

To the Lady Bedford.

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

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Her vertues doe, as to their proper spheare,
 Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were.
 As perfect motions are all circular,
 So they to you, their sea, whence lesse streames are.
 Shee was all spices, you all metals ; so
 In you two we did both rich Indies know.
 And as no fire, nor rust can spend or wast
 One dramme of Gold, but what was first shall last,
 Though it be forc'd in water, earth, salt, aire,
 Expans'd in infinite, none will impaire ;
 So, to your selfe you may additions take,
 But nothing can you lesse, or changed make.
 Seeke not in seeking new, to seeme to doubt,
 That you can match her, or not be without ;
 But let some faithfull booke in her roome bee,
 Yet but of *Judith* no such booke as shee.

Sapho to Philenis.

VHere is that holy fire, which *Verse* is said
 To have, is that inchanting force decay'd ?
Verse that draws *Natures* works, frō *Natures* law,
 Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannot draw.
 Have my teares quench'd my old *Poëtique* fire ;
 Why quench'd they not as well, that of *desire* ?
 Thoughts, my minds creatures, often are with thee,
 But I, their maker, want their libertie.
 Onely thine image, in my heart, doth sit,
 But that is waxe, and fires environ it.
 My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence ;
 And I am rob'd of *Picture*, *Heart*, and *Sense*.
 Dwels with me still mine irkesome *Memory*.
 Which, both to keepe, and lose, grieves equally.

That tels me how faire thou art : Thou art so faire,
 As *gods*, when *gods* to thee I doe compare,
 Are grac'd thereby ; And to make blinde men see,
 What things *gods* are, I say they're like to thee.
 For, if wee justly call each silly *man*
 A *little world*, What shall we call thee than ?
 Thou art not soft, and cleare, and strait, and faire,
 As *Downe*, as *Starres*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,
 But thy right hand, and cheeke, and eye, onely
 Are like thy other hand, and cheeke, and eye.
 Such was my *Phao* a while, but shall be never,
 As thou, wast, art, and, oh, maist thou be ever.
 Here lovers sweare in their *Idolatri*,
 That I am such; but *Griefe* discolors me.
 And yet I grieve the lesse, least griefe remove
 My beautie, and make me unworthy of thy love.
 Playes some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
 A mutuall feeling which should sweeten it.
 His chinne, a thorny hairy unevennesse
 Doth threaten, and some daily change possesse.
 Thy bodie is a naturall *Paradise*,
 In whose selte, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
 Nor needs *perfection*; why shouldst thou than
 Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man ?
 Men leave behinde them that which their sin shows,
 And are, as theeves trac'd, which rob when it snows.
 But of our dalliance no more signes there are,
 Than *fishes* leave in streames, or *Birds* in aire.
 And betweene us all sweetnesse may be had ;
 All, all that *Nature* yeelds, or *Art* can adde.
 My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
 But so, as thine from one another doe :

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And, oh, no more; the likenesse being such,
 Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
 Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies;
 Why should they brest to brest, or thighes to thighes?
 Likeness begets such strange selfe flatterie,
 That touching my selfe all seemes done to thee.
 My selfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kisse,
 And amorously thanke my selfe for this.
 Me, in my glasse, I call thee; But alas, (glasse.
 When I would kisse, teares dimme mine eyes, and
 O cure this loving madnesse, and restore
 Me to mee; thee my *halfe*, my *all*, my *more*.
 So may thy cheekes red outweare scarlet die,
 And their white, whitenesse of the *Galaxy*,
 So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
Envy in all *women*, and in all *men*, *love*,
 And so be change and sicknesse farre from thee,
 As thou by comming neare, keep'st them from me.

To Ben. Iohnson, 6. Jan. 1603.

THE State and mens affaires are the best playes
 Next yours, 'Tis nor more nor lesse thã due praise,
 Write, but touch not the much descending race
 Of Lords houses, so settled in worths place,
 As but themselves none thinke them usurpers.
 It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.
 If the Queene Masque, or King a hunting goe,
 Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know

Like them in goodnesse that Court ne'r will be,
 For that were vertue, and not flatterie.
 Forget we were thrust out. It is but thus,
 God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords doe us,
 Judge of strangers, Trust and believe your friend,
 And so me; And when I true friendship end,
 With guilty cōscience let me be worfe stung, (tongue
 Then with *Pophams* sentence theeves, or *Cookes*
 Traitors are. Friends are our selves. This I thee tell
 As to my friend, and to my selfe is Counsell:
 Let for a while the times unthrifty rout
 Contemne learning, and all your studies flout.
 Let them scorne Hell, they will a Sergeant feare,
 More then we *them*; that ere long God may forbear;
 But Creditors will not. Let them increase
 In riot and excesse as their meanes cease,
 Let them scorne him that made them, and still shun
 His Grace, but love the whore who hath undone
 Them and their soules. But; that they that allow
 But one God, should have religions enough
 For the Queens Masque, & their husbands, for more
 Then all the Gentiles knew, or *Atlas* bore.
 Well, let all passe, and trust him who nor cracks
 The bruised Reed, nor quencheth smoaking flaxe.

To Ben. Iohnson, 9. Novembris, 1603.

IF great men wrong me, I will spare my selfe;
 If meane, I will spare them, I know the pelfe,
 Which

Which is ill got the Owner doth upbraide,
 t may corrupt a Iudge, make me afraid
 And a Iury. But 'twill revenge in this,
 That, though himselfe be Iudge, he guiltie is.
 What care I though of weaknesse men taxe me,
 I had rather sufferer than doer be.
 That I did trust it was my Natures praise,
 For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
 That judgement is, that surely can comprise
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
 What though? Though lesse, yet some of both have
 Who have learn'd it by use and misery. (we,
 Poore I, whom every pety crosse doth trouble,
 Who apprehend each hurt thats done me, double,
 Am of this (though it should sinke me) carelesse,
 It would but force me to a stricter goodnesse
 They have great gaine of me, who gaine doe winne,
 (If such gaine be not losse) from every sinne.
 The standing of great mens lives would afford
 A pretty summe, if God would sell his Word.
 He cannot; they can theirs, and breake them too.
 How unlike they are that they are likened to?
 Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,
 If good, like Gods, the naught are so like devils.

To Sir Tho. Rowe. 1603.

Deare Tom:

TELL her if she to hired servants shew
 Dislike, before they take their leave they goe;
 When

When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,
 For who hath but one minde, hath but one face,
 If then why I take not my leave she aske,
 Aske her againe why she did not unmaske.
 Was she or proud or cruell, or knew she
 'Twould make my losse more felt, and pittied me?
 Or did she feare one kisse might stay for mee?
 Or else was she unwilling I should goe?
 I thinke the best, and love so faithfully
 I cannot chuse but thinke that she loves me.
 If this prove not my faith, then let her trie
 How in her service I would fructifie.
 Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
 That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true.
 Then he whose wit and verse growes now so lame,
 With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.
 Howe'r, I'll weare the black and white ribband,
 White for her fortunes, blacke for mine shall stand.
 I doe esteeme her favour, not the stuffe;
 If what I have was given, I have enough,
 And all's well, for had she lov'd, I had not had
 All my friends hate, For now departing sad
 I feele not that: Yet as the Rack the Gout
 Cures, so hath *this* worse griefe *that* quite put out:
 My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
 Which (I dare foresay) nothing cures but death.
 Tell her all this before I am forgot,
 That not too late she grieve she lov'd me not.
 Burden'd with this, I was to depart lesse
 Willing then those which die, and not confesse.

The end of the Letters.

A N A T O M I E OF THE WORLD.

Wherein,

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

The first Anniversary.

To the praise of the dead, and the
ANATOMY.

WELL dy'd the World, that we might live to see
This world of wit, in his Anatomie:
No evill wants his good: so wilder heires
Bedew their Fathers Tombes with forced teares,
Whose state requites their losse: whiles thus we gain,
Well may we walke in blackes, but not complaine.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead
Whiles this Muse lives? which in his spirits stead
Seemes to informe a World; and bids it be,
In spight of losse or fraile mortality?

And

And thou the subject of this welborne thought,
 Thrice noble maide, couldst not have found nor
 A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate, (sought,
 Then whiles this spirit lives, that can relate
 Thy worth so well to our last Nephewes eyne,
 That they shall wonder both at his and thine :
 Admired match ! where strives in mutnall grace
 The cunning pencill, and the comely face :
 A taske which thy faire goodnesse made too much
 For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch ;
 Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,
 And say, that but enough those praises bee,
 Which, hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head
 From the angry checkings of thy modest red :
 Death barres reward and shame, when envy's gone,
 And gaine, 'tis safe to give the dead their owne.
 As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
 More on their Tombes, then houses : these of clay,
 But those of brasse, or marble were : so wee
 Give more unto thy Ghost, then unto thee.
 Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
 And may'st but thanke thy selfe, for being thus :
 Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O happy maid,
 Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repaid,
 So these high songs that to thee suited bin
 Serve but to sound thy Makers praise and thine,
 Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him
 Amid the quire of Saints, and Seraphim,
 As any Angels tongue can sing of thee ;
 The subjects differ, though the skill agree :
 For as by infant yeares men judge of age,
 Thy early love, thy vertues did presage

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What high part thou bear'st in those best of Songs,
 Hereto no burden, nor no end belongs,
 Sing on thou virgin Soule, whose lossefull gaine
 My lovesick parents have bewail'd in vaine;
 Never may thy name be in our songs forgot,
 All we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

An Anatomy of the World.

The first Anniversary.

(gone,
When that rich Soule which to her heaven is
 Whō all doe celebrate, who know they have
 (For who is sure he hath a Soule, unlesse (one,
 He see, and judge, and follow worthinesse,
 And by deeds praise it? he who doth not this,
 May lodge an inmate soule, but 'tis not his.)
 When that Queene ended here her progresse time,
 And, as t'her standing house to heaven did climbe,
 Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
 Shee's now a part both of the Quire, and Song:
 This World, in that great earthquake languished;
 For in a common bath of teares it bled,
 Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out:
 But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
 Whether the world did lose, or gaine in this,
 (Because since now no other way there is,
 But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,
 All must endeavour to be good as shee.)

This

This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
 And so the world had fits ; it joy'd, it mourn'd ;
 And, as men thinke, that Agues physick are,
 And th'Ague being spent, give over care :
 So thou sick world mistak'st thy selfe to bee
 Well, when alas, thou art in a Lethargie :
 Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than
 Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sunne, or man
 That wound was deepe, but 'tis more misery,
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
 'Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of moane,
 But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne.
 Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst ; thou wast
 Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'rpast.
 For as a childe kept from the Fount, untill
 A Prince, expected long, come to fulfill
 The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'st laid,
 Had not her comming, thee her palace made :
 Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame,
 And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name.
 Some moneths shee hath been dead (but being dead,
 Measures of time are all determined)
 But long shee hath beene away, long, long, yet none
 Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
 But as in states doubtfull of future heires,
 When sicknesse without remedie impaires
 The present Prince, they're loath it should be said,
 The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead :
 So mankinde, feeling now a generall thaw,
 A strong example gone, equall to law ;
 The Cymment which did faithfully compact,
 And glue all vertues, now resolv'd and slack'd,

Thought

thought it some blasphemy to say she' was dead,
Or that our weaknesse was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more,
Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the losse de-
but though it be too late to succour thee, (plore.
Sick World: yea, dead, yea putrified, since she
Thy'intrinsique balme, and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
(since no man can make thee live) will trie,
What we may gaine by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art
Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,
Tis labour lost to have discovered
The worlds infirmities, since there is none
Alive to studie this dissection;
For there's a kinde of World remaining still,
Though shee which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
Her Ghost doth walke, that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weake love of vertue, and of good
Reflects from her, on them which understood
Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth stay;
Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures bee
Produc'd: the matter and the stufte of this,
Her vertue, and the forme our practice is:
And though to be thus elemented, arrie
These creatures, from homeborne intrinsique harme,
(For all assum'd unto this dignitie,
So many weedlesse Paradises bee,

Which

Which of themselves produce no venomous sinne,
 Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)
 Yet because outward stormes the strongest breake,
 And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,
 This new world may be safer, being told,
 The dangers and diseases of the old:
 For with due temper men doe then forgoe,
 Or covet things, when they their true worth know,
 There is no health; Physitians say that wee,
 At best, enjoy but a neutralitie.
 And can there be worse sicknesse than to know,
 That we are never well, nor can be so?
 We are borne ruinous: poore mothers crie,
 That Children come not right, nor orderly,
 Except they headlong come and fall upon
 An ominous precipitation.
 How witty's ruine, how importunate
 Vpon mankinde? it labour'd to frustrate
 Even Gods purpose; and made woman, sent
 For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment.
 They were to good ends, and they are so still,
 But accessory, and principall in ill;
 For that first marriage was our funerall:
 One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
 And singly, one by one they kill us now.
 We doe delightfully our selves allow
 To that consumption; and profusely blinde
 We kill our selves to propagate our kinde.
 And yet we doe not that; we are not men:
 There is not now that mankinde, which was then,
 When as, the Sunne and man did seeme to strive,
 (Ioynt-tenants of the world) who should survive.

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When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie,
When, if a slow pac'd starre had stolne away
From the observers marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred yeares to see t againe,
And then make up his observation plaine;
When, as the age was long, the life was great;
Mans growth confess'd, and recompenc'd the meat;
So spacious and large, that every Soule
Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule:
And when the very stature, thus erect,
Did that soule a good way towards heaven direct,
Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age,
Not to be made *Methusalem* his page?
Alas, we scarce live long enough to trie
Whether a true made clock run right, or lie.
Old Granfires talke of yesterday with sorrow:
And for our children we reserve to morrow.
So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torne house, or field, to have three lives,
And as in lasting, so in length is man,
Contracted to an inch, who was a spanne;
Nor had a man at first in Forrests straid,
Or ship-wrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an Elephant or Whale,
That met him, would not hastily assaile,
A thing so equall to him: now alas,
The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe
As credible; mankinde decays so soone,
We're scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone:
Only death adds t'our length: nor are we growne
In stature to be men, till we are none.

But this were light, did our lesse volume hold
 All the old Text ; or had we chang'd to gold
 Their silver, or dispos'd into lesse glasse
 Spirits of vertue, which then scatter'd was.
 But 'tis not so : w'are not retir'd, but damp't ;
 And as our bodies so our mindes are cramp't :
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
 In minde and body both bedwarfed us.
 We seeme ambitious Gods whole worke t'undoe ;
 Of nothing he made us, and we strive too,
 To bring our selves to nothing backe ; and wee
 Doe what we can, to do't so soone as hee :
 With new diseases on our selves we warre,
 And with new Physick, a worse Engine farre.
 This man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom
 All faculties, all graces are at home ;
 And if in other creatures they appeare,
 They're but mans Ministers, and Legats there,
 To worke on their rebellions, and reduce
 Them to Civilitie, and to mans use :
 This man, whom God did woove, and loth t'attend
 Till man came up, did down to man descend :
 This man so great, that all that is, is his,
 Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is !
 If man were any thing, hee's nothing now :
 Helpe, or at least some time to waste, allow
 To 'his other wants, yet when he did depart
 With her whom we lament, he lost his heart.
 Shee, of whom th'Ancients seem'd to prophesie,
 When they call'd vertues by the name of *Shee* ;
 Shee, in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
 That for allay unto so pure a minde

Shee tooke the weaker Sex : she that could drive
 The poysonous tincture, and the staine of *Eve*,
 Out of her thoughts and deeds ; and purifie
 All by a true religious Alchymie ;
 She, she is dead ; shee's dead : when thou know'st this
 Thou know'st how poore a trifling thing man is,
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
 The supernaturall food, Religion :
 Thy better growth growes withered, and scant ;
 Be more than man, or thou 'art lesse than an Ant.
 Then as mankind, so is the worlds whole frame
 Quite out of joynt, almost created lame :
 For, before God had made up all the rest,
 Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best :
 It seisd the Angels, and then first of all
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maime ;
 Wronging each joynt of th'universall frame,
 The noblest part, man, felt it first ; and than
 Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man,
 So did the world from the first houre decay,
 That evening was beginning of the day,
 And now the Springs and Summers which we see,
 Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee.
 And new Philosophy calls all in doubt,
 The Element of fire is quite put out ;
 The Sunne is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit
 Can well direct him where to looke for it.
 And freely men confesse that this world's spent,
 When in the Planets, and the firmament

They seeke so many new ; they see that this
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atomes.
 'Tis all in peeces, all coherence gone ;
 All iust supply, and all Relation :
 Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,
 For every man alone thinkes he hath got
 To be a Phoenix, and that then can bee
 None of that kinde, of which he is, but he.
 This is the worlds condition now, and now
 She that should all parts to reunion bow,
 She that had all magnetique force alone,
 To draw, and fasten sundred parts in one ;
 She whom wise nature had invented then
 When she observ'd that every sort of men
 Did in their voyage, in this worlds Sea stray,
 And needed a new compasse for their way ;
 She that was best, and first originall
 Of all faire copies, and the generall
 Steward to Fate ; she whose rich eyes and brest
 Guilt the West-Indies, and perfum'd the East,
 Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow
 Spice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so,
 And that rich Indie, which doth gold interre,
 Is but as single money coyn'd from her :
 She to whom this world must it selfe referre,
 As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,
 She, she is dead ; shee's dead : when thou knowest
 Thou knowest how lame a creeple this world is, (th
 And learn st thus much by our Anatomy,
 That this worlds generall sicknesse doth not lye
 In any humour, or one certaine part ;
 But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,

Tha

Thou seest a Hectique feaver hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be contrould,
And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit
The worlds infection, to bee none of it.
For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts
Feele this consuming wound, and ages darts.
For the worlds beautie is decay'd, or gone,
Beautie, that's colour, and proportion,
We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,
Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure forme: It teares
The Firmament in eight and fortie shieres,
And in these Constellations then arise
New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes:
As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or
When new towres rise, and old demolish'd are. (war,
They have impal'd within a Zodiake
The free-borne Sun, and keep twelve signes awake
To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab controule,
And fright him back, who else to either Pole
(Did not these tropiques fether him) might runne:
For his course is not round, nor can the Sunne
Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way
One inch direct; but where he rose to day
He comes no more, but with a cozening line,
Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:
And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
He meanes to sleepe, being now false nearer us.

So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne
 In Circle still, none ends where he begun.
 All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swels:
 For of Meridians, and Parallels,
 Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne
 Vpon the Heavens, and now they are his owne.
 Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus
 To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
 We spur, we reine the starres, and in their race
 They are diversly content t'obey our pace.
 But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
 Doth not a Tenarus or higher hill
 Rise so high like a Rock, that one might thinke
 The floating Moone would shipwrack there & sink
 Seas are so deepe, that Whales being struck to day
 Perchance to morrow scarce at middle way
 Of their wilh'd journeys end, the bottome, die.
 And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
 As one might justly thinke, that there would rise
 At end thereof, one of th' Antipodies:
 If under all, a vault infernall be,
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we
 Invent another torment, that there must
 Millions into a straight hot roome be thrust)
 Then solidnesse and roundnesse have no place.
 Are these but warts, and pockholes in the face
 Of th' earth? Thinke so: but yet confesse, in this
 The worlds proportion disfigur'd is;
 That those two legges whereon it doth relie,
 Reward and punishment, are bent awry.
 And, Oh, it can no more be questioned,
 That beauties best, proportion, is dead,

Sine

since even grieve it selfe, which now alone
is left us, is without proportion.
Thee by whose lines proportion should bee
Examin'd, measure of all Symmetrie,
Whom had that Ancient scene, who thought soules
Of Harmony, he would at next have said (made
That Harmony was shee, and thence inferre
That soules were but Resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies goe,
As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow :
Thee, who if those great Doctours truly said
That the Arke to mans proportion was made,
Had beene a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both Elements and Passions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civill warre to cease.
Thee, after whom, what forme soe'r we see,
Is discord and rude incongruities ;
Thee, she is dead, she's dead ; when thou know'st this,
Thou knowest how ugly a monster this world is :
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
That here is nothing to enamour thee :
And that not onely faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts,
Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,
Endanger us : but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To satisfie wise, and good lookers on,
Since most men be such as most thinke they bee)
They are lothsome too, by this deformitie.
For good, and well, must in our actions meet ;
Wicked is not much worse then indiscreet.

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

And

And learn't thus much by our Anatomy,
That it should more affright than pleasure thee :
And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,
'Tis now but wicked vanitie, to thinke
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude mens sense.
Nor in ought more this worlds decay appears,
Then that her influence the heaven forbears,
Or that the Elements doe not feele this,
The father or the mother barren is.
The clouds conceive not raine, or doe not powre,
In the due birth time, downe the balmy shewre;
Th'ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
And false-conceptions fill the generall wombes;
Th'ayre shewes such Meteors, as none can see,
Not onely what they meane, but what they be.
Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled
Th'Egyptiā *Mages* to have made more such. (much
What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those starres may be
Imprison'd in a Herbe, or Charme or Tree,
And doe by touch, all which those stars could doe?
The art is lost, and correspondence too,
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lesse,
And man least knowes their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
She, for whose losse we have lamented thus,
Would worke more fully, and pow'rfully on us :

Since

Since herbes, and roots by dying lose not all,
 But they, yea ashes too, are medicinall,
 Death could not quench her vertue so, but that
 It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
 And all the world would be one dying swan,
 To sing her funerall praise, and vanish than.
 But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,
 Except it be from the live Serpent shot,
 So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
 That unto us; she working more than it.
 But shee, in whom to such maturitie
 Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die;
 Shee, from whose influence all impression came,
 But by receivers impotencies, lame,
 Who, though she could not transubstantiate
 All states to gold yet gilded every state,
 So that some Princes have some temperance;
 Some Counsellers, some purpose to advance
 The common profit; and some people have
 Some stay, no more than Kings should give, to crave;
 Some women have some taciturnitie,
 Some Nunneries some graines of chastitie.
 Shee that did thus much, and much more could doe,
 But that our Age was Iron, and rusty too,
 She, she is dead, she's dead; when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how drie a Cinder this world is.
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie
 It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood: nothing
 Is worth our travaile, grieve, or perishing,
 But those rich joyes which did possesse her heart,
 Of which shee's now partaker, and a part.

But

But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
The body will not last out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
So the worlds carcasfe would not last, if I
Were punctuall in this Anatomy;
Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell (well:
Them their disease, who faine would thinke they're
Here therefore be the end: and blessed maid,
Of whom is meant what ever hath beene said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, (song,
Whose name refines coorse lines, and makes prose
Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,
Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widdowed earth,
Will yearely celebrate thy second birth,
That is, thy death; for though the soule of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than
When man doth die, our bodie's as the wombe,
And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
And you her creatures, whom she workes upon,
And have your last, and best concoction
From her example and her vertue, if you
In reverence to her doe thinke it due,
That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse:
Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make
A last, and lasting' st peece, a song. He spake
To *Moses* to deliver unto all
That song, because he knew they would let fall
The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
But keepe the song still in their memory :

Such

Such an opinion; in due measure, made
 Me this great office boldly to invade:
 Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre
 Me, from thus trying to imprison her;
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could doe,
 I saw not why verse might not doe so too.
 Verse hath a middle nature, heaven keepes Soules,
 The Grave keepes bodies, Verse the Fame enroules.

A funerall Elegie.

TIs losse to trust a Tombe with such a guest,
 Or to confine her in a marble chest,
 Alas, what's Marble, Ieat, or Porphyrie,
 Pris'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,
 Or with those Pearles, and Rubies, which she was:
 Ioyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glasse;
 And so is all to her materials,
 Though every inch were ten Escurials;
 Yet shee's demolish'd: can we keepe her then
 In workes of hands, or of the wits of men?
 Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give
 Life to that name, by which name they must live?
 Sickly, alas, short liv'd, Abortive bee
 Those carcasse verses, whose soule is not shee,
 And can shee, who no longer would be shee,
 Being such a Tabernacle stoope to bee
 In paper wrapt; or when shee would not lie
 In such an house, dwell in an Elegie?

But

But 'tis no matter ; we may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for armes, and Counsellors for braines,
Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,
The rich for stomacks, and for backs the poore ;
The officers for hands, Merchants for feet,
By which, remote and distant Countreyes meet :
But those fine spirits, which doe tune, and set
This Organ, are those peeces, which beget
Wonder and love ; and these were shee ; and shee
Being spent, the world must needs decrepitate ;
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,
Except the world it selfe, so great was shee.
Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because she cannot such another shew.
But must we say she's dead ? may't not be said
That as a sundred clock is peecemeale laid,
Not to be lost, but by the Makers hand
Repolish'd, without errour then to stand,
Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs
It selfe into the earth, and after comes
(Having first made a Naturall bridge, to passe
For many leagues) farre greater than it was,
May't not be said, that her grave shall restore
Her, greater, purer, firmer, than before ?
Heaven may say this, and joy in't, but can wee
Who live, and lack her here, this vantage see ?
What is't to us, alas, if there have beene
An Angel made a Throne, or Cherubine

Wee

We lose by't: and as aged men are glad
 Being tastelesse growne, to joy in joyes they had;
 So now the sick starv'd world must feed upon
 This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
 Rejoyce then Nature, and this world, that you,
 Fearing the last fires hastening to subdue
 Your force and vigour, ere it were neare gone,
 Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;
 One, whose cleare body was so pure and thinne,
 Because it need disguise no thought within,
 'Twas but a through-light scarf her minde t'enroule;
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule.
 One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd:
 And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;
 As when a Temple's built, Saiats emulate
 To which of them, it shall be consecrate.
 But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,
 Those new starresevery Artist exercise,
 What place they should assigne to them they doubt;
 Argue, and agree not, till those starres goe out:
 So the world studyed whose this piece should be,
 Till she can be no bodies else, nor shee:
 But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd
 Rather t'adorne, than last, she soone expir'd,
 Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie,
 For marriage, though it doth not staine, doth die.
 To scape th'infirmities which wait upon
 Woman, she went away, before sh'was one;
 And the worlds busie noyse to overcome,
 Tooke so much death as serv'd for *Opium*;
 For though she could not, nor could chuse to die,
 Sh'ath yeilded to too long an extasie:

which not knowing her sad History,
Should come to reade the booke of destiny,
How faire, and chaste, humble and high she'ad been,
Which promis'd, much perform'd, at not fiftene,
And measuring future things, by things before,
Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,
Should thinke that either destiny mistooke,
That some leaves were torne out of the booke.
But 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her
In yeares of reasons use, and then inferre
Her destiny to her selfe, which liberty
She tooke, but for thus much, thus much to die,
Her modesty not suffering her to be
A low-Commissioner with Destiny,
She did no more but die; if after her
Any shall live, which dare true good preferre;
Every such person is her delegate,
To accomplish that which should have been her Fate.
They shall make up that Book and shall have thanks
Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blankes.
For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rise;
And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall mirth,
To see how well the good play her, on earth.

OF THE
P R O G R E S S E
OF THE SOVLE.

Wherein,

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

The second Anniverfary.

The Harbinger to the PROGRESSE.

TWo Soules move here, and nine (a third) must
Paces of admiration, and of love; (move
Thy Soule (deare Virgin) whose this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortall Spheare to lively blisse;
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
The worlds last day, thy glories full degree:
Like as those starres which thou o'r-lookest farre,
Are in their place, and yet still moved are:
No soule (whiles with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way;

Or

Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe
So fast, as now the lightning moves but slow :
But now thou art as high in heaven flowne
As heav'ns from us; what soule besides thine owne
Can tell thy joyes, or say hee can relate
Thy glorious journals in that blessed state ?
I envie thee (Rich soule) I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory see :
And thou (great spirit) which hers follow'd hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast ;
So farre, as none can follow thine so farre,
(And if this flesh did not the passage barre,
Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
Which long agoe hadst lost the vulgar sight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee lessened in thine ayery way ;
So while thou mak'st her soule by progresse knowne
Thou mak'st a noble progresse of thine owne,
From this worlds carkasse having mounted high
To that pure life of immortalitie ;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise
That more may not beseeme a creatures praise,
Yet still thou vow'st her more ; and every yeare
Mak'st a new progresse, while thou wandrest here ;
Still upward mount ; and let thy Makers praise
Honour thy Laura, and adorne thy layes.
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh let her never stoope below the clouds :
And if those glorious sainted soules may know
Or what we doe, or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs shall still content them best
Which praise those awfull Powers that makethem
blest.

OF THE
P R O G R E S S E
OF THE SOVLE.

The second Anniversary.

Nothing could make me sooner to confesse
That this world had an everlastingnesse,
Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower worlds, and the Sunnes Sunne,
The Lustre and the vigour of this all
Did set; 'twere blasphemy to say, did fall.
But as a ship which hath strooke saile, doth runne
By force of that force which before it wonne:
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red seas, which freely ranne,
One from the Trunke, another from the Head,
His soule be sail'd, to her eternall bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll.
As though he beckned and call'd back his soule,
He graspes his hands, and he puls up his feet,
And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soule; when all these motions which we saw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:
Or as a Lute, which in moist weather, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings.
So struggles this dead world, now she is gone;
For there is motion in corruption.

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L E.

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As

as some dayes are, at the Creation nam'd,
before the Sun; the which fram'd dayes, was fram'd:
after this Sunn's set, some shew appears,
and orderly vicissitude of yeares.
Yet a new deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
forgetting her, the maine reserve of all;
yet in this deluge, grosse and generall,
thou seest me strive for life; my life shall bee,
to be hereafter prais'd, for praising thee,
immortall maid, who though thou wouldst refuse
the name of mother, be unto my Muse
Father, since her chaste Ambition is
nearly to bring forth such a childe as this.
These Hymnes may worke on future wits; and so
may great Grand-children of thy praises grow.
And so, though not revive, embalme and spice
the world, which else would putrifie with vice.
For thus, Man may extend thy Progenie,
till man doe but vanish, and not die.
These Hymnes thy issue may encrease so long,
till Gods great *Venue* change the song.
Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule,
and serve thy thirst with Gods safe-sealing Bowle.
Be thirsty still, and drinke still till thou goe
to th'onely Health; to be Hydroptique so,
forget this rotten world; And unto thee
let thine owne times as an old story bee,
not concern'd: studie not why nor when;
doe not so much as not believe a man;
though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth;
farre more businesse than this world is worth.

Q 2

The

The world is but a carkasse; thou art fed
 By it, but as a worme that carkasse bred;
 And why shouldst thou poor worme, consider more
 When this world will grow better than before,
 Then those thy fellow wormes doe thinke upon
 That carkasses last resurrection;
 Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,
 As of old clothes, cast off a yeare agoe.
 To be thus stupid is Alacritie;
 Men thus Lethargique have best Memory.
 Looke upward; that's towards her, whose happy state
 We now lament not, but congratulate.
 She, to whom all this world was but a stage,
 Where all fate harkning how her youthfull age
 Should be imploy'd, because in all shee did,
 Some Figure of the golden times was hid.
 Who could not lack, what e'r this world could give,
 Because shee was the forme that made it live;
 Nor could complaine that this world was unfit
 To be staid in, then when shee was in it;
 Shee that first tryed indifferent desires
 By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,
 Shee to whose person Paradise adher'd,
 As Courts to Princes, shee whose eyes ensphear'd
 Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule
 (Had shee been there) the Star-full Northerne Pole;
 Shee, shee is gone; shee's gone: when thou know'st this,
 What fragmentary rubbishge this world is
 Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought;
 He honours it too much that thinke's it naught.
 Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a Groome,
 Which brings a Tapour to the outward roome,

Whence

Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
 And after brings it nearer to thy sight:
 For such approaches doth heaven make in death.
 Think thy selfe labouring now with broken breath,
 And thinke those broken and soft Notes to be
 Division, and thy happiest Harmony,
 Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke;
 And thinke that, but unbinding of a packe,
 To take one precious thing, thy soule from thence,
 Thinke thy selfe parch'd with feavers violence,
 Anger thine ague more, by calling it
 Thy Physick; chide the slacknesse of the fit,
 Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,
 But that, as Bels call'd thee to Church before,
 So, this to the Triumphant Church calls thee.
 Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,
 And thinke that but for Legacies they thrust;
 Give one thy pride, to another give thy Lust:
 Give them those sinnes which they gave thee before,
 And trust th immaculate blood to wash thy score.
 Think thy friends weeping round, & think that they
 Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way.
 Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this,
 That they confesse much in the world, amisse,
 Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,
 Which they from God, and Angels cover not.
 Thinke that they shroud thee up, & think frō thence
 They reinvest thee in white innocence.
 Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so low,
 Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goe.)
 Thinke thee a Prince, who of themselves create
 Wormes, which insensibly devour their state.

Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right
Layes thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucies night.
Thinke these things cheerefully, and if thou bee
Drowfie, or slack, remember then that she,
She whose complexion was so even made,
That which of her ingredients should invade
The other three, no Feare, no Art could guesse :
So farre were all remov'd from more or lesse.
But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one presumes
To governe, or to triumph on the rest,
Onely because all were, no part was best.
And as, though all doe know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from Points arise,
None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,
And say, this is a line, or this a point :
So though the Elements and humours were
In her, one could not say, this governes there,
Whose even constitution might have wonne
Any disease to venture on the Sunne,
Rather then her : and make a spirit feare,
That he too disuniting subject were.
To whose proportions if wee would compare
Cubes, th'are unstable ; Circles, Angular ;
She who was such a chaine as Fate employes
To bring mankinde all Fortunes it enjoys :
So fast, so even wrought, as one would thinke,
No accident could threaten any linke ;
Shee, she embrac'd a sicknesse, gave it meate,
The purest blood, and breath, that e'r it eate ;
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith,

And

And though he may pretend a conquest, since
 Heaven was content to suffer violence,
 (ea though he plead a long possession too, (doe)
 For they are in heaven on earth who heavens works
 Though he had right and power and place, before,
 Yet death must usher, and unlock the doore;
 Thinke further on thy selfe, my Soule, and thinke
 How thou at first wast made but in a sinke;
 Thinke that it argued some infirmitie,
 That those two souls, which then thou foundst in me,
 Thou fedst upon, and drew'st into thee both
 My second soule of sense, and first of growth.
 Thinke but how poore thou wast, how obnoxious;
 Whom a small lump of flesh could poyson thus.
 This curd milke, this poore unlittered whelpe
 My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,
 Infect thee with Originall sinne, and thou
 Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
 Thinke that no stubborne sullen Anchorit,
 Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels
 So fouly as our Soules in their first-built Cels,
 Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie,
 After, enabled but to suck, and cry, (Inne,
 Thinke, when 'twas growne to most, 'twas a poore
 A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinne,
 And that usurp'd, or threatned with a rage
 Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age.
 But thinke that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
 Thou hast thy expansion now, and libertie;
 Thinke that a rusty Peece discharg'd, is flowne
 In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,

And freely flies: this to thy Soule allow, (now.
 Think thy shell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but
 And think this slow-pac'd soule which late did cleave
 To a body, and went but by the bodies leave,
 Twenty perchance or thirtie mile a day,
 Dispatches in a minute all the way
 'Twixt heaven, and earth; she staves not in the ayre,
 To looke what Meteors there themselves prepare;
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
 Whether th'ayres middle region be intense;
 For th'Element of fire, she doth not know,
 Whether she pass by such a place or no;
 Shee baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie
 Whether in that new world men live, and die.
Venus retards her not, t'enquire, how shee
 Can, (being one starre) *Hesper*, and *Vesper* bee;
 He that charm'd *Argus* eyes, sweet *Mercury*,
 Workes not on her, who now is growne all eye;
 Who if shee meet the body of the Sunne,
 Goes through, not staying till his course be runne;
 Who findes in *Mars* his Campe no corps of Guard,
 Nor is by *Jove*, nor by his father bard;
 But ere she can consider how shee went,
 At once is at, and through the firmament.
 And as these starres were but so many beads
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
 Her through those Spheares, as through the beads, a
 Whose quick successio makes it still one thing: (string
 As doth the pith, which leest our bodies slacke,
 Strings fast the little bones of neck and backe;
 So by the soule doth death string Heaven and Earth;
 For when our Soule enjoys this her third birth,

(Creation

Creation gave her one, a second, grace,)
 Heaven is as neare, and present to her face,
 As colours are, and objects, in a roome
 Where darknesse was before, when Tapers come.
 This must, my Soule thy long-short Progresse be.
 To advance these thoughts; Remember then that she,
 She, whose faire body no such prison was,
 But that a Soule might well be pleas'd to passe
 An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent
 Mintage to other beauties, for they went
 But for so much as they were like to her;
 She, in whose body (if we dare preferre
 This low world, to so high a marke as she,)
 The Westerne treasure, Easterne spicery,
 Europe, and Afrique, and the unknowne rest
 Were easily found, or what in them was best;
 And when w'have made this large discoverie
 Of all, in her some one part then will bee
 Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
 Enough to wake twenty such worlds as this;
 She, whom had they knowne, who did first betroth
 The Tutelar Angels, and assigned one, both
 To Nations, Cities and to Companies,
 To functions, Offices, and dignities,
 And to each severall man, to him, and him,
 They would have given her one for every limbe;
 Shee, of whose soule, if we may say, 'twas gold,
 Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold
 Many degrees of that; wee understood
 Her by her sight; her pure, and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought,
 That one might almost say, her bodie thought;

She

Shee, shee thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone :
 And chides us slow pac'd snailes who crawle upon
 Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke us well,
 Longer then whil'st we beare our brittle shell.
 But twere but little to have chang'd our roome,
 If, as we were in this our living Tombe
 Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so,
 Poore soule, in this thy flesh what dost thou know ?
 Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not,
 How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
 Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
 Nor how thou took'st the poyson of mans sinne,
 Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st that thou art
 By what way thou art made immortall, know. (so)
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
 Even thy selfe, yea though thou would'st but bend
 To know thy body. Have not all soules thought
 For many ages, that our bodie's wrought
 Of aire, and fire, and other Elements ?
 And now they thinke of knew ingredients.
 And one Soule thinkes one, and another way
 Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay.
 Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
 The bladders cave, and never breake the skinne ?
 Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth
 Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe ? (flow,
 And for the putrid stufte which thou dost spit,
 Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it ?
 There are no passages, so that there is
 (For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
 And of those many opinions which men raise (praise
 Of Nalles and Haires, dost thou know which to
 What

What hope have we to know our selves, when we
 know not the least things, which for our use bee?
 We see in Authors, too stiffe to recant,
 A hundred controversies of an Ant;
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
 To know but Catechismes and Alphabets
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact,
 How others on our stage their parts did Act;
 What *Cæsar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said,
 Why grasse is Greene, or why our blood is red,
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.
 In this low forme, poore soule, what wilt thou doe?
 When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
 Of being taught by sense, and Fantasie?
 Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seeme
 Below; But up unto the watch-Towre get, (great
 And see all things despoild of fallacies:
 Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eyes,
 Nor heare through Labyrinths of cares, nor learne
 By circuit, or collections to discern.
 In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,
 And what concernes it not, shalt straight forget.
 There thou (but in no other schoole) maist be
 Perchance, as learned, and as full, as thee,
 She who all Libraries had throughly read
 At home in her owne thoughts, and practised
 So much good as would make as many more:
 She whose example they must all implore,
 Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse
 That all the vertuous Actions they expresse
 Are but a new, and worse edition
 Of her some one thought or one action:

She

Shee, who in th'art of knowing Heaven, was grow
 Here upon earth to such perfection,
 That she hath, ever since to heaven she came,
 (In a farre fairer print,) but read the same:
 Shee, she not satisfied with all this waight,
 (For so much knowledge as would over-fraight
 Another, did but ballast her) is gone
 As well t'enjoy, as get perfection,
 And calls us after her, in that she tooke,
 (Taking her selfe) our best and worthiest booke.
 Returne not, my soule, from this extasie,
 And meditation of what thou shalt be,
 To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,
 With whom thy conversation must be there,
 With whom wilt thou converse? what station
 Canst thou chose out, free from infection,
 That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?
 Shalt thou not finde a spungie slack Divine
 Drinke and suck in th' instructions of great men,
 And for the word of God vent them agen?
 Are there not some Courts (and then, no things be
 So like as Courts) which in this let us see,
 That wits, and tongues of Libellers are weake,
 Because they doe more ill, than these can speake?
 The poyson's gone through all, poysons affect
 Chiefly the chiefest parts; but some effect
 In nailes, and haire, yea excrements, will show;
 So lies the poyson of sinne in the most low.
 Vp, up, my drowsie soule, where thy new eare
 Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare;
 Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
 Ioy in not being that, which men have said.

Where

here she is exalted more for being good,
 men for her interest of Mother-hood.
 to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit
 expecting Christ, then they have enjoy'd him yet.
 to those Prophets, which now gladly see
 their Prophecies growne to be History.
 to th' Apostles, who did bravely runne
 all the suns course, with more light than the Sunne.
 to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
 to th' Apostles Lampes, dew to their seed.
 to those Virgins, who thought, that almost
 they made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,
 they to any should his Temple give.
 up, up, for in that Squadron there doth live
 mee, who hath carried thither new degrees
 (As to their number) to their dignities.
 mee, who being to her selfe a State, enjoy'd
 all royalties which any State employ'd;
 for she made warres, and triumph'd; reason still
 did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will:
 and she made peace, for no peace is like this,
 that beautie, and chastitie together kisse:
 she did high justice, for she crucified
 every first motion of rebellions pride:
 and she gave pardons, and was liberall,
 for, onely her selfe except, she pardoned all:
 she coyn'd, in this, that her impression gave
 to all our actions all the worth they have:
 she gave protections; the thoughts of her breast
 Satans rude Officers could ne'r arrest.
 As these prerogatives being met in one,
 Made her a soveraigne State; Religion

Made

Where

Made her a Church; and these two made her all.
 She who was all this All, and could not fall
 To worse, by company, (for she was still
 More Antidote, than all the world was ill,)
 Shee, she doth leave it, and by Death, survive
 All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not strive
 The more, because shee's there, he doth not know
 That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow,
 But pause, my soule; And studie, ere thou fall
 On accidentall joyes, th'essentiall.
 Still before Accessories doe abide
 A tryall, must the principall be tride.
 And what essentiall joy canst thou expect
 Here upon earth? what permanent effect
 Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
 Beauty? (And beauty worthy't is to move)
 Poore cousened coufener, *that* she, and *that* thou,
 Which did begin to love, are neither now,
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
 Next day repaires, (but ill) last dayes decay.
 Nor are, (although the river keepe the name)
 Yesterdayes waters, and to dayes the same.
 So flowes her face, and thine eyes; neither now,
 That Saint nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow
 Concern'd, remaines; but whil't you thinke you be
 Constant, you're hourly in inconstancy.
 Honour may have pretence unto our love,
 Because *that* God did live so long above
 Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,
 That he at last made creatures to bestow
 Honour on him, not that hee needed it,
 But that, to his hands man might grow more fit.

it since all Honours from inferiours flow,
 or they doe give it; Princes doe but shew
 'hom they would have so honour'd) and that this
 n such opinions, and capacities
 built, as rise and fall, to more and lesse:
 las, 'tis but a casuall happinesse.
 ath ever any man to 'himselfe assign'd
 his or that happinesse to arrest his minde,
 at that another man which takes a worse,
 hinkes him a foole for having tane that course?
 hey who did labour Babels tower to erect,
 ight have considered, that for that effect,
 ll this whole solid Earth could not allow
 or furnish forth materials enow;
 nd that his Center, to raise such a place
 as farre too little to have beene the Base;
 o more affords this world, foundation
 o erect true joy, were all the meanes in one.
 at as the Heathen made them severall gods
 of all Gods benefits, and all his rods,
 For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are
 ods unto them, so agues be, and warre)
 nd as by changing that whole precious Gold
 o such small Copper coynes, they lost the old,
 nd lost their onely God, who ever must
 e sought alone, and not in such a thrust:
 o much, mankind true happinesse mistakes;
 lo joy enjoyes that man, that many makes.
 hen, Soule to thy first pitch worke up againe;
 now that all lines which circles doe containe,
 or once that they the Center touch, doe touch
 'wice the circumference; and be thou such;

Double

Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth emploid;
 All will not serve; onely who have enjoy'd
 The sight of God, in fulnesse, can thinke it;
 For it is both the object, and the wit.
 This is essentiall joy, where neither he
 Can suffer diminution, nor wee,
 'Tis such a full, and such a filling good;
 Had th' Angels once look'd on him, they had stood.
 To fill the place of one of them, or more,
 Shee whom we celebrate is gone before.
 Shee, who had here so much essentiall joy,
 As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy;
 Who with Gods presence was acquainted so,
 (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
 His face in any naturall Stone or Tree,
 Better then when in Images they be:
 Who kept by diligent devotion,
 Gods Image, in such reparation,
 Within her heart, that what decay was growne,
 Was her first Parents fault, and not her owne:
 Who being sollicit to any act,
 Still heard God pleading his safe precontract;
 Who by a faithfull confidence, was here
 Betroth' to God, and now is married there;
 Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day
 Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray;
 Who being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be
 Both where more grace, and more capacity
 At once is given: she to Heaven is gone,
 Who made this world in some proportion
 A heaven, and here, became unto us all,
 Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall.

But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,
 Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much.
 How poore and lame must then our casuall bee?
 If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than,
 By being greater, growne to bee lesse Man.
 When no Physitian of redresse can speake,
 A joyfull casuall violence may break
 A dangerous Apostem in thy brest;
 And whil'st thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest,
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
 What e'r was casuall, may ever bee.
 What should the nature change? or make the same
 Certaine, which was but casuall, when it came?
 All casuall joy doth loud and plainly say,
 Onely by comming, that it can away.
 Onely in Heaven joyes strength is never spent,
 And accidentall things are permanent.
 Joy of a foules arrivall ne'r decayes;
 For that soule ever joyes and ever staves.
 Joy that their last great Consummation
 Approaches in the resurrection;
 When earthly bodies more celestiall
 Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall;
 This kinde of joy doth every day admit
 Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
 In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part that shee,
 Shee, in whose goodnesse, he that names degree,
 Doth injure her; ('Tis losse to be call'd best,
 There where the stufte is not such as the rest)
 Shee, who left such a bodie, as even shee,
 Onely in Heaven could learne, how it can bee

Made better ; for shee rather was two soules,
 Or like to full on both sides written Rols,
 Where eyes might reade upon the outward skinne,
 As strong Records for God, as mindes within,
 Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
 Peeces a Circle, and still keepes it so,
 Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
 Where shee receives, and gives addition.
 Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames
 A thousand prayers to Saints, whose very names
 The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knowes not
 And where what lawes of Poëtry admit, (yet
 Lawes of Religion have at least the same,
 Immortall Maide, I might invoke thy name.
 Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
 Thou here should'st make mee a French convertite.
 But thou would'st not; nor would'st thou be content,
 To take this, for my second yeares true Rent,
 Did this coyne beare any other stampe, than his,
 That gave thee power to doe, me, to say this.
 Since his will is, that to posteritie,
 Thou shouldst for life, and death a patterne bee,
 And that the world should notice have of this,
 The purpose and th'authoritie is his;
 Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
 The Trumpet, at whose voyce the people came.

EPICEDDES

EPICEDES

AND

*OBSEQUIES**Vpon*

The deaths of sundry Personages.

Elegie on Prince HENRY.

Looke to me faith, and looke to my faith, God;
For both my centers feele this period.
Of waight one center, one of greatnesse is;
And Reason is that center, Faith is this;
For into 'our reason flow, and there doe end
All, that this naturall world doth comprehend:
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference:
But for th'enormous greatnesse, which are
So disproportion'd, and so angulare,
As is Gods Essence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what soules doe, departed hence,
These things (eccentrique else) on faith doe strike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For reason, put to her best extension,
Almost meets faith, and makes both centers one.

R 2

And

And nothing ever came so neare to this,
 As contemplation of that Prince wee misse.
 For all that faith might credit mankinde could,
 Reason still seconded, that this Prince would.
 If then least moving of the Center, make
 More, than if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,
 What must this doe, centers distracted so,
 That we see not what to beleewe or know?
 Was it not well believ'd till now, that hee,
 Whose reputation was an extasie,
 On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
 Till he discover'd what wayes hee would take;
 For whom, what Princes angled, when they tryed,
 Met a *Torpedo*, and were stupified;
 And others studies, how hee would be bent,
 Was his great fathers greatest instrument,
 And activ' st spirit, to convey and tie
 This soule of peace, to Christianitie;
 Was it not well beleev'd, that he would make
 This generall peace, th' Eternall overtake,
 And that his times might have stretch'd out so farre,
 As to touch those, of which they emblemes are?
 For to confirme this just beliefe, that now
 The last dayes came, wee saw heav'n did allow,
 That, but from his aspect and exercise,
 In peacefull times rumours of warres should rise,
 But now this faith is heresie: wee must
 Still stay, and vex our great grand-mother, Dust.
 Oh, is God prodigall? hath he spent his store
 Of plagues, on us; and onely now, when more
 Would ease us much, doth he grudge miserie;
 And will not let's enjoy our curse; to die!

As,

As, for the
 'Twere an
 So God, in
 Our plot to
 Therefore
 As but so n
 What had I
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 And could
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 Of causes,
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 So would ju
 May safelie

As, for the earth throwne lowest downe of all,
 Twere an ambition to desire to fall,
 So God, in our desire to die, doth know
 Our plot for ease, in being wretched so :
 Therefore we live ; though such a life we have,
 As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
 What had his growth and generation done,
 When, what we are, his putrefaction
 sustaines in us, Earth, which griefes animate ?
 Nor hath our world now, other Soule than that.
 And could griefe get so high as heav'n, that Quire,
 Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
 With griefe to see him) he had staid below,
 To rectifie our errours they foreknow.
 Is th' other center, Reason, faster then ?
 Where should wee looke for that, now we 'are not
 For if our Reason be our connexion (men ?
 Of causes, now to us there can be none.
 For, as if all the substances were spent,
 Twere madnesse, to enquire of accident,
 So is't to looke for reason, he being gone,
 The onely subject reason wrought upon.
 If Fate have such a chaine, whose divers linkes
 Industrious man discerneth, as he thinkes,
 When miracle doth come, and so steale in
 A new linke, man knowes not where to begin :
 At a much deader fault must reason bee,
 Death having broke off such a linke as hee.
 But now, for us, with busie prooffe to come,
 That we have no reason, would prove we had some,
 So would just lamentations : Therefore wee
 May safelier say, that we are dead, than hee,

So, if our griefes we doe not well declare,
 We have double excuse ; he is not dead ; and we are
 Yet I would not die yet ; for though I bee
 Too narrow, to thinke him, as he is hee,
 (Our Soules best baiting, and mid-period,
 In her long journey, of considering God)
 Yet, (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
 As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
 Oh may I, (since I live) but see or heare,
 That she-Intelligence which mov'd this spheare,
 I pardon Fate, my life : who ere thou be,
 Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she,
 I conjure thee by all the charmes he spoke,
 By th'oathes, which onely you two never broke,
 By all the soules yee sigh'd, that if you see
 These lines, you wish, I knew your history.
 So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,
 I were an Angell, singing what you were.

MAD A

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 Ladyship
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To

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

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

Your Ladiships most humble
and thankfull servant,

JOHN DONNE.

R 4

Obsequies

Obsequies to the Lord *Harringtons* brother

To the Countesse of Bedford.

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

Th

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

So,

So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
 Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
 His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
 Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Destinie,
 Should I divide and discontinue so
 Vertue, which did in one intirenesse grow.
 For as, he that should say, spirits are fram'd
 Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
 Honours not spirits halfe so much, as he
 Which sayes they have no parts, but simple be :
 So is t of vertue, for a point and one
 Are much intirer than a million.
 And had Fate meant to have had his vertues told,
 It would have let him live to have beene old,
 So, then, that vertue in season, and, then, this,
 We might have seene, and said, that now he is
 Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just :
 In good short lives, vertues are faine to thrust,
 And to be sure betimes to get a place,
 When they would exercise, lack time, and space.
 So was it in this person, forc'd to be
 For lacke of time, his owne epitome.
 So to exhibite in few yeares as much.
 As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch.
 As when an Angel downe from heav'n doth flie,
 Our quick thought cannot keepe him company,
 We cannot thinke, now he is at the Sunne, (runne
 Now through the Moon now he through th'air doth
 Yet when he is come, we know he did repaire
 To all 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sun, Moone, & Aire
 And as this Angel in an instant knowes,
 And yet we know, this sodaine knowledge growes

By

quicke amassing severall formes of things,
which he successively to order brings; (goe
when they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot
fast as he, thinke that he doth not so;
st as a perfect reader doth not dwell
on every syllable, nor stay to spell,
yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,
and lay together every A, and B;
so, in thort liv'd good men, is not understood
each severall vertue, but the compound good.
For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
as Angels goe, and know, and as men read.
O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme
sent hither, the worlds tempest to becalme,
before by deeds, they are diffus'd and spread,
and so make us alive, themselves be dead?
O Soule, O circle why so quickly bee
thy ends, thy birth and death clos'd up in thee?
since one foot of thy compasse still was plac'd
in heav'n, the other might securely, have pac'd
in the most large extent through every path, (hath,
Which the whole world, or man the abridgement
Thou know'st, that though the tropique circles have
(Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)
All the same roundnesse, evennesse, and all
The endlesnesse of the Equinoctiall:
Yet, when we come to measure distances,
How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,
When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaile;
Onely great circles, then, can be our scale:
So though thy circle to thy selfe expresse
All, tending to thy endlesse happinesse,

And

And wee by our good use of it may trie,
 Both how to live well (young) and how to die,
 Yet since wee must be old, and age endures
 His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
 Of hot ambitions, irreligions ice,
 Zeales agues; and hydropique avarice,
 (Infirmities, which need the scale of truth,
 As well, as lust and ignorance of youth;)
 Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,
 And by thy doing set us what to doe?
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every whee
 Doth each mismotion and distemper feele,
 Whose *hands* get shaking palsies, and whose *strin*
 (His sinewes) slackens, and whose *Soule*, the sprit
 Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the *flee*,
 Either beates not, or beats unevenly,
 Whose voyce, the *Bell*, doth rattle or grow dumbe
 Or idle, as men, which to their last houres come,
 If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
 Or be not set, or set at every will;
 So, youth is easiest to destruction,
 If then we follow all, or follow none.
 Yet, as in great clockes, which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'mploy their tim
 An errour doth more harme, being generall,
 When, small clocks faults onely 'on the wearer fall.
 So worke the faults of age, on which the eye
 Of children, servants, or the State relie. (soul
 Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a
 A clock so true, as might the Sunne controule,
 And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
 Instructions, such as it could never bee

Disordered

ordered, stay here, as a generall
great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?
why wouldest thou be an instrument
his unnaturall course, or why consent
his, not miracle, but Prodigie,
t when the ebbes longer than flowings be,
tue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
uld so much faster ebbe out, than flow in?
ough her flood were blown in, by thy first breath,
is at once sunke in the whirle-poole death.
ich word I would not name, but that I see
ith else a desert, growne a Court by thee.
w I am sure, that if a man would have
od company, his entry is a grave.
hinkes all Cities, now, but Anthils bee,
here, when the severall labourers I see,
children, house, Provision taking paine,
ey're all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, & grain;
d Church-yards are our cities, unto which
e most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich.
ere is the best concourse and confluence,
ere are the holy suburbs, and from thence
gins Gods Citie, New Ierusalem,
hich doth extend her utmost gates to them;
that gate then, Triumphant soule, dost thou
gin thy Triumph. But since lawes allow
hat at the Triumph day, the people may,
ll that they will, gainst the Triumpher say.
et me here use that freedome, and expresse
y griefe, though not to make thy triumph lesse:
y law to Triumphs none admitted be,
ill they as Magistrates get victory,

Though

Though then to thy force, all youths foes did ye
 Yet till fit time had wrought thee to that field,
 To which thy ranke in this state destin'd thee,
 That there thy counsailes might get victorie,
 And so in that capacitie remove
 All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subjects love,
 Thou could'st no title to this triumph have,
 Thou didst intrude on death, usurpe a grave.
 Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as
 But with thine owne affections, with the heate
 Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance,
 But till thou should'st successfully advance
 Thine armies 'gainst forraine enemies, which are
 Both Envie, and acclamation popular,
 (For, both these Engines equally defeat,
 Though by a divers Mine, those which are great,
 Till then thy Warre was but a civill Warre,
 For which to Triumph none admitted are;
 No more are they, who though with good success
 In a defensive warre, their power expresse.
 Before men triumph the dominion
 Must be *enlarg'd*, and not *preserv'd* alone;
 Why should'st thou then, whose battailes were t
 Thy selfe, from those straits nature put thee in, (v
 And to deliver up to God that state,
 Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
 (Which is thy soule and body) as intire
 As he, who takes endeavours doth require,
 But didst not stay, t' enlarge his kingdome too,
 By making others, what thou didst, to doe;
 Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n
 Hath got by getting thee, than t' had before? (m

Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
 one another in possession were;
 this from Triumph most disables thee,
 that, that place which is conquered, must bee
 safe from present warre, and likely doubt
 imminent commotions to breake out:
 and hath he left us so? or can it bee
 that territory was no more than Hee?
 we were all his charge, the Diocis
 every exemplar man, the whole world is,
 and he was joynd in commision
 with Tutelar Angels, sent to very one.
 though this freedome to upbraide, and chide
 him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd
 with this, that it might never reference have
 unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
 then might at Pompey jeast, but they might not
 that authority, by which he got
 to Triumph, before by age he might;
 though triumphant soule, I dare to write
 lov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus,
 that thou so early wouldst abandon us;
 yet I am farre from daring to dispute
 with that great soveraignty, whose absolute
 prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee,
 against natures lawes, which just impugnors bee
 of fearely triumphs; And I (though with paine)
 lessen our losse, to magnifie thy gaine
 of triumph, when I say, It was more fit,
 that all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.
 though then in our time, be not suffered
 that testimonie of love, unto the dead,

To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
 As Saxon wives, and French foldarii did;
 And though in no degree I can expresse
 Griefe in great Alexanders great excesse,
 Who at his friends death made whole townes dev
 Their wals and bulwarks, which became them be
 Doe not faire soule this sacrifice refuse,
 That in thy grave I doe interre my Muse,
 Which, by my griefe, great as thy worth, being c
 Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

Elegie on the Lady Markham.

MAN is the World, and death th' Ocean,
 To which God gives the lower parts of man.
 This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
 God hath set markes, and bounds, 'twixt us and it,
 Yet doth it rore, and gnaw, and still pretend.
 And breakes our banke, when ere it takes a friend.
 Then our land waters (teares of passion) vent;
 Our waters, then above our firmament,
 (Teares which our Soule doth for her sinnes let fal
 Take all a brackish taste, and Funerall.
 And even those teares, which should wash sin, are f
 We, after Gods *No*, drowne the world againe.
 Nothing but man of all invenom'd things
 Doth worke upon it selfe with inborne stings.
 Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see
 Through passions mist, what we are, or what shee.

In her this Sea of death hath made no breach,
 But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,
 And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand,
 So is her flesh refin'd by deaths cold hand,
 As men of China, 'after an ages stay
 Doe take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay:
 So at this grave, her limbeck (which refines
 The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles and Mines,
 Of which, this flesh was) her soule shall inspire
 Flesh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire
 Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,
 Make and name then th'Elixar of this All.
 They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too,
 If carnall Death (the yonger brother) doe
 Vsurpe the bodie; 'our soule, which subject is
 To th' elder death, by sinne : is freed by this;
 They perish both, when they attempt the just;
 For, graves our Trophies are, and both death's dust.
 So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both;
 For, none to death finnes, that to sinne is loath.
 Nor doe they die, which are not loath to die,
 So hath she this, and that virginittie.
 Grace was in her extremely diligent,
 That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent.
 Of what small spots pure white complaines ! Alas,
 How little poyson cracks a christall glasse?
 She sinn'd but just enough to let us see
 That Gods Word must be true, All sinners be!
 So much did zeale her conscience rarifie,
 That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lie,
 Making omissions, acts; laying the touch
 Of sinne, on things that sometime may be such.

As *Moses* Cherubins, whose natures doe
 Surpasse all speed, by him are winged to :
 So would her soule, already 'in heaven, seeme then
 To climbe by teares, the common stayres of men.
 How fit she was for God, I am content
 To speake, that death his vaine hast may repent.
 How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
 How good in all her titles, and how meet,
 To have reform'd this forward heresie,
 That women can no parts of friendship bee ;
 How Morall, how Divine shall not be told,
 Lest they that heare her vertue, thinks her old.
 And lest we take deaths part, and make him glad
 Of such a prey, and to his triumph adde.

Elegie on Mistris Boulstred.

DEath I recant, and say, unsaid by me
 What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee
 Spirituall treason. atheisme 'tis, to say,
 That any can thy Summons disobey.
 Th'earths face is but thy Table ; there are set
 Plants, cattell, men, dish'd for Death to eate.
 In a rude hunger now he millions draws
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or steru'd jaws.
 Now he will seeme to spare, and doth more waste,
 Eating the best first. well preserv'd to last.
 Now wantonly he spoyles, and eates us not,
 But breaks off friends, and lets us peccemeale rot.

Nor will this earth serve him ; he sinkes the Deepe
Where harmelesse fish monastique silence keepe,
Who (were Death dead) the Roes of living sand,
Might sponge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the aire, and breakes the hymnique notes
In birds, Heavens choristers, organique throates,
Which (if they did not die) might seeme to be
A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie.
O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in ?
And how without Creation didst begin ?
Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,
All the foure Monarchies, and Antichrist.
How could I thinke thee nothing, that see now
In all this All, nothing else is, but thou.
Our births and lives, vices and vertues, bee
Wastefull consumptions, and degrees of thee.
For, we to live, our bellows weare, and breath,
Nor are we mortall, dying. dead, but death.
And though thou beest, o mighty bird of prey,
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth hee
Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee.
And of those few, now thou hast overthrowne
One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own.
She was more stories high : hopelesse to come
To her Soule, thou' hast offer'd at her lower roome.
Her Soule and bodie was a King and Court :
But thou hast both of Captaine miss'd and fort.
As houses fall not, though the Kings remove,
Bodies of Saints rest for their soules above.
Death gets 'twixt soules and bodies such a place
As sinne insinuates 'twixt just men and grace,

Both worke a separation, no divorce.
 Her Soule is gone to usher up her Coarse,
 Which shall be almost another soule, for there
 Bodies are purer, then best soules are here.
 Because in her, her vertues did outgoe
 Her yeares, would'st thou, o emulous death, doe so,
 And kill her young to thy losse? must the cost
 Of beautie, and wit, apt to doe harme, be lost?
 What though thou found'st her prooffe 'gainst sins of
 Oh, every age a diverse sinne pursu'th. (youth?)
 Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold,
 Shortly, ambitious: covetous, when old,
 She might have prov'd: and such devotion
 Might once have stray'd to superstition.
 If all her vertues must have growne, yet might
 Abundant vertue have bred a proud delight.
 Had shee persever'd just, there would have bin
 Some that would sinne, mis-thinking she did sinne.
 Such as would call her friendship, love, and faine
 To sociablenesse, a name, prophane,
 Or sinne by tempting, or, not daring that,
 By wishing, though they never told her what.
 Thus mightst thou have slain more soules had'st thou
 Thy selfe, and to triumph, thine armie lost. (not cross)
 Yet though these wayes be lost, thou hast left one,
 Which is, immoderate griefe that she is gone.
 But wee may scape that sinne, yet weepe as much,
 Our teares are due, because we are not such.
 Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
 Because the chaine is broke, though no linke lost.

Elegie

Elegie on his Mistris.

BY our first strange and fatall interview
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words masculine perswasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me,
I calmelly beg. But by thy fathers wrath,
By all paines, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee, and all the oathes which I
And thou have sworne to seale joynt constancy,
Here I unswear, and overswear them thus,
Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous.
Temper, ô faire Love, loves impetuous rage,
Be my true Mistris still, not my faign'd Page;
I'll goe, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behinde
Thee, onely worthy to nurse in my minde,
Thirst to come backe; ô if thou die before,
My soule from other lands to thee shall soare,
Thy (else Almighty) beautie cannot move
Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wilde Boreas harshnesse; Thou hast read
How roughly hee in peeces shivered
Faire Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.
All ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd; Feed on this flattery,
That absent Lovers one in th'other be.

Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy bodies habite, nor minde, bee not strange
To thy selfe onely. All will spie in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace;
Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soone
Ecclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone.
Men of France, changeable Camelions,
Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions
Loves fuellers, and the rightest company
Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be,
Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas!
Th'indifferent Italian, as we passe
His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page
Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage,
As *Lots* faire guests were vext. But none of these
Nor spungy hydroptique Dutch shall thee displease
If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee
England is onely a worthy Gallerie,
To walke in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
When I am gone, dreame me some happinesse,
Nor let thy lookes our long hid love confesse,
Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor blesse nor curse
Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse
With midnights startings, crying out, oh, oh
Nurse, ô my love is slaine, I saw him goe
O'r the white Alpes alone; I saw him I,
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augure me better chance, except dread *Jove*
Thinke it enough for me to have had thy love.

Elegie.

MADAME,

THat I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
And for my fame which I love next my soule,
Next to my soule provide the happiest roome,
Admit to that place this last funerall Scrowle.
Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie.

My fortune and my will this custome breake,
When we are senselesse grown to make stones speak,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inside see what thou art now,
Yet th'art not yet so good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow thee, w'are stubborne clay,
Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
Us to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;
Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pampered is,
Our soules become worme-eaten Carkasses.

Elegie on Mistris Boulstred.

DEath be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow
 Sinne was her captive, whence thy power doth
 The executioner of wrath thou art, (flow
 But to destroy the just is not thy part.
 Thy comming terrour, anguish, grieve denounces;
 Her happy state courage, ease, joy pronounces.
 From out the Christall palace of her breast,
 The clearer soule was call'd to endlesse rest, (threat
 (Not by the thundering voyce, wherewith God
 But, as with crowned Saints in heaven he treats,)
 And, waited on by Angels, home was brought,
 To joy that it through many dangers sought,
 The key of mercy gently did unlocke
 The doores 'twixt heaven & it, when life did knock
 Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,
 Because to mortall eyes it did decay;
 A better witnesse than thou art, assures,
 That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures;
 No dramme thereof shall want or losse sustaine,
 When her best soule inhabits it againe.
 Goe then to people curst before they were,
 Their soules in Triumph to thy conquest beare,
 Glory not thou thy selfe in these hot teares
 Which our face, not for her, but our harme weares
 The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee, (be
 Which wils our soules in these streams waht shoul

An

And on our hearts, her memories best tombe,
In this her Epitaph doth write thy doome.
Blinde were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
Through fleshes misty vaile those beames divine.
Deafe were the eares, not charm'd with that sweet
Which did i'th spirits instructed voice abound (sound
Of flint the conscience, did not yeeld and melt,
At what in her last Act it saw and felt.

Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost her sight,
Taught thus, our after stay's but a short night :
But by all soules not by corruption choaked
Let in high rais'd notes that power be invoked.
Calme the rough seas, by which she sayles to rest
From sorrowes here to a kingdome ever blest,
And teach this hymne of her with joy, and sing

The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.

Elegie

Elegie on the L.C.

Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way :
 Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey,
 This strange chance claims strange wonder, & to us
 Nothing can be so strange, as to weep thus ;
 'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve,
 And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve
 'Tis well, he kept teares from our eyes before,
 That to fit this deepe ill, we might have store.
 Oh, if a sweet bryar, climbe up by a tree,
 If to a paradise that transplanted bee,
 Or fell d, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
 Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,
 As we for him dead : though no family
 Ere rigg'd a soule for heavens discoverie
 With whom more Venturers more boldly dare
 Venture their states, with him in joy to share,
 We lose what all friends lov'd, him, he gains now
 But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
 If he could have foes, in whose paradise grew
 All vertues, whose name subtle Schoolemen knew;
 What ease, can hope that we shall see 'him, beget,
 When we must die first, and cannot die yet ?
 His children are his pictures, Oh they bee
 Pictures of him dead, senselesse, cold as he,
 Here needs no marble Tombe, since he is gone,
 He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

The end of Funerall Elegies.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

HEN. GOODEERE.

Tiā vulgari linguā scripta testatur litera nos amicorum meminisse, sed alienā, nos illis meditari. In illis enim affulgent nobis amicis cogitatiūcula, sed ut matutine stellant, & evanescent: In his autem eremus, & immoramur, & amicos uti solem sum permanentem nobiscum degentemque contemplantur; Habes cur latinè. Ipsius etiam tribendi audi rationem. Peto consiliū, in quo mul amicitiam profiteor meam, tuamq; agnosco: Etenim non libenter nosmetipsos exuius aut ingenii prudentieve dotibus alioquin nos fatemur indigos. Nec certè quicquā quisquam (sic modo ingenuus) ei denegabit quo consilium petiit. Quod enim divina sapientia extremū charitatis terminum posuerat, animam ponere, idem regularum Ecclesia tractatores

tractatores (quod ipsimet Canonici crassam a
 quitatem vocant) de fama & honore cedenda
 asserunt & usurpāt. Certè, non tam benefici
 obnoxii quam consiliis reddimur. Sed ad rem
 Philosophentur otiosiores, aut quibus otia su
 negotia appellare lubet: Nobis enim nos dudum
 perspicui sumus & fenestrati. Elucescit mihi
 nova nec inopportuna, nec inutilis (paulò qu
 optarā fortassis magis inhonora) occasio exteri
 visendi regna, liberosq; per quā amantissima
 conjugis charissima pignora, ceteraque hujus
 aure oblectamēta, aliquot ad annos relinque
 di. De hoc ut tecum agerē te convenire cupio.
 Quod (etsi nec id recusēm) nollem in adibus
 Barlotianis. Habeo cur abstineam. Amicitia
 enim nec veteris, nec ita stricta munera paulò
 quàm deceat imprudētiori impetu mihi vide
 or ibi peregrisse. Prandere si vasat foras, aut
 cenare, horulamve perdere pomeridianā, aut
 matutinam liceat mihi illud apud Rabbimum
 Tincombū jam commoranti per te intellige
 re, & satis mihi fiet. Interim seponas oro char
 tulas meas, quas cū sponsione citè redhibiti
 onis (ut barbarè, sed cum ingeniosissimo Ap
 pollinari

linari loquar) accepisti. Inter quas, si epigrammata mea Latina, & Catalogus librorum pyricus non sunt, non sunt; extremum judicium, hoc est, manum ultimam jam jam subire sunt. Earum nonnullæ Purgatorium suum passuræ, ut correctiores emanent. Alia eorum me inscio in mundum crepserunt, exempla tamen in archetypis igne absumpta fabuntur se à me ad Inferos damnata esse. Reliquæ quæ aut virgines sunt (nisi quod à multis intrectatæ) aut ita infelicitè steriles, ut ab his nulla ingenta sunt exemplaria, penitus in annihilationem (quod flagitiosissimis non minatur Deus) corruent & dilabentur. Vale & amore meo fructe, quem vetat fortuna sola ne possis. Et nisi animo candido ingenuè de mea libertate gaudere malis, habe tibi mancipium

JO. DONNE.

De

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Manuscripto.

Doctissimo Amicissimoque v.
D.D. Andrews.

PArturiunt madido quæ nixu præla, recepta;
Sed quæ scripta manu sunt, veneranda magi
Transit in Sequanam Mœnus; Victoris in ades,
Et Francofurtum, te revehente meat.
Qui liber in plateos, blattis, cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit præli sanguine tinctus, abit;
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involat & veterum scrinia summa Patrum.
Dicat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.
Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos,
Hac nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.
Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon
Ipse Pater, Iuvenem, me dabit arte, senem?
Hei miseris senibus; nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Iuvenem.
Hoc tibi servasti præstandum, Antiquæ Dierum,
Quo viso, & vivit, & juvenescit Adam.
Interea, Infirma fallamus tadia vite,
Libris, & Cœlorum amulâ amicitia.
Hos inter, qui à te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit.

I.D.

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To Sir H.G.

Send not my Letters as tribute, nor interest, nor recompence, nor for commerce, nor as testimonies of my love, nor provokers of yours, nor to justify my custome of writing, nor for a vent and utterance of my meditations; For my Letters are either above or under all such offices, yet I write very affectionately, and I chide and accuse my selfe of diminishing that affection which sends them, when I aske my selfe why. Onely I am sure that I desire that you might have in your hands letters of mine of all kinds, as conveyances and deliverers of me to you, whether you accept me as a friend, or as a patient, or as a penitent, or as a Bedesman, for I decline no jurisdiction, nor refuse any tenure. I would not open any doore upon you, but looke in when you open it. Angels have not, nor affect not other knowledge of one another, then they list to reveale to one another. It is then in this onely, that friends are Angels, that they are capable and fit for such revelations when they are offered. If at any time I seeme to study you more inquisitively, it is for no other end but to know how to present you to God, in my prayers, and what to aske of him for you; For even that holy exercise may not be done inopportunately, nor importunately. I finde little errour in that Grecians counsell, who sayes, If thou aske any thing of God,
offer

offer no sacrifice, nor aske elegantly, nor vehemently, but remember that thou wouldst not give to such an asker. Nor in his other country man, who affirms sacrifice of blood to be so unproportionable to God that perfumes, though much more spirituall, are too grosse; Yea words which are our subtlest and delicate outward creatures, being composed of thought & breath, are so muddy, so thicke, that our thoughts themselves are so, because (except at the first rising) they are ever leavened with passions and affections. And, that advantage of nearer familiaritie with God, which the Act of incarnation gave us, is grounded upon Gods assuming us, not our going to him. And, our accesses to his presence are but his descents into us. And, when we get any thing by prayer, he gave us before hand the thing and the petition: for, I scarce thinke any ineffectuall prayer free from both sinne and the punishment of sinne: Yet as God seposd a seventh of our time for his exterior worship, and as his Christian Church early presented him a Type of the whole yeare in a Lent, and after imposed the obligation of canonique houres, constituting thereby morall Sabbaths every day. I am far from dehorting those fixed devotions: But I had rather it were bestowed upon thanksgiving than petition, upon praise than prayer. Not that God is indebted by that, or wearied by this; All is one in the receiver, but not in the sender. And thanks doth both offices. For nothing doth so innocently provoke new graces, as gratitude. I would also rather make short prayers than extend them, though God can neither be surpris'd, nor besieged: for long prayers have

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Perchance

more of the man, as ambition of eloquence, and a complacency in the worke, and more of the devill by often distractions: For after in the beginning we have well intreated God to harken, wee speake no more to him. Even this letter is some example of such infirmitie; which being intended for a letter, is extended and strayed into a Homily. And whatsoever is not what it was purposed, is worse. Therefore it shall at last end like a letter by assuring you I am &c.

To Sir H. G.

SIR, Nature hath made all bodies like, by mingling and kneading up the same elements in every one. And amongst men, the other nature, custom, hath made every minde like some other. We are patterns or copies, we inform or imitate. But as he hath not presently attained to write a good hand, which hath equalled one excellent Master in his A, another in his B, much lesse he which hath sought all the excellent masters, & employed all his time to exceed in one letter, because not so much an excellency of any nor every one, as an evennesse and proportion, and respect to one another gives the perfection; So is no man vertuous by particular example. Not he which doth all actions to the patterne of the most valiant, or liberall, which Histories afford: Nor he which chuses from every one their best actions, & thereupon doth something like those. Perchance such may be *in via perficiendorum*, which

T

Divines

Divines allow to Monasticall life, but not *Perfection*, which, by them is onely due to Prelacie; For vertue is even, and continuall, and the same, and can therefore breake no where, nor admit ends, nor beginnings; It is not onely not broken, but not tyed together. He is not vertuous, out of whose actions you can pick an excellent one. Vice and her fruits may be seene, because they are thick bodies, but not vertue, which is all light. And vices have swellings and fits, and noise, because being extreames, they dwell far asunder, and they maintaine both a forraine warre against vertue, and a civill against one another, and affect soverainety, as vertue doth societie. The later Physicians say that when our naturall inborne preservative is corrupted or wasted, and must be restored by a like extracted from other bodies, the chiefe care is, that the mummy have in it no excellling quality, but an equally digested temper: And such is true vertue. But men who have preferred money before all, think they deale honourably with vertue, if they compare her with money: And think, that as mony is not called base, till the allay exceed the pure: So they are vertuous enough, if they have enough to make their actions currant, which is, if either they get praise, or (in a lower abasing) if they incurre not infamy or penalty. But you know who said *Angusta innocentia est ad legem bonum esse*, which rule being given for positive lawes, severe mistakers apply even to Gods law, and (perchance against his commandment) binde themselves to his counsailes, beyond his lawes. But they are worse, that thinke that because some men formerly wastfull, live better with hal

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their rents than they did with all, being now advantaged with discretion and experience, therefore our times need lesse morall vertue than the first, because we have Christianitie, which is the use and application of all vertue. As though our religion were but an art of thrift, to make a little vertue goe farre. For as plentifull springs are fittest, and best become large Aqueducts, so doth much vertue such a steward and officer as a Christian. But I must not give you a Homily for a letter. I said a great while since, that custome made men like; We who have beene accustomed to one another are like in this, that we love not businesse. This therefore shall not be to you nor me a busie letter. I end with a Probleme, whose errand is, to aske for his fellowes. I pray before you ingulfe your selfe in the Progresse, leave them for mee, and such other of my papers as you will lend me till your returne. And besides this allegoricall lending, lend me truly your counsels. And love God and me, whilest I love him and you.

To the La. G.

MADAME,

I Am not come out of England, if I remaine in the noblest part of it, your minde; Yet I confesse, it is too much diminution to call your minde any part of England, or this world, since every part even of your body, deserves titles of higher dignitie.

dignitie. No Prince would be loath to die, that were assured of so faire a tombe to preserve his memorie: But I have a greater advantage than so; for, since there is a religion in friendship, and a death in absence, to make up an intire friend, there must be an heaven too: and there can be no heaven so proportionall to that religion, and that death, as your favour, and I am gladder that it is a heaven, than that it were a Court, or any other high place of this world, because I am likelier to have a roome there, than here, and better cheape. Madam, my best treasure is time, and my best imployment of that (next my thoughts of thankfulness for my redeemer) is to studie good wishes for you, in which, I am by continuall meditation, so learned, that any creature (except your owne good Angell) when it would doe you most good, might be content to come and take instructions from

Your humble and affectionate

Amyens the
7. of Feb.
here, 1612.

servants,

I. D.

To

To
SIR.
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To my honour'd friend G. G. Esquier.

SIR.

N Either your letters, nor silence, needs excuse; your friendship is to mee an abundant possession, though you remember me but twice in a yeare: He that could have two harvests in that time, might justly value his land at a high rate; but, Sir, as wee doe not onely then thanke our land, when wee gather the fruit, but acknowledge that all the yeare shee doth many motherly offices in preparing it: so is not friendship then onely to be esteemed, when shee is delivered of a letter, or any other reall office, but in her continuall propensnesse and inclination to doe it. This hath made me easie in pardoning my long silences, and in promising my selfe your forgivenesse for not answering your letter sooner. For my purpose of proceeding in the profession of the law, so farre as to a title you may be pleased to correct that imagination, wheresoever you finde it. I ever thought the study of it my best entertainment, and pastime, but I have no ambition, nor designe upon the stile. Of my Anniversaries, the fault that I acknowledg in my selfe, is to have descended to print any thing in verse, which though it have excuse even in our times, by men who professe, and practise much gravitie; yet I confesse I wonder how I decline to it, and doe not pardon my selfe; But for the other part of the imputation of having said too much, my defence is, that my purpose was to say as well as I could: for since I never saw the Gentlewoman, I cannot be

understood to have bound my selfe to have spoken
just truths, but I would not be thought to have gone
about to praise her, or any other in rime; except I
tooke such a person, as might be capable of all that I
could say: If any of those Ladies thinke that Mistris
Dremy was not so, let that Lady make her selfe fit
for all those praises in the booke, and they shall be
hers. Sir, this messenger makes so much haste that I
cry you mercy for spending any time of this letter
in other imployment than thanking you for yours. I
hope before *Christmas* to see England, & kisse your
hand, which shall ever, (if it disdain not that office)
hold all the keyes of the libertie and affection, and
all the faculties of

Paris the 14 of April,
here, 1612.

Your most affectionate

servant,

I. D.

To my honour'd friend C. G. Esquire.

SIR,

I Should not onely send you an account by my ser-
vant, but bring you an account often by my selfe
(for our letters are our selves, and in them absen
friends meet) how I doe, but that two things make
me forbear that writing; first, because it is not so

my

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Alery hate
Novemb. 2
1630.

my gravitie to write of feathers, and strawes; and in good faith I am no more, considering in my body, or fortune; and then because whensoever I tell you how I doe, by a letter, before that letter comes to you, I shall be otherwayes then when it left me: At this time (I humbly thanke God) I am onely not worse, for I should as soone looke for Roses, at this season of the yeare, as looke for increase of strength; and if I be no worse all Spring, than now, I am much better; for I make account those Church-services which I am loath to decline, will spend somewhat; & if I can gather so much as will beare my charges, recover so much strength at *London*, as I shall spend at *London*, I shall not be loath to be left in that state I am now, after that is done; but, I doe but discourse, I doe not wish; life, or health, or strength, I thanke God enter not into my prayers, for my selfe: for others they often doe, and amongst others for your selfe and sonne, whom I beseech God to blesse with the same blessings which I beg for the children, and for the person of

Your friend and humble servane

Alery hatch,

Novemb. 2.

1630.

in Christ Iesus,

I. D.

T 4

To

To my honour'd friend G. G. Esquire.

SIR,

THis advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent favours, that I am so much the oftner at the gates of heaven, and this advantage by the solitude, and close imprisonment, that they reduce me to after: that I am thereby the oftner at my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your happinesse, and I doubt not, but amongst his many other blessings God will adde some one to you for my prayers. A man would be almost content to die, (if there were no other benefit in death) to heare of so much sorrow, and so much good testimony from good men, as I (God be blessed for it) did upon the report of my death; yet I perceive it went not thorow all, for one writ to me, that some (and he said of my friends) conceived I was not so ill as I pretended, but withdrew my selfe to live at ease, discharged of preaching: It is an unfriendly, and, God knowes, an ill-grounded interpretation, for I have alwayes beene sorryer when I could not preach, than any could be they could not heare me. It hath beene my desire (and God may be pleased to grant it) that I might die in the Pulpit, if not that, yet that I might take my death in the Pulpit, that is, dye the sooner by occasion of those labours. Sir, I hope

to

to see you at
will fall my
Chamberlain
out, for as
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presse you v
your Sonne

January 7.
1630.

SIR.

THis Tue
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to see you about Candlemas, about which time also will fall my Lent Sermon at Court, except my Lord Chamberlaine beleve me to be dead, and leave me out, for as long as I live, and am not speechlesse, I would not decline that Service. I have better leasure to write than you to reade, yet I will not oppresse you with too much letter: God bleesse you and our Sonne, as I wish.

Your poore friend and servant

January 7.

1630.

in Christ Iesus,

I. D.

To Sir H. G.

SIR.

THIS Tuesday morning, which hath brought me to London, presents mee with all your letters. Mee thought it was a rent day, I meane such as yours, and not as mine: And yet such too, when I considered how much I ought you for them. How good a mother, how fertile and abundant the understanding is, if she have a good father. And how well friendship performes that office, For that which is denyed in other generations is done in this of yours. For here is superfatation, childe upon childe, and, that which is more strange, twinnes at a latter conception. If in my second religion, friendship, I had a conscience, either *Errantem* to mistake good and bad and indifferent, or *Opinantem* to bee ravished by others opinions

opinions or examples, or *Dubiam* to adhere to neither part, or *scrupulosam* to incline to one, but upon reasons light in themselves or indiscussed in me (which are almost all the diseases of conscience) (I might mistake your often, long, and busie letters, and feare you did but intreat me to have mercy upon you, and spare you. For you know our Court tooke the resolution that it was the best way to dispatch the French Prince backe againe quickly to receive him solemnly, ceremoniously, and expensively, when he hoped domesticke and durable entertainment. I never meant to excell you in waight nor price, but in number and bulke I thought I might: Because hee may cast up a greater summe who hath but forty small moneys, then hee with twenty Portugueses. The memory of friends, (I meane onely for letters) neither enters ordinarily into busied men, because they are ever employed within, nor into men of pleasure because they are never at home. For these wishes therefore which you won out of your pleasure and recreation, you were as excusable to me if you writ seldome as Sir H. Wootton is, under the oppression of businesse, or the necessitie of seeming so: Or more than he, because I hope you have both pleasure and businesse. Onely to me, who have neither, this omission were sinne. For though writing bee not of the precepts of friendship, but of the counsells: yet, as in some cases to some men counsells become precepts, though not immediately from God, yet very roundly and quickly from his Church, (as selling and dividing goods in the first time, continence in the Roman Church, and order and decency in ours) so to mee who

no can doe nothing else, it seemes to binde my conscience to write. And it is sinne to doe against the conscience, though that erre. Yet no mans letters might bee better wanted than mine, since my whole letter is nothing else but a confession that I should and would write. I ought you a letter in verse before my mine owne promise, and now that you thinke you have hedged in that debt by a greater by your letter in verse, I thinke it now most seasonable and fashional for me to break. At least to write presently were to accuse my selfe of not having read yours so often as such a letter deserves from you to me. To make my debt greater (for such is the desire of all, who cannot or meane not to pay) I pray read these two problemes: for such light flashes as these have beene my hawkings in my Surry journies. I accompany them with another ragge of verses, worthy of that name for the smalnesse, and age, for it hath long lyen among my other Papers, and laughs at them that have adventured to you: for I thinke till now you saw it not, and neither you nor it should repent it. Sir, if I were any thing, my love to you might multiply it, and dignifie it: But infinite nothings are but one such: Yet since even Chymeraes have some name and titles, I am also

Yours.

To

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

IN the history or stile of friendship, which is best written both in deeds and words, a letter which is of a mixed nature, and hath something of both is a mixt parenthesis: It may be left out, yet it contributes, though not to the being, yet to the verdure, and freshnesse thereof. Letters have truely the same office, as oathes. As these amongst light and emptie men, are but fillings, and pauses, and interjections: but with weightier, they are sad attestations: So are letters, to some complement, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorized my servant to lie in my behalfe (for if it were officious in him, it might be worse in mee) so I allow my letters much lesse that civil dishonesty, both because they goe from mee more considerately, and because they are permanent, for in them I may speake to you in your chamber a yeare hence before I know not whom, and not heare my selfe. They shall therefore ever keepe the sinceritie and intemperatenesse of the fountaine, whence they are derived. And as where-soever these leaves fall, the roote is in my heart, so shall they, as that sucks good affections towards you there, have ever true impressions thereof. Thus much information is in very leaves, that they can tell what the tree is, and these can tell you I am a friend, and
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honest man, Of what generall use, the fruit should
 eake, and I have none : and of what particular
 osit to you, your application and experimenting
 ould tell you, and you can make none of such a
 othing; yet even of barren Sicamores, such as I,
 ere were use, if either any light flashings, or scor-
 ing vehemencies, or sudden showres made you
 ed so shadowy an example or Remembrancer.
 ut (Sir) your fortune and minde doe you this hap-
 y injury, that they make all kinde of fruits uselesse
 nto you; Therefore I have placed my love wisely
 here I need communicate nothing.

All this, though perchance you reade it not till
 Michaelmas, was told you at Michin. 15. Aug. 1607.

To Sir H. G.

IR,

T should be no interruption to your pleasures to
 heare mee often say that I love you, and that you
 re as much my meditation as my selfe: I often com-
 pare not you and me, but the Spheare in which your
 esolutions are, and my wheele; both I hope concen-
 rique to God: for me thinkes the new Astronomy
 s thus appliable well; that we which are a little earth
 ould rather move towards God, then that hee
 which is fulfilling, and can come no whither, should
 move towards us. To your life full of varietie, no-
 thing is old, nor new to mine. And as to that life, all
 stickings

stickings and hesitations seeme stupid and stony, for this, all fluid slipperinesses and transitory migrations seeme giddy and feathery. In that life one is ever the porch or posterne, going in or out, never within his house, himselfe: It is a garment made of remnants, a life ravelled out into ends, a line discontinued and a number of small wretched points; uselesse, because they concur not: A life built of past and future, not proposing any constant present. They have more pleasures than wee, but not more pleasure they joy oftner; wee longer; and no man but of much understanding as may deliver him from being a foole, would change with a mad-man, which hath a better proportion of wit in his often *Lucidis*. Ye know, they which dwell farthest from the Sunne, in any convenient distance, have longer dayes, better appetites, better digestion, better growth, and longer life. And all these advantages, have their minds who are well removed from the scorchings, and dailings and exhalings of the worlds glory; but neither of our lives are in such extreames; for you living in Court without ambition, which would burne you or envy which would deuest others, live in the Sun not in the fire; and I which live in the Country without stupifying, am not in darknesse, but in shadow which is no light, but a pallid, watrish and dilute one. As all shadowes are of one colour if you respect the body from which they are cast (for our shadowes upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden, greene and flowery,) so all retyrings into a shadowy life are alike from all causes, and alike to the barbarousnesse and insipid dulnesse of the countrie: Onely the im-

ploymen

oyment, and that upon which you cast and bestow
our pleasure, businesse or bookes, gives it the tin-
ture or beautie. But truly wheresoever we are, if we
in but tell our selves truly what and where wee
could be, wee may make any state and place such :
or we are so composed, that if abundance, or glo-
ry scorch and melt us, wee have an earthly cave, our
lodges to goe into by consideration, and coole our
selves : and if wee bee frozen, and contracted with
poore and darke fortunes, we have within us a torch,
a soule, lighter and warmer than any without : wee
are therefore our owne umbrellas, and our owne
sunnes. These Sir, are the Sallads, and Onyons of
Michin, sent to you with as wholesome affection as
your other friends send Melons and Quelque choses
from Court and London. If I present you not as good
dyet as they, I would yet say grace to theirs, and bid
much good doe it you. I send you, with this, a letter
which I sent to the Countesse. It is not my use nor
duty to doe so. But for your having of it, there were
but two consents, and I am sure you have mine, and
you are sure you have hers. I also writ to her Lad-
ship for the verses she shewed in the garden, which I
did not onely to extort them, nor onely to keepe my
promise of writing, for that I had done in the other
letter, and perchance shee hath forgotten the pro-
mise, nor onely because I thinke my letters just good
enough for a Progresse, but because I would write
apace to her, whilst it is possible to expresse that
which I yet know of her, for by this growth I see
how soone she will be ineffable.

To

*To the Countesse of Bedford.**Happiest and worthiest Lady,*

I Doe not remember that ever I have seen a petition in verse, I would not therefore be singular, nor add these to your other papers. I have yet adventured so neare as to make a petition for verse, it is for those your Ladiship did mee the honour to see in Twickenham garden, except you repent your making and having mended your judgement by thinking worse, that is, better, because juster, of their subject. They must needs be an excellent exercise of your wit, which speake so well of so ill. I humbly beg them of your Ladiship, with two such promises, as to any other of your compositions were threatnings: That I will not shew them, and that I will not beleve them; And nothing should be so used which comes from your braine or heart. If I should confesse a fault in the boldnesse of asking them, or make a fault by doing it in a longer letter, your Ladiship might use your stile and old fashion of the Court towards mee, and pay mee with a pardon. Here therefore I humbly kisse your Ladiships faire learned hands, and wish you good wishes and speedy grants.

Your Ladiships servant,

JOHN DONNE.

To Sir H. G.

IR,

Because I am in a place and season where I see every thing bud forth, I must doe so too, & vent some of my meditations to you, the rather because all other buds being yet without taste or vertue, my letters may be like them. The pleasantnes of the season displeases me. Every thing refreshes, and I wither, and I grow older, and not better. My strength diminishes, and my load grows, and being to passe more & more forms, I find that I have not only cast out all my ballast, which nature and time gives, reason & discretion, & so am as empty & light as vanity can make me, but have over-fraught my selfe with vice, & so am rid- ingly subject to two contrary wrackes, sinking and ver-setting, and under the iniquitie of such a disease enforces the patient when he is almost starv'd, not only to fast, but to purge; for I have much to take in, and much to cast out. Sometimes I thinke it easier to discharge my selfe of vice than of vanitie, as one may sooner carry the fire out of a roome, than the smoak: and then I see it was a new vanitie to thinke so. And when I thinke sometimes that vanitie, because it is thinne and ayrie, may be expelled with vertue or businesse, or substantiall vice; I finde that I give entrance herby to new vices. Certainly as the earth & water, one sad, the other fluid, make but one body so to vice.

and vanitie, there is but one *Centrū morbi*. And that which later Physitians say of our bodies, is fitter for our mindes ; for that which they call destruction (which is a corruption and want of those fundamental parts whereof we consist) is vice : And that *Colletio Stercorum* (which is but the excrement of the corruption,) is our vanitie and indiscretion. Both these have but one roote in me, and must be pulle out at once, or never. But I am so farre from digging to it, that I know not where it is. For it is not in mine eyes onely, but in every sense, not in my concupiscence onely, but in every power and affection. Sir was willing to let you see how impotent a man you love, not to dishearten you from doing so still (for my vices are not infectious, nor wandring, they cannot yesterday, nor meane to goe away to day: The Inne not, but dwell in me, and see themselves so welcome, and finde in me so good bad company of one another, that they will not change, especially to one not apprehensive, nor easily accessible) but I doe that your counsell might cure mee, and if you desire that, your example shall, for I will as much strive be like you, as I will wish you to continue good.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

I Hope you are now well come to London, and well and well comforted in your fathers health & love, and well contented that we ask you how you doe, and tell you how we are, which yet I cannot of my selfe

If I knew that I were ill, I were well; For we consist of three parts, a Soule, and Body, and Minde: which I call those thoughts & affections, and passions, which neither Soule nor Body hath alone, but have beene begotten by their communication, as Musick results out of our breath and a Cornet. And of all these the diseases are cures, if they be knowne. Of our Soules sicknesses, which are sinnes, the knowledge is, to acknowledge, and that is her physick, in which we are not dieted by drams and scruples, for we cannot take too much. Of our bodies infirmities, though our knowledge be partly *ab extrinseco*, from the opinion of the Physician, and that the subject and matter be flexible, and various, yet their rules are certaine; and if the matter be rightly applyed to the rule, our knowledge thereof is also certaine. But of the diseases of the minde, there is no Criterium, no Canon, no rule; for our own tast and apprehension and interpretation should be the judge, and that is the disease it selfe. Therefore sometimes when I finde my selfe transported with jollitie, & love of company, I hang leads at my heeles, and reduce to my thoughts my fortunes, my yeares, the duties of a man, of a friend, of a husband, of a father, and all the incumbencies of a family. When sadnesse dejects me, either I countermine it with another sadnesse, or I kindle squibbs about me againe, and flie into sportfulnesse and company. And I finde ever after all, that I am like an Exorcist, which had long laboured about one, which at last appeares to have the Mother, that I still mistake my disease. And I still vex my selfe with this because if I know it not, no body can know it. And I com-

fort my selfe because I see dispassioned men are subject to the like ignorances. For divers mindes out of the same thing often draw contrary conclusions, as Augustine thought devout Anthony to be therefore full of the holy Ghost, because, nor being able to reade, he could say the whole Bible, and interpret it. And Thyraeus the Iesuite for the same reason doth thinke all the Anabaptists to be possessed. And as often out of contrary things men draw one conclusion. As, To the Romane Church, Magnificence and Splendor hath ever beene an argument of Gods favour: and Poverty and affliction, to the Greeke. Out of this varietie of mindes it proceeds, that though all our Soules would goe to one end, Heaven; and all our bodies must goe to one end, the earth; Yet our third part, the minde, which is our naturall Guide here, chuses to every man a severall way. Scarce any man likes what another doth, nor, advisedly, that which himselfe But, Sir, I am beyond my purpose; I meant to write a letter, and I am falne into a discourse, and I doe not onely take you from some businesse, but I make you a new businesse by drawing you into these meditations. In which yet let my openness be an argument of such love as I would faine expresse in some worthier fashion.

The end of the Letters.

I N-

INFINITATI SACRVM,

16. *Augusti* 1601.

METEMPSYCOSIS.

Poëma Satyricon.

EPISTLE.



Others at the Porches
and entries of their
Buildings set their
Armes ; I, my pi-
cture, if any colours
can deliver a minde so plaine, and
flat, and through light as mine. Na-
turally at a new Author, I doubt, and
stick, and doe not say quickly, good.
I censure much and taxe ; And this
liberty costs me more than others,
by how much my own things are

EPISTLE.

worse than others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against my selfe, as not to doe it, since I love it ; nor so unjust to others, to doe it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trent Councell forbids not books, but Authors, damning what ever such a name hath or shall write. None writes so ill, that he gives not something exemplary, to follow, or flie. Now when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any mans debt, how my stock will hold out I know not ; perchance waste, perchance increase in use ; If I doe borrow any thing of Antiquitie, besides that I make

account

EPISTLE.

account that I pay it to posteritie,
 with as much, and as good : you
 shall still finde me to acknowledge
 it, and to thanke not him onely that
 hath digg'd out treasure for mee, but
 that hath lighted me a candle to the
 place. All which I will bid you re-
 member, (for I will have no such
 Readers as I can teach) is, that the
 Pythagorean doctrine doth not one-
 ly carry one soule from man to man,
 nor man to beast, but indifferently
 to plants also : and therefore you
 must not grudge to finde the same
 soule in an Emperour , in a Post-
 horse, and in a Maceron, since no
 unreadinesse in the soule, but an in-
 disposition in the Organs workes
 this. And therefore though this

EPISTLE.

soule could not move when it was
a Melon, yet it may remember, and
can now tell me, at what lascivious
banquet it was serv'd. And though
it could not speake, when it was a
Spider, yet it can remember, and
now tell mee, who used it for poy-
son to attaine dignitie. How ever
the bodies have dull'd her other fa-
culties, her memory hath ever beene
her owne, which makes me so seri-
ously deliver you by her relation all
her passages from her first making
when shee was that apple which
EVE eate, to this time when shee
is shee, whose life you shall finde in
the end of this booke.

THE

THE
PROGRESSE
OF THE SOVLE.

First Song.

I.



Sing the progresse of a deathlesse
soule,

Whom Fate, which God made, but
doth not controule,

Plac'd in most shapes; all times before
the law

Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing,
And the great world t'his aged evening,
From infant morne, through manly noone I draw,
What the cold Chaldec, or silver Persian saw,
Greeke brasse, or Roman iron, 'is in this one;
A worke to' outweare *Seths* pillars, brick and stone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yeeld to none.

II.

I I.

THee, eye of Heaven, this great Soule envies not,
 By thy male force, is all we have, begot.
 In the first east, thou now beginst to shine,
 Suck'st early balme, and Iland spices there,
 And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere
 At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
 And see at night thy Western land of Mine,
 Yet hast thou not more Nations seene than shee,
 That before thee one day began to bee, (out live thee.
 And thy fraile light being quench'd, shall long, long

I I I.

NOr holy *Ianus* in whose soveraigne boate
 The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate;
 That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall
 Of all mankind, that Cage and vivarie
 Of fowles, and beasts, in whose wombe, Destiny
 Vs, and our latest nephewes did install
 (From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All)
 Didst thou in that great stewardship embarke
 So diverse shapes into that floating parke, (sparke.
 As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly

I V.

Great De
 That ha
 For every t
 Our wayes
 Knot of all
 Ne'r smiles
 And shew
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 How so

TO my
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 And all
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 His rig

IV.

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

V.

TO my fixe lusters almost now outwore,
Except thy booke owe me so many more,
Except my legend be free from the letts
Of sleepe ambition, sleepe povertie,
Spirit quenching sicknesse, dull captivitie,
Distracting businesse, and from beauties nets,
And all that cals from this, and t'others whets,
O let me not launch out, but let me save
Th'expençe of braine and spirit; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man may have.

VI.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

MAN all at once was there by woman slaine,
 And one by one we're here slaine o'r againe
 By them. The mother poysoned the well-head,
 The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets,
 No smalnesse scapes, no greatnesse breaks their nets;
 She thrust us out, and by them we are led
 Astray, from turning, to whence we are fled:
 Were prisoners Iudges, t'would seeme rigorous,
 Shee sinn'd, we beare; part of our paine is, thus (us,
 To love them, whose fault to this painful love yoke'd

X I.

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

XII.

BVt snatch me heavenly Spirit, from this vaine
 Reckoning their vanity, lesse is their gaine
 Than hazard still, to meditate on ill, (toyes
 Though with good minde, their reason's like those
 Of glassie bubbles, which the gamesome boyes
 Stretch to so nice a thinnesse through a quill
 That they themselves break, and do themselves spill,
 Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise
 As wraistlers, perfects them; Not liberties (heresies,
 Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end

XIII.

IVst in that instant when the serpents gripe
 Broke the sleight veines, and tender conduit pipe,
 Through which this soule frō the trees root did draw
 Life, and growth to this Apple, fled away,
 This loose soule, old, one and another day.
 As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,
 'Tis so soone goone, (and better prooffe the law
 Of sense, than faith requires) swiftly she flew
 T'a darke and foggy Plot; Her, her fates threw (anew,
 There through th'earth-pores, & in a Plāt hous'd her

XIV.

XIV.

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

XV.

His right arme he thrust out towards the East,
 Westward his left; th'ends did themselves digest
 Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:
 And as a slumberer stretching on his bed;
 This way he this, and that way scattered
 His other legges, which feet with toes up beare;
 Grew on his middle part, the first day, haire,
 To show, that in loves businesse he should still
 A dealer be, and be ns'd, well, or ill:
 His apples kindle; his leaves, force of conception kill.

XVI.

X V I.

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

X V I I.

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

XVIII.

TO an unfeeter'd souls quick nimble haste (pac'd :
 Are falling starres, and hearts thoughts, but slow
 Thinner than burnt aire flies this soule, and shee
 Whom foure new comming, and foure parting Suns
 Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runnes
 Thoughtlesse of change, when her firme destiny
 Confin'd, and enjail'd her, that seem'd so free,
 Into a small blew shell, the which a poore
 Warnebird ore spread, and sat still evermore, (dore.
 Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pic'd it selfe a

XIX.

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

XX.

X X.

IN this worlds youth wise Nature did make hast,
 Things ripened sooner, and did longer last;
 Already this hot cocke in bush and tree,
 In field and tent o'rflutters his next hen,
 He asks her not, who did so taste, nor when,
 Nor if his sister or his neece thee be,
 Nor doth she pule for his inconstancy
 If in her sight he change, nor doth refuse
 The next that calls both liberty do use; (freely chuse.
 Where store is of both kinds, both kinds may

X X I.

MEn, till they tooke lawes which made freedome
 Their daughters and their sisters did ingresse,
 Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not
 So jolly, that it can move this soule. Is
 The body, so free of his kindnesse,
 That selfe preserving it hath now forgot,
 And slackmeth so the soules, and bodies knot,
 Which teperance streightens freely on his she frieds
 He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
 All steward of himself, himselfe in three years ends.

X X I I.

ELse might he long have liv'd; man did not know
 Of gummy blood, which doth in holly grow
 How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
 With fain'd cals, his nets, or enwrapping snare
 The free inhabitants of the plyant ayre.
 Man to beget, and woman to conceive
 Askt not of roots, nor of cock-sparrowes, leave:
 Yet chuseth he, though none of these he feares,
 Pleasantly three, then streightned twenty yeares
 To live, and to encrease his race himself outweares.

X X I I I.

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

X X I V.

WHen
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 Resistance
 Weakne

X X I V.

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

X X V.

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

X 3

X X V I.

X X I

X X V I.

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

X X V I I.

HERE by her smallnesse she two deaths or'past,
 Once innocence scap'd, & left the oppressor fast ;
 The net through-swome, she keeps the liquid path,
 And whether she leape up sometimes to breath
 And sucke in ayre, or finde it underneath,
 Or working parts like mils, or limbecks hath
 To make the water thinne, and ayre like faith
 Cares not, but safe the Place she's come unto
 Where fresh, with salt waves meet, and what to doe
 She knows not, but between both nakes a boord

(or two.

X X V I I I.

X X V I I I.

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

X X I X.

IS any kinde subject to rape like fish?
 Ill unto man they neither doe, nor wish,
 Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake,
 They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
 Of beasts, nor their young sonnes to beare away;
 Fowles they pursue not, nor doe undertake
 To spoyle the nests industrious birds doe make;
 Yet them all these unkinde kindes feed upon,
 To kill them is an occupation,
 And laws make Fasts, and Lents for their destruction.

X X X.

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

X X X I.

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

X X X I I.

XXXII.

AT every stroke his brazen finnes doe take,
 More circles in the broken sea they make
 Then cannons voyces, when the ayre they teare :
 His ribbes are pillars, and his high arch'd rooffe
 Of barke that blunts best Steele, is thunder-prooffe,
 Swimme in him swallow'd Dolphins, without feare,
 And feele no sides, as if his yaste womb were
 Some Inland sea, and ever as he went
 He spouted rivers up, as if he ment
 To joyne our seas, with seas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

HE hunts not fish, but as an officer,
 Stayes in his Court, at his owne net, and there
 All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall ;
 So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
 And in his gulse-like throate, suckes every thing
 That passeth neare. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
 Flyer and follower, in this whirlepoole fall ;
 O might not States of more equalitie
 Consiste and is it of necessity (must die ?
 That thousand guiltlesse smals, to make one great
 XXXIV.

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

THe flail-
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XXXVI.

THe flail-finnd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-
 Onely attempt to doe, what all doe with. (fish
 The Thresher backs him, and to beate begins;
 The sluggard Whale yeelds to oppression,
 And t'hide himselfe from shame and danger, downe
 Begins to sinke; the sword-fish upward spins,
 And gores him with his beake; his staffe-like finnes
 So well the one, his sword the other plies,
 That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyran dies. (panies.
 And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all com-

XXXVII.

VVHo will revenge his death? or who will call
 Those to account, that thought and wrought
 The heirs of slain kings, we see are often so (his fal?
 Transported with the joy of what they get,
 That they, revenge and obsequies forget,
 Nor will against such men the people goe,
 Because he's now dead, to whom they should show
 Love in that act. Some kings by vice being growne
 So needy of subjects love, that of their own (showne.
 They think they lose, if love be to the dead Prince

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

X L.

IN which as in a gallery this mouse
Walk'd, & survey'd the roomes of this vast house,
And to the braine, the soules bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole town
Cleane undermin'd, the slaine beast tumbled downe,
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not scape; for, onely he that meant
To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,
And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

X L I.

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

X L I I.

X L I I.

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

X L I I I.

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

Some hav
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XLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

HE was the first that more desir'd to have
 One than another, first that ere did crave
 Love by mute signes, and had no power to speake;
 First that could make love faces, or could doe
 The valters somber salts, or us'd to wooe
 With hoiting gambols, his owne bones to breake
 To make his Mistris merry, or to wreake
 Her anger on himselfe. Sinnes against kinde
 They easily doe, that can let feed their mind (do finde,
 With outward beauty, beauty they in boyes & beasts

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

FIRST she was silly and knew not what he meant,
 That vertue, by his touches chaste and spent,
 Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite,
 She knew not first, nor cares not what he doth,
 And willing halfe and more, more then halfe wroth,
 Shee neither puls nor pushes, but out-right
 Now cries, and now repents ; when *Thelemie*
 Her brother, entred, and a great stone threw
 After the Ape, who, thus prevented, flew. (new.
 This house thus batter'd down, the Soule possesse a

L.

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

L I.

ANother part became the well of sense,
 The tender well arm'd feeling brain, frō whence,
 Those sinewy strings which doe our bodies tie,
 Are ravel'd out, and fast there by one end,
 Did this Soule limbes, these limbes a soule attend,
 And now they joyn'd, keeping some qualitie
 Of every past shape; she knew treachery,
 Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enough
 To be a woman. *Themech* she is now,
 Sister and wife to *Caine*, *Cain* that first did plow.

L I I.

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

The end of the Progreſſe of the Soule.

HOLY SONNETS.

La Corona.

- (praiſe,
 1. **D**Eigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and
 Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
 Thou which of good, haſt, yea art treaſurie,
 All changing unchang'd Ancient of dayes,
 But doe not with a vile crowne of fraile bayes,
 Reward my Muſes white ſinceritie,

Y 2

But

But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee,
 A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwayes;
 The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'st our
 For at our ends begins our endlesse rest, (ends,
 The first last end, now zealously posselt,
 With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends.
 'Tis time that heart and voyce be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

ANNUNTIATION.

2 Salvation to all that will is nigh,
 That All, which alwayes is all every where,
 Which cannot sinne, and yet all sinnes must beare,
 Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,
 Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himselfe to lie
 In prison, in thy wombe; and though hee there
 Can take no sinne, nor thou give, yet hee'll weare
 Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may
 Ere by the spheares time was created thou (crie,
 Wast in his minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother,
 Whom thou conceiv'st conceived; yea thou art now
 Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother,
 Thou' hast light in darke, and shutt st in little roome,
Immensitie cloyster'd in thy deare wombe.

NATIVITIE.

3 Immensitie cloyster'd in thy deare wombe,
 Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,
 There he hath made himselfe to his intent
 Weake enough, now into our world to come;

But

But oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inne no roome?
 Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,
 Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent
 Th'effects of *Herods* jealous generall doome.
 Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eye, how he
 Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
 Was not his pittie towards thee wondrous high,
 That would have need to be pittied by thee?
 Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,
Wuh his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

T E M P L E.

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

C R U C I F Y I N G.

By miracles exceeding power of man,
 He faith in some, envie in some begat,

For, what weake spirits admire, ambitious, hate;
 In both affections many to him ranne,
 But Oh! the worst are most, they will and can,
 Alas, and doe, unto the immaculate,
 Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
 Measuring selfe-lives infinitie to span,
 Nay to an inch. Loc, where condemned he
 Beares his owne crosse, with paine, yet by and by
 When it beares him, he must beare more and die.
 Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
 And at thy death giving such liberall dole,
Moist with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule.

RESURRECTION.

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

Salute
 Joy at the
 Yee whose
 Have pure
 Behold the
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 Nor doth
 But first he
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 Mild lamb
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ASCENSION.

7 Salute the last and everlasting day,
 Joy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,
 Yee whose true teares, or tribulation
 Have purely washt, or burnt your droffie clay;
 Behold the Highest parting hence away,
 Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon,
 Nor doth he by ascending, shew alone,
 But first he, and he first enters the way.
 O strong Ramm, which hast batter'd heaven for me,
 Mild lamb wch with thy blood hast mark'd the path;
 Bright torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
 Oh, with thy own blood quench thy own just wrath,
 And if thy holy Spirit my Muse did raise,
 Deigne at my hands this crown of prayer & praise.

Holy Sonnets.

I.

THOU hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
 Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
 I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday,
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,
 Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
 Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste

Y 4

By

By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
 Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
 By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe;
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
 That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine,
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art
 And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

I I.

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

I I I.

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 Or like a
 Witheth

III.

O Might those sighes and teares returne againe
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
 That I might in this holy discontent
 Mourne with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine;
 In mine Idolatry what showers of raine
 Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
 That sufferance was my sinne I now repent,
 'Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine.
 Th'hydroptique drunkard, & night-scouting thiefe,
 The itchy Lecher, and selfe tickling proud
 Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe
 Of comming ills. Po (poore) me is allow'd
 No ease; for long, yet vehement grieve hath beene
 Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

IV.

OH my black Soule now thou art summoned
 By sicknesse, deaths herald and champion;
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence he is fled,
 Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,
 Wissheth himselfe delivered from prison;

But

But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
 Wisheeth that still he might be imprisoned ;
 Yet grace if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
 But who shall give thee that grace to begin ?
 Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning black,
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne ;
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
 That being red, it dies red soules to white.

V.

I Am a little world made cunningly
 Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,
 But black sinne hath betraid to endlesse night
 My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.
 You which beyond that heavē which was most high
 Have found new sphears, and of new land can write,
 Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
 Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,
 Or wash it if it must be drown'd no more :
 But oh it must be burnt, alas the fire
 Of lust and envie burnt it heretofore,
 And made it fouler, Let their flames retire,
 And burne me ô Lord, with a fiery zeale
 Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

VI.

This is m
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 And glutto
 My body a
 But my'eve
 Whose fea
 Then as m
 And earth
 So, fall m
 To where
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 For thus

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 All who
 Despair

VI.

THIS is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint
 My pilgrimages last mile; and my race
 Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
 My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,
 And gluttonous death will instantly unjoynt
 My body and soule, and I shall sleepe a space,
 But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
 Whose feare already shakes my every joynt :
 Then as my soule, to heaven her first seat, takes flight,
 And earth-borne body in the earth shall dwell,
 So, fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,
 To where they're bred, and would presse me to hell.
 Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

VII.

AT the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
 Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
 From death, you numberlesse infinities
 Of soules, and to your scattered bodies goe,
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'rthrow,
 All whom warre, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
 Despaire, law, chance hath slain, and you, whose eies
 Shall,

Shall behold God, and never taste deaths woe,
 But let them sleepe, Lord, and me mourne a space,
 For, if above all these my sinnes abound,
 'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
 When we are there. Here on this lowly ground,
 Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
 As if thou had'st seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

VIII.

IF faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd
 As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see,
 And adds this even to full felicitie,
 That valiantly I helms wide mouth o'rstride:
 But if our mindes to these soules be descry'd
 By circumstances, and by signes that be
 Apparent in us not immediately,
 How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?
 They see idolatrous lovers weepe and mourne,
 And stile blasphemous Conjurers to call
 On Iesus name, and Pharisaicall
 Dissemblers feigne devotion. Then turne
 O penfive soule, to God, for he knowes best
 Thy griefe, for he put it into my brest.

IX.

If poysons n
 Whose fruit
 If lecherous
 Cannot be d
 Why should
 Make sinnes,
 And mercy b
 To God; in h
 But who am
 O God, oh
 And my tear
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Death be
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 For, those,
 Die not, p
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IX.

[F poysons minerals, and if that tree,
 Whose fruit threw death on (else immortall) us,
 flecherous goats, if serpents envious
 Cannot be damn'd, alas, why should I be ?
 Why should intent or reason, borne in me,
 Make sinnes, else equall, in me more hainous ?
 And mercy being easie, and glorious
 To God; in his sterne wrath, why threatens he ?
 But who am I, that dare dispute with thee ?
 O God, oh ! of thine onely worthy blood,
 And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
 And drowne in it my sinnes black memory ;
 That thou remember them, some claime as debt,
 I thinke it mercy if thou wilt forget,

X.

DEath be not proud. though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not so,
 For, those, whom thou think'it thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy picture be,
 Much pleasure thē from thee, much more must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,

Rest

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

X I.

SPit in my face you Iewes, and pierce my side,
 Buffer, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie me,
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely he,
 Who could doe no iniquitie, hath dyed :
 But by my death can not be satisfied
 My sinnes, which passe the Iewes impietie :
 They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
 Crucifie him daily being now glorified.
 O let me then his strange love still admire :
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment.
 And *Jacob* came cloath'd in vile harsh attire,
 But to supplant, and with gainfull intent :
 God cloath'd himselfe in vile mans flesh, that so
 He might be weake enough to suffer woe.

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XII.

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

XIII.

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

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

XIV.

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
 As yet but knock, breathe, shine, & seeke to mend;
 That I may rise, and stand, o'rthrow me, 'and bend
 Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
 I, like an usurpt towne, to another due,
 Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end.
 Reason your Viceroy in me, me should defend,
 But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue,
 Yet dearly I love you', and would be lov'd faine,
 But am betroth'd unto your enemy,
 Divorce me, 'untie, or breake that knot againe,
 Take me to you, imprison me, for I
 Except you'enthall me, never shall be free,
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV.

Wille
 My
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 In heaven,
 The Father
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X V.

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

X V I.

FAther, part of his double interest
Vnto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to me,
His joynture in the knottie Trinitie
He keeps, and gives to me his deaths conquest.
This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath
Was from the worlds beginning slaine, and he blest,
Hath made two Wils, which with the Legacie
Of his and thy Kingdome, thy Sonnes invest,
Yet such are these lawes, that men argue yet
Whether a man those statutes can fulfill ;

None doth ; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
 Revive againe what law and letter kill.
 Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command
 Is all but love ; O let this last Will stand !

On the blessed Virgin Mary.

IN that, o Queene of Queenes, thy birth was free
 From that which others doth of grace bereave,
 When in their mothers wombe they life receive,
 God, as his sole-borne daughter loved thee.

To match thee like thy births nobilitie,
 He thee his Spirit for his spouse did leave,
 By whom thou didst his onely sonne conceive,
 And so wast link'd to all the Trinitie.

Cease then, o Queenes, that earthly Crownes doe
 To glory in the Pompe of earthly things ; (wear
 If men such high respects unto you beare,
 Which daughters, wives, & mothers are of King
 What honour can unto that Queene be done
 Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Sonne

The Crosse.

SINCE Christ embrac'd the Crosse it selfe, dare I
 His image, th' image of his Crosse deny ?
 Would I have profit by the Sacrifice,
 And dare the chosen Altar to despise ?

I bore all other finnes, but is it fit
 That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,
 How would he flie his paines, who there did die?
 From me, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
 Nor scandall taken shall this Crosse withdraw,
 It shall not, for it cannot; for, the losse
 Of this Crosse, were to me another Crosse;
 Better were worse, for no affliction
 To Crosse is so extreme, as to have none;
 Who can blot out the Crosse, which th' instrument
 Of God dew'd on me in the Sacrament?
 Who can deny me power, and libertie
 To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Crosse to be?
 I wimine, and at every stroke thou art thy crosse.
 The Mast and yard make one, where seas doe toss;
 Looke downe, thou spiest out crosses in small things;
 Looke up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings;
 All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else
 But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
 Materiall crosses then, good physick bee,
 But yet spirituall have chiefe dignitie.
 These for extracted chimique medicine serve,
 And cure much better, and as well preserve;
 Then are you your owne Physick, or need none,
 When Still'd or purged by tribulation:
 For when that crosse ungrudg'd, unto you sticks,
 Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe.
 As perchance, Carvers doe not faces make,
 But that away which hid them there, doe take:
 Let Crosses, so, take what hid Christ in thee,
 And be his Image, or not his, but hee.

But, as oft, Alchimists doe Coyners prove,
 So may a selfe-despising, get selfe-love.
 And then, as worst surtets of best meates be,
 So is pride, issued from humilitie,
 For 'tis no childe, but monster, therefore Crosse
 Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double losse,
 And crosse thy senses, else, both they, and thou
 Must perish soone, and to destruction bowe.
 For if the eye seeke good objects, and will take
 No crosse from bad, we cannot scape a snake.
 So with harsh, hard, sowre, stinking, crosse the rest
 Make them indifferent ; all, nothing best.
 But most the eye needs crossing, that can come,
 And move : To th'others objects must come home.
 And crosse thy heart : for that in man alone
 Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
 Crosse those detorsions, when it downward tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
 And as the braine through bony wals doth vent
 By Sutures, which a Crosses forme present :
 So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,
 Crosse and correct concupiscence of wit.
 Be covetous of crosses, let none fall.
 Crosse no man else, but crosse thy selfe in all.
 Then doth the crosse of Christ worke faithfully
 Within our hearts, when we love harmlesly
 The Crosses pictures much, and with more care
 That Crosses children, which our crosses are.

Psalm

Psalme 137.

I.

BY Euphrates flowry side
We did bide,
From deare Iuda farre absented,
Tearing the aire with our cries,
And our eyes,
With their streams his stream augmented.

II.

When poore Sions dolefull state,
Desolate;
Backed, burned, and intrall'd,
And the Temple spoil'd, which wee
Neare should see,
To our mirthlesse mindes we call'd:

III.

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

IV.

I V.

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

V.

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

V I.

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

V I I.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
 Let it still

To my par
 If in either
 I rei
 Till thy joy

Lord, curse
 Bea
 In our ruin
 Sacke, kill,
 Sac
 Downe with

And, thou
 Of
 Now a flow
 Victor now
 An

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Happy he v

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W
 By thy mea

T

To my parched rooffe be glewed,
If in either harpe or voyce

I rejoyce,
Till thy joyes shall be renewed.

VIII.

Lord, curse Edom's traiterous kinde,

Beare in minde

In our ruines how they revell'd,
Sacke, kill, burne, they cry'd out still,

Sacke, burne, kill,

Downe with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.

And, thou Babel, when the tyde
Of thy pride

Now a flowing, growes to turning;

Victor now, shall then be thrall,

And shall fall

To as low an ebbe of mourning.

X.

Happy he who shall thee waste,

As thou hast

Vs, without all mercy, wasted,

And shall make thee taste and see

What poore we

By thy meanes have seene and tasted.

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

Resurrection. Imperfect.

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

Goe

Goe from a
 And, influin
 Hee would
 If, not of a

SIR,

I Presu
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 me, smol
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Goe from a body, 'at this sepulcher beene,
And, issuing from the sheet, this body scene,
Hee would have justly thought this body a soule,
If, not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt Catera.

To Sir Robert Carr.

SIR,

I Presume you rather trie what you can do in me,
than what I can doe in verse; you know my utter-
most when it was best, and even then I did best
when I had least truth for my subjects. In this pre-
sent case there is so much truth as it defeats all Po-
etry. Call therefore this paper by what name you
will, and if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of
me, smother it, and be that the sacrifice. If you had
commanded me to have waited on his body to Scot-
land and preached there, I would have embraced the
obligation with more alacrity; But, I thanke you
that you would command me that which I was loath
to doe for even that hath given a tincture of merit
to the obedience of

Your peoore friend and
servant in Christ Iesus

I. D.

A_n

*An hymne to the Saints, and to Marquesse
Hamylton.*

VV Hether that soule weh now comes up to you
Fill any former ranke or make a new,
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it selfe, and order more
Than was in heaven till now; (for may not hee
Be so, if every severall Angell be
A kinde alone?) What ever order grow
Greater by him in heaven, we doe not so;
One of your orders growes by his accesse;
But, by his losse grow all our orders lesse;
The name of *Father, Master, Friend*, the name
Of *Subiect* and of *Prince*, in one is lame;
Faire mirth is dampt, and conversation black,
The *Houſhold* widdow'd, and the *Garter* slack;
The *Chappell* wants an eare, *Councell* a tongue;
Story, a theame; and *Musicke* lacks a song.
Blest order that hath him, the losse of him
Gangreend all *Orders* here; all lost a limbe:
Never made body such haste to confesse
What a soule was; All former comelineſſe
Fled, in a minute, when the soule was gone,
And, having lost that beautie, would have none,
So fell our *Monasteries*, in an instant growne
Not to lesse houses, but to heapes of stone;
So sent his body that faire forme it wore
Vnto the ſpheare of formes, and doth (before

His

His soule fh
Anticipate
For, as in h
So, in the f
And it, fair
Thy station
(And, who
Dy'd scarle
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Her Ma
Of life,
Shee fee
Reclus'

His soule shall fill up his sepulchrall stone,) Anticipate a Resurrection ;
 For, as in his fame, now his soule is here,
 So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there ;
 And it, faire soule, not with first *Innocents*
 Thy station be, but with the *Panitents*,
 (And, who shall dare to aske then when I am
 Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,
 Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,
 Were black or white before in eyes of men ?
 When thou remembrest what sinnes thou didst finde
 Amongst those many friends now left behinde,
 And seest such sinners as they are, with thee
 Got thither by repentance, Let it bee
 Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them cleane ;
 Wish him a *David*, her a *Magdalen*.

The Annuntiation and Passion.

TAmely fraile flesh, abstaine to day; to day
 My soule eates twice, Christ hither and away,
 She sees him man, so like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle embleme is,
 Whose first and last concur; this doubtfull day
 Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away,
 She sees him nothing twice at once, who 'is all ;
 Shee sees a Cedar plant it selfe, and fall.
 Her Maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead ;
 Shee sees at once the virgin mother stay
 Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha.

Sad

Sad and rejoyc'd shee's seene at once, and seene
 At almost fiftie, and at scarce fiftene,
 At once a sonne is promis'd her, and gone,
Gabriel gives *Christ* to her, He her to *John*;
 Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,
 At once receiver and the Legacie;
 All this, and all betweene, this day hath showne,
 Th' Abridgement of *Christs* story, which makes one
 (As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East)
 Of the *Angels Ave*, and *consummatum est*.
 How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties
 Deales in, some times, and seldome joyning these.
 As by the self-fix'd Pole we never doe
 Direct our course, but the next starre thereto,
 Which shoves where th' other is, and which we say
 (Because it strays not farre) doth never stray:
 So God by his Church, nearest to him, we know,
 And stand firme, if we by her motion goe;
 His Spirit, and his fiery Pillar doth
 Leade, and his Church, as cloud; to one end both.
 This Church by letting those feasts joyn, hath shown
 Death and conception in mankinde are one.
 Or 'twas in him the same humillity,
 That he would be a man, and leave to bee:
 Or as creation he hath made, as God.
 With the last judgement, but one period,
 His imitating Spouse would joyne in one
 Manhoods extremes: He shall come, he is gone:
 Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;
 So though the least of his paines, deeds, or words,
 Would busie a life, the all this day affords.

This

 This treatise
 And in my

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This treasure then, in grosse, my Soule uplay,
And in my life retaile it every day.

Goodfriday, 1613. riding Westward.

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

Made

Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worne
 By God, for his apparell, ragg'd, and torne ?
 If on these things I durst not looke, durst I
 On his distressed mother cast mine eye,
 Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus
 Halfe of that sacrifice which ransom'd us ?
 Though these things as I ride be from mine eye,
 They're present yet unto my memory,
 For that lookes towards them ; and thou look'st to-
 O Saviour, as thou hang'st upō the tree ; (wards me,
 I turne my back to thee, but to receive
 Corrections till thy mercies bid thee leave.
 O thinke me worth thine anger, punish me,
 Burne off my rust, and my deformity,
 Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
 That thou maist know me, and I'll turne my face.

THE LITANIE.

I.

The FATHER.

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

II.

II.

The SONNE.

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

III.

The HOLY GHOST.

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

IV.

The TRINITY.

O Blessed glorious Trinitie,
Bones to Philosophy, but milke to faith,

Which

Which, as wise serpents diversly
 Most slipperinesse, yet most entanglings hath,
 As you distinguish'd undistinct
 By power, love, knowledge bee,
 Give me such selfe different instinct,
 Of these let all mee elemented be,
 Of power, to love, to know, you unnumberd three.

V.

The Virgin MARY.

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

VI.

The Angels.

And since this life our nonage is,
 And we in Wardship to thine Angels be,
 Native in heavens faire Palaces
 Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,
 As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne,
 Yields faire diversitie,
 Yet never knowes what course that light doth run:

So let me
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So let me study that mine actions be
Worthy their sight, though blinde in how they see.

VII.

The Patriarchs.

And let thy Patriarchs Desire
(Those great Grandfathers of thy church, which saw
More in the cloud, than we in fire,
Whom Nature clear'd more, that us grace and law,
And now in heaven still pray, that we
May use our new helps right,)
Be satisfy'd, and fructifie in me;
Let not my minde be blinder by more light
Nor Faith by Reason added, lose her sight.

VIII.

The Prophets.

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

I X.

The Apostles.

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

X.

The Martyrs.

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

X. I.

The Confessors.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
 A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,

Whose

Whose bloods betroth'd, not married were ;
Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers :
They know, and pray, that we may know ;
In every Christian
Hourely tempestuous persecutions grow,
Tentations martyr us alive ; A man
Is to himselfe a Dioclesian.

XII.

The Virgins.

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

XIII.

The Doctors.

The sacred Academ above
Of Doctors, whose paines have unclasp'd, and taught
Both bookes of life to us (for love
To know thy Scriptures tels us, we are wrote
In thy other booke) pray for us there,
That what they have misdane
Or mis-said, we to that may not adhere,

A 2 2

Their

Whose

Their zeale may be our sinne. Lord let us runne
Meane wayes, and call them stars, but not the Sunne.

X I V.

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

X V.

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

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XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

Deliver us through thy discent
 Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place

Of middle kind; and thou being sent
To ungracious us, staidst at her full of grace;
And through thy poore birth, where first
Glorifiedst Povertie, (thou
And yet soone after riches didst allow,
By accepting Kings gifts in th' Epiphanie,
Deliver, and make us, to both wayes free.

XIX.

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

X X.

Through thy submitting all, to blowes
Thy face, thy robes to spoyle, thy fame to scorne,
All wayes, which rage, or Iustice knowes,
And by which thou couldst shew, that thou wast borne,
And through thy gallant humblenesse
Which thou in death didst show,
Dying before thy foule they could expresse,
Deliver us from death, by dying so,
To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe.

X X I.

When senses, which thy souldiers are,
We arme against thee, and they fight for sinne :

When want, sent but to tame, doth warre,
And worke despaire a breach to enter in :

When plenty, Gods Image, and scale,
Makes us Idolatrous,

And love it, not him, whom it should reveale :

When wee are mov'd to seeme religious

Onely to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

X X I I.

In Churches, when th'infirmities
Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word,

When Magistrates doe mis-apply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,

When plague, which is thine Angell,raignes,

Or warres, thy Champions, sway,

When Hereisie, thy second deluge, gaines ;

In th'houre of death, the'Eve of last judgement day,

Deliver us from the sinister way.

X X I I I.

Heare us, O heare us Lord ; to thee
A sinner is more musique, when he prayes,

Then spheares, or Angels praises bee,
In Panegyrique Allelujæs ;

Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord,

We know not what to say. (and word.
 Thine eare to' our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voyce
 O Thou, who Satan heard'st in *Jobs* sick day,
 Heare thy selfe now, for thou in us dost pray.

X X I V.

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

X X V.

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

X X V I.

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XXVI.

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

XXVII.

That learning, thine Ambassadour,
From thine alleageance we never tempt,
That beauty, paradises flower
For Physick made, from poyson be exempt,
That wit, borne apt, high good to doe,
By dwelling lazily
On Natures nothing be not nothing too,
That our affections kill us not, nor die,
Heare us, weake ecchoes, ô thou eare, and crie.

XXVIII.

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou
By taking our blood, owest it us againe,
Gaine to thy selfe and us allow;
And let not both us and thy sel'e be flaine;
O Lambe of God, which took'st our sinne
Which

Which could not stick to thee,
 O let it not returne to us againe,
 But Patient and Physitian being free,
 As sin is nothing, let it no where be.

*Vpon the translation of the Psalmes by
 Sir Philip Sydney, and the Countesse of
 Pembroke his Sister.*

ETernall God, (for whom who ever dare
 Seeke new expressions, doe the Circle square,
 And thrust into strait corners of poore wit
 Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)
 I would but blesse thy Name, not name thee now;
 (And thy gifts are as infinite as thou :)
 Fixe we our prayes therefore on this one,
 That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
 These Psalmes first Author in a cloven tongue;
 (For 'twas a double power by which he sung
 The highest matter in the noblest forme;)
 So thou hast cleft that spirit, to performe
 That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon
 Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one;
 A Brother and a Sister, made by thee
 The Organ, where thou art the Harmony.
 Two that make one *Iohn Baptists* holy voyce,
 And who that Psalme, *Now let the Iles reioyce,*
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too,
 Both told us what, and taught us how to doe.
 They shew us *Ilanders* our joy, our King,
 They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing.

Make

Make all this All, 3 Quires, heaven earth, & sphears;
 The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man hears.
 The Sphears have Musick, but they have no tongue,
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;
 But our third Quire, to which the first gives eare,
 (For, Angels learne by what the Church does heare)
 This Quire hath all. The Organist is hee
 Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we :
 The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse
 Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the lewes :
 And *David's* Successors, in holy zeale,
 In formes of joy and art do re-reveale
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
 That I must not rejoyce as I would doe
 When I behold that these Psalmes are become
 So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,
 So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,
 As I can scarce call that reform'd untill
 This be reform'd ; Would a whole State present
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent ?
 And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King
 More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing ?
 For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*,
 Which, by thy *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is
 Already done; and as those Psalmes we call
 (Though some have other Authors) *David's* all :
 So though some have, some may some Psalmes
 We thy Sydnean Psalmes shall celebrate, (translate,
 And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,
 (Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,
 Who hath translated those translators) may
 These their sweet learned labours, all the way

Be as our tuning, that when hence we part
We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

Ode.

1. **V**engeance will sit above our faults; but till
She there doth sit,
We see *her* not, nor *them*. Thus, blinde, yet still
We leade her way; and thus, whil'ft we doe ill,
We suffer it.
2. Vnhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill.
Enough we labour under age, and care;
In number, th'errors of the last place, are
The greatest still.
3. Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
As soone repent,
(Strāge thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,
But past us; neither felt, but onely in
The punishment.
4. But we know our selves least; Mere outward shews
Our mindes so store,
That our soules, no more than our eyes disclose
But forme and colour. Onely he who knowes
Himselfe, knowes more.

I. D.

To M.

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To

To M^r Tilman after he had taken orders.

THOU, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected since the vintage? Dost thou finde
New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steele
Toucht with a Loadstone, dost new motions feelee?
Or, as a Ship after much paine and care,
For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware,
Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine
Of noble goods. and with lesse time and paine?
Thou art the same materials, as before,
Onely the stampe is changed; but no more.
And as new crowned Kings alter the face,
But not the monies substance; so hath grace
Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation;
To Christs new stampe, at this thy Coronation;
Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because
They beare Gods message and proclaime his lawes,
Since thou must doe the like. and so must move,
Art thou new feather'd with cœlestiall love?
Deare, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew
What thy advantage is above, below.
But if thy gainings doe surmount expression,
Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession,
Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit
That Gentry should joyne families with it?

As

As if their day were onely to be spent
 In dressing, Mistressing and complement;
 Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
 Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust; (gay
 (For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay)
 Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
 But goe thou on, and pittie their neglect.
 What function is so noble, as to be
 Embassadour to God, and destinie?
 To open life, to give kingdomes to more
 Than Kings give dignities; to keepe heavens doore?
 Maries prerogative was to beare Christ, so
 'Tis preachers to convey him, for they doe
 As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speake;
 And blesse the poore beneath, the lame, the weake.
 If then th' Astronomers, whereas they spie
 A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie,
 How brave are those, who with their Engine, can
 Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?
 These are thy titles and preheminences,
 In whom must meet Gods graces, mens offences,
 And so the heavens which beget all things here,
 And the earth our mother, which these things doth
 Both these in thee, are in thy Calling knit. (beare
 And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.

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

IN what torne ship so ever I embarke,
 That ship shall bee my embleme of thy Arke;
 What

What sea soever swallow me, that flood
hall be to me an embleme of thy blood;
though thou with clouds of anger doe disguise
thy face, yet through that maske I know those eyes,
Which, though they turne away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,
And all whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee.
As the trees sap doth seeke the root below
In winter, in my winter now I goe,
Where none but thee, th' Eternal root
Of true love I may know.

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

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

On

On the Sacrament.

HE was the Word that spake it,
 He tooke the bread and brake it;
 And what that Word did make it,
 I doe beleewe and take it.

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

CHAP. I.

1. **H**OW sits this citie late most populous,
 Thus solitary, and like a widdow thus
 Amplest of Nations, Queene of Provinces,
 She was, who now thus tributary is
2. Still in the night she weeps, and her teares fall
 Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all
 Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously
 Her friends have dealt, and now are enemies
3. Vnto great bondage, and afflictions,
 Iudah is captive led. Those Nations
 With whom she dwels. no place of rest afford;
 In streights she meets her Persecutors sword.
4. Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her wayes
 Mournes, because none come to her solemne dayes.
 Her Priests doe groane, her maids are comfortlesse,
 And shee's unto her selfe a bitternesse.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

15. Hee under foot hath troden in my sight
My strong men, he did company accite
To breake my young men, he the winepresse hath
Trod upon Iuda's daughter in his wrath.

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

17. There's none, though *Sion* doe stretch out her
To comfort her, it is the Lords command (hanc
That *Jacobs* toes girt him. *Jerusalem*
Is as an uncleane woman amongst them.

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

19. I called for my *lovers* then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my Priests, and Elders lay
Dead in the Citie; for, they sought for meate (get.
Which should refresh their soules, and none could

20. Because I am in streights, *Jehova* see
My heart o'tturn'd, my bowels muddy be,
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within, doth wast.

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

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

CHAP. II.

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

2. The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
All *Jacobs* dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strength of *Juda*, and prophan'd
The Princes of the Kingdome, and the Land.

3. In heat of wrath the horne of Israel hee
Hath cleane cut off, and lest the enemy

Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,
But is towards *Jacob*, All-devouring fire.

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

5. For like an enemy *Jehova* is,
Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,
Destroying holds, giving additions
To *Juda's* daughters lamentations.

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

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

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

9. The gates are sunke into the ground, and he
Hath broke the barre; their King and Princes be
Amongst the Heathen, without law, nor there
Vnto their Prophet, doth the Lord appeare.

10. There *Sions* Elders on the ground are plac'd,
And silence keep; Dust on their heads they cast,

In sackle
The Virg

11. My bo
Are faint
Pour'd o
That suck

12. When
Shall we
And in th
Till 'twix

13. Danc
A witnes
Sion, to e
Thy brea

14. For th
Thee, thin
Which m
Falle bur

15. The p
And wag
That city
loy of the

16. Thy f
And gnaf
For this
Expected

17. The
Fulfill'd

In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.

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

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

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

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

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

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

17. The Lord hath done that which he purposed,
Fulfill'd his word of old determined ;

He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

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

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

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

21. On ground in streets the young and old doe lie,
My virgins and young men by sword doe die;
Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slaine,
Nothing did thee from killing them containe.

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

CHAP. III.

1. I Am the man which have affliction seene,
Vnder the rod of Gods wrath having beene,
2. He hath led me to darknesse, not to light,
3. And against me all day, his hand doth fight.

4. He hath broke my bones, worne out my flesh and
5. Built up against me; and hath girt me in (skin,
With hemlock, and with labour; 6. and set me
In darke, as they who dead for ever bee.

7 He hath hedg'd me lest I scape, and added more
To my steele fetters, heavier than before,

8. Whē I cry out he outshuts my prayer: 9. And hath
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, & turn'd my path.

10. And like a Lion hid in secrecie,
Or Beare with lyes in waite, he was to mee.

11. He stops my way, teares me, made desolate,

12. And he makes me the marke he shooteth at.

13. He made the children of his Quiver passe
Into my reines, 14. I with my people was
All the day long, a song and mockery.

15. He hath fill'd me with bitternesse, and he

Hath made me drunke with wormwood, 16. He hath
My teeth with stones, & covered me with dust. (burst

17. And thus my soule farre off from peace was set,
And my prosperitie I did forget.

18. My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said.)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished,

19. But when my mournings I doe thinke upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,

20. My Soule is humbled in remembring this;

21 My heart considers, therefore, hope there is,

22. 'Tis Gods great mercy we are not utterly
Consum'd, for his compassions doe not die;

23. For every morning they renewed bee,
For great, O Lord is thy fidelitie.

24. The Lord is, saith my Soule, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

25. The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,
And to the Soule that seekes him earnestly.

26. It is both good to trust, and to attend
The Lords salvation unto the end :

27. 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare ;

28. He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
Because he hath borne it. 29. And his mouth he laies
Deepe in the dust, yet then in hope he staves.

30. He gives his cheekes to whoso ever will
Strike him, and so he is reproached still.

31. For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake, (take

32. But when he hath struck with sadnesse, he doth

Compassion, as his mercy' is infinite ;

33. Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite,

34. That underfoot the prisoners stamped be ;

35. That a mans right the Iudge himselfe doth see

To be wrung from him. 36. That he subverted is
In his just cause, the Lord allowes not this.

37. Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,
But that which by the Lord commanded was ?

38. Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds ;

39. Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds ?

40. Turne we to God, by trying out our wayes ;

41. To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.

42. Wee

41. We have
Thou pard
Pursuest us

44. Cove

No power
As refuse,

46. All ou
With ruin

48. With
For ruine

49. Mine
50. Vntill

51. And f
Doth bre
Like a bi
They hav

54. Wate
Destroy'
Out of t
Oh from

57. Then
Vnto me
58. Thou
Rescuest

Thou ha
61. How

42. We have rebell'd, and falae away from thee,
Thou pardon'ſt not. 43. Vſeſt no clemency;
Purſueſt us, kill'ſt us, covereſt us with wrath, (haſt
44. Cover'ſt thy ſelfe with clouds, that our prayer

No power to paſſe. 45. And thou haſt made us fall
As reſuſe, and off-ſcouring to them all.

46. All our foes gape at us 47. Feare and a ſnare
With ruine, and with waſte upon us are.

48. With watry rivers doth mine eye oreflow
For ruine of my peoples daughters ſo;

49. Mine eye doth drop downe teares inceſſantly,
50. Vntill the Lord looke downe from heaven to ſee.

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

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

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'ſt neare
Vnto me, and ſaidſt unto me, Doe not feare.

58. Thou Lord my ſoules cauſe handled haſt, & thou
Reſcueſt my life. 59. O Lord do thou judge now,

(have wrought;
Thou heardſt my wrong. 60. Their vegeance all they
61. How they reproach'd, thou haſt heard, and what
(they thought,
62. What

62. What their lips uttered, which against me rose,
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.
63. I am their song whether they rise or sit,
64. Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,
65. Sorrow of heart thy curse, 66. And with thy might
Fellow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

C H A P. IV.

1. **H**OW is the gold become so dimme? How is
Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this?
The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,
Scattered in corners of each street doe lie.
2. The precious Sonnes of Sion, which should be
Valued at purest Gold, how doe we see
Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand,
Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.
3. Even the Sea-calfes draw their breasts, and give
Suck to their young; my peoples daughters live,
By reason of the foes great crueltie,
As doe the Owles in the vast wildernesse.
4. And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw.
And when for bread the little children crie,
There is no man that doth them satisfie.
5. They which before were delicately fed,
Now in the streets forlorne have perished,
And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.

6. The

6. The daughters of my people have sinned more,
Then did the towne of Sodom sinne before;
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine
No hands amongst them to vex them againe.
7. But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was then the snow, and milke was not so white;
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine,
And all their polish'dnesse was Saphirine.
8. They are darker now than blacknes, none can know
Them by the face, as through the street they goe,
For now their skinne doth cleave unto their bone
And withered, is like to dry wood growne.
9. Better by sword than famine 'tis to die;
And better through-pierc'd, than through penury.
10. Women by nature pitifull, have eate
Their children (drest with their own hand) for meat.
11. *Iehova* here fully accomplish'd hath
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power
To eate, and her foundations to devoure.
12. Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which
In the inhabitable world beleeve, (live
That any adversarie, any foe
Into *Ierusalem* should enter so.
13. For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have
Blood in the streets and the just murdered: (shed
14. Which when those men, whom they made blind,
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way, (did stray
With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garment should scape touching, as they passe,
15. Would

15. Would cry aloud, Depart defiled men,
 Depart, depart, and touch us not, and then
 They fled, and straid, and with the Gentiles were,
 Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell
 16. For this they are scattered by Iehova's face (there
 Who never will regard them more; No grace
 Vnto their old men shall the foe afford, (sword.
 Nor, that they are Priests, redceme them from the
 17. And we asyet, for all these miseries
 Desiring our vaine help, consume our eyes :
 And such a nation as cannot save,
 We in desire and speculation have :
 18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we feare
 To goe : our end is now approached neare.
 Our dayes accomplisht are, this the last day,
 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they
 19. Which follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flie
 At us, and for us in the desert lie.
 20. The annointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, he
 Of whom we said, under his shadow, wee
 Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
 Into the pit which these men digged, fell.
 21. Rejoyce ô *Edoms daughter*. joyfull be
 Thou that inhabit'st *Vz*, for unto thee
 This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkenesse
 Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakednesse.
 22. And then thy finnes ô *Sion*, shall be spent,
 The Lord will not leave thee in banishment.
 Thy finnes ô *Edoms daughter*, he will see,
 And for them, pay thee with captivity.

CHAP. V.

1. Remember, ô Lord, what is false on us;
See, and mark how we are reproached thus,
2. For unto strangers our possession
Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,
3. Our mothers are become as widewes, we
As Orphans all, and without Fathers bee;
4. Waters which are our owne, we drinke and pay;
And upon our owne wood a price they lay,
5. Our persecutors on our necks doe sit,
They make us travaile, and not intermit,
6. We stretch our hands unto th' Egyptians
To get us bread; and to the Assyrians.
7. Our Fathers did these finnes, and are no more,
But we doe beare the finnes they did before.
8. They are but servants, which doe rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us,
9. With danger of our life our bread we gat;
For in the wilderness the sword did waite.
10. The tempests of this famine we liv'd in,
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne :
11. In *Juda's* cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in *Sion* us'd.
12. The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.
13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare.
14. Elders the gates, youth did their songs forbear,
Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.
15. Now

15. Now is the crowne false from our head; and woe
Be unto us, because we have sinned so.

16. For this our hearts doe languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimnesse is.

17. Because mount *Sion* desolate doth lie,
And foxes there do goe at libertie :

18. But thou o Lord art ever, and thy throne
From generation, to generation.

19. Why shouldst thou forget us eternally ?
Or leave us thus long in this miserie ?

20. Restore us Lord to thee, that so we may
Returne, and as of old, renew our day.

21. For oughtest thou, o Lord, despise us thus,

22. And to be utterly inrag'd at us ?

On himselfe.

MY Fortune and my choice this custome break,
When we are speechlesse grown, to make stones
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou (speak,
In my graves inside seeest what thou art now :
Yet thou art not yet so good, till death us lay
To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborne Clay.
Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
Vs to be glasse; here to grow gold we lie ;
Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pamp'rd is,
Our soules become wormeaten carcases;
So we our selves miraculously destroy.
Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy
Such priviledges, enabled here to scale
Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale.
Heare

Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mendst me,
 By making me being dead, doe good for thee,
 And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now
 A last-sicke houre to syllables allow.

Hymne to God my God, in my sicknesse.

SINCE I am comming to that Holy roome,
 Where, with the Quire of Saints for evermore,
 I shall be made thy Musique; As I come
 I tune the Instrument here at the dore,
 And what I must doe then, thinke here before.

Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne
 Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne
 That this is my South-west discoverie
Per fretum febris, by these straights to die.

I joy, that in these straights, I see my West;
 For, though those currants yeeld returne to none,
 What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
 In all flat Maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth touch the Resurrection.

Is the Pacificque Sea my home? Or are
 The Easterne riches? Is *Ierusalem*?
Anyan, and *Magellan*, and *Gibraltar*, (them,
 All streights, and none but streights are wayes to
 Whether where *Iaphet* dwelt, or *Cham*, or *Sem*.

We thinke that *Paradise* and *Calvarie*,
Christs Crosse, & *Adams tree*, stood in one place;
 Looke Lord, and finde both *Adams* met in me;
 As the first *Adams* sweat surrounds my face,
 May the last *Adams* blood my soule embrace.

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive me Lord,
 By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;
 And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,
 Be this my Text, my sermon to mine owne,
 Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

A Hymne to God the Father.

I.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne where I begun,
 Which was my sin, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I runne,
 And doe runne still, though still I doe deplore?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For, I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne
 Others to sinne? and, made my finnes their doore?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did thin
 A yeare or two, but wallowed in, a score?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

III.

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
 My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
 But sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
 And, having done That, thou hast done,
 I feare no more.

The end of the Divine Poems.

TO
THE MEMORY OF MY
EVER DESIRED FRIEND
D^r D O N N E.

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'st flights, that is, like Thee,
Or t'have had too much merit, is not safe;
For, such excesses finde no Epitaph.
At common graves we have poetique eyes
Can melt themselves in easie Elegies,
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, like the Hatchments to the Hearse:
But at Thine, Poëm, or Inscription,
(Rich soule of wit, and language) we have none.
Indeed a silence does that tombe besit,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
Late her great Patron; Whose Prerogative
Maintain'd and cloath'd her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keepe her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dowre estate.
Or else that awfull fire, which once did burne
In thy cleare Braine, now false into thy Vrne
Lives there, to fright rude Empiricks from thence,
Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance.
Who ever writes of Thee, and in a stile
Unworthy such a Theme, does but revile
Thy precious Dust, and wake a learned Spirit
Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit.

Elegies upon the Author.

His last
sermon
Court.

For, all a low pitcht fanſie can deviſe,
Will prove, at beſt, but Hallow'd Injuries.
Thou like the dying Swanne, didſt lately ſing
Thy mournfull Dirge in audience of the King;
When pale lookes, and faint accents of thy breath,
Preſented ſo to life, *that peece of death,*
That it was fear'd and propheſi'd by all,
Thou thither cam'ſt to preach thy Funerall.
O! hadſt Thou in an Elegiack Knell
Rung out unto the world thine owne farewell,
And in thy High Victorious Numbers beate
The ſolemn measure of thy griev'd Retreat;
Thou might'ſt the Poëts ſervice now have miſt
As well, as then thou didſt prevent the Priſt;
And never to the world beholding bee
So much, as for an Epitaph for thee.

I doe not like the office. Nor is't fit
Thou, who didſt lend our Age ſuch ſummies of wit,
Should'ſt now re-borrow from her bankrupt Mine,
That Ore to Bury Thee, which once was thine.
Rather ſtill leave us in thy debt; And know
(Exalted Soule) more glory 'tis to owe
Vnto thy Hearſe, what we can never pay,
Then, with embaiſed Coyne thoſe Rites defray.

Commit we then Thee to thy ſelfe: Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy owne Fame
Leave Thee Executour; Since, but thine owne,
No pen could doe Thee Juſtice, nor Bayes Crowne
Thy vaſt deſert: Save that, we nothing can
Depute, to be thy Aſhes Guardian

So Jewellers no Art, or Metall truſt
To forme the Diamond, but the diamonds duſt.

H. K.

In

In obitu
Theolog
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Conqu
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Lingua pote
Defuncti,
Sed ſcelu
Verba. Tu
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Ridet anhel
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Scribimus
Scribimus
Siccine
clauſit?
Et pietas?
Cetera: ſea
Quo m
Nocturnis
De color
Vt prius ag
Omnia ſed
Exitum,
Nam po
Vt moriar
Spiritus: o
illu te (v
Et dulces a

In obitum venerabilis viri *Johannis Donne*, sacrae
Theologiae Doctoris, Ecclesiae Cathedralis Divi Pauli,
nuper Decani; Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi
colende Vir) observantiae ergo Haec ego.

Conquerar? ignavosque sequar tua funera planctu?
Sed lachrymae clausisti iter: nec muta querelas

Lingua potest proferre pias: ignoscite manes

Defuncti, & tacito finite indulgere dolori.

Sed scelus est tacuisse: cadant in maesta liturae
Verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis haec accipe jussis
Capta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
Aversare tua non dignum laude Poëtam.

O si Pythagorae non vanum dogma fuisset:
Inq. meum a vestro migraret pectore, pectus
Musa, repentinos tua nosceret urna furor.

Sed frustra, heu frustra haec votis puerilibus opta:
Tecum abiit, summoque sedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnassi & culmina vates
Desperare jubet. Verum hac nolente coactos
Scribimus audaces immensos, & flebile carmen
Scribimus (o soli qui te dilexit) habendum.

Siccine perpetuus vivent a lumina somnus
Claust? & immerito merguntur funere virtus,
Et pietas? & quae poterant fecisse beatum,
Caetera: sed nec te poterant servare beatum.

Quo mihi doctrinam? quorsum impallescere chartis
Nocturnis juvat? & totidem olfecisse lucernas?
De color & longos studiis deperdere Soles
Ut prius aggredior, longamque accessere famam.
Omnia sed frustra: mihi, dum cunctisque minatur
Exitum, crudele & inexorabile fatum.

Nam post te sperare nihil decet: hoc mihi restat
Ut moriar, tenuis fugiatque obscurus in auras
Spiritus: o doctis saltem si cognitus umbris,
Illic te (venerande) iterum, (venerande) videbo,
Et dulces audire sonos, & verba disertis

Elegies upon the Author.

Oris, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces.
 Quibus ferus inferne tacuisset Janitor aule
 Auditis: Nilusq; minus strepuisset: Arion
 Cedret, & sylvæ qui post se traxerat Orpheus.
 Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
 Voce feros potuit: quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
 Facundis nimis infestus non motus ut illo
 Hortante, & blando victus sermone sileret?

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat,
 Singuli sic decuere senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
 Audivi & stupui quoties orator in Aede
 Paulina stetit, & mira gravitate lovan es
 Corda, oculosque viros tenuit: dum Nestoris ille
 Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)
 Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
 Non concessa prius, nondum intellecta: revolvunt
 Mirantes, tacitique arrectis auribus astant.

Mutatis mox ille modo, formaque loquendi
 Tristia pertractat: fatumque & flebile mortis
 Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.
 Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres,
 Forsitàn à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
 Ex oculis largum stillit rorem; ætheris illo
 Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
 Affectusque cedere suos, & ponere notæ
 Vocis ad arbitrium, divine oracula mentis
 Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.

Quo feror? audaci & forsàn pietate nocenti
 In nimia ignoscas vati, qui vatibus olim
 Egregium decus, & tan o excellentior unus
 Omnibus; inferior quan'o est, & pessimus, impar
 Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista Poëta.
 Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi sacra? Poëta
 Desinite: en sati certus, sibi voce canorâ
 Inferias præmisit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
 (Ultima volentem & Cypria voce loquentem)

Elegies upon the Author.

Nuper cum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aula.

*Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc astitit illi
Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi parcere: quidni
Incipiant & amare famem? Metuere Leones
Sic olim, sacrosque artus violare Prophetæ.
Bellua non ausa est quanquam jejuna, sitimque
Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.*

*At non hæc de te sperabimus; omnia carpit
Predator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forsan metrico pede serpet ab inde
Vescere, & exhausto satia te sanguine. Iam nos
Adsumus; & post te cupiet quis vivere? Post te
Quis volet, aut poterit? nam post te vivere mors est.*

*Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras:
Sustinet & tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce
Non festinanti æternum requiescere turbæ.
Ipsa satis properat quæ nescit parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occare videmus.
Quin ausus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te
Quo Deus, & quo dura volet natura sequemur.*

*D. positum interea lapides servate fideles.
Fœlices illâ quæis Adis parte locari
Quâ jacet iste datur. Forsan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturietque viro plenus testantia luctus
Verba: & carminibus quæ Donni suggeret illi
Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calores
Incipiet (non sic Pyrrhâ jactante calebat)*

*Mole sub hac regitur quicquid mortale relictum est
De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Adi huius,
Formosus p. coris pastor, formosior ipse.
Ite igitur, dignisque illum celebrate loquelis
Et quæ demuntur vitæ date tempora famæ.*

*Indignus tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum
tuarum cultor religiosissimus,*

DANIEL DARNELLY.

Elegies upon the Author.

On the death of Dr DONNE.

I Cannot blame those men, that knew thee well,
Yet dare not helpe the world, to ring thy knell
In tunefull *Elegies*; there's not language knowne
Fit for thy mention, but 'twas first thy owne;
The *Epitaphs* thou writst, have so bereft
Our tongue of wit, there is no phansie left
Enough to weep thee; what henceforth we see
Of Art or Nature, must result from thee.
There may perchance some busie gathering friend
Steale from thy owne workes, and that, varied, lend,
Which thou bestow'st on others, to thy Hearse,
And so thou shalt live still in thine owne verse;
He that shall venture farther, may commit
A pittied error, shew his zeale, not wit.
Fate hath done mankinde wrong; vertue may ayme
Reward of conscience, never can, of fame,
Since her great trumpet's broke, could onely give
Faith to the world, command it to beleve.

He then must write, that would define thy parts:
Here lies the best Divinitie, All the Arts.

Edw. Hyde.

On Doctor Donne, by Doctor C. B. of O.

HEE that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And doe it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so,
He must have wit to spare and to hurle downe:
Enough,

Elegies upon the Author.

Enough, to keepe the gallants of the towne.
He must have learning plenty ; both the Lawes ;
Civill, and Common, to judge any cause ;
Divinie great store, above the rest ;
Not of the last Edition, but the best.
He must have language, travaile, all the Arts ;
Iudgement to use ; or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest able to doe ;
Such as *Mæcenas*, and *Augustus* too ;
He must have such a sicknesse, such a death ;
Or else his vaine descriptions come beneath.
Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
He must be dead first, let it alone for mee.

An Elegie upon the incomparable, Dr Donne.

ALL is not well, when such an one as I
Dare peepe abroad, and write an *Elegie* ;
When smaller *Starres* appeare, and give their light,
Phœbus is gone to bed : were it not night,
And the world witleffe now that *Donne* is dead,
You sooner should have broke, then seene my head.
Dead did I say ? Forgive this *Injurie*
I doe him and his worths *Infinnie*,
To say he is but dead ; I dare averre
It better may be term'd a *Massacre*,
Then *Sleep* or *Death* ; See how the *Muses* mourne
Vpon their eaten *Reeds*, and from his *Vrne*
Threaten the World with this *Calamitie*,
They shall have *Ballads*, but no *Poëtry*.

Language lies speechlesse ; and *Divinitie*
Lost such a *Trump* as even to *Extasie*

Elegies upon the Author.

Could charme the Soule, and had an *Influence*
To teach best *judgements*, and please dullest *Sense*.
The *Court*, the *Church*, the *Vniversitie*,
Lost *Chaplain*, *Deane*, and *Doctor*, All these, Three.

It was his *Merit*, that his *Funerall*
Could cause a losse so great and generall.

If there be any Spirit can answer give
Of such as hence depart, to such as live :
Speake, Doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to dust, and feele the lawes of Fate ?
Me thinkes, *Corruption*, *Wormes*, what else is soules
Should spare the *Temple* of so faire a *Soule*.
I could beleeeve they doe ; but that I know
What inconvenience might hereafter grow :
Succeeding ages would *Idolarrize*,
And as his *Numbers*, so his *Reliques* prize.

If that *Philosopher*, which did avow
The world to be but Motes, were living now:
He would affirme that th' *Atomes* of his mould
Were they in severall bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of *Travellers*, *Divines*,
Of *Linguists*, *Poëts* : sith these severall *lines*
In him concentred were, and flowing thence
Might fill againe the worlds *Circumference*.
I could beleeeve this too ; and yet my faith
Not want a *President* : The *Phoenix* hath
(And such was He) a power to animate
Her ashes, and her selfe perpetuate.
But, busie Soule, thou dost not well to pry
Into these *Secrets* ; *Griefe*, and *Jealousie*,
The more they know, the further still advance,

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Elegies upon the Author.

And finde no way so safe as *Ignorance*.

Let this suffice thee, that his *Soule* which flew
A pitch of all admir'd, knowne but of few,
(Save those of purer mould) is now translated
From Earth to Heaven, and there *Constellated*.

For, if each *Priest* of God shine as a *Starre*,
His *Glory* is as his *Gifts*, 'bove others farre.

Hen: Valentine.

An Elegie upon Dr. Donne.

O *Vr Donne* is dead; England should mourne, may
We had a man where language chose to stay (say
And shew her gracefull power. I would not praise
That and his vast wit (which in these vaine dayes
Make many proud) but, as they serv'd to unlock
That Cabinet, his minde: where such a stocke
Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
(Or should) this generall cause of discontent.

And I rejoyce I am not so severe,
But (as I write a line) to weepe a teare
For his decease; Such sad extremities
May make such men as I write *Elegies*.

And wonder not, for when a generall losse
Falls on a Nation, and they slight the crosse,
God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them
From stupefaction; witnesse my milde pen,
Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it must
Freely and boldly, for, the cause is just.

Dull age, Oh I would spare thee, but th'art worse.
Thou art not onely dull, but hast a curse
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldst thou
Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow

For

And

Elegies upon the Author.

For thee, and thine, successively to pay
A sad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth scatter *Poetry*, wherein
Was all *Philosophy*? was every sinne,
Character'd in his *Satyrs*? Made so foule
That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their
Safer by reading verse? Did he give *dayes* (soule
Past marble monuments, to those, whose praise
He would perpetuate? Did he (I feare
The dull will doubt:) these at his twentieth yeare?

But, more matur'd; Did his full soule conceive,
And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave
A* *Crowne of sacred sonnets*, fit to adorne **La Corona.*
A dying Martyrs brow: or, to be worne
On that blest head of *Mary Magdalen*,
After she wip'd Christs feet, but not till then?
Did he (fit for such penitents as thee
And he to use) leave us a *Litany*,
Which all devout men love, and sure, it shall,
As times grow better, grow more classically?
Did he write *Hymnes*, for piety, for wit,
Equall to those, great, grave *Prudentius* writ?
Spake he, all *Languages*? knew he, all *Lawes*?
The grounds and use of *Physick*; but because
'Twas mercenary, wav'd it? Went to see
The blessed place of *Christs nativitie*?
Did he returne and preach him? preach him so
As since *S. Paul* none did, none could? Those know,
(Such as were blest to heare him) this is truth.
Did he confirme thy aged? convert thy youth?
Did he these wonders? And is this deare losse
Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a losse.)

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Elegies upon the Author.

But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be *Close Mourners* at his Funerall;
If not; In common pittie they forbear
By repetitions to renew our care;
Or, knowing, griefe conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes
Doe waste the braine) make silence a safe way
To'nlarge the Soule from these wals, mud, and clay
(Materials of this body) to remaine
With *Donne* in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
Lessens the joy we have, for, with *him*, all
Are satisfy'd with *joyes essentiall*.
Dwell on this joy my thoughts; oh, doe not call
Griefe back, by thinking of his Funerall;
Forget hee lov'd me; Waste not my sad yeares;
(Which hast to *Dauids* seventy,) fill'd with feares
And sorrow for his death;) Forget his parts,
Which finde a living grave in good mens hearts;
And, (for, my first is dayly payd for sinne)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him:
Forget his powerfull preaching; and forget
I am his *Convert*. Oh my frailty! let
My flesh be no more heard, it will obtrude
Th's lethargy: so should my gratitude,
My flowes of gratitude should so be broke;
Which can no more be, than *Donnes* vertues spoke
By any but himselfe; for which cause, I,
Write no *Encomium*, but this *Elegie*.
Which, as a free-will-offring, I here give
Fame, and the world, and parting with it grieve,
I want abilities, fit to set forth
A monument, great as *Donnes* matchlesse worth.

Iz. Wa.

Elegie

Elegies upon the Author.

Elegie on D.D.

NOW, by one year, time and our frailtie have
Lessened our first confusion, since the Grave
Clos'd thy deare Ashes, and the teares which flow
In these, have no springs, but of solid woe :
Or they are drops, which cold amazement froze
At thy decease, and will not thaw in Prose :
All streames of Verse which shall lament that day,
Doe truly to the Ocean tribute pay ;
But they have lost their saltneffe, which the eye
In recompence of wit, strives to supply :
Passions excessse for thee we need not feare,
Since first by thee our passions hallowed were ;
Thou mad'st our sorrowes, which before had bin
Onely for the Successe, sorrowes for sinne,
We owe thee all those teares, now thou art dead,
Which we shed not, which for our selves we shed.
Nor didst thou onely consecrate our teares,
Give a religious tincture to our feares ;
But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didst from gladnesse separate offence :
All mindes at once suckt grace from thee, as where
(The curse revok'd) the nations had one eare.
Pious dissector : they one houre did treat
The thousand mazes of the hearts deceit ;
Thou didst pursue our lov'd and subtile sinne,
Through all the foldings we had wrapt it in,
And in thine owne large minde finding the way
By which our selves we from our selves convey,
Didst in us, narrow models, know the same

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Elgies upon the Author.

Angels, though darker, in our meaner frame.
How short of praise is this? My Muse, alas,
Climbes weakly to that truth which none can passe,
He that writes best, may onely hope to leave
A Character of all he could conceive
But none of thee, and with mee must confesse,
That fansie findes some checke, from an excesse
Of merit most, of nothing, it hath spun,
And truth, as reasons task and theame, doth shunne,
She makes a fairer flight in emptinesse,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppresse.
Reason againe denies her scales, because
Hers are but scales, she judges by the lawes
Of weake comparison, thy vertue sleights
Her feeble Beame, and her unequall Weights.
What prodigie of wit and pietie
Hath she else knowne, by which to measure thee?
Great soule: we can no more the worthinesse
Of what you were, then what you are, expresse.

Sidney Godolphin.

*On Dr. Iohn Donne, late Deane of S. Paules,
London.*

Long since this taske of teares from you was due,
Long since, ô Poëts, he did die to you,
Or left you dead, when wit and he tooke flight
On divine wings, and soar'd out of your sight.
Preachers, 'tis you must weep; The wit he taught
You doe enjoy; the Rebels which he brought
From ancient discord, Giant faculties,
And now no more religions enemies;
Honest to knowing, unto vertuous sweet,

Witty

Elegies upon the Author.

Witty to good, and learned to discreet,
He reconcil'd, and bid the Vsurper goe;
Dulnesse to vice, religion ought to flow;
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it,
Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To Pietie, which it doth best become;
He shew'd us how for sinnes we ought to sigh,
And how to sing Christs Epithalamy:
The Altars had his fires, and there he spoke
Incense of loves, and fanfies holy smoake;
Religion thus enrich'd, the people train'd,
And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd,
The first effects sprung in the giddy minde
Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kinde,
By colours lead, and drawne to a pursuit,
Now once againe by beauty of the fruit,
As if their longings too must set us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dresse,
Have you knowne crimes so shap'd? or lovelinesse
Such as his lips did cloth religion in?
Had not reproofe a beauty passing sinne?
Corrupted nature sorrow'd when she stood
So neare the danger of becomming good,
And wish'd our so inconstant eares exempt
From piety that had such power to tempt:
Did not his sacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? The law, taught to smile,
Pension'd our vanitie, and man grew well
Through the same frailtie by the which he fell.
O the sick state of man, health doth not please

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Elegies upon the Author.

Our taste, but in the shape of the disease.
Thriftlesse is charitie, coward patience,
Iustice is cruell, mercy want of sense.
What meanes our Nature to barre vertue place,
If shee doe come in her owne cloathes and face?
Is good a pill, we dare not chaw to know,
Sense the soules servant, doth it keep us so
As we might starve for good, unlesse it first
Doe leave a pawne of relish in the gulf?
Or have we to salvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmities?
Who treats with us must our affections move
To th' good we flie by those sweets which we love,
Must seeke our palats, and with their delight
To gaine our deeds, must bribe our appetite.
These traines he knew, and laying nets to save,
Temptingly sugred all the health he gave.
But, where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the World, now the loud organ may
Apppeare, the better voyce is fled to have
A thousand times the sweetnesse which it gave.
I cannot say how many thousand spirits
The single happinesse this soule inherits,
Damnes in the other world, soules whom no crosse
O'th sense afflicts, but onely of the losse,
Whom ignorance would halfe save, all whose paine
Is not in what they feele, but others gaine,
Selfe executing wretched spirits, who
Carrying their guilt, transport their envy too:
But those high joyes which his wits youngest flame
Would hurt to chuse, shall not we hurt to name?
Verse statues are all robbers, all we make

Of

Our

Elegies upon the Author.

Of monument, thus doth not give but take,
As Sailes which Seamen to a forewinde fit,
By a resistance, goe along with it,
So pens grow while they lessen fame so left;
A weake assistance is a kinde of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his teares upon,
Must weep here if he have ambition.

I. Chndleigh.

*An Elegie upon the death of the Deane of Pauls,
Dr. Iohn Donne, by M. Tho: Carie.*

CAN we not force from widdowed Poëtry,
Now thou art dead (Great *Donne*) one Elegie
To crowne thy Hearse? Why yet dare we not trust
Though with unkneaded dowe-bak'd prose thy dust,
Such as the uncisor'd Churchman from the flower
Of fading Rhetorique, short liv'd as his houre,
Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay
Vpon thy Ashes, on the funerall day?
Have we no voyce, no tune? Did'st thou dispence
Through all our language, both the words & sense?
'Tis a sad truth; The Pulpit may her plaine,
And sober Christian precepts still retaine,
Doctrines it may, and wholesome Vses frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures, But the flame
Of thy brave Soule, that shot such heate and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darknesse bright,
Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
Did through the eye the melting heart distill,
And the deep knowledge of darke truths so teach,
As sense might judge, what phansie could not reach.

Must

Elegies upon the Author.

Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire,
That fills with spirit and heate the Delphique quire,
Which kindled first by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quencht now in thy death;
The Muses garden with Pedantique weeds
Or'spred, was purg'd by thee; The lazie seeds
Of servile imitation throwne away;
And fresh invention planted, Thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;
Licentious thefts, that make Poëtique rage
A Mimique fury, when our soules must be
Possess'd, or with Anacreons Extasie,
Or Pindars, not their owne; The subtle cheat
Of flie Exchanges, and the jugling fear
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greeke, or Latine tongue,
Thou hadst redeem'd, and open'd Vs a Mine
Of rich and pregnant phansie, drawne a line
Of masculine expression, which had good
Old Orpheus seene, Or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fooles admire, and hold
Their lead more precious, than thy burnish'd Gold.
Thou hadst been their Exchequer, and no more
They each in others dust, had rak'd for Ore.
Thou shalt yeeld no precedence, but of time,
And the blinde Fate of language, whose run'd chime
More charmes the outward sense; yet thou maist
From so great disadvantage greater fame. (claime
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit,
Our stubborne language bends, made onely fit
With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about
Thy Giant phansie, which had prov'd too stout

D d

For

Elegies upon the Author.

For their soft melting Phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare;
And left the rifled fields, besides the feare
To touch their Harvest, yet from those bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy onely hands
(And that thy smallest worke) have gleaned more
Than all those times, and tongues could reap before,
But thou art gone, and thy strict lawes will bee
Too hard for libertines in Poetry.
They will repeale the goodly exil'd traine
Of gods and goddeses, which in thy just raigne
Were banish'd nobler Poems, now, with these
The silenc'd tales o'th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuffe their lines, and swell the windy page,
Till Verse refin'd by thee, in this last Age,
Turne ballad rime, Or those old Idols bee
Ador'd againe, with new Apostasie.
Oh, pardon me, that breake with untun'd verse
The reverend silence that attends thy herse,
Whose awfull solemne murmures were to thee
More than these faint lines, A loud Elegie,
That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whose influence
Growne feeble, in these painting numbers lies
Gasp'g short-winded Accents, and so dies:
So doth the swiftly turning wheele not stand
In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
But some small time maintaines a faint weak course
By vertue of the first impulsive force:
And so whil'st I cast on thy funerall pile
Thy crowne of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,

• And

Elegies upon the Author.

And spit disdain, till the devouring flames
Suck all the moisture up, then turne to ashes.
I will not draw the envie to engrosse
All thy perfections, or weep all our losse.
Those are too numerous for an Elegie,
And this too great, to be exprest by me.
Though every pen should share a distinct part,
Yet art thou Theme enough to tire all Art.
Let others carve the rest, it shall suffice
I on thy Tombe this Epitaph incise.

*Here lies a King, that rul'd as he thought fit
The universall Monarchy of wit;
Here lie two Flamens, and both those, the best,
Apollo's first, at last, the true Gods Priest.*

An Elegie on D. Donne: By Sir Lucius Cary.

Poets attend, the Elegie I sing
Both of a doubly-named Priest and King:
In stead of Coates, and Pennons, bring your verse,
For you must be chiefe mourners at his Hearse,
A Tombe your Muse must to his Fame supply,
No other Monuments can never die;
And as he was a twofold Priest; in youth,
Apollo's; afterwards, the voyce of Truth,
Gods Conduit pipe for grace, who chose him for
His extraordinary Embassador,
So let his Liegiers with the Poets joyne,
Both having shares, both must in griefe combine:
Whilst *Johnson* forceth with his Elegie
Teares from a griefe-unknowing Scythians eye,
(Like *Moses* at whose stroke the waters gush
From forth the Rock, and like a Torrent rush.)

Elegies upon the Author.

Let Lawd his Funerall Sermon preach, and show
Those vertues, dull eyes were not apt to know,
Nor leave that Piercing Theme, till it appears
To be goodfriday, by the Churches Teares;
Yet make not grieffe too long oppresse our Powers,
Lest that his funerall Sermon should prove ours.
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life dispenſe,
Preacher and Orator discharg'd both parts
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts,
And the first such (Though a long studied Art
Tell us our soule is all in every part,)
None was so marble, but whil'ſt him he heares,
His Soule so long dwelt onely in his eares.
And from thence (with the fierceneſſe of a flood
Bearing downe vice) victual'd with that bleſt food
Their hearts; His seed in none could faile to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
No Druggiſt of the Soule beſtow'd on all
So Catholically a curing Cordiall.
Nor onely in the Pulpit dwelt his ſtore,
His words work'd much, but his example more,
That preach'd on worky dayes. His Poëtry
It ſelfe was oftentimes Divinitie,
Thoſe Anthemes (almost ſecond Pſalmes) he writ
To make us know the Croſſe, and value it,
(Although we owe that reverence to that name
We ſhould not need warmth from an under flame.)
Creates a fire in us ſo neare extreame
That we would die for, and upon this theame.
Next, his ſo pious Litanie, which none can
But count Divine, except a Puritan,
And that but for the name, nor this, nor thoſe

Want

Elegies upon the Author.

Want any thing of Sermons, but the Prose.
Experience makes us see, that many a one
Owes to his Countrey his Religion;
And in another, would as strongly grow,
Had but his Nurse and Mother taught him so:
Not he the ballast on his Iudgement hung;
Nor did his preconceit doe either wrong;
He labour'd to exclude what ever sinne
By time or carelesnesse had entred in;
Winnow'd the chaffe from wheat, but yet was loath
A too hot zeale should force him, burne them both;
Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall,
Which to save blotting often would blot all;
Nor did those barbarous opinions owne,
To thinke the Organs sinne, and faction, none.
Nor was there expectation to gaine grace
From forth his Sermons onely, but his face;
So Primitive a looke, such gravitie
With humblenesse, and both with Pietie;
So milde was *Moses* countenance, when he pray'd
For them whose Satanisme his power gain said;
And such his gravitie, when all Gods band
Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand,
Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move
Then ever Argive Hellens could of love.
Now to conclude, I must my reason bring,
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,
That Kingdome the Philosophers beleev'd
To excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd
By feare of losse (that being such a Prey
No stronger then ones selfe can force away)
The Kingdome of ones selfe, this he enjoy'd,

Elegies upon the Author.

And his authoritie so well imploy'd
That never any could before become
So great a Monarch in so small a roome ;
He conquer'd rebell passions, rul'd them so,
As under-spheares by the first Mover goe ;
Banisht so farre their working, that we can
But know he had some, for we knew him man.
Then let his last excuse his first extreams (dreams.
His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd

*On D^r Donnes death : by M Mayne of Christ-
Church in Oxford.*

Who shall presume to mourne thee, *Donne*, unlesse
He could his teares in thy expressions dresse,
And teach his griefe, that reverence of thy Hearse,
To weepe lines learned, as thy Anniverse,
A Poeme of that worth, whose every teare
Deserves the title of a severall yeare ;
Indeed so farre above it's Reader, good,
That wee are thought wits, when 'tis understood,
There that blest maid to die, who now should grieve
After thy sorrow, 'twere her losse to live ;
And her faire vertues in anothers line,
Would faintly draw, which are made Saints in thine
Hadst thou been shallower, and not writ so high,
Or left some new way for our pennes, or eye.
To shed a funerall teare, perchance thy Tombe
Had not beene speechlesse, or our Muses dumbe ;
But now we dare not write, but must conceale
Thy Epitaph, lest we be thought to steale,
For, who hath read thee, and discernes thy worth,
That

Elegies upon the Author.

That will not say, thy carelesse houres brought forth
Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
Was happier then our serious time of day,
So learned was thy chance; thy hast had wit,
And matter from thy penne flow'd rashly fit,
What was thy recreation turnes our braine,
Our rack and palenesse, is thy weakest straine.
And when we most come neare thee, 'tis our blisse
To imitate thee, where thou dost amisse.
Here light your Muse, you that doe onely thinke,
And write, and are just Poets, as you drinke,
In whose weake fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,
Just as your reckonings rise, that we may know
In your whole carriage of your worke, that here
This flash you wrote in Wine, and this in Beere,
This is to tapp your Muse, which running long
Writes flat, and takes our eare not halfe so strong;
Poore suburbe wits, who, if you want your cup,
Or if a Lord recover, are blowne up.
Could you but reach this hight, you should not need
To make, each meale, a project ere you feed,
Nor walke in reliques, cloathes so old and bare,
As if left off to you from *Ennius* were,
Nor should your love, in verse, call Mistresse, those,
Who are mine hostesse, or your whores in prose;
From this Muse leane to Court, whose power could
A Cloystred coldnesse, or a Vestall love, (move
And would convey such errands to their eare,
That Ladies knew no odds to grant and heare.
But I doe wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praise
Is written onely for thy younger dayes.
I am not growne up, for thy riper parts,

Elegies upon the Author.

Then should I praise thee, through the Tongues, and
And have that deepe Divinitie, to know, (Arts,
What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,
Who with thy words could charme thy audience,
That at thy Sermons, eare was all our sense;
Yet have I seene thee in the Pulpit stand,
Where we might take notes from thy look, & hand;
And from thy speaking action beare away
More Sermon, then some teachers use to say.
Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,
As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.
Thy motion did confute, and we might see
An error vanquish'd by delivery.
Not like our Sonnes of Zeale, who to reforme
Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit storme,
And beat the Cushion into worse estate,
Then if they did conclude it reprobate,
Who can out pray the glasse, then lay about
Till all predestination, be runne out.
And from the point such tedious uses draw,
Their repetitions would make Gospel, Law.
No, In such temper would thy Sermons flow,
So well did Doctrine, and thy language show,
And had that holy feare; as, hearing thee,
The Court would mend, and a good Christian be.
And Ladies though unhandsome, out of grace,
Would heare thee in their unbought lookes, & face,
More I could write, but let this crowne thine Vrne;
Wee cannot hope the like, till thou returne.

Vpon

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Elegies upon the Author.

Vpon Mr. I. Donne, and his Poëms.

VV Ho dares say thou art dead, whē he doth see
(Vnburied yet) this living part of thee?
This part that to thy beeing gives fresh flame, (name.
And though th'art *Donne*, yet will preserve thy
Thy flesh (whose chanel left their crimson hew
And Whey-like ranne at last in a pale blew)
May shew thee mortall, a dead Palsie may
Seise on't, and quickly turne it into clay;
Which like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd:
But this great Spirit thou hast left behinde,
This Soule of Verse, (in it's first pure estate)
Shall live, for all the world to imitate,
But not comē neare; for in thy fancies flight,
Thou dost not stoope unto the vulgar fight,
But hovering highly in the ayre of Wit,
Hold'st such a pitch, that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object that the Spring
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
T'adorne Earths face, thou sweetly didst contrive
To beauties elements, and thence derive
Vnspotted Lillies white; which thou didst set
Hand in hand with the vein-like Violet,
Making them soft and warme. and by thy power,
Couldst give both life and sense unto a flower.
The Cheries thou hast made to speake, will bee
Sweeter unto the taste, than from the tree.

And

Elegies upon the Author.

And (spight of winter stormes) amidst the snow
Thou oft hast made the blushing Rose to grow.
The Sea-nymphs, that the watry caverns keepe,
Have sent their Pearles and Rubies from the deepe
To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they drew
More lustre to them, then where first they grew.
All minerals (that earths full wombe doth hold
Promiscuoussly) thou couldst coavert to gold,
And with thy flaming raptures so refine,
That it was much more pure than in the Mine.
The lights that guild the night, if thou didst say,
They looke like eyes, those did out-shine the day;
For there would be more vertue in such spels,
Than in Meridians or crosse Parallels:
What ever was of worth in this great Frame,
That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,
It was thy theame for Beauty; Thou didst see,
Woman was this faire Worlds Epitomy.
Thy nimble *Satyres* too, and every straine
(With nerry strength) that issued from thy braine,
Will lose the glory of their owne cleare bayes,
If they admit of any others praise.
But thy diviner Poems (whose cleare fire
Purges all drosse away) shall by a Quire
Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be set
(Where flesh and blood could ne'r attaine to yet)
There purest Spirits sing such sacred Layes,
In Panegyrique Alleluiaes.

Arth. Wilson.

Epitaph

Epitaph

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Elegies upon the Author.

Epitaph upon Dr Donne, by Endy. Porter.

THIS decent Urne a sad inscription weares,
Of *Donnes* departure from us, to the spheres;
And the dumbe stone with silence seemes to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is vell
Exprest, A cause to make all joy to cease,
And never let our sorrowes more take ease;
For now it is impossible to finde
One fraught with vertues, to enrich a minde.
But why should death, with a promiscuous hand
At one rude stroke impoverish a land
Thou strict Attorney unto stricter Fate,
Didst thou confiscate his life out of hate
To his rare Parts? Or didst thou throw thy dart,
With envious hand, at some Plebeian heart;
And he with pious vertue slept betweene
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseene
By thee? O 'twas his goodnesse so to doe,
Which humane kindnesse never reacht unto.
Thus the hard lawes of death were satisfi'd.
And he left us like Orphan friends, and dy'd,
Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,
Whose speech shall send repentant sighes, & teares?
Or tell me, if a purer Virgin die,
Who shall hereafter write her Elegie?
Poets be silent, let your numbers sleepe,
For he is gone that did all phansie keepe;
Time hath no Soule, but his exalted verse;
Which with amazements, we may now rehearse.

In

Epitaph

Elegies upon the Author.

And why? but 'cause hee came late in the day,
And yet his Penny earn'd, and had as they.
No more of this, least some should say, that I
Am straid to Satyre, meaning Elegie.
No, no, had *Donne* need to be judg'd or try'd,
A Iury I wou'd summon on his side,
That had no sides, nor factions, past the touch
Of all exceptions, freed from Passion, such
As nor to feare nor flatter, e'r were bred,
These would I bring though called from the dead:
Southampton, Hambleto, Pembroke, Dorsets Earles,
Huntington, Bedfords Countesses (the Pearles
Once of each sexe,) If these suffice not, I
Ten *Decem tales* have of standers by:
All which, for *Donne*, would such a verdict give,
As can belong to none, that now doth live.

But what doe I? A diminution 'tis
To speake of him in verse, so short of his,
Whereof he was the master; All indeed
Compar'd with him; pip'd on an oaten Reed,
O that you had but one 'mongst all your brothers
Could write for him, as he hath done for others?
(Poets I speake to) When I see't, I'll say.
My eye-sight betters, as my yeares decay,
Meane time a quarrell I shall ever have
Against these doughty keepers from the grave,
Who use, it seemes, their old Authoritie,
When (Verses men immortall make) they crie:
Which had it becne a Recipe true try'd,
Probatum esset, *DONNE* had never dy'd.

For me, if e'r I had least sparke at all
Of that which they Poëtique fire do call,

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Elegies upon the Author.

Here I confesse it fetched from his hearth,
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This onely a poore flash, a lightning is
Before my Muses, death, as after his.
Farewell (faire soule) and deigne receive from mee
This Type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom (while living) as by voice and penne
I learned more than from a thousand men:
So by thy death, am of one doubt releas'd,
And now beleieve that miracles are ceas'd.

Epitaph.

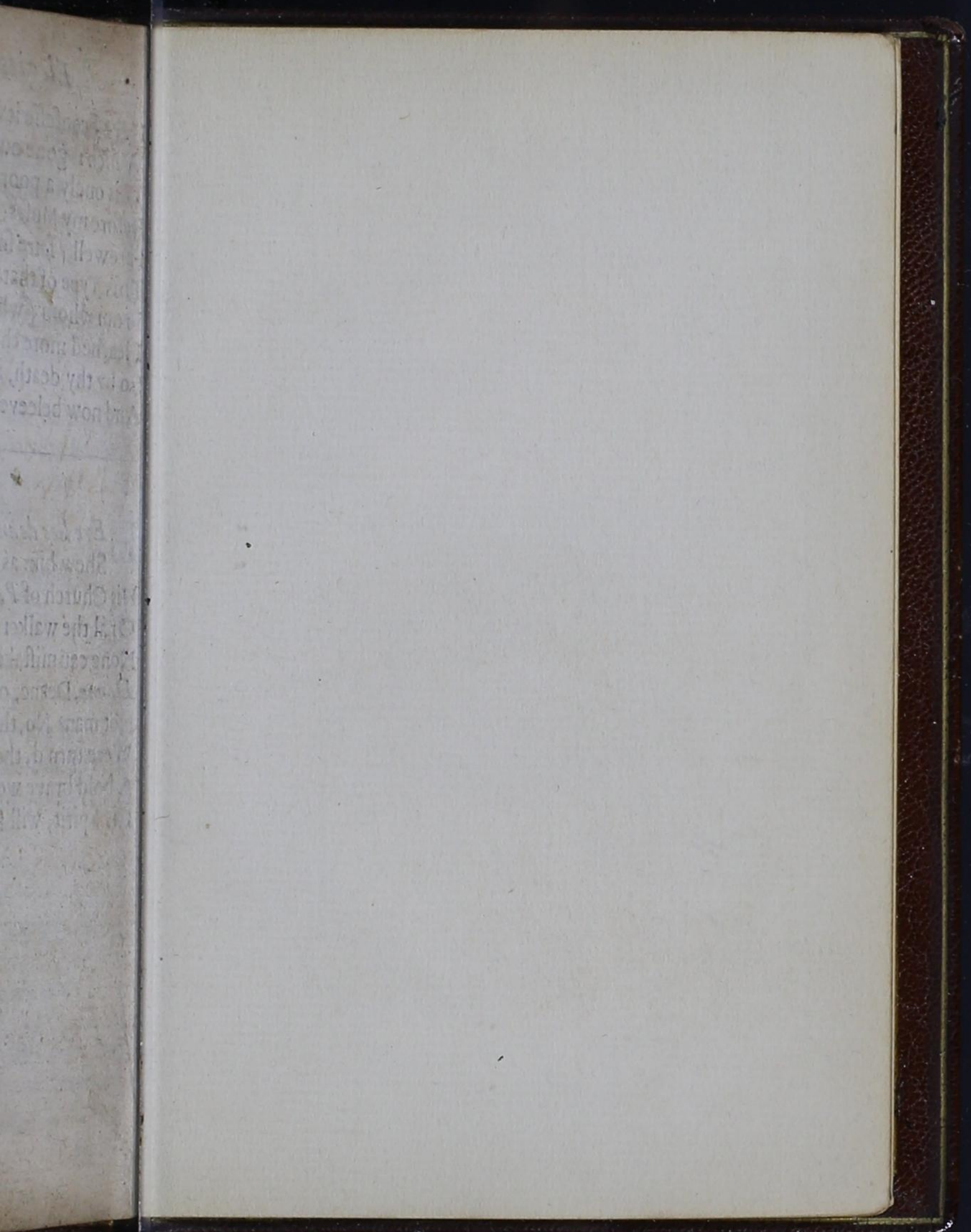
Here lies deane Donne: Enough; Those words
Shew him as fully, as if all the stone (alone
His Church of *Pauls* containes, were through in-
Or al the walkers there, to speak him, brib'd. (scrib'd
None can mistake him, for one such as Hee
Donne, Deane, or Man, more none shall ever see.
Not man? No, though unto a Sunne each eye
Were turn'd, the whole earth so to over-spie.
A bold brave word; Yet such brave Spirits as knew
His Spirit, will say, it is lesse bold than true.

The End.

C.D.K.

And now believe the miracles are done
So by thy death, and by the blood
I have shed more than thou couldst
I have shed more than thou couldst
I have shed more than thou couldst
I have shed more than thou couldst
I have shed more than thou couldst
I have shed more than thou couldst

And now believe the miracles are done
So by thy death, and by the blood
I have shed more than thou couldst
I have shed more than thou couldst
I have shed more than thou couldst
I have shed more than thou couldst
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I have shed more than thou couldst



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