





10  
THE  
School  
OF THE  
HEART:

O R,  
The *Heart* of it self gone away from

G O D

Brought back again to him, and Instructed  
by Him.

In 47. EMBLEMS.

By the *Author* of the SYNAGOGUE Annex-  
ed to HERBERT'S POEMS.

Whereunto is Added,  
The Learning of the Heart,  
By the same Hand.

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*The Third Edition.*

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The

# The School of the Heart.

## THE INTRODUCTION.

**T**URN in, my mind, wander not abroad,  
Here's work enough at home, lay by that lead  
Of scattered thoughts, that clogs and cumber thee:  
Resume thy long neglected liberty  
Of self-examination: bend thine eye,  
Inward, consider where thy heart doth lye,  
How 'tis affected, how 'tis busi'd: look  
What thou hast Writ thy self in thine own Book,  
Thy Conscience: here set thou thy Self to School?  
Self-knowledg 'twixt a Wise man and a Fool  
Doth make the difference, he that neglects  
This Learning, sideth with his own defects.  
Dost thou draw back? Hath custom charm'd thee so,  
That thou canst relish nothing but thy woe;  
Find'st thou such sweetness in these sugar'd lyes?  
Have Forain objects so ingross'd thine eyes?  
Canst thou not hold them off? Hast thou an ear  
To listen, but to what thou should'st not hear?  
Art thou incapable of every thing,  
But what thy senses to thy fancy bring?  
Remember that thy birth and constitution  
Both promise better then such base confusion.  
Thy birth's divine, from Heaven; thy composition  
Is spirit, and immortal: thine Inclosure



In walls of flesh, not to make the debtor  
 For house-room to them, but to make them better:  
 Thy Body's thy Freehold, live then as the Lord,  
 No Tenant to thy own: some time afford  
 To view what state 'tis in: survey each part,  
 And above all, take notice of thine Heart.  
 Such as that is, the rest is, or will be,  
 Better or worse, blame-worthy, or fault-free.  
 What? are the ruines such thou art afraid,  
 Or else asham'd, to see how 'tis decay'd?  
 Is't therefore thou art loth to see it such,  
 As now it is, because it is so much,  
 Degenerated now from what it was,  
 And should have been? Thine ignorance, alas!  
 Will make it nothing better, and the longer  
 Evils are suffered grow, they grow the stronger:  
 Or hath thine understanding lost its light?  
 Hath the dark night of error dimm'd thy sight  
 So that thou canst not, though thou woul'st, observe  
 All things amiss within thee, how they swerve  
 From the straight rules of Righteousness, and Reason:  
 If so, omit not then this precious season.  
 'Tis yet school-time, as yet the door's not shut.  
 Hark how the Master calls. Come let us put  
 Up our requests to him, whose will alone  
 Limits his pow'r of teaching, from whom none  
 Returns unlearned, that hath once a will  
 To be his Scholar, and implore his skill.  
 Great searcher of the Heart, whose boundless sight  
 Discovers secrets, and doth bring to light  
 The hidden things of darkness, who alone  
 Perfectly know'st all things that can be known.  
 Thou know'st I do not, cannot, have no mind  
 To know mine heart: I am not only blind,  
 But lame, and listless: thou alone canst make



Mee able, willing : and the pains I take,  
As well as the successe, must come from thee,  
Who workest both to will and do in me :  
Having made mee now willing to be taught,  
Make me as willing to learn what I ought.  
Or, if thou wilt allow thy Scholar leave  
To choose his Lesson, lest I should deceive  
My self again, as I have done too often,  
Teach me to know my heart. Thou, thou, canst soften  
Lighten, enliven, purifie, restore,  
And make more fruitful, then it was before,  
Its hardness, darkness, death, uncleanness, loss,  
And barrenness : refine it from the dross,  
And draw out all the dregs, heal ev'ry sore,  
Teach it to know it self, and love the more.  
Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst impart this skill  
And for other learning take't who will.

B

Emb

Embleme I.



CONTAGIO CORDIS .

Cur implevit Satanus cor tuū. Act: 5. 3.  
Corac bibis stigium morbi mortisqꝫ venenum,  
Hic te Dum blandis decipit illacebris.

M. sculpsit.

# The Infection of the Heart,

Acts 5. 3.

*Why hath Satan filled thine heart?*

Epigr. 1.

**W**Hilst thou enclin'st thy *Voyce-enveigled ear,*  
The *subtill Serpents Syren-Songs to hear,*  
Thy heart drinks deadly *poyson drawn from Hell,*  
And with a *Vip'rous brood of sin doth swell.*

## ODE. I.

*The Soul.*

1.

Profit, and pleasure, comfort, and content,  
Wisdom, and honour, and when these are spent  
A fresh supply of more! Oh heav'nly words!  
Are these the dainty fruits, that this fair Tree affords?

*The Serpent.*

2.

Yes these, and many more, if more may be,  
All, that the world contains, in this one Tree  
Contracted is. Take but a tast, and try,  
Thou maist believe thy self, experience can not lye.

*The Soul.*

3.

But thou maist lye: and with a false pretence  
Of friendship rob me of that excellence,  
Which my Creators bounty hath bestow'd,  
And freely given me, to whom he nothing owes.

The

*The Serpent.* 4.

Strange composition ! so credulous:

And at the same time so suspicious !

This is the tree of knowledge, and until (Or ill?)

Thou eat thereof, how canst thou know what's good.

*The Soul.* 5.

God infinitely good my maker is,

Who neither will, nor can do ought amiss.

The being I receiv'd, was that he sent,

And therefore I am sure must needs be excellent :

*The Serpent.* 6.

Suppose it be : yet doubtless he that gave

Thee such a being must himself needs have

A better far, more excellent by much : (such.

Or else be sure that he could not have made thee

*The Soul.* 7.

Such as he made me I am well content

Still to continue : for, if he had meant

I should enjoy a better state, he would

As easily not have giv'n it, if he would.

*The Serpent.* 8.

And it is not all one, if he have given

Thee means to get it ? must he still be driven

To new wroks of creation for thy sake ?

Wilt thou not what he sets before thee dain to take ?

*The Soul.* 9.

Yes, of the fruits of all the other trees

I freely take and eat : they are the fees

Allow'd me for the dressing, by the Maker :

But of this fatall fruit I must not be partaker.

*The Serpent.* 10.

And why ? what danger can it be to eat

That which is good, being ordain'd for meat ?

What

What wilt thou say? God made it not for food?  
Or dur'st thou think that made by him, it is not good?

*The Soul.* 11.

Yes, good it is, no doubt, and good for Meat:  
But I am not allow'd thereof to eat.  
My makers prohibition under pain  
Of death, the day I eat thereof, makes me refrain.

*The Serpent.* 12.

Faint-hearted fondling, canst thou fear to dye,  
Being a Spirit and immortal? Fie.  
God knows this fruit once eaten will refine  
Thy grosser parts alone, and make thee all divine.

*The Soul.* 13.

There's something in it sure: were it not good,  
It had not in the mid'st of th'garden stood:  
And being good, I can no more refrain  
From wishing, then I can the fire to burn, restrain.

14.

Why do I trifle then? what I desire  
Why do I not? Nothing can quench the fire  
Of longing, but fruition. Come what will,  
Eat it I must, that I may know what's good and ill.

*The Serpent.* 15.

So, thou art taken now: that resolution  
Gives an eternal date to thy confusion.  
The knowledge thou hast got of good, and ill,  
Is of good gone, and past, of evil present still.

B 3

Emb!

Thine heart with horror. When thou shalt desc

By

B. 4



## Embleme 2.



## ABLATIO CORDIS.

Scortatio vinumq; et mustum intercipit  
mentem. Hos: 4. 11.

Scorta placent, et vina placent, sic stult<sup>9</sup> inersq;  
Exanimisq; animus: sic sine Corde Cor est.

W. M. sculp:

That which is good, being ordain'd for meat?

What



# The taking away of the Heart.

H O S. 4. 11.

*Whoredome and Wine, and new Wine take away  
the Heart.*

Epigr. 2.

**B** *Ase lust and luxury, the scum and dross  
of hell-born pleasures, please thee to the loss  
Of thy souls precious eye-sight, reason; so  
Mindless thy mind, heartless thine heart doth grow.*

O D E. 2.

I.

Laid down already? and so fast a sleep?  
Thy precious Heart left loosely on thine hand,  
Which with all diligence thou shouldst keep,  
And guard against those enemies, that stand  
Ready prepar'd to plunge it in the deep  
Of all distress? Rouze thee, and understand  
In time, what in the end thou must confess,  
That misery at last and wretchedness  
Is all the fruit that springs from slothful idleness.

3.

whilst thou li'st soaking in security,  
Thou drown'st thy self in sensual delight,  
And wallow'st in debauch'd luxurie,  
Which when thou art awake and see'st, will fright  
Thine heart with horror. When thou shalt dese

B. 4.

By

By the day light, the danger of the night,  
 Then, then, if not too late, thou wilt confess,  
 That endless misery and wretchedness  
 Is all the fruit that springs from riotous excess.

## 3.

Whilst thou dost pamper thy proud flesh, and thrust  
 Into thy panck the prime of all thy store,  
 Thou dost but gather fuel for that lust,  
 Which boyling in thy liver runneth o're,  
 And frieth in thy throbbing Veins, which must  
 Needs vent, or burst, when they can hold no more.  
 But oh consider what thou shalt confess  
 At last, that misery and wretchedness  
 Is all the fruit that springs from lustful wantonness.

## 4.

Whilst thou dost feed effeminate desires  
 With sumpny pleasures, whilst fruition  
 The coals of lust, fans into flaming fires,  
 And spurious delights thou dozest on,  
 Thy mind through cold remisness ev'n expires,  
 And all the active vigour of't is gone.  
 Take heed in time, or else thou shalt confess  
 At last that misery and wretchedness  
 Is all the fruit that springs from careless-mindedness.

## 5.

Whilst thy regardless sense-dissolved mind  
 Lies by unbent, that should have been thy spring  
 Of motion, all thy headstrong passions find  
 Themselves let loose, and follow their own swing,  
 Forgetful of the great account behind,  
 As though there never wou'd be such a thing,  
 But, when it comes indeed, thou wilt confess  
 That misery alone and wretchedness  
 Is all the fruit that springs from soul-forgetfulness.

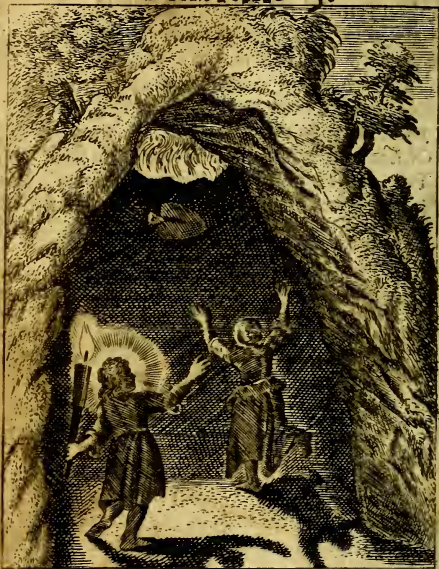
6.

Whilst thou remembreſt not thy later end,  
Nor what a reck'ning thou on day muſt make,  
Putting no difference betwixt foe and friend,  
Thou ſuffer'ſt helliſh Fiends thine heart to take,  
Who, all the while thou triſteſt, do attend,  
Ready to bring it to the Lake  
Of fire and brimſtone: where thou ſhalt confeſs  
That endleſs miſery and wretchedneſs  
Is all the fruit that ſprings from ſtupid heartleſneſs.

B 5

Emb:

## Embleme 3.



## CORDIS TENEBRÆ

Obtenebratum est decipiens cor eorum Rom.

Heu tenebras Cordis: tenebræ quibus exteriores

Succedent nisi Lux tibi luce mea .

W. M. sculp

# The darkness of the Heart.

ROM. I. 21.

*Their foolish Heart was darkened!*

Epigr. 3.

*Such cloudy shadows have eclips'd thine heart  
As Nature cannot parallel nor Art:  
Unless thou take my light of truth to guide thee,  
Blackness of darkness will at length betide thee.*

ODE. 3.

1.

Tarry, O tarry, lest thine heedless haste  
Hurry thee headlong unto hell at last:  
See, see, thine heart's already half-way there,  
Those gloomy shadows, that encompass it,  
Are the vast confines of th' infernal pit.  
O stay, and if thou lov'st not light, yet fear  
That fatal darkness, where  
Such danger doth appear.

2.

A night of ignorance hath overspread  
Thy mind and understanding: thou art led  
Blindfolded by unbridled passion:  
Thou wand'rest in the crooked ways of error,  
Leading directly to the King of terrour:  
The course thou takest, if thou holdest on,  
Will bury thee anon  
In deep decay.



3.

Whilst thou art thus deprived of thy sight,  
 Thou know'st no difference between noon and night,  
 Though the Sun shine, yet thou regard'st it not.  
 My love-alluring beauty cannot draw thee,  
 Nor doth my mind-amazing terrour awe thee:  
 Like one that had both good and ill forgot,  
 Thou carest not a jot  
 What falleth to thy lot.

4.

Thou art become unto thy self a stranger,  
 Observest not thine own desert, or danger,  
 Thou know'st not what thou dost, nor canst thou tell  
 Whither thou goest: shooting in the dark  
 How canst thou ever hope to hit the Mark?  
 What expectation hast thou to do well,  
 That art content to dwell  
 Within the verge of hell?

5.

Alas, thou hast not so much knowledge left,  
 As to consider that thou art bereft  
 Of thine own eye-sight. But thou run'st, as though  
 Thou sawest all before thee: whilst thy mind  
 To neereft necessary things is blind.  
 Thou knowest nothing as thou ought'st to know,  
 Whilst thou esteemest so  
 The things that are below.

6.

ould ever any, that had eyes, mistake  
 no difference make



But, desperately devoted to destruction,  
Rebell against the light, abhor instruction?  
As though thou did'st desire with death to dwell,  
Thou hatest to hear tell  
How yet thou maist do well.

7.

Oh that thou didst but see how blind thou art,  
And feel the dismal darkness of thine heart:  
Then would'st thou labour for, and I would lend  
My light to guide thee: that's not light alone,  
But life, eyes, sight, grace, glory, all in one. (bend,  
Then should'st thou know whither those by-ways  
And that death in the end  
On darkness doth attend.

Robert

H

Emb.

## Embleme 1.



## CORDIS FUGA

columba seducta non ha<sup>b</sup>ens COR. *1. cor. 7. 11.*

Quam fugeret fugitiua. tuum COR. si COR haberes

Non meminisse mei. non meminisse sui :

4. Michel uan lochem excu

## The absence of the Heart.

PROV. 17. 16.

Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get Wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?

Epigr. 4.

**H**Ad'st thou an heart, thou fickle Fugitive,  
How would thine heart hate and disdain to live  
Mindful of such vain trifles, as these be,

ODE. 4.

The Soul.

I.

Brave, dainty, curious, rare, rich, precious things!  
Able to make fate-blasted mortals blest,  
Peculiar treasures, and delights for Kings,  
That having pow'r of all, would choose the best.  
How do I hugg mine happiness, that have  
Present possession of what others crave?

Christ.

2.

Poor, silly, simple, sense-befotted soul,  
Why dost thou hug thy self-procured woes?  
Release thy freeborn thoughts, at least controul  
Those passions, that enslave thee to thy foes.  
How would'st thou hate thy self, if thou did'st know  
The baseness of those things thou prizest so!

The

*The Soul.* 3.

They talk of goodness, vertue, piety,  
Religion, honesty, I know not what ;  
So let them talk for me : so long as I  
Have goods and lands, and gold and jewells, that  
Both equall and excell all other-treasure, (sur  
Why should I strive to make their pain my ple

*Christ.* 4.

So Swine neglect the Pearls that lie before them,  
Trample them under foot, and feed on draffe :  
So fools gild rotten Idols, and adore them,  
Cast all the corn away, and keep the chaff.  
That ever reason should be blinded so,  
To grasp the shadow, let the substance go!

*The Soul.* 5.

All's but opinion that the world accounts  
Matter of worth : as this or that man sets  
A value on it, so the price amounts :  
The sound of strings is vari'd by the frets.  
My mind's my Kingdom : why should I withstand,  
Or question that, which I my self command?

*Christ.* 6.

Thy tyrant passions captivate thy reason :  
Thy lusts usurp the guidance of the mind :  
Thy sense-led fancy barter good for reason :  
Thy seed is vanity, thine harvest wind :  
Thy rules are crooked, and thou writ'st awry :  
Thy wayes are wandring, and thy mind to die.

*The Soul.* 7.

This table fums me myriads of pleasure :  
That book enrolls mine honours inventory :  
These bags are stuf with millions of treasure :  
These

Those writings evidence my state of glory:  
These bells ring heavenly musick in mine ears,  
To drown the noise of cumbrous cares and fears.

Christ.

8.

Those pleasures one day will procure thy pain:  
That which thou glori'st in, will be thy shame:  
Thou'lt find thy loss in what thou thought'st thy  
Thine honour will put on another name. (gain:  
That musick in the close will ring thy knell,  
In stead of heaven, toll thee into hell.

9.

But why do I thus waste my words in vain  
On one, that's wholly taken up with toys,  
That will not loose one dram of earth to gain  
A full eternal weight of heav'nly joyes?  
All's to no purpose, 'tis as good forbear,  
As speak to one, that hath no heart to hear.

Emb.



CORDIS VANITAS .

Qui minoratur CORDE cogitat inania. *Ecclesi. 16. 23*

*Ambitio follis vento distendit honorum*

*COR vanum; hinc spirat nil nisi grande NIHIL.*

5. *Michel van lochem excu*



## The Vanity of the Heart.

JOB 15. 31.

Let not him that is deceived trust in Vanity, for  
Vanity shall be his recompence.

Epigr. 5.

**A**mbition bellows with the wind of honour  
Puff up the swelling heart, that dotes upon her;  
which fill'd with empty Vanity, breaths forth  
Nothing, but such things as are nothing worth.

ODE. 5.

1.

The bane of Kingdoms, worlds disquieter,  
Hells heir apparent, Satans eldest son,  
Abstract of ills, refined Elixir,  
And quintessence of sin, Ambition,  
Sprung from th'infernal shades, inhabits here,  
Making mans heart its horrid mansion,  
Which, though it were of vast content before,  
Is now puff up, and swells still more and more.

2.

Whole Armies of vain thoughts it entertains,  
Is stuf with dreams of Kingdoms, and of Crowns,  
Presumes of profit without care or pains,  
Threatens to baffle all its foes with frowns,

In ev'ry bargain makes account of gaines,  
 Fancies such frolick mirth, as choaks and drowns  
 The voyce of conscience, whose loud alarms  
 Cannot be hard for pleasures countercharms.

## 3.

Wer't not for anger, and for pity, who  
 Could choose but smile to see vain-glorious men  
 Racking their wits, straining their sinews so,  
 That thorow their transparent thinness, when  
 They meet with Wind and Sun, they quickly grow  
 Riv'led and dry, shrink till they crack again,  
 And all but to seem greater then they are: (bare.  
 Stretching their strength, they lay their weakness,

## 4.

See how hells Fueller his bellows piles,  
 Blowing the fire, that burnt too fast before:  
 See how the furnace flames, the sparkles rise  
 And spread themselves abroad still more and more:  
 See how the doting Soul hath fixt her eyes  
 On her dear fooleries, and doth adore  
 With hands and heart lift up, those trifling toys,  
 Wherewith the Devil cheats her of her joyes.

## 5.

Alas, thou art deceiv'd, that glittering crown,  
 On which thou gazest, is not gold but grief,  
 That scepter sorrow: if thou take them down,  
 And try them, thou shalt find what poor relief  
 They could afford thee, though they were thine own,  
 Didst thou command ev'n all the world in chief,  
 Thy comforts would abate, thy cares encrease,  
 And thy perplexed thoughts disturb thy peace.

## 6.

Those Pearls so thorow pierc'd, and strung together,

Though

Though Jewels in thine ears they may appear,  
Will prove continu'd perils, when the weather  
Is clouded once, which yet is fair and clear.  
What will that Fan, though of the finest feather,  
Steed thee, the brunt of winds and storms to bear?  
Thy flagging colours hang their drooping head,  
And the shrill trumpets sound, shall strike thee dead.

7.

Were all those balls, which thou in sport dost toss,  
Whole Worlds, and in thy power to command,  
The gain would never countervail the loss,  
Those slipp'ry globes will glide out of thine hand,  
Thou canst have no fast hold but of the cross,  
And thou wilt fall, where thou dost think to stand.  
Forsake these follies then, if thou wilt live:  
Timely repentance may thy death reprove.

Emb.

## Embleme 6.



## CORDIS AGGRAVATIO.

Filii hominum, usquequò graui CORDE, *Psal. 43.*

Crupula et ebrietas, solidi duo pondera plumbi.

Nata polo, sursum tendere CORDA vetant.

⚡ Michel uan lochem exca

# The oppression of the Heart.

LVKE 21. 34.

*Take heed lest at any time your Hearts be over-  
charged with Surfeiting and Drunkenness.*

Epigr. 6.

**T**wo massy weights, Surfeiting, Drunkenness,  
Like mighty Logs of Lead, do so oppress  
The Heav'n-born hearts of Men, that to aspire  
Upwards they have not power nor desire.

ODE. 3.

I.

Monster of sins! See how th'enchanted soule  
O'recharg'd already, calls for more.  
See how the Hellish Skinker plies his Bowle,  
And's ready furnished with store,  
Whilst Cups on every side  
Planted, attend the tide.

2.

See how the piled Dishes mounted stand,  
Like Hills advanced upon Hills,  
And the abundance both of Sea and Land,  
Doth not suffice, ev'n what it fills,  
Mans dropsey appetite,  
And Cormorant delight.

3.

See how the poyson'd body's puff, and swel'd,  
 The face enflamed glows with heat,  
 The limbs unable are themselves to weld,  
 The pulses (deaths alarm) do beat:  
 Yet man sits still, and laughs,  
 Whilst his own bane he quaffs.

4.

But where's thine heart the while, thou senseles sot?  
 Look how it lieth crush'd, and quell'd,  
 Flat beaten to the board, that it cannot  
 Move from the place, where it is held,  
 Nor upward once aspire  
 With heavenly desire.

5.

Thy belly is thy God, thy shame thy, glory,  
 Thou mindest only earthly things;  
 And all thy pleasure is but transitory,  
 Which grief at last and sorrow brings:  
 The courses thou dost take  
 Will make thine heart to ake.

6.

Is't not enough to spend thy precious time  
 In empty idle complement,  
 Unless thou strain (to aggravate thy crime)  
 Nature beyond its own extent,  
 And force it to devour  
 An Age within an hour?

7.

That which thou swallow'st is not lost alone,  
 But quickly will revenged be,  
 By feasing on thine heart, which like a stone.



Lyes buri'd in the mid'st. of thee,  
Both void of common sense  
And reasons excellence.

8.

Thy body is diseases Rendevouze,  
Thy mind the market place of vice,  
The Devil in thy will keeps open house,  
Thou liv'st, as though thou would'st intice  
Hell torments unto thee,  
And thine own Devil be.

9.

Oh, what a dirty dunghill art thou grown,  
A nasty stinking kennel soule!  
When thou awak'st and see'st what thou hast done,  
Sorrow will swallow up thy Soul,  
To think how thou art foyl'd,  
And ail thy glory spoyl'd.

10.

Or if thou canst not be asham'd, at least  
Have some compassion on thy self:  
Before thou art transformed all to beast,  
At last strike sail, avoid the shelf,  
Which in that Gulf doth lie,  
Where all that enter die.

C

Emb.

## Embleme 7.



CORDIS AVARITIA.

Diuitiæ si affluant, nolite COR

apponere. *Psal. 61. u.*

COR ubi sit quis vaga et excors? scilicet hic est.

Est ubi, quod proprio plus tibi corde placet.

*Michael non lochem excu*

# The Covetousness of the Heart,

MAT. 6. 21.

*Where your Treasure is, there will your  
Heart be also.*

Epigr. 7.

**D**ost thou enquire, thou heartless wanderer,  
where thine heart is? Behold, thine heart is here.  
Here thine heart is, where that is, which above  
Thine own dear heart thou dost esteem, and love.

ODE. 7.

I.

See the deceitfulness of sin,  
And how the Devil cheateth worldly men:  
They heap up Riches to themselves, and then  
They think they cannot chuse but win,  
Though for their pates  
They stake their hearts.

2.

The Merchant sends his heart to Sea  
And there together with his ship 'tis tost:  
If this by chance miscarry, that is lost,  
His confidence is cast away:  
He hangs the head,  
As he were dead.

3.

The Pedlar cries, What do you lack?  
 What will you buy? and boasts his Wares the best:  
 But offers you the refuse of the rest,  
 As though his heart lay in his Pack,  
 Which greater gain  
 Alone can drain.

4.

The Plough-man furrows up his Land,  
 And sows his heart together with his Seed,  
 Which both alike, earth-born on earth do feed,  
 And prosper, or are at a stand:  
 He and his field  
 Like fruit do yeeld.

5.

The Broker, and the Scriv'ner have  
 The Us'ers heart in keeping with his bands:  
 His souls dear sustenance lyes in their hands,  
 And if they break, their shop's his grave.  
 His int'rest is  
 His only blifs.

6.

The Money-horder in his bags  
 Binds up his heart, and locks it in his Chest;  
 The same key serves to that, and to his brest,  
 Which of no other Heaven brags:  
 Nor can conceit  
 A joy so great.

7.

So for the greedy Landmunger:  
 The Purchases he makes in ev'ry part  
 Take livery and seisin of his heart:

Yet his insatiate hunger,  
For all his store,  
Gapes after more.

8.

Poor wretched Muckworms, wipe your eyes,  
Uncase those trifles that before you so:  
Your rich appearing wealth is real woe,  
Your death in your desires lyes.  
Your hearts are where  
You love, and fear.

9.

Oh, think not then the world deserves  
Either to be belov'd, or fear'd by you:  
Give heaven these affections as its due,  
Which always what it hath preserves  
In perfect blifs  
That endless is.

C 3

Emb.

## Embleme 8.



APERTIO . CORDIS .

LANCEA LONGINI:

Vulnerata charitate ego sum . cant. 2. 5.

COR. pia. transadigat diuin vulnere amoris

Lancea. que Iesu tincta cruore rubet.

M. van Sohem. excu



# The hardness of the Heart.

Z E C H. 7. 12.

*They made their Hearts as an Adamant Stone;  
lest they should hear the Law.*

Epigr. 8.

**W**ords move thee not, nor works: nor gifts, nor  
Thy sturdy Adamantine heart provokes (Strokes:  
My Justice, sleights my mercies: Anvile-like  
Thou stand'st unmov'd, though my hammer strike.

O D E. 8.

I.

What have we here? An Heart? It looks like one,  
The shape and colour speak it such:  
But having brought it to the touch  
I find it is no better then a stone.  
Adamants are  
Softer by far.

2.

Long hath it steeped been in Mercies Milk,  
And soaked in Salvation,  
Meet for the alteration  
Of Anvils, to have made them soft as silk;  
Yet it is still  
Hard'ned in ill.

3

Oft have I rain'd my Word upon it, oft  
 The dew of Heaven hath distil'd,  
 With promises of mercy fill'd,  
 Able to make mountains of marble soft:  
 Yet it is not  
 Changed a jot.

4.

My beams of love shine on it every day,  
 Able to thaw the thickest ice,  
 And where they enter in a trice  
 To make congealed Chrystal melt away:  
 Yet warm they not  
 This frozen clot.

5.

Nay more, this hammer, that is wont to grind  
 Rocks unto dust, and powder small,  
 Makes no impression at all,  
 Nor dint, nor crack, nor flaw, that I can find:  
 But leaves it as  
 Before it was.

6.

Is mine Almighty arm decay'd in strength?  
 Or hath mine hammer lost its weight?  
 That a poor lump of earth should sleight  
 My mercies, and not feel my wrath at length,  
 With which I make  
 Ev'n heav'n to quake.

No, I am still the same. I am the same,  
 And, when I please, my works of wonder  
 Shall bring the stoutest spirits under,

And make them to confes it is their lot  
To bow or break,  
When I but speak.

8.

But I would have men know, 'tis not my word,  
Or works alone can change their hearts:  
These instruments perform their parts,  
But 'tis my Spirit doth this fruit afford.  
'Tis I, not arr,  
Can melt mans heart.

9.

Yet would they leave their customary sinning,  
And so unclench the devils claws,  
That keeps them captive in his paws,  
My bounty soon should second that beginning:  
Ev'n hearts of steel.  
My force should feel.

Emb.

## Embleme 9.



- CORDIS DIVISIO.

Divisum est COR eorum: nunc  
interibunt. *osca. io. 2.*

*Ne tibi cum totum dederim vanissima, CORDIS,  
Cur mihi virgo, tui pars aliquanta datur?*  
9 *Michel van locison oecu*

## The Division of the Heart.

H O S. 10. 2.

*Thine Heart is divided? now shall they  
be found faulty.*

Epigr. 9.

**V**ain trifling Virgin, I myself have given  
wholly to thee: and shall I now be driven  
To rest contented with a petty part,  
That have deserved more then a whole heart?

O D E. 9.

1.

More mischief yet? was't not enough before  
To rob me wholly of thine heart,  
Which I alone  
Should call mine own,  
But thou must mock me with a part?  
Crown injury with scorn to make it more?

2.

What's a whole heart? scarce flesh enough to serve  
A Kite one breakfast: how much less,  
If it should be  
Offer'd to me?  
Could it sufficiently express  
What I for making it at first deserve?

3.

I gave thee whole, and fully furnished  
 With all its faculties entire,  
 There wanted not  
 The smallest jot,  
 That strictest justice could require  
 To render it compleatly perfected.

4.

And is it reason what I give in gross  
 Should be return'd but by retail?  
 To take so small  
 A part for all,  
 I reckon of no more avail,  
 Then where I scatter gold to gather dross.

5.

Give me thine heart but as I gave it thee:  
 Or give it me at least as I  
 Have given mine  
 To purchase thine.  
 I halv'd it not when I did die:  
 But gave my self wholly to set thee free.

6.

The heart I gave thee was a living heart,  
 And when thy heart by sin was slain,  
 I laid down mine  
 To ransom thine,  
 That thy dead heart might live again,  
 And live entirely perfect, not in part.

7.

But whilst thine heart's divided it is dead,  
 Dead unto me, unless it live  
 To me alone,  
 It is all one.



To keep all, and a part to give:  
For what's a body worth without an Head?

8.

Yet this is worse, that what thou keep'st from me  
Thou dost bestow upon my foes:  
And those not mine  
Alone, but thine.

The proper causes of thy woes,  
For whom I gave my life to set thee free.

9.

Have I betroth'd thee to my self, and shall  
The devil, and the world, intrude  
Upon my right,  
Ev'n in my fight?  
Think not thou canst me so delude.  
I will have none, unless I may have all.

10.

I made it all, I gave it all to thee,  
I gave all that I had for it:  
If I must loose,  
I'll rather choose  
Mine interest in all to quit:  
Or keep it whole, or give it whole to me.

Emb.

## Emblème 10.



CORDIS INSATIABILITAS .

Insatiabilis. oculus cupidi. Eccli. 14. 9.

Non triquetrum toto COR est. Satiabile mundo.

Solum, quæ fecit. COR replet vna trias.

10 Michel uan lochem excu

## The Insatiableness of the Heart.

H A B. 2. 5.

*Who inlargeth his desire as Hell, and is as death,  
and cannot be satisfied.*

Epigr. 10.

**T**He whole round World is not enough to fill  
The Hearts three corners, but it craveth still.  
Only the Trinity, that made it, can  
Suffice the vast triangled Heart of man.

O D E. 10.

I.

The Thirsty Earth, and Barren Womb cry, Give:  
The Grave devoureth all that live:  
The fire still burneth on, and never saith,  
It is enough: The Horse-leech hath  
Many more Daughters: but the heart of man  
Out-gapes them all as much as heav'n one span.

2.

Water hath drown'd the earth: The Barren Womb,  
Hath teem'd sometimes, and been the Tomb  
To its own swelling issue: and the Grave  
Shall one day a sick surfeit have:  
When all the Fuel is consum'd, the fire  
Will quench it self, and of it self expire.

3.

But the vast heart of man's insatiate,  
 His boundless appetite dilate  
 Themselves beyond all limits, his desires  
 Are endless still: whilst he aspires  
 To happiness, and fain would find that treasure  
 Where it is not, his wishes know no measure.

4.

His eye with seeing is not satisfi'd,  
 Nor's ear with hearing: he hath tri'd  
 At once to furnish ev'ry sev'ral sense,  
 With choice of curious objects, whence  
 He might extract, and into one unite  
 A perfect quintessence of all delight.

5.

Yet, having all that he can fancy, still  
 There wanteth more to fill  
 His empty appetite. His mind is vext,  
 And he is inwardly perplext  
 He knows not why: when as the truth is this,  
 He would find something there, where nothing is.

6.

He rambles over all the faculties,  
 Ransacks the secret treasuries  
 Of Art and Nature, spells the Universe  
 Letter by letter, can rehearse  
 All the Records of time, pretends to know  
 Reasons of all things, why they must be so.

7.

Yet is not so contented, but would fain  
 Prie in Gods Cabinet, and gain  
 Intelligence from heav'n of things to come,  
 Anticipate the day of Doom,

And

And read the issues of all actions so,  
As if Gods secret counsel he did know.

8.

Let him have all the wealth, all the renown,  
And glory, that the world can crown  
Her dearest darlings with; yet his desire  
Will not rest there, but still aspire:  
Earth cannot hold him, nor the whole creation  
Contain his wishes, or his expectation.

9.

The heart of man's but little, yet this All  
Compared thereunto's but small,  
Of such a large unparallel'd extense  
Is the short-lin'd circumference  
Of that three-corner'd figure, which to fill  
With the round world is to leave empty still.

10.

Go greedy soul, address thy self to heav'n,  
And leave the world, as 'tis bereav'n  
Of all true happiness, or any thing  
That to thine heart content can bring,  
But there a trine-une God in glory sits,  
Who all grace-thirsting hearts both fills and fits.

Emb.

## Embleme I I.



## CORDIS REVERSIO .

Redite præuaticatores ad COR. *Isai. i. 26. 8*

Quin mihi iam toties reuocata reuerteris ad COR. !

Nolle redire . merum velle perire . puta .

*Michel uan lochem excū.*



## The Returning of the Heart.

ISA Y. 46. 8.

Remember this, and shew your selves like men:  
Bring it again to heart, O ye transgressors.

Epigr. 11.

**O**ft have I call'd thee: O return at last,  
Return unto thine heart: let the time past  
Suffice thy wanderings: know that to cherish  
Revolting still, is a meer will to perish.

ODE. 11.

*Christ.*

1.

Return O wanderer, return, return.  
Let me not always wast my words in vain  
As I have done too long. Why dost thou spurn (gain?  
And kick the counsels that should bring thee back a-

*The Soul.*

2.

What's this that checks my course? Me thinks I feel  
A cold remisness seising on my mind:  
My stagger'd resolutions seem to reel,  
As though they had in hast forgot mine heart behind.

*Christ.*

3.

Return, O wanderer, return, return.  
Thou art already gone too far away,  
It is enough: unless thou mean to burn  
In hell forever, stop thy course at last and stay!

*The Soul.*

4.

There's something holds me back, I cannot move

Forward

Forward one foot : me thinks the more I strive  
 The less I stir. Is there a pow'r above  
 My will in me, that can my purposes reprove?

*Christ.*

5.

No power of thine own : 'tis I, that lay  
 Mine hand upon thine haste : whose will can make  
 The restless motions of the heavens stay, (take.  
 Stand still, turn back again, or new found courses

*The Soul.*

6.

What? am I riveted, or rooted here?  
 That neither forward, nor on either side  
 I can get loose? then there's no hope I fear,  
 But I must back again, whatever me betide.

*Christ.*

7.

And back again thou shalt. I'll have it so.  
 Though thou hast hitherto my voice neglected,  
 Now I have handed thee, I'll have thee know,  
 That what I will have done shall not be uneffected.

*The Soul.*

8.

Thou wilt prevail then, and I must return.  
 But how? or whither? when a world of shame,  
 And sorrow, lies before me, and I burn  
 With horror in my self to think upon the same.

9.

Shall I return to thee? Alas, I have  
 No hope to be received: a run-away,  
 A rebel to return! mad men may rave  
 Of mercy miracles, but what will justice say?

10.

Shall I return to mine own heart? Alas,  
 'Tis lost, and dead, and rotten long ago,  
 I cannot find it what at first it was,  
 And it hath been too long the cause of all my woe.

11.

11.

Shall I forsake my pleasures, and delights,  
My profits, honours, comforts, and contents,  
For that, the thought whereof my mind affrights,  
Repentant sorrow, that the soul asunder rents?

12.

Shall I return, that cannot though I would?  
I, that had strength enough to go astray,  
Find myself faint, and feeble, how I should  
Return. I cannot run I cannot creep this way.

13.

What shall I doe? Forward I must not go,  
Backward I cannot: If I tarry here,  
I shall be drowned in a world of woe,  
And antedate my own damnation by despair.

14.

But is't not better hold that which I have,  
Then unto future expectation trust?  
Oh no: to reason thus is but to rave.  
Therefore return I will, because return I must.

*Christ.*

15.

Return, and welcome: if thou wilt thou shalt!  
Although thou canst not of thy self, yet I,  
That call, can make thee able. Let the fault  
Be mine, if when thou wilt return I let thee lye.

Emb.

Embleme 12.



CORDIS EFFUSIO .

Effunde, sicut aquam COR tuum  
 ante conspectum Domini *Thren. 2. 39.*

*Vota quid ocluso, quid vulnera pectore celas?*

*Ante Deum fise COR naret, ut in aone*

## The pouring out of the Heart,

L A M. 2. 19.

*Poure out thine Heart like Water before the  
face of the Lord.*

Epigr. 12.

**W**HY dost thou hide thy wounds? why dost thou hide  
In thy close breast thy wishes, and so hide  
With thine own fears and sorrows? Like a spout  
Of water let thine Heart to God break out.

O D E. 12.

*The Soul.*

1.

Can death, or hell, be worse then this estate?  
Anguish, amazement, horror, and Confusion,  
Drown my distracted mind in deep distress.  
My grief's grown so transcendent, that I hate  
To hear of comfort, as a false Conclusion  
Vainly infer'd from feigned Premises.

What shall I do? what strange course shall I try,  
That, though I loath to live, yet dare not die?

*Christ.*

2.

Be rul'd by me, I'll teach thee such a way,  
As that thou shalt not only drain thy mind  
From that destructive deluge of distress,  
That overwhelms thy thoughts, but clear the day,  
And soon recover light, and strength to find,  
And to regain thy long lost happiness.

Confess, & pray. Say what it is doth ail thee, (thee.  
What thou wouldst have, and that shall soon avail

The



*The Soul.*

3.

Confess and pray? If that be all, I will.

Lord, I am sick, and thou art health, restore me.

Lord, I am weak, and thou art strength, sustain me.

That thou art all goodness, Lord, and I all ill.

Thou Lord, art holy, I unclean before thee.

Lord, I am poor, and thou art rich, maintain me.

Lord, I am dead, and thou art life, revive me.

Justice condemns, let mercy, Lord, reprieve me.

4.

A wretched miscreant I am, compos'd

Of sin, and misery; 'tis hard to say,

Which of the two allies me most to hell:

Native corrupcion makes me indispos'd

To all that's good, but apt to go astray,

Prono to do ill, unable to do well,

My light is darkness, and my liberty

Bondage, my beauty foul deformity.

5.

A plague of leprosie o'rspreadeth all

My pow'rs, and faculties: I am unclean,

I am unclean: my liver broils with lust,

Rancor and malice overflow my gall,

Envy my bones doth rot, and keep me lean,

Revengeful wrath makes me forget what's just:

Mine eare's uncircumcis'd, mine eye is evil,

And hating goodness makes me parcell devil.

6.

My callous conscience is cauteriz'd;

My trembling heart shakes with continual fear:

My frantick passions fill my mind with madness:

My windy thoughts with pride are tympaniz'd:

My poy's'nous tongue spits venome ev'ry where:

My



My wounded Spirit's swallow'd up with sadness :  
Impatience discontentment plagues me so,  
I neither can stand still, nor forward go.

7.

Lord, I am all diseases : Hospitals,  
And bills of Mountebanks, have not so many,  
Nor half so bad. Lord, hear, and help, and heal me.  
Although my guiltiness for vengeance calls,  
And colour of excuse I have not any,  
Yet thou hast goodness, Lord, that may avail me.  
Lord, I have powr'd out all my heart to thee :  
Vouchsafe one drop of mercy unto me.

**D**

**Emb.**

## Embleme 13.



CORDIS CIRCVMCISIO.

Circumcidite præputium

CORDIS uestri. Deuteron. 10. 26.

*C*ruce capulum, chalybem cultro dat lancea, dani  
*F*erum, hoc COR circum-cide deoq; sacra.

13

Michel van lechem oecu

## The Circumcision of the Heart.

DEUT. 10. 16.

*Circumcise the foreskin of your Heart, and be no more stiff-necked.*

Epigr. 13.

**H**ere, take thy Saviours cross, the nails, and spear,  
That for thy sake his holy flesh did tear:  
Use them as knives thine heart to Circumcise,  
And dress thy God a pleasing sacrifice.

ODE. 13.

1.

Heal thee? I will. But first I'll let thee know  
What it comes to.

The plaister was prepared long agoe:

But thou must do  
Something thy self, that it may be  
Effectually apply'd to thee.

2.

I, to that end, that I might cure thy sores,  
Was slain, and dy'd,  
By mine own people was turn'd out of doors,  
And crucify'd:  
My side was pierced with a spear,  
And nails my hands and feet did tear.

3.

Do thou then to thy self, as they to me:  
Make haste, and try,  
The old man, that is yet alive in thee,  
To crucifie.

Till he be dead in thee, my blood  
Is like to doe thee little good :

4.

My course of Physick is to cure the Soul  
By killing sin.  
So then thine own Corruptions to controul  
Thou must begin.  
Untill thine heart be circumcis'd,  
My death will not be duly priz'd.

5.

Consider then my Cross, my Nails, and Spear,  
And let that thought  
Cut Rasor-like thine heart, when thou dost hear,  
How dear I bought  
Thy freedom from the pow'r of sin,  
And that distress which thou wast in.

6.

Cut out the Iron finew of thy neck,  
That it may be  
Supple, and pliant to obey my beck,  
And learn of me.  
Meekness alone, and yeelding, hath  
A power to appease my wrath.

7.

Shave off thine hairy scalpe, those curled locks  
Powd'ed with pride,  
Wherewith my scornful heart, my judgements mocks,  
And thinks to hide  
Its thunder-threaned head, which bared  
Alone is likely to be spared.

8.

Rip off those seeming robes, but real rags,  
Which earth admires

As honourable ornaments, and brags  
That it attires,  
Cumbers thee indeed. Thy sores  
Festers with what the world adores.

9.

Clip thine Ambitious wings, let down thy plumes,  
And learn to stoop,  
Whilst thou hast time to stand. Who still presumes  
Of strength will droop  
At last, and flag, when he should flye.  
Falls hurt them most that climb mest high.

10.

Scrape off that scaly scurffe of vanities,  
That clogs thee so:  
Profits and pleasures are those enemies,  
That work thy woe.  
If thou wilt have me cure thy wounds,  
First rid each humour that abounds.

## Embleme 14.



## CORDIS CONTRITIO.

COR contritum et humiliatum,  
Deus, non despicies, *Psal. 50. 19.*

*In partes quatuor mille velim contundere COR hoc.*

*Quod fuit auctori sponte rebelle suo.*

14. Michel van lochem excu.



## The Contrition of the Heart.

PSAL. 51. 17.

*A broken and contrite Heart, O God,  
thou wilt not despise.*

Epigr. 14.

**H**ow gladly would I bruise, and break this Heart  
unto a thousand pieces, till the smart  
Make it confess, that, of its own accord,  
It wilfully rebel'd against the Lord?

ODE. 14.

1.

Lord, if I had an arm or pow'r like thine,  
And could effect what I desire,  
My love-drawn heart, like smallest wyre,  
Bended and written should together twine,  
And twisted stand  
With thy command:

Thou should'st no sooner bid, but I would go,  
Thou should'st not will the thing I would not do.

2.

But I am weak, Lord, and corruption strong:  
When I would fain do what I should,  
Then I cannot do what I would:  
Mine actions short, when mine intention's long;  
Though my desire  
Be quick as fire,

Yet my performance is as dull as earth,  
And stifles its own issue in the birth.

## 3.

But what I can do, Lord, I will, since what  
I would I cannot: I will try  
Whether mine heart, that's hard and dry,  
Being calm'd, and tempered with that  
Liquor which falls  
From mine eye-balls.  
Will work more plainly, and yeeld to take  
Such new impression as thy grace shall make.

## 4.

In mine own conscience then, as in a mortar  
I'll place mine heart, and bray it there:  
If grief for what is past, and fear  
Of what's to come be a sufficient torture,  
I'll break it all  
In pieces small:  
Sin shall not find a sheard without a flaw,  
Wherein to lodge one lust against thy Law.

## 5.

Remember then, mine heart, what thou hast done;  
What thou hast left undone: the ill  
Of all my thoughts, words, deeds, is still  
Thy cursed issue onely: thou art grown  
To such a pass,  
That never was,  
Nor is, nor will there be, a sin so bad,  
But thou, some way therein an hand hast had.

## 6.

Thou hast not been content alone to sin,  
But hast made others sin with thee,  
Yea made their sins thine own to be,

By liking, and allowing them therein.  
Who first begins,  
Or follows, sins  
Not his own sins alone, but sinneth o're  
All the same sins, both after, and before.

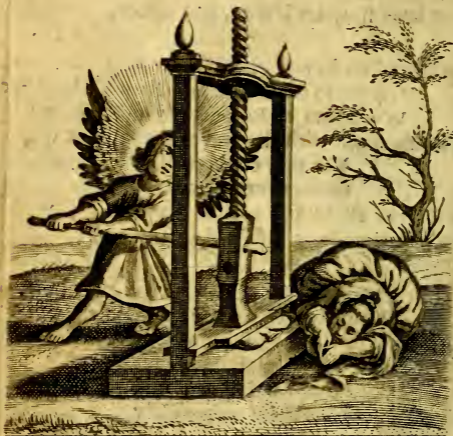
7.

What boundless sorrow can suffice a guilt.  
Grown so transcendent? Should thine eye.  
Weep Seas of Blood, thy fights outvie  
The winds when with the waves they run at tilt,  
Yet they could not  
Conceal one blot.  
The least of all thy sins against thy God  
Deserve a thunderbolt should be thy rod.

8.

Enough at once, while thou art whole,  
Shiver thy self to dust, and dole  
Thy sorrow to the sev'ral atoms, give  
All to each part,  
And by that art  
Strive thy dissever'd self to multiply,  
And want of weight with number to supply.

## Embleme 15.



## CORDIS HUMILIATIO.

Deprime COR tuum et sustine. *Eccli. 2. 2.*

*COR. nimis. heu. fere. gaudens. sublimibus. effert;*

*Ni super impositum. deprimat illud. onus.*

*Michel uan lochem excu.*

## The Humiliation of the Heart.

ECCL. 7. 9.

*The patient in Spirit, is better then the proud  
in Spirit.*

Epigt. 15.

**M**ine Heart, alas, exalts it self too high,  
And doth delight a loftier pitch to flye,  
Then it is able to maintain, unless  
It feel the weight of thine imposed Press.

ODE. 15.

I.

So let it be,  
Lord, I am well content,  
And thou shalt see  
The time is not mispent,  
Which thou dost then bestow, when thou dost quell  
And crush the heart where pride before did swell.

2.

Lord, I perceive  
As soon as thou dost send,  
And I receive  
The blessings thou dost lend,  
Mine heart begins to mount, and doth forget  
The ground whereon it goes, where it is set.

## 3.

In health I grew  
     Wanton, began to kick,  
 As though I knew  
     I never should be sick.  
 Diseases take me down, and make me know,  
 Bodies of Brass must pay the debt they owe.

## 4.

If I but dream  
     Of wealth, mine heart doth rise  
 With a full stream  
     Of pride, and I despise  
 All that is good, untill I wake, and spie  
 The swelling bubble prickt with poverty.

## 5.

A little wind  
     Of undeserved praise  
 Blows up my mind,  
     And my swoln thoughts doth raise  
 Above themselves, until the sense of shame  
 Makes me contemn my self-dishonour'd name.

## 6.

One moments mirth  
     Would make me run stark mad,  
 And the whole earth,  
     Could it at once be had,  
 Would not suffice my greedy appetite,  
 Did'st thou not pain in stead of pleasure write.

## 7.

Lord, it is well,  
     I was in time brought down,  
 Else thou canst tell.  
     Mine heart would soon have flow'n.



Full in thy face, and studi'd to requite  
The riches of thy goodness with despight.

8.

Slack not thine hand,

Lord, turn thy Screw about :  
If thy Press stand,

Mine heart may chance slip out.  
O quest it unto nothing, rather then  
It should forget it self, and swell again.

9.

Or if thou art

Dispos'd to let it go,  
Lord, teach mine heart

To lay it self as low,  
As thou canst it: that prosperity  
May still be temper'd with humility.

10.

Thy way to rise

Was to descend: let me  
My self despise,

And so ascend with thee.  
Thou throw'st them down, that lift themselves on high,  
And raisest them, that on the ground do lie.

## Embleme 16.



## CORDIS EMOLLITIO.

Deus molliuit COR meum .Iob. 23. 16,  
 COR. marmor glaciale. Deus. ceu cera. liquefcet.  
 Vrere cum tuus hoc ceperit ignis amor.  
 .Michel. uan lochem ccū.

## The Softning of the Heart.

JOB 23. 16.

*God maketh my Heart soft.*

Epigr. 16.

**M**ine heart is like a Marble ice,  
Both cold, and hard: but thou canst in a trice  
Melt it like wax, great God, if from above  
Thou kindle in it once thy fire of love.

ODE. 16.

I.

Nay, blessed Founder, leave me not:  
If out of all this gret  
There can but any gold be got,  
The time thou dost bestow, the cost,  
And pains will not be lost:  
The bargain is but hard at most.  
And such are all those thou dost make with me:  
Thou know'st thou canst not but a loser be.

2.

When the Sun shines with glitt'ring beams,  
His cold dispelling gleames,  
Turn snow, and ice to wat'ry streams.  
The Wax, so soon as it hath smelt  
The warmth of fire, and felt  
The glowing heat thereof will melt.

Yea

Yea Pearls with Vinegar dissolve we say,  
And Adamants in Blood of Goats, they say.

## 3.

If nature can do this, much more,  
Lord, may thy grace restore  
Mine heart to what it was before.  
There's the same matter in it still,  
Though new inform'd with ill,  
Yet can it not resist thy will.

Thy pow'r that fram'd it at the first, as erst  
As thou wilt have it, Lord can make it soft.

## 4.

Thou art the Sun of righteousness:  
And though I must confess  
Mine heart's grown hard in wickedness,  
Yet thy resplendent rays of light,  
When once they come in sight,  
Will quickly thaw what froze by Night.

Lord, in thine healing wings a pow'r doth dwell  
Able to melt the hardest heart in hell.

## 5.

Although mine heart in hardness pass  
Both iron, steel, and brass,  
Yea the hardest thing that ever was,  
Yet, if thy fire thy Spirit accord,  
And working with thy word  
A blessing unto it afford,

It will grow liquid, and not drop alone,  
But melt it self away before thy throne.

## 6

Yea, though my flinty heart be such,  
That the Sun cannot touch  
Nor fire sometimes affect it much,  
Yet thy warm reeking self-shed blood,

O Lamb of God, 's so good  
It cannot always be withstood.  
That Aqua-regia of thy love prevails,  
Ev'n where thy powers Aqua fortis fails.

7.

Then leave me not so soon, dear Lord,  
Though I neglect thy Word,  
And what thy power doth afford,  
Yet try thy mercy, and thy love,  
The force thereof may prove.  
Soakt in thy blood, mine heart will soon surrender  
Its native hardness, and grow soft, and tender.

Emb.

Embleme<sup>o</sup> 17.

## CORDIS MVNDATIO.

Lava a malitiâ COR tuum. *Irem. 4. 14.*

*Fons scaturit lateris transfixi vulnere sponsi  
Hoc CORDIS maculas ablue, sponsa. tri.*

*Michel uân lochem excû.*



# The Cleansing of the Heart,

JER. 5-14.

O Jerusalem, wash thine Heart from wickedness,  
that thou mayst be Saved.

Epigr. 17.

O *W* of thy wounded Husbands Saviours side,  
Espoused Soul, there flows with a full tide  
A Fountain for uncleaness: wash thee there,  
Wash there thine heart, and then thou need'st not fear.

ODE. 17.

1.

O endless misery!

I labour still, but still in vain!

The stains of sin I see

Are oaded all, or di'd in grain.

There's not a blot

Will stir a jot

For all that I can do.

There is no hope

In suifers sope,

Though I add nitre too.

2.

I many ways have tri'd,

Have often soakt it in cold fears,

And, when a time I spi'd,

Powred upon it scalding tears,

Have rins'd, and rub'd,

And scrap't and scrub'd,

And

And turn'd it up, and down:  
 Yet can I not  
 Wash out one spot.  
 It's rather fouler grown.

3.

O miserable state!  
 Who would be troubled with an heart,  
 As I have been of late,  
 Both to my sorrow, shame, and smart?  
 If it will not  
 Be cleaner got,  
 'Twere better I had none.  
 Yet how should we  
 Divided be,  
 That are not two, but one?

4.

But am I not stark wild,  
 That go about to wash mine heart  
 With hands that are defil'd,  
 As much as any other part?  
 Whilst all thy tears,  
 Thine hopes, and fears,  
 Both ev'ry word, and deed,  
 And thought is foul,  
 Poor silly Soul,  
 How canst thou look to speed?

5.

Can there no help be had?  
 Lord, thou art holy, thou art pure:  
 Mine heart is not so bad,  
 So foul, but thou canst cleanse it sure.  
 Speak, blessed Lord,  
 Wilt thou afford  
 Me means to make it clean?

I know thou wilt :  
Thy blood were spilt  
Should it run still in vain.

6.

Then to that blessed spring,  
Which from my Saviours sacred side  
Doth flow, mine heart I'll bring,  
And there it will be purifi'd.

Although the dye,  
Wherein I lie,  
Crimson, or Scarlet were,  
This Blood I know,  
Will make't, as Snow,  
Or Wool, both clean, and clear.

*T. Harris*

*Mary Poley*  
*Alice G. G. G.*

Emb.

## Embleme 18.



SPECVLVM CORDIS IN

QVINQVE VVLNERIBVS

Inspice et fac secundum Exemplar quod  
tibi in monte monstratum est. *Exod. 25. 40.*

*Pro speculo CORDIS, COR aspice dulcis Jesu.*

*Imprimet. hoc CORDI. vulnera viua, tuo.*

*Michel van Lochem excū*

## The giving of the Heart.

PROV. 23. 21.

*My Son give me thine Heart.*

Epigr. 18.

**T**He onely love, the onely fear, thou art,  
Dear, and dread Saviour, of my sin-sick heart.  
Thine heart thou gavest, that it might be mine:  
Take thou mine heart then, that it may be thine.

ODE. 18.

1.

Give thee mine heart? Lord so I would,  
And there's great reason that I should,  
If it were worth the having:  
Yet sure thou wilt esteem that good,  
Which thou hast purchas'd with thy blood,  
And thought it worth the craving.

2.

Give thee mine heart? Lord, so I will,  
If thou wilt first impart the skill  
Of bringing it to thee:  
But should I trust my self to give  
Mine heart, as sure as I do live,  
I should deceived be.

3.

As all the value of mine heart  
Proceeds from favour, not desert,  
Acceptance is its worth:

So neither know I how to bring  
 A present to my heav'nly King,  
     Unless he set it forth.

4.

Lord of my life, me thinks I hear  
 Thee say, that thee alone to fear,  
     And thee alone to love,  
 Is to bestow mine heart on thee,  
 That other giving none can be,  
     Whereof thou wilt approve.

5.

And well thou dost deserve to be  
 Both loved, Lord, and fear'd by me,  
     So good, so great, thou art :  
 Greatness so good, goodness so great,  
 As passeth all finite conceit,  
     And ravisheth mine heart.

6.

Should I not love thee, blessed Lord,  
 Who freely of thine own accord  
     Laid'st down thy life for me ?  
 For me, that was not dead alone,  
 But desp'rately transcendent grown  
     In enmitie to thee ?

7.

Should I not fear before thee, Lord,  
 Whose hand spans Heaven, at whose word  
     Devils themselves do quake ?  
 Whose eyes out-shine the Sun, whose beck  
 Can the whole course of Nature check,  
     And its foundations shake ?

8.

Should I with-hold mine heart from thee,



The fountain of felicity,  
Before whose presence is  
Fulness of joy, at whose right hand  
All pleasures in perfection stand,  
And everlasting bliss ?

9.

Lord, had I hearts a million,  
And myriads in ev'ry one  
Of choicest loves, and fears,  
They were too little to bestow  
On thee, to whom I all things owe,  
I should be in arrears,

10.

Yet, since my heart's the most I have,  
And that which thou dost chiefly crave,  
Thou shalt not of it miss.  
Although I cannot give it so,  
As I should do, I'll offer't though:  
Lord take it, here it is.

E

Emb.

## Embleme 19.



CORDIS SACRIFICIVM.

Sacrificium deo. Spiritus  
contribulatus. Pſal. 50. 19.

*Non vituli caſiue Deo placet hoſtia tauri:*

*COR mihi qui dedit hic COR ſibi poſcit amor.*

## The Sacrifice of the Heart.

PSAL. 51. 17.

*The Sacrifices of God are a broken Heart.*

Epigr. 19.

**N**OR Calves, nor Bulls, are sacrifices good  
Enough for thee, who gav'st for me thy blood,  
And more then that, thy life : Take thine own part,  
Great God, that gavest all, here take mine heart.

ODE. 19.

I.

Thy former covenant of old ;  
Thy Law of Ordinances, did require  
Fat sacrifices from the fold,  
And many other off'rings made by fire.  
Whilst thy first Tabernacle stood,  
All things were consecrate with blood.

2.

And can thy better Covenant,  
Thy law of grace and truth by Jesus Christ,  
Its proper sacrifices want  
For such an Altar, and for such a Priest ?  
No, no, thy Gospel doth require  
Choice off'rings too and made by fire.

3.

A sacrifice for sin indeed,  
Lord, thou didst make thy self, and once for all :  
So that there never will be need  
Of any more sin-off'rings, great, or small.

The life-bloud thou did'st shed for me,  
Hath set my soul for ever free.

4.

Yea, the same sacrifice thou dost  
Still offer in behalf of thine elect :

And to improve it to the most,  
Thy Word, and Sacraments do in effect  
Offer thee oft, and sacrifice  
Thee daily in our ears, and eyes.

5.

Yea, each beleiving soul may take  
Thy sacrificed flesh, and bloud by faith,  
And therewith an atonement make  
For all its trespasses, thy Gospel saith.  
Such infinite transcendent price  
Is there in thy sweet sacrifice.

6.

But is this all? Must there not be  
Peace-offerings, and sacrifices of  
Thanksgiving tendered unto thee?  
Yes, Lord, I know I should but mock, and scoff  
Thy sacrifice for sin, should I  
My sacrifice of praise deny.

7.

But I have nothing of mine own  
Worthy to be presented in thy sight,  
Yea the whole world affords not one  
Or Ram, or Lamb, wherein thou canst delight.  
Less then my self it must not be:  
For thou didst give thy self for me.

8.

My self then I must sacrifice:  
And so I will, mine heart, the onely thing

Thou

Thou dost above all other prize  
As thine own part, the best I have to bring.  
An humble heart's a sacrifice,  
Which I know thou wilt not despise.

9.

Lord, be my altar, sanctifie  
Mine heart thy sacrifice, and let thy Spirit  
Kindle thy fire of love, that I,  
Burning with zeal to magnifie thy merit,  
May both consume my sins, and raise  
For real trophies to thy praise

**E 3**

**Emb.**

## Embleme 20.



## CORDIS PONDÉRATIO.

Appendit CORDA Dominus. *proverb. 21. 2.*

*Quod mihi donasti, magno pro munere non est*

*Si negat hoc. iusti ponderis æqua bilanz.*

*Michel van lochem excu.*



# The weighing of the Heart.

PROV. 21. 2.

*The Lord pondereth the Heart.*

Epigr. 20.

**T**He heart thou giv'st as a great gift, my love,  
Brought to the trial nothing such will prove,  
If Justice equal ballance tell thy sight  
That weighed with my Law, it is too light.

ODE. 20.

1.

'Tis true indeed, an heart  
Such as it ought to be,  
Entire, and sound in ev'ry part,  
Is always welcome unto me.

He that would please me with an offering  
Cannot a better have, although he were a King.

2.

And there is none so poor,  
But if he will he may  
Bring me an heart, although no more,  
And on mine Altar may it lay.

The sacrifice which I like best, is such (grutch.  
As rich men cannot boast, and poor men need not

3.

Yet ev'ry heart is not  
A gift sufficient,  
It must be purg'd from ev'ry spot,  
And all to pieces must be rent.

E 4

Thought

Though thou hast sought to circumcise, and bruise't,  
It must be weighed too, or else I shall refuse't.

## 4.

My ballances are just,  
My Law's an equal weight,  
The beam is strong, and thou maist trust  
Thy steady hand to hold it streight.  
Were thine heart equal to the world in fight,  
Yet it were nothing worth, if it should prove too light.

## 5.

And so thou see'st it doth,  
My pond'rous Law doth press  
This scale, but that, as fill'd with froth,  
Tilts up, and makes no shew of stress.  
Thine heart is empty sure, or else it would  
In weight, as well as bulk, better proportion hold.

## 6.

Search it, and thou shalt find  
It wants integrity,  
And is not yet so thorow lin'd  
With single ey'd sincerity,  
As it should be: some more humility (stancy:  
There wants to make it weight, and some more con-

## 7.

Whilst windy vanity  
Doth puff it up with pride,  
And double fac'd hypocrisie  
Doth many empty hollows hide,  
It is but good in part, and that but little,  
Way'ring unsteadiness makes its resolutions brittle.

## 8.

The heart, that in my sight  
As currant coyn would pass,

Must

Must not be the least grain too light,  
But as at first it stamped was.

Keep then thine heart till it be better grown,  
And, when it is full, I'll take it for mine own.

9.

But if thou art ashamed

To find thine heart so light,

And art afraid thou shalt be blamed,

I'll teach thee how to set it right.

Add to my Law my Gospel, and there see

My merits thine, and then the scales will equal be.

E 5

Emb.

## Embleme 21.



## CORDIS PROTECTIO

Dedisti eis scutum CORDIS laborem tuum. *Thres. vi.*

*Ægide COR tu meæ lux defende laboris,*

*Quem pro CORDE tuus ferre coegit amor*

21 Michel uan Lochem excu

## The trying of the Heart.

PROV. 17. 3.

*The Fining pot for Silver, and the Furnace for Gold : but the Lord trieth the Hearts.*

Epigr. 21.

**T**Hine heart, my deer, more precious is then gold,  
Or the most precious things that can be told :  
Provide first that my pure fire have tri'd  
Out all the dross, and pass it purifi'd.

ODE 21.

I.

What? take it at adventure, and not try  
What metal it is made of? No, not I.

Should I now lightly let it pass,  
Take sullen lead for silver, sounding brass  
Instead of solid gold, alas,  
What would become of it? In the great day  
Of making jewels 't would be cast away.

2.

The heart thou giv'st me must be such a one,  
As is the same throughout. I will have none  
But that, which will abide the fire.

'Tis not a glitt'ring outside I desire,  
Whose seeming shews do soon expire :  
But real worth within, which neither dross,  
Nor base allayes, make subject unto loss.

3.

If in the composition of thine heart

A stubborn steely wilfulness have part,  
 That will not bow and bend to me,  
 Save onely in a meer formality  
 Of tinsel-trim'd hypocrisie,  
 I care not for it, though it shew as fair,  
 As the first blush of the Sun-gilded air.

## 4.

The heart that in my furnace will not melt,  
 When it the glowing heat thereof hath felt  
 Turn liquid, and dissolve in tears  
 Of true repentance for its faults, that hears  
 My threatening voyce, and never fears,  
 Is not an heart worth having. If it be  
 An heart of stone, 'tis not an heart for me.

## 5.

The heart, that cast into my furnace spits,  
 And sparkles in my face, falls into fits  
 Of discontented grudging, whines  
 When it is broken of its will, repines  
 At the least suffering, declines  
 My fatherly correction, is an heart  
 On which I care not to bestow mine art.

## 6.

The heart that in my flames asunder flies,  
 Scatters it self at random, and so lies  
 In heaps of ashes here, and there,  
 Whose dry dispersed parts will not draw neer,  
 To one another, and adhere  
 Is a firm union, hath no metal in't  
 Fit to be stamp'd, and coyned in my mint.

## 7.

The heart, that vapours out it self in smoak,  
 And with those cloudy shadows thinks to cloak



Its empty nakedness, how much  
Sô ever thou esteem'st it, is such  
As never will endure my touch.  
Before I tak't for mine then I will trie  
What kind of metal in thine heart doth lie.

8.

I'le bring it to my furnace, and there see  
What it will prove, what it is like to be.  
If it be Gold, it will be sure  
The hottest fire that can be to endure,  
And I shall draw it out more pure.  
Affliction may refine, but cannot wast,  
That heart wherein my love is fixed fast.

Emb.

## Embleme 22.



## CORDIS SCRVTINIVM

Prauum est COR omnium et inscrutabile:  
 Quis cognosceat illud? Ego: Dominus:

Scrutans COR et renes. *Jerem. 17. 9.*

Solus ego inmensam CORDIS perscrutor abyssum;

Nautica quam potis est haud penetrare bolis.

22. Michel uan Sochem excu

# The sounding of the Heart.

JER. 17. 9.

*The Heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who can know it? Is the Lord?*

Epigr. 22.

**I**, That alone am infinite, can try  
How deep within it self thine heart doth lie.  
The Sea-mans plummet can but reach the ground:  
I find that which thine heart it self ne're found.

ODE. 22.

I.

A goodly heart to see to, fair and fat!  
It may be so: and what of that?  
Is it not hallow? Hath it not within  
A bottomless whirl-pool of sin?  
Are there not secret creeks, and cranies there,  
Turning, and winding corners, where  
The heart it self, ev'n from it self may hide,  
And lurk in secret unesp'd?  
I'le none of it, if such a one it prove:  
Truth in the inward parts is that I love.

2.

But who can tell what is within thine heart?  
'Tis not a work of Nature; Art  
Cannot perform that task: 'tis I alone,  
Not man, to whom mans heart is known.  
Sound it thou mai'st, and must: but then the line

And

And plummet must be mine, not thine,  
And I must guide it too, thine hand, and eye.

May quickly be deceiv'd: but I,  
That made thine heart at first, am better skil'd  
To know when it is empty, when 'tis fil'd.

## 3.

Lest then thou should'st deceive thy self, for me  
Thou canst not, I will let thee see  
Some of those depths of Satan, depths of hell,  
Wherewith thine hollow heart doth swell.  
Under pretence of knowledge in thy mind  
Error and ignorance I find,  
Quick-sands of rotten Superstition  
Spred over with misprision.  
Some things thou knowest nor, misknowest others,  
And oft thy conscience its own knowledge smothers.

## 4.

Thy crooked will, that seemingly enclines  
To follow reason dictates, twines  
Another way in secret, leaves its guide  
And lags behind, or swarves aside,  
Crab-like creeps backward when it should have mad  
Progress in good, is retrograde.  
Whilst it pretends a privilege above  
Reasons prerogative, to move  
As of it self unmov'd, rude passions learn  
To leave the Oar, and take in hand the Stern;

## 5.

The tides of thine affections ebb, and flow,  
Rise up aloft, fall down below,  
Like to the suddain land-floods, that advance  
Their swelling waters but by chance.  
Thy love, desire, thy hope, delight, and fear,  
Ramble they care not when, nor where,

Yet

Yet cunningly bear thee in hand they be  
Only directed unto me,  
Or most to me, and would no notice take  
Of other things, but only for my sake.

6.

Such strange prodigious impostures lurk  
In thy prestigious heart, 'tis work  
Enough for thee all thy life time to learn  
How thou may'st truly it discern :  
That, when upon mine altar thou dost lay  
Thine off'ring, thou may'st safely say,  
And swear it is an heart: for, if it should  
Prove only an heart-case, it would  
Nor pleasing be to me, nor do thee good.  
An heart's no heart, not rightly understood.

## Embleme 23.



## CORDIS RECTIFICATIO.

RECTIS CORDE Lætitia Pjal. 96. 11.

Ad rectam, persape, mei. COR. Cordis, amuffim,

Sĩ rectum cupias, excige nata, tuum.



# The levelling of the Heart.

PSAL. 97. 11.

*Gladness to the upright in Heart.*

Epigr. 23.

Set thine heart upright, if thou would'st rejoyce,  
And please thy self in thine hearts pleasing choice :  
But then be sure thy plumb, and level be  
Rightly appli'd to that which pleaseth me.

ODE. 23.

1.

Nay, yet I have not done : one trial more  
Thine heart must undergo, before  
I will accept of it :  
Unless I see  
It upright be  
I cannot think it fit  
To be admitted in my sight,  
And to partake of mine eternal light.

2.

My Will's the rule of righteousness, as free  
From error as uncertainty :  
What I would have is just.  
Thou must desire  
What I require,  
And take it upon trust :  
If thou prefer thy will to mine,  
The levels lost, and thou go'st out of line.

3.

Do'st thou not see how thine heart turns aside,

And

And leans toward thy self? How wide  
A distance there is here?

Untill I see  
Both sides agree

Alike with mine, 'tis cleer

The middle is not where't should be,  
Likes something better, though it look at me.

4.

I, that know best how to dispose of thee,  
Would have thy portion poverty,  
Lest wealth should make thee proud,  
And me forget:

But thou hast set

Thy voice to cry aloud

For riches, and unless I grant

All that thou wishest, thou complain'st of want.

5.

I, to preserve thine health, would have thee fast  
From Natures dainties, lest at last  
Thy senses sweet delight

Should end in smart:

But thy vain heart

Will have its appetite

Pleased to day, though grief, and sorrow

Threaten to cancel all thy joyes to morrow.

6.

I, to prevent thy hurt by climbing high,  
Would have thee be content to lie

Quiet and safe below,

Where peace doth dwell;

But thou dost swell

With vast desires, as though

A little blast of vulgar breath

Were better then deliverance from death.

7.

to procure thy happiness, would have  
Thee mercy at mine hands to crave :  
But thou dost merit plead,  
And wilt have none  
But of thine own,  
Till Justice strike thee dead.  
And all thy crooked paths go cross to mine.

Emb.

## Embleme 24.



## • CORDIS RENOVATIO .

Dabo uobis COR nouum, et spiritum nouum  
ponam in medio uestri. *Ezech : 36. 26.*

*Cui noua cuncta placent, uetus ō. COR. pono nouum q̄s.*

*Quod tibi pro ueteri sp̄sa repono cap̄o.*

## The renewing of the Heart.

EZEK. 36. 26.

*A new Heart will I give you, and a new Spirit  
will I put within you.*

Epigr. 24.

**A**rt thou delighted with strange novelties,  
which often prove but old fresh garnisht lies?  
Leave then thine old, take the new heart I give thee:  
Condemn thyself, that so I may reprieve thee.

ODE. 24.

1.

No, no, I see  
There is no remedy,  
An heart, that wants both weight, and worth,  
That's fill'd with naught but empty hollowness,  
And screw'd aside with stubborn wilfulness,  
Is onely fit to be cast forth,  
Nor to be given me  
Nor kept by thee.

2.

Then let it go,  
And if thou wilt bestow  
An acceptable heart on me,  
'le furnish thee with one shall serve the turn  
Both to be kept, and given: which will burn  
With zeal, yet not consumed be:  
Nor with a scornful eye  
Blast standers by.

3. The

3.

The heart, that I  
 Will give thee, though it lie  
 Buri'd in seas of sorrows, yet  
 Will not be drown'd with doubt, or discontent,  
 Though sad complaints sometimes may give a vent  
 To grief, and tears the cheeks may wet,  
 Yet it exceeds their art  
 To hurt his heart.

4.

The heart I give,  
 Though it desire to live,  
 And bath it self in all content,  
 Yet will not toyle, or taint it self, with any :  
 Although it take a view, and tast of many,  
 It feeds on few, as though it meant  
 To break fast only here,  
 And dine elsewhere.

5.

This heart is fresh,  
 And new : an heart of flesh,  
 Not, as thine old one was, of stone.  
 A livery sp'ritly heart, and moving still,  
 Active to what is good, but slow to ill :  
 An heart, that with a sigh, and grone  
 Can blast all worldly joyes,  
 As trifling toyes.

6.

This heart is sound,  
 And solid will be found ;  
 'Tis not an empty ayne flash,  
 That baits at Butterflies, with full cry  
 Opens at ev'ry flirting whip.  
 It fleights, and comes not to my craft :



The enlightening of the Heart.

PSAL. 34. 5.

*They looked unto him, and were lightened.*

Epigr. 25.

**T**Hou that art Light of lights, the onely sight  
Of the blind world, lend me thy saving light:  
Disperse those mists, which in my soul have made  
Darkness as deep as Hell's eternal shade.

ODE. 25.

I.

Alas, that I  
Could not before espie  
The Soul confounding misery  
Of this, more then Egyptian dreadfull night!  
To be deprived of the light,  
And to have eyes, but eyes devoid of sight,  
As mine have been, is such a woe,  
As he alone can know,  
That feels it so.

2.

Darkness hath been  
My God and me between  
Like an opacous doubled skreen,  
Through which nor light, nor heat could passage find.  
Gross ignorance hath made my mind,  
And understanding not meer-ey'd, but blind;  
My will to all that's good is cold,  
Nor can I, though I would,  
Do what I should.

3.

No, now I see  
 There is no remedy  
 Left in my self: it cannot be  
 That blind men in the dark should find the way  
 To blessedness: although they may  
 Imagine the high midnight is noon-day,  
 As I have done till now, they'll know  
 At last unto their woe,  
 'Twas nothing so.

4.

Now I perceive  
 Presumption doth bereave  
 Men of all hope of help, and leave  
 Them, as it finds them, drown'd in misery:  
 Despairing of themselves, to cry  
 For mercy is the onely remedy  
 That sin-sick souls can have; to pray  
 Against this darkness may  
 Turn it to day.

5.

Then unto thee,  
 Great Lord of light, let me  
 Direct my Prayer, that I may see.  
 Thou, that did'st make mine eyes, canst soon restore  
 That pow'r of sight they had before,  
 And, if thou seest it good, canst give them more.  
 The night will quickly shine like day,  
 If thou do but display,  
 One glorious ray.

6.

I must confess,  
 And I can do no less

Of living waters forth will flow,  
And all thy plants, thy fruits, and flow'rs will grow.  
Whilst thy Springs, their roots do nourish,  
They must needs be fat, and flourish.

Emb.

## Embleme 30.



## CORIS FLORES.

Dilectus meus descendit in hortum  
 suum. ut lilia colligat. Cant. 5. 1.

*Hec tibi. nata tuo de semine. consecro, sponse -  
 Lilia . et his patrium floribus addo solum.*

30 *Michel van lochem excu.*

## The Flowers of the Heart.

CANT. 6. 2.

*My beloved is gone down into his Garden, to the  
Beds of Spices, to feed in the Gardens, and to  
gather Lillies.*

Epigr. 30.

**T**hese Lillies I do consecrate to thee,  
Beloved Spouse, which spring as thou mai'st see,  
Out of the seed thou sowest, and the ground  
Is better'd by thy Flow'rs, when they abound.

ODE. 30.

1.

Is there a joy like this?  
What can augment my bliss?  
If my beloved will accept  
A posie of these flowers kept,  
And consecrated unto his content,  
I hope hereafter he will not repent  
The cost, and pains he hath bestow'd  
So freely upon me, that ow'd  
Him all I had before,  
And infinitely more.

2.

Nay, try them blessed Lord,  
Take them not on my word,  
But let the colour, tast, and smell,  
The truth of their perfections tell.  
I art infinite in wisdom see,

If they be not the same that came from thee,  
 If any difference be found,  
 It is occasion'd by the ground,  
 Which yet I cannot see  
 So good as it should be.

## 3.

What say'st thou to that Rose,  
 That Queen of flowers, whose  
 Maiden blushes, fresh, and fair,  
 Out-brave the dainty morning air?  
 Dost thou not in those lovely leaves espy  
 The perfect picture of that modesty,  
 That self-condemning shamefastness,  
 That is more ready to confess  
 A fault, and to amend,  
 Then it is to offend?

## 4.

Is not this Lilly pure?  
 What Fuller can procure  
 A white so perfect, spotless, clear,  
 As in this flower doth appear?  
 Dost thou not in this milky colour see  
 The lively lustre of sincerity,  
 Which no hypocrisie hath painted,  
 Nor self-respecting ends have tainted?  
 Can there be to thy sight  
 A more entire delight?

## 5.

Or wilt thou have beside  
 Violets purple-di'd?  
 The Sun-observing Marigold,  
 Or Orpin never waxing old,  
 The Primrose, Cowslip, Gilliflow'r, or Pinke,  
 Or any flow'r, or Herb, that I can think



Thou hast a mind unto? I shall  
Quickly be furnisht with them all,  
If once I do but know  
That thou wilt have it so.

6.

Faith is a fruitful grace,  
Well planted stores the place,  
Fills all the borders, beds, and bow'rs  
With wholesome herbs, and pleasant flow'rs.

Great Gardiner, thou saist, and I believe!  
What thou dost mean to gather, thou wilt give.  
Take then mine heart in hand to fill't,  
And it shall yield thee what thou wilt.  
Yea thou, by gath'ring more,  
Shalt still increase my store.

G

Emb.

## Embleme 31.



## CORDIS CVSTODIA.

Omni custodia serua COR tuum. *Prou. 4. 23*

Quam bene conclusum vigil hic COR protegit hortum,

Prostricto munit quem timor cuse. Dei.

# The Inflaming of the Heart.

PSAL. 39. 3.

*My heart was hot within me : while I was  
musing the fire burned.*

Epigr. 36.

**S**Pare not, my love, to kindle, and enflame  
Mine heart within throughout, until the same  
Break forth, and burn : that so, thy Salamander,  
Mine heart may never from thy furnace wander.

ODE. 36.

I.

Welcome, holy, heavenly fire,  
Kindled by immortal love :  
Which descending from above,  
Makes all earthly thoughts retire,  
And give place  
To that grace,

Which with gentle violence  
Conquers all corrupt affections,  
Rebell Natures insurrections,  
Bidding them be packing hence.

2.

Lord, thy fire doth heat within,  
Warmeth not without alone ;  
Though it be an heart of stone,  
Of it self congeal'd in sin,  
Hard as steel,  
If it feel

Thy

Thy dissolving pow'r, it groweth  
Soft as wax, and quickly takes  
Any print thy Spirit makes,  
Paying what thou sai'st it oweth.

3.

Of it self mine heart is dark,  
But thy fire by shining bright,  
Fills it full of saving light  
Though't be but a little spark  
Lent by thee,  
I shall see

More by it, then all the light,  
Which in fullest measures streams  
From corrupted Natures beams,  
Can discover to my sight.

4.

Though mine heart be ice, and snow,  
To the things which thou hast chosen,  
All benum'd with cold, and frozen,  
Yet thy fire will make it glow.

Though it burns,  
When it turns

Tow'rds the things which thou do'st hate:  
Yet thy blessed warmth, no doubt,  
Will that wild-fire soon draw out,  
And the heat thereof abate.

5.

Lord, thy fire is active, using  
Always either to ascend  
To its native heav'n, or lend  
Heat to others: and diffusing  
Of its store

Gathers more,  
Never ceasing till it make

All things like it self, and longing  
To see others come with thronging  
Of thy goodness to partake.

6.

Lord, then let thy fire enflame  
My cold heart so thoroughly,  
That the heat may never die,  
But continue still the same:

That I may  
Ev'ry day

More, and more, consuming sin,  
Kindling others, and attending  
All occasions of ascending,  
Heaven upon earth begin.

H

Emb.

## Embleme 37.



## CORDIS SCALÆ.

ASCENSIONES IN CORDE SUO DISPOSUIT. Psal. 83. 6.

*Vin scalis, dilecta, poli conscendere sedes.*

*Hic prius in proprio construe CORDE gradus.*

*Michel van lochem exēu*



# The binding of the Heart.

H O S. II. 4.

*I drew them with Cords of a Man, with  
Bands of Love.*

Epigr. 42.

**M**y sins, I do confess, a cord were found  
Heavy, and hard by thee, when thou wast bound,  
Great Lord of love, with them, but thou hast twin'd  
Gentle love-cords my tender heart to bind.

O D E. 42.

I.

What? could those hands,  
That made the World, be subject unto bands?  
Could there a cord be found,  
Wherewith Omnipotence it self was bound?  
Wonder mine heart, and stand amaz'd to see  
The Lord of liberty  
Led captive for thy sake, and in thy stead.  
Although he did  
Nothing deserving death, or bands, yet he  
Was bound, and put to death, to set thee free.

2.

Thy sins had ti'd  
Those bands for thee, wherein thou shouldst have di'd :  
And thou did'st daily knit  
Knots upon knots, whereby thou mad'st them fit  
Closer, and faster, to thy faulty self.

Helpless

Helpless, and hopeless, friendless, and forlorn  
 The sink of scorn,  
 And kennel of contempt, thou should'st have lain  
 Eternally enthrall'd to endless pain.

## 3.

Had not the Lord  
 Of love and life been pleased to afford  
 His helping hand of grace,  
 And freely put himself into thy place.  
 So were thy bands transfer'd, but not unti'd,  
 Until the time he di'd,  
 And by his death vanquish'd, and conqu'ring all,  
 That *Adams* fall  
 Had made victorious. Sin, Death, and Hell,  
 Thy fatal foes under his footstool fell.

## 4.

Yet he meant not  
 That thou should'st use the liberty he got  
 As it should like thee best,  
 To wander as thou listest, or to rest  
 In soft repose careless of his commands:  
 He that hath loos'd those bands,  
 Whereby thou wast enslaved to the foes,  
 Binds thee with those,  
 Wherewith he bound himself to do thee good,  
 The bands of love, love writ in lines of Blood:

## 5.

His love to thee  
 Made him to lay aside his Majesty,  
 And cloathed in a vail  
 Of frail, though faultless flesh, become thy bail;  
 But love requireth love: and since thou art  
 Loved by him, thy part  
 It is to love him too: and love affords

Handwritten text on aged, yellowed paper, possibly a page from a book or manuscript. The text is written in a cursive script and is partially obscured by the texture and discoloration of the paper. The visible words appear to be "The end of the world" written in two lines.

