 1 RISE, thou best and brightest morning,  
     Rosy with a double red;  
     With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning,  
     And the dear drops this day were shed.
  
- 2 All the purple pride of laces,  
     The crimson curtains of thy bed,  
     Gild thee not with so sweet graces,  
     Nor sets thee in so rich a red.

- 3 Of all the fair-cheek'd flowers that fill thee,  
None so fair thy bosom strows,  
As this modest maiden lily  
Our sins have shamed into a rose.
- 4 Bid the golden god, the sun,  
Burnish'd in his glorious beams,  
Put all his red-eyed rubies on,  
These rubies shall put out his eyes.
- 5 Let them make poor the purple east,  
Rob the rich store her cab'nets keep,  
The pure birth of each sparkling nest,  
That flaming in their fair bed sleep.
- 6 Let him embrace his own bright tresses  
With a new morning made of gems;  
And wear in them his wealthy dresses,  
Another day of diadems.
- 7 When he hath done all he may,  
To make himself rich in his rise,  
All will be darkness, to the day  
That breaks from one of these fair eyes.
- 8 And soon the sweet truth shall appear,  
Dear babe, ere many days be done:  
The moon shall come to meet thee here,  
And leave the long adored sun.
- 9 Thy nobler beauty shall bereave him,  
Of all his eastern paramours:  
His Persian lovers all shall leave him,  
And swear faith to thy sweeter powers.

10 Nor while they leave him shall they lose the sun,  
But in thy fairest eyes find two for one.

---

### ON HOPE.

BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER, BETWEEN A. COWLEY  
AND R. CRASHAW.

COWLEY.

HOPE, whose weak being ruin'd is  
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss;  
Whom ill and good doth equally confound,  
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound;  
Vain shadow! that doth vanish quite  
Both at full noon, and perfect night,  
The Fates have not a possibility  
Of blessing thee.  
If things then from their ends we happy call,  
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all. 10

CRASHAW.

Dear Hope! Earth's dow'ry, and Heaven's debt,  
The entity of things that are not yet.  
Subtlest, but surest being! thou by whom  
Our nothing hath a definition.  
Fair cloud of fire, both shade and light,  
Our life in death, our day in night.  
Fates cannot find out a capacity  
Of hurting thee.  
From thee their thin dilemma with blunt horn  
Shrinks, like the sick moon at the wholesome morn. 20

## COWLEY.

Hope, thou bold taster of delight, 21  
 Who, 'stead of doing so, devour'st it quite.  
 Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,  
 By clogging it with legacies before.  
 The joys which we entire should wed,  
 Come deflowr'd virgins to our bed:  
 Good fortunes without gain imported be,  
 So mighty custom's paid to thee;  
 For joy, like wine, kept close, doth better taste—  
 If it take air before, its spirits waste. 30

## CRASHAW.

Thou art Love's legacy under lock  
 Of faith,—the steward of our growing stock.  
 Our crown-lands lie above, yet each meal brings  
 A seemly portion for the sons of kings.  
 Nor will the virgin-joys we wed  
 Come less unbroken to our bed,  
 Because that from the bridal cheek of bliss,  
 Thou thus steal'st down a distant kiss;  
 Hope's chaste kiss wrongs no more joy's maidenhead,  
 Than spousal rites prejudge the marriage-bed. 40

## COWLEY.

Hope, Fortune's cheating lottery,  
 Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be.  
 Fond archer, Hope, who tak'st thine aim so far,  
 That still, or short, or wide, thine arrows are.  
 Thine empty cloud the eye itself deceives  
 With shapes that our own fancy gives:  
 A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,  
 But must drop presently in tears.

When thy false beams o'er reason's light prevail, 49  
By *ignes fatui*, not north stars, we sail.

## CRASHAW.

Fair hope! our earlier Heaven, by thee  
Young Time is taster to Eternity.  
The gen'rous wine with age grows strong, not sour;  
Nor need we kill thy fruit to smell thy flower,  
    Thy golden head never hangs down,  
    Till in the lap of love's full noon  
    It falls and dies: oh no, it melts away  
    As doth the dawn into the day:  
As lumps of sugar lose themselves, and twine  
Their subtle essence with the soul of wine. 60

## COWLEY.

Brother of fear! more gaily clad,  
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad;  
Sire of repentance! shield of fond desire,  
That blows the chymic's, and the lover's fire,  
    Still leading them insensibly on,  
    With the strange witchcraft of Anon:  
By thee the one doth changing Nature through  
Her endless labyrinths pursue,  
And th' other chases woman, while she goes  
More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows. 70

## CRASHAW.

Fortune, alas! above the world's law wars:  
Hope kicks the curl'd heads of conspiring stars.  
Her keel cuts not the waves, where our winds stir,  
And Fate's whole lott'ry is one blank to her.  
    Her shafts and she fly far above,  
    And forage in the fields of light and love.

Sweet Hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee 77  
 We are not where, or what we be,  
 But what and where we would: thus art thou  
 Our absent present and our future now.

## CRASHAW.

Faith's sister! nurse of fair Desire!  
 Fear's antidote! a wise, and well stay'd fire  
 Temper'd 'twixt cold despair and torrid joy:  
 Queen regent in young love's minority.  
 Though the vex'd chymic vainly chases  
 His fugitive gold through all her faces,  
 And love's more fierce, more fruitless fires assay  
 One face more fugitive than all they,  
 True Hope's a glorious huntress, and her chase  
 The God of Nature in the field of grace. 90

---

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES.

---

### MUSIC'S DUEL.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams  
Of Noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams  
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,  
Under protection of an oak, there sat  
A sweet lute's-master, in whose gentle airs  
He lost the day's heat and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood  
A nightingale come from the neighb'ring wood,  
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,  
Their Muse, their Syren—harmless Syren she.) 10  
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain  
The music's soft report, and mould the same  
In her own murmurs, that whatever mood  
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.  
The man perceived his rival and her art;  
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport  
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come  
Informs it, in a sweet præludium,  
Of closer strains, and, ere the war begin,  
He lightly skirmishes on ev'ry string 20  
Charged with a flying touch; and straightway she  
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,

Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones, 23  
 And reckons up in soft divisions  
 Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know,  
 By that shrill taste, she could do something too.  
 His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string  
 A cap'ring cheerfulness, and made them sing  
 To their own dance; now negligently rash  
 He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash 30  
 Blends all together, then distinctly trips  
 From this to that, then quick returning skips  
 And snatches this again, and pauses there.  
 She measures ev'ry measure, ev'ry where  
 Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt,  
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,  
 Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,  
 Through the sleek passage of her open throat,  
 A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it  
 With tender accents, and severely joint it 40  
 By short diminutives, that being rear'd  
 In controverting warbles ev'nly shared,  
 With her sweet self she wrangles; he, amazed  
 That from so small a channel should be raised  
 The torrent of a voice whose melody  
 Could melt into such sweet variety,  
 Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art  
 The tattling strings (each breathing in his part)  
 Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling base  
 In surly groans disdains the treble's grace; 50  
 The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,  
 Until his finger (moderator) hides  
 And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all  
 Hoarse, shrill, at once; as when the trumpets call  
 Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo  
 Men's hearts into their hands; this lesson too

She gives him back ; her supple breast thrills out      57  
 Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt  
 Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,  
 And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill  
 The pliant series of her slipp'ry song ;  
 Then starts she suddenly into a throng  
 Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float,  
 And roll themselves over her lubric throat  
 In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast,  
 That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest  
 Of her delicious soul, that there does lie,  
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody ;  
 Music's best seed-plot ; when in ripen'd airs  
 A golden-headed harvest fairly rears      70  
 His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath,  
 Which there reciprocally laboureth.  
 In that sweet soil it seems a holy choir  
 Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre ;  
 Whose silver-roof rings with the sprightly notes  
 Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats  
 In cream of morning Helicon, and then  
 Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,  
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring  
 That men can sleep while they their matins sing :      80  
 (Most Divine service) whose so early lay  
 Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.  
 There might you hear her kindle her soft voice  
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,  
 And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,  
 Still keeping in the forward stream, so long  
 Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)  
 Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,  
 - And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,  
 Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,      90

Flutt'ring in wanton shoals, and to the sky, 91  
 Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.  
 She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide  
 Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride  
 On the wav'd back of ev'ry swelling strain,  
 Rising and falling in a pompous train;  
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peal  
 Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal  
 With the cool epode of a graver note,  
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat 100  
 Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;  
 Her little soul is ravish'd, and so pour'd  
 Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed  
 Above herself, music's enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain  
 In the musician's face; ' Yet once again  
 (Mistress) I come; now reach a strain, my lute,  
 Above her mock, or be for ever mute;  
 Or tune a song of victory to me,  
 Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy;' 110  
 So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,  
 And with a quiv'ring coyness tastes the strings:  
 The sweet-lipp'd sisters, musically frighted,  
 Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:  
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs  
 Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs  
 Of his own breath, which married to his lyre  
 Doth tune the spheres, and make Heaven's self look higher.  
 From this to that, from that to this he flies,  
 Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries; 120  
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,  
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,  
 Foll'wing those little rills, he sinks into  
 A sea of Helicon; his hand does go

Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop, 125  
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup;

The hum'rous strings expound his learned touch  
By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,  
And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle  
In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single; 130

Ev'ry smooth turn, ev'ry delicious stroke  
Gives life to some new grace; thus doth h' invoke  
Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus,  
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)

The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,  
Heaved on the surges of swoll'n rhapsodies,  
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air  
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there  
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon

Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone, 140  
Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,

Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;  
Because those precious mysteries that dwell  
In music's ravish'd soul he dare not tell,  
But whisper to the world; thus do they vary  
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry  
Their master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his ears

By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres  
Of music's Heaven, and seat it there on high  
In th' Empyræum of pure harmony. 150

At length (after so long, so loud a strife  
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life  
Of blest variety attending on  
His fingers' fairest revolution,

In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)  
A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this,  
And she, although her breath's late exercise

Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat, 159  
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note;  
 Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries  
 To measure all those wild diversities  
 Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one  
 Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone;  
 She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies;  
 She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,  
 Falling upon his lute; Oh, fit to have  
 (That lived so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

---

UPON THE DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN.

FAITHLESS and fond mortality,  
 Who will ever credit thee?  
 Fond and faithless thing! that thus  
 In our best hopes beguilest us.  
 What a reck'ning hast thou made,  
 Of the hopes in him we laid!  
 For life by volumes lengthened,  
 A line or two to speak him dead:  
 For the laurel in his verse,  
 The sullen cypress o'er his hearse: 10  
 For a silver-crowned head,  
 A dirty pillow in death's bed:  
 For so dear, so deep a trust,  
 Sad requital, thus much dust!  
 Now though the blow that snatch'd him hence,  
 Stopp'd the mouth of eloquence,  
 Though she be dumb e'er since his death,  
 Not used to speak but in his breath,  
 Yet if at least she not denies  
 The sad language of our eyes,

We are contented: for than this 21  
 Language none more fluent is.  
 Nothing speaks our grief so well  
 As to speak nothing: come then, tell  
 Thy mind in tears, whoe'er thou be  
 That ow'st a name to misery:  
 Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,  
 And there be words not made with lungs;  
 Sententious showers, oh, let them fall,  
 Their cadence is rhetorical. 30  
 Here's a theme will drink th' expense  
 Of all thy wat'ry eloquence;  
 Weep then, only be exprest  
 Thus much, He's dead, and weep the rest.

---

UPON THE DEATH OF MR HERRYS.

A PLANT of noble stem, forward and fair,  
 As ever whisper'd to the morning air,  
 Thrived in these happy grounds, the Earth's just pride,  
 Whose rising glories made such haste to hide  
 His head in clouds, as if in him alone  
 Impatient Nature had taught motion  
 To start from time, and cheerfully to fly  
 Before, and seize upon maturity:  
 Thus grew this gracious plant, in whose sweet shade  
 The sun himself oft wish'd to sit, and made 10  
 The morning Muses perch like birds, and sing  
 Among his branches, yea, and vow'd to bring  
 His own delicious phœnix from the blest  
 Arabia, there to build her virgin nest,  
 To hatch herself in; 'mongst his leaves, the day  
 Fresh from the rosy east rejoiced to play;

To them she gave the first and fairest beam 17  
 That waited on her birth, she gave to them  
 The purest pearls that wept her ev'ning death;  
 Th' balmy Zephyrus got so sweet a breath  
 By often kissing them; and now begun  
 Glad time to ripen expectation:  
 The tim'rous maiden blossoms on each bough,  
 Peep'd forth from their first blushes; so that now  
 A thousand ruddy hopes smiled in each bud,  
 And flatter'd ev'ry greedy eye that stood  
 Fix'd in delight, as if already there  
 Those rare fruits dangled, whence the golden year  
 His crown expected, when (O Fate! O Time!  
 That seldom lett'st a blushing youthful prime 30  
 Hide his hot beams in shade of silver age;  
 So rare is hoary virtue) the dire rage  
 Of a mad storm these bloomy joys all tore,  
 Ravish'd the maiden blossoms, and down bore  
 The trunk; yet in this ground his precious root  
 Still lives, which when weak time shall be poured out  
 Into eternity, and circ'lar joys  
 Dance in an endless round, again shall rise  
 The fair son of an ever-youthful spring,  
 To be a shade for angels while they sing. 40  
 Meanwhile, whoe'er thou art that passest here,  
 Oh do thou water it with one kind tear!

---

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST DESIRED  
 MR HERRYS.<sup>1</sup>

DEATH, what dost? Oh hold thy blow,  
 What thou dost thou dost not know.

<sup>1</sup> 'Herrys': a friend of Crashaw's, a fellow of Pembroke Hall, from Essex.

Death, thou must not here be cruel, 3  
 This is Nature's choicest jewel.  
 This is he in whose rare frame  
 Nature labour'd for a name;  
 And meant to leave his precious feature,  
 The pattern of a perfect creature.  
 Joy of goodness, love of art,  
 Virtue wears him next the heart; 10  
 Him the Muses love to follow,  
 Him they call their Vice-Apollo;  
 Apollo, golden though thou be,  
 Th' art not fairer than is he,  
 Nor more lovely lift'st thy head,  
 Blushing from thine eastern bed,  
 The glories of thy youth ne'er knew  
 Brighter hopes than he can shew;  
 Why then should it e'er be seen,  
 That his should fade while thine is green? 20  
 And wilt thou (O cruel boast!)  
 Put poor Nature to such cost?  
 Oh 'twill undo our common mother,  
 To be at charge of such another:  
 What? think we to no other end  
 Gracious Heavens do use to send  
 Earth her best perfection,  
 But to vanish and be gone?  
 Therefore only give to-day,  
 To-morrow to be snatch'd away? 30  
 I've seen indeed the hopeful bud  
 Of a ruddy rose that stood  
 Blushing to behold the ray  
 Of the new saluted day,  
 (His tender top not fully spread)  
 The sweet dash of a shower now shed,

Invited him no more to hide 37  
 Within himself the purple pride  
 Of his forward flower, when lo,  
 While he sweetly 'gan to show  
 His swelling glories, Auster spied him,  
 Cruel Auster thither hied him,  
 And with the rush of one rude blast,  
 Shamed not spitefully to waste  
 All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,  
 And lay them trembling at his feet.  
 I've seen the morning's lovely ray,  
 Hover o'er the new-born day,  
 With rosy wings so richly bright,  
 As if he scorn'd to think of night, 50  
 When a ruddy storm whose scowl  
 Made Heaven's radiant face look foul,  
 Call'd for an untimely night,  
 To blot the newly blossom'd light.  
 But were the rose's blush so rare,  
 Were the morning's smile so fair  
 As is he, nor cloud nor wind  
 But would be courteous, would be kind.  
     Spare him, Death! oh spare him then,  
 Spare the sweetest among men! 60  
 Let not Pity with her tears,  
 Keep such distance from thine ears;  
 But oh! thou wilt not, canst not spare,  
 Haste hath never time to hear;  
 Therefore if he needs must go,  
 And the Fates will have it so,  
 Softly may he be possess  
 Of his monumental rest.  
 Safe, thou dark home of the dead,  
 Safe, oh! hide his loved head. 70

For Pity's sake, oh hide him quite,  
 From his mother Nature's sight!  
 Lest, for the grief his loss may move,  
 All her births abortive prove.

71

---

 ANOTHER.

IF ever Pity were acquainted  
 With stern Death, if e'er he fainted,  
 Or forgot the cruel vigour,  
 Of an adamant rigour,  
 Here, oh here, we should have known it,  
 Here, or nowhere, he'd have shown it.  
 For he whose precious memory,  
 Bathes in tears of ev'ry eye:  
 He to whom our sorrow brings  
 All the streams of all her springs,  
 Was so rich in grace and nature,  
 In all the gifts that bless a creature,  
 The fresh hopes of his lovely youth  
 Flourish'd in so fair a growth,  
 So sweet the temple was, that shined  
 The sacred sweetness of his mind,  
 That could the Fates know to relent,  
 Could they know what mercy meant,  
 Or had ever learn'd to bear,  
 The soft tincture of a tear,  
 Tears would now have flow'd so deep,  
 As might have taught Grief how to weep.  
 Now all their steely operation,  
 Would quite have lost the cruel fashion:

10

20

Sickness would have gladly been, 25  
 Sick himself to have saved him :  
 And his fever wish'd to prove  
 Burning only in his love ;  
 Him when Wrath itself had seen,  
 Wrath itself had lost his spleen ; 30  
 Grim Destruction, here amazed,  
 Instead of striking would have gazed ;  
 Even the iron-pointed pen,  
 That notes the tragic dooms of men,  
 Wet with tears still'd from the eyes,  
 Of the flinty destinies,  
 Would have learn'd a softer style,  
 And have been ashamed to spoil  
 His life's sweet story, by the haste,  
 Of a cruel stop ill placed. 40  
 In the dark volume of our fate,  
 Whence each leaf of life hath date,  
 Where in sad particulars,  
 The total sum of man appears ;  
 And the short clause of mortal breath,  
 Bound in the period of death :  
 In all the book, if anywhere  
 Such a term as this, ' Spare here,'  
 Could have been found, 'twould have been read,  
 Writ in white letters o'er his head : 50  
 Or close unto his name annex,  
 The fair gloss of a fairer text.  
 In brief, if any one were free,  
 He was that one, and only he.  
 But he, alas! ev'n he is dead,  
 And our hopes' fair harvest spread  
 In the dust! Pity, now spend  
 All the tears that Grief can lend:

Sad Mortality may hide, 59  
 In his ashes all her pride,  
 With this inscription o'er his head;  
 'All hope of never dying here lies dead.'

---

### HIS EPITAPH.

PASSENGER, whoe'er thou art,  
 Stay awhile, and let thy heart  
 Take acquaintance of this stone,  
 Before thou passest further on;  
 This stone will tell thee, that beneath  
 Is entomb'd the crime of Death;  
 The ripe endowments of whose mind,  
 Left his years so much behind,  
 That numb'ring of his virtues' praise,  
 Death lost the reck'ning of his days; 10  
 And believing what they told,  
 Imagined him exceeding old;  
 In him perfection did set forth,  
 The strength of her united worth;  
 Him his wisdom's pregnant growth  
 Made so rev'rend, ev'n in youth,  
 That in the centre of his breast  
 (Sweet as is the phoenix' nest)  
 Ev'ry reconciled grace  
 Had their gen'ral meeting place; 20  
 In him goodness joy'd to see  
 Learning learn humility;  
 The splendour of his birth and blood,  
 Was but the gloss of his own good,



## AN EPITAPH UPON HUSBAND AND WIFE,

WHO DIED AND WERE BURIED TOGETHER.

To these, whom Death again did wed,  
 This grave's the second marriage-bed.  
 For though the hand of Fate could force,  
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce,  
 It could not sever man and wife,  
 Because they both lived but one life;  
 Peace, good reader, do not weep;  
 Peace, the lovers are asleep!  
 They (sweet turtles) folded lie,  
 In the last knot that love could tie. 10  
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,  
 Till this stormy night be gone,  
 And th' eternal morrow dawn;  
 Then the curtains will be drawn,  
 And they wake into a light,  
 Whose day shall never die in night.

---

 AN EPITAPH UPON DOCTOR BROOK.<sup>1</sup>

A BROOK, whose stream so great, so good,  
 Was loved, was honour'd as a flood,  
 Whose banks the Muses dwelt upon,  
 More than their own Helicon,  
 Here at length hath gladly found  
 A quiet passage under ground;  
 Meanwhile his loved banks, now dry,  
 The Muses with their tears supply.

<sup>1</sup> See 'Life.'

## UPON MR STANINOUGH'S DEATH.

DEAR relics of a dislodged soul, whose lack  
 Makes many a mourning paper put on black;  
 Oh stay a while ere thou draw in thy head,  
 And wind thyself up close in thy cold bed!  
 Stay but a little while, until I call  
 A summons, worthy of thy funeral.

Come then, youth, beauty, and blood, all ye soft powers,  
 Whose silken flatteries swell a few fond hours  
 Into a false eternity; come, man,  
 (Hyperbolised nothing!) know thy span; 10  
 'Take thine own measure here; down, down, and bow  
 Before thyself in thy idea, thou  
 Huge emptiness, contract thy bulk, and shrink  
 All thy wild circle to a point! Oh, sink  
 Lower and lower yet; till thy small size,  
 Call Heaven to look on thee with narrow eyes;  
 Lesser and lesser yet, till thou begin  
 To show a face fit to confess thy kin,  
 Thy neighbourhood to nothing! here put on  
 Thyself in this unfeign'd reflection; 20  
 Here, gallant ladies, this impartial glass  
 (Through all your painting) shows you your own face.  
 These death-seal'd lips are they dare give the lie,  
 To the proud hopes of poor mortality:  
 These curtain'd windows, this self-prison'd eye,  
 Out-stares the lids of large-look'd tyranny:  
 This posture is the brave one; this that lies  
 Thus low, stands up (methinks) thus, and defies  
 The world—All daring dust and ashes, only you  
 Of all interpreters read Nature true. 30

## UPON THE DUKE OF YORK'S BIRTH.

## A PANEGYRIC.

BRITAIN, the mighty ocean's lovely bride,  
 Now stretch thyself (fair isle) and grow; spread wide  
 Thy bosom and make room; thou art opprest  
 With thine own glories: and art strangely blest  
 Beyond thyself: for, lo! the gods, the gods  
 Come fast upon thee, and those glorious odds.  
 Swell thy full glories to a pitch so high,  
 As sits above thy best capacity.

Are they not odds? and glorious? that to thee  
 Those mighty genii throng, which well might be 10  
 Each one an age's labour, that thy days  
 Are gilded with the union of those rays,  
 Whose each divided beam would be a sun,  
 To glad the sphere of any nation.  
 Oh! if for these thou mean'st to find a seat,  
 Th'ast need, O Britain! to be truly great.  
 And so thou art, their presence makes thee so,  
 They are thy greatness; gods, where'er they go,  
 Bring their Heaven with them; their great footsteps place  
 An everlasting smile upon the face 20  
 Of the glad earth they tread on, while with thee  
 Those beams that amplify mortality,  
 And teach it to expatiate, and swell  
 To majesty and fulness, deign to dwell;  
 Thou by thyself may'st sit (blest isle), and see  
 How thy great mother, Nature, doats on thee:  
 Thee therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,  
 And seem'd to make an isle, but made a world.

Great Charles! thou sweet dawn of a glorious day,  
 Centre of those thy grandsires, shall I say, 30

Henry and James, or Mars and Phœbus rather? 31  
 If this were Wisdom's god, that War's stern father,  
 'Tis but the same is said, Henry and James  
 Are Mars and Phœbus under divers names.  
 O thou full mixture of those mighty souls,  
 Whose vast intelligences tuned the poles  
 Of peace and war; thou for whose manly brow  
 Both laurels twine into one wreath, and woo  
 To be thy garland; see (sweet prince), oh see,  
 Thou and the lovely hopes that smile in thee 40  
 Are ta'en out, and transcribed by thy great mother.  
 See, see thy real shadow, see thy brother,  
 Thy little self in less, read in these eyne  
 The beams that dance in those full stars of thine.  
 From the same snowy alabaster rock  
 These hands and thine were hewn; these cherries  
     mock  
 The coral of thy lips. Thou art of all  
 This well-wrought copy the fair principal.  
     Justly, great Nature, may'st thou brag and tell  
 How ev'n thou 'st drawn this faithful parallel, 50  
 And match thy master-piece. Oh, then, go on,  
 Make such another sweet comparison.  
 See'st thou that Mary there? Oh, teach her mother  
 To show her to herself in such another:  
 Fellow this wonder too, nor let her shine  
 Alone; light such another star, and twine  
 Their rosy beams, so that the morn for one  
 Venus, may have a constellation.  
     So have I seen (to dress their mistress May)  
 Two silken sister flowers consult, and lay 60  
 Their bashful cheeks together; newly they  
 Peep'd from their buds, show'd like the garden's eyes  
 Scarce waked: like was the crimson of their joys,

Like were the pearls they wept, so like, that one 64  
Seem'd but the other's kind reflection.

But stay, what glimpse was that? Why blush'd the  
day?

Why ran the started air trembling away?

Who's this that comes circled in rays that scorn  
Acquaintance with the sun? What second morn  
At mid-day opes a presence which Heaven's eye 70  
Stands off and points at? Is't some deity,  
Stepp'd from her throne of stars, deigns to be seen?  
Is it some deity? or is't our queen?

'Tis she, 'tis she! her awful beauties chase

The day's abashed glories, and in face

Of noon wear their own sunshine! O thou bright

Mistress of wonders! Cynthia's is the night,

But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day

(Nor does the sun deny't) our Cynthia,

Illustrious sweetness! in thy faithful womb, 80

That nest of heroes, all our hopes find room;

Thou art the mother phœnix, and thy breast,

Chaste as that virgin honour of the east,

But much more fruitful is, nor does, as she,

Deny to mighty love a deity;

Then let the eastern world brag and be proud

Of one coy phœnix, while we have a brood,

A brood of phœnixes, and still the mother;

And may we long; long may'st thou live, t' increase

The house and family of phœnixes. 90

Nor may the light that gives their eyelids light,

E'er prove the dismal morning of thy night:

Ne'er may a birth of thine be bought so dear,

To make his costly cradle of thy bier.

Oh, may'st thou thus make all the year thine own,

And see such names of joy sit white upon

The brow of ev'ry month; and, when that's done, 97  
 May'st in a son of his find ev'ry son  
 Repeated, and that son still in another,  
 And so in each child often prove a mother;  
 Long may'st thou, laden with such clusters, lean  
 Upon thy royal elm (fair vine!) and when  
 The heavens will stay no longer, may thy glory  
 And name dwell sweet in some eternal story.  
 Pardon (bright excellence!) an untuned string,  
 That in thy ears thus keeps a murmuring;  
 Oh, speak a lowly Muse's pardon; speak  
 Her pardon or her sentence; only break  
 Thy silence; speak, and she shall take from thence  
 Numbers, and sweetness, and an influence 110  
 Confessing thee; or (if too long I stay)  
 Oh speak thou, and my pipe hath nought to say:  
 For see, Apollo all this while stands mute,  
 Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.  
 But gods are gracious, and their altars make  
 Precious their off'rings that their altars take;  
 Give them this rural wreath, fire from thine eyes,  
 This rural wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

---

### UPON FORD'S TWO TRAGEDIES,

'LOVE'S SACRIFICE' AND 'THE BROKEN HEART.'

THOU cheat'st us, Ford, mak'st one seem two by art.  
 What's 'Love's Sacrifice' but 'The Broken Heart?'

---

ON A FOUL MORNING, BEING THEN TO TAKE  
A JOURNEY.

WHERE art thou, Sol, while thus the blindfold day  
 Staggers out of the east, loses her way,  
 Stumbling on night? Rouse thee, illustrious youth,  
 And let no dull mists choke the light's fair growth.  
 Point here thy beams; oh, glance on yonder flocks,  
 And make their fleeces golden as thy locks!  
 Unfold thy fair front, and there shall appear  
 Full glory flaming in her own free sphere.  
 Gladness shall clothe the earth, we will instile  
 The face of things an universal smile: 10  
 Say to the sullen morn thou com'st to court her,  
 And wilt demand proud Zephyrus to sport her  
 With wanton gales; his balmy breath shall lick  
 The tender drops which tremble on her cheek;  
 Which rarified, and in a gentle rain  
 On those delicious banks distill'd again,  
 Shall rise in a sweet harvest which discloses  
 To every blushing bed of new-born roses.  
 He'll fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,  
 And frisk in curl'd meanders: he will throw 20  
 A fragrant breath suck'd from the spicy nest  
 O' th' precious phœnix, warm upon her breast:  
 He, with a dainty and soft hand, will trim  
 And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim  
 In silken volumes; wheresoe'er she'll tread,  
 Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.  
 Rise, then (fair blue-eyed maid), rise, and discover  
 Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.  
 See how he runs, with what a hasty flight  
 Into thy bosom, bathed with liquid light! 30

Fly, fly, profane fogs! far hence fly away,  
 Taint not the pure streams of the springing day  
 With your dull influence; it is for you  
 To sit and scowl upon night's heavy brow;  
 Not on the fresh cheeks of the virgin morn,  
 Where nought but smiles and ruddy joys are worn.  
 Fly, then, and do not think with her to stay;  
 Let it suffice, she'll wear no mask to-day.

31

---

UPON THE FAIR ETHIOPIAN SENT TO A  
 GENTLEWOMAN.

Lo! here the fair Chariclia! in whom strove  
 So false a fortune, and so true a love.  
 Now, after all her toils by sea and land,  
 Oh, may she but arrive at your white hand!  
 Her hopes are crown'd, only she fears that then  
 She shall appear true Ethiopian.

---

ON MARRIAGE.

I WOULD be married, but I'd have no wife;  
 I would be married to a single life.

---

TO THE MORNING.

SATISFACTION FOR SLEEP.

WHAT succour can I hope the Muse will send  
 Whose drowsiness hath wrong'd the Muse's friend?  
 What hope, Aurora, to propitiate thee,  
 Unless the Muse sing my apology?

Oh, in that morning of my shame! when I 5  
Lay folded up in sleep's captivity,  
How at the sight didst thou draw back thine eyes  
Into thy modest vail! How didst thou rise  
Twice dyed in thine own blushes, and did'st run  
To draw the curtains, and awake the Sun! 10  
Who, rousing his illustrious tresses, came,  
And seeing the loathed object, hid for shame  
His head in thy fair bosom, and still hides  
Me from his patronage; I pray, he chides:  
And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take  
My own Apollo, try if I can make  
His Lethe be my Helicon: and see  
If Morpheus have a Muse to wait on me.  
Hence 'tis my humble fancy finds no wings,  
No nimble raptures starts to Heaven, and brings 20  
Enthusiastic flames, such as can give  
Marrow to my plump genius, make it live  
Dress'd in the glorious madness of a Muse,  
Whose feet can walk the milky way, and choose  
Her starry throne; whose holy heats can warm  
The grave, and hold up an exalted arm  
To lift me from my lazy urn, and climb  
Upon the stooped shoulders of old Time;  
And trace Eternity—But all is dead,  
All these delicious hopes are buried 30  
In the deep wrinkles of his angry brow,  
Where Mercy cannot find them; but, O thou  
Bright Lady of the morn! pity doth lie  
So warm in thy soft breast it cannot die:  
Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise  
Oh meet the angry god, invade his eyes,  
And stroke his radiant cheeks! one timely kiss  
Will kill his anger, and revive my bliss;

So to the treasure of thy pearly dew, 39  
 Thrice will I pay three tears, to show how true  
 My grief is; so my wakeful lay shall knock  
 At th' oriental gates; and duly mock  
 The early lark's shrill orisons to be  
 An anthem at the day's nativity.  
 And the same rosy-finger'd hand of thine,  
 That shuts Night's dying eyes, shall open mine.

But thou, faint god of sleep, forget that I  
 Was ever known to be thy votary.  
 No more my pillow shall thine altar be,  
 Nor will I offer any more to thee 50  
 Myself a melting sacrifice; I'm born  
 Again a fresh child of the buxom morn,  
 Heir of the Sun's first beams; why threat'st thou so?  
 Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? Go,  
 Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,  
 Sickness and sorrow, whose pale lids ne'er know  
 Thy downy finger; dwell upon their eyes,  
 Shut in their tears; shut out their miseries.

---

### LOVE'S HOROSCOPE.

1 LOVE, brave Virtue's younger brother,  
 Erst hath made my heart a mother;  
 She consults the conscious spheres,  
 To calculate her young son's years.  
 She asks if sad, or saving powers,  
 Gave omen to his infant hours;  
 She asks each star that then stood by,  
 If poor Love shall live or die.

- 2 Ah! my heart, is that the way?  
 Are these the beams that rule thy day?  
 Thou know'st a face in whose each look,  
 Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book,  
 On whose fair revolutions wait  
 Th' obsequious motions of Love's fate;  
 Ah! my heart, her eyes and she  
 Have taught thee new astrology.  
 Howe'er Love's native hours were set,  
 Whatever starry synod met,  
 'Tis in the mercy of her eye,  
 If poor Love shall live or die.
- 3 If those sharp rays, putting on  
 Points of death, bid Love begone,  
 (Though the Heavens in council sate,  
 To crown an uncontrolled fate,  
 Though their best aspects twined upon  
 The kindest constellation,  
 Cast am'rous glances on his birth,  
 And whisper'd the confed'rate earth  
 To pave his paths with all the good  
 That warms the bed of youth and blood,)  
 Love has no plea against her eye;  
 Beauty frowns, and Love must die.
- 4 But if her milder influ'nce move,  
 And gild the hopes of humble Love:  
 (Though Heaven's inauspicious eye  
 Lay black on Love's nativity;  
 Though ev'ry diamond in Jove's crown  
 Fix'd his forehead to a frown,)  
 Her eye a strong appeal can give,  
 Beauty smiles, and Love shall live.

- 5 Oh! if Love shall live, oh! where  
 But in her eye, or in her ear,  
 In her breast, or in her breath,  
 Shall I hide poor Love from death?  
 For in the life ought else can give,  
 Love shall die although he live.
- 6 Or if Love shall die, oh! where,  
 But in her eye, or in her ear,  
 In her breath, or in her breast,  
 Shall I build his fun'ral nest?  
 While Love shall thus entombed lie,  
 Love shall live, although he die.

---

### OUT OF VIRGIL,

#### IN THE PRAISE OF THE SPRING.

ALL trees, all leafy groves confess the spring  
 Their gentlest friend; then, then the lands begin  
 To swell with forward pride and seed desire  
 To generation; heaven's almighty sire  
 Melts on the bosom of his love, and pours  
 Himself into her lap in fruitful showers,  
 And by a soft insinuation, mixt  
 With earth's large mass, doth cherish and assist  
 Her weak conceptions; no lone shade, but rings  
 With chatting birds' delicious murmurings.  
 Then Venus' mild instinct (at set times) yields  
 The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields  
 (Quick with warm zephyrs' lively breath) lay forth  
 Their pregnant bosoms in a fragrant birth;

Each body's plump and juicy, all things full 15  
 Of supple moisture; no coy twig but will  
 Trust his beloved bosom to the sun  
 (Grown lusty now); no vine so weak and young  
 That fears the foul-mouth'd Auster, or those storms  
 That the south-west wind hurries in his arms, 20  
 But hastes her forward blossoms, and lays out,  
 Freely lays out her leaves; nor do I doubt  
 But when the world first out of chaos sprang,  
 So smiled the days, and so the tenor ran  
 Of their felicity. A spring was there,  
 An everlasting spring, the jolly year  
 Led round in his great circle; no wind's breath  
 As then did smell of winter, or of death;  
 When life's sweet light first shone on beasts, and when  
 From their hard mother earth sprang hardy men; 30  
 When beasts took up their lodging in the wood,  
 Stars in their higher chambers; never could  
 The tender growth of things endure the sense  
 Of such a change, but that th' heavens' indulgence  
 Kindly supplies sick nature, and doth mould  
 A sweetly-temper'd mean, nor hot nor cold.

---

WITH A PICTURE SENT TO A FRIEND.

I PAINT so ill, my piece had need to be  
 Painted again by some good poesy;  
 I write so ill, my slender line is scarce  
 So much as th' picture of a well-limn'd verse:  
 Yet may the love I send be true, though I  
 Send not true picture nor true poesy:  
 Both which away, I should not need to fear  
 My love, or feign'd, or painted should appear.

IN PRAISE OF LESSIUS HIS RULE OF  
HEALTH.

Go, now, with some daring drug  
Bait the disease, and while they tug,  
Thou to maintain their cruel strife,  
Spend the dear treasure of thy life:  
Go, take physic, doat upon  
Some big-named composition,  
Th' oraculous doctors' mystic bills,  
Certain hard words made into pills;  
And what at length shalt get by these?  
Only a costlier disease.

10

Go, poor man, think what shall be  
Remedy 'gainst thy remedy.  
That which makes us have no need  
Of physic, that's physic indeed.

Hark hither, reader, wouldst thou see  
Nature her own physician be?  
Wouldst see a man all his own wealth,  
His own physic, his own health?  
A man whose sober soul can tell  
How to wear her garments well,  
Her garments that upon her sit,  
As garments should do, close and fit?  
A well-clothed soul, that's not oppress'd  
Nor choked with what she should be dress'd?  
A soul sheath'd in a crystal shrine,  
Through which all her bright features shine,  
As when a piece of wanton lawn,  
A thin aerial veil is drawn  
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,  
More sweetly shews the blushing bride?

20

30

A soul whose intellectual beams 31  
 No mists do mask, no lazy steams?  
 A happy soul, that all the way  
 To Heaven hath a summer's day?  
 Wouldst see a man whose well warm'd blood  
 Bathes him in a genuine flood?  
 A man whose tuned humours be  
 A set of rarest harmony?  
 Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile  
 Age, wouldst see December smile? 40  
 Wouldst see a nest of roses grow  
 In a bed of rev'rend snow?  
 Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering  
 Winter's self into a spring?  
 In sum, wouldst see a man that can  
 Live to be old, and still a man?  
 Whose latest and most leaden hours  
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;  
 And when life's sweet fable ends,  
 Soul and body part like friends; 50  
 No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;  
 A kiss, a sigh, and so away.  
 This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?  
 Hark hither, and thyself be he.

---

### THE BEGINNING OF HELIODORUS.

THE smiling morn had newly waked the day,  
 And tipp'd the mountains in a tender ray,  
 When on a hill (whose high, imperious brow  
 Looks down, and sees the humble Nile below  
 Lick his proud feet, and haste into the seas  
 Through the great mouth that's named from Hercules)

A band of men, rough as the arms they wore,           7  
 Look'd round, first to the sea, then to the shore,  
 The shore that shew'd them what the sea denied—  
 Hope of a prey. There, to the mainland tied,  
 A ship they saw, no men she had; yet prest  
 Appear'd with other lading, for her breast  
 Deep in the groaning waters wallowed  
 Up to the third ring; o'er the shore was spread  
 Death's purple triumph, on the blushing ground  
 Life's late forsaken houses all lay drown'd  
 In their own blood's dear deluge, some new dead,  
 Some panting in their yet warm ruins bled;  
 While their affrighted souls, now wing'd for flight,  
 Lent them the last flash of her glimm'ring light,   20  
 Those yet fresh streams, which crawled ev'rywhere,  
 Show'd that stern War had newly bathed him there:  
 Nor did the face of this disaster show  
 Marks of a fight alone, but feasting too,  
 A miserable and a monstrous feast,  
 Where hungry War had made himself a guest;  
 And, coming late, had eat up guests and all,  
 Who proved the feast to their own funeral, &c.

---

OUT OF THE GREEK—CUPID'S CRIER.

LOVE is lost, nor can his mother  
 Her little fugitive discover:  
 She seeks, she sighs, but nowhere spies him;  
 Love is lost, and thus she cries him:  
     O yes! if any happy eye  
 This roving wanton shall descry,  
 Let the finder surely know  
 Mine is the wag; 'tis I that own



Till at length he perching rest, 43  
 In the closet of their breast.  
 His weapon is a little bow,  
 Yet such a one as (Jove knows how)  
 Ne'er suffer'd yet his little arrow  
 Of heaven's high'st arches to fall narrow.  
 The gold that on his quiver smiles,  
 Deceives men's fears with flatt'ring wiles: 50  
 But oh! (too well my wounds can tell)  
 With bitter shafts 'tis sauced too well;  
 He is all cruel, cruel all;  
 His torch imperious, though but small,  
 Makes the sun (of flames the sire)  
 Worse then sun-burnt in his fire.  
 Wheresoe'er you chance to find him,  
 Seize him, bring him (but first bind him),  
 Pity not him, but fear thyself;  
 Though thou see the crafty elf 60  
 Tell down his silver drops unto thee,  
 They 're counterfeit, and will undo thee;  
 With baited smiles if he display  
 His fawning cheeks, look not that way;  
 If he offer sugar'd kisses,  
 Start, and say, the serpent hisses;  
 Draw him, drag him, though he pray,  
 Woo, entreat, and crying say,  
 Prithee, sweet, now let me go,  
 Here's my quiver, shafts and bow, 70  
 I'll give thee all, take all—take heed  
 Lest his kindness make thee bleed.  
     Whate'er it be Love offers, still presume  
     That though it shines, 'tis fire, and will consume.

---

## ON NANUS MOUNTED UPON AN ANT.

HIGH mounted on an ant, Nanus the tall  
 Was thrown, alas! and got a deadly fall:  
 Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,  
 All torn; with much ado yet ere he dies,  
 He strains these words; 'Base Envy, do, laugh on,  
 Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaethon.'

---

## UPON VENUS PUTTING ON MARS HIS ARMS.

WHAT? Mars his sword? fair Cytherea say,  
 Why art thou arm'd so desp'rately to-day?  
 Mars thou hast beaten naked, and, oh then,  
 What need'st thou put on arms against poor men?

---

## UPON THE SAME.

PALLAS saw Venus arm'd, and straight she cried,  
 'Come if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be tried.'  
 'Why, fool!' says Venus, 'thus provok'st thou me,  
 That being nak'd, thou know'st could conquer thee?'

---

UPON BISHOP ANDREWS HIS PICTURE  
BEFORE HIS SERMONS.

THIS rev'rend shadow cast that setting sun,  
 Whose glorious course through our horizon run,  
 Left the dim face of this dull hemisphere  
 All one great eye, all drown'd in one great tear;  
 Whose fair illustrious soul led his free thought  
 Through learning's universe, and (vainly) sought

Room for her spacious self, until at length  
 She found the way home with an holy strength,  
 Snatch'd herself hence to heaven; fill'd a bright place  
 'Mongst those immortal fires, and on the face  
 Of her great Maker fix'd her flaming eye,  
 There still to read true, pure divinity.  
 And now that grave aspect hath deign'd to shrink  
 Into this less appearance; if you think  
 'Tis but a dead face Art doth here bequeath,  
 Look on the following leaves, and see him breathe.

---

### OUT OF MARTIAL.

FOUR teeth thou hadst that, rank'd in goodly state,  
 Kept thy mouth's gate.

The first blast of thy cough left two alone,  
 The second, none:

This last cough, *Ælia*, cough'd out all thy fear,  
 Th' hast left the third cough now no business here.

---

### OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

#### A SONG.

1           To thy lover  
             Dear, discover  
 That sweet blush of thine that shameth  
             (When those roses  
             It discloses)  
 All the flowers that nature nameth.

- 2           In free air  
            Flow thy hair;  
That no more summer's best dresses  
            Be beholden  
            For their golden  
Locks to Phœbus' flaming tresses.
- 3           O deliver  
            Love his quiver,  
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,  
            Where Apollo  
            Cannot follow,  
Feather'd with his mother's sparrows.
- 4           O envy not  
            (That we die not)  
Those dear lips, whose door encloses  
            All the graces  
            In their places,  
Brother pearls, and sister roses,
- 5           From these treasures  
            Of ripe pleasures  
One bright smile to clear the weather.  
            Earth and heaven  
            Thus made even,  
Both will be good friends together.
- 6           The air does woo thee,  
            Winds cling to thee;  
Might a word once fly from out thee,  
            Storm and thunder  
            Would sit under,  
And keep silence round about thee.

- 7           But if nature's  
              Common creatures  
So dear glories dare not borrow;  
              Yet thy beauty  
              Owes a duty  
To my loving, ling'ring sorrow.
- 8           When to end me  
              Death shall send me  
All his terrors to affright me,  
              Thine eyes' graces  
              Gild their faces,  
And those terrors shall delight me.
- 9           When my dying  
              Life is flying,  
Those sweet airs that often slew me  
              Shall revive me,  
              Or reprove me,  
And to many deaths renew me.

---

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

- 1 LOVE now no fire hath left him,  
      We two betwixt us have divided it:  
Your eyes the light hath reft him;  
      The heat commanding in my heart doth sit.  
      Oh! that poor Love be not for ever spoil'd,  
      Let my heat to your light be reconciled.
- 2 So shall these flames, whose worth  
      Now all obscured lies,  
(Dress'd in those beams) start forth  
      And dance before your eyes.

3 Or else partake my flames  
 (I care not whether),  
 And so in mutual names,  
 O Love, burn both together.

---

### OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

WOULD any one the true cause find  
 How Love came nak'd, a boy, and blind?  
 'Tis this: list'ning one day too long  
 To th' syrens in my mistress' song,  
 The ecstasy of a delight  
 So much o'er-mast'ring all his might,  
 To that one sense made all else thrall,  
 And so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart, and all.

---

### ON THE FRONTISPIECE OF ISAACSON'S CHRONOLOGY EXPLAINED.

IF with distinctive eye and mind you look  
 Upon the front, you see more than one book.  
 Creation is God's book, wherein he writ  
 Each creature, as a letter filling it.  
 History is Creation's book, which shows  
 To what effects the series of it goes.  
 Chronology's the book of History, and bears  
 The just account of days, and months, and years.  
 But Resurrection in a later press,  
 And New Edition is the sum of these:  
 The language of these books had all been one,  
 Had not th' aspiring Tower of Babylon

Confused the tongues, and in a distance hurl'd 13  
 As far the speech, as men, o' th' new-fill'd world.

Set, then, your eyes in method, and behold  
 Time's emblem; Saturn; who, when store of gold  
 Coin'd the first age, devour'd that birth he fear'd,  
 Till History, Time's eldest child, appear'd,  
 And, phœnix-like, in spite of Saturn's rage.  
 Forced from her ashes heirs in ev'ry age; 20

From th' rising sun, obtaining by just suit  
 A spring's engender, and an autumn's fruit;  
 Who in those volumes, at her motion penn'd,  
 Unto Creation's Alpha doth extend.  
 Again ascend, and view Chronology,  
 By optic skill pulling far History  
 Nearer; whose hand the piercing eagle's eye  
 Strengthens to bring remotest objects nigh;  
 Under whose feet you see the setting sun,  
 From the dark gnomon, o'er her volumes run, 30  
 Drown'd in eternal night, never to rise,

Till Resurrection show it to the eyes  
 Of earth-worn men, and her shrill trumpet's sound  
 Affright the bones of mortals from the ground:  
 The columns both are crown'd with either sphere,  
 To show Chronology and Hist'ry bear  
 No other culmen than the double art,  
 Astronomy, geography impart.

---

### OR THUS.

LET hoary Time's vast bowels be the grave  
 To what his bowels birth and being gave;  
 Let Nature die, and (phœnix-like) from death  
 Revived Nature take a second breath;

If on Time's right hand sit fair History, 5  
 If, from the seed of empty ruin, she  
 Can raise so fair an harvest, let her be  
 Ne'er so far distant, yet Chronology  
 (Sharp-sighted as the eagle's eye, that can  
 Out-stare the broad-beam'd day's meridian) 10  
 Will have a perspicil to find her out,  
 And, through the night of error and dark doubt,  
 Discern the dawn of truth's eternal ray,  
 As when the rosy morn buds into day.

Now that Time's empire might be amply fill'd,  
 Babel's bold artists strive (below) to build  
 Ruin a temple, on whose fruitful fall  
 History rears her pyramids more tall  
 Than were th' Egyptian (by the life these give  
 Th' Egyptian pyramids themselves must live); 20  
 On these she lifts the world, and on their base  
 Shows the two terms and limits of Time's race:  
 That the Creation is, the Judgment this;  
 That the world's morning, this her midnight is.

---

AN EPITAPH UPON MR ASHTON, A CON-  
 FORMABLE CITIZEN.

THE modest front of this small floor,  
 Believe me, reader, can say more  
 Than many a braver marble can,  
 'Here lies a truly honest man;'  
 One whose conscience was a thing  
 That troubled neither church nor king;  
 One of those few that in this town  
 Honour all preachers, hear their own.

Sermons he heard, yet not so many 9  
 As left no time to practise any.  
 He heard them rev'rendly, and then  
 His practice preach'd them o'er again.  
 His parlour-sermons rather were  
 Those to the eye than to the ear.  
 His prayers took their price and strength  
 Not from the loudness nor the length.  
 He was a Protestant at home,  
 Not only in despite of Rome:  
 He loved his father, yet his zeal  
 Tore not off his mother's veil. 20  
 To th' church he did allow her dress,  
 True beauty to true holiness.  
 Peace, which he loved in life, did lend  
 Her hand to bring him to his end:  
 When Age and Death call'd for the score,  
 No surfeits were to reckon for;  
 Death tore not (therefore), but sans strife  
 Gently untwined his thread of life.  
 What remains then, but that thou  
 Write these lines, reader, in thy brow, 30  
 And by his fair example's light,  
 Burn in thy imitation bright.  
 So while these lines can but bequeath  
 A life perhaps unto his death,  
 His better epitaph shall be,  
 His life still kept alive in thee.

---

OUT OF CATULLUS.

COME and let us love, my dear,  
 Let us love, and never fear

What the sourest fathers say : 3  
 Brightest Sol that dies to-day  
 Lives again as blithe to-morrow ;  
 But if we dark sons of sorrow  
 Set, oh then, how long a night  
 Shuts the eyes of our short light !  
 Then let am'rous kisses dwell  
 On our lips, begin and tell 10  
 A thousand and a hundred score,  
 A hundred and a thousand more,  
 Till another thousand smother  
 That, and that wipe off another.  
 Thus at last when we have number'd  
 Many a thousand, many a hundred,  
 We'll confound the reck'ning quite,  
 And lose ourselves in wild delight :  
 While our joys so multiply,  
 As shall mock the envious eye. 20

---

### WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

- 1 WHOE'ER she be,  
 That not impossible she  
 That shall command my heart and me ;
- 2 Where'er she lie,  
 Lock'd up from mortal eye,  
 In shady leaves of destiny,
- 3 Till that ripe birth  
 Of studied Fate stand forth,  
 And teach her fair steps to our earth ;

- 4 Till that divine  
Idea take a shrine  
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine :
- 5 Meet you her, my wishes,  
Bespeak her to my blisses,  
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.
- 6 I wish her beauty,  
That owes not all its duty  
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie ;
- 7 Something more than  
Taffeta or tissue can,  
Or rampant feather, or rich fan ;
- 8 More then the spoil  
Of shop, or silkworms' toil,  
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.
- 9 A face that's best  
By its own beauty drest,  
And can alone command the rest,
- 10 A face made up  
Out of no other shop  
Than what nature's white hand sets ope.
- 11 A cheek where youth,  
And blood, with pen of truth,  
Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.
- 12 A cheek where grows  
More than a morning rose,  
Which to no box his being owes.

- 13 Lips, where all day  
A lover's kiss may play,  
Yet carry nothing thence away.
- 14 Looks that oppress  
Their richest tires, but dress  
And clothe their simplest nakedness:
- 15 Eyes, that displace  
The neighbour diamond, and out-face  
That sunshine by their own sweet grace.
- 16 Tresses, that wear  
Jewels but to declare  
How much themselves more precious are;
- 17 Whose native ray  
Can tame the wanton day  
Of gems, that in their bright shades play:
- 18 Each ruby there,  
Or pearl, that dare appear,  
Be its own blush, be its own tear.
- 19 A well-tamed heart,  
For whose more noble smart  
Love may be long choosing a dart.
- 20 Eyes, that bestow  
Full quivers on Love's bow,  
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.
- 21 Smiles, that can warm  
The blood, yet teach a charm  
That chastity shall take no harm.

- 22 Blushes, that bin  
The burnish of no sin,  
Nor flames of ought too hot within.
- 23 Joys, that confess  
Virtue their mistress,  
And have no other head to dress.
- 24 Fears, fond and slight,  
As the coy bride's, when night  
First does the longing lover right.
- 25 Tears, quickly fled,  
And vain, as those are shed  
For a dying maidenhead.
- 26 Days, that need borrow  
No part of their good morrow  
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.
- 27 Days, that in spite  
Of darkness, by the light  
Of a clear mind are day all night.
- 28 Nights, sweet as they  
Made short by lovers' play,  
Yet long by th' absence of the day.
- 29 Life, that dares send  
A challenge to his end,  
And when it comes say, ' Welcome, friend.'
- 30 Sydneian showers  
Of sweet discourse, whose powers  
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

- 31 Soft silken hours,  
Open suns, shady bowers,  
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.
- 32 Whate'er delight  
Can make day's forehead bright,  
Or give down to the wings of night.
- 33 In her whole frame  
Have Nature all the name,  
Art and ornament the shame.
- 34 Her flattery,  
Picture and poesy:  
Her counsel her own virtue be.
- 35 I wish her store  
Of worth may leave her poor  
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.
- 36 Now if Time knows  
That her, whose radiant brows  
Weave them a garland of my vows;
- 37 Her whose just bays  
My future hopes can raise  
A trophy to her perfect praise;
- 38 Her that dares be  
What these lines wish to see:  
I seek no further—it is she.
- 39 'Tis she, and here  
Lo! I unclothe and clear  
My wishes' cloudy character.

- 40 May she enjoy it,  
Whose merit dare apply it,  
But modesty dares still deny it.
- 41 Such worth as this is  
Shall fix my flying wishes,  
And determine them to kisses.
- 42 Let her full glory,  
My fancies, fly before ye;  
Be ye my fictions, but her story.

---

CRASHAWE,

THE ANAGRAM, 'HE WAS CAR.'

WAS Car then Crashaw, or was Crashaw Car,  
 Since both within one name combinèd are?  
 Yes, Car's Crashaw, he Car; 'tis love alone  
 Which melts two hearts, of both composing one;  
 So Crashaw's still the same—so much desired  
 By strongest wits, so honour'd, so admired;  
 Car was but he that enter'd as a friend,  
 With whom he shared his thoughts, and did commend  
 (While yet he lived) this work; they loved each other:  
 Sweet Crashaw was his friend; he Crashaw's brother:  
 So Car hath title then; 'twas his intent 11  
 That what his riches penn'd poor Car should print;  
 Nor fears he check, praising that happy one  
 Who was beloved by all, dispraised by none.  
 To wit, being pleased with all things, he pleased all;  
 Nor would he give nor take offence; befall

What might, he would possess himself, and live 17  
 As dead (devoid of int'rest) t' all might give  
 Disease t' his well-composed mind, forestall'd  
 With heavenly riches, which had wholly call'd  
 His thoughts from earth, to live above in th' air,  
 A very bird of Paradise. No care  
 Had he of earthly trash. What might suffice  
 To fit his soul to heavenly exercise  
 Sufficed him; and, may we guess his heart  
 By what his lips bring forth, his only part  
 Is God and godly thoughts. Leaves doubt to none  
 But that to whom one God is all, all's one.  
 What he might eat or wear he took no thought,  
 His needful food he rather found than sought. 30  
 He seeks no downs, no sheets, his bed's still made;  
 If he can find a chair or stool, he's laid;  
 When day peeps in, he quits his restless rest,  
 And still, poor soul, before he's up he's drest.  
 Thus dying did he live, yet lived to die  
 In th' Virgin's lap, to whom he did apply  
 His virgin thoughts and words, and thence was styled  
 By foes, the chaplain of the Virgin mild,  
 While yet he lived without: his modesty  
 Imparted this to some, and they to me. 40  
 Live happy then, dear soul; enjoy thy rest  
 Eternally by pains thou purchasedst,  
 While Car must live in care, who was thy friend;  
 Nor cares he how he live, so in the end  
 He may enjoy his dearest Lord and thee,  
 And sit and sing more skilful songs eternally.

THOMAS CAR.

---

## SACRED POEMS.

---

TO THE NOBLEST AND BEST OF LADIES,  
THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH,<sup>1</sup>

PERSUADING HER TO RESOLUTION IN RELIGION, AND TO  
RENDER HERSELF WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY INTO  
THE COMMUNION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WHAT Heaven-entreated heart is this,  
Stands trembling at the gate of bliss;  
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture  
Fairly to open it and enter;  
Whose definition is a doubt  
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out?  
Say, ling'ring fair! why comes the birth  
Of your brave soul so slowly forth?  
Plead your pretences (O you strong  
In weakness) why you choose so long  
In labour of yourself to lie,  
Nor daring quite to live nor die.  
Ah, linger not, loved soul! a slow  
And late consent was a long no;  
Who grants at last, long time tried  
And did his best to have denied;  
What magic bolts, what mystic bars,  
Maintain the will in these strange wars!

10

<sup>1</sup>See 'Life.'

What fatal, what fantastic bands 19  
 Keep the free heart from its own hands!  
 So when the year takes cold, we see  
 Poor waters their own prisoners be,  
 Fetter'd, and lock'd up fast they lie  
 In a sad self-captivity ;  
 Th' astonish'd Nymphs their floods' strange fate deplore,  
 To see themselves their own severer shore.  
 Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,  
 And fetch the heart from its stronghold,  
 Almighty Love! end this long war,  
 And of a meteor make a star. 30  
 Oh, fix this fair indefinite,  
 And 'mongst thy shafts of sov'reign light  
 Choose out that sure decisive dart  
 Which has the key of this close heart,  
 Knows all the corners of 't, and can control  
 The self-shut cab'net of an unsearch'd soul.  
 Oh, let it be at last love's hour ;  
 Raise this tall trophy of thy power ;  
 Come once the conq'ring way ; not to confute  
 But kill this rebel-word, irresolute, 40  
 That so, in spite of all this peevish strength  
 Of weakness, she may write 'Resolved at length.'  
 Unfold at length, unfold, fair flower,  
 And use the season of Love's shower ;  
 Meet his well-meaning wounds, wise heart !  
 And haste to drink the wholesome dart ;  
 That healing shaft, which Heaven till now  
 Has in love's quiver hid for you ;  
 O dart of love! arrow of light !  
 O happy you, if it hit right ; 50  
 It must not fall in vain, it must  
 Not mark the dry regardless dust.

Fair one, it is your fate; and brings 53  
 Eternal words upon its wings.  
 Meet it with wide-spread arms; and see  
 It's seat your soul's just centre be.  
 Disband dull fears, give faith the day;  
 To save your life, kill your delay;  
 It is Love's siege, and sure to be  
 Your triumph, though his victory. 60  
 'Tis cowardice that keeps this field,  
 And want of courage not to yield.  
 Yield then, oh yield, that Love may win  
 The fort at last, and let life in.  
 Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove  
 Death's prey, before the prize of Love.  
 This fort of your fair self, if 't be not won,  
 He is repulsed indeed, but you're undone.

---

TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME, THE  
 NAME OF JESUS.

A HYMN.

I SING the name which none can say  
 But touch'd with an interior ray;  
 The name of our new peace, our good,  
 Our bliss, and supernatural blood;  
 The name of all our lives and loves.  
 Hearken, and help, ye holy doves!  
 The high-born brood of day; you bright  
 Candidates of blissful light,  
 The heirs elect of love; whose names belong  
 Unto the everlasting life of song; 10

All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast 11  
 Of this unbounded name build your warm nest.  
 Awake, my glory, soul, (if such thou be,  
 And that fair word at all refer to thee)

Awake and sing,

And be all wing;

Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see  
 What of thy parent Heaven yet speaks in  
 thee.

O thou art poor

Of noble powers, I see,

20

And full of nothing else but empty me;  
 Narrow, and low, and infinitely less  
 Than this great morning's mighty business.

One little world or two

(Alas!) will never do;

We must have store.

Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more,

Go and request

Great Nature for the key of her huge chest  
 Of heavens, the self-involving set of spheres  
 (Which dull mortality more feels than hears);

30

Then rouse the nest

Of nimble art, and traverse round  
 The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound;  
 And beat a summons in the same

All-sov'reign name;

To warn each sev'ral kind  
 And shape of sweetness, be they such

As sigh with supple wind,

Or answer'artful touch,

40

That they convene and come away  
 To wait at the love-crowned doors of that illustrious  
 day.

Shall we dare this, my soul? we'll do't, and bring 43  
 No other note for't, but the name we sing.

Wake, lute and harp,  
 And ev'ry sweet-lipp'd thing  
 That talks with tuneful string,

Start into life, and leap with me  
 Into a hasty fit-tuned harmony.

Nor must you think it much 50  
 T' obey my bolder touch;

I have authority in Love's name to take you  
 And to the work of love this morning wake you;

Wake; in the name

Of Him who never sleeps, all things that are,  
 Or, what's the same,

Are musical;

Answer my call

And come along;

Help me t' meditate mine immortal song. 60

Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,

Bring all your household-stuff of Heaven on earth;

O you, my soul's most certain wings,

Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,

Bring all the store

Of sweets you have; and murmur that you have no more.

Come, ne'er to part,

Nature and Art!

Come; and come strong,

To th' conspiracy of our spacious song. 70

Bring all the powers of praise

Your provinces of well-united worlds can raise;

Bring all your lutes and harps of Heaven and earth;

Whate'er co-operates to th' common mirth,

Vessels of vocal joys,

Or you, more noble architects of intellectual noise,

Cymbals of Heaven, or human spheres, 77  
Solicitors of souls or ears;

    And when you are come, with all  
That you can bring or we can call;

    Oh may you fix  
    For ever here, and mix  
    Yourselves into the long

And everlasting series of a deathless song;  
Mix all your many worlds above,  
And loose them into one of love.

    Cheer thee, my heart!  
    For thou too hast thy part  
    And place in the great throng  
Of this unbounded all-embracing song. 90

    Powers of my soul, be proud!  
    And speak loud

To all the dear-bought nations this redeeming name,  
And in the wealth of one rich word proclaim  
New similes to nature.

    May it be no wrong,  
Blest Heavens, to you, and your superior song,  
That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,

    A while dare borrow  
The name of your delights and our desires, 100  
And fit it to so far inferior lyres.

Our murmurs have their music too,  
Ye mighty orbs, as well as you,

    Nor yields the noblest nest  
Of warbling seraphim to th' ears of love,  
A choicer lesson than the joyful breast

    Of a poor panting turtle-dove.  
And we, low worms, have leave to do  
The same bright business (ye third Heavens) with  
    you.

Gentle spirits, do not complain; 110  
     We will have care  
     To keep it fair,  
 And send it back to you again.  
 Come, lovely name! appear from forth the bright  
     Regions of peaceful light;  
 Look from thine own illustrious home,  
 Fair king of names, and come:  
 Leave all thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,  
 And give thyself a while the gracious guest  
 Of humble souls, that seek to find 120  
     The hidden sweets  
     Which man's heart meets  
 When thou art master of the mind.  
 Come, lovely name; life of our hope;  
 Lo we hold our hearts wide ope!  
 Unlock thy cabinet of day,  
 Dearest, sweet, and come away.  
     Lo how the thirsty lands  
 Gasp for thy golden showers with long stretch'd hands!  
     Lo how the lab'ring earth 130  
     That hopes to be  
     All Heaven by thee,  
     Leaps at thy birth.  
 Th' attending world, to wait thy rise,  
     First turn'd to eyes;  
 And then, not knowing what to do;  
 Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too;  
 Come, royal name; and pay th' expense  
 Of all this precious patience.  
     Oh come away 140  
 And kill the death of this delay.  
 Oh see, so many worlds of barren years  
 Melted and measured out in seas of tears.

Oh see the weary lids of wakeful hope  
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope

144

    With curtains drawn,  
To catch the day-break of thy dawn.  
Oh dawn, at last, long-look'd for day!  
Take thine own wings and come away.

Lo where aloft it comes! It comes, among  
Th' conduct of adoring spirits that throng  
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.

150

    Oh they are wise:  
And know what sweets are suck'd from out it.

    It is the hive  
    By which they thrive,  
Where all their hoard of honey lies.

Lo where it comes, upon the snowy dove's  
Soft back; and brings a bosom big with loves.  
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of  
    day!

160

Unfold thy fair conceptions, and display  
The birth of our bright joys.

    O thou compacted  
Body of blessings, sp'rit of souls extracted!  
Oh dissipate thy spicy powers  
(Cloud of condensed sweets) and break upon

us

    In balmy showers;  
Oh fill our senses, and take from us  
All force of so profane a fallacy  
To think ought sweet but that which smells of  
    thee,

170

Fair, flow'ry name; in none but thee  
And thy nectareal fragrancy

    Hourly there meets  
An universal synod of all sweets;

By whom it is defined thus 175  
     That no perfume  
     For ever shall presume  
 To pass for odoriferous,  
 But such alone whose sacred pedigree  
 Can prove itself some kin (sweet name) to thee. 180  
 Sweet name, in thy each syllable  
 A thousand blest Arabias dwell;  
 A thousand hills of frankincense;  
 Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices,  
 And ten thousand Paradises.  
 The soul that tastes thee takes from thence  
 How many unknown worlds there are  
 Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping;  
 How many thousand mercies there  
 In Pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping! 190  
 Happy he who has the art.  
     To awake them,  
     And to take them  
 Home, and lodge them in his heart.  
 Oh that it were as it was wont to be!  
 When thy old friends of fire, all full of thee,  
 Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious chase  
 To persecutions; and against the face  
 Of Death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave  
 And sober pace march on to meet a grave. 200  
 On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,  
 And to the teeth of Hell stood up to teach thee,  
     In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,  
 Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach thee.  
     Little, alas! thought they  
 Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,  
     Their fury but made way  
 For thee; and served them in thy glorious ends.

What did their weapons but with wider pores      209  
 Enlarge thy flaming breasted lovers,

More freely to transpire  
 That impatient fire

The heart that hides thee hardly covers?  
 What did their weapons but set wide the doors  
 For thee: fair purple doors, of love's devising;  
 The ruby windows which enrich'd the east  
 Of thy so oft-repeated rising?

Each wound of theirs was thy new morning;  
 And re-enthroned thee in thy rosy nest,  
 With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:      220  
 It was the wit of love o'erflow'd the bounds  
 Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.  
 Welcome dear, all-adored name!

For sure there is no knee  
 That knows not thee.

Or if there be such sons of shame,

Alas! what will they do

When stubborn rocks shall bow  
 And hills hang down their Heaven-saluting heads

To seek for humble beds      230

Of dust, where in the bashful shades of night  
 Next to their own low nothing they may lie,  
 And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread Majesty.  
 They that by love's mild dictate now

Will not adore thee,

Shall then with just confusion bow  
 And break before thee.

IN THE GLORIOUS EPIPHANY OF OUR  
LORD GOD,

HYMN SUNG AS BY THE THREE KINGS.

I. KING.

- BRIGHT babe, whose awful beauties make  
The morn incur a sweet mistake;
- 2 For whom th' officious Heavens devise  
To disinherit the sun's rise,
- 3 Delicately to displace  
The day, and plant it fairer in thy face;
- 1 O thou born king of loves,  
2 Of lights,  
3 Of joys.
- Cho.* Look up, sweet babe, look up, and see 10  
For love of thee  
Thus far from home  
The East is come  
To seek herself in thy sweet eyes.
- 1 We, who strangely went astray,  
Lost in a bright  
Meridian night,
- 2 A darkness made of too much day,  
3 Beckon'd from far  
By thy fair star, 20
- Lo, at last have found our way.
- Cho.* To thee, thou day of night; thou east of west!  
Lo we at last have found the way  
To thee, the world's great universal East;  
The gen'ral and indifferent day.
- 1 All-circling point, all-centring sphere,  
The world's one round, eternal year.

2 Whose full and all-unwrinkled face 23  
Nor sinks nor swells with time or place;

3 But every where, and every while  
Is one consistent solid smile;

1 Not vex'd and tost

2 'Twixt spring and frost,

3 Nor by alternate shreds of light  
Sordidly shifting hands with shades and night.

*Cho.* O little all, in thy embrace

The world lies warm, and likes his place,

Nor does his full globe fail to be

Kiss'd on both his cheeks by thee:

Time is too narrow for thy year, 40

Nor makes the whole world thy half sphere.

1 To thee, to thee

From him we flee;

2 From him, whom by a more illustrious lie,  
The blindness of the world did call the eye;

3 To him, who by these mortal clouds hast made  
Thyself our sun, though thine own shade.

2 Farewell, the world's false light;

Farewell, the white

Egypt, a long farewell to thee, 50

Bright idol, black idolatry;

The dire face of inferior darkness, kist

And courted in the pompous mask of a more  
specious mist.

2 Farewell, farewell

The proud and misplaced gates of hell,

Perch'd in the morning's way

And double-gilded as the doors of day;

The deep hypocrisy of death and night

More desperately dark, because more bright.

3 Welcome, the world's sure way; 60  
 Heaven's wholesome ray.

*Cho.* Welcome to us; and we  
 Sweet to ourselves, in thee.

1 The deathless heir of all thy father's day;

2 Decently born,

Embosom'd in a much more rosy morn,  
 The blushes of thy all-unblemish'd mother.

3 No more that other

Aurora shall set ope

Her ruby casements, or hereafter hope 70

From mortal eyes

To meet religious welcomes at her rise.

*Cho.* We (precious ones) in you have won

A gentler morn, a juster sun.

1 His superficial beams sun-burnt our skin;

2 But left within

3 The night and winter still of death and sin.

*Cho.* Thy softer yet more certain darts

Spare our eyes, but pierce our hearts.

1 Therefore with his proud Persian spoils 80

2 We court thy more concerning smiles.

3 Therefore with his disgrace

We gild the humble cheek of this chaste place;

*Cho.* And at thy feet pour forth his face.

1 The doating nations now no more

Shall any day but thine adore.

2 Nor (much less) shall they leave these eyes

For cheap Egyptian deities.

3 In whatsoever more sacred shape

Of ram, he-goat, or rev'rend ape, 90

Those beauteous ravishers oppress'd so sore

The too-hard-tempted nations:

1 Never more

- By wanton heifer shall be worn 94  
 2 A garland, or a gilded horn.  
 The altar-stall'd ox, fat Osyris, now  
     With his fair sister cow,  
 3 Shall kick the clouds no more; but lean and  
     tame,
- Cho.* See his horn'd face, and die for shame,  
 And Mithra now shall be no name. 100
- 1 No longer shall th' immodest lust  
 Of adulterous godless dust  
 2 Fly in the face of Heaven; as if it were  
 The poor world's fault that he is fair.  
 3 Nor with perverse loves and religious rapes  
 Revenge thy bounties in their beauteous shapes;  
 And punish best things worst, because they stood  
 Guilty of being much for them too good.
- 1 Proud sons of death that durst compel  
 Heaven itself to find them hell; 110  
 2 And by strange wit of madness wrest  
 From this world's East the other's West.  
 3 All-idolizing worms, that thus could crowd  
 And urge their sun into thy cloud;  
 Forcing his sometimes eclips'd face to be  
 A long deliquium to the light of thee.
- Cho.* Alas! with how much heavier shade  
 The shamefaced lamp hung down his head,  
     For that one eclipse he made,  
     Than all those he suffered! 120
- 1 For this he looked so big, and ev'ry morn  
 With a red face confess'd this scorn;  
 Or, hiding his vex'd cheeks in a hired mist,  
 Kept them from being so unkindly kist.  
 2 It was for this the day did rise  
     So oft with blubber'd eyes,

For this the evening wept; and we ne'er knew, 127  
 But called it dew.

3 This daily wrong

Silenced the morning sons, and damp'd their song.

*Cho.* Nor was't our deafness, but our sins, that thus  
 Long made th' harmonious orbs all mute to us.

2 Time has a day in store

When this so proudly poor

And self-oppressed spark, that has so long

By the love-sick world been made

Not so much their sun as shade,

Weary of this glorious wrong,

From them and from himself shall flee

For shelter to the shadow of thy tree; 140

*Cho.* Proud to have gain'd this precious loss

And changed his false crown for thy cross.

2 That dark day's clear doom shall define

Whose is the master fire, which sun would shine;

That sable judgment-seat shall by new laws

Decide and settle the great cause

Of controverted light,

*Cho.* And nature's wrongs rejoice to do thee right.

3 That forfeiture of noon to night shall pay

All the idolatrous thefts done by this night of day;

And the great penitent press his own pale lips 151

With an elaborate love-eclipse,

To which the low world's laws

Shall lend no cause,

*Cho.* Save those domestic which he borrows

From our sins and his own sorrows.

1 Three sad hours' sackcloth then shall show to us

His penance, as our fault, conspicuous.

2 And he more needfully and nobly prove

'The nations' terror now than erst their love; 160

- 3 Their hated love's changed into wholesome 161  
fears.
- Cho.* The shutting of his eye shall open theirs.
- 2 As by a fair-eyed fallacy of day  
Miled before they lost their way,  
So shall they, by the seasonable fright  
Of an unseasonable night,  
Losing it once again, stumble on true light,
- 2 And as before his too-bright eye  
Was their more blind idolatry,  
So his officious blindness now shall be 170  
Their black, but faithful perspective of thee.
- 3 His new prodigious night,  
Their new and admirable light;  
The supernatural dawn of thy pure day,  
While wond'ring they  
(The happy converts now of him  
Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)  
Shall henceforth see  
To kiss him only as their rod  
Whom they so long courted as God, 180
- Cho.* And their best use of him they worshipp'd be  
To learn, of him at least, to worship thee.
- 2 It was their weakness woo'd his beauty;  
But it shall be  
Their wisdom now, as well as duty,  
T' enjoy his blot; and as a large black letter  
Use it to spell thy beauties better;  
And make the night itself their torch to thee.
- 2 By the oblique ambush of this close night  
Couch'd in that conscious shade 190  
The right-eyed Areopagite  
Shall with a vig'rous guess invade  
And catch thy quick reflex; and sharply see

- On this dark ground 194  
 To descant thee.
- 3 O price of the rich Spirit! with that fierce  
 chase  
 Of this strong soul, shall he  
 Leap at thy lofty face,  
 And seize the swift flash, in rebound  
 From this obsequious cloud; 200  
 Once call'd a sun,  
 Till dearly thus undone;
- Cho.* Till thus triumphantly tamed (O ye two  
 Twin-suns!) and taught now to negotiate you.
- 1 Thus shall that rev'rend child of light,  
 2 By being scholar first of that new night,  
 Come forth great master of the mystic day,  
 3 And teach obscure mankind a more close way,  
 By the frugal negative light  
 Of a most wise and well-abused night, 210  
 To read more legible thine original ray,
- Cho.* And make our darkness serve thy day;  
 Maintaining 'twixt thy world and ours  
 A commerce of contrary powers,  
 A mutual trade  
 'Twixt sun and shade,  
 By confederate black and white  
 Borrowing day and lending night.
- 1 Thus we, who when with all the noble powers  
 That (at thy cost) are call'd, not vainly, ours; 220  
 We vow to make brave way  
 Upwards, and press on for the pure intelligential  
 prey;  
 2 At least to play  
 The amorous spies,  
 And peep and proffer at thy sparkling throne;

- 3 Instead of bringing in the blissful prize                    226  
     And fast'ning on thine eyes,  
     Forfeit our own  
     And nothing gain  
 But more ambitious loss, at least of brain;                    230  
*Cho.* Now by abased lids shall learn to be  
 Eagles, and shut our eyes that we may see.

## THE CLOSE.

- Therefore to thee and thine auspicious ray  
     (Dread sweet!) lo thus  
     At least by us,  
 The delegated eye of day  
 Does first his sceptre, then himself in solemn tribute  
     pay.  
     Thus he undresses  
     His sacred unshorn tresses;  
 At thy adored feet, thus he lays down                    240  
     1 His gorgeous tire  
     Of flame and fire,  
 2 His glitt'ring robe, 3 His sparkling crown,  
 3 His gold, 2 His myrrh, 3 His frankincense,  
*Cho.* To which he now has no pretence.  
 For being show'd by this day's light, how far  
 He is from sun enough to make thy star,  
 His best ambition now, is but to be  
 Something a brighter shadow (sweet) of thee;  
 Or on Heaven's azure forehead high to stand                    250  
 Thy golden index; with a duteous hand  
 Pointing us home to our own Sun  
 The world's and his Hyperion.
-

TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY ON TWELFTH-  
DAY.

MADAM,

'Mongst those long rows of crowns that gild your race,  
 These royal sages sue for decent place;  
 The daybreak of the nations; their first ray,  
 When the dark world dawn'd into Christian day,  
 And smil'd i' th' babe's bright face, the purpling bud  
 And rosy dawn of the right royal blood;  
 Fair first-fruits of the Lamb; sure, kings in this,  
 They took a kingdom while they gave a kiss;  
 But the world's homage, scarce in these well-blown,  
 We read in you (rare queen) ripe and full grown. 10  
 For from this day's rich seed of diadems  
 Does rise a radiant crop of royal stems,  
 A golden harvest of crown'd heads, that meet  
 And crowd for kisses from the Lamb's white feet.  
 In this illustrious throng, your lofty flood  
 Swells high, fair confluence of all highborn blood:  
 With your bright head whose groves of sceptres bend  
 Their wealthy tops, and for these feet contend.  
 So swore the Lamb's dread Sire, and so we see't,  
 Crowns, and the heads they kiss must court these feet. 20  
 Fix here, fair majesty! may your heart ne'er miss  
 To reap new crowns and kingdoms from that kiss;  
 Nor may we miss the joy to meet in you  
 The aged honours of this day still new.  
 May the great time, in you, still greater be  
 While all the year is your Epiphany,  
 While your each day's devotion duly brings  
 Three kingdoms to supply this day's three kings.

THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSS : FOR THE  
HOUR OF MATINS.

THE VERSICLE.

LORD, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

*Ver.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,

*Res.* And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

*Ver.* O God, make speed to save me.

*Res.* O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father,  
and to the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,  
world without end. *Amen.* 10

THE HYMN.

THE wakeful matins haste to sing  
The unknown sorrows of our king,  
The Father's word and wisdom, made  
Man for man, by man's betray'd;  
The world's price set to sale, and by the bold  
Merchants of death and sin is bought and sold;  
Of his best friends (yea of himself) forsaken,  
By his worst foes (because he would) besieged and  
taken.

THE ANTIPHON.

All hail, fair tree  
Whose fruit we be.

What song shall raise  
 Thy seemly praise,  
 Who brought'st to light  
 Life out of death, day out of night?

21

## THE VERSICLE.

Lo, we adore thee,  
 Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

## THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the cov'nant of thy cross,  
 Thou'st saved at once the whole world's loss.

## THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

---

 FOR THE HOUR OF PRIME.

## THE VERSICLE.

LORD, by thy sweet and saving sign,

## THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.  
*Ver.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,  
*Res.* And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

*Ver.* O God, make speed to save me. 5  
*Res.* O Lord, make haste to help me.  
 Glory be to, &c.  
 As it was in, &c.

## THE HYMN.

The early prime blushes to say  
 She could not rise so soon, as they 10  
 Call'd Pilate up, to try if he  
 Could lend them any cruelty;  
 Their hands with lashes arm'd, their tongues with  
 lies,  
 And loathsome spittle blot those beauteous eyes,  
 The blissful springs of joy, from whose all-cheering ray  
 The fair stars fill their wakeful fires, the sun himself  
 drinks day.

## THE ANTIPHON.

Victorious sign  
 That now dost shine,  
 Transcribed above  
 Into the land of light and love; 20  
 Oh let us twine  
 Our roots with thine,  
 That we may rise  
 Upon thy wings and reach the skies.

## THE VERSICLE.

Lo, we adore thee,  
 Dread Lamb! and fall  
 Thus low before thee.

## THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the cov'nant of thy cross  
 Thou 'st saved at once the whole world's loss.

## THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

## THE THIRD.

## THE VERSICLE.

LORD, by thy sweet and saving sign,

## THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

*Ver.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,

*Res.* And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

*Ver.* O God, make speed to save me.

*Res.* O Lord, make haste to help me.

*Ver.* Glory be to, &c.

*Res.* As it was in the, &c.

## THE HYMN.

The third hour's deafen'd with the cry  
Of 'Crucify him, crucify.'

10

So goes the vote (nor ask them, why!)

'Live Barabbas! and let God die.'

But there is wit in wrath, and they will try

A 'Hail' more cruel than their 'Crucify,'

For while in sport he wears a spiteful crown,  
The serious showers along his decent face run sadly down.

## THE ANTIPHON.

Christ when he died  
Deceived the cross,  
And on Death's side  
Threw all the loss.

20

The captive world awaked, and found  
The pris'ner loose, the jailor bound.

## THE VERSICLE.

Lo, we adore thee,  
Dread Lamb! and fall  
Thus low before thee;

## THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the cov'nant of thy cross  
Thou 'st saved at once the whole world's loss.

## THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

---

## THE SIXTH.

## THE VERSICLE.

LORD, by thy sweet and saving sign,

## THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

*Ver.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,

*Res.* And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

*Ver.* O God, make speed to save me,

*Res.* O Lord, make haste to help me.

*Ver.* Glory be to, &c.

*Res.* As it was in, &c.

## THE HYMN.

Now is the noon of sorrow's night;  
 High in his patience as their spite. 10  
 Lo the faint Lamb, with weary limb  
 Bears that huge tree which must bear him.  
 That fatal plant so great of fame,  
 For fruit of sorrow and of shame,  
 Shall swell with both for him; and mix  
 All woes into one crucifix.  
 Is tortured thirst itself too sweet a cup?  
 Gall, and more bitter mocks shall make it up.  
 Are nails blunt pens of superficial smart?  
 Contempt and scorn can send sure wounds to search the  
 inmost heart. 20

## THE ANTIPHON.

O dear and sweet dispute  
 'Twixt death's and love's far diff'rent fruit!  
 Diff'rent as far  
 As antidotes and poisons are.

By that first fatal tree  
 Both life and liberty  
 Were sold and slain ;  
 By this they both look up, and live again.

## THE VERSICLE.

Lo, we adore thee,  
 Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee ; so

## THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the cov'nant of thy cross,  
 Thou 'st saved the world from certain loss.

## THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death: and vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

## THE NINTH.

## THE VERSICLE.

LORD, by thy sweet and saving sign,

## THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

*Ver.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,

*Res.* And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

*Ver.* O God, make speed to save me.  
*Res.* O Lord, make haste to help me.  
 Glory be to, &c.  
 As it was in, &c.

## THE HYMN.

The ninth with awful horror hearken'd to those groans  
 Which taught attention even to rocks and stones.  
 Hear, Father, hear! thy Lamb (at last) complains  
 Of some more painful thing than all his pains.  
 Then bows his all-obedient head, and dies  
 His own love's, and our sin's great sacrifice.  
 The sun saw that, and would have seen no more;  
 The centre shook, her useless veil th' inglorious temple  
 tore!

## THE ANTIPHON.

O strange mysterious strife  
 Of open death and hidden life!  
 When on the cross my King did bleed,  
 Life seem'd to die, Death died indeed. 20

## THE VERSICLE.

Lo, we adore thee,  
 Dear Lamb! and fall  
 Thus low before thee;

## THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the cov'nant of thy cross,  
 Thou'st saved at once the whole world's loss.

## THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! inter-  
 pose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross  
 and passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgment, now

and in the hour of my death: and vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

---

### EVEN-SONG.

#### THE VERSICLE.

LORD, by thy sweet and saving sign,

#### THE RESPONOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

*Ver.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,

*Res.* And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

*Ver.* O God, make speed to save me.

*Res.* O Lord, make haste to help me.

*Ver.* Glory be to, &c.

*Res.* As it was in, &c.

#### THE HYMN.

But there were rocks would not relent at this.

Lo, for their own hearts they rend his.

10

Their deadly hate lives still, and hath

A wild reserve of wanton wrath;

Superfluous spear! but there's a heart stands by

Will look no wounds be lost, no death shall die.

Gather now thy grief's ripe fruit, great mother-maid!

Then sit thee down, and sing thy even-song in the sad  
tree's shade.

## THE ANTIPHON.

O sad, sweet tree!  
 Woful and joyful we  
 Both weep and sing in shade of thee,  
 When the dear nails did lock 20  
 And graft into thy gracious stock  
     The hope, the health,  
     The worth, the wealth,  
 Of all the ransomed world, thou hadst the power  
     (In that propitious hour)  
     To poise each precious limb,  
 And prove how light the world was when it weighed  
 with Him.

Wide mayest thou spread  
 Thine arms, and with thy bright and blissful head  
 O'erlook all Libanus. Thy lofty crown 30  
 The King himself is; thou his humble throne,  
 Where yielding, and yet conqu'ring, he  
 Proved a new path of patient victory,  
 When wond'ring Death by death was slain,  
 And our captivity was captive ta'en.

## THE VERSICLE.

Lo, we adore thee,  
 Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

## THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the cov'nant of thy cross,  
 Thou 'st saved the world from certain loss.

## THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! inter-  
 pose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross  
 and passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgment, now

and in the hour of my death: and vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

---

## COMPLINE.

## THE VERSICLE.

LORD, by thy sweet and saving sign,

## THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

*Ver.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,

*Res.* And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

*Ver.* O God, make speed to save me.

*Res.* O Lord, make haste to help me.

*Ver.* Glory be to, &c.

*Res.* As it was in, &c.

## THE HYMN.

The compline hour comes last, to call

Us to our own life's funeral.

10

Ah, heartless task! yet hope takes head,

And lives in him that here lies dead.

Run, Mary, run! bring hither all the blest

Arabia, for thy royal phœnix' nest;

Pour on thy noblest sweets, which, when they touch

This sweeter body, shall indeed be such.

But must thy bed, Lord, be a borrowed grave,

Who lend'st to all things all the life they have?

Oh, rather use this heart, thus far a fitter stone, 19  
 'Cause, though a hard and cold one, yet it is thine own.  
*Amen.*

## THE ANTIPHON.

O save us then,  
 Merciful King of men!  
 Since thou wouldst needs be thus  
 A Saviour, and at such a rate, for us;  
 Save us, O save us, Lord!  
 We now will own no shorter wish, nor name a  
 narrower word,  
 Thy blood bids us be bold;  
 Thy wounds give us fair hold;  
 Thy sorrows chide our shame.  
 Thy cross, thy nature, and thy name  
 Advance our claim,  
 And cry with one accord,  
 Save them, O save them, Lord.

## THE VERSICLE.

Lo, we adore thee,  
 Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

## THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the cov'nant of thy cross,  
 Thou 'st saved the world from certain loss.

## THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! inter-  
 pose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross  
 and passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgment, now  
 and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant  
 me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, re-

mission and rest; to thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

---

### THE RECOMMENDATION.

- 1 THESE hours, and that which hovers o'er my end,  
Into thy hands and heart, Lord, I commend.
  - 2 Take both to thine account, that I and mine,  
In that hour and in these, may be all thine.
  - 3 That as I dedicate my devoutest breath  
To make a kind of life for my Lord's death,
  - 4 So from his living, and life-giving death,  
My dying life may draw a new and never-fleeting  
breath.
- 

### VEXILLA REGIS,

#### THE HYMN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- 1 LOOK up, languishing soul! Lo where the fair  
Badge of thy faith calls back thy care,  
And bids thee ne'er forget  
Thy life is one long debt  
Of love to Him, who on this painful tree  
Paid back the flesh he took for thee.
- 2 Lo, how the streams of life from that full nest  
Of loves, thy Lord's too lib'ral breast,  
Flow in an amorous flood  
Of water wedding blood.

With these he wash'd thy stain, transferr'd thy smart,  
And took it home to his own heart.

3 But though great love, greedy of such sad gain,  
Usurp'd the portion of thy pain,  
    And from the nails and spear  
    Turn'd the steel point of fear,  
Their use is changed, not lost; and now they move  
Not stings of wrath, but wounds of love.

4 Tall tree of life! thy truth makes good  
What was till now ne'er understood,  
    Though the prophetic king  
    Struck loud his faithful string:  
It was thy wood he meant should make the throne  
For a more than Solomon.

5 Large throne of love! royally spread  
With purple of too rich a red,  
    Thy crime is too much duty;  
    Thy burthen too much beauty;  
Glorious or grievous more? thus to make good  
Thy costly excellence with thy king's own blood.

6 Even balance of both worlds! our world of sin,  
And that of grace, Heaven weigh'd in Him,  
    Us with our price thou weighedst,  
    Our price for us thou payedst;  
Soon as the right-hand scale rejoiced to prove  
How much death weigh'd more light than love.

7 Hail, our alone hope! let thy fair head shoot  
Aloft; and fill the nations with thy noble fruit.  
    The while our hearts and we  
    Thus graft ourselves on thee,

Grow thou and they; and be thy fair increase  
The sinner's pardon and the just man's peace.

- 8 Live, oh for ever live and reign  
The Lamb whom his own love has slain!  
And let thy lost sheep live t' inherit  
That kingdom which this cross did merit. *Amen.*

---

CHARITAS NIMIA;

OR, THE DEAR BARGAIN.

LORD, what is man? why should he cost thee  
So dear? what had his ruin lost thee?  
Lord, what is man, that thou hast over-bought  
So much a thing of nought?

Love is too kind, I see, and can  
Make but a simple merchantman.  
'Twas for such sorry merchandise,  
Bold painters have put out his eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what were 't to thee  
If there were no such worms as we? 10  
Heaven ne'ertheless still heaven would be;  
Should mankind dwell  
In the deep hell,  
What have his woes to do with thee?

Let him go weep  
O'er his own wounds:  
Seraphims will not sleep,  
Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds;

Still would the youthful spirits sing, 19  
 And still thy spacious palace ring ;  
 Still would those beauteous ministers of light  
     Burn all as bright,  
 And bow their flaming heads before thee ;  
 Still thrones and dominations would adore thee ;  
 Still would those ever-wakeful sons of fire  
     Keep warm thy praise  
     Both nights and days,  
 And teach thy loved name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then do its kind,  
 And give itself for sport to the proud wind. 30  
 Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares  
 In the eternity of thy old cares ?  
 Why should'st thou bow thy awful breast to see  
 What mine own madneses have done with me ?

Should not the king still keep his throne  
 Because some desperate fool's undone ?  
 Or will the world's illustrious eyes  
 Weep for every worm that dies ?

    Will the gallant sun  
     E'er the less glorious run ? 40  
 Will he hang down his golden head,  
 Or e'er the sooner seek his western bed,  
     Because some foolish fly  
     Grows wanton and will die ?

If I were lost in misery,  
 What was it to thy heaven and thee ?  
 What was it to thy precious blood,  
 If my foul heart call'd for a flood ?

What if my faithless soul and I  
     Would needs fall in  
     With guilt and sin,  
 What did the Lamb that he should die?  
 What did the Lamb that he should need,  
 When the wolf sins, himself to bleed?

    If my base lust  
 Bargain'd with death and well-beseeming dust,  
     Why should the white  
     Lamb's bosom write  
     The purple name  
 Of my sin's shame? 60

Why should his unstain'd breast make good  
 My blushes with his own heart-blood?

O my Saviour! make me see  
 How dearly thou hast paid for me;

That lost again, my life may prove  
 As then in death, so now in love.

---

### SANCTA MARIA DOLORUM;

OR, THE MOTHER OF SORROWS: A PATHETICAL DESCANT  
 UPON THE DEVOUT PLAINSONG OF STABAT MATER  
 DOLOROSA.

1 IN shade of death's sad tree  
     Stood doleful she,—  
 Ah she! now by no other  
 Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's mother.

Before her eyes  
 Her's and the whole world's joys,  
 Hanging all torn, she sees; and in his woes  
 And pains, her pangs and throes.  
 Each wound of his, from every part,  
 All, more at home in her own heart.

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

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

4 She sees her Son, her God,  
 Bow with a load  
 Of borrow'd sins; and swim  
 In woes that were not made for him.  
 Ah, hard command  
 Of love! here must she stand,

Charged to look on, and with a steadfast eye  
 See her life die;  
 Leaving her only so much breath  
 As serves to keep alive her death.

5 O mother turtle-dove!  
 Soft source of love!  
 That these dry lids might borrow  
 Something from thy full seas of sorrow!  
 Oh in that breast  
 Of thine (the noblest nest  
 Both of love's fires and floods) might I recline  
 This hard, cold heart of mine!  
 The chill lump would relent, and prove  
 Soft subject for the siege of love.

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

7 Yea, let my life and me  
 Fix here with thee,  
 And at the humble foot  
 Of this fair tree take our eternal root,  
 That so we may  
 At least be in love's way;

And in these chaste wars, while the wing'd wounds flee  
 So fast 'twixt him and thee,  
 My breast may catch the kiss of some kind dart,  
 Though as at second hand, from either heart.

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

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

10 Rich queen, lend some relief,  
 At least an alms of grief,  
 To a heart who by sad right of sin  
 Could prove the whole sum (too sure) due to him.  
 By all those stings  
 Of love, sweet bitter things,

Which these torn hands transcribed on thy true heart,  
 Oh, teach mine, too, the art  
 To study him so, till we mix  
 Wounds, and become one crucifix.

11 Oh, let me suck the wine  
 So long of this chaste vine,  
 'Till, drunk of the dear wounds, I be  
 A lost thing to the world, as it to me.  
 O faithful friend  
 Of me and of my end!  
 Fold up my life in love, and lay't beneath  
 My dear Lord's vital death.  
 Lo, heart, thy hope's whole plea! her precious breath  
 Pour'd out in prayers for thee; thy Lord's in death.

---

### THE HYMN OF ST THOMAS,

IN ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

WITH all the powers my poor heart hath  
 Of humble love and loyal faith,  
 Thus low (my hidden life!) I bow to thee,  
 Whom too much love hath bow'd more low for me.  
 Down, down, proud sense! discourses die,  
 Keep close, my soul's inquiring eye!  
 Nor touch nor taste must look for more,  
 But each sit still in his own door.

Your ports are all superfluous here,  
 Save that which lets in faith, the ear.  
 Faith is my skill; faith can believe  
 As fast as love new laws can give.

Faith is my force; faith strength affords  
To keep pace with those pow'rful words:  
And words more sure, more sweet than they  
Love could not think, truth could not say.

Oh let thy wretch find that relief  
Thou didst afford the faithful thief;  
Plead for me, Love! allege and show  
That faith has farther here to go, 20  
And less to lean on; because than  
Though hid as God, wounds writ thee man;  
Thomas might touch, none but might see  
At least the suff'ring side of thee;  
And that too was thyself which thee did cover,  
But here ev'n that's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet, consider then, that I,  
Though allowed not hand nor eye  
To reach at thy loved face, nor can  
Taste thee God, or touch thee man, 30  
Both yet believe and witness thee  
My Lord too, and my God, as loud as he.

Help, Lord; my hope increase,  
And fill my portion in thy peace.  
Give love for life, nor let my days  
Grow, but in new powers to name thy praise.

O dear memorial of that death  
Which lives still, and allows us breath!  
Rich, royal food! bountiful bread!  
Whose use denies us to the dead; 40  
Whose vital gust alone can give  
The same leave both to eat and live;

Live ever, bread of loves, and be  
My life, my soul, my surer self to me.

O soft, self-wounding pelican!  
Whose breast weeps balm for wounded man;  
Ah, this way bend thy benign flood  
To a bleeding heart that gasps for blood;  
That blood, whose least drops sov'reign be  
To wash my worlds of sins from me. 50  
Come, Love! come, Lord! and that long day  
For which I languish, come away,  
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,  
And drink the unseal'd source of thee,  
When glory's sun faith's shade shall chase;  
Then for thy veil give me thy face. *Amen.*

---

## THE HYMN FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT,

LAUDA SION SALVATOREM.

- 1 RISE, royal Sion! rise and sing  
Thy soul's kind Shepherd, thy heart's King.  
Stretch all thy powers; call if you can  
Harps of heaven to hands of man,  
This sov'reign subject sits above  
The best ambition of thy love.
- 2 Lo, the bread of life, this day's  
Triumphant text, provokes thy praise;  
The living and life-giving bread,  
To the great twelve distributed,  
When life himself, at point to die  
Of love, was his own legacy.

- 3    Come, love, and let us work a song,  
Loud and pleasant, sweet and long;  
Let lips and hearts lift high the noise  
Of so just and solemn joys,  
Which on his white brows this bright day  
Shall hence for ever bear away.
- 4    Lo, the new law of a new Lord,  
With a new Lamb blesses the board;  
The aged Paschal pleads not years,  
But spies love's dawn, and disappears.  
Types yield to truths; shades shrink away;  
And their night dies into our day.
- 5    But lest that die too, we are bid  
Ever to do what he once did,  
And by a mindful, mystic breath,  
That we may live, revive his death,  
With a well-bless'd bread and wine,  
Transumed, and taught to turn divine.
- 6    The Heaven-instructed house of faith  
Here a holy dictate hath,  
That they but lend their form and face,  
Themselves with rev'rence leave their place,  
Nature, and name, to be made good  
By a nobler bread, more needful blood.
- 7    Where Nature's laws no leave will give,  
Bold faith takes heart, and dares believe  
In diff'rent species, name not things,  
Himself to me my Saviour brings,  
As meat in that, as drink in this;  
But still in both one Christ he is.

- 8 The receiving mouth here makes  
Nor wound nor breach in what he takes;  
Let one, or one thousand be  
Here dividers, single he  
Bears home no less, all they no more,  
Nor leave they both less than before.
- 9 Though in itself this sov'reign feast  
Be all the same to ev'ry guest,  
Yet on the same (life-meaning) bread  
The child of death eats himself dead;  
Nor is 't love's fault, but sin's dire skill  
That thus from life can death distil.
- 10 When the blest signs thou broke shalt see,  
Hold but thy faith entire as he,  
Who, howsoe'er clad, cannot come  
Less than whole Christ in ev'ry crumb:  
In broken forms a stable faith  
Untouch'd her precious total hath.
- 11 Lo, the life-food of angels then  
Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men!  
The children's bread, the bridegroom's wine,  
Not to be cast to dogs or swine.
- 12 Lo, the full, final, sacrifice  
On which all figures fix'd their eyes:  
The ransom'd Isaac, and his ram;  
The manna, and the paschal lamb.
- 13 Jesu, Master, just and true!  
Our food, and faithful shepherd too!  
Oh by thyself vouchsafe to keep,  
As with thyself thou feed'st thy sheep.

- 14 Oh let that love which thus makes thee  
 Mix with our low mortality,  
 Lift our lean souls, and set us up  
 Convictors of thine own full cup,  
 Coheirs of saints, that so all may  
 Drink the same wine, and the same way,  
 Nor change the pasture, but the place,  
 To feed of thee in thine own face. *Amen.*

---

THE HYMN,

DIES IRÆ DIES ILLA.

IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

- 1 HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things  
 Both the Psalm and Sybil sings  
 Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray  
 The world in flames shall fly away?
- 2 O that fire! before whose face  
 Heaven and earth shall find no place:  
 O these eyes! whose angry light  
 Must be the day of that dread night.
- 3 O that trump! whose blast shall run  
 An even round with th' circling sun,  
 And urge the murm'ring graves to bring  
 Pale mankind forth to meet his King.
- 4 Horror of Nature, Hell and Death!  
 When a deep groan from beneath  
 Shall cry, 'We come, we come,' and all  
 The caves of night answer one call.

- 5 O that book! whose leaves so bright  
Will set the world in severe light.  
O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye  
None can endure, yet none can fly.
- 6 Ah, then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?  
And to what patron choose to pray?  
When stars themselves shall stagger, and  
The most firm foot no more then stand.
- 7 But thou givest leave (dread Lord!) that we  
Take shelter from thyself in thee;  
And with the wings of thine own dove  
Fly to thy sceptre of soft love.
- 8 Dear, remember in that day  
Who was the cause thou cam'st this way:  
Thy sheep was stray'd; and thou would'st be  
Ev'n lost thyself in seeking me.
- 9 Shall all that labour, all that cost  
Of love, and ev'n that loss, be lost?  
And this loved soul, judg'd worth no less  
Than all that way and weariness?
- 10 Just mercy, then, thy reck'ning be  
With my price, and not with me;  
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,  
To be paid twice, or once in vain.
- 11 Mercy (my Judge), mercy, I cry,  
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye;  
The conscious colours of my sin  
Are red without and pale within.

- 12 Oh, let thine own soft bowels pay  
Thyself, and so discharge that day.  
If sin can sigh, love can forgive,  
Oh, say the word, my soul shall live!
- 13 Those mercies which thy Mary found,  
Or who thy cross confess'd and crown'd,  
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be  
Still alive, and still for me.
- 14 Though both my prayers and tears combine,  
Both worthless are; for they are mine:  
But thou thy bounteous self still be,  
And show thou art, by saving me.
- 15 Oh, when thy last frown shall proclaim  
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,  
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,  
Let 'Come, ye blessed,' then call me.
- 16 When the dread Ite<sup>1</sup> shall divide  
Those limbs of death from thy left side,  
Let those life-speaking lips command  
That I inherit thy right hand.
- 17 Oh hear a suppliant heart, all crusht  
And crumbled into contrite dust.  
My hope, my fear! my judge, my friend!  
Take charge of me, and of my end.

<sup>1</sup> 'Ite:' 'Depart, ye cursed,' &c.

---

## THE HYMN,

O GLORIOSA DOMINA.

HAIL, most high, most humble one!  
 Above the world, below thy Son,  
 Whose blush the moon beauteously mars  
 And stains the tim'rous light of stars.  
 He that made all things had not done  
 Till he had made himself thy Son.  
 The whole world's host would be thy guest,  
 And board himself at thy rich breast;  
 O boundless hospitality!  
 The feast of all things feeds on thee. 10

    The first Eve, mother of our fall,  
 E'er she bore any one, slew all.  
 Of her unkind gift might we have  
 Th' inheritance of a hasty grave;  
 Quick buried in the wanton tomb  
         Of one forbidden bit,  
 Had not a better fruit forbidden it;  
         Had not thy healthful womb  
     The world's new eastern window been,  
 And given us heaven again in giving him. 20  
 Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day,  
 Which renders all the stars she stole away.  
 Let then the aged world be wise, and all  
 Prove nobly, here, unnatural:  
 'Tis gratitude to forget that other,  
 And call the maiden Eve their mother.  
     Ye redeem'd nations far and near,  
 Applaud your happy selves in her,  
 (All you to whom this love belongs)  
 And keep 't alive with lasting songs. 30

Let hearts and lips speak loud and say, 31  
 Hail, door of life, and source of day!  
 The door was shut, the fountain seal'd,  
 Yet light was seen and life reveal'd;  
 The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.  
     Glory to thee, great virgin's Son!  
 In bosom of thy Father's bliss.  
     The same to thee, sweet Sp'rit! be done;  
 As ever shall be, was, and is. *Amen.*

---

THE FLAMING HEART, UPON THE BOOK  
 AND PICTURE OF THE SERAPHICAL  
 SAINT TERESA,

AS SHE IS USUALLY EXPRESSED WITH A SERAPHIM BESIDE  
 HER.

WELL-MEANING readers! you that come as friends,  
 And catch the precious name this piece pretends,  
 Make not too much haste t' admire  
 That fair-cheek'd fallacy of fire;  
 That is a seraphim, they say,  
 And this is the great Teresa.  
 Readers, be ruled by me, and make  
 Here a well-placed and wise mistake;  
 You must transpose the picture quite,  
 And spell it wrong to read it right; 10  
 Read him for her, and her for him;  
 And call the saint the seraphim.  
     Painter, what didst thou understand  
 To put her dart into his hand!  
 See, even the years and size of him  
 Show this the mother seraphim.

This is the mistress flame; and duteous he 17

Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see:

O most poor-spirited of men!

Had thy cold pencil kiss'd her pen,

Thou couldst not so unkindly err

To show us this faint shade for her.

Why, man, this speaks pure mortal frame,

And mocks with female frost love's manly flame.

One would suspect thou mean'st to paint

Some weak, inferior, woman saint.

But had thy pale-faced purple took

Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,

Thou wouldst on her have heap'd up all

That could be found seraphical; 30

Whate'er this youth of fire wears fair,

Rosy fingers, radiant hair,

Glowing cheek, and glist'ring wings,

All those fair and flagrant things,

But before all, that fiery dart,

Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.

Do then as equal right requires;

Since his the blushes be, and hers the fires,

Resume and rectify thy rude design;

Undress thy seraphim into mine; 40

Redeem this injury of thy art;

Give him the veil, give her the dart.

Give him the veil, that he may cover

The red cheeks of a rivall'd lover;

Ashamed that our world now can show

Nests of new seraphims here below.

Give her the dart, for it is she

(Fair youth) shoots both thy shaft and thee;

Say, all ye wise and well-pierced hearts

That live and die amidst her darts, 50

What is 't your tasteful sp'rits do prove 51

In that rare life of her, and love?

Say and bear witness, sends she not

A seraphim at ev'ry shot?

What magazines of immortal arms there shine!

Heaven's great artillery in each love-spun line.

Give then the dart to her, who gives the flame;

Give him the veil, who gives the shame.

But if it be the frequent fate

Of worst faults to be fortunate; 60

If all's prescription; and proud wrong

Hearkens not to an humble song;

For all the gallantry of him,

Give me the suff'ring seraphim.

His be the brav'ry of all those bright things,

The glowing cheeks, the glist'ring wings;

The rosy hand, the radiant dart;

Leave her alone the flaming heart.

Leave her that, and thou shalt leave her

Not one loose shaft, but love's whole quiver; 70

For in love's field was never found

A nobler weapon than a wound.

Love's passives are his activ'st part;

The wounded is the wounding heart.

Oh heart! the equal poise of love's both-parts,

Big alike with wounds and darts;

Live in these conquering leaves; live all the same;

And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame;

Live here, great heart; and love, and die, and kill;

And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer still.

Let this immortal life where'er it comes 81

Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.

Let mystic deaths wait on't; and wise souls be

The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.

Oh, sweet incendiary ! show here thy art, 85  
 Upon this carcass of a hard cold heart ;  
 Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light that play  
 Among the leaves of thy large books of day,  
 Combined against this breast at once break in  
 And take away from me myself and sin ; 90  
 This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,  
 And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.  
 O thou undaunted daughter of desires !  
 By all thy dower of lights and fires ;  
 By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;  
 By all thy lives and deaths of love ;  
 By thy large draughts of intellectual day ;  
 And by thy thirsts of love more large than they ;  
 By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire ;  
 By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire ; 100  
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss  
 That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee his ;  
 By all the Heavens thou hast in him  
 (Fair sister of the seraphim) ;  
 By all of him we have in thee ;  
 Leave nothing of myself in me.  
 Let me so read thy life, that I  
 Unto all life of mine may die.

---

### A SONG.

LORD, when the sense of thy sweet grace  
 Sends up my soul to seek thy face,  
 Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,  
 I die in love's delicious fire.

O Love, I am thy sacrifice ;  
 Be still triumphant, blessed eyes,



Oaths of water, words of wind? 17  
 Truth bids me say, 'tis time you cease to trust  
 Your soul to any son of dust.  
 'Tis time you listen to a braver love,  
     Which from above  
     Calls you up higher,  
     And bids you come  
     And choose your room  
 Among his own fair sons of fire,  
     Where you among  
     The golden throng,  
 That watches at his palace doors,  
     May pass along,  
 And follow those fair stars of yours; 30  
 Stars much too fair and pure to wait upon  
 The false smiles of a sublunary sun.  
 Sweet, let me prophesy that at last 'twill prove  
     Your wary love  
 Lays up his purer and more precious vows,  
 And means them for a far more worthy spouse  
 Than this world of lies can give you;  
 Even for him, with whom nor cost,  
 Nor love, nor labour can be lost;  
 Him who never will deceive you. 40  
 Let not my Lord, the mighty lover  
 Of souls, disdain that I discover  
     The hidden art  
 Of his high stratagem to win your heart;  
     It was his heavenly art  
     Kindly to cross you  
     In your mistaken love,  
     That at the next remove  
     Thence he might toss you,  
     And strike your troubled heart 50

Home to himself, to hide it in his breast,                   51  
     The bright ambrosial nest  
 Of love, of life, and everlasting rest.  
     Happy mistake!  
 That thus shall wake  
 Your wise soul never to be won  
 Now with a love below the sun.  
 Your first choice fails—oh, when you choose again,  
 May it not be among the sons of men!

---

### ALEXIAS.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE FORSAKEN WIFE OF SAINT ALEXIS.

THE FIRST ELEGY.

I, LATE the Roman youths' loved praise and pride,  
 Whom long none could obtain, though thousands tried,  
 Lo, here am left (alas!) for my lost mate  
 T' embrace my tears, and kiss an unkind fate.  
 Sure in my early woes stars were at strife,  
 And tried to make a widow e'er a wife.  
 Nor can I tell (and this new tears doth breed)  
 In what strange path my lord's fair footsteps bleed.  
 Oh, knew I where he wander'd, I should see  
 Some solace in my sorrow's certainty;                   10  
 I'd send my woes in words should weep for me.  
 (Who knows how powerful well-writ prayers would be?)  
 Sending's too slow a word, myself would fly:  
 Who knows my own heart's woes so well as I?  
 But how shall I steal hence? Alexis, thou,  
 Ah, thou thyself, alas! hast taught me how.

Love too, that leads the way, would lend the wings 17  
 To bear me harmless through the hardest things :  
 And where Love lends the wing, and leads the way,  
 What dangers can there be dare say me nay? 20  
 If I be shipwreck'd, Love shall teach to swim ;  
 If drown'd, sweet is the death endured for him ;  
 The noted sea shall change his name with me ;  
 I 'mongst the blest stars a new name shall be ;  
 And sure where lovers make their wat'ry graves,  
 The weeping mariner will augment the waves.  
 For who so hard, but passing by that way  
 Will take acquaintance of my woes, and say,  
 ' Here 't was the Roman maid found a hard fate  
 While through the world she sought her wand'ring mate ;  
 Here perish'd she, poor heart ; Heavens, be my vows 31  
 As true to me as she was to her spouse.  
 Oh live, so rare a love ! live ! and in thee  
 The too frail life of female constancy.  
 Farewell, and shine, fair soul ; shine there above,  
 Firm in thy crown, as here fast in thy love.  
 There thy lost fugitive thou hast found at last ;  
 Be happy, and for ever hold him fast.'

## THE SECOND ELEGY.

Though all the joys I had fled hence with thee,  
 Unkind ! yet are my tears still true to me ; 40  
 I'm wedded o'er again since thou art gone,  
 Nor couldst thou, cruel, leave me quite alone.  
 Alexis' widow now is Sorrow's wife ;  
 With him shall I weep out my weary life.  
 Welcome, my sad, sweet mate ! Now have I got  
 At last a constant love that leaves me not.  
 Firm he, as thou art false, nor need my cries  
 Thus vex the earth and tear the skies.

For him, alas! ne'er shall I need to be 49  
 Troublesome to the world, thus, as for thee:  
 For thee I talk to trees; with silent groves  
 Expostulate my woes and much wrong'd loves;  
 Hills and relentless rocks, or if there be  
 Things that in hardness more allude to thee,  
 To these I talk in tears, and tell my pain,  
 And answer too for them in tears again.  
 How oft have I wept out the weary sun!  
 My wat'ry hour-glass hath old Time outrun.  
 Oh, I am learned grown, poor Love and I  
 Have studied over all astrology. 60  
 I'm perfect in Heaven's state, with every star  
 My skilful grief is grown familiar.  
 Rise, fairest of those fires; whate'er thou be  
 Whose rosy beam shall point my sun to me;  
 Such as the sacred light that erst did bring  
 The Eastern princes to their infant king.  
 Oh rise, pure lamp, and lend thy golden ray,  
 That weary Love at last may find his way.

THE THIRD ELEGY.

Rich, churlish land, that hid'st so long in thee  
 My treasures; rich, alas, by robbing me. 70  
 Needs must my miseries owe that man a spite,  
 Whoe'er he be, was the first wand'ring knight.  
 Oh, had he ne'er been at that cruel cost,  
 Nature's virginity had ne'er been lost,  
 Seas had not been rebuked by saucy oars,  
 But lain lock'd up safe in their sacred shores;  
 Men had not spurn'd at mountains, nor made wars  
 With rocks, nor bold hands struck the world's strong  
 bars;

Nor lost in too large bounds, our little Rome 79  
 Full sweetly with itself had dwelt at home.  
 My poor Alexis then, in peaceful life,  
 Had under some low roof loved his plain wife;  
 But now, ah me! from where he has no foes  
 He flies, and into wilful exile goes.  
 Cruel! return, or tell the reason why  
 Thy dearest parents have deserved to die;  
 And I, what is my crime I cannot tell,  
 Unless it be a crime t' have loved too well.  
 If heats of holier love and high desire  
 Make big thy fair breast with immortal fire, 90  
 What needs my virgin lord fly thus from me,  
 Who only wish his virgin wife to be?  
 Witness, chaste Heavens! no happier vows I know  
 Than to a virgin grave untouch'd to go.  
 Love's truest knot by Venus is not tied;  
 Nor do embraces only make a bride.  
 The queen of angels (and men chaste as you)  
 Was maiden-wife, and maiden-mother too.  
 Cecilia, glory of her name and blood,  
 With happy gain her maiden vows made good. 100  
 The lusty bridegroom made approach—'Young man,  
 Take heed' (said she) 'take heed, Valerian;  
 My bosom-guard, a spirit great and strong,  
 Stands arm'd to shield me from all wanton wrong.  
 My chastity is sacred; and my sleep  
 Wakeful, her dear vows undefiled to keep.  
 Pallas bears arms, forsooth, and should there be  
 No fortress built for true virginity?  
 No gaping Gorgon this, none like the rest  
 Of your learn'd lies: here you'll find no such jest. 110  
 I'm yours; oh! were my God, my Christ so too,  
 I'd know no name of love on earth but you.'

He yields, and straight baptized, obtains the grace 113  
 To gaze on the fair soldier's glorious face.  
 Both mix'd at last their blood, in one rich bed  
 Of rosy martyrdom, twice married.  
 Oh! burn our Hymen bright in such high flame;  
 Thy torch, terrestrial Love, has here no name.  
 How sweet the mutual yoke of man and wife,  
 When holy fires maintain Love's heavenly life! 120  
 But I (so help me Heaven my hopes to see),  
 When thousands sought my love, loved none but thee.  
 Still, as their vain tears my firm vows did try,  
 'Alexis, he alone is mine' (said I).  
 Half true, alas, half false, proves that poor line,  
 Alexis is alone; but is not mine.

---

## DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE AND CONDITION OF LIFE.

(OUT OF BARCLAY.)

No roofs of gold o'er riotous tables shining,  
 Whole days and suns devour'd with endless dining;  
 No sails of Tyrian silk proud pavements sweeping;  
 Nor ivory couches costlier slumbers keeping;  
 False lights of flaring gems; tumultuous joys;  
 Halls full of flatt'ring men and frisking boys;  
 Whate'er false shows of short and slipp'ry good  
 Mix the mad sons of men in mutual blood.  
 But walks and unshorn woods; and souls, just so  
 Unforced and genuine; but not shady though: 10  
 Our lodgings hard and homely as our fare,  
 That chaste and cheap, as the new clothes we wear;

Those coarse and negligent, as the natural locks  
 Of these loose groves, rough as th' unpolish'd rocks.  
 A hasty portion of prescribed sleep;  
 Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep,  
 And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again;  
 Still rolling a round sphere of still-returning pains.  
 Hands full of hearty labours; pains that pay  
 And prize themselves; do much, that more<sup>e</sup> they may,  
 And work for work, not wages; let to-morrow's 21  
 New drops wash off the sweat of this day's sorrows.  
 A long and daily-dying life, which breathes  
 A respiration of reviving deaths.  
 But neither are there those ignoble stings  
 That nip the bosom of the world's best things,  
 And lash earth-labouring souls;  
 No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep  
 Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep:  
 But reverent discipline, and religious fear, 30  
 And soft obediēce, find sweet biding here;  
 Silence, and sacred rest; peace, and pure joys;  
 Kind loves keep house, lie close, and make no noise,  
 And room enough for monarchs, while none swells  
 Beyond the kingdoms of contentful cells.  
 The self-rememb'ring soul sweetly recovers  
 Her kindred with the stars; not basely hovers  
 Below; but meditates her immortal way  
 Home to the original source of light and intellectual day.



QUARLES' EMBLEMS.



THE

LIFE AND POETRY OF FRANCIS QUARLES.

---

THE words, "a minor poet," are often very deceptive in their application. Sometimes they describe one who is in reality no poet at all, but whose name, in some dull and mediocre age, has been permitted, either through the carelessness of critics, or the influence of fashion, or the praise of a popular author, or by sheer personal impudence, or by the influence of wealth, or by accident, to creep into the list of poetical writers. Such are justly entitled to the damaging title of "minor poets;" and few will refuse this name to Pomfret, Yalden, Duke, Sprat, and others who tarnish the pages of Johnson's "Lives," or to Mason, Hayley, and others in later times, who stand a little higher in the scale. But there is another class to whom the name, "minor poet," is altogether misapplied, who are, in reality, men of high genius, but who either have been cut off in the bud of their promise, or have written little, or who have been obscured by the lustre of contemporary orbs of transcendent brightness. Thus Ford, Webster, Dekker, and many others, as dramatists, were drowned in the glory of Shakspeare, and not resuscitated for two centuries after his and their death. And yet how great some of them now appear beside the dramatic writers of our age! And so between the two sovereign stars of Spenser and Milton there sparkled out a cluster of noble luminaries, such as Crashaw, Herbert, William Browne, Quarles, the two Fletchers, and others, who possessed in some points a striking similitude to the poets of the "Faery Queen"

and of the "Paradise Lost," particularly in moral and spiritual tone, and in serious sublimity of imagination, although, partly from inferiority in size to the others, and partly because crowded too closely amongst themselves, they were rather long in gaining a reputation commensurate with their genius. We have already spoken of some of the general characteristics of this school, and now proceed to record the life, and examine the writings of one who, next to George Herbert, has been the most popular of them all—Francis Quarles; whose little book of "Emblems" early found its way, and to some extent still maintains its place in the cottages of the peasantry, and has made many a visitant to poor men's huts adopt Coleridge's language, and say over little old crumbling copies of the quaint and pleasing poem, "This is true fame." From the character of Quarles' poetry one could scarcely have expected him to have been a man engaged in the bustle of active life, but rather an imaginative recluse. He lived long before the age when the banns between business and poetry have been proclaimed, and when no man has ventured to forbid them,—when genius of the truest kind has been found now compounding jalaps, and now writing sonnets; at one time unpacking muslins, and at another inditing melodious songs; now making up a basket of Portugal onions, and anon behymning all the orbs of heaven; and, antithesis still bolder, now mingling in the storm and strife of political controversy, and again daguerreotyping the private and social life of the time in poetic fiction. But even in the sixteenth century we find that a few were able to harmonise the active and the contemplative life, and prominent among these was the author of the "Emblems."

Quarles (one of the only three poets of any mark in the country bearing the romantic name of Francis, namely, Francis Beaumont, Francis Quarles, and Lord Francis Egerton Gower) was born near Romford Town Ward, in Essex, in spring of the year 1592. His father, James Quarles, was Clerk of Green Cloth and Purveyor of the Navy under Queen Elizabeth. We know little comparatively of the early life of our poet, except that he was educated at a school in the country, and is said to have "surpassed all his

equals" (*i. e.*, contemporaries). Afterwards he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, and in 1608 took his bachelor's degree. Thence he went to Lincoln's Inn, and studied law, for the uncommon purpose of benefiting not himself, but his friends and neighbours, and to compose suits and differences between them—a purpose one would not have anticipated either from the profession or from the *name* of him who entered on its study. We are assured on what ought to be the best authority—that of Quarles' widow—that her husband acted for some time as cup-bearer to the Queen of Bohemia, although contemporary accounts do not record his name as connected with that celebrated beauty,—a lady who, it will be remembered, was the daughter of James I. of England. She was wedded with great pomp to Frederic V., Elector of the Palatinate, who had been invited by the people of Bohemia to be their king instead of Ferdinand II., their legitimate monarch; and she reigned there, in conjunction with her husband, till the battle of Prague, fought on 9th November 1620, restored the power of the Emperor, and annihilated Frederic's kingdom. It is conjectured that Quarles was present at a splendid pageant, got up by the members of Lincoln's Inn, in honour of the nuptials of the princess, and that, fascinated by charms which awakened the contemporary praise of Sir Henry Wotton and Dr Donne, he resolved to devote himself to her service. There, like George Herbert, he came in contact with the "painted pleasures" of a court, and probably, like him, found them to be vanity and vexation of spirit, and perhaps gathered in Bohemia materials for that grave and disenchanting view of human life which pervades his "Emblems." It is not known how long Quarles remained in the service of his royal mistress, but in the spring of 1621 we find him in Dublin, whence (on the 4th of March) he dates his poem of "Argalus and Parthenia." This was not his first production. He had previously printed a strange poem, called "The Feast of Worms, and History of Jonah." Of this he speaks as his "Morning Muse." About this time he became acquainted with a man, whose name is now seldom mentioned, but whom the scholar can never cease to regard with profound respect

—James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of Ireland, whom Dr Johnson calls (putting Swift and even Berkeley at his feet) the “great luminary of the Irish Church,” whose famous “Annals of the Old and New Testament,” and “Antiquities of the British Churches,” &c., prove him to have been a man of almost superhuman erudition, whose catholicity for that age was as wonderful as his acquirements, and about whose worth, heart, and Christianity the following three facts speak volumes. He visited Samuel Rutherford, although a Presbyterian, at his country parish in Scotland (in the disguise, it is said, in order to surprise him, of a mendicant); he FAINTED when he saw Charles I. expire before Whitehall; and when he himself died, *Cromwell*, who had found him impervious to all his solicitations to conform to his *régime*, ordered him to be buried in Westminster Abbey. Usher, we are told, in his early days, had attempted verse, nay, is said to have been intimate with Edmund Spenser, and was thus prepared to smile, as he seems to have smiled, on the first efforts of a new writer who possessed qualities calculated to attract his regards, such as piety, diligence, and energy of character, apart altogether from his poetical genius. Quarles acted as Usher’s private secretary.

Besides his “Morning Muse” and his “Argalus and Parthenia,” our poet also wrote, about this time, what he calls the “Quintessence of Meditation,” and the “History of Queen Esther.” This was followed by a Paraphrase upon Job; and in 1625, the plague having removed one of his intimate friends—the son of Bishop Aylmer—Quarles commemorated the event and his own affection by a series of Elegies, entitled, “An Alphabet of Elegies upon the much and truly lamented death of that famous for learning, piety, and true friendship, Doctor Ailmer, a great favourer and fast friend to the Muses, and late Archdeacon of London.” This work is full of beauties, and has a certain affinity to Tennyson’s “In Memoriam,”—indeed, probably suggested the idea of that exquisite poem. In the same year, he published “Zion’s Elegies,” founded on Jeremiah’s Lamentations. In 1631, his friend Drayton dying, Quarles wrote the lines which every one who has

visited Poets' Corner will remember to have read inscribed on his monument. We may nevertheless here quote them:—

“Do, pious marble, let thy readers know  
 What they, and what their children owe  
 To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust  
 We recommend unto thy trust.  
 Protect his memory, and preserve his story,  
 Remain a lasting monument of his glory;  
 And when thy ruins shall disclaim  
 To be the treasurer of his name,  
 His name, that cannot fade, shall be  
 An everlasting monument to thee.”

Drayton, as a man, was one of the most generally popular of the authors of that age; and his works, crude, tedious, fantastic, and obscure, contain, nevertheless, many precious specimens of poetry. As Willmott beautifully says, “Many fine thoughts, bold images, and much commanding versification, are *buried* in Drayton's ‘Noah's Flood,’ ‘Moses,’ and ‘David and Goliath.’”

Imitating Drayton in the habit of paraphrasing scriptural subjects, and expanding scriptural hints into poetic unity, Quarles, in the year of that poet's death, published a “History of Samson,” and, in a quaint and striking preface, dedicated it to his friend, Sir James Fullerton.

In 1635 appeared the first edition of the “Emblems.” This work, on which his fame now rests, was not entirely original. Its germ, and a little more, is to be found in a Latin production written by Herman Hugo, a Jesuit, and entitled “Pia Desideria.” This book had been very popular on the continent, especially in Spain and Portugal; and Quarles, who at first seems to have set himself merely to translate it into English, is surprised by sympathy into emulation of its author's kindred genius: “ere he is aware, his soul becomes as the chariots of Ammi-nadib,” and instead of a translation, we have a new and living work; the music of “Pia Desideria” awakens a response in his own soul, and one “deep” of devotion is heard echoing another. The prints accompanying them were chiefly copied from Hugo, and are in general execrable. Thus, in the illustration founded on the text in Job,

“My flesh trembleth for fear of thee,” God is represented as a little personage, with the wings of an angel and the face of an old man of eighty, approaching Job with his clenched fist, and seeking to inflict corporeal chastisement upon him. Thus, in the print illustrating the words, “Ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air,” we see the devil seated in a chariot containing a globe, which represents the world, and driving his cattle (literally cattle) at furious speed, while Christ, seated on a hill behind, is in vain seeking to arrest his course by a rope attached to a cross on the globe’s summit! In the fifteenth illustration of the First Book, we see the same infernal being seated exactly as Burns has posted him in “Tam o’ Shanter,” on the east of the picture—swaying, however, not a bagpipe, but a trident—while below you behold Earth’s wings clipt, and Fraud whipping Astræa, who is retiring from the scene—all intended to *illustrate* the words, “The devil is come unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth he has only a short time.” Another, “Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears!” exhibits a human figure with several spouts gushing from it, like the spouts of a fountain. And in illustration of the words, “O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” you behold a man writhing and struggling in the *inside* of a huge skeleton. Some of the prints, too, are not only absurd, but positively indecent, and for these reasons, and also on account of the plan of this publication, we have decided to omit them, although we have described generally what they are in notes. They may continue long to be interesting to antiquarians and to children; but most readers now feel them to be rather caricatures than illustrations of the solemn truths connected with them, and that their reproduction would tend to excite more ridicule than reverence.

The “Emblems” are dedicated to Quarles’ friend, Edward Benlowes. This was a gentleman of fortune and family in Essex, who, although not a great poet himself, and satirised for his abortive efforts by Butler, was the generous patron of poets, and to whom Phineas Fletcher, as well as Quarles,

was indebted, dedicating to him, in acknowledgment of his munificence, that remarkable poem, "The Purple Island." It is sad to think that Benlowes, too, ere he came to die, required patronage, and ended his life in poverty and sorrow.

To the "Emblems" succeeded the "Hieroglyphics." These were inscribed to Mary, Countess of Dorset, who had been the friend of Drayton, and who became Quarles' active and powerful ally. They were not so popular as the former, although studded with the same curious fancies, and radiant with pictorial illustrations nearly as fantastic. The odd and grotesque, as well as the sublime, should be husbanded. Two "Tristram Shandys" would not have been tolerated by the public, and one hybrid of noble moral lessons and wretched prints, seems, like the "Emblems," to have been deemed sufficient.

Some accounts will have it, that our poet fled from Ireland on the breaking out of the great Rebellion of 1641. Evidence, however, has been produced to shew that he was appointed in 1639, at the request of the Earl of Dorset, Chronologer to the City of London, and continued to exercise the duties of that office till the day of his death. These consisted chiefly in providing pageants for the Lord Mayor, at certain fixed periods. His salary was £33, 6s. 8d., a sum nearly as valuable then as £100 would be now. In 1641, instead of fleeing, as has been falsely conjectured, before the Irish rebels, he was quietly issuing in London a curious collection of essays and aphorisms, entitled, "Enchiridion." In this he brings forth, like a wise steward, "things new and old;" and one remarks of it, that, had it "been written in Athens or Rome, its author would have been classed amongst the wise men of his country." It consists of two parts, the first inscribed to the young Prince Charles, then in the flower of his promise, and the second to that "fair branch of growing honour and virtue, Mrs Elizabeth Usher," only daughter of the great archbishop, who was now in London, and with whom our poet continued on intimate terms.

The times were growing more and more portentous, and Quarles, unhappily for himself and his prospects, mingled in

the *mêlée*. Full of loyalty, and, as some think, of gratitude to Charles I. for a pension—(Pope at least says in one of his poems,

“The hero William and the martyr Charles,  
One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles”)—

he published, in the king's defence, “The Royal Convert,” and visited the unhappy monarch at Oxford. Alas! for the dove that had now stolen abroad, to shew her silvery wing under the sheen of the gathering thunder-storm, and to lift her querulous voice amidst the cry of angry nations and the roar of the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep! Her fate was far worse than that of her prototype at the deluge—and to drop the figure, the author of the “Emblems” had his property sequestrated, and his books and MSS., some of which had been intended for the press, burnt to ashes. A petition was preferred to Parliament, signed by eight men, “not any two of whom he knew except by sight,” reflecting, it is supposed, on his Protestant principles; and *this*, as the unkindest cut of all, hastened on his dissolution. His wife has left a glowing picture of the calm composure, resignation, and forgiveness, which characterised Quarles' closing hours; and distrusting, as we do, the majority of “obituaries,” and knowing how the tears shed beside the deathbeds of friends often distort as well as exaggerate the realities, there is something true-like, as well as singularly delightful, in his widow's record. He forgave those who had been the chief causes of his illness. The only uneasiness he expressed arose from the malicious doubts which had been expressed with regard to his soundness in the Protestant faith. He spent his time principally in contemplations of God, and meditations on the Holy Scriptures. His last utterance was a fervent prayer to Christ, in Latin—“O sweet Saviour of the world! let thy last words upon the cross be my last words in the world—Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; and what I cannot utter with my mouth, accept from my heart and soul.” And then he “quietly gave up his soul to God, the eighth day of September 1644, after he had lived two and fifty years, and lieth buried in the parish church of St Leonards, Foster Lane.”

He was the father of no fewer than eighteen children—one of whom, John, a captain in the royal army, alone exhibited some of his father's poetical talents. Quarles himself seems to have been rather a harmless than a heroic man. He was addicted to no vice; he was a good father, husband, and friend; lovely, it is said, in person, he was also lovely in life, and was, as Aubrey comprehensively calls him, "a very good man." Peace to his memory!

Besides the poems we have enumerated in the course of the Life, he wrote also "The School of the Heart," an Elegy on a friend of his, Dr Wilson (rendered solemn by the fact that two hours before Wilson's death, Quarles sat by his side at the table of Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls)—"Solomon's Recantation," being a Paraphrase of Ecclesiastes—"The Virgin Widow," a comedy, (the name of which play the author of "Philip von Artevelde" has borrowed, and appended to a very different dramatic production)—"The Shepherd's Oracles," and a number of smaller pieces, published by old Thomas Fuller, in his *Abel Redivivus*. One of these little poems, on the martyrdom of Ridley, has some striking lines, such as—

"Rome thundered Death, but Ridley's dauntless eye  
Stared in Death's face, and scorned Death standing by."

Our readers will remember the coincidence between the above lines and those in a celebrated modern poem on Montrose:—

"Well they knew the hero's soul  
Was face to face with Death."

It is said that Quarles was engaged at one time on an elaborate poem describing the life of Christ, but no trace of it now exists.

We come now to a brief account of the principal characteristics of Quarles' poetry. His great power lies in rough and hirsute grandeur. He has not so much of beauty and elegance as some of his contemporaries; his taste is coarser than even that of his time; but the ruggedly sublime knows and loves him well. As a specimen of his coarseness, take the following, which might have appeared in the visions of Swedenborg:—

"I see a brimstone sea of boiling fire,  
And fiends with knotted whips of flaming wire

Tort'ring poor souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,  
 And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain :  
 Look, sister, how the queasy-stomach'd graves  
 Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves  
 Scald their consumeless bodies, strongly cursing  
 All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nursing."

Often his verse hovers between the sublime and the ridiculous, as in the following lines :—

" 'Tis vain to fly till gentle Mercy show  
 Her better eye. The further off we go  
 The *swing of Justice* deals the mightier blow."

He is sometimes, but seldom, finely pathetic :—

" Mark how the widow'd turtle, having lost  
 The faithful partner of her loyal heart,  
 Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast,  
 Hunts every path, thinks every shade doth part  
 Her absent love and her ; at length unsped,  
 She *re-betakes her to her lonely bed.*"

Over the following lines grandeur rules legitimately and alone :—

" What if my soul should take the wings of day  
 And find some désert ? if she springs away,  
 The wings of Vengeance clip as fast as they.  
 What if some solid rock should entertain  
 My frighted soul ? can solid rocks sustain  
 The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain ?  
 Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,  
 Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,  
 Where flame-eyed Fury means to smite, can save.

In the "Emblems," as well as in his other poems, quaintnesses are common enough, but are not quite so frequent or so elaborately odd as in Donne, Crashaw, or Herbert. Quarles has, on the whole, a sterner and a more masculine genius, and his taste sins rather in exaggerations than in conceits. The oddity of his volume lies more in its prints than in its poetry. He has been compared by Campbell to Young of the "Night Thoughts," for his blending of strength and extravagance, but Young, although possessed of a far richer imagination, and a more brilliant rhetoric than Quarles, is, considering his age,

much more fantastic and falsely ingenious. But there is a deeper similitude between them than what is merely artistic: they are both intensely pervaded by the Christian spirit—they both see, and shew in verse, terribly true and mournfully emphatic, the vanity of earthly things, the fading fashion of this world, the madness of ambition, the folly of avarice, the disease of pride, the inability of even Nature to fill and satisfy the heart, and the strong argument deducible from such facts in favour of a future state of existence. To Bunyan, too, Quarles bears a considerable resemblance in the objective character of his genius. Quarles wrote up to, and beyond Herman Hugo's prints. And Bunyan always seems to be writing to illustrations, not, indeed, suspended in his study, but strongly inscribed on his imagination. He is copying from models and portraits, from landscapes and faces, which are all but visible to his eye, and which stand out so vividly on the external page to us, because, on the inner canvass, they had before so deeply imprinted themselves on him. Who can doubt, for instance, when after awaking for a brief time from his dream, in the first part of the "Pilgrim," he says, "I dreamed again, and beheld the same two pilgrims going down the mountains toward the city," that he had a "vision" of his own, and that while he wrote the words, his eye brightened as if he saw his two heroes suddenly re-appearing and pursuing their immortal journey? Macaulay attributes to all men of highest genius a certain "unsoundness of mind,"—he might, with greater accuracy, have called it a certain preternatural lustre of vision, through which, at favoured seasons, the things unseen supplant the things seen, the distant overtops the near, and the present retires before the future. In modern times, Quarles, Bunyan, Swedenborg, Blake, and Shelley have principally exhibited this faculty—a faculty which, in some of them, such as Swedenborg, Blake, and Shelley, bordered on the brink of madness, but which, in all of them, is closely connected with the finest workings and results of their genius. The poet is the truest and most far-seeing of clairvoyants, although, when like the sleep-walker he awakes, he sometimes finds himself looking over the verge of a precipice.

We have just alluded to the gloomy view Quarles, as well as Young, has taken of the present world. Goethe, in his "Autobiography," complains of the English writers generally, as guilty of exaggerating the evils of the earth, and as loving to sing of skulls, churchyards, death and hell, and contrasts this with what he thinks the truer and gayer tendencies of the continental genius. We forget if Goethe assigns any reason for this tendency; but it probably may be traced to the greater depth with which the Protestant religion had ploughed itself into the British mind, during both the 18th and 17th centuries. Catholicism, as a religion of ceremony, tends rather to hide from the view of its votaries the mysteries of existence; the skeleton, Death, is dyed and disguised by extreme unction—purgatory becomes a screen shading the unquenchable fire—and the dread agony of the Passion is set to music and modified by the splendours of the mass. Hence, as we saw in the Life of Crashaw, the poetry inspired by Popery is sensuous, elevated, rapturous. In Germany, during Goethe's earlier days, Protestantism was, in the belief of men of genius, fast yielding to the power of modern infidelity; whereas in Britain, our poets were our true preachers, and were expressing the more serious and sublime aspects of our faith. Probably they erred in omitting to do justice to the lovelier aspects of Christianity; but the power of their protests against the vices of their very wicked period, their pictures of moral depravity, the solemn step with which they tread the aisles of death, and the reverent yet daring glimpses which they take into the darkness of the unseen world, all served to impress the popular mind with awe of the subject, and to pave the way for the brighter pages of Montgomery, Heber, Trench, Keble, and the Lake poets which came in the next age. We, for our part, prefer the chiaroscuro of Quarles, Young, Foster, and Cowper, to the false clearness and unhealthy glitter with which Goethe and some other writers seek to conceal the sad conditions of being—a clearness and a glare which are apt to react into a gloom far heavier than that of the Christian thinker. The light of the German thought may be compared to that of a tropical day—very

splendid and cheering—but producing, ere it close, lassitude and bilious gloom; while that of English sacred poetry is the light of a shadowed autumn evening—clouds covering the sky, save where here sunbeams, like ravishing smiles, steal through and fall upon favoured spots, and there furrows of glory strike athwart the sea of vapour, and yonder a yellow rim in the east proclaims that the full moon is about to rise. The great question, of course, is which of the two views is the more approximately *true*; but suppose Goethe's the correct one, then let those who entertain similar notions rejoice in their own smiles, and walk in the "sparks of their own kindling," but seek not to disturb the darker moods of those who think that "man walketh in a vain show, and disquieteth himself in vain," that death, evil, sin, and hell, are dire realities, and that but for a revelation and the hopes of a future state of being, nature is a magnificent mute, the world a riddle, life a failure, and man a hybrid as monstrous and inscrutable as the sphinx; nor let them seek, besides, to intermeddle with the strange and sublime joys which mingle with these moods, even as autumn lights WILL seam and brighten autumn shadows, and which at times more than compensate for the surrounding gloom. Indeed, Quarles, Young, Cowper, Pollok, and the rest, seem sometimes deliberately to pile up and deepen the darkness, that the golden point of the Cross, and the zodiacal light of the future, may be relieved into greater brilliance and shine forth in fuller display.

Let us hear Quarles' notion of this world expressed in his poetry:—

"Fond earth! proportion not my seeming love  
 To my long stay; let not my thoughts deceive thee;  
*Thou art my prison*—and my home's above;  
 My life's a preparation but to leave thee;  
 Like one *that seeks a door*, I walk about thee;  
 With thee I cannot live: I cannot live without thee  
 The world's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuons ways  
 Are all composed of rubs and crook'd meanders—  
 No resting here: he's hurried back that stays  
 A thought, and he that goes unguided wanders.  
 Her way is dark, her path untrod, uneven;  
 So hard's the way from earth, so hard's the way to heaven."

We have heard of the prince who, confined and starved in a dungeon, was fed by grains of barley dropping down on him from a granary above. This is the view which Quarles, and which the Bible uniformly gives of the present condition of man. He is a dethroned and fallen king—he is chained in a dungeon—but from above, from the granary of heaven, he receives a secret supply of celestial food, and, like his Master, has “meat to eat which the world knoweth not of.” Like the coursers of Achilles, he is fed on the golden barley of the gods; and magnificent as is his earthly environment, his dungeon-dwelling, with its mountain-walls, its flowery carpet, its rock foundations, its roof painted with sun, moon, and stars, and dyed in blue—it is a dungeon still, and often he fancies that there *are others confined with him there*, and when he hears the sigh of the midnight wind, it reminds him of the wail of a spirit who has lost his way to God; and when he listens to the moan of midnight rivers, he imagines that, like that fairy page in poetry, they are crying, in the name of the world, “Lost! Lost! Lost!”—a cry to which his own soul, feeling its misery and loneliness, would utter a sad echo, were it not that in the gospel of Christ he hears a counter, and a joyful voice, “Found! Found! Found!” Here, accordingly, is the conclusion of Quarles’ whole matter:—

“Great God, *Thou* art the flowing spring of light,  
 Enrich mine eyes with Thy refulgent ray;  
 Thou art my path, direct my steps aright,  
 I have no other light, no other way;  
 I’ll trust my God and Him alone pursue,  
 His law shall be my path, His heavenly light my clue.”

Besides the qualities we have chiefly ascribed to this poet, namely, grandeur and deep-hearted Christian earnestness, he has some minor but interesting qualities. He possesses a style, manly, nervous, generally clear, and more modern than that of almost any poet in his age. He has a keen discrimination of human nature, a copious supply of apt and bold imagery, and adds to this, extensive reading, particularly in the ancient fathers of the Church. Being a layman, too, his piety and zeal tell much better in favour of Christianity than

had he been a minister; and Quarles ranks with Grotius, Addison, Pascal, Johnson, Coleridge, and Isaac Taylor, as one of the eminent "lay brothers" in the Christian Church, whose testimony is above all challenge, and whose talents lift their religion above all contempt.

The popularity of the "Emblems" is a suggestive thought. It is an argument, subordinate indeed, but of considerable weight, in favour of the evangelical form of our religion, that many popular books in the English language have been imbued with its spirit. Think of "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Hervey's Meditations," Young, Cowper, and Quarles; and in our times of "Pollok's Course of Time," "M'Cheyne's Memoirs," and "Vicars' Life." We know that there is a *per contra* to this argument, and that some may plead, on the other hand, the popularity of "Don Juan," Paine's Works, and the infamous novels of the Anglo-French school. It ought, however, to be remembered, that while the authors of the latter class flatter the prejudices, passions, and evils of the world, the former unsparingly denounce them. In loving the latter, the world is only "loving" its own; in loving the former, or at least bearing with them, it is receiving the missives of a power who wars with, and is to destroy the world. The paradox comes to a point when we think of the popularity of the Bible. Yet it is a sad reflection, that while these books are read, circulated, praised, they are not obeyed; and that the Bible is hitherto not the law to, but a true and glorious libel on, the world—not its rule, but its condemnation. And if this be the case with it, how much more with such reflections of it as Quarles' "Emblems?" Still *valeat quantum valere potest*. And we commend it to our readers as one of those precious productions, in which we know not whether more to admire the strength or the consecration of their author's genius.



Tot Flores QUARLES, quot Paradisus habet ;  
Lectori benè male-volo.

Qui legit ex Horto hęc Flores, qui carpit, uterque  
Jure potest *Violas* dicere, jure *Rosas* :  
Non è Parnasso *VIOLAM*, festivè *ROSETO*  
Carpit *Apollo*, magis quæ sit amœna, *ROSAM*.  
Quot *Versus VIOLAS* legis ; & quem verba locutum  
Credis, verba dedit : Nam dedit ille *ROSAS*.  
Utque *Ego* non dicam hęc *VIOLAS* suavissima ; Tute  
*Ipsè* facis *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, si *violas*.  
Nam velut è *VIOLIS* sibi fugit *Aranea* virus :  
Vertis at in succos *Hasque ROSAS* que tuos.  
Quas *violas Musas*, *VIOLAS* puto, quasque recusas  
Dente tuo *rosas*, has, reor, esse *ROSAS*.  
Sic *rosas*, facis esse *ROSAS*, dum *Zoile*, rodis :  
Sic facies has *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, dum *violas*.

EDW. BENLOWES.

BRENT HALL, 1634.

---

TO

MY MUCH HONOURED, AND NO LESS TRULY BELOVED FRIEND,  
EDWARD BENLOWES, Esq.

---

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have put the Theorbo into my hand, and I have played : you gave the musician the first encouragement ; the music returneth to you for patronage. Had it been a light air, no doubt but it had taken the most, and among them the worst ; but being a grave strain, my hopes are, that it will please the best, and among them you. Toyish airs please trivial ears ; they kiss the fancy, and betray it. They cry, Hail, first ; and after, Crucify. Let daws delight to immerd themselves in dung, whilst eagles scorn so poor a game as flies. Sir, you have art and candour ; let the one judge, let the other excuse.

Your most affectionate friend,

FRA. QUARLES.

TO THE READER.

---

AN Emblem is but a silent parable. Let not the tender eye check, to see the allusion to our blessed SAVIOUR figured in these types. In Holy Scripture He is sometimes called a Sower; sometimes a Fisher; sometimes a Physician. And why not presented so as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of letters, God was known by hieroglyphics. And indeed what are the heavens, the earth, nay, every creature, but Hieroglyphics and Emblems of His glory? I have no more to say; I wish thee as much pleasure in the reading, as I had in writing. Farewell, Reader.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

---

BY fathers back'd, by holy writ led on,  
Thou show'st the way to HEAVEN by Helicon:  
The Muses' font is consecrate by thee,  
And Poesy baptized Divinity:  
Bless'd soul, that here embark'st: thou sail'st apace,  
'Tis hard to say, moved more by wit or grace,  
Each Muse so plies her oar: But O the sail  
Is fill'd from Heaven with a diviner gale:  
When poets prove divines, why should not I  
Approve in verse this divine poetry?  
Let this suffice to license thee the press:  
I must no more; nor could the truth say less.

Sic approbavit

RIC. LOVE, *Procan. Cant.*

# QUARLES' EMBLEMS.

---

## BOOK THE FIRST.

---

### THE INVOCATION.

ROUSE thee, my soul, and drain thee from the dregs  
Of vulgar thoughts; screw up the heighten'd pegs  
Of thy sublime Theorbo four notes higher,  
And higher yet, that so the shrill-mouth'd choir  
Of swift-wing'd seraphims may come and join,  
And make the concert more than half divine.  
Invoke no Muse; let Heaven be thine Apollo;  
And let his sacred influences hallow  
Thy high-bred strains. Let his full beams inspire  
Thy ravish'd brains with more heroic fire: 10  
Snatch thee a quill from the spread eagle's wing,  
And, like the morning lark, mount up and sing:  
Cast off these dangling plummets, that so clog  
Thy labouring heart, which gropes in this dark fog  
Of dungeon earth; let flesh and blood forbear  
To stop thy flight, till this base world appear  
A thin blue landscape: let thy pinions soar  
So high a pitch, that men may seem no more  
Than pismires, crawling on the mole-hill earth,  
Thine ear untroubled with their frantic mirth; 20

Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturb 21  
 Thy new-concluded peace; let reason curb  
 Thy hot-mouth'd passion; and let Heaven's fire season  
 The fresh conceits of thy corrected reason.  
 Disdain to warm thee at lust's smoky fires,  
 Scorn, scorn to feed on thy old bloat desires:  
 Come, come my soul, hoist up thy higher sails,  
 The wind blows fair; shall we still creep like snails,  
 That glide their ways with their own native slimes?  
 No, we must fly like eagles, and our rhymes 30  
 Must mount to Heaven, and reach the Olympic ear;  
 Our Heaven-blown fire must seek no other sphere.

Thou great Theanthropos,<sup>1</sup> that givest and ground'st  
 Thy gifts in dust, and from our dunghill crown'st  
 Reflecting honour, taking by retail  
 What thou hast given in gross, from lapsed, frail,  
 And sinful man: that drink'st full draughts, wherein  
 Thy children's lep'rous fingers, scurf'd with sin,  
 Have paddled; cleanse, oh cleanse my crafty soul  
 From secret crimes, and let my thoughts control 40  
 My thoughts: oh teach me stoutly to deny  
 Myself, that I may be no longer I:  
 Enrich my fancy, clarify my thoughts,  
 Refine my dross; oh wink at human faults;  
 And through the slender conduit of my quill  
 Convey thy current, whose clear streams may fill  
 The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praise:  
 Crown me with glory, take, who list, the bays.

<sup>1</sup> 'Theanthropos:' God-man.

## No. I.

*Illustration—Eve talking to the Serpent beside the Tree of Knowledge.*

Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed.

—JAMES i. 14.

SERPENT. EVE.

*Serp.* NOT eat? not taste? not touch? not cast an eye  
Upon the fruit of this fair tree? and why?  
Why eat'st thou not what Heaven ordain'd for food?  
Or canst thou think that bad which Heaven call'd  
good?

Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?  
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:  
Blessings unused pervert into a waste,  
As well as surfeits: woman, do but taste:  
See how the laden boughs make silent suit  
To be enjoy'd; look how their bending fruit 10  
Meet thee half way: observe but how they crouch  
To kiss thy hand; coy woman, do but touch:  
Mark what a pure vermilion blush has dyed  
Their swelling cheeks, and how for shame they hide  
Their palsy heads, to see themselves stand by  
Neglected: woman, do but cast an eye.  
What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for use, refuse not;  
Come, pull and eat: y' abuse the thing ye use not.

*Eve.* Wisest of beasts, our great Creator did  
Reserve this tree, and this alone forbid; 20  
The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are  
As pleasing to the taste; to the eye as fair:  
But, touching this, his strict commands are such,  
'Tis death to taste, no less than death to touch.

*Serp.* Pish! death's a fable; did not Heav'n inspire  
Your equal elements with living fire,

Blown from the spring of life ? Is not that breath  
 Immortal ? come ; ye are as free from death 28  
 As he that made you. Can the flames expire  
 Which he has kindled ? can ye quench his fire ?  
 Did not the great Creator's voice proclaim  
 Whate'er he made, from the blue spangled frame  
 To the poor leaf that trembles, very good ?  
 Bless'd he not both the feeder and the food ?  
 Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue  
 From such bless'd food, to such half gods as you ?  
 Curb needless fears, and let no fond conceit  
 Abuse your freedom ; woman, take and eat.

*Eve.* 'Tis true, we are immortal ; death is yet  
 Unborn, and, till rebellion make it death, 40  
 Undue ; I know the fruit is good, until  
 Presumptuous disobedience make it ill.  
 The lips that open to this fruit's a portal  
 To let in death, and make immortal mortal.

*Serp.* You cannot die ; come, woman, taste, and fear not.

*Eve.* Shall Eve transgress ? I dare not, oh, I dare not.

*Serp.* Afraid ? why draw'st thou back thy tim'rous arm ?  
 Harm only falls ou such as fear a harm.

Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this tree :

'Twill make you perfect gods as well as he. 50

Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness never

Fear death : do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

*Eve.* 'Tis but an apple ; and it is as good

To do as to desire. Fruit's made for food :

I'll pull, and taste, and tempt my Adam too

To know the secrets of this dainty. *Serp.* Do.

---

He forced him not : he touched him not : only said, *Cast thyself down* ; that we may know, that whosoever obeyeth the devil, casteth himself down : for the devil may suggest, compel he cannot.—S. CHRYE. sup. Matth.

It is the devil's part to suggest: ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so often we overcome him: as often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the angels, and glory to God; who opposeth us, that we may contend, and assisteth us, that we may conquer.—S. BERN. in ser.

---

EPIC. 1.

Unlucky parliament! wherein, at last,  
Both houses are agreed, and firmly past  
An act of death confirm'd by higher pow'rs;  
O had it had but such success as ours!

---

No. II.

*Illustration—Adam looking down on a Globe, through which Beasts' Heads—the Vices—protrude,*

Then, when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.—JAMES i. 15.

- 1 LAMENT, lament; look, look what thou hast done:  
Lament the world's, lament thine own estate:  
Look, look, by doing, how thou art undone;  
Lament thy fall, lament thy change of state:  
Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone,  
See, see too soon, what thou lament'st too late;  
O thou that wert so many men, nay, all  
Abridged in one, how has thy desp'rate fall  
Destroy'd thy unborn seed, destroy'd thyself withal!
  
- 2 Uxorious Adam, whom thy Maker made  
Equal to angels that excel in pow'r,  
What hast thou done? O why hast thou obey'd  
Thine own destruction? like a new-cropt flow'r,  
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!  
How are thy fortunes blasted in an hour!  
How art thou cow'd that hadst the pow'r to quell

The spite of new fall'n angels, baffle hell,  
 And vic with those that stood, and vanquish those  
 that fell!

- 3 See how the world (whose chaste and pregnant  
 womb  
 Of late conceived, and brought forth nothing ill)  
 Is now degenerated, and become  
 A base adult'ress, whose false births do fill  
 The earth with monsters, monsters that do roam  
 And rage about, and make a trade to kill:  
 Now glutt'ny paunches; lust begins to spawn;  
 Wrath takes revenge, and avarice a pawn;  
 Pale envy pines, pride swells, and sloth begins to yawn.
- 4 The air that whisper'd, now begins to roar,  
 And blust'ring Boreas blows the boiling tide;  
 The white-mouth'd water now usurps the shore,  
 And scorns the pow'r of her tridental guide;  
 The fire now burns, that did but warm before,  
 And rules her ruler with resistless pride:  
 Fire, water, earth, and air, that first were made  
 To be subdued, see how they now invade;  
 They rule whom once they served, command where  
 once obey'd.
- 5 Behold, that nakedness, that late bewray'd  
 Thy glory, now 's become thy shame, thy wonder;  
 Behold, those trees whose various fruits were made  
 For food, now turn'd a shade to shroud thee under;  
 Behold, that voice (which thou hast disobey'd)  
 That late was music, now affrights like thunder.  
 Poor man! are not thy joints grown faint with  
 shaking,

To view th' effect of thy bold undertaking,  
That in one hour didst mar what Heaven six days  
was making?

---

It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that freedom which man could not use, yet had power to keep, if he would ; and that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right ; and that he who would not do righteously when he had the power, should lose the power to do it when he had the will.—S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de Lib. Arbit.

They are justly punished that abuse lawful things, but they are most justly punished that use unlawful things : thus Lucifer fell from heaven : thus Adam lost his paradise.—HUGO de Anima.

---

EPIG. 2.

See how these fruitful kernels, being cast  
Upon the earth, how thick they spring ! how fast !  
A full ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud !  
Prepost'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd.

---

No. III.

*Illustration—A Cupid pushing his finger into the Globe, as into a large Beehive. Wasps issuing.*

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness.—PROV. xiv. 13.

1       ALAS! fond child,  
How are thy thoughts beguiled,  
To hope for honey from a nest of wasps!  
Thou may'st as well  
Go seek for ease in hell,  
Or sprightly nectar from the mouths of asps.

2-       The world 's a hive,  
From whence thou canst derive

No good, but what thy soul's vexation brings:  
But case thou meet  
Some petty-petty-sweet,  
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

3       Why dost thou make  
      These murm'ring troops forsake  
The safe protection of their waxen homes?  
      Their hive contains  
      No sweet that's worth thy pains;  
There's nothing here, alas! but empty combs.

4       For trash and toys,  
      And grief-engend'ring joys,  
What torment seems too sharp for flesh and blood;  
      What bitter pills,  
      Composed of real ills,  
Men swallow down to purchase one false good!

5       The dainties here,  
      Are least what they appear;  
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sour;  
      The fruit that's yellow,  
      Is found not always mellow;  
The fairest tulip's not the sweetest flow'r.

6       Fond youth, give o'er,  
      And vex thy soul no more  
In seeking what were better far unfound;  
      Alas! thy gains  
      Are only present pains  
To gather scorpions for a future wound.

7       What's earth? or in it,  
      That longer than a minute,

Can lend a free delight that can endure?  
 Oh who would droil,  
 Or delve in such a soil,  
 Where gain's uncertain, and the pain is sure!

---

Sweetness in temporal matters is deceitful. It is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleasure, whose beginning is without Providence, and whose end is not without repentance.—  
 S. AUGUST.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.—  
 HUGO.

---

EPIC. 3.

What, Cupid, are thy shafts already made?  
 And seeking honey to set up thy trade,  
 True emblem of thy sweets! thy bees do bring  
 Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a sting.

---

No. IV.

*Illustration—A Pair of Balances.*

To be laid in the balance, it is altogether lighter than vanity.—PSALM lxii. 9.

- 1 PUT in another weight: 'Tis yet too light:  
 And yet, fond Cupid, put another in;  
 And yet another: still there's under weight:  
 Put in another hundred: put again;  
 Add world to world; then heap a thousand more  
 To that; then, to renew thy wasted store,  
 Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy balance  
 low'r.
- 2 Put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure;  
 Put in great Mammon's endless inventory;  
 Put in the pond'rous acts of mighty Cæsar:  
 Put in the greater weight of Sweden's glory:

Add Scipio's gauntlet; put in Plato's gown:  
 Put Circe's charms, put in the triple crown.  
 Thy balance will not draw; thy balance will not  
 down.

- 3 LORD! what a world is this, which day and night,  
 Men seek with so much toil, with so much  
 trouble?  
 Which, weigh'd in equal scales, is found so light,  
 So poorly overbalanced with a bubble!  
 Good GOD! that frantic mortals should destroy  
 Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy  
 Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy!
- 4 Thou bold impostor, how hast thou befool'd  
 The tribe of man with counterfeit desire!  
 How has the breath of thy false bellows cool'd  
 Heaven's free-born flame, and kindled bastard fire!
- How hast thou vented dross instead of treasure,  
 And cheated men with thy false weights and  
 measure,  
 Proclaiming bad for good; and gilding death with  
 pleasure!
- 5 The world's a crafty strumpet, most affecting  
 And closely following those that most reject her;  
 But seeming careless, nicely disrespecting  
 And coyly flying those that most affect her;  
 If thou be free, she's strange; if strange, she's  
 free;  
 Flee, and she follows; follow, and she'll flee;  
 Than she there's none more coy, there's none more  
 fond than she.

- 6 O what a crocodilian world is this,  
 Composed of treach'ries, and ensnaring wiles!  
 She clothes destruction in a formal kiss,  
 And lodges death in her deceitful smiles;  
 She hugs the soul she hates; and there does  
 prove  
 The veriest tyrant, where she vows to love;  
 And is a serpent most, when most she seems a dove.
- 7 Thrice happy he, whose nobler thoughts despise  
 To make an object of so easy gains;  
 Thrice happy he, who scorns so poor a prize  
 Should be the crown of his heroic pains:  
 Thrice happy he who ne'er was born to try  
 Her frowns or smiles: or being born, did lie  
 In his sad nurse's arms an hour or two, and die.

---

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do you fight?  
 Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward than the world  
 can give; and what is the world, but a brittle thing full of dangers,  
 wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils? O let all her vain,  
 light, momentary glory perish with herself, and let us be conversant  
 with more eternal things. Alas! this world is miserable; life is  
 short, and death is sure.—S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

---

EPIC. 4.

My soul, what's lighter than a feather? Wind.  
 Than wind? The fire. And what, than fire? The mind.  
 What's lighter than the mind? A thought. Than thought?  
 This bubble world. What than this bubble? Nought.

---

## No. V.

*Illustration—A World between a callow Cupid, and Erinnys, stingless.*

The fashion of this world passeth away.—1 COR. vii. 31.

GONE are those golden days, wherein  
 Pale conscience started not at ugly sin :  
 When good old Saturn's peaceful throne  
 Was usurped by his beardless son :  
 When jealous Ops ne'er fear'd th' abuse  
 Of her chaste bed, or breach of nuptial truce :  
 When just Astræa pois'd her scales  
 In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewails :  
 When froth-born Venus and her brat,  
 With all that spurious brood young Jove begat, 10  
 In horrid shapes, were yet unknown ;  
 Those halcyon days, that golden age is gone.  
 There was no client then to wait  
 The leisure of his long-tail'd advocate ;  
 The talion law was in request,  
 And Chanc'ry Courts were kept in every breast :  
 Abused statutes had no tenters,  
 And men could deal secure without indentures :  
 There was no peeping-hole to clear  
 The wittol's eye from his incarnate fear : 20  
 There were no lustful cinders then  
 To broil the carbonado'd hearts of men :  
 The rosy cheeks did then proclaim  
 A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame :  
 There was no whining soul to start  
 At Cupid's twang, or curse his flaming dart :  
 The boy had then but callow wings,  
 And fell Erinnys' scorpions had no stings :

The better-acted world did move  
 Upon the fixed poles of truth and love, 30  
 Love essenced in the hearts of men !  
 Then reason ruled, there was no passion then ;  
 Till lust and rage began to enter,  
 Love the circumf'rence was, and love the centre ;  
 Until the wanton days of Jove,  
 The simple world was all composed of love ;  
 But Jove grew fleshly, false, unjust ;  
 Inferior beauty fill'd his veins with lust :  
 And cucquean<sup>1</sup> Juno's fury hurl'd  
 Fierce balls of rape into th' incestuous world : 40  
 Astræa fled, and love return'd  
 From earth, earth boil'd with lust, with rage it burn'd,  
 And ever since the world hath been  
 Kept going with the scourge of lust and spleen.

---

Lust is a sharp spur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a false gallop.—S. AMBROSE.

Lust is an immoderate wantonness of the flesh, a sweet poison, a cruel pestilence ; a pernicious poison, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the strength of an heroic mind.—HUGO.

Envy is the hatred of another's felicity : in respect of superiors, because they are not equal to them ; in respect of inferiors, lest they should be equal to them ; in respect of equals, because they are equal to them. Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Christ.—S. AUGUST.

---

EPIG. 5.

What, Cupid, must the world be lash'd so soon ?  
 But made at morning, and be whipt at noon ?  
 'Tis like the wag, that plays with Venus' doves,  
 The more 'tis lash'd, the more perverse it proves.

<sup>1</sup> 'Cucquean : ' feminine of cuckold.

## No. VI.

All is vanity and vexation of spirit.—ECCLES. ii. 17.

- 1 How is the anxious soul of man befool'd  
    In his desire,  
That thinks an hectic fever may be cool'd  
    In flames of fire!  
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnish'd gold  
    From nasty mire!  
A whining lover may as well request  
    A scornful breast  
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for rest.
  
- 2 Let wit, and all her studied plots effect  
    The best they can;  
Let smiling fortune prosper and perfect  
    What wit began;  
Let earth advise with both, and so project  
    A happy man;  
Let wit or fawning fortune vie their best;  
    He may be blest  
With all the earth can give; but earth can give no  
    rest.
  
- 3 Whose gold is double with a careful hand,  
    His cares are double;  
The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land  
    Bring but a trouble;  
The world itself, and all the world's command  
    Is but a bubble.  
The strong desires of man's insatiate breast  
    May stand possest  
Of all that earth can give; but earth can give no rest.

- 4 The world's a seeming paradise, but her own  
 And man's tormentor;  
 Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling stone  
 Without a tenter;  
 It is a vast circumference, where none  
 Can find a centre.  
 Of more than earth, can earth make none possest;  
 And he that least  
 Regards this restless world, shall in this world find rest.
- 5 True rest consists not in the oft revying<sup>1</sup>  
 Of worldly dross;  
 Earth's miry purchase is not worth the buying;  
 Her gain is loss;  
 Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying  
 Upon her cross.  
 How worldlings droil<sup>2</sup> for trouble! that fond breast  
 That is possest  
 Of earth without a cross, has earth without a rest.

---

The cross is the invincible sanctuary of the humble, the dejection of the proud, the victory of Christ, the destruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbeliever, the life of the just.—CASS. in Ps.

The cross of Christ is the key of Paradise; the weak man's staff; the convert's convoy; the upright man's perfection; the soul and body's health; the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.—DAMASCEN.

---

EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whose whimp'ring folly holds the losses  
 Of honour, pleasure, health, and wealth such crosses,  
 Look here, and tell me what your arms engross,  
 When the best end of what he hugs's a cross?

<sup>1</sup> 'Revying;' an old card-table term.—<sup>2</sup> 'Droil;' labour.

## No. VII.

*Illustration—Cupid sitting asleep on a Globe.*

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.—1 PETER v. 8.

- 1 WHY dost thou suffer lustful sloth to creep,  
     Dull Cyprian lad, into thy wanton brows?  
     Is this a time to pay thine idle vows  
     At Morpheus' shrine? Is this a time to steep  
     Thy brains in wasteful slumbers? up, and rouse  
     Thy leaden spirit! Is this a time to sleep?  
     Adjourn thy sanguine dreams, awake, arise,  
     Call in thy thoughts; and let them all advise,  
     Hadst thou as many heads as thou hast wounded eyes.
  
- 2 Look, look, what horrid furies do await  
     Thy flatt'ring slumbers! If thy drowsy head  
     But chance to nod, thou fall'st into a bed  
     Of sulph'rous flames, whose torments want a date.  
     Fond boy, be wise, let not thy thoughts be fed  
     With Phrygian wisdom; fools are wise too late:  
     Beware betimes, and let thy reason sever  
     Those gates which passion closed; wake now or never  
     For if thou nodd'st thou fall'st; and falling, fall'st for  
     ever.
  
- 3 Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare:  
     His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart;  
     He aims, he levels at thy slumb'ring heart:  
     The wound is posting, O be wise, beware.  
     What! has the voice of danger lost the art  
     To raise the spirit of neglected care?  
     Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft repose;  
     But know, withal, sweet tastes have sour closes;  
     And he repents in thorns, that sleeps in beds of roses.

- 4 Yet, sluggard, wake, and gull thy soul no more  
With earth's false pleasure, and the world's delight,  
Whose fruit is fair and pleasing to the sight,  
But sour in taste, false as the putrid core:  
Thy flaring glass is gems at her half light;  
She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poor:  
She boasts a kernel, and bestows a shell;  
Performs an inch of her fair-promised ell:  
Her words protest a heav'n; her works produce a hell.
- 5 O thou, the fountain of whose better part,  
Is earth'd and gravell'd up with vain desire:  
That daily wallow'st in the fleshly mire  
And base pollution of a lustful heart,  
That feel'st no passion but in wanton fire,  
And own'st no torment but in Cupid's dart;  
Behold thy type: thou sitt'st upon this ball  
Of earth secure, while death that flings at all,  
Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames attend  
thy fall.

---

Security is nowhere; neither in heaven nor in paradise, much less in the world. In heaven, the angels fell from the Divine presence; in paradise, Adam fell from his place of pleasure; in the world, Judas fell from the school of our Saviour.—S. BERN.

I eat secure, I drink secure, I sleep secure, even as though I had passed the day of death, avoided the day of judgment, and escaped the torments of hell-fire: I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the kingdom of Heaven.—HUGO.

---

EPIC. 7.

Get up, my soul; redeem thy slavish eyes  
From drowsy bondage: O beware; be wise:  
Thy foe's before thee; thou must fight, or fly:  
Life lies most open in a closed eye.

## No. VIII.

Woe unto you that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep.—LUKE vi. 25.

THE world's a popular disease, that reigns  
 Within the froward heart and frantic brains  
 Of poor distemper'd mortals, oft arising  
 From ill digestion, through th' unequal poisoning  
 Of ill-weigh'd elements, whose light directs  
 Malignant humours to malign effects:  
 One raves and labours with a boiling liver,  
 Rends hair by handfuls, cursing Cupid's quiver;  
 Another, with a bloody flux of oaths,  
 Vows deep revenge: one dotes; the other loaths: 10  
 One frisks and sings, and cries, A flagon more  
 To drench dry cares, and make the welkin roar:  
 Another droops: the sunshine makes him sad;  
 Heaven cannot please: one's mop'd: the other's  
 mad:  
 One hugs his gold; another lets it fly:  
 He knowing not for whom; nor t' other why.  
 One spends his day in plots, his night in play;  
 Another sleeps and slugs both night and day:  
 One laughs at this thing; t' other cries for that.  
 Wonder of wonders! What we ought t' evite 20  
 As our disease, we hug as our delight:  
 'Tis held a symptom of approaching danger,  
 When disacquainted sense becomes a stranger,  
 And takes no knowledge of an old disease;  
 But when a noisome grief begins to please  
 The unresisting sense, it is a fear  
 That death has parley'd, and compounded there.  
 As when the dreadful Thund'rer's awful hand  
 Pours forth a vial on the infected land,

At first the affright'ned mortals quake and fear, 30  
 And ev'ry noise is thought the Thunderer :  
 But when the frequent soul-departing bell  
 Has paved their ears with her familiar knell,  
 It is reputed but a nine-days' wonder,  
 They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his thunder ;  
 So when the world (a worse disease) began  
 To smart for sin, poor new-created man  
 Could seek for shelter, and his gen'rous son  
 Knew by his wages what his hands had done :  
 But bold-faced mortals in our blushless times 40  
 Can sing and smile, and make a sport of crimes,  
 Transgress of custom, and rebel in ease ;  
 We false-joy'd fools can triumph in disease,  
 And (as the careless pilgrim, being bit  
 By the tarantula, begins a fit  
 Of life-concluding laughter) waste our breath  
 In lavish pleasure, till we laugh to death.

---

What profit is there in vain glory, momentary mirth, the world's  
 power, the flesh's pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and great  
 desires ? Where is their laughter ? Where is their mirth ? Where  
 their insolence ? their arrogance ? From how much joy to how much  
 sadness ! After how much mirth, how much misery ! From how  
 great glory are they fallen, to how great torment ! What hath  
 fallen to them, may befall thee, because thou art a man. Thou art  
 of earth ; thou livest of earth ; thou shalt return to earth. Death  
 expecteth thee everywhere ! Be wise, therefore, and expect death  
 everywhere.—HUGO de Anima.

---

FIG. 8.

What ails the fool to laugh ? Does something please  
 His vain conceit ? Or is 't a mere disease ?  
 Fool, giggle on, and waste thy wanton breath ;  
 Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

## No. IX.

*Illustration—Time kicking the World before him, and it crushing its Votaries.*

The world passeth away, and the lust thereof.—1 JOHN ii. 17.

- 1 DRAW near, brave sparks, whose spirits scorn to light  
Your hollow'd tapers but at honour's flame ;  
You, whose heroic actions take delight  
To varnish over a new-painted name ;  
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight,  
But on th' Icarian wings of babbling fame ;  
Behold, how tott'ring are your high-built storeys  
Of earth, whereon you trust the ground-work of your  
glories.
- 2 And you, more brain-sick lovers, that can prize  
A wanton smile before eternal joys ;  
That know no heaven but in your mistress' eyes ;  
That feel no pleasure but what sense enjoys :  
That can, like crown-distemper'd fools, despise  
True riches, and like babies whine for toys :  
Think ye the pageants of your hopes are able  
To stand secure on earth, when earth itself's unstable ?
- 3 Come, dunghill worldlings, you that root like swine,  
And cast up golden trenches where you come :  
Whose only pleasure is to undermine,  
And view the secrets of your mother's womb :  
Come, bring your saint pouch'd in his leathern shrine,  
And summon all your griping angels home ;  
Behold your world, the bank of all your store,  
The world ye so admire, the world ye so adore.
- 4 A feeble world, whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tire  
Before the race ; before the start, retreat :  
A faithless world, whose false delights expire  
Before the term of half their promised date :

A fickle world, not worth the least desire,  
 Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of state :  
 A feeble, faithless, fickle world, wherein  
 Each motion proves a vice ; and ev'ry act a sin.

5 The beauty, that of late was in her flow'r,  
 Is now a ruin, not to raise a lust :  
 He that was lately drench'd in Danaë's show'r,  
 Is master now of neither good nor trust ;  
 Whose honour late was mann'd with princely pow'r,  
 His glory now lies buried in the dust ;  
 O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,  
 That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry  
 minute ?

6 Nor length of days, nor solid strength of brain,  
 Can find a place wherein to rest secure :  
 The world is various, and the earth is vain ;  
 There's nothing certain here, there's nothing sure :  
 We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,  
 And what's our only grief's our only cure :  
 The world's a torment ; he that would endeavour  
 To find the way to rest, must seek the way to leave her.

---

Behold, the world is withered in itself, yet flourisheth in our hearts ; everywhere death, everywhere grief, everywhere desolation : on every side we are smitten ; on every side filled with bitterness, and yet, with the blind mind of carnal desire, we love her bitterness. It flieth, and we follow it ; it falleth, yet we stick to it : and because we cannot enjoy it falling, we fall with it, and enjoy it fallen.—S. GREG. in Hom.

---

EPIC. 9.

If Fortune fail, or envious Time but spurn,  
 The world turns round, and with the world we turn :  
 When Fortune sees, and lynx-eyed Time is blind,  
 I'll trust thy joys, O world ; till then, the wind.

## No. X.

*Illustration—A Bowling-green, the Devil handing the bowls.*

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.

—JOHN viii. 44.

HERE 's your right ground: wag gently o'er this black:

'Tis a short cast; y' are quickly at the jack.

Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one

On this bowl's side; blow, wind; 'tis fairly thrown:

The next bowl's worse that comes; come, bowl away:

Mammon, you know the ground, untutor'd play:

Your last was gone, a yard of strength well spared,

Had touch'd the block; your hand is still too  
hard.

Brave pastime, readers, to consume that day,

Which, without pastime, flies too swift away! 10

See how they labour; as if day and night

Were both too short to serve their loose delight:

See how their curved bodies wreath, and screw

Such antic shapes as Proteus never knew:

One raps an oath, another deals a curse;

He never better bowl'd; this never worse:

One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs,

The other bends his beetle brows, and chafes:

Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their Stygian cries

Send their black santos<sup>1</sup> to the blushing skies; 20

Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,

They make bad premises, and worse conclusion:

But where's a palm that Fortune's hand allows

To bless the victor's honourable brows?

Come, reader, come; I'll light thine eye the way

To view the prize, the while the gamesters play:

<sup>1</sup> 'Santos:' for sanctuses, a species of hymn.

Close by the jack, behold, jill Fortune stands  
 To wave the game; see in her partial hands  
 The glorious garland's held in open show,  
 To cheer the lads, and crown the conqu'ror's brow. 36  
 The world's the jack; the gamesters that contend,  
 Are Cupid, Mammon: that judicious fiend,  
 That gives the ground, is Satan: and the bowls  
 Are sinful thoughts; the prize, a crown for fools.  
 Who breathes that bowls not? What bold tongue can  
 say  
 Without a blush, he has not bowl'd to-day?  
 It is the trade of man, and ev'ry sinner  
 Has play'd his rubbers: every soul's a winner.  
 The vulgar proverb's cross'd, he hardly can  
 Be a good bowler and an honest man. 40  
 Good God! turn thou my Brazil thoughts anew;  
 New-sole my bowls, and make their bias true.  
 I'll cease to game, till fairer ground be giv'n;  
 Nor wish to win, until the mark be Heav'n.

---

O you sons of Adam, you covetous generations, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours; gold and silver are real earth, red and white, which only the error of man makes, or rather reposes, precious: in short, if they be yours, carry them with you.—S. BERNARD, *Lib. de Consid.*

O lust, thou infernal fire, whose fuel is gluttony; whose flame is pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoke is infamy; whose ashes are uncleanness; whose end is hell.—S. HIERON. in *Ep.*

---

EPIC. 10.

Mammon, well follow'd; Cupid, bravely led;  
 Both touchers; equal fortune makes a dead;  
 No reed can measure where the conquest lies;  
 Take my advice; compound, and share the prize.

## NO. XI.

*Illustration—Described already in 'Life.'*

Ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air.—EPHES. ii. 2.

- 1 OH, whither will this mad-brain world at last  
 Be driven? Where will her restless wheels arrive?  
 Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast?  
 Oh, whither means her furious groom to drive?  
 What, will her rambling fits be never past?  
 For ever ranging? Never once retrieve?  
 Will earth's perpetual progress ne'er expire?  
 Her team continuing in their fresh career:  
 And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.
- 2 Sol's hot-mouth'd steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,  
 And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,  
 Their twelve hours' task perform'd, grow stiff and  
 lame,  
 And their immortal spirits faint and tire:  
 At th' azure mountain's foot their labours claim  
 The privilege of rest, where they retire  
 To quench their burning fetlocks, and go steep  
 Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,  
 And 'fresh their tired souls with strength-restoring  
 sleep.
- 3 But these prodigious hackneys, basely got  
 'Twixt men and devils, made for race and flight,  
 Can drag the idle world, expecting not  
 The bed of rest, but travel with delight;  
 Who never weighing way nor weather, trot  
 Through dust and dirt, and droil both day and  
 night;

Thus droil these fiends incarnate, whose free  
 pains  
 Are fed with dropsies and venereal blains.  
 No need to use the whip; but strength to rule the  
 reins.

- 4 Poor captive world, how has thy lightness giv'n  
 A just occasion to thy foe's illusion !  
 Oh, how art thou betray'd, thus fairly driv'n  
 In seeming triumph to thy own confusion !  
 How is thy empty universe bereav'n  
 Of all true joys, by one false joy's delusion !  
 So I have seen an unblown virgin fed  
 With sugar'd words so full, that she is led  
 A fair attended bride to a false bankrupt's bed.
- 5 Pull, gracious LORD ! Let not thine arm forsake  
 The world, impounded in her own devices :  
 Think of that pleasure that thou once didst take  
 Amongst the lilies and sweet beds of spices.  
 Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slack  
 The swift-foot fury of ten thousand vices ;  
 Let not thy dust-devouring dragon boast,  
 His craft has won what Judah's lion lost ;  
 Remember what is craved ; recount the price it cost.

---

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by so much the more fiercely he troubleth it with persecution ; that, knowing himself is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.—ISIDOR. Lib. i. de Summo Bono.

Broad and spacious is the road to infernal life ; there are enticements and death-bringing pleasures. There the devil flattereth, that he may deceive ; smileth, that he may endamage ; allureth, that he may destroy.—CYPRIAN. in Ep.

## EPIG. 11.

Nay, soft and fair, good world ; post not too fast ;  
 Thy journey's end requires not half this haste.  
 Unless that arm thou so disdain'st, reprives thee,  
 Alas ! thou needs must go, the devil drives thee.

## No. XII.

*Illustration—A Child sucking out of Paps on a Globe, another holding a Sieve below.*

Ye may suck, but not be satisfied with the breasts of her consolations.—  
 ISAIAH lxvi. 11.

- 1 WHAT, never fill'd? Be thy lips screw'd so fast  
 To th' earth's full breast? for shame, for shame  
 unseize thee ;  
 Thou tak'st a surfeit where thou should'st but taste,  
 And mak'st too much not half enough to please thee.  
 Ah, fool, forbear ; thou swallowest at one breath  
 Both food and poison down ! thou draw'st both milk  
 and death.
- 2 The ub'rous breasts, when fairly drawn, repast  
 The thriving infant with their milky flood,  
 But being overstrain'd, return at last  
 Unwholesome gulps composed of wind and blood.  
 A mod'rate use does both repast and please ;  
 Who strains beyond a mean, draws in and gulps disease.
- 3 But, oh, that mean, whose good the least abuse  
 Makes bad, is too, too hard to be directed ;  
 Can thorns bring grapes, or crabs a pleasing juice ?  
 There's nothing wholesome where the whole's in-  
 fected.  
 Unseize thy lips : earth's milk's a ripened core,  
 That drops from her disease, that matters from her  
 sore.

- 4 Think'st thou that paunch, that burlies out thy coat,  
Is thriving fat; or flesh, that seems so brawny?  
Thy paunch is dropsied and thy cheeks are bloat;  
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;  
Thy skin's a bladder blown with wat'ry tumours;  
Thy flesh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humours.
- 5 And thou, whose thriveless hands are ever straining  
Earth's fluent breasts into an empty sieve,  
That always hast, yet always art complaining,  
And whin'st for more than earth has pow'r to give;  
Whose treasure flows and flees away as fast;  
That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou hast;
- 6 Go, choose a substance, fool, that will remain  
Within the limits of thy leaking measure;  
Or else go seek an urn that will retain  
The liquid body of thy slipp'ry treasure;  
Alas! how poorly are thy labours crown'd!  
Thy liquor's never sweet, nor yet thy vessel sound.
- 7 What less than fool is man to prog and plot,  
And lavish out the cream of all his care,  
To gain poor seeming goods; which, being got,  
Make firm possession but a thoroughfare;  
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper;  
And, being kept with care, they lose their careful  
keeper.

---

If we give more to the flesh than we ought, we nourish an enemy; if we give not to her necessity what we ought, we destroy a citizen: the flesh is to be satisfied so far as suffices to our good: whosoever alloweth so much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be satisfied: to be satisfied is a great art; lest, by the

satiety of the flesh, we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.—  
S. GREG. Hom. iii. secund. parte Ezech.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner; yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.—HUGO de Anima.

---

EPIC. 12.

What makes thee, fool, so fat? Fool, thee so bare?  
Ye suck the self-same milk, the self-same air;  
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin and bone?  
The mean's a virtue, and the world has none.

---

No. XIII.

*Illustration—A Man curbing an Ass up hill, another lashing a Deer toward a Globe.*

Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.—  
JOHN iii. 19.

LORD, when we leave the world and come to thee,  
How dull, how slug are we!  
How backward! How prepost'rous is the motion  
Of our ungain<sup>1</sup> devotion!  
Our thoughts are millstones, and our souls are lead,  
And our desires are dead:  
Our vows are fairly promised, faintly paid;  
Or broken, or not made:  
Our better work (if any good) attends  
Upon our private ends: 10  
In whose performance one poor worldly scoff  
Foins us, or beats us off.  
If thy sharp scourge find out some secret fault,  
We grumble or revolt;  
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we stray,  
Or idly lose the way.

<sup>1</sup> 'Ungain': Ungainly.

Is the road fair? we loiter; clogg'd with mire?  
     We stick, or else retire:  
 A lamb appears a lion; and we fear,  
     Each bush we see's a bear. 20  
 When our dull souls direct our thoughts to thee,  
     As slow as snails are we:  
 But at the earth we dart our wing'd desire;  
     We burn, we burn like fire.  
 Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend  
     To her magnetic friend:  
 Or as the greedy lover's eye-balls fly  
     At his fair mistress' eye:  
 So, so we cling to earth; we fly and puff,  
     Yet fly not fast enough. 30  
 If pleasure beckon with her balmy hand,  
     Her beck's a strong command:  
 If honour calls us with her courtly breath,  
     An hour's delay is death:  
 If profit's golden-finger'd charm inveigles,  
     We clip<sup>1</sup> more swift than eagles:  
 Let Auster weep, or blust'ring Boreas roar,  
     Till eyes or lungs be sore:  
 Let Neptune swell, until his dropsy sides  
     Burst into broken tides: 40  
 Nor threat'ning rocks, nor winds, nor waves, nor fire,  
     Can curb our fierce desire:  
 Nor fire, nor rocks, can stop our furious minds,  
     Nor waves, nor winds:  
 How fast and fearless do our footsteps flee!  
 The lightfoot roebuck's not so swift as we.

Two several lovers built two several cities; the love of God buildeth a Jerusalem; the love of the world buildeth a Babylon. Let every one inquire of himself what he loveth, and he shall

<sup>1</sup> 'Clip:' fly.

resolve himself of whence he is a citizen.—S. AUGUST. sup. Psal. lxiv.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own centre ; my weight is my love ; by that I am driven whithersoever I am driven.—S. AUGUST. Lib. iii. Confess.

Lord, he loveth thee the less, that loveth anything with thee, which he loveth not for thee.—Ibidem.

---

EPIC. 13.

Lord, scourge my ass, if she should make no haste,  
 And curb my stag, if he should fly too fast :  
 If he be over swift, or she prove idle,  
 Let love lend her a spur ; fear, him a bridle.

---

NO. XIV.

*Illustration—A Man sitting with a Candle, which hides the day already broken.*

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.—PSALM xiii. 3.

I WILL 'T ne'er be morning? Will that promised light  
 Ne'er break, and clear those clouds of night?  
 Sweet Phosphor, bring the day,  
 Whose conqu'ring ray  
 May chase these fogs; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.  
 How long, how long shall these benighted eyes  
 Languish in shades, like feeble flies  
 Expecting spring? How long shall darkness soil  
 The face of earth, and thus beguile  
 Our souls of sprightful action? When, when will day  
 Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray  
 May gild the weathercocks of our devotion,  
 And give our unsoul'd souls new motion?  
 Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;  
 Thy light will fray  
 These horrid mists; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

- 2 Let those have night, that slyly love t' immure  
Their cloister'd crimes, and sin secure ;  
Let those have night, that blush to let men know  
The baseness they ne'er blush to do ;  
Let those have night, that love to have a nap,  
And loll in Ignorance's lap ;  
Let those, whose eyes, like owls, abhor the light,  
Let those have night, that love the night :  
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day ;  
How sad delay  
Afflicts dull hopes ! sweet Phosphor, bring the  
day.
- 3 Alas ! my light in vain expecting eyes  
Can find no objects, but what rise  
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark  
Of Vulcan's forge, whose flames are dark,  
A dangerous, dull, blue-burning light,  
As melancholy as the night :  
Here's all the suns that glister in the sphere  
Of earth. Ah me ! what comfort's here !  
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day ;  
Haste, haste away  
Heav'n's loit'ring lamp ; sweet Phosphor, bring the  
day.
- 4 Blow, Ignorance : O thou, whose idle knee  
Rocks earth into a lethargy,  
And with thy sooty fingers has benight  
The world's fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spite :  
Since thou hast puft our greater taper ; do  
Puff on, and out the lesser too :  
If e'er that breath-exiled flame return,  
Thou hast not blown, as it will burn :

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day :  
 Light will repay  
 The wrongs of night ; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

---

GOD is all to thee : If thou be hungry, he is bread ; if thirsty, he is water ; if darkness, he is light ; if naked, he is a robe of immortality.—S. AUGUST. in Joh. Ser. xix.

GOD is a light that is never darkened ; an unwearied life that cannot die ; a fountain always flowing ; a garden of life ; a seminary of wisdom ; a radical beginning of all goodness.—ALANUS de Conq. Nat.

---

EPIC. 14.

My soul, if Ignorance puff out this light,  
 She'll do a favour that intends a spite :  
 'T seems dark abroad ; but take this light away,  
 Thy windows will discover break of day.

---

No. XV.

*Illustration—Described already in 'Life.'*

The devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.—REV. xii. 12.

1 LORD, canst thou see and suffer? Is thy hand  
 Still bound to th' peace? Shall earth's black  
 monarch take  
 A full possession of thy wasted land?  
 Oh, will thy slumb'ring vengeance never wake,  
 Till full-aged, law-resisting custom shake  
 The pillars of thy right by false command?  
 Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer, and come  
 down ;  
 Behold whose temples wear thy sacred crown ;  
 Redress, redress our wrongs ; revenge, revenge thy  
 own.

- 2 See how the bold usurper mounts the seat  
Of royal majesty; how overstrawing  
Perils with pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat  
With bugbear death, by torments overawing  
Thy frighted subjects; or by favours drawing  
Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat;  
LORD, canst thou be so mild, and he so bold?  
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold  
Is govern'd by the fox? LORD, canst thou see and  
hold?
- 3 That swift-wing'd advocate, that did commence  
Our welcome suits before the King of kings,  
That sweet ambassador, that hurries hence  
What airs th' harmonious soul or sighs or sings,  
See how she flutters with her idle wings;  
Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by sense;  
Sense-conquering faith is now grown blind and cold  
And basely craven'd, that in times of old  
Did conquer Heaven itself, do what th' Almighty could.
- 4 Behold, how double fraud does scourge and tear  
Astræa's wounded sides, plough'd up, and rent  
With knotted cords, whose fury has no ear;  
See how she stands a pris'ner to be sent  
A slave into eternal banishment,  
I know not whither, oh, I know not where:  
Her patent must be cancell'd in disgrace;  
And sweet-lipp'd fraud, with her divided face,  
Must act Astræa's part, must take Astræa's place.
- 5 Faith's pinion's clipt! and fair Astræa gone!  
Quick-seeing Faith now blind, and Justice see:  
Has Justice now found wings? And has Faith none?

What do we here? Who would not wish to be  
 Dissolved from earth, and with Astræa flee  
 From this blind dungeon to that sun-bright throne?  
 LORD, is thy sceptre lost, or laid aside?  
 Is hell broke loose, and all her fiends untied?  
 LORD, rise, and rouse, and rule, and crush their furious  
 pride.

---

The devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of the truth, the corrupter of the world, man's perpetual enemy; he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spurreth bodies, he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger, exposeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, soweth error, nourisheth contention, disturbeth peace, and scattereth affliction.—PETER RAV. in Matth.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.—MACAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.—SAVANAR.

---

EPIC. 15.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on;  
 Judge not the play before the play is done:  
 Her plot has many changes: ev'ry day  
 Speaks a new scene: the last act crowns the play.

---

## BOOK THE SECOND.

---

### No. I.

*Illustration—A Cupid snuffing a dull Candle set on a Globe; another Creature applying a Bellows to the Sun.*

You that walk in the light of your own fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled, ye shall lie down in sorrow.—ISAIAH I. 11.

- 1 Do, silly Cupid, snuff and trim  
Thy false, thy feeble light,  
And make her self-consuming flames more bright;  
Methinks she burns too dim.  
Is this that sprightly fire,  
Whose more than sacred beams inspire  
The ravish'd hearts of men, and so inflame desire?
  
- 2 See, boy, how thy unthrifty blaze  
Consumes, how fast she wanes;  
She spends herself, and her whose wealth maintains  
Her weak, her idle rays.  
Cannot thy lustful blast,  
Which gave it lustre, make it last?  
What heart can long be pleased, where pleasure  
spends so fast?
  
- 3 Go, wanton, place thy pale-faced light  
Where never-breaking day  
Intends to visit mortals, or display  
Thy sullen shades of night:

Thy torch will burn more clear  
 In night's un-Titan'd hemisphere ;  
 Heaven's scornful flames and thine can never co-appear.

- 4 In vain thy busy hands address  
 Their labour to display  
 Thy easy blaze within the verge of day ;  
 The greater drowns the less !  
 If Heav'n's bright glory shine,  
 Thy glimm'ring sparks must needs resign ;  
 Puff out Heav'n's glory then, or Heav'n will work  
 out thine.
- 5 Go, Cupid's rammish pandar, go,  
 Whose dull, whose low desire  
 Can find sufficient warmth from nature's fire,  
 Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,  
 Blow wind made strong with spite ;  
 When thou hast puft the greater light,  
 Thy lesser spark may shine, and warm the new-made night.
- 6 Deluded mortals, tell me, when  
 Your daring breath has blown  
 Heav'n's taper out, and you have spent your own,  
 What fire shall warm you then ?  
 Ah, fools! perpetual night  
 Shall haunt your souls with Stygian fright,  
 Where they shall boil in flames, but flames shall bring  
 no light.

---

The sufficiency of my merit, is to know that my merit is not sufficient.—S. AUGUST.

By how much the less man seeth himself, by so much the less he displeaseth himself; and by how much the more he seeth the

light of grace, by so much the more he disdaineth the light of nature.—S. GREG. Mor. xxv.

The light of the understanding, humility kindleth, and pride covereth.—S. GREG. Mor.

---

EPIG. 1.

Thou blow'st Heav'n's fire, the whilst thou go'st about,  
 Rebellious fool, in vain, to blow it out ;  
 Thy folly adds confusion to thy death ;  
 Heav'n's fire confounds, when fann'd with folly's breath.

---

No. II.

*Illustration*—A Cupid trying in vain to grasp a Globe in his arms.

There is no end of all his labour ; neither is his eye satisfied with riches.—  
 ECCLES. iv. 8.

OH, how our widen'd arms can over-stretch  
 Their own dimensions ! How our hands can reach  
 Beyond their distance ! How our yielding breast  
 Can shrink to be more full and full possest  
 Of this inferior orb ! How earth refined  
 Can cling to sordid earth ! How kind to kind !  
 We gape, we grasp, we gripe, add store to store ;  
 Enough requires too much ; too much craves more.  
 We charge our souls so sore beyond their stint,  
 That we recoil or burst: the busy mint 10  
 Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,  
 And coining new desires ; desires not knowing  
 Where next to pitch ; but, like the boundless ocean,  
 Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by motion.  
 The pale-faced lady of the black-eyed night,  
 First tips her horned brows with easy light,  
 Whose curious train of spangled nymphs attire  
 Her next night's glory with increasing fire ;

Each ev'ning adds more lustre, and adorns 19  
 The growing beauty of her grasping horns:  
 She sucks and draws her brother's golden store,  
 Until her glutt'd orb can suck no more.  
 E'en so the vulture of insatiate minds  
 Still wants, and wanting seeks, and seeking finds  
 New fuel to increase her rav'nous fire.  
 The grave is sooner cloy'd than men's desire:  
 We cross the seas, and midst her waves we burn,  
 Transporting lives, perchance that ne'er return;  
 We sack, we ransack to the utmost sands  
 Of native kingdoms, and of foreign lands; 30  
 We travel sea and soil, we pry, we prowl,  
 We progress, and we prog from pole to pole;  
 We spend our midday sweat, our midnight oil,  
 We tire the night in thought, the day in toil:  
 We make art servile, and the trade gentile,<sup>1</sup>  
 (Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile,)  
 To compass earth, and with her empty store  
 To fill our arms, and grasp one handful more;  
 Thus seeking rest, our labours never cease,  
 But, as our years, our hot desires increase: 40  
 Thus we, poor little worlds! with blood and sweat,  
 In vain attempt to comprehend the great;  
 Thus, in our gain, become we gainful losers,  
 And what's inclosed, incloses the inclosers.  
 Now, reader, close thy book, and then advise;  
 Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise;  
 Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking  
 The world's base dunghill; vermin's took by taking:  
 Take heed thou trust not the deceitful lap  
 Of wanton Dalilah; the world's a trap. 50

<sup>1</sup> 'Gentile': Heathenish.

Tell me, where be those now, that so lately loved and hugged the world? Nothing remaineth of them but dust and worms. Observe what those men were; what those men are. They were like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry days; and in a moment slipt into hell. Here, their flesh is food for worms; there, their souls are fuel for fire, till they shall be rejoined in an unhappy fellowship, and cast into eternal torments; where they that were once companions in sin, can be hereafter partners in punishment.—HUGO de Anima.

---

 EPIG. 2.

Gripe, Cupid, and gripe still, unto that wind,  
 That's pent before, find secret vent behind:  
 And when thou 'st done, hark here, I tell thee what,  
 Before I'll trust thy armful, I'll trust that.

---

 No. III.

*Illustration—A Cupid in a Boat; in his Net one unresisting.*

He is cast into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a snare.—JOB xviii. 8.

- 1 WHAT! nets and quiver too? what need there all  
 These sly devices to betray poor men?  
 Die they not fast enough when thousands fall  
 Before thy dart? what need these engines then?  
 Attend they not, and answer to thy call,  
 Like nightly coveys, where they list and when?  
 What needs a stratagem where strength can sway?  
 Or what needs strength compel where none  
 gainsay?  
 Or what needs stratagem or strength, where hearts  
 obey?
- 2 Husband thy slights: it is but vain to waste  
 Honey on those that will be catch'd with gall;  
 Thou canst not, ah! thou canst not bid so fast  
 As men obey: thou art more slow to call

Than they to come; thou canst not make such haste  
 To strike, as they, being struck, make haste to fall.  
 Go, save thy nets for that rebellious heart  
 That scorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art  
 T' avoid thy flying shaft, to quench thy fiery dart.

3 Lost mortal! how is thy destruction sure,  
 Between two bawds, and both without remorse!  
 The one's a line, the other is a lure;  
 This to entice thy soul; that to enforce!  
 Waylaid by both, how canst thou stand secure?  
 That draws; this woos thee to th' eternal curse.  
 O charming tyrant, how hast thou befool'd  
 And slaved poor man, that would not, if he  
 could,  
 Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay, could not, if he would.

4 Alas! thy sweet perfidious voice betrays  
 His wanton ears with thy Sirenian baits:  
 Thou wrapp'st his eyes in mists, then boldly lays  
 Thy lethal gins before their crystal gates;  
 Thou lock'st up ev'ry sense with thy false keys,  
 All willing pris'ners to thy close deceits:  
 His ear most nimble, where it deaf should be;  
 His eye most blind, where most it ought to see;  
 And when his heart's most bound, then thinks himself  
 most free.

5 Thou grand impostor! how hast thou obtain'd  
 The wardship of the world? Are all men turn'd  
 Idiots and lunatics? Are all retain'd  
 Beneath thy servile bands? Is none return'd  
 To his forgotten self? Has none regain'd  
 His senses? Are their senses all adjourn'd?

What, none dismiss'd thy court? Will no plump  
 fee  
 Bribe thy false fists to make a glad decree,  
 T' unfool whom thou hast fool'd, and set thy pris'ners  
 free?

---

In this world is much treachery, little truth; here all things are traps; here everything is beset with snares; here souls are endangered, bodies are afflicted; here all things are vanity and vexation of spirit.—S. BERN. in Ser.

---

EPIC. 3.

Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel where thou please,  
 Thou canst not fail to take such fish as these.  
 Thy thriving sport will ne'er be spent: no need  
 To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thou'lt speed.

---

No. IV.

*Illustration—A Cupid on a Globe puffing a Pipe.*

They shall be as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor,  
 and as the smoke out of the chimney.—HOSEA xiii. 3.

FLINT-HEARTED Stoics, you whose marble eyes  
 Contemn a wrinkle, and whose souls despise  
 To follow nature's too affected fashion,  
 Or travel in the regent walk of passion;  
 Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at fears,  
 Or play at fast and loose with smiles and tears;  
 Come, burst your spleens with laughter to behold  
 A new-found vanity, which days of old  
 Ne'er knew: a vanity, that has beset  
 The world, and made more slaves than Mahomet; 10  
 That has condemn'd us to the servile yoke  
 Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke.  
 But stay, why tax I thus our modern times  
 For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?

Are we sole guilty, and the first age free? 15  
 No, they were smoked and slaved as well as we:  
 What's sweet-lipp'd honour's blast, but smoke? What's  
 treasure,  
 But very smoke? And what more smoke than  
 pleasure?  
 Alas! they're all but shadows, fumes, and blasts;  
 That vanishes, this fades, the other wastes. 20  
 The restless merchant, he that loves to steep  
 His brains in wealth, and lays his soul to sleep  
 In bags of bullion, sees th' immortal crown,  
 And fain would mount, but ingots keep him down:  
 He brags to-day, perchance, and begs to-morrow:  
 He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow;  
 Blow, winds, the treasure's gone, the merchant's broke;  
 A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke.  
 Behold the glory-vying child of fame,  
 That from deep wounds sucks such an honour'd name, 30  
 That thinks no purchase worth the style of good,  
 But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with blood;  
 That for a point, a blast of empty breath,  
 Undaunted gazes in the face of death;  
 Whose dear-bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,  
 Breaks with a fillip, or a gen'ral's frown:  
 His stroke-got honour staggers with a stroke;  
 A slave to honour is a slave to smoke.  
 And that fond fool, who wastes his idle days  
 In loose delights, and sports about the blaze 40  
 Of Cupid's candle; he that daily spies  
 Twin babies in his mistress' Geminis,  
 Whereto his sad devotion does impart  
 The sweet burnt-off'ring of a bleeding heart;  
 See, how his wings are singed in Cyprian fire,  
 Whose flames consume with youth, with age expire:

The world's a bubble; all the pleasures in it,                   47  
 Like morning vapours, vanish in a minute:  
 The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke;  
 A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke.  
 Now, Stoic, cease thy laughter, and repast  
 Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as fast.

---

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great because  
 he is rich; the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth out-  
 wardly, but beggeth inwardly: he is blown up, but not full.—S.  
 Hieron.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour; the pomp  
 of the world, and the favour of the people, are but smoke, and a blast  
 suddenly vanishing; which if they commonly please, commonly  
 bring repentance; and, for a minute of joy, they bring an age of  
 sorrow.—PETR. RAV.

---

EPIC. 4.

Cupid, thy diet's strange: it dulls, it rouses;  
 It cools, it heats; it binds, and then it looses:  
 Dull-sprightly, cold-hot fool, if e'er it winds thee  
 Into a looseness once, take heed, it binds thee.

---

No. V.

*Illustration—Cupid as an Auctioneer selling the World.*

Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themselves  
 wings; they fly away as an eagle.—PROV. xxiii. 5.

1 FALSE world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend  
     The least delight:  
 Thy favours cannot gain a friend,  
     They are so slight:  
 Thy morning pleasures make an end  
     To please at night:

Poor are the wants that thou supply'st:  
 And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st  
 With Heaven; fond earth, thou boast'st; false world,  
 thou ly'st.

2 Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales  
     Of endless treasure:  
 Thy bounty offers easy sales  
     Of lasting pleasure;  
 Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,  
     And swear'st to ease her;  
 There's none can want where thou supply'st,  
 There's none can give where thou deny'st,  
 Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou  
 ly'st.

3 What well-advisèd ear regards  
     What earth can say?  
 Thy words are gold, but thy rewards  
     Are painted clay:  
 Thy cunning can but pack the cards,  
     Thou canst not play:  
 Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;  
 If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st:  
 Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou  
 ly'st.

4 Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint  
     Of new-coin'd treasure;  
 A paradise, that has no stint,  
     No change, no measure;  
 A painted cask, but nothing in 't,  
     Nor wealth, nor pleasure:

Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st  
 With man; vain man, that thou rely'st  
 On earth: vain man, thou doat'st; vain earth, thou  
 ly'st.

- 5 What mean dull souls in his high measure  
 To haberdash  
 In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure  
 Is dross and trash;  
 The height of whose enchanting pleasure  
 Is but a flash?  
 Are these the goods that thou supply'st  
 Us mortals with? Are these the high'st:  
 Can these bring cordial peace? false world, thou ly'st.

---

The world is deceitful; her end is doubtful, her conclusion is horrible; her judge is terrible; and her punishment is intolerable.—  
 PET. BLES.

The vain-glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruitless labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour; her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.—S.  
 AUGUST. Lib. Confess.

---

EPIC. 5.

World, thou 'rt a traitor; thou hast stamp'd thy base  
 And chymic metal with great Cæsar's face,  
 And with thy bastard bullion thou hast barter'd  
 For wares of price; how justly drawn and quarter'd!

---

## No. VI.

*Illustration—Cupid seeing the World through a false and multiplying Glass.*

Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity; for vanity shall be his recompense.—JOB xv. 31.

- 1 BELIEVE her not, her glass diffuses  
     False portraitures: thou canst espy  
     No true reflection: she abuses  
     Her misinform'd beholder's eye;  
     Her crystal's falsely steel'd; it scatters  
     Deceitful beams; believe her not, she flatters.
- 2 This flaring mirror represents  
     No right proportion, view or feature:  
     Her very looks are compliments;  
     They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater;  
     The skilful gloss of her reflection  
     But paints the context of thy coarse complexion.
- 3 Were thy dimension but a stride,  
     Nay, wert thou statured but a span,  
     Such as the long-bill'd troops defied,  
     A very fragment of a man,  
     She'll make thee Mimas, which you will,  
     The Jove-slain tyrant, or th' Ionic hill.
- 4 Had surfeits, or th' ungracious star,  
     Conspired to make one common place  
     Of all deformities that are  
     Within the volume of thy face,  
     She'll lend the favour should outmove  
     The Troy-bane Helen, or the queen of love.
- 5 Were thy consumed estate as poor  
     As Laz'rus or afflicted Job's:  
     She'll change thy wants to seeming store,  
     And turn thy rags to purple robes;

She'll make thy hide-bound flank appear  
As plump as theirs that feast it all the year.

- 6 Look off, let not thy optics be  
Abused: thou see'st not what thou should'st :  
Thyself's the object thou should'st see,  
But 'tis thy shadow thou behold'st :  
And shadows thrive the more in stature,  
The nearer we approach the light of nature.
- 7 Where Heav'n's bright beams look more direct,  
The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger,  
But when they glance their fair aspect,  
The bold-faced shade grows larger, longer :  
And when their lamp begins to fall,  
Th' increasing shadows lengthen most of all.
- 8 The soul that seeks the noon of grace,  
Shrinks in, but swells if grace retreat.  
As Heav'n lifts up or veils his face,  
Our self-esteem grows less or great.  
The least is greatest, and who shall  
Appear the greatest, are the least of all.

---

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not first rightly advised to behold himself. First, thou must see the visible things of thyself, before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of God ; for if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things above thee ; the best looking-glass wherein to see thy God, is perfectly to see thyself.—HUGO Lib. de Anima.

---

EPIG. 6.

Be not deceived, great fool : there is no loss  
In being small ; great bulks but swell with dross.  
Man is Heav'n's masterpiece : if it appear  
More great, the value's less : if less, more dear.

## No. VII.

*Illustration—Two winged Beings—one opening a Chest, the other using a Sieve.*

I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live.—DEUT. xxx. 19.

- 1 THE world's a floor, whose swelling heaps retain  
     The mingled wages of the ploughman's toil ;  
 The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnow'd grain  
     Is lodged with chaff and buried in her soil ;  
 All things are mix'd, the useful with the vain,  
     The good with bad, the noble with the vile ;  
     The world's an ark, wherein things pure and gross  
     Present their lossful gain, and gainful loss,  
 Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of dross.
  
- 2 This furnish'd ark presents the greedy view  
     With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add ;  
 Here lasting joys ; here pleasures hourly new,  
     And hourly fading, may be wish'd and had :  
 All points of honour, counterfeit and true,  
     Salute thy soul, and wealth both good and bad :  
     Here may'st thou open wide the two-leaved door  
     Of all thy wishes, to receive that store,  
 Which being empty most, does overflow the more.
  
- 3 Come then, my soul, approach this royal burse,  
     And see what wares our great exchange retains ;  
 Come, come ; here's that shall make a firm divorce  
     Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains ;  
 No need to sit in counsel with thy purse,  
     Here's nothing good shall cost more price than pains :  
     But, O my soul, take heed, if thou rely  
     Upon thy faithless optics, thou wilt buy  
 Too blind a bargain : know, fools only trade by th' eye.

- 4 The worldly wisdom of the foolish man  
 Is like a sieve, that does alone retain  
 The grosser substance of the worthless bran :  
 But thou, my soul, let thy brave thoughts disdain  
 So coarse a purchase : oh, be thou a fan  
 To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain :  
 Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mix'd desires :  
 Thou art Heav'n's tasker, and thy GOD requires  
 The purest of thy flour, as well as of thy fires :
- 5 Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,  
 And wisdom bless the soul's unblemish'd ways ;  
 No matter, then, how short or long's the lease,  
 Whose date determines thy self-number'd days :  
 No need to care for wealth's or fame's increase,  
 Nor Mars his palm, nor high Apollo's bays.  
 Lord, if thy gracious bounty please to fill  
 The floor of my desires, and teach me skill  
 To dress and choose the corn, take those the chaff that will.

---

Temporal things more ravish in the expectation than in fruition :  
 but things eternal, more in the fruition than expectation.—S.  
 AUGUST. Lib. i. de Doct. Christi.

The life of man is the middle between angels and beasts : if man  
 takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts : but if he  
 delight in spiritual things, he is suited with angels.—Ibidem.

---

EPIC. 7.

Art thou a child ? Thou wilt not then be fed  
 But like a child, and with the children's bread ;  
 But thou art fed with chaff, or corn undrest :  
 My soul, thou savour'st too much of the beast.

## No. VIII.

*Illustration—Venus trying to please a Whimpering Child—Divine Cupid beside.*

They mind earthly things ; but our conversation is in heaven.—  
PHIL. iii. 19, 20.

VENUS. DIVINE CUPID.

*Venus.*

WHAT means this peevish babe? Whish, lullaby ;  
 What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry ?  
 Will nothing still it? Will it neither be  
 Pleased with the nurse's breast, nor mother's knee?  
 What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy  
 To make such whim'ring faces? Peace, my joy:  
 Will nothing do? Come, come, this peevish brat,  
 Thus cry and bawl, and cannot tell for what?  
 Come, buss and friends, my lamb; whish, lullaby ;  
 What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry? 10  
 Peace, peace, my dear ; alas! thy early years  
 Had never faults to merit half these tears!  
 Come, smile upon me : let thy mother spy  
 Thy father's image in her baby's eye :  
 Husband these guilty drops against the rage  
 Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age ;  
 Thine eye's not ripe for tears. Whish, lullaby ;  
 What ails my babe, my sweet-faced babe to cry ?  
 Look, look, what's here ! A dainty, golden thing :  
 See how the dancing bells turn round and ring, 20  
 To please my bantling ! Here's a knack will breed  
 An hundred kisses : here's a knack indeed.  
 So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair  
 As Pelops' shoulder,<sup>1</sup> or a milk-white pair :  
 Here's right the father's smile ; when Mars beguiled  
 Sick Venus of her heart, just thus he smiled.

<sup>1</sup> 'Pelops' shoulder : ' it was of ivory.

*Divine Cupid.*

Well may they smile alike ; thy base-bred boy      27  
 And his base sire had both one cause, a toy :  
 How well their subjects and their smiles agree !  
 Thy Cupid finds a toy, and Mars found thee :  
 False queen of beauty, queen of false delights,  
 Thy knee presents an emblem, that invites  
 Man to himself, whose self-transported heart  
 (O'erwhelm'd with native sorrows, and the smart  
 Of purchased griefs) lies whining night and day,  
 Not knowing why, till heavy-heel'd delay,  
 The dull-brow'd pandar of despair, lays by  
 His leaden buskins, and presents his eye  
 With antic trifles, which the indulgent earth  
 Makes proper objects of man's childish mirth.      40  
 These be the coin that pass, the sweets that please ;  
 There 's nothing good, there 's nothing great but these ;  
 These be the pipes that base-born minds dance after,  
 And turn immod'rate tears to lavish laughter ;  
 Whilst heav'nly raptures pass without regard ;  
 Their strings are harsh, and their high strains unheard :  
 The ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flute,  
 Find more respect than great Apollo's lute :  
 We 'll look to Heav'n, and trust to higher joys ;  
 Let swine love husks, and children whine for toys.      50

---

That is the true and chief joy which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator, which (being once possessed thereof) none can take from thee : whereto all pleasure, being compared, is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.—S. BERN.

Joy, in a changeable subject, must necessarily change as the subject changeth.—S. BERN.

## EPIG. 8.

Peace, childish Cupid, peace : thy finger'd eye  
 But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry.  
 But are thy peevish wranglings thus appeased?  
 Well may'st thou cry, that art so poorly pleased.

## No. IX.

*Illustration—Cupid with the Horns of an Owl.*

What will ye do in the day of visitation? to whom will ye flee for help? and where will ye leave your glory?—ISAIAH x. 3.

- 1 Is this that jolly god, whose Cyprian bow  
 Has shot so many flaming darts,  
 And made so many wounded beauties go  
 Sadly perplex'd with whim'ring hearts?  
 Is this that sov'reign deity, that brings  
 The slavish world in awe, and stings  
 The blund'ring souls of swains, and stops the hearts  
 of kings?
- 2 What Circean charm, what Hectæan spite  
 Has thus abused the god of love?  
 Great Jove was vanquish'd by his greater might;  
 (And who is stronger-arm'd than Jove?)  
 Or has our lustful god perform'd a rape,  
 And (fearing Argus' eyes) would 'scape  
 The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?
- 3 Where be those rosy cheeks, that lately scorn'd  
 The malice of injurious fates?  
 Ah! where's that pearl portcullis that adorn'd  
 Those dainty two-leaved ruby gates?  
 Where be those killing eyes that so controll'd  
 The world, and locks that did infold  
 Like knots of flaming wire, like curls of burnish'd  
 gold?

- 4 No, no, 'twas neither Hecatæan spite,  
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above;  
'Twas neither Circe's spell, nor Stygian sprite,  
That thus transform'd our god of love;  
'Twas owl-eyed lust (more potent far than they)  
Whose eyes and actions hate the day:  
Whom all the world observe, whom all the world  
obey.
- 5 See how the latter trumpet's dreadful blast  
Affrights stout Mars his trembling son!  
See, how he startles! how he stands aghast,  
And scrambles from his melting throne!  
Hark how the direful hand of vengeance tears  
The swelt'ring clouds, whilst Heav'n appears  
A circle fill'd with flame, and centred with his fears.
- 6 This is that day, whose oft report hath worn  
Neglected tongues of prophets bare;  
The faithless subject of the worldling's scorn,  
The sum of men and angels' pray'r:  
This, this the day, whose all-discerning light  
Ransacks the secret dens of night,  
And severs good from bad; true joys from false  
delight.
- 7 You grov'ling worldlings, you whose wisdom trades  
Where light ne'er shot his golden ray,  
That hide your actions in Cimmerian shades,  
How will your eyes endure this day?  
Hills will be deaf, and mountains will not hear;  
There be no caves, no corners there  
To shade your souls from fire, to shield your hearts  
from fear.

Oh, the extreme loathsomeness of fleshly lust, which not only effeminates the mind, but enervates the body ; which not only distaineth the soul, but disguiseth the person ! It is ushered with fury and wantonness ; it is accompanied with filthiness and uncleanness ; and it is followed with grief and repentance.—HUGO.

---

EPIC. 9.

What, sweet-faced Cupid, has thy bastard-treasure,  
 Thy boasted honours, and thy bold-faced pleasure,  
 Perplex'd thee now ? I told thee long ago,  
 To what they'd bring thee, fool ; to wit, to woe.

---

No. X.

*Illustration—Cupid listening to a Globe newly struck.*

She is empty, and void, and waste.—NAHUM ii. 10.

- 1 SHE'S empty : hark, she sounds : there's nothing there  
 But noise to fill thy ear ;  
 Thy vain inquiry can at length but find  
 A blast of murm'ring wind :  
 It is a cask, that seems as full as fair,  
 But merely tunn'd with air :  
 Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds :  
 The soul that vainly finds  
 Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.
- 2 She's empty : hark, she sounds : there's nothing in't ;  
 The spark-engend'ring flint  
 Shall sooner melt, and hardest rounce<sup>1</sup> shall first  
 Dissolve, and quench thy thirst,  
 Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast  
 With smooth-faced calms of rest.  
 Thou may'st as well expect meridian light  
 From shades of black-mouth'd night,  
 As in this empty world to find a full delight.

<sup>1</sup> 'Rounce : ' rocky substance.

- 3 She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis void and vast;  
    What if some flatt'ring blast  
Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,  
    And whisper in thine ear?  
It is but wind, and blows but where it list,  
    And vanisheth like mist.  
Poor honour earth can give! What gen'rous mind  
    Would be so base to bind  
Her heav'n-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind?
- 4 She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis but a ball  
    For fools to play withal:  
The painted film but of a stronger bubble,  
    That's lined with silken trouble:  
It is a world, whose work and recreation  
    Is vanity and vexation;  
A hag, repair'd with vice-complexion'd paint,  
    A quest-house of complaint;  
It is a saint, a fiend; a worse fiend, when most a saint.
- 5 She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis vain and void;  
    What's here to be enjoy'd  
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,  
    Drawn now, and cross'd to-morrow?  
Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,  
    Revived with living death?  
Fond lad, oh, build thy hopes on surer grounds  
    Than what dull flesh propounds;  
Trust not this hollow world; she's empty: hark, she  
    sounds.

---

Contemn riches, and thou shalt be rich; contemn glory, and thou shalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou shalt be a conqueror; contemn rest, and thou shalt gain rest; contemn earth, and thou shalt find Heaven.—S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

The world is a vanity which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the industrious.—HUGO LIB. de Vanit. Mundi.

---

EPIC. 10.

This house is to be let for life or years ;  
 Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears :  
 Cupid, 't has long stood void ; her bills make known,  
 She must be dearly let, or let alone.

---

No. XI.

*Illustration—A Game at Bowls between the two Cupids—one aiming at the broad and flowery, the other at the narrow way.*

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.—  
 MATT. vii. 14.

PREPOST'ROUS fool, thou trowl'st amiss ;  
 Thou err'st ; that 's not the way, 'tis this :  
 Thy hopes, instructed by thine eye,  
 Make thee appear more near than I ;  
 My floor is not so flat, so fine,  
 And has more obvious rubs than thine :  
 'Tis true ; my way is hard and strait,  
 And leads me through a thorny gate,  
 Whose rankling pricks are sharp and fell ;  
 The common way to Heav'n 's by hell. 10  
 'Tis true ; thy path is short and fair,  
 And free from rubs : ah ! fool, beware,  
 The safest road 's not always ev'n :  
 The way to hell 's a seeming heav'n :  
 Think'st thou the crown of glory 's had  
 With idle ease, fond Cyprian lad ?  
 Think'st thou, that mirth, and vain delights,  
 High feed, and shadow-short'ning nights,  
 Soft knees, full bags, and beds of down,  
 Are proper prologues to a crown ? 20  
 Or canst thou hope to come and view,  
 Like prosp'rous Cæsar, and subdue ?

The bond-slave usurer will trudge, 25  
 In spite of gout will turn a drudge,  
 And serve his soul-condemning purse,  
 T' increase it with the widow's curse :  
 And shall the crown of glory stand  
 Not worth the waving of an hand ?  
 The fleshly wanton, to obtain  
 His minute-lust, will count it gain 30  
 To lose his freedom, his estate,  
 Upon so dear, so sweet a rate ;  
 Shall pleasures thus be prized, and must  
 Heav'n's palm be cheaper than a lust ?  
 The true-bred spark, to hoise his name  
 Upon the waxen wings of fame,  
 Will fight undaunted in a flood  
 That's raised with brackish drops and blood.  
 And shall the promised crown of life  
 Be thought a toy, not worth a strife ? 40  
 And easy good brings easy gains ;  
 But things of price are bought with pains.  
 The pleasing way is not the right :  
 He that would conquer Heav'n must fight.

---

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.—S. HIERON. in Ep.

The valour of a just man is, to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.—S. GREG. Lib. viii. Mor.

---

EPIG. 11.

O Cupid, if thy smoother way were right,  
 I should mistrust this crown were counterfeit :  
 The way's not easy where the prize is great :  
 I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.

## No. XII.

*Illustration—A winged Being standing on a Cross surmounting a Globe, the four winds blowing around.*

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.—GAL. vi. 14.

- 1 CAN nothing settle my uncertain breast,  
 And fix my rambling love ?  
 Can my affections find out nothing best,  
 But still and still remove ?  
 Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of rest  
 Receive my restless dove ?  
 Is there no good, than which there's nothing higher,  
 To bless my full desire  
 With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er  
 expire ?
- 2 I wanted wealth ; and, at my dear request,  
 Earth lent a quick supply ;  
 I wanted mirth, to charm my sullen breast ;  
 And who more brisk than I ?  
 I wanted fame, to glorify the rest ;  
 My fame flew eagle-high ;  
 My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd,  
 Wealth vanish'd like a shade ;  
 My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.
- 3 The world's an ocean, hurried to and fro  
 With ev'ry blast of passion :  
 Her lustful streams, when either ebb or flow,  
 Are tides of man's vexation :  
 They alter daily, and they daily grow  
 The worse by alteration :  
 The earth's a cask full tunn'd, yet wanting measure ;  
 Her precious wine is pleasure ;  
 Her yeast is honour's puff; her lees are worldly  
 treasure.

- 4 My trust is in the cross: let beauty flag  
     Her loose, her wanton sail;  
 Let count'nance-gilding honour cease to brag  
     In courtly terms, and vail;  
 Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag  
     Her base, though golden, tail;  
 False beauty's conquest is but real loss,  
     And wealth but golden dross;  
 Best honour's but a blast: my trust is in the cross.
- 5 My trust is in the cross; there lies my rest:  
     My fast, my sole delight:  
 Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd East,  
     Blow till they burst with spite;  
 Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,  
     And join their twisted might;  
 Let show'rs of thunderbolts dart down and wound me,  
     And troops of fiends surround me,  
 All this may well confront; all this shall ne'er con-  
     found me.

---

Christ's cross is the christ-cross of all our happiness; it delivers us from all blindness of error, and enriches our darkness with light; it restoreth the troubled soul to rest; it bringeth strangers to God's acquaintance; it maketh remote foreigners near neighbours; it cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace: and is the bounteous author of all good.—S. AUGUST.

We find glory in the cross; to us that are saved, it is the power of God, and the fulness of all virtues.—S. BERN. in Ser. de Resur.

---

EPIC. 12.

I follow'd rest; rest fled and soon forsook me:  
 I ran from grief; grief ran and overtook me.  
 What shall I do, lest I be too much tost?  
 On worldly crosses, LORD, let me be crost.

## No. XIII.

*Illustration—Cupid on a Globe wounded—the Divine Cupid aiming at him before, the Devil behind.*

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.—

PROV. xxvi. 11.

OH, I am wounded! and my wounds do smart  
 Beyond my patience or great Chiron's<sup>1</sup> art;  
 I yield, I yield the day, the palm is thine;  
 Thy bow's more true, thy shaft's more fierce than mine.  
 Hold, hold, oh hold thy conqu'ring hand. What need  
 To send more darts? the first has done the deed:  
 Oft have we struggled, when our equal arms  
 Shot equal shafts, inflicted equal harms;  
 But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,  
 Twy-fork'd with death, has struck my conscience dead. 10  
 But must I die? ah me! if that were all,  
 Then, then I'd stroke my bleeding wounds, and call  
 This dart a cordial, and with joy endure  
 These harsh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.  
 But something whispers in my dying ear,  
 There is an after-day; which day I fear.

The slender debt to nature's quickly paid,  
 Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made;<sup>2</sup>  
 But if that pale-faced serjeant make arrest,  
 Ten thousand actions would (whereof the least 20  
 Is more than all this lower world can bail)  
 Be enter'd, and condemn me to the jail  
 Of Stygian darkness, bound in red-hot chains,  
 And griped with tortures worse than Tityan pains.  
 Farewell, my vain, farewell, my loose delights;  
 Farewell, my rambling days, my rev'ling nights;  
 'Twas you betray'd me first, and when ye found  
 My soul at 'vantage, gave my soul the wound:

<sup>1</sup> 'Chiron:' the famous ancient Centaur, skilled in physic. — <sup>2</sup> An ancient sage had said before—'It is perhaps easier to die than to be born.'

Farewell, my bullion gods, whose sov'reign looks      29  
 So often catch'd me with their golden hooks;  
 Go, seek another slave: ye must all go;  
 I cannot serve my GOD and bullion too.  
 Farewell, false honour; you, whose airy wings  
 Did mount my soul above the thrones of kings;  
 Then flatter'd me, took pet, and in disdain  
 Nipp'd my green buds; then kick'd me down again:  
 Farewell, my bow; farewell, my Cyprian quiver;  
 Farewell, dear world, farewell, dear world, for ever.  
 Oh, but this most delicious world, how sweet  
 Her pleasures relish! ah! how jump they meet      40  
 The grasping soul, and with their sprightly fire  
 Revive and raise, and rouse the rapt desire!  
 For ever? Oh, to part so long! what, never  
 Meet more? another year, and then for ever:  
 Too quick resolves do resolution wrong;  
 What, part so soon, to be divorced so long?  
 Things to be done, are long to be debated;  
 Heav'n's not decay'd; repentance is not dated.

---

Go up, my soul, into the tribunal of thy conscience: there set  
 thy guilty self before thyself: hide not thyself behind thyself, lest  
 GOD bring thee forth before thyself.—S. AUGUST. Lib. de Util. agen.  
 Pœn.

In vain is that washing where the next sin defileth: he hath ill  
 repented whose sins are repeated: that stomach is the worse for  
 vomiting that licketh up his vomit.—S. AUGUST. in Soliloq.

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath  
 not promised repentance to him that sinneth.—ANSELM.

---

EPIG. 13.

Brain-wounded Cupid, had this hasty dart,  
 As it has prick'd thy fancy, pierced thy heart,  
 'T had been thy friend: Oh, how it hath deceived thee!  
 For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had saved thee.

## No. XIV.

*Illustration—An Angel lifting up a fallen Child.*

A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again ; but the wicked shall fall into mischief.—PROV. xxiv. 16.

- 1 'Tis but a foil at best, and that's the most  
 Your skill can boast:  
 My slipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript,  
 Just as I slipt:  
 My wanton weakness did herself betray  
 With too much play:  
 I was too bold; he never yet stood sure,  
 That stands secure:  
 Who ever trusted to his native strength,  
 But fell at length?  
 The title's crazed, the tenure is not good,  
 That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.
- 2 Boast not thy skill; the righteous man falls oft,  
 Yet falls but soft:  
 There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones  
 To crush his bones:  
 What if he staggers? nay, but case he be  
 Foil'd on his knee?  
 That very knee will bend to Heav'n, and woo  
 For mercy too.  
 The true-bred gamester ups afresh, and then  
 Falls to 't again;  
 Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,  
 And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd dies.
- 3 Boast not thy conquest; thou that ev'ry hour  
 Fall'st ten times low'r;  
 Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,  
 To fall more base:

Thou wallow'st where I slip; and thou dost tumble  
     Where I but stumble:  
 Thou gloriest in thy slav'ry's dirty badges,  
     And fall'st for wages:  
 Sour grief and sad repentance scours and clears  
     My stains and tears:  
 Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure;<sup>1</sup>  
 But when I slip, I stand the more secure.  
 4 LORD, what a nothing is this little span,  
     We call a MAN!  
 What fenny trash maintains the smoth'ring fires  
     Of his desires!  
 How slight and short are his resolves at longest:  
     How weak at strongest!  
 Oh, if a sinner, held by that fast hand,  
     Can hardly stand,  
 Good GOD! in what a desp'rate case are they,  
     That have no stay!  
 Man's state implies a necessary curse;  
 When not himself, he's mad; when most himself,  
     he's worse.

---

Peter stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall than before he fell; insomuch that he found more grace than he lost grace.—S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad Vincula.

It is no such heinous matter to fall afflicted, as, being down, to lie dejected. It is no danger for a soldier to receive a wound in battle, but, after the wound received, through despair of recovery, to refuse a remedy; for we often see wounded champions wear the palm at last; and, after fight, crowned with victory.—S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. Monach.

---

EPIG. 14.

Triumph not, Cupid, his mischance doth show  
 Thy trade; doth once, what thou dost always do:  
 Brag not too soon; has thy prevailing hand  
 Foil'd him? ah fool, thou'st taught him how to stand.

<sup>1</sup> 'Ure:' which generally means 'good fortune,' means here action.

## No. XV.

*Illustration—The one Cupid pushing and punishing the other.*

I will put my fear in their hearts that they shall not depart from me.—JER.  
xxxii. 40.

So, now the soul's sublimed: her sour desires  
 Are recalced in Heav'n's well temper'd fires:  
 The heart restored and purged from drossy  
     nature,  
 Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature:  
 It lives another life, it breathes new breath;  
 It neither fears nor feels the sting of death:  
 Like as the idle vagrant (having none)  
 That boldly 'dopts each house he views, his  
     own;  
 Makes ev'ry purse his chequer; and, at pleasure,  
 Walks forth, and taxes all the world, like Cæsar;      10  
 At length, by virtue of a just command,  
 His sides are lent to a severer hand;  
 Whereon his pass, not fully understood,  
 Is taxed in a manuscript of blood;  
 Thus pass'd from town to town; until he come  
 A sore repentant to his native home:  
 E'en so the rambling heart, that idly roves  
 From crimes to sin, and uncontroll'd removes  
 From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites  
 From old worn pleasures to new choice delights;      20  
 At length corrected by the filial rod  
 Of his offended, but his gracious God,  
 And lash'd from sins to sighs; and by degrees,  
 From sighs to vows, from vows to bended  
     knees;  
 From bended knees to a true pensive breast;  
 From thence to torments not by tongue exprest;

Returns; and (from his sinful self exiled) 27  
 Finds a glad father, he a welcome child:  
 O then it lives; O then it lives involved  
 In secret raptures; pants to be dissolved:  
 The royal offspring of a second birth,  
 Sets ope to Heav'n, and shuts the door to earth:  
 If love-sick Jove commanded clouds should hap  
 To rain such show'rs as quicken'd Danaë's lap:  
 Or dogs (far kinder than their purple master,)  
 Should lick his sores, he laughs, nor weeps the  
 faster.

If earth (Heav'n's rival) dart her idle ray,  
 To Heav'n 'tis wax, and to the world 'tis  
 clay:

If earth present delights, it scorns to draw,  
 But, like the jet unrubb'd, disdains that straw. 40  
 No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;  
 No grief disturbs it, and no error guides it;  
 No good contemns it, and no virtue blames it;  
 No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it;  
 No sloth besots it, and no lust enthral's it;  
 No scorn afflicts it, and no passion galls it:  
 It is a casket of immortal life;  
 An ark of peace; the lists of sacred strife;  
 A purer piece of endless transitory;  
 A shrine of grace, a little throne of glory; 50  
 A heav'n-born offspring of a new-born birth;  
 An earthly heav'n; an ounce of heavenly earth.

---

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility subjecteth,  
 where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth; where  
 perseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion  
 projecteth, where charity connecteth.—S. AUGUST de Spir. et  
 Anima.

Which way soever the heart turneth itself, (if carefully) it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose God, in those we shall find God: it shall find the heat of his power in consideration of those things, in the love of which things he was most cold; and by what things it fell perverted, by those things it is raised converted.—S. GREG.

---

## EPIG. 15.

My heart ! but wherefore do I call thee so ?  
I have renounced my int'rest long ago :  
When thou wert false and fleshly, I was thine ;  
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

---

## BOOK THE THIRD.

---

Lord, all my desire is before thee : and my groaning is not hid from thee.—  
PSALM xxxviii. 9.

### THE ENTERTAINMENT.

ALL you whose better thoughts are newly born,  
And (rebaptized with holy fire) can scorn  
The world's base trash ; whose necks disdain to bear  
Th' imperious yoke of Satan ; whose chaste ear  
No wanton songs of Sirens can surprise  
With false delight ; whose more than eagle-eyes  
Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze  
On glitt'ring beams of honour, and not daze ;  
Whose souls can spurn at pleasure, and deny  
The loose suggestions of the flesh, draw nigh :           10

And you, whose am'rous, whose select desires  
Would feel the warmth of those transcendent fires,  
Which (like the rising sun) put out the light  
Of Venus' star, and turn her day to night ;  
You that would love, and have your passions crown'd  
With greater happiness than can be found  
In your own wishes ; you that would affect  
Where neither scorn, nor guile, nor disrespect  
Shall wound your tortured souls ; that would enjoy,  
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulness cloy,           20  
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser fear  
Unflames your courage in pursuit, draw near,

Shake hands with earth, and let your soul respect 23  
 Her joys no farther, than her joys reflect  
 Upon her Maker's glory ; if thou swim  
 In wealth, see him in all ; see all in him :  
 Sink'st thou in want, and is thy small cruse spent ?  
 See him in want : enjoy him in content :  
 Conceiv'st him lodg'd in cross, or lost in pain ?  
 In pray'r and patience find him out again : 30  
 Make Heav'n thy mistress, let no change remove  
 Thy royal heart ; be fond, be sick of love :  
 What, if he stop his ear, or knit his brow ?  
 At length he 'll be as fond, as sick as thou :  
 Dart up thy soul in groans : thy secret groan  
 Shall pierce his ear, shall pierce his ear alone :  
 Dart up thy soul in vows : thy sacred vow  
 Shall find him out, where Heav'n alone shall know :  
 Dart up thy soul in sighs : thy whisp'ring sigh  
 Shall rouse his ears, and fear no list'ner nigh : 40  
 Send up thy groans, thy sighs, thy closet-vow ;  
 There's none, there's none shall know but Heav'n and  
 thou.  
 Groans fresh'd with vows, and vows made salt with  
 tears,  
 Unscale his eyes, and scale his conquer'd ears :  
 Shoot up the bosom shafts of thy desire,  
 Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire ;  
 And they will hit : fear not, where Heav'n bids come,  
 Heav'n's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.

---

## No. I.

*Illustration—Night. A Person groping; an Angel in the distance.*

With my soul have I desired thee in the night.—ISAIAH xxvi. 9.

GOOD God! what horrid darkness doth surround  
 My groping soul! how are my senses bound  
 In utter shades, and, muffled from the light,  
 Lurk in the bosom of eternal night!  
 The bold-faced lamp of Heav'n can set and rise,  
 And with his morning glory fill the eyes  
 Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray  
 Can chase the shadows, and restore the day:  
 Night's bashful empress, though she often wane,  
 As oft repeats her darkness, primes again, 10  
 And, with her circling horns, doth re-embrace  
 Her brother's wealth, and orbs her silver face.  
 But ah! my sun, deep swallow'd in his fall,  
 Is set, and cannot shine, nor rise at all:  
 My bankrupt wain<sup>1</sup> can beg nor borrow light;  
 Alas! my darkness is perpetual night.  
 Falls have their risings, wanings have their primes,  
 And desp'rate sorrows wait their better times:  
 Ebbs have their floods, and autumns have their springs:  
 All states have changes hurried with the swings 20  
 Of chance and time, still riding to and fro:  
 Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too.  
 How often have I vainly groped about,  
 With lengthen'd arms to find a passage out,  
 That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,  
 And bathe my soul in those celestial fires!  
 Like as the haggard, cloister'd in her mew,  
 To scour her downy robes, and to renew  
 Her broken flags, preparing to o'erlook  
 The tim'rous mallard at the sliding brook, 30

<sup>1</sup> 'Wain:' alluding to 'Charles' Wain.'

Jets oft from perch to perch ; from stock to ground ; 31  
 From ground to window ; thus surveying round  
 Her dove-befeather'd prison, till at length  
 (Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength  
 Where'to her wing was born) her ragged beak  
 Nips off her jangling jesses, strives to break  
 Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate  
 At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate :  
 E'en so, my weary soul, that long has been  
 An inmate in this tenement of sin, 40  
 Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites  
 My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black delights,  
 Now scorns her shadows, and begins to dart  
 Her wing'd desires at thee, that only art  
 The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright  
 These dusky clouds that make so dark a night :  
 Shine forth, great glory, shine ; that I may see  
 Both how to loathe myself, and honour thee :  
 But if my weakness force thee to deny  
 Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye : 50  
 If I must want those beams I wish, yet grant  
 That I, at least, may wish those beams I want.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the sun of justice and the light of truth : I being the son of darkness, was involved in darkness ; I loved my darkness, because I knew not thy light : I was blind, and loved my blindness, and did walk from darkness to darkness ; but, LORD, thou art my GOD, who hast led me from darkness and the shadow of death ; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.—  
 S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. Cap. xxxiii.

---

 EPIG. I.

My soul, cheer up ; what if the night be long ?  
 Heav'n finds an ear when sinners find a tongue ;  
 Thy tears are morning show'rs : Heav'n bids me say,  
 When Peter's cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

## No. II.

*Illustration—An Idiot fantastically dressed—Jesus hiding at the sight his Face with a scarred hand.*

O Lord, thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not hid from thee.—  
PSALM lxix. 5.

SEE'ST thou this fulsome idiot, in what measure  
 He seems transported with the antic pleasure  
 Of childish baubles? Canst thou but admire  
 The empty fulness of his vain desire?  
 Canst thou conceive such poor delights as these  
 Can fill th' insatiate soul of man, or please  
 The fond aspect of his deluded eye?  
 Reader, such very fools art thou and I:  
 False puffs of honour; the deceitful streams  
 Of wealth; the idle, vain and empty dreams           10  
 Of pleasure, are our traffic, and ensnare  
 Our souls, the threefold subject of our care;  
 We toil for trash, we barter solid joys  
 For airy trifles, sell our Heaven for toys:  
 We catch at barley-grains, whilst pearls stand by  
 Despised; such very fools art thou and I.  
 Aim'st thou at honour? does not the idiot shake it  
 In his left hand? fond man, step forth and take it:  
 Or wouldst thou wealth? see now the fool presents thee  
 With a full basket, if such wealth contents thee:       20  
 Would'st thou take pleasure? If the fool unstride  
 His prancing stallion, thou may'st up and ride:  
 Fond man, such is the pleasure, wealth, and honour,  
 The earth affords such fools as doat upon her;  
 Such is the game whereat earth's idiots fly;  
 Such idiots, ah! such fools art thou and I:  
 Had rebel man's fool-hardiness extended  
 No farther than himself, and there had ended,  
 It had been just; but thus enraged to fly  
 Upon th' eternal eyes of Majesty,                       30

And drag the Son of Glory from the breast  
 Of his indulgent Father; to arrest  
 His great and sacred person; in disgrace  
 To spit and spawl upon his sun-bright face;  
 To taunt him with base terms, and, being bound,  
 To scourge his soft, his trembling sides; to wound  
 His head with thorns, his heart with human fears,  
 His hands with nails, and his pale flank with spears,  
 And then to paddle in the purer stream  
 Of his spilt blood, is more than most extreme. 40  
 Great Builder of Mankind, canst thou propound  
 All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound  
 Thy handy-work? Oh! canst thou choose but see,  
 That mad'st the eye? can aught be hid from thee?  
 Thou seest our persons, LORD, and not our guilt;  
 Thou seest not what thou may'st, but what thou wilt:  
 The hand that form'd us is enforc'd to be  
 A screen set up betwixt thy work and thee:  
 Look, look upon that hand, and thou shalt spy  
 An open wound, a thoroughfare for thine eye; 50  
 Or if that wound be closed, that passage be  
 Denied between thy gracious eye and me,  
 Yet view the scar; that scar will countermand  
 Thy wrath: oh read my fortune in thy hand!

Fools seem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they seem to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are only most miserable; neither do they understand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.—S. CHRYS. Hom. iv. in Joan.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we strive to seem outwardly wise.—S. GREG. in Mor.

---

EPIC. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done?  
 Controll'd thy God, and crucified his Son?  
 How sweetly has the LORD of life deceived thee!  
 Thou shedd'st his blood, and that shed blood has saved thee.

## No. III.

*Illustration—A Person in Bed—Jesus at the Bedside.*

Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak; O Lord, heal me, for my bones  
are vexed.—PSALM vi. 2.

SOUL. JESUS.

- Soul.* AH! Son of David, help. *Jes.* What sinful cry  
Implores the son of David? *Soul.* It is I.
- Jes.* Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh! a deeply wounded breast  
That's heavy laden, and would fain have rest.
- Jes.* I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed,  
Like household children, with the children's bread.
- Soul.* True, LORD; yet tolerate a hungry whelp  
To lick their crumbs: O Son of David, help.
- Jes.* Poor soul, what ail'st thou? *Soul.* O I burn, I fry,  
I cannot rest, I know not where to fly, 10  
To find some ease; I turn my blubber'd face  
From man to man; I roll from place to place  
T' avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,  
But still am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:  
My midnight torments call the sluggish light,  
And, when the morning's come, they woo the night.
- Jes.* Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desires.
- Soul.* Quench, quench my flames, and 'suage those  
scorching fires.
- Jes.* Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy grief?
- Soul.* LORD, I believe; LORD, help my unbelief. 20
- Jes.* Hold forth thine arm, and let my fingers try  
Thy pulse; where, chiefly, doth thy torment lie?
- Soul.* From head to foot; it reigns in ev'ry part,  
But plays the self-law'd tyrant in my heart.
- Jes.* Canst thou digest, canst relish wholesome food?  
How stands thy taste? *Soul.* To nothing that is  
good: s

All sinful trash, and earth's unsav'ry stuff      27  
I can digest, and relish well enough.

*Jes.* Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?

*Soul.* Cold to what's good; to what is bad it burns.

*Jes.* How old's thy grief?    *Soul.* I took it at the fall  
With eating fruit.    *Jes.* 'Tis epidemical:

Thy blood's infected, and the infection sprung  
From a bad liver: 'tis a fever strong

And full of death, unless with present speed  
A vein be open'd: thou must die, or bleed.

*Soul.* O I am faint and spent: that lance that shall  
Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal:  
My soul wants cordials, and has greater need  
Of blood, than (being spent so far) to bleed:      40  
I faint already: if I bleed, I die.

*Jes.* 'Tis either you must bleed, sick soul, or I:  
My blood's a cordial. He that sucks my veins,  
Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains  
Than these: cheer up; this precious blood of mine  
Shall cure thy grief; my heart shall bleed for thine.  
Believe, and view me with a faithful eye,  
Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

---

LORD, be merciful unto me! Ah me! behold, I hide not my  
wounds: thou art a physician, and I am sick; thou art merciful,  
and I am miserable.—S. AUGUST. Lib. x. Confess.

O wisdom, with how sweet an art doth thy wine and oil restore  
health to my healthless soul! How powerfully merciful, how  
mercifully powerful art thou! powerful for me, merciful to me!—  
S. GREG. in Pastoral.

---

EPIC 3.

Canst thou be sick, and such a doctor by?  
Thou canst not live, unless thy doctor die:  
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good  
To 'suage her pains, but the physician's blood!

## No. IV.

*Illustration—One grinding at a Mill—an Angel chastising him.*

Look upon mine affliction and my pain, and forgive all my sins.—

PSALM xxv. 18.

BOTH work and strokes? both lash and labour too?  
 What more could Edom, or proud Asshur do?  
 Stripes after stripes; and blows succeeding blows!  
 LORD, has thy scourge no mercy, and my woes  
 No end? my pains no ease? no intermission?  
 Is this the state, is this the sad condition  
 Of those that trust thee? will thy goodness please  
 T' allow no other favours? none but these?  
 Will not the rhet'ric of my torments move?  
 Are these the symptoms, these the signs of love? 10  
 Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil  
 The toilsome task of thy laborious will?  
 May not this labour expiate and purge  
 My sin, without th' addition of a scourge?  
 Look on my cloudy brow, how fast it rains  
 Sad show'rs of sweat, the fruits of fruitless pains:  
 Behold these ridges, see what purple furrows  
 Thy plough has made; oh think upon those sorrows  
 That once were thine; oh wilt thou not be woo'd  
 To mercy by the charms of sweat and blood? 20  
 Canst thou forget that drowsy mount, wherein  
 Thy dull disciples slept? was not my sin  
 There punish'd in thy soul? did not this brow  
 Then sweat in thine? were not these drops enow?  
 Remember Golgotha, where that spring-tide  
 O'erflow'd thy sov'reign, sacramental side:  
 There was no sin, there was no guilt in thee,  
 That caused those pains; thou sweat'st, thou bleed'st  
 for me.

Was there not blood enough, when one small drop 29  
 Had pow'r to ransom thousand worlds, and stop  
 The mouth of justice? LORD, I bled before  
 In thy deep wounds; can justice challenge more?  
 Or dost thou vainly labour to hedge in  
 Thy losses from my sides? my blood is thin,  
 And thy free bounty scorns such easy thrift;  
 No, no, thy blood came not as loan, but gift.  
 But must I ever grind? and must I earn  
 Nothing but stripes? O wilt thou disaltern <sup>1</sup>  
 The rest thou gav'st? hast thou perused the curse  
 Thou laid'st on Adam's fall, and made it worse? 40  
 Canst thou repent of mercy? Heav'n thought good  
 Lost man should feed in sweat; not work in blood:  
 Why dost thou wound th' already wounded breast?  
 Ah me! my life is but a pain at best:  
 I am but dying dust: my day's a span;  
 What pleasure tak'st thou in the blood of man?  
 Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere:  
 Send fewer strokes, or lend more strength to bear.

---

Miserable man! who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man: free, because a man; miserable, because a servant: in regard of my bondage, miserable: in regard of my will, inexcusable: for my will, that was free, beslaved itself to sin, by assenting to sin; for he that committeth sin, is the servant to sin.—S. BERN. HOM. lxxx. in Cant.

---

EPIG. 4.

Tax not thy GOD: thine own defaults did urge  
 This twofold punishment: the mill, the scourge.  
 Thy sin's the author of thy self tormenting:  
 Thou grind'st for sinning; scourged for not repenting.

<sup>1</sup> 'Disaltern:' Disannul.

## No. V.

*Illustration—An Angel fashioning an image of Man in a Potter's Wheel.*

Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay ; and wilt thou bring me into dust again?—JOB x. 9.

THUS from the bosom of the new-made earth  
 Poor man was delved, and had his unborn birth ;  
 The same the stuff, the self-same hand doth trim  
 The plant that fades, the beast that dies, and him :  
 One was their sire, one was their common mother,  
 Plants are his sisters, and the beast his brother,  
 The elder too ; beasts draw the self-same breast,  
 Wax old alike, and die the self-same death :  
 Plants grow as he, with fairer robes array'd ;  
 Alike they flourish, and alike they fade : 10  
 The beast in sense exceeds him, and, in growth,  
 The three-aged oak doth thrice exceed them both.  
 Why look'st thou then so big, thou little span  
 Of earth? what art thou more in being man?  
 Ay, but my great Creator did inspire  
 My chosen earth, with the diviner fire  
 Of reason ; gave me judgment and a will ;  
 That, to know good ; this, to chose good from ill :  
 He puts the reins of pow'r in my free hand,  
 A jurisdiction over sea and land, 20  
 He gave me art to lengthen out my span  
 Of life, and made me all, in being man.  
 Ay, but thy passion has committed treason  
 Against the sacred person of thy reason :  
 Thy judgment is corrupt, perverse thy will ;  
 That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill :  
 The greater height sends down the deeper fall ;  
 And good declined, turns bad, turns worst of all.  
 Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can  
 Thy greatness claim the more in being man? 30

Oh! but my soul transcends the pitch of nature, 31  
 Borne up by th' image of her high Creator;  
 Outbraves the life of reason, and bears down  
 Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen crown.  
 My heart's a living temple t' entertain  
 The King of Glory, and his glorious train;  
 How can I mend my title then? where can  
 Ambition find a higher style than man?  
 Ah! but that image is defaced and soil'd;  
 Her temples razed, her altars all defiled; 40  
 Her vessels are polluted and distain'd  
 With loathed lust, her ornaments profaned;  
 Her oil-forsaken lamps and hallow'd tapers  
 Put out; her incense breathes unsav'ry vapours:  
 Why swell'st thou then so big, thou little span  
 Of earth? what art thou more in being man?  
 Eternal Potter, whose blest hands did lay  
 My coarse foundation from a sod of clay,  
 Thou know'st my slender vessel's apt to leak;  
 Thou know'st my brittle temper's prone to break: 50  
 Are my bones brazil, or my flesh of oak?  
 Oh, mend what thou hast made, what I have broke:  
 Look, look with gentle eyes, and, in thy day  
 Of vengeance, LORD, remember I am clay.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madest me, with-  
 out whom nothing was made: thou art my Maker, and I thy work.  
 I thank thee, my LORD GOD, by whom I live, and by whom all  
 things subsist, because thou madest me: I thank thee, O my Potter,  
 because thy hands have made me, because thy hands have formed  
 me.—S. AUGUST. Soliloq. xxxii.

EPIC. 5.

Why swell'st thou, man, puff'd up with fame and purse?  
 Thou'rt better earth, but born to dig the worse:  
 Thou cam'st from earth, to earth thou must return;  
 And art but earth, cast from the womb to th' urn.

## No. VI.

*Illustration—One kneeling before an Angel in full armour.*

I have sinned : what shall I do unto thee, O thou Preserver of men ? why dost thou set me as a mark against thee ?—JOB vii. 20.

LORD, I have done ; and, LORD, I have misdone ;  
 'Tis folly to contest, to strive with one  
 That is too strong ; 'tis folly to assail  
 Or prove an arm, that will, that must, prevail.  
 I've done, I've done ; these trembling hands have  
 thrown

Their daring weapons down : the day's thine own :  
 Forbear to strike where thou hast won the field ;  
 The palm, the palm is thine : I yield, I yield.  
 These treach'rous hands, that were so vainly bold  
 To try a thriveless combat, and to hold 10

Self-wounded weapons up, are now extended  
 For mercy from thy hand ; that knee that bended  
 Upon her guardless guard, doth now repent  
 Upon this naked floor ; see, both are bent,  
 And sue for pity. Oh ! my ragged wound  
 Is deep and desp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd  
 In blood and briny tears : it doth begin  
 To stink without, and putrefy within.

Let that victorious hand that now appears  
 Just in my blood, prove gracious to my tears. 20  
 Thou great Preserver of presumptuous man,  
 What shall I do ? what satisfaction can  
 Poor dust and ashes make ? Oh if that blood,  
 That yet remains unshed, were half as good  
 As blood of oxen, if my death might be  
 An off'ring to atone my GOD and me,  
 I would disdain injurious life, and stand  
 A suitor to be wounded from thy hand.

But may thy wrongs be measured by the span 29  
 Of life, or balanced with the blood of man?  
 No, no, eternal sin expects, for guerdon,  
 Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:  
 Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,  
 And pardon him that hath no price to pay;  
 Enlarge that soul, which base presumption binds;  
 Thy justice cannot loose what mercy finds;  
 O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,  
 Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that  
 bleed.

LORD, if the peevish infant fights and flies,  
 With unpared weapons, at his mother's eyes, 40  
 Her frowns (half mix'd with smiles), may chance to  
 show

An angry love-tick on his arm, or so;  
 Where, if the babe but make a lip and cry,  
 Her heart begins to melt, and by and by  
 She coaxes his dewy cheeks; her babe she blesses,  
 And chokes her language with a thousand kisses;  
 I am that child: lo, here I prostrate lie,  
 Pleading for mercy; I repent, and cry  
 For gracious pardon: let thy gentle ears  
 Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears: 50  
 See not my frailties, LORD, but through my fear,  
 And look on ev'ry trespass through a tear:  
 Then calm thine anger, and appear more mild:  
 Remember thou 'rt a father, I a child.

---

Miserable man! who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage! I am a miserable man, but a free man: free, because like to God; miserable, because against God. O keeper of mankind, why hast thou set me as a mark against thee? thou hast set me, because thou hast not hindered me. It is just that thy enemy should be my enemy, and that he who repugneth thee,

should repugn me. I, who am against thee, am against myself.—  
S. BERN. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

---

EPIC. 6.

But form'd, and fight ! but born, and then rebel !  
How small a blast will make a bubble swell !  
But dares the floor affront the hand that laid it ?  
So apt is dust to fly in 's face that made it.

---

No. VII.

*Illustration—One seeking to remove an Angel's hand, which is hiding the Angel's face.*

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me for thine enemy?—JOB xiii. 24.

- 1 WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face ? Oh why  
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny  
The sunshine of thy soul-enliv'ning eye ?
- 2 Without that light, what light remains in me ?  
Thou art my life, my way, my light ; in thee  
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.
- 3 Thou art my life ; if thou but turn away,  
My life's a thousand deaths : thou art my way ;  
Without thee, LORD, I travel not, but stray.
- 4 My light thou art ; without thy glorious sight,  
Mine eyes are darken'd with perpetual night.  
My GOD, thou art my way, my life, my light.
- 5 Thou art my way ; I wander, if thou fly :  
Thou art my light ; if hid, how blind am I !  
Thou art my life ; if thou withdraw, I die.
- 6 Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot see ;  
To whom, or whither should my darkness flee,  
But to the light ? and who's that light but thee ?

- 7 My path is lost, my wand'ring steps do stray;  
I cannot safely go, nor safely stay;  
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way?
- 8 Oh, I am dead: to whom shall I, poor I,  
Repair? to whom shall my sad ashes fly  
For life? and where is life but in thine eye?
- 9 And yet thou turn'st away thy face, and fly'st me;  
And yet I sue for grace, and thou deny'st me!  
Speak, art thou angry, LORD, or only try'st me?
- 10 Unscreen those heav'nly lamps, or tell me why  
Thou shad'st thy face? perhaps thou think'st no eye  
Can view those flames, and not drop down and die.
- 11 If that be all, shine forth and draw thee nigher;  
Let me behold and die, for my desire  
Is, phoenix-like, to perish in that fire.
- 12 Death-conquer'd Laz'rus was redeem'd by thee;  
If I am dead, LORD, set death's pris'ner free;  
Am I more spent, or stink I worse than he?
- 13 If my puff'd life be out, give leave to tine<sup>1</sup>  
My shameless snuff at that bright lamp of thine;  
O what's thy light the less for light'ning mine?
- 14 If I have lost my path, great Shepherd say,  
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?  
LORD, shall a lamb of Isr'el's sheepfold stray?
- 15 Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye;  
The dead man's life: on thee my hopes rely;  
If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

<sup>1</sup> 'Tine: ' kindle.

16 Disclose thy sunbeams, close thy wings and stay;  
 See, see how I am blind and dead, and stray,  
 O thou that art my light, my life, my way.

---

Why dost thou hide thy face? happily thou wilt say, None can see thy face and live. Ah, LORD, let me die, that I may see thee; let me see thee, that I may die. I would not live, but die; that I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, I despise life.—S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. i.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My GOD, thou hidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire! thou hidest thy pearl, to inflame the seeker; thou delayest to give, that thou mayest teach me to importune; seemest not to hear, to make me persevere.—ANSELM. Med. Cap. v.

---

EPIG. 7.

If Heav'n's all-quick'ning eyes vouchsafe to shine  
 Upon our souls, we slight; if not, we whine:  
 Our equinoctial hearts can never lie  
 Secure, beneath the tropics of that eye.

---

No. VIII.

*Illustration—A Human Figure with spouts of a Fountain issuing from him.*

Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night!—JER. ix. 1.

OH that mine eyes were springs, and could transform  
 Their drops to seas; my sighs into a storm  
 Of zeal, and sacred violence, wherein  
 This lab'ring vessel, laden with her sin,  
 Might suffer sudden shipwreck, and be split  
 Upon that rock, where my drench'd soul may sit,  
 O'erwhelm'd with plenteous passion: oh, and there  
 Drop, drop, into an everlasting tear!  
 Ah me! that ev'ry sliding vein that wanders  
 Through this vast isle, did work her wild meanders

In brackish tears instead of blood, and swell 11  
 This flesh with holy dropsies, from whose well,  
 Made warm with sighs, may fume my wasting breath,  
 Whilst I dissolve in streams, and reek to death!  
 These narrow sluices of my dribbling eyes  
 Are much too strait for those quick springs that rise,  
 And hourly fill my temples to the top;  
 I cannot shed for ev'ry sin a drop;  
 Great Builder of mankind, why hast thou sent  
 Such swelling floods, and made so small a vent? 20  
 Oh that this flesh had been composed of snow,  
 Instead of earth, and bones of ice, that so,  
 Feeling the fervour of my sin, and loathing  
 The fire I feel, I might have thaw'd to nothing!  
 O thou that didst, with hopeful joy, entomb  
 Me thrice three moons in thy laborious womb,  
 And then, with joyful pain, brought'st forth a son,  
 What, worth thy labour, has thy labour done?  
 What was there, ah! what was there in my birth  
 That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth? 30  
 A man was born: alas! and what's a man?  
 A scuttle full of dust, a measured span  
 Of flitting time; a furnish'd pack, whose wares  
 Are sullen griefs, and soul-tormenting cares:  
 A vale of tears, a vessel tunnd with breath,  
 By sickness broach'd, to be drawn out by death:  
 A hapless, helpless thing, that, born, does cry  
 To feed, that feeds to live, that lives to die.  
 Great GOD and man, whose eye spent drops so often  
 For me, that cannot weep enough, oh soften 40  
 These marble brains, and strike this flinty rock;  
 Or, if the music of thy Peter's cock  
 Will more prevail, fill, fill my heark'ning ears  
 With that sweet sound, that I may melt in tears!

I cannot weep until thou broach mine eye; 45  
 Oh give me vent, or else I burst, and die.

---

He that commits sins to be wept for, cannot weep for sins committed ; and being himself most lamentable, hath no tears to lament his offences.—S. AMBROS. in Psal. cxviii.

Tears are the deluge of sin, and the world's sacrifice.—NAZIANZ. Orat. iii.

Prayer appeases God, but a tear compels him : that moves him, but this constrains him.—S. HIERON. in Esaiam.

---

EPIG. 8.

Earth is an island ported round with fears ;  
 Thy way to Heav'n is through the sea of tears ;  
 It is a stormy passage, where is found  
 The wreck of many a ship, but no man drown'd.

---

No. IX.

*Illustration—The Devil hunting—One seen enclosed in a Net.*

The sorrows of hell compassed me about : the snares of death prevented me.—  
 PSALM xviii. 5.

Is not this type well cut, in ev'ry part  
 Full of rich cunning, fill'd with Zeuxian art?  
 Are not the hunters, and their Stygian hounds,  
 Limn'd full to th' life? didst ever hear the sounds  
 Of music, and the lip-dividing breaths  
 Of the strong winded horn, reheats, and deaths,  
 Done more exact? th' infernal Nimrod's halfoo?  
 The lawless purlieus? and the game they follow?  
 The hidden engines, and the snares that lie  
 So undiscover'd, so obscure to th' eye? 10  
 The new drawn net, and her entangled prey?  
 And him that closes it? Beholder, say,

Is't not well done? seems not an em'lous strife           13  
 Betwixt the rare cut picture and the life?  
 These purlieu men are devils; and the hounds,  
 (Those quick-nosed cannibals, that scour the grounds)  
 Temptations; and the game the fiends pursue,  
 Are human souls, which still they have in view;  
 Whose fury if they chance to 'scape by flying,  
 The skilful hunter plants his net, close lying           20  
 On th' unsuspected earth, baited with treasure,  
 Ambitious honour, and self-wasting pleasure:  
 Where, if the soul but stoop, death stands prepared  
 To draw the net, and drown the souls ensnared.  
 Poor soul! how art thou hurried to and fro!  
 Where canst thou safely stay? where safely go?  
 If stay; these hot-mouth'd hounds are apt to tear thee:  
 If go; the snares enclose, the nets ensnare thee:  
 What good in this bad world has pow'r t' invite thee  
 A willing guest; wherein can earth delight thee?       30  
 Her pleasures are but itch: her wealth, but cares:  
 A world of dangers, and a world of snares:  
 The close pursuers' busy hands do plant  
 Snares in thy substance; snares attend thy want;  
 Snares in thy credit, snares in thy disgrace;  
 Snares in thy high estate, snares in thy base;  
 Snares tuck thy bed, and snares surround thy board;  
 Snares watch thy thoughts, and snares attach thy word;  
 Snares in thy quiet, snares in thy commotion;  
 Snares in thy diet, snares in thy devotion;           40  
 Snares lurk in thy resolves, snares in thy doubt;  
 Snares lie within thy heart, and snares without;  
 Snares are above thy head, and snares beneath;  
 Snares in thy sickness, snares are in thy death.  
 Oh if these purlieus be so full of danger,  
 Great GOD of hearts, the world's sole sov'reign ranger,

Preserve thy deer; and let my soul be blest 47  
 In thy safe forest, where I seek for rest:  
 Then let the hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill;  
 Rouse me they may, but have no power to kill.

---

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot, are the snares of the devil.—S. AMBROS. Lib. iv. in Cap. iv. in Luc.

Whilst thou seekest pleasures, thou runnest into snares, for the eye of the harlot is the snare of the adulterer.—S. AMBROS. de Bono Mortis.

In eating, he sets before us gluttony; in generation, luxury; in labour, sluggishness; in conversing, envy; in governing, covetousness; in correcting, anger; in honour, pride; in the heart, he sets evil thoughts; in the mouth, evil words; in actions, evil works; when awake, he moves us to evil actions; when asleep, to filthy dreams.—SAVANAR.

---

EPIG. 9.

Be sad, my heart, deep dangers wait thy mirth:  
 Thy soul's waylaid by sea, by hell, by earth:  
 Hell has her hounds; earth, snares; the sea, a shelf:  
 But, most of all, my heart, beware thyself.

---

No. X.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.—PSALM cxliii. 2.

JESUS. JUSTICE. SINNER.

*Jes.* BRING forth the pris'ner, Justice. *Just.* Thy commands  
 Are done, just Judge. See here the pris'ner stands.  
*Jes.* What has the pris'ner done? Say; what's the cause  
 Of his commitment? *Just.* He hath broke the laws

Of his too gracious GOD; conspired the death 5  
 Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,  
 And heaps transgression, LORD, upon transgression.

*Jes.* How know'st thou this? *Just.* E'en by his own  
 confession:

His sins are crying; and they cry aloud:  
 They cried to Heav'n, they cried to Heav'n for  
 blood. 10

*Jes.* What say'st thou, Sinner? hast thou ought to plead  
 That sentence should not pass? hold up thy head,  
 And show thy brazen, thy rebellious face.

*Sin.* Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and base  
 To tread upon the earth, much more to lift  
 Mine eyes to Heav'n; I need no other shrift  
 Than mine own conscience; LORD, I must confess,  
 I am no more than dust, and no whit less  
 Than my indictment styles me; ah! if thou  
 Search too severe, with too severe a brow, 20  
 What flesh can stand? I have transgress'd thy  
 laws;

My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause.

*Just.* LORD, shall I strike the blow? *Jes.* Hold, Justice,  
 stay:

Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say?

*Sin.* Vile as I am, and of myself abhorr'd,  
 I am thy handy-work, thy creature, LORD,  
 Stamp'd with thy glorious image, and at first  
 Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst,  
 Convicted caitiff, and degen'rous creature,  
 Here trembling at thy bar. *Just.* Thy fault's the  
 greater. 30

LORD, shall I strike the blow? *Jes.* Hold, Justice,  
 stay:

Speak, Sinner; hast thou nothing else to say?

*Sin.* Nothing but mercy, mercy, LORD; my state 33  
 Is miserably poor and desperate;  
 I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee  
 From Lord to JESUS, from thyself to thee.

*Just.* Cease thy vain hopes; my angry GOD has vow'd;  
 Abused mercy must have blood for blood:  
 Shall I yet strike the blow? *Jes.* Stay, Justice, hold;  
 My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold, 40  
 To view the trembling wretch; methinks I spy  
 My Father's image in the pris'ner's eye.

*Just.* I cannot hold. *Jes.* Then turn thy thirsty blade  
 Into my sides, let there the wound be made:  
 Cheer up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine:  
 My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.

*Sin.* O groundless deeps! O love beyond degree!  
 Th' offended dies to set th' offender free.

---

LORD, if I have done that, for which thou mayest damn me, thou hast not lost that, whereby thou mayest save me; remember not, sweet Jesus, thy justice against the sinner, but thy benignity towards thy creature: remember not to proceed against a guilty soul, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch: forget the insolence of the provoker, and behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?—S. AUGUST.

Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against thee: my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy. It is much that my rebellions have deserved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.—ANSELM.

---

EPIC. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge  
 Is now my advocate, is now my judge:  
 He suffers, pleads, and sentences alone:  
 Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

## No. XI.

*Illustration—A Sea ; one drowning—an Angel saving him.*

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up.—

PSALM lxi. 15.

THE world's a sea ; my flesh a ship that's mann'd  
 With lab'ring thoughts, and steer'd by reason's hand :  
 My heart's the seaman's card, whereby she sails ;  
 My loose affections are the greater sails ;  
 The top-sail is my fancy, and the gusts  
 That fill these wanton sheets, are worldly lusts.  
 Pray'r is the cable, at whose end appears  
 The anchor Hope, ne'er slipp'd but in our fears :  
 My will's th' inconstant pilot, that commands  
 The stagg'ring keel ; my sins are like the sands : 10  
 Repentance is the bucket, and mine eye  
 The pump unused (but in extremes) and dry :  
 My conscience is the plummet that does press  
 The deeps, but seldom cries, O fathomless :  
 Smooth calm's security ; the gulph, despair ;  
 My freight's corruption, and this life's my fare :  
 My soul's the passenger, confus'dly driv'n  
 From fear to fright ; her landing-port is Heav'n.  
 My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak ;  
 My sailors rude ; my steersman faint and weak ; 20  
 My canvass torn, it flaps from side to side :  
 My cable's crack'd, my anchor's slightly tied,  
 My pilot's crazed ; my shipwreck sands are cloak'd ;  
 My bucket's broken, and my pump is choked ;  
 My calm's deceitful ; and my gulph too near ;  
 My wares are slubber'd, and my fare's too dear :  
 My plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound ;  
 Oh, shall my rock-bethreaten'd soul be drown'd ?  
 LORD, still the seas, and shield my ship from harm ;  
 Instruct my sailors, guide my steersman's arm : 30

Touch thou my compass, and renew my sails, 31  
 Send stiffer courage or send milder gales;  
 Make strong my cable, bind my anchor faster;  
 Direct my pilot, and be thou his master;  
 Object the sands to my most serious view,  
 Make sound my bucket, bore my pump anew:  
 New cast my plummet, make it apt to try  
 Where the rocks lurk, and where the quicksands lie;  
 Guard thou the gulph with love, my calms with care;  
 Cleanse thou my freight; accept my slender fare; 40  
 Refresh the sea-sick passenger; cut short  
 His voyage; land him in his wish'd-for port:  
 Thou, thou, whom winds and stormy seas obey,  
 That through the deep gav'st grumbling Isr'el way,  
 Say to my soul, be safe; and then mine eye  
 Shall scorn grim death, although grim death stand by.  
 O thou whose strength-reviving arm did cherish  
 Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish,  
 Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,  
 I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will save. 50

---

The confluence of lust makes a great tempest, which in this sea  
 disturbeth the seafaring soul, that reason cannot govern it.—S.  
 AMBROS. Apol. post. pro. David. Cap. iii.

We labour in the boisterous sea: thou standest upon the shore  
 and seest our dangers; give us grace to hold a middle course be-  
 tween Scylla and Charybdis, that, both dangers escaped, we may  
 arrive at the port secure.—S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxv.

---

EPIC. 11.

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger  
 In these false coasts; oh keep aloof; there's danger:  
 Cast forth thy plummet; see, a rock appears;  
 Thy ship wants sea-room; make it with thy tears.

## No. XII.

*Illustration—One hiding in a Cavern from an angry descending Angel.*

O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou wouldest keep me secret  
until thy wrath be past!—JOB xiv. 13.

- 1 O WHITHER shall I fly ? what path untrod  
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod  
Of my offended, of my angry GOD ?
- 2 Where shall I sojourn ? what kind sea will hide  
My head from thunder ? where shall I abide,  
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside ?
- 3 What, if my feet should take their hasty flight,  
And seek protection in the shades of night ?  
Alas ! no shades can blind the GOD of light.
- 4 What, if my soul should take the wings of day,  
And find some desert ? If she springs away,  
The wings of vengeance clip <sup>1</sup> as fast as they.
- 5 What, if some solid rock should entertain  
My frighted soul ? can solid rocks restrain  
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain ?
- 6 Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,  
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,  
What flame-eyed fury means to smite, can save.
- 7 The seas will part, graves open, rocks will split ;  
The shield will cleave ; the frighted shadows flit ;  
Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.
- 8 No, no, if stern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,  
There is no place above, beneath, or under,  
So close, but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

<sup>1</sup> 'Clip : ' or cleave the air.

- 9 'Tis vain to flee: 'tis neither here nor there  
Can 'scape that hand, until that hand forbear;  
Ah me! where is he not, that's ev'rywhere?
- 10 'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy show  
Her better eye; the farther off we go,  
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.
- 11 Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly  
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,  
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.
- 12 Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false;  
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls;  
Poor cots are e'en as safe as princes' halls.
- 13 Great GOD! there is no safety here below;  
Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe,  
'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the  
blow.
- 14 Thou art my GOD, by thee I fall or stand;  
Thy grace hath given me courage to withstand  
All tortures, but my conscience and thy hand.
- 15 I know thy justice is thyself; I know,  
Just GOD, thy very self is mercy too;  
If not to thee, where, whither shall I go?
- 16 Then work thy will; if passion bid me flee,  
My reason shall obey; my wings shall be  
Stretch'd out no further than from thee to thee.

---

Whither fly I? to what place can I safely fly? to what mountain?  
to what den? to what strong house? what castle shall I hold?  
what walls shall hold me? whithersoever I go, myself followeth

me : For whatsoever thou fliest, O man, thou mayest, but thy own conscience : wheresoever, O LORD, I go, I find thee ; if angry, a revenger ; if appeased, a redeemer : what way have I, but to fly from thee to thee : that thou mayest avoid thy GOD, address to thy LORD.—S. AUGUST. in Psalm xxxiii.

---

EPIC. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? can thy fears command  
 No rocks to shield thee from her thund'ring hand?  
 Know'st thou not where to 'scape? I'll tell thee where;  
 My soul, make clean thy conscience; hide thee there.

---

No. XIII.

*Illustration—One weeping as he watches a Sun-dial, and imploring an Angel beside him.*

Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may bewail myself a little.—JOB x. 20.

- 1 My glass is half unspent; forbear t' arrest  
 My thriftless day too soon: my poor request  
 Is, that my glass may run but out the rest.
- 2 My time-devoured minutes will be done  
 Without thy help; see, see how swift they run:  
 Cut not my thread before my thread be spun.
- 3 The gain's not great I purchase by this stay;  
 What loss sustain'st thou by so small delay,  
 To whom ten thousand years are but a day?
- 4 My following eye can hardly make a shift  
 To count my winged hours; they fly so swift,  
 They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.
- 5 The secret wheels of hurrying time do give  
 So short a warning, and so fast they drive,  
 That I am dead before I seem to live.

- 6 And what 's a life ? a weary pilgrimage,  
Whose glory in one day doth fill thy stage  
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.
- 7 And what 's a life ? the flourishing array  
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day  
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.
- 8 And what 's a life ? a blast sustain'd with clothing,  
Maintain'd with food, retain'd with vile self-loathing,  
Then weary of itself, again to nothing.
- 9 Read on this dial, how the shades devour  
My short-lived winter's day ; hour eats up hour ;  
Alas ! the total 's but from eight to four.
- 10 Behold these lilies, (which thy hands have made  
Fair copies of my life, and open laid  
To view,) how soon they droop, how soon they fade !
- 11 Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon ;  
My non-aged day already points to noon ;  
How simple is my suit ! how small my boon !
- 12 Nor do I beg this slender inch, to while  
The time away, or safely to beguile  
My thoughts with joy ; there 's nothing worth a smile.
- 13 No, no ; 'tis not to please my wanton ears  
With frantic mirth, I beg but hours, not years :  
And what thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.
- 14 Draw not that soul which would be rather led !  
That seed has yet not broke my serpent's head ;  
Oh shall I die before my sins are dead ?

- 15 Behold these rags; am I a fitting guest  
 To taste the dainties of thy royal feast,  
 With hands and face unwash'd, ungirt, unblest?
- 16 First, let the Jordan streams, that find supplies  
 From the deep fountain of my heart, arise,  
 And cleanse my spots, and clear my lep'rous eyes.
- 17 I have a world of sins to be lamented;  
 I have a sea of tears that must be vented:  
 Oh, spare till then,—and then I die contented.

---

The time wherein we live, is taken from the space of our life; and what remaineth, is daily made less, insomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a passage to death.—S. AUGUST. Lib. de Civit. Dei. Cap. x.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, so immoderate take away tears; insomuch that sorrow becometh no sorrow, which swallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the sense of the affliction.—S. GREG. Lib. ix. Cap. lxiv. in Job.

---

EPIC. 13.

Fear'st thou to go, when such an arm invites thee?  
 Dread'st thou thy loads of sin? or what affrights thee?  
 If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins:  
 Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy sins?

---

No. XIV.

*Illustration—Flesh and Spirit sitting on the ground; the latter holding to her eye a prospective-glass, the other 'a glass triangular.'*

Oh that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!—DEUT. xxxii. 29.

FLESH. SPIRIT.

*Fl.* WHAT means my sister's eye so oft to pass  
 Through the long entry of that optic-glass?  
 Tell me; what secret virtue doth invite  
 Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?

*Sp.* It helps the sight, makes things remote appear 5  
In perfect view ; it draws the objects near.

*Fl.* What sense-delighting objects dost thou spy?  
What doth that glass present before thine eye?

*Sp.* I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,  
Grim Death, e'en standing at the glass's end: 10  
His left hand holds a branch of palm ; his right  
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper  
sight.

And is this all ? doth thy prospective please  
Th' abused fancy with no shapes but these ?

*Sp.* Yes, I behold the darken'd sun bereav'n  
Of all his light, the battlements of Heav'n  
Swelt'ring in flames ; the angel-guarded Son  
Of glory on his high tribunal-throne ;  
I see a brimstone sea of boiling fire,  
And fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire, 20  
Tort'ring poor souls, that gnash their teeth in  
vain,

And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for  
pain.

Look, sister, how the queasy-stomach'd graves  
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves  
Scald their consumeless bodies, strongly cursing  
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nursing.

*Fl.* Can thy distemper'd fancy take delight  
In view of tortures ? these are shows t' affright:  
Look in this glass triangular ; look here,  
Here 's that will ravish eyes. *Sp.* What seest 30  
thou there ?

*Fl.* The world in colours ; colours that distain  
The cheeks of Proteus, or the silken train  
Of Flora's nymphs ; such various sorts of hue,  
As sun-confronting Iris never knew :

Here, if thou please to beautify a town, 35  
 Thou may'st ; or with a hand, turn 't upside down ;  
 Here may'st thou scant or widen by the measure  
 Of thine own will ; make short or long at pleasure :  
 Here may'st thou tire thy fancy, and advise  
 With shows more apt to please more curious eyes.  
*Sp.* Ah, fool ! that doat'st on vain, on present toys, 41  
 And disrespect'st those true, those future joys :  
 How strongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas !  
 To doat on goods that perish with thy glass !  
 Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand :  
 Were they but painted colours, it might stand  
 With painted reason that they might devote thee ;  
 But things that have no being to besot thee !  
 Foresight of future torments is the way  
 To balk those ills which present joys betray. 50  
 As thou hast fool'd thyself, so now come hither,  
 Break that fond glass, and let's be wise together.

---

O that men would be wise, and understand, and foresee. Be wise, to know three things—the multitude of those that are to be damned, the few number of those that are to be saved, and the vanity of transitory things : understand three things—the multitude of sins, the omission of good things, and the loss of time : foresee three things—the danger of death, the last judgment, and eternal punishment.—S. BONAVENT. de Contemptu Sæculi.

---

EPIC. 14.

What, soul, no further yet ? what, ne'er commence  
 Master in faith ? still bachelor of sense ?  
 Is't insufficiency ? or what has made thee  
 O'erslip thy lost degree ? thy lusts have staid thee.

---

## No. XV.

*Illustration—One sitting pensive on the ground; Death and fantastic figures above.*

My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing.—PSALM xxxi. 10.

WHAT sullen star ruled my untimely birth,  
 That would not lend my days one hour of mirth?  
 How oft have these bare knees been bent to gain  
 The slender alms of one poor smile in vain!  
 How often, tired with the fastidious light,  
 Have my faint lips implored the shades of night!  
 How often have my nightly torments pray'd  
 For ling'ring twilight, glutted with the shade!  
 Day worse than night, night worse than day appears;  
 In fears I spend my nights, my days in tears: 10  
 I moan unpitied, groan without relief,  
 There is no end or measure of my grief.  
 The smiling flow'r salutes the day; it grows  
 Untouch'd with care; it neither spins nor sows:  
 Oh that my tedious life were like this flow'r,  
 Or freed from grief, or finish'd with an hour:  
 Why was I born? why was I born a man?  
 And why proportion'd by so large a span?  
 Or why suspended by the common lot,  
 And being born to die, why die I not? 20  
 Ah me! why is my sorrow-wasted breath  
 Denied the easy privilege of death?  
 The branded slave, that tugs the weary oar,  
 Obtains the sabbath of a welcome shore;  
 His ransom'd stripes are heal'd; his native soil  
 Sweetens the mem'ry of his foreign toil:  
 But, ah! my sorrows are not half so blest;  
 My labour finds no point, my pains no rest:

I barter sighs for tears, and tears for groans,  
 Still vainly rolling Sisyphæan stones. 30  
 Thou just observer of our flying hours,  
 That, with thy adamantine fangs, devours  
 The brazen monuments of renowned kings,  
 Doth thy glass stand? or be thy moulting wings  
 Unapt to fly? if not, why dost thou spare  
 A willing breast; a breast that stands so fair;  
 A dying breast, that hath but only breath  
 To beg a wound, and strength to crave a death?  
 Oh that the pleased Heav'ns would once dissolve  
 These fleshly fetters, that so fast involve 40  
 My hamper'd soul; then would my soul be blest  
 From all those ills, and wrap her thoughts in rest:  
 Till then, my days are months, my months are years,  
 My years are ages to be spent in tears:  
 My grief's entailed upon my wasteful breath,  
 Which no recov'ry can cut off but death.  
 Breath drawn in cottages, puffed out in moans,  
 Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

---

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail  
 the miserable ingress of man's condition; the sinful progress of  
 man's conversation; the damnable egress in man's dissolution? I  
 will consider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth,  
 and what man is to do: alas! he is formed of earth, conceived in  
 sin, born to punishment: he doth evil things which are not lawful;  
 he doth filthy things, which are not decent; he doth vain things,  
 which are not expedient.—INNOCENT. de Vilitate Condit. Humanæ.

---

EPIC. 15.

My heart, thy life's a debt by bond, which bears  
 A secret date; the use is groans and tears:  
 Plead not; usurious nature will have all,  
 As well the int'rest as the principal.

## BOOK THE FOURTH.

---

### No. I.

*Illustration—One standing between two beings, the one pulling him back, the other inviting him forward.*

I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin.—ROM vii. 23.

- 1 O HOW my will is hurried to and fro,  
And how my unresolved resolves do vary!  
I know not where to fix; sometimes I go  
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary:  
I like, dislike; lament for what I could not;  
I do, undo; yet still do what I should not,  
And, at the selfsame instant, will the thing I would  
not.
- 2 Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts opprest  
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will;  
Thus am I hourly toss'd from east to west  
Upon the rolling streams of good and ill:  
Thus am I driv'n upon the slipp'ry suds  
From real ills to false apparent goods:  
My life's a troubled sea, composed of ebbs and floods.
- 3 The curious penman, having trimm'd his page  
With the dead language of his dabbled quill,  
Lets fall a heedless drop, then in a rage  
Cashiers the fruits of his unlucky skill;

E'en so my pregnant soul in th' infant bud  
 Of her best thoughts show'rs down a coal-black  
 flood  
 Of unadvised ills, and cancels all her good.

- 4 Sometimes a sudden flash of sacred heat  
 Warms my chill soul, and sets my thoughts in frame;  
 But soon that fire is shoulder'd from her seat  
 By lustful Cupid's much inferior flame.  
 I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire;  
 Thus are the mongrel thoughts of mix'd desire  
 Consumed between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.
- 5 Sometimes my trash-disdaining thoughts outpass  
 The common period of terrene conceit;  
 O then methinks I scorn the thing I was,  
 Whilst I stand ravish'd at my new estate:  
 But when th' Icarian wings of my desire  
 Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,  
 O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.
- 6 I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;  
 I know the frailty of my fleshly will!  
 My passion's eagle-eyed; my judgment blind;  
 I know what's good, and yet make choice of ill.  
 When th' ostrich wings of my desires shall be  
 So dull, they cannot mount the least degree,  
 Yet grant my sole desire, but of desiring thee.

---

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and instable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting divine counsel, cannot subsist in itself; and whilst it divers ways seeketh rest, findeth none, but remaineth miserable through labour, and void of peace: it agreeth not with itself, it dissenteth from itself; it altereth resolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth

down the old, and buildeth them up again : it willeth and willeth not ; and never remaineth in the same state.—S. BERN. Med. ix.

When it would, it cannot ; because when it might, it would not : therefore by an evil will man lost his good power.—S. AUGUST. de Verb. Apost.

---

EPIC. 1.

My soul, how are thy thoughts disturb'd, confin'd,  
Enlarged betwixt thy members and thy mind !

- Fix here or there ; thy doubt-depending cause  
Can ne'er expect one verdict 'twixt two laws.
- 

No. II.

*Illustration—A Pilgrim with a cord connecting him with Heaven in one hand—a staff in the other ; a labyrinth around.*

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!—PSALM cxix. 5.

- 1 THUS I, the object of the world's disdain,  
With pilgrim face surround the weary earth ;  
I only relish what the world counts vain ;  
Her mirth's my grief ; her sullen grief, my mirth ;  
Her light my darkness ; and her truth my error ;  
Her freedom is my gaol ; and her delight my terror.
- 2 Fond earth ! proportion not my seeming love  
To my long stay ; let not my thoughts deceive thee ;  
Thou art my prison, and my home's above ;  
My life's a preparation but to leave thee :  
Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee :  
With thee I cannot live ; I cannot live without thee.
- 3 The world's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuous<sup>1</sup> ways  
Are all composed of rubs and crook'd meanders :  
No resting here ; he's hurried back that stays  
A thought ; and he that goes unguided, wanders :

<sup>1</sup> 'Anfractuous : ' tortuous.

Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;  
 So hard's the way from earth; so hard's the way to  
 heav'n.

- 4 This gyring<sup>1</sup> lab'rinth is betrench'd about  
 On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire,  
 Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,  
 But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier;  
 Where, if his footsteps trust their own invention,  
 He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.
- 5 Where shall I seek a guide? where shall I meet  
 Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?  
 What trusty lanthorn will direct my feet  
 To 'scape the danger of these dang'rous places?  
 What hopes have I to pass without a guide?  
 Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.
- 6 An unrequested star did gently slide  
 Before the wise men to a greater light;  
 Backsliding Isr'el found a double guide,—  
 A pillar and a cloud,—by day, by night:  
 Yet in my desp'rate dangers, which be far  
 More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud, nor  
 star.
- 7 Oh that the pinions of a clipping dove  
 Would cut my passage through the empty air;  
 Mine eyes being seal'd, how would I mount above  
 The reach of danger and forgotten care!  
 My backward eyes should ne'er commit that  
 fault,  
 Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of salt.

<sup>1</sup> 'Gyring:' winding.

8 Great GOD, that art the flowing spring of light,  
 Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray:  
 Thou art my path; direct my steps aright;  
 I have no other light, no other way:  
 I'll trust my GOD, and him alone pursue;  
 His law shall be my path; his heavenly light, my  
 clue.

---

O LORD! who art the light, the way, the truth, the life; in whom there is no darkness, error, vanity, nor death: the light, without which there is darkness; the way, without which there is wandering; the truth, without which there is error; the life, without which there is death: say, LORD, Let there be light, and I shall see light, and eschew darkness; I shall see the way, and avoid wandering; I shall see the truth, and shun error; I shall see life, and escape death: illuminate, oh illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness, and the shadow of death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.—S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. iv.

---

EPIG. 2.

Pilgrim, trudge on: what makes thy soul complain,  
 Crowns thy complaint; the way to rest is pain:  
 The road to resolution lies by doubt:  
 The next way home's the farthest way about.

---

No. III.

*Illustration—One, in a sort of sedan-chair on wheels, without top or bottom, stretching out his hand to an Angel.*

Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.—PSALM xvii. 5.

1 WHENE'ER the old exchange of Profit rings  
 Her silver saints'-bell of uncertain gains,  
 My merchant-soul can stretch both legs and wings;  
 How I can run, and take unwearied pains!  
 The charms of Profit are so strong, that I,  
 Who wanted legs to go, find wings to fly.

- 2 If time-beguiling Pleasure but advance  
Her lustful trump, and blow her bold alarms,  
O how my sportful soul can frisk and dance,  
And hug that siren in her twined arms!  
The sprightly voice of sinew-strength'ning Pleasure  
Can lend my bed-rid soul both legs and leisure.
- 3 If blazing Honour chance to fill my veins  
With flatt'ring warmth, and flash of courtly fire,  
My soul can take a pleasure in her pains:  
My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire;  
My antic knees can turn upon the hinges  
Of compliment, and screw a thousand cringes.
- 4 But when I come to thee, my GOD, that art  
The royal mine of everlasting treasure,  
The real honour of my better part,  
And living fountain of eternal pleasure,  
How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slow!  
I have no wings to fly, nor legs to go.
- 5 So when the streams of swift-foot Rhine convey  
Her upland riches to the Belgic shore,  
The idle vessel slides the wat'ry way,  
Without the blast or tug of wind or oar:  
Her slipp'ry keel divides the silver foam  
With ease; so facile is the way from home!
- 6 But when the home-bound vessel turns her sails  
Against the breast of the resisting stream,  
O then she slugs; nor sail, nor oar prevails;  
The stream is sturdy, and her tide's extreme:  
Each stroke is loss, and ev'ry tug is vain;  
A boat-length's purchase is a league of pain.

7 Great ALL IN ALL, that art my rest, my home ;  
 My way is tedious, and my steps are slow :  
 Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come ;  
 I am thy child, oh teach thy child to go :  
 Conjoin thy sweet commands to my desire,  
 And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

---

Be always displeas'd at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not : for where thou hast pleas'd thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest : always add, always walk, always proceed ; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate ; he that standeth still proceedeth not ; he goeth back that continueth not ; he deviateth that revolteth ; he goeth better that creepeth in his way than he that runneth out of his way.—S. AUGUST. Ser. xv. de Verb. Apost.

---

EPIC. 3.

Fear not, my soul, to lose for want of cunning ;  
 Weep not ; Heaven is not always got by running :  
 Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be slow ;  
 True love will creep, not having strength to go.

---

No. IV.

*For Illustration see 'Life.'*

My flesh trembleth for fear of thee ; and I am afraid of thy judgments.—  
 PSALM cxix. 120.

LET others boast of luck, and go their ways  
 With their fair game ; know, vengeance seldom plays  
 To be too forward, but doth wisely frame  
 Her backward tables for an after-game :  
 She gives thee leave to venture many a blot ;  
 And, for her own advantage, hits thee not :  
 But when her pointed tables are made fair,  
 That she be ready for thee, then beware ;

Then, if a necessary blot be set, 9  
 She hits thee; wins the game; perchance the set:  
 If prosp'rous chances make thy casting high,  
 Be wisely temp'rate; cast a serious eye  
 On after dangers, and keep back thy game;  
 Too forward seed-times make thy harvest lame.  
 If left-hand fortune give thee left-hand chances,  
 Be wisely patient; let not envious glances  
 Repine, to view thy gamester's heap so fair;  
 The hindmost hound oft takes the doubling hare.  
 The world's great dice are false; sometimes they go  
 Extremely high, sometimes extremely low: 20  
 Of all her gamesters, he that plays the least,  
 Lives most at ease, plays most secure and best:  
 The way to win, is to play fair, and swear  
 Thyself a servant to the crown of fear:  
 Fear is the primer of a gamester's skill:  
 Who fears not bad, stands most unarm'd to ill.  
 The ill that's wisely fear'd, is half withstood;  
 And fear of bad is the best foil to good.  
 True fear's th' elixir, which in days of old  
 Turn'd leaden crosses into crowns of gold: 30  
 The world's the tables; stakes, eternal life;  
 The gamesters, Heav'n and I: unequal strife!  
 My fortunes are the dice, whereby I frame  
 My indisposed life: this life's the game;  
 My sins are sev'ral blots; the lookers-on  
 Are angels; and in death the game is done.  
 LORD, I'm a bungler, and my game doth grow  
 Still more and more unshaped; my dice run low:  
 The stakes are great; my careless blots are many:  
 And yet thou passest by and hitt'st not any: 40  
 Thou art too strong; and I have none to guide me  
 With the least jog; the lookers-on deride me:

It is a conquest undeserving thee, 43  
 To win a stake from such a worm as me :  
 I have no more to lose ; if we persevere,  
 'Tis lost : and that once lost, I 'm lost for ever.  
 LORD, wink at faults, and be not too severe,  
 And I will play my game with greater fear ;  
 Oh, give me fear, ere fear has pass'd her date :  
 Whose blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late. 50

---

There is nothing so effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before GOD not over wise, but to fear : happy art thou, if thy heart be replenished with three fears ; a fear for received grace, a greater fear for lost grace, a greatest fear to recover grace.—S. BERN. Ser. liv. in Cant.

Present fear begetteth eternal security : fear GOD, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.—S. AUGUST. super Psal.

---

EPIG. 4.

LORD, shall we grumble when thy flames do scourge us ?  
 Our sins breathe fire ; that fire returns to purge us.  
 LORD, what an alchymist art thou, whose skill  
 Transmutes to perfect good from perfect ill !

---

No. V.

*Illustration—Vanity figured as a fantastically-dressed Female—an Angel blindfolding a person from looking at her.*

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.—PSALM cxix. 37.

1 How like the threads of flax  
 That touch the flame, are my inflamed desires !  
 How like to yielding wax,  
 My soul dissolves before these wanton fires !  
 The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,  
 Like flax, I burn ; like wax, I melt.

- 2 O how this flesh doth draw  
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire!  
And how th' eternal law  
Is baffled by the law of my desire!  
How truly bad, how seeming good,  
Are all the laws of flesh and blood!
- 3 O wretched state of men,  
The height of whose ambition is to borrow  
What must be paid again,  
With griping int'rest of the next day's sorrow;  
How wild his thoughts! how apt to range!  
How apt to vary! apt to change!
- 4 How intricate and nice  
Is man's perplexed way to man's desire;  
Sometimes upon the ice  
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire!  
His progress is extreme and bold,  
Or very hot, or very cold.
- 5 The common food he doth  
Sustain his soul-tormenting thoughts withal,  
Is honey in his mouth  
To-night, and in his heart, to-morrow, gall;  
'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,  
Both very sweet and very sour.
- 6 If sweet Corinna smile,  
A Heav'n of joys breaks down into his heart:  
Corinna frown awhile,  
Hell's torments are but copies of his smart:  
Within a lustful heart doth dwell  
A seeming Heav'n, a very hell.

- 7 Thus worthless, vain, and void  
 Of comfort, are the fruits of earth's employment,  
 Which, ere they be enjoy'd,  
 Distract us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment;  
 These be the pleasures that are prized,  
 When Heav'n's cheap penn'worth stands despised.
- 8 LORD, quench these hasty flashes,  
 Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,  
 And every minute dashes  
 Against the wanton windows of mine eyes:  
 LORD, close the casement, whilst I stand  
 Behind the curtain of thy hand.
- 

O thou sun, that illuminateth both Heaven and earth: woe be unto those eyes which do not behold thee: woe be unto those blind eyes which cannot behold thee: woe be unto those which turn away their eyes that they will not behold thee: woe be unto those that turn away their eyes that they may behold vanity.—S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. iv.

What is the evil woman but the enemy of friendship, an avoidable pain, a necessary mischief, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil, painted over with the colour of good?—S. CHRYS. Sup. Mat. xix.

---

EPIG 5.

'Tis vain, great GOD, to close mine eyes from ill,  
 When I resolve to keep the old man still;  
 My rambling heart must cov'nant first with thee,  
 Or none can pass betwixt mine eye and me.

---

## No. VI.

*Illustration—One bending before a Monarch, and receiving a letter (of pardon) at his hands.*

If I have found favour in thy sight, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition.—ESTHER vii. 3.

THOU art the great Ahasuerus, whose command  
 Doth stretch from pole to pole; the world's thy land;  
 Rebellious Vashti's the corrupted will,  
 Which, being call'd, refuses to fulfil  
 Thy just command; Esther, whose tears condole  
 The razed city, is the regen'rate soul;  
 A captive maid, whom thou wilt please to grace  
 With nuptial honours in stout Vashti's place:  
 Her kinsman, whose unbended knee did thwart  
 Proud Haman's glory, is the fleshly part; 10  
 The sober eunuch, that recall'd to mind  
 The new-built gibbet (Haman had divined  
 For his own ruin,) fifty cubits high,  
 Is lustful thought controlling chastity;  
 Insulting Haman is that fleshly lust  
 Whose red-hot fury, for a season, must  
 Triumph in pride, and study how to tread  
 On Mordecai, till royal Esther plead.

Great King, thy sent-for Vashti will not come;  
 Oh let the oil of the bless'd Virgin's womb 20  
 Cleanse my poor Esther; look, oh look upon her  
 With gracious eyes; and let thy beam of honour  
 So scour her captive stains, that she may prove  
 An holy object of thy heav'nly love:  
 Anoint her with the spikenard of thy graces,  
 Then try the sweetness of her chaste embraces:  
 Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,  
 And set thy royal crown upon her head;

If then ambitious Haman chance to spend 29  
 His spleen on Mordecai, that scorns to bend  
 The wilful stiffness of his stubborn knee,  
 Or basely crouch to any lord but thee ;  
 If weeping Esther should prefer a groan  
 Before the high tribunal of thy throne,  
 Hold forth the golden sceptre, and afford  
 The gentle audience of a gracious LORD :  
 And let thy royal Esther be possess  
 Of half thy kingdom, at her dear request :  
 Curb lustful Haman, him that would disgrace,  
 Nay, ravish thy fair queen before thy face : 40  
 And as proud Haman was himself ensnared  
 On that self-gibbet that himself prepared ;  
 So nail my lust, both punishment and guilt,  
 On that dear cross that mine own lusts have built.

---

O Holy Spirit, always inspire me with holy works. Constrain me, that I may do : counsel me, that I may love thee : confirm me, that I may hold thee : conserve me, that I may not lose thee.—S. AUGUST. in Ep.

The spirit lusts where the flesh resteth : for as the flesh is nourished with sweet things, the spirit is refreshcd with sour.—S. AUGUST. Sup. Joan.

Wouldest thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit ? then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that thou mayest govern.—Ibidem.

---

EPIG. 6.

Of mercy and justice is thy kingdom built ;  
 This plagues my sin, and that removes my guilt ;  
 Whene'er I sue, Ahasuerus-like, decline  
 Thy sceptre ; LORD, say, Half my kingdom 's thine.

---

## No. VII.

*Illustration—Two Beings, one the Soul, the other Christ, leaving, hand in hand, a house for the fields.*

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field ; let us lodge in the villages.—

CANTICLES vii. 11.

CHRIST. SOUL.

- 1 *Chr.* COME, come, my dear, and let us both retire,  
 And whiff the dainties of the fragrant field ;  
 Where warbling Phil'mel, and the shrill-mouth'd choir  
 Chant forth their raptures ; where the turtle builds  
 Her lovely nest ; and where the new-born brier  
 Breathes forth the sweetness that her April yields :  
 Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try  
 These rural delicates ; where thou and I  
 May melt in private flames, and fear no stander-by.
- 2 *Soul.* My heart's eternal joy, in lieu of whom  
 The earth's a blast, and all the world's a bubble ;  
 Our city-mansion is the fairest home,  
 But country sweets are tinged with lesser trouble :  
 Let's try them both, and choose the better ; come ;  
 A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double ;  
 On thy commands depends my go or tarry,  
 I'll stir with Martha, or I'll stay with Mary :  
 Our hearts are firmly fit, although our pleasures vary.
- 3 *Chr.* Our country mansion (situate on high)  
 With various objects still renews delight ;  
 Her arched roof's of unstain'd ivory :  
 Her walls of fiery-sparkling chrysolite ;  
 Her pavement is of hardest porphyry ;  
 Her spacious windows are all glazed with bright  
 And flaming carbuncles ; no need require  
 Titan's faint rays, or Vulcan's feeble fire ;  
 And ev'ry gate's a pearl ; and ev'ry pearl entire.

- 4 *Soul.* Fool that I was; how were my thoughts deceived!  
 How falsely was my fond conceit possess'd!  
 I took it for an hermitage, but paved  
 And daub'd with neighb'ring dirt, and thatch'd at  
 best.  
 Alas! I ne'er expected more nor craved;  
 A turtle hoped but for a turtle's nest:  
 Come, come, my dear, and let no idle stay  
 Neglect th' advantage of the headstrong day;  
 How pleasure grates, that feels the curb of dull delay!
- 5 *Chr.* Come, then, my joy; let our divided paces  
 Conduct us to our fairest territory;  
 Oh there we'll twine our souls in sweet embraces;  
*Soul.* And in thine arms I'll tell my passion's story;  
*Chr.* O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces;  
*Soul.* And all these graces shall reflect thy glory:  
*Chr.* O there I'll feed thee with celestial manna;  
 I'll be thy Elkanah. *Soul.* And I, thy Hannah.  
*Chr.* I'll sound my trump of joy. *Soul.* And I'll  
 resound Hosannah.

---

O blessed contemplation! the death of vices, and the life of virtues! thee the law and the prophets admire: who ever attained perfection, if not by thee? O blessed solitude, the magazine of celestial treasure! by thee, things earthly and transitory are changed into heavenly and eternal.—S. BERN.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that congregation, where Martha still complaineth of Mary.—S. BERN. in Ep.

---

FIG. 7.

Mechanic soul, thou must not only do  
 With Martha, but with Mary ponder too:  
 Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary;  
 But most, when Martha's reconciled to Mary.

## No. VIII.

*Illustration—An Angel drawing one, who lies prostrate, along by a rope.*  
 Draw me; we will run after thee because of the savour of thy good ointments.  
 —CANTICLES i. 3, 4.

- 1 THUS, like a lump of the corrupted mass,  
 I lie secure, long lost before I was :  
     And like a block, beneath whose burthen lies  
     That undiscover'd worm that never dies,  
 I have no will to rouse, I have no power to rise.
  
- 2 Can stinking Lazarus compound or strive  
 With death's entangling fetters, and revive ?  
     Or can the water-buried axe implore  
     A hand to raise it, or itself restore,  
 And from her sandy deeps approach the dry-foot  
     shore ?
  
- 3 So hard's the task for sinful flesh and blood  
 To lend the smallest step to what is good ;  
     My GOD ! I cannot move the least degree :  
     Ah ! if, but only those that active be,  
 None should thy glory see, none should thy glory see.
  
- 4 But, if the potter please t' inform the clay :  
 Or some strong hand remove the block away :  
     Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher ;  
     That proves a vessel, which before was mire ;  
 And this, being hewn, may serve for better use than fire.
  
- 5 And if that life-restoring voice command  
 Dead Laz'rus forth ; or that great Prophet's hand  
     Should charm the sullen waters, and begin  
     To beckon, or to dart a stick but in,  
 Dead Laz'rus must revive, and th' axe must float  
     again.

- 6 LORD, as I am, I have no pow'r at all  
 To hear thy voice, or echo to thy call;  
 The gloomy clouds of mine own guilt benight me;  
 Thy glorious beams, not dainty sweets, invite me;  
 They neither can direct, nor these at all delight me.
- 7 See how my sin-bemangled body lies,  
 Not having pow'r to will, nor will to rise!  
 Shine home upon thy creature, and inspire  
 My lifeless will with thy regen'rate fire;  
 The first degree to do, is only to desire.
- 8 Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do;  
 Oh raise me up, and I will strive to go:  
 Draw me, oh draw me with thy treble twist,  
 That have no pow'r but merely to resist;  
 Oh lend me strength to do, and then command thy  
 list.
- 9 My soul's a clock, whose wheels (for want of use  
 And winding up, being subject to the abuse  
 Of eating rust,) want vigour to fulfil  
 Her twelve hours' task, and show her Maker's  
 skill,  
 But idly sleeps unmoved, and standeth vainly still.
- 10 Great GOD, it is thy work, and therefore good,  
 If thou be pleased to cleanse it with thy blood,  
 And wind it up with thy soul-moving keys,  
 Her busy wheels shall serve thee all her days;  
 Her hand shall point thy pow'r, her hammer strike  
 thy praise.

---

Let us run, let us run, but in the savour of thy ointment, not in  
 the confidence of our merits, not in the greatness of our strength:

we trust to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies, for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in GOD that showeth mercy. Oh let thy mercy return, and we will run: thou, like a giant, runnest by thy own power; we, unless thy ointment breathe upon us, cannot run.—S. BERN. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

---

 EPIG. 8.

Look not, my watch, being once repair'd, to stand,  
 Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand.  
 He's wound thee up, and cleansed thy clogs with blood:  
 If now thy wheels stand still, thou art not good.

---

 No. IX.

*Illustration—A Female uplifting from the cradle a child Christ in her arms.*

O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee.—CANTICLES viii. 1.

- 1 COME, come, my blessed infant, and immure thee  
     Within the temple of my sacred arms;  
 Secure mine arms, mine arms shall then secure thee  
     From Herod's fury, or the high priest's harms:  
     Or if thy danger'd life sustain a loss,  
     My folded arms shall turn thy dying cross.
- 2 But ah! what savage tyrant can behold  
     The beauty of so sweet a face as this is,  
 And not himself be by himself controll'd,  
     And change his fury to a thousand kisses?  
     One smile of thine is worth more mines of  
     treasure  
     Than there were myriads in the days of Cæsar.
- 3 Oh had the tetrarch, as he knew thy birth,  
     So known thy stock, he had not thought to paddle  
 In thy dear blood; but prostrate on the earth,  
     Had veil'd his crown before thy royal cradle,

And laid the sceptre of his glory down,  
And begg'd a heav'nly for an earthly crown.

- 4 Illustrious babe! how is thy handmaid graced  
With a rich armful! how dost thou decline  
Thy majesty, that wert so late embraced  
In thy great Father's arms, and now in mine!  
How humbly gracious art thou, to refresh  
Me with thy spirit, and assume my flesh!
- 5 But must the treason of a traitor's hail  
Abuse the sweetness of these ruby lips?  
Shall marble-hearted cruelty assail  
These alabaster sides with knotted whips?  
And must these smiling roses entertain  
The blows of scorn, and flirts of base disdain?
- 6 Ah! must these dainty little springs, that twine  
So fast about my neck, be pierced and torn  
With ragged nails? and must these brows resign  
Their crown of glory for a crown of thorn?  
Ah! must the blessed infant taste the pain  
Of death's injurious pangs; nay, worse, be slain?
- 7 Sweet babe! at what dear rates do wretched I  
Commit a sin! LORD, ev'ry sin's a dart;  
And ev'ry trespass lets a jav'lin fly;  
And ev'ry jav'lin wounds thy bleeding heart:  
Pardon, sweet babe, what I have done amiss;  
And seal that granted pardon with a kiss.

---

O sweet Jesu, I knew not that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy  
society so delectable, nor thy attraction so virtuous: for when I  
love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaste; when I

receive thee, I am a virgin. O most sweet Jesu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanse ; thy attraction polluteth not, but sanctifieth. O Jesu, the fountain of universal sweetness, pardon me that I believed so late that so much sweetness is in thy embraces.—S. BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

---

EPIC. 9.

My burden's greatest ; let not Atlas boast :  
 Impartial reader, judge which bears the most :  
 He bears but Heav'n, my folded arms sustain  
 Heav'n's Maker, whom Heav'n's Heav'n cannot contain.

---

No. X.

*Illustration—One holding a lamp over an empty bed—Christ hiding himself beneath it.*

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth ; I sought him, but I found him not.—CANTICLES iii. 1.

THE learned Cynic having lost the way  
 To honest men, did, in the height of day,  
 By taper-light, divide his steps about  
 The peopled streets, to find this dainty out,  
 But fail'd: the Cynic search'd not where he ought ;  
 The thing he sought for was not where he sought.  
 The wise men's task seem'd harder to be done ;  
 The wise men did by star-light seek the Sun,  
 And found: the wise men search'd it where they ought ;  
 The thing they hoped to find was where they sought. 10  
 One seeks his wishes where he should ; but then  
 Perchance he seeks not as he should, nor when.  
 Another searches when he should ; but there  
 He fails ; not seeking as he should, nor where.  
 Whose soul desires the good it wants, and would  
 Obtain, must seek where, as, and when he should.  
 How often have my wild affections led  
 My wasted soul to this my widow'd bed,

To seek my lover, whom my soul desires ! 19  
 (I speak not, Cupid, of thy wanton fires :  
 Thy fires are all but dying sparks to mine ;  
 My flames are full of Heav'n, and all divine.)  
 How often have I sought this bed by night,  
 To find that greater by this lesser light!  
 How oft have my unwitness'd groans lamented  
 Thy dearest absence! ah! how often vented  
 The bitter tempests of despairing breath,  
 And toss'd my soul upon the waves of death!  
 How often has my melting heart made choice  
 Of silent tears (tears louder than a voice) 30  
 To plead my grief, and woo thy absent ear!  
 And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear.  
 Oh, is thy wonted love become so cold?  
 Or do mine eyes not seek thee where they should?  
 Why do I seek thee, if thou art not here?  
 Or find thee not, if thou art ev'rywhere?  
 I see my error; 'tis not strange I could not  
 Find out my love; I sought him where I should not.  
 Thou art not found on downy beds of ease;  
 Alas! thy music strikes on harder keys: 40  
 Nor art thou found by that false feeble light  
 Of nature's candle; our Egyptian night  
 Is more than common darkness; nor can we  
 Expect a morning but what breaks from thee.  
 Well may my empty bed bewail thy loss,  
 When thou art lodged upon thy shameful cross:  
 If thou refuse to share a bed with me,  
 We'll never part, I'll share a cross with thee.

---

LORD, if thou art not present, where shall I seek thee absent? if  
 everywhere, why do I not see thee present? thou dwellest in light  
 inaccessible; and where is that inaccessible light? or how shall I

have access to light inaccessible? I beseech thee, LORD, teach me to seek thee, and show thyself to the seeker; because I can neither seek thee, unless thou teach me; nor find thee, unless thou show thyself to me: let me seek thee in desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee: let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.—ANSELM. in Protolog. i.

---

FIG. 10.

Where should thou seek for rest, but in thy bed?  
 But now thy rest is gone, thy rest is fled:  
 'Tis vain to seek him there: my soul, be wise;  
 Go ask thy sins, they'll tell thee where he lies.

---

No. XI.

*Illustration—One rising from a bed—Christ's head seen from behind it.*

I will rise, and go about the city; I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.—CANTICLES iii. 2.

- 1 OH, how my disappointed soul's perplext!  
 How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled breast!  
 How vainly pleased with hopes, then crossly vext  
 With fears! and how betwixt them both distrest!  
 What place is left unransack'd? Oh! where next  
 Shall I go seek the author of my rest?  
 Of what bless'd angel shall my lips inquire  
 The undiscover'd way to that entire  
 And everlasting solace of my heart's desire?
- 2 Look how the stricken hart, that wounded flies  
 O'er hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds  
 For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes  
 Beg silent mercy from the foll'wing hounds;  
 At length, embost,<sup>1</sup> he droops, drops down, and lies  
 Beneath the burden of his bleeding wounds:

<sup>1</sup> 'Embost: ' Hollowed out, i.e. worn out.

E'en so my gasping soul, dissolved in tears,  
 Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafen'd ears  
 Leave me th' unransom'd pris'ner to my panic fears.

- 3 Where have my busy eyes not pry'd? O where,  
 Of whom hath not my threadbare tongue  
 demanded?

I search'd this glorious city; he's not here:  
 I sought the country; she stands empty-handed:  
 I search'd the court; he is a stranger there:  
 I ask'd the land; he's shipp'd: the sea; he's landed:  
 I climb'd the air, my thoughts began t' aspire;  
 But ah! the wings of my too bold desire,  
 Soaring too near the sun, were singed with sacred fire.

- 4 I moved the merchant's ear, alas! but he  
 Knew neither what I said, nor what to say:  
 I ask'd the lawyer, he demands a fee,  
 And then demurs me with a vain delay:  
 I ask'd the schoolman, his advice was free,  
 But scored me out too intricate a way:  
 I ask'd the watchman (best of all the four),  
 Whose gentle answer could resolve no more,  
 But that he lately left him at the temple door.

- 5 Thus having sought, and made my great inquest  
 In ev'ry place, and search'd in ev'ry ear,  
 I threw me on my bed; but ah! my rest  
 Was poison'd with th' extremes of grief and fear;  
 Where looking down into my troubled breast,  
 The magazine of wounds, I found him there:  
 Let others hunt, and show their sportful art;  
 I wish to catch the hare before she start,  
 As poachers use to do; heav'n's form's a troubled  
 heart.

Christ is not in the market, nor in the streets : for Christ is peace, in the market are strifes : Christ is justice, in the market is iniquity : Christ is a labourer, in the market is idleness : Christ is charity, in the market is slander : Christ is faith, in the market is fraud. Let us not, therefore, seek Christ where we cannot find Christ.—S. AMBROS. Lib. iii. de Virg.

Jesus is jealous : he will not have thy face seen : let foolish virgins ramble abroad, seek thou thy love at home.—S. HIERON. Ser. ix. Ep. xxii. ad Eustoch.

---

EPIC. 11.

What, lost thy love ? will neither bed nor board  
 Receive him ? not by tears to be implored ?  
 It is the ship that moves, and not the coast ;  
 I fear, I fear, my soul, 'tis thou art lost.

---

No. XII.

*Illustration—Christ and the Soul embracing.*

Have you seen him whom my soul loveth ? When I had past a little from them, then I found him ; I took hold on him, and left him not.—CANTICLES iii. 4.

- 1 WHAT secret corner, what unwonted way  
 Has 'scaped the ransack of my rambling thought ?  
 The fox by night, nor the dull owl by day,  
 Have never search'd those places I have sought.  
 Whilst they lamented, absence taught my breast  
 The ready road to grief, without request ;  
 My day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest.
- 2 How hath my unregarded language vented  
 The sad tautologies of lavish passion !  
 How often have I languish'd unlamented !  
 How oft have I complain'd, without compassion !  
 I ask'd the city-watch, but some denied me  
 The common street, whilst others would misguide  
 me ;  
 Some would debar me ; some divert me ; some deride me.

- 3 Mark how the widow'd turtle, having lost  
The faithful partner of her royal heart,  
Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast,  
Hunts ev'ry path; thinks ev'ry shade doth part  
Her absent love and her; at length, unsped,  
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,  
And there bewails her everlasting widow-head.
- 4 So when my soul had progress'd ev'ry place,  
That love and dear affection could contrive,  
I threw me on my couch, resolved t' embrace  
A death for him in whom I ceas'd to live:  
But there injurious Hymen did present  
His landscape joys; my pickled eyes did vent  
Full streams of briny tears, tears never to be spent.
- 5 Whilst thus my sorrow-wasting soul was feeding  
Upon the radical humour of her thought,  
E'en whilst mine eyes were blind, and heart was  
bleeding,  
He that was sought unfound, was found unsought:  
As if the sun should dart his orb of light  
Into the secrets of the black-brow'd night:  
E'en so appear'd my love, my soul's delight.
- 6 Oh how mine eyes, now ravish'd at the sight  
Of my bright sun, shot flames of equal fire!  
Ah! how my soul dissolved with o'er-delight,  
To re-enjoy the crown of chaste desire!  
How sov'reign joy deposed and dispossess't  
Rebellious grief! and how my ravish'd breast!  
But who can express those heights, that cannot be  
express't?

7 Oh how these arms, these greedy arms did twine  
 And strongly twist about his yielding waist!  
 The sappy branches of the Thespian vine  
 Ne'er cling their less beloved elm so fast;  
 Boast not thy flames, blind boy, thy feather'd shot;  
 Let Hymen's easy snarls be quite forgot:  
 Time cannot quench our fires, nor death dissolve our  
 knot.

---

O most holy LORD, and sweetest Master, how good art thou to those that are of upright heart and humble spirit! O how blessed are they that seek thee with a simple heart! how happy that trust in thee! it is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee: for, behold, thy love simply sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: she trusted in thee, and is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, than she expected from thee.—*ORIG. Hom. x. in Divers.*

The longer I was in finding whom I sought, the more earnestly I beheld him being found.—*BEDA in Cap. iii. Cant.*

---

#### EPIC. 12.

What? found him out? let strong embraces bind him;  
 He'll fly, perchance, where tears can never find him:  
 New sins will lose what old repentance gains.  
 Wisdom not only gets, but got, retains.

---

#### No. XIII.

*Illustration—Christ carrying one on his back—a Sea-storm in the background.*

It is good for me to draw near to God; I have put my trust in the Lord God.  
 —*PSALM lxxiii. 28.*

1 WHERE is that good, which wise men please to call  
 The chiefest? doth there any such befall  
 Within man's reach? or is there such a good at all?

- 2 If such there be, it neither must expire,  
Nor change; than which there can be nothing  
high'r:  
Such good must be the utter point of man's desire.
- 3 It is the mark, to which all hearts must tend;  
Can be desired for no other end,  
Than for itself, on which all other goods depend.
- 4 What may this ex'llence be? doth it subsist  
A real essence clouded in the mist  
Of curious art, or clear to ev'ry eye that list?
- 5 Or is't a tart idea, to procure  
An edge, and keep the practic soul in ure,  
Like that dear chymic dust, or puzzling quadrature?
- 6 Where shall I seek this good? where shall I find  
This cath'lic pleasure, whose extremes may blind  
My thoughts, and fill the gulf of my insatiate mind?
- 7 Lies it in treasure, in full heaps untold?  
Doth gouty Mammon's griping hand infold  
This secret saint in sacred shrines of sov'reign gold?
- 8 No, no, she lies not there; wealth often sours  
In keeping; makes us hers in seeming ours;  
She slides from Heav'n indeed, but not in Danae's  
show'rs.
- 9 Lives she in honour? No. The royal crown  
Builds up a creature, and then batters down:  
Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a  
frown.

- 10 In pleasure? No. Pleasure begins in rage;  
 Acts the fool's part on earth's uncertain stage;  
 Begins the play in youth, and epilogues in age.
- 11 These, these are bastard goods; the best of these  
 Torment the soul with pleasing it; and please,  
 Like waters gulp'd in fevers, with deceitful ease.
- 12 Earth's flatt'ring dainties are but sweet distresses:  
 Mole-hills perform the mountains she professes,  
 Alas! can earth confer more good than earth possesses?
13. Mount, mount, my soul, and let my thoughts cashier  
 Earth's vain delights, and make thy full career  
 At Heav'n's eternal joys; stop, stop, thy courser there.
- 14 There shall thy soul possess uncareful treasure:  
 There shalt thou swim in never-fading pleasure,  
 And blaze in honour far above the frowns of Cæsar.
- 15 Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall  
 On thee, the chiefest good, no need to call  
 For earth's inferior trash; thou, thou art ALL IN ALL.

---

I follow this thing, I pursue that, but I am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, undivided, and only good in thyself, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was possessed, my whole desire was satisfied.—S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xiii.

Let others pretend merit; let him brag of the burthen of the day; let him boast of his Sabbath-fasts, and let him glory in that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the LORD, and to put my trust in my LORD GOD.—S. BERN. Ser. ix. Sup. Beati qui habent, &c.

## EPIG. 13.

Let Boreas' blasts, and Neptune's waves be join'd,  
 Thy Æolus commands the waves, the wind :  
 Fear not the rocks, or world's imperious waves ;  
 Thou climb'st a Rock, my soul, a Rock that saves.

## No. XIV.

*Illustration—Christ hanging on a tree—one sitting beneath its shadow.*

I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.—CANTICLES ii. 3.

- 1 Look how the sheep, whose rambling steps do stray  
 From the safe blessing of her shepherd's eyes,  
 Eftsoon becomes the unprotected prey  
 To the wing'd squadron of beleag'ring flies ;  
 Where, swelter'd with the scorching beams of day,  
 She frisks from bush to brake, and wildly flies away  
 From her own self, e'en of herself afraid ;  
 She shrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,  
 And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade.
- 2 E'en so my wand'ring soul, that hath digrest  
 From her great Shepherd, is the hourly prey  
 Of all my sins ; these vultures in my breast  
 Gripe my Promethean heart ; both night and day  
 I hunt from place to place, but find no rest ;  
 I know not where to go, nor where to stay :  
 The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade  
 My swelt'ring soul : my soul hath oft assay'd,  
 Yet she can find no shroud, yet can she feel no  
 shade !
- 3 I sought the shades of mirth, to wear away  
 My slow-paced hours of soul-consuming grief ;  
 I search'd the shades of sleep, to ease my day

Of griping sorrows with a night's reprieve.  
 I sought the shades of death ; thought there t' allay  
 My final torments with a full relief :  
 But mirth, nor sleep, nor death, can hide my  
 hours  
 In the false shades of their deceitful bowers ;  
 The first distracts, the next disturbs, the last devours.

4 Where shall I turn ? to whom shall I apply me ?  
 Are there no streams where a faint soul may  
 wade ?  
 Thy Godhead, Jesus, are the flames that fry me ;  
 Hath thy all-glorious Deity ne'er a shade,  
 Where I may sit and vengeance never eye me ;  
 Where I might sit refresh'd or unafraid ?  
 Is there no comfort ? is there no refection ?  
 Is there no cover that will give protection  
 T' a fainting soul, the subject of thy wrath's reflec-  
 tion ?

5 Look up; my soul, advance the lowly stature  
 Of thy sad thoughts ; advance thy humble eye :  
 See, here 's a shadow found : the human nature  
 Is made th' umbrella to the Deity,  
 To catch the sunbeams of thy just Creator :  
 Beneath this covert thou may'st safely lie :  
 Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree,  
 As quick Zacchæus did, and thou shalt see  
 A cloud of dying flesh betwixt those beams and thee.

---

Who can endure the fierce rays of the Sun of justice ? who shall not be consumed by its beams ? therefore the Sun of justice took flesh, that, through the conjunction of that Sun and this human body, a shadow may be made.—GUIL. in Cap. ii. Cant.

Lord, let my soul flee from the scorching thoughts of the world, under the covert of thy wings, that, being refreshed by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing merrily. In peace will I lay me down and rest.—S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxiv.

---

EPIC. 14.

Ah! treach'rous soul, would not thy pleasures give  
That LORD, which made thee living, leave to live?  
See what thy sins have done: thy sins have made  
The Sun of Glory now become thy shade.

---

No. XV.

*Illustration—The banished Israelite sitting on the ground—the Babylonians behind, urging him to sing.*

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?—PSALM cxxxvii. 4.

URGE me no more: this airy mirth belongs  
To better times: these times are not for songs.  
The sprightly twang of the melodious lute  
Agrees not with my voice: and both unsuit  
My untuned fortunes: the affected measure  
Of strains that are constrain'd, afford no pleasure.  
Music's the child of mirth! where griefs assail  
The troubled soul, both voice and fingers fail:  
Let such as revel out their lavish days  
In honourable riot: that can raise  
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a sp'rit  
Of madness by the magic of delight;  
Let those of Cupid's hospital, that lie  
Impatient patients to a smiling eye,  
That cannot rest, until vain hope beguile  
Their flatter'd torment with a wanton smile:  
Let such redeem their peace, and salve the wrongs  
Of froward fortune with their frolic songs:

My grief, my grief's too great for smiling eyes 19  
 To cure, or counter-charms to exorcise.  
 The raven's dismal croaks, the midnight howls  
 Of empty wolves, mix'd with the screech of owls,  
 The nine sad knells of a dull passing bell,  
 With the loud language of a nightly knell,  
 And horrid outcries of revenged crimes,  
 Join'd in a medley's music for these times;  
 These are no times to touch the merry string  
 Of Orpheus; no, these are no times to sing.  
 Can hide-bound pris'ners, that have spent their souls  
 And famish'd bodies in the noisome holes 30  
 Of hell-black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,  
 Grown hoarse with begging alms, to warble notes?  
 Can the sad pilgrim, that hath lost his way  
 In the vast desert, there condemn'd a prey  
 To the wild subject, or his savage king,  
 Rouse up his palsy-smitten sp'rits and sing?  
 Can I, a pilgrim, and a pris'ner too,  
 Alas! where I am neither known, nor know  
 Aught but my torments, an unransom'd stranger  
 In this strange climate, in a land of danger? 40  
 Oh, can my voice be pleasant, or my hand,  
 Thus made a pris'ner to a foreign land?  
 How can my music relish in your ears,  
 That cannot speak for sobs, nor sing for tears?  
 Ah! if my voice could, Orpheus-like, unspell  
 My poor Eurydice, my soul, from hell  
 Of earth's misconstrued Heav'n, oh then my breast  
 Should warble airs, whose rhapsodies should feast  
 The ears of seraphims, and entertain  
 Heav'n's highest Deity with their lofty strain: 50  
 A strain well drench'd in the true Thespian well,  
 Till then, earth's semiquaver, mirth, farewell!

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues, which are able to praise thee in holiness and purity with excessive sweetness, and unutterable exaltation ! From thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoice, because they continually see for what they rejoice, for what they praise thee : but we, pressed down with this burden of flesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee : we praise thee by faith, not face to face ; but those angelical spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.—S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxiii.

---

FIG. 15.

Did I refuse to sing ? Said I, these times  
Were not for songs, nor music for these climes ?  
It was my error ! are not groans and tears  
Harmonious raptures in th' Almighty's ears ?

---

## BOOK THE FIFTH

---

### No. I.

*Illustration—One sitting sad on the ground; Virgins passing by.*

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.—CANTICLES v. 8.

- 1 YE holy virgins, that so oft surround  
The city's sapphire walls; whose snowy feet  
Measure the pearly paths of sacred ground,  
And trace the new Jerusalem's jasper street;  
Ah! you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd  
With your best wishes; that enjoy the sweet  
Of all your hopes; if e'er you chance to spy  
My absent love, oh, tell him that I lie  
Deep wounded with the flames that furnaced from his  
eye.
  
- 2 I charge you, virgins, as you hope to hear  
The heav'nly music of your Lover's voice;  
I charge you, by the solemn faith you bear  
To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice  
Of your affections, or, if aught more dear  
You hold, by Hymen, by your marriage joys;  
I charge you tell him, that a flaming dart,  
Shot from his eye, hath pierced my bleeding  
heart,  
And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart.

- 3 Tell him, oh tell him, how my panting breast  
 Is scorch'd with flames, and how my soul is pined;  
 Tell him, oh tell him, how I lie opprest  
 With the full torments of a troubled mind;  
 Oh tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest,  
 But I in earnest; tell him he's unkind:  
 But if a discontented frown appears  
 Upon his angry brow, accost his ears  
 With soft and fewer words, and act the rest in tears.
- 4 Oh tell him, that his cruelties deprive  
 My soul of peace, while peace in vain she seeks;  
 Tell him, those damask roses that did strive  
 With white, both fade upon my sallow cheeks;  
 Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,  
 But tears, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden shrieks;  
 Thus if your piercing words should chance to bore  
 His heark'ning ear, and move a sigh, give o'er  
 To speak; and tell him, tell him that I could no more.
- 5 If your elegious breath should hap to rouse  
 A happy tear, close harb'ring in his eye,  
 Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vows,  
 Which neither I can break, nor he deny;  
 Bewail the torment of his loyal spouse,  
 That for his sake would make a sport to die:  
 O blessed virgins, how my passion tires  
 Beneath the burden of her fond desires!  
 Heav'n never shot such flames, earth never felt such  
 fires!

---

What shall I say? what shall I do? whither shall I go? where shall I seek him? or when shall I find him? whom shall I ask? who will tell my beloved that I am sick of love?—S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xl.

I live, but not I : it is my beloved that liveth in me : I love myself, not with my own love, but with the love of my beloved that loveth me : I love not myself in myself, but myself in him, and him in me.—GULIEL in Cap. v. Cant.

---

EPIG. 1.

Grieve not, my soul, nor let thy love wax faint :  
 Weep'st thou to lose the cause of thy complaint ?  
 He'll come ; love ne'er was bound to times nor laws ;  
 Till then thy tears complain without a cause.

---

No. II.

*Illustration—One on ground—two Virgins holding him up—flowers and apples around.*

Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples ; for I am sick of love.—  
 CANTICLES ii. 5.

- 1 O TYRANT love! how doth thy sov'reign pow'r  
 Subject poor souls to thy imperious thrall!  
 They say thy cup's composed of sweet and sour ;  
 They say thy diet's honey 'mix'd with gall ;  
 How comes it then to pass, these lips of ours  
 Still trade in bitter, taste no sweet at all?  
 O tyrant love! shall our perpetual toil  
 Ne'er find a sabbath to refresh awhile  
 Our drooping souls? art thou all frowns, and ne'er a  
 smile?
- 2 Ye blessed maids of honour, that frequent  
 The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,  
 With flowers restore my spirits faint and spent ;  
 Oh fetch me apples from love's fruitful grove,  
 To cool my palate, and renew my scent,  
 For I am sick, for I am sick of love :

These will revive my dry, my wasted powers,  
And they will sweeten my unsav'ry hours;  
Refresh me then with fruit, and comfort me with  
flowers.

- 3 Oh bring me apples to assuage that fire,  
Which, *Ætna*-like, inflames my flaming breast;  
Nor is it ev'ry apple I desire,  
Nor that which pleases ev'ry palate best:  
'Tis not the lasting deuzan I require:  
Nor yet the red-cheek'd queening I request:  
Nor that which first beshrew'd the name of wife,  
Nor that whose beauty caused the golden strife;  
No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.
- 4 Virgins, tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye  
With the fair wealth of *Flora's* magazine:  
The purple violet, and the pale-faced lily;  
The pansy and the organ columbine;  
The flow'ring thyme, the gilt bowl daffodilly;  
The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine;  
The blushing rose, the queen of flowers, and best  
Of *Flora's* beauty; but above the rest,  
Let *Jesse's* sov'reign flow'r perfume my qualming breast.
- 5 Haste, virgins, haste, for I lie weak and faint  
Beneath the pangs of love; why stand ye mute,  
As if your silence neither cared to grant,  
Nor yet your language to deny my suit?  
No key can lock the door of my complaint,  
Until I smell this flower, or taste that fruit.  
Go, virgins, seek this tree, and search that bower;  
O how my soul shall bless that happy hour,  
That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such a  
flower!

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that GOD may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining fire! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but only savoureth Divine nourishment!—GISTEN. in Cap. ii. Cant. Expos. 3.

By flowers understand faith; by fruit, good works. As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works: so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.—S. BERN. Serm. li. in Cant.

---

EPIC. 2.

Why apples, O my soul? can they remove  
The pains of grief, or ease the flames of love?  
It was that fruit which gave the first offence;  
That sent him hither; that removed him hence.

---

No. III.

*Illustration—Christ and the Spouse sitting crowned amidst lilies and sheep.*

My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies.—CANTICLES  
ii. 16.

- 1 E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,  
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,  
And having ranged and search'd a thousand nooks,  
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,  
Wherein a greater current they conjoin:  
So I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.
- 2 E'en so we met; and after long pursuit,  
E'en so we join'd, we both became entire;  
No need for either to renew a suit,  
For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.  
Our firm united souls did more than twine;  
So I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.

- 3 If all those glitt'ring monarchs, that command  
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,  
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,  
I would not change my fortunes for them all:  
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;  
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.
- 4 Nay more; if the fair Thespian ladies all  
Should heap together their diviner treasure,  
That treasure should be deem'd a price too small  
To buy a minute's lease of half my pleasure;  
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the nine  
Can buy my heart from him, or his from being mine.
- 5 Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death can bow  
My least desires unto the least remove;  
He's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;  
He's mine by faith; and I am his by love;  
He's mine by water; I am his by wine;  
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.
- 6 He is my altar; I his holy place;  
I am his guest; and he my living food;  
I'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;  
I'm his by purchase; he is mine by blood;  
He's my supporting elm; and I his vine;  
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.
- 7 He gives me wealth; I give him all my vows:  
I give him songs; he gives me length of days:  
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conquering brows:  
And I his temples with a crown of praise,  
Which he accepts; an everlasting sign,  
That I my best beloved's am; that he is mine.

O my soul, stamped with the image of thy God, love him of whom thou art so much beloved : bend to him that boweth to thee, seek him that seeketh thee : love the lover, by whose love thou art prevented, being the cause of thy love : be careful with those that are careful, want with those that want : be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy : choose this friend above all friends, who when all are taken way, remaineth only faithful to thee : in the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring lions prepared for their prey.—S. AUGUST. Manu. Cap. xxiv.

---

EPIC. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my soul : what, lost and found ?  
 Welcomed, espoused, enjoy'd so soon and crown'd !  
 He did but climb the cross, and then came down  
 To th' gates of hell ; triumph'd, and fetch'd a crown.

---

No. IV.

*Illustration—One holding the case of an arctic needle, pointing to Christ.*

I am my beloved's, and his desire is toward me.—CANTICLES vii. 10.

- 1 LIKE to the arctic needle, that doth guide  
 The wand'ring shade by his magnetic pow'r,  
 And leaves his silken gnomon to decide  
 The question of the controverted hour,  
 First frantics up and down from side to side,  
 And restless beats his crystall'd iv'ry case,  
 With vain impatience jets from place to place,  
 And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride ;  
 At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest  
 His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved breast.
- 2 E'en so my soul, being hurried here and there,  
 By ev'ry object that presents delight,  
 Fain would be settled, but she knows not where ;  
 She likes at morning what she loathes at night:

She bows to honour; then she lends an ear  
 To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure;  
 Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;  
 Now flatter'd with false hopes; now foil'd with fear:  
 Thus finding all the world's delight to be  
 But empty toys, good GOD! she points alone to thee.

3 But hath the virtued steel a power to move?  
 Or can the untouch'd needle point aright?  
 Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,  
 Unguided by the virtue of thy Sp'rit?  
 O hath my leaden soul the art t' improve  
 Her wasted talent, and, unraised, aspire  
 In this sad moulting time of her desire?  
 Not first beloved, have I the power to love?  
 I cannot stir, but as thou please to move me,  
 Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love  
 me.

4 The still commandress of the silent night  
 Borrows her beams from her bright brother's eye;  
 His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light,  
 If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die:  
 E'en so the beams of thy enlight'ning Sp'rit,  
 Infused and shot into my dark desire,  
 Inflame my thoughts, and fill my soul with fire,  
 That I am ravish'd with a new delight;  
 But if thou shroud thy face, my glory fades,  
 And I remain a nothing, all composed of shades.

5 Eternal GOD! O thou that only art  
 The sacred fountain of eternal light,  
 And blessed loadstone of my better part,  
 O thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight!

Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,  
 And then my heart shall prize no good above  
 thee;  
 And then my soul shall know thee; knowing,  
 love thee;  
 And then my trembling thoughts shall never start  
 From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,  
 Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

---

If man can love man with so entire affection, that the one can scarce brook the other's absence; if a bride can be joined to her bridegroom with so great an ardency of mind, that for the extremity of love she can enjoy no rest, nor suffer his absence without great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought the soul, whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love thee, her true God, and glorious bridegroom?—S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. x.

---

EPIC. 4.

My soul, thy love is dear : 'twas thought a good  
 And easy penn'worth of thy Saviour's blood :  
 But be not proud ; all matters rightly scann'd,  
 'Twas over-bought : 'twas sold at second hand.

---

No. V.

*Illustration—Christ speaking ; one listening rapt.*

My soul melted whilst my beloved spake.—CANTICLES v. 6.

LORD, has the feeble voice of flesh and blood  
 The pow'r to work thine ears into a flood  
 Of melted mercy ? or the strength t' unlock  
 The gates of Heav'n, and to dissolve a rock  
 Of marble clouds into a morning show'r ?  
 Or hath the breath of whining dust the pow'r  
 To stop or snatch a falling thunderbolt  
 From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt



Their precious flames and my obdurate ear ; 43  
 Disperse this plague-distilling cloud, and clear  
 My mungy<sup>1</sup> soul into a glorious day :  
 Transplant this screen, remove this bar away ;  
 Then, then my fluent soul shall feel the fires  
 Of thy sweet voice, and my dissolved desires  
 Shall turn a sov'reign balsam, to make whole  
 Those wounds my sins inflicted on thy soul. 50

What fire is this that so warmeth my heart ? what light is this that so enlighteneth my soul ? O fire ! that always burneth, and never goeth out, kindle me : O light ! which ever shineth, and art never darkened, illuminate me : O that I had my heat from thee, most holy fire ! how sweetly dost thou burn ! how secretly dost thou shine ! how desiredly dost thou inflame me !—S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxiv.

It maketh GOD man, and man GOD ; things temporal, eternal ; mortal, immortal ; it maketh an enemy, a friend ; a servant, a son ; vile things, glorious ; cold hearts, fiery ; and hard things, liquid.—S. BONAVENT. Stim. Amoris. Cap. viii.

---

EPIC. 5.

My soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross ;  
 Thy Saviour's breath refines thee with some loss ;  
 His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true ;  
 Thou must be melted ere thou'rt cast anew.

---

NO. VI.

*Illustration—One sitting on a Globe, and looking up to Heaven, where God sits.*

Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.—PSALM lxxiii. 25.

1 I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth :  
 She is my Maker's creature, therefore good ;  
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;  
 She is my tender nurse ; she gives me food :

<sup>1</sup> 'Mungy:' moody.

But what's a creature, LORD, compared with thee?  
Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me?

- 2 I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh  
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;  
Her shrill-mouth'd choir sustain me with their flesh,  
And with their polyphonian<sup>1</sup> notes delight me:  
But what's the air, or all the sweets, that she  
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?
- 3 I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,  
My careful purveyor; she provides me store:  
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;  
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:  
But, LORD of oceans, when compared with thee,  
What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me?
- 4 To heav'n's high city I direct my journey,  
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;  
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,  
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:  
But what is heav'n, great GOD, compared to thee?  
Without thy presence, heav'n's no heav'n to me.
- 5 Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;  
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure:  
Without thy presence, air's a rank infection:  
Without thy presence, heav'n itself's no pleasure;  
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,  
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heav'n, to me?
- 6 The highest honours that the world can boast  
Are subjects far too low for my desire;  
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)  
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:

<sup>1</sup> Polyphonian: 'i.e., many sounding.

The proudest flames that earth can kindle be  
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

- 7 Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares;  
Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness:  
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;  
Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;  
Without thee, LORD, things be not what they be,  
Nor have their being, when compared with thee.
- 8 In having all things, and not thee, what have I?  
Not having thee, what have my labours got?  
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?  
And having thee alone, what have I not?  
I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be  
Possess'd of Heav'n, Heav'n unpossess'd of thee.

---

Alas! my God, now I understand (but blush to confess) that the beauty of thy creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable than all the creatures, to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty; for who hath adorned the heavens with stars? who hath stored the air with fowl, the waters with fish, the earth with plants and flowers? but what are all these but a small spark of divine beauty.—BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

In having nothing, I have all things, because I have Christ. Having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward; for he is the universal reward.—S. CHRYS. Hom. v. in Ep. ad Rom.

---

EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,  
And scorn this dross within him; that, without him?  
Cast up, my soul, thy clearer eye; behold,  
If thou be fully melted, there's the mould.

## No. VII.

*Illustration—One sitting under a ruined tent.*

Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!

—PSALM cxx. 5.

Is Nature's course dissolved? doth Time's glass stand?  
 Or hath some frolic heart set back the hand  
 Of Fate's perpetual clock? will't never strike?  
 Is crazy Time grown lazy, faint, or sick,  
 With very age? or hath that great pair-royal  
 Of adamantine sisters late made trial  
 Of some new trade? shall mortal hearts grow old  
 In sorrow? shall my weary arms infold,  
 And under-prop my panting sides for ever?  
 Is there no charitable hand will sever 10  
 My well-spun thread, that my imprisoned soul  
 May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole  
 Of dungeon flesh? Oh, shall I, shall I never  
 Be ransom'd, but remain a slave for ever?  
 It is the lot of man but once to die,  
 But ere that death, how many deaths have I?  
 What human madness makes the world afraid  
 To entertain Heav'n's joys, because convey'd  
 By th' hand of death? will nakedness refuse  
 Rich change of robes, because the man's not spruce 20  
 That brought them? or will poverty send back  
 Full bags of gold, because the bringer's black?  
 Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,  
 Fill'd with the torment of a thousand deaths;  
 Which being prick'd by death (while death deprives  
 One life) presents the soul a thousand lives:  
 O frantic mortal, how hath earth bewitch'd  
 Thy bedlam soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd

Upon her false delights! delights that cease 29  
 Before enjoyment finds a time to please:  
 Her fickle joys breed doubtful fears; her fears  
 Bring hopeful griefs; her griefs weep fearful tears:  
 Tears coin deceitful hopes; hopes careful doubt,  
 And surly passion justles passion out:  
 To-day we pamper with a full repast  
 Of lavish mirth, at night we weep as fast:  
 To-night we swim in wealth, and lend; to-morrow,  
 We sink in want, and find no friend to borrow.  
 In what a climate doth my soul reside!  
 Where pale-faced murder, the first-born of pride, 40  
 Sets up her kingdom in the very smiles,  
 And plighted faiths of men like crocodiles:  
 And land, where each embroider'd satin word  
 Is lined with fraud; where Mars his lawless sword  
 Exiles Astræa's balance; where that hand  
 Now slays his brother, that new-sow'd his land;  
 Oh that my days of bondage would expire  
 In this lewd soil! LORD, how my soul's on fire  
 To be dissolved, that I might once obtain  
 Those long'd-for joys, long'd for so oft in vain! 50  
 If, Moses-like, I may not live possest  
 Of this fair land, LORD, let me see 't at least.

---

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth: the farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and like a shadow, full of the snares of death: now I rejoice, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now I live, and straight I die; now I seem happy, always miserable; now I laugh, now I weep: thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one estate: Oh, joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee?—S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xii.

## EPIG. 7.

Art thou so weak? Oh, canst thou not digest  
 An hour of travel for a night of rest?  
 Cheer up, my soul, call home thy sp'rits, and bear  
 One bad Good-Friday; full-mouth'd Easter's near.

## No. VIII.

*Illustration—One enclosed in a Skeleton.*

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?  
 —ROMANS vii. 24.

BEHOLD thy darling, which thy lustful care  
 Pampers, for which thy restless thoughts prepare  
 Such early cares; for whom thy bubbling brow  
 So often sweats, and bankrupt eyes do owe  
 Such midnight scores to nature; for whose sake  
 Base earth is sainted, the infernal lake  
 Unfear'd, the crown of glory poorly rated,  
 Thy God neglected, and thy brother hated:  
 Behold thy darling, whom thy soul affects  
 So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks 10  
 And puppets up in soft, in silken weeds:  
 Behold the darling, whom thy fondness feeds  
 With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear-bought gains  
 Of ill-spent time, the price of half my pains:  
 Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,  
 Derides thy nakedness; and when most free,  
 Proclaims her lover slave, and being fed  
 Most full, then strikes th' indulgent feeder dead.  
 What mean'st thou thus, my poor deluded soul,  
 To love so fondly? can the burning coal 20  
 Of thy affection last without the fuel  
 Of-counter love? is thy compeer so cruel,

And thou so kind to love, unloved again ? 23  
 Canst thou sow favours, and thus reap disdain ?  
 Remember, oh remember thou art born  
 Of royal blood ; remember thou art sworn  
 A maid of honour in the court of Heav'n ;  
 Remember what a costly price was given  
 To ransom thee from slav'ry thou wert in :  
 And wilt thou now, my soul, turn slave again ? 30  
 The Son and Heir to Heav'n's Tri-une JEHOVE  
 Would fain become a suitor for thy love,  
 And offers for thy dow'r his Father's throne,  
 To sit for seraphims to gaze upon ;  
 He'll give thee honour, pleasure, wealth, and things  
 Transcending far the majesty of kings :  
 And wilt thou prostrate to the odious charms  
 Of this base scullion ? shall his hollow arms  
 Hug thy soft sides ? shall these coarse hands untie 40  
 The sacred zone of thy virginity ?  
 For shame, degen'rous soul, let thy desire  
 Be quick'ned up with more heroic fire ;  
 Be wisely proud, let thy ambitious eye  
 Read noble objects ; let thy thoughts defy  
 Such am'rous baseness ; let thy soul disdain  
 Th' ignoble proffers of so base a swain :  
 Or if thy vows be past, and Hymen's bands  
 Have ceremonied your unequal hands,  
 Annul, at least avoid, thy lawless act  
 With insufficiency, or pre-contract : 50  
 Or if the act be good, yet may'st thou plead  
 A second freedom ; or the flesh is dead.

---

How I am joined to this body I know not ; which, when it is  
 healthful, provoketh me to war, and, being damaged by war, affect-  
 eth me with grief ; which I both love as a fellow-servant, and hate  
 as an utter enemy : it is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious friend. O

strange conjunction and alienation: what I fear I embrace, and what I love I am afraid of; before I make war, I am reconciled; before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.—NAZIANZ. Orat. xvi.

---

EPIG. 8.

What need that house be daub'd with flesh and blood?  
 Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?  
 Cost idly spent! that cost doth but prolong  
 Thy thralldom. Fool, thou mak'st thy jail too strong.

---

No. IX.

*Illustration—A Winged Being bearing upwards to Heaven, one foot chained to Earth.*

I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ.  
 —PHILIPPIANS i. 23.

- 1 WHAT meant our careful parents so to wear  
 And lavish out their ill-extended hours,  
 To purchase for us large possessions here,  
 Which (though unpurchased) are too truly ours?  
 What meant they, ah! what meant they to  
 endure  
 Such loads of needless labour, to procure  
 And make that thing our own, which was our own  
 too sure?
- 2 What mean these liv'ries and possessive keys?  
 What mean these bargains, and these needless  
 sales?  
 What mean these jealous, these suspicious ways  
 Of law-devised and law-dissolved entails?  
 No need to sweat for gold, wherewith to buy  
 Estates of high-prized land; no need to tie  
 Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth  
 as I.

- 3 Oh, were their souls but clogg'd with earth as I,  
 They would not purchase with so salt an itch ;  
 They would not take of alms, what now they buy ;  
 Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich ;  
 They would not take such pains, project and prog,  
 To charge their shoulders with so great a log :  
 Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.
- 4 I cannot do an act which earth disdains not ;  
 I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not ;  
 I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not ;  
 I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not :  
 If I but offer up an early groan,  
 Or spread my wings to Heav'n's long long'd-for  
 throne,  
 She darkens my complaints, and drags my off'ring  
 down.
- 5 E'en like the hawk, (whose keeper's wary hands  
 Have made a pris'ner to her weath'ring stock,)  
 Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,  
 Makes a rank bate from her forsaken block ;  
 But her too faithful leash doth soon retain  
 Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain ;  
 It gives her loins a twitch, and tugs her back again.
- 6 So, when my soul directs her better eye  
 To Heav'n's bright palace, where my treasure lies,  
 I spread my willing wings, but cannot fly ;  
 Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise :  
 When I but strive to mount the least degree,  
 Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee ;  
 LORD, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world and  
 thee!

7 Great GOD, I spread my feeble wings in vain ;  
 In vain I offer my extended hands :  
 I cannot mount till thou unlink my chains :  
 I cannot come till thou release my bands :  
 Which if thou please to break, and then supply  
 My wings with spirit, th' eagle shall not fly  
 A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

---

Ah ! sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the healthful shafts of thy love, that it may truly burn, and melt, and languish, with the only desire of thee ; that it may desire to be dissolved, and to be with thee : let it hunger alone for the bread of life : let it thirst after thee, the spring and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true pleasure : let it always desire thee, seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee.—S. BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

---

EPIG. 9.

What, will thy shackles neither loose nor break ?  
 Are they too strong, or is thine arm too weak ?  
 Art will prevail where knotty strength denies ;  
 My soul, there's aquafortis in thine eyes.

---

No. X.

*Illustration—One in a Cage, an Angel outside.*

Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.—PSALM cxlii. 7.

MY soul is like a bird, my flesh the cage,  
 Wherein she wears her weary pilgrimage  
 Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed  
 With sacred wine and sacramental bread ;  
 The keys that lock her in and let her out,  
 Are birth and death ; 'twixt both she hops about  
 From perch to perch, from sense to reason ; then  
 From higher reason down to sense again :

From sense she climbs to faith; where for a season 9  
 She sits and sings; then down again to reason:  
 From reason back to faith, and straight from thence,  
 She rudely flutters to the perch of sense:  
 From sense to hope; then hops from hope to doubt,  
 From doubt to dull despair; there seeks about  
 For desp'rate freedom, and at ev'ry grate  
 She wildly thrusts, and begs th' untimely date  
 Of th' unexpired thralldom, to release  
 The afflicted captive, that can find no peace.  
 Thus am I coop'd; within this fleshly cage  
 I wear my youth, and waste my weary age; 20  
 Spending that breath, which was ordain'd to chant  
 Heav'n's praises forth, in sighs and sad complaint:  
 Whilst happier birds can spread their nimble wing  
 From shrubs to cedars, and there chirp and sing,  
 In choice of raptures, the harmonious story  
 Of man's redemption, and his Maker's glory:  
 You glorious martyrs, you illustrious stoops,  
 That once were cloister'd in your fleshly coops  
 As fast as I, what rhet'ric had your tongues?  
 What dext'rous art had your elegiac songs? 30  
 What Paul-like pow'r had your admired devotion?  
 What shackle-breaking faith infused such motion  
 To your strong pray'r, that could obtain the boon  
 To be enlarged, to be uncaged so soon?  
 Whilst I, poor I, can sing my daily tears,  
 Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears:  
 You great partakers of eternal glory,  
 That with your Heaven-prevailing oratory  
 Released your souls from your terrestrial cage,  
 Permit the passion of my holy rage 40  
 To recommend my sorrows, dearly known  
 To you, in days of old, and once your own,

To your best thoughts, (but oh 't doth not befit ye 43  
 To move your prayers; you love joy, not pity:)  
 Great LORD of souls, to whom should pris'ners fly  
 But thee? thou hadst a cage as well as I;  
 And, for my sake, thy pleasure was to know  
 The sorrows that it brought, and felt'st them too:  
 O let me free, and I will spend those days,  
 Which now I waste in begging, in thy praise. 50

---

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created! alas! what hath he lost? and what hath he found? he hath lost happiness for which he was made, and found misery for which he was not made: what is gone? and what is left? that thing is gone, without which he is unhappy; that thing is left, by which he is miserable. O wretched men! from whence are we expelled? to what are we impelled? whence are we thrown? and whither are we hurried? from our home into banishment; from the sight of God into our own blindness; from the pleasure of immortality to the bitterness of death: miserable change! from how great a good, to how great an evil! ah me! what have I enterprised? what have I done? whither did I go? whither am I come?—ANSELM. in Protolog. Cap. i.

---

EPIG. 10.

Paul's midnight voice prevail'd; his music's thunder  
 Unhinged the prison doors, split bolts in sunder:  
 And sitt'st thou here, and hang'st the feeble wing?  
 And whinest to be enlarged? soul, learn to sing.

---

## No. XI.

*Illustration—One mounted on a Hart, in flight for a Fountain, Christ standing at the entrance.*

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee,  
O God.—PSALM xlii. 1.

- 1 How shall my tongue express that hallow'd fire,  
Which Heav'n hath kindled in my ravish'd heart!  
What Muse shall I invoke, that will inspire  
My lowly quill to act a lofty part!  
What art shall I devise t' express desire,  
Too intricate to be express'd by art!  
Let all the nine be silent; I refuse  
Their aid in this high task, for they abuse  
The flames of love too much: assist me, David's  
Muse!
- 2 Not as the thirsty soil desires soft show'rs  
To quicken and refresh her embryon grain;  
Nor as the drooping crests of fading flow'rs  
Request the bounty of a morning rain,  
Do I desire my GOD: these in few hours  
Re-wish what late their wishes did obtain;  
But as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly  
To th' much desired streams, even so do I  
Pant after thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.
- 3 Before a pack of deep-mouth'd lusts I flee;  
Oh, they have singled out my panting heart,  
And wanton Cupid, sitting in the tree,  
Hath pierced my bosom with a flaming dart;  
My soul being spent, for refuge seeks to thee,  
But cannot find where thou my refuge art:  
Like as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly  
To the desired streams, e'en so do I  
Pant after thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.

- 4 At length, by flight, I overwent the pack ;  
 Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound ;  
 The blood that follow'd left a purple track,  
 Which brought a serpent, but in shape a hound ;  
 We strove, he bit me ; but thou break'st his back,  
 I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground ;  
 But as the serpent-bitten hart doth fly  
 To the long long'd-for streams, e'en so do I  
 Pant after thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.
- 5 If lust should chase my soul, made swift by fright,  
 Thou art the stream whereto my soul is bound :  
 Or if a jav'lin wound my sides in flight,  
 Thou art the balsam that must cure my wound :  
 If poison chance t' infest my soul in fight,  
 Thou art the treacle that must make me sound :  
 E'en as the wounded hart, embost, doth fly  
 To th' streams extremely long'd-for, so do I  
 Pant after thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.

---

O precious water, which quencheth the noisome thirst of this world, scoureth all the stains of sinners, and watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only GOD.—S. CYRIL. Lib. v. in Joh. Cap. x.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassable, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy ! LORD, I thirst ; thou art the spring of life, satisfy me : I thirst, LORD, I thirst after thee, the living God !—S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxv.

---

EPIG. 11.

The arrow-smitten hart, deep wounded, flies  
 To th' springs, with water in his weeping eyes ;  
 Heav'n is thy spring ; if Satan's fiery dart  
 Pierce thy faint sides, do so, my wounded heart.

## No. XII.

*Illustration—One standing before a curtain, Christ behind it.*

When shall I come and appear before God?—PSALM xlii. 2.

WHAT is my soul the better to be tin'd  
 With holy fire? what boots it to be coin'd  
 With Heav'n's own stamp? what 'vantage can there  
     be  
 To souls of Heav'n-descended pedigree,  
 More than to beasts that grovel? are not they  
 Fed by the Almighty's hand? and ev'ry day  
 Fill'd with his blessings too? do they not see  
 God in his creatures, as direct as we?  
 Do they not taste thee? hear thee? nay, what sense  
 Is not partaker of thine excellence? 10  
 What more do we? alas! what serves our reason,  
 But, like dark lanthorns, to accomplish treason  
 With greater closeness? It affords no light,  
 Brings thee no nearer to our purblind sight:  
 No pleasure rises up the least degree,  
 Great GOD, but in the clearer view of thee:  
 What priv'lege more than sense hath reason then?  
 What 'vantage is it to be born a man?  
 How often hath my patience built, dear LORD,  
 Vain tow'rs of hope upon thy gracious word? 20  
 How often hath thy hope-reviving grace  
 Woo'd my suspicious eyes to seek thy face?  
 How often have I sought thee? Oh, how long  
 Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue  
 Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'er obtain!  
 In vain I seek thee, and I beg in vain:  
 If it be high presumption to behold  
 Thy face, why did'st thou make mine eyes so bold

To seek it? if that object be too bright 29  
 For man's aspect, why did thy lips invite  
 Mine eye t' expect it? if it might be seen,  
 Why is this envious curtain drawn between  
 My darken'd eye and it? Oh, tell me why  
 Thou dost command the thing thou dost deny?  
 Why dost thou give me so unprized a treasure,  
 And thou deni'st my greedy soul the pleasure  
 To view my gift? Alas! that gift is void,  
 And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:  
 If those refulgent beams of Heav'n's great light  
 Gild not the day, what is the day but night? 40  
 The drowsy shepherd sleeps, flow'rs droop and fade,  
 The birds are sullen, and the beasts are sad:  
 But if bright Titan dart his golden ray,  
 And with his riches glorify the day,  
 The jolly shepherd pipes, flow'rs freshly spring,  
 The beasts grow gamesome, and the birds they sing.  
 Thou art my sun, great GOD! Oh, when shall I  
 View the full beams of thy meridian eye?  
 Draw, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies  
 The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes; 50  
 Or give me faith; and, by the eye of grace,  
 I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

---

Who created all things, is better than all things: who beautified  
 all things, is more beautiful than all things: who made strength, is  
 stronger than all things: who made great things, is greater than  
 all things: whatsoever thou lovest, he is that to thee: learn to love  
 the workman in his work, the Creator in his creature: let not that  
 which was made by him possess thee, lest thou lose him by whom  
 thyself was made.—S. AUGUST. in Psal. xxxix.

O thou most sweet, most gracious, most amiable, most fair,  
 when shall I see thee? when shall I be satisfied with thy beauty?

when wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confess thy name?—S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxvii.

---

EPIG. 12.

How art thou shaded, in this veil of night,  
 Behind thy curtain flesh! Thou seest no light,  
 But what thy pride doth challenge as her own;  
 Thy flesh is high: soul, take this curtain down.

---

No. XIII.

*Illustration—One with wings, stretching out hands toward an Angel in the Clouds.*

Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.—  
 PSALM lv. 6.

- 1 AND am I sworn a dunghill-slave for ever  
 To earth's base drudg'ry? Shall I never find  
 A night of rest? Shall my indentures never  
 Be cancell'd? Did injurious Nature bind  
 My soul earth's 'prentice, with no clause to leave her?  
 No day of freedom? Must I ever grind?  
 Oh that I had the pinions of a dove,  
 That I might quit my bands, and soar above,  
 And pour my just complaints before the great  
 JEHOVE!
- 2 How happy are the doves, that have the pow'r  
 Whene'er they please, to spread their airy wings!  
 Or cloud-dividing eagles, that can tow'r  
 Above the scent of these inferior things!  
 How happy is the lark, that ev'ry hour  
 Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and  
 sings!  
 Had my dull soul but wings as well as they,  
 How I would spring from earth, and clip away,  
 As wise Astræa did, and scorn this ball of clay!

- 3 O how my soul would spurn this ball of clay,  
 And loathe the dainties of earth's painful pleasure!  
 O how I'd laugh to see men night and day  
 Turmoil to gain that trash, they call their treasure!  
 O how I'd smile to see what plots they lay  
 To catch a blast, or own a smile from Cæsar!  
 Had I the pinions of a mountain dove,  
 How I would soar and sing, and hate the love  
 Of transitory toys, and feed on joys above!
- 4 There should I find that everlasting pleasure,  
 Which change removes not, and which chance pre-  
 vents not;  
 There should I find that everlasting treasure,  
 Which force deprives not, fortune disaugments not;  
 There should I find that everlasting Cæsar,  
 Whose hand recalls not, and whose heart repents not;  
 Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,  
 How I would climb the skies, and hate the love  
 Of transitory toys, and joy in things above!
- 5 No rank-mouth'd slander there shall give offence,  
 Or blast our blooming names, as here they do;  
 No liver-scalding lust shall there incense  
 Our boiling veins; there is no Cupid's bow:  
 LORD, give my soul the milk-white innocence  
 Of doves, and I shall have their pinions too:  
 Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,  
 How I would quit this earth, and soar above,  
 And Heav'n's bless'd kingdom find, and Heav'n's  
 bless'd King JEHOVE!

---

What wings should I desire, but the two precepts of love, on which the law and the prophets depend! O if I could obtain these

wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy justice to the face of thy mercy: let us find those wings by love, which we have lost by lust.—S. AUGUST. in Psal. cxxxviii.

Let us cast off whatsoever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which satisfieth; beyond which nothing is; beneath which all things are; of which all things are.—S. AUGUST. in Psal. lxxvi.

---

EPIC. 13.

Tell me, my wishing soul, did'st ever try  
 How fast the wings of red-cross'd faith can fly?  
 Why begg'st thou, then, the pinions of a dove?  
 Faith's wings are swifter; but the swiftest, love.

---

No. XIV.

*Illustration—One looking up to the Schekinah.*

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!—PSALM lxxxiv. 1.

ANCIENT of days, to whom all times are NOW,  
 Before whose glory seraphims do bow  
 Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces,  
 That, uncontain'd, at once dost fill all places;  
 How glorious, oh, how far beyond the height  
 Of puzzled quills, or the obtuse conceit  
 Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports  
 Of mortal tongues, are thy expressless courts!  
 Whose glory to paint forth with greater art,  
 Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart;  
 Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me  
 For showing sense, what faith alone should see.  
 Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more  
 Of angel-measured leagues, from th' eastern shore  
 Of dungeon-earth, his glorious palace stands,  
 Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands

Of armed angels wait to entertain 17  
 Those purged souls, for which the Lamb was slain;  
 Whose guiltless death, and voluntary yielding  
 Of whose giv'n life, gave the brave court her building;  
 The lukewarm blood of this dear Lamb, being spilt,  
 To rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built;  
 And what dropp'd down in a kind gelid gore,  
 Did turn rich sapphires, and did pave her floor:  
 The brighter flames, that from his eyeballs ray'd,  
 Grew chrysolites, whereof her walls were made:  
 The milder glances sparkled on the ground,  
 And groundsill'd ev'ry door with diamond;  
 But dying, darted upwards, and did fix  
 A battlement of purest sardonyx. 30  
 Her streets with burnish'd gold are paved round;  
 Stars lie like pebbles scatter'd on the ground;  
 Pearl mix'd with onyx, and the jasper stone,  
 Made gravell'd causeways to be trampled on.  
 There shines no sun by day, no moon by night;  
 The palace glory is, the palace light:  
 There is no time to measure motion by,  
 There time is swallow'd in eternity:  
 Wry-mouth'd disdain, and corner-hunting lust,  
 And twy-faced fraud, and beetle-brow'd distrust, 40  
 Soul-boiling rage, and trouble-state sedition,  
 And giddy doubt, and goggle-eyed suspicion,  
 And lumpish sorrow, and degen'rous fear,  
 Are banish'd thence, and death's a stranger there:  
 But simple love, and sempiternal joys,  
 Whose sweetness never gluts, nor fulness cloy:  
 Where face to face our ravish'd eye shall see  
 Great ELOHIM, that glorious One in Three,  
 And Three in One, and seeing him shall bless him,  
 And blessing, love him, and in love possess him. 50

Here stay, my soul, and, ravis'd in relation,  
The words being spent, spend now in contemplation.

---

Sweet Jesus, the Word of the Father, the brightness of paternal glory, whom angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will ; that led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed city, where day is eternal, where there is certain security, and secure eternity ; and eternal peace, and peaceful happiness ; and happy sweetness, and sweet pleasure ; where thou, O GOD, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest world without end.—S. GREG. in Psal. vii. Pœnitent.

There is light without darkness ; joy without grief ; desire without punishment ; love without sadness ; satiety without loathing ; safety without fear ; health without disease ; and life without death.—Ibidem.

---

EPIC. 14.

My soul, pry not too nearly ! the complexion  
Of Sol's bright face is seen by the reflection :  
But wouldst thou know what's Heav'n ? I'll tell thee what :  
Think what thou canst not think, and Heav'n is that.

---

No. XV.

*Illustration*—One seated on the ground, Christ seeking to hurry her away to the mountain Roes seen in the distance.

Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.—CANTICLES viii. 14.

1 Go, gentle tyrant, go ; thy flames do pierce  
My soul too deep ; thy flames are too, too fierce ;  
My marrow melts, my fainting spirits fry  
In th' torrid zone of thy meridian eye :  
Away, away, thy sweets are too perfuming :  
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too consuming :  
Haste hence, and let thy winged steps outgo  
The frighted roebuck, and his flying roe.

- 2 But wilt thou leave me, then? O thou, that art  
Life of my soul, soul of my dying heart,  
Without the sweet aspect of whose fair eyes  
My soul doth languish, and her solace dies,  
Art thou so eas'ly woo'd? so apt to hear  
The frantic language of my foolish fear?  
    Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;  
    Look, look upon me, though thine eyes o'ercome me.
- 3 O how they wound! but how my wounds content me!  
How sweetly these delightful pains torment me!  
How am I tortured in excessive measure  
Of pleasing cruelties! too cruel treasure!  
Turn, turn away, remove thy scorching beams;  
I languish with these bitter-sweet extremes:  
    Haste then, and let thy winged steps outgo  
    The flying roebuck, and his frightened roe.
- 4 Turn back, my dear; O let my ravish'd eye  
Once more behold thy face before thou fly;  
What, shall we part without a mutual kiss?  
O who can leave so sweet a face as this?  
Look full upon me; for my soul desires  
To turn a holy martyr in those fires:  
    Oh leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;  
    Look, look upon me, though thy flames o'ercome me.
- 5 If thou becloud the sunshine of thine eye,  
I freeze to death; and if it shine, I fry;  
Which, like a fever, that my soul hath got,  
Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot:  
Alas! I cannot bear so sweet a smart,  
Nor canst thou be less glorious than thou art.  
    Haste then, and let thy winged steps outgo  
    The frightened roebuck and his flying roe.

6 But go not far beyond the reach of breath;  
 Too large a distance makes another death:  
 My youth is in her spring; autumnal vows  
 Will make me riper for so sweet a spouse;  
 When after-times have burnish'd my desire,  
 I'll shoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.  
 Oh leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;  
 Look, look upon me, though thy flames o'ercome me.

Fear not, O bride, nor despair; think not thyself contemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while: all things co-operate for the best; both from his absence, and his presence, thou gainest light: he cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: he cometh, to make thee consolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languishing soul may be comforted; he goeth, lest his familiarity should be contemned; and being absent, to be more desired; and being desired, to be more earnestly sought; and being long sought, to be more acceptably found.—*Autor Scalæ Paradisi. Tom. ix. Aug. Cap. viii.*

EPIC. 15.

My soul, sin's monster, whom with greater ease  
 Ten thousand-fold thy God could make than please,  
 What would'st thou have? Nor pleased with sun, nor shade?  
 Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.

THE FAREWELL.

*Illustration—One leaning over a book, two Angels holding a crown of life over his head.*

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—REV. ii. 10.

1 BE faithful; LORD, what's that?  
 Believe: 'Tis easy to believe; but what?  
 That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,  
 And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,  
 Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded  
 For these foul deeds thy hands have done:

Believe that he whose gentle palms  
 Thy needle-pointed sins have nail'd,  
 Hath borne thy slavish loads (of alms)  
 And made supply where thou hast fail'd:  
 Did ever mis'ry find so strange relief?  
 It is a love too strange for man's belief.

2 Believe that he, whose side  
 Thy crimes have pierced with their rebellions, died  
 To save thy guilty soul from dying  
 Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence  
 There was no 'scape, there was no flying,  
 But through his dearest blood's expense;  
 Believe, this dying friend requires  
 No other thanks for all his pain,  
 But e'en the truth of weak desires,  
 And, for his love, but love again:  
 Did ever mis'ry find so true a friend?  
 It is a love too vast to comprehend.

3 With floods of tears baptize  
 And drench these dry, these unregen'rate eyes;  
 LORD, whet my dull, my blunt belief,  
 And break this fleshly rock in sunder,  
 That from this heart, this hell of grief,  
 May spring a heav'n of love and wonder:  
 Oh, if thy mercies will remove  
 And melt this lead from my belief,  
 My grief will then refine my love,  
 My love will then refresh my grief:  
 Then weep, mine eyes, as he hath bled; vouchsafe  
 To drop for ev'ry drop an epitaph.

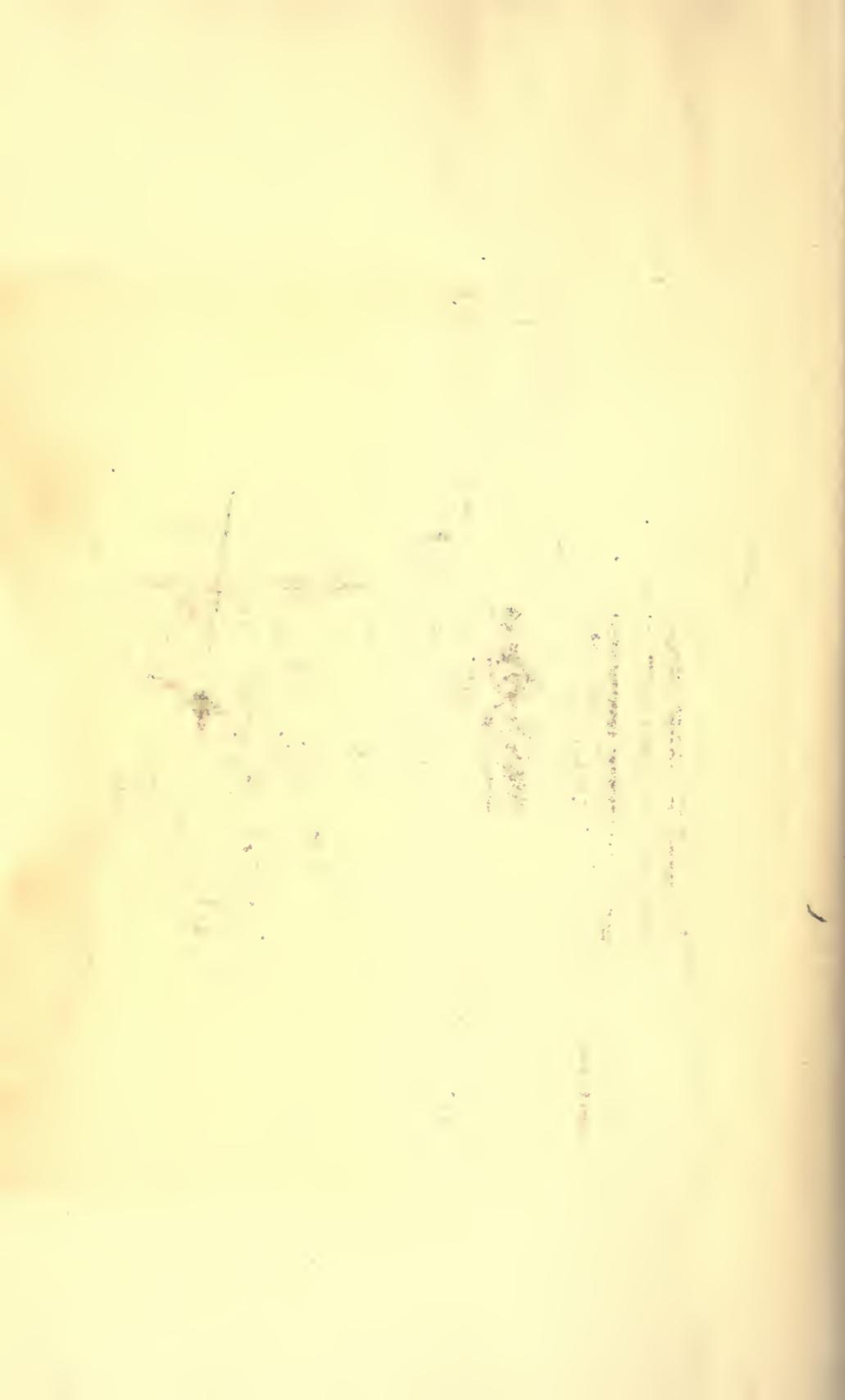
4 But is the crown of glory  
 The wages of a lamentable story?

Or can so great a purchase rise  
 From a salt humour? Can mine eyes  
 Run fast enough t' obtain this prize?  
 If so, Lord, who's so mad to die?  
 Thy tears are trifles; thou must do:  
 Alas! I cannot; then endeavour:  
 I will; but will a tug or two  
 Suffice the turn? Thou must persevere:  
 I'll strive till death; and shall my feeble strife  
 Be crown'd? I'll crown it with a crown of life.

5 But is there such a dearth,  
 That thou must buy what is thy due by birth?  
 He whom thy hands did form of dust,  
 And give him breath, upon condition  
 To love his great Creator; must  
 He now be thine by composition?  
 Art thou a gracious GOD and mild,  
 Or headstrong man rebellious, rather?  
 Oh! man's a base rebellious child,  
 And thou a very gracious FATHER.  
 The gift is thine; we strive, thou crown'st our strife;  
 Thou giv'st us faith: and faith a crown of life.

END OF QUARLES' EMBLEMS.





PR  
3386  
A127  
1857

Crashaw, Richard  
The poetical works

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

