

Except they headlong come and fall upon
 An ominous precipitation.
 How wity's ruin, how importunate
 Upon mankind? it labour'd to frustrate
 Even Gods purpose, and made woman, sent
 For man's relief, cause of his languishment;
 They were to good ends, and they are so still,
 But accessory, and principal in ill;
 For that first marriage was our funeral:
 One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
 And singly, one by one they kill us now.
 We do delightfully our selves allow
 To that consumption; and profusely blinde
 We kill our selves to propagate our kinde,
 And yet we do not that; we are not men:
 There is not now that mankind, which was then,
 When as the Sun and man did seem to strive,
 (Joynt-tenants of the world) who should survive;
 When, Stag, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
 Compar'd with man, dy'd in minority;
 When, if a slow pac'd star had stoln away
 From the observers marking, he might stay
 Two or three hundred years to see't again,
 And then make up his observation plain;
 When as the age was long, the life was great;
 Mans growth confes'd, and recompenc'd the meat;
 So spacious and large, that every Soul
 Did a fair Kingdom, and large Realm controul:
 And when the very Stature thus erect,
 Did that Soul a good way towards heaven direct,
 Where is this mankind now; who lives to age,
 Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page?
 Alas, we scarce live long enough to try
 Whether a true made clock run right or ly.

Old Granfires talk of yesterday with sorrow :
 And for our children we reserve to morrow.
 So short is life, that every peasant strives,
 In a torn house, or field, to have three lives,
 And as in lasting, so in length is man,
 Contracted to an inch, who was a span;
 For 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 assail;
 A thing so equal to him : now alas,
 The Fairies, and the Pygmies well may pass
 As credible ; mankind decays so soon,
 We 'are scarce our Fathers shadows cast at noon :
 Only death adds t'our length : nor are we grown
 In stature to be men, till we are none.
 But this were light, did our less volume hold
 All the old Text ; or had we chang'd to gold
 Their silver, or dispos'd into less glass
 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 minds are crampt :
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
 In mind and body both bedwarfed us.
 We seem ambitious Gods whole work t'undoe ;
 Of nothing he made us, and we strive too,
 To bring our selves to nothing back ; and we
 Doe what we can, to do't so soon as he :
 With new diseases on our selves we war,
 And with new Physick, a worse Engine far.
 This man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom
 All faculties, all graces are at home ;
 And if in other creatures they appear,
 They are but mans Ministers, and Legats there,

To

To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to Civility, and to mans use :
This man, whom God did woo, and loth t^e 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 poor thing he is !
If man were any thing, he's nothing now :
Help, or at least some time to waste, allow
To 'his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom welament, he lost his heart.
She of whom th' Ancients seem'd to prophesie.
When they call'd vertues by the name of She ;
She, in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
That for allay unto so pure a minde
She took the weaker Sex : she that could drive
The poysonous tincture, and the stain of Eve,
Out of her thoughts and deeds ; and purifie
All by a true religious Alchimy ;
She, she is dead ; she's dead ; when thou know'st this
Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernatural food, Religion,
Thy better growth grows withered, and scant ;
Be more than man, or thou'art less 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 brains, and took a general maim ;
Wronging each joynt of th' universal 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 hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day,
And now the Springs and Summers which we see
Like sons of women after fifty be.
And new Philosophy calls all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out :
The Sun is lost, and th' Earth, and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confess that this world's spent,
When in the Planets, and the firmament
They seek so many new ; they see that this
scumbled out again to his Atomies.
Tis all in peeces, all coherence gone,
All just supply, and all Relation :
Prince, Subject, Father, Son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a Phcenix, and that then can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
This is the worlds condition now, and now
he that should all parts to reunion bow,
he that had all magnetique force alone,
To draw and fasten sundred parts in one ;
he 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 Compass for their way ;
he that was best, and first original
Of all fair copies, and the general
teward to fate ; the whose rich eyes and brest
built the West-Indies, and persum'd the East,
Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow
pice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so ;

And that rich Indie, which doth gold inter,
Is but as single mony coyn'd from her:
She to whom this world must it self refer,
As suburbs, or the Microcosm of her,
She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this
Thou know'st how lame a creeple this world is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That this worlds general sickness doth not ly
In any humour, or one certain part;
But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,
Thou seest a Hectique seaver hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be contrould,
And that thou hast but one way, not to admit
The worlds infection, to be none of it.
For the worlds subtilst immaterial parts
Feel this consuming wound, and ages darts.
For the worlds beauty is decay'd, or gone,
Beauty, that's colour and proportion,
We think the heavens enjoy their Spherical,
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to find out so many Eccentrique parts,
Such divers down-right lines; such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure form: It tears
The Firmament in eight and forty shiers,
And in these Constellations then arise
New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes:
As though heav'n suffered earth-quakes, peace or war
When new towers rise, and old demolish'd are.
They have impal'd within a Zodiacke
The free-born Sun, and keep 12 signes awake
To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab controul
And fright him back, who else to either Pole

(Did not these tropiques fetter him) might run :
 For his course is not round, nor can the Sun
 Perfect a Circle, or maintain 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 means to sleep, being now faln nearer us.
 So, of the Stars which boast that they do run
 In Circle still, none ends where he begun.
 All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells :
 For of Meridians, and Parallels,
 Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
 Upon the Heavens, and now they are his own.
 Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
 To go to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
 We spur, we rein the stars, 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 think
 The floating Moon would shipwrack there and sink ?
 Seas are so deep, that Whales being struck to day,
 Perchance to morrow scarce at middle way
 Of their wish'd journeys end, the bottom, die :
 And men, to sound depths, so much line unty,
 As one might justly think, that there would rise
 At end thereof, one of th' Antipodies :
 If under all, a vault infernal be,
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we
 Invent another torment, that there must
 Millions into a straight hot room be thrust)
 Then solidness and roundness have no place.
 Are these but warts, and pockholes in the face

Of th' earth? Think so, but yet confels, in this
The worlds proportion disfigur'd is;
That those two leggs whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment, are bent awry:
And, oh, it can no more be questioned,
That beauties best, proportion is dead,
Since even grief it self, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She by whose lines proportion should be
Examin'd, measure of all Symmetry,
Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought souls made
Of Harmony, he would at next have said
That Harmony was she, and thence infer
That Souls were but Resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow:
She, who if those great Doctors truly said
That th' Ark to mans proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both Elements and Passions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civil warr to cease.
She after whom, what form soe'r we see,
Is discord and rude incongruity;
She, she is dead, she's dead! when thou know'st this,
Thou knowest how ugly a monster this world is:
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That here is nothing to enamour thee:
And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poysoning the fountains, 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 think they be,
They are lothsome too, by this deformity.
For good, and well, must in our actions meet ;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beauties other second Element,
Colour, and lustre now, is as near spent.
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still yet the stone is gone,
As a compassionate Turcoyse, which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well :
As gold falls sick being stung with Mercury,
All the worlds parts of such complexion be.
When nature was most busie, the first week,
Swadling the new-born earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport herself sometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day :
And then, as though she could not make enow,
Himself his various Rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd : summers robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft-dy'd Garment shows.
Our blushing red, which us'd in cheeks to spread,
Is inward sunk, and only our souls are red.
Perchance the World might have recovered,
If she whom we lament had not been dead :
But she, in whom all white, and red, and blew
(Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unnext Paradise, from whom
Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For Air, and Fire but thick gross bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowsie and pale to her)

She, she is dead ; she's dead : when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how wan a Ghost this our world is :
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
That it should more afright than pleasure thee :
And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude mens sense.
Nor in ought more this worlds decay appears,
Than that her influence the heaven forbears,
Or that the Elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is.
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not powr,
In the due birth time, down the balmy shower ;
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 general wombs ;
Th' ayr shows such Meteors, as none can see,
Not only what they mean, but what they be.
Earth such new worms, as would have troubled much
Th' Egyptian *Mages* to have made more such.
What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in a Herb, or Charm, or Tree,
And doe by touch, all which those stars could do ?
The art is lost, and correspondence too,
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully, and pow'rfully on us :

Since

If this,
 nce herbs, and roots by dying lose not all,
 at they, yea ashes too, are medicinal,
 eath could not quench her vertue so, but that
 would be (if not follow'd) wondred at :
 nd all the world would be one dying swan,
 o sing her funeral praise, and vanish than.
 at as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,
 kept it be from the live Serpent shot,
 o doth her vertue need her here, to fit
 hat unto us ; she working more than it.
 ut she, in whom to such maturity
 vertue was grown, past growth, that it must die ;
 he, from whose influence all impression came,
 ut by receivers impotencies, lame,
 Who, though she could not transubstantiate
 ll states to gold, yet gilded every state,
 o that some Princes have some temperance ;
 ome Councillors, some purpose to advance
 he common profit ; and some people have
 ome stay, no more than Kings should give to crave ;
 ome women have some taciturnity,
 ome Nunneries some graines of chastity.
 he that did thus much, and much more could do,
 ut that our Age was Iron, and rusty too,
 he, she is dead, she's dead ; when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how dry a Cinder this world is.
 and learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 hat 'tis in vain to dew, or mollifie
 it with thy tears, or sweat, or blood : nothing
 is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
 But those rich joyes which did possess her heart,
 Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
 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 carcass would not last, If I
Were punctual in this Anatomy;
Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, who fain would think they're well,
Here therefore be the end: and blessed maid,
Of whom is meant what ever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines coorse lines, and makes prose song,
Accept this tribute, and his first years rent,
Who till his dark short tapers end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,
That is, thy death; for though the soul of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis born but than
When man doth die, our body's as the womb,
And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
And you her creatures, whom she works upon,
And have your last, and best concoction
From her example and her vertue, if you
In reverence to her do think it due,
That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse:
Vouchsafe to call to mind 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 keep the song still in their memory:
Such an opinion; in due measure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade:
Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
Me from thus trying to imprison her?

Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
 saw not why verse might not do so too.
 Verse hath a middle nature, Heaven keeps Souls,
 The Grave keeps bodies, Verse the Fame enrouls.

A Funeral Elegy.

Tis loss to trust a Tomb with such a guest,
 Or to confine her in a marble chest,
 Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie,
 Pris'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,
 Or with those Pearls, and Rubies, which she was?
 Joyn the two Indies in one Tomb, 'tis glass;
 And so is all to her materials,
 Though every inch were ten Escurials;
 Yet she's demolish'd: can we keep her then
 In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
 Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
 Life to that name, by which name they must live?
 Sickly, alas, short liv'd, Abortive be
 Those carcass verses, whose soul is not she;
 And can she, who no longer would be she,
 (Being such a Tabernacle) stoop to be
 In paper wrapt; or when she would not lie
 In such an house, dwell in an Elegy?
 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 arms, and Counsellors for brains,
 Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,
 The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;

The

The officers for hands, Merchants for feet,
By which, remote and distant Country's meet :
But those fine spirits, which do tune, and set
This Organ, are those peeces, which beget
Wonder and love ; and these were shee ; and she
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be ;
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can find nothing after her, to kill,
Except the world it self, so great was she.
Thus brave and confident may Nature be,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because she cannot such another show.
But must we say she's dead ; may't not be said
That as a sundred clock is peecemeal laid,
Not to be lost, but by the Makers hand
Repolish'd, without errour then to stand ;
Or, as the Affrique Niger stream enwombs
It self into the earth, and after comes
(Having first made a Natural bridge, to pass
For many leagues) far 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 we
Who live, and lack her here, this vantage see ?
What is't to us, alas, if there have been
An angel made a Throne, or Cherubin ?
We lose by't : and as aged men are glad
Being tasteless grown, 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 gon.
Rejoyce then Nature, and this world, that you,
Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue
Your force and vigor, ere it were near gon,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one ;

ne, whose clear body was so pure and thin,
cause it need disguise no thought within,
was but a through light scarf her mind t' enroul;
exhalation breath'd out from her Soul.
ne, whom all men, who durst no more, admir'd:
nd whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;
when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
which of them it shall be consecrate.
t, as when heaven looks on us with new eyes,
ose new stars every Artist exercise,
hat place they should assign to them they doubt,
gue, and agree not, till those stars go out:
the world studied whose this peece should be,
ll she can be no bodies else, nor she:
t like a lamp of Balsamum, desir'd
ther t' adorn, than last, she soon expir'd,
oath'd in her virgin white integrity,
r marriage, though it doth not stain, doth die.
scape the infirmities which wait upon
oman, she went away before sh' was one;
nd the worlds busie noyse to overcome,
ook so much death as serv'd for *Opium*;
r though she could not, nor could chuse to die,
ath yeelded to too long an extasie:
e which not knowing her sad History,
ould come to read the book of destiny,
ow fair, and chaste, humble and high sh'ad been,
uch promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen,
nd measuring future things, by things before,
ould turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
ould think that either destiny mistook,
r that some leaves were torn out of the book,
t 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her
years of reasons use, and then infer

Her

Her destiny to her self, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die,
Her modesty not suffering her to be
Fellow-Commissioner with Destiny,
She did no more but die; if after her
Any shall live, which dare true good prefer;
Every such person is her delegate,
T' 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 blanks.
For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rise;
And 'tis in heav'n part of spiritual mirth,
To see how well the good play her, on earth.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

Wherein,

By Occasion of the Religious Death of Mistress ELIZABETH DRURY, the Incommo-
dities of the Soul in this life, and her exaltation
in the next, are contemplated.

The second Anniversary.

The Harbinger to the PROGRESS.

TWO Souls move here, and mine (a third) must move
Paces of admiration, and of love;
Thy Soul (dear Virgin) whose this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortal Sphear to lively blifs;
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
The worlds last day, thy glories full degree:
Like as those stars which thou o'relookest far,
Are in their place, and yet still moved are:
No soul (whiles with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee half way;
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
So fast as now the lightning moves but slow:

But

But now thou art as high in heaven flown
As heaven's from us; what soul besides thine own
Can tell thy joys, or say he can relate
Thy glorious journals in that blessed state?
I envy thee (Rich soul) I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory see:
And thou (great Spirit) which hers follow'd hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast;
So far, as none can follow thine so far,
(And if this flesh did not the passage bar,
Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
Which long ago hadst lost the vulgar sight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee lessened in thine any way;
So while thou mak'st her soul by progress known
Thou mak'st a noble progress of thine own,
From this worlds carcass having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise,
That more may not beseem a creatures praise,
Yet still thou vow'st her more; and every year
Mak'st a new progress, whilst thou wandrest here;
Still upward mount; and let thy Makers praise
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy layes:
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh let her never stoop below the clouds:
And if those glorious fainted souls may know
Or what we do, or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs shall still content them best
Which praise those awful Powers that make them blest.

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

The second Anniversary.

Nothing could make me sooner to confess
That this world had an everlastingness,
Then to consider that a year is run,
Since both this lower worlds, and the Suns Sun,
The lustre and the vigour of this all
Did set; 'twere blasphemy to say, did fall.
But as a ship which hath strook sail doth run
By force of that force which before it won:
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red Seas, which freely ran,
One from the Trunk, another from the Head,
His soul be sail'd, to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roul,
As though he beckned and call'd back his soul,
He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seems to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soul; 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 knel alone, by cracking of her strings.
So struggles this dead world, now she is gone:
For there is motion in corruption.

As some daies are, at the Creation nam'd,
Before the Sun, the which fram'd dayes, was fram'd :
So after this Sun's set, some shew appears,
And orderly vicissitude of years,
Yet a new deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the main reserve of all ;
Yet in this deluge, gross and general,
Thou seeest me strive for life ; my life shall be,
To be hereafter prais'd for praising thee,
Immortal Maid, who though thou wouldst refuse
The name of mother, be unto my Muse
A Father, since her chaste ambition is
Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
These Hymnes may work on future wits, and so
May great Grand-children of thy praises grow.
And so, though not revive, embalm and spice
The world, which else would putrifie with vice.
For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
Until man do but vanish, and not dy."
These Hymnes thy issue may increase so long,
As till Gods great *Venite* change the song.
Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soul,
And serve thy thirst with God's safe sealing Bowl.
Be thirsty still, and drink still till thou go
To th' only Health ; to be Hydroptique so,
Forget this rotten world ; And unto thee
Let thine own times as an old story be,
Be not concern'd : study not why or when ;
Do not so much as not believe a man.
For thought to erre, be worst, to try truths forth
Is far more business than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcass ; thou art fed
By it, but as a worm that carcass bred ;

And why should'st thou poor worm, consider more
 When this world will grow better than before
 Then those thy fellow worms do think upon
 That carcases last resurrection;
 Forget this world, and scarce think of it so;
 As of old clothes, cast off a year ago
 To be thus stupid is Alacrity;
 Men thus Lethargique have best memory.
 Look 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, barking how her youthful age
 Should be employ'd, because in all she did,
 Some figure of the golden times was hid;
 Who could not lack, what e'r this world could give;
 Because she was the form that made it live;
 Nor could complain that this world was unfit
 To be staid in, than when she was in it.
 She that first try'd indifferent desires
 By vertue, and vertue by religious fires.
 She to whose person Paradise adhear'd,
 As Courts to Princes: she whose eyes ensphair'd
 Star-light enough, to have made the South controul
 (Had she been there) the Star-ful Northern Pole;
 She, she is gone she's gone: when thou know'st this;
 What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
 Thou know'st; and that it is not worth a thought;
 He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
 Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
 Which brings a Tapour to the outward room,
 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 self labouring now with broken breath;

And think those broken and soft notes to be
 Division, and thy happiest Harmony.
 Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack;
 And think that but unbinding of a pack,
 To take one precious thing, thy soul from thence.
 Think thy self parch'd with feavers violence,
 Anger thine ague more, by calling it
 Thy Physick; chide the slackness of the fit.
 Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,
 But that, as Bells call'd thee to Church before,
 So, this to the Triumphant Church calls thee.
 Think Satan's Sergeants round about thee be,
 And think that but for Legacies they trust,
 Give one thy Pride, to 'nother give thy Lust;
 Give them those sins which they gave thee before,
 And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score.
 Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
 Weep but because they goe not yet thy way.
 Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this,
 That they confesse much in the world, amiss,
 Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,
 Which they from God and Angels cover not.
 Think that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
 They re-invest thee in white innocence.
 Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,
 Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can goe.)
 Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create
 Worms, which insensibly devour their state.
 Think that they bury thee, and think that right
 Layes thee to sleep but a Saint Lucies night.
 Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
 Drowsie or slack, remember then that she,
 She whose complexion was so even made,
 That which of her ingredients should invade

The other three, no Fear, no Art could guess;
 So far were all remov'd from more or less.
 But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes,
 Where all good things b'ing met, no one presumes
 To govern, or to triumph on the rest,
 Onely because all were, no part was best.
 And as though all do 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 governs there,
 Whose even constitution might have won
 Any disease to venture on the Sun;
 Rather than her; and make a spirit fear,
 That he too disuniting subject were.
 To whose proportions if we would compare
 Cubes, th' are unstable; Circles, Angular;
 She who was such a chain as Fate employes
 To bring Mankind all Fortunes it enjoys:
 So fast, so even wrought, as one would think,
 No accident could threaten any link;
 She, she embrac'd a sickness, gave it meat,
 The purest blood, and breath, that e'r it eat;
 And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
 Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith,
 And though he may pretend a conquest, since
 Heaven was content to suffer violence,
 Yea though he plead a long possession too,
 (For they are in heaven on earth whose heavens works do)
 Though he had right and power and place, before;
 Yet death must usher and unlock the dore;
 Think further on thy self, my Soul, and think
 How thou at first wast made but in a sink;

Think that it argued some infirmity,
That those two souls, which then thou foundst in me
Thou fedst upon, and drew'st into thee bosh
My second soul of sense, and first of growth.
Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious,
Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus.
This curded milk, this poor unlittered whelp
My body, could beyond escape or help.
Infect thee with Original sin, and thou
Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
Think that no stubborn sullen Anchorit,
Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
So foully as our souls in their first-built Cells,
Think in how poor a prison thou dost ly,
After enabled but to suck, and cry,
Think when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor In,
A Province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
And that usurp'd, or threatned with a rage
Of sicknesses, or their true Mother, Age.
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou hast thy 'xpansion now, and liberty;
Think that a rusty Peece discharg'd, is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy Soul allow,
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatcht but now,
And think this slow-pac'd soul which late did cleave
T' a body, and went but by the bodys leave.
Twenty perchance or thirty mile a day,
Dispatches in a minute all the way
Twixt heaven and earth; she stays not in the air,
To look what Meteors there themselves prepare;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether th' aires middle region be intense;

Forth' Element of fire, she doth not know,
 Whether she pass'd by such a place or no;
 She baits not at the Moon, nor cares to try
 Whether in that new world men live, and dy.
Venus retards her not t' enquire how she
 Can (being one star) *Hesper* and *Vesper* be;
 He that charm'd *Argus* eyes, sweet *Mercury*,
 Works not on her, who now is grown all ey;
 Who if she meet the body of the Sun,
 Goes through, not staying till his course be run;
 Who finds in *Mars* his Camp, no Corps of Guard,
 Nor is by *Jove*, nor by his father barr'd;
 But ere she can consider how she went,
 At once is at, and through the firmament.
 And as these stars were but so many beads
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
 Her through those spears, as through those beads a string
 Whose quick succession makes it still one thing:
 As doth the pith, which least our bodies slack,
 Strings fast the little bones of neck and back;
 So by the soul doth death string Heaven and Earth;
 For when our soul enjoys her third birth,
 (Creation gave her one, a second, grace,)
 Heaven is near, and present to her face,
 As colours are, and objects in a room
 Where darkness was before, when Tapers come.
 This must, my Soul, thy long-short Progress be
 T' advance these thoughts; Remember then that she,
 She, whose fair body no such prison was,
 But that a Soul might well be pleas'd to pass
 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 prefer

This low world, to so high a mark as she,)
 The Western treasure, Eastern spicery,
 Europe, and Africk, and the unknown rest
 Were easily found, or what in them was best ;
 And when w' have made this large discovery
 Of all, in her some one part than will be
 Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
 Enough to make twenty such worlds as this ;
 She, whom had they known, 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 lim ;
 She, of whose soul, if we may say, 'twas gold,
 Her body was th' Electrum, and did hold
 Many degrees of that ; we understood
 Her by her sight ; her pure, and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought,
 That one might almost say, her body thought ;
 She, she thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone :
 And chides us slow-pac'd snails who crawl upon
 Our prisons prison, earth, nor think us well ;
 Longer than whil'st we bear our brittle shell.
 But 'twere but little to have chang'd our room,
 If, as we were in this our living Tomb
 Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so,
 Poor soul, in this thy flesh what dost thou know ?
 Thou know'st thy self so little, as thou know'st not,
 How thou didst dy, 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 sin,
 Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st that thou art so)
 By what way thou art made immortal, know.

Thou art too narrow, wretch to comprehend
 Even thy self, yea though thou would'st but bend
 To know thy body. Have not all souls thought
 For many ages, that our body's wrought
 Of air, and fire, and other Elements;
 And now they think of new ingredients.
 And one Soul thinks one, and another way
 Another thinks, and tis an even lay.
 Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
 The bladders cave, and never break the skin?
 Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
 Doth from one ventricle to th' other go?
 And for the putrid stuff which thou dost spit,
 Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
 There are no passages, so that there is
 (For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
 And of those many opinions which men raise
 Of Nails and Hairs, dost thou know which to praise?
 What hope have we to know our selves, when we
 Know not the least things, which for our use be?
 We see in Authors, too stiff to recant,
 A hundred controversies of an Ant;
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
 To know but Catechisms 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 grass is green, or why our blood is red,
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto,
 In this low form, poor soul, what wilt thou do?
 When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
 Of being taught by sense and Fantasie?
 Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem great
 Below; But up unto the Watch-rowre get,

And see all things despoil'd of fallacies :
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor hear through Labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit, or collections to discern,
In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,
And what concerns it not, shall straight forget.
There thou (but in no other school) maist be
Perchance, as learned, and as full, as she,
She who all Libraries had thoroughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practis'd
So much good as would make as many more :
She whose example they must all implore,
Who would or do, or think well, and confess
That all the vertuous Actions they express,
Are but a new, and worse edition
Of her some one thought or one action :
She, who in th' art of knowing Heaven, was grown
Here upon earth to such perfection,
That she hath, ever since to heaven she came,
(In a far fairer print,) but read the same ;
Shee, she nor 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 took,
(Taking her self) our best and worthiest book.
Return not, my soul, from this extasie,
And meditation of what thou shalt be,
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear,
With whom thy conversation must be there.
With whom wilt thou converse? what station
Canst thou choose out free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine ?

Funeral Elegies.

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Shalt thou not finde a spongy slack Divine
Drink 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 weak,
Because they doe more ill than these can speak?
The poyson's gone through all, poisons affect
Chiefly the chiefest parts: but some effect
In nails, and hairs, yea excrements will show;
So lies the poison of sin in the most low.
Up, up, my drowsie soul, where thy new ear
Shall in the Angells songs no discord hear;
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that, which men have said.
Where she is exalted more for being good,
Then for her interest of Mother-hood.
Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit
Expecting Christ, then they have enjoy'd him yet.
Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
Their prophesies grown to be History.
Up to th' Apostles, who did bravely run
All the Suns course, with more light than the Sun:
Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oyle to th' Apostles Lamps, dew to their seed.
Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost
They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his Temple give.
Up, up, for in that Squadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities.
Shee who being to her self a State, enjoy'd;
All royalties which any State employ'd;

For

For she made wars, and triumph'd; reason still
 Did not o'rthrow, but rectific her will:
 And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
 That beauty, and chastity together kiss:
 She did high justice, for she crucifi'd
 Every first motion of rebellions pride:
 And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
 For, only her self except, she pardoned all:
 She coyn'd, in this, that her impressi'on gave
 To all our actions all the worth they have:
 She gave protections; the thoughts of her brest,
 Satans rude Officers could ne'r arrest.
 As these prerogatives being met in one,
 Made her a soveraign State; Religion
 Made her a Church; and these two made her all.
 She who was all this All, and could not fall
 To worke, by company, (for she was still
 More Antidote, then all the world was ill,)
 She, she doth leave it, and by Death, survive
 All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not strive
 The more, because she's there, de doth not know
 That accidental joyes in Heaven do grow,
 But pause, my soul, And study, ere thou fall
 On accidental joyes, th' essential.
 Still before Accessories doe abide
 A trial, must the principall be tride.
 And what essential joy canst thou expect
 Here upon earth? what permanent effect
 Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
 Beauty? (And beauty worthy't is to move)
 Poor coufened coufener, *that* she, and *that* thou,
 Which did begin to love, are neither now.
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
 Next day repairs, (but ill) last daies decay.

are, (although the river keep the name)
Herdaies waters, and to dayes the same.
flows her face, and thine eyes; neither now,
at Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow
concern'd, remains; but whil'st you think you be
instant, y' are 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 he needed it,
but that, to his hands man might grow more fit.
since all Honours from inferiours flow,
or they do give it; Princes do but show
whom they would have so honour'd) and that this
in such opinions, and capacities
buile, as rise and fall, to more and less;
as, 'tis but a casual happiness.
each ever any man't himself assign'd
his or that happiness to arrest his mind,
at that another man which takes a worse,
thinks him a fool for having tane that course?
they who did labour Babels tow'r to 'erect,
might have considered, that for that effect,
all this whole solid Earth could not allow
to furnish forth materials enow;
and that his Center, to raise such a place,
was far too little to have been the Base;
no more affords this world, foundation
to erect true joy, were all the means in one.
but as the Heathen made them several gods
of all Gods benefits, and all his rods,
For as the Wine, and Corn, and onions are
Gods unto them, so Agues be, and War)

And

And as by changing that whole precious Gold
 To such small Copper coynes, they lost the old,
 And lost their only God, who ever must
 Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust :
 So much mankind true happines mistakes ;
 No joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
 Then, Soul, to thy first pitch work up again ;
 Know that all lines which circles do contain,
 For once that they the Center touch, do touch
 Twice the circumference ; and be thou such ;
 Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth employ'd ;
 All will not serve ; only who have enjoy'd
 The sight of God in fulness, can think it ;
 For it is both the object, and the wit.
 This is essential joy, where neither he
 Can suffer diminution, nor we ;
 '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,
 She whom we celebrate is gone before.
 Shee, who had here so much essential joy,
 As no chance could distract, much less destroy ;
 Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
 (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
 His face in any natural stone or tree,
 Better than when in Images they be :
 Who kept by diligent devotion,
 Gods Image, in such reparation,
 Within her heart, that what decay was grown,
 Was her first Parents fault and not her own :
 Who being sollicit to any act,
 Still heard God pleading his safe precontract :
 Who by a faithful confidence, was here
 Betroth'd to God, and now is married there ;

ose twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
o dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray;
o being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be
h where more grace, and more capacity
once is given: she to Heaven is gone,
to made this world in some proportion
Heaven, and here became unto us all,
(as our joyes admit) essential,
could this low world joyes essential touch,
avens accidental joyes would pass them much.
ow poor and lame must then o' casual be;
thy Prince will his subjects to call thee
y Lord, and this do smell thee, thou art than
being greater, grown to be less Man.
then no Physitian of redress can speak,
joyful casual violence may break
dangerous Apostem in thy brest;
nd whil st thou joy'st in this, the dangerous rest,
he bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
What e'r was casual, may ever be.
What should the nature change? or make the same
ertain, which was but casual, when it came?
All casual joy doth loud and plainly say,
Only by coming, that it can away.
Onely in Heaven joyes strength is never spent
And accidental things are permanent.
Joy of a souls arrival ne'r decays;
For that soul ever joyes, and ever stays.
Joy that their last great Consummation
Approaches in the Resurrection;
When earthly bodies more celestial
Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall;
This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.

In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part that she,
She, in whose goodness, he that names degree,
Doth injure her; ('Tis loss to be call'd best,
There where the stuff is not such as the rest;)
She, who left such a body, as even she,
Only in Heaven could learn, how it can be
Made better; for she rather was two souls,
Or like to full on both sides written Rolls,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin,
As strong Records for God, as minds within.
Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
Peeces a Circle, and still keeps it so,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
Where she receives and gives addition.
Here in a place, where misdevotion frames
A thousand prayers to Saints, whose very names
The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows nor yet,
And where what laws of Poetry admit,
Laws of Religion have at least the same,
Immortal Maid, I might invoke thy name.
Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here should'st make me a French convertite.
But thou would'st not; nor would'st thou be content;
To take this, for my second years true Rent,
Did this coyn bear any other stamp, than his,
That gave thee power to do, me, to say this:
Since his will is, that to posterity,
Thou should'st for life and death a pattern be,
And that the world should notice have of this,
The purpose and th' authority is his;
Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

EPICED ES AND OBSEQUIES

Upon

The deaths of sundry Personages.

*An Elegie on the untimely death of the incomparable
Prince HENRY.*

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

And

And nothing ever came so near to this,
 As contemplation of that Prince we miss.
 For all that faith might credit mankind 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 do, centers distracted so,
 That we see not what to believe or know?
 Was it not well believ'd till now, that he,
 Whose reputation was an extasie,
 On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
 Till he discover'd what waies he would take;
 For whom, what Princes angled, when they try'd,
 Met a *Torpedo* and were stupi'd;
 And others studies, how he would be bent,
 Was his great fathers greatest instrument,
 And activ' st spirit, to convey and ty
 This soul of peace to Christianity?
 Was it not well believ'd, that he would make
 This general peace th' Eternal overtake,
 And that his times might have stretcht out so far,
 As to touch those of which they emblemes are?
 For to confirm this just belief, that now
 The last daies came, we saw heaven did allow,
 That, but from his aspect and exercise,
 In peaceful times rumours of wars should rise.
 But now this faith is heresie: we must
 Still stay, and vex our great grand-mother, Dust.
 Oh, is God prodigal? hath he spent his store
 Of plagues on us; and only now when more
 Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery,
 And will not let's enjoy our curse; to dy
 As for the earth thrown lowest down of all,
 *Twere an ambition to desire to fall,

So God, in our desire to dy, 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
 Sustains in us, Earth which griefs animate ?
 Nor hath our world now, other Soul than that.
 And could grief get so high as heav'n, that Quire,
 Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
 (With grief to see him) he had staid below,
 To rectifie our errors they foreknow.
 Is th' other center, Reason, faster then ?
 Where should we look for that, now we 'are not men ?
 For if our Reason be our connexion
 Of causes, now to us there can be none.
 For, as if all the substances were spent,
 'Twere madness, to enquire of accident,
 So is't to look for reason, he being gone,
 The only subject reason wrought upon.
 If fate have such a chain, whose divers links
 Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
 When miracle doth come, and so steal in
 A new link, man knows not where to begin :
 At a much deader fault must reason be,
 Death having broke off such a link as he.
 But now, for us, with busy proof to come,
 That we have no reason, would prove we had some,
 So would just lamentations : Therefore we
 May safelier say, that we are dead, than he,
 So, if our griefs we do not well declare,
 We 'have double excuse, he 's not dead, we are.
 Yet would not I die yet ; for though I be
 Too narrow to think him, as he is he,

(Our Souls 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 hear,
 That she-Intelligence which mov'd this sphear,
 I pardon Fate, my life : who ere thou be,
 Which hast the noble conscience, t'hou art she,
 I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
 By th' oaths, which only you two never broke,
 By all the souls ye sigh'd, that if you see
 These lines, you wish, I knew your history:
 So much, as you, two mutual heav'ns were here,
 I were an Angel singing what you were,

To the Countess of Bedford.

MADAM,

I Have learned by those laws wherein I am little conversant, that he which bestows any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not his heir; I doe not therefore send this paper to your Ladiship, that you should thank me for it, or think 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 judg'd by words which must expresse it: But, Madam, since your noble brothers fortune being yours, The evidences also concerning are yours: so his vertues being yours, the evidences concerning that belong also to you, of which by your acceptance th

may be one peece, in which quality I humbly present it, and
as a testimony how intirely your family possesseth

Your Ladships most humble,

and thankful servant,

JOHN DONNE.

Obsequies on the Lord *Harrington*, &c.

To the Countess of Bedford.

FAIr soul, which wast, not only as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But did'st continue so; and now dost bear
A part in Gods great Organ, this whole Sphear;
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious,
Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mens actions do
Come to your knowledg and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown, that I can study thee,
And by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And so can make by this soft extasie,
This place a map of heaven, my self of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest;
Times dead-low water; when all minds divest
To morrows busines, 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, sleeps, when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes, must shut them than
Again by death,) although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep,
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that sun rises to me, midnight's noon,
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all both Church and State, in seeing thee ;
And I discern by favour of this light,
My self, the hardiest object of the sight.
God is the glass ; as thou when thou dost see
Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee :
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All, in these mirrors of thy waies and end ;
Though God be our true glass, through which we see
All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men : for by their being here,
Vertues, indeed remote, seem to be near.
But where can I affirm or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds ? which shall I call best ?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can indure a contemplation ;
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Those spirits, humours, blood I did last year,
And, as if on a stream I fix mine eye,
That drop, which I look'd on, is presently
Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone :
So in this sea of vertues, can no one
Be 'insisted on, Vertues as rivers pass,
Yet still remains that vertuous man there was ;

And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so
 Part of his body to another ow,
 Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
 Because God knows where every Atome lies;
 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 Destiny,
 Should I divide and discontinue so
 Vertue, which did in one intireness grow.
 For as he that should say, spirits are fram'd
 Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
 Honours not spirits half so much, as he
 Which s'ies 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 t' have had his vertues told,
 It would have let him live to have been old.
 So, then, that vertue in season, and, then, this,
 We might have seen, and said, that now he is
 Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
 In good short lives, vertues are fain to thrust,
 And to be sure betimes to get a place,
 When they would exercise, last time, and space.
 So was it in this person, forc'd to be
 For lack of time, his own Epitome.
 So to exhibite in few years as much,
 As all the long breath'd Chroniclers can touch.
 As when an Angel down from heav'n doth fly,
 Our quick thought cannot keep him company,
 We cannot think, now he is at the Sun,
 Now through the Moon, now through th' air doth run,
 Yet when he 'is come, we know he did repair
 To all'twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sun, Moon, and Air;

And as this Angel in an instant knows,
 And yet we know this sodain knowledg grows,
 By quick amassing several forms of things,
 Which he successively to order brings;
 When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot go
 So fast as he, think that he doth not so;
 Just 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 short liv'd good men, is not understood
 Each several vertue, but the compound good.
 For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
 As Angels go, and know, and as men read.
 O why should then these men, these lumps of balm
 Sent hither the worlds tempest to becalm,
 Before by deeds, they are diffus'd and spread,
 And so make us alive, themselves be dead?
 O Soul! O circle! why so quickly be
 Thy ends, thy birth, and death clos'd up in thee?
 Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
 In heav'n, the other might securely have pac'd
 In the most large extent through every path,
 Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath.
 Thou know'st, that though the tropique circles have
 (Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)
 All the same roundness, evenness, and all
 The endlessness of th' Equinoctial:
 Yet, when we come to measure distances,
 How here, how there, the Sun affected is,
 When he doth faintly work, and when prevail;
 Only great circles, then, can be our scale:
 So though thy circle to thy self express
 All, tending to thy endless happiness;

And we by our good use of it may try,
 Both how to live well (yeung) and how to dy,
 Yet since we must be old, and age indures
 His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
 Of hot ambition, irreligions ice,
 Zeales agues; and hydroptique 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 tell us what to do?
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
 Doth each mis-motion and distemper feel,
 Whose *hands* gets shaking palsies, and whose *string*
 (His *sinews*) slackens, and whose *Soul*, the spring,
 Expires, or languishes; whose pulse, the *fee*,
 Either beats not, or beats unevenly,
 Whose voyce, the *Bell*, doth rattle or grow dumb,
 Or idle, as men, which to their last hour 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 clocks, which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to inform whole towns, to 'imploy their time,
 An error doth more harm, being generall,
 When small clocks faults only 'on the wearer fall.
 So work the faults of age, on which the eye,
 Of children, servants, or the State rely,
 Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soul,)
 A clock so true, as might the Sun controul,
 And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
 Instructions, such as it could never be
 Disordered, stay here, as a generall
 And great Sun-dyal, to have set us All.

Oh why wouldst thou be an instrument
To this unnatural course, or why consent
To this, not miracle, but prodigy,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
Should so much faster ebbe out, than flow in?
Though her flood were blown in, by thy first breath,
All is at once sunk in the whirle-pool death.
Which word I would not name, but that I see
Death else a desert, grown a Court by thee.
Now I am sure that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Me-thinks all Cities, now but Ant-hills be,
Where when the several labourers I see,
For children, house, provision taking pain,
They are all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw and grain;
And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
The most repair, that are in goodness rich.
There is the best concourse and confluence,
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins Gods City, new Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them;
At that gate then, Triumphant soul, dost thou
Begin thy Triumph. But since laws allow
That at the Triumph day, the people may,
All that they will, 'gainst the Triumpher say,
Let me here use that freedom, and express
My grief, though not to make thy triumph less.
By law to Triumphs none admitted be,
Till they as Magistrates get victory,
Though then to thy force, all youths foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
To which thy rank in this state destin'd thee,
That there thy counsels might get victory,

nd so in that capacity remove
All jealousies 'twixt Prince and Subjects love,
thou couldst no title to this Triumph have,
thou didst intrude on death, usurpe a grave.
then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
but with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou shouldst successfully advance,
In thine arms 'gainst forain enemies, which are
Both Envy, and Acclamations popular,
(For, both these Engines equally defeat,
I though by a divers Mine, those which are great)
Till then thy war was but a civil War,
For which to Triumph none admitted are ;
No more are they, who though with good success,
In a defensive war, their power express.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Must be *enlarg'd* and not *preserv'd* alone ;
Why shouldst thou then, whose battels were to win
Thy self, from those straits nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that state,
Of which he gave thee the Vicariate,
(Which is thy soul and body) as intire
As he, who takes Indentours doth require,
But didst not stay, t' inlarge his Kingdom too,
By making others, what thou didst to do ;
Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more
Hath got by getting thee, than 't had before ?
For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possession were ;
But this from Triumph most disables thee,
That, that place which is conquered, must be
Left safe from present war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out ;

And

And hath he left us so? or can it be
This territory was no more than He?
No, we were all his charge, the Diocis
Of every exemplar man, the whole world is,
And he was joyned in commission
With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraid, and chide
Him who Triumph'd, were lawful, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not
At that Authority by which he got
Leave to Triumph, before by age he might;
So, though triumphant soul, I dare to write
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus,
That thou so early wouldst abandon us;
Yet I am far from daring to dispute
With that great sovereignty, whose Absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee,
Gainst natures laws, which just impugnors be
Of early triumphs; And I (though with pain)
Lessen our loss, to magnifie thy gain
Of triumph, when I say it was more fit,
That all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.
Though then in our times, be not suffered
That testimony of love, unto the dead,
To dy with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives, and French Soldarii did;
And though in no degree I can express
Grief in great Alexanders great excess,
Who at his friends death made whole towns divest
Their walls and bulworks, which became them best:
Do not fair soul this sacrifice refuse.
That in thy grave I do interr my Muse,

Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

An 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 marks and bounds, 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and still pretend
To break our bank, when ere it takes a friend:
Then our land waters (tears of passion) vent;
Our waters then above our firmament,
(Tears which our Soul doth for her sins let fall)
Take all a brackish taste, and Funeral.
And even those tears, which should wash sin, are sin.
We, after God, new drown our world again.
Nothing but man of all invenom'd things
Doth work upon it self with inborn stings.
Tears are false spectacles, we cannot see
Through passions mist, what we are, or what she.
In her this Sea of death hath made no breach,
But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the sand,
So is her flesh refin'd by death's cold hand.
As men of China, 'after an ages stay
Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay:
So at this grave, her limbeck (which refines
The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearls and Mines
Of which, this flesh was), her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuff, as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it shall,
Make and name them th' Elixir of this All.

They

They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too ;
If carnal Death (the younger brother) do
Usurp the body ; 'our soul, which subject is
To th' elder death, by sin, 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 sins, that to sin is loath.
Nor do they dy, which are not loath to die,
So hath she this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complains ! Alas,
How little poison cracks a cryстал glass ?
She sin'd but just enough to let us see
That God's Word must be true, All sinners be.
So much did zeal her conscience rarifie,
That extreme truth lack'd little of a lie ;
Making omissions acts ; laying the touch
Of sin, on things that sometime may be such.
As *Moses* Cherubins, whose natures do
Surpass all speed, by him are winged too :
So would her soul, already 'in heaven, seem then,
To climb by tears, the common stairs of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
To speak, that death his vain 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 be ;
How Moral, how Divine, shall not be told,
Lest they that hear her vertues, think her old.
And lest we take deaths part, and make him glad
Of such a preys, and to his triumph add.

Elegie on Mistris Boulstred.

s dust Death I recant, and say, Unsaid by me
What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee.
Iritual treason, atheism 'tis, to say,
That any can thy Summons disobey.
Th' earths face is but thy Table; there are set
Plants, cattel, men, dishes for Death to eat.
A rude hunger now he millions draws
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jaws.
Alas, Now he will seem to spare and doth more waste,
Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last.
Now wantonly he spoys, and eats us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
Nor will this earth serve him; he sinks the Deep
Where harmless fish Monastique silence keep.
Who (were Death dead) the Rows of living sand
Might spung that element, and make it land.
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnique notes
In birds, Heavens choristers, organique throats,
men, Which (if they did not dy) might seem to be
A tenth rank 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 four Monarchies, and Antichrist.
How could I think thee nothing, that see now
In all this All, nothing else is, but thou?
Our births and lives, vices and vertues, be
Wasteful consumptions, and degrees of thee.
For, we to live, our bellows wear, and breath,
Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death.

And

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 he
Reſerve but few, and leaves the moſt for thee.
And of thoſe few, now thou haſt overthrow'n
One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own;
She was more ſtories high: hopeleſs to come
To her Soul, thou 'haſt offer'd at her lower room.
Her Soul and body was a King and Court:
But thou haſt both of Captain miſs'd and fort.
As houſes fall not, though the Kings remove,
Bodies of Saints reſt for their ſouls above.
Death gets 'twixt ſouls and bodies ſuch a place
As ſin inſinuates 'twixt juſt men and grace,
Both work a ſeparation, no divorce,
Her Soul is gone to uſher up her Coarſe,
Which ſhall be almoſt another ſoul, for there
Bodies are purer than beſt ſouls are here.
Be cauſe in her, her virtues did outgo
Her years, would'ſt thou, O emulous death, do ſo,
And kill her young to thy loſs? muſt the coſt
Of beauty and wit, apt to do harm, be loſt?
What though thou found'ſt her proof 'gainſt ſins of youth
Oh, every age a divers ſin purſu' th.
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſtay'd, and taken better hold,
Shortly ambitious; coverous, when old,
She might have prov'd: and ſuch devotion
Might once have ſtray'd to ſuperſtition.
If all her virtues muſt have grown, yet might
Abundant virtue 'have bred a proud delight.
Had ſhe perſever'd juſt, there would have been
Some that would ſin, miſ-thinking ſhe did ſin.
Such as would call her friendſhip love, and ſain
To ſociableneſs a name prophane;

fin by tempting, or, not daring that,
 wishing, though they never told her what.
 us mightst thou have slain more souls hadst thou not crost
 y self, and to triumph, thine army lost.
 t though these waies be lost, thou hast left one,
 hich is, immoderate grief that she is gone:
 t we may scape that sin, yet weep as much,
 ur tears are due, because we are not such.
 me tears that knot of friends, her death must cost,
 ecause the chain is broke, though no link lost.

Elegie.

BY our first strange and fatal interview
 By all desires which thereof did ensue,
 y our long striving hopes, by that remorse
 Which my words masculine perswasive force
 egot in thee, and by the memory
 Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me,
 calmly beg. But by thy fathers wrath,
 y all pains, which want and divorcement hath,
 conjure thee; and all the oaths which I
 and thou have sworn to seal joynt constancy,
 here unswear, and overswear them thus,
 Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
 Temper, O fair love, loves impetuous rage,
 Be my true Mistris, not my faigned Page;
 I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behinde
 Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind,
 Thirst to come back; O if thou die before,
 My soul from other lands to thee shall soar.
 Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
 Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,

Nor

Nor tame wild Boreas harshness; Thou hast read
 How roughly he in pieces shivered
 The fair *Orithea*, whom he swore he lov'd.
 Fall ill or good, 'tis madness 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 habit, nor minde, be not strange
 To thy self only. All will spy in thy face
 A blushing womanly discovering grace.
 Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soon
 Eclips'd as bright we call the Moon the Moon,
 Men of *France*, changeable Chamelions,
 Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
 Lives suellers, and the rightest company
 Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be,
 Will too too quickly know thee; and alas,
 Th' indifferent *Italian*, as we pass
 His warm land, well content to think thee Page,
 Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage,
 As *Lot's* fair guests were vex't. But none of these
 Nor spongy Aydroptique Dutch shall thee displease;
 If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee
England is only a worthy Gallery,
 To walk in expectation, till from thence
 Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
 When I am gon, dream me some happiness,
 Nor let thy looks our long hid love confesse,
 Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor bless, nor curse;
 Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse
 With midnights startings, crying out, oh, oh,
 Nurse, O my love is slain, I saw him go
 O're the white *Alpes* alone; I saw him, I,
 Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and dy.

Augure me better chance, except dread *fove*
I think it enough for me to have had thy love.

On him self.

MY Fortune and my choice this custome break,
When we are speechless grown, to make stones speak:
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inside see'st what thou art now:
Yet thou art not yet so good, till death us lay
To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborn Clay.
Parents make us earth, and souls dignifie
Us to be glass; here to grow gold we lie;
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is;
Our souls become worm-eaten carcasses;
So we our selves miraculously destroy,
Here bodies with less miracle enjoy
Such priviledges, enabled here to scale
Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall then exhale.
Hear this, and mend thy self, and thou mend'st me,
By making me being dead, do good for thee,
And think me well compos'd, that I could now
A last-sick hour to syllables allow.

Elegie.

M A D A M,
That I might make your Cabinet my tomb;
And for my fame, which I love next my soul;
Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
Admit to that place this last funeral scrowl.

Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
Dying, of you do beg a Legacy.

My fortune and my will this custom break,
When we are senseless 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 there, w'are stubborn clay,
Parents make us earth, and souls dignifie
Us to be glass, here to grow gold we ly;
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls becom worm-eaten Carcasses.

Elegy on Mistress Boulstred.

DEath be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow,
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow,
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to destroy the just is not thy part.
Thy comming, terrour, anguish, grief denounces;
Her happy state, courage, ease, joy pronounces.
From out the Crystal palace of her brest,
The clearer soul was call'd to endless rest,
(Not by the thundering voice, wherewith God threatens,
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 unlock
The doors 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock.
Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,
Because to mortal eyes it did decay;

A be

A better witness than thou art assures,
That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures;
No dram thereof shall want or loss sustain,
When her best soul inhabits it again.
Go then to people curst before they were,
Their souls in Triumph to thy conquest bear,
Glory not thou thy self in these hot tears
Which our face, not for her, but our harm wears:
The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee,
Which wills our souls in these streams washt should be,
And on our hearts, her memories best tomb,
In this her Epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
Through fleshes misty vail those beams divine;
Deaf were the eares, not charm'd with that sweet sound
Which did i'th' spirits instructed voice abound;
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 staves but a short night:
But by all souls not by corruption choaked
Let in high rais'd notes that power be invoked,
Calm the rough seas, by which she sails to rest,
From sorrows here, to a kingdom ever blest.
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing.

The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting:

Elegie on the L.C.

Sorrow, that to this house scarce knew the way,
Is, Oh, heir of it, our All is his Pay.
This strange chance claims strange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be so strange, as to weep thus.

'Tis well, his lifes loud speaking works deserve,
 And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve :
 'Tis well, he kept tears from our eyes before,
 That to fit this deep ill, we might have store.
 Oh, if a sweet-bryer climb up by a tree,
 If to a paradise that transplanted be,
 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 soul for heavens discovery
 With whom more Venturers more boldly dare
 Venture their states, with him in joy to share,
 We loose 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 practise grew
 All vertues, whose name subtle School-men knew;
 What ease, can hope that we shall see him, beget,
 When we must dy first, and cannot dy yet ?
 His children are his pictures, Oh they be
 Pictures of him dead, senseless, cold as he.
 Here needs no marble tomb, since he is gone,
 He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

The end of Funeral Elegies.

Upon Mr. Thomas Coryats Crudities.

O H to what height will love of greatness drive
 Thy learned spirit, *Sesqui-superlative* ?
 Venice vast lake thou hast seen, and would seek than,
 Some vaster thing, and found't a Courtizan,
 That in-land Sea, having discovered well,
 A Cellar gulf, where one might sail to hell

From *Heydelberg*, thou long'st to see : and thou
This book, greater than all, producest now.
Infinite work, which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor root.
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One half being made, thy modesty was such,
That thou on th' other half wouldst never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique ?
Not till thou exceed the world ? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows
To be far greater than the mother nose ?
Go then, and as to thee when thou didst go,
Munster did Towns and *Gesner* Authors show ;
Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus* ; appear
As deep a Statesman as a *Garret*.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talk of *will. Conquerour*, and *Prestor Jack*.
Go bashful man, lest here thou blush to look
Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies sacrifices send ;
The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,
Meaning to see't no more upon the press.
The East sends hither her deliciousness ;
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from hence
The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves, but if they stoop
To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels ; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men ;
If for vast Tuns of Currants, and of Figs,
Of medicinal and Aromaticque twigs,

Thy

Thy leaves a better method do provide,
 Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide;
 If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares
 Home-manufactures to thicke popular Fairs,
 If omni-pregnant there, upon warm stalls,
 They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;
 Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
 That they all kind of matter comprehend.
 Thus thou, by means which th' Ancients never took,
 A Pandect mak'st, and universal book.
 The bravest Heroes for publike good,
 Scattered in divers lands their limbs and blood.
 Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
 Do publike good, cut in Anatomies;
 So will thy book in peeces; for a Lord
 Which casts at Portescues, and all the board
 Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
 For friends to pass time, and keep company.
 Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
 Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit:
 Some shall wrap pills, and save a friends life so,
 Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
 Thou shalt not ease the Criticks of next age
 So much, as once their hunger to assuage:
 Nor shall wit-pirats hope to finde thee ly
 All in one bottom, in one Library.
 Some leaves may paste strings there in other books,
 And so one may, which on another looks,
 Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you;
 But hardly much; and yet I think this true.
 As *Sibils* was, your book is mystical,
 For every peece is as much worth as all.
 Therefore mine impotency I confesse,
 The healths which my brain bears must be far less:

Thy

Thy Gyant-wit 'orethrows me, I am gone;
And rather than read all, I would read none.

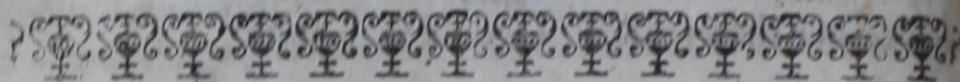
I. D.

Sonnet. The Token.

Send me some Tokens, that my hope may live,
Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest;
Send me some honey to make sweet my hive,
That in my passions I may hope the best.
I beg nor ribbond wrought with thine own hands,
To knit our loves in the fantastick strain
Of new-touch't youth; nor Ring to shew the stands
Of our affection, that as that's round and plain,
So should our loves meet in simplicity.
No, nor the Corals which thy wrist infold,
Lac'd up together in congruity,
To shew our thoughts should rest in the same hold.
No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
And most desired, 'cause 'tis like the best;
Nor witty Lines, which are most copious,
Within the Writings which thou hast address.
Send men or this, nor that, t' increase my score,
But swear thou thinkst I love thee, and no more.

S 4

LET-



LETTERS.

HEN. GOODERE.

ETiam vulgari lingua scriptæ testantur literæ nos amicorum meminisse, sed aliena, nos de illis meditari. In illis enim affulgent nobis de amicis cogitatiuncula, sed ut matutine stellæ transeunt, & evanescent: In his autem hæremus, & immoramur, & amicos uti solem ipsum permanentem nobiscum degentemque contemplamur; Habes cur latine. Ipsius etiam scribendi audi rationem. Peto consilium, in quo simul amicitiam profiteor meam, tuamque agnosco: Etenim non libenter nosmetipsos exuimus aut ingenii prudentiæve dotibus aliorum nos fatemur indigos. Nec certe quicquam quisquam (sit modo ingenuus) ei denegabit à quo consilium petiit. Quod enim divina sapientia extremum charitatis terminum posuerat, animam ponere, idem regularum Ecclesiæ tractatores (quod ipsimet Canonici crassam equitatem vocant) de fama & honore cedendum asserunt & usurpant. Certe, non tam beneficiis obnoxii quam consiliis reddimur. Sed ad rem. Philosophentur otiosiores, aut quibus otia sua negotia appellare lubet: Nobis enim nos dudum perspicui sumus & fenestrati, Elucescit mihi nova, nec inopportuna, nec inutilis (paulo quam optatum fortassis magis inhonora) occasio extera visendi regna, liberosque perquam amantissimæ conjugis charissima pignora, ceteraque hujus auras oblectamenta, aliquot ad annos relinquendi. De hoc ut tecum agerem

erem te convenire cupio. Quod (etsi nec id recusem) nol-
 in in adibus Barlotianis. Habeo cur abstineam. Amici-
 e enim nec veteris, nec ita stricta munera paulo quam deceat
 prudentiori impetu mihi videor ibi peregrisse. Prandere si
 cat foras aut cœnare, horulamve perdere pomeridianam, aut
 utinam, liceat mihi illud apud Rabbinum Tincombum
 in commoranti per te intelligere, & satis mihi fiet. Inte-
 rim seponas oro chartulas meas, quas cum sponsione cita redhi-
 tionis (ut barbare, sed cum ingeniosissimo Appollinari lo-
 quar) accepisti. Inter quas, si epigrammata mea Latina, &
 catalogus librorum satyricus non sunt, non sunt; extremum
 iudicium, hoc est, manum ultimam jamjam subitura sunt.
 arum nonnulla Purgatorium suum passura, ut correctio-
 nes emanent. Alia quorum me inscio in mundum crepserunt,
 exempla tamen in arce typis igne absumpta fatebuntur se à me
 ad Inferos damnata esse. Reliqua quæ aut virgines sunt (nisi
 mod à multis contrectata) aut ita infelicitè steriles, ut ab
 illis nulla ingenta sunt exemplaria, penitus in annihilationem
 quod flagitiosissimis non minatur Deus) corruent & dila-
 entur. Vale & amore meo frui, quem vetat fortuna sola
 e mi possis. Et nisi animo candido ingenuave mea libertate
 audere malis, habe tibi mancipium

JOHN DONNE.

DE

DE LIBRO CUM MUTUARETUI

Impresso, Domi à pueris frustratim lacerato,
& post reddito Manuscripto.

Doctissimo Amicissimoque v. D.D. Andrews.

Parturiunt madido qua nixu prala, recepta,
Sed que scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.
Transiit in Sequanam Mœnus; Victoris in ades,
Et Francosurtum, te revehente meat.
Qui liber in pluteos, blattis, cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit prali sanguine tinctus, abijt,
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, Juvenem, me dabit arte, senem?
Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Juvenem.
Hoc tibi servasti præstandum, Antiquæ Dierum,
Quo viso, & vivit, & juvenescit Adam.
Interea, infirma fallamus tædia vite,
Libris, & Cœlorum æmula amicitia.
Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit.

I. D.

To Sir H. G.

Send not my Letters as tribute, nor interest, nor recompence, nor for commerce, nor as testimonials of love, nor provokers of yours, nor to justify my custom of writing, nor for a vent and utterance of my meditations; For my Letters are either above or under all offices, yet I write very affectionately, and I chide and accuse my self of diminishing that affection which sends them, when I ask my self why. Only 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 Bedes-man, for I decline no jurisdiction, or refuse any tenure. I would not open any door upon you, but look in when you open it. Angels have not, nor affect not other knowledge of one another, than they list to reveal to one another. It is then in this onely, that friends are Angels, that they are capable and fit for such relations when they are offered. If at any time I seem 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 ask of him for you; for even that holy exercise may not be done inopportunately, no nor importunately. I finde little error in that Grecians counsel, who sayes; If thou ask any thing of God, offer no sacrifice, nor ask elegantly, nor vehemently, but remember that thou wouldst not give to such an asker. Nor is his other countryman, who affirms, sacrifice of blood to be so unproportionable to God, that perfumes, though much more spiritual, are too gross; yea words, which are our subtlest and delicatest
out-

outward creatures, being composed of thoughts and breath are so muddy, so thick, that our thoughts themselves are because (except at the first rising) they are ever leavened with passions and affections. And that advantage of nearer familiarity with God. Which the Act of incarnation gave us, is grounded upon Gods assuming us, not our going to him. And our accesses to his presence are by 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 think any ineffectual prayer free from both and the punishment of sin: Yet as God sposed a twentieth of our time for his exteriour worship, and as his Christian Church early presented him a Type of the whole year in a Lent, and after imposed the obligation of canonical hours, constituting thereby moral 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, 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 surprised, nor besieged: for long prayers have more of the man, as ambition of eloquence, and complacency in the work, and more of the devil by ostentatious distractions: For after in the beginning we have well treated God to hearken, we speak no more to him. Even this letter is some example of such infirmity; which being intended for a letter, is extended and strayed into a Homily. And whatsoever is not what it was purposed, is worse. Therefore it shall at last end like a letter by assuring you I am, &c.

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 mind like some other. We are patterns or copies, we reform or imitate. But as he hath not presently attain'd to write a good hand, which hath equalled one excellent master in his A, another in his B, much less he which hath sought all the excellent masters, and employed all his time to exceed in one letter, because not so much an excellency of any nor every one, as an evenness 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 pattern of the most valiant, or liberal, which Histories afford: Nor he which chuses from every one their best actions, and thereupon doth something like those. Perchance such may be *in via perficiendorum*, which Divines allow to Monastical life, but not *Perfectorum*, which, by them is onely due to Prelacy; for vertue is even, and continual, and the same, and can therefore break nowhere, 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 seen, because they are thick bodies, but not vertue, which is all light. And vices have swellings and fits, and noise, because being extremes, they dwell farre asunder, and they maintain both a forraign war against vertue, and a civil against one

one another, and affect sovereignty, as vertue doth society. The later Physitians say, that when our natural inborn preservative is corrupted or wasted, and must be restored by like extracted from other bodies, the chief care is, that the mummy have in it no excelling quality, but an equall digested temper: And such is true vertue. But men who have preferred money before all, think they deal honourably with vertue, if they compare her with mony: And think, that as money is not called base, till the alloy exceeds 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 abusing) if they incur no infamy or penalty. But you know who said, *Angustia innocentia est ad legem bonum esse*, which rule being given by positive laws, severe mistakers apply even to Gods law, and (perchance against his commandment) bind themselves to his counsels, beyond his laws. But they are worse, that think that because some men formerly wallowed, live better with half their rents, than they did with all, being now advantaged with discretion and experience, therefore our times need less moral vertue than the first, because we have Christianity, which is the use and application of all vertue. As though our religion were but an art of thrift, to make a little vertue go farr. For as plentiful 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 custom made men like; We who have been accustomed to one another are like in this, that we love not busines. This therefore shall not be to you nor me a busy letter. I end with a Probleme, whose errand is, to ask for his fellows. I pray before you ingulf your self in the Progress, leave them for me, and such other of my papers as you will lend me till your return.

And

and besides this allegorical lending, lend me truly your
counsels. And love God and me, whilst I love him and
you.

To the La. G.

MADAM,

I Am not come out of *England*, if I remain in the noblest
part of it, your minde; Yet I confess, it is too much di-
minution to call your mind any part of *England*, or this
world, since every part even of your body, deserves titles
of higher dignity. No Prince would be loath to die, that
were assured of so fair a tomb to preserve his memory:
But I have a greater advantage then 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 proportional 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 room there, than here,
and better cheap: Madam, my best treasure is time, and
my best imployment of that (next my thoughts of thank-
fulness for my Redeemer) is to study good wishes for you,
in which, I am by continual meditation, so learned, that
any creature (except your own good Angel) when it would
do you most good, might be content to come and take in-
structions from

Your humble and affectionate

servant.

J. D.

Amiens the
7. of Febr.
here 1611.

To my honored friend G. G. Esquire.

SIR,

Neither your letters, nor silence, needs excuse; your friendship is to me an abundant possession, though you remember me but twice in a year: He that could have two harvests in that time, might justly value his land at a high rate; but, Sir, as we do not only then thank our land, when we gather the fruit, but acknowledg that all the year she doth many motherly offices in preparing it: so is not friendship than only to be esteemed, when she is delivered of a letter, or any other real office, but in her continual propensness and inclination to doe it. This hath made me easie in pardoning my long silences, and in promising my self your forgiveness for not answering your letter sooner. For my purpose of proceeding in the profession of the law, so far as to a title you may be pleased to correct that imagination, wheresoever you find it: I ever thought the study of it my best entertainment, and pastime, but I have no ambition, nor design upon the stile. Of my Anniversaries, the fault that I acknowledg in my self, is to have descended to print any thing in verse, which though it have excuse even in our times by men who profess, and practise much gravity; yet I confess I wonder how I declin'd to it, and do not pardon my self; 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 self to have spoken just truths, but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise her, or any other in ryme; except I took such a person, as might

might be capable of all that I could say: If any of those ladies think that Mistris *Drewry* was not so, let that Lady make her self fit for all those praises in the book, 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, and kiss your hand, which shall ever, (if it disdain not that office) hold all the keys of the liberty and affection, and all the faculties of

Your most affectionate

Paris the 14 of April
here 1612.

servant,

J. D.

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

SIR,

I Should not only send you an account by my servant, but bring you an account often by my self, (for our letters are our selves, and in them absent friends meet) how I do, but that two things make me forbear that writing; first, because it is not for my gravity to write of feathers, and straws; and in good faith, I am no more, considering in my body, or fortune; and then because whensoever I tell you how I do, by a letter, before that letter comes to you, I shall be otherwayes than when it left me: At this time (I humbly thank God) I am only not worse, for I should as soon look for Roses, at this season of the year, as look for increase of strength; and if I be no worse all Spring, than now, I am much better; for I make account

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Those Church-services which I am loath to decline, will spend somewhat; and if I can gather so much as will bear 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 do but discourse, I do not wish; life or health, or strength, I thank God, enter not into my prayers, for my self; for others they often do, and amongst others, for your self and son, whom I beseech God to bless with the same blessing which I beg for the children, and for the person of

Alery hatch,
Novemb. 2.
1630.

Your friend and humble servant

In Christ Jesus.

J. D.

To my honored friend G. G. Esquire.

SIR,

THis advantage you my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I am so much the oftener 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 happiness, 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 dy, (if there were no other benefit in death) to hear 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)

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conceived I was not so ill as I pretended, but withdrew my self to live at ease, discharged of preaching: It is an unfriendly, and God knows, an ill-grounded interpretation, for I have alwaies been sorryer when I could not preach, than any could be they could not hear me. It hath been 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, die the sooner by occasion of those labours: Sir, I hope to see you about Candlemas, about which time also will fall my Lent Sermon at Court, except my Lord Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and leave me out, for as long as I live, and am not speckleless, I would not decline that Service: I have better leasure to write than you to read, yet I will not oppress you with too much letter: God bless you and your Son, as I wish.

Your poor friend and servant

January 7.
1630.

in Christ Iesus,

J. D.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

THis Tuesday morning, which hath brought me to London, presents me with all your letters. Methought it was a rent day, I mean 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 denied in other generations is done in this of yours. For

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here

here is superfatation, child upon child, and, that which is more strange, twins at a latter conception. If in my second religion, friendship, I had a Conscience, either *Errantem* to mistake good and bad and indifferent, or *Opinantem* to be ravished by others opinions or examples, or *Dubiam* to adhere to neither part, or *scrupulosam* to incline to one, but upon reasons light in themselves or indissolved in me (which are almost all the diseases of conscience) I might mistake your often, long, and busie letters, and fear you did but intreat me to have mercy upon you, and spare you. For you know our Court took the resolution, that it was the best way to dispatch the French Prince back again quickly to receive him solemnly, ceremoniously, and expensively, when he hoped a domestique and durable entertainment. I never meant to excell you in weight nor price, but in number and bulk I thought I might: because he may cast up a greater summe who hath but forty small moneys, than he with twenty Portugueses. The memory of friends, (I mean only for Letters) neither enters ordinarily into busied men, because they are ever employed within, nor into men of pleasure, because they are never at home. For these wishes therefore which you won out of your pleasure and recreation, you were as excusable to me if you writ seldom, as Sir *H. Wootton* is, under the oppression of business, or the necessity of seeming so: Or more than he, because I hope you have both pleasure and business. Onely to me, who have neither, this omission were sin. For though writing be not of the precepts of friendship, but of the counsels: yet, as in some cases to some men, counsels 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 me who can do nothing else

else, it seems to bind my conscience to write. And it is sin to do against the conscience, though that erre. Yet no mans letters might be 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 by my own promise, and now that you think that you have hedged in that debt by a greater, by your letter in verse, I think it now most seasonable and fashionall for me to break. At least, to write presently were to accuse my self 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 mean not to pay) I pray read these two problems: for such light flashes as these have been my hawkings in my Surry journies. I accompany them with another ragge of verses, worthy of that name for the smalness and age, for it hath long lyen among my other Papers, and laughs at them that have adventured to you: for, I think, 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 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 freshness thereof.

of. Letters have truly the same office, as oaths. As these amongst light and empty men, are but fillings, and pauses, and interjections: but with weightier, they are sad attestations: So are letters to some complement, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorized my servant to ly in my behalf, (for if it were officious in him, it might be worse in me) so I allow my letters much less that civil dishonesty, both because they goe from me more considerably, and because they are permanent, for in them I may speak to you in your chamber a year hence before I know not whom, and not hear my self. They shall therefore ever keep the sincerity and intemperateness of the fountain, whence they are derived. And as wheresoever these leaves fall, the root is in my heart, so shall they, as that sucks good affections toward 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 an honest man. Of what generall use, the fruit should speak, and I have none: and of what particular profit to you, your application and experimenting should tell you, and you can make none of such a nothing; yet even of barren Sycamores, such as I, there were use, if either any light flashings, or scorching vehemencies, or sudden showrs made you need so shadowy an example or Remembrancer. But (Sir) your fortune and minde do you this happy injury, that they make all kind of fruits useles unto you; Therefore I have placed my love wisely where I need communicate nothing.

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

To Sir H.G.

SIR,

IT should be no interruption to your pleasures to hear me
often say that I love you, and that you are as much my
meditation as my self: I often compare not you and me,
but the Sphere in which your resolutions are, and my wheel;
both I hope concentric to God: for me thinks the new
Astronomy is thus applicable well; that we which are a lit-
tle earth should rather move towards God, than that he
which is fulfilling, and can come no whither, should move
towards us. To your life full of variety, nothing is old, nor
new to mine. And as to that life, all stickings and hesi-
tations seem stupid and stony, so to this, all fluid slipperi-
nesses and transitory migrations seem giddy and feathery.
In that life one is ever in the porch or postern, going in or
out, never within his house, himself: It is a garment made
of remnants, a life ravelled out into ends, a line discontinued,
and a number of small wretched points; useless, because
they concur not: a life built of past and future, not proposing
any constant present, they have more pleasures then we,
but no more pleasure: they joy oftner, we longer; and
no man but of so much understanding as may deliver him
from being a fool, would change with a mad man, which
had a better proportion of wit in his often *Lucidis*. You
know, they which dwell farthest from the Sunne, if in
any convenient distance, have longer daies, better ap-
petites, better digestion, better growth, and longer
life. And all these advantages, have their mindes who
are well removed from the scorchings, and dazlings
and exhalings of the worlds glory; but neither of
our lives are in such extreams; for you living at Court
T 4 with.

without ambition, which would burn you, or envy which would develt others, live in the Sun, not in the fire; and I which live in the Country without stupysfying, and not in darknes, but in shadow, which is no light, but a pallid, waterish and diluted one. As all shadows are of one colour if you respect the body from which they are cast (for our shadows upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden, green and flowery,) so all retirings into a shadowy life are alike from all causes, and alike to the barbarousness and insipid dulness of the country: Only the imployment, and that upon which you cast and bestow your pleasure, business or books, gives it the tincture or beauty. But truly, wheresoever we are, if we can but tell our selves truly what and where we would be, we may make any state and place such: For we are so composed, that if abundance, or glory scorch and melt us, we have an earthly cave, our bodies, to go into by consideration, and cool our selves: and if we be frozen, and contracted with lower and dark fortunes, we have within us a torch, a soul, lighter and warmer than any without: we are therefore our own umbrellas, and our own Suns. These Sir, are the Sallads, and Onyons of Michin, sent to you with as wholesom 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 do it you. I send you, with this, a letter which I sent to the Countess. It is not my use nor duty to do so. But for your having of it, there were but two consents, and I am sure you have mine, and you are sure you have hers. I also writ to her Ladiship for the verses she shewed in the garden, which I did not only to extort them, nor onely to keep my promise of writing, for that I had done in the other letter, and perchance she hath forgotten the promise, nor only because I think my letters just good enough

for

or a Progress, 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 soon she will be ineffable.

To the Countess of Bedford.

Happiest and worthyest Lady,

I Do not remember that ever I have seen a petition in verse, I would not therefore be singular, nor adde these to your other papers. I have yet adventured so near as to make a petition for verse, it is for those your Ladiship did me the honour to see in Twickenham garden, except you repent your making and having mended your judgment by thinking worse, that is, better, because juster, of their subject. They must needs be an excellent exercise of your wit, which speak 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 believe them; And nothing should be so used which comes from your brain or heart. If I should confess a fault in the boldness 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 me, and pay me with a pardon. Here therefore I humbly kiss your Ladiships fair learned hands, and wish you good wishes and speedy grants.

Your Ladiships servant,

JOHN DONNE.

To Sir H.G.

SIR,

Becaufe I am in a place and season where I see every thing bud forth I must do so too, and vent some of my meditations to you, the rather because all other buds being yet without taste or vertue, my letters may be like them. The pleasantness 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 pass more and more storms, I find that I have not only cast out all my ballast, which nature and time gives, reason and discretion, and so am as empty and light as vanity can make mee, but I have over-fraught my self with vice and so am riddingly subject to two contrary wracks, sinking and over-setting, and under the iniquity of such a disease enforces the patient when he is almost starv'd, not onely to fast, but to purge; for I have much to take in, and much to cast out. Sometimes I think it easier to discharge my self of vice then of vanity, as one may sooner carry the fire out of a room, then the smoak; And then I see it was a new vanity to think so. And when I think sometimes that vanity, because it is thin and ayery, may be expelled with vertue or business, or substantial vice; I find that I give entrance thereby to new vices; Certainly as the earth and water, one sad, the other fluid, make but one body, so vice, and vanity, there is but one *Centrum morbi*. And that which latter Physitians say of our bodies, is fitter for our mindes; for that which they call destruction, (which is corruption and want of those fundamental parts whereof we consist) is vice: And that *Collectio Stercorum* (which is but the excrement of that corruption) is our vanity

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and that is

indiscretion. Both these have but one root in me; must be pulled out at once, or never. But I am arre from digging to it, that I know not where it is, it is not in mine eyes onely, but in every sense, not in concupiscence onely, but in every power and affection: I was willing to let you see how impotent a man you e, not to dishearten you from doing so still (for my vi- are not infectious, nor wandring, they came not yester- nor mean to go away to day: They Inne not, but sell in me, and see themselves so wellcome, and finde in so good bad company of one another, that they will t change, especially to one not apprehensive, nor easily cessible) but I doe it that your counsel might cure me, d if you deny that, your example shall, for I will as uch strive to be like you, as I will wish you to conti- ne good.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

[Hope you are now well come to London, and well, and well comforted in your fathers health and love, and well ontented that we ask you how you do, and tell you how we are, which yet I cannot of my self; If I knew that I were ill, I were well; For we consist of three parts, a Soul, Body, and Minde: which I call those thoughts and affections, and passions, which neither Soul nor body hath alone, but have been 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 known. Of our Souls sicknesses, which are finnes, the knowledg is to acknowledg and that is her physick, in which we are not dieted

by drams and scruples, for we cannot take too much. Our bodies infirmities, though our knowledge be partly *ab extrinseco*, from the opinion of the Physitian, and that the subject and matter be flexible, and various, yet the rules are certain; and if the matter be rightly applyed to the rule, our knowledg thereof is also certain. But of the diseases of the minde, there is no Criterium, no Canon, no rule; for our own taste and apprehension and interpretation should be the judge, and that is the disease itself. Therefore sometimes when I finde my self transported with jollity, and love of company, I hang leads at my heels, and reduce to my thoughts my fortunes, my years, the duties of a man, of a friend, of a husband, of a father, and all the incumbencies of a family. When sadness dejects me, either I countermine it with another sadness, or I kindle squibs about me again, and fly into sportfulness and company. And I finde ever after all, that I am like an Exorcist, which had long laboured about one which at last appears to have the Mother, that I still must take my disease. And I still vex my self with this because if I know it not, no body can know it. And I comfort my self 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 not being able to read, he could say the whole Bible, and interpret it. And Thyraus the Jesuite for the same reason doth think all the Anabaptists to be possessed. And as often out of contrary things men draw one conclusion. As, To the Roman Church, Magnificence and Splendor hath ever been an argument of Gods favour: and Poverty and affliction, to the Greek. Out of this variety of mindes it proceeds, that though all our Souls would go to one end, heaven; and all our bodies must go to one end, the earth.

th; yet our third part, the minde, which is our natu-
Guide here, chuses to every man a severall way. Scarce
y man likes what another doth, nor advisedly, that which
nself. But, Sir, I am beyond my purpose; I mean to
ite a letter, and I am fain into a discourse, and I doe not
ly take you from some business, but I make you a new bu-
ess by drawing you into these meditations. In which yet
my openness be an argument of such love as I would fain
prefs in some worthier fashion.

The end of the Letters.

IN-

INFINITATI SACRUM

16. Augusti 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS

Poëma Satyricon.

EPISTLE.



Thers at the Porches and entries
 their buildings set their Arms;
 my picture; if any colours can
 liver a mind so plain, and flat;
 through light as mine. Nature
 at a new Author, I doubt,
 stick, and do not say quickly, good. I cens
 much and tax; And this liberty costs me m
 than others, by how much my own things
 worse than others. Yet I would not be so reb
 lious against my self, as not to do it, since
 love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it *sine*
lione. As long as I give them as good hold up
 me, they must pardon me my bitings. I for
 no reprehender, but him that like the Trent Cox
 cell forbids not books, but Authors, damn
 what ever such a name hath or shall write. No
 write so ill, that he gives not something ex
 plary, to follow, or fly. Now when I begin t
 book, I have no purpose to come into any m

de

debt, how my stock will hold out I know not;
perchance waste, perchance increase in use; If I
do borrow any thing of Antiquity, besides that I
make account that I pay it to posterity, with as
much, and as good: you shall still find me to ac-
knowledg it, and to thank not him only that hath
digg'd out treasure for me, but that hath
lighted me a candle to the place. All which
I will bid you remember, (for I will have no such
Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean
doctrine doth not onely carry one soul from
man to man, nor man to beast, but indiffe-
rently to plants also: and therefore you must not
grudge to finde the same soul in an Emperour,
in a Post-horse, and in a Maceron, since no unrea-
diness in the soul, but an indisposition in the Or-
gans works this. And therefore though this
soul could not move when it was a Me-
lon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me,
at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And
though it could not speak, when it was a Spider, yet
it can remember, and now tell me, who used it
for poyson to attain dignity. How ever the bo-
dies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory
hath ever been her own, which makes me so serious-
ly deliver you by her relation all her passages from
her first making when she was that apple which
EVE eate, to this time when she is she, whose
life you shall find in the end of this book.

THE

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

First Song.

I.

I Sing the progress of a deathless soul,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not
controul,
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 morn, through manly noon I draw,
What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,
Greek brass, or Roman iron, 'is in this one;
A work to out-wear *Serbs* pillars, brick and stone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yeeld to none.

II.

THee, eye of Heaven, this great Soul envies not,
By thy male force, is all we have begot.
In the first East, thou now beginst to shine,
Suck'ft early balm, and Island 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 seen then she,
That before thee one day began to be, (thee.)
And thy frail light being quench'd, shall long, long outlive

III.

N Or holy *Janus* in whose sovereign boat
The Church, and all the Monarchies did float;
That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall
Of all mankinde, that Cage and vivary
Of fowles, and beasts, in whose womb, Destiny
Us, and our latest Nephews did install
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All)
Didst thou in that great Stewardship embark
So diverse shapes into that floating park,
As have been moved, and inform'd by this heavenly spark.

IV.

G Reat Destiny the Commissary of God,
That hast mark'd out a path and period
For every thing, who, where we off-spring took,
Our ways and ends, seest at one instant. Thou
Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow
Ne'r smiles nor frowns, O vouchsafe thou to look
And shew my story, in thy eternal book.
That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
So much my self, as to know with what hand,
How scant, or liberal this my lifes race is spand.

V.

T O my six lusters almost now out-wore,
Except thy book owe me so many more,
Except my legend be free from the letts
Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,

Spirit quenching sicknesse, dull captivity,
 Distracting businesse, and from beauties nets,
 And all that calls from this, and t'others whets,
 O let me not launch out, but let me save
 Th' expence of brain and spirit; that my grave
 His right and due, a whole unwaisted man may have.

VI.

BUT if my dayes be long, and good enough
 In vain this sea shall enlarge, or enrough
 It self; for I will through the wave, and some,
 And hold in sad lone ways, a lively spright
 Make my dark heavy Poem light, and light.
 For though through many straights, and lands I roam,
 I launch at Paradise, and I saile towards home;
 The course I there began, shall here be staid,
 Sailes hoisted there, stroke here, and Anchors laid
 In *Thames*, which were at *Tygris* and *Euphrates* waid.

VII.

FOR the great soul which here amongst us now
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow
 Which as the Moon the sea moves us, to hear
 Whose story, with long patience you will long;
 (For 'tis the crown, and last strain of my song)
 This soul to whom *Luther* and *Mahomet* were
 Prisons of flesh; this soul which oft did tear,
 And mend the wracks of th' Empire, and late *Rome*,
 And liv'd when every great change did come,
 Had first in Paradise, a low, but fatal roome.

VIII

VIII.

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

IX.

PRINCE of the Orchard, fair as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soon as born
That apple grew, which this soul did enlive
Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankinde weeps,
Took 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 eat ;
So perished the eaters, and the mear,
And we (for treason taints the bloud) thence die and sweat.

X.

MAN all at once was there by woman slain,
And one by one we' are here slain o'r again
By them. The mother poyson'd the well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolers,
No smalness scapes, no greatnes breaks their nets,

She thrust us out, and by them we are led
 Astray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
 Were prisoners judges, 'twould seem rigorous,
 She sinn'd, we bear ; part of our pain is, thus
 To love them, whose fault to this painful love yoa'k'd us.

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 worm, and she, and he, and we endure for it.

X II.

BUt snatch me heavenly Spirit, from this vain
 Reckoning their vanity, less is their gain
 Then hazard still to meditate on ill,
 Though with good mind, their reasons like those toyes
 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 wraстlers perfects them; Not liberties
 Of speech, but silence ; hands, not tongues, end heresies.

X III

XIII.

Just in that instant when the serpents gripe
 Broke the sleight veines, and tender conduit pipe,
 Through which this soul from the trees root did draw
 Life, and growth to this Apple, fled away,
 This loose soul, old, one and another day.
 As lightning, which one scarce dare say, he saw,
 'Tis so soon gone, (and better proof the law
 Of sense, then faith requires) swiftly she flew
 T' a dark and foggy Plot; Her, her fates threw
 There through th' earths pores, & in a Plant hous'd her anew.

XIV.

The plant thus abled, to it self 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 spongy confines gave him place to grow:
 Just as in our streets, when the people stay
 To see the Prince, and so fill up the way
 That weasels scarce could passe, when she comes near.
 They throng, and cleave up, and a passage cleare,
 As if for that time their round bodies flatned were.

XV.

H's right Arm 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

His other legge, which feet with toes up bear ;
 Grew on his middle part, the first day, hair,
 To show, that in loves business he should still
 A dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill:
 His apples kindle, his leaves, force of conception kill.

XVI.

A Mouth but dumbe, he hath ; blind eyes, deaf eares,
 And to his shoulders dangle subtle hairs ;
 A young *Coleffus* 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 alone un haunted place posselt
 Did this souls second Inne, built by the guest
 This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

XVII.

NO lustful woman came this plant to grieve,
 But 'twas because there was none yet but *Eve* :
 And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite ;
 Her sinne had now brought in infirmities,
 And so her cradled child, the moist-red eyes
 Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light,
 Poppy she knew, she knew the mandrakes-might ;
 And tore up both, and so cool'd her child's blood ;
 Unvertuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood ;
 But he's short liv'd, that with his death can doe most good

XVIII.

XVIII.

TO an unfetter'd souls quick nimble haste
Are falling starres, and hearts thoughts, but slow pac'd:
Thinner then burnt aire flies this soul, and she
Whom four new coming, and four parting Suns
Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runs
Thoughtlesse of change, when her firm destiny
Confin'd, and enjayl'd her, that seem'd so free,
Into a small blew shell, the which a poor
Warm bird o'respread, and sate still evermore,
Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it self a dore.

XIX.

Out crept a sparrow, this souls moving Inne,
On whose raw armes stiffe feathers now begin
As childrens teeth through gummes, to break with pain,
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threds,
All a new downy mantle overspreads.
A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late house, and the first hour speaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat. Meat fit for men
His father steals for him, and so feeds then
One, that within a moneth, will beat him from his hen.

XX.

IN this worlds youth wise nature did make hast,
Things ripened sooner, and did longer last;
Already this hot cock in bush and tree,
In field and tent o'rflutters his next hen,
He askes her not, who did so taste, nor when,

Nor if his sister or his neece she 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; (chuse!
 Where store is of both kindes, both kindes may freely

XXI.

MEn, till they took laws which made freedome less,
 Their daughters and their sisters did ingress,
 Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill; 'twas not
 So jolly, that it can move this soul: Is
 The body so free of his kindnesse,
 That self-preserving it hath now forgot,
 And slackneth so the souls and bodies knot,
 Which temperance straitens; freely on his she friends
 He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
 Ill steward of himself, himself in three years ends,

XXII.

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 calls, 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-spar owes, leave:
 Yet chuseth he, though none of these he fears,
 Pleasantly three, then straitned twenty years
 To live, and to encrease his race himself outwears.

XXIII.

XXIII.

(ch
s may fi
T His coale with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The soul from her too active organs fled
T' a brook; a female fishes sandy 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 soul inform'd, and abl eit to row
It self with finny oares, which she did fit,
Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it.

XXIV.

friends
ends,
W Hen goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A Swan, so white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteneffe, but himself to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd :
It mov'd with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one
Could think 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.

XXV.

years.
XXI
N Ow swome a prison in a prison put,
And now this Soul in double walls was shut,
Till melted with the Swans digestive fire,
She left her house the fish, and vapor'd forth;
Fate not affording bodies of more worth

For

For her as yet, bids her again retire
 T' another fish, to any new desire
 Made a new prey; For, he that can to none
 Resistance make, nor complaint, is sure gone,
 Weaknesse invites, but silence feasts oppression.

XXVI.

P Ace with the native stream, this fish doth keep,
 And journies with her towards the glasse deep,
 But oft retarded, once with a hidden net
 Though with great windowes, (for when need first taught
 These tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought
 As now, with curious greediness to let
 None scape, but few, and fit for use to get,)
 As, in this trap, a ravenous Pike was tane,
 Who, though himself distressed, would faine have slain
 This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII.

H ere by her smalnesse she two deaths or'past,
 Once innocence scap'd, and left the oppressor fast,
 The net through-swome, she keeps the liquid path,
 And whether she leap up sometimes to breath
 And suck in ayre, or find it underneath,
 Or working parts like mills, 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 makes a boord or two

XXVIII

XXVIII.

SO farre from hiding her guests, water is,
That she shows them in bigger quantities
Then they are. Thus her doubtful of her way,
For game and not for hunger a sea Pie
Spied through this traitorous spectacle, from high,
The seely fish where it disputing lay,
And t'end her doubts and her, bears 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.

XXIX.

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

XXX.

A Sudden stiffe land-wind in that self hour
To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
Fat gluttonies best orator: at last
So long he hath flownen, and hath flownen so fast,

That

That leagues o'rpast at sea, now tyr'd he lies,
 And with his prey, that till then lauguisht dies :
 The souls no longer foes, two wayes did erre,
 The fish I follow, and keep no Calender
 Of the other ; he lives yet in some great Officer.

XXXI.

INto an embryon fish, our Soul is thrown,
 And in due time thrown out again, and grown
 To such vastness, as if unmanacled
 From *Greece*, *Morea* were, and that by some
 Earthquake unrooted, loose *Morea* swome,
 Or seas from *Africks* body had severed
 And torn the hopeful Promontories head ;
 This fish would seem these, and when all hopes faile,
 A great ship overfet, or without sail (whale.
 Huling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this

XXXII.

AT every stroke his brazen finnes do take,
 More circles in the broken sea they make
 Then canons voyces, when the ayre they tear :
 His ribbes are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
 Of bark that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof,
 Swimme in him swallow'd Dolphins without fear,
 And feel no fides, as if his vast womb were
 Some Inland sea, and ever as he went
 He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
 To joyn our seas, with seas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

HE hunts not fish, but as an officer,
Stayes in his Court, at his own net, and there
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulfe-like throat suckes every thing
That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall;
O might not States of more equalitie
Consist? and is it of necessity
That thousand guiltless smals, to make one great must die?

XXXIV.

NOW drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks,
He juttles Ilands, and he shakes firm rocks.
Now in a roomful house this soul doth float,
And like a Prince she sends her faculties
To all her limbs, distant as Provinces.
The Sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
Parched, since first launch'd forth his living boat,
'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 kind, two not thoroughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themselves by his death: they did not eat
His flesh, nor suck those oyls, which thence outstrear,

Con-

Conspir'd against him, and it might undo
 The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
 But that they fishes were, and could not speak.
 How shall a Tyrant wise strong projects break,
 If wretches can on them the common anger wreak ?

XXXVI.

THe flaild-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-fish
 Onely attempt to do, what all do wish.
 The Thresher backs him : and to beat begins ;
 The sluggard Whale yeelds to oppression,
 And t'hide himself from shame and danger, down
 Begins to sink ; the sword-fish upward spins,
 And gores him with his beak ; his staffe-like finnes
 So well the one, his sword the other plies,
 That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyrant dies,
 And (his own dole) feeds with himself all companies.

XXXVII.

WHo will revenge his death ? or who will call
 Those to account, that thought and wrought his
 The heirs of slain kings, we see are often so (fall
 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 grown
 So needy of subjects love, that of their own
 They think they lose, if love be to the dead Prince shown.

XXXVIII.

THis Soul now free from prison, and passion,
 Hath yet a little indignation
 That so small hammers should so soon down beat

So great a castle. And having for her house
Got the strait cloyster of a wretched mouse
As basest men, that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy ought, do farre more hate the great
Than they, who good repos'd estates possesse)
This Soul, late taught that great things might by lesse
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth her self addresse.

XXXIX.

NAtures great master-piece, an Elephant,
The onely harmelesse great thing; the giant
Of beasts; who thought none had, to make him wise,
But to be just, and thankful, loth t' offend
(Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend)
Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
And foe to none; suspects no enemies,
Still sleeping stood; vext not his fantasie
Black dreams, like an unbent bow carelessly
His sinewy Proboscis did remissly lie.

XL.

I N which as in a gallery this mouse
Walk'd and survey'd the rooms of this vast house,
And to the brain, the souls bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole town
Clean undermin'd the slain beast tumbled down,
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 Soul a Wolves yet unborn whelp
 Till the best midwife, Nature gave it help
 To issue. It could kill, as soon as goe:
Abel, as white, and mild 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 loss and woe;
 And yet his bitch, his sentinell, attends
 The flock so near, so well warns and defends,
 That the wolfe (hopelesse else) to corrupt her intends.

X L I I.

HE took a course, which since, succesfully,
 Great men have often taken, to espie
 The counsels, or to break the plots of foes,
 To *Abels* tent he stealeth in the dark,
 On whose skirts the bitch slept; ere she could bark,
 Attach'd her with strait gripes, yet he call'd those
 Embracements of love, to loves work he goes,
 Where deeds move more then words, nor doth she show,
 Nor much resist, nor needs he straighten so
 His prey, for, were she loose, she would not bark nor goe

X L I I I.

HE hath ingag'd her; his, she wholly bides:
 Who not her own, 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 loss, and fear,
 By the wolves death; and now just time it was
 That a quick soul should give life to that mass
 Of blood in *Abels* bitch, and thither this did pass.

XLIV.

SOME have their wives, their sisters some begot,
 But in the lives of Emperours you shall not
 Read of a lust, the which may equal this;
 This wolf begot himself, and finished
 What he began alive, when he was dead.
 Son to himself, and father too, he is
 A ridling lust, for which Schoolmen would mis-
 A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
 In *Abels* tent, and with soft *Moaba*,
 His sister, being young, it us'd to sport and play.

XLV.

HE soon for her too harsh, and churlish grew,
 And *Abel* (the dam dead) would use this new
 For the field, being of two kinds thus made,
 He, as his dam, from sheep drove wolves away,
 And as his Sire, he made them his own prey.
 Five years he liv'd, and couzened with his trade;
 Then hopeless that his faults were hid, betrayd
 Himself by flight, and by all followed,
 From dogs, a wolf, from wolves a dog he fled;
 And like a spie to both sides false, he perished.

XLVI.

IT quickned next, a toyful Ape, and so
 Gamesome it was, that it might freely go
 From tent to tent, and with the children play.

His organs now so like theirs he doth find,
 That why he cannot laugh and speak his mind,
 He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
 With *Adams* fift daughter *Siphatceia*,
 Doth gaze on her, and where she pisseth, pass,
 Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the gras,
 And wisest of that kind, 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 speak ;
 First that could make love faces, or could do
 The valters somber salts, or us'd to wooe
 With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break
 To make his Mistress merry ; or to wreak
 Her anger on himself. Sins against kind
 They easily do, that can letfeed their mind
 With outward beauty, beauty they in boyes and beasts d

XLVIII.

BY this misled, too low things men have provid,
 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 to high, but open way
 There was, and he knew not she would say nay ;
 His toyes prevail not, likelier means he tries,
 He gazeth on her face with tear-shot eyes,
 And up lifts subtly with his russet paw
 Her kidskin apron without fear of awe
 Of nature, nature hath no goal, though she hath law.

XLIX.

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

L.

And whether by this change she lose or win
She comes out next, where th' Ape would have gon in.
Adam and *Eve* had mingled blouds, and now
Like *Chymiques* equal fires, her temperate womb
Had stew'd and form'd it: and part did become
A spungie liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit, on a high hills brow,
Life-keeping moysture unto every part,
Part hardned it self to a thicker heart,
Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits do impart:

LI.

Another part became the Well of sense,
The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence,
Those sinew strings which do our bodies tie,
Are ravel'd out, and fast there by one end,
Did this Soul limbs, these limbs a soul attend,

And now they joyn'd, keeping some quality
Of every past shape; she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ils enough
To be a woman. *Themech* she is now,
Sister and wife to *Cain*, *Cain* that first did plow.

LII.

W^Ho 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 *Cains* race invented be,
And blest *Seth* vext us with Astronomy.
There's nothing simply good, nor ill alone,
Of every quality comparison
The only measure is, and judge Opinion:

The end of the Progress of the Soul.

HOLY SONNETS,

La Corona.

1. D^Eign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasure,
All changing unchang'd, Ancient of dayes,
But do not with a vile crown of frail bayes,
Reward my Muses white sinceritie,
But what thy thorny crown gain'd, that give me,
A crown of Glory, which doth flowre alwayes,

The ends crown our works, but thou crown'st our ends,
For at our ends begins our endless rest,
The first last end now zealously posselt,
With a strong sober thirst, my soul attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice 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 sin, and yet all sins must bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,
Loe, faithful Virgin, yeelds himself to lie
In prison, in thy womb ; and though he there
Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet bee'll wear
Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie,
Ere by the shears time was created thou
Wast in his mind, who is thy Son, and Brother,
Whom thou conceiv'st conceived ; yea thou art now
Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother,
Thou' hast light in dark, and shutt'st in little room,
Immensitie cloyster'd in thy dear womb.

NATIVITIE.

3. *Immensitie cloyster'd in thy dear womb*
Now leaves his wel-belov'd imprisonment,
There he hath made himself to his intent
Weak enough, now into our world to come ;
But oh, for thee, for him, hath th' Inn no room ?
Yet lay him in his stall, and from the Orient,
Starres, and wisemen will travel to prevent
Th' effect of Herods jealous general doom.

Seest thou my Soul, with thy Faiths eye, how he
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie ?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee :
Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe.
With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

TEMPLE.

4. *With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe,*
Joseph turn back ; see where your child doth sit,
Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which himself on the Doctors did bestow ;
The Word but lately could not speak, and loe
It suddenly speaks wonders : whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow seeming child should deeply know :
His Godhead was not soul to his manhood,
Nor had time mellowed him to this ripeness,
But as for one which hath a long task, 'tis good,
With the Sun to begin his business,
He in his ages morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

CRUCIFYING.

5. *By miracles exceeding power of man,*
He faith in some, envy in some begat,
For, what weak spirits admire, ambitious hate ;
In both affections many to him ran,
But oh ! the worst are most, they will and can,
Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
Measuring self-lives infinite to span,

Nay to an inch. Loe, where condemned he
Bears his own cross, with pain, yet by and by
When it bears him, he must bear more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
And at thy death giving such liberal dole,
Moist with one drop of thy blood, my dry soul.

RESURRECTION.

6. *Moist with one drop of thy blood, my dry soul,*
Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly) be
Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard or foul,
And life by this death abled shall controll
Death, whom thy death slue, nor shall to me
Fear of first or last death bring miserie,
If in thy life book my name thou inroul,
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas;
Nor can by other means be glorified.
May then sins sleep and death soon from me pass,
That wak't from both, I again risen may
Salute the last, and ever lasting day.

ASCENSION.

7. *Salute the last, and ever lasting day.*
Joy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,
Ye whose true tears, or tribulation
Have purely washt or burnt your drossie clay;
Behold the Highest parting hence away,
Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon,
Nor doth he by ascending, show alone,
But first he, and he first enters the way.

O strong Ramm, which hast batter'd heaven for me,
 Mild Lamb, which 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,
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise.

Holy Sonnets.

I.

THou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
 Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste,
 I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday,
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way;
 Despair behind, and death before doth cast
 Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
 Only thou art above, and when towards thee
 By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
 That not one hour my self I can sustain;
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

AS due by many titles I resigne
 My self to thee, O God. First I was made
 By thee, and for thee; and when I was decay'd,
 Thy blood bought that the which before was thine;
 I am thy Son, made with thy self to shine,
 Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repaid,
 Thy Sheep, thine Image, and till I betray'd

My

for me, My self, a temple of thy spirit divine;
 d the pat Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
 y see, Why doth he steal, nay ravish that's thy right?
 t wrath, Except thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
 Oh I shall soon despair, when I shall see
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose me,
 And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

III.

O Might those sighs and tears return again
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
 That I might in this holy discontent
 Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain;
 In mine Idolatry what showrs of rain
 Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
 That sufferance was my sin I now repent,
 Cause I did suffer I must suffer pain.
 Th'hydropkick drunkard, and night-scouting thief,
 The itchy Lecher, and self-tickling proud
 Have the remembrance of past joyes, for relief
 Of coming ills. To (poor) me is allow'd
 No ease, for long, yet vehement grief hath been
 Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

IV.

O H my black Soul now thou art summoned
 By sickness, deaths herald and champion;
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
 Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled,
 Or like a thief, which till deaths doom be read,
 Wissheth himself delivered from prison;
 But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
 Wissheth that still he might be imprisoned;
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;

But

But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
 Oh make thy self with holy mourning black,
 And red with blushing as thou art with sin;
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
 That being red, it dyes red souls to white.

V.

I Am a little world made cunningly
 Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,
 But black sin hath betraid to endless night
 My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.
 You which beyond that heaven which was most high,
 Have found new sphears, and of new land can write,
 Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so he might
 Drown 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 envy burnt it heretofore,
 And made it fouler, Let their flames retire,
 And burn me oh Lord, with a fierie zeal
 Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

VI.

THis is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint
 My pilgrimages last mile; and my race
 Idly, yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
 My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,
 And gluttonous death will instantly unjoyne
 My body and soul, and I shall sleep a space,
 But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
 Whose fear already shakes my every joynt:
 Then, as my soul, to heaven her first seat, takes flight,
 And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell,

so, fall my sins, that all may have their right;
 To where they are bred, and would press me to hell.
 Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evil,
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

VII.

AT the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
 Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
 From death, you numberless infinities
 Of souls, and to your scattered bodies goe,
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall overthrow,
 All whom warr, death, age, agues tyrannies,
 Despair, law, chance hath slain, and you whose eyes
 Shall behold God, and never taste deaths woe;
 But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
 For, if above all these my sins abound,
 'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,
 When we are there. Here on this holy ground,
 Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
 As if thou had'st seal'd my pardon, with my blood.

VIII.

IF faithful souls be alike glorifi'd
 As Angels, then my fathers soul doth see,
 And adds this even to full felicitie,
 That valiantly I helms wide mouth o'restride:
 But if our minds to these souls be descride,
 By circumstances and by signes that be
 Apparent in us not immediately,
 How shall my minds white truth by them be tri'd?
 They see Idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
 And stile blasphemous Conjurers to call
 On Jesus name, and Pharisaicall
 Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn

O penſive ſoul, to God, for he knows beſt
Thy grief for he put it into my breaſt.

I X.

IF poiſonous Minerals, and if that tree,
Whoſe Fruit threw death on (elſe immortal) us
If lecherous Goats, if Serpents envious
Cannot be damn'd, alafs, why ſhould I be ?
Why ſhould intent or reaſon, born in me,
Make ſins, elſe equal, in me more hainous ?
And mercy being eaſie and glorious
To God ; in his ſtern wrath, why threatens he ?
But who am I that dare diſpute with thee ?
O God, oh ! of thine onely worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heavenly Lethæan flood,
And drown in it my ſins black memory ;
That thou remember them, ſome claim as debt,
I think it mercy if thou wilt forget.

X.

DEath be not proud, though ſome have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not ſo,
For, thoſe, whom thou think'ſt thou doſt overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canſt thou kill me.
From reſt and ſleep, which but thy picture be :
Much pleaſure then from thee, much more muſt flow,
And ſooner our beſt men with thee do goe,
Reſt of their bones, and ſouls delivery
Thou art ſlave to Fate, chance, Kings, and deſperate men,
And doſt with poiſon, warr and ſickneſs dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us ſleep 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.

XI.

Spit in my face you Jews, and pierce my side,
 Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie me,
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and only he,
 Who could do no iniquity, hath dyed:
 But by my death can not be satisfied
 My sinnes, which pass the Jews 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 cloth'd in vile harsh attire,
 But to supplant, and with gainful intent:
 God cloth'd himself in vile mans flesh, that so
 He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XII.

Why are we by all creatures waited on?
 Why do the prodigal 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 weakness, and by one mans stroke die,
 Whose whole kind you might swallow and feed upon?
 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 sin, nor nature tyed;
 For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

XIII.

WHat if this present were the worlds last night?
 Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwell,
 The Picture of Christ crucifi'd, and tell
 Whether his countenance can thee affright,
 Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light,
 Bloud fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head fell.
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
 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 pity, foulness only is
 A sign of rigour: so I say to thee,
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
 This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
 As yet but knock, breath, shine, and seek 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 Town, to another due,
 Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end.
 Reason your Viceroy in me, we should defend,
 But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue,
 Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
 But am betroth'd unto your enemy,
 Divorce me, 'untie, or break that knot again,
 Take me to you, imprison me, for I
 Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV.

XV.

Wilt thou love God as he thee? then digest,
 My Soul, this wholesome meditation,
 How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
 In heaven, doth make his temple in thy breast,
 The Father having begot a Son most blest,
 And still begetting, (for he ne'r begun)
 Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption,
 Coheir to 'his glory, 'and Sabbaths endless rest.
 And as a robb'd man, which by search doth find
 His stoln stufte sold, must lose or buy't again:
 The Sun of glory came down, and was slain,
 Uswhom he 'had made, and Satan stole, to unbind.
 'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
 But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI.

Father, part of his double interest
 Unto thy Kingdome, thy Son gives to me,
 His joynture in the knotty Trinity
 He keeps, and gives to me his deaths conquest.
 This Lamb, whose death, with life the world hath blest,
 Was from the worlds beginning slain and he
 Hath made two Wils, which with the Legacie
 Of his and thy Kingdom, thy Sons invest:
 Yet such are these lawes, that men argue yet
 Whether a man those statutes can fulfil,
 None doth; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
 Revive again 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 Queen of Queens, thy birth was free
 From that which others doth of grace bereave,
 When in their mothers womb they life receive,
 God, as his sole-born daughter loved thee.

To match thee like thy births nobility,
 He thee his Spirit, for his spouse did leave,
 By whom thou didst his only Son conceive,
 And so wast link'd to all the Trinity.

Cease then, O Queens; that earthly Crowns do wear
 To glory in the Pomp of earthly things;
 If men such high respects unto you bear,
 Which daughters, wives, and mothers are of Kings,
 What honour can unto that Queen be done
 Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Son?

The Cross.

SINCE Christ embrac'd the Cross it self, dare I
 His image, th' image of his Cross deny?
 Would I have profit by the Sacrifice,
 And dare the chosen Altar to despise?
 It bore all other sins, but is it fit
 That it should bear the sin of scorning it?
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,
 How would he flie his pains, who there did die?
 From me, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
 Nor scandal taken shall this Cross with-draw,
 It shall not, for it cannot; for, the loss
 Of this Cross, were to me another Cross;
 Better were worse, for no affliction
 No Cross is so extreme, as to have none:

Whe

Who can blot out the Cross, which th' instrument
Of God dew'd on me in the Sacrament?
Who can deny me power, and liberty
To stretch mine arms, and mine own Cross to be?
Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy Cross.
The mast and yard make one, where seas do rols;
Look down, thou spiest our crosses in small things;
Look up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings;
All the Globes frame, and sphears, is nothing else
But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
Material crosses then, good physick be,
But yet spiritual have chief dignity.
These for extracted chymique medicine serve,
And cure much better, and as well preserve;
Then are you your own Physick, or need none,
When still'd or purged by tribulation:
For when that cross ungrudg'd, unto you sticks,
Then are you to your self, a Crucifix.
As perchance carvers do not faces make,
But that away which hid them there, do take:
Let Crosses, so, take what hid Christ in thee,
And be his Image, or not his, but he.
But, as oft, Alchymists do Coyners prove,
So may a self-dispising, get self-love.
And then, as worst surfets of best meats be,
So is pride, issued from humility,
For 'tis no child, but monster; therefore Cross
Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double loss,
And cross thy senses, else both they, and thou
Must perish soon, and to destruction bow.
For if th' eye see good objects and will take
No cross from bad, we cannot scape a snake.
So with harsh, hard, sower, stinking, cross the rest,
Make them indifferent; all, nothing best.

But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome
 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 brain through bony walls doth vent
 By Sutures, which a Crosses form present:
 So when thy brain works, e're thou utter it,
 Crosse and correct concupiscence of wit.
 Be covetous of crosses, let none fall.
 Crosse no man else, but crosse thy self in all.
 Then doth the crosse of Christ work faithfully
 Within our hearts, when we love harmlesly
 The Crosses pictures much, and with more care
 That crosses children, which our crosses are.

Psalm 137.

I.

BY Euphrates flowry side
 We did bide,
 From dear Juda far absented,
 Tearing the air with our cries,
 And our eyes,
 With their streams his stream augmented.

II.

When poor Sions doleful state,
 Desolate;
 Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,

And

And the Temple spoil'd, which we
Near should see,
To our mirthless mindes we call'd.

III.

Our mute harpes, untun'd, unstrung,
Up we hung
On green willows near beside us,
Where, we sitting all forlorn ;
Thus, in scorn,
Our proud spoylers 'gan deride us.

IV.

Come, sad captives, leave your moans,
And your groans
Under Sions ruines bury ;
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 moans ?
And our groans
Under Sions ruines bury ?
Can we in this Land sing Layes
In the praise
Of our God, and here be merry ?

VI.

No ; dear Sion, if I yet
Do forget

Y^e and your self

Thire

Thine affliction miserable,
 Let my nimble joynts become
 Stiffe and numm
 To touch warbling harp unable.

VII.

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

VIII.

Lord, curse Edoms traitorous kinde,
 Bear in minde
 In our ruines how they revell'd.
Sack, kill, burn, they cry'd out still,
 Sack burn, kill,
 Down with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.

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

X.

Happy he who shall thee waste,
 As thou hast

Us, without all mercy, wasted,
And shall make thee taste and see
What poor we
By thy means have seen and tasted.

XI.

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

Resurrection imperfect.

Sleep, sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast
As yet, the wound thou took'st on friday last,
Sleep then, and rest: the world may bear thy stay,
A better Sun rose before thee to day,
Who, not content to 'enlighten all that dwell
On the earths face, as thou, enlightened hell,
And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
As at thy presence here, our fires grow pale,
Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
Hasting to Heaven, would, that he might allow
Himself unto all stations, and fill all,
For these three daies become a mineral;
He was all gold when he lay down, but rose
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make even sinful flesh like his.

Had one of those, whose credulous piety
Thought, that a Soul one might discern and see,
Go from a body, 'at this sepulcher been,
And issuing from the sheet, this body seen,
He would have justly thought this body a soul,
If, not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt cetera.

To Sir Robert Carr.

SIR,

I Presume you rather trie what you can do in me, than what
I can do in verse; you know my uttermost when it was best,
and even then I did best, when I had least truth for my subjects.
In this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all Poe-
try. 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 Scotland and preached there. I would have im-
braced the obligation with more alacrity; But I thank you that
you would command me that which I was loath to do, for even
that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poor friend and
servant in Christ Jesus

I D.

An

*An hymn to the Saints, and to Marquess
Hamylton.*

Whether that soul which now comes up to you
Fill any former rank, or make a new,
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it self, and order more
Than was in heaven till now; (for may not he
Be so, if every several Angel be
A kinde alone) What ever order grow
Greater by him in heaven, we do not so;
One of your orders grows by his access;
But, by his loss grow all our orders less;
The name of Father, Master, Friend, the name
Of Subject and of Prince, in one is lame;
Fair mirth is damp't, and conversation black,
The Household widow'd, and the Garter slack;
The Chappel wants an ear, Councel a tongue;
Story a theame, and Musick lacks a song.
Blest order that hath him, the loss of him
Gangreen'd all Orders here; all lost a limb:
Never made body such haste to confess
What a soul was; all former comeliness
Fled, in a minute, when the soul was gone,
And having lost that beauty, would have none:
So fell our Monasteries, in an instant grown
Not to less houses, but to heaps of stone;
So sent his body that fair form it wore
Unto the spear of forms, and doth (before
His soul shall fill up his sepulchral stone,)
Anticipate a Resurrection;

For, as it is his fame, now his soul is here,
 So, in the form thereof his bodie's there,
 And if, fair soul, not with first *Innocents*
 Thy station be, but with the *Penitents*
 (And who shall dare to ask then when I am
 Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
 Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,
 Were black or white before in eies of men?)
 When thou remembrest what sins thou didst find
 Amongst those many friends now left behind,
 And seest such sinners as they are, with thee
 Got thither by repentance, let it be
 Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them clean;
 Wish *him* a *David*, *her* a *Magdalen*.

The Annuntiation and Passion.

TAmely frail flesh, abstain to day;
 My soul 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 concurr; this doubtful day
 Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away.
 She sees him nothing twice at once, who 'is all;
 She sees a Cedar plant it self, and fall.
 Her Maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead;
 She sees at once, the Virgin mother stay
 Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha.
 Sad and rejoyc'd shee's seen at once, and seen
 At almost fifty, and at scarce fifteen
 At once a son is promis'd her, and gone,
 Gabriel gives Christ to her, He her to *John*.

Not fully a mother, She's in Orbitie,
At once Receiver and the Legacie;
All this and all between, this day hath shown,
Th' Abridgment of Christ's story, which makes one
(As in plain Maps, the furthest West is East)
Of th' Angels *Ave*, and *consummatum est*.
How well the Church, Gods Court of Faculties,
Deales in, sometimes, and seldom joyning these.
As by the self-fix'd Pole we never do
Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
Which shows where th' other is, and which we say
(Because it strays not farr) doth never fray:
So God by his Church, nearest to him, we know,
And stand firm, if we by her motion goe;
His Spirit, and his fiery Pillar doth
Lead, and his Church, as cloud, to one end both.
This Church by letting those feasts joyn, hath shown
Death and conception in mankind are one
Or 'twas in him the same humility,
That he would be a man and leave to be:
Or as crea tion he hath made, as God.
With the last judgment, but one period,
His imitating Spouse would joyn in one
Manhoods extreems: 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 pains, deeds, or words,
Would busie a life, she all this day affords.
This treasure then, in gross, my soul up-lay,
And in my life retail it every day.

Good

Goodfriday, 1613. riding Westward.

L Et mans Soul be a Sphear, and then, in this,
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
And as the other Sphears, by being grown
Subject to forraign motion, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleasure or business, so, our souls admire
For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
Hence is 't, that I am carried towards the West,
This day, when my souls form bends to the East,
There I should see a Sun by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget.
But that Christ on his Cross, did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of two much weight for me.
Who sees Gods face, that is self-life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made his own Lieutenant Nature shrink,
It made his footstool crack, and the Sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,
And tune all sphears at once, pierc'd with those holes?
Could I behold that endless height which is
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of his,
Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worn
By God, for his apparel, ragg'd, and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
On his distressed mother cast mine eye,

Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus
 Half 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 looks towards them; and thou look'st towards me,
 O Saviour, as thou hangst upon the tree;
 Turn my back to thee, but to receive
 Corrections till thy mercies bid thee leave.
 O think me worth thine anger, punish me,
 Burn off my rust, and my deformity,
 Restore thine Image, so much by thy grace,
 That thou maist know me, and I'll turn 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 mad'st and govern'st ever, come,
 And re-create me, now grown ruinous:
 My heart is by dejection clay,
 And by self-murder, red.
 From this red earth, O Father, purge away
 All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
 May rise up from death, before I'm dead.

II.

II.

The SON.

O Son of God, who seeing two things,
 Sin, 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 again,
 Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
 But let it be by applying so thy pain,
 Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slain.

III.

The HOLY GHOST.

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
 Am, but of mud walls, and condensed dust,
 And being sacrilegiouſly
 Half waſted with youths fires, of pride and luſt,
 Muſt with new ſtorms be weather beate;
 Double in my heart thy flame,
 Which let devout ſad tears intend; and let
 (Though this glaſs Lanthorn, fleſh, do ſuffer maim,)
 Fire, Sacrifice, Prieſt, Altar be the ſame.

I V.

The TRINITY.

O Bleſſed glorious Trinity,
 Bones to philoſophy, but milk to faith,
 Which, as wiſe ſerpents diverſly
 Moſt ſlipperineſs, yet moſt entanglings hath,

As you distinguish'd undistinct,
By power, love, knowledg be,
Give me such self different instinct,
These let all me elemented be,
If power, to love, to know, you unnumbered three.

V.

The Virgin MARY.

For that fair blessed Mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us, That she Cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
One claim for innocence, and disseiz'd sin,
Whose womb was a strange heav'n, for there
God cloath'd himself, and grew,
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
In vain, 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 Palaces,
Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,
As th' earth conceiving by the Sun,
Yeelds fair diversity,
Yet never knows what course that light doth run:
So let me study that mine actions be
Worthy their sight, though blind in how they see.

VII.

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, than us grace and law,
 And now in heaven still pray, that we
 May use our new helps right,)
 Be satisfy'd and fructify in me.
 Let not my mind 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 express
 In rythmique feet) in common pray for me,
 That I by them excuse not my excess
 In seeking secrets, or Poetiqueness.

IX.

The Apostles.

And thy illustrious Zodiack
 Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,
 (From whom whosoever do not take
 Their light, to dark deep pits, thrown down do fall)

As through their prayers thou hast let me know
That their books are divine;
y they pray still, and be heard, that I go
old broad way in applying; O decline
, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X.

The Martyrs.

And since thou so desirously
d'st long to die; that long before thou couldst,
And long since thou no more couldst dy,
ou in thy scatter'd mystique body wouldst
In *Abeldy*, and ever since
In thine; let their blood come
beg for us, a discreet patience
death, or of worse life; for, oh, to some
to be Martyrs, is a martyrdom.

XI.

The Confessors.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
Whose bloods betroth'd, not married were;
ender'd, not taken by those Ravishers:
They know, and pray, that we may know;
In every Christian
ourly tempestuous persecutions grow,
entations martyr us alive; A man
to himself a Dioclesian.

XII.

The Virgins.

The cold white snowy Nunnery,
Which, as thy Mother, their high Abbess, sent
Their bodies back again to thee,
As thou hadst lent them, clean 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 sin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaste widowhead Virginitie.

XIII.

The Doctors.

The sacred Academ above
Of Doctors, whose pains have unclasp'd, and taught
Both books of life to us (for love
To know the Scripture tells us, we are wrote
In thy other book) pray for us there,
That what they have misdane
Or mis-said, we to that may not adhere,
Their zeal may be our sin. Lord let us run
Mean waies, and call them stars, but not the Sun.

XIV.

And whilst this universal 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 dear,

Prayes c
(Since to
our task is tre
ear this pray
om trusting

From being
ed clouds of
From thinki
for no happ
Is onely
Or tha
them who
om reachin
th all their

From need
om owning
From trulli
hat in that h
From
Some
om light af
om thinkin
our mutual d

From temp
our conniv

Prayes

Prayes ceaselessly, and thou hearken too
 (Since to be gracious
 Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
 Hear this prayer Lord, O Lord deliver us
 From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out thus.

XV.

From being anxious, or secure,
 Dead clouds of sadness, or light squibs of mirth,
 From thinking, that great courts immure
 All or no happiness, 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
 From reaching this worlds sweets, who seek thee thus,
 With all their might, Good Lord deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger, to be good,
 From owning thee yesterdaies tears to day,
 From trusting so much to thy blood,
 That in that hope, we wound our souls away,
 From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse
 Some sin more burdenous,
 From light affecting, in religion, news,
 From thinking us all soul, neglecting thus
 Our mutual duties, Lord deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
 By our connivence, or slack company,

From

From measuring ill by vicious,
 Neglecting to choak sins spawn, Vanity,
 From indiscreet humility
 Which might be scandalous,
 And cast reproach on Christianity;
 From being spies, or to spies perversive,
 From thirst, or scorn of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us through thy descent
 Into the Virgin, whose womb was a place
 Of middle kind, and thou being sent
 To' ungracious us, staid'st at her full of grace;
 And through thy poor birth, where first thou
 Glorified'st Poverty,
 And yet soon after riches didst allow,
 By accepting Kings gifts in th' Epiphany,
 Deliver, and make us, to both wayes free.

XIX.

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

XX.

Through thy submitting all, to blows
 Thy face, thy robes to spoil, thy fame to scorn,

All wayes, which rage, or Justice knows,
And by which thou couldst shew, that thou wast born,
And through thy gallant humbleness
Which thou in death didst shew,
Dying before thy soul they could express,
Deliver us from death, by dying so,
To this world, ere this world do bid us go.

XXI.

When senses, which thy souldiers are,
We arm against thee, and they fight for sin:
When want, sent but to tame, doth war,
And work despair a breach to enter in:
When plenty, God's Image, and seal,
Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveal:
When we are mov'd to seem religious
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

XXII.

In Churches when th' infirmity
Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word,
When Magistrates do mis-apply
To us, as we judg, lay or ghostly sword,
When plague, which is thine Angel, raignes,
Or wars, thy Champions, sway,
When Heresie, thy second deluge, gains;
In th' hour of death, the Eve of last judgment day
Deliver us from the sinister way,

XXIII.

Hear us, O hear us Lord; to thee
A sinner is more musick when he prays,
Then sphears, or Angels praises be,
In Panegyrick Allelujaes;
Hear us, for till thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to say.

Thine ear to'our sighs, tears, thoughts gives voice and word
O thou, who Satan heard't in *Jobs* sick day,
Hear thy self now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV.

That we may change to evenness
This intermitting aguish Pietie,
That snatching cramps of wickedness
And Apoplexies of fast sin, may die;
That Musick of thy promises,
Not threats in Thunder may
Awaken us to our just offices;
What in thy book, thou dost, or creatures say,
That we may hear, Lord hear us when we pray.

XXV.

That our ears sickness me may cure,
And rectifie those Labyrinths aright,
That we by hearkning, not procure
Our praise, nor others dispraise so invite,
That we get not a slipperiness
And senselessly decline,
From hearing bold wits jeast at Kings excessse,

To'a

To admit the like of Majestie divine,
That we may lock our ears, Lord open thine.

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

That learning, thine Ambassadour,
From thine alleageance we never tempr,
That beauty, Paradises flower
For Physick made, from poyson be exempt,
That wit, born apt, high good to do,
By dwelling lazily
On Natures nothing be not nothing too,
That our affections kill us not, nor die,
Hear us, weak ecchoes, O thou ear, and crie.

XXVIII.

Son of God hear us, and since thou
by taking our blood, owest it us again,
Gain to thy self and us allow;
And let not both us and thy self be slain.

O Lamb of God, which tookst our sin
Which could not stick to thee,
O let it not return to us again,
But Patient and Physitian being free,
As sin is nothing, let it no where be.

*Upon the translation of the Psalms by Sir Phi-
lip Sydney and the Countess of Pembroke
his Sister.*

Eternal God, (for whom who ever dare
Seek new expressions, do the Circle square,
And thrust into strait corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerless and infinite)
I would but bleſs thy Name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou :)
Fix we our praises therefore on this one,
That as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
These Psalms first Author in a cloven tongue,
(For 'twas a double power by which he sung
The highest matter in the noblest form ;)
So thou hast cleft that Spirit, to perform
That work again, 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 *John Baptists* holy voice ;
And who that Psalm, *Now let the Isles rejoyce,*
Have both translated, and apply'd it too,
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They shew us Ilanders our joy, our King,
They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing.

Make

Divine Poems.

4
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Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and 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 ear,
(For Angels learn by what the Church does here)
This Quire hath all. The Organist is he
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 Jews:
And *David's* Successors in holy zeal,
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal
To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
That I must not rejoyce as I would do
When I behold that these Psalms 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 until
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 Psalms we call
(Though some have other Authors) *David's* all:
So though some have, some may some Psalms translate
We thy *Sydneyan* Psalms shall celebrate,
And, till we come th' Extemporal 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 tuneing, 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 do sit,
 We see her not, nor *them*. Thus, blind, yet still
 We lead her way; and thus, whil'st we do ill,
 We suffer it.

2. Unhappy 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 soon repent,
 (Strange thing!) perceive not our faults are not seen,
 But past us, neither felt, but only in
 The punishment.

4. But we know our selves least; Mere outward shews
 Our minds so store,
 That our souls, no more than our eyes disclose
 But form and colour. Only he who knows
 Himself, knows more.

I. D.

To Mr. Tilman after he had taken Orders.

THou, whose diviner soul hath caus'd thee now.
 To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,

Making

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 find
 New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steel
 Toucht with a Load-stone, dost new motions feel?
 Or, as a Ship after much pain and care,
 For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware,
 Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with far more gain
 Of noble goods, and with less time and pain?
 Thou art the same materials, as before,
 Only the stamp is changed, but no more.
 And as new crowned Kings alter the face,
 But not the monies substance; so hath grace
 Chang'd only Gods old Image by Creation,
 To Christs new stamp, at this thy Coronation;
 Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because
 They bear Gods message and proclaim his laws,
 Since thou must do the like, and so must move,
 Art thou new feather'd with celestial love?
 Dear, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew
 What thy advantage is above, below;
 But if thy gainings do surmount expression
 Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession,
 Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit
 That Gentry should joyn families with it?
 As if their day were only to be spent
 In dressing, Mistressing and complement;
 Alas poor joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
 Seems richly placed in sublimed dust!
 (For, such are cloaths and beauty, which though gay,
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay)
 Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
 But go thou on, and pity their neglect.

What

What function is so noble as to be
 Embassadour to God, and destiny?
 To open life, to give kingdoms to more
 Than Kings give dignities; to keep heavens door?
Maries prerogative was to bear Christ, so
 'Tis preachers to convey him; for they do
 As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speak;
 And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.
 If then th' Astronomers, whereas they spy
 A new-found Star, their opticks magnifie,
 How brave are those, who with their Engine, can
 Bring man to heaven, and heaven again to man?
 These are thy titles and preheminenes,
 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 bear,
 Both these in thee are in thy calling knit,
 And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.

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

IN what torn ship soever I embark;
 That ship shall be my embleme of thy Ark;
 What sea soever swallow me, that flood
 Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood;
 Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
 Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
 Which though they turn away sometimes,
 They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,
 And all whom I love here, and who love me;

Whe

When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
 Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee.
 As the trees sap doth seek the root below
 In winter, in my winter now I go,
 Where none but thee, th' Eternal root
 Of true love I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion dost controul
 The amorousness of an harmonious Soul,
 But thou wouldst have that love thy self: as thou
 Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
 Thou lov'st not; till from loving more, thou free
 My soul: Who ever gives, takes liberty:
 Oh, if thou car'st not whom I love,
 Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my Divorce to All,
 On whom those fainter beams 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 only, I go out of sight:
 And to scape stormy daies, I chuse
 An everlasting night.

On the Sacrament.

HE was the Word that spake it,
 He took the bread and brake it;
 And what that Word did make it,
 I do believe and take it.

The

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

CHAP. I.

1. **H**OW sits this City, late most populous
Thus solitary, and like a widow thus ?
Amplest of Nations, Queen of Provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is.
2. Still in the night she weeps, and her tears fall
Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her ; Perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.
3. Unto great bondage, and afflictions,
Juda is captive led ; those Nations
With whom she dwells, no place of rest afford,
In straights she meets her Persecutors sword.
4. Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her wayes
Mourn, because none come to her solemn dayes.
Her Priests do groan, her maids are comfortless,
And shee's unto her self a bitterness.
5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at Peace,
Because when her transgressions did increase,
The Lord strook her with sickness : Th' enemy
Doth drive her children to captivitye.
6. From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,
Like hearts which seek for pasture, and find none
Her Princes are : and now before the foe
Which still pursues them, without strength they goe.

Now in their days of Tears, *Jerusalem*
Her men slain by the foe, none succouring them)
Remembers what of old she esteemed most,
While her foes laugh at her, for what she hath lost.

8. *Jerusalem* hath sinn'd, therefore is she
Remov'd, as women in uncleanness be;
Who honour'd, scorn her, for her foulness they
Have seen; her self doth groan, and turn away.

9. Her foulness in her skirts was seen, yet she
Remembred not her end; miraculously
Therefore she fell, none comforting: Behold
O Lord my affliction, for the foe grows bold.

10. Upon all things where her delight hath been,
The foe hath stretch'd his hand, for she hath seen
Heathen, whom thou command'st, should not do so,
Into her holy Sanctuary go.

11. And all her people groan and seek for bread;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:
How cheap I am grown, O Lord, behold, and weigh.

12. All this concerns not you, who pass by me,
O see, and mark if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which Jehovah hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath?

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

14. His

14. His hands hath of my sins framed a yoke
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. He under foot hath troden in my sight
My strong men, he did company accite
To break my young men, he the winepress hath
Trode upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.

16. For these things do I weep, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out ; For he which should be nigh
To comfort me, is now departed farr ;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.

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

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

19. I called for my *lovers* then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my Priests, and Elders lay
Dead in the City, for they fought for meat
Which should refresh their souls, and none could get.

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

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

2. Let all their wickedness appear to thee,
Doe unto them, as thou hast done to me,
For all my sins: The fights which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II.

HOW over Sions daughter hath God hung
His wraths thick cloud? and from heaven hath flung
To earth the beauty of Israel, and hath
Forgot his foot-stool in the day of wrath?

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

In heat of wrath the horn of Israel he
Hath clean cut off, and lest the enemy
Behindred, his right hand he doth retire,
But is towards *Jacob*, All-devouring fire.

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.

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 down
The place where was his Congregation,
And *Sions* Feasts and Sabbaths are forgot;
Her King, her Priest, his wrath regarded not.

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

8. The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
And level *Sions* walls unto the ground,
He draws not back his hand, which doth o'turn
The wall, and Rampart, which together mourn.

9. The gates are sunk into the ground, and he
Hath broke the barre; their King and Princes be
Amongst the Heathen, without law, nor there
Unto the Prophets doth the Lord appear.

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

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

12. When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where
Shall we have bread and drink; they fainted there,

And in the street like wounded persons lay,
Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.

13. *Daughter Jerusalem* ; Oh what may be
A witness, or comparison for thee ?
Sion to ease thee, what shall I name like thee ?
Thy breach is like the Sea, what help can be ?

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

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

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

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

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

19. Arise, cry in the night, powr out thy sins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins ;

Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do ly.

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

21. On ground in streets the young and old do lye,
My virgins and young men by sword do die;
Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slain,
Nothing did thee from killing them contain.

22. As to a solemn feast, all whom I fear'd
Thou call'st about me : when thy wrath appear'd,
None did remain or scape, for those which I
Brought up, did perish by mine enemy.

CHAP. III.

I Am the man which have affliction seen,
Under the rod of Gods wrath having been.

2. He hath led me to darknes, not to light.
3. And against me all day, his hand doth fight.

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

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

8. When I cry out, he outshuts my prayer : 9. And hath
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, and turnd' my path.

10. And

10. And like a Lion hid in secrecy,
Or Bear which lies in wait, he was to me.

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

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

13. He made the children of his Quiver pass
Into my reins. 14. I with my people was

All the day long, a song and mockery.

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

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He hath burst
My teeth with stones, and covered me with dust.

17. And thus my soul far off from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget.

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

19. But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,

20. My Soul is humbled in remembring this;

21. My heart considers, therefore, hope there is,

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

23. For every morning they renewed be,
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.

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

25. The Lord is good to them, who on him rely,
And to the Soul that seeks him earnestly.

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

27. 'Tis good for one his yoke in youth to bear;
 28. He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
 Because he hath born it. 29. And his mouth he laies
 Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stayes.

30. He gives his cheeks to who so ever will
 Strike him, and so he is reproched still.
 31. For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake,
 32. But when he hath struck with sadness, he doth take

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 Judg himself doth see

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

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

42. We have rebell'd, and falln away from thee;
 Thou pardon'st not; 43. Ufest no clemency;
 Pursuest us, killst us, coverest us with wrath,
 44. Cover'st thy self with clouds, that our prayer hath

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

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

48. With

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

49. Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly,

50. Until the Lord look down from heaven to sea,

51. And for my city daughters sake, mine eye
Doth break mine heart. 52. Causeless 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 voice didst hear ;

Oh from my sight, and cry, stop not thine ear.

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st near

Unto me, and saidst unto me, Do not fear.

58. Thou Lord, my souls cause handled hast, and thou

Rescuest my life. 59. O Lord, do thou judge now.

(wrought;

Thou heardst my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all they have

61. How they reproach'd, thou 'st heard, & what they

(thought,

62. What their lips uttered, which against me rose,

And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

63. I am their song, whether they rise or sit.

64. Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,

65. Sorrow of heart, thy curse. 66. And with thy might

Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

CHAP. IV.

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

2. The precious Sons of Sion, which should be
Valued as purest Gold, how do we see
Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand,
Which are the work of a poor Potters hand.

3. Even the Sea-calves draw their breasts, and give
Suck to their young; my peoples daughters live,
By reason of the foes great cruelty,
As do the Owles in the vast wilderness.

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 cry,
There is no man that doth them satisfy.

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

6. The daughters of my people have sinned more,
Than did the town of Sodome sin before;
Which being at once destroy'd there did remain
No hands amongst them to vex them again.

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

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

9. Better by sword than famine 'tis to dy ;
And better through-pierc'd, than through penury.

10. Women by nature pitiful, have eate
Their children (drest with their own hand) for meat.

11. *Jehovah* here fully accomplish'd hath
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live
In the inhabitable world believe,
That any adversary, any foe
Into *Jerusalem* should enter so.

13. For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have shed
Blood in the streets and the just murdered :

14. Which when those men whom they made blind did stray
Through the streets, defiled by the way,

With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garment should scape touching, as they pass,

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 there:
 16. For this they are scattered by Jehova's face
 Who never will regard them more ; No grace

Unto the old men shall their foe afford,
 Nor, that they are Priests, redeem them from the sword :
 17. And we as yet for all these miseries
 Desiring our vain 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 fear
 To go : our end is now approached near.

Our daies, accomplisht are, this the last day,
 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they
 19. Which follow us, o'r mountains tops they flie
 At us, and for us in the desert lie.

20. The appointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, he
 Of whom we said, under his shadow, we
 Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
 Into the pit which these men digged, fell.

21. Rejoyce, O *Edoms daughter*, joyful be
 Thou that inhabit'st *Uz*, for unto thee
 This cup shall pass, and thou with drunkenness
 Shalt fill thy self, and shew thy nakedness.

22. And then thy sins, O *Sion*, shall be spent;
 The Lord will not leave thee in banishment:
 Thy sins, O *Edoms daughter*, he will see,
 And for them, pay thee with captivity.

CHAP. V.

1. **R**emember, O Lord, what is safn on us ;
See and mark, how we are reproached thus.

2. For unto strangers our possession
Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,

Our mothers are become as widows, we
As Orphans all, and without Fathers be ;

4. Waters which are our own, we drink and pay ;
And upon our own wood a price they lay .

5. Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
They make us travail, and not intermit.

6. We stretch our hands unto th' Egyptians
To get us bread ; and to the Assyrians.

7. Our Fathers did these fins, and are no more,
But we do bear the fins they did before.

8. They are but servants, which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9. With danger of our life our bread 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 skin.

11. In *Judas* 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 is the crown faln from our head ; and woe
Be unto us, because we have sinned so.

16. For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimness is.

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

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 misery ?

20. Restore us Lord, to thee ; that so we may
Return, 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 ?

Hymn to God, my God, in my sickness.

Since I am comming to that Holy room,
Where, with the Quire of Saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy Musique, As I come
I tune the Instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my Physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their Map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown

Tha

That this is my South West discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straights to dy;
 y, that in these straits, I see my West;
 or, though those currants yeeld, return to none;
 hat 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.

he Pacifique Sea my home; Or are
 The Eastern riches? Is *Jerusalem*?
 ryan, and *Magellan*, and *Gabraltare*,
 All straights, and none but straights are ways to them;
 Whether where *Japhet* dwelt, or *Cham* or *Sem*.
 e think that *Paradise* and *Calvarie*,
Christs Crofs, and *Adams* tree, stood in one place;
 ok Lord, and find both *Adams* met in me;
 As the first *Adams* sweat surrounds my face,
 May the last *Adams* blood my soul embrace.

, in his purple wrapp'd receive me Lord,
 By these his thorns give me his other Crown;
 nd as to others souls I preach'd thy word,
 Be this my Text, my sermon to mine own,
 Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

A Hymn to God the Father.

I.

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

II.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have wonne
 Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
 Wit thou forgive that sin which I did shun
 A year or two, but wallowed in, a score?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

III.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
 My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
 But swear by thy self, that at my death thy Son
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
 And, having done That, thou hast done,
 I fear no more.

The end of the Divine Poems.

To the Memory of my ever desire
Friend
 Doctor DONNE.

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
 Beyond our lofty'st flights, that is, like Thee,
 Or t'have had too much merit, is not safe;
 For, such excesses find 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:
 Or at Thine, Poem, or Inscription,
 (Such soul of wit, and language) we have none,
 Indeed a silence does that tomb besit,
 Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
 Widow'd invention justly doth forbear
 To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
 Hate her great Patron; Whose Prerogative
 Maintain'd and cloath'd her so, as none alive
 Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
 Though he the Indies for her dower estate.
 Or else that awful fire, which once did burn
 In thy clear brain, now falln into thy Urn
 Lives there, to fright rude Empericks from thence,
 Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance.
 Who ever writes of thee, and in a stile
 Unworthy such a Theme, does but revile
 Thy precious Dust, and wake a learned Spirit
 Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit.
 For, all a low pitch'd fancy can devise,
 Will prove, at best, but Hallow'd Injuries.
 Thou like the dying Swan, didst lately sing
 Thy mournful Dirge, in audience of the King;
 When pale looks, and faint accents of thy breath
 Presented so to life, *that peece of death,*
 That it was fear'd and prophes'd by all,
 Thou thither cam'st to preach thy Funerall.
 O! hadst Thou in an Elegiack Knell
 Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
 And in thy High-Victorious Numbers beat
 The solemn measure of thy greiv'd Retreat;
 Thou might'st the Poets service now have mist
 As well as then thou didst prevent the Priest;

His last
 Sermon
 at Court

And

And never to the world beholding be
So much, as for an Epitaph for thee.

I do not like the office. Nor is't fit
Thou, who didst lend our Age such summes of wit,
Shouldst 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 Soul) more glory 'tis to owe
Unto thy Hearse, what we can never pay.
Then, with embased Coyn those Rites, defray.

Commit we then Thee to thy self : Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy own Fame
Leave Thee Executour ; Since, but thy own,
No pen could do Thee justice, nor Bayes crown
Thy vast desert : Save that, we nothing can
Depute, to be thy Ashes Guardian.

So Jewellers no Art, or Metal trust
To form the Diamond, but the Diamonds dust.

H. K.

*In obitum venerabilis viri Johannis Donnæ
sacrae Theologiæ Doctoris, Ecclesiæ Cathedralis D. Pauli
nuper Decani ; Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi co-
lende Vir) observantiæ ergo Hæc ego.*

Conquerar? ignavogue sequar tua funera planctus?
Sed lacryma clausisti iter : nec muta querelas
Lingua potest proferre pias : ignoscite manes
Defuncti, & tacito finite indulgere dolori.
Sed scelus est tacuisse : cadant in mœsta lituræ
Verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe jussis

Cæp

apta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
versare tua non dignum laude Poetam.

O si Pythagora non vanum dogma fuisset :

que meum à vestro migraret pectore pectus
inusa, repentinos tua nosceret urna furoros.

Id frustra, heu frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto :

ecum abiit, summoque sedens jam monte Thalia

idet anhelantes, Parnassi & culmina vates

esperare jubet. Verum hac nolente coactos

scribimus audaces numeros, & flebile carmen

scribimus (O soli qui te dilexit) habendum.

Uccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus

lausit ? & immerito merguntur funere virtus,

et pietas ? & quæ poterant fecisse beatum,

lætera : sed nec te poterant servare beatum.

Quo mihi doctrinam ? quorsum impallescere chartis

nocturnis juvat, ? & totidem olfecisse lucernas ?

decolor & longos studiis deperdere Soles

ut prius aggredior, longamque accessere famam.

Omnia sed frustra : mihi dum, cunctisque minatur

Exitium, crudele & inexorabile fatum.

Nam post te sperare nihil decet : hoc mihi restat

ut moriar, tennes fugiatque obscurus in auras

Spiritus : O doctis saltem si cognitus umbris,

Illic te (venerande) iterum (venerande) videbo,

Et dulces audire sonos, & verba diserti

Oris, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces.

Quæis ferus inferna tacuisset fanitor aula

Auditis : Nilusque minus strepuisset : Arion

Cederet, & sylvas qui post se traxerat Orpheus.

Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere

Voceferos 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,
Singula sic decuere senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
Audiui & stupui quoties orator in Æde
Paulina stetit, & mira gravitate levantes
Corda, oculosque viros tenuit: dum Nestoris ille
Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
Non concessa prius, nodum 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,
Forſitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum stillat rorem; ætheris illo
Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
Affectusque ciere suos, & ponere nota
Vocis ad arbitrium, divine oracula mentis
Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.*

*Quo feror? audaci & forſan pietate nocenti
In nimia ignoscas vati, qui vatibus olim
Egregium decus, & tanto excellentior unus
Omnibus; inferior quanto est, & pessimus impar
Laudibus hiſce, tibi qui nunc facit iſta Poeta.
Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi ſacra Poetæ
Deſinite: en ſati certus, ſibi voce canora
Inferias præmiſit olor, cum Carolus Alba
(Ultima volventem & Cygnea voce loquentem)
Nuper eum, turba, & magnatum audiret in Aula.*

*Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, tunc aſtitit illi
Aula frequens. Sola nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus eſca, pio malint niſi parcere: quidni
Incipiant & amare famem? Metuere Leones
Sic olim: ſacroſque artus violare Propheta,*

*Bellua non ausa est quanquam jejuna, sitimque
Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.*

*At non hac de te sperabimus; omnia carpit
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forsan metrico pede serpet ab inde:
Vescere, & exhausto satia te sanguine. Jam nos
Adsumus; & post te cupiet quis videre? 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 turba.
Ipsa satis properat quæ nescit parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occare videmus.
Quin nusus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te
Quo Deus & quo dura volet natura sequemur.*

*Depositum interea lapides servate fideles.
Fœlices illa queis Ædis parte locari
Qua jacet iste datur. Forsan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturiatque viro plenus testantia luctus
Verba: & carminibus quæ Donni suo geret illi
Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calores
Incipiet (non sic Pyrrha jactante calebat)*

*Mole sub hac tegitur quicquid mortale relictum est
De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Ædi huic,
Formosi pecoris pastor, formosior ipse.
Ite igitur, dignisque illum celebrate toquetis,
Et quæ demuntur vitæ date tempora fama.*

Indignus cantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum
tuarum cultor religiosissimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.

On the Death of Dr. Donne.

I Cannot blame those men, that knew thee well,
 Yet dare not help the world to ring thy knell
 In tunefull *Elegies*; there's not language known
 Fit for thy mention, but 'twas first thy own;
 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
 Steal from thy own works, and that, varied, lend,
 Which thou bestow'st on others, to thy Hearse,
 And so thou shalt live still in thy own verse;
 He that shall venture farther, may commit
 A pitied error, shew his zeal, not wit.
 Fate hath done mankind wrong, virtue may aime
 Reward of conscience, never can, of fame,
 Since her great trumpet's broke, could only give
 Faith to the world, command it to believe.

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

Edw. Hyde.

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

HE that would write an *Epitaph* for thee,
 And do 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 down;
 Enough, to keep the Gallants of the fown.

Elegies upon the Author.

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He must have learning plenty, both the Laws,
Civil, and Common, to judge any Cause;
Divinity great store, above the rest;
Not of the last Edition, but the best.
He must have Language, Travel, all the Arts;
Judgment to use; or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do;
Such as *Maccenas*, and *Augustus* too;
He must have such a sickness, such a death;
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
He must be dead first, let it alone for me.

An Elegie upon the incomparable Dr. Donne.

AL is not well when such a one as I
Dare peep abroad, and write an *Elegie*;
When smaller *Starres* appear, and give their light,
Phœbus is gone to bed: were it not night,
And the world witless now that *Donne* is dead,
You sooner should have broke, than seen my head,
Dead did I say? forgive this *Injurie*
I do him and his worths *Infinite*,
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
Upon their oaten *Reeds*, and from his *Urne*
Threaten the World with this *Calamitie*,
They shall have *Ballads*, but no *Poetry*.

Language lies speechless; and *Divinitie*
Lost such a *Trump*, as even to *Extasie*
Could charm the Soul, and had an *Influence*
To teach best judgments, and please dullest Sense.

The Court, the Church, the Univerſitie,
Loſt, Chaplain, Dean, and Doctor, all theſe, Three.

It was his *Merit*, that his *Funeral*
Could cauſe a loſs ſo great and general.

If there be any Spirit can anſwer give
Of ſuch as hence depart to ſuch as live :
Speak, Doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to duſt, and feel the laws of Fate ?
Me thinks, *Corruption*, *Worms*, what elſe is foul,
Should ſpare the *Temple* of ſo fair a *Soul*.
I could believe they do, but that I know
What inconvenience might hereafter grow :
Succeeding ages would *Idolatrize*,
And as his *Numbers*, ſo his *Reliques* prize.

If that Philoſopher, which did avow
The world to be but Motes, were living now :
He would affirm that th' *Atomes* of his mould
Were they in ſeveral bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of *Travellers*, *Divines*,
Of *Linguiſts*, *Poets*, ſith theſe ſeveral *lines*
In him concentrated were, and flowing thence
Might fill again the worlds *Circumference*.
I could believe 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 ſelf perpetuate.
But, buſy Soul, thou doſt not well to pry
Into theſe Secrets ; *Grief* and *Jealouſie*,
The more they know, the further ſtill advance,
And find no way ſo ſafe as *Ignorance*.
Let this ſuffice thee, that his *Soul* which flew
A pitch of all admir'd, known 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 *Star*,
His *Glory* is as his *Gifts*, 'bove others far.

Hen. Valentine.

An Elegie upon Dr. Donne.

O *Ur Donne* is dead ; England should mourn, may say
We had a man where language chose to stay
And shew her graceful power. I would not praise
That and his vast wit (which in these vain daies
Make many proud) but as they serv'd to unlock
That Cabinet his mind ; where such a stock
Of knowledg was repos'd, as all lament
(Or should) this general cause of discontent.

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

And wonder not, for when a general loss
Falls on a Nation, and they slight the cross,
God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them
From stupefaction ; witness my mild 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 only dull, but hast a curse
Of black ingratitude ; if not, couldst thou
Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow
For thee and thine, successively to pay
A sad remembrance to his dying day ?

B b 3

Did

Did his youth scatter *Poetry*, wherein
 Was all *Philosophy*? was every sin,
 Character'd in his *Satyrs*, Made so foul
 That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their soul
 Safer by reading verse? did he give *dayes*
 Past Marble Monuments to those, whose praise
 He would perpetuate? Did he (I fear
 The dull will doubt) these at his twentieth year?

But, more matur'd: did his full soul conceive,
 And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave
 A * *Crown of sacred Sonnets*, fit to adorn
 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 she
 And he to use) leave us a *Litany*,
 Which all devout men love, and sure it shall,
 As times grow better, grow more classicall?
 Did he write *Hymns*, for piety, for wit,
 Equal to those, great, grave *Prudentius* writ?
 Spake he, all *Languages*? knew he, all *Laws*?
 The grounds and use of *Physick*; but because
 * I was mercenary, way'd it? Went to see
 The blessed place of *Christs nativitie*?
 Did he return and preach him? preach him so
 As since *S. Paul* none did, none could? Those know,
 (Such as were blest to hear him) this is truth.
 Did he confirm thy aged? convert thy youth?
 Did he these wonders? And is this dear loss
 Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a cross.)
 But sure the silent are ambitious all
 To be *Close Mourners* at his Funerall;
 If not, in common pity they forbear
 By repetitions to renew our care;

* *La corona.*

Or,

Elegies upon the Author.

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Or, knowing, grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes
Do waste the brain make silence a safe way
To enlarge the Soul from these wals, mud, and clay
(Materials of this body) to remain
With *Donne* in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
Lessens the joy we have, for, with *him*, all
Are satisfi'd with *joyes essentiall*.
Dwell on this joy my thoughts; oh, do not call
Grief back, by thinking of his Funerall;
Forget he lov'd me; Wast not my sad years;
(Which hast to *David's* seventy,) fill'd with fears
And sorrow for his death; Forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good mens hearts;
And, (for my first is daily paid for sin)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him;
Forget his powerful preaching; and forget
I am his *Convert*. Oh my frailty! let
My flesh be no more heard, it will obtrude
This Lethargy: so should my gratitude,
My flows of gratitude should so be broke:
Which can no more be, than *Donne's* virtues spoke
By any but himself, 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 moniment, great as *Donne's* matchless worth.

Elegie on D. D.

NOW, by one year, time and our frailty have
Lessened our first confusion, since the Grave

B b 4

Clos'd

Clos'd thy dear Ashes, and the tears 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 streams of verse which shall lament that day,
 Do truly to the Ocean tribute pay;
 But they have lost their saltness, which the eye
 In recompence of wit, strives to reply:
 Passions excess for thee we need not fear,
 Since first by thee our passions hallowed were;
 Thou mad'st our sorrows, which before had bin
 Onely for the Success, sorrows for sin,
 We owe thee all those tears, now thou art dead,
 Which we shed not, which for our selves we shed.
 Nor didst thou only consecrate our tears,
 Give a religious tincture to our fears;
 But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,
 Thou didst from gladness separate offence:
 All mindes at once suckt grace from thee, as where
 (The curse revok'd) the nations had one ear.
 Pious dissector: they one hour did treat
 The thousand mazes of the hearts deceit:
 Thou didst pursue our lov'd and subtle sin,
 Through all the foldings we had wrapt it in;
 And in thine own large mind finding the way
 By which our selves we from our selves convey,
 Didst in us, narrow models, know the same.
 Angels, though darker, in our meaner frame.
 How short of praise is this? My Muse, alas,
 Climes weakly to that truth which none can pass,
 He that writes best, may only hope to leave
 A Character of all he could conceive,
 But none of thee, and with me must confess,
 That fancy findes some check, from an excess

Of merit most, of nothing, it hath spun,
And truth, as reasons task and theam, doth shun.
She makes a fairer flight in emptiness,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppress.
Reason again denies her scales, because
Hers are but scales, she judges by the laws
Of weak comparison, thy vertue flights
Her feeble Beam, and her unequal Weights.
What prodigie of wit and piety
Hath she else known, by which to measure thee?
Great soul: we can no more the worthiness
Of what you were, than what you are, express.

Sidney Godolphin.

*On Dr. John Donne, late Dean of Saint Pauls,
London.*

Long since this task of tears from you was due,
Long since, O Poets, he did die to you,
Or lest you dead, when wit and he took flight
On divine wings, and fear'd out of your sight
Preachers, 'tis you must weep; The wit he taught
You do enjoy; the Rebels which he brought
From ancient discord, Giant faculties,
And now no more religions enemies;
Honest to knowing, unto vertuous sweet;
Witty to good, and learned to discreet;
He reconcil'd, and bid the Usurper goe;
Dulness to vice, religion ought to flow;
He kept his loves, but not his objects;
He did not banish, but transplanted it;
Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To Piety, which it doth best become;

He

He shew'd us how for sins we ought to sigh,
 And how to sing Christs Epithalamy:
 The Altars had his fires, and there he spoke
 Incense of loves, and fancies holy smoak:
 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 mind
 Of flashy youth, and thirst of women-kind,
 By colours lead, and drawn to a pursuit,
 Now once again 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 dress,
 Have you known crimes so shap'd? or loveliness
 Such as his lips did cloth religion in?
 Had not reproof a beauty passing sin?
 Corrupted nature sorrow'd when she stood
 So near the danger of becoming good,
 And wish'd our so inconstant ears 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 vanity, and man grew well
 Through the same frailty by the which he fell.
 O the sick state of man! health doth not please
 Our tastes, but in the shape of the disease.
 Thriftless is charity, coward patience,
 Justice is cruel, mercy want of sense.
 What means our Nature to barr virtue place,
 If she do come in her own cloaths and face?
 Is good a pill, we dare not chaw to know,
 Sense the souls servant, doth it keep us so
 As we might starve for good, unless it first
 Do leave a pawn 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 flee by those sweets which we love,
Must seek our palats, and with their delight
To gain our deeds, must bribe our appetite.
These trains 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
Appear, the better voyce is fled to have
A thousand times the sweetness which it gave:
I cannot say how many thousand spirits
The single happiness this soul inherits,
Damns in the other World, souls whom no cross
O'th sense afflicts, but only of the loss
Whom ignorance would half save, all whose pain
Is not in what they feel, but others gain,
Self-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 monument, thus doth not give but take,
As Sails which Seamen to a forewind fir,
By a resistance goe along with it,
So pens grow while they lessen fame so left;
A weak assistance is a kind of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his tears upon,
Must weep here if he have ambition.

J. Chudleigh.

An

An Elegy upon the Dean of Pauls, Dr. John Donne,
by M. Thomas Cary.

CAN we not force from widowed Poetry,
Now thou art dead (great *Donne*) one Elegy
To crown thy Hearse? Why yet dare we not trust
Though with unkneaded dow-bak'd prose thy dust.
Such as the uncisor'd Churchman from the flower
Of fading Rhetorique, short-liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay
Upon thy Ashes on the funeral day?
Have we no voice, no tune? Did'st thou dispense
Through all our language, both the words and sense?
'Tis a sad truth; The Pulpit may her plain
And sober Christian precepts still retain,
Doctrines it may, and wholesome uses frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures; But the flame
Of thy brave soul, that shot such heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,
Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
Did through the eye the melting heart distill,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths so teach,
As sense might judg what fanisie could not reach,
Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire,
That fills with spirit and heat the Delphique quire,
Which kindled first by the 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 lazy seeds
Of servil imitation thrown away;
And fresh invention planted, Thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
Licentious thefts, that make Poetique rage,

Mimique fury, when our souls must be
 possess'd, or with Anacreons Extasie,
 Or Pindars, not their own; The subtle cheat
 Of the Exchanges, and the juggling feat
 Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
 By ours was done the Greek or Latine tongue,
 Thou hadst redeem'd, and open'd us a Mine
 Of rich and pregnant phansie, drawn a line
 Of masculine expression which had good
 Old Orpheus seen, Or all the ancient brood
 Our superstitious fools 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 tun'd chime
 More charms the outward sense; yet thou maist claim
 From so great disadvantage greater fame,
 Since to the awe of thy imperious wit,
 Our stubborn language bends, made onely fit
 With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about
 Thy Giant phansie, which had prov'd too stout
 For their soft melting Phrases, As in time
 They had the start, so did they cull the prime
 Buds of invention many a hundred year;
 And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
 To touch their Harvest, yet from those bare lands
 Of what is purely thine, thy onely hands
 (And that thy smallest work) have gleaned more
 Than all those times, and tongues could reap before.
 But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
 Too hard for libertines in Poetry.
 They will repeal the goodly exil'd train
 Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign

Were

Were banish'd nobler Poems, now, with these
 The silenc'd tales to'th' Metamorphoses
 Shall stuffe their lines, and swell the windy page,
 Till Verse refin'd by thee, in this last Age,
 Turn ballad rhyme, Or those old Idols be
 Ador'd again, with new Apostasie.
 Oh, pardon me, that break with untun'd verse
 The reverend silence that attends thy herse,
 Whose awful solemn murmurs were to thee
 More than these faint lines, a loud Elegie,
 That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
 The death of all the Arts, whose influence
 Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies
 Gasping short-winded Accents, and so dies:
 So doth the swiftly turning wheel not stand
 In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand;
 But some small time maintains a faint weak course
 By virtue of the first impulsive force;
 And so whil't I cast on thy funeral pile
 Thy crown of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,
 And spit disdain till, the devouring flames
 Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.
 I will not draw the envy to engross
 All thy perfections, or weep all our loss;
 Those are too numerous for an Elegie,
 And this too great to be express'd by me.
 Though every pen should share a distinct part,
 Yet art thou theme enough to trie all Art.
 Let others carve the rest, it shall suffice
 I on thy Tomb this Epitaph incise.

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

An Elegie on Dr. Donne : by Sir Lucius Cary.

Poets attend, the Elegie I sing
Both of a double named Priest and King :
Instead of Coats, and Pennons, bring your verse,
Or you must be chief mourners at his Hearse,
Tomb your Muse must to his Fame supply,
No other Monuments can never die ?
And as he was a twofold Priest ; in youth,
Pollo's ; afterwards the voice of Truth,
Gods Conduit pipe for grace, who chose him for
His extraordinary Embassador :
O let his Liegers with the Poets joine,
Both having shares, both must in grief combine :
Whil'st *Johnson* foreeth with his Elegie
Tears from a grief-unknowing Scythians eye,
Like *Moses* at whose stroke the waters gush
From forth the Rock, and like a torrent rush.
Let *Lawd* his Funeral Sermon preach, and show
Those virtues, dull eyes were not apt to know
Nor leave that piercing Theme, till it appears
To be Good-friday by the Churches Tears.
Yet make not grief too long oppress our Powers,
Lest that his Funeral 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 soul is all in every part,)
None was so marble, but whil'st him he hears,
His Soul so long dwelt only in his ears,

And

And from thence (with the fierceness of a flood
 Bearing down vice) victual'd with that blest food
 Their hearts; His seed in none could fail to grow,
 Fertile he found them all, or made them so:

No Druggist of the Soul, bestow'd on all
 So Catholically a curing Cordial.

Nor only in the Pulpit dwelt his store,
 His words work'd much, but his example more,
 That preach'd on worky dayes his Poetry

It self was oftentimes Divinity,
 Those Anthems (almost second Psalms) he writ
 To make us know the Cross, and value it,
 (Although we ow that reverence to that name
 We should not need warmth from an under-flame.)

Creates a fire in us so near extreme

That we would dy for, and upon this theam.

Next, his so pious Litany, which none can

But count Divine, except a Puritan,

And that but for the name, nor this, nor thole

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 judgment hung;

Nor did his preconceit do either wrong;

He labour'd to exclude what ever sin

By time or carelesness had entred in;

Winnow'd the chaff from wheat, but yet was loath

A too hot zeal should force him, burn them both;

Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall,

Which to save blotting often would blot all;

Nor did those barbarous opinions own,

To think the Organs sin, and faction, none.

Nor was there expectation to gain grace
From forth his Sermons only, but his face;
So primitive a look, such gravity
With humbleness, and both with Piety;
So mild was *Moses* countenance, when he pray'd
For them whose Satanism his power gain'd;
And such his gravity, when all Gods band
Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand,
Which joyn'd did flames of more devotion move
Than ever Argive Helens could of love.
Now to conclude, I must my reason bring,
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,
That Kingdom the Philosophers believ'd
To excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd
By fear of loss (that being such a Prey
No stronger than ones self can force away)
The Kingdom of ones self, this he enjoy'd,
And his authority so well imploy'd,
That never any could before become
So great a Monarck in so small a room;
He conquer'd rebel passions, rul'd them so,
As under-sphears by the first Mover goe;
Banisht so far their working, that we can
But know he had some, for we knew him man.
Then let his last excuse his first extreams:
His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd dreams;

*On Dr. Donnes death: by Mr. Mayne of Christ-Church
in Oxford.*

Who shall presume to mourn thee, *Donne*, unless
He could his tears in thy expressions dress,
And teach his grief, that reverence of thy Hearse,
To weep lines learned, as thy Anniverse,
A Poem of that worth, whose every tear
Deserves the title of a several year;
Indeed so far above it's Reader, good,
That we are thought wits, when 'tis understood,
There that blest maid to dy, who now should grieve
After thy sorrow, 'twere her loss to live;
And her fair virtues in anothers line,
Would faintly drawn, which are made saints in thine:
Hadst thou been shallower, and not writ so high,
Or lest some new way for our pen, or eye,
To shed a funeral tear, perchance thy Tomb
Had not been speechless, or our Muses dumb;
But now we dare not write, but must conceal
Thy Epitaph, lest we be thought to steal;
For, who hath read thee, and discerns thy worth,
That will not say, thy careless hours brought forth
Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
Was happier, than our serious time of day?
So learned was thy chance; thy haste had wit,
And matter from thy pen flow'd rashly fit,
What was thy recreation turns our brain,
Our rack and paleness, is thy weakest strain.
And when we most come near thee, 'tis our bliss:
To imitate thee, where thou dost amiss.

Her

Here light your Muse, you that do onely think,
 And write, and are just Poets, as you drink,
 In whose weak fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,
 Just as your reckonings rise, that we may know
 In your whole carriage of your work, that here
 This flash you wrote in Wine, and that in Beer;
 This is to tap your Muse, which running long
 Writes flat, and takes our ear not half so strong;
 Poor suburb wits, who, if you want your cup,
 Or if a Lord recover, are blown up,
 Could you but reach this hight, you should not need
 To make, each meal, a project ere you feed,
 Nor walk in reliques cloathes so old and bare,
 As if left off to you from *Ennius* were,
 Nor should your love, in verse, call Mistriss, those,
 Who are mine hostess, or your whores in prose;
 From this Muse learn to Court, whose power could move
 A Cloystred coldness, or a Vestal love,
 And would convey such errants to their ear,
 That Ladies knew no ods, to grant and hear.
 But I do wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praise
 Is written only for thy younger daies.
 I am not grown up, for thy riper parts,
 Then should I praise thee, through the Tongues and Arts,
 And have that deep Divinity to know,
 What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,
 Who with thy words could charm thy audience,
 That at thy Sermons, ear was all our sense;
 Yet have I seen thee in the Pulpit stand,
 Where we might take notes from thy look and hand;
 And from thy speaking action bear away
 More Sermon, than 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 Sons of Zeal, who to reform
 Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit storm,
 And beat the Cushion into worse estate,
 Then if they did conclude it reprobate,
 Who can out-pray the glass, then lay about
 Till all predestination be run 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 fear, as, hearing thee,
 The Court would mend, and a good Christian be.
 And Ladies though unhandsome, out of grace,
 Would hear thee in their unbought looks and face.
 More I could write, but let this crown thine Urn;
 We cannot hope the like till thou return.

Upon Mr. J. Donne, and his Poems.

WHo dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
 (Unburied yet) this living part of thee:
 This part to thy being gives fresh flame,
 And though th'art *Donne*, yet will preserve thy name.
 Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimson hew
 And whey-like ran at last (in a pale blew)
 May shew thee morral, a dead Palsey may
 Seise on't, and quickly turn it into clay;
 Which like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd:
 But this great Spirit thou hast left behind,
 This Soul of Verse in its first pure estate)
 Shall live for all the world to imitate.

But

But not come near ; for in thy phantasies flight,
 Thou dost not stoop unto the vulgar sight,
 But hovering highly in the air of Wit,
 Holdst such a pitch, that few can follow it ;
 Admire they may. Each object that the Spring
 (Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
 T' adorn Earths face, thou sweetly didst contrive
 To beauties elements, and thence derive
 Unspotted Lillies white ; which thou didst set
 Hand in hand with the vein-like Violet,
 Making them soft, and warm, and by thy power,
 Couldst give both life and sense unto a flower.
 The Cheries thou hast made to speak, will be
 Sweeter unto the taste, than from the tree,
 And (spight of winter storms) amidst the snow
 Thou oft hast made the blushing Rose to grow.
 The Sea nymphs, that the watry caverns keep,
 Have sent their Pearles and Rubies from the deep
 To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they drew
 More lustre to them, than where first they grew,
 All minerals (that earths full womb doth hold
 Promiscuously) thou couldst convert 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 look 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 theam for Beauty ; Thou didst see,
 Woman was this fair worlds Epitome.
 Thy nimble *satyrs* too, and every strain
 (With nerry strength) that issued from thy brain,

Will lose the glory of their own clear bayes,
 If they admit of any others praise.
 But thy diviner Poems (whose clear fire
 Purges all dross away) shall by a Quire
 Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be set
 (Where flesh and blood could ne'r attain to yet)
 There purest Spirits sing such sacred Layes,
 In Panegyrique Hallelujaes.

Artb. Wilson.

Epitaph upon Dr. Donne, by Endy. Porter.

THis decent Urn a sad inscription wears,
 Of *Donnes* departure from us, to the spheres;
 And the dumb stone with silence seems to tell
 The changes of this life, wherein is well
 Exprest, A cause to make all joy to cease,
 And never let our sorrows more take ease:
 For now it is impossible to finde
 One fraught with vertues, to enrich a mind.
 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 stept between
 To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseen
 By thee? O'twas his goodness so to do,
 Which humane kindness never reacht unto.
 Thus the hard laws of death were satisf'd,
 And he left us like Orphan friends and dy'd.

Now

Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,
Whose speech shall send repentant sighs, and tears?
Or tell me, if a purer Virgin die,
Who shall hereafter write her Elegy?
Poets be silent, let your numbers sleep,
For he is gone that did all fancy keep;
Time hath no Soul, but his exalted verse;
Which with amazements, we may now rehearse,

In Memory of Dr. Donne, by Mr. R. B.

Donne dead? 'Tis here reported true, though I
Ne'r yet so much desir'd to hear a ly,
'Tis too too true, for so we find it still,
Good news are often false, but seldome, ill:
But must poor fame tell us his fatal day,
And shall we know his death the common way?
Me thinks some Comet bright should have foretold
The death of such a man, for though of old
'Tis held, that Comets Princes deaths foretell,
Why should not his have needed one as well?
Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'd
High as a Prince, and as great state maintain'd?
Yet wants he not his sign, for we have seen
A dearth, the like to which hath never been,
Treading on harvest heels, which doth presage,
The dearth of wit and learning, which this age
Shall find, now he is gone; for though there be
Much grain in shew, none brought it forth as he;
Or men are misers, or if true want raises
The dearth, than more that dearth *Donnes* plenty praises.
Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
And poesie, (past ravishing of sense)

He

He had a magazine, wherein such store
Was laid up, as might hundreds serve of poor.

But he is gone, O how will his desire
Torture all thole that warm'd them by his fire ?
Methinks I see him in the Pulpit standing,
Not eares or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding,
Where we that heard him, to our selves did fain
Golden Chrysostome was yet alive again ;
And never were we wearied, till we saw
His hour (and but an hour) to end did draw.
How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,
With helps to boot, for men to bear th' abuse
Of their tir'd patience, and indure th' expence
Of time, O spent in hearkning to non-sense,
With marks also enough whereby to know,
The speaker is a zealous dunce, or so.

'Tis true, they quitted him, to their poor power,
They humm'd against him ; and with face most sower
Call'd him a strong lin'd man, a Macaroon,
And no way fit to speak to clouted shoon,
As fine words [truly] as you would desire,
But [verily] but a bad edifier.

Thus did these beetles slight in him that good,
They could not see, and much less, understood.
But we may say, when we compare the stuff
Both brought. He was a candle, they the snuff.
Well Wisdom's of her children justifi'd,
Let therefore these poor fellows stand aside ;
Nor, though of learning he deserv'd so highly,
Would I his book should save him ; rather slily
I should advise his Clergy not to pray,
Though of the leane'dst sort methinks that they
Of the same trade are judges not so fit,
There's no such emulation as of wit ;

Of such,
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Elegies upon the Author.

393

Of such, the Envy might as much perchance
Wrong him, and more, than th' others ignorance.
It was his Fate I know't to be envy'd
As much by Clerks, as lay-men magnifi'd;
And why? but 'cause he came late in the day,
And yet his penny earn'd, and had as they.
No more of this, lest some should say, that I
Am straid to Satyre, meaning Elegy.
No, no, had *Donne* need to be judg'd or try'd,
A Jury I would summon on his side,
That had no sides, nor factions; past the touch
Of all exceptions, freed from Passion, such
As not to fear nor flatter, e'r were bred,
These would I bring though called from the dead:
Southampton, Hambleton, Pembroke, Dorsets Earls,
Huntington, Bedfords Countesses (the Pearls
Once of each sex) 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 do I? A diminution 'tis
To speak 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 speak to) When I see't, I'll say,
My ey-sight betters, as my ears decay;
Mean time a quarrel I shall ever have
Against these doughty keepers from the grave,
Who use, it seems, their old Authority,
When (verses men immortal make) they cry:
Which had it been a *Recipe* true try'd,
Probatum esset, D O N N E had never dy'd.

For

For me, if e'r I had least sparke at all
 Of that which they Poetique fire do call,
 Here I confesse it fetched from his hearth,
 Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
 This onely a poor flash, a lightning is
 Before my Muses death, as after his.
 Farewel (fair soul) and deign receive from me;
 This Type of that devotion I ow thee,
 From whom (while living) as by voice and pen
 I learned more than from a thousand men:
 So by thy death, am of one doubt releas'd,
 And now beleewe that miracles are ceas'd.

Epitaph.

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

News



News from the very Country.

That it is a Frippery of Courtiers, Merchants and others, which have been in fashion, and are very near worn out. That Justices of Peace have the selling of under-woods, but the Lords have the great falls. The Jesuites are like Apricocks, heretofore, here and there one succour'd in great mans house, and cost dear; now you may have them for nothing in every cottage. That every great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that devours vertues and less vices: That it is wholesomest getting a stomach by walking on your own ground: and the thriftiest laying of it at anothers table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and here have the liberty of the house. That *Atheists* in affliction, like blinde beggers, are forced to ask, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two such Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Westminster Hall*. That onely Christmase Lords know their ends. That women are not so tender fruit, but that they do as well, and bear as well upon beds, as plashed against walls. That our Carts are never worse employed than when they are waited upon by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haire in horse taires, concur in one root of beauty and strength; but being pluckt out one by one, serve only for springes and snares. That both want and abundance, equally advance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and stones are both good casting for an Hawk. That I am sure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because we do not all eat thereof. That our best three-pil'd
mis-

mischiefe comes from beyond the Sea, and rides post through the Countrey, but his errand is to Court. The next to wife and children, your own are the best pastime, another wife and your children worse, your wife and another children worst. That States-men hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Favorites course her, and are ever view. That intemperance is not so unwholesome here: for none ever saw Sparrow sick of the Pox: that here is no treachery nor fidelity, but it is because here are no secrets; that Court motions are up and down, ours circular; that like squibs cannot stay at the highest, nor return to the place which they rose from, but vanish and wear out in the way: Ours like Mill wheels, busie without changing place; they have peremptory fortunes; we vicissitudes.

7.D.

Amicissimo, & meritissimo BEN. JOHNSON.

In Vulponem.

Quod arte ausus es hic tua, Poeta,
 Si auderent hominum Deique juris
 Consulti, veteres sequi amularierque,
 Omnes saperemus ad salutem.
 His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
 Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu
 Illos quod sequeris novator audis.
 Fac tamen quod agis; tuique prima
 Libri canitie induantur hora:
 Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,
 Nascenturque senes, oportet, illi
 Libri, quicquid dare vis perennitatem.

Priscis,

ris, ingenium facit. laborque
 parem; hos superes, ut & futuros,
 ex nostra vitiositate sumas,
 quia priuscos superamus, & futuros.

J.D.

7.
 Eum sortiti sumus quo plane indoctis nihil turpius,
 plene doctis nihil rariius. Tam omnes in literis aliquid
 sciunt, tam nemo omnia. Media igitur plerumque iter via,
 & ad evitandum ignorantia turpitudinem & legendi fastidi-
 um. Ars una est omnibus ut reliquas scire videri possint.
 Unde Epitomis, paradoxis, & pruritis exorbitantium inge-
 niorum delectantur. Hinc tam sunt in pretio Lullius, Gem-
 ma, Sebundus, Empiricus, Trithemius, Agrippa, Erasmus,
 Ramus, & Heretici. Satis enim sibi videntur scire ignava
 ingenia si aliorum scientiam imperfectam esse probabiliter pos-
 sint demonstrare. Sed nimis invidia subest, & se prodi-
 tiora hac, procax & tuberosa scientia. Tibi generosior, ce-
 lerior, candidior, & minus speculatoribus literarum obnoxia
 via subeunda est. Et quia per occupationes Aula, qua de-
 gis, naturales, tibi vacare literis non licet (nam post som-
 num non nisi post accimam ex more excutiendum, post vestes
 dici, loco, affectibus proprias indutas, post faciem speculo
 compositam, & quo quis cachinno, superciliove excipendus
 sit resolutionem, post epulas lususque, quota pars vita literis,
 animoque excolendo relinquitur?) & tamen doctus videri non
 dedignaris ut aliquando habeas quo eleganter & apposite ca-
 nes Regios, conseruos tuos possis laudare, & quamvis scire qua
 alii sciunt non poteris, saltem scire valeas qua illi nesciunt;
 hac ex consilio meo via progredieris.

Relictis authoribus quos vocant Classicos Academicis & pa-
 dagogis terendis, enitere per omnes quibus ignorantiam fatere
 secure poteris libros aliis inventu difficiles exquirere. Nec in
 collo-

colloquiis quid ex autoribus vulgo notis afferas, sed ex istis ut ita quæ dicis aut tua videri possint, si nomina taceas, aut si minus digna sint, & authoritate egeant, novos auctores cum reverentia tui audiant illi, qui omnia scire sibi ante vi sunt. Hunc ergo catalogum ad usum tuum exaravi, ut his paratis libris, in omni pene scientia, si non magis, saltem aliter deus, quam ceteri, subito proficias.

Catalogus Librorum.

1. **N**icolai Hill Angli, de sexu & Hermaphroditate dignoscenda in Atomis: Idem de eorum Anatomia, & obstetricatione in partibus humanis, cui annectitur ars conficiendorum ignis vasorum, & instrumentorum ad hæc omnia propriorum, per conterraneum, & synchronon suum Magistrum Plat.
2. *Emulus Moysis. Ars conservandi vestimenta ultra quadraginta annos, autore Topclisso Anglic: postillata per Jac. Stonehouse, Anglic: qui eodem idiomate edidit tractatum, To keep clothes near the fashion.*
3. *Ars exscribendi omnia ea quæ verò ad idem dicuntur in Joanne Foxe in ambitu denarii, autore P. Bale.*
4. *Chimeram prædicari de Antichristo, autore Sorbonista Anonymo.*
5. *Galatinus, Judeos ubiquitarios esse, quia nusquam sunt.*
6. *Librum Tobia esse canonicum. Ubi ex Rabbinis & secretioribus Theologis numerantur pili caudæ ejus canis, ex quorum varia retortione, & invicem conjunctione conficiuntur literæ, ex quibus mirifica verba consistunt. Autore Francisco Georgio Veneto.*
7. *Pax in Hierusalem, sive conciliatio flagrantissimi dissidii inter Rabbi Simeon Kimchi, & Onkelos, utrum caro hu-*

mana

mana ex carne suilla comesta (quod avertat deus) concreta in resurrectione removebitur, annihilabitur, aut purificabitur, per illuminatissimum Doctorem Reuchlinum.

8. Pythagoras Judeo Christianus, Numerum 99 & 66 verso folio esse eundem, per super-seraphicum Jo. Picum.

9. Quidlibet ex quolibet; Or the art of decyphering and finding some treason in any intercepted letter, by Philips.

10. Joh. Harringtoni Hercules, sive de modo quo evacuabatur à facibus Arca Noë.

11. Crede quod habes & habes. Criterium Antiquitatum lib. magnus de minimis à Walt. Copo dictatus, & ab uxore exscriptus, & ab amanuensi suo Johan: Per y latinitate donatus.

12. Subsavior; in quo illuminatus, sed parum illuminans Hugo Broughton incredibiliter docet linguam Hebraicam esse de essentia salutis, & sua precepta de essentia.

13. M. Lutherus de abbreviatione orationis Dominicæ.

14. Manipulus quercuum; sive ars comprehendendi transcendentiæ. Autore Raim. Sebundo.

15. Oceanus Aulicus, sive Pyramis sive colossus, sive Abysus ingeniorum: ubi p. r 60000 literas à Milordis omnium nationum ad evitandam ostentationem vulgaribus semper linguis datas & acceptas, traditur quicquid tradi potest de Dentiscalpiis & unguum reduviis. Collectæ sunt & in unum corpus reductæ, singulisque autoribus dedicatæ per Io: Florio Stalo, Anglum, eorum quæ in hoc libro continentur capita habentur primis 70 paginis; Diplomata regum cum eorum titulis & approbationes inquisitorum 107 sequentibus, poemata in laudes Amorum 97. libro proximo.

16. Justitia Angliæ vacationis, Io. Davis. De Arte Anagrammatum verisimiliter conficiendorum, & sententiolis annulis inscribendis.

17. Tractatuli aliquot adjectitii, libris Pancirelli; libro de rebus

rebus perditis, additur de virtute, & de libertate populi quod à Capellano quodam Io: Cadi inchoatum à Buchanano perfectum est, libro de rebus inventis, additur de morbo multinomino per Tho. Thorney Anglice: & post latine per Tho. Campianum, & de uxoratione post vota per Carolo stadium.

18. Bonaventura de particula Non à decalogo adimendo, & Symbolo Apostolorum adjiciendo.

19. De militibus Apocryphis per Edw. Prinne lib. unus, per Edw. Chute paulo amplior factus.

20. De navigabilitate aquarum supercœlestium, & utrum ibi an apud nos navis in firmamento in iudicio sit appulsura, Io. Dee, Autore.

21. Manuale iusticiariorum, continens plurimas confessiones veneficarum Manmodo iudicii exhibitas, & ab illo abstergendis postea natibus, & evacuationibus adhibitæ; nunc à servulis suis redemptæ, & in usum suum collectæ sunt à Io. Helo.

22. *Æquilibrium*. Tom. 2. Sive ars acquiescendi in Controversiis. Primus modus dicitur simplex, quia data controversia (utpote estne transubstantiatio) scribitur sic, & non, variis sed æqualibus chartulis, & trutinæ imponuntur, & ponderosiori adharendum. Alius modus est compositus, quia data thesi ex una parte, datur etiam altera ex altera: ut Petrus sedet Romæ, & Joannes sedet Romæ, & etiam si æqualibus literis scribuntur, &c. ponderosiori adharendum auctore. Erasmo Roterdd.

23. Cardanus de nullibietate crepitus.

24. Edmundi Hobai eruclationes pomeridianæ, sive de univocis, utpote de prerogativa Regum, & chimæris, morbo Regio, & morbo Gallico, &c.

25. *Ars Spiritualis inescandi mulieres*, sive conciones subcingulares Egertoni.

26. De Pessario animato, & omni morbo fœminis danda per Magistrum Butler Cantabr.

27. *Caput anem Fran. Baconi : de Roberto primo Anglia rege.*

28. *Cape advocatorum, sive ars plorandi in iudiciis, per eundem. Sesqui-barbarus, sive de medietate lingua.*

29. *De Gurgite diametrali à Polo ad Polum, per centrum navigabile sine pyxide per Andr. Thevet.*

30. *Quintessentia inferni ; sive camera privata infernalis, ubi tractatur de loco quinto ab Homero, Virgilio, Dante, ceterisque papisticis prætermisso, ubi Reges præter damni pœnas, & sensus, recordatione præteritorum cruciantur.*

31. *Encomium Doctoris Shaw Capellani Richardi 3. per Doct. Barlow.*

32. *Quid non ? sive confutatio omnium errorum tam in Theologia quam in aliis scientiis, artibusque mechanicis, præteritorum, præsentium & futurorum, omnium hominum mortuorum, superstitum, nascentiumque ; una nocte post cœnam confecta per D. Sutcliffe.*

33. *De Episcopabilitate puritani. Dr. Robinson.*

34. *Tarltonus de privilegiis Parliamenti.*

D d

In



In Sacram Anchoram Piscatoris G. Herbert.

Quod Crux nequibat fixa Clavique additi,
 (Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
 Tuive Christum devocans sacundia
 Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
 Nec hoc abunde est tibi, nisi certa Anchora
 Addas sigillum: nempe Symbolum sua
 Tibi debet Unda & terra certitudinis.

Quondam fessus Amor loquens Amato,
 Tot & tanta loquens amica, scripsit:
 Tandem & fessa manus, dedit sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta, dolens, lacerando recludi,
 Sanctius in Regno Magni credebat Amoris
 (In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare sigillum.

Munde suas fugiasque licet, nos nostraque fixi:
 Deridet motus sancta catena tuos.

Although

S. Herbert.

Although the Croſs could not Chriſt here detain,
 Though nail'd unto 't, but he aſcends again,
 Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him ſtill,
 But onely while thou ſpeak'ſt; This Anchor will,
 Nor canſt thou be content, unleſs thou to
 This certain Anchor add a Seal, and ſo
 The Water, and the Earth both unto thee
 Do owe the ſymbole of their certainty.

When Love being weary made an end
 Of kind Expreſſions to his friend,
 He writ; when's hand could write no more,
 He gave the Seal, and ſo left o're.

How ſweet a friend was he, who being griev'd
 His letters were broke rudely up, believ'd
 'Twas more ſecure in great Loves Common-weal
 (Where nothing ſhould be broke) to adde a Seal,

Let the world reel, we and all ours ſtand ſure,
 This holy Cable's of all ſtorms ſecure.

Although

D d 2

To



To Mr. George Herbert , with one of my
Seal, of the Anchor and Christ.

Qui prius assuetus Serpentum fasce Tabellas
Signare, (hac nostra symbola parva Domus)
Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmata, nanciscor stemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux primo qua fronte impressa lavacro,
Fimibus extensis, anchora facta patet.
Anchora in effigiem, Crux tandem desinit ipsam,
Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
Crux, & ab Affixo, est Anchora facta, Jesu.
Nec Natalitiis penitus serpentibus orbor,
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Qua sapiens, Dos est; Qua terram lambit & ambit,
Pestis; At in nostra fit Medicina Cruce,
Serpens; fixa Cruci si sit Natura; Crucique
A fixo, nobis, Gratia tota fluat.
Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora fixa, sigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc, quam Catechismus erit.
Mitto, nec exigua, exigua sub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiae, & munera, Vota, preces.
Plura tibi accumulet, sanctus cognominis, Ille
Regia qui flavo Dona sigillat Equo.

J. D.



A sheaf of Snakes used heretofore to be my Seal,
The Crest of our Poor family.

A Dopted in Gods Family, and so
 Our old Coat lost, unto new arms I go.
 The Cross (my seal at Baptism) spred below,
 Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow.
 Crosses grow Anchors; Bear, as thou shouldst do
 Thy Cross, and that Cross grows an Anchor too.
 But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus,
 Is Christ, who there is crucifi'd for us.
 Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold,
 God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old;
 The Serpent may, as wise, my pattern be;
 My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.
 And as he rounds the Earth to murder sure,
 My death he is, but on the Cross, my cure:
 Crucifie nature then, and then implore
 All Grace from him, cruicified there before;
 When all is Cross, and that Cross Anchor grown,
 This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone.
 Under that little Seal great gifts I send,
 Works, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
 And may that Saint which rides in our great Seal,
 To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal.



UT primum per literas, eo quo solent ordine, à vobis,
 Amplissime, eaque Amplitudine Dignissime Antistes,
 Reverendissimique Patres, ad nos dimanantes, nobis inno-
 tuit; Potentissimum, simul & consultiſſimum Regem, etſi à
 Spiritu ſancto, ſpiritu conſilii, in ſemet ſubunde repletum,
 ſuorum tamen conſilio, in ſolenni Ordinum Conventu, uti
 non dedignatum eſſe; habui & ego, etſi in antro delite-
 ſcens, nec in fulgore omnino, parum in aprico verſatus, hu-
 jus tamen roris guttulas meas, & Gomerulum meum, (ſi ita
 diminuerè liceat) hujus Manneæ, ſenſum partemque meam,
 ejus qua univerſum regnum perfulſum eſt, lætitiæ. Vere
 enim mihi videre, viſus ſum exemplar ipſum, quod vidit
 Patriarcha Jacob, Deum innixum ſcalæ & Angelos aſcen-
 dentes & ſcendentes, cum videam eum, qui inter eos
 ſummus eſt, de quibus Deus dixit, Vos Diſcitis, non ita
 ſui contentum eſſe, nec ita in ſemet acquieſcere, (quo ta-
 men uno contenti, & in quo ſolo acquieſcimus libenter
 omnes) quin & in hanc ſcalam innitatur, in qua illa quæ à
 vobis Eccleſiæ proceribus, in nos deſcendit, influentia, & iſ-
 qui a nobis, ad vos aſcendit, Odor quietis, Deſcenſum A-
 ſcenſumque Angelorum poſſit imitari. Quid enim non li-
 cet nobis, nobis jam ſpondere, tam ſollicitè auſpicatis ut non
 ex aliis, quam ipſa cœleſti Columba, avibus, divinationem
 tranſigenda, cum videamus Deum cœleſtem, terreſtremque
 Deum, ita in unum coaleſcere, ut quemadmodum nec Deus
 ipſe ita Unus eſſe voluerit, ut non etiam ſit Trinus, ita nec
 Rex

Rex summus sibi ita voluit inniti, ut non & tres ordines bona sua cum venia, accersituque convenirent? Vidit Deus opt. Max. in principio Lucem bonum, & bonam terram, solem bonum, & bonum Mare, singula bona, sed cum uno intuitu omnia complexus est, vidit omnia valde bona. Vidit & ille, qui ejus apud nos vices gerit, quæ in Corde suo diffusæ est, lucem bonam, quæ ab iis, qui et à Consiliis sunt, & qui à Concoionibus, inferuntur, singula bona; Et cum jam per eum coadunata sint omnia, cum jam, sicut de exercitiis Israeliticis sæpe usurpatum, Omnes sicut unus vir exiverunt, ita & nos sicut os unum, una anima convenimus, viderit, (precamur) videbit (omniamur) omnia valde bona Hujus cum ego benigni roris guttulas meas, & alme hujus Mannæ Gomerulum meum mihimet pollicerer, ut aut in umbra familiari, ea quæ hoc in loco transigenda essent, precibus promoverem, aut quæ acta erant, præsentia mea, suffragioque testari possem, nec amplius memet ingerere, ingenua ista spe, & pollicitatione non injusta, dejectum me video. Oteri, veribus meis impari, & importuno, repente suppositum, & à litore, ubi omnibus adprecando, & sanioribus annuendo, satis officio meo fecisse putari possem, in arenam, in æstum maris jam protrusum, proloquendi & præloquendi, Concillandi & Consulendi, Colligendi & Referendi, Argumentandi & Arguendi, aliaque peragendi, tot & tanta, ut sepositis, penitusque neglectis, quæ à corpore imbecilli, fractis viribus, & valetudine perquam incommoda, etiam in oculos vestros, cætervatum se injiciunt, excusationibus & argumentis, (libens enim ea prætereo, cum misera sit eloquentia, quæ non ex aliis topicis, quam misera ipsa hauriatur) cum mihi ad eos qui in animi dotibus positi sunt, defectus, propalandos necessario deveniendum sit, in congerendis quæ in excusationem conferri possent, non longius discurrendum, non amplius disquirendum sit, quam candide profiteri, me ab

hoc munere rite præstando tam longe abesse, ut quantum abfuerim, ipse nesciam: Tam non valere, hoc in munere, aliis satisfacere, ut nec mihi met dicere ipse valeam, in quibus versetur, præstarive posset hæc satisfactio: Tam non spondere, facturum me quod exigat, ut & ignorem plane, penitus, quid exigat. Canos istos non dicent istæ excusationes? Sed & ipse Moses, dierum jam plenus, totoque, quod ipse in psalmo statuit humanæ vitæ stadio, eoque longissimo, octoginta annorum, jam decurso, incircumcisa labia professus est, & urfit; nec infantilis ætatis erat, cum se puerum & infantem profiteretur Jeremias. Ideo autem eorum excusationes non admisit Deus, quia qui potis erat solus, omnia se refaturum, in se sumplit. Si nec meas admitti fas sit, nec patiatür mos, & consuetudinis improba tyrannis, ut id fiat, quod fecit erga Moysen, & Jeremiam Deus, faciatis, Oro, quo valeatis, modo erga nos, R.R. R.R. ut id operetur in vobis patientia vestro, quod in illis operata est potentia Dei, ut benignitate vestra freti, ad omne opus quantumvis arduum, sancta fortitudine, & alacritate pia nos accingamus. Etsi enim non egeant. Davide tempora nostra, cum in nos nullus exurgat Goliath, (nec enim hæreses à nobis debellandæ, nec schismata occurrunt refarcienda, quod vigilantia vestra, sollicitudinique unice debet Ecclesia) & quamvis in hoc me soler, Deum qui numerosum Gedeonis exercitum, domum remisit, ut in paucioribus Victoriam reportaret, posse etiam & in me, homine inexercito, exercitatus tot Athletis, strenuisque viris relictis, opus suum perficere; Tamen cum satis sciam, sicut & libri à capto lectorum, ita & opera ab animis recipientium, sua fata habere, rogandæ sunt Reverendissimæ Paternitates vestrae, ut meminisse dignentur, imbecilliores stellas, à benigno fortiorum aspectu, reddi fortiores, molitionesque nostras, à radiis vestris vegetari, & in sinu vestro animari Embryones nostros. Et si intempestivum sit jam orare, ut à me hoc eximatur

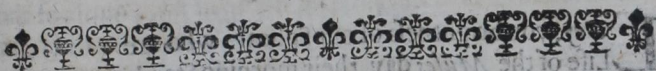
tor Onu
dum, O
suum qu
maturat
ad Eccl
tissimi
Amen.



Tra

GO
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God

tur Onus, oremus Patrem in filio Jesu, ut per Spiritum sanctum, Onus commune leve faciat, ut singulis nostrum panem suum quotidianum impertiatur, ita ut, nec officiose nimis maturando, nec nimis scrupulose retardando, ad gloriam Dei, ad Ecclesiae bonum, ad utilitatem Reip. ad solamen pietissimi principis, opus diei semper in die suo peragatur. Amen.



Translated out of *Gazæus, Vota Amica*
facta. fol. 160.

GOD grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
Thou, who dost, best friend, in best things out-shine;
May thy soul, ever chearful, ne'r know cares,
Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs;
Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds,
Nor thy purse, ever plump, know pleits, or folds,
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing,
Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling.
Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise,
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies.
Nor thy prayers, know low objects, stil Divine;
God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine;

To LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD,
with M. DONNES Satyres.

Lucy, you brightness of our Sphear, who are
Life of the *Muses* day, their morning Star !
If works (not th' Authors) their own grace should look
Whose poems would not wish to be your book ?
But these, desir'd by you, the makers ends
Crown with their own. Rare Poems ask rare friends.
Yet, *Satyres*, since the most of mankind be
Their unavoyd subject, fewest fee :
For none ere took that pleasure in fims sence,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They, then, that living where the matter is bred,
Dare for these Poems, yet, both ask, and read,
And like them too, must needfully, though few,
Be of the best : and amongst those best are you ;
Lucy, you brightness of our Sphear, who are
The *Muses* evening, as their morning-star.

Ben. Jon.

To

TO JOHN DONNE.

WHo shall doubt, *Donne*, where I a *Poet* be,
 When I dare send my *Epigrammes* to thee?
 That so alone canst judg, so 'alone make
 And, in thy censures, evenly dost take
 As free simplicity, to dis-avow,
 As thou hast best authority, t' allow.
 Read all I send: and, if I finde but one
 Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
 My title's seal'd. Those that for claps do write,
 Let punees, porters, players praise delight,
 And, till they burst, their backs, like asses load:
 A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

THe heavens rejoyce in motion why, should I
 Abjure my so much lov'd variety,
 And not with many youth and lov'd divide?
 Pleasure is none, if not diversifi'd
 The sun that sitting in the chair of light
 Sheds flame into what else soever doth seem bright,
 Is not contented at one sign to linn,
 But ends his year and with a new begins,
 All things do willingly in change delight,
 The fruitful mother of our appetite:

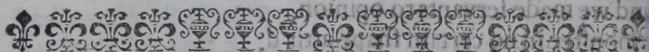
Rivers

Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
 Where their fair spreading streams run wide and clear:
 And a dead lake that no strange bark doth greet,
 Corrupts it self and what doth live in it.
 Let no man tell me such a one is fair,
 And worthy all alone my love to share.
 Nature in her hath done the liberal part
 Of a kind mistress, and imploy'd her art
 To make her love able, and I aver
 Him not humane that would turn back from her:
 I love her well, and would, if need were, dye
 To do her service. But follows it that I
 Must serve her only, when I may have choice?
 The law is hard, and shall not have my voice.
 The last I saw in all extreames is fair,
 And holds me in the Sun-beams of her hair;
 Her nymph-like features such agreements have
 That I could venture with her to the grave:
 Another's brown I like her not the worse,
 Her tongue is soft, and takes me with discourse:
 Others, for that they well descended were,
 Do in my love obtain as large a share;
 And though they be not fair, tis much with me
 To win their love only for their degree.
 And though I fail of my required ends,
 The attempt is glorious and it self commends.
 How happy were our Syres in ancient time,
 Who held plurality of loves no crime?
 With them it was accounted charity
 To stir up race of all indifferently;
 Kindreds were not exempted from the bands:
 Which with the persians still in usage stands.
 Women were then no sooner asked than won,
 And what they did was honest and well done.

at since this little honour hath been us'd,
 Our weak credulity hath been abus'd;
 The golden laws of nature are repeald,
 Which our first Fathers in such reverence held;
 Our liberty revers'd and Charter's gone,
 And we made servants to opinion,
 A monster in no certain shape attir'd,
 And whose original is much desir'd,
 Formless at first, but growing on its fashions,
 And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.
 Here love receiv'd immedicable harms,
 And was dispoiled of his daring arms,
 A greater want than is his daring eyes,
 He lost those awful wings with which he flies;
 His sinewy bow, and those immortal darts
 Wherewith he 's wont to bruise resisting hearts;
 Onely some few strong in themselves and free
 Retain the seeds of antient liberty,
 Following that part of love although deprest,
 And make a throne for him within their brest,
 In spite of modern censures him avowing
 Their Sovereign, all service him allowing.
 Amongst which troop although I am the least,
 Yet equal in perfection with the best,
 I glory in subjection of his hand,
 Nor ever did decline his least command:
 For in what ever form the message came
 My heart did open and receive the same:
 But time will in his course a point discry
 When I this loved service must deny.
 For our allegiance temporary is,
 With firmer age returns our liberties.
 What time in years and judgment we repos'd
 Shall not so easily be to change dispos'd

Nor

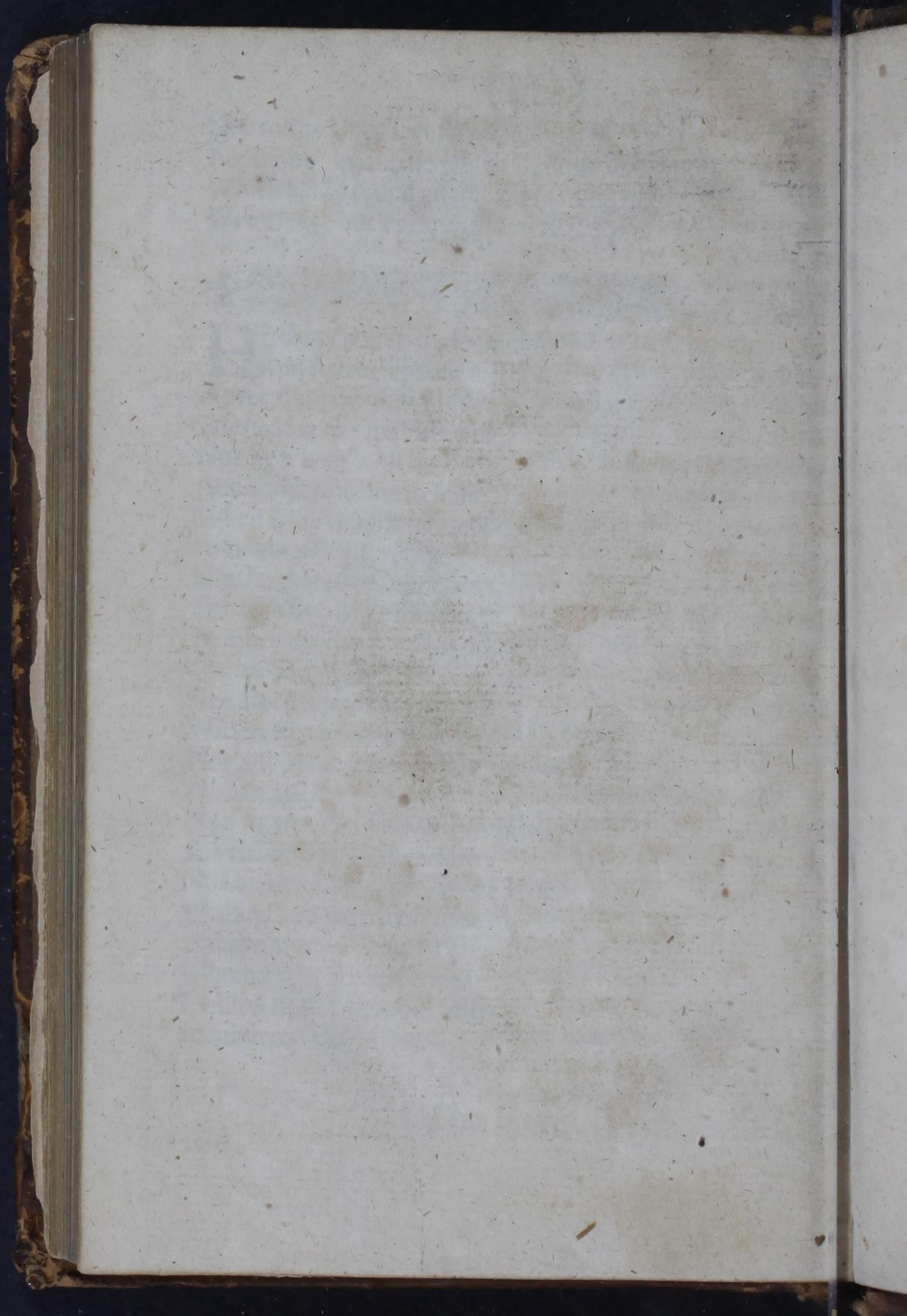
Nor to the art of several eyes obeying,
 But beauty with true worth securely weighing,
 Which being found assembled in some one
 Wee'l leave her ever, and love her alone.



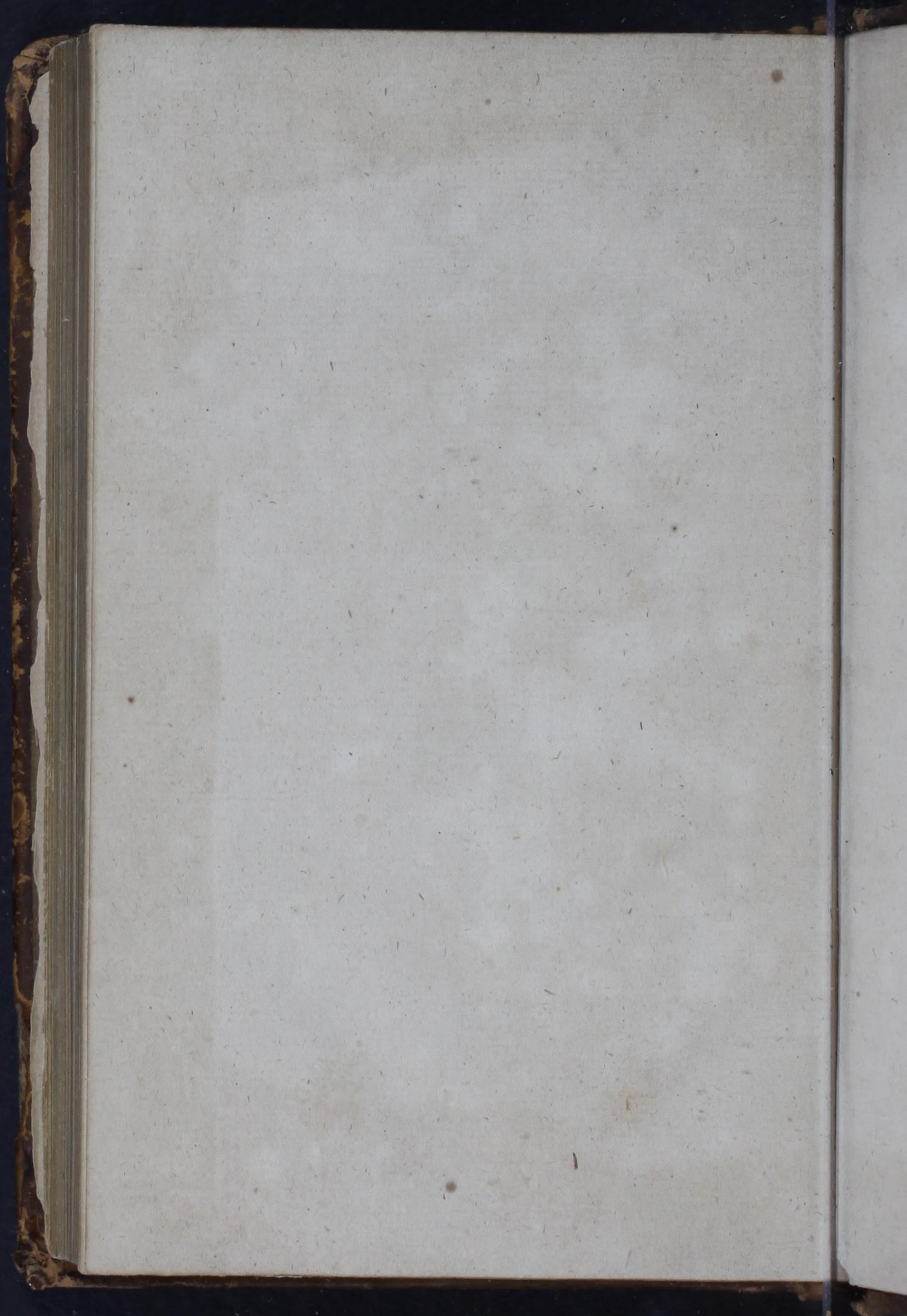
HE that cannot chuse but love,
 And strives against it still,
 Never shall my fancy move;
 For he loves against his will;
 Nor he which is all his own,
 And cannot pleasure chuse,
 When I am caught he can be gone,
 And when he list refuse.
 Nor he that loves none but fair,
 For such by all are sought;
 Nor he that can for foul ones care,
 For his Judgment then is nought:
 Nor he that hath wit, for he
 Will make me his jest or slave
 Nor a fool for when others, —
 He can neither —
 Nor he that still his Mistress prays,
 For she is thrall'd therefore:
 Nor he that payes, not, for he says
 Within she's worth no more.
 Is there then no kind of men
 Whom I may freely prove?
 I will vent that humour then
 In mine own self love.

The End.

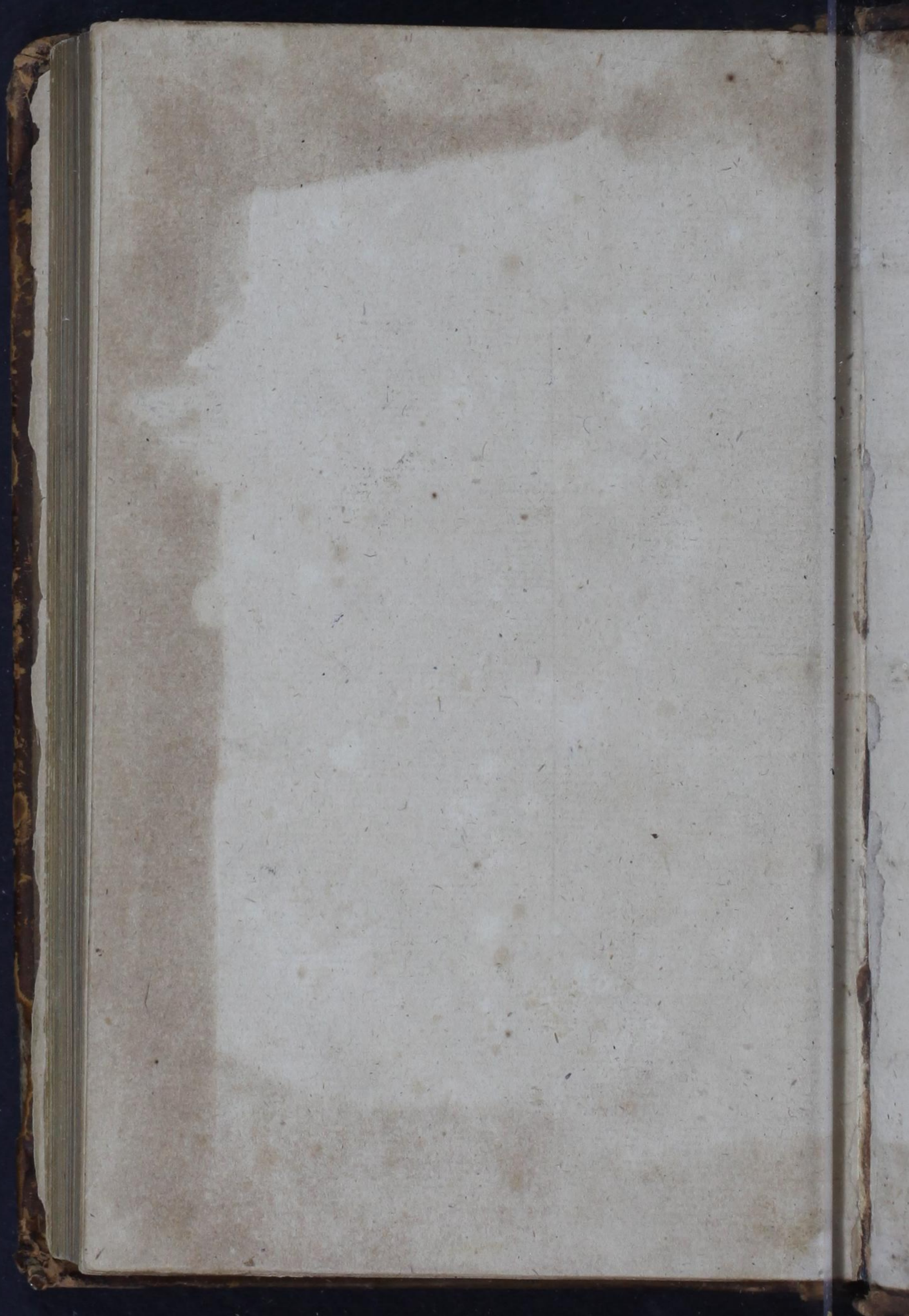
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Collated, small hole in x_2
causing loss of a numeral
otherwise complete

