

DIVINE POEMS

To E. of D. with Six Holy Sonnets

See Sir, how as the Suns hot Masculine flame
 Begets strange creatures on Niles durty slime,
 In me, your fatherly yet lusty Ryme
(For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the same;
But though the ingendring force from whence they came 5
 Bee strong enough, and nature doe admit
 Seaven to be borne at once, I send as yet
But six; they say, the seaventh hath still some maim.
 I choose your judgement, which the same degree
 Doth with her sister, your invention, hold, 10
As fire these drossie Rymes to purifie,
 Or as Elixar, to change them to gold;
You are that Alchymist which alwaies had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert: of St. Mary Magdalen

Her of your name, whose fair inheritance
 Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo:
An active faith so highly did advance,
 That she once knew, more than the Church did know,
The Resurrection; so much good there is 5
 Deliver'd of her, that some Fathers be
Loth to believe one Woman could do this;
 But, think these Magdalens were two or three.
Increase their number, Lady, and their fame:
 To their Devotion, add your Innocence; 10
Take so much of th'example, as of the name;
 The latter half; and in some recompence
That they did harbour Christ himself, a Guest,
 Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name address.

J. D.

HOLY SONNETS

La Corona

Deigne at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Weav'd in my low devout melancholie,
 Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasury,
 All changing unchang'd Antient of dayes;
 But doe not, with a vile crowne of fraile bayes, 5
 Reward my muses white sincerity,
 But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee,
 A crowne of Glory, which doth power alwayes;
 The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'st our ends,
 For, at our end begins our endlesse rest; 10
 The first last end, now zealously possesst,
 With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends.
 'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

Annunciation

Salvation to all that will is nigh;
 That All, which alwayes is All every where
 Which cannot sinne, and yet all sinnes must beare,
 Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,
 Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himselfe to lye 5
 In prison, in thy wombe; and though he there
 Can take no sinne, nor thou give, yet he'll weare
 Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie.
 Ere by the spheares time was created, thou
 Wast in his minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother; 10
 Whom thou conceiv'st, conceiv'd; yea thou art now
 Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother;
 Thou' hast light in darke; and shutst in little roome,
Immensity cloysterd in thy deare wombe.

Nativitie

Immensitie cloysterd in thy deare wombe,
 Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,
 There he hath made himselfe to his intent
 Weake enough, now into our world to come;
 But Oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inne no roome? 5
 Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,
 Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent
 Th'effect of *Herods* jealous generall doome.
 Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eyes, how he
 Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lye? 10
 Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
 That would have need to be pittied by thee?
 Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,
With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

Temple

With his kinde mother who partakes thy woe,
Joseph turne backe; see where your child doth sit,
 Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
 Which himselfe on the Doctors did bestow;
 The Word but lately could not speake, and loe, 5
 It sodenly speakes wonders, whence comes it,
 That all which was, and all which should be writ,
 A shallow seeming child, should deeply know?
 His Godhead was not soule to his manhood,
 Nor had time mellowed him to this ripenesse, 10
 But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis good,
 With the Sunne to beginne his businesse,
 He in his ages morning thus began
By miracles exceeding power of man.

Crucifying

By miracles exceeding power of man,
 Hee faith in some, envie in some begat,
 For, what weake spirits admire, ambitious, hate;
 In both affections many to him ran,
 But Oh ! the worst are most, they will and can, 5
 Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
 Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
 Measuring selfe-lifes infinity to'a span,
 Nay to an inch. Loe, where condemned hee
 Beares his owne crosse, with paine, yet by and by 10
 When it beares him, he must beare more and die.
 Now thou art lifted up, draw mee to thee,
 And at thy death giving such liberall dole,
Moyst, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule.

Resurrection

Moyst with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule
 Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
 Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly,) bee
 Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard, or foule,
 And life, by this death abled, shall controule 5
 Death, whom thy death slue; nor shall to mee
 Feare of first or last death, bring miserie,
 If in thy little booke my name thou enroule,
 Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
 But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas; 10
 Nor can by other meanes be glorified.
 May then sinnes sleep, and deaths soone from me passe,
 That wak't from both, I againe risen may
Salute the last, and everlasting day.

Ascention

Salute the last and everlasting day,
 Joy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,
 Yee whose just teares, or tribulation
 Have purely washt, or burnt your drossie clay;
 Behold the Highest, parting hence away, 5
 Lightens the darke clouds, which hee treads upon,
 Nor doth hee by ascending, show alone,
 But first hee, and hee first enters the way.
 O strong Ramme, which hast batter'd heaven for mee,
 Mild Lambe, which with thy blood, hast mark'd the path; 10
 Bright Torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see
 Oh, with thy owne blood quench thy owne just wrath,
 And if thy holy Spirit, my Muse did raise,
Deigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and praise.

Holy Sonnets

I

Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
 Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
 I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way, 5
 Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
 Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
 Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
 By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe; 10
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
 That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine;
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

II

As due by many titles I resigne
 My selfe to thee, O God, first I was made
 By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay'd
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
 I am thy sonne, made with thy selfe to shine, 5
 Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid,
 Thy sheepe, thine Image, and, till I betray'd
 My selfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
 Why doth the devill then usurpe on mee?
 Why doth he steale, nay ravish that's thy right? 10
 Except thou rise and for thine owne worke fight,
 Oh I shall soone despaire, when I doe see
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt'not chuse me.
 And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to lose mee.

III

O might those sighes and teares returne againe
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
 That I might in this holy discontent
 Mourne with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine;
 In mine Idolatry what showres of raine 5
 Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
 That sufferance was my sinne; now I repent;
 'Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine.
 Th'hydroptique drunkard, and night-scouting thiefe,
 The itchy Lecher, and selfe tickling proud 10
 Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe
 Of comming ills. To (poore) me is allow'd
 No ease; for, long, yet vehement grieve hath beene
 Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

IV

Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
 By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion;
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,
 Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read, 5
 Wisheth himselfe delivered from prison;

But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
 Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
 But who shall give thee that grace to beginne? 10
 Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
 That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

V

I am a little world made cunningly
 Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,
 But black sinne hath betraid to endlesse night
 My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.
 You which beyond that heaven which was most high 5
 Have found new spears, and of new lands can write,
 Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
 Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,
 Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more:
 But oh it must be burnt ! alas the fire 10
 Of lust and envie have burnt it heretofore,
 And made it fouler; Let their flames retire,
 And burne me oh Lord, with a fiery zeale
 Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

VI

This is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint
 My pilgrimages last mile; and my race
 Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
 My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,
 And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt 5
 My body, and soule, and I shall sleepe a space,
 But my'ever-waking part shall see that face,
 Whose feare already shakes my every joynt:
 Then, as my soule, to'heaven her first seate, takes flight,
 And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwell, 10
 So, fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,
 To where they'are bred, and would presse me, to hell.
 Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

VII

At the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
 Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise
 From death, you numberlesse infinities
 Of soules, and to your scattred bodies goe,
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow, 5
 All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
 Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes,
 Shall behold God, and never tast deaths woe.
 But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,
 For, if above all these, my sinnes abound, 10
 'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
 When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,
 Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good
 As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

VIII

If faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd
 As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see,
 And adds this even to full felicitie,
 That valiantly I hels wide mouth o'rstride:
 But if our mindes to these soules be descry'd 5
 By circumstances, and by signes that be
 Apparent in us, not immediately,
 How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?
 They see idolatrous lovers weepe and mourne,
 And vile blasphemous Conjurers to call 10
 On Jesus name, and Pharisicall
 Dissemblers feigne devotion. Then turne
 O pensive soule, to God, for he knowes best
 Thy true grieffe, for he put it in my breast.

IX

If poysonous mineralls, and if that tree,
 Whose fruit threw death on else immortall us,
 If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
 Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why should I bee?
 Why should intent or reason, borne in mee, 5
 Make sinnes, else equall, in mee more heinous?

And mercy being easie, and glorious
 To God; in his sterne wrath, why threatens hee?
 But who am I, that dare dispute with thee
 O God? Oh! of thine onely worthy blood, 10
 And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
 And drowne in it my sinnes blacke memorie;
 That thou remember them, some claime as debt,
 I thinke it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

X

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,
 For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee, 5
 Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
 Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
 Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell, 10
 And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
 And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

XI

Spit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my side,
 Buffet, and scoffe, scourge and crucifie mee,
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely hee,
 Who could do no iniquitie, hath dyed:
 But by my death can not be satisfied 5
 My sinnes, which passe the Jewes impiety:
 They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
 Crucifie him daily, being now glorified.
 Oh let mee then, his strange love still admire:
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment. 10
 And *Jacob* came cloth'd in vile harsh attire
 But to supplant, and with gainfull intent:
 God cloth'd himsele in vile mans flesh, that so
 Hee might be weake enough to suffer woe.

XII

Why are wee by all creatures waited on?
 Why doe the prodigall elements supply
 Life and food to mee, being more pure then I,
 Simple, and further from corruption?
 Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection? 5
 Why dost thou bull, and bore so seelily
 Dissemble weaknesse, and by'one mans stroke die,
 Whose whole kinde, you might swallow and feed upon?
 Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worse then you,
 You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous. 10
 But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us
 Created nature doth these things subdue,
 But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tyed,
 For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

XIII

What if this present were the worlds last night?
 Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
 The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
 Whether that countenance can thee affright,
 Teares in his eyes quench the amasing light, 5
 Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
 Which pray'd forgivenessse for his foes fierce spight?
 No, no; but as in my idolatrie
 I said to all my profane mistresses, 10
 Beauty, of pittie, foulnesse onely is
 A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
 This beauteous forme assures a pitious minde.

XIV

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
 As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee, 'and bend
 Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
 I, like an usurpt towne, to'another due, 5
 Labour to'admit you, but Oh, to no end,

Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
 But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
 Yet dearely'I love you,'and would be loved faine,
 But am betroth'd unto your enemye: 10
 Divorce mee,'untie, or breake that knot againe,
 Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
 Except you'enthrall mee, never shall be free,
 Nor ever chast, except you ravish mee.

XV

Wilt thou love God, as he thee! then digest,
 My Soule, this wholsome meditation,
 How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
 In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy brest.
 The Father having begot a Sonne most blest, 5
 And still begetting, (for he ne'r begonne)
 Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption,
 Coheire to'his glory,'and Sabbaths endlesse rest.
 And as a robb'd man, which by search doth finde
 His stolne stufte sold, must lose or buy't againe: 10
 The Sonne of glory came downe, and was slaine,
 Us whom he'had made, and Satan stolne, to unbinde.
 Twas much, that man was made like God before,
 But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI

Father, part of his double interest
 Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to mee,
 His joynture in the knottie Trinitie
 Hee keeps, and gives to me his deaths conquest.
 This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath blest, 5
 Was from the worlds beginning slaine, and he
 Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacie
 Of his and thy kingdome, doe thy Sonnes invest.
 Yet such are thy laws, that men argue yet
 Whether a man those statutes can fulfill; 10
 None doth; but all-healing grace and spirit
 Revive againe what law and letter kill.
 Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command
 Is all but love; Oh let this last Will stand !

XVII

Since she whom I lov'd hath payd her last debt
 To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
 And her Soule early into heaven ravished,
 Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett.
 Here the admyring her my mind did whett 5
 To seeke thee God; so streames do shew their head;
 But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,
 A holy thirsty dropsy melts mee yett.
 But why should I begg more Love, when as thou
 Dost wooe my soule for hers; offering all thine: 10
 And dost not only feare least I allow
 My Love to Saints and Angels, things divine,
 But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt
 Least the World, Fleshe, yea Devill putt thee out.

XVIII

Show me deare Christ, thy spouse, so bright and clear.
 What! is it She, which on the other shore
 Goes richly painted? or which rob'd and tore
 Laments and mournes in Germany and here?
 Sleepes she a thousand, then peepes up one yeare? 5
 Is she selfe truth and errs? now new, now outwore?
 Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore
 On one, on seaven, or on no hill appeare?
 Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights
 First travaile we to seeke and then make Love? 10
 Betray kind husband thy spouse to our sights,
 And let myne amorous soule court thy mild Dove,
 Who is most trew, and pleasing to thee, then
 When she's embrac'd and open to most men.

XIX

Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one:
 Inconstancy unnaturally hath begott
 A constant habit; that when I would not
 I change in vowes, and in devotione.
 As humorous is my contritione 5
 As my prophane Love, and as soone forgott:

As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,
 As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
 I durst not view heaven yesterday; and to day
 In prayers, and flattering speaches I court God; 10
 To morrow I quake with true feare of his rod.
 So my devout fitts come and go away
 Like a fantastique Ague: save that here
 Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

The Crosse

Since Christ embrac'd the Crosse it selfe, dare I
 His image, th' image of his Crosse deny?
 Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
 And dare the chosen Altar to despise?
 It bore all other sinnes, but is it fit 5
 That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,
 How would he flye his paines, who there did dye?
 From mee, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
 Nor scandall taken, shall this Crosse withdraw, 10
 It shall not, for it cannot; for, the losse
 Of this Crosse, were to mee another Crosse;
 Better were worse, for, no affliction,
 No Crosse is so extreme, as to have none.
 Who can blot out the Crosse, which th' instrument 15
 Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament?
 Who can deny mee power, and liberty
 To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Crosse to be?
 Swimme, and at every stroake, thou art thy Crosse;
 The Mast and yard make one, where seas do tosse; 20
 Looke downe, thou spiest out Crosses in small things;
 Looke up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings;
 All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else
 But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
 Materiall Crosses then, good physicke bee, 25
 But yet spirituall have chiefe dignity.
 These for extracted chimique medicine serve,
 And cure much better, and as well preserve;

Then are you your own physicke, or need none,
 When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation. 30
 For when that Crosse ungrudg'd, unto you stickes,
 Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe.
 As perchance, Carvers do not faces make,
 But that away, which hid them there, do take;
 Let Crosses, soe, take what hid Christ in thee, 35
 And be his image, or not his, but hee.
 But, as oft Alchimyists doe coyners prove,
 So may a selfe-dispising, get selfe-love,
 And then as worst surfets, of best meates bee,
 Soe is pride, issued from humility, 40
 For, 'tis no child, but monster; therefore Crosse
 Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double losse.
 And crosse thy senses, else, both they, and thou
 Must perish soone, and to destruction bowe.
 For if the'eye seeke good objects, and will take 45
 No crosse from bad, wee cannot scape a snake.
 So with harsh, hard, sowre, stinking, crosse the rest,
 Make them indifferent all; call nothing best.
 But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome,
 And move; To th'other th'objects must come home. 50
 And crosse thy heart: for that in man alone
 Points downwards, and hath palpitation.
 Crosse those dejections, when it downward tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
 And as the braine through bony walls doth vent 55
 By sutures, which a Crosses forme present,
 So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,
 Crosse and correct concupiscence of witt.
 Be covetous of Crosses, let none fall.
 Crosse no man else, but crosse thy selfe in all. 60
 Then doth the Crosse of Christ worke fruitfully
 Within our hearts, when wee love harmlessly
 That Crosses pictures much, and with more care
 That Crosses children, which our Crosses are.

Resurrection, imperfect

Sleep sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast
 As yet, the wound thou took'st on friday last;
 Sleepe then, and rest; The world may beare thy stay,
 A better Sun rose before thee to day,
 Who, not content to 'enlighten all that dwell 5
 On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,
 And made the darke fires languish in that vale,
 As, at thy presence here, our fires grow pale.
 Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
 Hasting to Heaven, would, that he might allow 10
 Himselfe unto all stations, and fill all,
 For these three daies become a minerall;
 Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but rose
 All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
 Leaden and iron wills to good, but is 15
 Of power to make even sinfull flesh like his.
 Had one of those, whose credulous pietie
 Thought, that a Soule one might discerne and see
 Goe from a body, 'at this sepulcher been,
 And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen, 20
 He would have justly thought this body a soule,
 If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt cætera.

The Annuntiation and Passion

Tamely, fraile body, 'abstaine to day; to day
 My soule eates twice, Christ hither and away.
 Shee sees him man, so like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle embleme is,
 Whose first and last concurre; this doubtfull day 5
 Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away.
 Shee sees him nothing twice at once, who 'is all;
 Shee sees a Cedar plant it selfe, and fall,
 Her Maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead. 10
 She sees at once the virgin mother stay

Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha;
 Sad and rejoyc'd shee's seen at once, and seen
 At almost fiftie, and at scarce fiftene.
 At once a Sonne is promis'd her, and gone, 15
 Gabriell gives Christ to her, He her to John;
 Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,
 At once receiver and the legacie.
 All this, and all betweene, this day hath showne,
 Th'Abridgement of Christs story, which makes one 20
 (As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East)
 Of the'Angels Ave,'and *Consummatum est*.
 How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties
 Deales, in some times, and seldome joyning these !
 As by the selfe-fix'd Pole wee never doe 25
 Direct our course, but the next starre thereto,
 Which shoves where the'other is, and which we say
 (Because it straves not farre) doth never stray;
 So God by his Church, neerest to him, wee know,
 And stand firme, if wee by her motion goe; 30
 His Spirit, as his fiery Pillar doth
 Leade, and his Church, as cloud; to one end both.
 This Church, by letting these daies joyne, hath shown
 Death and conception in mankinde is one;
 Or 'twas in him the same humility, 35
 That he would be a man, and leave to be:
 Or as creation he hath made, as God,
 With the last judgement, but one period,
 His imitating Spouse would joyne in one
 Manhoods extremes: He shall come, he is gone: 40
 Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;
 So though the least of his paines, deeds, or words,
 Would busie a life, she all this day affords;
 This treasure then, in grosse, my Soule uplay, 45
 And in my life retaile it every day.

Good Friday, 1613. Riding Westward

Let mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,
 The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
 And as the other Spheares, by being growne
 Subject to forraigne motions, lose their owne,
 And being by others hurried every day, 5
 Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:
 Pleasure or businesse, so, our Soules admit
 For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
 Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the West
 This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the East. 10
 There I should see a Sunne, by rising set,
 And by that setting endlesse day beget;
 But that Christ on this Crosse, did rise and fall,
 Sinne had eternally benighted all.
 Yet dare I'almost be glad, I do not see 15
 That spectacle of too much weight for mee.
 Who sees Gods face, that is selfe life, must dye;
 What a death were it then to see God dye?
 It made his owne Lieutenant Nature shrinke,
 It made his footstoole crack, and the Sunne winke. 20
 Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,
 And turne all spheares at once, peirc'd with those holes?
 Could I behold that endlesse height which is
 Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
 Humbled below us? or that blood which is 25
 The seat of all our Soules, if not of his,
 Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worne
 By God, for his apparell, rag'd, and torne?
 If on these things I durst not looke, durst I
 Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye, 30
 Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus
 Halfe of that Sacrifice, which ransom'd us?
 Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
 They'are present yet unto my memory,
 For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards mee,
 O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
 I turne my backe to thee, but to receive
 Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.

O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,
 Burne off my rusts, and my deformity, 40
 Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
 That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face.

The Litanie

I

The Father

Father of Heaven, and him, by whom
 It, and us for it, and all else, for us
 Thou madest, and govern'st ever, come
 And re-create mee, now growne ruinous:
 My heart is by dejection, clay, 5
 And by selfe-murder, red.
 From this red earth, O Father, purge away
 All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
 I may rise up from death, before I'am dead.

II

The Sonne

O Sonne of God, who seeing two things, 10
 Sinne, and death crept in, which were never made,
 By bearing one, tryed'st with what stings
 The other could thine heritage invade;
 O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
 And crucified againe, 15
 Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
 But let it be, by applying so thy paine,
 Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slaine.

III

The Holy Ghost

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
 Am, but of mudde walls, and condensed dust, 20
 And being sacrilegiously
 Halfe wasted with youths fires, of pride and lust,
 Must with new stormes be weatherbeat;

Double in my heart thy flame,
 Which let devout sad teares intend; and let 25
 (Though this glasse lanthorne, flesh, do suffer maim)
 Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same.

IV

The Trinity

O Blessed glorious Trinity,
 Bones to Philosophy, but milke to faith,
 Which, as wise serpents, diversly 30
 Most slipperinesse, yet most entanglings hath
 As you distinguish'd undistinct
 By power, love, knowledge bee,
 Give mee a such selfe different instinct
 Of these; let all mee elemented bee, 35
 Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbered three.

V

The Virgin Mary

For that faire blessed Mother-maid,
 Whose flesh redeem'd us; That she-Cherubin,
 Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
 One claime for innocence, and disseiz'd sinne, 40
 Whose wombe was a strange heav'n, for there
 God cloath'd himselfe, and grew,
 Our zealous thankes wee poure. As her deeds were
 Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
 In vaine, who hath such titles unto you. 45

VI

The Angels

And since this life our nonage is,
 And wee in Wardship to thine Angels be,
 Native in heavens faire Palaces,
 Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,
 As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne, 50
 Yeelds faire diversitie,
 Yet never knowes which course that light doth run,
 So let mee study, that mine actions bee
 Worthy their sight, though blinde in how they see.

VII

The Patriarches

And let thy Patriarches Desire 55
 (Those great Grandfathers of thy Church, which saw
 More in the cloud, then wee in fire,
 Whom Nature clear'd more, then us Grace and Law,
 And now in Heaven still pray, that wee
 May use our new helps right,) 60
 Be satisfy'd, and fructifie in mee;
 Let not my minde be blinder by more light
 Nor Faith, by Reason added, lose her sight.

VIII

The Prophets

Thy Eagle-sighted Prophets too,
 Which were thy Churches Organs, and did sound 65
 That harmony, which made of two
 One law, and did unite, but not confound;
 Those heavenly Poëts which did see
 Thy will, and it expresse
 In rythmique feet, in common pray for mee, 70
 That I by them excuse not my excesse
 In seeking secrets, or Poëtiquenesse.

IX

The Apostles

And thy illustrious Zodiacke
 Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,
 (From whom whosoever do not take 75
 Their light, to darke deep pits, throw downe, and fall,)
 As through their prayers, thou'hast let mee know
 That their bookes are divine;
 May they pray still, and be heard, that I goe
 Th'old broad way in applying; O decline 80
 Mee, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X

The Martyrs

And since thou so desirously
 Did'st long to die, that long before thou could'st,
 And long since thou no more couldst dye,
 Thou in thy scatter'd mystique body wouldst 85
 In Abel dye, and ever since
 In thine; let their blood come
 To begge for us, a discreet patience
 Of death, or of worse life: for Oh, to some
 Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdome. 90

XI

The Confessors

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
 A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
 Whose bloods betroth'd, not marryed were,
 Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers:
 They know, and pray, that wee may know, 95
 In every Christian
 Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow;
 Tentations martyr us alive; A man
 Is to himselfe a Dioclesian.

XII

The Virgins

The cold white snowie Nunnery, 100
 Which, as thy mother, their high Abbesse, sent
 Their bodies backe againe to thee,
 As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,
 Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
 That or thy Church, or I, 105
 Should keep, as they, our first integrity;
 Divorce thou sinne in us, or bid it die,
 And call chast widowhead Virginitie.

XIII

The Doctors

Thy sacred Academie above
 Of Doctors, whose paines have unclasp'd, and taught 110
 Both bookes of life to us (for love
 To know thy Scriptures tells us, we are wrote
 In thy other booke) pray for us there
 That what they have misdome
 Or mis-said, wee to that may not adhere; 115
 Their zeale may be our sinne. Lord let us runne
 Meane waies, and call them stars, but not the Sunne.

XIV

And whil'st this universall Quire,
 That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
 Warm'd with one all-partaking fire 120
 Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee deare,
 Prayes ceaslesly, 'and thou hearken too,
 (Since to be gracious
 Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe)
 Heare this prayer Lord: O Lord deliver us 125
 From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out thus.

XV

From being anxious, or secure,
 Dead clods of sadnesse, or light squibs of mirth,
 From thinking, that great courts immure
 All, or no happinesse, or that this earth 130
 Is only for our prison fram'd,
 Or that thou art covetous
 To them whom thou lovest, or that they are maim'd
 From reaching this worlds sweet, who seek thee thus,
 With all their might, Good Lord deliver us. 135

XVI

From needing danger, to bee good,
 From owing thee yesterdaies teares to day,
 From trusting so much to thy blood,
 That in that hope, wee wound our soule away,

From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse 140
 Some sinne more burdenous,
 From light affecting, in religion, newes,
 From thinking us all soule, neglecting thus
 Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us.

XVII

From tempting Satan to tempt us, 145
 By our connivence, or slack companie,
 From measuring ill by vitious,
 Neglecting to choake sins spawne, Vanitie,
 From indiscreet humilitie,
 Which might be scandalous, 150
 And cast reproach on Christianitie,
 From being spies, or to spies pervious,
 From thirst, or scorne of fame, deliver us.

XVIII

Deliver us for thy descent
 Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place 155
 Of middle kind; and thou being sent
 To 'ungratious us, staid'st at her full of grace;
 And through thy poore birth, where first thou
 Glorifiedst Povertie,
 And yet soone after riches didst allow, 160
 By accepting Kings gifts in the Epiphanie,
 Deliver, and make us, to both waies free.

XIX

And through that bitter agonie,
 Which is still the agonie of pious wits,
 Disputing what distorted thee, 165
 And interrupted evennesse, with fits;
 And through thy free confession
 Though thereby they were then
 Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have gone,
 Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when 170
 Wee may not, and we may blinde unjust men.

XX

Through thy submitting all, to blowes
 Thy face, thy dothes to spoile; thy fame to scorne,
 All waies, which rage, or Justice knowes,
 And by which thou could'st shew, that thou wast born; 175
 And through thy gallant humblenesse
 Which thou in death did'st shew,
 Dying before thy soule they could expresse,
 Deliver us from death, by dying so,
 To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe. 180

XXI

When senses, which thy souldiers are,
 Wee arme against thee, and they fight for sinne,
 When want, sent but to tame, doth warre
 And worke despaire a breach to enter in,
 When plenty, Gods image, and seale 185
 Makes us Idolatrous,
 And love it, not him, whom it should reveale,
 When wee are mov'd to seeme religious
 Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

XXII

In Churches, when the'infirmities 190
 Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word,
 When Magistrates doe mis-apply
 To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,
 When plague, which is thine Angell, raignes,
 Or wars, thy Champions, swaie, 195
 When Heresie, thy second deluge, gaines;
 In th'houre of death, the'Eve of last judgement day,
 Deliver us from the sinister way.

XXIII

Hear us, O heare us Lord; to thee
 A sinner is more musique, when he prayes, 200
 Then spheares, or Angels praises bee,
 In Panegyrique Allelujaes;
 Hear us, for till thou heare us, Lord
 We know not what to say;
 Thine eare to'our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voice and word.
 O Thou who Satan heard'st in Jobs sicke day,
 Hear thy selfe now, for thou'in us dost pray.

XXIV

That wee may change to evennesse
 This intermitting aguish Pietie;
 That snatching cramps of wickednesse 210
 And Apoplexies of fast sin, may die;
 That musique of thy promises,
 Not threats in Thunder may
 Awaken us to our just offices;
 What in thy booke, thou dost, or creatures say, 215
 That we may heare, Lord heare us, when wee pray.

XXV

That our eares sicknesse wee may cure,
 And rectifie those Labyrinths aright;
 That wee, by harkning, not procure
 Our praise, nor others dispraise so invite; 220
 That wee get not a slipperinesse
 And senslesly decline,
 From hearing bold wits jeast at Kings excesse,
 To'admit the like of majestie divine;
 That we may locke our eares, Lord open thine. 225

XXVI

That living law, the Magistrate,
 Which to give us, and make us physicke, doth
 Our vices often aggravate,
 That Preachers taxing sinne, before her growth,
 That Satan, and invenom'd men 230
 Which well, if we starve, dine,
 When they doe most accuse us, may see then
 Us, to amendment, heare them; thee decline:
 That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine.

XXVII

That learning, thine Ambassador, 235
 From thine allegiance wee never tempt,
 That beauty, paradises flower
 For physicke made, from poyson be exempt,
 That wit, borne apt high good to doe,
 By dwelling lazily 240
 On Natures nothing, be not nothing too,
 That our affections kill us not, nor dye,
 Heare us, weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry.

XXVIII

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou
 By taking our blood, owest it us againe, 245
 Gaine to thy self, or us allow;
 And let not both us and thy selfe be slaine;
 O Lambe of God, which took'st our sinne
 Which could not stick to thee,
 O let it not returne to us againe, 250
 But Patient and Physition being free,
 As sinne is nothing, let it no where be.

Upon the Translation of the Psalmes by Sir Philip Sydney,
and the Countesse of Pembroke his Sister

Eternall God, (for whom who ever dare
 Seeke new expressions, doe the Circle square,
 And thrust into strait corners of poore wit
 Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)
 I would but blesse thy Name, not name thee now; 5
 (And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
 Fixe we our prayes therefore on this one,
 That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
 These Psalmes first Author in a cloven tongue;
 (For 'twas a double power by which he sung 10
 The highest matter in the noblest forme;)
 So thou hast cleft that spirit, to performe
 That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon
 Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one;
 A Brother and a Sister, made by thee 15
 The Organ, where thou art the Harmony.
 Two that make one *John Baptists* holy voyce,
 And who that Psalmes, *Now let the Iles rejoyce*,
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too,
 Both told us what, and taught us how to doe. 20
 They shew us Ilanders our joy, our King,
 They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing;
 Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and spears;
 The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man heares,
 The Spheares have Musick, but they have no tongue, 25
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;
 But our third Quire, to which the first gives eare,
 (For, Angels learne by what the Church does here)
 This Quire hath all. The Organist is hee
 Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we: 30
 The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse
 Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the Jewes:
 And *Davids* Successors, in holy zeale,
 In formes of joy and art doe re-reveale
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too, 35
 That I must not rejoyce as I would doe
 When I behold that these Psalmes are become

So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,
 So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,
 As I can scarce call that reform'd untill 40
 This be reform'd; Would a whole State present
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
 And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King
 More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing?
 For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*, 45
 Which, by this *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is
 Already done; and as those Psalmes we call
 (Though some have other Authors) *Davids* all:
 So though some have, some may some Psalmes translate,
 We thy Sydnean Psalmes shall celebrate, 50
 And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,
 (Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,
 Who hath translated those translators) may
 These their sweet learned labours, all the way
 Be as our tuning; that, when hence we part, 55
 We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

To Mr Tilman after he had taken orders

Thou, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now
 To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
 Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,
 Not an impediment, but victory;
 What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind 5
 Affected since the vintage? Dost thou finde
 New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steele
 Toucht with a Loadstone, dost new motions feele?
 Or, as a Ship after much paine and care,
 For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware, 10
 Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine
 Of noble goods, and with lesse time and paine?
 Thou art the same materials, as before,
 Onely the stampe is changed; but no more.
 And as new crowned Kings alter the face, 15
 But not the monies substance; so hath grace

Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation,
 To Christs new stampe, at this thy Coronation;
 Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because
 They beare Gods message, and proclaime his lawes, 20
 Since thou must doe the like, and so must move,
 Art thou new feather'd with coelestiall love?
 Deare, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew
 What thy advantage is above, below.
 But if thy gainings doe surmount expression, 25
 Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession,
 Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit
 That Gentry should joyne families with it?
 As if their day were onely to be spent
 In dressing, Mistressing and complement; 30
 Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
 Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust;
 (For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though gay,
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay.)
 Let then the world thy calling disrespect, 35
 But goe thou on, and pittie their neglect.
 What function is so noble, as to bee
 Embassadour to God and destinie?
 To open life, to give kingdomes to more
 Than Kings give dignities; to keepe heavens doore? 40
Maries prerogative was to beare Christ, so
 'Tis preachers to convey him, for they doe
 As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speake;
 And blesse the poore beneath, the lame, the weake.
 If then th'Astronomers, whereas they spie 45
 A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie,
 How brave are those, who with their Engine, can
 Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?
 These are thy titles and prehemincences,
 In whom must meet Gods graces, mens offences, 50
 And so the heavens which beget all things here,
 And the earth our mother, which these things doth beare,
 Both these in thee, are in thy Calling knit,
 And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.

*A Hymne to Christ, at the Authors
last going into Germany*

In what torne ship soever I embarke,
That ship shall be my embleme of thy Arke;
What sea soever swallow mee, that flood
Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood;
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise 5
Thy face; yet through that maske I know those eyes,
Which, though they turne away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this lland unto thee,
And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee; 10
When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,
Put thou thy sea betwixt my sinnes and thee.
As the trees sap doth seeke the root below
In winter, in my winter now I goe,
Where none but thee, th'Eternall root 15
Of true Love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule,
The amorousnesse of an harmonious Soule,
But thou would'st have that love thy selfe: As thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now, 20
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
My soule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:
O, if thou car'st not whom I love
Alas, thou lov'st not mee.

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All, 25
On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee
On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for Prayer, that have least light:
To see God only, I goe out of sight: 30
And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse
An Everlasting night.

*The Lamentations of Jeremy,
for the most part according to Tremelius*

CHAPTER I

- 1 How sits this citie, late most populous,
 Thus solitary, and like a widdow thus!
Amplest of Nations, Queene of Provinces
 She was, who now thus tributary is!
- 2 Still in the night shee weepes, and her teares fall 5
 Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously
 Her friends have dealt, and now are enimie.
- 3 Unto great bondage, and afflictions
 Juda is captive led; Those nations 10
With whom shee dwells, no place of rest afford,
 In streights shee meets her Persecutors sword.
- 4 Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her waies
 Mourne, because none come to her solemne dayes.
Her Priests doe groane, her maides are comfortlesse, 15
 And shee's unto her selfe a bitterness.
- 5 Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,
 Because when her transgressions did increase,
The Lord strooke her with sadnesse: Th'enemie
 Doth drive her children to captivtie. 20
- 6 From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,
 Like Harts, which seeke for Pasture, and find none,
Her Princes are, and now before the foe
 Which still pursues them, without strength they go.
- 7 Now in her daies of Teares, Jerusalem 25
 (Her men slaine by the foe, none succouring them)
Remembers what of old, shee esteemed most,
 Whilst her foes laugh at her, for what she hath lost.

- 8 Jerusalem hath sinn'd, therefore is shee
 Remov'd, as women in uncleannesse bee; 30
 Who honor'd, scorne her, for her foulnesse they
 Have seene; her selfe doth groane, and turne away.
- 9 Her foulnesse in her skirts was seene, yet she
 Remembred not her end; Miraculously
 Therefore shee fell, none comforting: Behold 35
 O Lord my affliction, for the Foe growes bold.
- 10 Upon all things where her delight hath beene,
 The foe hath stretch'd his hand, for shee hath seene
 Heathen, whom thou command'st, should not doe so,
 Into her holy Sanctuary goe. 40
- 11 And all her people groane, and seeke for bread;
 And they have given, only to be fed,
 All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:
 How cheape I'am growne, O Lord, behold, and weigh.
- 12 All this concernes not you, who passe by mee, 45
 O see, and marke if any sorrow bee
 Like to my sorrow, which Jehova hath
 Done to mee in the day of his fierce wrath?
- 13 That fire, which by himselfe is governed
 He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spred 50
 A net before my feet, and mee o'rthrowne,
 And made me languish all the day alone.
- 14 His hand hath of my sinnes framed a yoake
 Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
 My strength. The Lord unto those enemies 55
 Hath given mee, from whom I cannot rise.
- 15 He under foot hath troden in my sight
 My strong men; He did company invite
 To breake my young men; he the winepresse hath
 Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath. 60

- 16 For these things doe I weepe, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; For he which should be nigh
To comfort mee, is now departed farre;
The foe prevailes, forlorne my children are.
- 17 There's none, though *Sion* do stretch out her hand, 65
To comfort her, it is the Lords command
That *Jacobs* foes girt him. Jerusalem
Is as an uncleane woman amongst them.
- 18 But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
I have rebell'd against his holy will; 70
O heare all people, and my sorrow see,
My maides, my young men in captivitie.
- 19 I called for my *lovers* then, but they
Deceiv'd mee, and my Priests, and Elders lay
Dead in the citie; for they sought for meat 75
Which should refresh their soules, they could not get.
- 20 Because I am in streights, *Jehova* see
My heart o'rturn'd, my bowells muddy bee,
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within, doth wast. 80
- 21 Of all which heare I mourne, none comforts mee,
My foes have heard my grieffe, and glad they be,
That thou hast done it; But thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.
- 22 Let all their wickednesse appeare to thee, 85
Doe unto them, as thou hast done to mee,
For all my sinnes: The sighs which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAPTER II

- 1 How over Sions daughter hath God hung
 His wraths thicke cloud! and from heaven hath flung⁹⁰
 To earth the beauty of *Israel*, and hath
 Forgot his foot-stoole in the day of wrath!
- 2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
 All Jacobs dwellings, and demolished
 To ground the strengths of *Juda*, and prophan'd 95
 The Princes of the Kingdome, and the land.
- 3 In heat of wrath, the horne of *Israel* hee
 Hath cleane cut off, and lest the enemie
 Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,
 But is towards *Jacob*, All-devouring fire. 100
- 4 Like to an enemie he bent his bow,
 His right hand was in posture of a foe,
 To kill what *Sions* daughter did desire,
 'Gainst whom his wrath, he poured forth, like fire.
- 5 For like an enemie *Jehova* is, 105
 Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,
 Destroying holds, giving additions
 To *Juda's* daughters lamentations.
- 6 Like to a garden hedge he hath cast down
 The place where was his congregation, 110
 And *Sions* feasts and sabbaths are forgot;
 Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not.
- 7 The Lord forsakes his Altar, and detests
 His Sanctuary, and in the foes hand rests
 His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries 115
 Are heard, as in the true solemnities.
- 8 The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
 And leuell *Sions* walls unto the ground;
 He drawes not back his hand, which doth oreturue
 The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne. 120

- 9 Their gates are sunke into the ground, and hee
 Hath broke the barres; their King and Princes bee
 Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there
 Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appeare.
- 10 There *Sions Elders* on the ground are plac'd, 125
 And silence keepe; Dust on their heads they cast,
 In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
 The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.
- 11 My bowells are growne muddy, and mine eyes
 Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies 130
 Pour'd out upon the ground, for miserie
 That sucking children in the streets doe die.
- 12 When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where
 Shall we have bread, and drinke? they fainted there,
 And in the streets like wounded persons lay 135
 Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.
- 13 *Daughter Jerusalem*, Oh what may bee
 A witness, or comparison for thee?
 Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
 Thy breach is like the sea, what help can bee? 140
- 14 For thee vaine foolish things thy Prophets sought,
 Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,
 Which might disturne thy bondage: but for thee
 False burthens, and false causes they would see.
- 15 The passengers doe clap their hands, and hisse, 145
 And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this
 That citie, which so many men did call
 Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?
- 16 Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hisse,
 And gnash their teeth, and say, Devoure wee this, 150
 For this is certainly the day which wee
 Expected, and which now we finde, and see.

- 17 The Lord hath done that which he purposed,
 Fulfill'd his word of old determined;
 He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe 155
 Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.
- 18 But now, their hearts against the Lord do call,
 Therefore, O walls of *Sion*, let teares fall
 Downe like a river, day and night; take thee
 No rest, but let thine eye incessant be. 160
- 19 Arise, cry in the night, poure, for thy sinnes,
 Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
 Lift up thy hands to God, lest children dye,
 Which, faint for hunger, in the streets doe lye.
- 20 Behold O Lord, consider unto whom 165
 Thou hast done this; what, shall the women come
 To eat their children of a spanne? shall thy
 Prophet and Priest be slaine in Sanctuary?
- 21 On ground in streets, the yong and old do lye,
 My virgins and yong men by sword do dye; 170
 Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slaine,
 Nothing did thee from killing them containe.
- 22 As to a solemne feast, all whom I fear'd
 Thou call'st about mee; when thy wrath appear'd,
 None did remaine or scape, for those which I 175
 Brought up, did perish by mineemie.

CHAPTER III

- 1 I am the man which have affliction seene,
 Under the rod of Gods wrath having beene,
 2 He hath led mee to darknesse, not to light,
 3 And against mee all day, his hand doth fight. 180

4 Hee hath broke my bones, worne out my flesh and skinne,
5 Built up against mee; and hath girt mee in
6 With hemlocke, and with labour; and set mee
In darke, as they who dead for ever bee.

7 Hee hath hedg'd me lest I scape, and added more 185
To my steele fetters, heavier then before.
8 When I crie out, he out shuts my prayer: And hath
9 Stop'd with hewn stone my way, and turn'd my path.

10 And like a Lion hid in secrecie,
Or Beare which lyes in wait, he was to mee. 190
11 He stops my way, teares me, made desolate,
12 And hee makes mee the marke he shooteth at.

13 Hee made the children of his quiver passe
14 Into my reines, I with my people was
All the day long, a song and mockery. 195
15 Hee hath fill'd mee with bitternesse, and he

16 Hath made me drunke with wormewood. He hath burst
My teeth with stones, and covered mee with dust;
17 And thus my Soule farre off from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget. 200

18 My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.
19 But when my mournings I do thinke upon,
My wormwood, hemlocke, and affliction,

20 My Soule is humbled in remembring this; 205
21 My heart considers, therefore, hope there is.
22 'Tis Gods great mercy we're not utterly
Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;

23 For every morning they renewed bee,
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity. 210
24 The Lord is, saith my Soule, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

- 25 The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,
And to the Soule that seeks him earnestly.
- 26 It is both good to trust, and to attend 215
(The Lords salvation) unto the end:
- 27 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare;
28 He sits alone. and doth all speech forbear,
29 Because he hath borne it. And his mouth he layes
Deepe in the dust, yet then in hope he stayes. 220
- 30 He gives his cheekes to whosoever will
Strike him, and so he is reproched still.
- 31 For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake,
32 But when he'hath strucke with sadnes, hee doth take
- Compassion, as his mercy'is infinite; 225
Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite;
33 That underfoot the prisoners stamped bee,
34 That a mans right the Judge himselfe doth see
35
- 36 To be wrung from him, That he subverted is
In his just cause; the Lord allowes not this. 230
37 Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,
But that which by the Lord commanded was?
- 38 Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds;
39 Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
40 Turne wee to God, by trying out our wayes; 235
41 To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.
- 42 Wee have rebell'd, and falne away from thee,
43 Thou pardon'st not; Usest no clemencie;
Pursuest us, kill'st us, coverest us with wrath,
44 Cover'st thy selfe with clouds, that our prayer hath
- 45 No power to passe. And thou hast made us fall
As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.
- 46, 47 All our foes gape at us. Feare and a snare
With ruine, and with waste, upon us are.

- 48 With watry rivers doth mine eye oreflow 245
 For ruine of my peoples daughter so;
- 49 Mine eye doth drop downe teares incessantly,
 50 Untill the Lord looke downe from heaven to see.
- 51 And for my citys daughters sake, mine eye
 52 Doth breake mine heart. Causles mine enemy, 250
 53 Like a bird chac'd me. In a dungeon
 They have shut my life, and cast on me a stone.
- 54 Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am
 55 Destroy'd; I called Lord, upon thy name
 56 Out of the pit. And thou my voice didst heare; 255
 Oh from my sigh, and crye, stop not thine eare.
- 57 Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st nere
 Unto mee, and said'st unto mee, do not feare.
 58 Thou Lord my Soules cause handled hast, and thou
 59 Rescud'st my life. O Lord do thou jodge now, 260
- 60 Thou heardst my wrong. Their vengeance all they have
 wrought;
- 61 How they reproach'd, thou hast heard, and what they
 thought,
- 62 What their lips uttered, which against me rose,
 And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.
- 63 I am their song, whether they rise or sit, 265
 64 Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,
 65, 66 Sorrow of heart, thy curse. And with thy might
 Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

CHAPTER IV

- 1 How is the gold become so dimme? How is
 Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this? 270
 The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,
 Scattered in corners of each street do lye.

- 2 The pretious sonnes of Sion, which should bee
 Valued at purest gold, how do wee see
Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand, 275
 Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.
- 3 Even the Sea-calfes draw their brests, and give
 Sucke to their young; my peoples daughters live,
By reason of the foes great cruellnesse,
 As do the Owles in the vast Wildernesse. 280
- 4 And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
 His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw.
And when for bread the little children crye,
 There is no man that doth them satisfie.
- 5 They which before were delicately fed, 285
 Now in the streets forlorne have perished,
And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,
 Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.
- 6 The daughters of my people have sinned more,
 Then did the towne of *Sodome* sinne before; 290
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine
 No hands amongst them, to vexen them againe.
- 7 But heretofore purer her Nazarite
 Was then the snow, and milke was not so white;
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine, 295
 And all their polish'dnesse was Saphirine.
- 8 They are darker now then blacknes, none can know
 Them by the face, as through the streets they goe,
For now their skin doth cleave unto the bone,
 And withered, is like to dry wood growne. 300
- 9 Better by sword then famine 'tis to dye;
 And better through pierc'd, then through penury.
- 10 Women by nature pitifull, have eate
 Their children drest with their owne hands for meat.

- 11 *Jehova* here fully accomplish'd hath 305
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power
To eat, and her foundations to devour.
- 12 Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live
In the inhabitable world beleeve, 310
That any adversary, any foe
Into *Jerusalem* should enter so.
- 13 For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have shed
Blood in the streets, and the just murdered:
14 Which when those men, whom they made blinde, did stray
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way
With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garments should scape touching, as they passe,
15 Would cry aloud, depart defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not; and then 320
- They fled, and strayd, and with the *Gentiles* were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell there;
16 For this they are scattered by *Jehovahs* face
Who never will regard them more; No grace
- Unto their old men shall the foe afford, 325
Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the sword.
17 And wee as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vaine helpe, consume our eyes:
And such a nation as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have. 330
- 18 They hunt our steps, that in the streets wee feare
To goe: our end is now approached neere,
Our dayes accomplish'd are, this the last day.
19 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they
Which follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flye 335
At us, and for us in the desert lye.

20 The annointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, hee
 Of whom we said, under his shadow, wee
 Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
 Into the pit which these men digged, fell. 340

21 Rejoyce O *Edoms daughter*, joyfull bee
 Thou which inhabitst Huz, for unto thee
 This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkennesse
 Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakednesse.

22 And then thy sinnes O *Sion*, shall be spent, 345
 The Lord will not leave thee in banishment.
 Thy sinnes O *Edoms daughter*, hee will see,
 And for them, pay thee with captivitie.

CHAPTER V

1 Remember, O Lord, what is fallen on us;
 See, and marke how we are reproached thus, 350
 2 For unto strangers our possession
 Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,

3 Our mothers are become as widowes, wee
 As Orphans all, and without father be;
 4 Waters which are our owne, wee drunke, and pay, 355
 And upon our owne wood a price they lay.

5 Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
 They make us travaile, and not intermit,
 6 We stretch our hands unto th'*Egyptians*
 To get us bread; and to the *Assyrians*. 360

7 Our Fathers did these sinnes, and are no more,
 But wee do beare the sinnes they did before.
 8 They are but servants, which do rule us thus,
 Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

- 9 With danger of our life our bread wee gat; 365
 For in the wilderness, the sword did wait.
10 The tempests of this famine wee liv'd in,
 Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne:
- 11 In *Judaes* cities they the maids abus'd
 By force, and so women in *Sion* us'd. 370
12 The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace
 Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.
- 13 Unto the mill our yong men carried are,
 And children fell under the wood they bare.
14 Elders, the gates; youth did their songs forbear, 375
15 Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.
- 16 Now is the crowne false from our head; and woe
 Be unto us, because we've sinned so.
17 For this our hearts do languish, and for this
 Over our eyes a cloudy dimnesse is. 380
- 18 Because mount *Sion* desolate doth lye,
 And foxes there do goe at libertie:
19 But thou O Lord art ever, and thy throne
 From generation, to generation.
- 20 Why should'st thou forget us eternally? 385
 Or leave us thus long in this misery?
21 Restore us Lord to thee, that so we may
 Returne, and as of old, renew our day.
- 22 For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,
 And to be utterly enrag'd at us? 390

Hymne to God my God, in my Sicknesse

Since I am comming to that Holy roome,
 Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore,
 I shall be made thy Musique; As I come
 I tune the Instrument here at the dore,
 And what I must doe then, thinke here before. 5

Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne
 Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne
 That this is my South-west discoverie
Per fretum febris, by these streights to die, 10

I joy, that in these straits, I see my West;
 For, though their currants yeeld returne to none,
 What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
 In all flatt Maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth touch the Resurrection. 15

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are
 The Easterne riches? Is *Jerusalem?*
Anyan, and *Magellan*, and *Gibraltare*,
 All streights, and none but streights, are wayes to them,
 Whether where *Japhet* dwelt, or *Cham*, or *Sem*. 20

We thinke that *Paradise* and *Calvarie*,
Christs Crosse, and *Adams tree*, stood in one place;
 Looke Lord, and finde both *Adams* met in me;
 As the first *Adams* sweat surrounds my face,
 May the last *Adams* blood my soule embrace. 25

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,
 By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;
 And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,
 Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine owne,
 Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down. 30

A Hymne to God the Father

I

Wilt thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sinne; through which I runne,
And do run still: though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done, 5
For, I have more.

II

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne
Others to sinne? and, made my sinne their doore?
Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne
A yeare, or two: but wallowed in, a score? 10
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

III

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne 15
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou hast done,
I feare no more.