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THE TEMPLE.



THE TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE

EJACULATIONS.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Being a Facsimile Reprint of the First Edition

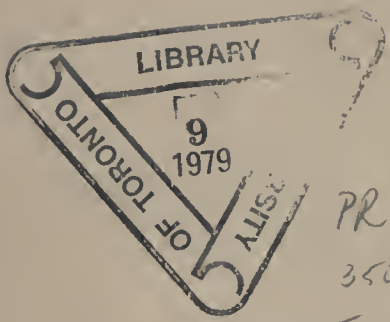
WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

EDITOR OF "HERBERT'S COMPLETE WORKS, IN VERSE AND PROSE," AND THE ALDINE EDITION OF "HERBERT'S POEMS," ETC., ETC.

LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.



PR
3507
T45
1876

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.

INTRODUCTION.

ISAAK WALTON — whoſe "Compleat Angler," in ſimilar facſimile, precedes this—in his pathetic narrative of the laſt illneſs and gentle end of GEORGE HERBERT, tells the ſtory of the delivery to good Mr. EDMUND DUNCON of that manuſcript which proved to be thoſe poems that, as "The Temple," have paſſed "for all time" into the ſacred verſe of England, if one might not even ſay of Chriſtendom. Biographically and bibliographically, it is important to fix the exact date of its "ſweet ſinger's" death, and as a corollary of the firſt edition of "The Temple." Conſequently this incident falls here firſt of all to be given and examined. After other more perſonal matters, the departing ſaint, ſays his bio-

grapher, "did, with ſuch a humility as ſeemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and with a thoughtful and contented look, ſay to him: Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer [Nicholas Ferrar], and tell him he ſhall find in it a picture of the many ſpiritual conflicts that have paſt betwixt God and my ſoul before I could ſubject mine to the will of Jeſus my Maſter, in Whoſe ſervice I have now found perfect freedom; deſire him to read it, and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor ſoul, let it be made publick; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are leſs than the leaſt of God's mercies." "Thus meanly," adds Walton, "did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of *The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations.*" The incident and interview and the ſwift-following death have uſually been aſſigned to 1632, becauſe of the regiſter's entry of the burial, but they really belong to 1633. For reaſons that will appear immediately,

the entries preceding and ſucceeding, and the entry of Herbert's own burial, are here given *verbatim et literatim*, as thus:—

Ann 1633.
Buried was the widow Smith 5 of February
William Ellyott the younger was buried viij March
Mr George Herbert Eſq^{r} Parſon of Fuggleſtone
and Bemerton buried the 3^{d} day of
March 1632
Richard Pirmmett was buried
xxij of June
An. Dom.
1634 Edith Bacon the wife of
John Bacon was buried iiij January
1634

It lies on the ſurface that theſe entries were made by the old (illiterate) ſcribe of Fuggleſtone and Bemerton irregularly, as probably ſuited his memory or convenience. Though apparently he uſed to reckon as a rule from January to January, in adding the year in the Herbert entry, he ſlid into the old mode of reckoning from 25th March, whereby our 3rd March, 1633, would be recorded as 3rd March, 1632. It will be noticed that in addition to this, as

Edith Bacon's burial belongs to 1634, the presumption would have been that Herbert's and Pirmmett's belonged to the immediately preceding year, *i.e.* 1633, while Herbert's FOLLOWS one belonging to 1633, not 1632. But besides these considerations, other facts go to prove that GEORGE HERBERT was living long subsequent to 3rd March, 1632, as = 1632, *e. g.* his well-known Letter to NICHOLAS FERRAR concerning VALDESSO is dated 29th September, 1632; then, the Will of his niece DOROTHY VAUGHAN (daughter of his sister MARGARET) was "proved" by him as executor in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on 9th October, 1632*; and finally, his own Will is shown to have been drawn up subsequent to his niece's, by its disposing of 100*l.* left by her to him. Thus 3rd March, 1633, was unquestionably the real date of Herbert's interment, and the last of February or 1st of March his probable day of death. It follows that not to 1632 but to 1633 belongs the

* Herbert was sworn by commission before Nathaniel Bostock, his curate—the 'commission' being explained by his fragile health.

"first impression" of "The Temple."* NICHOLAS FERRAR appears to have thrown off a few gift copies of the "little book" for immediate friends. These are without date, AND ONLY A SINGLE EXEMPLAR OF THESE UNDATED COPIES IS AT PRESENT KNOWN. From that, by the kindness of its owner (HENRY HUTH, Esq.), our facsimile has been made. But with the slight exception of the imprints on the title-pages, the two editions of 1633—first and second—are identical with the undated copy. Doubtless the two title-pages of these two editions will be acceptable. They are as follows:—

* The Rev. I. Gregory Smith, M. A., in his collected Essays (from "The Christian Remembrancer," vol. xliv. pp. 106-7) says: "'The Temple' was first given to the world in 1633, by Nicholas Ferrar, Herbert's literary executor; under his editorship it was printed by his daughters and other members of his household, or 'Protestant Nunnery,' as it has been called, at Little Gidden, in Northamptonshire, and then published at Cambridge, after being, of course, formally licensed by the Vice-Chancellor's 'imprimatur.'" There is no authority whatever for this alleged printing privately at Little Gidding. The undated and dated alike are expressly stated to be "Printed by Thomas Buck" (as *supra*).

THE TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS.

By Mr. George Herbert.

Psal. 29.

In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.

CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by *Thom. Buck*,
and *Roger Daniel*, printers
to the Universitie.
1633.

THE TEMPLE

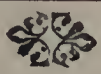
SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS.

By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT, late Oratour of the Universitie of *Cambridge*.

The second Edition.

PSAL. 29.

In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.



Printed by *T. Buck*, and *R. Daniel*, printers to the Universitie of *Cambridge*, 1633.

¶ And are to be sold by *Fr. Green*.

Following the 2nd edition of 1633—which was a diſtinct book, with new ſetting up of types—came the 3rd in 1634, 4th in 1635, 5th in 1638, 6th in 1641, 7th in 1656, 8th in 1660, 9th in 1667, 10th in 1674, 11th in 1679, 12th in 1703, 13th in 1709. The text from the 1ſt to the 6th edition remained the ſame; from 1640 "The Synagogue" of CHRISTOPHER HARVEY accompanied "The Temple;" from 1656 onward there were orthographical alterations; in 1660 was "an alphabetical table for ready finding out chief places;" in the Life by Walton, 1670, firſt appeared a portrait of Herbert; in 1674, "Temple," another portrait, and two (ſorry) illuſtrations to "The Church Threſhold" and "The Altar;" in 1679 began ſuch corruptions of the text as "gore" for "door" in The Thankſgiving (l. 6), and "my" for "thy" (l. 29); and ſo increaſingly onward.

The "firſt impreſſion," though in the undated copies ſent out early in 1633, was not committed to the preſs without oppoſition. WALTON informs us in his own quaint way

of ſuch oppoſition: "This ought to be noted, that when Mr. Farrer ſent this book to Cambridge to be licenſed for the preſs, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two ſo much-noted verſes,

> 'Religion ſtands a-tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to paſs to the American ſtrand,'
> ("The Church Militant," ll. 239-40.)

to be printed, and Mr. Farrer would by no means allow the book to be printed and want them. But after ſome time and ſome arguments for and againſt this being made publick, the Vice-Chancellor ſaid, 'I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly ſpeculations, and was a divine poet; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inſpired prophet, and therefore I licenſe the whole book.' So that it came to be printed without the diminution or addition of a ſyllable ſince it was delivered into the hands of Mr. Duncon, ſave only that Mr. Farrer had added that excellent preface that is printed before it."

The manuſcript delivered to Mr. EDMUND DUNCON has diſappeared, but two important MSS. of "The Temple" are extant. The firſt, and moſt valuable, is a little Gidding-bound volume, now in the Williams Library, London. It contains about one-half of "The Temple," and extremely intereſting additional Poems, as well as corrections and variations of the others in Herbert's own autograph. The whole of theſe were firſt given to the world by me in my Fuller Worthies' Library edition of the complete Works in Verſe and Proſe of George Herbert; and as I write this the Aldine Edition of the poems (George Bell and Sons) is publiſhed, containing the ſame. Thither the curious Reader is referred. The other MS. is in The Bodleian, and ſeems to have been the tranſcript preſented to the Vice-Chancellor for his "licenſe"—albeit neither in the undated nor dated copy of 1633 or onward, does any "licenſe" appear. It may be noted that in the Williams MS. volume the title is not "The Temple," but more ſimply and Chriſtianly "The

Church"—that of "The Temple" having been beſtowed by Ferrar, who fetched it from Pſalm xxix.—"In his Temple doth every man ſpeak of his honour,"—which was the original motto on the title-page.

The little volume now reproduced in abſolute fac-ſimile in every way—viz., in type, paper, binding—apart from its own intrinſic preciouſneſs, in its own humble but moſt genuine kind, holds a memorable place in our literary biography. The greater HENRY VAUGHAN earlier, and WILLIAM COWPER later, regarded their meeting with "The Temple" as a profoundly formative element in their inner life. Still earlier it was one of the ſcanty library of Charles I. in his impriſonment, and the royal copy revealed "much reading" of it. But its crowning glory is to have drawn from RICHARD CRASHAW the peerleſs tribute of naming his own Poems "Steps to the Temple," and his delightful lines, with which this little Introduction may moſt fitly cloſe:—

On Mr. George Herbert's Booke intituled The Temple of Sacred Poems: ſent to a Gentle-Woman.

Know you, faire, on what you looke?
Divineſt love lyes in this booke:
Expecting fier from your faire eyes,
To kindle this his ſacrifice.
When your hands untie theſe ſtrings,
Thinke yo' have an angell by the wings;
One that gladly would be nigh,
To waite upon each morning ſigh;
To flutter in the balmy aire
Of your well-perfumèd praier;
Theſe white plumes of his hee'l lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will ſend you:
To take acquaintance of each ſpheare,
And all your ſmooth-fac'd kindred there.
And though Herbert's name doe owe
Theſe devotions; faireſt, know
While I thus lay them on the ſhrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART

ST. GEORGE'S VESTRY,
BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE,
April, 1876.

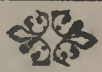
THE TEMPLE

SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS.

By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT. late Oratour of the Universitie of *Cambridge*.

PSAL. 29.

In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.



CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by *Thomas Buck* and *Roger Daniel*:
¶ And are to be sold by *Francis Green*, stationer in *Cambridge*.

¶ The Dedication.

LOrd, my firſt fruits preſent themſelves to thee;
Yet not mine neither: for from thee they came,
And muſt return. Accept of them and me,
And make us ſtrive, who ſhall ſing beſt thy name.
Turn their eyes hither, who ſhall make a gain:
Theirs, who ſhall hurt themſelves or me, refrain.

The Printers to the Reader.

THe dedication of this work having been made by the Authour to the *Divine Majeſtie* onely, how ſhould we now preſume to intereſt any mortall man in the patronage of it? Much leſſe think we it meet to ſeek the recommendation of the Muſes, for that which himſelf was confident to have been inſpired by a diviner breath then flows from *Helicon*. The world therefore ſhall receive it in that naked ſimplicitie, with which he left it, without any addition either of ſupport or ornament, more then is included in it ſelf. We leave it free and unforeſtalled to every mans judgement, and to the benefit that he ſhall finde by peruſall. Onely for the clearing of ſome paſſages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privie to ſome few particularities of the condition and diſpoſition of the Perſon;

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the minde, and having by induſtrie and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellencie, whereof his fellowſhip of Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and his Orator-ſhip in the Univerſitie, together with that knowledge which the Kings Court had taken of him, could make relation farre above ordinarie. Quitting both his deſerts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himſelf to the Sanctuarie and Temple of God, chooſing rather to ſerve at Gods Altar, then to ſeek the ho-

nour of State-employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing verses bear witnesse of, they detract not from the freedome, but adde to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not onely to be called, but to be compelled to this service: Wherein his faithfull discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To testifie his independencie upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kinde, he used in his ordinarie speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to adde, *My Master.*

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemne protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformitie to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable. Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his familie to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompanie him dayly in the publick celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, then he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiasticall dignitie, which he was possessour of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for reedifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had layen ruinated almost twenty yeares. The reparation whereof, having

having been uneffectually attempted by publick collections, was in the end by his own and some few others private free-will-offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especiall good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, *It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the bloud of Christ:* otherwise then in this respect he could finde nothing to glorie or comfort himself with, neither in this, nor in any other thing.

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader. We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour;

Lesse then the least of Gods mercies.

The Church-porch.

Perirrhanterium.



Hou, whoſe ſweet youth and early hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treaſure;
Hearken unto a Verſer, who may chance
Ryme thee to good, and make a bait of pleaſure.
A verſe may finde him, who a ſermon flies,
And turn delight into a ſacrifice.

Beware of luſt: it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptiſme waſht with his own blood.
It blots thy leſſon written in thy ſoul;
The holy lines cannot be underſtood.
How dare thoſe eyes upon a Bible look,
Much leſſe towards God, whoſe luſt is all their book?

Abſtain wholly, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choiſe of paths: take no by-wayes;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging, that thy luſt hath bounds and ſtaies.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both; and ſtill
If rottenneſſe have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th'incloſer: but ſince now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrarie
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
O what were man, might he himſelf miſplace!
Sure to be croſſe he would ſhift feet and face.

Drink not the third glaſſe, which thou canſt not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayſt rule it, as thou liſt; and poure the ſhame,
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floore.
It is moſt juſt to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
Bigge with his ſiſter: he hath loſt the reins,
Is outlawd by himſelf: all kinde of ill
Did with his liquour ſlide into his veins.
The drunkard forfets Man, and doth deveſt
All worldly right, ſave what he hath by beaſt.

Shall I, to pleaſe anothers wine-ſprung minde,
Loſe all mine own? God hath giv'n me a meaſure
Short of his canne, and bodie; muſt I finde
A pain in that, wherein he findes a pleaſure?
Stay at the third glaſſe: if thou loſe thy hold,
Then thou art modeſt, and the wine grows bold.

If reaſon move not Gallants, quit the room,
(All in a ſhipwrack ſhift their ſeverall way)
Let not a common ruine thee intombe:
Be not a beaſt in courteſie; but ſtay,
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.
Wine above all things doth Gods ſtamp deface.

Yet, if thou ſinne in wine or wantonneſſe,
Boaſt not thereof; nor make thy ſhame thy glorie.
Frailtie gets pardon by ſubmiſiveneſſe;
But he that boaſts, ſhuts that out of his ſtorie.
He makes flat warre with God, and doth defie
With his poore clod of earth the ſpacious ſky.

Take

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuſe.
Luſt and wine plead a pleaſure, avarice gain:
But the cheap ſwearer through his open ſluce
Lets his ſoul runne for nought, as little fearing.
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate ſwearing.

When thou doſt tell anothers jeſt, therein
Omit the oathes, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the ſinne.
He pares his apple, that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the vertue of that name, (tame.
Which is thy beſt ſtake, when griefs make thee

The cheapeſt ſinnes moſt dearely puniſht are;
Becauſe to ſhun them alſo is ſo cheap:
For we have wit to mark them, and to ſpare.
O crumble not away thy ſouls fair heap.
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad:
Pride and full ſinnes have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and thoſe that fear the rod;
The ſtormie working ſoul ſpits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a ly:
A fault, which needs it moſt, grows two thereby.

Flie idleneſſe, which yet thou canſt not flie
By dreſſing, miſtreſſing, and complement.
If thoſe take up thy day, the ſunne will crie
Againſt thee: for his light was onely lent. (there
God gave thy ſoul brave wings; put not thoſe ſea-
Into a bed, to ſleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magiſtrate? then be ſevere:
If ſtudious; copie fair, what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jawes: if ſouldier,
Chaſe brave employments with a naked ſword
Throughout the world. Fool not: for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England! full of ſinne, but moſt of ſloth;
Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breſt with glorie:
Thy Gentrie bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a ſheepiſhneſſe into thy ſtorie:
Not that they all are ſo; but that the moſt
Are gone to graſſe, and in the paſture loſt.

This loſſe ſprings chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their ſonne:
Some mark a partridge, never their childes faſhion:
Some ſhip them over, and the thing is done.
Studie this art, make it thy great deſigne;
And if Gods image move thee not, let thine.

Some great eſtates provide, but doe not breed
A maſt'ring minde; ſo both are loſt thereby:
Or els they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: this is flat povertie.
For he, that needs five thouſand pound to live,
Is full as poore as he, that needs but five.

The way to make thy ſonne rich, is to fill
His minde with reſt, before his trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment, climbes a hill
To feel thoſe tempeſts, which fly over ditches.
But if thy ſonne can make ten pound his meaſure,
Then all thou addeſt may be call'd his treaſure.

When

When thou doſt purpoſe ought, (within thy power)
Be ſure to doe it, though it be but ſmall:
Conſtancie knits the bones, and makes us ſtowre,
When wanton pleaſures becken us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himſelf:
What nature made a ſhip, he makes a ſhelf.

Doe all things like a man, not ſneakingly:
Think the king ſees thee ſtill; for his King does.
Simpring is but a lay-hypocriſie:
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, ſets himſelf to task:
Who fears to do well, ſure ſhould wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth; diſeaſes enter there.
Thou haſt two ſconſes, if thy ſtomack call;
Carve, or diſcourſe; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit;
And ſay withall, Earth to earth I commit.

Slight thoſe who ſay amidſt their ſickly healths,
Thou liv'ſt by rule. What doth not ſo, but man?
Houſes are built by rule, and common-wealths.
Entice the truſty ſunne, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line: becken the skie.
Who lives by rule then, keeps good companie.

Who keeps no guard upon himſelf, is ſlack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a ſhop of rules, a well truſs'd pack,
Whoſe every parcell under-writes a law.
Loſe not thy ſelf, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means uſe ſometimes to be alone.
Salute thy ſelf: ſee what thy ſoul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy cheſt; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'ſt there.
Who cannot reſt till hee good fellows finde,
He breaks up houſe, turns out of doores his minde.

Be thriftie, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was ſcraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and uſe it: els, it is not true
That thou haſt gotten. Surely uſe alone
Makes money not a contemptible ſtone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the yeare: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow ſhort, and leſſens ſtill his ſtake,
As the day leſſens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving ſtill miſdoubt ſome evil;
Leſt gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme
To all things els. Wealth is the conjurers devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayſt ſafely touch; but if it ſtick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of ſtones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raiſe thy head;
Take ſtarres for money; ſtarres not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchaſed.
None is ſo waſtefull as the ſcraping dame.
She loſeth three for one; her ſoul, reſt, fame.

By

By no means runne in debt: take thine own meaſure.
Who cannot live on twentie pound a yeare,
Cannot on fourtie: he's a man of pleaſure,
A kinde of thing that's for it ſelf too deere.
The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And ſpares himſelf, but would his taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes ſeek, when worth and ſervice fail,
Would have their tale beleeved for their oathes,
And are like empty veſſels under ſail.
Old courtiers know this; therefore ſet out ſo,
As all the day thou mayſt hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handſomneſſe doth bear the bell.
Wiſedome's a trimmer thing, then ſhope're gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But, This with my diſcretion will be brave.
Much curiouſneſſe is a perpetuall wooing
Nothing with labour; folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but ſport. Who playes for more,
Then he can loſe with pleaſure, ſtakes his heart;
Perhaps his wives too, and whom ſhe hath bore:
Servants and churches alſo play their part.
Onely a herauld, who that way doth paſſe,
Findes his crackt name at length in the church-glaſſe.

If yet thou love game at ſo deere a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gameſters deerely coſt:
Doſt loſe? riſe up: doſt winne? riſe in that ſtate.
Who ſtrive to ſit out loſing hands, are loſt.
Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houſes with their whole increaſe.

In converſation boldneſſe now bears ſway.
But know, that nothing can ſo fooliſh be,
As empty boldneſſe: therefore firſt aſſay
To ſtuffe thy minde with ſolid braverie;
Then march on gallant: get ſubſtantiall worth.
Boldneſſe guilds finely, and will ſet it forth.

Be ſweet to all. Is thy complexion ſowre?
Then keep ſuch companie; make them thy allay:
Get a ſharp wife, a ſervant that will lowre.
A ſtumbler ſtumbles leaſt in rugged way.
Command thy ſelf in chief. He liſes warre knows,
Whom all his paſſions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not ſpeak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break:
By great deeds ſhew, that thou canſt little do;
And do them not: that ſhall thy wiſdome be;
And change thy temperance into braverie.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thinne webbe, which poyſonous fancies make:
But the great ſouldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker ſtuffe, which would endure a ſhake.
Wiſdome picks friends; civilitie playes the reſt.
A toy ſhunn'd cleanly paſſeth with the beſt.

Laugh not too much: the wittie man laughs leaſt:
For wit is newes onely to ignorance.
Leſſe at thine own things laugh; leſt in the jeſt
Thy perſon ſhare, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy ſport, abuſes: for the fly
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick

Pick out of mirth, like ſtones out of thy ground,
Profaneneſſe, filthineſſe, abuſiveneſſe.
Theſe are the ſcumme, with which courſe wits abound:
The fine may ſpare theſe well, yet not go leſſe.
All things are bigge with jeſt: nothing that's plain,
But may be wittie, if thou haſt the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly ſtriking
Sometimes a friend, ſometimes the engineer.
Haſt thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

A ſad wiſe valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and ſwallows up the cities.
The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection,
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the ſport: the mirth then in him reſts,
And the ſad man is cock of all his jeſts.

Towards great perſons uſe reſpective boldneſſe:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine: in ſervice, eare, or coldneſſe
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.
Feed no man in his ſinnes: for adulation
Doth make thee parcell-devil in damnation.

Envie not greatneſſe: for thou mak'ſt thereby
Thy ſelf the worſe, and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet ſuch jealouſie,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good ſpurre. Correct thy paſſions ſpite;
Then may the beaſts draw thee to happy light.

When baſeneſſe is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour, for the perſons ſake.
The ſhrine is that which thou doſt venerate;
And not the beaſt, that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of ſtate ſhould be
Not of rich arras, but mean tapeſtrie.

Thy friend put in thy boſome: wear his eies
Still in thy heart, that he may ſee what's there.
If cauſe require, thou art his ſacrifice;
Thy drops of blood muſt pay down all his fear:
But love is loſt; the way of friendſhip's gone,
Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Chriſt* his *John*.

Yet be not ſurety, if thou be a father.
Love is a perſonall debt. I cannot give
My childrens right, nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends ſhould die, then hinder them to live.
Fathers firſt enter bonds to natures ends;
And are her ſureties, ere they are a friends.

If thou be ſingle, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more then all.
Give one eſtate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himſelf to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes me no more,
Till labour come, and make my weakneſſe ſcore.

In thy diſcourſe, if thou deſire to pleaſe:
All ſuch is courteous, uſefull, new, or wittie.
Uſefulneſſe comes by labour, wit by eaſe;
Courteſie grows in court; news in the citie.
Get a good ſtock of theſe, then draw the card;
That ſuites him beſt, of whom thy ſpeech is heard.

Entice

Entice all neatly to what they know best;
For so thou dost thy self and him a pleasure:
(But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
Rather then shew his cards) steal from his treasure
What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd do lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be Master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak, at once; but husband it,
And give men turns of speech: do not forestall
By lavishnesse thine own, and others wit,
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil guest
Will no more talk all, then eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing: for fiercenesse makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesie.
Why should I feel another mans mistakes
More, then his sicknesses or povertie?
In love I should: but anger is not love,
Nor wisdome neither: therefore gently move.

Calmnesse is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire:
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwels not in the clouds: the bow that's there,
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another sayes: for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equall care
Ballance each dramme of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conquest, and confesse a troth.

Be uſefull where thou liveſt, that they may
Both want, and wiſh thy pleaſing preſence ſtill.
Kindneſſe, good parts, great places are the way
To compaſſe this. Finde out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joyes go leſſe
To the one joy of doing kindneſſes.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So ſhalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in ſpirit: who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much then he that means a tree.
A grain of glorie mixt with humbleneſſe
Cures both a fever and lethargickneſſe.

Let thy minde ſtill be bent, ſtill plotting where,
And when, and how the buſineſſe may be done.
Slackneſſe breeds worms; but the ſure traveller,
Though he alight ſometimes, ſtill goeth on.
Active and ſtirring ſpirits live alone.
Write on the others, Here lies ſuch a one.

Slight not the ſmalleſt loſſe, whether it be
In love or honour: take account of all;
Shine like the ſunne in every corner: ſee
Whether thy ſtock of credit ſwell, or fall.
Who ſay, I care not, thoſe I give for loſt;
And to inſtruct them, 'twill not quit the coſt.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a preſent for a mightie king)
Much leſſe make any one thine enemie.
As gunnes deſtroy, ſo may a little ſling.
The cunning workman never doth refuſe
The meaneſt tool, that he may chance to uſe.

All

All forrain wiſdome doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amiſſe:
A good digeſtion turneth all to health:
And then as farre as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all ſcores; none are ſo cleare as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All forrain of that name; but ſcorn their ill:
Embrace their activeneſſe, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou obſerveſt ſtrangers in each fit,
In time they'l runne thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlineſſe,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flowre.
Slovens take up their ſtock of noiſomneſſe
Beforehand, and anticipate their laſt houre.
Let thy mindes ſweetneſſe have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Almes regard thy means, and others merit.
Think heav'n a better bargain, then to give
Onely thy ſingle market-money for it.
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all ſomething; to a good poore man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is Gods image; but a poore man is
Chriſts ſtamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, So much giv'n to God; thou ſhalt be heard.
Let thy almes go before, and keep heav'ns gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Reſtore

Reſtore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole eſtate.
Sundaies obſerve: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels muſick; therefore come not late.
God then deals bleſſings: If a king did ſo,
Who would not haſte, nay give, to ſee the ſhow?

Twice on the day his due is underſtood;
For all the week thy food ſo oft he gave thee.
Thy cheere is mended; bate not of the food,
Becauſe 'tis better, and perhaps may ſave thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not croſſe.
Faſt when thou wilt; but then 'tis gain, not loſſe.

Though private prayer be a brave deſigne,
Yet publick hath more promiſes, more love:
And love's a weight to hearts, to eies a ſigne.
We all are but cold ſuitours; let us move
Where it is warmeſt. Leave thy ſix and ſeven;
Pray with the moſt: for where moſt pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there, then thou: for thou art there
Onely by his permiſſion. Then beware,
And make thy ſelf all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne're ſpoil'd ſilk ſtocking: quit thy ſtate.
All equall are within the churches gate.

Reſort to ſermons, but to prayers moſt:
Praying 's the end of preaching. O be dreſt;
Stay not for th' other pin: why thou haſt loſt
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jeſt
Away thy bleſſiugs, and extreamly flout thee,
Thy clothes being faſt, but thy ſoul looſe about thee.

In

In time of ſervice ſeal up both thine eies,
And ſend them to thine heart; that ſpying ſinne,
They may weep out the ſtains by them did riſe:
Thoſe doores being ſhut, all by the eare comes in.
Who marks in church-time others ſymmetrie,
Makes all their beautie his deformitie.

Let vain or buſie thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleaſures thither.
Chriſt purg'd his temple; ſo muſt thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together
To couzin thee. Look to thy actions well:
For churches are either our heav'n or hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou miſlike him, thou conceiv'ſt him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treaſures from an earthen pot.
The worſt ſpeak ſomething good: if all want ſenſe,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the bleſſing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not loſt his pains.
He that by being at church eſcapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine
With ſaints on earth, ſhall one day with them ſhine

Jeſt not at preachers language, or expreſſion:
How know'ſt thou, but thy ſinnes made him miſcarrie?
Then turn thy faults and his into confeſſion:
God ſent him, whatſoe're he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Maſter: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Phyſician.

None

None ſhall in hell ſuch bitter pangs endure,
As thoſe, who mock at Gods way of ſalvation.
Whom oil and balſames kill, what ſalve can cure?
They drink with greedineſſe a full damnation.
The Jews refuſed thunder; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Summe up at night, what thou haſt done by day;
And in the morning, what thou haſt to do.
Dreſſe and undreſſe thy ſoul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both, ſince we ſhall be
Moſt ſurely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleaſures as they come, but go.
Deferre not the leaſt vertue: lifes poore ſpan
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill; the joy fades, not the pains:
If well; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

Super-

Superliminare.

THou, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled and taught, how to behave
Thy ſelf in church; approach, and taſte
The churches myſticall repaſt.

AVoid profaneneſſe; come not here:
Nothing but holy, pure, and cleare,
Or that which groneth to be ſo,
May at his perill further go.

The Altar.

A broken ALTAR, Lord, thy ſervant reares,
Made of a heart, and cemented with teares:
Whoſe parts are as thy hand did frame;
No workmans tool hath touch'd the ſame.

A HEART alone
Is ſuch a ſtone,
As nothing but
Thy pow'r doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praiſe thy name.

That if I chance to hold my peace,
Theſe ſtones to praiſe thee may not ceaſe.
O let thy bleſſed SACRIFICE be mine,
And ſanctifie this ALTAR to be thine.

¶ The Sacrifice.

O All ye, who passe by, whose eyes and minde
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blinde;
To me, who took eyes that I might you finde:
Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head
Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.
They use that power against me, which I gave:
Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did beare,
Though he had all I had, did not forbeare
To sell me also, and to put me there:
Was ever grief, &c.

For thirtie pence he did my death devise,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice:
Was ever grief, &c.

Therefore my soul melts, and my hearts deare treasure
Drops bloud (the onely beads) my words to measure: | bloud: words
O let this cup passe, if it be thy pleasure:
Was ever grief, &c.

These drops being temper'd with a sinners tears,
A Balsome are for both the Hemispheres:
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears:
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One houre of watching; but their drowsie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain:
Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they runne.
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns do they seek the sunne!
Was ever grief, &c.

With clubs and staves they seek me, as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief;
Most true to those, who are my greatest grief:
Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kisse?
Canst thou finde hell about my lips? and misse
Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse?
Was ever grief, &c.

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but furie: yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands:
Was ever grief, &c.

All my Disciples flie; fear puts a barre
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the starre,
That brought the wise men of the East from farre.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then from one ruler to another bound
They leade me; urging, that it was not sound
What I taught: Comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief, &c.

The Priest and rulers all false witnesse seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
And readie Paschal Lambe of this great week:
Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then they accuſe me of great blaſphemie,
That I did thruſt into the Deitie,
Who never thought that any robberie:
Was ever grief like mine?

Some ſaid, that I the Temple to the floore
In three dayes raz'd, and raiſed as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more:
Was ever grief, &c.

Then they condemne me all with that ſame breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus *Adam* my firſt breathing rendereth:
Was ever grief, &c.

They binde, and leade me unto *Herod:* he
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendſhip is my enmitie:
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod and all his bands do ſet me light,
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,
And onely am the Lord of hoſts and might:
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod in judgement ſits, while I do ſtand;
Examines me with a cenſorious hand:
I him obey, who all things elſe command:
Was ever grief, &c.

The *Jews* accuſe me with deſpitefulneſſe;
And vying malice with my gentleneſſe,
Pick quarrels with their onely happineſſe:
Was ever grief, &c.

I anſwer nothing, but with patience prove
If ſtonie hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief, &c.

My

My ſilence rather doth augment their crie;
My dove doth back into my boſome flie,
Becauſe the raging waters ſtill are high:
Was ever grief like mine?

Heark how they crie aloud ſtill, *Crucifie:*
It is not fit he live a day, they crie,
Who cannot live leſſe then eternally:
Was ever grief, &c.

Pilate a ſtranger holdeth off; but they,
Mine owne deare people, cry, *Away, away*,
With noiſes confuſed frighting the day:
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet ſtill they ſhout, and crie, and ſtop their eares,
Putting my life among their ſinnes and fears,
And therefore wiſh *my bloud on them and theirs*.
Was ever grief, &c.

See how ſpite cankers things. Theſe words aright
Uſed, and wiſhed, are the whole worlds light:
But hony is their gall, brightneſſe their night:
Was ever grief, &c.

They chooſe a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themſelves a courteſie:
For it was their own cauſe who killed me:
Was ever grief, &c.

And a ſeditious murderer he was:
But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth paſſe
All underſtanding, more then heav'n doth glaſſe:
Was ever grief, &c.

Why, Ceſar is their onely King, not I:
He clave the ſtonie rock, when they were drie;
But ſurely not their hearts, as I well trie:
Was ever grief, &c.

Ah!

Ah! how they ſcourge me! yet my tenderneſſe
Doubles each laſh: and yet their bitterneſſe
Windes up my grief to a myſteriouſneſſe:
Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet me, and box me as they liſt,
Who graſp the earth and heaven with my fiſt,
And never yet, whom I would puniſh, miſs'd:
Was ever grief, &c.

Behold, they ſpit on me in ſcornfull wiſe,
Who by my ſpittle gave the blinde man eies,
Leaving his blindneſſe to mine enemies:
Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As *Moſes* face was vailed, ſo is mine,
Leſt on their double-dark ſouls either ſhine:
Was ever grief, &c.

Servants and abjects flout me; they are wittie:
Now prophefie who ſtrikes thee, is their dittie.
So they in me denie themſelves all pitie:
Was ever grief, &c.

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
Which each one cals for ſo with utmoſt breath,
That he before me well nigh ſuffereth:
Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, deare friends, ſince I for both have wept
When all my tears were bloud, the while you ſlept:
Your tears for your own fortunes ſhould be kept:
Was ever grief, &c.

The ſouldiers lead me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuſe me all:
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call:
Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then with a ſcarlet robe they me aray;
Which ſhews my bloud to be the onely way,
And cordiall left to repair mans decay:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear:
For theſe are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,
Though I my vine planted and watred there:
Was ever grief, &c.

So ſits the earths great curſe in *Adams* fall
Upon my head: ſo I remove it all
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall:
Was ever grief, &c.

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They ſtrike my head, the rock from whence all ſtore
Of heav'nly bleſſings iſſue evermore:
Was ever grief, &c.

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail king:*
What ever ſcoffes or ſcornfulneſſe can bring,
I am the floore, the ſink, where they it fling:
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet ſince mans ſceepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloudie their weeds;
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds:
Was ever grief, &c.

The ſouldiers alſo ſpit upon that face,
Which Angels did deſire to have the grace,
And Prophets once to ſee, but found no place:
Was ever grief, &c.

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
Who *Crucifie him*, crie with one ſtrong ſhout.
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out:
Was ever grief, &c.

They

They leade me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they leade me out agen.
Whom devils flie, thus is he tofs'd of men:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now wearie of ſport, glad to ingroſſe
All ſpite in one, counting my life their loſſe,
They carrie me to my moſt bitter croſſe:
Was ever grief, &c.

My croſſe I bear my ſelf, untill I faint:
Then Simon bears it for me by conſtraint,
The decreed burden of each mortall Saint:
Was ever grief, &c.

O all ye who paſſe by, behold and ſee;
Man ſtole the fruit, but I muſt climbe the tree;
The tree of life to all, but onely me:
Was ever grief, &c.

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of ſinne,
The greater world o'th' two; for that came in
By words, but this by ſorrow I muſt win:
Was ever grief, &c.

Such ſorrow, as if ſinfull man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not ceaſe to kneel,
Till all were melted, though he were all ſteel:
Was ever grief, &c.

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'ſt thou me,
The ſonne, in whom thou doſt delight to be?
My God, my God ———
Never was grief like mine

Shame tears my ſoul, my bodie many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but ſharper that confound;
Reproches, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever grief, &c.

Now heal thy ſelf, Phyſician; now come down.
Alas! I did ſo, when I left my crown
And fathers ſmile for you, to feel his frown:
Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not my ſelf, there doth conſiſt
All that ſalvation, which ye now reſiſt;
Your ſafetie in my ſickneſſe doth ſubſiſt:
Was ever grief, &c.

Betwixt two theeves I ſpend my utmoſt breath,
As he that for ſome robberie ſuffereth.
Alas! what have I ſtollen from you? death:
Was ever grief, &c.

A king my title is, prefixt on high;
Yet by my ſubjects am condemn'd to die
A ſervile death in ſervile companie:
Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vineger mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all:
Was ever grief, &c.

They part my garments, and by lot diſpoſe
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd thoſe
Who ſought for help, never malicious foes:
Was ever grief, &c.

Nay, after death their ſpite ſhall further go;
For they will pierce my ſide, I full well know;
That as ſinne came, ſo Sacraments might flow:
Was ever grief, &c.

But now I die; now all is finiſhed.
My wo, mans weal: and now I bow my head.
Onely let others ſay, when I am dead.
Never was grief like mine.

¶ The Thankſgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title ſtrange, yet true,
To thee of all kings onely due)
Oh King of wounds! how ſhall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventeſt me?
Shall I weep bloud? why thou haſt wept ſuch ſtore
That all thy body was one doore.
Shall I be ſcourged, flouted, boxed, ſold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why doſt thou part from me?
Was ſuch a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then ſing, skipping, thy dolefull ſtorie,
And ſide with thy triumphant glorie?
Shall thy ſtrokes be my ſtroking? thorns, my flowers?
Thy rod, my poſie? croſſe, my bowers?
But how then ſhall I imitate thee, and
Copie thy fair, though bloudie hand?
Surely I will reuenge me on thy love,
And trie who ſhall victorious prove.
If thou doſt give me wealth; I will reſtore
All back unto thee by the poore.
If thou doſt give me honour; men ſhall ſee,
The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not marry; or, if ſhe be mine,
She and her children ſhall be thine.
My boſome friend, if he blaſpheme thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the reſt I give
Unto ſome Chappell, die or live.
As for thy paſſion---But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For thy predeſtination I'le contrive,
That three yeares hence, if I ſurvive,

I'le build a ſpittle, or mend common wayes,
But mend mine own without delayes.
Then I will uſe the works of thy creation,
As if I us'd them but for faſhion.
The world and I will quarrell; and the yeare
Shall not perceive, that I am here.
My muſick ſhall finde thee, and ev'ry ſtring
Shall have his attributc to ſing;
That all together may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmonie.
If thou ſhalt give me wit, it ſhall appeare,
If thou haſt giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will reade thy book, and never move
Till I have found therein thy love;
Thy art of love, which I'le turn back on thee,
O my deare Saviour, Victorie!
Then for thy paſſion-- I will do for that--
Alas, my God, I know not what.

¶ The Repriſall.

I Have conſider'd it, and finde
There is no dealing with thy mighty paſſion:
For though I die for thee, I am behinde;
My ſinnes deſerve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a diſentangled ſtate and free:
And yet thy wounds ſtill my attempts defie,
For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
By thy eternall glorie didſt outgo me?
Couldſt thou not griefs ſad conqueſts me allow,
But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

Yet

Yet by confeſſion will I come
Into the conqueſt. Though I can do nought
Againſt thee, in thee I will overcome
The man, who once againſt thee fought.

¶ The Agonie.

PHiloſophers have meaſur'd mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of ſeas, of ſtates, and kings,
Walk'd with a ſtaffe to heav'n, and traced fountains:
But there are two vaſt, ſpacious things,
The which to meaſure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that ſound them; Sinne and Love

Who would know Sinne, let him repair
Unto mount Olivet; there ſhall he ſee
A man ſo wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skinne, his garments bloudie be.
Sinne is that preſſe and vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruell food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him aſſay
And taſte that juice, which on the croſſe a pike
Did ſet again abroach; then let him ſay
If ever he did taſte the like.
Love is that liquour ſweet and moſt divine,
Which my God feels as bloud; but I, as wine.

¶ The Sinner.

LOrd, how I am all ague, when I ſeek
What I have treaſur'd in my memorie!
Since, if my ſoul make even with the week,
Each ſeventh note by right is due to thee.
I finde there quarries of pil'd vanities,
But ſhreds of holineſſe, that dare not venture
To ſhew their face, ſince croſſe to thy decrees:
There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.
In ſo much dregs the quinteſſence is ſmall:
The ſpirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet Lord reſtore thine image, heare my call: (grone,
And though my hard heart ſcarce to thee can
Remember that thou once didſt write in ſtone.

¶ Good Friday.

O My chief good,
How ſhall I meaſure out thy bloud?
How ſhall I count what thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, ſince one ſtarre ſhow'd thy firſt breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or ſhall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumne, ſcore a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be ſigne
Of the true vine?

Then

Then let each houre
Of my whole life one grief devoure;
That thy distresse through all may runne.
And be my sunne.

Or rather let
My severall sinnes their sorrows get;
That as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sinne may so.

Since bloud is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy sorrows in, and bloudie fight;
My heart hath store, write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and sinne:

That when sinne spies so many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodge there, sinne may say,
No room for me, and flie away.

Sinne being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep possession with thy grace;
Lest sinne take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

¶ Redemption.

HAving been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancell th' old.

In heaven at his manour I him sought:
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on earth, to take possession.

I ſtraight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great reſorts;
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a ragged noiſe and mirth
Of theeves and murderers: there I him eſpied,
Who ſtraight, *Your ſuit is granted*, ſaid, & died.

¶ Sepulchre.

O Bleſſed bodie! Whither art thou thrown?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard ſtone?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good ſtore
For they can lodge tranſgreſſions by the ſcore:
Thouſands of toyes dwell there, yet out of doore
They leave thee.

But that which ſhews them large, ſhews them unfit.
What ever ſinne did this pure rock commit,
Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
Of murder?
Where our hard hearts have took up ſtones to (thee,
And miſſing this, moſt falſly did arraigne thee;
Onely theſe ſtones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old, the law by heav'nly art
Was writ in ſtone; ſo thou, which alſo art
The letter of the word, find'ſt no fit heart
To hold thee.

Yet do we ſtill perſiſt as we began,
And ſo ſhould periſh, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
Withold thee.

¶ Easter.

RIse heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delayes,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him mayst rise:
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The crosse taught all wood to resound his name,
Who bore the same.
His streched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or since all musick is but three parts vied
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I got me flowers to straw 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.

The Sunne arising in the East,
Though he give light, & th' East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many sunnes to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we misse:
There is but one, and that one ever.

¶ Easter wings.

Lord, who createdſt man in wealth and ſtore,
Though foolifhly he loſt the ſame,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Moſt poore:
With thee
O let me riſe
As larks, harmonioufly,
And fing this day thy victories:
Then fhall the fall further the flight in me.

¶ Easter wings.

My tender age in ſorrow did beginne
And ſtill with ſickneſſes and ſhame
Thou didſt ſo puniſh ſinne,
That I became
Moſt thinne.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victorie:
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction ſhall advance the flight in me.

H. Ba-

¶ H. Baptiſme.

As he that ſees a dark and ſhadie grove,
Stayes not, but looks beyond it on the skie;
So when I view my ſinnes, mine eyes remove
More backward ſtill, and to that water flie,

Which is above the heav'ns, whoſe ſpring and rent
Is in my deare Redeemers pierced ſide.
O bleſſed ſtreams! either ye do prevent
And ſtop our ſinnes from growing thick and wide.

Or elſe give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption meaſures all my time,
And ſpreads the plaiſter equall to the crime:
You taught the book of life my name, that ſo

What ever future ſinnes ſhould me miſcall,
Your firſt acquaintance might diſcredit all.

¶ H. Baptiſme.

Since, Lord, to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the paſſage, on my infancie
Thou didſt lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me ſtill
Write thee great God, and me a childe
Let me be ſoft and ſupple to thy will,
Small to my ſelf, to others milde,
Behither ill.

Although by ſtealth
My fleſh get on, yet let her ſiſter
My ſoul bid nothing, but preſerve her wealth:
The growth of fleſh is but a bliſter;
Childhood is health.

¶ Nature.

FUll of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travell, or denie
That thou haſt ought to do with me.
O tame my heart;
It is thy higheſt art
To captivate ſtrong holds to thee.

If thou ſhalt let this venome lurk,
And in ſuggeſtions ſume and work,
My ſoul will turn to bubbles ſtraight,
And thence by kinde
Vaniſh into a winde,
Making thy workmanſhip deceit.

O ſmooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend law and fear;
Or make a new one, ſince the old
Is ſapleſſe grown,
And a much fitter ſtone
To hide my duſt, then thee to hold.

¶ Sinne.

LOrd, with what care haſt thou begirt us round!
Parents firſt ſeaſon us: then ſchoolmaſters
Deliver us to laws; they ſend us bound
To rules of reaſon, holy meſſengers,

Pulpits and ſundayes, ſorrow dogging ſinne,
Afflictions ſorted, anguiſh of all ſizes,
Fine nets and ſtrategems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of ſurpriſes,

Bleſſings

Blessings beforehand, tyes of gratefulnesse,
The sound of glorie ringing in our eares:
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole aray
One cunning bosome-sinne blows quite away.

¶ Affliction.

When first thou didst entice to thee my heart,
I thought the service brave:
So many joyes I writ down for my part,
Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of naturall delights,
Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me:
Thy glorious houshold-stuffe did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such starres I counted mine: both heav'n and earth
Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served?
Where joyes my fellows were.
Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear.
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face.

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way:
My dayes were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesse;
There was no moneth but May.
But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a partie unawares for wo.

My

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses cleave my bones;
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to grones,
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce beleeved,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
And more; for my friends die:
My mirth and edge was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use then I.
Thus thinne and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and winde.

Whercas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with Academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweetned pill, till I came neare;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet lest perchance I should too happie be
In my unhappinesse,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power crosse-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my wayes taking.

Now

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will ſhow:
I reade, 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 houſhold to me, and I ſhould be juſt.

Yet, though thou troubleſt me, I muſt be meek;
In weakneſſe muſt be ſtout.
Well, I will change the ſervice, and go ſeek
Some other maſter out.
Ah my deare God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

¶ Repentance.

LOrd, I confeſſe my ſinne is great;
Great is my ſinne. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick ſlow'r, thy momentanie bloom;
Whoſe life ſtill preſſing
Is one undreſſing,
A ſteadie aiming at a tombe.

Mans age is two houres work, or three:
Each day doth round about us ſee.
Thus are we to delights: but we are all
To ſorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adams fall.

O let thy height of mercie then
Compaſſionate ſhort-breathed men.
Cut me not off for my moſt foul transgreſſion
I do confeſſe
My fooliſhneſſe;
My God, accept of my confeſſion.

Sweeten

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou haſt pour'd into my ſoul; (ther:
Thy wormwood turn to health, windes to fair wea-
For if thou ſtay,
I and this day,
As we did riſe, we die together.

When thou for ſinne rebukeſt man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan:
Bitterneſſe fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine, and decay,
And drop away,
And carrie with them th' other parts.

But thou wilt ſinne and grief deſtroy;
That ſo the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-ſet ſong,
Full of his praiſes,
Who dead men raiſes.
Fractures well cur'd make us more ſtrong.

¶ Faith.

LOrd, how couldſt thou ſo much appeaſe
Thy wrath for ſinne, as when mans ſight was dimme,
And could ſee little, to regard his eaſe,
And bring by Faith all things to him?

Hungrie I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a moſt delicious feaſt;
I had it ſtraight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome gueſt.

There is a rare outlandiſh root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
That apprehenſion cur'd ſo well my foot,
That I can walk to heav'n well neare.

I owed thousands and much more:
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And liv'd accordingly; my creditor
Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I believe is in the sacred storie:
And where sinne placeth me in Adams fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glorie.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower then the common manger?
Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailtie, death and danger.

If blisse had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise or strong had gained it:
Where now by Faith all arms are of a length;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend & crouch
While grace fills up uneven nature.

When creatures had no reall light
Inherent in them, thou didst make the sunne,
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright;
And in this shew, what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
With bushie groves, pricking the lookers eie,
Vanisht away, when Faith did change the scene:
And then appear'd a glorious skie.

What though my bodie runne to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting evr'y grain
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

¶ Prayer.

¶ Prayer.

PRayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The ſoul in paraphraſe, heart in pilgrimage,
The Chriſtian plummet ſounding heav'n and earth;

Engine againſt th' Almightie, ſinners towre,
Reverſed thunder, Chriſt-ſide-piercing ſpear,
The ſix-daies world-tranſpoſing in an houre,
A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear;

Softneſſe, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliſſe,
Exalted Manna, gladneſſe of the beſt,
Heaven in ordinarie, man well dreſt,
The milkie way, the bird of Paradiſe,
Church-bels beyond the ſtarres heard, the ſouls (bloud,
The land of ſpices; ſomething underſtood.

¶ The H. Communion.

NOt in rich furniture, or fine aray,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me waſt ſold,
To me doſt now thy ſelf convey;
For ſo thou ſhould'ſt without me ſtill have been,
Leaving within me ſinne:

But by the way of nouriſhment and ſtrengh
Thou creep'ſt into my breaſt;
Making thy way my reſt,
And thy ſmall quantities my length;
Which ſpread their forces into every part,
Meeting ſinnes force and art.

Yet

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts;
But as th' outworks, they may controll
My rebel-flesh, and carrying thy name,
Affright both sinne and shame.

Onely thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privie key,
Op'ning the souls most subtile rooms;
While those to spirits refin'd, at doore attend
Dispatches from their friend.

Give me my captive soul, or take
My bodie also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sinne turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven;
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know
To sinne, or sinne to smother;
He might to heav'n from Paradise go,
As from one room t'another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
By this thy heav'nly bloud;
Which I can go to, when I please,
And leave th' earth to their food.

¶ Antiphon.

¶ Antiphon.

Cho. LEt all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heav'ns are not too high,
His praiſe may thither flie:
The earth is not too low,
His praiſes there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The church with pſalms muſt ſhout.
No doore can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Muſt bear the longeſt part.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

¶ Love I.

IMmortall Love, authour of this great frame,
Sprung from that beautie which can never fade;
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that duſt which thou haſt made,

While mortall love doth all the title gain!
Which ſiding with invention, they together
Bear all the ſway, poſſeſſing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanſhip) and give thee ſhare in neither.

Wit

Wit fancies beautie, beautie raiſeth wit:
The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou ſtanding by: and though thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from th' infernall pit,
Who ſings thy praiſe? only a skarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

II.

IMmortall Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the leſſer to it: let thoſe fires,
Which ſhall conſume the world, firſt make it tame;
And kindle in our hearts ſuch true deſires,

As may conſume our luſts, and make thee way.
Then ſhall our hearts pant thee; then ſhall our brain
All her invention on thine Altar lay,
And there in hymnes ſend back thy fire again:

Our eies ſhall ſee thee, which before ſaw duſt;
Duſt blown by wit, till that they both were blinde:
Thou ſhalt recover all thy goods in kinde,
Who wert diſſeized by uſurping luſt:
All knees ſhall bow to thee; all wits ſhall riſe,
And praiſe him who did make and mend our eies.

¶ The Temper.

HOw ſhould I praiſe thee, Lord! how ſhould my rymes
Gladly engrave thy love in ſteel,
If what my ſoul doth feel ſometimes,
My ſoul might ever feel!

Al-

Although there were ſome fourtie heav'ns, or more,
Sometimes I peere above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a ſcore,
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to ſuch a vaſt extent;
Thoſe diſtances belong to thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou doſt ſtretch
A crumme of duſt from heav'n to hell?
Will great God meaſure with a wretch?
Shall he thy ſtature ſpell?

O let me, when thy roof my ſoul hath hid,
O let me rooſt and neſtle there:
Then of a ſinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for ſure thy way is beſt:
Stretch or contract me thy poore debter:
This is but tuning of my breaſt,
To make the muſick better.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with duſt,
Thy hands made both, and I am there:
Thy power and love, my love and truſt
Make one place ev'ry where.

¶ The Temper.

I Cannot be. Where is that holie joy,
Which juſt now took up all my heart?
Lord, if thou muſt needs uſe thy dart,
Save that, and me; or ſin for both deſtroy.

The

The groſser world ſtands to thy word and art;
But thy diviner world of grace
Thou ſuddenly doſt raiſe and race,
And ev'ry day a new Creatour art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May alſo fix their reverence:
For when thou doſt depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and ſit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or binde them all to bend to thee:
Though elements change, and heaven move,
Let not thy higher Court remove,
But keep a ſtanding Majeſtie in me.

¶ Jordan.

WHo ſayes that fictions onely and falſe hair
Become a verſe? Is there in truth no beautie?
Is all good ſtructure in a winding ſtair?
May no lines paſſe, except they do their dutie
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it no verſe, except enchanted groves
And ſudden arbours ſhadow courſe-ſpunne lines?
Muſt purling ſtreams refreſh a lovers loves?
Muſt all be vail'd, while he that reades, divines,
Catching the ſenſe at two removes?

Shepherds are honeſt people; let them ſing:
Riddle who liſt, for me, and pull for Prime:
I envie no mans nightingale or ſpring;
Nor let them puniſh me with loſſe of ryme,
Who plainly ſay, *My God, My King.*

¶ Employ-

¶ Employment.

IF as a flowre doth ſpread and die,
Thou wouldſt extend me to ſome good,
Before I were by froſts extremitie
Nipt in the bud;

The ſweetneſſe and the praiſe were thine;
But the extenſion and the room,
Which in thy garland I ſhould fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

For as thou doſt impart thy grace,
The greater ſhall our glorie be.
The meaſure of our joyes is in this place,
The ſtuffe with thee.

Let me not languiſh then, and ſpend
A life as barren to thy praiſe,
As is the duſt, to which that life doth tend,
But with delaies.

All things are buſie; onely I
Neither bring hony with the bees,
Nor flowres to make that, nor the husbandrie
To water theſe.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my companie is a weed.
Lord place me in thy conſort; give one ſtrain
To my poore reed.

¶ The H. Scriptures. I.

OH Book! infinite ſweetneſſe let my heart!
Suck ev'ry letter, and a hony gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To cleare the breaſt, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
A full eternitie: thou art a maſſe
Of ſtrange delights, where we may wiſh & take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankfull glaſſe,

That mends the lookers eyes: this is the well
That waſhes what it ſhows. Who can indeare
Thy praiſe too much? thou art heav'ns Lidger here,
Working againſt the ſtates of death and hell.

Thou art joyes handſell: heav'n lies flat in thee,
Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glorie!
Seeing not onely how each verſe doth ſhine,
But all the conſtellations of the ſtorie.

This verſe marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:
Then as diſperſed herbs do watch a potion,
Theſe three make up ſome Chriſtians deſtinie

Such

Such are thy ſecrets, which my liſe makes good,
And comments on thee: for in ev'ry thing
Thy words do finde me out, & parallels bring,
And in another make me underſtood.

Starres are poore books, & oftentimes do miſse:
This book of ſtarres lights to eternall bliſſe.

¶ Whitſunday.

Liſten ſweet Dove unto my ſong,
And ſpread thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart ſo long,
Till it get wing, and flie away with thee.

Where is that fire which once deſcended
On thy Apoſtles? thou didſt then
Keep open houſe, richly attended,
Feaſting all comers by twelve choſen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didſt beſtow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appeare;
The ſtarres were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and ſerve here.

The ſunne, which once did ſhine alone,
Hung down his head, and wiſht for night,
When he beheld twelve ſunnes for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But ſince thoſe pipes of gold, which brought
That cordiall water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault
Of thoſe, who did themſelves through their ſide wound

Thou ſhutt'ſt the doore, and keep'ſt within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conqu'ring ſinne
Did not excite thee, we ſhould wholly ſink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the ſame;
The ſame ſweet God of love and light:
Reſtore this day, for thy great name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

¶ Grace.

MY ſtock lies dead, and no increaſe
Doth my dull husbandrie improve:
O let thy graces without ceaſe
Drop from above!

If ſtill the ſunne ſhould hide his face,
Thy houſe would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works nights captives: O let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And ſhall the dew out-ſtrip thy dove?
The dew, for which graſſe cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is ſtill working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my ſoul
Drop from above.

Sinne is ſtill hammering my heart
Unto a hardneſſe, void of love:
Let ſupplinggrace, to croſſe his art,
Drop from above.

O come! for thou doſt know the way.
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me, where I need not ſay,
Drop from above.

¶ Praiſe.

TO write a verſe or two, is all the praiſe,
That I can raiſe:
Mend my eſtate in any wayes,
Thou ſhalt have more.

I go to Church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither flie;
Or, if I mount unto the skie,
I will do more.

Man is all weakneſſe; there is no ſuch thing
As Prince or King:
His arm is ſhort; yet with a ſling
He may do more.

An herb deſtill'd, and drunk, may dwell next doore,
On the ſame floore,
To a brave ſoul: Exalt the poore,
They can do more.

O raiſe me then! poore bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.

¶ Affliction.

KIll me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of life; ſince thy one death for me
Is more then all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each houre of Methuſalems ſtay.

If all mens tears were let
Into one common ſewer, ſea, and brine;
What were they all, compar'd to thine?
Wherein if they were ſet,
They would diſcolour thy moſt bloudy ſweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art
All my delight, ſo all my ſmart:
Thy croſſe took up in one,
By way of impreſt, all my future mone.

¶ Mattens.

I Cannot ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning-ſoul and ſacrifice:
Then we muſt needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious ſtone,
Or ſtarre, or rainbow, or a part
Of all theſe things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou ſhouldſt it ſo eye, and wooe,
Powring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadſt nothing els to do?

Indeed mans whole eſtate
Amounts (and richly) to ſerve thee:
He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet ſtudies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I ſee,
May both the work and workman ſhow:
Then by a ſunne-beam I will climbe to thee.

¶ Sinne.

O That I could a ſinne once ſee!
We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath ſome good in him, all agree.
Sinne is flat oppoſite to th' Almighty, ſeeing
It wants the good of *vertue*, and of *being*.

But God more care of us hath had:
If apparitions make us ſad,
By ſight of ſinne we ſhould grow mad.
Yet as in ſleep we ſee foul death, and live:
So devils are our ſinnes in perſpective.

¶ Even-ſong.

BLeſt be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be buſie, and to play.
But much more bleſt be God above,

Who gave me ſight alone,
Which to himſelf he did denie:
For when he ſees my waies, I dy:
But I have got his ſonne, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I diſcharg'd the debt,
Which this dayes favour did beget?
I ranne; but all I brought, was ſome.

Thy diet, care, and coſt
Do end in bubbles, balls of winde;
Of winde to thee whom I have croſt,
But balls of wilde-fire to my troubled minde.

Yet ſtill thou goeſt on,
And now with darkneſſe cloſeſt wearie eyes,
Saying to man, *It doth ſuffice:*
Henceforth repoſe; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou doſt incloſe us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our diſorder'd clocks.

I muſe, which ſhows more love.
The day or night: that is the gale, this th'harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, thou art all love.
Not one poore minute 'ſcapes thy breaſt,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more then in bed, I reſt.

¶ Church-monuments.

WHile that my ſoul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intombe my fleſh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of duſt;
To which the blaſt of deaths inceſſant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at laſt. Therefore I gladly truſt

My bodie to this ſchool, that it may learn
To ſpell his elements, and finde his birth
Written in duſtie heraldrie and lines;
Which diſſolution ſure doth beſt diſcern,
Comparing duſt with duſt, and earth with earth.
Theſe laugh at Ieat, and Marble put for ſignes,

To

To ſever the good fellowſhip of duſt,
And ſpoil the meeting. What ſhall point out them,
When they ſhall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiſſe thoſe heaps, which now they have in truſt?
Deare fleſh, while I do pray, learn here thy ſtemme
And true deſcent; that when thou ſhalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayſt know,
That fleſh is but the glaſſe, which holds the duſt
That meaſures all our time; which alſo ſhall
Be crumbled into duſt. Mark here below
How tame theſe aſhes are, how free from luſt,
That thou mayſt fit thy ſelf againſt thy fall.

¶ Church-muſick.

SWeeteſt of ſweets, I thank you: when diſpleaſure
Did through my bodie wound y minde,
You took me thence, and in your houſe of pleaſure
A daintie lodging me aſſign'd.

Now I in you without a bodie move,
Riſing and falling with your wings:
We both together ſweetly live and love,
Yet ſay ſometimes, *God help poore Kings.*

Comfort, 'Ile die; for if you poſte from me,
Sure I ſhall do ſo, and much more:
But if I travell in your companie,
You know the way to heavens doore.

¶ Church-lock and key.

I Know it is my ſinne, which locks thine eares,
And bindes thy hands;
Out-crying my requeſts, drowning my tears;
Or elſe the chilneſſe of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angrie with the fire,
And mend it ſtill;
So I do lay the want of my deſire,
Not on my ſinnes, or coldneſſe, but thy will.

Yet heare, O God, onely for his blouds ſake
Which pleads for me:
For though ſinnes plead too, yet like ſtones they make
His blouds ſweet current much more loud to be.

¶ The Church-floore.

MArk you the floore? that ſquare & ſpeckled ſtone,
Which looks ſo firm and ſtrong,
Is *Patience:*

And th'other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,
Humilitie:

The gentle riſing, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is *Confidence:*

But the ſweet cement, which in one ſure band
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
And *Charitie.*

Hither ſometimes Sinne ſteals, and ſtains
The marbles neat and curious veins:
But all is cleanſed when the marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the doore,
Blows all the duſt about the floore.
But while he thinks to ſpoil the room, he ſweeps.
Bleſt be the *Architect*, whoſe art
Could build ſo ſtrong in a weak heart.

¶ The

¶ The Windows.

LOrd, how can man preach thy eternall word?
He is a brittle crazie glaſſe:
Yet in thy temple thou doſt him afford
This glorious and tranſcendent place,
To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou doſt anneal in glaſſe thy ſtorie,
Making thy life to ſhine within
The holy Preachers; then the light and glorie
More rev'rend grows, & more doth win
Which elſe ſhows watriſh, bleak, & thin

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A ſtrong regard and awe: but ſpeech alone
Doth vaniſh like a flaring thing,
And in the eare, not conſcience ring.

¶ Trinitie Sunday.

LOrd, who haſt form'd me out of mud,
And haſt redeem'd me through thy bloud,
And ſanctifi'd me to do good;

Purge all my ſinnes done heretofore:
For I confeſſe my heavie ſcore,
And I will ſtrive to ſinne no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charitie;
That I may runne, riſe, reſt with thee.

¶ Con-

¶ Content.

PEace mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breaſt:
Who cannot on his own bed ſweetly ſleep,
Can on anothers hardly reſt.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry queſt and call
Of an untrained hope or paſſion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonneſſe in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm t' it ſelf alone:
But when it would appeare to others eye,
Without a knock it never ſhone.

Give me the pliant minde, whoſe gentle meaſure
Complies and ſuits with all eſtates;
Which can let looſe to a crown, and yet with pleaſure
Take up within a cloiſters gates.

This ſoul doth ſpan the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre:
Where in each room of the well-furniſht tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine dayes wonder;
And after death the fumes that ſpring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder,
As thoſe which riſe from a huge King.

Onely thy Chronicle is loſt; and yet
Better by worms be all once ſpent,
Then to have helliſh moths ſtill gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not rent:

When

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others pens and tongue;
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourisht fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing soul, till thine own ground,
Do not thy self or friends importune.
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath euer found a happie fortune.

¶ The Quidditie.

MY God, a verse is not a crown,
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
It never was in *France* or *Spain*;
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great stable or demain:

It is no office, art, or news,
Nor the Exchange, or busie Hall;
But it is that which while I use
I am with thee, and *Most take all.*

¶ Humilitie.

I Saw the Vertues sitting hand in hand
In sev'rall ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the beasts and fowls by their command
Presented tokens of submission.
Humilitie, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
When by the beasts the presents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The

The angrie Lion did preſent his paw,
Which by conſent was giv'n to Manſuetude.
The fearfull Hare her eares, which by their law
Humilitie did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turkie brought his corall-chain;
That went to Temperance.
On Juſtice was beſtow'd the Foxes brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacocks plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it, as proper to his place,
Till they fell out: which when the beaſts eſpied,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their ſide,
They had depos'd each one.

Humilitie, who held the plume, at this
Did weep ſo faſt, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train: then ſaying, *Here it is*
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown
Againſt the beaſts: ſo joyntly bandying,
They drive them ſoon away;
And then amerc'd them, double gifts to bring
At the next Seſſion-day.

¶ Frailtie.

LOrd, in my ſilence how do I deſpiſe
What upon truſt
Is ſtyled *honour*, *riches*, or *fair eyes*;
But is *fair duſt*!
I ſurname them *guilded clay*,
Deare earth, *fine graſſe* or *hay*;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both Regiments;
The worlds, and thine:
Thine clad with ſimpleneſſe, and ſad events;
The other fine,
Full of glorie and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds:
That which was duſt before, doth quickly riſe,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, leſt if what even now
My foot did tread,
Affront thoſe joyes, wherewith thou didſt endow,
And long ſince wed
My poore ſoul, ev'n ſick of love:
It may a Babel prove
Commodious to conquer heav'n and thee
Planted in me.

¶ Conſtancie.

WHo is the honeſt man?
He that doth ſtill and ſtrongly good purſue,
To God, his neighbour, and himſelf moſt true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpinne, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whoſe honeſtie is not
So looſe or eaſie, that a ruffling winde
Can blow away, or glittering look it blinde:
Who rides his ſure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behinde.

Who

Who, when great trials come,
Nor ſeeks, nor ſhunnes them; but doth calmly ſtay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a ſumme,
What place or perſon calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or wooe
To uſe in any thing a trick or ſleight;
For above all things he abhorres deceit:
His words and works and faſhion too
All of a piece, and all are cleare and ſtraight.

Who never melts or thaws
At cloſe tentations: when the day is done,
His goodneſſe ſets not, but in dark can runne:
The ſunne to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue; Vertue is his Sunne.

Who, when he is to treat
With ſick folks, women, thoſe whom paſſions ſway,
Allows for that, and keeps his conſtant way:
Whom others faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runnes bias, from his will
To writhe his limbes, and ſhare, not mend the ill.
This is the Mark-man, ſafe and ſure,
Who ſtill is right, and prayes to be ſo ſtill.

¶ Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
By that I knew that thou waſt in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a ſcepter of the rod:
Hadſt thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly ſigh had broke my heart.

But ſince thy breath gave me both life and ſhape,
Thou knowſt my tallies; and when there's aſſign'd
So much breath to a ſigh, what's then behinde?
Or if ſome yeares with it eſcape,
The ſigh then onely is
A gale to bring me ſooner to my bliſſe.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art ſtill
Conſtant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members ſuffer ill.
They who lament one croſſe,
Thou dying dayly, praiſe thee to thy loſſe.

J The Starre.

BRight ſpark, ſhot from a brighter place,
Where beams ſurround my Saviours face,
Canſt thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canſt make a debter,
And make it better.

Firſt with thy fire-work burn to duſt
Folly, and worſe then folly, luſt:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it ſhine:

So diſengag'd from ſinne and ſickneſſe,
Touchit with thy celeſtiall quickneſſe,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then

Then with our trinitie of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didſt bow.

Get me a ſtanding there, and place
Among the beams, which crown the face
Of him, who dy'd to part
Sinne and my heart:

That ſo among the reſt I may
Glitter, and curle, and winde as they:
That winding is their faſhion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy, by gaining me
To flie home like a laden bee
Unto that hive of beams
And garland-ſtreams.

¶ Sunday.

O Day moſt calm, moſt bright,
The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
Th' indorſement of ſupreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his bloud;
The couch of time; cares balm and bay:
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth ſhow the way.

The other dayes and thou
Make up one man; whoſe face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-daies are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to ſtoup and bow,
Till thy releaſe appeare.

Man had ſtraight forward gone
To endleſſe death: but thou doſt pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not chooſe but look on ſtill;
Since there is no place ſo alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundaies the pillars are,
On which heav'ns palace arched lies:
The other dayes fill up the ſpare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitfull beds and borders
In Gods rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundaies of mans life,
Threaded together on times ſtring,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King.
On Sunday heavens gate ſtands ope;
Bleſſings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull then hope.

This

This day my Saviour roſe,
And did incloſe this light for his:
That, as each beaſt his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miſse.
Chriſt hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for thoſe
Who want herbs for their wound.

The reſt of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the ſame ſhake, which at his paſſion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samſon bore the doores away,
Chriſts hands, though nail'd, wrought our ſalvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightneſse of that day
We ſullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we caſt away,
Having a new at his expence,
Whoſe drops of bloud paid the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradiſe.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-dayes trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from ſev'n to ſev'n,
Till that we both, being toſs'd from earth,
Flie hand in hand to heav'n!

¶ Avarice.

¶ Avarice.

MOney, thou bane of bliſſe, & ſourſe of wo, (fine?
Whence com'ſt thou, that thou art ſo freſh and
I know thy parentage is baſe and low:
Man found thee poore and dirtie in a mine.

Surely thou didſt ſo little contribute
To this great kingdome, which thou now haſt got,
That he was fain, when thou wert deſtitute,
To digge thee out of thy dark cave and grot:

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou haſt got the face of man; for we
Have with our ſtamp and ſeal transferr'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but droſſe to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana- { MARY / ARMY } *gram.*

HOw well her name an *Army* doth preſent,
In whom the *Lord of hoſts* did pitch his tent!

To all Angels and Saints.

OH glorious ſpirits, who after all your bands
See the ſmooth face of God, without a frown
Or ſtrict commands;
Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not

Not out of envie or maliciousneſſe
Do I forbear to crave your ſpeciall aid:
I would addreſſe
My vows to thee moſt gladly, bleſſed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my diſtreſſe.

Thou art the holy mine, whence came the gold,
The great reſtorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the cabinet where the jewell lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my ſoul unfold:

But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praiſe,
Bids no ſuch thing:
And where his pleaſure no injunction layes,
('Tis your own caſe) ye never move a wing.

All worſhip is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lyes no appeal
At the laſt houre:
Therefore we dare not from his garland ſteal,
To make a poſie for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on earth, we ſhall not fare the worſe,
Who do not ſo;
Since we are ever ready to diſburſe,
If any one our Maſters hand can ſhow.

¶ Employment.

HE that is weary, let him ſit.
My ſoul would ſtirre
And trade in courteſies and wit,
Quitting the furre
To cold complexions needing it. Man

Man is no ſtarre, but a quick coal
Of mortall fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint deſire,
Lets his own aſhes choke his ſoul.

When th' elements did for place conteſt
With him, whoſe will
Ordain'd the higheſt to be beſt;
The earth ſat ſtill,
And by the others is oppreſt.

Life is a buſineſſe, not good cheer;
Ever in warres.
The ſunne ſtill ſhineth there or here,
Whereas the ſtarres
Watch an advantage to appeare.

Oh that I were an Orenge-tree,
That buſie plant!
Then ſhould I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dreſſed me.

But we are ſtill too young or old;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Untill the grave increaſe our cold.

¶ Deniall.

When my devotions could not pierce
Thy ſilent eares;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verſe:
My breaſt was full of fears
And diſorder:

My

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did flie asunder:
Each took his way; some would to pleasures go,
Some to the warres and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go any where, they say,
As to benumme
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, come, my God, O come,
But no hearing.

O that thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To crie to thee,
And then not heare it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untun'd, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossome, hung
Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartlesse breast,
Deferre no time;
That so thy favours granting my request,
They and my minde may chime,
And mend my ryme.

¶ Christmas.

ALl after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd, bodie and minde,
With full crie of affections, quite astray;
I took up in the next inne I could finde.

There

There when I came, whom found I but my deare,
My deareſt Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleaſures brought me to him, readie there
To be all paſſengers moſt ſweet relief?

O Thou, whoſe glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in nights mantle, ſtole into a manger;
Since my dark ſoul and brutiſh is thy right,
To Man of all beaſts be not thou a ſtranger:

Furniſh & deck my ſoul, that thou mayſt have
A better lodging, then a rack, or grave.

THe ſhepherds ſing; and ſhall I ſilent be?
My God, no hymne for thee?
My ſoul's a ſhepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The paſture is thy word: the ſtreams, thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock ſhall ſing, and all my powers
Out-ſing the day-light houres
Then we will chide the ſunne for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We ſing one common Lord; wherefore he ſhould
Himſelf the candle hold.
I will go ſearching, till I finde a ſunne
Shall ſtay, till we have done;
A willing ſhiner, that ſhall ſhine as gladly,
As froſt-nipt ſunnes look ſadly.
Then we will ſing, and ſhine all our own day,
And one another pay:
His beams ſhall cheer my breaſt, and both ſo twine,
Till ev'n his beams ſing, and my muſick ſhine.

D ¶ Un-

¶ Ungratefulneſſe.

LOrd, with what bountie and rare clemencie
Haſt thou redeem'd us from the grave!
If thou hadſt let us runne,
Gladly had man ador'd the ſunne,
And thought his god moſt brave;
Where now we ſhall be better gods then he.

Thou haſt but two rare cabinets full of treaſure,
The *Trinitie*, and *Incarnation:*
Thou haſt unlockt them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of thy creation
Unto thy ſelf in everlaſting pleaſure.

The ſtatelier cabinet is the *Trinitie*,
Whoſe ſparkling light acceſſe denies:
Therefore thou doſt not ſhow
This fully to us, till death blow
The duſt into our eyes:
For by that powder thou wilt make us ſee.

But all thy ſweets are packt up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow:
That as the firſt affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Becauſe this box we know;
For we have all of us juſt ſuch another.

But man is cloſe, reſerv'd, and dark to thee:
When thou demandeſt but a heart,
He cavils inſtantly.
In his poore cabinet of bone
Sinnes have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gaveſt two for one.

¶ Sighs

¶ Sighs and Grones.

O Do not uſe me
After my ſinnes ! look not on my deſert,
But on thy glorie ! then thou wilt reform
And not refuſe me: for thou onely art
The mightie God, but I a fillie worm;
O do not bruiſe me !

O do not urge me!
For what account can thy ill ſteward make?
I have abus'd thy ſtock, deſtroy'd thy woods,
Suckt all thy magazens: my head did ake,
Till it found out how to conſume thy goods:
O do not ſcourge me!

O do not blinde me!
I have deſerv'd that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers; becauſe my luſt
Hath ſtill ſow'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
But I am frailtie, and already duſt;
O do not grinde me!

O do not fill me
With the turn'd viall of thy bitter wrath !
For thou haſt other veſſels full of bloud,
A part whereof my Saviour empti'd hath,
Ev'n unto death : ſince he di'd for my good ,
O do not kill me!

But O reprieve me!
For thou haſt *life* and *death* at thy command;
Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *feaſt* and *rod*,
Cordiall and *Corroſive:* put not thy hand
Into the bitter box; but O my God,
My God, relieve me!

¶ The World.

LOve built a ſtately houſe; where *Fortune* came,
And ſpinning phanſies, ſhe was heard to ſay,
That her fine cobwebs did ſupport the frame,
Whereas they were ſupported by the ſame:
But *Wiſdome* quickly ſwept them all away.

Then *Pleaſure* came, who liking not the faſhion,
Began to make *Balconet*, *Terraces*,
Till ſhe had weakned all by alteration:
But rev'rend *laws*, and many a *proclamation*
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sinne*, and with that Sycomore,
Whoſe leaves firſt ſheltred man from drought & dew,
Working and winding ſlily evermore,
The inward walls and Sommers cleft and tore:
But *Grace* ſhor'd theſe, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sinne* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band
To raſe the building to the very floore:
Which they effected, none could them withſtand
But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glorie* by the hand,
And built a braver Palace then before.

Coloſſ. 3. 3.

Our life is hid with Chriſt in God.

MY words & thoughts do both expreſſe this notion,
That *Life* hath with the ſun a double motion.
The firſt *Is* ſtraight, and our diurnall friend,
The other *Hid*, and doth obliquely bend.
One life is wrapt *In* fleſh, and tends to earth.
The other winds towards *Him*, whoſe happie birth
Taught me to live here ſo, *That* ſtill one eye
Should aim and ſhoot at that which *Is* on high:
Quitting with daily labour all *My* pleaſure,
To gain at harveſt an eternall *Treaſure*.

¶ Vanitie.

THe fleet Aſtronomer can bore,
And thred the ſpheres with his quick-piercing minde:
He views their ſtations, walks from doore to doore,
Surveys, as if he had deſign'd
To make a purchaſe there: he ſees their dances,
And knoweth long before,
Both their full-ey'd aſpects, and ſecret glances.

The nimble Diver with his ſide
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearely-earned pearl, which God did hide
On purpoſe from the ventrous wretch;
That he might ſave his life, and alſo hers,
Who with exceſſive pride
Her own deſtruction and his danger wears.

The ſubtil Chymick can deveſt
And ſtrip the creature naked, till he finde
The callow principles within their neſt:
There he imparts to them his minde,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appeare trim and dreſt
To ordinarie ſuitours at the doore.

What hath not man ſought out and found,
But his deare God? who yet his glorious law
Emboſomes in us, mellowing the ground
With ſhowres and froſts, with love & aw,
So that we need not ſay, Where's this command?
Poore man, thou ſearcheſt round
To finde out *death*, but miſſeſt *life* at hand.

¶ Lent.

WElcome deare feaſt of Lent: who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,
But is compos'd of paſſion.
The Scriptures bid us *faſt*; the Church ſayes, *now*:
Give to thy Mother, what thou wouldſt allow
To ev'ry Corporation.

The humble ſoul compos'd of love and fear
Begins at home, and layes the burden there,
When doctrines diſagree.
He ſayes, in things which uſe hath juſtly got,
I am a ſcandall to the Church, and not
The Church is ſo to me.

True

True Chriſtians ſhould be glad of an occaſion
To uſe their temperance, ſeeking no evaſion,
When good is ſeaſonable;
Unleſſe Authoritie, which ſhould increaſe
The obligation in us, make it leſſe,
And Power it ſelf diſable.

Beſides the cleanneſſe of ſweet abſtinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a ſmall expenſe,
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulneſſe there are fluttiſh fumes,
Sowre exhalations, and diſhoneſt rheumes,
Revenging the delight.

Then thoſe ſame pendant profits, which the ſpring
And Eaſter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodneſſe of the deed.
Neither ought other mens abuſe of Lent
Spoil the good uſe; leſt by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Chriſts forti'th day;
Yet to go part of that religious way,
Is better then to reſt:
We cannot reach our Saviours puritie;
Yet are we bid, *Be holy ev'n as he.*
In both let's do our beſt.

Who goeth in the way which Chriſt hath gone,
Is much more ſure to meet with him, then one
That travelleth by-wayes:
Perhaps my God, though he be farre before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more
May ſtrengthen my decayes.

Yet Lord instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sinne and taking such repast,
As may our faults controll:
That ev'ry man may revell at his doore,
Not in his parlour; banquetting the poore,
And among those his soul.

¶ Vertue.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie:
The dew shall weep thy fall to night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

¶ The

¶ The Pearl. *Matth.* 13.

I Know the wayes of learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the preſſe, and make it runne,
What reaſon hath from nature borrowed,
Or of it ſelf, like a good huſwife, ſpunne
In laws and policie; what the ſtarres conſpire,
What willing nature ſpeaks, what forc'd by fire;
Both th' old diſcoveries, and the new-found ſeas,
The ſtock and ſurplus, cauſe and hiſtorie:
All theſe ſtand open, or I have the keyes:
Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courteſie and wit:
In vies of favours whether partie gains,
When glorie ſwells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expreſſions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, whereſoe're it goes:
How many drammes of ſpirit there muſt be
To ſell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of pleaſure, the ſweet ſtrains,
The lullings and the reliſhes of it;
The propoſitions of hot bloud and brains;
What mirth and muſick mean; what love and wit
Have done theſe twentie hundred yeares, and more:
I know the projects of unbridled ſtore:
My ſtuffe is fleſh, not braſſe; my ſenſes live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Then he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I flie to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy silk twist let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climbe to thee.

¶ Affliction.

BRoken in pieces all asunder,
Lord, hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poore creature, now a wonder,
A wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart,
As watring pots give flowers their lives.
Nothing their furie can controll,
While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live, trie out their right.

Oh

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also thee,
Who art my life: dissolve the knot,
As the sunne scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers, which work for grief,
Enter thy pay,
And day by day
Labour thy praise, and my relief;
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach heav'n, and much more thee

¶ Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, then is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be more:
Reason and speech we onely bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing

Nothing hath got ſo farre,
But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes diſmount the higheſt ſtarre:
He is in little all the ſphere.
Herbs gladly cure our fleſh; becauſe that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow,
The earth doth reſt, heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we ſee, but means our good,
As our *delight*, or as our *treaſure:*
The whole is, either our cupboard of *food*,
Or cabinet of *pleaſure*.

The ſtarres have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the ſunne withdraws.
Muſick and light attend our head.
All things unto our *fleſh* are kinde
In their *deſcent* and *being*; to our *minde*
In their *aſcent* and *cauſe*.

Each thing is full of dutie:
Waters united are our navigation;
Diſtinguiſhed, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanlineſſe. Hath one ſuch beautie?
Then how are all things neat?

More ſervants wait on Man,
Then he'l take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When ſickneſſe makes him pale and wan.
Oh mightie love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since

Since then, my God, thou haſt
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at laſt!
Till then, afford us ſo much wit;
That, as the world ſerves us, we may ſerve thee,
And both thy ſervants be.

¶ Antiphon.

Chor. PRaiſed be the God of love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:

Cho. Who hath dealt his mercies ſo,
Ang. To his friend,
Men. And to his foe;

Cho. That both grace and glorie tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th'end.

Cho. The great ſhepherd of the ſold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was ſold.

Cho. He our foes in pieces brake;
Ang. Him we touch;
Men. And him we take.

Cho. Wherefore ſince that he is ſuch,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Cho. Lord, thy praiſes ſhould be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no ſtore.

Cho. Praiſed be the God alone,
Who hath made of two folds one.

¶ Un-

¶ Unkindneſſe.

LOrd, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendſhip, firſt I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friends intent and end.
I would not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name;
It is my honour and my love to free
His blaſted fame
From the leaſt ſpot or thought of blame.
I could not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

My friend may ſpit upon my curious floore:
Would he have gold? I lend it inſtantly;
But let the poore,
And thou within them ſtarve at doore.
I cannot uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my intereſt, and leave it free:
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee diſplace,
Nor would I uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou haſt done fulfill?
O write in braſſe, *My God upon a tree*
His bloud did ſpill
Onely to purchaſe my good-will:
Yet uſe I not my foes, as I uſe thee.

¶ Life.

¶ Life.

I Made a poſie, while the day ran by:
Here will I ſmell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did becken to the flowers, and they
By noon moſt cunningly did ſteal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart:
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition:
Who did ſo ſweetly deaths ſad taſte convey,
Making my minde to ſmell my fatall day;
Yet ſugring the ſuſpicion.

Farewell deare flowers, ſweetly your time ye ſpent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for ſmell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow ſtraight without complaints or grief,
Since if my ſent be good, I care not, if
It be as ſhort as yours.

¶ Submiſſion.

BVt that thou art my wiſdome, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My minde would be extreamly ſtirr'd
For miſſing my deſigne.

Were it not better to beſtow
Some place and power on me?
Then ſhould thy praiſes with me grow,
And ſhare in my degree.

But

But when I thus diſpute and grieve,
I do reſume my fight,
And pilfring what I once did give,
Diſſeize thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou ſhouldſt me raiſe,
That I ſhould then raiſe thee?
Perhaps great places and thy praiſe
Do not ſo well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I ſtand;
I will no more adviſe:
Onely do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou haſt both mine eyes.

¶ Juſtice.

I Cannot skill of theſe thy wayes.
Lord, thou didſt make me, yet thou woundeſt me;
Lord, thou doſt wound me, yet thou doſt relieve me:
Lord, thou relieveſt, yet I die by thee:
Lord, thou doſt kill me, yet thou doſt reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praiſe,
Thy juſtice me moſt fitly payes:
For, *I do praiſe thee, yet I praiſe thee not:*
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers ſtray:
I would do well, yet ſinne the hand hath got:
My ſoul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of theſe my wayes.

¶ Charms and Knots.

WHo reade a chapter when they riſe,
Shall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

A poore mans rod, when thou doſt ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who ſhuts his hand, hath loſt his gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aſperſions throw a ſtone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Findes himſelf there, and ſeeks to riſe.

When th' hair is ſweet through pride or luſt,
The powder doth ſorget the duſt.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten ſtill, if ſermons go for gains.

In ſhallow waters heav'n doth ſhow;
But who drinks on, to hell may go.

¶ Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradiſe was not ſo firm,
As was and is thy floting Ark; whoſe ſtay
And anchor thou art onely, to confirm
And ſtrengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do riſe, and tempeſts rage.

At firſt we liv'd in pleaſure;
Thine own delights thou didſt to us impart:
When we grew wanton, thou didſt uſe diſpleaſure
To make us thine: yet that we might not part,
As we at firſt did board with thee,
Now thou wouldſt taſte our miſerie.

There is but joy and grief;
If either will convert us, we are thine:
Some Angels us'd the firſt; if our relief
Take up the ſecond, then thy double line
And ſev'rall baits in either kinde
Furniſh thy table to thy minde.

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom ſhaking faſtens more,
While bluſtring windes deſtroy the wanton bowres,
And ruffle all their curious knots and ſtore.
My God, ſo temper joy and wo,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

¶ Mortification.

HOw ſoon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a cheſt of ſweets
To ſwaddle infants, whoſe young breath
Scarce knows the way;
Thoſe clouts are little winding ſheets,
Which do conſigne and ſend them unto death.

When boyes go firſt to bed,
They ſtep into their voluntarie graves,
Sleep bindes them faſt; onely their breath
Makes them not dead:
Succeſſive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for muſick, while his veins do ſwell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In companie;
That muſick ſummons to the knell,
Which ſhall befriend him at the houſe of death.

When

When man grows ſtaid and wiſe,
Getting a houſe and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumbe incloſure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry yeare,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would ſpeak;
A chair or litter ſhows the biere,
Which ſhall convey him to the houſe of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a ſolemnitie,
And dreſt his herſe, while he has breath
As yet to ſpare:
Yet Lord, inſtruct us ſo to die,
That all theſe dyings may be life in death.

¶ Decay.

SWeet were the dayes, when thou didſt lodge with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, ſit with Gideon,
Adviſe with Abraham, when thy power could not
Encounter Moſes ſtrong complaints and mone: /
Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have ſought and found thee preſently
At ſome fair oak, or buſh, or cave, or well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply:
He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
Liſt, ye may heare great Aarons bell.

But now thou doſt thy ſelf immure and cloſe
In ſome one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both Sinne and Satan, thy old foes,
Do pinch and ſtraiten thee, and uſe much art
To gain thy thirds and little part.

I ſee the world grows old, when as the heat
Of thy great love once ſpread, as in an urn
Doth cloſet up it ſelf, and ſtill retreat,
Cold ſinne ſtill forcing it, till it return,
And calling Juſtice, all things burn.

¶ Miſerie.

LOrd, let the Angels praiſe thy name.
Man is a fooliſh thing, a fooliſh thing,
Folly and Sinne play all his game.
His houſe ſtill burns, and yet he ſtill doth ſing,
Man is but graſſe,
He knows it, fill the glaſſe.

How canſt thou brook his fooliſhneſſe?
Why he'l not loſe a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his exceſſe;
Not he: he knows, where he can better be,
As he will ſwear,
Then to ſerve thee in fear.

What ſtrange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own? as if none knew, but he.
No man ſhall beat into his head,
That thou within his curtains drawn canſt ſee:
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

The beſt of men, turn but thy hand
For one poore minute, ſtumble at a pinne:
They would not have their actions ſcann'd,
Nor any ſorrow tell them that they ſinne,
Though it be ſmall,
And meaſure not their fall.

They quarrell thee, and would give over
The bargain made to ſerve thee: but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy milde Dove,
Not ſuff'ring thoſe
Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, Man cannot praiſe thy name:
Thou art all brightneſſe, perfect puritie;
The ſunne holds down his head for ſhame,
Dead with eclipſes, when we ſpeak of thee:
How ſhall infection
Preſume on thy perfection?

As dirtie hands foul all they touch,
And thoſe things moſt, which are moſt pure and fine:
So our clay hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To ſing thy praiſes, make them leſſe divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy portion is.

Man cannot ſerve thee; let him go,
And ſerve the ſwine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this vertue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:
Theſe Preachers make
His head to ſhoot and ake.

Oh

Oh fooliſh man! where are thine eyes?
How haſt thou loſt them in a croud of cares?
Thou pull'ſt the rug, and wilt not riſe,
No not to purchaſe the whole pack of ſtarres:
There let them ſhine,
Thou muſt go ſleep, or dine.

The bird that ſees a daintie bowre
Made in the tree, where ſhe was wont to ſit,
Wonders and ſings, but not his power
Who made the arbour: this exceeds her wit.
But Man doth know
The ſpring, whence all things flow:

And yet as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reigne;
They make his life a conſtant blot,
And all the bloud of God to run in vain.
Ah wretch! what verſe
Can thy ſtrange wayes rehearſe?

Indeed at firſt Man was a treaſure,
A box of jewels, ſhop of rarities,
A ring, whoſe poſie was, *My pleaſure:*
He was a garden in a Paradiſe:
Glorie and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But ſinne hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of fleſh, without a foot or wing
To raiſe him to the glimpſe of bliſſe:
A ſick toſs'd veſſel, daſhing on each thing;
Nay, his own ſhelf:
My God, I mean my ſelf.

¶ Jordan

¶ Jordan.

WHen firſt my lines of heav'nly joyes made men-
Such was their luſtre, they did ſo exceil, (tion,
That I ſought out quaint words, and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burniſh, ſprout, and ſwell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the ſenſe, as if it were to ſell.

Thouſands of notions in my brain did runne,
Off'ring their ſervice, if I were not ſped:
I often blotted what I had begunne;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could ſeem too rich to clothe the ſunne,
Much leſſe thoſe joyes which trample on his head.

As flames do work and winde, when they aſcend,
So did I weave my ſelf into the ſenſe.
But while I buſtled, I might heare a friend
Whiſper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*
There is in love a ſweetneſſe readie penn'd:
Copie out onely that, and ſave expenſe.

¶ Prayer.

OF what an eaſie quick acceſſe,
My bleſſed Lord, art thou! how ſuddenly
May our requeſts thine eare invade!
To ſhew that ſtate diſlikes not eaſineſſe.
If I but lift mine eyes, my ſuit is made:
Thou canſt no more not heare, then thou canſt die,

Of

Of what ſupreme almightie power
Is thy great arm which ſpans the eaſt and weſt,
And tacks the centre to the ſphere!
By it do all things live their meaſur'd houre:
We cannot ask the thing, which is not there,
Blaming the ſhallowneſſe of our requeſt.

Of what unmeaſurable love
Art thou poſſeſt, who, when thou couldſt not die,
Wert fain to take our fleſh and curſe,
And for our ſakes in perſon ſinne reprove,
That by deſtroying that which ty'd thy purſe,
Thou mightſt make way for liberalitie!

Since then theſe three wait on thy throne,
Eaſe, *Power*, and *Love*; I value prayer ſo,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, vertues, all ſhould go,
I and deare prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch loſt, an ell.

¶ Obedience.

MY God, if writings may
Convey a Lordſhip any way
Whither the buyer and the ſeller pleaſe;
Let it not thee diſpleaſe,
If this poore paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines, as there doth need
To paſſe it ſelf and all it hath to thee.
To which I do agree,
And here preſent it as my ſpeciall deed.

It

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavill, and claim her part and treasure,
As if this passed with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashion;
I here exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy sacred will
All thy delight in me fulfill!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou shouldst minde a rotten tree?
Yet since thou canst not choose but see my actions;
So great are thy perfections,
Thou mayst as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy death and blood
Show'd a strange love to all our good:
Thy sorrows were in earnest; no faint proffer,
Or superficiall offer
Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forgo:
To one word onely I say, No:
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Of a *gift* or *donation*,
Lord, let it now by way of *purchase* go.

He that will passe his land,
As I have mine, may set his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchase spread
To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happie were my part,
If some kinde man would thrust his heart
Into these lines; till in heav'ns court of rolls
They were by winged souls
Entred for both, farre above their desert!

¶ Conscience.

PEace pratler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul:
Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sowre:
Musick to thee doth howl.
By listning to thy chatting fears
I have both lost mine eyes and eares.

Pratler, no more, I say:
My thoughts must work, but like a noiseleſſe sphere;
Harmonious peace must rock them all the day:
No room for pratlers there.
If thou persistest, I will tell thee,
That I have physick to expell thee.

And the receit shall be
My Saviours bloud: when ever at his board
I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word;
No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions carp, or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my physick, know there's some for thee:
Some wood and nails to make a staffe or bill
For those that trouble me:
The bloudie crosse of my deare Lord
Is both my physick and my sword.

¶ Sion.

¶ Sion.

LOrd, with what glorie waſt thou ſerv'd of old,
When Solomons temple ſtood and flouriſhed!
Where moſt things were of pureſt gold;
The wood was all embelliſhed
With flowers and carvings, myſticall and rare:
All ſhow'd the builders, crav'd the ſeers care.

Yet all this glorie, all this pomp and ſtate
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim;
Something there was, that ſow'd debate:
Wherefore thou quitt'ſt thy ancient claim:
And now thy Architecture meets with ſinne;
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art ſtruggling with a peeviſh heart,
Which ſometimes croſſeth thee, thou ſometimes it:
The fight is hard on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth ſubmit.
All Solomons ſea of braſſe and world of ſtone
Is not ſo deare to thee as one good grone.

And truly braſſe and ſtones are heavie things,
Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for thee:
But grones 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 muſick for a king.

¶ Home.

COme Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is ſick
While thou doſt ever, ever ſtay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My ſpirit gaſpeth night and day.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

How canſt thou ſtay, conſidering the pace
The bloud did make, which thou didſt waſter
When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never ſaw thing make ſuch haſte.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

When man was loſt, thy pitie lookt about
To ſee what help in th' earth or skie:
But there was none; at leaſt no help without
The help did in thy boſome lie.
O ſhow thy, &c.

There lay thy ſonne: and muſt he leave that neſt,
That hive of ſweetneſſe, to remove
Thraldome from thoſe, who would not at a feaſt
Leave one poore apple for thy love?
O ſhow thy, &c.

He did, he came: O my Redeemer deare,
After all this canſt thou be ſtrange?
So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appeare?
As if thy love could fail or change.
O ſhow thy, &c.

Yet if thou ſtayeſt ſtill, why muſt I ſtay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of wo? hence all ye clouds, away,
Away; I muſt get up and ſee.
O ſhow thy, &c.

What is this weary world; this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth ſo faſt?
What is this woman-kinde, which I can wink
Into a blackneſſe and diſtaſte?
O ſhow thy, &c.

With

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day
I blasted all the joyes about me:
And scouling on them as they pin'd away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me.
O show thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee!

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake
Which way so-e're I look, I see.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dresse themselves and come to thee.
O show thy, &c.

We talk of harvests; there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay:
There is no fruitfull yeare, but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadfull day.
O show thy, &c.

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie!
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,
As an intangled, hamper'd thing.
O show thy, &c.

What have I left, that I should stay and grone?
The most of me to heav'n is fled:
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O show thy, &c.

Come dearest Lord, passe not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joynts do pray:
And ev'n my verse, when by the ryme and reason
The word is, *Stay*, sayes ever, *Come*.
O show thy, &c.

¶ The Britiſh Church.

I Joy, deare Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both ſweet and bright.

Beautie in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When ſhe doth write.

A fine aſpect in fit aray,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shows who is beſt.

Outlandiſh looks may not compare:
For all they either painted are,
Or elſe undreſt.

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiſs'd ſo long her painted ſhrines,
That ev'n her face by kiſſing ſhines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is ſo ſhie
Of dreſſing, that her hair doth lie
About her eares:

While ſhe avoids her neighbours pride,
She wholly goes on th' other ſide,
And nothing wears.

But deareſt Mother, (what thoſe miſſe)
The mean thy praiſe and glorie is,
And long may be.

Bleſſed be God, whoſe love it was
To double-moat thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

¶ The Quip.

THe merrie world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in ſport to geere at me.

Firſt, Beautie crept into a roſe,
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, ſaid ſhe,
Tell me, I pray, Whoſe hands are thoſe?
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking ſtill,
What tune is this, poore man? ſaid he:
I heard in Muſick you had skill.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glorie puffing by
In ſilks that whiſtled, who but he?
He ſcarce allow'd me half an eie.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Converſation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be ſhort, make an oration.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of thy deſigne
To anſwer theſe fine things ſhall come;
Speak not at large, ſay, I am thine:
And then they have their anſwer home.

¶ Vanitie.

POore silly soul, whose hope and head lies low;
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow;
To whom the starres shine not so fair, as eyes;
Nor solid work, as false embroyderies;
Heark and beware, lest what you now do measure
And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O heare betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchase heaven for repenting,
Is no hard rate.
If souls be made of earthly mold,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred flie:
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regain their ancient nest
Then silly soul take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

¶ The Dawning.

AWake sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns;
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns:
Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankfull heart his comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and crie;
And feel his death, but not his victorie.

Arise

Ariſe ſad heart; if thou doſt not withſtand,
Chriſts reſurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riſeth, raiſeth thee:
Ariſe, ariſe;
And with his buriall-linen drie thine eyes: (griefe
Chriſt left his grave-clothes, that we might, when
Draws tears, or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

¶ Jesu.

JESU is in my heart, his ſacred name
Is deeply carved there: but th'other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces: which I went to ſeek:
And firſt I found the corner, where was *J*,
After, where *E S*, and next where *U* was graved.
When I had got theſe parcels, inſtantly
I ſat me down to ſpell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I eaſe you*,
And to my whole is *JESU*.

¶ Buſineſſe.

CAnſt be idle? canſt thou play,
Fooliſh ſoul who ſinn'd to day?

Rivers run, and ſprings each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Haſt thou tears, or haſt thou none?

If, poore ſoul, thou haſt no tears;
Would thou hadſt no faults or fears!
Who hath theſe, thoſe ill forbears.

Windes ſtill work; it is their plot,
Be the ſeaſon cold, or hot:
Haſt thou ſighs, or haſt thou not?

If thou haſt no ſighs or grones,
Would thou hadſt no fleſh and bones!
Leſſer pains ſcape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Fooliſh ſoul, Who di'd for thee?

Who did leave his Fathers throne,
To aſſume thy fleſh and bone;
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadſt di'd moſt wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He ſo farre thy good did plot,
That his own ſelf he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not di'd for thee,
Thou hadſt liv'd in miſerie.
Two lives worſe then ten deaths be.

And hath any ſpace of breath
'Twixt his ſinnes and Saviours death?

He that loſeth gold, though droſſe,
Tells to all he meets, his croſſe:
He that ſinnes, hath he no loſſe?

He that findes a ſilver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again:
Brings thy Saviours death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither ſinne nor Saviour feels.

¶ Dialogue.

SWeeteſt Saviour, if my ſoul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly ſhould I then controll
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch ſo full of ſtains;
What delight or hope remains?

What (childe) is the ballance thine,
Thine the poiſe and meaſure?
If I ſay, Thou ſhalt be mine;
Finger not my treaſure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, onely he,
Who for man was ſold, can ſee;
That transferr'd th'accounts to me.

But as I can ſee no merit,
Leading to this favour:
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my ſavour.
As the reaſon then is thine;
So the way is none of mine:
I diſclaim the whole deſigne:
Sinne diſclaims and I reſigne.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my clay my creature would
Follow my reſigning.
That as I did freely part
With my glorie and deſert,
Left all joyes to feel all ſmart----
Ah! no more: thou break'ſt my heart.

¶ Dulneſſe

¶ Dulneſſe.

WHy do I languiſh thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quickneſſe, that I may with mirth
Praiſe thee brim-full!

The wanton lover in a curious ſtrain
Can praiſe his faireſt fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o're again.

Thou art my lovelineſſe, my life, my light,
Beautie alone to me:
Thy bloudy death and undeſerv'd, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appeare,
That thoſe thy form doth ſhow,
The very duſt, where thou doſt tread and go,
Makes beauties here;

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?
Where are my window-ſongs?
Lovers are ſtill pretending, & ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muſe:

But I am loſt in fleſh, whoſe ſugred lyes
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didſt put a minde there, if I could
Finde where it lies.

Lord, cleare thy gift, that with a conſtant wit
I may but look towards thee:
Look onely; for to *love* thee, who can be,
What angel fit?

¶ Love-joy.

¶ Love-joy.

AS on a window late I caſt mine eye,
I ſaw a vine drop grapes with *J* and *C*
Anneal'd on every bunch. One ſtanding by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To ſpend my iudgement) ſaid, It ſeem'd to me
To be the bodie and the letters both
Of *Joy* and *Charitie*. Sir, you have not miſs'd,
The man reply'd; It figures *JESUS CHRIST*.

¶ Providence.

O Sacred Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and ſweetly moveſt! ſhall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? ſhall they not do thee right?

Of all the creatures both in ſea and land
Onely to Man thou haſt made known thy wayes,
And put the penne alone into his hand,
And made him Secretarie of thy praiſe.

Beaſts fain would ſing; birds dittie to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high Prieſt: he doth preſent
The ſacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the ſervice mutter an aſſent,
Such as ſprings uſe that fall, and windes that blow.

He that to praiſe and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himſelf alone,
But robs a thouſand who would praiſe thee fain,
And doth commit a world of ſinne in one. The

The beasts say, Eat me: but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull me: but the hand you stretch,
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to thee:
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *command*, or thy *permission*
Lay hands on all: they are thy *right* and *left*.
The first puts on with speed and expedition;
The other curbs sinnes stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both; all must appeare,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could heare
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be!

Thou art in small things great, not small in any:
Thy even praise can neither rise, nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempests are calm to thee; they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,
Which crie and follow. Thou hast made poore sand
Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world: the meat is set,
Where all may reach: no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking; fishes have their net:
The great prey on the lesse, they on some weed.

Nothing

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his meat:
Flies have their table ſpread, ere they appeare.
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do ſleep, and envie not their cheer.

How finely doſt thou times and ſeaſons ſpin,
And make a twiſt checker'd with night and day!
Which as it lengthens windes, and windes us in,
As bouls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wiſdome for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender off-ſpring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food
When they are fledge, that need may teach thē flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruiſe
Their maſters flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to uſe;
So both the flower doth ſtay, and hony run.

Sheep eat the graſſe, and dung the ground for more:
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for ſoil:
Springs vent their ſtreams, and by expenſe get ſtore:
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the vertue to expreſſe the rare
And curious vertues both of herbs and ſtones?
Is there an herb for that? O that thy care
Would ſhow a root, that gives expreſſions!

And if an herb hath power, what have the ſtarres?
A roſe, beſides his beautie, is a cure.
Doubtleſſe our plagues and plentie, peace and warres
Are there much ſurer then our art is ſure.

Thou haſt hid metals: man may take them thence;
But at his perill: when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had ſenſe,
And threatned man, that he ſhould fill the ſpace.

Ev'n

Ev'n poyſons praiſe thee. Should a thing be loſt?
Should creatures want for want of heed their due?
Since where are poyſons, antidots are moſt:
The help ſtands cloſe, and keeps the fear in view.

The ſea, which ſeems to ſtop the traveller,
Is by a ſhip the ſpeedier paſſage made.
The windes, who think they rule the mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to ſerve his trade.

And as thy houſe is full, ſo I adore
Thy curious art in marſhalling thy goods.
The hills with health abound; the vales with ſtore;
The South with marble; North with furres & woods.

Hard things are glorious; eaſie things good cheap.
The common all men have; that which is rare,
Men therefore ſeek to have, and care to keep.
The healthy froſts with ſummer-fruits compare.

Light without winde is glaſſe: warm without weight
Is wooll and furres: cool without cloſeneſſe, ſhade:
Speed without pains, a horſe: tall without height,
A ſervile hawk: low without loſſe, a ſpade.

All countreys have enough to ſerve their need:
If they ſeek fine things, thou doſt make them run
For their offence; and then doſt turn their ſpeed
To be commerce and trade from ſunne to ſunne.

Nothing wears clothes, but Man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing uſeth fire,
But Man alone, to ſhow his heav'nly breed:
And onely he hath fuell in deſire.

When th' earth was dry, thou mad'ſt a ſea of wet:
Whē that lay gather'd, thou didſt broach the moũtains:
When yet ſome places could no moiſture get,
The windes grew gard'ners, and the clouds good foun-
tains.

Rain

Rain, do not hurt my flowers; but gently ſpend
Your hony drops: preſſe not to ſmell them here:
When they are ripe, their odour will aſcend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appeare.

How harſh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need leſſe reparation.
How ſmooth are ſilks compared with a ſtake,
Or with a ſtone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou doſt divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and kan,
Boat, cable, ſail and needle, all in one.

Moſt herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruits warm kernells help againſt the winde.
The lemmons juice and rinde cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth looſe, the milk doth binde.

Thy creatures leap not, but expreſſe a feaſt,
Where all the gueſts ſit cloſe, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fiſh and fleſh; bats, bird and beaſt;
Sponges, non-ſenſe and ſenſe; mines, th' earth & plants.

To ſhow thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worſe then ours; ſometimes thou ſhifteſt hands.
Moſt things move th' under-jaw; the Crocodile not.
Moſt things ſleep lying; th' Elephant leans or ſtands.

But who hath praiſe enough? nay who hath any?
None can expreſſe thy works, but he that knows them:
And none can know thy works, which are ſo many,
And ſo complete, but onely he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have ſev'rall wayes,
Yet in their being joyn with one adviſe
To honour thee: and ſo I give thee praiſe
In all my other hymnes, but in this twice.

Each

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many wayes in store
To honour thee; and so each hymne thy fame
Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

¶ Hope.

I Gave to Hope a watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old prayer-book I did present:
And he an optick sent.
With that I gave a viall full of tears:
But he a few green eares:
Ah Loyterer! I'le no more, no more I'le bring:
I did expect a ring.

¶ Sinnes round.

SOrrie I am, my God, sorrie I am,
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busie flame,
Untill their cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,
Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
They vent the wares, and passe them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions:
My hands do joyn to finish the inventions.

My hands do joyn to finish the inventions:
And so my sinnes ascend three stories high,
As Babel grew, before there were dissentions.
Yet ill deeds loyter not: for they supplie
New thoughts of sinning: wherefore, to my shame.
Sorrie I am, my God, sorrie I am.

¶ Time.

¶ Time.

MEeting with Time, ſlack thing, ſaid I,
Thy ſithe is dull; whet it for ſhame.
No marvell Sir, he did replie,
If it at length deſerve ſome blame:
But where one man would have me grinde it,
Twentie for one too ſharp do finde it.

Perhaps ſome ſuch of old did paſſe,
Who above all things lov'd this life;
To whom thy ſithe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
Chriſts coming hath made man thy debter,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his bleſſing thou art bleſt:
For where thou onely wert before
An executioner at beſt;
Thou art a gard'ner now, and more,
An uſher to convey our ſouls
Beyond the utmoſt ſtarres and poles.

And this is that makes life ſo long,
While it detains us from our God.
Ev'n pleaſures here increaſe the wrong,
And length of dayes lengthen the rod.
Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what ſtrange length muſt that needs be,
Which ev'n eternitie excludes!
Thus farre Time heard me patiently:
Then chafing ſaid, This man deludes:
What do I here before his doore?
He doth not crave leſſe time, but more.

¶ Grate-

¶ Gratefulneſſe.

THou that haſt giv'n ſo much to me,
Give one thing more, a gratefull heart.
See how thy beggar works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occaſion more,
And ſayes, If he in this be croſt,
All thou haſt giv'n him heretofore
Is loſt.

But thou didſt reckon, when at firſt
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worſt
To ſave.

Perpetuall knockings at thy doore,
Tears ſullying thy tranſparent rooms,
Gift upon gift, much would have more,
And comes.

This not withſtanding, thou wentſt on,
And didſt allow us all our noiſe:
Nay thou haſt made a ſigh and grone
Thy joyes.

Not that thou haſt not ſtill above
Much better tunes, then grones can make;
But that theſe country-aires thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I crie, and crie again;
And in no quiet canſt thou be,
Till I a thankfull heart obtain
Of thee:

Not

Not thankfull, when it pleaſeth me;
As if thy bleſſings had ſpare dayes:
But ſuch a heart, whoſe pulſe may be
Thy praiſe.

¶ Peace.

SWeet Peace, where doſt thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I ſought thee in a ſecret cave,
And ask'd, if Peace were there.
A hollow winde did ſeem to anſwer, No:
Go ſeek elſewhere.

I did; and going did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peaces coat:
I will ſearch out the matter.
But while I lookt, the clouds immediately
Did break and ſcatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did ſpy
A gallant flower,
The crown Imperiall: Sure, ſaid I,
Peace at the root muſt dwell.
But when I digg'd, I ſaw a worm devoure
What ſhow'd ſo well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man,
Whom when for Peace
I did demand; he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increaſe
Of flock and fold.

He

He ſweetly liv'd; yet ſweetneſſe did not ſave
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There ſprang twelve ſtalks of wheat:
Which many wondring at, got ſome of thoſe
To plant and ſet.

It proſper'd ſtrangely, and did ſoon diſperſe
Through all the earth:
For they that taſte it do rehearſe,
That vertue lies therein,
A ſecret vertue bringing peace and mirth
By flight of ſinne.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repoſe
And peace which ev'ry where
With ſo much earneſtneſſe you do purſu
Is onely there.

¶ Confeſſion.

O What a cunning gueſt
Is this ſame grief! within my heart I made
Cloſets; and in them many a cheſt;
And like a maſter in my trade,
In thoſe cheſts, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No ſcrue, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and winde,
As Gods afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath deſign'd.
They are too ſubtill for the ſubt'lleſt hearts;
And fall, like rheumes, upon the tendreſt parts.

We

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave, and caſt about:
And till they ſoot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much leſſe give out.
No ſmith can make ſuch locks, but they have keyes:
Cloſets are halls to them; and hearts, high-wayes.

Onely an open breaſt
Doth ſhut them out, ſo that they cannot enter;
Or, if they enter, cannot reſt,
But quickly ſeek ſome new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no faſtning have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and ſinnes,
Lord, I acknowledge; take thy plagues away:
For ſince confeſſion pardon winnes,
I challenge here the brighteſt day,
The cleareſt diamond: let them do their beſt,
They ſhall be thick and cloudie to my breaſt.

¶ Giddineſſe.

OH, what a thing is man! how farre from power,
From ſetled peace and reſt!
He is ſome twentie ſev'rall men at leaſt
Each ſev'rall houre.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treaſure:
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of ſinne
Will loſe a pleaſure.

Now

Now he will fight it out, and to the warres;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And ſnudge in quiet: now he ſcorns increaſe;
Now all day ſpares.

He builds a houſe, which quickly down muſt go,
As if a whirlwinde blew
And cruſht the building: and it's partly true,
His minde is ſo.

O what a ſight were Man, if his attires
Did alter with his minde;
And like a Dolphins skinne, his clothes combin'd
With his deſires!

Surely if each one ſaw anothers heart,
There would be no commerce,
No ſale or bargain paſſe: all would diſperſe,
And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us: one creation
Will not ſuffice our turn:
Except thou make us dayly, we ſhall ſpurn
Our own ſalvation.

¶ The bunch of grapes.

JOy, I did lock thee up: but ſome bad man
Hath let thee out again:
And now, me thinks, I am where I began
Sev'n yeares ago: one vogue and vein,
One aire of thoughts uſurps my brain.
I did toward Canaan draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red ſea, the ſea of ſhame.

For

For as the Jews of old by Gods command
Travell'd, and ſaw no town:
So now each Chriſtian hath his journeys ſpann'd:
Their ſtorie pennes and ſets us down.
A ſingle deed is ſmall renown.
Gods works are wide, and let in future times;
His ancient juſtice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds;
Our Scripture-dew drops faſt:
We have our ſands and ſerpents, tents and ſhrowds;
Alas! our murmurings come not laſt.
But where's the cluſter? where's the taſte
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I muſt borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy, as ſorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Bleſſed be God, who proſper'd *Noahs* vine,
And made it bring forth grapes good ſtore.
But much more him I muſt adore,
Who of the laws ſowre juice ſweet wine did make,
Ev'n God himſelf, being preſſed for my ſake.

¶ Love unknown.

DEare Friend, ſit down, the tale is long and ſad:
And in my faintings I preſume your loue
Will more complie, then help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom ſome grounds which may im-
I hold for two lives, aud both lives in me. (prove,
To him I brought a diſh of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
(I ſigh to ſay)

Lookt on a ſeruant, who did know his eye
Better then you know me, or (which is one)
Then I my ſelf. The ſervant inſtantly
Quitting the fruit, ſeiz'd on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A ſtream of bloud, which iſſu'd from the ſide
Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cauſe: there it was dipt and di'd,
And waſht, and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more then my leaſe will bear;
Yet ſtill askt pardon, and was not deni'd.
But you ſhall heare. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide
(I ſigh to tell)
Walkt by my ſelf abroad, I ſaw a large
And ſpacious fornace flaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron, round about whoſe verge
Was in great letters ſet *AFFLICTION.*
The greatneſſe ſhew'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a ſacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus preſent,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, ſlipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the ſcalding pan;
My heart, that brought it (do you underſtand?)
The offerers heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to ſpread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug, then ſcalding water,
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy bloud,
Which at a board, while many drunk bare wine,
A friend did ſteal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and moſt divine

To

To ſupple hardneſſes. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, ſoon I fled
Unto my houſe, where to repair the ſtrength
Which I had loſt, I haſted to my bed.
But when I thought to ſleep out all theſe faults
(I ſigh to ſpeak)
I found that ſome had ſtuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would ſay *thorns*. Deare, could my heart not break,
When with my pleaſures ev'n my reſt was gone?
Full well I underſtood, who had been there:
For I had giv'n the key to none, but one:
It muſt be he. *Your heart was dull, I fear.*
Indeed a ſlack and ſleepie ſtate of minde
Did oft poſſeſſe me, ſo that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did ſtay behinde.
But all my ſcores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. *Truly, Friend,*
For ought I heare, your Maſter ſhows to you
More favour then you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did onely, what was old, renew:
The Caldron ſuppled, what was grown too hard:
The Thorns did quicken, what was grown too dull:
All did but ſtrive to mend, what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praiſe him to the full
Each day, each houre, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be, new, tender, quick.

¶ Mans medley.

HEark, how the birds do ſing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy: and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly meaſure,
Mans joy and pleaſure
Rather hereafter, then in preſent, is.

To this life things of ſenſe
Make their pretence:
In th'other Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th'one hand touching heav'n, with th'other earth.

In ſoul he mounts and flies,
In fleſh he dies.
He wears a ſtuffe whoſe thread is courſe and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And ſhould take place
After the trimming, not the ſtuffe and ground.

Not, that he may not here
Taſte of the cheer,
But as birds drink, and ſtraight lift up their head,
So muſt he ſip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joyes are double;
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both froſts and thoughts do nip,
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greateſt griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their wayes.
Happie is he, whoſe heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praiſe.

¶ The

¶ The Storm.

IF as the windes and waters here below
Do flie and flow,
My ſighs and tears as buſie were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempeſtuous times
Amaze poore mortals, and object their crimes.

Starres have their ſtorms, ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conſcience ſpurred by remorſe
Hath a ſtrange force:
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to aſſault thee, and beſiege thy doore.

There it ſtands knocking, to thy muſicks wrong,
And drowns the ſong.
Glorie and honour are ſet by till it
An anſwer get.
Poets have wrong'd poore ſtorms: ſuch dayes are beſt;
They purge the aire without, within the breaſt.

¶ Paradiſe.

I Bleſſe thee, Lord, becauſe I GROW
Among thy trees, which in a ROW
To thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
Can blaſt my fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the incloſure is thine ARM?

Incloſe me ſtill for fear I START.
Be to me rather ſharp and TART,
Then let me want thy hand & ART.

When thou doſt greater judgements SPARE,
And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
Ev'n fruitfull trees more fruitfull ARE.

Such ſharpnes ſhows the ſweeteſt FRIEND:
Such cuttings rather heal then REND:
And ſuch beginnings touch their END.

¶ The Method.

POore heart, lament.
For ſince thy God refuſeth ſtill,
There is ſome rub, ſome diſcontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
Quickly effect, what thou doſt move;
For he is *Power:* and ſure he *would;*
For he is *Love.*

Go ſearch this thing,
Tumble thy breaſt, and turn thy book.
If thou hadſt loſt a glove or ring,
Wouldſt thou not look?

What do I ſee
Written above there? *Yeſterday*
I did behave me careleſly,
When I did pray.

And

And ſhould Gods eare
To ſuch indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions heare?
Is God leſſe free?

But ſtay! what's there?
Late when I would have ſomething done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And ſhould Gods eare,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to thoſe
Who heare not him, but quickly heare
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice.
Seek pardon firſt, and God will ſay,
Glad heart rejoyce.

¶ Divinitie.

AS men, for fear the ſtarres ſhould ſleep and nod,
And trip at night, have ſpheres ſuppli'd;
As if a ſtarre were duller then a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Juſt ſo the other heav'n they alſo ſerve,
Divinities tranſcendent skie:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reaſon triumphs, and faith lies by.

Could not that wiſdome, which firſt broacht the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd his ſeamleſſe coat, had that been fine,
With curious queſtions and diviſions?

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave,
Was cleare as heav'n, from whence it came.
At leaſt thoſe beams of truth, which onely ſave,
Surpaſſe in brightneſſe any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as ye would be done unto.
O dark inſtructions; ev'n as dark as day!
Who can theſe Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his bloud for wine.
Bid what he pleaſe; yet I am ſure,
To take and taſte what he doth there deſigne,
Is all that ſaves, and not obſcure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, fooliſh man;
Break all thy ſpheres, and ſave thy head.
Faith needs no ſtaffe of fleſh, but ſtoutly can
To heav'n alone both go, and leade.

Epheſ. 4. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.

ANd art thou grieved, ſweet and ſacred Dove,
When I am ſowre,
And croſſe thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of ſtrength and power
Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,
I paſſe away and leave it dead?

Then

Then weep mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep fooliſh heart,
And weeping live:
For death is drie as duſt. Yet if ye part,
End as the night, whoſe ſable hue
Your ſinnes expreſſe; melt into dew.

When ſaweie mirth ſhall knock or call at doore,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almightie God doth grieve, he puts on ſenſe:
I ſinne not to my grief alone,
But to my Gods too; he doth grone.

Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a ſtrain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no diſcord but in ceaſing be.
Marbles can weep; and ſurely ſtrings
More bowels have, then ſuch hard things.

Lord, I adjudge my ſelf to tears and grief,
Ev'n endleſſe tears
Without relief.
If a cleare ſpring for me no time forbears,
But runnes, although I be not drie;
I am no Cryſtall, what ſhall I?

Yet if I wail not ſtill, ſince ſtill to wail
Nature denies;
And fleſh would fail,
If my deſerts were maſters of mine eyes:
Lord, pardon, for thy ſonne makes good
My want of tears with ſtore of bloud

¶ The Familie.

WHat doth this noiſe of thoughts within my heart
As if they had a part?
What do theſe loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or eares?

But, Lord, the houſe and familie are thine,
Though ſome of them repine.
Turn out theſe wranglers, which defile thy ſeat.
For where thou dwelleſt all is neat.

Firſt Peace and Silence all diſputes controll,
Then Order plaies the ſoul;
And giving all things their ſet forms and houres,
Makes of wilde woods ſweet walks and bowres.

Humble Obedience neare the doore doth ſtand,
Expecting a command:
Then whom in waiting nothing ſeems more ſlow,
Nothing more quick when ſhe doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes;
But griefs without a noiſe:
Yet ſpeak they louder, then diſtemper'd fears.
What is ſo ſhrill as ſilent tears?

This is thy houſe, with theſe it doth abound:
And where theſe are not found,
Perhaps thou com'ſt ſometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a conſtant ſtay.

¶ The Size.

Content thee, greedie heart.
Modeſt and moderate joyes to thoſe, that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are paſſing brave.
Let th' upper ſprings into the low
Deſcend and fall, and thou doſt flow.

What though ſome have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinamon ſail;
If thou haſt wherewithall to ſpice a draught,
When griefs prevail;
And for the future time art their
To th' Iſle of ſpices? Is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more then God was, who was hungrie here.
Wouldſt thou his laws of faſting diſanull?
Enact good cheer?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to ſave it?
Wouldſt thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joyes are all at once;
But little do reſerve themſelves for more:
Thoſe have their hopes; theſe what they have renounce,
And live on ſcore:
Thoſe are at home; theſe journey ſtill,
And meet the reſt on Sions hill.

Thy Saviour ſentenc'd joy,
And in the fleſh condemn'd it as unfit,
At leaſt in lump: for ſuch doth oft deſtroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the preſent health reſtore.

A Christians state and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thinne and spare,
Yet active strength: whose long and bonie face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou loosest all
If comforts fell according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy:
For we should count, Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam,
Which thou hast open'd: do not spread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to minde thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whose meridian was engraven,
These seas are tears, and heav'n the haven.

¶ Artillerie.

AS I one ev'ning sat before my cell,
Me thoughts a starre did shoot into my lap.
I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
That from small fires comes oft not small mishap.
When suddenly I heard one say,
Do as thou usest, disobey,
Expell good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I,

I, who had heard of muſick in the ſpheres,
But not of ſpeech in ſtarres, began to muſe:
But turning to my God, whoſe miniſters
The ſtarres and all things are; If I refuſe,
Dread Lord, ſaid I, ſo oft my good;
Then I refuſe not ev'n with bloud
To waſh away my ſtubborn thought:
For I will do, or ſuffer what I ought.

But I have alſo ſtarres and ſhooters too,
Born where thy ſervants both artilleries uſe.
My tears and prayers night and day do wooe,
And work up to thee; yet thou doſt refuſe.
Not, but I am (I muſt ſay ſtill)
Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
Then thou to grant mine: but becauſe
Thy promiſe now hath ev'n ſet thee thy laws.

Then we are ſhooters both, and thou doſt deigne
To enter combate with us, and conteſt
With thine own clay. But I would parley fain:
Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breaſt.
Yet if thou ſhunneſt, I am thine:
I muſt be ſo, if I am mine.
There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

¶ Church-rents and schismes.

BRave rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottome of the leaves: which when the winde
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grinde
Their beauteous glories. Onely shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,
And shows it so? Indeed Christs precious bloud
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher then before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddie into pale and bleak:
Your health and beautie both began to break.

Then did your sev'rall parts unloose and start:
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-winde,
They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother deare and kinde,
Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
As many eyes as starres? since it is night,
And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
And ev'n all Africk; would at least I might
With these two poore ones lick up all the dew,
Which falls by night, and poure it out for you!

¶ Justice.

¶ Juſtice.

O Dreadfull Juſtice, what a fright and terrour
Waſt thou of old,
When ſinne and errour
Did ſhow and ſhape thy looks to me,
And through their glaſſe diſcolour thee!
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The diſhes of thy ballance ſeem'd to gape,
Like two great pits;
The beam and ſcape
Did like ſome tort'ring engine ſhow:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Danting the ſtouteſt hearts, the proudeſt wits.

But now that Chriſts pure vail preſents the ſight,
I ſee no fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy ſcales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably deſcend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou ſtill didſt call on me,
Now I ſtill touch
And harp on thee.
Gods promiſes have made thee mine;
Why ſhould I juſtice now decline?
Againſt me there is none, but for me much.

¶ The Pilgrimage.

I Travell'd on, ſeeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Deſperation
I left on th' one, and on the other ſide
The rock of Pride. And

And so I came to phansies medow strow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my houre.
So to cares cops I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wilde of passion, which
Some call the wold;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angell, which a friend had ti'd
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King;
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd:

My hill was further: so I flung away,
Yet heard a crie
Just as I went, *None goes that way*
And lives: If that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

¶ The

¶ The Holdfast.

I Threatned to obſerve the ſtrict decree
Of my deare God with all my power & might.
But I was told by one, it could not be;
Yet I might truſt in God to be my light.

Then will I truſt, ſaid I, in him alone.
Nay, ev'n to truſt in him, was alſo his:
We muſt confeſſe, that nothing is our own.
Then I confeſſe that he my ſuccour is:

But to have nought is ours, not to confeſſe
That we have nought. I ſtood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expreſſe,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Chriſt keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
Becauſe thou art
My power and wiſdome. Put me not to ſhame,
Becauſe I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy duſt that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glorie;
The deed and ſtorie
Are both thy due: but I a ſilly flie,
That live or die
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all juſtice, Lord?
Shows not thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or crie?
Have I no parts but thoſe of grief?

Let

Let not thy wrathfull power
Afflict my houre,
My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
Contract my houre,
That I may climbe and finde relief.

¶ The Discharge.

BUsie enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou prie,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low;
And in thy lookings stretch and grow?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall:
That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,
And is his right.
He is thy night at noon: he is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is his, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy businesse his, and in thy life partake:
For thou canst tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Onely the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things requir'd of thee.

They

They ask enough; why ſhouldſt thou further go?
Raiſe not the mudde
Of future depths, but drink the cleare and good.
Dig not for wo
In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the preſent fit: if he provide,
He breaks the ſquare.
This houre is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon deaths ſide.

For death each houre environs and ſurrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto thoſe grounds,
But through a Church-yard which the boũds.

Things preſent ſhrink and die: but they that ſpend
Their thoughts and ſenſe
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottome out an end.

God chains the dog till night: wilt looſe the chain,
And wake thy ſorrow?
Wilt thou foreſtall it, and now grieve to morrow,
And then again
Greive over freſhly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come: or if it muſt,
Do not forecaſt.
And while it cometh, it is almoſt paſt.
Away diſtruſt:
My God hath promis'd, he is juſt.

¶ Praiſe.

¶ Praiſe.

KIng of Glorie, King of Peace,
I will love thee:
And that love may never ceaſe,
I will move thee.

Thou haſt granted my requeſt,
Thou haſt heard me:
Thou didſt note my working breaſt,
Thou haſt ſpar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmoſt art
I will ſing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my ſinnes againſt me cried,
Thou didſt cleare me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didſt heare me.

Sev'n whole dayes, not one in ſeven,
I will praiſe thee.
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raiſe thee.

Thou grew'ſt ſoft and moiſt with tears,
Thou relentedſt:
And when Juſtice call'd for fears,
Thou diſſentedſt.

Small it is, in this poore ſort
To enroll thee:
Ev'n eternitie is too ſhort
To extoll thee.

¶ An

¶ An Offering.

COme, bring thy gift. If bleſſings were as ſlow
As mens returns, what would become of fools?
What haſt thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and ſee; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to beſtow:
In Chriſt two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
And ſingle things grow fruitfull by deſerts.
In publick judgements one may be a nation,
And ſence a plague, while others ſleep and ſlumber.

But all I fear is leſt thy heart diſpleaſe,
As neither good, nor one: ſo oft diviſions
Thy luſts have made, and not thy luſts alone;
Thy paſſions alſo have their ſet partitions.
Theſe parcell out thy heart: recover theſe,
And thou mayſt offer many gifts in one.

There is a balſome, or indeed a bloud, (cloſe
Dropping from heav'n, which doth both cleanſe and
All ſorts of wounds; of ſuch ſtrange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and ſeek no repoſe,
Untill thou finde and uſe it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift; and let thy hymne be this;

Since my ſadneſſe
Into gladneſſe
Lord thou doſt convert,
O accept
What thou haſt kept,
As thy due deſert.

Had

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none)
All were thine
And none of mine:
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
May give ſavour
To this poore oblation;
And it raiſe
To be thy praiſe,
And be my ſalvation.

¶ Longing.

WIth ſick and famiſht eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my grones,
To thee my ſighs, my tears aſcend:
No end?

My throat, my ſoul is hoarſe;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which thou doſt curſe.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddie; Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pitie flows.
Mothers are kinde, becauſe thou art,
And doſt diſpoſe
To them a part:
Their infants, them; and they ſuck thee
More free.

Bowels of pitie, heare!
Lord of my ſoul, love of my minde,
Bow down thine eare!
Let not the winde
Scatter my words, and in the ſame
Thy name!

Look on my ſorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what ſhames!
Conſider, Lord; Lord, bow thine eare,
And heare!

Lord Jeſu, thou didſt bow
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord heare! *Shall he that made the eare,*
Not heare?

Behold, thy duſt doth ſtirre,
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:
Wilt thou deferre
To ſuccour me,
Thy pile of duſt, wherein each crumme
Sayes, Come?

To thee help appertains.
Haſt thou left all things to their courſe,
And laid the reins
Upon the horſe?
Is all lockt? hath a ſinners plea
No key?

Indeed

Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their leafe aſſign'd:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble gueſts
Finde neſts.

Thou tarrieſt, while I die,
And fall to nothing: thou doſt reigne,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief: yet am I ſtil'd
Thy childe.

Lord, didſt thou leave thy throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were ſinne alive, good cauſe there were
To bear.

But now both ſinne is dead,
And all thy promiſes live and bide.
That wants his head;
Theſe ſpeak and chide,
And in thy boſome poure my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, heare my heart,
Which hath been broken now ſo long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggars grow; rid them away
To day.

My

My love, my ſweetneſſe, heare!
By theſe thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the yeare,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breaſt which cryes,
Which dyes.

¶ The Bag.

AWay deſpair; my gracious Lord doth heare.
Though windes and waves aſſault my keel,
He doth preſerve it: he doth ſteer,
Ev'n when the boat ſeems moſt to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he cloſe his eyes, but not his heart.

Haſt thou not heard, that my Lord Jeſus di'd?
Then let me tell thee a ſtrange ſtorie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majeſtick robes of glorie,
Reſolv'd to light; and ſo one day
He did deſcend, undreſsing all the way.

The ſtarres his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his ſpear,
The sky his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd, what he would wear;
He ſmil'd and ſaid as he did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inne.
Both then, and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancell ſinne:
And having giv'n the reſt before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our ſcore.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a ſpear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon his ſide,
And ſtraight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to ſend or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my fathers hands and ſight
(Beleeve me) it ſhall ſafely come.
That I ſhall minde, what you impart;
Look, you may put it very neare my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will uſe me in this kinde, the doore
Shall ſtill be open; what he ſends
I will preſent, and ſomewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Any thing to me. Heark deſpair, away.

¶ The Jews.

POore nation, whoſe ſweet ſap, and juice
Our eyens have purloin'd, and left you drie:
Whoſe ſtreams we got by the Apoſtles ſluce,
And uſe in baptiſme, while ye pine and die:
Who by not keeping once, became a debter;
And now by keeping loſe the letter:

Oh that my prayers! mine, alas!
Oh that ſome Angel might a trumpet ſound;
At which the Church falling upon her face
Should crie ſo loud, untill the trump were drown'd,
And by that crie of her deare Lord obtain,
That your ſweet ſap might come again!

¶ The

¶ The Collar.

I Struck the board, and cry'd, No more.
I will abroad.
What? ſhall I ever ſigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the rode,
Looſe as the winde, as large as ſtore.
Shall I be ſtill in ſuit?
Have I no harveſt but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not reſtore
What I have loſt with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my ſighs did drie it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the yeare onely loſt to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blaſted?
All waſted?
Not ſo, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou haſt hands.
Recover all thy ſigh-blown age
On double pleaſures: leave thy cold diſpute
Of what is fit, and not forſake thy cage,
Thy rope of ſands,
Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didſt wink and wouldſt not ſee.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To ſuit and ſerve his need,
Deſerves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Childe:*
And I reply'd, *My Lord.*

¶ The Glimpse.

WHither away delight?
Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingring pain and smart
But one half houre of comfort for my heart?

Me thinks delight should have
More skill in musick, and keep better time.
Wert thou a winde or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime:
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they say)
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the springs accesse grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt here and there a crumme, and would not die;
But constant to his part
When as my fears foretold this, did replie,
A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spinne,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
Thou knowst how grief and sinne
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a court!

¶ Assurance.

¶ Assurance.

O Spitefull bitter thought!
Bitterly spitefull thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poyson bought?
Doubtlesse, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair, as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coin large hopes; but, that I was deceiv'd:
Either the league was broke, or neare it;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? what more
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse?
What is thy aim? wouldst thou unlock the doore
To cold despairs, and gnawing pensivenesse?
Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from my self, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert:
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not onely to perform thy part,
But also mine; as when the league was made
Thou didst at once thy self indite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canſt fail,
Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks ſtand,
And rivers ſtirre, thou canſt not ſhrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things ſhall disband,
Then ſhalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruine praiſe thy power.

Now fooliſh thought go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy ſhame: for thou haſt caſt a bone
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for it ſelf love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

¶ The Call.

COme, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all ſtrife:
And ſuch a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feaſt, my Strength:
Such a Light, as ſhows a feaſt:
Such a Feaſt, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his gueſt.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

¶ Claſping

¶ Clasping of hands.

LOrd, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Then I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me restore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more.
Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
And thou with me dost thee restore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine:
So mine thou art, that something more
I may presume thee mine, then thine.
For thou didst suffer to restore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death wast none of thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore.
O be mine still! still make me thine!
Or rather make no Thine and Mine!

¶ Praise.

LOrd, I will mean and speak thy praise,
Thy praise alone.
My busie heart shall spin it all my dayes:
And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or grone,
That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou doſt favour any action,
It runnes, it flies:
All things concurre to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When thou doſt bleſſe, hath twelve: one wheel doth riſe
To twentie then, or more.

But when thou doſt on buſineſſe blow,
It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of doore.
Legs are but ſtumps, and Pharaohs wheels but legs,
And ſtruggling hinders more.

Thouſands of things do thee employ
In ruling all
This ſpacious globe: Angels muſt have their joy,
Devils their rod, the ſea his ſhore,
The windes their ſtint: and yet when I did call,
Thou heardſt my call, and more.

I have not loſt one ſingle tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poore)
Readie to take them in; yet of a ſize
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadſt ſlipt a drop
From thy right eye,
(Which there did hang like ſtreamers neare the top
Of ſome fair church to ſhow the ſore
And bloudie battell which thou once didſt trie)
The glaſſe was full and more.

Wherefore

Wherefore I ſing. Yet ſince my heart,
Though preſs'd, runnes thin;
O that I might ſome other hearts convert,
And ſo take up at uſe good ſtore:
That to thy cheſts there might be coming in
Both all my praiſe, and more!

¶ Joſephs coat.

WOunded I ſing, tormented I indite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and reſt:
Sorrow hath chang'd its note: ſuch is his will,
Who changeth all things, as him pleaſeth beſt.
For well he knows, if but one grief and ſmart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carrie with it ev'n my heart,
And both would runne untill they found a biere
To fetch the bodie; both being due to grief.
But he hath ſpoil'd the race; and giv'n to anguiſh
One of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languiſh.
I live to ſhew his power, who once did bring
My *joyes* to *weep*, and now my *griefs* to *ſing*.

¶ The Pulley.

WHen God at firſt made man,
Having a glaſſe of bleſſings ſtanding by;
Let us (ſaid he) poure on him all we can:
Let the worlds riches, which diſperſed lie,
Contract into a ſpan.

So ſtrength firſt made a way;
Then beautie flow'd, then wiſdome, honour, pleaſure:
When almoſt all was out, God made a ſtay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treaſure
Reſt in the bottome lay.

For if I ſhould (ſaid he)
Beſtow this jewell alſo on my creature,
He would adore my gifts in ſtead of me,
And reſt in Nature, not the God of Nature.
So both ſhould loſers be.

Yet let him keep the reſt,
But keep them with repining reſtleſneſſe:
Let him be rich and wearie, that at leaſt,
If goodneſſe leade him not, yet wearineſſe
May toſſe him to my breaſt.

¶ The Prieſthood.

BLeſt Order, which in power doſt ſo excell,
That with th'one hand thou lifteſt to the ſky,
And with the other throweſt down to hell
In thy juſt cenſures; fain would I draw nigh,
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-ſword
For that of th' holy word.

But thou art fire, ſacred and hallow'd fire;
And I but earth and clay: ſhould I preſume
To wear thy habit, the ſevere attire
My ſlender compoſitions might conſume.
I am both foul and brittle; much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet

Yet have I often ſeen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I ſcorn'd to ſtand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilfull artiſts, for the boards of thoſe
Who make the braveſt ſhows.

But ſince thoſe great ones, be they ne're ſo great,
Come from the earth, from whence thoſe veſſels come;
So that at once both feeder, diſh, and meat
Have one beginning and one finall ſumme:
I do not greatly wonder at the ſight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th'holy men of God ſuch veſſels are,
As ſerve him up, who all the world commands:
When God vouchſafeth to become our fare,
Their hands conuey him, who conveys their hands.
O what pure things, moſt pure muſt thoſe things be,
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it ſeem to ſhake
Through th'old ſinnes and new doctrines of our land.
Onely, ſince God doth often veſſels make
Of lowly matter for high uſes meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, untill my Maker ſeek
For ſome mean ſtuffe whereon to ſhow his skill:
Then is my time. The diſtance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Leſt good come ſhort of ill
In praiſing might, the poore do by ſubmiſſion
What pride by oppoſition.

¶ The

¶ The Search.

WHither, O, whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My ſearches are my daily bread;
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th'earth, mine eies the skie;
And yet the ſphere
And centre both to me denie
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay,
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how ſtarres above
Simper and ſhine,
As having keyes unto thy love,
While poore I pine.

I ſent a ſigh to ſeek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow: but my ſcout
Returns in vain.

I tun'd another (having ſtore)
Into a grone;
Becauſe the ſearch was dumbe before:
But all was one.

Lord, doſt thou ſome new fabrick mold
Which favour winnes,
And keeps thee preſent, leaving th'old
Unto their ſinnes?

Where

Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals thee ſtill?
What covert dare eclipſe thy face?
Is it thy will?

O let not that of any thing;
Let rather braſſe,
Or ſteel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will paſſe.

Thy will ſuch an intrenching is,
As paſſeth thought!
To it all ſtrength, all ſubtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will ſuch a ſtrange diſtance is,
As that to it
Eaſt and Weſt touch, the poles do kiſſe,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief muſt be as large,
As is thy ſpace,
Thy diſtance from me; ſee my charge,
Lord, ſee my caſe.

O take theſe barres, theſe lengths away;
Turn, and reſtore me:
Be not Almightie, let me ſay,
Againſt, but for me.

When thou doſt turn, and wilt be neare;
What edge ſo keen,
What point ſo piercing can appeare
To come between?

For as thy abſence doth excell
All diſtance known:
So doth thy nearneſſe bear the bell,
Making two one.

¶ Grief.

O Who will give me tears? Come all ye ſprings,
Dwell in my head & eyes: come clouds, & rain:
My grief hath need of all the watry things,
That nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry vein
Suck up a river to ſupply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too drie for me,
Unleſſe they get new conduits, new ſupplies
To bear them out, and with my ſtate agree.
What are two ſhallow foords, two little ſpouts
Of a leſſe world? the greater is but ſmall,
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want proviſion in the midſt of all.
Verſes, ye are too fine a thing, too wiſe
For my rough ſorrows: ceaſe, be dumbe and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your meaſures for ſome lovers lute,
Whoſe grief allows him muſick and a ryme:
For mine excludes both meaſure, tune, and time.
Alas, my God!

¶ The Croſſe.

WHat is this ſtrange and uncouth thing?
To make me ſigh, and ſeek, and faint, and die,
Untill I had ſome place, where I might ſing,
And ſerve thee; and not onely I,
But all my wealth, and familie might combine
To ſet thy honour up, as our deſigne.

And

And then when after much delay,
Much wraſtling, many a combate, this deare end,
So much deſir'd, is giv'n, to take away
My power to ſerve thee; to unbend
All my abilities, my deſignes confound,
And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my ſoul (the memorie
What I would do for thee, if once my grones
Could be allow'd for harmonie)
I am in all a weak diſabled thing,
Save in the ſight thereof, where ſtrength doth ſting.

Beſides, things ſort not to my will,
Ev'n when my will doth ſtudie thy renown:
Thou turneſt th' edge of all things on me ſtill,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, ev'n when my hopes ſeem to be ſped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it then when I bent my bow;
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another wo,
Is in the midſt of delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradiſe to be a weed.

Ah my deare Father, eaſe my ſmart!
Theſe contrarieties cruſh me: theſe croſſe actions
Doe winde a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet ſince theſe thy contradictions
Are properly a croſſe felt by thy ſonne,
With but foure words, my words, *Thy will be done.*

¶ The

¶ The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenesse? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an houre;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amisse,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offring at heav'n, growing and groning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-showre,
My sinnes and I joining together:

But

But while I grow in a ſtraight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What froſt to that? what pole is not the zone,
Where all things burn,
When thou doſt turn,
And the leaſt frown of thine is ſhown?

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 onely light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempeſts fell all night.

Theſe are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us ſee we are but flowers that glide:
Which when we once can finde and prove,
Thou haſt a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through ſtore,
Forfeit their Paradiſe by their pride.

¶ Dotage.

FAlſe glozing pleaſures, casks of happineſſe,
Fooliſh night-fires, womens and childrens wiſhes,
Chaſes in Arras, guilded emptineſſe,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two diſhes;
Theſe are the pleaſures here.
True earneſt ſorrows, rooted miſeries,
Anguiſh in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, ſolid calamities,
Plain demonſtrations, evident and cleare,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone;
Theſe are the ſorrows here. But

But oh the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a lothsome den
Before a court, ev'n that above so cleare,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true,
Then miseries are here!

¶ The Sonne.

LEt forrain nations of their language boast,
What fine varietie each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men and coast:
Who cannot dresse it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly doe we give one onely name
To parents issue and the funnes bright starre!
A sonne is light and fruit; a fruitfull flame
Chasing the fathers dimnesse, carri'd farre
From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
Western discov'ries of posteritie.
So in one word our Lords humilitie
We turn upon him in a sense most true:
For what Christ once in humblenesse began,
We him in glorie call, *The Sonne of Man.*

¶ A true Hymne.

MY joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say:
And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down
With onely this, *My joy, my life, my crown.*

Yet

Yet ſlight not theſe few words:
If truly ſaid, they may take part
Among the beſt in art.
The fineneſſe which a hymne or pſalme affords,
Is, when the ſoul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the minde,
And all the ſoul, and ſtrength, and time,
If the words onely ryme,
Juſtly complains, that ſomewhat is behinde
To make his verſe, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
Although the verſe be ſomewhat ſcant,
God doth ſupplie the want.
As when th' heart ſayes (ſighing to be approved)
O, could I love! and ſtops: God writeth, *Loved.*

¶ The Anſwer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like ſnow:
I ſhake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my fierce youth did bandie, fall and flow
Like leaves about me; or like ſummer friends,
Flyes of eſtates and ſunne-ſhine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my proſecutions ſlack and ſmall;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his firſt bed of dirt, and means the ſky;
But cooling by the way, grows purſie and ſlow,
And ſetling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark ſtate of tears: to all, that ſo
Show me, and ſet me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the reſt, know more then I.

¶ A

¶ A Dialogue-Antheme.

Christian. Death.

Chr. ALas, poore Death, where is thy glorie?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?
Dea. *Alas poore mortall, void of storie,*
Go spell and reade how I have kill'd thy King.
Chr. Poore death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee accurst.
Dea. *Let losers talk: yet thou shalt die;* (worst.
These arms shall crush thee. *Chr.* Spare not, do thy
I shall be one day better then before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

¶ The Water-course.

THou who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow;
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:
For who can look for lesse, that loveth { Life. / Strife.

But rather turn the pipe, and waters course
To serve thy sinnes, and furnish thee with store
Of sov'raigne tears, springing from true remorse:
That so in pureness thou mayst him adore,
Who gives to man, as he sees fit { Salvation. / Damnation.

¶ Self-

¶ Self-condemnation.

THou who condemneſt Jewiſh hate,
For chooſing Barabbas a murderer
Before the Lord of glorie;
Look back upon thine own eſtate,
Call home thine eye (that buſie wanderer)
That choice may be thy ſtorie.

He that doth love, and love amiſſe
This worlds delights before true Chriſtian joy,
Hath made a Jewiſh choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
Thouſands of ſouls it hath and doth deſtroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a ſorrie wedding
Between his ſoul and gold, and hath preferr'd
Falſe gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemnes in reading:
For he hath ſold for money his deare Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the laſt great day,
And judge our ſelves. That light, which ſin & paſſion
Did before dimme and choke,
When once thoſe ſnuffes are ta'ne away,
Shines bright and cleare, ev'n unto condemnation,
Without excuſe or cloke.

¶ Bitter-ſweet.

AH my deare angrie Lord,
Since thou doſt love, yet ſtrike;
Caſt down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praiſe;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my ſowre-ſweet dayes
I will lament, and love.

¶ The Glance.

When firſt thy ſweet and gracious eye
Vouchſaf'd ev'n in the midſt of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltring in ſinne;
I felt a ſugred ſtrange delight,
Paſſing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalme, and overrunne my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter ſtorm
My ſoul hath felt, ev'n able to deſtroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His ſwing and ſway:
But ſtill thy ſweet originall joy
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my ſoul,
And ſurging griefs, when they grew bold, controll,
And got the day.

If thy firſt glance ſo powerfull be,
A mirth but open'd and ſeal'd up again;
What wonders ſhall we feel, when we ſhall ſee
Thy full-ey'd love!
When thou ſhalt look us out of pain,
And one aſpect of thine ſpend in delight
More then a thouſand ſunnes diſburſe in light,
In heav'n above.

¶ The

¶ The 23 Pſalme.

THe God of love my ſhepherd is,
And he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender graſſe,
Where I both feed and reſt;
Then to the ſtreams that gently paſſe:
In both I have the beſt.

Or if I ſtray, he doth convert
And bring my minde in frame:
And all this not for my deſert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in deaths ſhadie black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
To guide, thy ſtaffe to bear.

Nay, thou doſt make me ſit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies ſight:
My head with oyl, my cup with wine
Runnes over day and night.

Surely thy ſweet and wondrous love
Shall meaſure all my dayes;
And as it never ſhall remove,
So neither ſhall my praiſe.

¶ Mary

¶ Marie Magdalene.

WHen bleſſed Marie wip'd her Saviours feet,
(Whoſe precepts ſhe had trampled on before)
And wore them for a jewell on her head,
Shewing his ſteps ſhould be the ſtreet,
Wherein ſhe thenceforth evermore
With penſive humbleneſſe would live and tread:

She being ſtain'd her ſelf, why did ſhe ſtrive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?
Why kept ſhe not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like ſeas, our ſinnes are pil'd
Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare ſoul, ſhe knew who did vouchſafe and deigne
To bear her filth; and that her ſinnes did daſh
Ev'n God himſelf: wherefore ſhe was not loth,
As ſhe had brought wherewith to ſtain,
So to bring in wherewith to waſh:
And yet in waſhing one, ſhe waſhed both.

¶ Aaron.

HOlineſſe on the head,
Light and perfections on the breaſt,
Harmonious bells below, raiſing the dead
To leade them unto life and reſt.
Thus are true Aarons dreſt.

Profaneneſſe in my head,
Defects and darkneſſe in my breaſt,
A noiſe of paſſions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no reſt.
Poore prieſt thus am I dreſt.

Onely

Onely another head
I have, another heart and breaſt,
Another muſick, making live not dead,
Without whom I could have no reſt:
In him I am well dreſt.

Chriſt is my onely head,
My alone onely heart and breaſt,
My onely muſick, ſtriking me ev'n dead;
That to the old man I may reſt,
And be in him new dreſt.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my deare breaſt,
My doctrine tun'd by Chriſt, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do reſt)
Come people; Aaron's dreſt.

¶ The Odour, 2. *Cor.* 2.

HOw ſweetly doth *My Maſter* ſound! *My Maſter!*
As Amber-greeſe leaves a rich ſent
Unto the taſter:
So do theſe words a ſweet content,
An orientall fragrancie, *My Maſter.*

With theſe all day I do perfume my minde,
My minde ev'n thruſt into them both:
That I might finde
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of ſmells, that feeds and fats my minde.

My Maſter, ſhall I ſpeak? O that to thee
My ſervant were a little ſo,
As fleſh may be;
That theſe two words might creep & grow
To ſome degree of ſpicineſſe to thee!

Then ſhould the Pomander, which was before
A ſpeaking ſweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it ſweeter then before.

For when *My Maſter*, which alone is ſweet,
And ev'n in my unworthineſſe pleaſing,
Shall call and meet,
My ſervant, as thee not diſpleaſing,
That call is but the breathing of the ſweet.

This breathing would with gains by ſweetning me
(As ſweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to thee.
And ſo this new commerce and ſweet
Should all my life employ, and buſie me.

¶ The Foil.

If we could ſee below
The ſphere of vertue, and each ſhining grace
As plainly as that above doth ſhow;
This were the better skie, the brighter place.

God hath made ſtarres the foil
To ſet off vertues; griefs to ſet off ſinning:
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor vertue winning.

¶ The Forerunners.

THe harbingers are come. See, ſee their mark;
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But muſt they have my brain? muſt they diſpark
Thoſe ſparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Muſt dulneſſe turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, *Thou art ſtill my God.*

Good men ye be, to leave me my beſt room,
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there:
I paſſe not, I, what of the reſt become,
So *Thou art ſtill my God*, be out of fear.
He will be pleaſed with that dittie;
And if I pleaſe him, I write fine and wittie.

Farewell ſweet phraſes, lovely metaphors.
But will ye leave me thus? when ye before
Of ſtews and brothels onely knew the doores,
Then did I waſh you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well dreſt and clad:
My God muſt have my beſt, ev'n all I had.

Louely enchanting language, ſugar-cane,
Hony of roſes, whither wilt thou flie?
Hath ſome fond lover tie'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a ſtie?
Fie, thou wilt ſoil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thy ſelf, and him that ſings the note.

Let fooliſh lovers, if they will love dung,
With canvas, not with arras clothe their ſhame:
Let follie ſpeak in her own native tongue.
True beautie dwells on high: ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beautie and beauteous words ſhould go together.

Yet if you go, I paſſe not; take your way:
For, *Thou art ſtill my God*, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embelliſhment can ſay,
Go birds of ſpring: let winter have his fee,
Let a bleak paleneſſe chalk the doore,
So all within be livelier then before.

¶ The Roſe.

PReſſe me not to take more pleaſure
In this world of ſugred lies,
And to uſe a larger meaſure
Then my ſtrict, yet welcome ſize.

Firſt, there is no pleaſure here:
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Bluſhing woes, that look as cleare
As if they could beautie-ſpare.

Or if ſuch deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to ſay;
There are no ſuch things to me,
Who have paſs'd my right away.

But I will not much oppoſe
Unto what you now adviſe:
Onely take this gentle roſe,
And therein my anſwer lies.

What is fairer then a roſe?
What is ſweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmitie diſcloſe,
Enmitie forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
Be contracted to a roſe;
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the cloſe.

So this flower doth judge and ſentence
Worldly joyes to be a ſcourge:
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not phyſick chooſe:
Onely though I you oppoſe,
Say that fairly I refuſe,
For my anſwer is a roſe.

¶ Diſcipline.

THrow away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath:
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my hearts deſire
Unto thine is bent:
I aſpire.
To a full conſent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed:
For with love
Stonie hearts will bleed.

Love is ſwift of foot;
Love's a man of warre,
And can ſhoot,
And can hit from farre.

Who can ſcape his bow?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs muſt work on me.

Throw away thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.

¶ The Invitation.

COme ye hither all, whoſe taſte
Is your waſte;
Save your coſt, and mend your fare.
God is here prepar'd and dreſt,
And the feaſt,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good:
Weep what ye have drunk amiſſe,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is bloud.

Come ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraigne,
Bringing all your ſinnes to ſight:
Taſte and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
And on ſinne doth caſt the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth deſtroy,
While ye graze without your bounds:
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a floud the lower grounds.

Come ye hither all, whoſe love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the skie:
Here is love, which having breath
Ev'n in death,
After death can never die.

Lord I have invited all,
And I ſhall
Still invite, ſtill call to thee:
For it ſeems but juſt and right
In my ſight,
Where is all, there all ſhould be.

¶ The Banquet.

WElcome ſweet and ſacred cheer,
Welcome deare;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy neatneſſe paſſeth ſight,
Thy delight
Paſſeth tongue to taſte or tell.

O what ſweetneſſe from the bowl
Fills my ſoul,
Such as is, and makes divine!
Is ſome ſtarre (fled from the ſphere)
Melted there,
As we ſugar melt in wine?

Or hath ſweetneſſe in the bread
Made a head
To ſubdue the ſmell of ſinne;
Flowers, and gummes, and powders giving
All their living,
Leſt the enemie ſhould winne?

Doubtleſſe, neither ſtarre nor flower
Hath the power
Such a ſweetneſſe to impart:
Onely God, who gives perfumes,
Fleſh aſſumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruis'd are better ſented: scented
God, to ſhow how farre his love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is preſented. sent first

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of earth was drown'd;
God took bloud, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And ſo found me on the ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taſte.
But I ſtill being low and ſhort,
Farre from court
Wine becomes a wing at laſt.

For with it alone I flie
To the skie:
Where I wipe mine eyes, and ſee
What I ſeek, for what I ſue;
Him I view,
Who hath done ſo much for me.

Let

Let the wonder of this pitie
Be my dittie,
And take up my lines and life:
Hearken under pain of death,
Hands and breath;
Strive in this, and love the ſtrife.

¶ The Poſie.

LEt wits conteſt,
And with their words and poſies windows fill:
Leſſe then the leaſt
Of all thy mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write:
Whether I ſing,
Or ſay, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention reſt,
Compariſons go play, wit uſe thy will:
Leſſe then the leaſt
Of all Gods mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

¶ A Parodie.

SOuls joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Becauſe thou doſt abide with me,
And I depend on thee;

Yet when thou doſt ſuppreſſe
The cheerfulneſſe
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not ſtirre abroad,
But leave me to my load:

O what a damp and ſhade
Doth me invade!
No ſtormie night
Can ſo afflict or ſo affright,
As thy eclipſed light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
Leſt want of aw
Make Sinne appeare;
And when thou doſt but ſhine leſſe cleare,
Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While Sinne doth rave,
And falſly boaſt,
That I may ſeek, but thou art loſt;
Thou and alone thou know'ſt.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half beleeve,
That Sinne ſayes true: but while I grieve,
Thou com'ſt and doſt relieve.

¶ The Elixer.

TEach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to ſee,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beaſt,
To runne into an action;
But ſtill to make thee prepoſſeſt,
And give it his perfection.

A man

A man that looks on glaſſe,
On it may ſtay his eye;
Or if he pleaſeth, through it paſſe,
And then the heav'n eſpie.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be ſo mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy ſake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A ſervant with this clauſe
Makes drudgerie divine:
Who ſweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous ſtone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for leſſe be told.

¶ A Wreath.

A Wreathed garland of deſerved praiſe,
Of praiſe deſerved, unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knoweſt all my wayes,
My crooked winding wayes, wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live: for life is ſtraight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more farre above deceit,
Then deceit ſeems above ſimplicitie.
Give me ſimplicitie, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy wayes,
Know them and practiſe them: then ſhall I give
For this poore wreath, give thee a crown of praiſe.

¶ Death.

¶ Death.

DEath, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder grones:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six
Or ten yeares hence,
After the losse of life and sense,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short;
Where we did finde
The shells of fledge souls left behinde,
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort

But since our Saviours death did put some blood
Into thy face;
Thou art grown fair and full of grace
Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at dooms-day;
When souls shall wear their new aray,
And all thy bones with beautie shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithfull grave;
Making our pillows either down, or dust.

¶ Dooms-

¶ Dooms-day.

Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the duſt to riſe,
Till it ſtirre, and rubbe the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whiſpring, *Live you brother?*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Duſt, alas, no muſick feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and ſtrains
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
O make no ſtay!
Let the graves make their confeſſion,
Leſt at length they plead poſſeſſion:
Fleſhes ſtubbornneſſe may have
Read that leſſon to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth ſtray.
Some to windes their bodie lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noiſome vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcel'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken conſort raiſe,
And the muſick ſhall be praiſe.

¶ Judge-

¶ Judgement.

ALmightie Judge, how shall poore wretches brook
Thy dreadfull look,
Able a heart of iron to appall,
When thou shalt call
For ev'ry mans peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well;
Yet I heare tell,
That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
So void of sinne,
That they in merit shall excell.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into thy hand:
Let that be scann'd.
There thou shalt finde my faults are thine.

¶ Heaven.

OWho will show me those delights on high?
Echo. *I.*
Thou Echo, thou art mortall, all men know.
Echo. *No.*
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves, that still abide?
Echo. *Bide.*
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
Are holy leaves the Echo then of blisse?
Echo. *Yes.*
Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?
Echo. *Light.*

Light

Light to the minde: what ſhall the will enjoy?
Echo. *Joy.*
But are there cares and buſineſſe with the pleaſure?
Echo. *Leiſure.*
Light, joy, and leiſure; but ſhall they perſever?
Echo. *Ever.*

¶ Love.

LOve bade me welcome: yet my ſoul drew back,
Guiltie of duſt and ſinne.
But quick-ey'd Love, obſerving me grow ſlack
From my firſt entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, ſweetly queſtioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A gueſt, I anſwer'd, worthy to be here:
Love ſaid, you ſhall be he.
I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and ſmiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my ſhame
Go where it doth deſerve.
And know you not, ſayes Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will ſerve.
You muſt ſit down, ſayes Love, and taſte my meat:
So I did ſit and eat.

FINIS.

Glorie be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

¶ The Church Militant.

ALmightie Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seeſt and ruleſt all things ev'n as one:
The ſmalleſt ant or atome knows thy power,
Known alſo to each minute of an houre:
Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counſels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouſe doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didſt thou ariſe to plant this vine,
Which might the more indeare it to be thine.
Spices come from the Eaſt; ſo did thy Spouſe,
Trimme as the light, ſweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noahs* ſhadie vine, chaſte as the dove;
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
The courſe was weſtward, that the ſunne might light
As well our underſtanding as our ſight.
Where th' Ark did reſt, there *Abraham* began
To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.
Moſes purſu'd this: but King *Solomon*
Finiſh'd and fixt the old religion.
When it grew looſe, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Chriſt to faſten it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore croſſe and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall:
Onely whereas the Ark in glorie ſhone,
Now with the croſſe, as with a ſtaffe, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrime, weſtward bent,

Knock-

Knocking at all doores, ever as ſhe went.
Yet as the ſunne, though forward be his flight,
Liſtens behinde him, and allows ſome light,
Till all depart: ſo went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot ſtept, the other ſtay
Among the eaſtern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the weſtern clime.
To *Egypt* firſt ſhe came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flouriſh more
Then the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthonie*
Made *Pharaoh Moſes*, changing th' hiſtorie.
Goſhen was darkneſſe, *Egypt* full of lights,
Nilus for monſters brought forth Iſraelites.
Such power hath mightie Baptiſme to produce
For things miſshapen, things of higheſt uſe.
How deare to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where arts
Gave her the higheſt place in all mens hearts.
Learning was pos'd, Philoſophie was ſet,
Sophiſters taken in a fiſhers net.
Plato and *Ariſtotle* were at a loſſe,
And wheel'd about again to ſpell *Chriſt-Croſſe*.
Prayers chas'd ſyllogiſmes into their den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* took horſe as ſoon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both; yet *Egypt* faſter rid,
And ſpent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. *Greece* being paſt her prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, ſubduing thoſe,
Who, that they might ſubdue, made all their foes.
The Warrier his deere skarres no more reſounds,
But ſeems to yeeld Chriſt hath the greater wounds.
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his bliſſe,
Who by an ambuſh loſt his Paradiſe.

The

The great heart ſtoops, and taketh from the duſt
A ſad repentance, not the ſpoils of luſt:
Quitting his ſpear, leſt it ſhould pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was ſlain.
The Shepherds hook grew to a ſcepter here,
Giving new names and numbers to the yeare.
But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them
Who were cut ſhort in *Alexanders* ſtemme.
In both of theſe Proweſſe and Arts did tame
And tune mens hearts againſt the Goſpel came:
Which uſing, and not fearing skill in th' one,
Or ſtrength in th' other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and ſtruggling th' Empire knew,
(As dying things are wont) untill it flew
At length to *Germanie*, ſtill weſtward bending,
And there the Churches feſtivall attending:
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no leſſe Harbingers would ſerve then they)
So they might ſtill, and point us out the place
Where firſt the Church ſhould raiſe her down-caſt face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there;
Then ſhowres Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire ſhar'd with *Germanie*,
But *England* in the higher victorie:
Giving the Church a crown to keep her ſtate,
And not go leſſe then ſhe had done of late.
Conſtantines Britiſh line meant this of old,
And did this myſterie wrap up and fold
Within a ſheet of paper, which was rent
From times great Chronicle, and hither ſent.
Thus both the Church and Sunne together ran
Unto the fartheſt old meridian.
How deare to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Much about one and the ſame time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,

Sinne

Sinne did ſet out of Eaſtern *Babylon*,
And travell'd weſtward alſo: journeying on
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At firſt he got to *Egypt*, and did ſow
Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow,
Freſh and fine deities. They were at great coſt,
Who for a god clearely a fallet loſt.
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worſhippeth his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be ſever'd infinitely!
What wretchedneſſe can give him any room,
Whoſe houſe is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will beleeve this now, though money be
In us the ſame tranſplanted foolerie.
Thus Sinne in *Egypt* ſneaked for a while;
His higheſt was an ox or crocodile,
And ſuch poore game. Thence he to *Greece* doth paſſe,
And being craftier much then Goodneſſe was,
He left behinde him garriſons of ſinnes
To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes.
Here Sinne took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich ſhrines and oracles he purchaſed:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what ſhould befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a poet, and would ſerve
His pills of ſublimate in that conſerve.
The world came both with hands and purſes full
To this great lotterie, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where ſome poore truths were ſhuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to diſcredit thoſe
Who after him ſhould braver truths diſcloſe.

From

From *Greece* he went to *Rome:* and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperour.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in truſt to rule the Romane ſphere.
Glorie was his chief inſtrument of old:
Pleaſure ſucceeded ſtraight, when that grew cold.
Which ſoon was blown to ſuch a mightie flame,
That though our Saviour did deſtroy the game,
Diſparking oracles, and all their treaſure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleaſure;
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnall joy
Cheat the moſt ſubtill nations. Who ſo coy,
So trimme, as *Greece* and *Egypt?* yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,
To ſuch Mahometan ſtupidities,
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How deare to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Onely the Weſt and *Rome* do keep them free
From this contagious infidelitie.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boaſt,
As *Rome* will one day finde unto her coſt.
Sinne being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely reſolv'd one night
To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre:
The old debauched ruffian would turn writer.
I ſaw him in his ſtudie, where he ſate
Buſie in controverſies ſprung of late.
A gown and pen became him wondrous well:
His grave aſpect had more of heav'n then hell:
Onely there was a handſome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As Sinne in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
And in old *Rome* a mightie Emperour;
So now being Prieſt he plainly did profeſſe
To make a jeſt of Chriſts three offices:

The

The rather ſince his ſcatter'd jugglings were
United now in one both time and ſphere.
From *Egypt* he took pettie deities,
From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the libertie of pleaſure,
By free diſpenſings of the Churches treaſure.
Then in memoriall of his ancient throne
He did ſurname his palace, *Babylon.*
Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their tranſmigrations;
From all theſe places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
From *Egypt* Anchoriſme and retiredneſſe,
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* ſtatelineſſe:
And blending theſe he carri'd all mens eyes,
While Truth ſat by, counting his victories:
Whereby he grew apace and ſcorn'd to uſe
Such force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finely work each nation
Into a voluntarie tranſmigration.
All poſte to *Rome:* Princes ſubmit their necks
Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravitie to ſtirre,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and furre.
Therefore he ſent out able miniſters,
Stateſmen within, without doores cloiſterers:
Who wit hout ſpear, or ſword, or other drumme
Then what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did ſo ſtrangely rule,
That the whole world did ſeem but the Popes mule.
As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twiſt;
So both together are one Antichriſt,
Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was;
Being in this their old crackt looking-glaſſe.
How deare to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?

Thus

Thus Sinne triumphs in Weſtern *Babylon*;
Yet not as Sinne, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter beſt,
And to defray his journey from the eaſt.
Old and new *Babylon* are to hell and night,
As is the moon and ſunne to heav'n and light.
When th' one did ſet, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the law and grace.
They are hells land-marks, Satans double creſt:
They are Sinnes nipples, feeding th' eaſt and weſt.
But as in vice the copie ſtill exceeds
The pattern, but not ſo in vertuous deeds;
So though Sinne made his latter ſeat the better,
The latter Church is to the firſt a debter.
The ſecond Temple could not reach the firſt:
And the late reformation never durſt
Compare with ancient times and purer yeares;
But in the Jews and us deſerveth tears.
Nay, it ſhall ev'ry yeare decreaſe and fade;
Till ſuch a darkneſſe do the world invade
At Chriſts laſt coming, as his firſt did finde:
Yet muſt there ſuch proportions be aſſign'd
To theſe diminiſhings, as is between
The ſpacious world and *Jurie* to be ſeen.
Religion ſtands on tip-toe in our land,
Readie to paſſe to the *American* ſtrand.
When height of malice, and prodigious luſts,
Impudent ſinning, witchcrafts, and diſtruſts
(The marks of future bane) ſhall fill our cup
Unto the brimme, and make our meaſure up;
When *Sein* ſhall ſwallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*
By letting in them both, pollutes her ſtreams:
When *Italie* of us ſhall have her will,
And all her calender of ſinnes fulfill;
Whereby one may fortell, what ſinnes next yeare
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer:

Then

Then ſhall Religion to *America* flee:
They have their times of Goſpel, ev'n as we.
My God, thou doſt prepare for them a way
By carrying firſt their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion alwaies ſides with povertie.
We think we rob them, but we think amiſſe:
We are more poore, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrell, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that which now their nation
But lends to us, ſhall be our deſolation.
Yet as the Church ſhall thither weſtward flie,
So Sinne ſhall trace and dog her inſtantly:
They have their period alſo and ſet times
Both for their vertuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Uſher'd the Goſpel ever in mens hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church ſhall come, & Sinne the Church ſhall ſmo-
That when they haue accompliſhed the round, (ther:
And met in th' eaſt their firſt and ancient ſound,
Judgement may meet them both & ſearch them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sunne,
Light one another, and together runne.
Thus alſo Sinne and Darkneſſe follow ſtill
The Church and Sunne with all their power and skill.
But as the Sunne ſtill goes both weſt and eaſt;
So alſo did the Church by going weſt
Still eaſtward go; becauſe it drew more neare
To time and place, where judgement ſhall appeare.
How deare to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?

¶ L'Envoy.

¶ L'Envoy.

King of glorie, King of peace,
With the one make warre to ceaſe;
With the other bleſſe thy ſheep,
Thee to love, in thee to ſleep.
Let not Sinne devoure thy fold,
Bragging that thy bloud is cold,
That thy death is alſo dead,
While his conqueſts dayly ſpread;
That thy fleſh hath loſt his food,
And thy Croſſe is common wood.
Choke him, let him ſay no more,
But reſerve his breath in ſtore,
Till thy conqueſts and his fall
Make his ſighs to uſe it all,
And then bargain with the winde
To diſcharge what is behinde.

Bleſſed be God alone,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One.

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