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EMBLEMS.







Engraved by J. Chapman from a Print by W. Marshall.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Published by J. Robins & C^o by Lane. Paternoster Row.

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.

VOL. I.

London:

PUBLISHED BY J. ROBINS AND CO. IVY LANE,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1824.

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12mo

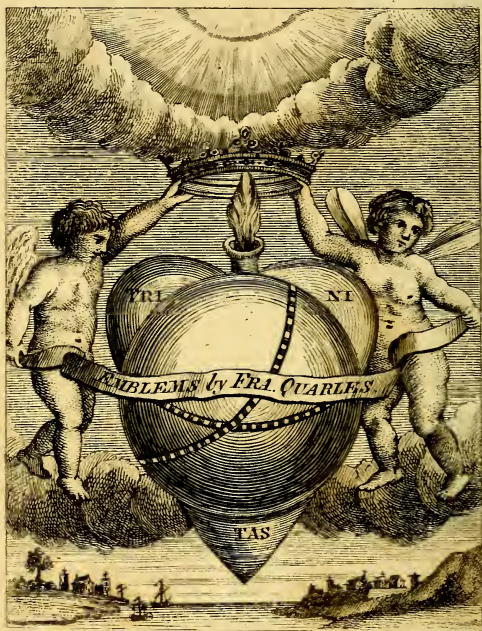
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Reader, this Book shall teach the pious Heart
To soar from Earth, and better Views impart;
Flaming with Zeal to rise to Heav'n above,
And make the Tri-une God the Object of its Love.

LONDON; J. ROBINS & C^o IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PREFACE

TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE immense number of editions through which the *Emblems of Francis Quarles* have passed since their first appearance, nearly two hundred years since, is the strongest proof of their merit that can be adduced, particularly when the great expense of embellishing each publication, inferior as the engravings have in some instances been, is taken into consideration. There is not a single circumstance in human life to which some part of them does not allude: the explanations of the figures are in easy agreeable verse; to each of them is added a striking quotation from one of the fathers of the Church; and the whole is briefly summed up in general inference. In the present edition the Latin mottos are translated, and notes explanatory of obsolete words and obscure passages are added, so that it will be found one of the most agreeable works that can be offered to the public; especially to the rising generation. Here they will meet with no distracting controversy—no doubts concerning religion; but entertainment and improvement go hand in hand together. These *Emblems* are not only calculated to convey the most important lessons of instruction into youthful minds, but to convey them in the most pleasant and interesting manner—by hieroglyphics, or figurative signs and symbols, of divine, sacred, and supernatural things; by which mode of communicating knowledge the fancy is charmed, the

invention is exercised, the mind informed, and the heart improved.

There is a quaintness in the style of our author, for which, had he lived in a later age, the flowers of modern poetry would have been a poor substitute—a quaintness which, although at *first* occasionally somewhat obscure, improves so materially upon acquaintance, that the reader who can peruse his *Emblems* without discovering beauties of the first order must have in his soul very little of pious fervour—very little of poetic feeling. That his subject demanded a style now termed quaint our author was himself aware: asking what Muse he shall invoke, he says—

“ 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 !”

Surely there is poetry as well as piety in the following :—

“ 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 :

 But as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly

 To th’ much-desired streams, even so do I

Pant after thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.”

Quarles is richly deserving of the laurel he has gained. His wit is bright, and his discrimination of characters keen; his descriptions display uncommon skill; his style suits his turn of thought, however peculiar, and his turn of thought his style. His writings convey a sort of wis-

dom in which young and old, learned and unlearned, are equally concerned, and without which the greatest philosopher is an arrant fool. For, however highly we may esteem human arts and sciences in their proper place, it will ever be true that “the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.”

Various and elaborate means are pursued, in order to furnish the minds of our youth with *fabulous* knowledge, and to fill them with the frivolous tales of *heathenish* science, the very perfection of which deserves but little, if any, praise. And it is, no doubt, a sad proof of universal degeneracy, that the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid are preferred, in our schools, to the sacred *Realities* of Moses and the Prophets; and that a young person is taught to be as much affected with the recital of the dismal fate of Phaeton's sisters, as by that of Isaac, or of a greater than Isaac, when offered up a sacrifice to the God of Heaven.

Let us, however, hope for better times and better things, when every human science shall be made subservient to divine, when the invaluable knowledge of the Sacred Writings shall have its due place and due honour, and when *Quarles's Emblems* shall at least be preferred to the comparative nonsense of the Pantheon and Ovid's Epistles.

We shall now proceed to lay before our readers the opinions of several very eminent and pious men on the merits of the writings of *Quarles* generally, but more particularly of his *Emblems*. “Some poets,” says the celebrated Fuller, author of the History of the Worthies of England, “if debarred profaneness, wantonness, and satiricalness, that they may neither abuse God,

themselves, nor their neighbours, have their tongues cut out in effect. Others only trade in wit at the second hand, being all for translations, nothing for invention. Our *Quarles* was free from the faults of the first, as if he had drank of Jordan instead of Helicon, and slept on Mount Olivet for his Parnassus; and was happy in his own invention. His visible poetry, I mean his *Emblems*, is excellent, catching therein the eye and fancy at one draught."—Pope, in a letter to Bishop Atterbury, calls him a "great poet."—Langbaine says, "He was a poet that mixed religion and fancy together; and was very careful, in all his writings, not to intrench upon good manners by any scurrility in his works, or any ways offending against his duty to God, his neighbour, and himself."

With the following testimonials, which we present at length, we shall conclude, not doubting that, on a perusal of the work, every candid and liberal Christian will consider it worthy of the encomiums which have been bestowed on it, and that the present edition will meet that encouragement which will amply repay the heavy expense attending its production.

Recommendations of the Work.

SIR,—As you have requested my opinion relative to the expediency of republishing 'Quarles's Emblems' and the 'School of the Heart,' it is incumbent on me to acquaint you, that, as an humble individual, I most sincerely vote for a new and correct edition of those excellent books. The *former* was of much spiritual use to me at an early period of life; and I still consider it as a very ingenious and valuable treasury of Christian experience. The *latter* I have lately perused; and am strongly persuaded that the reprinting it may answer advantageous purposes to the Church of CHRIST.

Be particularly careful to give neat and beautiful impressions of the numerous and expressive cuts which illustrate each respective article. I would advise you to keep strictly to the *designs* of the original plates; and not to vary from them in a single instance: but the *execution* of them, as they stand in the old editions, calls for improvement. In emblematic works much depends on the elegance of the engravings, which, if well finished, speak an ocular language, singularly emphatic, and universally intelligible. The *eye* very frequently informs the understanding and affects the heart, when the most laboured efforts of vocal rhetoric fail.

Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,
 Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

With an earnest desire and hope that your intended undertaking will be owned and blessed of God, to the establishment of his people in knowledge, and to their growth in holiness and comfort, I remain,

SIR,

Your sincere well-wisher,

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

New-street, Jan. 3, 1777.

To the serious Part of the Christian World.

IT is matter of pleasing surprise to find that such books as 'Quarles's Emblems,' and the 'School of the Heart,' should be so much called for as to incline any printer to venture on a new edition. I really imagined that the rage for romances, novels, and plays, had entirely extinguished all taste for such productions as these now presented to the public.

Quarles was a man of spiritual wit and imagination, in the reign of King Charles I, a time when poetic genius in the religious world had not been cultivated. Spencer and Shakspeare were then the only men that deserved the name of poets; and these were far enough from the knowledge and taste of the people called Puritans; so that I think Quarles may be styled the *first*, as Herbert was the *second*, divine poet of the English nation.

In the productions of this excellent man there is nothing to please the taste of modern critics : his uncommon turns of thought ; the quaintness of his poetic style ; but, above all, the depth of evangelic fervour, the ardent piety, and the rich experience of the heart, can be relished by none but those who, in the highest sense of the word, deserve the name of true Christians. To such as these the following work will be acceptable and delightful ; and by them, and the serious part of their families, it will not be deemed impertinent in me to recommend this work to their attention.

Northampton, Jan. 8, 1777.

JOHN RYLAND.

SIR,—‘ Francis Quarles’s Emblems,’ and the ‘ School of the Heart,’ are works which have been so generally known and well received for more than a century past, that nothing is necessary by way of recommendation. The cuts have been highly entertaining to younger minds ; while the subject matter of the poems, and the general strain and manner of them, have been little less so to those of riper years. What share of merit is due to the poet, we leave to better judges. The poems appear to be, in *the main*, very consistent with the evangelic doctrines, and not a little adapted both to please and profit those who wish to have their hearts called off from the present world, and fixed upon a better.

The editor of this new edition engages for the goodness of the paper and letter, and the utmost correctness of the copy, and a set of new copper-plates engraved in the neatest manner ; which he flatters himself will give the purchasers an universal satisfaction.

And, as it is a work of uncommon expensiveness, he relies upon the generosity of Christians of all denominations to encourage the undertaking, which is afresh to put into the hands of the public what hath been long out of print, and of which so few fair and correct copies are to be met with. On these accounts we take the liberty to recommend the present publication.

JOHN CONDER,

Master of the Academy at Homerton.

SAMUEL BREWER,

Independent Minister at London.



INVOCATION.

Dum Cœlum aspicio Solum despicio.

*While to high Heav'n our fervent Thoughts arise,
The Soul all Earthly Treasures can despise.*

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE INVOCATION.

ROUSE thee, my soul ! and drain thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts ; screw up the heighten'd pegs
Of thy sublime theorbo* four notes high'r—
And higher yet—that so the shrill-mouth'd choir
Of swift-wing'd seraphims may come and join,
And make the concert more than half divine.
Invoke no Muse ; let Heav'n be thy Apollo ;
And let his sacred influences hallow
Thy high-bred strains. Let his full beams inspire
Thy ravish'd brains with more heroic fire :
Snatch thee a quill from the spread eagle's wing,
And, like the morning lark, mount up and sing :
Cast off these dangling plummets, that so clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon earth : let flesh and blood forbear
To stop thy flight, till this base world appear
A thin blue landscape : let thy pinions soar
So high a pitch, that men may seem no more
Than pismires, crawling on the mole-hill Earth,
Thy ear untroubled with their frantic mirth :
Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturb
Thy new-concluded peace ; let reason curb
Thy hot-mouth'd passion ; and let Heav'n's fire
season
The fresh conceits of thy corrected reason :

* The *theorbo* is a musical instrument resembling a lute.

Disdain to warm thee at Lust's smoky fires ;
 Scorn, scorn to feed on thy old bloat desires.
 Come, come, my soul ! hoist up thy higher sails !
 The wind blows fair : shall we still creep like snails,
 That gild their ways with their own native slimes ?
 No, we must fly like eagles ; and our rhymes
 Must mount to Heav'n, and reach th' Olympic ear :
 Our Heav'n-blown fire must seek no other sphere.

Thou great Theanthropos,* that giv'st and
 crown'st

Thy gifts in dust, and from our dunghill own'st
 Reflected honour, taking by retail
 What thou hast giv'n in gross, from lapsed, frail,
 And sinful man : that drink'st full draughts, wherein
 Thy children's lep'rous fingers, scurf'd with sin,
 Have paddled : cleanse, O cleanse my crafty soul
 From secret crimes, and let my thoughts control
 My thoughts ! O teach me stoutly to deny
 Myself, that I may be no longer I !
 Enrich my fancy, clarify my thoughts ;
 Refine my dross ; O wink at human faults !
 And through this slender conduit of my quill
 Convey thy current, whose clear stream may fill
 The hearts of men with love, their tongues with
 praise :
 Crown me with glory ; take, who list, the bays.

* *Theanthropos* is compounded of the Greek words Θεός, *God*, and ανθρωπος, *man* ; and is a title given to our Saviour, as being both God and man.



EMBLEM I.

Totus Mundus in Maligno Maliligno positus est.
 Thus all the Ills that Man sustains on Earth,
 From this bad Tree first drew their fatal Birth.

BOOK I.—EMBLEM I.

JAMES I. 14.

*Every man is tempted when he is drawn away by
his own lust, and enticed.*

SERPENT. EVE.

Serp. NOT eat? not taste? not touch? not cast an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair tree? and why?
Why eat'st thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or canst thou think that bad which Heav'n call'd
good?

Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Blessings unus'd pervert into a waste
As well as surfeits: woman, do but taste:
See how the laden boughs make silent suit
To be enjoy'd; look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way: observe but how they crouch
To kiss thy hand: coy woman, do but touch:
Mark what a pure vermilion blush has died
Their swelling cheeks, and how for shame they hide

Their palsy heads, to see themselves stand by
Neglected: woman, do but cast an eye.

What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for use, refuse not;
Come, pull and eat: y' abuse the things ye use not.

Eve. Wisest of beasts, our great Creator did
Reserve this tree, and this alone forbid:
The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are
As pleasing to the taste; to th' eye as fair:
But, touching this, his strict commands are such,
'Tis death to taste, no less than death to touch.

Serp. Pish! death's a fable; did not Heav'n inspire
Your equal elements with living fire,
Blown from the spring of life? Is not that breath
Immortal? come, ye are as free from death
As he that made ye. Can the flames expire
Which he has kindled? can ye quench his fire?
Did not the great Creator's voice proclaim
Whate'er he made, from the blue spangled frame
To the poor leaf that trembles, very good?
Bless'd he not both the feeder and the food?
Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue
From such bless'd food, to such half-gods as you?
Curb needless fears, and let no fond conceit
Abuse your freedom; woman, take and eat.

Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; death is yet
 Unborn, and, till rebellion make it debt,
 Undue: I know the fruit is good, until
 Presumptuous disobedience make it ill.
 The lips that open to this fruit's a portal
 To let in death, and makes immortal mortal.

Serp. You cannot die; come, woman, taste, and
 fear not. [not!

Eve. Shall Eve transgress? I dare not, O, I dare

Serp. Afraid? why draw'st thou back thy tim'rous
 arm?

Harm only falls on such as fear a harm.

Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this tree:

'Twill make ye perfect gods as well as he.

Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness never

Fear death: do, pull and eat, and live for ever.

Eve. 'Tis but an apple; and it is as good

To do as to desire. Fruit's made for food:

I'll pull, and taste, and tempt my Adam, too,

To know the secrets of this dainty.

Serp.

Do.

S. Chrys. sup. Matth.

He forced him not : he touched him not : only said, *Cast thyself down* ; that we may know who-soever obeys the devil casts himself down : for the devil may suggest ; compel he cannot.

S. Bern. in Ser.

It is the devil's part to suggest ; ours, not to consent. As often as we resist him, so often we overcome him : as often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the angels, and glory to God ; who opposeth us, that we may contend ; and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

*Epig. 1.*

Unlucky parliament ! wherein, at last,
Both houses are agreed, and firmly past
An act of death confirm'd by higher pow'rs :
O had it had but such success as ours !



The illustration is a reproduction of a painting by J. M. W. Turner, titled 'Rain, Steam, and Great Central Railway, 1862'. It depicts a steam locomotive crossing a railway bridge over a river in a hazy, atmospheric setting.



EMBLEM 2.

Sic Malum cecidit unicum in omne Mahm.
*Thus Sin conceiv'd, her Race still multiplies,
From One foul deed what num'rous Ills arise!*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM II.

JAMES I. 15.

*Then, when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth
sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth
death.*

LAMENT, lament; look, look, what thou hast done:

Lament the world's, lament thy own estate:

Look, look, by doing, how thou art undone;

Lament thy fall, lament thy change of state:

Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone;

See, see too soon, what thou lament'st too late.

O thou that wert so many men, nay, all

Abridg'd in one, how has thy desp'rate fall

Destroy'd thy unborn seed, destroy'd thyself withal!

Uxorious Adam, whom thy Maker made

Equal to angels that excel in pow'r,

What hast thou done? O why hast thou obey'd

Thy own destruction? like a new-cropt flow'r,

How does the beauty of thy glory fade!

How are thy fortunes blasted in an hour!

How art thou cow'd that hadst the pow'r to
quell

The spite of new-fall'n angels, baffle hell,
And vie with those that stood, and vanquish those
that fell!

See how the world (whose chaste and pregnant
womb

Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)
Is now degenerated, and become

A base adult'ress, whose false births do fill
The earth with monsters—monsters that do roam
And rage about, and make a trade to kill:

Now Glutt'ny paunches; Lust begins to spawn;
Wrath takes revenge, and Avarice a pawn;
Pale Envy pines, Pride swells, and Sloth begins to
yawn.

The air, that whisper'd, now begins to roar,
And blust'ring Boreas blows the boiling tide;
The white-mouth'd water now usurps the shore,
And scorns the pow'r of her tridental guide;
The fire now burns, that did but warm before,
And rules her ruler with resistless pride:

Fire, water, earth, and air, that first were made
To be subdu'd, see how they now invade;
They rule whom once they serv'd, command where
once obey'd.

Behold, that nakedness, that late bewray'd
Thy glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder;
Behold, those trees, whose various fruits were made
For food, now turn'd a shade to shroud thee under;
Behold, that voice (which thou hast disobey'd),
That late was music, now affrights like thunder.
Poor man! are not thy joints grown sore with
shaking,
To view th' effect of thy bold undertaking,
That in one hour didst mar what Heav'n six days
was making?

S. August. lib. 1. de Lib. Arbit.

It is a most just punishment that man should lose
that freedom which man would not use, yet had
power to keep if he would; and that he who had
knowledge to do what was right, and did not, should
be deprived of the knowledge of what was right;

and that he who would not do righteously, when he had the power, should lose the power to do it when he had the will.

Hugo de Anima.

They are justly punished that abuse lawful things, but they are more justly punished that use unlawful things: thus Lucifer fell from heaven; thus Adam lost his paradise.

Epig. 2.

See how these fruitful kernels, being cast
Upon the earth, how thick they spring! how fast!
A full-ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud!
Prepost'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd.





EMBLEM 3:

Ut potiar, patior, patieris, non potieris.

*My Sufferings with Enjoyment shall be crown'd.
Without Enjoyment shall thy Pains abound.*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM III.

PROV. XIV. 13.

*Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the
end of that mirth is heaviness.*

ALAS! fond child,

How are thy thoughts beguil'd
To hope for honey from a nest of wasps?

Thou may'st as well
Go seek for ease in hell,
Or sprightly nectar from the mouths of asps.

The world's a hive,
From whence thou canst derive
No good, but what thy soul's vexation brings:
But case thou meet
Some petty-petty-sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

Why dost thou make
These murm'ring troops forsake
The safe protection of their waxen homes ?
This hive contains
No sweet that's worth thy pains ;
There's nothing here, alas ! but empty combs.

For trash and toys,
And grief-engend'ring joys,
What torment seems too sharp for flesh and blood ?
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of real ills,
Men swallow down, to purchase one false good !

The dainties here
Are least what they appear ;
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sour :
The fruit that's yellow
Is found not always mellow ;
The fairest tulip's not the sweetest flow'r.

Fond youth, give o'er,
And vex thy soul no more
In seeking what were better far unfound ;

Alas! thy gains
Are only present pains
To gather scorpions for a future wound.

What's earth? or in it,
That, longer than a minute,
Can lend a free delight that can endure?

O who would droil,*
Or delve in such a soil,
Where gain's uncertain, and the pain is sure?

S. August.

Sweetness in temporal matters is deceitful: it is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleasure, whose beginning is without providence, and whose end is not without repentance.

Hugo.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.

* *Droil*, i. e. drudge.

Epig. 3.

What, Cupid, are thy shafts already made?
And seeking honey to set up thy trade,
True emblem of thy sweets! thy bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a sting.



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EMBLEM 4.

Quis levior ? cui plus ponderi addit Amor.
*Which is the lightest in the Scale of Fate ?
That where fond Cupid still is adding Weight.*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM IV.

PSALM LXII. 9.

*To be laid in the balance, it is altogether lighter
than vanity.*

PUT in another weight : 'tis yet too light :

And yet, fond Cupid, put another in ;

And yet another : still there's under weight :

Put in another hundred : put again ;

Add world to world ; then heap a thousand more

To that ; then, to renew thy wasted store,

Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy balance
low'r.

Put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure ;

Put in great Mammon's endless inventory ;

Put in the pond'rous acts of mighty Cæsar :

Put in the greater weight of Sweden's glory ;

Add Scipio's gauntlet ; put in Plato's gown :

Put Circe's charms, put in the triple crown.

Thy balance will not draw ; thy balance will not
down.

LORD! what a world is this, which, day and night,
Men seek with so much toil, with so much trouble!

Which, weigh'd in equal scales, is found so light,
So poorly overbalanc'd with a bubble!

Good GOD! that frantic mortals should destroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy!

Thou bold impostor, how hast thou befool'd
The tribe of man with counterfeit desire!
How has the breath of thy false bellows cool'd
Heav'n's free-born flames, and kindled bastard
fire!

How hast thou vented dross instead of treasure,
[measure,
And cheated man with thy false weights and
Proclaiming bad for good, and gilding death with
pleasure!

The world's a crafty strumpet, most affecting
And closely following those that most reject her;
But seeming careless, nicely disrespecting
And coyly flying those that most affect her.

If thou be free, she's strange ; if strange, she's
free :

Flee, and she follows ; follow, and she'll flee :
Than she there's none more coy, there's none more
fond than she.

O what a crocodilian world is this,

Compos'd of treach'ries and insnaring wiles !

She clothes destruction in a formal kiss,

And lodges death in her deceitful smiles :

She hugs the soul she hates ; and there does
prove

The veriest tyrant, where she vows to love ;

And is a serpent most when most she seems a dove.

Thrice happy he, whose nobler thoughts despise

To make an object of so easy gains :

Thrice happy he, who scorns so poor a prize

Should be the crown of his heroic pains :

Thrice happy he, that ne'er was born to try

Her frowns or smiles ; or, being born, did lie

In his sad nurse's arms an hour or two, and die.

S. August. lib. Confess.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward than the world can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, and momentary glory perish with herself; and let us be conversant with more eternal things. Alas! this world is miserable; life is short, and death is sure.

Epig. 4.

My soul, what's lighter than a feather? Wind.
Than wind? The fire. And what than fire? The
mind.
What's lighter than the mind? A thought. Than
thought?
This bubble world. What than this bubble?
Nought.



BOOK I.



EMBLEM 5.

His vertitur Orbis.

*Thus in perpetual Course the Ball is seen,
Lash'd on in wanton Sport by Lust and Spleen.*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM V.

1 COR. VII. 31.

The fashion of this world passeth away.

GONE are those golden days, wherein
Pale conscience started not at ugly sin :

When good old Saturn's peaceful throne
Was usurped by his beardless son :

When jealous Ops ne'er fear'd th' abuse
Of her chaste bed, or breach of nuptial truce :

When just Astræa pois'd her scales
In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewails :

When froth-born Venus and her brat,
With all that spurious brood young Jove begat,

In horrid shapes were yet unknown ;
Those halcyon days, that golden age, is gone.

There was no client then to wait
The leisure of his long-tail'd advocate ;

* *Talion law*, or the law of retaliation, a punishment in the Mosaic law, whereby an evil is returned similar to that committed.

The talion* law was in request,
And Chanc'ry Courts were kept in ev'ry breast:
Abused statutes had no tenters,
And men could deal secure without indentures:
There was no peeping-hole to clear
The wittol's* eye from his incarnate fear:
There were no lustful cinders then
To broil the carbonado'd hearts of men:
The rosy cheeks did then proclaim
A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
There was no whining soul to start
At Cupid's twang, or curse his flaming dart:
The boy had then but callow wings,
And fell Erenny's scorpions had no stings:
The better-acted world did move
Upon the fixed poles of truth and love.
Love essenc'd in the hearts of men:
Then reason rul'd, there was no passion then;
Till lust and rage began to enter,
Love the circumf'rence was, and love the centre;
Until the wanton days of Jove,
The simple world was all compos'd of love;

* *Wittol*, a contented cuckold.

But Jove grew fleshly, false, unjust ;
Inferior beauty fill'd his veins with lust :
And cucquean* Juno's fury hurl'd
Fierce balls of rape into th' incestuous world :
Astræa fled, and love return'd
From earth, earth boil'd with lust, with rage it
burn'd,
And ever since the world hath been
Kept going with the scourge of lust and spleen.

S. Ambrose.

Lust is a sharp spur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a false gallop.

Hugo.

Lust is an immoderate wantonness of the flesh, a sweet poison, a cruel pestilence; a pernicious poison, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the strength of an heroic mind.

S. August.

Envy is the hatred of another's felicity : in respect of superiors, because they are not equal to

* *Cucquean*, lewd.

them; in respect of inferiors, lest he should be equal to them; in respect of equals, because they are equal to them: through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of CHRIST.

Epig. 5.

What, Cupid, must the world be lash'd so soon?
But made at morning, and be whipp'd at noon?
'Tis like the wag that plays with Venus' doves,
The more 'tis lash'd, the more perverse it proves.



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EMBLEM 6.

In Cruce tuta quies.

*A Cross alone is what you get at best ;
The Cross at last must give you Peace and Rest .*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM VI.

ECCLES. II. 17.

All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

How is the anxious soul of man befool'd
In his desire,
That thinks a hectic fever may be cool'd
In flames of fire ;
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnish'd gold
From nasty mire !
A whining lover may as well expect
A scornful breast
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for rest.

Let Wit, and all her study'd plots, effect
The best they can ;
Let smiling Fortune prosper and perfect
What Wit began ;
Let Earth advise with both, and so project
A happy man ;

Let Wit or fawning Fortune vie their best ;
He may be blest [rest.
With all the earth can give ; but earth can give no

Whose gold is double with a careful hand,
His cares are double ;
The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land,
Bring but a trouble ;
The world itself, and all the world's command,
Is but a bubble.

The strong desires of man's insatiate breast
May stand possest
Of all that earth can give ; but earth can give no rest.

The world's a seeming paradise, but her own
And man's tormentor ;
Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling-stone
Without a tenter ;
It is a vast circumference, where none
Can find a centre.
Of more than earth, can earth make none possest ;
And he that least
Regards this restless world shall in this world find
rest.

True rest consists not in the oft revying*

Of worldly dross :

Earth's miry purchase is not worth the buying ;

Her gain is loss ;

Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying

Upon her cross.

How worldlings droil† for trouble! that foud breast,

That is possest

Of earth without a cross, has earth without a rest.

Cass. in Ps.

The cross is the invincible sanctuary of the humble, the dejection of the proud, the victory of Christ, the destruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbeliever, the life of the just.

Damascen.

The cross of Christ is the key of Paradise ; the weak man's staff ; the convert's convoy ; the up-

* *Revyng* is to stake at play a larger sum of money than another has laid.

† *Droil*, labour.

right man's perfection; the soul and body's health;
the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all
good.

Epig. 6.

Worldlings, whose whim'ring folly holds the losses
Of honour, pleasure, health, and wealth, such
crosses,
Look here, and tell me what your arms engross,
When the best end of what you hug's a cross?



EMBLEM 7.

Latet Hostis, et Otia ducis :

*The Foe lies close in wait ; and canst thou keep
Thy Station here, and thus securely sleep ?*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM VII.

I PETER V. 8.

Be sober, be vigilant ; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

WHY dost thou suffer lustful sloth to creep,
Dull Cyprian lad, into thy wanton brows ?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vows
At Morpheus' shrine ? Is this a time to steep
Thy brains in wasteful slumbers ? Up, and rouse
Thy leaden spirit : Is this a time to sleep ?
Adjourn thy sanguine dreams, awake, arise,
Call in thy thoughts ; and let them all advise,
Hadst thou as many heads as thou hast wounded
eyes.

Look, look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring slumbers ! If thy drowsy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'st into a bed
Of sulph'rous flames, whose torments want a date.

Fond boy, be wise, let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wisdom ; fools are wise too late :
Beware betimes, and let thy reason sever
Those gates which passion clos'd ; wake now or
never ;
For if thou nodd'st thou fall'st ; and, falling, fall'st
for ever.

Mark how the ready hands of Death prepare :
His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart ;
He aims, he levels at thy slumb'ring heart :
The wound is posting ; O be wise, beware.
What, has the voice of danger lost the art
To raise the spirit of neglected care ?
Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft reposes ;
But know, withal, sweet tastes have sour closes ;
And he repents in thorns that sleeps in beds of
roses.

Yet, sluggard, wake, and gull thy soul no more
With earth's false pleasure, and the world's de-
light,
Whose fruit is fair and pleasing to the sight,
But sour in taste, false as the putrid core :

Thy flaring glass is gems at her half light ;
She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poor :
She boasts a kernel, and bestows a shell ;
Performs an inch of her fair-promis'd ell :
Her words protest a heav'n ; her works produce a
hell.

O thou, the fountain of whose better part
Is earth'd and gravell'd up with vain desire :
That daily wallow'st in the fleshly mire
And base pollution of a lustful heart,
That feel'st no passion but in wanton fire,
And own'st no torment but in Cupid's dart ;
Behold thy type : thou sitt'st upon this ball
Of earth secure ; while Death, that flings at all,
Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames at-
tend thy fall.

S. Bern.

Security is nowhere ; neither in Heaven nor in
Paradise, much less in the world. In Heaven the
angels fell from the Divine Presence ; in Paradise
Adam fell from his place of pleasure ; in the world
Judas fell from the school of our Saviour.

Hugo.

I eat secure, I drink secure, I sleep secure, even as though I had passed the day of death, avoided the day of judgment, and escaped the torments of hell-fire. I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the kingdom of Heaven.

Epig. 7.

Get up, my soul! redeem thy slavish eyes
From drowsy bondage : O beware, be wise !
Thy foe's before thee ; thou must fight or fly ;
Life lies most open in a closed eye.





EMBLEM 8.

Et rifu necat.

*'Tis thus the World her Votaries beguiles
With fair appearances; and kills with Smiles.*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM VIII.

LUKE VI. 25.

*Woe unto you that laugh now ! for ye shall mourn
and weep.*

THE world's a popular disease, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantic brains
Of poor distemper'd mortals, oft arising
From ill digestion, through th' unequal poisoning
Of ill-weigh'd elements, whose light directs
Malignant humours to malign effects.
One raves and labours with a boiling liver ;
Rends hair by handfuls, cursing Cupid's quiver :
Another, with a bloody flux of oaths,
Vows deep revenge : one doats ; the other loathes :
One frisks and sings, and cries " A flagon more,
To drench dry cares, and make the welkin* roar !"
Another droops ; the sunshine makes him sad ;
Heav'n cannot please : one's mop'd ; the other's
mad :

* *Welkin*, the firmament, or sky.

One hugs his gold ; another lets it fly :
He knowing not for whom ; nor t' other why.
One spends his day in plots, his night in play ;
Another sleeps and slugs* both night and day :
One laughs at this thing ; t' other cries for that ;
But neither one nor t' other knows for what.
Wonder of wonders ! what we ought t' evite†
As our disease, we hug as our delight.
'Tis held a symptom of approaching danger
When disacquainted sense becomes a stranger,
And takes no knowledge of an old disease ;
But, when a noisome grief begins to please
The unresisting sense, it is a fear
That Death has parley'd, and compounded there.
As, when the dreadful Thund'rer's awful hand
Pours forth a vial on th' infected land,
At first th' affrighten'd mortals quake and fear,
And ev'ry noise is thought the Thunderer :
But, when thè frequent soul-departing bell
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine-days' wonder ;
They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his thunder.

* *Slugs*, to act slothfully.

† *Evite*, to shun or avoid.

So, when the world (a worse disease) began
To smart for sin, poor new-created man
Could seek for shelter, and his gen'rous son
Knew by his wages what his hands had done:
But bold-fac'd mortals, in our blushless times,
Can sing and smile, and make a sport of crimes,
Transgress of custom, and rebel in ease.
We false-joy'd fools can triumph in disease,
And (as the careless pilgrim, being bit
By the tarantula, begins a fit
Of life-concluding laughter) waste our breath
In lavish pleasure, till we laugh to death.

Hugo de Anima.

What profit is there in vain glory, momentary mirth, the world's power, the flesh's pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and great desires? Where is their laughter? Where is their mirth? Where their insolence—their arrogance? From how much joy to how much sadness! After how much mirth, how much misery! From how great glory are they fallen, to how great torment! What hath fallen to them may befall thee, because thou art a man: thou art

of earth ; thou livest of earth ; thou shalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every where ! Be wise, therefore, and expect death every where.

Epig. 8.

What ails the fool to laugh ? Does something please
His vain conceit ? Or is 't a mere disease ?
Fool, giggle on, and waste thy wanton breath ;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

BOOK 1.



EMBLEM 9.

Frustra quis stabilem figat in Orbe Gradum.

*This changing World no lasting Joys can give,
The slippery Ground your Footsteps will deceive.*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM IX.

I JOHN II. 17.

*The world passeth away, and all the lusts
thereof.*

DRAW near, brave sparks, whose spirits scorn to
light
Your hallow'd tapers but at honour's flame ;
You, whose heroic actions take delight
To varnish over a new painted name ;
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their
flight,
But on th' Icarian wings of babbling Fame ;
Behold, how tott'ring are your high-built
stories
Of earth, whereon you trust the ground-work of
your glories.

And you, moré brain-sick lovers, that can prize
A wanton smile before eternal joys ;
That know no heav'n but in your mistress' eyes ;
That feel no pleasure but what sense enjoys :

That can, like crown-distemper'd fools, despise
True riches, and, like babies, whine for toys :

Think ye the pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth itself's un-
stable ?

Come, dunghill worldlings, you that root like swine,
And cast up golden trenches where ye come :

Whose only pleasure is to undermine,

And view the secrets of your mother's womb :

Come, bring your saint, pouch'd in his leathern
shrine,

And summon all your griping angels home :

Behold your world, the bank of all your store ;
The world ye so admire, the world ye so adore.

A feeble world, whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tire
Before the race ; before the start, retreat :

A faithless world, whose false delights expire

Before the term of half their promis'd date :

A fickle world, not worth the least desire,

Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of state :

A feeble, faithless, fickle world, wherein
Each motion proves a vice, and ev'ry act a sin.

The beauty, that of late was in her flow'r,
Is now a ruin, not to raise a lust :
He that was lately drench'd in Danae's show'r,
Is master now of neither gold nor trust ;
Whose honour late was mann'd with princely pow'r,
His glory now lies buried in the dust ;
O who would trust this world, or prize what's
in it,
That gives and takes, and chops, and changes, ev'ry
minute !

Nor length of days, nor solid strength of brain,
Can find a place wherein to rest secure :
The world is various, and the earth is vain ;
There's nothing certain here, there's nothing
sure ;
We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,
And what's our only grief's our only cure :
The world's a torment ; he that would endea-
your
To find the way to rest, must seek the way to leave
her.

S. Greg. in Hom.

Behold, the world is withered in itself, yet flourisheth in our hearts, every where death, every where grief, every where desolation: on every side we are smitten; on every side filled with bitterness; and yet, with the blind mind of carnal desire, we love her bitterness. It flieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we stick to it: and, because we cannot enjoy it falling, we fall with it, and enjoy it fallen.

Epig. 9.

If Fortune fail, or envious Time but spurn,
The world turns round, and with the world we turn:
When Fortune sees, and lynx-ey'd Time is blind,
I'll trust thy joys, O world; till then, the wind.

ight:



EMBLEM 10.

Utriusque Crepundia Merces.

*The Sum of all that thus their Strength employs
Her side, are Folly's glittering Toys.*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM X.

JOHN VIII. 44.

*Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of
your father ye will do.*

HERE'S your right ground : wag gently o'er this
black :

'Tis a short cast; y' are quickly at the jack :

Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one

On this bowl's side; blow wind, 'tis fairly thrown :

The next bowl's worse that comes; come, bowl
away;

Mammon, you know the ground untutor'd, play :

Your last was gone; a yard of strength, well spar'd,

Had touch'd the block; your hand is still too hard.

Brave pastime, readers, to consume that day,

Which, without pastime, flies too swift away!

See how they labour; as if day-and night

Were both too short to serve their loose delight :

See how their curved bodies writhe, and screw
Such antic shapes as Proteus never knew :
One raps an oath, another deals a curse ;
He never better bowl'd ; this never worse :
One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs, and laughs,
The other bends his beetle brows, and chafes :
Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their Stygian
cries

Send their black Santos to the blushing skies :
Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,
They make bad premises, and worse conclusion :
But where's the palm that fortune's hand allows
To bless the victor's honourable brows ?
Come, reader, come ; I'll light thine eye the way
To view the prize, the while the gamesters play :
Close by the jack, behold, jill Fortune stands
To wave the game ; see in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open show,
To cheer the lads, and crown the conqu'ror's brow.
The world's the jack ; the gamesters that contend
Are Cupid, Mammon : that judicious friend,
That gives the ground, is Satan : and the bowls
Are sinful thoughts ; the prize, a crown for fools.

Who breathes that bowls not? What bold tongue
can say,
Without a blush, he hath not bowl'd to-day?
It is the trade of man, and ev'ry sinner
Has play'd his rubbers: ev'ry soul's a winner.
The vulgar proverb's crost, he hardly can
Be a good bowler and an honest man.
Good GOD! turn thou my Brazil thoughts anew;
New-sole my bowls, and make their bias true.
I'll cease to game till fairer ground be giv'n,
Nor wish to win until the mark be Heav'n.

S. Bernard, Lib. de Consid.

O you sons of Adam, you covetous generation,
what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are
neither true nor yours? Gold and silver are real
earth, red and white, which only the error of man
makes, or rather reputes, precious: in short, if
they be yours, carry them with you.

S. Hieron. in Ep.

O lust, thou infernal fire, whose fuel is gluttony;
whose flame is pride; whose sparkles are wanton

words; whose smoke is infamy; whose ashes are
uncleanness; whose end is hell.

Epig. 10.

Mammon, well follow'd; Cupid, bravely led :
Both touchers; equal fortune makes a dead :
No reed can measure where the conquest lies :
Take my advice; compound, and share the prize.





EMBLEM II.

Mundus in Exitium ruit .

*Their ill-tim'd Speed admits of no Delay:
Thus to Destruction runs the World away.*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM XI.

EPHES. II. 2.

*Ye walked according to the course of this world,
according to the prince of the air.*

O WHITHER will this mad-brain world at last
Be driven? Where will her restless wheels arrive?
Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast?
O whither means her furious groom to drive?
What, will her rambling fits be never past?
For ever ranging? Never once retrieve?
Will earth's perpetual progress ne'er expire?
Her team continuing in their fresh career:
And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

Sol's hot-mouth'd steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,
Their twelve hours' task perform'd, grow stiff and
lame,
And their immortal spirits faint and tire:

At th' azure mountain's foot their labours claim
The privilege of rest, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and go
steep
Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,
And 'fresh their tired souls with strength-restoring
sleep.

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race or flight,
Can drag the idle world, expecting not
The bed of rest, but travel with delight ;
Who, never weighing way nor weather, trot
Thro' dust and dirt, and droil both day and night :
Thus droil these fiends incarnate, whose free
pains
Are fed with dropsies and venereal blains.
No need to use the whip ; but strength to rule the
reins.

Poor captive world ! How has thy lightness giv'n
A just occasion to thy foes' illusion !
O, how art thou betray'd, thus fairly driv'n
In seeming triumph to thy own confusion !

How is thy empty universe bereav'n

Of all true joys, by one false joy's delusion!

So I have seen an unblown virgin fed

With sugar'd words so full, that she is led

A fair attended bride to a false bankrupt's bed:

Pull, gracious LORD! Let not thine arm forsake

The world, impounded in her own devices:

Think of that pleasure that thou once didst take

Amongst the lilies and sweet beds of spices.

Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slack

The swift-foot fury of ten thousand vices:

Let not thy dust-devouring dragon boast

His craft has won what Judah's lion lost;

Remember what is crav'd; recount the price it cost.

Isidor. Lib. 1. de Summo Bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by so much the more fiercely he troubleth it with persecution; that, knowing himself is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

Cyprian. in Ep.

Broad and spacious is the road to infernal life ;
there are enticements and death-bringing pleasures.
There the devil flattereth, that he may deceive ;
smileth, that he may endamage ; allureth, that he
may destroy.

Epig. 11.

Nay, soft and fair, good world ; post not too fast ;
Thy journey's end requires not half this haste.
Unless that arm thou so disdain'st reprivest* thee,
Alas ! thou needs must go, the devil drives thee.

* *Reprivest*, curbs, restrains ; from the French, *reprimer*.



EMBLEM 12.

Inopem me copia fecit.

*What are the Riches which the World can grant!
Plenty like this, alas! has made me want.*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM XII.

ISAIAH LXVI. 11.

*Ye may suck, but not be satisfied with the breast
of her consolation.*

WHAT, never fill'd? Be thy lips screw'd so fast
To th' earth's full breast? for shame, for shame
unseize thee;

Thou tak'st a surfeit where thou should'st but taste,
And mak'st too much not half enough to please
thee.

Ah, fool, forbear; thou swallowest at one
breath

Both food and poison down! thou draw'st both
milk and death.

The ub'rous breasts, when fairly drawn, repast
The thriving infant with their milky flood;
But, being overstrain'd, return at last
Unwholesome gulps compos'd of wind and blood.

A mod'rate use does both repast and please;
Who strains beyond a mean, draws in and gulps
disease.

But O, that man, whose good the least abuse
Makes bad, is too, too hard to be directed :
Can thorns bring grapes, or crabs a pleasing juice ?
There's nothing wholesome where the whole's
infected.

Unseize thy lips ; earth's milk's a ripen'd core,
That drops from her disease, that matters from her
sore.

Think'st thou that paunch, that burlies out thy
coat,

Is thriving fat ; or flesh, that seems so brawny ?
Thy paunch is dropsied and thy cheeks are bloat ;
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny ;
Thy skin's a bladder blown with wat'ry tu-
mours ;

Thy flesh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of hu-
mours.

And thou, whose thriveless hands are ever straining
Earth's fluent breasts into an empty sieve,
That always hast, yet always art complaining,
And whin'st for more than earth has pow'r to
give ;

Whose treasure flows and flees away as fast ;
That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou
hast.

Go choose a substance, fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking measure ;
Or else go seek an urn that will retain
The liquid body of thy slipp'ry treasure :
Alas ! how poorly are thy labours crown'd !
Thy liquor 's never sweet, nor yet thy vessel sound.

What less than fool is man to prog and plot,
And lavish out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor seeming goods ; which, being got,
Make firm possession but a thoroughfare ;
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the
deeper ;
And, being kept with care, they lose their careful
keeper.

S. Greg. Hom. 3, secund. Parte Ezech.

If we give more to the flesh than we ought, we nourish an enemy; if we give not to her necessity what we ought, we destroy a citizen: the flesh is to be satisfied so far as suffices to our good; whosoever alloweth so much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be satisfied: to be satisfied is a great art; lest, by the satiety of the flesh, we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

Hugo de Anima.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

Epig. 12.

What makes thee, fool, so fat? Fool, thee so bare?
Ye suck the self-same milk, the self-same air:
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin and bone?
The mean's a virtue, and the world has none.





EMBLEM 13.

Da mihi Frena Timor; da mihi Calcar Amor.
*Bridle my worldly Zeal. — For Things above,
 Grant me the Spur of Hearts, Celestial Love.*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM XIII.

JOHN III. 19.

*Men love darkness rather than light, because their
deeds are evil.*

LORD, when we leave the world and come to thee,
How dull, how slug are we!

How backward! How prepost'rous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!

Our thoughts are millstones, and our souls are lead,
And our desires are dead:

Our vows are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken, or not made:

Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:

In whose performance one poor worldly scoff
Foins us, or beats us off.

If thy sharp scourge find out some secret fault,
We grumble, or revolt;

And if thy gentle hand forbear, we stray,
Or idly lose the way.

Is the road fair? we loiter: clogg'd with mire?
We stick, or else retire:

A lamb appears a lion; and we fear
Each bush we see's a bear.

When our dull souls direct their thoughts to thee,
The soft-pac'd snail is not so slow as we.
But when at earth we dart our wing'd desire,
We burn, we burn like fire.

Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend
To her magnetic friend:

Or as the greedy lover's eye-balls fly
At his fair mistress' eye;

So, so we cling to earth; we fly and puff,
Yet fly not fast enough.

If Pleasure beckon with her balmy hand,
Her beck's a strong command:

If Honour calls us with her courtly breath,
An hour's delay is death:

If Profit's golden-finger'd charm inveigles,
We clip more swift than eagles:

Let Auster weep, or blust'ring Boreas roar,
Till eyes or lungs be sore:

Let Neptune swell, until his dropsy sides

Burst into broken tides :

Nor threat'ning rocks, nor winds, nor waves, nor fire,

Can curb our fierce desire :

Nor fire, nor rocks, can stop our furious minds,

Nor wayes, nor winds :

How fast and fearless do our footsteps flee !

The lightfoot roebuck 's not so swift as we.

S. August. sup. Psal. lxiv.

Two several loves built two several cities : the love of GOD builds a Jerusalem ; the love of the world builds a Babylon. Let every one inquire of himself what he loveth, and he shall resolve himself of whence he is a citizen.

S. August. Lib. 3. Confess.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own centre : my weight is my love ; by that I am driven whithersoever I am driven.

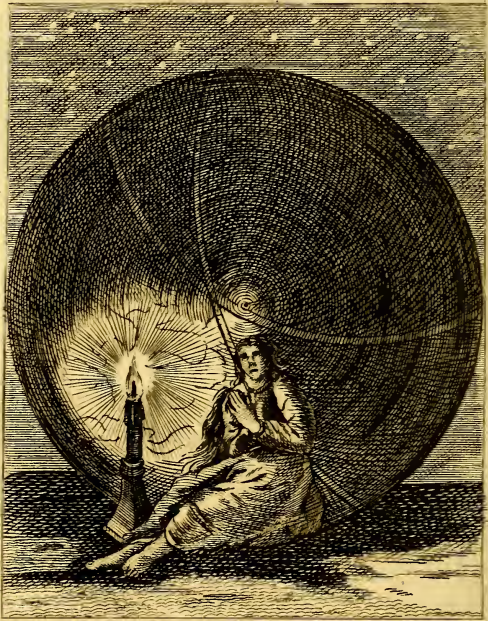
Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee the less, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

Epig. 13.

**LORD, scourge my ass, if she should make no haste,
And curb my stag, if he should flee too fast :
If he be over swift, or she prove idle,
Let love lend her a spur ; fear, him a bridle.**





EMBLEM 14.

Phosphore redde Diem.

*O chase the gloomy Shades of Night away,
Sweet Phosphor, to our Sphere return the Day.*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM XIV.

PSALM XIII. 3.

*Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep
of death.*

WILL 'T ne'er be morning? Will that promis'd light
Ne'er break, and clear those clouds of night?

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day,

Whose conqu'ring ray

May chase these fogs; sweet Phosphor, bring the
day.

How long! how long shall these benighted eyes

Languish in shades, like feeble flies

Expecting spring? How long shall darkness soil

The face of earth, and thus beguile

Our souls of rightful action? When will day

Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray

May gild the weathercocks of our devotion,

And give our unsoul'd souls new motion?

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;

Thy light will fray

These horrid mists; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Let those have night that slily love t' immure
Their cloister'd crimes, and sin secure ;

Let those have night that blush to let men know
The baseness they ne'er blush to do ;

Let those have night that love to take a nap,
And loll in Ignorance's lap ;

Let those whose eyes, like owls, abhor the light,
Let those have night, that love the night :

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day :

How sad delay

Afflicts dull hopes! sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Alas! my light-in-vain-expecting eyes

Can find no objects but what rise

From this poor mortal blaze—a dying spark

Of Vulcan's forge, whose flames are dark,

And dangerous ; a dull, blue-burning light,

As melancholy as the night :

Here 's all the suns that glister in the sphere

Of earth : Ah me ! what comfort 's here ?

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day ;

Haste, haste away,

Heav'n's loit'ring lamp ; sweet Phosphor, bring the
day.

Blow, Ignorance! O thou, whose idle knee
Rocks earth into a lethargy,
And with thy sooty fingers has bedight
The world's fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spite:
Since thou hast puffed our greater taper, do
Puff on, and out the lesser too:
If ere that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou hast not blown as it will burn:
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
Light will repay
The wrongs of night; sweet Phosphor, bring the
day.

S. August. in Joh. Ser. xix.

GOD is all to thee: If thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirsty, he is water; if in darkness, he is light; if naked, he is a robe of immortality.

Alanus de Conq. Nat.

GOD is a light that is never darkened: an unwearyed life that cannot die; a fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a seminary of wisdom; a radical beginning of all goodness.

Epig. 14.

My soul, if Ignorance puff out this light,
She'll do a favour that intends a spite:
It seems dark abroad; but take this light away,
Thy windows will discover break of day.



EMBLEM 16.

Debilitata Fides; Terras Astræa reliquit.

*Faith now is weaken'd: of celestial Birth
Divine Astræa, quits the groaning Earth.*

BOOK I.—EMBLEM XV.

REV. XII. 12.

*The devil is come unto you, having great wrath,
because he knoweth that he hath but a short
time.*

LORD! canst thou see and suffer? Is thy hand
Still bound to th'peace? Shall earth's black
monarch take

A full possession of thy wasted land?

O, will thy slumb'ring vengeance never wake,
Till full-ag'd law-resisting Custom shake

The pillars of thy right, by false command?

Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer, and come
down;

Behold whose temples wear thy sacred crown;
Redress, redress our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy
own.

See how the bold usurper mounts the seat

Of royal majesty; how overstrawing

Perils with pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat

With bugbear death, by torments overawing

Thy frighted subjects ; or by favours drawing
 Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat ;
 LORD, canst thou be so mild, and he so bold ?
 Or can thy flocks be thriving when the fold
 Is govern'd by the fox ? LORD, canst thou see and
 hold ?

That swift-wing'd advocate, that did commence
 Our welcome suits before the King of kings ;
 That sweet ambassador, that hurries hence
 What airs th' harmonious soul or sighs or sings,
 See how she flutters with her idle wings ;
 Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by sense :
 Sense-conqu'ring Faith is now grown blind and
 cold,
 And basely craven'd,* that, in times of old,
 Did conquer Heav'n itself, do what th' Almighty
 could.

Behold, how double Fraud does scourge and tear
 Astræa's wounded sides, plough'd up, and rent
 With knotted cords, whose fury has no ear ;
 See how she stands a pris'ner, to be sent

* *Craven'd*, disheartened, made to knock under, &c.

A slave, into eternal banishment,
I know not whither, O, I know not where :
Her patent must be cancell'd in disgrace ;
And sweet-lipp'd Fraud, with her divided face,
Must act Astræa's part, must take Astræa's place.

Faith's pinions clipt ? and fair Astræa gone ?
Quick-seeing Faith now blind ? and Justice see ?
Has Justice now found wings ? and has Faith none ?
What do we here ? who would not wish to be
Dissolv'd from earth, and, with Astræa, flee
From this blind dungeon to that sun-bright throne ?
LORD, is thy sceptre lost, or laid aside ?
Is hell broke loose, and all her fiends unty'd ?
LORD, rise, and rouse, and rule, and crush their
furious pride.

Peter Rav. in Matth.

The devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of the truth, the corrupter of the world, man's perpetual enemy : he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spurreth bodies ; he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger,

exposeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, soweth error, nourisheth contentions, disturbeth peace, and scattereth affliction.

Macar:

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

Savanar.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

Epig. 15.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on; .
Judge not the play before the play be done :
Her plot has many changes: ev'ry day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.



EMBLEM I.

Sic Lumine Lumen ademptum.

*So shines the Sun in native Splendour bright,
Thy feeble Ray eclipsing with his Light.*

BOOK THE SECOND.

EMBLEM I.

ISAIAH I. 11.

*You that walk in the light of your own fire, and
in the sparks that ye have kindled, ye shall lie
down in sorrow.*

Do, silly Cupid, snuff and trim

Thy false, thy feeble light,

And make her self-consuming flames more bright;

Methinks she burns too dim.

Is this that sprightly fire,

Whose more than sacred beams inspire

The ravish'd hearts of men, and so inflame desire?

See, boy, how thy unthrifty blaze

Consumes; how fast she wanes;

She spends herself, and her, whose wealth maintains

Her weak, her idle rays.

Cannot thy lustful blast,
Which gave it lustre, make it last?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure
spends so fast?

Go, wanton, place thy pale-fac'd light
Where never breaking day
Intends to visit mortals, or display
The sullen shades of night:
Thy torch will burn more clear
In night's un-Titan'd hemisphere;
Heav'n's scornful flames and thine can never co-
appear.

In vain thy busy hands address
Their labour, to display
Thy easy blaze within the verge of day;
The greater drowns the less!
If Heav'n's bright glory shine,
Thy glimm'ring sparks must needs resign;
Puff out Heav'n's glory then, or Heaven will work
out thine.

Go, Cupid's rammish pander, go,
Whose dull, whose low desire
Can find sufficient warmth from Nature's fire,
Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
Blow wind made strong with spite;
When thou hast puff'd the greater light
Thy lesser spark may shine, and warm the new-made
night.

Deluded mortals, tell me, when
Your daring breath has blown
Heav'n's taper out, and you have spent your own,
What fire shall warm ye then?
Ah, fools! perpetual night
Shall haunt your souls with Stygian fright,
Where they shall boil in flames, but flames shall
bring no light.

S. August.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my
merit is not sufficient.

S. Greg. Mor. xxv.

By how much the less man seeth himself, by so much the less he displeaseth himself; and by how much the more he seeth the light of grace; by so much the more he disdaineth the light of Nature.

S. Greg. Mor.

The light of the understanding humility kindleth and pride covereth.

Epig. 1.

Thou blow'st Heav'n's fire, the whilst thou go'st
about,
Rebellious fool, in vain, to blow it out:
Thy folly adds confusion to thy death;
Heav'n's fire confounds when fann'd with Folly's
breath.



EMBLEM 2.

Donec totum expleat Orbem.

*Nor cease his Cares, till this low World's vast round,
Within his vain, the eager Grasp be found.*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM II.

ECCLES. IV. 8.

*There is no end of all his labour ; neither is his
eye satisfied with riches.*

O HOW our widen'd arms can overstretch
Their own dimensions ! How our hands can reach
Beyond their distance ! How our yielding breast
Can shrink to be more full, and full possess
Of this inferior orb ! How earth refin'd
Can cling to sordid earth ! How kind to kind !
We gape, we grasp, we gripe, add store to store ;
Enough requires too much ; too much craves more.
We charge our souls so sore beyond our stint,
That we recoil or burst : the busy mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coining new desires ; desires not knowing
Where next to pitch ; but, like the boundless ocean,
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by
motion.

The pale-fac'd lady of the black-ey'd night
First tips her horned brows with easy light,
Whose curious train of spangled nymphs attire
Her next night's glory with increasing fire ;
Each ev'ning adds more lustre, and adorns
The growing beauty of her grasping horns :
She sucks and draws her brother's golden store,
Until her glutt'd orb can suck no more.
E'en so the vulture of insatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting seeks, and seeking finds
New fuel to increase her rav'nous fire ;
The grave is sooner cloy'd than man's desire :
We cross the seas, and midst her waves we burn,
Transporting lives, perchance, that ne'er return :
We sack, we ransack to the utmost sands
Of native kingdoms and of foreign lands :
We travel sea and soil ; we pry, we prowl,
We progress, and we prog from pole to pole :
We spend our mid-day sweat, our midnight oil ;
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil :
We make art servile, and the trade gentile,
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile,)
To compass Earth, and with her empty store
To fill our arms, and grasp one handful more :

Thus seeking rest, our labours never cease,
But, as our years, our hot desires increase :
Thus we, poor little worlds! with blood and sweat,
In vain attempt to comprehend the great :
Thus, in our gain, become we gainful losers,
And what's enclosed encloses the enclosers.
Now, reader, close thy book, and then advise ;
Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise ;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking
The world's base dunghill ; vermin's took by taking :
Take heed thou trust not the deceitful lap
Of wanton Delilah ; the world's a trap.

Hugo de Anima.

Tell me, where be those now, that so lately loved
and hugged the world ? Nothing remaineth of them
but dust and worms : observe what those men were ;
what those men are. They were like thee ; they
did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry days ; and in
a moment slipt into hell. Here their flesh is food
for worms ; there their souls are fuel for fire, till
they shall be rejoined in an unhappy fellowship,

and cast into eternal torments; where they that were once companions in sin shall be hereafter partners in punishment.

Epig. 2.

Gripe, Cupid, and gripe still, until that wind,
That's pent before, find secret vent behind :
And when thou'st done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'll trust thy armful, I'll trust that.





EMBLEM 3.

Non amat Ille ; sed hamat Amor.

*His pure Affection this will fail to prove ;
But he's entangled in the Snares of Love .*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM III.

JOB XVIII. 8.

*He is cast into a net by his own feet, and walketh
upon a snare.*

WHAT! nets and quiver too? what need there all

These sly devices to betray poor men?

Die they not fast enough when thousands fall

Before thy dart! what need these engines then?

Attend they not, and answer to thy call,

Like nightly coveys, where thou list, and when?

What needs a stratagem where strength can
sway?

Or what needs strength compel where none
gainsay?

Or what needs stratagem or strength where hearts
obey?

Husband thy sleights: it is but vain to waste

Honey on those that will be catch'd with gall;

Thou canst not, ah! thou canst not bid so fast

As men obey: thou art more slow to call!

Than they to come ; thou canst not make such haste
To strike, as they, being struck, make haste to
fall.

Go save thy nets for that rebellious heart
That scorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art
T' avoid thy flying shaft, to quench thy fiery dart.

Lost mortal ! how is thy destruction sure,
Between two bawds, and both without remorse !

The one's a line, the other is a lure ;
'This to entice thy soul ; that t' enforce.

Waylaid by both, how canst thou stand secure ?

That draws ; this woos thee to th' eternal curse.

O charming tyrant, how hast thou befool'd
And slav'd poor man, that would not, if he
could,

Avoid thy line, thy lure ; nay, could not, if he
would !

Alas ! thy sweet perfidious voice betrays

His wanton ears with thy Sirenian baits :
Thou wrapp'st his eyes in mists, then boldly lays
Thy lethal* gins before their crystal gates ;

* *Lethal*, mortal, deadly.

Thou lock'st up ev'ry sense with thy false keys,
All willing pris'ners to thy close deceits :

His ear most nimble where it deaf should be ;

His eye most blind where most it ought to see ;

And, when his heart's most bound, then thinks
itself most free.

Thou grand impostor ! how hast thou obtain'd

The wardship of the world ? Are all men turn'd
Idiots and lunatics ? Are all retain'd

Beneath thy servile bands ? Is none return'd
To his forgotten self ? Has none regain'd

His senses ? Are their senses all adjourn'd ?

What, none dismiss'd thy court ? Will no plump
fee

Bribe thy false fists to make a glad decree,
T' unfool whom thou hast fool'd, and set thy
pris'ners free ?

S. Bern. in Ser.

In this world is much treachery, little truth :
here all things are traps ; here every thing is beset

with snares ; here souls are endangered, bodies are afflicted : here all things are vanity and vexation of spirit.

Epig. 3.

Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel where thou please,
 Thou canst not fail to take such fish as these.
 Thy thriving sport will ne'er be spent : no need
 To fear, when ev'ry cork 's a world : Thou'lt speed.





EMBLEM 4.

Quam grave Servitium est quod levis Esca parit.

*Great must the Slavery be, where to your share
Such slight Refreshment falls, to ease your Care.*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM IV.

HOSEA XIII. 3.

*They shall be as the chaff that is driven with a
whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke
out of the chimney.*

FLINT-BREASTED Stoics, you, whose marble eyes
Contemn a wrinkle, and whose souls despise
To follow Nature's too affected fashion,
Or travel in the regent walk of passion;
Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at fears,
Or play at fast or loose, with smiles and tears;
Come, burst your spleens with laughter to behold
A new-found vanity, which days of old
Ne'er knew: a vanity that has beset
The world, and made more slaves than Mahomet;
That has condemn'd us to the servile yoke
Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke.
But stay, why tax I thus our modern times
For new-blown follies, and for new-born crimes?

Are we sole guilty, and the first age free?

No, they were smok'd and slav'd as well as we :

What's sweet-lipp'd Honour's blast but smoke?

What's treasure

But very smoke? And what more smoke than pleasure?

Alas! they're all but shadows, fumes, and blasts;
That vanishes, this fades, the other wastes.

The restless merchant, he that loves to steep
His brains in wealth, and lays his soul to sleep
In bags of bullion, sees th' immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but ingots' keep him down.
He brags to-day, perchance, and begs to-morrow :
He lent but now ; wants credit, now, to borrow :
Blow wind? the treasure's gone, the merchant's
broke;

A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke.

Behold the glory-vying child of Fame,
That from deep wounds sucks forth an honour'd
name ;

That thinks no purchase worth the style of good,
But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with blood ;
That for a point, a blast of empty breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of death ;

Whose dear-bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,
Breaks with a fillip, or a gen'ral's frown :
His stroke-got honour staggers with a stroke ;
A slave to honour is a slave to smoke.
And that fond soul, which wastes his idle days
In loose delights, and sports about the blaze
Of Cupid's candle ; he that daily spies
Twin babies in his mistress' Gemines,
Whereto his sad devotion does impart
The sweet burnt-off'ring of a bleeding heart ;
See how his wings are sing'd in Cyprian fire,
Whose flames consume with youth, in age expire :
The world's a bubble ; all the pleasures in it,
Like morning vapours, vanish in a minute :
The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke ;
A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke.
Now, Stoic, cease thy laughter, and repast
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as fast.

S. Hieron.

That rich man is great who thinketh not himself great because he is rich : the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly ; he is blown up, but not full.

Petr. Rav.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour: the pomp of the world, and the favour of the people, are but smoke, and a blast suddenly vanishing; which, if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance; and, for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.

Epig. 4.

Cupid, thy diet's strange: it dulls, it rouses;
It cools, it heats; it binds, and then it looses:
Dull-sprightly-cold-hot fool, if e'er it winds thee
Into a looseness once, take heed; it binds thee.



EMBLEM 5.

Non Omne quod hic micat Aurum est.

*What Treasures here do Mankind's Sons behold?
Yet know, that all which glitters is not Gold.*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM V.

PROV. XXIII. 5.

*Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not ?
for riches make themselves wings ; they fly
away as an eagle.*

FALSE world, thou ly'st : thou canst not lend
The least delight :

Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight :

Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night :

Poor are the wants that thou supply'st ;
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With Heaven ! fond earth, thou boast'st ; false
world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure :
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure ;

Thou ask'st the Conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her :
There's none can want where thou supply'st ;
There's none can give where thou deny'st :
Alas! fond world, thou boast'st ; false world, thou
ly'st.

What well-advised ear regards
What Earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay :
Thy cunning can but pack the cards ;
Thou canst not play :
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st ;*
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st :
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; false world, thou
ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coin'd treasure ;
A paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure ;

* *Vy'st*, a word used at cards; *i. e.* to challenge.

A painted cask, but nothing in 't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure :
Vain earth, that falsely thus comply'st
With man ; vain man, that thus rely'st
On earth : vain man, thou doat'st ; vain earth,
thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash ;
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash ?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with ? Are these the high'st ?
Can these bring cordial peace ? False world, thou
ly'st.

Pet. Bles.

The world is deceitful ; her end is doubtful ; her conclusion is horrible ; her Judge is terrible ; and her punishment is intolérable.

S. August. Lib. Confess.

The vain-glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruitless labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour : her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.

Epig. 5.

World, thou'rt a traitor ; thou hast stamp'd thy base
And chymic metal with great Cæsar's face ;
And with thy bastard bullion thou hast barter'd
For wares of price ; how justly drawn and quarter'd !





EMBLEM 6.

Sic decipit Orbis.

*Look not upon this World; for Things appear
In false proportion: All's deceitful here.*

BOOK II.- EMBLEM VI.

JOB XV. 31.

*Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity ; for
vanity shall be his recompense.*

BELIEVE her not, her glass diffuses
False portraitures : thou canst espy
No true reflection : she abuses
Her misinform'd beholder's eye ;
Her crystal's falsely steel'd ; it scatters
Deceitful beams ; believe her not, she flatters.

This flaring mirror represents
No right proportion, hue, nor feature :
Her very looks are compliments ;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater :
The skilful gloss of her reflection
But paints the context of thy coarse complexion.

Were thy dimension but a stride,
Nay, wert thou statur'd but a span,
Such as the long-bill'd troops defy'd,
A very fragment of a man !

She'll make thee Mimas, which ye will,
The Jove-slain tyrant, or th' Ionic hill.

Had surfeits, or th' ungracious star,
Conspir'd to make one common place
Of all deformities that are
Within the volume of thy face,
She'd lend thee favour should outmove
The Troy-bane Helen, or the queen of love:

Were thy consum'd estate as poor
As Laz'rus or afflicted Job's,
She'll change thy wants to seeming store,
And turn thy rags to purple robes:
She'll make thy hide-bound flank appear
As plump as theirs that feast it all the year.

Look off, let not thy optics be
Abus'd: thou see'st not what thou should'st:
Thyself's the object thou should'st see,
But 'tis thy shadow thou behold'st:
And shadows thrive the more in stature,
The nearer we approach the light of nature.

Where Heav'n's bright beams look more direct,
The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger ;
But, when they glance their fair aspect,
The bold-fac'd shade grows larger, longer :
And, when their lamp begins to fall,
Th' increasing shadows lengthen most of all.

The soul that seeks the noon of grace
Shrinks in, but swells if grace retreat :
As Heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
Our self-esteems grow less or great.
The least is greatest ; and who shall
Appear the greatest, are the least of all.

Hugo, Lib. iii. de Anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his GOD, who is not first rightly advised to behold himself: First, thou must see the visible things of thyself, before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of GOD; for, if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things above thee: the

best looking-glass, wherein to see thy GOD, is perfectly to see thyself.

Epig. 6.

Be not deceiv'd, great fool: there is no loss
In being small; great bulks but swell with dross.
Man is Heav'n's masterpiece: if it appear
More great, the value's less; if less, more dear.



EMBLEM 7.

Hic pessima, Hic optima servat.

*This takes the Worst, and That the Best secures:
That must be Best which evermore endures.*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM VII.

DEUTERONOMY XXX. 19.

I have set before thee life and death, blessing and cursing ; therefore choose life, that thou and thy seed may live.

THE world's a floor, whose swelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the ploughman's toil :
The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnow'd grain
Is lodg'd with chaff and bury'd in her soil :
All things are mix'd, the useful with the vain ;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile :
The world's an ark, wherein things pure and
gross
Present their lossful gain, and gainful loss,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of dross.

This furnish'd ark presents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add ;
Here lasting joys, here pleasures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wish'd and had :

All points of honour, counterfeit and true,
 Salute thy soul, and wealth both good and bad :
 Here may'st thou open wide the two-leav'd door.
 Of all thy wishes, to receive that store,
 Which, being emptied most, doth overflow the more.

Come then, my soul, approach this royal burse,*
 And see what wares our great exchange retains :
 Come, come ; here's that shall make a firm divorce
 Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains :
 No need to sit in council with thy purse,
 Here's nothing good shall cost more price than
 pains :

But, O my soul, take heed ; if thou rely
 Upon thy faithless optics, thou wilt buy
 Too blind a bargain : know, fools only trade by th' eye.

The worldly wisdom of the foolish man
 Is like a sieve, that doth alone retain
 The grosser substance of the worthless bran :
 But thou, my soul, let thy brave thoughts disdain

* *Burse*, an exchange ; a place for the meeting of merchants, and where shops are kept.

So coarse a purchase: O be thou a fan

To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain:

Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mix'd

desires:

Thou art Heav'n's tasker; and thy GOD requires
The purest of thy floor, as well as of thy fires.

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,

And wisdom bless thy soul's unblemish'd ways;

No matter, then, how short or long's the lease,

Whose date determines thy self-number'd days:

No need to care for wealth's or fame's increase,

Nor Mars's palm, nor high Apollo's bays.

LORD, if thy gracious bounty please to fill

The floor of my desires, and teach me skill
To dress and choose the corn, take those the chaff
that will.

S. August. Lib. i. de Doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectation
than in fruition: but things eternal more in the
fruition than expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between angels and beasts : if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts ; but if he delights in spiritual things, he is suited with angels.

Epig. 10.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed
But like a child, and with the children's bread ;
But thou art fed with chaff, or corn undrest :
My soul, thou savour'st too much of the beast.





EMBLEM 8.

Hæc animant Pueros Cymbala; at illa Viros.

*This pleases Children; — That the Man enjoys:
'Tis Wisdom to despise such idle Toys.*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM VIII.

PHILIPPIANS III. 19, 20.

*They mind earthly things, but our conversation is
in heaven.*

VENUS. DIVINE CUPID.

Ven. WHAT means this peevish brat? Whish, lullaby;

What ails my babe? what ails my babe to cry?
Will nothing still it? Will it neither be
Pleas'd with the nurse's breast nor mother's knee?
What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy
To make such whim'ring faces? Peace, my joy:
Will nothing do? Come, come, this pettish brat,
Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what?
Come, buss and friends, my lamb; whish, lullaby;
What ails my babe? what ails my babe to cry?
Peace, peace, my dear; alas! thy early years
Had never faults to merit half these tears;
Come, smile upon me: let thy mother spy
Thy father's image in her baby's eye:

Husband these guiltless drops against the rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age ;
Thine eye 's not ripe for tears : Whish, lullaby ;
What ails my babe, my sweet-fac'd babe, to cry ?
Look, look, what 's here ! A dainty golden thing :
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring,
To please my bantling ! Here 's a knack will breed
A hundred kisses : here 's a knack indeed.
So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
As Pelop's shoulder, or my milk-white pair :
Here 's right the father's smile ; when Mars beguil'd
Sick Venus of her heart, just thus he smil'd.

Divine Cupid.

Well may they smile alike ; thy base-bred boy
And his base sire had both one cause—a toy :
How well their subjects and their smiles agree !
Thy Cupid finds a toy, and Mars found thee :
False queen of beauty, queen of false delights,
Thy knee presents an emblem, that invites
Man to himself, whose self-transported heart
(O'erwhelm'd with native sorrows, and the smart
Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
Not knowing why, till heavy-beel'd Delay,

The dull-brow'd pander of Despair, lays by
His leaden buskins, and presents his eye
With antic trifles, which the indulgent earth
Makes proper objects of man's childish mirth.
These be the coin that pass, the sweets that please ;
There's nothing good, there's nothing great, but
these :

These be the pipes that base-born minds dance after,
And turn immod'rate tears to lavish laughter ;
Whilst heav'nly raptures pass without regard ;
Their strings are harsh, and their high strains un-
heard :

The ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flute,
Find more respect than great Apollo's lute :
We'll look to Heav'n, and trust to higher joys ;
Let swine love husks, and children whine for toys.

S. Bern.

That is the true and chief joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator, which (being once possessed thereof) none can take from thee : whereto all pleasure, being

compared, is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.

S. Bern.

Joy, in a changeable subject, must necessarily change as the subject changeth.

Epig. 8.

Peace, childish Cupid, peace : thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry.
But are thy peevish wranglings thus appeas'd ?
Well may'st thou cry, that art so poorly pleas'd.



EMBLEM 9.

Venturum exhorreo Diem .

*So has my Time pass'd unperceiv'd away ;
I shun the Light, and dread a coming Day .*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM IX.

ISAIAH X. 3.

*What will ye do in the day of your visitation ?
whom will ye flee for help ? and where will ye
leave your glory ?*

Is this that jolly god, whose Cyprian bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whim'ring hearts ?
Is this that sov'reign deity, that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings
The blund'ring souls of swains, and stoops the
hearts of kings ?

What Circean charm, what Hecatean spite,
Has thus abus'd the god of love ?
Great Jove was vanquish'd by his greater might ;
(And who is stronger-arm'd than Jove ?)
Or has our lustful god perform'd a rape,
And (fearing Argus' eyes) would 'scape
The view of jealous Earth, in this prodigious shape ?

Where be those rosy cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious fates ?

Ah ! where 's that pearl portcullis,* that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd ruby gates ?

Where be those killing eyes that so controll'd
The world, and locks that did infold
Like knots of flaming wire, like curls of burnish'd
gold ?

No, no, 'twas neither Hecatean spite,

Nor charm below, nor pow'r above ;

'Twas neither Circe's spell, nor Stygian sprite,
That thus transform'd our god of love ;

'Twas owl-ey'd Lust (more potent far than
they),

Whose eyes and actions hate the day ;

Whom all the world observe, whom all the world obey.

See how the latter trumpet's dreadful blast

Affrights stout Mars's trembling son !

See how he startles ! how he stands aghast,
And scrambles from his melting throne !

* *Portcullis* (a term of fortification); *i. e.* a grate dropped down, to stop a gateway.

Hark, how the direful hand of vengeance tears
The swelt'ring clouds, whilst Heav'n ap-
pears
A circle fill'd with flame, and centred with his fears!

This is that day, whose oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of prophets bare;
The faithless subject of the worldling's scorn,
The sum of men and angels' pray'r:
This, this the day, whose all-discerning light
Ransacks the secret dens of night,
And severs good from bad; true joys from false
delight.

You grov'ling worldlings, you whose wisdom trades
Where Light ne'er shot his golden ray,
That hide your actions in Cimmerian shades,
How will your eyes endure this day?
Hills will be deaf, and mountains will not hear;
There be no caves, no corners there,
To shade your souls from fire, to shield your hearts
from fear.

Hugo.

O the extreme loathsomeness of fleshly lust, which not only effeminates the mind, but ernervates the body; which not only distaineth the soul, but disguiseth the person! It is ushered with fury and wantonness; it is accompanied with filthiness and uncleanness; and it is followed with grief and repentance.

Epig. 9.

What, sweet-fac'd Cupid, has thy bastard treasure,
Thy boasted honours, and thy bold-fac'd pleasure,
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee, long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, fool—to wit, to woe.





EMBLEM 10.

Tinnit: inane est.

*Can Nothing then in this fair Orb be found?
Strike it and prove; — tis empty, by its Sound.*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM X.

NAHUM II. 10.

She is empty, and void, and waste.

SHE'S empty : hark ! she sounds : there's nothing
there

But noise to fill thy ear ;

Thy vain inquiry can at length but find

A blast of murm'ring wind :

It is a cask, that seems as full as fair,

But merely tunn'd with air ;

Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds :

The soul that vainly finds

Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

She's empty : hark ! she sounds : there's nothing
in't ;

The spark-engend'ring flint

Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce* shall, first,

Dissolve and quench thy thirst,

* *Raunce*, dry mouldy crust of bread.

Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
 With smooth-fac'd calms of rest.

Thou may's't as well expect meridian light
 From shades of black-mouth'd night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She's empty : hark ! she sounds : 'tis void and
 vast ;

 What if some flatter'ing blast
Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,
 And whisper in thine ear ?

It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
 And vanishes like mist.

Poor honour earth can give ! what gen'rous mind
 Would be so base to bind

Her heav'n-bred soul a slave, to serve a blast of
 wind ?

She's empty : hark ! she sounds : 'tis but a ball
 For fools to play withal :

'The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
 That's lin'd with silken trouble :

It is a world, whose work and recreation
 Is vanity, and vexation ;

A hag, repair'd with vice-complexion, paint :
 A quest-house of complaint ;
It is a saint, a fiend ; worse fiend when most a saint.

She 's empty : hark ! she sounds : 'tis vain and void ;
 What 's here to be enjoy'd
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
 Drawn now, and cross'd to-morrow ?
Or what are men but puffs of dying breath,
 Reviv'd with living death ?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
 Than what dull flesh propounds ;
Trust not this hollow world ; she 's empty : hark !
 she sounds.

S. Chrys. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemn riches, and thou shalt be rich ; con-
temn glory, and thou shalt be glorious ; contemn
injuries, and thou shalt be a conqueror ; contemn
rest, and thou shalt gain rest ; contemn earth, and
thou shalt find Heaven.

Hugo Lib. de Vanit. Mundi.

The world is a vanity which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the industrious.

Epig. 10.

This house is to be let for life or years ;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears :
Cupid, 't has long stood void ; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.



BOOK II.



EMBLEM 11.

Erras: hâc itur ad illam.

*No, tis not thus; - thy Ball like thee will stray:
Attend in time, and learn the better Way.*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM XI.

MATT. VII. 14.

*Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few
there be that find it.*

PREPOST'ROUS fool, thou troul'st* amiss :
Thou err'st ; that 's not the way, 'tis this :
Thy hopes, instructed by thine eye,
Make thee appear more near than I ;
My floor is not so flat, so fine,
And has more obvious rubs than thine ;
'Tis true, my way is hard and strait,
And leads me through a thorny gate,
Whose rankling pricks are sharp and fell ;
The common way to Heaven's by hell.
'Tis true, thy path is short and fair,
And free of rubs : Ah ! fool, beware,
The safest road's not always ev'n ;
The way to hell's a seeming Heav'n :

* *Troul'st, i. e. roll a ball.*

Think'st thou the crown of glory 's had
With idle ease, fond Cyprian lad ?
Think'st thou that mirth, and vain delights,
High feed, and shadow-short'ning nights,
Soft knees, full bags, and beds of down,
Are proper prologues to a crown ?
Or canst thou hope to come, and view,
Like prosp'rous Cæsar, and subdue ?
The bond-slave usurer will trudge
In spite of gout, will turn a drudge,
And serve his soul-condemning purse,
T' increase it with the widow's curse :
And shall the crown of glory stand
Not worth the waving of a hand ?
The fleshly wanton, to obtain
His minute-lust, will count it gain
To lose his freedom, his estate,
Upon so dear, so sweet a rate.
Shall pleasures thus be priz'd, and must
Heav'n's palm be cheaper than a lust ?
The true-bred spark, to hoise* his name
Upon the waxen wings of Fame,

* *Hoise*, to hoist, or raise up.

Will fight undaunted in a flood
That's rais'd with brackish drops and blood.
And shall the promis'd crown of life
Be thought a toy, not worth a strife?
An easy good brings easy gains;
But things of price are bought with pains.
The pleasing way is not the right:
He that would conquer Heav'n must fight.

S. Hieron in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the
glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

S. Greg. Lib. viii. Mor.

The valour of a just man is, to conquer the flesh,
to contradict his own will, to quench the delights
of this present life, to endure and love the mis-
eries of this world for the reward of a better, to
contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly
to overcome the fears of adversity.

Epig. 11.

O Cupid, if thy smoother way were right,
I should mistrust this crown were counterfeit :
The way's not easy where the prize is great :
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.



EMBLEM 12.

In Cruce stat securus Amor.

*'Tis thus alone, Security we prove ;
' While on the blessed cross we rest our Love.*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM XII.

GALAT. VI. 14.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.

CAN nothing settle my uncertain breast,

And fix my rambling love?

Can my affections find out nothing best,

But still and still remove?

Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of rest

Receive my restless dove?

Is there no good, than which there's nothing higher,

To bless my full desire

With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er
expire?

I wanted wealth; and, at my dear request,

Earth lent a quick supply:

I wanted mirth, to charm my sullen breast;

And who more brisk than I?

I wanted fame, to glorify the rest;

My fame flew eagle-high:

My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd,
Wealth vanish'd like a shade ;
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

The world's an ocean, hurried to and fro
With ev'ry blast of passion :
Her lustful streams, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of man's vexation :
They alter daily, and they daily grow
The worse by alteration :
The earth's a cask full tunn'd, yet wanting measure ;
Her precious wine is pleasure ;
Her yest* is honour's puff ; her lees† are worldly
treasure.

My trust is in the cross : let Beauty flag
Her loose, her wanton sail ;
Let count'nance-gilding Honour cease to brag
In courtly terms, and vail ;
Let ditch-bred Wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her base, though golden, tail ;

* *Yest*, or *yeast*, barm used for the fermentation of liquors.

† *Lees*, the settlement, or dregs, at bottom.

False beauty's conquest is but real loss,
And wealth but golden dross;
Best honour's but a blast : my trust is in the cross.

My trust is in the cross ; there lies my rest ;
My fast, my sole delight :
Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd East,
Blow till they burst with spite ;
Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
And join their twisted might ;
Let show'rs of thunderbolts dart down and wound me,
And troops of fiends surround me,
All this may well confront, all this shall ne'er con-
found me.

S. August.

Christ's cross is the *Chriscross** of all our happiness ; it delivers us from all blindness of error, and enriches our darkness with light ; it restoreth the troubled soul to rest ; it bringeth strangers to

* *Chriscross*, a small cross prefixed to the Alphabet in Catholic spelling-books, the children of which religion generally call the Alphabet the *Chriscross* ; and in that sense the word is evidently used here.

GOD'S acquaintance; it maketh remote foreigners near neighbours; it cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace; and is the bounteous author of all good.

S. Bern. in Ser. de Resur.

We find glory in the cross; to us that are saved it is the power of GOD, and the fulness of all virtues.



Epig. 12.

I follow'd Rest; Rest fled, and soon forsook me:
I ran from Grief; Grief ran, and overtook me.
What shall I do? Lest I be too much tost
On worldly crosses, LORD, let me be crost.



EMBLEM 13.

Post Vulnera Dæmon.

*So when the fatal Wound has pierc'd thy Heart,
Th'insulting Fiend will aggravate the Smart.*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM XIII.

PROV. XXVI. 11.

*As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth
to his folly.*

O, I am wounded! and my wounds do smart
Beyond my patience or great Chiron's art:
I yield, I yield; the day, the palm, is thine;
Thy bow's more true, thy shaft's more fierce, than
mine.

Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand! What need
To send more darts? the first has done the deed.
Oft have we struggled, when our equal arms
Shot equal shafts, inflicted equal harms;
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twi-fork'd with death, has struck my conscience
dead.

But must I die? Ah me! if that were all,
Then, then I'd stroke my bleeding wounds, and call
This dart a cordial, and with joy endure
These harsh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.

But something whispers in my dying ear,
There is an after-day ; which day I fear.
The slender debt to nature 's quickly paid,
Discharg'd, perchance, with greater ease than made ;
But if that pale-fac'd sergeant make arrest,
Ten thousand actions would (whereof the least
Is more than all this lower world can bail)
Be enter'd, and condemn me to the jail
Of Stygian darkness, bound in red-hot chains,
And grip'd with tortures worse than Tityan pains.
Farewell, my vain, farewell, my loose delights ;
Farewell, my rambling days, my rev'ling nights :
'Twas you betray'd me first, and, when ye found
My soul at 'vantage, gave my soul the wound :
Farewell, my bullion* gods, whose sov'reign looks
So often catch'd me with their golden hooks :
Go, seek another slave ; ye must all go ;
I cannot serve my GOD and bullion too.
Farewell, false Honour ; you, whose airy wings
Did mount my soul above the thrones of kings ;
Then flatter'd me, took pet, and, in disdain,
Nipp'd my green buds ; then kick'd me down again :

* *Bullion*, gold or silver in the mass ; put for *riches*.

Farewell, my bow ; farewell, my Cyprian quiver ;
 Farewell, dear world ; farewell, dear world, for ever.
 O, but this most delicious world, how sweet
 Her pleasures relish ! ah ! how jump* they meet
 The grasping soul, and with their sprightly fire
 Revive and raise, and rouse the rapt desire !
 For ever ? O, to part so long ! what, never
 Meet more ? Another year, and then for ever :
 Too quick resolves do resolution wrong ;
 What, part so soon, to be divorc'd so long ?
 Things to be done are long to be debated ;
 Heav'n's not decay'd. Repentance is not dated.

S. August. lib. de Util. agen. Pæn.

Go up, my soul, into the tribunal of thy con-
 science : there set thy guilty self before thyself :
 hide not thyself behind thyself, lest GOD bring
 thee forth before thyself.

S. August. in Soliloq.

In vain is that washing, where the next sin de-
 fileth : he hath ill repented whose sins are re-

* *Jump*, fit or tally with.

peated: that stomach is the worse for vomiting,
that licketh up his vomit.

Anselm.

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth,
but he hath not promised repentance to him
that sinneth.

Epig. 13.

Brain-wounded Cupid, had this hasty dart,
As it hath prick'd thy fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T had been thy friend: O how hath it deceiv'd
thee!

For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had sav'd thee.



EMBLEM 14.

Post lapsum fortius atto.

*Ev'n while I fall, I rise again, to prove
I firmer stand when rais'd by heavenly Love.*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM XIV.

PROV. XXIV. 16.

*A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again ;
but the wicked shall fall into mischief.*

'TIS but a foil at best, and that's the most.

Your skill can boast :

My slipp'ry footing fail'd me ; and you tript,

Just as I slipt :

My wanton weakness did herself betray

With too much play :

I was too bold ; he never yet stood sure,

That stands secure :

Who ever trusted to his native strength,

But fell at length ?

The title's craz'd,* the tenure is not good,

That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.

Boast not thy skill ; the righteous man falls oft,

Yet falls but soft :

* *Craz'd*, weak.

There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
To crush his bones :

What if he staggers ? nay, put case he be
Foil'd on his knee ;

That very knee will bend to Heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.

The true-bred gamester ups afresh, and then
Falls to 't again ;

Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd* dies.

Boast not thy conquest, thou that ev'ry hour
Fall'st ten times low'r ;

Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,
To fall more base :

Thou wallow'st where I slip ; and thou dost tumble
Where I but stumble :

Thou glory'st in thy slav'ries' dirty badges,
And fall'st for wages :

Sour grief and sad repentance scours and clears
My stains with tears :

* *Craven'd*, disheartened, made to knock under.

Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure;*
 But when I slip, I stand the more secure.

LORD, what a nothing is this little span

We call a Man!

What fenny trash maintains the smoth'ring fires

Of his desires!

How slight and short are his resolves at longest!

How weak at strongest!

Oh, if a sinner, held by thy fast hand,

Can hardly stand,

Good GOD! in what a desp'rate case are they

That have no stay!

Man's state implies a necessary curse:

When not himself, he's mad; when most himself,

he's worse.

S. Ambros. in Serm. ad Vincula.

Peter stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall than before he fell; insomuch that he found more grace than he lost grace.

* Ure, use.

S. Chrys. in Ep. ad Heliod. Monach.

It is no such heinous matter to fall afflicted, as, being down, to lie dejected. It is no danger for a soldier to receive a wound in battle; but, after the wound received, through despair of recovery, to refuse a remedy: for we often see wounded champions wear the palm at last; and, after flight, crowned with victory.

Epig. 14.

Triumph not, Cupid, his mischance doth show
Thy trade; doth once, what thou dost always do:
Brag not too soon; has thy prevailing hand
Foil'd him? Ah fool, thou'st taught him how to
stand.





EMBLEM 16.

Patet Ætheri ; clauditur Orbi.

*Open to Heav'n, the Heart scorns Earthly Pride :
Open to Heav'n, 'tis shut to all beside.*

BOOK II.—EMBLEM XV.

JER. XXXII. 40.

*I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall
not depart from me.*

So, now the soul's sublim'd; her sour desires
Are recalcin'd* in Heav'n's well-temper'd fires :
The heart, restor'd and purg'd from drossy nature,
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature :
It lives another life, it breathes new breath ;
It neither feels nor fears the sting of death :
Like as the idle vagrant (having none),
That boldly 'dopts† each house he views his own ;
Makes ev'ry purse his chequer;‡ and, at pleasure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the world, like Cæsar ;
At length, by virtue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand ;

* *Recalcin'd* : to calcine is, with chymists, to burn to a cinder.

† *'Dopts*, adopts, or makes his own.

‡ *Chequer*, exchequer, or treasury.

Whereon his pass, not fully understood,
Is texted in a manuscript of blood ;
Thus pass'd from town to town, until he come
A sore repentant to his native home :
E'en so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crime to sin, and, uncontroll'd, removes
From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites
From old-worn pleasures to new choice delights ;
At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended, but his gracious GOD,
And lash'd from sins to sighs ; and, by degrees,
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees ;
From bended knees to a true pensive breast ;
From thence to torments, not by tongues exprest,
Returns ; and (from his sinful self exil'd)
Finds a glad Father, He a welcome child :
O then it lives ; O then it lives involv'd
In secret raptures ; pants to be dissolv'd :
The royal offspring of a second birth
Sets ope' to Heav'n, and shuts the door to earth :
If love-sick Jove commanded clouds should hap
To rain such show'rs as quicken'd Danaë's lap ;
Or dogs (far kinder than their purple master)
Should lick his sores ; he laughs nor weeps the faster.

If Earth (Heav'n's rival) dart her idle ray ;
 To Heav'n 'tis wax, and to the world 'tis clay :
 If Earth present delights, it scorns to draw,
 But, like the jet* unrubb'd, disdains that straw :
 No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it ;
 No grief disturbs it, and no error guides it ;
 No fear distracts it, and no rage inflames it ;
 No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it ;
 No sloth besots it, and no lust intrals it ;
 No scorn afflicts it, and no passion galls it :
 It is a carknet† of immortal life ;
 An ark of peace ; the lists‡ of sacred strife ;
 A purer piece of endless transitory ;
 A shrine of grace ; a little throne of glory ;
 A heav'n-born offspring of a new-born birth ;
 An earthly heav'n ; an ounce of heav'nly earth.

S. August. de Spir. et Anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where
 humility subjecteth, where repentance correcteth,

* *Jet* ; black amber, which, rubbed, has an attractive quality.

† *Carknet*, a necklace.

‡ *Lists*, a place enclosed for tournaments, races, wrestlings, and other exercises.

where obedience directeth, where preseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.

S. Greg.

Which way soever the heart turneth itself (if carefully), it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose GOD, in those very things we shall find GOD: it shall find the heat of his power in consideration of those things, in the love of which things he was most cold; and by what things it fell perverted, by those things it is raised converted.

Epig. 15.

My heart! but wherefore do I call thee so?
I have renounc'd my int'rest long ago:
When thou wert false and fleshly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.





ENTERTAINMENTS.

Pfalm. 38. 9.

*On Thee, O Lord, is fix'd my whole Desire ;
To Thee my Groans ascend, my Pray'rs aspire .*

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

ALL you whose better thoughts are newly born,
 And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can scorn
 The world's base trash, whose necks disdain to bear
 Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whose chaste ear
 No wanton songs of Sirens can surprise
 With false delight; whose more than eagle-eyes
 Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
 On glitt'ring beams of honour, and not daze;*
 Whose souls can spurn at pleasure, and deny
 The loose suggestions of the flesh; draw nigh:

And you, whose am'rous, whose select desires
 Would feel the warmth of those transcendent fires,
 Which (like the rising sun) put out the light
 Of Venus' star, and turn her day to night;
 You that would love, and have your passions crown'd
 With greater happiness than can be found
 In your own wishes; you, that would affect
 Where neither scorn, nor guile, nor disrespect

* *Daze* ; *i. e.* be dazzled.

Shall wound your tortur'd souls ; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulness cloy ;
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser fear
Unflames your courage in pursuit ; draw near :
Shake hands with* Earth, and let your soul respect
Her joys no further than her joys reflect
Upon her Maker's glory : if thou swim
In wealth, see Him in all ; see all in Him :
Sink'st thou in want, and is thy small cruise spent ?
See Him in want ; enjoy Him in content :
Conceiv'st Him lodg'd in cross, or lost in pain ?
In pray'r and patience find Him out again :
Make Heav'n thy mistress, let no change remove
Thy loyal heart ; be fond, be sick of Love.
What if he stop his ear, or knit his brow ?
At length he'll be as fond, as sick, as thou :
Dart up thy soul in groans ; thy secret groan
Shall pierce his ear, shall pierce his ear alone :
Dart up thy soul in vows ; thy sacred vow
Shall find him out, where Heav'n alone shall know :
Dart up thy soul in sighs ; thy whisp'ring sigh
Shall rouse his ears, and fear no list'ner nigh :

* *Shake hands with ; i. e. take leave of.*

Send up thy groans, thy sighs, thy closet-vow;
There 's none, there 's none shall know but Heav'n
and thou.

Groans fresh'd with vows, and vows made salt with
tears,

Unscale his eyes, and scale his conquer'd ears:

Shoot up the bosom shafts of thy desire,

Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire,

And they will hit: fear not, where Heav'n bids

Come;

Heav'n's never deaf but when man's heart is dumb.

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EMBLEM I.

Isaiah. 26. 9.

*Amidst the Darkness of this Worldly Night,
Lord I have sigh'd to find thy Heavenly Light.*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM I.

ISAIAH XXVI. 9.

My soul hath desired thee in the night.

GOOD GOD ! what horrid darkness doth surround
My groping soul ! how are my senses bound
In utter shades, and, muffled from the light,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night !
The bold-fac'd lamp of Heav'n can set and rise,
And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals ; his victorious ray
Can chase the shadows, and restore the day :
Night's bashful empress, though she often wane,
As oft repents her darkness ; primes again ;
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace
Her brother's wealth, and orbs her silver face.
But ah ! my sun, deep swallow'd in his fall,
Is set, and cannot shine, not rise at all :
My bankrupt wane can beg nor borrow light ;
Alas ! my darkness is perpetual night.

Falls have their risings, wanings have their primes,
 And desp'rate sorrows wait their better times :
 Ebbs have their floods, and autumns have their
 springs :

All states have changes hurried with the swings
 Of chance and time, still tiding to and fro :
 Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too.

How often have I vainly grop'd about,
 With lengthen'd arms, to find a passage out,
 That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
 And bathe my soul in those celestial fires !

Like as the hagar,* cloister'd in her mew,†
 To scour her downy robes, and to renew
 Her broken flags,‡ preparing t' overlook
 The tim'rous mallard§ at the sliding brook,
 Jets || oft from perch to perch ; from stock ¶ to
 ground ;

From ground to window ; thus surveying round

* *Hagar*, a wild hawk.

† *Mew*, a coop or cage.

‡ *Flags*, wing-feathers.

§ *Mallard*, a drake (water-fowl).

|| *Jets*, hops.

¶ *Stock*, perch ; that on which a bird rests.

Her dove-befeather'd prison, till, at length,
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
Whereto her wing was horn,) her ragged beak
Nips off her dangling jesses,* strives to break
Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate†
At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate:‡
E'en so my weary soul, that long has been
An inmate in this tenement of sin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now scorns her shadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd desires at Thee, that only art
The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
These dusky clouds that make so dark a night:
Shine forth, great Glory, shine; that I may see
Both how to loath myself and honour thee:
But, if my weakness force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye:
If I must want those beams I wish, yet grant
That I, at least, may wish those beams I want.

* *Jesses*, leather thongs that tied on the bells.

† *Bate*, flutter her wings.

‡ *Grate*, lattice.

S. August. Soliloqu. Cap. xxxiii.

There was a great and dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the sun of justice and the light of truth. I, being the son of darkness, was involved in darkness: I loved my darkness, because I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindness, and did walk from darkness to darkness: but, LORD, thou art my GOD, who hast led me from darkness and the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and, behold, I see.

Epig. 1.

My soul, cheer up; what if the night be long?
Heav'n finds an ear when sinners find a tongue.
Thy tears are morning show'rs: Heav'n bids me say,
When Peter's cock begins to crow, 'tis day.





EMBLEM 2.

Pfalm. 69 . 5 .

*To Thee, O Lord, are all our Follies known,
Wert thou extreme to mark them from thy Throne.*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM II.

PSALM LXIX. 5.

*O Lord, thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins
are not hid from thee.*

SEE'ST thou this fulsome idiot? In what measure
He seems transported with the antic pleasure
Of childish baubles? Canst thou but admire
The empty fulness of his vain desire?
Canst thou conceive such poor delights as these
Can fill th' insatiate soul of man, or please
The fond aspect of his deluded eye?
Reader, such very fools art thou and I:
False puffs of honour; the deceitful streams
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams
Of pleasure, are our traffic, and ensnare
Our souls, the threefold subject of our care:
We toil for trash, we barter solid joys
For airy trifles, sell our Heav'n for toys:
We snatch at barley-grains, whilst pearls stand by
Despis'd; such very fools art thou and I.

Aim'st thou at honour? Does not th' idiot shake it
In his left hand? Fond man, step forth and take it :
Or would'st thou wealth? See how the fool presents
thee

With a full basket, if such wealth contents thee :
Would'st thou take pleasure? If the fool unstride
His prancing stallion, thou may'st up, and ride :
Fond man, such is the pleasure, wealth, and honour,
That earth affords such fools as doat upon her ;
Such is the game whereat earth's idiots fly ;
Such idiots, ah ! such fools, art thou and I :
Had rebel man's fool-hardiness extended
No further than himself, and there had ended,
It had been just ; but, thus, enrag'd to fly
Upon th' eternal eyes of Majesty,
And drag the Son of Glory from the breast
Of his indulgent Father ; to arrest
His great and sacred person ; in disgrace
To spit and spawl upon his sun-bright face ;
To taunt him with base terms, and, being bound,
To scourge his soft, his trembling sides ; to wound
His head with thorns ; his heart with human fears ;
His hands with nails, and his pale flank with spears ;

And then to paddle in the purer stream
Of his spilt blood, is more than most extreme :
Great Builder of mankind, canst thou propound
All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
Thy handy-work ? O ! canst thou choose but see,
That mad'st the eye ? can ought be hid from thee ?
Thou seest our persons, LORD, and not our guilt ;
Thou seest not what thou may'st, but what thou
wilt :

The hand that form'd us is enforc'd to be
A screen set up betwixt thy work and thee :
Look, look upon that hand, and thou shalt spy
An open wound, a thoroughfare for thine eye ;
Or if that wound be clos'd, that passage be
Deny'd between thy gracious eyes and me,
Yet view the scar ; that scar will countermand
Thy wrath : O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. Chrys. Hom. iv. Joan.

Fools seem to abound in wealth, when they want
all things ; they seem to enjoy happiness, when
indeed they are only most miserable ; neither do

they understand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. Greg. in Mo.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish,
by how much we strive to seem outwardly wise.

Epig. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done?
Controll'd thy GOD, and crucify'd his Son.
How sweetly has the LORD of life deceiv'd thee!
Thou shedd'st his blood, and that shed blood has
sav'd thee.

BOOK III.



EMBLEM 3.

Pfalm. 6. 2.

*Heal me O Lord, and give my Torments ease ;
My Bones are vex'd; restore my Health & Peace.*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM III.

PSALM VI. 2.

*Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak ; O
Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.*

SOUL. JESUS.

Soul. AH ! Son of David, help.

Jes. What sinful cry

Implores the Son of David ?

Soul. It is I.

Jes. Who art thou ?

Soul. Oh ! a deeply wounded breast

That's heavy laden, and would fain have rest.

Jes. I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed,
Like household children, with the children's bread.

Soul. True, LORD ; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crumbs : O, Son of David, help.

Jes. Poor soul, what ail'st thou ?

Soul. O I burn, I fry ;

I cannot rest ; I know not where to fly,

To find some ease ; I turn my blubber'd face

From man to man ; I roll from place to place ;

T' avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,
 But still am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:
 My midnight torments call the sluggish light,
 And, when the morning's come, they woo the night.

Jes. Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desires.

Soul. Quench, quench my flames, and 'suage
 these scorching fires.

Jes. Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy
 grief?

Soul. LORD, I believe; LORD, help my unbelief.

Jes. Hold forth thine arm, and let my fingers try
 Thy pulse: where, chiefly, doth thy torment lie?

Soul. From head to foot; it reigns in ev'ry part,
 But plays the self-law'd tyrant in my heart.

Jes. Canst thou digest? canst relish wholesome
 food?

How stands thy taste?

Soul. To nothing that is good:
 All sinful trash, and earth's unsav'ry stuff,
 I can digest, and relish well enough.

Jes. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?

Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad it
 burns.

Jes. How old's thy grief?

Soul. I took it at the Fall
With eating fruit.

Jes. 'Tis epidemical :
Thy blood's infected, and the infection sprang
From a bad liver : 'tis a fever strong,
And full of death, unless with present speed
A vein be open'd : thou must die, or bleed.

Soul. O I am faint and spent : that lance that shall
Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal :
My soul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of blood, than (being spent so far) to bleed :
I faint already ; if I bleed, I die.

Jes. 'Tis either you must bleed, sick soul, or I :
My blood's a cordial. He that sucks my veins
Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains
Than these. Cheer up ; this precious blood of mine
Shall cure thy grief ; my heart shall bleed for thine.
Believe, and view me with a faithful eye ;
Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

S. August. Lib. x. Confess.

LORD, be merciful unto me ! Ah me ! behold, I
hide not my wounds : thou art a Physician, and I
am sick ; thou art merciful, and I am miserable.

S. Greg. in Pastoral.

O Wisdom, with how sweet an art doth thy
wine and oil restore health to my healthless soul ?
How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful,
art thou ! Powerful for me, merciful to me !

Epig. 3.

Canst thou be sick, and such a Doctor by ?
Thou canst not live, unless thy Doctor die :
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good
To 'suage her pains, but the Physician's blood !





EMBLEM 4.

Pfalm. 25 .18.

*Behold, O Lord, my Labour and my Pain;
Forgive my Sins; thy chastning Hand restrain.*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM IV.

PSALM XXV. 18.

*Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive
all my sins.*

BOTH work and strokes? both lash and labour too?
What more could Edom or proud Ashur do?
Stripes after stripes; and blows succeeding blows!
LORD, has thy scourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? my pains no ease, no intermission?
Is this the state, is this the sad condition,
Of those that trust thee? Will thy goodness please
T' allow no other favours—none but these?
Will not the rhet'ric of my torments move?
Are these the symptoms, these the signs, of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil
The toilsome task of thy laborious mill?
May not this labour expiate and purge
My sin, without th' addition of thy scourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how fast it rains
Sad show'rs of sweat, the fruits of fruitless pains:

Behold these ridges ; see what purple furrows
 Thy plough has made : O think upon those sorrows,
 That once were thine ; wilt, wilt thou not be woo'd
 To mercy, by the charms of sweat and blood ?
 Canst thou forget that drowsy mount, wherein
 Thy dull disciples slept ? was not my sin
 There punish'd in thy soul ? did not this brow
 Then sweat in thine ? were not those drops enow ?
 Remember Golgotha, where that spring-tide
 O'erflow'd thy sov'reign sacramental side :
 There was no sin, there was no guile in thee,
 That call'd those pains : thou sweat'st, thou bledd'st
 for me.

Was there not blood enough, when one small drop
 Had pow'r to ransom thousand worlds, and stop
 The mouth of Justice ? LORD, I bled before
 In thy deep wounds ; can Justice challenge more ?
 Or dost thou vainly labour to hedge in
 Thy losses from my sides ? My blood is thin,
 And thy free bounty scorns such easy thrift ;
 No, no, thy blood came not as loan, but gift.
 But must I ever grind ? and must I earn
 Nothing but stripes ? O wilt thou disaltern*

* *Disaltern*, set aside the alternate changes of *stripes* and *rest*, common to man.

The rest thou gav'st ? Hast thou perus'd the curse
Thou laid'st on Adam's fall, and made it worse ?
Caust thou repent of mercy ? Heav'n thought good
Lost man should feed in sweat, not work in blood :
Why dost thou wound th' already wounded breast ?
Ah me ! my life is but a pain at best ;
I am but dying dust ; my days a span ;
What pleasure tak'st thou in the blood of man ?
Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere :
Send fewer strokes, or lend more strength to bear.

S. Bern. Hom. lxxxix. in Cant.

Miserable man ! who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage ? I am a miserable man, but a free man : free, because a man ; miserable, because a servant : in regard of my bondage, miserable ; in regard of my will, inexcusable : for my will, that was free, beslaved itself to sin, by assenting to sin ; for he that committeth sin is the servant to sin.

Epig. 4.

Tax not thy GOD: thine own defaults did urge
This two-fold punishment; the mill, the scourge.
Thy sin's the author of thy self-tormenting:
Thou grind'st for sinning; scourg'd for not re-
penting.





EMBLEM 5.

Job. 10. 9.

*Remember, Lord, that I was made from Clay,
Nor in thy Wrath consume me quite away.*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM V.

JOB X. 9.

*Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me
as the clay; and wilt thou bring me into dust
again?*

THUS from the bosom of the new-made earth
Poor man was delv'd,* and had his unborn birth:
The same the stuff; the self-same hand doth trim
The plant that fades, the beast that dies, and him:
One was their Sire, one was their common mother;
Plants are his sisters, and the beast his brother;
The elder too: beasts draw the self-same breath
Wax old alike, and die the self-same death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes array'd;
Alike they flourish, and alike they fade:
The beast in sense exceeds him; and, in growth,
The three-ag'd oak doth thrice exceed them both.
Why look'st thou then so big, thou little span
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?

* *Delv'd*, dug.

I,* but my great Creator did inspire
My chosen earth with that diviner fire
Of reason; gave me judgment, and a will;
That, to know good; this, to choose good from ill:
He put the reins of pow'r in my free hand,
And jurisdiction over sea and land:
He gave me art to lengthen out my span
Of life, and made me all in being man.
I,* but thy passion has committed treason
Against the sacred person of thy reason:
Thy judgment is corrupt; perverse thy will;
That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:
The greater height sends down the deeper fall;
And good, declin'd, turns bad, turns worst of all.
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatness claim the more in being man?
O! but my soul transcends the pitch of Nature,
Borne up by th' image of her high Creator;
Outbraves the life of Reason, and bears down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen crown.
My earth's a living temple t' entertain
The King of Glory, and his glorious train:

* I, Aye.

How can I mend my title, then? where can
 Ambition find a higher style than Man?
 Ah! but that image is defac'd and soil'd;
 Her temple's raz'd, her altars all defil'd;
 Her vessels are polluted, and distain'd
 With loathed lust; her ornaments profan'd;
 Her oil-forsaken lamps and hallow'd tapers
 Put out; her incense breathes unsav'ry vapours:
 Why swell'st thou then so big, thou little span
 Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
 Eternal Potter, whose blest hands did lay
 My coarse foundation from a sod of clay,
 Thou know'st my slender vessel's apt to leak;
 Thou know'st my brittle temper's prone to break:
 Are my bones Brazil, or my flesh of oak?
 O, mend what thou hast made, what I have broke:
 Look, look with gentle eyes, and in thy day
 Of vengeance, LORD, remember I am clay.

S. August. Soliloq. xxxii.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that
 madest me, without whom nothing was made:

thou art my Maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my LORD GOD, by whom I live, and by whom all things subsist, because thou madest me : I thank thee, O my Potter, because thy hands have made me, because thy hands have formed me.

Epig. 5.

Why swell'st thou, man, puff'd up with fame and
purse?

Th'art better earth, but born to dig the worse :

Thou cam'st from earth, to earth thou must return ;

And art but earth, cast from the womb to th' urn.





EMBLEM 6.

Job. 7. 20.

*Lord I have sinn'd! yet Oh! relieve my Cure,
Ner set me as a Mark thy Wrath to bear.*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM VI.

JOB VII. 20.

I have sinned; what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men? why hast thou set me as a mark against thee?

LORD, I have done; and, LORD, I have misdome;
'Tis folly to contest, to strive with one
That is too strong; 'tis folly to assail
Or prove an arm, that will, that must, prevail.
I've done, I've done; these trembling hands have
 thrown

Their daring weapons down: the day's thine own:
Forbear to strike where thou hast won the field;
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
These treach'rous hands, that were so vainly bold
To try a thriveless* combat, and to hold
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand; that knee that bowed

* *Thriveless*, unsuccessful.

Upon her guardless guard,* doth now repent
Upon this naked floor; see, both are bent,
And sue for pity: O, my ragged wound
Is deep and desp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd
In blood and briny tears: it doth begin
To stink without, and putrefy within.
Let that victorious hand, that now appears
Just in my blood, prove gracious to my tears:
Thou great Preserver of presumptuous man,
What shall I do? what satisfaction can
Poor dust and ashes make? O, if that blood,
That yet remains unshed, were half as good
As blood of oxen; if my death might be
An off'ring to atone my GOD and me;
I would disdain injurious life, and stand
A suitor, to be wounded from thy hand.
But may thy wrongs be measur'd by the span
Of life, or balanc'd with the blood of man?
No, no, eternal sin expects, for guerdon,†
Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
And pardon him that hath no price to pay:

* A term in fencing.

† *Guerdon*, reward.

Enlarge that soul, which base presumption binds ;
Thy justice cannot lose what mercy finds :
O thou, that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
LORD, if the peevish infant fights, and flies,
With unpar'd weapons, at his mother's eyes,
Her frowns (half-mix'd with smiles) may chance
to show

An angry love-trick on his arm, or so ;
Where, if the babe but make a lip, and cry,
Her heart begins to melt, and, by-and-by,
She coakes* his dewy cheeks ; her babe she blesses,
And chokes her language with a thousand kisses.
I am that child : lo, here I prostrate lie,
Pleading for mercy ; I repent, and cry
For gracious pardon : let thy gentle ears
Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears :
See not my frailties, LORD, but through my fear,
And look on ev'ry trespass through a tear :
Then calm thine anger, and appear more mild ;
Remember thou 'rt a Father, I a child.

* *Coakes*, soothes.

S. Bern. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

Miserable man! who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man: free, because like to GOD; miserable, because against GOD. O, Keeper of mankind, why hast thou set me as a mark against thee? Thou hast set me, because thou hast not hindered me: It is just that thy enemy should be my enemy, and that he who repugneth thee should repugn* me: I, who am against thee, am against myself.

Epig. 6.

But form'd, and fight? but born, and then rebel?
 How small a blast will make a bubble swell!
 But dare the floor affront the hand that laid it?
 So apt is dust to fly in 's face that made it.

* *Repugn*, be against, or contrary to.





EMBLEM 7.

Job .13. 24 .

*Restore me Lord ; let me again find Grace ;
And hide no more the Glories of thy Face .*

BOOK III.—EMBLEM VII.

JOB XIII. 24.

*Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me for
thine enemy?*

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny
The sunshine of thy soul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that Light, what light remains in me?
Thou art my Life, my Way, my Light; in thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my Life; if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths: thou art my Way;
Without thee, LORD, I travel not, but stray.

My Light thou art; without thy glorious sight,
Mine eyes are darken'd with perpetual night:
My GOD, thou art my Way, my Life, my Light.

Thou art my Way ; I wander, if thou fly :
Thou art my Light ; if hid, how blind am I !
Thou art my Life ; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot see ;
To whom, or whither, should my darkness flee,
But to the Light ? and who 's that Light but thee ?

My path is lost, my wand'ring steps do stray ;
I cannot safely go, nor safely stay ;
Whom should I seek but thee, my Path, my Way ?

O, I am dead : to whom shall I, poor I,
Repair ? To whom shall my sad ashes fly
But Life ? And where is Life but in thine eye ?

And yet thou turn'st away thy face, and fly'st me ;
And yet I sue for grace, and thou deny'st me :
Speak, art thou angry, LORD, or only try'st me ?

Unscreen those heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou shad'st thy face : perhaps thou think'st no eye
Can view those flames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, shine forth, and draw thee nigher;
Let me behold and die, for my desire
Is, phoenix-like, to perish in that fire.

Death-conquer'd Lazarus was redeem'd by thee :
If I am dead, LORD, set Death's pris'ner free ;
Am I more spent, or stink I worse, than he ?

If my puff'd life be out, give leave to tine*
My flameless snuff at that bright lamp of thine :
O what's thy light the less for lighting mine ?

If I have lost my path, great Shepherd, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way ?
LORD, shall a lamb of Israel's sheepfold stray ?

Thou art the pilgrim's path ; the blind man's eye ;
The dead man's life : on thee my hopes rely :
If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

Disclose thy sunbeams, close thy wings, and stay ;
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray,
O thou that art my Light, my Life, my Way.

* *Tine*, to light up.

S. August. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Why dost thou hide thy face? Haply thou wilt say, None can see thy face and live: Ah, LORD, let me die, that I may see thee; let me see thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die: that I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, I despise life.

Anselm. Med. Cap. v.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My GOD, thou hidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire; thou hidest thy pearl, to inflame the seeker; thou delayest to give, that thou mayest teach me to importune; seemest not to hear, to make me persevere.

Epig. 7.

If Heav'n's all-quick'ning eyes vouchsafe to shine
Upon our souls, we slight; if not, we whine:
Our equinoctial hearts can never lie
Secure beneath the tropics of that eye.

END OF VOL. I.



