

Collected Poems

John

Donne

Edited by Neil Azevedo

Collected Poems of John Donne

Complete and Unabridged

JOHN DONNE

,

William Ralph Press

Omaha

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About the Editor

Also from William Ralph Press

Introduction

John Donne, 1572–1631, was born in London, England, and, as evidenced by the verse collected here, is one of the great English language poets and thinkers in modern history illuminating the human condition through a verse marked for its argument, metaphysical conceit, metaphorical illuminations, and deep passions, whether they be focussed on love, God (two of Donne’s favorite foci), or some other theme. While his poetry is dense, it is also inspiring, wise, and an essential and vital piece in the evolution of western verse.

For this electronic volume, I have used three posthumously printed manuscripts of Donne’s poetry from 1633, 1635, and 1665 as reference points, generously provided by Texas A&M University. The overall presentation of the poems in this book is based on the structure of those. I have retained original spelling—and all of its inconsistencies—wherever it was feasible to do so, and by feasible I mean I made slight alterations to conform with modern grammatical expectations when not to do so would have likely caused confusion in a simple unreferenced reading of the material. So, for example, I have included the possessive apostrophe whenever it was required (omitted in all three original manuscripts). Also, if a variant spelling was misleading in its meaning because of common modern understanding, it too was updated. When versions of lines and poems contradicted each other—as they often did—I chose what I considered to be the most lucid, first to my perceived intent of the author,

and then to a contemporary usage of English. Poems that had some level of questionability to their authorship were not included (as they often are for the sake of completeness in other more scholarly volumes of Donne's verse), so what has been collected is a clear and full gathering of Donne's poetic output in the most authentic presentation possible.

Thank you for your patronage, and please enjoy this sixth volume of the Reader's Library.

—Neil Azevedo, 12/13/14

SONGS AND SONNETS

PART I

The Flea

Marke but this flea, and marke in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled bee;
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sinne, nor shame, nor losse of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys before it wooe,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more than we would doe.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, yea more than maryed are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our mariage bed, and mariage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And cloysterd in these living walls of Jet.
Though use make you apt to kill mee,
Let not to that, selfe murder added bee,
And sacrilege, three sinnes in killing three.

Cruell and sodaine, hast thou since
Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it suckt from thee?

Yet thou triumph'st, and saist that thou
Find'st not thy selfe, nor me the weaker now;
 'Tis true, then learne how false, feares be;
Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'st to mee,
Will wast, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

The Good-Morrow

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we lov'd, were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd on countrey plasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the seven-sleepers den?
T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee.
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd, and got, t'was but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking soules,
Which watch not one another out of feare;
For love, all love of other sights controules,
And makes one little roome, an every where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,
Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,
And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,
Where can we finde two fitter hemispheares
Without sharpe North, without declining West?
What ever dies, was not mixt equally;
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

Song ("Goe, and catch a falling starre...")

Goe, and catch a falling starre,
Get with childe a mandrake root,
Tell me, where all past yeares are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot,
Teach me to heare Mermaids singing,
Or to keepe off envies stinging,
And finde
What winde
Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou beest borne to strange fights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand dayes and nights,
Till age snow white haire on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And sweare
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a Pilgrimage were sweet,
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
Though at next doore we might meet,

Though she were true when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
 Yet shee
 Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

Woman's Constancy

Now thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?

Or say that now

Wee are not just those persons which we were?
Or, that oathes made in reverentiall feare
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
(For, as true deaths, true mariages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Binde but till sleepe, death's image, them unloose?)

Or, your owne end to Iustifie,

For having purpos'd change, and falsehood; you
Can have no way but falsehood to bee true?

Vaine lunatique, against these 'scapes I could

Dispute, and conquer, if I would,

Which I abstaine to doe,

For by to-morrow, I may thinke so too.

The Undertaking

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

It were but madness now t'impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuffe to work upon, there is,)
Would love but as before:

But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skinne,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Vertue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She;

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

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

The Sun Rising

Busie old fool, unruly Sun,

Why dost thou thus,

Through windows, and through curtains look on us?

Must to thy motions Lovers' seasons run?

Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide

Late School-boyes, or sowre-prentices,

Go tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,

Call Country Ants to harvest offices;

Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,

Nor hours, dayes, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams so reverend, and strong

Dost thou not think

I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,

But that I would not lose her sight so long?

If her eyes have not blinded thine,

Look, and to-morrow late, tell me,

Whether both th'Indias of spice and Myne

Be where thou left them, or lie here with me.

Ask for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,

And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She's all States, and all Princes, I,

Nothing else is.

Princes do but play us; compar'd to this,
All honour's mimique; All wealth Alchymy;
 Thou Sun art half as happy as we,
 In that the world's contracted thus.
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warme the world, that's done in warming us,
Shine here to us, and thou art every where,
This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphear.

The Indifferent

I can love both fair and brown,
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrayes,
Her who loves lonenesse best, and her who masks and plaies,
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the Town,
Her who believes, and her who tries;
Her who still weeps with spungie eyes,
And her who is dry Cork, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you and you,
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do, as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices worn, and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear, that men are true, torment you?
Oh we are not, be not you so,
Let me; and do you, twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go,
Must, I, who came to travel thorow you,
Grow your fixt subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sing this song,
And by Love's sweetest Part, Variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now; it should be so no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,

And said, alas, Some two or three
Poor Heretiques in love there be,
Which think to stablish dangerous constancy,
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who're false to you.

Love's Usury

For every hour that thou wilt spare me now,
I will allow,
Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown, my gray hairs equal be;
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
Me travail, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last years relique: think that yet
We'had never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnight's promise; mistake by the way
The Maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
Only let me love none, no not the sport;
From Country grass to comefigures of Court,
Or Cities Quelque-choses, let report
My mind transport.

This bargain's good; if when I'am old, I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine own honour, or my shame or pain,
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gain;
Do thy will then, then subject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,

Spare me till then, I'll bear it, though she be
One that love me.

Canonization

For Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsie, or my gout,
My five gray hairs, or ruin'd fortunes flout,
With wealth your state, your mind with Arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his honour or his grace,
Or the King's real, or his stamped face
Contemplate; what you will approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love;
What Merchant's ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who saies my tears have overflow'd his ground;
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veines fill
Adde one man to the plaguy Bill?
Souldiers find wars, and Lawyers finde out still
Litigious men, whom quarrels move,
While she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another flie,
We're Tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find th' Eagle and the Dove,

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

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

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

The Triple Fool

I am two fools, I know,
For loving and for saying so
In whining Poëtry,
But where's the wiser man, That would not be I,
If she would not deny?
Then as th'earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my paines,
Through Rhime's vexation, I should them allay.
Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For, He tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
Some man his art and voice to show,
Doth Set and sing my pain,
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which Verse did restrain.
To love, and grief tribute of Verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases when 'tis read,
Both are increased by such songs:
For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three,
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

Lovers' Infiniteness

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

Or, if then thou givest me All,
All was but All, which thou hadst then:
But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall,
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks intire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vowed by thee.
And yet it was thy gift being general,
The ground, thy heart, is mine, what ever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet, I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more,
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it:
Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It stayes at home, and thou with losing sav'st it:
But we will love a way more liberal,
Than changing hearts, to joyne them, so we shall
Be one, and one another's All.

Song ("Sweetest Love, I doe not goe...")

Sweetest Love, I doe not goe,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter Love for me;
But since that I
At the last must part, 'tis best,
Thus to use my self in jest
By fained deaths to dye;

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

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall?
But come bad chance,
And we joyne to it our strength,

And we teach it art and length,
It self o'r us, to'advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,
But sigh'st my soul away,

When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be

That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
Which art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart,
Forethink me any ill,

Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfill,
But think that we

Are but turn'd aside to sleep:
They who one another keep
Alive, ne're parted be.

The Legacy

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

I heard me say, Tell her anon,
That my self, that is you, not I,
Did kill me, and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone,
But I alas could there finde none,
When I had ripp'd, and search'd where hearts should lye
It kill'd me again, that I who still was true
In life, in my last Will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
For colours it and corners had,
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was intire to none, and few had part:
As good as could be made by art
It seem'd, and therefore for our loss be sad,

I meant to send that heart in stead of mine,
But oh, no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

A Feaver

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

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

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, goest,
It stay, 'tis but thy Carcass then,
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
But corrupt wormes, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schools, that search what fire
shall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her feaver might be it!

And yet she cannot wast by this
Nor long beare this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needful is
To fuel such a feaver long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee is soone spent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet t'was of my minde, seising thee,
Though it in thee cannot persever.
For I had rather owner bee
Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

Air and Angels

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worship'd be,
 Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I see,
 But since, my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
 More subtile than the parent is,
Love must not be, but take a body too,
 And therefore what thou wert, and who
I bid love ask, and now,
That is assume thy body, I allow,
And fix it self in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more steddily to have gone,
With wares which would sink admiration,
I saw, I had love's pinnace overfraught;
 Thy Every hair for love to work upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
 For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extream, and scattering bright, can love inhere;

Then as an Angel, face, and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphear;
Just such disparitie
As is 'twixt Air's and Angels' puritie,
'Twixt women's love, and men's, will ever be.

Breake of Day

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it bee?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?
Love which in spight of darknesse brought us hither,
Should in spight of light keepe us together.

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

Must businesse thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
The poore, the foule, the false love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong, as when a married man should wooe.

The Anniversary

All Kings, and all their Favorites,

All glory of honours, beauties, wits,

The Sun it self (which makes times, as these passe)

Is elder by a year now, than it was

When thou and I first one another saw:

All other things to their destruction draw;

Only our love hath no decay:

This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;

Running it never runs from us away,

But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my coarse;

If one might, death were no divorce,

Alas, as well as other Princes, we,

(Who Prince enough in one another be,)

Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and ears,

Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt tears:

But souls where nothing dwels but love;

(All other thoughts, being inmates) then shall prove

This or a love increased there above,

When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest;

But now no more than all the rest.

Here upon earth, we're Kings, and none but wee
Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects bee;
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.

True and false fears let us refrain.

Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore, this is the second of our raigne.

A Valediction of My Name, in the Window

I

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

II

'Tis much that Glass should be
As all confessing, and through-shine as I
'Tis more that it shews thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules love's magique can undoe,
Here you see me, and I am you.

III

As no one point, nor dash,
Which are but accessaries to this name,
The showres and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times finde me the same;

You this intireness better may fulfill,
Who have the pattern with you still.

IV

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

V

Then as all my souls bee,
Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
I understand, and grow, and see,)
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being still with you, the Muscle, Sinew, and Vein
Which tile this house, will come again.

VI

Till my return, repaire
And recompact my scattered body so,
As all the vertuous powers which are
Fix'd in the stars are said to flow

Into such characters as graved be
When those stars have supremacie.

VII

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

VIII

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

IX

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy lover's gold, and page,
His letter at thy pillow 'hath laid,
Disputed it, and tam'd thy rage,
And thou begin'st to thaw towards him, for this,

May, my name step in, and hide his.

X

And if this treason go

To an overt act, and that thou write again:

In superscribing, this name flow

Into thy fancy from the Pen,

So, in forgetting thou remembrest right,

And unaware to me shalt write.

XI

But glass, and lines must be

No means our firm substantial love to keep;

Near death inflicts this lethargie,

And this I murmure in my sleepe;

Impute this idle talk, to that I go,

For dying men talk often so.

Twicknam Garden

Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
Hither I come to seek the spring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine eares,
Receive such balme as else cures every thing:
But O, self-traitor, I do bring
The spider love, wich transubstantiates all,
And can convert Manna to gall,
And that this place may throughly be thought
True Paradise, I have the Serpent brought.

'Twere wholsomer for me, that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave frost did forbid
These trees to laugh, and mock me to my face;
But that I may not this disgrace
Indure, nor leave this garden, Love let me
Some sensless piece of this place be;
Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
Or a stone fountaine weeping out my year.

Hither with Chrystal vials, lovers come,
And take my tears, which are love's wine,
And try your Mistress' tears at home,
For all are false, that taste not just like mine;

Alas hearts, do not in eyes shine,
Nor can you more judge women's thoughts by tears,
Than by her shadow, what she wears.
O perverse sex, where none is true but she,
Who's therefore true because her truth kills me.

Valediction to His Book

I'll tell thee now (dear Love) what thou shalt do
To anger destiny, as she doth us.
How I shall stay, though she eloigne me thus,
And how posterity shall know it too,
How thine may out-endure
Sibyl's glory, and obscure
Her who from *Pindar* could allure,
And her, through whose help *Lucan* is not lame,
And her, whose book (they say) *Homer* did find, and name,
Study our manuscripts, those Myriades
Of letters, which have past 'twixt thee and me,
Thence write our Annals, and in them will be
To all whom love's subliming fire invades,
Rule and example found;
There, the faith of any ground
No Schismatique will dare to wound,
That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be these his Records.
This book, as long-liv'd as the elements,
Or as the world's forme, this all-graved tome
In cypher writ, or new made Idiome;
We for Love's Clergie onely' are instruments,

When this book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and Goths invade us.

Learning were safe in this our Universe,
Schools might learn Sciences, Sphears Musick, Angels Verse.

Here Love's Divines, (since all Divinity
Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,
Whether abstract spiritual love they like,
Their souls exhal'd with what they do not see,
Or loath so to amuze,
Faith's infirmity, they chuse
Something which they may see and use;
For though Mind be the heaven, where love doth sit,
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

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

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can read,)
May of their occupation find the grounds,

Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to consider what 'tis, one proceed,
 In both they do excell
 Who the present govern well,
 Whose weakness none doth, or dares tell;
In this thy book, such will there something see,
As in the Bible some can find out Alchymie.

Thus went thy thoughts; abroad I'll studie thee,
 As he removes far off, that great heights takes;
 How great love is, presence best triall makes,
But absence tries how long this love will be;
 To take a latitude
 Sun, or stars, are fitliest view'd
 At their brightest, but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we,
But to mark when and where the Eclipses be?

Community

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

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

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

But they are ours as fruits are ours,
He that but tastes, he that devours,
 And he that leaves all, doth as well,

Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat;
And when he hath the kernel eate,
Who doth not fling away the shell?

Love's Growth

I scarce believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure

Vicissitude, and season, as the grass;
Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore,
My love was infinite, if spring make 'it more.

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

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

If, as in water stir'd more circles be

Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
Those like so many spheares, but one heaven make,
For they are all concentrique unto thee,
And though each spring do adde to love new heat,
As Princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter shall abate this spring's encrease.

Love's Exchange

Love, any devil else but you,
Would for a given Soul give something too,
At Court your fellows every day,
Give th' art of Riming, Huntsmanship, or play,
For them which were their own before;
Onely I have nothing, which gave more,
But am, alas, by being lowly, lower.

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

Give me thy weakness, make me blind,
Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eyes and minde;
Love, let me never know that this
Is love, or, that love childish is.
Let me not know that others know
That she knows my paines, least that so
A tender shame make me mine owne new woe.

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

This face, by which he could command
And change the Idolatry of any Land,
This face, which, wheresoe'r it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloysters, dead from tombs,
And melt both Poles at once, and store
Deserts with Cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth, than Quarries were before.

For, this love is inrag'd with me,
Yet kills not: if I must example be
To future Rebels: if th' unborn
Must learn, by my being cut up, and torn:
Kill, and dissect me, Love; for this
Torture against thine own end is,
Rack't carcasses make ill Anatomies.

Confined Love

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

Are Sun, Moon, or Stars by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or lend away their light?
Are Birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a night?
Beasts do no joyntures lose
Though they new lovers choose,
But we are made worse than those.

Who e're rigg'd fair ships to lie in harbours,
And not to seek lands, or not to deal with all?
Or built faire houses, set trees, and arbors,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
Good is not good, unlesse
A thousand it possesse,
But doth waste with greedinesse.

The Dream

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream,
 It was a theame
For reason, much too strong for phantasie,
Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet
My Dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st It,
Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truths, and fables histories;
Enter these arms, for since thou thoughtst it best,
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

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

Coming and staying shew'd thee, thee,
But rising makes me doubt, that now,

Thou art not thou.

That love is weake, where feare's as strong as hee;

'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave,

If mixture it of *Fear, Shame, Honor* have;

Perchance as torches which must ready be,

Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,

Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; Then I

Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

A Valediction of Weeping

Let me pour forth

My tears before thy face, whil'st I stay here,
For thy face coines them, and thy stampe they bear;
And by this Mintage they are something worth,
For thus they bee
Pregnant of thee,
Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more,
When a tear falls, that thou fall'st which it bore,
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

On a round ball

A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, All:
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world by that impression grow,
Till thy Tears mixt with mine doe overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heav'n dissolved so.

O more than Moon,

Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy spheare,
Weep me not dead, in thine armes, but forbear
To teach the sea, what it may do too soon,

Let not the winde

Example finde,

To do me more harm, then it purposeth,

Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,

Who e'r sighs most, is cruellest, and hasts the other's death.

Love's Alchymy

Some that have deeper digg'd Love's Mine than I,
Say, where his centrique happiness doth lie:

I have lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell till I were old;
I should not find that hidden mystery;

Oh, 'tis imposture all:
And as no chymique yet th' Elixar got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall

Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming-summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we, for this vain Bubble's shadow pay?

Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I can; if he can
Endure the short scorn of a Bridegroome's play?

That loving wretch that swears,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
Which he in her Angelique findes,
Would swear as justly, that he hears,
In that daye's rude hoarse minstrelsey, the sphears.

Hope not for minde in women; at their best
Sweetness, and wit they are, but *Mummy*, possest.

The Curse

Who ever guesses, thinks, or dreams, he knows

Who is my Mistris, wither by this curse;

Him only for his Purse

May some dull whore to love dispose,

And then yield unto all that are his foes;

May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorn,

Forswear to others, what to her he hath sworn,

With fear of missing, shame of getting torn.

Madness his sorrow, gout his cramps, may he

Make, by but thinking who hath made them such:

And may he feel no touch

Of conscience, but of fame, and be

Anguish'd, not that 'twas was sin, but that 'twas was she:

Or may he for her vertue reverence

One that hates him only for impotence,

And equal Traitors be she and his sense.

May he dream Treason, and believe, that he

Meant to perform it, and confess, and die,

And no record tell why:

His sons, which none of his may be,

Inherit nothing but his infamy:

Or may he so long Parasites have fed,

That he would fain be theirs, whom he hath bred,
And at the last be circumcis'd for bread.

The venome of all stepdames, gamesters' gall,
What tyrants, and their subjects interwish,
 What Plants, Myne, Beasts, Fowl, Fish,
 Can contribute, all ill, which all
Prophets, or Poets spake; And all which shall
 Be annex'd in schedules unto this by me,
 Fall on that man; For if it be a she,
 Nature before-hand hath out-cursed me.

The Message

Send home my long-straid eyes to me,
Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee,
Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
 Such forc'd fashions,
 And false passions,
 That they be
 Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain,
But if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And break both
 Word and oath,
Keepe it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know, and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish
 And dost languish
 For some one

That will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now.

A Nocturnal upon *St. Lucie's* Day Being the Shortest Day

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the daye's,
Lucie's, who scarce seven hours her self unmasks,
The Sun is spent, and now his flasks,
Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes;
The world's whole sap is sunk:

The general balm th'hydroptique earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's-foot life is shrunk,
Dead and enterr'd; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:
For I am a very dead thing,
In whom love wrought new Alchymy.

For his art did express
A quintessence even from nothingness,
From dull privations, and lean emptiness,
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have,

I, by love's limbeck, am the grave

Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood

Have we two wept, and so

Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow,

To be two Chaosses, when we did show

Care to ought else; and often absences

Withdrew our souls, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)

Of the first nothing, the Elixer grown;

Were I a man, that I were one,

I needs must know; I should prefer,

If I were any Beast,

Some ends, some means; Yea plants, yea stones detest,

And love, all, all some properties invest.

If I an ordinary nothing were,

As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sunn renew,

You lovers, for whose sake, the lesser Sun

At this time to the Goat is run

To fetch new lust, and give it you.

Enjoy your Summer all,

Since she enjoys her long night's festival,

Let me prepare towards her, and let me call

This hour her Vigil, and her Eve, since this

Both the year's, and the daye's deep midnight is.

Witchcraft by a Picture

I fix mine eye on thine, and there
 Pity my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a transparent tear,
 When I look lower I espy,
 Hadst thou the wicked skill,
By pictures made and mard, to kill;
How many wayes mightst thou perform thy will?

But now I have drunk thy sweet salt tears,
 And though thou powre more, I'll depart:
My picture vanished, vanish all feares,
 That I can be endammag'd by that art:
 Though thou retain of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

The Bait

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

There will the river whispring run
Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the Sunne.
And there th'inamour'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

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

If thou, to be so seen, beest loth,
By Sun, or Moon, thou darknest both;
And if my self have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freez with angling reeds,
And cut their legs, with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowie net.

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

For thee, thou needest no such deceit.
For thou thy self art thine own bait,
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

The Apparition

When by thy scorn, O murdress, I am dead,
 And that thou think'st thee free
Of all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee fain'd Vestal in worse armes shall see;
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,
Will if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, thinke
 Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleepe from thee shrinke,
And then, poor Aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
 A verier ghost than I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee: and since my love is spent,
I'had rather thou should'st painfully repent,
Than by my threatnings rest still innocent.

The Broken Heart

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

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into love's hands it come?
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and ask themselves but some,
They come to us, but us love draws,
He swallows us and never chaws:
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die,
He is the Tyrant Pike, our hearts the Frie.

If 'twere not so, what did become
Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show

More pity unto me: but Love, alas,
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

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

A Valediction Forbidding Mourning

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls, to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
Now his breath goes, and some say, No;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-flouds, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere prophanation of our joyes
To tell the layity our love.

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

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

Bnt we by a love so far refin'd,
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

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

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

And though it in the center sit,
 Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leans, and harkens after it,
 And grows erect, as that comes home.

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

The Extasie

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best;
Our hands were firmly cimented
By a fast Balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thred
Our eyes upon one double string,
So to engraft our hands, as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.
As 'twixt two equal Armies, Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls, (which to advance our state,
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.
And whil'st our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay,
All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day.
If any, so by love refin'd,
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,

Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knew not which soul spake
Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.
This extasie doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love,
We see by this, it was not sex,
We see, we saw not what did move:
But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love, these mixt souls, doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.
A single violet transplant,
The strength the colour and the size
(All which before was poor, and scant,)
Redoubles still, and multiplies.
When love with one another so
Interanimates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loneliness controules.
We then, who are this new soul, know,
Of what we are compos'd and made:
For the Atomes of which we grow,
Are soules whom no change can invade.
But, O alas, so long, so far
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we, We are

The Intelligences, they the sphears,
We owe them thanks, because they thus
Did us, to us, at first convey,
Yeelded their senses' force to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.
On man heaven's influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the ayr,
For soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.
As our bloud labours to beget
Spirits, as like souls as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot, which makes us man:
So must pure lovers' souls descend
T'affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great Prince in prison lies,
To our bodies turn we then, that so
Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
Love's mysteries in Souls do grow,
But yet the body is his booke,
And if some lover such as wee,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change when we are to bodies growne.

Love's Deity

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

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,
Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to Passives. Correspondency
Only his *Subject* was; it cannot be
Love, if I love, who loves not me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as *Jove*,
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlewe of the God of Love.
Oh were we wak'ned by this Tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheist too, why murmur I,

As though I felt the worst that love could do?

Love may make me leave loving, or might try

A deeper plague, to make her love me too,

Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see;

Falshood is worse than hate; and that must be,

If she whom I love, should love me.

Love's Diet

To what a combersom unwioldiness
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown,
But that I did, to make it less,
And keep it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon
That which love worst indures, *discretion*.

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

If he wrung from me a tear, I brin'd it so
With scorn or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
If he suck'd hers, I let him know
'Twas not a tear, which he had got.

His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but sweat.

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt her letters when she writ to me;
And if that favour made him fat,

I said, if any title be
Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it avail,
To be the fortieth name in an entail?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flie
At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;
Now negligent of sport I lie,
And now as other Fawknars use,
I spring a mistress, swear, write, sigh and weep:
And the game killd, or lost, go talk or sleep.

The Will

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some Legacies; I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to embassadours mine eares;
 To women or the sea, my tears;
 Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such, as had too much before.

My constancy I to the Planets give,
My truth to them, who at the Court do live;
Mine Ingenuity and opennes,
To Jesuits; to Buffones my pensiveness;
My silence to any, who abroad hath been;
 My money to a Capuchin.
 Thou Love taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacie.

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;
All my good works unto the Schismaticks
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And Courtship, to an University:

My modesty I give to Souldiers bare.

My Patience let gamesters share.

Thou Love taughtst me, by making me

Love her that holds my love disparity,

Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those

Which were my friends: Mine industry to foes:

To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness:

My sickness to Physicians, or excess:

To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ:

And to my company my wit:

Thou Love, by making me adore

Her who begot this love in me before,

Taughtst me to make, as though I gave, when I do but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,

I give my physick Books: my written rolls

Of Moral counsels, I to Bedlam give:

My Brazen medals, unto them which live

In want of bread: to them which pass among

All forrainers, mine English tongue.

Thou, Love, by making me love one

Who thinks her friendship a fit portion.

For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undoe

The world by dying: because love dies too.

Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have,
 Than a Sun-dyal in a grave.

 Thou, Love, taught'st me by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent, and practise this one way, to annihilate all three.

The Funeral

Who ever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair, which crowns my arme;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward Soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to controul,
And keep these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewie thread my brain lets fall
Through every part,
Can tye those parts, and make me one of all;
Those hairs which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do't: except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacl'd, when they are condemn'd to die.

What 'ere she meant by it burie it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed Idolatry,
If into others' hands these Reliques came.
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,

So 'tis some bravery,

That since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

The Blossom

Little think'st thou poor flower,

Whom I have watch'd sixe or seven dayes,

And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour

Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,

And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,

Little think'st thou

That it will freeze anon, and that I shall

To-morrow finde thee falne, or not at all.

Little think'st thou (poor Heart

That labourest yet to nestle thee,

And think'st by hovering here to get a part

In a forbidden or forbidding tree,

And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow:)

Little think'st thou,

That thou to-morrow, ere the Sun doth wake,

Must with this Sun, and me a journey take.

But thou which lov'st to be

Subtle to plague thy self, will say,

Alas, if you must go, what's that to me?

Here lies my business, and here I will stay:

You go to friends, whose love and means present

Various content

To your eyes, ears, and taste, and every part,
If then your body go, what need your heart?

Well then, stay here; but know,
When thou hast staid and done thy most,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of Ghost:
How shall she know my heart; or having none,
Know thee for one?

Practise may make her know some other part,
But take my word, she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at *London*, then,
Twenty dayes hence and thou shalt see
Me fresher, and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had staid still with her and thee.
For God's sake, if you can, be you so too:

I will give you
There to another friend, whom we shall find,
As glad to have my body as my mind.

The Primrose, Being at Mountgomery Castle upon the Hill, on Which It Is Situate

Upon this Primrose hill,
Where, if heaven would distill

A showre of rain, each several drop might go
To his own Primrose, and grow Manna so:

And where their form, and their infinitie

Make a terrestrial Galaxie,

As the small starres do in the skie:

I walk to find a true Love; and I see

That 'tis not a mere woman, that is she,

But must or more or less than woman be,

Yet know I not, which flower

I wish; a six, or four;

For should my true-Love less than woman be,

She were scarce any thing; and then, should she

Be more than woman, she would get above

All thought of sex; and think to move

My heart to study her, and not to love;

Both these were Monsters; Since there must reside

Falshood in woman, I could more abide,

She were by art, than Nature falsify'd.

Live Primrose then, and thrive

With thy true number five;

And women, whom this flower doth represent,

With this mysterious number be content

Ten is the farthest number, if half ten

Belongs unto each woman, then

Each woman may take half us men:

Or if this will not serve their turne, Since all

Numbers are odd, or even, since they fall

First into five, women may take us all.

The Relique

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head
To be to more than one a Bed)

And he that digs it, spies

A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,

Will he not let us alone,

And think that there a loving couple lies,

Who thought that this device might be some way,

To make their souls at the last busie day,

Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,

Where Mass-devotion doth command,

Then, he that digs us up, will bring

Us to the Bishop, or the King,

To make us Reliques, then

Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I

A something else thereby;

All women shall adore us, and some men;

And since at such time, miracles are sought,

I would have that age by this paper taught

What miracles we harmless Lovers wrought.

First we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why,
Difference of Sex we never knew,
No more than Guardian Angels do,

Coming and going we,

Perchance might kiss, but not between those meales

Our hands ne'r toucht the seales,

Which nature, injur'd by late law, sets free:

These miracles we did; but now, alas,

All measure, and all language, I should pass,

Should I tell what a miracle she was.

The Damp

When I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
 And my friends' curiosity
Will have me cut up to survey each part,
When they shall find your Picture in mine heart,
 You think a sodain damp of love
 Will through all their senses move,
And work on them as me, and so preferre
Your murder, to the name of massacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
 And pleasure in your conquest have,
First kill th'enormous Gyant, your *Disdain*,
And let the enchantress *Honor*, next be slain;
 And like a Goth or Vandal rise;
 Deface Records, and Histories
Of your own arts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up, as well as you
 My Gyants, and my Witches too,
Which are vast *Constancy*, and *Secretness*,
But these I neither look for nor profess,
 Kill me as Woman, let me die
 As a meere man; do you but try

Your passive valour, and you shall find then,
Naked you have odds enough of any man.

The Dissolution

She's dead, and all which die

To their first Elements resolve;

And we were mutual Elements to us,

And made of one another.

My body then doth hers involve,

And those things whereof I consist, hereby

In me abundant grow, and burdenous,

And nourish not, but smother.

My fire of Passion, sighs of air,

Water of tears, and earthy sad despair,

Which my materials be,

(But neere worn out by love's securitie)

She, to my loss, doth by her death repaire,

And I might live long wretched so

But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.

Now as those Active Kings

Whose forain conquest treasure brings,

Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break;

This (which I am amaz'd that I can speak)

This death hath with my store

My use increas'd.

And so my soul more earnestly releas'd,

Will outstrip hers: As bullets flown before

A later bullet may o'rtake, the powder being more.

A Jeat Ring Sent

Thou art not so black as my heart,
Nor half so brittle, as her heart, thou art;

What wouldst thou say? shall both our properties by thee be spoke,
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke?

Mariage rings are not of this stuffe;
Oh, why should ought less precious, or less tough
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have bid it say
I'm cheap, and nought but fashion, fling me'away.

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

Negative Love

I never stoop'd so low, as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldome to them which soar no higher
Than virtue, or the mind to'admire;
For sense, and understanding may
Know what gives fuell to their fire:
My love, though silly, is more brave,
For may I miss, when ere I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest
Which can by no way be exprest
But *Negatives*, my love is so.
To all, which all love, I say no.
If any who deciphers best,
What we know not, (our selves) can know,
Let him teach me that nothing. This
As yet my ease, and comfort is,
Though I speed not, I cannot miss.

The Prohibition

Take heed of loving me,
At least remember, I forbade it thee;
Not that I shall repaire my unthrifty wast,
Of Breath and Bloud, upon thy sighs and tears:
By being to thee then what to me thou wast,
But, so great Joy, our life at once outwears:
Then, lest thy love, by my death frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

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

Yet love and hate me too,
So, these extreams shall ne'r their office do:
Love me, that I may die the gentler way:
Hate me, because thy love is too great for me:
Or let these two, themselves, not me decay:
So shall I live thy Stage, not triumph be:

Lest thou thy love, and hate, and mee thou undoe,

O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

The Expiration

So, so, breake off this lamenting kisse,
 which sucks two souls, and vapors both away,
Turn thou ghost that way, and let me turn this,
 And let our selves benight our happiest day,
We ask none leave to love; nor will we owe
 Any, so cheap a death, as saying, Go;

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

The Computation

For my first twenty years, since yesterday,
 I scarce beleev'd thou couldst be gone away,
For forty more I fed on favours past,
 And forty' on hopes, that thou wouldst they might last.
Tears drown'd one hundred, and sighs blew out two,
 A thousand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,
 Or not deem'd, all being one thought of you;
 Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; But thinke that I
Am, by being dead, Immortall; Can ghosts die?

The Paradox

No Lover saith, I love, nor any other
 Can judge a perfect Lover;
He thinks that else none can or will agree,
 That any loves but hee:
I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say
 He was kill'd yesterday?
Love with excess of heat, more young than old,
 Death kills with too much cold;
We die but once, and who lov'd last did die,
 He that saith twice, doth lie:
For though he seem to move, and stir a while,
 It doth the sense beguile.
Such life is like the light which bideth yet
 When the life's light is set,
Or like the heat, which, fire in solid matter
 Leaves behind, two hours after.
Once I love and dy'd; and am now become
 Mine Epitaph and Tomb.
Here dead men speak their last, and so do I;
 Love-slain, loe, here I die.

Farewell to Love

Whilst yet to prove
I thought there was some Deitie in love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worship, as Atheists at their dying hour
Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power,
As ignorantly did I crave:

Thus when
Things not yet known are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so
As they wax lesser, fall, as they sise, grow.

But, from late Fair
His Highness (sitting in a golden Chair,)
Is not less cared for after three dayes
By children, than the thing which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship wooe:
Being had, enjoying it decayes:

And thence,
What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,
And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of sorrowing dulness to the mind.

Ah cannot we,
As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,

After such pleasures, unless wise
Nature decreed (since each such act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)

This; as she would man should despise
The sport,
Because that other curse of being short,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind
Shall not desire what no man else can find,
I'll no more dote and run
To pursue things which had endammag'd me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do when the Summer's Sun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat;
Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,
'Tis but applying worme-seed to the Taile.

A Lecture upon the Shadow

Stand still, and I will read to thee

A Lecture, Love, in love's Philosophie.

These three hours that we have spent,

Walking here: Two shadows went

Along with us, which we our selves produc'd.

But now the Sun is just above our head,

We do those shadows tread:

And to brave clearness all things are reduc'd.

So whilst our infant loves did grow,

Disguises did, and shadows, flow,

From us, and our cares: but, now 'tis not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,

Which is still diligent lest others see,

Except our loves at this noon stay,

We shall new shadows make the other way.

As the first were made to blind

Others; these which come behind

Will work upon our selves, and blind our eyes.

If our loves faint, and westwardly decline;

To me thou, falsly, thine,

And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.

The morning shadows wear away,

But these grow longer all the day,
But oh, love's day is short, if love decay.

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

EPIGRAMS

Part II

Epigrams

Hero and Leander

Both rob'd of air, we both lie in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

Pyramus and Thisbé

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

Niobe

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

A Burnt Ship

Out of a fired Ship, which by no way
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foes' Ships, did by their shot decay:

So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship drown'd.

Fall of a Wall

Under an under-min'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
A too-bold Captain perish'd by the fall,
Whose brave misfortune happiest men envi'd,
That had a towre for tomb, his bones to hide.

A Lame Begger

I am unable, yonder begger cries,
To stand, or move; if he say true, he lies.

A Self-Accuser

Your Mistress, that you follow Whores still taxeth you;
'Tis strange that she should thus confess it, though 'it be true.

A Licentious Person

Thy sins and hairs may no man equal call,

For, as thy sinnes increase, thy hairs do fall.

Antiquary

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

Disinherited

Thy father all from thee, by his last Will
Gave to the poor; Thou hast good title still.

Phyrne

Thy flattering Picture, *Phyrne*, is like thee,
Only in this, that you both painted be.

An Obscure Writer

Philo, with twelve years' study hath been griev'd,
To'be understood, when will he be believ'd?

Klockius

Klockius so deeply hath sworn, ne'r more to come
In bawdie house, that he dares not go home.

Raderus

Why this man gelded *Martiall*, I muse,
Except himself alone his tricks would use,
As *Katherine*, for the Court's sake, put down stews.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus

Like *Esop's* fellow-slaves, O *Mercurie*,
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like *Esop's* self, which nothing; I confess
I should have had more faith, if thou hadst less;
Thy credit lost thy credit: 'Tis sin to do,
In this case as thou wouldst be done unto,
To believe all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercurie in stealing, but ly'st like a *Greek*.

Ralphius

Compassion in the world again is bred:

Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

ELEGIES

Part III

Elegie I

Jealousie

Fond woman, which wouldst have thy husband die,
And yet complain'st of his great jealousy:
If swoln with poyson, he lay in'his last bed,
His body with a sere-barke covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and short as can
The nimblest crocheting Musician,
Ready with loathsom vomiting to spue
His soul out of one hell into a new,
Made deaf with his poor Kindred's howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd tears, great legacies,
Thou would'st not weep, but jolly and frolick be,
As a slave, which to-morrow should be free,
Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerly
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane jealousy.
O give him many thanks, he's courteous
That in suspecting kindly warneth us,
We must not, as we us'd, flout openly,
In scoffing riddles his deformity:
Nor, at his boord together being sat,
With words, nor touch, scarce looks adulterate.
Nor when he swoln, and pamper'd with great fare

Sits down and snorts, cag'd in his basket chair,
Must we usurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiss and play in his house as before.
Now I see many dangers; for it is
His realm, his castle, and his diocess.
But if (as envious men, which would revile
Their Prince, or coin his Gold, themselves exile
Into another country and do it there)
We play'in another house, what should we feare?
There we will scorn his houshold policies,
His seely plots, and pensionary spies,
As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
Do London's Mayor; or Germans, the Pope's pride.

Elegie II

The Anagram

Marry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, shee
Hath all things, whereby others beateous be;
For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,
Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat,
Though they be dimm, yet she is light enough,
And though her harsh haire fall, her skin is tough;
What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red,
Give her thine, and she hath a Maidenhead.
These things are beautie's elements, where these
Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.
If red and white, and each good quality
Be in thy wench, ne'r ask where it doth lie.
In buying things perfum'd, we ask, if there
Be musk and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in th'usual place,
She hath yet an Anagram of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words what could we say?
When by the Gamut some Musitians make
A perfect song; others will undertake,
By the same Gamut chang'd, to equal it.

Things simply good, can never be unfit;
Shee's fair as any, if all be like her,
And if none be, then she is singular.
All love is wonder; if we justly doe
Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies,
Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like Angels; the fair be
Like those which fell to worse: but such as she,
Like to good Angels nothing can impair:
'Tis less grief to be foul, than to have been fair.
For one night's revels, silk and gold we chuse,
But, in long journeys, cloth, and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say,
There is best land, where there is foulest way.
Oh what a sovereign plaister will she be,
If thy past sins have taught thee jealousy!
Here needs no spies, nor eunuchs, her commit
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a Marmoset.
Like Belgia's cities the round Country drowns,
That durty foulness guards and armes the towns;
So doth her face guard her; and so, for thee,
Which forc'd by business, absent oft must be,
She, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moors seem white;
Who, though seven years, she in the Stews had laid,
A Nunnery durst receive, and think a Maid,

And though in childbed's labour she did lie,
Midwives would swear, 'twere but a tympany,
Whom, if she accuse her self, I credit less
Than witches, which impossibles confess.
Whom Dildoes, Bedstaves, or a velvet Glass
Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was.
One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were,
For, things in fashion every man will wear.

Elegie III

Change

Although thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
Have seal'd thy love, which nothing should undoe,
Yea though thou fall back, that Apostasie
Confirme thy love, yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to'all searchers, unpriz'd if unknown.
If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
Another Fowler using these means, as I,
May catch the same bird; and, as these things be,
Women are made for men, not him nor me.
Foxes and goats; all beasts change when they please,
Shall women; more hot, wily, wild than these,
Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
Idly make them apter to'endure than men?
They're our cloggs, not their own; if a man be
Chain'd to a gally, yet the galley is free.
Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed-corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn should bear;
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhine, Volga, and Po,
By nature, which gave it, this libertie.

Thou lov'st, but oh! canst thou love it and me?
Likeness glues love; and if that thou so doe,
To make us like and love, must I change too?
More than thy hate, I hate't, rather let me
Allow her change, than change as oft as shee,
And so not teach, but force my'opinion,
To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land, is captivity,
To run all countries, a wild roguery;
Waters stink soon, if in one place they bide,
And in the vast sea are more putrifi'd:
But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
Then are they purest; Change is the nursery
Of musick, joy, life, and eternity.

Elegie IV

The Perfume

Once, and but once found in thy company,
All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on me;
And as a thief at bar, is question'd there
By all the men that have been rob'd that year,
So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd)
By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes
As though he came to kill a Cockatrice,
Though he hath oft sworn, that he would remove
Thy beautie's beautie, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen,
Yet close and secret, as our souls, we've been.
Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to sleep out day-light,
And watch thy entries, and returnes all night,
And, when she takes thy hand, and would seem kind,
Doth search what rings, and armlets she can find,
And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
And fearing lest thou art swoln, doth thee imbrace,
And to try if thou long, doth name strange meats,

And notes thy paleness, blushing, sighs, and sweats;
And politiquely will to thee confess
The sins of her own youth's rank lustiness;
Yet love these sorceries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like Fairy Sprights
Oft skipt into our chamber, those sweet nights,
And kist, and ingled on thy father's knee,
Were brib'd next day; to tell what they did see:
The grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound serving-man
That oft names God in oathes, and only then,
He that to bar the first gate doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
Which, if in hell no other paines there were,
Makes me fear hell, because he must be there:
Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witness any touch or kiss.
But Oh, too common ill, I brought with me
That, which betray'd me to mine enemy:
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
Even at thy father's nose, so were we spied.
When, like a Tyrant King, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered;
Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought
That his own feet or breath, that smell had wrought.
But as we in our Ile imprisoned,
Where cattle onely, and divers dogs are bred,

The precious Unicorns, strange monsters, call,
So thought he good strange, that had none at all.
I taught my silks their whistling to forbear,
Even my opprest shooes, dumb and speechless were,
Onely, thou bitter-sweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traiterously hast betraid,
And unsuspected hast invisibly
At once fled unto him, and staid with me.
Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound;
By thee the seely Amorous sucks his death
By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath,
By thee the greatest stain to man's estate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Though you be much lov'd in the Prince's hall,
There things that seem, exceed substantial.
Gods when ye fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Because you'were burnt, not that they lik'd your smel,
You are loathsome all, being taken simply alone,
Shall we love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth soon decay;
And you are rare, that takes the good away.
All my perfumes, I give most willingly
To embalm thy father's corse; What? will he die?

Elegie V

His Picture

Here take my Picture; though I bid farewell;
Thine, in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell,
'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come back; my hand,
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or Sun beams tann'd,
My face and breast of hairecloth, and my head
With care's harsh sodain *horiness* o'rspread,
My body a sack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blew staines scatter'd on my skinne;
If rival fools tax thee to'have lov'd a man,
So foul, and coarse, as, Oh, I may seem then,
This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
Doe his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less, what he did love to see?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk which in love's childish state
Did nurse it: who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that which to weak tasts seems tough.

Elegie VI

Oh, let me not serve so, as those men serve,
Whom honor's smoaks at once fatten and sterve:
Poorly enrich't with great men's words or looks:
Nor so write my name in thy loving books:
As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still
Their Princes' stiles, which many Realmes fulfill
Whence they no tribute have, and where no sway.
Such services I offer as shall pay
Themselves, I hate dead names: Oh then let me
Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite be.
When my soul was in her own body sheath'd;
Not yet by oathes betroath'd, nor kisses breath'd
Into my Purgatory, faithless thee,
Thy heart seem'd wax, and steel thy constancy:
So careless flowers strow'd on the water's face,
The curled whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,
Yet drown them; so the taper's beamy eye
Amorously twinkling, beckons the giddy flie,
Yet burnes his wings; and such the Devil is,
Scarce visiting them who are intirely his.
When I behold a stream, which, from the spring,
Doth with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechless slumber calmly ride

Her wedded channel's bosome, and there chide,
And bend her brows, and swell, if any bough,
Do but stoop down to kiss her utmost brow:
Yet if her often gnawing kisses win
The traitorous banks to gape, and let her in,
She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native and her long-kept course,
And roares, and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
In flattering eddies promising return,
She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry;
Then say I; that is she, and this am I.
Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget
Careless despaire in me, for that will whet
My minde to scorne; and Oh, love dull'd with paine
Was n'er so wise, nor well arm'd as disdain.
Then with new eyes I shall survey thee, and spie
Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye:
Though hope breed faith and love: thus taught, I shall
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall,
My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
Am the Recusant, in that resolute state
What hurts it me to be'excommunicate?

Elegie VII

Nature's lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistry, Oh, thou dost prove
Too subtle: Fool, thou didst not understand
The mystique language of the eye nor hand:
Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the ayre
Of sighs, and say, this lies, this sounds despair:
Nor by the 'eye's water know a maladie
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
Of flowers, how they devisefully being set,
And bound up, might with speechless secrecy
Deliver errands mutely, and mutually.
Remember since, all thy words us'd to be
To every suitor, *I, If my friends agree.*
Since, houshold charms, thy husband's name to teach
Were all the love tricks, that thy wit could reach:
And since, an hour's discourse could scarce have made
One answer in thee, and that ill arrayed
In broken proverbs, and torn sentences.
Thou art not by so many duties his,
(That from the world's Common having sever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be seen, nor see)
As mine: who have with amorous delicacies

Refin'd thee into a bliss-ful Paradise.

Thy graces and good works my creatures be,

I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee:

Which, Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I, alas,

Frame and enamel Plate, and drink in glass?

Chafe wax for other's seales? break a colt's force,

And leave him then being made a ready horse?

Elegie VIII

The Comparison

As the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still,
As that which from chaf'd Muskat's pores doth tril,
As the Almighty Balm of th'early East,
Such are the sweat drops of my Mistris' breast,
And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
They seem no sweat drops, but pearl coronets.
Rank sweaty froth thy Mistresses' brow defiles,
Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boyles.
Or like the skum, which, by need's lawless law
Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw
From parboyl'd shoos and boots, and all the rest
Which were with any soveraign fatness blest,
And like vile lying stones in saffron'd tin,
Or warts, or weales, it hangs upon her skin.
Round as the world's her head, on every side,
Like to the fatal Ball which fell on Ide,
Or that whereof God had such jealousie,
As for the ravishing thereof we die.
Thy *head* is like a rough-hewn statue of jeat,
Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set:
Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face

Of Cynthia, when th'earth's shadows her imbrace.
Like Proserpine's white beauty-keeping chest,
Or Jove's best fortune's urne, is her fair brest.
Thine's like worm-eaten trunks cloth'd in seal's skin
Or grave, that's dust without, and stink within.
And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands
The wood-bine quivering, are her arms and hands,
Like rough bark'd elmboughs, or the russet skin
Of men late scourg'd for madness, or for sin;
Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
Such is thy tann'd skin's lamentable state:
And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand
The short swolne fingers of thy goutie hand;
Then like the Chymick's masculine equal fire,
Which in the Lymbeck's warm womb doth inspire
Into th'earth's worthless durt a soul of gold,
Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun
Or like hot liquid metals newly run
Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna
Where round about the grass is burnt away.
Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
As a worm sucking an invenom'd sore?
Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowers, still feares a snake?
Is not your last act harsh, and violent,
As when a plough a stony ground doth rent?

So kiss good turtles, so devoutly nice
Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice,
And nice in searching wounds the Surgeon is,
As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kiss,
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
She and comparisons are odious.

Elegie IX

The Autumnall

No *Spring*, nor *Summer's* beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one *Autumnall* face,
Young *Beauties* force your love, and that's a *Rape*,
This doth but *counsail*, yet you cannot scape.
If 'twere a *shame* to love, here 'twere no *shame*:
Affections here take *Reverence's* name.
Were her first years the *Golden age*; that's true.
But now shee's *gold* oft try'd, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her habitable *Tropique clyme*.
Fair eyes, who askes more heat than comes from hence.
He in a feaver wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles, *graves*: If *graves* they were
They were *Love's graves*: or else he is no where.
Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth sit
Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorit*.
And here, till hers, which must be his *death*, come,
He doth not dig a *grave*, but build a *Tomb*.
Here dwells he, though he sojourn ev'ry where,
In *Progress*, yet his standing house is here.
Here, where still *Evening* is, not *noon* nor *night*;

Where no *voluptuousness*, yet all *delight*.

In all her words, unto all hearers fit,

You may at *Revels*, you at *counsaile*, sit.

This is love's timber; youth his under-wood;

There he, as wine in *June*, enrages blood,

Which then comes seasonablest, when our taste

And appetite to other things, is past.

Xerxes' strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,

Was lov'd for age, none being so old as shee,

Or else because, being young, nature did bless

Her youth with age's glory, *Barrenness*.

If we love things long sought, *Age* is a thing

Which we are fifty years in compassing.

If transitory things which soon decay,

Age must be loveliest at the latest day.

But name not *Winter-faces*, whose skin's slack;

Lank, as an unthrift's purse; but a Soul's sack;

Whose eyes seek light within, for all here's shade;

Whose *mouthes* are holes, rather worn out than made;

Whose every tooth to a several place is gone

To vex their soules at *Resurrection*,

Name not these living *Death-heads* unto me,

For these, not *Ancient*, but *Antique* be:

I hate extremes: yet I had rather stay

With *Tombs* than *Cradles*, to weare out a day.

Since such love's natural station is, may still

My love descend, and journey down the hill,

Not panting after growing beauties, so,

I shall ebbe on with them, who homeward goe.

Elegie X

The Dreame

Image of her whom I love, more than she,
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart,
Makes me her *Medal*, and makes her love me,
As Kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value: go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me:
Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.
When you are gone, and *Reason* gone with you,
Then *Fantasie* is Queen and Soul, and all;
She can present joyes meaner than you do;
Convenient, and more proportional.
So, if I dream I have you, I have you:
For, all our joyes are but fantastical.
And so I scape the paine, for paine is true;
And sleep which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
After a such fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to love more thankful Sonnets make,
Than if more *honour*, *tears*, and *paines* were spent.
But dearest heart, and dearer Image stay,

Alas, true joyes at best are *dreame* enough;

Though you stay here, you pass too fast away:

For even at first life's *Taper* is a snuffe.

Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown

Mad with much *heart*, than *idiott* with none.

Elegie XI

Death

Language thou art too narrow, and too weak
To ease us now; great sorrowes cannot speak;
If we could sigh out accents, and weep words,
Grief weares, and lessens, that tears' breath affords,
Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are,
(So guiltiest men stand mutest at the bar)
Not that they know not, feel not their estate,
But extreme sense hath made them desperate;
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be;
Tyrant in the fifth and greatest Monarchy,
Was't that she did possess all hearts before,
Thou hast kill'd her, to make thy Empire more?
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge perish th'innocent?
Was't not enough to have that palace won,
But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
Hadst thou staid there, and look't out at her eyes,
All had ador'd thee, that now from thee flies,
For they let out more light than they took in,
They told not when, but did the day begin;
Shee was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee;

Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;
Alas, she was too pure, but not too weak;
Who e'r saw Crystal Ordinance but would break?
And if we be thy conquest, by her fall
Th'hast lost thy end, in her we perish all:
Or if we live, we live but to rebell,
That know her better now, who knew her well.
If we should vapour out, and pine and die;
Since she first went that were not misery:
She chang'd our world with hers: now she is gone,
Mirth and prosperity is oppression:
For of all moral vertues she was all,
That Ethicks speake of vertues cardinal:
Her soul was Paradise: the Cherubin
Set to keep it was grace, that kept out sin:
She had no more than let in death, for we
All reap consumption from one fruitful tree:
God took her hence, lest some of us should love
Her, like that plant, him and his laws above:
And when we tears, he mercy shed in this,
To raise our mindes to heaven, where now she is:
Who if her vertues would have let her stay
We'had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire,
Religion, did not consume, but'inspire
Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
That what we turn to feast, she turn'd to pray,

And did prefigure here, in devout taste,
The rest of her high Sabbath, which shall last.
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
(For she was of that order whence most fell)
Her bodie's left with us, lest some had said,
She could not die, except they saw her dead;
For from less vertue, and less beauteousness,
The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesses,
The ravenous earth that now wooes her to be
Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*; and the tree
That wraps that Crystal in a wooden Tomb,
Shall be took up spruce, fill'd with diamond:
And we her sad glad friends all bear a part
Of grief, for all would break a Stoick's heart.

Elegie XII

Upon the Losse of His Mistresse's Chaine, for
which He Made Satisfaction

Not that in colour it was like thy hair,
For Armelets of that thou maist let me weare:
Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kist,
For so it had that good, which oft I mist:
Nor for that silly old morality,
That as these linkes were knit, our love should bee:
Mourn I, that I thy sevenfold chain have lost:
Nor for the luck-sake; but the bitter cost.
O, shall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet
No leaven of vile soder did admit:
Nor yet by any way have straid or gone
From the first state of their Creation:
Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithful guide:
To gaine new friends, t'appease great enemies;
To comfort my soul, when I lie or rise.
Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
Sentence (dread Judge) my sin's great burden bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
And punish't for offences not their own?

They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
When in that hell they're burnt and ty'd in chains:
Were they but Crowns of France, I cared not,
For, most of these, their Countrey's naturall rot
I think possesseth, they come here to us,
So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous;
And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,
Their Crowns are circumcis'd most Jewishly;
Or were they Spanish Stamps still travelling,
That are become as Catholique as their King,
Those unlickt bear-whelps, unfil'd pistolets
That (more then Cannon shot) availes or lets;
Which negligently left unrounded, look
Like many angled figures in the book
Of some great Conjurer that would enforce
Nature, as these do justice from her course.
Which, as the soul quickens head, feet, and heart,
As streams like veins, run through th'earth's every part,
Visit all Countries, and have silyly made
Gorgeous *France*, ruin'd, ragged, and decay'd;
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day:
And mangled seventeen-headed *Belgia*:
Or were it such gold as that wherewithall
Almighty *Chimiques* from each Mineral,
Having by subtle fire a soul out-pull'd;
Are dirtily and desperately gull'd:
I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,
For, they are guilty of much hainous sin.

But shall my harmless angels perish? Shall
I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?
Much hope which they should nourish will be dead.
Much of my able youth, and lusty head
Will vanish, if thou Love let them alone,
For thou wilt love me less when they are gone,
And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer
Well-pleas'd with one lean thred-bare goate for hire,
May like a devil roar through every street;
And gall the finder's conscience; if hee meet.
Or let me creep to some dread Conjuror,
That with phantastique scenes fills full much paper:
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, theeves, and murderers stuff his rents
So full, that though hee passe them all in sinne,
He leaves himself no room to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent,
He say 'twill ne'r be found; yet be content;
Receive from him that doom ungrudgingly,
Because he is the mouth of destiny.

Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remain,
Though it be chang'd and put into a chain,
So in the first faln Angels, resteth still
Wisdom and knowledge, but 'tis turn'd to ill:
As these should do good works: and should provide
Necessities, but now must nurse thy pride,
And they are still bad Angels: Mine are none:
For form gives being: and their form is gone:

Pity these Angels yet: their dignities
Pass Virtues, Powers, and Principalities.

But, thou art resolute: Thy will be done;
Yet with such anguish, as her only son
The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire these Martyrs I betray.
Good souls, (for you give life to every thing)
Good Angels (for good messages you bring)
Destin'd you might have been to such an one,
As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone:
One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
Yea death, e're he would make your number less.
But I am guilty of your sad decay:
May your few-fellows longer with me stay.

But oh thou wretched finder whom I hate
So, that I almost pity thy estate,
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
First may'st thou be; then chain'd to hellish pains:
Or be with foraign gold brib'd to betray
Thy Countrey, and faile both of it and thy pay.
May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, contain
Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain:
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee

Itching desire, and no abilitie.

May all the evils that gold ever wrought;

All mischief that all devils ever thought:

Want after plenty: poor and gouty age:

The plagues of travellers; love; marriage

Afflict thee; and that thy life's last moment,

May thy swoln sins themselves to thee present.

But, I forgive; repent thee honest man:

Gold is Restorative, restore it then:

But if from it thou beest loath to depart,

Because 'tis cordial, would 'twere at thy heart.

Elegie XIII

Come, Fates; I fear you not! All whom I owe
Are paid, but you; then 'rest me ere I go.
But Chance from you all sovereignty hath got;
Love woundeth none but those whom Death dares not;
Else, if you were, and just in equitie,
I should have vanquish'd her, as you did me;
Else lovers should not brave death's pains, and live;
But 'tis a rule, *Death comes not to relieve.*
Or, pale and wan death's terrors, are they lay'd
So deepe in lovers, they make Death afraid?
Or (the least comfort) have I company?
O can the Fates love Death, as well as mee?
 Yes, Fates do silk unto her distaff pay,
For ransome, which taxe they on us doe lay.
Love gives her youth which is the reason why
Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.
Poore death can nothing give; yet, for her sake,
Still in her turne, he doth a lover take.
And if Death should prove false, she fears him not;
Our Muses, to redeeme her she hath got.
That fatall night we last kiss'd, I thus pray'd,
(Or rather, thus despair'd, I should have said)
Kisses, and yet despair! The forbid tree

Did promise (and deceive) no more than she.
Like lambs that see their teats, and must eat Hay,
A food, whose tast hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou saw'st blisss and craved'st to touch
A drop of water, thy great pains were such.
Here grieve wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
And my sighs weary, groanes are all my rent.
Unable longer to indure the paine,
They breake like thunder, and doe bring down rain.
Thus, till dry teares soulder mine eyes, I weepe;
And then, I dreame, how you securely sleepe,
And in your dreames doe laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love All may; he pitties my state,
But sayes, I therein no revenge shall finde;
The Sunne would shine, though all the world were blind.
Yet, to trie my hate, Love shew'd me your teare;
And I had dy'd, had not your smile beene there.
Your frowne undoes me; your smile is my wealth;
And as you please to looke, I have my health.
Me thought, Love pittying me, when he saw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palmes to kisse.
That cur'd me not, but to beare paine gave strength;
And what is lost in force, is tooke in length.
I call'd on Love againe, who fear'd you so,
That his compassion still prov'd greater woe;
For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durst not feele, for feare't should not be true.
This merits not our anger, had it beene:

The Queen of chastitie was naked seene;
And in bed not to feele the pain I tooke,
Was more than for *Actæon* not to look;
And that breast which lay ope, I did not know,
But for the clearnesse, from a lump of snow.

Elegie XIV

His Parting from Her

Since she must go, and I must mourn, come night
Environ me with darkness, whilst I write:
Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
I am to suffer when my Love is gone.
Alas the darkest Magick cannot do it,
And that great Hell to boot are shadows to it.
Should Cinthia quit thee Venus, and each starre,
It would not forme one thought dark as mine are.
I could lend them obscureness now, and say,
Out of my self, There should be no more Day.
Such is already my self-want of sight
Did not the fire within me force a light.
Oh Love, that fire and darkness should be mixt,
Or to thy Triumphs such strange torments fixt?
Is't because thou thy self art blind, that wee
Thy Martyrs must no more each other see?
Or tak'st thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel?
Or have we left undone some mutual Right,
That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spight?
No, no. The falt is mine, impute it to me,

Or rather to conspiring destinie,
Which (since I lov'd in jest before) decreed
That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed:
And therefore sooner now than I can say,
I saw the golden fruit, 'tis wrapt away.
Or as I had watcht one drop in the vast stream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet Love, thou'rt blinder than my self in this,
To vex my Dove-like friend for my amiss:
And, where one sad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
So blinded Justice doth, when Favorites fall,
Strike them, their house, their friends, their favourites all.
Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires
Into our blouds, inflaming our desires,
And made'st us sigh and blow, and pant, and burn,
And then thy self into our flames did'st turn?
Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us
To paths in love so dark and dangerous:
And those so ambush'd round with houshold spies,
And over all thy husband's towring eyes
Inflam'd with th'ouglie sweat of jealousy,
Yet went we not still on in Constancie?
Have we for this kept guards, like spie on spie?
Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?
Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?

Shadow'd with negligence our best respects?
Varied our language through all dialects,
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards
Spoak dialogues with our feet far from our words?
Have we prov'd all the secrets of our Art,
Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
And, after all this passed Purgatory,
Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
First let our eyes be rivited quite through
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
Let our armes clasp like Ivy, and our fear
Freese us together, that we may stick here,
Till fortune, that would ruine us with the deed,
Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accus'd, should such a mischief doe.
Oh fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclame,
And plague enough thou hast in thy own name.
Do thy great worst, my friend and I have charmes,
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes.
Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide
Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd,
And we can love by letters still and gifts,
And thoughts and dreams; Love never wanteth shifts,
I will not look upon the quickning Sun,
But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure;
Waters suggest her clear, and the earth sure;

Time shall not lose our passages; the spring
How fresh our love was in the beginning;
The Summer how it inripened the year;
And Autumn, what our golden harvests were.
The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
But count it a lost season, so shall shee.
And dearest Friend, since we must part, drown night
With hope of Day, burthens well born are light.
The cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,
Yet Phœbus equally lights all the Sphere.
And what we cannot in like Portion pay,
The world enjoys in Mass, and so we may.
Be then ever your self, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: so
Declare your self base Fortune's enemy,
No less be your contempt than her inconstancy:
That I may grow enamoured on your mind,
When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
And this to th'comfort of my Dear I vow,
My Deeds shall still be what my deeds are now;
The Poles shall move to teach me ere I start;
And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;
Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
Think, heaven hath motion lost, and the world, fire:
Much more I could, but many words have made
That, oft suspected which men most perswade;
Take therefore all in this: I love so true,
As I will never look for less in you.

Elegie XV

Julia

Hark, news, O envy, thou shalt hear descry'd
My *Julia*; who as yet was ne'er envied.
To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
With calumny, that hell itself disdaines,
Is her continual practice; does her best,
To tear opinion even out of the brest
Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
Sticks jealousy in wedlock; her own child
Scapes not the showers of envy: To repeat
The monstrous fashions, how; were alive to eat
Dear reputation; would to God she were
But half so loth to act vice, as to hear
My mild reproof. Lived *Mantuan* now again
That foemale Mastix to limne with his pen,
This she *Chymera* that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger, anger feeds desire,
Tongu'd like the night-crow, whose ill-boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries.
Her breath like to the juice in *Tænarus*,
That blasts the springs though ne'er so prosperous.
Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill

The food of others, than her self to fill.
But oh her mind, that *Orcus*, which includes
Legions of mischief, countless multitudes
Of formless curses, projects unmade up,
Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
Misshapen Cavils, palpable untroths,
Inevitable errors, self-accusing loathes:
These, like those Atoms swarming in the Sun,
Throng in her bosom for creation.
I blush to give her half her due; yet say,
No poyson's half so bad as *Julia*.

Elegie XVI

A Tale of a Citizen and His Wife

I sing no harm, good sooth, to any wight,
To lord or fool, Cuckold, beggar, or Knight,
To peace teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
Reformed or reduced Captain, Knave,
Officer, Juggler, or Justice of peace,
Juror or Judge; I touch no fat sow's grease,
I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) say there are too many,
I fear not *ore tenus*, for my tale,
Nor Count nor Counsellor will red or pale.
A Citizen and his wife the other day
Both riding on one horse, upon the way
I overtook, the wench a pretty peat,
And (by her eye) well fitting for the feat,
I saw the lecherous Citizen turn back
His head, and on his wife's lip steal a smack.
Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
Riding before, to kiss his wife behind,
To get acquaintance with him I began
To sort discourse fit for so fine a man:
I ask'd the number of the Plaguing Bill,

Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffique of the Island seas had marr'd,
Whether the Britain *Burse* did fill apace,
And likely were to give th'Exchange disgrace;
Of new-built *Algate*, and the *Moor-field* crosses,
Of store of Bankrupts, and poor Merchants' losses
I urged him to speak ; but he (as mute
As an old Courtier worn to his last suit)
Replies with only yeas and naves; At last
(To fit his element) my theame I cast
On Tradesmen's gains; that set his tongue a going,
Alas, good sir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
In Court or City now: she smil'd and I,
And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie
In one met thought. But he went on apace,
And at the present time with such a face.
He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise,
To any but my Lord of Essex' dayes:
Call'd that the age of action: true (quoth I)
There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay down,
For, put to push of pay, away they run:
Our only City trades of hope now are
Bawds, Tavern-keepers, Whores and Scriveners;
The much of privileged Kingsmen, and store
Of fresh protections make the rest all poor:

In the first state of their Creation,
Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-master. Thus ran he on
In a continued rage: so void of reason
Seem'd his harsh talk, I sweat for fear of treason.
And (troth) how could I less? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wise Lord Mayor,
And his wise Brethren's Worship, when one prayeth,
He swore that none could say Amen with faith.
To get off him from what I glow'd to hear,
(In happy time) an Angel did appear,
The bright sign of a lov'd and well-try'd Inn,
Where many Citizens with their wives had been,
Well us'd and often: here I pray'd him stay,
To take some due refreshment by the way,
Look how he look'd that hid his gold, his hope,
And at return found nothing but a Rope,
So he at me; refus'd and made away,
Though willing she pleaded a weary stay.
I found my miss, struck hands, and pray'd him tell
(To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell,
He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine,
But his kind wife gave me the very Sign.

Elegie XVII

The Expostulation

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed purest air,
And must she needs be false, because she's fair?
Is it your beautie's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection not to study truth?
Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no eyes,
Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?
Are vows so cheap with women, or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with wind? Or doth their breath
(Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Form'd into words, so many sighs should meet
As from our hearts, so many oathes, and tears
Sprinkled among, (all sweetned by our fears,)
And the divine impression of stoln kisses,
That seal'd the rest, should now prove empty blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must

He first desire you false, would wish you just?
O, I prophane; though most of women be
This kind of beast, my thoughts shall except thee
My dearest Love; though froward jealousie,
With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy,
Sooner I'll think the Sun will cease to chear
The teeming earth, and *that* forget to bear:
Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in *June* will bind his streams;
Or Nature, by whose strength the world indures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.
But oh that treacherous brest, to whom weak you
Did trust our Counsels, and we both may rue,
Having his falshood found too late, 'twas he
That made me cast you guilty, and you me,
Whilst he (black wretch) betray'd each simple word
We spake unto the cunning of a third,
Curst may he be, that so our love hath slain,
And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*,
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pitie;
In plaguing him, let misery be witty.
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noysome as his infamy;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soul's price;
And after all self-torment, when he dyes,
May Wolves tear out his heart, Vultures his eyes;

Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,
That utter'd all, be to some raven flung,
And let his carrion coarse be a longer feast
To the King's dogs, than any other beast.
Now have I curst, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive;
I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes
Of my life's lease; Like Painters that do take
Delight, not in made work, but whiles they make.
I could renew those times, when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd; and at Maskes and Playes
Commend the self-same Actors, the same wayes;
Ask how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtly catch'd, as a disease;
But being got, it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend is harder than to get:
And ought not be prophan'd, on either part,
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

Elegie XVIII

Who ever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick:
Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o're lick
Our love, and force it new strong shapes to take,
We erre, and of a lump a monster make.
Were not a Calf a monster that were grown
Face'd like a man, though better than his own?
Perfection is in unitie: preferr
One woman first, and then one thing in her.
I, when I value gold, may think upon
The ductilness, the application,
The wholsomness, the ingenuitie,
From rust, from soil, from fire ever free:
But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
By our new nature (Use) the soul of trade.
All these in women we might think upon
(If women had them) and yet love but one.
Can men more injure women than to say
They love them for that, by which they're not they?
Makes vertue woman? must I cool my bloud
Till I both be, and find one wise and good?
May barren Angels love so. But if we

Make love to woman; vertue is not she:
As beautie is not, nor wealth. He that strayes thus:
From her to hers, is more adulterous,
Than if he took her maid. Search every sphear
And firmament, our *Cupid* is not there:
He's an infernal god and under ground,
With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound,
Men to such Gods, their sacrificing Coles
Did not on Altars lay, but pits and holes:
Although we see Celestial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we Till and love:
So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart,
And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.

Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
For love, than this, as infinit as it.
But in attaining this desired place
How much they erre; that set out at the face?
The hair a Forest is of Ambushes,
Of springs, snares, fetters and manacles:
The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
And when 'tis wrinckled, shipwracks us again.
Smooth, 'tis a Paradise, where we would have
Immortal stay, but wrinckled 'tis a grave.
The Nose (like to the sweet Meridian) runs
Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two suns;
It leaves a Cheek, a rosie Hemisphere
On either side, and then directs us where
Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,

Not faint *Canaries*, but *Ambrosiall*.

Her swelling lips, to which when we are come,
We anchor there, and think our selves at home,
For they seem all: there Syren's songs, and there
Wise Delphick Oracles do fill the ear;
There, in a Creek where chosen pearls do swell
The Rhemora her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
These, and (the glorious Promontory) her Chin
O'erpast, and the straight *Hellespont* between
The *Sestos* and *Abydos* of her breasts,
(Not of two Lovers, but two loves the neasts)
Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
Some Island moles may scattered there descry;
And Sailing towards her *India*, in that way
Shall at her fair Atlantick Naval stay;
Though there the Current be the Pilot made,
Yet ere thou be where thou should'st be embay'd,
Thou shalt upon another Forest set,
Where many Shipwrack, and no further get.
When thou art there, consider what this chace
Mispent by thy beginning at the face.

Rather set out below; practice thy Art,
Some Symetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that
Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
Least subject to disguise and change it is;
Men say the Devil never can change his.
It is the Emblem that hath figured

Firmness; 'tis the the first part that comes to bed.

Civilitie we see refin'd: the kiss

Which at the face began, transplanted is,

Since to the hand, since to the imperial knee,

Now at the Papal foot delights to be:

If Kings think that the nearer way, and do

Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too.

For as free Spheres move faster far than can

Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man

Which goes this empty and Ætherial way,

Than if at beautie's elements he stay.

Rich Nature hath in women wisely made

Two purses, and their mouths aversely laid:

They then, which to the lower tribute owe

That way which that Exchequer looks, must go:

He which doth not, his error is as great,

As who by glister gives the Stomack meat.

To His Mistress Going to Bed

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defie,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.

The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,
Is tir'd with standing though he never fight.

Off with that girdle, like heaven's Zone glittering,
But a far fairer world encompassing.

Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,
That th' eyes of busie fooles may be stopt there.

Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme,
Tells me from you, that now it is bed time.

Off with that happy busk, which I envie,
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.

Your gown going off, such beautious state reveals,
As when through flowry meads th'hill's shadow steales.

Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew

The haiery Diadem which on your head doth grow:

Now off with those shooes, and then softly tread

In this love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.

In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be

Reveal'd to men: thou Angel bringst with thee

A heaven like Mahomet's Paradice, and though

Ill spirits walk in white; we easly know,

By this these Angels from an evil sprite,

Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.

Licence my roaving hands, and let them go,
Before, behind, between, above, below,
O my America! my new-found-land,
My kingdom, safest when with one man man'd.

My Myne of precious stones: My Emperie,
How am I blest in thus discovering thee?

To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be,
Full nakedness! All joyes are due to thee,
As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
To taste whole joyes. Jems which you women use
Are like Atlanta's ball: cast in men's views,
That when a fool's eye lighteth on a Jem,
His earthly soul may court that, not them:
Like pictures or like books' gay coverings made,
For lay-men are all women thus arrayed.

Themselves are only mystick books, which we,
(Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
Must see revealed. Then since that I may know;

As liberally, as to thy Midwife shew
Thy self: cast all, yea, this white linnen hence
There is no pennance due to innocence:
To teach thee I am naked first, why then
What needst thou have more covering than a man.

EPITHALAMIONS

Part IV

An Epithalamion, or Marriage Song on the Lady Elizabeth, and Count Palatine, Being Married on St. Valentines Day

I

Hail Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the Air is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choristers,
And other birds are thy Parishioners,
Thou marryest every year
The Lyrique Larke, and the grave whispering Dove,
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The houshold Bird, with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the Black-bird speed as soon,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcion;
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day, more cheerfully than ever shine.
This day, which might inflame thy self, old Valentine.

II

Till now, Thou warmd'st with multiplying loves

Two Larks, two Sparrows, or two Doves,
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two Phœnixes.
Thou mak'st a Taper see
What the Sun never saw, and what the Ark
(Which was of fowl, and beasts the cage and park,)
Did not contain, one bed contains, through Thee,
Two Phœnixes, whose joynd breasts
Are unto one another mutual nests.
Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give
Young Phœnixes, and yet the old shall live.
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

III

Up then fair Phœnix Bride, frustrate the Sun;
Thy self from thine affection
Tak'st warmth enogh, and from thine eye
All lesser birds will take their jollity.
Up, up, fair Bride, and call
Thy stars from out their several boxes, take
Thy Rubies, Pearls, and diamonds forth, and make
Thy self a Constellation of them All.
And by their blasing signifie,
That a great Princess falls, but doth not die;
Be thou a new star that to us portends

Ends of much wonder; And be thou those ends.
Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date Records from this day, Valentine.

IV

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
Meeting another, grows the same:
So meet thy *Frederick*, and so
To an unseparable union go,
Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but one, can dis-unite.
You are 'twice inseparable, great, and one.
Go then to where the Bishop stays,
To make you one, his way, which divers wayes
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that you're one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left, your selves to'entwine,
Besides this Bishop's knot of Bishop Valentine.

V

But oh, what ailes the Sun, that here he stayes,
Longer to-day, than other dayes?
Stayes he new light from these to get?

And finding here such stars, is loath to set?

And why do you two walk,
So slowly pac'd in this procession?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle and talk?

The feast with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise.
The Masquers come late, and, I think will stay,
Like Faries, till the Cock crow them away.
Alas did not Antiquitie assign
A night as well as day, to thee, old Valentine?

VI

They did, and night is come: and yet we see
Formalities retarding thee.

What mean these Ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in peeces) go
So nicely about the Bride?

A bride before a Good night could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes, into her bed,
As souls from bodies steal, and are not spy'd.

But now she is laid: What though she be?
Yet there are more delays; For where is he?
He comes and passeth through Sphear after Sphear:
First her sheets, then her Armes, then any where.

Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII

Here lies a she Sun, and a he Moon there,
She gives the best light to his Sphear,
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe,
And yet they do, but are
So just and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor stay,
Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare.
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No such occasion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Than all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine.

VIII

And by this act of these two Phoenixes
Nature again restored is,
For since these two are two no more,
There's but one Phoenix still, as was before.

Rest now at last, and we
(as Satyrs watch the Sun's uprise) will stay
Waiting when your eyes opened, let out day,
Only desir'd because your face we see;
Others near you shall whispering speak,
And wagers lay, at which side day will break,
And win by observing, then, whose hand it is
That opens first a curtain, hers or his;
This will be tryed to-morrow after nine,
Till which hour, we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

Eclogue at the Marriage of the Earl of Somerset

1613 December 26

Allophanes finding Idios in the Country in Christmas time, reprehends his absence from Court, at the marriage of the Earl of Summerset; Idios gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his actions there.

Allophanes

Unseasonable man, statue of Ice,
What could to Countrie's solitude entice
Thee, in this year's cold and decrepit time?
Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime:
Even smaller birds, who by that courage dare,
In numerous fleets, sail through their Sea, the ayr.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whil'st Flora her self doth a freeze Jerkin wear?
Whil'st Winds do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
Thy madness from thee, and all Springs by frost
Have taken cold, and their sweet murmures lost?

If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament
With just solemnity, do it in Lent:
At Court the spring already advanced is,
The Sun stayes longer up; and yet not his
The glory is, far other, other fires:
First, zeal to Prince and State; then love's desires
Burn in one breast and like heaven's two great lights,
The first doth govern dayes, the other, nights.
And then that early light which did appear
Before the Sun and Moon created were:
The Prince's favour is diffus'd o'r all,
From which all fortunes, Names, and natures fall;
Then from those wombes of stars, the Bride's bright eyes,
At every glance, a constellation flies,
And sows the Court with stars, and doth prevent
In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament;
First her eyes kindle other Ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams their jewels' lusters rise,
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light and good desire.
Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell,
Where in dark plots, fire without light doth dwell:
Or but like Stoves, for lust and envy get
Continual, but artificial heat;
Here zeal and love grown one, all clouds digest,
And make our Court an everlasting East.
And canst thou be from thence?

Idios

No, I am there,
As heaven, to men dispos'd, is every where:
So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,
Not only all their house, but all their State.
Let no man think, because he is full, he hath all,
Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
Not onely in fulness, but capacity,
Enlarging narrow men to feel and see,
And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
So reclus'd Hermits oftentimes do know
More of heaven's glory, then a worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man,
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and man need no farther look;
So is the Country of Courts, where sweet peace doth
As their own common soul, give life to both.
And am I then from Court?

Allophanes

Dreamer thou art.
Think'st thou, fantastique, that thou hast a part
In the Indian fleet, because thou hast
A little spice or Amber in thy taste?
Because thou art not frozen, art thou warm?

Seest thou all good because thou seest no harm?
The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuff well dispos'd, and which would fain be gold:
But never shall, except it chance to lye,
So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;
As, for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for best civil use, all tinctures move
From higher powers; from God religion springs;
Wisdom, and honour from the use of Kings;
Then unbeguile thy self, and know with me,
That Angels, though on earth employ'd they be,
Are still in Heaven, so is he still at home
That doth, abroad, to honest actions come:
Chide thy self then, O fool, which yesterday
Might'st have read more than all thy books bewray:
Hast thou a history, which doth present
A Court, where all affections do assent
Unto the King's, and that, that King's are just?
And where it is no levity to trust,
Where there is no ambition but t' obey,
Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may;
Where the King's favours are so plac'd, that all
Finde that the King therein is liberal
To them, in him, because his favours bend
To vertue, to the which they all pretend.
Thou hast no such; yet here was this, and more.
An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,

And is no more in his minority,
He is admitted now into that brest
Where the King's Councils and his secrets rest.
What hast thou lost, O ignorant man?

Idios

I knew
All this, and onely therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
Words to express it, makes a man a grave
Of his own thoughts; I would not therefore stay
At a great feast, having no grace to say.
And yet I scap'd not here; for being come
Full of the common joy; I utter'd some.
Read then this nuptial song, which was not made
Either the Court or men's hearts to invade,
But since I'm dead and buried, I could frame
No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
So much as this poor song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

I: The Time of the Marriage

Thou art repriev'd old year, thou shalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,

And should'st within five days expire,
Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire,
Than thy old Soul, the Sun,
When he doth in his largest circle run.
The passage of the West or East would thaw,
And open wide their easie liquid jaw
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the Northern Pole impart
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

II: Equality of Persons

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple, dost thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be tryed by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
If by that manly courage they be tryed,
Which scorns unjust opinion; then the Bride
Becomes a man. Should chance our envie's Art
Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the loving heart?

III: Raising of the Bridegroom

Though it be some divorce to think of you
Single, so much one are you two.
Let me here contemplate thee,
First, chearful Bridegroom, and first let me see,
How thou prevent'st the Sun,
And his red foaming horses dost outrun,
How, having laid down in thy Sovereigne's brest
All businesses, from thence to reinvest
Them when these triumphs cease, thou forward art
To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eies, and of thy loving heart.

IV: Raising of the Bride

But now to thee, fair Bride, it is some wrong,
To think thou wert in Bed so long,
Since soon thou liest down first, 'tis fit
Thou in first rising should'st allow for it.
Powder thy Radiant hair,
Which if without such ashes thou would'st wear,
Thou which, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for Phœbus, would'st be Phaëton.
For our ease, give thine eyes the unusual part
Of joy, a Tear; so quencht, thou maist impart,
To us that come, thy inflaming eies; to him, thy loving heart.

V: Her Apparelling

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
Who can the Sun in water see.
So dost thou, when in silk and gold,
Thou cloudst thy self; since we which do behold
Are dust and worms, 'tis just
Our Objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
Let every Jewel be a glorious star,
Yet stars are not so pure, as their sphears are.
And though thou stoop, to appear to us, in part,
Still in that picture thou intirely art,
Which thy inflaming eies have made within his loving heart.

VI: Going to the Chappell

Now from your Easts you issue forth, and we,
As men which through a Cypres see
The rising Sun, do think it two;
So, as you go to Church, do think of you:
But that vaile being gone,
By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.
The Church Triumphant made this match before,
And now the Militant doth strive no more.
Then, revered Priest, who God's Recorder art,
Do, from his Dictates, to these two impart
All blessings which are seen, or thought, by Angel's eye or heart.

VII: The Benediction

Blest pair of Swans, Oh may you interbring,
Daily new joyes, and never sing:
Live, till all grounds of wishes fail,
Till honour, yea till wisdom grow so stale,
That new great hights to trie,
It must serve your ambition, to die;
Raise heirs, and may here, to the world's end, live
Heirs from this King, to take thanks, you, to give.
Nature and grace do all, and nothing Art,
May never age or errour overthwart
With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, this heart.

VIII: Feasts and Revals

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day
Injures; it causeth time to stay;
The tables groan, as though this feast
Would, as the flood, destroy all fowl and beast.
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revel goes,
They tread the ayr, and fall not where they rose.
Though six hours since, the Sun to bed did part,

The maskes and banquets will not yet impart
A sunset to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart.

IX: The Bride's Going to Bed

What mean'st thou Bride, this company to keep?
To sit up, till thou fain wouldst sleep?
Thou maist not, when thou art laid, do so.
Thy self must to him a new banquet grow,
And you must entertain
And do all this daye's dances o're again.
Know that if Sun and Moon together do
Rise in one point, they do not set so too.
Therefore thou maist, faire bride, to bed depart,
Thou art not gone, being gone, where e'r thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy loving heart.

X: The Bridegroom's Coming

As he that sees a starre fall, runs apace,
And finds a gelly in the place,
So doth the Bridgroom haste as much,
Being told this starre is faln, and finds her such.
And as friends may look strange,
By a new fashion, or apparel's change:
Their souls, though long acquainted they had been,

These clothes their bodies never yet had seen.
Therefore at first she modestly might start,
But must forthwith surrender every part,
As freely, as each to each before, gave either eye or heart.

XI: The Good-Night

Now, as in Tullia's Tomb, one lamp burnt clear,
Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine.
Fire ever doth aspire,
And makes all like it self, turns all to fire,
But ends in ashes, which these cannot do,
For none of these is fuell; but fire too.
This is joye's bonfire, then, where love's strong Arts
Make of so noble individual parts
One fire of four inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts.

Idios

As I have brought this song, that I may do
A perfect sacrifice, I'll burn it too.

Allophanes

No Sir, this Paper I have justly got,
For in burnt Incense the perfume is not
His only that presents it, but of all;
What ever celebrates this Festivall
Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
Nor may your self be Priest: but let me go
Back to the Court, and I will lay't upon
Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

Epithalamion Made at Lincoln's Inne

The Sun-beams in the East are spred,
Leave, leave, fair Bride, your solitary bed,
 No more shall you return to it alone,
It nurseth sadness; and your bodie's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint;
 You and your other You meet there anon,
 Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in these sheets will smother,
 There it must meet another,
 Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh;
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Daughters of *London*, you which be
Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasury.
 You which are Angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of Angels on your marriage dayes,
Help with your presence, and devise to praise
 These rites, which also unto you grow due;
 Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel,
 Make her for love fit fuel
 As gay as *Flora*, and as rich as *Inde*;

So may she fair and rich, in nothing lame,

To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

And you frolique Patricians,

Sons of those Senatours, wealth's deep oceans,

Ye painted Courtiers, barrels of other's wits,

Ye Country men, who but your beasts love none,

Ye of those Fellowships, whereof he's one,

Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits,

Here shine; this bridegroom to the Temple bring,

Loe, in yon path which store of strow'd flowers graceth,

The sober virgin paceth;

Except my sight fail, 'tis no other thing.

Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame,

To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,

And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,

Till mystically joyn'd but one they be;

Then may thy lean and hunger-starved womb

Long time expect their bodies, and their tomb,

Long after their own parents fatten thee.

All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,

All yielding to new loves be farre for ever,

Which might these two dissever,

Always, all th' other may each one possess;

For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,

To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Winter dayes bring much delight,
Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night;
 Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats,
Other disports than dancing jollities,
Other love tricks than glancing with the eyes,
 But that the Sun still in our half sphear sweats;
 He flies in winter, but he now stands still,
Yet shadows turn; Noon point he hath attain'd,
 His Steeds will be restrain'd,
 But gallop lively down the Western hill,
Thou shalt, when he hath run the Heaven's half frame,
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

The Amorous evening starre is rose,
Why then should not our amorous starre inclose
 Her self in her wish'd bed? Release your strings
Musitians, and dancers take some truce
With these your pleasing labours, for great use
 As much weariness as perfection brings.

 You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beasts
Rest duly; at night all their toyles are dispenced;
 But in their beds commenced
 Are other labours, and more dainty feasts.

She goes a maid, who, lest she turn the same,
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy virgin's girdle now vntie,
And in thy nuptial bed, love's altar, lie

A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossess
Thee of these chains and robes, which were put on
T'adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
Like vertue, and truth, are best in nakedness;

This bed is only to virginitie
A grave, but to a better state, a cradle.

Till now, thou wast but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be said, *I may be*, but *I am*,
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Even like a faithfull man content,
That this life for a better should be spent:
So she a mother's rich stile doth preferre,
And at the Bridegroom's wish't approach doth lie,
Like an appointed Lamb, when tenderly

The Priest comes on his knees, to'imbowel her.
Now sleep or watch with more joy; and oh light
Of heaven, to-morrow rise thou hot, and early,

This Sun will love so dearly
Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight.
Wonders are wrought, for she which had no name,
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

SATYRES

PART V

Satyre I

Away thou changeling motley humorist,
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few books, let me lye
In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I dye.
Here are God's Conduits, grave Divines; and here
Is Nature's Secretary, the Phylosopher:
And wily Statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a Citie's Mystick body;
Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddy fantastique Poëts of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
First, swear by thy best love, here, in earnest
(If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,
Not though a Captain do come in thy way
Bright parcell gilt, with forty dead men's pay:
Not though a brisk perfum'd pert Courtier
Deign with a nod, thy curtesie to answer:
Nor come a Velvet Justice with a long
Great train of blew-coats, twelve or fourteen strong,
Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare

A speech to court his beauteous son and heir?
For better or worse take me, or leave me:
To take, and leave me is adultery.
Oh monstrous, superstitious Puritan
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man,
That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
Dost search, and like a needy broker prize
The silk and gold he weares, and to that rate,
So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat.
That wilt consort none, till thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own.
As though all thy companions should make thee
Joyntures, and marry thy dear company.
Why should'st thou (that dost not only approve,
But in rank itchy lust, desire, and love,
The nakedness and barrenness to enjoy,
Of thy plump muddy whore, or prostitute boy;)
Hate vertue, though she be naked and bare?
At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
And, till our souls be unapparelled
Of bodies, they from bliss are banished:
Man's first blest state was naked; when by sin
He lost that, he was cloath'd but in beasts' skin,
And in this coarse attire, which I now wear,
With God, and with the Muses I conferre.
But since thou like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy sins dost repent
These vanities, and giddinesses, loe

I shut my chamber door, and come, let's goe.
But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath bin
Worne by as many severall men in sinne,
As are black feathers, or musk-coloured hose,
Name her child's right true father, 'mongst all those:
Sooner may one guess, who shall bear away
The infant of London, Heire to an India:
And sooner may a gulling Weather-spie
By drawing forth heaven's Scheme tell certainly
What fashion'd hats, or ruffs, or suits next year
Our subtile wittied antique youths will weare:
Then thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show
Whither, why, when or with whom thou would'st go.
But how shall I be pardon'd my offence
That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
Now we are in the street; he first of all
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall;
And so imprison'd, and hem'd in by me
Sels for a little state his liberty;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
As Prentices or Schooleboyes which do know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go.
And as fiddlers stop lowest at highest sound,
So to the most brave, stoops he nigh'st the ground.
But to a grave man he doth move no more

Than the wise politique horse would heretofore,
Or thou O Elephant, or Ape wilt do,
When any names the King of *Spain* to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, Do you see
Yonder well-favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis hee
That dances so divinely; Oh said I,
Stand still must you dance here for company?
He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excell
Th'Indians in drinking his Tobacco well)
Met us: they talk'd; I whisperd, let us go,
'T may be you smell him not, truely I do.
He hears not me, but, on the other side
A many coloured Peacock having spide,
Leaves him and me: I for my lost sheep stay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, Him whom I last left, all repute
For his device, in handsoming a suit,
To Judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and pleit,
Of all the Court to have the best conceit;
Our dull Commedians want him, let him goe;
But, oh God strengthen thee, why stop'st thou so?
Why. He hath traveled long; no, but to me
Which understood none, he doth seem to be
Perfect French, and Italian. I reply'd,
So is the Pox. He answer'd not, but spy'd
More men of sort, of parts and qualities,
At last his love he in window spies,

And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from me
Violently ravished to his lechery.
Many were there, he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and turn'd out of door
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And constantly a while must keep his bed.

Satyre II

Sir; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate toward them, breeds pitty toward the rest.
Though Poëtry, indeed, be such a sin,
As, I think, that brings dearth, and Spaniards in:
Though like the Pestilence, and old fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starv'd out, yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate:
One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himself) to live by his labour'd scenes.
As in some Organ, Puppits dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rythmes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.
Rams, and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best Artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still

That's excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst, who (beggerly) doth chaw
Others' wits' fruits, and in his ravenous Maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, th'excrement is his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use
To out-do Dildoes, and out-usure Jews,
To out-drink the sea, to out-swear the Letanie,
Who with sinnes all kindes as familiar be
As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake,
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make:
Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell,
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of *Coscus*, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time, (which rots all, and makes botches, pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which, (alas) of late
But scarce a Poët; jollier of this state,
Than are new benefic'd Ministers, he throws
Like nets, or lime-twigs, wheresoever he goes
His title of Barrister, on every wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.
A motion Lady: Speak *Coscus*. I have been
In love ever since *tricesimo* of the Queen.
Continual claims I have made, Injunctions got

To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
Proceed; spare me, in Hillary terme I went,
You said, if I return'd next size in Lent,
I should be in Remitter of your grace;
In th'interim my letters should take place
Of Affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a soft maid's eare.
More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes rore.
When sick with Poëtry, and possest with muse
Thou wast and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
Law practice for meer gain; bold soul repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk
His hand still at a bill, now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear
That only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lye in every thing,
Like a King's Favorite, or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like Asses, and more shameless farre
Than carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as the sea) he will compass all the land;
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.
And spying heirs melting with luxury,

Satan will not joy at their sins, as he,
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,
And barrilling the droppings, and the snuffe
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
(Reliquely kept) perchance buyes wedding geare)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as his fields, he drawes
Assurances, bigge, as gloss'd civill lawes,
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length, (as in those first dayes
When *Luther* was profest, He did desire
Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a Fryer
Each day his beads, but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause.)
But when he sels or changes land, h'impaires
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
And slily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or sense; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.
Where are those spred woods which cloth'd heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.
Where the old Landlord's Troops, and almes? In Hals
Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals

Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no Hacatombs,
None starve, none surfet so. But (Oh) we allow
Good works, as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich Wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of th'huge statute's Jaws.

Satyre III

Kind pity checks my spleen; brave scorn forbids
Those tears to issue, which swell my eye-lids.
I must not laugh, nor weep sins, but be wise,
Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
Is not our Mistress fair Religion,
As worthy of all our Souls' devotion,
As vertue was to the first blinded age?
Are not heaven's joyes as valiant to asswage
Lusts, as earth's honour was to them? Alas,
As we do them in means, shall they surpass
Us in the end? and shall thy father's spirit
Meet blind Philosophers in heaven, whose merit
Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught so easie wayes and near
To follow, damn'd? Oh, if thou dar'st, fear this:
This fear great courage, and high valour is.
Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ships wooden Sepulchres, a prey
To leader's rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North discoveries, and thrice
Colder than Salamanders? like divine

Children in th'Oven, fires of Spain, and the line
Whose Countries limbecks to our bodies be,
Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
Which cries not, Goddess, to thy Mistress, draw
Or eat thy poysonous words? courage of straw!
O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and
To thy foes and his, (who made thee to stand
Sentinell in his world's garrison) thus yeeld,
And for forbid warres leave th'appointed field?
Know thy foes: The foul devil (he, whom thou
Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain, his whole Realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and pass,
So the world's self, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this,
Dost love a withered and worn strumpet; last,
Flesh (it self's death) and joyes which flesh can taste,
Thou lovest; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
Seek true Religion, O where? *Mirreus*
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us;
Seeks her at *Rome*, there, because he doth know
That she was there a thousand years agoe,
And loves the raggs so, as we here obey
The State-cloth where the Prince sate yesterday.
Crants to such brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her only, who at *Geneva* is call'd
Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,

Contemtuos yet unhandsome. As among
Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
No wenches wholesome, but coarse country drudges.

Grajus stayes still at home here, and because
Some Preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new like fashions, bids him think that she
Which dwels with us, is only perfect, he
Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as Wards still
Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
Pay valews. Careless *Phrygius* doth abhorre
All, because all cannot be good; as one
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.

Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so
As women do in divers Countries go
In divers habits, yet are still one kind;
So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
Ness too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow;
And the right; ask thy Father which is she,
Let him ask his. Though truth and falshood be
Near twins, yet truth a little elder is.

Be busie to seek her; believe me this,
He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
To adore, or scorne an Image, or protest,
May all be bad. Doubt wisely, in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
To sleep, or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,

Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
Reach her about must, and about must goe;
And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so,
Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
Thy Soul rest, for none can work in that night.
To will implies delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds, the bodie's pains; hard knowledge to
The mind's indeavours reach; and mysteries
Are like the Sun, dazzling, yet plain to all eyes.
Keep the truth which thou hast found; men do not stand
In so ill case, that God hath with his hand
Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be tyed
To man's laws, by which she shall not be tryed
At the last day? Or will it then boot thee
To say a *Philip* or a *Gregory*,
A *Harry* or a *Martin* taught thee this?
Is not this excuse for meer contraries,
Equally strong; cannot both sides say so?
That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know;
Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd; to be,
Then humble to her is Idolatry.
As streams are, Power is; those blest flowers that dwell
At the rough stream's calm head, thrive and do well,
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas, are driven

Through Mills, Rocks, and Woods, and at last, almost
Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
So perish Souls, which more chuse men's unjust
Power, from God claim'd, than God himself to trust.

Satyre IV

Well; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poyson'd with love to see, or to be seen,
I had no suit there, nor new suit to shew,
Yet went to Court; But as Glare which did goe
To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
The hundred markes, which is the Statute's curse,
Before he scap't, So't pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin in going,) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As Vain, as witless, and as false as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I suffer'd this; Towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime, the Sun
E'r bred, or all which into *Noah's* Ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd *Adam* to name:
Stranger than seven Antiquaries' studies,
Than Africk's Monsters, Guianae's rarities,
Stranger than strangers: One who, for a Dane,

In the Danes' Massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the Prentises 'gainst Strangers rise.
One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,
Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are.
His cloaths were strange, though coarse; and black though bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain Rash a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th'Accents, and best phrase of all these.
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease.
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste,
But Pedants' motley tongue, souldiers' bumbast,
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to beare this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either;
Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chuseth me? He saith, Sir,

I love your judgment, whom do you prefer,
For the best Linguist? and I seelily
Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir. Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies I named; here
He stopt me, and said: Nay, your Apostles were
Good pretty Linguists, and so Panurge was;
Yet a poore gentleman; All these may passe
By travaile. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.
He adds, if of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave liveness. I said, not alone,
My liveness is, but Spartane's fashion.
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not taste
Now Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can Princes' Courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue.
He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeakt, O sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
And for his price doth with who ever comes,
Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your eares shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet

Kings only; The way to it is King's street.
He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, Mechanique, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram,
Not so Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaf'd him: But as Itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron grownd
Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his stile doth dress;
And askes, what newes? I tell him of new playes.
He takes my hand, and as a Still which stayes
A Sembrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As, loath to enrich me, so tells many a lye,
More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houshold trash, He knows; he knows
When the Queen frownd, or smil'd, and he knows what
A subtle States-man may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poyson
Hasts to an Office's reversion;
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A license, old iron, boots, shoos, and egge-
Shels to transport; Shortly, boyes shall not play
At span counter, or blow-point, but shall pay

Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale, and sickly, like a Patient, yet
He thrusts on more; And as he 'had undertooke
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all States and deeds that have been since
The Spanyards came to the loss of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
To hear this Makaron talk, in vain: for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
He names a price for every office paid;
He saith, our wars thrive ill, because delai'd;
That offices are intailed and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day; and that great officers
Do with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers.
Who wasts in meat, in cloaths, in horse he notes;
Who loves Whores, who boyes, and who goats.
I more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt my self then
Becomming Traytor, and methought I saw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
To suck me in; for hearing him, I found
That as burnt venome Leachers doe grow sound

By giving others their soars, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did show
All signes of loathing; But since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefathers' sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I beare this crosse; but th' houre
Of mercy now was come: He tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to scape his torturing,
And sayes, Sir, can you spare me? I said; willingly;
Nay, Sir, Can you spare me a Crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as Ransom; but as fiddlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you: so did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me:
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown: Scant
His thanks were ended when I (which did see
All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.
At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suiters at Court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dream't he saw hell, did advance
It self o're me: Such men as he saw there,
I saw at Court, and worse, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not the accuser: Then,
Shall I, none's slave, of high borne or rais'd men

Feare frownes? and, my Mistresse Truth, betray thee
To th' huffing braggart, puft Nobility?

No, no, Thou which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, Vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our Court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it, from Italy, to stand
With us, at London, flouts our Courtiers, for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.

'Tis ten a clock and past; all whom the Mues,
Baloun, Tennis, Diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the Presence, and I. (God pardon me.)
As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be
The fields they sold to buy them. For a King
Those hose are, cry his flatterers; And bring
Them next week to the Theatre to sell.

Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
At stage, as Court; All are players; who e'r looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'r Cheapside Books,
Shall find their wardrobe's Inventory. Now,
The Ladies come. As Pirats, which do know,
That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel,

The men board them; and praise (as they think) well,
Their beauties; they the men's wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'r wear scarlet gowns, I thought
This cause, These men, men's wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all reds which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine,
From hat, to shooe, himselfe at doore refine,
As if the Presence were a Moschite: and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by *Durer's* rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with such nicety
As a young Preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes
Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests,
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition;
And whispers by Jesu, so often, that a
Pursevant would have ravish'd him away
For saying of our Ladie's Psalter. But 'tis fit

That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelessness, good fashion;
Whose cloak his spurs tear; or whom he spits on
He cares not he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he rusheth in, as if arme, arme,
He meant to cry; And though his face be as ill
As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe;
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from gaols t' execution go,
Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins?) being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing Cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queen's man, and fine
Living, barrels of beef, and flagons of wine.
I shooke like a spied Spie. Preachers which are
Seas of Wits and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place, for, for me
Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
To wash the stains away: Although I yet
(With *Machabee's* modesty) the known merit
Of my worke lessen: yet some wise man shall,
I hope, esteeme my writs Canonically.

Satyre V

Thou shalt not laugh in this leafe, Muse, nor they
Whom any pittie warmes. He which did lay
Rules to make Courtiers, (hee being understood
May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?)
Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme
Are wretched or wicked, of these two a Theame
Charity and liberty give me. What is he
Who Officers' rage, and Suitors' misery
Can write in jest? If all things be in all,
As I think, since all, which were, are, and shall
Be, be made of the same elements:
Each thing, each thing implyes or represents.
Then man is a world; in which, Officers,
Are the vast ravishing seas; and suters,
Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which, to
That which drowns them, run: these self reasons do
Prove the world a man, in which, officers
Are the devouring stomach, and Suters
The excrements which they void. All men are dust,
How much worse are Suters, who to men's lust
Are made preys? O worse than dust or worms' meat,
For they do eat you now, whose selves worms shall eat.
They are the mills which grind you, yet you are

The wind which drives them; and a wastful war
Is fought against you, and you fight it; they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
Like wittals, th'issue your own ruin is.
Greatest and fairest Empress, know you this?
Alas, no more than Thames' calm head doth know
Whose meads her arms drown or whose corn o're-flow.
You sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I
By having leave to serve, am most richly
For service paid, authoriz'd, now begin
To know and weed out this enormous sin.
O Age of rusty Iron! (Some better wit
Call it some worse name, if ought equall it;)
The iron Age *that* was, when justice was sold (now
Injustice is sold dearer) did allow
All claim'd fees, and duties. Gamesters, anon
The money which you sweat, and swear for, is gone
Into other hands: So controverted lands
Scape, like Angelica, the striver's hands.
If Law be in the Judge's heart, and he
Have no heart to resist letter, or fee,
Where wilt thou appeal? power of the Courts below,
Flow from the first main head, and these can throw
Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
To fetters, halts. But if the injury
Steel thee to dare complain, Alas, thou go'st
Against the stream upwards, when thou art most
Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,

'Gainst whom thou should'st complain, will in thy way
Become great seas, o're which, when thou shalt be
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before.
All things follow their like, only who have, may have more.
Judges are Gods; he who made and said them so,
Meant not men should be forc'd to them to go,
By means of Angels. When supplications
Wee send to God, to Dominations,
Powers, Cherubins, and all heaven's Courts, if we
Should pay fees, as here, Daily bread would be
Scarce to Kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger
A Stoick, a Coward, yea a Martyr,
To see a Pursivant come in, and call
All his clothes, Copes; Bookes, Primers; and all
His Plate, Chalice; and mistake them away,
And lack a fee for comming? Oh; ne'r may
Fair law's white reverend name be strumpeted,
To warrant thefts: she is established
Recorder to Destiny, on earth, and she
Speaks Fate's words, and tells who must be
Rich, who poor, who in chairs, who in jayles:
She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nales,
With which she scatcheth Suiters. In bodies
Of men, so in law, nailes are extremities.
So Officers stretch to more than law can do,
As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
Why barest thou to yon Officer? Fool, hath he

Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee?
Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now hungerly
Beg'st right, but that dole coms not till these die.
Thou had'st much, and laws Urim and Thummim trie
Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper
Enough to cloath all the great Charrick's Pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese
Then Hammon, if he sold his Antiquities.
O wretch, that thy fortunes should moralize
Esop's fables, and make tales, prophesies.
Thou art the swimming dog whom shadows cozened,
Which div'st, neare drowning, for what vanished.

LETTERS TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES

Part VI

The Storme

To Mr. Christopher Brook, from the Island voyage with the Earl of Essex

Thou which art I, ('tis nothing to be so)
Thou which art still thy selfe, by this shalt know
Part of our passage; And, a hand, or eye
By *Hilliard* drawn, is worth a History,
By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,
My lines are such. 'Tis the preheminance,
Of friendship only t'impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe, what we be, and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a forrain grave
(For, Fate's, or Fortune's drifts none can southsay,
Honour and misery have one face, and way.)
From out her pregnant intrails sigh'd a wind
Which at th'ayre's middle marble room did find
Such strong resistance, that it self it threw
Downward again; and so when it did view
How, in the port, our fleet dear time did leese,
Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,
Mildly it kist our sailes, and fresh, and sweet,
As, to a stomach starv'd, whose insides meet,
Meat comes, it came; and swole our sails, when we

So joy'd, as *Sara* her swelling joy'd to see.
But 'twas but so kind, as our countrey men,
Which bring friends one daye's way, and leave them then;
Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre
Asunder meet against a third to warre,
The South and West winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,
Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sails assail;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curse those men,
Who when the storme rag'd most, did wake thee then:
Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfill
All Offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I saw, that I saw not.
I, and the Sun, which should teach me, 'had forgot
East, West, day, night; and I could only say,
If the world had lasted, now it had been day.
Thousands our noyses were, yet we 'mongst all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the Sun had drunk the sea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie, equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die:
And as sin-burd'ned souls from grave will creep,
At the last day, some forth their cabbins peep:
And trembling ask what news, and do hear so

As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some sitting on the hatches, would seem there,
With hideous gazing to fear away fear.
Then note they the ship's sicknesses, the Mast
Shak'd with an ague, and the Hold and Waist
With a salt dropsie clogg'd, and all our tacklings
Snapping, like too-too-high-stretch'd treble strings.
And from our totter'd sales rags drop down so
As from one hang'd in chains a year agoe.
Yea even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
Strives to break loose, and scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gain?
Seas into seas thrown, we suck in again:
Hearing hath deaf'd our Sailers, and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say.
Compar'd to these storms, death is but a qualme,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the *Bermuda's* calme.
Darkness, light's eldest brother, his birth-right
Claims o'r the world, and to heaven hath chas'd light.
All things are one: and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformitie
Doth cover; so that we, except God say
Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day.
So violent, yet long these furies be,
That though thine absence sterve me, I wish not thee.

The Calme

Our storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
A stupid calme, but nothing it doth swage.
The fable is inverted, and farr more
A block afflicts, now, than a storke before.
Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves, or us;
In calms, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steady as I could wish my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy Mistress' glasse, or what shines there;
The sea is now, and, as the Isles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.
As water did in storms; now pitch runs out:
As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.
And all our beauty, and our trim decays,
Like courts removing, or like ended playes.
The fighting place now seamen's ragges supply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of Lanthornes; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to-day and yesterday.
Earth's hollownesses, which the world's lungs are,
Have no more wind than the upper vault of ayre.
We can nor lost friends nor sought foes recover,
But meteor-like, save that we move not, hover.
Onely the Calenture together draws

Dear friends, which meet dead in great fishes' Maws,
And on the hatches, as on Altars lies
Each one, his own Priest, and own Sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiplie
Where walkers in hot Ovens do not die.
If in despite of these, we swim, that hath
No more refreshing, than a Brimstone bath;
But from the sea into the ship we turn,
Like parboy'd wretches, on the coals to burne.
Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the Shepheard's scoffe;
Or like slack sinew'd *Sampson*, his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now as a Miriade
Of Ants durst th'Emperor's lov'd Snake invade:
The crawling Gallies, Sea-gulls, finny chips,
Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-rid ships.
Whether a rotten state, and hope of gain,
Or, to disuse me from the queasie pain
Of being belov'd, and loving: or the thirst
Of honour, or fair death, out-pusht me first,
I lose my end: for here as well as I
A desperate may live, and coward die.
Stag, dog, and all which from, or towards flies,
Is paid with life, or prey, or doing dies.
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
A scourge, 'gainst which we all forget to pray.
He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
What are we then? How little more, alas,

Is man now, than, before he was, he was?
Nothing for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance, or our selves still disproportion it.
We have no power, no will, no sense; I lie,
I should not then thus feel this misery.

To Sir Henry Wootton (Sir, More Than Kisses...)

Sir, more than kisses, letters mingle Souls,
For, thus friends absent speak. This ease controuls
The tediousness of my life: but for these
I could ideate nothing, which could please,
But I should wither in one day, and passe
To'a bottle of Hay, that am a lock of Grasse.
Life is a voyage, and in our lives' wayes
Countrys, Courts, Towns are Rocks, or Remoraes;
They break or stop all ships, yet our state's such
That (though than pitch they stain worse) we must touch.
If in the furnace of the raging line,
Or under th'adverse icy pole thou pine,
Thou know'st two temperate Regions girded in,
Dwell there: but oh, what refuge canst thou win
Parch'd in the Court, and in the Country frozen?
Shall Cities built of both extremes be chosen?
Can dung or garlike be perfume? Or can
A Scorpion, or Torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worst of all three; of all three?
(O knotty riddle) each is worst equally.
Cities are Sepulchres; they who dwell there
Are carcasses, as if none such there were.
And Courts are Theatres, where some men play

Princes, some slaves, all to one end, of one clay.
The Country is a desert, where no good,
Gain'd, inhabits not, borne, is not understood.
There men become beasts, and prone to all evils;
In Cities blocks, and in a lewd Court, devils.
As, in the first Chaos, confusedly
Each Element's qualities were in th'other three:
So pride, lust, covetize, being severall
To these three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their issue is incestuous.
Falshood is denizond. Vertue is barbarous,
Let no man say there, Vertue's flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me, I'll do none, but know all.
Men are sponges, which to powre out, receive:
Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive.
For in best understandings sin began,
Angels sin'd first, then devils, and then man.
Onely perchance beasts sin not, wretched we
Are beasts in all but white integritie.
I think if men, which in these places live,
Durst look in themselves, and themselves retriue,
They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing then
Utopian youth, grown old Italian.

Be then thine own home, and in thy self dwell;
Inn any where; continuance maketh hell.
And seeing the snaile, which every where doth come,
Carrying his own house still, still is at home:
Follow, (for he is easie pac'd) this snail,

Be thine own Palace, or the world's thy gail.
And in the world's sea do not like cork sleep
Upon the water's face, nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line: but as
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
Nor making sound: so, closely thy course goe,
Let men dispute, whether thou breathe, or no:
Only in this be no Galenist. To make
Courts' hot ambitions wholesome, do not take
A dram of Countrie's dulnesse; do not add
Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad.
But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather do
Say o'r those lessons, which I learn'd of you:
Whom, free from *Germanie's* Schismes, and lightnesse
Of *France*, and fair *Italie's* faithlesness,
Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith which you carried forth,
I throughly love: But if my self I've won
To know my rules, I have, and you have **DONNE.**

To Sir Henry Goodyere

Who makes the last; a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads,
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A Palace, when 'tis that, which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
But he which dwells there is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body'her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better; her next change is night:
But her fair larger guest, to whom Sun and Moon
Are sparks, and short liv'd, claims another right,

The noble Soul by age grows lustier,
Her appetite, and her digestion mend;
We must not sterve, nor hope to pamper her
With women's milk, and pappe, unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet. You have seen
All Libraries, which are Schools, Camps, and Courts;
But ask your Garners if you have not been
In harvest, too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeem it? Then your self transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit, than ours, but yet more scant
Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit,
We can beginnings, but not habits choak.
Goe, whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
New faults till they prescribe to us are smoak.

Our soul, whose Country's Heaven, and God her father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travaile she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went;

It payes you well, if it teach you to spare
And make you asham'd, to make your hawks' praise yours,
Which when her self she lessens in the air,
You then first say, that high enough she toures.

However keep the lively taste you hold
Of God, love him as now, but feare him more,
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promis'd him, at morning prayer before.

Let falshood like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward. But why do I touch
Things, of which none is in your practice new,
And Fables or fruit-trenchers teach as much.

But thus I make you keep your promise Sir,

 Riding I had you, though you still staid there,
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
 Yon came with me to *Micham*, and are here.

To Mr. Rowland Woodward

Like one who in her third widowhood doth profess
Her self a Nun, tyed to retiredness,
So'affects my Muse, now, a chast fallowness.

Since she to few, yet to too many'hath shown,
How Love-song weeds, and Satyrique thorns are grown
Where seeds of better Arts, were early sown?

Though to use, and love Poëtry, to me,
Betroth'd to no'one Art, be no Adultery;
Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds be.

For though to us it seem but light and thin,
Yet in those faithful scales, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our souls have stain'd their first white, yet we
May cloath them with faith, and dear honesty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no Vertue but Religion.
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion.

Seek we then our selves in our selves; for as

Men force the Sun with much more force to pass,
By gathering his beams with a Chrystal glass;

So we (if we into our selves will turn,
Blowing our spark of vertue) may out-burn
The straw which doth about our hearts sojourn.

You know, Physitians, when they would infuse
Into any'oyl the souls of simples, use
Places, where they may lie still warm, to chuse.

So works retiredness in us; To rome
Giddily, and be every where, but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become.

We are but farmers of our selves, yet may,
If we can stock our selves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure for the great rent day.

Manure thy self then, to thy self be'improv'd,
And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee, and would be lov'd.

To Sir Henry Wootton (Here's No More Newes than Vertue...)

Here's no more newes than vertue. I may as well
Tell *Calis*, or Saint *Michael's* tales, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
And toyle to sweeten rest; so, may God frown,
If but to loath both, I haunt Court, or Town.

For, here, no one is from th'extremitie
Of vice, by any other reason free,
But that the next to him, still, is worse than he.

In this world's warfare, they whom rugged Fate,
(God's Commissary) doth so thoroughly hate,
As in the Court's Squadron to marshall their state:

If they stand arm'd with silly honesty,
With wishes, prayers, and neat integritie,
Like Indians 'gainst Spanish hosts they be.

Suspicious boldness to this place belongs,
And to have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe me Sir, in my youth's giddiest dayes,
When to be like the Court was a playe's praise,
Playes were not so like Courts, as Courts like Playes.

Then let us at these mimique antiques jeast,
Whose deepest projects, and egregious gests
Are but dull Morals of a game at Chests.

But now 'tis incongruitie to smile,
Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while
At Court, though from Court, were the better stile.

To the Countess of Bedford (Reason Is Our Soul's Left Hand...)

Madam,

Reason is our Soul's left hand, Faith her right,
By these we reach divinity, that's you;
Their loves who have the blessing of your light,
Grew from their reason, mine from fair faith grew.

But as, although a squint left-handedness
Be'ungratious, yet we cannot want that hand:
So would I, (not to encrease, but to express
My faith) as I believe, so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your Saints,
Those friends whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints,
And what you read, and what your self devise.

But soon, the reasons why you're lov'd by all,
Grow infinite, and so pass reason's reach,
Then back again to implicate faith I fall,
And rest on what the Catholique voice doth teach;

That you are good: and not one Heretique

Denies it; if he did, yet you are so.

For, rockes, which high to sense deepe-rooted stick,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In every thing there naturally grows
A *Balsamum* to keep it fresh and new,
If 'twere not injur'd by extrinsique blows;
Your birth and beauty are this Balme in you.

But, you of Learning and Religion,
And vertue, and such ingredients, have made
A Mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off, or cures, what can be done or said.

Yet, this is not your physick, but your food,
A diet fit for you; for you are here
The first good Angel, since the world's frame stood,
That ever did in woman's shape appear.

Since you are then God's Master-piece, and so
His Factor for our loves; do as you do,
Make your return home gracious; and bestow
This life on that; so make one life of two.

For so God help me, I would not miss you there
For all the good which you can do me here.

To the Countess of Bedford (You Have Refin'd Me...)

Madam,

You have refin'd me, and to worthiest things
Vertue, Art, Beautie, Fortune; now I see
Rarenesse, or use, not nature value brings;
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they bee.

Two ills can ne'r perplex us, sin t'excuse,
But of two good things we may leave and chuse.

Therefore at Court, which is not vertue's clime,
Where a transcendent height (as, lowness me)
Makes her not be, or not show: all my rime
Your vertues challenge, which there rarest be;

For, as dark texts need notes: there some must be
To usher vertue, and say, *This is she.*

So in the Country 's beauty. To this place
You are the season, (Madam) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of spices till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.

Widow'd and reclus'd else her sweets sh'enshrines
As *China*, when the Sun at *Brasil* dines.

Out from your Chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so;
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures by new reck'nings go.

This shews that you from nature loathly stray,
That suffer not an Artificial day.

In this you have made the Court the Antipodes,
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sun,
To do prophane Autumnal offices,
Whil'st here to you, we sacrificers run;

And whether Priests, or Organs, you we'obey,
We sound your influence, and your Dictates say.

Yet to that Deitie which dwels in you,
Your vertuous Soul, I now not sacrifice;
These are *Petitions*, and not *Hymns*; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice.

In all Religions as much care hath bin
Of Temples' frames, and beauty, as Rites within.

As all which goe to Rome do not thereby,
Esteem Religions, and hold fast the best,
But serve discourse, and curiosity,
With that which doth Religion but invest,
And shun th'entangling labyrinths of Schools,
And make it wit, to think the wiser fools:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold

You as You are Vertue's Temple, not as she,
What Walls of tender crystal her enfold,
What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars be,
And after this survey, oppose to all
Babblers of Chapels, you th'Escuriall.

Yet not as consecrate, but meerly'as fair;
On these I cast a lay and Countrey eye.
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I find you all record, and prophesie.
Purge but the book of Fate that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the Transcript, and Original,
The Elements, the Parent, and the Growth,
And every piece of you, is worth their All,
So'intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
Must do the same things still; you cannot two.

But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinitie
Serves heresie to furdere or repress)
Taste of Poëtique rage, or flatterie,
And need not, where all hearts one truth profess;
Oft from new proofs, and new phrase, new doubts grow,
As strange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then busie praise, and all appeale,
To higher Courts, sense's decree is true.

The Mine, the Magazine, the Common-weal,

The story of beauty, in Twicknam is, and you.

Who hath seen one, would both; As, who had bin

In Paradise, would seek the Cherubin.

To Sir Edward Herbert, Now Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Being at the Siege of Julyers

Man is a lump, where all beasts kneaded bee,
Wisdom makes him an Ark where all agree;
The fool, in whom these beasts do live at jarre,
Is sport to others, and a Theater,
Nor scapes he so, but is himself their prey;
All which was man in him, is eat away,
And now his beasts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed:
How happy's he, which hath due place assign'd
To his beasts; and disforested his minde?
Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in;
Can sow, and dares trust corn, where they have bin;
Can use his horse, Goat, Wolf, and every beast,
And is not Asse himself to all the rest.
Else, man not only is the herd of swine,
But he's those devils too, which did incline
Them to an headlong rage, and made them worse:
For man can add weight to heaven's heaviest curse,
As Souls (they say) by our first touch, take in
The poysonous tincture of Original sin,
So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
Our apprehension contributes the sting.

To us, as to his chickens he doth cast
Hemlock, and we as men, his hemlock taste.
We do infuse to what he meant for meat,
Corrosiveness, or intense cold or heat.
For, God no such specifick poyson hath
As kils, men know not how; his fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
At least for physick, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be his pleasure, is his rod,
And is his devil, that might be his God.
Since then our business is to rectifie
Nature, to what she was; we're led awrie
By them, who man to us in little show;
Greater than due, no form we can bestow
On him; for man into himself can draw
All; All his faith can swallow, or reason chaw,
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill
All the round world, to man is but a pill,
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poysonous, or Purgative, or cordiall.
For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some,
And is to others icy *Opium*.
As brave as true is that profession than
Which you do use to make; that you know man.
This makes it credible, you have dwelt upon
All worthy books; and now are such an one.
Actions are Authors, and of those in you
Your friends find every day a mart of new.

To the Countess of Bedford (T'have Written Then, When You Writ...)

T'have written then, when you writ, seem'd to me
Worst of spiritual vices, Simony:
And not t'have written then, seems little less
Than worst of civil vices, thankelsness.
In this, my debt I seem'd loth to confess,
In that, I seem'd to shun beholdingness.
But 'tis not so, *nothings*, as I am, may
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
By having leave to write so, than before.
Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are shown,
May not I yield (not gold but) coal or stone?
Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane:
Here *Peter*, *Jove's*; there *Paul* hath *Dina's* Fane.
So whether my hymns you admit or chuse,
In me you've hallowed a Pagan Muse,
And denizen'd a stranger, who mis-taught
By blamers of the times they mar'd, hath sought
Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe
Shine in the world's best part, or all it, you.
I have been told, that vertue in Courtiers' hearts,
Suffers an Ostracism, and departs.

Profit, ease, fitness, plenty, bid it go,
But whither, only knowing you, I know;
You, or you vertue, two vast uses serves,
It ransoms one sex, and one Court preserves;
There's nothing but your worth, which being true,
Is known to any other, not to you:
And you can never know it; To admit
No knowledge of your worth, is some of it.
But since to you, your praises discords be,
Stoop others' ills to meditate with me.
Oh to confess we know not what we should,
Is half excuse, we know not what we would.
Lightness depresseth us, emptiness fills,
We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills;
As new Phylosophy arrests the Sun,
And bids the passive earth about it run,
So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends;
Only the body's busie, and pretends.
As dead low earth eclipses and controuls
The quick high Moon: so doth the body, Souls.
In none but us are such mixt engines found,
As hands of double office: For, the ground
We till with them; and them to heaven we raise;
Who prayer-lesse labours, or, without this, prayes,
Doth but one half, that's none; He which said, *Plough*
And look not back, to look up doth allow.
Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys
The soyle's disease, and into cockle straves.

Let the minde's thoughts be but transplanted so,
Into the body, and bastardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
We, but no forrain tyrants, could remove
These not ingrav'd, but inborn dignities
Caskets of souls; Temples and Palaces.
For, bodies shall from death redeemed be,
Souls but preserv'd, born naturally free;
As men to'our prisons now, souls to us are sent,
Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
First seeds of every creature are in us,
What ere the world hath bad, or precious,
Man's body can produce, hence hath it been
That stones, worms, frogs and snakes in man are seen;
But who e'r saw, though nature can work so,
That pearl, or gold, or corn in man did grow?
We have added to the world Virginia, and sent
Two new stars lately to the firmament;
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
T'increase with ours those fair souls' company?
But I must end this letter, though it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Vertue hath some perversness; for she will
Neither believe her good, nor others' ill.
Even in you, vertue's best paradise,
Vertue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.
Too many vertues, or too much of one
Begets in you unjust suspition.

And ignorance of vice makes vertue less,
Quenching compassion of our wretchedness.
But these are riddles; some aspersion
Of vice becomes well some complexion.
States-men purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad.
For so, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
And make her do much good against her will;
But in your Common-wealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office, or good work to do.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordial vertue, your known nourishment.

To the Countess of Bedford On New-Years Day

This twilight of two years, not past nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who (Meteor-like, of stuff and form perplext,
Whose *what* and *where*, in disputation is,)
If I should call me *any thing*, should miss.

I summe the years, and me, and finde me not
Debtor to th'old, nor Creditor to th'new,
That cannot say, My thanks I have forgot,
Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true.
This bravery is since these times shew'd me you.

In recompence I would shew future times
What you were, and teach them to urge towards such.
Verse embalms vertue; and Tombs or Thrones of rimes,
Preserve frail transitory fame, as much
As spice doth bodies from corrupt air's touch.

Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,
New spirits; for, strong agents with the same
Force that doth warm and cherish us, do waste;
Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last.

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want
Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base,
And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
Will vanish soon, and so possess no place,
And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confess
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(One corn of one low Ant-hill's dust, and less,)
Should name, know or express a thing so high,
And (not an inch) measure infinite.

I cannot tell them, nor my self, nor you,
But leave, lest truth b'endanger'd by my praise,
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
And useth oft, when such a heart mis-sayes,
To make it good, for such a praiser prayes.

He will best teach you, how you should lay out
His stock of *beauty, learning, favour, blood;*
He will perplex security with doubt,
And cleare those doubts; hide from you, and shew you good,
And so increase your appetite and food.

He will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloysters, and in Court,
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got,
Some pity is not good there, some vain disport,
On this side, sin, with that place may comport.

Yet he as he bounds seas will fix your hours,
Which pleasure, and delight may not ingress,
And though what none else lost be truliest yours,
He will make you, what you did not, possess,
By using others', not vice, but weakness.

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt that others do not so:
He will provide you keys, and locks, to spy,
And scape spies, to good ends, and he will show
What you may not acknowledge, what not know.

For your own Conscience, he gives innocence,
But for your fame, a discreet wariness,
And (though to scape, than to revenge offence
Be better,) he shews both, and to repress
Joy, when your state swels, *sadness*, when 'tis less.

From need of teares he will defend your soul,
Or make a rebaptizing of one tear;
He cannot (that's he will not) dis-inroul
Your name; and when with active joy we hear
This private Gospel, then 'tis our New Year.

To the Countess of Huntingdon (Man to God's Image; Eve...)

Madam,

Man to God's Image; *Eve*, to man's was made,
Nor finde we that God breath'd a soul in her,
Canons will not Church functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory Comets sees,
Wonders because they are rare; But a new star
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for, there, no new things are.

In women so perchance mild innocence
A seldom comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense;
For, Art and Nature this in them withstood.

As such a star, the *Magi* led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below.
By vertue's beams (by fame deriv'd from you)
May apt souls, and the worst may vertue know.

If the world's age, and death be argued well

By the Sun's fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
Then we might fear that vertue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be near her end.

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you,
She was in all men thinly scatter'd then,
But now a mass contracted in a few.

She guilded us, but you are gold; and She
Informed us, but transubstantiates you:
Soft dispositions which ductile be,
Elixar-like, she makes not clean, but new:

Though you a wife's and mother's name retain,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not so,
But vertue, having made you vertue, is fain
T'adhere in these names, her and you to show,

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see,
As, water being into air rarifi'd,
Neither appear, till in one cloud they be,
So, for our sakes, you do low names abide;

Taught by great constellations, (which being fram'd
Of the most stars, take low names, *Crab*, and *Bull*,
When single planets by the gods are nam'd)
You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend
And in the vaile of kindred others see;
To some you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a vertuous Prince far off, to me.

To whom, because from you all vertues flow,
And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
I, which do so, as your true subject owe
Some tribute for that, so these lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries, they are,
For then your judgment is below my praise.
If they were so, oft, flatteries work as far,
As Counsels, and as far th'endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remain a poisoned fountain still;
And not your beauty, vertue, knowledge, blood
Are more above all flattery, than my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
But my own judgment, who did long ago
Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,
And vertue should your beauty, and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophesies are all fulfill'd,
Rather than God should not be honour'd too,
And all these gifts confess'd, which he instill'd,
Your self were bound to say that which I doe.

So I but your Recorder am in this,
Or mouth, and Speaker of the universe,
A ministerial Notary, for 'tis
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse.

I was your Prophet in your younger dayes,
And now your Chaplain, God in you to praise.

To M(r.) I(zaak) W(alton)

All haile sweet Poët, more ful of more strong fire,
Than hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit,
I lov'd what nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not, but admire;
Who have before or shall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
Like infancy or age to man's firm stay,
Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be
Which be envy'd than pitied: therefore I,
Because I wish thee best, do thee envy:
O wouldst thou by like reason, pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In Nature's, and in fortune's gifts, alas,
(But for thy grace got in the Muses' School)
A Monster and a begger, am a fool.

Oh how I grieve, that late born modesty
Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts,
That men may not themselves their own good parts
Extoll, without suspect of surquedry,
For, but thy self, no subject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound

Thy worth but thine: how good it were to see
A Poëm in thy praise, and writ by thee!

Now if this song be too'harsh for rime, yet, as
The Painters' bad god made a good devil,
'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evill.
If thou forget the rime as thou dost pass,
Then write, then I may follow, and so be
Thy debter, thy'eccho, thy foyle, thy zanee.
I shall be thought (if mine like thine I shape)
All the world's Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

To M. T. W. (Hast thee harsh verse...)

Hast thee harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure
Will give thee leave, to him; My pain and pleasure
I have given thee, and yet thou art too weak,
Feet and a reasoning soul, and tongue to speak
Tell him, all questions, which men have defended
Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended;
And 'tis decreed, our hell is but privation
Of him, at least in this earth's habitation:
And 'tis where I am, where in every street
Infections follow, overtake and meet.
Live I or die, by you my love is sent,
You are my pawns, or else my Testament.

To M. T. W. (Pregnant Again with Th'Old Twins...)

Pregnant again with th'old twins Hope and Fear,
Oft have I ask't for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were:

As in our streets slie beggers narrowly
Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye,
And evermore conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy Alms is given, thy letter's read,
The body risen again, the which was dead,
And thy poor starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my soul doth say grace,
And praise thee for't, and zealously embrace
Thy love, though I think thy love in this case
To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat;
They love that best of which they most do eat.

Incerto

At once from hence my lines and I depart,
I to my soft still walks, they to my Heart;
I to the Nurse, they to the child of Art.

Yet as a firm house, though the Carpenter
Perish, doth stand: as an Embassadour
Lies safe, how e'r his King be in danger.

So, though I languish, prest with Melancholy;
My verse, the strict Map of my misery,
Shall live to see that, for whose want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent,
That from unhappy me, things happy'are sent;
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
Accept these lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, bestow that love on me.

To M(r.) C(hristopher) B(rooke)

Thy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain;
And let the love I bear to both sustain
No blot nor maim by this division,
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursued with amorous pain;
But though besides thy self I leave behind
Heaven's liberal, and the thrice faire Sunne,
Going to where sterv'd winter aye doth won,
Yet, love's hot fires which martyr my sad mind,
Do send forth scalding sighs, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To M(r.) S(amuel) B(rooke)

O thou which to search out the secret parts
Of the India, or rather Paradise
Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
Disdain not in thy constant travelling
To do as other Voyagers, and make
Some turns into less Creeks, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring.
I sing not, Siren like, to tempt; for I
Am harsh; nor as those Schismatiques with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparks of Poëtry,
I, though I brought no fuel, had desire
With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire.

To M(r.) B(asil) B(rooke)

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
Yet satisfy'd? is not thy braine's rich hive
Fulfill'd with honey which thou dost derive
From the Arts' spirits and their Quintessence?
Then wean thy self at last, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest
Th'immense vast volumes of our common Law;
And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
Which is, that that which I should have begun
In my youth's morning, now late must be done;
And I, as Giddy Travellers, must doe,
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
Light and strength, darke and tir'd must then ride post.

If thou unto thy Muse be married,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
Be far from me that strange Adultery
To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood;
My nurse, (for I had one,) because I'm cold,
Divorc'd her self, the cause being in me,
That I can take no new in Bigamy,
Not my will only, but power doth withhold;

Hence comes it, that these Rimes which never had

Mother, want matter, and they only have

A little form, the which their Father gave;

They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad

To be counted Children of Poëtry

Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee.

To M(r.) R(owland) W(oodward)

If, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
Seem, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of me,
Never did Morpheus nor his brother wear
Shapes so like those Shapes, whom they would appear.
As this my letter is like me, for it
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind and wit;
It is my deed of gift of me to thee,
It is my Will, my self the Legacie.
So thy retyrings I love, yea envie,
Bred in thee by a wise melancholy,
That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
As kindly as any enamored Patient
His Picture to his absent Love hath sent.
All news I think sooner reach thee than me;
Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
The which both Gospel, and stern threatnings bring;
Guanae's harvest is nipt in the spring,
I fear; and with us (me thinks) Fate deales so
As with the Jew's guide God did; he did show
Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in:
Our slowness is our punishment and sin;
Perchance, these Spanish businesses being done;

Which as the earth between the Moon and Sun
Eclipse the light which Guiana would give,
Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve:
But if (as All th'All must) hopes smoak away,
Is not Almighty Vertue an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
Some thing to answer in some proportion
All the world's riches: and in good men, this
Vertue, our form's form, and our soul's soul is.

To M. I. L.

Of that short Roll of friends writ in my heart
Which with thy name begins, since their depart
Whether in the English Provinces they be,
Or drink of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,
There's none that sometime greets us not, and yet
Your Trent is Lethe, that past, us you forget.
You do not duties of Societies,
If from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you rise,
View your fat beasts, stretch'd Barnes, and labour'd fields,
Eat, play, ride, take all joyes which all day yields,
And then again to your imbracements go:
Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
Upon your Muse, else both we shall repent,
I that my love, she that her gifts on you are spent.

To M. I. P.

Blest are your North parts, for all this long time
My Sun is with you, cold and darke's our Clime,
Heaven's Sun, which staid so long from us this year,
Staid in your North (I think) for she was there,
And hither by kind Nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chafes and threatens pestilence;
Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
Think this no South, no Sommer, nor no day,
With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun:
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
As suddenly as Lard, fat thy lean beasts;
So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever wear
A green, and (when she list) a golden hair;
So may all thy sheep bring forth Twins; and so
In chase and race may thy horse all out-go;
So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold;
Thy Son ne'r Ward; thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old;
But maist thou wish great things, and them attain,
As thou tell'st her, and none but her my pain.

To the E(arl) of D(oncaster), with Sixe Holy Sonnets

See Sir, how as the Sun's hot masculine flame
 Begets strange creatures on Nile's durty slime,
 In me, your fatherly yet lusty Ryme
(For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the same;
But though the ingendring force from whence they came
 Be strong enough, and nature doth admit
 Seven to be born at once; I send as yet
But six; they say, the seventh hath still some maim;
 I choose your judgment which the same degree
 Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these drossie Rhymes to purifie,
 Or as Elixar to change them to gold;
You are that Alchymist which always had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

To Sir H(enry) W(otton), at His Going Ambassadour to Venice

After those reverend papers, whose soul is
Our good and great King's lov'd hand and fear'd name,
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ
From his Original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm, and dazelling Sun, though it
Must in another Sphere his vertue stream.

After those learned papers which your hand
Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too,
From which rich treasury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or doe.

After those loving papers which friends send
With glad grief to your Sea-ward steps, farewell,
Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
To heaven in troopes at a good man's passing bell:

Admit this honest paper, and allow
It such an audience as your self would ask,
What you must say at *Venice* this means now,

And hath for nature what you have for task.

To swear much love, not to be chang'd before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more
Than I have done your noble-wanting-wit.

But 'tis an easier load (though both oppress)
To want, than govern greatness; for we are
In that, our own and only business,
In this we must for others' vices care.

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
In their last Furnace, in Activity;
Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and wars o'r-past)
To touch and test in any best degree.

For me, (if there be such a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Spies that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as ne'r me here;
And to send you what I shall begge, his stairs
In length and ease are alike every where.

To M(rs.) M(agdalen) H(erbert)

Mad paper stay, and grudge not here to burn
With all those sons whom thy brain did create,
At least lie hid with me, till thou return
To rags again, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthiness
To come unto great place as others doe,
That's much, emboldens, puls, thrusts I confesse,
But 'tis not all, thou shouldst be wicked too.

And, that thou canst not learn, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt goe, Go, since thou goest to her
Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for she,
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye
Which equally claims *love* and *reverence*:
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die;
And having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand, which is
A miracle; and made such to work more,
Doth touch thee (sapless leaf) thou grow'st by this
Her creature; glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother which delights to hear
Her early childe mis-speak half uttered words,
Or, because majesty doth never fear
Ill or bold speech, she Audience affords.

And then, cold speechless wretch, thou diest again,
And wisely; what discourse is left for thee?
From speech of ill, and her thou must abstain,
And is there any good which is not shee?

Yet maist thou praise her servants, though not her,
And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend,
And since they are but her cloaths, thou shalt not erre,
If thou her shape, and beauty, and grace commend.

Who knows thy destiny? when thou hast done,
Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits do run,
A nest almost as full of good as she.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
Were sav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When she revolves his papers, mark what show
Of favour, she, alone, to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, she o're-skip the rest,
Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the name;
Mark if she do the same that they protest;
Mark if she mark whither her woman came.

Mark if sleight things be'objected, and o'reblown,

Mark if her oaths against him be not still

Reserv'd, and that she grieve she's not her own,

And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

I bid thee not doe this to be my spie;

Nor to make my self her familiar;

But so much I do love her choyce, that I

Would fain love him that shall be lov'd of her.

To the Countess of Bedford (Honour Is So Sublime Perfection...)

Honour is so sublime perfection,
And so refin'd; that when God was alone
And creatureless at first, himself had none;

But as of the elements, these which we tread,
Produce all things with which we are joy'd or fed,
And, those are barren both above our head:

So from low persons doth all honour flow;
Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us show,
And but *direct* our honour, not *bestow*.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
From gross, by stilling, this is better done
By despis'd dung, than by the fire of Sunne:

Care not then Madam, how low your praises lie;
In labourers' ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in *Te deum's* melody.

And, Ordinance rais'd on Towers, so many mile
Send not their voyce, nor last so long a while,
As fires from th'earth's low vaults in *Sicil* Isle.

Should I say I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue,
But one, 'tis best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose Body God made better clay,
Or took Soule's stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,
Coverings discovers your quick Soul; that we
May in your through-shine front our hearts' thoughts see.

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown.

Of such were Temples; so, and such you are;
Being and *seeming* is your equal care;
And *vertue's* whole *summe* is but *Know* and *dare*.

But as our Souls of growth and Souls of sense,
Have birthright of our reason's Soul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seek precedence:

Nature's first lesson, so, discretion,
Must not grudge zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not banish it self, nor Religion.

Discretion is a wise man's Soul, and so
Religion is a Christian's, and you know

How these are one, her yea, is not her no.

Nor may we hope to soder still and knit
These two, and dare to break them; nor must wit
Be colleague to Religion, but be it.

In those poor types of God (round circles) so
Religion's types the peeceless centers flow,
And are in all the lines which alwayes go.

If either ever wrought in you alone
Or principally, then Religion
Wrought your ends, and your ways discretion.

Go thither still, go the same way you went,
Who so would change, doe covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

To the Countess of Huntingdon (That Unripe Side of Earth...)

That unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like *Adam's* time
Before he ate; man's shape, that would yet be
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts' companie)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradise so great a distance were,
As yet the news could not arrived be
Of *Adam's* tasting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet bear the sin.

But, as from extreme heights who downward looks,
Sees men at children's shapes, Rivers at brooks,
And loseth younger formes; so, to your eye,
These (Madam) that without your distance lie,
Must either mist, or nothing seem to be,
Who are at home but wits mere *Atomis*.
But, I who can behold them move, and stay,
Have found my self to you, just their midway;
And now must pity them: for, as they do
Seem sick to me, just so must I to you,
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
A sighing Ode, nor cross-arm'd Elegie.

I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part
Else from his slippery soul with a faint groan,
And faithfully, (without you smil'd) were gone.
I cannot feel the tempest of a frown,
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down,
Though I can pity those sigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whispers it self away.
Yet since all love is fever, who to trees
Doth talke, doth yet in love's cold ague freeze.
'Tis love, but with such fatal weakness made,
That it destroys it self with its own shade.
Who first look't sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his pain,
Was he that first taught women to disdain.

As all things were one nothing, dull and weak,
Untill this raw disordered heap did break,
And several desires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the air did stay,
Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,
Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd:
So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
An unripe willingness which nothing did,
A thirst, an Appetite which had no ease,
That found a want, but knew not what would please.
What pretty innocence in those dayes mov'd?
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;
Both sigh'd and enterchang'd a speaking eye,
Both trembled and were sick, both knew not why.

That natural fearfulness that struck man dumb;
Might well (those times considered) man become.
As all discoverers whose first assay
Finds but the place, after, the nearest way;
So passion is to woman's love, about,
Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.
It is not love that sueth, or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
Man's better part consists of purer fire,
And finds it self allowed, ere it desire.
Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,
And journeys not till it finde summer-way.
A weather-beaten Lover but once known,
Is sport for every girl to practise on.
Who strives through woman's scorns, women to know,
Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo;
It must be sickness after one disdain,
Though he be call'd aloud, to look again.
Let others sin, and grieve; one cunning sleight
Shall freeze my Love to Crystal in a night.
I can love first, and (if I win) love still;
And cannot be remov'd, unless she will.
It is her fault, if I unsure remain,
She only can untie, I bind again.
The honesties of love with ease I do,
But am no porter for a tedious woe.

But (Madam) I now think on you; and here
Where we are at our heights, you but appear,

We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-ray,
But a foul shadow, not your break of day.
You are at first hand all that's fair and right;
And others' good reflects but back your light.
You are a perfectness, so curious hit,
That youngest flatteries do scandal it;
For, what is more doth what you are restrain.
And though beyond, is down the hill again,
We have no next way to you, we cross to it;
You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute,
Each good in you's a light; so many a shade
You make, and in them are your motions made.
These are your pictures to the life. From far
We see you move, and here your *Zani's* are:
So that no fountain good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dimm actions faintly show:
 Then finde I, if man's noblest part be love,
Your purest luster must that shadow move.
The soul with body is a heaven combin'd
With earth, and for man's ease, but nearer joyn'd.
Where thoughts the stars of soul we understand,
We guess not their large natures, but command.
And love in you, that bounty is of light,
That gives to all and yet hath infinite.
Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
But soul we finde too earthly to ascend,
'Till slow access hath made it wholly pure,

Able immortal clearness to endure.

Who dare aspire this journey with a stain,
Hath weight will force him headlong back again.

No more can impure man retain and move
In that pure region of a worthy love:

Than earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,
And leave his nature to converse with fire:

Such may have eye, and hand; may sigh, may speak;
But like swoln Bubbles when they are highest they break
Though far removed Northerne fleets scarce finde
The Sun's comfort: others think him too kinde.

There is an equal distance from her eye,
Men perish too far off, and burn too nigh.

But as ayre takes the Sun-beams equal bright
From the first Rayes, to his last opposite:

So able man, blest with a vertuous Love,
Remote or near, or howsoe'r they move;
Their vertue breaks all clouds that might annoy,
There is no Emptiness, but all is Joy.

He much profanes (whom valiant heats do move)

To stile his wandring rage of passion, *Love*,

Love that imparts in every thing delight,

Is fancied by the Soul, not appetite,

Why love among the vertues is not known,

Is, that love is them all contracted one.

To the Countess of Bedford Begun in France, but Never Perfected

Though I be *dead* and buried, yet I have
(Living in you) Court enough in my grave,
As oft as there I think my self to be,
So many resurrections waken me;
That thankfulness your favours have begot
In me, embalms me, that I do not rot;
This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,
Must both to growth and to confession bring
My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence, so
These verses bud, so these confessions grow;
First I confess I have to others lent
Your stock, and over prodigally spent
Your treasure, for since I had never known
Vertue or beauty, but as they are grown
In you, I should not think or say they shine,
(So as I have) in any other Mine;
Next I confess this my confession,
For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
Your praise to you, where half rights seem too much
And make your mind's sincere complexion blush.
Next I confess my 'mpenitence, for I
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby

Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'r read you,
May in less lessons find enough to do,
By studying copies, not Originals.

Desunt cætera

A Letter to the Lady Carey, and Mrs. Essex Riche, from Amyens

Madam,

Here where by All, All Saints invoked are,
'Twere two much schism to be singular,
And 'gainst a practice general to war.

Yet turning to Sancts, should my'humility
To other Saint than you directed be,
That were to make my schism heresie.

Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,
As not to tell it; If this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

Where because Faith is in too low degree,
I thought it some Apostleship in me
To speak things which by faith alone I see.

That is, of you who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown, or spent,
They're your materials, not your ornament.

Others whom we call vertuous, are not so
In their whole substance, but, their vertues grow

But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when, through tastless flat humidity
In dowe-bak'd men some harmless we see,
'Tis but his *flegm* that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee:

So is the Blood sometimes; Who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was then
No better than a *sanguine*-Vertuous man.

So cloysterall men, who, in pretence of fear
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and only there.

Spiritual *Cholerique* Critiques which in all
Religions finde faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, through this zeal, Vertue but in their Gall.

We're thus but parcel guilt; to Gold we're grown
When Vertue is our Soul's complexion;
Who knows his Vertue's name or place hath none.

Vertue's but aguish, when 'tis several,
By occasion wak'd, and circumstantial,
True vertue is *Soul*, Alwaies in all deeds All.

This Vertue thinking to give dignity
To your soul, found there no infirmity,
For, your soul was as good Vertue as she;

She therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty, Vertue too.

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts
As others, with prophane and sensual Darts,
But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by the honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light
As to partake your vertues, and their might:

What must I think that influence must do,
Where it finds sympathy and matter too,
Vertue, and beauty of the same stufte, as you?

Which is, your noble worthy sister; she
Of whom, if what in this my Extasie
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries
The Master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the room twice to our eyes:

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you; there is no way
From either, but by the other, not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testify
My true devotion, free from flattery;

He that beleeves himself, doth never lie.

To the Countess of Salisbury, August, 1614

Fair, great, and good, since seeing you we see
What heaven can doe, what any Earth can be:
Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sun
Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
That his disshevel'd beams, and scattered fires
Serve but for Ladies' Periwigs and Tyres
In Lovers' Sonnets: you come to repair
God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
Since now, when all is withered, shrunk and dry'd,
All vertues eb'd out to a dead low tyde,
All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
Where every man thinks by himself to stand,
Integrity, friendship and confidence,
(Ciments of greatness) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Court, City, Church, are all shops of small-wares,
All having blown to sparkes their noble fire,
And drawn their sound gold ingot, into wyre;
All trying by a love of littleness
To make abridgments and to draw to less,
Even that nothing, which at first we were,
Since in these times your greatness doth appear,
And that we learn by it, that man to get

Towards him that's infinite, must first be great.

Since in an age so ill, as none is fit

So much as to accuse, much less mend it,

(For who can judge, or witness of those times,

Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)

Where he that would be good, is thought by all

A monster, or at best phantastical:

Since now you durst be good, and that I do

Discern by daring to contemplate you,

That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,

Through your light, largeness, vertue understood:

If in this sacrifice of mine, be shown

Any small spark of these, call it your own:

And if things like these have been said by me

Of others; call not that Idolatrie.

For had God made man first and man had seen

The third daie's fruits and flowers, and various green,

He might have said the best that he could say

Of those fair creatures which were made that day:

And when next day he had admir'd the birth

Of Sun, Moon, Stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,

He might have said the best that he could say,

And not be chid for praising yesterday:

So though some things are not together true,

As, that another is worthiest, and, that you:

Yet, to say so, doth not condemn a man,

If when he spoke them, they were both true then.

How fair a proof of this in our soul grows,

We first have souls of growth, and sense; and those
When our last soul, our soul immortal came,
Were swallow'd into it, and have no name
Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast
The power and praise of both them on the last;
No more do I wrong any, if I adore
The same things now which I ador'd before,
The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
In a low constable, and in the King
I reverence; His power to work on me;
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good, but more, now I am come
From having found their *walks*, to finde their *home*.
And as I owe my first souls thanks, that they
For my last soul did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whose worth
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great lesson, thus to study you;
Which none, not reading others, first, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
In a dark Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie;
For as your fellow Angels, so you doe
Illustrate them who come to study you.
The first whom we in Histories do find
To have profest all Arts, was one born blind:
He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as we,
Not those, by which Angels are seen and see;
So, though I'am born without those eyes to live,

Which Fortune, who hath none her self, doth give,
Which are fit means to see bright courts and you,
Yet may I see you thus, as now I doe;
I shall by that all goodness have discern'd,
And though I burn my Library, be learn'd.

To the Countess of Bedford (You That Are She...)

You that are she, and you that's double she;
In her dead face, half of your self shall see;
She was the other part, for so they do
Which build them friendships, become one of the two;
So two, that but themselves no third can fit
Which were to be so, when they were not yet
Twins, though their birth *Cusco*, and *Musco* take,
As divers stars one Constellation make,
Pair'd like two eyes, have equal motion, so
Both but one means to see, one way to go;
Had you dy'd first, a carcass she had been;
And we your rich Tomb in her face had seen;
She like the soul is gone, and you here stay,
Not a live friend, but th'other half of clay;
And since you act that part, As men say, here
Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there;
And do all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole, so we all reverence you;
For such a friendship, who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before,
Not all as if some perished by this,
But so, as all in you contracted is;
As of this all, though many parts decay,

The pure which elemented them shall stay;
And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite,
Shall recollect and in one All unite:
So Madam, as her Soul to heaven is fled,
Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed;
Her vertues doe, as to their proper sphear,
Return to dwell with you of whom they were:
As perfect motions are all circular,
So they to you, their sea, whence less streams are.
She was all spices, you all metals; so
In you two we did both rich Indies know.
And as no fire nor rust can spend or waste
One dram of Gold, but what was first shall last;
Though it be forc'd in water, earth, salt, air,
Expans'd in infinite, none will impair;
So, to your self you may additions take,
But nothing can you less, or changed make.
Seek not in seeking new, to seem to doubt;
That you can match her, or not be without;
But let some faithful book in her room be,
Yet but of *Judith* no such book as shee.

Sapho to Philænis

Where is that holy fire, which *Verse* is said
To have? is that enchanting force decay'd?
Verse that draws *Nature's* works, from Nature's law,
Thee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
Have my tears quench'd my old *Poëtique* fire;
Why quench'd they not as well, that of *desire*?
Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their liberty;
Onely thine image, in my heart, doth sit,
But that is wax, and fires environ it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence;
And I am rob'd of *Picture, Heart, and Sense*.
Dwells with me still, mine irksome *Memory*:
Which, both to keepe, and lose, grieves equally.
That tells me how fair thou art: Thou art so fair,
As *gods*, when *gods* to thee I do compare,
Are grac'd thereby; And to make blinde men see,
What things *gods* are, I say they're like to thee,
For, if we justly call each silly *man*
A *little world*, what shall we call thee then?
Thou art not soft, and clear, and straight, and fair,
As, *Downe*, as *Stars, Cedars, and Lillies* are,
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye onely

Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my *Phao* a while, but shall be never,
As thou, wast, art, and, oh, maist thou be ever.
Here lovers swear in their *Idolatry*,
That I am such; but *Grief* discolours me.
And yet I grieve the less, lest grief remove
My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love.
Playes some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
A mutual feeling which should sweeten it.
His chin, a thorny hairy unevenness
Doth threaten, and some daily change possess.
Thy body is a natural *Paradise*,
In whose self, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
Nor needs *perfection*; why shouldst thou then
Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
Men leave behind them that which their sin shows,
And are, as theeves trac'd, which rob when it snows,
But of our dallyance no more signs there are,
Than *fishes* leave in streames, or *Birds* in air.
And between us all sweetness may be had;
All, all that *Nature* yeelds, or *Art* can adde.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
But so, as thine from one another do:
And, oh, no more; the likeness being such,
Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies;
Why should they brest to brest, or thighs to thighs?
Likeness begets such strange self-flatterie,

That touching my self all seems done to thee.
My self I embrace, and mine own hands I kiss,
And amorously thank my self for this.
Me, in my glass, I call thee; But alas,
When I would kiss, tears dim mine *eyes*, and *glass*.
O cure this loving madness, and restore
Me to me; thee my *half*, my *all*, my *more*.
So may thy cheeks' red outwear scarlet die,
And their white, whiteness of the *Galaxy*,
So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
Envy in all *women*, and in all *men*, *love*,
And so be change and sickness far from thee,
As thou by coming near, keep'st them from me.

ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD

Part VII

An Anatomy of the World

The First Anniversary

When that rich Soul which to her heaven is gone,
Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one,
(For who is sure he hath a Soul, unless
It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
And by deeds praise it? he who doth not this,
May lodge an inmate soul, but 'tis not his)
When that Queen ended here her progress time,
And, as t'her standing house to heaven did clime;
Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the Quire and Song:
This World, in that great earthquake languished;
For in a common bath of tears it bled,
Which drew the strongest vital spirits out:
But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gain in this,
(Because since now no other way there is,
But goodness, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as she)
This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
And, as men think, that Agues physick are,

And th'ague being spent, give over care:
So thou sick world, mistak'st thy self to be
Well, when alas, thou art in a Lethargie:
Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then
Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sun, or man.
That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
But this is worse that thou art speechless grown.
Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; thou wast
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'rpast.
For as a child kept from the fount, until
A Prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadst laid,
Had not her coming, thee her palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and frame,
And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name.
Some moneths she hath been dead (but being dead,
Measures of time are all determined)
But long she hath been away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
But as in States doubtful of future heirs,
When sickness without remedie impairs
The present Prince, they'r loath it should be said,
The Prince doth languish or the Prince is dead:
So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
A stronge example gone, equal to law,

The Cyment which did faithfully compact,
And glue all vertues, now resolv'd and slack'd,
Thought it some blasphemy to say she'was dead,
Or that our weakness was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more,
Than tongues, the Soul being gone, the loss deplore.

But though it be too late to succour thee,
Sick World, yea dead, yea putrified, since she
Thy 'intrinsique balm, and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
I (since no man can make thee live) will trie,
What we may gain by thy Anatomy.

Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.

Let no man say, the world it self being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered

The world's infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissection;

For there's a kind of World remaining still,
Though she which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
Her Ghost doth walk, that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weak love of vertue, and of good
Reflects from her, on them which understood
Her worth, and though she have shut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth stay;
Which, from the carcass of the old world, free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be

Produc'd: the matter and the stuffe of this,
Her vertue, and the form our practise is:
And though to be thus elemented, am
These creatures, from homeborn intrinsique harm,
(For all assum'd unto this dignitie,
So many weedless Paradises be,
Which of themselves produce no venomous sin,
Except some forain Serpent bring it in)
Yet because outward storms the strongest break,
And strength it self by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old:
For with due temper men do then forgoe,
Or covet things, when they their true worth know,
There is no health; Physitians say that we,
At best, enjoy but a neutrality.
And can there be worse sickness, than to know,
That we are never well, nor can be so?
We are born ruinous: poor mothers cry,
That Children come not right nor orderly,
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How wity's ruin, how importunate
Upon mankind? it labour'd to frustrate
Even God's purpose; and made woman, sent
For man's relief, cause of his languishment;
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessory, and principal in ill;

For that first marriage was our funeral:
One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
And singly, one by one they kill us now.
We do delightfully our selves allow
To that consumption; and profusely blinde
We kill our selves to propagat our kinde,
And yet we do not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankind, which was then,
When as the Sun and man did seem to strive,
(Joynt-tenants of the world) who should survive;
When, Stag, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'd in minority;
When, if a slow pac'd star had stoln away
From the observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see't again,
And then make up his observation plain;
When as the age was long, the sise was great;
Man's growth confess'd, and recompenc'd the meat;
So spacious and large, that every Soul
Did a fair Kingdom, and large Realm controul:
And when the very Stature thus erect,
Did that Soul a good way towards heaven direct,
Where is this mankind now; who lives to age,
Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page?
Alas, we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true made clock run right or lie.
Old Gransires talk of yesterday with sorrow:

And for our children we reserve to-morrow.
So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torn house, or field, to have three lives,
And as in lasting, so in length is man,
Contracted to an inch, who was a span;
For had a man at first in forrests straid,
Or ship-wrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an Elephant or Whale,
That met him, would not hastily assail,
A thing so equal to him: now alas,
The Fairies, and the Pygmies well may pass
As credible; mankind decays so soon,
We're scarce our Fathers' shadows cast at noon:
Only death adds t'our length: nor are we grown
In stature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our less volume hold
All the old Text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their silver, or dispos'd into less glass
Spirits of vertue, which then scatter'd was:
But 'tis not so: w'are not retir'd, but damp;
And as our bodies, so our minds are crampt:
'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
In mind and body both bedwarfed us.
We seem ambitious God's whole work t'undoe;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive too,
To bring our selves to nothing back; and we
Doe what we can, to do't so soon as he:
With new diseases on our selves we war,

And with new Physick, a worse Engine far.
This man, this world's Vice-Emperour, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home;
And if in other creatures they appear,
They're but man's Ministers, and Legats there,
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to Civility, and to man's use:
This man, whom God did woo, and loth t' attend
Till man, came up, did down to man descend:
This man so great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle, and poor thing he is!
If man were any thing, he's nothing now:
Help, or at least some time to waste, allow
To 'his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom we lament, he lost his heart.
She of whom th' Ancients seem'd to prophesie.
When they call'd vertues by the name of She;
She, in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
That for allay unto so pure a minde
She took the weaker Sex: she that could drive
The poysonous tincture, and the stain of Eve,
Out of her thoughts and deeds; and purifie
All by a true religious Alchimy;
She, she is dead; she's dead; when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on

The supernatural food, Religion,
Thy better growth grows withered, and scant;
Be more than man, or thou'art less than an Ant.
Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
Quite out of joynt, almost created lame:
For, before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best:
It seis'd the Angels, and then first of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joynt of th' universal frame,
The noblest part, man, felt it first: and then
Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man:
So did the world from the first hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day,
And now the Springs and Summers which we see
Like sons of women after fifty be.
And new Philosophy calls all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out:
The Sun is lost, and th'Earth, and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confess that this world's spent,
When in the Planets, and the firmament
They seek so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out again to his Atomies.
'Tis all in peeces, all coherence gone,
All just supply, and all Relation:

Prince, Subject, Father, Son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a Phoenix, and that then can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She that should all parts to reunion bow,
She that had all magnetique force alone,
To draw and fasten sundred parts in one;
She whom wise nature had invented then
When she observ'd that every sort of men
Did in their voyage, in this world's Sea stray,
And needed a new Compass for their way;
She that was best, and first original
Of all fair copies, and the general
Steward to fate; she whose rich eyes and brest
Guilt the West-Indies, and perfum'd the East,
Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow
Spice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so;
And that rich Indie, which doth gold inter,
Is but as single mony coyn'd from her:
She to whom this world must it self refer,
As suburbs, or the Microcosm of her,
She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this
Thou know'st how lame a creepie this world is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That this world's general sickness doth not lye
In any humour, or one certain part;
But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,

Thou seest a Hectique feaver hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be contrould,
And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit
The world's infection, to be none of it.
For the world's subtilst immaterial parts
Feel this consuming wound, and age's darts.
For the world's beauty is decay'd, or gone,
Beauty, that's colour and proportion,
We think the heavens enjoy their Spherical,
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to find out so many Eccentrique parts,
Such divers down-right lines; such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure form: It tears
The Firmament in eight and forty shiers,
And in these Constellations then arise
New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes:
As though heav'n suffered earth-quakes, peace or war
When new towers rise, and old demolish'd are.
They have impal'd within a Zodiake
The free-born Sun, and keep twelve signes awake
To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab controul
And fright him back, who else to either Pole
(Did not these tropiques fetter him) might run:
For his course is not round, nor can the Sun
Perfect a Circle, or maintain his way
One inch direct, but where he rose to-day

He comes no more but with a cozening line,
Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:
And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
He means to sleep, being now faln nearer us.
So, of the Stars which boast that they do run
In Circle still, none ends where he begun.
All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells:
For of Meridians, and Parallels,
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the Heavens, and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
They' are diversly content t'obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
Doth not a *Tenarus* or higher hill
Rise so high like a Rock, that one might think
The floating Moon would shipwrack there and sink?
Seas are so deep, that Whales being struck to-day,
Perchance to-morrow scarce at middle way
Of their wish'd journey's end, the bottom, die:
And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
As one might justly think, that there would rise
At end thereof, one of th' Antipodies:
If under all, a vault infernal be,
(Which sure is spacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there must

Millions into a straight hot room be thrust)
Then solidness and roundness have no place.
Are these but warts, and pockholes in the face
Of th' earth? Think so, but yet confess, in this
The world's proportion disfigur'd is;
That those two leggs whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment, are bent awry:
And, oh, it can no more be questioned,
That beauty's best, proportion is dead,
Since even grief it self, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She by whose lines proportion should be
Examin'd, measure of all Symmetry,
Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought souls made
Of Harmony, he would at next have said
That Harmony was she, and thence infer
That Souls were but Resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow:
She, who if those great Doctors truly said
That th' Ark to man's proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both Elements and Passions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civil warr to cease.
She after whom, what form soe'r we see,
Is discord and rude incongruity;
She, she is dead, she's dead! when thou know'st this,

Thou knowest how ugly a monster this world is:
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That here is nothing to enamour thee:
And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poysoning the fountains, whence our actions spring,
Endanger us: but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To satisfie wise, and good lookers on,
Since most men be such as most think they be,
They are lothsome too, by this deformity.
For good, and well, must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beauty's other second Element,
Colour, and lustre now, is as near spent.
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still yet the stone is gone,
As a compassionate Turcoyse, which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well:
As gold falls sick being stung with Mercury,
All the world's parts of such complexion be.
When nature was most busie, the first week,
Swadling the new-born earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport herself sometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day:
And then, as though she could not make enow,
Himself his various Rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one,

Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: summer's robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft-dy'd Garment shows.
Our blushing red, which us'd in cheeks to spread,
Is inward sunk, and only our souls are red.
Perchance the World might have recovered,
If she whom we lament had not been dead:
But she, in whom all white, and red, and blew
(Beauty's ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradise, from whom
Did all things' verdure, and their lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For Air, and Fire but thick gross bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowsie and pale to her)
She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how wan a Ghost this our world is:
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
That it should more afright than pleasure thee:
And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude men's sense.
Nor in ought more this world's decay appears,
Than that her influence the heaven forbears,
Or that the Elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is.

The clouds conceive not rain, or do not powr,
In the due birth time, down the balmy showr;
Th' ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
And false-conceptions fill the general wombs;
Th' ayr shows such Meteors, as none can see,
Not only what they mean, but what they be.
Earth such new worms, as would have troubled much
Th' Egyptian *Mages* to have made more such.
What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in a Herb, or Charm, or Tree,
And doe by touch, all which those stars could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too,
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully, and pow'rfully on us:
Since herbs, and roots by dying lose not all,
But they, yea ashes too, are medicinal,
Death could not quench her vertue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
And all the world would be one dying swan,
To sing her funeral praise, and vanish then.

But as some Serpents' poyson hurteth not,
Except it be from the live Serpent shot,
So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
That unto us; she working more than it.
But she, in whom to such maturity
Vertue was grown, past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all impression came,
But by receivers' impotencies, lame,
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
So that some Princes have some temperance;
Some Councillors, some purpose to advance
The common profit; and some people have
Some stay, no more than Kings should give to crave;
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some Nunneries some graines of chastity.
She that did thus much, and much more could do,
But that our Age was Iron, and rusty too,
She, she is dead, she's dead; when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how dry a Cinder this world is.
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
That 'tis in vain to dew, or mollifie
It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
But those rich joyes which did possess her heart,
Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
The body will not last out, to have read

On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
So the world's carcass would not last, If I
Were punctual in this Anatomy;
Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, who fain would think they're well,
Here therefore be the end: and blessed maid,
Of whom is meant what ever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines coorse lines, and makes prose song,
Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,
Who till his dark short taper's end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,
That is, thy death; for though the soul of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis born but then
When man doth die, our body's as the womb,
And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
And you her creatures, whom she works upon,
And have your last, and best concoction
From her example and her vertue, if you
In reverence to her do think it due,
That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse:
Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
A last, and lasting'st peece, a song. He spake
To *Moses* to deliver unto all

That song, because he knew they would let fall
The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
But keep the song still in their memory:
Such an opinion; in due measure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade:
Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
Me from thus trying to imprison her?
Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
I saw not why verse might not do so too.
Verse hath a middle nature, Heaven keeps Souls,
The Grave keeps bodies, Verse the Fame enrouls.

A Funeral Elegie

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

The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;
The officers for hands, Merchants for feet,
By which, remote and distant Countrys meet:
But those fine spirits, which do tune, and set
This Organ, are those peeces, which beget
Wonder and love; and these were shee; and she
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be;
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can find nothing after her, to kill,
Except the world it self, so great was she.
Thus brave and confident may Nature be,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because she cannot such another show.
But must we say she's dead; may't not be said
That as a sundred clock is peecemeal laid,
Not to be lost, but by the Maker's hand
Repolish'd, without errour then to stand;
Or, as the Affrique Niger stream enwombs
It self into the earth, and after comes
(Having first made a Natural bridge, to pass
For many leagues) far greater than it was,
May't not be said, that her grave shall restore
Her, greater, purer, firmer than before?
Heaven may say this, and joy in't but can we
Who live, and lack her here, this vantage see?
What is't to us, alas, if there have been
An angel made a Throne, or Cherubin?
We lose by't: and as aged men are glad

Being tastless grown, to joy in joyes they had,
So now the sick starv'd world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
Rejoyce then Nature, and this world, that you,
Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue
Your force and vigor, ere it were near gone,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;
One, whose clear body was so pure and thin,
Because it need disguise no thought within,
'Twas but a through light scarf her mind t' enroul;
Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soul.
One, whom all men, who durst no more, admir'd:
And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;
As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
To which of them it shall be consecrate.
But, as when heaven looks on us with new eyes,
Those new stars every Artist exercise,
What place they should assign to them they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till those stars go out:
So the world studied whose this peece should be,
Till she can be nobody's else, nor she:
But like a lamp of Balsamum, desir'd
Rather t'adorn, than last, she soon expir'd,
Cloath'd in her virgin white integrity,
For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth die,
To scape the infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away before sh' was one;
And the world's busie noyse to overcome,

Took so much death as serv'd for *Opium*;
For though she could not, nor could chuse to die,
Sh'ath yeelded to too long an extasie:
He which not knowing her sad History,
Should come to read the book of destiny,
How fair, and chaste, humble and high she'ad been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen,
And measuring future things, by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either destiny mistook,
Or that some leaves were torn out of the book,
But 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her
To years of reason's use, and then infer
Her destiny to her self, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die,
Her modesty not suffering her to be
Fellow-Commissioner with Destiny,
She did no more but die; if after her
Any shall live, which dare true good prefer;
Every such person is her delegate,
T'accomplish that which should have been her Fate.
They shall make up that Book, and shall have thanks
Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blanks.
For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rise;
And 'tis in heav'n part of spiritual mirth,
To see how well the good play her, on earth.

Of the Progress of the Soul

The Second Anniversary

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

For there is motion in corruption.
As some dayes are, at the Creation nam'd,
Before the Sun, the which fram'd dayes, was fram'd:
So after this Sun's set, some shew appears,
And orderly vicissitude of years.
Yet a new deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the main reserve of all;
Yet in this deluge, gross and general,
Thou seeest me strive for life; my life shall be,
To be hereafter prais'd for praising thee,
Immortal Maid, who though thou wouldst refuse
The name of mother, be unto my Muse
A Father, since her chast ambition is
Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
These Hymnes may work on future wits, and so
May great Grand-children of thy praises grow.
And so, though not revive, embalm and spice
The world, which else would putrifie with vice.
For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
Until man do but vanish, and not die.
These Hymnes thy issue may increase so long,
As till God's great *Venite* change the song.
Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soul,
And serve thy thirst with God's safe sealing Bowl.
Be thirsty still, and drink still till thou go
To th' only Health, to be Hydroptique so,

Forget this rotten world; And unto thee
Let thine own times as an old story be,
Be not concern'd: study not why or when;
Do not so much as not believe a man.
For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth
Is far more business than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcass; thou art fed
By it, but as a worm that carcass bred;
And why should'st thou poor worm, consider more
When this world will grow better than before.
Than those thy fellow worms do think upon
That carkasse's last resurrection;
Forget this world, and scarce think of it so,
As of old clothes, cast off a year ago.
To be thus stupid is Alacrity;
Men thus Lethargique have best memory.
Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulate.
She, to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all sate harkning how her youthful age
Should be employ'd, because in all she did,
Some figure of the golden times was hid.
Who could not lack, what e'r this world could give,
Because she was the form that made it live;
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be staid in, then when she was in it.
She that first try'd indifferent desires
By vertue, and vertue by religious fires.

She to whose person Paradise adhear'd,
As Courts to Princes; she whose eyes ensphear'd
Star-light enough, t'have made the South controul
(Had she been there) the Star-ful Northern Pole,
She, she is gone; she's gone: when thou know'st this,
What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
Thou knowst, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
Which brings a Tapour to the outward room,
Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight:
For such approaches doth heaven make in death.
Think thy self labouring now with broken breath,
And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division, and thy happiest Harmony.
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack;
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy soul from thence.
Think thy self parch'd with feaver's violence,
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy Physick; chide the slackness of the fit.
Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,
But that, as Bells call'd thee to Church before,
So, this to the Triumphant Church calls thee.
Think Satan's Sergeants round about thee be,
And think that but for Legacies they thrust;
Give one thy Pride, to 'nother give thy Lust:

Give them those sins which they gave thee before,
And trust th'innoculate blood to wash thy score.
Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
Weep but because they goe not yet thy way.
Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this,
That they confess much in the world, amiss,
Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that,
Which they from God and Angels cover not.
Think that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
They re-invest thee in white innocence
Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,
Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can goe.)
Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create
Worms, which insensibly devour their state:
Think that they bury thee, and think that right
Layes thee to sleep but a Saint Lucie's night.
Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
Drowsie or slack, remember then that she,
She whose complexion was so even made,
That which of her ingredients should invade
The other three, no Fear, no Art could guess:
So far were all remov'd from more or less.
But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes,
Where all good things b'ing met, no one presumes
To govern, or to triumph on the rest,
Onely because all were, no part was best.
And as though all do know, that quantities

Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,
And say, this is a line, or this a point:
So though the Elements and humours were
In her, one could not say, this governs there,
Whose even constitution might have won
Any disease to venture on the Sun,
Rather than her; and make a spirit fear,
That he too disuniting subject were.
To whose proportions if we would compare
Cubes, th' are unstable; Circles, Angular;
She who was such a chain as Fate employes
To bring Mankind all Fortunes it enjoys:
So fast, so even wrought, as one would think,
No accident could threaten any link;
She, she embrac'd a sickness, gave it meat,
The purest blood, and breath, that e'r it eat;
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith,
And though he may pretend a conquest, since
Heaven was content to suffer violence,
Yea though he plead a long possession too,
(For they're in heaven on earth whose heaven's works do)
Though he had right and power and place, before,
Yet death must usher and unlock the doore;
Think further on thy self, my Soul, and think
How thou at first wast made but in a sink;
Think that it argued some infirmity,

That those two souls, which then thou foundst in me
Thou fedst upon, and drew'st into thee both
My second soul of sense, and first of growth.
Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious;
Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus.
This curded milk, this poor unlittered whelp
My body, could beyond escape or help,
Infect thee with Original sin, and thou
Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
Think that no stubborn sullen Anchorit,
Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels
So foully as our souls in their first-built Cells,
Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie,
After enabled but to suck, and cry,
Think when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor Inne,
A Province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
And that usurp'd, or threatned with a rage
Of sicknesses, or their true Mother, Age.
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou hast thy 'xpansion now, and liberty;
Think that a rusty Peece discharg'd, is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy Soul allow,
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatcht but now,
And think this slow-pac'd soul which late did cleave
T' a body, and went but by the body's leave,
Twenty perchance or thirty mile a day,

Dispatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heaven and earth; she stays not in the air,
To look what Meteors there themselves prepare;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether th' aire's middle region be intense;
For th' Element of fire, she doth not know,
Whether she pass'd by such a place or no;
She baits not at the Moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world men live, and die.
Venus retards her not t' enquire how she
Can (being one star) *Hesper* and *Vesper* be;
He that charm'd *Argus*' eyes, sweet *Mercury*,
Works not on her, who now is grown all eye;
Who if she meet the body of the Sun,
Goes through, not staying till his course be run;
Who finds in *Mars* his Camp no Corps of Guard,
Nor is by *Jove*, nor by his father barr'd;
But ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at, and through the firmament.
And as these stars were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
Her through those sphears, as through those beads a string
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing:
As doth the pith, which lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck and back;
So by the soul doth death string Heaven and Earth;
For when our soul enjoys this her third birth,

(Creation gave her one, a second, grace,) Heaven is near, and present to her face,
As colours are, and objects in a room
Where darkness was before, when Tapers come.
This must, my Soul, thy long-short Progress be
T' advance these thoughts; Remember then that she,
She, whose fair body no such prison was,
But that a Soul might well be pleas'd to pass
An Age in her; she whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her;
She, in whose body (if we dare prefer
This low world, to so high a mark as she,)
The Western treasure, Eastern spicery,
Europe, and Africk, and the unknown rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best;
And when w' have made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part than will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
She, whom had they known, who did first betroth
The Tutelar Angels, and assigned one, both
To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
To functions, officies, and dignities,
And to each several man, to him, and him,
They would have given her one for every limbe;
She, of whose soul, if we may say, 'twas gold,
Her body was th' Electrum, and did hold

Many degrees of that; we understood
Her by her sight; her pure, and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought;
She, she thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone:
And chides us slow-pac'd snails who crawl upon
Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well;
Longer than whil'st we bear our brittle shell.
But 'twere but little to have chang'd our room,
If, as we were in this our living Tomb
Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so,
Poor soul, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
Thou know'st thy self so little, as thou know'st not,
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou tookst the poyson of man's sin,
Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st that thou art so)
By what way thou art made immortal, know.
Thou art too narrow, wretch to comprehend
Even thy self, yea though thou would'st but bend
To know thy body. Have not all souls thought
For many ages, that our bodie's wrought
Of air, and fire, and other Elements;
And now they think of new ingredients.
And one Soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and tis an even lay.
Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
The bladder's cave, and never break the skin?

Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th' other go?
And for the putrid stuff which thou dost spit,
Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no passages, so that there is
(For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
And of those many opinions which men raise
Of Nails and Hairs, dost thou know which to praise?
What hope have we to know our selves, when we
Know not the least things, which for our use be?
We see in Authors, too stiff to recant,
A hundred controversies of an Ant;
And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
To know but Catechisms and Alphabets
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
How others on our stage their parts did Act?
What *Cæsar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said,
Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto,
In this low form, poor soul, what wilt thou do?
When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
Of being taught by sense and Fantasie?
Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem great
Below; But up unto the Watch-towre get,
And see all things despoil'd of fallacies:
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor hear through Labyrinths of ears, nor learn

By circuit, or collections to discern,
In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,
And what concerns it not, shalt straight forget.
There thou (but in no other school) maist be
Perchance, as learned, and as full, as she,
She who all Libraries had throughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practised
So much good as would make as many more:
She whose example they must all implore,
Who would or do, or think well, and confess
That all the vertuous Actions they express,
Are but a new, and worse edition
Of her some one thought or one action:
She, who in th' art of knowing Heaven, was grown
Here upon earth to such perfection,
That she hath, ever since to heaven she came,
(In a far fairer print,) but read the same;
Shee, she nor satisfied with all this waight,
(For so much knowledge as would over-fraight
Another, did but ballast her) is gone
As well t' enjoy, as get perfection,
And calls us after her, in that she took,
(Taking her self) our best and worthiest book.
Return not, my soul, from this extasie,
And meditation of what thou shalt be,
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear,
With whom thy conversation must be there.
With whom wilt thou converse? what station

Canst thou choose out free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine?
Shalt thou not finde a spongy slack Divine
Drink and suck in th' instructions of great men,
And for the word of God vent them agen?
Are there not some Courts (and then, no things be
So like as Courts) which in this let us see,
That wits, and tongues of Libellers are weak,
Because they doe more ill than these can speak?
The poyson's gone through all, poisons affect
Chiefly the chiefest parts: but some effect
In nails, and hairs, yea excrements will show;
So lies the poison of sin in the most low.
Up, up, my drowsie soul, where thy new ear
Shall in the Angel's songs no discord hear;
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that, which men have said.
Where she is exalted more for being good,
Than for her interest of Mother-hood.
Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit
Expecting Christ, than they have enjoy'd him yet.
Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
Their prophesies grown to be History.
Up to th' Apostles, who did bravely run
All the Sun's course, with more light than the Sun:
Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oyle to th' Apostles' Lamps, dew to their seed.
Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost

They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his Temple give.
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities.
Shee who being to her self a State, enjoy'd
All royalties which any State employ'd;
For she made wars, and triumph'd; reason still
Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will:
And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty, and chastity together kiss:
She did high justice, for she crucifi'd
Every first motion of rebellions pride:
And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
For, only her self except, she pardoned all:
She coyn'd, in this, that her impression gave
To all our actions all the worth they have:
She gave protections; the thoughts of her brest,
Satan's rude Officers could ne'r arrest.
As these prerogatives being met in one,
Made her a sovereign State; Religion
Made her a Church; and these two made her all.
She who was all this All, and could not fall
To worse, by company, (for she was still
More Antidote, than all the world was ill,)
She, she doth leave it, and by Death, survive
All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not strive

The more, because she's there, de doth not know
That accidental joyes in Heaven do grow,
But pause, my soul; And study, ere thou fall
On accidental joyes, th' essential.
Still before Accessories doe abide
A trial, must the principall be tride.
And what essential joy canst thou expect
Here upon earth? what permanent effect
Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
Beauty? (And beauty worthy'st is to move)
Poor cousened cousener, *that* she, and *that* thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now.
You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
Next day repairs, (but ill) last daye's decay.
Nor are, (although the river keep the name)
Yesterdaye's waters, and to-daye's the same.
So flows her face, and thine eyes; neither now,
That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whil'st you think you be
Constant, you're hourly in inconstancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Because *that* God did live so long above
Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,
That he at last made creatures to bestow
Honour on him, not that he needed it,
But that, to his hands man might grow more fit.
But since all Honours from inferiours flow,
(For they do give it; Princes do but show

Whom they would have so honour'd) and that this

On such opinions, and capacities

Is built, as rise and fall, to more and less:

Alas, 'tis but a casual happiness.

Hath ever any man t' himself assign'd

This or that happiness to arrest his mind,

But that another man which takes a worse,

Thinks him a fool for having tane that course?

They who did labour Babel's tow'r to 'erect,

Might have considered, that for that effect,

All this whole solid Earth could not allow

Nor furnish forth materials enow;

And that his Center, to raise such a place,

Was far too little to have been the Base;

No more affords this world, foundation

To erect true joy, were all the means in one.

But as the Heathen made them several gods

Of all God's benefits, and all his rods,

(For as the Wine, and Corn, and onions are

Gods unto them, so Agues be, and War)

And as by changing that whole precious Gold

To such small Copper coyne, they lost the old,

And lost their only God, who ever must

Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:

So much mankind true happiness mistakes;

No joy enjoys that man, that many makes.

Then, Soul, to thy first pitch work up again;

Know that all lines which circles do contain,

For once that they the Center touch, do touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou such;
Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth employ'd;
All will not serve; only who have enjoy'd
The sight of God in fulnesse, can think it;
For it is both the object, and the wit.
This is essential joy, where neither he
Can suffer diminution, nor we;
'Tis such a full, and such a filling good;
Had th' Angels once look'd on him, they had stood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
She whom we celebrate is gone before.
Shee, who had here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy;
Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
(Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural stone or tree,
Better than when in Images they be:
Who kept by diligent devotion,
God's Image, in such reparation,
Within her heart, that what decay was grown,
Was her first Parents' fault and not her own:
Who being sollicit to any act,
Still heard God pleading his safe precontract:
Who by a faithful confidence, was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day;

Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray;
Who being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be
Both where more grace, and more capacity
At once is given: she to Heaven is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A Heaven, and here became unto us all,
Joy, (as our joyes admit) essential.
But could this low world joyes essential touch,
Heaven's accidental joyes would pass them much.
How poor and lame must then our casual be;
If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this do swell thee, thou art then,
By being greater, grown to be less Man.
When no Physitian of redress can speak,
A joyful casual violence may break
A dangerous Apostem in thy brest;
And whil'st thou joy'st in this, the dangerous rest,
The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
What e'r was casual, may ever be.
What should the nature change? or make the same
Certain, which was but casual, when it came?
All casual joy doth loud and plainly say,
Only by coming, that it can away.
Onely in Heaven joye's strength is never spent,
And accidental things are permanent.
Joy of a soul's arrival ne'r decays;
For that soul ever joyes, and ever stays.
Joy that their last great Consummation

Approaches in the Resurrection;
When earthly bodies more celestial
Shall be, than Angels' were, for they could fall;
This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part that she,
She, in whose goodness, he that names degree,
Doth injure her; ('Tis loss to be call'd best,
There where the stuff is not such as the rest;)
She, who left such a body, as even she,
Only in Heaven could learn, how it can be
Made better; for she rather was two souls,
Or like to full on both sides written Rolls,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin,
As strong Records for God, as minds within.
Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
Peeces a Circle and still keeps it so,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
Where she receives and gives addition.
Here in a place, where misdevotion frames
A thousand prayers to Saints, whose very names
The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet,
And where what laws of Poëtry admit,
Laws of Religion have at least the same,
Immortal Maid, I might invoke thy name.
Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here should'st make me a French convertite.
But thou would'st not; nor would'st thou be content,

To take this, for my second year's true Rent,
Did this coyn bear any other stamp, than his,
That gave thee power to do, me, to say this:
Since his will is, that to posterity,
Thou shouldst for life and death a pattern be,
And that the world should notice have of this,
The purpose and th' authority is his;
Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

Upon The deaths of Sundry Personages

Part VIII

Elegie on the Untimely Death of the Incomparable Prince Henry

Look to me faith, and look to my faith, God;
For both my centers feel this period.
Of waight one center, one of greatness is;
And Reason is that center, Faith is this;
For into'our reason flow, and there do end
All, that this natural world doth comprehend:
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference:
But for th' enormous greatnesses, which are
So disproportion'd, and so angulare,
As is God's Essence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what souls do, departed hence,
These things (eccentrique else) on faith do strike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For reason, put to her best extension,
Almost meets faith, and makes both centers one.
And nothing ever came so near to this,
As contemplation of that Prince we miss.
For all that faith might credit mankind could,
Reason still seconded, that this Prince would,
If then least moving of the Center make
More, than if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,

What must this do, centers distracted so,
That we see not what to believe or know?
Was it not well believ'd till now, that he,
Whose reputation was an extasie,
On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
Till he discover'd what wayes he would take;
For whom, what Princes angled, when they try'd,
Met a *Torpedo* and were stupifi'd;
And others' studies, how he would be bent,
Was his great father's greatest instrument,
And activ'st spirit, to convey and tie
This soul of peace to Christianity?
Was it not well believ'd, that he would make
This general peace th' Eternal overtake,
And that his times might have stretcht out so far,
As to touch those of which they emblemes are?
For to confirm this just belief, that now
The last dayes came, we saw heaven did allow,
That, but from his aspect and exercise,
In peaceful times rumours of warres should rise.
But now this faith is heresie: we must
Still stay, and vex our great grand-mother, Dust.
Oh, is God prodigal? hath he spent his store
Of plagues on us; and only now when more
Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery;
And will not let 's enjoy our curse; to die!
As for the earth thrown lowest down of all,
'Twere an ambition to desire to fall,

So God, in our desire to die, doth know
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so:
Therefore we live, though such a life we have,
As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sustains in us, Earth which grieves animate?
Nor hath our world now, other Soul than that.
And could grief get so high as heav'n, that Quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
(With grief to see him) he had staid below,
To rectifie our errors they foreknow.
Is th' other center, Reason, faster then?
Where should we look for that, now we're not men?
For if our Reason be our connexion
Of causes, now to us there can be none.
For, as if all the substances were spent,
'Twere madness, to enquire of accident,
So is't to look for reason, he being gone,
The only subject reason wrought upon.
If fate have such a chain, whose divers links
Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and so steal in
A new link, man knows not where to begin:
At a much deader fault must reason be,
Death having broke off such a link as he.
But now, for us, with busy proof to come,
That we have no reason, would prove we had some,

So would just lamentations: Therefore we
May safelier say, that we are dead, than he,
So, if our griefs we do not well declare,
We've double excuse, he's not dead, and we are.
Yet I would not die yet; for though I be
Too narrow to think him, as he is he,
(Our Souls best baiting and mid-period,
In her long journey, of considering God)
Yet (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
Oh may I, (since I live) but see or hear,
That she-Intelligence which mov'd this sphear,
I pardon Fate, my life: who ere thou be,
Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she,
I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
By th' oaths, which only you two never broke,
By all the souls ye sigh'd, that if you see
These lines, you wish, I knew your history.
So much, as you, two mutual heav'ns were here,
I were an Angel singing what you were.

Obsequies to the Lord Harrington, Brother to the Lady Lucy, Countess of Bedford

To the Countess of Bedford

Fair soul, which wast, not only as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But did'st continue so; and now dost bear
A part in God's great Organ, this whole Sphear:
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious,
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown, that I can study thee,
And by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparel and inlarge my mind,
And so can make by this soft extasie,
This place a map of heaven, my self of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest;
Times dead-low water; when all minds divest
To-morrow's business, when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this,
Now when the Client, whose last hearing is,

To-morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes, must shut them then
Again by death,) although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep,
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that sun rises to me, midnight's noon,
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all both Church and State, in seeing thee;
And I discern by favour of this light,
My self, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glass; as thou when thou dost see
Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee:
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All, in these mirrours of thy wayes and end;
Though God be our true glass, through which we see
All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men: for by their being here,
Vertues, indeed remote, seem to be near.
But where can I affirm or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid vertue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can indure a contemplation;
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Those spirits, humours, blood I did last year,
And, as if on a stream I fix mine eye,
That drop, which I look'd on, is presently

Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone:
So in this sea of vertues, can no one
Be 'insisted on, Vertues as rivers pass,
Yet still remains that vertuous man there was;
And as if man feed on man's flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Because God knows where every Atome lies;
So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Destiny,
Should I divide and discontinue so
Vertue, which did in one intireness grow.
For as, he that should say, spirits are fram'd
Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not spirits half so much, as he
Which sayes they have no parts, but simple be:
So is't of vertue, for a point and one
Are much intirer than a million.
And had Fate meant t' have had his vertues told,
It would have let him live to have been old.
So, then, that vertue in season, and, then, this,
We might have seen, and said, that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
In good short lives, vertues are fain to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercise, last time, and space.

So was it in this person, forc'd to be
For lack of time, his own Epitome.
So to exhibite in few years as much,
As all the long breath'd Chroniclers can touch.
As when an Angel down from heav'n doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company,
We cannot think, now he is at the Sun,
Now through the Moon, now he through th'air doth run,
Yet when he is come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sun, Moon, and Air;
And as this Angel in an instant knows,
And yet we know this sodain knowledge grows,
By quick amassing several forms of things,
Which he successively to order brings;
When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot go
So fast as he, think that he doth not so;
Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,
And lay together every A, and B;
So, in short liv'd good men, is not understood
Each several vertue, but the compound good.
For, they all vertue's paths in that pace tread,
As Angels go, and know, and as men read.
O why should then these men, these lumps of balm
Sent hither the world's tempest to becalm,
Before by deeds, they are diffus'd and spread,

And so make us alive, themselves be dead?
O Soul! O circle! why so quickly be
Thy ends, thy birth, and death clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
In heav'n, the other might securely have pac'd
In the most large extent through every path,
Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath.
Thou know'st, that though the tropique circles have
(Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)
All the same roundness, evenness, and all
The endlessness of th' Equinoctial:
Yet, when we come to measure distances,
How here, how there, the Sun affected is,
When he doth faintly work, and when prevail;
Only great circles, then, can be our scale:
So though thy circle to thy self express
All, tending to thy endless happiness;
And we by our good use of it may try,
Both how to live well (young) and how to die,
Yet since we must be old, and age induces
His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
Of hot ambitions, irreligion's ice,
Zeale's agues; and hydroptique avarice,
(Infirmities, which need the scale of truth,
As well as lust, and ignorance of youth;)
Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,
And by thy doing set us what to do?
Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel

Doth each mis-motion and distemper feel,
Whose *hands* gets shaking palsies, and whose string
(His sinews) slackens, and whose *Soul*, the spring,
Expires, or languishes; whose pulse, the *flee*,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly,
Whose voyce, the *Bell*, doth rattle or grow dumb,
Or idle, as men, which to their last houres come,
If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
Or be not set, or set at every will;
So, youth is easiest to destruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none.
Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
Plac'd to inform whole towns, to 'mploy their time,
An error doth more harm, being generall,
When small clock's faults only'on the wearer fall.
So work the faults of age, on which the eye,
Of children, servants, or the State rely,
Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soul,
A clock so true, as might the Sun controul,
And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
Instructions, such as it could never be
Disordered, stay here, as a generall
And great Sun-dyal, to have set us All?
Oh why wouldst thou be an instrument
To this unnatural course, or why consent
To this, not miracle, but prodigy,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,

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

To which thy rank in this state destin'd thee,
That there thy counsels might get victory,
And so in that capacity remove
All jealousies 'twixt Prince and Subjects' love,
Thou couldst no title to this Triumph have,
Thou didst intrude on death, usurpe a grave.
Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou shouldst successfully advance,
Thine arms 'gainst forain enemies, which are
Both Envy, and Acclamation popular,
(For, both these Engines equally defeat,
Though by a divers Mine, those which are great)
Till then thy war was but a civil War,
For which to Triumph none admitted are;
No more are they, who though with good success,
In a defensive war, their power express.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Must be *enlarg'd* and not *preserv'd* alone;
Why shouldst thou then, whose battels were to win
Thy self, from those straits nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that state,
Of which he gave thee the Vicariate,
(Which is thy soul and body) as intire
As he, who takes Indentours doth require,
But didst not stay, t' inlarge his Kingdom too,
By making others, what thou didst to do;

Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more
Hath got by getting thee, than 't had before?
For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possession were;
But this from Triumph most disables thee,
That, that place which is conquered, must be
Left safe from present war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out;
And hath he left us so? or can it be
His territory was no more than He?
No, we were all his charge, the Diocis
Of every exemplar man, the whole world is,
And he was joyned in commission
With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraid, and chide
Him who Triumph'd, were lawful, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not
At that Authority by which he got
Leave to Triumph, before by age he might;
So, though triumphant soul, I dare to write
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus,
That thou so early wouldst abandon us;
Yet I am far from daring to dispute
With that great sovereignty, whose Absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee,
'Gainst nature's laws, which just impugners be

Of early triumphs; And I (though with pain)
Lessen our loss, to magnifie thy gain
Of triumph, when I say it was more fit,
That all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.
Though then in our time, be not suffered
That testimony of love, unto the dead,
To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives, and French Soldarii did;
And though in no degree I can express
Grief in great Alexander's great excess,
Who at his friend's death made whole towns divest
Their walls and bulworks, which became them best:
Do not fair soul this sacrifice refuse.
That in thy grave I do interre my Muse,
Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

An Elegie on the Lady Markham

Man is the World, and death th' Ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
God hath set marks and bounds, 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and still pretend.
And breakes our banke, when ere it takes a friend.
Then our land waters (tears of passion) vent;
Our waters then above our firmament,
(Tears which our Soul doth for her sins let fall)
Take all a brackish taste, and Funeral.
And even those tears, which should wash sin, are sin.
We, after God's *No*, drowne the world againe.
Nothing but man of all invenom'd things
Doth work upon it self with inborn stings.
Tears are false Spectacles, we cannot see
Through passion's mist, what we are, or what she.
In her this Sea of death hath made no breach,
But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the sand,
So is her flesh refin'd by death's cold hand.
As men of China, 'after an age's stay
Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay:
So at this grave, her limbeck (which refines

The Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, Pearls and Mines
Of which, this flesh was) her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuff, as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it shall,
Make and name then th'Elixar of this All.
They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too;
If carnal Death (the younger brother) do
Usurp the body; 'our soul, which subject is
To th' elder death, by sin, is freed by this;
They perish both, when they attempt the just;
For, graves our Trophies are, and both death's dust.
So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both;
For, none to death sins, that to sin is loath.
Nor do they die, which are not loath to die,
So hath she this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complaines! Alas,
How little poison cracks a crystal glass?
She sin'd but just enough to let us see
That God's Word must be true, All sinners be.
So much did zeal her conscience rarifie,
That extreme truth lack'd little of a lie;
Making omissions acts; laying the touch
Of sin, on things that sometime may be such.
As *Moses'* Cherubins, whose natures do
Surpass all speed, by him are winged too:
So would her soul, already 'in heaven, seem then,

To climb by tears, the common stairs of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
To speak, that death his vain hast may repent.
How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet,
To have reform'd this forward heresie,
That women can no parts of friendship be;
How Moral, how Divine, shall not be told,
Lest they that hear her vertues, think her old.
And lest we take death's part, and make him glad
Of such a prey, and to his triumph add.

Elegie on Mistris Boulstred

Death I recant, and say, Unsaid by me
What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee.
Spiritual treason, atheism 'tis, to say,
That any can thy Summons disobey.
Th'earth's face is but thy Table; there are set
Plants, cattel, men, dishes for Death to eat.
In a rude hunger now he millions draws
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jaws.
Now he will seem to spare and doth more waste,
Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last.
Now wantonly he spoyls, and eats us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
Nor will this earth serve him; he sinks the Deep
Where harmless fish Monastique silence keep.
Who (were Death dead) the Roes of living sand
Might spung that element, and make it land.
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnique notes
In birds', Heaven's choristers, organique throats,
Which (if they did not die) might seem to be
A tenth rank in the heavenly hierarchie.
O strong and long-liv'd Death, how cam'st thou in?
And how without Creation didst begin?
Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,

All the four Monarchies, and Antichrist.
How could I think thee nothing, that see now
In all this All, nothing else is, but thou?
Our births and lives, vices and vertues, be
Wasteful consumptions, and degrees of thee.
For, we to live, our bellows wear, and breath,
Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death.
And though thou beest (O mighty bird of prey)
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth he
Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee.
And of those few, now thou hast overthrown
One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own;
She was more stories high: hopeless to come
To her Soul, thou 'hast offer'd at her lower room.
Her Soul and body was a King and Court:
But thou hast both of Captain miss'd and fort.
As houses fall not, though the Kings remove,
Bodies of Saints rest for their souls above.
Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace,
Both work a separation, no divorce,
Her Soul is gone to usher up her Coarse,
Which shall be almost another soul, for there
Bodies are purer than best souls are here.
Because in her, her vertues did outgo
Her years, would'st thou, O emulous death, do so,
And kill her young to thy loss? must the cost

Of beauty and wit, apt to do harm, be lost?
What though thou found'st her proof 'gainst sins of youth?
Oh, every age a diverse sin pursu'th.
Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold,
Shortly ambitious; covetous, when old,
She might have prov'd: and such devotion
Might once have stray'd to superstition.
If all her vertues must have grown, yet might
Abundant vertue 'have bred a proud delight.
Had she persever'd just, there would have been
Some that would sin, mis-thinking she did sin.
Such as would call her friendship love, and fain
To sociableness a name prophane;
Or sin by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wishing, though they never told her what.
Thus mightst thou have slain more souls hadst thou not crost
Thy self, and to triumph, thine army lost.
Yet though these wayes be lost, thou hast left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone:
But we may scape that sin, yet weep as much,
Our tears are due, because we are not such.
Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
Because the chain is broke, though no link lost.

Elegie on His Mistress

By our first strange and fatal interview
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words' masculine perswasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me,
I calmly beg. But by thy father's wrath,
By all pains, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee; and all the oaths which I
And thou have sworn to seal joynt constancy,
I here unswear, and overswear them thus,
Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous.
Temper, O fair love, love's impetuous rage,
Be my true Mistris still, not my faign'd Page;
I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behinde
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind,
Thirst to come back; O if thou die before,
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar,
Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness; Thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
Fair *Orithea*, whom he swore he lov'd.

Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd; feed on this flattery,
That absent Lovers one in th'other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit, nor minde, be not strange
To thy self only. All will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace.
Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soon
Eclips'd as bright we call the Moon the Moon,
Men of *France*, changeable Chamelions,
Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
Love's fuellers, and the rightest company
Of Players, which upon the world's stage be,
Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas!
Th'indifferent *Italian*, as we pass
His warm land, well content to think thee Page,
Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage,
As *Lot's* fair guests were vext. But none of these
Nor spungy hydroptique Dutch shall thee displease,
If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee
England is only a worthy Gallery,
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
When I am gone, dream me some happiness,
Nor let thy looks our long hid love confess,
Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor bless, nor curse,
Openly love's force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse
With midnight's startings, crying out, oh, oh,

Nurse, O my love is slain, I saw him go
O're the white Alpes alone; I saw him, I,
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augure me better chance, except dread *Jove*
Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

Elegie On Himself

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

Elegie

Madam,

That I might make your Cabinet my tomb,
And for my fame, which I love next my soul,
Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
Admit to that place this last funeral scrowl.
Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
Dying, of you do beg a Legacy.

My fortune and my will this custom break,
When we are senseless grown to make stones speak,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside see what thou art now:
Yet th'art not yet so good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, w'are stubborn clay,
Parents make us earth, and souls dignifie
Us to be glass, here to grow gold we lie;
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls becom worm-eaten Carcasses.

Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's Crudities

Oh to what height will love of greatness drive
Thy learned spirit, *Sesqui-superlative*?
Venice' vast lake thou hast seen, and wouldst seek then,
Some vaster thing, and found'st a Courtizan.
That in-land Sea, having discovered well,
A Cellar gulf, where one might sail to hell
From *Heydelberg*, thou long'st to see: and thou
This book, greater than all, producest now.
Infinite work, which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor root.
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One half being made, thy modesty was such,
That thou on th'other half wouldst never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows
To be far greater than the mother nose?
Go then, and as to thee when thou didst go,
Münster did Towns and *Gesner* Authors show;
Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus*; appear

As deep a Statesman as a Gazetteer.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talk of *Will Conquerour*, and *Prester Jack*.
Go bashful man, lest here thou blush to look
Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies sacrifices send;
The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,
Meaning to see't no more upon the press.
The East sends hither her deliciousness;
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from thence
The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoop
To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
If for vast Tuns of Currants, and of Figs,
Of medicinal and Aromatique twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide;
If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares
Home-manufactures to thick popular Fairs,
If omni-pregnant there, upon warm stalls,
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;
Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means which th' Ancients never took,
A Pandect mak'st, and universal book.
The bravest Heroes for publike good,

Scattered in divers lands their limbs and blood.
Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do publike good, cut in Anatomies;
So will thy book in peeces; for a Lord
Which casts at Portescue's, and all the board
Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
For friends to pass time, and keep company.
Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit:
Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so,
Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
Thou shalt not ease the Criticks of next age
So much, as once their hunger to asswage:
Nor shall wit-pirats hope to finde thee lie
All in one bottom, in one Library.
Some leaves may paste strings there in other books,
And so one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you;
But hardly much; and yet I think this true.
As *Sibil's* was, your book is mystical,
For every peece is as much worth as all.
Therefore mine impotency I confess,
The healths which my brain bears must be far less:
Thy Gyant-wit o'erthrows me, I am gone;
And, rather than read all, I would read none.

Sonnet: The Token

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

Elegie on the L(ord) C(hancellor)

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

Pictures of him dead, senseless, cold as he,
Here needs no marble Tombe, since he is gone,
He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

DIVINE POEMS

Part IX

The Progress of the Soul

I

I Sing the progress of a deathless soul,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controul,
Plac'd in most shapes; all times before the law
Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing,
And the great world t'his aged evening,
From infant morn, through manly noon I draw,
What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,
Greek brass, or Roman iron, 'is in this one;
A work to out-wear *Seth's* pillars, brick and stone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yeeld to none.

II

Thee, eye of Heaven, this great Soul envies not,
By thy male force, is all we have begot.
In the first East, thou now beginst to shine,
Suck'st early balm, and Iland spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere
At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
And see at night thy Western land of Mine,
Yet hast thou not more Nations seen then she,

That before thee one day began to be,
And thy frail light being quench'd, shall long, long outlive thee.

III

Nor holy *Janus* in whose sovereign boat
The Church, and all the Monarchies did float;
That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall
Of all mankinde, that Cage and vivary
Of fowles, and beasts, in whose womb, Destiny
Us, and our latest Nephews did install
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All)
Didst thou in that great stewardship embark
So diverse shapes into that floating park,
As have been moved, and inform'd by this heavenly spark.

IV

Great Destiny the Commissary of God,
That hast mark'd out a path and period
For everything, who, where we off-spring took,
Our ways and ends, seest at one instant. Thou
Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow
Ne'r smiles nor frowns, O vouchsafe thou to look
And shew my story, in thy eternal book.

That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
So much my self, as to know with what hand,
How scant, or liberal this my life's race is spand.

V

To my six lusters almost now out-wore,
Except thy book owe me so many more,
Except my legend be free from the letts
Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,
Spirit quenching sicknesse, dull captivity,
Distracting businesse, and from beautie's nets,
And all that calls from this, and t'others whets,
O let me not launch out, but let me save
Th'expence of brain and spirit; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man may have.

VI

But if my dayes be long, and good enough
In vain this sea shall enlarge, or enrough
It self; for I will through the wave, and fome,
And hold in sad lone ways, a lively spright
Make my dark heavy Poëm light, and light.
For though through many straights, and lands I roam,
I launch at Paradise, and I saile towards home;

The course I there began, shall here be staid,
Sailes hoised there, stroke here, and Anchors laid
In *Thames*, which were at *Tygris* and *Euphrates* waid.

VII

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

VIII

Yet no low room, nor then the greatest, lesse,
If (as devout and sharp men fitly guesse)
That Crosse, our joy, and grieffe, (where nailes did tie
That All, which always was all, every where,
Which could not sinne, and yet all sinnes did bear;
Which could not die, yet could not chuse but die;)
Stood in the self-same room in Calvary,

Where first grew the forbidden learned tree,
For on that tree hung in securitie
This soul made by the Maker's will from pulling free.

IX

Prince of the Orchard, faire as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soon as born
That apple grew, which this soul did enlive
Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankinde weeps,
Took it, and t'her whom the first man did wive
(Whom and her race, onely forbiddings drive)
He gave it, she, t'her husband, both did eat;
So perished the eaters, and the meat,
And we (for treason taints the bloud) thence die and sweat.

X

Man all at once was there by woman slain,
And one by one we're here slain o'r again
By them. The mother poyson'd the well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets,
No smalness scapes, no greatness breaks their nets,
She thrust us out, and by them we are led

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

XI

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

XII

But snatch me heavenly Spirit, from this vain
Reckoning their vanity, less is their gain
Than hazard still to meditate on ill,
Though with good mind, their reason's like those toys
Of glassie bubbles, which the gamesome boyes
Stretch to so nice a thinnesse through a quill,

That they themselves break, and do themselves spill,
Arguing is heretiques' game, and Exercise
As wrestlers perfects them; Not liberties
Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end heresies.

XIII

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

XIV

The plant thus abled, to it self did force
A place, where no place was; by nature's course
As aire from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies, by this root throng'd so
His spungy confines gave him place to grow:
Just as in our streets, when the people stay

To see the Prince, and so fill up the way
That weasels scarce could passe, when she comes near
They throng, and cleave up, and a passage cleare,
As if for that time their round bodies flatned were.

XV

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

XVI

A Mouth but dumbe, he hath; blind eyes, deaf eares,
And to his shoulders dangle subtle hairs;
A young Colossus there he stands upright,
And as that ground by him were conquered,
A leafie garland weares he on his head

Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright,
That for them you would call your love's lips white,
So, of alone unhaunted place possest
Did this soul's second Inne, built by the guest
 This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

XVII

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

XVIII

To an unfetter'd soul's quick nimble haste
Are falling starres, and hearts' thoughts, but slow pac'd:
Thinner than burnt aire flies this soul, and she
Whom four new coming, and four parting Suns
Had found, and left the Mandrake's tenant, runs

Thoughtlesse of change, when her firm destiny
Confin'd, and enjayl'd her, that seem'd so free,
Into a small blew shell, the which a poor
Warm bird o'respread, and sate still evermore,
Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it self a dore.

XIX

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

XX

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

Nor if his sister or his neece she be,
Nor doth she pule for his inconstancy
If in her sight he change, nor doth refuse
The next that cal; both liberty do use;
Where store is of both kindes, both kindes may freely chuse.

XXI

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

XXII

Else might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummy blood, which doth in Holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With fain'd cal, his nets, or enwrapping snare

The free inhabitants of the plyant ayre.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive
Askt not of roots, nor of cock-sparrowes, leave:
Yet chuseth he, though none of these he fears,
Pleasantly three, then straitned twenty years
 To live, and to encrease his race himself outwears.

XXIII

This coale with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The soul from her too active organs fled
T' a brook; a female fishe's sandy Roe
With the male's jelly, newly leav'ned was,
For they had intertouch'd as they did passe,
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
This soul inform'd, and able it to row
Itself with finny oares, which she did fit,
Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
 Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it.

XXIV

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A Swan, so white that you may unto him
Compare all whitenesse, but himself to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,

And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd:
It mov'd with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one
Could think he sought it, he had swallowed cleare
This, and much such, and unblam'd, devour'd there
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were.

XXV

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

XXVI

Pace with the native stream, this fish doth keep,
And journies with her towards the glassie deep,
But oft retarded, once with a hidden net
Though with great windowes, (for when need first taught

These tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought
As now, with curious greediness to let
None scape, but few, and fit for use to get,)
As, in this trap, a ravenous Pike was tane,
Who, though himself distrest, would fain have slain
This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII

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

XXVIII

So farre from hiding her guests, water is,
That she shows them in bigger quantities
Then they are. Thus her doubtful of her way,

For game and not for hunger a sea Pie
Spied through this traiterous spectacle, from high,
The seely fish where it disputing lay,
And t'end her doubts and her, bears her away,
Exalted she 's but to the exalter's good.
(As are by great ones, men which lowly stood,)
It's rais'd, to be the Raiser's instrument and food.

XXIX

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

XXX

A Sudden stiffe land-wind in that self hour
To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,

Fat gluttonie's best orator: at last
So long he hath flowen, and hath flowen so fast,
That leagues o'rpast at sea, now tyr'd he lies,
And with his prey, that till then laugisht dies:
The souls no longer foes, two wayes did erre,
The fish I follow, and keep no Calender
Of the other: he lives yet in some great Officer.

XXXI

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

XXXII

At every stroke his brazen finnes do take,
More circles in the broken sea they make
Than cannons' voyces, when the ayre they tear:

His ribbes are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof,
Swimme in him swallow'd Dolphins without fear,
And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were
Some Inland sea, and ever as he went
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To joyn our seas, with seas above the firmament.

XXXIII

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

XXXIV

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks,
He justles Ilands, and he shakes firm rocks.

Now in a roomful house this soul doth float,
And like a Prince she sends her faculties
To all her limbs, distant as Provinces.
The Sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
Parched, since first launch'd forth his living boat,
'Tis greatest now and to destruction
Nearest; There's no pause at perfection,
Greatnesse a period hath, but hath no station.

XXXV

Two little fishes, whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themselves by his death: they did not eat
His flesh, nor suck those oyls, which thence outstreat,
Conspir'd against him, and it might undo
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fishes were, and could not speak.
How shall a Tyrant wise strong projects break,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

XXXVI

The flail-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-fish
Onely attempt to do, what all do wish.

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

XXXVII

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

XXXVIII

This Soul now free from prison, and passion,
Hath yet a little indignation

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

XXXIX

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

XL

In which as in a gallery this mouse

Walk'd and survey'd the rooms of this vast house,
And to the brain, the soul's bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole town
Clean undermin'd the slain beast tumbled down,
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not scape; for onely he that meant
To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,
And thus he made his foe, his prey and tombe:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

XLI

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

XLII

He took a course, which since, succesfully,

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

XLIII

He hath ingag'd her; his, she wholly bides:
Who not her own, none others' secrets hides.
If to the flock he come, and *Abel* there,
She faines hoarse barkings, but she biteth not,
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot:
At last a trap, of which some every where
Abel had plac'd, ends all his loss, and fear,
By the wolve's death; and now just time it was
That a quick soul should give life to that mass
Of blood in *Abel's* bitch, and thither this did pass.

XLIV

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,

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

XLV

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

XLVI

It quickned next, a toyful Ape, and so
Gamesome it was, that it might freely go
From tent to tent, and with the children play,
His organs now so like theirs he doth find,
That why he cannot laugh and speak his mind,
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
With *Adam's* fift daughter *Siphatecia*,
Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, pass,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grass,
And wisest of that kind, the first true lover was.

XLVII

He was the first that more desir'd to have
One than another; first that ere did crave
Love by mute signes, and had no power to speak;
First that could make love faces, or could do
The valter's sombersalts, or us'd to wooe
With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break
To make his Mistress merry; or to wreak
Her anger on himself. Sins against kind
They easily do, that can let feed their mind
With outward beauty, beauty they in boyes and beasts do find.

XLVIII

By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,
And too high; beasts and Angels have been lov'd;
This Ape, though else through-vain, in this was wise,
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not she would say nay;
His toys prevail not, likelier means he tries,
He gazeth on her face with tear-shot eyes,
And up lifts subtly with his russet paw
Her kidskin apron without fear of awe
Of nature, nature hath no gaole, though she hath law.

XLIX

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

This house thus batter'd down, the soul possest a new.

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

L I

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

L II

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

Holy Sonnets

1: La Corona

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

2: Annuntiation

Salvation to all that will is nigh;
That All, which alwayes is all every where,
Which cannot sin, and yet all sins must bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,

Loe, faithful Virgin, yeelds himself to lie
In prison, in thy womb; and though he there
Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet hee'll wear
Taken from thence, flesh, which death's force may trie,
Ere by the spears time was created thou
Wast in his mind, who is thy Son, and Brother,
Whom thou conceiv'st conceived; yea thou art now
Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother,
Thou'hast light in dark, and shutt'st in little room,
Immensity cloyster'd in thy dear womb.

3: Nativitie

Immensitie cloyster'd in thy dear womb
Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,
There he hath made himself to his intent
Weak enough, now into our world to come;
But oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inn no room?
Yet lay him in his stall, and from the Orient,
Starres, and wisemen will travel to prevent
Th'effects of *Herod's* jealous general doom.
Seest thou my Soul, with thy Faith's eye, how he
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee?
Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe.

With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

4: Temple

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

5: Crucifying

By miracles exceeding power of man,
He faith in some, envy in some begat,
For, what weak spirits admire, ambitious hate;
In both affections many to him ran,
But oh! the worst are most, they will and can,

Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
Measuring self-life's infinitie to span,
Nay to an inch. Loe, where condemned he
Bears his own cross, with pain, yet by and by
When it bears him, he must bear more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
And at thy death giving such liberal dole,
Moist with one drop of thy blood, my dry soul.

6: Resurrection

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

7: Ascension

Salute the last, and ever lasting day.

Joy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,

Ye whose true tears, or tribulation

Have purely washt or burnt your drossie clay;

Behold the Highest parting hence away,

Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon,

Nor doth he by ascending, show alone,

But first he, and he first enters the way.

O strong Ramm, which hast batter'd heaven for me,

Mild Lamb, which with thy blood hast mark'd the path;

Bright torch which shin'st, that I the way may see,

Oh, with thy own blood quench thy own just wrath,

And if thy holy Spirit my Muse did raise,

Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise.

Divine Meditations

I

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

II

As due by many titles I resigne
My self to thee, O God. First I was made
By thee, and for thee; and when I was decay'd,
Thy bloud bought that the which before was thine;

I am thy son, made with thy self to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repaid,
Thy Sheep, thine Image, and till I betray'd
My self, a temple of thy spirit divine;
Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
Why doth he steal, nay ravish that's thy right?
Except thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
Oh I shall soon despair, when I shall see
That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

III

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

Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

IV

Oh my black Soul now thou art summoned
By sickness, death's herald and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled,
Or like a thief, which till death's doom be read,
Wisheth himself delivered from prison;
But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned;
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh make thy self with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing as thou art with sin;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red souls to white.

V

I am a little world made cunningly
Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,
But black sin hath betraid to endless night
My world's both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.
You which beyond that heaven which was most high,

Have found new sphears, and of new land can write,
Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly,
Or wash it if it must be drown'd no more:
But oh it must be burnt, alas the fire
Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler, Let their flames retire,
And burn me oh Lord, with a fiery zeale
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

VI

This is my playe's last scene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race
Idly, yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minutes' latest point,
And gluttonous death will instantly unjoynt
My body and soul, and I shall sleep a space,
But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose fear already shakes my every joynt:
Then, as my soul, to heaven her first seat, takes flight,
And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell,
To where they're bred, and would press me to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

VII

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

VIII

If faithful souls be alike glorifi'd
As Angels, then my father's soul doth see,
And adds this even to full felicitie,
That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'restride:
But if our minds to these souls be describe,
By circumstances and by signes that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How shall my mind's white truth by them be tri'd?

They see Idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And stile blasphemous Conjurers to call
On Jesus' name, and Pharisaicall
Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn
O pensive soul, to God, for he knows best
Thy grief for he put it into my brest.

IX

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

X

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so,
For, those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be:
Much pleasure then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do goe,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery
Thou art slave to Fate, chance, Kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warr and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more, death thou shalt die.

XI

Spit in my face you Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie me,
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and only he,
Who could do no iniquity, hath dyed:
But by my death can not be satisfied
My sinnes, which pass the Jews' impietie:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucifie him daily, being now glorified.
O let me then his strange love still admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment.

And *Jacob* came cloth'd in vile harsh attire,
But to supplant, and with gainful intent:
God cloth'd himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XII

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

XIII

What if this present were the world's last night?

Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwell,
The Picture of Christ crucifi'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright,
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light,
Bloud fils his frowns, which from his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes' fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my Idolatrie
I said to all my profane Mistresses,
Beautie, of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous forme assumes a piteous mind.

XIV

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
As yet but knock, breath, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'rthrow me, 'and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurpt Town, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end.
Reason your Viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue,
Yet dearly 'I love you and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy,
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,

Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you'enthral me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV

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

XVI

Father, part of his double interest
Unto thy Kingdome, thy Son gives to me,
His joynture in the knotty Trinity

He keeps, and gives to me his death's conquest.

This Lamb, whose death, with life the world hath blest,

Was from the world's beginning slain, and he

Hath made two Wils, which with the Legacie

Of his and thy Kingdom, thy Son's invest:

Yet such are these lawes, that men argue yet

Whether a man those statutes can fulfill;

None doth; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit

Revive again what law and letter kill.

Thy lawe's abridgement, and thy last command

Is all but love; O let this last Will stand!

The Cross

Since Christ embrac'd the Cross it self, dare I
His image, th' image of his Cross deny?
Would I have profit by the Sacrifice,
And dare the chosen Altar to despise?
It bore all other sins, but is it fit
That it should bear the sin of scorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he flie his pains, who there did die?
From me, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandal taken shall this Cross withdraw,
It shall not, for it cannot; for, the loss
Of this Cross were to me another Cross;
Better were worse, for no affliction
No Cross is so extreme, as to have none:
Who can blot out the Cross, which th' instrument
Of God dew'd on me in the Sacrament?
Who can deny me power, and liberty
To stretch mine arms, and mine own Cross to be?
Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy Cross.
The mast and yard make one, where seas do toss;
Look down, thou spiest out crosses in small things;
Look up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings;
All the Globe's frame, and sphears, is nothing else

But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
Material crosses then, good physick be,
But yet spiritual have chief dignity.
These for extracted chymique medicine serve,
And cure much better, and as well preserve;
Then are you your own Physick, or need none,
When still'd or purged by tribulation:
For when that cross ungrudg'd, unto you sticks,
Then are you to your self, a Crucifix.
As perchance carvers do not faces make,
But that away which hid them there, do take:
Let Crosses, so, take what hid Christ in thee,
And be his Image, or not his, but he.
But, as oft, Alchymists do Coyners prove,
So may a self-dispising, get self-love.
And then, as worst surfets of best meats be,
So is pride, issued from humility,
For 'tis no child, but monster; therefore Cross
Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double loss,
And cross thy senses, else both they, and thou
Must perish soon, and to destruction bow.
For if the'eye seeke good objects and will take
No cross from bad, we cannot scape a snake.
So with harsh, hard, sowr, stinking, cross the rest,
Make them indifferent; all, nothing best,
But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome
And move: To th'others objects must come home,
And cross thy heart: for that in man alone

Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
Cross those detorsions, when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
And as the brain through bony walls doth vent
By Sutures, which a Crosse's form present:
So when thy brain works, e're thou utter it,
Cross and correct concupiscence of wit.
Be covetous of crosses, let none fall.
Cross no man else, but cross thy self in all.
Then doth the cross of Christ work faithfully
Within our hearts, when we love harmlesly
The Crosse's pictures much, and with more care
That crosse's children, which our crosses are.

Resurrection Imperfect

Sleep, sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast
As yet, the wound thou took'st on Friday last;
Sleep then, and rest: the world may bear thy stay,
A better Sun rose before thee to-day,
Who, not content to'enlighten all that dwell
On the earth's face, as thou, enlightned hell,
And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
As at thy presence here, our fires grow pale,
Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
Hasting to Heaven, would, that he might allow
Himself unto all stations, and fill all,
For these three dayes become a mineral;
He was all gold when he lay down, but rose
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make even sinful flesh like his.
Had one of those, whose credulous piety
Thought, that a Soul one might discern and see,
Go from a body, at this sepulcher been,
And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen,
He would have justly thought this body a soul,
If, not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt cætera

An Hymn to the Saints, and to Marquess Hamylton

To Sir Robert Carr

Sir,

I presume you rather trie what you can doe in me, than what I can doe in
verse; you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best
when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is so
much truth as it defeats all Poëtry. Call therefore this paper by what name
you will, and, if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of mee, smother it
and bee that the sacrifice. If you had commanded me to have waited on
his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the
obligation with more alacritie; But I thank you that you would command
me that which I was loath to doe, for even that hath given a tincture of
merit to the obedience of

Your poor friend and
servant in Christ Jesus,
J. D.

Whether that soul which now comes up to you
Fill any former rank, or make a new,

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

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

The Annuntiation and Passion

Tamely frail flesh, abstain to-day; to-day
My soul eates twice, Christ hither and away,
She sees him man, so like God made in this,
That of them both a circle embleme is,
Whose first and last concurre; this doubtful day
Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away.
She sees him nothing twice at once, who's all;
She sees a Cedar plant it self, and fall.
Her Maker put to making, and the head
Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead;
She sees at once, the Virgin mother stay
Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha.
Sad and rejoyc'd shee's seen at once, and seen
At almost fifty, and at scarce fifteen
At once a son is promis'd her, and gone,
Gabriel gives Christ to her, He her to *Iohn*:
Not fully a mother, She's in Orbitie,
At once Receiver and the Legacie;
All this and all between, this day hath shown,
Th' Abridgment of Christ's story, which makes one
(As in plain Maps, the furthest West is East)
Of th' Angels *Ave*, and *consummatum est*.
How well the Church, God's Court of Faculties,

Deales in, sometimes, and seldom joyning these.
As by the self-fix'd Pole we never do
Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
Which shows where th' other is, and which we say
(Because it strayes not farre) doth never stray:
So God by his Church, nearest to him, we know,
And stand firm, if we by her motion goe;
His Spirit, and his fiery Pillar doth
Lead, and his Church, as cloud, to one end both.
This Church by letting those feasts joyn, hath shown
Death and conception in mankinde are one
Or 'twas in him the same humility,
That he would be a man and leave to be:
Or as creation he hath made, as God.
With the last judgment, but one period,
His imitating Spouse would joyn in one
Manhood's extremes: he shall come, he is gone:
Or, as though one blood drop which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;
So though the least of his pains, deeds, or words,
Would busie a life, she all this day affords.
This treasure then, in gross, my soul uplay,
And in my life retail it every day.

Goodfriday, 1613, Riding Westward

Let man's Soul be a Sphear, and then, in this,
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
And as the other Sphears, by being grown
Subject to forraign motion, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleasure or business, so, our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West,
This day, when my soul's form bends to th'East.
There I should see a Sun by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget.
But that Christ on his Cross, did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for mee.
Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made his own Lieutenant Nature shrink,
It made his footstool crack, and the Sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,
And tune all sphears at once, pierc'd with those holes?
Could I behold that endless height which is

Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of his,
Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worn
By God, for his apparel, ragg'd, and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
On his distressed mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
Half of that sacrifice which ransom'd us?
Though these things as I ride be from mine eye,
They're present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards me,
O Saviour, as thou hangst upon the tree;
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rust, and my deformity,
Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
That thou maist know me, and I'll turn my face.

The Litanie

I: The Father

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

II: The Son

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

III: The Holy Ghost

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

IV: The Trinity

O Blessed glorious Trinity,
Bones to philosophy, but milk to faith,
Which, as wise serpents diversly
Most slipperiness, yet most entanglings hath,
As you distinguish'd undistinct,
By power, love, knowledge be,
Give me a such self different instinct,
Of these let all me elemented be,
Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbered three.

V: The Virgin Mary

For that fair blessed Mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us, That she Cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
One claim for innocence, and disseiz'd sin,
Whose womb was a strange heav'n, for there
God cloath'd himself, and grew,
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
In vain, who hath such titles unto you.

VI: The Angels

And since this life our nonage is,
And we in Wardship to thine Angels be,
Native in heaven's faire Palaces,
Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,
As th'earth conceiving by the Sun,
Yeelds fair diversity,
Yet never knows what course that light doth run:
So let me study that mine actions be
Worthy their sight, though blind in how they see.

VII: The Patriarchs

And let thy Patriarchs' Desire

(Those great Grandfathers of thy church, which saw

More in the cloud, than we in fire,

Whom Nature clear'd more, than us grace and law,

And now in heaven still pray, that we

May use our new helps right,)

Be satisfy'd, and fructifie in me.

Let not my mind be blinder by more light,

Nor Faith by reason added, lose her sight.

VIII: The Prophets

Thy Eagle-sighted Prophets too,

(Which were thy Church's Organs, and did sound

That harmony which made of two

One law, and did unite, but not confound;

Those heavenly Poëts which did see

Thy will, and it express

In rythmique feet) in common pray for me,

That I by them excuse not my excess

In seeking secrets, or Poëtiouesesse.

IX: The Apostles

And thy illustrious Zodiack

Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,

(From whom whosoever do not take
Their light, to dark deep pits, thrown down do fall)
As through their prayers thou hast let me know
That their books are divine;
May they pray still, and be heard, that I go
Th'old broad way in applying; O decline
Me, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X: The Martyrs

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

XI: The Confessors

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
Whose bloods betroth'd, not married were;

Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers:

They know, and pray, that we may know;

In every Christian

Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow,

Tentations martyr us alive; A man

Is to himself a Dioclesian.

XII: The Virgins

The cold white snowy Nunnery,

Which, as thy Mother, their high Abbess, sent

Their bodies back again to thee,

As thou hadst lent them, clean and innocent,

Though they have not obtain'd of thee,

That or thy Church or I

Should keep as they, our first integritie;

Divorce thou sin in us, or bid it die,

And call chaste widowhead Virginitie.

XIII: The Doctors

The sacred Academ above

Of Doctors, whose pains have unclasp'd, and taught

Both books of life to us (for love

To know the Scripture tells us, we are wrote

In thy other book) pray for us there,

That what they have misdome
Or mis-said, we to that may not adhere,
Their zeal may be our sin. Lord let us run
Mean wayes, and call them stars, but not the Sun.

XIV

And whil'st this universal Quire,
That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee dear,
Prayes ceaselessly, 'and thou hearken too
(Since to be gracious
Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
Hear this prayer Lord, O Lord deliver us
From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out thus.

XV

From being anxious, or secure,
Dead clouds of sadness, or light squibs of mirth,
From thinking, that great courts immure
All, or no happiness, or that this earth
Is onely for our prison fram'd,
Or that thou art covetous
To them whom thou lovest or that they are maim'd

From reaching this world's sweets, who seek thee thus,
With all their might, Good Lord deliver us.

XVI

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

XVII

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivence, or slack company,
From measuring ill by vitious,
Neglecting to choake sin's spawn, Vanity,
From indiscreet humility
Which might be scandalous,
And cast reproach on Christianity;
From being spies, or to spies pervious,

From thirst, or scorn of fame, deliver us.

XVIII

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

XIX

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

XX

Through thy submitting all, to blows
Thy face, thy robes to spoil, thy fame to scorn,
All wayes, which rage, or Justice knows,
And by which thou couldst shew, that thou wast born,
And through thy gallant humbleness
Which thou in death didst show,
Dying before thy soul they could express,
Deliver us from death, by dying so,
To this world, ere this world do bid us go.

XXI

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

XXII

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

XXIII

Hear us, O hear us Lord; to thee
A sinner is more musick when he prayes,
Than sphears' or Angels' praises be,
In Panegyrick Allelujaes;
Hear us, for till thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to say.
Thine ear to'our sighs, tears, thoughts gives voice and word.
O thou, who Satan heard'st in Job's sick day,
Hear thy self now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV

That we may change to evenness
This intermitting aguish Pietie,

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

XXV

That our ears' sickness me may cure,
And rectifie those Labyrinths aright,
That we by hearkning, not procure
Our praise, nor others' dispraise so invite,
That we get not a slipperiness
And senslesly decline,
From hearing bold wits jeast at Kings' excesse,
To'admit the like of Majestie divine,
That we may lock our ears, Lord open thine.

XXVI

That living law, the Magistrate,
Which to give us, and make us physick, doth
Our vices often aggravate,

That Preachers taxing sin, before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men
Which will, if we starve, dine
When they do most accuse us, may see then
Us to amendment hear them; thee decline;
That we may open our ears, Lord lock thine.

XXVII

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

XXVIII

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

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

Upon the Translation of the Psalms by Sir Philip Sydney, and the Countess of Pembrook His Sister

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

They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing.
Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and sphears;
The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man hears;
The sphears have Musick, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;
But our third Quire, to which the first gives ear,
(For Angels learn by what the Church does here)
This Quire hath all. The Organist is he
Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we:
The songs are these, which heaven's high holy Muse
Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the Jews:
And *David's* Successors in holy zeal,
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal
To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
That I must not rejoyce as I would do
When I behold that these Psalms are become
So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,
So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,
As I can scarce call that reform'd until
This be reform'd; Would a whole State present
A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King
More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing?
For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*,
Which, by thy *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is
Already done; and as those Psalms we call
(Though some have other Authors) *David's* all:
So though some have, some may some Psalms translate,

We thy *Sydnean* Psalms shall celebrate,
And, till we come th'Extemporal song to sing
(Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,
Who hath translated those translators) may
These their sweet learned labours, all the way
Be as our tuneing, that when hence we part
We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

To Mr. Tilman after He Had Taken Orders

Thou, whose diviner soul hath caus'd thee now.
To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
MakIng Lay-scornings of the Ministry,
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected since the vintage? Dost thou find
New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steel
Toucht with a Load-stone, dost new motions feel?
Or, as a Ship after much pain and care,
For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware,
Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with less time and pain?
Thou art the same materials, as before,
Only the stamp is changed, but no more.
And as new crowned Kings alter the face,
But not the monie's substance; so hath grace
Chang'd only God's old Image by Creation,
To Christ's new stamp, at this thy Coronation;
Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because
They bear God's message and proclaim his laws,
Since thou must do the like, and so must move,
Art thou new feather'd with coelestial love?
Dear, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew

What thy advantage is above, below;
But if thy gainings do surmount expression
Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession,
Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit
That Gentry should joyn families with it?
As if their day were only to be spent
In dressing, Mistressing and complement;
Alas poor joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
Seems richly placed in sublimed dust!
(For, such are cloaths and beauty, which though gay,
Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay)
Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
But go thou on, and pity their neglect.
What function is so noble as to be
Embassadour to God, and destiny?
To open life, to give kingdomes to more
Than Kings give dignities; to keep heaven's door?
Marie's prerogative was to bear Christ, so
'Tis preachers' to convey him; for they do
As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speak;
And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak!
If then th' Astronomers, whereas they spy
A new-found Star, their opticks magnifie,
How brave are those, who with their Engine can
Bring man to heaven, and heaven again to man?
These are thy titles and preheminences,
In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences,
And so the heavens which beget all things here,

And the earth our mother, which these things doth bear,
Both these in thee are in thy calling knit,
And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.

A Hymn to Christ, at the Author's Last Going into Germany

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

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

Nor thou, nor thy religion dost controul
The amorousness of an harmonious Soul,
But thou wouldst have that love thy self: as thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,

Thou lov'st not; till from loving more, thou free

My soul: Who ever gives, takes liberty:

Oh, if thou car'st not whom I love,

Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my Divorce to All,

On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;

Marry those loves, which in youth scattered be

On Face, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.

Churches are best for Prayer, that have least light:

To see God only, I go out of sight:

And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse

An everlasting night.

The Lamentations of Jeremy, for the Most Part According to Tremelius

Chapter I

1. How sits this City, late most populous
Thus solitary, and like a widow thus?
Amplest of Nations, Queen of Provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is?
2. Still in the night she weeps, and her tears fall
Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.
3. Unto great bondage, and afflictions,
Juda is captive led; those Nations
With whom she dwells, no place of rest afford,
In straights she meets her Persecutors' sword.
4. Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her wayes
Mourn, because none come to her solemn dayes.
Her Priests do groan, her maids are comfortless,
And shee's unto her self a bitterness.

5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at Peace,
Because when her transgressions did increase,
The Lord strook her with sadness: Th'emie
Doth drive her children to captivitie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

15. He under foot hath troden in my sight
My strong men, he did company accite
To break my young men, he the winepress hath
Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter II

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

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

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

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

5. For like an enemy *Jehova* is,
Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,
Destroying holds, giving additions

To *Juda's* daughters' lamentations.

6. Like to a Garden hedge he hath cast down
The place where was his Congregation,
And *Sion's* Feasts and Sabbaths are forgot;
Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not.

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

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

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

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

11. My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies

Pour'd out upon the ground, for misery,
That sucking children in the streets doe die.

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

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

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

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

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

17. The Lord hath done that which he purposed,

Fulfill'd his word of old determined;
He hath thrown down, and not spar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter III

I am the man which have affliction seen,
Under the rod of God's wrath having been.
2. He hath led me to darknesse, not to light.
3. And against me all day, his hand doth fight.
4. He hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh and skin,
5. Built up against me; and hath girt me in
With hemlock, and with labour, 6. and set me
In dark, as they who dead for ever be.
7. He hath hedg'd me lest I scape, and added more
To my steel fetters, heavier than before.
8. When I cry out, he outshuts my prayer: 9. And hath
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, and turnd' my path.
10. And like a Lion hid in secrecy,
Or Bear which lies in wait, he was to me.
11. He stops my way, tears me, made desolate,
12. And he makes me the mark he shooteth at.
13. He made the children of his Quiver pass
Into my reins. 14. I with my people was
All the day long, a song and mockery.
15. He hath fill'd me with bitterness, and he

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He hath burst
My teeth with stones, and covered me with dust.
17. And thus my soul far off from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget.

18. My strength, my hope (unto my self I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished,
19. But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,

20. My Soul is humbled in rememb'ring this;
21. My heart considers, therefore, hope there is,
22. 'Tis God's great mercy we're not utterly
Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;

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

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

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

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

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

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

30. He gives his cheeks to who so ever will
Strike him, and so he is reproched still.

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

32. But when he hath struck with sadness, he doth take

Compassion, as his mercy'is infinite;

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

34. That underfoot the prisoners stamped be;

35. That a man's right the Judge himself doth see

To be wrung from him. 36. That he subverted is

In his just cause, the Lord allows not this.

37. Who then will say, that ought doth come to pass,

But that which by the Lord commanded was?

38. Both good and evil from his mouth proceeds;

39. Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?

40. Turn we to God, by trying out our ways,

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

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

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

Pursuest us, kill'st us, coverest us with wrath,

44. Cover'st thy self with clouds, that our prayer hath

No power to pass. 45. And thou hast made us fall

As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.

46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Fear and a snare

With ruin, and with waste upon us are.

48. With watry rivers doth mine eye oreflow
For ruin of my people's daughters so;
49. Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly,
50. Until the Lord look down from heaven to see.

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

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

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st near
Unto me, and saidst unto me, Do not fear.

58. Thou Lord, my soul's cause handled hast, and thou
Rescuest my life. 59. O Lord, do thou judge now.

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

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

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

And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

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

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

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

Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

Chapter IV

1. How is the gold become so dimme? How is
Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this?
The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,
Scattered in corners of each street do lie.
2. The precious Sons of Sion, which should be
Valued as purest Gold, how do we see
Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand,
Which are the work of a poor Potter's hand.
3. Even the Sea-calfes draw their breasts, and give
Suck to their young; my people's daughters live,
By reason of the foes' great cruelty,
As do the Owles in the vast wilderness.
4. And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw.
And when for bread the little children cry,
There is no man that doth them satisfie.
5. They which before were delicately fed,
Now in the streets forlorn have perished:
And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,

Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.

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

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

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

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

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

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

12. Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live
In the inhabitable world believe,

That any adversary, any foe
Into *Jerusalem* should enter so.

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

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

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

15. Would cry aloud, Depart defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not, and then

They fled, and straid, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell there:

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

Unto their old men shall the foe afford,
Nor, that they are Priests, redeem them from the sword:

17. And we as yet for all these miseries
Desiring our vain help, consume our eyes:

And such a nation as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have.

18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we fear
To go: our end is now approached near.

Our dayes accomplisht are, this the last day,

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

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

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

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

Chapter V

1. Remember, O Lord, what is falne on us;
See, and mark how we are reproached thus.
2. For unto strangers our possession
Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone.

Our mothers are become as widows, we
As Orphans all, and without Fathers be;
4. Waters which are our own, we drink and pay;
And upon our own wood a price they lay.

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

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

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

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

9. With danger of our life our bread we gat;
For in the wilderness the sword did waite.

10. The tempests of this famine we liv'd in,
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skin.

11. In *Juda's* cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in *Sion* us'd.

12. The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elder's face.

13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare.

14. Elders the gates, youth did their songs forbear,
Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.

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

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

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

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

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

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

21. For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,
22. And to be utterly inrag'd at us?

Hymn to God, My God, in My Sickness

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

Whilst my Physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their Map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my South West discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straights to die.

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

Is the Pacifique Sea my home; Or are
The Eastern riches? Is *Jerusalem*?
Anyan, and *Magellan*, and *Gibraltare*,
All straights, and none but straights are ways to them,
Whether where *Iaphet* dwelt, or *Cham* or *Sem*.

We think that *Paradise* and *Calvarie*,
 Christ's Cross, and *Adam's* tree, stood in one place;
Look Lord, and find both *Adams* met in me;
 As the fist *Adam's* sweat surrounds my face,
 May the last *Adam's* blood my soul embrace.

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

A Hymn to God the Father

I

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

II

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

III

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;

But swear by thy self, that at my death thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done That, thou hast done,
I fear no more.

A POEM IN LATIN

Part X

To Mr. George Herbert, with One of My Seal, of the Anchor and Christ

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

About the Editor

Neil Azevedo's first book, *Ocean*, was published by Grove Press in 2005. A book of rock 'n' roll trivia, *Fan*, was published by William Ralph Press under the pseudonym Roland McAlsberg in 2007. His first book of prose, *These Details in Preference to Nothing: Isabel*, is also available electronically from William Ralph Press, as is his second, *A Book of Nightmares*. The third, *Ruin*, will be available soon. In addition to books, Neil has published poems and articles in such magazines as *The New Criterion*, *First Things*, *The Gettysburg Review*, *The Antioch Review*, *Image*, *The Western Humanities Review*, *The Journal*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Drunken Boat* and *The Paris Review* where he won the Bernard F. Connors Prize for Poetry in 1998. He currently lives in Omaha, Nebraska where he reads, reclusively spends time with his three children, and from time to time directs the vinyl reissue label Drastic Plastic Records.

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