


Henry Pickens

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EMBLEMS.



EMBLEMS,
DIVINE AND MORAL,

BY

FRANCIS QUARLES.

A New Edition,

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED, WITH THE
ADDITION OF GLOSSARIAL NOTES,
BY THE REV. ROBERT WILSON, A. M.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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EMBLEM 8.

Jer. 9. 1.

*O! that mine Eyes, like Fountains, would begin
To stream with Tears proportion'd to my Sin:*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM VIII.

JER. IX. 1.

Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night.

O THAT mine eyes were springs, and could transform
Their drops to seas, my sighs into a storm
Of zeal, and sacred violence, wherein
This lab'ring vessel, laden with her sin,
Might suffer sudden shipwreck, and be split
Upon that Rock, where my drench'd soul may sit,
O'erwhelm'd with plenteous passion: O, and there
Drop, drop into an everlasting tear!

Ah me! that ev'ry sliding vein that wanders
Through this vast isle, did work her wild meanders
In brackish tears instead of blood, and swell
This flesh with holy dropsies, from whose well,
Made warm with sighs, may fume my wasting breath,
Whilst I dissolve in steams, and reek* to death!

* *Reek*, to wear away; as, "His sickness *reeks* him."

These narrow sluices of my dribbling eyes
Are much too strait for those quick springs that rise,
And hourly fill my temples to the top ;
I cannot shed for ev'ry sin a drop.

Great Builder of mankind, why hast thou sent
Such swelling floods, and made so small a vent ?

O that this flesh had been compos'd of snow,
Instead of earth ; and bones of ice ; that so,
Feeling the fervour of my sin, and loathing
The fire I feel, I might be thaw'd to nothing !

O thou that didst, with hopeful joy, entomb
Me thrice three moons in thy laborious womb,
And then, with joyful pain, brought'st forth a son,
What, worth thy labour, has thy labour done ?

What was there, ah ! what was there in my birth
That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth ?

A man was born : alas ! and what's a man ?

A scuttle full of dust, a measur'd span
Of flitting time ; a furnish'd pack,* whose wares
Are sullen griefs, and soul-tormenting cares :
A vale of tears ; a vessel tunn'd with breath,
By sickness broach'd, to be drawn out by death :

* *Pack*, a bundle or parcel of commodities packed up.

A hapless, helpless thing, that, born, does cry
To feed ; that feeds to live ; that lives to die.
Great GOD and Man, whose eyes spent drops so often
For me, that cannot weep enough, O soften
These marble brains, and strike this flinty rock ;
Or, if the music of thy Peter's cock
Will more prevail, fill, fill my heark'ning ears
With that sweet sound, that I may melt in tears :
I cannot weep until thou broach mine eye ;
O give me vent, or else I burst, and die.

S. Ambros. in Psal. cxviii.

He that commits sins to be wept for, cannot
weep for sins committed ; and, being himself most
lamentable, hath no tears to lament his offences.

Nazianz. Orat. iii.

Tears are the deluge of sin, and the world's
sacrifice.

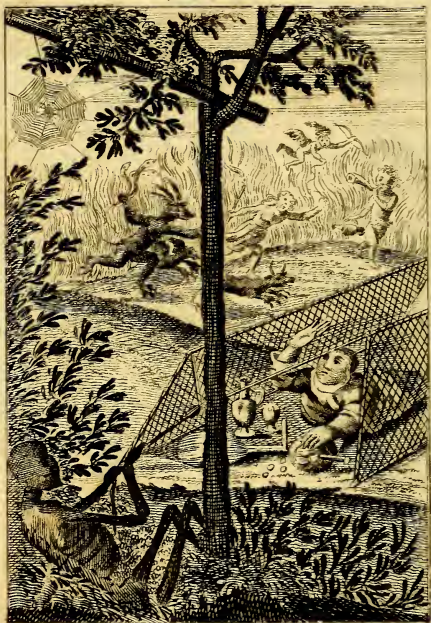
S. Hierom. in Esaïam.

Prayer appeases GOD, but a tear compels him :
that moves him, but this constrains him.

Epig. 8.

Earth is an island ported round with fears;
The way to Heav'n is through the sea of tears :
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wreck of many a ship, but no man drown'd.





EMBLEM 9.

Psalm 18. 5.

*In all my Ways the Snares of Death are found,
And Hell's worst Perils compass me around.*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM IX.

PSALM XVIII. 5.

The sorrows of hell compassed me about, and the snares of death prevented me.

Is not this type well cut? in ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning? fil'd with Zeuxian art?
Are not the hunters, and their Stygian hounds,
Limn'd full to th' life? Didst ever hear the sounds,
The music, and the lip-divided breaths,
Of the strong-winded horn, reheats,* and deaths,
Done more exact? th' infernal Nimrod's halloo?
The lawless purlieus?† and the game they follow?
The hidden engines? and the snares that lie
So undiscover'd, so obscure to th' eye?
The new-drawn net, and her entangled prey?
And him that closes it? Beholder, say,
Is't not well done? seems not an em'lous strife
Betwixt the rare cut picture and the life?

* *Reheats*, (a hunting term,) when the horn blows to a retreat from a false scent.

† *Purlieus*, forbidden ground.

These purlieu men are devils ; and the hounds
(Those quick-nos'd cannibals that scour the grounds)
Temptations ; and the game these fiends pursue
Are human souls, which still they have in view ;
Whose fury if they chance to 'scape by flying,
The skilful hunter plants his net, close lying
On th' unsuspected earth, baited with treasure,
Ambitious honour, and self-wasting pleasure ;
Where, if the soul but stoop, Death stands prepar'd
To draw the net, and, drawn, the soul's insnar'd.
Poor soul ! how art thou hurried to and fro !
Where canst thou safely stay ? where safely go ?
If stay ; these hot-mouth'd hounds are apt to tear
thee :

If go ; the snares enclose, the nets insnare thee :
What good in this bad world has pow'r t' invite thee
A willing guest ? wherein can earth delight thee ?
Her pleasures are but itch ; her wealth but cares ;
A world of dangers, and a world of snares :
The close pursuer's busy hands do plant
Snares in thy substance ; snares attend thy want ;
Snares in thy credit ; snares in thy disgrace ;
Snares in thy high estate ; snares in thy base ;

Snares tuck thy bed ; and snares surround thy board ;
Snares watch thy thoughts ; and snares attach thy
word ;

Snares in thy quiet ; snares in thy commotion ;
Snares in thy diet ; snares in thy devotion ;
Snares lurk in thy resolves, snares in thy doubt ;
Snares lie within thy heart, and snares without ;
Snares are above thy head, and snares beneath ;
Snares in thy sickness ; snares are in thy death.

Oh ! if these purlieus be so full of danger,
Great GOD of hearts, the world's sole sov' reign
Ranger,

Preserve thy deer ; and let my soul be blest
In thy safe forest, where I seek for rest :
Then let the hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill ;
Rouse me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. Ambros. Lib. iv. in Cap. iv. Lucæ.

The reward of honours, the height of power,
the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of a harlot, are
the snares of the devil.

S. Ambros. de Bono Mortis.

Whilst thou seekest pleasures, thou runnest into snares ; for the eye of the harlot is the snare of the adulterer.

Savanar.

In eating, he sets before us gluttony ; in generation, luxury ; in labour, sluggishness ; in conversing, envy ; in governing, covetousness ; in correcting, anger ; in honour, pride ; in the heart he sets evil thoughts ; in the mouth, evil words ; in actions, evil works ; when awake, he moves us to evil actions ; when asleep, to filthy dreams.

Epig. 9.

Be sad, my heart ! deep dangers wait thy mirth ;
Thy soul 's waylaid by sea, by hell, by earth :
Hell has her hounds ; earth, snares ; the sea, a shelf ;
But, most of all, my heart, beware thyself.





EMBLEM 10.

Pfalm 143. 2.

*O Lord, let not thy Judgment be severe ;
For in thy sight, what Soul from Sin is clear.!*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM X.

PSALM CXLIII. 2.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

JESUS. JUSTICE. SINNER.

Jes. BRING forth the pris'ner, Justice.

Just. Thy commands

Are done, just Judge: see, here the pris'ner stands.

Jes. What has the pris'ner done? Say what's
the cause

Of his commitment?

Just. He hath broke the laws

Of his too-gracious GOD; conspir'd the death

Of that great Majesty that gave him breath;

And heaps transgression, LORD, upon transgression.

Jes. How know'st thou this?

Just. E'en by his own confession:

His sins are crying; and they cry'd aloud:

They cry'd to Heav'n; they cry'd to Heav'n for
blood.

Jes. What say'st thou, sinner? hast thou ought
to plead

That sentence should not pass? Hold up thy head,
And show thy brazen, thy rebellious face.

Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and base
To tread upon thy earth, much more to lift
Mine eyes to Heav'n: I need no other shrift*
Than mine own conscience: LORD, I must confess,
I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me: ah! if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgress'd thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause.

Just. LORD, shall I strike the blow?

Jes. Hold, Justice, stay:

Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say?

Sin. Vile as I am, and of myself abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, LORD,
Stamp'd with thy glorious image, and at first
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst
Convicted caitiff, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy bar.

* *Shrift*, confession: an old word for auricular confession
with Papists.

Just. Thy fault's the greater.

LORD, shall I strike the blow?

Jes. Hold, Justice, stay :

Speak, sinner; hast thou nothing more to say?

Sin. Nothing but Mercy, mercy! LORD, my state
Is miserably poor and desperate;

I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee
From LORD to JESUS, from thyself to thee.

Just. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry GOD has
vow'd;

Abused mercy must have blood for blood :
Shall I yet strike the blow?

Jes. Stay, Justice, hold;

My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch; methinks I spy
My Father's image in the pris'ner's eye.

Just. I cannot hold.

Jes. Then turn thy thirsty blade

Into my sides; let there the wound be made :
Cheer up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine :
My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.

Sin. O groundless* deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies to set th' offender free.

* *Groundless*, without bottom.

S. August.

LORD, if I have done that for which thou mayest damn me, thou hast not lost that whereby thou mayest save me: remember not, sweet Jesus, thy justice against the sinner, but thy benignity towards thy creature: remember not to proceed against a guilty soul, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch: forget the insolence of the provoker, and behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

Anselm.

Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against thee: my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy: It is much that my rebellions have deserved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

Epig. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my Advocate, is now my Judge:
He suffers, pleads, and sentences alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.



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EMBLEM 11.

Pfalm 69 .15.

*My Bark's already wreck'd! O timely save
Thy wretched Suppliant from a Watry Grave!*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM XI.

PSALM LXIX. 15.

*Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the
deep swallow me up.*

THE world's a sea ; my flesh a ship that's mann'd
With lab'ring thoughts, and steer'd by Reason's
hand :

My heart's the seaman's card,* whereby she sails ;
My loose affections are the greater sails :
The top-sail is my fancy ; and the gusts
That fill these wanton sheets are worldly lusts :
Pray'r is the cable, at whose end appears
The anchor Hope, ne'er slipp'd but in our fears :
My will's th' unconstant pilot, that commands
The stagg'ring keel ; my sins are like the sands :
Repentance is the bucket ; and mine eye
The pump, unus'd (but in extremes) and dry :

* *Card, sheet, cable ; sea terms, all of them proper and beautiful.*

My conscience is the plummet, that doth press
The deeps, but seldom cries, A fathom less :
Smooth calm 's security ; the gulf, despair ;
My freight's corruption, and this life 's my fare :
My soul's the passenger, confus'dly driv'n
From fear to fright ; her landing port is Heav'n.
My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak ;
My sailors rude ; my steersman faint and weak :
My canvass torn, it flaps from side to side :
My cable's crack'd ; my anchor's slightly ty'd :
My pilot's craz'd ; my shipwreck sands are chok'd ;
My bucket's broken, and my pump is chok'd :
My calm 's deceitful, and my gulf too near ;
My wares are slubber'd, and my fare 's too dear :
My plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound ;
Oh, shall my rock-bethreaten'd soul be drown'd ?
LORD, still the seas, and shield my ship from harm ;
Instruct my sailors, guide my steersman's arm :
Touch thou my compass, and renew my sails ;
Send stiffer courage, or send milder gales :
Make strong my cable, bind my anchor faster ;
Direct my pilot, and be thou his master :
Object the sands to my more serious view ;
Make sound my bucket, bore my pump anew :

New-cast my plummet, make it apt to try
Where the rocks lurk, and where the quicksands lie;
Guard thou the gulf with love, my calms with care;
Cleanse thou my freight; accept my slender fare;
Refresh the sea-sick passenger; cut short
His voyage; land him in his wished port:
Thou, thou whom winds and stormy seas obey,
That through the deeps gav'st grumbling Isr'el way,
Say to my soul, Be safe; and then mine eye
Shall scorn grim Death, although grim Death stand
by.

O thou whose strength-reviving arm did cherish
Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave;
I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will save.

S. Ambros. Apol. post. pro David. Cap. iii.

The confluence of lusts make a great tempest,
which in this sea disturbeth the seafaring soul,
that reason cannot govern it.

S. August. Soliloq. Cap. xxxv.

We labour in a boisterous sea: thou standest
upon the shore, and seest our dangers: give us

grace to hold a middle course between Scylla and Charybdis, that, both dangers escaped, we may arrive at our port secure.

Epig. 11.

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger
In these false coasts ; O keep aloof ; there's danger :
Cast forth thy plummet ; see, a rock appears ;
Thy ship wants sea-room ; make it with thy tears.





EMBLEM 12.

Job 14. 13.

*O! that I could some secret place explore,
To hide me till the Hour of Wrath be o'er!*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM XII.

JOB XIV. 13.

*O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that
thou wouldest keep me in secret, until thy wrath
be past.*

O WHITHER shall I flee? what path untrod
Shall I seek out, to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the GOD of light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert? If she spring away,
The wings of Vengeance clip* as fast as they.

* *Clip*, cut the air, or fly.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frightened soul? Can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
Where flame-ey'd Fury means to smite, can save.

The seas will part, graves open, rocks will split;
The shield will cleave; the frightened shadows flit;
Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.

No, no, if stern-brow'd Vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, nor under,
So close, but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'scape that hand until that hand forbear;
Ah me! where is he not, that 's ev'ry where?

'Tis vain to flee; till gentle Mercy show
Her better eye, the farther off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false;
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls;
Poor cots are e'en as safe as princes' halls.

Great GOD! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, though thou seem'st my foe;
'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the
blow.

Thou art my GOD, by thee I fall or stand;
Thy grace hath giv'n me courage to withstand
All tortures but my conscience, and thy hand.

I know thy justice is thyself; I know,
Just GOD, thy very self is mercy too;
If not to thee, where, whither should I go?

Then work thy will; if passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey; my wings shall be
Stretch'd out no further than from Thee to Thee.

S. August. in Psal. xxx.

Whither fly I? to what place can I safely fly?
 to what mountain? to what den? to what strong
 house? what castle shall I hold? what walls shall
 hold me? whithersoever I go, myself followeth
 me: for whatsoever thou fliest, O man, thou
 mayest, but thy own conscience: wheresoever, O
 LORD, I go, I find thee, if angry, a revenger; if
 appeased, a Redeemer: what way have I, but to
 fly from Thee to Thee? That thou mayest avoid
 thy GOD, address thee to thy LORD.

Epig. 12.

Hath Vengeance found thee? can thy fears command
 No rocks to shield thee from her thund'ring hand?
 Know'st thou not where to 'scape? I'll tell thee
 where:

My soul, make clean thy conscience; hide thee
 there.

BOOK III.



EMBLEM 13.

Job. 10. 20.

*My Days are few; spare then my forfeit Breath:
The Glass runs fast that yields me up to Death.*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM XIII.

—
JOB X. 20.

*Are not my days few? cease then, and let me alone,
that I may take comfort a little.*

My glass is half unspent; forbear t' arrest
My thriftless day too soon: my poor request
Is that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; see, see how swift they run:
Cut not my thread before my thread be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay;
What loss sustain'st thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
To count my winged hours; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying Time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what's a life? A weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory, in one day, doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life? The flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is, to-morrow, hay.

And what's a life? A blast sustain'd with clothing,
Maintain'd with food, retain'd with vile self-loath-
Then weary of itself, again'd to nothing. [ing,

Read, on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-liv'd winter's day; hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view,) how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial night will blind too soon;
My non-ag'd day already points to noon:
How simple is my suit! how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to while
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a smile.

No, no: 'tis not to please my wanton ears
With frantic mirth; I beg but hours, not years:
And what thou giv'st me I will give to tears.

Draw not that soul which would be rather led;
That Seed has yet not broke my serpent's head;
O shall I die before my sins are dead?

Behold these rags; am I a fitting guest
To taste the dainties of thy royal feast,
With hands and face unwash'd, ungirt, unblest?

First, let the Jordan streams (that find supplies
From the deep fountain of my heart) arise,
And cleanse my spots, and clear my lep'rous eyes.

I have a world of sins to be lamented;
I have a sea of tears that must be vented:
O spare till then; and then I die contented.

S. August. Lib. vii. de Civit. Dei, Cap. x.

The time wherein we live is taken from the space of our life; and what remaineth is daily made less and less, insomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a passage to death.

*S. Greg. Lib. ix. Mor. Cap. xliv. in
Cap. x. Job.*

As moderate afflictions bring tears, so immoderate take away tears; insomuch that sorrow becometh no sorrow, which, swallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the sense of the affliction.

Epig. 13.

Fear'st thou to go when such an arm invites thee ?
Dread'st thou thy loads of sin ? or what affrights
thee ?

If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins :
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy sins ?





EMBLEM 14.

Deuteron: 32.29.

*O that Mankind would Wisdom's Voice attend!
In Life preparing for their latter End:*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM XIV.

DEUT. XXXII. 29.

*O that they were wise, that they understood this,
that they would consider their latter end!*

FLESH. SPIRIT.

Fl. WHAT means my sister's eyes so oft to pass
Through the long entry of that optic glass?
Tell me; what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?

Sp. It helps the sight, makes things remote
appear

In perfect view; it draws the object near.

Fl. What sense-delighting objects dost thou spy?
What doth that glass present before thine eye?

Sp. I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim Death, e'en standing at the glass's end:
His left hand holds a branch of palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword.

Fl. A proper sight!
And is this all? doth thy prospective please
Th' abused fancy with no shapes but these?

Sp. Yes, I behold the darken'd sun bereav'n
 Of all his light ; the battlements of Heav'n
 Swelt'ring in flames ; the angel-guarded Son
 Of glory on his high tribunal throne :
 I see a brimstone sea of boiling fire,
 And fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
 Tort'ring poor souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,
 And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues, for pain.
 Look, sister, how the *queasy-stomach'd graves
 Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves
 Scald their consumeless bodies, strongly cursing
 All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nursing.

Fl. Can thy distemper'd fancy take delight
 In view of tortures ? these are shows t' affright :
 Look in this glass triangular ; look here ;
 Here 's that will ravish eyes.

Sp. What seest thou there ?

Fl. The world in colours ; colours that disdain
 The cheeks of Proteus, or the silken train
 Of Flora's nymphs ; such various sorts of hue
 As sun-confronting Iris never knew :
 Here, if thou please to beautify a town,
 Thou may'st ; or, with a hand, turn 't upside down :

* *Queasy*, sick at stomach, apt to vomit.

Here may'st thou scant or widen by the measure
Of thine own will ; make short or long at pleasure :
Here may'st thou tire thy fancy, and advise
With shows more apt to please more curious eyes.

Sp. Ah fool ! that dot'st on vain, on present
toys,

And disrespect'st those true, those future joys !
How strongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas !
To doat on goods that perish with thy glass ;
Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand !
Were they but painted colours, it might stand
With painted reason that they might devote thee ;
But things that have no being to besot thee !
Foresight of future torment is the way
To balk those ills which present joys bewray.
As thou hast fool'd thyself, so now come hither ;
Break that fond glass, and let's be wise together.

S. Bonavent. de Contemptu Sæculi.

O that men would be wise, and understand, and
foresee. Be wise, to know three things : the mul-
titude of those that are to be damned ; the few
number of those that are to be saved ; and the

vanity of transitory things: understand three things; the multitude of sins, the omission of good things, and the loss of time: foresee three things; the danger of death, the last judgment, and eternal punishment.

Epig. 14.

What, soul, no further yet? what, ne'er commence
Master* in faith? still Bachelor of Sense?
Is 't insufficiency? or what has made thee
O'erslip thy lost degree? Thy lusts have staid thee.

* *Master, Bachelor, degree*; titles and terms used in Universities.



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EMBLEM 15.

Pfalm 31.10.

*My Days and Nights in constant Grief are spent ;
Unhappy still, I live but to lament .*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM XV.

PSALM XXXI. 10.

*My life is spent with grief, and my years with
sighing.*

WHAT sullen star rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my days one hour of mirth?
How oft have these bare knees been bent, to gain
The slender alms of one poor smile, in vain!
How often, tir'd with the fastidious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the shades of night!
How often have my nightly torments pray'd
For ling'ring twilight, glutted with the shade!
Day worse than night, night worse than day, appears;
In fears I spend my nights, my days in tears:
I moan unpitied, groan without relief;
There is nor end nor measure of my grief.
The smiling flow'r salutes the day; it grows
Untouch'd with care; it neither spins nor sows:

O that my tedious life were, like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or finish'd with an hour!
Why was I born? why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by so large a span?
Or why suspended from the common lot,
And, being born to die, why die I not?
Ah me! why is my sorrow-wasted breath
Denied the easy privilege of death?
The branded slave, that tugs the weary oar,
Obtains the sabbath of a welcome shore:
His ransom'd stripes are heal'd; his native soil
Sweetens the mem'ry of his foreign toil:
But ah! my sorrows are not half so blest;
My labour finds no point, my pains no rest:
I barter sighs for tears, and tears for groans,
Still vainly rolling Sisyphean stones.
Thou just observer of our flying hours,
That, with thy adamant fangs, devours
The brazen monuments of renowned kings,
Doth thy glass stand? or be thy moulting wings
Unapt to fly? if not, why dost thou spare
A willing breast; a breast that stands so fair;
A dying breast, that hath but only breath
To beg a wound, and strength to crave a death?

O that the pleased Heav'ns would once dissolve
These fleshly fetters, that so fast involve
My hamper'd soul! then should my soul be blest
From all these ills, and wrap her thoughts in rest:
Till then my days are months, my months are years;
My years are ages, to be spent in tears:
My grief's entail'd upon my wasteful breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off, but death.
Breath drawn in cottages, puff'd out in thrones,
Begins, continues, and concludes, in groans.

Innocent. de Vilitate Condit. Humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears,
that I may bewail the miserable ingress of man's
condition; the sinful progress of man's conversa-
tion; the damnable egress in man's dissolution? I
will consider with tears, whereof man was made,
what man doth, and what man is to do. Alas! he
is formed of earth, conceived in sin, born to
punishment: he doth evil things, which are not
lawful; he doth filthy things, which are not de-
cent; he doth vain things, which are not ex-
pedient.

Epig. 15.

My heart, thy life's a debt by bond, which bears
A secret date; the use* is groans and tears :
Plead not; usurious Nature will have all,
As well the int'rest as the principal.

* *Use*, interest.



Very faint, illegible text, likely a title or caption, located below the illustration. The text is too light to be transcribed accurately.

BOOK IV.



EMBLEM 1.

Rom. 7. 23.

*But in my Flesh another Law I find,
Tending to Sin; which captivates my Mind.*

BOOK THE FOURTH.

EMBLEM I.

ROM. VII. 23.

*I see another law in my members, warring against
the law of my mind, and bringing me into cap-
tivity to the law of sin.*

O HOW my will is hurried to and fro,
And how my unresolv'd resolves do vary !
I know not where to fix ; sometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary :
I like, dislike ; lament for what I could not :
I do, undo ; yet still do what I should not ;
And, at the self-same instant, will the thing I
would not.

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts opprest
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will ;
Thus am I hourly tost from east to west
Upon the rolling streams of good and ill :

Thus am I driv'n upon these slipp'ry suds,
From real ills to false apparent goods ;
My life 's a troubled sea, compos'd of ebbs and
floods.

The curious penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabbled quill,
Lets fall a heedless drop ; then, in a rage,
Cashiers the fruits of his unlucky skill :
E'en so my pregnant soul in th' infant bud
Of her best thoughts show'rs down a coal-
black flood
Of unadvised ills, and cancels all her good.

Sometimes a sudden flash of sacred heat
Warms my chill soul, and sets my thoughts in
frame ;
But soon that fire is shoulder'd from her seat
By lustful Cupid's much inferior flame.
I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire ;
Thus are the mongrel thoughts of mixt desire
Consum'd between that heav'nly and this earthly
fire.

Sometimes my trash-disdaining thoughts outpass
The common period of terrene* conceit;
O then methinks I scorn the thing I was,
Whilst I stand ravish'd at my new estate:
But when th' Icarian wings of my desire
Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
I know the frailty of my fleshly will:
My passion's eagle-ey'd; my judgment blind;
I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.
When th' ostrich wings of my desires shall be
So dull, they cannot mount the least degree,
Yet grant my soul desire but of desiring Thee.

S. Bern. Med. ix.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and unstable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and, wanting divine counsel, cannot subsist in itself; and whilst it divers ways seeketh rest, findeth none,

* *Terrene*, earthly.

but remaineth miserable through labour, and void of peace : it agreeth not with itself, it dissenteth from itself : it altereth resolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again : it willeth and willeth not, and never remaineth in the same state.

S. August. de Verb. Apost.

When it would, it cannot ; because, when it might, it would not : therefore by an evil will man lost his good power.

Epig. 1.

My soul, how are thy thoughts disturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind !
Fix here or there ; thy doubt-depending cause
Can ne'er except one verdict 'twixt two laws.

BOOK IV.



EMBLEM 2.

Pfalm 119. 5.

*O that my wandring Steps might guided be,
To keep the Road whose Paths direct to Thee!*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM II.

PSALM CXIX. 5.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes !

THUS I, the object of the world's disdain,

With pilgrim pace, surround the weary earth :

I only relish what the world counts vain ;

Her mirth's my grief ; her sullen grief my mirth ;

Her light my darkness ; and her truth my error ;

Her freedom is my gaol ; and her delight my terror.

Fond earth ! proportion not my seeming love

To my long stay ; let not thy thoughts deceive
thee ;

Thou art my prison, and my home's above ;

My life's a preparation but to leave thee :

Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee :

With thee I cannot live ; I cannot live without thee.

The world's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuons* ways

Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd meanders :

No resting here ; he's hurried back that stays

A thought ; and he that goes unguided, wanders :

* *Anfractuons*, intricate.

Her way is dark ; her path untrod, unev'n ;
 So hard 's the way from earth ; so hard 's the way
 to Heav'n.

This gyring* lab'rinth is betrench'd about
 On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire,
 Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
 But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier ;
 Where, if his footsteps trust their own invention,
 He falls without redress, and sinks beyond di-
 mension.

Where shall I seek a guide ? where shall I meet
 Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces ?
 What trusty lantern will direct my feet
 To 'scape the danger of these dang'rous places ?
 What hopes have I to pass without a guide ?
 Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall
 beside.

An unrequested star did gently slide
 Before the wise men to a greater light :
 Backsliding Isr'el found a double guide ;
 A pillar, and a cloud ; by day, by night :

* *Gyring*, full of turnings.

Yet in my desp'rate dangers, which be far
More great than theirs, I have nor pillar, cloud,
nor star.

O that the pinions of a clipping* dove
Would cut my passage through the empty air ;
Mine eyes being seal'd, how would I mount above
The reach of danger and forgotten care !
My backward eyes should ne'er commit that
fault,
Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of
salt.

Great GOD, that art the flowing spring of light,
Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray !
Thou art my path ; direct my steps aright ;
I have no other light, no other way :
I 'll trust my GOD, and him alone pursue ;
His law shall be my path, his heav'nly light my
clue.

* *Clipping*, swift, flying.

S. August. Soliloq. Cap. iv.

O LORD, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darkness, error, vanity, nor death: the Light, without which there is darkness; the Way, without which there is wandering; the Truth, without which there is error; the Life, without which there is death: say, LORD, 'Let there be light,' and I shall see light, and eschew darkness; I shall see the way, and avoid wandering; I shall see the truth, and shun error; I shall see life, and escape death: illuminate, O illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness and the shadow of death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.

Epig. 2.

Pilgrim, trudge on: what makes thy soul complain,
Crowns thy complaint; the way to rest is pain:
The road to resolution lies by doubt;
The next way home's the farthest way about.





EMBLEM 3.

Pſalm 17. 5.

*Thus, let me ſtill attend my heav'nly Guide,
That in his Ways my Feet ſteps may not ſlide.*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM III.

PSALM XVII. 5.

*Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps
slip not.*

WHENE'ER the Old Exchange of profit rings
Her silver saints-bell of uncertain gains,
My merchant soul can stretch both legs and wings :
How I can run, and take unwearied pains !
The charms of profit are so strong, that I,
Who wanted legs to go, find wings to fly.

If time-beguiling Pleasure but advance
Her lustful trump, and blow her bold alarms,
O how my sportful soul can frisk and dance,
And hug that siren in her twined arms !
The sprightly voice of sinew-strength'ning
Pleasure
Can lend my bedrid soul both legs and leisure.

If blazing Honour chance to fill my veins
With flatt'ring warmth, and flash of courtly fire,
My soul can take a pleasure in her pains ;
My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire :
My antic knees can turn upon the hinges
Of compliment, and screw a thousand cringes.

But when I come to thee, my GOD, that art
The royal mine of everlasting treasure,
The real honour of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleasure,
How nerveless are my limbs ! how faint and slow !
I have nor wings to fly, nor legs to go.

So when the streams of swift-foot Rhine convey
Her upland riches to the Belgic shore,
The idle vessel slides the wat'ry lay,
Without the blast or tug of wind or oar :
Her slipp'ry keel divides the silver foam
With ease ; so facile is the way from home !

But when the home-bound vessel turns her sails
Against the breast of the resisting stream,
O then she slugs ; nor sail nor oar prevails ;
The stream is sturdy, and her tide 's extreme :

Each stroke is loss, and ev'ry tug is vain;
A boat-length's purchase is a league of pain.

Great ALL IN ALL, that art my rest, my home,
My way is tedious, and my steps are slow:
Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come;
I am thy child, O teach thy child to go:
Conjoin thy sweet commands to my desire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. August. Ser. xv. de Verb. Apost.

Be always displeas'd at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not: for where thou hast pleas'd thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest: always add, always walk, always proceed; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate: he that standeth still proceedeth not; he goeth back that continueth not; he deviateth that revolteth; he goeth better that creepeth in his way than he that runneth out of his way.

Epig. 3.

Fear not, my soul, to lose for want of cunning ;
Weep not ; Heav'n is not always got by running :
Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be slow ;
True love will creep, not having strength to go.



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EMBLEM 4.

Pfalm 119. 120.

*Thus troubled, by these wrathful Signs display'd,
My Flesh lies trembling, and my Soul's afraid.*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM IV.

PSALM CXIX. 120.

*My flesh trembleth for fear of thee ; and I am
afraid of thy judgments.*

LET others boast of luck, and go their ways
With their fair game ; know, Vengeance seldom plays
To be too forward, but doth wisely frame
Her backward tables for an after-game :
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot ;*
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not :
But when her pointed tables are made fair,
That she be ready for thee, then beware ;
Then, if a necessary blot be set,
She hits thee ; wins the game ; perchance the set :
If prosp'rous chances make thy casting high,
Be wisely temp'rate ; cast a serious eye
On after-dangers, and keep back thy game ;
Too forward seed-times make thy harvest lame.

* *Blot*, a term at backgammon.

If left-hand fortune give thee left-hand chances,
Be wisely patient ; let no envious glances
Repine to view thy gamester's heap so fair ;
The hindmost hound takes oft the doubling hare.
The world's great dice are false ; sometimes
they go
Extremely high, sometimes extremely low :
Of all her gamesters, he that plays the least
Lives most at ease, plays most secure, and best :
The way to win is to play fair, and swear
Thyself a servant to the crown of fear :
Fear is the Primer* of a gamester's skill ;
Who fears not bad, stands most unarm'd to ill.
The ill that 's wisely fear'd is half withstood ;
And fear of bad is the best foil to good.
True fear 's th' elixir which, in days of old,
Turn'd leaden crosses into crowns of gold :
The world 's the tables ; stakes, eternal life ;
The gamesters, Heav'n and I ; unequal strife !
My fortunes are my dice, whereby I frame
My indisposed life : this life 's the game ;
My sins are several blots ; the lookers-on
Are angels ; and in death the game is done.

* *Primer*, the first book for children.

LORD, I'm a bungler, and my game doth grow
Still more and mere unshap'd ; my dice run low :
The stakes are great ; my careless blots are many ;
And yet thou passest by, and hitt'st not any :
Thou art too strong ; and I have none to guide me
With the least jog ; the lookers-on deride me :
It is a conquest undeserving Thee,
To win a stake from such a worm as me :
I have no more to lose ; if we persever,*
'Tis lost ; and, that once lost, I'm lost for ever.
LORD, wink at faults, and be not too severe,
And I will play my game with greater fear.
O give me Fear, ere Fear has past her date :
Whose blot being hit, then fears ; fear's then too late.

S. Bern. Ser. liv. in Cant.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before GOD not over-wise, but to fear : happy art thou if thy heart be replenished with three fears ; a fear for received grace, a greater fear for lost grace, a greatest fear to recover grace.

* *Persever* ; put, by poetic license, for *persevere*.

S. August. super Psalm.

Present fear begetteth eternal security: fear
GOD, which is above all, and no need to fear man
at all.

Epig. 4.

LORD, shall we grumble when thy flames do
scourge us?

Our sins breathe fire; that fire returns to purge us.
LORD, what an alchymist art thou, whose skill
Transmutes to perfect good from perfect ill!





EMBLEM 5.

Psalm. 119. 37.

*O turn away mine Eyes; nor let the Vain
And Wanton lure me to their idle Train.*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM V.

PSALM CXIX. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.

How like to threads of flax,
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires !

How like to yielding wax
My soul dissolves before these wanton fires !
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn ; like wax, I melt.

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire !

And how th' eternal law
Is baffled by the law of my desire !
How truly bad, how seeming good,
Are all the laws of flesh and blood !

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid again,
With griping inter'st of the next day's sorrow !
How wild his thoughts ! how apt to range !
How apt to vary ! apt to change !

How intricate and nice
Is man's perplexed way to man's desire!
Sometimes upon the ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire;
His progress is extreme and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

The common food he doth
Sustain his soul-tormenting thoughts withal,
Is honey in his mouth
To-night; and in his heart, to-morrow, gall:
'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,
Both very sweet and very sour.

If sweet Corinna smile,
A heav'n of joy breaks down into his heart:
Corinna frowns awhile?
Hell's torments are but copies of his smart:
Within a lustful heart doth dwell
A seeming Heav'n, a very hell.

Thus worthless, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earth's employment,
Which, ere they be enjoy'd,
Distract us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment!

These be the pleasures that are priz'd,
 When Heaven's cheap penn'worth stands de-
 spis'd.

LORD, quench these hasty flashes,
 Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
 And ev'ry minute dashes
 Against the wanton windows of mine eyes !
 LORD, close the casement, whilst I stand
 Behind the curtain of thy hand !

S. August. Soliloq. Cap. iv.

O thou Son, that illuminateth both heaven and earth ! woe be unto those eyes which do not behold thee : woe be unto those blind eyes which cannot behold thee : woe be unto those which turn away their eyes that they will not behold thee : woe be unto those that turn not away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

S. Chrys. Sup. Mat. xix.

What is the evil woman but the enemy of friendship, an unavoidable pain, a necessary mischief, a

natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil painted over with the colour of good?

Epig. 5.

'Tis vain, great GOD, to close mine eyes from ill,
When I resolve to keep the old man still:
My rambling heart must cov'nant first with Thee,
Or none can pass betwixt mine eye and me.





EMBLEM 6.

Esther. 7. 3.

*If in thy Sight I have due Favour found,
Let my Petition with Success be crown'd .*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM VI.

ESTHER VII. 3.

*If I have found favour in thy sight, and if it please
the king, let my life be given me at my petition.*

THOU art the great Assuerus, whose command
Doth stretch from pole to pole ; the world 's thy
land :

Rebellious Vashti 's the corrupted will,
Which, being call'd, refuseth to fulfil
Thy just command : Esther, whose tears condole
The razed city, 's the regen'rate soul ;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt please to grace
With nuptial honours in stout Vashti's place :
Her kinsman, whose unbended knee did thwart
Proud Haman's glory, is the fleshly part :
The sober Eunuch, that recall'd to mind
The new-built gibbet (Haman had divin'd
For his own ruin), fifty cubits high,
Is lustful thought-controlling Chastity :

Insulting Haman is that fleshly lust,
Whose red-hot fury, for a season, must
Triumph in pride, and study how to tread
On Mordecai, till royal Esther plead.

Great king, thy sent-for Vashti will not come ;
O let the oil o' th' blessed Virgin's womb
Cleanse my poor Esther ; look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes ; and let thy beams of honour
So scour her captive stains, that she may prove
A holy object of thy heav'nly love :
Anoint her with the spikenard of thy graces,
Then try the sweetness of her chaste embraces :
Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
And set thy royal crown upon her head :
If then ambitious Haman chance to spend
His spleen on Mordecai, that scorns to bend
The wilful stiffness of his stubborn knee,
Or basely crouch to any lord but thee ;
If weeping Esther should prefer a groan
Before the high tribunal of thy throne,
Hold forth thy golden sceptre, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious lord ;
And let thy royal Esther be possest
Of half thy kingdom, at her dear request :

Curb lustful Haman, him that would disgrace,
Nay, ravish, thy fair queen before thy face :
And, as proud Haman was himself insnar'd
On that self gibbet that himself prepar'd,
So nail my lust, both punishment and guilt,
On that dear cross that mine own lusts have built.

S. August. in Ep.

O holy Spirit, always inspire me with holy works. Constrain me, that I may do; counsel me, that I may love thee; confirm me, that I may hold thee; conserve me, that I may not lose thee.

S. August. Sup. Joan.

The spirit rusteth where the flesh resteth : for, as the flesh is nourished with sweet things, the spirit is refreshed with sour.

Ibidem.

Wouldest thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? then let thy spirit obey thy GOD. Thou must be governed, that thou mayest govern.

Epig. 6.

Of merc' and justice is thy kingdom built ;
This plagues my sin, and that removes my guilt :
Whene'er I sue, Assuerus-like, decline*
Thy sceptre ; LORD, say, Half my kingdom's thine.

* *Decline*, as here used, signifies to bow down.





EMBLEM 7.

Cant. 7.11.

*Come my Beloved, let us range the Fields,
And taste each sweet Delight the Season yields.*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM VII.

CANTICLES VII. 11.

*Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field ;
let us lodge in the villages.*

CHRIST. SOUL.

Chr. COME, come, my dear, and let us both retire,
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant fields ;
Where warbling Phil'mel and the shrill-mouth'd
choir

Chant forth their raptures ; where the turtle builds
Her lonely nest ; and where the new-born brier
Breathes forth the sweetness that her April yields :

Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try
These rural delicates ; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and fear no stander-by.

Soul. My heart's eternal Joy, in lieu of whom
The earth's a blast, and all the world a bubble ;
Our city mansion is the fairer home,
But country sweets are tang'd* with lesser
trouble :

* *Tang'd*, tasted.

Let's try them both, and choose the better; come;
A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double;
On thy commands depends my go or tarry;
I'll stir with Martha, or I'll stay with Mary:
Our hearts are firmly fix'd, altho' our pleasures vary.

Chr. Our country mansion (situate on high),
With various objects, still renews delight:
Her arched roof's of unstain'd ivory;
Her walls of fiery-sparkling chrysolite;
Her pavement is of hardest porphyry;
Her spacious windows are all glaz'd with bright
And flaming carbuncles; no need require
Titan's faint rays, or Vulcan's feeble fire;
And ev'ry gate's a pearl; and ev'ry pearl entire.

Soul. Fool that I was! how were my thoughts de-
ceiv'd!

How falsely was my fond conceit possess'd!
I took it for an hermitage, but pav'd
And daub'd with neighb'ring dirt, and thatch'd
at best.

Alas! I ne'er expected more, nor crav'd;
A turtle hop'd but for a turtle's nest:

Come, come, my dear, and let no idle stay
 Neglect th' advantage of the headstrong day;
 How pleasure grates, that feels the curb of dull delay!

Chr. Come, then, my joy; let our divided paces
 Conduct us to our fairest territory;

O there we'll twine our souls in sweet embraces;

Soul. And in thine arms I'll tell my passion story:

Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces;

Soul. And all those graces shall reflect thy glory:

Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celestial
 manna;

I'll be thy Elkanah.

Soul. And I thy Hannah.

Chr. I'll sound my trump of joy.

Soul. And I'll resound Hosannah.

S. Bern.

O blessed contemplation! the death of vices,
 and the life of virtues! thee the law and prophets
 admire: who ever attained perfection, if not by
 thee? O blessed solitude, the magazine of celestial
 treasure! by thee things earthly and transitory are
 changed into heavenly and eternal.

S. Bern. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that congregation,
where Martha still complaineth of Mary.

Epig. 7.

Mechanic soul, thou must not only do
With Martha, but with Mary ponder too :
Happy 's that house where these fair sisters vary ;
But most when Martha 's reconcil'd to Mary.



THE [illegible] OF [illegible] IN [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



EMBLEM 8.

Cant. 1.3.

*Because thy sweet Perfumes so fragrant be,
Draw me O Lord, and I will follow Thee.*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM VIII.

CANTICLES I. 3, 4.

*Draw me ; we will run after thee, because of the
savour of thy good ointments.*

THUS, like a lump of the corrupted mass,
I lie secure ; long lost, before I was :
And like a block, beneath whose burden lies
That undiscover'd worm that never dies,
I have no will to rouse, I have no pow'r to rise.

Can stinking Lazarus compound, or strive
With death's entangling fetters, and revive ?
Or can the water-buried axe implore
A hand to raise it, or itself restore,
And from her sandy deeps approach the dry-foot
shore ?

So hard 's the task for sinful flesh and blood
To lend the smallest step to what is good ;

My GOD ! I cannot move, the least degree ;
Ah ! if but only those that active be,
None should thy glory see, none should thy glory
see.

But if the potter please t' inform* the clay,
Or some strong hand remove the block away,
Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher ;
That proves a vessel, which, before, was mire ;
And this, being hewn, may serve for better use
than fire.

And if that life-restoring voice command
Dead Laz'rus forth ; or that great Prophet's hand
Should charm the sullen waters, and begin
To beckon, or to dart a stick but in,
Dead Laz'rus must revive, and th' axe must float
again.

LORD, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To hear thy voice, or echo to thy call ;
The gloomy clouds of mine own guilt benight me ;
Thy glorious beams, not dainty sweets, invite me ;
They neither can direct, nor these at all delight me.

* *Inform*, i. e. new-make.

See how my sin-bemangled body lies,
Not having pow'r to will, nor will to rise !

Shine home upon thy creature, and inspire
My lifeless will with thy regen'rate fire ;
The first degree to do, is only to desire.

Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do ;
O raise me up, and I will strive to go :

Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twist,
That have no pow'r but merely to resist ;
O lend me strength to do, and then command thy
list.

My Soul's a clock, whose wheels (for want of use
And winding up, being subject to th' abuse
Of eating rust) want vigour to fulfil

Her twelve hours' task, and show her Maker's
skill,
But idly sleeps unmov'd, and standeth vainly still.

Great GOD ! it is thy work, and therefore good :
If thou be pleas'd to cleanse it with thy blood,
And wind it up with thy soul-moving keys,
Her busy wheels shall serve thee all her days ;
Her hand shall point thy pow'r, her hammer strike
thy praise.

S. Bern. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

Let us run : let us run, but in the savour of thy ointments, not in the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatness of our strength : we trust to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies ; for though we run, and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in GOD that showeth mercy. O let thy mercy return, and we will run : thou, like a giant, runnest by thy own power ; we, unless thy ointment breathe upon us, cannot run.

Epig. 8.

Look not, my watch; being once repair'd, to stand
Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand :
He'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy clogs with
 blood ;
If now thy wheels stand still, thou art not good.



BOOK IV.



EMBLEM 9.

Cant:8.1.

*O that my fond impassion'd Heart could prove,
For Thee, the sweetness of a Sister's Love!*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM IX.

CANTICLES VIII. 1.

*O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the
breasts of my mother ! when I should find thee
without, I would kiss thee.*

COME, come my blessed Infant, and immure thee
Within the temple of my sacred arms ;
Secure mine arms ; mine arms shall, then, secure thee
From Herod's fury, or the high priest's harms :
Or if thy danger'd life sustain a loss,
My folded arms shall turn thy dying cross.

But, ah ! what savage tyrant can behold
The beauty of so sweet a face as this is,
And not himself be by himself controll'd,
And change his fury to a thousand kisses ?
One smile of thine is worth more mines of
treasure
Than there be myriads in the days of Cæsar.

O, had the tetrarch, as he knew thy birth,
So known thy stock, he had not sought to paddle

In thy dear blood; but, prostrate on the earth,
 Had veil'd his crown before thy royal cradle,
 And laid the sceptre of his glory down,
 And begg'd a heav'nly for an earthly crown.

Illustrious Babe! how is thy handmaid grac'd
 With a rich armful! how dost thou decline
 Thy majesty, that wert so late embrac'd
 In thy great Father's arms, and now in mine!
 How humbly gracious art thou, to refresh
 Me with thy spirit, and assume my flesh!

But must the treason of a traitor's hail*
 Abuse the sweetness of these ruby lips?
 Shall marble-hearted Cruelty assail
 These alabaster sides with knotted whips?
 And must these smiling roses entertain
 The blows of scorn, and flirts of base disdain?

Ah! must these dainty little sprigs,† that twine
 So fast about my neck, be pierc'd and torn
 With ragged nails? and must these brows resign
 Their crown of glory for a crown of thorn?

* *Hail*, salutation.

† *Sprigs*, arms.

Ah ! must this blessed Infant taste the pain
Of death's injurious pangs ; nay, worse, be
slain ?

Sweet Babe ! at what dear rates do wretched I
Commit a sin ! LORD, ev'ry sin 's a dart ;
And ev'ry trespass lets a jav'lin fly ;
And ev'ry jav'lin wounds thy bleeding heart :
Pardon, sweet Babe, what I have done amiss ;
And seal that granted pardon with a kiss.

Bonavent. Soliloq. Cap. i.

O sweet Jesu, I knew not that thy kisses were
so sweet, nor thy society so delectable, nor thy
attraction so virtuous : for when I love thee, I
am clean ; when I touch thee, I am chaste ; when
I receive thee, I am a virgin : O most sweet Jesu,
thy embraces defile not, but cleanse ; thy attraction
polluteth not, but sanctifieth : O Jesu, the fountain
of universal sweetness, pardon me that I believed
so late that so much sweetness is in thy embraces.

Epig. 9.

My burden 's greatest : let not Atlas boast :
Impartial reader, judge which bears the most :
He bears but Heav'n ; my folded arms sustain
Heav'n's Maker, whom Heav'n's Heav'n cannot
contain.

BOOK IV.



EMBLEM 10.

Cant: 3.1.

*I sought my Lover on my Bed by Night;
I sought, but could not find my Soul's Delight.*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM X.

CANTICLES III. 1.

*By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul
loveth : I sought him, but I found him not.*

THE learned Cynic, having lost the way
To honest men, did, in the height of day,
By taper-light, divide his steps about
The peopled streets, to find this dainty out ;
But fail'd : the Cynic search'd not where he ought ;
The thing he sought for was not where he sought.
The wise men's task seem'd harder to be done ;
The wise men did by star-light seek the Son,
And found : the wise men search'd it where they
ought ;

The thing they hop'd to find was where they sought.
One seeks his wishes where he should ; but then
Perchance he seeks not as he should, nor when.
Another searches when he should ; but there
He fails ; not seeking as he should, nor where.

Whose soul desires the good it wants, and would
Obtain, must seek where, as, and when he should.
How often have my wild affections led
My wasted soul to this my widow'd bed,
To seek my lover whom my soul desires!
(I speak not, Cupid, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying sparks to mine;
My flames are full of Heav'n, and all divine.)
How often have I sought this bed by night,
To find that greater by this lesser light!
How oft have my unwitness'd groans lamented
Thy dearest absence! ah, how often vented
The bitter tempests of despairing breath,
And toss'd my soul upon the waves of death!
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of silent tears (tears louder than a voice),
To plead my grief, and woo thy absent ear!
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear.
O, is thy wanted love become so cold?
Or do mine eyes not seek thee where they should?
Why do I seek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where?
I see my error; 'tis not strange I could not
Find out my love; I sought him where I should not.

Thou art not found on downy beds of ease ;
Alas ! thy music strikes on harder keys :
Nor art thou found by that false feeble light
Of Nature's candle : our Egyptian night
Is more than common darkness ; nor can we
Expect a morning but what breaks from thee.
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loss,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy shameful cross :
If thou refuse to share a bed with me,
We'll never part, I'll share a cross with thee.

Anselm. in Protolog. Cap. i.

LORD, if thou art not present, where shall I seek thee absent ? if every where, why do I not see thee present ? Thou dwellest in light inaccessible ; and where is that inaccessible light ? or how shall I have access to light inaccessible ? I beseech thee, LORD, teach me to seek thee, and show thyself to the seeker ; because I can neither seek thee, unless thou teach me ; nor find thee, unless thou show thyself to me : let me seek thee in desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee : let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

Epig. 10.

Where shouldst thou seek for rest but in thy bed ?
But now thy Rest is gone, thy Rest is fled :
'Tis vain to seek him there : my soul, be wise :
Go ask thy sins ; they'll tell thee where he lies.



BOOK IV.



EMBLEM II.

Cant: 3. 2.

*I rose, and round the City rang'd, in vain,
For He was not among the busy Train.*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM XI.

CANTICLES III. 2.

*I will rise and go about the city, and will seek
him whom my soul loveth : I sought him, but I
found him not.*

O HOW my disappointed soul's perplext !

How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled
breast !

How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crossly vext

With fears ! and how, betwixt them both, distrest !

What place is left unransack'd ? Oh ! where next

Shall I go seek the Author of my rest ?

Of what bless'd angel shall my lips inquire

The undiscover'd way to that entire

And everlasting solace of my heart's desire ?

Look how the stricken hart, that, wounded, flies

O'er hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds

For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes

Beg silent mercy from the foll'wing hounds,

At length, embost,* he droops, drops down, and lies

Beneath the burden of his bleeding wounds :

* *Embost*, foaming at the mouth.

E'en so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,
Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafen'd
ears

Leave me th' unransom'd pris'ner to my panic
fears.

Where have my busy eyes not pry'd? O where,
Of whom hath not my threadbare tongue de-
manded?

I search'd this glorious city; he's not here:

I sought the country; she stands empty-handed:

I search'd the court; he is a stranger there:

I ask'd the land; he's shipp'd: the sea; he's
landed:

I climb'd the air, my thoughts began t' aspire;

But, ah! the wings of my too bold desire,

Soaring too near the sun, were sing'd with sacred fire.

I mov'd the merchant's ear; alas! but he

Knew neither what I said, nor what to say:

I ask'd the lawyer; he demands a fee,

And then demurs me with a vain delay:

I ask'd the schoolman; his advice was free,

But scor'd me out too intricate a way:

I ask'd the watchman (best of all the four),
Whose gentle answer could resolve no more,
But that he lately left him at the temple-door.

Thus having sought and made my great inquest
In ev'ry place, and search'd in ev'ry ear,
I threw me on my bed ; but, ah ! my rest
Was poison'd with th' extremes of grief and fear ;
Where, looking down into my troubled breast,
The magazine of wounds, I found him there :
Let others hunt, and show their sportful art ;
I wish to catch the hare before she start,
As poachers use to do ; Heav'n's form* 's a troubled
heart.

S. Ambros. Lib. iii. de Virg.

Christ is not in the market ; not in the streets :
for Christ is peace ; in the market are strifes :
Christ is justice ; in the market is iniquity : Christ
is a labourer ; in the market is idleness : Christ is
charity ; in the market is slander : Christ is faith ;
in the market is fraud. Let us not therefore seek
Christ where we cannot find Christ.

* *Form* (a hunting term), where the hare sits.

S. Hieron. Ser. ix. Ep. xxii. ad Eustoch.

Jesus is jealous; he will not have thy face seen:
let foolish virgins ramble abroad; seek thou thy love
at home.

Epig. 11.

What, lost thy love? will neither bed nor board
Receive him? not by tears to be implor'd?
It is the ship that moves, and not the coast;
I fear, I fear, my soul, 'tis thou art lost.



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BOOK IV.



EMBLEM 12.

Cant: 3. 4.

*Ah! have you seen him? Yes, my Love I found,
And my fond Arms encircled him around.*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM XII.

CANTICLES III. 3, 4.

Saw ye him whom my soul loveth? It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go.

WHAT secret corner, what unwonted way,
Has 'scap'd the ransack of my rambling thought?
The fox by night, nor the dull owl by day,
Have never search'd those places I have sought,
Whilst thy lamented absence taught my breast
The ready road to grief, without request;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest.

How hath my unregarded language vented
The sad tautologies of lavish passion!
How often have I languish'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd without compassion!
I ask'd the city-watch; but some deny'd me
The common street, whilst others would mis-
guide me; [me.
Some would debar me; some divert me; some deride

Mark how the widow'd turtle, having lost
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast,
Haunts ev'ry path, thinks ev'ry shade doth part
Her absent love and her; at length, unsped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlasting widow-head.

So, when my soul had progress'd every place
That love and dear affection could contrive,
I threw me on my couch, resolv'd t' embrace
A death for him, in whom I ceas'd to live:
But there injurious Hymen did present
His landscape joys; my pickled eyes did vent
Full streams of briny tears, tears never to be spent.

Whilst thus my sorrow-wasting soul was feeding
Upon the rad'cal humour of her thought,
E'en whilst mine eyes were blind, and heart was
bleeding,
He that was sought unfound, was found unsought:
As if the sun should dart his orb of light
Into the secrets of the black-brow'd night,
E'en so appear'd my love, my sole, my soul's delight.

O how mine eyes, now ravish'd at the sight
 Of my bright Sun, shot flames of equal fire!
 Ah! how my soul dissolv'd with ov'r-delight,
 To re-enjoy the crown of chaste desire!
 How sov'reign joy depos'd and dispossesst
 Rebellious grief! and how my ravish'd breast—
 But who can press* those heights that cannot be
 exprest?

O how these arms, these greedy arms, did twine,
 And strongly twist, about his yielding waist!
 The sappy branches of the Thespian vine
 Ne'er cling'd their less-beloved elm so fast:
 Boast not thy flames, blind boy, nor feather'd
 shot;
 Let Hymen's easy snarles† be quite forgot:
 Time cannot quench our fires, nor death dissolve
 our knot.

Orig. Hom. x. in Divers.

O most holy LORD, and sweetest Master, how
 good art thou to those that are of upright heart,
 and humble spirit! O how blessed are they that

* *Press*; put, by poetic license, for *express*.

† *Snarle*, a tie, or knot, which it is difficult to disentangle.

seek thee with a simple heart! how happy that trust in thee! It is a most certain truth that thou lovest all that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee: for, behold, thy love simply sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: she trusted in thee, and is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee than she expected from thee.

Bede in Cap. iii. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I sought, the more earnestly I held him, being found.

Epig. 12.

What, found him out? Let strong embraces bind
him;

He'll fly, perchance, where tears can never find him:
New sins will lose what old repentance gains;
Wisdom not only gets, but, got, retains.



EMBLEM 13.

Pfalm 73. 28.

*To my Souls Lord have I at length drawn near,
With him my Anchor's lodgd; Ineed not fear.*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM XIII.

PSALM LXXIII. 28.

*It is good for me to draw near to God: I have put
my trust in the Lord God.*

WHERE is that good, which wise men please to call
The chiefest? doth there any such befall
Within man's reach? or is there such a good at all?

If such there be, it neither must expire,
Nor change; than which, there can be nothing
high'r:

Such good must be the utter point of man's desire.

It is the mark, to which all hearts must tend,
Can be desired for no other end
Than for itself; on which all other goods depend.

What may this exc'ellence be? doth it subsist
A real essence, clouded in the mist
Of curious art, or clear to ev'ry eye that list?

Or is 't a tart idea, to procure
 An edge, and keep the practic* soul in ure,†
 Like that dear chymic dust,‡ or puzzling quadra-
 ture. §

Where shall I seek this good? where shall I find
 This cath'lic pleasure, whose extremes may bind
 My thoughts, and fill the gulf of my insatiate mind?

Lies it in treasure? in full heaps untold?
 Doth gouty Mammon's griping hand infold
 This secret saint in sacred shrines of sov'reign gold?

No, no; she lies not there: Wealth often sours
 In keeping; makes us hers, in seeming ours:
 She slides from Heav'n indeed, but not in Danaë's
 show'rs.

Lives she in honour? No; the royal crown
 Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
 Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a
 frown.

* *Practic*; used, by poetic license, for *practical*: *i. e.* not theoretical.

† *Ure*, exercise.

‡ *Chymic dust*; *i. e.* the philosopher's stone, supposed to turn all metals to gold.

§ *Puzzling quadrature*; *i. e.* squaring the circle.

In pleasure ? No ; pleasure begins in rage ;
Acts the fool's part on earth's uncertain stage ;
Begins the play in youth, and epilogues in age.

These, these are bastard goods ; the best of these
Torment the soul with pleasing it ; and please,
Like water gulp'd in fevers, with deceitful ease.

Earth's flatt'ring dainties are but sweet distresses ;
Mole-hills perform the mountains she professes :
Alas ! can Earth confer more good than Earth pos-
sesses ?

Mount, mount, my soul, and let my thoughts
cashier

Earth's vain delights, and make thy full career
At Heav'n's eternal joys : stop, stop thy courser
there.

There shall thy soul possess uncareful treasure ;
There shalt thou swim in never-fading pleasure ;
And blaze in honour far above the frowns of Cæsar.

LORD, if my Hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefest good, no need to call
For earth's inferior trash ; Thou, Thou art ALL
IN ALL.

S. August. Soliloq. Cap. xiii.

I follow this thing, I pursue that, but I am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, undivided, and only good, in myself, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was possessed, my whole desire was satisfied.

S. Bern. Ser. ix. Sup. Beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit; let him brag of the burden of the day; let him boast of his sabbath-fasts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the LORD, and to put my trust in my LORD GOD.

Epig. 13.

Let Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves be join'd,
Thy Æolus commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the rocks, or world's imperious waves;
Thou climb'st a Rock, my soul! a Rock that saves.





EMBLEM 14.

Cant. 2. 3.

*Beneath his Shade I took my sweet Repast,
And Fruits rich flavour'd gratified my Taste.*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM XIV.

CANTICLES II. 3.

*I sat down under his shadow with great delight,
and his fruit was sweet to my taste.*

LOOK how the sheep, whose rambling steps do stray
From the safe blessing of her shepherd's eyes,
Eftsoon* becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd squadron of beleag'ring flies ;
Where, swelter'd with the scorching beams of day,
She frisks from bush to brake, and wildly flies
From her own self, ev'n of herself afraid ;
She shrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade.

Ev'n so my wand'ring soul, that hath digress'd
From her great Shepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my sins ; these vultures in my breast
Gripe my Promethean heart both night and day :
I hunt from place to place, but find no rest ;
I know not where to go, nor where to stay :

* *Eftsoon*, soon afterwards.

The eye of Vengeance burns, her flames invade
My swelt'ring soul : my soul hath oft assay'd ;
But she can find no shroud, but she can feel no
shade.

I sought the shades of mirth, to wear away
My slow-pac'd hours of soul-consuming grief :
I search'd the shades of sleep, to ease my day
Of griping sorrows with a night's reprieve :
I sought the shades of death ; thought, there, t'allay
My final torments with a full relief :
But mirth, nor sleep, nor death, can hide my
hours
In the false shades of their deceitful bow'rs ;
The first distracts, the next disturbs, the last de-
vours.

Where shall I turn ? to whom shall I apply me ?
Are there no streams where a faint soul may
wade ?
Thy Godhead, JESUS, are the flames that fry me ;
Hath thy all-glorious Deity ne'er a shade,
Where I may sit, and Vengeance never eye me ;
Where I might sit refresh'd, or unafraid ?

Is there no comfort? is there no refec^{ti}on?*

Is there no cover that will give protection
T^o a fainting soul, the subject of thy wrath's re-
flection?

Look up, my soul! advance the lowly stature
Of thy sad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
See, here 's a shadow found; the human nature
Is made th' umbrella to the Deity,
To catch the sunbeams of thy just Creator;
Beneath this covert thou may'st safely lie:
Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree,
As quick Zaccheus did, and thou shalt see
A cloud of dying flesh betwixt those beams and thee.

Guil. in Cap. ii. Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rays of the Sun of Justice? who shall not be consumed by his beams? Therefore the Sun of Justice took flesh, that, through the conjunction of that Sun and this human body, a shadow may be made.

* *Refec^{ti}on*, refreshment.

S. August. Med. Cap. xxxvii.

LORD, let my soul flee from the scorching thoughts of the world under the covert of thy wings, that, being refreshed by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing merrily. In peace will I lay me down and rest.

Epig. 14.

Ah! treach'rous soul, would not thy pleasures give
That LORD, which made thee living, leave to live?
See what thy sins have done: thy sins have made
The Sun of Glory now become thy shade.



EMBLEM 15.

Pfalm. 137. 4.

*How shall we here repeat the glorious Song?
To other Lands such sacred Themes belong.*

BOOK IV.—EMBLEM XV.

PSALM CXXXVII. 4.

*How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange
land ?*

URGE me no more : this airy mirth belongs
To better times : these times are not for songs.
The sprightly twang of the melodious lute
Agrees not with my voice : and both unsuit
My untun'd fortunes :* the affected measure
Of strains that are constrain'd afford no pleasure.
Music's the child of Mirth : where griefs assail
The troubled soul, both voice and fingers fail :
Let such as revel out their lavish days
In honorable riot ; that can raise
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a sprite
Of madness by the magic of delight ;
Let those of Cupid's hospital, that lie
Impatient patients to a smiling eye ;
That cannot rest until vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torments with a wanton smile ;

* *Untun'd fortunes ; i. e. sorrowful circumstances.*

Let such redeem their peace, and salve the wrongs
Of froward Fortune with their frolic songs :

My grief, my grief's too great for smiling eyes
To cure, or counter-charms to exorcise.

The raven's dismal croaks, the midnight howls
Of empty wolves, mix'd with the screech of owls ;

The nine sad knells of a dull passing bell,

With the loud language of a nightly knell,

And horrid outcries of revenged crimes,

Join'd in a medley's music for these times :

These are no times to touch the merry string

Of Orpheus ; no, these are no times to sing.

Can hide-bound pris'ners, that have spent their
souls

And famish'd bodies in the noisome holes

Of hell-black dungeons, apt* their rougher throats,

Grown hoarse with begging alms, to warble
notes ?

Can the sad pilgrim, that hath lost his way

In the vast desert, there condemn'd a prey

To the wild subject, or his salvage† king,

Rouse up his palsy-smitten sp'rits, and sing ?

* *Apt* ; adapt, or fit.

† *Salvage*, savage, wild.

Can I, a pilgrim, and a pris'ner too,
Alas! where I am neither known, nor know
Aught but my torments, an unransom'd stranger
In this strange climate, in a land of danger—
O, can my voice be pleasant, or my hand,
Thus made a pris'ner to a foreign land?
How can my music relish in your ears,
That cannot speak for sobs, nor sing for tears?
Ah! if my voice could, Orpheus-like, unspel
My poor Eurydice, my soul, from hell
Of earth's misconstrued Heav'n, O then my breast
Should warble airs, whose rhapsodies should feast
The ears of seraphims, and entertain
Heav'n's highest Deity with their lofty strain;
A strain well drench'd in the true Thespian well:
Till then, earth's semiquaver, Mirth, farewell.

S. August. Med. Cap. xxxiii.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues which are able to praise thee in holiness and purity, with excessive sweetness and unutterable exultation! From thence they praise thee, from

whence they rejoice, because they continually see for what they rejoice, for what they praise thee : but we, pressed down with this burden of flesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee : we praise thee by faith, not face to face ; but those angelical spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

Epig. 15.

Did I refuse to sing ? Said I these times
Were not for songs, nor music for these climes ?
It was my error : are not groans and tears
Harmonious raptures in th' Almighty's ears ?



PLATE I
The figure of the Virgin Mary
as she is represented in the
Coptic Church.

BOOK V.



EMBLEM 1.

Cant. 5. 8.

*Daughters of Judah, who my Flame approve,
Tell my Beloved I am sick of Love.*

BOOK THE FIFTH.

EMBLEM I.

CANTICLES V. 8.

*I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye
find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick
of love.*

You holy virgins, that so oft surround
The city's sapphire walls; whose snowy feet
Measure the pearly paths of sacred ground,
And trace the new Jerus'lem's jasper street;
Ah! you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
With your best wishes; that enjoy the sweet
Of all your hopes; if e'er you chance to spy
My absent love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded with the flame that furnac'd from
his eye.

I charge you, virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly music of your lovers' voice;
I charge you, by the solemn faith ye bear
To plighted vows, and to the loyal choice

Of your affections ; or, if aught more dear
 You hold ; by Hymen ; by your marriage joys ;
 I charge you tell him that a flaming dart,
 Shot from his eye, hath pierc'd my bleeding
 heart,
 And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart.

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breast
 Is scorch'd with flames, and how my soul is
 pin'd ;*

Tell him, O tell him, how I lie opprest
 With the full torments of a troubled mind ;
 O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest,
 But I in earnest ; tell him he's unkind :
 But if a discontented frown appears
 Upon his angry brow, accost his ears
 With soft and fewer words, and act the rest in
 tears.

O tell him that his cruelties deprive
 My soul of peace, while peace in vain she seeks ;
 Tell him those damask roses, that did strive
 With white, both fade upon my sallow cheeks ;

* *Pin'd* ; consumed, wasted with grief.

Tell him no token doth proclaim I live,
 But tears, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden shrieks :
 Thus if your piercing words should chance to
 bore
 His heark'ning ear, and move a sigh, give o'er
 To speak ; and tell him, tell him, that I could no more.

If your elegious* breath should hap to rouse
 A happy tear, close harb'ring in his eye,
 Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vows,
 Which neither I can break, nor He deny ;
 Bewail the torments of his loyal spouse,
 That for his sake would make a sport to die :
 O blessed virgins, how my passion tires
 Beneath the burden of her fond desires !
 Heav'n never shot such flames, earth never felt such
 fires !

S. August. Med. Cap. xl.

What shall I say ? what shall I do ? whither shall
 I go ? where shall I seek him ? or when shall I find
 him ? whom shall I ask ? who will tell my beloved
 that I am sick of love ?

* *Elegious*, plaintive, or complaining.

Guliel. in Cap. v. Cant.

I live, but not I; it is my beloved that liveth in me : I love myself, not with my own love, but with the love of my beloved, that loveth me : I love not myself in myself, but myself in him, and him in me.

Epig. 1.

Grieve not, my soul, nor let thy love wax faint :
Weep'st thou to lose the cause of thy complaint?
He'll come; Love ne'er was bound to times nor
 laws :
Till then thy tears complain without a cause.





EMBLEM 2.

Cant: 2.5.

*Give me the Flowers, the Fruits, the cooling Bowl,
To stay the burning Fervour of my Soul.*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM II.

CANTICLES II. 5.

Stay me with flowers, comfort me with apples :
for I am sick of love.*

O TYRANT Love ! how doth thy sov'reign pow'r
Subject poor souls to thy imperious thrall !
They say thy cup's compos'd of sweet and sour ;
They say thy diet's honey, mix'd with gall :
How comes it then to pass these lips of our †
Still trade in bitter ; taste no sweet at all ?
O tyrant Love ! shall our perpetual toil
Ne'er find a sabbath, to refresh awhile
Our drooping souls ? Art thou all frowns, and ne'er
a smile ?

Ye blessed maids of honour, that frequent
The royal courts of our renown'd JEHOVE, ‡
With flow'rs restore my spirits faint and spent ;
O fetch me apples from Love's fruitful grove,

* *Flowers* ; the word, in our modern Bibles, is *flagons*.

† *Our* ; put for *ours*, to accommodate the rhyme.

‡ *Jehove*, JEHOVAH.

To cool my palate, and renew my scent,

For I am sick, for I am sick of love:

These will revive my dry, my wasted pow'rs,

And they will sweeten my unsav'ry hours;

Refresh me then with fruit, and comfort me with
flow'rs.

O bring me apples to assuage that fire,

Which, *Ætna*-like, inflames my flaming breast;

Nor is it ev'ry apple I desire,

Nor that which pleases ev'ry palate best:

'Tis not the lasting *deuzan** I require:

Nor yet the red-cheek'd queening I request;

Nor that which first beshrew'd† the name of
wife,

Nor that whose beauty caus'd the golden strife;

No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

Virgins, tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye

: With the fair wealth of *Flora's* magazine;

The purple vi'let, and the pale-fac'd lily;

The pansy, and the organ columbine;

* *Deuzan*, queening; names of different sorts of apples.

† *Beshrew'd*; cursed.

The flow'ring thyme, the gilt-bowl daffodilly ;
The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine ;
The blushing rose, the queen of flow'rs, and
best
Of Flora's beauty ; but, above the rest,
+ Let Jesse's* sov'reign Flow'r perfume my qualming
breast.

Haste, virgins, haste ; for I lie weak and faint
Beneath the pangs of love : why stand ye mute,
As if your silence neither car'd to grant,
Nor yet your language to deny, my suit ?
No key can lock the door of my complaint,
Until I smell this flow'r, or taste that fruit.
Go, virgins, seek this tree, and search that
bow'r ;
O how my soul shall bless that happy hour,
That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such
a flow'r !

* *Jesse's* ; jessamine, alluding to CHRIST, the Son of *Jesse*.

Gisten. in Cap. ii. Cant. Expos. 3.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that GOD may be glorified by it !
O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining, fire ! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but only savoureth divine nourishment !

S. Bern. Serm. li. in Cant.

By flowers understand faith ; by fruit, good works. As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works : so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

Epig. 2.

Why apples, O my soul ? can they remove
The pains of grief, or ease the flames of love ?
It was that fruit which gave the first offence ;
That sent him hither ; that remov'd him hence.





EMBLEM 3.

Cant: 2.16.

*Among the Lilies feeds my Spouse divine:
I am his own, and my Beloved's mine.*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM III.

CANTICLES II. 16.

*My beloved is mine, and I am his : he feedeth
among the lilies.*

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And, having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin :
So I my best beloved's am ; so he is mine.

E'en so we met ; and, after long pursuit,
E'en so we join'd ; we both became entire :
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.

Our firm united souls did more than twine :
So I my best beloved's am ; so he is mine.

If all those glitt'ring monarchs, that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all :

Their wealth is but a counter to my coin ;
The world's but theirs ; but my beloved's mine.

Nay, more ; if the fair Thespian ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treasure,
That treasure should be deem'd a price too small
To buy a minute's lease of half my pleasure :
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the Nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his from being
mine.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death, can bow
My least desires unto the least remove :
He's firmly mine by oath ; I his by vow :
He's mine by faith ; and I am his by love :
He's mine by water ; I am his by wine :
Thus I my best beloved's am ; thus he is mine.

He is my altar ; I his holy place :
I am his guest ; and he my living food :
I'm his by penitence ; he mine by grace :
I'm his by purchase ; he is mine by blood :
He's my supporting helm ; and I his vine :
Thus I my best beloved's am ; thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth ; I give him all my vows :

I give him songs ; he gives me length of days :
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring
brows ;

And I his temples with a crown of praise,
Which he accepts as an e'erlasting sign
That I my best beloved's am ; that he is mine.

S. August. Manu. Cap. xxiv.

O my soul, stamped with the image of thy GOD,
love him of whom thou art so much beloved : bend
to him that boweth to thee, seek him that seeketh
thee : love thy lover, by whose love thou art pre-
vented, being the cause of thy love : be careful
with those that are careful, want with those that
want : be clean with the clean, and holy with the
holy : choose this friend above all friends, who,
when all are taken away, remaineth only faithful
to thee : in the day of thy burial, when all leave
thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee
from the roaring lions prepared for their prey.

Epig. 3.

Sing Hymen to my soul : What ? lost and found,
Welcom'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soon, and crown'd !
He did but climb the cross, and then came down
To th' gates of hell ; triumph'd, and fetch'd a crown.





EMBLEM 4.

Cant: 7.10.

*To my Beloved is my Heart's desire,
And in his Breast my Love I still inspire.*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM IV.

CANTICLES VII. 10.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is toward me.

LIKE to the arctic needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetic pow'r,
And leaves his silken gnomon* to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First frantics up and down, from side to side,
And restless beats his crystall'd iv'ry case
With vain impatience; jets† from place to place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride;
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved
breast.

E'en so my soul, being hurried here and there
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loaths at night:

* *Gnomon*; the stile-pin or cock of a dial, the shadow whereof points out the hours.

† *Jets*; hops as a bird.

She bows to Honour ; then she lends an ear
 To that sweet swan-like voice of dying Plea-
 sure,
 Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure ;
 Now flatter'd with false hope ; now foil'd with fear :
 Thus, finding all the world's delights to be
 But empty toys, good GOD, she points alone to thee.

But hath the virtu'd steel* a pow'r to move ?
 Or can the untouch'd needle point aright ?
 Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,
 Unguided by the virtue of thy Sp'rit ?
 O hath my leaden soul the art t' improve
 Her wasted talent, and, unrais'd, aspire
 In this sad moulting time of her desire ?
 Not first belov'd, have I the pow'r to love ?
 I cannot stir but as thou please to move me,
 Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

The still commandress of the silent night
 Borrows her beams from her bright brother's eye :
 His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light ;
 If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die :

* *Virtu'd steel* ; the mariner's compass.

E'en so the beams of thy enlight'ning Sp'rit,
 Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,
 Inflame my thoughts, and fill my soul with fire,
That I am ravish'd with a new delight ;
 But if thou shroud thy face my glory fades,
And I remain a nothing, all compos'd of shades.

Eternal GOD ! O thou that only art
 The sacred fountain of eternal light,
And blessed loadstone of my better part,
 O thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight,
Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,
 And then my heart shall prize no good above
 thee ;
 And then my soul shall know thee ; knowing,
 love thee ;
And then my trembling thoughts shall never start
 From thy commands, or swerve the least de-
 gree,
Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.



EMBLEM 5.

Cant: 5.6.

*As from his Lips these fervent Accents broke,
Melted my Heart while my Beloved spoke.*

X

BOOK V.—EMBLEM V.

CANTICLES V. 6.

My soul melted whilst my beloved spake.

LORD, has the feeble voice of flesh and blood
The pow'r to work thine ears into a flood
Of melted mercy? or the strength t' unlock
The gates of Heav'n, and to dissolve a rock
Of marble clouds into a morning show'r?
Or hath the breath of whining dust the pow'r
To stop or snatch a falling thunderbolt
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
From resolute confusion, and, instead
Of vials, pour full blessings on our head?
Or shall the wants of famish'd ravens cry,
And move thy mercy to a quick supply?
Or shall the silent suits of drooping flow'rs
Woo thee for drops, and be refresh'd with show'rs?
Alas! what marvel then, great GOD, what wonder
If thy hell-rousing voice, that splits in sunder

The brazen portals of eternal death ;
What wonder if that life-restoring breath,
Which dragg'd me from th' infernal shades of night,
Should melt my ravish'd soul with o'er-delight ?
O can my frozen gutters choose but run,
That feel the warmth of such a glorious Sun ?
Methinks his language, like a flaming arrow,
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded
marrow.

Thy flames, O Cupid, (though the joyful heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the smart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full desires,)
Are torments, weigh'd with these celestial fires ;
Pleasures that ravish in so high a measure,
That, O, I languish in excess of pleasure !
What ravish'd heart, that feels these melting joys,
Would not despise and loathe the treach'rous toys
Of dunghill earth ? what soul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd scorns, the worst that flesh and
blood

Had rancour to devise ? who would not bear
The world's derision with a thankful ear ?
What palate would refuse full bowls of spite
To gain a minute's taste of such delight ?

Great spring of light, in whom there is no shade
But what my interposed sins have made ;
Whose marrow-melting fires admit no screen
But what my own rebellious put between
Their precious flames and my obdurate ear ;
Disperse this plague-distilling cloud, and clear
My mungy soul into a glorious day :
Transplant this screen, remove this bar away ;
Then, then my fluent soul shall feel the fires
Of thy sweet voice, and my dissolv'd desires
Shall turn a sov'reign balsam, to make whole
Those wounds my sins inflicted on thy soul.

S. August. Soliloq. Cap. xxxiv.

What fire is this, that so warmeth my heart?
what light is this that so enlighteneth my soul? O
fire, that always burneth, and never goeth out,
kindle me ! O light, which ever shineth, and art
never darkened, illuminate me ! O that I had my
heat from thee, most holy fire ! How sweetly dost
thou burn ! how secretly dost thou shine ! how
desiderably* dost thou inflame me !

* *Desiderably* ; desiredly.

S. Bonavent. Stim. Amoris. Cap. viii.

It maketh GOD man, and man GOD; things
temporal, eternal; mortal, immortal: it maketh
an enemy a friend, a servant a son, vile things
glorious, cold hearts fiery, and hard things liquid.

Epig. 5.

My soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross;
Thy Saviour's breath refines thee with some loss:
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou must be melted ere th' art cast anew.



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BOOK V.



EMBLEM 6.

Psalm. 73. 25.

*Lord, whom have I but Thee in Heav'n above!
Or who on Earth but Thee deserves my Love?*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM VI.

PSALM LXXIII. 25.

*Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is
none upon earth that I desire beside thee.*

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the Earth;
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good :
She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
She is my tender nurse ; she gives me food :
But what's a creature, LORD, compar'd with thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me ?

I love the Air ; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;
Her shrill-mouth'd choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian* notes delight me :
But what's the Air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to thee ?

I love the Sea ; she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor ; she provides me store :
She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore :

* *Polyphonian* ; many-sounding.

But, LORD of Oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the Ocean, or her wealth, to me ?

To Heav'n's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;
Mine eye, by Contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky :
But what is Heav'n, great GOD, compar'd to
thee ?

Without thy presence Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

Without thy presence earth gives no refecti^on ;*

Without thy presence sea affords no treasure ;
Without thy presence air's a rank infection ;
Without thy presence Heav'n itself's no pleasure ;
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or Heav'n, to me ?

The highest honours that the world can boast

Are subjects far too low for my desire ;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire :
The proudest flames that earth can kindle be
But nightly glow-worms, if compar'd to thee.

* *Refection* ; refreshment.

Without thy presence wealth are bags of cares ;
Wisdom but folly ; joy, disquiet sadness :
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;
Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing
madness :

Without thee, LORD, things be not what they be ;
Nor have they being, when compar'd with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I ?

Not having thee, what have my labours got ?

Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I ?

And, having thee alone, what have I not ?

I wish nor sea, nor land ; nor would I be

Possess'd of Heav'n, Heav'n unpossess'd of thee.

Bonavent. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Alas ! my GOD, now I understand (but blush to confess) that the beauty of thy creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable than all thy creatures ; to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty : for who hath adorned the heavens with stars ? who hath stored the air



EMBLEM 7.

Pſalm 120. 5.

*My Lot in Meſech's dreary Land has fell,
And in the Tents of Kedar I muſt dwell.*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM VII.

PSALM CXX. 5.

*Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell
in the tents of Kedar!*

Is Nature's course dissolv'd? doth Time's glass
stand?

Or hath some frolic heart set back the hand
Of Fate's perpetual clock? will't never strike?

Is crazy Time grown lazy, faint, or sick

With very age? or hath that great purroyal*

Of adamantine sisters late made trial

Of some new trade? shall mortal hearts grow old

In sorrow? shall my weary arms infold

And underprop my panting sides for ever?

Is there no charitable hand will sever

My well-spun thread, that my imprison'd soul

May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole

Of dungeon flesh? O shall I, shall I never

Be ransom'd, but remain a slave for ever?

It is the lot of man but once to die;

But, ere that death, how many deaths have I!

* *Purroyal*; pair-royal.

What human madness makes the world afraid
To entertain Heav'n's joys, because convey'd
By th' hand of Death? Will Nakedness refuse
Rich change of robes, because the man's not spruce
That brought them? or will Poverty send back
Full bags of gold, because the bringer's black?
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
Fill'd with the torments of a thousand deaths;
Which, being prick'd by death (while death deprives
One life), presents the soul a thousand lives.
O frantic mortal, how hath Earth bewitch'd
Thy bedlam soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd
Upon her false delights! delights that cease
Before enjoyment finds a time to please:
Her fickle joys breed doubtful fears; her fears
Bring hopeful griefs; her griefs weep fearful tears;
Tears coin deceitful hopes; hopes careful doubt;
And surly passion justles passion out.
To-day we pamper with a full repast
Of lavish mirth; at night we weep as fast:
To-night we swim in wealth, and lend; to-morrow
We sink in want, and find no friend to borrow.
In what a climate doth my soul reside,
Where pale-fac'd Murder, the first-born of Pride,

Sets up her kingdom in the very smiles
 And plighted faiths of men-like crocodiles :
 A land where each embroider'd satin word
 Is lin'd with fraud ; where Mars his* lawless sword
 Exiles Astræa's balance ; where that hand
 Now slays his brother, that new-sow'd his land !
 O that my days of bondage would expire
 In this lewd soil ! LORD, how my soul's on fire
 To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain
 These long'd-for joys—long'd for, so oft, in vain !
 If, Moses-like, I may not live possess
 Of this fair land, LORD, let me see't, at least.

S. August. Soliloq. Cap. ii.

My life is a frail life ; a corruptible life ; a life,
 which the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth :
 the farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death :
 a deceitful life, and like a shadow ; full of the snares
 of death : now I rejoice ; now I languish ; now I flourish ;
 now infirm ; now I live, and straight I die ; now I seem
 happy, always miserable ; now I laugh, now I weep : thus
 all things

* *Mars his ; Mars's.*

are subject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one state : O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my GOD that dwelleth in thee ?

Epig. 7.

Art thou so weak ? O canst thou not digest
An hour of travel for a night of rest ?
Cheer up, my soul, call home thy sp'rits, and bear
One bad Good-Friday ; full-mouth'd Easter's
near.*

* The author here contrasts the strict fast observed on Good-Friday (particularly in the Catholic Church) with the abundance which prevails during the Easter festivities, then about to commence.





EMBLEM 8.

Rom: 7.24

*O wretched Man! thus doom'd to draw thy Breath
Within the loathsome Body of this Death.*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM VIII.

ROM. VII. 24.

*O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me
from the body of this death ?*

BEHOLD thy darling, which thy lustful care
Pampers ; for which thy restless thoughts prepare
Such early cates ;* for whom thy bubbling brow
So often sweats, and bankrupt eyes do owe
Such midnight scores to Nature ; for whose sake
Base earth is sainted ; the infernal lake
Unfear'd ; the crown of glory poorly rated ;
Thy GOD neglected, and thy brother hated :
Behold thy darling, whom thy soul affects
So dearly ; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in soft, in silken weeds ;
Behold thy darling, whom thy fondness feeds
With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear-bought gains
Of ill-spent time, the price of half thy pains :
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedness ; and, when most free,

* *Cates ; viands.*

Proclaims her lover slave; and, being fed
Most full, then strikes th' indulgent feeder dead.
What mean'st thou thus, my poor deluded soul,
To love so fondly? Can the burning coal
Of thy affection last without the fuel
Of counter love? is thy compeer so cruel,
And thou so kind, to love unlov'd again?
Canst thou sow favours, and thus reap disdain?
Remember, O remember thou art born
Of royal blood; remember thou art sworn
A maid of honour in the Court of Heav'n;
Remember what a costly price was giv'n
To ransom thee from slav'ry thou wert in;
And wilt thou now, my soul, turn slave again?
The Son and Heir to Heav'n's Tri-une JEHOVE
Would fain become a suitor for thy love,
And offers for thy dow'r his Father's throne,
To sit for seraphims to gaze upon:
He'll give thee honour, pleasure, wealth, and things
Transcending far the majesty of kings;
And wilt thou prostrate to the odious charms
Of this base scullion? shall his hollow arms
Hug thy soft sides? shall these coarse hands untie
The sacred zone of thy virginity?

For shame, degen'rous soul ! let thy desire
Be quicken'd up with more heroic fire :
Be wisely proud, let thy ambitious eye
Read nobler objects ; let thy thoughts defy
Such am'rous baseuess ; let thy soul disdain
Th' ignoble proffers of so base a swain :
Or, if thy vows be past, and Hymen's bands
Have ceremonied your unequal hands,
Annul, at least avoid, thy lawless act
With insufficiency, or a pre-contract :
Or, if the act be good, yet may'st thou plead
A second freedom ; for the flesh is dead.

Nazianz. Orat. xvi.

How I am joined to this body I know not ;
which, when it is healthful, provoketh me to war,
and, being damaged by war, affecteth me with
grief ; which I both love as a fellow-servant, and
hate as an utter enemy : it is a pleasant foe, and
a perfidious friend. O strange conjunction and
alienation ! what I fear I embrace, and what I
love I am afraid of : before I make war, I am re-
conciled ; before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.

Epig. 8.

What need that house be daub'd with flesh and
blood?

Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with
food?

Cost idly spent! That cost doth but prolong

Thy thraldom: fool, thou mak'st thy gaol too strong.



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BOOK V.



EMBLEM 9.

Phil. 1. 23.

*Wishing for Christ, a dubious state is mine,
I'm bound to Earth, but pant for Things divine.*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM IX.

PHILIPPIANS I. 23.

I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ.

WHAT meant our careful parents so to wear
And lavish out their ill-expended hours,
To purchase for us large possessions here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah! what meant they, to
endure

Such loads of needless labour, to procure
And make that thing our own, which was our own
too sure?

What mean these liv'ries* and possessive keys?
What mean these bargains, and these needless
sales?

What mean these jealous, these suspicious ways,
Of law-devis'd and law-dissolv'd entails?

* *Liv'ries*; a law term, expressive of legal conveyance of an estate.

No need to sweat for gold, wherewith to buy
 Estates of high-priz'd land ; no need to tie
 Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with
 earth as I.

O were their souls but clogg'd with earth, as I,
 They would not purchase with so salt an itch :
 They would not take, of alms,* what now they buy ;
 Nor call him happy whom the world counts rich :
 They would not take such pains, project and
 prog,†

To charge their shoulders with so great a log :
 Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

I cannot do an act which Earth disdains not ;
 I cannot think a thought which Earth corrupts not :
 I cannot speak a word which Earth profanes not ;
 I cannot make a vow Earth interrupts not :
 If I but offer up an early groan,
 Or spread my wings to Heav'n's long long'd-
 for throne,
 She darkens my complaints, and drags my off'ring
 down.

* *Of alms ; i. e.* as a free gift.

† *To prog ; to use all endeavours to get or gain.*

E'en like the hawk, (whose keeper's wary hands
 Have made a pris'ner to her weath'ring* stock,)
 Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
 Makes a rank bate† from her forsaken block :
 But her too-faithful leash‡ doth soon restrain
 Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain ;
 It gives her loins a twitch, and tugs her back again.

So, when my soul directs her better eye
 To Heav'n's bright palace, where my treasure lies,
 I spread my willing wings, but cannot fly ;
 Earth hales me down ; I cannot, cannot rise :
 When I but strive to mount the least degree,
 Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee :
 LORD, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world
 and thee !

Great GOD, I spread my feeble wings in vain ;
 In vain I offer my extended hands :
 I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain ;
 I cannot come till thou release my bands ;

* To *weather* a hawk (in falconry) signifies to set her abroad to take the air.

† *Rank bate* ; a strong spring for flight.

‡ *Leash* ; the thong by which a hawk is fastened to her stock or perch.

Which if thou please to break, and then supply
My wings with spirit, th' eagle shall not fly
A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

S. Bonavent. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Ah, sweet Jesus ! pierce the marrow of my soul
with the healthful shafts of thy love, that it may
truly burn, and melt, and languish, -with the only
desire of thee ; that it may desire to be dissolved,
and to be with thee : let it hunger alone for the
bread of life : let it thirst after thee, the spring
and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true
pleasure : let it always desire thee, seek thee, and
find thee, and sweetly rest in thee.

Epig. 9.

What, will thy shackles neither loose nor break ?
Are they too strong, or is thy arm too weak ?
Art will prevail where knotty strength denies ;
My soul, there's aquafortis in thine eyes.



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EMBLEM 10.

Pfalm 112 . 7 .

*Lord, free my Captive Soul; and then thy Praise
Shall fill the remnant of my joyful Days.*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM X.

PSALM CXLII. 7.

*Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise
thy name.*

MY soul is like a bird ; my flesh the cage,
Wherein she wears her weary pilgrimage
Of hours as few as evil, daily fed
With sacred wine and sacramental bread :
The keys that lock her in, and let her out,
Are birth and death ; 'twixt both she hops about
From perch to perch, from sense to reason ; then,
From higher reason, down to sense again :
From sense she climbs to faith ; where for a season
She sits and sings ; then down again to reason :
From reason back to faith, and straight from thence
She rudely flutters to the perch of sense :
From sense to hope ; then hops from hope to doubt ;
From doubt to dull despair ; there seeks about
For desp'rate freedom, and at ev'ry grate
She wildly thrusts, and begs th' untimely date

Of unexpired thralldom, to release
Th' afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
Thus am I coop'd within this fleshly cage ;
I wear my youth, and waste my weary age ;
Spending that breath, which was ordain'd to chant
Heav'n's praises forth, in sighs and sad complaint ;
Whilst happier birds can spread their nimble wing
From shrubs to cedars, and there chirp and sing,
In choice of raptures, the harmonious story
Of man's redemption and his Maker's glory.
You glorious martyrs, you illustrious troops,
That once were cloister'd in your fleshly coops
As fast as I, what rhet'ric had your tongues ?
What dext'rous art had your elegiac songs ?
What Paul-like pow'r had your admir'd devotion ?
What shackle-breaking faith infus'd such motion
To your strong pray'rs, that could obtain the boon
To be enlarg'd, to be uncag'd so soon ?
When I (poor I) can sing my daily tears,
Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears.
You great partakers of eternal glory,
That with your Heav'n-prevailing oratory
Releas'd your souls from your terrestrial cage,
Permit the passion of my holy rage

To recommend my sorrows (dearly known
To you in days of old, and once your own)
To your best thoughts, (but oh't doth not befit ye
To move our pray'rs; you love and joy, not pity :)
Great LORD of souls, to whom should pris'ners fly
But thee? thou hadst thy cage as well as I;
And, for my sake, thy pleasure was to know
The sorrows that it brought, and felt'st them too:
O let me free, and I will spend those days,
Which now I waste in begging, in thy praise.

Anselm. in Protolog. Cap. i.

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created! Alas! what hath he left? and what hath he found? He hath lost happiness for which he was made, and found misery for which he was not made. What is gone? and what is left? That thing is gone, without which he is unhappy; that thing is left, by which he is miserable. O wretched men! from whence are we expelled? to what are we impelled? whence are we thrown? and whither are we hurried? From our home into banishment; from the sight of GOD

into our own blindness ; from the pleasure of immortality to the bitterness of death : miserable change ! from how great a good, to how great an evil ! Ah me ! what have I enterprised ? what have I done ? whither did I go ? whither am I come ?

Epig. 10.

Paul's midnight voice prevail'd ; his music's thunder
Unhing'd the prison-doors, split bolts in sunder :
And sitt'st thou here, and hang'st the feeble wing ?
And whin'st to be enlarg'd ? Soul, learn to sing.





EMBLEM 11.

Pfalm .12 .1.

*Ev'n as the Hart the cooling Streams desires,
So to the Lord of Life my Soul aspires.*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM XI.

PSALM XLII. 1.

*As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so
panteth my soul after thee, O God.*

How shall my tongue express that hallow'd fire
Which Heav'n hath kindled in my ravish'd heart?
What Muse shall I invoke that will inspire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part?
What art shall I devise t' express desire
Too intricate to be express'd by art?
Let all the Nine be silent; I refuse
Their aid in this high task, for they abuse
The flames of love too much: assist me, David's
Muse!

Not as the thirsty soil desires soft show'rs
To quicken and refresh her embryon grain,*
Nor as the drooping crests of fading flow'rs
Request the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I desire my GOD: these in few hours
Re-wish what late their wishes did obtain:

* *Embryon grain*; seed in the earth not grown up.

But as the swift-foot hart doth, wounded, fly
To th' much desired streams, e'en so do I
Pant after thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd lusts I flee ;
O, they have singled out my panting heart,
And wanton Cupid, sitting in a tree,
Hath pierc'd my bosom with a flaming dart :
My soul, being spent, for refuge seeks to thee,
But cannot find where thou, my refuge, art :
Like as the swift-foot hart doth, wounded, fly
To the desired streams, e'en so do I
Pant after thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or
die.

At length, by flight, I overwent the pack ;
Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound :
The blood that follow'd left a purple track,
Which brought a serpent, but in shape a hound :
We strove, he bit me ; but thou brak'st his back ;
I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground :
But as the serpent-bitten hart doth fly
To the long long'd-for streams, e'en so did I
Pant after thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.

If lust should chase my soul, made swift by fright,
 Thou art the stream whereto my soul is bound ;
 Or if a jav'lin wound my sides in flight,
 Thou art the balsam that must cure my wound :
 If poison chance t' infest my soul in fight,
 Thou art the treacle that must make me sound :
 E'en as the wounded hart, embost,* doth fly
 To th' streams extremely long'd for, so do I
 Pant after, thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.

S. Cyril. Lib. v. Joh. Cap. x.

O precious water, which quencheth the noisome
 thirst of this world, that scoureth all the stains of
 sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with
 heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty
 heart of man to his only GOD !

S. August. Soliloq. Cap. xxxv.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters,
 when shall I leave this forsaken, impassable, and
 dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness,

* *Embost* (a term of hunters) ; wearied to foaming.

that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and
slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy ?
LORD, I thirst : thou art the spring of life ; satisfy
me : I thirst, LORD ; I thirst after thee, the living
GOD.

Epig. 11.

The arrow-smitten hart, deep wounded, flies
To th' springs, with water in his weeping eyes :
Heav'n is thy spring : if Satan's fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides ; do so, my wounded heart.



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EMBLEM 12.

Pfalm 42.2.

*'Tis to my God, my Soul would fain draw near :
Lord in thy Presence when shall I appear ?*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM XII.

PSALM XLII. 2.

When shall I come and appear before God?

WHAT is my soul the better to be tin'd*
With holy fire? what boots† it to be coin'd
With Heav'n's own stamp? what 'vantage can
there be
To souls of heav'n-descended pedigree,
More than to beasts that grovel? Are not they
Fed by th' Almighty's hand; and, ev'ry day,
Fill'd with his blessings too? Do they not see
GOD in his creatures, as direct as we?
Do they not taste thee? hear thee? nay, what sense
Is not partaker of thine excellence?
What more do we? alas! what serves our reason,
But, like dark lanterns, to accomplish treason
With greater closeness? It affords no light,
Brings thee no nearer to our purblind sight;

* Tin'd; lighted up.

† Boots; profits.

No pleasure rises up the least degree,
Great GOD, but in the clearer view of thee :
What priv'lege more than sense hath reason than ?*
What 'vantage is it to be born a man ?
How often hath my patience built, dear LORD,
Vain tow'rs of hope upon thy gracious word !
How often hath thy hope-reviving grace
Woo'd my suspicious eyes to seek thy face !
How often have I sought thee ! O how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'er obtain ;
In vain I seek thee, and I beg in vain !
If it be high presumption to behold
Thy face, why didst thou make mine eyes so bold
To seek it ? if that object be too bright
For man's aspect, why did thy lips invite
Mine eye t' expect it ? if it might be seen,
Why is this envious curtain drawn between
My darken'd eye and it ? O tell me, why
Thou dost command the thing thou dost deny ?
Why dost thou give me so unpriz'd a treasure,
And then deny'st my greedy soul the pleasure

* *Than* ; put for *then*, to accommodate the rhyme.

To view thy gift? Alas! that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd.
If those refulgent beams of Heav'n's great light
Gild not the day, what is the day but night?
The drowsy shepherd sleeps, flow'rs droop and fade;
The birds are sullen, and the beasts are sad:
But if bright Titan dart his golden ray,
And with his riches glorify the day,
The jolly shepherd pipes, flow'rs freshly spring;
The beasts grow gamesome, and the birds they sing.
Thou art my Sun, great GOD! O when shall I
View the full beams of thy meridian eye?
Draw, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies
The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes;
Or give me faith, and, by the eye of grace,
I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

S. August. in Psal. xxxix.

Who created all things is better than all things;
who beautified all things is more beautiful than all
things; who made strength is stronger than all
things; who made great things is greater than all

things : whatsoever thou lovest, he is that to thee : learn to love the workman in his work, the Creator in his creature : let not that which was made by him possess thee, lest thou lose him by whom thyself was made.

S. August. Med. Cap. xxxvii.

O thou most sweet, most gracious, most amiable, most fair, when shall I see thee ? when shall I be satisfied with thy beauty ? when wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confess thy name ?

Epig. 12.

How art thou shaded, in this veil of night,
Behind thy curtain flesh ? Thou seest no light
But what thy pride doth challenge as her own ;
Thy flesh is high : Soul, take this curtain down.



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BOOK V.



EMBLEM 13.

Pfalm . 55 . 6 .

*O that I had the Pinions of a Dove !
Then would I seek the Realms of Peace and Love .*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM XIII.

PSALM LV. 6.

*O that I had wings like a dove! for then would
I fly away, and be at rest.*

AND am I sworn a dunghill-slave for ever
To earth's base drudg'ry? Shall I never find
A night of rest? Shall my indentures never
Be cancell'd? Did injurious Nature bind
My soul Earth's 'prentice, with no clause to leave
her?

No day of freedom? Must I ever grind?

O that I had the pinions of a dove,
That I might quit my bands, and soar above,
And pour my just complaints before the great
JEHOVE!

How happy are the doves that have the pow'r,
Whene'er they please, to spread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing eagles, that can tow'r
Above the scent of these inferior things!

How happy is the lark, that ev'ry hour
 Leaves earth, and then, for joy, mounts up and
 sings!

Had my dull soul but wings as well as they,
 How I would spring from earth, and clip* away,
 As wise Astræa did and scron this ball of clay!

O how my soul would spurn this ball of clay,
 And loathe the dainties of earth's painful pleasure!

O how I'd laugh to see men night and day
 Turmoil to gain that trash they call their treasure!

O how I'd smile to see what plots they lay
 To catch a blast, or own a smile from Cæsar!

Had I the pinions of a mounting dove,
 How I would soar and sing, and hate the love
 Of transitory toys, and feed on joys above!

There should I find that everlasting pleasure,
 Which change removes not, and which chance
 prevents not;

There should I find that everlasting treasure,
 Which force deprives not, fortune disaugments†
 not;

* *Clip*; fly swiftly. † *Disaugments*; wasteth.

There should I find that everlasting Cæsar,
Whose hand recalls not, and whose heart repents
not :

Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,
How I would climb the skies, and hate the love
Of transitory toys, and joy in things above !

No rank-mouth'd slander there shall give offence,
Or blast our blooming names, as here they do ;
No liver-scalding lust shall there incense

Our boiling veins ; there is no Cupid's bow :
LORD, give my soul the milk-white innocence
Of doves, and I shall have their pinions too :

Had I the pinions of a sprightly dove,
How I would quit this earth, and soar above,
And Heav'n's bless'd kingdom find, and Heav'n's
bless'd King, JEHOVE !

S. August. in Psal. cxxxviii.

What wings should I desire but the two precepts
of love, on which the law and the prophets depend ?
O if I could obtain these wings, I could fly from

thy face to thy face, from the face of thy justice to the face of thy mercy : let us find those wings by love which we have lost by lust.

S. August. in Psal. lxxvi.

Let us cast off whatsoever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which satisfieth ; beyond which nothing is ; beneath which all things are ; of which all things are.

Epig. 13.

Tell me, my wishing soul, didst ever try
How fast the wings of red-cross'd Faith can fly ?
Why begg'st thou, then, the pinions of a dove ?
Faith's wings are swifter ; but the swiftest, love.





EMBLEM 14.

Pfalm 8 1.1.

*How bright, how glorious, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy heavenly Mansions are!*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM XIV.

PSALM LXXXIV. 1.

*How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of
hosts!*

ANCIENT of days, to whom all times are NOW,
Before whose glory seraphims do bow
Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd
faces;

That, uncontain'd, at once dost fill all places;
How glorious, O how far beyond the height
Of puzzled quills, or the obtuse conceit
Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortal tongues, are thy expressless Courts!
Whose glory to paint forth with greater art,
Ravish my fancy and inspire my heart;
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
For showing Sense what Faith alone should see.

Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more,
Of angel-measur'd leagues from th' eastern shore
Of dungeon-earth this glorious palace stands,
Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands

Of armed angels wait, to entertain
Those purged souls for whom the Lamb was slain ;
Whose guiltless death, and voluntary yielding
Of whose giv'n life, gave this brave Court her
building :

The lukewarm blood of this dear Lamb, being
spilt,

To rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built ;
And what dropp'd down in cold and gelid gore
Did turn rich sapphires, and impav'd her floor :
The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd,
Grew chrysolites, whereof her walls were made :
The milder glances sparkled on the ground,
And groundsell'd ev'ry door with diamond ;
But, dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A battlement of purest sardonyx.

Her streets with burnish'd gold are paved round ;
Stars lie like pebbles scatter'd on the ground :
Pearl, mix'd with onyx, and the jasper stone,
Made gravell'd causeways to be trampled on.
There shines no sun by day, no moon by night ;
The palace glory is the palace light :
There is no time to measure motion by,
There time is swallow'd with eternity :

Wry-mouth'd Disdain and corner-haunting Lust,
And twy-fac'd Fraud and beetle-brow'd Distrust,
Soul-boiling Rage and trouble-state Sedition,
And giddy Doubt and goggle-ey'd Suspicion,
And lumpish Sorrow and degeu'rous Fear,
Are banish'd thence, and Death 's a stranger there :
But simple love, and sempiternal joys,
Whose sweetness never gluts, nor fulness cloy ;
Where, face to face, our ravish'd eye shall see
Great ELOHIM, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and, seeing him, shall bless him ;
And, blessing, love him ; and in love possess him.
Here stay, my soul, and ravish in relation ;
Thy words being spent, spend now in contemplation.

S. Greg. in Psal. vii. Pœnitent.

Sweet Jesus, the Word of the Father, the brightness of paternal glory, whom angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that, led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed city, where day is eternal; where there is certain security, and secure eternity; and eternal peace, and peaceful happiness; and happy sweetness, and

sweet pleasure ; where thou, O GOD, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest world without end.

Ibidem.

There is light without darkness ; joy without grief ; desire without punishment ; love without sadness ; satiety without loathing ; safety without fear ; health without disease ; and life without death.

Epig. 14.

My soul, pry not too nearly ; the complexion
Of Sol's bright face is seen but by reflection :
But would'st thou know what's Heav'n ? I'll tell
thee what ;
Think what thou canst not think, and Heav'n is that.



EMBLEM 15.

Cant: 8.14.

*Haste then my Love, be like the bounding Roe,
Over the fragrant Hills where Spices grew.*

BOOK V.—EMBLEM XV.

CANTICLES VIII. 14.

*Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or
to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.*

Go, gentle tyrant, go ; thy flames do pierce
My soul too deep ; thy flames are too, too fierce :
My marrow melts, my fainting spirits fry,
I' th' torrid zone of thy meridian eye :
Away, away, thy sweets are too perfuming ;
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too consuming :
Haste hence, and let thy winged steps outgo
The frightened roebuck, and his flying roe.

But wilt thou leave me, then ? O thou that art
Life of my soul, soul of my dying heart ;
Without the sweet aspect of whose fair eyes
My soul doth languish, and her solace dies ;
Art thou so eas'ly woo'd ? so apt to hear
The frantic language of my foolish fear ?
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me ;
Look, look upon me, though thine eyes o'ercome me.

O how they wound ! but how my wounds content me !
How sweetly these delightful pains torment me !
How I am tortur'd in excessive measure
Of pleasing cruelties ! too cruel pleasure !
Turn, turn away, remove thy scorching beams ;
I languish with these bitter sweet extremes :
 Haste then, and let thy winged steps outgo
 The flying roebuck, and his frightened roe.

Turn back, my dear ! O let my ravish'd eye
Once more behold thy face before thou fly !
What, shall we part without a mutual kiss ?
O who can leave so sweet a face as this ?
Look full upon me ; for my soul desires
To turn a holy martyr in those fires :
 O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me ;
 Look, look upon me, though thy flames o'ercome
 me.

If thou becloud the sunshine of thine eye,
I freeze to death ; and if it shine, I fry ;
Which, like a fever, that my soul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot :

Alas! I cannot bear so sweet a smart,
Nor canst thou be less glorious than thou art.
Haste then, and let thy winged steps outgo
The frighted roebuck, and his flying roe.

But go not far beyond the reach of breath;
Too large a distance makes another death:
My youth is in her spring; autumnal vows
Will make me riper for so sweet a spouse:
When after-times have burnish'd my desire,
I'll shoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.

O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames o'ercome
me.

Autor Scalæ Paradisi. Tom. ix. Aug. Cap. viii.

Fear not, O bride! nor despair; think not thyself contemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face awhile: all things co-operate for the best: both from his absence, and his presence, thou gainest light: he cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: he cometh, to make thee consolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant

consolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languishing soul may be comforted; he goeth, lest his familiarity should be contemned; and, being absent, to be more desired; and, being desired, to be more earnestly sought; and, being long sought, to be more acceptably found.

Epig. 15.

My soul, sin's monster, whom with greater ease
Ten thousand fold thy GOD could make than please,
What would'st thou have? Nor pleas'd with sun,
 nor shade;
Heav'n knows not what to make of what He made.



THE FAREWELL
Fidelisque coronat ad Aras.

Faith at the Altar crowns, and leads to Heav'n.

THE FAREWELL.

REV. II. 10.

*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee
a crown of life.*

BE faithful? LORD, what 's that?

Believe: 'Tis easy to believe; but what?

That He whom thy hard heart hath wounded,

And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,

Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded

For those foul deeds thy hands have done

Believe that He, whose gentle palms

Thy needle-pointed sins have nail'd,

Hath borne thy slavish load (of alms),

And made supply where thou hast fail'd.

Did ever mis'ry find so strange relief?

It is a love too strong for man's belief.

Believe that He, whose side

Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, died

To save thy guilty soul from dying

Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence:

There was no 'scape, there was no flying,

But through his dearest blood's expense:

Believe this dying Friend requires
No other thanks for all his pain,
But e'en the truth of weak desires,
And, for his love, but love again.
Did ever mis'ry find so true a friend?
It is a love too vast to comprehend.

With floods of tears baptize
And drench these dry, these unregen'rate, eyes :
LORD, whet my dull, my blunt belief,
And break this fleshly rock in sunder,
That from this heart, this hell of grief,
May spring a Heav'n of love and wonder :
O, if thy mercies will remove
And melt this lead from my belief,
My grief will then refine my love,
My love will then refresh my grief.
Then weep, mine eyes, as He hath bled ; vouchsafe
To drop for ev'ry drop an epitaph.

But is the crown of glory
The wages of a lamentable story ?
Or can so great a purchase rise
From a salt humour ? Can mine eye

Run fast enough t' obtain this prize ?

If so, LORD, who's so mad to die ?

Thy tears are trifles ; thou must do :

Alas ! I cannot ; then endeavour :

I will ; but will a tug or two

Suffice the turn ? Thou must persevere :*

I'll strive till death ; and shall my feeble strife

Be crown'd ? I'll crown it with a crown of life.

But is there such a dearth,

That thou must buy what is thy due by birth ?

He whom thy hands did form of dust,

And gave him breath upon condition

To love his great Creator, must

He now be thine by composition ?

Art thou a gracious GOD, and mild,

Or headstrong man rebellious rather ?

O, man's a base rebellious child,

And thou a very gracious Father :

The gift is thine ; we strive, thou crown'st our strife :

Thou giv'st us faith ; and faith a crown of life.

* *Persevere* ; hold on.

THE END.

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