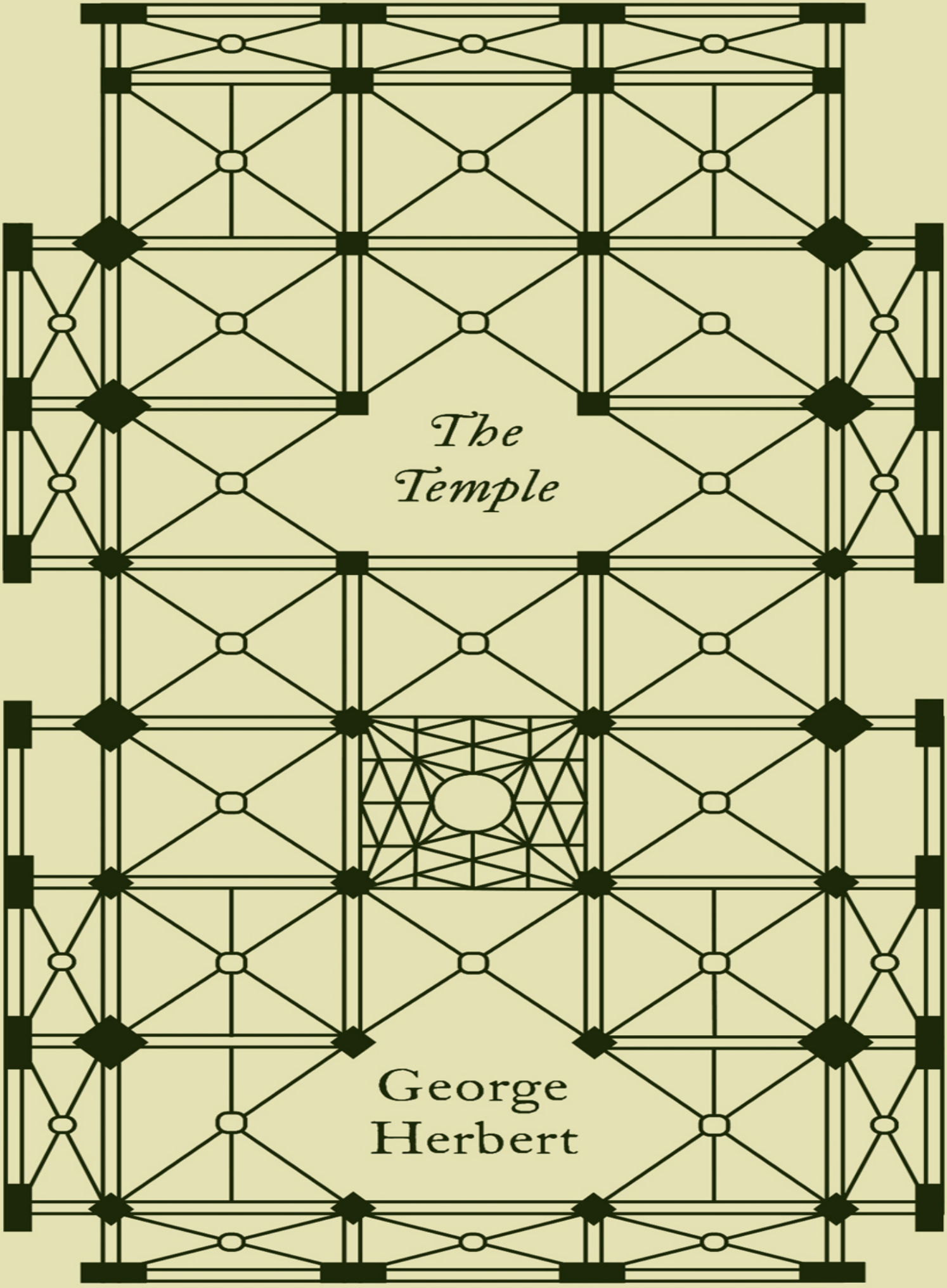
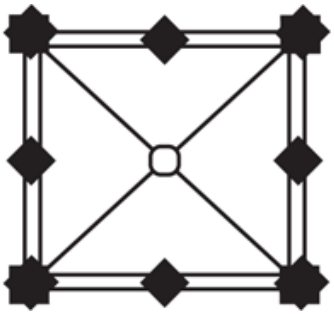

The
Temple
George
Herbert



George Herbert

THE TEMPLE





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THE TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS.

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

PSAL. 29.

In his Temple doth every man ſpeak of his honour.

CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by *Thomas Buck* and *Roger Daniek*

¶ And are to be ſold by *Francis Green*, ſtationer in *Cambridge*.

The Printers to the Reader

The dedication of this work having been made by the author to the Divine Majesty only, how should we now presume to interest any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much less think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath than flows from Helicon. The world therefore shall receive it in that naked simplicity with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament more than is included in itself. We leave it free and unforestalled to every man's judgement, and to the benefit that he shall find by perusal. Only for the clearing of some passages we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privy to some few particularities of condition and disposition of the Person.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellency, whereof his fellowship of Trinity College in Cambridge, and his Oratorship in the University, together with that knowledge which the King's Court had taken of him, could make relation far above ordinary. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at God's Altar, than to seek the honour of State employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing verses bear witness of, they detract not from the freedom but add to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not only to be called but to be compelled to this service: wherein his faithful discharge was such as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To testify his independency upon all others and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to add, *My Master*.

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

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

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek than he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of the Ecclesiastical dignity, which he was possessor of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto that had lain ruinated almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by public collections, was in the end by his own and some few others' private free-will offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his deathbed, he made answer, *It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the blood of Christ*: otherwise than in this respect he could find nothing to glory or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

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

Less than the least of God's mercies.

The Dedication

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

THE CHURCH-PORCH

PERIRRHANTERIUM

1

Thou, whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure; Harken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.
A verse may find him, who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

2

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

3

Abstain wholly, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord Allows thee choice of paths: take no byways; But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging, that thy lust hath bounds and stays.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both; and so If rottenness have more, let Heaven go.

4

If God had laid all common, certainly

Man would have been th’ incloser: but since now God hath impaled
us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
O what were man, might he himself misplace!
Sure to be cross he would shift feet and face.

5

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

6

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
Big with his sister; he hath lost the reins, Is outlaw’d by himself: all
kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits Man; and doth devest All worldly right,
save what he hath by beast.

7

Shall I, to please another’s wine-sprung mind, Lose all mine own?
God hath giv’n me a measure Short of his can, and body; must I
find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure?
Stay at the third glass: if thou lose thy hold, Then thou art modest,
and the wine grows bold.

8

If reason move not gallants, quit the room, (All in a shipwrack shift
their several way) Let not a common ruin thee entomb:
Be not a beast in courtesy; but stay,
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.

Wine above all things doth God’s stamp deface.

9

Yet, if thou sin in wine or wantonness,
Boast not thereof; nor make thy shame thy glory.
Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness;
But he that boasts, shuts that out of his story.
He makes flat war with God, and doth defy
With his poor clod of earth the spacious sky.

10

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

11

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

12

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

13

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

14

Fly idleness, which yet thou canst not fly By dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
If those take up thy day, the sun will cry Against thee: for his light was only lent.
God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those feathers Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

15

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

16

O England! full of sin, but most of sloth; Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory: Thy gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfused a sheepishness into thy story:
Not that they all are so; but that the most Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.

17

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son: Some mark a partridge, never their child's fashion: Some ship them over, and

the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great design;
And if God’s image move thee not, let thine.

18

Some great estates provide, but do not breed A mast’ring mind; so both are lost thereby: Or else they breed them tender, make them need All that they leave: this is flat poverty.
For he, that needs five thousand pound to live, Is full as poor as he, that needs but five.

19

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

20

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

21

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

22

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

23

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

24

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

25

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

26

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.

Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it: else, it is not true That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

27

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

28

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

29

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

30

By no means run in debt: take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty: he's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide, And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

31

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

32

In clothes, cheap handsomeness doth bear the bell.
Wisdom’s a trimmer thing, than shop e’er gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well; But, This with my
discretion will be brave.
Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing
Nothing with labour; folly long a-doing.

33

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more, Than he can lose
with pleasure, stakes his heart; Perhaps his wife’s too, and
whom she hath bore; Servants and churches also play their part.
Only a herald, who that way doth pass,
Finds his crack’d name at length in the church glass.

34

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

35

In conversation boldness now bears sway.
But know, that nothing can so foolish be,
As empty boldness: therefore first assay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery;

Then march on gallant: get substantial worth.
Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.

36

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sour?
Then keep such company; make them thy allay: Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lour.
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
Command thyself in chief. He life's war knows, Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.

37

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

38

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thin web, which poisonous fancies make: But the great soldier's honour was compos'd Of thicker stuff, which would endure a shake.
Wisdom picks friends; civility plays the rest.
A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.

39

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

40

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground, Profaneness,
filthiness, abusiveness.
These are the scum, with which coarse wits abound: The fine may
spare these well, yet not go less.
All things are big with jest: nothing that’s plain, But may be
witty, if thou hast the vein.

41

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

42

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

43

Towards great persons use respective boldness: That temper gives
them theirs, and yet doth take Nothing from thine: in service,
care or coldness Doth rateably thy fortunes mar or make.
Feed no man in his sins: for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

44

Envy not greatness: for thou mak’st thereby Thyself the worse, and
so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet such jealousy,

As hurts not others, but may make thee better, Is a good spur.
Correct thy passions' spite; Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

45

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

46

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

47

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

48

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

49

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please: All such is courteous,
useful, new, or witty.
Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease;
Courtesy grows in court; news in the city.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card That suits him best,
of whom thy speech is heard.

50

Entice all neatly to what they know best;
For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure: (But a proud ignorance
will lose his rest, Rather than show his cards.) Steal from his
treasure What to ask further. Doubts well raised do lock The
speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

51

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

52

Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty?
In love I should: but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither: therefore gently move.

53

Calmness is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire:

Mark all his wand’rings, and enjoy his frets; As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that’s there, Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

54

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

55

Be useful where thou livest, that they may Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way To compass this. Find out men’s wants and will, And meet them there. All worldly joys go less To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

56

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

57

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

58

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

59

Scorn no man’s love, though of a mean degree; (Love is a present
for a mighty king).
Much less make anyone thy enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

60

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

61

Keep all thy native good, and naturalise
All foreign of that name; but scorn their ill: Embrace their
activeness, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they’ll run thee out of all thy wit.

62

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.

Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness Beforehand, and
anticipate their last hour.
Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation Upon thy body,
clothes, and habitation.

63

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

64

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

65

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

66

Twice on the day his due is understood;
For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food, Because 'tis better, and
perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not cross.

Fast when thou wilt; but then ’tis gain, not loss.

67

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love:
And love’s a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven; Pray with the most:
for where most pray, is heaven.

68

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there, than thou: for thou art there Only by his
permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne’er spoil’d silk stocking: quit thy state.
All equal are within the church’s gate.

69

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

70

In time of service seal up both thine eyes, And send them to thine
heart; that spying sin, They may weep out the stains by them
did rise: Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others’ symmetry, Makes all their
beauty his deformity.

71

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part: Bring not thy plough,
thy plots, thy pleasures thither.

Christ purg’d his temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together To cozen thee.
Look to thy actions well:
For churches are either our heav’n or hell.

72

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

73

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

74

Jest not at preacher’s language, or expression: How know’st thou, but thy sins made him miscarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession: God sent him, whatso’er he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Master: his condition, Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physician.

75

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure, As those, who mock at God’s way of salvation.
Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure?
They drink with greediness a full damnation.
The Jews refusèd thunder; and we, folly.

Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

76

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

77

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue: life’s poor span Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill; the joy fades, not the pains: If well; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

Thou, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled and taught, how to behave
Thyself in church; approach, and taste
The church’s mystical repast.

Avoid, Profaneness; come not here:
Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,
Or that which groaneth to be so,
May at his peril further go.

THE CHURCH

The Altar

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

A HEART alone Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy pow'r doth cut.
Wherefore each part Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame, To praise thy name: That if I chance to hold my peace, These stones to praise thee may not cease.

O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine, And sanctify this ALTAR to be thine.

The Sacrifice

O, all ye, who pass by, whose eyes and mind To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind; To me, who took eyes that I might you find: Was ever grief like mine?

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

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

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

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

Therefore my soul melts, and my heart's dear treasure Drops blood (the only beads) my words to measure: *O let this cup pass, if it be thy pleasure*: Was ever grief, & c.

These drops being tempered with a sinner's tears, A Balsam are for both the Hemispheres:
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears: Was ever grief, & c.

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowsy brain Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain: Was ever grief, & c.

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

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

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss?
Canst thou find hell about my lips? and miss Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss?
Was ever grief, & c.

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

All my Disciples fly; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the star, That brought the wise men of the East from far.
Was ever grief, & c.

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

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

Then they accuse me of great blasphemy,
That I did thrust into the Deity,

Who never thought that any robbery:
Was ever grief, & c.

Some said, that I the Temple to the floor
In three days razed, and raisèd as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more: Was ever grief, & c.

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

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

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

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

The *Jews* accuse me with despitefulness; And vying malice with my gentleness,
Pick quarrels with their only happiness:
Was ever grief, & c.

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

My silence rather doth augment their cry; My dove doth back into my bosom fly,
Because the raging waters still are high:
Was ever grief, & c.

Hark how they cry aloud still, *Crucify*: *It is not fit he live a day*, they cry, Who cannot live less than eternally:
Was ever grief, & c.

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

Yet still they shout, and cry, and stop their ears, Putting my life among their sins and fears, And therefore wish *my blood on them and theirs*: Was ever grief, & c.

See how spite cankers things. These words aright Usèd, and wishèd, are the whole world's light: But honey is their gall, brightness their night: Was ever grief, & c.

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

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

Why, Caesar is their only King, not I:
He clave the stony rock, when they were dry; But surely not their hearts, as I well try: Was ever grief, & c.

Ah! how they scourge me! yet my tenderness Doubles each lash: and yet their bitterness Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness:
Was ever grief, & c.

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

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise,

Who by my spittle gave the blind man eyes, Leaving his blindness to mine enemies:
Was ever grief, & c.

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

Servants and abjects flout me; they are witty: *Now prophesy who strikes thee*, is their ditty.
So they in me deny themselves all pity:
Was ever grief, & c.

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

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

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

Then with a scarlet robe they me array;
Which shows my blood to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair man's decay:
Was ever grief, & c.

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

So sits the earth's great curse in *Adam's* fall Upon my head: so I remove it all

From th’ earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall; Was ever grief, & c.

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

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail king*: Whatever scoffs or scornfulness can bring, I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling: Was ever grief, & c.

Yet since man’s sceptres are as frail as reeds, And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds; I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds: Was ever grief, & c.

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

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

They lead me in once more, and putting then Mine own clothes on, they lead me out again.
Whom devils fly, thus is he toss’d of men: Was ever grief, & c.

And now weary of sport, glad to engross
All spite in one, counting my life their loss, They carry me to my most bitter cross:
Was ever grief, & c.

My cross I bear myself, until I faint:
Then Simon bears it for me by constraint,
The decreed burden of each mortal Saint:
Was ever grief, & c.

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

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

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

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

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

Now heal thyself, Physician; now come down.
Alas! I did so, when I left my crown
And father's smile for you, to feel his frown: Was ever grief, & c.

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

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

A king my title is, prefixed on high;
Yet by my subjects am condemned to die

A servile death in servile company:
Was ever grief, & c.

They gave me vinegar minglèd with gall, But more with malice: yet, when they did call, With Manna, Angel’s food, I fed them all:
Was ever grief, & c.

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

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

But now I die; now all is finishèd.
My woe, man’s weal: and now I bow my head.
Only let others say, when I am dead,
Never grief was like mine

The Thanksgiving

O King of grief! (a title strange, yet true, To thee of all kings only due)
O King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee, Who in all grief preventest me?
Shall I weep blood? why, thou hast wept such store That all thy body was one door.
Shall I be scourgèd, flouted, boxèd, sold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why dost thou part from me?
Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then sing, skipping, thy doleful story, And side with thy triumphant glory?
Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?
Thy rod, my posy? cross, my bower?
But how then shall I imitate thee, and Copy thy fair, though bloody hand?
Surely I will revenge me on thy love, And try who shall victorious prove.
If thou dost give me wealth, I will restore All back unto thee by the poor.
If thou dost give me honour, men shall see, The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not marry; or, if she be mine, She and her children shall be thine.
My bosom friend, if he blaspheme thy name, I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the rest I give Unto some Chapel, die or live.

As for thy passion – But of that anon, When with the other I have done.
For thy predestination I'll contrive, That three years hence, if I survive, I'll build a spittle, or mend common ways, But mend mine own without delays.
Then I will use the works of thy creation, As if I used them but for fashion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the year Shall not perceive, that I am here.
My music shall find thee, and ev'ry string Shall have his attribute to sing;
That all together may accord in thee, And prove one God, one harmony.
If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appear; If thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will read thy book, and never move Till I have found therein thy love; Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee, O my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for thy passion – I will do for that – Alas, my God, I know not what.

The Reprisal

I have consider’d it, and find
There is no dealing with thy mighty passion: For though I die for thee, I am behind; My sins deserve the condemnation.

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

Ah! was it not enough that thou
By thy eternal glory didst outgo me?
Couldst thou not grief’s sad conquests me allow, But in all vict’ries overthrow me?

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

The Agony

Philosophers have measur’d mountains,
Fathom’d the depths of seas, of states, and kings, Walk’d with a staff to heav’n, and tracèd fountains: But there are two vast, spacious things, The which to measure it doth more behove: Yet few there are that sound them; Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet; there shall he see
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair, His skin, his garments bloody be.
Sin is that press and vice, which forceth pain To hunt his cruel food through ev’ry vein.

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

The Sinner

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

Good Friday

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

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, since one star showed thy first breath, Shall all thy death?

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

Then let each hour Of my whole life one grief devour; That thy distress through all may run, And be my sun.

Or rather let
My several sins their sorrows get; That as each beast his cure doth know, Each sin may so.

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

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

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

Redemption

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord, Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancel th’ old.
In heaven at his manor I him sought:
They told me there, that he was lately gone About some land, which he had dearly bought Long since on earth, to take possession.
I straight return’d, and knowing his great birth, Sought him accordingly in great resorts; In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts: At length I heard a raggèd noise and mirth Of thieves and murderers: there I him espied, Who straight, *Your suit is granted*, said, and died.

Sepulchre

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

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

But that which shows them large, shows them unfit.
Whatever sin did this pure rock commit, Which holds thee now? Who hath indicted it Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain thee, And missing this, most falsely did arraign thee; Only these stones in quiet entertain thee, And order.

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

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

Easter

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

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

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

I got me flowers to straw thy way; I got me boughs off many a
tree: But thou wast up by break of day, And brought'st thy
sweets along with thee.

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

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

Easter-wings

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poor:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

Easter-wings

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

Holy Baptism (1)

As he that sees a dark and shady grove, Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky; So when I view my sins, mine eyes remove More backward still, and to that water fly, Which is above the heav’ns, whose spring and rent Is in my dear Redeemer’s piercèd side.

O blessed streams! either ye do prevent And stop our sins from growing thick and wide, Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.

In you Redemption measures all my time, And spreads the plaster equal to the crime: You taught the Book of Life my name, that so Whatever future sins should me miscall, Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

Holy Baptism (2)

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

O let me still
Write thee great God, and me a child: Let me be soft
and supple to thy will, Small to myself, to others
mild, Behither ill.

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

Nature

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

If thou shalt let this venom lurk, And in suggestions fume and work,
My soul will turn to bubbles straight, And thence by kind
Vanish into a wind,
Making thy workmanship deceit.

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

Sin (1)

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us: then schoolmasters Deliver us to laws;
they send us bound To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin, Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes, Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in, Bibles laid open, millions of surprises, Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness, The sound of glory ringing in our ears: Without, our shame; within, our consciences; Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.
Yet all these fences and their whole array One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

Affliction (1)

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

I lookèd on thy furniture so fine, And made it fine to me:
Thy glorious household-stuff did me entwine, And ’tice me unto
thee.
Such stars I counted mine: both heav’n and earth Paid me my wages
in a world of mirth.

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

At first thou gav’st me milk and sweetnesses; I had my wish and
way:
My days were straw’d with flow’rs and happiness; There was no
month but May.
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow, And made a party
unawares for woe.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain, Sicknesses cleave my bones;
Consuming agues dwell in ev’ry vein, And tune my breath to
groans.

Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believ’d, Till grief did tell me
roundly, that I liv’d.

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

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

Yet, for I threat’ned oft the siege to raise, Not simp’ring all mine
age,
Thou often didst with academic praise Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweet’ned pill, till I came where I could not go away, nor
persevere.

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

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me None of my books will
show:
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree; For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust Her household to
me, and I should be just.

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

Repentance

Lord, I confess my sin is great Great is my sin. O! gently treat
With thy quick flow’r, thy momentary bloom; Whose life still pressing Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tomb.

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

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

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl, Which thou hast poured into my soul; Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather: For if thou stay,
I and this day,
As we did rise, we die together.

When thou for sin rebukest man, Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan: Bitterness fills our bowels; all our hearts Pine, and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them th’ other parts.

But thou wilt sin and grief destroy; That so the broken bones may joy, And tune together in a well-set song, Full of his praises,

Who dead men raises.

Fractures well cured make us more strong.

Faith

Lord, how couldst thou so much appease Thy wrath for sin as,
when man’s sight was dim, And could see little, to regard
his ease, And bring by Faith all things to him?

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

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

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

Faith makes me anything, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story: And where sin placeth me in
Adam’s fall, Faith sets me higher in his glory.

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

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

A peasant may believe as much

As a great clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch While grace fills up uneven nature.

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

That which before was dark'ned clean With bushy groves, pricking the looker's eye, Vanisht away, when Faith did change the scene: And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain With an exact and most particular trust, Reserving all for flesh again.

Prayer (1)

Prayer the Church’s banquet, Angels’ age,
God’s breath in man returning to his birth, The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage, The Christian plummet sounding heav’n and earth; Engine against th’ Almighty, sinners’ tower, Reversèd thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear, The six-days world-transposing in an hour, A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear; Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss, Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well dresst,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul’s blood, The land of spices; something understood.

The Holy Communion

Not in rich furniture, or fine array, Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who for me wast sold,
To me dost now thyself convey; For so thou shouldst without
me still have been, Leaving within me sin:

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

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

Only thy grace, which with these elements comes, Knoweth the
ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Op'ning the soul's most subtle rooms; While those to spirits
refin'd, at door attend Dispatches from their friend.

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

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

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

Thou hast restored us to this ease By this thy heav’nly blood;
Which I can go to, when I please, And leave th’ earth to their food.

Antiphon (1)

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

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

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

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

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

Love (1)

Immortal Love, author of this great frame, Sprung from that beauty
which can never fade; How hath man parcell’d out thy glorious
name, And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made, While
mortal love doth all the title gain!
Which siding with invention, they together Bear all the sway,
possessing heart and brain (Thy workmanship), and give thee
share in neither.
Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit:
The world is theirs; they two play out the game, Thou standing
by: and though thy glorious name Wrought our deliverance
from th’ infernal pit, Who sings thy praise? only a scarf or
glove Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

Love (2)

Immortal Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the lesser to it: let those fires, Which shall consume the world, first make it tame; And kindle in our hearts such true desires, As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.
Then shall our hearts pant thee; then shall our brain All her invention on thine Altar lay,
And there in hymns send back thy fire again: Our eyes shall see thee, which before saw dust; Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blind: Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kind, Who wert disseisèd by usurping lust:
All knees shall bow to thee; all wits shall rise, And praise him who did make and mend our eyes.

The Temper (1)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Temper (2)

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

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

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

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

Jordan (1)

Who says that fictions only and false hair Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good structure in a winding stair?
May no lines pass, except they do their duty Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it no verse, except enchanted groves And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover’s loves?
Must all be veil’d, while he that reads, divines, Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing: Riddle who list, for me, and pull for Prime: I envy no man’s nightingale or spring; Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme, Who plainly say, *My God*, *My King*.

Employment (1)

If as a flower doth spread and die, Thou wouldst extend me to some good, Before I were by frost’s extremity Nipt in the bud;

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

For as thou dost impart thy grace, The greater shall our glory be.
The measure of our joys is in this place, The stuff with thee.

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

All things are busy; only I
Neither bring honey with the bees, Nor flow’rs to make that, nor the husbandry To water these.

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

The Holy Scriptures (1)

O Book! infinite sweetness! let my heart Suck ev’ry letter, and a
honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.
Thou art all health, health thriving till it make A full eternity: thou
art a mass
Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glass, That mends the looker’s
eyes: this is the well That washes what it shows. Who can
endear Thy praise too much? thou art heav’n’s lidger here,
Working against the states of death and hell.
Thou art joy’s handsel: heav’n lies flat in thee, Subject to ev’ry
mounter’s bended knee.

The Holy Scriptures (2)

O that I knew how all thy lights combine, And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine, But all the constellations of the story.
This verse marks that, and both do make a motion Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie: Then as dispersèd herbs do watch a potion, These three make up some Christian's destiny: Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good, And comments on thee: for in ev'ry thing Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring, And in another make me understood.
Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss: This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

Whitsunday

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Grace

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

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

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

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

Sin is still hammering my heart Unto a hardness, void of love:
Let suppling grace, to cross his art, Drop from above.

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

Praise (1)

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

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

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

An herb distill’d, and drunk, may dwell next door, On the same floor,
To a brave soul: Exalt the poor, They can do more.

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

Affliction (2)

Kill me not ev’ry day,
Thou Lord of life; since thy one death for me Is more than all my deaths can be, Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methusalem’s stay.

If all men’s tears were let Into one common sewer, sea, and brine; What were they all, compared to thine?
Wherein if they were set,
They would discolour thy most bloody sweat.

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

Matins

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

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

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

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

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

Sin (2)

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

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

Evensong

Blest be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day, Both to be busy, and to play.
But much more blest be God above, Who gave me sight alone,
Which to himself he did deny:
For when he sees my ways, I die: But I have got his son, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I discharg'd the debt, Which this day's favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought, was foam.
Thy diet, care, and cost
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind; Of wind to thee whom I have crost, But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still thou goest on.
And now with darkness closest weary eyes, Saying to man, *It doth suffice:*
Henceforth repose; your work is done.
Thus in thy ebony box
Thou dost enclose us, till the day Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse, which shows more love, The day or night: that is the gale, this th' harbour;

That is the walk, and this the arbour; Or
that the garden, this the grove.
My God, thou art all love.
Not one poor minute ’scapes thy breast, But brings a
favour from above; And in this love, more than in
bed, I rest.

Church-monuments

While that my soul repairs to her devotion, Here I intomb my flesh, that it betimes May take acquaintance of this heap of dust; To which the blast of death’s incessant motion, Fed with the exhalation of our crimes, Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust My body to this school, that it may learn To spell his elements, and find his birth Written in dusty heraldry and lines:
Which dissolution sure doth best discern, Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
These laugh at Jet and Marble put for signs, To sever the good fellowship of dust,
And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them, When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat To kiss those heaps, which now they have in trust?
Dear flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem And true descent; that when thou shalt grow fat, And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know, That flesh is but the glass, which holds the dust That measures all our time; which also shall Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below How tame these ashes are, how free from lust, That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall.

Church-music

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure Did through my
body wound my mind, You took me thence, and in your house
of pleasure A dainty lodging me assign’d.

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

Comfort, I’ll die; for if you post from me, Sure I shall do so, and
much more: But if I travel in your company, You know the way
to heaven’s door.

Church-lock and key

I know it is my sin, which locks thine ears, And binds thy hands,
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears; Or else the
chillness of my faint demands.

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

Yet hear, O God, only for his blood’s sake Which pleads for me: For
though sins plead too, yet like stones they make His blood’s
sweet current much more loud to be.

The Church-floor

Mark you the floor? that square and speckled stone, Which looks so
firm and strong, Is *Patience*:

And th’ other black and grave, wherewith each one Is checkered all
along,
Humility:

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

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

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

The Windows

Lord, how can man preach thy eternal word?
He is a brittle crazy glass:
Yet in thy temple thou dost him afford This glorious and transcendent place, To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glass thy story, Making thy life to shine within
The holy Preacher's; then the light and glory More rev'rend grows, and more doth win: Which else shows wat'rish, bleak, and thin.

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

Trinity Sunday

Lord, who hast form’d me out of mud, And hast redeem’d me through thy blood, And sanctifi’d me to do good;

Purge all my sins done heretofore: For I confess my heavy score, And I will strive to sin no more.

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

Content

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

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

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie, Content and warm t’ itself alone:
But when it would appear to other’s eye, Without a knock it never shone.

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

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

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

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

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

Then cease discoursing soul, till thine own ground, Do not thyself or friends importune.
He that by seeking hath himself once found, Hath ever found a happy fortune.

The Quiddity

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

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

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

Humility

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

The angry Lion did present his paw, Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude.
The fearful Hare her ears, which by their law Humility did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turkey brought his coral-chain; That went to Temperance.
On Justice was bestow'd the Fox's brain, Kill'd in the way by chance.

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

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

Frailty

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

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

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

Constancy

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

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind Can blow away, or glittering look it blind: Who rides his sure and even trot, While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

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

Whom none can work or woo
To use in anything a trick or sleight; For above all things he abhors deceit: His words and works and fashion too All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close tentations: when the day is done, His goodness sets not, but in dark can run: The sun to others writeth laws, And is their virtue; Virtue is his Sun.

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

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

Affliction (3)

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

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape, Thou know'st my tallies; and when there's assigned So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind?
Or if some years with it escape, The sigh then only is
A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss.

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

The Star

Bright spark, shot from a brighter place, Where beams surround my Saviour’s face, Canst thou be any where So well as there?

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

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

So disengag’d from sin and sickness, Touch it with thy celestial quickness, That it may hang and move After thy love.

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

Get me a standing there, and place Among the beams, which crown the face Of him, who died to part Sin and my heart:

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

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

Sunday

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world’s bud, Th’ endorsement of supreme delight, Writ by a friend, and with his blood; The couch of time; care’s balm and bay: The week were dark, but for thy light: Thy torch doth show the way.

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

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

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heav’n’s palace archèd lies: The other days fill up the spare And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders In God’s rich garden: that is bare, Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man’s life,
Threaded together on time’s string, Make bracelets to adorn the wife Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven’s gate stands ope; Blessings are plentiful and rife, More plentiful than hope.

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

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

The brightness of that day We sullied by our foul offence: Wherefore that robe we cast away, Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price, That was required to make us gay, And fit for Paradise.

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

Avarice

Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe, Whence com’st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.
Surely thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got, That he was fain, when thou wert destitute, To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot: Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright: Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we Have with our stamp and seal transferr’d our right: Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.
Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich; And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.



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

To all Angels and Saints

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

Not out of envy or maliciousness
Do I forbear to crave your special aid: I would address
My vows to thee most gladly, blessèd Maid, And Mother of my God, in my distress.

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

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

All worship is prerogative, and a flower Of his rich crown, from whom lies no appeal At the last hour:
Therefore we dare not from his garland steal, To make a posy for inferior power.

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

Employment (2)

He that is weary, let him sit.
My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit, Quitting the fur
To cold complexions needing it.

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

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

Life is a business, not good cheer; Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here, Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

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

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

Denial

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

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

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

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

Therefore my soul lay out of sight, Untuned, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to look right, Like a nipt blossom, hung Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartless breast, Defer no time;
That so thy favours granting my request, They and my mind may chime, And mend my rhyme.

Christmas

All after pleasures as I rid one day, My horse and I, both tir’d, body and mind, With full cry of affections, quite astray; I took up in the next inn I could find.
There when I came, whom found I but my dear, My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief Of pleasures brought me to him, ready there To be all passengers’ most sweet relief?
O Thou, whose glorious, yet contracted light, Wrapt in night’s mantle, stole into a manger; Since my dark soul and brutish is thy right, To Man of all beasts be not thou a stranger: Furnish and deck my soul, that thou mayst have A better lodging, than a rack, or grave.

The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymn for thee?
My soul’s a shepherd too; a flock it feeds Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is thy word: the streams, thy grace Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers Out-sing the day-light hours.
Then we will chide the sun for letting night Take up his place and right:
We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should Himself the candle hold.
I will go searching, till I find a sun Shall stay, till we have done;
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly, As frost-nipt suns look sadly.
Then we will sing, and shine all our own day, And one another pay:

His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine, Till ev’n his beams sing, and my music shine.

Ungratefulness

Lord, with what bounty and rare clemency Hast thou redeem’d us
from the grave!
If thou hadst let us run,
Gladly had man adored the sun, And thought his god
most brave; Where now we shall be better gods
than he.

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

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

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

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

Sighs and Groans

O do not use me
After my sins! look not on my desert, But on thy glory! then thou wilt reform And not refuse me: for thou only art The mighty God, but I a silly worm; O do not bruise me!

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

O do not blind me!
I have deserved that an Egyptian night Should thicken all my powers; because my lust Hath still sew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light: But I am frailty, and already dust; O do not grind me!

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

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

The World

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

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

Then enter'd *Sin*, and with that Sycamore, Whose leaves first
sheltered man from drought and dew, Working and winding
slyly evermore,
The inward walls and sommers cleft and tore: But *Grace* shor'd
these, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sin* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band To raze the building
to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withstand.
But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glory* by the hand, And built a braver
Palace than before.

Coloss. 3:3

Our life is hid with Christ in God

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

Vanity (1)

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

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

The subtle Chymick can divest
And strip the creature naked, till he find The callow principles within their nest: There he imparts to them his mind,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before They appear trim and drest
To ordinary suitors at the door.

What hath not man sought out and found, But his dear God? who yet his glorious law Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground With show'rs and frosts, with love and awe, So that we need not say, Where's this command?
Poor man, thou searchest round
To find out *death*, but missest *life* at hand.

Lent

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

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

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

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence, Quick thoughts and
motions at a small expense, A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fullness there are sluttish fumes, Sour exhalations, and
dishonest rheums, Revenging the delight.

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

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

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

Yet Lord instruct us to improve our fast By starving sin and taking such repast As may our faults control:
That ev’ry man may revel at his door, Not in his parlour; banqueting the poor, And among those his soul.

Virtue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bridal of the earth and sky: The dew shall weep thy fall tonight; For thou must die.

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

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

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

The Pearl
(Matt. 13:45)

I know the ways of learning; both the head And pipes that feed the press, and make it run; What reason hath from nature borrowèd,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun In laws and policy; what the stars conspire, What willing nature speaks, what forc'd by fire; Both th' old discoveries, and the new-found seas, The stock and surplus, cause and history: All these stand open, or I have the keys: Yet I love thee.

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

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains, The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot blood and brains; What mirth and music mean; what love and wit Have done these twenty hundred years, and more: I know the projects of unbridled store: My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live, And grumble oft, that they have more in me Than he that curbs them, being but one to five: Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand: Therefore not sealèd, but with open eyes I fly to thee, and fully understand

Both the main sale, and the commodities; And at what rate and price
I have thy love; With all the circumstances that may move: Yet through these labyrinths, not my grovelling wit, But thy silk twist let down from heav’n to me; Did both conduct, and teach me, how by it To climb to thee.

Affliction (4)

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

My thoughts are all a case of knives, Wounding my heart
With scatter’d smart,
As wat’ring pots give flowers their lives.
Nothing their fury can control, While they do wound and prick my soul.

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

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

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

Man

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

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

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

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

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

The stars have us to bed;

Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws; Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind In their descent and being; to our mind In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation; Distinguishèd, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat; Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat?

More servants wait on Man,
Than he'll take notice of: in ev'ry path He treads down that which doth befriend him, When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty love! Man is one world, and hath Another to attend him.

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

Antiphon (2)

Chor. Praisèd be the God of love, *Men*. Here below,
Ang. And here above: *Cho*. Who hath dealt his mercies so, *Ang*. To his friend, *Men*. And to his foe;

Cho. That both grace and glory tend *Ang*. Us of old,
Men. And us in th' end.
Cho. The great shepherd of the fold *Ang*. Us did make,
Men. For us was sold.

Cho. He our foes in pieces brake; *Ang*. Him we touch; *Men*. And him we take.
Cho. Wherefore since that he is such, *Ang*. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Cho. Lord, thy praises should be more.
Men. We have none, *Ang*. And we no store.
Cho. Praisèd be the God alone, Who hath made of two folds one.

Unkindness

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

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

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

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

Yet can a friend what thou hast done fulfil?
O write in brass, *My God upon a tree*
His blood did spill
Only to purchase my good-will: Yet use I not my foes,
as I use Thee.

Life

I made a posy, while the day ran by; Here will I smell my remnant
out, and tie My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they By noon most
cunningly did steal away, And wither’d in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart: I took, without more
thinking, in good part Time’s gentle admonition:
Who did so sweetly death’s sad taste convey, Making my mind to
smell my fatal day; Yet sug’ring the suspicion.

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

Submission

But that thou art my wisdom, Lord, And both mine eyes are thine,
My mind would be extremely stirr’d For missing my design.

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

But when I thus dispute and grieve, I do resume my sight,
And pilf’ring what I once did give, Disseise thee of thy right.

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

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

Justice (1)

I cannot skill of these thy ways.
Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me;
Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me:
Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee:
Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.
But when I mark my life and praise, Thy justice me most fitly pays:
For, *I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not:*
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray:
I would do well, yet sin the hand hath got:
My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of these my ways.

Charms and Knots

Who read a chapter when they rise, Shall ne’er be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor man’s rod, when thou dost ride, Is both a weapon and a guide.

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

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

Who by aspersions throws a stone At th’ head of others, hit their own.

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

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

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

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

Affliction (5)

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

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

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

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more, While blust'ring winds destroy the wanton bow'rs, And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
My God, so temper joy and woe,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

Mortification

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

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

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

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

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

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

Decay

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

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

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

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

Misery

Lord, let the Angels praise thy name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing, Folly and Sin play all his game.
His house still burns, and yet he still doth sing, *Man is but grass,*
He knows it, fill the glass.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Indeed at first Man was a treasure, A box of jewels, shop of
rarities, A ring, whose posy was, *My pleasure*: He was a

garden in a Paradise: Glory and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

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

Jordan (2)

When first my lines of heav’nly joys made mention, Such was their lustre, they did so excel, That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention; My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell, Curling with metaphors a plain intention, Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did run, Off’ring their service, if I were not sped: I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sun, Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend, So did I weave my self into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*
There is in love a sweetness ready penned:
Copy out only that, and save expense.

Prayer (2)

Of what an easy quick access,
My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly May our requests thine ear invade!
To show that state dislikes not easiness, If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made: Thou canst no more not hear, than thou canst die.

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

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

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

Obedience

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

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

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

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

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

Besides, thy death and blood Showed a strange love to all our good: Thy sorrows were in earnest, no faint proffer, Or superficial offer

Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

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

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

How happy were my part,
If some kind man would thrust his heart Into these lines; till in heav’n’s Court of Rolls They were by winged souls
Ent’red for both, far above their desert!

Conscience

Peace prattler, do not lour:
Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul: Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sour: Music to thee doth howl.
By list'ning to thy chatting fears I have both lost mine eyes and ears.

Prattler, no more, I say:
My thoughts must work, but like a noiseless sphere; Harmonious peace must rock them all the day: No room for prattlers there.
If thou persistest, I will tell thee, That I have physic to expel thee.

And the receipt shall be
My Saviour's blood: whenever at his board I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me, And leaves thee not a word;
No, not a tooth or nail to scratch, And at my actions carp, or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my physic, know there's some for thee: Some wood and nails to make a staff or bill For those that trouble me:
The bloody cross of my dear Lord Is both my physic and my sword.

Sion

Lord, with what glory wast thou serv'd of old, When Solomon's
temple stood and flourished!
Where most things were of purest gold; The wood was all
embellished
With flowers and carvings, mystical and rare: All showed the
builder's, craved the seer's care.

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

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

And truly brass and stones are heavy things, Tombs for the dead, not
temples fit for thee: But groans are quick, and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing; The note is sad, yet
music for a king.

Home

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

How canst thou stay, considering the pace The blood did make, which thou didst waste?
When I behold it trickling down thy face, I never saw thing make such haste.
O show thy, & c.

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

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

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

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

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

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day I blasted all the joys about me:
And scowling on them as they pin'd away, Now come again, said I, and flout me.
O show thy, & c.

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

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

O loose this frame, this knot of man untie!
That my free soul may use her wing, Which now is pinioned with mortality, As an entangled, hampered thing.
O show thy, & c.

What have I left, that I should stay and groan?
The most of me to heav'n is fled:
My thoughts and joys are all packt up and gone, And for their old acquaintance plead.

O show thy, & c.

Come dearest Lord, pass not this holy season, My flesh and bones and joints do pray: And ev’n my verse, when by the rhyme and reason The word is, *Stay*, says ever, *Come*.

O show thy, & c.

The British Church

I joy, dear Mother, when I view Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both sweet and bright.
Beauty in thee takes up her place, And dates her letters from thy face, When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit array, Neither too mean, nor yet too gay, Shows who is best.
Outlandish looks may not compare: For all they either painted are, Or else undrest.

She on the hills, which wantonly Allureth all in hope to be By her preferr’d,
Hath kiss’d so long her painted shrines, That ev’n her face by kissing shines, For her reward.

She in the valley is so shy Of dressing that her hair doth lie About her ears:
While she avoids her neighbour’s pride, She wholly goes on th’ other side, And nothing wears.

But dearest Mother, what those miss, The mean, thy praise and glory is, And long may be.
Blessed be God, whose love it was To double-moat thee with his grace, And none but thee.

The Quip

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vanity (2)

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

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

The Dawning

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

Arise sad heart; if thou dost not withstand, Christ's resurrection
thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand, Which as it riseth,
raiseth thee:
Arise, arise;
And with his burial-linen dry thine eyes: Christ left his grave-
clothes, that we might, when grief Draws tears, or blood, not
want a handkerchief.

Iesu

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

Business

Canst be idle? canst thou play, Foolish soul who sinn’d today?

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

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

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

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

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul, Who died for thee?

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

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

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

If he had not died for thee, Thou hadst lived in misery.
Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath ’Twixt his sins and Saviour’s death?

He that loseth gold, though dross, Tells to all he meets, his cross: He that sins, hath he no loss?

He that finds a silver vein, Thinks on it, and thinks again: Brings thy Saviour’s death no gain?

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

Dialogue

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

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

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

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

Dullness

Why do I languish thus, drooping and dull, As if I were all earth?
O give me quickness, that I may with mirth Praise thee brimfull!

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

Thou art my loveliness, my life, my light, Beauty alone to me:
Thy bloody death and undeserv'd, makes thee Pure red and white.

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

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

But I am lost in flesh, whose sug'red lies Still mock me, and grow
bold: Sure thou didst put a mind there, if I could Find where it
lies.

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

Love-joy

As on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with *J* and *C*
Anneal’d on every bunch. One standing by Asked what it meant. I
(who am never loath To spend my judgement) said, It seem’d to
me To be the body and the letters both
Of *Joy* and *Charity*. Sir, you have not missed, The man repli’d; It
figures *JESUS CHRIST*.

Providence

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

Of all the creatures both in sea and land
Only to Man thou hast made known thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him Secretary of thy praise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nothing engend'red doth prevent his meat:
Flies have their table spread, ere they appear.
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

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

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying, When they are
callow; but withdraw their food When they are fledge, that need
may teach them flying.

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

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

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

And if an herb hath power, what have the stars?
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure.
Doubtless our plagues and plenty, peace and wars Are there much
surer than our art is sure.

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

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

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

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

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

Light without wind is glass: warm without weight Is wool and furs: cool without closeness, shade: Speed without pains, a horse: tall without height, A servile hawk: low without loss, a spade.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Most herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruits warm kernels help against the wind.
The lemon's juice and rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

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

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

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

All things that are, though they have sev'ral ways, Yet in their being join in one advice
To honour thee: and so I give thee praise
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name It go for one, hath many ways in store
To honour thee; and so each hymn thy fame

Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.

Hope

I gave to Hope a watch of mine: but he An anchor gave to me.
Then an old prayer-book I did present: And he an optic sent.
With that I gave a vial full of tears: But he a few green ears: Ah
Loiterer! I'll no more, no more I'll bring: I did expect a ring.

Sin’s round

Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am,
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busy flame, Until their cockatrice
they hatch and bring: And when they once have perfected their
draughts, My words take fire from my inflamèd thoughts.

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

My hands do join to finish the inventions: And so my sins ascend
three stories high, As Babel grew, before there were
dissensions.
Yet ill deeds loiter not: for they supply New thoughts of sinning:
wherefore, to my shame, Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am.

Time

Meeting with Time, Slack thing, said I, Thy scythe is dull; whet it
for shame.
No marvel Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deserve some blame: But where one man would have
me grind it, Twenty for one too sharp do find it.

Perhaps some such of old did pass, Who above all things loved this
life; To whom thy scythe a hatchet was, Which now is but a
pruning-knife.
Christ's coming hath made man thy debtor, Since by thy cutting
he grows better.

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

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

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

Gratefulness

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

He makes thy gifts occasion more, And says, If he in this be crosst All thou hast giv’n him heretofore Is lost.

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

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

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

Not that thou hast not still above Much better tunes, than groans can make; But that these country-airs thy love Did take.

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

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

Peace

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

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

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

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

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

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

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows, And grows for you;

Make bread of it: and that repose And peace which
ev’rywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue, Is only there.

Confession

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

No screw, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind, As God's afflictions into man
When he a torture hath design'd.
They are too subtle for the subtlest hearts; And fall, like rheums,
upon the tend'rest parts.

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

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

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

Giddiness

O, what a thing is man! how far from power, From settled peace and rest!
He is some twenty sev'ral men at least Each sev'ral hour.

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

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

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

O what a sight were Man, if his attires Did alter with his mind;
And like a Dolphin's skin, his clothes combin'd With his desires!

Surely if each one saw another's heart, There would be no commerce, No sale or bargain pass: all would disperse, And live apart.

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

The Bunch of Grapes

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

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

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

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

Love unknown

Dear Friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad: And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more comply, than help. A Lord I had, And have, of whom some grounds which may improve, I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day, And in the middle placed my heart. But he (I sigh to say)
Look'd on a servant, who did know his eye Better than you know me, or (which is one) Than I myself. The servant instantly
Quitting the fruit, seized on my heart alone, And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood, which issu'd from the side Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cause: there it was dipt and dy'd, And washt, and wrung: the very wringing yet Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear*.
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more than my lease will bear; Yet still asked pardon, and was not deni'd.
But you shall hear. After my heart was well, And clean and fair, as I one even-tide
(I sigh to tell)
Walkt by myself abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon A boiling cauldron, round about whose verge Was in great letters set *AFFLICTION*.
The greatness showed the owner. So I went To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus present, To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.

But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand, And threw my heart into the scalding pan; My heart, that brought it (do you understand?) The offerer's heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear*.
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug than scalding water, I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drunk bare wine, A friend did steal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the cauldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where to repair the strength Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed.
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults (I sigh to speak)
I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts, I would say *thorns*. Dear, could my heart not break, When with my pleasures ev'n my rest was gone?
Full well I understood, who had been there: For I had giv'n the key to none, but one: It must be he. *Your heart was dull, I fear.*
Indeed a slack and sleepy state of mind
Did oft possess me, so that when I pray'd, Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind.
But all my scores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. *Truly, Friend, For ought I hear, your Master shows to you*
More favour than you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did only, what was old, renew:
The Cauldron suppled, what was grown too hard:
The Thorns did quicken, what was grown too dull:
All did but strive to mend, what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praise him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be, new, tender, quick.

Man’s medley

Hark, how the birds do sing, And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy: and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure, Man’s joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, than in present, is.

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

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

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

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

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

The Storm

If as the winds and waters here below Do fly and flow,
My sighs and tears as busy were above; Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempestuous times Amaze poor mortals,
and object their crimes.

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

There it stands knocking, to thy music’s wrong, And drowns the
song.
Glory and honour are set by till it An answer get.
Poets have wrong’d poor storms: such days are best; They purge the
air without, within the breast.

Paradise

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

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

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

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

Such sharpness shows the sweetest FREND: Such cuttings rather heal than REND: And such beginnings touch their END.

The Method

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

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

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

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

And should God's ear
To such indifferents chainèd be, Who do not their own motions hear?
Is God less free?

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

And should God's ear, Which needs not man, be ti'd to those Who hear not him, but quickly hear His utter foes?

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

Divinity

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

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

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

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave, Was clear as heav'n,
from whence it came.
At least those beams of truth, which only save, Surpass in brightness
any flame.

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

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

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man; Break all thy spheres, and
save thy head.

Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can To heav’n alone both go, and lead.

Ephes 4:30
Grieve not the Holy Spirit, & c.

And art thou grievèd, sweet and sacred Dove, When I am sour,
And cross thy love?
Grievèd for me? the God of strength and power Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread, I pass away and leave it dead?

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

When saucy mirth shall knock or call at door, Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on sense: I sin not to my grief alone,
But to my God's too; he doth groan.

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

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief, Ev'n endless tears
Without relief.
If a clear spring for me no time forbears, But runs, although I be not dry; I am no Crystal, what shall I?

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

The Family

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

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

First Peace and Silence all disputes control, Then Order plays the soul;
And giving all things their set forms and hours, Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth stand, Expecting a command:
Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow, Nothing more quick when she doth go.

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

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

The Size

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

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

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

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

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

A Christian’s state and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare, Yet active strength: whose long and bony face Content and care
Do seem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

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

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

Artillery

As I one ev’ning sat before my cell, Methoughts a star did shoot
into my lap.
I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well, That from small fires
comes oft no small mishap.
When suddenly I heard one say,
Do as thou usest, disobey,
Expel good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

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

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

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deign To enter combat
with us, and contest With thine own clay. But I would parley
fain: Shun not my arrows, and behold my breast.
Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine:
I must be so, if I am mine.

There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

Church-rents and schisms

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

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose, And shows it so? Indeed Christ's precious blood Gave you a colour once; which when your foes Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good, And made you look much fresher than before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more, Your colour vaded, and calamities
Turnèd your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break.

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

Justice (2)

O dreadful Justice, what a fright and terror Wast thou of old,
When sin and error
Did show and shape thy looks to me, And through their glass discolour thee!
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

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

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

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

The Pilgrimage

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

And so I came to Fancy’s meadow strow’d With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode, But I was quicken’d by my hour.
So to Care’s copse I came, and there got through With much ado.

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

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

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

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

The Holdfast

I threat’ned to observe the strict decree Of my dear God with all my power and might.
But I was told by one, it could not be; Yet I might trust in God to be my light.
Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.
Nay, ev’n to trust in him, was also his: We must confess, that nothing is our own.
Then I confess that he my succour is:
But to have nought is ours, not to confess That we have nought. I stood amazed at this, Much troubled, till I heard a friend express, That all things were more ours by being his.
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

Complaining

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

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

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

Let not thy wrathful power Afflict my hour,
My inch of life: or let thy gracious power Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

The Discharge

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For death each hour environs and surrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go Unto those grounds,
But through a churchyard which them bounds.

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

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

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

Praise (2)

King of Glory, King of Peace, I will love thee;
And that love may never cease, I will move thee.

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

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

Though my sins against me cried, Thou didst clear me; And alone,
when they replied, Thou didst hear me.

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

Thou grew’st soft and moist with tears, Thou relentedst:
And when Justice called for fears, Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort To enrol thee:
Ev’n eternity is too short To extol thee.

An Offering

Come, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow As men’s returns,
what would become of fools?
What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow: In Christ two natures met to
be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation, Since many gifts do
challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number; And single things grow
fruitful by deserts.
In public judgements one may be a nation, And fence a plague,
while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is lest thy heart displease, As neither good, nor one: so
oft divisions Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone; Thy
passions also have their set partitions.
These parcel out thy heart: recover these, And thou mayst offer
many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a blood, Dropping from heav’n, which
doth both cleanse and close All sorts of wounds; of such strange
force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose, Until thou find and use it
to thy good: Then bring thy gift, and let thy hymn be this;

Since my sadness Into gladness
Lord thou dost convert, O accept
What thou hast kept, As thy due desert.

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none) All were thine
And none of mine:
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
May give savour
To this poor oblation; And it raise
To be thy praise,
And be my salvation.

Longing

With sick and famisht eyes, With doubling knees and
weary bones, To thee my cries,
To thee my groans,
To thee my sighs, my tears ascend: No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse; My heart is wither'd like
a ground Which thou dost curse.
My thoughts turn round, And make me giddy;
Lord, I fall, Yet call.

From thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, because thou art, And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants, them; and they suck thee More free.

Bowels of pity, hear!
Lord of my soul, love of my mind, Bow down thine ear!
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the same Thy name!

Look on my sorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames, What heats abound!
What griefs, what shames!
Consider, Lord; Lord, bow thine ear, And hear!

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow Thy dying head upon the
tree: O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord hear, *Shall he that made the ear*
Not hear?

Behold, thy dust doth stir, It moves, it creeps, it aims at
thee: Wilt thou defer
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb Says, Come?

To thee help appertains.
Hast thou left all things to their course, And laid the reins
Upon the horse?
Is all lockt? hath a sinner's plea No key?

Indeed the world's thy book, Where all things have
their leaf assign'd: Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die, And fall to nothing: thou dost
reign, And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief: yet am I styl'd Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne, Not to relieve? how
can it be, That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sin alive, good cause there were To bear.

But now both sin is dead, And all thy promises live and
bide.
That wants his head;
These speak and chide, And in thy bosom pour my
tears, As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart, Which hath been broken now
so long, That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggars grow; rid them away To day.

My love, my sweetness, hear!
By these thy feet, at which my heart Lies all the year,

Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast which cries, Which dies.

The Bag

Away despair! my gracious Lord doth hear.
Though winds and waves assault my keel, He doth preserve it: he doth steer, Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art: Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard, that my Lord JESUS di'd?
Then let me tell thee a strange story.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majestic robes of glory,
Resolv'd to light; and so one day He did descend, undressing all the way.

The stars his tire of light and rings obtain'd, The cloud his bow, the fire his spear, The sky his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd, what he would wear; He smil'd and said as he did go,
He had new clothes a-making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont, He did repair unto an inn.
Both then, and after, many a brunt He did endure to cancel sin:
And having given the rest before, Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning, there came one That ran upon him with a spear.
He, who came hither all alone,

Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear, Receiv’d the blow
upon his side,
And straight he turned, and to his brethren cri’d,

If ye have any thing to send or write, I have no bag, but here is room
Unto my father’s hands and sight
Believe me it shall safely come.
That I shall mind, what you impart; Look, you may put it
very near my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends Will use me in this kind, the door
Shall still be open; what he sends I will present, and somewhat
more, Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey Any thing to me. Hark,
Despair, away.

The Jews

Poor nation, whose sweet sap, and juice Our scions have purloin’d, and left you dry: Whose streams we got by the Apostles’ sluice, And use in baptism, while ye pine and die: Who by not keeping once, became a debtor; And now by keeping lose the letter:

O that my prayers! mine, alas!
O that some Angel might a trumpet sound; At which the Church falling upon her face Should cry so loud, until the trump were drown’d, And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain, That your sweet sap might come again!

The Collar

I struck the board, and cri’d, No more.
I will abroad.
What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road, Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn To let me blood, and not restore What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart: but there is fruit, And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute Of what is fit, and not. Forsake thy cage, Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee Good cable, to enforce and draw, And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy death’s head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need, Deserves his load.
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Child*

And I repli’d, *My Lord*.

The Glimpse

Whither away delight?
Thou cam’st but now; wilt thou so soon depart, And give me up to night?
For many weeks of ling’ring pain and smart But one half hour of comfort for my heart?

Methinks delight should have More skill in music, and keep better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime: Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but adds to the desire of meat.
Lime begg’d of old (they say) A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat; Which by the spring’s access grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt here and there a crumb, and would not die; But constant to his part
Whenas my fears foretold this, did reply, A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
Thou knowst how grief and sin Disturb the work. O make me
not their sport, Who by thy coming may be made a court!

Assurance

O spiteful bitter thought!
Bitterly spiteful thought! Couldst thou invent So high a torture? Is such poison bought?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment.
When wit contrives to meet with thee, No such rank poison can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair, as I conceiv'd, Betwixt my God and me; that I allow And coin large hopes; but, that I was deceiv'd: Either the league was broke, or near it; And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? what more
Could poison, if it had a tongue, express?
What is thy aim? wouldst thou unlock the door To cold despairs, and gnawing pensiveness?
Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know, I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord, If all the hope and comfort that I gather, Were from myself, I had not half a word, Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert: And in this league, which now my foes invade, Thou art not only to perform thy part, But also mine; as when the league was made

Thou didst at once thyself indite, And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst fail,
Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks stand, And rivers stir, thou canst not shrink or quail: Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband, Then shalt thou be my rock and tower, And make their ruin praise thy power.

Now foolish thought go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat To hide thy shame: for thou hast cast a bone Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat: What for itself love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

The Call

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life: Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife: Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength: Such a Light, as shows a
feast: Such a Feast, as mends in length: Such a Strength, as
makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart: Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part: Such a Heart, as joys in love.

Clasping of hands

Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine, If mine I am: and thine much
more, Than I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me restore; So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more, Since this being mine, brings
with it thine, And thou with me dost thee restore.
If I without thee would be mine, I neither should be mine nor
thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine: So mine thou art, that
something more I may presume thee mine, than thine.
For thou didst suffer to restore Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more, Since thou in death wast
none of thine, Yet then as mine didst me restore.
O be mine still! still make me thine!
Or rather make no Thine and Mine!

Praise (3)

Lord, I will mean and speak thy praise, Thy praise alone.
My busy heart shall spin it all my days: And when it stops for want of store, Then will I wring it with a sigh or groan, That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou dost favour any action, It runs, it flies:
All things concur to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before, When thou dost bless, hath twelve: one wheel doth rise To twenty then, or more.

But when thou dost on business blow, It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the teams of Albion in a row Can hail or draw it out of door.
Legs are but stumps, and Pharaoh's wheels but logs, And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of things do thee employ In ruling all
This spacious globe: Angels must have their joy, Devils their rod, the sea his shore, The winds their stint: and yet when I did call, Thou heardst my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear: But when mine eyes
Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle there (As we have boxes for the poor) Ready to take them in; yet of a size That would contain much more.

But after thou hadst slipt a drop From thy right eye,
(Which there did hang like streamers near the top Of some fair church, to show the sore And bloody battle which thou once didst try) The glass was full and more.

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart, Though press’d, runs thin;
O that I might some other hearts convert, And so take up at use good store: That to thy chests there might be coming in Both all my praise, and more!

Joseph’s coat

Wounded I sing, tormented I indite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and rest: Sorrow hath chang’d its note: such is his will, Who changeth all things, as him pleaseth best.
For well he knows, if but one grief and smart Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carry with it ev’n my heart, And both would run until they found a bier To fetch the body; both being due to grief.
But he hath spoil’d the race; and giv’n to anguish One of Joy’s coats, ’ticing it with relief To linger in me, and together languish.
I live to show his power, who once did bring My *joys* to *weep*, and now my *griefs* to *sing*.

The Pulley

When God at first made man, Having a glass of blessings
standing by, Let us (said he) pour on him all we can: Let
the world's riches, which dispersèd lie, Contract into a
span.

So strength first made a way; Then beauty flow'd, then
wisdom, honour, pleasure: When almost all was out,
God made a stay, Perceiving that alone of all his
treasure Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature, He would adore my gifts
instead of me, And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature: So
both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest, But keep them with repining
restlessness: Let him be rich and weary, that at least, If
goodness lead him not, yet weariness May toss him to
my breast.

The Priesthood

Blest Order, which in power dost so excel, That with th’ one hand
thou liftest to the sky, And with the other throwest down to hell
In thy just censures; fain would I draw nigh, Fain put thee on,
exchanging my lay-sword For that of th’ holy Word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow’d fire; And I but earth and clay:
should I presume To wear thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume.
I am both foul and brittle; much unfit To deal in holy Writ.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand And force of fire, what
curious things are made Of wretched earth. Where once I
scorn’d to stand, That earth is fitted by the fire and trade Of
skilful artists, for the boards of those Who make the bravest
shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne’er so great, Come from the
earth, from whence those vessels come; So that at once both
feeder, dish, and meat Have one beginning and one final sum: I
do not greatly wonder at the sight, If earth in earth delight.

But th’ holy men of God such vessels are, As serve him up, who all
the world commands: When God vouchsafeth to become our
fare, Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands.
O what pure things, most pure must those things be, Who bring my
God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand To hold the Ark, although
it seem to shake Through th’ old sins and new doctrines of our
land.

Only, since God doth often vessels make Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker seek For some mean stuff whereon to show his skill: Then is my time. The distance of the meek Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill In praising might, the poor do by submission What pride by opposition.

The Search

Whither, O, whither art thou fled, My Lord, my Love?
My searches are my daily bread; Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th’ earth, mine eyes the sky; And yet the sphere
And centre both to me deny That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below Grow green and gay,
As if to meet thee they did know, While I decay.

Yet can I mark how stars above Simper and shine,
As having keys unto thy love, While poor I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek thee out, Deep drawn in pain,
Wing’d like an arrow: but my scout Returns in vain.

I tun’d another (having store) Into a groan;
Because the search was dumb before: But all was one.

Lord, dost thou some new fabric mould, Which favour wins,
And keeps thee present, leaving th’ old Unto their sins?

Where is my God? what hidden place Conceals thee still?
What covert dare eclipse thy face?
Is it thy will?

O let not that of anything; Let rather brass,
Or steel, or mountains be thy ring, And I will pass.

Thy will such an entrenching is, As passeth thought:
To it all strength, all subtilties Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is, As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kiss, And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large, As is thy space,
Thy distance from me; see my charge, Lord, see my case.

O take these bars, these lengths away; Turn, and restore me:
Be not Almighty, let me say, Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be near; What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appear To come between?

For as thy absence doth excel All distance known:
So doth thy nearness bear the bell, Making two one.

Grief

O who will give me tears? Come all ye springs, Dwell in my head and eyes: come clouds, and rain: My grief hath need of all the wat’ry things, That nature hath produc’d. Let ev’ry vein Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,
Unless they get new conduits, new supplies To bear them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow fords, two little spouts Of a less world? the greater is but small, A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts, Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumb and mute, Give up your feet and running to mine eyes, And keep your measures for some lover’s lute, Whose grief allows him music and a rhyme: For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.

Alas, my God!

The Cross

What is this strange and uncouth thing?
To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and die, Until I had some place, where I might sing, And serve thee; and not only I,
But all my wealth, and family might combine To set thy honour up, as our design.

And then when after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a combat, this dear end, So much desir'd, is giv'n, to take away My power to serve thee; to unbend
All my abilities, my designs confound, And lay my threat'nings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soul (the memory
What I would do for thee, if once my groans Could be allow'd for harmony):
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will,
Ev'n when my will doth study thy renown: Thou turnest th' edge of all things on me still, Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, ev'n when my hopes seem to be sped, I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be Farther from it than when I bent my bow; To make my hopes my torture, and the fee Of all my woes another woe,
Is in the midst of delicates to need, And ev'n in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah my dear Father, ease my smart!
These contrarieties crush me: these cross actions Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart: And yet since these thy contradictions Are properly a cross felt by thy Son, With but four words, my words, *Thy will be done*.

The Flower

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean Are thy returns!
ev’n as the flowers in spring; To which, besides their
own demean, The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure
bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel’d heart Could have
recovered greenness? It was gone Quite underground; as
flowers depart To see their mother-root, when they have
blown; Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power, Killing and
quick’ning, bringing down to hell And up to heaven in
an hour; Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were, Fast in thy Paradise, where
no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair, Off’ring at heav’n, growing
and groaning thither: Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together:

But while I grow in a straight line, Still upwards bent, as if
heav’n were mine own, Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone, Where all
things burn, When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again, After so many deaths I live and
write; I once more smell the dew and rain, And relish
versing: O my only light, It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love, To make us see we are
but flowers that glide: Which when we once can find
and prove, Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store, Forfeit their Paradise by
their pride.

Dotage

False glozing pleasures, casks of happiness, Foolish night-fires,
women’s and children’s wishes, Chases in arras, gilded
emptiness,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career, Embroider’d lies,
nothing between two dishes; These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries, Anguish in grain, vexations
ripe and blown, Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities, Plain
demonstrations, evident and clear, Fetching their proofs ev’n
from the very bone; These are the sorrows here.

But O the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joys in jest pursue; Preferring, like brute
beasts, a loathsome den Before a court, ev’n that above so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true, Than miseries
are here!

The Son

Let foreign nations of their language boast, What fine variety each tongue affords: I like our language, as our men and coast: Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one only name To parents' issue and the sun's bright star!
A son is light and fruit; a fruitful flame Chasing the father's dimness, carri'd far From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new Western discov'ries of posterity.
So in one word our Lord's humility We turn upon him in a sense most true: For what Christ once in humbleness began, We him in glory call, *The Son of Man*.

A true Hymn

My joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day, Somewhat it fain would say:
And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down With only this, *My joy, my life, my crown*.

Yet slight not these few words: If truly said, they may take part Among the best in art.
The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords, Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the soul, and strength, and time, If the words only rhyme,
Justly complains, that somewhat is behind To make his verse, or write a hymn in kind.

Whereas if th' heart be moved, Although the verse be somewhat scant, God doth supply the want.
As when th' heart says (sighing to be approved) *O, could I love!* and stops: God writeth, *Loved.*

The Answer

My comforts drop and melt away like snow: I shake my head, and
all the thoughts and ends, Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall
and flow Like leaves about me: or like summer friends, Flies of
estates and sunshine. But to all, Who think me eager, hot, and
undertaking, But in my prosecutions slack and small;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky; But cooling by the
way, grows pursy and slow, And settling to a cloud, doth live
and die In that dark state of tears: to all, that so Show me, and
set me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest, know more than I.

A Dialogue-Anthem

CHRISTIAN. DEATH.

Chr. Alas, poor Death, where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?
Dea. *Alas poor mortal, void of story,*
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.
Chr. Poor Death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee accurst.
Dea. *Let losers talk: yet thou shalt die;*
These arms shall crush thee.
Chr. Spare not, do thy worst.
I shall be one day better than before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

The Water-course

Thou who dost dwell and linger here below, Since the condition of this world is frail, Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow; If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:

For who can look for less, that loveth { Life. / Strife.

But rather turn the pipe, and water's course To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store Of sov'reign tears, springing from true remorse: That so in pureness thou mayst him adore,

Who gives to man, as he sees fit { Salvation. / Damnation.

Self-condemnation

Thou who condemnest Jewish hate, For choosing Barabbas a murderer Before the Lord of Glory;
Look back upon thine own estate, Call home thine eye (that busy wanderer): That choice may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amiss This world's delights before true Christian joy, Hath made a Jewish choice:
The world an ancient murderer is; Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorry wedding Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading: For he hath sold for money his dear Lord, And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day, And judge our selves. That light, which sin and passion Did before dim and choke,
When once those snuffs are ta'en away, Shines bright and clear, ev'n unto condemnation, Without excuse or cloak.

Bitter-sweet

Ah my dear angry Lord,
Since thou dost love, yet strike;
Cast down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my sour-sweet days
I will lament, and love.

The Glance

When first thy sweet and gracious eye Vouchsaf’d ev’n in the midst of youth and night To look upon me, who before did lie Welt’ring in sin;
I felt a sug’red strange delight, Passing all cordials made by any art, Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart, And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm My soul hath felt, ev’n able to destroy, Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm His swing and sway:
But still thy sweet original joy Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul, And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control, And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerful be, A mirth but open’d and seal’d up again; What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see Thy full-eyed love!
When thou shalt look us out of pain, And one aspect of thine spend in delight More than a thousand suns disburse in light, In heav’n above.

The 23d Psalm

The God of love my shepherd is, And he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his, What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass, Where I both feed and rest; Then to the streams that gently pass: In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert And bring my mind in frame: And all this not for my desert, But for his holy name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me; and thy rod To guide, thy staff to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine, Ev'n in my enemies' sight:
My head with oil, my cup with wine Runs over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove, So neither shall my praise.

Mary Magdalene

When blessed Mary wip’d her Saviour’s feet, (Whose precepts she had trampled on before) And wore them for a jewel on her head, Showing his steps should be the street, Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness would live and tread:

She being stain’d herself, why did she strive To make him clean, who could not be defil’d?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults, And not his feet? Though we could dive In tears like seas, our sins are pil’d Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign To bear her filth; and that her sins did dash Ev’n God himself: wherefore she was not loth, As she had brought wherewith to stain, So to bring in wherewith to wash:
And yet in washing one, she washed both.

Aaron

Holiness on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast, Harmonious bells below, raising the dead To lead them unto life and rest.
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast, A noise of passions ringing me for dead Unto a place where is no rest.
Poor priest thus am I drest.

Only another head
I have, another heart and breast, Another music, making live not dead, Without whom I could have no rest: In him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head,
My alone only heart and breast, My only music, striking me ev'n dead; That to the old man I may rest, And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head, Perfect and light in my dear breast, My doctrine tuned by Christ (who is not dead, But lives in me while I do rest), Come people; Aaron's drest.

The Odour
2 Cor. 2:15

How sweetly doth *My Master* sound! *My Master!*
As Ambergris leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster:
So do these words a sweet content, An oriental fragrancy,
My Master.

With these all day I do perfume my mind, My mind ev'n thrust into them both: That I might find
What cordials make this curious broth, This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master, shall I speak? O that to thee *My servant* were a little so, As flesh may be;
That these two words might creep and grow To some degree of spiciness to thee!

Then should the Pomander, which was before A speaking sweet, mend by reflection, And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when *My Master*, which alone is sweet, And ev'n in my unworthiness pleasing, Shall call and meet,
My servant, as thee not displeasing, That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweet'ning me (As sweet things traffic when they meet) Return to thee.

And so this new commerce and sweet Should all my life
employ and busy me.

The Foil

If we could see below
The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace As plainly as that above doth show; This were the better sky, the brighter place.

God hath made stars the foil To set off virtues; griefs to set off sinning: Yet in this wretched world we toil, As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

The Forerunners

The harbingers are come. See, see their mark; White is their colour,
and behold my head.
But must they have my brain? must they dispark Those sparkling
notions, which therein were bred?
Must dullness turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, *Thou art still my God*.

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room, Ev'n all my heart, and
what is lodgèd there: I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
So *Thou art still my God*, be out of fear.
He will be pleasèd with that ditty;
And if I please him, I write fine and witty.

Farewell sweet phrases, lovely metaphors.
But will ye leave me thus? when ye before Of stews and brothels
only knew the doors, Then did I wash you with my tears, and
more, Brought you to Church well drest and clad: My God must
have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
Honey of roses, whither wilt thou fly?
Hath some fond lover 'tic'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a sty?
Fie, thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thyself, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung, With canvas, not with
arras clothe their shame: Let folly speak in her own native
tongue.

True beauty dwells on high: ours is a flame But borrow’d thence to
light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I pass not; take your way: For, *Thou art still my God*,
is all that ye Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
Go birds of spring: let winter have his fee, Let a bleak paleness
chalk the door,
So all within be livelier than before.

The Rose

Press me not to take more pleasure In this world of sug’red lies, And
to use a larger measure Than my strict, yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here: Colour’d griefs indeed there are,
Blushing woes, that look as clear As if they could beauty spare.

Or if such deceits there be, Such delights I meant to say; There are
no such things to me, Who have pass’d my right away.

But I will not much oppose
Unto what you now advise:
Only take this gentle rose, And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer than a rose?
What is sweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmity disclose,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize Be contracted to a rose;
Sweetly there indeed it lies, But it biteth in the close.

So this flower doth judge and sentence Worldly joys to be a scourge:
For they all produce repentance, And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not physic choose: Only though I you oppose,
Say that fairly I refuse,
For my answer is a rose.

Discipline

Throw away thy rod, Throw away thy wrath: O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire Unto thine is bent: I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look I affect to own, But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep: Though I halt in pace, Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove; Love will do the deed: For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot; Love's a man of war, And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can scape his bow?
That which wrought on thee, Brought thee low, Needs must work on
me.

Throw away thy rod; Though man frailties hath, Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.

The Invitation

Come ye hither All, whose taste Is your waste;
Save your cost, and mend your fare.
God is here prepar’d and drest, And the feast,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine Doth define,
Naming you not to your good: Weep what ye have drunk amiss, And drink this,
Which before ye drink is blood.

Come ye hither all, whom pain Doth arraign,
Bringing all your sins to sight: Taste and fear not: God is here In this cheer,
And on sin doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy Doth destroy,
While ye graze without your bounds: Here is joy that drowneth quite Your delight,
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come ye hither all, whose love Is your dove,
And exalts you to the sky: Here is love, which having breath Ev’n in death,
After death can never die.

Lord I have invited all, And I shall
Still invite, still call to thee: For it seems but just and right In my sight,
Where is All, there All should be.

The Banquet

Welcome sweet and sacred cheer, Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell: For thy neatness passeth sight, Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetness from the bowl Fills my soul,
Such as is, and makes divine!
Is some star (fled from the sphere) Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetness in the bread Made a head
To subdue the smell of sin; Flowers, and gums, and powders giving All their living,
Lest the enemy should win?

Doubtless, neither star nor flower Hath the power,
Such a sweetness to impart: Only God, who gives perfumes, Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood Still are good,
Yet being bruis’d are better scented: God, to show how far his love Could improve,
Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my birth, And on earth
In delights of earth was drown’d; God took blood, and needs would be Spilt with me,
And so found me on the ground.

Having rais’d me to look up, In a cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taste.
But I still being low and short, Far from court,
Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I fly
To the sky:
Where I wipe mine eyes, and see What I seek, for what I sue; Him I view,
Who hath done so much for me.

Let the wonder of this pity Be my ditty,
And take up my lines and life: Harken under pain of death, Hands and breath;
Strive in this, and love the strife.

The Posy

Let wits contest, And with their words and posies
windows fill: *Less than the least*
Of all thy mercies, is my posy still.

This on my ring, This by my picture, in my book I
write: Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention rest,
Comparisons go play, wit use thy will: *Less than the least*
Of all God's mercies, is my posy still.

A Parody

Soul’s joy, when thou art gone, And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because thou dost abide with me, And I depend on thee;

Yet when thou dost suppress The cheerfulness
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not stir abroad, But leave me to my load:

O what a damp and shade Doth me invade!
No stormy night
Can so afflict or so affright, As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw, Lest want of awe
Make Sin appear;
And when thou dost but shine less clear, Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have, While Sin doth rave,
And falsely boast,
That I may seek, but thou art lost; Thou and alone thou know’st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half believe,
That Sin says true: but while I grieve, Thou com’st and dost relieve.

The Elixir

Teach me, my God and King, In all things thee to see, And
what I do in anything, To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossess'd, And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass, On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass, And then the heav'n espy.

All may of thee partake: Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake) Will not grow bright and
clean.

A servant with this clause Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws, Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone That turneth all to gold: For that
which God doth touch and own Cannot for less be told.

A Wreath

A wreathèd garland of deservèd praise, Of praise deservèd, unto thee I give, I give to thee, who knowest all my ways, My crooked winding ways, wherein I live, Wherein I die, not live: for life is straight, Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee, To thee, who art more far above deceit, Than deceit seems above simplicity.

Give me simplicity, that I may live, So live and like, that I may know thy ways, Know them and practise them: then shall I give For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

Death

Death, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing, Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder groans: Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six Or ten years hence,
After the loss of life and sense, Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We look'd on this side of thee, shooting short; Where we did find
The shells of fledge souls left behind, Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood Into thy face;
Thou art grown fair and full of grace, Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad, As at doomsday;
When souls shall wear their new array, And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave; Making our pillows either down, or dust.

Doomsday

Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise, Till it stir, and rub the eyes; While this member jogs the other, Each one whisp’ring, *Live you brother?*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no music feels, But thy trumpet: then it kneels, As peculiar notes and strains Cure Tarantula’s raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession, Lest at length they plead possession: Flesh’s stubbornness may have Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to winds their body lend, And in them may drown a friend: Some in noisome vapours grow To a plague and public woe.

Come away, Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl’d, Parcell’d out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken consort raise, And the music shall be praise.

Judgement

Almighty Judge, how shall poor wretches brook Thy dreadful look,
Able a heart of iron to appal, When thou shalt call For ev’ry man’s
peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well; Yet I hear tell,
That some will turn thee to some leaves therein So void of sin,
That they in merit shall excel.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine, That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into thy hand: Let that be scann’d.
There thou shalt find my faults are thine.

Heaven

O who will show me those delights on high?
Echo. I.
Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know.
Echo. No.
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo. Leaves.
And are there any leaves, that still abide?
Echo. Bide.
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. Holy.
Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliss?
Echo. Yes.
Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?
Echo. Light.
Light to the mind: what shall the will enjoy?
Echo. Joy.
But are there cares and business with the pleasure?
Echo. Leisure.
Light, joy, and leisure; but shall they persever?
Echo. Ever.

Love (3)

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back, Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey’d Love, observing me grow slack From my first entrance in, Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning, If I lack’d anything.

A guest, I answer’d, worthy to be here: Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear, I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply, Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marr’d them: let my shame Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat: So I did sit and eat.

FINIS

Glory be to God on high,
And on earth peace,
Good will towards men.

THE CHURCH MILITANT

Almighty Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one:
The smallest ant or atom knows thy power,
Known also to each minute of an hour:
Much more do Commonweals acknowledge thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counsels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,
Which might the more endear it to be thine.
Spices come from the East; so did thy Spouse, Trim as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noah's* shady vine, chaste as the dove; Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
The course was westward, that the sun might light As well our understanding as our sight.
Where th' Ark did rest, there *Abraham* began To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.
Moses pursu'd this; but King *Solomon*
Finish'd and fixt the old religion.
When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain By nailing Christ to fasten it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore cross and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall:
Only whereas the Ark in glory shone,
Now with the cross, as with a staff, alone, Religion, like a pilgrim, westward bent,

Knocking at all doors, ever as she went.
Yet as the sun, though forward be his flight, Listens behind him, and allows some light,
Till all depart: so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay Among the eastern nations for a time,
Till both removèd to the western clime.
To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Than the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthony*
Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' history.
Goshen was darkness, *Egypt* full of lights, *Nilus* for monsters brought forth Israelites.
Such power hath mighty Baptism to produce
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where arts Gave her the highest place in all men's hearts.
Learning was pos'd, Philosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a fisher's net.
Plato and *Aristotle* were at a loss, And wheel'd about again to spell *Christ-Cross*.
Prayers chasèd syllogisms into their den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* took horse as soon as *Egypt* did, And *Rome* as both: yet *Egypt* faster rid, And spent her period and prefixèd time
Before the other. *Greece* being past her prime, Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those, Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.
The Warrior his dear scars no more resounds,
But seems to yield Christ hath the greater wounds, Wounds willingly endur'd to work his bliss,
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.

The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust:
Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again Him in his members, who for him was slain.
The Shepherd's hook grew to a sceptre here,
Giving new names and numbers to the year.
But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them Who were cut short in *Alexander's* stem.
In both of these Prowess and Arts did tame
And tune men's hearts against the Gospel came: Which using, and not fearing skill in th' one, Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and struggling th' Empire knew,
(As dying things are wont) until it flew
At length to *Germany*, still westward bending, And there the Church's festival attending:
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no less harbingers would serve than they) So they might still, and point us out the place Where first the Church should raise her downcast face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there; Then showers Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire shar'd with *Germany*, But *England* in the higher victory:
Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
And not go less than she had done of late.
Constantine's British line meant this of old, And did this mystery wrap up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
From time's great Chronicle, and hither sent.
Thus both the Church and Sun together ran
Unto the farthest old meridian.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Much about one and the same time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race, Sin did set out of Eastern *Babylon*,

And travell’d westward also: journeying on
He chid the Church away, where’er he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow Gardens of gods, which ev’ry year did grow,
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost, Who for a god clearly a sallet lost.
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlic with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshippeth his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever’d infinitely!
What wretchedness can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will believe this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolery.
Thus sin in *Egypt* sneaked for a while; His highest was an ox or crocodile,
And such poor game. Thence he to *Greece* doth pass, And being craftier much than Goodness was,
He left behind him garrisons of sins
To make good that which ev’ry day he wins.
Here Sin took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchasèd:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poor truths were shuffled for a bait To credit him, and to discredit those
Who after him should braver truths disclose.
From *Greece* he went to *Rome*: and as before He was a God, now he’s an Emperor.

Nero and others lodg’d him bravely there, Put him in trust to rule the Roman sphere.
Glory was his chief instrument of old:
Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold.
Which soon was blown to such a mighty flame,
That though our Saviour did destroy the game, Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure; Yet did a rogue with hope of carnal joy
Cheat the most subtle nations. Who so coy,
So trim, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? yet their hearts Are given over, for their curious arts,
To such Mahometan stupidities,
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Only the West and *Rome* do keep them free From this contagious infidelity.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast, As *Rome* will one day find unto her cost.
Sin being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely resolv’d one night To be a Churchman too, and wear a Mitre:
This old debauchèd ruffian would turn writer.
I saw him in his study, where he sat
Busy in controversies sprung of late.
A gown and pen became him wondrous well:
His grave aspect had more of heav’n than hell: Only there was a handsome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As Sin in *Greece* a Prophet was before, And in old *Rome* a mighty Emperor;
So now being Priest he plainly did profess
To make a jest of Christ’s three offices:
The rather since his scatter’d jugglings were United now in one both time and sphere.
From *Egypt* he took petty deities,

From *Greece* oracular infallibilities, And from old *Rome* the liberty of pleasure, By free dispensings of the Church's treasure.
Then in memorial of his ancient throne
He did surname his palace, *Babylon*.
Yet that he might the better gain all nations, And make that name good by their transmigrations; From all these places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
From *Egypt* anchorism and retir'dness, Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* stateliness: And blending these he carri'd all men's eyes, While Truth sat by, counting his victories:
Whereby he grew apace and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finely work each nation
Into a voluntary transmigration.
All post to *Rome*: Princes submit their necks Either t' his public foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravity to stir,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur.
Therefore he sent out able ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors cloisterers:
Who without spear, or sword, or other drum
Than what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Pope's mule.
As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist; So both together are one Antichrist,
Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was; Being in this their old crackt looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Thus Sin triumphs in Western *Babylon;*
Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
And to defray his journey from the east.
Old and new *Babylon* are to hell and night, As is the moon and sun to heav'n and light.

When th’ one did set, the other did take place, Confronting equally the law and grace.
They are hell’s landmarks, Satan’s double crest: They are Sin’s nipples, feeding th’ east and west.
But as in vice the copy still exceeds
The pattern, but not so in virtuous deeds;
So though Sin made his latter seat the better, The latter Church is to the first a debtor.
The second Temple could not reach the first:
And the late reformation never durst
Compare with ancient times and purer years;
But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.
Nay, it shall ev’ry year decrease and fade;
Till such a darkness do the world invade
At Christ’s last coming, as his first did find: Yet must there such proportions be assign’d
To these diminishings, as is between
The spacious world and *Jewry* to be seen.
Religion stands on tip-toe in our land,
Ready to pass to the *American* strand.
When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts (The marks of future bane) shall fill our cup Unto the brim, and make our measure up;
When *Seine* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*
By letting in them both, pollutes her streams: When *Italy* of us shall have her will, And all her calendar of sins fulfil;
Whereby one may foretell, what sins next year Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer: Then shall Religion to *America* flee: They have their times of Gospel, ev’n as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way
By carrying first their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion always sides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss:
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.

Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place To go to them, while that which now their nation But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward fly, So Sin shall trace and dog her instantly:
They have their period also and set times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in men's hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other, The Church shall come, and Sin the Church shall smother: That when they have accomplishèd their round, And met in th' east their first and ancient sound, Judgement may meet them both and search them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sun, Light one another, and together run.
Thus also Sin and Darkness follow still
The Church and Sun with all their power and skill.
But as the Sun still goes both west and east; So also did the Church by going west
Still eastward go; because it drew more near
To time and place, where judgement shall appear.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

L’Envoy

King of Glory, King of Peace,
With the one make war to cease; With the other bless thy sheep,
Thee to love, in thee to sleep.
Let not Sin devour thy fold,
Bragging that thy blood is cold, That thy death is also dead,
While his conquests daily spread; That thy flesh hath lost his food,
And thy Cross is common wood.
Choke him, let him say no more, But reserve his breath in store, Till thy conquests and his fall Make his sighs to use it all,
And then bargain with the wind To discharge what is behind.

Blessèd be God *alone,*
Thrice blessèd Three in One.

FINIS



THE BEGINNING

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