

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

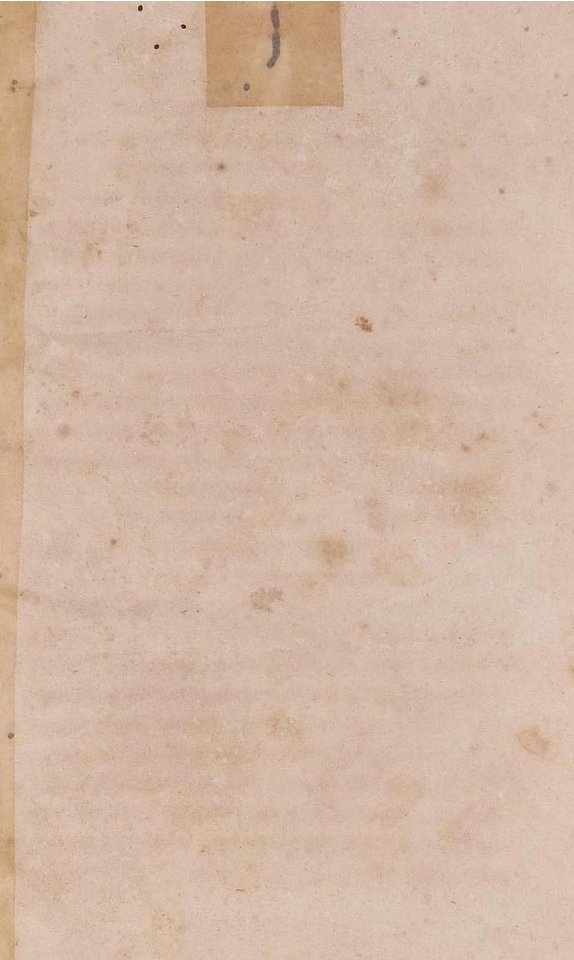
717



DONNE VOLUME II.
Blow your Trumpets Angels.

Divine Poems

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand, London, 1778. *Salomon sculpt.*



Sanjour Majah
THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

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DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

DONNE! the delight of Phoebus and each Muse,
Who to thy one all other brains refuse;
Whose ev'ry work of thy most early wit
Came forth example, and remain so yet;
Longer a-knowing than most wits do live,
And which no' affection praise enough can give;
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would,
But leave because I cannot as I should.

BEN. JOHNSON.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS
SONGS, SONNETS, DIVINE POEMS, AND EPIGRAMS.

I will not draw the envy to engrofs
All thy perfections, or weep all our los;,
Those are too num'rous for an elegie,
And this too great to be exprefs'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen should share a distinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try 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 God's priest.

THO. CARY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

POEMS, SONGS, SONNETS.

THE FLEA.

MARK but this Flea, and mark, in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
Me it fuck'd first, and now fucks thee,
And in this Flea our two blouds mingled be.
Confess it : this cannot be said
A sin or shame, or loss of maidenhead ;
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pamper'd swells with one bloud made of two ;
And this, alas ! is more than we could do.

Oh ! stay ; three lives in one Flea spare, 10
Where we almost, nay, more than marry'd are.
This Flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed and marriage temple is.
Tho' parents grudge, and you, we're met,
And cloyster'd in these living walls of jet ; 15
Tho' use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and fuddain, hast thou since
 Purpled thy nayl in blood of innocence? 20
 Wherein could this Flea guilty be,
 Except in that blood which it suck'd from thee?
 Yet thou triumph'ft, and faist that thou
 Find'ft not thyself nor me the weaker now:
 'Tis true; then learn how false fears be: 25
 Just so much honour, when thou yield'ft to mee,
 Will waste, as this Flea's death took life from thee. 27

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I WONDER, by my troth! what thou and I
 Did till we lov'd? Were we not wean'd till then,
 But suck'd on childish pleasures sillyly?
 Or slumber'd we in the seven-sleepers' den?
 'Twas so; but as all pleasures fancies be, 5
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desir'd and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now Good-morrow to our waking souls,
 Which watch not one another out of fear;
 For love all love of other sights controuls, 10
 And makes one little room an every-where.
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
 Let maps to other worlds our world have shown,
 Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears, 15
 And true plain hearts do in the faces rest:
 Where can we find two fitter hemispheres
 Without sharp North, without declining West?
 Whatever dies was not mixt equally.
 If our two loves be one, both thou and I
 Love just alike in all; none of these loves can die. 25

SONG.

Go, and catch a falling starre,
 Get with child a mandrake root,
 Tell me where all times past are,
 Or who cleft the devil's foot:
 Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
 Or to keep off envie's stinging,
 And find
 What wind
 Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
 Things invisible go see,
 Ride ten thousand dayes and nights,
 Till age snow white hairs on thee:
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
 All strange wonders that befell thee, 35
 And swear
 No where
 Lives a woman true and faire.

If thou find'st one let me know,
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
 Yet do not; I would not go,
 Tho' at next door we might meet.
 Tho' she were true when you met her,
 And last till you write your letter,
 Yet she
 Will be
 False ere I come to two or three.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

Now thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
 To-morrow when thou leav'st what wilt thou say
 Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
 Or say that now
 We are not just those persons which we were?
 Or that oaths, made in reverential fear
 Of Love and his wrath, any may forswear?
 Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
 So lovers' contracts, images of those,
 Bind but till Sleep, Death's image, them unloose?
 Or, your own end to justify
 For having purpos'd change and falsehood, you
 Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
 Vain lunatique! against these scapes I could
 Dispute and conquer, if I would;
 Which I abstain to do,
 For by to-morrow I may think so too.

THE UNDERTAKING.

AVE done one braver thing
 Than all the Worthies did,
 And yet a braver thence doth spring,
 Which is, to keep that hid.

There but madnes now t' impart
 The skill of specular stone,
 When he which can have learn'd the art
 Can cut it can find none.

If I now should utter this,
 My words (because no more
 Of such stuffe to work upon there is)
 Would love but as before.

He who loveliness within
 Hath found, all outward leathes;
 He who colour loves and skin,
 Loves but their oldest clothes.

As I have, you also do
 Virtue in woman see,
 And dare love that, and say so too,
 And forget the he and she;

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

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

THE SUN RISING.

BUSIE old fool! unruly Sun!
 Why dost thou thus
 Thro' windows and thro' curtains look on us?
 Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
 Sawcy pedantique Wretch! go, chide
 Late school-boyes, or sowre 'prentices;
 Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride;
 Call country ants to harvest offices;
 Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
 Nor hours, dayes, months, which are the rags of time

Thy beams so reverend and strong,
 Dost thou not think
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
 But that I would not lose her sight so long?

If her eyes have not blinded thine,
 Look, and to-morrow late tell me,
 Whether both th' Indias of spice and myne
 Be where thou left them, or lie here with me :
 Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
 And thou shalt hear, All here it one bed lay. 20

She's all states, and all princes I,
 Nothing else is.
 Princes do but play us; compar'd to this
 All honour's mimique, all wealth alchymy.
 Thou, Sun! art half as happy' as we 25
 In that the world's contracted thus :
 Thine age asks ease; and since thy duties be
 To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
 This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphere. 30

THE INDIFFERENT.

I ca love both fair and bro wn; [betrayes;
 Her whom abundancemelts, and her whom want
 Her who loves loneness best, and her who sports and
 • plays;
 Her whom the country form'd, and whom the Town;
 Her who believes, and her who tries; 5
 Her who still weeps with spungy eyes,
 And her who is dry cork, and never cries :

I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you? 10

Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices worn, and now would find
out others?

Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?

Oh! we are not, be not you so;

Let me, and do you twenty know. 15

Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.

Must I, who came to travail thorough you,
Grow your fixt subject because you are true?

Venus heard me sing this song,

And by love's sweetest sweet, variety, she swore 20

She heard not this till now; it should be so no more.

She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,

And said, Alas! some two or three

Poor heretiques in love there be

Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy; 25

But I have told them, since you will be true,

You shall be true to them who 're false to you. 27

LOVE'S USURY.

FOR every hour that thou wilt spare me now
 I will allow,
 Ufurious god of Love! twenty to thee,
 When with my brown my gray hairs equal be;
 Till then, Love! let my body range, and let 5
 Me travail, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
 Resume my last year's relict; think that yet
 We 'had never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,
 And at next nine 10
 Keep midnight's promise; mistake by the way
 The maid, and tell the lady of that delay;
 Only let me love none, no, not the sport
 From country grafs to comeasures of court,
 Or citie's *quelque-chofes*; let not report 15
 My mind transport.

This bargain's good; if when I'm old I be
 Inflam'd by thee,
 If thine own honour or my shame or pain
 Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gain: 20
 Do thy will then; then subject and degree,
 And fruit of love, Love! I submit to thee:
 Spare me till then, I'll bear it, tho' she be
 One that loves me. 24

CANONIZATION.

FOR God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
 Or chide my palfie or my gout,
 My five gray hairs or ruin'd fortunes flout;
 With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve.
 Take you a course, get you a place, 5
 Observe his Honour or his Grace,
 Or the King's real or his stamped face
 Contemplate; what you will approve,
 So you will let me love.

Alas! alas! who's injur'd by my love? 10
 What merchants' ships have my sighs drown'd?
 Who saies my tears have overflow'd his ground?
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?
 When did the heats which my reynes fill
 Adde one more to the plaguy bill? 15
 Souldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
 Litigious men whom quarrels move,
 Tho' she and I do love.

Call's what you will, we are made such by love;^o
 Call her one, me another flie; 20
 We're tapers too, and at our own cost die;
 And we in us find th' eagle and the dove;

The phoenix riddle hath more wit
 By us; we two, being one, are it;
 So to one neutral thing both sexes fit. 25
 We dye and rise the same, and prove
 Mysterious by this love.

We can dye by it, if not live by love.
 And if unfit for tomb or hearse
 Our legend be, it will be fit for verse; 30
 And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
 We'll build in sonets pretty roomes.
 As well a well-wrought urne becomes
 The greatest ashes as half-acre tombes;
 And by those hymnes all shall approve 35
 Us canoniz'd for love :

And thus invoke us, you whom reverend love
 Made one another's hermitage ;
 You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
 Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
 Into the glasses of your eyes, 41
 So made such mirrours and such spies,
 That they did all to you epitomize.
 Countries, towns, courts, beg from above
 A pattern of our love. 45

THE TRIPLE FOOL.

I AM two fools, I know,
 For loving, and for saying so
 In whining poetry :
 But where 's that wise man that would not be I,
 If she would not deny ? 5
 Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
 Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
 I thought if I could draw my paines
 Thro' rhyme's vexation I should them allay.
 Grief brought to number cannot be so fierce, 10
 For he tames it that fetters it in verse :
 But when I have done so,
 Some man, his art or voice to show,
 Doth set and sing my pain,
 And, by delighting many, frees again 15
 Grief, which verse did restrain.
 To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
 But not of such as pleases when 't is read ;
 Both are increased by such songs ;
 For both their triumphs so are published, 20
 And I, which was two fools, do so grow three : •
 Who are a little wise the best fools be. 22

LOVER'S INFINITENESS.

IF yet I have not all thy love,
 Dear! I shall never have it all:
 I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,
 Nor can intreat one other tear to fall;
 And all my treasure, which should purchase thee, 5
 Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters, I have spent;
 Yet no more can be due to me
 Than at the bargain made was meant.
 If then thy gift of love was partial,
 That some for me, some should to others fall, 10
 Dear! I shall never have it all.

Or, if then thou giv'st me all,
 All was but all, which thou hadst then:
 But if in thy heart since there be, or shall,
 New love created be by other men, 15
 Which have their flocks intire, and can in tears,
 In sighs, in oaths, in letters, outbid me,
 This new love may beget new fears,
 For this love was not vow'd by thee;
 And yet it was thy gift, being general. 20
 The ground, thy heart, is mine; whatever shall
 Grow there, Dear! I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet;
 He that hath all can have no more:

And since my love doth every day admit 25
 New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store.
 Thou canst not every day give me thy heart;
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it.
 Lovers riddles are, that tho' thy heart depart,
 It staves at home, and thou with losing sav'st it : 30
 But we will love a way more liberal
 Than changing hearts to joyn us; so we shall
 Be one, and one another's all. 33

SONG.

SWEETEST Love! I doe not go
 For weariness of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter love for me;
 But since that I 5
 Must dye at last, 't is best
 Thus to use myself in jest
 By feigned death to dye.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
 And yet is here to-day; 10
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor half so short a way :
 Then fear not me,
 But believe that I shall make
 Hastier journeys, since I take 15
 More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot adde another hour,
 Nor a lost hour recall! 20
 But come bad chance,
 And we joyn to 't our strength,
 And we teach it art and length,
 Itself o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind, 25
 But sigh'st my soul away;
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
 My life's blood doth decay.
 It cannot be
 That thou lov'st me as thou say'st; 30
 If in thine my life thou waste,
 That art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
 Forethink me any ill,
 Destiny may take thy part, 35
 And may thy fears fulfill;
 But, think that we
 Are but laid aside to sleep:
 They who one another keep
 Alive ne'er parted be. 40

THE LEGACY.

WHEN last I dy'd (and, Dear! I die
 As often as from thee I goe,
 'Tho' it be but an hour agoe,
 And lovers' hours be full eternity)
 I can remember yet that I 5
 Something did say, and something did bestow;
 'Tho' I be dead, which sent me, I might be
 Mine own executor and legacy.

I heard me say, Tell her anon
 That myself, that is you, not I, 10
 Did kill me; and when I felt me dy,
 I bid me send my heart when I was gone,
 But I, alas! could find there none.
 When I had ripp'd and search'd where hearts should ly,
 It kill'd me again that I, who still was true 15
 In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
 For colours it and corners had;
 It was not good, it was not bad, 20
 It was intire to none, and few had part:
 As good as could be made by art
 It seem'd, and therefore for our loss be sad.
 I meant to send that heart instead of mine;
 But, oh! no man could hold it, for 't was thine. 24

A FEVER.

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

But yet thou canst not die, I know :
 To leave this world behind is death ;
 But when thou from this world wilt go,
 The whole world vapours in thy breath.

Or if when thou, the world's soul, goest,
 It stay, 't is but thy carcass then,
 The fairest woman but thy ghost,
 But corrupt wormes the worthiest men.

O wrangling Schools! that search what fire
 Shall burn this world : had none the wit
 Unto this knowledge to aspire,
 That this her Fever might be it ?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
 Nor long endure this torturing wrong,
 For more corruption needful is
 To fuel such a Fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
 Whose matter in thee soon is spent ;

Thy beauty, and all parts which are thee,
Are an unchangeable firmament :

Yet 't was of my mind, feising thee, 25

Tho' it in thee cannot pervever;

For I had rather owner be

Of thee one hour than all else ever. 28

AIR AND ANGELS.

TWICE or thrice had I lov'd thee

Before I knew thy face or name;

So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,

Angels affect us oft', and worshipp'd be :

Still when to where thou wert I came, 5

Some lovely glorious nothing did I see :

But since my soul, whose child love is,

Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,

More subtile than the parent is

Love must not be, but take a body too; 10

And therefore what thou wert, and who,

I bid Love ask, and now

That it assume thy body I allow,

And fix itself in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast Love I thought, 15

And so more steddily to 'have gone

With wares which would sink admiration,

I saw I had Love's pinnace overfraught;

Thy every hair for Love to work upon
 Is much too much, some fitter must be sought; 20
 For nor in nothing, nor in things
 Extream and scattering bright, can love inhere:
 Then as an angel face, and wings
 Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear, 25
 So thy love may be my love's sphear.
 Just such disparitie
 As is 'twixt Air's and Angel's puritie,
 'Twixt women's love and men's will ever be. 28

BREAK OF DAY.

I.

STAY, O Sweet! and do not rise,
 The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
 The day breaks not, it is my heart,
 Because that you and I must part.
 Stay, or else my joys will die; 5
 And perish in their infancie.

II.

'Tis true, 't is day; what tho' it be?
 O! wilt thou therefore rise from me?
 Why should we rise because 't is light?
 Did we lie down because 't was night? 10
 Love which, in spite of darkness, brought us hither,
 Should, in despite of light, keep us together.

III.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye:
 If it could speak as well as spie,
 This were the worst that it could say, 15
 That being well I fain would stay,
 And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
 That I would not from her that had them go.

IV.

Must bus'ness thee from hence remove?
 Oh! that's the worst disease of love; 20
 The poor, the foul, the false, love can
 Admit, but not the busied man.
 He which hath bus'ness, and makes love, doth doe
 Such wrong as when a married man doth woove. 24

THE ANNIVERSARY.

ALL kings, and all their favourites,
 All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
 The sun itself (which makes times as they pass)
 Is elder by a year now than it was
 When thou and I first one another saw: 5
 All other things to their destruction draw,
 Only our love hath no decay;
 This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
 Running, it never runs from us away,
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day. 10

Two graves must hide thine and my corse;
 If one might, death were no divorce.
 Alas! as well as other princes, we
 (Who prince enough in one another be)
 Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears, 15
 Oft' fed with true oaths and with sweet salt tears:
 But souls where nothing dwells but love,
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
 This, or a love increased there above,
 When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves,
 [remove.
 And then we shall be th'roughly blest, 21
 But now no more than all the rest.
 Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
 Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
 Who is so safe as we? where none can do 25
 Treason to us, except one of us two.
 True and false fears let us refrain:
 Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
 Years, and years unto years, till we attain
 To write threescore; this is the second of our reign. 30

A VALEDICTION

OF MY NAME IN THE WINDOW.

I.

MY name, ingrav'd herein,
 Doth contribute my firmness to this glass,
 Which ever since that charm hath been
 As hard as that which grav'd it was:
 Thine eye will give it price enough to mock 5
 The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that glass should be
 As all confessing and th'rough-shine as I:
 'Tis more that it shews thee to thee,
 And clear reflects thee to thine eye. 10
 But all such rules Love's magique can undo;
 Here you see me and I see you.

III.

As no one point nor dash,
 Which are but accessaries to this name,
 The show'rs and tempests can outwash, 15
 So shall all times find me the same:
 You this intireness better may fulfill,
 Who have the pattern with you still.

IV.

Or if too hard and deep
 This learning be for a scratch'd name to teach, 20
 It as a given Death's-head keep,
 Lovers' mortality to preach,
 Or think this ragged bony name to be
 My ruinous anatomy.

V.

Then as all my souls be 25
 Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
 I understand, and grow, and see)
 The rafters of my body, bone,
 Being still with you, the muscle, finew, and vein,
 Which tile this house, will come again. 30

VI.

Till my return, repaire
 And recompact my scatter'd body so,
 As all the virtuous powers which are
 Fix'd in the stars, are said to flow
 Into such characters as grav'd be, 35
 When those stars had supremacie.

VII.

So since this name was cut
 When love and grieve their exaltation had,
 No door 'gainst this name's influence shut;
 As much more loving as more sad 40
 'Twill make thee; and thou shouldst, till I return,
 Since I die dayly, dayly mourn.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand
 Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
 To look on one whose wit or land 45
 New battery to thy heart may frame,
 Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
 In it offend'st my genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
 Corrupted by thy lover's gold or page, 50
 His letter at thy pillow' hath laid,
 Dispute thou it, and tame thy rage.
 If thou to him beginn'st to thaw for this,
 May my name step in and hide his.

X.

And if this treason go 55
 To an overt act, and that thou write again,
 In superscribing my name flow
 Into thy fancy from the pen,
 So in forgetting thou rememb'rest right,
 And unaware to me shalt write. 60

XI.

But glafs and lines must be
 No means our firm substantial love to keep;
 Near death inflicts this lethargie,
 And thus I murmur in my sleep:
 Impute this idle talk to that I go,
 For dying men talk often so. 66

TWICKNAM GARDEN.

BLASTED with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
 Hither I come to seek the spring,
 And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
 Receive such balm as else cures every thing :
 But, O! self-traitor, I do bring 5
 The spider Love, which transubstantiates all,
 And can convert manna to gall;
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought
 True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'Twere wholesomer for me that winter did 10
 Benight the glory of this place,
 And that a grave frost did forbid
 These trees to laugh and mock me to my face :
 But since I cannot this disgrace
 Indure, nor leave this Garden, Love, let me 15
 Some senseless piece of this place be ;
 Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
 Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with chrystal vials, Lovers! come,
 And take my tears, which are love's wine, 20
 And try your mistrefs' tears at home,
 For all are false that taste not just like mine :
 Alas! hearts do not in eyes shine,

Nor can you more judge woman's thoughts by tears,
Than by her shadow what she wears. 25

O perverse sex! where none is true but she,
Who's therefore true, because her truth kills me. 27

VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.

I'LL tell thee now (dear Love) what thou shalt do
To anger Destiny, as she doth us;
How I shall stay, tho' she éloigne me thus,
And how posterity shall know it too;
How thine may out-endure 5
Sibyl's glory, and obscure
Her who from Pindar could allure,
And her thro' whose help Lucan is not lame,
And her whose book (they say) Homer did find and
name.

Study our manuscripts, those myriads 10
Of letters which have past 'twixt thee and me;
Thence write our annals, and in them will be,
To all whom love's subliming fire invades,
Rule and example found:
There the faith of any ground 15
No schismatique will dare to wound,
That sees how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be, these his records.

This Book, as long liv'd as the elements,
 Or as the world's form, this all-graved tomb, 20
 In cypher writ, or new-made idiom;
 We for Love's clergy only' are instruments.
 When this Book is made thus,
 Should again the ravenous
 Vandals and Goths invade us, 25
 Learning were safe in this our universe,
 Schools might learn sciences, spears musick, angels
 [verse.

Here loves divine (since all divinity
 Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,
 Whether abstracted spiritual love they like, 30
 Their souls exhal'd with what they do not see,
 Or loath so to amuse
 Faith's infirmities, they chuse
 Something which they may see and use;
 For tho' mind be the heaven where Love doth sit, 35
 Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here, more than in their books, may lawyers find,
 Both by what titles mistresses are ours,
 And how Prerogative these states devours,
 Transferr'd from Love himself to womankind; 40
 Who, tho' from heart and eyes
 They exact great subsidies,
 Forsake him who on them relies,
 And for the cause honour or conscience give;
 Chimeras vain as they or their prerogative. 45

Here statesmen (or of them they which can read)
 May of their occupation find the grounds,
 Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
 If to consider what 't is one proceed ;
 In both they do excell 50
 Who the present govern well,
 Whose weakness none doth or dares tell.
 In this thy Book such will there something see,
 As in the Bible some can find out alchymie.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll study thee, 55
 As he removes far off that great heights takes :
 How great love is presence best tryal makes,
 But absence tries how long this love will be.
 To take a latitude
 Sun or stars are fittest view'd 60
 At their brightest; but to conclude
 Of longitudes, what other way have we
 But to mark when and where the dark eclipses be? 63

COMMUNITY.

GOOD we must love, and must hate ill,
 For ill is ill, and good good still :
 But there are things indifferent,
 Which we may neither hate nor love,
 But one and then another prove, 5
 As we shall find our fancy bent.

If then at first wife Nature had
 Made women either good or bad,
 Then some we might hate, and some chuse ;
 But since she did them so create, 10
 That we may neither love nor hate,
 Only this rests, all all may use.

If they were good it would be seen ;
 Good is as visible as green,
 And to all eyes itself betrayes : 15
 If they were bad they could not last,
 Bad doth itself and others waste ;
 So they deserve nor blame nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours ;
 He that but tastes, he that devours, 20
 And he that leaves all, doth as well :
 Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat,
 And when he hath the kernel ate,
 Who doth not fling away the shell ? 24

LOVE'S GROWTH.

I SCARCE believe my love to be so pure
 As I had thought it was,
 Because it doth endure
 Vicissitude and season as the grass.
 Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore 5
 My love was infinite, if spring make 't more.

But if this medicine, Love, which cures all sorrow
 With more, not only be no quintessence,
 But mixt of all stuffs, vexing soul or sense,
 And of the sun his active vigour borrow, 10
 Love's not so pure an abstract as they use
 To say, which have no mistres but their Muse :
 But, as all else, being elemented too,
 Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent, 15
 Love by the spring is grown ;
 As in the firmament
 Stars by the sun are not enlarg'd, but shown.
 Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
 From love's awakened root doe bud out now. 20

If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
 Produc'd by one, love such additions take ;
 Those, like so many spheares, but one heaven make,
 For they are all concentrique unto thee ;
 And tho' each spring do adde to love new heat, 25
 As princes do in times of action get
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
 No winter shall abate this spring's encrease. 28

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

LOVE! any devil else but you
 Would for a giv'n soul give something too,

At court your fellows every day
 Give th' art of rhyming, huntmanship, or play,
 For them, which were their own before ; 5
 Only I've nothing which gave more,
 But am, alas! by being lowly lower.

I ask no dispensation now
 To falsifie a tear, a sigh, a vow ;
 I do not sue from thee to draw 10
 A *Non obstante* on Nature's law ;
 These are prerogatives; they inhere
 In thee and thine ; none should forswear,
 Except that he Love's minion were.

Give me thy weakness, make me blind 15
 Both ways, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind :
 Love! let me never know that this
 Is love, or that love childish is :
 Let me not know that others know
 That she knows my paines, lest that so 20
 A tender shame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou 'rt just,
 Because I would not thy first motions trust.
 Small towns which stand stiff, till great shot
 Enforce them, by war's law condition not. 25
 Such in love's warfare is my case,
 I may not article for grace,
 Having put Love at last to shew this face.

This face, by which he could command
 And change th' idolatry of any land; 30
 This face, which, wherefoe'er it comes,
 Can call vow'd men from cloysters, dead from tombs,
 And melt both poles at once, and store
 Deserts with cities, and make more
 Mynes in the earth than quarries were before. 35

For this love is inrag'd with me,
 Yet kills not. If I must example be
 To future rebels; if th' unborn
 Must learn, by my being cut up and torn,
 Kill and dissect me, Love! for this 40
 Torture against thine own end is:
 Rackt carcaffes make ill anatomies. 42

CONFINED LOVE.

SOME man, unworthy to be possessor
 Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,
 Thought his pain and shame would be lesser
 If on womankind he might his anger wreak, 5
 And thence a law did grow,
 One might but one man know;
 But are other creatures so?

Are sun, moon, or stars, by law forbidden
 To smile where they list, or lend away their light ?
 Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden 10
 If they leave their mate, or lie abroad all night ?
 Beasts do no joyntures lose
 Tho' they new lovers choose ;
 But we are made worse than those.

Whoe'er rigg'd fair ships to lie in harbours, 15
 And not to seek lands, or not to deal with all ?
 Or build fair houses, set trees and arbours,
 Only to lock up, or else to let them fall ?
 Good is not good unless
 A thousand it posses,
 But doth waste with greediness. 20

THE DREAM.

DEAR Love! for nothing less than thee
 Would I have broke this happy Dream :
 It was a theam
 For reason, much too strong for phantasie,
 Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet 5
 My Dream thou brok'st not, but continuedst it.
 Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice
 To make Dreams truths, and fables histories.
 Enter these arms; for since thou thought'st it best
 Not to dream all my Dream, let's act the rest. 10

As lightning or a taper's light,
 Thine eyes, and not thy noise, wak'd me;
 Yet I thought thee
 (For thou lov'ft truth) an angel at first sight;
 But when I saw thou saw'ft my heart, 15
 And knew'ft my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
 When thou knew'ft what I dreamt, then thou knew'ft
 Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'ft then. [when
 I must confess it could not chuse but be
 Profane to think thee any thing but thee. 20

Coming and staying shew'd thee thee,
 But rising makes me doubt that now
 Thou art not thou.
 That Love is weak where Fear's as strong as he;
 'Tis not all spirit, pure and brave, 25
 If mixture it of fear, shame, honor, have.
 Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
 Men light and put out, so thou deal'ft with me;
 Thou cam'ft to kindle, goest to come: then I
 Will dream that hope again, but else would die. 30

A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING.

LET me pour forth
 My tears before thy face whilst I stay here,
 For thy face coines them, and thy stamp they bear;
 And by this mintage they are something worth,

For thus they be
 Pregnant of thee :
 Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more,
 When a tear falls, that thou fall'it, which it bore ;
 So thou and I are nothing then when on a diverse shore.

On a round ball
 A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
 An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,
 And quickly make that which was nothing all :
 So doth each tear
 Which thee doth wear

A globe, yea, world, by that impressiõ grow,
 Till thy tears mixt with mine doe overflow
 This world, by waters sent from thee, my heav'n dis-
 [solved so.

O more than moon,
 Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphear ;
 Weep me not dead in thine armes, but forbear
 To teach the sea what it may do too soon :
 Let not the wind
 Example find
 To do me more harm than it purposeth :
 Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
 Whoe'er sighs most is cruellest, and halts the other's
 death.

LOVE'S ALCHEMY.

SOME that have deeper digg'd Love's myne than I,
 Say where his centrique happinefs doth lie :
 I've lov'd, and got, and told,
 But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
 I should not find that hidden myftery : 5
 Oh! 't is impofture all :
 And as no chymique yet th' elixir got,
 But glorifies his pregnant pot,
 If by the way to him befall
 Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal, 10
 So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
 But get a winter-feeming fummer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
 Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay ?
 Ends love in this, that my man 15
 Can be as happy as I can ? If he can
 Endure the fhort fcorn of a bridegroom's play,
 That loving wretch that fwears
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
 Which he in her angelique finds, 20
 Would fwear as juftly that he hears,
 In that day's rude hoarfe minftrelfey the fphear.
 Hope not for mind in women ; at their beft
 Sweetnefs and wit they 're but mummy poffeft. 24

THE CURSE.

WHOEVER guesses, thinks, or dreams, he knows
 Who is my mistress, wither by this Curse;
 Him only for his purse
 May some dull whore to love dispose,
 And then yield unto all that are his foes; 5
 May he be scorn'd by one whom all else scorn,
 Forswear to others what to her he 'hath sworn,
 With fear of missing, shame of getting, torn.

Madness his sorrow, gout his cramp, may he
 Make, by but thinking who hath made them such;
 And may he feel no touch 11
 Of conscience, but of fame, and be
 Anguish'd, not that 't was sin, but that 't was she:
 Or may he for her virtue reverence
 One that hates him only for impotence, 15
 And equal traitors be she and his sense.

May he dream treason, and believe that he
 Meant to perform it, and confess and die,
 And no record tell why:
 His sons, which none of his may be, 20
 Inherit nothing but his infamy:
 Or may he so long parasites have fed,
 That he would fain be theirs whom he hath bred,
 And at the last be circumcis'd for bread.

The venome of all stepdames, gamester's gall, 25
 What tyrants and their subjects interwish,
 What plants, myne, beasts, fowl, fish,
 Can contribute, all ill which all
 Prophets or poets spake; and all which shall
 Be' annexed in schedules unto this by me 30
 Fall on that man; for if it be a she,
 Nature before-hand hath out-cursed me. 32

THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
 Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
 But if they there have learn'd such ill,
 Such forc'd fashions
 And false passions, 5
 That they be
 Made by thee
 Fit for no good fight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could flain; 10
 But if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And break both
 Word and oath, 15
 Keep it still, 't is none of mine.

Yet fend me back my heart and eyes,
 That I may know and see thy lies,
 And may laugh and joy when thou
 Art in anguish, 20
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
 Or prove as false as thou dost now. 24

A NOCTURNAL

UPON S. LUCIE'S DAY, BEING THE SHORTEST DAY.

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
 Lucie's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks.
 The sun is spent, and now his flasks
 Send forth light squibs, no constant rays;
 The world's whole sap is sunk: 5
 The general balm th' hydroptique earth hath drunk,
 Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is shrunk,
 Dead and interr'd; yet all these seem to laugh,
 Compar'd with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be 10
 At the next world, that is, at the next spring;
 For I am a very dead thing,
 In whom Love wrought new alchymy;

For his art did exprefs
 A quinteffence even from nothingnefs, 15
 From dull privations and lean emptinefs:
 He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
 Of abfence, darknefs, death; things which are not.

All others from all things draw all that's good,
 Life, foul, form, fpirit, whence they being have; 20
 I, by Love's limbeck, am the grave
 Of all, that's nothing. Oft' a flood
 Have we two wept, and fo
 Drown'd the whole world, us two: oft' did we grow
 To be two chaofes, when he did fhew 25
 Care to ought elfe; and often abfences
 Withdrew our fouls, and made us carcaffes.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
 Of the firft nothing the elixir grown:
 Were I a man, that I were one 30
 I needs muft know, I fhould prefer,
 If I were any beaft,
 Some ends, fome means; yea plants, yea ftones, deteft,
 And love, all, all fome properties inveft.
 If I an ordinary nothing were, 35
 As fhadow, a light and body muft be here.

But I am none; nor will my fun renew,
 You lovers, for whofe fake the leffer fun

At this time to the Goat is run
 To fetch new lust, and give it you, 40
 Enjoy your summer all,
 Since she enjoys her long night's festival:
 Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
 This hour her Vigil and her Eve, since this
 Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is. 45

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE.

I FIX mine eye on thine, and there
 Pity my Picture burning in thine eye,
 My Picture drown'd in a transparent tear,
 When I look lower, I espy.
 Hadst thou the wicked skill, 5
 By Pictures made and marr'd to kill,
 How many wayes might'st thou perform thy will?

But now I've drunk thy sweet salt tears,
 And tho' thou pour more I'll depart:
 My Picture vanished, vanish all fears 10
 That I can be endamag'd by that art.
 Tho' thou retain of me
 One Picture more, yet that will be,
 Being in thine own heart, from all malice free. 14

THE BAIT.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will some new pleasures prove
 Of golden sands and crystal brookes,
 With silken lines and silver hookes,

There will the river whisp'ring run,
 Warm'd by thine eyes more than the sun;
 And there th' inamour'd fish will play,
 Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
 Each fish, which every channel hath,
 Will amorously to thee swim,
 Gladder to catch thee than thou him:

If thou to be so seen art loth
 By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both;
 And if myself have leave to see,
 I need not there light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
 And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
 Or treacherously poor fish beset
 With strangling snare or winding net :

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
 The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
 Or curious traitors fleave silk flies,
 Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes :

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit, 25

For thou thyself art thine own Bait ;

That fish that is not catch'd thereby,

Alas! is wiser far than I. 28

THE APPARITION.

WHEN by thy scorn, O, Murd'refs ! I am dead,

And thou shalt think thee free

Of all sollicitation from me,

Then shalt my Ghost come to thy bed,

And thee, feign'd Vestal, in worse arms shalt see ; 5

Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,

And he, whose thou art, being tir'd before,

Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think

Thou call'st for more,

And in a false sleep even from thee shrink. 10

And then, poor aspin Wretch ! neglected, thou,

Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat, wilt lie,

A verryer Ghost than I.

What I will say I will not tell thee now, 14

Lest that preserve thee ; and since my love is spent,

I'd rather thou shouldst painfully repent

Than by my threat'nings rest still innocent. 17

THE BROKEN HEART.

HE is stark mad whoever says
 That he hath been in love an hour ;
 Yet not that love so soon decays,
 But that it can ten in less space devour.
 Who will believe me if I swear
 That I have had the plague a year ?
 Who would not laugh at me, if I should say
 I saw a flash of powder burn a day ?

Ah ! what a trifle is a heart
 If once into Love's hands it come ?
 All other griefs allow a part
 To other griefs, and ask themselves but some :
 They come to us, but us Love draws,
 He swallows us and never chaws :
 By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die ;
 He is the tyrant pike, and we the frie.

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

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

25

30

34

A VALEDICTION,

FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly' away,
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say
 Now his breath goes, and some say No :
 So let us melt, and make no noise,
 No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move,
 'Twere profanation of our joys
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
 Men reckon what it did and meant ;
 But trepidation of the spheres,
 Tho' greater far, is innocent.

10

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

15

But we by' a love so far refin'd,
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind,
 Careless eyes, lips, and hands, to miss. 20

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
 Tho' I must go, indure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so 25
 As stiff twin compasses are two;
 Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth if th' other do.

And tho' it in the center sit,
 Yet when the other far doth come, 30
 It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me who must,
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And makes me end were I begun. 35

THE ECSTASIE.

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
 A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
 The violet's declining head,
 Sate we on one another's breast.

Our hands were firmly cemented
 By a fast balm, which thence did spring,
 Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
 Our eyes upon one double string :

5

So to engraft our hands as yet
 Was all the means to make us one,
 And pictures in our eyes to get
 Was all our propagation.

10

As 'twixt two equal armies Fate
 Suspends uncertain victory,
 Our souls (which, to advance our state,
 Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me :

15

And, whilst our souls negotiate there,
 We like sepulchral statues lay,
 All day the same our postures were,
 And we said nothing all the day.

20

If any so by love refin'd
 That he souls' language understood,
 And by good love were grown all mind,
 Within convenient distance stood,

He (tho' he knew not which soul spake,
 Because both meant, both spake, the same)
 Might thence a new concoction take,
 And part far purer than he came.

25

This Ecstasie doth unperplex
 (We said) and tell us what we love; 30
 We see by this it was not sex,
 We see, we saw not what did move :

But as all severall souls contain
 Mixture of things they know not what,
 Love these mixt souls doth mix again, 35
 And makes both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,
 The strength, the colour, and the size,
 (All which before was poor and scant)
 Redoubles still and multiplies. 40

When love with one another so
 Inter-animates two souls,
 That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of loveliness controuls.

We then, who are this new soul, know 45
 Of what we are compos'd and made;
 For the atomes, of which we grow,
 Are soul, whom no change can invade.

But, O, alas! so long, so far,
 Our bodies why do we forbear? 50
 They are ours, tho' not we; we are
 Th' intelligences, they the sphears.

We owe them thanks, because they thus
 Did us to us at first convey,
 Yielded their sense's force to us, 55
 Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not so:
 But that it first imprints the air;
 For soul into the soul may flow,
 Tho' it to body first repair. 60

As our blood labours to beget
 Spirits as like souls as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtile knot which makes us man;

So must pure lovers' souls descend 65
 T' affections and to faculties,
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,
 Else a great prince in prison lies.

T' our bodies turn we then, and so
 Weak men on love reveal'd may look; 70
 Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
 But yet the body is the book:

And if some lover, such as we,
 Have heard this dialogue of one,
 Let him still mark us, he shall see
 Small change when we're to bodies grown. 76

LOVE'S DEITY.

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
 Who dy'd before the god of Love was born :
 I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
 Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn :
 But since this god produc'd a Destiny, 5
 And that vice-nature custom lets it be,
 I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they which made him god meant not so much,
 Nor he in his young godhead practis'd it ;
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch, 10
 His office was indulgently to fit
 Actives to passives ; correspondency
 Only his subject was : it cannot be
 Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend 15
 His vast prerogative as far as Jove,
 To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
 All is the purlewe of the god of Love.
 Oh ! were we waken'd by this tyranny 20
 T' ungod this child again, it could not be 20
 I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheist too, why murmur I,
 As tho' I felt the worst that love could do ?

Love may make me leave loving, or might try
 A deeper plague, to make her love me too, 25
 Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see
 Falshood is worse than hate; and that must be,
 If she whom I love should love me. 28

LOVE'S DIET.

To what a cumberfom unwiieldinefs
 And burdenous corpulence my love had grown!
 But that I did, to make it less,
 And keep it in proportion,
 Give it a Diet, made it feed upon 5
 That which love worst endures, discretion.

Above one sigh a day I allow'd him not,
 Of which my fortune and my faults had part;
 And if sometimes by stealth he got
 A she sigh from my mistrefs' heart, 10
 And thought to feast on that, I let him see
 'Twas neither very found nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brin'd it so
 With scorn or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
 If he suck'd her's, I let him know 15
 'Twas not a tear which he had got.
 His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
 Her eyes, which rowlt'wards all, weep not, but sweat.

Whatever he would dictate, I writ that,
 But burnt my letters which she writ to me : 20
 And if that favour made him fat,
 I said, If any title be
 Convey'd by this, ah ! what doth it avail
 To be the fortieth man in an entail ?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard love, to fly 25
 At what, and when, and how, and where, I chose ;
 Now negligent of sport I lie,
 And now, as other fawk'ners use,
 I spring a mistress, swear, write, sigh, and weep,
 And the game kill'd, or lost, go talk or sleep. 30

THE WILL.

BEFORE I sigh my last gasp, let me breath,
 Great Love ! some legacies. I here bequeath
 Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see ;
 If they be blind, then, Love ! I give them thee ;
 My tongue to Fame ; t' embassadours mine ears ; 5
 To women, or the sea, my tears.
 Thou, Love ! hast taught me heretofore, 10
 By making me love her who 'had twenty more ;
 That I should give to none but such as had too much
 [before.
 My constancy I to the planets give ; 10
 My truth to them who at the court do live ;

Mine ingenuity and openness
 To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
 My silence t' any who abroad have been;
 My money to a capuchin. 15
 Thou, Love! taught'st me, by' appointing me
 To love there where no love receiv'd can be,
 Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;
 All my good works unto the schismaticks 20
 Of Amsterdam; my best civility
 And courtship to an university:
 My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
 My patience let gamesters share.
 Thou, Love! taught'st me, by making me 25
 Love her that holds my love disparity,
 Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
 Which were my friends; mine industry to foes:
 To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness; 30
 My sickness to physicians or excess;
 To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
 And to my company my wit.
 Thou, Love! by making me adore
 Her who begot this love in me before, 35
 Taught'st me to make, as tho' I gave, when I do but
 restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls
 I give my physick books; my written rolls
 Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
 My brazen medals unto them which live 40
 In want of bread; to them which pass among
 All foreigners mine English tongue.
 'Thou, Love! by making me love one
 Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
 For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo 46
 The world by dying; because Love dies too.
 Then all your beauties will be no more worth
 Than gold in mynes, where none doth draw it forth;
 And all your graces no more use shall have 50
 Then a sun-dyal in a grave.
 Thou, Love! taught 'st me, by making me
 Love her who doth neglect both me and thee, [three.
 T' invent and practise this one way t' annihilate all

THE FUNERAL.

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm
 Nor question much
 That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm:
 The mystery, the sign, you must not touch,
 For 't is my outward soul, 5
 Viceroy to that which unto heav'n being gone,
 Will leave this to controul,
 And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the finewie thread my brain lets fall
 Thro' every part 10
 Can tye those parts, and make me one of all,
 Those hairs, which upward grow, and strength and art
 Have from a better brain,
 Can better do 't; except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain, 15
 As prisoners then are manacled when they're con-
 [demn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by 't, bury it with me;
 For since I am
 Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
 If into other hands these reliques came. 20
 As 't was humility
 T' afford to it all that a soul can do,
 So 't is some bravery, 23
 That since you would have none of me I bury some of
 [you.

THE BLOSSOM.

LITTLE think'st thou, poor Flow'r!
 Whom I have watch'd six or seven dayes,
 And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
 Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
 And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough; 5
 Little think'st thou
 That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
 To-morrow find thee faln, or not at all.

Little think'ft thou, (poor heart!
 That labourest yet to nestle thee, 10
 And think'ft by hovering here to get a part
 In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
 And hop'ft her stiffness by long siege to bow)
 Little think'ft thou
 That thou to-morrow, ere the sun doth wake, 15
 Must with this sun and me a journey take.

But thou, which lov'ft to be
 Subtile to plague thyself, will say,
 Alas! if you must go, what's that to me?
 Here lies my bus'ness, and here I will stay: 20
 You go to friends, whose love and means present
 Various content
 To your eyes, ears, and taste, and ev'ry part;
 If then your body go, what need your heart?

Well, then stay here; but know, 25
 When thou hast staid and done thy most,
 A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
 Is to a woman but a kind of ghost.
 How shall she know my heart? or, having none,
 Know thee for one? 30
 Practice may make her know some other part,
 But take my word she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London then
 Twenty dayes hence, and thou shalt see

Me fresher and more fat, by being with men, 35
 Than if I had staid still with her and thee.
 For God's sake! if you can, be you so too:
 I will give you
 There to another friend, whom we shall find
 As glad to have my body as my mind. 40

THE PRIMROSE.

BEING AT MOUNTGOMERY CASTLE,

Upon the hill on which it is situate,

UPON this Primrose hill
 (Where, if Heav'n would distill
 A shower of rain, each several drop might go
 To his own Primrose, and grow manna so;
 And where their form and their infinitie 5
 Make a terrestrial Galaxie,
 As the small stars do in the skie)
 I walk to find a true love, and I see
 That 't is not a meer woman that is she,
 But must or more or less than woman be. 10

Yet know I not which flower
 I wish, a six or four:
 For should my true-love less than woman be,
 She were scarce any thing; and then, should she

Be more than woman, she would get above 15
 All thought of sex, and think to move
 My heart to study her, and not to love :
 Both these were monsters. Since there must reside
 Falshood in woman, I could more abide
 She were by Art than Nature falsify'd. 20

Live, Primrose! then, and thrive
 With thy true number five;
 And women, whom this flower doth represent,
 With this mysterious number be content.
 Ten is the farthest number; if half ten 25
 Belongs unto each woman, then
 Each woman may take half us men :
 Or if this will not serve their turn, since all
 Numbers are odd or even, since they fall
 First into five, women may take us all. 30

THE RELIQUE.

WHEN my grave is broke up again,
 Some second guest to entertain,
 (For graves have learn'd that woman-head
 To be to more than one a-bed)
 And he that digs it spies 5
 A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
 Will he not let us alone,
 And think that there a loving couple lies,

Who thought that this device might be some way
 To make their souls, at the last busie day, 10
 Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time or land
 Where mass-devotion doth command,
 Then he that digs us up will bring
 Us to the bishop or the king, 15
 To make us Reliques; then
 Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
 A something else thereby:
 All women shall adore us, and some men:
 And since at such time miracles are sought, 20
 I would have that age, by this paper, taught
 What miracles we harmlesse lovers wrought.

First we lov'd well and faithfully,
 Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why;
 Diff'rence of sex we ne'er knew 25
 No more than guardian angels do;
 Coming and going we
 Perchance might kiss, but yet between those meales
 Our hands ne'er toucht the scales
 Which Nature, injur'd by late law, set free: 30
 These miracles we did; but now, alas!
 All measure and all language I should pass,
 Should I tell what a miracle she was. 33

THE DAMP.

WHEN I am dead, and doctors know not why,
 And my friends' curiosity
 Will have me cut up, to survey each part,
 And they shall find your picture in mine heart;
 You think a suddain Damp of love
 Will thro' all their senses move, 5
 And work on them as me, and so prefer
 Your murder to the name of massacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
 And pleasure in the conquest have, 10
 First kill th' enormous gyant, your disdain,
 And let th' enchantress Honour next be slain;
 And, like a Goth or Vandal, rise,
 Deface records and histories
 Of your own acts and triumphs over men, 15
 And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up, as well as you,
 My gyants and my witches too,
 Which are vast Constancy and Secretness; 20
 But these I neither look for nor profess.
 Kill me as woman; let me die
 As a meer man: do you but try
 Your passive valour, and you shall find then,
 Naked you've odds enough of any man. 24

THE DISSOLUTION.

SHE'S dead! and all which die
 To their first elements resolve;
 And we were mutual elements to us,
 And made of one another.
 My body then doth her's involve, 5
 And those things, whereof I consist, hereby
 In me abundant grow and burdenous,
 And nourish not, but smother.
 My fire of passion, sighs of air,
 Water of tears, and earthy sad despair, 10
 Which my materials be,
 (But near worn out by Love's securitie)
 She, to my loss, doth by her death repair;
 And I might live long wretched so,
 But that my fire doth with my fuel grow. 15
 Now as those active kings,
 Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
 Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break;
 This, (which I am amaz'd that I can speak)
 This death hath, with my store, 20
 My use increas'd:
 And so my soul, more earnestly releas'd,
 Will outstrip her's; as bullets flown before 23
 A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

A JEAT RING SENT.

THOU art not so black as my heart,
 Nor half so brittle as her heart thou art. [thee bespoke?
 What wouldst thou say? shall both our properties by
 Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke.

Marriage-rings are not of this stuff: 5
 Oh! why should ought less precious, or less tough,
 Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have bid it
 I'm cheap, and nought but fashion; fling me away. [fay

Yet stay with me, since thou art come;
 Circle this finger's top, which didst her thumb: 10
 Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell
 with me;
 She that, oh! broke her faith would soon break thee.

NEGATIVE LOVE.

I NEVER stoop'd so low as they
 Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
 Seldom to them which soar no higher
 Than virtue or the mind t' admire; 5
 For sense and understanding may
 Know what gives fuel to their fire:
 My love, tho' silly, is more brave,
 For may I miss when'er I crave,
 If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest	10
Which can by no means be express	
But negatives, my love is so ;	
To all which all love I say No.	
If any who deciphers best,	
What we know not (ourselves) can know,	15
Let him teach me that nothing : this	
As yet my ease and comfort is,	
Tho' I speed not I cannot miss.	18

THE PROHIBITION.

TAKE heed of loving me,
 At least remember I forbade it thee ;
 Not that I shall repair my' unthrifty waste
 Of breath and blood upon thy sighs and tears,
 By being to thee then what to me thou wast ; 5
 But so great joy our life at once outwears :
 Then, lest thy love by my death frustrate be,
 If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
 Or too much triumph in the victory ; 10
 Not that I shall be mine own officer,
 And hate with hate again retaliate ;
 But thou wilt lose the stile of Conquerour
 If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate :
 Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee, 15
 If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,
 So these extreams shall ne'er their office do;
 Love me, that I may die the gentler way;
 Hate me, because thy love's too great for me: 20
 Or let these two themselves, not me, decay;
 So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be:
 Then lest thy love thou hate and me undo,
 O let me live, yet love and hate me too! 24

THE EXPIRATION.

So, go break off this last lamenting kiss,
 Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away.
 Turn thou, Ghost! that way, and let me turn this,
 And let ourselves benight our happiest day;
 As ask none leave to love; nor will we owe 5
 Any so cheap a death as saying, Go.

Go; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
 Ease me with death, by bidding me go too:
 Or if it have, let my word work on me,
 And a just office on a murd'rer do: 10
 Except it be too late to kill me so, °°
 Being double dead, going, and bidding Go. ° 12

Or like the heat which fire in solid matter 15
 Leaves behind two hours after.
 Once I lov'd and dy'd, and am now become
 Mine epitaph and tomb.
 Here dead men speak their last, and so do I;
 Love-slain, loe! here I die. 20

SONG.

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
 And you alone,
 (Which cannot be,
 Since I must leave myself with thee,
 And carry thee with me) 5
 Yet when unto our eyes
 Absence denies
 Each other's sight,
 And makes to us a constant night,
 When others change to light; 10
 "O give no way to grief,
 "But let belief
 "Of mutual love
 "This wonder to the vulgar prove,
 "Our bodies, not we, move" 15

Let not thy wit bewEEP
 Words, but sense deep;
 For when we miss,
 By distance, our hopes-joyning bliss,
 Ev'n then our souls shall kiss: 20

Fools have no means to meet
 But by their feet :
 Why should our clay
 Over our spirits so much sway,
 To tie us to that way?
 "O give no way to grief," &c.

26

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

WHILST yet to prove
 I thought there was some deity in love,
 So did I reverence, and gave
 Worship, as Atheists at their dying hour
 Call what they cannot name an unknown power; 5
 As ignorantly did I crave.
 Thus when
 Things, not yet known, are coveted by men,
 Our desires give them fashion, and so
 As they wax leffer fall, as they life grow. 10

But from late fair
 His Highness (sitting in a golden chair)
 Is not less cared for after three days
 By children, than the thing which lovers so
 Blindly admire, and with such worship woo: 15
 Being had, enjoying it decays;
 And thence
 What before pleas'd them all takes but one sense,

And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of forrowing dulness to the mind. 20

Ah! cannot we,
As well as cocks and lions, jocund be
After such pleasures? unless wife
Nature decreed (since each such act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day) 25
This, as she would man should despise
The sport,
Because that other curse of being short,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity. 30

Since so, my mind
Shall not desire what no man else can find:
I'll no more dote and run
To pursue things which had endamag'd me;
And when I come where moving beauties be, 35
As men do when the summer sun
Grows great,
Tho' I admire their greatness, shun their heat;
Each place can afford shadows. If all fail, 'o
'Tis but applying worm-feed to the tail. 40

SONG.

DEAR Love! continue nice and chaste,
 For if you yield you do me wrong :
 Let duller wits to love's end haste,
 I have enough to woo thee long.

All pain and joy is in their way;
 The things we fear bring less annoy
 Than fear, and hope brings greater joy;
 But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increase :
 Granting my suit you give me all;
 And then my prayers must needs surcease,
 For I have made your godhead fall.

Beasts cannot wit nor beauty see,
 They man's affections only move :
 Beasts other sports of love do prove,
 With better feeling far than we.

Then, Love! prolong my suit; for thus
 By losing sport I sport do win;
 And that doth virtue prove in us,
 Which ever yet hath been a sin.

My coming near may spie some ill,
 And now the world is given to scoff:
 To keep my love (then) keep me off,
 And so I shall admire thee still.

Say I have made a perfect choice; 25
 Satiety ourselves may kill:
 Then give me but thy face and voice,
 Mine eye and ear thou canst not fill.

To make me rich (oh!) be not poor;
 Give me not all, yet something lend; 30
 So I shall still my suit commend,
 And at your will do less or more:
 But if to all you condescend,
 My Love, our sport, your godhead end. 34

A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.

STAND still, and I will read to thee
 A Lecture, Love, in Love's philosophic.
 These three hours that we have spent
 Walking here, two shadows went 35
 Along with us, which we ourselves produc'd;
 But now the sun is just above our head,
 We do those shadows tread,
 And to brave clearness all things are reduc'd.

So whilst our infant loves did grow,
 Disguises did, and shadows, flow 10
 From us and our cares; but now 't is not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,
 Which is still diligent lest others see;
 Except our loves at this noon stay,
 We shall new shadows make the other way. 15
 As the first were made to blind
 Others, these which come behind
 Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.
 If our love's faint, and westwardly decline,
 To me thou falsely thinest, 20
 And I to thee mine, actions shall disguise.
 The morning shadows wear away,
 But these grow longer all the day;
 But, oh! Love's day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing or full constant light,
 And his short minute, after noon, is night. 26

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 ribband wrought with thy own hands, §
To knit our loves in the fantastick strain
Of new-toucht 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, 10
Lac'd up together in congruity,
To shew our thoughts should rest in the same hold:
No, nor thy picture, tho' most gracious,
And most desired, 'cause 't is like the best;
Nor witty lines, which are most copious, 15
Within the writings which thou hast address'd.
Send me nor this nor that t' increase my score,
But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more. 18

DIVINE POEMS, &c.

I. LA CORONA.

DEIGN at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou which of good hast, yea, art treasurie,
All changing unchang'd, Ancient of days;
But do not, with a vile crown of frail bays, 5
Reward my Muse's white sinceritie,
But what thy thorny crown gain'd that give me,
A crown of glory, which doth flower always :
The ends crown our works, but thou crown'st our ends,
For at our ends begins our endless rest ; 10
The first last end now zealously possessest,
With a strong sober thirst my soul attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh. 14

II. ANNUNCIATION.

" SALVATION to all that will is nigh ;"
That All, which always is all every where,
Which cannot sin, and yet all sins must bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot choose but die,
Lo, faithful Virgin ! yields himself to lie 5

In prifon in thy womb; and tho' he there
 Can take no fin, nor thou give, yet he'll wear,
 Taken from thence, flefh, which death's force may
 Ere by the fphears time was created thou [trie.
 Waft in his mind, who is thy fon and brother, 10
 Whom thou conceiv'ft conceived; yet thou'rt now
 Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother;
 Thou' haft light in dark, and fhutt'ft in little room
 Immensity, cloyfter'd in thy dear womb. 14

III. NATIVITIE.

“IMMENSITY, cloyfter'd in thy dear womb,”
 Now leaves his well-belov'd imprifonment;
 There he hath made himfelf to his intent
 Weak enough, now into our world to come:
 But, oh! for thee, for him, hath th' inn no room? 5
 Yet lay him in his ftall, and from the orient
 Stars and wife men will travel, to prevent
 Th' effect of Herod's jealous general doom.
 Seeft thou, my Soul! with thy faith's eye, how he,
 Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie? 10
 Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
 That would have need to be pitied by thee?
 Kifs him, and with him into Egypt go,
 With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe. 14

IV. TEMPLE.

"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, lo, §
 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 foul to his manhood,
 Nor had time mellow'd him to this ripeness: 10
 But as for one which hath a long task 't is good
 With the sun to begin his business,
 He in his age's morning thus began,
 By miracles exceeding power of man. 14

V. MIRACLES.

"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 th' immaculate,
 Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a fate,
 Measuring self-life's infinite to span,

Nay, to an inch. Lo, where, condemned, he
 Bears his own cross with pain; yet by and by, 10
 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. 14

VI. RESURRECTION.

“MOIST with one drop of thy blood my dry soul,”
 Shall (tho’ she now be in extrem 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 5
 Death, whom thy death slew; nor shall to me
 Fear of first or last death bring miserie,
 If in thy life’s-book my name thou inroll:
 Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
 But made that there of which, and for which ’t was,
 Nor can by other means be glorified. 11
 May then sin’s sleep, and death soon from me pass,
 That, wak’d from both, I again risen may
 Salute the last and everlasting day. 14

VII. ASCENSION.

“SALUTE the last and everlasting day;”
 Joy at th’ uprising of this Sun and Son
 Ye whose true tears or tribulation
 Have purely washt or burnt your drossy clay;

THE CROSS.

SINCE Christ embrac'd the Cross itself, 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 5
 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 withdraw; 10
 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 extream as to have none.
 Who can blot out the Cross, which th' instrument 15
 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 toss. 20
 Look down, thou spy'st our crosses in small things;
 Look up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings.
 All the globe's frame and sphears is nothing else
 But the meridian's crossing parallels.
 Material Crosses then good physic be, 25
 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 purg'd by tribulation; 30
 For when that cross ungrudg'd unto you sticks,
 Then are you to yourself 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, 35
 And be his image, or not his, but he.
 But as oft' alchymists do coyners prove,
 So may a self-despising get self-love:
 And then, as worst surfeits of best meats be,
 So is pride issued from humility; 40
 For 't is no child but monster: therefore cross
 Your joy in Crosses, else 't is 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 45
 No cross from bad, we cannot 'scape a snake.
 So with harsh, hard, sow'r, stinking cross the rest,
 Make them indifferent all; nothing best.
 But most the eye needs crossing, that can come
 And move: to th' others objects must come home. 50
 And cross thy heart; for that in man alone
 Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
 Cross those detorsions when it downward tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends.

And as the brain, tho' bony, walls doth vent 55
 By futures, which a crosse's form present,
 So when thy brain works, ere thou utter it,
 Crosse and correct concupiscence of wit,
 Be covetous of Crosse, let none fall;
 Crosse no man else, but crosse thyself in all. 60
 Then doth the Crosse of Christ work faithfully
 Within our hearts when we love harmlessly
 The Crosse's pictures much, and with more care
 That Crosse's children which our crosse are. 64

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

BY Euphrates' flow'ry side
 We did 'bide,
 From dear Juda far absented,
 Tearing the air with our cries,
 And our eyes 5
 With their streams his stream augmented.

II.

When poor Sion's doleful state,
 Desolate, 10
 Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
 And the Temple spoil'd, which we
 Ne'er should see,
 To our mirthless minds we call'd;

III.

Our mute harps, untun'd, unstrung,
 Up we hung
 On green willows near beside us; 15
 Where we, sitting all forlorn,
 Thus in scorn
 Our proud spoylers 'gan deride us.

IV.

Come, sad Captives! leave your moans,
 And your groans 20
 Under Sion's ruins bury;
 Tune your harps, and sing us lays
 In the praise
 Of your God, and let 's be merry.

V.

Can, ah! can we leave our moans, 25
 And our groans
 Under Sion's ruins bury?
 Can we in this land sing lays
 In the praise
 Of our God, and here be merry? 30

VI.

No; dear Sion! if I yet
 Do forget
 Thine affliction miserable,
 Let my nimble joynts become
 Stiff and numb, 35
 To touch warbling harp unable.

VII.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
 Let it still
 To my parched roof be glew'd,
 If in either harp or voice 40
 I rejoyce
 Till thy joys shall be renew'd.

VIII.

Lord, curse Edom's trait'rous kind;
 Bear in mind
 In our ruins how they revell'd: 45
 "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 tide
 Of thy pride, 50
 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, 55
 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. 60

XI.

Happy who thy tender bairns,
 From the arms
 Of their wailing mothers tearing,
 'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
 Ruthless stones
 With their brains and blood besmearing. 66

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 t' enlighten all that dwell 5
 On the earth's face, as thou enlight'ned 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
 Hast'ning to heav'n, would that he might allow 10
 Himself unto all stations, and fill all,
 For these three days 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 15
 Of pow'r to make ev'n 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, 20
 He would have justly thought this body a soul,
 If not of any man, yet of the whole. 22

Desunt cætera.

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 poetry: 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 embraced 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,

J. BONNE.

AN HYMN

TO THE SAINTS, AND TO MARQUIS HAMILTON.

W^HETHER 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 itself, and order more
 Than was in heav'n till now; (for may not he 5
 Be so, if every severall angel be
 A kind alone) whatever order grow
 Greater by him in heav'n, we do not so.
 One of your orders grows by his access,
 But by his loss grow all our orders less. 10
 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, Council a tongue; 15
 Story a theam, 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 20
 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, 25
 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's here,
 So in the form thereof his body's there. 30

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 35
 Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
 When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst find
 Amongst those many friends now left behind,
 And see'st such sinners, as they are, with thee
 Got thither by repentance, let it be 40
 Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them clean;
 Wish him a David, her a Magdalen. 42

THE

ANNUNCIATION AND PASSION.

TAMELY, frail flesh! abstain to-day; to-day
 My soul eats twice, Christ hither and away;
 She sees him man, so like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle emblem is,
 Whose first and last concur: this doubtful day 5
 Of feast or fast Christ came and went away.
 She sees him nothing twice at once, who's all
 She sees a cedar plant itself, and fall;
 Her Maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead: 10
 She sees at once the Virgin-mother stay
 Reclus'd at home, publique at Golgotha.

Sad and rejoyc'd she 's seen at once, and seen
 At almost fifty, and at scarce fifteen :
 At once a son is promis'd her, and gone ; 15
 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) 21
 Of th' angel's Ave and *Consummatum est*.
 How well the church, God's Court of Faculties,
 Deals in sometimes and seldom joyning these!
 As by the self-fix'd pole we never do 25
 Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
 Which shews where th' other is, and which we say
 (Because it strays not far) doth never stray :
 So God by his church, nearest to him, we know,
 And stand firm, if we by her motion go ; 30
 His Spirit, as 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 't was in him the same humility, 35
 That he would be a man and leave to be,
 Or as creation he hath made, as God,
 With the last judgment but one period ;
 His imitating spouse would joyn in one
 Manhood's extreams ; he shall come, he is gone ; 40

Or as tho' one blood drop, which thence did fall,
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all:
 So tho' 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.

46

GOOD-FRIDAY, 1613.

RIDING WESTWARD.

LET man's soul be a sphear, and then in this
 'Th' intelligence that moves, devotion is;
 And as the other sphears, by being grown
 Subject to foreign 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 admit
 For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
 Hence is 't that I am carried t'wards the west
 This day, when my soul's form bends to the east; 10
 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 too much weight for me. 15
 Who sees God's 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. 20
 Could I behold those hands which span the poles,
 And tune all spears 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 25
 The feat of all our souls, if not of his,
 Made dirt 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, 30
 Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
 Half of that sacrifice which ransom'd us?
 Tho' these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
 They're present yet unto my memory, 34
 For that looks towards them, and thou look'st to-
 O Saviour! as thou hang'st upon the tree. [wards me,
 I 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; 40
 Restore thine image so much by thy grace,
 That thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face. 42

THE LITANIE.

I. THE FATHER.

FATHER of heav'n, 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, 5
 And by self-murder red.

From this red earth, O Father! purge away
 All vicious tinctures, that, new fashioned,
 I may rise up from death before I'm dead.

II. THE SON.

O SON of God! who seeing two things, 10
 Sin and death, crept in, which were never made,
 By bearing one, try'dst with what stings
 The other could thine heritage invade,
 O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
 And crucify'd again : 15
 Part not from it, tho' 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, 20
 And being sacrilegiously
 Half wasted with youth's fires, of pride and lust,
 Must with new storms be weather-beat,
 Double in my heart thy flame,
 Which let devout sad tears intend, and let 25
 (Tho' this glass lanthorn, flesh, do suffer maim)
 Fire, sacrifice, priest, altar, be the same.

IV. THE TRINITY.

O BLESSED, glorious Trinity!
 Bones to philosophy but milk to faith,
 Which, as wise serpents diversly 30
 Most slipp'riness, yet most entanglings hath,
 As you distinguish'd (undistinct)
 By pow'r, love, knowledge, be,
 Give me such self-diff'rent instinct,
 Of these let all me elemented be, 35
 Of pow'r to love, to know you unnumb'ed Three.

V. THE VIRGIN MARY.

FOR that fair blessed Mother-maid,
 Whose flesh redeem'd us, (that she cherubim,

Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
 One claim for innocence, and disseiz'd sin; 40
 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. 45

VI. THE ANGELS.

AND since this life our nonage is,
 And we in wardship to thine Angels be,
 Native in heav'n's fair palaces,
 Where we shall be but denizon'd by thee;
 As th' earth, conceiving by the sun, 50
 Yields fair diversity,
 Yet never knows what course that light doth run;
 So let me study that mine actions be
 Worthy their sight, tho' blind in how they see.

VII. THE PATRIARCHS.

AND let thy Patriarchs' desire 55
 (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 heav'n still pray that we

May use our new helps right) 60
 Be satisfy'd, and fructifie 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 church's organs, and did found 65
 That harmony which made of two
 One law, and did unite, but not confound;
 Those heav'nly Poets, which did see
 Thy will, and it express
 In rythmique feet) in common pray for me, 70
 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 whosoe'er do not take 75
 Their light, to dark deep pits thrown down do fall)
 As thro' their prayers thou hast let me know
 That their books are divine,
 May they pray still, and be heard, that I go
 Th' old broad way in applying; O decline 80
 Me, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X. THE MARTYRS.

AND since thou so desirouſly
 Didſt long to die, that long before thou couldſt,
 And long ſince thou no more couldſt dye,
 Thou in thy ſcatter'd myſtique body wouldſt 85
 In Abel dye, and ever ſince
 In thine, let their blood come
 To beg for us a diſcreet patience
 Of death, or of worſe life; for, oh! to ſome
 Not to be martyrs is a martyrdom. 90

XI. THE CONFESSORS.

THEREFORE with thee triumpheth there
 A virgin ſquadron of white Confefſors,
 Whoſe bloods betroth'd, not married, were
 Tender'd, not taken by thoſe raviſhers:
 They know, and pray that we may know: 95
 In every Chriſtian
 Hourly tempeſtuouſ perſecutions grow.
 Temptations martyr us alive. A man
 Is to himſelf a Diocleſian.

XII. THE VIRGINS.

THE cold white-ſnowy nunnery, 100
 (Which, as thy mother, their high abbeſs, ſent
 Their bodies back again to thee,
 As thou hadſt lent them, clean and innocent)
 Tho' 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 widowhood 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 111
To know the Scripture tells us we are wrote
In thy' other book) pray for us there,
That what they have misdone,
Or mis-said, we to that may not adhere; 115
Their zeal may be our sin. Lord, let us run
Mean ways, and call them stars, but not the sun.

XIV.

And whilst this universal choir,
(That church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire 120
Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee dear)
Prays ceaselessly', and thou hearken too,
(Since to be gracious
Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
Hear this pray'r, Lord! O Lord! deliver us 125
From trusting in those prayers, tho' pour'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 130
 Is only for our prison fram'd,
 Or that thou'rt covetous
 To them thou lov'st, or that they are maim'd,
 From reaching this world's sweets: who seek thee thus
 With all their might, good Lord! deliver us. 135

XVI.

From needing danger to be good,
 From owing thee yesterday's tears to-day,
 From trusting so much to thy blood,
 That in that hope we wound our souls away;
 From bribing thee with alms t' excuse 140
 Some sin more burdenous;
 From light affecting in religion news,
 From thinking us all foul, neglecting thus
 Our mutual duties, Lord! deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us, 145
 By our connivance or slack company;
 From measuring ill by vicious,
 Neglecting to choak Sin's spawn, vanity;
 From indiscreet humility,
 Which might be scandalous, 150
 And cast reproach on Christianity;
 From being spies, or to spies pervious;
 From thirst or scorn of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us thro' thy descent
 Into the Virgin, whose womb was a place 155
 Of middle kind, and thou being sent
 T' ungracious us, stay'dst at her full grace;
 And thro' thy poor birth, where first thou
 Glorify'dst Poverty,
 And yet soon after riches didst allow, 160
 By' accepting king's gifts in th' Epiphany,
 Deliver, and make us to both ways free.

XIX.

And thro' that bitter agony,
 Which still is th' agony of pious wits,
 Disputing what distorted thee, 165
 And interrupted evenness with fits;
 And thro' thy free confession,
 Tho' thereby they were then
 Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have
 Good Lord! deliver us; and teach us when [gone,
 We may not, and we may, blind unjust men. 171

XX.

Thro' thy submitting all to blows
 Thy face, thy robes to spoil, thy fame to scorn;
 All ways which rage or justice knows,
 And by which thou couldst shew that thou wast born;
 And thro' thy gallant humbleness, 176
 Which thou in death didst show,
 Dying before thy soul they could express,
 I iij

Deliver us from death, by dying so
To this world, ere this world do bid us go. 180

XXI.

When senses, which thy soldiers 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, 185
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 190
Of him which speaks diminishes the word;
When Magistrates do misapply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword;
When Plague, which is thine angel, reigns,
Or Wars, thy champions, sway; 195
When Heresie, thy second deluge, gains,
In th' hour of death, th' 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, 200
Than sphears' or angels' praises be
In panegyrick alleluias;

Hear us; for till thou hear us, Lord!
 We know not what to say: 204
 Thine ear to'our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and
 O thou! who Satan heardst in Job's sick day, [word.
 Hear thyself now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV.

That we may change to evenness
 This intermitting aguish pietie;
 That snatching cramps of wickedness, 210
 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, 215
 That we may hear, Lord! hear us, when we pray.

XXV.

That our ears' sickness we may cure,
 And rectifie those labyrinths aright;
 That we by heark'ning not procure
 Our praise, nor other's dispraise so invite; 220
 That we get not a slipp'riness,
 And senselessly decline,
 From hearing bold wits jest at king's excess,
 T' admit the like of Majestie divine;
 That we may lock our ears, Lord! open thine. 225

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, 230
 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 embassadour, 235
 From thine allegiance we never tempt;
 That beauty, Paradise's flow'r,
 For physick made, from poyson be exempt;
 That wit, born apt high good to do,
 By dwelling lazily 240
 On Nature's nothing, be not nothing too;
 That our affections kill us not, nor die.
 Hear us, weak Echoes, O thou ear and crie!

XXVIII.

Son of God! hear us: and since thou,
 By taking our blood, ow'ft it us again, 245
 Gain to thyself and us allow,
 And let not both us and thyself be slain.
 O Lamb of God! which took 'st our sin,
 Which could not stick to thee,
 O let it not return to us again! 250
 But patient and physician being free,
 As sin is nothing, let it no where be. 252

UPON THE TRANSLAT. OF THE PSALMS

By Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke his sister.

ETERNAL God! (for whom whoever 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; 5
 (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 't was a double power by which he sung, 10
 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; 15
 A brother and a sister, made by thee
 The organ, where thou art the harmonic ;
 Two that make one John Baptist's holy voice ;
 And who that psalm, " Now let the isles rejoice,"
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too ; 20
 Both told us what, and taught us how to do. 20
 They shew us islanders our joy, our king ;
 They tell us why, and teach us how to sing. [spears;
 Make all this all, three choirs, heav'n, earth, and
 The first, heav'n, hath a song, but no man hears ;

The sphears have musick, but they have no tongue,
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung : 26
 But our third choir, to which the first gives ear,
 (For angels learn by what the church does here)
 This choir hath all. The organist is he
 Who hath tun'd God and man, the organ we : 30
 The songs are these which Heav'n's 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, 35
 That I must not rejoyce as I would do,
 When I behold that these Psalms are become
 So well attir'd abroad, so ill at home ;
 So well in chambers, in thy church so ill,
 As I can scarce call that Reform'd until 40
 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, 45
 Which by this Moses and this Miriam is
 Already done ; and as those Psalms we call
 (Tho' some have other authors) David's all ;
 So tho' some have, some may some Psalms translate,
 We thy Sydnean Psalms shall celebrate ; 50
 And till we come th' extemporal song to sing,
 (Learned the first hour that we see the King,

Who hath translated those translators) may
 These, their sweet learned labours, all the way
 Be as our tuning, that when hence we part,
 We may fall in with them, and sing our part. 56

A HYMN TO CHRIST,

AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

IN what torn ship soever I embark,
 That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark;
 What sea soever swallow me, that flood
 Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
 Tho' thou with clouds of anger do disguise 5
 Thy face, yet thro' that mask I know those eyes,
 Which, tho' they turn away sometimes,
 They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
 And all whom I love here, and who love me; 10
 When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
 Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee.
 As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
 In winter, in my winter now I go,
 Where none but thee, th' Eternal root 15
 Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost controul
 The amroufness of an harmonious soul;

But thou wouldst have that love thyself : as thou
 Art jealous, Lord ! so I am jealous now. 20
 Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou free
 My soul : whoever 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 25
 On whom those fainter beams of love did fall ;
 Marry those loves which in youth scatter'd 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 ; 30
 And to 'scape stormy days I chuse
 An everlasting night. 33

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. 4

THE LAMENTAT. OF JEREMY,

FOR THE MOST PART ACCORDING TO TREMELLIUS.

CHAP. I.

1. How fits 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 5
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 10
With whom she dwells no place of rest afford;
In straights she meets her persecutor's sword.

4. Emptie are th' gates of Sion, and her ways
Mourn, because none come to her solemn days. 15
Her priests do groan, her maids are comfortless,
And she's unto herself a bitterness.

5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at peace,
Because when her transgressions did encrease
The Lord strook her with sadness. Th' enemy 20
Doth drive her children to captivity.

6. From Sion's daughter is all beauty gone.
 Like harts, which seek for pasture and find none,
 Her princes are; and now before the foe,
 Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

7. Now in their days of tears, Jerusalem 25
 (Her men slain by the foe, none succouring them)
 Remembers what of old she esteem'd most,
 Whilst her foes laugh at her for which she 'ath lost.

8. Jerusalem hath sinn'd, therefore is she
 Remov'd, as women in uncleanness be: 30
 Who honour'd, scorn her; for her foulness they
 Have seen: herself doth groan, and turn away.

9. Her foulness in her skirts was seen, yet she
 Remember'd not her end; miraculously
 Therefore she fell, none comforting. Behold, 35
 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 commandst should not do so,
 Into her holy Sanctuary go. 40

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'm grown, O Lord! behold, and weigh.

12. All this concerns not you, who pass by me; 45
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 heav'n on my bones, and spread
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown, 51
And made me languish all the day alone.

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 55
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15. He under foot hath trodden in my sight
My strong men; he did company accite
To break my young men; he the wine-press hath
Trode upon Juda's daughter in his wrath. 60

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 far;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.

17. There's none, tho' Sion do stretch out her hand,
To comfort her: it is the Lord's command 66
That Jacob's 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; 70
 O hear, all people! and my sorrow see,
 My maids, my young men, in captivitie.

19. I called for my lovers then, but they
 Deceiv'd me, and my priests and elders lay
 Dead in the city; for they fought for meat, 75
 Which should refresh their souls, and none could get.

20. Because I am in straits, Jehovah! see
 My heart o'erturn'd, my bowels muddy be;
 Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
 'The sword without as death within doth waste. 80

21. 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.

22. Let all their wickedness appear to thee; 85
 Do unto them as thou hast done to me
 For all my sins. 'The sighs which I have had
 Are very many, and my heart is sad. 88

CHAP. II.

1. How over Sion's daughter hath God hung
His wrath's thick cloud! and from heaven hath flung
To earth the beauty' of Israel, and hath
Forgot his footstool in the day of wrath!

2. The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed 5
All Jacob's dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strength of Juda, and profan'd
The princes of the kingdom and the land.

3. In heat of wrath the horn of Israel he 10
Hath clean cut off; and, lest the enemy
Be hinder'd, his right hand he doth retire,
But is t'wards Jacob all-devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemy he bent his bow, 15
His right hand was in posture of a foe;
To kill what Sion's daughter did desire,
'Gainst whom his wrath he poured forth like fire.

5. For like an enemy Jehovah is, 20
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 Sion's feasts and sabbaths are forgot;
Her king, her priest, his wrath regarded not.

7. The Lord forsakes his altar, and detests 25
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 30
And level Sion's 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 bar; their kings and princes be
Amongst the Heathen without law, nor there 35
Unto the prophets doth the Lord appear.

10. There Sion's 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. 40

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 do die.

12. When they had cry'd unto their mothers, Where
 Shall we have bread and drink? they fainted there; 46
 And in the street, like wounded persons, lay,
 Till 'twixt their mothers' breasts they went away.

13. Daughter Jerufalem, oh! what may be
 A witness or comparifon for thee? 50
 Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
 Thy breach is like the sea; what help can be?

14. For thee vain foolish things thy prophets fought,
 Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
 Which might dif-turn thy bondage; but for thee 55
 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?" 60

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 find and see.

17. The Lord hath done that which he purpos'd, 65
 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 70
 Down like a river day and night; take thee
 No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19. Arise, cry in the night, pour out thy sins,
 Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
 Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die, 75
 Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do lie.

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? 80

21. On ground in streets the young and old do lie;
 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 85
 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. • 88

CHAP. III.

1. I AM the man which have affliction seen,
 Under the rod of God's wrath having been.

2. He hath led me to darknefs, not to light,
3. And againft me all day his hand doth fight. 4

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

7. He hath hedg'd me, left I 'scape, and added more
To my steel fetters, heavier than before. 10

8. When I cry out, he' outfhuts my prayer; 9. And hath
Stopp'd with hewn ftone my way, and turn'd my path.

10. And like a lion hid in fecrecy,
Or bear, which lies in wait, he was to me.

11. He ftops my way, tears me, made defolate; 15

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

13. He made the children of his quiver pafs

Into my reins. 14. I with my people was

All the day long a fong and mockery.

15. He hath fill'd me with bitternefs, and he 20

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He hath
burft

My teeth with ftones, and covered me with duft.

17. And thus my foul far off from peace was fet,

And my profperity I did forget.

18. My strength, my hope, (unto myself I said) 25
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 rememb'ring this;
21. My heart considers; therefore hope there is. 30
22. 'Tis God's great mercy we 're 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, faith my soul, my portion, 35
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 Lord's salvation unto the end. 40
27. 'Tis good for one his yoke in youth to bear:
28. He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
Because he hath borne it: 29. And his mouth he lays
Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stays.
30. He gives his cheeks to whosoever will 45
Strike him, and so he is reproached still.
31. For not for ever doth the Lord forsake; [take
32. But when he hath struck with sadness, he doth

Compassion, as his mercy's infinite.

33. Nor is it with his heart that he doth smite; 50

34. That under foot the prisoners stamped be,

35. That a man's right the judge 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? 56

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; 59

41. To him in heav'n our hands with hearts upraise.

42. We have rebell'd, and fall'n away from thee;

Thou pardon'it not; 43. Usest no clemency;

Pursu'it us, kill'it us, cover'it us with wrath;

44. Cover'it thyself with clouds, that our prayer hath

No pow'r to pass: 45. And thou hast made us fall 65

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 watry rivers doth mine eye o'erflow,

For ruin of my people's daughters so: 70

49. Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly,

50. Until the Lord look down from heav'n to see.

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 75
 They've shut my life, and cast on me a stone.

54. Waters flow'd o'er my head; then thought I, I'm
 Destroy'd: 55. I called, Lord! upon thy name
 Out of the pit; 56. And thou my voice didst hear:
 Oh! from my fight and cry stop not thine ear. 80

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 soul's cause handled hast, and thou
 Rescu'st my life. 59. O Lord! do thou judge now.

Thou heard'st my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all
 they've wrought; 85

61. How they reproach'd thou'st heard, and what
 they thought;

62. What their lips utter'd, 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, 90

65. Sorrow of heart, thy curse: 66. And with thy might
 Follow', and from under heav'n destroy them quite.

CHAP. IV.

1. How is the gold become so dim! how is
 Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this!
 The stones, which were stones of the sanctuary,
 Scatter'd in corners of each street do lie.

2. The precious sons of Sion, which should be 5
 Valu'd as purest gold, how do we see
 Low-rated now! as earthen pitchers, stand,
 Which are the work of a poor potter's hand.

3. Even the sea-calves draw their breasts, and give
 Suck to their young: my people's daughters live, 10
 By reason of the foe's great cruelty,
 As do the owls 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, 15
 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. 20

6. The daughters of my people have sinn'd more
 Than did the town of Sodom 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 25
 Was than the snow, and milk was not so white ;
 As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine ;
 And all their polish'dncfs was saphirine.

8. They're darker now than blackness; none can know
 Them by the face, as thro' the street they go; 30
 For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,
 And, withered, is like to dry wood grown.

9. Better by sword than famine 't is to dye;
 And better th'rough-pierc'd than thro' penury.

10. Women, by nature pitiful, have ate 35
 Their children (dress'd with their own hand) for meat.

11. Jehovah here fully accomplish'd hath
 His indignation, and pour'd forth his wrath;
 Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath pow'r
 To eat, and her foundations to devour. 40

12. Nor would the kings of th' 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: 46

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

With blood, the which impossible it was

Their garment should 'scape touching as they pass,

15. Would cry aloud, "Depart, defiled men, 5E

"Depart, depart, and touch us not!" and then

They fled, and stray'd, and with the Gentiles were,

Yet told their friends they should not long dwell there:

16. For this they're scatter'd by Jehovah's face, 55

Who never will regard them more. No grace

Unto the old men shall their foe afford,

Nor that they're priests redeem them from the sword:

17. And we as yet, for all these miseries

Desiring our vain help, consume our eyes: 60

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 days accomplish'd are, this the last day; 65

19. Eagles of heav'n are not so swift as they

Which follow us; o'er mountains' tops they flie

At us, and for us in the desert lie.

20. The Lord's anointed, breath of our nostrils, he
 Of whom we said, under his shadow we 70
 Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
 Into the pit, which these men digged, fell.

21. Rejoyce, O Edom's daughter! joyful be,
 Thou that inhabit'st Uz; for unto thee
 This cup shall pass, and thou with drunkenness 75
 Shalt fill thyself, 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 Edom's daughter! he will see,
 And for them pay thee with captivity. 80

CHAP. V.

1. REMEMBER, O Lord! what is fall'n on us;
 See and mark how we are reproached thus.

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

3. Our mothers are become as 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. 10
6. We stretch our hands unto th' Egyptians
To get us bread, and to th' Assyrians.
7. Our fathers did these sins, and are no more ;
But we do bear the sins they did before.
8. They are but servants which do rule us thus, 15
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 wait.
10. The tempests of this famine we liv'd in
Black as an oven colour'd had our skin. 20
11. In Juda's cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in Sion us'd.
12. The princes with their hands they hung ; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the elder's face.
13. Unto the mill our young men carried are, 25
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 fall'n from our head, and wo
Be unto us, because we 'ave finned so : 30
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 35
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. 40
21. For oughtest thou, O Lord! despise us thus,
22. And to be utterly enrag'd at us? 42

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD,

IN MY SICKNESS.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room
Where with the choir 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. 5

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
That this is my south-west discovery
Per fretum febris, by these fraights to dye. 10

I joy that in these straights I see my weft;
 For tho' those currants yield return to none,
 What shall my weft hurt me? as weft and east
 In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth touch the resurrection. 15

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? or are
 The eastern riches? Is Jerufalem,
 Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar?
 All straights, and none but straights are ways to them,
 Whether where Japheth dwelt, or Cham, or Sem. 20

We think that Paradife and Calvarie,
 Chrif's cros and Adam's tree, flood in one place;
 Look, Lord! and find both Adams met in me:
 As the first Adam's sweat furrounds my face,
 May the last Adam's blood my foul embrace. 25

So in his purple wrapp'd receive me, Lord!
 By these his thorns give me his other crown;
 And as to others' fouls I preach'd thy word,
 Be this my text, my sermon to mine own;
 Therefore, that he may raise, the Lord throws down. 30

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

I.

WILT thou forgive that sin where I begun,
 Which was my sin, tho' it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive that sin thro' which I run,
 And do run still, tho' still I do deplore?
 When thou hast done thou hast not done, 5
 For I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
 Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
 Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
 A year or two, but wallow'd in a score? 10
 When thou hast done thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

III.

I have a sin of fear, that when I 'ave spun
 My last thread I shall perish on the shore;
 But swear by thyself that at my death thy Son 15
 Shall shine as he shines now and heretofore;
 And having done that thou hast done,
 I fear no more. 18

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16 AUGUSTI, 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

POEMA SATYRICON.

EPISTLE.

OTHERS at the porches and entries of their buildings set their arms, I my picture, if any colours can deliver a mind so plain and flat, and thorough-light as mine. Naturally at a new author I doubt and stick, and do not say quickly Good. I censure much and tax; and this liberty costs me more than others: yet I would not be so rebellious against myself as not to do it since I love it, nor so unjust to others to do it sine talione. As long as I give them as good bold upon me they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender but him that, like the Trent Council, forbids not books, but authors, damning whatever such a name bath or shall write. None write so ill that he gives not something exemplary to follow or fly. Now, when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any man's 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 acknowledge it, and to thank not him only that hath digged 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 only carry one soul from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also; and, therefore, you must not grudge to find the same soul in an emperour, in a post-horse, and in a maceron, since no unreadiness in the soul, but an indisposition in the organs, works this. And, therefore, though this soul could not move when it was a melon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me, at what lascivious banquet it was served: 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. However the bodies have dulled her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own; which makes me so seriously deliver you, by her relation, all her passages, from her first making, when she was that apple which Eve ate, to this time, when she is she whose life you shall find in the end of this book.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

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, 5
From infant morn thro' manly noon I draw:
What the gold Chaldee or silver Persian saw,
Greek brass, or Roman iron, 't is in this one,
A work t' out-wear Seth's pillars, brick and stone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yield to none. 10

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 beginn'st to shine,
Suck'st early balm, and island spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd career 15
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow, dine,
And see at night thy western land of myne;
Yet hast thou not more nations seen than she
That before thee one day began to be,
And, thy frail light being quench'd, shall long, long
[outlive thee.

III.

Nor holy Janus, in whose soveraign boat 21
The church and all the monarchies did float;

That swimming college and free hospital
 Of all mankind, that cage and vivary
 Of fowls and beasts, in whose womb Destiny 25
 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 mov'd and inform'd by this heav'nly

IV.

[spark.

Great Destiny, the commissary of God, 31
 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 changeless brow 35
 Ne'er 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 myself as to know with what hand,
 How scant or liberal this my life's race is spann'd. 40

V.

To my six lusters, almost now out-wore,
 Except thy book owe me so many more;
 Except my legend be free from the letts
 Of sleep ambition, sleepy poverty,
 Spirit-quenching sickness, dull captivity, 45
 Distracting business, and from beautie's 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 unwasted man, may have.

VI.

But if my days be long and good enough, 51
 In vain this sea shall enlarge or enrough
 Itself; for I will thro' the wave and foam,
 And hold, in sad lone ways, a lively spright,
 Make my dark heavy Poem light, and light: 55
 For tho' thro' many straights and lands I roam,
 I launch at Paradise, and sail t'wards home:
 The course I there began shall here be stay'd;
 Sails hoisted there struck here, and anchors laid
 In Thames which were at Tygris and Euphrates

VII.

[weigh'd.

For the great Soul which here amongst us now 61
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and
 Which as the moon the sea moves us, to hear [brow,
 Whose story with long patience you will long;
 (For 't is the crown and last strain of my song) 65
 This Soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were
 Prisons of flesh; this Soul, which oft' did tear
 And mend the wrecks of th' empire, and late Rome,
 And, liv'd when every great change did come,
 Had first in Paradise a low but fatal room. 70

VIII.

Yet no low room, nor then the greatest, less
 If (as devout and sharp men fitly guess)

That cross, our joy and grief, (where nails did tie
 That All, which always was all every where,
 Which could not sin, and yet all sins did bear, 75
 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 Maker's will from pulling free.

IX.

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn, 81
 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 mankind weeps, 85
 Took it, and t' her, whom the first man did wive,
 (Whom and her race only forbiddings drive)
 He gave it, she t' her husband; both did eat:
 So perished the eaters and the meat,
 And we (for treason taints the blood) thence die and

X.

[sweat.

Man all at once was there by woman slain, 91
 And one by one we're here slain o'er again
 By them. The mother poyson'd the well-head;
 The daughters here corrupt us rivulets;
 No smallness 'scapes, no greatness breaks, their nets:
 She thrust us out, and by them we are led 96
 Astray from turning to whence we are fled.

Were prisoners judges 't would seem rigorous;
 She sinn'd, we bear : part of our pain is thus
 To love them whose fault to this painful love yoak'd

XI.

[us.

So fast in us doth this corruption grow, 101

That now we dare ask why we should be so.

Would God (disputes the curious rebel) make

A law, and would not have it kept ? or can

His creatures' will cross his ? Of every man 105

For one will God (and be just) vengeance take ?

Who sinn'd ? 't was not forbidden to the snake,

Nor her, who was not then made; nor is 't writ

That Adam cropt or knew the apple; yet

The worm, and she, and he, and we, endure for it. 110

XII.

But snatch me, heav'nly Spirit! from this vain

Reck'ning their vanity; less is their gain

Than hazard still to meditate on ill,

Tho' with good mind; their reason's like those toys

Of glassie bubbles which the gamesome boys 115

Stretch to so nice a thinness thro' a quill,

That they themselves break, and do themselves spill.

Arguing is heritique's game, and exercise,

As wrestlers, perfects them. Not liberties

Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, and here-

XIII.

[fies.

Just in that instant, when the serpent's gripe 121

Broke the slight veins and tender conduit-pipe

Thro' which this Soul from the tree's root did draw
 Life and growth to this apple, fled away
 This loose Soul, old, one and another day. 125
 As lightning, which one scarce dare say he saw,
 'Tis so soon gone (and better proof the law
 Of sense than faith requires) swiftly she flew
 T' a dark and foggy plot; her her fates threw
 There thro' th' earth's pores, and in a plant hous'd her

XIV.

[anew.

The plant, thus abled, to itself did force 131
 A place where no place was by Nature's course,
 As air from water, water fleets away
 From thicker bodies; by this root throng'd so
 His spongy confines gave him place to grow: 135
 Just as in our streets, when the people stay
 To see the prince, and so fill up the way
 That weafels scarce could pass; when he comes near
 They throng and cleave up, and a passage clear,
 As if for that time their round bodies flatten'd were.

XV.

His right arm he thrust out towards the east, 141
 Westward his left; th' ends did themselves digest
 Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:
 And, as a slumb'rer, stretching on his bed,
 This way he this and that way scattered 145
 His other leg, which feet with toes up bear;
 Grew on his middle part, the first day, hair,

To show that in love's bus'ness he should still
 A dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill: 149
 His apples kindle, his leaves force of conception kill.

XVI.

A mouth, but dumb, he hath; blind eyes, deaf ears,
 And to his shoulders dangle subtile hairs;
 A young Coloffus there he stands upright;
 And, as that ground by him were conquered,
 A leafie garland wears he on his head 155
 Enchas'd with little fruits so red and bright,
 That for them ye would call your love's lips white;
 So of a lone unhaunted place posselt,
 Did this Soul's second inn, built by the guest
 This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest. 160

XVII.

No luffful woman came this plant to grieve,
 But 't was because there was none yet but Eve,
 And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite:
 Her sin had now brought in infirmities,
 And so her cradled child the moist-red eyes 165
 Had never shut, nor slept, since it saw light:
 Poppy she knew, she knew the mandrake's might,
 And tore up both, and so cool'd her child's blood.
 Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood,
 But he's short liv'd that with his death can do most

XVIII.

[good.

To an unfetter'd Soul's quick nimble haste 171
 Are falling stars and hearts' thoughts but slow pac'd,

Thinner than burnt air flies this Soul, and she,
 Whom four new coming and four parting funs
 Had found, and left the mandrake's tenant, runs,
 Thoughtless of change, when her firm destiny 176
 Confin'd and engal'd her that seem'd so free
 Into a small blew shell, the which a poor
 Warm bird o'erspread, and fat still evermore,
 Till her enclos'd child kick'd, and pick'd itself a door.

XIX.

Out crept a sparrow, this Soul's moving inn, 181
 On whose raw arms stiff feathers now begin,
 As children's teeth thro' gums, to break with pain :
 His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threads;
 All a new downy mantle overspreads : 185
 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 189
 One that within a month will beat him from his hen.

XX.

In this world's youth wife Nature did make haste,
 Things ripen'd sooner, and did longer last :
 Already this hot cock in bush and tree,
 In field and tent, o'erflutters his next hen :
 He asks her not who did so taste, nor when ; 195
 Nor if his sister or his niece she be,
 Nor doth she pule for his inconstancie

If in her fight he change; nor doth refuse
 The next that calls; both liberty do use. 199
 Where store is of both kinds, both kinds may freely

XXI. [chuse.

Men, till they took laws which made freedom less,
 Their daughters and their sisters did ingress;
 Till now unlawful, therefore ill, 't was not;
 So jolly, that it can move this Soul. Is
 The body so free of his kindnesse, 205
 That self-preserving it hath now forgot,
 And slack'neth not the Soul's and body's knot,
 Which temp'rance straitens? Freely on his she-friends
 He blood and spirit, pith and marrow, spends;
 Ill steward of himself, himself in three years ends. 210

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 feign'd calls his nets or enwrapping snare,
 The free inhabitants of the pliant air. 215
 Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
 Ask'd not of roots, nor of cock-sparrows, leave;
 Yet chuseth he, tho' none of these he fears,
 Pleasantly three; then straiten'd twenty years
 To live, and to encrease his race himself outwears.

XXIII.

This coal with overblowing quench'd and dead, 221
 The Soul from her too active organs fled

T' a brook. A female fish's sandy roe
 With the male's jelly newly leaven'd was;
 For they had intertouch'd as they did pass, 225
 And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
 This Soul inform'd, and able it to row
 Itself with finny oars, 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.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim, 231
 A swan so white, that you may unto him
 Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
 Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
 And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd: 235
 It mov'd with state, as if to look upon
 Low things it scorn'd; and yet before that one
 Could think he fought it, he had swallow'd clear
 This and much such, and unblam'd; devour'd there
 All but who too swift, too great, or well-arm'd, were.

XXV.

Now swam a prison in a prison put, 241
 And now this Soul in double walls was shut,
 Till melted with the swan's digestive fire
 She left her house, the fish, and vapour'd forth:
 Fate not affording bodys of more worth 245
 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 ;
 Weakness invites, but silence feasts oppression. 250

XXVI.

Pace with the native stream this fish doth keep,
 And journies with her towards the glassy deep,
 But oft' retarded ; once with a hidden net,
 Tho' with great windows, (for when need first taught
 These tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought
 As now, with curious greediness, to let 256
 None 'scape, but few and fit for use to get)
 As in this trap a rav'nous pike was ta'en,
 Who, tho' himself distressed, would fain have slain
 This wretch ; so hardly are ill habits left again. 260

XXVII.

Here by her smallness she two deaths o'erpass,
 Once innocence 'scap'd, and left th' oppressor fast ;
 The net through swam, she keeps the liquid path,
 And whither she leap up sometimes to breath
 And suck in air, or find it underneath, 265
 Or working parts like mills or limbecks hath,
 To make the water thin, and air like faith,
 Cares not, but safe the place she 's come unto,
 Where fresh with salt waves meet, and what to do
 She knows not, but between both makes a board or

XXVIII.

[two.

So far from hiding her guests water is, 271
 That she shews them in bigger quantities

'Than they are. Thus her, doubtful of her way,
 For game, and not for hunger, a sea-pie
 Spy'd thro' his traiterous spectacle from high 275
 The silly fish, where it disputing lay,
 And, t' end her doubts and her, bears her away;
 Exalted, she's but to th' exalter's good;
 (As are by great ones men which lowly flood)
 It's rais'd to be the raifer's instrument and food. 280

XXIX.

Is any kind subject to rape like fish?
 Ill unto man they neither do nor wish;
 Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake;
 They do not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
 Of beasts, nor their young sons to bear away; 285
 Fowls they pursue not, nor do undertake
 To spoyl the nests industrious birds do make;
 Yet them all these unkind kinds feed upon;
 To kill them is an occupation,
 And laws make fasts and lents for their destruction.

XXX.

A sudden stiff land-wind in that self hour 291
 To sea-ward forc'd this bird that did devour
 The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
 Fat gluttony's best orator: at last,
 So long he hath flown, and hath flown so fast, 295
 That, leagues o'erpass at sea, now tir'd he lies,
 And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies:
 The Souls, no longer foes, two ways did err.

The fish I follow, and keep no calender
Of th' other: he lives yet in some great officer. 300

XXXI.

Into an embryo 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 swam; 305
Or seas from Africk's body' had severed
And torn the Hopeful Promontory's head:
This fish would seem these, and, when all hopes fail,
A great ship overfet, or without fail,
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this

XXXII.

[whale.

At every stroke his brazen fins do take 311
More circles in the broken sea they make
Than cannons' voyces when the air they tear:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark, that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof: 315
Swim in him swallow'd dolphins without fear,
And feel no sides, 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. 320

XXXIII.

He hunts not fish, but, as an officer,
Stays 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 gulf-like throat sucks every thing 25
 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 smalls to make one great must

XXXIV.

[die?]

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks; 331
 He jostles islands, 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. 335
 The sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
 Parched, since first launch'd forth this living boat:
 'Tis greatest now, and to destruction
 Nearest; there's no pause at perfection;
 Greatness a period hath, but hath no station. 340

XXXV.

Two little fishes, whom he never harm'd,
 Nor fed on their kind, two, not th'roughly 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 outstreat)
 Conspir'd against him; and it might undo 346
 The plot of all that the plotters were two,

But that they fishes were, and could not speak.
 How shall a tyrant wife strong projects break,
 If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

XXXVI.

The flail'd-finn'd thresher, and steel-beak'd sword-fish
 Only attempt to do what all do wish: 352
 The thresher backs him, and to beat begins;
 The sluggish whale yields to oppression,
 And, t' hide himself from shame and danger, down
 Begins to sink: the sword-fish upward spins, 356
 And gores him with his beak; his staff-like fins
 So well the one, his sword the other, plies,
 That, now a scoff and prey, this tyrant dies,
 And (his own dole) feeds with himself all companies.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call 361
 Those to account that thought and wrought his fall?
 The heirs of slain kings we see are often so
 Transported with the joy of what they get,
 That they revenge and obsequies forget; 365
 Nor will against such men the people go,
 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

XXXVIII.

[shown.

This Soul, now free from prison and passion, 371
 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, 375
 (As basest men, that have not what to eat,
 Nor enjoy ought, do far more hate the great
 Than they who good repos'd estates possess)
 This Soul, late taught that great things might by less
 Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herself address. 380

XXXIX.

Nature's great master-piece, an elephant,
 (The only harmless 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 giv'n him no knees to bend) 385
 Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
 And, foe to none, suspects no enemies,
 Still sleeping stood; next not his fantasy
 Black dreams; like an unbent bow carelessly
 His sinewy proboscis did remissly lie. 390

XL.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouse
 Walk'd, and survey'd the rooms of this vast house,
 And to the brain, the Soul's bed-chamber, went,
 And gnaw'd the life-cords there: like a whole town
 Clean undermin'd, the slain beast tumbled down: 395
 With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy sent
 To kill, not 'scape, (for only he that meant
 To die did ever kill a man of better room)

And thus he made his foe his prey and tomb: 399
 Who cares not to turn back may any whither come.

XLI.

Next hous'd this Soul a wolf's yet unborn whelp,
 Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it help
 To issue: it could kill as soon as go.
 Abel, as white and mild as his sheep were,
 (Who, in that trade, of church and kingdoms there
 Was the first type) was still infested so 406
 With this wolf, that it bred his loss and wo;
 And yet his bitch, his centinel, attends
 The flock so near, so well warns and defends,
 That the wolf (hopeless else) to corrupt her intends.

XLII.

He took a course, which since successfully 411
 Great men have often taken, to espy
 The counsels, or to break the plots, of foes;
 To Abel's tent he stealeth in the dark, 414
 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 love's work he goes,
 Where deeds move more than words; nor doth she
 Nor much resist, nor needs he streighten so [show,
 His prey, for were she loose she would not bark nor go.

XLIII.

He hath engag'd her; his she wholly bides; 421
 Who not her own, none others' secrets hides.

If to the flock he come, and Abel there,
 She feigns hoarse barkings, but she biteth not;
 Her faith is quite, but not her love, forgot. 425
 At last a trap, of which some every where
 Abel had plac'd, ends all his loss and fear
 By the wolf's death; and now just time it was
 That a quick Soul should give life to that mass 429
 Of blood in Abel's bitch, and thither this did pass.

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,
 But in the lives of emp'rors 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. 435
 Son to himself, and father too, he is
 A riding lust, for which schoolmen would miss
 A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
 In Abel's tent, and with soft Moaba,
 His sister, being young, it us'd to sport and play. 440

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. 445
 Five years he liv'd, and couzened with his trade,
 Then, hopeless that his faults were hid, betray'd
 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. 450

XLVI.

It quick'ned 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 455
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
With Adam's fifth daughter, Siphatecia ;
Doth gaze on her, and where she passeth pass,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grass ;
And, wisest of that kind, the first true lover was. 460

XLVII.

He was the first that more desir'd to have
One than another ; first that e'er did crave
Love by mute signs, and had no power to speak ;
First that could make love-faces, or could do
The vaulter's somberfalts, or us'd to woo 465
With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break,
To make his mistress merry, or to wreak
Her anger on himself. Sins against kind
They eas'ly do that can let feed their mind
With outward beauty ; beauty they in boys and beasts

XLVIII.

[do find.

By this misled, too low things men have prov'd, 471
And too high ; beasts and angels have been lov'd :

This ape, tho' else th'rough vain, in this was wise;
 He reach'd at things too high, but open way
 There was, and he knew not she would say Nay. 475
 His toys prevail not; likelier means he tries;
 He gazeth on her face with tear-shot eyes,
 And uplifts subtilly, with his ruffet paw,
 Her kid-skin apron without fear or awe 479
 Of Nature: Nature hath no gaol, tho' she hath law.

XLIX.

First she was silly, and knew not what he meant:
 That virtue, by his touches chaste and spent,
 Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite;
 She knew not first, nor cares not what he doth; 484
 And willing half and more, more than half wrath,
 She neither pulls nor pushes, but out-right
 Now cries, and now repents; when Thelemite,
 Her brother, enter'd, and a great stone threw
 After the ape, who thus prevented flew. 489
 'This house, thus batter'd down, the Soul possess't a new.

L.

And whether by this change she lose or win,
 She comes out next where th' ape would have gone in.
 Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now
 Like chymique's equal fires, her temperate womb
 Had stew'd and form'd it; and part did become 495
 A spongie liver, that did richly allow,
 Like a free conduit on a high hill's brow,

Life-keeping moisture unto every part ;
 Part harden'd itself to a thicker heart,
 Whose busie furnaces life's spirits do impart. 500

LI.

Another part became the well of sense,
 The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence
 Those finew strings which do our bodies tie
 Are ravell'd out; and fast there by one end
 Did this Soul limbs, these limbs a Soul attend; 505
 And now they joyn'd, keeping some quality
 Of every past shape; she knew treachery,
 Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enough
 To be a woman: Themech she is now,
 Sister and wife to Cain, Cain that first did plough. 510

LII.

Whoe'er thou beest that read'st this fullen writ,
 Which just so much courts thee as thou dost it,
 Let me arrest thy thoughts; wonder with me
 Why ploughing, building, ruling, and the rest,
 Or most of those arts whence our lives are blest, 515
 By curst Cain's race invented be,
 And blest Seth vext us with astronomy.
 There's nothing simply good nor ill alone;
 Of every quality Comparifon
 The only measure is, and judge Opinion. 520

IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS,

G. HERBERT.

QUOD crux nequibat fixa, claviq̄ue additi,
 (Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
 Tuive Christum devocans facundia,
 Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora :
 Nec hoc abundè est tibi, nisi certæ Anchoræ
 Addas Sigillum; nempe symbolum suæ
 Tibi debet unda et terra certitudinis.

5

Quondam fessus Amor loquens amato,
 Tot et tanta loquens amica, scripsit:
 Tandem & fessa manus dedit Sigillum.

10

Suavis erat, qui scripta dolens lacerando recludi,
 Sanctius in regno magni credebat Amoris
 (In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare Sigillum!

Munde, fluas fugiasque licet, nos nostraque fixi;
 Deridet motus sancta catena tuos.

15

ALTHO' the cros could not Christ here detain,
 Tho' nail'd unto 't, but he ascends again,
 Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,
 But only while thou speak'st, this Anchor will:
 Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to 5
 This certain Anchor add a Seal; and so
 The water and the earth both unto thee
 Do owe the symbol of their certainty.

When Love, being weary, made an end
 Of kind expressions to his friend, 10
 He writ: when his hand could write no more
 He gave the Seal, and so left o'er.

How sweet a friend was he who, being griev'd
 His letters were broke rudely up, believ'd
 'Twas more secure in great Love's common-weal 15
 (Where nothing should be broke) to add a Seal!

Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure;
 This holy cable is of all storms secure. 18

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT,

Sent him with one of my Seals of the Anchor and Christ.

QUI priùs affuetus Serpentum fasce tabellas
 Signare (hæc nostræ symbola parva Domûs)
 Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
 Stemmata, nanciscor stemmata jure nova.
 Hinc mihi Crux, primo quæ fronti impressa lavacro,
 Finibus extensis, Anchora facta patet. 6
 Anchoræ in effigiem Crux tandem definit ipsam,
 Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
 Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
 Crux, et ab affixo est Anchora facta Jesu. 10
 Nec natalitiis penitus Serpentibus orbor;
 Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
 Quà sapiens, dos est; quà terram lambit et ambit,
 Pestis; at in nostrâ fit medicina Cruce
 Serpens; fixa Cruci si fit Natura; Crucique 15
 A fixo nobis gratia tota fluat.
 Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora fixa, Sigillum
 Non tam dicendum hoc, quàm catechismus erit.
 Mitto, nec exigua, exiguâ sub imagine, dona,
 Pignora amicitiae, et munera, vota, preces. 20
 Plura tibi accumulât sanctus cognominis ille,
 Regia qui flavo dona Sigillat equo. 22

*A sheaf of Snakes used heretofore to be my Seal, the crest of
our poor family.*

ADOPTED in God's family, and so
 Our old coat lost, unto new arms I go.
 The Cross (my seal at baptism) spread below,
 Does by that form into an Anchor grow.
 Crosses grow Anchors: bear, as thou shouldst do, 5
 Thy Cross, and that Cross grows an Anchor too.
 But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus
 Is Christ, who there is crucify'd for us.
 Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold;
 God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old. 10
 The Serpent may, as wise, my pattern be;
 My poyson, as he feeds on dust, that is 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 15
 All grace from him crucify'd there before.
 When all is Cross, and that Cross Anchor grown,
 This Seal in a catechism, not a Seal alone.
 Under that little Seal great gifts I send,
 Works, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend. 20
 And may that faint which rides in our great Seal
 To you who bear his name great bounties deal. 22

TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZÆUS.

Vota Amico facta. Fol. 160.

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
 Thou who dost, best friend, in best things outshine;
 May thy soul, ever chearful, ne'er know cares;
 Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs;
 Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds; 5
 Nor thy purse, ever plump, know plaits or folds;
 Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing;
 Nor thy words, ever mild, know quarrelling;
 Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise;
 Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies; 10
 Nor thy prayers know low objects, still divine:
 God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,

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 fought;
 Nor he that can for foul ones care,
 For his judgment then is naught:

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 pays not, for he says
 Within the 's worth no more.

Is there then no kind of men
 Whom I may freely prove?
 I will vent that humour then
 In this mine own self-love.

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 diversify'd.

The sun that, sitting in the chair of light, 5
 Sheds flame into what else soever doth seem bright,
 Is not contented at one sign to inn,
 But ends his year, and with a new begins.
 All things do willingly in change delight,
 The fruitful mother of our appetite; 10
 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 itself, and what doth live in it.
 Let no man tell me such a one is fair,
 And worthy, all alone, my love to share: 15
 Nature in her hath done the liberal part
 Of a kind mistress, and employ'd her art
 To make her loveable; and I aver
 Him not humane that would turn back from her. 20
 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 extreams is fair, 25
 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 : 30
 Others, for that they well descended were,
 Do in my love obtain as large a share ;
 And tho' they be not fair, 't is much with me
 To win their love only for their degree ;
 And tho' I fail of my required ends, 35
 'Th' attempt is glorious, and itself commends.
 How happy were our fires in ancient time,
 Who held plurality of loves no crime ?
 With them it was accounted charity
 To stir up race of all indifferently : 40
 Kindreds were not exempted from the bands,
 Which with the Persians still in usage stands.
 Women were then no sooner ask'd than won,
 And what they did was honest, and well done :
 But since this little honour hath been us'd, 45
 Our weak credulity hath been abus'd ;
 The golden laws of Nature are repeal'd,
 Which our first fathers in such reverence held ;
 Our liberty's revers'd, and charter's gone,
 And we made servants to Opinion, 50
 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, 55
 And was despoiled 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: 60
 Only some few, strong in themselves, and free,
 Retain the seeds of ancient liberty;
 Following that part of love, altho' deprest,
 And make a throne for him within their breast;
 In spite of modern censures him avowing 65
 Their sovereign, all service him allowing:
 Amongst which troop, altho' 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; 70
 For in whatever form the message came,
 My heart did open and receive the same.
 But time will in its course a point descry,
 When I this loved service must deny;
 For our allegiance temporary is; 75
 With firmer age return our liberties.
 What time in years and judgment we repos'd,
 Shall not so eas'ly be to change dispos'd,
 Nor to the art of several eyes obeying,
 But beauty with true worth securely weighing, 80
 Which being found assembled in some one,
 We'll love her ever, and love her alone. 81

EPIGRAMS.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BOTH robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground;
Both whom one fire had burnt one water drown'd. 2

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Two by themselves each other love and fear;
Slain, cruel friends by parting have join'd here. 2

NIOBE.

By children's births and death I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own sad tomb. 2

A BURNT SHIP.

OUT of a fired ship, which by no way
But drowning could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foes' ships, did by their shot decay:
So all were lost which in the ship were found, 5
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship
drown'd.

FALL OF A WALL.

UNDER an under-min'd and shot-bruis'd wall
 A too bold captain perish'd by the fall,
 Whose brave misfortune happiest men envy'd,
 That had a tower for tomb his bones to hide. 4

A LAME BEGGER.

I AM unable, yonder Begger cries,
 To stand or move; if he says true he lies. 2

A SELF-ACCUSER.

YOUR mistress that you follow whores still taxeth you;
 'Tis strange that she should thus confess it tho' it be
 true. 2

A LICENTIOUS PERSON.

THY sins and hairs may no man equal call;
 For as thy sins increase thy hairs do fall. 2

ANTIQUARY.

IF in his study he hath so much care
 To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware. 2

DISINHERITED.

THY father all from thee, by his last will,
Gave to the poor; thou hast good title still. 2

PHRYNE.

THY flattering picture, Phryne! is like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be. 2

AN OBSCURE WRITER.

PHILO with twelve years' study hath been griev'd
To b' understood: when will he be believ'd? 2

KLOCKIUS so deeply 'ath sworn ne'er more to come
In bawdyhouse, that he dares not go home. 2

RADERUS.

WHY this man gelded Martial I amuse,
Except himself alone his tricks would use,
As Kath'rine for the court's sake put down stews. 3 }

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS.

Like Æsop's fellow-slaves, O Mercury!
 Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
 Like Æsop's self, which nothing. I confess
 I should have had more faith if thou hadst less;
 Thy credit lost thy credit; it is sin to do, 5
 In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
 To believe all. Change thy name; thou art like
 Mercury in stealing, but byest like a Greek.
 Compassion in the world again is bred:
 Halphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed. 10



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