

## OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE

Wherein, By occasion of the Religious death of  
Mistris ELIZABETH DRURY, the incommodities of the Soule in this life,  
and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated.

### THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY

#### *The Harbinger to the Progresse*

Two soules move here, and mine (a third) must move  
Paces of admiration, and of love;  
Thy Soule (deare virgin) whose this tribute is,  
Mov'd from this mortall Spheare to lively blisse;  
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see 5  
The worlds last day, thy glories full degree:  
Like as those starres which thou o'r-lookest farre,  
Are in their place, and yet still moved are:  
No soule (whiles with the luggage of this clay  
It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way; 10  
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe  
So fast, that now the lightning moves but slow:  
But now thou art as high in heaven flowne  
As heaven's from us; what soule besides thine owne  
Can tell thy joyes, or say he can relate 15  
Thy glorious Journals in that blessed state?  
I envie thee (Rich soule) I envy thee,  
Although I cannot yet thy glory see:  
And thou (great spirit) which hers follow'd hast  
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast; 20  
So far, as none can follow thine so farr,  
(And if this flesh did not the passage barre  
Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight  
Which long agone hadst lost the vulgar sight,  
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they 25  
Can see thee less'ned in thine ayery way;  
So while thou mak'st her soule by progresse knowne  
Thou mak'st a noble progresse of thine owne,  
From this worlds carkasse having mounted high  
To that pure life of immortalitie. 30

Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise  
 That more may not beseeme a creatures praise,  
 Yet still thou vow'st her more; and every yeare  
 Mak'st a new progresse, while thou wandrest here;  
 Still upward mount; and let thy Makers praise 35  
 Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy laies.  
 And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,  
 Oh let her never stoope below the clouds:  
 And if those glorious sainted soules may know  
 Or what wee doe, or what wee sing below, 40  
 Those acts, those songs shall still content them best  
 Which praise those awfull Powers that make them blest.

## OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE

### *The Second Anniversarie*

*The* Nothing could make me sooner to confesse  
*entrance.* That this world had an everlastingnesse,  
 Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,  
 Since both this lower world's, and the Sunnes Sunne,  
 The Lustre and the vigor of this All, 5  
 Did set; 'twere blasphemie to say, did fall.  
 But as a ship which hath strooke saile, doth runne  
 By force of that force which before, it wonne:  
 Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,  
 Though at those two Red seas, which freely ranne, 10  
 One from the Trunke, another from the Head,  
 His soule be sail'd, to her eternall bed,  
 His eyes will twinckle, and his tongue will roll,  
 As though he beckned, and cal'd backe his soule,  
 He graspes his hands, and he pulls up his feet, 15  
 And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet  
 His soule; when all these motions which we saw,  
 Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:  
 Or as a Lute, which in moist weather, rings  
 Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings: 20  
 So struggles this dead world, now shee is gone;

For there is motion in corruption.  
 As some daies are at the Creation nam'd,  
 Before the Sunne, the which fram'd daies, was fram'd,  
 So after this Sunne's set, some shew appeares, 25  
 And orderly vicissitude of yeares.  
 Yet a new Deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,  
 Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,  
 Forgetting her, the maine reserve of all.  
 Yet in this deluge, grosse and generall, 30  
 Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall bee,  
 To be hereafter prais'd, for praying thee;  
 Immortall Maid, who though thou would'st refuse  
 The name of Mother, be unto my Muse  
 A Father, since her chast Ambition is, 35  
 Yearely to bring forth such a child as this.  
 These Hymnes may worke on future wits, and so  
 May great Grand children of thy prayes grow.  
 And so, though not revive, embalme and spice  
 The world, which else would putrifie with vice. 40  
 For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,  
 Untill man doe but vanish, and not die.  
 These Hymnes thy issue, may encrease so long,  
 As till Gods great *Venite* change the song.  
 Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule,  
 And serve thy thirst, with Gods safe-sealing Bowle. *A just*  
 Be thirstie still, and drinke still till thou goe *disestimation*  
 To th'only Health, to be Hydroptique so. *of this world.*  
 Forget this rotten world; And unto thee  
 Let thine owne times as an old storie bee. 50  
 Be not concern'd; studie not why, nor when;  
 Doe not so much as not beleeve a man.  
 For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth,  
 Is far more businesse, then this world is worth.  
 The world is but a carkasse; thou art fed 55  
 By it, but as a worme, that carkasse bred;  
 And why should'st thou, poore worme, consider more,  
 When this world will grow better then before,  
 Then those thy fellow wormes doe thinke upon  
 That carkasses last resurrection. 60  
 Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,

As of old clothes, cast off a yeare agoe.  
 To be thus stupid is Alacritie;  
 Men thus Lethargique have best Memory.  
 Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state      65  
 We now lament not, but congratulate.  
 Shee, to whom all this world was but a stage,  
 Where all sat harkning how her youthfull age  
 Should be employ'd, because in all shee did,  
 Some Figure of the Golden times was hid.      70  
 Who could not lacke, what e'r this world could give,  
 Because shee was the forme, that made it live;  
 Nor could complaine, that this world was unfit  
 To be staid in, then when shee was in it;  
 Shee that first tried indifferent desires      75  
 By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,  
 Shee to whose person Paradise adher'd,  
 As Courts to Princes, shee whose eyes enspear'd  
 Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule,  
 (Had shee beene there) the Star-full Northerne Pole,      80  
 Shee, shee is gone; she is gone; when thou knowest this,  
 What fragmentary rubbidge this world is  
 Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought;  
 He honors it too much that thinkes it nought.  
 Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a Groome,      85  
 Which brings a Taper to the outward roome,  
 Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,  
 And after brings it nearer to thy sight:  
 For such approaches doth heaven make in death.  
 Thinke thy selfe labouring now with broken breath,      90  
 And thinke those broken and soft Notes to bee  
 Division, and thy happiest Harmonie.  
 Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke;  
 And thinke that, but unbinding of a packe,  
 To take one precious thing, thy soule from thence.      95  
 Thinke thy selfe parch'd with fevers violence,  
 Anger thine ague more, by calling it  
 Thy Physicke; chide the slacknesse of the fit.  
 Thinke that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,  
 But that, as Bels cal'd thee to Church before,      100  
 So this, to the Triumphant Church, calls thee.

*Contem-  
 plation of  
 our state  
 in our  
 death-bed.*

Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,  
And thinke that but for Legacies they thrust;  
Give one thy Pride, to'another give thy Lust:  
Give them those sinnes which they gave thee before, 105  
And trust th'immaculate blood to wash thy score.  
Thinke thy friends weeping round, and thinke that they  
Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way.  
Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this,  
That they confesse much in the world, amisse, 110  
Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,  
Which they from God, and Angels cover not.  
Thinke that they shroud thee up, and think from thence  
They reinvest thee in white innocence.  
Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so low, 115  
Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goe.)  
Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create  
Wormes which insensibly devoure their State.  
Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right  
Laies thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucies night. 120  
Thinke these things cheerefully: and if thou bee  
Drowsie or slacke, remember then that shee,  
Shee whose Complexion was so even made,  
That which of her Ingredients should invade  
The other three, no Feare, no Art could guesse: 125  
So far were all remov'd from more or lesse.  
But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes,  
Where all good things being met, no one presumes  
To governe, or to triumph on the rest,  
Only because all were, no part was best. 130  
And as, though all doe know, that quantities  
Are made of lines, and lines from Points arise,  
None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,  
And say this is a line, or this a point,  
So though the Elements and Humors were 135  
In her, one could not say, this governes there.  
Whose even constitution might have wonne  
Any disease to venter on the Sunne,  
Rather then her: and make a spirit feare,  
That hee to disuniting subject were. 140  
To whose proportions if we would compare

Cubes, th'are unstable; Circles, Angular;  
 She who was such a chaine as Fate employes  
 To bring mankinde all Fortunes it enjoyes;  
 So fast, so even wrought, as one would thinke, 145  
 No Accident could threaten any linke;  
 Shee, shee embrac'd a sicknesse, gave it meat  
 The purest blood, and breath, that e'r it eate,  
 And hath taught us, that though a good man hath  
 Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith, 150  
 And though he may pretend a conquest, since  
 Heaven was content to suffer violence,  
 Yea though hee plead a long possession too,  
 (For they're in heaven on earth who heavens workes do)  
 Though hee had right and power and place, before, 155  
 Yet Death must usher, and unlocke the doore.  
 Thinke further on thy selfe, my Soule, and thinke  
 How thou at first wast made but in a sinke;  
 Thinke that it argued some infirmitie,  
 That those two soules, which then thou foundst in me, 160  
 Thou fedst upon, and drewst into thee, both  
 My second soule of sense, and first of growth.  
 Thinke but how poore thou wast, how obnoxious;  
 Whom a small lumpe of flesh could poyson thus.  
 This curded milke, this poore unlittered whelpe 165  
 My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,  
 Infect thee with Originall sinne, and thou  
 Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.  
 Thinke that no stubborne sullen Anchorit,  
 Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit 170  
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels  
 So fowly as our Soules in their first-built Cels.  
 Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie  
 After, enabled but to suck, and crie.  
 Thinke, when'twas growne to most, 'twas a poore Inne, 175  
 A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinne,  
 And that usurp'd or threatned with the rage  
 Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age.  
 But thinke that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,  
 Thou hast thy'expansion now, and libertie; 180  
 Thinke that a rustie Peece, discharg'd, is flowne

*Incommo-  
 dities of  
 the Soule  
 in the  
 Body.*

*Her  
 liberty  
 by death.*

In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,  
 And freely flies: This to thy Soule allow,  
 Thinke thy shell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but now.  
 And think this slow-pac'd soule, which late did cleave 185  
 To'a body, and went but by the bodies leave,  
 Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a day,  
 Dispatches in a minute all the way  
 Twixt heaven, and earth; she staves not in the ayre,  
 To looke what Meteors there themselves prepare; 190  
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,  
 Whether th'ayres middle region be intense;  
 For th'Element of fire, she doth not know,  
 Whether she past by such a place or no;  
 She baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie 195  
 Whether in that new world, men live, and die.  
*Venus* retards her not, to'enquire, how shee  
 Can, (being one starre) *Hesper*, and *Vesper* bee;  
 Hee that charm'd *Argus* eyes, sweet *Mercury*,  
 Workes not on her, who now is growne all eye; 200  
 Who, if she meet the body of the Sunne,  
 Goes through, not staying till his course be runne;  
 Who findes in *Mars* his Campe no corps of Guard;  
 Nor is by *Jove*, nor by his father barr'd;  
 But ere she can consider how she went, 205  
 At once is at, and through the Firmament.  
 And as these starres were but so many beads  
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads  
 Her through those Spheares, as through the beads, a string,  
 Whose quick succession makes it still one thing:  
 As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slacke,  
 Strings fast the little bones of necke, and backe;  
 So by the Soule doth death string Heaven and Earth;  
 For when our Soule enjoys this her third birth,  
 (Creation gave her one, a second, grace,) 215  
 Heaven is as neare, and present to her face,  
 As colours are, and objects, in a roome  
 Where darknesse was before, when Tapers come.  
 This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progresse bee;  
 To'advance these thoughts, remember then, that shee, 220  
 Shee, whose faire body no such prison was,

But that a Soule might well be pleas'd to passe  
 An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent  
 Mintage to other beauties, for they went  
 But for so much as they were like to her; 225  
 Shee, in whose body (if we dare preferre  
 This low world, to so high a marke as shee,)  
 The Westerne treasure, Easterne spicerie,  
 Europe, and Afrique, and the unknowne rest  
 Were easily found, or what in them was best; 230  
 And when w'have made this large discoverie  
 Of all, in her some one part then will bee  
 Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is  
 Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;  
 Shee, whom had they knowne who did first betroth 235  
 The Tutelar Angels, and assign'd one, both  
 To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,  
 To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,  
 And to each severall man, to him, and him,  
 They would have given her one for every limbe; 240  
 She, of whose soule, if wee may say, 'twas Gold,  
 Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold  
 Many degrees of that; wee understood  
 Her by her sight; her pure, and eloquent blood  
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought, 245  
 That one might almost say, her body thought;  
 Shee, shee, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone:  
 And chides us slow-pac'd snailes who crawl upon  
 Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke us well,  
 Longer, then whil'st wee beare our brittle shell. 250  
 But 'twere but little to have chang'd our roome,  
 If, as we were in this our living Tombe  
 Oppress'd with ignorance, wee still were so.  
 Poore soule, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?  
 Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not, 255  
 How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.  
 Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,  
 Nor how thou took'st the poyson of mans sinne.  
 Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st, that thou art so)  
 By what way thou art made immortall, know. 260  
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend

*Her  
 ignorance  
 in this life  
 and  
 knowledge  
 in the  
 next.*



Even thy selfe: yea though thou wouldst but bend  
 To know thy body. Have not all soules thought  
 For many ages, that our body'is wrought  
 Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements? 265  
 And now they thinke of new ingredients,  
 And one Soule thinkes one, and another way  
 Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay.  
 Knowst thou but how the stone doth enter in  
 The bladders cave, and never breake the skinne? 270  
 Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,  
 Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe?  
 And for the putrid stufte, which thou dost spit,  
 Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?  
 There are no passages, so that there is 275  
 (For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.  
 And of those many opinions which men raise  
 Of Nailles and Haires, dost thou know which to praise?  
 What hope have wee to know our selves, when wee  
 Know not the least things, which for our use be? 280  
 Wee see in Authors, too stiffe to recant,  
 A hundred controversies of an Ant;  
 And yet one watches, starves, freeses, and sweats,  
 To know but Catechismes and Alphabets  
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact; 285  
 How others on our stage their parts did Act;  
 What *Cæsar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said.  
 Why grasse is greene, or why our blood is red,  
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.  
 In this low forme, poore soule, what wilt thou doe? 290  
 When wilt thou shake off this Pedanterie,  
 Of being taught by sense, and Fantasie?  
 Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seeme great  
 Below; But up unto the watch-towre get,  
 And see all things despoyl'd of fallacies: 295  
 Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eyes,  
 Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learne  
 By circuit, or collections to discern.  
 In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,  
 And what concernes it not, shalt straight forget. 300  
 There thou (but in no other schoole) maist bee

Perchance, as learned, and as full, as shee,  
 Shee who all libraries had throughly read  
 At home in her owne thoughts, and practised  
 So much good as would make as many more: 305  
 Shee whose example they must all implore,  
 Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse  
 That all the vertuous Actions they expresse,  
 Are but a new, and worse edition  
 Of her some one thought, or one action: 310  
 She who in th'art of knowing Heaven, was growne  
 Here upon earth, to such perfection,  
 That she hath, ever since to Heaven she came,  
 (In a far fairer print,) but read the same:  
 Shee, shee not satisfied with all this waight, 315  
 (For so much knowledge, as would over-fraight  
 Another, did but ballast her) is gone  
 As well t'enjoy, as get perfection.  
 And cals us after her, in that shee tooke,  
 (Taking her selfe) our best, and worthiest booke. 320  
 Returne not, my Soule, from this extasie,  
 And meditation of what thou shalt bee,  
 To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,  
 With whom thy conversation must be there.  
 With whom wilt thou converse? what station 325  
 Canst thou choose out, free from infection,  
 That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?  
 Shalt thou not finde a spongie slacke Divine  
 Drinke and sucke in th'instructions of Great men,  
 And for the word of God, vent them agen? 330  
 Are there not some Courts (and then, no things bee  
 So like as Courts) which, in this let us see,  
 That wits and tongues of Libellers are weake,  
 Because they do more ill, then these can speake?  
 The poyson's gone through all, poysons affect 335  
 Chiefly the chiefest parts, but some effect  
 In nailes, and haire, yea excrements, will show;  
 So lyes the poyson of sinne in the most low.  
 Up, up, my drowsie Soule, where thy new eare  
 Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare; 340  
 Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid

*Of our  
 company  
 in this  
 life, and  
 in the  
 next.*

Joy in not being that, which men have said.  
 Where she is exalted more for being good,  
 Then for her interest of Mother-hood.  
 Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit 345  
 Expecting Christ, then they've enjoy'd him yet.  
 Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see  
 Their Prophesies growne to be Historie.  
 Up to th'Apostles, who did bravely runne  
 All the Suns course, with more light then the Sunne. 350  
 Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed  
 Oyle to th'Apostles Lamps, dew to their seed.  
 Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost  
 They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,  
 If they to any should his Temple give. 355  
 Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live  
 She, who hath carried thither new degrees  
 (As to their number) to their dignities.  
 Shee, who being to her selfe a State, enjoy'd  
 All royalties which any State employ'd; 360  
 For shee made warres, and triumph'd; reason still  
 Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will:  
 And she made peace, for no peace is like this,  
 That beauty, and chastity together kisse:  
 She did high justice, for she crucified 365  
 Every first motion of rebellious pride:  
 And she gave pardons, and was liberall,  
 For, onely her selfe except, she pardon'd all:  
 Shee coy'nd, in this, that her impressions gave  
 To all our actions all the worth they have: 370  
 She gave protections; the thoughts of her brest  
 Satans rude Officers could ne'r arrest.  
 As these prerogatives being met in one,  
 Made her a soveraigne State; religion  
 Made her a Church; and these two made her all. 375  
 She who was all this All, and could not fall  
 To worse, by company, (for she was still  
 More Antidote, then all the world was ill,)  
 Shee, shee doth leave it, and by Death, survive  
 All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not strive 380  
 The more, because shees there, he doth not know

*Of  
 essentiall  
 joy in this  
 life and in  
 the next.*

That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow.  
 But pause, my soule; And study, ere thou fall  
 On accidentall joyes, th'essentiall.  
 Still before Accessories doe abide 385  
 A triall, must the principall be tride.  
 And what essentiall joy can'st thou expect  
 Here upon earth? what permanent effect  
 Of transitory causes? Dost thou love  
 Beauty? (And beauty worthy'st is to move) 390  
 Poore cousened cousenor, *that* she, and *that* thou,  
 Which did begin to love, are neither now;  
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;  
 Next day repaires, (but ill) last dayes decay.  
 Nor are, (although the river keepe the name) 395  
 Yesterdaies waters, and to daies the same.  
 So flowes her face, and thine eyes, neither now  
 That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow  
 Concern'd, remains; but whilst you thinke you bee  
 Constant, you're hourelly in inconstancie. 400  
 Honour may have pretence unto our love,  
 Because that God did live so long above  
 Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,  
 That he at last made Creatures to bestow  
 Honour on him; not that he needed it, 405  
 But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit.  
 But since all Honours from inferiours flow,  
 (For they doe give it; Princes doe but shew  
 Whom they would have so honor'd) and that this  
 On such opinions, and capacities 410  
 Is built, as rise and fall, to more and lesse:  
 Alas, 'tis but a casuall happinesse.  
 Hath ever any man to'himselſe assign'd  
 This or that happinesse to'arrest his minde,  
 But that another man which takes a worse, 415  
 Thinks him a foole for having tane that course?  
 They who did labour Babels tower to'erect,  
 Might have considered, that for that effect,  
 All this whole solid Earth could not allow  
 Nor furnish forth materialls enow; 420  
 And that this Center, to raise such a place,

Was farre too little, to have beene the Base;  
 No more affords this world, foundation  
 To erect true joy, were all the meanes in one.  
 But as the Heathen made them severall gods, 425  
 Of all Gods Benefits, and all his Rods,  
 (For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are  
 Gods unto them, so Agues bee, and Warre)  
 And as by changing that whole precious Gold  
 To such small Copper coynes, they lost the old, 430  
 And lost their only God, who ever must  
 Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:  
 So much mankinde true happinesse mistakes;  
 No Joy enjoys that man, that many makes.  
 Then, Soule, to thy first pitch worke up againe; 435  
 Know that all lines which circles doe containe,  
 For once that they the Center touch, doe touch  
 Twice the circumference; and be thou such;  
 Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth employd;  
 All will not serve; Only who have enjoy'd 440  
 The sight of God, in fulnesse, can thinke it;  
 For it is both the object, and the wit.  
 This is essentiall joy, where neither hee  
 Can suffer diminution, nor wee;  
 'Tis such a full, and such a filling good, 445  
 Had th'Angels once look'd on him, they had stood.  
 To fill the place of one of them, or more,  
 Shee whom wee celebrate, is gone before.  
 She, who had Here so much essentiall joy,  
 As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy; 450  
 Who with Gods presence was acquainted so,  
 (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know  
 His face in any naturall Stone, or Tree,  
 Better then when in Images they bee:  
 Who kept by diligent devotion, 455  
 Gods Image, in such reparation,  
 Within her heart, that what decay was growne,  
 Was her first Parents fault, and not her owne:  
 Who being solicited to any act,  
 Still heard God pleading his safe precontract; 460  
 Who by a faithfull confidence, was here

- Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;  
 Whose twilights were more cleare, then our mid-day;  
 Who dreamt devoutlier, then most use to pray;  
 Who being here fil'd with grace, yet strove to bee, 465  
 Both where more grace, and more capacitie  
 At once is given: she to Heaven is gone,  
 Who made this world in some proportion  
 A heaven, and here, became unto us all,  
 Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall. 470
- Of*  
*accidentall*  
*joys in*  
*both*  
*places.*
- But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,  
 Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much.  
 How poore and lame, must then our casuall bee?  
 If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee  
*My Lord*, and this doe swell thee, thou art than, 475  
 By being greater, growne to bee lesse Man.  
 When no Physitian of redresse can speake,  
 A joyfull casuall violence may breake  
 A dangerous Apostem in thy breast;  
 And whil'st thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest, 480  
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.  
 What e'r was casuall, may ever bee.  
 What should the nature change? Or make the same  
 Certaine, which was but casuall, when it came?  
 All casuall joy doth loud and plainly say, 485  
 Only by comming, that it can away.  
 Only in Heaven joyes strength is never spent;  
 And accidentall things are permanent.  
 Joy of a soules arrivall ne'r decaies;  
 For that soule ever joyes and ever staies. 490  
 Joy that their last great Consummation  
 Approaches in the resurrection;  
 When earthly bodies more celestiall  
 Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall;  
 This kinde of joy doth every day admit 495  
 Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.  
 In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part, that shee,  
 Shee, in whose goodnesse, he that names degree,  
 Doth injure her; ('Tis losse to be cal'd best,  
 There where the stuffe is not such as the rest) 500  
 Shee, who left such a bodie, as even shee

Only in Heaven could learne, how it can bee  
 Made better; for shee rather was two soules,  
 Or like to full on both sides written Rols,  
 Where eyes might reade upon the outward skin, 505  
 As strong Records for God, as mindes within;  
 Shee, who by making full perfection grow,  
 Peeces a Circle, and still keeps it so,  
 Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,  
 Where shee receives, and gives addition.  
 Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames *Conclusion.*  
 A thousand Prayers to Saints, whose very names  
 The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet:  
 And where, what lawes of Poetry admit,  
 Lawes of Religion have at least the same, 515  
 Immortall Maide, I might invoke thy name.  
 Could any Saint provoke that appetite,  
 Thou here should'st make me a French convertite.  
 But thou would'st not; nor would'st thou be content,  
 To take this, for my second yeares true Rent, 520  
 Did this Coine beare any other stampe, then his,  
 That gave thee power to doe, me, to say this.  
 Since his will is, that to posteritie,  
 Thou should'st for life, and death, a patterne bee,  
 And that the world should notice have of this, 525  
 The purpose, and th'Authoritie is his;  
 Thou art the proclamation; and I am  
 The Trumpet, at whose voyce the people came.