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John Donne



Poetry and Prose of John Donne

selected by Walter Sydney Scott

John Donne

John Westhouse London

this book was designed by HAN'S SCHLEGER

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to PEGGY

' God grant thee thine own wish and grant thee mine '

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Foreword by ADAM FOX

THE WORKS OF JOHN DONNE, both verse and prose, seem to gain more and more admiration, falsifying completely the prophecy of his friend Ben Jonson who thought them too obscure to survive. And this may have come about in part because Donne's lines of thought were in advance of his age, and so what was strange to his contemporaries may be less strange to us. But partly no doubt it is because at the present time a large number of people have become habituated to reading poetry that they do not understand, though they do profess to enjoy it. They do not boggle at all therefore at what is merely a bit difficult. At any rate whatever the cause, there is an increasing demand for Donne's works,

and editors who wish to meet it have to ask themselves in what form it can best be met. In the not very distant past those who possessed a Donne were mostly scholars and literary men, and the editions they secured were often richly adorned with Donne scholarship ; if indeed they were not cumbered with it, for "Donne has been in danger of being overwhelmed with learning almost as much as Dante." But now it is clear merely from the success of recent editions that the general reader is asking to be supplied with the Works. And the question is how they can be made most acceptable to the general reader.

There are, of course, many ways of launching authors upon the sea of public approval. Robert Bridges got the very baffling Gerard Manley Hopkins widely accepted by first printing a few of his poems in an anthology, and then a few more here and there. The complete works, slender as is the volume that they make, would have been too big a mouthful all at once. R. H. Horne, when he had completed the 3,000 lines of his poem *Orion*, sold the first edition at one farthing a copy, a price which he estimated would ensure the readiest sale. With Donne the case is far less desperate, indeed most promising except in one particular, and

that is the great bulk of his complete works. Not much of the considerable poetry and the many sermons went unpublished thanks to the piety of his son, who in addition collected more than a hundred letters. Few could afford to buy a reprint of them all, and not many would find time to read them all. So there must be some selection. And since¹¹ there is nothing of Donne that is feeble, and very little that is without interest, yet not much that can honestly be called easy reading,¹² it is difficult to know on what principle the selection is to proceed. It seems to me that Mr. Scott has gone about it the right way. He confesses to have made a personal choice. At least he designs to please himself, and wisely reckons this the best way to please the public. So here you have most of the poetry, a handful of sermons, and some samples of the letters. There is plenty to enjoy, or at least enough to enable you to discover precisely what joys Donne's writings can provide. In proportion to the whole amount there are probably more things here than in any author which you would never have thought of *and* wish you had. The most enthusiastic readers will perhaps be those who have a taste for far-fetched things.¹³ Donne does fetch things from afar, but he generally gets them safe home.¹⁴ And

the Letters show his mind less violently at work and the affections more naturally employed. They are an indispensable supplement to the poetry and the preaching. As to the preaching there is not much that is commonplace about that. Donne would perhaps not be a popular preacher now, just because people are so much worse educated now than they were in the reign of James I. They require something more obvious. But perhaps even then men went to his sermons, as they would now, to see and hear the great man 'doing his stuff.' And very fine stuff it is.

Happily Mr. Scott does not aim at more than a plain text with a brief introduction. In only one point has he to determine a question of scholarship. He says he did not wish to reproduce the original spelling since much of it is obsolete, but has retained the spelling of a late Eighteenth Century edition (that of Anderson) in order to give the text the right flavour. It is certainly curious to note what a difference it makes to spell even an occasional word in an old-fashioned way, but if it matters whether it is the *right* flavour or not, then some caution may be needed. But to run a theory is no part of Mr. Scott's business as he (rightly) conceives it. He is like a man who, if his salad needs oil and vinegar

and neither is to hand, will sprinkle it with a little sugar, feeling that at any rate, if it goes quite unseasoned, it will just not be what it is meant to be. And in this other field too that is what Mr. Scott has *donne* with Donne.

Introduction

IN MAKING A SELECTION from the Writings of John Donne, I have chosen only so much of his verse as would be likely to make a definite appeal to the modern reader, as well as a little - a very little - of his prose, and in so doing I have aimed at presenting them in such a form as would render them pleasantly and easily readable. I have therefore consistently avoided cumbering the text with notes ; editions primarily intended for the use of scholars have already appeared in sufficient number.

It is the fate of an editor to bear the brunt of criticism directed against his choice of what should be inserted and what omitted. In my defence I can only say quite plainly that this choice has been dictated solely by my own preference.

I have made considerable alterations in the order of printing of the poems from that usually observed, preferring to arrange them in accordance with a scheme based on their respective contents, rather than their chronological order.

In deciding upon the text of the poems, I have chiefly relied upon the editions of 1633 and 1669 as the bases on which to work. I have also read carefully the edition of 1793, and that prepared by the Rev. Alexander Grosart for the *Fuller Worthies* Library, in 1872, as well as various modern editions, to which I gratefully acknowledge my debt ; chief among these being those edited by Sir H. J. C. Grierson, Sir E. K. Chambers, and John Hayward.

As to orthography, I have taken a middle course, which I hope may commend itself to my readers. I have rejected much of the seventeenth century spelling, which to the average reader of the present day is merely irritating, rich though it may be in antiquarian interest. Equally, it seemed to me, a complete modernization of the orthography would result in the loss of a great deal of the 'flavour' of Donne. I have therefore based the spelling upon that used in the best of the eighteenth century editions, that of Anderson, though I have felt myself free to make changes wherever it seemed that greater clarity

of meaning might be attained thereby.

As far as the prose is concerned, however, I must plead guilty to a lack of consistency. For the letters I have used the spelling of the edition of 1651, that prepared for the press by the writer's son, John Donne the younger, feeling that matters of such personal and private intent should be left exactly as they first saw the light of day. The three sermons which I have printed are a different matter. (Since John Donne was universally regarded in his own day as the greatest preacher in the Church, old Saint Paul's being crowded to the doors whenever he occupied the pulpit,) it seemed to me best to use a modern spelling for his sermons, so that they might not only be considered as part of the prose works of their author, but might also prove to an 'evil and perverse generation' of the same spiritual value they had for their original auditory.

At the present time the wheel has turned full circle, and Donne has fully regained his early popularity, of which for a time he was deprived. He has in fact become 'fashionable' as a poet. The difficulty of obtaining his works at the present time makes it obvious that a new edition, at a reasonable price, is called for. This need I have endeavoured to supply.

In order to make these selections from Donne as interesting as possible to those to whom he is but a name, I have ventured to precede them with a short life and appreciation of the author. This I do with great hesitation, since Izaak Walton's *Life of Donne* is easily obtainable, a work which (in the words of Augustus Jessop) 'stands, and is likely to remain for ever, the masterpiece of English biography.'

The book is decorated with twelve wood engravings from the *Emblemata* of Alciat, 1661, and the frontispiece is taken from the *Imagini delli dei de gl' antichi*, published in Venice, 1674.

JOHN DONNE, Poet and Divine, Son of John Donne, Citizen and ironmonger of London, was born in the parish of St. Olave, Bread Street, in the year 1574. The family was of Welsh extraction, claiming relationship with, and bearing the arms of, the family of Dwynn.

Donne's father died when the boy was little more than a year old, leaving four daughters and two sons. John was the elder of the two boys; his brother was born only just before their father's death.

Their mother, Elizabeth Heywood, was the daughter of Heywood the epigrammatist, and was descended from Judge Rastall, brother-in-law of Henry VIII's great Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas More. She was a firm adherent of the Romish faith, and John and his brother and sisters were brought up in that religion.

At the early age of eleven, he was sent to the University of Oxford, and entered a Commoner of Hart Hall.⁴ Of what work he did there, what subjects he read, and how he spent his time, we have no record. All we know is that "after spending three years at Oxford, he removed to Trinity College, Cambridge.¹ At neither University, we are told, did he take his degree, on account of the *averse-ness of his friends to some parts of the oath that is always tendered at these times*. This refers, of course, to the fact that the oath was naturally displeasing to Roman Catholics. It appears probable, however, that at some later date he did take his degree, since in 1610 he was incorporated M.A. of Oxford, being already M.A. of Cambridge.

In 1592⁴ Donne⁶ was entered at Lincoln's Inn, having previously become a member of the long defunct Thavies' Inn. The next five years were passed both in legal study and in writing poems²—most of the Songs and Sonnets, the Elegies and the earliest Satires having been composed

at this time.[†]He also spent a considerable amount of thought during these years upon the claims of the Roman obedience; certainly by the year 1597 he was no longer a professed member of that Church.

In 1595, his friend Henry Wotton, who had been a fellow undergraduate with him at Hart Hall, returned to England after a long residence in Germany and Italy, and their early friendship was resumed. It seems reasonably certain that it was Wotton's influence that brought Donne into contact with Essex, and induced him to join in the expeditions to Cadiz and to the Azores. In the latter expedition Donne and Wotton were joined by Thomas Egerton, eldest son of Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

By the latter, Donne was recommended to the Lord Keeper, who appointed him as his secretary in 1597, a post which he filled until, in 1601, he himself made the position untenable through his action in making a runaway match with Anne More, daughter of Sir George More, and niece of the second Lady Egerton.

More's anger at the match was fierce and unrelenting; he not only insisted upon the imprisonment of his son-in-law, but upon that of Donne's two friends, Christopher and Samuel Brooke, who had assisted at the marriage. Although Donne was soon released, he came out of prison

to an apparently ruined future; all his hopes of preferment were wrecked by his dismissal from the Lord Keeper's service, a dismissal which naturally followed immediately upon his elopement with his patron's niece by marriage. Donne's letters to his father-in-law, asking for pity and understanding, are among the most beautiful prose that came from his pen. His feelings at the time were well expressed in his well-known line

John Donne Anne Donne undone

From this time on, for nearly fourteen years, Donne's life consisted chiefly of dependence upon friends. It is not, indeed, untrue to say that he lived mainly on charity, either at Pyrford, through the kindness of his wife's cousin, Francis Wooley; at Mitcham, where he took a small house for his wife and their rapidly increasing family, or in the Strand, where he himself had lodgings at the same time — paying for both of these out of his wife's small allowance, grudgingly given by her father; or at the town house of Sir Robert Drury, in what is now Drury Lane, whose interest he had gained through writing his Elegy on the death of Drury's daughter, Elizabeth, whom he had never even seen. These years he spent almost entirely in writing. He

helped Thomas Morton, afterwards Bishop of Durham, in his controversial writings against the Roman Catholics; the *Biathanatos* and the *Pseudo-Martyr, Ignatius his Conclave*, and his glorious *Epithalamion* for the marriage of Lord Somerset with the divorced Lady Essex, were all products of his pen during these years of miserable dependence.

King James I, who had the highest opinion of Donne's abilities, was determined that he should take Holy Orders.¹ To this royal determination Donne gave a somewhat unwilling assent – unwilling, partly because he thought, and with a certain amount of reason, that it might appear that his earlier life had been rather too *irregular* for a hasty retreat to the altar, and partly because he did not like to admit what was nevertheless only too obviously true, that for him every other path to preferment save that of Orders was irretrievably closed. Consequently, on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, a singularly happy choice of date for such an event,¹ in the year 1615, he was ordained by his old friend, Dr. King, Bishop of London, who had been Chaplain to the Lord Keeper when Donne was his secretary.

The days of dependence and penury were now over. Rapid preferment was to be his lot. In quick succession

he was made one of the Chaplains-in-Ordinary to His Majesty, a D.D. of Cambridge by special command of the King, and Divinity Reader of Lincoln's Inn.

In 1617 he suffered a great bereavement in the death of his wife, following the birth of their twelfth child.^f Two years later he accompanied the English Ambassador, Lord Doncaster, as Embassy Chaplain to Germany, where he preached before the ill-fated *Queen of Hearts*. After only six years in Orders, King James appointed him to the Deanery of St. Paul's, where his fame as a preacher attracted enormous congregations.^f

During the greater part of the time that he held the Deanery, he suffered from very poor health, which prevented him from receiving preferment to the Bench, which would otherwise assuredly have been his fortune. Some time before his death, he caused himself to be wrapped up in a sheet, draped in the manner of a shroud; then, closing his eyes, he had his portrait painted. This portrait he kept by his bedside for the rest of his life, to keep himself perpetually reminded of man's mortality.^h The effigy on his monument in St. Paul's Cathedral was copied from this picture.

In 1630,ⁱ while staying with his daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Aubrey Hatch, in Essex,^k he was taken ill.^l He had been

appointed to preach at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, the following Lent, and though far too ill to do so, he insisted upon rising from his bed, and preached from a text from the 68th Psalm, 'Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death.' In this sermon, published after his death with the title 'Death's Duel,' there is not the slightest sign of failing powers. Nevertheless, it was his last effort, and Donne lingered on for six more weeks, before¹ he was granted that peace which his soul so desired.¹

By his own direction, a Latin epitaph was placed upon Donne's monument. It has been translated by Francis Wrangham, as follows

JOHN DONNE,
Doctor of Divinity,
after various studies, pursued by him from his earliest years
with assiduity and not without success,
entered into Holy Orders,
under the influence and impulse of the Divine Spirit
and by the advice and exhortation of King James,
in the year of his Saviour 1614, and of his own age 42.
Having been invested with the Deanery of this Church,
November 27, 1621,
he was stripped of it by Death on the last day of March, 1631:
and here, though set in dust, he beholdeth Him
Whose name is the Rising

OF ALL THE ENGLISH WRITERS of the seventeenth century, there was none, save Milton, to surpass, or even to equal, John Donne. His poetry in particular, though the same quality is apparent in his prose, is so tightly packed with thought upon thought, that to the general reader it becomes obscure – as obscure, and for identically the same reason, as that of Browning. He never sees anything from only one point of view, but always sees every side of every question, a fact which makes his writings particularly attractive to those who do not mind taking the trouble of delving into the tangle of thought, thinking it worth while to do so for the sake of the rich reward that lies at the centre of the maze.

A further reason for his obscurity lies in the fact that Donne was deeply read in mediæval scholasticism; the Aquinian dispute concerning the number of angels that could balance on the point of a needle was in reality nearer to his habit of thought than might be imagined to be the case with one who even as a child could have experienced but the decay that followed the final flowering of the Renaissance.

The great contemporary love for Donne's writings owed its origin largely to the fact that he was the first poetic writer in England to throw off the shackles of the Petrarchian tradition, and to write in an entirely new

form. Novelty had its charm for the Jacobeans, just as it has for us to-day. Added to that was his intense individualism, which, true sign of the Renaissance spirit, made him explore new and ever newer paths, uninterested what the type of experience he might gather, so he but gathered it – through vice and filth to mercy and redemption, through holiness and virtue to death and heaven; it was all one, so he could but experience. He was a true son of the shining years of glory which had passed away.¹ Though there was, perhaps, but little real similarity of spirit between Donne and another great Dean, Jonathan Swift, yet there was a strong superficial resemblance. Both were forced by some inner compulsion, to tread heavily – if I may paraphrase words of Quiller-Couch – in the mire of corruption, and standing there, to reach up to grasp celestial doors.¹

Not even the slightest of appreciations of Donne could be valid unless reference were made to his apparent and extraordinary preoccupation with death. Belonging, by reason of his great imaginative power and the sensuousness of his early verse, rather to the Elizabethans than to the Jacobean writers of his time, this remarkable preoccupation was the result of the extreme interest that he showed in all forms of experience. Death was to him, as was love, even in its lowest and most degraded form, a

mystery which every human being had a right to probe – and, indeed, more – for in the case of death, they had also the necessity of probing it. To Donne death was the greatest of all mysteries, with a correspondingly strong magnetic power.

To put it in a word, he was a posthumous child of the Renaissance; born with a remarkable urge to experience, an immense scientific curiosity, and an unwearied interest in the search after knowledge!

I end by quoting a short passage from verses upon Donne, written by Arthur Wilson, one of his companions on the Cadiz expedition,

*Whatever was of worth in this great frame,
That art could comprehend or wit could name,
It was thy theme for beauty: thou didst see
Woman was this world's epitome.
Thy nimble Satires, too, and ev'ry strain
With every strength that issu'd from thy brain,
Will lose the glory of their own clear bays,
If they admit of any other's praise.
But thy diviner poems, whose clear fire
Purges all dross away, shall by a choir
Of cherubims with heavenly notes be set:
(Where flesh and blood could ne'er attain to yet)
There purest spirits sung such sacred lays
In panegyric hallelujahs.*

Songs and Sonnets



THE FLEA

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

Oh! stay; three lives in one Flea spare,
Where we almost, nay, more than marry'd are.
This Flea is you and I, and this

Our marriage bed and marriage temple is.
Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet;
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this Flea guilty be,
Except in that blood which it suck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now:
'Tis true; then learn how false fears be:
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this Flea's death took 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 childish pleasures sillyly?
Or slumbered we in the seven-sleeper's den?
'Twas so; but ~~as all~~ pleasures fancies be,

If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

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

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

S O N G

Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times past are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot:

Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

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

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

W O M A N ' S C O N S T A N C Y

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

THE UNDERTAKING

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 lothes;
For he who colour loves and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

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

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

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

THE SUN RISING

Busy old fool! unruly Sun!
Why dost thou thus
Through windows and through curtains look on us?
Must to thy motions lovers seasons run?
Sawcy pedantick Wretch! go, chide
Late school-boys, or sour '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, days, 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 mine
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 mimic, 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 warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphere.

THE I N D I F F E R E N T

I can love both fair and brown;
Her whom abundance melts,
 and her whom want betrays;

She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
And said, Alas! some two or three
Poor heretics 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 travel, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last year's relict; think that yet
We had never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,
And at next nine
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 comfitures of court,

Or city's quelque-chose; let not report
My mind transport.

This bargain's good; if, when I'm old, I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine own honour, or my shame or pain
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gain:
Do thy will 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 loves me.

CANONIZATION

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my ^{Paralytes} palsy 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 Kings 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 says my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my reins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill? --
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men whom quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call's what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly;
We are tapers too, and at our own cost die;
And we in us find th'eagle and the dove;
The phoenix riddle has more wit
By us; we two, being one, are it;
So to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die 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 piece of chronicle we prove,

We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms,
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes as half-acre tombs;
And by those hymns 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 mirrors and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomise.
Countries, towns, courts, beg from above
A pattern of our love.

THE TRIPLE FOOL

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry:
But where's that wise man that would not be I,
If she would not deny?
Then as th'earth's inward narrow crooked lanes

Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
I thought if I could draw my pains
Through rhyme'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 or 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.

LOVER'S INFINITENESS

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear! I shall never have it all:
I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure which should purchase thee:

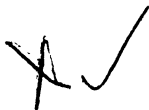
Sighs, tears, and oaths and letters I have spent;
Yet no more can be due to me
Than at the bargain made was meant.
If then thy gift of love was partial,
That some for me, some should to others fall,
Dear! I shall never have it all.

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

Yet I would not have all yet;
He that hath all can have no more:
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new reward 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 stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st it:
But we will love a way more liberal
Than changing hearts to join us! so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

S O N G



Sweetest Love! I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can shew
A fitter love for me;
But since that I must die at last,
'Tis best
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He has no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make

Hastier journies, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

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

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,
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,
That art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil;

But think that we
Are but laid aside to sleep:
They who one another keep
Alive ne'er parted be.

THE LEGACY

When last I dy'd (and, Dear! I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago,
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 myself, 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 find there none.
When I had rip'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,
But colours it and corners had;
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was entire to none, and few had part:
As good as could be made by art
It seem'd, and therefore for our loss be sad.
I meant to send that heart instead of mine;
But, oh! no man could hold it, for 't was thine.

A F E V E R

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

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

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

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

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

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee soon is spent;
Thy beauty, and all parts which are thee,
Are an unchangeable firmament:

Yet 't was of my mind, seizing thee,
Though it in thee cannot persever;
For I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour than all else ever.

A I R A N D A N G E L S

Twice or thrice had I lov'd thee
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,

Angels affect us oft, and worshipp'd be:
Still when to where thou wert I came,
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 it assume thy body I allow,
And fix itself in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast Love I thought,
And so more steadily to have gone
With wares which would sink admiration,
I saw I had Love's pinnace over-fraught;
Thy every hair for Love to work upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
For nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme and scattering bright, can love inhere:
Than as an angel face, and wings

Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere.
Just such disparity

As it 'twixt Air's and Angel's purity,
'Twixt women's love and men's will ever be.

B R E A K O F D A Y

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

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

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye:
If it could speak as well as spy,
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 go.

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

THE ANNIVERSARY

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself (which makes times as they pass)
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
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 corse:
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas! as well as other princes, we
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,

Oft fed with true oaths and with sweet salt tears:
 But souls where nothing dwells but love,
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
 This, or a love increased there above,
 When bodies to their graves,
 souls from their graves remove.
 And then we shall be th'roughly blest,
 But now no more than all the rest.
 Here upon earth were kings, and none but we
 Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
 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 reign.

A VALEDICTION

Of my Name in the Window

My name, engrav'd herein,
 Doth contribute my firmness to this glass,
 Which ever since that charm hath been

As hard as that which grav'd it was:
Thine eye will give it price enough to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

'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 magic can undo;
Here you see me and I see you.

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

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

Then as all my souls be
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.

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

So since this name was cut
When love and grief 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 daily, daily mourn.

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 offend'st my genius.

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

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

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

T W I C K N A M G A R D E N

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

'Twere 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 since I cannot this disgrace
Endure, nor yet leave loving, Love, let me
Some senseless piece of this place be;
Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
Or stone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with crystal 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 woman'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 kill 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 myriads
Of letters which 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 schismatic will dare to wound,

That sees how Love this grace to us affords,

To make, to keep, to use, to be, these his records

This Book, as long liv'd as the elements,

Or as the world's form, this all-graved tome,

In cipher writ, or new-made idiom;

We for Love's clergy only are instruments.

When this Book is made thus,

Should again the ravenous

Vandals and Goths invade us,

Learning were safe in this our universe,

Schools might learn sciences,

spheres music, angels verse.

Here love's divines (since all divinity

Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,

Whether abstracted spiritual love they like,

Their souls exhal'd with what they do not see,

Or loth so to amuse

Faith's infirmities, they choose

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 Prerogatives 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;
Chimeras vain as they or their prerogative.

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

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll study thee,
As he removes far off that great heights takes:

How great love is, presence best trial makes,
But absence tries how long this love will be.
To take a latitude
Sun or stars are fittest view'd
At their brightest; but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we
But to mark when and where the dark eclipses be?

C O M M U N I T Y

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 find our fancy bent.

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

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

But they are ours as fruits are ours;
He that but tastes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well:
Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat,
And when he has the kernel ate,
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't more.
But if this medicine, Love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not only be no quintessence,

But mixt of all stuffs, vexing soul or sense,
And of the sun his active vigour borrow,
Love's not so pure an 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 enlarg'd, but shown.
Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From love's awakened root do bud out now.

If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
Produc'd by one, love such additions take;
Those, like so many spheres, but one heaven make,
For they are all concentric unto thee;
And though each spring do add 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 increase.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE

Love ! any devil else but you
Would for a giv'n soul give something too.
At court your fellows every day
Give th' art of rhyming, huntsmanship, or play,
For them, which were their own before;
Only I've nothing which gave more,
But am, alas! by being lowly lower.

I ask no dispensation now
To falsify a tear, a sigh, a 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 ways, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind:
Love, let me never know that this
Is love or that love childish is:
Let me not know that others know
That she knows my pains, lest that so
A tender shame make me mine own new woe.

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

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

For this love is enrag'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:
Rackt carcasses make ill anatomies.

C O N F I N E D L O V E

Some man, unworthy to be possessor
Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,
Thought his pain and shame would be lesser
If on womankind he might his anger wreak,
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 all night?
Beasts do no jointures lose
Though they new lover choose;
But we are made worse than those.

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

Coming and staying shew'd thee thee,
But rising makes me doubt that now
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak where fear's strong as he:
'Tis not all spirit, pure and brave
If mixture it of fear, shame, honour, 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 whilst I stay here,
For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear;
And by this mintage they are something worth,
For thus they be
Pregnant of thee:
Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more, \\
When a tear falls, that thou fall'st, which it bore;
So thou and I are nothing then when on a diverse sho
On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay

An Europe, Afric, 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 do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee,
my heav'n dissolved so.

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

L O V E ' S A L C H Y M Y

Some that have deeper digg'd Love's mine than I,
Say where his centric happiness doth lie:
I've lov'd, and got, and told.

But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery:
Oh ! 't is imposture all;
And as no chemic yet th' elixir 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 bridegroom's play ?
That loving wretch that swears
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds, ✓
Would swear as justly that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsey the spheres.
Hope not for mind in women; at their best
Sweetness and wit they're but mummy possess.

THE CURSE

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

Madness his sorrow, gout his cramp, may he
Make, by but thinking who hath made them such;
And may he feel no touch
Of conscience, but of fame, and be
Anguish'd, not that 'twas sin, but that 'twas she:
Or may he for her virtue reverence
One that hates him only for impotence,
And equals 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 venom of all stepdames, gamester's gall,
What tyrants and their subjects interwish,
What plants, mine, beasts, fowl, fish,
Can contribute, all ill which all
Prophets or poets spake; and all which shall
Be annexed in schedules unto this by me
Fall on that man; for if it be a she,
Nature before-hand hath out-cursed me.

T H E M E S S A G E

Send home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh ! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions
And false passions,
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,
Keep it still, 't is 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 dost now.

A NOCTURNAL

Upon S. Lucie's day, being the shortest day

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's
Lucie's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks.
The sun is spent, and now his flasks

Send forth light squibs, no constant rays;
The world's whole sap is sunk:
The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is shrunk,
Dead and interr'd; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next spring;
For I am a very dead thing,
In whom love wrought new alchemy;
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 limbec, 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 chaoses, when he 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 elixir 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 sun 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 us prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her Vigil and her Eve, since this
Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is.

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 marr'd to kill,
How many ways might'st thou perform thy will ?

But now I've drunk thy sweet salt tears,
And though thou pour more I'll depart:
My Picture vanished, vanish all fears
That I can be endamag'd by that art.
Thou 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 brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

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

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

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

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

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

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself 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, Murd'ress! I am dead,
And thou shalt think thee free
Of all sollicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to they bed,
And thee, feign'd vestal, in worse arms shall see;
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art, being tir'd before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,
And in a false sleep even from thee shrink.
And then, poor aspin wretch! neglected, thou,
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat, wilt lie,
A veryer ghost than I.
What I will say I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent
I'd rather thou shouldst painfully repent
Than by my threat'nings rest still innocent.

THE BROKEN HEART

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

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

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 breast hath all
These pieces still, though they do not unite:
And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
My rags 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-floods nor sigh-tempest move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

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

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

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy 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 roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

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

THE ECSTASY

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

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

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 whilst 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 souls' 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 Ecstasy 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
Inter-animates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loveliness controls.

We then, who are this new soul, know
Of what we are compos'd and made;
For th' atomies, of which we grow,
Are souls, 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
Th' intelligencies, they the spheres.

We owe them thanks, because they thus
Did us to us first convey.
Yielded 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 air;
For soul into the soul my flow,
Though it to body first repair.

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

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

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

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

L O V E ' S D E I T Y

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who dy'd before the god of love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn:
But since this god produc'd a destiny,
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, till I love her that loves 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 purlieu of the god of love.
Oh! were we waken'd by this tyranny
T' 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
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be;
If she whom I love should love me.

LOVE'S DIET

To what a cumbersome unwieldiness
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 endures, discretion.

Above one sigh a day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune and my faults had part;

;

And if sometimes by stealth he got
A she sigh from my 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 her's I let him know
'Twas not a tear which he had got.
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
Her eyes, which rowl t'wards all, weep not, but sweat.

Whatever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters which 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 man in an entail?

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

THE WILL

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe
Great love! some legacies. I here bequeathe
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love! I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame! t'ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears.

Thou Love! hast taught me heretofore,
By making me love her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none

but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffons my pensiveness;
My silence t'any who abroad have 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 no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics

Thou, Love! my making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
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-dial in a grave.

Thou, Love! taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
T'invent and practise this one way
t'annihilate all three.

THE FUNERAL

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

And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough;
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fall'n, 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 thyself, will say,
Alas! if you must go, what's that to me?
Here lies my bus'ness, and here I will stay:
You go to friends, whose love and means present
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taste, and ev'ry part;
If then your body go, what need your heart?

Well, then stay here; but know,
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?
Practice may make her know some other part,
But take my word she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London, then,
Twenty days 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 Montgomery Castle.

Upon the hill on which it is situate

Upon this Primrose hill
(Where, if Heav'n would distill
A shower of rain, each several drop might go
To his own Primrose, and grow manna so;

And where their form and their infinity
Make a terrestrial Galaxy,
As the small stars do in the sky)
I walk to find a true love, and I see
That 't is not a mere women 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
Falsehood in woman, I could more abide
She were by Art than Nature falsify'd.

Live, Primrose! then, and thrive
With they 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 turn, since all
Numbers are odd or even, since they fall
First into five, women may take us all.

THE RELIC

When my grave is broke up again,
Some second guest to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head
To be 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 busy 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 relics; 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;
Diff'rence of sex no more we knew,
No more than guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but yet between those meals
Our hands ne'er toucht the seals
Which Nature, injur'd by late law, set free;
These miracles we did; but now, alas!
All measure and all language I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

T H E D A M P

When I am dead, and doctors know not why,
And my friends' curiosity
Will have me cut up, to survey each part,
And they shall find your picture in mine heart;

You think a sudden Damp of love
Will thorough all their senses move,
And work on them as me, and so prefer
Your murder to the name of massacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in the conquest have,
First kill th' enormous giant, your disdain.
And let th' enchantress Honour 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 giants 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 mere man: do you but try
Your passive valour and you shall find then,
Naked you've 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 her's involve,
And those things, whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow and burdenous,
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of passion, signs of air.
Water of tears, and earthly sad despair,
Which my materials be,
(But near worn out by Love's security)
She, to my loss, doth by her death repair;
And I might live long wretched so,
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now as those active kings,
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break;
This, (which I am amaz'd that I can speak)
This death hath, with my store,
My use increas'd;
And so my soul, more earnestly releas'd,

Will outstrip her's; as bullets flown before
A latter bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

A J E T R I N G S E N T

Thou are 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.

Marriage rings are not of this stuff;
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 thumb;
Be justly proud, and gladly safe,
That thou dost dwell with me,
She that oh! broke her faith would soon break thee.

NEGATIVE LOVE

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

If that be simply perfectest
Which can by no means be expresst
But negatives, my love is so;
To all which all love I say No.
If any who deciphers best,
What we know not (ourselves) can know,
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 repair my unthrifty waste
Of breath and blood 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 style of Conqueror
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 extremes shall ne'er their office do;
Love me, that I may die the gentler way;
Hate me, because thy love's too great for me;
Or let these two themselves, not me, decay;

So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be:
Then lest thy love thou hate and me undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too!

THE EXPIRATION

So, go break off this last lamenting kiss,
Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away.
Turn thou, Ghost! that way, and let me turn this.
And let ourselves benight our happiest day;
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 murd'rer do:
Except it be too late to kill me so,
Being double dead, going, and bidding Go.

THE COMPUTATION

From my first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believed 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 too
A thousand I did neither think nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thousand more forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think that I
Am, by being dead, immortal. 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 he.
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 lov'd and dy'd, and am now become
Mine epitaph and tomb.
Here dead men speak their last, and so do I,
Love-slain, lo! here I die.

S O N G

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

Let not thy wit bewEEP
Words, but sense deep;
For when we miss,
By distance, our hopes-joining bliss,
Ev'n then our souls shall kiss:
Fools have no means to meet
But by their feet:
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way?
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we, move.

F A R E W E L L T O L O V E

Whilst yet to prove
I thought there was some deity in love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worship, as Atheists at their dying hour
Call what they cannot name an **unknown** power;
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 size grow.

But from late fair
His Highness (sitting in a golden chair)
Is not less cared for after three days
By children, than the thing which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship woo:
Being had, enjoying its decays;
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 lions, 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 doat and run
To pursue things which had endamag'd me;
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do when the summer sun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat;
Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,
'Tis but applying worm-seed to the tail.

A L E C T U R E U P O N T H E S H A D O W

Stand still, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, Love, in Love's philosophy.
These three hours that we have spent
Walking here, two shadows went
Along with us, which we ourselves produced.

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 't is not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see;
Except our loves at this noon stay,
We shall new shadows make the other way.
As the first were made to blind
Others, these which come behind
Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.
If our love's faint, and westwardly decline,
To me thou falsely 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.

THE TOKEN

Send me some Tokens that my hope may live,
Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest;
Send me some honey to make sweet my hive,
That in my passions I may hope the best.
I beg nor ribband wrought with thy own hands,
To knit our loves in the fantastic strain
Of new-toucht youth; nor ring, to shew the stands
Of our affection, that as that's round and plain
So should our loves meet in simplicity;
No, nor the corals which thy wrist infold,
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 't is like the best;
Nor witty lines, which are most copious,
Within the writings which thou hast address.
Send me nor this nor that t'increase my score,
But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

Elegies



THE AUTUMNAL

No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one Autumnal face.
Young beauties force our loves, and that's a rape;
This doth but counsel, yet you cannot 'scape.
If 't were a shame to love, here 't were no shame;
Affections here take reverence's name.
Were her first years the golden age; that's true,
But now she's gold oft' try'd, and ever new:
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her habitable tropic clime.
Fair eyes! who asks more heat then comes from hence,
He in a fever 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 anchorite;
And here, till her's, 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 councils, sit.
This is Love's timber, youth his underwood;
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 she,
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 unthrift's purse, but a soul's sack;
Whose eyes seek light within; for all here's shade;
Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out than made;
Whose every tooth to a several place is gone
To vex the soul at resurrection;
Name not these living death-heads unto me,
For these not ancient but antic be.
I hate extremes; yet I had rather stay
With tombs than cradles to wear out the 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 ebb on with them who homeward go.

D E A T H

Language! thou art too narrow and too weak
To ease us now; great sorrows cannot speak.
If we could sigh out accents and weep words,
Grief wears and lessens that tear's 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 i' 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 stay'd there, and look'd 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.
She was too sapphirine and clear for thee ;
Clay, flint, and jet, now thy fit dwellings be.
Alas! she was too pure, but not too weak ;
Whoe'er saw crystal ordnance but would break ?
And if we be thy conquest, by her fall
Thou hast lost thy end, in her we perish all :
Or if we live, we live but to rebel,
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 her's ; now she is gone,
Mirth and prosperity's oppression :

For of all moral virtues she was all
That ethics speak of virtues Cardinal.
Her soul was Paradise; the cherubim
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 minds to heav'n, where now she is;
Whom if her virtues 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'd 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 body's left with us, lest some had said
She could not die, except they saw her dead:
For from less virtue and less beauteousness
The Gentiles fram'd them gods and goddesses:

The ravenous earth, that now woos here 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 Stoic's heart.

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 magic cannot do it,
And that great hell to boot are shadows to it,
Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus! and each star,
It would not form one thought dark as mine are!
I could lend them obscureness now, and say
Out of myself: 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 thyself art blind, that we,

Was't not enough that thou didst hazard us
To paths in love so dark and dangerous,
And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
And over all thy husband's tow'ring eyes
Inflam'd with th'ugly sweat of jealousy,
Yet went we not still on in constancy ?
Have we for this kept guards, like spy o'er spy ?
Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by ?
Stol'n (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses ?
Shadow'd with negligence our best respects ?
Varied out language through all dialects
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards
Spoke 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 riveted quite through
Our turning brains and both our lips grow to:
Let our arms clasp like ivy, and our fear
Freeze us together, that we may stick here;
Till Fortune, that would ruin 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 do.
Oh. Fortune! thou'rt not worth my least exclaim,
And plague enough thou hast in thy own name:
Do thy great worst, my friend and I have arms,
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms;
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 quick'ning sun,
But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
The air 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 enripened 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 she.
And, dearest Friend! since we must part, drown night
With hope of day; burdens well borne are light.
The cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,

Yet Phoebus equally lights all the sphere;
And what we cannot in like portion pay,
The world enjoys in mass, and so we may.
Be ever then yourself, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty so;
Declare yourself base Fortune's enemy;
No less be your contempt than her inconstancy;
That I may grow enamour'd 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 heav'n hath motion lost, and the world fire.
Much more I could; but many words have made
That oft suspected which men most persuade:
Take therefore all in this; I love so true,
As I will never look for less in you.

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED

Come, Madam! come; all rest my powers defy;
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 glitt'ring,
But a far fairer world encompassing.
Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear;
That th'eyes of busy fools may be stopt there.
Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
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 beauteous state reveals,
As when through flow'ry meads th' hill's shadow steals.
Off with that wyerie coronet, and shew
The hairy diadem which on your head doth grow.
Now off with those shoes, and 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, bring'st with thee
A heav'n like Mah'met's paradise; and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we eas'ly know
By this these angels from an evil sprite;

Those set our hairs but these our flesh upright.
License my roaving hands, and let them go
Before, behind, between, above, below.
O my America! My Newfoundland!
My kingdom's safest when with one man mann'd.
My mine of precious stones! my empery!
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 joys are due to thee;
As souls unbodied bodies uncloth'd must be,
To taste whole joys. Gems, which you women use,
Are, like Atlanta's ball, cast in men's views;
That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,
His earthly soul may court that and not them:
Like pictures or like books gay coverings made,
For lay-men are all women thus array'd.
Themselves are only mystic books, which we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know,
As liberally as to thy midwife show
Thyself, cast all, yea, this white linen; hence;
There is no pennance due to innocence.
To teach thee, I am naked first; why, then,
What need'st thou have more covering than a man?

Epithalamions



AN EPITHALAMION

*On Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine, and Lady
Elizabeth, being married on St. Valentine's Day*

Hail, Bishop Valentine ! whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners :
Thou marry'st every year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove ;
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with red stomacher ;
Thou mak'st the black bird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon ;

The husband cock looks out and strait is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather bed.
This day more cheerfully than ever shine;
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

Till now thou warm'dst with multiplying loves
Two larks, two sparrows, or two doves;
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two phoenixes.
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 phoenixes, whose joined breasts
Are unto one another mutual nests;
Where nature kindles such fires as shall give
Young phoenixes, and yet the old shall live;
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through thy day,
O Valentine!

Up then, fair Phoenix Bride! frustrate the sun;
Thyself from thine affection
Tak'st warmth enough, 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
Thyself a constellation of them all;
And by their blazing signify
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!

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 disunite;
You're twice inseparable, great, and one.
Go then to where the Bishop stays
To make you one; his way, which divers ways
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that y'are one, by hearts and hands made fast;
You two have one way left yourselves t'entwine,

Besides this Bishop's knot of Bishop Valentine.

But, oh! what ails the sun, that here he stays
Longer to-day than other days ?

Stays he new light from these to get ?

And finding here such stars is loth 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 Fairies, till the cock crow them away.

Alas ! did not Antiquity assign

A night as well as day to thee, old Valentine ?

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 pieces) 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's laid: what though she be ?
Yet there are more delays; for where is he ?
He comes and passeth through sphere after sphere;
First her sheets, then her arms, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night, be thine;
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine!

Here lies a she sun, and he a moon there;
She gives the best light to his sphere;
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!

And by this act of these two phoenixes
Nature again réstored 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 uprising) will stay
Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
Only desired, 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, her's or his.
This will be try'd to-morrow after nine,
Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine!

EPITHALAMION

The sun-beams in the East are spread,
Leave, leave, fair Bride! your solitary bed;
No more shall you return to it alone,
It nurseth sadness; and your body'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 days,
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, frolic Patricians!
Sons of those senators, 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 hermaphrodites,
Here shine; this bridegroom to the temple bring,
Lo! in yon'path which store of strow'd flow'rs graceth,
The sober virgin paceth;

Except my sight fail 't is 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 fair Temple! unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bosom hold,
Till mystically join'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 far 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 puts on perfection and a woman's name.

Winter days bring much delight,
None 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 sphere 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 heav'ns half frame,
To-night put on perfection and a woman's name.

The amorous evening-star is rose,
Why then should not our amorous star inclose
Herself in her wish'd bed? Release your strings,
Musicians! 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 toil'd beast
Rest duly; at night all their toils are dispens'd;
But in their beds commenc'd
Are other labours, and more dainty feasts.
She goes a maid who, lest she turn the same,
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name.

The virgin's girdle now untie,
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'adorn the day, not thee; for thou alone,
Like Virtue and Truth, are best in nakedness:
This bed is only to virginity

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 faithful man, content
That this life for a better should be spent,
So she a mother's rich style doth prefer,
And at the bridegroom's wish'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
The priest comes on his knees t'imbowel her.
Now sleep or watch with more joy; and, oh! light
Of heav'n! 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 maim,
 To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name

ECLOGUE *December 26, 1613*

Allophanes Unreasonable man, statue of ice!
What could to country's solitude entice
Thee in this year's cold and decrepit time?

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, lustres 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 heav'n to men dispos'd, is ev'ry where;
So are those courts whose princes animate
Not only all their house but all their state.
Let no man think, because he's full, he has all:
Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
Not only in fulness but capacity,
Enlarging men to feel and see,
And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
So reclus'd hermits oftentimes do know

More of heav'ns glory than a wordling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and men need no farther look;
So's 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, fantastic ! 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 lie
So upward, that Heav'n 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 thyself, and know with me,
That angels, though on earth employ'd they be,

Are still in heav'n; so is he still at home
That doth abroad to honest actions come.
Chide thyself 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
Find that the king therein is liberal
To them, in him, because his favours bend
To virtue, 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 breast
Where the king's counsels and his secrets rest.
What hast thou lost ? O ignorant man!

Idios I knew

All this, and only 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.

The Time of the Marriage

Thou art repriev'd, old Year! thou shalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
And shouldst 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 easy 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.

Equality of persons

But, undiscerning Muse! which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple dost thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As her's, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be try'd by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
If by that manly courage they be try'd
Which scorns unjust opinion, then the bride
Becomes a man: should chance or envy's art
Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye,
 and both the loving heart?

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

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 cloud'st thyself; since we which do behold
Are dust and worms, 'tis just
Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
Let ev'ry jewel be a glorious star,
Yet stars are not so pure as their spheres are;
And though thou stoop t'appear to us in part,
Still in that picture thou entirely art,
Which thy inflaming eyes
 have made within his loving heart.

Going to the Chapel

Now from your easts you issue forth, and we,
As men which through a cypress see
The rising sun, do think it two;
So as you go to church do think of you:
But that vail 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, reverend Priest! who God's recorder art,
Do from his dictates to these two impart
All blessings which are seen, or thought,
by angels' eye or heart.

The Benediction

Blest pair of Swans! oh! may you interbring
Daily new joys, and never sing:
Live till all grounds of wishes fail,
Till honour, yea, till wisdom, grow so stale,
That new great heights to try,
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 error overthwart
With any west these radiant eyes,
with any north this heart.

Feasts and Revels

But you are over-blest; plenty this day
Injures; it causeth time to stay;
The tables groan, as though this feast

The Bridegroom's Coming

As he that sees a star fall runs apace,
And finds a gelly in the place;
So doth the bridegroom haste as much,
Being told this star is fall'n, 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 hand or heart.

The Good-Night

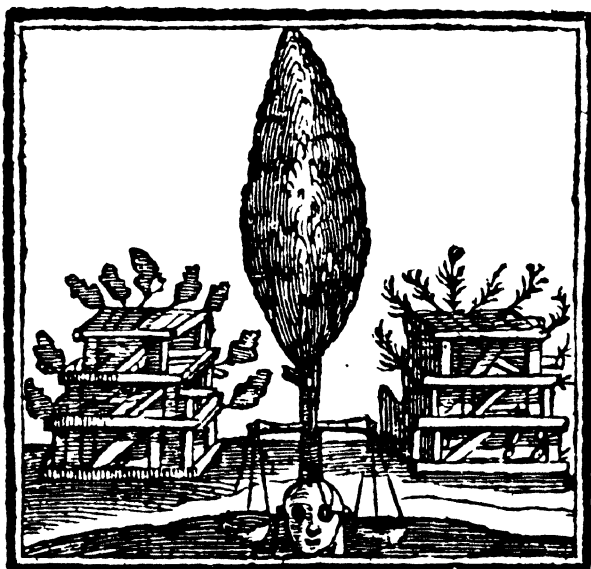
Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,
Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
May these love-lamps we here enshrine
In warmth, light, lasting, equal the divine!
Fire ever doth aspire,
And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,
But ends in ashes; which these cannot do,
For none of these is fuel, but fire too.

This is joy'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.
Whatever celebrates this festival
Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
Nor may yourself be priest ; but let me go
Back to the court, and I will lay 't upon
Such altars as prize your devotion.

Divine Poems



GOOD-FRIDAY 1613

Riding westward

Let man's soul be a sphere, and then in this
Th' intelligence that moves, devotion is;
And as the other spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motion, lose their own
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleasure or business so our souls admit
For this first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is't that I am carried t'wards the west
This day, when my soul's form bends to the east;
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,

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 may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

T H E L I T A N Y

The Father

Father of heav'n and him by whom
It, and us for it, and all else for us,
Thou mad'st and govern'st ever, come,
And re-create me, now grown ruinous;
My heart is by dejection clay,
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.

The Son

O Son of God! who seeing two things,
Sin and death, crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, try'dst with what stings

The other could thine heritage invade,
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucify'd again:
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be, by applying so thy pain,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slain.

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 weather-beat,
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.

The Trinity

O Blessed, glorious Trinity!
Bones to philosophy but milk to faith,
Which, as wise serpents diversely
Most slipp'riness, yet most entanglings hath,

As you distinguish'd (undistinct)
By pow'r, love, knowledge, be,
Give me a such self-diff'rent instinct
Of these let all me elemented be,
Of pow'r to love, to know you unnumb'red Three.

The Virgin Mary

For that fair blessed Mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us, (that she cherubim,
Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
One claim for innocence, and disseiz'd sin;
Whose womb was a strange heav'n, for there
God cloth'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.

The Angels

And since this life our nonage is,
And we in wardship in thine Angels be,
Native in heav'n's fair palaces,
Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee;

As th'earth, conceiving by the sun,
Yields 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.

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 heav'n still pray that we
May use our new helps right)
Be satisfy'd, and fructify in me:
Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
Nor faith, by reason added, lose her sight.

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 heav'nly Poets, which did see
Thy will, and it express
In rhythmic feet) in common pray for me,
That I by them excuse not my excess
In seeking secrets or poeticness.

The Apostles

And thy illustrious zodiack
Of twelve apostles, which ingirt this all,
From whom whoso'er 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.

The Martyrs

And since thou so desirously
Didst long to die, that long before you could'st,
And long since thou no more couldst die,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystic body wouldst

In Abel die, and ever since
In thine, let their blood come
To beg for us a discreet patience
Of death, or of worse life; for, oh! to some
Not to be martyrs is a martyrdom.

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.
Temptations martyr us alive. A man
Is to himself a Dioclesian.

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 integrity:
Divorce thou sin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaste widowhood virginity.

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 thy Scriptures 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 ways, and call them stars, but not the sun.

And whilst this universal quire,
(That church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee dear)
Prays ceaselessly, and thou hearken too,
(Since to be gracious
Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do)

Hear this pray'r, Lord! O Lord! deliver us
From trusting in those prayers, though pour'd out thus.

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 only for our prison fram'd,
Or that thou'rt covetous
To them thou lov'st, or that they are maim'd,
From reaching this world's sweets: who seek thee thus
With all their might, good Lord! deliver us.

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

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

From measuring ill by vicious,
Neglecting to choke 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.

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

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

That music 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.

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

That living law, the magistrate,
Which to give us and make us physic doth
Our vices often aggravate;
That preachers, taxing sin before her growth,
That Satan, and envenom'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.

That Learning, thine ambassador,
From thine allegiance we never tempt;
That beauty, Paradise's flow'r,
For physic made, from poison 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 echoes, O thou ear and eye!

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

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 island unto thee,
And all whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood 't wixt 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 control
The amorousness of an harmonious soul;
But thou would'st have that love thyself; as thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now;

Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou free
My soul; whoever gives, takes liberty.
O, 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 scatter'd be
On fame, 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 days I choose
An everlasting night.

H Y M N T O G O D , M Y G O D

In my Sickness

Since I am coming to that holy room
Where with the choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music, 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 shewn
That this is my south-west discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die.

I joy that in these straights I see my west;
For though those currents yield 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 Pacific Sea my home? or are
The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem?
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar!
All straights, and none but straights are ways to them,
Whether where Japheth dwelt, or Cham, or Shem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
Look, Lord! and find both Adams met in me:
As the first 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

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.

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

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thyself 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.

ON THE SACRAMENT

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

Though this quatrain is probably not of Donne's composition, yet the possibility that it may be of his authorship, added to its masterly character, makes me include it. Fuller, in his HOLY STATE and Baker, in his CHRONICLE both ascribe it to Queen Elizabeth, considering it as an impromptu reply of that monarch to her sister's confessor, Feckenham, when he questioned her as to her belief in the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation.

The Progress of the Soule



E P I S T L E

Others at the porches and entries of their buildings set heir arms, I my picture, if any colours can deliver a mind so plain and flat, and thoroughlight as mine Naturally at a new author I doubt and stick, and do not say quickly, good. I censure much and tax; and this liberty costs me more than others, by how much my own things are worse than others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against myself as not to do it since I love it, nor so unjust to others to do it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender but him that, like the Trent Council, forbids not books, but authors, damning whatever such a name hath or shall write. None write so

ill that he gives not something exemplary to follow or fly. Now, when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any man's debt: how my stock will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use. If I do borrow any thing of antiquity, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity with as much, and as good, you shall find me to acknowledge it, and do thank not him only that hath digged out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember (for I will have no such readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not only carry one soul from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also; and, therefore, you must not grudge to find the same soul in an emperor, in a post-horse, and in a maceron, since no unreadiness in the soul, but an indisposition in the organs, works this. And therefore, though this soul could not move when it was a melon, yet, it may remember, and can now tell me at what lascivious banquet it was served: and though it could not speak when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poison to attain dignity. However the bodies have dulled her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own, which makes me so seriously deliver you, by her relation, all her pas-

sages, from her first making, when she was that apple which Eve ate, to this time, when she is he whose life you shall find in the end of this book.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOULE

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
Yok'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, 'tis in this one,
A work t'out-wear Seth's pillars, brick and stone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yield to none.

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soul envies not;
By thy male force is all we have begot.
In the first east thou now beginn'st to shine,
Suck'st early balm, and island spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd career
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow, dinc,
And see at night thy western land of mine;

So much myself as to know with what hand,
How scant or liberal this my life's race is spann'd.

To my six lusters, almost now our-wore,
Except thy book owe me so many more;
Except my legend be free from the lets
Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching sickness, dull captivity,
Distracting business, and from beautie's nets,
And all that calls from this and t'others whets;
O! let me not launch out, but let me save
Th' expense of brain and spirit, that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man, may have.

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

which were at Tygris and Euphrates weigh'd.

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 wrecks of th' empire, and late Rome,
And liv'd when every great 'change did come,
Had first in Paradise a low but fatal room.

Yet no low room, nor than the greatest, less
If (as devout and sharp men fitly guess)
That cross, our joy and grief, (where nails did tie
That All, which always was all every where,
Which could not sin, and yet all sins did bear,
Which could not die, yet could not choose but die),
Stood in the self same room in Calvary
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree;
For on that tree hung in security
This Soul, made by the Maker's will from pulling free.

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soon as born,

His creatures' will cross 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.

But snatch me, heav'nly Spirit! from this vain
Reck'ning their vanity; less is their gain
Than hazard still to meditate on ill,
Though with good mind; their reason's like those toys
Of glassy bubbles which the gamesome boys
Stretch to so nice a thinness through a quill,
That they themselves break, and do themselves spill.
Arguing is heretic's game, and exercise,
As wrestlers, perfects them. Not liberties
Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues and heresies

Just in that instant, when the serpent's gripe
Broke the slight veins 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 dare say he saw,

À dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill:
His apples kindle, his leaves force of conception kill.

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

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 sin 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.
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood,
But he's short liv'd

that with his death can do most good.

To an unfetter'd Soul's quick nimble haste
Are falling stars and hearts thoughts but slow pac'd,
Thinner than burnt air flies this Soul, and she,
Whom four new coming and four parting suns
Had found, and left the mandrake's tenant, runs,
Thoughtless of change, when her firm destiny
Confin'd and enjail'd her that seem'd so free
Into a small blew shell, the which a poor
Warm bird o'erspread, and sat still evermore,
Till her enclos'd child kick'd, and pick'd itself a door.

Out crept a sparrow, this Soul's moving inn,
On whose raw arms stiff feathers now begin,
As children's teeth through gums, to break with pain;
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threads;
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 month will beat him from his hen.

In this world's youth wise Nature did make haste,
Things ripen'd sooner, and did longer last:
Already this hot cock in bush and tree,

Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
Ask'd not of roots, nor of cock-sparrows, leave;
Yet chooseth he, though none of these he fears,
Pleasantly three; then straiten'd twenty years
To live, and to encrease his race himself outwears.

This coal with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The Soul from her to active organs fled
T'a brook. A female fish's sandy roe
With the male's jelly newly leaven'd was;
For they had intertouch'd as they did pass,
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
This Soul inform'd and able it to row
Itself with finny oars, which she did fit,
Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan so white, that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd;
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 swallow'd clear

This and much such, and unblam'd; devour'd there
All but who too swift, too great, or well-arm'd, were.

Now swam 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 vapour'd forth.
Fate not affording bodies of more worth
For her as yet, bids her again retire
To another fish, to any new desire
Made a new prey; for he that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, is sure gone;
Weakness invites, but silence feasts oppression.

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

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

So far from hiding her guests water is,
That she shews them in bigger quantities
Than they are. Thus her, doubtful of her way,
For game, and not for hunger, a sea-pie
Spy'd through this traitorous spectacle from high
The silly fish, where it disputing lay,
And t'end her doubts and her, bears her away;
Exalted, she's but to th'exalter's good;
(As are by great ones men which lowly stood)
It's rais'd to be the raiser's instrument and food.

Is any kind subject to rape like fish?
Ill unto man they neither do nor wish;
Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake;

They do not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
Of beasts, nor their young sons to bear away;
Fowls they pursue not, nor do undertake
To spoil the nests industrious birds do make;
Yet them all these unkind kinds feed upon;
To kill them is an occupation,
And laws make fasts and Lents for their destruction.

A sudden stiff 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 gluttony's best orator: at last,
So long he hath flown, and hath flown so fast,
That, leagues o'erpast at sea, now tir'd he lies,
And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies:
The Souls, no longer foes, two ways did err.
The fish I follow, and keep no calender
Of th'other: he lives yet in some great officer.

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 swum
Or seas from Afric's body had severed

And torn the Hopeful Promontory's head:
The fish would seem these, and, when all hopes fail,
A great ship overset, 'or without sail,
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp)
be like this whale.

At every stroke his brazen fins do take
More circles in the broken sea they make
Than cannons voices when the air they tear:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark, that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof:
Swim in him swallow'd dolphins without fear,
And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were
Some inland sea; and ever, as he went,
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To join our seas with seas above the firmament.

He hunts not fish, but, as an officer,
Stays in his court, at his own net, and there
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his golf-like throat sucks every thing,
That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
Flier and follower, in this whirlpool fall:
O! might not states of more equality

Consist ? and is it of necessity
That thousand guiltless smalls
to make one great must die ?

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks ;
He jostles islands, and he shakes firm rocks :
Now in a roomful house this Soul doth float,
And, like a prince, she sends her faculties
To all her limbs, distant as provinces.
The sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
Parched, since first launch'd forth this living boat :
'Tis greatest now, and to destruction
Nearest ; there's no pause at perfection ;
Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.

Two little fishes, whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two, not th'roughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themselves by his death, (they did not eat
His flesh, nor suck those oils 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 ?

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

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 go,
Because he's now dead to whom they should shew
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 shewn.

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 cloister of a wretched mouse,
(As basest men, that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy ought, do far more hate the great
Than they who good repos'd estates possess)
This Soul, late taught that great things might by less
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herself address.

Nature's great master-piece, an elephant,
(The only harmless great thing) the giant
Of beasts, who thought none hand, to make him wise,
But to be just and thankful, loth t'offend,
(Yet Nature hath giv'n him no knees to bend)
Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
And, foe to none, suspects no enemies,
Still sleeping stood; vex't not his fantasy
Black dreams; like an unbent bow carelessly
His sinewy proboscis did remissly lie.

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 only he that meant
To die did ever kill a man of better room)
And thus he made his foe his prey and tomb:
Who cares not to turn back may any whither come.

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 go.
Abel, as white and mild as his sheep were,
(Who, in that trade of church and kingdoms there
Was the first type) was still infested so
With this wolf, that it bred his loss and woe;
And yet his bitch, his centinel, attends
The flock so near, so well warms and defends,
That the wolf (hopeless else) to corrupt her intends.

He took a course, which since successfully
Great men have often taken, to espy
The counsels, or to break the plots, of foes;
To Abel's tent he stealeth in the dark,
On whose skirts the bitch slept: ere she could bark,
Attach'd her with strait gripesyet he call'd those
Embracements of love: to love's work he goes,

In Abel's tent, and with soft Moaba,
His sister, being young, it us'd to sport and play.

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, betray'd
Himself by flight, and by all followed,
From dogs a wolf, from wolves a dog, he fled,
And, like a spy, to both sides false, he perished.

It quick'ned next a toyful ape, and so
Gamesome it was, that it might freely go
From tent to tent, and with the children play;
His organs now so like theirs he doth find,
That why he cannot laugh and speak his mind
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
With Adam's fifth daughter, Siphatecia;
Doth gaze on her, and where she passeth pass,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grass;
And, wisest of that kind, the first true lover was.

Succeeds an itchy warmth, that melts her quite;
She knew not first, nor cares not what he doth;
And willing half and more, more than half wroth,
She neither pulls nor pushes, but out-right
Now cries, and now repents; when Thelemite,
Her brother, enter'd, and a great stone threw
After the ape, who thus prevented flew.
This house, thus batter'd down, the Soul possest anew.

And whether by this change she lose or win,
She comes out next where th' ape would have gone in.
Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now,
Like chemic's equal fires, her temperate womb
Had stew'd and form'd it; and part did become
A spongy liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit on a high hill's brow,
Life-keeping moisture unto every part;
Part harden'd itself to a thicker heart,
Whose busy furnaces life's spirits do impart.

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

And now they join'd, keeping some quality
Of every past shape; she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow
To be a woman: Themech she is now,
Sister and wife to Cain, Cain that first did plough.

Whoe'er 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 ploughing, 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



One

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 dim eyes any way.
Despair behind, and death before, doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh,
Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtile foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain:

Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou, like adamant, draw mine iron heart.

Two

As due by many titles, I resign
Myself to thee, O God! First I was made
By thee, and for thee ; and when I was decay'd
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine.
I am thy son, made with thyself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repay'd,
Thy sheep, thine image; and, till I betray'd
Myself, 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.

Three

Oh! 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 show'rs 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 itching lecher, and self-tickling proud,
Have th'remembrance of past joys 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.

Four

Oh! my black soul! now thou art summoned
By sickness, death's herald and champion,
Thou'rt 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 haled to execution,
Wisheth that still he might b'imprisoned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?

Oh! make thyself 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.

Five

I am a little world, made cunningly
Of elements and an angelic sprite;
But black sin hath betray'd to endless night
My world's both parts, and oh! both parts must die.
You, which beyond that heav'n, which was most high,
Have found new spheres, and of new land can write,
Pour 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, O Lord! with a fiery zeal
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heal.

Six

This is my play'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 minute's latest point,
And gluttonous death will instantly unjoint
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 joint.
Then as my soul to heav'n, her first seat, takes flight
And earth-borne body in the earth shall dwell,
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
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.

Seven

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 go,
All whom th'flood did, and fire, shall overthrow;
All whom war, death, age, ague's 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 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 'hadst seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

Eight

If faithful souls be alike glorify'd
As angels, then my father's soul doth see,
And adds this ev'n to full felicity,
That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erstride;
But if our minds to these souls be descry'd
By circumstances and by signs that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How shall my mind's white truth by them be try'd?
They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And style blasphemous conjurors to call
On Jesus' name, and Pharisaical
Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
O pensive soul! to God, for he knows best
Thy grief, for he put it into my breast.

Nine

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree
Whose fruit threw death on (else immortal) us;
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious,
Cannot be damn'd, alas! why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
And mercy being easy 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 only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heav'nly 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.

Ten

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 go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men
And dost with poison, war, 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. ✓

Eleven

Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucify me,
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and only he
Who could do no iniquity hath dy'd,
But by my death cannot be satisfy'd
My sins, which pass the Jew's impiety:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now glorify'd.
O let me then his strange love still admire.
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment;
As 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.

Twelve

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 do you, bull and boar, so sillily
Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,
Whose whole kind you might swallow and feed upon ?
Weaker I am, woe's 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 ty'd,
For us, his creatures and his foes, hath dy'd.

Thirteen

What if this present were the world's last night ?
Mark in my heart, O Soul! where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucify'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright;
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light;
Blood fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head fell.

And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell
Which pray'd forgiveness for his foe's fierce spite ?
No, no; but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour, so I say to thee:
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd;
This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

Fourteen

Batter my heart, three -person'd God, for you
As yet but knock; breathe, shine, and seek to mend.
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurpt town, to another due,
Labour t'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 enthal me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

Fifteen

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

Sixteen

Father, part of his double interest
Unto thy kingdom thy Son gives to me;
His jointure, 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 wills which, with the legacy
Of his and thy kingdom, thy sons invest:
Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man those statutes can fulfil.
None doth; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
Revive again what law and letter kill:
Thy law's abridgment and thy last command
Is all but love; O, let this last will stand!

Satires



O n e

Away! thou changeling motely humourist;
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few books, let me lie
In prison, and here be coffin'd when I die.
Here are God's conduits, grave divines; and here
Is nature's secretary, the philosopher;
And wily statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a city's mystic body;
Here gathering chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddy fantastic poets 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 parcel gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not though a brisk perfum'd pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courtesie 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 beautious 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 inquiring eyes
Doth search, and, like a needy broker, prize
The silk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat;
That wilt consort none until thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own;
As though all thy companions should make thee
Jointures, 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 bareness t' enjoy
Of thy plump muddy whore or prostitute boy)
Hate Virtue, though she naked be 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 cloth'd but in beast's skin,
And in this coarse attire, which I now wear,
With God and with the Muses I confer.
But since thou, like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy sins, dost repent
These vanities and giddiness, lo
I shut my chamber door, and come, let's go.
But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
Worn out by as many several men in sin
As are black feathers or musk-colour'd hose,
Name her child's right true father 'mongst all those ;
Sooner may one guess who shall bear away
The infantry of London hence to India ;
And sooner may a gulling weather-spy,
By drawing heavn's scheme, tell certainly
What fashion'd hats, or ruffs, or suits, next year

Our giddy-headed antick youth will wear,
Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show
Whither, why, when, or with whom, thou wouldst go.
But how shall I be pardon'd my offence,
That thus have sinn'd against my conscience ?
Now we are in the streets; the first of all,
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
And so imprison'd and hemm'd in by me,
Sells for a little state his liberty;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures
As 'prentices or school-boys, 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 politic 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-favour'd youth ? Which ? Oh ! 'tis he
That dances so divinely. Oh ! said I .

Stand still; must you dance here for company?
He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excel
The' Indians in drinking his tobacco well)
Met us: they talk'd; I whisper'd, Let us go;
It may be you smell him not; truly I do.
He hears not me; but on the other side
A many-colour'd peacock having spy'd,
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 handsom'g a suit;
To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut and plait,
Of all the court to have the best conceit:
Our dull comedians want him; let him go:
But, oh! God strengthen thee; why stoop'st thou so?
Why, he hath travail'd 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 a window spies,
And like light dew exhal'd he flings from me,
Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
Many there were 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.

Two

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 towards them breeds pity towards the rest.
Though poetry 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 bar 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's labour'd scenes;
As in some organs puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes;
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
Th'excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst who (beggarly) doth chaw
Other's wit's fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue
At his own things: and they're his own, '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 our-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Litany,
Who with sins all kinds 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 poet, jollier of this state
Than are new benefic'd ministers; he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes,
His title of Barrister on every wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.
A motion, Lady! Speak, Cocus. I have been
In love e'er since *tricesimo* of the Queen.
Continual claims I've made, injunctions got
To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
Proceed; spare me, in Hilary term 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 maid's soft ear
More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbys rore.
When sick with poetry, and possest with Muse
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which choose
Law-practise for mere gain, bold souls repute
Worse than imbrothell'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 lie in every thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king;
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the bar,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless far
Than carted whores, lie to the grave judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in king's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th'sea) he'll 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-stuff,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuff
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
(Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding cheer)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurances big as gloss'd Civil laws;
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 pays,
Therefore spares no length, (as in those first days,
When Luther was profest, he did desire
Short Pater-nosters, saying, as a friar,
Each day his beads: but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer the power and glory clause)
But when he sells or changes land, h'impairs
His writings, and unwatch'd leaves out ' ses heires,'
And slily, as any commentor, 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 spread woods which cloth'd heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None starve, none surfeit 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-laws.

Three

Kind pity checks my spleen; brave scorn forbids
Those tears to issue which swell my ey-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 our soul's devotion
As virtue was to the first blinded age ?
Are not heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
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 heav'n, whose merit
Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught so easie ways, and near
To follow, damn'd ? Oh ! if thou dar'st, fear this:
This fear great courage and high valour is.
Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch ? and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ship's 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 poisonous words? courage of straw!
O desperate coward! wilt thou seem bold, and
To thy foes and his, who made thee to stand
Centinel in this world's garrison, thus yield,
And for forbid wars 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^d
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this
Dost love a withered and worn strumpet; last,
Flesh (itself's death) and joys, which flesh can taste,
Thou lov'st; 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 ago.

He loves the raggs so, as we here obey
The state-cloth where the prince sate yesterday;
Grants to such brave loves will not be intrall'd,
But loves her only who at Geneva's call'd
Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,
Contemptuous, yet unhandsome; as among
Lecherous humours there is one that judges
No wenches wholesome but coarse country drudges.
Graius stays still at home here; and because
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new, like fashions, bid him think that she
Which dwells with us is only perfect, he
Embraceth her whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as wards still
Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
Pay values. Careless Phrygius doth abhor
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 diverse countries go
In diverse 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 this. Though Truth and Falsehood 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 scorn 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 it, go,
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 body's pains; hard knowledge to
The mind's endeavours 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 ty'd

Four

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
Poison'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 go
To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
The hundred marks, which is the statute's curse,
Before he 'scap'd; so 't pleas'd my Destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Ful, 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'er 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 Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities;

Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
Outflatter favourites, 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, chooseth me? He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer
For the best linguist! and I sillily
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 nam'd. Here
He stopt me, and said; Nay, your apostles were
Good pretty linguists; and so Panurge was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
By travel. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd 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 Spartan's fashion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last

Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can prince's courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.
He, like to a high-stretch'd lute-string, squeakt, O Sir!
'Tis sweet to talk of kings! At Westminster,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-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 ears 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, mechanic coarse;
So're 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're neatly cloth'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 ground
Into an edge, hurts worse; so I (fool!) found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress,
And asks, What news? I tell him of new plays:

He takes my hand, and, as a still which stays
A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a lie,
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash he knows. He knows
When the queen frown'd or smil'd; and he knows what
A subtile statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom, and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion;
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A license old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport. Shortly boys 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 cloys me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
He thrusts on more; and as he had undertook
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to th'loss of *Amiens*.
Like a big wife, at sight of lothed 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 privileg'd spy, 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 delay'd;
That offices are entail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them lasting as far
At the last day; and that great officers
Do with the pirates share and Dunkirkers.
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
Who loves whores, who boys, and who goats.
I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope his jaw
To suck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: therefore I did show
All signs 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 bear this cross; but th' hour
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring

Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
And says, 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 jigg upon you; so did he
With his long complimentary 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 such strange things as he)
Ran from thence with such or more haste than one
Who fears more actions doth haste from prison.
At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began to wretchedness
Of suiters at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his who dreamt he saw hell did advance
Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th'accuser; then
Shall I, none's slave, of high born or rais'd men
Fear frowns, and my mistress, Truth! betray thee
To the 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, our's are; and natural
Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.
'Tis ten o'clock, and past; all whom the Meuse,
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, cries the flatterer; 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; whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
The lady's come. As pirates, which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with cocheneal,

The men board them, and praise (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er 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 lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
Would n't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe himself at door 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 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 oft', that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
For saying of our Lady's psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague; they merit it.
But here comes Glorius, 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 rushes in, as if Arm, Arm,
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.
Tir'd now; I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from gaols to 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 shook like a spy'd spy. Preachers! which are

Seas of wit 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 Maccabee' modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

'Five

Thou shall not laugh, in this leaf, Muse! nor they
Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
Rules to make courtiers, he 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 theme
Charity and Liberty give me. What is he
Who officer's rage and suiters' 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 implies or represents;
Then man is a world, in which officers
Are the vast ravishing seas, and suiters

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 suitors
Th'excrements which they void. All men are dust;
How much worse are suitors, who no 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 can o'erflow.
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 equal it.
Th'Iron Age was when justice was sold; now
Injustice is sold dearer far. Allow

All claim'd fees and duties, gamesters, anon
The money which your sweat and swear for's 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
Flows from the first main head; and these can throw
Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
To fetters, halters. But if th'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 shouldst complain will in thy way
Become great seas, o'er 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; and he who made them so
Meant not men should be forc'd to them to go
By means of angels. When supplications
We send to God, to dominations,
Powers, cherubims, and all heaven's courts, if we

Should pay fees, as here, daily bread would be
 Scarce to kings; so 't is. Would it not anger
 A stoic, a coward, yea, a martyr,
 To see a pursuivant come in, and call
 All his clothes Copes, books Primers, and all
 His plate Chalices; and mis-take them away,
 And ask a fee for coming? Oh! ne'er may
 Fair law's white rev'rend 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, and who in gaols:
 She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
 With which she scratcheth suitors. In bodies
 Of men, so in law, nails are extremities;
 So officers stretch to more than law can do,
 As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
 Why bar'st thou 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
 Begg'st right, but that dole comes not till these die.
 Thou hadst much, and law's Urim and Thummim try
 'Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper

Enough to clothe all the great Carrick's pepper,
Sell that, and but that thou much more shall leese-
Than Haman, when he sold's antiquities.
O Wretch! that thy fortunes should moralize
Aesop's Fables, and make tales prophesies.
Thou art the swimming dog, whom shadows cozened,
Which div'st, near drowning, for what vanished.

Six

Men write that love and reason disagree,
But I ne'er saw't exprest as 't is in thee.
Well, I may leed thee, God must make thee see;
But thine eyes blind too, there's no hope for thee.
Thou say'st she's wise and witty, fair and free;
All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it shew
By matching her, as she would match her foe;
And wouldst perswade her to a worse offence
Than that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'st vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her sex
Shun her, she needs must change: I do not see
How reason e'er can bring that must to thee.

Thou art a match a justice to rejoice,
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
Dry'd with his threats she'd scarcely stay with thee,
And wouldst th'have this to choose thee, being free?
Go, then, and punish some soon gotten stuff;
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough
In hating thee. Thqu may'st one like this meet;
For spite take her, prove kind, make thy breath sweet;
Let her see she hath cause, and to bring to thee
Honest children, let her dishonest be.
If she be a widow, I'll warrant her
She'll thee before her first husband prefer;
And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,
(She'll love thee so) for then thou hadst been dead,
But thou such strong love and weak reasons hast,
Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd.
Yet pause a while, and thou may'st live to see
A time to come wherein she may beg thee.
If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now,
Do what she can, love for nothing she'll allow.
Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise,
And when thou art rewarded desert dies.
Now thou hast odds of him she loves; he may doubt
Her constancy, but none can put thee out.

Again, be thy love true, she'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on't will be thine;
For though thou must ne'er think of other love,
And so wilt advance her as high above
Virtue as cause above effect can be,
'Tis virtue to be chaste, which she'll make thee.

The first and second Anniversaries



ANATOMY OF THE WORLD

Well dy'd the world, that we might live to see
This world of wit in his Anatomy:
No evil wants his good; so wilder heirs
Bedew their father's tombs with forced tears,
Whose 'state requites their loss. While thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I consent; the world is dead
While this Muse lives, which in his spirit's stead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In spite of loss or frail mortality.
And thou the subject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble Maid!

could'st not have found nor sought

A fitter time to yield to thy sad fate
Than while this spirit lives that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last nephew's eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine.
Admired match! where strives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil and the comely face;
A task which thy fair goodness made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch.
Enough it is to praise them that praise thee,
And say that but enough those praises be,
Which, hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
From th'angry checkings of thy modest red.
Death bars reward and shame; when envy's gone
And gain, 'tis safe to give the dead their own:
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their tombs than houses, these of clay,
But those of brass or marble were; so we
Give more unto thy ghost than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee thou gav'st to us,
And may'st but thank thyself for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O happy maid!
Thy grace profess'd all due where 'tis repaid.
So these high songs that to thee suited been,
Serve but to sound thy Maker's praise and thine,

Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to him,
Amid the choir of saints and seraphim,
As any angel's tongue can sing of thee;
The subjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love thy virtues did presage
What high part thou bear'st in those best of songs,
Whereto no burden nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou virgin soul! whose lossful gain
Thy love-sick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Never may thy name be in songs forgot
Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD

The First Anniversary

When that rich soul, which to her heav'n is gone,
Whom all do celebrate who know they've 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 heav'n did climb,

Where, loth to make the saints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the choir 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 them 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 physic are,
And th'ague being spent give over care;
So thou, sick world! mistak'st thyself to be
Well, when, alas! thou'rt in a lethargy.
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 t'is 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 'oer past;

For as a child kept from the font 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 months 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 remedy impairs
The present prince, they're loth it should be said
The prince doth languish, or the prince is dead;
So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
A strong example gone, equal to law,
The cement, which did faithfully compact
And give all virtues, 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 intrinsic balm and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live;
I (since no man can make thee live) will try
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 itself 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 virtue 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 carcase of the old world free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be
Produc'd; the matter and the stuff of this
Her virtue, and the form our practice is;
And though to be thus elemented arm
These creatures from home-born intrinsic harm,

(For all assum'd unto this dignity,
So much weedless Paradises be,
Which of themselves produce no ven'mous sin,
Except some foreign serpent bring it in)
Yet because outward storms the strongest break,
And strength itself 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 them forego
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health; physicians 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 witty'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,
And we delightfully ourselves allow
To that consumption; and, profusely blind,
We kill ourselves to propagate our kind;
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
(Joint-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 stol'n 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 size 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 t'wards heav'n 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 grandsires 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 forests stray'd,
Or shipwreck'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 father's 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 virtue which then scatter'd was:
But t'is not so; we're not retir'd, but damp;
And as our bodies so our minds are cramp:

'Tis shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus,
In mind and body both, bedwarfed us.
We seem ambitious God's whole work t'undo;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive too
To bring ourselves to nothing back; and we
Do what we can to do't as soon as he.
With new diseases on ourselves we war,
And with new physic, a worse engine far.
This man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces, are at home;
And if in other creatures they appear,
They're but man's ministers and legates 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 the Ancients seem'd to prophesy,
When they call'd virtues by the name of She;

She, in whom virtue was so much refin'd,
That for allay unto so pure a mind
She took the weaker sex; she that could drive
The poisonous tincture and the stain of Eve
Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
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'rt less than an ant.
Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
Quite out of joint, almost created lame;
For before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption enter'd and deprav'd the best:
It seiz'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 joint 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 t'his atomies:
'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All just supply, and all relation:
Prince, subject, father, son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he has 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 re-union bow;
She that had all magnetic force alone
To draw and fasten sunder'd 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 breast
Gilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East,
Who having breathed in this world, did bestow
Spice on those isles, and bade them still smell so;
And that rich Inde, which doth gold inter,
Is but a single money coin'd from her;
She, to whom this world must itself 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 cripple this world is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That this world's general sickness doth not lie
In any humour, or one certain part,
But as thou saw'st it rotten at the heart,
Thou see'st a hectic fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be controll'd,
And that thou hast but one way not t'admit
The world's infection, to be none of it:
For the world's subtil'st immaterial pàrts
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 heav'ns enjoy their spherical,
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in diverse ages, doth enforce
Men to find out so many eccentric parts,
Such diverse down-right lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure form: it tears
The firmament in eight and forty shares,
And in these constellations then arise
New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes;
As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or war
When new tow'rs rise, and old demolish'd are.
They have impal'd within a zodiac
The free-born sun, and keep twelve signs awake
To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab control
And fright him back, who else to either pole
(Did not these tropics 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
Steals by that point, and so is serpentine;

And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
He means to sleep, being now fall'n 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 heav'ns, and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to heav'n, we make heav'n come to us.
We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
They're diversely 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 shipwreck 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'antipodes;
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 legs whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment, are bent awry:
And, oh ! it can no more be questioned
That beauty's proportion is dead,
Since even grief itself, 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 forms 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 war to cease:
She, after whom, what form soe'er we see,
Is discord and rude incongruity ;
She, she is dead, she's dead! When thou know'st this,
Thou know'st 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,
Poisoning the fountains whence our actions spring,
Endanger us; but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To satisfy wise and good lookers-on,
Since most men be such as most think they be,
They're 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 turcoise, 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 busy, the first week,
Swaddling 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 errow,
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 shews
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 blue,
(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 drowsy 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 Anatomy,
That it should more affright 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 heav'n forbears,
Or that the elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is:
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
In the due birth-time, down the balmy shower;
Th'air 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'airs shew 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 Magi to have made more such.
What artist now dare boast that he can bring
Heav'n hither, or constellate any thing,

So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in a herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch all which those stars could do ?
The art is lost, and correspondence too ;
For heav'n gives little, and the earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heav'n and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffic 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 med'cinal,
Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wonder'd at,
And all the world would be one dying swan,
To sing her Funeral praise, and vanish then.
But as some serpent's poison hurteth not,
Except it be from the live serpent shot,
So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
That unto us, she working more than it.
But she, in whom to such maturity
Virtue was grown past growth, that it must die ;
She, from whose influence all impression came,
But by receiver's impotencies lame ;

Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state;
So that some princes have some temperance,
Some counsellors 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 grains 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 Anatomy,
That 'tis in vain to dew or mollify
It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
But those rich joys 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 carcase 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 whatever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines coarse 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 widow'd 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 midwife death directs it home;
And you her creatures, whom she works upon,
And have your last and best concoction
From her example and her virtue, 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 piece, 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; heav'n keeps souls.
The grave keeps bodies, verse the fame enrolls.

A F U N E R A L E L E G Y

'Tis loss to trust a tomb with such a guest,
Or to confine her in a marble chest.
Alas! what's marble, jet or porphyry,
Priz'd with the chrysolite of either eye,
Or with those pearls and rubies, which she was?
Join the two Indies in one tomb, 't is 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 carcase verses whose soul is not she;
And can she, who no longer would be she,
(Being such a tabernacle) stoop to be
In paper wrapt ? or, when she would not lie
In such an house, dwell in an elegy ?
But 'tis no matter ; we may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains;
Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more;
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;
The officers for hands; merchants for feet,
By whose remote and distant countries meet:
But those fine spirits which do tune and set
This organ, are those pieces which beget
Wonder and love, and these were she; 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 itself; so great was she.
Thus brave and confident may Nature be;
Death cannot give her such another blow,

Because she cannot such another shew.
But must we say she's dead? May't not be said,
That as a sunder'd clock is piecemeal laid,
Not to be lost, but by the maker's hand
Repolish'd, without error then to stand?
Or as the Afric Niger stream enwombs
Itself 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?
Heav'n 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 cherubim?
We lost by't; and as aged men are glad,
Being tasteless grown, to joy in joys they had
So now the sick-starv'd world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her who now is gone.
Rejoice then, Nature, and this world, that you,
Fearing the last fire's hast'ning to subdue
Your force and vigour e'er 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'enrol,
Or exhalation breath'd out from her soul;
One whom all men, who durst no more, admir'd,
And whom whoe'er had worth enough desir'd.
As when a temple's built, saints emulate
To which of them it shall be consecrate:
But as when heav'n 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 study'd whose this piece should be,
Till she can be no body's else, nor she;
But like a lamp of balsamum, desir'd
Rather t'adorn than last, she soon expir'd,
Cloth'd in her virgin-white integrity:
For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth die,
To'scape th'infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away before she was one;
And the world's busy noise to overcome,
Took so much death as served for opium;
For though she could not, nor could choose to die,
She hath yielded to too long an extasy.
He which, not knowing her sad history,

She come to read the book of Destiny,
How fair and chaste, humble and high, she had 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 't is not so: Fate did but usher her
To years of reason's use, and then infer
Her destiny to herself, 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 virtuous 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.

Two Souls move here, and mine (a third) must move
Paces of admiration and of love.

Thy Soul, dear Virgin! whose this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortal sphere to lively bliss,
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
The world's last day, thy glory's full degree,
Like as those stars, which thou o'erlookest far,
Are in their place, and yet still moved are.

No Soul (whilst with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee half way,
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
So fast, as now the lighting moves but slow.

But now thou art as high in heav'n flown
As heav'ns from us; what Soul, besides thine own,
Can tell thy joys, or say he can relate

Thy glorious journals in that blessed state?

I envy thee, rich Soul! I envy thee,

Although I cannot yet thy glory see:

And thou, great Spirit! which her's follow'd, hast

So fast, as none can follow thine so fast,

So far, as none can follow thine so far,

(And if this flesh did not the passage bar

Which long ago hadst lost the vulgar sight,
Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee lessen'd in thine airy way;
So while thou mak'st her Soul by progress known,
Thou mak'st a noble progress of thine own.
From this world's carcase having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise,
That more may not beseem a creature's praise;
Yet still thou vow'st her more, and every year
Mak'st a new progress whilst thou wand'rest here;
Still upward mount, and let thy Maker's praise
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy lays;
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh! let her never stoop below the clouds;
And if those glorious sainted souls may know
Or what we do or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs, shall still content them best
Which praise those awful pow'rs that make them blest.

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 struck 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 roll,
As though he beck'ned 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 he 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 days are at the creation nam'd
Before the sun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd
So after this sun's set some shew appears,
An 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 seest me strive for life; my life shall be
To be hereafter prais'd for praising thee,
Immortal Maid! who though thou wouldst refuse
The name of Mother, be unto my Muse
A father, since her chaste ambition is
Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
These hymns 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 putrify with vice;
For thus man may extend thy progeny
Until man do but vanish, and not die.
These hymns the issue may encrease 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 hydroptic 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 err be worst, to try truths forth
Is far more bus'ness than this world is worth,
The world is but a carcase; thou art fed
By it but as a worm that carcase 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 carcase'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 lethergic 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 sat heark'ning 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 whate'er this world could give,
Because she was the form that made it live,
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be stay'd in then when she was in it :
She that first tried indifferent desires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires ;
She to whose person Paradise adher'd,
As courts to princes ; she whose eyes enspher'd
Star-light, enough to have made the South controul,
Had she been there, the star-full northern pole ;
She, she is gone ; she's gone ! When thou know'st this,
What fragmentary rubbish this world is
Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought ;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my Soul, that death is but a groom
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight ;
For such approaches heav'n doth make in death :
Think thyself 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 thyself parch'd with fever's violence,
Anger thine ague more by calling it
Thy physic; 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 serjeants round about thee be,
And think that but for legacies they thrust;
Give one thy pride, t'another give thy lust;
Give them those sins which they gave thee before,
And trust th'immaculate blood to wash thy score;
Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
Weep but because they go not yet that way:
Think that thy 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 go)
Think thee a prince, who of themselves create
Worms, which insensibly devour their state:
Think that they bury thee, and think that rite

Lays thee to sleep but a Saint Lucy's night:
Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
Drowsy 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 being met, no one presumes
To govern or to triumph on the rest,
Only 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 unjoint,
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, they're unstable, circles angular:
She who was such a chain as Fate employs
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'er it ate,
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heav'n, and plead it by his faith,
And'though he may pretend a conquest, since
Heav'n was content to suffer violence;
Yea, though he plead a long possession too,
For they're in heav'n on earth who heav'n's works do,
Though he had right, and pow'r, and place, before,
Yet death must usher and unlock the door:
Think further on thyself, 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 fed'st 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 curdled milk, this poor unlitter'd whelp,
My body could, beyond escape or help,
Infect thee with orig'nal sin, and thou
Couldst neither then refuse nor leave it now:
Think that no stubborn sullen anchorite,

Which, fixt t'a pillar or a grave, doth sit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
So foully as our Souls in their first-built cells:
Think in how poor a prison thou dost lie,
After enabled but to suck and cry:
Think when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor inn,
A province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
And that usurp'd or threaten'd with a rage
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age:
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty:
Think that a rusty piece 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 heav'm 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'air's middle region be intense;
For th'element of fire, she doth not know
Whether she pass'd by such a place or no;

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 Afric, and the unknown rest,
Were eas'ly found, or what in them was best:
And when we've made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part then 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 betrothe
The tutelar angels and assign'd one both
To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices and dignities,
And to each several man, to him and him,
They would have giv'n her one for every limb;
She of whose Soul, if we may say 't was 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 cheeks, 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 whilst we bear our brittle shell.
But 't were 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 thyself so little, as thou know'st not
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot,
Thou neither know'st how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poison of man's sin;
Nor dost thou (thou know'st that thou art so)
By what way thou art made immortal know.
Thou art too narrow, Wretch! to comprehend
Even thyself, yea, though thou wouldst but bend
To know thy body. Have not all Souls thought,
For many ages, that our body's wrought
Of air, and fire, and other elements?
And now they think of new ingredients;

And one Soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 'tis an even lay.
Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
The 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 ourselves, 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 Caesar 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 ?

(In a far fairer print) but read the same;
She, she not satisfy'd with all this weight,
(For so much knowledge as would over-freight
Another did but ballast her) is gone
As well t' enjoy as great perfection,
And calls us after her, in that she took
(Taking herself) our best and worthiest book.
Return not, my Soul! from this ecstasy
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 find a spongy slack divine
Drink and suck in th' instructions of great men,
And for the word of God vent them again?
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 do more ill than these can speak?
The poison'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 drowsy 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's exalted more for being good
Than for her interest of motherhood:
Up to those patriarchs which did longer sit
Expecting Christ than they've 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,
Oil to th'apostles' lamps, dew to their seed;
Up to those virgins who thought that almost
They made joint-tenants 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;
She who, being to herself a state, enjoy'd
All royalties which any state employ'd;
For she made wars and triumph'd; reason still

Did not o'erthrow, but rectify her will;
And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty and chastity together kiss:
She did nigh justice, for she crucify'd
Ev'ry first motion of rebellion's pride;
And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
For, only herself except, she pardon'd all:
She coin'd in this, that her impression gave
To all our actions all the worth they have:
She gave protections; the thoughts of her breast
Satan's rude officers could ne'er 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 heav'n, whether who doth not strive
The more because she's there, he doth not know
That accidental joys in heav'n do grow.
But pause, my Soul! and study, ere thou fall
On accidental joys, th'essential.
Still before accessories do abide

A trial, must the principal be try'd.
And what essential joy canst thou expect
Here upon earth ? what permanent effect
Of transitory causes ? Dost thou love
Beauty ? (and beauty worthiest is to move)
Poor cozen'd Cozener! 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 day's decay:
Nor are (although the river keep the name)
Yesterday's waters and to-day's the same.
So flows her face and thine eyes, neither now
That saint nor pilgrim which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whilst you think you be
Constant, y'are hourly in inconstancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Because that God did live so long above
Without this honour, and then lov'd it so,
That he at last made creatures to bestow
Honour on him; not that he needed it,
But that to his hands man might grow more fit:
But since all honours from inferiors 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 t'arrest his mind,
But that another man which takes a worse,
Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that course?
They who did labour Babel's tow'r t'erect,
Might have consider'd, that for that effect
All this whole solid earth could not allow,
Nor furnish forth materials enow;
And that his centre, to raise such a place,
Was far too little to have been the base.
No more affords this world foundation
T'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 coins 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,

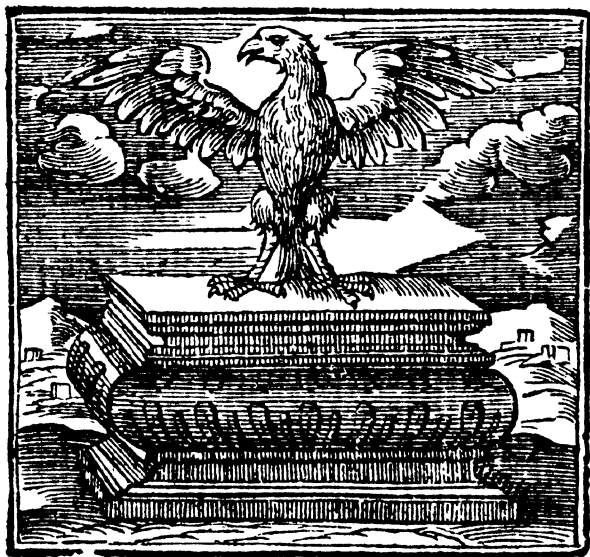
No joy enjoys that man that many makes.
Then, Soul! to thy first pitch work up again;
Know that all lines which circles do contain,
For once that they the centre touch, do touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou such;
Double on heav'n thy thoughts on earth employ'd;
All will not serve; only who have enjoy'd
The sight of God in fulness can think it;
For it 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;
She, 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 parent's 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 heav'n is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heav'n, and here became unto us all
Joy (as our joys admit) essential.
But could this low world joys essential touch,
Heav'n's accidental joys 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 physician of redress can speak,
A joyful casual violence may break
A dangerous apostem in thy breast,
And whilst thou joy'st in this the dangerous rest,
The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.

Whate'er 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.
Only in heav'n joy's strength is never spent,
And accidental things are permanent.
Joy of a Soul's arrival ne'er decays;
(For that Soul ever joys, 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 were the stuff is not such as the rest)
She, who left such a body, as even she,
Only in heav'n 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;
She who, by making full perfection grow,
Pieces a circle, and still keeps it so,
Long'd for and longing for't, to heav'n is gone,
Where she receives and gives addition.
Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames
A thousand prayers to saints, whose very names
The ancient church knew not, Heav'n knows not yet,
And where what laws of poetry admit,
Laws of religion have at the least the same,
Immortal Maid! I might invoke thy name.
Could any saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here shouldst make me a French convertite;
But thou wouldst not – nor wouldst thou be content
To take this for my second year's true rent.
Did this coin 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



A N E L E G Y *on the untimely death*

of the incomparable Prince Henry

Look to me, Faith! and look to my faith, God,
For both my centres feel this period.
Of weight one centre, one of greatness, is,
And reason is that centre, 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 angular,
As is God's essence, place, and providence,

Where, how, when, what, souls do departed hence:
These things (eccentric else) on faith do strike;
Yet neither all nor upon all alike;
For Reason, put t'her best extension,
Almost meets Faith, and makes both centres 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 centre make,
More than if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,
What must this do, centres 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 extasy,
On neighbour states, which knew not why to wake,
Till he discover'd what ways he would take;
For whom what princes angled, when they try'd,
Met a torpedo, and were stupify'd;
And other's 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 unto 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 emblems are ?
For to confirm this just belief, that now
The last days came, we saw heav'n did allow
That, but from his aspect and exercise,
In peaceful times rumours of wars should rise.
But now this faith is heresy, we must
Still stay, and vex our great-grandmother 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 course, 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
Sustain in us, earth, which griefs animate ?
Nor hath our world now other soul than that ;
And could grief get so high as heav'n, that quire,

Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
(With grief to see him) he had stay'd below,
To rectify our errors they foreknow.
Is th'other centre, reason, faster then ?
Where should we look for that, now we're not men ?
For if our reason be our connection
Of causes, now to us there can be none:
For, as if all the substances were spent,
'Twere madness to inquire 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've 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 is not dead, we are.
Yet would not I die yet; for though I be

Too narrow to think him as he is he,
(Our souls best baiting and mid period
In her long journey of considering God)
Yet (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrac'd the fires of love with us.
Oh! may I (since I live) but see or hear
That she-intelligence which mov'd this sphere,
I pardon Fate my life: whoe'er 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.

Letters to several Personages



to Mr Christopher Brook

THE STORM

from the Island Voyage with the Earl of Essex

Thou, which art I, ('t is nothing to be so)
Thou, which art still thyself, 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 dignify'd,
My lines are such. 'Tis the pre-eminence
Of friendship only t'impute excellence.
England, t'whom we owe what we be and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a foreign grave,

(For Fate or Fortune's drifts none can gainsay,
Honour and mis'ry have one face one way)
From out her pregnant entrails sigh'd a wind,
Which at th'air's middle marble room did find
Such strong resistance, that itself it threw
Downward again; and so when it did view
How in the port our fleet dear time did leese,
Withering like pris'ners, which lie but for fees,
Mildly it kiss'd our sails, 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 Sarah her swelling joy'd to see;
But 'twas but so kind as our countrymen,
Which bring friends one day's way,
and leave them then.

Then like two mighty kings, which dwelling far
Asunder meet against a third to war,
The south and west winds join'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rolling 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 storm rag'd most, did wake thee then.
Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil
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,
Had the world lasted, that it had been day.
Thousand our noises 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 cabins lie, equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die;
And as sin-burden'd souls from graves 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 dropsy clogg'd, and our tacklings
Snapping, like to too high-stretch'd treble strings,
And from our tatter'd sails rags drop down so

As from one one hang'd in chains a year ago:
Yea, ev'n our ordnance, 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 sailors; and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say.
Compar'd to these storms, death is but a qualm,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermudas calm.
Darkness, Light's eldest brother, his birth-right
Claims o'er the world, and to heav'n hath chas'd light.
All things are one; and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformity
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 starve me I wish not thee.

THE CALM

Our storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
A stupid Calm, but nothing it doth 'swage.
The fable is inverted, and far more
A block afflicts now that a stork 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' glass, 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 ending plays.
The fighting place now seamen's rage supply,
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthorns; 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 th' upper vault of air.
We can nor lost friends nor sought foes recover,
But, meteor-like, save that we move not, hover:
Only 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 miracles do multiply,
Where walkers in hot oven do not die.

If in despite of these we swim, that hath
No more refreshing than a brimstone bath;
But from the sea unto the ship we turn,
Like parboil'd wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like Bajazet encag'd, the shepherd's scoff;
Or like slack sinew'd Samson, his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now as a myriad
Of ants durst th'Emperor's lov'd snake invade,
The crawling gallies, sea-gulls, finny chips,
Might brave our pinnaces, our bed-rid ships:
Whether a rotten state and hope of gain,
Or to disuse me from the queasy pain
Of being belov'd and loving; or the thirst
Of honour or fair death outpusht 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 subtiley lay
A scourge 'gainst which we all forgot 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;
As chance or ourselves still disproportion it.
We have no power, no will, no sense. I lie;
I should not then thus feel this misery.

t o S I R H E N R Y W O T T O N

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 invent nothing at all to please;
But I should wither in one day, and pass
To a lock of hay that am a bottle of grass.
Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways
Countries, courts, towns, are rocks or remoras;
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 even 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 garlic be a 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, and all end in one day.
The country is a desert where the good
Gain'd inhabits not; born 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, covetise, being several
To these three places, yet all are in all,
And, mingled thus, their issue is incestuous;
Falsehood is denizon'd, Virtue is barbarous.
Let no man say there Virtue's flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me; I'll do none, but know all.
Men are sponges, which to pour out receive;
Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive:
For in best understandings sin began;
Angels sinn'd first, then devils, and then man.

Only perchance beasts sin not; wretched we
Are beasts in all but white Integrity.
I think if men, which in these places live,
Durst look in themselves, and themselves retrieve,
They would, like strangers, greet themselves, seeing then
Utopian youth grown old Italian.
Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn any where ; continuance maketh hell:
And seeing the snail, which every where doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy pac'd) this snail;
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy gaol:
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 go;
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 country's dulness; do not add
Correctives, but as chemics purge the bad.
But, Sir, I advise not you; I rather do
Say o'er these lessons which I learn'd of you,

Whom, free from Germany's schisms, and lightness
Of France, and fair Italy's faithlessness,
Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith which you carried forth,
I th'roughly love; but if myself I've won
To know my rules, I have, and you have Donne.

t o T H E C O U N T E S S O F B E D F O R D

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 ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand;
So would I (not t'increase, 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 yourself devise.

But soon the reasons why you're lov'd by all
Grow infinite, and so pass reason's reach;
Then back again t'implicit faith I fall,
And rest on what the catholic voice doth teach;
That you are good; and not one heretic
Denies it; if he did, yet you are so:
For rocks, which high do seem, deep-rooted stick,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In ev'ry thing there naturally grows
A balsamum, to keep it fresh and new,
If 't were not injur'd by extrinsic blows;
Your birth and beauty are this balm in you.

But you of learning, and religion,
And virtue, and such ingredients, have made
A Mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off our cures what can be done or said.

Yet this is not your physic 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 masterpiece, 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 MR. I. L.

Blest are your north parts, for all this long time
My sun is with you, cold and dark's our clime.
Heav'n's sun, which stay'd so long from us this year,
Stay'd 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 summer, 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 outgo;
So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold,

Thy son ne'er ward, thy lov'd wife ne'er seem old;
But may'st thou wish great things, and them attain,
As thou tell'st her, and none but her, my pain.

to BEN. JONSON

9 *Novembris* 1603

If great men wrong me I will spare myself;
If mean, I will spare them. I know the pelf
Which is ill got the owner doth upbraid:
It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid,
And a jury; but 't will revenge in this,
That though himself be judge he guilty is.
What care I though of weakness men tax me?
I'd rather sufferer than doer be:
That I did trust it was my nature's praise,
For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
That judgment is that surely can comprise
The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
What though? though less, yet some of both have we
Who have learn'd it by use and misery.
Poor I! whom every petty cross doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt that's done me double,
Am of this (though it should sink me) careless;

It would but force me to, a stricter goodness.
They have great gain of me who gain do win
(If such gain be not loss) from every sin.
The standing of great men's lives would afford
A pretty sum, if God would sell his Word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too.
How unlike they are that they're likened to.
Yet I conclude they are amidst my evils;
If good like gods; the naught are so like devils.

u p o n MR. THO. 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 ther
Some vaster thing, and foundst a courtezan.
That inland 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 Lunatic!
Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows
To be far greater than the other nose?
Go, then; and to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did towns, and Gesner authors, shew;
Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus; appear
As deep a statesman as a garretteer.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
'Talk of Will Conqueror 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 hence,
The myrrh, 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 tons of currants and of figs,
Of med'cinal and aromatic twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces subdivide.
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 their country's good,
Scatter'd in diverse lands their limbs and blood;
Worst malefactors to whom men are prize,
Do public good cut in anatomies;
So will thy book in pieces 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 critics of next age
So much, as once their hunger to assuage;
Nor shall wit-pirates hope to find thee lie
All in one bottom in one library.
Some leaves may past 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 Sybil's was, your book is mystical,
For every piece is as much worth as all:
Therefore mine impotency I confess,
The healths which my brain bears must be far less;
Thy giant-wit o'erthrows me; I am gone;
And rather than read all, I would read none.

Sermons



Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth

WE MAY consider two great virtues, one for the society of this life, thankfulness, and the other for attaining the next life, repentance ; as the two precious metals, silver and gold : of silver (of the virtue of thankfulness) there are whole mines, books written by philosophers, and a man may grow rich in that metal, in that virtue, by digging in that mine, in the precepts of moral men ; of this gold (this virtue of repentance) there is no mine in the earth ; in the book of philosophers, no doctrine of repentance ; this gold is for the most part in the washes ; this repentance in matters of tribulation ; but God directs thee to it in this text, before thou come to those waters of tribulation, remember now

thy Creator before those evil days come, and then thou wilt repent the not remembering him till now. Here then the Holy Ghost takes the nearest way to bring a man to God, by awaking his memory ; for, for the understanding, that requires long and clear instruction ; and the will requires an instructed understanding before, and is in itself the blindest and boldest faculty ; but if the memory do but fasten upon any of those things which God hath done for us, it is the nearest way to him. Remember therefore, and remember now, though the memory be placed in the hindermost part of the brain, defer not thou thy remembering to the hindermost part of thy life, but do that now *in die*, in the day, whilst thou hast light, now *in diebus*, in the days, whilst God presents thee many lights, many means ; and *in diebus juventutis*, in the days of thy youth, of strength, whilst thou art able to do that which thou purporest to thyself ; and as the word imports, *bechurotheica*, *in diebus electionum tuarum*, in the days of thy choice, whilst thou art able to make thy choice, whilst the grace of God shines so brightly upon thee, as thou mayest choose the way, and so powerfully upon thee, as that thou mayest walk in that way. Now, in this day, and in these days remember first the Creator, that all these

things which thou labourest for, and delightest in, were created, made of nothing ; and therefore thy memory looks not far enough back, if it stick only upon the creature, and reach not to the Creator, remember thy Creator, and remember thy Creator ; and in that, first that he made thee, and then what he made thee ; he made thee of nothing, but of that nothing he hath made thee such a thing as cannot return to nothing, but must remain for ever ; whether happy or miserable, that depends upon thy *remembering thy Creator now in the days of thy youth.*

FIRST REMEMBER ; which word is often used in the Scripture for considering and taking care : for, God remembered Noah and every beast with him in the ark ; as the word which is contrary to that, forgetting is also for the affection contrary to it, it is neglecting, *Can a woman forget her child, and not have compassion on the son of her womb ?* But here we take not remembering so largely, but restrain it to the exercise of that one faculty, the memory ; for it is *stomachus animae*. The memory, says St. Bernard, is the stomach of the soul, it receives and digests, and turns into good blood, all the benefits formerly exhibited to us in particular, and exhibited

to the whole church of God : present that which belongs to the understanding, to that faculty, and the understanding is not presently settled in it ; present any of the prophecies made in the captivity, and a Jew's understanding takes them for deliverances from Babylon, and a Christian's understanding takes them for deliverances from sin and death, by the Messias Christ Jesus ; present any of the prophecies of the Revelation concerning antichrist, and a papist will understand it of a single, and momentane, and transitory man, that must last but three years and a half ; and a protestant may understand it of a succession of men, that have lasted so one thousand years already : present but the name of bishop or of elder, out of the Acts of the Apostles, or their epistles, and other men will take it for a name of equality, and parity, and we for a name and office of distinction in the hierarchy of God's church. Thus it is in the understanding that is often perplexed ; consider the other faculty, the will of man, by those bitternesses which have passed between the Jesuits and the Dominicans, (amongst other things belonging to the will) whether the same proportion of grace, offered to men alike disposed, must necessarily work alike upon both their wills ? And amongst persons nearer to us,

whether that proportion of grace, which doth convert a man, might not have been resisted by perverseness of his will? By all these difficulties we may see, how untractable, and untameable a faculty the will of man is. But come not with matter of law, but matter of fact, *Let God make his wonderful works to be had in remembrance*: present the history of God's protection of his children, from the beginning, in the ark, in both captivities, in infinite dangers; present this to the memory, and howsoever the understanding be beclouded, or the will perverted, yet both Jew and Christian, Papist and Protestant, Puritan and Protestant, are affected with a thankful acknowledgment of his former mercies and benefits, this issue of that faculty of their memory is alike in them all: and therefore God in giving the law, works upon no other faculty but this, *I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of Egypt*; he only presents to their memory what he had done for them. And so in delivering the Gospel in one principal seal thereof, the sacrament of his body, he recommended it only to their memory, *Do this in remembrance of me*. This is the faculty that God desires to work upon; and therefore if thine understanding cannot reconcile differences in all churches, if thy will cannot submit

itself to the ordinances of thine own church, go to thine own memory ; for as St. Bernard calls that the stomach of the soul, we may be bold to call it the gallery of the soul, hanged with so many, and so lively pictures of the goodness and mercies of thy God to thee, as that every one of them shall be a catechism to thee, to instruct thee in all thy duties to him for those mercies : and as a well-made, and well-placed picture, looks always upon him that looks upon it ; so shall thy God look upon thee, whose memory is thus contemplating him, and shine upon thine understanding, and rectify thy will too. If thy memory cannot comprehend his mercy at large showed to his whole church, (as it is almost an incomprehensible thing, that in so few years he made us of the Reformation, equal even in number to our adversaries of the Roman church,) if thy memory have not held that picture of our general deliverance from the navy ; (if that mercy be written in the water and in the sands, where it was performed, and not in thy heart) if thou remember not our deliverance from that artificial hell, the vault, (in which, though his instruments failed of their plot, they did not blow us up ; yet the devil goes forward with his plot, if ever he can blow out ; if he can get that deliverance to be forgotten.) If these

be too large pictures for thy gallery, for thy memory, yet every man hath a pocket-picture about him, Emanuel, a bosom book, and if he will turn over but one leaf, and remember what God hath done for him even since yesterday, he shall find even by that little branch a navigable river, to sail into that great and endless sea of God's mercies towards him, from the beginning of his being.

DO BUT REMEMBER, BUT REMEMBER NOW : Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be as the first fruits of his creatures : that as we consecrate all his creatures to him, in a sober, and religious use of them, so as the first fruits of all, we should principally consecrate ourselves to his service betimes. Now there were three payments of first fruits appointed by God to the Jews : the first was, *primitiae spicarum*, of their ears of corn, and this was early about Easter ; the second was *primitiae panum*, of loaves of bread, after their corn was converted to that use ; and this, though it were not so soon, yet it was early too, about Whitsuntide ; the third was *primitiae frugum*, of all their fruits and revenues ; but this was very late in Autumn, at the fall of the leaf, in the end of the year.

The two first of these, which were offered early, were offered partly to God, and partly to man, to the priest ; but in the last, which came late, God had no part : he had his part in the corn, and in the loaves, but none in the latter fruits. Offer thyself to God ; first, as *primitias spicarum*, (whether thou glean in the world, or bind up whole sheaves, whether thy increase be by little and little, or apace ;) and offer thyself, as *primitias panum*, when thou hast kneaded up riches, and honour, and favour in a settled and established fortune, offer at thy Easter, whensoever thou hast any resurrection, any sense of raising thy soul from the shadow of death ; offer at thy Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost visits thee and descends upon thee in a fiery tongue, and melts thy bowels by the power of his word ; for if thou defer thy offering till thy fall, till thy winter, till thy death, howsoever they may be thy first fruits, because they be the first that ever thou gavest, yet they are such, as are not acceptable to God ; God hath no portion in them, if they be not offered till then ; offer thyself now ; for that is an easy request ; yea offer to thyself now, that is more easy ; *Viximus mundo ; vivamus reliquum nobis ipsis* ; Thus long we have served the world ; let us serve ourselves the rest of our time, that is, the best

part of ourselves, our souls, *Expectas ut febris te vocet ad poenitentiam?* Hadst thou rather a sickness should bring thee to God, than a sermon? Hadst thou rather be beholden to a physician for thy salvation, than to a preacher? Thy business is to remember; stay not for thy last sickness, which may be a lethargy in which thou mayest forget thine own name, and his that gave thee the name of a Christian, Christ Jesus himself: thy business is to remember, and thy time is now, stay not till that angel come which shall say and swear, that time shall be no more.

REMEMBER THEN, and remember now; *In die*, in the day; the Lord will hear us *In die qua invocaverimus*, In the day that we shall call upon him; and in *quacunq̄ die*, In what day soever we call, and in *Quacunq̄ die velociter exaudiet*, As soon as we call in any day. But all this is *opus die*, a work for the day; for in the night, in our last night, those thoughts that fall upon us, they are rather dreams, than true rememberings; we do rather dream that we repent, than repent indeed, upon our death-bed. To him that travels by night a bush seems a tree, and a tree seems a man, and a man a spirit; nothing hath the true shape to

him ; to him that repents by night, on his death-bed, neither his own sins, nor the mercies of God have their true proportion. Fool, says Christ, this night they will fetch away thy soul ; but he neither tells him, who they be that shall fetch it, nor whither they shall carry it ; he hath no light but lightnings : a sudden flash of horror, first, and then he goes into fire without light, *Numquid Deus nobis ignem pacavit? Non, sed diabolo, et angelis:* Did God ordain hell-fire for us ? no, but for the devil, and his angels. And yet we that are vessels so broken, as that there is not a sherd left, to fetch water at the pit, that is, no means in ourselves, to derive one drop of Christ's blood upon us, nor to wring out one tear of true repentance from us, have plunged ourselves into this everlasting, and this dark fire, which was not prepared for us ; a wretched covetousness, to be intruders upon the devil ; a wretched ambition, to be usurpers upon damnation. God did not make the fire for us ; but much less did he make us for that fire ; that is, make us to damn us. But now the judgment is given, *Ite maledicti,* Go ye accursed ; but yet this is the way of God's justice, and his proceeding, that his judgments are not always executed, though they be given. The judgments and sentences of Medes and

Persians are irrevocable, but the judgments and sentences of God, if they be given, if they be published, they are not executed. The Ninevites had perished, if the sentence of their destruction had not been given ; and the sentence preserved them ; so even in this cloud of *Ite maledicti*, Go ye accursed, we may see the daybreak, and discern beams of saving light, even in this judgment of eternal darkness ; if the contemplation of his judgment brings us to remember him in that day, in the light and apprehension of his anger and correction.

FOR THIS Circumstance is enlarged ; it is not *in die*, but *in diebus*, not in one, but in many days ; for God affords us many days, many lights to see and remember him by. This remembrance of God is our regeneration, by which we are new creatures ; and therefore we may consider as many days in it, as in the first creation. The first day was the making of light ; and our first day is the knowledge of him, who says of himself, *Ego sum lux mundi*, I am the light of the world, and of whom St. John testifies, *Erat lux vera*, He was the true light, that lighteth every man into the world. This is then our first day the true passion of Christ Jesus. God made light first, that the other creatures might be seen ; *Frustra essent si*

non viderentur, It had been to no purpose to have made creatures, if there had been no light to manifest them. Our first day is the light and love of the Gospel ; for the noblest creatures of princes, (that is, the noblest actions of princes, war, and peace, and treaties) *frustra sunt*, they are good for nothing, they are nothing, if they be not showed and tried by this light, by the love and preservation of the Gospel of Christ Jesus : God made light first, that his other works might appear, and he made light first, that himself (for our example) might do all his other works in the light : that we also, as we had that light shed upon us in our baptism, so we might make all our future actions justifiable by that light, and not *erubescere evangelium*, not be ashamed of being too jealous in this profession of his truth. Then God saw that the light was good : the seeing implies a consideration ; that so a religion be not accepted blindly, nor implicitly ; and the seeing it to be good implies an election of that religion, which is simply good in itself, and not good by reason of advantage, or conveniency, or other collateral and by-respects. And when God had seen the light, and seen that it was good, then he severed light from darkness ; and he severed them, *non tanquam duo positiva*, not as two essential, and positive,

and equal things, not so, as that a brighter and a darker religion, (a good and a bad) should both have a being together, but *tanquam positivum et primitivum*, light and darkness are primitive, and positive, and figure this rather, that a true religion should be established, and continue, and darkness utterly removed ; and then and not till then, (till this was done, light severed from darkness) there was a day ; and since God hath given us this day, the brightness of his Gospel, that this light is first presented, that is, all great actions begun with this consideration of the Gospel ; since all other things are made by this light, that is, all have relation to the continuance of the Gospel, since God hath given us such a head, as is sharp-sighted in seeing the several lights, wise in discerning the true light, powerful in resisting foreign darkness ; since God hath given us this day, *Qui non humiliabit animam suam in die hac*, as Moses speaks of the days of God's institution, he that will not remember God now, in this day, is impious to him, and unthankful to that great instrument of his, by whom this day-spring from on high hath visited us.

TO MAKE SHORTER days of the rest, (for we must pass through all the six days in a few minutes) God in the

second day made the firmament to divide between the waters above, and the waters below ; and this firmament in us, is *terminus cognoscibilium*, the limits of those things which God hath given man means and faculties to conceive, and understand : he hath limited our eyes with a firmament beset with stars, our eyes can see no farther : he hath limited our understanding in matters of religion with a starry firmament too ; that is, with the knowledge of those things, *quae ubique, quae semper*, which those stars which he hath kindled in his church, the fathers and doctors, have ever from the beginning proposed as things necessary to be explicitly believed, for the salvation of our souls ; for the eternal decrees of God, and his unrevealed mysteries, and the inextricable perplexities of the school, they are waters above the firmament : here Paul plants, and here Apollos waters ; here God raises up men to convey to us the dew of his grace, by waters under the firmament ; by visible sacraments, and by the word so preached, and so interpreted, as it hath been constantly, and unanimously from the beginning of the church. And therefore this second day is perfected in the third, in the *congregentur aquae*, let the waters be gathered together ; God hath gathered all the waters, all the waters of life in one

place ; that is, all the doctrine necessary for the life to come, into his church : and then *producet terra*, here in this world are produced to us all herbs and fruits, all that is necessary for the soul to feed upon. And in this third day's work God repeats here that testimony, *videt quod bonum*, he saw that it was good ; good, that here should be a gathering of waters in one place, that is, no doctrine received that had not been taught in the church ; and *videt quod bonum*, he saw it was good, that all herbs and trees should be produced that bore seed ; all doctrines that were to be proseeded and propagated, and to be continued to the end, should be taught in the church : but for doctrines which were but to vent the passion of vehement men, or to serve the turns of great men for a time, which were not seminal doctrines, doctrines that bore seed, and were to last from the beginning to the end ; for these interlineary doctrines, and marginal, which were no part of the first text, here is no testimony that God sees that they are good. And, *In diebus istis*, If in these two days, the day when God makes thee a firmament, shows thee what thou art, to limit thine understanding and thy faith upon, and the day where God makes thee a sea, a collection of the waters, (shows thee where these necessary things

must be taught in the church) if in those days thou wilt not remember thy Creator, it is an irrecoverable lethargy.

IN THE FOURTH day's work, let the making of the sun to rule the day be the testimony of God's love to thee, in the sunshine of temporal prosperity, and the making of the moon to shine by night, be the refreshing of his comfortable promises in the darkness of adversity ; and then remember that he can make thy sun to set at noon, he can blow out thy taper of prosperity when it burns brightest, and he can turn the moon into blood, he can make all the promises of the Gospel, which should comfort thee in adversity, turn into despair and obduration. Let the first day's work, which was the creation *Omnium reptilium*, and *Omnium volatiliium*, Of all creeping things, and of all flying things, produced out of water, signify and denote to thee, either thy humble devotion, in which thou sayest of thyself to God, *Vermis ego et non homo*, I am a worm and no man ; or let it be the raising of thy soul in that, *pennas columbae dedisti*, that God hath given thee the wings of a dove to fly to the wilderness, in a retiring from, or a resisting of temptations of this world ; remember still that God

can suffer even thy humility to stray, and degenerate into an uncomely dejection and stupidity, and senselessness of the true dignity and true liberty of a Christian : and he can suffer this retiring thyself from the world, to degenerate into a contempt and despising of others, and an overvaluing of thine own perfections. Let the last day in which both man and beasts were made out of the earth, but yet a living soul breathed into man, remember thee that this earth which treads upon thee, must return to that earth which thou treadest upon, thy body, that loads thee, and oppresses thee to the grave, and thy spirit to him that gave it. And when the Sabbath-day hath also remembered thee, that God hath given thee a temporal sabbath, placed thee in a land of peace, and an ecclesiastical sabbath, placed in a church of peace, perfect all in a spiritual sabbath, a conscience of peace, by remembering now thy Creator, at least in one of these days of the week of thy regeneration, either as thou hast light created in thee, in the first day, that is, thy knowledge of Christ ; or as thou hast a firmament created in thee the second day, that is, thy knowledge what to seek concerning Christ, things appertaining to faith and salvation ; or as thou hast a sea created in thee ; the third day, that is, a

church where all the knowledge is reserved and presented to thee ; or as thou hast a sun and moon in the fourth day, thankfulness in prosperity, comfort in adversity, or as thou hast *reptilem humilitatem*, or *volatilem fiduciam*, a humiliation in thyself, or an exaltation in Christ, in thy fifth day, or as thou hast a contemplation of thy mortality and immortality in the sixth day, or a desire of a spiritual sabbath in the seventh, in those days remember thou thy Creator.

NOW ALL THESE DAYS are contracted into less room in this text, *in diebus bechurotheica*, is either, *in the days of thy youth*, or *electionum tuarum*, in the days of thy heart's desire, when thou enjoyest all that thou couldest wish. First, therefore if thou wouldest be heard in David's prayer ; *Delicta juventutis* ; O Lord remember not the sins of my youth ; remember to come to this prayer, *In diebus juventutis*, In the days of thy youth. Job remembers with much sorrow, how he was in the days of his youth, when God's providence was upon his tabernacle : and it is a late, but a sad consideration, to remember with what tenderness of conscience, what scruples, what remorse we entered into sins in our youth, how much we were afraid of all degrees and circum-

stances of sin for a little while, and how indifferent things they are grown to us, and how obdurate we are grown in them now. This was Job's sorrow, and this was Tobias' comfort, when I was but young, all my tribes fell away ; but I alone went after to Jerusalem. Though he lacked the counsel, and the example in his elders, yet he served God ; for it is good for a man, that he bear his yoke in his youth : for even when God had delivered over his people purposely to be afflicted, yet himself complains in their behalf, *That the persecutor laid the very heaviest yoke upon the ancient* : it is a lamentable thing to fall under a necessity of suffering in our age, *Labore fracta instrumenta, ad Deum ducis, quorum nullus usus?* Wouldest thou consecrate a chalice to God that is broken ? no man would present a lame horse, a disordered clock, a torn book to the king ; *Caro jumentum,* Thy body is thy beast ; and wilt thou present that to God, when it is lamed and tired with excess of wantonness ? When thy clock, (the whole course of thy time) is disordered with passions, and perturbations ; when thy book (the history of thy life,) is torn, a thousand sins of thine own torn out of thy memory, wilt thou then present thyself thus defaced and mangled to Almighty God ? *Temperantia non est temperantia in senectute, sed impo-*

tentia incontinentiae, Chastity is not chastity in an old man, but a disability to be unchaste ; and therefore thou dost not give God that which thou pretendest to give, for thou hast no chastity to give him. *Senex bis puer* ; but it is not *bis juvenis*, an old man comes to the infirmities of childhood again ; but he comes not to the strength of youth again.

DO THIS THEN *in diebus juventutis*, in thy best strength, and when thy natural faculties are best able to concur with grace ; but do it ; *in diebus electionum*, in the days when thou hast thy heart's desire ; for if thou have worn out this word, in one sense, that it be too late now, to remember him in the days of youth, that is, spent forgetfully, yet as long as thou art able to make a new choice, to choose a new sin, that when thy heats of youth are not overcome, but burnt out, then thy middle age chooses ambition, and thy old age chooses covetousness ; as long as thou art able to make thy choice thou art able to make a better than this ; God testifies that power, that he hath given thee ; *I call heaven and earth to record this day, that I have set before you life and death ; choose life : if this choice like you not, If it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, saith Joshua, then choose ye this day whom ye*

will serve. Here is the election day ; bring that which ye would have, into comparison with that which ye should have ; that is, all that this world keeps from you, with that which God offers to you ; and what will ye choose to prefer before him ? for honour, and favour, and health, and riches, perchance you cannot have them though you choose them ; but can you have more of them than they have had, to whom those very things have been occasions of ruin ? The market is open till the bell ring ; till thy last bell ring the church is open, grace is to be had there : but trust not upon that rule, that men buy cheapest at the end of the market, that heaven may be had for a breath at last, when they that hear it cannot tell whether it be a sigh or a gasp, a religious breathing and anhelation after the next life, or natural breathing out, and exhalation of this ; but find a spiritual good husbandry in that other rule, that the prime of the market is to be had at first : for howsoever, in thine age, there may be by God's strong working, *dies juventutis*, a day of youth, in making thee then a new creature ; (for as God is *antiquissimus dierum*, so in his school no man is superannuated,) yet when age hath made a man impotent to sin, that is not *dies electionum*, it is not a day of choice ; but remember

God now, when thou hast a choice, that is, a power to advance thyself, or to oppress others by evil means ; now *in die electionum*, in those thy happy and sunshine days, remember him.

THIS IS THEN the Faculty that is excited, the memory ; and this is the time, now, now whilst we have power of election : the object is, the Creator, remember the Creator : first, because the memory can go no farther than the creation ; and therefore we have no means to conceive, or apprehend anything of God before that. When men therefore speak of decrees of reprobation, decrees of condemnation, before decrees of creation ; this is beyond the counsel of the Holy Ghost here, *Memento Creatoris*, Remember the Creator, for this is to remember God a condemner before he was a Creator : this is to put a preface to Moses' Genesis, not to be content with his *in principio*, to know that *in the beginning God created heaven and earth*, but we must remember what he did *ante principium*, before any such beginning was. Moses' *in principio*, that beginning, the creation we can remember ; but St. John's *in principio*, that beginning, eternity, we cannot ; we can remember God's *fiat* in Moses, but not God's *erat* in St. John : what God hath

done for us, is the object of our memory, not what he did before we were : and thou hast a good and perfect memory, if it remember all that the Holy Ghost proposes in the Bible ; and it determines in the *memento Creatoris*: there begins the Bible, and there begins the creed, *I believe in God the Father, maker of heaven and earth*; for when it is said, *The Holy Ghost was not given, because Jesus was not glorified*, it is not truly *non erat datus*, but *non erat*; for, *non erat nobis antequam operaretur*; it is not said there, the Holy Ghost was not given, but it is the Holy Ghost was not : for he is not, that is, he hath no being to us-ward, till he works in us which was first in the creation : remember the Creator then, because thou canst remember nothing backward beyond him, and remember him so too, that thou mayest stick upon nothing on this side of him, that so neither *height, nor depth, nor any other creature may separate thee from God*; not only not separate thee finally, but not separate so, as to stop upon the creature, but to make the best of them, thy way to the Creator ; we see ships in the river ; but all their use is gone, if they go not to sea ; we see men freighted with honour, and riches, but all their use is gone, if their respect be not upon the honour and glory of the Creator ; and therefore says the apostle,

Let them that suffer, commit their souls to God, as to a faithful Creator; that is, he made them, and therefore will have care of them. This is the true contracting, and the true extending of the memory, to remember the Creator, and stay there, because there is no prospect farther, and to remember the Creator, and get thither, because there is no safe footing upon the creature, till we come so far.

REMEMBER THEN THE CREATOR, and remember thy Creator, for, *Quis magis fidelis Deo?* Who is so faithful a counsellor as God? *Quis prudentior sapiente?* Who can be wiser than wisdom? *Quis utilior bono?* or better than goodness? *Quis conjunctior Creatore?* or nearer than our Maker? and therefore remember him. What purposes soever thy parents or thy prince have to make thee great, how had all those purposes been frustrated, and evacuated, if God had not made thee before: this very being is thy greatest degree; as in arithmetic how great a number soever a man express in many figures, yet when we come to number all, the very first figure is the greatest and most of all; so what degrees or titles soever a man have in this world, the greatest and the foundation of all, is, that he had a being by

creation : for the distance from nothing to a little, is ten thousand times more, than from it to the highest degree in this life : and therefore remember thy Creator, as by being so, he hath done more for thee than all the world besides ; and remember him also, with this consideration, that whatsoever thou art now, yet once thou wast nothing.

HE CREATED THEE, *ex nihilo*, he gave thee a being, there is matter of exaltation, and yet all this from nothing ; thou wast worse than a worm, there is matter of humiliation ; but he did not create thee *ad nihilum*, to return to nothing again, and there is matter for thy consideration, and study, how to make thine immortality profitable unto thee ; for it is a deadly immortality, if thy immortality must serve thee for nothing but to hold thee in immortal torment. To end all, that being which we have from God shall not return to nothing, nor the being which we have from men neither. As St. Bernard says of the image of God in man's soul, *Uri potest in gehenna, non exuri*, That soul that descends to hell, carries the image of God in the faculties of that soul thither, but there that image can never be burnt out, so those images and those impressions, which

we have received from men, from nature, from the world, the image of a lord, the image of a councillor, the image of a bishop, shall all burn in hell, and never burn out ; not only these men, but these offices are not to return to nothing ; but as their being from God, so their being from man, shall have an everlasting being, to the aggravating of their condemnation. And therefore remember thy Creator, who, as he is so, by making thee of nothing, so he will ever be so, by holding thee to his glory, though to thy confusion, from returning to nothing ; for the court of heaven is not like other courts, that after a surfeit of pleasure or greatness, a man may retire ; after a surfeit of sin there is no such retiring, as a dissolving of the soul into nothing ; but God is from the beginning the Creator, he gave all things their being, and he is still thy Creator, thou shalt evermore have that being, to be capable of his judgments.

NOW TO MAKE UP a circle, by returning to our first word, remember : as we remember God, so for his sake, let us remember one another. In my long absence, and far distance from hence, remember me, as I shall do you in the ears of that God, to whom the farthest east, and the farthest west are but as the right and left

ear in one of us ; we hear with both at once, and he hears in both at once ; remember me, not my abilities ; for when I consider my apostleship that I was sent to you, I am in St. Paul's *quorum, quorum ego sum minimus*, the least of them that have been sent ; and when I consider my infirmities, I am in his *quorum*, in another commission, another way, *quorum ego maximus* ; the greatest of them ; but remember my labours, and endeavours, at least my desire, to make sure your salvation. And I shall remember your religious cheerfulness in hearing the word, and your christianly respect towards all them that bring that word unto you, and towards myself in particular far above my merit. And so as your eyes that stay here, and mine that must be far off, for all that distance shall meet every morning, in looking upon that same sun, and meet every night, in looking upon the same moon ; so our hearts may meet morning and evening in that God, which sees and hears everywhere ; that you may come thither to him with your prayers, that I, (if I may be of use for his glory, and your edification in this place) may be restored to you again ; and may come to him with my prayer, that what Paul soever plant amongst you, or what Apollos soever water, God himself will

give the increase : that if I never meet you again till we have all passed the gate of death, yet in the gates of heaven, I may meet you all, and there say to my Saviour and your Saviour, that which he said to his Father and our Father, *Of those whom thou hast given me, have I not lost one.* Remember me thus, you that stay in this kingdom of peace, where no sword is drawn, but the sword of justice, as I shall remember you in those kingdoms, where ambition on one side, and a necessary defence from unjust persecution on the other side hath drawn many swords; and Christ Jesus remember us all in his kingdom, to which, though we must sail through a sea, it is the sea of his blood, where no soul suffers shipwreck ; though we must be blown with strange winds, with sighs and groans for our sins, yet it is the Spirit of God that blows all this wind, and shall blow away all contrary winds of diffidence, or distrust in God's mercy ; where we shall be all soldiers of one army, the Lord of hosts, and children of one choir, the God of harmony and consent : where all clients shall retain but one counsellor, our advocate Christ Jesus, not present him any other fee but his own blood, and yet every client have a judgment on his side, not only in a not guilty, in the remission of his sins, but in a

venite benedicti, in being called to the participation of an immortal crown of glory : where there shall be no difference in affection, nor in mind, but we shall agree as fully and perfectly in our hallelujah, and *gloria in excelsis*, as God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost agreed in the *faciamus hominem* at first : where we shall end, and yet begin but then ; where we shall have continual rest, and yet never grow lazy ; where we shall be stronger to resist, and yet have no enemy ; where we shall live and never die, where we shall meet and never part.

And when he had said this, he fell on sleep

HE THAT WILL DIE with Christ upon Good Friday, must hear his own bell toll all Lent ; he that will be partaker of his passion at last, must conform himself to his discipline of prayer and fasting before. Is there any man, that in his chamber hears a bell toll for another man, and does not kneel down to pray for that dying man ? and then when his charity breathes out upon another man, does he not also reflect upon himself,

and dispose himself as if he were in the state of that dying man? We begin to hear Christ's bell toll now, and is not our bell in the chime? We must be in his grave, before we come to his resurrection, and we must be in his death-bed before we come to his grave : we must do as he did, fast and pray, before we can say as he said, that *In manus tuas*, Into thy hands O Lord I commend my Spirit. You would not go into a medicinal bath without some preparatives ; presume not upon that bath, the blood of Christ Jesus, in the sacrament then, without preparatives neither. Neither say to yourselves, we shall have preparatives enough, warnings enough, many more sermons before it come to that, and so it is too soon yet ; you are not sure you shall have more ; not sure you shall have all this ; not sure you shall be affected with any. If you be, when you are, remember that as in that good custom in these cities, you hear cheerful street-music in the winter mornings, but yet there was a sad and doleful bellman, that waked you, and called upon you two or three hours before that music came ; so for all that blessed music which the servants of God shall present to you in this place, it may be of use, that a poor bellman waked you before, and though but by his noise, prepared

you for their music. And for this early office I take Christ's earliest witness, his proto-martyr, his first witness St. Stephen, and in him that which especially made him his witness, and our example, is his death, and our preparation to death, what he suffered, what he did, what he said, so far as is knit up in those words, *When he had said this, he fell asleep.*

FROM WHICH Example, I humbly offer to you these two general considerations ; first, that every man is bound to do something before he die ; and then to that man who hath done those things which the duties of his calling bind him to, death is but a sleep. In the first, we shall stop upon each of those steps ; first there is a *sis aliquid*, every man is bound to be something, to take some calling upon him. Secondly there is a *hoc age* ; every man is bound to do seriously and sedulously, and sincerely the duties of that calling. And thirdly there is a *sis aliquis* ; the better to perform those duties, every man shall do well to propose to himself some person, some pattern, some example whom he will follow and imitate in that calling. In which third branch of this first part, we shall have just occasion to consider some particulars in him who is

here proposed for our example, St. Stephen ; and in these three, *sis aliquid*, be something, profess something ; and then *hoc age*, do truly the duties of that profession ; and lastly, *sis aliquis*, propose some good man, in that profession to follow, and in the things intended in this text, propose St. Stephen, we shall determine our first part. And in the other we shall see that to them that do not this, that do not settle their consciences so, death is a bloody conflict, and no victory at last, a tempestuous sea, and no harbour at last, a slippery height, and no footing, a desperate fall and no bottom. But then to them that have done it, their pill is gilded, and the body of the pill honey too ; *mors lucrum*, death is a gain, a treasure, and this treasure brought some in a calm too ; they do not only go to heaven by death, but heaven comes to them in death ; their very manner of dying is an inchoative act of their glorified state : therefore it is not called a dying but a sleeping ; which one metaphor intimates two blessings, that because it is a sleep it gives a present rest, and because it is a sleep, it promises a future waking in the resurrection.

FIRST, THEN for our first branch of our first part,

we begin with our beginning, our birth ; *Man is born to trouble* ; so we read it, *to trouble*. The original is a little milder than so ; yet there it is, *Man is born unto labour*, God never meant less than labour to any man. Put us upon that which we esteem the honourablest of labours, the duties of martial discipline, yet where it is said, that man is appointed to a warfare upon earth, it is seconded with that, *His days are like the days of an hireling*. How honourable soever his station be, he must do his day's labour in the day, the duties of the place in the place. How far is he from doing so, that never so much as considers why he was sent into this world ; who is so far from having done his errand here, that he knows not, considers not, what his errand was ; nay knows not, considers not, whether he had any errand hither or no. But as though that God, who for infinite millions of millions of generations, before any creation, any world contented himself with himself, satisfied, delighted himself with himself in heaven, without any creatures, yet at last did bestow six days' labour upon the creation and accommodation of man, as though that God who when man was soured in the whole lump, poisoned in the fountain, perished at the core, withered in the root, in the fall of Adam, would then in that dejection, that

exinanition, that evacuation of the dignity of man, and not in his former better estate, engage his own Son, his only, his beloved Son, to become man by a temporary life, and then to become no man by a violent, and yet a voluntary death ; as though that God when he was pleased to come to a creation, might yet have left thee where thou wast before, amongst privations, a nothing ; or if he would have made thee something, a creature, yet he might have shut thee up in the close prison of a bare being and no more, without life or sense, as he hath done earth and stones ; or if he would have given thee life and sense, he might have left thee a toad, without the comeliness of shape, without that reasonable and immortal soul, which makes thee a man ; or if he had made thee a man, yet he might have lost thee upon the common amongst the heathen, and not have taken thee into his inclosures, by giving thee a particular form of religion ; or if he would have given thee a religion, he might have left thee a Jew ; or if he would have given thee Christianity, he might have left thee a papist, as though this God who had done so much for thee, by breeding thee in a true church, had done all this for nothing ; thou passest through this world as a flash, as a lightning of which no man knows the

beginning or the ending, as an *ignis fatuus*, in the air, which does not only not give light for any use, but does not so much as portend or signify anything ; and thou passest out of the world, as a hand passes out of a bason, or a body out of a bath, where the water may be the fouler for thy having washed in it, else the water retains no impression of thy hand or body, so the world may be the worse for thy having lived in it, else the world retains no marks of thy having been there. When God placed Adam in the world, God enjoined Adam to fill the world, to subdue the world, and to rule the world ; when God placed him in paradise, he commanded him to dress paradise, and to keep paradise ; when God placed his children in the land of promise, he enjoined them to fight his battles against idolatry, and to destroy idolators ; to every body some errand, some task for his glory ; and thou comest from him into this world, as though he had said nothing to thee at parting, but go and do as thou shalt see cause, go and do as thou seest other men do, and serve me so far, and save thine own soul so far, as the times, and the places, and the persons, with whom thou dost converse, will conveniently admit. God's way is positive, and thine is privative : God made every thing something, and thou makest the best of

things, man, nothing ; and because thou canst not annihilate the world altogether, as though thou hadst God at an advantage, in having made an abridgment of the world in man, there in that abridgment thou wilt undermine him, and make man, man, as far as thou canst, man in thyself nothing. He that qualifies himself for nothing, does so ; he whom we can call nothing, is nothing : this whole world is one entire creature, one body ; and he that is nothing may be excremental nails, to scratch and gripe others, he may be excremental hairs for ornament, or pleasurableness of meeting ; but he is no limb of this entire body, no part of God's universal creature, the world. God's own name is *I am: Being*, is God's name, and nothing is so contrary to God as to be nothing. Be something, or else thou canst do nothing ; and till thou have said this, says our text, that is, done something in a lawful calling, thou canst not sleep Stephen's sleep, not die in peace. *Sis aliquid*, propose something, determine thyself upon something, be, profess something, that was our first ; and then our second consideration is, *hoc age*, do seriously, do sedulously, do sincerely the duties of that calling.

HE THAT STANDS in a place and does not the duty of

that place, is but a statue in that place ; and but a statue without an inscription ; posterity shall not know him, nor read who he was. In nature the body frames and forms the place ; for the place of the natural body is that *proxima aeris superficies*, that inward superficies of the air, that invests and clothes, and apparels that body, and obeys, and follows, and succeeds to the dimensions thereof. In nature the body makes the place, but in grace the place makes the body : the person must actuate itself, dilate, extend and propagate itself according to the dimensions of the place, by filling it in the execution of the duties of it. Pliny delivers us the history of all the great masters in the art of painting : he tells us who began with the extremities and the outlines at first, who induced colours after that, and who after superinduced shadows ; who brought in *argutias vultus*, as he calls them ; not only the countenance, but the meaning of the countenance, and all that so exquisitely, that (as he says there) *Divinantes diem mortis dixerunt*, Physiognomers would tell a man's fortune as well by the picture as by the life ; he tells us, *Quis pinxit quae pingi non possunt*, Who first adventured to express inexpressible things ; *Tonitrua, perturbationes, animas* ; They would paint thunder which was not to be

seen, but heard : and affections, and the mind, the soul which produced those affections. But for the most part he tells us all the way, in what places there remained some of their pieces to be seen, and copied in his time. This is still that that dignifies all their works, that they wrought so, as that posterity was not only delighted, but improved and bettered in that art by their works : for truly that is one great benefit that arises out of our doing the duties of our own places, in our own time, that as a perfume intended only for that room, where the entertainment is to be made, breathes upward and downward, and round about it ; so the doing of the duties of the place, by men that move in middle spheres, breathe upwards and downwards, and about too, that is, cast a little shame upon inferiors if they do not so, and a little remembrance upon superiors that they should do so, and a thanksgiving to Almighty God for them that do so : and so it is an improvement of the present, and an instruction and a catechism to future times. The duty in this text is expressed and limited in speaking. *Cum dixisset, When he had said this he fell asleep,* and truly so, literally so, in speaking, and no more, it stretches far : many duties, in many great places consist in speaking ; ours do so : and therefore, when vices abound in

matter of manners, and schisms abound in matter of opinions, *antequam dixerimus hoc*, till we have said this, that is, that that belongeth to that duty, we cannot sleep Stephen's sleep, we cannot die in peace. The judge's duty lies much in this too, for he is bound not only to give a hearing to a cause, but to give an end, a judgment in the cause too : and so, for all them whose duty lies in speaking, from him who is to counsel his friend, to him who is to counsel his master in the family (for Job professes that he never refused the counsel of his servant) *Antequam dixerint*, Till they have said this, that is still, that that belongs to that duty, they cannot sleep Stephen's sleep, they cannot die in peace : and when we ascend to the consideration of higher persons, they and we speak not one language, for our speaking is but speaking but with great persons, *acta apothegmata*, their apothegms are their actions, and we hear their words in their deeds. God, whose image and name they bear does so : if we consider God ; as a second person in the Godhead, the Son of God, God of God, so God is *logos, sermo, verbum, oratio* ; the word, saying, speaking ; but God considered primarily and in himself so, is *actus purus*, all action, all doing. In the creation there is a *dixit* in God's mouth, still God says something ; but evermore the *dixit* is

accompanied with a *fiat*, something was to be done, as well as said. The apostles are apostles in that capacity as they were sent to preach, that is speaking ; but, when we come to see their proceeding, it is in *praxi*, in the Acts of the Apostles. In those persons whose duty lies in speaking, there is an *antequam dixerint* ; in those where it lies in action, there is an *antequam fecerint* ; till that be said, and done, which belongs to their particular callings, they cannot sleep Stephen's sleep, they cannot die in peace ; and therefore, *Non dicas de Deo tuo gravis mihi est*, Say not of thy God, that he lies heavy upon thee, if he exact the duties of thy place at thy hands ; *Nec dicas de loco tuo, inutilis mihi est*, Say not of thy place, that it is good for nothing, if thou must be put to do the duties of the place, in the place ; for it is good for this, that when thou hast done that thou mayest sleep Stephen's sleep, die in peace. *Sis aliquid*, be something that was our first, and then *hoc age*, do truly the duties of that place without pre-terminating thine own, without intermeddling with others, which was our second ; and then our third consideration is, *sis aliquis*, be somebody, be like somebody, propose some good example in thy calling and profession to imitate.

IT WAS THE COUNSEL of that great little philosopher Epictetus, whensoever thou undertakest any action, to consider what a Socrates, or a Plato ; what a good and a wise man would do in that case, and to do conformably to that. One great orator, Latinus Rufus, proposed to himself Cicero for his example, and Cicero propounded Demosthenes, and he Pericles, and Pericles Pisistratus ; and so there was a concatenation, a genealogy, a pedigree of a good orator ; *Habet unumquodque propositum principes suos*: In every calling, in every profession, a man may find some exemplar, some leading men to follow. The king hath a Josias, and the beggar hath a Job, and every man hath some : but here we must not pursue particulars, but propose to all, him whom our text proposes, St. Stephen : and in him we offer you first his name, Stephen. Stephen, *Stephanos* is a leading, an exemplar name, a significative, a prophetic, a sacramental, a catechistical name ; a name that carries much instruction with it. Our countryman Bede takes it to be an Hebrew name, and it signifies (saith he) *Normam vestram*, Your rule, your law : to obey the law, to follow, to embrace the law is an acceptable service to God, especially the invariable law, the law of God himself : but we are sure that this name

Stephen, *Stephanos* signifies a crown ; to obey the crown, to follow, to serve the crown, is an acceptable service to God, especially the immarcessible crown, the crown of glory. *Nomen omen*; scarce any man hath a name, but that name is legal and historical to him : his very name remembers him of some rules, and laws of his actions ; so his name is legal, and his name remembers him of some good men of the same name ; and so his name is historical. *Nomina debita*: in the old formularies of the civil law, if a man left so many names to his executors, they were so many specialties for debts. Our names are debts, every man owes the world the signification of his name, and of all his names ; every addition of honour, or of office, lays a new debt, a new obligation upon him ; and his first name, his Christian name above all. For, when new names are given to men in the Scriptures, that doth not abolish or extinguish the old : Jacob was called Jacob after God had called him Israel ; and Gedeon Gedeon after he was called Jerubbaal, and Simon when he was Peter too, was called Simon. Changes of office and additions of honour must not extinguish our Christian-name ; the duties of our Christianity, and our religion must preponderate and weigh down the duties of all.

other places, and for all together. St. Gregory presents us a good use of this diligence to answer our names, *Quo quis timet magis, ne quod dicitur non esset, eo plus quam dicitur erit*; The more a man is afraid that he is not worthy of the name he bears, whether the name of office or his Christian-name, the better officer and the better Christian he will be for that fear, and that solicitude ; and therefore it is an useful and an appliable prayer for great persons, which that father makes in their behalf, *Praesta, quaesumus Domine, ut quod in ore hominum sumus, in conspectu tuo esse valeamus*: Grant, O Lord, that we may always be such in thine eyes, as we are in their tongues that depend upon us, and justify their acclamations with thy approbations. And so far Stephen's name, as his name signifies the law, and as his name signifies the reward of fulfilling the law ; a crown hath carried us to the consideration of the duty of answering the signification of our names ; but then there are other passages in his history and actions that carry us farther.

FIRST THEN WE receive St. Stephen to have been St. Paul's kinsman in the flesh, and to have been his fellow-pupil under Gamaliel, and to have been equal to him,

at least in the foundations, in natural faculties, and in the superedifications too, in learnings of acquisition and study ; and then to have had this great advantage above him, that he applied himself as a disciple to Christ before St. Paul did ; and in that profession became so eminent (for all the sects, and libertines themselves taking the liberty to dispute against him, they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake) as that his cousin Paul, then but Saul, envied him most, promoted and assisted at his execution : for upon those words but two verses before our text, that *they that stoned Stephen, laid down their clothes at Saul's feet*, St. Augustine says, *In manu omnium cum lapidavit*, That it was Saul that stoned Stephen, though by the hands of other executioners. Men of the best extraction and families, men of the best parts and faculties, men of the best education and proficiencies, owe themselves to God by most obligations. Him that dies to-day, God shall not only ask, Where is that soul ? Is it as clean as I made it at first ? No stain of sin ? or is it as clean as I washed it in baptism ? No sting ? No venom of original sin in it ? or is it as clean as I left it when we met last at the sacrament ? No guiltiness of actual sin in it ? God shall not only ask this, Where is that soul ? Nor

only ask where is that body ? Is it come back in that virginal integrity in which I made it ? or is it no farther departed from that, than marriage, which I made for it, hath made it ? Are those *maritales ineptiae* (that we may put Luther's words into God's mouth) the worst that is fallen upon that body ? God shall not only ask for that soul and that body, but ask also, where is that wit, that learning, those arts, those languages which by so good education I afforded thee ?

TRULY when a weak and ignorant man departs into any vicious way, though in that case he do adhere to the enemy, and do serve the devil against God, yet he carries away but a single man, and serves but as a common soldier : but he that hath good parts, and good education, carries a regiment in his person, and armies and ammunition for a thousand in himself. Though then thy kinsmen in the flesh, and thy fellow-pupils under Gamaliel, men whom thou hast accompanied heretofore in other ways, think thy present fear of God, but a childishness and pusillanimity, and thy present zeal to his service but an infatuation, and a melancholy, and thy present application of thyself to God in prayer, but an argument of thy court-despair, and of thy falling

from former hopes there ; yet come thou early, if it be early yet ; and if it be not early, come apace to Christ Jesus : how learned soever thou art yet to learn thy first letters, if thou know not that Christ Jesus is *Alpha* and *Omega*, he in whom thou must begin and determine every purpose : thou hast studied thyself but into a dark and damnable ignorance, if thou have laboured for much learning only to prove that thou canst not be saved, only to dispute against the person and the Gospel of Christ Jesus. But propose to thine imitation Stephen, who though enriched with great parts, and formerly accustomed to the conversation of others of a different persuasion, applied himself early to Christ as a disciple, and more than in that general application, in a particular function and office as a deacon, as is expressed in the former chapter.

THE ROMAN church that delights in irresolutions, and gains, and makes profit in holding things in suspense, holds up this question undetermined, whether that office and function which Stephen took of deacon, be so *e sacris*, a part of holy orders, as that it is a sacrament, or any part of the sacrament of orders. Durand, a man great in matter of ceremony, Cajetan, a man great

in matter of substance, do both deny it ; and divers, many, very many besides them ; and they are let alone, and their church says nothing against them, or in determination of the opinion. But yet howsoever the stronger opinion even in that church lead the other way, and the form of giving that office by imposition of hands, and the many and great capacities that they receive, that they receive it, carry it to a great height, yet the use that we make of it here shall be but this, that even Stephen, who might have been *inter doctores*, doctor, (as Chrysologus says of him) a doctor to teach doctors ; and *inter apostolos apostolus*, an apostle to lead apostles, contented himself with a lower degree in the service of Christ in his church, the service of a deacon, which very name signifies service, and ministration. It is a diminution of regal dignity, that the Roman church accounts the greatest kings, but as deacons, and assigns them that rank and place in all their ecclesiastical solemnities, in their ceremonials. But Constantine knew his own place without their marshalling: in the midst of bishops, and bishops met in council, he calls himself bishop, and bishop of bishops : and the greatest bishop of this land, in his time, professed his master the king, to be *pastor pastorum*, a shepherd of shepherds.

It is a name due to the king, for it signifies inspection and superintendency ; as the name of priest is also given to secular magistrates that had no part in ecclesiastical function in the Scriptures ; particularly, in Potiphar, and to divers others in divers other places. But yet though that name of superintendency be due unto him, let him who is crowned in his office as Stephen was in his name, accept this name and office of ministration of deacon, since the Holy Ghost himself hath given him that name, *The minister of God for good*, (there is the word of ministration, the name *Diaconus* imprinted upon the king) and since our super-supreme ordinary, our super-sovereign head of the church, Christ Jesus himself calls himself, by that name, *The Son of man not to be ministered unto, but to minister*; there is this word of ministration, the office, the name of deacon imprinted upon Christ himself. And though in our interest, in him who is also a king and a priest ; we are all *regale sacerdotium*, kings and priests too, yet let us accept the name, and execute the office of deacon, of ministration, especially upon ourselves : for as every man is a world in himself, so every man is a church in himself too : and in the ancient church, it was a part of the deacon's office, to call out to the church, to the congregation, *Nequis*

contra aliquem, nequis in hypocrisi; Let no man come hither to church, (indeed no whether, for every place, because God is present in every place, is a church,) either in uncharitableness towards others, or in hypocrisy and in dissimulation in himself : bring always a charitable opinion towards other men, and sincere affections in thyself, and thou hast done the right office of a deacon, upon the right subject thou hadst ministered to thine own soul. But the height of Stephen's exemplariness, (which is the consideration that we pursue in this branch of this first part) is not so much in his active as in his passive part ; not so much in that he did, as in that he suffered ; not as he answered and discharged the duties of his name ; so we have proposed him to you ; nor as he was an early disciple ; and came to Christ betimes, we have proposed him so too ; nor as he made his ambition only to serve Christ, and not to serve him in a high place, but only as a deacon ; for in that line also we have proposed him to you ; but as he was a constant and cheerful martyr, and laid down his life for Christ, and in that qualification propose him to yourselves, and follow as a martyr.

EUSEBIUS the bishop of Caesarea, was so in love with

Pamphilus the martyr, as a martyr, that he would needs take his name, before he could get his addition ; and though he could not be called martyr then, yet he would be called Pamphilus and not Eusebius. The name of Stephen hath enough in it to serve not only the vehementest affection, but the highest ambition ; for there is a coronation in the name as we told you before. And therefore in the ecclesiastical story and martyrologies of the church, there are (I think) more martyrs of this name, Stephen, than any other name ; indeed they have all that name, for the name is a coronation. And therefore the kingdom of heaven, which is expressed by many precious metaphors in the Gospel, is never called a crown, till after Stephen's death, till our coronation was begun in his martyrdom, but after in the Epistles often, and in the Revelation very often. For to suffer for God, man to suffer for God, I to suffer for my Maker, for my Redeemer, is such a thing, as no such thing, excepting only God's sufferings for man can fall into the consideration of man. God's suffering for man was the nadir the lowest point of God's humiliation, man's suffering for God is the zenith, the highest point of man's exaltation : that as man needed God, and God would suffer for man, so God should need man, and man

should suffer for God ; that after God's general commission, *Fac hoc et vives*, Do this and thou shalt live, I should receive and execute a new commission, *Patere hoc et vives abundantius*, Suffer this and you shall have life and life more abundantly ; as our Saviour speaks in the Gospel, that when I shall ask my soul David's question, *Quid retribuam*, What shall I render to the Lord, I shall not rest in David's answer, *Accipiam calicem*, I will take the cup of salvation, in applying his blood to my soul, but proceed to an *effundam calicem*, I will give God a cup, a cup of my blood, that whereas to me the meanest of God's servants it is honour enough to be believed for God's sake : God should be believed for my sake, and his Gospel the better accepted, because the seal of my blood is set to it ; that that dew which should water his plants, the plants of his paradise, his church, should drop from my veins, and that sea, that red sea, which should carry up his bark, his ark, to the heavenly Jerusalem, should flow from me ; this is that that pours joy even into my gladness, and glory even into mine honour, and peace even into my security ; that exalts and improves every good thing, every blessing that was in me before, and makes even my creation glorious, and my redemption precious ;

and puts a farther value upon things inestimable before, that I shall fulfil the sufferings of Christ in my flesh, and that I shall be offered up for his church, though not for the purchasing of it, yet for the fencing of it, though not by way of satisfaction as he was, but by way of example and imitation as he was too. Whether that be absolutely true or no, which an author of much curiosity in the Roman church says, that *Inter tot millia millium*, Amongst so many thousand thousands of martyrs in the Primitive church, it cannot be said that ever one lacked burial, (I know not whence he raises that) certainly no martyr ever lacked a grave in the wounds of his Saviour, no nor a tomb, a monument, a memorial in this life, in that sense wherein our Saviour speaks in the Gospel, That no man shall leave house, or brother, or wife for him, but he shall receive an hundredfold in this life ; Christ does not mean he shall have a hundred houses, or a hundred wives, or a hundred brethren ; but that that comfort which he lost in losing those things shall be multiplied to him in that proportion even in this life. In which words of our Saviour, as we see the dignity and reward of martyrdom, so we see the extent and latitude, and compass of martyrdom too ; that not only loss of life, but

loss of that which we love in this life ; not only the suffering of death, but the suffering of crosses in our life, contracts the name, and entitles us to the reward of martyrdom. All martyrdom is not a Smithfield martyrdom, to burn for religion. To suffer injuries, and upon advantages offered, not to revenge those injuries, is a court martyrdom. To resist outward temptations from power, and inward temptations from affections ; in matter of judicature, between party and party, is a Westminster martyrdom. To seem no richer than they are, not to make their states better, when they make their private bargains with one another, and to seem so rich, as they are, and not to make their states worse, when they are called upon to contribute to public services, this is an exchange martyrdom. And there is a chamber martyrdom, a bosom martyrdom too ; *Habet pudicitia servata martyrium suum*, Chastity is a daily martyrdom ; and so all fighting of the Lord's battles, all victory over the Lord's enemies, in our own bowels, all cheerful bearing of God's crosses, and all watchful crossing of our own immoderate desires is a martyrdom acceptable to God, and a true copy of our pattern Stephen, so it be inanimated with that which was even the life and soul and price of all Stephen's

actions and passions, that is, fervent charity, which is the last contemplation ; in which we propose him for your example ; that as he, you also may be just paymasters in discharging the debt, which you owe the world in the signification of your names ; and early disciples and appliers of yourselves to Christ Jesus, and humble servants of his, without inordinate ambition of high places ; and constant martyrs, in dying every day, as the apostle speaks, and charitable intercessors, and advocates and mediators to God, even for your heaviest enemies.

WE HAVE A STORY in the ecclesiastical story of Nicephorus and Sapricius, formerly great friends, and after as great enemies : Nicephorus relented first, and sued often for reconciliation to Sapricius, but was still refused : he was refused even upon that day, when Sapricius being led out to execution, as a martyr for the Christian religion, Nicephorus upon the way, put himself in his way, and upon his knees begged a reconciliation, and obtained it not. The effect of his uncharitableness was this, Sapricius, when he came to the stake, recanted, and renounced the Christian religion, and lost the crown of martyrdom, and Nice-

phorus who came forth upon another occasion professed Christ, and was received to the coronation of martyrdom. Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing, says the apostle ; but if I have not charity I shall not be admitted to that sacrifice, to give my body to be burnt. St. Augustine seems to have delighted himself with that saying (for he says it more than once) *Si Stephanus non orasset*,* If St. Stephen had not prayed for Saul, the church had had no Paul : and may we not justly add to that, If Stephen had not prayed for Saul, heaven had had no Stephen, or Stephen had had no heaven : suffering itself is but a stubbornness, and a rigid and stupid standing under an affliction ; it is not a humiliation, a bending under God's hand, if it be not done in charity. Stephen had a pattern, and he is a pattern ; Christ was his, and he is our example ; *Ut hoc dicam tibi, a te primo audivi*, says St. Augustine in Stephen's person to Christ, Lord thou taughtest me this prayer upon the cross ; receive it now from me, as the Father received it from thee then. He prayed for his enemies as for himself ; and thus much more earnestly for them than for himself, that he prayed for himself standing, and kneeling for them. Stephen was the plaintiff, and

when he comes to his *nolo prosequi*, and to release, what hath the judge to say to the defendant. If a potent adversary oppress thee to ruin, to death, if thou pass away uncharitably towards him, thou raisest an everlasting trophy for thine enemy, and preparest him a greater triumph than he proposed to himself ; he meant to triumph over thy body, and thy fortune, and thou hast provided him a triumph over thy soul too by thy uncharitableness ; and he may survive to repent, and to be pardoned at God's hands, and thou who art departed in uncharitableness canst not ; he shall be saved that ruined thee unjustly, and thou who wast unjustly ruined by him, shalt perish irrecoverably. And so we have done with all those pieces which constitute our first part, *sis aliquid*, profess something, *hoc age*, do seriously the duties of that profession, and then *sis aliquis*, propose some good man in that profession for thine imitation ; as we have proposed Stephen for general duties, falling upon all professions. And we shall pass now to our other part, which we must all play, and play in earnest, that conclusion in which we shall but begin our everlasting state, our death, *When he had said this he fell asleep.*

HERE I SHALL ONLY PRESENT to you two pictures,

two pictures in little : two pictures of dying men ; and every man is like one of these, and may know himself by it ; he that dies in the bath of a peaceable, and he that dies upon the wreck of a distracted conscience. When the devil imprints in a man, *emortuum me esse non curo*, I care not though I were dead, it were but a candle blown out, and there were an end of all, where the devil imprints that imagination : God will imprint an *emori nolo*, a lothness to die, and fearful apprehension at his transmigration : as God expresses the bitterness of death, in an ingemination, *morte morietur*, in a con-duplication of deaths, he shall die, and die, die twice over ; so *aegrotando aegrotabit*, in sickness he shall be sick, twice sick, body-sick and soul-sick too, sense-sick and conscience sick together ; when, as the sins of his body have cast sicknesses and death upon his soul, so the inordinate sadness of his soul, shall aggravate and actuate the sickness of his body. His physician ministers, and wonders it works not ; he imputes that to phlegm, and ministers against that, and wonders again that it works not : he goes over all the humours, and all his medicines, and nothing works, for there lies at his patient's heart a damp that hinders the concurrence of all his faculties, to the intention of the physician,

or the virtue of the physic. Lose not, O blessed apostle, thy question upon this man. *O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?* For the sting of death is in every limb of his body, and his very body is a victorious grave upon his soul : and as his carcase and his coffin shall lie equally insensible in his grave, so his soul, which is but a carcase, and his body, which is but a coffin of that carcase, shall be equally miserable upon his death-bed : and Satan's commissions upon him shall not be signed by succession, as upon Job, first against his goods, and then his servants, and then his children, and then himself ; but not at all upon his life ; but he shall apprehend all at once, ruin upon himself and all his, ruin upon himself and all him, even upon his life ; both his lives, the life of this, and the life of the next world too. Yet a drop would redeem a shower, and a sigh now a storm then : yet a tear from the eye, would save the bleeding of the heart, and a word from the mouth now, a roaring, or (which may be worse) a silence of consternation, of stupefaction, of obduration at that last hour. Truly, if the death of the wicked ended in death, yet to escape that manner of death were worthy a religious life. To see the house fall, and yet be afraid to go out of it ; to leave an injured world,

and meet an incensed God, to see oppression and wrong in all thy professions, and to foresee ruin and wastefulness in all thy posterity; and lands gotten by one sin in the father, moulder away by another in the son; to see true figures of horror, and lie, and fancy worse; to begin to see thy sins but then, and find every sin (at first sight) in the proportion of a giant, able to crush thee into despair; to see the blood of Christ, imputed, not to thee, but to thy sins; to see Christ crucified, and not crucified for thee, but crucified by thee; to hear this blood speak, not better things, than the blood of Abel, but louder for vengeance than the blood of Abel did; this is his picture that hath been nothing, that hath done nothing, that hath proposed no Stephen, no law to regulate, no example to certify his conscience: but to him that hath done this, death is but a sleep.

MANY HAVE wondered at that note of St. Chrysostom's, That till Christ's time death was called death, plainly, literally death, but after Christ, death was called but sleep; for, indeed, in the Old Testament before Christ, I think there is no one metaphor so often used, as sleep for death, and that the dead are said to sleep: there-

fore we wonder sometimes, that St. Chrysostom should say so : but this may be that which that holy father intended in that note, that they in the Old Testament, who are said to have slept in death, are such as then, by faith, did apprehend, and were fixed upon Christ ; such as were all the good men of the Old Testament, and so there will not be many instances against St. Chrysostom's note, That to those that die in Christ, death is but a sleep ; to all others, death is death, literally death. Now of this dying man, that dies in Christ, that dies the death of the righteous, that embraces death as a sleep, must we give you a picture too.

THERE IS NOT A MINUTE LEFT TO DO IT; not a minute's sand; Is there a minute's patience? Be pleased to remember that those pictures which are delivered in a minute, from a print upon a paper, had many days', weeks', months' time for the gravings of those pictures in the copper ; so this picture of that dying man, that dies in Christ, that dies the death of the righteous, that embraces death as a sleep, was gravings all his life ; all his public actions were the lights, and all his private the shadows of this picture. And when this picture comes to the press, this man to the straits and agonies of death,

thus he lies, thus he looks, this he is. His understanding and his will is all one faculty ; he understands God's purpose upon him, and he would not have God's purpose turned any other way ; he sees God will dissolve him, and he would fain be dissolved, to be with Christ ; his understanding and his will is all one faculty ; his memory and his foresight are fixed, and concentrated upon one object, upon goodness ; he remembers that he hath proceeded in the sincerity of a good conscience in all the ways of his calling, and he foresees that his good name shall have the testimony, and his posterity the support of the good men of this world ; his sickness shall be but a fomentation to supple and open his body for the issuing of his soul ; and his soul shall go forth, not as one that gave over his house, but as one that travelled to see and learn better architecture, and meant to return and re-edify that house, according to those better rules : and as those thoughts which possess us most awake, meet us again when we are asleep ; so his holy thoughts, having been always conversant upon the directing of his family, the education of his children, the discharge of his place, the safety of the state, the happiness of the king all his life ; when he is fallen asleep in death, all his dreams in that blessed sleep, all his

devotions in heaven shall be upon the same subjects, and he shall solicit him that sits upon the throne, and the Lamb, God for Christ Jesus' sake, to bless all these with his particular blessings : for so God giveth his beloved sleep, so as that they enjoy the next world and assist this.

SO THEN, THE DEATH of the righteous is a sleep; first, as it delivers them to a present rest. Now men sleep not well fasting ; nor does a fasting conscience, a conscience that is not nourished with a testimony of having done well, come to this sleep ; but *Dulcis somnus operanti*, The sleep of a labouring man is sweet. To him that laboureth in his calling, even this sleep of death is welcome. *When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid*, saith Solomon ; when the physician says, Sir, you must keep your bed, thou shalt not be afraid of that sick-bed ; and then it follows, *And thy sleep shall be sweet unto thee* ; thy sickness welcome, and thy death too ; or, in those two David seems to involve all, *I will lay me down in peace, and sleep* ; embrace patiently my death-bed and death itself.

SO THEN THIS DEATH is a sleep, as it delivers us to

a present rest; and then, lastly, it is so also as it promises a future waiting in a glorious resurrection. To the wicked it is far from both : of them God says, *I will make them drunk, and they shall sleep a perpetual sleep and not awake*; they shall have no part in the second resurrection. But for them that have slept in Christ, as Christ said of Lazarus, *Lazarus sleepeth, but I go that I may wake him out of sleep*, he shall say to his Father ; Let me go that I may wake them who have slept so long in expectation of my coming : and *Those that sleep in Jesus Christ* (saith the apostle) *will God bring with him*; not only fetch them out of the dust when he comes, but bring them with him, that is, declare that they have been in his hands ever since they departed out of this world. They shall awake as Jacob did, and say as Jacob said, *Surely the Lord is in this place, and this is no other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven*, and into that gate they shall enter, and in that house they shall dwell, where there shall be no cloud nor sun, no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal light, no noise nor silence, but one equal music, no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession, no foes nor friends, but an equal communion and identity, no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity. Keep us Lord so awake in the duties of our

callings, that we may thus sleep in thy peace, and wake in thy glory, and change that infallibility which thou affordest us here, to an actual and undeterminable possession of that kingdom which thy Son our Saviour Christ Jesus hath purchased for us, with the inestimable price of his incorruptible blood. Amen.

DEATH'S DUEL

The last sermon that Donne ever preached was delivered at the beginning of Lent, 1631, in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall, in the presence of King Charles .I.

Isaac Walton describes the occasion:

“He was appointed to preach upon his old constant day, the first Friday in Lent; he had notice of it, and had in his sickness so prepared for that employment, that as he had long thirsted for it, so he resolved his weakness should not hinder his journey; he came therefore to London some few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither, many of his friends – who with sorrow saw his sickness had left him but so much flesh as did only cover his bones – doubted his strength to perform

that task, and did therefore dissuade him from undertaking it, assuring him, however, it was like to shorten his life; but he passionately denied their requests, saying he would not doubt but that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment; professing an holy ambition to perform that sacred work. And when, to the amazement of some beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body and a dying face. And doubtless many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel: 'Do these bones live? or, can that soul organise that tongue, to speak so long as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre, and measure out an hour of this dying man's unspent life? Doubtless it cannot.' And yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying; the text being, 'To God the Lord belong the issues from death.' Many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own funeral sermon."

And unto God the Lord belong the issues of death

BUILDINGS STAND by the benefit of their foundations that sustain them, support them; and of their buttresses that comprehend them, embrace them; and of their contignations that knit and unite them. The foundation suffers them not to sink; the buttresses suffer them not to swerve; the contignation and knitting, suffer them not to cleave. The body of our building is in the former part of this verse; it is this; *He that is our God, is the God of salvation; ad salutes*, of salvations in the plural, so it is in the original; the God that gives us spiritual and temporal salvation too. But of this building, the foundation, the buttresses, the contignation are in this part of the verse, which constitutes our text, and in the three diverse acceptations of the words amongst our expositors, *Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death*. For, first the foundation of this building, (that our God is the God of all salvation) is laid in this, *That unto this God the Lord belong the issues of death*; that is, it is his power to give us an issue and deliverance, even then when we are brought to the jaws and teeth of death, and to the lips of that whirlpool, the grave; and so in this acceptation, this *exitus mortis*, this issue of death is *liberatio a morte*, a deliverance from death;

and this is the most obvious, and most ordinary acceptation of these words, and that upon which our translation lays hold, *the issues from death*. And then, secondly, the buttresses, that comprehend and settle this building ; that *He that is our God is the God of salvation*, are thus raised ; *Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death*, that is, the disposition and manner of our death, what kind of issue, and transmigration we shall have out of this world, whether prepared or sudden, whether violent or natural, whether in our perfect senses, or shaken and disordered by sickness ; there is no condemnation to be argued out of that, no judgment to be made upon that, for howsoever they die, *precious in his sight, is the death of his saints*, and with him are the issues of death, the ways of our departing out of this life, are in his hands ; and so, in this sense of the words, this *exitus mortis*, the issue of death, is *liberatio in morte*, a deliverance in death ; not that God will deliver us from dying, but that he will have a care of us in the hour of death, of what kind soever our passage be ; and this sense, and acceptation of the words, the natural frame and contexture doth well and pregnantly administer unto us. And then lastly, the contignation and knitting of this building, that *He that is our God, is the God of all salvation*, consists in this,

Unto this God the Lord belong the issues of death, that is, that this God the Lord, having united and knit both natures in one, and being God, having also come into this world, in our flesh, he could have no other means to save us, he could have no other issue out of this world, nor return to his former glory, but by death. And so in this sense, this *exitus mortis*, the issue of death, is *liberatio per mortem*, a deliverance by death, by the death of this God our Lord, Christ Jesus ; and this is St. Augustine's acceptation of the words, and those many and great persons, that have adhered to him. In all these three lines then, we shall look upon these words ; first, as the God of power, the Almighty Father, rescues his servants from the jaws of death ; and then, as the God of mercy, the glorious Son, rescued us, by taking upon himself the issue of death ; and then, (between these two,) as the God of comfort, the Holy Ghost, rescues us from all discomfort by his blessed impressions beforehand, that what manner of death soever be ordained for us, yet this *exitus mortis*, shall be *introitus in vitam* ; our issue in death, shall be an entrance into everlasting life. And these three considerations, our deliverance *a morte, in morte, per mortem*, from death, in death, and by death, will abundantly do all the offices

of the foundation, of the buttresses, of the contignation of this our building, that *He that is our God, is the God of all salvation, because Unto this God the Lord belong the issues of death.*

FIRST then, we consider this *exitus mortis*, to be *liberatio a morte*; that with *God the Lord are the issues of death*, and therefore in all our deaths, and deadly calamities of this life, we may justly hope of a good issue from him ; and all our periods and transitions in this life, are so many passages from death to death. Our very birth, and entrance into this life, is *exitus a morte*, an issue from death ; for in our mother's womb, we are dead so, as that we do not know we live ; not so much as we do in our sleep ; neither is there any grave so close, or so putrid a prison, as the womb would be to us, if we stayed in it beyond our time, or died there, before our time. In the grave the worms do not kill us: we breed and feed, and then kill those worms, which we ourselves produced. In the womb the dead child kills the mother that conceived it, and is a murderer, nay a parricide, even after it is dead. And if we be not dead so in the womb, so, as that being dead, we kill her that gave us our first life, our life of vegetation, yet we are dead so as David's

idols are dead ; in the womb, we have eyes and see not, ears and hear not. There in the womb we are fitted for works of darkness, all the while deprived of light ; and there, in the womb, we are taught cruelty, by being fed with blood ; and may be damned though we be never born. Of our very making in the womb, David says, *I am wonderfully and fearfully made*, and *Such knowledge is too excellent for me* ; for, *Even that is the Lord's doing, and it is wonderful in our eyes, Ipse fecit nos, It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves*, no, nor our^d parents neither. *Thy hands have made me, and fashioned me round about*, says Job ; and, (as the original word is) *Thou hast taken pains about me* ; and yet says he, *Thou dost destroy me* : though I be the master-piece of the greatest Master, (man is so) yet if thou do no more for me, if thou leave me where thou madest me, destruction will follow. The womb, which should be the house of life, becomes death itself, if God leave us there. That which God threatens so often, the shutting of the womb, is not so heavy nor so discomfortable a curse, in the first as in the latter shutting ; not in the shutting of barrenness, as in the shutting of weakness, when children are come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth. It is the exaltation of misery, to fall from a near hope of

happiness. And in that vehement imprecation the prophet expresses the height of God's anger, *Give them, O Lord, what wilt thou give them? Give them a miscarrying womb.* Therefore as soon as we are men, (that is, inanimated, quickened in the womb) though we cannot ourselves, our parents have reason to say in our behalf, *Wretched man that he is, who shall deliver him from this body of death?* For, even the womb is the body of death, if there be no deliverer. It must be he that said to Jeremy, *Before I formed thee I knew thee, and before thou camest out of the womb I sanctified thee.* We are not sure that there was no kind of ship nor boat to fish in, nor to pass by, till God prescribed Noah that absolute form of the ark ; that word which the Holy Ghost by Moses, uses for the ark, is common to all kinds of boats, *thebah*; and is the same word that Moses uses for the boat that he was exposed in, that his mother laid him in an ark of bulrushes. But we are sure that Eve had no midwife when she was delivered of Cain ; therefore she might well say, *Possedi virum a Domino*, I have gotten a man from the Lord ; wholly, entirely from the Lord : it is the Lord that hath enabled me to conceive, the Lord hath infused a quickening soul into that conception, the Lord hath brought into the world that which

himself had quickened ; without all this might Eve say, my body had been but the house of death, and *Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis*, to God the Lord belong the issues of death.

BUT THEN this *exitus a morte*, is but *introitus in mortem* ; this issue, this deliverance from that death, the death of the womb, is an entrance, a delivering over to another death, the manifold deaths of this world. We have a winding-sheet in our mother's womb, that grows with us from our conception, and we come into the world wound up in that winding-sheet ; for we come to seek a grave. And, as prisoners, discharged of actions, may lie for fees, so when the womb hath discharged us, yet we are bound to it by cords of flesh, by such a string, as that we cannot go thence, nor stay there. We celebrate our own funeral with cries, even at our birth, as though our threescore and ten years of life were spent in our mother's labour, and our circle made up in the first point thereof. We beg one baptism with another, a sacrament of tears ; and we come into a world that lasts many ages, but we last not. *In domo Patris*, (says our blessed Saviour, speaking of heaven) *multae mansiones*. There are many, and mansions, divers and durable ; so

that if a man cannot possess a martyr's house, (he hath shed no blood for Christ) yet he may have a confessor's ; he hath been ready to glorify God, in the shedding of his blood. And if a woman cannot possess a virgin's house, (she hath embraced the holy state of marriage) yet she may have a matron's house ; she hath brought forth, and brought up children in the fear of God. *In domo Patris*, In my Father's house, in heaven, there are many mansions, but here upon earth, *The Son of man hath not where to lay his head*, says he himself. No ? *terram dedit filiis hominum*. How than hath God given this earth to the sons of men ? He hath given them earth for their materials, to be made of earth ; and he hath given them earth for their grave and sepulture, to return and resolve to earth ; but not for their possession. *Here we have no continuing city* ; nay, no cottage that continues ; nay, no we, no persons, no bodies that continue. Whatsoever moved St. Hierome to call the journeys of the Israelites in the wilderness, mansions, the word, (the word is *nasang*) signifies but a journey, but a peregrination : even the Israel of God hath no mansions, but journeys, pilgrimages in this life. By that measure did Jacob measure his life to Pharaoh, *The days of the years of my pilgrimage*. And though the

apostle would not say, *Morimur*, That whilst we are in the body, we are dead, yet he says, *Peregrinamur*, Whilst we are in the body, we are but in a pilgrimage, and we are absent from the Lord .He might have said dead ; for this whole world is but a universal churchyard, but one common grave ; and the life and motion, that the greatest persons have in it, is but as the shaking of buried bodies in their graves by an earthquake. That which we call life, is but *hebdomada mortium*, a week of deaths, seven days, seven periods of our life spent in dying ; a dying seven times over, and there is an end. Our birth dies in infancy, and our infancy dies in youth, and youth, and the rest die in age ; and age also dies, and determines all. Nor do all these, youth out of infancy, or age out of youth, arise so, as a phoenix out of the ashes of another phoenix formerly dead, but as a wasp, or a serpent out of carrion, or as a snake out of dung ; our youth is worse than our infancy, and our age worse than our youth ; our youth is hungry and thirsty after those sins which our infancy knew not, and our age is sorry and angry that it cannot pursue those sins which our youth did. And besides, all the way so many deaths, that is, so many deadly calamities accompany every condition, and every period of this life,

as that death itself would be an ease to them that suffer them. Upon this sense does Job wish that God had not given him an issue from the first death, from the womb ; *Wherefore hast thou brought me forth out of the womb ? O that I had given up the ghost, and no eye had seen me ; I should have been, as though I had not been.*

AND NOT ONLY THE IMPATIENT Israelites in their murmuring, (*Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord, in the land of Egypt,*) but Elijah himself, when he fled from Jezebel, and went for his life, as that text says, under the juniper-tree, requested that he might die, and said, *It is enough, now O Lord take away my life.* So Jonah justifies his impatience, nay his anger towards God himself ; *Now O Lord take I beseech thee my life from me, for it is better for me to die, than to live.* And when God asked him, *Dost thou well to be angry for this ?* and after, (about the gourd) *Dost thou well to be angry for that ?* he replies, *I do well to be angry even unto death.* How much worse a death, than death, is this life, which so good men would so often change for death. But if my case be St. Paul's case, *Quotidie morior*, That I die daily, that something heavier than death fall upon me every day ; if my case be David's case, *Tota die mortificamur*, All

the day long we are killed, that not only every day, but every hour of the day, something heavier than death falls upon me : though that be true of me, *Conceptus in peccatis*, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me, (there I died one death) though that be true of me, *Natus filius irae*, I was born, not only the child of sin, but the child of the wrath of God for sin, which is a heavier death, yet *Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis*, With God the Lord are the issues of death ; and after a Job, and a Joseph, and a Jeremy, and a Daniel, I cannot doubt of a deliverance ; and if no other deliverance conduce more to his glory, and my good, yet, *He hath the keys of death*, and he can let me out at that door, that is, deliver me from the manifold deaths of this world, the *omni die*, and the *tota die*, the every day's death, and every hour's death, by that one death, the final dissolution of body and soul, the end of all.

BUT THEN, is that the end of all ? Is that dissolution of body and soul, the last death that the body shall suffer ? (for of spiritual deaths we speak not now ;) it is not. Though this be *exitus a morte*, it is *introitus in mortem* ; though it be an issue from the manifold deaths of this

world, yet it is an entrance into the death of corruption, and putrefaction, and vermiculation, and incineration, and dispersion, in, and from the grave, in which every dead man dies over again. It was a prerogative peculiar to Christ, not to die this death, not to see corruption. What gave him this privilege? Not Joseph's great proportions of gums and spices, that might have preserved his body from corruption and incineration, longer than he needed it, longer than three days; but yet would not have done it for ever. What preserved him then? Did his exemption, and freedom from original sin, preserve him from this corruption and incineration? It is true, that original sin hath induced this corruption and incineration upon us. If we had not sinned in Adam, mortality had not put on immortality, (as the apostle speaks) nor corruption had not put on incorruption, but we had had our transmigration from this to the other world, without any mortality, any corruption at all. But yet since Christ took sin upon him, so far as made him mortal, he had it so far too, as might have made him see this corruption and incineration, though he had no original sin in himself. What preserved him then? Did the hypostatical union of both natures, God and man, preserve his flesh from

this corruption, this incineration? it is true, that this was a most powerful embalming: to be embalmed with the divine nature itself, to be embalmed with eternity, was able to preserve him from corruption and incineration for ever: and he was embalmed so, embalmed with the divine nature, even in his body, as well as in his soul; for the Godhead, the divine nature, did not depart, but remain still united to his dead body in the grave. But yet for all this powerful embalming, this hypostatical union of both natures, we see, Christ did die; and for all this union which made him God and man, he became no man, for the union of body and soul makes the man, and he, whose soul and body are separated by death, (as long as that state lasts) is, (properly) no man. And therefore as in him, the dissolution of body and soul was no dissolution of the hypostatical union, so is there nothing that constrains us to say, that though the flesh of Christ had seen corruption and incineration in the grave, this had been any dissolving of the hypostatical union; for the divine nature, the Godhead, might have remained with all the elements and principles of Christ's body, as well as it did with the two constitutive parts of his person, his body and soul. This incorruption then was not in

Joseph's gums and spices ; nor was it in Christ's innocency and exemption from original sin ; nor was it, (that is, it is not necessary to say it was) in the hypostatical union. But this incorruptibleness of his flesh, is most conveniently placed in that, *Non dabis, Thou wilt not suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.* We look no further for causes or reasons in the mysteries of our religion, but to the will and pleasure of God. Christ himself limited his inquisition in that ; *Ita est,* Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight. Christ's body did not see corruption, therefore, because God had decreed that it should not. The humble soul, (and only the humble soul is the religious soul) rests himself upon God's purposes, and his decrees ; but then, it is upon those purposes, and decrees of God, which he hath declared and manifested ; not such as are conceived and imagined in ourselves, though upon some probability, some verisimilitude. So, in our present case, Peter proceeded in his sermon at Jerusalem, and so Paul in his at Antioch ; they preached Christ to be risen without having seen corruption, not only because God had decreed it, but because he had manifested that decree in his prophet. Therefore does St. Paul cite by special number the second Psalm for that

decree, and therefore both St. Peter and St. Paul cite that place in the sixteenth Psalm ; for, when God declares his decree and purpose in the express word of his prophet, or when he declares it in the real execution of the decree, then he makes it ours, then he manifests it to us. And therefore as the mysteries of our religion are not the objects of our reason, but by faith we rest in God's decree and purpose, (it is so, O God, because it is thy will it should be so) so God's decrees are ever to be considered in the manifestation thereof. All manifestation is either in the Word of God, or in the execution of the decree ; and when these two concur and meet, it is the strongest demonstration that can be : when therefore I find those marks of adoption, and spiritual filiation, which are delivered in the Word of God, to be upon me ; when I find that real execution of his good purpose upon me, as that actually I do live under the obedience, and under the conditions which are evidences of adoption and spiritual filiation, then, and so long as I see these marks, and live so, I may safely comfort myself in a holy certitude, and a modest infallibility of my adoption. Christ determines himself in that, the purpose of God ; because the purpose of God was manifest to him : St. Peter and St. Paul determine

themselves in those two ways of knowing the purpose of God, the Word of God before the execution of the decree in the fulness of time. It was prophesied before, said they, and it is performed now ; Christ is risen without seeing corruption.

NOW THIS which is so singularly peculiar to him, that his flesh should not see corruption, at his second coming, his coming to judgment, shall be extended to all that are then alive, their flesh shall not see corruption ; because (as the apostle says, and says as a secret, as a mystery, (*Behold I show you a mystery ; we shall not all sleep,*) that is, not continue in the state of the dead in the grave) *but we shall all be changed*. In an instant we shall have a dissolution, and in the same instant a redintegration, a recompacting of body and soul ; and that shall be truly a death, and truly a resurrection, but no sleeping, no corruption. But for us, who die now, and sleep in the state of the dead, we must all pass this posthume death, this death after death, nay this death after burial, this dissolution after dissolution, this death of corruption and putrefaction, of vermiculation and incineration, of dissolution and dispersion, in, and from the grave. When those bodies which have been the

children of royal parents, and the parents of royal children, must say with Job, *To corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.* Miserable riddle, when the same worm must be my mother, and my sister, and myself. Miserable incest, when I must be married to mine own mother and sister, and be both father and mother, to mine own mother and sister, beget and bear that worm, which is all that miserable penury, when my mouth shall be filled with dust, and the worm shall feed, and feed sweetly upon me. When the ambitious man shall have no satisfaction if the poorest alive tread upon him, nor the poorest receive any contentment, in being made equal to princes, for they shall be equal but in dust. One dieth at his full strength, being wholly at ease, and in quiet, and another dies in the bitterness of his soul, and never eats with pleasure ; but they lie down alike in the dust, and the worm covers them. The worm covers them in Job, and in Esay, it covers them, and is spread under them, (the worm is spread under thee, and the worm covers thee). There is the mats and the carpet that lie under ; and there is the statè and the canopy that hangs over the greatest of the sons of men. Even those bodies that were the temples of the Holy

Ghost, come to this dilapidation, to ruin, to rubbish, to dust : even the Israel of the Lord, and Jacob himself had no other specification, no other denomination but that, *Vermis Jacob*, Thou worm Jacob. Truly, the consideration of this posthume death, this death after burial, that after God, with whom are the issues of death, hath delivered me from the death of the womb, by bringing me into the world, and from the manifold deaths of the world, by laying me in the grave, I must die again, in an incineration of this flesh, and in a dispersion of that dust ; that all that monarch that spread over many nations alive, must in his dust lie in a corner of that sheet of lead, and there but so long as the lead will last : and that private and retired man, that thought himself his own for ever, and never came forth, must in his dust of the grave be published, and, (such are the revolutions of graves) be mingled in his dust, with the dust of every highway, and of every dung-hill, and swallowed in every puddle and pond ; this is the most inglorious and contemptible vilification, the most deadly and peremptory nullification of man, that we can consider. God seems to have carried the declaration of his power to a great height, when he sets the prophet Ezekiel, in the valley of dry bones, and

says, *Son of man can these bones live?* as though it had been impossible ; and yet they did ; the Lord laid sinews upon them, and flesh, and breathed into them, and they did live. But in that case there were bones to be seen ; something visible, of which it might be said, Can this, this live ? but in this death of incineration and dispersion of dust, we see nothing that we can call that man's. If we say, Can this dust live ? perchance it cannot. It may be the mere dust of the earth which never did live, nor shall ; it may be the dust of that man's worms which did live, but shall no more ; it may be the dust of another man that concerns not him of whom it is asked. This death of incineration and dispersion is to natural reason the most irrecoverable death of all ; and yet *Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis, Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death*, and by re-compacting this dust into the same body, and re-inanimating the same body with the same soul, he shall in a blessed and glorious resurrection, give me such an issue from this death, as shall never pass into any other death, but establish me in a life, that shall last as long as the Lord of life himself. And so have you that that belongs to the first acceptance of these words, (*Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death*) that though from

the womb to the grave, and in the grave itself, we pass from death to death, yet, as Daniel speaks, The Lord our God is able to deliver us, and he will deliver us. And so we pass to our second accommodation of these words (*Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death*) that it belongs to God, and not to man, to pass a judgment upon us at our death, or to conclude a dereliction on God's part, upon the manner thereof.

THOSE indications which physicians receive, and those presagitions which they give for death or recovery in the patient, they receive, and they give, out of the grounds and rules of their art : but we have no such rule or art to ground a presagition of spiritual death, and damnation upon any such indication as we see in any dying man : we see often enough to be sorry, but not to despair ; for the mercies of God work momentanely, in minutes ; and many times insensibly to by-standers, or any other than the party departing, and we may be deceived both ways : we use to comfort ourselves in the death of a friend, if it be testified that he went away like a lamb, that is, but with any reluctance ; but God knows, that may have been accompanied with a dangerous damp and stupefaction, and insensibility

of his present state. Our blessed Saviour admitted colluctations with death, and a sadness even in his soul to death, and an agony even to a bloody sweat in his body, and expostulations with God, and exclamations upon the cross. He was a devout man, who upon his death-bed, or death-turf (for he was a hermit) said, *Septuaginta annis Domino servivisti, et mori times?* Hast thou served a good Master threescore and ten years, and now art thou loth to go into his presence? yet Hilarion was loth. He was a devout man (a hermit) that said that day that he died, *Cogitate hodie coepisse servire Domino, et hodie finiturum*, Consider this to be the first day's service that ever thou didst thy Master, to glorify him in a Christianly and constant death ; and, if thy first day be thy last day too, how soon dost thou come to receive thy wages ; yet Barlaam could have been content to have stayed longer for it ; make no ill conclusion upon any man's lothness to die. And then, upon violent deaths inflicted, as upon malefactors, Christ himself hath forbidden us by his own death to make any ill conclusion ; for his own death had those impressions in it ; he was reputed, he was executed as a malefactor, and no doubt many of them who concurred to his death, did believe him to be so. Of

sudden deaths there are scarce examples, to be found in the Scriptures, upon good men ; for death in battle cannot be called sudden death : but God governs not by examples, but by rules ; and therefore make no ill conclusions upon sudden death ; nor upon distempers neither, though perchance accompanied with some words of diffidence and distrust in the mercies of God. The tree lies as it falls ; it is true ; but yet it is not the last stroke that fells the tree ; nor the last word, nor last gasp that qualifies the soul. Still pray we for a peaceable life, against violent deaths, and for time of repentance against sudden deaths, and for sober and modest assurance against distempered and diffident deaths, but never make ill conclusion upon persons overtaken with such deaths. *Domini, Domini sunt exitus mortis*, To God the Lord belong the issues of death, and he received Samson, who went out of this world in such a manner (consider it actively, consider it passively; in his own death, and in those whom he slew with himself) as was subject to interpretation hard enough ; yet the Holy Ghost hath moved St. Paul to celebrate Samson, in his great catalogue, and so doth all the church. Our critical day is not the very day of our death, but the whole course of our life : I thank him,

that prays for me when my bell tolls ; but I thank him much more, that catechises me, or preaches to me, or instructs me how to live, *fac hoc et vives*, there is my security ; the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, *Do this and thou shalt live*. But though I do it yet I shall die too, die a bodily, a natural death ; but God never mentions, never seems to consider that death, the bodily, the natural death. God doth not say, Live well, and thou shalt die well ; well, that is an easy, a quiet death ; but live well here, and thou shalt live well for ever. As the first part of a sentence pieces well with the last, and never respects, never hearkens after the parenthesis that comes between, so doth a good life here, flow into an eternal life, without any consideration what manner of death we die. But whether the gate of my prison be opened with an oiled key (by a gentle and preparing sickness) or the gate be hewed down, by a violent death, or the gate be burnt down by a raging and frantic fever ; a gate into heaven I shall have ; for, from the Lord is the course of my life, and with God the Lord are the issues of death ; and farther we carry not this second acceptance of the words, as this issue of death is *liberatio in morte*, God's care that the soul be safe, what agony soever the body suffer in the hour of

death ; but pass to our third and last part ; as this issue of death is *liberatio per mortem*, a deliverance by the death of another, by the death of Christ.

SUFFERENTIAM JOB *audiistis et vidistis finem Domini*, says St. James v. 11. You have heard of the patience of Job, says he ; all this while you have done that : for in every man, calamitous, miserable man, a Job speaks *Now see the end of the Lord*, saith that apostle, which is not that end which the Lord proposed to himself (salvation to us) nor the end which he proposes to us (conformity to him) but, *See the end of the Lord*, says he, the end that the Lord himself came to, death, and a painful, and a shameful death. But why did he die ? and why die so ? *Quia Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis* (as St. Augustine interpreting this text, answers that question) because to this God our Lord belonged these issues of death ; *Quid apertius diceretur ?* says he there ; What can be more obvious, more manifest, than this sense of these words ? In the former part of the verse it is said, *He that is our God is the God of salvation ; Deus salvos faciendi*, so he reads it, The God that must save us ; Who can that be, saith he, but Jesus ? For therefore that name was given him, because he was to save us :

And to this Jesus, saith he, this Saviour, belongs the issues of death, *Nec oportuit cum de hac vita alios exitus habere, quam mortis*, Being come into the life in our mortal nature, he could not go out of it any other way than by death. *Ideo dictum* (saith he) therefore it is said, *To God the Lord belong the issues of death; Ut ostenderetur moriendo nos salvos facturum*, to show that his way to save us, was to die. And from this text doth St. Isidore prove, that Christ was truly man (which as many sects of heretics denied, as that he was truly God) because to him, though he were *Dominus Dominus* (as the text doubles it) God the Lord, yet to him, to God the Lord belonged the issues of death. *Oportuit cum pati*, more cannot be said, than Christ himself saith of himself, *These things Christ ought to suffer*; he had no other way but by death. So then, this part of our sermon must necessarily be a passion sermon, since all his life was a continual passion, all our Lent may well be a continual good-Friday; Christ's painful life took off none of the pains of his death; he felt not the less then, for having felt so much before; nor will anything that shall be said before, lessen, but rather enlarge your devotion to that which shall be said of his passion, at the time of the due solemnization thereof. Christ bled

not a drop the less at last, for having bled at his circumcision before, nor will you shed a tear the less then, if you shed some now. And therefore be now content to consider with me, how to this *God the Lord belonged the issues of death.*

THAT GOD THE LORD, the Lord of life could die, is a strange contemplation ; that the Red Sea could be dry ; that the sun could stand still ; that an oven could be seven times heat and not burn ; that lions could be hungry and not bite, is strange, miraculously strange ; but super-miraculous, that God could die : but that God would die, is an exaltation of that ; but, even of that also, it is a super-exaltation, that God should die, must die ; and *non exitus* (saith St. Augustine) God the Lord had no issue but by death, and *oportuit pati* (saith Christ himself) all this Christ ought to suffer, was bound to suffer. *Deus ultionum Deus*, saith David, God is the God of revenges ; he would not pass over the sin of man unrevenged, unpunished. But then, *Deus ultionum libere egit* (says that place) The God of revenges works freely ; he punishes, he spares whom he will ; and would he not spare himself? He would not. *Dilectio fortis ut mors*, Love is as strong as death ; stronger ; it drew

in death, that naturally was not welcome. *Si possibile* (saith Christ) *If it be possible let this cup pass*, when his love, expressed in a former decree with his Father, had made it impossible. Many waters quench not love; Christ tried many; he was baptized out of his love, and his love determined not there; he wept over Jerusalem out of his love, and his love determined not there; he mingled blood with water in his agony, and that determined not his love; he wept pure blood, all his blood, at all his eyes, at all his pores; in his flagellations, and thorns; to the Lord our God belonged the issues of blood; and these expressed, but these did not quench his love.

HE WOULD not spare, nay, he would not spare himself; there was nothing more free, more voluntary, more spontaneous than the death of Christ; it is true, *libere egit*, he died voluntarily; but yet, when we consider the contract that had passed between his Father and him, there was an *oportuit*, a kind of necessity upon him: all this Christ ought to suffer. And when shall we date this obligation, this *oportuit*, this necessity, when shall we say it began? Certainly this decree by which Christ was to suffer all this, was an eternal

decree ; and was there anything before that that was eternal? Infinite love, eternal love ; be pleased to follow this home, and to consider it seriously, that what liberty soever we can conceive in Christ to die, or not to die, this necessity of dying, this decree is as eternal as that liberty ; and yet how small a matter made he of this necessity, and this dying? His Father calls it but a bruise, and but a bruising of his heel (*The serpent shall bruise his heel*) and yet that was, that the serpent should practise and compass his death. Himself calls it but a baptism, as though he were to be the better for it ; *I have a baptism to be baptized with*; and he was in pain till it was accomplished ; and yet this baptism was his death. The Holy Ghost calls it joy ; (*For the joy which was set before him he endured the cross*) which was not a joy of his reward after his passion, but a joy that filled him even in the midst of those torments, and arose from them. When Christ calls his passion *calicem*, a cup, and no worse, (*Can ye drink of my cup*,) he speaks not odiously, not with detestation of it ; indeed it was a cup ; *salus mundo*, a health to all the world ; and *quid retribuam*, says David, *What shall I render unto the Lord?* Answer you with David, *Accipiam calicem*, I will take the cup of salvation. Take that, that cup of

salvation his passion, if not into your present imitation, yet into your present contemplation, and behold how that Lord who was God yet could die, would die, must die for your salvation.

THAT MOSES and Elias talked with Christ in the transfiguration both St. Matthew and St. Mark tell us ; but what they talked of, only St. Luke ; *Dicebant excessum ejus*, says he ; they talked of his decease, of his death, which was to be accomplished at Jerusalem. The word is of his Exodus, the very word of our text, *Exitus*, his issue by death. Moses, who in his Exodus had prefigured this issue of our Lord, and in passing Israel out of Egypt through the Red Sea, had foretold in that actual prophecy Christ's passing of mankind through the sea of his blood, and Elias, whose Exodus, and issue out of this world, was a figure of Christ's ascension, had no doubt a great satisfaction, in talking with our blessed Lord, *De excessu ejus*, of the full consummation of all this in his death, which was to be accomplished at Jerusalem. Our meditation of his death should be more visceral, and affect us more, because it is of a thing already done. The ancient Romans had a certain tenderness, and detestation of the name of death ; they would not name

death, no not in their wills ; there they would not say, *Si mori contingat*, but *Si quid humanitus contingat*, not if or when I die, but when the course of nature is accomplished upon me. To us, that speak daily of the death of Christ, (he was crucified, dead and buried) can the memory or the mention of our death be irksome or bitter? There are in these latter times amongst us, that name death freely enough, and the death of God, but in blasphemous oaths and execrations. Miserable men, who shall therefore be said never to have named Jesus, because they have named him too often ; and therefore hear Jesus say, *Nescivi vos*, I never knew you ; because they made themselves too familiar with him. Moses and Elias talked with Christ of his death only in a holy and joyful sense of the benefit which they and all the world were to receive by it. Discourses of religion should not be out of curiosity, but edification. And then they talked with Christ of his death, at that time when he was at the greatest height of glory, that ever he admitted in this world ; that is, his transfiguration. And we are afraid to speak to the great men of this world of their death, but nourish in them a vain imagination of immortality and immutability. But *Bonum est nobis esse hic*, (as St. Peter said there) It is good to dwell here,

in this consideration of his death, and therefore transfer we our tabernacle, (our devotion) through some of these steps, which God the Lord made to his issue of death, that day.

TAKE IN his whole day, from the hour that Christ ate the passover upon Thursday, to the hour in which he died the next day. Make this present day, that day in thy devotion, and consider what he did, and remember what you have done. Before he instituted and celebrated the sacrament, (which was after the eating of the passover) he proceeded to the act of humility, to wash his disciples' feet ; even Peter's, who for a while resisted him. In thy preparation to the holy and blessed sacrament, hast thou with a sincere humility sought a reconciliation with all the world, even with those who have been averse from it, and refused that reconciliation from thee? If so, (and not else) thou hast spent that first part, of this his last day, in a conformity with him. After the sacrament, he spent the time till night in prayer, in preaching, in psalms. Hast thou considered that a worthy receiving of the sacrament consists in a continuation of holiness after, as well as in a preparation before? If so, thou hast therein also

conformed thyself to him : so Christ spent his time till night. At night he went into the garden to pray, and he prayed *prolixius*; he spent much time in prayer. How much? because it is literally expressed that he prayed there three several times, and that returning to his disciples after his first prayer, and finding them asleep, said, *Could ye not watch with me one hour?* It is collected that he spent three hours in prayer. I dare scarce ask thee whither thou wentest, or how thou disposedst of thyself, when it grew dark and after, last night. If that time were spent in a holy recommendation of thyself to God, and a submission of thy will to his ; then it was spent in a conformity to him. In that time, and in those prayers were his agony and bloody sweat. I will hope that thou didst pray ; but not every ordinary and customary prayer, but prayer actually accompanied with shedding of tears, and dispositively, in a readiness to shed blood for his glory in necessary cases, puts thee into a conformity with him. About midnight he was taken and bound with a kiss. Art thou not too conformable to him in that? Is not that too literally, too exactly thy case? At midnight to have been taken, and bound with a kiss? From thence he was carried back to Jerusalem ; first to Annas, then to Caiaphas,

and (as late as it was) there he was examined, and buffeted, and delivered over to the custody of those officers, from whom he received all those irrisions, and violences, the covering of his face, the spitting upon his face, the blasphemies of words, and the smartness of blows which that gospel mentions. In which compass fell that *gallicinium*, that crowing of the cock, which called up Peter to his repentance. How thou passedst all that time last night, thou knowest. If thou didst anything then that needed Peter's tears, and hast not shed them, let me be thy cock : do it now ; now thy Master (in the unworthiest of his servants) looks back upon thee, do it now. Betimes in the morning, as soon as it was day, the Jews held a council in the high priest's house, and agreed upon their evidence against him, and then carried him to Pilate, who was to be his judge. Didst thou accuse thyself when thou wakedst this morning, and wast thou content to admit even false accusations, that is, rather to suspect actions to have been sin which were not, than to smother and justify such as were truly sins ? Then thou spentest that hour in conformity to him. Pilate found no evidence against him ; and therefore to ease himself, and to pass a compliment upon Herod, tetrarch of Galilee, who was

at that time at Jerusalem, (because Christ being a Galilean, was of Herod's jurisdiction) Pilate sent him to Herod ; and rather as a madman than a malefactor, Herod remanded him with scorns to Pilate to proceed against him ; and this was about eight of the clock. Hast thou been content to come to this inquisition, this examination, this agitation, this cribration, this pursuit of thy conscience, to sift it, to follow it from the sins of thy youth to thy present sins, from the sins of thy bed to the sins of thy board, and from the substance to the circumstance of thy sins ? That is time spent like thy Saviour's. Pilate would have saved Christ by using the privilege of the day in his behalf, because that day one prisoner was to be delivered ; but they chose Barabbas. He would have saved him from death, by satisfying their fury, with inflicting other torments upon him, scourging, and crowning with thorns, and loading him with many scornful and ignominious contumelies ; but this redeemed him not ; they pressed a crucifying. Hast thou gone about to redeem thy sin, by fasting, by alms, by disciplines, and mortifications, in the way of satisfaction to the justice of God ? That will not serve, that is not the right way. We press an utter crucifying of that sin that governs thee, and

that conforms thee to Christ. Towards noon Pilate gave judgment ; and they made such haste to execution, as that by noon he was upon the cross. There now hangs that sacred body upon the cross, re-baptized in his own tears and sweat, and embalmed in his own blood alive. There are those bowels of compassion, which are so conspicuous, so manifested, as that you may see them through his wounds. There those glorious eyes grew faint in their light, so as the sun, ashamed to survive them, departed with his light too. And there that Son of God, who was never from us, and yet had now come a new way unto us, in assuming our nature, delivers that soul which was never out of his Father's hands, into his Father's hands, by a new way, a voluntary emission thereof ; for though to this God our Lord belong these issues of death, so that, considered in his own contract, he must necessarily die ; yet at no breach, nor battery which they had made upon his sacred body, issues his soul, but *emisit*, he gave up the ghost : and as God breathed a soul into the first Adam, so this second Adam breathed his soul into God, into the hands of God. There we leave you, in that blessed dependency, to hang upon him, that hangs upon the cross. There bathe in his tears, there suck at his wounds, and lie

down in peace in his grave, till he vouchsafe you a resurrection, and an ascension into that kingdom which he hath purchased for you, with the inestimable price of his incorruptible blood. Amen.

Letters



Happiest and worthiest Lady,

I do not remember that ever I have seen a petition in verse, I would not therefore be singular, nor adde these to your other papers. I have yet adventured so near as to make a petition for verse, it is for those your Ladiship did me the honour to see in Twicknam garden, except you repent your making; and having mended your judgement by thinking worse, that is, better, because juster, of their subject. They must needs be an excellent excercise of your wit, which speake so well of so ill: I humbly beg them of your Ladiship, with two such promises, as to any other of your compositions were threatenings: that I will not shew them, and that I will not beleeve them; and nothing should be so used that comes from your brain or breast. If I should confesse a fault in the boldness of asking them, or make a fault by doing it in a longer letter, your Ladiship might use your style and old fashion of the Court towards me, and pay me with a Pardon. Here therefore I humbly kisse your Ladiship's fair learned hands, and wish you good wishes and speedy grants.

Your Ladiships servant

J. Donne

to The Honourable Knight SIR G. P.

Sir,

I would have intermitted this week without writing, if I had not found the name of my Lady Huntington in your Letter. The devotion which I owe, and (in good faith) pay in my best prayers for her good, in all kinde awakens me to present my humble thanks for this, that her Ladiship retains my name in her memory: she never laid obligation upon any man, readier to expresse his acknowledgement of them, to any servant of her servants; I am bound to say much of this, for your indemnity; because though I had a little preparation to her knowledge in the house where I served at first, yet, I think, she took her characters of me, from you: And, at what time soever she thought best of me in her life, I am better then that, for my goodnesse is my thankfulnesse, and I am every day fuller of that then before, to her Ladiship. I say nothing to you of forein names in this Letter, because your son Sir Francis is here. For that which you write concerning your son, I onely gave my man Martin in charge, to use his interest in the Keeper, that your son should fall under no wants there, which it seems your son discharged, for I hear not of them. For other trifles, I bad my man let him have whatsoever he asked, so, as it might seem to come from him, and not me; and laying that look upon it, it came to almost nothing. Tell both your

daughters a peece of a storie of my Con. which may accustome them to endure disappointments in this world: An honourable person (whose name I give you in a schedule to burn, lest this Letter should be mis-laid) had an intention to give her one of his sons, and had told it me, and would have been content to accept what I, by my friends, could have begged for her; but he intended that son to my Profession, and had provided him already £300 a year, of his own gift in Church livings, and hath estated £300 more of inheritance for their children: and now the youth (who yet knows nothing of his fathers intention nor mine) flies from his resolution for that Calling, and importunes his Father to let him travell. The girle knows not her losse, for I never told her of it: but truly, it is a great disappointment to me. More than these Sir, we must all suffer, in our way to heaven, where, I hope you and all yours shall meet

Your poor friend, and affectionate servant

J. Donne

18 Octob. 1622

to SIR H. G. at Polesworth

Sir,

This 25 I have your letter of 21, which I tell you so punctually, because by it, nor by any other, I doe not discern that you received my paquet of Books; not that I looked for so quick a return of the Sermon, nor of my Cases of conscience, but that I forget so absolutely what I write, and am so sure that I write confidently to you, that it is some pain to remain in any jealousie that any Letter is miscarried. That which I writ to you of my L. Treasur. disposition to you, I had from Mr Har; and I understood it to be his desire to convey it through me. The last account which we have of my L. Donc. is, by Letters of the 2^o of this; by which also we saw, that the first Letters of his convalescence, were but propheticall; for he was let blood a second time, and is not strong enough yet to receive audience. Though I be not Dean of Pauls yet, my L. of Warwick has gone so low, as to command of me the office of being Master of my game, in our wood about him in Essex. I pray be you content to be my officer too, the Steward of my service to all to whom you know them to be due in your walk, and continue your own assurance that I am

Your affectionate servant in Chr. Jes.

J. Donne

to my very much Honoured friend

GEORGE GARRET ESQUIRE

Sir,

When we thinke of a friend, we do not count that a lost thought, though that friend never knew of it. If we write to a friend, we must not call it a lost Letter, though it never finde him to whom it was addressed: for we owe ourselves that office, to be mindefull of our friends. In payment of that debt, I send out this Letter, as a Sentinell Perdue; if it finde you, it comes to tell you, that I was possessed with a Fever, so late in the year, that I am afraid I shall not recover confidence to come to London till the spring be a little advanced. Because you did our poor family the favour, to mention our George in your Letters to Spain, with some earnestnesse, I should wonder if you never had anything from thence concerning him; he having been now, divers moneths, in Spaine. If you be in London and the Lady of the Jewell there too, at your conveniency informe me, what is looked for at my hands, in that businesse; for, I would loath to leave any thing in my house, when I die, that were not absolutely mine own. I have a servant, Roper, at Pauls house, who will receive your commandments, at all times. God blesse you and your sonne, with the same blessings which I begge for the children, and for the person of

Your poor friend and humble servant in Chr. Jes.

J. Donne

to the Honourable Knight SIR ROBERT KARRE

Sir,

I had rather like the first best; not onely because it is cleanlier, but because it reflects least upon the other party, which, in all jest and earnest, in this affair, I wish avoided. If my Muse were onely out of fashion, and but wounded and maimed like Free-will in the Roman Church, I should adventure to put her to an Epithalamion. But since she is dead, like Free-will in our Church, I have not so much Muse left as to lament her losse. Perchance this businesse may produce occasions, wherein I may expresse my opinion of it, in a more serious manner. Which I speake neither upon any apparent conjecture, nor upon any over-valuing of my abilities, but out of a generall readinesse and alacrity to be serviceable and gratefull in any kinde. In both which poor vertues of mine, none can pretend a more primary interest, then you may, in

Your humble and affectionate servant

J. Donne

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