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POEMS

OF

HENRY VAUGHAN,

SILURIST.

VOL. I.

PRINCETON
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THE POEMS OF

HENRY VAUGHAN,

SILURIST,

EDITED BY

E. K. CHAMBERS,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

H. C. BEECHING.

VOL. I.



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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

PAGE

PREFATORY NOTE vii

TABLE OF CONTENTS ix

INTRODUCTION xvii

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

Authoris (de se) Emblema . . . liv
The Author's Preface to the Following Hymns 1
Texts 11
The Dedication 13
[Vain Wits and Eyes] 16

SILEX SCINTILLANS. PART I. 1650.

Regeneration 19
Death. A Dialogue 23
Resurrection and Immortality . . . 25
Day of Judgment 28
Religion 30
The Search 33
Isaac's Marriage 37

PAGE

The British Church 40
The Lamp 41
Man's Fall, and Recovery 43
The Shower 45
Distraction 46
The Pursuit 48
Mount of Olives 49
The Incarnation and Passion 51
The Call 52
[Thou That Know'st for Whom I Mourn]. 54
Vanity of Spirit 57
The Retreat 59
[Come, Come ! What Do I Here?] . . 61
Midnight 63
Content 65
[Joy of my Life While Left me Here !] . 67
The Storm 69
The Morning-Watch 71
The Evening-Watch 73
[Silence and Stealth of Days ! 'Tis Now] . 74
Church Service 76
Burial 78
Cheerfulness 80
[Sure, There's a Tie of Bodies ! and as They] 82
Peace 83
The Passion 84
[And Do They so ? Have They a Sense] . 87
The Relapse 89
The Resolve 90

PAGE

The Match 91
Rules and Lessons 94
Corruption 101
H[oly] Scriptures 103
Unprofitableness 104
Christ's Nativity 105
The Check 108
Disorder and Frailty 110
Idle Verse 113
Son—Days 114
Repentance 116
The Burial of an Infant 120
Faith 121
The Dawning 123
Admission 125
Praise 127
Dressing 130
Easter-Day 132
Easter Hymn 133
The Holy Communion 134
Psalm 121 136
Affliction 137
The Tempest 139
Retirement 142
Love and Discipline 145
The Pilgrimage 146
The Law and the Gospel 148
The World 150
The Mutiny 153

PAGE

The Constellation 155
The Shepherds 158
Misery 161
The Sap 166
Mount of Olives 168
Man 169
[I Walk'd the Other Day, to Spend my Hour] 171
Begging 174

SILEX SCINTILLANS. PART II. 1655.

Ascension-Day 177
Ascension Hymn 180
[They are All Gone into the World of Light] 182
White Sunday 184
The Proffer 187
Cock-Crowing 189
The Star 191
The Palm-tree. 193
Joy 195
The Favour 197
The Garland 198
Love-sick 200
Trinity-Sunday 201
Psalm 104 202
The Bird 207
The Timber 209
The Jews 212
Begging 214
Palm-Sunday 216

PAGE

Jesus Weeping 218
The Daughter of Herodias . . . 219
Jesus Weeping. 220
Providence 223
The Knot 225
The Ornament 226
S. Mary Magdalen 227
The Rainbow 230
The Seed Growing Secretly . . . 232
[As Time One Day by Me did Pass] . 234
[Fair and Young Light ! my Guide to Holy] 236
The Stone 238
The Dwelling-place 241
The Men of War 242
The Ass 244
The Hidden Treasure 247
Childhood 249
The Night 251
Abel's Blood 254
Righteousness 256
Anguish 259
Tears 260
Jacob's Pillow and Pillar 261
The Agreement 264
The Day of Judgment 267
Psalm 65 269
The Throne 271
Death 272
The Feast 274

PAGE

The Obsequies 278
The Waterfall 280
Quickness 282
The Wreath 283
The Queer 284
The Book 285
To the Holy Bible 287
L'Envoy 289

NOTES TO VOL. I. 295

INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

HENRY VAUGHAN came of an ancient and honourable Welsh family. The title Silurist, which appears on all his books after the first, is meant, so it is said, to distinguish among the many families bearing the name that which had its home in south-east Wales, once the seat of the warlike tribe of Silures. This family in old days had sent heroes to Agincourt, and supplied a victim to Richard Crookback, and the names of two of these, Davy Gam, Esquire, and Sir Thomas Vaughan,[1] have attained to immortality in the pages of Shakespeare. Their ancestral place was Tretower Castle, whence the poet's grandfather had migrated to Newton, near Scethrog, the "Skethrock upon Usk" of the Prefaces; and here the poet was brought up, with the sound of the sacred river always in his ears. His path in life, the *fallentis semita vitæ*, as became a poet, never for long wandered from its banks; his proudest title is *Olor Iscanus*, the Swan of Usk; and his muse is certainly never happier than when promising an everlasting memory to its "lov'd arbours" and "gliding streams." Most of the facts known of

[1] *Henry V.* iv. 8, 109; *Richard III. passim.*

a life so retired we owe to the brief memoir of Anthony à Wood, in *Athenæ Oxonienses;* the diligence of the poet's first editor, Mr. Lyte, was successful in discovering a few further particulars, and Dr. Grosart has gleaned a few more, besides tracing the poet's pedigree and starting many unfounded genealogical conjectures.

He was born in 1621-22 [1] at Newton S. Bridget, a twin with his brother Thomas, better known as Eugenius Philalethes. The two brothers received their schooling from a neighbouring clergyman, the Rev. Matthew Herbert, Rector of Llangattock, whom Anthony à Wood calls "a noted schoolmaster of his time." In Mr. Lyte's words, "they seem to have made considerable progress in classical literature, and to have imbibed a strong affection for their tutor, as well as a lively sense of their obligations towards him. They have both left behind them elegant and affectionate tributes in Latin elegiacs to their old preceptor, and the graceful classicality of these compositions proves how well their praises were deserved." Henry, indeed, goes so far as to exalt the tutor above his own father, as the bestower of a less perishable life.

> "Divide discipulum, brevis hæc et lubrica nostri
> Pars vertat patri, posthuma vita tibi."

When seventeen years old they went up to Jesus

[1] The registers are missing prior to 1718. This date is arrived at from the tombstone, which gives the age as 73 in 1695.

College, Oxford, which had already begun to draw most of its members from the Principality; here Thomas took his degree,[1] but Henry does not appear to have done so, and there is no entry even of his matriculation. According to Anthony à Wood, "he spent two years or more in logicals under a noted tutor," and then was taken from college and "designed by his father for the obtaining of some knowledge in the municipal laws at London. But soon after, the Civil War beginning, to the horror of all good men, he was sent for home, followed the pleasant paths of poetry and philology, became noted for his ingenuity, and published several specimens thereof." We may as well allow this pungent biographer to conclude his brief memoir, because brief as it is, it is the sum of what we know: "Afterwards applying his mind to the study of physic, he became at length eminent in his own

[1] He took orders, and became Rector of his native place on the presentation of a kinsman, Sir George Vaughan, but was ejected by the Parliamentary Commissioners; on which he returned to Oxford and studied alchemy under the patronage of Sir Robert Murray, Secretary of State for Scotland. He died, it is said from chemical fumes, 27th February, 1665. Anthony à Wood thus describes him: "He was a great chymist, a noted son of the fire, an experimental philosopher, a zealous brother of the Rosicrucian fraternity, an understander of some of the Oriental languages, and a tolerable good English and Latin poet. He was neither papist nor sectary, but a true, resolute, protestant in the best sense of the Church of England." Dr. Grosart has collected his poetry in his edition of Henry Vaughan.

county for the practice thereof, and was esteemed by scholars an ingenious person, but proud and humorous."

Vaughan's literary life opens in the year 1641 while he was still at Oxford. The occasion was the appearance of a collection of odes entitled, *Eucharistia Oxoniensis: in Caroli Regis nostri e Scotia reditum gratulatoria*, to which Vaughan's tribute was a courtly compliment enough, likening his Sacred Majesty to the sun in splendour, and containing at least one good couplet:

> "The same kind virtue doth at once disclose
> The beauty of their thistle and our rose."

If Anthony à Wood's dates are to be trusted, Henry Vaughan must have left Oxford before King Charles set up his court there at the close of 1642. It is just possible that he had gone to London before the appearance of *Eucharistia Oxoniensis*. His brother, who continued to reside, would have been able to keep him informed of what was going forward in the University, and having a great admiration, as we shall see presently, for his brother's talent, he would naturally take pains to secure a contribution from his pen. But the College books, being oblivious of Henry Vaughan's existence, give us no help on this point, and the reader may, according to his inclination, divide the next few years between Oxford and London.

In either place, like most Welshmen, Vaughan would have been an ardent Royalist.

Five years after this patriotic effusion there appeared a volume of collected verses : "Poems with the tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished, by Henry Vaughan, gent." Of the thirteen original poems in this little book, more than half are very properly upon the eternal theme, and are addressed to Amoret. The fire in them, we are assured in the Preface, was never at highest anything but Platonic, and it has long ago gone out. They are, in fact, like the love-verses of most young poets, studies ; in this case after Donne, a bad model for any young poet to choose, because of his too careless composition, but the worst possible model for Vaughan, whose tendency was always to the amorphous. No doubt the attraction of Donne lay in the precious metal of his thought, some traces of which gleam here and there in these pages. A comparison of the poem "To Amoret, of the difference between him and other lovers," with Donne's famous "Valediction forbidding mourning," shows that the youthful poet was very much taken with a certain idea of the master's. Donne had written—

> "Dull sublunary lovers' love,
> (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
> Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
> The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refined
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hand to miss."

Vaughan, wishing to express the same idea, finds that he cannot better the expressions, and so he writes :

" Just so base sublunary lovers' hearts,
Fed on loose profane desires,
May for an eye
Or face comply ;
But those removed, they will as soon depart,
And shew their art
And painted fires.
Whilst I, by pow'rful love so much refined
That my absent soul the same is,
Careless to miss
A glance or kiss,
Can with those elements of lust and sense
Freely dispense
And court the mind."

What is original and characteristic in these love-poems is the observation of nature. In "To Amoret, gone from home," although the couplet before the last is another echo of Donne's "Valediction," there is throughout the poem what we learn to recognize as the true note of Vaughan. Observe, also, in "A Song to Amoret" the pretty image—

" His blood as chaste and temperate run,
As April's mildest tear."

The last poem in the book, which celebrates Priory Grove, the home of a famous poetess of the day, Katherine Philips, better known as "the Matchless Orinda,"[1] is also the best; it embalms both a real friendship and a genuine love of nature, and anticipates something of the "witty delicacy" of Marvell. Probably in this and the other octosyllabic poems we may assume the influence of Carew, whose posthumous volume appeared in 1640; they are smoother than the odes, though by no means do they attain to Carew's mastery of the metre. A fine couplet in the following extract is marred, as not unfrequently happens in Vaughan, by a false rhyme:

"The amorous sun shall here convey
His best beams in thy shade to play;
The active air the gentlest showers
Shall from his wings rain on thy flowers;
And the moon from her dewy locks
Shall deck thee with her brightest drops;
Whatever can a fancy move,
Or feed the eye, be on this grove.
And when at last the winds and tears
Of heaven, with the consuming years,
Shall these green curls bring to decay
And clothe thee in an aged gray;
—If ought a lover can foresee,
Or if we poets prophets be,—
From hence transplanted thou shalt stand
A fresh grove in th' Elysian land."

[1] For an account of this lady, see Mr. Gosse's "Seventeenth Century Studies."

The second volume of secular verse, *Olor Iscanus*, appeared in 1651, with a dedication to the Lord Kildare Digby, thanking him for "numerous favours and kind influences"; the latter a favourite word with Vaughan always, and to be always strictly and astrologically interpreted. What these favours and influences were we have now no means of determining. More important is the Publisher's Preface to the Reader, which, after referring to the rescue of the Æneid by Augustus from the fire to which Virgil had condemned it, continues thus:—

"The Author had long agoe condemn'd these Poems to obscuritie, and the consumption of that further fate which attends it. This censure gave them a gust of death, and they have partly known that oblivion, which our best labours must come to at last. I present thee then not only with a book, but with a prey, and in this kind the first recoveries from corruption. Here is a flame hath been sometimes extinguished, thoughts that have been lost and forgot, but now they break out again like the Platonic reminiscencie. I have not the Author's approbation to the fact, but I have law on my side, though never a sword. I hold it no man's prerogative to fire his own house."

The Preface to Lord Digby bears date 1647, the year after the publication of the first volume, so that the presumption must be that the poet

had prepared the book, or a considerable portion of it, for the press, and had then for some reason changed his mind and withdrawn it, consigning it to "oblivion" for four years, after which it was published without his consent. The *Augustus Vindex* was probably Thomas Vaughan, who pens some energetic couplets among the prefixed panegyrics, and he in all probability is responsible also for the Publisher's Preface. Poets are not unapt to become disgusted with their offspring very soon after their presentation to the world, but here we have the much rarer case of a poet endeavouring to suppress his manuscripts before they have seen the light, and that too when they were already furnished with a noble godparent. What cause can we assign for so remarkable a resolution? It is not difficult to conjecture. Herbert's "Temple," published so long before as 1631, and fated to alter the whole current of Vaughan's literary life, must at this time have fallen into his hands. In the Preface to *Silex Scintillans*, he speaks of himself as Herbert's convert. "The first that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream [of lewd verse] was the blessed man Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, *of whom I am the least.*" Now, Vaughan's early verses were remarkably free from any libertine taint—remarkably, considering his models--and the apology he makes

for them in this Preface is much too high-pitched; it is plain, however, that after his "conversion" he rejected them as the "confusions of a wasted youth."

"Blessed be God for it, I have by his saving assistance suppressed my greatest follies, and those which escaped from me are, I think, as innoxious as most of that vein use to be; beside, they are interlined with many virtuous and some pious mixtures. . . . . But if the world will be so charitable as to grant my request, I do here most humbly and earnestly beg that none would read them."

This Preface was not prefixed to *Silex Scintillans* till the second edition in 1654, so that the poems referred to as suppressed must be some that were actually destroyed; they can hardly be those published by the brother in 1651—the book we are now considering—unless the publication was concealed from the author, which is not likely.

The poem that gives its title to the volume, *Olor Iscanus*, is also the first in merit; it is a hymn of praise to the Usk. After rehearsing the chronicle of rivers made famous by the mighty singers of all time, Apollo, Orpheus, Petrarch, Ausonius, Sidney, and Habington—a collocation of names which in latter-day readers may raise a superior smile—the poet goes on to promise his own Isca a fame no less glorious, "till rivers cease to run, and men to read." It

is to be feared that whatever fame the Usk may at present enjoy among sacred streams comes to it not from its first singer, but from a greater poet, the author of the "Idylls of the King," and centres not round Skethrog, but round Caerleon. However that may be, the critic must allow that if Vaughan's Usk is not celebrated, the fault lies not with the poet any more than with the river, but with men who "cease to read." For this is how he sings of it:

> "Garlands and songs and roundelays,
> Mild, dewy nights and sunshine days,
> The turtle's voice, joy without fear,
> Dwell on thy bosom all the year.
>
> * * * *
>
> The factor wind from far shall bring
> The odours of the scatter'd spring,
> And laden with the rich arrear
> Spend it in spicy whispers there."

There are a few other poems in the volume written in this metre which always with Vaughan seems a condition and pledge of a heightened style and livelier fancy; one is addressed to the "most excellently accomplished, Mrs. K. Philips," that is to say, Orinda; another to "my worthy friend Master T. Lewes," who is not otherwise famous; a third is an epitaph upon the unhappy "Lady Elizabeth," daughter of Charles I., who was imprisoned in Carisbrooke Castle after her father's execution, and died there.

But the bulk of the book is in ten-syllable couplets, and couplets after the manner of Donne's satires, which, if they are to be readable, must at least be written by Donne; those of Vaughan are chiefly interesting as autobiography.

Before considering these, we must take notice of a Latin poem, *Ad Posteros.* In this the poet, with pardonable vanity, instructs posterity as to his birth and education, and laments that his lot should have fallen upon the evil days of the Presbyterian heresy and the Civil War. He declares that in the war he took no active part, because he feared the voice that cries from innocent blood:

> "Credidimus nempe insonti vocem esse cruori
> Et vires quæ post funera flere docent."

But though he himself did not gird on the sword, he seems to have taken no faint interest in those who did. He writes an elegy on some friend, "Mr. R. W., slain in the late unfortunate differences at Rowton Heath, near Chester," which is to keep his friend's name immortal, and doubtless might have done so, if he had not omitted to record it. This is how he praises his friend's fighting:

> "O that day
> When like the Fathers in the fire and cloud
> I 'mist thy face! I might in ev'ry crowd
> See arms like thine, and men advance, but none
> So near to lightning moved, nor so fell on.

Have you observ'd how soon the nimble eye
Brings th' object to conceit, and doth so vie
Performance with the soul that you would swear
The act and apprehension not lodged there ;
Just so mov'd he : like shot his active hand
Drew blood, ere well the foe could understand."

From which description it would look as if the writer were himself present on the field. And a line or two in a burlesque poem, "Upon a Cloke lent him by Mr. J. Ridsley," confirms the supposition that he had at some time joined the Royalist forces, even if he had abstained from slaying his man. After comparing the cloak, which seems to have been of unusual weight, to various things, such as the marble gowns on recumbent effigies, he goes on

"O that thou hadst it when this juggling fate
Of soldiery first seized me ! At what rate
Would I have bought it then, what was there but
I would have given for the compendious hut !"

From other poems in the volume we infer that he was poor, that he had been to the usurers, and had acquired a distaste for them, and that the society at Brecknock, whither he had retired to practise physic, was not congenial to him under the new Parliamentary *régime*. There are also the usual verses commendatory of the publications of the time, one of which upon Fletcher contains a couplet which may surprise modern readers accustomed to the homage paid to Shakespeare—

> "True, Ben must live; but bate him, and thou hast
> Undone all future wits, and match'd the past.

From the quotations already given the reader will allow that the proper praise for this sort of writing is conveyed by such epithets as "spirited" or "vigorous," or "forcible." "An excellent piece of work," we say with a renowned critic, "would 'twere done." From these we pass with pleasure to the versions from the Latin, especially those in octosyllables from Boethius and Casimir: which, being for the most part occupied with natural description, are turned with sympathy and often with felicity.

Before returning to *Silex Scintillans*, which was published the year before *Olor Iscanus*, it will be well to examine what remains of the secular poetry. A volume appeared in 1678 under the title of "*Thalia Rediviva*: the passtimes and diversions of a Country Muse in choice poems on several occasions. With some learned remains of the eminent Eugenius Philalethes." The editor of this volume is a certain I. W., who contributes an elaborate dedication to Henry Somerset, seventh Earl and third Marquis of Worcester, with whom Vaughan could claim alliance through his great-great-grandmother, who was a granddaughter of the third Earl. But neither the Epistle dedicatory nor that to the Reader supplies the explanation why the author prefers making his bow thus by

proxy. We cannot suppose that the volume was, like *Olor Iscanus*, published without his consent, because it is prefaced by commendatory verses not only from "Orinda," but from his more intimate friend and neighbour Dr. Powell, of Cantreff, and I. W. in a panegyric of his own implies that the title was chosen by Vaughan. It may have been one of his proud humours, of which Anthony à Wood makes mention, not to publish secular poems on his own account, but to yield to the importunity of friends.

The contents of the volume, so far as they are Henry Vaughan's, divide themselves once more into couplets of eight and ten syllables; but the latter show much improvement. The verse is smoother, the pause more often at the close of the line. The change may be reasonably attributed to the influence of Denham, Waller, and Herrick, who had infused into the rhythm a new measure of strength and sweetness. But Vaughan's lines are in no sense imitative of any of these poets, and their smoothness is only comparative. Here are a few specimens :—

"The will served God, and every sense the will."

"Thou flying roll written with tears and woe,
Not for thy royal self, but for thy foe."

"Most noble Bodley, we are bound to thee
For no small part of our eternity.
This is thy monument; here thou shalt stand
Till the times fail in their last grain of sand.
And wheresoe'er thy silent relics keep,
This tomb will never let thy honour sleep."

"So from our cold rude world, which all things tires,
To his warm Indies the bright sun retires;
There in these provinces of gold and spice
Perfumes his progress, pleasures fill his eyes;
Which so refreshed in their return convey
Fire into rubies, into crystals day;
And prove that light in kinder climates can
Work more on senseless stones than here on man.

As before, the best verses are those which are concerned with nature. Take for another example this fine simile:

"But as the mary-gold in feasts of dew,
And early sunbeams, though but thin and few,
Unfolds itself, then from the earth's cold breast
Heaves gently, and salutes the hopeful East,—
So from thy quiet cell, the retir'd throne
Of thy fair thoughts, which silently bemoan
Our sad distractions, come."

The poem upon the Eagle is, on the whole, a strained and fantastic performance, but even in its wildest flights it has touches of sublimity. The lyrics in the book are with but one exception addressed to Etesia, who succeeds Amoret in our poet's Platonic affection. Mr. G. A. Simcox, in his notice of Vaughan in Ward's "English Poets," unkindly suggests that "perhaps Etesia's name implies that she was good to love for a year and no longer." Of course, what it does imply is that she was as comfortable and constant as the summer trade-wind. Probably, Vaughan borrowed the name from the passage in Boethius which he thus translates:

> "Thus when the warm Etesian wind
> The Earth's seal'd bosom doth unbind,
> Straight she her various store discloses,
> And purples every grove with roses.'

Who the lady was is another matter. Dr. Grosart has convinced himself that Amoret and Etesia are varying names for the poet's first wife. Mr. Lyte states in his memoir that Vaughan "was twice married, and had by his first wife five children, two sons and three daughters, and by the second, one daughter." For such a very definite statement Mr. Lyte must have had good authority, but he does not quote it, and it remains unverified. If, however, there were two wives as well as two measure-gracing pseudonyms, it would seem more courteous for an editor in the absence of all evidence to assign one to each. The subjects of these love-poems are chiefly drawn from sun, moon, and stars, and though they never rise to rapture, they are not wanting in graceful compliments. The volume concludes with an "elegiac eclogue," in which the shepherds Damon and Menalcas bewail the fate of Daphnis, who stands for Thomas Vaughan. The restrictions imposed by the proper balance of the dialogue have made this the most formally successful of all Vaughan's performances.

We turn now to the religious poems. These are contained in the two parts of *Silex Scintillans*, published in 1651 and 1655; with a few

"Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations" added to *Thalia Rediviva*. A question that meets us on the threshold is, what is the relation in which Vaughan stands to his predecessor, Herbert? and to this question we must endeavour to make a reply as free as possible from partisan feeling. For just as in mediæval times there raged a feud between the Vaughans and Herberts, no less bitter and unassuageable than that between the Montagues and Capulets, so in these days of revived interest in Vaughan, a sharp warfare has been waged round these same two standards in the field of religious poetry. Mr. Lyte, who opens the campaign, confines himself to this modest comparison: "Preserving all the piety of George Herbert, they have less of his quaint and fantastic turns, with a much larger infusion of poetic feeling and expression." Archbishop Trench follows on the same side: "As a divine, Vaughan may be inferior, but as a poet he is certainly superior to Herbert." On the other side, George Macdonald in "England's Antiphon" retorts: "Vaughan's art is not comparable to that of Herbert; hence Herbert remains the master"—a judgment that makes Dr. Grosart very indignant. Into this controversy we have no intention here of entering; it is really subsumed under that larger controversy between Rhetoric and Imagination, which in the world of poetry represents the everlasting conflict between Matter and Form, which

gives birth to Art; each in the struggle winning from the other some qualities necessary to existence, or, if it fail, perishing, on the one hand through shapelessness, on the other through imbecility. When we have said, therefore, that Herbert has a greater share of the form of poetry, and Vaughan of the matter, it does not seem worth while raising the further question, which is the greater poet.

A more profitable topic of investigation would be the exact debt that the one poet owes to the other. But even this simple matter of critical observation, as it would seem, has been made the subject of controversy. The editor of the fac-simile reprint of *Silex Scintillans* attacks Mr. Lyte for asserting that Herbert was Vaughan's model in poetry; "the resemblances," he says, "so far as we can see are these: Vaughan's *Son-days* is similar in style, though everyway, as we think, superior to Herbert's *Sunday*. In his *Disorder and Frailty* we find the final rhymes managed in a way that just reminds us of the 'mend my rhyme' of the *Deniall*, and in *Repentance* we find Vaughan transferring to his own page some expressions from Herbert's *Aaron*." Dr. Grosart is more curt: "Summarily I deny that Henry Vaughan was an imitator of George Herbert. . . . I limit Vaughan's debt to Herbert almost wholly to spiritual quickening, and the gift of gracious feeling; more than that is profoundly exagger-

ate." The reader must excuse us if we meet such a summary denial with a few parallel passages, which will show that Vaughan did not fix so narrow a limit to his borrowings as Dr. Grosart fixes for him.

In the first place, there are a certain number of thoughts and metaphors simply "conveyed" from the elder poet by the younger. In the "Passion" Vaughan writes:

> "Most blessed Vine
> Whose juice so good
> I feel as wine,
> But thy fair branches felt as blood,"

which is a reminiscence of Herbert's lines in the "Agonie":

> "Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
> Which my God *feels as blood, but I as wine.*"

Again, in "Providence" Herbert says:

> "Thou hast made poor sand
> Check the proud sea, e'en where it swells and gathers."

which thus appears in "The Mutinie":

> "Turning to him, who made *poor sand* to tire
> And tame proud waves."

Again, when Vaughan writes, "Take no more these ways, this hideous path," and rhymes with "Cease thou thy wrath," we observe that he has been reading Herbert's "Discipline;" and when he sees the Ring of Eternity, "all *calm* as

it was *bright*," or applies these two epithets to conscience, we understand that, like all the world, he has been in love with the first line of Herbert's "Virtue." But he does not often appropriate so directly. More often in borrowing a phrase, he employs it with some change of sense, and so honestly makes it his own. For example, Herbert had written in "Providence":

> "Rain, do not hurt my flowers; but gently spend
> Your honey-drops,"

where "honey-drops" is what grammarians call a proleptic use, and means "drops that turn to honey." In the "Rainbow" Vaughan writes:—

> "When thou dost shine darkness looks white and fair;
> Forms [groans] turn to musick, clouds to smiles and air:
> *Rain gently spends his honey-drops*, and pours
> Balm on the cleft-earth, milk on grass and flowers,"

using the phrase pictorially of rain-drops with the sunlight on them. For another example the curious reader may compare Herbert's "Flower" with "I walkt the other day," (p. 171). Occasionally there can be no doubt that Vaughan improves on his original by some transmuting touch of the imagination. Thus, Herbert has a reference in "Sion" to Solomon's Temple, which he contrasts with the temple of the heart:

"Lord, with what glory wast thou serv'd of old,
When Solomon's Temple stood and flourished,
Where most things were of purest gold;
The wood was all embellished
With flowers and carvings, mystical and rare;
All show'd the builder's, crav'd the seer's care."[1]

Vaughan, undoubtedly with this poem in his mind, makes the contrast between Solomon's Temple and the Temple of *Night*, in which Nicodemus found Christ.

"No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty cherub, nor carv'd stone,
But his own living works, did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;
Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep."

And then follow two magnificent verses on Night, and a final verse in which Vaughan has achieved the rarest of successes for a religious poet, a verse upon the Deity which reaches the sublime. The poem, which is too long to quote, will be found on page 251 Take instead a verse from "The Palm Tree," which also depends

[1] The poem concludes:—

"All Solomon's sea of brass and world of stone
Was not so dear to thee as one good groan."

This was too bad a verse not to be imitated sooner or later. Vaughan has elsewhere

"A silent tear can pierce thy throne
When loud joys want a wing;
And sweeter airs stream from a groan
Than any arted string."

upon this poem of Herbert's, and is very successful in Herbert's own rhetorical way :

> "Celestial natures still
> Aspire for home. This Solomon of old
> By flowers and carvings and mysterious skill
> Of wings and Cherubims and Palms foretold."

Examples of poems more generally influenced by Herbert are "Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts," "Content," "Sure here's a tye of bodies," "How rich, O Lord, how fresh thy visits are," "Peace, peace, it is not so," "Be still, black parasite," "Go, go, quaint follies, sugared sin," "The lucky world shewed me one day;" and the two beginning, "King of comforts, King of life," and "King of mercy, King of love," which are obviously modelled on the two in the "Temple," beginning "King of glory, King of peace." "Rules and Maxims," too, borrow more than their form from the "Church-porch." It would take more space than is at our disposal to point where in each case the similarity lies, but the reader whose ears and eyes are open, and who is content to be the friend of truth as well as of Vaughan, will have no difficulty in pursuing the investigation for himself, should it chance to interest him.

There is one side of Vaughan's debt to Herbert which his friends and well-wishers can hardly deny, however much they may deplore it; the large tincture of quaintness and the occasional

infelicity of conceit which he drew from his master. In the poem called "Son-days," he sets himself to vie with Herbert in the elaboration of such conceits, taking as a model, not, as the critic above quoted suggests, Herbert's "Sunday," which we should agree with him presents little similarity, but the sonnet on Prayer. The reader will learn something from setting them side by side and considering them carefully. The writing of the sonnet cannot be too much admired, although the arrangement of ideas has little to recommend it; but the only thoughts that rise above the level of conceits are those in the second and thirteenth lines. Now turn to Vaughan. Every one must admit that the management of the metre is much below Herbert's, that the general arrangement of ideas is not much better, that some of the images are merely borrowed, the "milky way" undisguisedly, others in paraphrase, and the "pulleys" from another well-known poem of Herbert's. Further, no one can allege that Herbert has anything quite so bad as Vaughan's "Time's prerogative and interest deducted from the whole," though he comes near it with his "reversed thunder." But how unapproachable by Herbert is most of Vaughan's second verse! It would be uncharitable to detail the many offences against literary good taste which Vaughan has committed while pursuing his master along this devious track; one more only shall be quoted

here, upon a subject where when he is content to be himself he is often felicitous and sometimes sublime; and even here the last line is excellent:

> "But as in Nature when the day
> Breaks, night adjourns,
> *Stars shut up shop*, mists pack away
> And the moon mourns."

Before this, the worst Herbert can do on the topic,

> "The stars were coming down to know
> If they might mend their wages, and serve here,"

pales its ineffectual fire.

One must not, however, exaggerate the extent of Herbert's influence. When we have allowed that Vaughan owed to him his religious life, and so the practice of religious poetry, that he followed him in the employment of certain metres and in the treatment of certain topics, that he was content to adopt certain of his tropes and phrases, and to vie with him in the manufacture of curious conceits, we have perhaps stated the case not unfairly. But there was a radical diversity in the nature of the two men that could not but find expression in their poetry. As Mr. Simcox justly phrases it, Herbert was an ascetic, Vaughan a mystic. And it is undoubtedly the mystical element in Vaughan's writing by which he takes rank as a poet. He may occasionally out-Herbert

Herbert in metaphors and emblems, but in spite of them, and even through them, it is easy to see that he has a passion for Nature for her own sake; that he has observed her moods; that indeed the world is to him no less than a veil of the Eternal Spirit, whose presence may be felt in any, even the smallest, part. Such a temper, notwithstanding occasional aberration, is poles apart from one which merely ransacks phenomena for quaint similitudes.[1] "I," he says,

> "Was shown one day in a strange glass
> That busy commerce kept between
> God and his creatures, tho' unseen,
> They hear, see, speak,
> And into strange discoveries break.'

He quotes or writes a Latin version of Romans viii. 19: "Etenim res creatæ *exerto*

[1] It must not be forgotten that Vaughan was a Doctor of Medicine, and that medicine in the seventeenth century was not many points removed from the Hermetic mysteries of which his brother Thomas was an acknowledged votary. Physic then took more interest in the study of plants and minerals and the influence of stars, than in anatomy. Several references to his studies occur in poems, *e.g.*, "Resurrection and Immortality," "The Constellation," "The Favour." "I walked the other day to spend my hour." In "Repentance" there is a reference to the doctrine of *Signatures*. Dr. Grosart quotes from a letter of the antiquary Aubrey to Anthony à Wood: "I desire your kindness to tell him [Dr. Plott of Magdalen Hall] that I have writt out for him the Natural History of Wiltshire and of Surrey, and a sheet or two of other counties, and am now sending to my cosn. Henry Vaughan (Silurist) in Brocknockshire to send me the natural history of it, as also of the other circumjacent counties: no man fitter."

capite observantes expectant revelationem Filiorum Dei," and then bursts out :

"And do they so? have they a sense
Of ought but influence?
Can they their heads lift, and expect
And groan too? Why th' Elect
Can do no more : my volumes said
They were all dull, and dead;
They judg'd them senseless, and their state
Wholly inanimate
Go, go, seal up thy looks
And burn thy books.

"I would I were a stone, a tree,
Or flower by pedigree,
Or some poor high-way herb, or spring
To flow, or bird to sing!
Then should I, tied to one sure state,
All day expect my date.
But I am sadly loose, and stray,
A giddy blast each way;
O let me not thus range!
Thou canst not change."

The reader will at once recall Herbert's celebrated stanza in "Employment" :

"O that I were an Orange-tree
That busy plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dressed me."

As a single verse, this is perhaps finer; no fitter emblem of busy fruit-bearing could have been hit upon; but it occurs in a poem made up of disconnected "conceits, or call them what

you will," and the orange-tree itself is not appealed to as a piece of unhuman nature in contrast with man, but rather as a thing by itself, even a *lusus naturæ*. We smile and applaud, and there our emotion ends. We do not really see any point of contact between an orange-tree and ourselves. Now this is what Vaughan aims at showing us, therein in a measure anticipating Wordsworth. "He makes us feel," as Mr. Myers says of Wordsworth, "that Nature is no mere collection of phenomena, but infuses into her least approaches some sense of her mysterious whole"; and he regards man as a part of nature, only with greater capabilities than the other creatures both for good and evil. Hence nothing in nature is uninteresting; to Vaughan, as to Wordsworth, "the common things that round us lie" have each their beauty;

> "Yet have I known thy slightest things,
> A feather or a shell,
> A stick or rod, which some chance brings,
> The best of us excel."

It is this conception of the universe which redeems from mere quaintness such a poem, for instance, as "Cock-crowing":

> "Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,
> Their little grain expelling night,
> So shines and sings, as if it knew
> The path unto the house of light.
> It seems their candle, howe'er done,
> Was tinn'd and lighted at the sun."

Naturally this strong sense of the divine in nature leads to an equally strong sense of contrast between the "toil unsevered from tranquillity" of the rest of the universe and man's restless waywardness. This contrast is at the root of many of his poems, such as "Distraction," "Corruption," "The Pursuit," and notably of the splendid poem called "Man." Others, again, call upon man to awake from his lethargy and open his eyes to the lessons of which nature is full. "Mighty Love," says the poet, "has laid surprises in each element" to catch man's heart. If man will but attend, everything will discourse to him of the true life. "The wind" is a true type of freedom, for—

> "though gather'd in thy fist,
> Yet doth it blow still where it list;"

the streams are a true type of man's pilgrimage—

> "As this restless vocal spring
> All day and night doth run, and sing,
> *And though here born, yet is acquainted*
> *Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted;*
> So let me all my busy age
> In thy free services engage;"

the growth of man's spirit is like the growth of a seed—

> "Dear, secret Greenness! nurst below
> Tempests and winds and winter-nights,
> Vex not, that but one sees thee grow,
> *That* One made all these lesser lights."

The world, he declares, would be Paradise still, or, at least, the purlieus of Eden, if man would but look about him with intelligent eyes. As it is he loses wonder with innocency. This thought inspires "The Retreate," a poem familiar to all from its inclusion in the "Golden Treasury," in which the poet longs for the time

> "When yet I had not walkt above
> A mile or two from my first love,
> And looking back, at that short space,
> Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
> *When on some gilded Cloud or Flower*
> *My gazing soul would dwell an hour,*
> *And in those weaker glories spy*
> *Some shadows of eternity.*"

It is possible that many of Vaughan's readers may care less for his mystical theology than for the occasional beauties of natural description or imaginative phrase; a few of which may here be noted. In the very first poem of "Silex Scintillans" we come upon this:

> "And as a Pilgrim's eye
> Far from relief,
> *Measures the melancholy sky,*
> Then drops and rains for grief."

The second, called *Death*, contains this quatrain upon the grave:

> "A nest of nights, a gloomy sphere,
> Where shadows thicken, and the cloud
> Sits on the Sun's brow all the year,
> And nothing moves without a shroud."

This verse is very characteristic of a certain mood of Vaughan's, in which his imagination disports itself among the wilder and more elemental forces of nature :

> "Restless Motions, running Lights
> Vast circling Azure, giddy Clouds, Days, Nights."

Again, take two descriptions of Dawn, each in its way perfect ; the first is from "The Search"

> "I see a Rose
> Bud in the bright East ;"

the other is from a magnificent poem on the Second Advent, called "The Dawning :" at what time wilt thou come, he asks, at evening, or midnight, or at dawn ? It must be at dawn.

> "Indeed, it is the only time
> That with thy glory doth best chime :
> All now are stirring ; every field
> Full hymns doth yield ;
> The whole creation shakes off night,
> And for thy shadow looks the light ;
> Stars now vanish without number,
> Sleepy planets set and slumber ;
> The furry clouds disband and scatter ;—
> *All expect some sudden matter ;*
> Not one beam triumphs, but from far
> That morning star."

Space forbids more abundant illustration, but the reader will not fail to note the epithet

"purling corn" in the version of Psalm lxv. (that and Psalm civ. being a characteristic choice, and both admirably paraphrased); nor this line about starlight:

> "stars nod and sleep
> And through the dark air spin a fiery thread."

Indeed, if truth must be told, Vaughan is very much the poet of fine lines and stanzas, of imaginative intervals. Not that there may not be found a considerable number of his poems where a high level of writing is sustained throughout; besides the famous "They are all gone into the world of light," which some will have to be very like a black swan, there are "Abel's Blood," "The Night," "Childhood," "The Favour," "I walked the other day to spend my hour," "Man," "Affliction," "The Dawning," "And do they so," "The Morning-watch," "Come, come, what do I here," "The Retreate." But in a still greater number of cases either his poems begin finely and then lose themselves in the sands, or else, to use his own image, some very flinty ground yields a quite unanticipated spark." "The Bird" and "The Timber" are good instances of the first class; of the second "Joy" affords a characteristic example. He is in Herbert's symbolic vein, and has called merrymaking, amongst other things, "a groan well drest," "griefs tun'd, a suger'd dosis Of

wormwood, and a death's-head crown'd with roses," when he at once proceeds :

> "He weighs not your forc'd accents, who can have
> A lesson play'd him by a wind or wave."

If still more truth must be told (*pace* Dr. Grosart), it must be allowed that there are far too large a number of the religious poems entirely unrelieved by any spark ; and some for which there is no epithet but *banal.* Such are generally the hymns on Church Festivals and poems on incidents of Scripture History. Vaughan had no graceful gift of rhetoric to fall back upon like Herbert when his imagination was not active, and hence the commonplaces of religion, which in Herbert are touched so appropriately, that, to use the words of Coleridge, "the reader cannot conceive how he could have expressed them otherwise without loss or injury to his meaning," in Vaughan became more hopelessly commonplace and trivial, or else ludicrous. If the latter epithet seem too strong, the reader will justify it who turns to "The Brittish Church," or "Palm-Sunday," or "Ascension Hymn," or "Church-Service," or "Tears." One metre seems especially attractive and fatal to him in this mood, that, namely, in which Shakespeare's Pyramus and Thisbe condole each other's fates.

A few words may be said in conclusion about Vaughan's influence on succeeding poets.

Of course he was never popular. While 20,000 copies of the "Temple" were sold in a few years, *Silex Scintillans* fell still-born from the press. One copy, however, found its way to Wordsworth's library, as Archbishop Trench discovered,[1] and became the germ of the great "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." Vaughan's influence is traceable in two other well-known passages. The fine verse in the "Affliction of Margaret,"

> "My apprehensions come in crowds;
> I dread the rustling of the grass;
> The very shadows of the clouds
> Have power to shake me as they pass,"

owes something to this less fine, but still striking, verse of Vaughan:

> "There's not a wind can stir
> Or beam pass by.
> But straight I think, though far,
> Thy hand is nigh."

And the substance of an elaborate simile in the fourth book of the "Excursion" on the soul's power to deal with circumstance is to be found in a single line of "Death":

> "Mists make but triumphs for the day."

In the case of other poets one must speak more cautiously; but certainly there are to be found here and there in Vaughan curious anti-

[1] See "Household Book of English Poetry" (2nd Ed.).

cipations of a rhythm and music that are now associated with other names. There is much, for example, to be found in Vaughan, of Matthew Arnold's early philosophy about emulating the tranquillity of the stars, and in the line italicized there is also Arnold's manner:

> "Perhaps some nights he'll watch with you, and peep
> When it were best to sleep,
> *But seeks he your obedience, order, light,*
> Your calm and well-trained flight?"

Similarly in a verse here and there, such as the following, I seem to hear the voice of Miss Rossetti:

> "Just so it is in death. But thou
> Shalt in thy mother's bosom sleep,
> *Whilst I each minute groan to know*
> *How near Redemption creeps.*"

But this may be fanciful. The influence on Wordsworth, however, is certain, though curiously Wordsworth does not refer to Vaughan in any of his prefaces.[1]

[1] Dr. John Brown (*Horæ Subsecivæ*, ii. 30) points out that Campbell, who had to read Vaughan for his *Specimens of the British Poets*, and speaks of him as "one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit," with "some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages like wild-flowers on a barren heath," did not disdain to pluck up by the roots without acknowledgment, but not without injury, one

It remains to conclude the memoir. Of his life as a physician, at or near Brecknock, we know but little. He published various prose tracts, chiefly translations, which have been collected by Dr. Grosart. He died in 1695, on 23rd April, a date which has significance for us, but would have had none for him, as the death-day of Shakespeare. He died intestate; administration was granted to his widow Eliza (*Genealogica*, iii. 33–6). A tombstone was placed over his grave in Llansaintfread Churchyard bearing the inscription :

HENRICUS VAUGHAN M.D.
SILURIS :
SERVUS INUTILIS
PECCATOR MAXIMUS
HIC JACEO
GLORIA  MISERERE

of these so-called wild-flowers and transplant it to his own garden. In his poem of "The Rainbow" Campbell writes,

> "How came the *world's gray fathers* forth
> To view the sacred sign,"

which is a noticeable verse; but how very much more distinguished is the original "wild-flower" on its own "barren heath":

> "How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
> Thy burnisht flaming Arch did first descry!
> When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
> *The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,*
> Did with intentive looks watch every hour
> For thy new light, and trembled at each shower.'

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

[*From the* 1650 *Edition.*]

AUTHORIS (DE SE) EMBLEMA.

TENTASTI, fateor, sine vulnere sæpius & me
Consultum voluit Vox, *sine voce, frequens ;*
Ambivit placido divinior aura meatu,
Et frustrà sancto murmure prænonuit.
Surdus eram, mutusque Silex : *Tu (quanta tuorum*
Cura tibi est !) aliâ das renovare viâ ;
Permutas Curam : Jamque irritatus Amorem
Posse negas, & vim Vi *superare paras ;*
Accedis propior, molemque, et Saxea *rumpis*
Pectora, fitque Caro, *quod fuit ante* Lapis.
En lacerum ! Cœlosque tuos ardentia tandem
Fragmenta, *et liquidas ex* Adamante *genas.*
Sic olim undantes Petras, Scopulosque *vomentes*
Curâsti, O populi providus usque tui !
Quam miranda tibi manus est ! Moriendo, *revixi ;*
Et fractas *jam sum* ditior *inter* opes.



Silex Scintillans:

or

SACRED POEMS

and

Private Ejaculations

By

Henry Vaughan *Silurist*

LONDON *Printed by* T. W. *for* H. Blunden
at y Castle in Cornehill . 1650

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE FOLLOWING HYMNS.

[*From the* 1655 *Edition.*]

THAT this kingdom hath abounded with those ingenious persons, which in the late notion are termed Wits, is too well known. Many of them having cast away all their fair portion of time in no better employments than a deliberate search, or excogitation of idle words, and a most vain, insatiable desire to be reputed poets; leaving behind them no other monuments of those excellent abilities conferred upon them, but such as they may—with a predecessor of theirs—term parricides, and a soul-killing issue, for that is the Βραβεῖον and laureate crown, which idle poems will certainly bring to their unrelenting authors.

And well it were for them, if those willingly studied and wilfully published vanities could defile no spirits, but their own; but the case is far worse. These vipers survive their parents, and for many ages after, like

epidemic diseases, infect whole generations, corrupting always and unhallowing the best-gifted souls and the most capable vessels: for whose sanctification and welfare the glorious Son of God laid down His life, and suffered the precious blood of His blessed and innocent heart to be poured out. In the meantime it cannot be denied, but these men are had in remembrance, though we cannot say with any comfort, "their memorial is blessed;" for, that I may speak no more than the truth—let their passionate worshippers say what they please—all the commendations that can be justly given them will amount to no more than what Prudentius the Christian-sacred poet bestowed upon Symmachus;

Os dignum, æterno tinctum quod fulgeat auro,
Si mallet laudare Deum; cui sordida monstra,
Prætulit, et liquidam temeravit crimine vocem;
Haud aliter, quàm cum rastris qui tentat eburnis
Cœnosum versare solum, &c. . . . . . .

In English thus,

A wit most worthy in tried gold to shine,
Immortal gold! had he sung the divine
Praise of his Maker: to Whom he preferr'd
Obscene, vile fancies, and profanely marr'd
A rich, rare style, with sinful, lewd contents;
No otherwise, than if with instruments
Of polish'd ivory, some drudge should stir
A dirty sink, &c. . . . . .

This comparison is nothing odious, and it is as true as it is apposite; for a good wit in a bad subject, is

—as Solomon said of the fair and foolish woman—"Like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout," Prov. xi. 22. Nay, the more acute the author is there is so much the more danger and death in the work. Where the sun is busy upon a dunghill, the issue is always some unclean vermin. Divers persons of eminent piety and learning—I meddle not with the seditious and schismatical—have, long before my time, taken notice of this malady; for the complaint against vicious verse, even by peaceful and obedient spirits, is of some antiquity in this kingdom. And yet, as if the evil consequence attending this inveterate error were but a small thing, there is sprung very lately another prosperous device to assist it in the subversion of souls. Those that want the genius of verse, fall to translating; and the people are—every term—plentifully furnished with various foreign vanities; so that the most lascivious compositions of France and Italy are here naturalized and made English: and this, as it is sadly observed, with so much favour and success, that nothing takes—as they rightly phrase it—like a romance. And very frequently, if that character be not an ivybush, the buyer receives this lewd ware from persons of honour, who want not reason to forbear; much private misfortune having sprung from no other seed at first than some infectious and dissolving legend.

To continue—after years of discretion—in this vanity, is an inexcusable desertion of pious sobriety:

and to persist so to the end, is a wilful despising of God's sacred exhortations, by a constant, sensual volutation or wallowing in impure thoughts and scurrilous conceits, which both defile their authors, and as many more as they are communicated to. If "every idle word shall be accounted for," and if "no corrupt communication should proceed out of our mouths," how desperate, I beseech you, is their condition, who all their lifetime, and out of mere design, study lascivious fictions: then carefully record and publish them, that instead of grace and life, they may minister sin and death unto their readers? It was wisely considered, and piously said by one, that he "would read no idle books; both in regard of love to his own soul, and pity unto his that made them;" "for," said he, "if I be corrupted by them, their composer is immediately a cause of my ill: and at the day of reckoning—though now dead—must give an account for it, because I am corrupted by his bad example, which he left behind him: I will write none, lest I hurt them that come after me; I will read none, lest I augment his punishment that is gone before me. I will neither write, nor read, lest I prove a foe to my own soul: while I live, I sin too much; let me not continue longer in wickedness than I do in life." It is a sentence of sacred authority, that "he that is dead is freed from sin;" because he cannot in that state, which is without the body, sin any more; but he

that writes idle books makes for himself another body, in which he always lives, and sins—after death —as fast and as foul as ever he did in his life ; which very consideration deserves to be a sufficient antidote against this evil disease.

And here, because I would prevent a just censure by my free confession, I must remember, that I myself have, for many years together, languished of this very sickness ; and it is no long time since I have recovered. But, blessed be God for it, I have by His saving assistance suppressed my greatest follies, and those which escaped from me, are, I think, as innoxious, as most of that vein use to be ; besides, they are interlined with many virtuous, and some pious mixtures. What I speak of them is truth : but let no man mistake it for an extenuation of faults, as if I intended an apology for them, or myself, who am conscious of so much guilt in both, as can never be expiated without special sorrows, and that cleansing and precious effusion of my Almighty Redeemer : and if the world will be so charitable as to grant my request, I do here most humbly and earnestly beg that none would read them.

But an idle or sensual subject is not all the poison in these pamphlets. Certain authors have been so irreverendly bold as to dash Scriptures and the sacred Relatives of God with their impious conceits ; and—which I cannot speak without grief of heart—some of those desperate adventurers may, I think,

be reckoned amongst the principal or most learned writers of English verse.

Others of a later date, being corrupted, it may be, by that evil genius, which came in with the public distractions, have stuffed their books with oaths, horrid execrations, and a most gross and studied filthiness. But the hurt that ensues by the publication of pieces so notoriously ill, lies heavily upon the stationer's account, who ought in conscience to refuse them, when they are put into his hands. No loss is so doleful as that gain, that will endamage the soul; he that prints lewdness and impieties is that madman in the Proverbs, who "casteth firebrands, arrows, and death."

The suppression of this pleasing and prevailing evil lies not altogether in the power of the magistrate; for it will fly abroad in manuscripts, when it fails of entertainment at the press. The true remedy lies wholly in their bosoms, who are the gifted persons, by a wise exchange of vain and vicious subjects, for divine themes and celestial praise. The performance is easy, and were it the most difficult in the world, the reward is so glorious that it infinitely transcends it: for "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine like the stars for ever and ever:" whence follows this undeniable inference, that the corrupting of many, being a contrary work, the recompense must be so too; and then I know nothing reserved for them, but "the blackness of darkness for ever;"

from which, O God, deliver all penitent and reformed spirits!

The first, that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream, was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of whom I am the least, and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired wit of his time. After him followed diverse, *Sed non passibus æquis;* they had more of fashion than force. And the reason of their so vast distance from him, besides differing spirits and qualifications—for his measure was eminent—I suspect to be, because they aimed more at verse, than perfection, as may be easily gathered by their frequent impressions and numerous pages. Hence sprang those wide, those weak, and lean conceptions, which in the most inclinable reader will scarce give any nourishment or help to devotion; for not flowing from a true, practick piety, it was impossible they should effect those things abroad, which they never had acquaintance with at home; being only the productions of a common spirit, and the obvious ebullitions of that light humour, which takes the pen in hand, out of no other consideration, than to be seen in print. It is true, indeed, that to give up our thoughts to pious themes and contemplations—if it be done for piety's sake—is a great step towards perfection; because it will refine, and dispose to devotion and sanctity. And further, it will procure for us, so

easily communicable is that loving spirit, some small prelibation of those heavenly refreshments, which descend but seldom, and then very sparingly, upon men of an ordinary or indifferent holiness; but he that desires to excel in this kind of hagiography, or holy writing, must strive by all means for perfection and true holiness, that "a door may be opened to him in heaven," Rev. iv. 1, and then he will be able to write—with Hierotheus and holy Herbert—a true hymn.

To effect this in some measure, I have begged leave to communicate this my poor talent to the Church, under the protection and conduct of her glorious Head, Who, if He will vouchsafe to own it and go along with it, can make it as useful now in the public, as it hath been to me in private. In the perusal of it, you will peradventure observe some passages, whose history or reason may seem something remote; but were they brought nearer, and plainly exposed to your view—though that perhaps might quict your curiosity—yet would it not conduce much to your greater advantage. And therefore I must desire you to accept of them in that latitude, which is already allowed them. By the last poems in the book, were not that mistake here prevented, you would judge all to be fatherless, and the edition posthume; for, indeed, "I was nigh unto death," and am still at no great distance from it: which was the necessary reason for that solemn and

accomplished dress you will now find this impression in.

But "the God of the spirits of all flesh" hath granted me a further use of mine than I did look for in the body; and when I expected, and had by His assistance prepared for a "message of death," then did He answer me with life; I hope to His glory and my great advantage, that I may flourish not with leaf only, but with some fruit also; which hope and earnest desire of His poor creature, I humbly beseech Him to perfect and fulfil for His dear Son's sake, unto Whom, with Him and the most holy and loving Spirit, be ascribed by angels, by men, and by all His works, all glory, and wisdom, and dominion, in this the temporal and in the eternal being. Amen.

NEWTON BY USK, near SKETH-ROCK,
September 30, 1654.

[*From the* 1655 *Edition*].

O Lord, the hope of Israel, all they that forsake Thee shall be ashamed; and they that depart from Thee, shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters.

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved, for Thou art my health, and my great deliverer.

I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave; I have deprived myself of the residue of my years.

I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.

O Lord! by Thee doth man live, and from Thee is the life of my spirit: therefore wilt Thou recover me, and make me to live.

Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.

For Thy name's sake hast Thou put off thine anger; for Thy praise hast Thou refrained from me, that I should not be cut off.

For the grave cannot praise Thee, death cannot celebrate Thee: they that go down into the pit, cannot hope for Thy truth.

The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day: the father to the children shall make known Thy truth.

O Lord! Thou hast been merciful, Thou hast brought back my life from corruption: Thou hast redeemed me from my sin.

They that follow after lying vanities, forsake their own mercy.

Therefore shall Thy songs be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will go unto the altar of my God, unto God, the joy of my youth; and in Thy fear will I worship towards Thy holy temple.

I will sacrifice unto Thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that which I have vowed; salvation is of the Lord.

To my most merciful, my most loving, and dearly loved REDEEMER, the ever blessed, the only HOLY and JUST ONE,

JESUS CHRIST,

The Son of the living GOD, and the sacred Virgin Mary.[1]

I.

MY God! Thou that didst die for me,
These Thy death's fruits I offer Thee;
Death that to me was life and light,
But dark and deep pangs to Thy sight.
Some drops of Thy all-quick'ning blood
Fell on my heart; those made it bud,
And put forth thus, though, Lord, before
The ground was curs'd and void of store.
Indeed I had some here to hire
Which long resisted Thy desire,
That ston'd Thy servants, and did move
To have Thee murder'd for Thy love;
But, Lord, I have expell'd them, and so bent,
Beg Thou wouldst take Thy tenant's rent.

[1] In the first edition the heading is simply "The Dedication," and only the first stanza is given.

II.

Dear Lord, 'tis finished ! and now he
That copied it, presents it Thee.
'Twas Thine first, and to Thee returns,
From Thee it shin'd, though here it burns.
If the sun rise on rocks, is't right
To call it their inherent light?
No, nor can I say, this is mine,
For, dearest Jesus, 'tis all Thine ;
As Thy clothes, when Thou with clothes wert clad,
Both light from Thee, and virtue had ;
And now, as then, within this place
Thou to poor rags dost still give grace.
This is the earnest Thy love sheds,
The candle shining on some heads,
Till at Thy charges they shall be
Cloth'd all with immortality.

III.

My dear Redeemer, the world's light,
And life too, and my heart's delight !
For all Thy mercies and Thy truth,
Show'd to me in my sinful youth,
For my sad failings and my wild
Murmurings at Thee, when most mild ;
For all my secret faults, and each
Frequent relapse and wilful breach,
For all designs meant against Thee
And ev'ry publish'd vanity,

Which Thou divinely hast forgiven,
While Thy blood wash'd me white as heaven ;
I nothing have to give to Thee,
But this Thy own gift, given to me.
Refuse it not ; for now Thy token
Can tell Thee where a heart is broken.

REVEL. CAP. I. VER. 5, 6, 7.

Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.

And hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father ; to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.

Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him ; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him : even so, Amen.

[*From the* 1655 *Edition.*]

VAIN wits and eyes
Leave, and be wise :
Abuse not, shun not holy fire,
But with true tears wash off your mire.
Tears and these flames will soon grow kind,
And mix an eye-salve for the blind.
Tears cleanse and supple without fail,
And fire will purge your callous veil,
Then comes the light ! which when you spy,
And see your nakedness thereby,
Praise Him, Who dealt His gifts so free
In tears to you, in fire to me.

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

PART I.

1650.

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

REGENERATION.

1.

A WARD, and still in bonds, one day
I stole abroad ;
It was high-Spring, and all the way
Primros'd, and hung with shade :
Yet was it frost within ;
And surly winds
Blasted my infant buds, and sin
Like clouds eclips'd my mind.

2.

Storm'd thus, I straight perceiv'd my Spring
Mere stage and show ;
My walk a monstrous, mountain'd thing,
Rough-cast with rocks, and snow ;
And as a pilgrim's eye,
Far from relief,
Measures the melancholy sky,
Then drops, and rains for grief :

3.

So sigh'd I upwards still ; at last
'Twixt steps and falls,
I reach'd the pinnacle, where plac'd
I found a pair of scales ;
I took them up, and laid
In th' one late pains ;
The other smoke and pleasures weigh'd,
But prov'd the heavier grains.

4.

With that, some cried, "Away ;" straight I
Obey'd, and led
Full East, a fair, fresh field could spy ;
Some call'd it, Jacob's Bed ;
A virgin soil, which no
Rude feet e'er trod ;
Where—since He stept there—only go
Prophets, and friends of God.

5.

Here I repos'd ; but scarce well set,
A grove descried
Of stately height, whose branches met
And mix'd, on every side ;
I enter'd, and once in,
Amaz'd to see't,
Found all was chang'd, and a new Spring
Did all my senses greet.

6.

The unthrift sun shot vital gold,
A thousand pieces;
And heaven its azure did unfold
Chequer'd with snowy fleeces;
The air was all in spice,
And every bush
A garland wore: thus fed my eyes,
But all the ear[th] lay hush.

7.

Only a little fountain lent
Some use for ears,
And on the dumb shades language spent
The music of her tears;
I drew her near, and found
The cistern full
Of divers stones, some bright and round,
Others ill-shap'd and dull.

8.

The first, pray mark, as quick as light
Danc'd through the flood;
But th' last, more heavy than the night,
Nail'd to the centre stood;
I wonder'd much, but tir'd
At last with thought,
My restless eye, that still desir'd,
As strange an object brought.

9.

It was a bank of flowers, where I descried,
Though 'twas mid-day,
Some fast asleep, others broad-eyed,
And taking in the ray;
Here musing long, I heard
A rushing wind,
Which still increas'd, but whence it stirr'd,
Nowhere I could not find.

10.

I turn'd me round, and to each shade
Dispatch'd an eye,
To see if any leaf had made
Least motion or reply;
But while I list'ning sought
My mind to ease
By knowing, where 'twas, or where not,
It whisper'd "Where I please."
"Lord," then said I, "on me one breath,
And let me die before my death!"

CANT. CAP. 5. VER. 17.

Arise, O North, and come thou South-wind, and blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.

DEATH. A DIALOGUE.

Soul.

'Tis a sad Land, that in one day
Hath dull'd thee thus; when death shall freeze
Thy blood to ice, and thou must stay
Tenant for years, and centuries;
How wilt thou brook't?

Body.

I cannot tell;
But if all sense wings not with thee,
And something still be left the dead,
I'll wish my curtains off, to free
Me from so dark and sad a bed:

A nest of nights, a gloomy sphere,
Where shadows thicken, and the cloud
Sits on the sun's brow all the year,
And nothing moves without a shroud.

Soul.

'Tis so: but as thou saw'st that night
We travail'd in, our first attempts
Were dull and blind, but custom straight
Our fears and falls brought to contempt:

Then, when the ghastly twelve was past,
We breath'd still for a blushing East,
And bade the lazy sun make haste,
And on sure hopes, though long, did feast.

But when we saw the clouds to crack,
And in those crannies light appear'd,
We thought the day then was not slack,
And pleas'd ourselves with what we fear'd.

Just so it is in death. But thou
Shalt in thy mother's bosom sleep,
Whilst I each minute groan to know
How near Redemption creeps.

Then shall we meet to mix again, and met,
'Tis last good-night ; our Sun shall never set.

Job, Cap. 10. ver. 21, 22.

Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness, and the shadow of death ;

A land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.

RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY.

HEB. CAP. 10. VER. 20.

By that new and living way, which He hath prepared for us, through the veil, which is His flesh.

BODY.

1.

OFT have I seen, when that renewing breath
That binds and loosens death,
Inspir'd a quick'ning power through the dead
Creatures a-bed,
Some drowsy silkworm creep,
From that long sleep,
And in weak, infant hummings chime, and knell
About her silent cell,
Until at last full with the vital ray
She wing'd away,
And proud with life, and sense,
Heaven's rich expense,
Esteem'd—vain things!—of two whole elements
As mean, and span-extents.
Shall I then think such providence will be
Less friend to me?
Or that He can endure to be unjust
Who keeps His Covenant even with our dust?

SOUL.

2.

Poor, querulous handful ! was't for this
I taught thee all that is ?
Unbowell'd Nature, show'd thee her recruits,
And change of suits,
And how of death we make
A mere mistake ;
For no thing can to nothing fall, but still
Incorporates by skill,
And then returns, and from the womb of things
Such treasure brings,
As Phœnix-like renew'th
Both life and youth ;
For a preserving spirit doth still pass
Untainted through this mass,
Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all
That to it fall ;
Nor are those births, which we
Thus suffering see,
Destroy'd at all ; but when Time's restless wave
Their substance doth deprave,
And the more noble essence finds his house
Sickly, and loose,
He, ever young, doth wing
Unto that spring,
And source of spirits, where he takes his lot,
Till Time no more shall rot
His passive cottage ; which—though laid aside—
Like some spruce bride,

Shall one day rise, and cloth'd with shining light
All pure and bright,
Re-marry to the soul; for 'tis most plain
Thou only fall'st to be refin'd again.

3.

Then I that here saw darkly in a glass
But mists, and shadows pass,
And, by their own weak shine, did search the springs
And course of things,
Shall with enlighten'd rays
Pierce all their ways;
And as thou saw'st, I in a thought could go
To Heav'n, or Earth below
To read some star, or min'ral, and in state
There often sate;
So shalt thou then with me,
—Both wing'd and free,—
Rove in that mighty and eternal light,
Where no rude shade, or night
Shall dare approach us; we shall there no more
Watch stars, or pore
Through melancholy clouds, and say,
"Would it were Day!"
One everlasting Sabbath there shall run
Without succession, and without a sun.

DAN. CAP. 12. VER. 13.

But go thou thy way until the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand up in thy lot, at the end of the days.

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

When through the North a fire shall rush
And roll into the East,
And like a fiery torrent brush
And sweep up South and West,—

When all shall stream and lighten round,
And with surprising flames
Both stars and elements confound,
And quite blot out their names,—

When Thou shalt spend Thy sacred store
Of thunders in that heat,
And low as e'er they lay before
Thy six-days' buildings beat,—

When like a scroll the heavens shall pass
And vanish clean away,
And nought must stand of that vast space
Which held up night, and day,—

When one loud blast shall rend the deep,
And from the womb of Earth
Summon up all that are asleep
Unto a second birth,—

When Thou shalt make the clouds Thy seat,
And in the open air

The quick and dead, both small and great,
Must to Thy bar repair ;

O then it will be all too late
To say, " What shall I do ? "
Repentance there is out of date,
And so is Mercy too.

Prepare, prepare me then, O God !
And let me now begin
To feel my loving Father's rod
Killing the man of sin !

Give me, O give me crosses here,
Still more afflictions lend ;
That pill, though bitter, is most dear
That brings health in the end.

Lord God ! I beg nor friends, nor wealth,
But pray against them both ;
Three things I'd have, my soul's chief health,
And one of these seem loath :

A living faith, a heart of flesh,
The world an enemy ;
This last will keep the first two fresh,
And bring me where I'd be.

1 PET. 4. 7.

Now the end of all things is at hand ; be you therefore sober, and watching in prayer.

RELIGION.

My God, when I walk in those groves
And leaves, Thy Spirit doth still fan,
I see in each shade that there grows
An angel talking with a man.

Under a juniper some house,
Or the cool myrtle's canopy ;
Others beneath an oak's green boughs,
Or at some fountain's bubbling eye.

Here Jacob dreams, and wrestles ; there
Elias by a raven is fed ;
Another time by th' angel, where
He brings him water with his bread.

In Abr'ham's tent the wingèd guests
—O how familiar then was heaven !—
Eat, drink, discourse, sit down, and rest,
Until the cool and shady even.

Nay Thou Thyself, my God, in fire,
Whirlwinds and clouds, and the soft voice,
Speak'st there so much, that I admire
We have no conf'rence in these days.

Is the truce broke? or 'cause we have
A Mediator now with Thee,
Dost Thou therefore old treaties wave,
And by appeals from Him decree?

Or is't so, as some green heads say,
That now all miracles must cease?
Though Thou hast promis'd they should stay
The tokens of the Church, and peace.

No, no; Religion is a spring,
That from some secret, golden mine
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring
Cordials in every drop, and wine.

But in her long and hidden course,
Passing through the Earth's dark veins,
Grows still from better unto worse,
And both her taste and colour stains:

Then drilling on, learns to increase
False echoes and confused sounds,
And unawares doth often seize
On veins of sulphur under ground;

So poison'd, breaks forth in some clime,
And at first sight doth many please;
But drunk, is puddle, or mere slime,
And 'stead of physic, a disease.

Just such a tainted sink we have,
Like that Samaritan's dead well;

Nor must we for the kernel crave
Because most voices like the shell.

Heal then these waters, Lord ; or bring Thy flock,
Since these are troubled, to the springing Rock ;
Look down, Great Master of the feast ; O shine,
And turn once more our water into wine !

CANT. CAP. 4. VER. 12.

My sister, my spouse is as a garden enclosed, as a spring shut up, and a fountain sealed up.

THE SEARCH.

'Tis now clear day : I see a rose
Bud in the bright East, and disclose
The pilgrim-sun ; all night have I
Spent in a roving ecstasy
To find my Saviour ; I have been
As far as Bethlehem, and have seen
His inn and cradle : being there
I met the wise men, ask'd them where
He might be found, or what star can
Now point Him out, grown up a man ?
To Egypt hence I fled, ran o'er
All her parch'd bosom to Nile's shore,
Her yearly nurse ; came back, inquir'd
Amongst the doctors, and desir'd
To see the Temple, but was shown
A little dust, and for the town
A heap of ashes, where some said
A small bright sparkle was a-bed,
Which would one day—beneath the pole—
Awake, and then refine the whole.
Tir'd here, I come to Sychar ; thence
To Jacob's well, bequeathèd since
Unto his sons, where often they
In those calm, golden evenings lay

Wat'ring their flocks, and having spent
Those white days, drove home to the tent
Their well-fleec'd train ; and here—O fate !—
I sit, where once my Saviour sate:
The angry spring in bubbles swell'd
Which broke in sighs still, as they fill'd,
And whisper'd "Jesus had been there,
But Jacob's children would not hear."
Loth hence to part, at last I rise,
But with the fountain in my eyes,
And here a fresh search is decreed ;
He must be found where He did bleed.
I walk the garden, and there see
Ideas of His agony,
And moving anguishments, that set
His blest face in a bloody sweat ;
I climb'd the hill, perus'd the cross,
Hung with my gain and His great loss :
Never did tree bear fruit like this :
Balsam of souls, the body's bliss.
But, O His grave ! where I saw lent
—For He had none—a monument,
An undefil'd, and new-hew'd one ;
But there was not the corner-stone.
Sure, then said I, my quest is vain,
He'll not be found where He was slain ;
So mild a lamb can never be
'Midst so much blood and cruelty.
I'll to the wilderness, and can

Find beasts more merciful than man ;
He liv'd there safe, 'twas His retreat
From the fierce Jew, and Herod's heat ;
And forty days withstood the fell
And high temptations of Hell ;
With seraphins there talkèd He,
His Father's flaming ministry ;
He heaven'd their walks, and with His eyes
Made those wild shades a paradise :
Thus was the desert sanctified
To be the refuge of His bride.
I'll thither then ; see, it is day!
The sun's broke through to guide my way.
But as I urg'd thus, and writ down
What pleasures should my journey crown,
What silent paths, what shades, and cells,
Fair virgin-flowers, and hallow'd wells
I should rove in, and rest my head
Where my dear Lord did often tread,
Sug'ring all dangers with success,—
Methought I heard one singing thus :

I.

Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts ;
Who pores
And spies
Still out of doors,
Descries
Within them nought.

2.

The skin and shell of things,
Though fair,
Are not
Thy wish, nor pray'r,
But got
By mere despair
Of wings.

3.

To rack old elements,
Or dust;
And say,
Sure here He must
Needs stay,
Is not the way
Nor just.

Search well another world; who studies this,
Travels in clouds, seeks manna, where none is.

ACTS, CAP. 17, VER. 27, 28.

That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far off from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.

ISAAC'S MARRIAGE.

GEN. CAP. 24, VER. 63.

And Isaac went out to pray in the field at the even-tide, and he lift up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming.

PRAYING ! and to be married ! It was rare,
But now 'tis monstrous ; and that pious care,
Though of ourselves, is so much out of date,
That to renew't, were to degenerate.
But thou a chosen sacrifice wert given,
And offer'd up so early unto heaven,
Thy flames could not be out ; religion was
Ray'd into thee, like beams into a glass,
Where, as thou grewst, it multiply'd, and shin'd
The sacred constellation of thy mind.
But being for a bride, prayer was such
A decried course, sure it prevail'd not much.
Hadst ne'er an oath, nor compliment? thou wert
An odd, dull suitor ; hadst thou but the art
Of these our days, thou couldst have coin'd thee twenty
New sev'ral oaths, and compliments too plenty.
O sad and wild excess ! and happy those
White days, that durst no impious mirth expose !
When conscience by lewd use had not lost sense,
Nor bold-fac'd custom banish'd innocence !

Thou hadst no pompous train, nor antic crowd
Of young, gay swearers, with their needless, loud
Retinue ; all was here smooth as thy bride,
And calm like her, or that mild evening-tide.
Yet hadst thou nobler guests : angels did wind,
And rove about thee, guardians of thy mind :
These fetch'd thee home thy bride, and all the way
Advis'd thy servant what to do, and say ;
These taught him at the well, and thither brought
The chaste and lovely object of thy thought.
But here was ne'er a compliment, not one
Spruce, supple cringe, or studi'd look put on.
All was plain, modest truth : nor did she come
In rolls and curls, mincing and stately dumb ;
But in a virgin's native blush and fears
Fresh as those roses which the Day-spring wears.
O sweet, divine simplicity ! O grace
Beyond a curled lock, or painted face !
A pitcher too she had, nor thought it much
To carry that which some would scorn to touch ;
With which in mild, chaste language she did woo
To draw him drink, and for his camels too.

And now thou knewst her coming, it was time
To get thee wings on, and devoutly climb
Unto thy God ; for marriage of all states
Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates.
This brought thee forth, where now thou didst undress
Thy soul, and with new pinions refresh
Her wearied wings, which so restor'd did fly

Above the stars, a track unknown and high ;
And in her piercing flight perfum'd the air,
Scatt'ring the myrrh and incense of thy pray'r.
So from Lahai-roi's* well, some spicy cloud,
Woo'd by the sun, swells up to be his shroud,
And from her moist womb weeps a fragrant shower,
Which, scatter'd in a thousand pearls, each flower
And herb partakes ; where having stood awhile
And something cool'd the parch'd and thirsty isle,
The thankful Earth unlocks herself, and blends
A thousand odours, which—all mix'd—she sends
Up in one cloud, and so returns the skies
That dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice.
Thus soar'd thy soul, who, though young, didst inherit
Together with his blood thy father's spirit,
Whose active zeal and tried faith were to thee
Familiar ever since thy infancy.
Others were tim'd and train'd up to't, but thou
Didst thy swift years in piety outgrow.
Age made them rev'rend, and a snowy head,
But thou wert so ere Time his snow could shed.
Then, who would truly limn thee out, must paint
First a young patriarch, then a married saint.

* A well in the South Country where Jacob dwelt, between Cadesh and Bered ; Heb. the well of him that liveth and seeth me.

THE BRITISH CHURCH.

Ah ! He is fled !
And while these here their mists and shadows hatch,
My glorious Head
Doth on those hills of myrrh and incense watch.
Haste, haste, my dear !
The soldiers here
Cast in their lots again.
That seamless coat,
The Jews touch'd not,
These dare divide, and stain.

2.

O get thee wings !
Or if as yet—until these clouds depart,
And the day springs—
Thou think'st it good to tarry where Thou art,
Write in Thy books
My ravish'd looks,
Slain flock, and pillag'd fleeces,
And haste Thee so
As a young roe
Upon the mounts of spices.

O rosa campi ! O lilium convallium ! quomodo nunc facta es pabulum aprorum!

THE LAMP.

'Tis dead night round about: Horror doth creep
And move on with the shades; stars nod and sleep,
And through the dark air spin a fiery thread,
Such as doth gild the lazy glow-worm's bed.
Yet burn'st thou here, a full day; while I spend
My rest in cares, and to the dark world lend
These flames, as thou dost thine to me; I watch
That hour, which must thy life and mine dispatch;
But still thou dost outgo me, I can see
Met in thy flames all acts of piety;
Thy light is charity; thy heat is zeal;
And thy aspiring, active fires reveal
Devotion still on wing; then, thou dost weep
Still as thou burn'st, and the warm droppings creep
To measure out thy length, as if thou'dst know
What stock, and how much time were left thee now;
Nor dost thou spend one tear in vain, for still
As thou dissolv'st to them, and they distil,
They're stor'd up in the socket, where they lie,
When all is spent, thy last and sure supply:
And such is true repentance; ev'ry breath
We spend in sighs is treasure after death.
Only one point escapes thee; that thy oil
Is still out with thy flame, and so both fail;

But whensoe'er I'm out, both shall be in,
And where thou mad'st an end, there I'll begin.

MARK, CAP. 13, VER. 35.

Watch you therefore, for you know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning.

MAN'S FALL, AND RECOVERY.

FAREWELL, you everlasting hills! I'm cast
Here under clouds, where storms and tempests blast
This sullied flower,
Robb'd of your calm; nor can I ever make,
Transplanted thus, one leaf of his t' awake;
But ev'ry hour
He sleeps, and droops; and in this drowsy state
Leaves me a slave to passions and my fate
Besides I've lost
A train of lights, which in those sunshine days
Were my sure guides; and only with me stays,
Unto my cost,
One sullen beam, whose charge is to dispense
More punishment than knowledge to my sense.
Two thousand years
I sojourn'd thus. At last Jeshurun's king
Those famous tables did from Sinai bring;
These swell'd my fears,
Guilts, trespasses, and all this inward awe;
For sin took strength and vigour from the Law.
Yet have I found
A plenteous way, thanks to that Holy One!
To cancel all that e'er was writ in stone.

His saving wound
Wept blood, that broke this adamant, and gave
To sinners confidence, life to the grave ;
This makes me span
My father's journeys, and in one fair step
O'er all their pilgrimage and labours leap.
For God (made Man)
Reduc'd th' extent of works of faith ; so made
Of their Red Sea, a spring ; I wash, they wade.

ROM. CAP. 18. VER. 19.

As by the offence of one, the fault came on all men to condemnation ; so by the righteousness of One, the benefit abounded towards all men to the justification of life.

THE SHOWER.

'Twas so ; I saw thy birth. That drowsy lake
From her faint bosom breath'd thee, the disease
Of her sick waters and infectious ease.
But now at even,
Too gross for heaven,
Thou fall'st in tears, and weep'st for thy mistake.

2.

Ah ! it is so with me : oft have I press'd
Heaven with a lazy breath ; but fruitless this
Pierc'd not ; love only can with quick access
Unlock the way,
When all else stray,
The smoke and exhalations of the breast.

3.

Yet, if as thou dost melt, and with thy train
Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep
O'er my hard heart, that's bound up and asleep ;
Perhaps at last,
Some such showers past,
My God would give a sunshine after rain.

DISTRACTION.

O KNIT me, that am crumbled dust! the heap
Is all dispers'd and cheap;
Give for a handful but a thought,
And it is bought;
Hadst Thou
Made me a star, a pearl, or a rainbow,
The beams I then had shot
My light had lessen'd not;
But now
I find myself the less the more I grow.
The world
Is full of voices; man is call'd, and hurl'd
By each; he answers all,
Knows ev'ry note and call;
Hence, still
Fresh dotage tempts, or old usurps his will.
Yet hadst Thou clipp'd my wings, when coffin'd in
This quicken'd mass of sin,
And saved that light, which freely Thou
Didst then bestow,
I fear
I should have spurn'd, and said Thou didst forbear:
Or that thy store was less:
But now since Thou didst bless
So much,

I grieve, my God ! that Thou hast made me such.
I grieve ?
O, yes ! Thou know'st I do ; come, and relieve,
And tame, and keep down with Thy light,
Dust that would rise and dim my sight !
Lest left alone too long
Amidst the noise and throng,
Oppressèd I,
Striving to save the whole, by parcels die.

THE PURSUIT.

LORD ! what a busy, restless thing
Hast Thou made man !
Each day and hour he is on wing,
Rests not a span ;
Then having lost the sun and light,
By clouds surpris'd,
He keeps a commerce in the night
With air disguis'd.
Hadst Thou given to this active dust
A state untir'd,
The lost son had not left the husk,
Nor home desir'd.
That was Thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too ;
For when all fails to bring to bliss,
Then this must do.
Ah, Lord ! and what a purchase will that be,
To take us sick, that sound would not take Thee !

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

SWEET, sacred hill! on whose fair brow
My Saviour sate, shall I allow
Language to love,
And idolize some shade, or grove,
Neglecting thee? such ill-plac'd wit,
Conceit, or call it what you please,
Is the brain's fit,
And mere disease.

2.

Cotswold and Cooper's both have met
With learnèd swains, and echo yet
Their pipes and wit;
But thou sleep'st in a deep neglect,
Untouch'd by any; and what need
The sheep bleat thee a silly lay,
That heard'st both reed
And sheepward play?

3.

Yet if poets mind thee well,
They shall find thou art their hill,
And fountain too.

Their Lord with thee had most to do ;
He wept once, walk'd whole nights on thee :
And from thence—His suff'rings ended—
Unto glory
Was attended.

4.

Being there, this spacious ball
Is but His narrow footstool all ;
And what we think
Unsearchable, now with one wink
He doth comprise ; but in this air
When He did stay to bear our ill
And sin, this hill
Was then His chair.

THE INCARNATION AND PASSION.

LORD, when Thou didst Thyself undress,
  Laying by Thy robes of glory,
To make us more, Thou wouldst be less,
  And becam'st a woful story.

To put on clouds instead of light,
  And clothe the morning-star with dust,
Was a translation of such height
  As, but in Thee, was ne'er express'd.

Brave worms and earth ! that thus could have
  A God enclos'd within your cell,
Your Maker pent up in a grave,
  Life lock'd in death, heav'n in a shell !

Ah, my dear Lord ! what couldst thou spy
  In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made Thee thus resolve to die
  For those that kill Thee every day ?

O what strange wonders could Thee move
  To slight Thy precious blood, and breath ?
Sure it was love, my Lord ! for love
  Is only stronger far than death !

THE CALL.

COME, my heart ! come, my head,
In sighs, and tears !
'Tis now, since you have lain thus dead,
Some twenty years ;
Awake, awake,
Some pity take
Upon yourselves !
Who never wake to groan, nor weep,
Shall be sentenc'd for their sleep.

2.

Do but see your sad estate,
How many sands
Have left us, while we careless sate
With folded hands ;
What stock of nights,
Of days, and years
In silent flights
Stole by our ears ;
How ill have we ourselves bestow'd,
Whose suns are all set in a cloud !

3.

Yet come, and let's peruse them all,
And as we pass,
What sins on every minute fall
Score on the glass ;
Then weigh, and rate
Their heavy state,
Until
The glass with tears you fill ;
That done, we shall be safe and good :
Those beasts were clean that chew'd the cud.

[THOU THAT KNOW'ST FOR WHOM I MOURN.]

THOU that know'st for whom I mourn,
And why these tears appear,
That keep'st account till he return
Of all his dust left here;
As easily Thou might'st prevent,
As now produce, these tears,
And add unto that day he went
A fair supply of years.
But 'twas my sin that forc'd Thy hand
To cull this primrose out,
That by Thy early choice forewarn'd
My soul might look about.
O what a vanity is man!
How like the eye's quick wink
His cottage fails; whose narrow span
Begins even at the brink!
Nine months thy hands are fashioning us,
And many years—alas!—
Ere we can lisp, or ought discuss
Concerning Thee, must pass;
Yet have I known Thy slightest things,
A feather, or a shell,
A stick, or rod, which some chance brings
The best of us excel;

Yea, I have known these shreds outlast
A fair-compacted frame,
And for one twenty we have past
Almost outlive our name.
Thus hast Thou plac'd in man's outside
Death to the common eye,
That heaven within him might abide,
And close eternity;
Hence youth and folly, man's first shame,
Are put unto the slaughter,
And serious thoughts begin to tame
The wise man's madness, laughter.
Dull, wretched worms! that would not keep
Within our first fair bed,
But out of Paradise must creep
For ev'ry foot to tread!
Yet had our pilgrimage been free,
And smooth without a thorn,
Pleasures had foil'd eternity,
And tares had chok'd the corn.
Thus by the cross salvation runs;
Affliction is a mother
Whose painful throes yield many sons,
Each fairer than the other.
A silent tear can pierce Thy throne,
When loud joys want a wing;
And sweeter airs stream from a groan,
Than any arted string.
Thus, Lord, I see my gain is great,

My loss but little to it ;
Yet something more I must entreat,
And only Thou canst do it.
O let me—like him—know my end !
And be as glad to find it :
And whatsoe'er Thou shalt commend,
Still let Thy servant mind it !
Then make my soul white as his own,
My faith as pure and steady,
And deck me, Lord, with the same crown
Thou hast crown'd him already !

VANITY OF SPIRIT.

QUITE spent with thoughts, I left my cell, and lay
Where a shrill spring tun'd to the early day.
I begg'd here long, and groan'd to know
Who gave the clouds so brave a bow,
Who bent the spheres, and circled in
Corruption with this glorious ring;
What is His name, and how I might
Descry some part of His great light.
I summon'd Nature; pierc'd through all her store;
Broke up some seals, which none had touch'd before
Her womb, her bosom, and her head,
Where all her secrets lay abed,
I rifled quite; and having past
Through all the creatures, came at last
To search myself, where I did find
Traces, and sounds of a strange kind.
Here of this mighty spring I found some drills,
With echoes beaten from th' eternal hills.
Weak beams and fires flash'd to my sight,
Like a young East, or moonshine night,
Which show'd me in a nook cast by
A piece of much antiquity,
With hieroglyphics quite dismember'd
And broken letters scarce remember'd.

I took them up, and—much joy'd—went about
T' unite those pieces, hoping to find out
The mystery ; but this ne'er done,
That little light I had was gone.
It griev'd me much. At last, said I,
"Since in these veils my eclips'd eye
May not approach Thee—for at night
Who can have commerce with the light?—
I'll disapparel, and to buy
But one half-glance, most gladly die."

THE RETREAT.

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;

From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady City of palm-trees.
But ah ! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way !
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move ;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

[COME, COME! WHAT DO I HERE?]

COME, come! what do I here?
Since he is gone
Each day is grown a dozen year
And each hour, one;
Come, come!
Cut off the sum:
By these soil'd tears!
Which only Thou
Know'st to be true,
Days are my fears.

2.

There's not a wind can stir,
Or beam pass by,
But straight I think, though far,
Thy hand is nigh.
Come, come!
Strike these lips dumb:
This restless breath,
That soils Thy name,
Will ne'er be tame
Until in death.

3.

Perhaps some think a tomb
No house of store,
But a dark and seal'd up womb,
Which ne'er breeds more.
Come, come!
Such thoughts benumb:
But I would be
With him I weep
Abed, and sleep,
To wake in Thee.

MIDNIGHT.

When to my eyes,
Whilst deep sleep others catches,
Thine host of spies,
The stars, shine in their watches,
I do survey
Each busy ray,
And how they work, and wind ;
And wish each beam
My soul doth stream
With the like ardour shin'd ;
What emanations,
Quick vibrations,
And bright stirs are there !
What thin ejections,
Cold affections,
And slow motions here !

2.

Thy heav'ns, some say,
Are a fiery-liquid light,
Which mingling aye
Streams, and flames thus to the sight.

Come then, my God !
Shine on this blood
And water, in one beam ;
And Thou shalt see
Kindled by Thee
Both liquors burn, and stream.
O what bright quickness,
Active brightness,
And celestial flows,
Will follow after
On that water,
Which Thy Spirit blows !

MATTH. CAP. 3. VER. 11.

I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but He that cometh after me is mightier than I ; Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear ; He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.

CONTENT.

PEACE, peace! I know 'twas brave;
But this coarse fleece,
I shelter in, is slave
To no such piece.
When I am gone,
I shall no wardrobes leave
To friend, or son,
But what their own homes weave.

2.

Such, though not proud nor full,
May make them weep,
And mourn to see the wool
Outlast the sheep:
Poor, pious wear!
Hadst thou been rich, or fine,
Perhaps that tear
Had mourn'd thy loss, not mine.

3.

Why then these curl'd, puff'd points,
Or a laced story?
Death sets all out of joint,
And scorns their glory.

Some love a rose
In hand, some in the skin ;
But, cross to those,
I would have mine within.

[JOY OF MY LIFE WHILE LEFT ME HERE !]

Joy of my life while left me here !
And still my Love !
How in thy absence thou dost steer
Me from above !
A life well led
This truth commends,
With quick or dead
It never ends.

2.

Stars are of mighty use ; the night
Is dark, and long ;
The road foul ; and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray,
Shot o'er some cloud,
May clear much way,
And guide a crowd.

3.

God's saints are shining lights : who stays
Here long must pass
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glass ;

But these all night,
Like candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into bed.

4.

They are—indeed—our pillar fires,
Seen as we go;
They are that City's shining spires
We travel to:
A swordlike gleam
Kept man for sin
First *out;* this beam
Will guide him *in.*

THE STORM.

I SEE the use : and know my blood
Is not a sea,
But a shallow, bounded flood,
Though red as he ;
Yet have I flows, as strong as his,
And boiling streams that rave
With the same curling force, and hiss,
As doth the mountain'd wave.

2.

But when his waters billow thus,
Dark storms, and wind
Incite them to that fierce discuss,
Else not inclin'd :
Thus the enlarg'd, enragèd air
Uncalms these to a flood ;
But still the weather that's most fair
Breeds tempests in my blood.

3.

Lord, then round me with weeping clouds,
And let my mind

In quick blasts sigh beneath those shrouds,
A spirit-wind ;
So shall that storm purge this recluse
Which sinful ease made foul,
And wind and water to Thy use
Both wash and wing my soul.

THE MORNING-WATCH.

O joys ! infinite sweetness ! with what flowers
And shoots of glory, my soul breaks and buds !
All the long hours
Of night and rest,
Through the still shrouds
Of sleep, and clouds,
This dew fell on my breast ;
O how it bloods,
And spirits all my earth ! hark ! in what rings,
And hymning circulations the quick world
Awakes, and sings !
The rising winds,
And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore Him in their kinds.
Thus all is hurl'd
In sacred hymns and order ; the great chime
And symphony of Nature. Prayer is
The world in tune,
A spirit-voice,
And vocal joys,
Whose echo is heaven's bliss.
O let me climb

When I lie down! The pious soul by night
Is like a clouded star, whose beams, though said
To shed their light
Under some cloud,
Yet are above,
And shine and move
Beyond that misty shroud.
So in my bed,
That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
My lamp and life, both shall in Thee abide.

THE EVENING-WATCH.

A Dialogue.

Body.

FAREWELL ! I go to sleep ; but when
The day-star springs, I'll wake again.

Soul.

Go, sleep in peace ; and when thou liest
Unnumber'd in thy dust, when all this frame
Is but one dram, and what thou now descriest
In sev'ral parts shall want a name,
Then may His peace be with thee, and each dust
Writ in His book, Who ne'er betray'd man's trust.

Body.

Amen ! but hark, ere we two stray,
How many hours dost think 'till day?

Soul.

Ah go ; thou'rt weak, and sleepy. Heav'n
Is a plain watch, and without figures winds
All ages up ; Who drew this circle even
He fills it ; days and hours are blinds.
Yet this take with thee ; the last gasp of Time
Is thy first breath, and man's eternal prime.

[SILENCE AND STEALTH OF DAYS! 'TIS NOW.]

SILENCE and stealth of days! 'Tis now,
Since thou art gone,
Twelve hundred hours, and not a brow
But clouds hang on.
As he that in some cave's thick damp,
Lock'd from the light,
Fixeth a solitary lamp
To brave the night,
And walking from his Sun, when past
That glimm'ring ray,
Cuts through the heavy mists in haste
Back to his day;
So o'er fled minutes I retreat
Unto that hour,
Which show'd thee last, but did defeat
Thy light and pow'r.
I search, and rack my soul to see
Those beams again;
But nothing but the snuff to me
Appeareth plain:
That, dark and dead, sleeps in its known
And common urn;
But those, fled to their Maker's throne,
There shine, and burn:

O could I track them ! but souls must
Track one the other ;
And now the spirit, not the dust,
Must be thy brother.
But I have one pearl, by Whose light
All things I see ;
And in the heart of earth and night
Find heaven, and thee.

CHURCH SERVICE.

BLEST be the God of harmony and love !
The God above !
And Holy Dove !
Whose interceding, spiritual groans
Make restless moans
For dust, and stones ;
For dust in every part,
But a hard, stony heart.

2.

O how in this Thy choir of souls I stand,
—Propp'd by Thy hand—
A heap of sand !
Which busy thoughts, like winds, would scatter quite,
And put to flight,
But for Thy might ;
Thy hand alone doth tame
Those blasts, and knit my frame ;

3.

So that both stones and dust and all of me
Jointly agree
To cry to Thee,

And in this music, by Thy martyrs' blood
Seal'd and made good,
Present, O God,
The echo of these stones,
My sighs and groans!

BURIAL.

O THOU ! the first-fruits of the dead,
And their dark bed,
When I am cast into that deep
And senseless sleep,
The wages of my sin :
O then,
Thou great Preserver of all men !
Watch o'er that loose
And empty house,
Which I sometimes liv'd in.

2.

It is, in truth, a ruin'd piece,
Not worth Thy eyes ;
And scarce a room but wind and rain
Beat through, and stain
The seats and cells within ;
Yet Thou
Led by Thy love wouldst stoop thus low,
And in this cot,
All filth and spot,
Didst with Thy servant inn.

3.

And nothing can, I hourly see,
Drive Thee from me:
Thou art the same, faithful and just
In life, or dust.
Though then, thus crumm'd, I stray
In blasts,
Or exhalations, and wasts,
Beyond all eyes,
Yet Thy love spies
That change, and knows Thy clay.

4.

The world's Thy box: how then, there toss'd,
Can I be lost?
But the delay is all: Time now
Is old and slow;
His wings are dull and sickly:
Yet he
Thy servant is, and waits on Thee.
Cut then the sum:
Lord, haste, Lord, come,
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly!

ROM. CAP. 8. VER. 23.

And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.

CHEERFULNESS.

LORD, with what courage, and delight
I do each thing,
When Thy least breath sustains my wing !
I shine, and move
Like those above,
And, with much gladness
Quitting sadness,
Make me fair days of every night.

2.

Affliction thus mere pleasure is ;
And hap what will,
If Thou be in't, 'tis welcome still.
But since Thy rays
In sunny days
Thou dost thus lend,
And freely spend,
Ah ! what shall I return for this ?

3.

O that I were all soul ! that Thou
Wouldst make each part
Of this poor, sinful frame, pure heart !

Then would I drown
My single one
And to Thy praise
A consort raise
Of hallelujahs here below.

[SURE, THERE'S A TIE OF BODIES! AND AS THEY.]

SURE, there's a tie of bodies! and as they
Dissolve, with it, to clay,
Love languisheth, and memory doth rust
O'ercast with that cold dust;
For things thus centred, without beams or action,
Nor give nor take contaction;
And man is such a marigold, these fled,
That shuts, and hangs the head.

2.

Absents within the line conspire, and sense
Things distant doth unite;
Herbs sleep unto the East, and some fowls thence
Watch the returns of light.
But hearts are not so kind: false, short delights
Tell us the world is brave,
And wrap us in imaginary flights
Wide of a faithful grave.
Thus Lazarus was carried out of town;
For 'tis our foes' chief art
By distance all good objects first to drown,
And then besiege the heart.
But I will be my own death's-head; and though
The flatt'rer say, "I live,"
Because incertainties we cannot know,
Be sure not to believe.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country
  Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
  All skilful in the wars :
There, above noise and danger,
  Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
  Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
  And—O my soul awake !—
Did in pure love descend,
  To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
  There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
  Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
  For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
  Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

THE PASSION.

O my chief good!
My dear, dear God!
When Thy best blood
Did issue forth forc'd by the rod,
What pain didst Thou
Feel in each blow!
How didst Thou weep,
And Thyself steep
In Thy own precious, saving tears!
What cruel smart
Did tear Thy heart!
How didst Thou groan it
In the spirit,
O Thou, whom my soul loves, and fears!

2.

Most blessed Vine!
Whose juice so good
I feel as wine,
But Thy fair branches felt as blood,
How wert Thou prest
To be my feast!
In what deep anguish
Didst Thou languish!

What springs of sweat and blood did drown Thee !
How in one path
Did the full wrath
Of Thy great Father
Crowd and gather,
Doubling Thy griefs, when none would own Thee !

3.

How did the weight
Of all our sins,
And death unite
To wrench and rack Thy blessed limbs !
How pale and bloody
Look'd Thy body !
How bruis'd and broke
With every stroke !
How meek and patient was Thy spirit !
How didst Thou cry,
And groan on high
" Father forgive,
And let them live !
I die to make my foes inherit ! "

4.

O blessed Lamb ;
That took'st my sin,
That took'st my shame,
How shall thy dust Thy praises sing !

I would I were
One hearty tear !
One constant spring !
Then would I bring
Thee two small mites, and be at strife
Which should most vie,
My heart, or eye,
Teaching my years
In smiles and tears
To weep, to sing, Thy death, my life.

ROM. CAP. 8. VER. 19.

Etenim res creatæ exerto capite observantes expectant revelationem filiorum Dei.

AND do they so? have they a sense
Of ought but influence?
Can they their heads lift, and expect,
And groan too? why th' elect
Can do no more; my volumes said
They were all dull, and dead;
They judg'd them senseless, and their state
Wholly inanimate.
Go, go; seal up thy looks,
And burn thy books!

2.

I would I were a stone, or tree,
Or flower by pedigree,
Or some poor highway herb, or spring
To flow, or bird to sing!
Then should I—tied to one sure state—
All day expect my date;
But I am sadly loose, and stray
A giddy blast each way;
O let me not thus range!
Thou canst not change.

3.

Sometimes I sit with Thee, and tarry
An hour or so, then vary.
Thy other creatures in this scene
Thee only aim, and mean;
Some rise to seek Thee, and with heads
Erect, peep from their beds;
Others, whose birth is in the tomb,
And cannot quit the womb,
Sigh there, and groan for Thee,
Their liberty.

4.

O let not me do less! shall they
Watch, while I sleep or play?
Shall I Thy mercies still abuse
With fancies, friends, or news?
O brook it not! Thy blood is mine,
And my soul should be Thine;
O brook it not! why wilt Thou stop
After whole showers one drop?
Sure, Thou wilt joy to see
Thy sheep with Thee.

THE RELAPSE.

My God, how gracious art Thou ! I had slipt
Almost to hell,
And on the verge of that dark, dreadful pit
Did hear them yell ;
But O Thy love ! Thy rich, almighty love,
That sav'd my soul,
And check'd their fury, when I saw them move,
And heard them howl !
O my sole Comfort, take no more these ways,
This hideous path,
And I will mend my own without delays :
Cease Thou Thy wrath !
I have deserv'd a thick, Egyptian damp,
—Dark as my deeds—
Should mist within me, and put out that lamp
Thy Spirit feeds ;
A darting conscience full of stabs, and fears ;
No shade but yew,
Sullen, and sad eclipses, cloudy spheres,
These are my due.
But He that with His blood—a price too dear—
My scores did pay,
Bid me, by virtue from Him, challenge here
The brightest day ;
Sweet, downy thoughts, soft lily-shades, calm streams,
Joys full, and true,
Fresh, spicy mornings, and eternal beams,—
These are His due.

THE RESOLVE.

I HAVE consider'd it ; and find
A longer stay
Is but excus'd neglect. To mind
One path, and stray
Into another, or to none,
Cannot be love ;
When shall that traveller come home,
That will not move?
If thou wouldst thither, linger not,
Catch at the place ;
Tell youth and beauty they must rot,
They're but a case ;
Loose, parcell'd hearts will freeze : the sun
With scatter'd locks
Scarce warms, but by contraction
Can heat rocks.
Call in thy powers ; run, and reach
Home with the light ;
Be there, before the shadows stretch,
And span up night ;
Follow the cry no more : there is
An ancient way,
All strew'd with flowers and happiness,
And fresh as May ;
There turn, and turn no more ; let wits
Smile at fair eyes,
Or lips ; but who there weeping sits,
Hath got the prize.

THE MATCH.

I.

DEAR friend ! whose holy, ever-living lines
Have done much good
To many, and have check'd my blood,
My fierce, wild blood, that still heaves, and inclines,
But is still tam'd
By those bright fires which thee inflam'd ;
Here I join hands, and thrust my stubborn heart
Into thy deed,
There from no duties to be freed ;
And if hereafter youth, or folly thwart
And claim their share,
Here I renounce the pois'nous ware.

II.

ACCEPT, dread Lord, the poor oblation ;
It is but poor ;
Yet through Thy mercies may be more.
O Thou ! that canst not wish my soul's damnation,
Afford me life,
And save me from all inward strife !
Two lives I hold from Thee, my gracious Lord,
Both cost Thee dear ;
For one, I am Thy tenant here ;
The other, the true life, in the next world
And endless is :
O let me still mind *that* in *this* !
To Thee therefore my thoughts, words, actions
I do resign ;
Thy will in all be done, not mine.
Settle my house, and shut out all distractions
That may unknit
My heart, and Thee planted in it ;
Lord Jesu ! Thou didst bow Thy blessed head
Upon a tree :
O do as much now unto me !
O hear, and heal Thy servant ! Lord, strike dead
All lusts in me,
Who only wish life to serve Thee !

Suffer no more this dust to overflow
And drown my eyes;
But seal, or pin them to Thy skies.
And let this grain, which here in tears I sow,
Though dead, and sick,
Through Thy increase grow new and quick.

RULES AND LESSONS.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.
Give Him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer should
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us. The manna was not good
After sun-rising; fa[i]r-day sullies flowers.
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whispers amongst them. There's not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning-hymn. Each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go,
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign

The whole unto Him ; and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Pour oil upon the stones ; weep for thy sin ;
Then journey on, and have an eye to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries ; the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the Future's bud
Shroud in their births : The Crown of life, light, truth
Is styl'd their "star," the "stone," and "hidden food."
Three blessings wait upon them, two of which
Should move ; they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,
Keep thou thy temper ; mix not with each clay :
Dispatch necessities ; life hath a load
Which must be carri'd on, and safely may.
Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy actions, counsels, and discourse,
Let mildness and religion guide thee out;
If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force ?
But what's not good and just ne'er go about.
Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten stick ;
That gain is dreadful, which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true :
If priest and people change, keep thou thy ground.

Who sells Religion, is a Judas Jew :
And oaths once broke, the soul cannot be sound.
The perjurer's a devil let loose : what can
Tie up his hands, that dares mock God, and man ?

Seek not the same steps with the crowd ; stick thou
To thy sure trot ; a constant, humble mind
Is both his own joy and his Maker's too ;
Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.
A sweet self-privacy in a right soul
Outruns the Earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that seek thee, bear an open heart ;
Make not thy breast a labyrinth or trap :
If trials come, this will make good thy part,
For honesty is safe, come what can hap ;
It is the good man's feast ; the prince of flowers,
Which thrives in storms, and smells best after showers.

Seal not thy eyes up from the poor, but give
Proportion to their merits and thy purse ;
Thou may'st in rags a mighty prince relieve,
Who, when thy sins call for't, can fence a curse :
Thou shalt not lose one mite. Though waters stray,
The bread we cast returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour so as to weep another,
For tears are not thine own ; if thou giv'st words,

Dash not thy friend, nor Heav'n ; O smother
A vip'rous thought ; some syllables are swords.
Unbitted tongues are in their penance double ;
They shame their owners, and the hearers trouble.

Injure not modest blood, whose spirits rise
In judgment against lewdness ; that's base wit
That voids but filth and stench. Hast thou no prize
But sickness or infection ? stifle it.
Who makes his jests of sins, must be at least,
If not a very devil, worse than a beast.

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed,
But meet to quench his longings, and thy thirst ;
Allow your joys religion ; that done, speed,
And bring the same man back thou wert at first.
Whoso returns not, cannot pray aright,
But shuts his door, and leaves God out all night.

To heighten thy devotions, and keep low
All mutinous thoughts, what business e'er thou hast,
Observe God in His works ; here fountains flow,
Birds sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and th' Earth stands fast ;
Above are restless motions, running lights,
Vast circling azure, giddy clouds, days, nights.

When seasons change, then lay before thine eyes
His wondrous method ; mark the various scenes

In heav'n; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow, and ice,
Calms, tempests, light, and darkness, by His means;
Thou canst not miss His praise; each tree, herb, flower,
Are shadows of His wisdom, and His pow'r.

To meals when thou dost come, give Him the praise
Whose arm suppli'd thee; take what may suffice,
And then be thankful; O admire His ways
Who fills the world's unempti'd granaries!
A thankless feeder is a thief, his feast
A very robbery, and himself no guest.

High-noon thus pass'd, thy time decays; provide
Thee other thoughts; away with friends, and mirth;
The sun now stoops, and hastes his beams to hide
Under the dark and melancholy Earth.
All but preludes thy end. Thou art the man
Whose rise, height, and descent is but a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all
Thy beams home with thee: trim thy lamp, buy oil,
And then set forth; who is thus dress'd, the Fall
Furthers his glory, and gives death the foil.
Man is a summer's day; whose youth and fire
Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds ; make plain the way
'Twixt heaven and thee ; block it not with delays ;
But perfect all before thou sleep'st ; then say
There's one sun more strung on my bead of days.
What's good, score up for joy ; the bad well scann'd
Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the grave one hour
Before thy time ; be not a stranger there,
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages : life's poor flow'r
Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear
This conversation ; but the good man lies
Entombèd many days before he dies.

Being laid, and dress'd for sleep, close not thy eyes
Up with thy curtains ; give thy soul the wing
In some good thoughts ; so when the day shall rise,
And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks will bring
New flames ; besides where these lodge, vain heats mourn
And die ; that bush where God is shall not burn.

When thy nap's over, stir thy fire, unrake
In that dead age : one beam i' th' dark outvies
Two in the day ; then from the damps, and ache
Of night, shut up thy leaves ; be chaste ; God pries

Through thickest nights; though then the sun
be far
Do thou the works of day, and rise a star.

Briefly, "Do as thou wouldst be done unto,"
"Love God, and love thy neighbour;" "watch,
and pray."
These are the words, and works of life; this do,
And live; who doth not thus, hath lost Heav'n's
way.
O lose it not! look up, wilt change those lights
For chains of darkness, and eternal nights?

CORRUPTION.

SURE, it was so. Man in those early days
Was not all stone and earth;
He shin'd a little, and by those weak rays
Had some glimpse of his birth.
He saw heaven o'er his head, and knew from whence
He came, condemnèd, hither;
And, as first love draws strongest, so from hence
His mind sure progress'd thither.
Things here were strange unto him; sweat and till;
All was a thorn or weed;
Nor did those last, but—like himself—died still
As soon as they did seed;
They seem'd to quarrel with him; for that act,
That fell him, foil'd them all;
He drew the curse upon the world, and crack'd
The whole frame with his fall.
This made him long for home, as loth to stay
With murmurers and foes;
He sigh'd for Eden, and would often say
"Ah! what bright days were those!"
Nor was heav'n cold unto him; for each day
The valley or the mountain
Afforded visits, and still Paradise lay
In some green shade or fountain.

Angels lay leiger here; each bush, and cell,
Each oak, and highway knew them;
Walk but the fields, or sit down at some well,
And he was sure to view them.
Almighty Love! where art Thou now? mad man
Sits down and freezeth on;
He raves, and swears to stir nor fire, nor fan,
But bids the thread be spun.
I see, Thy curtains are close-drawn; Thy bow
Looks dim too in the cloud;
Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below
The centre, and his shroud.
All's in deep sleep and night: thick darkness lies
And hatcheth o'er Thy people—
But hark! what trumpet's that? what angel cries
"Arise! thrust in Thy sickle?"

H[OLY] SCRIPTURES.

WELCOME, dear book, soul's joy and food ! The feast
Of spirits ; Heav'n extracted lies in thee.
Thou art life's charter, the Dove's spotless nest,
Where souls are hatch'd unto eternity.

In thee the hidden stone, the manna lies :
Thou art the great elixir, rare, and choice ;
The key that opens to all mysteries,
The Word in characters, God in the voice.

O that I had deep cut in my hard heart
Each line in thee ! Then would I plead in groans
Of my Lord's penning, and by sweetest art
Return upon Himself, the Law and Stones.

Read here, my faults are Thine. This Book and I
Will tell thee so : Sweet Saviour, Thou didst die !

UNPROFITABLENESS.

How rich, O Lord, how fresh Thy visits are !
'Twas but just now my bleak leaves hopeless hung,
Sullied with dust and mud ;
Each snarling blast shot through me, and did share
Their youth and beauty ; cold showers nipt, and wrung
Their spiciness and blood ;
But since Thou didst in one sweet glance survey
Their sad decays, I flourish, and once more
Breathe all perfumes and spice ;
I smell a dew like myrrh, and all the day
Wear in my bosom a full sun ; such store
Hath one beam from Thy eyes.
But, ah, my God ! what fruit hast Thou of this
What one poor leaf did ever I yet fall
To wait upon Thy wreath ?
Thus Thou all day a thankless weed dost dress,
And when Th' hast done, a stench, or fog is all
The odour I bequeath.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

Awake, glad heart! get up, and sing!
It is the birthday of thy King.
Awake! awake!
The sun doth shake
Light from his locks, and all the way
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

Awake, awake! hark how th' wood rings,
Winds whisper, and the busy springs
A consort make;
Awake! awake!
Man is their high-priest, and should rise
To offer up the sacrifice.

I would I were some bird, or star,
Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far
Above this inn
And road of sin!
Then either star, or bird, should be
Shining, or singing still, to Thee.

I would I had in my best part
Fit rooms for Thee! or that my heart
Were so clean as
Thy manger was!
But I am all filth, and obscene;
Yet if Thou wilt, Thou canst make clean.

Sweet Jesu! will then; let no more
This leper haunt, and soil Thy door!
Cure him, ease him,
O release him!
And let once more, by mystic birth,
The Lord of life be borne in Earth.

II.

How kind is Heav'n to man! If here
One sinner doth amend,
Straight there is joy, and ev'ry sphere
In music doth contend;
And shall we then no voices lift?
Are mercy, and salvation
Not worth our thanks? Is life a gift
Of no more acceptation?
Shall He that did come down from thence,
And here for us was slain,
Shall He be now cast off? no sense
Of all His woes remain?
Can neither love, nor suff'rings bind?
Are we all stone, and earth?
Neither His bloody passions mind,
Nor one day bless His birth?
Alas, my God! Thy birth now here
Must not be number'd in the year.

THE CHECK.

PEACE, peace ! I blush to hear thee ; when thou art
A dusty story,
A speechless heap, and in the midst my heart,
In the same livery drest,
Lies tame as all the rest ;
When six years thence digg'd up, some youthful eye
Seeks there for symmetry,
But finding none, shall leave thee to the wind,
Or the next foot to crush,
Scatt'ring thy kind,
And humble dust,—tell then, dear flesh,
Where is thy glory ?

2.

As he that in the midst of day expects
The hideous night,
Sleeps not, but shaking off sloth and neglects,
Works with the sun, and sets,
Paying the day its debts ;
That—for repose and darkness bound—he might
Rest from the fears i' th' night ;
So should we too. All things teach us to die,
And point us out the way ;
While we pass by

And mind it not. Play not away
Thy glimpse of light :

3.

View thy fore-runners : Creatures, giv'n to be
Thy youth's companions,
Take their leave, and die : birds, beasts, each tree,
All that have growth or breath,
Have one large language, death !
O then play not ! but strive to Him, who can
Make these sad shades pure sun,
Turning their mists to beams, their damps to day ;
Whose pow'r doth so excel
As to make clay
spirit, and true glory dwell
In dust and stones.

4.

Hark, how He doth invite thee ! with what voice
Of love and sorrow
He begs and calls ! "O that in these thy days
Thou knew'st but thy own good !"
Shall not the cries of blood,
Of God's own blood awake thee ? He bids beware
Of drunk'ness, surfeits, care ;
But thou sleep'st on ; where's now thy protestation,
Thy lines, thy love ? Away !
Redeem the day ;
The day that gives no observation
Perhaps to-morrow.

DISORDER AND FRAILTY.

WHEN first Thou didst even from the grave
And womb of darkness, beckon out
My brutish soul, and to Thy slave
Becam'st Thyself both guide and scout ;
Even from that hour
Thou got'st my heart ; and though here tost
By winds, and bit with frost,
I pine and shrink,
Breaking the link
'Twixt Thee and me ; and ofttimes creep
Into th' old silence, and dead sleep,
Quitting Thy way
All the long day ;
Yet, sure, my God ! I love Thee most.
Alas, Thy love !

2.

I threaten heaven, and from my cell
Of clay and frailty break and bud,
Touch'd by Thy fire and breath ; Thy blood
Too is my dew, and springing well.
But while I grow
And stretch to Thee, aiming at all
Thy stars and spangled hall,

Each fly doth taste
Poison, and blast
My yielding leaves ; sometimes a show'r
Beats them quite off; and in an hour
Not one poor shoot,
But the bare root
Hid underground, survives the fall.
Alas, frail weed !

3.

Thus like some sleeping exhalation,
Which, wak'd by heat, and beams, makes up
Unto that comforter, the sun,
And soars, and shines; but ere we sup
And walk two steps,
Cool'd by the damps of night, descends,
And, whence it sprung, there ends,—
Doth my weak fire
Pine, and retire ;
And, after all my height of flames,
In sickly expirations tames,
Leaving me dead
On my first bed,
Until Thy sun again ascends.
Poor, falling star !

4.

O, yes! but give wings to my fire,
And hatch my soul, until it fly

Up where Thou art, amongst Thy tire
Of stars, above infirmity ;
Let not perverse
And foolish thoughts add to my bill
Of forward sins, and kill
That seed which Thou
In me didst sow ;
But dress and water with Thy grace
Together with the seed, the place ;
And for His sake
Who died to stake
His life for mine, tune to Thy will
My heart, my verse.

HOSEA, CAP. 6. VER. 4.

O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee ? O Judah, how shall I entreat thee ? for thy goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away.

IDLE VERSE.

Go, go, quaint follies, sugar'd sin,
Shadow no more my door!
I will no longer cobwebs spin;
I'm too much on the score.

For since amidst my youth and night
My great Preserver smiles,
We'll make a match, my only light,
And join against their wiles:

Blind, desp'rate fits, that study how
To dress, and trim our shame;
That gild rank poison, and allow
Vice in a fairer name;

The purls of youthful blood, and bowls,
Lust in the robes of Love,
The idle talk of fev'rish souls
Sick with a scarf, or glove;

Let it suffice, my warmer days
Simper'd and shin'd on you;
Twist not my cypress with your bays,
Or roses with my yew.

Go, go, seek out some greener thing,
It snows and freezeth here;
Let nightingales attend the Spring,
Winter is all my year.

SON—DAYS.

1.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss;
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossess'd in this;
A day to seek
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight!

2.

The pulleys unto headlong man; Time's bower;
The narrow way;
Transplanted Paradise; God's walking hour,
The cool o' th' day!
The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;
Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh, and flowers;
Angels descending; the returns of trust;
A gleam of glory after six-days-showers!

3.

The Church's love-feasts; Time's prerogative,
And interest
Deducted from the whole; the combs, and hive,
And home of rest.

The milky way chalk'd out with suns; a clue
That guides through erring hours; and in full story
A taste of heav'n on earth; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast; and the out-Courts of glory.

REPENTANCE.

LORD, since Thou didst in this vile clay
That sacred ray,
Thy Spirit, plant, quick'ning the whole
With that one grain's infusèd wealth,
My forward flesh crept on, and subtly stole
Both growth, and power; checking the health
And heat of Thine. That little gate
And narrow way, by which to Thee
The passage is, he term'd a grate
And entrance to captivity;
Thy laws but nets, where some small birds,
—And those but seldom too—were caught;
Thy promises but empty words
Which none but children heard, or taught:
This I believed; and, though a friend
Came oft from far and whisper'd "No,"
Yet that not sorting to my end,
I wholly listen'd to my foe.
Wherefore, pierc'd through with grief, my sad
Seducèd soul sighs up to Thee;
To Thee, Who with true light art clad,
And seest all things just as they be.
Look from Thy throne upon this roll
Of heavy sins, my high transgressions,

Which I confess with all my soul ;
My God, accept of my confession !
It was last day,
—Touch'd with the guilt of my own way—
I sat alone, and, taking up
The bitter cup,
Through all Thy fair and various store
Sought out what might outvie my score.
The blades of grass, Thy creatures feeding ;
The trees, their leaves ; the flowers, their seeding ;
The dust, of which I am a part ;
The stones, much softer than my heart ;
The drops of rain, the sighs of wind,
The stars, to which I am stark blind ;
The dew, Thy herbs drink up by night,
The beams they warm them at i' th' light ;
All that have signature or life,
I summon'd to decide this strife ;
And lest I should lack for arrears,
A spring ran by, I told her tears ;
But when these came unto the scale,
My sins alone outweigh'd them all.
O my dear God ! my life, my love !
Most blessed Lamb ! and mildest Dove !
Forgive your penitent offender,
And no more his sins remember ;
Scatter these shades of death, and give
Light to my soul, that it may live ;
Cut me not off for my transgressions,

Wilful rebellions, and suppressions ;
But give them in those streams a part
Whose spring is in my Saviour's heart.
Lord, I confess the heinous score,
And pray, I may do so no more ;
Though then all sinners I exceed,
O think on this, "Thy Son did bleed!"
O call to mind His wounds, His woes,
His agony, and bloody throes ;
Then look on all that Thou hast made,
And mark how they do fail and fade ;
The heavens themselves, though fair and bright,
Are dark and unclean in Thy sight ;
How then, with Thee, can man be holy,
Who dost Thine angels charge with folly ?
O what am I, that I should breed
Figs on a thorn, flowers on a weed ?
I am the gourd of sin and sorrow,
Growing o'ernight, and gone to-morrow.
In all this round of life and death
Nothing's more vile than is my breath ;
Profaneness on my tongue doth rest,
Defects and darkness in my breast ;
Pollutions all my body wed,
And even my soul to Thee is dead ;
Only in Him, on Whom I feast,
Both soul and body are well drest ;
His pure perfection quits all score,
And fills the boxes of His poor ;

He is the centre of long life and light ;
I am but finite, He is infinite.
O let Thy justice then in Him confine ;
And through His merits make Thy mercy mine !

THE BURIAL OF AN INFANT.

BLEST infant bud, whose blossom-life
  Did only look about, and fall,
Wearied out in a harmless strife
  Of tears and milk, the food of all !

Sweetly didst thou expire : thy soul
  Flew home unstain'd by his new kin ;
For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
  Death wean'd thee from the world, and sin.

Softly rest all thy virgin-crumbs !
  Lapp'd in the sweets of thy young breath,
Expecting till thy Saviour comes
  To dress them, and unswaddle death.

FAITH.

BRIGHT and blest beam ! whose strong projection,
Equal to all,
Reacheth as well things of dejection
As th' high and tall ;
How hath my God by raying thee,
Enlarg'd His Spouse,
And of a private family
Made open house !
All may be now co-heirs ; no noise
Of bond or free
Can interdict us from those joys
That wait on Thee.
The Law and ceremonies made
A glorious night,
Where stars and clouds both, light and shade,
Had equal right ;
But as in Nature, when the day
Breaks, night adjourns,
Stars shut up shop, mists pack away,
And the moon mourns ;
So when the Sun of righteousness
Did once appear,
That scene was chang'd, and a new dress
Left for us here ;

Veils became useless, altars fell,
Fires smoking die;
And all that sacred pomp and shell
Of things did fly.
Then did He shine forth, Whose sad fall
And bitter fights
Were figur'd in those mystical
And cloudy rites;
And as i' th' natural sun, these three,
Light, motion, heat,
So are now Faith, Hope, Charity
Through Him complete;
Faith spans up bliss; what sin and death
Put us quite from,
Lest we should run for't out of breath,
Faith brings us home;
So that I need no more but say
"I do believe,"
And my most loving Lord straightway
Doth answer, "Live!"

THE DAWNING.

Ah! what time wilt Thou come? when shall that cry
"The Bridegroom's coming!" fill the sky?
Shall it in the evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will Thy all-surprising light
Break at midnight,
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early, fragrant hours
Unlock Thy bowers?
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternity?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with Thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring, ev'ry field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole creation shakes off night,
And for Thy shadow looks, the light;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepy planets set and slumber,
The pursy clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter,
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning-star.

O at what time soever Thou,
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
And with Thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security,
Where, if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave ;
But at this restless, vocal spring
All day and night doth run and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted ;
So let me all my busy age
In Thy free services engage ;
And though—while here—of force I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel flow,
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above ;
So when that day and hour shall come,
In which Thy Self will be the sun,
Thou'lt find me dress'd and on my way,
Watching the break of Thy great day.

ADMISSION.

How shrill are silent tears! when sin got head
And all my bowels turn'd
To brass and iron; when my stock lay dead,
And all my powers mourn'd;
Then did these drops—for marble sweats,
And rocks have tears—
As rain here at our windows beats,
Chide in Thine ears;

2.

No quiet couldst Thou have: nor didst Thou wink,
And let Thy beggar lie,
But ere my cries could overflow their brink
Didst to each drop reply;
Bowels of love! at what low rate,
And slight a price
Dost Thou relieve us at Thy gate,
And still our cries!

3.

We are Thy infants, and suck Thee; if Thou
But hide, or turn Thy face,
Because where Thou art, yet, we cannot go,
We send tears to the place.

These find Thee out, and though our sins
Drove Thee away ;
Yet with Thy love that absence wins
Us double pay.

4.

O give me then a thankful heart ! a heart
After Thy own, not mine ;
So after Thine, that all and ev'ry part
Of mine may wait on Thine ;
O hear ! yet not my tears alone,
Hear now a flood,
A flood that drowns both tears and groans,
My Saviour's blood.

PRAISE.

KING of comforts! King of life!
Thou hast cheer'd me;
And when fears and doubts were rife,
Thou hast clear'd me!

Not a nook in all my breast
But Thou fill'st it,
Not a thought, that breaks my rest,
But Thou kill'st it;

Wherefore with my utmost strength
I will praise Thee,
And as Thou giv'st line, and length,
I will raise Thee;

Day and night, not once a day,
I will bless Thee;
And my soul in new array
I will dress Thee;

Not one minute in the year
But I'll mind Thee;
As my seal and bracelet here
I will bind Thee;

In Thy word, as if in heaven,
I will rest me,
And Thy promise, till made even
There, shall feast me.

Then, Thy sayings all my life
They shall please me,
And Thy bloody wounds and strife
They will ease me ;

With Thy groans my daily breath
I will measure,
And my life hid in Thy death,
I will treasure.

Though then Thou art
Past thought of heart
All perfect fulness,
And canst no whit
Access admit
From dust and dulness ;

Yet to Thy name,
As not the same
With Thy bright essence,
Our foul, clay hands
At Thy commands
Bring praise and incense ;

If then, dread Lord,
When to Thy board
Thy wretch comes begging,
He hath a flow'r
Or, to his pow'r,
Some such poor off'ring;

When Thou hast made
Thy beggar glad
And fill'd his bosom,
Let him, though poor,
Strow at Thy door
That one poor blossom.

DRESSING.

O THOU that lovest a pure and whiten'd soul ;
That feed'st among the lilies, till the day
Break and the shadows flee ; touch with one coal
My frozen heart ; and with Thy secret key

Open my desolate rooms ; my gloomy breast
With Thy clear fire refine, burning to dust
These dark confusions that within me nest
And soil Thy temple with a sinful rust.

Thou holy, harmless, undefil'd High-priest !
The perfect, full oblation for all sin,
Whose glorious conquest nothing can resist,
But even in babes dost triumph still and win ;

Give to Thy wretched one
Thy mystical communion,
That, absent, he may see,
Live, die, and rise with Thee ;
Let him so follow here, that in the end
He may take Thee, as Thou dost him intend.

Give him Thy private seal,
Earnest, and sign ; Thy gifts so deal

That these forerunners here
May make the future clear ;
Whatever Thou dost bid, let faith make good,
Bread for Thy body, and wine for Thy blood.

Give him with pity love,
Two flowers that grew with Thee above ;
Love that shall not admit
Anger for one short fit ;
And pity of such a divine extent
That may Thy members, more than mine, resent.

Give me, my God ! Thy grace,
The beams and brightness of Thy face ;
That never like a beast
I take Thy sacred feast,
Or the dread mysteries of Thy blest blood
Use with like custom as my kitchen food.

Some sit to Thee, and eat
Thy body as their common meat ;
O let not me do so !
Poor dust should lie still low ;
Then kneel, my soul and body, kneel and bow ;
If saints and angels fall down, much more thou.

EASTER-DAY.

THOU, whose sad heart, and weeping head lies low,
Whose cloudy breast cold damps invade,
Who never feel'st the sun, nor smooth'st thy brow,
But sitt'st oppressèd in the shade,
Awake! awake!
And in His resurrection partake,
Who on this day—that thou might'st rise as He—
Rose up, and cancell'd two deaths due to thee.

Awake! awake! and, like the sun, disperse
All mists that would usurp this day;
Where are thy palms, thy branches, and thy verse?
Hosanna! hark! why dost thou stay?
Arise! arise!
And with His healing blood anoint thine eyes,
Thy inward eyes; His blood will cure thy mind,
Whose spittle only could restore the blind.

EASTER HYMN.

DEATH and darkness, get you packing,
Nothing now to man is lacking;
All your triumphs now are ended,
And what Adam marr'd is mended;
Graves are beds now for the weary,
Death a nap, to wake more merry;
Youth now, full of pious duty,
Seeks in Thee for perfect beauty;
The weak and aged, tir'd with length
Of days, from Thee look for new strength;
And infants with Thy pangs contest
As pleasant as if with the breast.
Then, unto Him, Who thus hath thrown
Even to contempt thy kingdom down,
And by His blood did us advance
Unto His own inheritance;
To Him be glory, power, praise,
From this unto the last of days!

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

WELCOME, sweet and sacred feast! welcome life!
Dead I was, and deep in trouble;
But grace and blessings came with thee so rife
That they have quicken'd even dry stubble.
Thus souls their bodies animate,
And thus, at first, when things were rude,
Dark, void, and crude,
They, by Thy Word, their beauty had and date;
All were by Thee,
And still must be;
Nothing that is, or lives,
But hath his quick'nings and reprieves,
As Thy hand opes or shuts;
Healings and cuts,
Darkness and daylight, life and death,
Are but mere leaves turn'd by Thy breath.

Spirits without Thee die,
And blackness sits
On the divinest wits,
As on the sun eclipses lie.
But that great darkness at Thy death,
When the veil broke with Thy last breath,
Did make us see
The way to Thee;

And now by these sure, sacred ties,
After Thy blood
—Our sov'reign good—
Had clear'd our eyes,
And given us sight ;
Thou dost unto Thy Self betroth
Our souls, and bodies both,
In everlasting light.

Was't not enough that Thou hadst paid the price,
And given us eyes
When we had none, but Thou must also take
Us by the hand,
And keep us still awake,
When we would sleep,
Or from Thee creep,
Who without Thee cannot stand ?

Was't not enough to lose Thy breath
And blood by an accursèd death,
But Thou must also leave
To us, that did bereave
Thee of them both, these seals, the means
That should both cleanse
And keep us so,
Who wrought Thy woe?
O Rose of Sharon O the Lily
Of the Valley!
How art Thou now Thy flock to keep,
Become both food and Shepherd to Thy sheep !

PSALM 121.

Up to those bright and gladsome hills,
  Whence flows my weal and mirth,
I look and sigh for Him Who fills,
  Unseen, both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope,
  That I shall not be moved ;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
  And guardeth His beloved ;

The glorious God is my sole stay,
  He is my sun and shade ;
The cold by night, the heat by day,
  Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes,
  Doth all their plots control ;
And is a shield, not reckoning those,
  Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd,
  Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud
  Now and for evermore.

AFFLICTION.

PEACE ! peace ! it is not so. Thou dost miscall
  Thy physic : pills that change
Thy sick accessions into settled health ;
This is the great elixir, that turns gall
To wine and sweetness, poverty to wealth ;
  And brings man home when he doth range.
  Did not He, Who ordain'd the day,
    Ordain night too?
  And in the greater world display
  What in the lesser He would do?
All flesh is clay, thou know'st ; and but that God
    Doth use His rod,
And by a fruitful change of frosts and showers
    Cherish, and bind thy pow'rs,
Thou wouldst to weeds and thistles quite disperse,
  And be more wild than is thy verse.
Sickness is wholesome, and crosses are but curbs
  To check the mule, unruly man ;
They are heaven's husbandry, the famous fan,
  Purging the floor which chaff disturbs.
Were all the year one constant sunshine, we
    Should have no flowers ;
All would be drought and leanness ; not a tree
    Would make us bowers.

Beauty consists in colours; and that's best
Which is not fix'd, but flies and flows;
The settled red is dull, and whites that rest
Something of sickness would disclose.
Vicissitude plays all the game;
Nothing that stirs,
Or hath a name,
But waits upon this wheel;
Kingdoms too have their physic, and for steel
Exchange their peace and furs.
Thus doth God key disorder'd man,
Which none else can,
Tuning his breast to rise or fall;
And by a sacred, needful art
Like strings stretch ev'ry part,
Making the whole most musical.

THE TEMPEST.

How is man parcell'd out ! how ev'ry hour
Shows him himself, or something he should see !
This late, long heat may his instruction be ;
And tempests have more in them than a shower.
When Nature on her bosom saw
Her infants die,
And all her flowers wither'd to straw,
Her breasts grown dry ;
She made the Earth, their nurse and tomb,
Sigh to the sky.
Till to those sighs fetch'd from her womb
Rain did reply ;
So in the midst of all her fears
And faint requests,
Her earnest sighs procur'd her tears
And fill'd her breasts.

O that man could do so ! that he would hear
The world read to him ! all the vast expense
In the creation shed, and slav'd to sense,
Makes up but lectures for his eye and ear.

Sure, Mighty Love, foreseeing the descent
Of this poor creature, by a gracious art
Hid in these low things snares to gain his heart
And laid surprises in each element.

All things here show him heaven ; waters that fall,
Chide and fly up ; mists of corruptest foam
Quit their first beds and mount ; trees, herbs, flowers, all
Strive upwards still, and point him the way home.

How do they cast off grossness? only earth
And man—like Issachar—in loads delight ;
Water's refined to motion, air to light,
Fire to all* three, but man hath no such mirth.

* Light, Motion, Heat.

Plants in the root with earth do most comply,
Their leaves with water and humidity,
The flowers to air draw near, and subtilty,
And seeds a kindred fire have with the sky.

All have their keys and set ascents ; but man,
Though he knows these, and hath more of his own,
Sleeps at the ladder's foot ; alas ! what can
These new discoveries do, except they drown?

Thus grovelling in the shade and darkness, he
Sinks to a dead oblivion ; and though all
He sees—like pyramids—shoot from this ball
And less'ning still grow up invisibly,

Yet hugs he still his dirt ; the stuff he wears,
And painted trimming, takes down both his eyes;
Heaven hath less beauty than the dust he spies,
And money better music than the spheres,

Life's but a blast ; he knows it ; what ? shall straw
And bulrush-fetters temper his short hour ?
Must he nor sip, nor sing ? grows ne'er a flower
To crown his temples ? shall dreams be his law ?

O foolish man ! how hast thou lost thy sight ?
How is it that the sun to thee alone
Is grown thick darkness, and thy bread a stone ?
Hath flesh no softness now ? midday no light ?

Lord ! Thou didst put a soul here. If I must
Be broke again, for flints will give no fire
Without a steel, O let Thy power clear
Thy gift once more, and grind this flint to dust !

RETIREMENT.

WHO on yon throne of azure sits,
Keeping close house
Above the morning star,
Whose meaner shows
And outward utensils these glories are,
That shine and share
Part of His mansion; He one day,
When I went quite astray,
Out of mere love,
By His mild Dove
Did show me home and put me in the way.

2.

Let it suffice, at length thy fits
And lusts—said He—
Have had their wish and way;
Press not to be
Still thy own foe and Mine; for to this day
I did delay,
And would not see, but chose to wink;
Nay, at the very brink
And edge of all,
When thou wouldst fall,
My love-twist held thee up, My unseen link.

3.

I know thee well; for I have fram'd,
And hate thee not;
Thy spirit too is Mine;
I know thy lot,
Extent, and end, for My hands drew the line
Assignèd thine;
If then thou wouldst unto My seat,
'Tis not th' applause, and feat
Of dust and clay,
Leads to that way,
But from those follies a resolv'd retreat.

4.

Now here below where yet untam'd
Thou dost thus rove,
I have a house as well
As there above;
In it My name and honour both do dwell;
And shall until
I make all new; there nothing gay
In perfumes, or array;
Dust lies with dust,
And hath but just
The same respect and room with ev'ry clay.

5.

A faithful school, where thou may'st see,
In heraldry
Of stones and speechless earth,
Thy true descent;
Where dead men preach, who can turn feasts and mirth
To funerals and Lent.
There dust, that out of doors might fill
Thy eyes and blind thee still,
Is fast asleep:
Up then, and keep
Within those doors—My doors—Dost hear?
"I will."

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE.

SINCE in a land not barren still,
—Because Thou dost Thy grace distil—
My lot is fall'n, bless'd be Thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me which choke, or spill
That seed Thou sow'st, bless'd be Thy skill!

Bless'd be Thy dew, and bless'd Thy frost,
And happy I to be so cross'd,
And cur'd by crosses at Thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distress'd,
The frosts ill weeds nip, and molest;
In both Thou work'st unto the best.

Thus while Thy sev'ral mercies plot,
And work on me now cold, now hot,
The work goes on, and slacketh not;

For as Thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best, 'twixt joys and tears,
And all the year have some green ears.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

As travellers, when the twilight's come,
  And in the sky the stars appear,
The past day's accidents do sum
  With "Thus we saw there, and thus here;"

Then Jacob-like lodge in a place,
  —A place, and no more, is set down—
Where till the day restore the race,
  They rest and dream homes of their own :

So for this night I linger here,
  And full of tossings to and fro,
Expect still when Thou wilt appear,
  That I may get me up and go.

I long, and groan, and grieve for Thee,
  For Thee my words, my tears do gush ;
O that I were but where I see !
  Is all the note within my bush.

As birds robb'd of their native wood,
  Although their diet may be fine,
Yet neither sing, nor like their food,
  But with the thought of home do pine ;

So do I mourn, and hang my head;
And though Thou dost me fulness give,
Yet look I for far better bread,
Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then! and since I may
Have yet more days, more nights to count,
So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,
That I may travel to Thy mount.

HEB. CAP. XI. VER. 13.

And they confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

LORD, when Thou didst on Sinai pitch,
And shine from Paran, when a fi'ry law,
Pronounced with thunder, and Thy threats, did thaw
Thy people's hearts, when all Thy weeds were rich,
And inaccessible for light,
Terror, and might,
How did poor flesh—which after Thou didst wear—
Then faint, and fear!
Thy chosen flock, like leaves in a high wind,
Whisper'd obedience, and their heads inclin'd.

2.

But now since we to Sion came,
And through Thy blood Thy glory see,
With filial confidence we touch ev'n Thee;
And where the other Mount, all clad in flame
And threat'ning clouds, would not so much
As 'bide the touch,
We climb up this, and have too all the way
Thy hand our stay;
Nay, Thou tak'st ours, and—which full comfort brings—
Thy Dove too bears us on her sacred wings.

3.

Yet since man is a very brute,
And after all Thy acts of grace doth kick,
Slighting that health Thou gav'st when he was sick,
Be not displeas'd, if I, who have a suit
To Thee each hour, beg at Thy door
For this one more;
O plant in me Thy Gospel and Thy law,
Both faith and awe;
So twist them in my heart, that ever there
I may as well as love, find too Thy fear!

4.

Let me not spill, but drink Thy blood;
Not break Thy fence, and by a black excess
Force down a just curse, when Thy hands would bless;
Let me not scatter, and despise my food,
Or nail those blessed limbs again
Which bore my pain.
So shall Thy mercies flow: for while I fear,
I know Thou'lt bear,
But should Thy mild injunction nothing move me,
I would both think and judge, I did not love Thee.

JOHN, CAP. 14. VER. 15.

If ye love Me, keep My commandments.

THE WORLD.

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights;
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flow'r.

2.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, mov'd there so slow,
He did nor stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.

Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found,
Work'd under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey ; but one did see
That policy :
Churches and altars fed him ; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rain'd about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

3.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugg'd each one his pelf ;
The downright epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,
And scorn'd pretence ;
While others, slipp'd into a wide excess,
Said little less ;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave ;
And poor, despisèd Truth sate counting by
Their victory.

4.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring ;
But most would use no wing.

O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way;
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he!
But as I did their madness so discuss,
One whisper'd thus,
"This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for His bride."

JOHN, CAP. 2. VER. 16, 17.

All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

THE MUTINY.

WEARY of this same clay and straw, I laid
Me down to breathe, and casting in my heart
The after-burthens, and griefs yet to come,
The heavy sum
So shook my breast, that—sick and sore dismay'd—
My thoughts, like water which some stone doth start,
Did quit their troubled channel and retire
Unto the banks, where, storming at those bounds,
They murmur'd sore ; but I, who felt them boil
And knew their coil,
Turning to Him, who made poor sand to tire
And tame proud waves : if yet these barren grounds
And thirsty brick must be—said I—
My task, and destiny.

2.

Let me so strive and struggle with Thy foes,
Not Thine alone but mine too, that when all
Their arts and force are built unto the height,
That Babel-weight
May prove Thy glory and their shame ; so close
And knit me to Thee, that though in this vale
Of sin and death I sojourn, yet one eye
May look to Thee, to Thee the finisher

And author of my faith ; so show me home,
That all this foam
And frothy noise, which up and down doth fly,
May find no lodging in mine eye or ear ;
O seal them up ! that these may fly,
Like other tempests by.

3.

Not but I know Thou hast a shorter cut
To bring me home, than through a wilderness,
A sea, or sands, and serpents ; yet since Thou,
—As Thy words show—
Though in this desert I were wholly shut,
Canst light and lead me there with such redress
That no decay shall touch me ; O be pleas'd
To fix my steps ; and whatsoever path
Thy sacred and eternal will decreed
For Thy bruis'd reed,
O give it full obedience, that so seiz'd
Of all I have, I may nor move Thy wrath
Nor grieve Thy Dove, but soft and mild
Both live and die Thy child.

REVEL. CAP. 2. VER. 17.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna ; and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.

THE CONSTELLATION.

FAIR order'd lights—whose motion without noise
Resembles those true joys
Whose spring is on that hill, where you do grow,
And we here taste sometimes below,—

With what exact obedience do you move
Now beneath, and now above.
And in your vast progressions overlook
The darkest night and closest nook!

Some nights I see you in the gladsome East,
Some others near the West,
And when I cannot see, yet do you shine,
And beat about your endless line.

Silence, and light, and watchfulness with you
Attend and wind the clue;
No sleep, nor sloth assails you, but poor man
Still either sleeps, or slips his span.

He gropes beneath here, and with restless care,
First makes, then hugs a snare;
Adores dead dust, sets heart on corn and grass,
But seldom doth make heav'n his glass.

Music and mirth—if there be music here—
Take up, and tune his year;
These things are kin to him, and must be had:
Who kneels, or sighs a life, is mad.

Perhaps some nights he'll watch with you, and peep
When it were best to sleep;
Dares know effects, and judge them long before,
When th' herb he treads knows much, much more.

But seeks he your obedience, order, light,
Your calm and well-train'd flight,
Where, though the glory differ in each star,
Yet is there peace still, and no war?

Since plac'd by Him, Who calls you by your names,
And fix'd there all your flames,
Without command you never acted aught,
And then you in your courses fought.

But here, commission'd by a black self-will,
The sons the father kill,
The children chase the mother, and would heal
The wounds they give, by crying, Zeal.

Then cast her blood and tears upon Thy book,
Where they for fashion look;
And, like that lamb, which had the dragon's voice,
Seem mild, but are known by their noise.

Thus by our lusts disorder'd into wars,
Our guides prove wand'ring stars,
Which for these mists and black days were reserv'd
What time we from our first love swerv'd.

Yet O for His sake Who sits now by Thee
All crown'd with victory,
So guide us through this darkness, that we may
Be more and more in love with day;

Settle, and fix our hearts, that we may move
In order, peace, and love;
And taught obedience by Thy whole creation
Become an humble, holy nation!

Give to Thy spouse her perfect and pure dress,
Beauty and holiness;
And so repair these rents, that men may see
And say, "Where God is, all agree."

THE SHEPHERDS.

SWEET, harmless live[r]s !—on whose holy leisure
Waits Innocence and Pleasure—
Whose leaders to those pastures and clear springs
Were patriarchs, saints, and kings :
How happen'd it that in the dead of night
You only saw true light,
While Palestine was fast asleep, and lay
Without one thought of day?
Was it because those first and blessed swains
Were pilgrims on those plains,
When they receiv'd the promise, for which now
'Twas there first shown to you?
'Tis true, He loves that dust whereon they go
That serve Him here below,
And therefore might for memory of those
His love there first disclose ;
But wretched Salem, once His love, must now
No voice nor vision know,
Her stately piles with all their height and pride
Now languishèd and died,
And Bethlem's humble cots above them stept,
While all her seers slept ;

Her cedar, fir, hew'd stones and gold were all
Polluted through their fall,
And those once sacred mansions were now
Mere emptiness and show.
This made the angel call at reeds and thatch,
Yet where the shepherds watch,
And God's own lodging—though he could not lack—
To be a common rack ;
No costly pride, no soft-cloth'd luxury,
In those thin cells could lie ;
Each stirring wind and storm blew through their cots,
Which never harbour'd plots ;
Only Content and Love and humble joys
Liv'd there, without all noise ;
Perhaps some harmless cares for the next day
Did in their bosoms play,
As where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,
What springs or shades to look :
But that was all ; and now with gladsome care
They for the town prepare ;
They leave their flock, and in a busy talk
All towards Bethlem walk
To see their souls' Great Shepherd, Who was come
To bring all stragglers home ;
Where now they find Him out, and, taught before,
That Lamb of God adore,

That Lamb Whose days great kings and prophets wish'd
And long'd to see, but miss'd.
The first light they beheld was bright and gay,
And turn'd their night to day ;
But to this later light they saw in Him,
Their day was dark and dim.

MISERY.

LORD, bind me up, and let me lie
A pris'ner to my liberty,
If such a state at all can be
As an impris'nment serving Thee;
The wind, though gather'd in Thy fist,
Yet doth it blow still where it list,
And yet shouldst Thou let go Thy hold
Those gusts might quarrel and grow bold.
As waters here, headlong and loose,
The lower grounds still chase, and choose,
Where spreading all the way, they seek
And search out ev'ry hole and creek;
So my spilt thoughts, winding from Thee,
Take the down-road to vanity,
Where they all stray and strive, which shall
Find out the first and steepest fall;
I cheer their flow, giving supply
To what's already grown too high,
And having thus perform'd that part,
Feed on those vomits of my heart.
I break the fence my own hands made,
Then lay that trespass in the shade;

Some fig-leaves still I do devise,
As if Thou hadst nor ears nor eyes.
Excess of friends, of words, and wine
Take up my day, while Thou dost shine
All unregarded, and Thy Book
Hath not so much as one poor look.
If Thou steal in amidst the mirth
And kindly tell me, I am earth,
I shut Thee out, and let that slip,
Such music spoils good fellowship.
Thus wretched I, and most unkind,
Exclude my dear God from my mind,
Exclude Him thence, Who of that cell
Would make a Court, should He there dwell.
He goes, He yields ; and troubled sore
His Holy Spirit grieves therefore ;
The mighty God, th' eternal King
Doth grieve for dust, and dust doth sing.
But I go on, haste to divest
Myself of reason, till oppress'd
And buried in my surfeits, I
Prove my own shame and misery.
Next day I call and cry for Thee,
Who shouldst not then come near to me ;
But now it is Thy servant's pleasure
Thou must—and dost—give him his measure.
Thou dost, Thou com'st, and in a show'r
Of healing sweets Thyself dost pour

Into my wounds; and now Thy grace
—I know it well—fills all the place;
I sit with Thee by this new light,
And for that hour Th' art my delight;
No man can more the world despise,
Or Thy great mercies better prize.
I school my eyes, and strictly dwell
Within the circle of my cell;
That calm and silence are my joys,
Which to Thy peace are but mere noise.
At length I feel my head to ache,
My fingers itch, and burn to take
Some new employment; I begin
To swell and foam and fret within.

"The age, the present times are not
To snudge in, and embrace a cot;
Action and blood now get the game,
Disdain treads on the peaceful name;
Who sits at home too, bears a load
Greater than those that gad abroad."

Thus do I make Thy gifts giv'n me
The only quarrellers with Thee;
I'd loose those knots Thy hands did tie,
Then would go travel, fight, or die.
Thousands of wild and waste infusions
Like waves beat on my resolutions;
As flames about their fuel run,
And work, and wind till all be done,

So my fierce soul bustles about,
And never rests till all be out.
Thus wilded by a peevish heart,
Which in Thy music bears no part,
I storm at Thee, calling my peace
A lethargy, and mere disease ;
Nay, those bright beams shot from Thy eyes
To calm me in these mutinies,
I style mere tempers, which take place
At some set times, but are Thy grace.
Such is man's life, and such is mine,
The worst of men, and yet still Thine.
Still Thine, Thou know'st, and if not so,
Then give me over to my foe.
Yet since as easy 'tis for Thee
To make man good, as bid him be,
And with one glance,—could he that gain—
To look him out of all his pain,
O send me from Thy holy hill
So much of strength as may fulfil
All Thy delight—whate'er they be—
And sacred institutes in me !
Open my rocky heart, and fill
It with obedience to Thy will ;
Then seal it up, that as none see,
So none may enter there but Thee.
O hear, my God ! hear Him, Whose blood
Speaks more and better for my good !

O let my cry come to Thy throne !
My cry not pour'd with tears alone,
—For tears alone are often foul ;—
But with the blood of all my soul ;
With spirit-sighs, and earnest groans,
Faithful and most repenting moans,
With these I cry, and crying pine,
Till Thou both mend and make me Thine.

THE SAP.

COME sapless blossom, creep not still on earth,
Forgetting thy first birth!
'Tis not from dust; or if so, why dost thou
Thus call and thirst for dew?
It tends not thither; if it doth, why then
This growth and stretch for heav'n?
Thy root sucks but diseases; worms there seat,
And claim it for their meat.
Who plac'd thee here, did something then infuse,
Which now can tell thee news.
There is beyond the stars an hill of myrrh,
From which some drops fall here;
On it the Prince of Salem sits, Who deals
To thee thy secret meals;
There is thy country, and He is the way,
And hath withal the key.
Yet liv'd He here sometimes, and bore for thee
A world of misery,
For thee, who in the first man's loins didst fall
From that hill to this vale;
And had not He so done, it is most true
Two deaths had been thy due;
But going hence, and knowing well what woes
Might His friends discompose,

To show what strange love He had to our good,
He gave His sacred blood,
By will our sap and cordial ; now in this
Lies such a heav'n of bliss,
That who but truly tastes it, no decay
Can touch him any way.
Such secret life and virtue in it lies,
It will exalt and rise,
And actuate such spirits as are shed,
Or ready to be dead ;
And bring new too. Get then this sap, and get
Good store of it, but let
The vessel where you put it be for sure
To all your pow'r most pure ;
There is at all times—though shut up—in you
A powerful, rare dew,
Which only grief and love extract ; with this
Be sure, and never miss,
To wash your vessel well : then humbly take
This balm for souls that ache ;
And one who drank it thus, assures that you
Shall find a joy so true,
Such perfect ease, and such a lively sense
Of grace against all sins,
That you'll confess the comfort such, as even
Brings to, and comes from heaven.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

When first I saw True Beauty, and Thy joys
Active as light, and calm without all noise,
Shin'd on my soul, I felt through all my pow'rs
Such a rich air of sweets, as evening show'rs
Fann'd by a gentle gale convey, and breathe
On some parch'd bank, crown'd with a flow'ry wreath;
Odours, and myrrh, and balm, in one rich flood
O'er-ran my heart, and spirited my blood;
My thoughts did swim in comforts, and mine eye
Confess'd, the world did only paint and lie.
And where before I did no safe course steer,
But wander'd under tempests all the year;
Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,
And was blown through by ev'ry storm and wind,
I am so warm'd now by this glance on me
That, midst all storms, I feel a ray of Thee.
So have I known some beauteous paisage rise
In sudden flow'rs and arbours to my eyes,
And in the depth and dead of Winter bring
To my cold thoughts a lively sense of Spring.
Thus fed by Thee, Who dost all beings nourish,
My wither'd leaves again look green and flourish;
I shine and shelter underneath Thy wing,
Where sick with love I strive Thy name to sing;
Thy glorious name! which grant I may so do,
That these may be Thy praise, and my joy too!

MAN.

WEIGHING the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds, like watchful clocks, the noiseless date
And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flow'rs,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun and set in the same bow'rs ;

2.

I would—said I—my God would give
The staidness of these things to man ! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace ;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine ;
The flow'rs without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never dress'd so fine.

3.

Man hath still either toys, or care ;
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But ever restless and irregular
About this Earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where ;
He says it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

4.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest,
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

¶

[I WALK'D THE OTHER DAY, TO SPEND MY HOUR.]

I WALK'D the other day, to spend my hour,
Into a field,
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
A gallant flow'r;
But Winter now had ruffled all the bow'r,
And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

2.

Yet I, whose search lov'd not to peep and peer
I'th' face of things,
Thought with myself, there might be other springs
Besides this here;
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year;
And so the flow'r
Might have some other bow'r.

3.

Then taking up what I could nearest spy,
I digg'd about
That place where I had seen him to grow out;
And by and by
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,
Where fresh and green
He liv'd of us unseen.

4.

Many a question intricate and rare
Did I there strow;
But all I could extort was that he now
Did there repair
Such losses as befell him in this air,
And would ere long
Come forth most fair and young.

5.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head;
And stung with fear
Of my own frailty, dropp'd down many a tear
Upon his bed;
Then sighing whisper'd, "Happy are the dead!
What peace doth now
Rock him asleep below!"

6.

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
From a poor root,
Which all the Winter sleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things;
But is still trod
By ev'ry wand'ring clod.

7.

O Thou! Whose Spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,

And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, form, nor name ;
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

8.

That in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way ;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly:
Show me Thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease.

9.

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows reign,
Lead me above,
Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move
Without all pain ;
There, hid in Thee, show me His life again,
At whose dumb urn
Thus all the year I mourn !

BEGGING.

KING of mercy, King of love,
In Whom I live, in Whom I move,
Perfect what Thou hast begun,
Let no night put out this sun;
Grant I may, my chief desire,
Long for Thee, to Thee aspire!
Let my youth, my bloom of days
Be my comfort, and Thy praise:
That hereafter, when I look
O'er the sullied, sinful book,
I may find Thy hand therein
Wiping out my shame, and sin!
O it is Thy only art
To reduce a stubborn heart;
And since Thine is victory,
Strongholds should belong to Thee;
Lord, then take it, leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot;
But since I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be Thine!

JUDE, VER. 24, 25.

Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy,

To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, now and ever, Amen.

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

PART II.

1655

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

ASCENSION-DAY.

LORD JESUS! with what sweetness and delights,
Sure, holy hopes, high joys, and quick'ning flights,
Dost Thou feed Thine! O Thou! the Hand that lifts
To Him, Who gives all good and perfect gifts,
Thy glorious, bright Ascension—though remov'd
So many ages from me—is so prov'd
And by Thy Spirit seal'd to me, that I
Feel me a sharer in Thy victory.
I soar and rise
Up to the skies,
Leaving the world their day,
And in my flight
For the true light
Go seeking all the way.
I greet Thy sepulchre, salute Thy grave,
That blest enclosure, where the angels gave

The first glad tidings of Thy early light,
And resurrection from the earth and night.
* St. Mary Magdalene
I see that morning in Thy* convert's tears,
Fresh as the dew, which but this dawning wears.
I smell her spices ; and her ointment yields
As rich a scent as the now primros'd fields :
The Day-star smiles, and light, with Thee deceas'd,
Now shines in all the chambers of the East.
What stirs, what posting intercourse and mirth
Of saints and angels glorify the Earth !
What sighs, what whispers, busy stops and stays ;
Private and holy talk fill all the ways !
They pass as at the last great day, and run
In their white robes to seek the Risen Sun ;
I see them, hear them, mark their haste, and move
Amongst them, with them, wing'd with faith and love.
Thy forty days more secret commerce here,
After Thy death and funeral, so clear
And indisputable shows to my sight
As the sun doth, which to those days gave light.
I walk the fields of Bethany, which shine
All now as fresh as Eden, and as fine.
Such was the bright world, on the first seventh day,
Before man brought forth sin, and sin decay ;
When like a virgin, clad in flowers and green,
The pure Earth sat ; and the fair woods had seen
No frost, but flourish'd in that youthful vest,
With which their great Creator had them dress'd ;

When heav'n above them shin'd like molten glass,
While all the planets did unclouded pass ;
And springs, like dissolv'd pearls, their streams did pour,
Ne'er marr'd with floods, nor anger'd with a show'r.
With these fair thoughts I move in this fair place,
And the last steps of my mild Master trace ;
I see Him leading out His chosen train
All sad with tears ; which like warm Summer rain
In silent drops steal from their holy eyes,
Fix'd lately on the Cross, now on the skies.
And now, eternal Jesus, Thou dost heave
Thy blessed hands to bless these Thou dost leave ;
The Cloud doth now receive Thee, and their sight
Having lost Thee, behold two men in white !
Two and no more : " What two attest, is true,
Was Thine own answer to the stubborn Jew.
Come then, Thou faithful Witness ! come, dear Lord,
Upon the clouds again to judge this world !

ASCENSION HYMN.

Dust and clay,
Man's ancient wear,
Here you must stay,
But I elsewhere ;
Souls sojourn here, but may not rest ;
Who will ascend, must be undrest.

And yet some,
That know to die
Before death come,
Walk to the sky
Even in this life ; but all such can
Leave behind them the old man.

If a star
Should leave the sphere,
She must first mar
Her flaming wear,
And after fall ; for in her dress
Of glory she cannot transgress.

Man of old
Within the line
Of Eden could
Like the sun shine
All naked, innocent and bright,
And intimate with Heav'n, as light :

But since he
That brightness soil'd,
His garments be
All dark and spoil'd,
And here are left as nothing worth,
Till the Refiner's fire breaks forth.

Then comes He !
Whose mighty light
Made His clothes be
Like heav'n, all bright ;
The Fuller, Whose pure blood did flow,
To make stain'd man more white than snow.

He alone
And none else can
Bring bone to bone
And rebuild man ;
And by His all-subduing might
Make clay ascend more quick than light.

[THEY ARE ALL GONE INTO THE WORLD OF LIGHT.]

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit ling'ring here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dress'd,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that lock'd her up, gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass :
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

WHITE SUNDAY.

Welcome, white day ! a thousand suns,
  Though seen at once, were black to thee ;
For after their light, darkness comes,
  But thine shines to eternity.

Those flames which on the Apostles rush'd
  At this great Feast, and in a tire
Of cloven tongues their heads all brush'd,
  And crown'd them with prophetic fire :

Can these new lights be like to those ?
  These lights of serpents like the Dove ?
Thou hadst no gall, ev'n for Thy foes,
  And Thy two wings were Grief and Love.

Though then some boast that fire, each day,
  And on Christ's coat pin all their shreds ;
Not sparing openly to say,
  His candle shines upon their heads :

Yet while some rays of that great light
  Shine here below within Thy Book,
They never shall so blind my sight
  But I will know which way to look.

For though Thou dost that great light lock,
And by this lesser commerce keep :
Yet by these glances of the flock
I can discern wolves from the sheep.

Not but that I have wishes too,
And pray, "These last may be as first,
Or better" ; but Thou long ago
Hast said, "These last should be the worst."

Besides, Thy method with Thy own,
Thy own dear people, pens our times ;
Our stories are in theirs set down,
And penalties spread to our crimes.

Again, if worst and worst implies
A state that no redress admits,
Then from Thy Cross unto these days
The rule without exception fits.

And yet, as in Night's gloomy page
One silent star may interline ;
So in this last and lewdest age
Thy ancient love on some may shine.

For, though we hourly breathe decays,
And our best note and highest ease
Is but mere changing of the keys,
And a consumption that doth please ;

Yet Thou, the great eternal Rock
Whose height above all ages shines,
Art still the same, and canst unlock
Thy waters to a soul that pines.

Since then Thou art the same this day
And ever, as Thou wert of old,
And nothing doth Thy love allay,
But our heart's dead and sinful cold ;

As Thou long since wert pleas'd to buy
Our drown'd estate, taking the curse
Upon Thyself, so to destroy
The knots we tied upon Thy purse ;

So let Thy grace now make the way
Even for Thy love ; for by that means
We, who are nothing but foul clay,
Shall be fine gold which Thou didst cleanse.

O come ! refine us with Thy fire !
Refine us ! we are at a loss.
Let not Thy stars for Balaam's hire
Dissolve into the common dross !

THE PROFFER.

Be still, black parasites,
Flutter no more ;
Were it still Winter, as it was before,
You'd make no flights ;
But now the dew and sun have warm'd my bowers,
You fly and flock to suck the flowers.

But you would honey make :
These buds will wither,
And what you now extract, in harder weather
Will serve to take ;
Wise husbands will—you say—their wants prevent ;
Who do not so, too late repent.

O pois'nous, subtile fowls!
The flies of hell,
That buzz in every ear, and blow on souls,
Until they smell,
And rot, descend not here, nor think to stay!
I've read, who 'twas drove you away.

Think you these longing eyes,
Though sick and spent,
And almost famish'd, ever will consent
To leave those skies,

That glass of souls and spirits, where well drest
They shine in white—like stars—and rest.

Shall my short hour, my inch,
My one poor sand,
And crumb of life, now ready to disband,
Revolt and flinch ;
And having borne the burthen all the day,
Now cast at night my crown away ?

No, no ; I am not he ;
Go seek elsewhere !
I skill not your fine tinsel and false hair,
Your sorcery,
And smooth seducements : I'll not stuff my story
With your commonwealth and glory.

There are that will sow tares
And scatter death
Amongst the quick, selling their souls and breath
For any wares ;
But when thy Master comes, they'll find and see,
There's a reward for them and thee.

Then keep the ancient way !
Spit out their phlegm,
And fill thy breast with home ; think on thy dream :
A calm, bright day !
A land of flowers and spices ! the word given,
" If these be fair, O what is Heaven ! "

COCK-CROWING.

FATHER of lights! what sunny seed,
What glance of day hast Thou confin'd
Into this bird? To all the breed
This busy ray Thou hast assign'd;
Their magnetism works all night,
And dreams of Paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,
Their little grain, expelling night,
So shines and sings, as if it knew
The path unto the house of light.
It seems their candle, howe'er done,
Was tinn'd and lighted at the sun.

If such a tincture, such a touch,
So firm a longing can impour,
Shall Thy Own image think it much
To watch for Thy appearing hour?
If a mere blast so fill the sail,
Shall not the breath of God prevail?

O Thou immortal light and heat!
Whose hand so shines through all this frame,
That by the beauty of the seat,
We plainly see Who made the same;

Seeing Thy seed abides in me,
Dwell Thou in it, and I in Thee !

To sleep without Thee is to die ;
Yea, 'tis a death partakes of hell ;
For where Thou dost not close the eye
It never opens, I can tell.
In such a dark, Ægyptian border,
The shades of death dwell, and disorder.

If joys, and hopes, and earnest throes,
And hearts, whose pulse beats still for light,
Are given to birds ; who, but Thee, knows
A love-sick soul's exalted flight ?
Can souls be track'd by any eye
But His, who gave them wings to fly ?

Only this veil which Thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veil, I say, is all the cloak,
And cloud which shadows Thee from me.
This veil Thy full-ey'd love denies,
And only gleams and fractions spies.

O take it off ! make no delay ;
But brush me with Thy light, that I
May shine unto a perfect day,
And warm me at Thy glorious eye !
O take it off ! or till it flee,
Though with no lily, stay with me !

THE STAR.

WHATEVER 'tis, whose beauty here below
Attracts thee thus, and makes thee stream and flow,
And wind and curl, and wink and smile,
Shifting thy gate and guile,

Though thy close commerce nought at all imbars
My present search, for eagles eye not stars;
And still the lesser by the best
And highest good is blest;

Yet, seeing all things that subsist and be,
Have their commissions from Divinity,
And teach us duty, I will see
What man may learn from thee.

First, I am sure, the subject so respected
Is well-disposed; for bodies, once infected,
Deprav'd, or dead, can have with thee
No hold, nor sympathy.

Next, there's in it a restless, pure desire
And longing for thy bright and vital fire,
Desire that never will be quench'd,
None can be writh'd nor wrench'd.

These are the magnets, which so strongly move
And work all night upon thy light and love ;
As beauteous shapes, we know not why,
Command and guide the eye.

For where desire, celestial, pure desire,
Hath taken root, and grows, and doth not tire,
There God a commerce states, and sheds
His secret on their heads.

This is the heart he craves ; and whoso will
But give it Him, and grudge not, he shall feel
That God is true ; as herbs unseen
Put on their youth and green.

THE PALM-TREE.

DEAR friend, sit down, and bear awhile this shade,
As I have yours long since. This plant you see
So press'd and bow'd, before sin did degrade
Both you and it, had equal liberty

With other trees ; but now shut from the breath
And air of Eden, like a malcontent
It thrives nowhere. This makes these weights, like death
And sin, hang at him ; for the more he's bent

The more he grows. Celestial natures still
Aspire for home. This, Solomon of old
By flowers and carvings and mysterious skill
Of wings, and cherubims, and palms foretold.

This is the life which, hid above with Christ
In God, doth always—hidden—multiply,
And spring, and grow, a tree ne'er to be priced,
A tree whose fruit is immortality.

Here spirits that have run their race, and fought,
And won the fight, and have not fear'd the frowns
Nor lov'd the smiles of greatness, but have wrought
Their Master's will, meet to receive their crowns.

Here is the patience of the saints : this tree
Is water'd by their tears, as flowers are fed
With dew by night ; but One you cannot see
Sits here, and numbers all the tears they shed.

Here is their faith too, which, if you will keep
When we two part, I will a journey make
To pluck a garland hence while you do sleep,
And weave it for your head against you wake.

JOY.

Be dumb, coarse measures, jar no more; to me
There is no discord but your harmony,
False, juggling sounds; a groan well dress'd, where care
Moves in disguise, and sighs afflict the air.
Sorrows in white; griefs tun'd; a sug'red dosis
Of wormwood, and a death's-head crown'd with roses.
He weighs not your forc'd accents, who can have
A lesson play'd him by a wind or wave.
Such numbers tell their days, whose spirits be
Lull'd by those charmers to a lethargy.
But as for thee, whose faults long since require
More eyes than stars; whose breath, could it aspire
To equal winds, would prove too short: Thou hast
Another mirth, a mirth, though overcast
With clouds and rain, yet full as calm and fine
As those clear heights which above tempests shine.

Therefore while the various showers
Kill and cure the tender flowers,
While the winds refresh the year
Now with clouds, now making clear,
Be sure under pains of death
To ply both thine eyes and breath.

As leaves in bowers
Whisper their hours,
And hermit-wells
Drop in their cells :
So in sighs and unseen tears
Pass thy solitary years,
And going hence, leave written on some tree,
"Sighs make joy sure, and shaking fastens thee."

THE FAVOUR.

O THY bright looks! Thy glance of love
Shown, and but shown, me from above!
Rare looks! that can dispense such joy
As without wooing wins the coy,
And makes him mourn, and pine, and die,
Like a starv'd eaglet, for Thine eye.
Some kind herbs here, though low and far,
Watch for and know their loving star.
O let no star compare with Thee!
Nor any herb out-duty me!
So shall my nights and mornings be
Thy time to shine, and mine to see.

THE GARLAND.

THOU, who dost flow and flourish here below,
To whom a falling star and nine days' glory,
Or some frail beauty makes the bravest show,
Hark, and make use of this ensuing story.

When first my youthful, sinful age
Grew master of my ways,
Appointing Error for my Page,
And Darkness for my days ;
I flung away, and with full cry
Of wild affections, rid
In post for pleasures, bent to try
All gamesters that would bid.
I play'd with fire, did counsel spurn,
Made life my common stake ;
But never thought that fire would burn,
Or that a soul could ache.
Glorious deceptions, gilded mists,
False joys, fantastic flights,
Pieces of sackcloth with silk lists,
These were my prime delights.
I sought choice bowers, haunted the spring,
Cull'd flowers and made me posies ;

Gave my fond humours their full wing,
And crown'd my head with roses.
But at the height of this career
I met with a dead man,
Who, noting well my vain abear,
Thus unto me began :
Desist, fond fool, be not undone ;
What thou hast cut to-day
Will fade at night, and with this sun
Quite vanish and decay.
Flowers gather'd in this world, die here ; if thou
Wouldst have a wreath that fades not, let them grow,
And grow for thee. Who spares them here, shall find
A garland, where comes neither rain, nor wind.

LOVE-SICK.

JESUS, my life! how shall I truly love Thee?
O that Thy spirit would so strongly move me:
That Thou wert pleas'd to shed Thy grace so far
As to make man all pure love, flesh a star!
A star that would ne'er set, but ever rise,
So rise and run as to out-run these skies,
These narrow skies, narrow to me, that bar,
Sor ba me in that I am still at war,
At constant war with them. O come, and rend
Or bow the heavens! Lord, bow them and descend,
And at Thy presence make these mountains flow,
These mountains of cold ice in me! Thou art
Refining fire, O then refine my heart,
My foul, foul heart! Thou art immortal heat;
Heat motion gives; then warm it, till it beat;
So beat for Thee, till Thou in mercy hear;
So hear, that Thou must open; open to
A sinful wretch, a wretch that caus'd Thy woe;
Thy woe, Who caus'd his weal; so far his weal
That Thou forgott'st Thine own, for Thou didst seal
Mine with Thy blood, Thy blood which makes Thee
mine,
Mine ever, ever; and me ever Thine.

TRINITY-SUNDAY.

O HOLY, blessed, glorious Three,
Eternal witnesses that be
In heaven, One God in Trinity!

As here on Earth, when men withstood,
The Spirit, Water, and the Blood
Made my Lord's Incarnation good:

So let the anti-types in me
Elected, bought, and seal'd for free,
Be own'd, sav'd, sainted by you Three!

PSALM 104.

Up, O my soul! and bless the Lord! O God,
My God, how great, how very great art Thou!
Honour and majesty have their abode
With Thee, and crown Thy brow.

Thou cloth'st Thyself with light, as with a robe,
And the high, glorious heav'ns Thy mighty hand
Doth spread like curtains round about this globe
Of air, and sea, and land.

The beams of Thy bright chambers Thou dost lay
In the deep waters, which no eye can find;
The clouds Thy chariots are, and Thy path-way
The wings of the swift wind.

In thy celestial, gladsome messages
Dispatch'd to holy souls, sick with desire
And love of Thee, each willing angel is
Thy minister in fire.

Thy arm unmovable for ever laid
And founded the firm Earth; then with the deep
As with a veil Thou hidst it; Thy floods play'd
Above the mountains steep.

At Thy rebuke they fled, at the known voice
Of their Lord's thunder they retir'd apace:
Some up the mountains pass'd by secret ways,
Some downwards to their place.

For Thou to them a bound hath set, a bound,
Which—though but sand—keeps in and curbs whole seas;
There all their fury, foam, and hideous sound,
Must languish and decrease.

And as Thy care bounds these, so Thy rich love
Doth broach the Earth; and lesser brooks lets forth
Which run from hills to valleys, and improve
Their pleasure and their worth.

These to the beasts of every field give drink;
There the wild asses swallow the cool spring:
And birds amongst the branches on their brink
Their dwellings have, and sing.

Thou from Thy upper springs above, from those
Chambers of rain, where heaven's large bottles lie,
Dost water the parch'd hills, whose breaches close,
Heal'd by the showers from high.

Grass for the cattle, and herbs for man's use
Thou mak'st to grow; these—blest by Thee—the Earth

Brings forth, with wine, oil, bread: all of which infuse
To man's heart strength and mirth.

Thou giv'st the trees their greenness, ev'n to those
Cedars in Lebanon, in whose thick boughs
The birds their nests build; though the stork doth choose
The fir-trees for her house.

To the wild goats the high hills serve for folds,
The rocks give conies a retiring place:
Above them the cool moon her known course holds,
And the sun runs his race.

Thou makest darkness, and then comes the night;
In whose thick shades and silence each wild beast
Creeps forth, and, pinch'd for food, with scent and sight
Hunts in an eager quest.

The lion's whelps, impatient of delay,
Roar in the covert of the woods, and seek
Their meat from Thee, Who dost appoint the prey,
And feed'st them all the week.

This past, the sun shines on the Earth, and they
Retire into their dens; man goes abroad
Unto his work, and at the close of day
Returns home with his load.

O Lord my God, how many and how rare
Are Thy great works! In wisdom hast Thou made
Them all; and this the Earth, and every blade
Of grass we tread, declare.

So doth the deep and wide sea, wherein are
Innumerable creeping things, both small
And great: there ships go, and the shipmen's fear,
The comely spacious whale.

These all upon Thee wait, that Thou may'st feed
Them in due season: what Thou giv'st they take;
Thy bounteous open hand helps them at need,
And plenteous meals they make.

When Thou dost hide Thy face—Thy face which keeps
All things in being—they consume and mourn:
When Thou withdraw'st their breath their vigour sleeps,
And they to dust return.

Thou send'st Thy Spirit forth, and they revive,
The frozen Earth's dead face Thou dost renew:
Thus Thou Thy glory through the world dost drive,
And to Thy works art true.

Thine eyes behold the Earth, and the whole stage
Is mov'd and trembles, the hills melt and smoke
With Thy least touch; lightnings and winds that rage
At Thy rebuke are broke.

Therefore as long as Thou wilt give me breath
I will in songs to Thy great name employ
That gift of Thine, and to my day of death
Thou shalt be all my joy.

I'll spice my thoughts with Thee, and from Thy Word
Gather true comforts ; but the wicked liver
Shall be consum'd. O my soul, bless thy Lord !
Yea, bless thou Him for ever !

THE BIRD.

HITHER thou com'st : the busy wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rain'd on thy bed
And harmless head.

And now as fresh and cheerful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence, Whose unseen arm
Curb'd them, and cloth'd thee well and warm.
All things that be praise Him ; and had
Their lesson taught them when first made.

So hills and valleys into singing break ;
And though poor stones have neither speech nor tongue,
While active winds and streams both run and speak,
Yet stones are deep in admiration.
Thus praise and prayer here beneath the sun
Make lesser mornings, when the great are done.

For each enclosèd spirit is a star
Enlight'ning his own little sphere,
Whose light, though fetch'd and borrowèd from far,
Both mornings makes and evenings there.

But as these birds of light make a land glad,
Chirping their solemn matins on each tree :
So in the shades of night some dark fowls be,
Whose heavy notes make all that hear them sad.

The turtle then in palm-trees mourns,
While owls and satyrs howl ;
The pleasant land to brimstone turns,
And all her streams grow foul.

Brightness and mirth, and love and faith, all fly,
Till the day-spring breaks forth again from high.

THE TIMBER.

SURE thou didst flourish once! and many springs,
  Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
Pass'd o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
  Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
  Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
  While the low violet thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy line
  Of death dost waste all senseless, cold, and dark;
Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
  Nor any thought of greenness, leaf, or bark.

And yet—as if some deep hate and dissent,
  Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were still alive—thou dost great storms resent
  Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

Else all at rest thou liest, and the fierce breath
  Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease;
But this thy strange resentment after death
  Means only those who broke—in life—thy peace.

So murther'd man, when lovely life is done,
  And his blood freez'd, keeps in the centre still
Some secret sense, which makes the dead blood run
  At his approach that did the body kill.

And is there any murth'rer worse than sin?
  Or any storms more foul than a lewd life?
Or what resentient can work more within,
  Than true remorse, when with past sins at strife?

He that hath left life's vain joys and vain care,
  And truly hates to be detain'd on earth,
Hath got an house where many mansions are,
  And keeps his soul unto eternal mirth.

But though thus dead unto the world, and ceas'd
  From sin, he walks a narrow, private way;
Yet grief and old wounds make him sore displeas'd
  And all his life a rainy, weeping day.

For though he should forsake the world, and live
  As mere a stranger, as men long since dead;
Yet joy itself will make a right soul grieve
  To think he should be so long vainly led.

But as shades set off light, so tears and grief—
  Though of themselves but a sad blubber'd story—
By showing the sin great, show the relief
  Far greater, and so speak my Saviour's glory.

If my way lies through deserts and wild woods,
Where all the land with scorching heat is curst;
Better the pools should flow with rain and floods
To fill my bottle, than I die with thirst.

Blest showers they are, and streams sent from above
Begetting virgins where they use to flow;
And trees of life no other waters love:
These upper springs and none else make them grow.

But these chaste fountains flow not till we die:
Some drops may fall before, but a clear spring
And ever running, till we leave to fling
Dirt in her way, will keep above the sky.

ROM. CAP. 6. VER. 7.

He that is dead, is freed from sin.

THE JEWS.

When the fair year
Of your Deliverer comes,
And that long frost which now benumbs
Your hearts shall thaw ; when angels here
Shall yet to man appear,
And familiarly confer
Beneath the oak and juniper ;
When the bright Dove,
Which now these many, many springs
Hath kept above,
Shall with spread wings
Descend ; and living waters flow
To make dry dust and dead trees grow;

O then that I
Might live, and see the olive bear
Her proper branches ! which now lie
Scatter'd each where ;
And without root and sap decay,
Cast by the husbandman away :
And sure it is not far !
For as your fast and foul decays,
Forerunning the bright morning-star,
Did sadly note His healing rays

Would shine elsewhere, since you were blind,
And would be cross, when God was kind :
So by all signs
Our fulness too is now come in ;
And the same sun, which here declines
And sets, will few hours hence begin
To rise on you again, and look
Towards old Mamre and Eshcol's brook.
For surely He
Who lov'd the world so as to give
His only Son to make it free,
Whose Spirit too doth mourn and grieve
To see man lost, will for old love
From your dark hearts this veil remove.

Faith sojourn'd first on earth in you,
You were the dear and chosen stock :
The Arm of God, glorious and true,
Was first reveal'd to be your Rock.

You were the eldest child, and when
Your stony hearts despisèd love,
The youngest, ev'n the Gentiles, then,
Were cheer'd, your jealousy to move.

Thus, righteous Father ! dost Thou deal
With brutish men ; Thy gifts go round
By turns, and timely, and so heal
The lost son by the newly-found.

BEGGING.

O DO not go ! Thou know'st I'll die !
  My spring and fall are in Thy book !
Or, if Thou goest, do not deny
  To lend me, though from far, one look !

My sins long since have made Thee strange,
  A very stranger unto me ;
No morning meetings since this change,
  Nor evening walks have I with Thee.

Why is my God thus slow and cold,
  When I am most, most sick and sad ?
Well fare those blessed days of old,
  When Thou didst hear the weeping lad !

O do not Thou do as I did,
  Do not despise a love-sick heart !
What though some clouds defiance bid,
  Thy sun must shine in every part.

Though I have spoil'd, O spoil not Thou !
  Hate not Thine Own dear gift and token !
Poor birds sings best, and prettiest show,
  When their nest is fall'n and broken.

Dear Lord ! restore Thy ancient peace,
  Thy quick'ning friendship, man's bright wealth !
And if Thou wilt not give me ease
  From sickness, give my spirit health !

PALM-SUNDAY.

COME, drop your branches, strew the way,
Plants of the day!
Whom sufferings make most green and gay.
The King of grief, the Man of Sorrow,
Weeping still, like the wet morrow,
Your shades and freshness comes to borrow.

Put on, put on your best array;
Let the joy'd road make holiday,
And flowers, that into fields do stray
Or secret groves, keep the highway.

Trees, flowers, and herbs; birds, beasts, and stones,
That since man fell, expect with groans
To see the Lamb, which [?] all at once,
Lift up your heads, and leave your moans;
For here comes He
Whose death will be
Man's life, and your full liberty.

Hark! how the children shrill and high
"Hosanna" cry;
Their joys provoke the distant sky,
Where thrones and seraphins reply;

And their own angels shine and sing,
In a bright ring:
Such young, sweet mirth
Makes heaven and earth
Join in a joyful symphony.

The harmless, young, and happy ass,
—Seen long before * this came to pass—
Is in these joys an high partaker,
Ordain'd and made to bear his Maker.

* Zechariah, chap. 9. ver. 9.

Dear feast of palms, of flowers and dew!
Whose fruitful dawn sheds hopes and lights;
Thy bright solemnities did shew
The third glad day through two sad nights.

I'll get me up before the sun,
I'll cut me boughs off many a tree,
And all alone full early run
To gather flowers to welcome Thee.

Then like the palm, though wrong'd I'll bear,
I will be still a child, still meek
As the poor ass, which the proud jeer,
And only my dear Jesus seek.

If I lose all, and must endure
The proverb'd griefs of holy Job,
I care not, so I may secure
But one green branch and a white robe.

JESUS WEEPING.

ST. LUKE, CAP. 19. VER. 41.

BLESSED, unhappy city! dearly lov'd,
But still unkind! Art this day nothing mov'd?
Art senseless still? O canst Thou sleep
When God Himself for thee doth weep?
Stiff-neckèd Jews! your fathers' breed,
That serv'd the calf, not Abra'm's seed;
Had not the babes "Hosanna" cried,
The stones had spoke what you denied.

Dear Jesus, weep on! pour this latter
Soul-quick'ning rain, this living water

On their dead hearts; but—O my fears!—
They will drink blood that despise tears.
My dear, bright Lord! my Morning-star!
Shed this live-dew on fields which far
From hence long for it! shed it there,
Where the starv'd earth groans for one tear!

This land, though with Thy heart's blest extract fed,
Will nothing yield but thorns to wound Thy head.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

ST. MATTH. CAP. 14. VER. 6, &c.

VAIN, sinful art! who first did fit
Thy lewd, loath'd motions unto sounds,
And make grave Music, like wild wit,
Err in loose airs beyond her bounds?

What fires hath he heap'd on his head!
Since to his sins, as needs it must,
His art adds still—though he be dead—
New, fresh accounts of blood and lust.

Leave then, young sorceress ;* the ice
Will those coy spirits cast asleep,
Which teach thee now to please† his eyes
Who doth thy loathsome mother keep.

But thou hast pleas'd so well, he swears,
And gratifies thy sin with vows ;
His shameless lust in public wears,
And to thy soft arts strongly bows.

Skilful enchantress, and true bred!
Who out of evil can bring forth good?
Thy mother's nets in thee were spread,
She tempts to incest, thou to blood.

* Her name was Salome ; in passing over a frozen river, the ice broke under her, and chopped off her head.

† Herod Antipas.

JESUS WEEPING.

ST. JOHN, CAP. II. VER. 35.

My dear, Almighty Lord! why dost Thou weep?
Why dost Thou groan and groan again?
And with such deep,
Repeated sighs Thy kind heart pain?
Since the same sacred breath, which thus
Doth mourn for us,
Can make man's dead and scatter'd bones
Unite, and raise up all that died, at once?

O holy groans! groans of the Dove!
O healing tears! the tears of love!
Dew of the dead! which makes dust move
And spring, how is't that you so sadly grieve,
Who can relieve?

Should not Thy sighs refrain Thy store
Of tears, and not provoke to more?
Since two afflictions may not reign
In one at one time, as some feign.
Those blasts, which o'er our heads here stray,
If showers then fall, will showers allay;

As those poor pilgrims oft have tried,
Who in this windy world abide.

Dear Lord! Thou art all grief and love;
But which Thou art most, none can prove.
Thou griev'st, man should himself undo,
And lov'st him, though he works Thy woe.

'Twas not that vast, almighty measure
Which is requir'd to make up life,
—Though purchas'd with Thy heart's dear treasure—
Did breed this strife
Of grief and pity in Thy breast,
The throne where peace and power rest:
But 'twas Thy love that—without leave—
Made Thine eyes melt, and Thy heart heave.
For though death cannot so undo
What Thou hast done,—but though man too
Should help to spoil, Thou canst restore
All better far than 'twas before—
Yet Thou so full of pity art
—Pity which overflows Thy heart!—
That, though the cure of all man's harm
Is nothing to Thy glorious Arm,
Yet canst not Thou that free cure do,
But Thou must sorrow for him too.

Then farewell joys! for while I live,
My business here shall be to grieve:

A grief that shall outshine all joys
For mirth and life, yet without noise;
A grief, whose silent dew shall breed
Lilies and myrrh, where the curs'd seed
Did sometimes rule; a grief so bright
'Twill make the land of darkness light,
And while too many sadly roam,
Shall send me—swan-like—singing home.

PSALM 73. VER. 25.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee.

PROVIDENCE.

SACRED and secret hand!
By whose assisting, swift command
The angel show'd that holy well,
  Which freed poor Hagar from her fears
  And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
Of young, distressèd Ishmael.

How in a mystic cloud—
Which doth Thy strange sure mercies shroud—
Dost Thou convey man food and money
  Unseen by him, till they arrive
  Just at his mouth, that thankless hive
Which kills Thy bees and eats Thy honey!

If I Thy servant be
—Whose service makes ev'n captives free—
A fish shall all my tribute pay,
  The swift-wing'd raven shall bring me meat,
  And I, like flowers, shall still go neat,
As if I knew no month but May.

I will not fear what man
With all his plots and power can.
Bags that wax old may plunder'd be;
  But none can sequester or let
  A state that with the sun doth set,
And comes next morning fresh as he.

Poor birds this doctrine sing,
And herbs which on dry hills do spring,
Or in the howling wilderness
Do know Thy dewy morning hours,
And watch all night for mists or showers,
Then drink and praise Thy bounteousness.

May he for ever die
Who trusts not Thee, but wretchedly
Hunts gold and wealth, and will not lend
Thy service nor his soul one day!
May his crown, like his hopes, be clay;
And what he saves, may his foes spend!

If all my portion here,
The measure given by Thee each year,
Were by my causeless enemies
Usurp'd, it never should me grieve,
Who know how well Thou canst relieve,
Whose hands are open as Thine eyes.

Great King of Love and Truth!
Who wouldst not hate my froward youth,
And wilt not leave me when grown old;
Gladly will I, like Pontic sheep,
Unto their wormwood diet keep,
Since Thou hast made Thy Arm my fold.

THE KNOT.

BRIGHT Queen of Heaven ! God's Virgin Spouse !
The glad world's blessed Maid !
Whose beauty tied life to thy house,
And brought us saving aid.

Thou art the true Love's-knot ; by thee
God is made our ally ;
And man's inferior essence He
With His did dignify.

For coalescent by that band
We are His body grown,
Nourish'd with favours from His hand
Whom for our Head we own.

And such a knot, what arm dares loose,
What life, what death can sever ?
Which us in Him, and Him in us,
United keeps for ever.

THE ORNAMENT.

The lucky World show'd me one day
Her gorgeous mart and glittering store,
Where with proud haste the rich made way
To buy, the poor came to adore.

Serious they seem'd and bought up all
The latest modes of pride and lust;
Although the first must surely fall,
And the last is most loathsome dust.

But while each gay, alluring ware
With idle hearts and busy looks
They view'd,—for Idleness hath there
Laid up all her archives and books—

Quite through their proud and pompous file,
Blushing, and in meek weeds array'd,
With native looks which knew no guile,
Came the sheep-keeping Syrian maid.

Whom straight the shining row all fac'd,
Forc'd by her artless looks and dress;
While one* cried out, we are disgrac'd!
For she is bravest, you confess.

* The original has *once*.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

DEAR, beauteous saint ! more white than day
When in his naked, pure array ;
Fresher than morning-flowers which show
As thou in tears dost, best in dew,
How art thou chang'd ! how lively-fair,
Pleasing, and innocent an air,
Not tutor'd by thy glass, but free,
Native and pure, shines now in thee !
But since thy beauty doth still keep
Bloomy and fresh, why dost thou weep?
This dusky state of sighs and tears
Durst not look on those smiling years.
When Magdal-castle was thy seat,
Where all was sumptuous, rare and neat.
Why lies this hair despisèd now
Which once thy care and art did show ?
Who then did dress the much lov'd toy,
In spires, globes, angry curls and coy,
Which with skill'd negligence seem'd shed
About thy curious, wild, young head ?
Why is this rich, this Pistic nard
Spilt, and the box quite broke and marr'd ?
What pretty sullenness did haste
Thy easy hands to do this waste ?

Why art thou humbled thus, and low
As earth thy lovely head dost bow?
Dear soul! thou knew'st flowers here on earth
At their Lord's footstool have their birth;
Therefore thy wither'd self in haste
Beneath His blest feet thou didst cast,
That at the root of this green tree
Thy great decays restor'd might be.
Thy curious vanities, and rare
Odorous ointments, kept with care
And dearly bought,—when thou didst see
They could not cure nor comfort thee—
Like a wise, early penitent,
Thou sadly didst to Him present,
Whose interceding, meek and calm
Blood, is the world's all-healing balm.
This, this Divine restorative
Call'd forth thy tears, which ran in live
And hasty drops, as if they had—
Their Lord so near—sense to be glad.
Learn, ladies, here the faithful cure,
Makes beauty lasting, fresh and pure;
Learn Mary's art of tears, and then
Say, you have got the day from men.
Cheap, mighty art! her art of love,
Who lov'd much, and much more could move;

Her art! whose memory must last
Till truth through all the world be pass'd;

Till His abus'd, despisèd flame
Return to heaven, from whence it came,
And send a fire down, that shall bring
Destruction on his ruddy wing.

Her art ! whose pensive, weeping eyes
Were once Sin's loose and tempting spies ;
But now are fixèd stars, whose light
Helps such dark stragglers to their sight.

Self-boasting Pharisee ! how blind
A judge wert thou, and how unkind !
It was impossible that thou,
Who wert all false, shouldst true grief know.
Is't just to judge her faithful tears
By that foul rheum thy false eye wears?

"This woman"—say'st thou—"is a sinner":
And sate there none such at thy dinner?
Go, leper, go ! wash till thy flesh
Comes like a child's, spotless and fresh ;
He is still leprous that still paints :
Who saint themselves, they are no saints.

THE RAINBOW.

STILL young and fine ! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnish'd, flaming arch did first descry !
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's grey fathers in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower !
When thou dost shine, Darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air :
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine ! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object* of His eye !
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant 'twixt All and One.
O foul, deceitful men ! my God doth keep
His promise still, but we break ours and sleep.
After the Fall the first sin was in blood,
And drunkenness quickly did succeed the flood ;
But since Christ died—as if we did devise

* Gen., cap. 9, ver. 16.

To lose Him too, as well as Paradise—
These two grand sins we join and act together,
Though blood and drunkenness make but foul, foul weather.
Water—though both heaven's windows and the deep
Full forty days o'er the drown'd world did weep—
Could not reform us ; and blood—in despite—
Yea, God's own blood, we tread upon and slight.
So those bad daughters, which God sav'd from fire,
While Sodom yet did smoke, lay with their sire.

Then peaceful, signal bow, but in a cloud
Still lodg'd, where all thy unseen arrows shroud ;
I will on thee as on a comet look,
A comet, the sad world's ill-boding book ;
Thy light as luctual and stain'd with woes
I'll judge, where penal flames sit mix'd and close ;
For though some think thou shin'st but to restrain
Bold storms, and simply dost attend on rain ;
Yet I know well, and so our sins require,
Thou dost but court cold rain, till rain turns fire.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

S. Mark. Cap. 4. ver. 26.

If this world's friends might see but once
What some poor man may often feel,
Glory, and gold, and crowns, and thrones,
They would soon quit, and learn to kneel.

My dew, my dew ! my early love,
My soul's bright food, Thy absence kills !
Hover not long, eternal Dove !
Life without Thee is loose, and spills.

Something I had, which long ago
Did learn to suck and sip and taste ;
But now grown sickly, sad and slow,
Doth fret and wrangle, pine, and waste.

O spread Thy sacred wings, and shake
One living drop ! one drop life keeps !
If pious griefs heaven's joys awake,
O fill his bottle ! Thy child weeps !

Slowly and sadly doth he grow,
And soon as left shrinks back to ill ;
O feed that life, which makes him blow
And spread and open to Thy will !

For Thy eternal, living wells
None stain'd or wither'd shall come near :

A fresh, immortal green there dwells,
And spotless white is all the wear.

Dear, secret greenness ! nurs'd below
Tempests and winds, and winter-nights,
Vex'd not that but One sees thee grow :
That One made all these lesser lights.

If those bright joys He singly sheds
On thee, were all met in one crown,
Both sun and stars would hide their heads,
And moons, though full, would get them down.

Let glory be their bait, whose minds
Are all too high for a low cell :
Though hawks can prey through storms and winds,
The poor bee in her hive must dwell.

Glory, the crowd's cheap tinsel still
To what most takes them, is a drudge ;
And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving vice for virtue judge.

What needs a conscience, calm and bright
Within itself, an outward test ?
Who breaks his glass to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Till the white-winged reapers come !

AS TIME ONE DAY BY ME DID PASS.

As Time one day by me did pass,
Through a large dusky glass
He held, I chanc'd to look,
And spied his curious book
Of past days, where sad Heav'n did shed
A mourning light upon the dead.

Many disorder'd lives I saw,
And foul records, which thaw
My kind eyes still, but in
A fair, white page of thin
And ev'n, smooth lines, like the sun's rays,
Thy name was writ, and all thy days.

O bright and happy kalendar!
Where youth shines like a star
All pearl'd with tears, and may
Teach age the holy way;
Where through thick pangs, high agonies,
Faith into life breaks, and Death dies.

As some meek night-piece which day quails,
To candle-light unveils:
So by one beamy line
From thy bright lamp, did shine

In the same page thy humble grave,
Set with green herbs, glad hopes and brave.

Here slept my thought's dear mark ! which dust
Seem'd to devour, like rust ;
But dust—I did observe—
By hiding doth preserve ;
As we for long and sure recruits,
Candy with sugar our choice fruits.

O calm and sacred bed, where lies
In death's dark mysteries
A beauty far more bright
Than the noon's cloudless light ;
For whose dry dust green branches bud,
And robes are bleach'd in the Lamb's blood.

Sleep, happy ashes !—blessed sleep !—
While hapless I still weep ;
Weep that I have outliv'd
My life, and unreliev'd
Must—soulless shadow !—so live on,
Though life be dead, and my joys gone.

FAIR AND YOUNG LIGHT! MY GUIDE TO HOLY

FAIR and young light! my guide to holy
Grief and soul-curing melancholy;
Whom living here I did still shun
As sullen night-ravens do the sun,
And led by my own foolish fire,
Wander'd through darkness, dens, and mire.
How am I now in love withal
That I term'd then mere bonds and thrall,
And to Thy name—which still I keep—
Like the surviving turtle, weep!
O bitter curs'd delights of men!
Our souls' diseases first, and then
Our bodies'; poisons that intreat
With fatal sweetness, till we eat;
How artfully do you destroy,
That kill with smiles and seeming joy!
If all the subtilties of vice
Stood bare before unpractic'd eyes,
And every act she doth commence
Had writ down its sad consequence,
Yet would not men grant their ill fate
Lodged in those false looks, till too late.
O holy, happy, healthy heaven,
Where all is pure, where all is even,

Plain, harmless, faithful, fair, and bright,
But what Earth breathes against thy light!
How blest had men been, had their sire
Liv'd still in league with thy chaste fire;
Nor made life through her long descents
A slave to lustful elements!
I did once read in an old book,
Soil'd with many a weeping look,
"That the seeds of foul sorrows be
The finest things that are, to see."
So that fam'd fruit, which made all die,
Seem'd fair unto the woman's eye.
If these supplanters in the shade
Of Paradise could make man fade,
How in this world should they deter
This world, their fellow-murderer!
And why then grieve we to be sent
Home by our first fair punishment,
Without addition to our woes
And ling'ring wounds from weaker foes,
Since that doth quickly freedom win,
"For he that's dead is freed from sin"?

O that I were winged and free,
And quite undress'd just now with thee,
Where freed souls dwell by living fountains
On everlasting, spicy mountains!
Alas! my God! take home Thy sheep;
This world but laughs at those that weep.

THE STONE.

JOSH. CAP. 24. VER. 27.

I HAVE it now:
But where to act that none shall know;
Where I shall have no cause to fear
An eye or ear,
What man will show?
If nights, and shades, and secret rooms,
Silent as tombs,
Will nor conceal nor assent to
My dark designs, what shall I do?
Man I can bribe, and woman will
Consent to any gainful ill,
But these dumb creatures are so true,
No gold nor gifts can them subdue.
"Hedges have ears," said the old sooth,
"And ev'ry bush is something's booth;"
This cautious fools mistake, and fear
Nothing but man, when ambush'd there.

But I—alas!—
Was shown one day in a strange glass
That busy commerce kept between
God and His creatures, though unseen.

They hear, see, speak,
And into loud discoveries break,
As loud as blood. Not that God needs
Intelligence, Whose Spirit feeds
All things with life, before Whose eyes
Hell and all hearts stark naked lies.
But He* that judgeth as He hears,
He that accuseth none, so steers
His righteous course, that though He knows
All that man doth, conceals or shows,
Yet will not He by his own light
—Though both all-seeing and all right—
Condemn men ; but will try them by
A process, which ev'n man's own eye
Must needs acknowledge to be just.

* John, cap. 5, ver. 30, 45.

Hence sand and dust
Are shak'd for witnesses, and stones,
Which some think dead, shall all at once
With one attesting voice detect
Those secret sins we least suspect.
For know, wild men, that when you err
Each thing turns scribe and register,
And, in obedience to his Lord,
Doth your most private sins record.

The Law deliver'd to the Jews,
Who promis'd much, but did refuse
Performance, will for that same deed
Against them by a stone proceed ;

Whose substance, though 'tis hard enough,
Will prove their hearts more stiff and tough.
But now, since God on Himself took
What all mankind could never brook,
If any—for He all invites—
His easy yoke rejects or slights,
The Gospel then—for 'tis His Word,
And not Himself* shall judge the world—
Will by loose dust that man arraign,
As one than dust more vile and vain.

* St. John. cap. 12, ver. 47, 48.

THE DWELLING-PLACE.

St. John, Cap. i. ver. 38, 39.

WHAT happy, secret fountain,
Fair shade, or mountain,
Whose undiscover'd virgin glory
Boasts it this day, though not in story,
Was then Thy dwelling? did some cloud,
Fix'd to a tent, descend and shroud
My distress'd Lord? or did a star,
Beckon'd by Thee, though high and far,
In sparkling smiles haste gladly down
To lodge light, and increase her own?
My dear, dear God! I do not know
What lodg'd Thee then, nor where, nor how;
But I am sure Thou dost now come
Oft to a narrow, homely room,
Where Thou too hast but the least part;
My God, I mean my sinful heart.

THE MEN OF WAR.

ST. LUKE, CAP. 23. VER. 11.

"IF any have an ear,"
Saith holy John,* "then let him hear!
He, that into captivity
Leads others, shall a captive be.
Who with the sword doth others kill,
A sword shall his blood likewise spill.
Here is the patience of the saints,
And the true faith, which never faints."

* Revel., cap. 13. ver. 10.

Were not Thy word—dear Lord!—my light,
How would I run to endless night,
And persecuting Thee and Thine,
Enact for saints myself and mine!
But now enlighten'd thus by Thee,
I dare not think such villany;
Nor for a temporal self-end
Successful wickedness commend.
For in this bright, instructing verse
Thy saints are not the conquerors;
But patient, meek, and overcome
Like Thee, when set at naught and dumb.
Armies Thou hast in heaven, which fight
And follow Thee all cloth'd in white;
But here on earth—though Thou hast need—

Thou wouldst no legions, but wouldst bleed.
The sword wherewith Thou dost command
Is in Thy mouth, not in Thy hand,
And all Thy saints do overcome
By Thy blood, and their martyrdom.
But seeing soldiers long ago
Did spit on Thee, and smote Thee too ;
Crown'd Thee with thorns, and bow'd the knee,
But in contempt, as still we see,
I'll marvel not at ought they do,
Because they us'd my Saviour so ;
Since of my Lord they had their will,
The servant must not take it ill.

Dear Jesus, give me patience here,
And faith to see my crown as near,
And almost reach'd, because 'tis sure
If I hold fast, and slight the lure.
Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,
A sweet, revengeless, quiet mind,
And to my greatest haters, kind.
Give me, my God ! a heart as mild
And plain, as when I was a child.
That when ' Thy throne is set,' and all
These ' conquerors ' before it fall,
I may be found—preserv'd by Thee—
Amongst that chosen company,
Who by no blood—here—overcame
But the blood of the blessed Lamb.

THE ASS.

ST. MATT. CAP. 21.

THOU who didst place me in this busy street
Of flesh and blood, where two ways meet:
The one of goodness, peace, and life,
The other of death, sin, and strife;
Where frail visibles rule the mind,
And present things find men most kind;
Where obscure cares the mean defeat,
And splendid vice destroys the great;
As Thou didst set no law for me,
But that of perfect liberty,
Which neither tires, nor doth corrode,
But is a pillow, not a load;
So give me grace ever to rest,
And build on it, because the best;
Teach both mine eyes and feet to move
Within those bounds set by Thy love;
Grant I may soft and lowly be,
And mind those things I cannot see;
Tie me to faith, though above reason;
Who question Power, they speak treason
Let me, Thy ass, be only wise
To carry, not search, mysteries.

Who carries Thee, is by Thee led ;
Who argues, follows his own head.
To check bad motions, keep me still
Amongst the dead, where thriving Ill
Without his brags and conquests lies,
And Truth—oppress'd here—gets the prize.
At all times, whatsoe'er I do,
Let me not fail to question, who
Shares in the act, and puts me to't ?
And if not Thou, let not me do't.
Above all, make me love the poor ;
Those burthens to the rich man's door ;
Let me admire those, and be kind
To low estates and a low mind.
If the world offers to me ought,
That by Thy book must not be sought,
Or, though it should be lawful, may
Prove not expedient for Thy way,
To shun that peril let Thy grace
Prevail with me to shun the place ;
Let me be wise to please Thee still,
And let men call me what they will.
When thus Thy mild, instructing hand
Finds Thy poor foal at Thy command,
When he from wild is become wise,
And slights that most, which men most prize ;
When all things here to thistles turn
Pricking his lips, till he doth mourn
And hang the head, sighing for those

Pastures of life, where the Lamb goes;
O then, just then! break or untie
These bonds, this sad captivity,
This leaden state, which men miscall
Being and life, but is dead thrall.
And when—O God! the ass is free,
In a state known to none but Thee,
O let him by his Lord be led
To living springs, and there be fed,
Where light, joy, health, and perfect peace
Shut out all pain and each disease;
Where death and frailty are forgotten,
And bones rejoice which once were broken.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

ST. MATT. CAP. 13. VER. 44.

WHAT can the man do that succeeds the* king?
Even what was done before, and no new thing."
Who shows me but one grain of sincere light?
False stars and fire-drakes, the deceits of night
Set forth to fool and foil thee, do not boast;
Such coal-flames show but kitchen-rooms at most.
And those I saw search'd through; yea, those and all
That these three thousand years Time did let fall
To blind the eyes of lookers-back, and I,
Now all is done, find all is vanity.
Those secret searches which afflict the wise,
Paths that are hidden from the vulture's eyes,
I saw at distance, and where grows that fruit
Which others only grope for and dispute.
The world's lov'd wisdom—for the world's friends think
There is none else—did not the dreadful brink
And precipice it leads to, bid me fly,
None could with more advantage use than I.
Man's favourite sins, those tainting appetites,
Which Nature breeds, and some fine clay invites,

* Ecclesiastes, cap. 2, ver. 12.

With all their soft, kind arts and easy strains,
Which strongly operate, though without pains,
Did not a greater beauty rule mine eyes,
None would more dote on, nor so soon entice.
But since these sweets are sour and poison'd here,
Where the impure seeds flourish all the year,
And private tapers will but help to stray
Ev'n those, who by them would find out the day,
I'll seal my eyes up, and to Thy commands
Submit my wild heart, and restrain my hands;
I will do nothing, nothing know, nor see
But what Thou bidst, and show'st, and teachest me
Look what Thou gav'st; all that I do restore,
But for one thing, though purchas'd once before.

CHILDHOOD.

I CANNOT reach it; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.

Were now that chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my pow'r,
Quickly would I make my path ev'n,
And by mere playing go to heaven.

Why should men love
A wolf, more than a lamb or dove?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright stars and God's own beams?
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace;
And sweetly living—fie on men!—
Are, when dead, medicinal then;
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise;
Since all that age doth teach is ill,
Why should I not love childhood still?
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down myself?
Or by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurl'd?

Those observations are but foul,
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the practice worldlings call
Business, and weighty action all,
Checking the poor child for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away.

Dear, harmless age ! the short, swift span
Where weeping Virtue parts with man ;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries ! which he
Must live twice that would God's face see ;
Which angels guard, and with it play,
Angels ! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than e'er I studied man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light !
O for thy centre and midday !
For sure that is the narrow way !

THE NIGHT.

JOHN, CAP. 3. VER. 2.

THROUGH that pure virgin shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o'er Thy glorious noon,
That men might look and live, as glow-worms shine,
And face the moon :
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he !
Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
Thy long-expected healing wings could see
When Thou didst rise !
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun !

O who will tell me, where
He found Thee at that dead and silent hour ?
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower ;
Within whose sacred leaves did lie
The fulness of the Deity ?

No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty cherub, nor carv'd stone,

But His own living works did my Lord hold
And lodge alone ;
Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear Night ! this world's defeat ;
The stop to busy fools ; care's check and curb ;
The day of spirits ; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb !
Christ's* progress, and His prayer-time ;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

* St. Mark, cap. 1, ver. 35. St. Luke, cap. 21, ver. 37.

God's silent, searching flight ;
When my Lord's head is fill'd with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;
His still, soft call ;
His knocking-time ; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent ;
Then I in heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To ev'ry mire ;

And by this world's ill-guiding light,
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God—some say—
A deep, but dazzling darkness ; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that Night ! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim !

ABEL'S BLOOD.

Sad, purple well! whose bubbling eye
Did first against a murd'rer cry;
Whose streams, still vocal, still complain
Of bloody Cain;
And now at evening are as red
As in the morning when first shed.
If single thou
—Though single voices are but low,—
Couldst such a shrill and long cry rear
As speaks still in thy Maker's ear,
What thunders shall those men arraign
Who cannot count those they have slain,
Who bathe not in a shallow flood,
But in a deep, wide sea of blood?
A sea, whose loud waves cannot sleep,
But deep still calleth upon deep:
Whose urgent sound, like unto that
Of many waters, beateth at
The everlasting doors above,
Where souls behind the altar move,
And with one strong, incessant cry
Inquire "How long?" of the Most High.
Almighty Judge!
At Whose just laws no just men grudge;

Whose blessed, sweet commands do pour
Comforts, and joys, and hopes each hour
On those that keep them ; O accept
Of his vow'd heart, whom Thou hast kept
From bloody men ! and grant, I may
That sworn memorial duly pay
To Thy bright arm, which was my light
And leader through thick death and night !
Ay ! may that flood,
That proudly spilt and despis'd blood,
Speechless and calm, as infant's sleep !
Or if it watch, forgive and weep
For those that spilt it ! May no cries
From the low Earth to high Heaven rise,
But what,—like His whose blood peace brings—
Shall—when they rise—'speak better things'
Than Abel's doth ! May Abel be
Still single heard, while these agree
With His mild blood in voice and will
Who pray'd for those that did Him kill !

RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Fair, solitary path ! whose blessed shades
  The old, white prophets planted first and dress'd ;
Leaving for us—whose goodness quickly fades,—
  A shelter all the way, and bowers to rest ;

Who is the man that walks in thee? who loves
  Heav'n's secret solitude, those fair abodes
Where turtles build, and careless sparrows move,
  Without to-morrow's evils and future loads?

Who hath the upright heart, the single eye,
  The clean, pure hand, which never meddled pitch?
Who sees invisibles, and doth comply
  With hidden treasures that make truly rich?

He that doth seek and love
  The things above,
Whose spirit, ever poor, is meek and low ;
  Who simple still and wise,
  Still homewards flies,
Quick to advance, and to retreat most slow.

Whose acts, words, and pretence,
  Have all one sense,

One aim and end ; who walks not by his sight ;
Whose eyes are both put out,
And goes about
Guided by faith, not by exterior light.

Who spills no blood, nor spreads
Thorns in the beds
Of the distress'd, hasting their overthrow ;
Making the time they had
Bitter and sad,
Like chronic pains, which surely kill, though slow.

Who knows Earth nothing hath
Worth love or wrath,
But in his Hope and Rock is ever glad :
Who seeks and follows peace,
When with the ease
And health of conscience it is to be had.

Who bears his cross with joy,
And doth employ
His heart and tongue in prayers for his foes ;
Who lends, not to be paid,
And gives full aid
Without that bribe which usurers impose.

Who never looks on man
Fearful and wan,
But firmly trusts in God—the great man's measure,
Though high and haughty, must

Be ta'en in dust—
But the good man is God's peculiar treasure.

Who doth thus, and doth not
These good deeds blot
With bad, or with neglect; and heaps not wrath
By secret filth, nor feeds
Some snake, or weeds,
Cheating himself; that man walks in this path.

ANGUISH.

My God and King! to Thee
I bow my knee;
I bow my troubled soul, and greet
With my foul heart Thy holy feet.
Cast it, or tread it! it shall do
Even what Thou wilt, and praise Thee too.

My God, could I weep blood,
Gladly I would,
Or if Thou wilt give me that art,
Which through the eyes pours out the heart,
I will exhaust it all, and make
Myself all tears, a weeping lake.

O! 'tis an easy thing
To write and sing;
But to write true, unfeignèd verse
Is very hard! O God, disperse
These weights, and give my spirit leave
To act as well as to conceive!

O my God, hear my cry;
Or let me die!——

TEARS.

O WHEN my God, my Glory, brings
His white and holy train
Unto those clear and living springs
Where comes no stain.

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,
And joy, and rest,
Make me amongst them—'tis my suit !—
The last one, and the least.

And when they all are fed, and have
Drunk of Thy living stream,
Bid Thy poor ass—with tears I crave !—
Drink after them.

Thy love claims highest thanks, my sin
The lowest pitch:
But if he pays, who loves much, then
Thou hast made beggars rich.

JACOB'S PILLOW AND PILLAR.

I SEE the Temple in thy pillar rear'd ;
And that dread Glory, which thy children fear'd
In mild, clear visions, without a frown,
Unto thy solitary self is shown.
'Tis number makes a schism : throngs are rude,
And God Himself died by the multitude,
This made Him put on clouds, and fire, and smoke :
Hence He in thunder to thy offspring spoke.
The small, still voice at some low cottage knocks,
But a strong wind must break thy lofty rocks.

The first true worship of the world's great King
From private and selected hearts did spring ;
But He, most willing to save all mankind,
Enlarg'd that light, and to the bad was kind.
Hence Catholic or Universal came
A most fair notion, but a very name.
For this rich pearl, like some more common stone,
When once made public, is esteem'd by none.
Man slights his Maker when familiar grown,
And sets up laws to pull his Honour down.
This God foresaw : and when slain by the crowd,
—Under that stately and mysterious cloud

Which His death scatter'd—He foretold the place
And form to serve Him in, should be true grace,
And the meek heart; not in a mount, nor at
Jerusalem, with blood of beasts and fat.
A heart is that dread place, that awful cell,
That secret ark, where the mild Dove doth dwell,
When the proud waters rage, when heathens rule
By God's permission, and man turns a mule.
This little Goshen—in the midst of night,
And Satan's seat—in all her coasts hath light;
Yea, Bethel shall have tithes—saith Israel's stone—
And vows and visions, though her foes cry "None."
Thus is the solemn Temple sunk again
Into a pillar, and conceal'd from men.
And glory be to His eternal name,
Who is contented that this holy flame
Shall lodge in such a narrow pit, till He
With His strong arm turns our captivity!

But blessed Jacob, though thy sad distress
Was just the same with ours, and nothing less;
For thou a brother, and bloodthirsty too,
Didst fly,* whose children wrought thy children's woe:
Yet thou in all thy solitude and grief,
On stones didst sleep, and found'st but cold relief;
Thou from the Day-star a long way didst stand,
And all that distance was Law and command.
But we a healing Sun by day and night,
Have our sure Guardian, and our leading light.

* Obadiah, cap. 1, ver. 10 (misprinted 11). Amos, cap. 1, ver. 11.

What thou didst hope for and believe, we find
And feel, a friend most ready, sure and kind.
Thy pillow was but type and shade at best,
But we the substance have, and on Him rest.

THE AGREEMENT.

I WROTE it down. But one that saw
And envied that record, did since
Such a mist over my mind draw,
It quite forgot that purpos'd glimpse,
I read it sadly oft, but still
Simply believ'd 'twas not my quill.

At length my life's kind angel came,
And with his bright and busy wing
Scatt'ring that cloud show'd me the flame,
Which straight like morning-stars did sing
And shine, and point me to a place,
Which all the year sees the sun's face.

O beamy book! O my midday,
Exterminating fears and night!
The mount, whose white ascendants may
Be in conjunction with true light!
My thoughts, when towards Thee they move,
Glitter and kindle with Thy love.

Thou art the oil and the wine-house;
Thine are the present healing leaves,
Blown from the tree of life to us
By His breath whom my dead heart heaves.

Each page of Thine hath true life in't,
And God's bright mind express'd in print.

Most modern books are blots on Thee,
Their doctrine chaff and windy fits,
Darken'd along, as their scribes be,
With those foul storms, when they were writ ;
While the man's zeal lays out and blends
Only self-worship and self-ends.

Thou art the faithful, pearly rock,
The hive of beamy, living lights,
Ever the same, whose diffus'd stock
Entire still wears out blackest nights.
Thy lines are rays the true Sun sheds ;
Thy leaves are healing wings He spreads.

For until Thou didst comfort me
I had not one poor word to say :
Thick busy clouds did multiply,
And said, I was no child of day ;
They said, my own hands did remove
That candle given me from above.

O God ! I know and do confess
My sins are great and still prevail :
Most heinous sins and numberless !
But Thy compassions cannot fail.
If Thy sure mercies can be broken,
Then all is true my foes have spoken.

But while Time runs, and after it
  Eternity, which never ends,
Quite through them both, still infinite,
  Thy covenant by Christ extends ;
    No sins of frailty, nor of youth,
    Can foil His merits, and Thy truth.

And this I hourly find, for Thou
  Dost still renew, and purge and heal :
Thy care and love, which jointly flow,
  New cordials, new cathartics deal.
    But were I once cast off by Thee,
    I know—my God !—this would not be.

Wherefore with tears—tears by Thee sent—
  I beg my faith may never fail !
And when in death my speech is spent,
  O let that silence then prevail !
    O chase in that cold calm my foes,
    And hear my heart's last private throes !

So Thou Who didst the work begin
  —For I till* drawn came not to Thee—
Wilt finish it, and by no sin
  Will Thy free mercies hind'red be.
    For which, O God, I only can
    Bless Thee, and blame unthankful man.

* St. John, cap. 6, ver. 44, 65.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

O DAY of life, of light, of love!
The only day dealt from above!
A day so fresh, so bright, so brave,
'Twill show us each forgotten grave,
And make the dead, like flowers, arise
Youthful and fair to see new skies.
All other days, compared to thee,
Are but Light's weak minority;
They are but veils, and cypress drawn
Like clouds, before thy glorious dawn.
O come! arise! shine! do not stay,
Dearly lov'd day!
The fields are long since white, and I
With earnest groans for freedom cry;
My fellow-creatures too say "Come!"
And stones, though speechless, are not dumb
When shall we hear that glorious voice
Of life and joys?
That voice, which to each secret bed
Of my Lord's dead,
Shall bring true day, and make dust see
The way to immortality?
When shall those first white pilgrims rise,
Whose holy, happy histories

—Because they sleep so long—some men
Count but the blots of a vain pen?
Dear Lord! make haste!
Sin every day commits more waste;
And Thy old enemy, which knows
His time is short, more raging grows.
Nor moan I only—though profuse—
Thy creature's bondage and abuse;
But what is highest sin and shame,
The vile despite done to Thy name;
The forgeries, which impious wit
And power force on Holy Writ,
With all detestable designs,
That may dishonour those pure lines.
O God! though mercy be in Thee
The greatest attribute we see,
And the most needful for our sins;
Yet, when Thy mercy nothing wins
But mere disdain, let not man say
"Thy arm doth sleep," but write this day
Thy judging one: descend, descend!
Make all things new, and without end!

PSALM 65.

SION's true, glorious God ! on Thee
Praise waits in all humility.
All flesh shall unto Thee repair,
To Thee, O Thou that hearest prayer !
But sinful words and works still spread
And overrun my heart and head ;
Transgressions make me foul each day ;
O purge them, purge them all away !

Happy is he, whom Thou wilt choose
To serve Thee in Thy blessed house ;
Who in Thy holy Temple dwells,
And fill'd with joy Thy goodness tells !
King of Salvation ! by strange things
And terrible, Thy justice brings
Man to his duty. Thou alone
Art the world's hope, and but Thee, none.
Sailors that float on flowing seas
Stand firm by Thee, and have sure peace.
Thou still'st the loud waves, when most wild,
And mak'st the raging people mild.
Thy arm did first the mountains lay,
And girds their rocky heads this day.
The most remote, who know not Thee,
At Thy great works astonish'd be.

The outgoings of the even and dawn,
In antiphons sing to Thy name :
Thou visit'st the low earth, and then
Water'st it for the sons of men ;
Thy upper river, which abounds
With fertile streams, makes rich all grounds ;
And by Thy mercies still supplied,
The sower doth his bread provide.
Thou water'st every ridge of land,
And settlest with Thy secret hand
The furrows of it ; then Thy warm
And opening showers—restrain'd from harm—
Soften the mould, while all unseen
The blade grows up alive and green.
The year is with Thy goodness crown'd,
And all Thy paths drop fatness round ;
They drop upon the wilderness,
For Thou dost even the deserts bless,
And hills, full of springing pride,
Wear fresh adornments on each side.
The fruitful flocks fill every dale,
And purling corn doth clothe the vale ;
They shout for joy, and jointly sing,
"Glory to the eternal King !"

THE THRONE.

REVEL. CAP. 20. VER. 11.

WHEN with these eyes, clos'd now by Thee,
But then restor'd,
The great and white throne I shall see
Of my dread Lord;
And lowly kneeling—for the most
Stiff then must kneel,—
Shall look on Him, at whose high cost
—Unseen—such joys I feel.

Whatever arguments or skill
Wise heads shall use,
Tears only and my blushes still
I will produce.
And should those speechless beggars fail,
Which oft have won,
Then taught by Thee I will prevail,
And say, "Thy will be done!"

DEATH.

THOUGH since thy first sad entrance by
Just Abel's blood,
'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
And still thy sov'reignty holds good ;
Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease,
As a tri'd thing ;
And every one can slight his lease,
As if it ended in a Spring,
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go :
But there was One,
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the sun,
Discover'd all that there is done.

And since His death we throughly see
All thy dark way :
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
Which His first looks will quickly fray :
Mists make but triumphs for the day.

As harmless violets, which give
Their virtues here
For salves and syrups while they live,
Do after calmly disappear,
And neither grieve, repine, nor fear :

So die His servants ; and as sure
Shall they revive.
Then let not dust your eyes obscure,
But lift them up, where still alive,
Though fled from you, their spirits hive.

THE FEAST.

O COME away,
Make no delay,
Come while my heart is clean and steady !
While Faith and Grace
Adorn the place,
Making dust and ashes ready !

No bliss here lent
Is permanent,
Such triumphs poor flesh cannot merit :
Short sips and sights
Endear delights :
Who seeks for more, he would inherit.

Come then, True Bread,
Quick'ning the dead,
Whose eater shall not, cannot die !
Come, antedate
On me that state,
Which brings poor dust the victory.

Ay ! victory,
Which from Thine eye
Breaks as the day doth from the East ;

When the spilt dew
Like tears doth show
The sad world wept to be releas'd.

Spring up, O wine,
And springing shine
With some glad message from His heart,
Who did, when slain,
These means ordain
For me to have in Him a part.

Such a sure part
In His blest heart,
The Well where living waters spring,
That with it fed,
Poor dust, though dead,
Shall rise again, and live, and sing.

O drink and bread,
Which strikes Death dead,
The food of man's immortal being!
Under veils here
Thou art my cheer,
Present and sure without my seeing.

How dost thou fly
And search and pry
Through all my parts, and, like a quick

And knowing lamp,
Hunt out each damp,
Whose shadow makes me sad or sick !

O what high joys !
The turtle's voice
And songs I hear ! O quick'ning showers
Of my Lord's blood,
You make rocks bud,
And crown dry hills with wells and flowers !

For this true ease,
This healing peace.
For this taste of living glory,
My soul and all
Kneel down and fall,
And sing His sad victorious story !

O thorny crown,
More soft than down !
O painful cross, my bed of rest !
O spear, the key
Opening the way !
O Thy worst state, my only best !

Oh ! all Thy griefs
Are my reliefs,
And all my sins Thy sorrows were !

And what can I
To this reply?
What—O God !—but a silent tear?

Some toil and sow
That wealth may flow,
And dress this Earth for next year's meat:
But let me heed
Why Thou didst bleed
And what in the next world to eat.

REVEL. CAP. 19. VER. 9.

Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage Supper of the Lamb!

THE OBSEQUIES.

SINCE dying for me, Thou didst crave no more
Than common pay,
Some few true tears, and those shed for
My own ill way ;
With a cheap, plain remembrance still
Of Thy sad death,
Because forgetfulness would kill
Even life's own breath :
I were most foolish and unkind
In my own sense,
Should I not ever bear in mind,
If not Thy mighty love, my own defence.
Therefore those loose delights and lusts, which here
Men call good cheer,
I will, close girt and tied,
For mourning sackcloth wear, all mortified.

Not but that mourners too can have
Rich weeds and shrouds ;
For some wore white ev'n in Thy grave,
And joy, like light, shines oft in clouds :
But Thou, Who didst man's whole life earn,
Dost so invite and woo me still,
That to be merry I want skill,
And time to learn.

Besides those kerchiefs sometimes shed
To make me brave
I cannot find, but where Thy head
Was once laid for me in Thy grave.
Thy grave ! To which my thoughts shall move
Like bees in storms unto their hive ;
That from the murd'ring world's false love
Thy death may keep my soul alive.

THE WATERFALL.

With what deep murmurs, through Time's silent stealth,
Doth thy transparent, cool, and wat'ry wealth,
Here flowing fall,
And chide and call,
As if his liquid, loose retinue stay'd
Ling'ring, and were of this steep place afraid,
The common pass,
Where clear as glass,
All must descend
Not to an end,
But quick'ned by this deep and rocky grave,
Rise to a longer course more bright and brave.

Dear stream! dear bank! where often I
Have sat, and pleased my pensive eye;
Why, since each drop of thy quick store
Runs thither whence it flow'd before,
Should poor souls fear a shade or night,
Who came—sure—from a sea of light?
Or, since those drops are all sent back
So sure to Thee that none doth lack,
hy should frail flesh doubt any more
That what God takes He'll not restore?

O useful element and clear !
My sacred wash and cleanser here ;
My first consigner unto those
Fountains of life, where the Lamb goes !
What sublime truths and wholesome themes
Lodge in thy mystical, deep streams !
Such as dull man can never find,
Unless that Spirit lead his mind,
Which first upon thy face did move
And hatch'd all with His quick'ning love.
As this loud brook's incessant fall
In streaming rings restagnates all,
Which reach by course the bank, and then
Are no more seen : just so pass men.
O my invisible estate,
My glorious liberty, still late !
Thou art the channel my soul seeks,
Not this with cataracts and creeks.

QUICKNESS.

False life ! a foil and no more, when
Wilt thou be gone ?
Thou foul deception of all men,
That would not have the true come on !

Thou art a moon-like toil ; a blind
Self-posing state ;
A dark contest of waves and wind ;
A mere tempestuous debate.

Life is a fix'd, discerning light,
A knowing joy ;
No chance, or fit ; but ever bright,
And calm, and full, yet doth not cloy.

'Tis such a blissful thing, that still
Doth vivify,
And shine and smile, and hath the skill
To please without eternity.

Thou art a toilsome mole, or less,
A moving mist.
But life is, what none can express,
A quickness, which my God hath kiss'd

THE WREATH.

SINCE I in storms us'd most to be,
And seldom yielded flowers,
How shall I get a wreath for Thee
From those rude, barren hours?

The softer dressings of the Spring,
Or Summer's later store,
I will not for Thy temples bring,
Which thorns, not roses, wore.

But a twin'd wreath of grief and praise,
Praise soil'd with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all Thy pain
Thy causeless pain! and, sad as death,
Which sadness breeds in the most vain,
—O not in vain—now beg Thy breath,
Thy quick'ning breath, which gladly bears
Through saddest clouds to that glad place,
Where cloudless choirs sing without tears,
Sing Thy just praise, and see Thy face.

THE QUEER.

O TELL me whence that joy doth spring
  Whose diet is divine and fair,
Which wears heaven like a bridal ring,
  And tramples on doubts and despair?

Whose Eastern traffic deals in bright
  And boundless empyrean themes,
Mountains of spice, day-stars and light,
  Green trees of life, and living streams?

Tell me, O tell, who did thee bring,
  And here without my knowledge plac'd;
Till thou didst grow and get a wing,
  A wing with eyes, and eyes that taste?

Sure, holiness the magnet is,
  And love the lure that woos thee down;
Which makes the high transcendent bliss
  Of knowing thee, so rarely known!

THE BOOK.

ETERNAL God ! Maker of all
That have liv'd here since the Man's fall;
The Rock of Ages ! in whose shade
They live unseen, when here they fade ;

Thou knew'st this paper, when it was
Mere seed, and after that but grass ;
Before 'twas dress'd or spun, and when
Made linen, who did wear it then :
What were their lives, their thoughts and deeds
Whether good corn, or fruitless weeds.

Thou knew'st this tree, when a green shade
Cover'd it, since a cover made,
And where it flourish'd, grew, and spread,
As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless beast, when he
Did live and feed by Thy decree
On each green thing; then slept—well fed—
Cloth'd with this skin, which now lies spread
A covering o'er this aged book,
Which makes me wisely weep, and look
On my own dust ; mere dust it is,
But not so dry and clean as this.

Thou knew'st and saw'st them all, and though
Now scatter'd thus, dost know them so.
O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,
When Thou shalt make all new again,
Destroying only death and pain,
Give him amongst Thy works a place,
Who in them lov'd and sought Thy face!

TO THE HOLY BIBLE.

O BOOK ! Life's guide ! how shall we part ;
And thou so long seiz'd of my heart ?
Take this last kiss ; and let me weep
True thanks to thee before I sleep.

Thou wert the first put in my hand,
When yet I could not understand,
And daily didst my young eyes lead
To letters, till I learnt to read.
But as rash youths, when once grown strong,
Fly from their nurses to the throng,
Where they new consorts choose, and stick
To those till either hurt or sick ;
So with that first light gain'd from thee
Ran I in chase of vanity,
Cried dross for gold, and never thought
My first cheap book had all I sought.
Long reign'd this vogue ; and thou cast by,
With meek, dumb looks didst woo mine eye,
And oft left open, wouldst convey
A sudden and most searching ray
Into my soul, with whose quick touch
Refining still I struggled much.

By this mild art of love at length
Thou overcam'st my sinful strength,
And having brought me home, didst there
Show me that pearl I sought elsewhere,
Gladness, and peace, and hope, and love,
The secret favours of the Dove;
Her quick'ning kindness, smiles and kisses,
Exalted pleasures, crowning blisses,
Fruition, union, glory, life,
Thou didst lead to, and still all strife.
Living, thou wert my soul's sure ease,
And dying mak'st me go in peace:
Thy next effects no tongue can tell;
Farewell, O book of God! farewell!

ST. LUKE, CAP. 2. VER. 14.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

L'ENVOY.

O THE new world's new-quick'ning Sun !
Ever the same, and never done !
The seers of whose sacred light
Shall all be dress'd in shining white,
And made conformable to His
Immortal shape, Who wrought their bliss ;
Arise, arise !
And like old clothes fold up these skies,
This long-worn veil : then shine and spread
Thy own bright Self over each head,
And through Thy creatures pierce and pass,
Till all becomes Thy cloudless glass,
Transparent as the purest day,
And without blemish or decay,
Fix'd by Thy Spirit to a state
For evermore immaculate ;
A state fit for the sight of Thy
Immediate, pure, and unveil'd eye,
A state agreeing with Thy mind,
A state Thy birth and death design'd :
A state for which Thy creatures all
Travail and groan, and look and call.
O seeing Thou hast paid our score,
Why should the curse reign any more ?

But since Thy number is as yet
Unfinish'd, we shall gladly sit
Till all be ready, that the train
May fully fit Thy glorious reign.
Only let not our haters brag
Thy seamless coat is grown a rag,
Or that Thy truth was not here known,
Because we forc'd Thy judgments down.
Dry up their arms who vex Thy spouse,
And take the glory of Thy house
To deck their own ; then give Thy saints
That faithful zeal, which neither faints
Nor wildly burns, but meekly still
Dares own the truth, and show the ill.
Frustrate those cancerous, close arts,
Which cause solution in all parts,
And strike them dumb, who for mere words
Wound Thy beloved more than swords.
Dear Lord, do this ! and then let grace
Descend, and hallow all the place ;
Incline each hard heart to do good,
And cement us with Thy Son's blood ;
That like true sheep, all in one fold
We may be fed, and one mind hold.
Give watchful spirits to our guides :
For sin—like water—hourly glides
By each man's door, and quickly will
Turn in, if not obstructed still.
Therefore write in their hearts Thy law,

And let these long, sharp judgments awe
Their very thoughts, that by their clear
And holy lives Mercy may here
Sit regent yet, and blessings flow
As fast as persecutions now.
So shall we know in war and peace
Thy service to be our sole ease,
With prostrate souls adoring Thee,
Who turn'd our sad captivity !

S. Clemens apud Basil :

Ζῇ ὁ Θεὸς καὶ ὁ κύριος Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς
καὶ τὸ Πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον.

NOTES TO VOL. I.

NOTES TO VOL. I.

I HAVE made it my chief object in the notes to this volume to give a fairly complete view of the many parallels between the *Silex Scintillans* and George Herbert's *The Temple*. Many of these have long been familiar: some I owe to Mr. Beeching's introduction to the present edition of Vaughan; others to an essay by Miss L. I. Guiney on *Henry Vaughan, the Silurist;* others I have noted myself. But it seemed worth while, once for all, to bring them together. I may add that the task has given me a strong sense of the marked originality which characterizes Vaughan's sacred poetry at its best. For the quotations from Herbert I refer to the pages of Dr. Grosart's revised Aldine edition (1892). I have reserved for the second volume a few notes on the biography of Henry Vaughan, and a bibliography of his poems and prose writings.

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

The first part of *Silex Scintillans* was published in 1650. The prefatory matter in that edition consists of (*a*) the verses headed *Authoris de se Emblema* (p. liv), which refer to (*b*) an engraved title-page; (*c*) a short dedication (*cf.* p. 13). The engraved title-page is a poor and crude design, consisting of a hand proceeding from a cloud and shaking a thunderbolt, and a stone heart from which fall what may be tears or may be drops of blood. Another edition appeared in 1655. This was

made up of the unsold sheets of the 1650 edition, with a new title-page and prefatory matter. To this was appended for the first time the second part, which has a pagination of its own. The volume ends with an index of titles to both parts. It is noticeable, however, that half of sheet B, viz., pages 19–22 of the original, was set up afresh for the second edition, and that certain corrections were introduced into the poem of *Isaac's Marriage*. These variations are given in detail in the notes to that poem. The prefatory matter of the 1655 edition consists of (*a*) a printed, not engraved, title-page, (*b*) the *Author's Preface* (p. 1), which is dated September 30th, 1654; (*c*) a collection of texts (p. 11), (*d*) the *Dedication* (p. 13), (*e*) the verses beginning "Vain wits and eyes" (p. 16). The text of the title-pages is as follows:—

(1650.)

[Emblem] | Silex Scintillans: | or | Sacred Poems | and | Priuate Eiaculations | by | Henry Vaughan, Silurist. | London: Printed by T. W. for H. Blunden | at y^e^ Castle in Cornhill. 1650.

(1655.)

Silex Scintillans: | Sacred | Poems | and private | Ejaculations | The second Edition, In two Books; | By Henry Vaughan, Silurist. | Job, chap. 35, ver. 10, 11 [quoted] | London: Printed for Henry Crips, and Lodo- | wick Lloyd, next to the Castle in Cornhil, | and in Popes-head Alley. 1655. |

Both editions are in octavo.

P. 1. The Author's Preface to the Following Hymns.

Many of the allusions in this preface may be generally illustrated from the state of English literature when it appeared; others, which are evidently more particular, are difficult to fix. I regret that I have been unable to identify the prose quotation on page 4.

A predecessor. Dr. Grosart suggests that this is Robert Greene, who says of his "follies," or wanton love-pamphlets in the *Groatsworth of Wit*, "as you would deal with so many

parricides, cast them into the fire: call them Telegones, for now they kill their father, and every lewd line in them written is a deep piercing wound to my heart."

βραβεῖον, a victor's crown, adjudged in the games.

P. 2. *Prudentius.* The quotation is from the *Prudentii contra Symmachi Orationem Lib. i.*, 636, etc. (Grosart).

P. 5. *My greatest follies.* Probably Vaughan refers to some poems which he destroyed, regarding both the *Poems* of 1646 and the *Olor Iscanus* of 1651 as comparatively "innoxious."

P. 7. *A most flourishing and admired wit of his time.* Dr. Grosart thought that the reference is to Shakespeare, and that Vaughan supposed George Herbert to check Shakespeare's fame! He has since proposed Cowley. I venture to suggest that the "wit" was Donne, and that the "check" was of the nature of conversion. Herbert was a younger man than his friend, but he began to write sacred verse at an early date, as the sonnets written to his mother in 16$\frac{9}{3}$, and quoted by Walton, show, and it is quite possible that his influence may have been one of the causes, or that Vaughan may have believed it to have been one of the causes, which led to the reformation of Donne's spiritual life.

Frequent impressions and numerous pages. Perhaps the voluminous Quarles is one of those chiefly in Vaughan's mind.

P. 8. *Hierotheus.* There are several obscure writers of this name. Dr. Grosart may be right in stating that Vaughan refers to one supposed to have been Bishop of Athens and tutor of the pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite, who speaks of his hymns.

Something remote. Doubtless Vaughan is speaking of those poems which concern his own personal history and his dead friends. See notes to pp. 54, 182, 234.

The last poem in the book. The only poems with an obvious reference to the expectation of death that I can find are the last but one, *To the Holy Bible* (p. 287), and *Begging* (p. 214). This was originally prefixed to some translations published under the title of *Flores Solitudinis*, by Vaughan, in

1654, and said on the title-page to have been "collected in his Sickness and Retirement." In the Epistle-Dedicatory to this volume, dated "Newton by Usk near Sketh-Rock, 1653," he speaks of "the incertainty of life and a peevish inconstant state of health." The translation of Nierembergius' *Discourses* is, however, dated April 17, 1652, and therefore the date of the sickness in question was probably 1651–2.

P. 19. Regeneration.

Primros'd. Vaughan uses the epithet again in *Ascension Day* (p. 178):

> I smell her spices; and her ointment yields
> As rich a scent as the now primros'd fields.

Miss Morgan says, "The banks on either side of the road leading from the village of Llanhamlach to Llansantffread are covered with primroses in Spring, growing with a luxuriance I have never seen equalled."

Blasted my infant buds. The notion of the soul as a flower in the tempests of sin or of affliction is frequent in Vaughan. Herbert, too, has it, especially in *The Flower* (p. 208):

> "And now in age I bud again,
> After so many deaths I live and write;
> I once more smell the dew and rain,
> And relish versing: O, my only Light,
> It cannot be
> That I am he
> On whom Thy tempests fell all night."

All the ear[th]. The correction is Dr. Grosart's. The original has *Eare*.

P. 28. Day of Judgment.

l. 40. *Seem loath.* The original has *seme*, which Lyte altered to *seem'd* and Grosart to *same*. If any alteration, other than of spelling, is required, I should prefer *seems*. One of the things the poet desires, "living faith," seems loath to come to him.

P. 30. Religion.

Vaughan returns to the theme of angels' visits in *Corruption* (p. 101) and *The Jews* (p. 212). Herbert has a similar passage on the visits of God to earth under the old dispensation, in *Decay* (p. 129):

> "One might have sought and found Thee presently
> At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well."

P. 37. Isaac's Marriage.

The variant readings of the 1650 edition of *Silex Scintillans*, already referred to in the general note on that volume, should have been given as footnotes to the text. They are as follows:—

ll. 11-14—

> "But being for a bride, sure, prayer was
> Very strange stuff wherewith to court thy lass,
> Hadst ne'er an oath, nor compliment? thou wert
> An odd coarse suitor."

l. 19— "When sin, by sinning oft, had not lost sense."

ll. 35, 36—

> "But in a frighted virgin-blush approach'd
> Fresh as the morning when 'tis newly coach'd."

The readings of the 1655 edition are clearly in all these cases deliberate corrections. On the other hand, it misprints "daye" for "days" in l. 18, and "flee" for "fly" in l. 49. There are other misprints both in the text and in the running titles of the pages.

l. 55. *Her moist womb.* This is Lyte's correction for the "his moist womb" of both 1650 and 1655.

P. 45. The Shower.

Cf. Herbert's *The Answer* (p. 212):

> "As a young exhalation, newly waking,
> Scorns his first bed of dirt and means the sky,
> But cooling by the way, grows pursy and slow,
> And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
> In that dark state of tears."

That drowsy lake. Miss Morgan suggests that the lake referred to was probably Llynsafaddan or Llangorse Lake, at the foot of Allt, within a walk from Vaughan's home at Newton.

P. 46. DISTRACTION.

Hadst Thou Made me a star, a pearl, or a rainbow. *Cf.* the expressions of a similar idea on pp. 87, 105, and the parallels from Herbert's *Affliction* (p. 68):

"I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree,—
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade; at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just."

and his *Employment* (p. 106):

"Oh that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dressed me."

P. 48. THE PURSUIT.

With the opening of this, compare that of Herbert's *Giddiness* (p. 163):

"Oh, what a thing is man! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twenty several men at least
Each several hour."

P. 49. MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Cotswold and Cooper's. Cotswold Hills were famous for annual races and sports, carried on in the seventeenth century under the superintendence of Captain Robert Dover. They were sung of by Ben Jonson and a number of other poets in the *Annalia Dubrensia* (1636). Cooper's Hill was celebrated by Sir John Denham in his poem of that name, first published in 1642.

P. 52. THE CALL.

Some twenty Years. It is, perhaps, fair to infer that Vaughan intends this period to cover the whole of his past life; and the poem will, therefore, have been written in 1641–42.

P. 54. [THOU THAT KNOW'ST FOR WHOM I MOURN.]

This is one of a group of poems in the first part of *Silex Scintillans*, which all seem to refer to the same event—the death of a brother. Another is *Silence and Stealth of Days* (p. 74), which contains the lines,

> "But now the spirit, not the dust,
> Must be thy brother."

And to the same occasion I ascribe *Come, come! what do I here* (p. 61), *Joy of my life, while left me here* (p. 67), *Sure, there's a tie of bodies* (p. 82), and *I walked the other day to spend my hour* (p. 171). About a similar poem in *Part II.* I am not sure. (*See* note to p. 234.) The death of this brother is thus referred to by Thomas Vaughan in his *Anthroposophia Theomagica* (1650):—"I would not have thee look here for the paint and trim of rhetoric, and the rather because English is a language the author was not born to. Besides, this piece was composed in haste and in my days of mourning on the sad occasion of a brother's death. And who knoweth how to write amidst a strife of tears and ink?" In his manuscript diary, in Sloane MS. 1741, Thomas Vaughan gives this dead brother the initial W.

Sweeter airs stream from a groan. Cf. Herbert, *Sion*, p. 138):

> "But groans are quick and full of wings,
> And all their motions upward be;
> And ever as they mount like larks they sing;
> The note is sad, yet music for a king."

and *Gratefulness* (p. 160):

> "Not that Thou hast not still above
> Much better tunes than groans can make,
> But that those country airs Thy love
> Did take."

P. 59. THE RETREAT.

This is the famous poem which is thought to have inspired Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*. Dr. Grosart found a copy of *Silex Scintillans* mentioned in the sale catalogue of Wordsworth's library.

My first love. Cf. The Constellation (p. 157):

"What time we from our first love swerved."

The curious reader may trace a similar philosophy in other poems of Vaughan's—*e.g.*, *Man's Fall and Recovery* (p. 43), *Vanity of Spirit* (p. 57), *Corruption* (p. 101).

P. 65. CONTENT.

Wearing apparel, more costly in Vaughan's time than now, was not an uncommon legacy. Miss Morgan quotes from Jones' *History of Brecknockshire* a will, dated 1620, of Thomas Madoc of Scethrog, in which he gives to Howel John Howel, of Llandetty, his green stuff coat laid in the seams with silver lace, with a cloak of the same colour, one hat suitable to the same, and one Holland shirt.

P. 67. [JOY OF MY LIFE, WHILE LEFT ME HERE!]

Candles. Cf. Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, v. i. 90,

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

P. 69. THE STORM.

So shall that storm purge this recluse. Cf. Herbert, *The Storm* (p. 170):

"Poets have wrong'd poor storms: such days are best,
They purge the air without; within, the breast."

P. 71. THE MORNING WATCH.

Prayer is The world in tune. Cf. Herbert, *Prayer* (p. 72):

"A kind of tune which all things hear and fear."

But the Platonic idea of immanent harmony is not in Herbert.

P. 82. [SURE, THERE'S A TIE OF BODIES! AND AS THEY.]

My own death's-head. The fashion of wearing death's-heads in rings, by way of *Memento Mori*, is said to have been set by Diana of Poitiers: *cf.* 2 *Hen. IV.*, ii. 4, 254, "Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end." Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Chances*, 1, 5.

"As they keep death's-heads in rings
To cry 'memento' to me."

and Donne (*Muses' Library*, Vol. I., p. 26):

"It as a given death's-head keep,
Lovers' mortality to preach."

P. 84. THE PASSION.

With Stanza 2, *cf.* Herbert's *The Agony* (p. 55):

"Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood, but I as wine."

P. 89. THE RELAPSE.

With lines 9–12, *cf.* Herbert, *Discipline* (p. 223):

"Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath;
O my God,
Take the gentle path."

P. 90. THE RESOLVE.

The opening of this poem seems to be a reminiscence of that of Herbert's *The Reprisal* (p. 54):

"I have consider'd it and find
There is no dealing with thy mighty Passion."

All strew'd with flowers and happiness And fresh as May. These lines, together with those in *Providence* (p. 223):

"And I, like flowers, shall still go neat,
As if I knew no month but May,"

should be compared with Herbert's *Affliction* (p. 66):

"At first thou gavest me milk and sweetnesses,
I had my wish and way;
My days were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesses;
There was no month but May.

P. 91. THE MATCH.

The "friend" here referred to is probably George Herbert, whom Vaughan calls, in his preface to the second edition of *Silex Scintillans* (p. 7), "that blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of whom I am the least."

Seal or pin them to Thy skies. Cf. Rules and Lessons (p. 96):

"Seal not thy eyes up from the poor."

P. 94. RULES AND LESSONS.

This poem was doubtless suggested by Herbert's *Church Porch* (p. 9), but Herbert, as his title signifies, there keeps to a lower level of spiritual life than Vaughan's. The closer parallels are with Herbert's stanzas lxiii.–lxxvii.

l. 10. *Fa[i]r-day.* I am not sure that the correction, due to Dr. Grosart, is needed: "far-day" might mean "the time when the day is far advanced."

l. 118—*My bead of days. Cf.* Herbert, *Sunday* (p. 102):

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious king."

P. 101. CORRUPTION.

Leiger. Cf. Herbert, *The Holy Scriptures* (p. 80):

"thou art heaven's leiger here,
Working against the states of death and hell."

A *lieger*, or *ambassador-lieger*, is a permanent as opposed to an extraordinary ambassador. It has nothing to do with *legate*, but is from *liggen*, A.S. *liegan*, to lie. The reader will recall Sir Henry Wotton's witty and rash definition of an ambassador as "one who lies abroad for his country's good."

P. 107. CHRIST'S NATIVITY (ii.).

Lyte aptly notes on this poem, "The Puritans abolished the celebration of Christmas." *See*, however, Vaughan's poem, *The True Christmas*, in Vol. II., p. 261.

P. 113. IDLE VERSE.

Sick with a scarf, or glove. *Cf.* Herbert, *Love* (p. 75):

"Who sings Thy praise? Only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love."

P. 114. SON-DAYS.

This poem is clearly, as Mr. Beeching points out, modelled upon, and two or three phrases are borrowed from, that of Herbert on *Prayer* (p. 72). But it also owes something to the poem on *Sunday* (p. 101). *Cf.* Vaughan's

"lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days,"

with Herbert's

"The week were dark but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way,"

and Vaughan's

"The pulleys unto headlong man;"

with Herbert's

"Man had straightforward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One."

P. 116. REPENTANCE.

Signature. A symbolical marking on a herb or other natural thing, which was supposed to indicate its virtuous properties.

P. 127. PRAISE.

The form of this poem is borrowed from Herbert's *Praise* (p. 186), which begins,

"King of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
And, that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.

P. 137. AFFLICTION.

The great elixir. The goals of alchemy were the philosopher's stone and the red tincture or great elixir. Sometimes the first of these was credited with the property of transmuting baser metals into gold, the second with that of renewing life; at other times the two are spoken of as practically identical. For the religious use of the notion, *cf.* Donne, *Resurrection* (*Muses' Library*, I., 69):

"He was all gold when He lay down, but rose
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make e'en sinful flesh like His";

also Herbert, *The Elixir* (p. 229):

"All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture 'for Thy sake,'
Will not grow bright and clean."

Thus doth God key disorder'd man, etc. *Cf.* Herbert, *The Temper* (p. 77):

"Yet take Thy way; for sure Thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me, Thy poor debtor;
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music better."

P. 139. THE TEMPEST.

Yet hugs he still his dirt. *Cf.* Herbert, *Misery* (p. 131):

"He doth not like this virtue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night."

P. 142. RETIREMENT.

My love-twist. *Cf.* Herbert, *The Pearl* (p. 118):

"Yet through the labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
But thy silk-twist let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me how by it
To climb to Thee."

P. 145. Love and Discipline.

Some green ears. Cf. Herbert, *Hope* (p. 157):

"With that I gave a vial full of tears;
But he, a few green ears."

P. 150. The World.

The darksome statesman. There may very likely be an allusion to Oliver Cromwell in this passage.

Grots and caves. Vaughan appears to be thinking of the Myth of the Cave in Plato's *Republic*, Bk. VII., and of the ascent to the Idea of Good there described.

But for his Bride. Cf. The Queer (p. 284):

"Which wears heaven like a bridal ring,"

and also Herbert's description of a Spring day in *Virtue* (p. 116), as "The bridal of the earth and sky."

P. 155. The Constellation.

You in your courses fought. Cf. Judges, v. 20, "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

Our first love. Cf. The Retreat (p. 59):

"As yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love."

P. 158. The Shepherds.

Harmless live[r]s. The *harmless lives* of the original will not scan. Dr. Grosart prefers to add a syllable in *[up]on:* but I have observed that Vaughan uses on several occasions such phrases as "harmless livers." Thus in the *Elegy on R. W* (Vol. II., p. 79) he has "all those worthless livers"; in *Retirement* (Vol. II., p. 252) "a country liver"; and in *The Recovery* (Vol. II., p. 257 "Those nicer livers."

P. 161. MISERY.

Who of that cell Would make a Court. *Cf.* Herbert, *The Glimpse* (p. 196):

"Thou know'st how grief and sin
Disturb the work. O, make me not their sport,
Who by Thy coming may be made a Court."

Snudge. *Cf.* Herbert, *Giddiness* (p. 163):

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

P. 169. MAN.

Bees at night get home and hive. *Cf.* *The Obsequies* (p. 279):

"Thy grave! To which my thoughts shall move
Like bees in storms unto their hive";

and Herbert, *The Star* (p. 100):

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

P. 171. [I WALKED THE OTHER DAY TO SPEND MY HOUR.]

Cf. Herbert, *Peace* (p. 161):

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

Stanza 9. *His Life.* The capital *His* is a mistake. The allusion is probably to Vaughan's lost brother. *Cf.* note to p. 54.

P. 174. Begging.

King of mercy, King of love. This opening, like that of *Praise* (p. 127), is modelled on the "King of glory, King of peace," of Herbert's *Praise* (p. 186).

P. 178. Ascension Day.

The stubborn Jew. The allusion is probably to Christ's answer to the Pharisees in *S. John*, viii. 17, "It is also written in your law that the testimony of two men is true." *Cf.* also *S. Matthew*, xviii. 16, "But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee two or three more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established."

P. 182. [They are all gone into the World of Light.]

By 1655 Vaughan had lost his brother W. (p. 54, note), and the friends to whose memory he dedicates poems in *Olor Iscanus*, viz., R. W. (Vol. II., p. 79), and R. Hall (Vol. II., p. 94); possibly also his first wife (p. 234, note).

P. 184. White Sunday.

The sentiment of the latter part of this poem with its contrast of men's changeableness and God's steadfastness resembles that of Herbert's *Whit-Sunday* (p. 81).

Interline. *Cf.* Herbert, *Longing* (p. 190):

> "Indeed, the world's Thy book,
> Where all things have their leaf assign'd;
> Yet a meek look
> Hath interlined."

Fine gold. *Cf.* note to p. 137.

Balaam's hire. Apparently the allusion is to the hire which Balaam said he would not accept if it were offered to him. *Cf. Numbers*, xxii. 18, "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord my God, to do less or more."

P. 191. The Star.

And wind and curl, and wink and smile. Cf. Herbert, *The Star* (p. 100):

"That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding in their fashion
Of adoration."

P. 193. The Palm-Tree.

The friend to whom this poem is addressed is unknown. *Cf.* with the 3rd stanza, the opening of Herbert's *Sion* (p. 137)

"Lord, with what glory wast Thou served of old,
When Solomon's temple stood and flourished!
Where most things were of purest gold,
The wood was all embellished
With flowers and carvings mystical and rare;
All show'd the builders craved the seer's care."

P. 195. Joy.

Shaking fastens thee. Cf. Herbert, *Affliction* (p. 127):

"Affliction, then, is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more."

P. 198. The Garland.

A falling star and nine days' glory. Cf. Herbert, *Content* (p. 93):

"The brags of life are but a nine-days' wonder."

Culled flowers and made me posies. Cf. Herbert, *Life* (p. 124):

"I made a posy while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band;
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand."

P. 201. TRINITY SUNDAY.

The form of this poem, with its triads, is modelled upon this of Herbert's on the same theme (p. 92) :

" Lord, who hast formed me out of mud,
And hast redeem'd me through Thy blood,
And sanctified me to do good,

Purge all my sins done heretofore ;
For I confess my heavy score,
And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charity,
That I may run, rise, rest with Thee."

P. 211. THE TIMBER.

Begetting virgins. Mr. C. H. Firth kindly suggests to me the ingenious emendation *Begetting verdure* ; but I think the sense is " streams that cleanse the soul from sin " ; and the " chaste fountains " of the next verse supports the reading of the original text.

P. 214. BEGGING.

This poem originally appeared in Vaughan's *Flores Solitudinis* (1654), with the heading *To the only true and glorious God, the Sole Disposer of Life and Death.*

P. 216. PALM-SUNDAY.

Cf. with the 7th stanza, Herbert, *Easter* (p. 60) :

" I got me flowers to strew Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree ;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee."

Though wrong'd I'll bear. This is Lyte's emendation of the *though wrong* of the original. Dr. Grosart prefers *through wrong.*

P. 220. Jesus Weeping.

Swan-like. An allusion to the fable that the swan first sings at its death, and to Vaughan's pen-name of Olor Iscanus.

P. 223. Providence.

No mouth but May. Cf. note to *The Resolve* (p. 90).

Pontic sheep. I cannot trace the allusion. But "Pontic wormwood" is referred to as a drug in Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xiv., 19. Dr. Grosart refers to *Polybius's Hist.*, iv., 22–43, a passage which mentions neither wormwood nor sheep.

P. 226. The Ornament.

Herbert has a parallel poem, *The Quip* (p. 142), which begins:

> "The merry World did on a day
> With his train-bands and mates agree
> To meet together where I lay,
> And all in sport to jeer at me."

The sheep-keeping Syrian maid. I think the allusion is clearly to Rebekah. In the poem called *Isaac's Marriage* (p. 37), Vaughan writes of her in exactly the same spirit as a type of "sweet divine simplicity." Dr. Grosart, however, suggests that Rachel or Mary (!) may be intended; while Mr. W. M. Rossetti proposes "the Shulamite in the Song of Solomon,—*i.e.*, the Church."

P. 227. St. Mary Magdalen.

Magdal-Castle. Cf. Donne's sonnet *To the Lady Magdalen Herbert of St. Mary Magdalen* (*Muses' Library*, Vol. I., p. 156):

> "Her of your name whose fair inheritance
> Bethina was and jointure Magdalo."

Mediæval tradition, sanctioned by Gregory the Great, identified Mary Magdalene with Mary of Bethany. This may be seen in the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus de Voragine (Engl. tr. ed., 1493, f. 184, ver. 80). "Mary Magdalene had

her surname of Magdalo, a castell, and was borne of right noble lynage and parentes whiche were descended of the lynage of kynges. And her fader was named Sirus and her moder Eucharye. She wyth her broder Lazare and her suster Martha possessed the castel of Magdalo, which is two myles fro Nazareth and Bethanye, the castel whiche is nygh to Jherusalem, and also a grete parte of Jherusalem."

Spires, globes, angry curls and coy. Mary Magdalene is traditionally represented in sacred art with a wealth of flowing hair.

Pistic nard. The Greek phrase used in *S. Mark*, xiv. 3, and *S. John*, xii. 3, *νάρδου πιστικῆς*, is variously translated. The New Testament Revisers say that *pistic* may perhaps be a local name, and so Vaughan seems to have taken it. It is also explained as "liquid" (*πίνω*, I drink), and as "pure," "genuine" (*πίστις*, faith).

Who lov'd much. Cf. S. Luke, vii. 46, 47, "My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."

P. 230. THE RAINBOW.

Rain gently spends his honey-drops. Cf. Herbert, *Providence* (p. 155):

> "Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently spend
> Your honey-drops."

P. 234. [AS TIME ONE DAY BY ME DID PASS.]

P. 236. [FAIR AND YOUNG LIGHT! MY GUIDE TO HOLY.]

Dr. Grosart urges that these two poems cannot be motived by the death of Vaughan's brother, which inspired the similar ones in Part I. of *Silex Scintillans* (*see* note to p. 54). He connects them with the death, of which we do not, however, know the date, of his first wife. With regard to *As Time by me one day did pass*, I must be content to leave the matter open. There is no internal evidence here, as there is in some

of the earlier poems, that the subject is a man. On the other hand, I do not feel sure with Dr. Grosart that the present poem is "laden with a weariness and desolation of anguish such as no brother's death could impose." It may be so. In any case the second poem here, *Fair and young Light*, is clearly written not to either wife or brother, but to the spiritual light spoken of in *The Retreat* (p. 59). It will bear no other interpretation on a careful reading, although I admit that the "quite undress'd just now with thee" may at first sight mislead. But "thee" and "thy" should have been printed with capitals in the text.

P. 247. The Hidden Treasure.

Fire-drakes, will-o'-the-wisps.

P. 249. Childhood.

White designs. It has been well said that whiteness is the characteristic note of Vaughan's poetry. The word recurs constantly in *Silex Scintillans*, and Miss Morgan points out to me that *gwyn*, the Welsh word for "white," is used also "happy," "holy," or "blessed" in a religious sense.

Medicinal. *Cf.* p. 273. The thought is a favourite one of Herbert's; *cf.* his *Life* (p. 124):

> "Farewell, dear flowers; sweetly your time you spent,
> Fit while ye lived for smell or ornament,
> And after death for cures";

and *Providence* (p. 153):

> "A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure";

and *The Rose* (p. 223):

> "What is fairer than a rose?
> What is sweeter? yet it purgeth."

Cf. also Herbert's *Country Parson*, ch. 23: "So, where the apothecary useth either for loosing, rhubarb; or for binding, bolearmena, the parson useth damask or white roses for the one, and plantain, shepherd's purse, knot-grass, for the other, and that with better success."

P. 251. NIGHT.

Here, again, may be compared with the form of the fifth and sixth stanzas that of Herbert's poem on *Prayer* (p. 72), referred to in the note on *Son-Days* (p. 114). The description of the dewy Night as God's "knocking-time," recalls also Holman Hunt's picture, *The Light of the World*.

Care's check and curb. So Herbert, in the poem quoted in the note to *The Day of Judgment* (p. 267), calls Sunday "Care's balm and bay."

P. 256. RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The debt of Wordsworth's *Ode on the Imitations of Immortality* to Vaughan's *Retreat* has been often discussed, but surely his *Character of the Happy Warrior* owes at least as much to the present poem, which in its turn is modelled on Herbert's *Constancy* (p. 97).

P. 259. ANGUISH.

Amongst modern writers Christina Rossetti owes something to Vaughan. There is not space in these notes to illustrate the relation fully, but the third stanza of the present poem finds an echo in *Verses*, p. 215:

> "It seems an easy thing
> Mayhap one day to sing,
> Yet the next day
> We cannot sing or say.

P. 267. THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Compare with the opening of this poem those of Herbert's *Virtue* (p. 116):

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky."

And *Sunday* (p. 101):

> "O day most calm, most bright,
> The fruit of this, the next world's bud,

Th' endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with His blood;
The couch of Time, Care's balm and bay,
The week were dark but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.'

P. 274. THE FEAST.

Cf. with the 4th stanza Crashaw's *Hymn of the Nativity*:

"It was Thy day, Sweet, and did rise
Not from the east, but from Thy eyes."

P. 280. THE WATERFALL.

Miss Morgan informs me that the principal waterfall near Vaughan's home is that known as the Rhydgoch or Red Fall.

P. 284. THE QUEER.

Queer is used in the provincial sense of "puzzle."

P. 287. TO THE HOLY BIBLE.

How shall we part? This poem appears to have been one of those written in Vaughan's sickness, and referred to in his *Preface*. *See* p. 8 and note thereon.

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