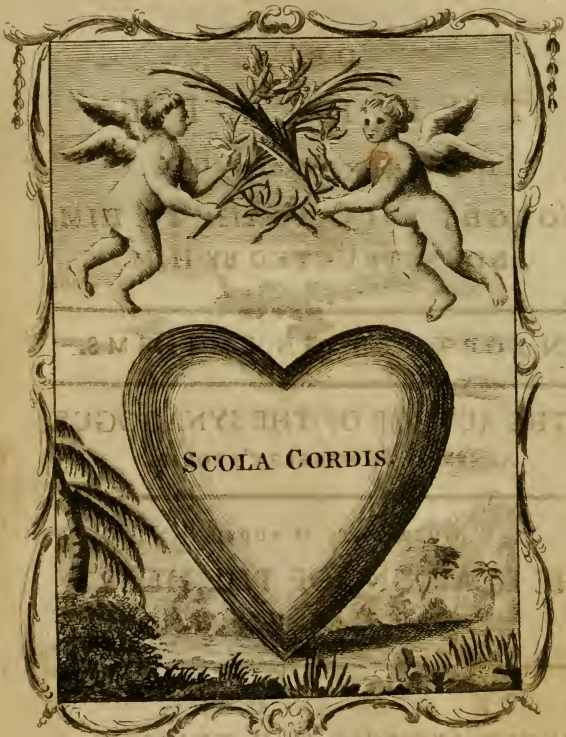
ERRATA in the EMBLEMS.

P. 59. l. 15. for *light*, r. *night*.
98. l. 9. for *pulse*. r. *purse*.
125. l. 9. for *pack'd*, r. *pack*.
263. l. 3d from the bottom, for *wlll*, r. *will*.

THE SCHOOL

OF

THE HEART.


SCOLA CORDIS

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART:

OR,

THE HEART

(OF ITSELF GONE AWAY FROM GOD)

BROUGHT BACK AGAIN TO HIM, AND INSTRUCTED BY HIM.

IN FORTY-SEVEN EMBLEMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE, ANNEXED TO HERBERT'S POEMS.

WHEREUNTO IS ADDED,

THE LEARNING OF THE HEART, BY THE SAME HAND.

LONDON:
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M.DCC.LXXVIII.

THE CONTENTS

TO EACH

THE CONTENTS

TO EACH

O D E.

THE

THE PREFACE.

IT is generally agreed, by the learned and the ſerious, that *ſelf-knowledge* is the *great knowledge*: and that an adept in univerſal ſcience, if he remain a ſtranger to himſelf, is only a lump of pride and conceit, and unfit for, not to ſay an offence to, the ſociety of his fellow-men.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE is the knowledge of what a man *really is*, conſider'd in every relation in which he ſtands, as a *moral agent*, as well as an *erect creature*. And it is to be preſumed, that this was the meaning

of that renowned precept of the Pythian Apollo, "Nosce teipsum," *Know thyself.* Though it is impossible for a man to know himself, without being acquainted with a subject which is full of mortification to human pride and vanity.

WE hear much talk, in modern times, though there never was, perhaps, less reason to talk, of *the dignity of human nature.* Human nature, in its original state, no doubt, was crowned with dignity and glory too. But alas! how is it now fallen! how is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed! For, since the fall of man, there has been no true dignity in human nature, but as it was beheld in HIM, in whom was seen "the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of *grace* and *truth.*"

THE state of the mind, or HEART, may be said to determine the state and character of man. As *it* is, so is *He.* And the sacred writings every-where represent the heart as the seat of true religion, moral excellence, or virtue; which are in truth one and the same: for there can be no virtue, where there is not true religion. But such is the wretched state of

every

every heart by nature, that is, while deſtitute of divine and ſpecial grace, that, as no contemptible writer obſerves,

"Heav'n's Sov'reign ſaves all beings but himſelf—
"That *hideous* ſight, a *naked human heart*."

THE pride and ignorance of mankind may lead them to *reaſon* againſt this humbling, and, what they are pleaſe to term, gloomy repreſentation of things. But how abſurd to reaſon againſt ſtubborn fact! We appeal to *that*, and to *experience*. We appeal to *reaſon*, as well as to *revelation*: and both, we are perſuaded, will tell us, that thoſe, who prate about the dignity of human nature and its moral excellence, until it be renewed after the image of God, which ſin has obliterated, are only indulging the pleaſures of *imagination*, and need much inſtruction in——

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

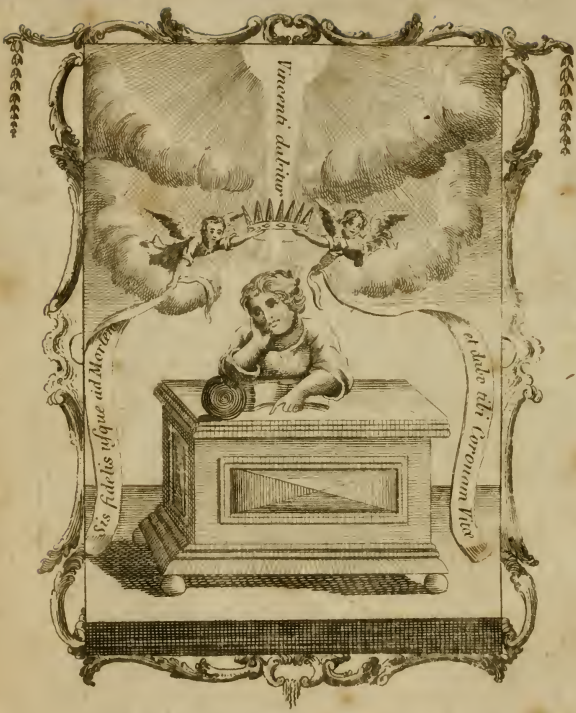
THE following pages bear this title: and as they are deſigned to preſent us with the anatomy of the human heart in a moral or ſpiritual view, to expoſe its diſorders, their nature, and their cure; it is hoped they may prove of no little ſervice to the beſt in-

tereſts of mankind. For, as ſelf-deceit, in matters of eternal concern, is likely to prove our ruin, ſo,

"To know ourſelves diſeas'd, is half our cure."

Lower Groſvenor-Place. C. DE COETLOGON.

THE



Fidesque coronat ad Aras.

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

INTRODUCTION.

TURN in, my mind, wander not abroad:
Here's work enough at home; lay by that load
Of ſcatter'd thought, that clogs and cumbers thee:
Reſume thy long-neglected liberty
Of ſelf-examination: bend thine eye
Inward; conſider where thy HEART doth lie,
How 'tis affected, how 'tis buſy'd: look
What thou haſt writ thyſelf in thine own book,
Thy conſcience: here ſet thou thyſelf to ſchool;
Self-knowledge, 'twixt a wiſe man and a fool,
Doth make the difference; he that neglects
This learning, ſideth with his own defects.
Doſt thou draw back? Hath cuſtom charm'd thee ſo,
That thou canſt reliſh nothing but thy woe?
Find'ſt thou ſuch ſweetneſs in theſe ſugar'd lyes?
Have foreign objects ſo ingroſs'd thine eyes?
Canſt thou not hold them off? Haſt thou an ear
To liſten, but to what thou ſhouldſt not hear?
Art thou incapable of every thing,
But what thy ſenſes to thy fancy bring?
Remember that thy birth and conſtitution
Both promiſe better than ſuch baſe confuſion.
Thy birth's divine, from heav'n; thy compoſure
Is ſpirit, and immortal: thine incloſure

In

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

But

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

The

The INFECTION of the Heart.

Acts v. 3.

Why hath Satan filled thine heart?

EPIG. I.

WHILST thou incline'ſt thy voice-inveigled ear,
The ſubtil ſerpent's ſyren-ſongs to hear,
Thy heart drinks deadly poiſon drawn from hell,
And with a vip'rous brood of ſin doth ſwell.

ODE I.

The Soul. 1.

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

The Serpent. 2.

Yes, theſe and many more, if more may be,
All that the world contains, in this one tree
Contracted is. Take but a taſte, and try;
Thou may'ſt believe thyſelf, experience cannot lye.

The Soul. 3.

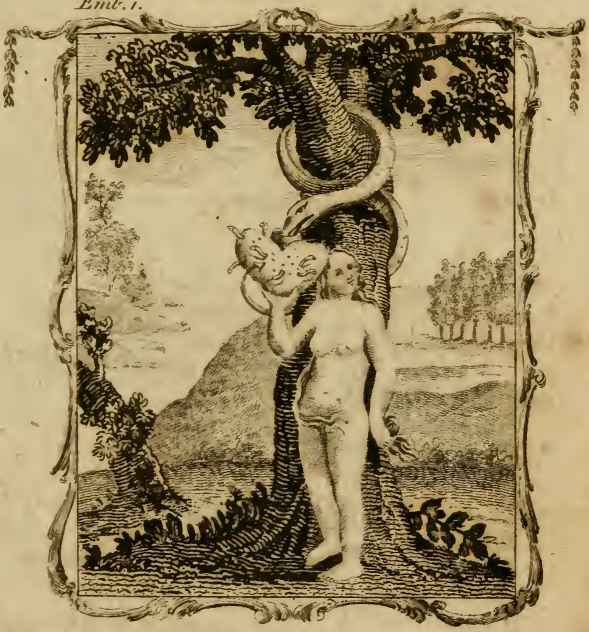
But thou may'ſt lye: and, with a falſe pretence
Of friendſhip, rob me of that excellence
Which my Creator's bounty hath beſtow'd,
And freely given me, to whom he nothing ow'd.

The Serpent. 4.

Strange compoſition! ſo credulous,
And at the ſame time ſo ſuſpicious!
This is the tree of knowledge; and until [or ill?
Thou eat thereof, how canſt thou know what's good

The

Emb. 1.



CONTAGIO CORDIS.

Corde bibis stigium morbi mortifque venenum,
Hic te dum blandis decipit illecebris.

The Soul. 5.

God infinitely good my Maker is,
Who neither will nor can do aught amiſs.
The being I receiv'd, was that he ſent,
And therefore I am ſure muſt needs be excellent.

The Serpent. 6.

Suppoſe it be: yet doubtleſs he that gave
Thee ſuch a being muſt himſelf needs have
A better far, more excellent by much:
Or elſe be ſure that he could not have made thee ſuch.

The Soul. 7.

Such as he made me, I am well content
Still to continue: for, if he had meant
I ſhould enjoy a better ſtate, he could
As eaſily have giv'n it, if he would.

The Serpent. 8.

And is it not all one, if he have giv'n
The means to get it? Muſt he ſtill be driv'n
To new works of creation for thy ſake?
Wilt thou not what he ſets before thee deign to take?

The Soul. 9.

Yes, of the fruits of all the other trees
I freely take and eat: they are the fees
Allow'd me for the dreſſing, by the Maker:
But of this fatal fruit I muſt not be partaker.

The Serpent. 10.

And why: What danger can it be to eat
That which is good, being ordain'd for meat?
What wilt thou ſay? God made it not for food?
Or dare'ſt thou think that, made by him, it is not good?

The Soul. 11.

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

The Serpent. 12.

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

The Soul. 13.

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

14.

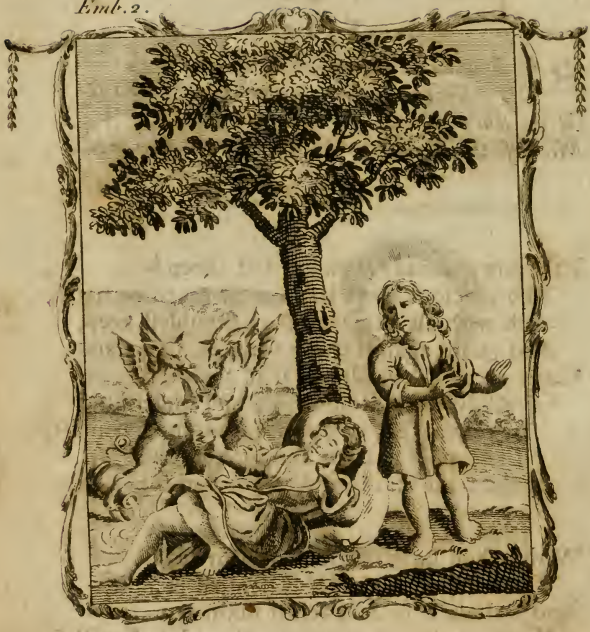
Why do I trifle then? What I deſire
Why do I not? Nothing can quench the fire
Of longing, but fruition. Come what will,
Eat it I muſt, that I may know what's good and ill.

The Serpent. 15.

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

The

Emb. 2.



Ablatio Cordis.

Scorta placent et Vina placent, sic stultus inersque
Ex animisque Animus; sic sine Corde Cor est.

The TAKING AWAY of the Heart.

Hos. iv. 11.

Whoredom and wine, and new wine, take away the heart.

EPIG. 2.

BASE lust and luxury, the scum and dross
Of hell-born pleasures, please thee, to the loss
Of thy soul's precious eye-sight, reason; so
Mindless thy mind, heartless thine heart doth grow.

ODE II.

1.

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

2.

Whilst thou lie'st soaking in security,
Thou drown'st thyself in sensual delight,
And wallow'st in debauched luxury,
Which, when thou art awake and seest, will fright
Thine heart with horror. When thou shalt descry,
By the day-light, the danger of the night,
Then, then, if not too late, thou wilt confess,
That endless misery and wretchedness
Is all the fruit that springs from riotous excess.

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

Whilſt

Whilst thou remember'st not thy latter end,
Nor what a reck'ning thou one day must make,
Putting no difference 'twixt foe and friend,
Thou suffer'st hellish fiends thine heart to take,
Who, all the while thou trifleſt, do attend,
Ready to bring it to the lake
Of fire and brimstone: where thou shalt confess,
That endless misery and wretchedness
Is all the fruit that springs from stupid heartlessness.

The DARKNESS of the Heart.

Rom. i. 21.

Their foolish heart was darkened.

EPIG. 3.

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

ODE III.

1.

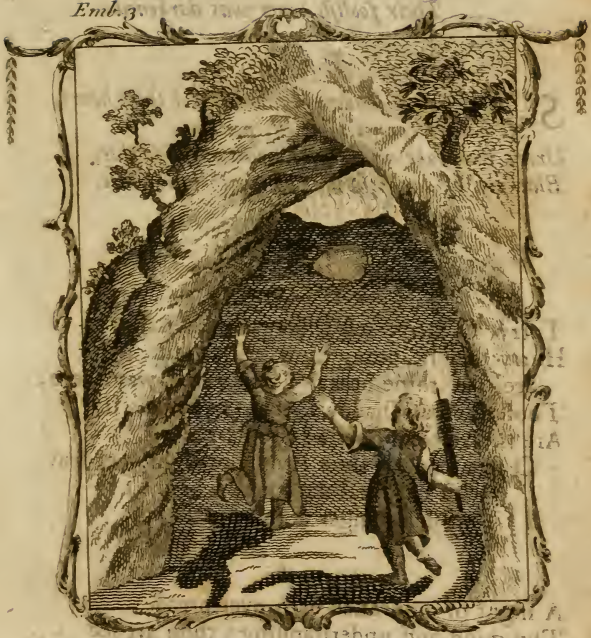
Tarry, O tarry, lest thine heedless haste
Hurry thee headlong unto hell at last:
  See, see, thine heart's already half-way there;
Those gloomy shadows, that encompass it,
Are the vast confines of th'infernal pit.
  O stay; and if thou lov'st not light, yet fear
    That fatal darkness, where
    Such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

2.

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

Whilst

Emb. 3.



CORDIS TENEBRÆ.

Heu tenebras Cordis! Tenebræ quibus exteriores
Succedent, ni sit Lux tibi luce mea.

3

When thou art thus deceived of my light,
Thou know'st no difference between noon and night;
The sun shine, yet thou regard'st it not
Love-alluring beauty cannot draw thee,
Nor dost thou mind amazing terror save thee
Like one ever bad both good and ill forgot.
Thou dost not a jot
What is left in thy lot.

4

Thou art become more cowardly a thousand,
Unbelieved not thine own destiny or danger,
Thou know'st not what thou doest, nor canst thou
Within thou wast blooming in the dark,
How canst thou now have to hit the mark?
What expectations hast thou to do well,
That art content to dwell
Within the verge of hell?

5

Alas, thou hast not so much knowledge left,
As to consider that thou art bereft
Of thine own eye-light. But thou mayst, as the
Thou travel'st in darkness, which by many
To nearest peculiar things is blind
Thou knowest nothing, as thou ought'st to know
Wrought thou element to
The things that are below.

6

Would ever any man had ever, mistake
As thou art wont to do: no difference make

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

Would ever any, that had eyes, miſtake
As thou art wont to do: no diff'rence make

Betwixt

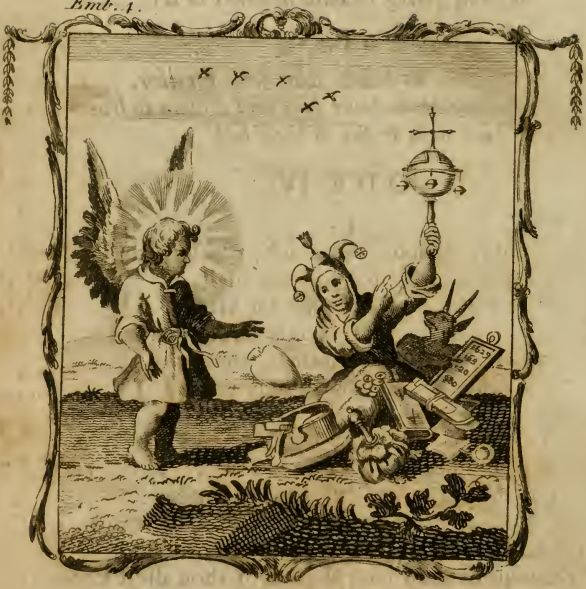
Betwixt the way to heaven and to hell?
But, desperately devoted to destruction,
Rebel against the light, abhor instruction?
As tho' thou didst desire with death to dwell,
Thou hatest to hear tell
How yet thou may'st do well.

7.

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

The

Emb. 4.



CORDIS FUGA.

Quam fugeret, Fugitiva, tuum Cor! si Cor haberes,
Non meminisse Mei, non Meminisse Sui.

The Absence of the Heart.

Prov. xvii. 16.

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

Epig. 4.

HADST thou an heart, thou fickle fugitive,
How would thine heart hate and disdain to live
Mindful of such vain trifles as these be!

ODE IV.

The Soul. 1.

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

Christ. 2.

Poor, silly, simple, sense-besotted soul,
Why dost thou hug thy self-procured woes?
Release thy free-born thoughts, at least controul
Those passions that enslave thee to thy foes.
How wouldst thou hate thyself, if thou didst know
The baseness of those things thou prizest so!

The Soul. 3.

They talk of goodness, virtue, piety,
Religion, honesty, I know not what;
So let them talk for me: so long as I
Have goods and lands, and gold and jewels, that

Both

Both equal and excel all other treasure,
Why should I strive to make their pain my pleasure?

Christ. 4.

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

The Soul. 5.

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

Christ. 6.

Thy tyrant passions captivate thy reason:
Thy lusts usurp the guidance of the mind:
Thy sense-led fancy barters good for geason †:
Thy seed is vanity, thine harvest wind:
Thy rules are crooked, and thou write'st awry:
Thy ways are wand'ring, and thy mind to die.

The Soul. 7.

This table sums me myriads of pleasure:
That book enrolls mine honour's inventory:
These bags are stuff'd with millions of treasure:
Those writings evidence my state of glory:
These bells ring heav'nly music in mine ears,
To drown the noise of cumb'rous cares and fears.

* *Draff*, i. e. swill, or hogs-meat.

† *Geazon*, or *gazon*, i. e. a sod of earth.

Those

Chriſt. 8.

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

9.

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

The

The VANITY of the Heart.

Job xv. 31.

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

EPIG. 5.

AMbition bellows with the wind of honour,
Puffs up the ſwelling heart that dotes upon her:
Which, fill'd with empty vanity, breathes forth
Nothing, but ſuch things as are nothing worth.

ODE V.

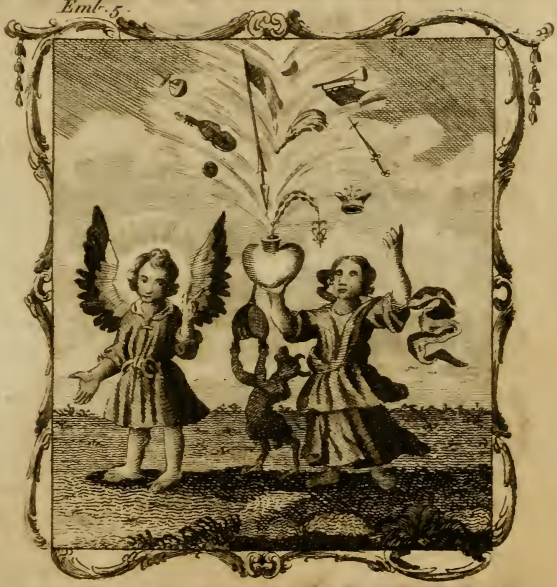
1.

The bane of kingdoms, world's diſquieter,
Hell's heir apparent, Satan's eldeſt ſon,
Abſtract of ills, refined elixir,
And quinteſſence of ſin, ambition,
Sprung from th' infernal ſhades, inhabits here,
Making man's heart its horrid manſion,
Which, tho' it were of vaſt extent before,
Is now pufft up, and ſwells ſtill more and more.

2.

Whole armies of vain thoughts it entertains,
Is ſtuff'd with dreams of kingdoms, and of crowns,
Preſumes of profit without care or pains,
Threatens to baffle all its foes with frowns,
In ev'ry bargain makes account of gains,
Fanſies ſuch frolick mirth as choaks and drowns
The voice of conſcience, whoſe loud alarms
Cannot be heard for pleaſure's countercharms.

Emb. 5.



CORDIS VANITAS.

Ambitio Follis, vento distendit Honorum
Cor vanum: hinc spirat nil nisi grande Nihil.

3.

Wer't not for anger, and for pity, who
Could chuſe but ſmile to ſee vain-glorious men
Racking their wits, ſtraining their ſinews ſo,
That, thorough their tranſparent thinneſs, when
They meet with wind and ſun, they quickly grow
Riv'led and dry, ſhrink till they crack again,
And all but to ſeem greater than they are? [bare:
Stretching their ſtrength, they lay their weakneſs

4.

See how hell's fueller his bellows plies,
Blowing the fire that burnt too faſt before:
See how the furnace flames, the ſparkles riſe
And ſpread themſelves abroad ſtill more and more!
See how the doting ſoul hath fix'd her eyes
On her dear fooleries, and doth adore,
With hands and heart lift up, thoſe trifling toys
Wherewith the devil cheats her of her joys!

5.

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

6.

Thoſe pearls ſo thorough pierce'd, and ſtrung together,
Tho' jewels in thine ears they may appear,
Will prove continu'd perils, when the weather
Is clouded once, which yet is fair and clear.

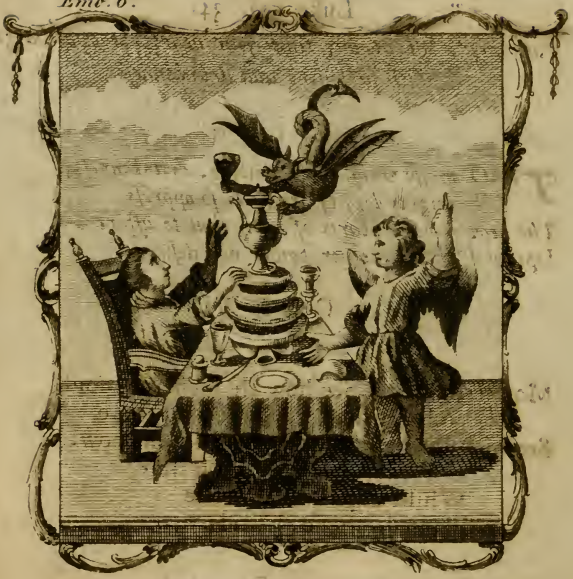
What will that fan, tho' of the fineſt feather,
Stead thee, the brunt of winds and ſtorms to bear?
Thy flagging colours hang their drooping head,
And the ſhrill trumpet's ſound ſhall ſtrike thee dead.

7.

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

The

Emb. 6.



CORDIS AGGRAVATIO.

Crapula et Ebrietas solidi duo pondera plumbi;
Nata Polo, sursum tendere Corda vetant.

The OPPRESSION of the Heart.

Luke xxi. 34.

Take heed, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness.

EPIG. 6.

TWO massy weights, surfeiting, drunkenness,
Like mighty logs of lead, do so oppress
The heav'n-born hearts of men, that to aspire
Upwards they have nor power nor desire.

ODE VI.

1.

Monster of sins! See how th' inchanted soul,
O'ercharge'd already, calls for more.
See how the hellish skinker * plies his bowl,
And 's ready furnished with store,
Whilst cups on every side
Planted, attend the tide.

2.

See how the piled dishes mounted stand,
Like hills advanced upon hills,
And the abundance both of sea and land
Doth not suffice, ev'n what it fills,
Man's dropsy appetite,
And cormorant delight.

* *Skinker*; i. e. butler.

3.

See how the poiſon'd body's puff'd and ſwell'd,
The face inflamed glows with heat,
The limbs unable are themſelves to wield,
The pulſes (death's alarm) do beat:
Yet man ſits ſtill, and laughs,
Whilſt his own bane he quaffs.

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

That

7.

That which thou ſwallow'ſt is not loſt alone,
But quickly will revenged be,
By ſeizing on thine heart, which, like a ſtone,
Lies bury'd in the midſt of thee,
Both void of common ſenſe
And reaſon's excellence.

8.

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

9.

Oh what a dirty dunghill art thou grown,
A naſty ſtinking kennel foul!
When thou awake'ſt and ſeeſt what thou haſt done,
Sorrow will ſwallow up thy ſoul,
To think how thou art foil'd,
And all thy glory ſpoil'd.

10.

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

The COVETOUSNESS of the Heart.

Mat. vi. 21.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

EPIG. 7.

DOST thou inquire, thou heartless wanderer,
Where thine heart is? Behold, thine heart is here.
Here thine heart is, where that is, which above
Thine own dear heart thou dost esteem and love.

ODE VII.

1.

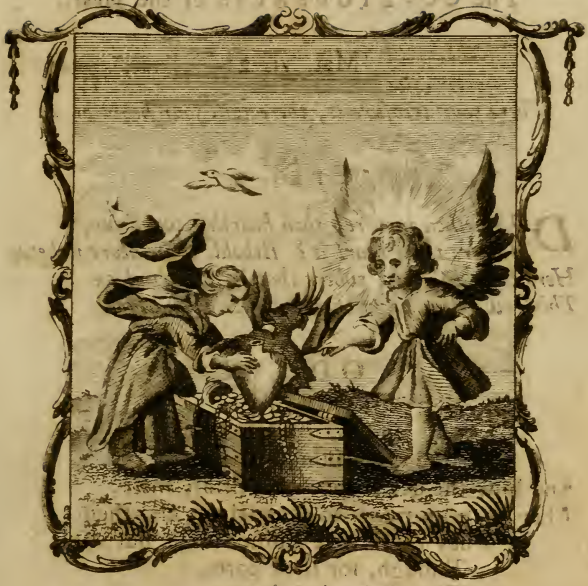
See the deceitfulness of sin,
And how the devil cheateth worldly men:
They heap up riches to themselves, and then
They think they cannot chuse but win,
Though, for their parts,
They stake their hearts.

2.

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

The

Emb. 7.



CORDIS AVARITIA.

Cor ubi sit quæris Vaga et Excors? scilicet hic est,
Est ubi, quod proprio plus tibi Corde placet.

3

The polar cries, What do you seek?
Take with you only what is left in the world to speak
Of what, on the edge of the sea,
Is the one thing say in the world,
Which proves you free
Among the dead.

4

The plough-man throws up his land,
And lays his heart together with the seed,
Which, pale with earth-born, on earth do feed
And perish, as we are a fraid
The seed do fade
The heart do weep.

5

The thicker and the richer have
The world in a grasp to weep with his hands;
The lost, sober intercession lies in their hands,
And it also breaks, their flow's his grave
If, in all,
Has only this

6

The money-broker in his bags
Stands up his heart, and locks it in his chest,
The time-lay leaves to rust, and to his breast,
Which of in other heaves lays
For man, unless
A day of grace.

3.

The pedlar cries, What do you lack?
What will you buy? and boasts his wares the best;
But offers you the refuse of the rest,
As tho' his heart lay in his pack,
Which greater gain.
Alone can drain.

4.

The ploughman furrows up his land,
And sows his heart together with his seed,
Which, both alike earth-born, on earth do feed,
And prosper, or are at a stand:
He and his field
Like fruit do yield.

5.

The broker and the scriv'ner have
The us'rer's heart in keeping with his bands *:
His soul's dear sustenance lies in their hands,
And if they break, their shop's his grave.
His int'rest is
His only bliss.

6.

The money-hoarder in his bags
Binds up his heart, and locks it in his chest;
The same key serves to that, and to his breast,
Which of no other heaven brags:
Nor can conceit
A joy so great.

* *Bands*; i. e. bonds of obligation.

7.

So for the greedy landmonger:
The purchaſes he makes in ev'ry part
Take livery and ſeiſin of his heart:
Yet his inſatiate hunger,
For all his ſtore,
Gapes after more.

8.

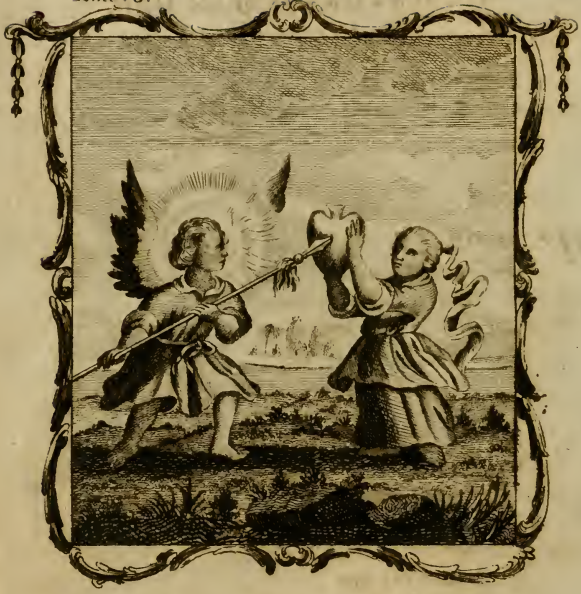
Poor wretched muckworms, wipe your eyes,
Uncaſe thoſe trifles that beſot you ſo:
Your rich-appearing wealth is real woe,
Your death in your deſires lies.
Your hearts are where
You love and fear.

9.

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

The

Emb. 8.



APERTIO CORDIS LANCEA LONGINI.

Cor pia transadigat divini vulnere Amoris
Lancea, quæ Jesu tincta cruore rubet.

The HARDNESS of the Heart.

Zech. vii. 12.

They made their hearts as hard as an adamant ſtone, leſt they ſhould hear the law.

EPIG. 8.

WORDS move thee not, nor gifts, nor ſtrokes:
Thy ſturdy adamantine heart provokes
My juſtice, ſlights my mercies: anvil-like,
Thou ſtand'ſt unmoved, though my hammer ſtrike.

ODE VIII.

1.

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

2.

Long hath it ſteeped been in Mercy's milk,
And ſoaked in Salvation,
Meet for the alteration
Of anvils, to have made them ſoft as ſilk;
Yet it is ſtill
Harden'd in ill.

Oft

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

No,

7.

No, I am ſtill the ſame, I alter not,
And, when I pleaſe, my works of wonder
Shall bring the ſtouteſt ſpirits under,
And make them to confeſs it is their lot
To bow or break,
When I but ſpeak.

8.

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

9.

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

The

The DIVISION of the Heart.

Hos. x. 2.

Thine heart is divided. Now shall they be found faulty.

EPIG. 9.

VAIN trifling virgin, I myself have giv'n
Wholly to thee: and shall I now be driv'n
To rest contented with a petty part,
That have deserved more than a whole heart?

ODE IX.

1.

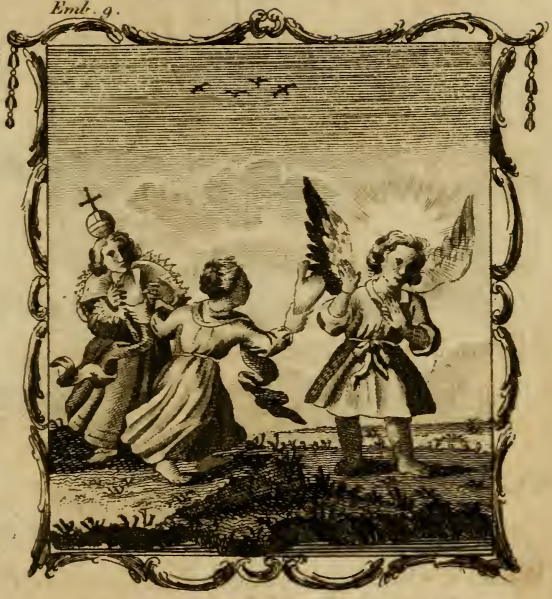
More mischief yet? was 't not enough before
To rob me wholly of thine heart,
Which I alone
Should call mine own,
But thou must mock me with a part?
Crown injury with scorn, to make it more?

2.

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

I gave 't

Emb. 9.



CORDIS DIVISIO.

Me tibi cum totum dederim, vanissima, Cordis
Cur mihi, Virgo, tui pars aliquanta datur?

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

But whilſt thine heart's divided, it is dead;
Dead unto me, unleſs it live
To me alone,
It is all one
To keep all, and a part to give:
For what's a body worth without an head?

8.

Yet this is worſe, that what thou keep'ſt from me
Thou doſt beſtow upon my foes:
And thoſe not mine
Alone, but thine;
The proper cauſes of thy woes,
From whom I gave my life to ſet thee free.

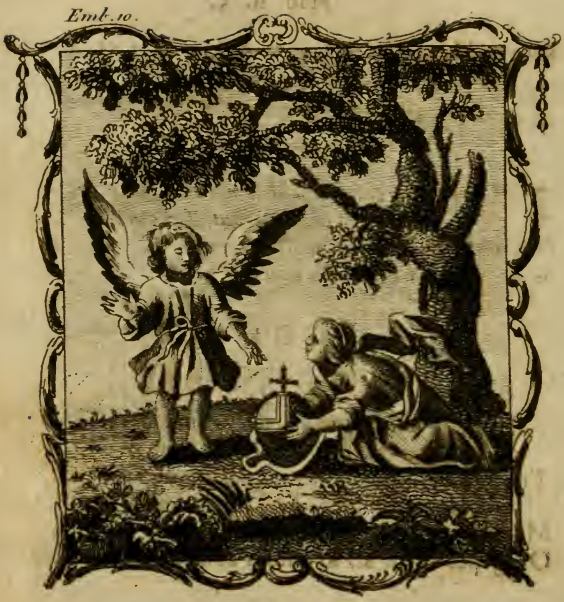
9.

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

10.

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

The



CORDIS INSATIABILITAS.

Non triquetrum toto Cor est satiabile Mundo,
Solum, quæ fecit Cor replet una Trias.

The INSATIABLENESS of the Heart.

Hab. ii. 5.

Who enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied.

EPIG. 10.

THE whole round world is not enough to fill
The heart's three corners, but it craveth still.
Only the Trinity, that made it, can
Suffice the vast triangled heart of man.

ODE X.

1.

The thirsty earth and barren womb cry, Give;
The grave devoureth all that live:
The fire still burneth on, and never saith,
It is enough: The horse-leech hath
Many more daughters: but the heart of man
Outgapes them all as much as heav'n one span.

2.

Water hath drown'd the earth: the barren womb
Hath teem'd sometimes, and been the tomb
To its own swelling issue: and the grave
Shall one day a sick surfeit have:
When all the fuel is consume'd, the fire
Will quench itself, and of itself expire.

3.

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

4.

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

5.

Yet, having all that he can fanſy, ſtill
There wanted more to fill
His empty appetite. His mind is vex'd,
And he is inwardly perplex'd,
He knows not why: whenas the truth is this,
He would find ſomething there, where nothing is.

6.

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

Yet

7.

Yet is not ſo contented, but would fain
Pry in God's cabinet, and gain
Intelligence from heav'n of things to come,
Anticipate the day of doom,
And read the iſſues of all actions ſo,
As if God's ſecret counſel he did know.

8.

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

9.

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

10.

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

The RETURNING of the Heart.

Isaiah xlvi. 8.

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

EPIG. II.

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

ODE XI.

Christ. 1.

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

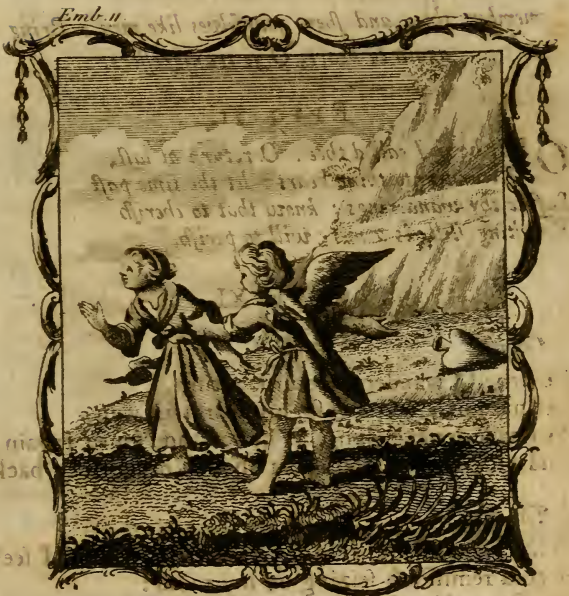
The Soul. 2.

What's this that checks my course? Methinks I feel
A cold remissness seizing on my mind:
My stagger'd resolutions seem to reel,
As tho' they had in haste forgot mine heart behind.

Christ. 3.

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

The



CORDIS REVERSIO.

Quum mihi jam toties revocata reverteris ad Cor;
Nolle redire, merum velle perire, puta.

The Soul.

4.

There's something holds me back, I cannot move
Forward one foot: methinks, the more I strive
The less I stir. Is there a pow'r above
My will in me, that can my purpose repress?

Christ.

5.

No power of thine own: 'tis I, that lay
Mine hand upon thee in haste; which will can stay
The reflexes motions of the heavens fray:
Stand still, turn back again, or new-bound course take.

The Soul.

6.

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

Christ.

7.

And back again thou shalt. I'll have it so.
Tho' thou hast hitherto my voice rejected,
Now I have hauled thee, I'll let thee know,
That what I will have, there shall not be neglected.

The Soul.

8.

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

9.

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

The Soul. 4.

There's ſomething holds me back, I cannot move
Forward one foot: methinks, the more I ſtrive,
The leſs I ſtir. Is there a pow'r above
My will in me, that can my purpoſes reprive?

Chriſt. 5.

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

The Soul. 6.

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

Chriſt. 7.

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

The Soul. 8.

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

9.

Shall I return to thee? Alas, I have
No hope to be receiv'd: a run-away,
A rebel to return! Madmen may rave
Of mercy-miracles, but what will Juſtice ſay?

10.

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

11.

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

12.

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

13.

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

14.

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

Chriſt. 15.

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

The

10.

I return to mine own heart. Alas,
It, and dead, and rotten long ago,
So had it when so dull it was,
Just born so long, the cradle of all my woe.

11.

Unless my pleasures and delights,
Desires, honours, riches, and concerns,
Are, the thoughts whereof my mind affrights,
Greatest sorrow, that the soul wounder rents!

12.

O fortune, that random strange I wonder!
Is this thy strong sum, to be clever,
Still fair and fresh, how I thought
Is I change free, I cannot every this way,

13.

O, my soul! I do! I forward! I must not go
So would I cannot. It is long time
I have so drowned in grief of woe,
And expected my own opinion to be.

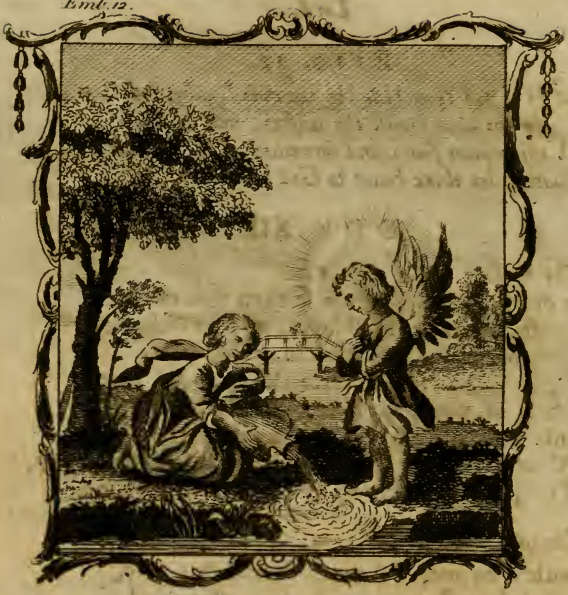
14.

Not I: for better hold that which I have,
I can auto figure expectation truly!
Cannot to reason dido is out to rule,
Therefore return I will, because return I must.

15.

Return, and welcome! O dear soul, thou that
Through them cannot not of trifle, yet I,
Call, can make time able. For the fault
Where they will return, I be

Emb. 12.



CORDIS EFFUSIO.

Vota quid occluso, quid Vulnera pectore celas?
Ante Deum fusæ Cor natet instar Aquæ.

The POURING OUT of the Heart.

Lam. ii. 19.

Pour out thine heart like water before the face of the Lord.

EPIG. 12.

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

ODE XII.

The Soul. 1.

Can death, or hell, be worſe than this eſtate?
Anguiſh, amazement, horror, and confuſion,
Drown my diſtracted mind in deep diſtreſs.
My grief's grown ſo tranſcendent, that I hate
To hear of comfort, as a falſe concluſion
Vainly infer'd from feigned premiſes.
What ſhall I do? what ſtrange courſe ſhall I try,
That, tho' I loathe to live, yet dare not die?

Chriſt. 2.

Be rule'd by me, I'll teach thee ſuch a way,
As that thou ſhalt not only drain thy mind
From that deſtructive deluge of diſtreſs
That overwhelms thy thoughts, but clear the day,
And ſoon recover light and ſtrength, to find
And to regain thy long loſt happineſs.
Confeſs, and pray. Say what it is doth ail thee,
What thou would'ſt have, and that ſhall ſoon avail [thee.

The

The Soul. 3.

Confeſs and pray? If that be all, I will.
Lord, I am ſick, and thou art health, reſtore me.
Lord, I am weak, and thou art ſtrength, ſuſtain me.
Thou art all goodneſs, Lord, and I all ill.
Thou, Lord, art holy; I unclean before thee.
Lord, I am poor; and thou art rich, maintain me.
Lord, I am dead; and thou art life, revive me.
Juſtice condemns; let mercy, Lord, reprieve me.

4.

A wretched miſcreant I am, compos'd
Of ſin and miſery; 'tis hard to ſay,
Which of the two allies me moſt to hell:
Native corruption makes me indiſpos'd
To all that's good; but apt to go aſtray,
Prone to do ill, unable to do well;
My light is darkneſs, and my liberty
Bondage, my beauty foul deformity.

5.

A plague of leproſy o'erſpreadeth all
My pow'rs and faculties: I am unclean,
I am unclean: my liver broils with luſt;
Rancour and malice overflow my gall;
Envy my bones doth rot, and keeps me lean;
Revengeful wrath makes me forget what's juſt:
Mine ear's uncircumcis'd, mine eye is evil,
And hating goodneſs makes me parcel * devil.

* *Parcel devil*; i. e. ſhare or partake with him.

My

6.

My callous conſcience is cauteriz'd;
My trembling heart ſhakes with continual fear:
My frantick paſſions fill my mind with madneſs:
My windy thoughts with pride are tympaniz'd:
My pois'nous tongue ſpits venom every-where:
My wounded ſpirit's ſwallow'd up with ſadneſs:
Impatient diſcontentment plagues me ſo,
I neither can ſtand ſtill, nor forward go.

7.

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

The

The CIRCUMCISION of the Heart.

Deut. x. 16.

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

EPIG. 13.

HERE, take thy Saviour's cross, the nails and spear,
That for thy sake his holy flesh did tear:
Use them as knives thine heart to circumcise,
And dress thy God a pleasing sacrifice.

ODE XIII.

1.

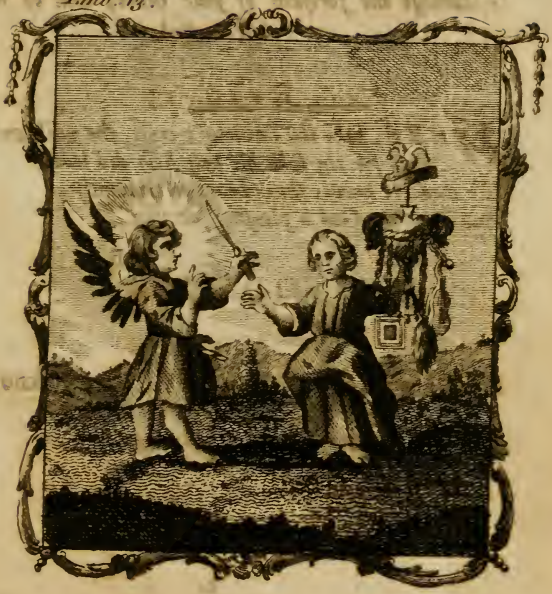
Heal thee? I will. But first I'll let thee know
What it comes to.
The plaister was prepared long ago:
But thou must do
Something thyself, that it may be
Effectually apply'd to thee.

2.

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

Do

Emb. 13.



CORDIS CIRCUMCISIO

Crux Capulum Chalybem Cultro dat Lancea Clavi
Ferrum: hoc Cor circum-cide Deo-que sacra.

3.

Do thou then to thyſelf, as they to me:
Make haſte, and try,
The old man, that is yet alive in thee,
To crucify.
Till he be dead in thee, my blood
Is like to do thee little good.

4.

My courſe of phyſic is to cure the ſoul,
By killing ſin.
So then thine own corruptions to controul
Thou muſt begin.
Until thine heart be circumcis'd,
My death will not be duly priz'd.

5.

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

6.

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

7.

Shave off thine hairy ſcalp, thoſe curled locks
Powder'd with pride,
Wherewith thy ſcornful heart my judgments mocks,
And thinks to hide
Its thunder-threaten'd head, which bare'd
Alone is likely to be ſpare'd.

8.

Rip off thoſe ſeeming robes, but real rags,
Which earth admires
As honourable ornaments, and brags
That it attires;
Which cumber thee indeed. Thy ſores
Feſter with what the world adores.

9.

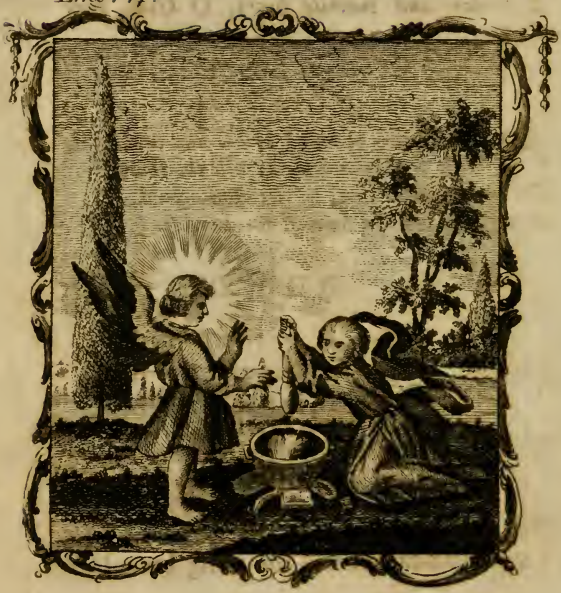
Clip thine ambitious wings, let down thy plumes,
And learn to ſtoop,
Whilſt thou haſt time to ſtand. Who ſtill preſumes
Of ſtrength, will droop
At laſt, and flag when he ſhould fly.
Falls hurt them moſt that climb moſt high.

10.

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

The

Emb. 14.



CORDIS CONTRITIO

In partes quam mille velim contundere cor hoc,
Quod fuit amatori sponte rebelle suo.

The CONTRITION of the Heart.

Pſalm li. 17.

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

EPIG. 14.

HOW gladly would I bruiſe and break this heart
Unto a thouſand pieces, till the ſmart
Make it confeſs, that, of its own accord,
It wilfully rebell'd againſt the Lord!

ODE XIV.

1.

Lord, if I had an arm or pow'r like thine,
And could effect what I deſire,
My love drawn heart, like ſmalleſt wire
Bended and writhen, ſhould together twine
And twiſted ſtand
With thy command:
Thou ſhouldſt no ſooner bid, but I would go,
Thou ſhouldſt not will the thing I would not do.

2.

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

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

Thou

6.

Thou haſt not been content alone to ſin,
But haſt made others ſin with thee;
Yea, made their ſins thine own to be,
By liking, and allowing them therein.
Who firſt begins,
Or follows, ſins
Not his own ſins alone, but ſinneth o'er
All the ſame ſins, both after and before.

7.

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

8.

Then ſince (repenting heart) thou canſt not grieve
Enough at once while thou art whole,
Shiver thyſelf to duſt, and dole †
Thy ſorrow to the ſeveral atoms, give
All to each part,
And by that art
Strive thy diſſever'd ſelf to multiply,
And want of weight with number to ſupply.

* *Run at tilt*; i. e. forcibly oppoſe. An antient martial exerciſe.
† *Dole*: i. e. deal out or divide.

The HUMILIATION of the Heart.

Eccleſ. vii. 9.

The patient in ſpirit is better than the proud in ſpirit.

EPIG. 15.

MINE heart, alas! exalts itſelf too high,
And doth delight a loftier pitch to fly
Than it is able to maintain, unleſs
It feel the weight of thine impoſed preſs.

ODE XV.

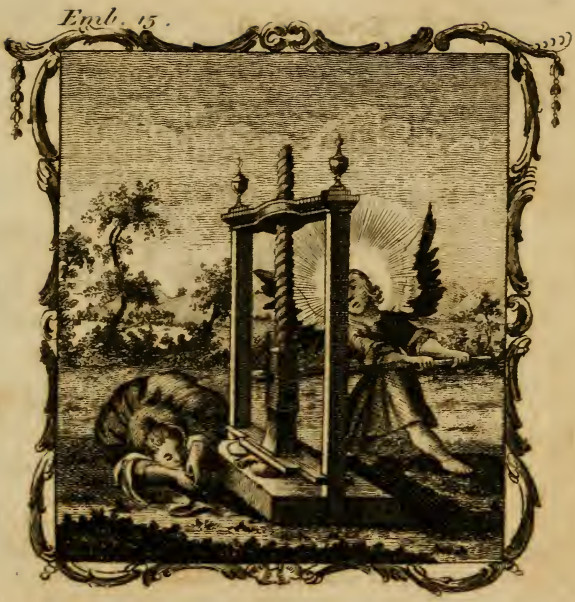
1.

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

2.

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

In



Cordis Humiliatio

Cor nimis heu sese gaudens sublimibus effert,
Ni super impositum deprimat illud, Onus.

3.

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

4.

If I but dream
Of wealth, mine heart doth riſe
With a full ſtream
Of pride, and I deſpiſe
All that is good, until I wake, and ſpy
The ſwelling bubble prick'd with poverty.

5.

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

6.

One moment's mirth
Would make me run ſtark mad,
And the whole earth,
Could it at once be had,
Would not ſuffice my greedy appetite,
Didſt thou not pain inſtead of pleaſure write.

7.

Lord, it is well
I was in time brought down,
Elſe thou canſt tell,
Mine heart would ſoon have flown
Full in thy face, and ſtudy'd to requite
The riches of thy goodneſs with deſpite.

8.

Slack not thine hand,
Lord, turn thy ſcrew about:
If thy preſs ſtand,
Mine heart may chance ſlip out.
O queſt * it unto nothing, rather than
It ſhould forget itſelf, and ſwell again.

9.

Or if thou art
Diſpos'd to let it go,
Lord, teach mine heart
To lay itſelf as low
As thou canſt it: that proſperity
May ſtill be temper'd with humility.

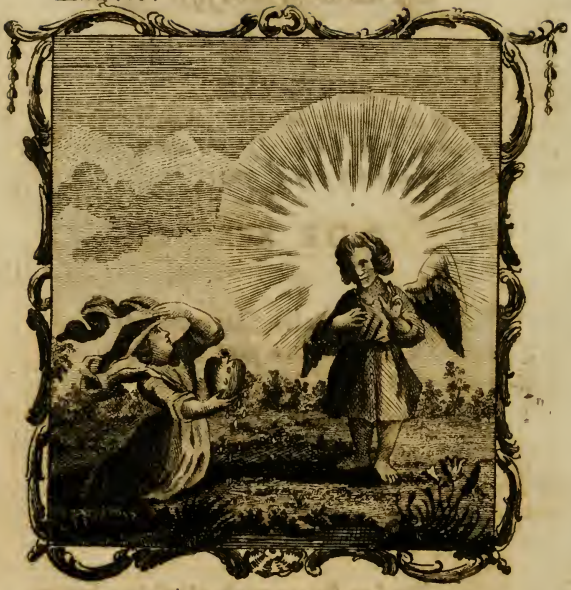
10.

Thy way to riſe,
Was to deſcend: let me
Myſelf deſpiſe,
And ſo aſcend with thee.
Thou throw'ſt them down that lift themſelves on high,
And raiſeſt them that on the ground do lie.

* *Queſt*; i. e. ſqueeze.

The

Emb. 16.



CORDIS EMOLLITIO

Cor, Marmor glaciale, Deus, ceu Cera liquescet,
Urere cum tuus hoc coperit ignis Amor.

The SOFTENING of the Heart.

Job xxiii. 16.

God maketh my heart ſoft.

EPIG. 16.

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

ODE XVI.

1.

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

2.

When the ſun ſhines with glitt'ring beams,
His cold-diſpelling gleams
Turn ſnow and ice to wat'ry ſtreams.
The wax, ſo ſoon as it hath ſmelt
The warmth of fire, and felt,
The glowing heat thereof, will melt.
Yea, pearls with vinegar diſſolve we may,
And adamants in blood of goats, they ſay.

If

3.

If nature can do this, much more,
Lord, may thy grace reſtore
Mine heart to what it was before.
There's the ſame matter in it ſtill,
Though new inform'd with ill,
Yet can it not reſiſt thy will.
Thy pow'r, that frame'd it at the firſt, as oft
As thou wilt have it, Lord, can make it ſoft.

4.

Thou art the Sun of righteouſneſs:
And though I muſt confeſs
Mine heart's grown hard in wickedneſs,
Yet thy reſplendent rays of light,
When once they come in ſight,
Will quickly thaw what froze by night.
Lord, in thine healing wings a pow'r doth dwell,
Able to melt the hardeſt heart in hell.

5.

Although mine heart in hardneſs paſs
Both iron, ſteel, and braſs,
Yea, the hardeſt thing that ever was;
Yet if thy fire thy Spirit accord,
And, working with thy word,
A bleſſing unto it afford,
It will grow liquid, and not drop alone,
But melt itſelf away before thy throne.

Yea,

6.

Yea, though my flinty heart be ſuch,
That the ſun cannot touch,
Nor fire ſometimes affect it much,
Yet thy warm reeking ſelf-ſhed blood,
O Lamb of God, 's ſo good,
It cannot be withſtood.
That aqua-regia of thy love prevails,
Ev'n where the pow'r of aqua-fortis fails.

7.

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

The CLEANSING of the Heart.

Jer. v. 14.

O Jeruſalem, waſh thine heart from wickedneſs, that thou mayeſt be ſaved.

EPIG. 17.

OUT of thy wounded Huſband's, Saviour's ſide,
Eſpouſed ſoul, there flows with a full tide
A fountain for uncleanneſs; waſh thee there,
Waſh there thine heart, and then thou need'ſt not fear.

ODE XVII.

1.

O endleſs miſery!
I labour ſtill, but ſtill in vain.
The ſtains of ſin I ſee
Are oaded * all, or dye'd in grain.
There's not a blot
Will ſtir a jot,
For all that I can do.
There is no hope
In fullers' ſoap,
Though I add nitre too.

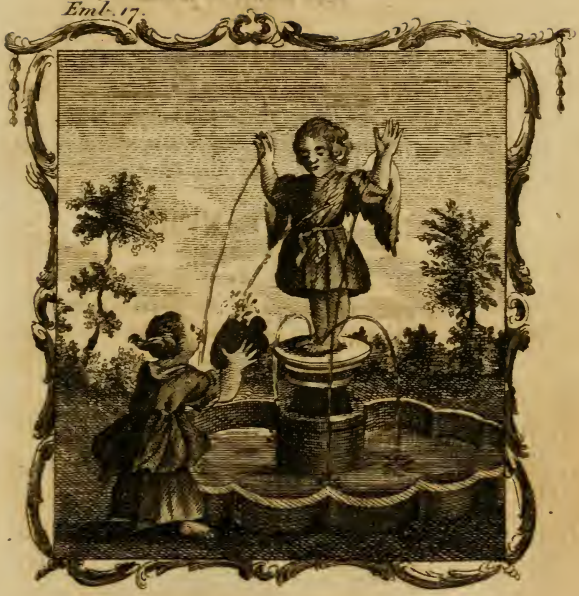
2.

I many ways have try'd,
Have often ſoak'd it in cold fears;
And, when a time I ſpy'd,
Pour'd upon it ſcalding tears:

* *Oad*, or *Woad*, is a *deep* blue dye.

Have

Emb. 17.



CORDIS MUNDATIO.

Fons scaturit, lateris transfixi Vulnere Sponsi;
Hoc Cordis maculas ablue; Sponsa tui.

Have rince'd and rubb'd,
And ſcrape'd and ſcrubb'd,
And turn'd it up and down:
Yet can I not
Waſh out one ſpot;
It's rather fouller grown.

3.

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

4.

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

5.

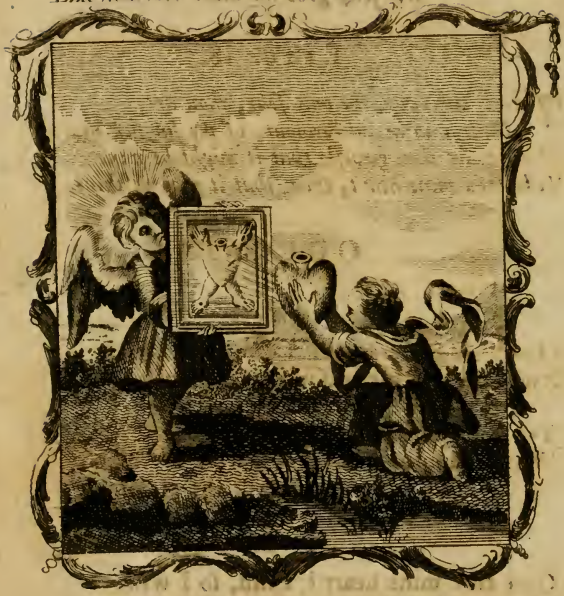
Can there no help be had?
Lord, thou art holy, thou art pure:
Mine heart is not ſo bad,
So foul, but thou canſt cleanſe it, ſure.

Speak, bleſſed Lord,
Wilt thou afford
Me means to make it clean?
I know thou wilt:
Thy blood was ſpilt.
Should it run ſtill in vain?

6.

Then to that bleſſed ſpring,
Which from my Saviour's ſacred ſide
Doth flow, mine heart I'll bring;
And there it will be purify'd.
Although the dye,
Wherein I lie,
Crimſon or ſcarlet were;
This blood, I know,
Will make't as ſnow
Or wool, both clean and clear.

Emb. 18.



SPECULUM CORDIS.

Pro speculo Cordis, Cor aspice dulcis Jesu:
Imprimet hoc Cordi Vulnera viva tuo.

The GIVING of the Heart.

Prov. xxiii. 26.

My ſon, give me thine heart.

EPIG. 18.

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

ODE XVIII.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

As all the value of mine heart
Proceeds from favour, not desert,
Acceptance is its worth:
So neither know I how to bring
A present to my heav'nly King,
Unless he set it forth.

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

Should

7.

Should I not fear before thee, Lord,
Whose hand spans heaven, at whose word
Devils themselves do quake?
Whose eyes outshine the sun, whose beck
Can the whole course of nature check,
And its foundations shake?

8.

Should I with-hold mine heart from thee,
The fountain of felicity,
Before whose presence is
Fullness of joy, at whose right hand
All pleasures in perfection and
And everlasting bliss?

9.

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

10.

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

The SACRIFICE of the Heart.

Pſalm li. 17.

The ſacrifices of God are a broken heart.

EPIG. 19.

NOR calves, nor bulls, are ſacrifices good
Enough for thee, who gav'ſt for me thy blood,
And, more than that, thy life: take thine own part,
Great God, that gaveſt all; here, take mine heart.

ODE XIX.

1.

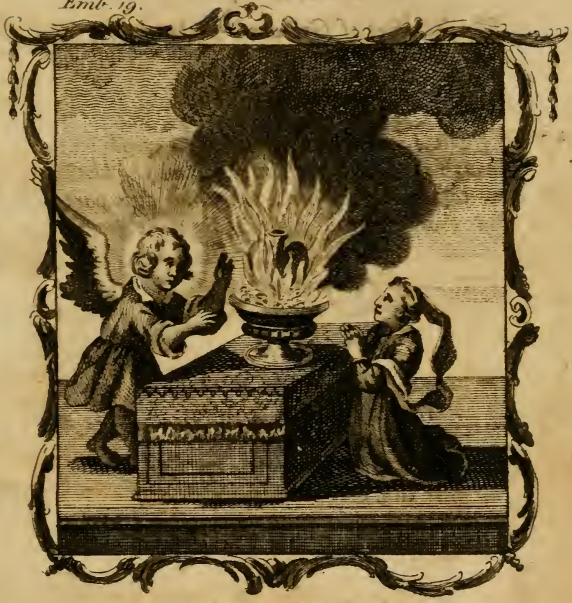
Thy former covenant of old,
Thy law of ordinances, did require
Fat ſacrifices from the fold,
And many other off'rings made by fire.
Whilſt thy firſt tabernacle ſtood,
All things were conſecrate with blood.

2.

And can thy better covenant,
The law of grace and truth by Jeſus Chriſt,
Its proper ſacrifices want
For ſuch an altar, and for ſuch a prieſt?
No, no, thy goſpel doth require
Choice off'rings too, and made by fire.

A ſacrifice

Emb. 19.



CORDIS SACRIFICIUM.

Non Vituli cæcive Deo placet Hostia Tauri,
Cor mihi qui dedit, hic Cor sibi poscit Amor.

3.

A ſacrifice for ſin indeed,
Lord, thou didſt make thyſelf, and once for all:
So that there never will be need
Of any more ſin-off'rings, great or ſmall.
The life-blood thou didſt ſhed for me
Hath ſet my ſoul for ever free.

4.

Yea, the ſame ſacrifice thou doſt
Still offer in behalf of thine elect:
And, to improve it to the moſt,
Thy word and ſacraments do in effect
Offer thee oft, and ſacrifice
Thee daily, in our ears and eyes.

5.

Yea, each believing ſoul may take
Thy ſacrificed fleſh and blood, by faith,
And therewith an atonement make
For all its treſpaſſes: thy goſpel ſaith,
Such infinite tranſcendent price
Is there in thy ſweet ſacrifice!

6.

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

Bu

7.

But I have nothing of mine own
Worthy to be presented in thy sight;
Yea, the whole world affords not one
Or ram, or lamb, wherein thou canst delight.
Less than myself it must not be:
For thou didst give thyself for me.

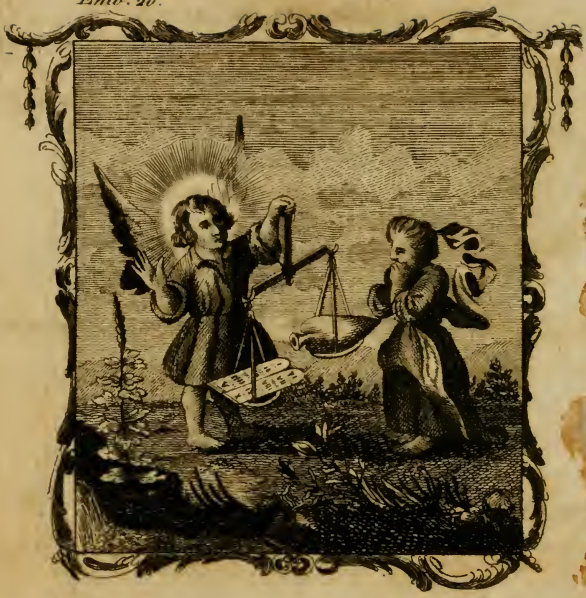
8.

Myself, then, I must sacrifice:
And so I will, mine heart, the only thing
Thou dost above all other prize
As thine own part, the best I have to bring.
An humble heart's a sacrifice,
Which I know thou wilt not despise.

9.

Lord, be my altar, sanctify
Mine heart thy sacrifice, and let thy Spirit
Kindle thy fire of love, that I,
Burning with zeal to magnify thy merit,
May both consume my sins, and raise
Eternal trophies to thy praise.

Emb. 20.



CORDIS PONDERATIO.

Quod mihi donasti magno pro munere, non est
Si neget hoc, justi ponderis æqua bilanx.

The WEIGHING of the Heart.

Prov. xxi. 2.

The Lord pondereth the heart.

EPIG. 20.

THE heart thou giv'ſt as a great gift, my love,
Brought to the trial, nothing ſuch will prove;
If juſtice' equal balance tell thy ſight,
That, weighed with my law, it is too light.

ODE XX.

1.

'Tis true, indeed, an heart,
Such as it ought to be,
Intire and ſound in ev'ry part,
Is always welcome unto me.
He that would pleaſe me with an offering,
Cannot a better have, altho' he were a king.

2.

And there is none ſo poor,
But, if he will, he may
Bring me an heart, altho' no more,
And on mine altar may it lay.
The ſacrifice which I like beſt, is ſuch
As rich men cannot boaſt, and poor men need not [grutch.

Yet

3.

Yet ev'ry heart is not
A gift ſufficient,
It muſt be purge'd from ev'ry ſpot,
And all to pieces muſt be rent.
Tho' thou haſt ſought to circumciſe, and bruiſe 't,
It muſt be weighed too, or elſe I ſhall refuſe 't.

4.

My balances are juſt,
My law's an equal weight;
The beam is ſtrong, and thou may'ſt truſt
My ſteady hand to hold it ſtreight.
Were thine heart equal to the world in ſight,
Yet it were nothing worth, if it ſhould prove too light.

5.

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

6.

Search it, and thou ſhalt find
It wants integrity;
And yet is not ſo thorough line'd
With ſingle-eye'd ſincerity,
As it ſhould be: ſome more humility
There wants to make it weight, and ſome more con-
[ſtancy.

Whilſt

7.

Whilſt windy vanity
Doth puff it up with pride,
And double-face'd hypocriſy
Doth many empty hollows hide,
It is but good in part, and that but little,
Wav'ring unſtaidneſs makes its reſolutions brittle.

8.

The heart, that in my ſight
As current coin would paſs,
Muſt not be the leaſt grain too light,
But as at firſt it ſtamped was.
Keep then thine heart till it be better grown,
And, when it is full, I'll take it for mine own.

9.

But if thou art aſhame'd
To find thine heart ſo light,
And art afraid thou ſhalt be blame'd,
I'll teach thee how to ſet it right.
Add to my law my goſpel, and there ſee
My merits thine, and then the ſcales will equal be.

The

The TRYING of the Heart.

Prov. xvii. 3.

The fining-pot for ſilver, and the furnace for gold: but the Lord trieth the hearts.

EPIG. 21.

THINE heart, my dear, more precious is than gold,
Or the moſt precious things that can be told:
Provide firſt that my pure fire have try'd
Out all the droſs, and paſs it purify'd.

ODE XXI.

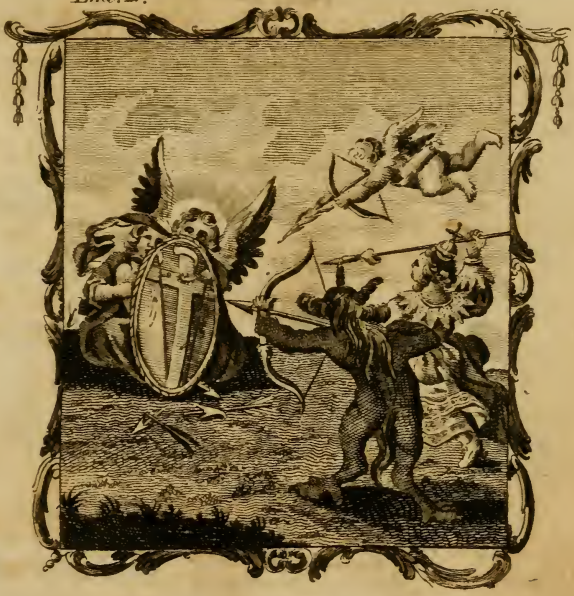
1.

What! take it at adventure, and not try
What metal it is made of? No, not I.
Should I now lightly let it paſs,
Take ſullen lead for ſilver, ſounding braſs
Inſtead of ſolid gold, alas!
What would become of it? In the great day
Of making jewels, 'twould be caſt away.

2.

The heart thou giv'ſt me muſt be ſuch a one,
As is the ſame throughout. I will have none
But that which will abide the fire.
'Tis not a glitt'ring outſide I deſire,
Whoſe ſeeming ſhews do ſoon expire:
But real worth within, which neither droſs,
Nor baſe allays, make ſubject unto loſs.

Emb. 21.



CORDIS PROTECTIO

Ægide Cor magni meu Lux defende Laboris,
Quem pro Corde tuus ferre coegit Amor.

3.

If, in the compoſition of thine heart,
A ſtubborn ſteelly wilfulneſs have part,
That will not bow and bend to me,
Save only in a mere formality
Of tinſel-trimm'd hypocriſy,
I care not for it, though it ſhew as fair
As the firſt bluſh of the ſun-gilded air.

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

The heart that vapours out itſelf in ſmoak,
And with thoſe cloudy ſhadows thinks to cloak
Its empty nakedneſs, how much
Soever thou eſteemeſt it, is ſuch
As never will endure my touch.
Before I take 't for mine, then I will try
What kind of metal in thine heart doth lie.

8.

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

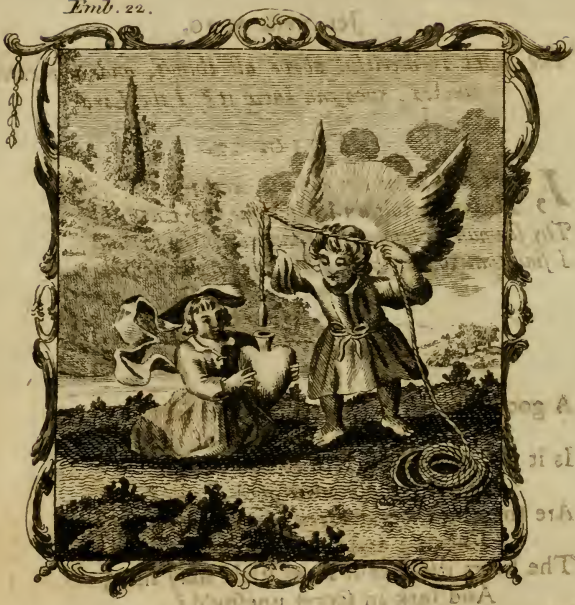
7.

The bears that vapours out their in breath,
And with black cloudy blackness chide in death,
Is empty darkness, how much
Soever thou dissemble it, in lack
As never will endure my touch.
Before I take t' be mine, thou I will try
What kind of metal in thine heart dwells lie.

8.

I'll bring it to my furnace, and there see
What it will prove: what it is like to be.
It is to gold, it will be fine
The dotrell fire that can be to refine,
And I dare say it will prove pure
Although no may refine, but cannot wake
Thee, and what is it love is true fall

Emb. 22.



CORDIS SCRUTINIUM

Solus Ego immensam Cordis perscrutor Abyssum
Nautiei quam potis est haud penetrare Bolis.

The SOUNDING of the Heart.

Jer. xvii. 9, 10.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it? I the Lord.

EPIG. 22.

I, THAT alone am infinite, can try
How deep within itself thine heart doth lie.
Thy seaman's plummet can but reach the ground:
I find that which thine heart itself ne'er found.

ODE XXII.

1.

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

2.

But who can tell what is within thine heart?
'Tis not a work of nature, art
Cannot perform that task: 'tis I alone,
Not man, to whom man's heart is known.

Sound it thou may'ſt, and muſt: but then the line
And plummet muſt be mine, not thine;
And I muſt guide it too, thine hand and eye
May quickly be deceiv'd: but I,
That made thine heart at firſt, am better ſkill'd
To know when it is empty, when 'tis fill'd.

3.

Leſt then thou ſhould'ſt deceive thyſelf, for Me
Thou canſt not; I will let thee ſee
Some of thoſe depths of Satan, depths of hell,
Wherewith thine hollow heart doth ſwell.
Under pretence of knowledge in thy mind,
Error and ignorance I find;
Quickſands of rotten ſuperſtition,
Spread over with miſpriſion *.
Some things thou knoweſt not, miſ-knoweſt others,
And oft thy conſcience its own knowledge ſmothers.

4.

Thy crooked will, that ſeemingly inclines
To follow reaſon's dictates, twines
Another way in ſecret, leaves its guide,
And lags behind, or ſwerves aſide:
Crab-like, creeps backward; when it ſhould have made
Progreſs in good, is retrograde.
Whilſt it pretends a privilege above
Reaſon's prerogative, to move
As of itſelf unmov'd, rude paſſions learn
To leave the oar, and take in hand the ſtern.

* *Miſpriſon*; i. e. concealment of danger.

The

5.

The tides of thine affections ebb and flow,
Rise up aloft, fall down below,
Like to the sudden land-floods, that advance
Their swelling waters but by chance.
Thy love, desire, thy hope, delight, and fear,
Ramble they care not when, nor where,
Yet cunningly bear thee in hand, they be
Only directed unto me,
Or most to me, and would no notice take
Of other things, but only for my sake.

6.

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

* *Præstigious*, i. e. juggling.

The LEVELLING of the Heart.

Pſalm xcvii. 11.

Gladneſs for the upright in heart.

EPIG. 23.

SET thine heart upright, if thou would'ſt rejoice,
And pleaſe thyſelf in thine heart's pleaſing choice:
But then be ſure thy plumb and level be
Rightly apply'd to that which pleaſeth me.

ODE XXIII.

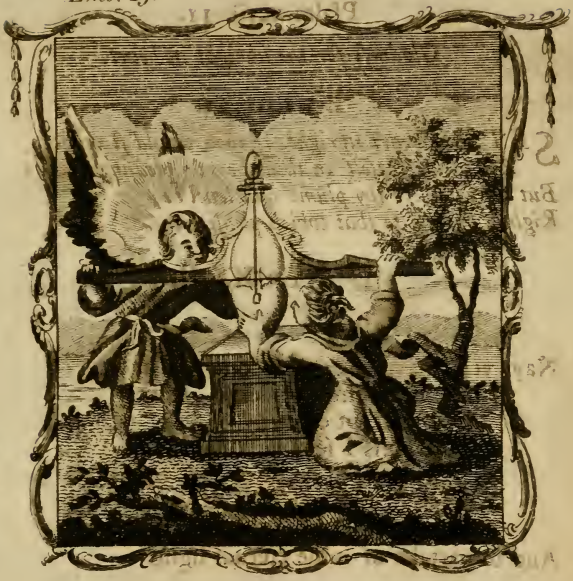
1.

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

2.

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

Emb. 23.



Cordis Rectificatio

Ad rectum perseque mei Cor Cordis amussim.
Si rectum cupias erige Nata tuum.

3.

Cant thou not see how thine heart turns aide,
And leans toward thyself? How wide
A diffance there is here?
Until I see
Both face again
Alike with mine, 'tis clear
The middle is not where it should be;
Like fomething better, though it look at me

4.

If thou knew'ft how on diffpofe of trees,
Would have thy portion p-vert;
Left wealth fhould make thee proud,
And me fcpcr,
Bft thou fhalt fee
Thy voice to cry aloud
For riches, and unlaid I grant
All that thou wifheft, thou complain'ft of want.

5.

If, to preferve thine health, would have thee lack
From nature's dainties, left at laft
Thy fenfes fweet delight
Should end in fmart;
But thy vain heart
Will have its appetite
Pleated to-day, though grief and forrow
Threaten to cancel all thy joys to-morrow

3.

Canſt thou not ſee how thine heart turns aſide,
And leans toward thyſelf? How wide.
A diſtance there is here?
Until I ſee
Both ſides agree
Alike with mine, 'tis clear
The middle is not where't ſhould be;
Likes ſomething better, though it look at me.

4.

I, that know beſt how to diſpoſe of thee,
Would have thy portion poverty,
Leſt wealth ſhould make thee proud,
And me forget:
But thou haſt ſet
Thy voice to cry aloud
For riches; and unleſs I grant
All that thou wiſheſt, thou complain'ſt of want.

5.

I, to preſerve thine health, would have thee faſt:
From nature's dainties, leſt at laſt
Thy ſenſes ſweet delight
Should end in ſmart;
But thy vain heart
Will have its appetite
Pleaſed to-day, though grief and ſorrow
Threaten to cancel all thy joys to-morrow.

I, to

6.

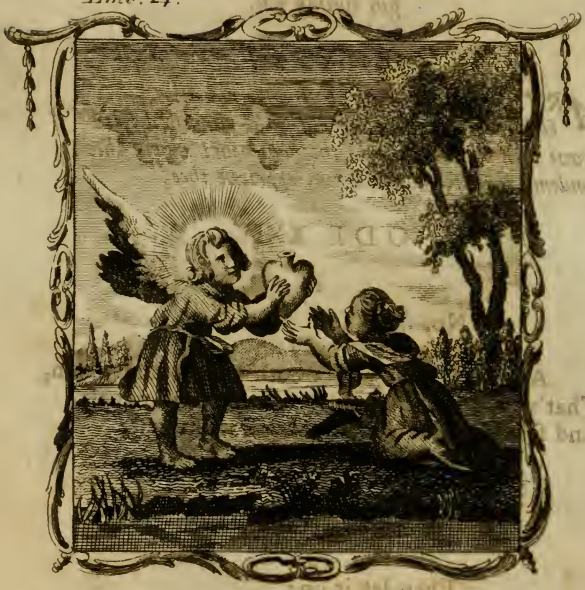
I, to prevent thy hurt by climbing high,
Would have thee be content to lie
Quiet and ſafe below,
Where peace doth dwell;
But thou doſt ſwell
With vaſt deſires, as though
A little blaſt of vulgar breath
Were better than deliverance from death.

7.

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

The

Emb. 24.



CORDIS RENOVATIO

Cum nova cuncta placent Vetus O Corpone Novum pro.
Quod tibi pro veteri Sponsa repono Cape.

The RENEWING of the Heart.

Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.

EPIG. 24.

ART thou delighted with strange novelties,
Which often prove but old fresh-garnish'd lyes?
Leave then thine old, take the new heart I give thee:
Condemn thyself, that so I may reprieve thee.

ODE XXIV.

1.

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

2.

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

The

3.

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

4.

The heart I give,
Though it deſire to live,
And bathe itſelf in all content,
Yet will not toil, or taint itſelf with any:
Although it take a view and taſte of many,
It feeds on few, as though it meant
To breakfaſt only here,
And dine elſewhere.

5.

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

This

6.

This heart is ſound,
And ſolid will be found;
'Tis not an empty airy flaſh,
That baits at butterflies, and with full cry
Opens at ev'ry flirting vanity.
It ſlights and ſcorns ſuch paltry traſh:
But for eternity
Dares live or die.

7.

I know thy mind:
Thou ſeek'ſt content to find
In ſuch things as are new and ſtrange.
Wander no further then: lay by thine old,
Take the new heart I give thee, and be bold
To boaſt thyſelf of the exchange,
And ſay, that a new heart
Exceeds all art.

The

The ENLIGHTENING of the Heart.

Pſalm xxxiv. 5.

They looked on him, and were lightened.

EPIG. 25.

THOU that art Light of lights, the only ſight
Of the blind world, lend me thy ſaving light:
Diſperſe thoſe miſts which in my ſoul have made
Darkneſs at deep as hell's eternal ſhade.

ODE XXV.

1.

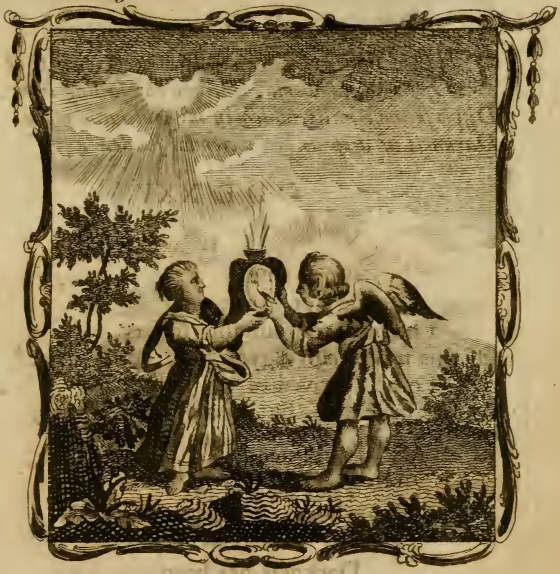
Alas! that I
Could not before eſpy
The ſoul-confounding miſery
Of this more than Egyptian dreadful night!
To be deprived of the light,
And to have eyes, but eyes devoid of ſight,
As mine have been, is ſuch a woe,
As he alone can know
That feels it ſo.

2.

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

No,

Emb. 25.



CORDIS ILLUMINATIO.

Lux de luce, Deus, cœci Lux unica Mundi,
Corde graves tenebras discute luce tua.

3.

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

4.

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

5.

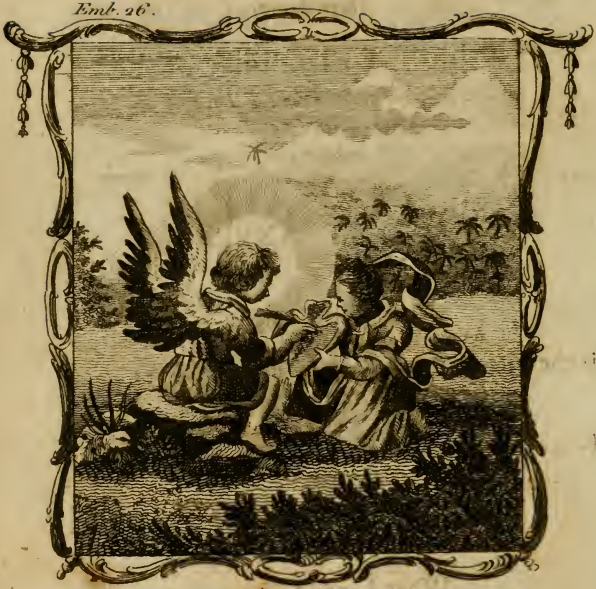
Then unto thee,
Great Lord of light, let me
Direct my prayer, that I may ſee.
Thou, that didſt make mine eyes, canſt ſoon reſtore
That pow'r of ſight they had before,
And, if thou ſeeſt it good, canſt give them more.
The night will quickly ſhine like day,
If thou do but diſplay
One glorious ray.

6.

I muſt confeſs,
And I can do no leſs,
Thou art the Sun of righteouſneſs:
There's healing in thy wings; thy light is life;
My darkneſs death. To end all ſtrife,
Be thou mine huſband, let me be thy wife.
So light and life divine
Will all be thine.

The

Emb. 26.



CORDIS TABULA-LEGES.

Scribo novam, teneri nunc Cordis in æquore Legem,
Cum vetus in duris sit mihi scripta petris.

The TABLE of the Heart.

Jer. xxxi. 33.

I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts.

EPIG. 26.

IN the ſoft table of thine heart I'll write
A new law, which I will newly indite.
Hard ſtony tables did contain the old:
But tender leaves of fleſh ſhall this infold.

ODE XXVI.

1.

What will thy ſight
Avail thee, or my light,
If there be nothing in thine heart to ſee
Acceptable to me?
A ſelf-writ heart will not
Pleaſe me, or do thee any good; I wot,
The paper muſt be thine,
The writing mine.

2.

What I indite
'Tis I alone can write,
And write in books that I myſelf have made.
'Tis not an eaſy trade,
To read or write in hearts:
They that are ſkilful in all other arts,
When they take this in hand,
Are at a ſtand.

3.

My law of old
Tables of ſtone did hold,
Wherein I wrote what I before had ſpoken,
Yet were they quickly broken:
A ſign the covenant
Contain'd in them would due obſervance want.
Nor did they long remain
Copy'd again.

4.

But now I'll try
What force in fleſh doth lie:
Whether thine heart renew'd afford a place
Fit for my law of grace.
This covenant is better
Than that, though glorious, of the killing letter.
This gives life, not by merit,
But by my Spirit.

5.

When in men's hearts,
And their moſt inward parts,
I by my Spirit write my law of love,
They then begin to move,
Not by themſelves, but me,
And their obedience is their liberty.
There are no ſlaves, but thoſe
That ſerve their foes.

When.

6.

When I have writ
My covenant in it,
View thine heart by my light, and thou ſhalt ſee
A preſent fit for me.
The worth, for which I look,
Lies in the lines, not in the leaves of th' book.
Coarſe paper may be line'd
With words refine'd:

7.

And ſuch are mine.
No furnace can refine
The choiceſt ſilver ſo, to make it pure,
As my law put in ure
Purgeth the hearts of men:
Which being rule'd, and written with my pen,
My Spirit, ev'ry letter
Will make them better.

The TILLING of the Heart.

Ezek. xxxvi. 9.

I will turn unto you, and ye ſhall be tilled and ſown.

EPIG. 27.

MINE heart's a field, thy croſs a plough: be pleas'd,
Dear Spouſe, to till it, till the mould be rais'd
Fit for the ſeeding of thy word: then ſow,
And if thou ſhine upon it, it will grow.

ODE XXVII.

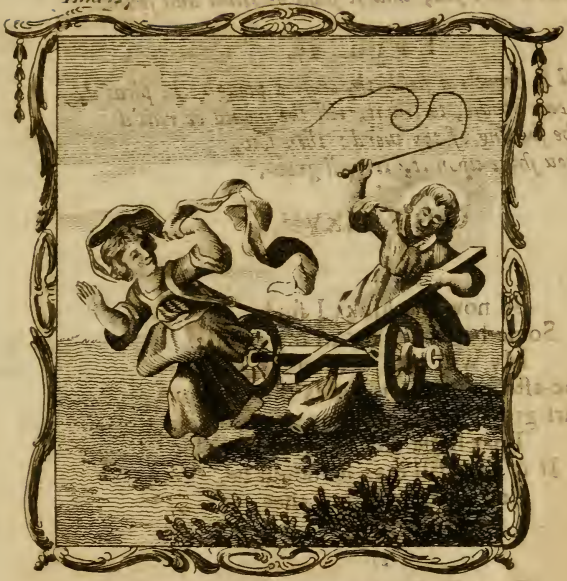
1.

So now methinks I find
Some better vigour in my mind;
My will begins to move,
And mine affections ſtir towards things above:
Mine heart grows big with hope; it is a field
That ſome good fruit may yield,
If it were till'd as it ſhould be,
Not by myſelf, but thee.

2.

Great Huſbandman, whoſe pow'r
All difficulties can devour,
And do what likes thee beſt,
Let not thy field, my heart, lie by, and reſt;
Leſt it be over run with noiſome weeds,
That ſpring of their own ſeeds:
Unleſs thy grace the growth ſhould ſtop,
Sin would be all my crop.

Emb. 27



CORDIS ARATIO.

Cordis Agrum, crucis ejus tuæ proscindat Aratrum;
Cui verbi inspergas Semina Sponse tuæ.

3.

Break up my fallow ground,
That there may not a clod be found,
To hide one grain of lust.
Let thy plough follow a deep furrow
Turn up my flit and fleshy hearts,
No matter for the smart,
Although it pain, when it is rent,
Let not those hard talent.

4.

Corruptions root, O Lord,
Showers of repentant tears must steep
The mould, to make it soft:
Fall be fired, and turn'd, not once, but oft,
Have all its fodons. O impart
The bell of all thine art.
Fear of toils is to rough,
All will be barrenough.

5.

Oh, if it be thy will
To force me, let me learn the Skill
More to plow mine heart
Profits will be mine, and 'tis my part
Are the pains endeavour, though th' increase
Is thine, by blessing cease;
It is not nothing else, yet than
Thy it make me draw thy plough:

Which

3.

Break up my fallow ground,
That there may not a clod be found:
To hide one root of ſin.
pply thy plough betime: now, now begin
o furrow up my ſtiff and ſtarvy heart;
No matter for the ſmart,
Although it roar, when it is rent,
Let not thine hand relent.

4.

Corruption's rooted deep,
Showers of repentant tears muſt ſteep
The mould, to make it ſoft:
muſt be ſtirr'd, and turn'd, not once, but oft.
t it have all its ſeaſons. O impart
The beſt of all thine art:
For of itſelf it is ſo tough,
All will be but enough.

5.

Or, if it be thy will
To teach me, let me learn the ſkill
Myſelf to plow mine heart:
e profit will be mine, and 'tis my part
take the pains, and labour, though th' increaſe
Without thy bleſſing ceaſe:
If f for nothing elſe, yet thou
May'ſt make me draw thy plough:

Which

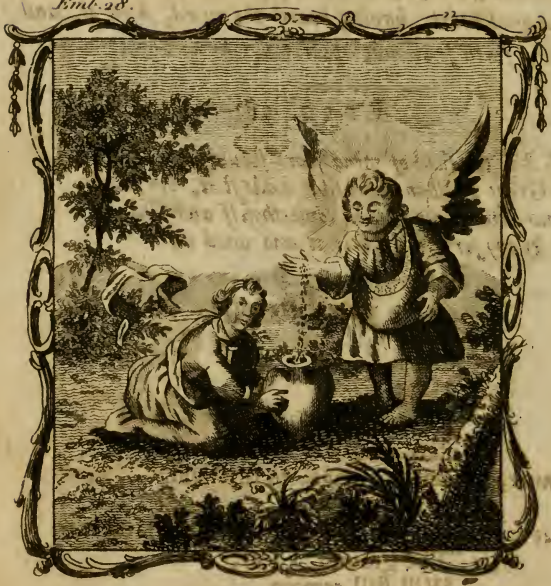
6.

Which of thy ploughs thou wilt,
For thou haſt more than one. My guilt
Thy wrath, thy rods, are all
Ploughs fit to tear mine heart to pieces ſmall:
And when, in theſe, it apprehends thee near,
'Tis furrowed with fear:
Each weed, turn'd under, hides its head,
And ſhews as it were dead.

7.

But, Lord, thy bleſſed paſſion
Is a plough of another faſhion,
Better than all the reſt.
Oh faſten me to that, and let the reſt
Of all my powers ſtrive to draw it in,
And leave no room for ſin.
The virtue of thy death can make
Sin its faſt hold forſake.

Emb. 28.



SEMINATIO IN COR.

Semina jam Terræ manda Divine Colone
Ne nostri sterilis sit ut ri Cordis Ager.

The SEEDING of the Heart.

Luke viii. 15.

That on the good ground are they, which, with an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience.

EPIG. 28.

LEST the field of mine heart should unto thee,
Great Husbandman that made'st it, barren be,
Manure the ground, then come thyself and seed it;
And let thy servants water it and weed it.

ODE XXVIII.

I.

Nay, blessed Lord,
Unless thou wilt afford
Manure, as well as tillage, to thy field,
It will not yield
That fruit which thou expectest it should bear:
The ground, I fear,
Will still remain,
Barren of what is good: and all the grain
It will bring forth,
As of its own accord, will not be worth
The pains of gathering
So poor a thing.

Some

2.

Some faint desire,
That quickly will expire,
Wither, and die, is all thou canst expect.
If thou neglect
To sow it now 'tis ready, thou shalt find
That it will bind,
And harder grow
Than at the first it was. Thou must bestow
Some further cost,
Else all thy former labour will be lost.
Mine heart no corn will breed
Without thy seed.

3.

Thy word is seed,
And manure too: will feed,
As well as fill mine heart. If once it were
Well rooted there,
It would come on apace: O then neglect
No time: expect
No better season.
Now, now thy field mine heart is ready: reason
Surrenders now,
Now my rebellious will begins to bow,
And mine affections are
Tamer by far.

4.

Lord, I have lain
Barren too long, and fain
I would redeem the time, that I may be
Fruitful to thee;

Fruitful

Fruitful in knowledge, faith, obedience,
Ere I go hence:
That when I come
At harveſt to be reaped, and brought home,
Thine angels may
My ſoul in thy celeſtial garner lay,
Where perfect joy and bliſs
Eternal is.

5.

If to intreat
A crop of pureſt wheat,
A bleſſing too tranſcendent ſhould appear
For me to hear,
Lord, make me what thou wilt, ſo thou wilt take
What thou doſt make,
And not diſdain
To houſe me, though among thy coarſeſt grain;
So I may be
Laid with the gleanings gathered by thee,
When the full ſheaves are ſpent,
I am content.

The

The WATERING of the Heart.

Isaiah xxvii. 3.

I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment.

EPIG. 29.

CLOSE downwards tow'rds the earth, open above,
Tow'rds heav'n, mine heart is. O let thy love
Distill in fructifying dews of grace,
And then mine heart will be a pleasant place.

ODE XXIX.

1.

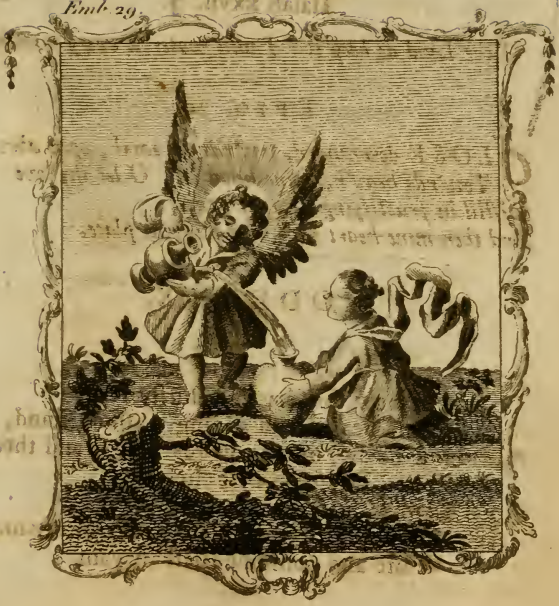
See how this dry and thirsty land,
Mine heart, doth gaping, gasping stand,
And, close below, opens tow'rds heav'n and thee.
Thou Fountain of Felicity,
Great Lord of living waters, water me:
Let not my breath, that pants with pain,
Waste and consume itself in vain.

2.

The mists, that from the earth do rise,
An heav'n-born heart will not suffice:
Cool it without they may, but cannot quench
The scalding heat within, nor drench
Its dusty dry desires, or fill one trench.
Nothing, but what comes from on high,
Can heav'n-bred longings satisfy.

See

Emb. 29.



CORDIS IRRIGATIO.

Fellari clausum; tèlo patet: imbre rorem,
Cordis ab hoc varie flere virescet Humus.

3.

See how the ſeed, which thou didſt ſow,
Lies parch'd, and wither'd; will not grow
Without ſome moiſture, and mine heart hath none
That it can truly call its own,
By nature of itſelf, more than a ſtone:
Unleſs thou water 't, it will lie
Drowned in duſt, and ſtill be dry.

4.

Thy tender plants can never thrive,
Whilſt want of water doth deprive
Their roots of nouriſhment: which makes them call
And cry to thee, great All in All,
That ſeaſonable ſhow'rs of grace may fall,
And water them: thy word will do't,
If thou vouchſafe thy bleſſing to 't.

5.

O then be pleaſed to unſeal
Thy fountain, bleſſed Saviour; deal
Some drops at leaſt, wherewith my drooping ſpir'ts
May be revived. Lord, thy merits
Yield more refreſhing than the world inherits:
Rivers, yea ſeas, but ditches are,
If with thy ſprings we them compare.

6.

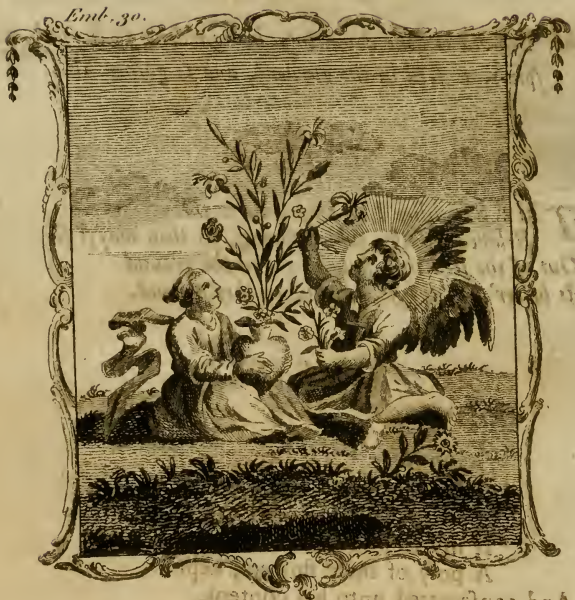
If not full ſhow'rs of rain, yet, Lord,
A little pearly dew afford,
Begot by thy celeſtial influence
On ſome chaſte vapour, raiſed hence
To be partaker of thine excellence:
A little, if it come from thee,
Will be of great avail to me.

7.

Thou boundleſs Ocean of grace,
Let thy free Spirit have a place
Within mine heart: full rivers, then, I know,
Of living waters, forth will flow;
And all thy plants, thy fruits, thy flow'rs will grow.
Whilſt thy ſprings their roots do nouriſh.
They muſt needs be fat, and flouriſh.

The

Emb. 30.



CORDIS FLORES.

Hæc tibi, natù tuo de semine consecro, Sponse,
Lilia, et his patrium floribus adde Solum.

The FLOWERS of the Heart.

Cant. vi. 2.

My Beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

EPIG. 30.

THESE lilies I do consecrate to thee,
Beloved Spouse, which spring, as thou may'st see,
Out of the seed thou sowedst; and the ground
Is better'd by thy flow'rs, when they abound.

ODE XXX.

I.

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

2.

Nay, try them, bleſſed Lord;
Take them not on my word,
But let the colour, taſte, and ſmell,
The truth of their perfections tell.
Thou that art infinite in wiſdom, ſee
If they be not the ſame that came from thee.
If any difference be found,
It is occaſion'd by the ground,
Which yet I cannot ſee
So good as it ſhould be.

3.

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

4.

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

Or

5.

Or wilt thou have, beſide,
Violets purple-dy'd?
The ſun-obſerving marigold,
Or orpin never waxing old,
The primroſe, cowſlip, gilliflow'r, or pink,
Or any flow'r, or herb, that I can think
Thou haſt a mind unto? I ſhall
Quickly be furniſh'd with them all,
If once I do but know
That thou wilt have it ſo.

6.

Faith is a fruitful grace,
Well-planted, ſtores the place,
Fills all the borders, beds, and bow'rs,
With wholeſome herbs and pleaſant flow'rs:
Great Gardener, thou ſay'ſt, and I believe.
What thou doſt mean to gather, thou wilt give.
Take, then, mine heart in hand, to fill't,
And it ſhall yield thee what thou wilt.
Yea thou, by gath'ring more,
Shalt ſtill increaſe my ſtore.

The KEEPING of the Heart.

Prov. iv. 23.

Keep thy heart with all diligence.

EPIG. 31.

LIKE to a garden that is closed round,
That heart is safely kept, which still is found
Compass'd with care, and guarded with the fear
Of God, as with a flaming sword and spear.

ODE XXXI.

The Soul. 1.

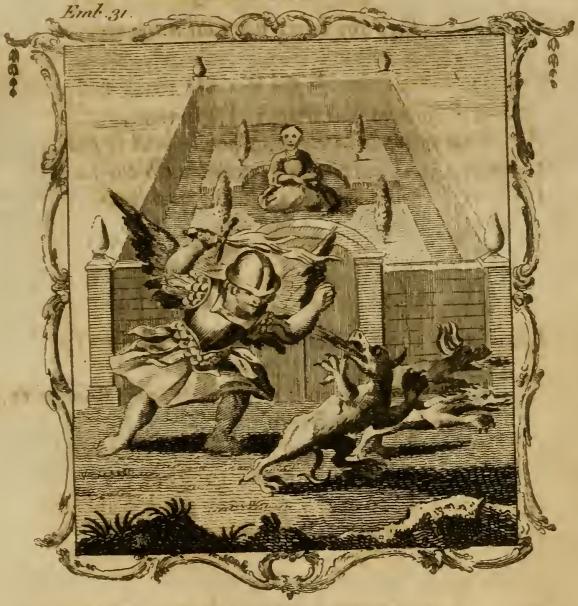
Lord, wilt thou suffer this? Shall vermin spoil
The fruit of all thy toil,
Thy trees, thine herbs, thy plants, thy flow'rs thus;
And, for an overplus
Of spite and malice, overthrow thy mounds,
Lay common all thy grounds?
Canst thou endure thy pleasant garden should
Be thus turn'd up as ordinary mould?

Christ. 2.

What is the matter? why dost thou complain?
Must I as well maintain,
And keep, as make thy fences? wilt thou take
No pains for thine own sake?
Or doth thy self-confounding fancy fear thee,
When there's no danger near thee?
Speak out thy doubts, and thy desires, and tell me,
What enemy or can or dares to quell thee?

The

Emb. 31.



CORDIS CUSTODIA.

Quam bene conclusam Vigil hic Cor protegit hortum,
Præstricto munit quem Timor ense Dei.

The Soul. 3.

Many, and mighty, and malicious, Lord,
That ſeek, with one accord,
To work my ſpeedy ruin, and make haſte
To lay thy garden waſte.
The devil is a ramping roaring lion,
Hates at his heart thy Zion,
And never gives it reſpite day nor hour,
But ſtill goes ſeeking whom he may devour.

4.

The world's a wilderneſs, wherein I find
Wild beaſts of every kind,
Foxes, and wolves, and dogs, and boars, and bears;
And, which augments my fears,
Eagles and vultures, and ſuch birds of prey,
Will not be kept away:
Beſides the light-abhorring owls and bats,
And ſecret-corner-creeping mice and rats.

5.

But theſe, and many more, would not diſmay
Me much, unleſs there lay
One worſe than all within, myſelf I mean,
My falſe, unjuſt, unclean,
Faithleſs, diſloyal ſelf, that both entice
And entertain each vice.
This home-bred traiterous partaking's worſe
Than all the violence of foreign force.

Lord,

6.

Lord, thou may'ſt ſee my fears are grounded, riſe
Not from a bare ſurmiſe,
Or doubt of danger only, my deſires
Are but what need requires,
Of thy divine protection and defence
To keep theſe vermin hence:
Which, if they ſhould not be reſtrain'd by thee,
Would grow too ſtrong to be kept out by me.

Chriſt. 7.

Thy fear is juſt, and I approve thy care.
But yet thy comforts are
Provided for, ev'n in that care and fear:
Whereby it doth appear
Thou haſt what thou deſireſt, my protection
To keep thee from defection.
The heart that cares and fears, is kept by me.
I watch thee, whilſt thy foes are watch'd by thee.

The

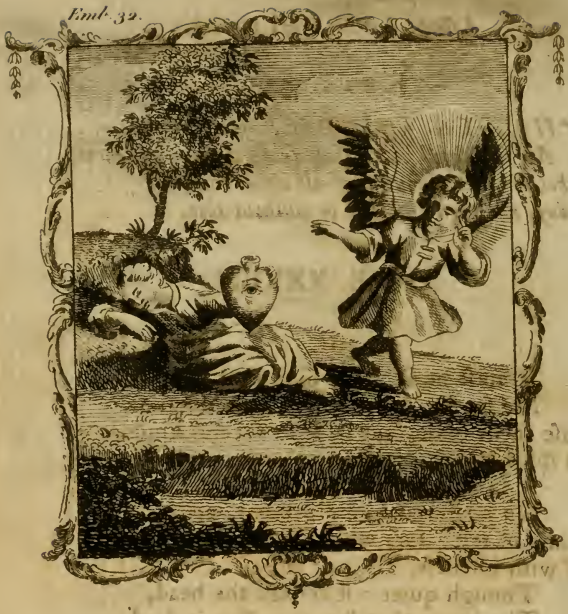
6.

Lord, thou may'st see my fears are grounded, not
Not from a base jealousie,
Or doubt of danger only, my desires
Are but what need requires.
O thy divine direction and advice
To keep these errors hence;
Which, if they should not be refrain'd by thee,
Would grow too strong to be kept out by me.

7.

Thy fear is just, and I approve thy care:
But yet thy comforts are
Provided for, even in that care and fear
Whereby it doth appear
I am bad what thou deliest, my protection
To keep thee from defection.
The heart that cares and fears, is kept by me
I watch thee, while thy foes are watch'd by thee.

Emb. 32.



CORDIS VIGILIA.

Te vigil exquirit Cor, dum Soper occupat Artus,
Nec sine Te noctû, nec potis esse die.

The WATCHING of the Heart.

Cant. v. 2.

I sleep, but my heart waketh.

EPIG. 32.

WHILST the soft bands of sleep tie up my senses,
My watchful heart, free from all such pretences,
Searches for thee, inquires of all about thee,
Nor day, nor night, able to be without thee.

ODE XXXII.

1.

It must be so: that God that gave
Me senses, and a mind, would have
Me use them both, but in their several kinds.
Sleep must refresh my senses, but my mind's
A sparkle of heav'nly fire, that feeds
On action and employment, needs
No time of rest: for, when it thinks to please
Itself with idleness, 'tis least at ease.
Though quiet rest refresh the head,
The heart, that stirs not, sure is dead.

2.

Whilst, then, my body ease doth take,
My rest-refusing heart shall wake:
And that mine heart the better watch may keep,
I'll lay my senses for a time to sleep.

Wanton

Wanton defires ſhall not entice,
Nor luſt inveigle them to vice:
No fading colours ſhall allure my ſight,
Nor ſounds enchant mine ears with their delight:
I'll bind my ſmell, my touch, my taſte,
To keep a ſtrict religious faſt.

3.

My worldly buſineſs ſhall lie ſtill,
That heav'nly thoughts my mind may fill:
My Martha's cumb'ring cares ſhall ceaſe their noiſe,
That Mary may attend her better choice.
That meditation may advance
My heart on purpoſe, not by chance,
My body ſhall keep holy day, that ſo
My mind with better liberty may go
About her buſineſs, and ingroſs
That gain which worldly men count loſs.

4.

And though my ſenſes ſleep the while,
My mind my ſenſes ſhall beguile
With dreams of thee, dear Lord, whoſe rare perfections
Of excellence are ſuch, that bare inſpections
Cannot ſuffice my greedy ſoul,
Nor her fierce appetite controul;
But that the more ſhe looks, the more ſhe longs,
And ſtrives to thruſt into the thickeſt throngs
Of thoſe divine diſcoveries
Which dazzle even angels' eyes.

Oh

5.

Oh could I lay aſide this fleſh,
And follow after thee with freſh
And free deſires! my diſentangled ſoul,
Raviſh'd with admiration, ſhould roll
Itſelf and all its thoughts on thee,
And, by believing, ſtrive to ſee
What is inviſible to fleſh and blood,
And only by fruition underſtood,
The beauty of each ſev'ral grace,
That ſhines in thy ſun ſhameing face.

6.

But what I can do that I will,
Waking and ſleeping, ſeek thee ſtill:
I'll leave no place unpry'd into behind me,
Where I can but imagine I may find thee:
I'll aſk of all I meet, if they
Can tell me where thou art, which way
Thou go'ſt, that I may follow after thee,
Which way thou com'ſt, that thou may'ſt meet with me.
If not thy face, Lord, let mine heart
Behold with Moſes thy back part.

The

The WOUNDING of the Heart.

Lam. iii. 12.

He hath bent his bow, and ſet me as a mark for the arrow.

EPIG. 33.

A Thouſand of thy ſtrongeſt ſhafts, my Light,
Draw up againſt this heart with all thy might,
And ſtrike it through: they, that in need do ſtand
Of cure, are healed by thy wounding hand.

ODE XXXIII.

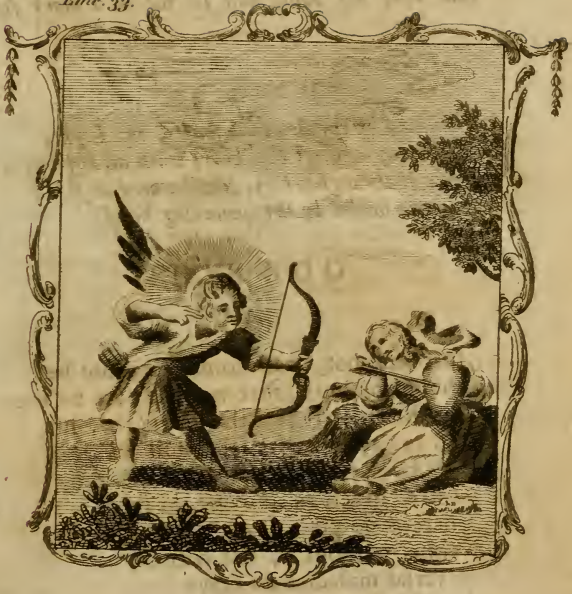
1.

Nay, ſpare me not, dear Lord, it cannot be
They ſhould be hurt, that wounded are by thee.
Thy ſhafts will heal the hearts they hit,
And to each ſore its ſalve will fit.
All hearts by nature are both ſick and ſore,
And mine as much as any elſe, or more:
There is no place that's free from ſin,
Neither without it, nor within;
And univerſal maladies do crave
Variety of medicines to have.

2.

Firſt, let the arrow of thy piercing eye,
Whoſe light outvieth the ſtar-ſpangled ſky,
Strike through the darkneſs of my mind,
And leave no cloudy miſt behind.

Emb. 33.



CORDIS VULNERATIO.

Mille Cor hoc validis, mea Lux transfige sagittis,
Pharmaca sunt tua quæ Vulnera dextra facit.

Let thy reſplendent rays of knowledge dart
Bright beams of underſtanding to mine heart,
To my ſin-ſhadow'd heart, wherein
Black ignorance did firſt begin
To blur thy beauteous image, and deface
The glory of thy ſelf-ſufficing grace.

3.

Next let the ſhaft of thy ſharp-pointed pow'r,
Diſcharged by that ſtrength that can devour
All difficulties, and incline
Stout oppoſition to reſign
Its ſteelly ſtubbornneſs, ſubdue my will,
Make it hereafter ready to fulfill
Thy royal law of righteouſneſs,
As gladly as, I muſt confeſs,
It hath fulfilled heretofore th'unjuſt,
Profane, and cruel laws of its own luſt.

4.

Then let that love of thine, which made thee leave
The boſom of thy Father, and bereave
Thyſelf of thy tranſcendent glory
(Matter for an eternal ſtory!),
Strike through mine affections all together,
And let that ſun-ſhine clear the cloudy weather,
Wherein they wander without guide,
Or order, as the wind and tide
Of floating vanities tranſport and toſs them,
Till ſelf-begotten troubles curb and croſs them.

5.

Lord, empty all thy quivers, let there be
No corner of my ſpacious heart left free,
Till all be but one wound, wherein
No ſubtle ſight-abhorring ſin
May lurk in ſecret uneſpy'd by me,
Or reign in pow'r unſubdu'd by thee.
Perfect thy purchas'd victory,
That thou may'ſt ride triumphantly,
And, leading captive all captivity,
May'ſt put an end to enmity in me.

6.

Then, bleſſed archer, in requital, I
To ſhoot thine arrows back again will try;
By pray'rs and praiſes, ſighs and ſobs,
By vows and tears, by groans and throbs,
I'll ſee if I can pierce and wound thine heart,
And vanquiſh thee again by thine own art.
Or, that we may at once provide
For all miſ-haps that may betide,
Shoot thou thyſelf, thy poliſh'd ſhaft, to me,
And I will ſhoot my broken heart to thee.

The

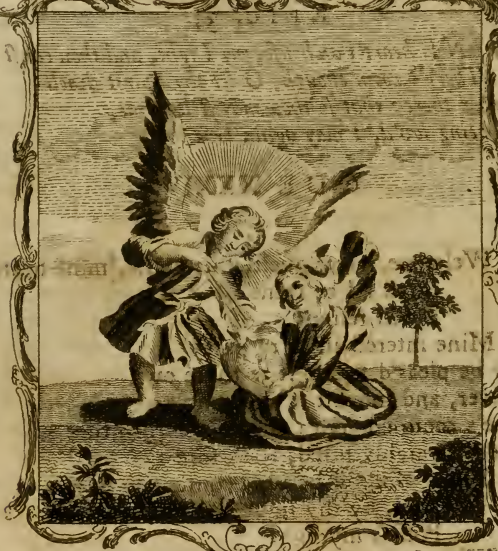
5.

Lord, empty all thy quivers, let there be
No corner of my spacious heart left free,
Till all be but one wound, wherein
No fable fight-abscouring fin
May lurk in secret unspy'd by me,
Or reign in power unhinder'd by thee.
Perfect my victory,
That thou may'st sue unremitantly,
And, leading captive all contrary,
May'st put an end to enmity in me.

6.

Then, skilled archer, to remove, &c.
To shoot thine arrows back again at thy;
By prayers and purities, sighs and tears,
By vows and oaths, by groans and throbs,
I'll see if I can pierce and wound thine heart,
And vanquish thee again by thine own art.
Or, that we may at once provide
For all evil-hap that may betide,
Shoot thou thyself, thy potent self, to me,
And I will throw my broken heart to thee.

Emb. 31



CORDIS INHABITATIO.

Spiritus, Omnea Lux, Cordis tuus inevolat Adem.
Sponse, ut amore tuo mi redimeris amans.

The INHABITING of the Heart.

Gal. iv. 6.

God hath ſent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts.

EPIG. 34.

MINE heart's an houſe, my Light, and thou canſt tell
There's room enough, O let thy Spirit dwell
For ever there: that ſo thou may'ſt love me,
And, being lov'd, I may again love thee.

ODE XXXIV.

1.

Welcome, great gueſt, this houſe, mine heart,
Shall all be thine:
I will reſign
Mine intereſt in ev'ry part:
Only be pleas'd to uſe it as thine own
For ever, and inhabit it alone:
There's room enough; and, if the furniture
Were anſwerably fitted, I am ſure
Thou w(ould'ſt be well content to ſtay,
And, by thy light,
Poſſeſs my ſight
With ſenſe of an eternal day.

2.

It is thy building, Lord; 'twas made
At thy command,
And ſtill doth ſtand
Upheld and ſhelter'd by the ſhade
Of thy protecting providence, though ſuch
As is decayed and impaired much,

Since the removal of thy residence,
When, with thy grace, glory departed hence:
It hath been all this while an inn
To entertain
The vile, and vain,
And wicked companies of sin.

3.

Although't be but an house of clay,
Frame'd out of dust,
And such as must
Dissolved be, yet it was gay
And glorious indeed, when ev'ry place
Was furnished and fitted with thy grace:
When, in the presence-chamber of my mind,
The bright sun-beams of perfect knowledge shine'd:
When my will was thy bed-chamber,
And ev'ry pow'r
A stately tow'r
Sweeten'd with thy Spirit's amber.

4.

But whilst thou dost thyself absent,
It is not grown
Noisome alone,
But all to pieces torn and rent.
The windows all are stopt, or broken so,
That no light without wind can thorough go.
The roof's uncovered, and the wall's decay'd,
The door's flung off the hooks, the floor's unlay'd;
Yea, the foundation rotten is,
And every-where
It doth appear
All that remains is far amiss.

But

5.

But if thou wilt return again,
And dwell in me,
Lord, thou ſhalt ſee
What care I'll take to entertain
Thee, though not like thyſelf, yet in ſuch ſort
As thou wilt like, and I ſhall thank thee for't.
Lord, let thy bleſſed Spirit keep poſſeſſion,
And all things will be well: at leaſt, confeſſion
Shall tell thee what's amiſs in me,
And then thou ſhalt
Or mend the fault,
Or take the blame of all on thee,

The ENLARGING of the Heart.

Pſalm cxix. 32.

I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou ſhalt enlarge my heart.

EPIG. 35.

HOW pleaſant is that now, which heretofore
Mine heart held bitter, ſacred learning's lore!
Enlarged hearts enter with greateſt eaſe
The ſtraiteſt paths, and run the narroweſt ways.

ODE XXXV.

1.

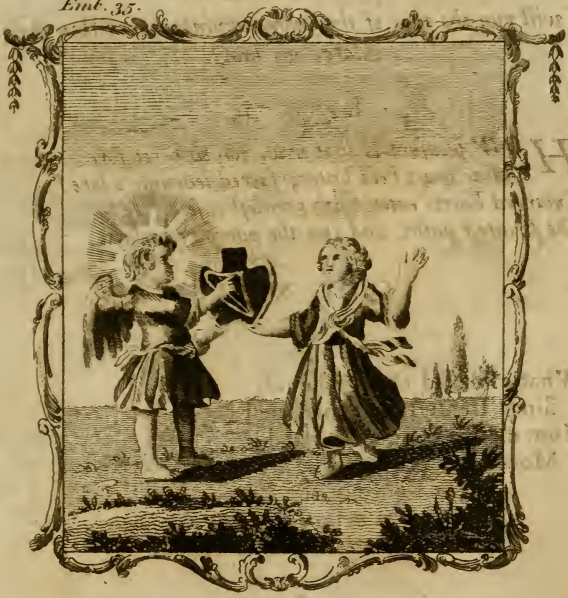
What a bleſſed change I find,
Since I entertain'd this gueſt!
Now methinks another mind
Moves and rules within my breaſt.
Surely I am not the ſame
That I was before he came,
But I then was much to blame.

2.

When, before, my God commanded
Any thing he would have done,
I was cloſe and gripple-handed,
Made an end ere I begun.
If he thought it fit to lay
Judgments on me, I could ſay,
They are good; but ſhrink away.

All

Emb. 35.



Cordis Dilatatio.

Quam volupe est quod amare prius Cor duxit amarum,
Angustam lato currere Corde Viam!

1.

All the ways of righteousness
I did think were full of trouble;
I complain'd of tediousness,
And each step was a hard labour.
While I lay a bow bent of fear,
Every one did aspire
Lower in their wicked pride.

2.

Satisfied in religion learned
Like a pined, prince a thing
Bats and fetters I obtained
Also bitterness for a king.
I was lay prisoner in my cell,
And for a sanctuary lie,
While I felt my conscience rebel.

3.

But the case is altered now
He to mercy I am his,
But I quickly, and, sorrow
Reach'd to the kingdom.
I love with a pure one to dwell,
All his precepts, and to fly,
Not to sorrow, but to delay
Temptation.

4.

Were he wrath I say I would
When I sinned, I would
Be commanding, as I, yet
He commanded, I would
Were he wrath I would be blinded, I would
Be blinded, I would
What he daily say, he will give,
I to obey him, I to live.

3.

All the ways of righteouſneſs
I did think were full of trouble;
I complain'd of tedioufneſs,
And each duty ſeemed double.
Whilſt I ſerv'd him but of fear,
Ev'ry minute did appear
Longer far than a whole year.

4.

Strictneſs in religion ſeemed
Like a pined, pinion'd thing:
Bolts and fetters I eſteemed
More beſeeming for a king,
Than for me to bow my neck,
And be at another's beck,
When I felt my conſcience check.

5.

But the caſe is alter'd now:
He no ſooner turns his eye,
But I quickly bend, and bow,
Ready at his feet to lie:
Love hath taught me to obey
All his precepts, and to ſay,
Not to-morrow, but to-day.

6.

What he wills, I ſay I muſt:
What I muſt, I ſay I will:
He commanding, it is juſt
What he would I ſhould fulfill.
Whilſt he biddeth, I believe
What he calls for, he will give.
To obey him, is to live.

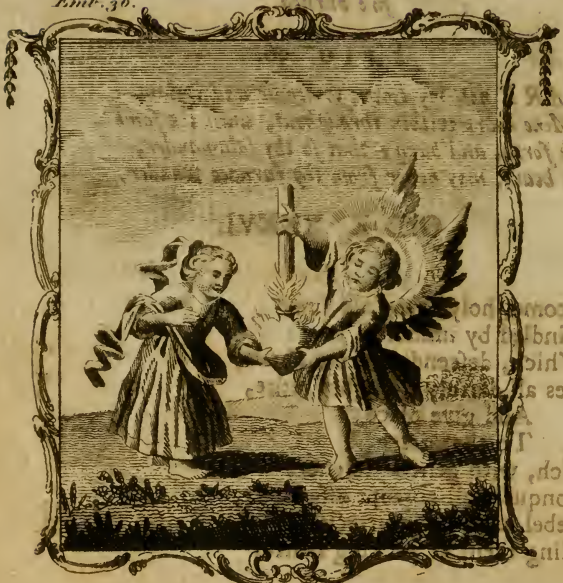
7.

His commandments grievous are not,
Longer than men think them ſo:
Though he ſend me forth, I care not,
Whilſt he gives me ſtrength to go.
When, or whither, all is one,
On his bus'neſs, not mine own,
I ſhall never go alone.

8.

If I be complete in him,
And in him all fullneſs dwelleth,
I am ſure aloft to ſwim,
Whilſt that Ocean overſwelleth.
Having Him that's All in all,
I am confident I ſhall
Nothing want, for which I call.

Emb. 36.



CORDIS INFLAMMATIO.

Perge Amor, et succende mei penetralia Cordis,
Vivat ut in patrio cor Salamandra rogo.

The INFLAMING of the Heart.

Pſalm xxxix. 3.

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

EPIG. 36.

SPARE not, my Love, to kindle and inflame
Mine heart within throughout, until the ſame
Break forth, and burn: that ſo thy ſalamander,
Mine heart, may never from thy furnace wander.

ODE XXXVI.

1.

Welcome, holy, heav'nly fire,
Kindled by immortal love:
Which, deſcending from above,
Makes all earthly thoughts retire,
And give place
To that grace,
Which, with gentle violence,
Conquers all corrupt affections,
Rebel nature's inſurrections,
Bidding them be packing hence.

2.

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

Thy

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

3.

Of itſelf mine heart is dark;
  But thy fire, by ſhining bright,
  Fills it full of ſaving light.
Though 't be but a little ſpark
    Lent by thee,
    I ſhall ſee
More by it, than all the light,
  Which in fulleſt meaſures ſtreams
  From corrupted nature's beams,
Can diſcover to my ſight.

4.

Though mine heart be ice and ſnow
  To the things which thou haſt choſen,
  All benumb'd with cold, and frozen,
Yet thy fire will make it glow.
    Though it burns,
    When it turns
Tow'rds the things which thou doſt hate:
  Yet thy bleſſed warmth, no doubt,
  Will that wild-fire ſoon draw out,
And the heat thereof abate.

5.

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

Of

Of its ſtore,
Gathers more,
Never ceaſing till it make
All things like itſelf, and longing
To ſee others come with thronging
Of thy goodneſs to partake.

6.

Lord, then let thy fire inflame
My cold heart ſo thoroughly,
That the heat may never die,
But continue ſtill the ſame:
That I may
Ev'ry day
More and more, conſuming ſin,
Kindling others, and attending
All occaſions of aſcending,
Heaven upon earth begin.

The

The LADDER of the Heart.

Pſalm lxxxiv. 5.

In whoſe heart are the ways of them.

EPIG. 37.

WOuldſt thou, my love, a ladder have, whereby
Thou may'ſt climb heaven, to ſit down on high?
In thine own heart, then, frame thee ſteps, and bend
Thy mind to muſe how thou may'ſt there aſcend.

ODE XXXVII.

The Soul. 1.

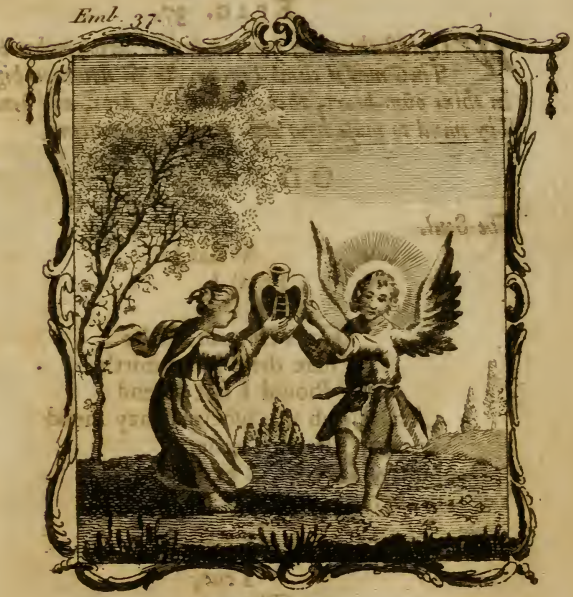
What!
Shall I
Always lie
Grov'ling on earth,
Where there is no mirth?
Why ſhould I not aſcend
And climb up, where I may mend
My mean eſtate of miſery?
Happineſs, I know, 's exceeding high:
Yet ſure there is ſome remedy for that.

Chriſt. 2.

True,
There is.
Perfect bliſs
May be had above:
But he, that will obtain
Such a gold-exceeding gain,
Muſt never think to reach the ſame,
And ſcale heav'n's walls, until he frame
A ladder in his heart as near as new.

The

Emb. 37.



CORDIS SCALÆ.

Vin' scalis Dilecta, poli conscendere Sedes?
Hic prius in proprio construe Corde gradus.

The Soul.

3.

Lord,
I will:
But the ſkill
Is not mine own:
Such an art's not known,
Unleſs thou wilt it teach:
It is far above the reach
Of mortal minds to underſtand.
But if thou wilt lend thine helping hand,
I will endeavour to obey thy word.

Chriſt.

4.

Well
Then, ſee
That thou be
As ready preſt
To perform the reſt,
As now to promiſe fair;
And I'll teach thee how to rear
A ſcaling-ladder in thine heart
To mount heaven with: no rules of art,
But I alone, can the compoſure tell.

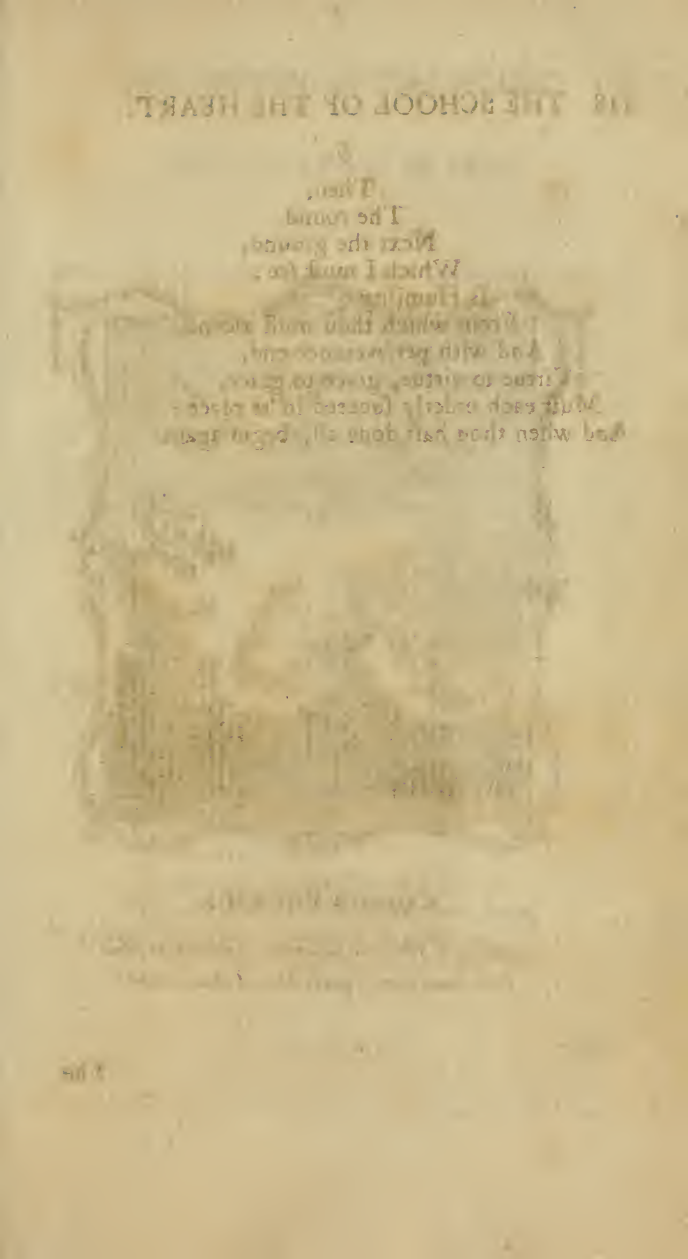
5.

Firſt,
Thou muſt
Take on truſt
All that I ſay;
Reaſon muſt not ſway
Thy judgment croſs to mine,
But her ſceptre quite reſign.
Faith muſt be both thy ladder ſides,
Which will ſtay thy ſteps whate'er betides,
And ſatisfy thine hunger, and thy thirſt.

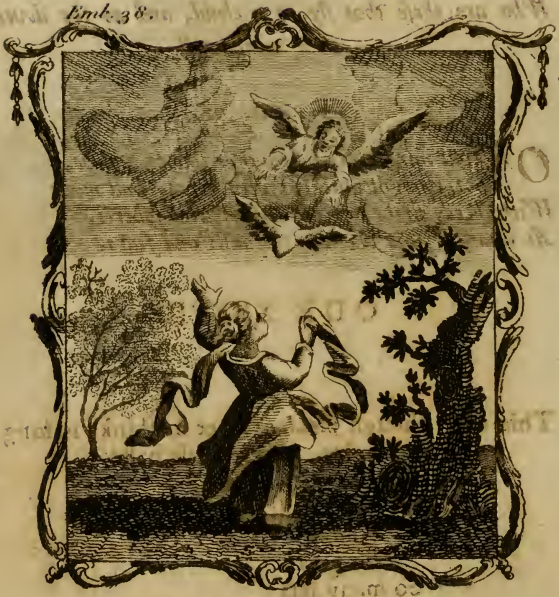
6.

Then,
The round
Next the ground,
Which I muſt ſee;
Is Humility:
From which thou muſt aſcend,
And with perſeverance end.
Virtue to virtue, grace to grace,
Muſt each orderly ſucceed in 'ts place;
And when thou haſt done all, begin again.

The



Emb. 38.



CORDIS VOLATUS.

Quis mihi Chaonii geminas dabit altis alas,
Pertæsum terræ, queis Cor ad Astra volet?

The FLYING of the Heart.

Isaiah lx. 8.

Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?

EPIG. 38.

OH that mine heart had wings like to a dove,
That I might quickly hasten hence, and move
With speedy flight tow'rds the celestial spheres,
As weary of this world, its faults and fears.

ODE XXXVIII.

I.

This way, though pleasant, yet methinks is long:
Step after step, makes little haste,
And I am not so strong
As still to last
Among
So great
So many lets:
Swelter'd and swill'd in sweat,
My toiling soul both fumes and frets,
As though she were incline'd to a retreat.

2.

Corruption clogs my feet like filthy clay,
And I am ready ſtill to ſlip:
Which makes me often ſtay,
When I ſhould trip
Away.
My fears
And faults are ſuch,
As challenge all my tears
So juſtly, that it were not much,
If I in weeping ſhould ſpend all my years.

3.

This makes me weary of the world below,
And greedy of a place above,
On which I may beſtow
My choiceſt love,
And ſo
Obtain
That favour, which
Excells all worldly gain,
And maketh the poſſeſſor rich
In happineſs of a tranſcendent ſtrain.

4.

What! muſt I ſtill be rooted here below,
And riveted unto the ground,
Wherein mine haſte to grow
Will be, though ſound,
But ſlow?
I know
The ſun exhales
Groſs vapours from below,
Which, ſcorning as it were the vales,
On mountain-topping clouds themſelves beſtow.

But

5.

But my fault-frozen heart is ſlow to move,
Makes poor proceedings at the beſt,
As though it did not love,
Nor long for reſt
Above.
Mine eyes
Can upward look,
As though they did deſpiſe
All things on earth, and could not brook
Their preſence: but mine heart is ſlow to riſe.

6.

Oh that it were once winged like the dove,
That in a moment mounts on high,
Then ſhould it ſoon remove
Where it may lie
In love.
And lo,
This one deſire
Methinks hath imp'd it ſo,
That it already flies like fire,
And ev'n my verſes into wings do grow.

The UNION of the Heart.

Ezek. xi. 19.

I will give them one heart.

EPIG. 39.

LIKE-minded minds, hearts alike heartily
Affected, will together live and die:
Many things meet and part: but love's great cable,
Tying two hearts, makes them inſeparable.

ODE XXXIX.

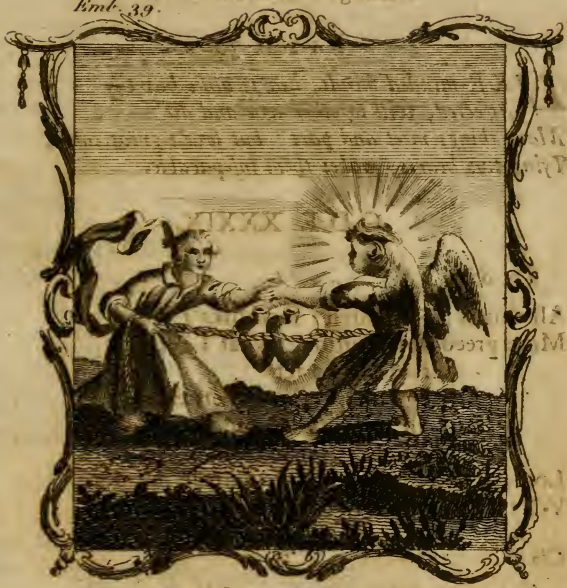
The Soul. 1.

All this is not enough: methinks I grow
More greedy by fruition: what I get
Serves but to ſet
An edge upon mine appetite,
And all thy gifts do but invite
My pray'rs for more.
Lord, if thou wilt not ſtill increaſe my ſtore,
Why didſt thou any thing at all beſtow?

Chriſt. 2.

And is't the fruit of having, ſtill to crave?
Then let thine heart united be to mine,
And mine to thine,
In a firm union, whereby
We may no more be thou and I,
Or I and thou,
But both the ſame: and then I will avow,
Thou canſt not want what thou doſt wiſh to have.

Emb. 39.



CORDIS UNIO.

Unanimes Animæ, concordia vinte Corda,
Unum queis velle et nolle, dat unus Amor.

The Soul.

3.

True, Lord, for thou art All in All to me,
But how to get my dullness learnt to learn
And obey with alacrity,
I do not know, nor can I guess!
How I should ever learn, unless
Thou with force
The courts our I must take to cast effect
'Tis thou, not I, must hunt more hard to thee.

Chorus.

4.

'Tis true, and so I will: but yet thou must
Do something towards it too. First, thou must lay
All in ashes,
And leprosy from thee, which would
Our meeting interrupt, and hold
Us distant still:
I am all goodness, and can close with all
No more than night darkness with dull

5.

Then thou must not count any earthly thing,
However gay and glorious let it be,
Of any worth,
Compared with me, that am alone
The eternal, both, and holy One:
But place thy love
Only on me and on things above,
Which true content and endless comfort bring.

The Soul. 3.

True, Lord, for thou art All in All to me;
But how to get my ſtubborn heart to twine
And cloſe with thine,
I do not know, nor can I gueſs
How I ſhould ever learn, unleſs
Thou wilt direct
The courſe that I muſt take to that effect.
'Tis thou, not I, muſt knit mine heart to thee.

Chriſt. 4.

'Tis true, and ſo I will: but yet thou muſt
Do ſomething tow'rds it too: Firſt, thou muſt lay
All ſin away,
And ſeparate from that, which would
Our meeting intercept, and hold
Us diſtant ſtill:
I am all goodneſs, and can cloſe with ill
No more than richeſt diamonds with duſt.

5.

Then thou muſt not count any earthly thing,
However gay and glorioufly ſet forth,
Of any worth,
Compare'd with me, that am alone
Th' eternal, high, and holy One:
But place thy love
Only on me and the things above,
Which true content and endleſs comfort bring.

Love

6.

Love is the loadſtone of the heart, the glue,
The cement, and the ſolder, which alone
Unites in one
Things that before were not the ſame,
But only like; imparts the name,
And nature too,
Of each to th' other: nothing can undo
The knot that's knit by love, if it be true.

7.

But if in deed and truth thou loveſt me,
And not in word alone, then I ſhall find
That thou doſt mind
The things I mind, and regulate
All thine affections, love, and hate,
Delight, deſire,
Fear, and the reſt, by what I do require,
And I in thee myſelf ſhall always ſee.

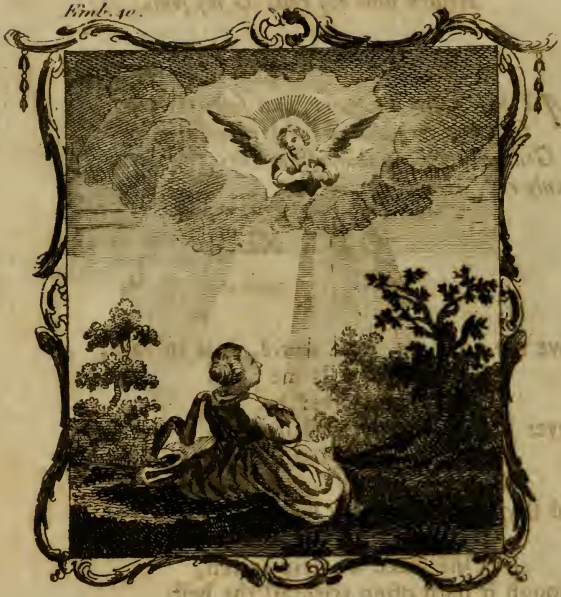
II.

Love is the fondness of the heart, the glow,
The concern, and the fidelity, which alone
Unites us one
[illegible]
But [illegible]
And [illegible]
Or each to [illegible]
The [illegible]

III.

But it is good [illegible] love and [illegible]
And not [illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible]
All [illegible]
Delight, [illegible]
Fear, and the [illegible]
And [illegible]

Emb. 40.



CORDIS QUIES.

Mobile Cor nullâ potis est requiescere Sede,
Unus ei centrum nam Deus una Quies.

The REST of the Heart.

Pſalm cxvi. 7.

Return unto thy reſt, O my ſoul.

EPIG. 40.

MY buſy, ſtirring heart, that ſeeks the beſt,
Can find no place on earth wherein to reſt:
For God alone, the author of its bliſs,
Its only reſt, its only centre is.

ODE XL.

1.

Move me no more, mad world, it is in vain,
Experience tells me plain
I ſhould deceived be,
If ever I again ſhould truſt in thee.
My weary heart hath ranſack'd all
Thy treaſuries, both great and ſmall,
And thy large inventory bears in mind:
Yet could it never find
One place wherein to reſt,
Though it hath often tried all the beſt.

2.

Thy profits brought me loſs inſtead of gain,
And all thy pleaſures pain:
Thine honours blurr'd my name
With the deep ſtains of ſelf-confounding ſhame.

Thy

Thy wiſdom made me turn ſtark fool,
And all the learning, that thy ſchool
Afforded me, was not enough to make
Me know myſelf, and take
Care of my better part,
Which ſhould have periſhed for all thine heart.

3.

Not that there is not place of reſt in thee
For others: but for me
There is, there can be, none:
That God, that made mine heart, is he alone
That of himſelf both can and will
Give reſt unto my thoughts, and fill
Them full of all content and quietneſs,
That ſo I may poſſeſs
My ſoul in patience,
Until he find it time to call me hence.

4.

On thee, then, as a ſure foundation,
A tried corner-ſtone,
Lord, I will ſtrive to raiſe
The tow'r of my ſalvation, and thy praiſe.
In thee, as in my centre, ſhall
The lines of all my longings fall.
To thee, as to mine anchor, ſurely ty'd,
My ſhip ſhall ſafely ride.
On thee, as on my bed
Of ſoft repoſe, I'll reſt my weary head.

5.

Thou, thou alone, ſhalt be my whole deſire;
I'll nothing elſe require
But thee, or for thy ſake.
In thee I'll ſleep ſecure; and, when I wake,

Thy

Thy glorious face ſhall ſatisfy
The longing of my looking eye.
I'll roll myſelf on thee, as on my rock,
When threat'ning dangers mock.
Of thee, as of my treaſure,
I'll boaſt and brag, my comforts know no meaſure.

6.

Lord, thou ſhalt be mine All; I will not know
A profit here below,
But what reflects on thee:
Thou ſhalt be all the pleaſure I will ſee
In any thing the earth affords.
Mine heart ſhall own no words
Of honour, out of which I cannot raiſe
The matter of thy praiſe.
Nay, I will not be mine,
Unleſs thou wilt vouchſafe to have me thine.

The

The BATHING of the Heart.

Joel iii. 21.

I will cleanſe their blood, that I have not cleanſed.

EPIG. 41.

THIS bath thy Saviour ſwet with drops of blood,
Sick heart, of purpoſe for to do thee good.
They that have try'd it can the virtue tell;
Come, then, and uſe it, if thou wilt be well.

ODE XLI.

1.

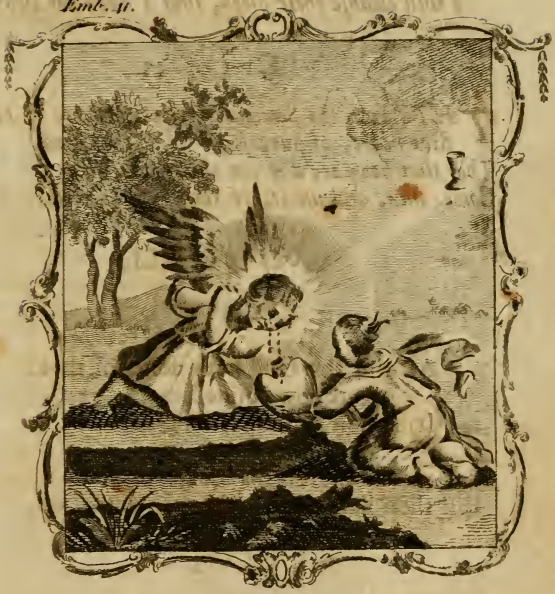
All this thy God hath done for thee:
And now, mine heart,
It is high time that thou ſhould'ſt be
Acting thy part,
And meditating on his bleſſed paſſion,
Till thou haſt made it thine by imitation.

2.

That exerciſe will be the beſt
And ſureſt means,
To keep thee evermore at reſt,
And free from pains.
To ſuffer with thy Saviour, is the way
To make thy preſent comforts laſt for aye.

Trace

Emb. 41.



BALNEUM CORDIS EX SUDORE SANGUINEO.

Balnea sanguinei Sponsi sudata cruore,
Cor ægrum hic tibi quæ dat Paradisus Adi.

3.

Trace then the ſteps wherein he trod,
And firſt begin
To ſweat with him. The heavy load,
Which for thy ſin
He underwent, ſqueez'd blood out of his face,
Which in great drops came trickling down apace.

4.

Oh let not, then, that precious blood
Be ſpilt in vain,
But gather ev'ry drop. 'Tis good
To purge the ſtain
Of guilt, that hath defile'd and overſpread
Thee from the ſole of th' foot to th' crown of the head.

5.

Poiſon poſſeſſeth every vein,
The fountain is
Corrupt, and all the ſtreams unclean:
All is amiſs.
Thy blood's impure; yea, thou thyſelf, mine heart,
In all thine inward pow'rs, polluted art.

6.

When thy firſt father firſt did ill,
Man's doom was read,
That in the ſweat of's face he ſtill
Should eat his bread.
What the firſt Adam in a garden caught,
The ſecond Adam in a garden taught.

7.

Taught by his own example, how
To ſweat for ſin,
Under that heavy weight to bow,
And never lin *
Begging releaſe, till, with ſtrong cries and tears,
The ſoul be drain'd of all its faults and fears.

8.

If ſin's imputed guilt oppreſs'd
Th' Almighty ſo,
That his ſad ſoul could find no reſt
Under that woe:
But that the bitter agony he felt
Made his pure blood, if not to ſweat, to melt;

9.

Then let that huge inherent maſs
Of ſin, that lies
In heaps on thee, make thee ſurpaſs
In tears and cries,
Striving with all thy ſtrength, until thou ſweat
Such drops as his, though not as good as great.

10.

And if he think it fit to lay
Upon thy back
Or pains or duties, as he may,
Until it crack,
Shrink not away, but ſtrain thine utmoſt force
To bear them chearfully without remorſe.

* *Lin*; i. e. linger, delay.

The

7

Teach by his own example, how
To labor for us,
Under this heavy weight to bow,
And never, no,
Dragging reluctant, all worn down, feet and knees,
To the top of some cross or hill or tree.

8

It isn't imposed upon opposed
The Almighty, no,
That his lot could and no not
Under that woe
Bear the burden upon to bear
Such an easy yoke, it not so heavy, so easy.

9

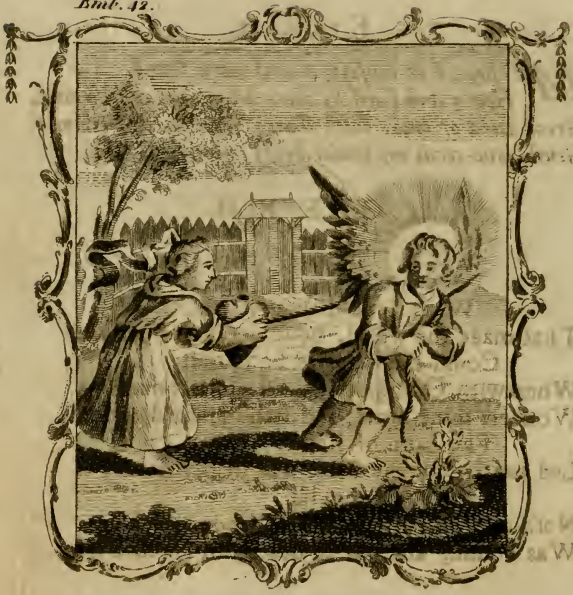
Then let that hope inspiring man
Of us, that he
In heaven on throne make our triumph
In heavenly
Sowing with all the tears, and then wear
Such crown as he, through not as good as great.

10

And if he think it fit to lay
Upon thy back
Burdens or duties, to be away
Hand it aside
Think not away, but think thou hand force
To bear them cheerfully without remorse.

* Aye, i. e. yeah, yes.

Emb. 42.



VINCULUM CORDIS EX FUNIBUS CHRISTI.

Crimina Te duro, fateor, mea fune ligârunt,
Dulcior astringat Cor Tibi funis Amor.

The BINDING of the Heart.

Hoſ. xi. 4.

I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.

EPIG. 42.

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

ODE XLII.

1.

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

2.

Thy ſins had ty'd
Thoſe bands for thee, wherein thou ſhould'ſt have dy'd:
And thou didſt daily knit
Knots upon knots, whereby thou made'ſt them ſit
Cloſer and faſter to thy faulty ſelf.

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

3.

Had not the Lord
Of love and life been pleaſed to afford
His helping hand of grace,
And freely put himſelf into thy place.
So were thy bands transferr'd, but not unty'd,
Until the time he dy'd,
And, by his death, vanquiſh'd and conquer'd all
That Adam's fall
Had made victorious. Sin, death, and hell,
Thy fatal foes, under his footſtool fell.

4.

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

5.

His love to thee
Made him to lay aſide his majeſty,
And, cloathed in a vail
Of frail, though faultleſs fleſh, become thy bail.

But

But love requireth love : and ſince thou art
Loved by him, thy part
It is to love him too : and love affords
The ſtrongeſt cords
That can be : for it ties, not hands alone,
But heads, and hearts, and ſouls, and all in one.

6.

Come then, mine heart,
And freely follow the prevailing art
Of thy Redeemer's love.
That ſtrong magnetic tie hath pow'r to move
The ſteell'ſt ſtubbornneſs. If thou but twine
And twiſt his love with thine ;
And, by obedience, labour to expreſs
Thy thankfulneſs ;
It will be hard to ſay on whether ſide
The bands are ſureſt, which is faſteſt ty'd.

The Prop of the Heart.

Pſalm cxii. 7, 8.

His heart is fixed, truſting in the Lord. His heart is eſtabliſhed, he ſhall not be afraid.

Epig. 43.

My weak and feeble heart a prop muſt uſe,
But pleaſant fruits and flowers doth refuſe:
My Chriſt my pillar is; on him rely,
Repoſe, and reſt myſelf, alone will I.

ODE XLIII.

1.

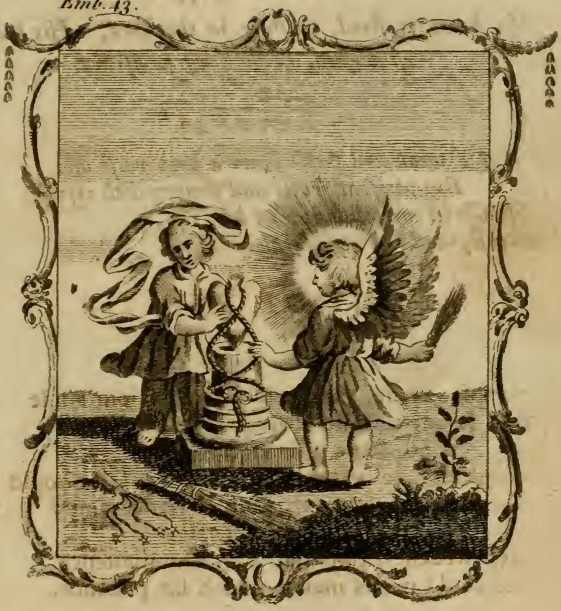
Suppoſe it true, that, whilſt thy Saviour's ſide
Was furrowed with ſcourges, he was ty'd
Unto ſome pillar faſt:
Think not, mine heart, it was becauſe he could
Not ſtand alone, or that left looſe he would
Have ſhrunk away at laſt;
Such weakneſs ſuits not with Omnipotence,
Nor could man's malice match his patience.

2.

But, if ſo done, 'twas done to tutor thee,
Whoſe frailty and impatience he doth ſee
Such, that thou haſt no ſtrength
Nor will, as of thyſelf, to undergo
The leaſt degree of duty or of woe,
But would'ſt be ſure at length

To

Emb. 43.



FULCRUM CORDIS CHRISTI COLUMNA.

Non Flores, non Poma, meum Cor debile poscit
Fulcire hæc tua mi Christe Columna satis.

To fluch or curse, or not to hand or ally,
Or in die and more terribly to fall.

3.

Thy very frame and figure, bend above,
Whose form [illegible] gently down
Thy small nor hand alone,
Nor [illegible] a grace or [illegible] are or day thee,
Thy mouth to [illegible] through, [illegible] soon [illegible] thee,
Alas! thou [illegible] or grown
So weak and [illegible], wavering and unfaithful,
Thy [illegible] it or [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

4.

The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
And as the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Thy [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Immovable, like the [illegible] [illegible],
Not [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Thy [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Nature [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Thy [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

5.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
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To flinch or faint, or not to ſtand at all,
Or in the end more fearfully to fall.

3.

Thy very frame and figure, broad above,
Narrow beneath, apparently doth prove
Thou canſt not ſtand alone,
Without a prop to bolſter and to ſtay thee.
To truſt to thine own ſtrength, would ſoon betray thee.
Alas! thou now art grown
So weak and ſeeble, wav'ring and unſtaid,
Thou ſhrink'ſt at the leaſt weight that's on thee laid.

4.

The eaſieſt commandments thou declineſt,
And at the lighteſt puniſhments thou whineſt:
Thy reſtleſs motions are
Innumerable, like the troubled ſea,
Whoſe waves are toſs'd and tumbled ev'ry way.
The hound-purſued hare
Makes not ſo many doubles as thou doſt,
Till thy croſs'd courſes in themſelves are loſt.

5.

Get thee ſome ſtay that may ſupport thee, then,
And ſtabliſh thee, leſt thou ſhould'ſt ſtart again.
But where may it be found?
Will pleaſant fruits or flow'rs ſerve the turn?
No, no, my tott'ring heart will overturn
And lay them on the ground.
Dainties may ſerve to miniſter delight,
But ſtrength is only from the Lord of might.

Betake

6.

Betake thee to thy Chriſt, then, and repoſe
Thyſelf, in all extremities, on thoſe
His everlaſting arms,
Wherewith he girds the heavens, and upholds
The pillars of the earth, and ſafely folds
His faithful flock from harms.
Cleave cloſe to him by faith, and let the bands
Of love tie thee in thy Redeemer's hands.

7.

Come life, come death, come devils, come what will,
Yet, faſten'd ſo, thou ſhalt ſtand ſtedfaſt ſtill:
And all the pow'rs of hell
Shall not prevail to ſhake thee with their ſhock,
So long as thou art founded on that Rock:
No duty ſhall thee quell,
No danger ſhall diſturb thy quiet ſtate,
Nor ſoul-perplexing fears thy mind amate *.

* *Amate*; i. e. diſhearten.

The

6.

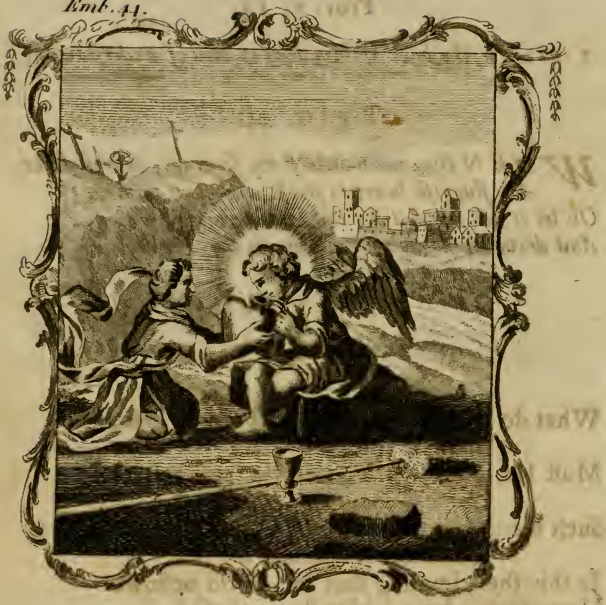
Betake thee to thy Christ, there, and repose
Thy feet, in all extremities, on those
His everlasting arms;
Wherewith he grips the heavens, and upholds
The pillars of the earth, and shakes not
His firmly fixed foundations.
Cleave close to him so fast, and so to the touch
Of love tie thee to the Rock, that it breaks.

7.

Come life, come death, come what come will,
Yet, fallen d'ye from that blest hold?
And all the powers of hell
Shall not prevail to break, or wrench thee in pieces,
So long as thou art founded on that Rock.
No deep shall thee quell,
No danger shall affright or quite daze,
Nor fear perplexing tears thy mind to vex.*

* [illegible]

Emb. 44.



Cor Phiala Christo Sitienti.

Respue quæ Judæ genus offert pocula fellis,
Compuncti Cordis sed libe Sponse merum.

The SCOURGING of the Heart.

Prov. x. 13.

A rod is for the back of him that is void of underſtanding.

EPIG. 44.

WHEN thou with-hold'ſt thy ſcourges, dereſt Love,
My ſluggiſh heart is ſlack, and ſlow to move:
Oh let it not ſtand ſtill; but laſh it rather,
And drive it, though unwilling, to thy Father.

ODE XLIV.

1.

What do thoſe ſcourges on that ſacred fleſh,
Spotleſs and pure?
Muſt He, that doth ſin-weary'd ſouls refreſh,
Himſelf endure
Such tearing tortures? Muſt thoſe ſides be gaſh'd?
Thoſe ſhoulders laſh'd?
Is this the trimming that the world beſtows
Upon ſuch robes of Majeſty as thoſe?

2.

Is't not enough to die, unleſs by pain
Thou antedate
Thy death beforehand, Lord? What doſt thou mean?
To aggravate

The

The guilt of ſin, or to enhance the price
Thy ſacrifice
Amounts to ? Both are infinite, I know,
And can by no additions greater grow.

3.

Yet dare I not imagine, that in vain
Thou didſt endure
One ſtripe: though not thine own thereby, my gain
Thou didſt procure,
That when I ſhall be ſcourged for thy ſake,
Thy ſtripes may make
Mine acceptable, that I may not grutch,
When I remember thou haſt borne as much:

4.

As much, and more, for me. Come, then, mine [heart,
And willingly
Submit thyſelf to ſuffer: ſmile at ſmart,
And death defy.
Fear not to feel that hand correcting thee,
Which ſet thee free.
Stripes, as the tokens of his love, he leaves,
Who ſcourgeth ev'ry ſon whom he receives.

5.

There's fooliſhneſs bound up within thee faſt:
But yet the rod
Of fatherly correction at the laſt,
If bleſt by God,

Will

Will drive it far away, and wiſdom give,
That thou may'ſt live,
Not to thyſelf, but Him that firſt was ſlain,
And died for thee, and then roſe again.

6.

Thou art not only dull, and ſlow of pace,
But ſtubborn too,
And refractory; ready to outface,
Rather than do
Thy duty: though thou know'ſt it muſt be ſo,
Thou wilt not go
The way thou ſhould'ſt, till ſome affliction
Firſt ſet thee right, then prick and ſpur thee on.

7.

Top-like thy figure and condition is,
Neither to ſtand,
Nor ſtir thyſelf alone, whilſt thou doſt miſs
An helping hand
To ſet thee up, and ſtore of ſtripes beſtow
To make thee go.
Beg, then, thy bleſſed Saviour to transfer
His ſcourges unto thee, to make thee ſtir.

The HEDGING of the Heart.

Hoſea ii. 6.

I will hedge up thy way with thorns.

EPIG. 45.

HE, that of thorns, would gather roſes, may
In his own heart, if handled the right way.
Hearts hedge'd with Chriſt's crown of thorns, inſtead
Of thorny cares, will ſweeteſt roſes breed.

ODE XLV.

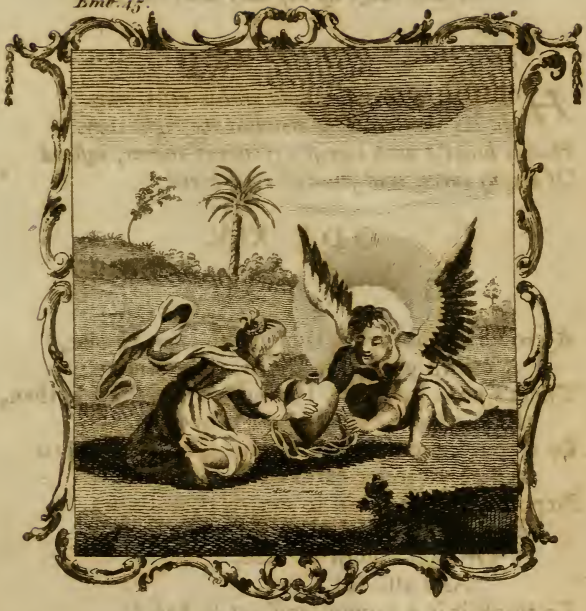
1.

A crown of thorns! I thought ſo: ten to one,
A crown without a thorn, there's none:
There's none on earth, I mean; what, ſhall I, then,
Rejoice to ſee him crown'd by men,
By whom kings rule and reign? Or ſhall I ſcorn
And hate to ſee earth's curſe, a thorn,
Prepoſt'rouſly preferr'd to crown thoſe brows,
From whence all bliſs and glory flows?
Or ſhall I both be clad,
And alſo ſad,
To think it is a crown, and yet ſo bad?

2.

There's cauſe enough of both, I muſt confeſs:
Yet, what's that unto me, unleſs
I take a courſe his crown of thorns may be
Made mine, transferr'd from him to me?

Emb. 45.



SEPIMENTUM CORDIS CORONA SPINEA.

Ne careat tua spina Rosis; Cor concolor armet,
Horto arcet stygias Seps Diadema Feras.

Crowns, had they been of ſtars, could add no more
Glory, where there was all before;
And thorns might ſcratch him, could not make him
Than he was made, ſin and a curſe. [worſe
Come then, mine heart, take down
Thy Saviour's crown
Of thorns, and ſee if thou canſt make 't thine own.

3.

Remember, firſt, thy Saviour's head was crown'd
By the ſame hands that did him wound:
They meant it not to honour, but to ſcorn him,
When in ſuch ſort they had betorn * him.
Think earthly honours ſuch, if they redound:
Never believe they mind to dignify
Thee, that thy Chriſt would crucify.
Think ev'ry crown a thorn,
Unleſs t' adorn
Thy Chriſt, as well as him by whom 'tis worn.

4.

Conſider, then, that as the thorny crown
Circled thy Saviour's head, thine own
Continual care to pleaſe him, and provide
For the advantage of his ſide,
Muſt fence thine actions and affections ſo,
That they ſhall neither dare to go
Out of that compaſs, nor vouchſafe acceſs
To what might make that care go leſs.
Let no ſuch thing draw nigh,
Which ſhall not ſpy
Thorns ready place'd to prick it till it die.

* *Betorn*; i. e. bemangled, torn in pieces.

5.

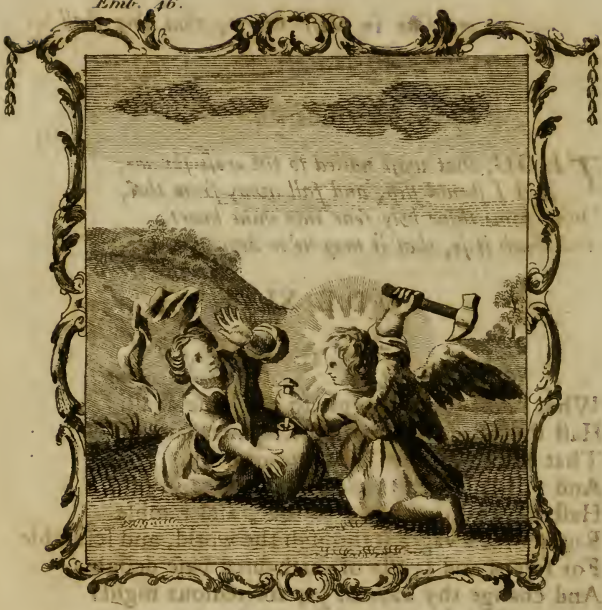
Thus, compaſs'd with thy Saviour's thorny crown,
Thou may'ſt ſecurely ſit thee down,
And hope that he, who made of water wine,
Will turn each thorn unto a vine,
Where thou may'ſt gather grapes, and, to delight thee,
Roſes : nor need the prickles fright thee.
Thy Saviour's ſacred temples took away
The curſe that in their ſharpneſs lay.
So thou may'ſt crowned be,
As well as he,
And, at the laſt, light in his light ſhalt ſee.

The

5.

Thus, compass'd with thy Saviour's thorny crown,
Thou may'st securely sit down,
And hope that he, who made of water wine,
Will turn each thorn into a vine.
Here thou may'st quite prepare, and so delight the
Roses, nor need the prickles fright thee
Thy Saviour's sacred temples look away
The curse that in their sharpness lay
So thou may'st crowned be,
As well as he.

Emb. 46.



COMPUNCTIO CORDIS CLAVO TIMORIS DEI.

Hoc mihi Cor sancti Clavo transfige Timoris,

Pro Me, Qui Clavis in Cruce fixus eras.

The FASTENING of the Heart.

Jer. xxxii. 40.

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

EPIG. 46.

THOU, that wast nailed to the cross for me,
Lest I should slip, and fall away from thee,
Drive home thine holy fear into mine heart,
And clinch it so, that it may ne'er depart.

ODE XLVI.

1.

What! dost thou struggle to get loose again?
Hast thou so soon forgot the former pain,
That thy licentious bondage unto sin,
And lust-enlarged thraldom, put thee in?
Hast thou a mind again to rove, and ramble
Rogue-like a vagrant through the world, and scramble
For scraps and crusts of earth-bred base delights,
And change thy days of joy for tedious nights
Of sad repentant sorrow?
What! wilt thou borrow
That grief to-day, which thou must pay to-morrow?

2.

No, self-deceiving heart, lest thou should'st cast
Thy cords away, and burst the bands at last

Of thy Redeemer's tender love, I'll try
What further faſtneſs in his fear doth lie.
The cords of love, ſoaked in luſt, may rot,
And bands of bounty are too oft forgot:
But holy filial fear, like to a nail
Faſten'd in a ſure place, will never fail.
This, driven home, will take
Faſt hold, and make
Thee that thou dareſt not thy God forſake.

3.

Remember how, beſides thy Saviour's bands,
Wherewith they led him bound, his holy hands
And feet were pierced, how they nail'd him faſt
Unto his bitter croſs, and how at laſt
His precious ſide was gored with a ſpear:
So hard ſharp-pointed ir'n and ſteel did tear
His tender fleſh, that from thoſe wounds might flow
The ſov'reign ſalve for ſin-procured woe.
Then, thou may'ſt not fail
Of that avail,
Refuſe not to be faſten'd with his nail.

4.

Love in a heart of fleſh is apt to taint,
Or be fly-blown with folly: and its faint
And feeble ſpirits, when it ſhews moſt fair,
Are often fed on by the empty air
Of popular applauſe, unleſs the ſalt
Of holy fear in time prevent the fault:
But, ſeaſon'd ſo, it will be kept for ever.
He that doth fear, becauſe he loves, will never
Adventure to offend,
But always bend
His beſt endeavours to content his friend.

Though

Though perfect love caſt out all ſervile fear,
Becauſe ſuch fear hath torment: yet thy dear
Redeemer meant not ſo to ſet thee free,
That filial fear and thou ſhould ſtrangers be.
Though, as a ſon, thou honour him thy Father,
Yet, as a Maſter, thou may'ſt fear him rather.
Fear's the ſoul's centinel, and keeps the heart,
Wherein love lodges, ſo, that all the art
And induſtry of thoſe,
That are its foes,
Cannot betray it to its former woes.

The New Wine of the Heart.

Pſalm civ. 115.

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

EPIG. 47.

CHRIST the true vine, grape, cluſter, on the croſs
Trod the wine-preſs alone, unto the loſs
Of blood and life. Draw, thankful heart, and ſpare not:
Here's wine enough for all, ſave thoſe that care not.

ODE XLVII.

1.

Leave not thy Saviour now, whate'er thou doſt,
Doubtful, diſtruſtful heart;
Thy former pains and labours all are loſt,
If now thou ſhalt depart,
And faithleſsly fall off at laſt from him,
Who, to redeem thee, ſpare'd nor life nor limb.

2.

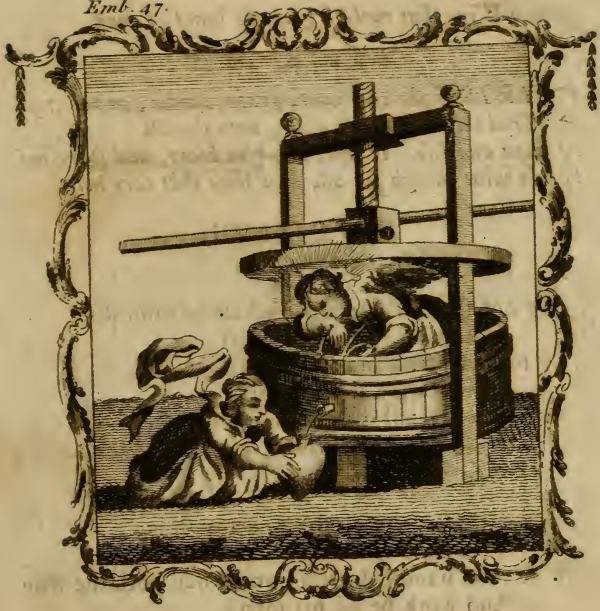
Shall he, that is thy cluſter and thy vine,
Tread the wine-preſs alone,
Whilſt thou ſtand'ſt looking on? Shall both the wine
And work be all his own?
See how he bends, cruſht with the ſtraiten'd ſcrue
Of that fierce wrath that to thy ſins was due.

3.

Although thou canſt not help to bear it, yet
Thruſt thyſelf under too,
That thou may'ſt feel ſome of the weight, and get,
Although not ſtrength to do,

Yet

Emb. 47.



MUSTUM CORDIS E TORCULARI CRUCIS.

En Cypri premitur botrus: Cor excipe grata,
De Torculari quæ Cruce Vina fluunt.

Yet we'll be lively, nimbling as the roe,
That the time flies at once may impose you so.

[illegible]

The Spanish lance, and the dagger, [illegible] can
[illegible] Spanish
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
For all grace-nothing [illegible] to drink their fill.

[illegible]

And not to [illegible]
[illegible]
Or [illegible]
[illegible]
But [illegible] with the
Hour [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Do [illegible]
Not [illegible] enough for all.

[illegible]

Th[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] own,
And [illegible] received
The [illegible] Lord [illegible]

Yet will to ſuffer ſomething as he doth,
That the ſame ſtreſs at once may ſqueeze you bot

4.

Thy Saviour being preſt to death, there ran
Out of his ſacred wounds
That wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And all his foes confounds.
Yea, the full-flowing fountain's open ſtill
For all grace-thirſting hearts to drink their fill:

5.

And not to drink alone, to ſatiate
Their longing appetites,
Or drown thoſe cumbrous cares that would abate
The edge of their delights;
But, when they toil, and ſoil themſelves with ſin,
Both to refreſh, to purge, to cleanſe them in.

6.

Thy Saviour hath begun this cup to thee,
And thou muſt not refuſe 't.
Preſs then thy ſin-ſwoln ſides, until they be
Empty, and fit to uſe 't.
Do not delay to come, when he doth call;
Nor fear to want, where there's enough for all,

7.

Thy bounteous Redeemer, in his blood,
Fills thee not wine alone,
But likewiſe gives his fleſh to be thy food,
Which thou may'ſt make thine own,
And feed on Him who hath himſelf revealed
The bread of life, by God the Father ſealed.

8.

Nay, he's not food alone, but physic too,
Whenever thou art sick;
And in thy weakness strength, that thou may'st do
Thy duty, and not stick
At any thing that he requires of thee,
How hard soever it may seem to be.

9.

Make all the haste, then, that thou canst to come,
Before the day be past;
And think not of returning to thy home,
Whilst yet the light doth last.
The longer and the more thou draw'st this wine,
Still thou shalt find it more and more divine.

10.

Or if thy Saviour think it meet to throw
Thee in the press again,
To suffer as he did; yet do not grow
Displeased at thy pain:
A summer season follows winter weather;
Suff'ring, you shall be glorify'd together.

Revel. xxii. 17.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth, say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

IS this my period? Have I now no more
To do hereafter? Shall my mind give o'er
Its best employment thus, and idle be,
Or busy'd otherwise? Should I not see
How to improve my thoughts more thriftily,
Before I lay these Heart-School lectures by?
Self-knowledge is an everlasting task,
An endless work, that doth not only ask
A whole man for the time, but challengeth
To take up all his hours until death.
Yet, as in other schools, they have a care
To call for repetitions, and are
Busy'd as well in seeking to retain
What they have learn'd already, as to gain
Further degrees of knowledge, and lay by
Invention, whilst they practise memory:
So must I likewise take some time to view
What I have done, ere I proceed anew.
Perhaps I may have cause to interline,
To alter, or to add: the work is mine,
And I may manage it as I see best,
With my great Master's leave. Then here I rest
From taking out new lessons, till I see
How I retain the old in memory.
And if it be his pleasure, I shall say
These lessons before others, that they may
Or learn them too, or only censure me;
I'll wait with patience the success to see.
And though I look not to have leave to play
(For that this school allows not), yet I may
Another time, perhaps, if they approve
Of these, such as they are, and shew their love
To the SCHOOL OF THE HEART, by calling for't,
Add other lessons more of the like sort.

The

THE LEARNING OF THE HEART.

THE PREFACE.

I AM a ſcholar. The great Lord of love
And life, my tutor is; who, from above,
All that lack learning, to his ſchool invites.
My heart's my pray'r-book, in which he writes
Syſtems of all the arts and faculties:
Firſt reads to me, then makes me exerciſe,
But all in paradoxes, ſuch high ſtrains
As flow from none but love-inſpired brains:
Yet bids me publiſh them abroad, and dare
T' extoll his arts above all other arts that are.
Why ſhould I not? methinks it cannot be
But they ſhould pleaſe others as well as me.
Come, then, join hands, and let our hearts embrace,
Whilſt thus Love's labyrinth of arts we trace;
I mean the SCIENCES call'd Liberal:
Both Trivium and Quadrivium, ſev'n in all.
With the higher faculties, Philoſophy;
And Law, and Phyſic, and Theology.

The

The GRAMMAR of the Heart.

Pſalm xv. 2.

That ſpeaketh the truth in his heart.

MY Grammar, I define to be an art [heart;
Which teacheth me to write and ſpeak mine
By which I learn, that ſmooth-tongue'd flatt'ries are
Falſe language, and, in love, irregular.
Amongſt my letters, Vow-wells, I admit
Of none but Conſonant to Sacred Writ:
And therefore when my ſoul in ſilence moans,
Half-vowel'd ſighs and double deep-thong'd groans,
Mute * looks, and Liquid tears inſtead of words,
Are of the language that mine heart affords.
And, ſince true love abhors all variations,
My Grammar hath no moods nor conjugations,
Tenſes, nor perſons, nor declenſions,
Caſes, nor genders, nor compariſons:
Whate'er my Letters are, my Word's but one,
And, on the meaning of it, Love alone.
Concord is all my Syntax, and agreement
Is in my grammar perfect regiment.
He wants no language that hath learn'd to love:
When tongues are ſtill, hearts will be heard above.

* *Mutes, liquids, diphthongs*; names of letters in the alphabet.

The

The RHETORIC of the Heart.

Pſalm xlv. 1.

My heart is inditing a good matter.

MY Rhetoric is not ſo much an art,
As an infuſed habit in mine heart,
Which a ſweet ſecret elegance inſtills,
And all my ſpeech with tropes and figures fills.
Love is the tongue's elixir, which doth change
The ordinary ſenſe of words, and range
Them under other kinds; diſpoſe them ſo,
That to the height of eloquence they grow;
Ev'n in their native plainneſs, and muſt be
So underſtood as liketh love and me.
When I ſay Chriſt, I mean my Saviour;
When his commandment, my behaviour:
For to that end it was he hither came,
And to this purpoſe 'tis I bear his name.
When I ſay, Hallow'd be thy name, he knows
I would be holy: for his glory grows
Together with my good, and he hath not
Given more honour than himſelf hath got.
So when I ſay, Lord, let thy kingdom come,
He underſtands it, I would be at home,
To reign with him in glory. So grace brings
My Love, in me, to be the King of kings *.
He teacheth me to ſay, Thy will be done,
But meaneth, he would have me do mine own,
By making me to will the ſame he doth,
And ſo to rule myſelf, and ſerve him both.

* That is, to be his love, or ſolely to him.

So

So when he ſaith, My ſon, give me thine heart,
I know his meaning is, that I ſhould part
With all I have for him, give him myſelf,
And to be rich in him from worldly pelf.
When he ſays, Come to me, I know that he
Means I ſhould wait his coming unto me;
Since 'tis his coming unto me that makes
Me come to him: my part he undertakes.
And when he ſays, Behold I come, I know
His purpoſe and intent is, I ſhould go,
With all the ſpeed I can, to meet him whence
His coming is attractive, draws me hence.
Thick-folded repetitions in love
Are no tautologies, but ſtrongly move
And bind unto attention. Exclamations
Are the heart's heav'n-piercing exaltations.
Epiphonœma's and Apoſtrophe's
Love likes of well, but no Proſopope's.
Not doubtful but careful deliberations,
Love holds as grounds of ſtrongeſt reſolutions.
Thus love and I a thouſand ways can find
To ſpeak and underſtand each other's mind;
And deſcant upon that which unto others
Is but plain ſong, and all their muſic ſmothers.
Nay, that which worldly wit-worms call nonſenſe,
Is many times love's pureſt eloquence.

The LOGIC of the Heart.

1 Pet. iii. 15.

Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you.

MY Logic is the faculty of faith,
Where all things are resolv'd into, HE SAITH;
And ergo's, drawn from trust and confidence,
Twist and tie truths with stronger consequence
Than either sense or reason: for the heart,
And not the head, is fountain of this art.
And what the heart objects, none can resolve
But God himself, till death the frame dissolve.
Nay, faith can after death dispute with dust,
And argue ashes into stronger trust,
And better hopes, than brass and marble can
Be emblems of unto the outward man.
All my invention is, to find what terms
My Lord and I stand in: how he confirms
His promises to me, how I inherit
What he hath purchas'd for me by his merit.
My judgment is submission to his will,
And, when he once hath spoken, to be still.
My method's, to be ordered by him;
What he disposeth, that I think most trim.
Love's arguments are all, I WILL, THOU MUST;
What He says and commands, are true and just.
When to dispute and argue's out of season,
Then to believe and to obey is reason.

FINIS.

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

LATIN MOTTO'S

IN

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

ODE

I. The *Infection* of the Heart.

WHILE Satan deceives thee with flatteirng baits, thy heart drinks in the deadly poison of disease and death.

II. The *Taking away* of the Heart.

Lust pleases, and drunkenness pleases, and so the foolish mind grows stupid and dead; thus the heart is without heart.

III. The *Darkness* of the Heart.

Oh the darkness of the heart! to which outer darkness will succeed, unless my light be a light unto you.

IV. The *Absence* of the Heart.

How far, Oh fugitive! would thy heart flee? if thou canst be said to have an heart, who art neither mindful of me, nor of thyself.

ODE

V. The *Vanity* of the Heart.

The bellows of ambition blow up the vain heart with the wind of honors, whence it breathes nothing but a great nothing.

VI. The *Oppreſſion* of the Heart.

Gluttony and drunkenneſs, two weights of ſolid lead, prevent our heaven-born hearts from mounting upwards.

VII. The *Covetouſneſs* of the Heart.

Doſt thou inquire where thy heart is, heartleſs wanderer? It is here, truly; even where that is which is dearer to thee than thy heart itſelf.

VIII. The *Opening* of the Heart with the Spear.

The bleſſed ſpear, dyed red with the blood of Jeſus, pierces my heart with the wound of divine love.

IX. The *Diviſion* of the Heart.

When I have given thee my whole ſelf, vain virgin, why is ſo ſmall a ſhare of thy heart given to me?

X. The *Inſatiability* of the Heart.

Thy heart, which is a triangle, is not to be filled with the whole world: the Trinity, who made the heart, alone can ſatisfy it.

XI. The

XI. The *Returning* of the Heart.

Since now you have ſo often been exhorted by me to return to your own heart; conſider, your unwillingneſs to return, is but a willingneſs to periſh.

XII. The *Pouring out* of the Heart.

Why doſt thou conceal thy vows and thy wounds in thy cloſed breaſt? Let thy heart be ſpread out before God, as waters which are poured forth.

XIII. The *Circumciſion* of the Heart.

The croſs ſupplies the handle; the ſpear, the edge; and the nails, the iron; that compoſe this knife: with it circumciſe thy heart, and conſecrate it to God.

XIV. The *Contrition* of the Heart.

Into many thouſand pieces would I break this heart, which hath wilfully rebelled againſt its Creator.

XV. The *Humiliation* of the Heart.

Alas! the heart, delighting itſelf in lofty things, exalts itſelf too much, unleſs a weight be placed upon it, to keep it down.

XVI. The *Softening* of the Heart.

My Heart, which is like icy marble, will melt like wax, when the fire of thy love (O God) begins to burn.

ODE XVII. The *Cleanſing* of the Heart.

A fountain flows from the wound in thy Huſband's pierced ſide: in this, O ſpouſe, waſh away the defilements of thy heart.

XVIII. The *Mirror* of the Heart.

For a diſcovery of the heart, ſweet Jeſus, look upon my heart; and let this ſight imprint living wounds on thine.

XIX. The *Sacrifice* of the Heart.

The ſacrifice of a ſlain calf or bullock does not pleaſe God; that love, which gave me a heart, requires this heart for himſelf.

XX. The *Weighing* of the Heart.

What thou gaveſt me as a great gift, is not ſo, unleſs an equal balance proves it to be of a proper weight.

XXI. The *Defence* of the Heart.

Oh my Light! defend my heart with the ſhield of thy great ſufferings, which your love for our hearts conſtrained you to bear.

XXII. The *Trying* of the Heart.

I alone can ſearch the immenſe abyſs of the heart, which the mariner's plumb-line is unable to fathom.

XXIII. The *Levelling* of the Heart.

If you would have your heart upright, my daughter, bring it frequently for trial to the true level of mine.

XXV. The

ODE XXIV. The *Renewing* of the Heart.

Since all new things pleaſe, lay down thy old heart, O ſpouſe, and take the new one which I place in its ſtead.

XXV. The *Enlightening* of the Heart.

O God, thou light of light, thou only light of a blind world, diſpel, by thy light, the thick darkneſs that obſcures my heart.

XXVI. The *Law-Table* of the Heart.

I now write a new law on the ſmooth, ſoft table of thy heart; whereas the old one, which was wrote on hard tables of ſtone, is for me (i. e. to fulfill).

XXVII. The *Tilling* of the Heart.

Come then, O ſpouſe, let the plough of thy croſs break up the field of my heart, that into it thou mayeſt ſcatter the ſeeds of thy word.

XXVIII. The *Seeding* of the Heart.

O divine Huſbandman, commit thou the ſeed to the earth, leſt the field of our hearts prove unfruitful to thee.

XXIX. The *Watering* of the Heart.

Cloſed towards the earth; open towards heaven; let thy dew deſcend; that ſo the ſoil of my heart may flouriſh, and produce a variety of flowers.

XXX. The *Flowers* of the Heart.

Theſe lilies, O Spouſe, which ſprang from the ſeed thou ſowedſt, I conſecrate to thee; to which alſo I add the ſoil in which they grew.

XXXI. The

ODE XXXI. The *Keeping* of the Heart.

How well does that watchman keep the inclosed garden of his heart, whom the fear of God arms with a glittering sword!

XXXII. The *Watching* of the Heart.

Whilst sleep possesses my limbs, my watchful heart searches after thee; nor can I bear to be without thee, by night or by day.

XXXIII. The *Wounding* of the Heart.

O my Light, pierce thro' this heart with a thousand of thy most potent shafts; for the wounds given by thy right hand are medicines.

XXXIV. The *Inhabiting* of the Heart.

O my Light! may thy Spirit dwell in the temple of mine heart, that, loving thee with thine own love, O Spouse, thou may'st return it again to me.

XXXV. The *Enlarging* of the Heart.

How pleasant a thing it is to love that which heretofore the heart accounted bitter; even to run in a narrow way with an enlarged heart!

XXXVI. The *Inflaming* of the Heart.

Proceed, my Love, and inflame the inmost recesses of my heart, that, like a salamander, it may dwell in its native burning pile!

XXXVII. The *Ladder* of the Heart.

Would you, my beloved, ascend by a ladder to the heavenly seats? here first construct the steps in your own heart.

XXXVIII. The

ODE XXXVIII. The *Flying* of the Heart.

Who will give me the two wings of a dove. by which my heart, which is tired of the earth, may fly to heaven ?

XXXIX. The *Union* of the Heart.

Live, ye united minds and agreeing hearts, to whom one love gives but one will.

XL. The *Reſt* of the Heart.

My reſtleſs heart cannot dwell at eaſe in any (earthly) ſituation; for God alone is its centre, and only reſting-place.

XLI. The *Bathing* of the Heart with the bloody Sweat.

The bath, which was filled with the bloody ſweat of thy bleeding Spouſe: come hither, ſick heart, here is for you, what was appointed in Paradiſe.

" This is very obſcure; but his meaning ſeems to " be, that as it was apparently appointed in Pa- " radiſe for man to live by the ſweat of his brow, " ſo by this bloody ſweat the ſoul ſhall live."

XLII. The *Binding* of the Heart with the Cords of Chriſt ('s Love).

My crimes, I confeſs, have bound thee with a cruel cord: may that ſweeter cord of love bind my heart to thee.

XLIII. Chriſt's Pillar, the *Prop* of the Heart.

My weak heart requires nor flowers nor apples to ſupport it: this pillar of thine, O my Chriſt, is ſupport enough.

Tranſlations of the Motto's in the SCHOOL.

ODE

XLIV. The Heart is the *Cup* to a thirſting Chriſt.

Refuſe the cup of gall, which the Jewiſh people offered : but drink, O Spouſe, the new wine of a wounded heart.

XLV. The *Hedging* of the Heart with a Crown of Thorns.

That your thorns may not want roſes, let your Heart furniſh itſelf with that colour : this thorny diadem will keep all infernal wild beaſts out of the garden.

XLVI. The Heart *pierced* with the Nails of God's fear.

Pierce through this heart of mine, with the nail of holy fear, O thou who waſt nailed to the Croſs for me.

XLVII. The *New Wine* of the Heart out of the Preſs of the Croſs.

Behold the Cyprian cluſter of grapes is preſt; accept, O heart, the rich-flavoured wine which flows from the wine-preſs of the croſs.