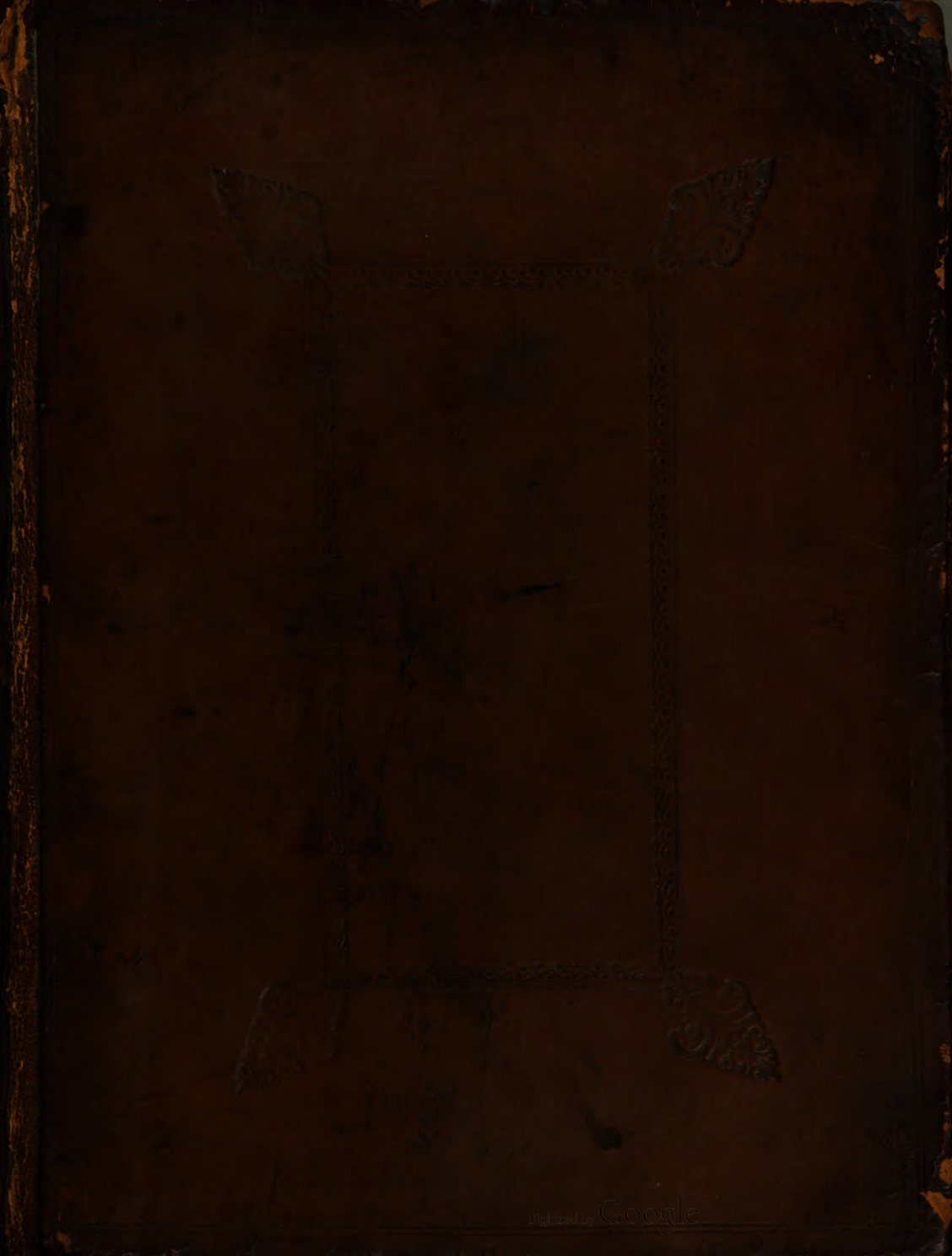
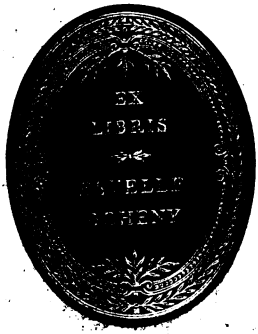

Digitized by Google

THA[illegible]RAY
Bookseller & Stationer
51. SHUDE HILL.
MANCHESTER.
MANUFACTURER OF JET BLACK
OFFICE INK.



Car. 4703

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

POEMS,

WH

Wm Hesketh
Esq. his book
1703
1

By J. Donne.

WITH

ELEGIES

ON THE AUTHORS

DEATH.

LONDON.
Printed by *M. F.* for IOHN MARRIOT,
and are to be sold at his shop in St *Dunstans*
Church-yard in *Fleet-street.* 1633.

Digitized by Google

10 851-1045

Digitized by Google

THE PRINTER TO THE UNDERSTANDERS.

FOr this time I must speake only to you: at another, *Readers* may perchance serve my turne; and I thinke this a way very free from exception, in hope that very few will have a minde to confesse themselves ignorant.

If you looke for an Epistle, as you have before ordinary publications, I am sory that I must deceive you; but you will not lay it to my charge, when you shall consider that this is not ordinary, for if I should say it were the best in this kinde, that ever this Kingdome hath yet seene; he that would doubt of it, must goe out of the Kingdome to enforme himselfe, for the best judgments, within it, take it for granted.

You may imagine (if it please you) that I could endeare it unto you, by saying, that im-

Digitized by Google

portunity drew it on; that had it not beene presented here, it would have come to us from beyond the Seas; (which perhaps is true enough,) That my charge and paines in procuring of it hath beene such, and such. I could adde hereto, a promise of more correctnesse, or enlargement in the next Edition, if you shall in the meane time content you with this. But these things are so common, as that I should profane this Peece by applying them to it; A Peece which who so takes not as he findes it, in what manner soever, he is unworthy of it, sith a scattered limbe of this Author, hath more amiablenesse in it, in the eye of a discerner, then a whole body of some other; Or, (to expresse him best by himselfe)

---A hand, or eye,
By Hilyard drawne, is worth a history
By a worse Painter made;---

In the Storme.

If any man (thinking I speake this to enflame him for the vent of the Impression) be of another opinion, I shall as willingly spare his money as his judgement. I cannot lose so much by him as hee will by himselfe. For I shall satisfie my selfe with the conscience of well doing,

in

Digitized by Google

in making ſo much good common.

Howſoever it may appeare to you, it ſhall ſuffice mee to enforme you, that it hath the beſt warrant that can bee, publique authority, and private friends.

There is one thing more wherein I will make you of my counſell, and that is, That whereas it hath pleaſed ſome, who had ſtudyed and did admire him, to offer to the memory of the Author, not long after his deceaſe, I have thought I ſhould do you ſervice in preſenting them unto you now; onely whereas, had I placed them in the beginning, they might have ſerv'd for ſo many Encomiums of the Author (as is uſuall in other workes, where perhaps there is need of it, to prepare men to digeſt ſuch ſtuffe as follows after,) you ſhall finde them in the end, for whoſoever reades the reſt ſo farre, ſhall perceive that there is no occaſion to uſe them to that purpoſe; yet there they are, as an atteſtation for their ſakes that knew not ſo much before, to let them ſee how much honour was attributed to this worthy man, by thoſe that are capable to give it. *Farewell.*

Digitized by Google

Hexaſtichon Bibliopolæ.

I See in his laſt preach'd, and printed booke,
His Picture in a ſheete; in *Pauls* I looke,
And ſee his Statue in a ſheete of ſtone,
And ſure his body in the grave hath one:
Thoſe ſheetes preſent him dead, theſe if you buy,
You have him living to Eternity.

Jo. Mar.

R S B
MUNCHEN

Digitized by Google

INFINITATI SACRUM.

16. *Augusti* 1601.

METEMPSYCOSIS.

Poëma Satyricon:

EPISTLE.

OThers at the Porches and entries of their Buildings set their Armes; I, my picture, if any colours can deliver a minde so plaine, and flat, and through light as mine. Naturally at a new Author, I doubt, and sticke, and doe not say quickly, good. I censure much and taxe; And this liberty costs mee more then others, by how much my owne things are worse then others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against my selfe, as not to doe it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon mee, they must pardon mee my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trent

Digitized by Google

Councell forbids not bookes, but Authors, damning what ever ſuch a name hath or ſhall write. None writes ſo ill, that he gives not ſome thing exemplary, to follow, or flie. Now when I beginne this booke, I have no purpoſe to come into any mans debt, how my ſtocke will hold out I know not; perchance waſte, perchance increaſe in uſe; if I doe borrow any thing of Antiquitie, beſides that I make account that I pay it to poſterity, with as much and as good: You ſhall ſtill finde mee to acknowledge it, and to thanke not him onely that hath digg'd out treaſure for mee, but that hath lighted mee a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no ſuch Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pithagorian doctrine doth not onely carry one ſoule from man to man, nor man to beaſt, but indifferently to plants alſo: and therefore you muſt not grudge to finde the ſame ſoule in an Emperour, in a Poſt-horſe, and in a Mucheron, ſince no unreadineſſe in the ſoule, but an indiſpoſition in the organs workes this. And therefore though this ſoule could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and now tell mee, at what laſcivious banquet it

was

Digitized by Google

was ſerv'd. And though it could not ſpeake, when it was a ſpider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who uſed it for poyſon to attaine dignitie. How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her owne, which makes me ſo ſeriouſly deliver you by her relation all her paſſages from her firſt making when ſhee was that aple which Eve eate, to this time when ſhee is hee, whoſe life you ſhall finde in the end of this booke.

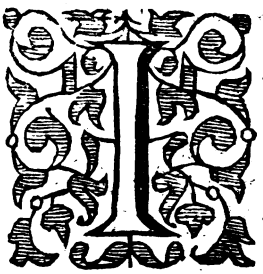
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE.

First Song.

I.



Sing the progreſſe of a deathleſſe ſoule,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controule,
Plac'd in moſt ſhapes; all times before the law
Yoak'd us, and when, and ſince, in this I ſing.
And the great world to his aged evening;
From infant morne, through manly noone I draw.
What the gold Chaldee, or ſilver Perſian ſaw,
Greeke braſſe, or Roman iron, is in this one;
A worke t'outweare *Seths* pillars, bricke and ſtone,
And (holy writs excepted) made to yeeld to none,

Digitized by Google

II.

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soule envies not,
By thy male force, is all wee have, begot,
In the first East, thou now begins to shine,
Suck'st early balme, and Iland spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere
At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danon dine.
And see at night thy Westerne land of Myne,
Yet hast thou not more nations seene then shee,
That before thee, one day beganne to bee,
And thy fraile light being quench'd, shall long, long (out live thee.

III.

Nor holy *Ianus* in whose soveraigne boate
The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate;
That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall
Of all mankinde, that cage and vivarie
Of fowles, and beasts, in whose wombe, Destinie
Us, and our latest nephewes did install
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All)
Did'st thou in that great stewardship embarke
So diverse shapes into that floating parke,
As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly (sparke.

IV.

Digitized by Google

IV.

Great Deſtiny the Commiſſary of God;
That haſt mark'd out a path and period
For every thing, who, where wee of-ſpring tooke,
Our wayes and ends ſeeſt at one inſtant; Thou
Knot of all cauſes, thou whoſe changeleſſe brow
Ne'r ſmiles nor frownes, O vouch-ſafe thou to looke
And ſhew my ſtory, in thy eternall booke.
That (if my prayer be fit) I may 'underſtand
So much my ſelfe, as to know with what hand,
How ſcant, or liberall this my lifes race is ſpand.

V.

To my ſixe luſtres almoſt now outwore,
Except thy booke owe mee ſo many more,
Except my legend be free from the lette
Of ſteepe ambition, ſleepie povertie,
Spirit-quenching ſickneſſe, dull captivitie,
Diſtracting buſineſſe, and from beauties nets,
And all that calls from this, and to others whets,
O let me not launch out, but let mee ſave
Th'expenſe of braine and ſpirit; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwaſted man may have,

Digitized by Google

VI.

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,
In vaine this ſea ſhall enlarge, or enrough
It ſelfe; for I will through the wave, and ſome,
And ſhall in ſad love wayes, a lively ſpright
Make my darke heavy Poëm light, and light.
For though through many ſtreights, & lands I roame,
I launch at paradiſe, and I ſaile towards home;
The courſe I there began, ſhall here be ſtaid,
Sailes hoiſed there, ſtroke here, and anchors laid
In Thames, which were at Tigrys, and Euphrates
(waide.

VII.

For the great ſoule which here amongſt us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, & brow,
Which as the Moone the ſea, moves us, to heare
Whoſe ſtory, with long patience you will long;
(For 'tis the crowne, and laſt ſtraine of my ſong)
This ſoule to whom *Luther*, and *Mahomet* were
Priſons of fleſh; this ſoule which oft did teare,
And mend the wracks of th'Empire, and late Rome,
And liv'd when every great change did come,
Had firſt in paradiſe, a low, but fatall roome.

VIII.

Digitized by Google

VIII.

Yet no low roome, nor then the greateſt, leſſe,
If (as devout and ſharpe men fitly gueſſe)
That Croſſe, our joy, and griefe, where nailes did tye
That All, which alwayes was all, every where
Which could not ſinne, and yet all ſinnes did beare,
Which could not die, yet could not chuſe but die;
Stood in the ſelfe ſame roome in Calvarie,
Where firſt grew the forbidden learned tree,
For on that tree hung in ſecurity (free.
This Soule, made by the Makers will from pulling

IX.

Prince of the orchard, faire as dawning morne,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as ſoone as borne
That apple grew, which this Soule did enlive
Till the then climing ſerpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankinde weepes,
Tooke it, and t'her whom the firſt man did wive
(Whom and her race, only forbiddings drive)
He gave it, ſhe, t'her huſband, both did eate;
So periſhed the eaters, and the meate:
And wee (for treaſon taints the blood) thence die
(and ſweat.

Digitized by Google

X.

Man all at once was there by woman ſlaine,
And one by one we'are here ſlaine o'er againe
By them. The mother poiſoned the well-head,
The daughters here corrupts us,
No ſmalneſſe ſcapes, no greatneſſe breaks their nets,
She thruſts us out, and by them we are led
Aſtray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
Were priſoners Judges, t'would ſeeme rigorous,
Shee ſinn'd, we here, part of our paine is, thus
To love them, whoſe fault to this painfull love
(yoak'd us.

XI.

So faſt in us doth this corruption grow,
That now wee dare aske why wee ſhould be ſo,
Would God (diſputes the curious Rebell) make
A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
His creatures will, croſſe his? Of every man
For one, will God (and be juſt) vengeance take?
Who ſinn'd? t'was not forbidden to the ſnake
Nor her, who was not then made; nor i'ſt writ
That Adam cropt, or knew the apple; yet
The worme and ſhe, and he, and wee endure for it.

XII.

Digitized by Google

XII.

But ſnatch mee heavenly Spirit from this vaine
Reckoning their vanities, leſſe is their gaine
Then hazard ſtill, to meditate on ill,
Though with good minde, their reaſons like thoſe
Of glaſſie bubbles, which the gameſome boyes (toyes
Stretch to ſo nice a thinnes through a quill
That they themſelves breake, doe themſelves ſpill,
Arguing is heretiques game, and Exerciſe
As wraſtlers, perfects them; Not liberties
Of ſpeech, but ſilence; hands, not tongues, end
(hereſies.

XIII.

Juſt in that inſtant when the ſerpents gripe,
Broke the ſlight veines, and tender conduit-pipe,
Through which this ſoule from the trees root did
Life, and growth to this apple, fled away (draw
This looſe ſoule, old, one and another day,
As lightning, which one ſcarce dares ſay, he ſaw,
'Tis ſo ſoone gone; (and better proofe the law
Of ſenſe, then faith requires) ſwiftly ſhe flew
To a darke and foggie Plot; Her, her fates threw
There through th'earths-pores, and in a Plant houſ'd
her a new.

XIV.

Digitized by Google

XIV.

The plant thus abled, to it ſelfe did force
A place, where no place was; by natures courſe
As aire from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies, by this mot thronged ſo
His ſpungie confines gave him place to grow,
Juſt as in our ſtreets, when the people ſtay
To ſee the Princeſſe, and ſo fill'd the way
That weeſels ſcarce could paſſe, when ſhe comes nere
They throng and cleave up, and a paſſage cleare,
As if, for that time, their round bodies flatned were.

XV.

His right arme he thruſt out towards the Eaſt,
Weſt-ward his left; th'ends did themſelves digeſt
Into ten leſſer ſtrings, theſe fingers were:
And as a ſlumberer ſtretching on his bed;
This way he this, and that way ſcattered
His other legge, which feet with toes upbeare;
Grew on his middle parts, the firſt day, haire,
To ſhow, that in loves buſineſſe hee ſhould ſtill
A dealer bee, and be uſ'd well, or ill:
His apples kinde, his leaves, force of conception (kill.

XVI.

Digitized by Google

XVI.

A mouth, but dumbe, he hath; blinde eyes, deafe eares,
And to his ſhoulders dangle ſubtile haires;
A young *Coloſſus* there hee ſtands upright,
And as that ground by him were conquered
A leafie garland weares he on his head
Enchas'd with little fruits, ſo red and bright
That for them you would call your Loves lips white;
So, of a lone unhaunted place poſſeſt,
Did this ſoules ſecond Inne, built by the gueſt
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, reſt.

XVII.

No luſtfull woman came this plant to grieve,
But t'was becauſe there was none yet but Eve:
And ſhe (with other purpoſe) kill'd it quite;
Her ſinne had now brought in infirmities,
And ſo her cradled child, the moiſt red eyes
Had never ſhut, nor ſleept ſince it ſaw light,
Poppie ſhe knew, ſhe knew the mandrakes might;
And tore up both, and ſo coold her childs blood;
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have ſtood;
But hee's ſhort liv'd, that with his death can doe
(moſt good.

Digitized by Google

XVIII.

To an unfetterd ſoules quick nimble haſt
Are falling ſtars, and hearts thoughts, but ſlow pac'd:
Thinner then burnt aire flies this ſoule, and ſhe
Whom foure new comming, and foure parting Suns
Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runnes
Thoughtleſſe of change, when her firme deſtiny
Confin'd, and enjayld her, that ſeem'd ſo free,
Into a ſmall blew ſhell, the which a poore
Warme bird oreſpread, and ſat ſtill evermore,
Till her uncloath'd child kickt, and pick'd it ſelfe a (dore.

XIX.

Outcrept a ſparrow, this ſoules moving Inne,
On whoſe raw armes ſtiffe feathers now begin,
As childrens teeth through gummes, to breake with (paine,
His fleſh is jelly yet, and his bones threds,
All downy a new mantle overſpreads,
A mouth he opes, which would as much containe
As his late houſe, and the firſt howre ſpeaks plaine,
And chirps alowd for meat. Meat fit for men
His father ſteales for him, and ſo feeds then (hen.
One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his

Digitized by Google

XX.

In this worlds youth wiſe nature did make haſt,
Things ripened ſooner, and did longer laſt;
Already this hot cocke in bush and tree
In field and tent oreflutters his next hen,
He asks her not, who did ſo taſt, nor when,
Nor if his ſiſter, or his neece ſhee be,
Nor doth ſhe pule for his inconſtancie
If in her ſight he change, nor doth refuſe
The next that calls, both liberty doe uſe,
Where ſtore is of both kindes, both kindes may
(freely chuſe.

XXI.

Men, till they tooke laws which made freedome leſſe,
Their daughters, and their ſiſters did ingreſſe,
Till now unlawfull, therefore ill; t'was not
So jolly, that it can move this ſoule, is
The body ſo free of his kindneſſes,
That ſelfe preſerving it hath now forgot,
And ſlackneth ſo the ſoules, and bodies knot,
Which tẽperance ſtreightens, freely on his ſhe friends
He blood, and ſpirit, pith, and marrow ſpends,
Ill ſteward of himſelf, himſelfe in three yeares ends.

Digitized by Google

XXII.

Elſe might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummie blood, which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With faind calls, his nets, or enwrapping ſnare
The free inhabitants of the Plyant aire.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive
Askt not of rootes, nor of cock-ſparrowes, leave:
Yet chuſeth hee, though none of theſe he feares,
Pleaſantly three, then ſtreightned twenty yeares
To live, and to encreaſe, himſelfe outweares.

XXIII.

This cole with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The Soule from her too active organs fled
T'a brooke; a female fiſhes ſandie Roe
With the males jelly, newly lev'ned was,
For they intertouched as they did paſſe,
And one of thoſe ſmall bodies, fitted ſo,
This ſoule inform'd, and abled it to roe
It ſelfe with finnie oares, which ſhe did fit,
Her ſcales ſeem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fiſh, but by no name you could call it.

Digitized by Google

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ſhip in her full trim,
A ſwan, ſo white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteneſſe, but himſelfe to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
And with his arched necke this poore fiſh catch'd.
It mov'd with ſtate, as if to looke upon
Low things it ſcorn'd, and yet before that one
Could thinke he fought it, he had ſwallowed cleare
This, and much ſuch, and unblam'd devour'd there
All, but who too ſwift, too great, or well arm'd
(were

XXV.

Now ſwome a priſon in a priſon put,
And now this Soule in double walls was ſhut,
Till melted with the Swans digeſtive fire,
She left her houſe the fiſh, and vapour'd forth;
Fate not affording bodies of more worth
For her as yet, bids her againe retire
T'another fiſh, to any new deſire
Made a new prey, For, he that can to none
Reſiſtance make, nor complaint, ſure is gone.
Weakneſſe invites, but ſilence feaſts oppreſſion

Digitized by Google

XXVI.

Pace with the native streame, this fish doth keepe;
And journeyes with her, towards the glassie deepe;
But oft retarded, once with a hidden net (caught
Though with great windowes, for when need first
These tricks to catch food, thē they were not wrought
As now, with curious greedinesse to let
None scape, but few, and fit for thē to get,
As, in this trap a ravenous pike was tane,
Who, though himselfe distrest, would faine have slain
This wretch, so hardly are ill habits left againe.

XXVII.

Here by her smallnesse shee two deaths orepast,
Once innocence scap'd, and left the oppressor fast;
The net through-swome, she keepes the liquid path,
And whether she leape up sometimes to breath
And suck in aire, or finde it underneath,
Or working parts like mills, or limbecks hath
To make the wether thinne, and aire like faith
Cares not, but safe the Place, she's come unto
Where fresh, with salt waves meet, and what to doe
She knowes not, but betweene both makes a boord
(or two

XXVIII.

So farre from hiding her gueſts, water is
That ſhe ſhowes them in bigger quantities
Then they are. Thus doubtfull of her way,
For game and not for hunger a ſea Pie
Spied through this traiterous ſpectacle, from high,
The ſeely fiſh where it diſputing lay,
And t'end her doubts and her, bearcs her away,
Exalted ſhe is, but to the exalters good,
As are by great ones, men which lowly ſtood.
It raiſ'd, to be the Raiſers inſtrument and food.

XXIX.

Is any kinde ſubject to rape like fiſh?
Ill unto man, they neither doe, nor wiſh:
Fiſhers they kill not, nor with noiſe awake,
They doe not hunt, nor ſtrive to make a prey
Of beaſts, nor their yong ſonnes to beare away;
Foules they purſue not, nor do undertake
To ſpoile the neſts induſtruous birds do make;
Yet them all theſe unkinde kinds feed upon,
To kill them is an occupation,
And lawes make faſts, & lents for their deſtruction.

Digitized by Google

XXX.

A ſudden ſtiffe land-winde in that ſelfe houre
To ſea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
The fiſh; he cares not, for with eaſe he flies,
Fat gluttonies beſt orator: at laſt
So long hee hath flowen, and hath flowen ſo faſt
That leagues o'er-paſt at ſea, now tir'd hee lyes,
And with his prey, that till then languiſht, dies,
The ſoules no longer foes, two wayes did erre,
The fiſh I follow, and keepe no calender
Of the other; he lives yet in ſome great officer.

XXXI.

Into an embrion fiſh, our Soule is throwne
And in due time throwne out againe, and growne
To ſuch vaſtneſſe, as if unmanacled
From Greece, Morea were, and that by ſome
Earthquake unrooted, looſe Morea ſwome,
Or ſeas from Africks body had ſevered
And torne the hopefull Promontories head,
This fiſh would ſeeme theſe, and, when all hopes faile,
A great ſhip overſet, or without ſaile (whale.
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this

XXXII.

Digitized by Google

XXXII.

At every ſtroake his brazen finnes do take
More circles in the broken ſea they make
Then cannons voices, when the aire they teare:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roofe
Of barke that blunts beſt ſteele, is thunder-proofe,
Swimme in him ſwallowed Dolphins, without feare,
And feele no ſides, as if his vaſt wombe were
Some Inland ſea, and ever as hee went
Hee ſpouted rivers up, as if he ment
To joyne our ſeas, with ſeas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

He hunts not fiſh, but as an officer,
Stayes in his court, at his owne net, and there
All ſuitors of all ſorts, himſelves enthrall;
So on his backe lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulfe-like throat, ſucks every thing
That paſſes neare. Fiſh chaſeth fiſh, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlepoole fall;
O might not ſtates of more equality
Conſiſt? and is it of neceſſity (muſt die?
That thouſand guiltleſſe ſmals, to make one great,

Digitized by Google

XXXIV.

Now drinkes he up ſeas, and he eates up flocks,
He juſtles Ilands, and he ſhakes firme rockes.
Now in a roomefull houſe this Soule doth float,
And like a Prince ſhe ſends her faculties
To all her limbes, diſtant as Provinces.
The Sunne hath twenty times both crab and goate
Parched, ſince firſt lanch'd forth this living boate.
'Tis greateſt now, and to deſtruction
Neareſt; There's no pauſe at perfection.
Greatneſſe a period hath, but hath no ſtation.

XXXV.

Two little fiſhes whom hee never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kinde, two not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe
Good to themſelves by his death: they did not eate
His fleſh, nor ſuck thoſe oyles, which thence outſtreat,
Conſpir'd againſt him, and it might undoe,
The plot of all, that the plotters were two;
But that they fiſhes were, and could not ſpeake.
How ſhall a Tyran wiſe ſtrong projects breake,
If wreches can on them the common anger wreake?

XXXVI.

Digitized by Google

XXXVI.

The flaile-find Threſher, and ſteel-beak'd Sword-fiſh
Onely attempt to doe, what all doe wiſh.
The Threſher backs him, and to beare begins;
The ſluggard Whale yeelds to oppreſſion,
And t'hide himſelfe from ſhame and danger, downe,
Begins to ſinke; the Swordfiſh upward ſpins,
And gores him with his beake; his ſtaffe-like finnes,
So were the one, his ſword the other plyes,
That now a ſoaffe, and prey, this tyran dyes,
And (his owne dole) feeds with himſelfe all (companies.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Thoſe to account, that thought, and wrought his fall?
The heires of ſlaine kings, wee ſee are often ſo
Tranſported with the joy of what they get,
That they, revenge, and obſequies forget,
Nor will againſt ſuch men the people goe,
Becauſe h'is now dead, to whom they ſhould ſhow
Love in that act. Some kings by vice being growne
So needy of ſubjects love, that of their own (ſhown.
They thinke they loſe, if love be to the dead Prince

Digitized by Google

XXXVIII.

This Soule, now free from priſon, and paſſion,
Hath yet a little indignation
That ſo ſmall hammers ſhould ſo ſoone downe beat
So great a caſtle. And having for her houſe
Got the ſtreight cloyſter of a wreched mouſe
(As baſeſt men that have not what to eate,
Nor enjoy ought, doe farre more hate the great
Then they, who good repos'd eſtates poſſeſſe)
This Soule, late taught that great things might by leſſe
Be ſlain, to gallant miſchiefe doth herſelfe addreſſe.

XXXIX.

Natures great maſter-peece, an Elephant,
The onely harmleſſe great thing; the giant
Of beaſts; who thought, no more had gone, to make
But to be juſt, and thankfull, loth to offend, (one wiſe
(Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend)
Himſelfe he up-props, on himſelfe relies
And foe to none, ſuſpects no enemies,
Still ſleeping ſtood; vex't not his fantaſie
Blacke dreames, like an unbent bow, careleſly
His ſinewy Proboſcis did remiſly lie.

Digitized by Google

XL.

In which as in a gallery this mouſe
Walk'd, and ſurveid the roomes of this vaſt houſe,
And to the braine, the ſoules bedchamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole towne
Cleane undermin'd, the ſlaine beaſt tumbled downe,
With him the murtherer dies whom envy ſent
To kill, not ſcape, for, only hee that ment
To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,
And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

XLI.

Next, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne whelp,
Till the beſt midwife, Nature, gave it helpe,
To iſſue. It could kill, as ſoone as goe,
Abel, as white, and milde as his ſheepe were,
(Who in that trade of Church, and kingdomes, there
Was the firſt type) was ſtill infeſted ſoe,
With this wolfe, that it bred his loſſe and woe;
And yet his bitch, his ſentinell attends
The flocke ſo neere, ſo well warnes and defends,
That the wolfe, (hopeleſſe elſe) to corrupt her, (intends.

Digitized by Google

XLII.

Hee tooke a courſe, which ſince, ſucceſſfully,
Great men have often taken, to eſpie
The counſels, or to breake the plots of foes,
To Abels tent he ſtealeth in the darke,
On whoſe skirts the bitch ſlept; ere ſhe could barke,
Attach'd her with ſtreight gripes, yet hee call'd thoſe,
Embracements of love; to loves worke he goes,
Where deeds move more then words; nor doth ſhe
Nor much reſiſt, nor needs hee ſtreighten ſo (ſhow,
His prey, for, were ſhee looſe, ſhe would nor barke,
nor goe.

XLIII.

Hee hath engag'd her; his, ſhe wholy bides;
Who not her owne, none others ſecrets hides,
If to the flocke he come, and Abell there,
She faines hoarſe barkings, but ſhe biteth not,
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.
At laſt a trap, of which ſome every where
Abell had plac'd, ends all his loſſe, and feare,
By the Wolves death; and now juſt time it was
That a quicke ſoule ſhould give life to that maſſe
Of blood in Abels bitch, and thither this did paſſe.

XLIV.

Digitized by Google

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their ſiſters ſome begot,
But in the lives of Emperours you ſhall not
Reade of a luſt the which may equall this;
This wolfe begot himſelfe, and finiſhed
What he began alive, when hee was dead,
Sonne to himſelfe, and father too, hee is
A ridling luſt, for which Schoolemen would miſſe
A proper name. The whelpe of both theſe lay
In Abels tent, and with ſoft Moaba,
His ſiſter, being yong, it us'd to ſport and play.

XLV.

Hee ſoone for her too harſh, and churliſh grew,
And Abell (the dam dead) would uſe this new
For the field, being of two kindes made,
He, as his dam, from ſheepe drove wolves away,
And as his Sire, he made them his owne prey.
Five yeares he liv'd, and coſened with his trade,
Then hopeleſſe that his faults were hid, betraid
Himſelfe by flight, and by all followed,
From dogges, a wolfe; from wolves, a dogge he fled;
And, like a ſpie to both ſides falſe, he periſhed.

XLVI.

Digitized by Google

XLVI.

It quickned next a toyfull Ape, and ſo
Gameſome it was, that it might freely goe
From tent to tent, and with the children play,
His organs now ſo like theirs hee doth finde,
That why he cannot laugh, and ſpeake his minde,
He wonders. Much with all, moſt he doth ſtay
With Adams fift daughter *Siphatecia*,
Doth gaze on her, and, where ſhe paſſeth, paſſe,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the graſſe,
And wiſeſt of that kinde, the firſt true lover was.

XLVII.

He was the firſt that more deſir'd to have
One then another; firſt that ere did crave
Love by mute ſignes, and had no power to ſpeake;
Firſt that could make love faces, or could doe
The valters ſomberſalts, or us'd to wooe
With hoiting gambolls, his owne bones to breake
To make his miſtreſſe merry; or to wreake
Her anger on himſelfe. Sinnes againſt kinde
They eaſily doe, that can let feed their minde
With outward beauty, beauty they in boyes and beaſts do find.

XLVIII.

Digitized by Google

XLVIII.

By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,
And too high, beasts and angels have beene lov'd;
This Ape, though else through-vaine, in this was wise,
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not she would say nay;
His toyes prevaile not, likelier meanes he tries,
He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes,
And up lifts subtly with his russet pawe
Her kidskinne apron without feare or awe
Of nature; nature hath no gaole, though shee hath (law.

XLIX.

First she was silly and knew not what he ment,
That vertue, by his touches, chaft and spent,
Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite,
She knew not first, now cares not what he doth,
And willing halfe and more, more then halfe Tooth
She neither puls nor pushes, but outright
Now cries, and now repents; when *Tethelemite*
Her brother, entred, and a great stone threw
After the Ape, who, thus prevented, flew, (new.
This house thus batter'd downe, the Soule possest a

Digitized by Google

L.

And whether by this change ſhe loſe or win, (in,
She comes out next, where the Ape would have gone
Adam and *Eve* had mingled bloods, and now
Like Chimiques equall fires, her temperate wombe
Had ſtew'd and form'd it: and part did become
A ſpungie liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit, on a high hils brow,
Life keeping moiſture unto every part,
Part hardned it ſelfe to a thicker heart,
Whoſe buſie furnaces lifes ſpirits do impart.

LI.

Another part became the well of ſenſe,
The tender well arm'd feeling braine, from whence,
Thoſe ſinowie ſtrings which do our bodies tie,
Are raveld out, and faſt there by one end,
Did this Soule limbes, theſe limbes a ſoule attend,
And now they joyn'd: keeping ſome quality
Of every paſt ſhape, ſhe knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and luſt, and ills enow
To be a woman. *Themech* ſhe is now,
Siſter and wife to *Caine*, *Caine* that firſt did plow.

LII.

Digitized by Google

LII.

Who ere thou beeſt that read'ſt this ſullen Writ,
Which juſt ſo much courts thee, as thou doſt it,
Let me arreſt thy thoughts, wonder with mee,
Why plowing, building, ruling and the reſt,
Or moſt of thoſe arts, whence our lives are bleſt,
By curſed *Cains* race invented be,
And bleſt *Seth* vext us with Aſtronomie,
Ther's nothing ſimply good, nor ill alone,
Of every quality compariſon,
The onely meaſure is, and judge, opinion.

HOLY SONNETS.

La Corona.

1. *DEigne at my hands this crown of prayer and praiſe,*
Weav'd in my low devout melancholie,
Thou which of good, haſt, yea art treaſury,
All changing unchang'd Antient of dayes,
But doe not, with a vile crowne of fraile bayes,
Reward my muſes white ſincerity,
But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee,
A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwayes;
The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'ſt our (ends,
For, at our end begins our endleſſe reſt,
The firſt laſt end, now zealouſly poſſeſt,
With a ſtrong ſober thirſt, my ſoule attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh,

ANNVNCIATION.

2 *Salvation to all that will is nigh,*
That All, which alwayes is All every where,
Which cannot ſinne, and yet all ſinnes muſt beare,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chuſe but die,
Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himſelfe to lye
In priſon, in thy wombe; and though he there
Can take no ſinne, nor thou give, yet he'will weare
Taken from thence, fleſh, which deaths force may trie.

Ere

Ere by the ſpheares time was created, thou
Waſt in his minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother,
Whom thou conceiv'ſt, conceiv'd; yea thou art now
Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother,
Thou'haſt light in darke; and ſhutſt in little roome,
Immenſity cloyſterd in thy deare wombe.

NATIVITIE.

3 *Immenſitie cloyſterd in thy deare wombe,*
Now leaves his welbelov'd impriſonment,
There he hath made himſelfe to his intent
Weake enough, now into our world to come;
But Oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inne no roome?
Yet lay him in this ſtall, and from the Orient,
Starres, and wiſemen will travell to prevent
Th'effects of *Herods* jealous generall doome;
Seeſt thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eyes, how he
Which fils all place, yet none holds him, doth lye?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pittied by thee?
Kiſſe him, and with him into Egypt goe,
With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

Digitized by Google

TEMPLE.

4 *With his kinde mother who partakes thy woe,*
Ioseph turne backe; see where your child doth sit,
Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which himselfe on the Doctors did bestow;
The Word but lately could not speake, and loe
It sodenly speakes wonders, whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow seeming child, should deeply know?
His Godhead was not soule to his manhood,
Nor had time mellowed him to this ripenesse,
But as for one which hath a long taske, 'Tis good,
With the Sunne to beginne his businesse,
He in his ages morning thus began
By miracles exceeding power of man.

CRVCIFYING.

5 *By miracles exceeding power of man,*
Hee faith in some, envie in some begat,
For, what weake spirits admire, ambicious, hate;
In both affections many to him ran,
But Oh! the worst are most, they will and can,
Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
Measuring selfe-lifes infinity to span,
Nay to an inch, loe, where condemned hee
Beares his owne crosse, with paine, yet by and by

When

Digitized by Google

When it beares him, he muſt beare more and die;
Now thou art lifted up, draw mee to thee,
And at thy death giving ſuch liberall dole,
Moyſt, with one drop of thy blood, my dry ſoule.

Resvrrection.

6 *Moyſt with one drop of thy blood, my dry ſoule,*
Shall (though ſhe now be in extreme degree
Too ſtony hard, and yet too fleſhly,) bee
Freed by that drop, from being ſtarv'd, hard, or foule,
And life, by this death abled, ſhall controule
Death, whom thy death ſlue; nor ſhall to mee
Feare of firſt or laſt death, bring miſerie,
If in thy little booke my name thou enroule,
Fleſh in that long ſleep is not putrified,
But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas;
Nor can by other meanes be glorified.
May then ſinnes ſleep, and death ſoone from me paſſe,
That wak't from both, I againe riſen may
Salute the laſt, and everlaſting day.

Ascention.

7 *Salute the laſt and everlaſting day;*
Joy at the upriſing of this Sunne, and Sonne,
Yee whoſe juſt teares, or tribulation
Have purely waſht, or burnt your droſſie clay;
Behold the Higheſt, parting hence away,
Lightens the darke clouds, which hee treads upon,

Nor

Digitized by Google

Nor doth hee by aſcending, ſhow alone,
But firſt hee, and hee firſt enters the way,
O ſtrong Ramme, which haſt batter'd heaven for mee,
Mild lambe which with thy blood, haſt mark'd the path;
Bright torch, which ſhin'ſt, that I the way may ſee,
Oh, with thy owne blood quench thy owne juſt wrath,
And if thy holy Spirit, my Muſe did raiſe,
Deigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and praiſe.

Holy Sonnets.

I.

AS due by many titles I reſigne
My ſelfe to thee, O God, firſt I was made
By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay'd
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine,
I am thy ſonne, made with thy ſelfe to ſhine,
Thy ſervant, whoſe paines thou haſt ſtill repaid,
Thy ſheepe, thine Image, and till I betray'd
My ſelfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
Why doth the devill then uſurpe on mee?
Why doth he ſteale nay raviſh that's thy right?
Except thou riſe and for thine owne worke fight,
Oh I ſhall ſoone deſpaire, when I doe ſee
That thou lov'ſt mankind well, yet wilt'not chuſe me.
And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to loſe mee.

II.

Digitized by Google

II.

Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art ſummoned
By ſickneſſe, deaths herald, and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treaſon, and durſt not turne to whence hee is fled,
Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,
Wiſheth himſelfe delivered from priſon;
But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wiſheth that ſtill he might be impriſoned;
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canſt not lacke;
But who ſhall give thee that grace to beginne?
Oh make thy ſelfe with holy mourning blacke,
And red with bluſhing, as thou art with ſinne;
Or waſh thee in Chriſts blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red ſoules to white.

III.

This is my playes laſt ſcene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimages laſt mile; and my race
Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this laſt pace,
My ſpans laſt inch, my minutes lateſt point,
And gluttonous death, will inſtantly unjoynt
My body, and my ſoule, and I ſhall ſleepe a ſpace,
But my ever-waking part ſhall ſee that face,

Digitized by Google

Whoſe feare already ſhakes my every joynt:
Then, as my ſoule, to'heaven her firſt ſeate, takes flight,
And earth borne body, in the earth ſhall dwell,
So, fall my ſinnes, that all may have their right,
To where they'are bred, and would preſſe me, to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
For thus I leave the world, the fleſh the devill.

IV.

At the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angells, and arife, arife
From death, you numberleſſe infinities
Of ſoules, and to your ſcattred bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire ſhall o'erthrow,
All whom warre, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Deſpaire, law, chance, hath ſlaine, and you whoſe eyes,
Shall behold God, and never taſt deaths woe,
But let them ſleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a ſpace,
For, if above all theſe, my ſinnes abound,
'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou'hadſt ſeal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

V.

Digitized by Google

V.

If poysonous mineralls, and if that tree,
Whose fruit threw death on else immortall us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why should I bee?
Why should intent or reason, borne in mee,
Make sinnes, else equall, in mee, more heinous?
And mercy being easie, and glorious
To God, in his sterne wrath, why threatens hee?
But who am I, that dare dispute with thee?
O God, Oh! of thine onely worthy blood,
And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
And drowne in it my sinnes blacke memorie,
That thou remember them, some claime as debt,
I thinke it mercy, if thou wilt forget,

VI.

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee;
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,

Digitized by Google

Reſt of their bones, and ſoules deliverie (men,
Thou art ſlave to Fate, chance, kings, and deſperate
And doth with poyſon, warre, and ſickneſſe dwell.
And poppie, or charmes can make us ſleepe as well,
And better then thy ſtroake; why ſwell'ſt thou then?
One ſhort ſleepe paſt, wee wake eternally,
And death ſhall be no more, death thou ſhalt die.

VII.

Spit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my ſide,
Buffet, and ſcoffe, ſcourge, and crucifie mee,
For I have ſinn'd, and ſinn'd, and onely hee,
Who could do no iniquitie, hath dyed:
But by my death can not be ſatisfied
My ſinnes, which paſſe the Jewes impiety:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucifie him daily, being now glorified;
Oh let mee then, his ſtrange love ſtill admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our puniſhment.
And *Iacob* came cloth'd in vile harſh attire
But to ſupplant, and with gainfull intent
God cloth'd himſelfe in vile mans fleſh, that ſo
Hee might be weake enough to ſuffer woe.

VIII.

Digitized by Google

VIII.

Why are wee by all creatures waited on?
Why doe the prodigall elements ſupply
Life and food to mee, being more pure then I,
Simple, and further from corruption?
Why brook'ſt thou, ignorant horſe, ſubjection?
Why doſt thou bull, and bore ſo ſeelily
Diſſemble weakneſſe, and by'one mans ſtroke die,
Whoſe whole kinde, you might ſwallow & feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worſe then you,
You have not ſinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us
Created nature doth theſe things ſubdue,
But their Creator, whom ſin, nor nature tyed,
For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

IX.

What if this preſent were the worlds laſt night?
Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou doſt dwell,
The picture of Chriſt crucified, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright,
Teares in his eyes quench the amaſing light,
Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head (fell
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,

Digitized by Google

Which pray'd forgiveneſſe for his foes fierce ſpight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I ſaid to all my profane miſtreſſes,
Beauty, of pitty, foulneſſe onely is
A ſigne of rigour: ſo I ſay to thee,
To wicked ſpirits are horrid ſhapes aſſign'd,
This beauteous forme aſſumes a pitious minde.

X.

Batter my heart, three perſon'd God, for, you
As yet but knocke, breathe, ſhine, and ſeeke to mend,
That I may riſe, and ſtand, o'erthrow mee, and bend
Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
I, like an uſurpt towne, to'another due,
Labour to'admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reaſon your viceroy in mee, mee ſhould defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue,
Yet dearely'I love you', and would be lov'd faine,
But am betroth'd unto your enemie,
Divorce mee, 'untie, or breake that knot againe,
Take mee to you, impriſon mee, for I
Except you'enthrall mee, never ſhall be free,
Nor ever chaſt, except you raviſh mee.

XI.

Digitized by Google

XI.

Wilt thou love God, as he thee! then digeſt,
My Soule, this wholſome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy breſt,
The Father having begot a Sonne moſt bleſt,
And ſtill begetting, (for he ne'r begonne)
Hath deign'd to chuſe thee by adoption,
Coheire to'his glory, 'and Sabbaths endleſſe reſt;
And as a robb'd man, which by ſearch doth finde
His ſtolne ſtuffe ſold, muſt loſe or buy it againe:
The Sonne of glory came downe, and was ſlaine,
Us whom he had made, and Satan ſtolne, to unbinde.
'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
But, that God ſhould be made like man, much more.

XII.

Father, part of his double intereſt
Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to mee,
His joynture in the knottie Trinitie,
Hee keepes, and gives to me his deaths conqueſt.
This Lambe, whoſe death, with life the world hath
Was from the worlds beginning ſlaine, and he (bleſt,
Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacie

Of

Digitized by Google

Of his and thy kingdome, doe thy Sonnes invest,
Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man those statutes can fulfill;
None doth, but thy all-healing grace and Spirit,
Revive againe what law and letter kill,
Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command
Is all but love; Oh let this last Will stand!

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and *Leander*.

BOth rob'd of aire, we both lye in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drownd.

Pyramus and *Thisbe*.

Two, by themselves, each other, love and feare
Slaine, cruell friends, by parting have joyn'd here.

Niobe.

By childrens births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe.

Digitized by Google

A burnt ſhip.

Out of a fired ſhip, which, by no way
But drowning, could be reſcued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Neere the foes ſhips, did by their ſhot decay;
So all were loſt, which in the ſhip were found,
They in the ſea being burnt, they in the burnt ſhip (drown'd.

Fall of a wall.

Under an undermin'd, and ſhot-bruis'd wall
A too-bold Captaine periſh'd by the fall,
Whoſe brave misfortune, happieſt men envi'd,
That had a towne for tombe, his bones to hide.

A lame begger.

I am unable, yonder begger cries,
To ſtand, or moue; if he ſay true, hee *lies*.

A ſelfe accuſer.

Your miſtris, that you follow whores, ſtill taxeth you;
'Tis ſtrange that ſhe ſhould thus confeſſe it, though 'it (be true.

Digitized by Google

A licentious person.

Thy sinnes and haires may no man equall call,
For, as thy sinnes increase, thy haires doe fall.

Antiquary.

If in his Studie he hath so much care
To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

Disinherited.

Thy father all from thee, by his last Will
Gave to the poore; Thou hast good title still.

Phryne.

Thy flattering picture, *Phryne*, is like thee,
Onely in this, that you both painted be.

An obscure writer.

Philo, with twelve yeares study, hath beene griev'd,
To be understood, when will hee be beleev'd.

Klockius so deeply hath sworne, ne'r more to come
In bawdie house, that hee dares not goe home.

Raderus

Digitized by Google

Raderus.

Why this man gelded *Martiall* I muſe,
Except himſelfe alone his tricks would uſe,
As *Katherine*, for the Courts ſake, put downe Stewes.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

Like *Eſops* fellow-ſlaves, O *Mercury*,
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like *Eſops* ſelfe, which nothing; I confeſſe
I ſhould have had more faith, if thou hadſt leſſe;
Thy credit loſt thy credit: 'Tis ſinne to doe,
In this caſe, as thou wouldſt be done unto,
To beleeve all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercury in ſtealing, but lyeſt like a *Greeke*.

Compaſſion in the world againe is bred:
Ralphius is ſick, the broker keeps his bed.

Digitized by Google

ELEGIE. I.

FOnd woman which would'ſt have thy huſband die,
And yet complain'ſt of his great jealouſie;
If ſwolne with poyſon, hee lay in'his laſt bed,
His body with a ſere-barke covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and ſhort, as can
The nimbleſt crocheting Muſitian,
Ready with loathſome vomiting to ſpue
His Soule out of one hell, into a new,
Made deafe with his poore kindreds howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd teares, great legacies,
Thou would'ſt not weepe, but jolly, 'and frolicke bee,
As a ſlave, which to morrow ſhould be free,
Yet weep'ſt thou, when thou ſeeſt him hungerly
Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealouſie.
O give him many thanks, he'is courteous,
That in ſuſpecting kindly warneth us.
Wee muſt not, as wee us'd, flout openly,
In ſcoffing ridles, his deformitie;
Nor at his boord together being ſatt,
With words, nor touch, ſcarce lookes adulterate.
Nor when he ſwolne, and pamper'd with great fare
Sits downe, and ſnorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,
Muſt wee uſurpe his owne bed any more,
Nor kiſſe and play in his houſe, as before.
Now I ſee many dangers; for it is
His realme, his caſtle, and his dioceſſe.
But if, as envious men, which would revile

Their

Their Prince, or coyne his gold, themſelves exile
Into another countrie, and doe it there,
Wee play'in another houſe, what ſhould we feare?
There we will ſcorne his houſhold policies,
His ſeely plots, and penſionary ſpies,
As the inhabitants of Thames right ſide
Do Londons Major, or Germans, the Popes pride.

Elegie II.

Marry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, ſhee
Hath all things, whereby others beautious bee,
For, though her eyes be ſmall, her mouth is great,
Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat,
Though they be dimme, yet ſhe is light enough,
And though her harſh haire fall, her skinne is rough;
What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire's red,
Give her thine, and ſhe hath a maydenhead.
Theſe things are beauties elements, where theſe
Meet in one, that one muſt, as perfect, pleaſe.
If red and white and each good quality
Be in thy wench, ne'r aske where it doth lye.
In buying things perfum'd, we aske; if there
Be muske and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in th'uſuall place,
She'hath yet an Anagram of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,

Digitized by Google

In the leane dearth of words, what could wee ſay?
When by the Gamut ſome Muſitions make
A perfect ſong, others will undertake,
By the ſame Gamut chang'd, to equall it.
Things ſimply good, can never be unfit;
She's faire as any, if all be like her,
And if none bee, then ſhe is ſingular.
All love is wonder; if wee juſtly doe
Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty, ſoone as beauty, dies,
Chuſe this face, chang'd by no deformities;
Women are all like Angels; the faire be
Like thoſe which fell to worſe; but ſuch as ſhee,
Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire:
'Tis leſſe griefe to be foule, then to'have beene faire.
For one nights revels, ſilke and gold we chuſe,
But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather uſe.
Beauty is barren oft; beſt huſbands ſay
There is beſt land, where there is fouleſt way.
Oh what a ſoveraigne Plaiſter will ſhee bee
If thy paſt ſinnes have taught thee jealouſie!
Here needs no ſpies, nor eunuches; her commit
Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmoſit.
When Belgiaes citties, the round-countries drowne,
That durty foulneſſe guards, and armes the towne:
So doth her face guard her; and ſo, for thee,
Which, fore'd by buſineſſe, abſent oft muſt bee,
Shee, whoſe face, like clouds, turnes the day to night,
Who, mightier then the ſea, makes Moores ſeem white,
Who, though ſeaven yeares, ſhe in the Stews had laid,

Digitized by Google

A Nunnery durſt receive, and thinke a maid,
And though in childbeds labour ſhe did lie,
Midwiſes would ſweare, 'twere but a tympanie,
Whom, if ſhee accuſe her ſelfe, I credit leſſe
Then witches, which impoſſibles confeſſe.
One like none, and lik'd of none, fitteſt were,
For, things in faſhion every man will weare.

Elegie III.

Although thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
Have ſeal'd thy love which nothing ſhould undoe,
Yea though thou fall backe, that apoſtaſie
Confirme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee.
Women, are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to'all ſearchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne.
If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
Another fouler uſing theſe meanes, as I,
May catch the ſame bird; and, as theſe things bee,
Women are made for men, not him, nor mee.
Foxes and goats; all beaſts change when they pleaſe,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild then theſe,
Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
Idly make them apter to endure then men?
They'are our clogges, not their owne; if a man bee
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley is free;
Who hath a plow-land, caſts all his ſeed corne there,

And

Digitized by Google

And yet allowes his ground more corne ſhould beare;
Though Danuby into the ſea muſt flow,
The ſea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po.
By nature, which gave it, this liberty
Thou lov'ſt, but Oh! canſt thou love it and mee?
Likeneſſe glues love: and if that thou ſo doe,
To make us like and love, muſt I change too?
More then thy hate, I hate it, rather let mee
Allow her change, then change as oft as shee,
And ſoe not teach, but force my opinion
To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land, is captivitie,
To runne all countries, a wild roguery;
Waters ſtincke ſoone, if in one place they bide,
And in the vaſt ſea are more putrifi'd:
But when they kiſſe one banke, and leaving this
Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kiſſe,
Then are they pureſt; Change's the nurſery
Of muſicke, joy, life, and eternity.

Elegie

Digitized by Google

Elegie IV.

Once, and but once found in thy company,
All thy ſuppos'd eſcapes are laid on mee;
And as a thiefe at barre, is queſtion'd there
By all the men, that have beene rob'd that yeare,
So am I, (by this traiterous meanes ſurpriz'd)
By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
Though hee hath oft ſworne, that hee would remove
Thy beauties beautie, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were ſeene,
Yet cloſe and ſecret, as our ſoules, we'have beene.
Though thy immortall mother which doth lye
Still buried in her bed, yet will not dye,
Takes this advantage to ſleepe out day-light,
And watch thy entries, and returnes all night,
And, when ſhe takes thy hand, and would ſeeme kind,
Doth ſearch what rings, and armelets ſhe can finde,
And kiſſing notes the colour of thy face,
And fearing leaſt thou'art ſwolne, doth thee embrace;
To trie if thou long, doth name ſtrange meates.
And notes thy paleneſſe, bluſhing, ſighs, and ſweats;
And politiquely will to thee confeſſe
The ſinnes of her owne youths ranke luſtineſſe;
Yet love theſe Sorceries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine owne mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like Faiery Sprights
Oft skipt into our chamber, thoſe ſweet nights,
And kiſt, and ingled on thy fathers knee,

Digitized by Google

Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did ſee.
The grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound ſerving-man,
That oft names God in oathes, and onely than,
He that to barre the firſt gate, doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Coloſſus ſtride,
Which, if in hell no other paines there were,
Makes mee feare hell, becauſe he muſt be there:
Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witneſſe any touch or kiſſe;
But Oh, too common ill, I brought with mee
That, which betray'd mee to my enemie:
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
Even at thy fathers noſe, ſo were wee ſpied.
When, like a tyran King, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch ſhivered;
Had it beene ſome bad ſmell, he would have thought
That his owne feet, or breath, that ſmell had wrought.
But as wee in our Ile empriſoned,
Where cattell onely, and diverſe dogs are bred,
The pretious Vnicornes, ſtrange monſters, call,
So thought he good, ſtrange, that had none at all.
I taught my ſilkes, their whiſtling to forbeare,
Even my oppreſt ſhoes, dumbe and ſpeechleſſe were,
Onely, thou bitter ſweet, whom I had laid
Next mee, mee traiterouſly haſt betraid,
And unſuſpected haſt inviſibly
At once fled unto him, and ſtaid with mee.
Baſe excrement of earth, which doſt confound
Senſe, from diſtinguiſhing the ſicke from ſound;
By thee the ſeely Amorous ſucks his death

By

By drawing in a leprous harlots breath,
By thee, the greatest staine to mans estate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,
There, things that seeme, exceed substantiall.
Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Because you' were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell;
You'are loathsome all, being taken simply alone,
Shall wee love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth soone decay;
And you are rare, that takes the good away.
All my perfumes, I give most willingly
To'embalme thy fathers corse; What? will hee die?

Elegie V.

Here take my Picture, though I bid farewell;
Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall dwell.
'Tis like me now, but *I* dead, 'twill be more
When wee are shadowes both, then 'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come backe, my hand,
Perhaps with rude oares torne, or Sunbeams tann'd,
My face and brest of haire cloth, and my head
With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread,
My body'a sack of bones, broken within,
And powders blew staines scatter'd on my skinne;
If rivall fooles taxe thee to'have lov'd a man,

Digitized by Google

So foule, and courſe, as, Oh, I may ſeeme than,
This ſhall ſay what I was: and thou ſhalt ſay,
Doe his hurts reach mee? doth my worth decay?
Or doe they reach his judging minde, that hee
Should now love leſſe, what hee did love to ſee?
That which in him was faire and delicate,
Was but the milke, which in loves childiſh ſtate
Did nurſe it: who now is growne ſtrong enough
To feed on that, which to diſus'd taſts ſeemes tough.

Elegie V I.

Sorrow, who to this houſe ſcarce knew the way:
Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey.
This ſtrange chance claimes ſtrange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be ſo ſtrange, as to weepe thus;
'Tis well his lifes loud ſpeaking workes deſerve,
And give praiſe too, our cold tongues could not ſerve:
'Tis well, hee kept teares from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill, we might have ſtore.
Oh, if a ſweet briar, climbe up by a tree,
If to a paradiſe that tranſplanted bee,
Or feſt'd, and burnt for holy ſacrifice,
Yet, that muſt wither, which by it did riſe,
As wee for him dead: though no familie
Ere rigg'd a ſoule for heavens diſcoverie
With whom more Venturers more boldly dare

Venture

Venture their ſtates, with him in joy to ſhare
Wee loſe what all friends lov'd, him, he gaines now
But life by death, which worſt foes would allow,
If hee could have foes, in whoſe practiſe grew
All vertues, whoſe names ſubtile Schoolmen knew;
What eaſe, can hope that wee ſhall ſee him, beget,
When wee muſt die firſt, and cannot dye yet?
His children are his pictures, Oh they bee
Pictures of him dead, ſenſeleſſe, cold as he,
Here needs no marble Tombe, ſince hee is gone,
He, and about him, his, are turn'd to ſtone.

Elegie VII.

Oh, let mee not ſerve ſo, as thoſe men ſerve
Whom honours ſmoakes at once fatten and ſterve;
Poorely enrich't with great mens words or lookes;
Nor ſo write my name in thy loving bookes
As thoſe Idolatrous flatterers, which ſtill
Their Princes ſtiles, which many Realmes fulfill
Whence they no tribute have, and where no ſway.
Such ſervices I offer as ſhall pay
Themſelves, I hate dead names: Oh then let mee
Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite bee.
When my Soule was in her owne body ſheath'd,
Nor yet by oathes betroth'd, nor kiſſes breath'd
Into my Purgatory, faithleſſe thee,

Digitized by Google

Thy heart ſeem'd waxe, and ſteele thy conſtancie.
So, careleſſe flowers ſtrow'd on the waters face,
The curled whirlepooles ſuck, ſmack, and embrace,
Yet drowne them; ſo, the tapers beamie eye
Amorouſly twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,
Yet burnes his wings; and ſuch the devill is,
Scarce viſiting them, who are intirely his.
When I behold a ſtreame, which, from the ſpring,
Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,
Or in a ſpeechleſſe ſlumber, calmely ride
Her wedded channels boſome, and then chide
And bend her browes, and ſwell if any bough
Do but ſtoop downe, or kiſſe her upmoſt brow:
Yet, if her often gnawing kiſſes winne
The traiterous banks to gape, and let her in,
She ruſheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native, and her long-kept courſe,
And rores, and braves it, and in gallant ſcorne,
In flattering eddies promiſing retorne,
She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie;
Then ſay I; that is ſhee, and this am I.
Yet let not thy deepe bitterneſſe beget
Careleſſe deſpaire in mee, for that will whet
My minde to ſcorne; and Oh, love dull'd with paine
Was ne'r ſo wiſe, nor well arm'd as diſdaine.
Then with new eyes I ſhall ſurvay thee, and ſpie
Death in thy cheekes, and darkneſſe in thine eye;
Though hope bred faith and love; thus taught, I ſhall
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall.
My hate ſhall outgrow thine, and utterly

Digitized by Google

I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
Am the Recuſant, in that reſolute ſtate,
What hurts it mee to be excommunicate?

Elegie VIII.

Natures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
And in that ſophiſtrie, Oh, thou doſt prove
Too ſubtile: Foole, thou didſt not underſtand
The myſtique language of the eye nor hand:
Nor couldſt thou judge the difference of the aire
Of ſighes, and ſay, this lies, this ſounds deſpaire.
Nor by the'eyes water call a maladie
Deſperately hot, or changing feaverouſly.
I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
Of flowers, how they deviſefully being ſet
And bound up, might with ſpeechleſſe ſecrecie
Deliver arrands mutely, and mutually.
Remember ſince all thy words us'd to bee
To every ſuitor; *I, if my friends agree.*
Since, houſhold charmes, thy husbands name to teach,
Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach;
And ſince, an houres diſcourſe could ſcarce have made
One anſwer in thee, and that ill arraid
In broken proverbs, and torne ſentences.
Thou art not by ſo many duties his,
That from the worlds Common having ſever'd thee,
Inlaid

Inlaid thee, neither to be ſeene, nor ſee,
As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
Refin'd thee into a bliſ-full paradiſe.
Thy graces and good words my creatures bee,
I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee,
Which Oh, ſhall ſtrangers taſte? Muſt I alas
Frame and enamell Plate, and drinke in glaſſe?
Chaſe waxe for others ſeales? breake a colts force
And leave him then, beeing made a ready horſe?

THE STORME.

To Mr *Chriſtopher Brooke.*

THOu which art I, ('tis nothing to be ſoe)
Thou which art ſtill thy ſelfe, by theſe ſhalt know
Part of our paſſage; And, a hand, or eye
By *Hilliard* drawne, is worth an hiſtory,
By a worſe painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,
My lines are ſuch. 'Tis the preheminence
Of friendſhip only to impute excellence.
England to whom we owe, what we be, and have,
Sad that her ſonnes did ſeeke a forraine grave
(For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can Southſay,

Honour

Digitized by Google

Honour and miſery have one face and way.)
From out her pregnant intrailes ſigh'd a winde
Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde
Such ſtrong reſiſtance, that it ſelfe it threw
Downeward againe; and ſo when it did view
How in the port, our fleet deare time did leeſe,
Withering like priſoners, which lye but for fees,
Mildly it kiſt our ſailes, and, freſh, and ſweet,
As, to a ſtomack ſterv'd, whoſe inſides meete,
Meate comes, it came; and ſwole our ſailes, when wee
So joyd, as *Sara* her ſwelling joy'd to ſee.
But 'twas, but ſo kinde, as our countrimen, (then.
Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them
Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre
Aſunder, meet againſt a third to warre, (blew,
The South and Weſt winds joyn'd, and, as they
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw
Sooner then you read this line, did the gale,
Like ſhot, not fear'd, till felt, our ſailes aſſaile;
And what at firſt was call'd a guſt, the ſame
Hath now a ſtormes, anon a tempeſts name.
Ionas, I pitty thee, and curſe thoſe men,
Who when the ſtorm rag'd moſt, did wake thee then;
Sleepe is paines eaſieſt ſalue, and doth fullfill
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wakt, I ſaw, that I ſaw not.
I, and the Sunne, which ſhould teach mee 'had forgot
Eaſt, Weſt, day, night, and I could onely ſay,
If the world had laſted, now it had beene day.
Thouſands our noyſes were, yet wee 'mongſt all

Digitized by Google

Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Then if the Sunne had drunke the sea before;
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lye, 'equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must dye.
And as sin-burd'ned soules from grave will creepe,
At the last day, some forth their cabbins peepe:
And tremblingly 'aske what newes, and doe heare so,
Like jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some sitting on the hatches, would seeme there,
With hideous gazing to feare away feare.
Then note they the ships sicknesses, the Mast
Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Wast
With a salt dropsie clog'd, and all our tacklings
Snapping, like too-high-stretched treble strings.
And from our totterd sailes, ragges drop downe so,
As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe.
Even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine?
Seas into seas throwne, we suck in againe;
Hearing hath deaf'd our saylers; and if they
Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say.
Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualme,
Hell somewhat lightsome, and the' Bermuda calme.
Darknesse, lights eldest brother, his birth-right
Claim'd o'r this world, and to heaven hath chas'd
All things are one, and that one none can be, (light.
Since all formes, uniforme deformity
Doth cover, so that wee, except God say

Another

Digitized by Google

Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day.
So violent, yet long these furies bee,
That though thine absence sterve me, I wish not thee.

THE CALME.

OUr storme is past, and that storms tyrannous rage,
A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage.
The fable is inverted, and farre more
A blocke afflicts, now, then a storke before.
Stormes chafe, and soone weare out themselves, or us;
In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steady as I can wish, that my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy mistresse glasse, or what shines there,
The sea is now. And, as the Iles which wee
Seeke, when wee can move, our ships rooted bee.
As water did in stormes, now pitch runs out
As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.
And all our beauty, and our trimme, decayes,
Like courts removing, or like ended playes.
The fighting place now seamens ragges supply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthornes; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.
Earths hollownesses, which the worlds lungs are,
Have no more winde then the upper valt of aire.

Digitized by Google

We can nor loſt friends, nor ſought foes recover,
But meteor like, ſave that wee move not, hover.
Onely the Calenture together drawes
Deare friends, which meet dead in great fiſhes jawes:
And on the hatches as on Altars lyes
Each one, his owne Prieſt, and owne Sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiply
Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe not dye.
If in deſpite of theſe, wee ſwimme, that hath
No more refreſhing, then our brimſtone Bath,
But from the ſea, into the ſhip we turne,
Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coales to burne.
Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the ſheepheards ſcoffe,
Or like ſlacke ſinew'd *Sampſon*, his haire off,
Languiſh our ſhips. Now, as a Miriade
Of Ants, durſt th'Emperours lov'd ſnake invade,
The crawling Gallies, Sea-goales, finny chips,
Might brave our venices, now bed-ridde ſhips.
Whether a rotten ſtate, and hope of gaine,
Or, to diſuſe mee from the queaſie paine
Of being belov'd, and loving, or the thirſt
Of honour, or faire death, out puſht mee firſt,
I loſe my end: for here as well as I
A deſperate may live, and a coward die.
Stagge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies,
Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dyes.
Fate grudges us all, and doth ſubtly lay
A ſcourge, 'gainſt which wee all forget to pray,
He that at ſea prayes for more winde, as well
Under the poles may begge cold, heat in hell.

What

Digitized by Google

What are wee then? How little more alas
Is man now, then before he was? he was
Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit;
Chance, or our ſelves ſtill diſproportion it.
Wee have no power, no will, no ſenſe; I lye,
I ſhould not then thus feele this miſerie.

To Sr *Henry Wotton.*

SIr, more then kiſſes, letters mingle Soules;
For, thus friends abſent ſpeake. This eaſe controules
The tediouſneſſe of my life: But for theſe
I could ideate nothing, which could pleaſe,
But I ſhould wither in one day, and paſſe
To'a botle'of Hay, that am a locke of Graſſe.
Life is a voyage, and in our lifes wayes
Countries, Courts, Towns are Rockes, or Remoraes;
They breake or ſtop all ſhips, yet our ſtate's ſuch,
That though then pitch they ſtaine worſe, wee muſt
If in the furnace of the raging line, (touch.
Or under th'adverſe icy pole thou pine,
Thou know'ſt two temperate Regions girded in,
Dwell there: But Oh, what refuge canſt thou winne
Parch'd in the Court, and in the country frozen?
Shall cities built of both extremes be choſen?
Can dung, and garlike be'a perfume? or can

A Scorpion, or Torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worſt of all three; of all three
(O knottie riddle) each is worſt equally.
Cities are Sepulchers; they who dwell there
Are carcaſes, as if no ſuch they were.
And Courts are Theaters, where ſome men play
Princes, ſome ſlaves, all to one end, and of one clay.
The Country is a deſert, where no good,
Gain'd, as habits, not borne, is underſtood.
There men become beaſts, and prone to more evils;
In cities blockes, and in a lewd court, devills.
As in the firſt Chaos confuſedly
Each elements qualities were in the'other three;
So pride, luſt, covetize, being ſeverall
To theſe three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their iſſue inceſtuous.
Falſhood is denizon'd. Virtue is barbarous.
Let no man ſay there, Virtues flintie wall
Shall locke vice in mee, I'll do none, but know all.
Men are ſpunges, which to poure out, receive,
Who know falſe play, rather then loſe, deceive.
For in beſt underſtandings, ſinne beganne,
Angels ſinn'd firſt, then Devills, and then man.
Onely perchance beaſts ſinne not; wretched wee
Are beaſts in all, but white integritie.
I thinke if men, which in theſe places live
Durſt looke in themſelves, and themſelves retrive,
They would like ſtrangers greet themſelves, ſeeing (then
Utopian youth, growne old Italian.
Be thou thine owne home, and in thy ſelfe dwell;

Inne

Digitized by Google

Inne any where, continuance maketh hell.
And ſeeing the ſnaile, which every where doth rome,
Carrying his owne houſe ſtill, ſtill is at home.
Follow (for he is eaſie pac'd) this ſnaile,
Bee thine owne Palace, or the world's thy goale;
And in the worlds ſea, do not like corke ſleepe
Upon the waters face; nor in the deepe
Sinke like a lead without a line: but as
Fiſhes glide, leaving no print where they paſſe,
Nor making ſound; ſo, cloſely thy courſe goe,
Let men diſpute, whether thou breath, or no:
Onely in this one thing, be no Galeniſt. To make
Courts hot ambitions wholeſome, do not take
A dramme of Countries dulneſſe; do not adde
Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad.
But, Sir, I adviſe not you, I rather doe
Say o'er thoſe leſſons, which I learn'd of you.
Whom, free from German ſchiſmes, and lightneſſe
Of France, and faire Italies faithleſneſſe,
Having from theſe ſuck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith, which you carried forth,
I throughly love. But if my ſelfe, I'have wonne
To know my rules, I have, and you have

DONNE.

The

The Crosse.

SInce Christ embrac'd the Crosse it selfe, dare I
His image, th'image of his Crosse deny?
Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
And dare the chosen Altar to despise?
It bore all other sinnes, but is it fit
That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he flye his paines, who there did dye?
From mee, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandall taken, shall this Crosse withdraw,
It shall not, for it cannot; for, the losse
Of this Crosse, were to mee another Crosse.
Better were worse, for, no affliction
No Crosse is so extreme, as to have none;
Who can blot out the Crosse, which th'instrument
Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament?
Who can deny mee power, and liberty
To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Crosse to be?
Swimme, and at every stroake, thou art thy Crosse,
The Mast and yard make one, where seas do tosse.
Looke downe, thou spiest out Crosses in small things;
Looke up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings;
All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else
But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
Materiall Crosses then, good physicke bee,

But

Digitized by Google

But yet ſpirituall have chiefe dignity.
Theſe for extracted chimique medicine ſerve,
And cure much better, and as well preſerve;
Then are you your own phyſicke, or need none,
When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation.
For when that Croſſe ungrudg'd, unto you ſtickes,
Then are you to your ſelfe, a Crucifixe.
As perchance, Carvers do not faces make:
But that away, which hid them there, do take.
Let Croſſes, ſoe, take what hid Chriſt in thee,
And be his image, or not his, but hee.
But, as oft, Alchimiſts doe coyners prove,
So may a ſelfe-diſpiſing, get ſelfe-love.
And then as worſt ſurfets, of beſt meates bee,
Soe is pride, iſſued from humility,
For, 'tis no child, but monſter; therefore Croſſe
Your joy in croſſes, elſe, 'tis double loſſe,
And croſſe thy ſenſes, elſe, both they, and thou
Muſt periſh ſoone, and to deſtruction bowe.
For if the eye ſeeke good objects, and will take
No croſſe from bad, wee cannot ſcape a ſnake.
So with harſh, hard, ſowre, ſtinking, croſſe the reſt,
Make them indifferent; call nothing beſt.
But moſt the eye needs croſſing, that can rome,
And move; To th'other th'objects muſt come home,
And croſſe thy heart: for that in man alone
Pants downewards, and hath palpitation.
Croſſe thoſe dejections, when it downeward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
And as the braine through bony walls doth vent

Digitized by Google

By ſutures, which a Croſſes forme preſent,
So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,
Croſſe and correct concupiſcence of witt.
Be covetous of Croſſes, let none fall.
Croſſe no man elſe, but croſſe thy ſelfe in all.
Then doth the Croſſe of Chriſt worke faithfully
Within our hearts, when wee love harmleſly
The Croſſes pictures much, and with more care
That Croſſes children, which our Croſſes are.

Elegie on the Lady Marckham.

MAn is the World, and death th'Ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
God hath ſet markes, and bounds, twixt us and it,
Yet doth it rore, and gnaw, and ſtill pretend,
And breaks our banke, when ere it takes a friend.
Then our land waters (teares of paſſion) vent;
Our waters, then, above our firmament.
(Teares which our Soule doth for her ſins let fall)
Take all a brackiſh taſt, and Funerall.
And even thoſe teares, which ſhould waſh ſin, are ſin.
We, after Gods *Noe*, drowne the world againe.
Nothing but man of all invenom'd things

Doth

Digitized by Google

Doth worke upon itſelfe, with inborne ſtings.
Teares are falſe Spectacles, we cannot ſee
Through paſſions miſt, what wee are, or what ſhee;
In her this ſea of death hath made no breach,
But as the tide doth waſh the ſlimie beach,
And leaves embroderd workes upon the ſand,
So is her fleſh refin'd by deaths cold hand.
As men of China, after an ages ſtay
Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay;
So at this grave, her limbecke, which refines
The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles, & Mines,
Of which, this fleſh was, her ſoule ſhall inſpire
Fleſh of ſuch ſtuffe, as God, when his laſt fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it, ſhall,
Make and name then, th'Elixar of this All.
They ſay, the ſea, when it gaines, loſeth too;
If carnall Death (the yonger brother) doe
Uſurpe the body, our ſoule, which ſubject is
To th'elder death, by ſinne, is freed by this;
They periſh both, when they attempt the juſt;
For, graves our trophies are, and both, deaths duſt;
So, unobnoxious now, ſhe'hath buried both;
For, none to death ſinnes, that to ſinne is loth.
Nor doe they die, which are not loth to die,
So hath ſhe this, and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from ſinne, yet made her repent.
Of what ſmall ſpots pure white complaines! Alas,
How little poyſon cracks a chriſtall glaſſe?
She ſinn'd, but juſt enough to let us ſee

Digitized by Google

That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,
Making omiſſions, acts; laying the touch
Of ſinne, on things that ſometimes may be ſuch.
As *Moſes* Cherubines, whoſe natures doe
Surpaſſe all ſpeed, by him are winged too:
So would her ſoule, already in heaven, ſeeme then,
To clyme by teares, the common ſtaires of men.
How fit ſhe was for God, I am content
To ſpeake, that death his vaine haſt may repent.
How fit for us, how even and how ſweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet,
To have reform'd this forward hereſie,
That woman can no parts of friendſhip bee;
How Morall, how Divine ſhall not be told,
Leſt they that heare her vertues, thinke her old.
And leſt we take Deaths part, and make him glad
Of ſuch a prey, and to his tryumph adde.

Elegie

Digitized by Google

Elegie on Mris Boulſtred.

DEath I recant, and ſay, unſaid by mee
What ere hath ſlip'd, that might diminiſh thee.
Spirituall treaſon, atheiſme 'tis, to ſay,
That any can thy Summons diſobey.
Th'earths face is but thy Table; there are ſet
Plants, cattell, men, diſhes for Death to eate.
In a rude hunger now hee millions drawes
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or ſterv'd jawes.
Now hee will ſeeme to ſpare, and doth more waſt,
Eating the beſt firſt, well preſerv'd to laſt.
Now wantonly he ſpoiles, and eates us not,
But breakes off friends, and lets us peecemeale rot.
Nor will this earth ſerve him; he ſinkes the deepe
Where harmeleſſe fiſh monaſtique ſilence keepe.
Who (were Death dead) by Roes of living ſand,
Might ſpunge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the aire, and breakes the hymnique notes
In birds, Heavens choriſters, organique throats,
Which (if they did not dye) might ſeeme to bee
A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie.
O ſtrong and long-liv'd death, how cam'ſt thou in?
And how without Creation didſt begin?
Thou haſt, and ſhalt ſee dead, before thou dyeſt,
All the foure Monarchies, and Antichriſt.
How could I thinke thee nothing, that ſee now
In all this All, nothing elſe is, but thou.

Digitized by Google

Our births and life, vices, and vertues, bee
Waſtfull conſumptions, and degrees of thee.
For, wee to live, our bellowes weare, and breath,
Nor are wee mortall, dying, dead, but death.
And though thou beeſt, O mighty bird of prey,
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou muſt lay
All that thou kill'ſt at his feet, yet doth hee
Reſerve but few, and leaves the moſt to thee.
And of thoſe few, now thou haſt overthrowne
One whom thy blow, makes, not ours, nor thine own.
She was more ſtories high: hopeleſſe to come
To her Soule, thou'haſt offer'd at her lower roome.
Her Soule and body was a King and Court:
But thou haſt both of Captaine miſt and fort.
As houſes fall not, though the King remove,
Bodies of Saints reſt for their ſoules above.
Death gets 'twixt ſoules and bodies ſuch a place
As ſinne inſinuates 'twixt juſt men and grace,
Both worke a ſeparation, no divorce.
Her Soule is gone to uſher up her corſe,
Which ſhall be almoſt another ſoule, for there
Bodies are purer, then beſt Soules are here.
Becauſe in her, her virtues did outgoe
Her yeares, would'ſt thou, O emulous death, do ſo?
And kill her young to thy loſſe? muſt the coſt
Of beauty, and wit, apt to doe harme, be loſt?
What though thou found'ſt her proofe 'gainſt ſins of (youth?
Oh, every age a diverſe ſinne purſueth.
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſtay'd, and taken better hold,
Shortly ambitious, covetous, when old,

She

She might have prov'd: and ſuch devotion
Might once have ſtray'd to ſuperſtition.
If all her vertues muſt have growne, yet might
Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
Had ſhe perſever'd juſt, there would have bin
Some that would ſinne, miſ-thinking ſhe did ſinne.
Such as would call her friendſhip, love, and faine
To ſociableneſſe, a name profane.
Or ſinne, by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wiſhing, though they never told her what.
Thus might'ſt thou have ſlain more ſoules, had'ſt thou
Thy ſelfe, and to triumph, thine army loſt. (not croſt
Yet though theſe wayes be loſt, thou haſt left one,
Which is, immoderate griefe that ſhe is gone.
But we may ſcape that ſinne, yet weepe as much,
Our teares are due, becauſe we are not ſuch.
Some teares, that knot of friends, her death muſt coſt,
Becauſe the chaine is broke, but no linke loſt.

Digitized by Google

To Sr Henry Goodyere.

WHo makes the Paſt, a patterne for next yeare,
Turnes no new leafe, but ſtill the ſame things (reads,
Seene things, he ſees againe, heard things doth heare,
And makes his life, but like a paire of beads.

A Palace, when 'tis that, which it ſhould be,
Leaves growing, and ſtands ſuch, or elſe decayes,
But hee which dwels there, is not ſo; for hee
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raiſe;

So had your body her morning, hath her noone,
And ſhall not better; her next change is night:
But her faire larger gueſt, to'whom Sun and Moone
Are ſparkes, and ſhort liv'd, claimes another right.

The noble Soule by age growes luſtier,
Her appetite, and her digeſtion mend,
Wee muſt not ſterve, nor hope to pamper her
With womens milke, and pappe unto the end.

Provide you manlyer dyet, you have ſeene
All libraries, which are Schools, Camps, & Courts;
But aske your Garners if you have not beene
In harveſts, too indulgent to your ſports.

Would

Digitized by Google

Would you redeeme it? then your ſelfe tranſplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandiſh ground
Beares no more wit, then ours, but yet more ſcant
Are thoſe diverſions there, which here abound.

To be a ſtranger hath that benefit,
Wee can beginnings, but not habits choke.
Goe, whither? hence; you get, if you forget;
New faults, till they preſcribe in us, are ſmoake.

Our ſoule, whoſe country'is heaven, & God her father,
Into this world, corruptions ſinke, is ſent,
Yet, ſo much in her travaile ſhe doth gather,
That ſhe returnes home, wiſer then ſhe went;

It payes you well, if it teach you to ſpare, (yours,
And make you'aſham'd, to make your hawks praiſe,
Which when herſelfe ſhe leſſens in the aire,
You then firſt ſay, that high enough ſhe toures.

However, keepe the lively taſt you hold
Of God, love him as now, but feare him more,
And in your afternoones thinke what you told
And promiſ'd him, at morning prayer before.

Let falſhood like a diſcord anger you,
Elſe be not froward; But why doe I touch
Things, of which none is in your practiſe new,
And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much;

Digitized by Google

But thus I make you keepe your promiſe Sir,
Riding I had you, though you ſtill ſtaid there,
And in theſe thoughts, although you never ſtirre,
You came with mee to Micham, and are here.

To Mr Rowland Woodward.

Like one who'in her third widdowhood doth
Her ſelfe a Nunne, tyed to retiredneſſe, (profeſſe,
So'affects my muſe now, a chaſt fallowneſſe.

Since ſhee to few, yet to too many'hath ſhowne
How love-ſong weeds, and Satyrique thornes are
Where ſeeds of better Arts, were early ſown. (growne

Though to uſe, and love Poëtrie, to mee,
Betroth'd to no'one Art, be no'adulterie;
Omiſſions of good, ill, as ill deeds bee.

For though to us it ſeeme, and be light and thinne,
Yet in thoſe faithfull ſcales, where God throwes in
Mens workes, vanity weighs as much as ſinne.

If our Soules have ſtain'd their firſt white, yet wee
May cloth them with faith, and deare honeſtie,
Which God imputes, as native puritie,

There

Digitized by Google

There is no Vertue, but Religion,
Wiſe, valiant, ſober, juſt, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering diſcretion.

Seeke wee then our ſelves in our ſelves; for as
Men force the Sunne with much more force to paſſe,
By gathering his beames with a chriſtall glaſſe;

So wee, If wee into our ſelves will turne,
Blowing our ſparkes of vertue, may outburne
The ſtraw, which doth about our hearts ſojourne.

You know, Phyſitians, when they would infuſe
Into any oyle, the Soules of Simples, uſe
Places, where they may lie ſtill warme, to chuſe.

So workes retiredneſſe in us; to rome
Giddily and bee every where, but at home,
Such freedome doth a baniſhment become.

Wee are but termers of our ſelves, yet may,
If we can ſtocke our ſelves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much deare treaſure for the great rent day.

Manure thy ſelfe then, to thy ſelfe be approv'd,
And with vaine outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know, that I love thee and would be lov'd.

Digitized by Google

To Sr *Henry Wootton.*

HEre's no more newes, then vertue, I may as well
Tell you *Calis*, or S^t *Michaels* tale for newes, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to'get ſtomachs, we walke up and downe,
And toyle to ſweeten reſt, ſo, may God frowne,
If, but to loth both, I haunt Court, or Towne.

For here no one is from the extremitie
Of vice, by any other reaſon free,
But that the next to'him, ſtill, is worſe then hee.

In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate,
(Gods Commiſſary,) doth ſo throughly hate,
As in the Courts Squadron to marſhall their ſtate

If they ſtand arm'd with ſeely honeſty,
With wiſhing prayers, and neat integritie,
Like Indians 'gainſt Spaniſh hoſts they bee.

Suſpitious boldneſſe to this place belongs,
And to'have as many eares as all have tongues,
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Beleeve

Beleeve mee Sir, in my youths giddieſt dayes,
When to be like the Court, was a playes praiſe,
Playes were not ſo like Courts, as Courts'are like (playes.

Then let us at theſe mimicke antiques jeaſt,
Whoſe deepeſt projects, and egregious geſts
Are but dull Moralls of a game at Cheſts.

But now 'tis incongruity to ſmile,
Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while,
At Court, though from Court, were the better ſtile.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

MADAME,

REaſon is our Soules left hand, Faith her right;
By theſe wee reach divinity, that's you;
Their loves, who have the bleſſings of your light,
Grew from their reaſon, mine from faire faith grew.

But as, although a ſquint lefthandedneſſe
Be ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand,
So would I, not to encreaſe, but to expreſſe
My faith, as I beleeve, ſo underſtand.

Digitized by Google

Therefore I ſtudy you firſt in your Saints,
Thoſe friends, whom your election glorifies,
Then in your deeds, acceſſes, and reſtraints,
And what you reade, and what your ſelfe devize.

But ſoone, the reaſons why you'are lov'd by all,
Grow infinite, and ſo paſſe reaſons reach,
Then backe againe to'implicite faith I fall,
And reſt on what the Catholique faith doth teach;

That you are good: and not one Heretique
Denies it: if he did, yet you are ſo.
For, rockes, which high top'd and deep rooted ſticke,
Waves waſh, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In every thing there naturally growes
A *Balſamum* to keepe it freſh, and new,
If 'twere not injur'd by extrinſique blowes;
Your birth and beauty are this Balme in you.

But, you of learning and religion,
And vertue, and ſuch ingredients, have made
A methridate, whoſe operation
Keepes off, or cures what can be done or ſaid.

Yet, this is not your phyſicke, but your food,
A dyet fit for you; for you are here
The firſt good Angell, ſince the worlds frame ſtood,
That ever did in womans ſhape appeare.

Since

Digitized by Google

Since you are then Gods maſterpeece, and ſo
His Factor for our loves; do as you doe,
Make your returne home gracious; and beſtow
Thy life on that; ſo make one life of two.
For ſo God helpe mee, 'I would not miſſe you there
For all the good which you can do me here.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

MADAME,

YOu have refin'd mee, and to worthyeſt things
Vertue, Art, Beauty, Fortune, now I ſee
Rareneſſe, or uſe, not nature value brings;
And ſuch, as they are circumſtanc'd, they bee.
Two ills can nere perplexe us, ſinne to excuſe;
But of two good things, we may leave and chuſe.

Therefore at Court, which is not vertues clime,
(Where a tranſcendent height, (as, lowneſſe mee)
Makes her not be, or not ſhow: all my rime
Your vertues challenge, which there rareſt bee;
For, as darke texts need notes: there ſome muſt bee
To uſher vertue, and ſay, *This is ſhee.*

So

So in the country'is beauty; to this place
You are the ſeaſon (Madame) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of ſpices, till your face
Exhale them, and a thick cloſe bud diſplay.
Widow'd and reclus'd elſe, her ſweets ſhe'enſhrines
As China, when the Sunne at Braſill dines.

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falſifies both computations ſo;
Since a new world doth riſe here from your light,
We your new creatures, by new recknings goe.
This ſhowes that you from nature lothly ſtray,
That ſuffer not an artificiall day.

In this you'have made the Court the Antipodes,
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sunne,
To doe profane autumnall offices,
Whilſt here to you, wee ſacrificers runne;
And whether Prieſts, or Organs, you wee'obey,
We ſound your influence, and your Dictates ſay.

Yet to that Deity which dwels in you,
Your vertuous Soule, I now not ſacrifice;
Theſe are *Petitions*, and not *Hymnes*; they ſue
But that I may ſurvay the edifice.
In all Religions as much care hath bin
Of Temples frames, and beauty, 'as Rites within.

Digitized by Google

As all which goe to Rome, doe not thereby
Eſteeme religions, and hold faſt the beſt,
But ſerve diſcourſe, and curioſity,
With that which doth religion but inveſt,
And ſhunne th'entangling laborinths of Schooles,
And make it wit, to thinke the wiſer fooles:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you'are vertues temple, not as ſhee,
What walls of tender chriſtall her enfold,
What eyes, hands, boſome, her pure Altars bee;
And after this ſurvay, oppoſe to all
Bablers of Chappels, you th'Eſcuriall.

Yet not as conſecrate, but merely'as faire;
On theſe I caſt a lay and country eye.
Of paſt and future ſtories, which are rare,
I finde you all record, and prophecie.
Purge but the booke of Fate, that it admit
No ſad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the tranſcript, and originall,
The Elements, the Parent, and the Growth
And every peece of you, is both their All,
So'intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
Muſt do the ſame things ſtill: you cannot two.

But theſe (as nice thinne Schoole divinity
Serves hereſie to furder or repreſſe)

Digitized by Google

Taſt of Poëtique rage, or flattery,
And need not, where all hearts one truth profeſſe;
Oft from new proofes, and new phraſe, new doubts grow,
As ſtrange attire aliens the men wee know.

Leaving then buſie praiſe, and all appeale,
To higher Courts, ſenſes decree is true,
The Mine, the Magazine, the Commonweale,
The ſtory of beauty', in Twicknam is, and you.
Who hath ſeene one, would both; As, who had bin
In Paradiſe, would ſeeke the Cherubin.

To Sr *Edward Herbert.* at *Iulyers.*

MAn is a lumpe, where all beaſts kneaded bee,
Wiſdome makes him an Arke where all agree;
The foole, in whom theſe beaſts do live at jarre,
Is ſport to others, and a Theater,
Nor ſcapes hee ſo, but is himſelfe their prey;
All which was man in him, is eate away,
And now his beaſts on one another feed,
Yet couple'in anger, and new monſters breed;
How happy'is hee, which hath due place aſſign'd
To'his beaſts, and diſaforeſted his minde?
Empail'd himſelfe to keepe them out, not in;
Can ſow, and dares truſt corne, where they have bin;
Can

Digitized by Google

Can uſe his horſe, goate, wolfe, and every beaſt,
And is not Aſſe himſelfe to all the reſt.
Elſe, man not onely is the heard of ſwine,
But he's thoſe devills too, which did incline
Them to a headlong rage, and made them worſe:
For man can adde weight to heavens heavieſt curſe;
As Soules (they ſay) by our firſt touch, take in
The poyſonous tincture of Originall ſinne,
So, to the puniſhments which God doth fling,
Our apprehenſion contributes the ſting.
To us, as to his chickins, he doth caſt
Hemlocke, and wee as men, his hemlocke taſte.
We do infuſe to what he meant for meat,
Corroſiveneſſe, or intenſe cold or heat.
For, God no ſuch ſpecifique poyſon hath
As kills we know not how; his fierceſt wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
At leſt for phyſicke, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be his pleaſure, is his rod,
And is his devill, that might be his God.
Since then our buſineſſe is, to rectifie
Nature, to what ſhe was, wee are led awry
By them, who man to us in little ſhow,
Greater then due, no forme we can beſtow
On him; for Man into himſelfe can draw
All, All his faith can ſwallow, or reaſon chaw,
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill,
All the round world, to man is but a pill;
In all it workes not, but it is in all
Poyſonous, or purgative, or cordiall,

Digitized by Google

For, knowledge kindles Calentures in ſome,
And is to others joy *Opium*.
As brave as true, is that profeſſion than
Which you doe uſe to make; that you know man,
This makes it credible, you have dwelt upon
All worthy bookes; and now are ſuch an one.
Actions are authors, and of thoſe in you
Your friends finde every day a mart of new.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

T'Have written then, when you writ, ſeem'd to mee
Worſt of ſpirituall vices, Simony,
And not t'have written then, ſeemes little leſſe
Then worſt of civill vices, thankleſſeneſſe.
In this, my doubt I ſeem'd loath to confeſſe,
In that, I ſeem'd to ſhunne beholdingneſſe.
But 'tis not ſoe, *nothing*, as I am, may,
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
By having leave to write ſo, then before:
Yet ſince rich mines in barren grounds are ſhowne,
May not I yeeld (not gold) but coale or ſtone?
Temples were not demoliſh'd, though prophane:
Here *Peter Ioves*, there *Paul* have Dian's Fane.
So whether my hymnes you admit or chuſe,
In me you'have hallowed a Pagan Muſe,

And

And denizend a ſtranger, who miſtaught
By blamers of the times they mard, hath ſought
Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe
Shine in the worlds beſt part, or all, in you.
I have beene told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts
Suffers an Oſtraciſme, and departs.
Profit, eaſe, fitneſſe, plenty, bid it goe,
But whither, only knowing you, I know;
Your, or you vertue, two vaſt uſes ſerves,
It ranſomes one ſex, and one Court preſerves;
There's nothing but your worth, which being true,
Is knowne to any other, not to you.
And you can never know it; To admit
No knowledge of your worth, it ſome of it.
But ſince to you, your praiſes diſcords bee,
Stop others ills, to meditate with mee.
Oh! to confeſſe wee know not what we ſhould,
Is halfe excuſe, wee know not what we would.
Lightneſſe depreſſeth us, emptineſſe fills,
We ſweat and faint, yet ſtill goe downe the hills;
As new Philoſophy arreſts the Sunne,
And bids the paſſive earth about it runne,
So wee have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends;
Onely the bodie's buſie, and pretends;
As dead low earth ecclipſes and controules
The quick high Moone: ſo doth the body, Soules.
In none but us, are ſuch mixt engines found,
As hands of double office: For, the ground
We till with them; and them to heav'n wee raiſe;
Who prayer-leſſe labours, or, without this, prayes,

Digitized by Google

Doth but one halfe, that's none; He which ſaid, *Plough*
And looke not back, to looke up doth allow.
Good ſeed degenerates, and oft obeyes
The ſoyles diſeaſe, and into cockle ſtrayes.
Let the minds thoughts be but tranſplanted ſo,
Into the body, and baſtardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
Wee but no forraigne tyrans could remove,
Theſe not ingrav'd, but inborne dignities
Caskets of ſoules; Temples, and Palaces:
For, bodies ſhall from death redeemed bee,
Soules but preſerv'd, not naturally free;
As men to'our priſons, new ſoules to us are ſent,
Which learne it there, and come in innocent.
Firſt ſeeds of every creature are in us,
What ere the world hath bad, or pretious,
Mans body can produce, hence hath it beene (ſeene:
That ſtones, wormes, frogges, and ſnakes in man are
But who ere ſaw, though nature can worke ſoe,
That, pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow.
We'have added to the world Virginia, and ſent
Two new ſtarres lately to the firmament;
Why grudge wee us (not heaven) the dignity
T'increaſe with ours, thoſe faire ſoules company:
But I muſt end this letter, though it doe
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Vertue hath ſome perverſeneſſe; For ſhe will
Neither beleeve her good, nor others ill,
Even in your vertues beſt paradiſe,
Vertue hath ſome, but wiſe degrees of vice:

Digitized by Google

Too many vertues, or too much of one
Begets in you unjuſt ſuſpition.
And ignorance of vice, makes vertue leſſe,
Quenching compaſſion of our wrechedneſſe.
But theſe are riddles; Some aſperſion
Of vice becomes well ſome complexion.
Stateſmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a ſpider with a toad:
For ſo, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill
And make her do much good againſt her will,
But in your Commonwealth or world in you
Vice hath no office, or good worke to doe.
Take then no vitious purge, but be content
With cordiall vertue, your knowne nouriſhment.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

On New-yeares day.

THis twilight of two yeares, not paſt nor next,
Some embleme is of mee, or I of this,
Who Meteor-like, of ſtuffe and forme perplext,
Whoſe *what*, and *where*, in diſputation is,
If I ſhould call mee *any thing*, ſhould miſſe.

Digitized by Google

I ſumme the yeares, and mee, and finde mee not
Debtor to th'old, nor Creditor to th'new,
That cannot ſay, My thankes I have forgot,
Nor truſt I this with hopes, and yet ſcarce true,
This bravery is ſince theſe time ſhew'd mee you.

In recompence I would ſhow future times (ſuch,
What you were, and teach them to'urge towards
Verſe embalmes vertue, and Tombs, or Thrones of (rimes,
Preſerve fraile tranſitory fame, as much
As ſpice doth bodies from corrupt aires touch.

Mine are ſhort liv'd, the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but diſſipates as faſt,
New ſpirit: for, ſtrong agents with the ſame
Force that doth warme and cheriſh, us doe waſt;
Kept hot with ſtrong extracts, no bodies laſt:

So, my verſe built of your juſt praiſe, might want
Reaſon and likelihood, the firmeſt Baſe,
And made of miracle, now faith is ſcant,
Will vaniſh ſoone, and ſo poſſeſſe no place,
And you, and it, too much grace might diſgrace.

When all (as truth commands aſſent) confeſſe
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
One corne of one low anthills duſt, and leſſe,
Should name know or expreſſe a thing ſo high,
And not an inch, meaſure infinity.

Digitized by Google

I cannot tell them, nor my ſelfe, nor you,
But leave, leſt truth b'endanger'd by my praiſe,
And turne to God, who knowes I thinke this true,
And uſeth oft, when ſuch a heart miſ-ſayes,
To make it good, for, ſuch a prayer prayes.

Hee will beſt teach you, how you ſhould lay out
His ſtock of *beauty, learning, favour, blood,*
He will perplex ſecurity with doubt, (you good,
And cleare thoſe doubts, hide from you, and ſhew
And ſo increaſe your appetite and food;

Hee will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloyſters, and in Court,
Indifferent there the greateſt ſpace hath got,
Some pitty is not good there, ſome vaine diſport,
On this ſide, ſinne; with that place may comport.

Yet he as hee bounds ſeas, will fixe your houres,
With pleaſure, and delight may not ingreſſe,
And though what none elſe loſt, be trulieſt yours,
Hee will make you, what you did not, poſſeſſe,
By uſing others, not vice, but weakeneſſe.

He will make you ſpeake truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt, that others doe not ſo:
Hee will provide you keyes, and locks, to ſpie,
And ſcape ſpies, to good ends, and hee will ſhow
What you may not acknowledge, what not know.

Digitized by Google

For your owne conſcience, he gives innocence,
But for your fame, a diſcreet warineſſe,
And though to ſcape, then to revenge offence
Be better, he ſhowes both, and to repreſſe
Ioy, when your ſtate ſwells, *ſadneſſe* when 'tis leſſe.

From need of teares he will defend your ſoule,
Or make a rebaptizing of one teare;
Hee cannot, (that's, he will not) diſ-inroule
Your name; and when with active joy we heare
This private Ghoſpell, then 'tis our new yeare,

To the Countesſe of Huntingdon.

MADAME,

MAn to Gods image, *Eve*, to mans was made,
Nor finde wee that God breath'd a ſoule in her,
Canons will not Church functions you invade,
Nor lawes to civill office you preferre.

Who vagrant tranſitory Comets ſees,
Wonders, becauſe they'are rare; But a new ſtarre
Whoſe motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for, there no new things are;

In woman ſo perchance milde innocence
A ſeldome comet is, but active good

Digitized by Google

A miracle, which reaſon ſcapes, and ſenſe;
For, Art and Nature this in them withſtood.

As ſuch a ſtarre, which *Magi* led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below.
By vertues beames by fame deriv'd from you,
May apt ſoules, and the worſt may vertue know.

If the worlds age, and death be argued well (bend,
By the Sunnes fall, which now towards earth doth
Then we might feare that vertue, ſince ſhe fell
So low as woman, ſhould be neare her end.

But ſhe's not ſtoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's
She was in all men, thinly ſcatter'd then, (you,
But now amaſs'd, contracted in a few.

She guilded us: But you are gold, and Shee,
Us ſhe inform'd, but tranſubſtantiates you,
Soft diſpoſitions which ductile bee,
Elixar like, ſhe makes not cleane, but new.

Though you a wifes and mothers name retaine,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not ſoe,
But vertue having made you vertue, 'is faine
T'adhere in theſe names, her and you to ſhow,

Elſe, being alike pure, wee ſhould neither ſee,
As, water being into ayre rarify'd,

Digitized by Google

Neither appeare, till in one cloud they bee,
So, for our ſakes you do low names abide;

Taught by great conſtellations, which being fram'd,
Of the moſt ſtarres, take low names, *Crab*, and *Bull*,
When ſingle planets by the *Gods* are nam'd,
You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the vaile of kindred others ſee;
To ſome ye are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a vertuous Prince farre off, to mee.

To whom, becauſe from you all vertues flow,
And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
I, which to you as your true ſubject owe
Some tribute for that, ſo theſe lines are due,

If you can thinke theſe flatteries, they are,
For then your judgement is below my praiſe,
If they were ſo, oft, flatteries worke as farre,
As Counſels, and as farre th'endeavour raiſe.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remaine a poyſon'd fountaine ſtill;
But not your beauty, vertue, knowledge, blood
Are more above all flattery, then my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
But my owne judgement, who did long agoe
Pronounce,

Digitized by Google

Pronounce, that all theſe praiſes ſhould be true,
And vertue ſhould your beauty, and birth outgrow.

Now that my propheſies are all fulfill'd,
Rather then God ſhould not be honour'd too,
And all theſe gifts confeſs'd, which hee inſtill'd,
Your ſelfe were bound to ſay thar which I doe.

So I, but your Recorder am in this,
Or mouth, or Speaker of the univerſe,
A miniſteriall notary, for 'tis
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verſe;

I was your Prophet in your yonger dayes,
And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praiſe.

To M. I. W.

ALl haile ſweet Poët, more full of more ſtrong fire,
Then hath or ſhall enkindle any ſpirit,
I lov'd what nature gave thee, but this merit
Ofwit and Art I love not but admire;
Who have before or ſhall write after thee,
Their workes, though toughly laboured, will bee
Like infancie or age to mans firme ſtay,
Or earely and late twilights to mid-day.

Digitized by Google

Men ſay, and truly, that they better be
Which be envyed then pittied: therefore I,
Becauſe I wiſh thee beſt, doe thee envie:
O wouldſt thou, by like reaſon, pitty mee,
But care not for mee, I, that ever was
In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, (alas,
Before by thy grace got in th' Muſes Schoole)
A monſter and a begger, am a foole.

Oh how I grieve, that late borne modeſty
Hath got ſuch root in eaſie waxen hearts, (parts
That men may not themſelves, their owne good
Extoll, without ſuſpect of ſarquedrie,
For, but thy ſelfe, no ſubject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill reſound
Thy worke but thine: how good it were to ſee
A Poëm in thy praiſe, and writ by thee.

Now if this ſong be too'harſh for rime, yet, as
The Painters bad god made a good devill,
'Twill be good proſe, although the verſe be evill.
If thou forget the rime as thou doſt paſſe,
Then write, then I may follow, and ſo bee
Thy debter, thy'eccho, thy foyle, thy zanee.
I ſhall be thought, if mine like thine I ſhape,
All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

To

Digitized by Google

To M. T. W.

HAſt thee harſh verſe as faſt as thy lame meaſure
Will give thee leave, to him; My pain, & pleaſure
I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,
Feete and a reaſoning ſoule and tongue to ſpeake.
Tell him, all queſtions, which men have defended
Both of the place and paines of hell, are ended;
And 'tis decreed our hell is but privation
Of him, at leaſt in this earths habitation:
And 'tis where I am, where in every ſtreet
Infections follow, overtake, and meete:
Live I or die, by you my love is ſent,
And you'are my pawnes, or elſe my Teſtament.

To M. T. W.

PRegnant again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare,
Oft have I askt for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were;

As in our ſtreets fly beggers narrowly
Watch motions of the givers hand or eye,
And evermore conceive ſome hope thereby.

And

Digitized by Google

And now thy Almes is given, thy letter'is read,
The body riſen againe, the which was dead,
And thy poore ſtarveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my Soule doth ſay grace,
And praiſe thee for'it, and zealouſly imbrace
Thy love, though I thinke thy love in this caſe
To be as gluttons, which ſay 'midſt their meat,
They love that beſt of which they moſt do eat.

At once, from hence, my lines and I depart,
I to my ſoft ſtill walks, they to my Heart;
I to the Nurſe, they to the child of Art;

Yet as a firme houſe, though the Carpenter
Periſh, doth ſtand: as an Embaſſadour
Lyes ſafe, how e'r his king be in danger:

So, though I languiſh, preſt with Malancholy,
My verſe, the ſtrict Map of my miſery,
Shall live to ſee that, for whoſe want I dye.

Therefore I envie them, and doe repent,
That from unhappy mee, things happy'are ſent;
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
Accept theſe lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love beſtow that love on mee.

To

Digitized by Google

To M. C. B.

THy friend, whom thy deſerts to thee enchaine,
Urg'd by this unexcuſable occaſion,
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine;
And let the love I beare to both ſuſtaine
No blott nor maime by this diviſion,
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And ſtrong that love purſu'd with amorous paine;
But though beſides thy ſelfe I leave behind
Heavens liberall and earths thrice-faire Sunne,
Going to where ſterne winter aye doth wonne,
Yet, loves hot fires, which martyr my ſad minde,
Doe ſend forth ſcalding ſighes, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart,

Digitized by Google

To M. S. B.

O Thou which to search out the secret parts
Of the India, or rather Paradise
Of knowledge, hast with courage and advise
Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
Disdaine not in thy constant travailing
To doe as other Voyagers, and make
Some turnes into lesse Creekes, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring;
I sing not, Siren like, to tempt; for I
Am harsh, nor as these Schismatiques with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seing in you bright sparkes of Poetry,
I, though I brought no fuell, had desire
With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire.

To

To M. B. B.

IS not thy ſacred hunger of ſcience
Yet ſatisfy'd? Is not thy braines rich hive
Fulfil'd with hony which thou doſt derive
From the Arts ſpirits and their Quinteſſence?
Then weane thy ſelfe at laſt, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge thy old nurſe, and, as the reſt,
Here toughly chew, and ſturdily digeſt
Th'immenſe vaſt volumes of our common law;
And begin ſoone, leſt my griefe grieve thee too,
Which is, that that which I ſhould have begun
In my youthes morning, now late muſt be done;
And I, as Giddy Travellers, muſt doe,
Which ſtray or ſleepe all day, and having loſt
Light and ſtrength, darke and tir'd muſt then ride (poſt,

If thou unto thy Muſe be marryed,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
Be far from me that ſtrange Adulterie
To tempt thee and procure her widdowhood,
My nurſe, (for I had one,) becauſe I am cold,
Divorc'd her ſelfe, the cauſe being in me,
That I can take no new in Bigamye,
Not my will only but power doth withhold.
Hence comes it, that theſe Rymes which never had
Mother, want matter, and they only have

Digitized by Google

A little forme, the which their Father gave;
They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad
To be counted Children of Poetry
Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee.

To M. R. W.

IF, as mine is, thy life a slumber be, (me,
Seeme, when thou read'st these lines, to dreame of
Never did Morpheus nor his brother weare
Shapes soe like those Shapes, whom they would ap-
As this my letter is like me, for it (peare,
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, minde and
It is my deed of gift of mee to thee, (wit;
It is my Will, my selfe the Legacie.
So thy retyrings I love, yea envie,
Bred in thee by a wise melancholy,
That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
As kindly as any enamored Patient
His Picture to his absent Love hath sent.

All newes I thinke sooner reach thee then mee;
Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
The which both Gospell, and sterne threatnings bring;
Guyanaes harvest is nip'd in the spring,
I feare; And with us (me thinkes) Fate deales so

As

Digitized by Google

As with the Jewes guide God did; he did ſhow
Him the rich land, but bar'd his entry in,
Our ſlownes is our puniſhment and ſinne;
Perchance, theſe Spaniſh buſineſſe being done,
Which as the Earth betweene the Moone and Sun
Eclipſe the light which Guyana would give,
Our diſcontinued hopes we ſhall retrive:
But if (as All th' All muſt) hopes ſmoake away,
Is not Almightie Vertue'an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
Some thing to anſwere in ſome proportion
All the worlds riches: And in good men, this
Vertue, our formes forme and our ſoules ſoule is.

To M. I. L.

OF that ſhort Roll of friends writ in my heart
Which with thy name begins, ſince their depart,
Whether in the Engliſh Provinces they be,
Or drinke of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,
There's none that ſometimes greets us not, and yet
Your Trent is Lethe', that paſt, us you forget,
You doe not duties of Societies,
If from the embrace of a lov'd wife you riſe, (fields,
View your fat Beaſts, ſtretch'd Barnes, and labour'd
Eate, play, ryde, take all joyes which all day yeelds,

Digitized by Google

And then againe to your embracements goe:
Some houres on us your frends, and some bestow
Upon your Muse, else both wee shall repent,
I that my love, she that her guifts on you are spent

To M. I. P.

BLest are your North parts, for all this long time
My Sun is with you, cold and darke is our Clime;
Heavens Sun, which staid so long from us this yeare,
Staid in your North (I thinke) for she was there,
And hether by kinde nature drawne from thence,
Here rages chafes and threatens pestilence;
Yet I, as long as shee from hence doth staie,
Thinke this no South, no Sommer, nor no day.
With thee my kinde and unkinde heart is run,
There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun:
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
As suddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beasts;
So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever weare
A greene, and when thee list a golden haire;
So may all thy sheepe bring forth Twins, and so
In chace and race may thy horse all out goe;
So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold;
Thy Sonne ne'r Ward; Thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old;
But maist thou wish great things, and them attaine,
As thou telst her and none but her my paine.

To

Digitized by Google

To E. of D. with six holy Sonnets.

SEE Sir, how as the Suns hot Masculine flame
Begets strange creatures on Niles durty slime,
In me, your fatherly yet lusty Ryme (same;
(For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the
But though the ingendring force from whence they
Bee strong enough, and nature doe admit (came
Seaven to be borne at once, I send as yet
But six, they say, the seaventh hath still some maime;
I choose your judgement, which the same degree
Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these drossie Rymes to purifie,
Or as Elixar, to change them to gold.
You are that Alchimist which alwaies had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

To

To Sir *H. W.* at his going Ambaſſador to *Venice.*

AFter thoſe reverend papers, whoſe ſoule is (name,
Our good and great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almoſt the ſame,

A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ
From his Originall, and a faire beame
Of the ſame warme, and dazeling Sun, though it
Muſt in another Sphere his vertue ſtreame:

After thoſe learned papers which your hand
Hath ſtor'd with notes of uſe and pleaſures too,
From which rich treaſury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or doe:

After thoſe loving papers, where friends ſend
With glad griefe, to your Sea-ward ſteps, farewel,
Which thicken on you now, as prayers aſcend
To heaven in troupes at a good mans paſſing bell:

Admit this honeſt paper, and allow
It ſuch an audience as your ſelfe would aske;
What you muſt ſay at Venice this meanes now,
And hath for nature, what you have for taske.

To

To ſweare much love, not to be chang'd before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor ſhall I then honour your fortune, more
Then I have done your honour wanting it.

But 'tis an eaſier load (though both oppreſſe)
To want, then governe greatneſſe, for wee are
In that, our owne and onely buſineſſe,
In this, wee muſt for others vices care;

'Tis therefore well your ſpirits now are plac'd
In their laſt Furnace, in activity;
Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and warres
To touch and teſt in any beſt degree. (o'rpaſt)

For mee, (if there be ſuch a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be ſuch a thing as ſhee)
Spies that I beare ſo well her tyranny,
That ſhe thinks nothing elſe ſo fit for mee;

But though ſhe part us, to heare my oft prayers
For your increaſe, God is as neere mee here;
And to ſend you what I ſhall begge, his ſtaires
In length and eaſe are alike every where.

To M. M. H.

MAd paper ſtay, and grudge not here to burne
With all thoſe ſonnes whom my braine did
At leſt lye hid with mee, till thou returne. (create,
To rags againe, which is thy native ſtate.

What though thou have enough unworthineſſe
To come unto great place as others doe,
That's much, emboldens, pulls, thruſts I confeſſe,
But 'tis not all, thou ſhould'ſt be wicked too.

And, that thou canſt not learne, or not of mee;
Yet thou wilt goe, Goe, ſince thou goeſt to her
Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for ſhee,
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares preferre.

But when thou com'ſt to that perplexing eye
Which equally claimes *love* and *reverence*,
Thou wilt not long diſpute it, thou wilt die;
And, having little now, have then no ſenſe.

Yet when her warme redeeming hand, which is
A miracle; and made ſuch to worke more,
Doth touch thee (ſaples leafe) thou grow'ſt by this
Her creature; glorify'd more then before.

Then

Then as a mother which delights to heare
Her early child miſpeake halfe uttered words,
Or, becauſe majeſty doth never feare
Ill or bold ſpeech, ſhe Audience affords.

And then, cold ſpeechleſſe wretch, thou dieſt againe,
And wiſely; what diſcourſe is left for thee?
For, ſpeech of ill, and her thou muſt abſtaine,
And is there any good which is not ſhee?

Yet maiſt thou praiſe her ſervants, though not her,
And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend,
And ſince they are but her cloathes, thou ſhalt not erre
If thou her ſhape and beauty and grace commend.

Who knowes thy deſtiny? when thou haſt done,
Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits doe runne,
A neſt almoſt as full of Good as ſhee.

When thou art there, if any, whom wee know,
Were ſav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When ſhe revolves his papers, marke what ſhow
Of favour, ſhe alone, to them doth make.

Marke, if to get them, ſhe o'r skip the reſt,
Marke, if ſhee read them twice, or kiſſe the name;
Marke, if ſhe doe the ſame that they proteſt,
Marke, if ſhe marke whether her woman came.

Digitized by Google

Marke, if ſlight things be'objected, and o'r blowne,
Marke, if her oathes againſt him be not ſtill
Reſerv'd, and that ſhee grieves ſhe's not her owne,
And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

I bid thee not doe this to be my ſpie;
Nor to make my ſelfe her familiar;
But ſo much I doe love her choyce, that I
Would faine love him that ſhall be lov'd of her.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

HOnour is ſo ſublime perfection,
And ſo refinde; that when God was alone
And creatureleſſe at firſt, himſelfe had none;

But as of the elements, theſe which wee tread,
Produce all things with which wee'are joy'd or fed,
And, thoſe are barren both above our head:

So from low perſons doth all honour flow;
Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us ſhow,
And but *direct* our honour, not *beſtow*.

For when from herbs the pure part muſt be wonne
From groſſe, by Stilling, this is better done
By deſpiſ'd dung, then by the fire or Sunne:

Care

Care not then, Madame, how low your prayſes lye;
In labourers balads oft more piety
God findes, then in *Te Deums* melodie.

And, ordinance rais'd on Towers ſo many mile
Send not their voice, nor laſt ſo long a while
As fires from th'earths low vaults in *Sicil* Iſle.

Should I ſay I liv'd darker then were true,
Your radiation can all clouds ſubdue,
But one, 'tis beſt light to contemplate you.

You, for whoſe body God made better clay,
Or tooke Soules ſtuffe ſuch as ſhall late decay,
Or ſuch as needs ſmall change at the laſt day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,
Covering diſcovers your quicke Soule; that we (fee.
May in your through-ſhine front our hearts thoughts

You teach (though wee learne not) a thing unknowne
To our late times, the uſe of ſpecular ſtone,
Through which all things within without were ſhown.

Of ſuch were Temples, ſo and ſuch you are;
Beeing and *ſeeming* is your equall care,
And *vertues* whole *ſumme* is but *know* and *dare*.

Digitized by Google

But as our Soules of growth and Soules of ſenſe
Have birthright of our reaſons Soule, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor ſeeke preſidence.

Natures firſt leſſon, ſo, diſcretion,
Muſt not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keepe none,
Not baniſh it ſelfe, nor religion.

Diſcretion is a wiſemans Soule, and ſo
Religion is a Chriſtians, and you know
How theſe are one, her yea, is not her no.

Nor may we hope to ſodder ſtill and knit
Theſe two, and dare to breake them; nor muſt wit
Be colleague to religion, but be it.

In thoſe poore types of God (round circles) ſo
Religions tipes, the peecleſſe centers flow,
And are in all the lines which alwayes goe.

If either ever wrought in you alone
Or principally, then religion
Wrought your ends, and your wayes diſcretion.

Goe thither ſtil, goe the ſame way you went,
Who ſo would change, do covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

Digitized by Google

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

Begun in France but never perfected.

THough I be *dead*, and buried, yet I have
(Living in you,) Court enough in my grave,
As oft as there I thinke my ſelfe to bee,
So many reſurrections waken mee.
That thankfullneſſe your favours have begot
In mee, embalmes mee; that I doe not rot;
This ſeaſon as 'tis Eaſter, as 'tis ſpring,
Muſt both to growth and to confeſſion bring
My thoughts diſpos'd unto your influence, ſo,
Theſe verſes bud, ſo theſe confeſſions grow;
Firſt I confeſſe I have to others lent
Your ſtock, and over prodigally ſpent
Your treaſure, for ſince I had never knowne
Vertue or beautie, but as they are growne
In you, I ſhould not thinke or ſay they ſhine,
(So as I have) in any other Mine;
Next I confeſſe this my confeſſion,
For, 'tis ſome fault thus much to touch upon,
Your praiſe to you, where halfe rights ſeeme too much,
And make your minds ſincere complexion bluſh.
Next I confeſſe my impenitence, for I
Can ſcarce repent my firſt fault, ſince thereby
Remote low Spirits, which ſhall ne'r read you,
May in leſſe leſſons finde enough to doe,
By ſtudying copies, not Originals,

Deſunt cætera.

To

A Letter to the Lady Carey, and Mrs Eſſex Riche, From Amyens.

MADAME,

HEre where by All All Saints invoked are,
'Twere too much ſchiſme to be ſingular,
And 'gainſt a practiſe generall to warre.

Yet turning to Saincts, ſhould my'humility
To other Sainct then you directed bee,
That were to make my ſchiſme, hereſie.

Nor would I be a Convertite ſo cold,
As not to tell it; If this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply ſold.

Where, becauſe Faith is in too low degree,
I thought it ſome Apoſtleſhip in mee
To ſpeake things which by faith alone I ſee.

That is, of you, who is a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is growne, or ſpent,
They'are your materials, not your ornament.

Others whom wee call vertuous, are not ſo
In their whole ſubſtance, but, their vertues grow
But in their humours, and at ſeaſons ſhow.

For

Digitized by Google

For when through taſtleſſe flat humilitie
In dow bak'd men ſome harmleſſenes we ſee,
'Tis but his *flegme* that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee:

Soe is the Blood ſometimes; who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was than
No better then a *ſanguine* Vertuous man.

So cloyſterall men, who, in pretence of feare
All contributions to this life forbeare,
Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and only there.

Spirituall *Cholerique* Crytiques, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, through their zeale, Vertue but in their Gall.

We'are thus but parcel guilt; to Gold we'are growne
When Vertue is our Soules complexion;
Who knowes his Vertues name or place, hath none.

Vertue'is but aguiſh, when 'tis ſeverall,
By occaſion wak'd, and circumſtantiall.
True vertue is *Soule*, Alwaies in all deeds *All*.

This Vertue thinking to give dignitie
To your ſoule, found there no infirmitie,
For, your ſoule was as good Vertue, as ſhee;

Digitized by Google

Shee therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is ſcarce leſſe then ſoule, as ſhe could do,
And ſo hath made your beauty, Vertue too.

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts,
As Others, with prophane and ſenſuall Darts,
But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts.

But if ſuch friends by the honor of your ſight
Grow capable of this ſo great a light,
As to partake your vertues, and their might,

What muſt I thinke that influence muſt doe,
Where it findes ſympathie and matter too,
Vertue, and beauty of the ſame ſtuffe, as you?

Which is, your noble worthie ſiſter, ſhee
Of whom, if what in this my Extaſie
And revelation of you both I ſee,

I ſhould write here, as in ſhort Galleries
The Maſter at the end large glaſſes ties,
So to preſent the roome twice to our eyes,

So I ſhould give this letter length, and ſay
That which I ſaid of you, there is no way
From either, but by the other not to ſtray.

Digitized by Google

May therefore this be enough to teſtifie
My true devotion, free from flattery;
He that beleeves himſelfe, doth never lie:

To the Counteſſe of Salisbury. Auguſt. 1614.

FAire, great, and good, ſince ſeeing you, wee ſee
What Heaven can doe, and what any Earth can be:
Since now your beauty ſhines, now when the Sunne
Growne ſtale, is to ſo low a value runne,
That his diſſhevel'd beames and ſcattered fires
Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres
In lovers Sonnets: you come to repaire
Gods booke of creatures, teaching what is faire.
Since now, when all is withered, ſhrunke, and dri'd,
All Vertues ebb'd out to a dead low tyde,
All the worlds frame being crumbled into ſand,
Where every man thinks by himſelfe to ſtand,
Integritie, friendſhip, and confidence,
(Ciments of greatnes) being vapor'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little ſhares,
Court, Citie, Church, are all ſhops of ſmall-wares;
All having blowne to ſparkes their noble fire,
And drawne their ſound gold-ingot into wyre;
All trying by a love of littleneſſe
To make abridgments, and to draw to leſſe,
Even that nothing, which at firſt we were;

Digitized by Google

Since in theſe times, your greatneſſe doth appeare,
And that we learne by it, that man to get
Towards him, thats infinite, muſt firſt be great.
Since in an age ſo ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuſe, much leſſe mend it,
(For who can judge, or witneſſe of thoſe times
Where all alike are guiltie of the crimes?)
Where he that would be good, is thought by all
A monſter, or at beſt fantaſticall:
Since now you durſt be good, and that I doe
Diſcerne, by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of faire, great, good,
Through your light, largeneſſe, vertue underſtood:
If in this ſacrifice of mine, be ſhowne
Any ſmall ſparke of theſe, call it your owne.
And if things like theſe, have been ſaid by mee
Of others; call not that Idolatrie.
For had God made man firſt, and man had ſeene
The third daies fruits, and flowers, and various greene
He might have ſaid the beſt that he could ſay
Of thoſe faire creatures, which were made that day:
And when next day he had admir'd the birth
Of Sun, Moone, Stars, fairer then late-praiſ'd earth,
Hee might have ſaid the beſt that he could ſay,
And not be chid for praiſing yeſterday:
So though ſome things are not together true,
As, that another is worthieſt, and, that you:
Yet, to ſay ſo, doth not condemne a man,
If when he ſpoke them, they were both true than.
How faire a proofe of this, in our ſoule growes?

Wee

Wee first have soules of growth, and sense, and those,
When our last soule, our soule immortall came,
Were swallowed into it, and have no name.
Nor doth he injure those soules, which doth cast
The power and praise of both them, on the last;
No more doe I wrong any; I adore
The same things now, which I ador'd before,
The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
In a low constable, and in the King
I reverence; His power to worke on mee;
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of faire, great, good, but more, now I am come
From having found their *walkes*, to finde their *home*.
And as I owe my first soules thankes, that they
For my last soule did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whose worth,
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great lesson, thus to study you;
Which none, not reading others, first, could doe.
Nor lacke I light to read this booke, though I
In a darke Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie;
For as your fellow Angells, so you doe
Illustrate them who come to study you.
The first whom we in Histories doe finde
To have profest all Arts, was one borne blind:
He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as wee,
Not those, by which Angels are seene and see;
So, though I am borne without those eyes to live,
Which fortune, who hath none her selfe, doth give,
Which are, fit meanes to see bright courts and you,

Digitized by Google

Yet may I see you thus, as now I doe,
I shall by that, all goodnesse have discern'd,
And though I burne my librarie, be learn'd.

An Epithalamion, Or mariage Song on the Lady Elizabeth, *and* Count Palatine *being married on St.* Valentines *day.*

I.

HAile Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the Aire is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choristers
And other birds are thy Parishioners,
Thou marryest every yeare
The Lirique Larke, and the grave whispering Dove,
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household Bird, with the red stomacher,
Thou mak'st the black bird speed as soone,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcyon;
The husband cocke lookes out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully then ever shine.
This day, which might enflame thy self, Old Valentine.

II.

Till now, Thou warmd'st with multiplying loves
Two larkes, two ſparrowes, or two Doves,
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two Phœnixes,
Thou mak'ſt a Taper ſee
What the ſunne never ſaw, and what the Arke
(Which was of foules, and beaſts, the cage, and park,)
Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee,
Two Phœnixes, whoſe joyned breaſts
Are unto one another mutuall neſts,
Where motion kindles ſuch fires, as ſhall give
Yong Phœnixes, and yet the old ſhall live.
Whoſe love and courage never ſhall decline,
But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

III.

Up then faire Phœnix Bride, fruſtrate the Sunne,
Thy ſelfe from thine affection
Takeſt warmth enough, and from thine eye
All leſſer birds will take their Jollitie.
Up, up, faire Bride, and call,
Thy ſtarres, from out their ſeverall boxes, take
Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make
Thy ſelfe a conſtellation, of them All,
And by their blazing, ſignifie,
That a Great Princeſs falls, but doth not die;
Bee thou a new ſtarre, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder; And be Thou thoſe ends,
Since thou doſt this day in new glory ſhine,
May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine.

IIII.

Digitized by Google

IIII.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
Meeting Another, growes the same,
So meet thy Fredericke, and so
To an unseparable union goe,
Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but one, can disunite.
You'are twice inseparable, great, and one;
Goe then to where the Bishop staies,
To make you one, his way, which divers waies
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that you'are one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left, your selves to'entwine,
Besides this Bishops knot, O Bishop Valentine.

V.

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he staies,
Longer to day, then other daies?
Staies he new light from these to get?
And finding here such store, is loth to set?
And why doe you two walke,
So slowly pac'd in this procession?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle, and talke?
The feast, with gluttonous delaies,
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,

The

Digitized by Google

The maſquers come too late, and I thinke, will ſtay,
Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
Alas, did not Antiquity aſſigne
A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine?

VI.

They did, and night is come; and yet wee ſee
Formalities retarding thee.
What meane theſe Ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in peeces,) goe
So nicely about the Bride;
A Bride, before a good night could be ſaid,
Should vaniſh from her cloathes, into her bed,
As Soules from bodies ſteale, and are not ſpy'd.
But now ſhe is laid; What though ſhee bee?
Yet there are more delayes, For, where is he?
He comes, and paſſes through Spheare after Spheare;
Firſt her ſheetes, then her Armes, then any where,
Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII.

Here lyes a ſhee Sunne, and a hee Moone here,
She gives the beſt light to his Spheare,
Or each is both, and all, and ſo
They unto one another nothing owe,
And yet they doe, but are
So juſt and rich in that coyne which they pay,

Digitized by Google

That neither would, nor needs forbeare, nor ſtay,
Neither deſires to be ſpar'd, nor to ſpare,
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittance, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and ſo let fall
No ſuch occaſion to be liberall.
More truth, more courage in theſe two do ſhine,
Then all thy turtles have, and ſparrows, Valentine.

VIII.

And by this act of theſe two Phenixes
Nature againe reſtored is,
For ſince theſe two are two no more,
Ther's but one Phenix ſtill, as was before.
Reſt now at laſt, and wee
As Satyres watch the Sunnes upriſe, will ſtay
Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day.
Onely deſir'd, becauſe your face wee ſee;
Others neare you ſhall whiſpering ſpeake,
And wagers lay, at which ſide day will breake,
And win by obſerving, then, whoſe hand it is
That opens firſt a curtaine, hers or his;
This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
Till which houre, wee thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

Digitized by Google

ECCLOGVE.

1613. December 26.

Allophanes *finding* Idios *in the country in Christmas time, reprehends his absence from court, at the mariage of the Earle of Sommerset,* Idios *gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his absence thence.*

Allophanes.

VNseasonable man, statue of ice,
What could to countries solitude entice
Thee, in this yeares cold and decrepit time?
Natures instinct drawes to the warmer clime
Even small birds, who by that courage dare,
In numerous fleets, saile through their Sea, the aire;
What delicacie can in fields appeare,
Whil'st Flora'herselfe doth a freeze jerkin weare?
Whil'st windes do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leafes, to furnish roddes enough to whip
Thy madnesse from thee; and all springs by frost
Have taken cold, and their sweet murmures lost;
If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament
With just solemnity, do it in Lent;
At Court the spring already advanced is,
The Sunne stayes longer up; and yet not his
The glory is, farre other, other fires.
First, zeale to Prince and State; then loves desires

Digitized by Google

Burne in one breſt, and like heavens two great lights,
The firſt doth governe dayes, the other nights.
And then that early light, which did appeare
Before the Sunne and Moone created were;
The Princes favour is defus'd o'r all,
From which all Fortunes, Names, and Natures fall;
Then from thoſe wombes of ſtarres, the Brides bright
At every glance, a conſtellation flyes, (eyes,
And ſowes the Court with ſtarres, and doth prevent
In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament;
Firſt her eyes kindles other Ladies eyes,
Then from their beames their jewels luſters riſe,
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good deſire;
Moſt other Courts, alas, are like to hell, (dwell:
Where in darke places, fire without light doth
Or but like Stoves, for luſt and envy get
Continuall, but artificiall heat;
Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds diſgeſt,
And make our Court an everlaſting Eaſt.
And can'ſt thou be from thence?

Idios. No, I am there
As heaven, to men diſpos'd, is every where,
So are thoſe Courts, whoſe Princes animate,
Not onely all their houſe, but all their State;
Let no man thinke, becauſe he is full, he hath all,
Kings (as their patterne, God) are liberall
Not onely in fulneſſe, but capacitie,
Enlarging narrow men, to feele and ſee,

And

Digitized by Google

And comprehend the bleſſings they beſtow.
So, reclus'd hermits often times do know
More of heavens glory, then a worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man,
Is an epitome of Gods great booke
Of creatures, and man need no farther looke;
So is the Country of Courts, where ſweet peace doth,
As their one common ſoule, give life to both,
I am not then from Court.

Alophanes.

Dreamer, thou art,
Think'ſt thou fantaſtique that thou haſt a part
In the Indian fleet, becauſe thou haſt
A little ſpice, or Amber in thy taſte?
Becauſe thou art not frozen, art thou warme?
Seeſt thou all good becauſe thou ſeeſt no harme?
The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuffe well diſpos'd, and which would faine be gold,
But never ſhall, except it chance to lye,
So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;
As, for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for beſt civill uſe, all tinctures move
From higher powers; From God religion ſprings,
Wiſdome, and honour from the uſe of Kings.
Then unbeguile thy ſelfe, and know with mee,
That Angels, though on earth employd they bee,
Are ſtill in heav'n, ſo is hee ſtill at home
That doth, abroad, to honeſt actions come.
Chide thy ſelfe then, O foole, which yeſterday

Digitized by Google

Might'ſt have read more then all thy books bewray;
Haſt thou a hiſtory, which doth preſent
A Court, where all affections do aſſent
Unto the Kings, and that, that Kings are juſt?
And where it is no levity to truſt.
Where there is no ambition, but to'obey,
Where men need whiſper nothing, and yet may;
Where the Kings favours are ſo plac'd, that all
Finde that the King therein is liberall
To them, in him, becauſe his favours bend
To vertue, to the which they all pretend.
Thou haſt no ſuch; yet here was this, and more,
An earneſt lover, wiſe then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath ſued Livery,
And is no more in his minority,
Hee is admitted now into that breſt
Where the Kings Counſells and his ſecrets reſt.
What haſt thou loſt, O ignorant man?

Idios.

I knew
All this, and onely therefore I withdrew
To know and feele all this, and not to have
Words to expreſſe it, makes a man a grave
Of his owne thoughts; I would not therefore ſtay
At a great feaſt, having no Grace to ſay,
And yet I ſcap'd not here; for being come
Full of the common joy; I utter'd ſome,
Reade then this nuptiall ſong, which was not made
Either the Court or mens hearts to invade,

But

Digitized by Google

But since I'am dead, and buried, I could frame
No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
So much as this poore song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

I.

The time of the Mariage.

THou art repriv'd old yeare, thou shalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death bed lye,
And should'st within five dayes expire
Yet thou art rescu'd by a mightier fire,
Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,
When he doth in his largest circle runne.
The passage of the West or East would thaw,
And open wide their easie liquid jawe
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the Northerne Pole impart
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving
(heart.

Digitized by Google

II.

Equality of persons.

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple, dost thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be tryed by beauty, and than
The bridegroome is a maid, and not a man,
If by that manly courage they be tryed,
Which scornes unjust opinion; then the bride
Becomes a man. Should chance or envies Art
Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part?
Since both have th'enflaming eye, and both the loving
(heart.

III.

Raysing of the Bridegroome.

Though it be some divorce to thinke of you
Single, so much one are you two,
Let me here contemplate thee,
First, cheerfull Bridegroome, and first let mee see,
How thou prevent'st the Sunne,
And his red foming horses dost outrunne,
How, having laid downe in thy Soveraignes brest

All

All buſineſſes, from thence to reinveſt
Them, when theſe triumphs ceaſe, thou forward art
To ſhew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IIII.

Raiſing of the Bride.

But now, to Thee, faire Bride, it is ſome wrong,
To thinke thou wert in Bed ſo long,
Since Soone thou lyeſt downe firſt, tis fit
Thou in firſt riſing ſhould'ſt allow for it,
Pouder thy Radiant haire,
Which if without ſuch aſhes thou would'ſt weare,
Thou, which, to all which come to looke upon,
Are meant for, Phœbus, would'ſt be Phaëton,
For our eaſe, give thine eyes, th'unuſuall part
Of joy, a Teare; ſo quencht, thou maiſt impart, (heart.
To us that come, thy inflaming eyes, to him, thy loving

Digitized by Google

V.

Her Apparrelling.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmitie,
Who can the Sun in water see.
Soe dost thou, when in silke and gold,
Thou cloudst thy selfe; since wee which doe behold,
Are dust, and wormes, 'tis just
Our objects be the fruits of wormes and dust;
Let every Jewell be a glorious starre,
Yet starres are not so pure, as their spheares are.
And though thou stoope, to'appeare to us, in part,
Still in that Picture thou intirely art, (ving heart.
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his lo-

VI.

Going to the Chappell.

Now from your Easts you issue forth, and wee,
As men which through a Cipres see
The rising sun, doe thinke it two,
Soe, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you,
But that vaile being gone,
By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.
The Church Triumphant made this match before,
And now the Militant doth strive no more,

Then

Then, reverend Prieſt, who Gods Recorder art,
Doe, from his Dictates, to theſe two impart
All bleſſings, which are ſeene, Or thought, by Angels (eye or heart,

VII.

The Benediction.

Bleſt payre of Swans, Oh may you interbring
Daily new joyes, and never ſing,
Live, till all grounds of wiſhes faile,
Till honor, yea till wiſedome grow ſo ſtale,
That, new great heights to trie,
It muſt ſerve your ambition, to die;
Raiſe heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live
Heires from this King, to take thankes, you, to give,
Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art,
May never age, or error overthwart
With any Weſt, theſe radiant eyes, with any North, (this heart,

Digitized by Google

VIII.

Feasts and Revells.

But you are over-bleſt. Plenty this day
Injures; it cauſeth time to ſtay;
The tables groane, as though this feaſt
Would, as the flood, deſtroy all fowle and beaſt.
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revell goes.
They tread the ayre, and fal not where they roſe.
Though ſix houres ſince, the Sunne to bed did part,
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A ſunſet to theſe weary eyes, A Center to this heart.

IX.

The Brides going to bed.

What mean'ſt thou Bride, this companie to keep?
To ſit up, till thou faine would'ſt ſleep?
Thou maiſt not, when thou art laid, doe ſo.
Thy ſelfe muſt to him a new banquet grow,
And you muſt entertaine
And doe all this daies dances o'r againe.
Know that if Sun and Moone together doe
Riſe in one point, they doe not ſet ſo to,

Therefore

Digitized by Google

Therefore thou maiſt, faire Bride, to bed depart,
Thou art not gone, being gone, where e'r thou art,
Thou leav'ſt in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy lo-
(ving heart.

X.

The Bridegroomes comming.

As he that ſees a ſtarre fall, runs apace,
And findes a gellie in the place,
So doth the Bridegroome haſt as much,
Being told this ſtarre is falne, and findes her ſuch,
And as friends may looke ſtrange,
By a new faſhion, or apparrells change,
Their ſoules, though long acquainted they had beene,
Theſe clothes, their bodies, never yet had ſeene.
Therefore at firſt ſhee modeſtly might ſtart,
But muſt forthwith ſurrender every part,
As freely, as each to each before, gave either eye or
(heart.

XI.

The good-night.

Now, as in Tullias tombe, one lampe burnt cleare,
Unchang'd for fifteene hundred yeare,
May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine,
Fire ever doth aspire,
And makes all like it selfe, turnes all to fire,
But ends in ashes, which these cannot doe,
For none of these is fuell, but fire too.
This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves strong Arts
Make of so noble individuall parts
One fire of foure inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts.

Idios.

As I have brought this song, that I may doe
A perfect sacrifice, I'll burne it too.

Allophanes.

No Sr. This paper I have justly got,
For, in burnt incense, the perfume is not
His only that presents it, but of all,
What ever celebrates this Festivall
Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
Nor may your selfe be Priest: But let me goe,

Back

Backe to the Court, and I will lay'it upon
Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne.

THe Sun-beames in the East are spred,
Leave, leave, faire Bride, your solitary bed,
No more shall you returne to it alone,
It nourseth sadnesse, and your bodies print,
Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint;
You and your other you meet there anon; (thigh,
Put forth, put forth that warme balme-breathing
Which whē next time you in these sheets wil smother
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh;
Come glad from thence, goe gladder then you came,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Daughters of London, you which bee
Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasurie,
You which are Angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of Angels on your mariage daies,
Help with your presence, and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dresse her, and be assign'd,
By you, fit place for every flower and jewell,
Make her for love fit fewell
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde;

So

Digitized by Google

So may ſhee faire and rich, in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

And you frolique Patricians
Some of theſe Senators wealths deep oceans,
Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others wits,
Yee country men, who but your beaſts love none,
Yee of thoſe fellowſhips whereof hee's one,
Of ſtudy and play made ſtrange Hermaphrodits,
Here ſhine; This Bridegroom to the Temple bring
Loe, in yon path which ſtore of ſtraw'd flowers gra-
The ſober virgin paceth; (ceth,
Except my ſight faile, 'tis no other thing;
Weep not nor bluſh, here is no griefe nor ſhame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,
And theſe two in thy ſacred boſome hold,
Till, myſtically joyn'd, but one they bee;
Then may thy leane and hunger-ſtarved wombe
Long time expect their bodies and their tombe,
Long after their owne parents fatten thee;
All elder claimes, and all cold barrenneſſe,
All yeelding to new loves bee far for ever,
Which might theſe two diſſever,
Alwaies, all th'other may each one poſſeſſe;
For, the beſt Bride, beſt worthy of praiſe and fame,
To day puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Winter dayes bring much delight,
Not for themſelves, but for they ſoon bring night;

Other

Other ſweets wait thee then theſe diverſe meats,
Other diſports then dancing jollities,
Other love tricks then glancing with the eyes;
But that the Sun ſtill in our halfe Sphere ſweates;
Hee flies in winter, but he now ſtands ſtill,
Yet ſhadowes turne; Noone point he hath attain'd,
His ſteeds will bee reſtrain'd,
But gallop lively downe the Weſterne hill;
Thou ſhalt, when he hath come the worlds half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

The amorous evening ſtarre is roſe,
Why then ſhould not our amorous ſtarre incloſe
Her ſelfe in her wiſh'd bed? Releaſe your ſtrings
Muſicians, and dancers take ſome truce
With theſe your pleaſing labours, for great uſe
As much wearineſſe as perfection brings;
You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beaſts
Reſt duly; at night all their toyles are diſpenſed;
But in their beds commenced
Are other labours, and more dainty feaſts;
She goes a maid, who, leaſt ſhe turne the ſame,
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy virgins girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptiall bed [loves alter] lye
A pleaſing ſacrifice; now diſpoſſeſſe
Thee of theſe chaines and robes which wee put on
T'adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
Like vertue'and truth, art beſt in nakedneſſe;

Digitized by Google

This bed is onely to virginitie
A grave, but, to a better ſtate, a cradle;
Till now thou waſt but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be ſaid, *I may bee*, but, *I am*,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

Even like a faithfull man content,
That this life for a better ſhould be ſpent;
So, ſhee a mothers rich ſtile doth preferre,
And at the Bridegroomes wiſh'd approach doth lye,
Like an appointed lambe, when tenderly
The prieſt comes on his knees t'embowell her;
Now ſleep or watch with more joy; and O light
Of heaven, to morrow riſe thou hot, and early;
This Sun will love ſo dearely
Her reſt, that long, long we ſhall want her ſight;
Wonders are wrought, for ſhee which had no maime,
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Digitized by Google

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

MADAME,

I Have learn'd by thoſe lawes wherein I am a little converſant, that hee which beſtowes any coſt upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not the heire; I do not therefore ſend this paper to your Ladyſhip, that you ſhould thanke mee for it, or thinke that I thanke you in it; your favours and benefits to mee are ſo much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which muſt expreſſe it: But, Madame, ſince your noble brothers fortune being yours, the evidences alſo concerning it are yours, ſo his vertue being yours, the evidences concerning it, belong alſo to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one peece, in which quality I humbly preſent it, and as a teſtimony how intirely your familie poſſeſſeth

Your Ladiſhips moſt humble
and thankfull ſervant

JOHN DONNE.

Digitized by Google

Obſequies to the Lord Harringtons brother.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

FAire ſoule, which waſt, not onely, as all ſoules bee,
Then when thou waſt infuſed, harmony,
But did'ſt continue ſo; and now doſt beare
A part in Gods great organ, this whole Spheare:
If looking up to God; or downe to us,
Thou finde that any way is pervious,
Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mans actions doe
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,
See, and with joy, mee to that good degree
Of goodneſſe growne, that I can ſtudie thee,
And, by theſe meditations refin'd,
Can unapparell and enlarge my minde,
And ſo can make by this ſoft extaſie,
This place a map of heav'n, my ſelfe of thee.
Thou ſeeſt mee here at midnight, now all reſt;
Times dead-low water; when all mindes deveſt
To morrows buſineſſe, when the labourers have
Such reſt in bed, that their laſt Church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will ſcarce be'a type of this,
Now when the clyent, whoſe laſt hearing is
To morrow, ſleeps, when the condemned man,
(Who when hee opes his eyes, muſt ſhut them than
Againe by death,) although ſad watch hee keepe,
Doth practice dying by a little ſleepe,

Thou

Digitized by Google

Thou at this midnight ſeeſt mee, and as ſoone
As that Sunne riſes to mee, midnight's noone,
All the world growes tranſparent, and I ſee
Through all, both Church and State, in ſeeing thee;
And I diſcerne by favour of this light,
My ſelfe, the hardeſt object of the ſight.
God is the glaſſe; as thou when thou doſt ſee
Him who ſees all, ſeeſt all concerning thee,
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All, in theſe mirrors of thy wayes, and end;
Though God be our true glaſſ, through which we ſee
All, ſince the beeing of all things is hee,
Yet are the trunkes which doe to us derive
Things, in proportion fit by perſpective,
Deeds of good men, for by their living here,
Vertues, indeed remote, ſeeme to be nere;
But where can I affirme, or where arreſt
My thoughts on his deeds? which ſhall I call beſt?
For fluid vertue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation;
As bodies change, and as I do not weare
Thoſe Spirits, humors, blood I did laſt yeare,
And, as if on a ſtreame I fixe mine eye,
That drop, which I looked on, is preſently
Puſht with more waters from my ſight, and gone,
So in this ſea of vertues, can no one
Bee'inſiſted on, vertues, as rivers, paſſe,
Yet ſtill remaines that vertuous man there was;
And as if man feeds on mans fleſh, and ſo
Part of his body to another owe,

Digitized by Google

Yet at the laſt two perfect bodies riſe,
Becauſe God knowes where every Atome lyes;
So, if one knowledge were made of all thoſe,
Who knew his minutes well, hee might diſpoſe
His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Deſtinie,
Should I divide and diſcontinue ſo,
Vertue, which did in one intireneſſe grow.
For as, hee that would ſay, ſpirits are fram'd
Of all the pureſt parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not ſpirits halfe ſo much, as hee
Which ſayes, they have no parts, but ſimple bee;
So is't of vertue; for a point and one
Are much entirer then a million.
And had Fate meant to have his vertues told,
It would have let him live to have beene old,
So then, that vertue in ſeaſon, and then this,
We might have ſeene, and ſaid, that now he is
Witty, now wiſe, now temperate, now juſt:
In good ſhort lives, vertues are faine to thruſt,
And to be ſure betimes to get a place,
When they would exerciſe, lacke time, and ſpace.
So was it in this perſon, forc'd to bee
For lack of time, his owne epitome.
So to exhibit in few yeares as much,
As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch;
As when an Angell down from heav'n doth flye,
Our quick thought cannot keepe him company,
Wee cannot thinke, now hee is at the Sunne, (run,
Now through the Moon, now he through th'aire doth

Yet

Digitized by Google

Yet when he's come, we know he did repaire (Aire.
To all twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sunne, Moon, and
And as this Angell in an inſtant, knowes,
And yet wee know, this ſodaine knowledge growes
By quick amaſſing ſeverall formes of things,
Which he ſucceſſively to order brings; (goe
When they, whoſe ſlow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot
So faſt as hee, thinke that he doth not ſo;
Juſt as a perfect reader doth not dwell,
On every ſyllable, nor ſtay to ſpell,
Yet without doubt, hee doth diſtinctly ſee
And lay together every A, and B;
So, in ſhort liv'd good men, is'not underſtood
Each ſeverall vertue, but the compound good.
For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
As Angells goe, and know, and as men read.
O why ſhould then theſe men, theſe lumps of Balme
Sent hither, the worlds tempeſt to becalme,
Before by deeds they are diffus'd and ſpred,
And ſo make us alive, themſelves be dead?
O Soule, O circle, why ſo quickly bee
Thy ends, thy birth and death clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compaſſe ſtill was plac'd
In heav'n, the other might ſecurely'have pac'd
In the moſt large extent, through every path, (hath.
Which the whole world, or man, the abridgment
Thou knowſt, that though the tropique circles have
(Yea and thoſe ſmall ones which the Poles engrave,)
All the ſame roundneſſe, evenneſſe, and all
The endleſneſſe of the equinoctiall;

Yet

Yet, when we come to measure distances,
How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,
When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaile,
Onely great circles, then can, be our scale:
So, though thy circle to thy selfe expresse
All, tending to thy endlesse happinesse,
And wee, by our good use of it may trye,
Both how to live well young, and how to die,
Yet, since we must be old, and age endures
His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
Of hot ambitions, irrelegions ice,
Zeales agues; and hydroptique avarice,
Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
As well, as lust and ignorance of youth;
Why did'st thou not for these give medicines too,
And by thy doing tell us what to doe?
Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele
Doth each mismotion and distemper feele,
Whose *hands* get shaking palsies, and whose *string*
(His sinewes) slackens, and whose *Soule*, the spring,
Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the *fye*,
Either beates not, or beates unevenly,
Whose voice, the *Bell*, doth rattle, or grow dumbe,
Or idle, as men, which to their last houres come,
If these clockes be not wound, or be wound still,
Or be not set, or set at every will;
So, youth is easiest to destruction,
If then wee follow all, or follow none;
Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'imploy their time,

An

Digitized by Google

An error doth more harme, being generall,
When, ſmall clocks faults, only'on the wearer fall.
So worke the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, ſervants, or the State relie.
Why wouldſt not thou then, which hadſt ſuch a ſoul
A clock ſo true, as might the Sunne controule,
And daily hadſt from him, who gave it thee,
Inſtructions, ſuch as it could never be
Diſordered, ſtay here, as a generall
And great Sun-dyall, to have ſet us All?
O why wouldſt thou be any inſtrument
To this unnaturall courſe, or why conſent
To this, not miracle, but Prodigie,
That when the ebbs, longer then flowings be,
Vertue, whoſe flood did with thy youth begin,
Should ſo much faſter ebb our, then flow in?
Though her flood was blowne in, by thy firſt breath,
All is at once ſunke in the whirle-poole death.
Which word I would not name, but that I ſee
Death, elſe a deſert, growne a Court by thee.
Now I grow ſure, that if a man would have
Good companie, his entry is a grave.
Mee thinkes all Cities, now, but Anthills bee,
Where, when the ſeverall labourers I ſee,
For children, houſe, Proviſion, taking paine,
They'are all but Ants, carrying eggs, ſtraw, and grain;
And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
The moſt repaire, that are in goodneſſe rich.
There is the beſt concourſe, and confluence,
There are the holy ſuburbs, and from thence

Digitized by Google

Begins Gods City, New Jeruſalem,
Which doth extend her utmoſt gates to them;
At that gate then Triumphant ſoule, doſt thou
Begin thy Triumph; But ſince lawes allow
That at the Triumph day, the people may,
All that they will, 'gainſt the Triumpher ſay,
Let me here uſe that freedome, and expreſſe
My griefe, though not to make thy Triumph leſſe.
By law, to Triumphs none admitted bee,
Till they as Magiſtrates get victorie,
Though then to thy force, all youthes foes did yield;
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
To which thy ranke in this ſtate deſtin'd thee,
That there thy counſailes might get victorie,
And ſo in that capacitie remove
All jealouſies 'twixt Prince and ſubjects love,
Thou could'ſt no title, to this triumph have,
Thou didſt intrude on death, uſurp'ſt a grave.
That (though victoriouſly) thou hadſt fought as yet
But with thine owne affections, with the heate
Of youths deſires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou ſhould'ſt ſucceſſefully advance
Thine armes 'gainſt forraine enemies, which are
Both Envy, and acclamation popular,
(For, both theſe engines equally defeate,
Though by a divers Mine, thoſe which are great,)
Till then thy War was but a civill War,
For which to Triumph, none admitted are;
No more are they, who though with good ſucceſſe,
In a defenſive war, their power expreſſe.

Before

Before men triumph, the dominion
Muſt be *enlarg'd*, and not *preſerv'd* alone;
Why ſhould'ſt thou then, whoſe battailes were to win
Thy ſelfe, from thoſe ſtraits nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that ſtate,
Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
(Which is thy ſoule and body) as intire
As he, who takes endeavours, doth require,
But didſt not ſtay, t'enlarge his kingdome too,
By making others, what thou didſt, to doe;
Why ſhouldſt thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no (more
Hath got, by getting thee, then t'had before? (more
For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedſt here,
Of one another in poſſeſſion were;
But this from Triumph moſt diſables thee,
That, that place which is conquered, muſt bee
Left ſafe from preſent warre, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to breake out.
And hath he left us ſo? or can it bee
His territory was no more then Hee?
No, we were all his charge, the Diocis
Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,
And he was joyned in commiſſion
With Tutelar Angels, ſent to every one.
But though this freedome to upbraid, and chide
Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at Pompey jeaſt, but they might not
At that authoritie, by which he got

Digitized by Google

Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might;
So, though triumphant ſoule, I dare to write,
Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus,
That thou ſo earely wouldſt abandon us;
Yet I am farre from daring to diſpute
With that great ſoveraignetie, whoſe abſolute
Prerogative hath thus diſpenſ'd with thee,
'Gainſt natures lawes, which juſt impugners bee
Of early triumphs; And I (though with paine)
Leſſen our loſſe, to magnifie thy gaine
Of triumph, when I ſay, It was more fit,
That all men ſhould lacke thee, then thou lack it.
Though then in our time, be not ſuffered
That teſtimonie of love, unto the dead,
To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives, and French ſoldarii did;
And though in no degree I can expreſſe,
Griefe in great Alexanders great exceſſe,
Who at his friends death, made whole townes deveſt
Their walls and bullwarks which became them beſt:
Doe not, faire ſoule, this ſacrifice refuſe,
That in thy grave I doe interre my Muſe,
Who, by my griefe, great as thy worth, being caſt
Behind hand, yet hath ſpoke, and ſpoke her laſt.

Elegie.

Digitized by Google

Elegie.

AS the ſweet ſweat of Roſes in a Still,
As that which frō chaf'd muskats pores doth trill,
As the Almighty Balme of th'early Eaſt,
Such are the ſweat drops of my Miſtris breaſt.
And on her necke her skin ſuch luſtre ſets,
They ſeeme no ſweat drops, but pearle coronets.
Ranke ſweaty froth thy Miſtreſſe brow defiles,
Like ſpermatique iſſue of ripe menſtruous boiles.
Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawleſſe law
Enforc'd, Sanſerra's ſtarved men did draw
From parboild ſhooes, and bootes, and all the reſt
Which were with any ſoveraigne ſames bleſt,
And like vile ſtones lying in ſaffrond tinne,
Or warts, or wheales, it hangs upon her skinne.
Round as the world's her head, on every ſide,
Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide,
Or that whereof God had ſuch jealouſie,
As, for the raviſhing thereof we die.
Thy *head* is like a rough-hewne ſtatue of jeat,
Where markes for eyes, noſe, mouth, are yet ſcarce ſet
Like the firſt Chaos, or flat ſeeming face
Of Cynthia, when th'earths ſhadowes her embrace.
Like Proſerpines white beauty-keeping cheſt,
Or Jouesbeſt fortunes urne, is her faire breſt.
Thine's like worme eaten trunkes, cloth'd in ſeals skin,
Or grave, that's duſt without, and ſtinke within.
And like that ſlender ſtalke, at whoſe end ſtands

The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands,
Like rough bark'd elmboughes, or the ruſſet skin
Of men late ſcurg'd for madnes, or for ſinne,
Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the citie gate,
Such is thy tann'd skins lamentable ſtate.
And like a bunch of ragged carrets ſtand
The ſhort ſwolne fingers of her gouty hand;
Then like the Chymicks maſculine equall fire,
Which in the Lymbecks warme wombe doth inſpire
Into th'earths worthleſſe part a ſoule of gold,
Such cheriſhing heat her beſt lov'd part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gunne,
Or like hot liquid metalls newly runne
Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna
Where round about the graſſe is burnt away.
Are not your kiſſes then as filthy, and more,
As a worme ſucking an invenom'd ſore?
Doth not thy fearefull hand in feeling quake,
As one which gath'ring flowers, ſtill feares a ſnake?
Is not your laſt act harſh, and violent,
As where a Plough a ſtony ground doth rent?
So kiſſe good Turtles, ſo devoutly nice
Are Prieſts in handling reverent ſacrifice,
And nice in ſearching wounds the Surgeon is
As wee, when wee embrace, or touch, or kiſſe.
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
She, and compariſons are odious.

Elegie.

Digitized by Google

Elegie.

The Autumnall.

NO *Spring*, nor *Summer* Beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one *Autumnall* face,
Yong *Beauties* force our love, and that's a *Rape*,
This doth but *counsaile*, yet you cannot scape.
If t'were a *shame* to love, here t'were no *shame*,
Affections here take *Reverences* name.
Were her first yeares the *Golden Age*; That's true,
But now they'are *gold* oft tried, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her tolerable *Tropique clyme*. (hence,
Faire eyes, who askes more heate then comes from
He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles, *graves*; If *graves* they were,
They were *Loves graves*; for else he is no where.
Yet lies not love *dead* here, but here doth sit
Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorit*.
And here, till hers, which must be his *death*, come,
He doth not digge a *Grave*, but build a *Tombe*.
Here dwells he, though he sojourne ev'ry where,
In *Progresse*, yet his standing house is here.
Here, where still *Evening* is; not *noone*, nor *night*;
Where no *voluptuousnesse*, yet all *delight*.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at *Revels*, you at *counsaile*, sit.
This is loves timber, youth his under-wood;

There

There he, as wine in *June*, enrages blood,
Which then comes seasonablieſt, when our taſt
And appetite to other things, is paſt;
Xerxes ſtrange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,
Was lov'd for age, none being ſo large as ſhee,
Or elſe becauſe, being yong, nature did bleſſe
Her youth with ages glory, *Barrenneſſe*.
If we love things long ſought, *Age* is a thing
Which we are fifty yeares in compaſſing.
If tranſitory things, which ſoone decay,
Age muſt be lovelyeſt at the lateſt day.
But name not *Winter-faces*, whoſe skins ſlacke;
Lanke, as an unthrifts purſe; but a ſoules ſacke;
Whoſe *Eyes* ſeeke light within, for all here's ſhade;
Whoſe *mouthes* are holes, rather worne out, then
Whoſe every tooth to a ſeverall place is gone, (made
To vexe their ſoules at *Reſurrection*;
Name not theſe living *Deaths-heads* unto mee,
For theſe, not *Ancient*, but *Antique* be;
I hate extreames; yet I had rather ſtay
With *Tombs*, then *Cradles*, to weare out a day.
Since ſuch loves motion naturall is, may ſtill
My love deſcend, and journey downe the hill.
Not panting after growing beauties, ſo,
I ſhall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe.

Elegie,

Digitized by Google

Elegie.

IMage of her whom I love, more then ſhe,
Whoſe faire impreſſion in my faithfull heart,
Makes mee her *Medall*, and makes her love mee,
As Kings do coynes, to which their ſtamps impart
The value: goe, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is growne too great and good for me;
Honours oppreſſe weake ſpirits, and our ſenſe,
Strong objects dull, the more, the leſſe wee ſee.
When you are gone, and *Reaſon* gone with you,
Then *Fantaſie* is Queene and Soule, and all;
She can preſent joyes meaner then you do;
Convenient, and more proportionall.
So, if I dreame I have you, I have you,
For, all our joyes are but fantaſticall.
And ſo I ſcape the paine, for paine is true;
And ſleepe which locks up ſenſe, doth lock out all.
After a ſuch fruition I ſhall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing ſhall repent;
And ſhall to love more thankfull Sonnets make,
Then if more *honour*, *teares*, and *paines* were ſpent.
But deareſt heart, and dearer image ſtay;
Alas, true joyes at beſt are *dreame* enough;
Though you ſtay here you paſſe too faſt away:
For even at firſt lifes *Taper* is a ſnuffe.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much *heart*, then *ideott* with none.

Digitized by Google

Elegie on Prince Henry.

LOoke to mee faith, and looke to my faith, God;
For both my centers feele this period.
Of waight one center, one of greatneſſe is;
And Reaſon is that center, Faith is this;
For into our reaſon flow, and there do end
All, that this naturall world doth comprehend:
Quotidian things, and equidiſtant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference.
But for th'enormous greatneſſes, which are
So diſproportion'd, and ſo angulare,
As is Gods eſſence, place and providence,
Where, how, when, what ſoules do, departed hence,
Theſe things (eccentrique elſe) on faith do ſtrike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For reaſon, put to her beſt extenſion,
Almoſt meetes faith, and makes both centers one;
And nothing ever came ſo nere to this,
As contemplation of that Prince, wee miſſe.
For all that faith might credit mankinde could,
Reaſon ſtill ſeconded, that this prince would.
If then leaſt moving of the center, make
More, then if whole hell belch'd, the world to ſhake.
What muſt this do, centers diſtracted ſo,
That wee ſee not what to beleeve or know?
Was it not well beleev'd till now, that hee,
Whoſe reputation was an extaſie,

On

On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
Till hee discover'd what wayes he would take;
For whom, what Princes angled, when they tryed,
Met a *Torpedo*, and were stupified;
And others studies, how he would be bent,
Was his great fathers greatest instrument,
And activ'st spirit, to convey and tie
This soule of peace, through Christianity;
Was it not well beleev'd, that hee would make
This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,
And that his times might have stretch'd out so farre,
As to touch those, of which they emblems are?
For to confirme this just beleefe, that now
The last dayes came, wee saw heav'n did allow,
That, but from his aspect and exercise,
In peacefull times, Rumors of war did rise.
But now this faith is heresie: we must
Still stay, and vexe our great grand mother, Dust.
Oh, is God prodigall? hath he spent his store
Of plagues, on us, and onely now, when more
Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery;
And will not let's enjoy our curse; to dy.
As, for the earth throwne lowest downe of all,
T'were an ambition to desire to fall,
So God, in our desire to dye, doth know
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so.
Therefore we live; though such a life wee have,
As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth, and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction

Digitized by Google

Suſtaines in us; Earth, which griefes animate;
Nor hath our world now, other Soule then that.
And could griefe get ſo high as heav'n, that Quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would deſire
(With griefe to ſee him) hee had ſtaid below,
To rectifie our errours, They foreknow.
Is th'other center, Reaſon, faſter then?
Where ſhould we looke for that, now we'are not men?
For if our Reaſon be'our connexion
Of cauſes, now to us there can be none.
For, as if all the ſubſtances were ſpent,
'Twere madneſſe, to enquire of accident,
So is't to looke for reaſon, hee being gone,
The onely ſubject reaſon wrought upon.
If Fate have ſuch a chaine, whoſe divers links
Induſtrious man diſcerneth, as hee thinks,
When miracle doth come, and ſo ſteale in
A new linke, man knowes not, where to begin:
At a much deader fault muſt reaſon bee,
Death having broke off ſuch a link as hee.
But now, for us, with buſie proofe to come,
That we'have no reaſon, would prove wee had ſome;
So would juſt lamentations: Therefore wee
May ſafelyer ſay, that we are dead, then hee.
So, if our griefs wee do not well declare,
We'have double excuſe; he'is not dead; and we are.
Yet I would not dy yet; for though I bee
Too narrow, to thinke him, as hee is hee,
(Our Soules beſt baiting, and midd-period,
In her long journey, of conſidering God)

Yet

Digitized by Google

Yet, (no diſhonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
Oh may I, (ſince I live) but ſee, or heare,
That ſhe-Intelligence which mov'd this ſpheare,
I pardon Fate, my life: who ere thou bee,
Which haſt the noble conſcience, thou art ſhee,
I conjure thee by all the charmes he ſpoke,
By th'oathes, which onely you two never broke,
By all the ſoules yee ſigh'd, that if you ſee
Theſe lines, you wiſh, I knew your hiſtory.
So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,
I were an Angell, ſinging what you were.

Pſalme 137.

I.

BY Euphrates flowry ſide
We did bide,
From deare Juda farre abſented,
Tearing the aire with our cryes,
And our eyes,
With their ſtreames his ſtreame augmented.

Digitized by Google

II.

When, poore Syons dolefull ſtate,
Deſolate;
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
And the Temple ſpoil'd, which wee
Ne'r ſhould ſee,
To our mirthleſſe mindes wee call'd:

III.

Our mute harpes, untun'd, unſtrung,
Up wee hung
On greene willowes neere beſide us,
Where, we ſitting all forlorne;
Thus, in ſcorne,
Our proud ſpoylers 'gan deride us.

IV.

Come, ſad Captives, leave your moanes,
And your groanes
Under Syons ruines bury;
Tune your harps, and ſing us layes
In the praiſe
Of your God, and let's be merry,

V.

Digitized by Google

V.

Can, ah, can we leave our moanes?
And our groanes
Under Syons ruines bury?
Can we in this Land ſing Layes
In the praiſe
Of our God, and here be merry?

VI.

No; deare Syon, if I yet
Do forget
Thine affliction miſerable,
Let my nimble joynts become
Stiffe and numme,
To touch warbling harpe unable.

VII.

Let my tongue loſe ſinging skill,
Let it ſtill
To my parched roofe be glewed,
If in either harpe or voice
I rejoyce,
Till thy joyes ſhall be renewed.

Digitized by Google

VIII.

Lord, curſe Edom's traiterous kinde,
Beare in minde
In our ruines how they revell'd,
Sack, kill, burne, they cry'd out ſtill,
Sack, burne, kill,
Downe with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.

And, thou Babel, when the tide
Of thy pride
Now a flowing, growes to turning;
Victor now, ſhall then be thrall,
And ſhall fall
To as low an ebbe of mourning.

X.

Happy he who ſhall thee waſte,
As thou haſt
Us, without all mercy, waſted,
And ſhall make thee taſte and ſee
What poore wee
By thy meanes have ſeene and taſted.

XI.

Digitized by Google

XI.

Happy, who, thy tender barnes
From the armes
Of their wailing mothers tearing,
'Gainſt the walls ſhall daſh their bones,
Ruthleſſe ſtones
With their braines and blood beſmearing.

Reſurrection, imperfect.

SLeep ſleep old Sun, thou canſt not have repaſt
As yet, the wound thou took'ſt on friday laſt;
Sleepe then, and reſt; The world may beare thy ſtay,
A better Sun roſe before thee to day,
Who, not content to'enlighten all that dwell
On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,
And made the darke fires languiſh in that vale,
As, at thy preſence here, our fires grow pale.
Whoſe body having walk'd on earth, and now
Haſting to Heaven, would, that he might allow
Himſelfe unto all ſtations, and fill all,
For theſe three daies become a minerall;
Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but roſe
All tincture, and doth not alone diſpoſe
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make even ſinfull fleſh like his.
Had one of thoſe, whoſe credulous pietie
Thought, that a Soule one might diſcerne and ſee

Digitized by Google

Goe from a body, 'at this ſepulcher been,
And, iſſuing from the ſheet, this body ſeen,
He would have juſtly thought this body a ſoule,
If, not of any man, yet of the whole.

Deſunt cætera.

An hymne to the Saints, and to Marqueſſe Hamylton.

WHither that ſoule which now comes up to you
Fill any former ranke or make a new,
Whither it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it ſelfe, and *order* more
Then was in heaven till now; (for may not hee
Bee ſo? if every ſeverall Angell bee
A *kind* alone;) What ever order grow
Greater by him in heaven, wee doe not ſo;
One of your orders growes by his acceſſe;
But, by his loſſe grow all our *orders* leſſe;
The name of *Father*, *Maſter*, *Friend*, the name
Of *Subject* and of *Prince*, in one are lame;
Faire mirth is dampt, and converſation black,
The *houſehold* widdow'd, and the *garter* ſlack;
The *Chappell* wants an eare, *Councell* a tongue;
Story, a theame; and *Muſicke* lacks a ſong;
Bleſt *order* that hath him, the loſſe of him
Gangred all *Orders* here; all loſt a limbe.
Never made body ſuch haſt to confeſſe
What a ſoule was; All former comelineſſe

Fled,

Digitized by Google

Fled, in a minute, when the ſoule was gone,
And, having loſt that beauty, would have none,
So fell our *Monaſteries*, in one inſtant growne
Not to leſſe houſes, but, to heapes of ſtone;
So ſent this body that faire forme it wore,
Unto the ſpheare of formes, and doth (before
His ſoule ſhall fill up his ſepulchrall ſtone,)
Anticipate a Reſurrection;
For, as in his fame, now, his ſoule is here,
So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there;
And if, faire ſoule, not with firſt *Innocents*
Thy ſtation be, but with the *Pœnitents*,
(And, who ſhall dare to aske then when I am
Dy'd ſcarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,
Whether that colour, which is ſcarlet then,
Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
When thou rememb'reſt what ſins thou didſt finde
Amongſt thoſe many friends now left behinde,
And ſeeſt ſuch ſinners as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, Let it bee
Thy wiſh to wiſh all there, to wiſh them cleane;
Wiſh *him* a *David*, *her* a *Magdalen*.

Digitized by Google

SIR,

I Presume you rather try what you can doe in me, then what I can doe in verse, you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects, In this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all Poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and, if it bee not worthy of you nor of him, we will smother it, and be it your sacrifice. If you had commanded mee to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced your obligation with much alacrity; But, I thanke you that you would command me that which I was loather to doe, for, even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poore friend and

servant in Christ Jesus

I. D.

An

An Epitaph upon Shakespeare.

REnowned *Chaucer* lie a thought more nigh
To rare *Beaumond*, and learned *Beaumond* lie
A little nearer *Spencer*, to make roome
For *Shakespeare* in your threefold fourefold tombe.
To lie all *foure* in one bed make a shift,
For, untill doomesday hardly will a fift
Betwixt this day and that be taine,
For whom your curtaines need be drawne againe;
But, if precedency of death doth barre
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this curled marble of thine owne
Sleepe rare Tragedian *Shakespeare*, sleepe alone;
That, unto *Us* and others it may bee
Honor, hereafter to be laid by thee.

Sapho to *Philanis*.

WHere is that holy fire, which *Verſe* is laid
To have, is that inchanting force decai'd?
Verſe that drawes *Natures* workes, from *Natures* law,
Thee, her beſt worke, to her worke cannot draw.
Have my teares quench'd my old *Poetique* fire;
Why quench'd they not as well, that of *deſire*?
Thoughts, my mindes creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their libertie.
Onely thine image, in my heart, doth ſit,
But that is waxe, and fires environ it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence;
And I am rob'd of *Picture*, *Heart*, and *Senſe*.
Dwells with me ſtill mine irkſome *Memory*,
Which, both to keepe, and loſe, grieves equally.
That tells me how faire thou art: Thou art ſo faire,
As, *gods*, when *gods* to thee I doe compare,
Are grac'd thereby; And to make blinde men ſee,
What things *gods* are, I ſay they'are like to thee.
For, if we juſtly call each ſilly *man*
A *little world*, What ſhall we call thee than?
Thou art not ſoft, and cleare, and ſtrait, and faire,
As *Down*, as *Stars*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my *Phao* awhile, but ſhall be never,
As thou, waſt, art, and, oh, maiſt be ever.
Here lovers ſweare in their *Idolatrie*,

That

Digitized by Google

That I am ſuch; but *Griefe* diſcolors me.
And yet I grieve the leſſe, leaſt *Griefe* remove
My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love.
Plaies ſome ſoft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
A mutuall feeling which ſhould ſweeten it.
His chinne, a thorny hairy unevenneſſe
Doth threaten, and ſome daily change poſſeſſe.
Thy body is a naturall *Paradiſe*,
In whoſe ſelfe, unmanur'd, all pleaſure lies,
Nor needs *perfection*; why ſhouldſt thou than
Admit the tillage of a harſh rough man?
Men leave behinde them that which their ſin ſhowes,
And are, as theeves trac'd, which rob when it ſnows.
But of our dallyance no more ſignes there are,
Then *fiſhes* leave in ſtreames, or *Birds* in aire.
And betweene us all ſweetneſſe may be had;
All, all that *Nature* yields, or *Art* can adde.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
But ſo, as thine from one another doe;
And, oh, no more; the likeneſſe being ſuch,
Why ſhould they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to ſtrange hand, lippe to lippe none denies;
Why ſhould they breſt to breſt, or thighs to thighs?
Likeneſſe begets ſuch ſtrange ſelfe flatterie,
That touching my ſelfe, all ſeemes done to thee.
My ſelfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kiſſe,
And amorouſly thanke my ſelfe for this.
Me, in my glaſſe, I call thee; But alas, *(glaſſe.*
When I would kiſſe, teares dimme mine *eyes*, and
O cure this loving madneſſe, and reſtore

Me

Digitized by Google

Me to mee, thee, my *halfe*, my *all*, my *more*.
So may thy cheekes red outweare scarlet dye,
And their white, whitenesse of the *Galaxy*,
So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
Envy in all *women*, and in all *men*, *love*,
And so be *change*, and *sicknesse*, farre from thee,
As thou by comming neere, keep'st them from me.

The Annuntiation and Passion.

TAmely frail body abstaine to day; to day
My soule eates twice, Christ hither and away.
She sees him man, so like God made in this,
That of them both a circle embleme is,
Whose first and last concurre; this doubtfull day
Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away;
She sees him nothing twice at once, who'is all;
She sees a Cedar plant it selfe, and fall,
Her Maker put to making, and the head
Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead;
She sees at once the virgin mother stay
Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha.
Sad and rejoyc'd she's seen at once, and seen
At almost fiftie, and at scarce fifteene.
At once a Sonne is promis'd her, and gone,
Gabriell gives Christ to her, He her to John;
Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,
At once receiver and the legacie;
All this, and all betweene, this day hath shown,
Th'Abridgement of Christs story, which makes one
As

(As in plaine Maps, the furtheſt Weſt is Eaſt)
Of the Angels *Ave*, and *Conſummatum eſt*.
How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties
Deales, in ſome times, and ſeldome joyning theſe;
As by the ſelfe-fix'd Pole wee never doe
Direct our courſe, but the next ſtarre thereto,
Which ſhowes where the'other is, and which we ſay
(Becauſe it ſtrayes not farre) doth never ſtray;
So God by his Church, neereſt to him, wee know,
And ſtand firme, if wee by her motion goe;
His Spirit, as his fiery Pillar doth
Leade, and his Church, as cloud; to one end both:
This Church, by letting thoſe daies joyne, hath ſhown
Death and conception in mankinde is one.
Or 'twas in him the ſame humility,
That he would be a man, and leave to be:
Or as creation he hath made, as God,
With the laſt judgement, but one period,
His imitating Spouſe would joyne in one
Manhoods extremes: He ſhall come, he is gone:
Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have ſerv'd, he yet ſhed all;
So though the leaſt of his paines, deeds, or words,
Would buſie a life, ſhe all this day affords;
This treaſure then, in groſſe, my Soule uplay,
And in my life retaile it every day.

Digitized by Google

Goodfriday, 1613. Riding Westward.

LEt mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
And as the other Spheares, by being growne
Subject to forraigne motion, lose their owne,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:
Pleasure or businesse, so, our Soules admit
For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the West
This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the East.
There I should see a Sunne, by rising set,
And by that setting endlesse day beget;
But that Christ on this Crosse, did rise and fall,
Sinne had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I'almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for mee.
Who sees Gods face, that is selfe life, must dye;
What a death were it then to see God dye?
It made his owne Lieutenant Nature shrinke,
It made his footstoole crack, and the Sunne winke.
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,
And tune all spheares at once peirc'd with those holes?
Could I behold that endlesse height which is
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is
The seat of all our Soules, if not of his,

Made

Made durt of duſt, or that fleſh which was worne
By God, for his apparell, rag'd, and torne?
If on theſe things I durſt not looke, durſt I
Upon his miſerable mother caſt mine eye,
Who was Gods partner here, and furniſh'd thus
Halfe of that Sacrifice, which ranſom'd us?
Though theſe things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They'are preſent yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; & thou look'ſt towards mee,
O Saviour, as thou hang'ſt upon the tree;
I turne my backe to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O thinke mee worth thine anger, puniſh mee,
Burne off my ruſts, and my deformity,
Reſtore thine Image, ſo much, by thy grace,
That thou may'ſt know mee, and I'll turne my face.

Digitized by Google

THE LITANIE.

I.

The FATHER.

FAther of Heaven, and him, by whom
It, and us for it, and all elſe, for us
Thou madeſt, and govern'ſt ever, come
And re-create mee, now growne ruinous:
My heart is by dejection, clay,
And by ſelfe-murder, red.
From this red earth, O Father, purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new faſhioned
I may riſe up from death, before I am dead.

II.

The SONNE.

O Sonne of God, who ſeeing two things,
Sinne, and death crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, tryed'ſt with what ſtings
The other could thine heritage invade;
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucified againe,
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be by applying ſo thy paine,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy paſſion ſlaine.

III.

Digitized by Google

III.

The HOLY GHOST.

O Holy Ghoſt, whoſe temple I
Am, but of mudde walls, and condenſed duſt,
And being ſacrilegiouſly
Halfe waſted with youths fires, of pride and luſt,
Muſt with new ſtormes be weatherbeat;
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout ſad teares intend; and let
(Though this glaſſe lanthorne, fleſh, do ſuffer maime)
Fire, Sacrifice, Prieſt, Altar be the ſame.

IV.

The TRINITY.

O Bleſſed glorious Trinity,
Bones to Philoſophy, but milke to faith,
Which, as wiſe ſerpents diverſly
Moſt ſlipperineſſe, yet moſt entanglings hath,
As you diſtinguiſh'd undiſtinct
By power, love, knowledge bee,
Give mee a ſuch ſelfe different inſtinct
Of theſe let all mee elemented bee,
Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbred three.

Digitized by Google

V.

The Virgin MARY.

For that faire bleſſed Mother-maid,
Whoſe fleſh redeem'd us; That ſhe-Cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradiſe, and made
One claime for innocence, and diſſeiz'd ſinne,
Whoſe wombe was a ſtrange heav'n, for there
God cloath'd himſelfe, and grew,
Our zealous thankes wee poure. As her deeds were
Our helpes, ſo are her prayers; nor can ſhe ſue
In vaine, who hath ſuch titles unto you.

VI.

The Angels.

And ſince this life our nonage is,
And wee in Wardſhip to thine Angels be,
Native in heavens faire Palaces
Where we ſhall be but denizen'd by thee,
As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne,
Yeelds faire diverſitie,
Yet never knowes which courſe that light doth run,
So let mee ſtudy, that mine actions bee
Worthy their ſight, though blinde in how they ſee.

VII.

Digitized by Google

VII.

The Patriarches.

And let thy Patriarches Deſire
(Thoſe great Grandfathers, of thy Church, which ſaw
More in the cloud, then wee in fire,
Whom Nature clear'd more, then us grace and law,
And now in Heaven ſtill pray, that wee
May uſe our new helpes right,)
Be ſanctified, and fructifie in mee;
Let not my minde be blinder by more light
Nor Faith by Reaſon added, loſe her ſight.

VIII.

The Prophets.

Thy Eagle-ſighted Prophets too,
Which were thy Churches Organs, and did ſound
That harmony, which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Thoſe heavenly Poëts which did ſee
Thy will, and it expreſſe
In rythmique feet, in common pray for mee,
That I by them excuſe not my exceſſe
In ſeeking ſecrets, or Poëtiqueneſſe.

IX.

Digitized by Google

IX.

The Apoſtles.

And thy illuſtrious Zodiacke
Of twelve Apoſtles, which ingirt this All,
From whom whoſoever do not take
Their light, to darke deep pits, throw downe, and fall,
As through their prayers, thou'haſt let mee know
That their bookes are divine;
May they pray ſtill, and be heard, that I goe
Th'old broad way in applying; O decline
Mee, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X.

The Martyrs.

And ſince thou ſo deſirouſly
Did'ſt long to die, that long before thou could'ſt,
And long ſince thou no more couldſt dye,
Thou in thy ſcatter'd myſtique body wouldſt
In Abel dye, and ever ſince
In thine, let their blood come
To begge for us, a diſcreet patience
Of death, or of worſe life: for Oh, to ſome
Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdome.

Digitized by Google

XI.

The Confessors.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
Whose bloods betroth'd, not marryed were;
Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers:
They know, and pray, that wee may know,
In every Christian
Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow,
Tentations martyr us alive; A man
Is to himselfe a Diocletian.

XII.

The Virgins.

The cold white snowie Nunnery,
Which, as thy mother, their high Abbesse, sent
Their bodies backe againe to thee,
As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,
Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
That, or thy Church, or I,
Should keep, as they, our first integrity;
Divorce thou sinne in us, or bid it die,
And call chast widowhead Virginitie.

Digitized by Google

XIII.

The Doctors.

Thy ſacred Academie above
Of Doctors, whoſe paines have unclaſp'd, and taught
Both bookes of life to us (for love
To know thy Scriptures tells us, we are wrought
In thy other booke) pray for us there
That what they have miſdone
Or miſ-ſaid, wee to that may not adhere,
Their zeale may be our ſinne. Lord let us runne
Meane waies, and call them ſtars, but not the Sunne.

XIV.

And whil'ſt this univerſall Quire,
That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be loſt, which coſt thee deare,
Prayes ceaſleſly, and thou hearken too
(Since to be gratious
Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe)
Heare this prayer Lord, O Lord deliver us
Frō truſting in thoſe prayers, though powr'd out thus.

Digitized by Google

XV:

From being anxious, or ſecure,
Dead clods of ſadneſſe, or light ſquibs of mirth,
From thinking, that great courts immure
All, or no happineſſe, or that this earth
Is only for our priſon fram'd,
Or that thou art covetous
To them whom thou loveſt, or that they are maim'd
From reaching this worlds ſweet, who ſeek thee thus,
With all their might, Good Lord deliver us.

XVI:

From needing danger, to bee good,
From owing thee yeſterdaies teares to day,
From truſting ſo much to thy blood,
That in that hope, wee wound our ſoule away,
From bribing thee with Almes, to excuſe
Some ſinne more burdenous,
From light affecting, in religion, newes,
From thinking us all ſoule, neglecting thus
Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us.

Digitized by Google

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivence, or ſlack companie,
From meaſuring ill by vitious,
Neglecting to choake ſins ſpawne, Vanitie,
From indiſcreet humilitie,
Which might be ſcandalous,
And caſt reproach on Chriſtianitie,
From being ſpies, or to ſpies pervious,
From thirſt, or ſcorne of flame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us for thy deſcent
Into the Virgin, whoſe wombe was a place
Of midle kind; and thou being ſent
To'ungratious us, ſtaid'ſt at her full of grace,
And through thy poore birth, where firſt thou
Glorifiedſt Povertie,
And yet ſoone after riches didſt allow,
By accepting Kings gifts in the Epiphanie,
Deliver, and make us, to both waies free.

XIX.

Digitized by Google

XIX.

And though that bitter agonie,
Which is ſtill the agonie of pious wits,
Diſputing what diſtorted thee,
And interrupted evenneſſe, with fits,
And through thy free confeſſion
Though thereby they were then
Made blind, ſo that thou might'ſt from the have gone,
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when
Wee may not, and we may blinde unjuſt men.

XX.

Through thy ſubmitting all, to blowes
Thy face, thy clothes to ſpoile, thy fame to ſcorne,
All waies, which rage, or Juſtice knowes,
And by which thou could'ſt ſhew, that thou waſt born,
And through thy gallant humbleneſſe
Which thou in death did'ſt ſhew,
Dying before thy ſoule they could expreſſe,
Deliver us from death, by dying ſo,
To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe.

Digitized by Google

XXI.

When ſenſes, which thy ſouldiers are,
Wee arme againſt thee, and they fight for ſinne,
When want, ſent but to tame, doth warre
And worke deſpaire a breach to enter in,
When plenty, Gods image, and ſeale
Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it ſhould reveale,
When wee are mov'd to ſeeme religious
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

XXII.

In Churches, when the'infirmitie
Of him which ſpeakes, diminiſhes the Word,
When Magiſtrates doe miſ-apply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghoſtly ſword,
When plague, which is thine Angell, raignes,
Or wars, thy Champions, ſwaie,
When Hereſie, thy ſecond deluge, gaines;
In th'houre of death, the'Eve of laſt judgement day,
Deliver us from the ſiniſter way.

XXIII.

Digitized by Google

XXIII.

Heare us, O heare us Lord; to thee
A ſinner is more muſique, when he prayes,
Then ſpheares, or Angels praiſes bee,
In Panegyrique Allelujaes,
Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord
We know not what to ſay. (and word.
Thine eare to our ſighes, teares, thoughts gives voice
O Thou who Satan heard'ſt in Jobs ſicke day,
Heare thy ſelfe now, for thou in us doſt pray.

XXIV.

That wee may change to evenneſſe
This intermitting aguiſh Pietie,
That ſnatching cramps of wickedneſſe
And Apoplexies of faſt ſin, may die;
That muſique of thy promiſes,
Not threats in Thunder may
Awaken us to our juſt offices,
What in thy booke, thou doſt, or creatures ſay,
That we may heare, Lord heare us, when wee pray.

XXV.

Digitized by Google

XXV.

That our eares ſickneſſe wee may cure,
And rectifie thoſe Labyrinths aright,
That wee by hearkning, not procure
Our praiſe, nor others diſpraiſe ſo invite,
That wee get not a ſlipperineſſe,
And ſenſleſly decline,
From hearing bold wits jeaſt at Kings exceſſe,
To admit the like of majeſtie divine,
That we may locke our eares, Lord open thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the Magiſtrate,
Which to give us, and make us phyſicke, doth
Our vices often aggravate,
That Preachers taxing ſinne, before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men
Which well, if we ſtarve, dine,
When they doe moſt accuſe us, may ſee then
Us, to amendment, heare them; thee decline,
That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine.

XXVI.

XXVII.

That learning, thine Ambaſſador,
From thine allegeance wee never tempt,
That beauty, paradiſes flower
For phyſicke made, from poyſon be exempt,
That wit, borne apt, high good to doe
By dwelling lazily
On Natures nothing, be not nothing too,
That our affections kill us not, nor dye,
Heare us, weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry.

XXVIII.

Sonne of God heare us, and ſince thou
By taking our blood, oweſt it us againe
Gaine to thy ſelfe, or us allow;
And let not both us and thy ſelfe be ſlaine;
O lambe of God, which took'ſt our ſinne
Which could not ſtick to thee,
O let it not returne to us againe,
But Patient and Phyſition being free,
As ſinne is nothing, let it no where be.

Digitized by Google

SEnd home my long ſtrayd eyes to mee,
Which (Oh) too long have dwelt on thee,
Yet ſince there they have learn'd ſuch ill,
Such forc'd faſhions,
And falſe paſſions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good ſight, keep them ſtill.

Send home my harmleſſe heart againe,
Which no unworthy thought could ſtaine,
Which if it be taught by thine
To make jeſtings
Of proteſtings,
And breake both
Word and oath,
Keepe it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet ſend me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know, and ſee thy lyes,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguiſh
And doſt languiſh
For ſome one
That will none,
Or prove as falſe as thou art now.

Digitized by Google

A nocturnall upon S. Lucies day,
Being the ſhorteſt day.

'Tis the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,
Lucies, who ſcarce ſeaven houres herſelf unmaskes,
The Sunne is ſpent, and now his flasks
Send forth light ſquibs, no conſtant rayes;
The worlds whole ſap is ſunke:
The generall balme th'hydroptique earth hath drunk;
Whither, as to the beds-feet life is ſhrunke,
Dead and enterr'd; yet all theſe ſeeme to laugh,
Compar'd with mee, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who ſhall lovers bee
At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:
For I am every dead thing,
In whom love wrought new Alchimie.
For his art did expreſſe
A quinteſſence even from nothingneſſe,
From dull privations, and leane emptineſſe
He ruin'd mee, and I am re-begot
Of abſence, darkneſſe, death; things which are not;

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, ſoule, forme, ſpirit, whence they beeing have,
I, by loves limbecke, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have wee two wept, and ſo

Digitized by Google

Drownd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
To be two Chaoſſes, when we did ſhow
Care to ought elſe; and often abſences
Withdrew our ſoules, and made us carcaſſes.

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)
Of the firſt nothing, the Elixer grown;
Were I a man, that I were one,
I needs muſt know, I ſhould preferre,
If I were any beaſt,
Some ends, ſome means; Yea plants, yea ſtones deteſt,
And love, all, all ſome properties inveſt,
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As ſhadow, a light, and body muſt be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sunne renew.
You lovers, for whoſe ſake, the leſſer Sunne
At this time to the Goat is runne
To fetch new luſt, and give it you,
Enjoy your ſummer all,
Since ſhee enjoyes her long nights feſtivall,
Let mee prepare towards her, and let mee call
This houre her Vigill, and her eve, ſince this
Both the yeares, and the dayes deep midnight is.

Digitized by Google

Witchcraft by a picture.

I Fixe mine eye on thine, and there
Pitty my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a tranſparent teare,
When I looke lower I eſpie,
Hadſt thou the wicked skill
By pictures made and mard, to kill?
How many wayes mightſt thou performe thy will?

But now I have drunke thy ſweet ſalt teares,
And though thou poure more I'll depart;
My picture vaniſh'd, vaniſh feares,
That I can be endamag'd by that art;
Though thou retaine of mee
One picture more, yet that will bee,
Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free.

COme live with mee, and bee my love,
And wee will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and christall brookes:
With silken lines, and silver hookes.

There will the river whispering runne
Warm'd by thy eyes, more then the Sunne.
And there the'inamor'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channell hath,
Will amorously to thee swimme,
Gladder to catch thee, then thou him.

If thou, to be so seene, beest loath,
By Sunne, or Moone, thou darknest both,
And if my selfe have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legges, which shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poore fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowie net:

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleavesicke flies
Bewitch poore fishes wandring eyes.

For

For thee, thou needst no such deceit,
For thou thy selfe art thine owne bait,
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser farre then I.

The Apparition.

WHen by thy scorne, O murdresse, I am dead,
And that thou think'st thee free
From all solicitation from mee,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee fain'd vestall in worse armes shall see;
Then thy sicke taper will begin to winke,
And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,
Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke
Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleepe will from thee shrinke,
And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lye
A verier ghost then I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
I'had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Then by my threatnings rest still innocent.

Digitized by Google

The broken heart.

HE is ſtarke mad, who ever ſayes,
That he hath beene in love an houre,
Yet not that love ſo ſoone decayes,
But that it can tenne in leſſe ſpace devour;
Who will beleeve mee, if I ſweare
That I have had the plague a yeare?
Who would not laugh at mee, if I ſhould ſay,
I ſaw a flaske of *powder burne a day?*

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into loves hands it come?
All other griefes allow a part
To other griefes, and aske themſelves but ſome,
They come to us, but us Love draws,
Hee ſwallows us, and never chawes:
By him, as by chain'd ſhot, whole rankes doe dye,
He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Frye.

If 'twere not ſo, what did become
Of my heart, when I firſt ſaw thee?
I brought a heart into the roome,
But from the roome, I carried none with mee;
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to ſhow
More pitty unto mee: but Love, alas
At one firſt blow did ſhiver it as glaſſe.

Yet

Digitized by Google

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I thinke my breaſt hath all
Thoſe peeces ſtill, though they be not unite;
And now as broken glaſſes ſhow
A hundred leſſer faces, ſo
My ragges of heart can like, wiſh, and adore,
But after one ſuch love, can love no more.

A Valediction forbidding mourning.

AS virtuous men paſſe mildly away,
And whiſper to their ſoules, to goe,
Whilſt ſome of their ſad friends doe ſay,
The breath goes now, and ſome ſay, no.

So let us melt, and make no noiſe,
No teare-floods, nor ſigh-tempeſts move,
T'were prophanation of our joyes
To tell the layetie our love.

Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,
Men reckon what it did and meant,
But trepidation of the ſpheares,
Though greater farre, is innocent.

Digitized by Google

Dull ſublunary lovers love
(Whoſe ſoule is ſenſe) cannot admit
Abſence, becauſe it doth remove
Thoſe things which elemented it.

But we by a love, ſo much refin'd,
That our ſelves know not what it is,
Inter-aſſured of the mind,
Care leſſe, eyes, lips, hands to miſſe.

Our two ſoules therefore, which are one,
Though I muſt goe, endure not yet
A breach, but an expanſion,
Like gold to ayery thinneſſe beate.

If they be two, they are two ſo
As ſtiffe twin compaſſes are two,
Thy ſoule the fixt foot, makes no ſhow
To move, but doth, if the'other doe.

And though it in the center ſit,
Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leanes, and hearkens after it,
And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to mee, who muſt
Like th'other foot, obliquely runne,
Thy firmnes makes my circle juſt,
And makes me end, where I begunne.

Digitized by Google

The good morrow.

I Wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we lov'd, were we not wean'd till then?
But ſuck'd on countrey pleaſures, childiſhly?
Or ſnorted we in the ſeaven ſleepers den?
T'was ſo; But this, all pleaſures fancies bee.
If ever any beauty I did ſee,
Which I deſir'd, and got, t'was but a dreame of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking ſoules,
Which watch not one another out of feare;
For love, all love of other ſights controules,
And makes one little roome, an every where.
Let ſea-diſcoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have ſhowne,
Let us poſſeſſe one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,
And true plaine hearts doe in the faces reſt,
Where can we finde two better hemiſpheares
Without ſharpe North, without declining Weſt?
What ever dyes, was not mixt equally;
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
Love ſo alike, that none doe ſlacken, none can die.

Digitized by Google

Song.

Goe, and catche a falling ſtarre,
Get with child a mandrake roote,
Tell me, where all paſt yeares are,
Or who cleft the Divels foot,
Teach me to heare Mermaides ſinging,
Or to keep off envies ſtinging,
And finde
What winde
Serves to advance an honeſt minde.

If thou beeſt borne to ſtrange ſights,
Things invisible to ſee,
Ride ten thouſand daies and nights,
Till age ſnow white haires on thee,
Thou, when thou return'ſt, wilt tell mee
All ſtrange wonders that befell thee,
And ſweare
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If

If thou findſt one, let mee know,
Such a Pilgrimage were ſweet,
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
Though at next doore wee might meet,
Though ſhee were true, when you met her,
And laſt, till you write your letter,
Yet ſhee
Will bee
Falſe, ere I come, to two, or three.

Womans conſtancy.

NOw thou haſt lov'd me one whole day,
To morrow when thou leav'ſt, what wilt thou ſay?
Wilt thou then Antedate ſome new made vow?
Or ſay that now
We are not juſt thoſe perſons, which we were?
Or, that oathes made in reverentiall feare
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forſweare?
Or, as true deaths, true maryages unrie,
So lovers contracts, images of thoſe,
Binde but till ſleep, deaths image, them unlooſe?
Or, your owne end to Juſtifie,
For having purpoſ'd change, and falſehood; you
Can have no way but falſehood to be true?
Vaine lunatique, againſt theſe ſcapes I could

Digitized by Google

Diſpute, and conquer, if I would,
Which I abſtaine to doe,
For by to morrow, I may thinke ſo too.

I Have done one braver thing
Then all the *worthies* did,
And yet a braver thence doth ſpring,
Which is, to keepe that hid.

It were but madnes now t'impart
The skill of ſpecular ſtone,
When he which can have learn'd the art,
To cut it can finde none.

So, if I now ſhould utter this,
Others (becauſe no more
Such ſtuffe to worke upon, there is,)
Would love but as before.

But he who lovelineſſe within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skinne,
Loves but their oldeſt clothes.

If, as I have, you alſo doe
Vertue' attir'd in woman ſee,
And dare love that, and ſay ſo too,
And forget the Hee and Shee;

And if this love, though placed ſo,
From prophane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this beſtow,
Or, if they doe, deride:

Then

Then you have done a braver thing
  Then all the *Worthies* did.
And a braver thence will ſpring
  Which is, to keepe that hid.

The Sunne Riſing.

BUſie old foole, unruly Sunne,
  Why doſt thou thus,
Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?
Muſt to thy motions lovers ſeaſons run?
  Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide
  Late ſchoole boyes, and ſowre prentices,
Goe tell Court-huntſmen, that the King will ride,
Call countrey ants to harveſt offices,
Love, all alike, no ſeaſon knowes, nor clyme,
Nor houres, dayes, moneths, which are the rags of time.

  Thy beames, ſo reverend, and ſtrong
  Why ſhouldſt thou thinke?
I could eclipſe and cloud them with a winke,
But that I would not loſe her ſight ſo long:
  If her eyes have not blinded thine,
  Looke, and to morrow late, tell mee,
Whether both the'India's of ſpice and Myne
Be where thou leftſt them, or lie here with mee.
Aske for thoſe Kings whom thou ſaw'ſt yeſterday,
And thou ſhalt heare, All here in one bed lay.

She is

Digitized by Google

She'is all States, and all Princes, I,
Nothing elſe is.
Princes doe but play us, compar'd to this,
All honor's mimique; All wealth alchimie;
Thou ſunne art halfe as happy'as wee,
In that the world's contracted thus.
Thine age aſkes eaſe, and ſince thy duties bee
To warme the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
This bed thy center is, theſe walls, thy ſpheare.

The Indifferent.

I Can love both faire and browne, (betraies,
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want
Her who loves loneneſſe beſt, and her who maskes and
Her whō the country form'd, & whō the town, (plaies,
Her who beleeves, and her who tries,
Her who ſtill weepes with ſpungie eyes,
And her who is dry corke, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you and you,
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Wil it not ſerve your turn to do, as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices ſpent, and now would finde
Or doth a feare, that men are true, tor- (out others?
Oh we are not, be not you ſo, (ment you?
Let mee, and doe you, twenty know.

Rob

Digitized by Google

Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe.
Muſt I, who came to travaile thorow you,
Grow your fixt ſubject, becauſe you are true?

Venus heard me ſigh this ſong,
And by Loves ſweeteſt Part, Variety, ſhe ſwore,
She heard not this till now; and that it ſhould be ſo
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long, (no more,
And ſaid, alas, Some two or three
Poore Heretiques in love there bee,
Which thinke to ſtabliſh dangerous conſtancie.
But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
You ſhall be true to them, who are falſe to you.

Loves Vſury.

FOr every houre that thou wilt ſpare mee now,
I will allow,
Uſurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my browne, my gray haires equall bee;
Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let
Mee travell, ſojourne, ſnatch, plot, have, forget,
Reſume my laſt yeares relict: thinke that yet
We'had never met.

Digitized by Google

Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,
And at next nine
Keepe midnights promiſe; miſtake by the way
The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
Onely let mee love none, no, not the ſport
From country graſſe, to comfitures of Court,
Or cities quelque choſes, let report
My minde tranſport.

This bargaine's good; if when I'am old, I bee
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine owne honour, or my ſhame, or paine,
Thou covet moſt, at that age thou ſhalt gaine.
Doe thy will then, then ſubject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love I ſubmit to thee,
Spare mee till then, I'll beare it, though ſhe bee
One that loves mee.

The Canonization.

FOr Godſake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palſie, or my gout,
My five gray haires, or ruin'd fortune flout, (improve
With wealth your ſtate, your minde with Arts
Take you a courſe, get you a place,
Obſerve his honour, or his grace,
Or the Kings reall, or his ſtamped face
Contemplate, what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas,

Digitized by Google

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
What merchants ſhips have my ſighs drown'd?
Who ſaies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward ſpring remove?
When did the heats which my veines fill
Adde one more, to the plaguie Bill?
Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out ſtill
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though ſhe and I do love.

Call us what you will, wee are made ſuch by love;
Call her one, mee another flye,
We'are Tapers too, and at our owne coſt die,
And wee in us finde the'Eagle and the dove,
The Phœnix ridle hath more wit
By us, we two being one, are it.
So, to one neutrall thing both ſexes fit.
Wee dye and riſe the ſame, and prove
Myſterious by this love.

Wee can dye by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tombes and hearſe
Our legends bee, it will be fit for verſe;
And if no peece of Chronicle wee prove,
We'll build in ſonnets pretty roomes;
As well a well wrought urne becomes
The greateſt aſhes, as halfe-acre tombes,
And by theſe hymnes, all ſhall approve
Us *Canoniz'd* for Love.

Digitized by Google

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love
Made one anothers hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
Who did the whole worlds soule contract, & drove
Into the glasses of your eyes
So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize,
Countries, Townes, Courts: Beg from above
A patterne of our love.

The triple Foole.

I am two fooles, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining Poëtry;
But where's that wiseman, that would not be I,
If she would not deny?
Then as th'earths inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea waters fretfull salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my paines,
Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay,
Griefe brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For, he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
Some man, his art and voice to shew,
Doth Set and sing my paine,
And, by delighting many, frees againe

Griefe,

Digitized by Google

Griefe, which verſe did reſtraine.
To Love, and Griefe tribute of Verſe belongs,
But not of ſuch as pleaſes when'tis read,
Both are increaſed by ſuch ſongs:
For both their triumphs ſo are publiſhed,
And I, which was two fooles, do ſo grow three;
Who are a little wiſe, the beſt fooles bee.

Lovers infiniteneſſe.

IF yet I have not all thy love,
Deare, I ſhall never have it all,
I cannot breath one other ſigh, to move;
Nor can intreat one other teare to fall.
And all my treaſure, which ſhould purchaſe thee,
Sighs, teares and oathes, and letters I have ſpent,
Yet no more can be due to mee,
Then at the bargaine made was ment,
If then thy gift of love were partiall,
That ſome to mee, ſome ſhould to others fall,
Deare, I ſhall never have Thee All.

Or if then thou gaveſt mee all,
All was but All, which thou hadſt then,
But if in thy heart, ſince, there be or ſhall,
New love created bee, by other men,
Which have their ſtocks intire, and can in teares,
In ſighs, in oathes, and letters outbid mee,

This new love may beget new feares,
For, this love was not vowed by thee,
And yet is was, thy gift being generall,
The ground, thy heart is mine, what ever ſhall
Grow there, deare, I ſhould have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
Hee that hath all can have no more,
And ſince my love doth every day admit (ſtore;
New growth, thou ſhouldſt have new rewards in
Thou canſt not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canſt give it, then thou never gaveſt it:
Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It ſtayes at home, and thou with loſing ſaveſt it:
But wee will have a way more liberall,
Then changing hearts, to joyne them, ſo wee ſhall
Be one, and one anothers All.

Song.

SWeeteſt love, I do not goe,
For wearineſſe of thee,
Nor in hope the world can ſhow
A fitter Love for mee,
But ſince that I
Muſt dye at laſt, 'tis beſt,
To uſe my ſelfe in jeſt
Thus by fain'd deaths to dye;

Yeſternight

Yesternight the Sunne went hence,
And yet is here to day,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor halfe so short a way:
Then feare not mee,
But beleeve that I shall make
Speedier journeyes, since I take
More wings and spurres then hee.

O how feeble is mans power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another houre,
Nor a lost houre recall?
But come bad chance,
And wee joyne to it our strength,
And wee teach it art and length,
It selfe o'r us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soule away,
When thou weep'st, unkindly kinde,
My lifes blood doth decay.
It cannot bee
That thou lov'st mee, as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
Thou art the best of mee.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethinke me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,

And

And may thy feares fulfill,
But thinke that wee
Are but turn'd aside to sleepe;
They who one another keepe
Alive, ne'r parted bee.

The Legacie.

WHen I dyed last, and, Deare, I dye
As often as from thee I goe,
Though it be, but an houre agoe,
And Lovers houres be full eternity,
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Though I be dead, which sent mee, I should be
Mine owne executor and Legacie.

I heard mee say, Tell her anon,
That my selfe, that's you, not I,
Did kill me, and when I felt mee dye,
I bid mee send my heart, when I was gone,
But I alas could there finde none, (lye,
When I had ripp'd me, and search'd where hearts did
It kill'd mee againe, that I who still was true,
In life, in my last Will should cozen you.

Yes

Yet I found ſomething like a heart,
But colours it, and corners had,
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was intire to none, and few had part.
As good as could be made by art
It ſeem'd, and therefore for our loſſes ſad,
I meant to ſend this heart in ſtead of mine,
But oh, no man could hold it, for twas thine.

A Feaver:

OH doe not die, for I ſhall hate
All women ſo, when thou art gone,
That thee I ſhall not celebrate,
When I remember, thou waſt one.

But yet thou canſt not die, I know,
To leave this world behinde, is death,
But when thou from this world wilt goe,
The whole world vapors with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the worlds ſoule, goeſt,
It ſtay, tis but thy carkaſſe then,
The faireſt woman, but thy ghoſt,
But corrupt wormes, the worthyeſt men.

Digitized by Google

O wrangling ſchooles, that ſearch what fire
Shall burne this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aſpire,
That this her feaver might be it?

And yet ſhe cannot waſt by this,
Nor long beare this torturing wrong,
For much corruption needfull is
To fuell ſuch a feaver long.

Theſe burning fits but meteors bee,
Whoſe matter in thee is ſoone ſpent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet t'was of my minde, ſeiſing thee,
Though it in thee cannot perſever.
For I had rather owner bee
Of thee one houre, then all elſe ever.

Digitized by Google

Aire and Angels.

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a ſhapeleſſe flame,
Angells affect us oft, and worſhip'd bee,
Still when, to where thou wert, I came
Some lovely glorious nothing I did ſee,
But ſince, my ſoule, whoſe child love is,
Takes limmes of fleſh, and elſe could nothing doe,
More ſubtile then the parent is,
Love muſt not be, but take a body too,
And therefore what thou wert, and who
I bid Love aske, and now
That it aſſume thy body, I allow,
And fixe it ſelfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilſt thus to ballaſt love, I thought,
And ſo more ſteddily to have gone,
With wares which would ſinke admiration,
I ſaw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,
Ev'ry thy haire for love to worke upon
Is much too much, ſome fitter muſt be ſought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and ſcattring bright, can love inhere;
Then as an Angell, face, and wings
Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,
So thy love may be my loves ſpheare;
Juſt ſuch diſparitie

Digitized by Google

As is twixt Aire and Angells puritie,
'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever bee.

Breake of day.

'Tis true, 'tis day, what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?
Love which in spight of darkenesse brought us hether,
Should in despight of light keepe us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speake as well as spie,
This were the worst, that it could say,
That being well, I faine would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honor so,
That I would not from him, that had them, goe.

Must businesse thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
The poore, the foule, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong, as when a maryed man doth wooe.

The

The Anniverſarie.

ALL Kings, and all their favorites,
All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
The Sun it ſelfe, which makes times, as they paſſe,
Is elder by a yeare, now, then it was
When thou and I firſt one another ſaw:
All other things, to their deſtruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This, no to morrow hath, nor yeſterday,
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keepes his firſt, laſt, everlaſting day.

Two graves muſt hide thine and my coarſe,
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas, as well as other Princes, wee,
(Who Prince enough in one another bee,)
Muſt leave at laſt in death, theſe eyes, and eares,
Oft fed with true oathes, and with ſweet ſalt teares;
But ſoules where nothing dwells but love;
(All other thoughts being inmates) then ſhall prove
This, or a love increaſed there above,
When bodies to their graves, ſoules from their graves remove.

And then wee ſhall be throughly bleſt,
But now no more, then all the reſt.
Here upon earth, we are Kings, and none but wee
Can be ſuch Kings, nor of ſuch ſubjects bee;
Who is ſo ſafe as wee? where none can doe

Digitized by Google

Treaſon to us, except one of us two.
True and falſe feares let us refraine,
Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe
Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine
To write threeſcore, this is the ſecond of our raigne.

A Valediction of my name, in the window.

I.

My name engrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmneſſe to this glaſſe,
Which, ever ſince that charme, hath beene
As hard, as that which grav'd it, was,
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that Glaſſe ſhould bee
As all confeſſing, and through-ſhine as I,
'Tis more, that it ſhewes thee to thee,
And cleare reflects thee to thine eye.
But all ſuch rules, loves magique can undoe,
Here you ſee mee, and I am you.

III.

Digitized by Google

III.

As no one point, nor dash,
Which are but accessaries to this name,
The showers and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times finde mee the same;
You this intirenesse better may fulfill,
Who have the patterne with you still.

IIII.

Or if too hard and deepe
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It, as a given deaths head keepe,
Lovers mortalitie to preach,
Or thinke this ragged bony name to bee
My ruinous Anatomie.

V.

Then, as all my soules bee,
Emparadis'd in you, (in whom alone
I understand, and grow and see,)
The rafters of my body, bone
Being still with you, the Muscle, Sinew, and Veine,
Which tile this house, will come againe.

VI.

Digitized by Google

VI.

Till my returne, repaire
And recompact my ſcattered body ſo.
As all the vertuous powers which are
Fix'd in the ſtarres, are ſaid to flow,
Into ſuch characters, as graved bee
When theſe ſtarres have ſupremacie:

VII.

So ſince this name was cut
When love and griefe their exaltation had,
No doore 'gainſt this names influence ſhut,
As much more loving, as more ſad,
'Twill make thee; and thou ſhouldſt, till I returne,
Since I die daily, daily mourne.

VIII.

When thy inconſiderate hand
Flings ope this caſement, with my trembling name,
To looke on one, whoſe wit or land,
New battry to thy heart may frame,
Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offendſt my Genius.

IX.

Digitized by Google

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy Lover's gold, and page,
His letter at thy pillow'hath laid,
Disputed it, and tam'd thy rage,
And thou begin'ſt to thaw towards him, for this,
May my name ſtep in, and hide his.

X.

And if this treaſon goe
To an overt act, and that thou write againe;
In ſuperſcribing, this name flow
Into thy fancy, from the pane.
So, in forgetting thou remembreſt right,
And unaware to mee ſhalt write.

XI.

But glaſſe, and lines muſt bee,
No meanes our firme ſubſtantiall love to keepe;
Neere death inflicts this lethargie,
And this I murmure in my ſleepe;
Impute this idle talke, to that I goe,
For dying men talke often ſo.

Digitized by Google

Twicknam garden.

BLaſted with ſighs, and ſurrounded with teares,
Hither I come to ſeeke the ſpring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine eares,
Receive ſuch balmes, as elſe cure every thing,
But O, ſelfe traytor, I do bring
The ſpider love, which tranſubſtantiates all,
And can convert Manna to gall,
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradiſe, I have the ſerpent brought.

'Twere wholſomer for mee, that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave froſt did forbid
Theſe trees to laugh and mocke mee to my face;
But that I may not this diſgrace
Indure, nor yet leave loving, Love let mee
Some ſenſleſſe peece of this place bee;
Make me a mandrake, ſo I may grow here,
Or a ſtone fountaine weeping out my yeare.

Hither with chriſtall vyals, lovers come,
And take my teares, which are loves wine,
And try your miſtreſſe Teares at home,
For all are falſe, that taſt not juſt like mine;
Alas, hearts do not in eyes ſhine,
Nor can you more judge womens thoughts by teares,

Then

Then by her ſhadow, what ſhe weares.
O perverſe ſexe, where none is true but ſhee,
Who's therefore true, becauſe her truth kills mee.

Valediction to his booke.

I'Ll tell thee now (deare Love) what thou ſhalt doe
To anger deſtiny, as ſhe doth us,
How I ſhall ſtay, though ſhe Eſloygne me thus
And how poſterity ſhall know it too;
How thine may out-endure
Sybills glory, and obſcure
Her who from Pindar could allure,
And her, through whoſe helpe *Lucan* is not lame,
And her, whoſe booke (they ſay) *Homer* did finde, and (name.
Study our manuſcripts, thoſe Myriades
Of letters, which have paſt twixt thee and mee,
Thence write our Annals, and in them will bee
To all whom loves ſubliming fire invades,
Rule and example found;
There, the faith of any ground
No ſchiſmatique will dare to wound,
That ſees, how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to uſe, to be theſe his Records.

Digitized by Google

This Booke, as long-liv'd as the elements,
Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved tome
In cypher writ, or new made Idiome;
Wee for loves clergie only'are inſtruments,
When this booke is made thus,
Should againe the ravenous
Vandals and the Goths invade us,
Learning were ſafe; in this our Univerſe
Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Muſick,
(Angels Verſe.
Here Loves Divines, (ſince all Divinity
Is love or wonder) may finde all they ſeeke,
Whether abſtract ſpirituall love they like,
Their Soules exhal'd with what they do not ſee,
Or loth ſo to amuze,
Faiths infirmitie, they chuſe
Something which they may ſee and uſe; (ſit,
For, though minde be the heaven, where love doth
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more then in their bookes may Lawyers finde,
Both by what titles, Miſtreſſes are ours,
And how prerogative theſe ſtates devours,
Transferr'd from Love himſelfe, to womankinde.
Who though from heart, and eyes,
They exact great ſubſidies,
Forſake him who on them relies
And for the cauſe, honour, or conſcience give,
Chimeraes, vaine as they, or their prerogative.

Here

Here Stateſmen,(or of them, they which can reade,)
May of their occupation finde the grounds,
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to conſider what 'tis,one proceed,
In both they doe excell
Who the preſent governe well,
Whoſe weakneſſe none doth, or dares tell;
In this thy booke, ſuch will there ſomething ſee,
As in the Bible ſome can finde out Alchimy.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll ſtudie thee,
As he removes farre off,that great heights takes;
How great love is,preſence beſt tryall makes,
But abſence tryes how long this love will bee;
To take a latitude
Sun,or ſtarres, are fitlieſt view'd
At their brighteſt,but to conclude
Of longitudes,what other way have wee,
But to marke when, and where the darke eclipſes bee?

Digitized by Google

GOod wee muſt love, and muſt hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good ſtill,
But theſe are things indifferent,
Which wee may neither hate, nor love,
But one, and then another prove,
As wee ſhall finde our fancy bent.

If then at firſt wiſe Nature had,
Made women either good or bad,
Then ſome wee might hate, and ſome chuſe,
But ſince ſhee did them ſo create,
That we may neither love, nor hate,
Onely this reſts, All, all may uſe.

If they were good it would be ſeene,
Good is as viſible as greene,
And to all eyes it ſelfe betrayes,
If they were bad, they could not laſt,
Bad doth it ſelfe, and others waſt,
So, they deſerve nor blame, nor praiſe.

But they are ours as fruits are ours,
He that but taſts, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well,
Chang'd loves are but chang'd ſorts of meat,
And when hee hath the kernell eate,
Who doth not fling away the ſhell?

Digitized by Google

Loves growth.

I Scarce beleeve my love to be ſo pure
As I had thought it was,
Becauſe it doth endure
Viciſſitude, and ſeaſon, as the graſſe;
Me thinkes I lyed all winter, when I ſwore,
My love was infinite, if ſpring make it more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all ſorrow
With more, not onely bee no quinteſſence,
But mixt of all ſtuffes, paining ſoule, or ſenſe,
And of the Sunne his working vigour borrow,
Love's not ſo pure, and abſtract, as they uſe
To ſay, which have no Miſtreſſe but their Muſe,
But as all elſe, being elemented too,
Love ſometimes would contemplate, ſometimes do

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the ſpring is growne;
As, in the firmament,
Starres by the Sunne are not inlarg'd, but ſhowne,
Gentle love deeds, as bloſſomes on a bough,
From loves awakened root do bud out now.
If, as in water ſtir'd more circles bee
Produc'd by one, love ſuch additions take,
Thoſe like ſo many ſpheares, but one heaven make,
For, they are all concentrique unto thee,

And

And though each ſpring doe adde to love new heate,
As princes doe in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter ſhall abate the ſprings encreaſe.

Loves exchange.

Love, any devill elſe but you,
Would for a given Soule give ſomething too.
At Court your fellowes every day,
Give th'art of Riming, Huntſmanſhip, or play,
For them which were their owne before;
Onely I have nothing which gave more,
But am, alas, by being lowly, lower.

I aske no diſpenſation now
To falſifie a teare, or ſigh, or vow,
I do not ſue from thee to draw
A *non obſtante* on natures law,
Theſe are prerogatives, they inhere
In thee and thine; none ſhould forſweare
Except that hee *Loves* minion were.

Give mee thy weakneſſe, make mee blinde,
Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eies and minde;
Love, let me never know that this
Is love, or, that love childiſh is.

Let

Let me not know that others know
That ſhe knowes my paines, leaſt that ſo
A tender ſhame make me mine owne new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou'art juſt,
Becauſe I would not thy firſt motions truſt;
Small townes which ſtand ſtiffe, till great ſhot
Enforce them, by warres law *condition* not.
Such in loves warfare is my caſe,
I may not article for grace,
Having put love at laſt to ſhew this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change the Idolatrie of any land,
This face, which whereſoe'r it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloiſters, dead from tombes,
And melt both Poles at once, and ſtore
Deſerts with cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth, then Quarries were before.

For, this love is enrag'd with mee,
Yet kills not; if I muſt example bee
To future Rebells; If th'unborne
Muſt learne, by my being cut up, and torne;
Kill, and diſſect me, Love; for this
Torture againſt thine owne end is,
Rack't carcaſſes make ill Anatomies.

Digitized by Google

Some man unworthy to be poſſeſſor
Of old or new love, himſelfe being falſe or weake,
Thought his paine and ſhame would be leſſer,
If on womankind he might his anger wreake,
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures ſo?

Are Sunne, Moone, or Starres by law forbidden,
To ſmile where they liſt, or lend away their light?
Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a night?
Beaſts doe no joyntures loſe
Though they new lovers chooſe,
But we are made worſe then thoſe.

Who e'r rigg'd faire ſhip to lie in harbors,
And not to ſeeke new lands, or not to deale withall?
Or built faire houſes, ſet trees, and arbors,
Only to lock up, or elſe to let them fall?
Good is not good, unleſſe
A thouſand it poſſeſſe,
But doth waſt with greedineſſe.

Digitized by Google

The Dreame.

Deare love, for nothing leſſe then thee
Would I have broke this happy dreame,
It was a theame
For reaſon, much too ſtrong for phantaſie,
Therefore thou wakd'ſt me wiſely; yet
My Dreame thou brok'ſt not, but continued'ſt it,
Thou art ſo truth, that thoughts of thee ſuffice,
To make dreames truths; and fables hiſtories;
Enter theſe armes, for ſince thou thoughtſt it beſt,
Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the reſt.

As lightning, or a Tapers light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noiſe wak'd mee;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou loveſt truth) an Angell, at firſt ſight,
But when I ſaw thou ſaweſt my heart,
And knew'ſt my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,
When thou knew'ſt what I dreamt, whē thou knew'ſt
Exceſſe of joy would wake me, and cam'ſt then, (whē
I muſt confeſſe, it could not chuſe but bee
Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee.

Comming and ſtaying ſhow'd thee, thee,
But riſing makes me doubt, that now,
Thou art not thou.
That love is weake, where feare's as ſtrong as hee;
'Tis not all ſpirit, pure, and brave,

Digitized by Google

If mixture it of *Feare, Shame, Honor* have;
Perchance as torches which muſt ready bee,
Men light and put out, ſo thou deal'ſt with mee,
Thou cam'ſt to kindle, goeſt to come; Then I
Will dreame that hope againe, but elſe would die.

A Valediction of weeping.

LEt me powre forth
My teares before thy face, whil'ſt I ſtay here,
For thy face coines them, and thy ſtampe they beare,
And by this Mintage they are ſomething worth,
For thus they bee
Pregnant of thee,
Fruits of much griefe they are, emblemes of more,
When a teare falls, that thou falſt which it bore,
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers ſhore

On a round ball
A workeman that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afrique, and an Aſia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, *All*,
So doth each teare,
Which thee doth weare,
A globe, yea world by that impreſſion grow,
Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow
This world, by waters ſent from thee, my heaven diſ-
(ſolved ſo.

O

O more then Moone,
Draw not up ſeas to drowne me in thy ſpheare,
Weepe me not dead, in thine armes, but forbeare
To teach the ſea, what it may doe too ſoone,
Let not the winde
Example finde,
To doe me more harme, then it purpoſeth,
Since thou and I ſigh one anothers breath,
Who e'r ſighes moſt, is cruelleſt, and haſts the others death.

Loves Alchymie.

SOme that have deeper digg'd loves Myne then I,
Say, where his centrique happineſſe doth lie:
I have lov'd, and got, and told,
But ſhould I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I ſhould not finde that hidden myſterie;
Oh, 'tis impoſture all:
And as no chymique yet th'Elixar got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall,
So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-ſeeming ſummers night.

Digitized by Google

Our eaſe, our thrift, our honor, and our day,
Shall we, for this vaine Bubles ſhadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man,
Can be as happy'as I can; If he can
Endure the ſhort ſcorne of a Bridegroomes play?
That loving wretch that ſweares,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
Which he in her Angelique findes,
Would ſweare as juſtly, that he heares,
In that dayes rude hoarſe minſtralſey, the ſpheares.
Hope not for minde in women; at their beſt,
Sweetneſſe, and wit they'are, but, *Mummy*, poſſeſt.

The Flea.

MArke but this flea, and marke in this,
How little that which thou deny'ſt me is;
It ſuck'd me firſt, and now ſucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled bee;
Thou know'ſt that this cannot be ſaid
A ſinne, nor ſhame nor loſſe of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoyes before it wooe,
And pamper'd ſwells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more then wee would doe.

Oh ſtay, three lives in one flea ſpare,
Where wee almoſt, yea more then maryed are.
This flea is you and I, and this

Our

Our mariage bed, and mariage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And cloyſterd in theſe living walls of Jet.
Though uſe make you apt to kill mee,
Let not to that, ſelfe murder added bee,
And ſacrilege, three ſinnes in killing three.

Cruell and ſodaine, haſt thou ſince
Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty bee,
Except in that drop which it ſuckt from thee?
Yet thou triumph'ſt, and ſaiſt that thou
Find'ſt not thy ſelfe, nor mee the weaker now;
'Tis true, then learne how falſe, feares bee;
Juſt ſo much honor, when thou yeeld'ſt to mee,
Will waſt, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

The Curſe.

WHo ever gueſſes, thinks, or dreames he knowes
Who is my miſtris, wither by this curſe;
His only, and only his purſe
May ſome dull heart to love diſpoſe,
And ſhee yeeld then to all that are his foes;
May he be ſcorn'd by one, whom all elſe ſcorne,
Forſweare to others, what to her he hath ſworne,
With feare of miſſing, ſhame of getting torne;

Madneſſe

Madneſſe his ſorrow, gout his cramp, may hee
Make, by but thinking, who hath made him ſuch:
And may he feele no touch
Of conſcience, but of fame, and bee
Anguiſh'd, not that 'twas ſinne, but that 'twas ſhee:
In early and long ſcarceneſſe may he rot,
For land which had been his, if he had not
Himſelfe inceſtuouſly an heire begot:

May he dreame Treaſon, and beleeve, that hee
Meant to performe it, and confeſſe, and die,
And no record tell why:
His ſonnes, which none of his may bee,
Inherite nothing but his infamie:
Or may he ſo long Paraſites have fed,
That he would faine be theirs, whom he hath bred,
And at the laſt be circumciſ'd for bread:

The venom of all ſtepdames, gamſters gall,
What Tyrans, and their ſubjects interwiſh,
What Plants, Myne, Beaſts, Foule, Fiſh,
Can contribute, all ill, which all
Prophets, or Poets ſpake; And all which ſhall
Be annex'd in ſchedules unto this by mee,
Fall on that man; For if it be a ſhee
Nature before hand hath out-curſed mee.

Digitized by Google

AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

Wherein,

By occasion of the untimely death of Mistris ELIZABETH DRVRY, the frailty and the decay of this whole World is represented.

The first Anniversary.

To the praise of the dead, and the ANATOMIE.

WEll dy'd the World, that we might live to see
This world of wit, in his Anatomie:
No evill wants his good; so wilder heires
Bedew their Fathers Tombes, with forced teares,
Whose state requites their losse: whiles thus we gain,
Well may wee walke in blacks, but not complaine.

Digitized by Google

Yet how can I consent the world is dead
While this Muse lives? which in his spirits stead
Seemes to informe a World; and bids it bee,
In spight of losse or fraile mortalitie?
And thou the subject of this welborne thought,
Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor sought
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate,
Then whiles this spirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last Nephews eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine:
Admired match! where strives in mutuall grace
The cunning pencill, and the comely face:
A taske which thy faire goodnesse made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch;
Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,
And say, that but enough those prayses bee,
Which hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head
From th'angry checkings of thy modest red:
Death barres reward and shame, when envy's gone,
And gaine, 'tis safe to give the dead their owne.
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their Tombes, then houses: these of clay,
But those of brasse, or marble were: so wee
Give more unto thy Ghost, then unto thee.
Yet what wee give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
And may'st but thanke thy selfe, for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'st, and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repayd.
So these high songs that to thee suited bin
Serve but to sound thy Makers praise and thine,

Which

Digitized by Google

Which thy deare ſoule as ſweetly ſings to him
Amid the quire of Saints, and Seraphim,
As any Angels tongue can ſing of thee;
The ſubjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant yeares men judge of age,
Thy early love, thy vertues did preſage,
What high part thou bear'ſt in thoſe beſt of ſongs,
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on thou virgin Soule, whoſe loſsfull gaine
Thy loveſick parents have bewail'd in vaine;
Never may thy Name be in our ſongs forgot,
Till wee ſhall ſing thy ditty and thy note.

An Anatomy of the World.

The firſt Anniverſary.

WHen that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone,
Who all do celebrate, who know they have one,
(For who is ſure he hath a Soule, unleſſe
It ſee, and judge, and follow worthineſſe,
And by deeds praiſe it? hee who doth not this,
May lodge an immate ſoule, but 'tis not his.)
When that Queene ended here her progreſſe time,
And, as t'her ſtanding houſe to heaven did climbe,

Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the Quire, and Song.
This World, in that great earthquake languiſhed;
For in a common bath of teares it bled,
Which drew the ſtrongeſt vitall ſpirits out:
But ſuccour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did loſe, or gaine in this,
(Becauſe ſince now no other way there is,
But goodneſſe, to ſee her, whom all would ſee,
All muſt endeavour to be good as ſhee.)
This great conſumption to a fever turn'd,
And ſo the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
And, as men thinke, that Agues phyſick are,
And th'Ague being ſpent, give over care.
So thou ſicke World, miſtak'ſt thy ſelfe to bee
Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Lethargie:
Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than
Thou might'ſt have better ſpar'd the Sunne, or man.
That wound was deep, but 'tis more miſery,
That thou haſt loſt thy ſenſe and memory.
'Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of mone,
But this is worſe, that thou art ſpeechleſſe growne.
Thou haſt forgot thy name thou hadſt; thou waſt
Nothing but ſhee, and her thou haſt o'rpaſt.
For as a child kept from the Fount, untill
A prince, expected long, come to fulfill
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'ſt laid,
Had not her comming, thee her palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame,
And thou forgett'ſt to celebrate thy name.

Some

Some moneths she hath beene dead (but being dead,
Measures of times are all determined)
But long she'ath beene away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
But as in states doubtfull of future heires,
When sickneſſe without remedie empaires
The preſent Prince, they're loth it ſhould be ſaid,
The Prince doth languiſh, or the Prince is dead:
So mankinde feeling now a generall thaw,
A ſtrong example gone, equall to law;
The Cyment which did faithfully compact,
And glue all vertues, now reſolv'd, and ſlack'd,
Thought it ſome blaſphemy to ſay ſh'was dead,
Or that our weakneſſe was diſcovered
In that confeſſion; therefore ſpoke no more
Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the loſſe deplore.
But though it be too late to ſuccour thee,
Sicke World, yea, dead, yea putrified, ſince ſhee
Thy'intrinſique balme, and thy preſervative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
I (ſince no man can make thee live) will try,
What wee may gaine by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art
Corrupt and mortall in thy pureſt part.
Let no man ſay, the world it ſelfe being dead,
'Tis labour loſt to have diſcovered
The worlds infirmities, ſince there is none
Alive to ſtudy this diſſection;
For there's a kinde of World remaining ſtill,
Though ſhee which did inanimate and fill

The world, be gone, yet in this laſt long night,
Her Ghoſt doth walke, that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weake love of vertue, and of good,
Reflects from her, on them which underſtood
Her worth; and though ſhe have ſhut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth ſtay;
Which, from the carcaſſe of the old world, free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures bee
Produc'd: the matter and the ſtuffe of this,
Her vertue, and the forme our practice is:
And thought to be thus elemented, arme
Theſe creatures, from homeborne intrinſique harme,
(For all aſſum'd unto this dignitie,
So many weedleſſe Paradiſes bee,
Which of themſelves produce no venemous ſinne,
Except ſome forraine Serpent bring it in)
Yet becauſe outward ſtormes the ſtrongeſt breake,
And ſtrength it ſelfe by confidence growes weake,
This new world may be ſafer, being told
The ſickneſs of the World The dangers and diſeaſes of the old:
For with due temper men doe then forgoe,
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
Impoſſibility of health There is no health; Phyſitians ſay that wee,
At beſt, enjoy but a neutralitie.
And can there bee worſe ſickneſſe, then to know
That we are never well, nor can be ſo?
Wee are borne ruinous: poore mothers cry,
That children come not right, nor orderly,
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.

How

How witty's ruine, how importunate
Upon mankinde? it labour'd to fruſtrate
Even Gods purpoſe; and made woman, ſent
For mans relieſe, cauſe of his languiſhment.
They were to good ends, and they are ſo ſtill,
But acceſſory, and principall in ill;
For that firſt marriage was our funerall:
One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
And ſingly, one by one, they kill us now.
We doe delightfully our ſelves allow
To that conſumption; and profuſely blinde,
Wee kill our ſelves to propagate our kinde.
And yet we do not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankinde, which was then,
When as, the Sunne and man did ſeeme to ſtrive,
(Joynt tenants of the world) who ſhould ſurvive. *Shortneſſe of life.*
When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie,
When, if a ſlow pac'd ſtarre had ſtolne away
From the obſervers marking, he might ſtay
Two or three hundred yeares to ſee't againe,
And then make up his obſervation plaine;
When, as the age was long, the ſiſe was great;
Mans growth confeſs'd, and recompenc'd the meat;
So ſpacious and large, that every Soule
Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule:
And when the very ſtature, thus erect,
Did that ſoule a good way towards heaven direct.
Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age,
Fit to be made *Methuſalem* his page?

Alas,

Alas, we ſcarce live long enough to try
Whether a true made clocke run right, or lie.
Old Granſires talke of yeſterday with ſorrow:
And for our children wee reſerve to morrow.
So ſhort is life, that every peſant ſtrives,
In a torne houſe, or field, to have three lives.
And as in laſting, ſo in length is man,
Smalneſſe of ſtature. Contracted to an inch, who was a ſpanne;
For had a man at firſt in forreſts ſtray'd,
Or ſhipwrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an Elephant, or Whale,
That met him, would not haſtily aſſaile
A thing ſo equall to him: now alas,
The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may paſſe
As credible; mankinde decayes ſo ſoone,
We'are ſcarce our Fathers ſhadowes caſt at noone:
Onely death ads t'our length: nor are wee growne
In ſtature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our leſſe volume hold
All the old Text; or had wee chang'd to gold
Their ſilver, or diſpos'd into leſſe glaſſe
Spirits of vertue, which then ſcatter'd was.
But 'tis not ſo: w'are not retir'd, but dampt;
And as our bodies ſo our mindes are crampt:
'Tis ſhrinking, not cloſe weaving that hath thus,
In minde, and body both bedwarfed us.
Wee ſeeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe;
Of nothing hee made us, and we ſtrive too,
To bring our ſelves to nothing backe; and wee
Doe what wee can, to do't ſo ſoone as hee.

With

Digitized by Google

With new diſeaſes on our ſelves wee warre,
And with new Phyſicke, a worſe Engin farre.
Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home;
And if in other creatures they appeare,
They're but mans Miniſters, and Legats there,
To worke on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to Civility, and to mans uſe.
This man, whom God did wooe, and loth t'attend
Till man came up, did downe to man deſcend,
This man ſo great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is!
If man were any thing; he's nothing now:
Helpe, or at leaſt ſome time to waſt, allow
T'his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom we lament, hee loſt his heart.
She, of whom th'Ancients ſeem'd to propheſie,
When they call'd vertues by the name of *ſhee*;
Shee in whom vertue was ſo much refin'd,
That for allay unto ſo pure a minde
Shee tooke the weaker Sex: ſhee that could drive
The poyſonous tincture, and the ſtaine of *Eve*,
Out of her thought, and deeds; and purifie
All, by a true religious Alchymie;
She, ſhe is dead; ſhee's dead: when thou knoweſt this,
Thou knoweſt how poore a trifling thing man is.
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
The heart being periſh'd, no part can be free.
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The ſupernaturall food, Religion:

Digitized by Google

Thy better growth growes withered, and ſcant;
Be more then man, or thou'rt leſſe then an Ant.
Then as mankinde, ſo is the worlds whole frame
Quite out of joynt, almoſt created lame:
For, before God had made up all the reſt,
Corruption entred, and deprav'd the beſt:
It ſeis'd the Angells, and then firſt of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maime,
Wronging each joynt of th'univerſall frame.
The nobleſt part, man, felt it firſt; and than
Decay of nature in other parts. Both beaſts and plants, curſt in the curſe of man,
So did the world from the firſt houre decay,
That evening was beginning of the day,
And now the Springs and Sommers which we ſee,
Like ſonnes of women after fiftie bee.
And new Philoſophy calls all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out;
The Sun is loſt, and th'earth, and no mans wit
Can well direct him where to looke for it.
And freely men confeſſe that this world's ſpent,
When in the Planets, and the firmament
They ſeeke ſo many new; they ſee that this
Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies.
'Tis all in peeces, all coherence gone;
All juſt ſupply, and all Relation:
Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinkes he hath got
To be a Phœnix, and that then can bee
None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee.

This

This is the worlds condition now, and now
She that ſhould all parts to reunion bow,
She that had all Magnetique force alone,
To draw, and faſten ſundred parts in one;
She whom wiſe nature had invented then
When ſhe obſerv'd that every ſort of men
Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea ſtray,
And needed a new compaſſe for their way;
She that was beſt, and firſt originall
Of all faire copies, and the generall
Steward to Fate; ſhe whoſe rich eyes, and breaſt,
Guilt the Weſt-Indies, and perfum'd the Eaſt,
Whoſe having breath'd in this world, did beſtow
Spice on thoſe Iles, and bad them ſtill ſmell ſo,
And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,
Is but as ſingle money coyn'd from her:
She to whom this world muſt it ſelfe refer,
As Suburbs, or the Microcoſme of her,
Shee, ſhee is dead; ſhee's dead: when thou knoweſt
Thou knoweſt how lame a criple this world is. (this
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
That this worlds generall ſickneſſe doth not lie
In any humour, or one certaine part;
But as thou ſaweſt it rotten at the heart,
Thou ſeeſt a Hectique feaver hath got hold
Of the whole ſubſtance, not to be contrould,
And that thou haſt but one way, not t'admit
The worlds infection, to be none of it.
For the worlds ſubtilſt immateriall parts
Feele this conſuming wound, and ages darts.

For the worlds beauty is decai'd, or gone,
Disformity of parts. Beauty, that's colour, and proportion.
We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,
Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure forme: It teares
The Firmament in eight and forty sheires,
And in these Constellations then arise
New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes:
As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or war,
When new Towers rise, and old demolish't are.
They have impal'd within a Zodiake
The free-borne Sun, and keepe twelve Signes awake
To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab controule,
And fright him backe, who else to either Pole
(Did not these tropiques fetter him) might runne:
For his course is not round; nor can the Sunne
Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way
One inch direct; but where he rose to day
He comes no more, but with a couzening line,
Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:
And seeming weary with his reeling thus,
He meanes to sleepe, being now falne nearer us.
So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne
In Circle still, none ends where he begun.
All their proportion's lame, it sinkes, it swels.
For of Meridians, and Parallels,

Man-

Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne
Upon the Heavens, and now they are his owne.
Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus
To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
We ſpur, we reine the ſtarres, and in their race
They're diverſly content t'obey our peace.
But keepes the earth her round proportion ſtill?
Doth not a Tenarus or higher hill
Riſe ſo high like a Rocke, that one might thinke
The floating Moone would ſhipwrack there & ſinke?
Seas are ſo deepe, that Whales being ſtrucke to day,
Perchance to morrow ſcarſe at middle way
Of their wiſh'd journies end, the bottome, die.
And men, to ſound depths, ſo much line untie,
As one might juſtly thinke, that there would riſe
At end thereof, one of th'Antipodies:
If under all, a vault infernall bee,
(Which ſure is ſpacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there muſt
Millions into a ſtraight hot roome be thruſt)
Then ſolidneſſe, and roundneſſe have no place.
Are theſe but warts, and pockholes in the face
Of th'earth; Thinke ſo: but yet confeſſe, in this
The worlds proportion disfigured is;
That thoſe two legges whereon it doth rely,
Reward and puniſhment are bent awry.
And, Oh, it can no more be queſtioned,
That beauties beſt, proportion, is dead,
Since even griefe it ſelfe, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.

Diſorder in the world.

Digitized by Google

Shee by whoſe lines proportion ſhould bee
Examin'd, meaſure of all Symmetree,
Whom had that Ancient ſeen, who thought ſoules
Of Harmony, he would at next have ſaid (mad)
That Harmony was ſhee, and thence infer
That ſoules were but Reſultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies goe,
As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow:
Shee, who if thoſe great Doctors truly ſaid
That the Arke to mans proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both Elements and Paſſions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civill war to ceaſe.
Shee, after whom, what forme ſoe'r we ſee,
Is diſcord, and rude incongruitie;
She, ſhe is dead, ſhe's dead; when thou know'ſt this,
Thou knoweſt how ugly a monſter this world is:
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
That here is nothing to enamour thee:
And that, not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts;
Poyſoning the fountaines, whence our actions ſpring,
Endanger us: but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To ſatisfie wiſe, and good lookers on,
(Since moſt men be ſuch as moſt thinke they bee)
They're lothſome too, by this deformitie.
For good, and well, muſt in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worſe then indiſcreet.

But

But beauties other ſecond Element,
Colour, and luſtre now, is as neere ſpent.
And had the world his juſt proportion,
Were it a ring ſtill, yet the ſtone is gone.
As a compaſſionate Turcoyſe which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
As gold falls ſicke being ſtung with Mercury,
All the worlds parts of ſuch complexion bee.
When nature was moſt buſie, the firſt weeke,
Swadling the new borne earth, God ſeem'd to like
That ſhe ſhould ſport her ſelfe ſometimes, and play,
To mingle, and vary colours every day:
And then, as though ſhee could not make enough,
Himſelfe his various Rainbow did allow,
Sight is the nobleſt ſenſe of any one,
Yet ſight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decai'd: ſummers robe growes
Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment ſhowes.
Our bluſhing red, which us'd in cheekes to ſpred,
Is inward ſunke, and only our ſoules are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If ſhe whom we lament had not beene dead:
But ſhee, in whom all white, and red, and blew
(Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradiſe; from whom
Did all things verdure, and their luſtre come,
Whoſe compoſition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For Ayre, and Fire but thick groſſe bodies were,
And livelieſt ſtones but drowſie, and pale to her,)

Shee,

Digitized by Google

She, ſhe is dead; ſhee's dead: when thou know'ſt this,
Thou knoweſt how wan a Ghoſt this our world is:
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
That it ſhould more affright, then pleaſure thee.
And that, ſince all faire colour then did ſinke,
'Tis now but wicked vanitie, to thinke
Weakneſſe in the want of correſpondence of heaven and earth.
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colors to illude mens ſenſe.
Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares,
Then that her influence the heav'n forbeares,
Or that the Elements doe not feele this,
The father, or the mother barren is.
The cloudes conceive not raine, or doe not powre,
In the due birth time, downe the balmy ſhowre;
Th'ayre doth not motherly ſit on the earth,
To hatch her ſeaſons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombes;
And falſe-conceptions fill the generall wombes;
Th'ayre ſhowes ſuch Meteors, as none can ſee,
Not only what they meane, but what they bee;
Earth ſuch new wormes, as would have troubled much
Th'Ægyptian *Mages* to have made more ſuch.
What Artiſt now dares boaſt that he can bring
Heaven hither, or conſtellate any thing,
So as the influence of thoſe ſtarres may bee
Impriſon'd in an Hearbe, or Charme or Tree,
And doe by touch, all which thoſe ſtars could doe?
The art is loſt, and correſpondence too.
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes leſſe,
And man leaſt knowes their trade and purpoſes.

If

If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
She, for whose losse we have lamented thus,
Would worke more fully, and pow'rfully on us:
Since herbes, and roots, by dying lose not all,
But they, yea ashes too, are medicinall,
Death could not quench her vertue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
And all the world would be one dying swan,
To sing her funerall praise, and vanish than.
But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,
Except it be from the live Serpent shot,
So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
That unto us; shee working more then it.
But shee, in whom to such maturity
Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all impression came,
But by receivers impotencies, lame,
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet guilded every state,
So that some Princes have some temperance;
Some Counsellers some purpose to advance
The common profit; and some people have,
Some stay, no more then Kings should give, to crave;
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some nunneries some graines of chastitie.
She that did thus much, and much more could doe,
But that our age was Iron, and rustie too,
Shee, she is dead, she's dead; when thou knowst this,
Thou knowst how drie a Cinder this world is.

Digitized by Google

And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie
It with thy teares, or ſweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travaile, griefe, or perishing,
But thoſe rich joyes, which did poſſeſſe her heart,
Of which ſhe's now partaker, and a part.
Concluſion. But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
The body will not laſt out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their ſpeech to parts, that are of moſt effect;
So the worlds carcaſſe would not laſt, if I
Were punctuall in this Anatomy;
Nor ſmels it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their diſeaſe, who faine would think thy're well.
Here therefore be the end: and, bleſſed maid,
Of whom is meant what ever hath been ſaid,
Or ſhall be ſpoken well by any tongue, (ſong,
Whoſe name refines courſe lines, and makes proſe
Accept this tribute, and his firſt yeares rent,
Who till his darke ſhort tapers end be ſpent,
As oft as thy feaſt ſees this widowed earth,
Will yearely celebrate thy ſecond birth,
That is, thy death; for though the ſoule of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than
When man doth die; our body's as the wombe,
And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
And you her creatures, whom ſhe workes upon,
And have your laſt, and beſt concoction
From her example, and her vertue, if you
In reverence to her, do thinke it due,

That

Digitized by Google

That no one ſhould her praiſes thus rehearſe,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not verſe;
Vouchſafe to call to minde that God did make
A laſt, and laſting'ſt peece, a ſong. He ſpake
To *Moſes* to deliver unto all,
That ſong, becauſe hee knew they would let fall
The Law, the Prophets, and the Hiſtory,
But keepe the ſong ſtill in their memory:
Such an opinion, in due meaſure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade:
Nor could incomprehenſibleneſſe deterre
Mee, from thus trying to empriſon her,
Which when I ſaw that a ſtrict grave could doe,
I ſaw not why verſe might not do ſo too.
Verſe hath a middle nature, heaven keepes Soules,
The Grave keepes bodies, Verſe the Fame enroules.

Digitized by Google

A Funerall Elegie.

'Tis loſt to truſt a Tombe with ſuch a gueſt,
Or to confine her in a marble cheſt,
Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie,
Priz'd with the Chryſolite of either eye,
Or with thoſe Pearles, and Rubies, which ſhe was?
Joyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glaſſe;
And ſo is all to her materials,
Though every inch were ten Eſcurials;
Yet ſhe's demoliſh'd: can wee keepe her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can theſe memorials, ragges of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they muſt live?
Sickly, alas, ſhort-liv'd, aborted bee
Thoſe carcaſſe verſes, whoſe ſoule is not ſhee.
And can ſhee, who no longer would be ſhee,
Being ſuch a Tabernacle, ſtoop to be
In paper wrapt; or when ſhee would not lie
In ſuch a houſe, dwell in an Elegie?
But 'tis no matter; wee may well allow
Verſe to live ſo long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world containes
Princes for armes, and counſellors for braines,
Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,
The rich for ſtomackes, and for backs the poore;

The

Digitized by Google

The officers for hands, merchants for feet,
By which, remote and diſtant Countries meet.
But thoſe fine ſpirits which do tune, and ſet
This Organ, are thoſe peeces, which beget
Wonder and love; and theſe were ſhee; and ſhee
Being ſpent, the world muſt needs decrepit bee;
For ſince death will proceed to triumph ſtill,
He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,
Except the world it ſelfe, ſo great was ſhee.
Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,
Death cannot give her ſuch another blow,
Becauſe ſhee cannot ſuch another ſhow.
But muſt wee ſay ſhe's dead? may't not be ſaid
That as a ſundred clocke is peecemeale laid,
Not to be loſt, but by the makers hand
Repolliſh'd, without errour then to ſtand,
Or as the Affrique Niger ſtreame enwombs
It ſelfe into the earth, and after comes
(Having firſt made a naturall bridge, to paſſe
For many leagues) farre greater then it was,
May't not be ſaid, that her grave ſhall reſtore
Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?
Heaven may ſay this, and joy in't, but can wee
Who live, and lacke her, here, this vantage ſee?
What is't to us, alas, if there have beene
An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin?
Wee loſe by't: and as aged men are glad
Being taſtleſſe growne, to joy in joyes they had,
So now the ſick ſtarv'd world muſt feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.

Digitized by Google

Rejoyce then Nature, and this World, that you,
Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue
Your force and vigour, ere it were neere gone,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;
One, whose cleare body was so pure and thinne,
Because it need disguise no thought within.
'Twas but a through-light scarfe, her minde t'inroule;
Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule.
One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd:
And whom, who ere had worke enough, desir'd;
As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
To which of them, it shall be consecrate.
But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,
Those new starres every Artist exercise,
What place they should assigne to them they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till those starres goe out:
So the world studied whose this peece should be,
Till shee can be no bodies else, nor shee:
But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd
Rather t'adorne, then last, she soone expir'd,
Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie,
For marriage, though it doth not staine, doth die.
To scape th'infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away, before sh'was one;
And the worlds busie noyse to overcome,
Tooke so much death, as serv'd for *opium*;
For though she could not, nor could chuse to dye,
She'ath yeelded to too long an extasie:
Hee which not knowing her said History,
Should come to reade the booke of destiny,

How

Digitized by Google

How faire, and chaſt, humble, and high ſhe'ad been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteene,
And meaſuring future things, by things before,
Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,
VVould thinke that either deſtiny miſtooke,
Or that ſome leaves were torne out of the booke.
But 'tis not ſo; Fate did but uſher her
To yeares of reaſons uſe, and then inferre
Her deſtiny to her ſelfe, which liberty
She tooke, but for thus much, thus much to die.
Her modeſtie not ſuffering her to bee
Fellow-Commiſſioner with Deſtinie,
She did no more but die; if after her
Any ſhall live, which dare true good prefer;
Every ſuch perſon is her deligate,
T'accompliſh that which ſhould have beene her Fate.
They ſhall make up that Booke and ſhall have thanks
Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blankes.
For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
VVhich from the gift of her example riſe;
And 'tis in heav'n part of ſpirituall mirth,
To ſee how well the good play her, on earth.

OF

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE.

Wherein,

By occasion of the Religious death of Mistris ELIZABETH DRVRY, the incommodities of the Soule in this life, and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated.

The second Anniversary.

The Harbinger to the PROGRESSE.

TWo Soules move here, and mine (a third) must move
Paces of admiration, and of love;
Thy Soule (deare virgin) whose this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortall Spheare to lively blisse;

Digitized by Google

And yet moves ſtill, and ſtill aſpires to ſee
The worlds laſt day, thy glories full degree:
Like as thoſe ſtarres which thou o'r-looheſt farre,
Are in their place, and yet ſtill moved are:
No ſoule (whiles with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way;
Or ſee thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe
So faſt, that now the lightning moves but ſlow:
But now thou art as high in heaven flowne
As heaven's from us; what ſoule beſides thine owne
Can tell thy joyes, or ſay he can relate
Thy glorious Journals in that bleſſed ſtate?
I envie thee (Rich ſoule) I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory ſee:
And thou (great ſpirit) which hers follow'd haſt
So faſt, as none can follow thine ſo faſt;
So far, as none can follow thine ſo farre,
(And if this fleſh did not the paſſage barre
Hadſt caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
Which long agone hadſt loſt the vulgar ſight,
And now mak'ſt proud the better eyes, that they
Can ſee thee leſs'ned in thine ayery way;
So while thou mak'ſt her ſoule by progreſſe knowne
Thou mak'ſt a noble progreſſe of thine owne.
From this worlds carkaſſe having mounted high
To that pure life of immortalitie;
Since thine aſpiring thoughts themſelves ſo raiſe
That more may not beſeeme a creatures praiſe,
Yet ſtill thou vow'ſt her more; and every yeare
Mak'ſt a new progreſſe, while thou wandreſt here;

Still

Digitized by Google

Still upward mount; and let thy Makers praiſe
Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy laies.
And ſince thy Muſe her head in heaven ſhrouds,
Oh let her never ſtoope below the clouds:
And if thoſe glorious ſainted ſoules may know
Or what wee doe, or what wee ſing below,
Thoſe acts, thoſe ſongs ſhall ſtill content them beſt
Which praiſe thoſe awfull Powers that make them (bleſt.

OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE.

The second Anniversarie.

NOthing could make me sooner to confesse
That this world had an everlastingnesse,
Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower world's, and the Sunnes Sunne,
The Lustre, and the vigor of this all,
Did set; 'twere blasphemie to say, did fall.
But as a ship which hath strooke saile, doth runne
By force of that force which before, it wonne:
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red seas, which freely ranne,
One from the Trunke, another from the Head,
His soule he sail'd, to her eternall bed,
His eyes will twinckle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckned, and cal'd backe his soule,
He graspes his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soule; when all these motions which we saw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:

Or

Or as a Lute, which in moiſt weather, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her ſtrings.
So ſtruggles this dead world, now ſhee is gone;
For there is motion in corruption.
As ſome daies are, at the Creation nam'd,
Before the Sunne, the which fram'd daies, was fram'd:
So after this Sunne's ſet, ſome ſhew appeares,
And orderly viciſſitude of yeares.
Yet a new deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
Forgetting her; the maine reſerve of all,
Yet in this deluge, groſſe and generall,
Thou ſeeſt me ſtrive for life; my life ſhall bee,
To be hereafter prais'd, for prayſing thee;
Immortall maid, who though thou would'ſt refuſe
The name of Mother, be unto my Muſe
A Father, ſince her chaſt Ambition is
Yearely to bring forth ſuch a child as this.
Theſe Hymnes may worke on future wits, and ſo
May great Grand children of thy prayſes grow.
And ſo, though not revive, embalme and ſpice
The world, which elſe would putrifie with vice.
For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
Untill man doe but vaniſh, and not die.
Theſe Hymnes thy iſſue, may encreaſe ſo long,
As till Gods great *Venite* change the ſong.
Thirſt for that time, O my inſatiate ſoule,
And ſerve thy thirſt, with Gods-ſafe-ſealing Bowle.
Be thirſtie ſtill, and drinke ſtill till thou goe
To th'only Health, to be Hydroptique ſo,

A juſt diſeſtimation of this world.

Digitized by Google

Forget this rotten world; And unto thee
Let thine owne times as an old storie bee
Be not concern'd: studie not why nor when;
Doe not so much as not beleeve a man.
For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth,
Is far more businesse, then this world is worth.
The world is but a carkasse; thou art fed
By it, but as a worme, that carkasse bred;
And why should'st thou, poore worme, consider more
When this world will grow better then before,
Then those thy fellow wormes doe thinke upon
That carkasses last resurrection.
Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,
As of old clothes, cast off a yeare agoe.
To be thus stupid is Alacritie;
Men thus Lethargique have best Memory.
Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulate.
Shee, to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all sat harkning how her youthfull age
Should be emploi'd, because in all shee did,
Some Figure of the Golden times was hid.
Who could not lacke, what e'r this world could give,
Because shee was the forme, that made it live;
Nor could complaine, that this world was unfit
To be staid in, then when shee was in it;
Shee that first tried indifferent desires
By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,
Shee to whose person Paradise adher'd,
As Courts to Princes, shee whose eyes enspher'd

Sar-

Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule,
(Had ſhee beene there) the Star-full Northerne Pole,
Shee, ſhe is gone; ſhe is gone; when thou knoweſt this,
What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
Thou knoweſt, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honors it too much that thinkes it nought.
Thinke then, my ſoule, that death is but a Groome,
Which brings a Taper to the outward roome,
Whence thou ſpieſt firſt a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy ſight:
For ſuch approaches doth heaven make in death.
Thinke thy ſelfe labouring now with broken breath,
And thinke thoſe broken and ſoft Notes to bee
Diviſion, and thy happyeſt Harmonie.
Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, looſe and flacke;
And thinke that, but unbinding of a packe,
To take one precious thing, thy ſoule from thence.
Thinke thy ſelfe patch'd with fevers violence,
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy Phyſicke; chide the ſlacknesſe of the fit.
Thinke that thou hear'ſt thy knell and thinke no more,
But that, as Bels cal'd thee to Church before,
So this, to the Triumphant Church, calls thee.
Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,
And thinke that but for Legacies they thruſt;
Give one thy Pride, to another give thy Luſt:
Give them thoſe ſinnes which they gave thee before,
And truſt th'immaculate blood to waſh thy ſcore.
Thinke thy friends weeping round, & thinke that they
Weepe but becauſe they goe not yet thy way.

Contemplation of our ſtate in our death-bed.

Thinke

Digitized by Google

Thinke that they cloſe thine eyes, and thinke in this,
That they confeſſe much in the world, amiſſe,
Who dare not truſt a dead mans eye with that,
Which they from God, and Angels cover not.
Thinke that they ſhroud thee up, & think from thence
They reinveſt thee in white innocence.
Thinke that thy body rots, and (if ſo low,
Thy ſoule exalted ſo, thy thoughts can goe,)
Think thee a Prince, who of themſelves create
Wormes which inſenſibly devoure their State.
Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right
Laies thee to ſleepe but a Saint Lucies night.
Thinke theſe things cheerefully: and if thou bee
Drowſie or ſlacke, remember then that ſhee,
Shee whoſe complexion was ſo even made,
That which of her ingredients ſhould invade
The other three, no Feare, no Art could gueſſe:
So far were all remov'd from more or leſſe.
But as in Mithridate, or juſt perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one preſumes
To governe, or to triumph on the reſt,
Only becauſe all were, no part was beſt.
And as, though all doe know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from Points ariſe,
None can theſe lines or quantities unjoynt,
And ſay this is a line, or this a point:
So though the Elements and Humors were
In her, one could not ſay, this governes there,
Whoſe even conſtitution might have woon
Any diſeaſe to venter on the Sunne,

Rather

Digitized by Google

Rather then her: and make a ſpirit feare,
That hee too diſuniting ſubject were.
To whoſe proportions if we would compare
Cubes, th'are unſtable; Circles, Angular;
She who was ſuch a chaine as Fate employes
To bring mankinde all Fortunes it enjoyes;
So faſt, ſo even wrought, as one would thinke,
No accident could threaten any linke;
Shee, ſhee embrac'd a ſickneſſe, gave it meat,
The pureſt blood, and breath, that e'r it eate;
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith,
And though he may pretend a conqueſt, ſince
Heaven was content to ſuffer violence,
Yea though hee plead a long poſſeſſion too, (do)
(For they're in heaven on earth who heavens workes
Though hee had right and power and place, before,
Yet death muſt uſher, and unlocke the doore.
Thinke further on thy ſelfe, my Soule, and thinke
How thou at firſt waſt made but in a ſinke;
Thinke that it argued ſome infirmitie,
That thoſe two ſoules, which then thou foundſt in me,
Thou fedſt upon, and drewſt into thee both
My ſecond ſoule of ſenſe, and firſt of growth.
Thinke but how poore thou waſt, how obnoxious;
Whom a ſmall lumpe of fleſh could poyſon thus.
This curded milke, this poore unlittered whelpe
My body, could, beyond eſcape or helpe,
Infect thee with Originall ſinne, and thou
Couldſt neither then refuſe, nor leave it now.

Digitized by Google

Thinke that no ſtubborne ſullen Anchorit,
Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth ſit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels
So fowly as our Soules in their firſt built Cels.
Thinke in how poore a priſon thou didſt lie
After, enabled but to ſuck, and crie. (Inne,
Thinke, when 'twas growne to moſt, 'twas a poore
A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinne,
And that uſurp'd or threatned with a rage
Of ſickneſſes, or their true mother, Age.
But thinke that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Her liberty by death. Thou haſt thy'expanſion now, and libertie;
Thinke that a ruſtie Peece diſcharg'd is flowne
In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,
And freely flies: this to thy Soule allow, (now.
Thinke thy ſhell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but
And think this ſlow-pac'd ſoule which late did cleave
To'a body, and went but by the bodies leave,
Twenty perchance or thirty mile a day,
Diſpatches in a minute all the way
Twixt heaven, and earth; ſhe ſtayes not in the ayre,
To looke what Meteors there themſelves prepare;
She carries no deſire to know, nor ſenſe,
Whether th'ayres middle region be intenſe;
For th'Element of fire, ſhe doth not know,
Whether ſhe paſt by ſuch a place or no;
She baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie
Whether in that new world, men live, and die.
Venus retards her not, to'enquire, how ſhee
Can, (being one ſtarre) *Heſper*, and *Veſper* bee;

Hee

Digitized by Google

Hee that charm'd *Argus* eyes, ſweet *Mercury*,
Workes not on her, who now is growne all eye;
Who if ſhe meet the body of the Sunne,
Goes through, not ſtaying till his courſe bē runne;
Who findes in *Mars* his Campe no corps of Guard;
Nor is by *Iove*, nor by his father bard;
But ere ſhe can conſider how ſhe went,
At once is at, and through the Firmament.
And as theſe ſtarres were but ſo many beads
Strung on one ſtring, ſpeed undiſtinguiſh'd leads
Her through thoſe Spheares, as through the beads, a string,
Whoſe quick ſucceſſiō makes it ſtill one thing:
As doth the pith, which, leſt our bodies ſlacke,
Strings faſt the little bones of necke, and backe;
So by the Soule doth death ſtring Heaven and Earth;
For when our Soule enjoyes this her third birth,
(Creation gave her one, a ſecond, grace,)
Heaven is as neare, and preſent to her face,
As colours are, and objects, in a roome
Where darkneſſe was before, when Tapers come.
This muſt, my Soule, thy long-ſhort Progreſſe bee,
To advance theſe thoughts; Remember then that ſhe,
She, whoſe faire body no ſuch priſon was,
But that a Soule might well be pleas'd to paſſe
An age in her; ſhe whoſe rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for ſo much as they were like to her;
Shee, in whoſe body (if we dare preferre
This low world, to ſo high a marke as ſhee,)
The Weſterne treaſure, Eaſterne ſpiceries,

Digitized by Google

Europe, and Afrique, and the unknowne reſt
Were eaſily found, or what in them was beſt;
And when w'have made this large diſcoverie
Of all, in her ſome one part then will bee
Twenty ſuch parts, whoſe plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty ſuch worlds as this;
Shee, whom had they knowne who did firſt betroth
The Tutelar Angels, and aſſigned one, both
To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
To Functions, Offices, and dignities,
And to each ſeverall man, to him, and him,
They would have given her one for every limbe;
She, of whoſe ſoule, if wee may ſay, 'twas gold,
Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that; wee underſtood
Her by her ſight; her pure, and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheekes, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one might almoſt ſay, her body thought;
Shee, ſhee, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone:
And chides us ſlow-pac'd ſnailes who crawle upon
Our priſons priſon, earth, nor thinke us well,
Longer, then whil'ſt wee beare our brittle ſhell.
But 'twere but litrle to have chang'd our roome,
If, as we were in this our living Tombe
Oppreſs'd with ignorance, wee ſtill were ſo.
Poore ſoule, in this thy fleſh what doſt thou know?
Thou know'ſt thy ſelfe ſo little, as thou know'ſt not,
How thou didſt die, nor how thou waſt begot.
Thou neither know'ſt, how thou at firſt cam'ſt in,
Nor how thou took'ſt the poyſon of mans ſinne.

Nor

Nor doſt thou, (though thou know'ſt, that thou art ſo)
By what way thou art made immortall, know.
Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
Even thy ſelfe: yea though thou would'ſt but bend
To know thy body. Have not all ſoules thought
For many ages, that our body'is wrought
Of aire, and fire, and other Elements?
And now they thinke of new ingredients.
And one Soule thinkes one, and another way
Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay.
Know'ſt thou but how the ſtone doth enter in
The bladders cave, and never brake the skinne?
Know'ſt thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe?
And for the putrid ſtuffe, which thou doſt ſpit,
Know'ſt thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no paſſages, ſo that there is
(For ought thou know'ſt) piercing of ſubſtances.
And of thoſe many opinions which men raiſe
Of Nailes and Haires, doſt thou know which to praiſe?
What hope have wee to know our ſelves, when wee
Know not the leaſt things, which for our uſe be?
Wee ſee in Authors, too ſtiffe to recant,
A hundred controverſies of an Ant;
And yet one watches, ſtarves, freeſes, and ſweats,
To know but Catechiſmes and Alphabets
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
How others on our ſtage their parts did Act;
What *Cæſar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* ſaid,
Why graſſe is greene, or why our blood is red,

Digitized by Google

Are myſteries which none have reach'd unto.
In this low forme, poore ſoule, what wilt thou doe?
When wilt thou ſhake off this Pedantery,
Of being taught by ſenſe, and Fantaſie?
Thou look'ſt through ſpectacles; ſmall things ſeeme
Below; But up unto the watch-towre get, (great
And ſee all things deſpoyl'd of fallacies:
Thou ſhalt not peepe through lattices of eyes,
Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learne
By circuit, or collections to diſcerne.
In heaven thou ſtraight know'ſt all, concerning it,
And what concernes it not, ſhalt ſtraight forget.
There thou (but in no other ſchoole) maiſt bee
Perchance, as learned, and as full, as ſhee,
Shee who all libraries had throughly read
At home in her owne thoughts, and practiſed
So much good as would make as many more:
Shee whoſe example they muſt all implore,
Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confeſſe
That all the vertuous Actions they expreſſe,
Are but a new, and worſe edition
Of her ſome one thought, or one action:
She who in th'art of knowing Heaven, was growne
Here upon earth, to ſuch perfection,
That ſhe hath, ever ſince to Heaven ſhe came,
(In a far fairer point,) but read the ſame:
Shee, ſhee not ſatisfied with all this waight,
(For ſo much knowledge, as would over-fraight
Another, did but ballaſt her) is gone
As well t'enjoy, as get perfection.

And

Digitized by Google

And cals us after her, in that ſhee tooke,
(Taking her ſelfe) our beſt, and worthieſt booke.
Returne not, my Soule, from this extaſie,
And meditation of what thou ſhalt bee,
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,
With whom thy converſation muſt be there,
With whom wilt thou converſe? what ſtation
Canſt thou choſe out, free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?
Shalt thou not finde a ſpungie ſlacke Divine,
Drinke and ſucke in th'inſtructions of great men,
And for the word of God, vent them agen?
Are there not ſome Courts (and then, no things bee
So like as Courts) which, in this let us ſee,
That wits, and tongues of Libellers are weake,
Becauſe they do more ill, then theſe can ſpeake?
The poyſon's gone through all, poyſons affect
Chiefly the chiefeſt parts, but ſome, effect
In nailes, and haires, yea excrements, will ſhow;
So lyes the poyſon of ſinne in the moſt low.
Up, up, my drowſie Soule, where thy new eare
Shall in the Angels ſongs no diſcord heare;
Where thou ſhalt ſee the bleſſed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that, which men have ſaid.
Where ſhe is exalted more for being good,
Then for her intereſt of Mother-hood.
Up to thoſe Patriarchs, which did longer ſit
Expecting Chriſt, then they'have enjoy'd him yet.
Up to thoſe Prophets, which now gladly ſee
Their Propheſies growne to be Hiſtorie.

Of our company in this life, and in the next.

Up

Digitized by Google

Up to th'Apoſtles, who did bravely runne
All the Suns courſe, with more light then the Sunne.
Up to thoſe Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oyle to th'Apoſtles Lamps, dew to their ſeed.
Up to thoſe Virgins, who thought, that almoſt
They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghoſt,
If they to any ſhould his Temple give.
Up, up, for in that ſquadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities.
Shee, who being to her ſelfe a State, injoy'd
All royalties which any State employ'd;
For ſhee made warres, and triumph'd; reaſon ſtill
Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will:
And ſhe made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty, and chaſtity together kiſſe:
She did high juſtice, for ſhe crucified
Every firſt motion of rebellious pride:
And ſhe gave pardons, and was liberall,
For, onely her ſelfe except, ſhe pardon'd all:
Shee coy'nd, in this, that her impreſſion gave
To all our actions all the worth they have:
She gave protections; the thoughts of her breſt
Satans rude Officers could ne'r arreſt.
As theſe prerogatives being met in one,
Made her a ſoveraigne State; religion
Made her a Church; and theſe two made her all.
She who was all this All, and could not fall
To worſe, by company, (for ſhe was ſtill
More Antidote, then all the world was ill,

Shee,

Digitized by Google

Shee, ſhee doth leave it, and by Death, ſurvive
All this, in Heaven; whether who doth not ſtrive
The more, becauſe ſhees there, he doth not know
That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow.
But pauſe, my ſoule; And ſtudy ere thou fall
On accidentall joyes, th'eſſentiall.
Still before Acceſſories doe abide
A triall, muſt the principall be tride.
And what eſſentiall joy can'ſt thou expect
Here upon earth? what permanent effect
Of tranſitory cauſes? Doſt thou love
Beauty? (And beauty worthy'ſt is to move)
Poore couſened couſenor, *that* ſhe, and *that* thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now;
You are both fluid, chang'd ſince yeſterday;
Next day repaires, (but ill) laſt dayes decay.
Nor are, (although the river keepe the name)
Yeſterdaies waters, and to daies the ſame.
So flowes her face, and thine eyes; neither now
That Saint nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow
Concern'd, remaines; but whil'ſt you thinke you bee
Conſtant, you'are hourely in inconſtancie.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Becauſe *that* God did live ſo long above
Without this Honour, and then lov'd it ſo,
That he at laſt made creatures to beſtow
Honour on him; not that he needed it,
But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit.
But ſince all Honours from inferiours flow,
(For they doe give it; Princes doe but ſhew
Whom they would have ſo honor'd) and that this
On ſuch opinions, and capacities
Is built, as riſe and fall, to more and leſſe:
Alas, 'tis but a caſuall happineſſe.
Hath ever any man to'himſelfe aſſign'd

Of eſſentiall joy in this life and in the next.

Digitized by Google

This or that happineſſe to'arreſt his minde,
But that another man which takes a worſe,
Thinks him a foole for having tane that courſe?
They who did labour Babels tower to'erect,
Might have conſidered, that for that effect,
All this whole ſolid Earth could not allow
Nor furniſh forth materialls enough;
And that his Center, to raiſe ſuch a place
Was farre too little, to have beene the Baſe;
No more affords this world, foundation
To erect true joy, were all the meanes in one.
But as the Heathen made them ſeverall gods,
Of all Gods benefits, and all his rods,
(For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are
Gods unto them, ſo Agues bee, and warre)
And as by changing that whole precious Gold
To ſuch ſmall Copper coynes, they loſt the old,
And loſt their only God, who ever muſt
Be ſought alone, and not in ſuch a thruſt:
So much, mankinde true happineſſe miſtakes;
No Joy enjoyes that man, that many makes.
Then, Soule, to thy firſt pitch worke up againe;
Know that all lines which circles doe containe,
For once that they the Center touch, doe touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou ſuch;
Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth emploid;
All will not ſerve; Only who have enjoy'd
The ſight of God, in fulneſſe, can thinke it;
For it is both the object, and the wit.
This is eſſentiall joy, where neither hee
Can ſuffer diminution, nor wee;

'Tis

'Tis such a full, and such a filling good;
Had th'Angels once look'd on him, they had stood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
Shee whom wee celebrate, is gone before.
She, who had here so much essentiall joy,
As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy;
Who with Gods presence was acquainted so,
(Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
His face in any naturall Stone, or Tree,
Better then when in Images they bee:
Who kept by diligent devotion,
Gods Image, in such reparation,
Within her heart, that what decay was growne,
Was her first Parents fault, and not her owne:
Who being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his safe precontract;
Who by a faithfull confidence, was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
Whose twilights were more cleare, then our mid-day;
Who dreamt devoutlier, then most use to pray;
Who being here fil'd with grace, yet strove to bee,
Both where more grace, and more capacitie
At once is given: she to Heaven is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heaven, and here, became unto us all,
Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall.
But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,
Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much.
How poore and lame, must then our casuall bee?
If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than,

Of accidentall joyes in both places.

Digitized by Google

By being greater, growne to bee leſſe Man.
When no Phyſitian of redreſſe can ſpeake,
A joyfull caſuall violence may breake
A dangerous Apoſtem in thy breaſt;
And whil'ſt thou joyeſt in this, the dangerous reſt,
The bag may riſe up, and ſo ſtrangle thee.
What e'r was caſuall, may ever bee.
What ſhould the nature change? Or make the ſame
Certaine, which was but caſuall, when it came?
All caſuall joy doth loud and plainly ſay,
Only by comming, that it can away.
Only in Heaven joyes ſtrength is never ſpent;
And accidentall things are permanent.
Joy of a ſoules arrivall ne'r decaies;
For that ſoule ever joyes and ever ſtaies.
Joy that their laſt great Conſummation
Approaches in the reſurrection;
When earthly bodies more celeſtiall
Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall;
This kinde of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of loſing it.
In this freſh joy, 'tis no ſmall part, that ſhee,
Shee, in whoſe goodneſſe, he that names degree,
Doth injure her; ('Tis loſſe to be cal'd beſt,
There where the ſtuffe is not ſuch as the reſt)
Shee, who left ſuch a bodie, as even ſhee
Only in Heaven could learne, how it can bee
Made better; for ſhee rather was two ſoules,
Or like to full on both ſides written Rols,
Where eyes might reade upon the outward skin,
As ſtrong Records for God, as mindes within,

She,

Digitized by Google

Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
Peeces a Circle, and ſtill keepes it ſo,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
Where ſhee receives, and gives addition.
Here in a place, where miſ-devotion frames *Concluſion.*
A thouſand Prayers to Saints, whoſe very names
The anciẽt Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet:
And where, what lawes of Poetry admit,
Lawes of Religion have at leaſt the ſame,
Immortall Maide, I might invoke thy name.
Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here ſhould'ſt make me a french convertite.
But thou would'ſt not; nor would'ſt thou be content,
To take this, for my ſecond yeares true Rent.
Did this Coine beare any other ſtampe, then his,
That gave thee power to doe, me, to ſay this.
Since his will is, that to poſteritie,
Thou ſhould'ſt for life, and death, a patterne bee,
And that the world ſhould notice have of this,
The purpoſe, and th'authoritie is his;
Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
The Trumpet, at whoſe voyce the people came.

The Extaſie.

WHere, like a pillow on a bed,
A Pregnant banke ſwel'd up, to reſt
The violets reclining head,
Sat we two, one anothers beſt;
Our hands were firmely cimented
With a faſt balme, which thence did ſpring,

Digitized by Google

Our eye-beames twiſted, and did thred
Our eyes, upon one double ſtring,
So to'entergraft our hands, as yet
Was all the meanes to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.
As'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
Suſpends uncertaine victorie,
Our ſoules, (which to advance their ſtate,
Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.
And whil'ſt our ſoules negotiate there,
Wee like ſepulchrall ſtatues lay,
All day, the ſame our poſtures were,
And wee ſaid nothing, all the day.
If any, ſo by love refin'd,
That he ſoules language underſtood,
And by good love were growen all minde,
Within convenient diſtance ſtood,
He (though he knowes not which ſoule ſpake,
Becauſe both meant, both ſpake the ſame)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part farre purer then he came.
This Extaſie doth unperplex
(We ſaid) and tell us what we love,
Wee ſee by this, it was not ſexe
Wee ſee, we ſaw not what did move:
But as all ſeverall ſoules containe
Mixture of things, they know not what,
Love, theſe mixt ſoules, doth mixe againe,
And makes both one, each this and that.
A ſingle violet tranſplant,

The

Digitized by Google

The ſtrength, the colour, and the ſize,
(All which before was poore, and ſcant,)
Redoubles ſtill, and multiplies.
When love, with one another ſo
Interanimates two ſoules,
That abler ſoule, which thence doth flow,
Defects of lonelineſſe controules.
Wee then, who are this new ſoule, know,
Of what we are compos'd, and made,
For, th' Atomies of which we grow,
Are ſoules, whom no change can invade.
But O alas, ſo long, ſo farre
Our bodies why doe wee forbeare?
They are ours, though not wee, Wee are
The intelligences, they the ſpheares.
We owe them thankes, becauſe they thus,
Did us, to us, at firſt convay,
Yeelded their ſenſes force to us,
Nor are droſſe to us, but allay.
On man heavens influence workes not ſo,
But that it firſt imprints the ayre,
For ſoule into the ſoule may flow,
Though it to body firſt repaire.
As our blood labours to beget
Spirits, as like ſoules as it can,
Becauſe ſuch fingers need to knit
That ſubtile knot, which makes us man:
So muſt pure lovers ſoules deſcend
T'affections, and to faculties,
Which ſenſe may reach and apprehend,
Elſe a great Prince in priſon lies.

To our

To'our bodies turne wee then, that ſo
Weake men on love reveal'd may looke;
Loves myſteries in ſoules doe grow,
But yet the body is his booke.
And if ſome lover, ſuch as wee,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him ſtill marke us, he ſhall ſee
Small change, when we'are to bodies gone.

Loves Deitie.

I Long to talke with ſome old lovers ghoſt,
Who dyed before the god of Love was borne:
I cannot thinke that hee, who then lov'd moſt,
Sunke ſo low, as to love one which did ſcorne.
But ſince this god produc'd a deſtinie,
And that vice-nature, cuſtome, lets it be;
I muſt love her, that loves not mee.

Sure, they which made him god, meant not ſo much:
Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to paſſives. Correſpondencie
Only his ſubject was; It cannot bee
Love, till I love her, that loves mee.

But every moderne god will now extend
His vaſt prerogative, as far as Jove.
To rage, to luſt, to write to, to commend,

All

Digitized by Google

All is the purlewe of the God of Love.
Oh were wee wak'ned by this Tyrannie
To ungod this child againe, it could not bee
I ſhould love her, who loves not mee.

Rebell and Atheiſt too, why murmure I,
As though I felt the worſt that love could doe?
Love may make me leave loving, or might trie
A deeper plague, to make her love mee too,
Which ſince ſhe loves before, I'am loth to ſee;
Falſhood is worſe then hate; and that muſt bee,
If ſhee whom I love, ſhould love mee.

Loves diet.

TO what a comberſome unwieldineſſe
And burdenous corpulence my love had growne,
But that I did, to make it leſſe,
And keepe it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon
That which love worſt endures, *diſcretion.*

Above one ſigh a day I'allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune, and my faults had part;
And if ſometimes by ſtealth he got
A ſhe ſigh from my miſtreſſe heart,
And thought to feaſt on that, I let him ſee
'Twas neither very ſound, nor meant to mee;

Digitized by Google

If he wroung from mee a teare, I brin'd it ſo
With ſcorne or ſhame, that him it nouriſh'd not;
If he ſuck'd hers, I let him know
'Twas not a teare, which hee had got,
His drinke was counterfeit, as was his meat; (ſweat.
For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters; When ſhe writ to me,
And that that favour made him fat,
I ſaid, if any title bee
Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it availe,
To be the fortieth name in an entaile?

Thus I redeem'd my buzard love, to flye
At what, and when, and how, and where I chuſe;
Now negligent of ſports I lye,
And now as other Fawkners uſe,
I ſpring a miſtreſſe, ſweare, write, ſigh and weepe:
And the game kill'd, or loſt, goe talke, and ſleepe.

The

The Will.

BEfore I ſigh my laſt gaſpe, let me breath,
Great love, ſome Legacies; Here I bequeath
Mine eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can ſee,
If they be blinde, then Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to'Embaſſadours mine eares;
To women or the ſea, my teares;
Thou, Love, haſt taught mee heretofore
By making mee ſerve her who'had twenty more,
That I ſhould give to none, but ſuch, as had too much before.
My conſtancie I to the planets give,
My truth to them, who at the Court doe live;
Mine ingenuity and openneſſe,
To Jeſuites; to Buffones my penſiveneſſe;
My ſilence to'any, who abroad hath beene;
My mony to a Capuchin.
Thou Love taught'ſt me, by appointing mee
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Onely to give to ſuch as have an incapacitie.

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;
All my good works unto the Schiſmaticks
Of Amſterdam; my beſt civility
And Courtſhip, to an Univerſitie;
My modeſty I give to ſouldiers bare;
My patience let gameſters ſhare.

Digitized by Google

Thou Love taughtſt mee, by making mee
Love her that holds my love diſparity,
Onely to give to thoſe that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to thoſe
Which were my friends; Mine induſtrie to foes;
To Schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulneſſe;
My ſickneſſe to Phyſitians, or exceſſe;
To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ;
And to my company my wit;
Thou love, by making mee adore
Her, who begot this love in mee before, (reſtore.
Taughtſt me to make, as though I gave, when I did but

To him for whom the paſſing bell next tolls,
I give my phyſick bookes; my writen rowles
Of Morall counſels, I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; To them which paſſe among
All forrainers, mine Engliſh tongue.
Thou, Love, by making mee love one
Who thinkes her friendſhip a fit portion
For yonger lovers, doſt my gifts thus diſproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more; But I'll undoe
The world by dying; becauſe love dies too.
Then all your beauties will bee no more worth
Then gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth.
And all your graces no more uſe ſhall have
Then a Sun dyall in a grave,

Thou

Thou Love taughtſt mee, by making mee
Love her, who doth neglect both mee and thee,
To invent, and practiſe this one way, to annihilate all
(three.

The Funerall.

WHo ever comes to ſhroud me, do not harme
Nor queſtion much
That ſubtile wreath of haire, which crowns my arme;
The myſtery, the ſigne you muſt not touch,
For 'tis my outward Soule,
Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to controule, (tion.
And keepe theſe limbes, her Provinces, from diſſolu-

For if the ſinewie thread my braine lets fall
Through every part,
Can tye thoſe parts, and make mee one of all;
Thoſe haires which upward grew, and ſtrength and art
Have from a better braine,
Can better do it; Except ſhe meant that I
By this ſhould know my pain, (dem'nd to die.
As priſoners then are manacled, when they'are con-

What ere ſhee meant by it, bury it by me,
For ſince I am
Loves martyr, it might breed idolatrie,
If into others hands theſe Reliques came;

Digitized by Google

As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a Soule can doe,
So, 'tis some bravery, (of you.
That since you would have none of mee, I bury some

The Blossome.

LIttle think'st thou, poore flower,
Whom I have watch'd six or seaven dayes,
And seene thy birth, and seene what every houre
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To morrow finde thee falne, or not at all.

Little think'st thou poore heart
That labours yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffenesse by long siege to bow:
Little think'st thou,
That thou to morrow, ere that Sunne doth wake,
Must with this Sunne, and mee a journey take.

But thou which lov'st to bee
Subtile to plague thy selfe, wilt say,

Alas,

Digitized by Google

Alas, if you muſt goe, what's that to mee?
Here lyes my buſineſſe, and here I will ſtay:
You goe to friends, whoſe love and meanes preſent
Various content
To your eyes, eares, and taſt, and every part.
If then your body goe, what need your heart?

Well then, ſtay here; but know,
When thou haſt ſtayd and done thy moſt;
A naked thinking heart, that makes no ſhow,
Is to a woman, but a kinde of Ghoſt;
How ſhall ſhee know my heart, or having none,
Know thee for one?
Practiſe may make her know ſome other part,
But take my word, ſhee doth not know a Heart.

Meet mee at London, then,
Twenty dayes hence, and thou ſhalt ſee
Mee freſher, and more fat, by being with men,
Then if I had ſtaid ſtill with her and thee.
For Gods ſake, if you can, be you ſo too:
I will give you
There, to another friend, whom wee ſhall finde
As glad to have my body, as my minde.

Digitized by Google

The Primroſe.

VPon this Primroſe hill,
Where, if Heav'n would diſtill
A ſhoure of raine, each ſeverall drop might goe
To his owne primroſe, and grow Manna ſo;
And where their forme, and their infinitie
Make a terreſtriall Galaxie,
As the ſmall ſtarres doe in the skie:
I walke to finde a true Love; and I ſee
That 'tis not a mere woman, that is ſhee,
But muſt, or more, or leſſe then woman bee.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wiſh; a ſixe, or foure;
For ſhould my true-Love leſſe then woman bee,
She were ſcarce any thing; and then, ſhould ſhe
Be more then woman, ſhee would get above
All thought of ſexe, and thinke to move
My heart to ſtudy her, and not to love;
Both theſe were monſters; Since there muſt reſide
Falſhood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, then Nature falſify'd.

Live Primroſe then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth repreſent,
With this myſterious number be content;

Ten

Ten is the fartheſt number, if halfe ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take halfe us men,
Or if this will not ſerve their turne, Since all
Numbers are odde, or even, and they fall
Firſt into this five, women may take us all.

The Relique.

When my grave is broke up againe
Some ſecond gheſt to entertaine,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head
To be to more then one a Bed)
And he that digs it, ſpies
A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And thinke that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be ſome way
To make their ſoules, at the laſt buſie day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little ſtay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where miſ-devotion doth command,
Then, he that digges us up, will bring
Us, to the Biſhop, and the King,
To make us Reliques; then
Thou ſhalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A ſomething elſe thereby;

Digitized by Google

All women ſhall adore us, and ſome men;
And ſince at ſuch time, miracles are ſought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles wee harmleſſe lovers wrought.

Firſt, we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what wee lov'd, nor why,
Difference of ſex no more wee knew,
Then our Guardian Angells doe,
Comming and going, wee,
Perchance might kiſſe, but not between thoſe meales
Our hands ne'r toucht the ſeales,
Which nature, injur'd by late law, ſets free,
Theſe miracles wee did; but now alas,
All meaſure, and all language, I ſhould paſſe,
Should I tell what a miracle ſhee was.

The Dampe.

When I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
And my friends curioſitie
Will have me cut up to ſurvay each part,
When they ſhall finde your Picture in my heart,
You thinke a ſodaine dampe of love
Will through all their ſenſes move,
And worke on them as mee, and ſo preferre
Your murder, to the name of Maſſacre.

Poore

Digitized by Google

Poore victories; But if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in your conquest have,
First kill th'enormous Gyant, your *Disdaine*,
And let th'enchantresse *Honor*, next be slaine,
And like a Goth and Vandall rize,
Deface Records, and Histories
Of your owne arts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up as well as you
My Gyants, and my Witches too,
Which are vast *Constancy*, and *Secretnesse*,
But these I neyther looke for, nor professe,
Kill mee as Woman, let mee die
As a meere man; doe you but try
Your passive valor, and you shall finde than,
In that you'have odds enough of any man.

The Dissolution.

SHee'is dead; And all which die
To their first Elements resolve;
And wee were mutuall Elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth hers involve,
And those things whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
And nourish not, but smother.

Digitized by Google

My fire of Paſſion, ſighes of ayre,
Water of teares, and earthly ſad deſpaire,
Which my materialls bee,
But ne'r worne out by loves ſecuritie,
Shee, to my loſſe, doth by her death repaire,
And I might live long wretched ſo
But that my fire doth with my fuell grow.
Now as thoſe Active Kings
Whoſe foraine conqueſt treaſure brings,
Receive more, and ſpend more, and ſooneſt breake:
This (which I am amaz'd that I can ſpeake)
This death, hath with my ſtore
My uſe encreas'd.
And ſo my ſoule more earneſtly releas'd,
Will outſtrip hers; As bullets flowen before
A latter bullet may o'rtake, the pouder being more.

A Ieat Ring ſent.

THou art not ſo black, as my heart,
Nor halfe ſo brittle, as her heart, thou art;
What would'ſt thou ſay? ſhall both our properties by
Nothing more endleſſe, nothing (thee bee ſpoke,
(ſooner broke?
Marriage rings are not of this ſtuffe;
Oh, why ſhould ought leſſe precious, or leſſe tough
Figure our loves? Except in thy name thou have bid it
I am cheap, & nought but faſhion, fling me away. (ſay
Yet

Digitized by Google

Yet ſtay with mee ſince thou art come,
Circle this fingers top, which did'ſt her thombe.
Be juſtly proud, and gladly ſafe, that thou doſt dwell
She that, Oh, broke her faith, would ſoon (with me,
(breake thee.

Negative love.

I Never ſtoop'd ſo low, as they
Which on an eye, cheeke, lip, can prey,
Seldome to them, which ſoare no higher
Then vertue or the minde to'admire,
For ſenſe, and underſtanding may
Know, what gives fuell to their fire:
My love, though ſilly, is more brave,
For may I miſſe, when ere I crave,
If I know yet, what I would have.

If that be ſimply perfectſt
Which can by no way be expreſt
But *Negatives*, my love is ſo.
To All, which all love, I ſay no.
If any who deciphers beſt,
What we know not, our ſelves, can know,
Let him teach mee that nothing; This
As yet my eaſe, and comfort is,
Though I ſpeed not, I cannot miſſe.

Digitized by Google

The Prohibition.

TAke heed of loving mee,
At leaſt remember, I forbade it thee;
Not that I ſhall repaire my'unthrifty waſt
Of Breath and Blood, upon thy ſighes, and teares,
By being to mee then that which thou waſt;
But, ſo great Joy, our life at once outweares,
Then, leaſt thy love, by my death, fruſtrate bee,
If thou love mee, take heed of loving mee.

Take heed of hating mee,
Or too much triumph in the Victorie.
Not that I ſhall be mine owne officer,
And hate with hate againe retaliate;
But thou wilt loſe the ſtile of conquerour,
If I, thy conqueſt, periſh by thy hate.
Then, leaſt my being nothing leſſen thee,
If thou hate mee, take heed of hating mee.

Yet, love and hate mee too,
So, theſe extreames ſhall ne'r their office doe;
Love mee, that I may die the gentler way;
Hate mee, becauſe thy love is too great for mee;
Or let theſe two, themſelves, not me decay;
So ſhall I live thy ſtay, not triumph bee;
Leſt thou thy love and hate and mee undoe
To let mee live, Oh love and hate mee too.

The

Digitized by Google

The Expiration.

SO, ſo, breake off this laſt lamenting kiſſe,
Which ſucks two ſoules, and vapors Both away,
Turne thou ghoſt that way, and let mee turne this,
And let our ſelves benight our happieſt day,
Wee aske none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any, ſo cheape a death, as ſaying, Goe;

Goe; and if that word have not quite kil'd thee,
Eaſe mee with death, by bidding mee goe too.
Oh, if it have, let my word worke on mee,
And a juſt office on a murderer doe.
Except it be too late, to kill me ſo,
Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.

The Computation.

FOr the firſt twenty yeares, ſince yeſterday,
I ſcarce beleev'd, thou could'ſt be gone away,
For forty more, I fed on favours paſt, (laſt.
And forty'on hopes, that thou would'ſt, they might
Teares drown'd one hundred, and ſighes blew out two,
A thouſand, I did neither thinke, nor doe.
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thouſand more, forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; But thinke that I
Am, by being dead, Immortall; Can ghoſts die?

Elegie.

Digitized by Google

Elegie.

LAnguage thou art too narrow, and too weake
To eaſe us now; great ſorrow cannot ſpeake;
If we could ſigh out accents, and weepe words,
Griefe weares, and leſſens, that tears breath affords.
Sad hearts, the leſſe they ſeeme the more they are,
(So guiltieſt men ſtand muteſt at the barre)
Not that they know not, feele not their eſtate,
But extreme ſenſe hath made them deſperate;
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee;
Tyrant, in the fift and greateſt Monarchy,
Was't, that ſhe did poſſeſſe all hearts before,
Thou haſt kil'd her, to make thy Empire more?
Knew'ſt thou ſome would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge periſh th'innocent?
Was't not enough to have that palace wonne,
But thou muſt raze it too, that was undone?
Had'ſt thou ſtaid there, and look'd out at her eyes,
All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies,
For they let out more light, then they tooke in,
They told not when, but did the day beginne;
She was too Saphirine, and cleare to thee;
Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;
Alas, ſhee was too pure, but not too weake;
Who e'r ſaw Chriſtall Ordinance but would break?
And if wee be thy conqueſt, by her fall
Th'haſt loſt thy end, for in her periſh all;
Or if we live, we live but to rebell,
They know her better now, that knew her well;
If we ſhould vapour out, and pine, and die;
Since, ſhee firſt went, that were not miſerie;

Shee

Digitized by Google

Shee chang'd our world with hers; now ſhe is gone,
Mirth and proſperity is oppreſſion;
For of all morall vertues ſhe was all,
The Ethicks ſpeake of vertues Cardinall;
Her ſoule was Paradiſe; the Cherubin
Set to keepe it was grace, that kept out ſinne;
Shee had no more then let in death, for wee
All reape conſumption from one fruitfull tree;
God tooke her hence, leſt ſome of us ſhould love
Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above,
And when wee teares, hee mercy ſhed in this,
To raiſe our mindes to heaven where now ſhe is;
Who if her vertues would have let her ſtay
Wee'had had a Saint, have now a holiday;
Her heart was that ſtrange buſh, where, ſacred fire,
Religion, did not conſume, but'inſpire
Such piety, ſo chaſt uſe of Gods day,
That what we turne to feaſt, ſhe turn'd to pray,
And did prefigure here, in devout taſt,
The reſt of her high Sabaoth, which ſhall laſt;
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
(For ſhe was of that order whence moſt fell)
Her body left with us, leſt ſome had ſaid,
Shee could not die, except they ſaw her dead;
For from leſſe vertue, and leſſe beautiouſneſſe,
The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddeſſes.
The ravenous earth that now woes her to be,
Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*; and the tree
That wraps that chriſtall in a wooden Tombe,
Shall be tooke up ſpruce, fill'd with diamond;

Digitized by Google

And we her ſad glad friends all beare a part
Of griefe, for all would waſte a Stoicks heart.

Elegie *to the Lady Bedford.*

YOu that are ſhe, and you that's double ſhee,
In her dead face, halfe of your ſelfe ſhall ſee;
Shee was the other part, for ſo they doe
Which build them friendſhips, become one of two;
So two, that but themſelves no third can fit,
Which were to be ſo, when they were not yet
Twinnes, though their birth *Cuſco*, and *Muſco* take,
As divers ſtarres one Conſtellation make,
Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, ſo
Both but one meanes to ſee, one way to goe;
Had you dy'd firſt, a carcaſſe ſhee had beene;
And wee your rich Tombe in her face had ſeene;
She like the Soule is gone, and you here ſtay
Not a live friend; but thother halfe of clay;
And ſince you act that part, As men ſay, here
Lies ſuch a Prince, when but one part is there;
And do all honour: and devotion due;
Unto the whole, ſo wee all reverence you;
For, ſuch a friendſhip who would not adore
In you, who are all what both was before;
Not all, as if ſome periſhed by this,
But ſo, as all in you contracted is;
As of this all, though many parts decay,

The

Digitized by Google

The pure which elemented them ſhall ſtay;
And though diffus'd, and ſpread in infinite,
Shall recollect, and in one All unite:
So madame, as her Soule to heaven is fled,
Her fleſh reſts in the earth, as in the bed;
Her vertues do, as to their proper ſpheare,
Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were;
As perfect motions are all circular,
So they to you, their ſea, whence leſſe ſtreames are;
Shee was all ſpices, you all metalls; ſo
In you two wee did both rich Indies know;
And as no fire, nor ruſt can ſpend or waſte
One dramme of gold, but what was firſt ſhall laſt,
Though it bee forc'd in water, earth, ſalt, aire,
Expans'd in infinite, none will impaire;
So, to your ſelfe you may additions take,
But nothing can you leſſe, or changed make.
Seeke not in ſeeking new, to ſeeme to doubt,
That you can can match her, or not be without;
But let ſome faithfull booke in her roome be,
Yet but of *Iudith* no ſuch booke as ſhee.

Digitized by Google

Elegie.

TO make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it ſtrong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed pureſt aire,
And muſt ſhe needs be falſe becauſe ſhe's faire?
Is it your beauties marke, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to ſtudy truth?
Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes?
Or thoſe it hath, ſmile at your perjuries?
Are vowes ſo cheape with women, or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
And blowne away with winde? Or doth their breath
(Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
Who could have thought ſo many accents ſweet
Form'd into words, ſo many ſighs ſhould meete
As from our hearts, ſo many oathes, and teares,
Sprinkled among, (all ſweeter by our feares
And the divine impreſſion of ſtolne kiſſes,
That ſeal'd the reſt) ſhould now prove empty bliſſes?
Did you draw bonds to forfet? ſigne to breake?
Or muſt we reade you quite from what you ſpeake,
And finde the truth out the wrong way? or muſt
Hee firſt deſire you falſe, would wiſh you juſt?
O I prophane, though moſt of women be
This kinde of beaſt, my thought ſhall except thee;
My deareſt Love, though froward jealouſie,
With circumſtance might urge thy inconſtancie,
Sooner

Digitized by Google

Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will ceaſe to cheare
The teeming earth, and *that* forget to beare,
Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
With ribs of Ice in June would bind his ſtreames;
Or Nature, by whoſe ſtrength the world endures,
Would change her courſe, before you alter yours;
But O that treacherous breaſt to whom weake you
Did truſt our Counſells, and wee both may rue,
Having his falſhood found too late, 'twas hee
That made me *caſt* you guilty, and you me,
Whilſt he, black wrech, betray'd each ſimple word
Wee ſpake, unto the cunning of a third;
Curſt may hee be, that ſo our love hath ſlaine,
And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*,
Wretched as hee, and not deſerve leaſt pitty;
In plaguing him, let miſery be witty;
Let all eyes ſhunne him, and hee ſhunne each eye,
Till hee be noyſome as his infamie;
May he without remorſe deny God thrice,
And not be truſted more on his Soules price;
And after all ſelfe torment, when hee dyes,
May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
Swine eate his bowels, and his falſer tongue
That utter'd all, be to ſome Raven ſlung,
And let his carrion coarſe be a longer feaſt
To the Kings dogges, then any other beaſt;
Now have I curſt, let us our love revive,
In mee the flame was never more alive;
I could beginne againe to court and praiſe,
And in that pleaſure lengthen the ſhort dayes

Of my lifes leaſe; like Painters that do take
Delight, not in made worke, but whiles they make;
I could renew thoſe times, when firſt I ſaw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd; and at maskes and playes
Commend the ſelfe ſame Actors, the ſame wayes;
Aske how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were ſuch ſoft paſtimes, as in theſe
Love was as ſubtilly catch'd, as a diſeaſe;
But being got it is a treaſure ſweet,
Which to defend is harder then to get:
And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
For though 'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*.

NO Lover ſaith, I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect Lover;
Hee thinkes that elſe none can or will agree,
That any loves but hee:
I cannot ſay I lov'd, for who can ſay
Hee was kill'd yeſterday.
Love with exceſſe of heat, more yong then old,
Death kills with too much cold;
Wee dye but once, and who lov'd laſt did die,
Hee that ſaith twice, doth lye:
For though hee ſeeme to move, and ſtirre a while,
It doth the ſenſe beguile.

Such

Digitized by Google

Such life is like the light which bideth yet
When the lifes light is ſet,
Or like the heat, which, fire in ſolid matter
Leaves behinde, two houres after.
Once I love and dyed; and am now become
Mine Epitaph and Tombe.
Here dead men ſpeake their laſt, and ſo do I;
Love-ſlaine, loe, here I dye.

Digitized by Google

A Hymne to Chriſt, at the Authors laſt going into Germany.

IN what torne ſhip ſoever I embarke,
That ſhip ſhall be my embleme of thy Arke;
What ſea ſoever ſwallow mee, that flood
Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood;
Though thou with clouds of anger do diſguiſe
Thy face; yet through that maske I know thoſe eyes,
Which, though they turne away ſometimes,
They never will deſpiſe.

I ſacrifice this Iland unto thee,
And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee;
When I have put our ſeas twixt them and mee,
Put thou thy ſeas betwixt my ſinnes and thee.
As the trees ſap doth ſeeke the root below
In winter, in my winter now I goe,
Where none but thee, th'Eternall root
Of true Love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion doſt controule,
The amorouſneſſe of an harmonious Soule,
But thou would'ſt have that love thy ſelfe: As thou
Art jealous, Lord, ſo I am jealous now,
Thou lov'ſt not, till from loving more, thou free
My ſoule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:

O, if

Digitized by Google

O, if thou car'ſt not whom I love
Alas, thou lov'ſt not mee.

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All,
On whom thoſe fainter beames of love did fall;
Marry thoſe loves, which in youth ſcattered bee
On Fame, Wit, Hopes (falſe miſtreſſes) to thee.
Churches are beſt for Prayer, that have leaſt light:
To ſee God only, I goe out of ſight:
And to ſcape ſtormy dayes, I chuſe
An Everlaſting night.

The Lamentations of Ieremy, *for the most part according to* Tremelius.

Chap. I.

1 HOw sits this citie, late most populous,
Thus solitary, and like a widdow thus?
Ampleſt of Nations, Queene of Provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is?

2 Still in the night ſhee weepes, and her teares fall
Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiouſly
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemie.

3 Unto great bondage, and afflictions
Juda is captive led; Thoſe nations
With whom ſhee dwells, no place of reſt afford,
In ſtreights ſhee meets her Perſecutors ſword.

4 Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her waies
Mourne, becauſe none come to her ſolemne dayes.
Her Prieſts doe groane, her maides are comfortleſſe,
And ſhee's unto her ſelfe a bitterneſſe.

5 Her

Digitized by Google

5 Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,
Becauſe when her tranſgreſſions did increaſe,
The Lord ſtrooke her with ſadneſſe: Th'enemie
Doth drive her children to captivitie.

6 From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,
Like Harts, which ſeeke for Paſture, and find none,
Her Princes are, and now before the foe
Which ſtill purſues them, without ſtrength they go.

7 Now in their daies of Teares, Jeruſalem
(Her men ſlaine by the foe, none ſuccouring them)
Remembers what of old, ſhee eſteemed moſt,
Whiles her foes laugh at her, for what ſhe hath loſt.

8 Jeruſalem hath ſinn'd, therefore is ſhee
Remov'd, as women in uncleanneſſe bee;
Who honor'd, ſcorne her, for her foulneſſe they
Have ſeene, her ſelfe doth groane, and turne away.

9 Her foulneſſe in her skirts was ſeene, yet ſhe
Remembred not her end; Miraculouſly
Therefore ſhee fell, none comforting: Behold
O Lord my affliction, for the Foe growes bold.

10 Upon all things where her delight hath beene,
The foe hath ſtretch'd his hand, for ſhee hath ſeene
Heathen, whom thou command'ſt, ſhould not doe ſo,
Into her holy Sanctuary goe.

Digitized by Google

11 And all her people groane, and seeke for bread;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:
How cheape I'am growne, O Lord, behold, and weigh.

12 All this concernes not you, who passe by mee,
O see, and marke if any sorrow bee
Like to my sorrow, which Jehova hath
Done to mee in the day of his fierce wrath?

13 That fire, which by himselfe is governed
He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spred
A net before my feet, and mee o'rthrowne,
And made me languish all the day alone.

14 His hand hath of my sinnes framed a yoake
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength. The Lord unto those enemies
Hath given mee, from whence I cannot rise.

15 He underfoot hath troden in my sight
My strong men; He did company invite
To breake my young men, he the winepresse hath
Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.

16 For these things doe I weepe, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; For he which should be nigh
To comfort mee, is now departed farre,
The foe prevailes, forlorne my children are.

17 There

Digitized by Google

17 There's none, though *Sion* do ſtretch out her hand
To comfort her, it is the Lords command
That *Iacobs* foes girt him. *Ieruſalem*
Is as an uncleane woman amongſt them.

18 But yet the Lord is juſt, and righteous ſtill,
I have rebell'd againſt his holy will;
O heare all people, and my ſorrow ſee,
My maides, my young men in captivitie.

19 I called for my *lovers* then, but they
Deceiv'd mee, and my Prieſts, and Elders lay
Dead in the citie; for they ſought for meat
Which ſhould refreſh their ſoules, they could not ſget.

20 Becauſe I am in ſtreights, *Iehova* ſee
My heart return'd, my bowells muddy bee,
Becauſe I have rebell'd ſo much, as faſt
The ſword without, as death within, doth waſt.

21 Of all which heare I mourne, none comforts mee,
My foes have heard my griefe, and glad they be,
That thou haſt done it; But thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I ſuffer, ſo ſhall they.

22 Let all their wickedneſſe appeare to thee,
Doe unto them, as thou haſt done to mee,
For all my ſinnes: The ſighs which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is ſad.

Digitized by Google

Chap. II.

1 How over Sions daughter hath God hung
His wraths thicke cloud? and from heaven
To earth the beauty of *Israel*, and hath (hath flung.
Forgot his foot-stoole in the day of wrath?

2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
All Jacobs dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strengths of *Iuda*, and prophan'd
The Princes of the Kingdome, and the land.

3 In heat of wrath, the horne of *Israel* hee
Hath cleane cut off, and left the enemie
Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,
But is towards *Iacob*, All-devouring fire.

4 Like to an enemie he bent his bow,
His right hand was in posture of a foe,
To kill what *Sions* daughter did desire,
'Gainst whom his wrath, he poured forth, like fire.

5 For like an enemie *Iehova* is,
Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,
Destroying holds, giving additions
To *Iuda's* daughters lamentations.

6 Like

Digitized by Google

6 Like to a garden hedge he hath caſt downe
The place where was his congregation,
And *Sions* feaſts and ſabbaths are forgot;
Her King, her Prieſt, his wrath regardeth not.

7 The Lord forſakes his Altar, and deteſts
His Sanctuary, and in the foes hands reſts
His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true ſolemnities.

8 The Lord hath caſt a line, ſo to confound
And levell *Sions* walls unto the ground,
He drawes not back his hand; which doth oreturne
The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne.

9 Their gates are ſunke into the ground, and hee
Hath broke the barre; their King and Princes bee
Amongſt the heathen, without law, nor there
Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appeare.

10 There *Sions Elders* on the ground are plac'd,
And ſilence keepe; Duſt on their heads they caſt,
In ſackcloth have they girt themſelves, and low
The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.

11 My bowells are growne muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for miſerie
That ſucking children in the ſtreets doe die.

12 When

Digitized by Google

12 When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where
Shall we have bread, and drinke? they fainted there
And in the ſtreet like wounded perſons lay
Till 'twixt their mothers breaſts they went away.

13 *Daughter Ieruſalem*, Oh what may bee
A witneſſe, or compariſon for thee?
Sion, to eaſe thee, what ſhall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the ſea, what help can bee?

14 For, the vaine fooliſh things thy Prophets fought,
Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might diſturne thy bondage: but for thee
Falſe burthens, and falſe cauſes they would ſee.

15 The paſſengers doe clap their hands, and hiſſe
And wag their head at thee, and ſay, Is this
That citie, which ſo many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfecteſt of all?

16 Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hiſſe,
And gnaſh their teeth, and ſay, Devoure wee this,
For this is certainly the day which wee
Expected, and which now we finde, and ſee.

17 The Lord hath done that which he purpoſed,
Fulfill'd his word of old determined;
He hath throwne downe, and not ſpar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him ſo.

18 But

18 But now, their hearts against the Lord do call,
Therefore, O walls of *Sion*, let teares fall
Downe like a river, day and night; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19 Arise, cry in the night, poure, for thy sinnes,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children dye,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets doe lye.

20 Behold O Lord, consider unto whom
Thou hast done this; what, shall the women come
To eate their children of a spanne? shall thy
Prophet and Priest be slaine in Sanctuary?

21 On ground in streets, the yong and old do lye,
My virgins and yong men by sword do dye;
Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slaine,
Nothing did thee from killing them containe.

22 As to a solemne feast, all whom I fear'd
Thou call'st about mee; when his wrath appear'd,
None did remaine or scape, for those which I
Brought up, did perish by mine enemie.

Chap. III.

1 I Am the man which have affliction seene,
Under the rod of Gods wrath having beene,
2 He hath led mee to darknesse, not to light,
3 And against mee all day, his hand doth fight.
4 Hee hath broke my bones, worne out my flesh and skinne,
5 Built up against mee, and hath girt mee in
With hemlocke, and with labour; 6 and set mee
In darke, as they who dead for ever bee.

7 Hee hath hedg'd me left I scape, and added more
To my first fetters, heavier then before,
When I crie out, he out shuts my prayer. 9 And hath
Stop'd with hewn stone my way, & turn'd my path.

10 And like a Lion hid in secrecie,
Or Beare which lyes in wait, he was to mee,
11 He stops my way, teares me, made desolate,
12 And hee makes mee the marke he shooteth at.

13 Hee made the children of his quiver passe
Into my reines, 14 I with my people was
All the day long, a song and mockery.
15 Hee hath fill'd mee with bitternesse, and he

Hath

Digitized by Google

Hath made me drunke with wormewood. 16 He hath (burſt
My teeth with ſtones, and covered mee with duſt;
17 And thus my Soule farre off from peace was ſet,
And my proſperity I did forget.

18 My ſtrength, my hope (unto my ſelfe I ſaid)
Which from the Lord ſhould come, is periſhed;
19 But when my mournings I do thinke upon,
My wormwood, hemlocke, and affliction,

20 My Soule is humbled in remembring this;
21 My heart conſiders, therefore, hope there is.
22 'Tis Gods great mercy we'are not utterly
Conſum'd, for his compaſſions do not die;

23 For every morning they renewed bee,
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.
24 The Lord is, ſaith my Soule, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

25 The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,
And to the Soule that ſeeks him earneſtly.
26 It is both good to truſt, and to attend
(The Lords ſalvation) unto the end:

27 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare;
28 He ſits alone, and doth all ſpeech forbeare,
Becauſe he hath borne it. 29 And his mouth he layes
Deepe in the duſt, yet then in hope he ſtayes.

Digitized by Google

30 He gives his cheekes to whosoever will
Strike him, and so he is reproched still.
31 For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake, (take
32 But when he'hath strucke with sadnes, hee doth

Compassion, as his mercy'is infinite;
33 Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite,
34 That underfoot the prisoners stamped bee,
35 That a mans right the Judge himselfe doth see

To be wrong from him. 36 That he subverted is
In his just cause; the Lord allowes not this:
37 Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,
But that which by the Lord commanded was?

38 Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds;
39 Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
40 Turne wee to God, by trying out our wayes;
41 To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.

42 Wee have rebell'd, and falne away from thee,
Thou pardon'st not. 43 Usest no clemencie;
Pursuest us, kill'st us, coverest us with wrath, (hath
44 Cover'st thy selfe with clouds, that our prayer

No power to passe. 45 And thou hast made us fall
As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.
46 All our foes gape at us. 47, Feare and a snare
With ruine, and with waste, upon us are.

48 With

Digitized by Google

48 With water rivers doth mine eye oreflow
For ruine of my peoples daughters ſo;
49 Mine eye doth drop downe teares inceſſantly,
50 Untill the Lord looke downe from heaven to ſee.

51 And for my city daughters ſake, mine eye
Doth breake mine heart. 52 Cauſles mine enemy,
Like a bird chac'd me. 53 In a dungeon
They have ſhut my life, and caſt me on a ſtone.

54 Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am
Deſtroy'd; 55 I called Lord, upon thy name
Out of the pit. 56 And thou my voice didſt heare;
Oh from my ſigh, and crye, ſtop not thine eare.

57 Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'ſt nere
Unto mee, and ſaid'ſt unto mee, do not feare.
58 Thou Lord my Soules cauſe handled haſt, and thou
Reſcueſt my life. 59 O Lord do thou judge now,
(have wrought;
Thou heardſt my wrong. 60 Their vengeance all they
61 How they reproach'd, thou haſt heard, and what
(they thought,
62 What their lips uttered, which againſt me roſe,
And what was ever whiſper'd by my foes.

63 I am their ſong, whether they riſe or ſit,
64 Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,
65 Sorrow of heart, thy curſe. 66 And with thy might
Follow, and from under heaven deſtroy them quite.

Digitized by Google

Cap. IV.

1 HOw is the gold become ſo dimme? How is
Pureſt and fineſt gold thus chang'd to this?
The ſtones which were ſtones of the Sanctuary,
Scattered in corners of each ſtreet do lye.

2 The pretious ſonnes of Sion, which ſhould bee
Valued at pureſt gold, how do wee ſee
Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, ſtand,
Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.

3 Even the Sea-calfes draw their breſts, and give
Sucke to their young; my peoples daughters live
By reaſon of the foes great cruelneſſe,
As do the Owles in the vaſt Wilderneſſe.

4 And when the ſucking child doth ſtrive to draw,
His tongue for thirſt cleaves to his upper jaw.
And when for bread the little children crye,
There is no man that doth them ſatisfie.

5 They which before were delicately fed,
Now in the ſtreets forlorne have periſhed,
And they which ever were in ſcarlet cloath'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.

6 The

Digitized by Google

6 The daughrers of my people have sinned more,
Then did the towne of *Sodome* sinne before;
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine
No hands amongst them, to vexe them againe.

7 But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was then the snow, and milke was not so white;
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine,
And all their polish'dnesse was Seraphine.

8 They are darker now then blacknes, none can know
Them by the face, as through the street they goe,
For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,
And withered, is like to dry wood growne.

9 Better by sword then famine 'tis to dye;
And better through pierc'd, then by penury,
10 Women by nature pitifull, have eate
Their children dreſt with their owne hand for meat.

11 *Iehova* here fully accomplish'd hath
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power
To eate, and her foundations to devour.

12 Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which
In the inhabitable world beleeve, (live
That any adversary, any foe
Into *Ieruſalem* should enter so;

13 For

13 For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have shed
Blood in the streets, and the just murthered:
14 Which when those men, whom they made blinde,
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way (did stray

With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garments should scape touching, as they passe,
15 Would cry aloud, depart defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not, and then

They fled, and strayd, and with the *Gentiles* were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell;
16 For this they are scattered by Jehovahs face (there.
VVho never will regard them more; No grace

Unto their old men shall the foe afford, (sword.
Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the
17 And wee as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vaine helpe, consume our eyes:

And such a nation as cannot save,
VVe in desire and speculation have:
18 They hunt our steps, that in the streets wee feare
To goe: our end is now approached neere,

Our dayes accomplish'd are, this the last day,
Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they
19 VVhich follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flye
At us, and for us in the desart lye.

20 The

Digitized by Google

20 The annointed Lord, breath of our noſtrils, hee
Of whom we ſaid, under his ſhadow, wee
Shall with more eaſe under the Heathen dwell,
Into the pit which theſe men digged, fell

21 Rejoyce O *Edoms daughter*, joyfull bee
Thou which inhabitſt her, for unto thee
This cup ſhall paſſe, and thou with drunkenneſſe
Shalt fill thy ſelfe, and ſhew thy nakedneſſe.

22 And then thy ſinnes O *Sion*, ſhall be ſpent,
The Lord will not leave thee in baniſhment.
Thy ſinnes O *Edoms daughter*, hee will ſee,
And for them, pay thee with captivitie.

Cap. V.

1 REmember, O Lord, what is fallen on us
See, and marke how we are reproached thus,
2 For unto ſtrangers our poſſeſſion
Is turn'd, our houſes unto Aliens gone,

3 Our mothers are become as widowes, wee
As Orphans all, and without fathers be;
4 Waters which are our owne, wee drunke, and pay;
And upon our owne wood a price they lay,

Digitized by Google

5 Our perſecutors on our necks do ſit,
They make us travaile, and not intermit,
6 We ſtretch our hands unto th'*Egyptians*
To get us bread; and to the *Aſſyrians*.

7 Our Fathers did theſe ſinnes, and are no more,
But wee do beare the ſinnes they did before.
8 They are but ſervants, which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9 With danger of our life our bread wee gat;
For in the wildernesse, the ſword did wait.
10 The tempeſts of this famine wee liv'd in,
Black as an Ocean colour'd had our skinne:

11 In *Iudaes* cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and ſo women in *Sion* us'd.
12 The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.

13 Unto the mill our yong men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare.
14 Elders, the gates; youth did their ſongs forbeare,
Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.

15 Now is the crowne falne from our head; and woe
Be unto us, becauſe we have ſinned ſo.
16 For this our hearts do languiſh, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimneſſe is.

17 Becauſe

Digitized by Google

17 Becauſe mount *Sion* deſolate doth lye,
And foxes there do goe at libertie:
18 But thou O Lord art ever, and thy throne
From generation, to generation.

19 Why ſhould'ſt thou forget us eternally?
Or leave us thus long in this miſery?
20 Reſtore us Lord to thee, that ſo we may
Returne, and as of old, renew our day.

21 For oughteſt thou, O Lord, deſpiſe us thus
22 And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SATYRES.

Satyre I.

AWay thou fondling motley humorist,
Leave mee, and in this standing woodden chest,
Consorted with these few bookes, let me lye
In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I dye;
Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines, and here
Natures Secretary, the Philosopher.
And jolly Statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinewes of a cities mistique bodie;
Here gathering Chronicles, and by them stand
Giddie fantastique Poëts of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee?
First sweare by thy best love in earnest
(If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave mee in the middle street,
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,
Not though a Captaine do come in thy way
Bright parcell gilt, with forty dead mens pay,
Not though a briske perfum'd piert Courtier
Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer.
Nor come a velvet Justice with a long
Great traine of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen strong,

Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare
A ſpeech to Court his beautious ſonne and heire?
For better or worſe take mee, or leave mee:
To take, and leave mee is adultery.
Oh monſtrous, ſuperſtitious puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,
That when thou meet'ſt one, with enquiring eyes
Doſt ſearch, and like a needy broker prize
The ſilke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
So high or low, doſt raiſe thy formall hat:
That wilt conſort none, untill thou have knowne
What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne,
As though all thy companions ſhould make thee
Jointures, and marry thy deare company.
Why ſhould'ſt thou that doſt not onely approve,
But in ranke itchie luſt, deſire, and love
The nakedneſſe and barrenneſſe to enjoy,
Of thy plumpe muddy whore, or proſtitute boy
Hate vertue, though ſhee be naked, and bare:
At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
And till our Soules be unapparrelled
Of bodies, they from bliſſe are baniſhed.
Mans firſt bleſt ſtate was naked, when by ſinne
Hee loſt that, yet hee was cloath'd but in beaſts skin,
And in this courſe attire, which I now weare
With God, and with the Muſes I conferre.
But ſince thou like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy ſinnes, doſt repent
Theſe vanities, and giddineſſes, loe
I ſhut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe,

But

Digitized by Google

But ſooner may a cheape whore, who hath beene
Worne by as many ſeverall men in ſinne,
As are black feathers, or musk-colour hoſe,
Name her childs right true father, 'mongſt all thoſe:
Sooner may one gueſſe, who ſhall beare away
The infant of London, Heire to an India,
And ſooner may a gulling weather-Spie
By drawing forth heavens Sceanes tell certainly
What faſhioned hats, or ruffes, or ſuits next yeare
Our ſubtile wittied antique youths will weare;
Then thou, when thou depart'ſt from mee, can ſhow
Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldſt go.
But how ſhall I be pardon'd my offence
That thus have ſinn'd againſt my conſcience.
Now we are in the ſtreet; He firſt of all
Improvidently proud, creepes to the wall,
And ſo impriſoned, and hem'd in by mee
Sells for a little ſtate high libertie,
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine ſilken painted foole we meet,
He then to him with amorous ſmiles allures,
And grins, ſmacks, ſhrugs, and ſuch an itch endures,
As prentiſes, or ſchoole-boyes which doe know
Of ſome gay ſport abroad, yet dare not goe.
And as fidlers ſtop loweſt, at higheſt ſound,
So to the moſt brave, ſtoopt hee nigh'ſt the ground.
But to a grave man, he doth move no more
Then the wiſe politique horſe would heretofore,
Now leaps he upright, Joggs me, & cryes, Do you ſee
Yonder well favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis hee

And

Digitized by Google

That dances ſo divinely; Oh, ſaid I,
Stand ſtill, muſt you dance here for company?
Hee droopt, wee went, till one (which did excell
Th'Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well)
Met us, they talk'd; I whiſpered, let us goe,
'T may be you ſmell him not, truely I doe;
He heares not mee, but, on the other ſide
A many-coloured Peacock having ſpide,
Leaves him and mee; I for my loſt ſheep ſtay;
He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, him whom I laſt left, s'all repute
For his device, in hanſoming a ſute,
To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and plight,
Of all the Court, to have the beſt conceit;
Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe;
But Oh, God ſtrengthen thee, why ſtoop'ſt thou ſo?
Why, he hath travailed long? no, but to me
Which underſtand none, he doth ſeeme to be
Perfect French, and Italian; I replyed,
So is the Poxe; He anſwered not, but ſpy'd
More men of ſort, of parts, and qualities;
At laſt his Love he in a windowe ſpies,
And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from mee
Violently raviſh'd to his liberty;
Many were there, he could command no more;
Hee quarrell'd, fought, bled; and turn'd out of dore
Directly came to mee hanging the head,
And conſtantly a while muſt keepe his bed.

Digitized by Google

Satyre II.

Sir; though (I thanke God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things ſo excellently beſt, (reſt;
That hate, toward them, breeds pitty towards the
Though Poëtry indeed be ſuch a ſinne
As I thinke that brings dearth, and Spaniards in,
Though like the Peſtilence and old faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men; and doth remove
Never, till it be ſterv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poore, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate:
One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot reade,
And ſaves his life) gives ideot actors meanes
(Starving himſelfe) to live by his labor'd ſceanes.
As in ſome Organ, Puppits dance above
And bellows pant below, which thē do move. (charms
One would move Love by rithmes; but witchcrafts
Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes.
Rammes, and ſlings now are ſeely battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt Artillerie.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doores for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
That excuſe for writing, and for writing ill;
But hee is worſt, who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw

Digitized by Google

Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue,
As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true,
For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne
The meate was mine, th'excrement is his owne:
But theſe do mee no harme, nor they which uſe
To out-doe ——; and out-uſure Jewes;
To out-drinke the ſea, to out-ſweare the ——
Who with ſinnes of all kindes as familiar bee
As Confeſſors; and for whoſe ſinfull ſake
Schoolemen, new tenements in hell muſt make:
Whoſe ſtrange ſinnes, Canoniſts could hardly tell
In which Commandements large receit they dwell.
But theſe puniſh themſelves; the inſolence
Of Coſcus onely breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches poxe,
And plodding on, muſt make a calfe an oxe)
Hath made a Lawyer; which was alas of late
But ſcarce a Poët, jollier of this ſtate,
Then are new benefic'd miniſters, he throwes
Like nets, or lime-twigs, whereſoever he goes,
His title of Barriſter, on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas, and Bench:
A motion, Lady, Speake Coſcus; I have beene
In love, ever ſince *triceſimo* of the Queene,
Continuall claimes I have made, injunctions got
To ſtay my rivals ſuit, that hee ſhould not
Proceed, ſpare mee; In Hillary terme I went,
You ſaid, If I Returne next ſize in Lent,
I ſhould be in remitter of your grace;
In th'interim my letters ſhould take place

Of

Digitized by Google

Of affidavits: words, words, which would teare
The tender labyrinth of a ſoft maids eare.
More, more, then ten Sclavonians ſcolding, more
Then when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore;
When ſicke with Poëtrie, and poſſeſt with muſe
Thou waſt, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuſe
Law practiſe for meere gaine; bold ſoule repute
Worſe then imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owlelike watchman, hee muſt walke
His hand ſtill at a bill, now he muſt talke
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſweare
That onely ſuretiſhip hath brought them there,

Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre,
Bearing like Aſſes, and more ſhameleſſe farre
Then carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for

As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as the ſea) hee will compaſſe all the land;
From Scots, to Wight; from Mount, to Dover ſtrand.
And ſpying heires melting with luxurie,
Satan will not joy at their ſinnes, as hee.
For as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitching-ſtuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuffe,
Of waſting candles, which in thirty yeare
(Reliquely kept) perchance buyes wedding geare;
Peecemeale he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.

Digitized by Google

In parchment then, large as his fields, hee drawes
Assurances, bigge, as glos'd civill lawes,
So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse.
These hee writes not; nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length; as in those first dayes
When Luther was profest, He did desire
Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a Fryer
Each day his beads, but having left those lawes,
Addes to Christs prayer, the Power and glory clause.
But when he sells or changes land, he impaires
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*
As slily as any Commenter goes by,
Hard words, or sense; or in Divinity
As controverters, in vouch'd Texts, leave out (doubt:
Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the
Where are those spred woods which cloth'd hertofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.
Where's th'old landlords troops, & almes, great hals?
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bachanalls
Equally I hate, meanes blesse; in rich mens homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs,
None starve, none surfet so; But (Oh) we allow,
Good workes as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrops; but my words none drawes,
Within the vast reach of th'huge statute lawes.

Satyre

Digitized by Google

Satyre III.

KInde pitty chokes my ſpleene, brave ſcorn forbids
Thoſe teares to iſſue which ſwell my eye-lids,
I muſt not laugh, nor weepe ſinnes, and be wiſe,
Can railing then cure theſe worne maladies?
Is not our Miſtreſſe faire Religion,
As worthy of all our Soules devotion,
As vertue was in the firſt blinded age?
Are not heavens joyes as valiant to aſſwage
Luſts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,
As wee do them in meanes, ſhall they ſurpaſſe
Us in the end, and ſhall thy fathers ſpirit
Meete blinde Philoſophers in heaven, whoſe merit
Of ſtrict-life may be imputed faith, and heare
Thee, whom hee taught ſo eaſie wayes and neare
To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'ſt, feare this.
This feare great courage, and high valour is;
Dar'ſt thou ayd mutinous Dutch, and dar'ſt thou lay
Thee in ſhips woodden Sepulchers, a prey
To leaders rage, to ſtormes, to ſhot, to dearth?
Dar'ſt thou dive ſeas, and dungeons of the earth?
Haſt thou couragious fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North diſcoueries, and thriſe
Colder then Salamanders? like divine
Children in th'oven, fires of Spaine, and the line,
Whoſe countries limbecks to our bodies bee,
Canſt thou for gaine beare? and muſt every hee

Which cryes not, Goddeſſe, to thy Miſtreſſe, draw,
Or eate thy poyſonous words, courage of ſtraw!
O deſperate coward, wilt thou ſeeme bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to ſtand
Sentinell in his worlds garriſon) thus yeeld,
And for forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field?
Know thy foe, the foule devill h'is, whom thou
Striveſt to pleaſe: for hate, not love, would allow
Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit; and as
The worlds all parts wither away and paſſe,
So the worlds ſelfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this,
Doſt love a withered and worne ſtrumpet; laſt,
Fleſh (it ſelfe death) and joyes which fleſh can taſte,
Thou loveſt; and thy faire goodly ſoule, which doth
Give this fleſh power to taſte joy, thou doſt loath;
Seeke true religion. O where? Mirreus
Thinking her unhous'd her, and fled from us,
Seekes her at Rome, there, becauſe hee doth know
That ſhee was there a thouſand yeares agoe,
He loves the ragges ſo, as wee here obey
The ſtatecloth where the Prince ſate yeſterday.
Crants to ſuch brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plaine, ſimple, ſullen, yong,
Contemptuous, yet unhanſome. As among
Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
No wenches wholſome, but courſe country drudges:
Graius ſtayes ſtill at home here, and becauſe
Some Preachers, vile ambitious bauds, and lawes

Still

Digitized by Google

Still new like fashions, bids him thinke that shee
Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, hee
Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender, as Wards still
Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
Pay valewes. Careleſſe Phrygius doth abhorre
All, becauſe all cannot be good, as one
Knowing ſome women whores, dares marry none.
Graccus loves all as one, and thinkes that ſo
As women do in divers countries goe
In divers habits, yet are ſtill one kinde;
So doth, ſo is Religion; and this blind-
neſſe too much light breeds; but unmoved thou
Of force muſt one, and forc'd but one allow;
And the right; aske thy father which is ſhee,
Let him aske his; though truth and falſhood bee
Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is;
Be buſie to ſeeke her, beleeve mee this,
Hee's not of none, nor worſt, that ſeekes the beſt.
To adore, or ſcorne an image, or proteſt,
May all be bad; doubt wiſely, in ſtrange way
To ſtand inquiring right, is not to ſtray;
To ſleepe, or runne wrong, is: on a huge hill,
Cragg'd, and ſteep, Truth ſtands, and hee that will
Reach her, about muſt, and about muſt goe;
And what the hills ſuddennes reſiſts, winne ſo;
Yet ſtrive ſo, that before age, deaths twilight,
Thy Soule reſt, for none can worke in that night,
To will, implyes delay, therefore now doe
Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge to

The

Digitized by Google

The mindes indeavours reach, and mysteries
Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes;
Keepe the truth which thou hast found; men do not
In so ill case, that God hath with his hand (stand
Sign'd Kings blanck charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed
To mans lawes, by which she shall not be tryed
At the last day? Will it then boot thee
To say a Philip, or a Gregory,
A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this?
Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
Equally strong cannot both sides say so?
That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds
Those past, her nature, & name is chang'd to be, (know;
Then humble to her is idolatrie; (dwell
As streames are, Power is, those blest flowers that
At the rough streames calme head, thrive and do well,
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the streames tyrannous rage, alas are driven
Through mills, & rockes, & woods, and at last, almost
Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
So perish Soules, which more chuse mens unjust
Power from God claym'd, then God himselfe to trust.

Satyre

Satyre IIII.

WEll; I may now receive, and die; My ſinne
Indeed is great, but I have beene in
A Purgatorie, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My minde, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee, or to bee ſeene,
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuite to ſhew,
Yet went to Court; But as Glaze which did goe
To Maſſe in jeſt, catch'd, was faine to diſburſe
The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curſe;
Before he ſcapt, So'it pleas'd my deſtinie
(Guilty of my ſin of going,) to thinke me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, as luſtfull, and as much in debt,
As vaine, as witleſſe, and as falſe as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I ſuffered this; Towards me did runne
A thing more ſtrange, then on Niles ſlime, the Sunne
E'r bred, or all which into Noahs Arke came:
A thing, which would have pos'd Adam to name,
Stranger then ſeaven Antiquaries ſtudies,
Then Africks Monſters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger then ſtrangers; One, who for a Dane,
In the Danes Maſſacre had ſure beene ſlaine,
If he had liv'd then; And without helpe dies,
When next the Prentiſes 'gainſt Strangers riſe.

Digitized by Google

One, whom the watch at noone lets ſcarce goe by,
One, to whom, the examining Juſtice ſure would cry,
Sir, by your prieſthood tell me what you are.
His cloths were ſtrāge, though coarſe; & black, though bare;
Sleeveleſſe his jerkin was, and it had beene
Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeene)
Become Tufftaffatie; and our children ſhall
See it plaine Raſhe awhile, then nought at all.
This thing hath travail'd, and ſaith, ſpeakes all tongues
And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
Made of th' Accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeakes one language; If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt,
But Pedants motley tongue, ſouldiers bumbaſt,
Mountebankes drugtongue, nor the termes of law
Are ſtrong enough preparatives, to draw
Me to beare this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue: in his tongue, call'd complement:
In which he can win widdowes, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeake treaſon, coſen ſubtleſt whores,
Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names mee, and comes to mee; I whiſper, God!
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod,
This fellow chuſeth me? He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgement; Whom doe you prefer,
For the beſt linguiſt? And I ſeelily
Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie;
Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir. Beza then,
Some Jeſuites, and two reverend men

Of

Digitized by Google

Of our two Academies, I named; I here
He ſtopt mee, and ſaid; Nay, your Apoſtles were
Good pretty linguiſts, and ſo Panirge was;
Yet a poore gentleman; All theſe may paſſe
By travaile. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he praiſed it, and ſuch words told
That I was faine to ſay, If you'had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have beene Interpreter
To Babells bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.
He adds, If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave lonelineſſe; I ſaid, not alone
My lonelineſſe is, but Spartanes faſhion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not laſt
Now; Aretines pictures have made few chaſt;
No more can Princes courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue;
He, like to a high ſtretcht lute ſtring ſqueakt, O Sir,
'Tis ſweet to talke of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, The man that keepes the Abbey tombes,
And for his price doth with who ever comes,
Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke,
From King to King and all their kin can walke:
Your eares ſhall heare nought, but Kings; your eyes
Kings only; The way to it, is King ſtreet. (meet
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, Mechanique, coarſe,
So are all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.
Are not your Frenchmen neate? Fine, as you ſee,
I have but one frenchman, looke, hee followes mee.
Certes they are neatly cloth'd. I, of this minde am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram;

Digitized by Google

Not ſo Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not flie; I chaff'd him; But as Itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt iron grown'd
Into an edge, hurts worſe: So, I foole found,
Croſſing hurt mee; To fit my fullenneſſe,
He to another key, his ſtile doth addreſſe.
And askes, what newes? I tell him of new playes.
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which ſtaies
A Sembriefe, 'twixt each drop, he nigardly,
As loth to enrich mee, ſo tells many a lie,
More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,
Of triviall houſhold traſh; He knowes; He knowes
When the Queene frown'd, or ſmil'd, and he knowes
A ſubtle States-man may gather of that; (what
He knowes who loves; whom; and who by poyſon
Haſts to an Offices reverſion;
He knowes who hath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, bootes, ſhooes, and egge-
ſhels to tranſport; Shortly boyes ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome Courtier; And wiſer then all us,
He knowes what Ladie is not painted; Thus
He with home-meats tries me; I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Looke pale, and ſickly, like a Patient; Yet
He thruſts on more; And as if he undertooke
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without booke
Speakes of all States, and deeds, that hath been ſince
The Spaniards came, to the loſſe of Amyens.
Like a bigge wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Readie to travaile: So I ſigh, and ſweat

To

Digitized by Google

To heare this Makeron talke in vaine: For yet,
Either my humour, or his owne to fit,
He like a priviledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, Libells now 'gainſt each great man.
He names a price for every office paid;
He ſaith, our warres thrive ill, becauſe delai'd;
That offices are entail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as farre
As the laſt day; And that great officers,
Doe with the Pirates ſhare, and Dunkirkers.
Who waſts in meat, in clothes, in horſe, he notes;
Who loves Whores, who boyes, and who goats.
I more amas'd then Circes priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turne beaſts, felt my ſelfe then
Becomming Traytor, and mee thought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
To ſucke me in, for hearing him. I found

—— —— —— ——

—— —— —— ——

—— Therefore I did ſhew
All ſignes of loathing; But ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſinne
To the laſt farthing; Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I beare this croſſe; But the
Of mercy now was come; He tries to bring ('houre
Me to pay a fine to ſcape his torturing,
And ſaies, Sir, can you ſpare me; I ſaid, willingly;
Nay, Sir; can you ſpare me a crowne? Thankfully I
Gave it, as Ranſome; But as fidlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will

Digitized by Google

Thruſt one more jigge upon you: ſo did hee
With his long complementall thankes vexe me.
But he is gone, thankes to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my Crowne: Scant
His thankes were ended, when I, (which did ſee
All the court fill'd with more ſtrange things then hee)
Ran from thence with ſuch or more haſt, then one
Who feares more actions, doth haſt from priſon;
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſſe
My precious ſoule began, the wretchedneſſe
Of ſuiters at court to mourne, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
It ſelfe on mee, Such men as he ſaw there,
I ſaw at court, and worſe, and more; Low feare
Becomes the guiltie, not the accuſer; Then,
Shall I, nones ſlave, of high borne, or raiſ'd men
Feare frownes? And, my Miſtreſſe Truth, betray thee
To huffing, braggart, puft Nobility.
No, no, Thou which ſince yeſterday haſt beene
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeene,
O Sunne, in all thy journey, Vanitie,
Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I
Thinke he which made your waxen garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy to ſtand
With us, at London, flouts our Preſence, for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſappe, nor
Taſt have in them, ours are, And naturall
Some of the ſtocks are, their fruits, baſtard all.
'Tis ten a clock and paſt; All whom the Mues,
Baloune, Tennis, Dyet, or the ſtewes,

Had

Digitized by Google

Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks, are found
In the Preſence, and I, (God pardon mee.)
As freſh, and ſweet their Apparrells be, as bee
The fields they ſold to buy them; For a King
Thoſe hoſe are, cry the flatterers; And bring
Them next weeke to the Theatre to ſell;
Wants reach all ſtates; Me ſeemes they doe as well
At ſtage, as court; All are players, who e'r lookes
(For themſelves dare not goe) o'r Cheapſide books,
Shall finde their wardrops Inventory; Now,
The Ladies come; As Pirats, which doe know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cutchannel,
The men board them; and praiſe, as they thinke, well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; Both are bought.
Why good wits ne'r weare ſcarlet gownes, I thought
This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all reds which ſcarlets die.
He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her haire net.
She feares her drugs ill laid, her haire looſe ſet;
Would not Heraclitus laughto ſee Macrine,
From hat, to ſhooe, himſelfe at doore refine,
As if the Preſence were a Moſchite, and lift
His skirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſſe not only mortall
Great ſtaines and holes in them; but veniall
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate.
And then by *Durers* rules ſurvay the ſtate
Of his each limbe, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his legge, and waſt to thighes.

So

Digitized by Google

So in immaculate clothes, and Symetrie
Perfect as circles, with such nicetie
As a young Preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes
Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
And unto her protests protests protests
So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne
Ten Cardinalls into the Inquisition;
And whisperd by Jesu, so often, that A
Pursevant would have ravish'd him away
For saying of our Ladies psalter; But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,
Who, in the other extreme, only doth
Call a rough carelessenesse, good fashion;
Whose cloak his spurres teare; whom he spits on
He cares not, His ill words doe no harme
To him; he rusheth in, as if arme, arme,
He meant to crie; And though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, yet still
He strives to looke worse, he keepes all in awe;
Jeasts like a licenc'd foole, commands like law.
Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from gaoles to'execution goe,
Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the seaven deadly sinnes) being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing Crosse for a barre, men that doe know
No token of worth, but Queenes man, and fine
Living barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine.

I

Digitized by Google

I ſhooke like a ſpyed Spie; Preachers which are
Seas of Wits and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drowne the ſinnes of this place, for, for mee
Which am but a ſcarce brooke, it enough ſhall bee
To waſh the ſtaines away; though I yet
With *Macchabees* modeſtie, the knowne merit
Of my worke leſſen: yet ſome wiſe man ſhall,
I hope, eſteeme my writs Canonicall.

Digitized by Google

Satyre V.

THou ſhalt not laugh in this leafe, Muſe, nor they
Whom any pitty warmes; He which did lay
Rules to make Courtiers, (hee being underſtood
May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good?)
Frees from the ſting of jeſts all who in extreme
Are wreched or wicked: of theſe two a theame
Charity and liberty give me. What is hee
Who Officers rage, and Suiters miſery
Can write, and jeſt? If all things be in all,
As I thinke, ſince all, which were, are, and ſhall
Bee, be made of the ſame elements:
Each thing, each thing employes or repreſents,
Then man is a world; in which, Officers,
Are the vaſt raviſhing ſeas; and Suiters,
Springs; now full, now ſhallow, now drye; which, to
That which drownes them, run: Theſe ſelfe reaſons do
Prove the world a man, in which, officers
Are the devouring ſtomacke, and Suiters
The excrements, which they voyd; all men are duſt,
How much worſe are Suiters, who to mens luſt
Are made preyes. O worſe then duſt, or wormes meat,
For they do eate you now, whoſe ſelves wormes ſhall
They are the mills which grinde you, yet you are (eate.

The

Digitized by Google

The winde which drives them; and a waſtfull warre
Is fought againſt you, and you fight it; they
Adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way
Like wittals, th'iſſue your owne ruine is;
Greateſt and faireſt Empreſſe, know you this?
Alas, no more then Thames calme head doth know
Whoſe meades her armes drowne, or whoſe corne
You Sir, whoſe righteouſnes ſhe loves, whō I (o'rflow:
By having leave to ſerve, am moſt richly
For ſervice paid, authorized, now beginne
To know and weed out this enormous ſinne.
O Age of ruſty iron! Some better wit
Call it ſome worſe name, if ought equall it;
The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was ſold, now
Injuſtice is ſold deerer farre; allow
All demands, fees, and duties; gamſters, anon
The mony which you ſweat, and ſweare for, is gon
Into other hands: So controverted lands
Scape, like Angelica, the ſtrivers hands.
If Law be in the Judges heart, and hee
Have no heart to reſiſt letter, or fee,
Where wilt thou appeale? powre of the Courts below,
Flow from the firſt maine head, and theſe can throw
Thee, if they ſucke thee in, to miſery,
To fetters, halters; But if the injury
Steele thee to dare complaine; Alas, thou goeſt
Againſt the ſtream, when upwards: when thou art moſt
Heavy and moſt faint; and in theſe labours they, (way
'Gainſt whom thou ſhould'ſt complaine, will in the

Digitized by Google

Become great ſeas, o'r which, when thou ſhalt bee
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou ſhalt ſee
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before; (more
All things follow their like, only, who have, may have
Judges are Gods; he who made and ſaid them ſo,
Meant not that men ſhould be forc'd to them to goe,
By meanes of Angels; When ſupplications
We ſend to God, to Dominations,
Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Court, if wee
Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would be
Scarce to Kings; ſo 'tis, would it not anger
A Stoicke, a coward, yea a Martyr,
To ſee a Purſivant come in, and call
All his cloathes, Copes; Bookes, Primers, and all
His Plate, Challices; and miſtake them away,
And lack a fee for comming; Oh, ne'r may
Faire lawes white reverend name be ſtrumpeted,
To warrant theſts: ſhe is eſtabliſhed
Recorder to Deſtiny, on earth, and ſhee
Speakes Fates words, and tells who muſt bee
Rich, who poore, who in chaires, who in jayles:
Shee is all faire, but yet hath foule long nailes,
With which ſhe ſcracheth Suiters; In bodies
Of men; ſo in law, nailes are extremities,
So Officers ſtretch to more then Law can doe,
As our nailes reach what no elſe part comes to.
Why bareſt thou to yon Officer? Foole, Hath hee
Got thoſe goods, for which men bared to thee?
Foole, twice, thrice, thou haſt bought wrong, and now
(hungerly
Begſt

Digitized by Google

Beg'ſt right; But that dole comes not till theſe dye.
Thou had'ſt much, & lawes Urim and Thummim trie
Thou wouldſt for more; and for all haſt paper
Enough to cloath all the great Carricks Pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more ſhalt leeſe,
Then Haman, when he ſold his Antiquities.
O wretch that thy fortunes ſhould moralize
Eſops fables, and make tales, propheſies.
Thou art the ſwimming dog whom ſhadows coſened,
And div'ſt, neare drowning, for what vaniſhed.

Digitized by Google

A Hymne to God the Father:

I.

WIlt thou forgive that ſinne where I begunne,
which was my ſin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that ſinne, through which I runne,
And do run ſtill: though ſtill I do deplore?
When thou haſt done, thou haſt not done,
For, I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that ſinne which I have wonne
Others to ſinne? and, made my ſinne their doore?
Wilt thou forgive that ſinne which I did ſhunne
A yeare, or two: but wallowed in, a ſcore?
When thou haſt done, thou haſt not done,
For I have more.

III.

I have a ſinne of feare, that when I have ſpunne
My laſt thred, I ſhall periſh on the ſhore;
But ſweare by thy ſelfe, that at my death thy ſonne
Shall ſhine as he ſhines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou haſte done,
I feare no more.

HEN.

Digitized by Google

HEN. GOODEERE.

ETiam vulgari linguâ scriptæ testantur literæ nos amicorum meminisse, sed alienâ, nos de illis meditari. In illis enim affulgent nobis de amicis cogitatiunculæ, sed ut matutina stellæ transeunt, & evanescunt: In his autẽ hæremus, & immoramur, & amicos uti solem ipsum permanentem nobiscum degentemque contemplamur; Habes cur Latinè. Ipsius etiam scribendi audi rationem. Peto consilium, in quo simul amicitiam profiteor meam, tuámque agnosco: Etenim non libenter nosmetipsos exuimus, aut ingenij prudentiæve dotibus aliorum nos fatemur indigos. Nec certè quicquam quisquam (sit modò ingenuus) ei denegabit à quo consilium petiit. Quod enim divina sapientia extremum charitatis terminum posuerat, animam ponere, idem regularum Ecclesiæ tractatores (quod ipsimet Canonici crassam æquitatem vocant) de fama & honore cedendo asserunt & usurpant. Certè, non tam beneficiis obnoxii quam consiliis reddimur. Sed ad rem. Philosophentur otiosiores, aut quibus otia sua negotia appellare lubet: Nobis enim nos dudum perspicui sumus & fenestrati. Elucescit mihi nova, nec inopportuna, nec inutilis (paulò quàm optaram fortassis magis inhonora) occasio exteras visendi regna, liberosq; perquam amantissimæ conjugis charissima pignora, cæteraq; hujus auræ oblectamenta, aliquot ad annos relinquendi. De hoc ut tecum agerem te convenire

convenire cupio: Quod (etsi nec id recusem) nollem in ædibus Barlotianis. Habeo cur abstineam. Amicitiæ enim nec veteris, nec ita strictæ munera paulò quàm deceat imprudentiori impetu mihi videor ibi peregisse. Prandere si vacat foras, aut cenare, horulamve perdere pomeridianam, aut matutinam liceat mihi illud apud Rabbinum Lincombum jam commoranti per te intelligere, & satis mihi fiet. Interim sepones oro chartulas meas, quas cum sponsione citæ redhibitionis (ut barbarè, sed cum ingeniosissimo Appollinari loquar) accepisti. Inter quas, si epigrammata mea Latina, & Catalogus librorum satyricus non sunt, non sunt, extremum iuditium, hoc est, manum ultimam jamjam subituræ sunt. Earum nonnullæ Purgatorium suum passuræ, ut correctiores emanent. Alia quorum me inscio in mundum erepserunt, exemplaria tamen in archetypis igne absumpta fatebuntur se à me ad Inferos damnata esse. Reliquæ quæ aut virgines sunt (nisi quod à multis contrectatæ) aut ita infœliciter steriles, ut ab illis nulla ingenita sunt exemplaria, penitus in annihilationem (quod flagitiosissimis non minatur Deus) corruent & dilabentur. Vale & amore meo fruere quem vetat fortuna sola ne uti possis. Et nisi animo candido ingenuave mea libertate gaudere malis, habe tibi mancipium

Jo. DONNE.

Digitized by Google

To Sir H. G.

I Send not my Letters as tribute, nor intereſt, nor recompence, nor for commerce, nor as teſtimonialls of my love, nor provokers of yours, nor to juſtifie my cuſtome of writing, nor for a vent and utterance of my meditations; For my letters are either above or under all ſuch offices, yet I write very affectionately, and I chide and accuſe my ſelfe of diminiſhing that affection which ſends them, when I aske my ſelfe why. Only I am ſure that I deſire that you might have in your hands letters of mine of all kindes, as conveyances and deliverers of mee to you, whether you accept me as a friend, or as a patient, or as a penitent, or as a Bedeſman, for I decline no juriſdiction, nor refuſe any tenure. I would not open any doore upon you, but looke in when you open it. Angells have not, nor affect not other knowledge of one another then they liſt to reveale to one another. It is then in this only, that friends are Angells, that they are capable and fit for ſuch revelations when they are offered. If at any time I ſeeme to ſtudy you more inquiſitively, it is for no other end but to know how to preſent you to God in my prayers, and what to aske of him for you; For even that holy exerciſe may not be done inopportunely, no nor importunely. I finde little errour in that Grecians counſell who ſayes, If thou aske any thing of God, offer no ſacrifice, nor aske elegantly, nor vehe-

Digitized by Google

mently, but remember that thou would'ſt not give to ſuch an asker. Nor in his other countryman, who affirmes ſacrifice of blood to be ſo unproportionable to God, that perfumes, though much more ſpirituall, are too groſſe; Yea words which are our ſubtleſt and delicateſt outward creatures, being compoſed of thoughts and breath, are ſo muddy, ſo thicke, that our thoughts themſelves are ſo, becauſe (except at the firſt riſing) they are ever leavened with paſſions and affections. And, that advantage of neerer familiarity with God, which the Act of incarnation gave us, is grounded upon Gods aſſuming us, not our going to him. And, our acceſſes to his preſence are but his deſcents into us. And, when we get any thing by prayer, hee gave us before hand the thing and the petition: for, I ſcarce thinke any ineffectuall prayer free from both ſinne and the puniſhment of ſinne: Yet as God ſepoſed a ſeventh of our time for his exterior worſhip, and as his Chriſtian Church early preſented him a Type of the whole yeare in a Lent, and after impoſed the obligation of canonique houres, conſtituting therby morall Sabbaths every day, I am far frō dehorting thoſe fixed devotions: But I had rather it were beſtowed upon thanksgiving then petition, upon praiſe then prayer. Not that God is endeared by that, or wearied by this; All is one in the receiver, but not in the ſender. And thankes doth both offices. For, nothing doth ſo innocently provoke new graces, as gratitude. I would alſo rather make ſhort prayers then extend them, though God can neither bee ſurpriſed, nor

Digitized by Google

nor beſieged: For, long prayers have more of the man, as ambition of eloquence, and a complacency in the worke, and more of the devill by often diſtractions: For, after in the beginning wee have well intreated God to hearken, we ſpeake no more to him. Even this letter is ſome example of ſuch infirmity; which being intended for a letter is extended and ſtrayed into a Homily. And whatſoever is not what it was purpoſed, is worſe. Therefore it ſhall at laſt end like a letter by aſſuring you I am &c.

Digitized by Google

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

NAture hath made al bodies like, by mingling and kneading up the ſame elements in every one. And amõgſt mẽ, the other nature, cuſtõe, hath made every mind like ſome other. We are patternes or copies, we inform, or imitate. But as he hath not preſẽtly attain'd to write a good hand, which hath equaled one excellent maſter in his A, another in his B, much leſſe hee which hath ſought all the excellent maſters, and employed all his time to exceede in one letter, becauſe not ſo much an excellency of any nor every one, as an evenneſſe and proportion, and reſpect to one another gives the perfection; So is no man vertuous by particular example. Not he which doth all actions to the patterne of the moſt valiant, or liberall, which Hiſtories afford: Nor he which chuſes from every one their beſt actions, and therupon doth ſomething like thoſe. Perchance ſuch may bee *in via perficiendorum*, which Divines allow to Monaſticall life, but not *Perfectorum*, which, by them, is only due to prelacy; For vertue is even, and continuall, and the ſame, and can therefore breake no where, nor admit ends, nor beginnings; It is not only not broken, but not tyed together. He is not vertuous, out of whoſe actions you can pick an excellent one. Vice and her fruits may be ſeene, becauſe they

Digitized by Google

they are thick bodies, but not vertue, which is all light. And vices have ſwellings and fits, and noiſe, becauſe being extremes, they dwel far aſunder, and they maintaine both a foraine warre againſt vertue, and a civill againſt one another, and affect ſoveraignty, as vertue doth ſociety. The later Phyſitians ſay, that when our naturall inborne preſervative is corrupted or waſted, and muſt be reſtored by alike extracted from other bodies, the chiefe care is, that the mummy have in it no excelling quality, but an equally digeſted temper: And ſuch is true vertue. But men who have preferred money before all, thinke they deale honourably with vertue, if they compare her with money: And think, that as mony is not called baſe, til the allay exceed the pure; So they are vertuous enough, if they have enough to make their actions currant, which is, if either they get praiſe, or (in a lower abaſing) if they incurre not infamy or penalty. But you know who ſaid *Anguſta innocentia eſt ad legem bonum eſſe*, which rule being given for poſitive lawes, ſevere miſtakers apply even to Gods law, and (perchance againſt his commandement) binde themſelves to his counſailes, beyond his lawes. But they are worſe, that think that becauſe ſome men formerly waſtfull, live better with halfe their rents then they did with all, being now advantaged with diſcretion and experience, therefore our times need leſſe morall vertue then the firſt, becauſe we have Chriſtianity, which is the uſe and application of all vertue. As though our religion were but an art of thrift, to make a little vertue goe far. For as

Digitized by Google

plentifull ſprings are fitteſt, and beſt become large Aqueducts, ſo doth much vertue ſuch a ſteward and officer as a Chriſtian. But I muſt not give you a Homily for a letter. I ſaid a great while ſince, that cuſtome made men like; We who have beene accuſtomed to one another are like in this, that we love not buſineſſe. This therefore ſhall not be to you nor me a buſie letter. I end with a probleme, whoſe errand is, to aske for his fellowes. I pray before you ingulfe your ſelfe in the Progreſſe, leave them for mee, and ſuch other of my papers as you will lend mee till your returne. And beſides this allegoricall lending, lend me truly your counſells. And love God and me, whileſt I love him and you.

To

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

THis Teusday morning, which hath brought me to London, presents mee with all your letters. Mee thought it was a rent day, I meane such as yours, and not as mine. And yet such too, when I considered how much I ought you for them. How good a mother, how fertile and abundant the understanding is, if shee have a good father. And how well friendship performes that office. For that which is denyed in other generations is done in this of yours. For hers is superfætation, child upon child, and, that which is more strange, twinnes at a latter conception. If in my second religion, friendship, I had a conscience, either *Errantem* to mistake good and bad, and indifferent, or *Opinantem* to be ravished by others opinions or examples, or *Dubiam* to adhere to neither part, or *Scrupulosam* to encline to one, but upon reasons light in themselves or indiscussed in mee (which are almost all the diseases of conscience) I might mistake your often, long, and busie letters, and feare you did but intreate me to have mercy upon you and spare you. For you know our court tooke the resolution, that it was the best way to dispatch the French Prince backe againe quickly, to receive him solemnely, ceremoniously; and expensively, when he hoped a domestique and durable

rable entertainment. I never meant to excell you in waight nor price, but in number and bulke I thought I might: Becauſe he may caſt up a greater ſumme who hath but forty ſmall moneyes, then hee with twenty Portugueſſes. The memory of friends, (I meane only for letters) neither enters ordinarily into buſied men, becauſe they are ever employed within, nor into men of pleaſure, becauſe they are never at home. For theſe wiſhes therefore which you wonne out of your pleaſure and recreation, you were as excuſable to mee if you writ ſeldome as Sir H. Wotton is under the oppreſſion of buſineſſe or the neceſſity of ſeeming ſo: Or more then hee, becauſe I hope you have both pleaſure and buſineſſe. Only to me, who have neither, this omiſſion were ſinne. For though writing be not of the precepts of friendſhip, but of the counſells: yet, as in ſome caſes to ſome men counſells become precepts, though not immediately from God, yet very roundly and quickly from his Church, (as ſelling and dividing goods in the firſt time, continence in the Romane Church, and order and decency in ours) ſo to mee who can doe nothing elſe, it ſeemes to binde my conſcience to write. And it is ſinne to doe againſt the conſcience, though that erre; Yet no mans letters might be better wanted then mine, ſince my whole letter is nothing elſe but a confeſſion that I ſhould and would write. I ought you a letter in verſe before by mine owne promiſe, & now that you thinke you have hedged in that debt by a greater by your letter in verſe I thinke it now moſt ſeaſonable and faſhionall for mee

to

Digitized by Google

to breake. At leaſt, to write preſently were to accuſe my ſelfe of not having read yours ſo often as ſuch a letter deſerves from you to mee. To make my debt greater (for ſuch is the deſire of all, who cannot or meane not to pay) I pray reade theſe two problemes: for ſuch light flaſhes as theſe have beene my hawkings in my Surry journies. I accompany them with another ragge of verſes, worthy of that name for the ſmalneſſe, and age, for it hath long lyen among my other papers, and laughs at them that have adventured to you: for I thinke till now you ſaw it not, and neither you, nor it ſhould repent it. Sir, if I were any thing, my love to you might multiply it, and dignifie it: But infinite nothings are but one ſuch: Yet ſince even Chymeraes have ſome name, and titles, I am alſo

Yours.

Digitized by Google

To Sr H. G.

Sir,

IN the history or stile of friendship, which is best written both in deeds and words, a letter which is of a mixed nature, and hath something of both is a mixt parenthesis: It may be left out, yet it contributes, though not to the being, yet to the verdure, and freshnesse thereof. Letters have truly the same office, as oathes. As these amongst light and empty men, are but fillings, and pauses, and interjections: but with weightier, they are sad attestations: So are letters, to some complement, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorized my servant to lye in my behalfe (for if it were officious in him, it might be worse in mee) so I allow my letters much lesse that civill dishonesty, both because they goe from mee more considerately, and because they are permanent, for in them I may speake to you in your chamber a yeare hence before I know not whom, and not heare my selfe. They shall therefore ever keepe the sincerity and intemerateness of the fountaine whence they are derived. And as whersoever these leaves fall, the root is in my heart, so shall they, as that sucks good affections towards you there, have ever true impressions thereof. Thus much information is in very leaves, that they can tell what the tree is, and these can tell you

Digitized by Google

you I am a friend and an honeſt man. Of what generall uſe, the fruit ſhould ſpeake, and I have none: and of what particular profit to you, your application and experimenting ſhould tell you, and you can make none of ſuch a nothing; Yet even of barren Sicamores, ſuch as I, there were uſe, if either any light flaſhings, or ſcorching vehemencies, or ſudden ſhowers made you need ſo ſhadowie an example or Remembrancer. But (Sir) your fortune and minde do you this happy injury, that they make all kinde of fruits uſeleſſe unto you; Therefore I have placed my love wiſely where I need communicate nothing.

All this, though perchance you reade it not till Michaelmas, was told you at Michin. 15. Aug. 1607.

Digitized by Google

To Sr H. G.

SIR,

IT should be no interruption to your pleasures to heare mee often say that I love you, and that you are as much my meditation as my selfe: I often compare not you and mee, but the Spheare in which your resolutions are, and my wheele; both I hope concentrique to God: for me thinkes the new Astronomie is thus applyable well, that wee which are a little earth should rather move towards God, then that hee which is fulfilling, and can come no whither, should move towards us. To your life full of variety, nothing is old, nor new to mine. And as to that life, all stickings and hesitations seeme stupid and stony, so to this, all fluid slipperinesses and transitory migrations seeme giddy and feathery. In that life one is ever in the porch or posterne, going in or out, never within his house, himself: It is a garment made of remnants, a life raveld out into ends, a line discontinued; & a number of small wretched points; useless, because they concurre not: A life built of past & future, not proposing any constant present. They have more pleasures then wee, but not more pleasure: they joy oftner, wee longer; and no man but of so much understanding as may deliver him from being a foole, would change with a mad-man, which had a better proportion of wit in his often *Lucidis*. You know, they which dwell farthest from the Sunne, if in any convenient distance, have longer dayes, better appetites

tites, better digeſtion, better growth, and longer life. And all theſe advantages have their mindes who are well removed from the ſcorchings, and dazlings, and exhalings of the worlds glory; but neither of our lifes are in ſuch extremes; for you living at Court without ambition, which would burne you, or envy which would deveſt others, live in the Sunne, not in the fire; and I which live in the Country without ſtupifying, am not in darkneſſe, but in ſhadow, which is not no light, but a pallid, watriſh, and diluted one. As all ſhadowes are of one colour if you reſpect the body from which they are caſt (for our ſhadows upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden greene, and flowery,) ſo all retyrings into a ſhadowie life are alike from all cauſes, and alike ſubject to the barbarouſneſſe and inſipid dulnes of the countrie: Only the employment, and that upon which you caſt and beſtow your pleaſure, buſineſſe, or bookes, gives it the tincture, and beauty. But truly whereſoever we are, if wee can but tell our ſelves truly what & where we would be, we may make any ſtate & place ſuch: For we are ſo compoſed, that if abundance, or glory ſcorch & melt us, we have an earthly cave, our bodies to go into by conſideration, & coole our ſelves: and if we be frozen, and contracted with lower and darke fortunes, wee have within us a torch, a ſoule, lighter and warmer then any without: we are therefore our owne umbrellas, and our owne Suns. Theſe Sir, are the Sallads, and Onyons of Michin, ſent to you with as wholſome affection as your other friends ſend Melons and Quelque choſes from Court and London. If I preſent you not as good dyet

Digitized by Google

as they, I would yet ſay grace to theirs, and bid much good do it you. I ſend you, with this, a letter which I ſent to the Counteſſe. It is not my uſe nor duty to do ſo. But for your having of it, there were but two conſents, and I am ſure you have mine, and you are ſure you have hers: I alſo writ to her Ladiſhip for the verſes ſhee ſhewed in the garden, which I did not onely to extort them, nor onely to keepe my promiſe of writing, for that I had done in the other letter, and perchance ſhee hath forgotten the promiſe, nor onely becauſe I thinke my letters juſt good enough for a Progreſſe, but becauſe I would write apace to her, whilſt it is poſſible to expreſſe that which I yet know of her, for by this growth I ſee how ſoone ſhe will be ineffable.

To

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

Happieſt and worthyeſt Lady,

I Do not remember that ever I have ſeen a petition in verſe, I would not therefore be ſingular, nor adde theſe to your other papers. I have yet adventured ſo neare as to make a petitiõ for verſe, It is for thoſe your Ladiſhip did me the honor to ſee in a Twicknam garden, except you repẽt your making & having mended your judgement by thinking worſe, that is, better, becauſe juſter, of their ſubject. They muſt needs be an excellent exerciſe of your wit, which ſpeake ſo well of ſo ill. I humbly begge them of your Ladiſhip, with two ſuch promiſes, as to any other of your compoſitions were threatnings: That I will not ſhew them, & that I will not beleeve them; And nothing ſhould be ſo uſed which comes from your braine or heart. If I ſhould confeſſe a fault in the boldneſſe of asking them, or make a fault by doing it in a longer letter, your Ladiſhip might uſe your ſtile and old faſhion of the Court towards mee, and pay mee with a pardon. Here therefore I humbly kiſſe your Ladiſhips faire learned, hands and wiſh you good wiſhes and ſpeedy grants.

Your Ladiſhips ſervant

JO. DONNE.

Digitized by Google

To Sr H. G.

SIR,

BEcauſe I am in a place and ſeaſon where I ſee every thing bud forth, I muſt do ſo too, and vent ſome of my meditations to you; the rather becauſe all other buds being yet without taſte or vertue, my letters may be like them. The pleaſantnes of the ſeaſon diſpleaſes mee. Every thing refreſhes, and I wither, and I grow older and not better. My ſtrength diminiſhes, and my load growes, and being to paſſe more and more ſtormes, I finde that I have not only caſt out all my ballaſt which nature and time gives, reaſon & diſcretion, & ſo am as empty & light as vanity can make me, but I have over-fraught my ſelfe with vice, and ſo am riddingly ſubject to two contrary wrackes, ſinking and over-ſetting, and under the iniquity of ſuch a diſeaſe as enforces the patient when hee is almoſt ſtarv'd, not onely to faſt, but to purge; for I have much to take in, and much to caſt out. Sometimes I thinke it eaſier to diſcharge my ſelfe of vice then of vanity, as one may ſooner carry the fire out of a roome then the ſmoke: And then I ſee it was a new vanity to thinke ſo. And when I thinke ſometimes, that vanity, becauſe it is thinne and airy, may be expelled with vertue or buſineſſe, or ſubſtantiall vice; I finde that I give entrance thereby to new vices. Certainly as the earth & water, one ſad, the other fluid, make but one body: ſo to vice, and

Digitized by Google

and vanity, there is but one *Centrum morbi*. And that which later Phyſitiãs ſay of our bodies, is fitter for our mindes; for that which they call deſtruction, which is a corruption and want of thoſe fundamentall parts whereof we conſiſt, is vice: And that *Collectio Stercorum*, which is but the Excrement of that corruption, is our vanity and indiſcretion. Both theſe have but one root in mee, and muſt bee pulled out at once, or never. But I am ſo far from digging to it, that I know not where it is. For it is not in mine eyes only, but in every ſenſe, nor in my concupiſcence only, but in every power and affection. Sir, I was willing to let you ſee how impotent a man you love, not to diſhearten you from doing ſo ſtill (for my vices are not infectious, nor wandring, They came not yeſterday, nor meane to goe away to day: They Inne not, but dwell in mee, and ſee themſelves ſo welcome, and finde in mee ſo good bad company of one another, that they will not change, eſpecially to one not apprehenſive, nor eaſily acceſſible) but I doe it, that your counſell might cure mee, and if you deny that, your example ſhall, for I will as much ſtrive to be like you as I will wiſh you to continue good.

Digitized by Google

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

I Hope you are now welcome to London, and well, and well comforted in your fathers health and love, and well contented that we aske you how you doe, and tell you how we are, which yet I cannot of my selfe; If I knew that I were ill, I were well; For we consist of three parts, a Soule, and Body, and Mind: which I call those thoughts and affections and passions, which neither Soule nor Body hath alone, but have beene begotten by their communication, as Musique results out of our breath and a Cornet. And of all these the diseases are cures, if they be knowne. Of our Soules sicknesses, which are sinnes, the knowledge is, to acknowledge, and that is her physick, in which wee are not dieted by drams and scruples, for we cannot take too much. Of our bodies infirmities, though our knowledge be partly *ab extrinseco*, from the opinion of the Physitian, and that the subject and matter be flexible, and various; Yet their rules are certaine, and if the matter be rightly applyed to the rule, our knowledge thereof is also certaine. But of the diseases of the minde, there is no Cryterium, no Canon, no rule; for, our owne taste and apprehension & interpretation should be the judge, and that is the disease it selfe. Therefore sometimes when I finde my selfe transported

Digitized by Google

ted with jollity, and love of company, I hang leads at my heeles, and reduce to my thoughts my fortunes, my yeares, the duties of a man, of a friend, of a husband, of a father, and all the incumbencies of a family. When sadnesse dejects me, either I countermine it with another sadnesse, or I kindle squibs about mee againe, and flie into sportfulnesse and company. And I finde ever after all, that I am like an Exorcist, which had long laboured about one, which at last appeares to have the Mother, that I still mistake my disease. And I still vexe my selfe with this, because if I know it not, no body can know it. And I comfort my selfe because I see dispassioned men are subject to the like ignorances. For divers mindes out of the same thing often draw contrary conclusions, as Augustine thought devout Anthony to bee therfore full of the holy Ghost, because, not being able to read, he could say the whole Bible, and interpret it. And Thyræus the Jesuite for the same reason doth thinke all the Anabaptists to be possessed. And as often out of contrary things men draw one conclusion. As, To the Romane Church, Magnificence and Splendor hath ever beene an argument of Gods favour, and Poverty and Affliction, to the Greeke. Out of this variety of mindes it proceeds, that though all our Soules would goe to one end, Heaven, and all our bodies must goe to one end, the Earth: Yet our third part, the minde, which is our naturall Guide here, chuses to every man a severall way. Scarce any man likes what another doth, nor, advisedly, that which himselfe. But, Sir, I am beyond my

Digitized by Google

purpoſe; I meant to write a letter, and I am fallen into a diſcourſe, and I doe not only take you from ſome buſineſſe, but I make you a new buſineſſe by drawing you into theſe meditations. In which yet let my opennes be an argument of ſuch love as I would fain expreſſe in ſome worthier faſhion.

To

TO THE MEMORIE OF MY EVER DESIRED FRIEND

Dr. DONNE:

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'ſt flights, that is, like Thee,
Or t'have had too much merit, is not ſafe;
For, ſuch exceſſes finde no Epitaph.
At common graves we have Poetique eyes
Can melt themſelves in eaſie Elegies,
Each quill can drop his tributary verſe,
And pin it, like the Hatchments, to the Hearſe:
But at Thine, Poeme, or Inſcription
(Rich ſoule of wit, and language) we have none.
Indeed a ſilence does that tombe befit,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd invention juſtly doth forbeare
To come abroad, knowing Thou art not here,
Late her great Patron; Whoſe Prerogative
Maintain'd, and cloth'd her ſo, as none alive
Muſt now preſume, to keepe her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dowre eſtate.

Digitized by Google

Or elſe that awfull fire, which once did burne
In thy cleare Braine, now falne into thy Urne
Lives there, to fright rude Empiricks from thence,
Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance.
Who ever writes of Thee, and in a ſtile
Unworthy ſuch a Theme, does but revile
Thy precious Duſt, and wake a learned Spirit
Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit.
For, all a low pitch't phanſie can deviſe,
Will prove, at beſt, but Hallow'd Injuries.
Thou, like the dying Swanne, didſt lately ſing
Thy Mournfull Dirge, in audience of the King;
When pale lookes, and faint accents of thy breath,
Preſented ſo, to life, that peece of death,
That it was fear'd, and propheſi'd by all,
Thou thither cam'ſt to preach thy Funerall.
O! had'ſt Thou in an Elegiacke Knell
Rung out unto the world thine owne farewell,
And in thy High Victorious Numbers beate
The ſolemne meaſure of thy griev'd Retreat;
Thou might'ſt the Poets ſervice now have miſt,
As well, as then thou did'ſt prevent the Prieſt;
And never to the world beholding bee
So much, as for an Epitaph for thee.
I doe not like the office. Nor is 't fit
Thou, who did'ſt lend our Age ſuch ſummes of wit,
Should'ſt now re-borrow from her bankrupt Mine,
That Ore to Bury Thee, which once was Thine.
Rather ſtill leave us in thy debt; And know
(Exalted Soule) more glory 't is to owe

Unto

Unto thy Hearſe, what we can never pay,
Then, with embaſed Coine thoſe Rites defray.
Commit we then Thee to Thy ſelfe: Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy owne Fame
Leave Thee Executour. Since, but thine owne,
No pen could doe Thee Juſtice, nor Bayes Crowne
Thy vaſt deſert; Save that, wee nothing can
Depute, to be thy Aſhes Guardian.
So Jewellers no Art, or Metall truſt
To forme the Diamond, but the Diamonds duſt.

H. K.

Digitized by Google

To the deceaſed Author,

Upon the *Promiſcuous* printing of his Poems, the *Looſer ſort*, with the *Religious*.

WHen thy *Looſe* raptures, *Donne*, ſhall meet with
That doe confine (Thoſe
Tuning, unto the Duller line,
And ſing not, but in *Sanctified Proſe*;
How will they, with ſharper eyes,
The *Fore-skinne* of thy phanſie circumciſe?
And feare, thy *wantonneſſe* ſhould now, begin
Example, that hath ceaſed to be *Sin*?

And that *Feare* fannes their *Heat*; whilſt knowing eyes
Will not admire
At this *Strange Fire*,
That here is *mingled with thy Sacrifice*:
But dare reade even thy *Wanton Story*,
As thy *Confeſſion*, not thy *Glory*.
And will ſo envie *Both* to future times,
That they would buy thy *Goodneſſe*, with thy *Crimes*.

Tho: Browne.

Digitized by Google

On the death of
Dr Donne.

I Cannot blame thoſe men, that knew thee well,
Yet dare not helpe the world, to ring thy knell
In tunefull *Elegies*; there's not language knowne
Fit for thy mention, but 'twas firſt thy owne;
The *Epitaphs* thou writſt, have ſo bereft
Our tongue of wit, there is not phanſie left
Enough to weepe thee; what henceforth we ſee
Of Art or Nature, muſt reſult from thee.
There may perchance ſome buſie gathering friend
Steale from thy owne workes, and that, varied, lend,
Which thou beſtow'ſt on others, to thy Hearſe,
And ſo thou ſhalt live ſtill in thine owne verſe;
Hee that ſhall venture farther, may commit
A pitied errour, ſhew his zeale, not wit.
Fate hath done mankinde wrong; vertue may aime
Reward of conſcience, never can, of fame,
Since her great trumpet's broke, could onely give
Faith to the world, command it to beleeve;
Hee then muſt write, that world define thy parts:
Here lyes the beſt Divinitie, All the Arts.

Edw. Hyde.

Digitized by Google

On Doctor Donne,

By Dr C. B. *of* O.

HEe that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And do it well, must first beginne to be
Such as thou wert; for, none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so;
He must have wit to spare and to hurle downe:
Enough, to keepe the gallants of the towne.
He must have learning plenty; both the Lawes,
Civill, and Common, to judge any cause;
Divinity great store, above the rest;
Not of the last Edition, but the best.
Hee must have language, travaile, all the Arts;
Judgement to use; or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do;
Such as *Mecœnas*, and *Augustus* too.
He must have such a sickneſſe, such a death;
Or else his vaine descriptions come beneath;
Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
He must be dead first, let it alone for mee.

An

An Elegie upon the incomparable Dr DONNE.

ALl is not well when such a one as I
Dare peepe abroad, and write an *Elegie*;
When smaller *Starres* appeare, and give their light,
Phœbus is gone to bed: Were it not night,
And the world witlesse now that DONNE is dead,
You sooner should have broke, then seene my head.
Dead did I say? Forgive this *Injury*
I doe him, and his worthes *Infinity*,
To say he is but dead; I dare averre
It better may be term'd a *Massacre*,
Then *Sleepe* or *Death*; See how the *Muses* mourne
Upon their oaten *Reeds*, and from his *Vrne*
Threaten the World with this *Calamity*,
They shall have *Ballads*, but no *Poetry*.

Language lyes speechlesse; and *Divinity*,
Lost such a *Trump* as even to *Extasie*
Could charme the Soule, and had an *Influence*
To teach best *judgements*, and please dullest *Sense*.
The *Court*, the *Church*, the *Vniversitie*,
Lost *Chaplaine*, *Deane*, and *Doctor*, All these, Three.

Digitized by Google

It was his *Merit*, that his *Funerall*
Could cauſe a loſſe ſo *great* and *generall*.

If there be any Spirit can anſwer give
Of ſuch as hence depart, to ſuch as live:
Speake, Doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to duſt, and feele the lawes of Fate?
Me thinkes, *Corruption*, *Wormes*, what elſe is foule
Should ſpare the *Temple* of ſo faire a *Soule*.
I could beleeve they doe; but that I know
What inconvenience might hereafter grow:
Succeeding ages would *Idolatrize*,
And as his *Numbers*, ſo his *Reliques* prize.

If that Philoſopher, which did avow
The world to be but Motes, was living now:
He would affirme that th'*Atomes* of his mould
Were they in ſeverall bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of *Travellers*, *Divines*,
Of *Linguiſts*, *Poets*: ſith theſe ſeverall *lines*
In him concentred were, and flowing thence
Might fill againe the worlds *Circumference*.
I could beleeve this too; and yet my faith
Not want a *Preſident*: The *Phœnix* hath
(And ſuch was He) a power to animate
Her aſhes, and herſelfe perpetuate.
But, buſie Soule, thou doſt not well to pry
Into theſe Secrets; *Griefe*, and *Iealouſie*,
The more they know, the further ſtill advance,

And

Digitized by Google

And finde no way ſo ſafe as *Ignorance*.
Let this ſuffice thee, that his *Soule* which flew
A pitch of all admir'd, known but of few,
(Save thoſe of purer mould) is now tranſlated
From Earth to Heavên, and there *Conſtellated*.
For, if each *Prieſt* of God ſhine as a *Starre*,
His *Glory* is as his *Gifts*, 'bove others farre.

HEN. VALENTINE.

Digitized by Google

An Elegie upon Dr Donne.

IS *Donne*, great *Donne* deceas'd? then England say
Thou'hast loſt a man where language choſe to ſtay
And ſhew it's gracefull power. I would not praiſe
That and his vaſt wit (which in theſe vaine dayes
Make many proud) but as they ſerv'd to unlock
That Cabinet, his minde: where ſuch a ſtock
Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
(Or ſhould) this generall cauſe of diſcontent.
And I rejoyce I am not ſo ſevere,
But (as I write a line) to weepe a teare
For his deceaſe; Such ſad extremities
May make ſuch men as I write *Elegies*.
And wonder not; for, when a generall loſſe
Falls on a nation, and they ſlight the croſſe,
God hath rais'd *Prophets* to awaken them
From ſtupifaction; witneſſe my milde pen,
Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it muſt
Freely and boldly, for, the cauſe is juſt.
Dull age, Oh I would ſpare thee, but th'art worſe,
Thou art not onely dull, but haſt a curſe
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldſt thou
Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow
For thee and thine, ſucceſſively to pay
A ſad remembrance to his dying day?
Did his youth ſcatter *Poetrie*, wherein
Was all Philoſophie? Was every ſinne,

Character'd

Digitized by Google

Character'd in his *Satyres*? made so foule
That some have fear'd their shapes, & kept their soule
Freer by reading verse? Did he give *dayes*
Past marble monuments, to those, whose praise
He would perpetuate? Did hee (I feare
The dull will doubt:) these at his twentieth yeare?
But, more matur'd: Did his full soule conceive,
And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave
A *Crowne of sacred sonets*, fit to adorne
A dying Martyrs brow: or, to be worne
On that blest head of *Mary Magdalen*:
After she wip'd Christs feet, but not till then?
Did hee (fit for such penitents as shee
And hee to use) leave us a *Litany*?
Which all devout men love, and sure, it shall,
As times grow better, grow more classicall.
Did he write *Hymnes*, for piety and wit
Equall to those great grave *Prudentius* writ?
Spake he all *Languages*? knew he all *Lawes*?
The grounds and use of *Physicke*; but because
'Twas mercenary wav'd it? Went to see
That blessed place of *Christs nativity*?
Did he returne and preach him? preach him so
As none but hee did, or could do? They know
(Such as were blest to heare him know)'tis truth.
Did he confirme thy age? convert thy youth?
Did he these wonders? And is this deare losse
Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a crosse.)
But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be *Close Mourners* at his Funerall;

La Corona.

If

Digitized by Google

If not; In common pitty they forbare
By repetitions to renew our care;
Or, knowing, griefe conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes
Do waste the braine) make silence a safe way
To inlarge the Soule from these walls, mud and clay,
(Materialls of this body) to remaine
With *Donne* in heaven, where no promiscuous paine
Lessens the joy wee have, for, with *him*, all
Are satisfyed with *joyes essentiall*.
My thoughts, Dwell on this *Joy*, and do not call
Griefe backe, by thinking of his Funerall;
Forget he lov'd mee; Waste not my sad yeares;
(Which haste to *Davids* seventy) fill'd with feares
And sorrow for his death;) Forget his parts,
Which finde a living grave in good mens hearts;
And, (for, my first is daily paid for sinne)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him:
Forget his powerfull preaching; and forget
I am his *Convert*. Oh my frailtie! let
My flesh be no more heard, it will obtrude
This lethargie: so should my gratitude,
My vowes of gratitude should so be broke;
Which can no more be, then *Donnes* vertues spoke
By any but himselfe; for which cause, I
Write no *Encomium*, but an *Elegie*.

IZ. WA.

An

Digitized by Google

An Elegie upon the death of the Deane of Pauls, Dr. Iohn Donne:

By Mr. *Tho: Carie.*

CAn we not force from widdowed Poetry,
Now thou art dead (Great DONNE) one Elegie
To crowne thy Hearſe? Why yet dare we not truſt
Though with unkneaded dowe-bak't proſe thy duſt,
Such as the unciſor'd Churchman from the flower
Of fading Rhetorique, ſhort liv'd as his houre,
Dry as the ſand that meaſures it, ſhould lay
Upon thy Aſhes, on the funerall day?
Have we no voice, no tune? Did'ſt thou diſpenſe
Through all our language, both the words and ſenſe?
'Tis a ſad truth; The Pulpit may her plaine,
And ſober Chriſtian precepts ſtill retaine,
Doctrines it may, and wholeſome Uſes frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures, But the flame
Of thy brave Soule, that ſhot ſuch heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darkneſſe bright,
Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
Did through the eye the melting heart diſtill;
And the deepe knowledge of darke truths ſo teach,
As ſenſe might judge, what phanſie could not reach;

Digitized by Google

Muſt be deſir'd for ever. So the fire,
That fills with ſpirit and heat the Delphique quire,
Which kindled firſt by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quench't now in thy death;
The Muſes garden with Pedantique weedes
O'rſpred, was purg'd by thee; The lazie ſeeds
Of ſervile imitation throwne away;
And freſh invention planted, Thou didſt pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;
Licentious theſts, that make poëtique rage
A Mimique fury, when our ſoules muſt bee
Poſſeſt, or with Anacreons Extaſie,
Or Pindars, not their owne; The ſubtle cheat
Of ſlie Exchanges, and the jugling feat
Of two-edg'd words, or whatſoever wrong
By ours was done the Greeke, or Latine tongue,
Thou haſt redeem'd, and open'd Us a Mine
Of rich and pregnant phanſie, drawne a line
Of maſculine expreſſion, which had good
Old Orpheus ſeene, Or all the ancient Brood
Our ſuperſtitious fooles admire, and hold
Their lead more precious, then thy burniſh't Gold,
Thou hadſt beene their Exchequer, and no more
They each in others duſt, had rak'd for Ore.
Thou ſhalt yield no precedence, but of time,
And the blinde fate of language, whoſe tun'd chime
More charmes the outward ſenſe; Yet thou maiſt
From ſo great diſadvantage greater fame, (claime
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our ſtubborne language bends, made only fit

With

Digitized by Google

With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about
Thy Giant phanſie, which had prov'd too ſtout
For their ſoft melting Phraſes. As in time
They had the ſtart, ſo did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare,
And left the rifled fields, beſides the feare
To touch their Harveſt, yet from thoſe bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy only hands
(And that thy ſmalleſt worke) have gleaned more
Then all thoſe times, and tongues could reape before;
But thou art gone, and thy ſtrict lawes will be
Too hard for Libertines in Poetrie.
They will repeale the goodly exil'd traine
Of gods and goddeſſes, which in thy juſt raigne
Were baniſh'd nobler Poems, now, with theſe
The ſilenc'd tales o'th' Metamorphoſes
Shall ſtuffe their lines, and ſwell the windy Page,
Till Verſe refin'd by thee, in this laſt Age,
Turne ballad rime, Or thoſe old Idolls bee
Ador'd againe, with new apoſtaſie;
Oh, pardon mee, that breake with untun'd verſe
The reverend ſilence that attends thy herſe,
Whoſe awfull ſolemne murmures were to thee
More then theſe faint lines, A loud Elegie,
That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whoſe influence
Growne feeble, in theſe panting numbers lies
Gaſping ſhort winded Accents, and ſo dies:
So doth the ſwiftly turning wheele not ſtand
In th'inſtant we withdraw the moving hand,

Digitized by Google

But ſome ſmall time maintaine a faint weake courſe
By vertue of the firſt impulſive force:
And ſo whil'ſt I caſt on thy funerall pile
Thy crowne of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,
And ſpit diſdaine, till the devouring flaſhes
Suck all the moyſture up, then turne to aſhes.
I will not draw the envy to engroſſe
All thy perfections, or weepe all our loſſe;
Thoſe are too numerous for an Elegie,
And this too great, to be expreſs'd by mee.
Though every pen ſhould ſhare a diſtinct part,
Yet art thou Theme enough to tyre all Art;
Let others carve the reſt, it ſhall ſuffice
I on thy Tombe this Epitaph inciſe.

Here lies a King, that rul'd as hee thought fit
The univerſall Monarchy of wit;
Here lie two Flamens, and both thoſe, the beſt,
Apollo's firſt, at laſt, the true Gods Prieſt.

An

Digitized by Google

An Elegie on Dr. DONNE: *By Sir Lucius Carie.*

POets attend, the Elegie I ſing
Both of a doubly-named Prieſt, and King:
In ſtead of Coates, and Pennons, bring your Verſe,
For you muſt bee chiefe mourners at his Hearſe,
A Tombe your Muſe muſt to his Fame ſupply,
No other Monuments can never die;
And as he was a two-fold Prieſt; in youth,
Apollo's; afterwards, the voice of Truth,
Gods Conduit-pipe for grace, who choſe him for
His extraordinary Embaſſador,
So let his Liegiers with the Poets joyne,
Both having ſhares, both muſt in griefe combine:
Whil'ſt Johnſon forceth with his Elegie
Teares from a griefe-unknowing Scythians eye,
(Like Moſes at whoſe ſtroke the waters guſht
From forth the Rock, and like a Torrent ruſht.)
Let Lawd his funerall Sermon preach, and ſhew
Thoſe vertues, dull eyes were not apt to know,
Nor leave that Piercing Theme, till it appeares
To be goodfriday, by the Churches Teares;
Yet make not griefe too long oppreſſe our Powers,
Leaſt that his funerall Sermon ſhould prove ours.
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life diſpenſe,

Digitized by Google

Preacher and Orator diſcharg'd both parts
With pleaſure for our ſenſe, health for our hearts,
And the firſt ſuch (Though a long ſtudied Art
Tell us our ſoule is all in every part,)
None was ſo marble, but whil'ſt him he heares,
His Soule ſo long dwelt only in his eares.
And from thence (with the fierceneſſe of a flood
Bearing downe vice) victual'd with that bleſt food
Their hearts; His ſeed in none could faile to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them ſo:
No Druggiſt of the Soule beſtow'd on all
So Catholiquely a curing Cordiall.
Nor only in the Pulpit dwelt his ſtore,
His words work'd much, but his example more,
That preach't on worky dayes, His Poetrie
It ſelfe was oftentimes divinity,
Thoſe Anthemes (almoſt ſecond Pſalmes) he writ
To make us know the Croſſe, and value it,
(Although we owe that reverence to that name
Wee ſhould not need warmth from an under flame.)
Creates a fire in us, ſo neare extreme
That we would die, for, and upon this theme.
Next, his ſo pious Litany, which none can
But count Divine, except a Puritan,
And that but for the name, nor this, nor thoſe
Want any thing of Sermons, but the proſe.
Experience makes us ſee, that many a one
Owes to his Countrey his Religion;
And in another, would as ſtrongly grow,
Had but his Nurſe and Mother taught him ſo,

Not

Digitized by Google

Not hee the ballaſt on his Judgement hung;
Nor did hispreconceit doe either wrong;
He labour'd to exclude what ever ſinne
By time or careleſſeneſſe had entred in;
Winnow'd the chaffe from wheat,but yet was loath
A too hot zeale ſhould force him, burne them both;
Nor would allow of that ſo ignorant gall,
Which to ſave blotting often would blot all;
Nor did thoſe barbarous opinions owne,
To thinke the Organs ſinne,and faction,none;
Nor was there expectation to gaine grace
From forth his Sermons only, but his face;
So Primitive a looke, ſuch gravitie
With humbleneſſe, and both with Pietie;
So milde was Moſes countenance, when he prai'd
For them whoſe Sataniſme his power gainſaid;
And ſuch his gravitie, when all Gods band
Receiv' his word (through him) at ſecond hand,
Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move
Then ever Argive Hellens could of love.
Now to conclude, I muſt my reaſon bring,
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,
That Kingdome the Philoſophers beleev'd
To excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd
By feare of loſſe(that being ſuch a Prey
No ſtronger then ones ſelfe can force away)
The Kingdome of ones ſelfe, this he enjoy'd,
And his authoritie ſo well employ'd,
That never any could before become
So Great a Monarch, in ſo ſmall a roome;

He

Digitized by Google

He conquer'd rebell paſſions, rul'd them ſo,
As under-ſpheares by the firſt Mover goe,
Baniſh't ſo farre their working, that we can
But know he had ſome, for we knew him man.
Then let his laſt excuſe his firſt extremes,
His age ſaw viſions, though his youth dream'd dreams.

On

Digitized by Google

On Dr. Donnes death:

By Mr. Mayne of Christ-Church in Oxford.

WHo shall presume to mourn thee, *Donne*, unlesse
He could his teares in thy expressions dresse,
And teach his griefe that reverence of thy Hearse,
To weepe lines, learned, as thy Anniverse,
A Poëme of that worth, whose every teare
Deserves the title of a severall yeare.
Indeed so farre above its Reader, good,
That wee are thought wits, when 'tis understood,
There that blest maid to die, who now should grieve?
After thy sorrow, 'twere her losse to live;
And her faire vertues in anothers line,
Would faintly dawn, which are made Saints in thine.
Hadst thou beene shallower, and not writ so high,
Or left some new way for our pennes, or eye,
To shed a funerall teare, perchance thy Tombe
Had not beene speechlesse, or our Muses dumbe;
But now wee dare not write, but must conceale
Thy Epitaph, lest we be thought to steale,

Digitized by Google

For, who hath read thee, and diſcernes thy worth,
That will not ſay, thy careleſſe houres brought forth
Fancies beyond our ſtudies, and thy play
Was happier, then our ſerious time of day?
So learned was thy chance; thy haſte had wit,
And matter from thy pen flow'd raſhly fit,
What was thy recreation turnes our braine,
Our rack and paleneſſe, is thy weakeſt ſtraine.
And when we moſt come neere thee, 'tis our bliſſe
To imitate thee, where thou doſt amiſſe.
Here light your muſe, you that do onely thinke,
And write, and are juſt Poëts, as you drinke,
In whoſe weake fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,
Juſt as your recknings riſe, that wee may know
In your whole carriage of your worke, that here
This flaſh you wrote in Wine, and this in Beere,
This is to tap your Muſe, which running long
Writes flat, and takes our care not halfe ſo ſtrong;
Poore Suburbe wits, who, if you want your cup,
Or if a Lord recover, are blowne up.
Could you but reach this height, you ſhould not need
To make, each meale, a proje&t ere you feed,
Nor walke in reliques, clothes ſo old and bare,
As if left off to you from *Ennius* were,
Nor ſhould your love, in verſe, call Miſtreſſe, thoſe,
Who are mine hoſteſſe, or your whores in proſe;
From this Muſe learne to Court, whoſe power could
A Cloyſtred coldneſſe, or a Veſtall love, (move
And would convey ſuch errands to their eare,

That

Digitized by Google

That Ladies knew no oddes to grant and heare;
But I do wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praiſe
Is written onely for thy yonger dayes.
I am not growne up, for thy riper parts, (Arts;
Then ſhould I praiſe thee, through the Tongues, and
And have that deepe Divinity, to know,
What myſteries did from thy preaching flow,
Who with thy words could charme thy audience,
That at thy ſermons, eare was all our ſenſe;
Yet have I ſeene thee in the pulpit ſtand, (hand;
Where wee might take notes, from thy looke, and
And from thy ſpeaking action beare away
More Sermon, then ſome teachers uſe to ſay.
Such was thy carriage, and thy geſture ſuch,
As could divide the heart, and conſcience touch.
Thy motion did confute, and wee might ſee
An errour vanquiſh'd by delivery.
Not like our Sonnes of Zeale, who to reforme
Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit ſtorme,
And beate the cuſhion into worſe eſtate,
Then if they did conclude it reprobate,
Who can out pray the glaſſe, then lay about
Till all Predeſtination be runne out.
And from the point ſuch tedious uſes draw,
Their repetitions would make Goſpell, Law.
No, In ſuch temper would thy Sermons flow,
So well did Doctrine, and thy language ſhow,
And had that holy feare, as, hearing thee,
The Court would mend, and a good Chriſtian bee.

Digitized by Google

And Ladies though unhanſome, out of grace,
Would heare thee, in their unbought lookes, & face,
More I could write, but let this crowne thine Urne,
Wee cannot hope the like, till thou returne.

Vpon

Digitized by Google

Upon Mr J. Donne, and his Poems.

WHo dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
(Unburied yet) this living part of thee?
This part that to thy beeing gives fresh flame, (name.
And though th'art *Donne*, yet will preserve thy
Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimsen hew,
And whey-like ranne at last in a pale blew)
May shew thee mortall, a dead palsie may
Seise on't, and quickly turne it into clay;
Which like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd:
But this great Spirit thou hast left behinde,
This Soule of Verse (in it's first pure estate)
Shall live, for all the World to imitate,
But not come neer, for in thy Fancies flight
Thou dost not stoope unto the vulgar sight,
But, hovering highly in the aire of Wit,
Hold'st such a pitch, that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object that the Spring
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring

Digitized by Google

T'adorne Earths face, thou ſweetly did'ſt contrive
To beauties elements, and thence derive
Unſpotted Lillies white; which thou did'ſt ſet
Hand in hand, with the veine-like Violet,
Making them ſoft, and warme, and by thy power,
Could'ſt give both life, and ſenſe, unto a flower.
The Cheries thou haſt made to ſpeake, will bee
Sweeter unto the taſte, then from the tree.
And (ſpight of winter ſtormes) amidſt the ſnow
Thou oft haſt made the bluſhing Roſe to grow.
The Sea-nimphs, that the watry cavernes keepe,
Have ſent their Pearles and Rubies from the deepe
To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they drew
More luſtre to them, then where firſt they grew.
All minerals (that Earths full wombe doth hold
Promiſcuouſly) thou couldſt convert to gold,
And with thy flaming raptures ſo refine,
That it was much more pure then in the Mine.
The lights that guild the night, if thou did'ſt ſay,
They looke like eyes, thoſe did out-ſhine the day;
For there would be more vertue in ſuch ſpells,
Then in Meridians, or croſſe Parallels:
What ever was of worth in this great Frame,
That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,
It was thy theme for Beauty; thou didſt ſee,
Woman, was this faire Worlds Epitomie.
Thy nimble *Satyres* too, and every ſtraine
(With nervy ſtrength) that iſſued from thy brain,
Will loſe the glory of their owne cleare bayes,

If

Digitized by Google

If they admit of any others praiſe.
But thy diviner Poëms (whoſe cleare fire
Purges all droſſe away) ſhall by a Quire
Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be ſet
(Where fleſh and blood could ne'r attaine to yet)
There pureſt Spirits ſing ſuch ſacred Layes,
In Panegyrique Alleluiaes.

Arth. Wilſon.

Digitized by Google

In memory of Doctor Donne:

By Mr R. B.

Donne dead? 'Tis here reported true, though I
Ne'r yet ſo much deſir'd to heare a lye,
'Tis too too true, for ſo wee finde it ſtill,
Good newes are often falſe, but ſeldome, ill:
But muſt poore fame tell us his fatall day,
And ſhall we know his death, the common way,
Mee thinkes ſome Comet bright ſhould have foretold
The death of ſuch a man, for though of old
'Tis held, that Comets Princes death foretell,
Why ſhould not his, have needed one as well?
Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongſt whom he reign'd,
High as a Prince, and as great State maintain'd?
Yet wants he not his ſigne, for wee have ſeene
A dearth, the like to which hath never beene,
Treading on harveſts heeles, which doth preſage
The death of wit and learning, which this age
Shall finde, now he is gone; for though there bee
Much graine in ſhew, none brought it forth as he,
Or men are miſers; or if true want raiſes (praiſes.
The dearth, then more that dearth *Donnes* plenty
Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
And Poëſie, (paſt rauiſhing of ſenſe,)
He had a magazine, wherein ſuch ſtore
Was laid up, as might hundreds ſerve of poore:

But

But he is gone, O how will his deſire
Torture all thoſe that warm'd them by his fire?
Mee thinkes I ſee him in the pulpit ſtanding,
Not cares, or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding,
Where wee that heard him, to our ſelves did faine
Golden Chryſoſtome was alive againe;
And never were we weari'd, till we ſaw
His houre (and but an houre) to end did draw.
How did he ſhame the doctrine-men, and uſe,
With helps to boot, for men to beare th'abuſe
Of their tir'd patience, and endure th'expence
Of time, O ſpent in hearkning to non-ſenſe,
With markes alſo, enough whereby to know,
The ſpeaker is a zealous dunce, or ſo.
'Tis true, they quitted him, to their poore power,
They humm'd againſt him; And with face moſt ſowre
Call'd him a ſtrong lin'd man, a Macaroon,
And no way fit to ſpeake to clouted ſhoone,
As fine words [truly] as you would deſire,
But [verily,] but a bad edifier.
Thus did theſe beetles ſlight in him that good,
They could not ſee, and much leſſe underſtood.
But we may ſay, when we compare the ſtuffe
Both brought; He was a candle, they the ſnuffe.
Well, Wiſedome's of her children juſtifi'd,
Let therefore theſe poore fellowes ſtand aſide;
Nor, though of learning he deſerv'd ſo highly,
Would I his booke ſhould ſave him; Rather ſlily
I ſhould adviſe his Clergie not to pray,
Though of the learn'dſt ſort; Me thinkes that they

Digitized by Google

Of the ſame trade, are Judges not ſo fit,
There's no ſuch emulation as of wit.
Of ſuch, the Envy might as much perchance
Wrong him, and more, then th'others ignorance.
It was his Fate (I know't) to be envy'd
As much by Clerkes, as lay men magnifi'd;
And why? but cauſe he came late in the day,
And yet his Penny earn'd, and had as they.
No more of this, leaſt ſome ſhould ſay, that I
Am ſtrai'd to Satyre, meaning Elegie.
No, no, had DONNE need to be judg'd or try'd,
A Jury I would ſummon on his ſide,
That had no ſides, nor factions, paſt the touch
Of all exceptions, freed from Paſſion, ſuch
As nor to feare nor flatter, e'r were bred,
Theſe would I bring, though called from the dead:
Southampton, Hambleton, Pembrooke, Dorſets Earles,
Huntingdon, Bedfords Counteſſes (the Pearles
Once of each ſexe.) If theſe ſuffice not, I
Ten *decem tales* have of Standers by:
All which, for DONNE, would ſuch a verdict give,
As can belong to none, that now doth live.
But what doe I? A diminution 'tis
To ſpeake of him in verſe, ſo ſhort of his,
Whereof he was the maſter; All indeed
Compar'd with him, pip'd on an Oaten reed.
O that you had but one 'mongſt all your brothers
Could write for him, as he hath done for others:
(Poets I ſpeake to) When I ſee't, I'll ſay,
My eye-ſight betters, as my yeares decay.

Meane

Meane time a quarrell I ſhall ever have
Againſt theſe doughty keepers from the grave,
Who uſe, it ſeemes their old Authoritie,
When (Verſes men immortall make) they cry:
Which had it been a Recipe true tri'd,
Probatum eſſet, DONNE had never dy'd.
For mee, if e'r I had leaſt ſparke at all
Of that which they Poetique fire doe call,
Here I confeſſe it fetched from his hearth,
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This only a poore flaſh, a lightning is
Before my Muſes death, as after his.
Farewell (faire ſoule) and deigne receive from mee
This Type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom (while living) as by voice and penne
I learned more, then from a thouſand men:
So by thy death, am of one doubt releas'd,
And now beleeve that miracles are ceas'd.

Epitaph.

HEere lies *Deane Donne*; Enough; Thoſe words
Shew him as fully, as if all the ſtone (alone
His Church of Pauls contains, were through inſcrib'd
Or all the walkers there, to ſpeake him, brib'd.
None can miſtake him, for one ſuch as Hee
DONNE, Deane, or Man, more none ſhall ever ſee.

Digitized by Google

Not man? No, though unto a Sunne each eye
Were turn'd, the whole earth so to overspie.
A bold brave word; Yet such brave Spirits as knew
His Spirit, will say, it is lesse bold then true.

Digitized by Google

Epitaph upon Dr. DONNE,
By *Endy: Porter.*

THis decent Urne a ſad inſcription weares,
Of *Donnes* departure from us, to the ſpheares;
And the dumbe ſtone with ſilence ſeemes to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Expreſt, A cauſe to make all joy to ceaſe,
And never let our ſorrowes more take eaſe;
For now it is impoſſible to finde
One fraught with vertues, to inrich a minde;
But why ſhould death, with a promiſcuous hand
At one rude ſtroke impoveriſh a land?
Thou ſtrict Attorney, unto ſtricter Fate,
Didſt thou confiſcate his life out of hate
To his rare Parts? Or didſt thou throw thy dart,
With envious hand, at ſome Plebeyan heart;
And he with pious vertue ſtept betweene
To ſave that ſtroke, and ſo was kill'd unſeene
By thee? O 'twas his goodneſſe ſo to doe,
Which humane kindneſſe never reacht unto.
Thus the hard lawes of death were ſatisfi'd,
And he left us like Orphan friends, and di'de.
Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,
Whoſe ſpeech ſhall ſend repentant ſighes, and teares?
Or tell mee, if a purer Virgin die,
Who ſhall hereafter write her Elegie?

Digitized by Google

Poets be silent, let your numbers sleepe,
For he is gone that did all phansie keepe;
Time hath no Soule, but his exalted verse,
Which with amazements, we may now rehersse.

FINIS

B S B
MÜNCHEN

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

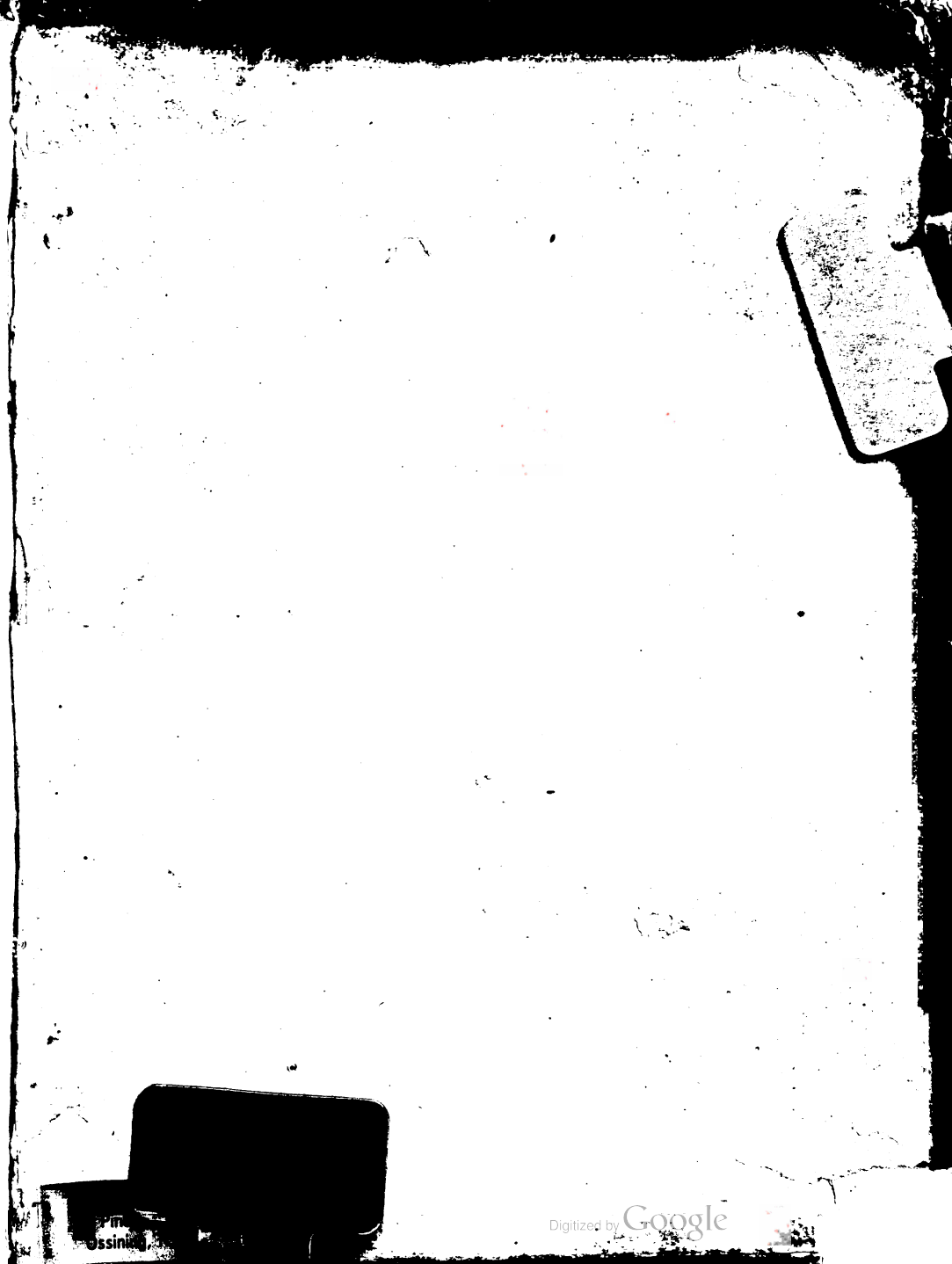


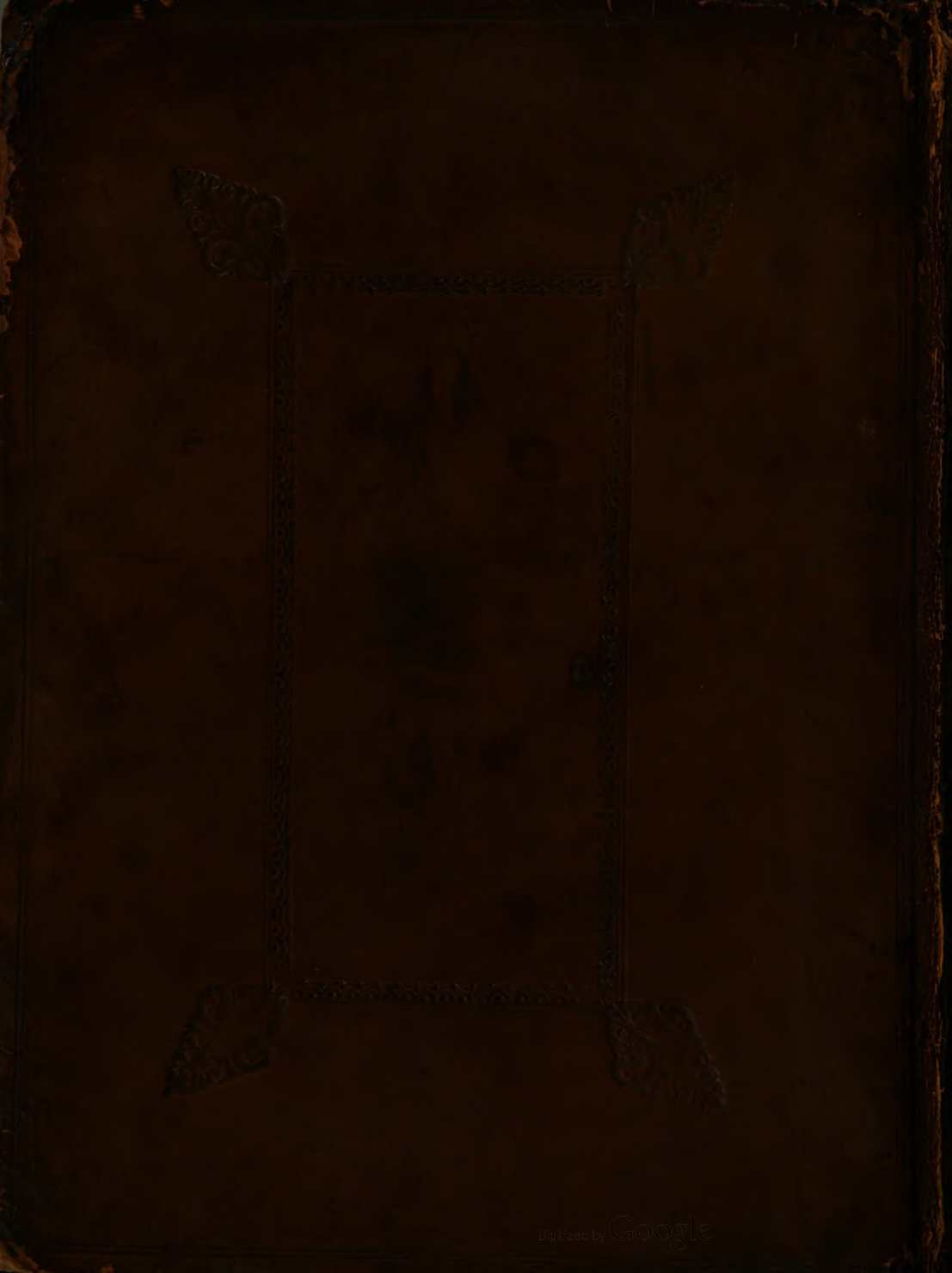
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

1814


Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google