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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF RICHARD CRASHAW,

CANDN OF LURETTO.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM B. TURNBULL, ESQ.

OF LINCOLN'S INN, BARIUSTER

ATLAW.



LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,

JOHN SQUARE.

1858.

TO THE
VERY REV. MARK ALOYSIUS TIERNEY,

CANDN DF ST. GEDIIGE's, SoUTHWAHK,

F.B.S., F.S.A.,

ETC

THIS SMALL VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY ITS EDITOK, IN ACKNOW-
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THE INDEPENDENCE WHICH DISTINGUISH
HIM AS A PHIEST, A SCHOLAH,
AND A GENTLEMAN.



PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.



OF Richard Crashaw, whose works are comprised in the ensuing pages, little is known; and for that little we are mainly beholden to the industry of Wood, upon whose curt notice in the *Fasti Oo-mienses* was founded the more elaborate memoir by Hayley in Hippis' edition of the *Bivgraphia Britannica*, which served as the sole unvaried authority until the subject was treated by the RGV. Robert Aris Willmott in the first series of *Lives of the English Sacred Poets*. Both in the records of those educational establishments where, in his youth, he was trained, and of that holy retreat in which he closed his maturer years, have searches been fruitlessly made, in the hope that some additional fact, however minute, might be discovered. I am, therefore, obliged to recapitulate in few words what is already familiar to every one; referring the reader to the elegant and more copious sketch by Mr. Willmott.

According to the scanty sources of information, Crashaw was the son of William- Crashaw, B. D., a

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divine of some eminence in his time,' and preacher at the Temple. The date of his birth has not been ascertained, but it may have been about 1616; since, the first steps of his education having been taken at the Charterhouse, on the foundation of which he was placed by Sir Randolph Crew and Sir Henry Yelverton, he was elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, March 23, 1532, and became a Fellow of Peterhouse in the same University, in 1637; having removed to that College on the 20th of March previous. His Bachelor's degree was taken in 1633. In 1641 he is recorded by Wood as one of the persons incorporated that year at Oxford; but to what degree admitted is not stated, as his name does not appear in the public register, and Wood's authority was ^{not} the private observation of a certain Master of Arts, that was, this year, living in the University." Wood, however, adds:—"Afterwards, he was Master of Arts, in which degree it is probable he was incorporated." Beyond these features of his academical career, we are certain of nothing save of its termination; which happened during the Great Rebellion in 1644, when the Earl of Manchester, under the authority of Parliament, "reformed" (as they were pleased to style it) the University, by expelling such members as refused to subscribe the Covenant. On this occasion Crashaw was one of the sixty-five Fellows ejected, After the loss of his fellowship, having embraced the

¹ The tone of his religious sentiments, very different from those of his aim, may be gathered from the titles of his printed discourses; *e.g.* ² The Spotted Jew: whose Gospel is full of blasphemy against the Blood of Christ," &c., 1641, 4to.

Catholic religion, he repaired to Paris: and in this city he was found by Cowley in a state of deatitution, about 1543. To the friendship of this amiable brother-poet he was indebted for sympathy and relief, and an introduction to the exiled queen, Henrietta Maria, from whom he also received what small aid her own limited finances would allow, with recommendatory letters to persons of influence at Borne. There he is said to have become secretary to Cardinal Palotta, and soon thereafter to have been appointed one of the Canons of the Church of Loretto. This preferment he only held for a very short space; dying and being interred at Loretto about 1650. Such is the faint outline of his life.

Among the patrons of Drashaw, in his altered circumstances, the Countess of Denbigh appears to have been prominent. His gratitude is expressed by his dedication to her of the *Uarmen Deo Nostrv*, " in hearty acknowledgement of his immortal obligation to her goodness and charity," and by hia efforts to bring her within the pale of the Catholic Church. Whether they were successful or not I cannot ascertain. This lady was Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of Edward Btmrchicr, Earl of Bath, and third of the four wives of Basil, second Earl of Denbigh, whom she predeceased in 1670. I had hoped to have found some traces of Croshaw among the archives at Newnham Paddox; but Viscount Fielding, having kindly directed a search to be made, informs me that no document relating to him exists there.

Dur ideas of the personal character of Crashaw must be formed from his writings, the enthusiastic affection

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of fowley, and the friendship of Selden. To the former of such sources the editor of the edition of 1749 justly points, while referring to the lost line of his verses on Bishop Andrews' portrait:—

" Look on the following leaves, and see him breathe."

The qualities which recommended him to the esteem of two such men as those now named, can have been of no common order, and make the absence of materials for his biography the more truly to be deplored.

As a poet, his works have ever been appreciated by those most qualified to decide upon their sterling beauties, and have suggested to others (too frequently without acknowledgment) some of their finest pieces. In every volume of any pretensions to taste, designed to offer specimens of English poetry, extracts are to be found yet, with the exception of being partially, and by no means accurately, printed in the bulky and inconvenient collections of Tialmers and Anderson, it is somewhat remarkable that, in an age when familiarity with our Old English Authors is so eagerly sought, a full reprint should have been deferred till now. Of those which have preceded it, the following is a list:—

Epigrammata Sacra, published anonymously at Cambridge, 1634, 8vo.

Steps to the Temple, London, 1745, 12mo.

The same, with additions and a frontispiece, London, 1648, 12mo.

Carmen Deo Nostro, Paris, 1652, 8vo. with beautiful plates.

• Among which I would particularly name the RUT. **Robert** Aria Wilimott, above mentioned.

Lines to Lady Denbigh (p. 146 of the present edition), London, Sept. 23, 1653, 4to. pp. 4.

Steps to the Temple, London, 1649, 8vo. with frontispiece. To this second edition, in its text the most inaccurate of all, a fresh title-page, bearing the date of 1670, was afterwards affixed.

Poetry, by Peregrine Phillips, London, 1785, 12mo.

All these are very scarce, that of Paris extremely so. I have already commended its illustrations, and, as it would seem, from the epigram at p. 145 *seq.*, that they had been designed by Drashaw, a list of them may not be deemed superfluous, in order as they appear in the elegant little volume from the press of "Peter Targa, printer to the Archbishop of Paris, in S. Victor's street at the golden sunne." A copy of this produced £4 14s. 5c?, at Sir Murk Sykes' sale in 1824, and would, if in fair condition, command a much higher price now. That in the Grenville Library is, perhaps, the finest in existence.

1. "To the noblest and best of ladies," A heart with padlock inscribed "*Nm Ft.*" Beneath, these lines:—

'Tis not the work of force but skill
To find the way into men's will;
'Tis love alone can hearts unlock:
Who knows the word, he needs not knock.

2. "To the name above every name,"—" *Numisma, Urbani G.*" A dove under the tiara, surrounded by a glory: legend, "*In unitate Deus est*"

3. "To the Holy Nativity." The Holy Family at Bethlehem. Beneath, these lines:—

Ton Crftttteur to faict voir sa naissance,
Deignunt souffrir pour toy des *son* enfance.
Quern vidistis Pastures, &c.
Natum vidimus, Stc.

4. " To the glorious Epiphany." The adoration of the Magi,

5. " The Office of the Holy Cross," The crucified Redeemer. Bunt-nth:—

Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis oblationem et hoatiam Deo in odorem suavitatis.—*Ad Ephe. 5.*

B. " The Recommendation," Ths Ascended Saviour. Above it:—

Expostulatio Jeau Chriati cum mundu ingratu.

Beneath:—

Sum pukher : at nemo Lamēn me diligit,
 Sum nubdia: nemo est mihi qui serviat.
 Sum divea ; a me nemo quicquam poatulat.
 Et cuncta pofflum ; nemo me tomen timet.
AEiternua exstu: quiFrur a pauuis[^]imis.
 Frudenaque sum : sed me qui *est* qui consulit?
 Et sum Via: at per me quutusquisque ombulet 7
 Rum Veribas: quarc raihi nun creditor.
 Sum Vita: verum rurua eat qui nm putit.
 Sum Vera Lux : viiere me nemu cupit.
 Sum miaericnTB: nuJlua tillem in me collocab.
 To, BI peris, n^on id mihi imputes, Humu:
 SaluH tibi ust a me parata: hao utere,

7, Mtuugcr excud.

7, " Sancta Maria Dohrum." The DICBsed Virgin seated on a sepulchre under the Crows with instruments of the paasion, the chalice, bc., holding the dead Saviour un her lap. *Musoger zrcud.*

8, ^fHjmn of St. Thomas." A Remonstrance, " *Ecctpania Angclorum.*"

9, " Dies Ira." The last Judgment. " *DIM Irtr, Diit nia*"

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10. "O Gbriosa Domina." Our Lady and Infant. Angels holding a crown over her head, surmounted by the Holy DOVE. Beneath:—

S. Maria Mujur.
Dilectus meus mihi et ego illi,
Qui pasvibur inter lilia. Cant.
I. *Mewagtr eicud,*

11. "The Weeper." A weeping female resting upon a bleeding and inflamed heart, surrounded by a glory. Beneath:—

Lo, where a wounded heart with bleeding eyes conspire!
Is she a flaming fountain or a weeping fire ?

12. "Hymn to St. Teresa."¹ Portrait, scroll over her head inscribed: "*Misericors Domini in xtemum cantabo.*" Beneath:—

La Vray FDrtraiut de Ste. Terese Fundatrice dea Religieuses, et Religieux reformez de l'orlire du N. Dame de moot Cannel: Decedee le 4^e. DC to. 15,62. Cunoniaet) IB 12. Mars 1622.—I. *Messenger eicud.*

The volume concludes with "Hope" by Cowley, and "M. Crashaw's Answer fur Hope," separately, and not combined, as usual, in form of dialogue.

After the sheets containing them had been printed off, a correspondent of the "Notes and Queries" (th Rev. J. L. B. Major, in 2nd series, vol. rv. p. 28B) pointed out, on the authority of Banks' Life of Dr. Kaitibow, Bishop of Carlisle, that the first of the twn poems, "On the Frontispiece of Isaacson's Chronology explained,"¹ beginning, "If with distinctive eye and mind you look," was written, not by Crashaw, but by

Rainbow. Upon referring to this very scarce little volume, I find the following:—

" In his youth he had a rich vein in poesy, in which appeared somewhat of Ovid's air und fancy, tempered with the judgment of Virgil; but none of his poetical eieruiflea and diversions have been published, hut a paper of verses upon the Frontispiece of Mr. Hunry Isaacsun's Chronology, whith accurate Chronologcr was our Bishop's particular friend, and had formerly been amanuensis to that living library while he was alive, ths reverend and learned Bishop Andrews ; and another short paper on Mr. Skulton's Art of Short-writing.

"Of the honour of the former of these poems, printed without the addition of any name in 1633, he waa robbed by the publisher of Mr. Richard Urashaw's pouns, cntituled *Steps to iht Temple*, and ascribed by him tu that ingenious epigrammatist. But he having no title to it, hut what the modest silence uf Mr. Rainbow gave him, I have recovered it to the true owner by a *mtliia inquirendum*, and subjoined it here."—P. 84.

This is sufficiently distinct; yet it is somewhat singular that the lines should neither have been claimed by the Bishop, n3r disowned by Crasluiw, who must have seen, if he did not superintend, at least one uf the editions of his own poems containing them; and that no one during the life of either party should have detected and denounced thB misappropriation. Isaacson diei in lb'58, four years after Crashaw; and Dr. Rainbow in 1694, his biography by Banks being published in 1B88. If Banks is correct as regards thu first of these complimentary effusions, the second may, perhaps, have as

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little right to be attributed to Croshaw, both being printed without name or initials. The latter alone, it may be observed, has been printed by Phillips in his volume of selections in 1785.'

In preparing the present edition, the first that contains the whole of Drashaw's writings known, I have carefully examined and collated all the earlier ones. To their proper places in the *Epiyrammata* I have restored those portions which had erratically entered into the different editions of the *Delights of the Muses*; and I have added to that division of the present volume the verses " Upon two green apricocks ;" printing by themselves the Latin poems which follow them in the edition of 1648, While refraining from the practice of cumbering the pages with various readings, I have endeavoured to render the text with due accuracy; and if in this I shall anywise be found to have failed, at all events I have prepared the ground for some future more competent editor.

These brief observations cannot be concluded more appropriately than by the beautiful monody of Cowley upon his friend and fellow-poet.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

POET and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven;
The hardest, rarest, union which can be,
Next that of Godhead and humanity.

' AmLmg the other commendatory verses prefixed to Isaacson's work are some by Mr. Staninough, upon whose death the lines at p. 104 were composed by Crashaw.

f As judiciously amended by Mr. Willmott, instead of "The hard and rarest."

Long did the Muses banish'd slaves aside,
 And huilt vain pyramids to mortal pride :
 Like MOSBS thou |tho' spells and charms withstand)
 Hast brought them nobly home, hock to their huly land.

Ah, wretched we, Poets of earth ' but thou
 Wert living the same Poet which thDu'rt now 5
 Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
 And joy in an applause su great as thine.
 Equal socity with them to hold,
 Thou need'st nnt make new songs, hut say the old 5
 And tuny [kind spirits ') shall all rejoiiuu tu see,
 How little less than they, exalted man may be.

Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell,
 The heavenliest thing on earth still keeps up hell:
 Nor hare we yet quite purg'd the Christian land;
 Still idols here, like calves at Bethel stand.
 And thu' Pun's death long sinus all ur'ulas broke,
 Yet still in rhyme the find Apollu spoke 5
 Nay, with the worst uf heathen dotage, WB
 (Vain men !) the monster woman deifie;
 Find stars, and tie uur fates there in a face,
 And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place
 What diffVent faults corrupt our muses thus ?
 Wantun as girls, as old wives fabulous.

Thy spotless muse, like Mary, did contain
 The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain
 That her eternal verse employed should be
 On. a leas subject than eternity ?
 And for a sacred mistress scorn'd tu take
 But her whom God himself scorn'd not his spouse to make .
 It (in a kind) her miracle did du,
 A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

How well (blest Swan) did fate contrive thy death,
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
 In thy great mistress' anna 7 Thou most divine,
 And richest offering uf Loretto's shrine I
 Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
 A fever burns thee and love lights the fire,

Angels (they say) brought the fam'il chapel there,
 And bore the sacred load in triumph thro' the air :
 'Tis surer much they brought thee there ; and they,
 Ani thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my mother Church, if I consent
 That angels Icil him, when from thce he went;
 For ev'n in error, sure no danger is,
 When jom'd with so much piety as his.
 Ah ' mighty &od, with shame I speak't, and grief;
 Ah! that our greatest faults were in belief!
 And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
 Rather than thus, our will's too strong for it!
 His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
 Be wrong ; his life, I'm sure, was in the right:
 And I, myself, a Catholic will be ;
 So far at least, great Saint ' to pray to thce.

Hail, Earil triumphant! and some care bestow
 On us, the Poets militant below :
 Dppos'd by imr old enemy, adverse Chance,
 Attack'd by Envy and by Ignuranrc;
 Enchain'd by Beauty, tortured by desires,
 Exposed by Tyrant-love, to savage beasts and fires.
 Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
 And like Elijah mount alive the skies.
 Elisha like (but with a wish much less,
 More fit thy greatness and my littbniiss;)
 Lo here I beg (I whom thnu once rliilst prove
 So humble to estuem, si) good to love)
 Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
 I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me :
 And when my muse soars with so strong a wing,
 'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thp.e to sing.'

W. B. TURNBULL.

Lincoln'a-Inn.

Feb. 1838.

' In these verses, says Johnson, " there are beauties which common authors may justly think not only above their attainment, but above their ambition."

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NOTE.

SINCE the completion of the text, I have been annoyel by discovering that the linca " On a Treatise uf Uharity," at page 77, were originally prufixed tu the " Five Poems and Learned Discourses" of Robert Shelfurd, Hector of Ringsfield, Suffolk, 4to. Cambridge, 1635; and that the following lines hare been left uut in the editions uf Crashaw's Foems. The reason for such omission is obvious. Should a second impression of this volume be required, they shall I)L- inserted in their proper place; but it must be admitted that, however just the sentiment expressed in-them, the subtraction of these lines doea not impair the beauty uf the poem.

Nor shall our zealous ones slJI have a fling
At that mnst humble and horned thing,
Forsooth the Fope : by which block name they call
The Turk, the Devil, Fairies, Hell and all,
And soniBthing more. U he is Antichrist:
Doubt this, and doubt [say they) that Christ is Christ.
Why, 'tia a point of faith. Whato'er it bw,
I'm sure it la no point of charity.
In sum, no longer ahull our people hope,
Tu be a true Protestant, 'a but to hate the Fops.



PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

LEARNED READER,

THE author's friend will not usurp much upon thy eye ; this is only for those whom the name of our divine poet hath not yet seized into admiration ; I dare undertake that what Jamblichus (*in vita Pythagoris*) affirmed of his master at his contemplations—these poems can; viz. they shall lift thee, reader, several yards above the ground; and as in Pythagoras' school every temper was first tuned into a height by several portions of music, and spiritualized for one of his weighty lectures, so mayest thou take a poem hence, and tune thy soul by it into a heavenly pitch; and thus refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, in these poems thou mayest talk freely of God, and of that other state.

Hence Herbert's second, but chief, who hath retrieved poetry of late, and returned it up to its primitive use; let it bound back to Heaven's gates whence it came. Think ye St. Augustine would have stained his graver learning with a book of poetry, had he fancied their dearest

end to be the vanity of love-sonnets and epithalamiums? No, no! he thought, with this our poet, that every foot in a high-born Terse might help to measure the soul into that better world. Divine poetry; I dare hold it, in position against Suarez on the subject, to be the language of the angels; it is the quintessence of phantasy and discourse centred in Heaven; 'tis the very outgoings of the soul; 'tis what alone our author is willing to tell you, and that in his own verse.

It were profane but to mention here in the preface the under-headed poeta, retainers to seven shares and a half; madrigal fellows, whose only business in verse is to rhyme a poor sixpenny soul, a suburb sinner, into hell. May such arrogant pretenders to poetry vanish with their prodigious issue of tumorous heats and flashes of their adulterate brains; and for ever after may this our poet fill up the better room of heaven! Uh! when the general arraignment of poets shall be to give an account of their higher souls, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine poet sit above and look down upon poor Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian, Arc, who had amongst them the ill luck to talk out a great part of their gallant genius upon bees, dung, frogs, and gnats, &c. and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, divine graces, martyrs, and angels!

Reader, we style his Sacred Poems, "Steps to the Temple," and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under His wing, he led his life in St. Mary's Church, near St. Peter's college; there he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God: where,

like a primitive saint, he offers! more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day, There he penned thus 3 poems,—steps for happy souls to climb Heaven by.

And those other of his pieces, entitled, "The Delights of the Muses," though of a more human mixture, are as sweet as they are innocent.

The praises that follow are but few of many that might be conferred on him: he was excellent in five languages (besides his mother-tongue), viz. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, the two last whereof he had little help in • they were of his own acquisition.

Amongst his other accomplishments in academic (as well pious as harmless) arts, he made his skill in poetry, music, drawing, limning, graving, (exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy,) to be but his subservient recreations for vacant hours, not the grand business of his soul.

To the former qualifications I might add that which would crown them all: his rare moderation in diet—almost Lacedæmonian temperance; he never created a Muse out of distempers, nor, with our Canary scribblers, cast any strange mists of surfeits before the intellectual beams of his mind or memory; the latter of which he was so much a master of, that he held there, under lock and key in readiness, the richest treasures of the best Greek and Latin poets, some of which authors he had more at his command by heart than others that only read their works to retain little and understand less,

Enough, reader; I intend not a volume of praises larger than this book, nor need I longer transport thee

to think over his yaat perfections. I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this learned young- gentleman, now dead to us, *as* ho himself doth, with the last line of his poem upon Bishop Andrews' picture before his sermons:—

Vsrts paginal.

Louk on the fallowing luavtjs, and ua him breaths.


Th6 Author's Motto.

Live, Jesus, live, and lot it be
My Life to die for luvē of Thee.



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THE WEEPER.

HAIL sister springs,
Parents of silver-footin rills !
Kver bubbling things !
Thawing crystal ! Snowy hills '
Still spending, never spent; I IIUMUI
Thy fair eyra, sweet MagJalene.

Heavens thy fair eye be ;
Heavens of ever-falling stars ;
'Tis seed-time ftill with thee,
Anil stars thou suw'st, whosu harvest dares
Promisetheearthto ~~counters~~ shine
whatevermakesHeavenforehead ~~of~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~.

But we;re all :
Stars indoei they are too true,
.For they hut seem to fall
As Himvon's other spangles Jo •
It is nnt for our earth anil us,
To shine in things so precious.

Upwards thou dost weep;
 Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream.
 Where the milky rivers creep,
 Thine floats above and is the cream.
 Waters above the heavens, what they be,
 We are taught best by thy tears and thee.

Every morn from hence,
 A brisk cherub something sips,
 Whose soft influence
 Adis sweetness to his sweetest lips ;
 Then to his music: and his song
 Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

Not in the evening's eyes,
 When they red with weeping arc
 For the Sun that dies,
 Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.
 Nowhere but here did ever meet
 Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

When Sorrow would be seen
 In her brightest majesty,
 For she is a queen,
 Then is she dreat by none but thee.
 Then, and only then, she wears
 Her richest pearls, I mean thy tears.

The dew no more will weep,
 The primrose's pale cheek to deck;
 The dew no more will sleep,

Nuzzled in the lily's neck.
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

There is no need at all,
That the balsam-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall
His mil'ciuable tears ; for now
Nature hath learnt t'extract a dew,
More sovereign and sweet from you.

Yet let the poor drops weep,
Weeping is the case of woe ;
Softly let them creep,
Sail that they are vanquish'il so ,
They, though to others no relief,
May balsam be for their own grief.

Sui'h the maiden gem
By the wanton spring put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And bliibhes on the watery sun .
This watery blossom of thy eyne
liipe, will make the richer wine.

When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a feast,
Angels with crystal vials come ;
And draw from these full eyes of thine
Their Master's water, their own wine.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE.

Golden though he be,
 Golden Tagus murmurs ; though
 Were his way by thee,
 Content and quiet he would go ;
 SD much more rich would he esteem
 Thy silver, than his golden stream.

Well does the May that lies
 Smiling in thy cheeks, confess
 The April in thine eyes ;
 Mutual sweetness they express.
 No April e'er lent kinder showers,
 Nor May return'd more faithful flowers.

O cheeks ! Beds of chaste bves,
 By your own showers seasonably dash'd.
 Eyes! nests of milky doves,
 In your own wells decently wash'd.
 O wit of love ! that thus could place
 Fountain and garden in one face.

O sweet contest; of woes ,
 With loves, of tears with smiles disporting '
 O fair and friendly foes,
 Each other kissing and comforting !
 While rain and sunshine, cheeks and eyes,
 Close in kind contrarities.

But can these fair floods be
 Friends with the bosom fires that fill ye !
 Can so great flames agree

Eternal tears should thus distil thee !
 O floods, O fires, O suns, O showers I
 Mii'i and made friends by love's sweet powers.

'Twas his well-pointed dart
 That digg'd these wells, and dross'd this vine;
 And taught that wounded heart
 The way into these weeping eyne.
 Vain loves avuunt! bultl hands forbear!
 The lamb hath dipped his white foot here.

And now where'er he strays
 Anmng the Galilean mountains,
 Or more unwelcome ways,
 He's follow'd by two faithful fountains;
 Two walking baths, two weeping motiuns,
 Portable and compendious oceans.

O thou, thy Lord's fair store,
 In thy so rich and large expenses,
 Even when he show'i most poor,
 He might provoke the wealth of princes.
 What prince's wanton'st pride e'er c3uld
 Wash with silver, wipe with gold ?

Who is that King, but he
 Who call'st his crown to ha coll'd thine,
 That thus can boast to be
 Waited on by a wand'ring mine,—
 A voluntary mint, that strews
 Warm silver show'rs where'er he goes ?

O precious prodigal!
 Fair spendthrift of thyself! thy measure,
 Merciless love ! is nil
 Even to the last pearl in thy treasure.
 All places, times, and objects he
 Thy tear's sweet opportunity.

Does the day-star rise?
 Still thy stars do fall, and fall;
 Does day close his eyes ?
 Still the fountain weeps for all.
 Let night ur day do what they will,
 Thou hast thy task, thou weepst sLill.

Does thy song- lull the nir ?
 Thy falling tears keep faithful time-
 Does thy sweet-breath'd pruy'r
 Up in clouds of incense climb?
 Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,
 A bead, that is, a tear, docs drop.

At these thy weeping- gates,
 Watching their wat'ry motion,
 Each winged moment waits,
 Takes his tear, and gets him *gone*.
 By thine eye's tinct ennobled thus,
 Time lays him up : he's precious.

Not, so *long she lived*,
 Shall thy tomb report of thee ;
 But, so *kny she grieved*.

Thou must we date thy memory.
Others by moments, months, and years,
Measure their ages ; thou, by tears.

So do perfumes expire ;
So sigh tormented sweets, oppress'd
With proud unpitying fires ;
Such tears the suffering rose thine's vex'd
With ungentle flames does shed,
Sweating in a too warm bed.

Say, ye bright brothers,
Thi' fugitive sons of those fair eyes
Your fruitful mothers,
What make you here ? what hopes can 'tice
You to be born ? what cause can burrow
You from those nests of noble borrow ?

Whither away so fast?
For sure the sordid earth
Your sweetness cannot taste,
Nor does the dust deserve their birth.
Sweet, whither haste you then ? O, say
Why you trip so fast away ?

We go not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head.
Though the field's eyes, too, weepers be,
Because they want such tears as we.

Much less mean we to trace
 The fortune of inferior gems,
 Preferred to some prowl fane,
 Dr perch'd upon fear'il diadems.
 Crowned heads are toys. We go to meet
 A worthy object, our Lord's feet.

THE WEEPER.

THE W E E P E R . [*f n the editio*
 1785, w *Ohalmers' collection, and others, the previous*
Poem is printed with numerous alterations and
omissions, in manner folhwin.]



HAIL Bister springs,
 Parents uf sih er-fordcd nils !
 Ever baubling things!
 Thawing cryafill! snowy hills !
 Still upending, never spent; I mean
 Thy fair Dyes, sweet Magdalene.

 Heavens thy fair eyes be;
 Heavens of ever-falling stars;
 'Tis Bccd-time still with thec,
 And stars thou sow'st, whose harvest dares
 Promise the earth to countershine
 Whatever makes Heaven's forehead fine.

But we're deceived all:
Stars they're indeed too true,
For they hut seem to fall
As Heaven's other spangles do:
It is not for Dur earth and us,
To shins in things sa precious.

Upwards thou dost weep;
Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream, i
Where the milky rivers meet,
Thine crawls above and is the cream.
HeavDii, of sutih fair floods as this,
Heaven the crystal ocean is.

Every morn from henué,
A brisk cherub something sips,
Whose soft influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips;
Then to his music: and his song
Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a feast,
Angels with their bottles come;
And draw from these full eyes of thine
Their Master's water, their own wine.

The dew no more will weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to deck;
The dew no more will sleep,

Nuzzled in the lily's neck.
 Much rather would it tremble here,
 And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
 Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
 Makes sorrow half so ruih,
 As the drops distill'd from thee.
 Sorrow's best jewels lie in these
 Caskets of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When Sorrow would be seen
 In her brightest majesty,
 For she is a ijueen,
 Then is she drest by none but thee.
 Then, and only then, she wears
 Her richest pearls, I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,
 \When they red with weeping are
 For the Sun that dies,
 Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.
 Nowhere but here did ever meet
 Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

Sadness, all the while
 She sits in such a throne as this,
 Can do nought but smile,
 Nor believe she sadness is:
 Gladness itself would be more glad
 To be made so sweetly sad,

Them is no need at all,
 That ttit; balsam-sweating bough
 So coyly should let fall
 His mciTciimble tears ; for now
 Nature hath learn'il t' extraet a dew,
 More sovereign mill sweet from you.

Yet let the poor drops weep,
 \Veeping is the ease of wue ;
 Softly lot them erccp,
 Sad that they arc vanquish'd so ;
 They, though to utluTS no relief,
 May balsam be far their own grief.

Grolden though he be,
 Qolden Tagus murmurs ; though
 Might he flow from thee,
 Uuntent and quiet woidd he go ;
 Kieher far does he esteem
 Thy silver, than his golden stream.

\Vcll does the May that lies
 Smiling in thy e cheeks, confess
 The April in thine eyes ;
 Mutual sweetness they express.
 No April e'er lent softer showers,
 Nor May returned fairer flowers.

Thus dost thou melt tho yenr
 Tnto a weeping motion ;
 Each minute waiteth here,

Takes his tear and gets him gone;
 By thine eye's tinct Ennobled thus,
 Time lays him up: he's precious.

Time, as by thee he passes,
 Makes thy ever-watery eyes
 His hour-glasses;
 Hy them his steps he rectifies.
 The sands he used no longer please,
 For his Down sands he'll use thy seas.

Doi's thy song lull the air?
 Thy tear's just liadenee still keeps time.
 Does thy sweet-breath'd prayer
 Up in clouds of incense climb?
 Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,
 A bead, that is, a tear, doth drop.

Does the night arise ?
 Still thy tears do fall, and fall.
 Docs night lose her eyes ?
 Still the fountain weeps for all.
 Let night or day do what they will,
 Thou hast thy task, thou weapest still.

Not, so *fang she lived*,
 Will thy tumb report of thee;
 But, so *lony she grieved*,
 Thus must we date thy memory.
 Others by days, by months, by years,
 Measure their ages, thou by tears.

Say, watery brothers,
 YD simpering sons of those fair eyes
 Your fertile mothers,
 What hath our world that can Bntice
 You to be born ? what is't can borrow
 You from her eyes swolTn wombs of sorrow ?

Whither away so fast ?
 O whither ? for the sluttish earth
 Your sweetness cannot taste,
 Nor dues the dust deserve your birth.
 Whither haste ye then ? O, say
 Why ye trip so fast away ?

We go not to seek
 The darlings of Aurora's bed,
 The rosc'a modest check,
 Nor the violet's humble head.
 No such thing; we go to meet
 A worthier object, our Lord's feet.

THE TEAR.



WHAT bright soft thing is this,
 Sweet Mary, thy fair eyes' expense ?
 A moist spark it is,
 A watery diamond; from whence
 The very term, I think, was found
 The water of a diamond.

O, 'tis not a tear,
 'Tis LI star about to drop
 From thine eye its sphere;
 The sun will stoup and take it up.
 Pruud will his sister be tu wear
 This thine Bye's jewel in her ear.

O, 'tis a tear,
 TDD tine a tear : for no sad sync,
 How sad soe'er,
 Kain so true a tear as thine ;
 Each drop leaving a plaue so dear,
 Weeps for itself, is its own tear.

Such a pearl as this is,
 Slipt from Aurora's dewy breast,
 The rose-bud's sweet lip kisses;
 And such the rose itself, when vext
 With ungentle flames, dues shed,
 Sweating in too warm a bed.'

Such the maiden gem
 By the wanton spring put on,
 Peeps from her parent stem,
 And blushes on the watery sun .
 This watery blossom of thy eyne,
 Kipe, will make the richer wine.

' See these latter lines and the following verse in " The Weeper," as printed in the editions of 1545, 1648, and 1652.

Fair drop, why quak'st thou so ?
'Dause thou straight must lay thy head
In the dust? O no;
The dust shall never he thy hcd:
A pillow for thcc will I bring,
Stuffed with down of angel's wing.

Thus carried up on high,
For to Heaven thou must go,
Sweetly shalt thou lie,
And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe ;
Till thu singing orbs awake thec,
Anrl one of their bright chorus make thee.

There thyself shalt be
An eye, but not a weeping one;
Yet I doubt uf thee,
Whither th' hadst rather there have shone
An eye of Heaven ; or still shine here,
In th^l heaven of Mary's eye, a tear.

DIVINE EPIGRAMS.

On the Water of our Lord's Baptism.

EACH blest drop on each blest limb,
 Is wash'd itself, in washing' Him :
 'Tis a gem while it stays here;
 While it falls hence 'tis a tear.

ACTS vin.

On the Baptized Ethiopian.

SET it no longer be a forlorn hope
 To wash an Ethiop:
 He's wash'd, his gloomy skin a peaceful shade
 For his white soul is made:
 And now, J doubt not, the Eternal Dove
 A black-faced house will love

On the Miracle of multiplied Loaves.

SEE here an easy feast that knows no wound,
 That under hunger's teeth will needs be found
 A subtle harvest of unboundud bread.
 What wuill ye more ? Here food itself ia fed

Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord.

HERE, where our Lord once laid his Head,
 Now the grave lies buried.

The Widow's Mites.

TWO mites, two drops, yet all her house and land,
 Fall from a steady heart, thought-crumbling hand:
 The other's wanton wealth loams high, and brave;
 The other cast away, she only gave.

LUKE xv.

On the Prodigal.

TELL me, bright boy, tell me, my golden lml,
 Whither away so frolic? why so glad?
 AYhat all thy wealth in council? nil thy state?
 Arc husks so dear? troth 'tis a mighty rate.

*Oil the still surviving Marks of our Saviour's
Wwunds.*

WHATEVER story of their cruelty,
 Or nail, or thorn, or spenr have writ in Thee,
 Are in another sense
 Still legible;
 Sweet is the [liffwenct; :
 Once T did spell
 Every red letter
 A wound of Thine;
 Now, what is better,
 Balsam for mine.

ACTS v.

The Side implore St. Peter's Shadow.

UNDER thy shadow mny I lurk awhile,
 Death's busy search I'll easily beguile:
 Thy shadow, Peter, must show mu the sun,
 My light's thy shadow's shadDw, or 'tis doni?,

MARK vn.

This Dumb healed, and the People enjoined silence.CHRIST bids the dumb tongue speak ; it
speaks: the sounJ

He charges to be quiet; it runs round.

If in the first He usM His finger's touch:

His hand's whole strength hire could nut be too much.

MATTHEW xxviii.

Come, see the place where, the Lord lay.HOW me Himself, Himself, bright Sir, O show
Which way my poor tptirs to Himself may go.

Were it enough to show the place, ami say,

Look, Mary, here see where thy Lord MLT lay ;

Then could I show these arms of mini; and say,

Look, Mary, here see whirrD thy Loid oi-u-c lay.

TV Pontius washing his Head.HY hands arc wash'd, but O, the water's spilt
That labour'd to have woali'd thy guilt:

The flood, if any can, that can suffice,

Must have its fountain in thine eyes.

To the Infant Martyrs.

30, smiling souls, your now-built cages break.

In Hcav'n you'll learn to sing ere here to spook;

Nor let the milky fonts that bathe your thirat

Be your delay,

The place that calls you hence is, at the worst,

Milk all the way.

On the Miracle of Loaves.

NOW, Lord, or never, they'll believe on Thee;
 Thou to their teeth hast proved Thy deity.

MABH iv,

Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith!



S if the storm meant Him;
 Or, 'cause Heaven's face is dim,
 His needs a cloud.

Was ever forward wind
 That could be so unkind,
 Or wave *BO* proud?

The wind had need be angry, and this water black,
 That to the mighty Neptune's self daro threaten wrack,

There is no storm but this
 Of your own cowardice

That braves you out;

You are the storm that mocks

Yourselves; you are the rocks

Of your own doubt:

Besides this fear of danger there's no danger here,
 And he that here fears danger doos deserve his fear.

On the Blessed Viryins' bashfulness.

HAT on her lap she casts her humble eye,
 'Tis the sweet pride of her humility.
 Tho' fair star ia well fixt, for where, O where,
 Could she have fixt it on a fairer sphere?

Tis Heav'n/tis Heav'n she sees, Heav'n's God there lies;
 She can see Heaven, and ne'er lift up her eyes :
 This new guest to her eyes new laws hath given,
 'Twas once look up, 'tis now look down to Heaven.

Upon Lazarus's Tears.

RICH Lazarus ! richer in those gems, thy tears,
 Than Dives in his robes he wears:
 He sells them now, but D, they'll suit full well
 With that purple he must wear in hell.

Two went up into the Temple to pray.

TWO went to pray ? O rather say,
 One went to brag, the other to pray.

One stands up close, and treads on high,
 Where the other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,
 The other to the altar's God.

Upon the Ass that bore our Saviour.

HAD only anger and omnipotence
 In eloquence ?
 Within the lips of love and joy doth dwell
 And miracle ?

Why else had Balaam's ass a tongue to chide
 His master's pride ?

And thou, Heav'n-burthen'd beast, hast ne'er a word
 To praise thy Lord ?

To speak thus was to speak, say I,
Not to his *cur*, but to his eye.

MATTHEW xxvii.

And Iſe atiswerfd them nuthwg.



MIGHTY Nothing ! unto thee,
Nothing, we owe nil things that be.
Grod ſpake once when He nil things made,
He ſaved nil when lie Nothing ſuid.
The world was made of Nothing then;
'Tis made by Nothing now again.

To our Lord, upon the Water made Wine.



THOU water turn's! to wine, fair frienil of life;
Thy fop, tu croſs thu ſweet ails of Thy reign,
Diſtils from thence the tears of wi ath and ſtrife,
Anil ſo turns wine to water haL'k again.

MATTHEW xxii.


*Neither durſt any Man from that day aſk Him any
more Questions.*




MIDST all the dark and knotty ſnares,
Ulaek wit or malice can or dares,
Thy glorious wiſdom breaks the nets,
And treads with uncontrolled ſteps.
Thy ijuell'd foes are not only now
Thy triumphs, but Thy trophies too:
They, both at once Thy conqueſts be,
And Thy conqueſt's memory.
Stony amazement mokes them ſtand

Waiting on Thy victorious hand,
 Like statues fixed to the fame
 Of Thy renown, and their own shame :
 As if they only meant to breathe,
 To be the life of their own death.
 'Twas time to hold their peace when they
 Had ne'er another word to say:
 Yet is their silence unto Thee,
 The full sound of Thy victory:
 Their silence speaks aloud, and is
 Thy well pronounced panDgyris.
 While they speak nothing, they speak all
 Their share in Thy memorial.
 While they speak nothing, they proclaim
 Thee with the shrillest trump of fame.
 To hold their peace is all the ways
 These wretches have to speak Thy praise.

Upon our Saviour's Tomb, wherein never man was laid.


HOW life and death in Thee
 Agree!
 Thou hadst a virgin womb
 And tomb.
 A Joseph did betroth
 Them both.

It is better to yo into Heaven with one Eye, dec.


ONE Eye? athousandrather, an da thousand more.
 To fix those full-faced glories. U, he's pour
 Of eyes that has but Argus' store;
 Yet, if thou'lt fill one poor eye with Thy Heaven and
 Thee,

0 grant, sweet Goodness, that one eye may be
All, anI every whit of me.

LUKE xi.

*Upon the dumb Devil cast mt, and thie slanderous
Jews put to silence.*



WD devils at one blow Thou hast laid flat,
A speaking devil this, a dumb one that;
"VVas't Thy filll victory's fairer increase
That th' one spake, or that th' other held his peace?

LUKE x.

*And a certain Priest coming that way, looked on him,
and passed 5y.*



HY dost thou wuund my wounds, 0 thou that
pasaest by,
Handling and turning them with an
unwoundedeye?

The calm that cools thine eye docs shipwreck mine, for D,
Unmoved to see one wretched is to make him so!

LUKE xi.

Blessed be the Paps which Thou hast sucked.



UPPDSE He hod been tabled at thy teats,
Thy hunger feels nDt what He eats:
He'll have His teat ere long, a bloody oni¹,—
The mother then must suck the Son.

To Pontius washing his blood-stained Hands.

Three murder no Bin ? or a sin so cheap,
 That thou need'st heap
 A rape upon't? till thy adulterous touch
 Taught her these sullied cheeks, this blubber'd face.
 She was a nymph, the meadows knew none such,
 Of honest parentage, of unstain'd race,
 The daughter of a fair and well-famed fountain,
 As ever silver-tipp'il the side of shady mountain.
 See how she weeps, and weeps, that she appears
 Nothing hut tears;
 Each drop's a tear that weeps for her own waste.

Hark, how at every touch she docs complain her!
 Hark, how she hids her frighted drops make haste,
 And with sad murmurs chides the hands that stain her!
 Leave, leave for .shame, or else, good judge, decree,
 What water shall wash this, when thus hath washed then.

MATTHEW xxm.

Ye build the jSfftilchrts of the Prophets.

THOU trimm'yt a Prophet's tomb, and dost
 bequeath
 The life thou took'st from him unto his death.
 Vain man ! the stones that on his tomb do lie
 Keep but the score of thorn that made him die,

Upon the Infant Martyrs.

Thou see both blended in one flood,
 The mothers' milk, the children's blood,
 Makes me doubt if Heaven will gather
 Rosca hence, or lilies rather.

25 STEPS TO THE TEMPLE.

JuIN XVI.

Verily I say imto you. Ye shall weep and lament.

Wif EL POME, my grief, my joy; how dear's
To me my legauy of tears !
I'll weep, anil weep, and will therefore
Weep, 'cause I tan weep no more.
Thou, Thou, dear Lord, *wen* Thou alone,
Ciiv'at joy, even when Thou givcst none.

JouN xv.

*Upon our Lord's last comfortable Discourse w\th His
Disciples.*

ALL Hyhla's honey, all that sweetness can,
FI\ a in thy song, 0 fair, 0 dying swan !
Yet is the joy I take lift small or none ;
It ii too aweet to he a lung-liveil one.

LUKE xvi.

Dives asJciny a Drop.

ADROP, one drop, how .sweetly one fair drop
Would tremble on my penrl-tipp'J finger's top!
My wealth is gone, 0, gn it whore it will,
Spare thia one jewel, I'll be Divca still!

MAHH xn.

Give to ~~Ursar~~————

And to God————

ALL we have ia God's, unJ yet
Caesar uhallengcs a debt;
Nor hath Grotl a thinner share,
Whatever Cesar's payments are;

All is Ghid'a; and yet, 'tis true,
 All we have is Caesar's too,
 All is Caesar's; and what odds,
 So long as Dtesar's self is Qod⁷s?

But now they Jiave seen and hated.

SEEEN? and yet hated Thee? they did not see,
 They saw Thee not, that saw and hated Thee:
 No, no, they saw Thee nut, 0 Life ! 0 Love !
 Who saw aught in Thee that their hate could move ?

*Upon the Crown of Thorns, taken from our Blessed
 Lord's Head, all bloody.*

KNOWST thou this, soldier? 'tis a much
 changed plant, which yet
 Thyself diJst set.
 Tis changed indeed; did Autumn e'er such beauties bring
 To shame his Spring ?'
 D) ! who so hard an husbandman did ever fin I
 A soil so kind?
 Is not the soil a kind one which returns
 Koses for thorns?

*She began to wash Ilia Feet with Tears and wipe them
 ivith the Hdirs of her Head.*

HER eyes' flood licks His feet's fair stain,
 Her hair's flame licks up that again.
 This flame thus quench'd hath brighter beams,
 This flood thus stained fairer streams.

' These two lines are not in the version of the Paris edition of 1652.

On St. Peter cutting off Maldius's Ear.

WELL, Peter, dost thou wield thy active sword;
 Well for thyself, I mean, not for thy Lord,
 Tu strike at cars is to take hsei there he
 No witness, Peter, of thy perjury.

JOHX in.

But Men loved Darkness rather than Light.

THE world's Light shines: shine as it will,
 The world will love its darkness still;
 I doubt though, when the world's iu hell,
 It will not love its darkness half so well.

ACTS xxi.

I am ready not only to be bound but to die.

COME death, come bands, nor do you shrink,
 my ears,
 At those hard words man's cowardice calls fears.
 Save those of fear, no other bands fear I;
 Nor other death than this; the fear to die.

*On St. Peter tasting away his Nets at our Saviour's
 CaU.*

THOU hast the art on't, Peter, and canst tell
 To cast thy nets on all occasions well.
 When Christ colls, and thy nets would have
 thee stay,
 Tu cost them well's to cast them quite away.

Our Lord in His Circumcision to His Father.

PD Thee these first-fruits of my growing death,
 For what else is my life ? lo ! I bequeath.
 Taste this, and as Thou lik'st this lesser flood,
 Expect a sea, my heart shall make it gooi.
 Thy wrath that wades here now ere long shall swim,
 The flood-gate shall he set wide ope for him.
 Then let him drink, and drink, and do his worst,
 To drown the wantonness of his wild thirst.
 Now's but the nonage of my pains, my fears
 Aru yet both in their hopes, not corns to years.
 The day of my dark woes is yet but morn,
 My tears but tender, and my death new-born.
 Yet may these unfledged griefs give fate some guess,
 These cradle-torments have their towardness;
 These purple buds of blooming death may be
 Erst the full stature of a fatal tree;
 And, till my riper woes to age are come,
 This knife may be the spear's *sprceludium*.

On the Wounds of our crucified Lord.

THESE wakeful wounds of Thine!
 Arc they mouths ? or are they eyes ?
 Be they mouths, or be they eyne,
 Each bleeding part some one supplies.


Lo, a mouth I whose full-bloom'd lips
 At too dear a rate are roses.
 Lo, a blood-shot eye! that weeps
 And many a cruel tear disuloses.

O thou that on this foot hast laid
 Many a kiss and many a tear,
 Now thou shalt have all repaid,
 Whatsoe'er thy charges were.


This foot hath got a mouth and lips,
 To pay the sweet sum of thy kisses;
 To pay thy tears, an eye that weeps,
 Instead of tears, such gems as this is.

The difference only this appears,
 Nor can the change offend,
 The debt is paid in ruby tears,
 Which thou in pearls didst lend.

On our crucified Lord, naked and bloody.

 H'ave left Thee naked, Lord; O that they had!
 This garment, too, I would they had denied.
 Thee with Thyself they have too richly clad,
 Opening the purple wardrobe of Thy side.
 O never could this garment be too good
 For Thee to wear, but this of Thine own blood!

Easter-day.

 ISE, Heir of fresh Eternity,
 From thy virgin-tomb:
 Rise, mighty Man of wonders, and Thy world
 with Thee;
 Thy tomb, the universal East,
 Nature's new womb,
 Thy tomb, fair Immortality's perfum'd nest.

of all the glories make noon gay
 This is the morn;
 This rock buds forth the fountain of the streams of day;
 In joy's white annals lives this hour,
 When life was born,
 No uloud-scuwl on his radiant lids, no tempest-lower.

Life, by this light's nativity,
 All creatures have;
 Death wily by this day's just doom is forced to dip.
 Nor is death forced; for may he lie
 Throned in thy grave,
 Death will on this condition be content to die.

On the bleeding Wounds of our crucified Lord.

WESU, no more, it is full tide ;
 From Thy hpud and from Thy feet,
 From Thy hands and from Thy sidn,
 All Thy purple rivers meet.

What need Thy fair head bear a part
 In showers ? as if Thine eyes had none ;
 What need they help to drown Thine Lsart,
 That strives in torrents of its own ?

Thy restless feet now cannot go,
 For us and our eternal good,
 As they were ever wont I What though
 They awim, alas ! in their own flow!?

Thy hands to give, Thou canst not lift ;
 Yet will Thy hand still giving be ;
 It gives, but O, itselfs the gift:
 It gives though buimd, though bound 'tis free.

But O, Thy side ; Thy deep digg'd side
 That hath a double Nilus going,
 Nor ever was the Pharian tide
 Half so fruitful, half so flowing.

Water'd by the showers they bring,
 The thorns that Thy blest brows uncloses,
 A cruel and a eustly spring,
 Conceive proud hopes of proving roses.'

No hair so small but pays his river
 To this Eed Sea of Thy blood,
 Their little channels can deliver
 Something to the general flood.

But, while I speak, whither arc run
 All the rivers named before?
 I counted wrong; there is but one :
 But O, that one is one all o'er.

Rain-swoll'n rivers may rise proud,
 Bent all to drown and overflow;
 But when indeed all's overflow'd,
 They themselves are drowned too.

' This verse' is nut in the version of the Paris edition of 1652.

This Thy blood's deluge, a dire chance,
 Dear Lord, to Thee, to us is found
 A deluge of deliverance,
 A deluge leat WG should be drown'd.

Ne'er wast Thou, in a sense so sadly true,
 The well of living waters, Lord, till now!

Samson to his Delilah.



HUEL, could not once blinding me suffice.'
 When first I look'd on thee I lost mine eyes.

PSALM xxlii

HAPPY me ! O happy sheep '
 Whiom my Grod vouchsafes to keep;
 Even my God, even He it is
 That points me to these ways of bliss ;
 On whose pastures cheerful Spring
 All the year doth ait and sing,
 And, rejoicing, smiles to sec
 Their green backs wear his livery.
 Pleasure sings my soul t& rest,
 Plenty wnursHIDatherbreast,
 Whose -swcet temper teaches me
 Nor wanton nor in want to be.
 At my feet the blubb'ng mountain,
 Weeping, melts into a fountain,
 Whiose soft silver-sweating streams
 Make high noon forget his beams.
 Wlien my wayward breath is flying
 He calls home my soul from dying,

Strokes and tames my rabid grief,
And does woo me into life :
When my simple weakness struys,
Tangled in forhidden ways,
He, my Shepherd, is my guide,
He's before me, on my side,
And behind me, He beguiles
Draft in all her knotty wiles :
He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary steps, and under
Spreads a path clear as the day,
Where no churlish rub says nay
To my joy-conducted feet,
Whilst they gladly go to meet
Grace and Peace, to meet new lays
Tuned to my great Shepherd's praise.
Come now all ye terrors, sally,
Muster forth into the valley,
Where triumphant darkness hDvera
With a sable wing, that covers
Brooding horror. Come thou, Death,
Let the damps of thy dull breath
Overshadow even the shade,
And make darkness' self afraid;
There my feet, even there shall find
Way for a resolved mind.
Still my Shepherd, still my GLK!,
Thou art with mej still Thy rod,
And Thy staff, whose influence
Dives direction, gives defence.
At the whisper of Thy word

Crown^lil abundancespreadsmyboard:
 While I feast, my foes do feed
 Their rank malice, not their need ;
 So that with the selfsame bread
 They are starved, and I am fed.
 How my head in ointment swims !
 How my cup overlooks her brims !
 So, even so still may I move
 By the line of Thy dear love \
 Still may Thy sweet mercy spread
 A shady arm above my head,
 About my paths ; so shall I find
 The fair centre of my mind,
 Thy temple, and those lovely walls
 Bright ever with a beam that falls
 Fresh from the pure glance of Thine eve,
 Lighting to Eternity.
 There I'll dwell for ever, there
 Will I find a purer air.
 To feed my life with, there I'll sup
 Balm and nectar in my cup,
 And thence my ripe soul will I breathe
 Warm into the arms of death.

PSALM cxxxvn.



N the proud banks of great Euphrates' tiuoil
 There we sat, and there we wept :
 Dur harps, that now no music understood,
 Nodding on the willows slept,
 While unhappy captives we,
 Lovely Siira, thought on thee.

They, they that snatch'd us from our country's breast
 Would have a song carved to their ears
 In Hebrew numbers, then, O uruel jest!
 When harps and hearts were drown'd in tears:
 Dome, they cried, come, sing and play
 One of Sion's songs to day.

Sing? play? to whom shall we sing or play
 If not, Jerusalem, to thieu?
 Ah! thee, Jerusalem; ah! sooner may
 This hand forget the mastery
 Of music's dainty touch, than I
 The music of thy memory.

Which when I lose, O may at once my tongue
 Lose this same busy speaking art,
 Unperch'd, her vocal arteries unstrung,
 No more acquainted with my heart,
 On my dry palate's roof to rest
 A wither leaf, an idle guest!

No, no, thy good, Sion, alone must crown
 The head of all my hope-nursed joys.
 but, Edom, cruel thou! thou criedst, Down, down
 Sink Sion, down, and never rise!
 Her falling thou didst urge and thrust,
 And haste to dash her into dust!

Dost laugh? proud Babel's daughter! Do, laugh on,
 Till thy ruin teach thee tears;
 Even such as these, laugh, till a Venging throng

Of woea too late do rouse thy fears;
 Laugh, till thy children's blcciliug bones
 Weep precious tears upon the stones !

QUEM VIDISTIS PASTORES, ETC.

A Hymn of the Nativity, suny by the Shepherds.

Ciirmus.



OME, we shepherds whose blest sight
 Hath met Love's noon in Nature's night;
 Dome, lift we up our loftier song,
 And wake the sun that lies too long.

To all our worli of well-stol'n joy
 He slept, and ilreamt of no sudi thing,
 While we found out Heaven's fairer eye,
 And kiss'i the era[lie of our King ;
 Tell him he rises now too Late
 To show us alight wurth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
 Than he e'er show'il to mortal sight,
 Than he himself e'er saw before,
 Whiuli to he seen neils not his light
 Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been,
 Tell him, Thyrsia, what th' hast seen.

TITYHUS.

Gloomy night embraced the plane
 Where the noble infant lay :
 The babe look'd up, and sbuw'd His face,

In spite of darkness it was day.
 It was Thy day, sweet, and did rise,
 Not from the East, but from Thy eyes.

Chorus. It was Thy day, sweet, &c.

THYRSIS.

Winter chid aloud, and sent
 The angry North to wage his wars:
 The North forgot his fierce intent,
 And left perfumes instead of scars.
 By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,
 Where he meant frosts he scatter'd flowers.

Chorus. By those sweet eyes', &c.

BOTH.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
 Young dawn of our eternal day;
 We saw Thine eyes break from the East,
 And chase the trembling shades away:
 We saw Thee, and wo blast the sight,
 We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

TITYHUS.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
 To entertain this starry stranger?
 Is this the best thou canst bestow—
 A cold and not too cleanly manger?
 Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
 To fit a bed for this huge birth,

Ohorus. Cdntend, the powers, &c.

THYHSIS.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest,
 And let tho mighty babe alone,
 The phrenix builds the phrenix' nest,
 Love's architecture is His own.
 The babe, whose birth cmbraes this morn,
 Made His own bed ere He was born.

Ohorus. The babe whose birth, &c.

TiTYnus,

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
 Come hovering o'er the place's head,
 OfFring their whitest sheets of snow,
 Tu furnish the fair infant's bed.
 Forbear, said I, be nut too bulil,
 Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

THYHSIS.

I saw tli' obsequious seraphim
 Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
 For well they now can spurs their wings,
 Since Heaven itself lies here below.
 Well done, said I; but are you sure
 Your down, so warm, will pass for pure?

Ohorus. Well done, said I, ifcc.

BOTH.

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
 Where to repose His royal head ;
 See, see how soon His new-bloomed ulicek
 Twixt mother's breasts is gone to bed.

Sweet choice, said we, no way but su,
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in enow !

Uhurus. Sweet choice, said we, ike.

FULL CHDBUS.

Welcome all wonders in one sight!

Eternity shut in a span!

Summer in winter 1 day in night!

CHDBUS.

Heaven in earth ! and &od in man !

Great little one, whose all-embracing birth

Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth '

Welcome, tho' nor to gold, nor silk,

To more than Caesar's birthright is •

TWJ sister seas of virgin's milk,

With many a rarely-temper'd kiss,

That breathes at once both maid und mother,

Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips

Her kisses in Thy weeping eye;

She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,

That in their buds yet blushing lie.

She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries

The points of her young eagle's eyes.'

Welcome—tho' not to those gay flies,

Gilded i'th' beams of earthly kings,

Slippery souls in smiling eyes—

' This verse ia not m the version of the Paris edition of 1652.

But to pDor shepherds, homespun things,
Whose wealth's their flocks, whose wit's to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet, when young April's husband show'rs
Shull bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-burn of her flowers,
To kiss Thy feet, and crown Thy head.
To Thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
The shepherds while they feed their sheep.

To Thee, meek Mujcsty, soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves I
Eaeh of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves !
At last, in lire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrificue !





SDSPETTD D'HEKODE.

LEBRO PRIMO.

ARBDMENU.

CASTING the times with their strong signs,
Death's master His own death divines;
Struggling for help, His best hope is
Herod's suspicion may heal His :
Therefore He sends a friend to wake
The sleeping tyrant's fund mistake,
Who fears j in vain, that HB whose birth
Means heav'n should meddle with his earth,



USE, now the servant of soft loves no more,
Hate is thy theme, and Herod; whose unblest
Hand—so what dares not jealous great-
ness ?—tore

A thousand sweet babes from their mothers' breast,
The blooms of martyrdom. O, be a door
Of language to my infant lips, ye best
Of confessors ! whose throats, answering his swords,
Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke souls forwards,

Great Anthony 1 Spain's well-beseeming pride,
Thou mighty branch of emperors and kings;
The beauties of whose dawn what eye may bide,
Which with the sun himself weighs equal wings !

Map of heroic worth ! whom far anil wile
 To the believing world Fame boldly sings :
 Deign thou to wear this humble wreath that bows
 To be the sacred honour of thy brows.

Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these bright flow'rs,
 Dther than what their own blest beauties bring;
 They were the smiling sons of those sweet bow'rs
 That drink the dew of life, whose deathless spring
 Nor Syrian flame, nor 13orean frost dcflow'rs:
 From whence heav'ii-labouring beea, with busy wing,
 Suck hidden sweets, which well-digested proves
 Immortal honey for the hive of loves.

Thou, whose strong hand, with so transcendent worth,
 Holds high the reign of fair Parthenope,
 That neither Eoim¹ nor Athens can bring forth
 A name in noble deeds rival to thcc !
 Thy fame's full noise makes proud the patient earth,
 Far more than matter for my Muse and me.
 The Tyrrhene seas and shores sound all the same,
 And in their murmurs keep thy mighty nama *I*

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
 There, where one centre reconciles all things,
 The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
 Mischiefs old master: close about him tilings
 A uurl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
 His correspondent cheeks : these loathsome strings
 Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties,
 Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies,

The judge of torments, and the king of tears,
 He fills a humish'd throne of quenchless fire :
 And, for his old fair robes of light, he wears
 A gloomy mantle of dark flames ; the tire
 That crowns his hated head, on high appears,
 Whero seven tall horns, his empire's pride, aspire :
 And, to make up hell's majesty, each horn
 Seven crested Hydras horribly adorn.

His eyes, the sullen dens of death and night,
 Startle the dull air with a dismal red :
 Such his fell glances as the fatal light
 Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead :
 From his black nostrils and blue lips, in spite
 Of hell's own stink, a worsor stench is spread :
 His breath hell's lightning is : and each deep groan
 Disdains to think that heav'n thunders alone.

His flaming eyes' dire exhalation
 Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery hreath ;
 Whose unconsumed consumption preys upon
 The never-dying life of a long death.
 In this sad house of slow destruction,
 His shop of flames, he fries himself, beneath
 A mass of woes ; his teeth for torment gnash,
 While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong lash,

Three rigorous virgins, waiting still behind,
 Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptred king :
 With whips of th'orns and knotty vipers twined
 They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need a sting :

Their locks arc beds of uncomb'd snakes, that wind
About their shady brows in wanton rings:

Thus reigns tho wrathful king, and while he reigns,
His sceptre and himself both he disdains.

Disdainful wretch ! how hath one bold sin cost
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes!
How hath one black eclips'd and crost
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise !
Proud morning of a perverse day ! how lost
Art thou unto thyself, thou too self-wise

Narcissus ! foolish Phaeton ! who, for all
Thy high-aim'd hopes, gain'dst but a flaming fall.

From death's sad shades to the life-breathing air,
This mortal enemy to mankind's good
Lifts his malignant cyea, wasted with care,
To become beautiful in human blood:

"Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair
The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,

There does he fix his eyes: and there detect
New matter, to make good his great suspect.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark
Set the contending sons of heav'n on fire:

Oft in his deep thought he revolves th' dark
Sibyl's divining leaves: he does enquire
Into th' old prophecies, trembling to mark

How many present prodigies conspire

To crown their past predictions ; both he lays
Together, in his ponderous mind both weighs.

46 STEPS TO THE TEMPLE.

Heaven's golden-winged herald late he saw
TD a poor Galilean virgin sent;
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortal flow'rs to her fair hand present.
He saw th' old Hebrew's womb neglect the law
Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent
His birth, by his devotion, who began
B3times to be a saint, before a man.

He saw rich nectar-thaws release the rigour
Of th' icy North; from frost-bound Atlas' hands
His adamantine fetters fall; gruen vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks and Libyan sands ;
He saw a vernal smile sweetly disfigure
Winter's sad face, and through the flow'ry lands
Of fair Engaddi, honey-sweating fountains
With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the mountains.

He saw haw, in that blest day-bearing night,
The heav'n-rebuked shades made haste away;
How bright a dawn of angels with new light
Amazed the midnight world, and made a day
Of which the morning knew not; mad with spite,
HD mark'd how the poor shepherds ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the babe, whose birth
Was tho great business both of heav'n aijd earth.

He saw a threefold sun, with rich increase,
Moke proud the ruby portals of the East;
He saw the temple sacred to sweet Peace,
Adore her Prince's birth, flat on her breast;

He saw the falling idols all confess
A coming Deity ; he saw the neat
Of pois'nous and unnatural loves, earth-nurst,
Touch'd with the world's true antidote, to burst.

He saw licav'n blossom with a new-born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger, gazed
The gDiden eyes of night; whose beam made bright
The way to Hcthle'm, and as boldly blazed,
Nor ask'd leave of the sun, by day as night ;
Ey whom, as heav'n's illustrious handmaid, raised,
Three kings, or, what is more, three wise men nunt
Westward to find the world's true orient.

Struck with these great concurrences of things.
Symptoms su deadly unto death and him,
Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb.
He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings:
Which, like two bosom'd sails, embrace the dim
Air with a dismal shade ; but all in vain,
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

While thus heav'n's highest counsels, by the low
Footsteps of their effects, he traced too well,
He toss'd his troubled eyes, embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot fjr hell.
With his foul claws he fenced his furrow'd brow,
And gave a ghostly shriek, whose horrid yell
Kim trembling through the hollow vaults of night,
The vhilu hiS twisted toil ho gnaw'i for spite.

Yet on the other side fain would lie start
 Above his fears, and think it cannot be:
 He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart,
 And feel the pulse of every prophecy ;
 He knows, but knows not how, or by what art,
 The heav'n-expecting ages hope to see
 A mighty babe, whose pure, unspotted birth
 From a chaste virgin womb should bless the earth.

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,
 And reason—for what's faith to him ?—devour:
 How she that is a maid should prove a mother,
 Yet keep inviolate her virgin flow'r;
 How God's Eternal Son should be man's brother,
 Poast his proudest intellectual pow'r ;
 How a pure spirit should incarnate be,
 And life itself wear death's frail livery.

That the great angel-blinding light should shrink
 His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye;
 That the unmeasured God so low should sink,
 As prisoner in a few poor rags to lie;
 That from His mother's breast He milk should drink
 Who feeds with nectar heav'n's fair family;
 That a vile munger His low bed should prove
 Who thunders on a throne of stars above ;

That He whom the sun serves should faintly peep
 Through clouds of infant flesh ; that He, the old
 Eternal Word, should be a child, and weep;
 That He who made the fire should fear the cold ,

That heav'ns high majesty His court should keep
 In a clay-uottage, by each blast control'd;
 That glory's self should serve our griefs and fears;
 And free eternity submit to years :

Ani further, that the law's eternal giver
 Should bleed in His own law's obedience;
 And to the circumcising knife deliver
 Himself, the forfeit of his slaves' offence;
 That the unblumish'd Lamb, blessed for ever,
 Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense;
 These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt
 Entangles his lost thoughts, past finding out.

While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged breast,
 His gloomy bosom's darkest character
 Was in his shady forehead soon express'd.
 The forehead's shade, in grief's expression there,
 Is what in sign of joy among the blest
 The face's light'ning, or a smile is here.
 Those stings of care that his strong heart oppress'd,
 A desperate *O me!* drew from his deep breast.

O me ! thus bellow'd he; *O me!* what great
 Portents before mine eyes their pow'rs advance?
 And serve my purer sight, only to beat
 Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance ?
 Frown I; and can great nature keep her scat
 And the gay stars lead on their golden dance ?
 Can His attempts above still prosperous be,
 Auspicious still, in spite of hell and mo ?

Hehosmyheaven—whatwould He more?—whose bright
 And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear;
 And for the never-fading fields of light,
 My fair inheritance, he confines me here,
 To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,
 To draw a long-lived death, where all my cheer
 Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
 That mankind's torment waits upon my tears,

Dark, dusky man, lie needs would single forth,
 To make the partner of His own pure ray:
 And should we pow'rs of Ilcav'n, spirits of worth,
 Bow our bright heads before a king of clay ?
 It shall not be, said I, and clomb the North,
 Where never wing of angel yet made way:
 What though I miss'd my blow? yet I stroke high,
 And to dare something is some victory.

Is He not satisfied? Means He to wrest
 Hell fr3m me too, and sack my territories?
 Vile human nature means He not t' invest,—
 O my despite !—with His divinest glories ?
 And rising with rich spoils upon Hia breast,
 With His fair triumphs fill all future stories ?
 Must the bright arms of heaven rebuke these eyes?
 Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?

Art thou not Lucifer ? he to whom the droves
 Of stars that gild the morn in charge were given ?
 The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves ?
 The fairest, and the first-born smile of heaven?

Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves,
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven;
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eya
Oppress'd the common people of the skies.

Ah, wretch ! what boots thee to cost back thy eyea
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows ?
While the reflection of thy forepast joys
Renders thee double to thy present wi>es;
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.
If hell must mourn, heav'n sure shall sympathise;
What forte cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

And yet whose force fear I ? Have I so lost
Myself? my strength, too, with my innocence?
Come, try who dares, heav'n, earth, whate'er dost boast
A borrow'd being, make thy bold defence:
Come, thy Creator, too ; what though it cost
Me yet a second fall ? we'd try our strengths.
Heaven saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
Earth now should sec, and tremble at the sight.

Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause;
His foul hags raised their heads, and clupp'i their hands;
And all the powers of hell, in full applause,
Flourish'd their snakes, and toss'd their flaming brands.
We, said the horrid sisters, wait thy laws,
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands;
Be it thy part, hell's mighty lord, to lay
On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.

What thy Alecto, what these hands can do,
 Thou mad'at bold proof upon the brow of heav'n;
 Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now
 To these thy sooty kingdoms thou art driven:
 Let heav'ns Lord chide above, louder than thou,
 In language of His thunder, thou art even
 With Him below: here thou art lord alone,
 Boundless and absolute: hell is thine own,

If usual wit and strength will do no good,
 Virtues of stones, nor herbs: use stronger charms,
 Anger, and love, best hooks of human blood.
 If all fail, we'll put on our proudest arms,
 And pouring on heav'n's face the sea's huge flood,
 Quench his curl'd fires; we'll wake with our alarms
 Queen, where'er she sleeps at Nature's feet,
 And crush the world till his wide corners meet.

Replied the proud king, O my crown's defence!
 Stay of whose strong hopes, you of whose brave worth
 The frightened stars took faint experience,
 When 'gainst the thunder's mouth we marched forth:
 Still you are prodigal of your love's expense
 In our great projects, both 'gainst heav'n and earth;
 I thank you all, but one must single out,—
 Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.

Fourth of the cursed knot of hags is she,
 Or rather all the other three in one;
 Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,
 And still assists the execution:

But chiefly there docs she delight to be
 Where hell's capacious cauldron *is* set on:
 And while the black souls boil in their own gore,
 To hold them down, and look that none see the o'er.

Thrice howl'd the caves of night, and thrice the sound,
 Thund'ring upon the banks of those black lakes,
 Eung through the hollow vaults of hell profound:
 At lost her list'ning cars the noise o'ertakes,
 She lifts her sooty lamps, and looking round,
 A general hiss, from the whole tire of snakea
 Rebounding, through hull's inmost caverns caine,
 In answer to her formidable name.

'Mongst all the palaces in hell's command,
 No one so merciless as this of hers.
 The adamantine doors for ever stand
 Impenetrable, both to pray'rs anil tears;
 The wall's inexorable steel no hand
 Of Time or teeth of hungry Ruin fears.
 Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains
 Of ragged limbs, torn skulls, an I dash'd out brains.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat,
 Whose evcr-brandish'd sword ia sheath'd in blood :
 About her Hate, Wrath, War, and Slaughter sweat,
 Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.
 There rude, impetuous Rage does storm and fret:
 And there, as master of this murd'ring brood,
 Swinging a huge scythe, stands impartial Death,
 With undless business almost out of breath.

For hangings and for curtains, all along
 The walls—abominable ornaments!—
 Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung;
 Fell executioners of foul intents,
 Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong,
 Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments
 Of sin, and death, twice dipp'd in the dire stains
 Of brothers' mutual blood, and fathers' brains.

The tables furnish'd with a cursed feast,
 Which Harpies with lean Famine feed upon,
 UnfilFd for ever. Here, among the rest,
 Inhuman Erisiuhthon, too, makes one;
 Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests:
 Wolvish Lycaon here a place hath won.
 The cup they drink in is Medusa's skull,
 Which, mix'd with gall and bioud, they quaff brim full.

The foul queen's most abhorred maids of honour,
 Medea, Jezebel, many a meagre witch,
 With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her;
 But her best housewives are the Parcse, which
 Still work for her, and have their wages from her;
 They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch;
 Her cruel clothes of costly threads they weave,
 Which short-cut lives of murder'd infants leave.

The house is hears'd about with a black wood,
 Which nods with many a heavy-headed tree;
 Each flower's a pregnant poison, tried and good:
 Each herb a plague: the winds' sighs timed be

By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.
 Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
 Minotaurs, Cyclopes, with a dark drove
 Of Dragons, Hydras, Sphinxes, till the grove.

Here Diomed's horses, Phorcus' dogs appear,
 With the fierce lions of Theodamas ;
 Busiris has his bloody altar here ;
 Here Sylla his severest prison lms;
 The Lestrigonians here their table rear;
 Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brass;
 Here cruel Scyron boasts his bluntly rocks,
 And hateful Schemas his so feared oaks.

Whatever schemes of blood, fantastic frames
 Of death Mezentius, or Geryon drew ;
 Phalaris, Debus, Ezelinus, names
 Mighty in mischief, with dread Nero too;
 Here are they all; here all the swords or flames
 Assyrian tyrants, or Egyptian knew.
 Such was the house, so furnish'd was the hall,
 Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call.

Scarce to this monster could the shady king
 The horrid sum of his intentions tell;
 But she, swift as the momentary wing
 Of lightning, or the words he spoke, left hell.
 She rose, and with her to our world did bring
 Pale proof of her fell presence, th' air too well,
 With a changed countenance, witnessed the fight,
 And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

56 *STEPS TO THE TEMPLE.*

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw hell in the sight.
The fields' fair eyes saw her, and saw no mure,
But shut their flow'ry lids ; for ever night
And winter straw her way: yea, such a sure
Is she to nature, that a general fright,
An universal palsy spreading o'er
 The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
 Had not her thick snakes hid them from the sun.

Now had the night's companion from her den,
Where all the busy day she close doth lie,
With her soft wing wiped from the brows of men
Day's sweat; and by a gentle tyranny,
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their earns, tamed the rebellious eye
 Of sorrow; with a soft and downy hand
 Sealing all breasts in a Lethæan band.

When the Erinnys her black pinions sprail,
And came to Bethle'm, where the cruel king
Had now retired himself, and borrowed
His breast awhile from care's unquiet sting.
Such as at Thebes' dire feast she show'd her head,
Her sulphur-breathed torches brandishing,
 Such to the frightened palace now she comes,
 And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.

By proud usurping Herod now was borne
The sceptre, which of old great David sway'd.
Whose right by David's lineage so long worn,
Himself a stranger to, his own had made:

And from the head of Judah's house quite torn
 The crown; fur whiuh upon their necks he laid
 A sad yoke, under winch they sigh'! in vain,
 And, looking on their lust state, sigh'd again.

Up through the spacious palace passed she,
 To where the king's primilly-reposed head—
 If any can be soft to Tyranny
 And self-tormenting HIII—had a soft bed.
 She thinks not fit antli he her face should sec,
 Aa it is seen by hell; and seen with dread :
 To change her face's style she doth devise,
 And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes,

Herself awhile she lays aside, and makes
 Ready to personate a mortal part.
 Joseph the king's dead brother's shape she takes,
 What he by nature was, she is by ail,
 She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand slakes
 Hia spirits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,
 Life's forge; feign'd is her voice, and false, too, be
 Her words—Slecp'st thou, fund man? Slecp'st thou?
 said she.

So sleeps a pilot whose poor bark is press'd
 With many a merciless o'er-maat'ring wave;
 For whom, as dead, the wrathful winds contest,
 Which of them decp'st shall dig her wat'ry grave.
 Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie suppress'd
 la death-like slumbers, while thy dangers crave
 A waking eye and hand ? Look up, and aee
 The fates ripe in their great conspiracy.

Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrew's royal stem—
 That old dry stock—a despair'i branch ig sprung,
 A most strange babe! who here, conceal'l by them,
 In a neglected stable lies, among
 Beasts and base straw: already is the stream
 Quite turn'd: th'¹ ingraterul rebels this their young
 Master, with voice free as the trump of Fame,
 Their new king, and thy successor proclaim.

What busy motions, what wild engines stand
 On tiptoe in their giddy brains ? th' have fire
 Already in their bosoms ; and their hand
 Already reaches at a sword : they hire
 Poisons to speed thee ; yet through all the land
 What one comes to reveal what they conspire ?
 Go now, make much of these; wage still their wars,
 And bring home on thy breast more thankless scare.

Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,
 That thy firm hand for ever might sustain
 A well-pois'd sceptre? Does it now seem good
 Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vain ?
 'Grainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood
 In arms, when lesser cause was to complain:
 And now cross fates a watch about thec keep—
 Dan'st thou be careless now, now cau'st thou sleep?

Where art thou, man ? What cowardly mistake
 Of thy great self hath stol'n king Herod from thee ?
 D, call thyself home to thyself; wake, wake,
 And fence the hanging sword heav'n throws upon thee:

EC deem a worthy wrath; rouse thee, and shake
 Thyself into a shape that may become thee:
 Be Herod, and thim si wit not miss from me
 Immortal stings to thy great thoughts and thee.

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist
 For a beseeming bracelet she had tied—
 A special worm it was as ever kiss'd
 The foamy lips of Cerberus—she applied
 To the king's heart; the snake no sooner hisa'd,
 But virtue heard it, and away she hied;
 Dire flames diffuse themselves through every vein:
 This dune, home to her hell she hied amain.

He wakes, and with him, ne'er ta sleep, new fears:
 His sweat-bedewed bed had now betray'd him
 To a vast field of thorns; ten thousand spears,
 All pointed in his heart, secm'd to invade him:
 So mighty were th' amazing characters
 With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd him,
 He lus own faney-framed foes defies:
 In rage, My arms ! Give me my arms! he cries.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire
 The breath of artificial lungs embraves,
 The cauldrDn-prison'd waters straight conspire,
 And beat the hot brass with rebellious waves;
 He murmurs and rebukes their bold desire;
 Th'impatient lii[uor frets, and foams, and raves;
 Till his overflowing pride suppress the flame,
 Whence his high spirits und hot courage came.

So boils the fired Herod's blood-swoll'n breast,
 Not to be slaked but by a sea of blood :
 His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,
 Which on false tyrant's head ne'er firmly stood:
 The worm of jealous envy and unrest,
 To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,
 Makes him impatient of the ling'ring light,
 Hate the sweet peace of all-composing night.

A thousand prophecies that talk strange things
 Had sown of old these doubts in his deep breast;
 And now of late came tributary kings,
 Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' East;
 More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings,
 With which his ferv'rous cares their cold increased:
 And now his dream, hell's firebrand, still more bright,
 Show'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the sight,

No sooner, therefore, shall the murning see—
 Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day—
 But all his councillors must summon'd be,
 To meet their troubled lord: without delay
 Heralds and messengers immediately
 Are sent about, who, posting every way
 To th'heads and officers of every band,
 Declare who sends, and what is his command.

Why art thou troubled, Herod ? What vain fear
 Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move?
 Heav'n's King, who doffs Himself weak flesh to wear,
 Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love:

Nor would lie this thy fcar'il crown from thee tear,
But give Thee a better with Himself above.

Poor jealousy ! Why should He wish to prey
Upon thy crewii, who gives Ilia own away?

Maku to thy reason, man, ami mock thy doubts;
Look how below thy frnrs their causes arc.
Thou art u soldier, Herod ! Sund thy scouts,
See how He's fuuuiish'il for so fcar'il a war.
What amiour docs low par? a few thin clouta.
His trumpets? tender crips. His men to dare
So much? rude shepherds. What his steeds ? alas,
Poor beasts ! a slow ox, and a simple ass.

IL FINE DEL LIDFit) PIUMO.

ON A PRAYER-BODK SENT TO MRS. M. R.



So, here a little volume, but great book!
A lies I of new-born sweets,
Whose native pages disdaining
To be thus fulded, and complaining
Of these ignoble sheets,
Affeut more comely bands,
Fair one, from thy kind hands,
AnJ confidently look
To find the rest
Of a rich binling in your breast.'

- Sj m the Paris Bilitiun of 1552, In all the others—
Ft-iir it nut, swtet,
It isnu hypocrite,
Much larger in itself, than in its look!

It is in one choice handful, heaven ; and all
 Heaven's royal hosts encamp'd, thus small
 To prove that true schools use to tell,
 A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is love's great artillery,
 Which here cuntracts itself, and comes to lie
 Close couch'd in their white hosom ; and from thence,
 As from a snowy fortress of defence,
 Against their ghostly foe to take their part,
 And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is an armoury of light;
 Let constant use but keep it bright,
 You'll find it yields
 To holy hands and humble hearts,
 More swords and shields
 Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.

Only be sure
 The hands be pure
 That hold these weapons, and the eyca
 Those of turtles, chaste, and trus,
 Wakeful, and wise.
 Here's a friend shall fight for you;
 Hold but this book before your heart,
 Let prayer alone to play his part.

But, D 1 the heart
 That studies this high art
 Must be a sure housekeeper,
 And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong,
 Mercy will come ere long,
 And bring her bosom full of blessings,
 Flowers of never-fading graces ;
 To make immortal dressings
 For worthy souls, whoac wise embraces
 Store up themselves for Him who is alone
 The spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble bridegroom when He cornea
 Shall find the wand'ring heart from home,
 Leaving hor chaste abode
 To gad abroad:
 Amongst the gny mates of the god of flies
 To take her pleasure, and to play
 And keep the Devil's holy day;
 To donee in the sunshine of some smiling,
 But beguiling

Spheres of sweet and sugar'd lies,
 Some slippery pair
 Of false, perhaps, as fair
 Flattering, but foreswearing eyes.

Doubtless some other heart
 Will get the start
 Meanwhile, and, stepping in before,
 Will take possession of that sacred store
 Of hidden sweets, and holy joys,
 Words wliieh are not heard with ~~ear~~—

These tumultuous shops of noise—
 Effectual whispers, whose still voice
 The soul itself more feels than hears.

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
 Sights which are not seen with eyes,
 Spiritual and soul-piercing glances:
 Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
 Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire;
 And melts it down in sweet desire:
 Yet does not stay
 To ask the windows leave to pass that way.

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
 Of soul; dear and divine annihilations ;
 A thousand unknown rites
 Of joys, and rapt delights,

A hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces,
 And many a mystic thing,
 Which the divine embraces
 Of the dear spouse of spirits with them will **bring** ;
 For which it is no shame
 That dull mortality must not know a name.

Of all this store
 Of blessings, and ten thousand more,
 If when He come
 He find the heart from home,
 Doubtless He will unload
 Himself some otherwhere,

And pour abroad
 His precious sweets,
 On the fair soul whom first he meets.

f) fair! O fortunate ! O rich ! O dear !

O happy, and thrice happy she,
 Dear silver-breasted dove
 Whoe'er she be,
 Whose early love,
 With winged vows,

Makes haste to meet her morning spouse,
 And close with his immortal kisses !

Happy, indeed, who never misses
 To improve that precious hour :

And every day

Seize her sweet prey,

All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
 Dropping, with a balmy shower,
 A delicious dew of smiles.

O, let the blissful heart hold fast

Her heavenly arms, she shall taste

At once ten thousand paradises;

She shall have power

To rifle and deflower

The rich and rascal spring of those rare sweets,

Which with a swelling bosom there she meets,

Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures

Of pure inebriating pleasures ;

Happy proof she shall discover,

What joy, what bliss,

How many heavens at once it is,
To have a Grod become her hver!

ON MR. G. HERBERT'S BOOK,

*Entitled, " The Temple of Sacred Poems" sent to a
(jrenthwoman.*



KNO W you, fair, on what you look ?
Divineſt luvè lies in this book,
 Expecting fire from your eyes,
 To kindle this His ſacrifice.
 When your hands untie theſe ſtrings,
 Think you've an angel by the wings;
 One that gladly will be nigh
 To wait upon each morning ſigh,
 To flutter in the balmy air
 Of your well-perfumi'd prayer.
 Theſe white plumes of His He'll lend you,
 Which evi'ry day to heaven will ſend you;
 To take acquaintance of the ſphere,
 And all the ſmooth-faced kindred there.
 And though Herbert's name do owe
 Theſe devotions, faireſt, know
 That while I lay them on the ſhrine
 Of your white hand, they are mine.

A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOUR OF
THE ADMIRABLE SAINT TERESA,

Foundress of the Reformation of the disgraced Uannelites, both men and women; a woman for angelical height of speculation, for masculine couraye of performance, more than a woman; who, yrt a child, outrun maturity, and durst pht (f martyrdom.



LOVE, thou art absolute, sole Lord
Of life anil death. To prove the word,
Wu'll now appeal to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, great mid tall,
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down
With strong arms their triumphant crown:
Suuh as eoulil with lusty breath
Speak bud, unto the face of death,
Their great Lord's glurious name; to none
Of thone whose .spaeioiiiH bosoms sprpad u throne
For love at large to fill; spore blood and sweat:
We'll see Him tuke a private seat,
And make His inminimi in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce has she learnt to lisp a name
Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent can buy so brave a death.

She never undertook to know
 What death with love should have to do.
 Nor has she e'er yet understood
 Why, to show love, she should shed blood;
 Yet, though she cannot tell you why,
 She can love, and she can die.
 Scarce has she blood enough to make
 A guilty Hwuri blush tor her sake;
 Yet has a heart dares hope to prove
 How much less strong is death than luve.

Be love but there; let poor six years
 Be posei with the matured fears
 Man trembles at, we straight shall find
 Love knows no nonage, nor the mind.
 'Tia love, not yearis or limbs, that can
 Make the martyr, or the man.
 Love toucYd her heart, and lo ! it beats
 High, and burns with such brave heats;
 Such thirst to die, as dares drink up
 A thousand cold deaths in one cup.
 Grood reason, for she breathes all fire;
 Jler weak breast heaves with strong desire
 Of what she may, with fruitless wishes,
 Seek fur amongst her mother's kissca.

Since 'tis not to be hai at home,
 She'll travel to a martyrdom.
 No home for her confesses she,
 But where she may a martyr be,
 She'll to the Moors, and trade with them,
 For this unvalued diadem;

She offers them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in't, in change for death:
She'll bargain with them, and will give
ThEm (joil, anil teach them how to live
In Him ; or, if they this deny,
For Him she'll tcauh them how to die.
Su shall she leave amongst them sown,
Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.

Farewell then, all the world, adieu !
Teresa is no more for you.
Farewell all pleasures, sports, and joys,
Never till now cstewnd toys !
Farewell whatever dear may be,
Mother's aims, or father's knee !
Farewell house, and farewell home !
She's for the Moors and martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast; lo ! thy fair spouse,
Whom thou seek'.st with so swift vows,
Calls the back, and bids thcc tome
T^l embrace a milder martyrdom.

Blest pow'rs forbid, thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife,
Or some base hand have power to rase
Thy breast's chaste cabinet, and unwise
A soul kept there ao sweet. O, no,
Wise heaven will never have it so:
Thou art love's victim, and must die
A death more mystical and high !

Into love's arms thou shalt lot fall
 A still surviving funeral.

His is the dart must make the death,
 Whose stroke will taste thy hallow'd breath;
 A dart thrice dipp'd in that ru-h flame
 Which writes thy spouse's radiant name
 Upon the roof of heaven, where ays
 It shines, and, with a sovereign ray,
 Beats bright upon the burning faces
 Of souls, which in that name's sweet graces
 Find everlasting smiles. So rare,
 So spiritual, pure and fair,
 Must be the immortal instrument
 Upon whose choice point shall be spent
 A life so loved: and that there be
 Fit executioners for thee,
 The fairest first-born sons of fire,
 Blest seraphim, shall leave their quire,
 And turn love's soldiers, upon thee
 To exercise their archery.

O, how oft shalt thou complain
 Of a sweet and subtle pain !
 Of intolerable joys!
 Of a death, in which who dies
 Loves his death, and dies again,
 And would for ever so be slain
 And lives and dies, and knows not why
 To live, but that he still may die!

How kindly will thy gentle heart
 Kiss the sweetly-killing dart!
 And close in his embraces keep
 Those delicious wounds, that weep
 Balsam, to heal themselves with thee,
 When thrice¹ thy deaths, so numerous,
 Shall all at once (lie into one,
 And melt thy soul's sweet mansion;
 Like a soft lump of incense, hastened
 By too hot a fire, and wasted
 Into perfuming clouds, so fast
 Shalt thou exhale— to heaven at last
 In a resolving sigh, and then,—
 O, what? Ask not the tongues of men.

Angels cannot tell; suffice,
 Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys,
 And hold them fast for ever there.
 As soon as thou shalt first appear,
 The moon of maiden stars, thy white
 Mistress, attended by such bright
 Souls as thy shining self, shall come,
 And in her first ranks make thee room;
 Where, 'mongst her snowy family,
 Immortal welcomes wait for thee.
 O, what delight, when she shall stand
 And teach thy lips heaven, with her hand,
 On which thou now mayst to thy wishes
 Heap up thy consecrated kisses.
 What joy shall seize thy soul, when she,

Bending her blessed eyes on thee,
 Those second smiles of heaven, shall dart
 Her mild rays through thy melting heart!

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
 Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
 All thy good works which went before,
 And waited for thee at the door,
 Shall own thee there: and all in one
 Weave a constellation
 Of crowns, with which the king, thy spouse,
 Shall build up thy triumphant brows.
 All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
 And thy pains sit bright upon thee:
 All thy sorrows here shall shine,
 And thy sufferings be divine.
 Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
 And wrongs repent to diadems.
 Even thy death shall live; and new
 Dress the soul which late they slew.
 Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars
 As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works, where thou shalt leave writ
 Love's noble history, with wit
 Taught thee by none but Him, while here
 They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
 Each heavenly word by whose hid flame
 Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
 Shall flourish on thy brows; and be
 Both fire to us and flame to thee :
 WhusB light shall live bright in thy face

By glory, in our hearts hy grace.
 Thou shalt look round about, and Bee
 Thousands of crown'd souls throng to he
 Themselves thy crown, sons of thy vows,
 The virgin-births with which thy spouse
 Made fruitful thy fair soul; gu now,
 And with them all about thee bow
 To Him ; put on, He'll say, put un
 My rosy love, that thy rich zone,
 Sparkling with the saured flames
 Of thousand souls, whose happy names
 , Heaven keeps upon thy score, thy bright
 Life brought them first to kiss the light
 That kindled them to stars ; and so
 Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go.
 And, wheresoB'cr He sets His white
 Steps, walk with Him those ways of light,
 Which who in [bath would live to see,
 Must learn in life to flic like thee?.

AN APDLOGY FOR THE PRECEDENT
 HYMN,

*As leaving been written when the AutJwr was yet a
 Protestant.*



THUS have I back again to thy bright name,
 Fair flood of holy tiros ! transfused the flame
 I took from reading thee. 'Tis to thy wrong,
 I know, that in my weak and worthless song
 Thou here art set to shine, where thy full day

Scarce dawns. O, pardon, if I dare to say
 Thine own dear books are guilty: for from then ce
 I learnt to know that love is eloquence,
 That heavenly maxim gave me heart to try
 If, what to other tongues is tuned so high,
 Thy praise might not speak English, too ; forbii,
 By all thy mysteries that here lie hid,
 Forbid it, mighty love ! let no fond hate
 Of names and words so far prejudicatc ;
 Souls arc not Spaniards, too, one friendly flood
 Of baptism blends them all into one blood.
 Christ's faith makes but one body of all souls,
 And love's that body's soul; no law controls
 Our free traffic for heaven; we may maintain
 Peace, sure, with piety, though it come from Spain.
 What soul soe'er in any language can
 Speak heaven like hers is my suul's countryman.
 O, 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis heaven she speaks,
 'Tis heaven that lies in ambush there, and breaks
 From thence into the wond'ring reader's breast,
 Who finds his warm heart hatch into a nest
 Of little eagles and young loves, whose high
 Flights acorn the lazy dust, and things that die.
 There are enow, whose draughts, as deep as hell,
 Drink up all Spain in sack. Let my soul swell
 With thee, strong wine of love ! let others swim
 In puddles; we will pledge this Seraphim
 Bowls full of richer blood than blush uf grape
 Was ever guilty of; change we, too, our shape,
 My soul! Some drink from men to beasts; O, then,
 Drink WB till we prove more, not less, than men:

And turn not beasts, but angels. Let the king
 Me ever into these His cellars bring,
 Where flows such wine as we can have of none
 But him who trod the winepress all alone:
 Wine of youth's life, and the sweet deaths of love ;
 Wine of immortal mixture, which can prove
 Its tinbure from the rosy nectar; wine
 That can exalt weak earth; and so refine
 Our dust, that at one draught mortality
 May drink itself up, and forget to die.

ON A TREATISE OF CHARITY.



RISE, then, immortal maid ! religion rise !
 Put on thyself in thine own looks : t' our eyes
 Be what thy beauties, not our blots, have
 inntie thee;

Such an, ere our dark SULES to dust betray'd thcc,
 Heav'n set thee down new-dress'd; when thy bright birth
 Shut thee like lightning to th' astonish'd earth.
 From th' dawn of thy fair eyelids wipe away
 Dull mists and melancholy clouds: take iay
 And thine own beams about thec: bring the best
 Of whatso'er psrfumed thy eastern nest.
 Gird all thy glories to thcc: then sit down,
 Open this book, fair queen, and take thy crown.
 Theso learned leaves shall vindicate to thee
 Thy holiest, humblest, handmaid, Charity ;
 She'll dress thce like thyself, set thee on high
 Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each eye.

Lo! where I see thy oiFrings wake, and rise
 From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice
 Which they themselves were; Bach imc putting on
 A majesty that may beseem thy throne.

The holy youth of heav'n, whose golden rings
 Girt round thy awful altars, with bright wings
 Fanning thy fair locks, which the world believes
 As much as sees, shall with these sacred leaves
 Trick their tail plumes, and in that garb shall go
 If not more glorious, more conspicuous though.

-Be it enacted, then,

By the fair laws of thy firm-pointed pen,
 God's services nu longer shall put on
 A sluttishness for pure religion :
 No longer shall our churches' frighted stones
 Lie scatter'd like the burnt and martyr'd bones
 Of dead devotion; nor faint marbles weep
 In their sad ruins ; nor religion keep
 A melancholy mansion in thjse cold
 Urns; like (rod's sanctuaries they look'd of old;
 Now seem they temples consecrate to none,
 Or to a new god, Desolation.
 No more th' hypocrite shall th' upright be
 Because he's stiff, and will confess no knee :
 While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou,
 Disdainful dust and ashes, bend thy brow,
 Nor on Grod's altar cast two scorching eyes,
 Baked in hot scorn, for a burnt sacrifice ;
 But, for a lamb, thy tame and tender heart,
 New struck by love, still trembling on hia dart ;
 Or, for two turtle-doves, it shall suffice

To bring a pair of meek and humble eyes;
 This shall from henceforth be the masculine them»
 Pulpits and puns shall sweat in; to redeem
 Virtue to autiuu ; that life-feeding flame
 That keeps religion warm : not swell a name
 Of faith, a mountain-word, made up of air,
 With those dear spoils that want to dress the fair
 And fruitful charity's full breasts, of old,
 Turning her out to tremble in the cold.
 What can the poor hope from ua ? when we be
 Uncharitable even to Uhnrity.

ON THE &LDRIOUS ASSUMPTION OF THE
 BLESSED VIR&IN.



HARK ! she is call'il, the parting hour is come;
 Take thy farewell, poor world, Heaven must
 go home.

A pu'cc of heavenly light, purer and brighter
 Than the chaste stars, whose rliuicehumps come to light her,
 While through the crystal orbs, elcarer than they,
 She climbs, and makes a far more milky way.
 She's call'd again; hark! how th'immortal down
 Sighs to his silver mate: rise up, my love,
 Eisc up, my fair, my spotless one!
 The winter's past, the rain is gone :
 The spring is come, the flowers appear,
 No sweets, since thou arc wanting here.

Come away, my love;
 Come away, my dove;
 Cast i'ff delay:
 The court of heav'n is come,
 To wait upon thee home ;
 Come away, come away.

She's call'il again, and will she go ?
 When heav'n hi is come, who can say no ?
 Heav'n calls her, and she must away;
 Heav'n will not, and she cannot stay.
 Go then, go, glorious, on the golden wings
 Of the bright youth of heaven, that sings
 Under so sweet a burden • go,
 Since thy great Son will have it so :
 And while thim go'st, our song and we
 Will, as we may, reach after thee.
 Hail! holy queen of humble heart?,
 We in thy praise will have our parts;
 And though thy dearest looks must now be light
 To none but the blest heavens, AvliDsc bright
 Beholders, lost in swoct delight,
 Feed for ever their fair sight
 With those divinest eyes, whiuh we
 And our dark world no more shall sec.
 Though our poor joys are parted so,
 Yet shall our lips never let go
 Thy gracious name, but to the last
 Our toving song shah¹ hold it fast.

Thy sacred name shall be
 Thyself to us, and we

With huly carea will keep it by us ;
 We to the last
 Will hold it fast,
 Ani no assumption shall deny us.
 All sweetest showers
 Offairest flowers
 We'll strew upon it:
 Though our sweetness cannot make
 It sweeter, they may take
 Themselves new sweetness from it.

Maria, men ani angels sing,
 Maria, mother of our King.
 Live, rarest princess, ani may the bright
 Drown of a most incomparable light
 Embrace thy radiant brows ! O, may the best
 Of everlasting joys bathe thy white breast!
 Live our chaste love, the holy miiih
 Of hsaven, and humble pride of earth :
 Live crown of women, queen of men :
 Live mistress of our song; and when
 Our weak desires have done their best,
 Sweet angels come, and sing the rest!

A HYMN DN THE CIRCUMCISION DF OUR
 LORD.



RISE, thou best and brightest morning,
 Rosy with a double red;
 With thine own blush thy uhceks adorning,
 Ani the dear drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride of laces,
The crimson curtains of thy bed;
Gili thee not with so sweet graces,
Nur set thee in flo rich a red.

Of all the fair-cheek'd flowers that fill thee,
None so fair thy bosom strews,
As this modest maiden lily
Our sins huve shame I into a rose.

Bid the golden god, the sun,
Burnish'd in his best beams rise,
Put all his red-eyed rubies on,—
These rubies shall put out his eyea,

Let him make poor the purple East,
Search what the world's close cabinets keep,
Rob the rich births of each bright nest
That flaming in their fair beds sleep.

Let him embrace his own bright tresses
With a new morning made of gems;
And wear, in those his wealthy dresses,
Another day uf diadems.

When he hath done all he may,
To make himself rich in his rise,
All will be darkness to the day
That breaks from one of these bright eyes.

And soon this sweet truth shall appear,
Dear babe, ere many days be done.

The morn shall come to meet thcc here,
And leave the long-adored sun.

Here arc beauties shall bereave him
Of all his eastern paramours :
His Persian lovers all shall leave him,
And swear faith tu thy sweeter powers.

Nor while they leave him shall they lose the sun,
But in thy fairest eyes find two for one.'

ON HOPE.

*By way vf Question and Answer, between A. Uowley
and R. Crajshaw.*

CUWLKY.

H OPE, whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike, if it succeed and if it miss :
Whom ill and good doth equally confound.
And both the horns uf fate's dilemma wound.
Va,\n shadow ! that doth vanish quite
Both at full noon and perfect night:
The Fates have not a possibility
Of blessing thee.
Tf things, then, from their cuds we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

CRASHAW.

Dear Hape ! earth's dowry, and heaven's debt,
The entity of things that arc not yet:

' These two lines are not in the version of the Pana edition of 1552.

Subtlest, hut surest being! Thou by whom
 Dur nothing hath a definition:

Fair cloud of fire ! both shade anil light,
 our life in death, our day in night:

Fates cannot find out a capacity

Of hurting thus.

From thee their thin dilemma with blunt horn
 Shrinks, like the sick muun at the wholesome mom.

CoWLEY.

Hope, thou bold taster of delight,
 Who, stead of doing so, devour'st it ijuite;
 Thou bring'at us an estate, yet Icav'st us poor
 By clogging it with legacies before.

The joys which we entire should wed

Dome deflower'd virgins to our bed :

Goad fortunes without gain imported be,

So mighty custom's paid to thee !

For joy, like wine kept close, doth better taste,
 If it take air before its spirits waste,

DHASHAW.

Thou art love's legacy under lock
 Of faith: the steward of our growing stock:
 Our crown-lands lie above, yet each meal brings
 A seemly portion for the sons of kings.

Nor will the virgin-joys we wed

Dume less unbroken to our bed,

Because that from the bridal cheek of bliss

Thou thus steal'st down a distant kiss ;

Hope's chaste kiss wrongs no more joy's maidenhead,
 Than spousal rites prejudice the marriage-bed.

UoWLEY.

Hope, Fortune's cheating lottery,
 Where for one prize an hundred blanks therb be •
 Fond archer, Hope, who tak'st thine aim so far,
 That still or short or wide thine arrows are:
 Thine empty uloud the eye itself deceives
 With shapes that our own fancy gives :
 A cloud which gilt and painted now appear,
 But must drop presently in tears.
 When thy false beams o'er reason's light prevail,
 By *inyes fatui*, not North stars, we sail.

CRASHAW.

Fair Hope ! our earlier heaven, by thee
 Young Time ia taster to Eternity.
 The generous wine with age grows strong, not smu ;
 Nor need we kill thy fruit to smell thy fluwpr.
 Thy golden head never hangs down,
 Till in the lap of love's full noon
 It falls and dies. 0, no, it melts away
 As doth the dawn into the day:
 As lumps of sugar lose themselves, and twine
 Their subtle essence with the soul of wine.

CDWLEY.

Brother of Fear! more gaily clod,
 The merrier fool o' th' two, yet ijuite us mad.
 Sire of repentance ! shield of fond desire,
 That blows the chymic's and the lover's fire,
 Still leading them insensibly on,
 With the strange witchcraft of Anon !

By thee the one doth changing nature through
 Her endless labyrinths pursue,
 And th' otjier chases woman, while she goes
 More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

DEASHAW.

Fortune, alas ! above the world's law wars:
 Hope kicks the curled heads of conspiring stars
 Her keel cuts not the waves where our winds stii,
 And Fate's whole lottery is one blank to her.
 Her shafts and she fly far above,
 And forage in the fields of light and lovi?.
 Sweet Hope! kind uhcat! fair fallacy ! by thee
 We are not where or what we be,
 But what and where we would : thus art thou
 our absent presence, and our future now.

CBASHAW.

Faith's sister! nurse of fair desire !
 Fear's antidote! a wise, a well-stay'd fire
 Temper'd 'twixt cold despair and torrid joy:
 Queen regent in young love's minority!
 Though the vex'd chymic vainly chases
 His fugitive gold through all her faces,
 And love's more fierce, more fruitless fires assay
 One face more fugitive than they,
 True Hope's a glorious huntress, and her chase,—
 The Bod of nature in the field uf grace 1

THE
DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES;

OR, OTHER PDEMS

WRITTEN ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

BY RIDHARD DRASHAW.

MART. DIC MIHI QUID MELIDB DESID1DBUB AGA6.



THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES.

MUSIC'S DUEL.



OW westward Sol had spent the richest
beams
Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the
streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet lute's master : in whose gentle airs
lie lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood:—
The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their Syren, harmless Syren she,—
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
The musiu's soft report, and mould the same
In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.
The man perceived his rival, ani her ail;
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet *prw ludium*

Of closer strains; and ere the war begin
He slightly skirmishes on every string,
Charged with a flying touch; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily
Into a thousand sweet distinguished tones ;
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know
By that shrill taste she could do something too.

His nimble hand's instinct then taught each string
A cap'ring cheerfulness; and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together, then distinctly trips
From this to that, then, quick returning, skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt—
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out—
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note
Through the sleek passage of her open throat:
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that, being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly shared,
With her sweet self she wrangles; he, amazed
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare ert
The tattling strings—each breathing in his part—
Moat kindly do fall out; the grumbling base

In surly groans disdains the treble's graco ;
 The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides
 Until his finger—moderator—hides
 An! closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all,
 Hoarse, shrill, at once: as when the trumpets call
 Ii)t Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
 Men's hearts into their hands • this lesson, too,
 She gives him back, her supple breast thrills out
 Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
 Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
 And folds in waved nutes, with a trembling bill,
 The pliant series of her slippery song ;
 Then starts she suddenly intj a throng
 Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring vullies float
 And roll themselves over her lubric throat
 In panting murmurs, 'still'd out of her breast,
 That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
 Of her di'lieious soul, that there does lit;
 Huthing in streams of liquid melody,—
 Music's best scud-plot; when in ripen'i airs
 A gulden-headed harvest fairly rears
 His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath,
 Which there reciprocally laboureth.
 In that sweet sjil it seems a holy quire
 Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre ;
 Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
 Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats
 In cream of morning Helicon; und then
 Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
 That men can sleep while they their matins sing ;—

Most divine service ! whose so early lay
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song;
Still keeping in the forward stream so long,
Till a sweet whirlwind, striving to get out,
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast;
Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild cchos, prattling fly.
She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the waved back of every swelling strain,
Eising and falling in a pompous train ;
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs,, she qualifies their zeal
With the uol cpoed of a graver nute ;
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach ths brazen voice of war's hoarse bird ;
Her little soul is ravish'd: and so pour'il
Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed
Above herself—music's enthusiast!

Shame now and anger mixed a double stain
In the musician's face ; yet once again,
Mistress, I come, Now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute;
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy !
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,

Ani with a quivering coyness tastes the strings:
 The swcct-lipp'd sisters, musically frighted,
 Singing their fears, urc fearfully delighted:
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
 Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
 Of his own breath, which, married to his lyre,
 Doth tunethcsphercsjandmakcheavcn'ssselflookhigher,
 From this to that, from that to this, he flies,
 Feels music's pulse in all her arteries;
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
 Following those little rills, he sinks into
 A sea of Helicon ; his hand does go
 Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup:
 The humourous strings expound his learned touch
 Jly various glosses; now they seem to grutch
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
 In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single;
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke,
 Gives life to some new grace: thus doth he invoke
 Sweetness by all her names ; thus, bravely thus—
 Fraught with a fury so harmonions—
 The lute's light Genius now docs proudly rise,
 Heaved on the surges of swoll'n rhapsodies,
 Whose flourish, meteor-like, doth curl the air
 With flash of high-born fancies ; here ani there
 Dancing in lofty measures, anil anon
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
 Whoso trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,
 Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;

Because those precious mysteries that dwell
 In music's ravish'd soul he iare not tell,
 But whisper to tho world: thus do thuy vary
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
 Their master's blest soul, snatch'd out at his cars
 By a strong ecstasy, **through all the spheres**
 Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high
 In th' *empyraswm* of pure harmony.
 At length—after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety, attending ou
 His fingers' fairest revolution,
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall—
 A full-niuuth'd diapason swallows ah'.

This done, he lists what she would say to this ;
 And she, although her breath's late exercise
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
 Alas, in vain ! for while, sweet soul, she tries
 To measure all those wild diversities
 Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
 Poor simple voice, rnised in a natural tone,
 She fails; and failing, grieves; and grieving, dies ;—
 She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
 Falling upon his lute. O, fit to have—
 That lived so sweetly—dead, so sweet a grave!

UPON THE DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN.

F AITHLESS and fond mortality,
 Who will ever credit thee?
 Fond and faithless thing ! that thus
 In our best hopes beguilcst us,
 What a reckoning hast thou made
 Of the hopes in him we laid !
 For life by volumes lengthened,
 A line or two to speak him dead.
 For the laurel in his verse,
 The sullen cypress o'er his hearse.
 For a silver-crowned head,
 A dirty pillow in death's bed.
 For so dear, so deep a trust,
 Sad requital, thus much dust!
 Now though the blow that snatuh'd him heiu
 Stopp'd the mouth of eloquence,
 Though she be dumb e'er since his death,
 Not used to speak but in his breath ;
 Yet if, at least, she not denies
 The sad language of our eyes,
 \Ve arc contented ; for than this
 Language none more fluent is.
 Nothing speaks our grief so well,
 As to speak nothing. Come, then, tell
 Thy mind in tears, whoe'er thou be
 That ow'st a name to misery ;

Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,
 And there be words not made with lungs ;—
 Sententious showers ! O, let them fall,
 Their uadunce is rhetorical.
 Here's a theme will drink th' expend?
 Of all thy wat'ry eloquence;
 Weep then, only be expressed
 Thus much, He's dead; and weep the rest.

UPON THE DEATH OF MR. HERRYS .



PLANT of noble stem, forward and fair,
 As ever whisper'd to the morning air,
 Thrived in these happy grounds; the
 earth's just pride,
 Whose rising glories made such haate to hide
 His head in clouds, as if in him alone
 Impatient nature had taught motion
 To start from time, and cheerfully to fly
 Before, and seize upon maturity.
 Thus grew this gracious plant, in whose aweet shade
 The sun himself oft wish'd tu sit, and made
 The morning Muses perch like birds, and sing
 Among his branches; yea, and vow'd to bring
 His own delicious phoenix from the blest
 Arabia, there to build her virgin nest,
 To hatch herself in 'mongst his leaves: the day
 Fresh from the rosy East rejoiced to play:
 To them she gave the first and fairest beam

That waited on her birth ; she gave to them
The purest pearls, that wept her evening death;
The balmy Zephyrus got so sweet a breath,
By often kissing them, and now begun
Glad time to ripen expectation :
The timorous maiden-blossoms on each bough
Peep'd forth from their first blufihcs: so that now
A thousand ruddy hopes smiled in each bud,
And flutter'd every greedy eye that stood
Fix'd in delight, as if already there
These rare fruits dangled, whence the golden year
His crown expected; when—O Fate ! O Time!
That seldom lett'st a blushing youthful prime
Hide his hob beams in shade of silver age !
So rare is hoary virtue—the dire rage
Of a mad storm these bloomy joys all tore,
Ravish'd the maiden blossoms, and down bore
The trunk; yet in this ground his precious root
Still lives, which, when weak time shall be poured out
Into eternity, and uircular joys
Dance in an endless round, again shall rise,
The fair sun of an ever-youthful spring,
To be a shade for angels while they sing!
Meanwhile, wliDe'er thou art that passcst here,
O, do thou water it with one kind tear !

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST DESIRED
MR. HERRYS.



DEATH, what dost? O, hold thy Mow;
 What thou dost, thou dost not know.
 Death, thou must not here be cruel,
 This is Nature's choicest jewel!
 This is he in whose rare frame
 Nature laboured for a name;
 And meant to leave his precious feature
 The pattern of a perfect creature.
 Joy of goodness, love of art,
 Virtue wears him next her heart:
 Him the Muses love to follow,
 Him they call their vine-Apollo!
 Apollo, golden though thou be,
 Th' art not fairer than is he;
 Nor more lovely lift'st thy head,
 Blushing from thine Eastern bed;
 The glories of thy youth ne'er knew
 Brighter hopes than he can show!
 Why, then, should it ere be seen,
 That his should fade while thine is green?
 And wilt thou, O cruel boast,
 Put poor Nature to such cost?
 O, 'twill undo our common mother,
 To be at charge of such another.
 What! think we to no other end,

Gracious heavens do use to send
Earth her best perfection,
But to vanish and be *gone* ?
Therefore, only give to-day,
To-morrow to be snatch'd away?
I've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose, that stood
Blushing to behold the ray
Of the new-saluted day—
His tender top not fully spread—
The sweet dash of a shower now shed,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himself the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when, lo !
\While he sweetly 'gan to show
His swelling glories, Auster spied him,
Cruel Auster thithur hied him,
And with the rush of one rude blast
Shamed not spitefully to waste
All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I've seen the morning's lovely ray
Hover o'ur the new-bom day,
With rosy wings so richly bright,
As if lie scorn'd to think of night;
When a ruddy storm, whose scowl
Made heaven's radiant face look foul,
Pall'd for an untimely night
To blot the newly-blossom'd light.
But were the rose's blush so rare,
Were tha morning's smile so fair

As is he, nor cloud nor wind
 But would be courteous, would be kind.
 Spare him, Death, D, spare him then,
 Spare the sweetest among men:
 Let not Pity with her tears
 Keep such distance from thine cars;
 But, O, thou wilt not, can'st not spare,
 Haste hath never time to hear;
 Therefore, if he needs must go,
 And the Fates will have it so,
 Softly may he be possessed
 Of his monumental rest!
 Safe, thou dark home of the deal,
 Safe, O hide his loved head!
 For pity's sake, O hide him quite,
 From his mother Nature's sight:
 Lest, for the grief his loss may move,
 All her births abortive prove.

IN EUNDEM SCAZDN.



UC hospes, Deuba flcute, sed lacriuiis L-a»cos,
 Legit Dptime hoec, quern legcre nou tmiit
 flectus.

Ars nuper et natura, forma, virtusque
 jEmulatione fervidEC, paciscuntur
 Probare in uno juvene quid qucant omnes,
 Fuerc tantre terra nuper fuit liti
 Ergo hie ab ipso judicem maneat C03lu.'

- From the edition of 1540.

ANOTHER.



H ever Pity were acquainted
 With stern death ; if e'er lie fainted
 Or forgot the cruel vigour
 Of on adamantine rigour,
 Here, O, here, we should have known it,
Here or nowhere he'd have shown it.
 For he whose precious memory
 BatliL-s in tears of every eye :
 Ho to whom our sorrow brings
 All the streams of all her springs,
 Was so rich in grace and nature,
 In all the gifts that hiess a creature ;
 The fresh hopes of his lovely youth
 Flourished in so fair a growth ;
 So sweet the temple was that shrined
 The sacred sweetness of his mind ;
 That could the Fates know to relent ;
 Uould they know what mercy meant ;
 Or had ever learnt to hear
 The soft tinctuic of a tear ;
 Tears would now have flow'd so deep
 As might have taught grief how to weep ;
 Now all their steely operation
 Would quite have lost the cruel fashion :
 Sickness would have gludly been
 Sick himself to have saved him :
 And his fever wish'd to prove

Burning only in his love ;
 Him when wrath itself had seen,
 Wrath itself had lost his spleen ;
 Grim destruction here amazed,
 Instead of striking would have gazed ;
 Even the iron-pointed pen,
 That notes the tragic dooms of men,
 Wet with tears stillM from the eyes
 Of the flinty destinies,
 Would have learnt a softer style,
 And have been ashamed to spoil
 His life's sweet story, by the haste
 Of a cruel stop ill placed
 In the dark volume of our fate,
 Whence each leaf of life hath date ;
 Where, in sad particulars,
 The total sum of man appears ;
 And the short clause of mortal breath
 Bound in the period of death.
 In all the book if anywhere
 Suuh a term an this, " Spare here,"
 Could have been found, 'twould have been read,
 Writ in white letters o'er hia head :
 Dr close unto his name anncx'd
 The fair gloss of a fairer text.
 In brief, if any one were free,
 He was that one, and only he.
 But he, alas ! even he is dead,
 And our hopes' fair harvest spread
 In the dust! pity now spend
 All the tears that grief can hod:

Sod mortality may hide
 In his ashes all her pride,
 With this inscription o'er his head:—
 All hope of never dying here lies dead.

HIS EPITAPH.

DASSENGrER, whoe'er thim nrt,
 Stay awhile, and let thy heart
 Take acquaintance of this stone,
 Before thou passest further on.

This stone will tell thcc that beneath
 Is entomb'd the crime of death ;
 The ripe endowments of whose mind
 Left his years so much behind,
 That, numb'ring of his virtue's praise,
 Death lost the reckoning uf his days ;
 And, believing what they told,
 Imagined him exceeding old.
 In him perfection did set forth
 The strength of her united worth ;
 Him his wisdom's pregnant growth
 Made HO reverend, even in youth,
 That in the centre of his breast—
 Sweet as is thu Fhccnix' nest—
 Every reconciled grace
 Had their general meeting-place;
 In him goodnessjoy'd to BUD
 Learning learn humility.

The splendour of his birth and blood
 Was but the gloss of his own good;
 The flourish of his sober youth
 Was the pride of naked truth;
 In composure of his face
 Lived a fair but manly grace ;
 His mouth his rhetoric's best mould,
 His tongue the touchstone of her gold ;
 What word soe'er his breast kept warm
 Was no word now, but a charm:
 For all persuasive graces thence
 Suck'd their sweetest influence.
 His virtue, that within had root,
 Could not choose but shine without;
 And th' heart-bred lustre of his worth,
 At each corner peeping forth,
 Pointed him out in all his ways,
 Circled round in his own rays:
 That to man's sweetness all men's eyes
 Were vow'd love's flaming sacrifice.

Him while fresh and fragrant time
 Drench'd in his golden prime •
 Ere Hebe's hand had overlaid
 His smooth cheeks with a downy shade;
 The rush of death's unruly wave
 Swept him off into his grave.

Enough, now, if thou canst, pass on ;
 For now, alas ! not in this stone,
 Passenger, whoe'er thou art,
 Is he entomb'd, but in thy heart.

AN EPITAPH UPON HUSBAND AND WIFE,

Who died and were buried together.



O THESE whom death again dill wed,
 This grave's the second marriage-bed.
 For though the hand of Fate coul'd force
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
 It could not sever man and wife,
 Because they both lived but one life.
 Peace, good reader, do not weep ;
 Peace, the lovers are asleep.
 They, sweet turtles, folded lie
 In the lost knot that love could tie.
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
 Till the stormy night be gone,
 And the eternal morrow dawn ;
 Then the curtains will be drawn,
 And they wake into a light
 Whose day shall never die in night.

AN EPITAPH UPON DOCTOR BROOK.



A BEDOK, whose stream BO great, BO good,
 Was loved, was honoured as a flood;
 Whose banks the Muses dwelt upon
 More than their own Helicon;
 Here, at length, hath gladly found
 A quiet passage underground:

Meanwhile, his loved hanks, now dry,
The Muses with their tears supply.

UPON MR. STANINDUGH'S DEATH.¹



DEAR relics of a dislodged soul, whose lack
Makes many a mourning paper put on black,
O, stay awhile, ere thou draw in thy head,
And wind thyself up close in thy cold bud;
Stay but a little while, until I cull
A summons worthy of thy funeral!

Dome then, youth, beauty, blood! all ye soft pow'rs,
Whose silken flatteries awell a, few fund hours
Into a false eternity! Dome, man—
Hyperbolized nothing!—know thy span!
Take thine own measure here; down, down, and bow
Before thyself in thy idea! thou
Huge emptiness! contract thy bulk, and shrink
All thy wild circle to a point! D, sink
Lower, and lower yet; till thy small size
Call heaven to look on thee with narrow eyes!
Lesser, and lesser yet; till thou begin
To show a face fit to confess thy kin,
Thy neighbourhood tti nothing!
Proud looks, and lofty eyelids, here put on
Yourselves in this unfcign'd reflection!

¹ Repeated, with alterations, at the end of the edition of 1670, under the title, "Death's Lecture—the Funeral of a. Yuung Gentleman."

Here, gallant ladies, this impartial glass,
 Though you be painted, shows you your own face.
 These death-seal'd lips do dare to give the lie
 To the proud hopes of poor mortality.
 These curtain'd windows, this self-prison'd eye
 Put-stares the lids of large-look'd tyranny.
 This posture is the brave one ! this that lies
 Thus low stands up, mi'thinks, thus, and defies
 The world. All-daring dust and ashes ! only you,
 Of all interpreters, read nature true !

UPON THE DUKE OF YORK'S' BIRTH.

A Panegyric.

BRITAIN, thy mighty ocean's lovely bride,
 Now stretch thyself, fair isle, and grow;
 spread wide

Thy bosom, and make room ; thou art oppress'd
 With thine own glories : and art strangely bless'd
 Beyond thyself: for lo ! the gods, the gods,
 Come fast upon thee, and those glorious odds
 Swell thy full glories to the pitch so high,
 As sits above thy best capacity!

Are they not odds ? and glorious? that to thee
 Those mighty Genii throng, which well might be
 Each one an age's labour; that thy days
 Are gilded with the union of those rays,
 Whose each divided beam would be a sun,
 To glad the sphere of any nation.

' Afterwards king James II.

O, if for these thou mean'st to find a seat,
 Th' hast need, O Britain, to his truly great!
 And so thou art, their presence makes thee BO;
 They are thy greatness; gods, where'er they go,
 Bring their heav'n with them, their great footsteps place
 An everlasting smile upon the face
 Of the glad earth they tread on; while with thee
 Those beams that amplify mortality,
 And teach it to expatiate, and swell
 To majesty and fulness, deign to dwell;
 Thou by thyself may'st sit, blest isle, and see
 How thy great mother Nature doats on thee!
 Thee, therefore, from the rest apart she hurl'd,
 Anil seem'd to make an isle, but made a world!

Great Charles! thou sweet dawn of a glorious day,
 Uentre of those thy grandsires, shall I say,
 Henry, and James, or Mars and Phoebus rather?
 If this were wisdom's god, that war's stern father,
 'Tis but the same, as said, Henry and James
 Are Mars and Phoebus under divers names.
 O thou full mixture of those mighty souls
 Whose vast intelligences tuned the poles
 Of peace and war; thou for whose manly brow
 Both laurels twine into one wreath, and woo
 To be thy garland; see, sweet prince, O see
 Thou and the lovely hopes that smile in thee
 Are taken out, and transcribed by thy great mother!
 See, see thy real shadow, see thy brother,
 Thy little self in less, read in these eyes
 Those beams that dance in those full stars of thine.
 From the same snowy alabaster rock

These hands anil thine were hewn, these cherries mock
 The coral of thy lips. Thou art of all
 This well-wrought copy the fair principal.

Justly, great Nature, may'st thou brag and tell
 How even th'hast drawn this faithful parallel,
 And match'[1 thy master-piece: D, then, go on,
 Make such another sweet comparison:—
 Scc'st thou that Mary there ? D, teach her, mother,
 To show her to herself in such another.
 Fellow this wonder, too, nor let her shine
 Alone; light such another star, and twine
 Their rosy beams, so that the morn for one
 Venus may have a constellation.

So have I seen, to dress their mistress, May,
 Two silken sister-flowers consult, and lay
 Their bashful cheeks together; newly they
 Peep'd from their buds, show'd like the garden's eyes
 Scarce waked: like was the crimson of their joys,
 Like were the pearls they wept; so like, that one
 Seeni'd but the other's kind reflection.

But stay, what glimpse was that? why blush'd the day?
 Why trembling ran the started air away?
 Who's this that comes circled in rays that scorn
 Acquaintance with the sun ? what second morn
 At mid-day upes a presence, which heaven's eye
 Stands off and points at? is't some deity,
 Stepp'd from her throne of stars, deigns to be seen ?
 Is it some deity ? or is't our queen ?
 'Tis she, 'tis she, her awful beauties chose
 The day's abashed glories, and in face
 Of noon wear their own sunshine ! D, thou bright

Mistress of wonders ! Cynthia's is the night;
 But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day—
 Nor does the sun deny¹t—our Cynthia.

Illustrious sweetness ! in thy faithful womb,
 That nest of heroes, all our hopes find room;
 Thou art the mother Phoenix, and thy breast
 Chaste as that virgin honour of the East,
 But muuh more fruitful is ; nor does, as she,
 Deny to mighty love a deity.

Then let the Eastern world brag and be proud
 Of one coy Phffinix, while we have a brood,
 A brood of Phoenixes, and still the mother ;'
 And may we long ; long may'st thou live, t' increase
 The house and family of PhtEnixcs :

Nor may the light that gives their eyelids light
 E'en prove the dismal morniflg of thy night;
 Ne'er may a birth of thine be bought so dear
 To make his costly cradle of thy bier.

O, may'st thuu thus make all the year thine own,
 And see such names of joy sit white upon
 Ths brow of every munth; and when that's done,
 May'st in a son of his find every son
 Repeated, and that son still in another,
 And so in each child ufben prove a mother !
 Long may'st thuu, laden with such clusters, lean
 Upon thy royal elm, fair vine I and when
 The heavens will stay no longer, may thy glory
 And name dwell sweet in some eternal scry !
 Pardon, bright excellence ! an untuned string,
 That in thy ears thus keeps a murmuring ;

¹ Here a line seems deficient.

O, speak a lowly muse's pardon; speak
 Her pardon or her sentence; only break
 Thy silence ! speak ; and she shall take from thencu
 Numbers, and sweetness, and an influence
 Confessing thcc ! or, if too long I stay,
 O, speak thou, and my pipe hath nought to say.
 For see, Apollo all this while stands mute,
 Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.
 But gods are gracious, anI their altars make
 Precious their offerings that their altars take;
 Give, then, this rural wreath fire from thine eyes:
 This rural wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

UPON FORD'S TWO TRAGEDIES,

Loves Sacrifice, and the Broken Heart.



THOU cheat'st us, Ford, mak'st one scum
 two by art:
 what is love's sacrifice but the broken heart?

ON A FOUL MDRNIN&,

Beiny then to take a Journey.



WHERE art thou, Sol, while thus the blind-
 fold day
 Staggers out of the East, losing her way.
 Stumbling on night ? Rouse thee, illustrious youth,
 And let no dull mists choke the light's fair growth.

Point here thy beams, O, glance on yonder flocks,
 And make their fleeces golden as thy locks.
 Unfold thy fair frunt, and there shall appear
 Full glory flaming in her own free sphere.
 Gladness shall clothe the earth, we will instil
 The face of things an universal smile:
 Say to the sullen morn, thou eom'st to court her,
 And wilt demand proud Zephyrus to sport her,
 With wanton gales; his balmy breath shall lick
 The tender drops which tremble on her cheek;
 Which ratified, and in a gentle rain
 On those delicious banks distill'd again,
 Shall rise in a sweet harvest, which discloses
 In every blush a bed of new-born roses.
 He'll fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow
 And frisk in curled meanders: he will throw
 A fragrant breath, suck'd from the spicy nest
 o'th'precious Phoenix, warm upon her breast.
 He- with a dainty and soft hand will trim
 And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
 In silken volumes; whercsoe'er she'll tread,
 Bright clouds, like golden fleeces, shall be spread.

Eise then, fair blue-eyed maid, rise and discover
 Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.
 SBC how he runs, with what a hasty flight
 Into thy bosom, bathed with liquid light.
 Fly, fly, profane fugs, far hence fly away,
 Taint not the pure streams of the springing day
 With your dull influence j it is for you
 TD sit and scowl upon night's heavy brow;
 Not DO the fresh cheeks of the virgin morn,

Where nought but smiles and ruddy joys are worn:
 Fly, then, and do not think with her to stay ;
 Let it suffice, she'll wear no mask to-day.

UPON THE FAIR ETHIOPIAN,

Sent to a Gentlewoman.



O, herD, the fair Uharidia ! in whom strove
 so false a fortune und so true a love.
 Now, after all her toils by sea and land,
 O, may she but arrive at your white hand,
 Her hopes arc crown'; only she fears that then
 She shall appear trua Ethiopian !

ON MARRIAGE,



WOULD be married, but I'd have no wife;
 I would bo married to a single life.

TO THE MORNING.

Sa t isfaction for Sle ep.



WHAT succour can I hope the Muse will send,
 Whose drowsiness hath wrong'd the Muse's
 friend ?
 What hope, Aurora, to propitiate thee,
 Unless the Muse sing my apology?
 O ! in that morning of my shame, when I
 Lay folded up in sleep's captivity;

How at the sight didst thou draw back thine eyca
Into thy modest veil! how didst thou rise
Twice dyed in thine own blushes, and didst run
To draw the curtains and awake the sun!
Who, rousing his illustrious tresses, came,
And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame
His head in thy fair bosom, and still hides
Me from his patronage; I pray, he chides ;
And, pointing tu dull Morpheus, bids me take
My own Apollo, try if I can make
His Lethe bo my Helicon: and see
If Morpheus have a Muse to wait on me.
Hence 'tis my humble fancy finds no wings,
No nimble raptures, starts to heaven and brings
Enthusiastic flames, such as can give
Marrow to my plump genius, make it live
Dress'd in the glorious madness of a Muse,
Whose fact can walk the milky-way, and choose
Her starry throne; whose holy heats can warm
The grave, and hold up an exalted arm
To lift me from my lazy urn, anil climb
Upon the stooped shoulders of oliTime,
And trace eternity. But all is dead,
All these delicious hupes arc buried
In the deep wrinkles of his angry brow,
Where mercy cannot find them ; but, O thou
Bright lady of the morn, pity doth lie
So warm inihy soft breast, it cannot die;
Have mercy, then, and when he next doth rise,
D, meet the angry god, invade his eyes,
And stroke his radiant cheeks; one timely kiss

Will kill his anger, and revive my bliss.
 So to the treasure of thy pearly dew
 Thrice will I pay three tears, to show how true
 My grief is; so my wakeful lay shall knock
 At th' oriental gates, and duly mock
 The early lark's shrill orisons to be
 An anthem at the day's nativity.
 And the same rosy-finger'd hand of thine,
 That shuts night's dying¹ eyes, shall open mine.

But thou, faint god of sleep, forget that I
 Was ever known to be thy votary.
 No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
 Nor will I offer any more to thus
 Myself a melting sacrifice; I'm born
 Again a fresh child of the buxom morn.
 Heir of the sun's first beams, why thrcat'st thou so?
 Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? Gro,
 Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,
 Sickness and sorrow, whose pale lids ne'er know
 Thy downy finger dwell upon their eyes;
 Shut in their tears, shut out their miseries.

LDVE'S HOROSCOPE.



DVE, brave virtue's younger brother,
 Erst hath made my heart a mother.
 She consults the conscious spheres,
 To calculate her young son's years;
 She asks if sad or saving pow'rs
 Grave omen to his infant hours;

She asks each star that then stood by
If poor Love shall live or die.

Ah, my heart, is that the way?
Arc these the beams that rule thy day?
Thou know'st a face in whose each look
Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book,
On whose fair revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of Love's fate.
Ah, my heart! her eyes and she
Have taught thee new astrology.
Howe'm¹ Love's native hours were set,
Whatever starry synod met,
^J'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poor Love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays, putting on
Points of death, bid Love begone;
Though the heavens in council sat
To crown an uncontrolled fate;
Though their best aspects twined upon
The kindest constellation.
Cast amorous glances on his birth,
And whisper'd the confederate earth
To pave his paths with all the good
That warms the bed of youth and blood.—
Love has no plea against her eye;
Beauty frowns, and Love must die.

But if her milder influence move,
And gild the hopes of humble Love;—

Though heaven's inauspicious eye
 Lay black on Love's nativity;
 Though every diamond in Jove's crown -
 Fix'd his forehead to a frown;—
 Her eye a strong appeal can give,
 Beauty smiles, until Love shall live.

O, if Love shall live, O, where
 But in her eye, or in her ear,
 In her breath, or in her breath,
 Shall I hide poor Love from death?
 For in the life aught else can give,
 Love shall die, although he live.

Or, if Love shall die, O, where,
 But in her eye, or in her ear,
 In her breath, or in her breast,
 Shall I build his funeral nest?
 While Love shall thus entombed lie,
 Love shall live, although he die !

OUT OF VIRGIL, IN THE PRAISE OF THE
 SPRING.



ALL trees, all leafy groves confess the spring
 Their gentlest friend; then, then the lands
 begin
 To swell with forward pride, and seed desire
 To generation; heaven's almighty sire

Melts on the bosom of his love, and pours
Himself into her lap in fruitful showers;
An I by a soft insinuation, mix'd
With earth's large mass, doth cherish and assist
Her weak conceptions ; no lone shade, but rings
"With chattering birds' delicious murmurings.
Then Venus' mild instinct, at set times, yields
The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields,
Quick with warm Zephyr's lively breath, lay forth
Their pregnant bosoms in a fragrant birth ;
Each body's plump and juicy, all things full
Of supple moisture: no coy twig but will
Trust his beloved bosom to the sun,
Grown lusty now; no vine so weak and young
That fears the foul-mouth'd Auster, or those storms
That the south-west wind hurries in his arms,
But hastes her forward blossoms, and lays out,
Freely lays out her loaves; nor do I doubt,
But when the world first out of Chaos sprang,
So smiled the days, and so the tenour ran
Of their felicity : a spring was there,
An everlasting spring; the jolly year
Led round in his great circle; no wind's breath,
As then, did smell of winter, or of death.
When light's sweet light first shone on beasts, and when
From their hard mother earth sprang hardy men ;
When beasts took up their lodging in the wood,
Stars in their higher chambers; never could
The tender growth of things endure the sense
Of such a change, but that the heav'n indulgence
Kindly supplies sick nature, and doth mould
A awcety-temper'd mean, nor hot nor cold.

WITH A PICTURE SENT TO A FRIEND.



PAIN'T so ill, my piece had need to be
 Painted again by some gooil poesy;
 I write so ill, my slender lino is scarce
 So much as th' picture of a well-linn'd verse:
 Yet may the love I send be true, though I
 Send not true picture nor true poesy :
 Ibth which away, I should not need to fear
 My love or feign'd or painted should appar.

IN PRAISE OF LESSIUS'S RULE OF
HEALTH.'

CO now, and with some daring drug,
 IJait the disease, and, while they tug,
 Thou to maintain theii precious strife
 Spend the dear treasure of thy life:
 &o, take physiu, doat upon
 Some big-named composition,—
 The oraculous doctors' mystic bills,
 Certain hard words made into pills;
 And what at last shalt get by these ?
 Only a costlier disease.

' Repeated, with sumu additional lines, at the end of the edition of 1570; and printed, from "Hark hither," among the commendatory verses in praise of the translation of "The Temperate Man, &c. the right Way of preserving Lifa and Health," &c. of Lessiua and others, London, 167B, 12mo.

Bo, poor man, think what shall be
 Kemedey against thy remedy.
 That which makes us have no need
 Of physic, that's physic indued.

Hark hither, reader, woulil'st thou see
 Nature her own physician be?
 Would'st see a man all his own wealth,
 His own physic, his own health?
 A man whose sober soul can tell
 How to wear her garments well?
 Her garments, that upon her sit,
 As garments should do, close and fit?
 A well-clothed soul, that's nob oppress'd,
 Nor choked with what she should be dress'd ?
 A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
 Through which all her bright features shine?
 As when a, piece of wanton lawn,
 A thin aerial veil is drawn,
 O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
 More sweetly shows the blushing briilc.
 A soul whose intellectual beams
 No mists io mask, no lazy streams?
 A happy soul, that nil the way
 To heaven hath n, summer's day?
 Would'st see a man whose well-warm'd blood
 Bathes him in a genuine flood?
 A man whose tuned humours be
 A scat of rarest harmony ?
 Wuuld'st see blithe looka, fresh cheeks beguile
 Age? Would'st BBC December smile?
 Would'st see a nest of roses grow

In a bed of reverend snow?
 Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
 Winter's self into a spring?
 In sum, woulil'st see a man that can
 Live to be old, and still a man?
 Whose latest, and most leaden hours,
 Fall with soft wings, stuuk with soft flow'ra;
 And, when life's sweet lable enls,
 Soul and body part like friends:—
 No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
 A kiss, a sigh, ,and .so a\vny?
 This rare one, render, would'st thou sec,
 Hark hither; and—thyself be he !

THE BEGINNING OF HELIDDDRUS.



HE smiling morn hod newly waked the day,
 And tipp'd the mountains in a tender ray:
 When, on a hill, whose high imperious brow
 Looks down, and sees the humble Nile below
 Lick his proud feet, and haste into the seas,
 Through the great mouth that's named from Hercules,
 A band of men, rough as the arms they wore,
 LookM round, first to the sea, then tu the shore :—
 The shore that show'd them what the sea denied,
 Hope of a prey. There ti> the main land tied
 A ship they saw, no men she had; yet press'd
 Appcar'd with other lading, for her breast
 Deep in the groaning waters wallowed

Up to the third ring; o'er the shors was spread
 Death's purple triumph; on the blushing ground
 Life's late forsaken houses all lay drown'd
 In their own blood's dear deluge; some new dead,
 Some panting in their yet warm ruins bled,
 While their affrighted souls, now wing'd for flight,
 Lent them the last flash of her glimmering light:
 Those yet fresh streams which crawled everywhere,
 Show'd that stern war had newly bathed him there:
 Nor did the face of this disaster show
 Marks of a fight alone, but feasting too ;
 A miserable and a monstrous feast,
 Where hungry war had made himself a guest;
 And, coming late, had cat up guest and all,
 Who proved the feast to their own funeral, dec.

CUPID'S CRYER. OUT OF THE GREEK.



LOVE is lost, nor can his mother
 Her little fugitive discover:
 She seeks, she sighs, but nowhere spies him,
 Love is lost; and thus she uries him.

O yes ! if any happy eye
 This roving wanton shall descry:
 Let thB finder surely know
 Mine is the wag; 'tis I that own
 The winged wand'rcr ; and that none
 May think his labour vainly gone,
 The glad descryer shall not miss
 To taste the nectar of a kiss

From Venus' lipa; but as for him
 That brings him to me, he shall swim
 In riper joys; more shall be his,
 Venus assures him, than a kiss.
 But lest your eye discerning slide,
 These murks maybe your judgment's guide:
 His skin, as with a fiery blushing,
 High-coloured is ; his eyes still flushing
 With nimble flamea; and though his minil
 Be ne'er so cursed, his tongue is kind:
 For never were his words in aught
 Found the pure issue of his thought.
 The working bees' soft-melting gold,
 That which their waxen mines enfold,
 Flows not S3 sweet as do the tones
 Of his tuned accents ; but if once
 His anger kindle, presently
 It boils out into cruelty
 And fraud: he makes poor mortals' hurts
 The objects of his cruel sports;
 With dainty curls his froward face
 Is crown'd about; but, O, what place,
 What farthest nook of lowest hell,
 Feels not the strength, the reaching spell
 Of his small hand ? yet not so small
 As 'tis powerful therewithal;
 Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,
 And, like a saucy bird, he hovers
 With wanton wing, now here, now there,
 'Bout men and women; nor will spare
 Till at length he, perching, rest

In the closet of their breast.
 His weapon is a little bow,
 Yet such a one as, Jove knows how,
 Ne'er suffer'd yet his little arrow
 Of heav'n's highest arches to fall narrow.
 The gold that on his quiver smiles
 Deceives men's eyes with flattering smiles:
 But, D, too well my wound can tell,
 With bitter shafts 'tis saue'd too well;
 He is all cruel, cruel all;
 His torch imperious, though hut small,
 Makes thee sun, of flames the sire,
 Worse than sun-burnt in his fire:
 Where'soe'er you chance to find him,
 Seize him, bring him, but first bind him;
 Pity not him, but fear thyself,
 Though thou see the crafty elf
 Tell down his silver drops unto thee,
 They're counterfeit, and will undo thee;
 With baited smiles if he display
 His fawning cheeks, look not that way:
 If he offer sugared kisses,
 Start, and say the serpent hisses;
 Draw him, drag him, though he pray,
 Woo, intrcate, and, crying, say
 Prithee, sweet, now let me go,
 Here's my quiver, shafts and bow;
 I'll give thee all, take all:—take heed,
 Lest his kindness make thee bleed.
 Whate'er it be love offers, still presume
 That, though it shines, 'tis fire, and will consume.



Hic Gril mounted on an ant, Nanus the tall
 Wag thrown, alas ! ani got a deadly fall.
 Under th' unruly least's proud feet he lies
 All torn; with muuh ailo yet e'er he [lies,
 He strains these words : Base envy, do laugh on,
 Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaeton,

UPON VENUS PUTTING ON MARS'S ARMS.



What ! Mars'a swori ! fair Cytherca, say,
 Why art tliDu arm'd so desperately to-day?
 Mars thou hast heatchn naked, and, D, then,
 What need'st thou put on arms against poor men?

UPON THE SAME.



Pallas saw Venus ann'd, and straight she
 urid,
 " Come, if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be
 tried."
 " Why, fool!" says Venus, " thus provok'st thou me,
 That being nakei, thou know'st couli conquer thec?:"

UPON BISHOP ANDREWS'S PICTURE
BEFORE HIS SERMONS.



HIS reverend shadow cast that setting sun,
Whose glorious course through our horizon
run,
Left the dim face of this dull hemisphere,
All one great eye, all drown'd in one great tear!
Whose fair illustrious soul led his free thought
Through learning's universe, and, vainly, sought
Room for her spacious self, until at length
She found the way home ; and, with holy strength,
Snatch'd herself hence to heaven: h'll'd a bright place,
'Mongst those immortal fires, and on the face
Of her great Maker fix'd her flaming eye,
There still to read true pure divinity.
And now that grave aspect hath dcign'd to shrink
Into this less appearance, if you think
'Tis hut a dead face art doth here bequeath,
Look on the following leaves, and sec them breathe.

OUT OF MARTIAL.



OUR teeth thou had'st, that ranked in goo illy
state,
Kept thy mouth's gate.

The first blast of thy cough left two alone;
The second none.

This last cough, AElia, cough'il out all thy fear—
Th' hast left the third cough now no business here.

A SON&, OUT OF THE ITALIAN.



O thy lover,
Dear, discover
That sweet blush of thine, that shameth,
When the roses
It ill closes,
All the flowers that nature nameth !

In free air,
Flow thy Imir;
Thut nD more summer's best dressDS
lie hohulileii,
For tliL'ir golilcii
Locks, to Phicbua' flaming tresses.

O, deliver
Luvc hiss quiver;
From thy eyes he shoots his arrow.
Where Apollo
Uanuot follow,
Feather'd with his mother's sparrows !

O, uuvy not,
That we die not,
Those dear lips, whose door encloses

All the Graces
In their places,
Brother pearls, and sister roses !

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures,
One bright smile to clear the weather:
Earth and heaven,
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee,
Winds cling to thee;
Might a word once fly from out thee,
Storms and thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about thee !

But if Nature's
Common creatures
So dear glories dare not harrow;
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty
To my loving, ling'ring sorrow!

When, to end me,
Death shall¹ send me
All his terrors, to affright me;
Thine eyes' graces
Gild their faces,
And those terrors shall delight me!

When my dying
 Life is flying,
 Thuse awcct airs, that often slew me,
 Shall revive me,
 Or reprieve me,
 And to many deaths renew me !

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

LOVE now no tire hath left him,
 We two betwixt us have divided it,
 Your eyes the light hath reft liim ;
 The heart commanding in my heart doth sit
 O, that poor love be not for ever spoil'd,
 Let my heat to your light be rcuoncild !

So shall these flames, whose worth
 Now all obscured lies,
 Drcss'd in those beams start forth,
 And danuc before your eyes.

Or else partake my flames,
 I care not whether,
 And so in mutual names,
 L) luvc, burn both together !

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.



WOULD any one the true cause find
 How love came naked, a boy, and blind ?
 'Tis this: list'ning one day too long
 To th' Syrens in my mistress' song,
 The ecstasy of u delight
 So much D'ermast'ring all his might,
 To that one sense made all else thrall;
 And so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart, and all!

ON THE FRONTISPIECE OF ISAACSON'S
 CHRONOLO&Y EXPLAINED.

WITh distinctive eye and mind you look
 Upon the fi ont, you sec more than one book.
 Oration is God's book, wherein He writ
 Each creature as a letter filling it.
 History is creation's book; which hlitw.s
 To what effects the sries of it goes.
 Chronology's the book of history, and boars
 The just account of days, of months, and years
 But resurrection, in a later press
 And new edition, is the sum of these:
 The language of these books had all been one
 Hai not th' aspiring tow'r of Eabylon
 Confused the tongues, and in a distance Imrl'd
 As far the speech, as men, o'th'ncw-fill'il world.

Set then your eyes in method, and behold
 Time's emblem, Saturn ; who, when store of gold
 Cull'd the first age, devour'd that birth he fear'd;
 Till history, time's eldest child, appear'd,
 Anil, phoenix-like, in spite of Saturn's rage,
 Forced from her ashes heirs in every age.
 From th' rising sun, obtaining by just suit,
 A spring's ingender, and an autumn's fruit.
 Who in those volumes, at her motion penn'd,
 Unto croatic's Alpha, duth extend.
 Again ascend, and view chronology,
 Thy optic skill pulling far history
 Nearer ; whose hand the piercing eagle's eye
 Strengthens to bring remotest objects nigh.
 Under whose feet you see the setting sun,
 From the dark gnomon, o'er her volumes run,
 Drawn¹ d in eternal night, never to rise
 Till resurrection show it to the eyes
 Of earth-worn men ; and her shrill trumpet's sound
 Affright the bones of mortals from the ground .
 The columns both are crown'd with either sphere,
 To show chronology and history bear
 No other culmen than the double art
 Astronomy, geography impart.

OR THUS.



ET hoary Time's vast bowels be the gravi-
 To what his bowels birth, and being gavi';
 Let Nature die, and, phocnix-liki¹, from
death,

Kevised Nature take a, second breath ;
 If, on Time's right hand sit fair history ;
 [f, from the seed of empty ruin she
 Tan raise so fair an harvest, let her be
 Ne'er so far distant, yet chronology,
 Sharp-sighted as the eagle's eye, that can
 Uutstare the broad-beam'd day's meridian,
 \Vill have a pcrspicil to find her out ;
 And, through the night of error, and dark doubt,
 Discern the dawn of truth's eternal ray,
 As when the rosy morn buds into day !

Now that Time's empire might be amply nll'il,
 Babel's bold artists strive, below, to builil
 Rum a temple ; im whusc fruitful fall
 History rears her pyramids, more tall
 Than were th' Egyptian ! by the life, these give,
 Th⁷ Egyptian pyramids themselves must live.
 On these she lifts the world; anil, on their base,
 yhows the two terms and limits of Time's raci¹ :
 That the creation is ; the judgment this ;
 That the world's morning; thia her midnight is !

AN EPITAPH UPON MR. ASHTON, A
CONFORMABLE CITIZEN.

HE modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, uan say more
Than many a braver marble can,—
" Here lies a truly honest man !"
One whose conscience was a thing
That troubled neither churuh nor king ;
One of those few that in this town
Honour all preachers ; hear their own.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to piactisc any ;
He hearI them rcoverendly, and then
His practise preach' I them o'er again ;
His parlour-sermons rather were
Those to the eye, than to the ear ;
His prayers took their price and strength
Not from the loudncss nor the length ;
He was a protestant at home,
Not only in despite of Rome ;
He loved his father, yet his zeal
Tore not off his mother's veil ;
To th' churuh he did allow her dress,
True beauty to true holiness ;
Peace, which he loved in life, did leni
Her hand to bring him to his end ;
When age and death calFd for the score,
No surfeits were to reckon for ;

Death tore not, therefore, but, sans strife,
 Gently untwineil his thread of life.
 What remains, then, but that tliDii
 Write those lines, reader, on thy brow,
 And, by hia fair example's light
 Burn in thy imitation bright?
 So, while these lines can hut bequeath
 A life, perhaps, unto his death,
 His better epitaph shall be—
 His life still kept ulive in thee.

OUT OF CATULLUS.



»OME, and let us live, my **dear**,
 Let us love and never fear
 What the sourest fathers say;
 Brightest Sul, that dies to day,
 Lives again as blithe to-morrow ;
 But if we, dark sons of sorrow,
 Set, O then, how long a night
 Shuts the eyes of our short light!
 Then let amorous kisses dwell
 On our lips, begin and tell
 A thousand and a hundred score,
 A hundred and a thousand more,
 Till another thousand smother
 That, and that wipe off another.
 Thus at last, when we have number'd
 Many a thousand, many a hundred,

We'll confound the reckoning quite,
 And lose ourselves in wild delight:
 While our joys so multiply,
 Aa shall mock the envious eye.

WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS.



W^HO'E'EB shehe,
 That not impossible she,
 That shall command my heart and me:

Where'er she lie,
 Luck'd up from mortal eye,
 In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth
 Of studied fate, stand forth,
 And teach her fair steps to our earth:

Till that divine
 Idea take a shrine
 Of crystal flesh, through which to shine :

Meet you her, my W^Tishcs,
 Bespeak her to my blisses,
 And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
 That owes not all its duty
 To gaudy tire, or glistering shoe-tie.

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

More' than thou spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face, that's best
By its own beauty dress'd,
And can alone command the rest.

A face, made up
Out of no other shop,
Than what Nature's white hand sets a-ope.

A cheek, where youth
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write what the reader sweetly reads.

A cheek, where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks, that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness.

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour rliamoiifl, anI out-face
That sunshine by their own sweet grace.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.

Whjsc native ray
(- an tame the wanton day
Of gems that in their bright shades play.

Each ruby there,
Dr pearl that dare appear,
He ita own bluah, be its own tear.

A well-tfinml heart,
For whose muru noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on love's bow,
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles, that eim warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Joys, that confess
 Virtue their mistress,
 AnJ have no other head to dress.

Fears, fond and slight,
 As the coy bride's, when night
 First does the longing lover right.

Tears, quickly fled,
 And vain, as those arc shed
 For n dying maidenhead.

Days, that need borrow
 No part of their good morrow,
 From a fore-spent night uf sorrow.

Days, that in spite
 Of darkness, by the light
 Of u clear mind, arc day all night.

Nights, sweet us they
 Mode short by lovers' play,
 Yet long by th⁷ absence of the day.

Life, that dares send
 A challenge to his end,
 And when it comes, say, Welcome, frientl!

Sydneianshowers
 Of sweet discourse, whose powers
 Can crown old winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers,
'Bove all—nothing within that lowers.

Whatever delight
Can make day's forehead bright,
Dr give Jown to the wings of night.

In her whole frame,
Have Nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery,
Picture and pucsy,
Her uounsel her uwn virtue be.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish——no more.

Now, if Time knows
That her, whose radiant brows
\\cave them a garland of my vows ;

Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise ;

Her, that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is she.

Tis she, and here,
 Lo, I unclothe and clear
 My Wish's cloudy character !

Mny she enjoy it,
 Whose merit dare apply it,
 But modesty dares still deny it!

Such worth as this is
 Shall fix my flying wishes,
 And determine them to kisses,

Let her full glory,
 My fancies, fly before ye,
 Be ye my fictions but—her stdry.

UPON TWO GREEN APRICOCKS SENT TO
 CDWLEY BY SIR CRASHAW.



TAKE these, Time's tardy truants, sent by me
 To be chastised, sweet friend, and chid by
 thec.

Pale sons of our Pomona ! whose wan checks
 Have spent the patience of expecting weeks,
 Yet are scarce ripe enough at best to show
 The red, but of the blush to thco they owe,
 By thy comparison they shall put on
 More summer in their shame's reflection,

Than e'er the fruitful Phtubus' flaming kisses
 Kindled on their cold lips. O, hod my wishes,
 And the dear merits of your Muse, their due,
 The year had found some fruit early as you;
 Ripi! as those rich composures, time computes
 Blossoms, but our blest taste confesses fruits,
 How does thy April-autumn mock those cold
 Progressions 'twixt whose terms poor Time grows old \\
 With thee alone he wears no beard; thy brain
 Gives him the morning world's fresh gold again.
 'Twas only Paradise, 'tis Only thou,
 Whose fruit and blossoms both bless the same bough.
 Proud in the pattern of thy previous youth,
 Nature, methinks, might easily mend her growth.
 Could she in all her births but copy thee,
 Into the public year's proficiency,
 No fruit should have the face to smile on thee,
 Young master of the world's maturity *I*
 But such whose sun-born beauties what they borrow
 Of beams to-day, pay back again to-morrow,
 Nor need be double-gilt. How, then, must these
 Poor fruits look pale at thy Hcsperides \\
 Fain would I chide their slowness, but in their
 Defects I draw mine own dull character.
 Take them, and me in them, acknowledging
 How much my summer waits upon thy spring !'

' From the edition of 1649.

CARMEN BED NOSTRO,
TE DEDET HYMNUS.

SACKED POEMS,

COLLECTED,

~~CORRECTED~~,

AUGMENTED,

Must **humbly** PRESENTED,

BY MY LADY THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH.

·BY HER MOST DEVDTED SERVANT

RICH. CRASHAW.

*In hearty acknowledgement of his immortal obligation to her
guodjiess and charity.*



DRASHAWE,

THE ANA&RAM "HE WAS CAR."



PAS Car then Drasliaw, or was Urashaw Uar,
Since both within one name combined are"
Yes, Dai's Croshaw, he Car; 'tis IO\T
alone

Which melts two hearts, of both composing one;
So Crashaw's still the same : so much desired
liy strongest wits; so honour'd, so admired,
Car was but he that enter'd us a friend
With whom he shared his thoughts, and did uommcnJ.
While yet he lived, this work ; they loved each other :
Sweet Crashaw was his friend: he Drashaw's brother,
So Uar huth title then; Was his intent
That what his riuhes penn'd, poor Car should print;
Nor fears he check, praising that happy one
Who was beloved by all; disprais'il by none.
To wit, being pleased with all things, he pleased all,
Nor would he give nor take offence; befall
What might, he would possess himself, and live
As dead, devuui of interest; t' all might give

Diseased his well-composed mind, forstall'd
With heavenly riches, which had wholly call'd
His thoughts from earth, to live above in th' air
A very bird of paradise. No care
Had he of earthly trash. What might suffice
To fit his soul to heavenly exercise,
Sufficed him ; and may we guess his heart
By what his lips bring forth, his only part
Is God and godly thoughts. Leaves doubt to none
But that to whom one (rod is all, nil's une.
What he might eat or wear he took no thought,
His needful food he rather found than sought.
He seeks no downs, no sheets, his bed's still made ;
If he can find a chair or stool, lie's laid ;
When day peeps in, he quits his restless rest ;
And still, poor soul, before he's up, he's dress'd.
Thus dying did he live, yet lived to die
In th' Virgin's lap, to whom he did apply
His virgin thoughts and words, and thence was styled
By foes, the chaplain of the virgin mild,
While yet he lived without: his modesty
Imparted this to some, and they to me.
Live happy, then, dear soul! enjoy thy rest
Eternally by pains thou purchasedst,
While Car must live in care, who was thy friend,
Nor cares he how he live, so in the end
He may enjoy his dearest Lord and thee ;
And sit and sing more skilful songs eternally.

THOMAS UAH.

AN EPIGRAM

*Upon the Pictures in the following Poems which the
Author first made with his own hand admirably well,
us may he seen \n his Manuscript dedicated
to the Riyht flvnoumlh Lady the
Lady Denbiyh.*



WIXT pen anil pentil rose a holy strife
Which might draw virtue better to the life ;
Hut wits gave votes to that : but painters
swore

They never saw pieces so sweet before
As these: fruits of pure nature; where no art
Dili lead the untaught pencil, nor hail part
In tli' work.
The hand grown bold, with wit will needs contest.
Doth it prevail? ah, WD ! say eadi is best.
This to the car speaks wontiers; that will try
Tn speak the same, yet louder, to the eye.
Both their aims aic holy, both conspire
To wound, to burn the heart with heavenly fire.
This then's the iloom, to ilo both parties right:
This, to the car speaks best ; that, to the sight !'

TIIDMAS CAH.

' Printed only in the edition of 1652.



TO THE NOBLEST AND BEST OF LADIES
THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH

*Persuading her to resolution in Religion, and to render
herself without further delay into the communion
of the Catholic Church.*



WHAT heaven-entreated heart is this
Stands trembling at the gate of bliss?⁹
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture
Fairly to open it and enter?
Whose definition is a doubt
'Twiixt life and death, 'twixt in and out?
Say, lingering fair! why corners the birth
Of your brave soul so slowly forth?
Plead your pretences, O you strung
In weakness, why you choose so long
In labour of yourself to lie,
Nor daring quite to live nor die.
Ah, linger not, loved soul! a slow
And late consent was a long no;
Who grants at last, long time had tried
And did his best to have denied.

What magic bolta, what mystic bars
 Maintain the will in these strange wars !
 What fatal, what fantastic hands
 Keep the free heart from its own hands !
 So, when the year tnkes cold, we sec
 Poor waters their own prisoners be;
 Fetter'd and luuk'rl up fast they lie
 In a sal self-captivity;
 Th^l astonish'd nymphs their floods'strange fate deplore,
 To sec themselves their own severer shore.
 Thou that alonD canst thaw this cold,
 And fetch tlio heart from its strong hold,
 Almighty Love ! end this long war,
 And of a meteor make a star,
 O, fix this fail^l indefinite,
 And 'mongst Lliy shafts of sovereign light
 Choose out that sure derisive dart,
 Wliic-h hits the key of tins close heart,
 Knows all the corners oft, and can control
 The self-shut cabinet of an unsearch'd soul!
 O, let it be at last Love's hour;
 Kaiae this tall trophy of thy pow'r;
 Come once the conquering way, not to confute,
 But kill this rebel-word—Jrruaolute;
 That so, in spite of all thia peevish strength
 Of weakness, she may write—Resolved at length !
 Unfold at length, unfold fair flow'r,
 And use the season of Love's show'r;
 Meet his well-meaning wounda, wise heart !
 And haste to irink the wholesome dart;
 That healing shaft, which hcav'ii till now

Hag in Love's quiver hid for you,
 O dart of love ! arrow of light!
 D, happy you, if it hit right!
 It must not fall in vain, it must
 Not mark the dry regardless dust.
 Fair DUD, it ia your fate; anil brings
 Eternal worlds upon its wings,
 Meet it with wule-sprend anna; and sec
 Its seat your soul's just centre be.
 Disband dull fears ; give Faith the day;
 To save your life, kill your delay;
 It is Love's siege, and sure to be
 Y[ur] triumph, though his victory.
 'Tis cowardice that keeps this field.
 And want of courage nut to yield.
 Yield then, O yield, that Love may win
 The fort at last, and let Life in.
 Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove
 Death's prey, before the prize of Love.
 This fort of your fair self, if't be not won,
 He is repuls'd indeed, but you're undone.

TO THE NAME AEOVE EVERY NAME, THE
 NAME OF. JESUS. A HYMN.



SING the name which none can say
 But touch'il with an interior ray;
 The name of our new pence; our good:
 Our bliss, and supernatural biooil:

The name of all our lives anil loves.
 Harken, anil help, ye holy doves!
 The high-born brood of ilay; you bright
 Candidates of blissful light,
 The heirs elect of love; whose names belong
 Unto the everlasting life of song ;
 All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
 Of thin unbounded name build your warm nest.
 Awake, my glory, soul, if such thou be,
 Anil that fair word at all refr to thec,
 Awuku and sing,
 And be all wing ;
 Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see
 What of thy parent heav'n yet speaks in thec.
 L), thou art poor
 Of noble pow'rs, I see,
 And full of nothing else but empty me ;
 Narrow, and low, and infinitely less
 Thau this great morning's mighty business.
 Due little woild or two,
 Alas ! will never do;
 AVc must have store.
 Go, soul, out of thyself, anil seek for more;
 Go anil request
 Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
 Of hciiv'n's, the Belf-involving set of spheres,
 Which dull mortality more feels than hears;
 Then rouse the nest
 Of nimble art, and traverse round
 The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound :
 And beat a summons in the same

All-sovereign name,
 To warn each several kind
 An [I shape of sweetness, be they such
 As sigh with supple wind,
 Or answer artful touch,
 That they convene anil come away
 Tu wait at the love-crowned doors of that
 Illustrious day.
 Shall we dare this, my soul ? We'll do't, and bring
 No other note for't, but the Xamc ^c sing.
 Wake, lute and harp,
 And every sweet-lipp'd thing
 That talks with tuneful string ;
 Start into life, and leap with me
 Into a hasty fit-tuned harmony,
 Noi^l must you think it much
 T' obey my bolder timi-h;
 I have authority in Love's name to take you
 And to the work of love this morning wake you;
 AVake, in the name
 Of Him who never sleeps, all things that are,
 Or what's the same,
 Are musical;
 Answer my uall
 And come along;
 Help me to meditate mine immortal song.
 Come, yu soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
 Bring all your household-stuff of heav'n on earth:
 O you, my soul's most certain wings,
 Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
 Bring all the store

Of sweets you have, and munnur that yuu have no more,

Dome, ne'er ID part,

Nature and art!

Come, and tome strong,

To the conspiracy of our spacious song.

Bring nil the pow'rs of praise

Your provinces of well-united worlds can raise ;

Bring all your lutes and harps uf licav'n and earth;

\Whate'cr co-operates to the common mirth ;

Vessels of vocal joys,

Or you, more noble architects of intellectual noise,

Cymbals of licav'n, or human .spheres,

Solicitors of souls or ears ;

And when you arc come, with all

That you can bring, or we can call,

O, may you fix

For ever here, and mix

Yourselves into the long

And everlasting series of a deathless song!

Mix all your many worlds above,

And luosc them into one of love.

Cheer thec, my heart!

For thou, too, hast thy part

And place in the great throng

Of thiis unbounded, all-embracing song.

Pow'rs of my soul, be proud!

And speak bud

To all the dear-bought nations this redeeming name;

And in the wealth of one rich word proclaim

New smiles to nature.

May it be no wrong,

Blest heav'ns, to you, and your superior song,
 That we dark sons of dust and sorrow-
 Awhile dare borrow
 The name of your delights, and our desires,
 And fit it to so far inferior lyres !
 Our murmurs have their music, too⁷
 Ye mighty orbs, as well as you,
 Nor yields the noblest nest
 Of warbling seraphim tu the cars of IDVP,
 A choicer lesson than the joyful breast
 L)fa poor punting turtle-dove.
 And we, low worms, have leave to do
 The same bright business, yi« third Ileav'ns, with you.
 [jente spirits, do not complain,
 We will have care
 Tu keep it fair,
 And send it back to you again.
 Come, lovely name ! appear from forth the bright
 Regions of peaceful light;
 Look from Thine own illustrious home,
 Fair king of names, and come :
 Leave all thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,
 Anil give thyself awhile the gracious guest
 Of humble souls, that seek to find
 The hidden sweets
 Which man's heart meets
 When Thou art master of the mind.
 Dome, lovely name ! life of our hope !
 Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope !
 Unlock thy cabinet uf day,
 Dearest sweet, and come away.

Lo, how the thirsty I anils
 Hasp for thy golden showers with long-stretch'd hauls !
 Lo, how the lahuuring earth,
 That hopes to be
 All heaven by thcr,
 Leaps at thy birth !
 Th' attending world, to wait thy rise,
 First tuiii'd to eyas,
 And then, not knowing what to do,
 Turn'd them to tears, and spent them, too.
 Come, royal name ! and pay th' expence
 Of all this precious patience ;
 D, come away,
 And kill the death of this delay!
 O, see so many woilds of barren years
 Melted and measuied out in seas of tears!
 II, see the weary lids of wakeful hope,
 Love's eastern windows, all wide ope,
 "With curtains drawn,
 To catch the day-break of thy dawn!
 O, dawn, at last, long-look'd for day !
 Take thine own wings and come away.
 Lo, where aloft it uomcs ! It comes, among
 The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng,
 Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
 O, they arc wisu,
 And know what sweets arc suck'd from out it!
 It is the hive
 By which they thrive",
 Where all their hoard of huncy lies.
 Lo, where it Domes, upon the snowy dove's

Soft hack, and brings a bosom big with loves !

Welcome to our dark world, thou

Womb of day!

Unfold thy fair conceptions, and display

The birth of our bright joys.

U, thou comparted

Body of blessings: spirit of souls extracted!

D, dissipate thy spicy pow'rs,

Cloud of condensed sweets, and break upon us

In balmy show'rs !

Oj fill our hcnses, and take from us

All force of so profane a fallacy

To think aught sweet but that which smells of thee!

Fair, flow'ry name, in none but thee,

And thy nectareal fragrancy,

Hourly there meets

An universal synod of all sweets ;

By whom it is defined thus

That no perfume

For ever shall presume

To pass for odoriferous,

But such alone whose sacred peiligree

Can prove itself some kin, sweet name, to thee.

Sweet name, in thy each syllable

A thousand blest Arabias dwell;

A thousand hills of fiankincense,

Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices,

And ten thousand paradises,

The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.

How many unknown worlds there arc

Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping !

How many thousand mercies there
 In Pity's soft lap lie a-slccping!
 Happy he who has the art
 To awake tlicm,
 Anil to take them
 Home, and lodge them in his heart.
 D, that it were as it was wont to be !
 When thy old friends of fire, all full of thcc,
 Fought against frowns with amiles; gave glorious chose
 To persecutions ; and ngainst the face
 Of death and fiercest dangers durst, with brave
 And sober pace, march on to meet a grave.
 On their bold breasts about the world they bore thuc,
 And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee ;
 In centre of their inmost souls they wore thcc,
 Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach thcc,
 Little, alas ! thought they
 Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
 Their fury but made way
 For thcG, and served them in thy glorious ends.
 What did their weapons, but with wider pores
 Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers,
 More firefly to transpire
 That impatient fire,
 The heart that hides thee hardly covers !
 What did their weapons, but set wide the doors
 Forthce; fair purple doors, of Love's devising,
 The ruby windows which enrich'd the east
 Of thy so oft-repeated rising!
 Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
 And re-enthroned thee in thy rosy nest,

"With blush of thine own blood thy day n doming:
 It was the wit of luvè o'ornWd the bounds
 [Df wrath, and made the way through ull these wounds.
 Welcome, dear, all-adored name !
 For sure there is no knee
 That knows not thcc.
 Or, if there be such sons of shame,
 Alas ! what will they do
 Wlipn stubborn rocks shall bow,
 And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads
 To seek for humble beds
 Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
 Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
 And couch before the dazz'linglight of thy dreadMajesty!
 They that by Luvè's mild dictate now
 Will nut adore thec,
 Shall then, withjust confusion, bow
 And break before thcc.

IN THE GLORIOUS EPIPHANY OF OUR
 LORD GOD.

A Hymn sung as by the Three Kinys.

First King.



BRIGHT babe, whose awful beauties
 make

The morn incur a sweet mistake;

2nd. For whom th' officious huav'ns devisu

- To disinherit the sun's rise,
3rd. Delicately to displace
 The day, and plant it fairer in Thy face;
1st. O, Thou born King of loves,
2nd. Oflights,
3rd. Ofjoys!
Cho. Look up, sweet babe, look up, and see
 For 1 DVB of Thee,
 Thus far from home,
 The East is come
 To seek herself in Thy sweet eyes *I*
1st. We, who strangely went astray,
 Lost in a bright
 Meridian night,
2nd. A darkness made of too much day,
3rd. Ueckon'd from far
 }y Thy fair star,
 LD, at last have found our way !
Cho. To Thee, thou day of night; thou East of West!
 Lo, we at last have found the way
 To Thee, the W3rld's great universal East;
 The general and indifferent day!
1st. All-circling point, all-ccnt'riiig sphere,
 The world's one, round, eternal year;
2ml. Whose full and all-unwrinkled face
 Nor sinks nor swells with time or place;
3rd. Lut everywhere, and everywhilc,
 Is one consistent solid smile;
1st. Not vcx'd and tost
2nd, 'Twist spring and frost,
3rd. Nor by alternate shreds of light

Sordidly shifting hands with shades and night.

Cho. O, little all, in Thy embrace

The world lies warm, and likes his place ;

Nor does his full globe fail to be

Kiss'd on both his checks by Thee:

Time is too narrDW for Thy year,

Nor makes the whale world Thy half sphere.

1st. To Thee, to Thee,

From him we flue ;

2nd. From him, whom, by ft more illustrious lie,

The blindness of the world did call the eye ;

3rd. To him, who by these mortal clouds hast made

Thyself our sun, though Thine own shade,

list. Farewell, the world's false light;

Farewell, the white

Egypt, n long farewell to thee,

Bright idol; black idolatry;

The dire face of inferior darkness kiss'd

Aud courted in the pompous mask of a, more

speciousmist.

2nd. Farewell, farewell,

The proud and misplaced gates of hell,

PerchM in the morning's way,

And double-gilded as the dours of day;

The deep hypocrisy of death and night

More desperately durk, because more bright.

3nL "Welcome, the world's sure way;

Hcav'n's wholesome ray!

Cho. Welcome, to us ; and we,

Sweet, to ourselves in Thee,

1st. The deathless heir of all thy Father's day;

- 2nd.* Decently tarn,
Embosom'il in a much more rosy morn—
The blushes of thy all-unblemish'd mother.
- 3rd.* No more that other
Aurora shall set ope
Her ruby casements, or hereafter hopo
From mortal eyes
To meet religious welcomes at her rise,
- Cho.* We, precious ones, in you have won
A gentler morn, a juster sun.
- 1st.* His superficial beams sun-burnt our skin;
- 2nd.* Hut left within
- 3rd.* Th3 night and winter still of death and sin,
- Oho.* Thy softer, yet more curtain darts
Spare our eyes, but pierce our hearts.
- 1st.* Therefore, with his proud Persian spoils
- 2nd.* We court Thy more concerning smiles.
- 3rd.* Therefore, with his disgrace
We gild the humble cheek of this chaste place;
- Uho.* And at Thy feet pour furth his face.
- 1st.* The doting nations now no more
Shall any day but Thine adore ;
- 2nd.* Nor, much less, shall they leave these eyes
For cheap Egyptian deities.
- 3rd.* In whatsoe'er more sacred shape
Of ram, he-goat, or reverend apu,
Those beauteous ravishers oppresa'd so sore
The too-hard-tcmpted nations.
- 1s'£.* Never moro
By wanton heifer shall be worn
- 2nd.* A garland, or a gilded horn.

The altar-stall'd ox, fat Dsiris now,
 "With his fair sister-cow,

3rd. Shall kick the clouds no more; but lean ani tame

Cho. See his horn'd face, and die for shame,
 And Mithra now shall he no name.

1st. No longer shall the immodest lust
 Of adulterous godless dust

2nd. Fly in the face of heav'n; as if it were
 The poor world's fault that he is fair.

3rd. Nor with perverse loves and religious rapes
 Revenge Thy bounties in their beauteous shapes,
 And punish best things worst; becausD they stood
 Guilty of being much for them too good.

1st. Proud sons of death, that durst compel
 Heav'n itself to find them hell;

2nd. And by strange wit of madness wrest
 Prom this world's East the other's West.

3rd. All-idolizing worms, that thus could crowd
 And urge their sun into Thy cloud;
 Forcing his sometimes eclipsed face to be
 A long deliquium to the light of Thee.

Clio. Alas! with huw much heavier shade
 The shamefaced lamp hung down his head,
 For that one eulipse ho made,
 Than all those he suffered!

1st. For this he look'd so big, and every morn
 With a red face confess'd this scorn;
 Or hiding his vex'd cheeks in a hired mist,
 Kept them from being so unkindly kiss'd:

2nd. *It* was *far* this the day did rise
 80 oft with blubber'd eyes.

For this the evening wept; and WB ne'er knew,
But call'd it dew.

3rd. This daily wrong
Silenced the morning suns, and damp'd their song.

Oho. Nor was 't our deafness, hut our ains, that thus
Long made th'harmonions orhs all mute to us.

Znd. Time has a day in store,
When this so proudly poor
And self-oppressed spark, that has so long
By the love-sick world been made
Not so much their sun as shade,
Weary of this glorious wrong,
From them and from himself shall flee
For shelter to the shadow of Thy tree !

Clio. Proud to have guin'd this precious loss,
And changed his false urown for Thy cross.

2nd. That dark day's clear doom shall define
Whose is the master fire, which sun would shine;
That sable judgment-seat shall by new laws
Decide and settle the great cause
Of controverted light;

Oho. And Nature's wrongs rejoice to do Thee right.

3rd. That forfeiture of noon to-night shall pay
All the idolat'rous theft ifcnc by this night of day;
And the great penitent press his own pale lips
With an elaborate love-eclipse,
To which the low world's laws
Shall lend no cause,

Uho. Save those domestic which He borrows
From our sins and His own Borrowes.

1st. Three sad hours' sackcloth, then, shall show to us

His penance, as our fault, conspicuous.

- 2nd.* And he more needfully and nobly prove
The nations' terror now, than erst their bve,
- 3rd.* Their hated lovea changed into wholeaome fears,
- Uhi.* The shutting of his eye shall open theirs.
- 1st.* As by a fair-eyed fallacy of day
Mised before they lost their way,
So shall they, by the seasonable fright
Of an unseasonable night,
Losing it once again, stumble on true light;
- 2nd.* And *as* before his too-bright eye
Was their more blind idolatry,
80 his officious blindness now shall be
Their block, but faithful perspective of Thee;
- 3rd.* His new prodigious night,
Their new and admirable light;
The supernatural dawn of thy pure day,
While wondering they,
The happy converts now of Him
Whom they compelTd before to be their sin,
Shall henceforth Bee
To Idas him only as their rod,
Wham thBy so long courted as Grod ;
- Oho.* And their best useyf him they worshipped be
To learn of him at least to worship Thee.
- 1st.* It was their weakness woo'd his beauty;
But it ahull be
Their wisdom now, as well as duty,
T' enjoy his blot; and, as a large black letter,
Use it to spell Thy beauties better;
And moke thu night itself their torch to Thee.

- 2nd. By the oblique ambush of this close night,
 . Couch'd in that conscious shade,
 The right-eyed Areopagite
 Shall with a vigorous guess invade
 And catch thy quick reflex; and sharply see
 On this dark ground
 TD descant Thee.
- 3rd. O price of the rich spirit! with that fierce chase
 Of this strong soul shall he
 Leap at Thy lofty face,
 And seize the swift flash, in rebound
 From this obsequious uloud,
 . Once call'd a sun;
 Till dearly thus undone,
- CTiQ. Till thus triumphantly tamed, O ye two
 Twin suns! and taught now to negotiate you.
- 1st. Thus shall that reverend child of light,
 2nd. By being scholar first of that new night,
 Come furth great master of the mystic day;
 3rd. And teach obsuarc mankind a more close way,
 By the frugal negative light
 Of a, most wise and well-abusud night,
 To read more legible Thine original ray,
- Cho. And moke our darkness serve thy day;
 Maintaining 'twixt Thy world and ours
 A commerce of contrary pow'rs;
 A mutual trade
 'Twixt sun and shade,
 By confederate black and white,
 Borrowing day and lending night.
- 1st. Thua we, who when with all the noble pow'rs

That, at Thy cost, are call^l I, not vainly, oars ;
 We vow to make brave way
 Upwards, and press on for the pure intelligential
 pray;

2nd. At least, tj play
 The amorous spies,
 And peep and proffer at Thy sparkling throne;

3rd. Instead of bringing in the blissful prize,
 And fost'ning on thine eyes,
 Forfeit our own,
 And nothing gain,

But more ambitious loss, at least of brain;

Uho. Now by abased lids shall learn to bo
 Eagles, and shut our eyes that we may see.

THE CLOSE.

Therefore to Thee and Thine auspicious ray,
 Dread sweet! ID, thus
 At least by us,
 The delegated eye of day
 Does first his sceptre, then himself in solrmn
 tribute pay.

Thus he undresses
 His sacred unshorn tresses;

At Thy adored feet, thus, he lays down

1st. His gorgeous tire
 Of flame and fire,

2nd. Iliia glittering robe,

3rd. His sparkling crown,

10f. His gold,

2nd. His myrrh,

3rd His frankincense,
Oho. To which he now has no pretence.
 For being show'd by this day's light, how far
 He is from sun enough tu make Thy star,
 His best ambition now is but to be
 Something a brighter shadow, sweet, of Thee ;
 Dr on heaven's azure forehead high to stand
 Thy golden index; with a duteous hand
 Pointing us home to our own sun.
 The world's and his Hyperion '

TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY ON
 TWELFTH-DAY.

MEADAM,

'Mongst those long rows of crowns that gild
 your race
 These royal sages sue for decent piacc.
 The day-break of the nations; their first ray ;
 When the dark world dawii'd into Christian day,
 And smiled i' th' babe's bright face, the purpling bud
 And rosy dawn of the right royal blood;
 Fair first-fruits of the Lamb ; sure kings in this ;
 They took a kingdom while they gave a kiss :
 But tho world's homage, scarce in these well blown,
 We read in you, rare queen, ripe and full grown.
 For from this day's rich seed of diadems
 Does rise a radiant crop of royal stems,

A golden harvest of crown'd heads, that meet
 And crowd for kisses from the Lamb's white feet.
 In this illustrious throng, your lofty flood
 Swells high, fair confluence of all high-born blood ?
 With your bright head whose groves of sceptres bend
 Their wealthy tops; and for these feet contend.
 So swore the Lamb's dread sire, and so we sce't,
 Crowns, and the heads they kiss, must court these feet.
 Fix here, fair majesty ! May your heart ne'er miss
 To reap new crowns and kingdoms from that kiss!
 Nor may we miss the joy to meet in yau
 The aged honours of this day still new.
 May the great time in you still greater be,
 While all the year is your Epiphany ;
 While your each day's devotion duly brings
 Three kingdoms tu supply this day's three kings /

THE OFFICE DF THE HOLY CROSS.
 FOE THE IIDUE OF MATINS.

The Versicle.



DKD, by Thy sweet and saving sign,

The Mesponsor.

Defend ua from our foes and Thine.

V&r. Thou shall open my lips, O Lord;

Res. And my mouth shall declare Thy praise.

Ver_t O God, make speed to save me.

Res. D Lord, make haste to help me.

Per. Glory be to the Father,
 And to the Son,
 And to the Holy Ghost,

E?s. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
 be, world without end. *Amen.*

Thw Hymn.

The wakeful matins haste to sing
 The unknown sorrows of our King;
 The Father's word and wisdom made
 Man for man, by man's betray* d;
 The world's price set to sale, and by the bold
 Merchants of death ani sin is bought and sol];
 Of His best friends, yea of Himself, forsaken,
]y his worst foes, because he would, beak-g'd and taken.

The Antiphon.

All hail, fair tree,
 Whoso fruit WD be !
 What song shall raise
 Thy seemly praise,
 Who brought'st to light
 Life out of death, day out of night!

The Versick.

Lo, we adore Thee,
 Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before Thee;

The Responsvr.

'Cause by the covenant of Thy Cross
Thou hast saved at ones the whole world's loss.

The Prayer.

O, Diy Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God!
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine own precious death, Thy
Cross and Passion, betwixt my soul and Thy judgment,
now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to
grant me Thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead
remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord ;
to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livi'st
and reignst with the Father, in the unity of the Holy
Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

FDR THE HOUR OF PRIME.

The versich.

ORD, by Thy sweet and saving sign,

The Responsvr.

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

Fer. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord;

Res. And my mouth shall declare Thy praise.

Ver. O Gtod, make speed to save me.

Res. O Lord, moke haste to help me.

Ver. Glory be to, (fee.

Ret. As it waa in, ifa.

T/w Ifymn.

The early prime blushes to say
 She could not rise so soon as they
 M'd Pilate up, to try if he
 Could lend them any cruelty.

Their hands with lashes arm'il, their tongues with li_M,
 And loaths³me spittle blot those beauteous eyes,
 The blissful springs of joy, from whose all-cheering ray
 Thi? fair liars h'll their weakful fires, the sun himself
 drinks day.

The AntipJwn.

Victorious sign
 That now dost shine,
 Tmnscrib'd above
 Into the land of light and love;
 O, let ua twino
 Our roots with thine,
 That we may rise
 Upon thy wings and reach the skies 1

The Versick.

Lo, we adore Thee,
 Dread Lamb I and fall
 Thus low before Theo;

The Rfsponsor.

'Cause by tho covenant of Thy Cross
 Thou hast saved ab imce the whole world's low.

The Prayer.

O, my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living Gad! interpose, I pray Thee, Thine own precious death, Thy Cross and Passion, betwixt my soul and Thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafa to grant me Thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livcst and reigncst with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen,*

THE THIRD.

The Versich.

D OBD, by that sweet and saving sign,

The Responsor.

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

Ver. Thou ahalt open my lips, D Lord;

Res. And my mouth shall declare Thy praise.

Ver. D God, make sped to save me.

Res. D Lord, make haste to help me.

Ver. Grbry be to, &c.

Res.' As it was in the, &c.

The Hymn.'

The third hour's deofen'd with the cry
Of " crucify Him I crucify!"

So goes the vote, nor oak them, why ?
 " Live Borabbas!" and let Rod diu.
 But there is wit in wrath, and they will try
 A hail more cruel than their crucify ;
 For while in sport **He** wears a spiteful crown,
 The serious show'rs along His decentface run sadly down.

The Antiplwn.

Christ when He died
 Deceived the Cross,
 And on Death's side
 Threw all the loss.
 The captive world awak'J, and found
 The prisoner loose, the jailor bound.

The Fersicle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
 Dread Lamb ! and fall
 Thus low before Thee ;

The Responsor.

'Cause by the covenant of Thy Cross
 Thou hasb saved at once the whole world's loss.

The Prayer.

O, my Lord Jcsu Christ, Son of thu living God !
 interpose, I pray Thee, Thino own precious death, Thy
 Cross and Passion, betwixt my soul and Thy judgment,
 now and in the hour of my death, And vouchsafe to
 grant me Thy grace and mercy ; to the living and dead,
 remission and rest ; to Thy Church, peace and concord ;

to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE SIXTH.

Hie Vtrside.



DKD, by Thy sweet and saving sign,

T7w Respvnsw.

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

Ver. Thou shalt upen my lips, D Lurd;

Res. And my mouth shall declare Thy praise.

Ver. O God, make speed to save me.

Res. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Ver. Glory be to, ifec.

Res. As it was in, &u.

The Hymn.

Now is the noon of sorrow's night

High in His patience as their spite.

Lo, the faint Lamb, with weary limb,

Bears that huge tree which must bear Him !

That fatal plant, so great of fame

For fruit of sorrow and of shame,

Shall swell with both for Him, ani mix

All woes into one crucifix.

Is tortuVd thirst itself too sweet a cup ?

Gall and more bitter mocks shall make it up,

Are nails blunt pens of superficial smart?
 Contempt and scorn can send sure wounds to search
 the inmost heart.

The Antiphon.

O, dear and sweet dispute
 Twixt death's and love's far different fruit!
 Different as fur
 As antidotes and poisons are.
 Ey that fii-htfatal tree
 Both life and liberty
 Were sold and slain;
 By this they both look up and live again !

The Versick.

Lo, we udore Thei^l,
 Drcail Lamb ! and bow thus low before Thcc ;

The Responsor.

'Cause by the covenant of Thy Cross
 Thou hast saved the world from certum loss.

The Prayer.

O, my Lord Jcsu Christ, Son of the living God!
 interpose, I pray Thee, Thine own precious death, Thy
 Cross and Passion, betwixt my soul and Thy judgment,
 now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to
 grant me Thy grate and mercy ; to the living and dead,
 remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord ,
 to us sinners, life and glory cviTlastmg. Who Ihest
 and ruignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy
 Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE NINTH.

The Versicle.

DKD, by Thy sweet and saving sign,

The Responsw.

Defend us from our foss and Thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord;

Res. And my mouth shall declare Thy praise.

Ver. O Grod, make speed to save me.

Res. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Ver. Glory he to, &c.

Res. As it was in, (fee.

The Hymn.

The ninth with awful horror hark'ned to those groans
 Which taught attention even to rocks and stones.
 Hear, Father, hear 1 Thy Lamb, at last, complains
 Of some more painful thing than all His pains.
 Then bows His all-obedient head, and dies,
 His own love's and our sin's great sacrifice.
 The sun saw that, and would have seen no more;
 The centre shook, her useless veil th'inglorious temple
 tore.

The Antiphon,

O, strange mysterious strife

Of open death and hidden life !

When on the Dross my King did bleed
 Life seem'd to die, death died indeed.

The Versicle.

Lo, we odors Thee,
 Dread Lamb! and fall
 Thus low before Thee;

The Respmsor.

'Cause by the covenant of Thy Cross
 Thou hast saved at once the whole world's loss.

The Prayer.

U, my Lord Jcsu Christ, Son of the living God!
 interpose, I pray Thcc, Thine own precious death, Thy
 Cross and Passion, betwixt my soul and Thy judgment,
 now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to
 grant me Thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead,
 remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concurd;
 to us sinners, lifo and glory everlasting. Who livest
 and reigncst with the Father, in the unity of the Holy
 Ghost, one God, world without end, *Amen,*

EVENSONG.

The Versich.

ORD, by Thy sweet and saving sign,

The Respvsor.

Defend us from our fues and Thine.

Ver. Thou shajt open my lips, 0 Lord ;

Res. And my mouth shall declare Thy praise.

Ver. D Grod, make speed to save me.

Res. 0 Lord, make haste to hi'lp me.

Ver. Glory be to, &c.

Res. As it was in, itc.

TJie Hymn.

But there were rocks would not rulent at this.

Lo, for their own hearts they rend His !

Their deadly hate lives still, and hath

A wild reserve of wanton wrath ;

Superfluous spear ! hut there's a heart stands by

Will look no wounds he lost, no death shall die.

leather now thy griefs ripe fruit, great Mother-maid !

Then sit thee down, and sing thy evensong in the sad

tree's shade.

The Antiphon.

D sad, sweet tree !

Wueful and joyful, we

Both weep and fling in shade of thee :
 When the dear noils did lock
 And graft into thy gracious stock
 The hope, the health,
 The worth, the wealth
 Of all the ransom'd world, thuii haJst the power,
 In that propitious hour,
 To poise each precious limb,
 And prove how light the world was when it wsigh'd
 with Him.

 Wide may'st thou spread
 Thine aims ; and with thy bright and blissful head
 D'erlook all Libanua ! Thy Mty crown
 The King Himself is; thou His humble throne.
 Where yielding, and yet conquering, HB
 Proved a new path of patient victory,
 When wond'ring death by death was slain,
 And our captivity His captive ta'en.

The Terswle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
 Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before Thee;

The Responsur.

'Cause by the covenant of Thy Cross
 Thou hast saved the world from certain lass.

The Prayer.

O, my Lord JBSU Christ, Son of the living God!
 interpose, I pray Thee, Thine own precious death, Thy
 Cross and Passion, betwixt my soul and Thy judgment,

now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me Thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy &host, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

CDMPLIN.

The Versicle.

ORD, by Thy sweet and saving sign,

The Responsor,

Defend us from our foes and Thine,

Ver. Thou shalt open my lips, 3 Lord;

Res. And my mouth shall declare Thy praise.

Ver. O God, make speed to save me.

Res. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Ver. Glory he to, (fee.

Res. As it was in, *kv.*

The Hymn.

The complin hour comes last, to call

Us to our own life's funeral.

Ah, heartless task I yet hope takes heed,

And lives in Him that here lies dead.

Bun, Mary, run! bring hither all the blest

Arabia, for thy royal phoenix' nest;

Pour on thy noblest sweets, which, when they touch
 This sweeter body, shall indeed be such.
 But must Thy bed, Lord, be a borrowed grave,
 Who lend'st to all things all the life they have?
 O, rather USD this heart, thus far a fitter stone,
¹Cause, though a hard ani cold one, yet it is Thine own.

Amm.

The Antiphon.

D, save us, then,
 Merciful King of men!
 Since thou would'st needs be thus
 A Saviour, and at such a rate, for us;
 Save us, D save us, Lord!
 We now will own nu shorter wish, nor name a narrower
 word.
 Thy blood bids us be bold;
 Thy wounds give us fair hold;
 Thy sorrows chide our shame;
 Thy Dross, Thy nature, and Thy name
 Advance our clftim
 And cry with DUB accord,
 Save them, D save them, Lord!

The Versicht.

Lo, we adore Thee,
 Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before Thee f

The Respvnsor.

'Cause by the covenant of Thy Cross
 Thou hast saved the world from certain loss.

The Prayer.

O, my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray Thee, Thine own precious death, Thy Gross anil Passion, betwixt my soul and Thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me Thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life anI glory everlasting. Who livest and rcignest with the Fathur, in the unity of the Holy Grhost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE RECOMMENDATION.



THESE hours, and that which hovers o'er
my end,
 Into Thy hands and heart, Lord, I com-
 mend!

Take both to Thine account, that I and mine
 In that hour, and in these, may be all Thine.

That a'BI dedicate my devuuteat breath,
 To make a kind of life for my Lord's death,

So from His living, and life-giving death,
 My dying life may draw a new and never-fleeting breath !

VEXILLA REGIS.

The, Hymn of the Holy Cross.

DDK op, languishing soul! La, when* the
 fair
 Badge of thy faith calls back thy care,
 And bills thuc ne'er forget
 Thy life is one long debt
 Of love to Him who, on this painful tree,
 Fail back tho flesh lie took for they.

Lo, how the streams of life from that full nest
 Of loves, thy Lord's too liberal breast,
 Flow in an amorous flood
 Of water wedding blood !
 With these He wash'd thy stain, transferr'd thy smart,
 And took ib home to His own heart.

But thou, great love, greedy of auch sod gam,
 Usurped the portion of Thy pain,
 And from the nails and spear
 Turn'd the steel point of fear,
 Their use is changed, not lost; and now they move
 Not stings of wrath, but wounds of love.

Tall tree of life I Thy truth makes good
 What was till now ne'er understood,
 Though the prophetic King

Struck bud his faithful string;
 It was thy wood he meant should make the throne
 For a more than Solomon,

Large throne of Love ! royally spread
 With purple of too rich a red:
 Thy crime ia too much duty;
 Thy burthen too much beauty !
 Glorious or grievous more ? thus to make good
 Thy costly excellence with thy King's own blood.

Even balance of both worlds! our world of sin,
 And that of grace heav'n weigh'd in Him,
 Us with our price thou weighed'st;
 Dur price for us thou pnycd'st ;
 Soon as the right-hand scale rejoiced to prove
 How much death weigh'd more light than Love.

Hail, our alone Hupe ! let Thy fair head shout
 Aloft; and fill the nations with Thy noble fruit.
 The while our hearts and wo
 Thus graft ourselves on Thee,
 Grow Thou, and they; and be Thy fair increase
 The sinner's pardon, and the just man's peace.

Live, O, for ever live and reign,
 The Lamb whom His own love has slain f
 And 1st Thy lost sheep live t' inherit
 That kingdom which this Cross did merit, *Amen.*

CHARITAS NIMIA,

Or the Dear Bargain.

LORD, what is man ? why should he cost
 Thee
 So dear? what had his ruin lost Thee?
 Lord, what is man ? that Thou hast over-bought
 So much a thing of nought ?

Love is too kind, I see, and can
 Make but a simple merchantman.
 Two for such sorry merchandise
 Bold painters have put out his eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord ! what were't to Thee
 If there were no such worms as we ?
 Heav'n ne'ertheless still heav'n would be.
 Should mankind dwell
 In the deep hell,
 What have his woes to do with Thee ?

Let him go weep
 O'er his own wounds ;
 Seraphim will not sleep,
 Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds,

Still would the youthful spirits sing,
 And still Thy spacious palace ring;

Still would those beauteous ministers of light
 Burn all as bright,

And bow their flaming heads before Thee;
 Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee ;
 Still would those ever-wakeful sons of fire
 Keep warm Thy praise
 Both nights and days,
 And teach Thy loved name to their noble lyre.

Let fro ward dust then do its kind,
 And give itself for sport to the prouid wind.
 Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares
 In the eternity of Thy old cares ?
 Why shouldsb Thou bow Thy awful breast to see
 What mine own madneses have done with me ?

Should not the king still keep his throne
 Because some desperate fool's undone ?
 Dr will the world's illustrious eyes
 Weep for every worm that dies ?

Will the gallant sun
 E'er the less glorious run ?
 Will he hong down his golden head,
 Or e'er the sooner seek his western bed,
 Because some foolish fly
 Grows wanton, and will die ?

If I were lost in misery,
 What was it to Thy heav'n, and Thee?

What wan it to Thy precious blood
If my foul heart call'd for a flood ?

What if my faithless soul and I
Would needs fall in
With guilt and ain,
What did the Lamb that He should die?
What did the Lamb that Ho should need,
When the wolf sins, Himself to bleed ?

If my base lust
Bargain'il with death and well-beseeming dust,
Why should the white
Lamb's bosom write
The purple name
Of my sin's shame ?

Why should Ilia unstain'd breast make good
My blushes with His own heart blood ?

O, my Saviour, nmke me see
How dearly Thou hast paid for me,

That, lost again, my life may prove
As then in death, BO now in love!

SANDTA MAKIADDLDRUM,

*Or the Mother of Sorrows; a Pathetical descant upon
the devout phinsong of" Stalwt Mater
dohrusa."*



N shade of death's sad tree
 Stood doleful she;
 Ah, she ! now by none other
 Name to be known, alas ! but Sorrow's Mother.
 Before her eyes
 Her's, and the whole world's joys,
 Hanging all torn, she sees, and in His woes
 And pains her pangs and throes.
 Each wound of His from every part,
 All, more at home in Her own heart.

What kind of marble, then,
 Is that cold man
 Who can look on and see,
 Nur keep such noble sorrow's company ?
 Sure even from you,
 My flints, some drops are due,
 To see BO many unkind swords contest
 So fast for one soft breast ;
 While with a faithful, mutual flood
 Her eyes bleed tears, His wounds weep blood !

o), costly intercourse
 Of death's, and worse
 Divided loves: while Son and Mother
 Discourse alternate wounds to one another!
 Quick deaths that grow
 And gather as they come and go;
 His nails write swords in Her; which soon Her heart
 Fays back, with more than their own smart;
 Her swords, still growing with His pain,
 Turn spears, and straight come home again.

She sees Her (Son, Her Bod,
 Bow with a load
 Of borrow^ld sins, and swim
 In woes that were nut made for Him.
 Ah! hard command
 Of Love! Here must She stand
 Charged to look on, and with a steadfast eye
 Sec Her life die;
 Leaving Her only so much breath
 Aa serves to keep alive Her death.

O, Mother turtle-dove!
 Soft source of love !
 That these dry lids might borrow
 Something from Thy full seas of Borrow !
 O, in that breast
 Of Thine, the noblest nest
 Both of Love's fires and floods, might I recline
 This hard, cold heart of mine,
 The chill lump would relent, and prove
 Soft subject for the siege of Love I

O, teach those wounds to bleed
 In me; me, so to read
 This book of loves, thus writ
 In lines of death, my life may copy it
 With loyal tares.
 O, let me here claim shares !
 Yield something in thy sad prerogative,
 Great Queen of griefs, and give
 Me to my tears; who, though all stone,
 Think much that Thou should'st mourn alone.

Yea, let my life and me
 Be here with Thee,
 And at the humble foot
 Of this fair tree take Our eternal root.
 That so we may
 At least be in LDTD'S way;
 And in these chaste wars while the wing'd wounds flee
 So fast 'twixt Him and Thee,
 My breast may catch the kiss of some kind dart,
 Though as at second hand from either heart.

O you, your own best darts,
 Dear doleful hearts!
 Hail, and strike home and make me see
 That wounded bosoms their own weapons be!
 Come, wounds ! come, darts !
 Nail'd hands ! and pierced hearts I
 Come, your whole selves, Sorrow's great Son and
 Mother,
 Nor grudge a younger brother

Of griefs his portion, who, had all their due,
 One singly wound should not have left for you,

Shall I set there
 Sodeepupaahtire,
 Dear womuls, and only now
 In sorrows draw no dividend with you !
 O, he more wise,
 If not more soft, mine eyes !
 Flow, tardy founts ! and into decent show'rs
 Dissolve my days and hours :
 Ani if them yet, faint soul, defer
 To bleed with Him, fail not to weep with Her.

Rich Queen, lend some relief,
 At h-ast in alms of grief,
 To a heart who, by a sad right of sin,
 Could prove the whole sum, too sure, due to him.
 I3y all thobe stings
 Of love, sweet bitter things,
 Which these torn hands transcribed on Thy true heart;
 O, teach mine, too, the art
 To study him BO, till we mix
 Wounds, and beuoine one cruuifu.

O, let me suck the wino
 80 long of this chaste vine,
 Till, drunk of the dear Wuunda, I be
 A lost thing to the world, as it to me !
 O, faithful friend
 Of me and of my end !

Fold up my life in love, ani lay't beneath

My dear Lord's vital death.

Lo, heart, thy hope's whole plea! Her precious breath

Pour'd out in prayers for thee; thy Lord's in death,

THE HYMN OF SAINT THOMAS IN
ADORATION OF THE BLESSED
SACRAMENT.

WITH all the pow'rs my poor heart hath,
Of humble love and loyal faith,
Thus low, my hidden life ! I bow to Thee,
Whom too much love hath bow'd more low for mo,
Down, down, proud sense ! discourses die,
Keep close, my soul's enquiring eye !
Nor touch nor taste must look for more,
But each sit still in his own door.

Your ports are all superfluous here,
Save that which lets in faith — the ear.
Faith is my skill, faith can believe
As fast as love new laws can give.
Faith is my force, faith strength affords
To keep pace with those pow'rful words :
And words more sure, more sweet than they
Love could not think, truth could not say.

O, let Thy wretch find that relief
Thou didst afford the faithful thief;

Plead for me, Love I allege and show
 That faith has farther here to go,
 And less to lean on; because then,
 Though hid as God, wounds write Thee man;
 Thomas might touch none but might see,
 At least, the suff'ring side of Thee ;
 And that, too, was Thyself which Thee dii cover,
 But here even that's hid, too, which hides the other.

Sweet, consider then, that I,
 Though nlbw'J not hand nor eye
 To teach at Thy loved face, nor can
 Taste Thee God, or touch Thee man,
 Both yet believe and witness Thee,
 My Lord, too, and my God, ad loud 03 He.

Hulp, Lord, my hope increase,
 And fill my portion in Thy peace.
 Dive love for life, nor let my days
 Grow, bub in new powers to name Thy praise.

O, dear memorial of that death
 Which livi'H still, and allows us breath!
 llich, royal flood ! bountiful bread l
 Whose use denies us to the dead ;
 Whose vital gust alone can give
 The same leave both to eat nnd live ;
 Live ever, brcnd of loves, and be
 My life, my soul, my surer self to EQB !

O, soft self-wounding pelican,
 Whose breast weepa balm for wounded ~~man~~ !

Ah, this way bend thy benign flood,
 To a bleeding heart that gasps for blood ;
 That blood whose least drop sovereign be-
 To wash my worlds of sins from me!
 Come, love! come, Lord ! and that long day
 For which I languish, come away ;
 When this dry soul those eyes shall see,
 And drink the unseal'd source of Thee;
 When glory's sun faith's shade shall chase,
 Then for Thy veil give me Thy face. *Amen.*

THE HYMN FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

LAUDA SION SALVATDREM.

RISE, ruyal Si on ! rise and sing
 Thy soul's kind shepherd, thy heart's King.
 Stretch all thy powers, call, if you can,
 Harps of heav'n to hands of man—
 This sovereign subject sits above
 The best ambition of thy IOVL.

Lo, the bread of life ! this day's
 Triumphant text provokes Thy praise—
 The living and life-giving bread
 To the great twelve distributed,
 When Life Himself at point to die,
 Of Love, was his own legacy,

Come, Love ! ani let us work a song
 Loud and pleasant, sweet and long ;
 Let lips and hearts lift high the noise
 Of BD just and solemn joys,
 Which on His white brows this hright day.
 Shall hence for ever hear away.

Lo, the new law of a new Lord,
 With a new Lamh blesses the hoard !
 The aged Pascha pleads not years,
 But spies love's dawn, and disappears.
 Types yield to truths, shades shrink away,
 And their night dies into our day.

But, lest that die too, we are bid
 Ever to do what he once did ;
 And, by a mindful, mystic breath,
 That we may live, revive His death ;
 With a well-blest bread and wine
 Tranaumcd and taught to turn divine.

The huuv'n-instructed house of faith
 Here a holy dictate hath,
 That they bub lend their form and face,
 Themselves with reverence leave their place,
 Nature and name, to be made good
 By nobler bread, more needful blood.

Where Nature's laws no leave will give,
 Bold faith takes heart, and dares believe
 In different species, name not things,

Himself to me my Saviour brings,
 As meat in that, as drink in this;
 But still in both one Christ He is.

The receiving mouth here makes
 Nor wound nor breach in what He takes.
 Let one, or one thousand be
 Here dividers, single he
 Bears home no less, nil they no more,
 Nor leave they both less than before.

Though in itself this sovereign feast
 Be all the same to every guest,
 Yet on the same, life-meaning, bread
 The child of death eats himself dead.
 Nor is't Love's fault, but sin's dire skill
 That thus from life can death distil.

When the blest signs thou broke shalt see,
 Huld but thy faith entire as He,
 Who, howsoe'er clod, imnot come
 Less than whole Christ in every crumb.
 In broken forms a stable faith
 Untouuh'i her precious total hath.

Lo, the life-food of angels then
 Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men !
 The childrena* bread, the bridegroom's wine,
 Not to be cast to dogs or swine.

Lo, the full, final sacrifice
 On which ail figures fia'd their eyes,

The ransom'd Isaac anil his ram,
The manna, and the Paschal Lamb!

Jean, MustBr, just and true !
Our food, and faithful Shepherd too!
O, by Thyself vouchsafe to keep,
As with Thyself Thou feed'st Thy sheep.

O, let that bvc whiuh thus makes Thee
Mix with our low mortality,
Lift our lean soula, and set us up
Convictors of Thine own full cup,
Co-heirs of saints, that so all may
Drink the same wine, and tha same way;
Nor change the pasture, hut the place,
To feud of Thee in Thino own facs! *Amen.*

THE HYMN " DIES IRAE DIES ILLA."

In Meditation of the Day of Judgment.



HAE'ST thou, my soul, what senuus things
Both the Psalm and Sibyl sings,
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall fly away?

O, that Fire I before whose face
Heav'n and earth shall find no place :
O, these Eyes I whose angry light
Must bo the day of that dread night.

O, that Trump ! whose blast shall run
 An even round with th' circling sun,
 And urge the murmuring graves to bring
 Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horror of nature, hell and death !
 When a deep groan from beneath
 Shall cry, " W3 come, we come," and all
 The caves of night answer one call.

O, that Book! whose leaves so bright
 Will set the world in severe light.
 O, that Judge ! whose hand,, whose eye
 None can endure, yet nDne can fly.

Ah, then, poor soul! what wilt them say ?
 And to what patron choose to pray,
 When stars themselves shall stagger, and
 The most firm foot no mure than stand ?

But Thou giv'st leave, dread Lord, that wu
 Take shelter from Thyself in Thee;
 And with the wings of Thine own dove
 Fly to Thy sceptre of soft bve !

Deal, remember in that day
 Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way;
 Thy sheep was stray'd, and Thou wouldst be
 Even lost Thyself in seeking me !

Shall all that labour, all that cost
 Of love, and even that lues, be lost ?

And this loved soul judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness ?

Just Mercy, then, Thy reck'ning be
With my price, and not with me; -
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

Mercy, my Judge ! mercy, I cry,
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye;
The conscious colours of my sin
Are red without, and pale within.

O, let Thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself, and so discharge that day!
If Sin can sigh, Love can forgive,
O, say the word, my soul shall live!

Those mercies which Thy Mary found,
Or who Thy cross confess¹d and crown¹d,
Hope tells my heart the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my pra[^]rs and tears combine,
Both worthless are, for they are mine;
But Thou Thy bounteous self still be,
And show Thou art by saving me.

O, when Thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all Thy lost sheep found shall bo,
Lot " Dome ye blessed" then call mel

Wlion the dread ^{(C} Ite" shall divide
 Those limbs of death from Thy left side,
 Let those life-speaking lips command
 That I inherit Thy right hand !

O, hear a suppliant heart, all urush'd
 And crumbled into contrite dust!
 My hope, my fear ! my Juige, my Friend!
 Taku charge of nip, and of my end!

THE HYMN " O&LDRIDSA DOMINA."



AIL, most high, most humble one !
 Above the world, below thy Son,
 Whose blush the moon beoutcously mars
 And stains the timorous light of stars.
 He that made all things had not done
 Till Hu had made Himself thy Son.
 The whole world's host would be thy guest
 And board Himself at thy rich breast.
 O, boundless hospitality!
 The feast of all things feeds on thee.
 The first Eve, mother of our fall,
 Ere she bore any one, slew all.
 Of her unkind gift might we have
 The inheritance of a hasty grave ;
 Quick buried in thu wanton tomb
 Of one forbidden bit,

Hod not a better fruit forbidden it;

Had not thy healthful womb

The world's new Eastern window been
ind given us heav'n again in giving Him:
Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day
Which renders all the stars she stole away.

Let then th' aged world be wise, and all
Prove nobly, here, unnatural:

Tis gratitude to forget that other,
And call the maiden Eve their mother.

Yo redeem'd nations far and near,
Applaud your happy selves in her,
All you to whom this love belongs,
And keep't alive with lasting songs.

Let hearts and lips speak loud, and say,
Hail, door of life, and source of day !

The door was shut, the fountain scal'd,
Yet light was seen, and life revealed;
The fountain scal'd, yet life found way.

Glory to Thee, girat Virgin's Son,
In bosom of Thy Father's bliss !

The same to Thee, sweet Spirit, be done,
As ever shall be, was, and is ! *Amen.*

THE FLAMING HEART,

*Upm the Book and Picture of ths Seraphical **Saint**
Teresa, as she is usually expressed with a
Seraphim beside Tier.*



WELL-MEANIN& readers! you that CD00
as friends
Ani catch the precious name this piDec
pretends,

Make not too much haste t' admire
That fair-cheek'd fallacy of fire.
That ia a seraphim, they Bay,
And this the great Tercsia.
Readers, be ruled by me, and make
Here a well-placed and wise mistake ;
You must transpose the picture quite,
Ani spell it wrong *to* read it right;
Read Him for Her, and Her for Him,
And call the saint the seraphim.

Fainter, what didst tliuu understand
To put her dart into his hand ?
See, even the years and size of him
Shows this the mother seraphim.
This ifl the mistress flame, and duteous he
Her happy fireworks, here, comes down to see:
O, most poor-spirited of men I
Had thy cold pencil kiss'd her pen,
Thou couldflt not BO unkindly err

To show us this faint shade fur her.
 Why, man, this speaks pure mortal framd ;
 And mocks with female frust love's manly flame,
 One would'st suspect thou mean'st to print
 Some wi'ak, inferior woman Saint.
 But, hai thy palu-faced purple took
 Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,
 Thou would'sb on her have heap'd up all
 That could be found scraphical;
 Wliatc'cr this youth of fire wears fair,
 Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
 Glowing cheek, and glistVing wings,
 All those fair and flagrant things ;
 But, before all, that fiery rfart
 Hod fill'd the hand of this great heart.

Do, then, as equal right requires,
 Since his tho blushes be, and hcr's the fires;
 Resume and rectify thy rude design,
 Undress thy seraphim into mine;
 Redeem this injury of thy art,
 Give him the veil, give her the dart.

Give him the veil, that he may cover
 The red cheeks of a rivalled lover,
 Ashamed thnt our world now can show
 Nests of new seraphims here below.

Give her ths dart, for it is she,
 Fair youth, shoots both thy shaft and thee;
 Say, all ye wise and well-pierced hearts
 That live and die amidst her darts,
 What ia't your tasteful spirits do prove
 la that rare life of her and love ?

Say and hear witness, Sends she not
 A seraphim at every shot ?
 What magazines of immortal arms there shine!
 HeavVs great artillery in each love-spun line.
 Give, then, the dart to her who gives the flame,
 Give him the veil who gives the shame.

But if it he the frequent fate
 Of worst faults to he fortunate,
 If all's prescription, and proud wrong
 Harkens not to an humble song,
 For all the galluntry of him,
 Erivo me the suff'ring seraphim.
 His be the bravery of those bright things,
 The glowing u cheeks, the glistering wings,
 The rosy hand, tho radiant dart;
 Leave her alone the flaming heart.

Leave her that, and thou shalt leave her
 Not one loose shaft, but Love's whole quiver.
 For in Love's field was never found
 A nobler weapon thun a wound.
 Love's passives are his activ'st part,
 The wounded is the wounding heart.
 O, heart! the equal poise of Love's both parts,
 Big alike with wounds and darts,
 Live in these conquering leaves, live all the same,
 And walkthrough all tongues one triumphant flame;
 Live here, great heart, and love, and die, and kill,
 And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer still.
 Let this immortal Life, where'er it comes,
 Walk in a crowd of IDVBB and martyrdoms,
 Let mystic deaths wait on't, and wise souls be

The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O, sweet incendiary ! show hero thy art
Upon this carcass of a, hard, cold heart;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast, at onuu break in
And take away from me myself and sin ;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O, thou undaunted daughter of desires !
By all thy dower of lights and fires,
Ey all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives and deaths of love,
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seiz'd thy parting soul, and scal'd thce his;
By all the heav'ns thou hast in him,
Fair sister of the seraphim !
By all of him we have in thce,
Leave nothing of myself in me:
Lot mo so read thy life that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

A SONG.



LOED, when the sense of Thy sweet grace
 Sends up my soul to ssek Thy face,
 Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
 I die in love's delicious fire.

O Luvu ! I am thy sacrifice,
 Be still triumphant, blessed eyes ;
 Still shine on me, fair suns ! thai I
 Still may behold though still I die.

SECOND PABT.

Though still I die, I live again,
 Still longing BO to he still slain;
 So gainful is such loss of breath,
 I die even in desire of death.
 Still live in me this loving strife
 Of living death and dying life:
 For while Thou sweetly shyest me,
 Dead to myself, I live in Thee.

TO MISTRESS M. R.' COUNSEL CONCERNING
HER CHOICE.



DEAR, heav'n-designed soul!
 Amongst the rest
 Of suitors that besiege your maiden breast,
 Why may not I
 My fortune try,
 And venture to speak one good word,
 Not for myself, alas ! but for my dearer Lord ?
 You've seun already, in this lower sphere
 Of froth and bubbles, what to look fur here.
 Say, gentle soul, what can you find
 But painted shapes,
 Peacocks and apes,
 Illustrious flies,
 Gilded dunghills, glorious lies,
 Goodly surmises
 And deep disguises,
 Oaths of water, words of wind ?
 Truth bids me say, 'tis tимо you ceased to trust
 Your soul to any son of dust.
 'Tis time you listen to a braver love,
 Which from above
 Calls you up higher,
 And bids you come
 And choose your room

Among his own fair sons of fire,
 Where you among
 The golden throng.
 That watches at his palace doors,
 May pass along
 And follow those fair stars of yours;
 Stars much too fair and pure to wait upon
 The false smiles of a sublunary sun.
 Sweet, let me prophesy that at last 'twill prove
 Your wary love
 Lays up his purer and more precious vows,
 And means them for a for more worthy spouse
 Than this world of lies can give ye,
 Ev'n for him with whom nor cost,
 Nor love, nor labour can be lost;
 Him who never will deceive ye.
 Let not my Lord, the mighty lover
 Of souls, disdain that I discover
 The hidden art
 Of His high stratagem to win your heart.
 It was His heav'nly art
 Kindly to cross you
 In your mistaken IDVB,
 That, at the next remove,
 Thence He might toss you,
 And strike your troubled heart
 Home to Himself, to hide it in His breast,
 The bright ambrosial nest,
 Of love, of life, and everlasting rest.
 Happy mistake!
 That thus shall wake

Your wise soul, never to be won
 Now with a love below the sun.
 Your first choice fails ; D, when you choose again,
 May it not be among the sons of men !

ALEXIAS.

The Uomplaint of the forsaken wife of Saint Alexis.

THE FIRST ELEGY.



LATE the Roman youth's love I praise and
 pride
 Whom long none could obtain, though
 thousands tried,
 Lo, here am left, alas ! for my lost mate
 T' embrace my tears, and kiss an unkind fate.
 Sure in my early woes stars were at strife,
 And tried to make a widow ere a wife.
 Nor can I tell, and this new tears doth breed,
 In what strange path my Lord's fair footsteps bleed.
 O, knew I where he wander'd, I should see
 Some solace in my sorrow's certainty;
 I'd send my woes in words should weep for me.
 Who knows how powerful well-writ pray'rs would be!
 Bonding's to D slow a word, myself would fly;
 Who knows my own heart's woes so well as I ?
 But how shall I steal hence ? Alexis, thou,
 Ah, thou thyself, alas ! has taught me how
 Love, too, that leads thee would lend me the wings

To hear me harmless through the hardest things:
 And where love lends the wing, and leads the way,
 What dangers can there he dare say me nay?
 If I he shipwreck'J, love shall teach to swim;
 If drown'd, sweet is the death endured for him;
 The noted sea shall change his name with one,
 I 'mongst the blest stars a new name shall he ;
 And sure where level's make their wat'ry graves
 The weeping mariner will augment the wuvc's.
 For who so hard, but, passing by that way,
 Will take acquaintance of my woes, and say,
 Here't was the Eoman maid found a hard fate,
 While through the world she sought her wand'ring mate;
 Here perish'd she, poor heart! heav'ns, be my vows
 As true to me as she was to her spouse !
 D, live so rare a love ! live ! and in thee
 The too trail life of female constancy.
 Farewell, and shine, fair soul, shine there above,
 Firm in thy crown as here fast in thy love.
 There thy lost fugitive thou hast found at last;
 Be happy, and for ever hold him fast I

THE SECOND ELE&Y.



DOUGH all the joys I had fled hence with thee,
 Unkind ! yet are my tears still true to me ;
 I'm wedded o'er again since thou art gone,
 Nor would'st thou, cruel, leave me quite alone.

Alexis's widow now is Sorrow's wife,
With him shall I weep out my weary life.
Welcome, my sad, sweet mate ! now have I got
At last a constant love that leaves me not:
Firm he, as thou art false, nor need my cries
Thus vex the earth, and tear the [lofty] skies,
For him, alas I ne'er shall I need to be
Troublesome to the world, thus, as for thee,
For thee I talk to trees; with silent groves
Expostulate my woes and much-wrong'd loves.
Hills and relentless rocks, or if there be
Things that in hardness more allude to thee;
To these I talk in tears, and tell my pain,
And answer, too, for them in tears again.
How oft have I wept out the weary sun!
My wat'ry hour-glass hath old time outrun,
O, I am learned grown, poor love and I
Have studied over all astrology.
I'm perfect in heav'n's state, with every star
My skilful grief is grown familiar,
Rise, fairest of those fires, whate'er thou be
Whose rosy heam shall point my sun to me;
Such as the sacred light that erst did bring
The eastern princes to their infant King.
D rise, pure lamp I and lend thy galien ray
That weary love at last may find his way.

THE THIRD ELEGY.

RICH, churlish land I that hid'at so lung in thoe,
 My treasures, rich, alas! by robbing me.
 Needs must my miseries OWB that man a spite
 Whoe'er he be was the first wand'ring knight.
 O, had he ne'er been at that cruel cost
 Nature's virginity had ne'er been lost.
 Seas had not been rebuked by sauuy oars,
 But lain lock'd up safe in their sacred shores;
 Men had not spurn'd at mountains, nor made wars
 Withrocks; nor boldhands struck the world's strongbura;
 Nor lost in too large bounds, our little Koine
 Full sweetly with itself had dwelt at home.
 My poor Alexis then in peaceful life
 Had under some low roof loved his plain wife ;
 But now, ah me! from where he has no foes
 He flies, and into wilful exile goes.
 Gruel, return; or tell the reason why
 Thy dearest parents have deserved to die;
 And I, what is my crime I cannot tell,
 Unless it be a crime t' have loved too well.
 Ifheats ofholier 1DVB and high desire
 Make big thy fair breast with immortal fire,
 What needs my virgin lord fly thus from me,
 Who only wish his virgin wife to be ?
 Witness, chaste heav'ns I no happier vowi I know
 Thau to a virgin grave untouch'd to go.

Lovo's truest knot by Venus is nDt tied,
 Nor do embraces only make a bride.
 The queen of angels, and men chaste as you,
 Was maiden wife, and maiden mother too.
 Cecilia, glory of her name and blood,
 With happy gain her maiden vows made good,
 The lusty bridegroom made approach : young man,
 Take heed, said she, take heed, Valerian!
 My bosom's guard, a spirit great and strong,
 Stands armed to shield me from all wanton wrong.
 My charity is sacred, and my sleep
 Wakeful, her dear vows undefiled to keep..
 Folios bears arms, forsooth, and should there be
 No fortress built for true virginity 7
 No gaping gorgon this, none, like the rest
 Of your learned lies; here you'll find no such jest.
 I'm yours; 0, were my Q-od, my Christ BO too,
 I'd know no name of love on earth but you.
 He yields, and straight baptized, obtains the grace
 To gaze on the fair soldier's glorious face.
 Both mix'd at last their blood in one rich bed
 Of rosy martyrdom twice married.
 D, burn our Hymen bright in such high flame;
 Thy torch, terrestrial love, have here no name.
 How sweet the mutual yoke of man and wife,
 When holy fires maintain love's heav'nly life!
 But I, so help me, Heav'n, my hopes to see,
 When thousands sought my love, loved none but thee.
 Still aa their vain tears'my firm vows did try,
 Alexis, he alone is mine, said I;
 Half true, alas 1 half falsa proves that poor line,
 Alexis is alone, but is not mine.

DESCRIPTION OF A RELI&IDUS HOUSE
AND CONDITION OF LIFE.

Out of Barclay.



No roofs of gold o'er riotous tables shining,
Whole days and sans devoured with endless
dining;
No sails of Tyrian silk proud pavements sweeping;
Nor ivory couches costlier slumbers keeping;
False lights of flaring gem ; tumultuous joys ;
Holla full of flattering men and frisking boys;
Whate'er false shows of short and slippery good
Mil the mad sons of men in mutual blood.
Eut walks and unshorn woods, and souls just so
Unforced and genuine, hut not shady though;
Our lodgings hard and homely as our fare,
That chaste and cheap as the few clothes we wear.
Those course and negligent, as the natural locks
Of these loose groves, rough as th' unpotish'd rocks.
A hasty portion of prescribed sleep;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep,
And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again ;
Still rolling a round sphere of still-returning pain;
Hands full of hearty labours do much that more they
may,
And work for work, not wages ; let to-monWi
New drops -wash off the sweat of this day's sorrows;

A lung and daily-dying life, which breathes
A respiration of reviving deaths.
Eut neither are there those ignoble stings
That nip the bosom of the world's best things,
And lash earth-labouring souls;
No cruel guard of diligent cures, that keep
Urown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep:
But reverend discipline, and religious fear,
And soft obedience, find sweet bidding here;
Silence and sacred rest, peace and pure joys,
Kind loves keep house, lie close, and make no noise,
And room enough for monarchs, while none swells
Beyond the kingdoms of contentful cells.
The self-rememb'ring soul sweetly recovers
Her kindred with the stars; not basely hovers
Below; but meditates her immortal way
Homo to th' original source of light and intellectual day.



PDEMATA LATINA.





POEMATA LATINA.

BULLA.



UT Dicitur BUDS offert me ab illa timores?

Quid facit ad vestrum pondus inane
meum?

Expectat nostros hinc croa toga fortior ;
ista

En mea bullu, lares en tua dextera mihi.

Quid tu ? qua; nova machina,
Quae tam fortuity globo
In vitam prope brevem ?
Qualis virginea adhuc
Cypris concutiens sinus,
Cypris jam nova, jam reruns,
Et spumis media in suis,
Fronsit purpurae latus;
Concha de patria micat,
Pulchroque ocellis impetu ;
Statim et millibus ebria
Ducens terga coloribus
Evolvitur tumido aequa
Sphincter plena volubili.

cujus per varium latus,
 Cujua per teretem globum
 Iris lubrica cursitana
 Centum per species vagaa,
 Et picti facies chori
 Circum regnat, et unique,
 Et Be Diva volatilia
 Jucundo levis impetu
 Et vertigine perfida
 Lasciva sequitur fuga
 Et pulchre dubitat; fluit
 Tarn fallax tutiea novis,
 Tot so per reduces vias,
 Erroresque reciproca
 Spargit vena uuloribus;
 Et putopa natat ebria.
 Tali militia micons
 Agmen SG rude dividit ;
 Ctonpis quippe volantibus,
 Et Dampi levis eequore
 Urdu insanua obambulaiiB
 Passim se fugit, et fugat.
 Fofisim perditj et invenit.
 Fulubrum Bpargitur bit; Chaos.
 Hie viva, hie vaga flumina
 Eipa nun prupria meant,
 Sed miscent sodas vias,
 Communique eub alveo
 S tip ant ielicias BUQB.
 Quarum proximitae vaga
 Tarn iiscrimine lubriuo,

Tam subtilibus arguit
 Juncturam tenuem notis,
 Pompa ut floriia nullibi
 Sine eras habeat vias ;
 NBC vultu nifcent BUD,
 Sed dulcis cumulus novjs
 Miacons purpureus sinus
 Flagrant divitiis suis,
 Privatuni renuens jubar.
 Fiona diluviu vagi,
 Floris sidere publico
 Late vcr subit aurcum,
 Atque uffanilitur in BUS
 Vires unilijue cup ire.
 Nempo umnis quin cernibur,
 Nullua cernitur hiu color,
 Et viuiniu contumax
 Alii Jit species vagos.
 Hlic cuntiguia aqiiia
 Marucnt pollidulic faces.
 Undc hie vena, tcncllulee,
 Flammis cbria, proximis
 Discit purpurcas vias,
 Et rubro salit olveD.
 Dstri aanguineum jubar
 Lambunt lactea flumina;
 Suasu carulei maria
 Mansuescit segcs aurea;
 Et lucis faciles genoe
 VanOB ad nebulas stupent;
 Subqu3 avis rubicundulift

Flagrant sobria lilia.
 Vicinis ad rosas
 Viciniffi invigilant naves,
 Ut sint et nivea rose,
 Ut sint et rose nives;
 Accenduntque rosas nives,
 Extinguuntque nives rosas.
 Illic cum viridi rubet,
 Hic et cum montibus viret
 Loscivi facies chori.
 Et quicquid rota lubrica
 Gaudet stelligerie notat,
 Fulgurum pergat et in ambitum.
 Hic caeli implicitus labor,
 Orbis orbibus obvii;
 Hic grex vellera aurei
 & rex pellucius ethæris;
 Qui noctis nigra pascua
 Puris morsibus atterit;
 Hic quicquid nitidum et vagum
 Uffili vibrat arenula
 Dulci pingitur in iocis.
 Hic mundus tener impedit
 Sese amplexibus in suis.
 Succinctique in sinu globi
 Errat per propriam decus.
 Hic mutant flubite faces,
 Et ludunt tremulum diem.
 Mui sub sunipiunt sui et
 [Queerunt tecta supercili;
 Atque ablunt petulans jubar,

SubsiduntiniB proterviter.
 Atque hffiu uninin quam brevia
 Sunt mendacia much into I
 Curnint scilicet omnia
 Sphucra, non vitrea quiicm,
 Ut quondam Siculus gbbus,
 Sed vitro nitida magis,
 Sed vitro fragili magis,
 Et vitro vitrea magis.

Sum vend ingenium breve
 Flos sum, Bciliuet aeria;
 SidusscilicettLuuris;
 Naturas jocus auruus,
 Nature vaga fabula,
 Nature breve somnium.
 Nugarum dcras et dolor;
 Dulcis, doL-tuquK vanitaa.
 Aute filln perfidre ;
 Et risus facilis parens.
 Tan turn gutta supurbiur,
 Fortunatius et lutum.

Sum fluxEB prstium spei ;
 Una ex Hesperidum insulis.
 Formtu pyxis, amantimn
 Glaru uffiuus ocellulua;
 Vane et cor leve **gloriæ.**

Sum csecfB apeculum Dew,
 Sum Furtunce ego tessera,

Quam dat militibus suia;
 Sum Fortune ego symbolum,
 Cuius sancit fragilem fidem
 Cum mortalibus ebriis
 Obsignatque tabullulas,

Sum blondum, petulans, vugum,
 Pulchrum, purpureum, et decena,
 Domptum, floridulum, et recens,
 Distinutum nivibus, rosis,
 Uniis, ignibus; acre,
 Fictum⁷ gummeum, et aureum,
 O sum, scilicet, *O* nihil.

Si piget, et longam traxisse in te dia pompam
 Vivax, et nimium Bulla videtur anus;
 Tullius tua oculos, pensum leva dosinct, illum
 Parca metet facili non upcrusa manu.
 Vixit adhuu. Cur vixit? adhuc tu nempe bgebas;
 Tempo fuit tempua turn potukse mori.

THESAURUS MALDRUM FEMINA.



QUIS dicit, o quia erat qui te, mala fuemina,
 finiit?

Proh I urimen superum, nuxa pudenda
 ieuumI

Quis divum manus est adeo non iextera mundo?
 In Dostraa clades ingeniosa monua!

Purcite; peccavi: nee enim pin numina possunt
 Tarn crudele scmel vcl vuluisse nefas.
 Vestrum opus eat pietas; opus eat concurdia vestrum:
 Vos equidem tales baud re or artifices.
 HULLS inferna cobors ! foetus cognoscite vestrus.
 Num pudct hunc vestrum vincure posse scclua ?
 Plaudite Tartarei proceres, Ercbiqc potentcs,
 (Noc mirum cat tantum vos potuisse malum,)
 Jam vcstras laudato manus. Si furte tauetis,
 Artificum lauilea granJe hquctur opus,
 liuam bene YDS omnes specubLOU tempi ur in istu?
 Pictas in angustum cugitur umne malum.
 Quin durmi Pluto. Eabidas uompesuo surures,
 Jam nun poscit opem nuetra ruina tuam.
 Htcu satis in nostros fabricata est machina murus,
 Mortalus furios Tartara nostru iubunt.

IN APDLLINEA DEPEREUNTEM DAPHNEN,



TULTE Cupido,
 Quid tua flammu parat?
 Annos sole sub ipso
 Accensæ percunt faces ?
 Sei fax nostra pDtentior iatia,
 Flammas inflammare poteat, ipsa uritur ignis,
 Ecce flammaram putcna
 Majors sub flumrna gerait,
 Eheu I quid hoc est? Ed Apollo

Lyra tacente (ni sonet dolores)
 Coma jacente a quail et Bctcnms decor
 Ores, en! dominie quo placeat magis,
 Languido tardum jubar igne promit.
 Pallente vultu territat aethera.
 Mundi Dculus lacrymis aencscit,
 Et sDlvit pelago debita, quodque hauaerat ignibua,
 His lacrymis rependit.
 Noctis adventu propcrans SB laticbria rei-ondit,
 Et opacas tenebrarum colit umbras,
 Namque sua odit damnans radios, nocensque lumen.
 An lateattenebris dubitat, on educat diem,
 Hinc auadet hoc luutus furens, inde rcpugnat amor.

ÆNEAS PATRIS SUI BAJULUS,



M[ENIA Trojee—Hostia et ignis
 Huatia inter *et* ignes—^Ent; afl spodium pium
 Atque humeris vcnurabilB pondua
 Eicipit, et SRVE nunc 6 nunc parcite flamme,
 Parcite baud (damat) mihi;
 Sacra favete sarcinw,,
 Quod si negatis, nee liuebit
 Vitam juvarc, eed juvubo funus ;
 RogusquB fiam patris ac bustum mci.
 His diutis acies pervolat hostium
 Geatit, et partis veluti tropweia
 Ducit triumphs. Nam furor hwtium

Jam fltupet ct pietate tanta
 Victor vincitur; imu et moritur
 Troja libenter funeribusq; gaudet,
 Ac faces admittit urans, nc latuat tenebras
 Per opacofl opus ingens pietatia.
 Dcbita sic patri solvis tua, sic pari rcpendis
 Officio. Dcderat vitam tibi, tu reddiu huic,
 Felix! parentia qui pater diccria CBBB tui.

IN PIGMALTONA.



PCENITET artis
 Pigmalionaaum,
 Qmi fclix opus esset
 Infclix erat artifex.
 St'iitit vidncru, ncc viict ictum.
 Quis credit? gclido veniunt de marmore flamme.
 Marmor ingratum nimis
 Incendit auturcin suum.
 Concepit hie van as furores ;
 Opus suum miratur atq; adorat.
 Prius creavit, cccc uunc colit manus,
 Tentantes digitos molliter applicat;
 Decipit molles caro dura tactus.
 An virgu vera ust, an sit cburneu;
 Reddat an oscula que dabantur
 Nescit. Sed dubitat, sed mytuit, munerc supplicat,
 BlanditiasquBmiscct.
 Te, miser, prcnas dare vult, hoa Venus, hoa triumphos

Dapit a te, quod amorem fugis umnem,
 Cur fugis heu vivos ? mortua te necat puella.
 Non erit innocua heec, quamvis tua fingas manu,
 Ipsa htju nocens erit nimis, uujua imago nuuet.

ARION.



[QUAMMEAvivffi
 Lubrica terga ratis
 Jam uunsci3nilet Ariun.

Merces tarn nova solvitur
 Navis quam nova suauditur. Ilia
 Aerea eat merues, btec est et aquatica navia.
 Purdiderc ilium viri
 Mercede magna, servat hie
 Mercedc nulla piscis : et sic
 Salute plus ruina constat illi;
 Minoria et scrvatur hinc quam perditur.
 Hit; dum findit aquas, findit hie ae'ra:
 Cursibus, pisuia ; digitis, Arion:
 Et sternit uudaa, sternit et aera:
 Carminis hoc placidu Tridente
 Abjurat Bua jam murmura, yentusque modestior
 Auribus ora mutut:
 Ora dediscit, minimus et metuit susurros.
 (Sonus alter restat, ut fit sonus illis)
 Aura strepens circum mufc sit later! odjacente peima,
 Ambit et ora viri, nee vela ventis hie egent;
 Atteniit hone yentus ratem: nun trahit, at trahitur.

PHENICIS GENETHLIACON ET EPICEDION.



HCENIX alumna mortis,
 [Juam mira tua puerpera I
 Tu scandis baud nidus, sed ignes.
 Non parcre sei perire DBU parata:
 Mora obstutrix; atque ipsa tu teipsum paris.
 Tu tuiquB mater ipsa es,
 Tu tuiijue filia.
 Tu *sic* udura mcssis
 Surgis tuurum funerum;
 Tibique per tuam ruinam
 Eeparata, te succeedis ipsu. Mors 6
 Ftccunda 1 Sancta 6 lucra prutioste **necis!**
 Vive (monatrum dulce) vive
 Tu **tibique suffice.**

EPITAPHIUM.



UISQUIS nectarco serenua »v«,
 Et ape luuidiw aureee juventre
 Nescis purpureos abire soleg,
 Neacis vinculu, ferry amqut; noctem
 Imi carceris, horriJumquu Ditem,
 Et spectos tremulum procul synuctam,
 Him; discos lacrymas, ot hinc reponna.
 Hie, D scilicet hie brevi sub antro

Spes et gaudia mille, mille longam
 (Heu longam miscri) induere noctem.
 Flammantem nitidae facem juventaj,
 Submersit Stygioe paludis unilu.
 Ergo si Iftcrymas negca doloris
 Hue ccrto lacrynna ferce timoris.

DAMNO AFFIDI S^IPE FIT LUDRUM.



DAMNA adsunt multis taciti compendia lucri
 Felicique Jucunt plus prupcnirc mora,
 Luxuriam unnorum posita sic pelle redmriit
 Atqua sagas serpens in nova aIDda subit.
 Ccinis ut ipsa sibi repliunto auppctat oevo,
 Stjqwo iteret, multa morte perunnis avis.
 Su cerescat gynBrosu sibi, facilDsijuc per igncs
 Perque sua cineres, per sua fata ferax.
 [Juse solcra jactura sui? quis funeris usus?
 Flanimarumquefiiea,ingeniumiiUDrogi?
 Siccine fraude subis? pretioaaque funura ludis?
 Siccine tu mortem, ne moriaria, adis?
 Felix cui mc dieiE tanta experientia mortis,
 Cui tarn Panarum eat officioaa manus,

HUMANAE VITAE DESCRIPTIO.



VITA, tantum lubricus quidam furor
 Spoilunique vita;! scilicet longi brevia
 Erroria hospea! Error 6 mortalium !

O certus error ! nui sub incerto vagum
 SiispcJidit scvum, mille per dolua vice
 Fugacia, et proterva per vuluniinu
 Fluidi laboria, cbrios LIBtat gradus;
 Et irrcittoa duuit in nihilum dica.
 O fata ! quantum peiida; vita) fugit
 Umbris quoil imputumua atque auris, ibi
 Et umbra et aura scrias partes agunt
 Miscuniquc scenain, volvimur ludibrio
 ProDacia eatua, ut per incertum mortj
 Fragilia protervo uymba cum nutat freto.
 Et ipaa vitro, fik, ijueis nentcs DBS
 AEviscvera texta producunt manu,
 Heec ipsii nubis implicunt vestigia
 Bctrahunt trahuntque donei; eversD gradu
 Ruinn laasos ulta deducat pedcs.
 Felix, fugauus quisquis uxciens dies
 Lrrcssua ssrenoa fixit, insidiis sui
 NDC asrvit icvij vita inotfynsis huic
 Feretur auris, utque clauda rarius
 Titububit bora: vortices anni vagi
 Hie Dxtricabit, sanus assertor sui.

TRANQUILLITAS ANIMI, SIMILITUDINE
 DUDTA AB AVE CAPTIVA ET
 CANORA TAMEN.



Tcum delicias leYes, loquucem
 Cūvivam nemoris, vogamque musam
 Observana dubia viator arte
 Prendit desuper: horridusve runs
 Everaor, male perfidj paratu
 (Heu durus !) rupit, atque ID triumphana
 Vodit; protinus et sagace niau
 Evolvens ii^itua, opus tenellum
 Ducens pollice lenia eruiitu,
 Virgarum implicat ordinem severum,
 Ajignatam meditana domum vuluuri.
 Ilicia autem, hospitium licet vestustum
 Mcntem sollicitet minis minis quo,
 Et suetum nemua, hinc opuca mitis
 Umbne frigora, et hinu aprica puri
 Solia fulgura, patrisque sylvae
 Nunquam muta quies ; ubi ilia dudum
 Totum per nemus, urborem per umntjm,
 Hospes libera liberis querelis
 Cognatum bene provocabit agmen:
 Quanquam ipsum nemus, arboresque alumnam
 Implorant profugam, atque amata multum

Qutcrant murmura, lubricumquB carmen
 Blandi gutturis et mebs surcnum.
 ILLa autcm, tamen, ilia jam relictæ
 (Simplex!) haud meminit domus, nec ultra.
 Sylvas cogitat; at brevi sub antro,
 Ah penna nimium brevis rticiaa,
 All ritu vidua, sibique sola,
 Privata heu fidicen ! canit, vagoquo
 Exurcena queruJam dumum susturo
 Fallit vincula, carcercmque mulcct;
 NBC pugnans placidie procax quieti
 Luctatur gravis, orbc sed reducto
 Discursu vaga saltitina tcnello,
 Metitur spatia invidioB cavyrnte.
 Sic in se pia mens reposta, secum
 Alte tuta seiet,, nee ardct extra'
 Aut ullo sulet eestuore fatu:
 Quamvis cunuta tumuJtuentur, atne
 Sortis turbine nun movctur ilia.
 Fortunec furias onusquo triste
 Non tergo minus accipit quicto,
 Quam vcutrix Vi-nuris columba blando
 Admittat juga delicaba collu.
 TDFVEB si quid inhorruit procellBB,
 Si quid srsviat et minetur, ilia
 Speruit, nescit, et obviis tiirurem
 Fallit blanditiisj amatquo et ambit
 Ipsum, quo male vulneratur, ictum.
 Curas munnure non fatetur ullo;
 NDU lambit lacrymos dolor, nee atre
 Mentis nubila frons iniqua prodit,

Quod si lacryma pervicax rebelli
Emmpit tamen evolatque gutta,
Invitia lacrymia, negante luctu,
Ludunt perspicui per ora risus.

RIDHARDI CRASHAWI
PDEMATA ET EPIGRAMMATA,
QILE SDRIPSIT LATINA
ET MLEDA,
BUM AUUE FEME. ALUMNUS FUIT, ET
CDLLEGH PETRENSIS SDDIUS.

EDITIO SECUTTDA, AUCTIDB ET EMENDATIDB.

Εἵνεκεν ἐνμαθίης πινυτόροj/Dc, fiv 6 Mtλιχρος
'H<JKT]jiv, Movvuvafipiya Kai Xopirui/.

'Ανθολ.

CANTABRIDLE,
Ex Officina *Joan. Hayss*, Celeberrinue Acodemira
Typographi. 1670.



REVERENDO ADMODUM VIRO

BENJAMINO LANY

SB, THEoLO&LiE PsoFESSORI, AUL/E PEMBRO DHIAN,E

CUSTUDI DIGNISSIMD, EX SUBBUM

MINIMIS MINIMUS,

R. CRASHAW

CUSTDDIAM CCELESTEM

P.



UUS eat et florum fructus; quibua frui-
mur, si non utilius, dcliciatius ccrte. Ncque
ctiam rarum cat quod ad spem veria, de
Be per florea suoa quasi polliuentis, adul-
tiuris anni, ipaiua,uc adco Autumnni exigamua fid em.
Ignoauos igitur (vir colundiaaimc) properanti sub ora
Apollinis aui, primEeque adoleacentiee lu,uivia exultante
Muaze, Tuneree eetabia florea adfert, nun fructus serm:
I,UDB quidBm eaigcre ad seram illam et sobriam maturi-
tatem, quam in fructibus expectomus nierito, durum
fuerit; fDrSan et ipsa hac precoci importunituto aua
pladuroa magia: Tibi prEsertim ijuem paternus animuft
f,uud fieri solet) intentum tenet omni BUGB spci diluuulu,
quo tibi do tuumm indole promittas olquid. Ex more

etiam corum, qui in premium laboria sui pretiumquQ patientise festini, ex iis guee severunt ipsi ct Bxci)luerunt, quiuquideatflosculiprominulum, prima quasi vcrecundia auras et apertum Jovem expericntis nrripiunt avidi, saporemoue illi nun tarn ex ipsius indole ct ingonid quam ex animi sui uffectu, fuvctis in eo euros suas ct spes, affingunt. Patere igitur (revcrende custos) hanc tibi ex isdusmodi floribus curullum neuti; uonvivulcm vero: ncc aliter passuram siilus illud oris tui auspiai-tissiraum, nisi (qua est etiam amoanitate) ri'misslorc radio cum sc reclinat, et in tuntum dc SB demit. Nuquu sane hoc scriptionis genre (modo partes snas satis prrostitcrit) quid essit potuit utio Thcologico atCDmmodatius, quo nimirum res ipsa Thcologica Poutica amoenitate delinita majustatem suam venustate uiunmcndut. Hoc demum quicquid uat, amore turnen poteris, ct voles, sciu: non ut magnum quid, non ut egregium, non ut te dignum denique, sed ut tuum: tuum summo jure, utpote quo e tua glcba, per tuum radium, in manum denique tuam evocatumfucrit. Quod restat hujus libelli fatis, Dxorandue es igitur (vir spcctatissime) ut quern sinu turn facili pri-vatum excepisti, eumjam ore magis publicj alloquentcm te non aspemeris, Stes illi in liming non auspicium modo suiun, sed ct argumentum. Enimvero Epigramma sacrum tuus ille vultus vel est, vd quid sit docet; ubi nimirum amabili diluitur severum, et sanctum suavi demulcetur. Prunum me vides in negatam mihi pru-vintiam/ laudiun tuurum, intelligo: quas mihi cum modestia tua abstulerit, reliquum mihi est necessario ut Bim brevis: imo vero luEgus nimium; utpote cui argu-mentum istud abscisaum fuerit, in quu unice poteram, et

sine trediD, prolixus caae. Vale, virorum ornatiaainiB,
 nequo dciigneris quod colere auileam Grcnii tui sercnita-
 tem supplex tain tenuis, et (quoniam numcn quoque hoc
 dc ac non negat) auiaac Dtiara. Interim vero daveniam
 Musae in tantum sibi non tcmperanti; (juin in hanc
 aaltem laudis ture partem, quae tibi ex rebus eacris apud
 noa urnutis mcritissima cst, istiusmodi carmine involare
 auaa ait, qualicunquc,

Salve, almc custos Picrii gregig;
 Per quem enulitu exlialat in otium;
 Scu frigus udi captet antri,
 Sive Jovcm nitidosqu aolca.

Non ipsi custua pulchrior invins
 Egit sub umbras ,niDiius grcega;
 Non ipae Apollo notus illis
 Legc auae meliorc canna).

Tu, si screno dca oculo frui,
 Sunt rura nobis, aunt juga, aunt aquie,
 Sunt plcetra ilidcium aororum ;
 (Non olio mihi nota PLoebo)

Te dante, castoa compoauit siuua;
 Te dantu, mores aumpait; ctinsuo
 Vidcnda vultu, pulveremque
 Rcligio cincremque nescit.

Stat cincta digna fronda decens caput :
 Suosque per te fasaa palum Deus,

Cumisque, Diva, veatibusque
 Ingenium dedit ordinemque.

Jamque ecce nobis amplior es modo
 Majorque cerni, - Quolu jubar tremit
 Sub OB! verecundus quo quanta
 Mule BUI Genius laborat!

Jam qui Serenas it tibi per genas,
 Majorc cffilo sidua lmbct suura;
 Majorque circum cuspidate
 Ora uomis tua flus dici,

Stat causa. Ncmpe bane ipse Deua, Deus,
 Hanc ara, per te puldira, diem tibi
 Tuam refundit, obviuquD
 It radio tibi su eolunti.

Ecce, ecce! sacro in limine, dum pio
 Multumque prono poplitc amas humum,
 Altaria annuunt ab alto ;
 Et rtf Luis tibi plaudit alis.

PulcbrD incalescens officio, pucr
 Quicunque crisp u a id ere urinium,
 Vultuque non fatente teiram,
 Currit ibi roseys satclles.

Et jure. Nam cum fana tot inviis
 M[erent minis, ipsaque (ceu preces,
 Manusque, non decora supplex,
 Tendat) opem rogat, heu negatam!

Tibi ipsa VDi est ura sui rea.
 Et sol vet. O c[uam semper apud Deum
 Litabia ilium, cujus arac
 Ipsc preces prius audiiati!

VENERABILI VIRO MA&ISTRO TOURNAY,
 TUTORI SUO SUMME OBSERVANDD.

MJESSIS inauravit CerBri jam quarta capillos,
 Vitia habet Bacchum quarta corona BUHJ,
 NostraBX quo, primis plumae vix albapruinis,
 Ausa tuo Musa eat nidificare sinu.

Hie nemus, hii; soles, ut cielum mitiua illi:
 Hie sua quod Muaia umbra vel aura dedit.
 Solit ibi secura malus quid moverit Auster,
 gravia hybGrimm vixcrit ala Jovcm.
 Ncsuij quo intercti raultum tibi murmui'3 nuta eat:
 Nempo Bed hoc potcrns murmur amare tamen.
 Tandem DCCB [heu simili d3 prole puerpera) tandem
 Hoc tcnero tenera i\st pignorc facta parena.
 Jamque mcom hanc sobolem (rogo) quis sinus alter
 haburet?
 Quis mini torn noti ncmpe teporia erat ?
 Sci quoque et ipaa mcus (de te) muus, improba, tutor
 (Quam pnmuni potuit dicorc) ilbiit, i-rit.
 Haa ego legitimrc, nee lasvo sidere natffi
 Nun puto iegeneres indolis esse notos;
 Nempe quod ilia BUD patri tarn Bumper apeios,

Tarn semper fa riles norit adire sinus.
 Ergo tuam tibi sumc: tuos cat ilia sub alas:
 Hoc quoquB de nuatru, quod tuearis, babe.
 Sie qua? Sutulu tuu fontem sibi fecit in ore,
 Sancto ft securo melle perennis eat.
 Sic tua, sic nullas Siren non midceat aures,
 Aulu r,ui pluuHus ct sua ecrtā dedit.
 Sic tuua ille (prsuor) Tagus aut est obite nullo,
 Aut omui (quod adliuu) obicc major est,

ORNATISSIMD VIRD PRJECEPTDRI SUD
 CDLENDISSIMD, MA BISTRO BRDDK.



MTHI quinunquam nunu-n nun iluluc fuisti
 Tune quuqui; cum domini irunte timcndua
 eras !

III 13 egu para vi-stri quondam intactisHJma regno7
 Do nullo virgoc nota laborc tune,
 Do tibi quod de to per scuula longa qucretur
 Quod dc me nimium run mctuendas eras:
 Quod tibi turpis ego torpentis inertia sceptri
 Tarn fiirulii! tulerim mitiu, jura tuee.
 Scilicet in foliia quiuquid pccabitur istia,
 Quod tua virga statim vapulet, illud crit.
 Ergo tibi heec pumas pro me mea pagina pndat,
 Hie agitur virgre res tibi multa tuse.
 In me igitur quicquid nimis ilia pepercsrit ulim,
 Id licet in fifitu vindiuet omne meo.
 Hie tuus inveniet satis in quo srcviat unguis,

Quoique veru docto trans obeliscus eat.
 Scilicet hroc mea sunt; hajc qua? mala scilicet: 5 si
 (Q.UJB tua ncmpa forent) hie rauliora forent!
 Qualiacunqne, Buum norunt htec flumina functm
 (Nilus ab ignoto fonte superbus est)
 Neu certo nihil est qua quis sit origins. Fontes
 ESSB solent fluvii nomen hunorque sui,
 Hie quoque tarn parvus (tie me mea Simula dicant)
 Non parvi sobulcs hie quojue fontis erat.
 Hoc motlu et ipss veils dc me disissc. mtiorum
 Ille fuit minimus. Sed fuit ille meus.'

IN PICTURAM REVERENDISSIMI EPISCOPI,
 D. ANDREWS.



Hæc charta monarat, foma quern monstrat
 magis,
 Scl ct ipsa necdum fama qucm monstrat
 satis,

lilt;, ille totom solus implevit tubam,
 Tot ora solus domuit et famam quoque
 Fecit moiestam : mentis igncBD pater
 Agilique radio lucis eeternee vigil,
 Per alta rerum pondera indomito vagna
 Cucunit aniniD, quippe naturam ferox
 Eshausit ipsam mills foetua artibus,

' Here follows, in the edition of 1534, the poem " Lectori" which occurs at p. 259, *postta*; but the interveniBg poems, with the single exception marked, are oil added, in the order in which they occur, in the edition of 157 D.

Et mille h'nguia ipsc SB in gentes procul
 Variavit trames, Aitquo toti simul
 Dognatua orbi, siu sacrum et solidum jubar
 SatummquB caclu pectus ad patria libens
 Purrexit ignes : hac sum, Lector, vidos
 Haec, eccBj charta, 0 utinam et audiiea **quoque.**

VOTTVA DOMUS PETRENSIS PRO DOMO DEL



UT magis in mundi votia, avium]ue **querelis**
 Jamveniens soletcsau ius, ubi Duapiie prima
 Palpitat, ct roseo lux pritvia luilit ab urtu ;
 Cum neu abct Pho3bu3y nee Euia ketus habenia
 Totua udest, volucrumijuB procul vaga murmura mulcct :

Nos iba ; quua nuper rodiis afflavit bonestia
 Religiosa dies; nostrique per atria coelii
 (Sacra domua nostrum sat CLtlum) jam lucu tenella
 Libat adbuc trepilce fax nonJura firma iliei :
 NDS ita jam yxcrcet nimii impatientia vuti,
 SpequE aui propiore prcmit.

Quis peutora tanti

Tendit amor uocpti ! desidcriD quam longo
 Lentee spes inhiant ! domus u duluiasima rerum !
 Plena DBD domus ! Ab, quis urit, quis (iicimus) ille
 (0 bonus, 5 ingens mentis, 5 primmus ipsi,
 Quern vocat in aua dona, Deo !) quo vindice totaa
 Eicutiant tonebras haec sancta crepuscula ?

[Juando

Quando erit, ut tenerro flos heu tener illi: diei,
 Qui vulut ex oriente BUD jam altaria circum
 Lambit, ut ambigud nobis pro cui annuit astro,
 Planis so pandat foliis, Bt lampode tota
 Lretus (ut & media cum sol miuut auruus axe)
 Attonitam penetrare domum jam pussit adulta.
 Sidere, neu dubiu pia mensura mulc,nt ore ?

Quando erit, ut convexa BUD quoque pulchra screnu
 Flureauant, rosccique tremant laquearia risu?
 QUR minium informis tanquam sibi conscia fruntia
 Furpctuis jam SB lustrant lauhrymauitia guttis.

Quando erit, ut uloris meliuri luce fenestria
 Flurima per vitreos vivat pia pagina vultus ?

Quando erit, ut sacrum nobis celebrantibus hymnum
 Drgam'cos focili, et nunquam fallente eusurro
 Nobilo murmur agat nervos; pulmonis mihi
 Fistula nut; mouitus faciat malc-fida **sinistros ?**

Denique, quicquid id est, quod res hie aacra requirit,
 Fausta ilia, et felicitas (sitquid 5 tun) dextra, suam cui
 Debeat hec Aurora diem. Tibi supplicat ipsa,
 Ipsa tibi facit ora preces. Tu jam illius audi,
 Audiet ilia tuos. Dubium est (DIDdo porrigere dextrom,)
 Deo magis, an capias: audi tantum BSSQ bsatus,
 Et damnum hoc lucrare tibi.

Scis ipse volucres

Quis rota volvit opes ; has ergo, hie fige perennis

Fundamenta domua Petrensi in rupe; suamque
 Fortune sic iemB rotam. Scis ipse procaces
 Divitias quam prona vagos vchat ala per Euros;
 Divitiis illaa, age, deme volucris alas,
 Facque auua noatraa illia sit motua ad oras :
 Remigii ut tandem pcnnaa mclioria adaptcc,
 Se rapiant dominumquB aiium super arthera secum.

Felix 5 qui sic potuit bene prDvidus uti
 Fortune pennia et Dpum levitate suarum,
 DivitiisquB aus aquiloe BIB oddidit alas.

IN C-ETERDRUM UPERUM DIFFIDILI
 PARTURITIONE GEMITUS.



FELIX minis ilkj ct noatree nobile nomen
 Invidiee voluctia! facili quajfunere surgens
 Mater odora sui, nitiite nova fila juvena;,
 Et festinatos peragit aibi fata per ignea.
 Ilia, baud natalia tot tardis menaibua bDras
 Tarn miseris tenuata moris, aaltu Telut uno
 In nova aecla rapit sese, et caput omne iecoras
 Explicat in irondes, roaeoque repullulat ortu.
 Cinnameoa aimul ilia rogoa uonscenderit, nmnm
 Lseta bibit Phisbum, et jam jam victricibus alia
 Plaudit humum, cinereaque BUDS.

Heul diaparefato
 NOB ferimur; seniorque BUO sub 4pi>lline pucEnix
 Pctranflb mater, dubiaa librata per auras

Fsndet adhuc, qureritque sinum in qua ponat incites
 Exuvias, spoliisquB SUEd rparata sencut re
 Ore pari surgat,- Bimilique per umnia vultu,
 At nunc hcu nixu secli melioris in ipso
 Deliquium ,patitur!—
 At nunc keu lentflB lungo in molimine vitae
 Interca moritur! Dubiu Btant mcEnia vultu
 Farte sui puluhru, et irati'BB in focdgra muro3
 Invitant irustra, nee rcspondi'iitia saxis
 Saxa Buis. Micrent opera intcrniasa, manusque
 Implorant.

Succurre pi, BUUCUITC parenti
 D quiaquia piua ea, Illi auccurre parent!,
 Quam aibi tot sanutso matrea habucre parentem.
 Quiaquia 13s, 5 tibi, crude, tibi tot hiantia ruptis
 Moenibua urn loqui! Matrem tibi, ircde vcreniam
 Muroa torn longe lacBIDS ssnidque situque
 Ceu uanus monatrarC SUDS, Succurre rogunti.
 Fer tibi plena olim, per jam sibi aicca preuatur.
 Ubera, lie duals aenio. Sic lunga iuventus
 Tc fovcat, querulo; nunquam ceBBura senects.

EPITAPHIUM IN &ULIELMUM HEREISIUM.



ISTE te paulum, viator, ubi longum sisLi
 Necessc erit, hue nempe properare te sciaa
 quouunque properas.
 Murie pretium erit
 Et lachrymffi,

Si jacere hic sciaa
 Gulielmum
 Splendictoe Henisiornm familite
 Splendurem maximum :
 Quern cum talem vixisse inteU^hxeris,
 Et vixisse tantum ;
 Discos licet
 In quanta apes pussit
 Assurgere m,rtalitas,
 DB ijuantis uadcre.

Quem f Infant em , Esseiaia -)
 IJuYcnem, DantabrigiaJ vilit

5 enem, ah infelix utraque
 Quod nwi vilit.
 Qui
 CnUcgii Christi Alumnus
 Aule Fembrokiane socius.
 Utrique, ingcna amaria certamen fiit,
 Donee
 Dulciss. lites elusit Dcus,
 EumqUB coelestis soUegii,
 Cujus semper alumnus fuit
 BDcium fecit;
 Qui et ipse collegium fuit,
 In quo
 MUHW dmnea et gratia?,
 Nullibi magis sorures,
 Sub prffisida religione.
 In teDacissimum anHalirinm ocaluare.

Quem	{	Oratoria	Dratorcm	}	Ag,uovere.
		Poctica	Pot: turn		
		Utraque	PbibsDphum		
		Uhriatianum	Dmns		

CJui	{	Fido	Mundum	}	Superavit.
		Spe	Ccelum		
		Cbaritate	Proximum		
		Humilitate	Seipaum		

Cujua

Sub verna frontu senilis animus,
 Sub moiiun facilitate, aeveritas virtutis;
 Sub plurima indolc, pauci anni;
 Sub majore modeatia, maxima indoles

adb-j ai5 ouculuerunt
 ut vitam ejus

Pulchram dixcria et pudicam iissimulationem :

Imo vero et murtem,

Eccc enim in ipao funcre

Diaaimulare ac posaua Bat,

Sub tantillj marmure tantum huspitem,

ED nimirum majore munumento

q,uu minure tumulo.

Eo ipao dio occubuit quo Ecclesia

Anglicana ad yeaperaa legit,

BaptuB eat no malitia mutarct intellectum ejua;

SuilicBt Id: Octobria, Anno S. 1631.

IN EUNDEM.



TE mete lacrymce (nee enim morur), 'ite, Sed
oro

Tantum ne miserre clauilite vocis iter,
O liceat querulos verbis animare dolorcs !

Et saltern oh periit, dicere, naster amor.

Ecce negant tamcn; ecce infant, lut-rymicquD **rebellea**

Pergunt indDmita pnulpitunt,uc via.

Visnu (5 uhiU'c !) igitur te nostra silentia dicant?

Vis fleat assiduo murmure mutus amor ?

Flebit. Et unum SUDS semper bibct humida rores,

Et fidas semper semper habobit aquas.

Intcrea, quicun,UB cstia; nc ereditc minim

Si verro locrymee non didicere loqui.'

NATALIS PRINDIPIS MARLE.



RESCE, D dulcibus imputanda **divia**,

O cresce, et propera, puulh princppa,

In matris propera, vonire partea.

Et eum par breve fulminum minorum,

Illino Uorolus, et Jacobus inde,

In patrifl faciles subire famam₇

Ducent fata fururibus decoris ;

' Not in the edition of 1570.

Rum terror aocer, Angliciqc magnum
 Murmui¹ nominis increpabit omnem
 Lato Boaporon, Ottoman!casque
 Non pic to quartet tremors Lunus;
 TB tunu oltra nee timenda poci,
 Foscent prrcia. Tu potcns pudici
 Vibratrix oculi, pios in hoates
 Late dulcia fata dissipabis.
 O cum flua tener Olc, qui recenti
 Frcsaus aiderB jam sub Dra ludit,
 Dlim furtiur omnu cuapidatoa
 Evolvut latus auTDiun per igncs ;
 Quicq imbellia adlmc, odultus olim;
 Furis i33patiubitur genarum
 Campia imperioaaua Gupido;
 D quam certa superbiure pcnna
 Ibunt apicula, mellcrequD mortis,
 Exultantibus hinc et indo turmis,
 QuDquo juaaLTL3, impigre vulabimt!
 D quot ciirda colcntium deorum
 DD to vulnera delicata diacent!
 O quot pectora principum magistris
 Ficnt mello negotium sagittis !
 Nam qua: non puteris per anna ferri,
 Cui matria ainus atque utnunque sidus
 Magnorum patet officina amurum ?
 Hinc sumas licet, D puoUa princeps,
 QuantacunquD opus eat tibi pharetro.
 Centum aume Dupidinea ab uno
 Matrifi lumine, Gratiaaque centum.

Et centum YenerēB : adhuc manshunt
 Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt
 Tercentum Yeneresque Grratiajque
 PUTD fonte superstiteB per amun.

IN SENERISSBLE REBIKE PARTUM
 HIEMALEM.



SERTA pner: quis nunc flures DDE preheat
 hortus ?

Teie mihi facili polliue sarta, puer.
 Quid tu neacio quos narras mihi; stulte, Decembres
 Quid mihi cum nivibus ? da mihi surta, puer.
 Nix? et hicms? non est noBtras quid talc per orae;
 Non est: vel si sit, non tamen cssc potest.
 Yer agitur: quscunque true cm dat larva Dccembrcm,
 Quid fera cunque fremant frigora, ver agitur.
 Nonne videa quali se palmite i-egiu, vitia
 Frodit, et in sacris que sedet uva jugia ?
 Tarn laetis qua bruma solet ridere ract-mis ?
 Quaa hiBmia pingit purpura tanta genaa?
 O Maria I O divum B,bules, genitrixque deorum I
 Siccine nostra tuaa tempora ludua erunt ?
 Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida brumm
 Sidera, nil madidDB sola morare notoa ?
 Siccine sub media potemnt tua snrgere bruma,
 Atque Buas solum lilia nOflse nives 7
 Ergo vel inyitifi nivibus, frendentibiiB AuBtria,

Nostra novis poterunt regna turnere rosis?
 D bona turbatrii anni, qua; limite noto
 Tempom sub signis nDn sinia ire suis!
 O pia pprodatrix hiemis, qnse triatia munili
 Murmura tam dulci Hub ditions tinea I
 Percgt' pccor nostris vim pulchram furry Caleniifl:
 Perge pccor menses sic numerare tuos.
 Pergy intcmptativa atque importuna viilcii;
 Inquu uteri titulus sic rape cuncta tui,
 Sit nubis sit stepii hiemca sic centre noatroa
 Exhroredataa fluribua ire tide.
 Sa?pe sit has vcnms hieme.s Maiosquo DecembreSj
 Has per to roscas arpc videre nivcs.
 Albera gens varium per sidera computet annum,
 Atque BUDS ducant per vaga signa dies.
 Nos deccat nimiis tturn purmittere nimbis?
 Tempora tam tethcaa fcrre Britanna vices?
 Quin nostium tibi nus umnem donabimiu annum:
 lu piirtua umncm uxpcndc, Maria, tua.
 Sit buus illu uterus uoatri bonus arbiter anni:
 Tempus et in titulua transcat omns tuQs,
 NamquB alia iniucet tam dulcia nominn mensis ?
 Aut qua tam posset caudidus ire toga ?
 Hone laurum Junus sibi vertiuB vellet utruque;
 Hanc sibi YD! tota Chloride Maius emct,
 Tota Buam, vere expulsu, reapublica florum
 Begin am cuperent ie, Bobolcmve tuam.
 D bona fiors nnni, cum cuncti ex ordina menses
 Hie milii Corolidea, hie Muianiu erit!

NATALIS DUCIS EBORACENSIS.



BT vero jam tempus Brat tibi, maxima Mater,
 Dulribus his oculis accelerate diem:
 Tempos crat, no qua tibi basia blanda
 vacarent;

Suruina ne cullu sit minus apta tuu.
 Scilicet ills tuus, dm or ct spes ille suorum,
 Quo primum es fclix pignoro fauta parens,
 Hie ferox iras jam nunc meditatur ct cnsBS
 Jam patris magis cat, jam magis illu suus,
 Indolis O stimulos ! vix dum illi traissiit infans ;
 Jam,ue sibi impatii'ns nrripit i\c virum.
 Improbus illu suis adeo negat ire sub annis :
 Jam nondum puer ESt, major ct cst pucro.
 Si quis in aulaiis pictus animatus in iras
 Stat leo, qucra docta cuspidu lusit auus,
 Hostis,iu! eat; nequcDiiimLUcolJiimJi,iiiibiturhuatem;
 Ncmpe deuet tantas non minor ira manus.
 Tune hasta gravis aduersum furit; hasta bocilhim est;
 MoxS fulsum vero vulnere pcttus hiat.
 Stttt leo, ceu stupeat tali bi-nu fixus ab hostc;
 Ueu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amu-t,
 Tarn torvum, tarn dulce miuant: nescire fatetur
 Man no sub his oculis esseb, an esset amor.
 Quippe illic Mars est, Bed qui benc possit amari;
 Est et amor ccrte, Bed metuendus amor:
 Tab's amor, talis Mars cat ibi cerncre; quojis
 Seu putjr hie esset, give vir iDe Deua,

Hie tibi jam seitus succedit in osciJa fratris,
 Ecs, BCCC ! in lusua non opcrossa tuos.
 Basia jam vcniant tua quantacuninie caterva ;
 Jam iniocunque tuns munnurc ludat amor.
 En! Tibi materiae tenera et tractabilia liic eat:
 Hie ad blanditiaa est tibi ecru, satis.
 Salve infans, tut basiolis, niolle argumentum,
 Maternis labiia dulcc nc,utiulum,
 O salvo ! Nam te nato, pucr aure, natus
 Et Gorolo et Mariic tertius L'st uuuJiis.

IN FACIEM AUGUSTISSIm REGIS A
 MDRBILLIS INTEGRAM.



MUSA redi: vocat alma porcna Acadcmia:
 noster
 En reditj ore suo noater Apollo redit.
 Vultus adhuc auua, et vultu sua purpura tantum
 Vivit, et admixtas pergit amare nives.
 Tunu illoa violate genoa ? tune ilia profanis,
 Morbc ferox, tcntoa ire per ore notia ?
 Tu Phiubi fociem tcntas, vanisaime? Noatra
 Ncc Phicbe mnculfta novit habere suaa.
 Ipsn sui vindex focies morbum indignatur;
 Ipsa sedet rodiia O bene tutu suis :
 Luippo illie Beua cat, coelumque Dt sanctiua astrum;
 Quippe aub his totus ridet Apollo genis.
 Quod facio Bex tutus erat, quod cffitera tactus:
 Hinc homincm Box esb fawns, et inde Deum.

AD CAROLUM PRIMUM, REX REDUX.



REX LLE rredit, rredit. Hoc populi bona munnura
 VDIvunt;
 Publicushoc, audin'? plaususodastrarcfert:
 Hoc omui sedct in vultu commune serenum;
 Omnibus hinc una est Itctitt; fades,
 Rex neater, lux nuatra rredit; redcuntis ad ora
 Arridct totia Anglia Iscta gcnia :
 Quisque BUDS oculos oculis accendit ab istis ;
 Atqu novum sacro sumit ab ore diem.
 Forte roges tantu qute digna psricula plausu
 Evadat Corulus, qutc mala, quusvc mctus :
 Annu perrcrati male fida volumina ponti
 Ausa ilium tcnia pcnc negarc suis:
 Hospitis on nimii rursus sibi consda tellus
 VLX bt,ne spratum reddat Ibcracaput.
 Nil liorum; uec cnim male fida volumina pond
 Aut sacrum tellus vidit Ibcracaput.
 Verua amor tamcn heec sibi falsa pricula fingit:
 Falsa periula Bobt fingerc verua amor,
 At Carulo qui falsa timct, UQC vera tlmuret:
 `Vera peric'lc, solut tcmncre verus amor,
 Ill! falsa timens, sibi vera periuala temnena,
 Non solum tjst fidus, sed quotjue fortis amor,
 Interea nostri satis ille est causa triumph!:
 Et eatia, oh) nostri causa doluris erat.

Dausa doloris erat Carolus, sospes licet esset;
 Anglia quod saltern discere posset, abest.
 Et satis est nostri Carolus mine causa triumph!:
 Dicere iuuat saltern possumus, Illa redit,

AD PRINCIPEM NONDUM NATUM, REGINA
 &RAVIDA.



ASCERE nunc; O none ! quid enim, puer
 alms, moraris?
 Nulla tibi dederit dulcior hora diem.
 Ergo ite tot tardos, O bntc ! morabere menses ?
 Rex redit, ipse veni, et diu bone, gratus ades.
 Nam (quid avc nostrum? [juis nostri verba triumphi?
 Vagitu melius dixeris ista tuu.
 At inaneas tamen : ut nubia nova causa triumphii:
 Sic timentum fueria; nee nova causa tamen:
 Nam, quoties Carob uovus aut nova nascitur infana,
 Recte toties Carolus ipse redit.

Redit desideratur.



EPI&RAMMATA SACRA,
t»LE SDRIPSIT GR.ECA ET LATINA.





LECTORI.

SALVE. Junique vale, Quid enim quis
pergreret ultra?
Qua jocus et luaua non vocat, ire voles ?
Scilicet hie, Leu tor, cur nuster habeberu,
non est;

Deli tils folio non faciente tuis.

Nam nee Acidalios halat mihi pagina rores ;

Nostril Cupidin nee favet aura faci,

Frustra hinc illy suis quicquam promiserit abi:

Frustra hinc ilia novo aperet abire ainu.

Hie 5 materna meliua sibi tolia myrto;

Ilia jugis meliua poacat ab IdaHis.

Queerat ibi auua in i,uo cespite surgat Adonis,

Quae meh'or tencris patria ait violis.

Illinc totiuua Floree, vcrisque, suiijue

Donailio, ills alaa impleat, ilia sinus.

Me mea (caata tainen, si ait rudis) herba coronet :

Me mea (si rudia est, ait rudis) herba iuvat.

Nulla meo Ciraea tument tibi pocula verau:

Dubia, et in furiaa offiuiosa tuas.

Nulla latet Lethe, quam fraua tibi florea libat,

Quam rosa sub falsis dat mole-fida genis.
 Nulla verecundum mentitur mella venenum :
 Daptat ab insidiis linen nulla suis.
 Et spleni, et jecori foliis bene parcitur istis.
 Ah ! male cum rebus staret utrumque mcis I
 Kara est quece ri Jet; nulla cat quece pagina prurit:
 Nulla salax, si quid norit habere salis.
 Non nudoe Veneres: nee, si jocus, udus habetur:
 Non nimium Bacchus noster Apollo fuit.
 Nil cui quis putre sit detorquendus ucellid;
 Est nihil obliquo quod yelit ore lugi.
 Hfec coram, atque oculis legeret Luuretiti justis:
 Iret et illresis bine pudor ipsc genis.
 Nam neque candidior voti yenit aura pudici
 De matutina virgins Lhura ferens :
 Cum yestis nive vincta sinus, nive tempora fillgens,
 Dans nive flammeulis irigida jura cumis,
 Kcligiusa pedum sensim vestigia librans,
 Ante aros tandem cunstitit; et tremuit.
 Nei; gravis ipsa SUD sub numinc castior halat
 Qua? pia non pui'aa summovet ara manus.
 Tarn Venus in nostro nun est nimis aurea versu :
 Tarn non sunt pueri tela timenda Dei.
 Seepe puer dubias uircum me moverat alas;
 Jecit et incertus nostra sub ora faces.
 8&epe vel ipse sua calamum mihi blandus ab ala,
 Vel matris cjgno de meliore dedit.
 Seepe Dioneeffi pactus mihi sarta coronas;
 SiKpe, mens yates tu7 mihi dixit, eris.
 I procul, I cum matre tua, puer imprube, dixi:'
 Non tibi cum numeris **res** erit ulk **meis**.

Tu Veronensi cum passere pulchrior ibis:
 Bilbilibicisve qucas comptius ease mud is.
 Ille tuos fingit quocunque sub agmine urines:
 Undique nequitiis par erit ille tuis.
 Ille nimis (dixi) patet in tua prDelia campus:
 Heu nimis eat vatcs ct nimis ille tuus.
 (rleba ilia (ah! tua quam tamen urit adulbera mcsais)
 Esset Idum&co genuine quanta parens !
 Quantus ibi ct quanta? premeret puer ubera matris !
 Nee CDE!OS yultu dissimulante SUDS.
 Ejus in isto uculi satis essent sidera versu;
 Sidereo matris quam bene tuta sinu !
 Matris ut hie similes in ujllum mitterct ulnoa,
 Inque sinus niveos pergrcct, ore pari!
 Utquc gcnis pueri hecu ecquis darct uscula labris!
 Et benc cognatis iret in ora rosis !
 Qua? Maria: tarn larga meat, quam disccret illic
 Uvida sub prctio gemma turners BUD !
 Staret ibi ante auum lacrymatrix Diva Magistrum ;
 Seu levis aura volet, aeu graves unda uadat;
 Luminis hitc soboles, et proles pyxidis ilia,
 Fulchrius unda cadat, suavius aura volet.
 Quicquid in his sordct demum, luceret in illis.
 Improbu, nee satis est hunc tamen ease tuum?
 Imprubc code puer: quid enim mea carmiua mulces ?
 Uannina du jaculis muta futura tuis.
 Cede puer, qua te petulantis freena puellce;
 Turpia quæB revocant pensa procacis hers ;
 Qua miseri male pulchra nitent meniacia limi;
 Qua cenissatffi, furta decora, genm;
 Qua mirere rusas, alieni Bidera veris ;

Quas nivis baud proprite bruma redempta dDIDat.
 Cede pUDr (dixi et dico) cede improbu mater:
 Altera Dypris hab&t nos; habet alter Amor.
 Scilicet bic Am3r est. Hie est quoque mater Amurid.
 Sed mater virgo. Sed neque crecua Amor.
 o puer ! o o DrainB ! o magnce reverentia matria!
 Alme tui stupur et religio gremii!
 O Amor, innDcuee cui aunt pia jura pharetra ;
 Nee nisi de casto cords sagitta calena !
 Me, puer, o certa, quern figis, fige Bagitta.
 O tua de me sit fauta phurBtra levis !
 Quodque illinc sitit et bibit, Bt bibit et aitit usqua;
 Usque meum sitiati pecbus, et usque bibat.
 Fige, puer, corda bice. Seu spinis exiguus quis,
 Seu clavi aut bastie cruspide magnus adca;
 Seu major cruet; cum ; seu maiimua ipso
 Te curda beu figia denique. Fige puer.
 O metam hanc tuus BEternurn inclamavcrit arcus :
 Stridat in hanc tcli densior aura tui,
 O tibi si jaculum ferat ala ferocior ullum,
 Hanc habeat triti vuluuria ire viam.
 QuiquQ tuie populus cunque est, quoro turba, pharetre ;
 Hie bene vulnificas nidus babebit avea.
 D mihi sia bello semp&r tarn BUJVUS in iato !
 Pectus in hoc nunquam mitior hostis Das.
 Quippe ego quam jaceam pugna bene sparsus in ilia !
 Quam bene sie Jaceru pecturtj sanus LTU !
Hæc mea vota. Mei sunt heec quoquo vota libeUi.
Hæc tua sint Lector; si meus ease vobs.
 Si meus Base voles: meus ut sis, lumina (Lector)
 Caste, sed o nimium Don tibi sicca precor.

Nam tibi fac madidia mBUB ille wcurrent alia,
 (Sanguine, aeu lacryma diffluat ille aua:)
 Stipile tutus hiana, clavisqu0 reclusus,, et haata:
 Fons tuua in fluvios deaidioaus erit?
 Si tibi sanguineo meua hie tener iverit amne,
 Tune tuaa illi, Jure, negabis aquas?
 Ah duma I quicunque meoa, nisi siccus, amores
 Nulit; et hie lacrvmee rem negat ease auee.
 Sropehic Magdalinaa vel aquas vel amaverit undas;
 Credo nee Assyrian mena tua malit opea.
 Sciliuat illis tuoa ignia recaleauet od ignea ;
 Fuffian et ilia tuia unda natabit aquia.
 Hie cria ad cunas, et odoroa funere nmnea :
 Hiic ignu-s naaci testia, et inde mcoa.
 Hie mLTiim, et cum matre sua, mea gauliu, queres:
 Miturus Frocerum aeu atupur ease velit;
STYQ per antra sui lateat (tunu tempin) scpuluhri:
 Tertia lux re dueem (lenta sed ilia) dabit.
 Sint fidrc preuor ah (dices) facilcsqu3 tenebrra ;
 Lux men dum noetia (res nova!) puacit upem.
 Dyniijuo charta meo quicquid mea dicat nmuri,
 Illi quo metuat eunque, fleatvo, modo,
 Lreta parum [dices) htei;, aed neque dulciu Don sunt:
 Certo eb amor (dicea) hujua amanius erat.

Si nimium hie promitti tibi viietur, Lector bone, pro
 eo cui aatiafociendo libellua iate futura faerit; aciaa me
 in iatia non ad hojc modo spectare qus hie habea, aed
 ca etiam quro ulim [heec interim fovendo) habere poteria.
 Nolui enim (BL hactenus decaae amicis meia nun potui;
 flagibanbibua a me, etiam cum dispendii sui periculu
 paterer eos experiri to in tantum fayDremquo tuum) nolui,

inquam, fastidio tuo indulgere. Satis hie babes quod vsl releges ad ferulam suam (neque Btiim maturipres aibi annoa ex his aliqua rendicant) vel ut pignus plurium adultiurumquB in BIHU tuo reponaa. Eligo tibi ex his utrumvia. MB interim quod attinet, finis mew nun fefellit. Maximum mee ambitionia sCopum jamdudurn attigi: tunu nimirum cum quaecunquB hDc meum pene infantia Musis murmur ad aurea iataa non ingratin sunuit, quibus nc,ue doctiorea mihi de public timbre habeo, nee eperare clementiorea; adeu ut ie tuo jam plausu (dicam ingenue et breviter) nequu aecurua aim ultra nequo Bolidtus. Friuatui, quiaijuis BB Loutor, apud me reverentia prohibet; de oujus iudicio omnia possum magna aperare : poaterius illum revurentia nun emit, ie quorum perspicacitate maxima omnia nun po3sum mihi non persuadere. Quanquam 6 quam vulim tanti me case in quo patria meamorem istum auum depooere velit, genio BUu tarn nun dignum; iatum scilicet quo, auis omnibua fiiatiditis, BB uxoaculatur unice, quibui traJBciaae Alpes et de transmanno ess B, in pretium cesait! aed reliutia hiace minis improbee epei vutia, convBrtam me ad magistroa Aoygmanda; quoa aciu de noviaaimia mea verbifl (quanquam neminem nominarim) iratoa mo reliquiaa: bilemvero componant; et mihi BB hoc debere (ambitosujuveni verbumtammagnumignDacant) debere, inquam, fateantiir: quod nimirum in tarn nobili argumento, in quo nequs ad ftstiaa de suis sauctis figmenta, neque ad putidaa de noatria calummaa Dpua habeant cbn-fugere, de tenui hoc m3o deierim iUorum magnitudini undo- Bmineat, EmmBatvero; (aeriufi dico). Suiantme semper habituroS ease flub ea, quam mihi eonim liu major affuderit, umbra, pluciliflaime acquiBBontem.



EPI&RAMMATA SACKA.

Luc. xvni.

PTiariscEus et Publicanus.



EN duo Tempium odeunt (diversis mentibus
ambo:)

Ille prucul trepidu lumine signat humum :

It gravis hie, et in aJta ferox penetralia tendit.

Plus habct illu templi ; plus hubet ille Dei.

“Ανδρες, ιδου (ετεροιτσι νόοις) δύο ιρον εσηλθον
Τήλοθεν ορρωδει κεινος ο φείκαλεύς,

Αλλ' ο μὲν ως σοβαρός νηου μυχρον ἔγγυς ικάνει
Πλειον ο μὲν νηου, πλειον ο δ' εἶχε Θεου.*

ΜΑΤΘ. ΧΙΙ. γ.

In Asinum Christi Votorem.



ELLE+ auum didicit quondam objurgare magi-
strum :

Et i^uid ni discos tu celebrare tuum?

' This Greek version is not in the edition of 1534.

f Balaam! asinus.

Minim non minus est, te jam potuisae tacere
 Ulum quam fuerat turn potuisse luqui.

Luc. iv.

Dominus apud suos vilis.



N consanguine!! patriis en exul in ori
 Chn'stus) et baud alibi tarn pcregrinus crat.

Qui socio demum pendubat sanguine latro,
 O consanguineus quam rait illu magis !

JOAN. v.

AdBethesdoepiscinam positus.



UI3 nuvus bic refuels incumbit Tantalus undis,
 Quem fallib ty ties tarn fugitiva solus ?

Unde hue naufragium felii ? medico quo procellro ?
 Yita,ue, tempeatas quam pretiusa dedit?

JOAN. xx.

Uhristus ad Thomam.



JEVA. fides I voluiBse meos tractaro **dolores ?**
 Cnideles digiti! sic didicisse Deum?

Vulnera, ne iubites, vis tangelo nostra: sed eheu,
 Vulnera, dum dubitas, tu graviora facia.

MATTH. xvi. 25.

*Quisqu'aperdiderit animam suam mea, causa,
invmiet earn.*



VITA; J, perdam: mihi mars tua, Uhriate,
rcperta eat:

(Mora tua vita mea eat; mora tibi, vita mere)

Aut egj te abacondam Dbriati (mea Yita) sepulchro.
NJD aduu procul cat tertiua ilb diea.

JOAN. xx. 1.

Primo mane venit ad sepuhhrum Maydalena.



U matutinus prEuvrtis, suneta, rubarea,
Magdula; Bed jam turn Sol tuua urtua ernt.

Jamque vctua mcvito vanos Sol non agib ortus,
Eb tanto radios non putat eaae BUDS.

Quippc oliguD (reor) illtj, noYua, jam niutut in oatru,
Eb ae nocturna parYUs babet facula.

Quam Yelit ft kanta? YD! nunbiua case diei!
Atque noYua Soli Luoifcr iro noYD !

JOAN. vi.

Quinqut panes ad (juinque hominum miUia.



N menace facilea, rcdivivaquu Yulnere Lffini.,
[Jutcquu iniefessa proYocat ora dape !

Aucta Ceres stupet arcana BB creBcere mease,
Denique quid restut? Pascitur ipse dbus.

ACT. vm.

dSthivps lotus.

FLE nigersacris exit (quam lautus !) ab undis :
Nee frustra uEthiopem nempc lavare fuit.

Men tern quam niveam picero lutis umbra fovcbit!
Tom volet et nigros sanuta Columba lares.

Luc. xvm, 13.

Publicanusprocul stans perwtielat pertus suum.

E[CJEhiupeucator tumidus petitudvenatcmplum:
Quodquei audet solum, pectura mcestu fcrit.

Fide miser; pulsaque fores has fortiter : ilb
Invynies tempio tu propiore Deum.

MABC. xn, 44.

ObolumviduoB.

GUTTA brevis nummi (vitae patron ft senilis)
Et digitiB stillat nun dubitantis anua;

. Istis multa vagi spumant ie gurgite census.
lati abjeccrunt scih'cBt; ilia doHit.

Κερματίοιο βραχίαια ράνης, βιότοιο τ' ἀφαιρῆς
 Ἐρμος ἀποστᾶζει χεῖρος ἀπὸ τρομερῆς.

Τοῖς δὲ ανασκίρτα πολὺς ἀφροὺς ἀναίθεος ὄλθην,
 Οἱ μὲν ἀπορριπτον. κείνα δὲ δῶκε μόνον.*

Luc. x, 3D.

Maria, vero assidens adpedes e/us, audiebat eitm.



ASPICE (namque novum cat) ut ab hospite
 penieathuspeaI

Ilinc ori porut, hoi; sumit ab ore cibos.

Tune epulis adeo es (soror) offiuiosa juvandig,

Et sinia has (inquit) Martha, perire dapes?

ACT. n.

In Spiritus Sancti descensum.



FEEETE sinus, o ferte: cadit vindBmia co'li;

Sanctaque ab a}thereis volvitur uva jugia.

Felices niniium, qucis tarn bonu musta bibuntur;

In quorum gremium luuiJapcrgit hisms I

En caput I en ut nectareo micat et micut astro !

Gaudet et in roseia viva corona uomis I

Llis (o Super! I quis sio neget ebrius ease ?)

Illis, no titubent, daiit sua vinu faces.

• Not in the edition of 1534.

Luc. xv. 13

Uongestis omnibus ptrtyre profectus est.

IC mihi, IUUD tantoa prop Bras, puer auree, num-
mos?

Quorsum festinE csngbmerantur opes ?

Cur tibi tota vngos ructant patrimonia census ?

Nun putcrunt sill pie ncmpe minoris emi?

ACT. xxi, 13.

Nwi sylum vinciri sed et mori paratus sw.

ON mo ID vinc'la, Bed et mortem tibi, Dhristc,
Bubibo,

Paulus ait, iuuti callius arte doli.

Diceret hoc aliter: Tibi soD modu velle ligari,

Uhriste, Bed ct solvi' nempe paratuB eru.

AcT.xn, 23,

In Herodem 2nuto\Κοβραιτων.

LLE Deua, Deua; heec populi vox unica:
tantum

[Vile genus) vennes credere velle nBgant.

At cito Be miseri, cito nunc errosae fatentur;

Uarnes degufitant, Ambrosiamque putant.

* Phil i. 23. ri)v ιπισθυμιαν εχων εις το αναλυσαι.

MATTH, xiv.

*Vidms ventum mor/nwm, timuitj et rwm coepisset
demeryi, clamavit, cjr.*

PETBE, cades, o, si dubitas: o fidu: nee ipaura
(Petre) negat fidis reijuoar habere fidem.

Fondere pccssaSUD subsidunt cBetrcru: sjlum
(Petrc) tune mergit te levitatia onus.

ACT, vin. IB.

OUulit vis pecunias.

SJUDRSUM bos hie nummos profers 7 **quorsum**
impic Simon ?
Nun ille hie Juias, sed tibi Fetrus adtjst,

Via emissB Dcum ? potius (precor) hoc age, Simon,
Si putes, ipse prius dsmona vende tuum.

ADT. v, 15.

Umbra S. Pertn medetur cegrotis.

CONVENIUNT alacres (siuhsic juvat ire sub
umbras)
Atijue umbras fieri (creditis ?) umbra vetat,

O Fetri umbra potens ! ijuae non miracula preestat?
Nunc quD,UB; Papa, tuum Buatinet ilia decas.

MAUD. vn. 33, 36.

*Tetigit linguam ejus, &c. . . . et loquebatur. . . . tt
pruecepit illis ne cui dicerent : illi very eo
magis prcedicabant.*



CHRISTE, jubea muta Dra lujui ; muta on
loquuntur :
Sana tacute jubea ora ; nee ilia tacent.

Si digito tune USUB eras, muta **ora resolvens** ;
Nonne upua eat tutu nunc tibi, Jhriste, mami?

LTTD. x. 32.

*Sacerdos quidam descendens eadem via, vidit et
prwteriit.*



PEDTASNE (ah !) placidiaque oculia mea
vuJnera tractas ?
0 dobr ! 5 nostris vulncra vulneribus !

Pax orla quam torva tui est ! quam triste syrenum !
Tranquillua miaerum qui vilet, ipsg fucit.

Luc, xvñ.

Leprosi ingrati.



NUM linquent Christum (ah morbus !) sanantur
eunttJB :

Ipao etiam morbus sic meiiuina fiiit.

At sani Christum (mcna ah male-sana I) relinquent :
Ipaabti am morbua sic medicina fuit.

MATTH, YL 34.

Ne solliciti estate in crastinum.MISEB, inque tuas rape non tua tempora cu-
ras:

Et nondum natis perge perirB malis.

Mi querulis satis mm dies, satis angitur horis:

Una dies lacrjmis mi satis uda suis.

Non mihi venturus yacat expectare dolures:

Nolo egD, nob ho die crastinus BSSB miser.

MATTH. ix, 9.

A telonio Mattheus.II satis, ah nimis cst: noli ultra ferre magistrum,
Etlucrj domino turpia colla dare.

Jam iuge; jam (Matthae) feri fuge regna tyranni:

Inque bonam felix i fugitivB' crucem.

Luc. vn.

Yiducefilius eferetro matri redditur.N red,untj lacrjmasque breves nuvn gaudia
pens ant:

Eisqu3 ilia est, uno in pignore, fauta parens,

Felix, quee magis es nati per funera mater !

Amisisse iterum mi pperisse fuit,

' Christ! scilicet.

MATTH. xviii.

Bonum intrare in caelos cum uno oculo, Sc.



NO uulu? ah centum potius aiibi, millin centum:

Nam ijuib ibi, in cifibj ijuia satis Argus erit?

Aut si oculus mihi tantum unus conceditur, unus

Iste ouulus fiam tutus et umnis ego.

Luc, XIV.

Hy drop tens sanntur.



F5E suuni pelagus, morbo,ue immensua iir,uosj

Qui fuit, ut luitud nuuc mii;at ntque IB vis !

Quippu in vino, iterum Christus (puto)transtulitunila9;

Et mini; iste suis ebrius est ab aquid.

Luc, n. 7.

Non srat ii&in diversvrio hcus.



LLI non IQCUS est ? Ilium ergo pellitis ? Ilium?

Hie Deua, quern sib pellitis; ille Dcus.

I) fiirur I humani miracula seeva fururis !

Illi non locus eat, quu sine nee \ouus eat,

Luc. xvi.

In lacrymax Lazari spretcts a Divite.

RELIX 6 ! Ittcrymia (5 Lazare) iitioristisj
 Quam qui purpureaa it gravis inter opes!

Ilium cum rutili nova purpiira vestiet ignis,
 lib tuas lacrymas quam volet ease suaa !

MATTH, xxvi. S5.

Indignatur Uaiphw Christo SB confitenti.

U Uhriatum, Uhriatum quod non negat esae,
 laccessis :
 Ipaius hoc trimen, quod fuit ipse, fuit.

TBOB Sacerdotem credam? NDVUS ille Sacerdos,
 Per quBm impune Deo non licet SSSQ Deum,

JOAN, xii, 37,

Oum tot siyna edtdisset, non credebunt in eum.

NON tibi, Christe, fidem tua tot miracula
 prteatant;
 (D VBrbi, o dtxttrc duluin it-gnu tuuc !)

NJD pricstLint? nequt) te post tot miracula iredunt?
 Mirac'lum, tjuu nou uredilit, ipst; fuit,

MABC. i. 16.

Ad 8. Andream piscatwem.

UIPPE potea pulchre captare ,t fallere pisces!
Centum illic discis lubricus ire iolis.

Heus bone piscator! tendit sua retia Christua :
Artem invertē, et jam tu qucque diact; capi.

JOAN, i, 23.

Ego sum VOX, &c.

VOX Bgo sum, dicis: tu vox G3, sancte Joanne-
Si vox es, genitor cur tibi mutus brat?

Ista tui fueront quam mira ailentia patris!
Vocem non habuit tune quoque cum genuit.

ACT. xii.

Vincula spmte decidunt.

UI ferro Pbtrum uumulas, iurissime **rustos,**
A fuero iiscea molliur east) tuo.

Eccc fluit, nodisqu auia evulvitur ultra:
I fatuB, et yinc'b's vincula pone tuis.

In diem omnium Sanctorum.

REV. vn. 3.

*Ne ladite terram, neque mare, neque arbwes, yuous,ue
obsiynaverimvs servos Dei nostri in frontibus suis.*



NUSCJUAM immitis agat ventus sun munnura:
misquam
Sylo, trumLit, urispis sollicitata uomis.

Ægus Thetis placide nilabens ferat usuula **TentE**;
Term SUDS Thetidi pandat amica, sinus:

Undique pax effusa piis volet aurea pcnnis,
Frons bona dum signj cat queeque notata suo.

Ah quid in hoc opus est signis aliunde petendis?
Frons bona sat lacrymis qua?qua notata. suis.

In die Oonjurationis sulphurece.



Q UAM bcnu dispositis annus dat currerc festis !
Post omnea Sanutos, omne scelus eequitur,

Deus sub utero Virginis.



E CCE tuus, Natura, pater! pater hie tuus, hie
est:
Lie, uterus matris quern tenet, ille pater.

Fellibus exiguis arctutur Filius ingens,
Quern tu non totum (urede) nee ipsa capis.

Quanta uteri, Eegina, tui reverentia tecum eat,
Dum j'acet hie, coelu sub breviora, Deua!

Donscia divino gliacunt p'ccordia motu
[Nec vchit tethercDS sanuitor aura pobs)

Quam btme sub tecto tibi concipiuntur ""eodem
Vota, et (vota BUI coucipicnda) Deua !

Quod nubea alia, et tanti super atria coeli
Ijurorunt, inveniunt hoc tua vota domi.

O felix anima h'fec, qute tarn sua gnudin taDgit I
Sub uonulave auo cui suus ignis adeat.

Corpus amet (licBt) ilia aum, nec[UB sidera malit:
Quod vinu'lum cat aliia, hoc habet ilia domum.

Sola jaces, neque sola; tDTo ,uocunq' recumbis,
Illo eati positi tuque tuus,ue turo.

Immu ubi caata tuo posita es cum uunjuge conjuni,
[Quod minim magia eat) ea tuua ipsa torus.

ACT. vii. IB.

Ad Judeos mactatores Stephani.



EUSTEA ilium increpitant, frustra vaga saia:
net;illi
Ggrandinis (lieu a&evre!) dura, prou,lla nocet.

Ista potest tulernti; poteat nescire: aed illi,
[Jute aunt in veatro pectore, saxa nuceot.

EEV. i. 9,

D. Jvannesin txilw.

EXUL, amor Chriati ost: Christum tornen in-
vciit exul:
Et sulitos illic invBiiit ille sinus.

Ah lungo, rcterno ah terras indicite nobia
Exilio, Dhriati si sinna cxilium est.

MATTH. II.

Ad Infantes Martyres.

FUNDITE ridentes animas; effundite cffilo :
Discet ibi vestra (5 quam bcne !) lingua IDI,UI.

Nee VDH lac vestrum et maternos quffirite fontes:
Qu, vos expectat lactea tota via est,

Luc. n.

QucBrit Jesum suum beata Virgo.

AH, rcdas misery ruiletis (pusr alm) parent!;
Ah, neouc te uucia tarn uitu rt-dde tuis.

C'cclum nostra tuum fuerint 6 brachia, si te
Nostra suum poterunt brachia ferre Deum.

MATTH. vIII.

Non sum diynus ut sub tecta mea vmias.

N tua tecta Deus yeniet: tuus baud shut illud
Et pudor, atque bumili in pectore celsa fides.

nium ergo accipics quDniam non accipis: ergo
In te jam vsnibt/nuii tua teita, Deus.

MATTH. xxvii. 12,

Qhristus accusatus nihil respondet.

NIL ait: D sanctte pretiusa silentm lingua !
Fonderis 5 quanti res nihil illud erat!

Die olinij verbum q,ui iixit, et omniu fecit,
Yurbum nun dieens omnia nunc reficit.

Luc. n.

Nunc dimittis.

PESKE mfeas tandem ergo mei tumere lacerti ?
Ergo bibunt ouuloa lumina njBtra tuos?

Ergo bibant: possintque novam sperare iuventam:
D possint senii non meminisso sui!

Immo mihi potiua mitern mbrs induat umbram
(Esse sub his oculis si tarmen umbra, putest)

Ah satis est, Ego te viii jpuer auree) vidi:
Nil post te, nisi te (Dhriste) videre volo.

Luc. viii.

Verbum inter spinas.

SEPE Dei verbum sentes cadit inter; et atrum
Miscet Spina procax (all mala juneta!) latus.

Credo quidem: nam sic'pinas ah scilicet inter
Ipse Deus verbum tu quique (Dhriate) cadis,

Luc. xiv. 5,

Sabbatum Judaicum et Ohristianum.

RES eadsm vario quantum distinguitur UBU !
Rostra hominum servant sabbata; vestra
bovem.

Observant igitur (pacto quid justius isto?)
Sabbata nostra homines, sabbata vestra bovea,

MATTH. x. 52.

Ad verbum Dei samtur cecus.

CHRISTE, locutus eras (o sacra licentia verbi!)
Jamque nunc fluxit in ora dies.

Jam credo, Nemo' est, siuut Tu, Dhriste, loquutus:
Auribus? immo Julia, Christe, loquutus eras.

' Joan. vii. 45.

MATTH, xII,

D'nus meum levý est.

ESSE levis quicunq; uoles, o?ua accipe Uhriste:
Ala tuis humeris, non onus, illud erit.

Chriati onus an queeris quam ait grave? scilicet audi,
Tarn grave, ut ad Bummoa tb premat usque polos.

JOAN. vi.

Miraculuw, quinyue panum.

EDDE vagi venit unda cibi; venit indole sacra
Furtia, et in ilentes fertilia innumetDs.

Quando erut inuiutifi tarn sancta licentia ~~uene?~~
Ilia famem populi poscit, ct ilia tidem.

JOAN, vra, 52.

Nunc stimus te habere dxmonium.

QUOT Deus, aut 3alt3m deem on tibi notiur esset,
(Uens main) quoc dicis dnemunahabereDeum.

Ignorisaa Deum puteras, 5 iffica; Bed oro,
Et patrem puteraa tarn male noas 2 tuum?

In leatv Virginia verecundiam.

IN gremio, quoeria, cur sic sua lumina Virgo
Ptinat ? ubi meliua poneret ilia, preuor ?

O ubi, quam ccclt), mclius sua lumina ponat ?

Despiciat, at uLelum sic tamen ilia videt,

In vulnera Dei pendentis.

FONTIS, latcris, manuumpB pedumque
cruDius !

D qu«i purpureu flumina fonte patent !

In n os tram (ut quondam) pea non valet ire sulutem
Sei natat ; in fluuiia (ah !) natat illis suis,

Fixa manus ; dat, fixa : pios buna dextern rorts
Donut, et in duuum solvitur ipsa suura,

O latua, 6 turruna ! quis cnim tjrrentiur exit
Nilua, ubi pronis proecipitatur aquis ?

Mille et mille simiil cadit et cadit undique guttis
Erons : vidcn' ut SIBVUS purpuret ora pudor ?

Spinec hoc irrigUEB florgnt crueliter imbro,
Inq\ie novas sperant protinus ire rosas.

Quisle capillus it exiguo.tener alveus amne,
Hoc quasi de rubro rivulus oceano.

D nimium \ivss pretiosis amnibus undae !
Fons vitte nunquam veriur ilb fiu't,

MATTH. ix. 11.

Quart cum Publicanis manducat Mayister vester I

KGD iatis socium SB peccatoribus addit ?

Ergo iatis sacrum non negat ille latus ?

Tu, PhariseeB, ragos Jesus uur fecerit istud ?

NIB dicom: JBSUS^ nun Phariseeus, erat.

MATTH. ixviii.

Ecce locus ubijacuit Dominus.PSUM, ipsum (precur) opotius mihi (candide)
monstra:

Ipsi, ipai, D lacrymis oro sit ire meis.

Si monstraru locum satis est, Ot dieere nubis,

En, Maria, hie tuus en, hie jacuit Dominus;

Ipsa ulnos, monstrarB meas, et dicere pussum,

En, Maria, hie tuus en, hiu jacuit Duminua.

Φαιδιμε, μηδ αυτον μαλλον μοι δεικνυθι αυτον.

Αυτος μου, δεσμαι, αυτος εχη θακραα.

Ει δε τροπον μοι δεικνυμαι αλις εστι, και ειπειν

'Ω δε τεος Μαριαμ (ηνιδε) κειτο αναξ.

'Αγκινας μου δεικνυμαι δυναμοι γε, και ειπειν

'Ω δε τεος Μαριαμ (ηνιδε) κειτο αναξ.

Luc. xvii.

Leprosi ingrati.

EX jubet ex hominum cœtu procul ire leprosos:
At murdi a Dhristo cur abiere procul ?

Nun abit, at sedca tantum mutavit in illis;
Et lepra, IUBC fuerat corpore, mente Bedet.

Sic igitur digna vice rca variatur; et a SB
Quam procul ante homines, nunu habuere Deum.

JDAN. xx.

In cicatrices yuas Qhristus habet in se adhuc superstates.

UTDIJU1D apina procax, vel atylo clavua acuto,
Quici,uid purpurea acripserat haata nota,

Yivit adhuc tecum: aed jam tua vulnera nou sunt:
Nun, Bed vulneribus aunt mBdiciua meis.

ACT. v.

Myvr implorat umbram L. Petri.

ETEE, tua latsam paulisper [Petræ) sub
umbra:
Sic msa mo queerent fata, nee invenient.

Umbra dabit tua posse meum me cernere solem \
Et mea Im umbraj sic erit umbra tuee,

Luc. xxiv. 3D,

*Quid turbati estis? Videte manus meas et pedes,
quia ego ipse sum.*

QUONIAM me, Bt signa mei, quondam mea vulnera, !
certe,
YDS nisi treditis, vainera sunt et adhuc,

O nunc ergo fidera sanent mea vulnera vestram :
O muu nuuc Bantit vulneru, yestra fides.

ACT. xn.

In vincula Petri, sponte delapsa, et apertas fores.

PETRI non meminit ferrum: scilicet vincula Petri
Disaimulanb: nescit carere hinc fures.

Quam bene liber Brit, carere [quem liberat! ipsa
Vincula quem solvunt, quam bene tutus erit!

ACT. xrx. 12.

Deferbantur a corpore eius sudaria.

AMPERIDSA premunt morbos, et ferrea fati
Jura ligant, Pauli linthea tuta manu.

Unde haec felicitatis laus eat et gloria liui?

Hæc (rei?) Q Luehsaia pensa feuerere oolo.

JOAN. xv.

Uhristus Vitis ad Vinitwem Pairem.



N serpit tua, purpureu tua palmite vitia
Serpit, gt (ah !) spretis it pur humum fullia.

Tu viti auCL-urre tuse, mi Vinitor ingena :

Da fulcrum; fulcrum damihi: quota? cruucm.

ACT. xxvi. 28.

Pme persuades mihi utfam Christianus.



ENE? quid hoc pcneest? Viciniasajvaaalutia!
O imam tu inalus es proximitatc boni!

Ah! portu qui teste pcrit, bis naufragus ille eat;

Ilunc non tarn pclagus, quam suti terra premit.

[Jua3 nobia spea yix abaunt, i-rudulius abaunt:

Pent; sui Ms, emphasis cat misori,

JDAN. in. 19.

*Lux venit in mundum, sed dilexerunt homines magi'
tenebras quam lucem.*



JUCE auavQiiit DCUB Deua, mundoque reful,et;
Pergit aibuc tenebras mundua amare suos.

At Stygiaa igitur mundua damnabitur umlma:

Pergit adhuc tnebraa mundus amari: ;.uio,?

LTJD. xvi.

Dive' implorat guttam.

MIHI si iigito tremat ettremat umca Bummd
GKitta! D si flamm¹as mulceat uua meaa!

Durrat opum [juocunijuB volet levis unda mi-arum;
Una mini hu¹ec detur gemmula, Dives LTU,

JDAN. m. 4.

fywmodo pvtest homo yigni qui est senexl

IC,Phoenix unde in nitido aso VUS cmicat annos;
Plaudit et elu aurea penna rogos ?

Quis uolubrem dolus insinuat per seiula retro,
Et jubet emLT!turn luxuriarc latus ?

Cur rostro pereunte suam pr&eiata Benectam
Torva ales, rapilo plus Lgit ure diem ?

' Immo, sed adnixus preestat Lucina secundos?
NatalBS BBroa unde ssncx habeat,

Ignoras, Phariscee 7 sat' cst: jam credere disces:
Dimidium h'd,i, qui bene nescit, habut,

MABC. xi. 13,

Arbor Ohristijussu arescens.

NILLE jubet: procul ite mei, mca gloria, rnmī:
Nulla"vocet nostras ampliua aura comas.

Ite; nuc 5 pigeat; nam voa neque fulminia ira,
NDC trucidis ala Noti vurberat: illc jubet.

O vox! 6 Zcplyro vel sic ijuoque dulcior **omni!**
Nun possum Autumno nobiliore frm.

Luc. i. 12.

Zacharias minims credens.

NANT¹ ANTES fore tc patrem, res mira vidctur;
Infana interca factus es ipsc pater.

Et dum pvomisai signum (nimis anxie) quieris,
Jam nisi per signum quxrerB nulln **potes.**

JOAN, ni,

In nquam baptismi Dvminivi.

FELIX 6, sauroa uui sic licet ire per artus!
Felix! dum lavat hunc, ipsa lavatur aqua.

Grutta quidBm sacroa qufficunque perambulat artus,
Dum mauet hie, gemma eat; dum cadit Line, lauryma.

Luc. xni. 11.

*Mulieri incurvatx meditur Dvminus, indignante
Archisynagoyo.*



N propria replicata sinus quee repaerat, et jam
Dtcmimis (infelix !) nil niai nodus erat,

Solvitur ad digitum Domini: sed strictior illo
Uniuua eat nodus; LOF, Phariaeec, tuum.

MATTH, xxn. 45,

*Negue ausus fuit quisyuam ex illo du eum amplius
intewoyare.*



CHRISTE, malaa fraudca, Phariaaica retia,
fallia :

Et miaeros sucru discutis ore dobs.

Ergo tacent tandem, atque invita silentia servant:
Tarn byne non uliter tc potuere liqui,

MATTH. xx. 20.

S. Jvannes matri sua.



MIHI cur deatram, mater; cur, oro, sinistram
Poscis, ab officio mater iniqua tuo ?

Nolo manum Chriati dextram mihi, nulo sinistram :.
Tarn prouul a sacro non libet case sinu,

MATTH, iv.

Sifilius Dei es, dejice te.

NI se deiiciat Dhristus de vertice Templi,
Non crelea ijuod sit Filius ille Dei.

At mox te humano dc pectore iejicit: heus tu,
Nun crudes ijuod sit Filius ille Dei?

Luc. xn. 41.

Dominus fans ad Judcevs.

DISCITE VDS miseri, venientes discite flam-
mas;
Nee facite 5 kurymaa sic pcriisse meoa.

Nee periisse tarn poterunt: mihi credite, vestras
Vcl reprimut flommos ha3u tiLjuui, vel faciut.

Luc. xvm. 11,

Jfe v,ut liic Publicanus.

ISTUM? vile cuput! quantum mihi gratulor,
inquis,
Istum quod novi tarn mihi dissimileDi!

Vilis at iste abiit socris oceptior aris:
I mine, et jacbea hunt tibi dissimilem.

ACT. . 3.

In Saulum fulyore nimio excvecatum.

UÆ lucia tensbree ? qute nnx eat ista diei ?
 Nux nova, quam nimii luminis umbra fndt!

An Saulua fuerit crocua, vix dicere posaum;
 Hoc aciu, quod captua lumint; Saulua erat.

Luc. x. 23.

Beati oculi qui vident.

UM Diristu3 noster ibat mitiasimiis uria,
 Atque novum ctecoa jusait habarc iem,

Felices, ocuhs qui tune habucre, vocautur?
 Feliuea, utquinonhabuere, YDDO.

Luc, vn. 15.

Filius eferetro matri redditur.

E&ONE tarn subita potuit viceflebiliflhorror
 In natalitia condidus ire toga ?

QUDS vidi7 matris gcmitus hos esse dolcntis
 Drediderom; gemitus parturiuntis erunt.

MATTH. xi. 25.

In seculi sapientes.

EBONE delitiaa facit, et aibi plaudit ab alto
Stultitia, ut velit hac ambitions pati?

Difficiliane aduo facto, eat, et aeria tandem ?

Ergo et in Imnc etiam quis sapuisae potest?

Tantum erat, ut poasit tibi doctior esso niina?

Tanti igitur ccrebri rea, periaae, ftiit ?

Nil opua ingcnio \ nihil hau opua arte furDria:

Simp'h'cius poteris adlicet ease miaer.

Luc. iv. 29.

In Iudceos Qhristum p'cepitart conantes.

DICITE, qua) tanta eat sceleria fiduuia vcatr?

Quod nequiiit d,mon, id voluiase suelua ?

Quod neuiiit dromon scelua, id voluissc patrare !

Hoc tentare ipaum dremona (crede) fuit.

EEV. vii. 9.

In Draconem prascipitem.

FEUSTEA truculuntc; tuaa procul,uren
rident

Astra minaa, coeb jam bcne tuta suo.

Tune igitur ccelum super ire atquB astra parabas?

Aacensu tanto non opus od barathrum,

Luc. ii.

Beatce Viryini credenti.

MIEAEIS (quid imim facerea?) aed et hrcō
 quuque urcdia :
 Ilrec uteri credia dulcia HiOnstra tui.

En fidci, Retina, ture Jignissimn mercca !
 Fida Dei fiieraa filia; mater uris.

MARc. xii.

Licetne U&sari wnsum dare!

POSTtotScribarum (ChristD)in teproelia,tanJcm
 Ipsc venit Ctuaar : Cceaar in armu venlt.

Pugnant terribilea nun Craaria ensc, aed cncs
 Uajaarc : quin Ua3sar viuceria ipae tamen.

Hoc quDque tu consuribe tuia, Auguatc, triumphis.
 Sic vinui dignua quia niai Ducaar erat?

MATTH. ix.

In tibicines et turbam tiimultuantem circa defunctam.

VJANI, quid atreptis ? nam, quamvia donniat'
 ilia,
Non tamcn u aDmno cat sic revocandu BUD.

Expectat aoloa Christi aDpor iato auaurros :
 Dormit enim; aed non umnibus ilia turnen.
 Yers. 24. Nua enim mortua est puella, sci durrait.

MATTH. vi, 19.

Piscatores vocati.



AUDITE jam pisces secunda per regionem: piscibus
Nos quoque cibum (sed varia sub ratione) sumimus.

Nunc potuisse capi, vobis spes una salutis:
Una salus nobis est, potuisse capi.

MAHC. xn,

Date {JcBsari.



QUONIAM Deo debentur: habet tamen et sua
Caesar;

Nunc minus inde Deo est, si sua Caesar habet.

Non minus inde Deo datur, solio si cetera dantur
Caesari, Caesar cum datur ipso Deo.

MATTH, xxi. 7,

Dominus asino vehitur.



NUNQUAM igitur vilem te, te dignatur asillum,
Non vectura non bene digne tua?

Heu imibus baud pugnat Utriusque patibunda monstra?
Huc, quod sic fertur, hoc quoque ferro fuit.

Luc. xxi, 27.

Videbunt Filium hvmnis venientem in nube.



MMO veni: oiiros (5 Christe) aucingerc Dur-
rus,
Inqnc triumphali nubc coruscus ades.

Nubem pEeris ? erunt nostra (ah 1) suspiria nubcs :
Aut sol in nub se dubit ipsu tuam.

JOAN. xx.

Nisi digitum immisero, \$c.



MPITJS ergo iterum clnvDS ? itcrum impiua
htistam ?
Et totum digitua triste rEVolvct i>pus ?

Tunc igitur Uchristum (Thuma) ijuo vivDre creilas,
In Christum faceres [ah truulentc !] mori ?

ACT. vm.

Ad Judaos mactatwes S. Stephani.



UID datis (ah miscri!) saxis nulcntibus iras ?
Quil nimis in tragiuum praBcipitatis upus ?

In mortem Stcphani sc dtint invita: aud illi
Occiso faciunt sponte sua tumulum.

tSancto Jomni, dilectv discvpulv.



U fruere; augustoquu sinu caput abde (quod
6 turn
Nollet in ecterna se posuisse rosa)

Tu fruBrB: et aaero dum te siu pectore portab,
0 sat erit tergu me potuissc vchi.

MATTH, n.

In lactentes Marti/res.



VLNERA natomm qui vidit, et ubera matnim,
Per pucroa fluviis (ah !) simul ire suis;

Sic pucroa quisquis vidit, dubitavit, an ilba
Lilia cucloruni dicBrut, annc rosas.

MATTH. i. 23.

Deus nobiscum.



3BISDUM Dcua eat? vcatrum hoc cat (hci
mihi!) veatrum:
Vobiscum Dcus eat, 6 asini atque V,ves.

NobisLiuiu non eat: nam nos domus aurea sumit:
Nobiscum DDUS cat, et jacct in stabulo?

Hoc igitur nostrum ut fiat (duluissime Jcsu)
Noa dandi stabulis, YLJ! tibi danda domus.

Christie circumcisis ad Patrem.

AS en primitias nDstree (Fater) acuipe mortis;
 (Yitam ex quo sumpai, vivere dediici)

Ira (Fater) tua de pluvia guatavcrit ista:
 Dlim ibit fluviis hoc latus omnc suis,

Tune sitiati licet et aitiati, bibet et bibet uaquB :
 Tune poterit toto fonte superba frui.

Nunc haatfle interea poasit prreluclere culter:
 Indolis in pcrnas apes erit istn muic.

In Epiphaniam Domini.

ON solita contenta dies face lucis Eoe,
 Euc2 micat raiis ca;sariata no vis.

Persa aagax, propera: iiacuiTB per ardua rcgum
 Tecta, per auratas marmareas que domus :

Qucre 6, quffi intepuit Keginee purpura partu ;
 Principe vagitu qus domua insonuit.

Audin' Peraa sagax? CJui tanta ncgotia cnelo
 Focit, Bethlemiia vagiit in atabulis.

Luc. n. 49.

Ecce yucerebamw it, \$c.E queerD miaera, ct queerD: tu mine ,uoque
trt,tas

Kea Patris: Pater eat unica cura tibi:

[Juippe quod ad poenaa tantum ct tot nomina mortis,
Ad luctum et lacrymas (hei mihi!) mater ego.

JDAN. n.

- Aqua in vinum verses.NDE rubor veatria, et nun sua purpura lym-
phia?

QUGC roaa mirantes tarn nova mutut aquas ?

Numon (ci>nvivro) prsDsens agnoacite Numen:
Nympha pulica Deum vidit, et erubuit.

MATTH. vni. 13.

Absenti Centurionis Jiliv Dominus absensⁱ tnedetur.UAM tacitis inupina aalua illabitur alia !
Alia, quas illi vox tua, Dhriste, dcdit.Quam longas vox iata mauus habet! hsc medicina
Absuns, et preesena heo meiiicina fuit,

MAHC, iv. 40.

tyiid timidi estis.



ANQUAM illi inaanus, faceret sua fulmina
ventus!

Tanquam illi scopuloa norit habere fretum !

VDS vestri scopuli, voa cstia ventua et unia :

Naufragimn cum illu qui mctuit, meruit.

LUC.n.

Nunc dimittis.



TE mei (quid enim ulteriuua, quid vultia ?) DCelli:

Lcnitar obductis ite superciliis.

Ininiu et adbut et adhuc, iteruniquc iterumque viilete;

Accipite LECC tutis lumina luminibua.

Jamque ite; et tutia 6 vua bcne claudite vollis:

Serrate htec totia lumina lumiuibua.

Primiun eat, quodpotui te (Christe) videre: secundum,

Tu visj, recta jam pjtuisae mori.

MATTH. xm, 24.

In seyetem sacram.



CDE suam implorat, demisao vertice, falccm:

Tu scgcti falcL'in da (Pater almcc) suam.

Tu falccm non das ? mcssem tu (Dhriste) **moraris ?**

Hoc ipaum foix est: Loci; mora messis erit,

Luc. VTI. 37.

*Uoejit lacrymis riyarepedes ,jus> et capillis
exteryelat.*



NBA sauras sorties lambit placidissima: flavro
Lambit et hanc undam luuida flamma uumtc.

Ilia per has sordes it purior unda; simulque
Ille per has lucet purior ignis aqua.

Luc. xvm. 41.

Quid vis tibifaciam?



TJID volo (Christe) roga? quippe ah vob,
Christe, vidtire:

(Juippe ad te (dulcis Christe) vidcre volo.

At video; fideique oculis te nunc quoque fi,o:
Est mihi, quae nunquam tist non o,ulata, fides.

Sed quamvia videam, tamcn ah vob (Chvistic) vidcre:
Sud quoniam video (Christe) vidcre volo.

MATTH. sv. 21.

Uhristus mulieri Canaanece diffldlior.



T pretium facias dono, donare recusas :

Usque rogat supplex, tutamcn usque negas.

Hoc etiam donarc fuit, donare negarc.

Seeps dclit, quisquis seepe negata dedit.

Luc. n.

Status venter et ubertt,

T quid si biberet Jesus vel ab ubere VBstro?
 Quid fault ad vestram, quod bibit illo, sitim ?

Ubera, mox sua et hie (5 ljuam noil lactea !) pandet:

E nato mater turn bibet ipsa SUD.

JOAN. xv. 1.

In Christum vitem.

LMUM vitis amat (quippe eat et in arboro
 flamma,
 Quam fDVet in yiridi pectorB blandus amur :)

Ilum ex arboribus cunctis tu (vitis) amasti,
 Illani, querecunque est, ,ine crucia arbor erat,

JDAN. xvi. 2D.

Vosflebitis et lamentabimini.

RGD mihi salvete mei, mea gaudia, luctus:
 Quam charum (6 Dcus) cs hoc mihi flere
 meum l

Flerem, ni flerem: solus tu (dulcis Jesu)

Leetitiam donas tune quoiijue quanio negas.

JUAN. x.

In yngem Uhristi Pastoris.

GKEX, o nimlum tanto Pastore beatus!
 0 ubi aunt tanto pasuua digna gregu ?

Ne non iigna forent tanto grege paacua, Christus
 Ipae suo eat Pastor, paacuum et ipse gregi.

In vulntra pendentis Domini.

IVE uculoa, sive ora vocem tua vulntra; certe
 Uniique aunt ora (heul) undique aunt oculi.

Ecce ora ! 6 nimium roacis floeutia labria !
 Ecu3 oculi! sajvis ah madidi lacrymis !

Magdala, quoro lacrymna solita es, qua? baaia sacro
 Ferrfi pedi, sacro de psdc aume vicea.

Ora pedi aua aunt, tua quo tibi basia reddat:
 Quo ru'ddut lacrymas sdilitet cat oculos.

MAUD, n.

Pardlyticus convalescent,

HRISTUM,quDd miaero fa cilia peccata remittit,
 Scribue blasphemum diners non dubitant

Hou acelus ut primum Puralyticus audiit: ira
 Impatiena, leutum sustulit atque abiit,

JOAN, vin, 59.

Tunc sustulerunt lapides.



SAXA ? illi ? ijuid tarn firdi valuers furores ?
Quid sibi de sails hi volucres suis ?

Indolem, et antiijui agnosco vestigia patria:

Panem de saxis hi vuluerti suis.

In resurrectionem Domini.



NASCEREIS, en! tecumijUB tuus (Ecce aurea)
mundua,
Tecum' Virginco nascitur e tumulo.

TcDiim in natalis prupitatur natura **secundos**,

Atque novam vitam te novus orbis habet.

Ex vita, (Sol ulmi-) tun vitam omnia aumiint :

Nil ccrte, nisi mors, cogitur inde mori.

At certe neque mors : nempc ut queat ilia sepulchre

(Uhriatic) tuo condi, rnora volet ipaa mori.

MATTH. xxviii. 17.

Accipite vobis duntaxat,



SICILIDET et tellua dubitat, f tremebunda: sod
ipsum huu,
Quod tellua dubitat, vus dubitaro vetat.

* Joan. 19. 41. 'Εν ᾧ οὐδέπω σὺδεῖς ἐτίθη.
Σεισμὸς ἐγένετο μέγας.

Ipsi custodes vobis, si quincritis, illui
 Hoc ipso dicunt,' dicer3 quod nequeunt

JOAN. xx. 2D.

*In vulnere vestigia quae astendit Dominus, ad
 iustificandam suorum iudicem.*

HIS Dculis (nee adhuu ulausis c01 ere fenestris)
 Invigilans nobis ust tuus usus amor.

His oculis nos cernit amor tuus: his et umurem
 (Uhriste) tuum gaudet cernere nustrti fides,

Luc. vii, 19.

Mittit Joannes yui qucerant a Ohristo, an is sit.

U qui uilsu impatiuiis properasti agnoscere
 Christum,
 Tune cum claustra utere te tenuere tui,

Tu, quis sit Dhriatus, rugitas? et qutcris ab ipso?
 Iloi; tibi vel mutus diuere quisquo potest.

JOAN. xvni. 10.

In Petrum auricidam.

QUANTUMDUNQUE feroci tuus hie (Petre)
 fulminat ensis,
 Tu tibi jam pugnas (u bun3) non Domino.

Scilicet in mis Dram furis implacidissimus **iaurem**,
 Perfidiee testis ne queas ess a tuee.

' Vers. 4. 'Et TEI' trEfyera **αὐτὸν ἔκρουεν τὸ ἰσχυρὸν ἄσπερον ἰσχυρὸν.**

MAHC. ra.

Manux arefacta sanatur.

RELIX I ergo ture Bpctaa natalia dextree,
 Quoe modo spectanti nubile ftiniis ernt.

Quæ nee in eiternoa modo dcxtera profuit **us,**
 Cirte erit ilia tuee jam mauus tt fidei.

MATTH, xxvn, 24,

In Pontium male lautum.

NLLA Dianua layat unda tuas; vaniflHime judci:
 Ah tarnen ilia scclus non lavat unda tuum.

Nulla scelus lavut unda tuum: yel si lavyt ulla,
 O vjlet ex ouulis ilia, venire tula,

MATTH. xv. 27.

In piscem drtatum.

TJ piscem si, Christe, velis, venit ecce, auumjue
 Fert pretium: tanti eat yel periiBe tibi.

Chriate, foro tibi non opus eat; addicere nummoB
 Non opus est; ipsum SB tibi pisuifl emet.

JOAN. xvi. 33.

Egu vici mundum.

U contra mundum dux es meus, uptime JESU ?
At tu jme miserum!) dux meus ipse jaces.

Si tu, dux mcus, ipac jaces, spes ulla salutis ?
Inimu, ni jaceas tu, mihi nulla solus.

In ascensionem Domini.

VADIT (lu I) per upcrta sui penetralia ueli:
It utulo, ct ccelum iindit ab ore novum.

Spargitur ante pedes, ct toto sidsrc pronus
Jam propius Soils Sol bibit ora sui.

At fratri debere negans sua lumina Phoebe,
Aiirea de Phoebe jam meliore redit.

Hos, de te victu, tu das (Pater) ipsc triumphos :
UnJc triumpharcs, quis satis alter crut ?

In desvensum Spiritus sancti.

TAM coeli circum tonuit fragor: tirma, minusque
Turbida cum flammia mietu fcrebat hicma.

Exulamam Judrous atrox \ Venit CCCD Defanilia,
Ecce venit merit! fulminis ira memor.

Verum ubi composite aedit fax blandior astro,
Flammaque nun Icesas lambit arnica comas;

Judccis, fulmen ijuia falaum appaniit csse,
Hoc ipso verum nomine iulmen erat.

Οὐρανοῦ ἐκ τοῦ πῆσε βρομῆς πολεμοῦ καὶ ἀπειλᾶς
Ἦγε τρεχῶν ἀνεμῶς συν φλογὶ σμιρῖδαλεπ.

Ἀνὲν Ἰουδαίος μίαιρα στρυγερῶν τὰ κάρηνα
Ἐρθασε τῆς οργῆς τὸ πρεπον βυρανίης.

Ἄλλα γαληναιῶ ὅτε κειναὶ ἤσυχον ἄστρω
Φλεγμα, καὶ ἀβλητῶς λειχε φίλον πλοναμους,

Ἐκθαμβεῖ. ὅτι γαρ, κείνοίς οὐκ ἦεν ἀληθῆς,
Νυν ετερον διῶτι τῶδε κεραιυγος ἔην.*

JOAN, m, 16.

Sic dilexit mundum Deus, ut Filium morti traduit.



H nimis est, ilium nustrre vel tradere vitae:
Gruttulu, quod fact-ret, mr facit uueunus ?

Undb ct liuuriare poteat, hubet hinc mea vita:
Ample tit magnifies mora habet unde mori.

* Not in the edition of 1B34.

Luc. xiv. 19.

Juga bourn emi.

D cDBnam VDCD te (domini quodjusaa yolcbant)
Tu mihi, neacia poa, dicia (inepte) bovca.

Imo vale, nobis nee digue ncc utilia hospes !

Ciena tuos (credo) malit habere boves.

ACT. xiv.

*D. Paulum, verlo sanantem claudumj pro Mercuric
I/ystris adwant.*

QUIS Tagua hie, IJUBJ Pactoli novavolvitur unda ?
Non hominis vox eat hrec: Deua ille, Dcuca.

Salve, mortales nimium dignate penates !

Digna Deo subules, digna tctnante Deo !

D salve! quid unim (olnm) tuoa latuiasc volebaa ?

Ts dicit certu vel tua lingua Deum.

Laudem hanc baud miror : meruit facundua haberi,

Qui ilaudo promptoa auaaat liabere pedes.

In S. Oolumbam ad Uhristi caput sedentem.

QUI sacra siderea volueris suspenditur ala?
Hunu nive plus niveum cui dabitilla pudem?

Christe, tuu capiti totis Be destinat auris,

Qua ludit iunste blaniijr umbra comete,

Illic arcano quid non tibi munnure narrat?
 (Murmure mortales nun imitante sunoa)

Sola avis hrec nido hoc non eat indigna cubare:
 Solus nidus bio eat hac bene dignus ave,

Πη ταχυεργος ἀγει πτερυγ' ἀστερεεσσαυ ἐρετμός;
 Ἦ τινι κεινα φερει την ποδα χινηην;

Χριστε τη κεφαλη πασαις πτερυγεσσιν ἐπέγει
 Πη σκια τοι θατιοις παιζε μαλα πλοκαμαυς.

Ποία σοι ἀρητη ψιθυρισματι κειν ἀγορευει;
 Ἀρητ', οὐκ ἤχης ἴσα μεν ἀνδρομευς.

Μουνα μεν ἦδ' ὄρνις καλιας ἐς ἀξια ταυτης
 Ἀξια δ' ὄρνιθος μουνα μεν ἢ καλια.*

ADT. in.

In fores Divi Petro sponte aperta,



UID jovit clausisaB fores (bone janitor) iataa ?

Et Pytro clttvua join li^uut essu sun3.

Dices, spDnte patent: Petri ergo hoc siilicat ipsum
 Eat claris, Petro clava quod baud opua eat.

Not in the Edition of 1634.

Luc. xv, 12.

*Murmurabant Phariswi, diwntes, Reripit peccatwH
et wmedit cum ittis.*



QH male, jjuisquia is est, pereat! qui scilicet istia
Convivam (aavus !) non sinit ease suum,

Istia cum Dhristua conviva aijungitur, istia
0 non conviva est Christua, at ipae cuba,

MATTH. xv.

In trabem Pharisaicam.



EDANT, quro, rcrum ai quid teue atqu
minutum cat,
Posse aoie certa figerc, vitra iabunt.

Artia opua mirro ! Pharisreo on optica traba cat,
Ipsum (vera bquor) qua viiet ille nihil.

JOAN, ix. 22.

*Constitutvrunt ut si quis confiteretur eum ts&
Christumj synayaya muvertfur.*



INFELIX, Christum reus ca quicunqce colendi!
0 rcus infelix ! quam tua culpa gravis!

Tu aummis igitur, stimmia damnabcre ctslis:
0 rcu3 infelix ! quam tua poena gravis!

MATTH. xx. 20.

De votivilwrum Zebedcei.

IT tibi (Joannes) tibi sit (Jacobe) ijUdd optas :
 Sit tibi iextra manus; sit ttoi IIEVLL manus.

Spero, alia in cielo est, et nun incommoda, sedes :
 Si ntque leeva manua ; si nKijuy dextra manus.

Cueli hanc aut illam nolo mihi quecrere partem ;
 O, coelum, uuelum da (Fater alme) mihi.

JOAN. VT.

Ad hvspites coence miraculosce quinque panum.

ESDEEEE pane tuo: aed ct (hospes) vcBcerB
 Ohristo :
 Et panis pani scilicet ille tuo.

Tune pune hue Christi recte satur (hospes) abibis,
 Panem ipsum Christum si magis esurias,

JOAN. xvi. 33.

De Uhristo contra mundum pugna,

UNE, miser? tu (munius ait) mea fulmina
 contra
 Fbire manus, annis cum tibi nuda manus ?

I lictor: manibuBque audacibus injice vinc'la:
 Injecit lictor vini;uln, et arma Jeit,

ACT. ix. 29,

Græci disputatwes Diva Paulo mortem machinantur.

HU GrE orgumentum ! sic disputat : euge sophists !
Sic pugnum Logics atringere, BIG ieuuit,

Hoc argumentum in causam quid (Grrecule) dicit?
Dicit, te in uausam die ere pusat; nihil.

Luc. xxn. 2B.

Qui maximus tst inter vos, estv sicut qui minimus.

BONE, discipulus Chriate vis maximua esae ?
At vero fies hac rations minor,

soD sanctro umbitionia iter (mihî credc)tenendum est,
HBEC ratio ; Tu, lit; sis minor; esse **valis**.

Luc, XM. 41.

VOBIS (Judsi) vijbis heec volvitur unia ;
Quie vobis, quonitim spernitis, ignis erit.

Eia faces (Eomane) faces ! seges ilia fur or is,
Non nisi ab his unlis, ignea messis erit.

MATTH, n.

Christus in ~~Egypto~~.

UNO tu (Nile) tuis mtijori flumine monstra:
Hunc (nimis ignotum) die caput esso tibi.

Jam tibi (Nile) tumes: jam te quoquo multua inunda:
IpSB tufle jam sis luetitiee fluvius,

MATTH, ix.

In cecos Uchristum confitentes, Pfiaris&os alneyantes,

E mihi, tu (PharisBee ferox) tua, lumina jactes:
En crecus ! Christum crocus at illis videt,

Tu (Pharisees) neqiiis in Christo cBrnerB Christum :
Ills videt CSBUS; ccecus os ipsa viions.

MATTH. xvi. 24.

Si yuispone me vmiet, tollat crucem et sequatur me.

j>BGrD stquor, sequDr, en! quippe ut mihi crui
mea, Dhristc, eat:
Farva(juidem; Bedquamnonsatis,u,ce,rpgu.

NDarego? ndnparvamhanc? ideo Deque parvapatanda
est,

CruX magna eat, parvam non bene ferro prucem,

Luc, v. 28,

Relictis omnibus seyuutus est eum.



UAS Matthffiuu opea, ad Chriati jussa, relquit,
Turn primum very coepit habere suas.

Iste malarum sst usus opum bonus, imicua iste;
Esse malas homini, quos bune perdat, opes,

MATTH. xxv. 29.

jiZdificatis stpulchra, Pruphetarum.



ANOTOEUM in tumulis quid vult labor ille
colendis ?

Sanctorum mortem non sinit ilia mori.

Vane, Prophtarum quot ponis saxa sepulhris,
Tot testes lapidum, queis perit;re, facis,

MAHC. m,

In manum aridam qua Vhristo mota est miseratio.



EENDE [miser) Christum; Qt cum Christo
premie solutem:

At manca eat (dices) dextera: prenditamem.

Ipaum hoo, in Christum, manus est: hoc prendere
Christum est,

Qua Christum prendus, non habuisse manum,

Ad D. Lucam medicum.

NULLA mihi (Luca) de te medicamina posco,
Ipse licet medicus sis, licet Kger ego:

Quippe ego in exemplum fidei dum tu mihi pono,
Tu, medice, ipse mihi es tu medicinn mca,

Ουδεν, εγω, Λουκα, παρα σου μοι φαρμακον αιτω,
Καν συ δ' ιατρος εης, καν μεν εγω νοστερος.

'Αλλ' εν οσω παραδειγμα πελεις μοι πιστις, αυτος,
Αυτος ιατρος, εμοι γ' εστι ακεστορη.

Luc. xiv. 4,

Hydropicus sanatus, Christum jam sitiens.

DELLITUE inde sitia ; Bed ct hinc aitis altera
surgit:
Hinc sitit ille magis quo aittit inde minus.

Felix D, et mortem poterit qui tenmere morbus !
Dui vitte ex ipso funto siititur aqua !

In wetum ccelestem omnium Sanctorum.

RELIDES anime ! quaa cteb dsbita virtus
Jam putuit vestris inseruisae polis.

Hoc dedit cgregii nun pareus sanguiuia usua,
Speaque per obstantes uxpatiatu viua.

O ver ! o lunge semper soges aurea lucis l
Noctc nee alteraa dimidiata dies!

O quE palma maim ridet! quro fronte corona!
D nix virgineffi nun temeranda togce!

Facia inocciduaj YDS illic ura vidstis:
YDS Agni dulcis lumina: vgs—Quid agD ?

MATTH. vin, 13.

Christus abstnti medetur.



OX jam missa suas potuit jam tangBrc metas?
U supcri! nun hoc ire si-d isse fait.

Mirac'lum fuit ipaa salus (bene credere posaiia)
Ipsuin, mirau'lum est, quondo salutia iter.

JOAN. ix.

CMCUS natus.



ELIX, qui potuit tantte post nubiliv noctia
(O dignum tanta nocte !) videre diem:

Felix ille uculus, Mix utrinque putandus;
Quod videt; et primum quod yidet ilb Deum,

MATTH, ix,

Et ridtbant ilhm.

LUCTIBUS in tantis, Christum riere vacabat ?
 Vanior iste fuit risus, an iste dolor ?

Luctibua in tantis hie vester risus inepti,
 (Oreilite mi) meruit maaimua ease dolor.

MATTH, xi. 25,

In sapientiam, secttli.

NOLI altum sapere (boo veteres voluere magistri)
 Ne retrahat lassos ulta ruina gradua.

Inimo milii dicu, Noli sapuisse profundum;
 Non ego od infernum me eapuisse velim,

In stabulum ubi natus tst Dvminus,

NLLA dumua Btubulum ? IIDU uat (Puer auret);
 non cat;
 Ilia domiiB; i,uee tu naaueris, eat atabulum ?

Ilia dumus toto domua est pulchcmma munilu;
 Viz cuelu diui vult miuur ilia tuo,

C,rnis ut ilia BUD passim domus ardeat auto?
 Dernis ut effuaia rideat ilia rosis ?

Sire aurum non est, ncc *quid* rosa rideat illic;
 Ex Dculis facile eat ease probare tuis.

Οἶκος οὐδὲ εἰς αὐλή. οὐ μὴ. σφός οἶκος, Ἰησὺ,
 Ἐν θ' ῥ' τῷ τικτῆ αὐλίον οὐ πελεταί.

Οἶκων μὲν πάντων μάλα δὴ καλλίστος ἔκεινος
 Οὐρανου οὐδὲ τῶν μίκροτερος πελεταί.

Ἦνιδε κείνο νεφ' δώμα' ἐμπυριζέτο χρυσῷ,
 Ἦνιδε κείνο νεφίς δώμα ροδοισί γελαί.

Ἦν ῥόδων εὐχὴ γελαί, τὴν οὐδὲ τὴ χρυσὸν ἔκειθεν
 Ἐκ σὺ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἐστὶν ἐλεγχεμέναι.*

ACT. vni,

8. *Stephanus amicis suis, funus sibi curantibus.*



ILL A (prcor) busto surgant mihi mannora :
 hustum

Hoc mihi sint mortis cuuacia saxu **meæ.**

Sic nuc opus fucrit, notct ut quis carmine bustum,
 Pru Domino (dicinis) ocuidit ilia BUD.

Hie mihi sit tumulus, qnem mors icilit ipsa; **meique**
 Ipse hie martyrii sit mihi martyrium.

*In D. JvanneM) quern Domitianiis ftrventi oleo
 (illateum) indidit**



currensvagaflammulamundo,
Non ijuidum JvanneB, ipeo Bed audit amur)

Ilium ignem extingui, bone Domitiane laboros ?

Hoc: non eat ohum, Dumitiane, dare,

* Nut in the edition of 1634.

In tenellos Martyres.

H qui tarn propero cecidit sic funere, vitce
 Hoc habuit tunturn, possit ut ille num.

At cujus Deus est sic usus funere, mortis
 hoc tantum, ut possit vivere semper, habet.

MATTH. iv. 24.

*Attulerunt ei omnes male effectos, d&moniacos,
 lunaticos — et sanavit eos.*

QUOLLI&E tc tibi (torve Draco) furias,uc
 faces quo,
Quasque vuc ant pestes noX Erebusque suns :

Fac cDlubiB3 jam tota BUDS tua yibret Erinnyis ;
 Oollige, coUigB tc fortitcr, ut—**percas.**

Luc. n.

Tuam ip&ius animampertransibit gladius.

QUAND 0 habeat gladium tua, ChriBte, tragoedia
 nullura,
 Quis fuerit gladius, yirgo beata, tuus V

Namque nee ulla alias tibi sunt data vulncra, Virgo,
 - Quam , a yulneribus sunt data, Dhriste, tua.

Foraan quando senex jam caligantior esset,
 Quod Simeon gladium credidit, hasta fait.

Immo nec juu hasta fuit, nequib clavus. Bed neque spina:
 Hei mihi, spina tomen, ultivus, et hasta fait,

Nam quiscumpe mails tuu, Uhriste, tragicdia urevit,
 Omnia sunt gladius, virgo beuta, tuus.

*In sanguinem rircumcisionis Domini. Ad convivas,
 quvs hcec dies upud nos svlmnes Tiabet.*

HEUS uunviva ! bibin'? Maria hroc, **Marieque**
 puellua,
 Mittunt de prelo musta bibenda BUD.

Una quiem est [tDti qu&e par tamen unica mundo)
 Unica gutta, BUD qute trcmit urbiculo.

O bibite bine; ijuale aut quantum YDS cunque bibistis,
 (Credite mi) nil tarn suave bibistis adbu.

O bibite et bibite, et restat tarn an usque bibendum:
 ReaUt, quod poterit nulla domain sitis.

Scilicet hic; mensura sitia, mensura bibendi est:
 Heec quantum uupiaa vina bibisse, bibis.

Luc. II,

Puer Jesus inter Doctvres.

PALLITUE, ad mentum qui pendit quemque
 profundum,
 Ceu possint Iceves nil sapuissc genffi.

ScilicBt e barba male mensuratur Apollo;

Et bene cum capitis atat nive, mentis hiems.

Discat, et a tenero disci quoque posse magistro:

Canitiem capitis nee putet esse caput.

JOAN. n.

Ad Uhristuw,, de ayua in vinum versa.

SILrNA tuis tuus hostis habet contraria signis:
 In vinum tristes tu mihi vertis aquas.

Ille autem B vino lacrymas et jurgin iucens,

Vina iteruni in triates (hei mihi!) mutat aquas.

Luc. n.

Christus infans Patri sistitur in templo.

AQNUS Bat, ludatque (licet) sub patre petulco ;
 Cum,ue sua longum c,njuge turtur agat.

Conciliatorem nihil hie opus ire par agnum:

NBC tener ut vuluuris non aua fata ferat.

Hactenus eiiguahrec, quasi munura, luaimus; **hæc quæ**
Multum eicusanti sunt capienda manu.

Hoc donum eat; de quo, toto tibi diuimus ore,
Sume Fater: merit is hoc tibi sume Buis.

Donum hoc eat, hue eat; quod scilicet audeat ipso
Ease Deo dignum: scilicet ipse Deus.

MATTH, vm.

Leprosus Dominum implvrans.



CREDDD quod isto, potes, vuller modo ; Bed quia
credu,

Uhriste, quod istapotes, credo quod ista voles.

Tu modo, tu faciles mihi, sol meus, exere vultus;
Non poterit radios nix mea ferre tuua,

MATTH. vni.

Uhristus in tempestate,



QUOD fBvret tanto circum te, Ohriate, tumultu,
Non hou ira maris, Uhriate, Bed ambitio eat,

Hsec ilia ambitio eat, hoc tanto te rogat ore,
Foaait ut ad monitus, Christe, tacert; tuos,

ACT. xvi. 21.

*Annundant ritus quibus non licet nobis suscipere, cum
simus Romani.*

Hic tibi (Eoma) tunc dicitur, arma, ue ?
solis
Eomanis igitur nun licet esse piis ?

Ah ! melius, tragicis nullus tibi Caesar in armia
Altus anbelanti detonuisset equo ;

Nec domini yolucris fades horrenda per urbem
Sucta tibi in signa turva veirit tuis ;

Quam miser ut atret de te tibi (Eoma) triumphus,
Ut tanta fieris ambitione nihil.

Nun tibi, Bed sceleri vincis : pro laurca tristis !
Laurea, Cerbereis aptior umbra comis !

Tarn turpi vix ipse pater diademate Pluto,
Vix sedet ipse BUD tarn niger in solis.

De tot Deseareis redit hoc tibi [Roma] triumphis :
Cesaree, aut (quod idem eat) egregie misera ea.

MATTH, rv,

Hic lapis fiat panis.

Hic fuit: illic lapis (quidni sit dicere?) panis,
Christo, fuit: panis Bed tuus ille fuit.

Quippe, Patria cum sic tulerit suprema voluntas,
Eat panis, panem non habuisse, tuus.

Ἄρτος ἦν τοι θῆτ' (εἰπεῖν θεμις ἐστίν) ἐκείνος
Χριστέ τοι ἄρτος ἦν καὶ λίθος· ἀλλὰ τὸς.

Ἦν οὕτως τῶν πατρῶν ὁμη μεγαλοῦ το βελημα
Ἄρτος ὅτ οὐκ ἦν τοι, Χριστέ, τοι ἄρτος ἦν.*

MATTE. iv.

Mulitr Canaanitis.



UICQUID Amiwoniis dedit olim fama puellia,
Credits: Amazoniam uernimus ecce fidem.

Focmina, tarn fortis fidei? jam creio fidem usae
Plus qutira grammatics fueminui generis.

Luc, xi,

*Deus, pvst wpulsum Duemmem, mufum, maZedici's
Judith os vbturat.*



NA. pene op[^]ra dupliceni tibi Damone frangia
late ibidem Diuman mutua; at ille luqimx.

Suilii-[^]t in lauies (qute nun tibi laurea aurgit?)
Non magis hie loquitur quam tacet ille tuos.

* Ngthinueditiunuf 1634.

JOAN. vi.

Dicebant, Yere hie estpropheta.

DST tot quffi videant, tot quro miracula tangant,
Hfieu et qure gustent (Dhriste) dabas popub.

Jam Vates, Kex, et quicquid pia nomina possunt,
Dhristus erat: vullem dicere, venter erat.

NamquB his, quicquid erat Dhristus, de vuntro rcpIsto
Dmne illud vero nomine venter erat.

JOAN. x. 22.

Uhristus ambulalat inporticujSalomonis, tthiems erat.

BIRUMA fuit? nun, non; ah non fuit, oro sub
isto:
Si fuit; hand anni, nee sua bruma fuit.

Bruma tibi verm's vulit irs decent!or horis,
Per sibi non natas expatiata rosos.

At, tibi ns possit se tarn benc bruma iiBgare,
Sola hffiCj quam vibrat gens tua, granio' vstat.

MATTH, xxvni.

Dederunt nummvs militibiut.

NE miles vulit ista luqui, tu munara donas ?
Donas, quod possit, cum tacet ipse, bqui.

QUES facis a quoquam, pretio suadente, taceri;
Dlarius, et dici turpius ista facis.

' Ver. 31. Sustulenint lapides.

*Beati Virgini**L& salutatione Angelica.*

AIPE suum neque Crosareus jam nuntiet ales;
] **Χαῖρε** tuum penna uandidiore venit.

Sed taceat, qui **Χαῖρε** tuum quoquo nuntiat, ales;
Xa^e meum penno, candiillure venit.

[Juis dicat mihi **Χαῖρε** meum magt caniidus autor,
Liuam tibi qutu iicut uundidus illis tuum?

Virgo, roga, quid candidius quam candidus ille
ESSB potest? Virgo, qura rogat, BSSB potest.

Χαῖρε tuum (Virgo) donet tibi candidus ille;
Donas canditjior tu mihi **Χαῖρε** meum.

Χαῖρε meum is **Χαῖρε** tuo quid dltferat, audi:
Hie tuum dicit, tu peuria (ecce) meum.

Pontio lavante.

ON satis eat coedea, nisi atuprum hoc insuper
addas;

Et tarn virginBa sis violator aquee?

Njmpha quidem pura HEED et honesti tUia fontia
Luget, adulterio jam temerata tuo.

Costa verecunio properat cum murmure gutta,
Nee satis in lacrymam se putat ease suam.

Desine tarn nitidos stuprare (an, desine) rorea:
Aut die, que miseras unda lavabit aquas,

In die passionis Dominicæ.

IAMNE Bgo sim tetricus? valeant jsunia:

vinum

Est mihi dulcB meo (nee pudet BSSB) cado.

Eet mihi ijuod castis, neque prslum passu, racumis

FalmitQ virginBO prutulit uva parens.

Hoc mihi (ter iecies sat enim maturuit annis)

Tandem BCDB e dolio prrebitit hosta suu.

Jamque it ; et o quanto calut octus aromate turrens !

AcBr ut hinc aura divite currit odor !

Qure rosa per cyathDS volitat tam vina FaleniDS ?

Masaica quee tan to siderB vina tremunt ?

O ego nescibam; atque BCLL- cstYinum illud amoris:

,Unde ego sim tantis, undy Bgo par uyathis.

Yincor : et o iatis tutus props misuitor auris :

Non ego sum tantis, nun Bgo par cyathis.

Sed quid ego invicti metuo bona robura vini?

Ecus eat, qua validum diluit,' unda, merum.

In die Resurrecthnis Dominicæ.

Venit ad sepulchrwrn Magdalena ferens aromata.



UIN et tu quoque busta tui Phoenicia adura ;

Tu quoque fcr tristea (msna mea) delitiaa.

* Joan. xix. 34. Et continuo exivit sanguia etaqua.

Si nee aromata aunt, nee quod tibi fragrat amomum ;
 ((Jualis Magdalinn eat mcaais odora manu) -

Est quod aromatibus preestat, quod prrestat amomo:
 HBBC tibi mallicuk, hrec gemmea lacrymula.

Et lacryma e&t aliquid: ncquc frustra Magdalu, flevit:
 Sentiit htec, lacrymas non nihil esso suas.

His ilia (et tune cum Domini caput iret amomo)
 Invidiam capitis feccrat ease pcdca.

Nunc quoque cum sinus huic ttintu sub nromate audet,
 Plus capit DX oculis, quo litet, ilia suis.

Christe, decBnt lacrymce : decet iato rorc rigari
 Vito3 hoc tteruum mane, tuumque diem.

Luc. xxrv.

In cicatrices Dvmini adhuc superstites.



EMA viilia; arena, pharetromque, levesque
 aagittus,

Et quDuunquc fuit numinc miles Amor.

His fuit usus Amor: Bed et hsc fuit ipae ; auumque
 Et jaculum, et jaculis ipsc pharetra auis.

Nunc splendent tantum, et detersj pulvsro belli
 E memori pendent nomina magna thulo.

Tsmptus erittamen, htcc iriD quando arma.pharetramque,
 Et sobolem pharetrtE apicula tradet Amor.

ACT. n,

In D. Paulum illuminatum simul et excecatum.

ILE, Dhriste, ambigua hffic bifidi tibi gloria teli
est,

Quod simul hub uculos abstulit, atque deiit ?

San eta dies animi, hue Dculonun in nocte, latebat;

Ty ut posait Faulus cernere, CGBCUB erat,

JOAN. xv.

Eyo sum Via. Ad Judceos spretores Christi.

SED nee calcanda tamen: pes imprubo pergis?

Improbce pes, ergo hoc uoeli urnt ire viam ?

Ah percat (Judoee ferox) pes iniprobus ille,

Qui cicli britam sic facit ease viam.

MATTH. .

In nocturnum tt Memals iter infantis Domini.

RErO viatores teneros, cum Frole Farentem,

Nox hubet soS, quis est dignanec ulla dies ?

Nam quid ad htec Pueri vcl labra, genasve Farentis ?

Hcu quid ad heec facient oscula, nox **et hiems ?**

Lilia ad heeu focerent, facBret rosa ; quicquid Bt hnlat

Sterna ZephjniB qui tepet in viola.

Hi meruere, quibua vel nox ait nulla; vul ulla
Si sit, cat nuetra purius ilia die.

Ecce sed hos quoque nox et hiems clausere tenellos :
Et quis suit, quid nox, quid meditetur hiems 7

Ah ne quid meditetur hiems srevire por Austros !
Qureque solet nigros nox mala ferre metua !

Ah ne noctis eat currua non mullibus Euris !
Aspera ne tctricos nuntiet aura Notu3 !

Heu quot hahcnt tencbrtr, quot YLTH ptricula sccum !
Quot noctem duminum, quantaque niunstra cuhint !

Quot vaga qusc falsis veniunt ludibria formis !
Trux oculua ! StjgiD concolor alu Deo !

Sea veris ea, aivo vagia stant niunstra figura ;
Virginei satis est hinc, satis indo metus.

Erg3 veni; totoqiiB veni rcaonantior arcu,
(Cynthia) prregnantem dange procul pharetram.

Monstra vel ista, vel illa, tuis sint mcta sagittia :
Nee fratris jaculum certior aura vehat.

Ergo veni totoque veni, flagrantior ore,
Dignaue Apullineaa auatinuiase vices,

Scis hene quid decoat Fhrabi lucere **soporeto** :
Ex his, si nescis, (Cynthia) iisuu genis.

U tun, in hia, quanto lamp03 foraiDsior iret I
Nux Buam, ah his, quanto malit habere diem !

Quantum ageret tacitos DEED luna modBstior ignes !
 Atque vereuundis sobria atarct equis I

Luna, tuee non eat roaa tam pudibunda diei :
 NEC tam Virgineu fax tua flure trcmit,

Ergo veni ; Bed tjt aatra, tuaa age {Cynthia) turmos :
 Ilia oculos pueri, quos imituntur, habent.

Ilinc Dt-ulu, hinc astro : at parili face niutat utrumque ;
Æthens us, atque *oa* tcthurcum Pueri,

Aapice, quam bcnu res utriusque decrcct utrumque !
 Quam btin c in altcmas mutua regna manus !

Ille oculua cctli hoc si starct in cethere frontis ;
 Sivu astrum hoc pueri; fronte sub **ætherea**.

Si Pueri hoc ostrum tJtuliTcu. sub ironu micaret,
 Dredat ut hunc uculum uon minus BSSB suum.

Illu oculua iitjli, hoc ai staret in eethere frontis,
 Non minus in utclia se putut ease suis.

Tam pulchras variare vices cum fronte Puelli,
Cumque Puulli jculis, tether ct astra qu,ant.

Astra quidcm velltjnt; valient ecterna pacisci
Fœdera mutatee sedis inire vicem.

Æther Qt ipse [licet numero torn dispare) vellct
 Mutatis ouulia torn buna pacta dari.

Quippe irat i-oelum quanto meh'oribus astris,
 Astra sua bus ouulos ai modj habera queat !

(Juippe aitra in coelu quantum metiure micarent,
Si frontem hanc poaaint coelum habuiase suum.

Æther et aatra velint : frustra velit rother, et astra :
Ecce negat Pueri frona, oculique negant.

Ah neget ilia, ncgent illi : nam quern tethera mallent
lati uculi ? aut irons haec quee magia aatra velit ?

Quid si aliquod blanda face lene renideat aatnun ?
Lactca ai coeli terque quaberque yia eat ?

Blandior hie oculua, ruseu hoc quiridet in ore ;
Lactea frona hueu cat terquB quaterque magis.

Ergo negent, coelumque suum aua sidera aervent :
Sidera de coilia nun bene danda sua.

Ergo negant : aequc ccce aua sub nube recondunt,
Sub tenera ocuidui nube aupercilli :

Nee claudi contenta sui munimine cffili,
Quterunt in gremiu Matria ubi lateant.

Non nisi sic tactis ubi nix tepet ilia pruinis,
Castaque non gelido firigore vernut hiems.

Scilicet ista diea tarn pubhro veapere tingi
Dignua ; et hua soles aic decet occidere.

Claudat purpureua qui claudit reaper Olympum ;
Puniceu plaueas tu tibi [Phoebe) toro ;

Dum tibi lascivam Thetis auget adultera noetem,
Pjne per Heaperias strata pudenda rosas.

Ulas nempc rosaa, ijuafll conscia purpura pinxit ;
 Uulpa pudorque BUUS queis dedit ease rosas.

Hos soles, nivBffl noctes, castumque cubile,
 Quod purum sternet per mare virgo Thetip;

Hos, sancti flurea ; hos, tarn sinsra dceebant
 Lilia; ,uicc[ue sibi non rubuere rosee.

Iloa, decuit sinus hie; ubi toto aidero proni
 Ecce lavant sese lacteo in oceano,

Atque lavent: tandemque BUD se mane resolvant,
 Ipsa dies ex hoc ut bibat ore diem.

JOAN. xvi. 26.

Non dico, me rogatwrum Patrempro vobis.



H' tamen Ipsc rugn: tibi scilicet ille roganti
 Esse nequit durus; nee solct esse, Fater.

Ille BUDS omni facie tc figit amores;
 Inque tuos toto effunditur ore sinus.

Quippe, tuos spectans oculos, ae spectat in illis ;
 Inque tuo (Jesu) SB fovet ipse sinu.

El te metitur sese, et sua nuraina disdt:
 Inde repercussus rcJilitur ipse sibi.

Hie tibi Be, te ille sibi par nectit utrinque:
 Tarn tuus eat, ut nee Bit magis ille amis.

Erga roga: Ipae roga : tibi scilicet ille rogouti
 Ease nequit durua, ncc aolet csse, Pater.

Illum ut ego rogem ? Hoc (eheu) nun Die rogandum ;
Ore satis puras non faciente preces.

Ullum ego si rogem, quis suit nuibus illis proccllis
Surgat, et in miserum hoc quie tonet ira caput ?

Isto etiam forsitan veniet mihi fulmen ab ore :
(Sæpe isto certe fuioiBn ab ore venit.)

H!B una irati forsitan me cuspide verbi,
Una me metu figet, et intcrii :

Non ego, nun rogem : mihi scilicet illis roganti
Durius esse pi)test, et sulet ease, Pater.

Immo rogabo : UBC ore meo tamen : immo rogabu
Dru meu (Jesu) scilicet ore tuo.

In die Assumptionis Dominicæ.



Sl,UE etiam nostros Te (Ohriste) tenemua
amorcs ?

Heu coeli quantam hinc invidiam patimur !

Invidiam putiamur : habent sua sidra coeH;
Quæque comunt tremultis crispa tot ora faces;

Fhiebenque et Phctbum, et tot pictee veilera nubis ;
VelliTa, quee rosea Sol variavit auu.

Quantum erat, ut sinerent hue una nos face ferri ?
Una sit hie: sunt (et sint) ibi mille faces,

Nil agimua : nam tu tjuia non asceniia ad ilium,
Ether* descenclit (Christe) vel ipse tibi.f

Οὐρανῶ

ἔχομεν*

Ἀλλὰ ἔχομεν. ἔχει ἕκαστος τὰ ἴδια ἀγαθὰ αἰθέρι*

* Ἀστράτε, καὶ φοίβου, καὶ καλά τῶν νεφέλων.

* Ὅσον ἔτην, ἡμῖν ὄφρ' εἴη ἐν τοῦτο ἄστρον;

* Ἀστρον ἐν ἡμῖν ἢ εἰσὶ τὰ ἄστρ' ἕκαστον.

Πάντα ματην. ὅτι Χριστέ σὺ οὐκ ἀναβαίνεις, εἰς αὐτόν,

Αὐτός μεν κατεβη οὐρανῶς εἰς σέ τος.

Luc. xviii.

Ooecus implorat Christum.

MIFEDBA turba tacc. Mihi tam mea vota
propin,uant,
Et linguam de me vis tacuisse meam ?

Tune ego tune taceam, mihi cum my us illis loquBtur :
31 nescis, oculos vox habet ista meos.

O noctis miserere meec, misererB ; per illam
In te IUGB primu riserit uru, diem.

O noctia miserere IUBB, miserere ; per illam
Qufle, nisi te vileat, nox velit bsse; diem.

D noctis miserere me®, miserere ; per illam
In te quam fidei nox habet ipsa, diem.

' Act. I. Nuhes suacceptum eum abatulit.

f Hera the edition of 1634 ends. The Greek Version of this Epigram and all that follow are printed for the first time in that of 167U.

HIED animi tarn clara dies rngat illam oculorum :

Illam, oro, dedcris; bane mihi ne rapiaa.

ΝΥΚΤ' ἔλεησον ἔμην. ἔλεησον. γαί τοι ἔκεινο

Χριστέ ἔμου ἡμεαρ, νυξ ὄδ' ἔμειο ἔχει.

Ὀφθαλμων μιν ἔκεινο, Θεός, δεεται ἴοδε γνωμης.

Μη μοι τουτ' αἴρης, ἴος μοι ἔκεινο φας.

Luc. xv. 4.

*Quis ex vobis si kabeat centum prw, tt perdiderit unam
ex illis, -c.*



UT ego angelicia fiam bona gaiidia tunnin !

Me quoque soli cito quere per arva gradu.

Mills tibi tutis ludunt in montibus agni,

Quos putes baud ilubia diucre voce tuos.

UnU3 ego erravi quo me mcus error agcbat,

Unas ego fuerim gaudia plura tibi.

JauJia non faciunt, qua) ncc fecero timorem ;

Et plus qua donant ipsa peric'la, placent.

Horam, quoa retincs, fuerit tibi latior usus.

De me, quern recipis, dulcior uaus erit,

Εἷς μιν ἔγω, ἧ μου πλαση παριγγεν, ἄλημι

Εἷς δε τοι σως ἔσομαι γηθυσεναι πλεονες.

Ἄμνος ὃ μη ποίων φοβον, οὐ ποιεὶ δε τε χαρμα.

Μειζων των μιν, ἔμου χρεια δε γλυκυ τερη.

Herodi D. Jacobum vtruncanti.



ESCIS Jacobus quantum hunc tibi debeat ictum,
Quo? [me tun in sacrum weviit ira caput.

Scilicet ipso illi donaati hoc cnse coronam,
Quo saurum abacideras sciliet DL&C caput.

Abscisauum pensarc caput quro possit abunde,
Sola bee tarn sfcva et sacra corona fuit.

Ἐν μὲν, Ἰακωβέ, κεφαλὴν τῆς ξίφος ἀπήρην,

Μῦνον κεφαλὴν, Ἰακωβέ, δυνάϊτο
Κείνος ὃδ' ὡς καλός, μαρτυρίου στεφάνου.

MATTH. xx. 34.

C?cri rewy^is ociefō *Christum stquantur.*



DCE manu imposita Uhrietufl novasideraponit,
Sctantur patriam sidera fide manum.

Hxc manus his, creihj co^lum cab. HBDC acilicct aatra
Suspitor esse olim quō geret ille manu.*

τίβαλλιν ὀπωπῶν
Ἄστρα. ἕπηδενει κεινα χειρὶ Θεου.

Χεὶρ αὐτῆς τούτοις πτελεν οὐρανοῦ. ἀστρα γὰρ οἶμαι,
Ἐν χειρὶ ταυτ' οἶσι Χριστὸς ἐπέϊτα ἦν.

* Rev. i. 16.

Luc, six. 4.

Zachceus in sycomoro.



UID te, ijuid jut-las alienia fructibus, arbor ?
 Quid tibi cum fuliia non [aycomore) tuia ?

ftuippe istic ramo qui jam tibi nutat ab alto,
 Moi e divina vite racemus erit.

**Τι πτ' ἐπικομπάζεις κενεον ; ξεινω δε τε καρπη,
 Και φυλλοις σεμνη μη, συκομωρε, τεισις ;
 Και γαρ ἰδ' ἐκρημνης σου νω μετεωρος ἀπ' ἔρνου,
 Ἄμπελου ὁ κλαδων ἔσσεται οὐρανίου.**

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