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⊗ ⊗ SILEX ⊗ ⊗
SCINTILLANS

BY
HENRY VAUGHAN
⊗ ⊗ SILURIST ⊗ ⊗

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
W.A. LEWIS BETTANY

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Introduction

THE FACTS OF VAUGHAN'S LIFE

Henry Vaughan, the author of *Silex Scintillans*, was born at Newton St. Bridget, Brecknockshire, in 1621 or 1622. He belonged to an old and distinguished Welsh family which, tracing its origin to South-east Wales, the ancient seat of the warlike tribe of the Silures, served to provide the poet with that rather cryptic cognomen of "Silurist" which is inscribed on the title-pages of all his more important volumes. Most of what we know about him comes from the gossip pages of Anthony Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses*. He and his twin brother Thomas (a poet too, who became rector of his native place, subsequently devoted himself to chemical and alchemical investigations at Oxford, and died a famous Rosicrucian in 1665) first studied with a neighbouring clergyman, Matthew Herbert, rector of Llangattock, and then, at the age of seventeen—though this fact of Oxford residence is but doubtfully established in the

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case of Henry—went up to Jesus College. Here Thomas took his degree, but Henry—if he was an Oxford man at all, and he never claims the honour in any of his poems—seems to have left the university in two years' time without graduating, and to have passed some time in London in the study of law. From law he turned to arms—for he was evidently an ardent Royalist, and, like other of the metaphysical poets, appears to have taken a more or less bloodless part in the Civil Wars. During the Commonwealth period he returned home, and spent his years partly in practising physic—in which, says the biographer above-named, “he became at length eminent”,—partly in writing and preparing for the press the two parts of the book to which he owes his fame. Surviving both the Restoration and the Revolution, he died in 1695, and little more is known of him save the dates of publication of his works, and the facts that he was married and predeceased a wife, and that he owed his conversion to an examination of George Herbert's “holy life and verses”.

Henry Vaughan's poems are contained in the following volumes:—*Eucharistia Oxoniensis*, a collection of verses written by Oxford men to congratulate the king

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on his return from Scotland (to this anthology, issued in 1641, a writer called H. Vaughan contributed an ode); *Poems, with the tenth satyre of Juvenal Englished, by Henry Vaughan, gent.*, a book of love poems published in 1646; the first part of *Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and private Ejaculations*, which bears the date of 1650; *Olor Iscanus*, a volume of secular verse which appeared in 1651; a fresh edition of *Silex Scintillans*, which added the second part to the poems, and is dated 1655; and *Thalia Rediviva* (1678), which, in addition to its secular pieces, contains some "Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations".

THE REPETITION OF PHRASE AND OF FIGURE IN *Silex Scintillans*

Vaughan's sacred poetry has more than one distinctive mark; but perhaps its most surprising feature may be found in its author's deliberate reliance on a monotonous recurrence of phrase and of figure. Never, surely, was there a poet who confined himself in so limited a vocabulary. None of Vaughan's religious verses, save "Rules and Lessons", which contains 144, and "Daphnis", which runs to 184, exceeds a limit of 90 lines, and the average length of

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a poem is rather less than 50 lines. Yet in the 149 pieces which his 'Ejaculations' contain particular words abound with quite bewildering frequency. 'Bed', 'morning', 'groan', 'storm', 'eternity' are each found twenty-five times; 'dew', 'shower', and 'beam' being rather more frequent. 'White', 'stone', 'dressed', and 'time' all turn up thirty-three or thirty-four times ('white', by the way, in the sense of 'spiritually pure', is a familiar epithet of Donne's); 'wing', 'grief', and 'earth' from forty-four to forty-seven times; and 'shadows', 'spring', and 'world' all run into the sixties. Then 'flower', 'dust', and 'heaven' occur each over seventy times. There are ninety 'bloods', ninety-six 'sins', and one hundred and three 'nights'; while 'life' and 'death'—the essential themes of all religious poetry—appropriately enough head the list of favourite words, the former being mentioned on one hundred and fifty-four, the latter on one hundred and sixty-six occasions. The explanation of this restricted dialect is not far to seek. Vaughan, who loved Nature deeply, in his anthropomorphic and theosophical fashion, is never tired of illustrating some spiritual truth by symbols taken from the great natural phenomena of earth, air, river, and sky. He

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loves to 'resolve the sad vicissitude of things'; so 'night' and 'morning', 'time' and 'eternity', 'darkness' and 'dawn', 'life' and 'death', 'sun' and 'eclipse', 'light' and 'clouds', 'heat' and 'showers', 'stones' and 'flowers', 'dews' and 'frosts', are found in constant apposition in his pages, and by consequence the figures which he uses most frequently are always the simplest and the nearest: sin a 'veil', God's word a 'pearl', &c. As witnesses the following list of the poet's six best-loved emblems:—

1. The comparison of the soul to a flower, the leaves and blossoms of which are destroyed by the frosts and heats, the winds and showers, of this earthly life; or to a winged creature aspiring to heaven, whose broken pinions can only be repaired by prayer and by God's blessings.

2. The use of 'springs', 'fountains', 'waters', 'streams', and 'wells', generally with the addition of the epithet 'living', to signify the sources of eternal life.

3. The attaching of a metaphorical value which makes them illustrate spiritual blessings to such phrases as 'myrrh', 'spice', 'odour', 'perfume', 'balm', 'ointment', 'incense', 'sweets', and the 'great elixir'.

4. The likening of the 'dew of the Dove', of the 'saints' tears', of 'Christ's tears',

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and of 'Christ's blood', to the reviving showers of Nature.

5. The illustration of the preparedness of the soul to meet God in such terms drawn from apparel as 'dress', 'clothes', 'wear', 'weeds', 'rags', 'suits', 'robes', 'array', 'vests', 'rents', and 'livery'.

6. The employment of 'cot', 'inn', 'room', 'cell', 'seat', &c., in a transferred sense, as meaning the heart which is the temple of the Holy Ghost, or the body which is the prison of the soul.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that Vaughan never succeeds in striking fire out of his flint in the management of this last idea, the idea of the imprisoned soul. Waller—a poet of far less inspiration—and Watts, who is a versifier rather than a poet, have both contrived to render it really luminous, to despatch an apt conceit on a true imaginative flight. The verses attached by the "corrector of our numbers" to his poem of "Divine Love", with their magnificent couplet,

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time
has made,

and that fine specimen of the *Lyrics Sacred to Devotion* which celebrates the "Happy

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Frailty" of the soul's house of bondage, sound a note of intensity in the use of this emblem which the greater poet strives in vain to reach in "Resurrection and Immortality". Vaughan, indeed, is seldom very happily inspired when he makes use of hackneyed similitudes, and his remaining assortment of familiar images needs no very detailed consideration. Suffice it to say that the diligent reader will come upon many cases of man's feeble prayers assimilated to a quickly dissipated 'exhalation'; of conscience or revelation spoken of as a 'lamp' or 'candle', given to man; of the grave suggesting a 'bed'—with 'curtains', 'clothes', &c.; of spiritual guides—Sundays, God's saints, and false teachers—likened to 'lights which guide' (or misguide) through the night of doubt and darkness; of man described as the archetype, sometimes of the 'blind mole', at other times of the 'meek ass', or of the 'kicking, unruly mule'; and of 'God's all-powerful glance' compared to the genial and quickening beams of the sun.

VAUGHAN AS A METAPHYSICAL POET

Were Vaughan indeed content to depend upon such natural and comparatively obvious metaphors as I have enumerated, he

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would prefer but a poor claim to be considered in the following of Donne. Your true metaphysical poet must fetch his images from far, his figures must be grotesque rather than appropriate, cryptic instead of being conventional. Wherefore the author of *Silex Scintillans* has thought it expedient to ransack the stores of seventeenth-century science in search of strange similitudes. Finding these (where Donne found them) in the occult, hermetic, and astrological terminology of the adepts, he bewilders the modern reader by discovering in the spiritual world affinities to such states and doctrines as those of 'signature', 'resentience', 'influence', 'attraction', 'ascension', 'contaction', and the like. The first of these beliefs—a belief scouted by another mystic of the time, Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Pseudodoxia*—the doctrine that plants bear certain marks or *signatures* indicative of their qualities or properties, he merely mentions in "Repentance", but on the other pseudo-scientific notions of his day he freely draws for comparisons. In "Timber" and in "Dressing" he makes serious use of the idea of 'resentience', the idea that the body of a murdered man will show its resentment of the murderer's presence by bleeding afresh

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from its wounds. In "The Favour", as in "The Constellation" and "The Star", he relies on the belief that stars act as magnets to attract their subject herbs. In "Isaac's Marriage" he talks of religion having been 'rayed into' the patriarch 'as beams into a glass'—evidently a burning-glass; and elsewhere he employs 'glass', sometimes, as in "The Stone" and (probably) in "Resurrection and Immortality", to signify a magical crystal, sometimes as meaning a perspective glass or telescope (cf. "To his Books", and "They are all Gone into the World of Light"), and once—in a poem dealing with Death—as making an equivalent to a microscope. His most elaborate similitude occurs, however, in the poem commencing "My God, when I Walk in those Groves", where he compares religion to a secret spring which is polluted by passing through the earth and by seizing unawares on veins of sulphur. The other emblems which the poet adopts from the crude physical science of his time, that of the 'clouded, but still shining star' found in "The Morning Watch" and in "Daphnis", and that of the heavens (cf. "Midnight") as a 'fiery liquid light, which, mingling aye, streams and flames thus to the sight', are less ingenious, and, like the

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talk of Nature's 'springs' and 'seals', and the imagery of clocks and of watches exploited in "The Evening Watch" and in "Man", must needs strike twentieth-century readers as being more fantastic than luminous. As for the untitled poem which begins "Sure, there's a Tie of Bodies", that, with its jargon of 'contaction' and of 'centring', connects Vaughan with John Smith, Henry More, and the Cambridge Platonists, and shows him as the Christian mystic rather than as the metaphysical poet. But one more illustration of his may be quoted which is truly metaphysical. I refer to the likening of the soul oppressed by trouble and thereby prepared for heaven to the palm-tree, which grows the better the more it is burdened with weights. This quaint image—which is part of the poetical stock-in-trade taken over by Vaughan from Herbert—turns up in "The World" and in three other poems, and is also employed, I may add, by Cowley, who in his epic poem *Davideis* says of Saul—

Well did he know how palms by oppression
 speed
Victorious, and the victor's sacred meed!
The burden lifts them higher.

The tale of images is, however, still incom-

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plete, for in addition to the 'rolls' and 'curls' and the 'silks' and 'laces' which the poet scoffs at as the manifest tokens of worldly and artificial 'gallantry', there remain for notice two famous figures borrowed from the Bible, which Vaughan—who is never averse from running one metaphor into another—plays with so fantastically and uses in such various senses as may well perplex and confuse the unwarned reader.

I have already pointed out that among the figures which he employs to illustrate the spiritual blessings showered down by God upon His people, Vaughan includes the emblem of Christ's sacred blood. One might have thought that even a metaphysical poet would be content to use this metaphor reverently. But here one has to reckon with that morbid depravity of taste which brings down Dr. Donne and his scholars to the level of the poorer sort of hymn-writer, and leads Donne himself, in one of his "Holy Sonnets", to invent the audacious figure contained in the lines:

Take me to You, imprison me, for I,
Except You enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except You ravish me.

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Even the habitual refinement and high-breeding of Herbert cannot prevent him from speaking of God's 'breasts', and affirming that men, as God's infants, suck Him; and this displeasing and somewhat shocking piece of anthropomorphism is dutifully repeated by Herbert's disciple Vaughan, who never seems willing to leave a conceit of his master's till he has paid it the flattering compliment of imitation. Accordingly it is scarcely surprising to find the author of *Silex Scintillans* celebrating the virtues of the Redeemer's passion with all that vulgar devotion to the thaumaturgical which might be expected from a street-corner preacher and managing the figure of Christ's blood so as to invest it with no less than five significations:

(i) He makes it equivalent, in the spiritual world, to a 'cordial', 'balm', or 'restorative' (cf. "The Sap" and "St. Mary Magdalen").

(ii) In "The Law and the Gospel", in "Holy Communion", and in "Easter Day" he ascribes to it the properties of a spiritual eye-salve.

(iii) He speaks of it as at once the solvent of the Jewish law (cf. "Man's Fall and Recovery") and the cement of the Christian Church (cf. "L'Envoy").

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(iv) In "The Check", in "Misery", and in "Admission" he regards it as vocal, like other murdered blood, and so witnessing against man.

(v) And he describes it as a refining tincture and cleanser, a sense in which it is used in the "Dedication", in the "Ascension Hymn", and in "As Time one Day by Me did Pass".

It will perhaps be advisable to clear the way for a consideration of the second biblical figure, that of the rock or stone, by remarking at this stage that despite the fact that Vaughan is one of the most ingenious of the metaphysical poets, although he gives to his collection of sacred poems the title of *Silex Scintillans* or "The Flaming Flint", and illustrates this title in the frontispiece of his volume, yet by some unaccountable oversight he employs the figure once only, in the last four lines of "The Tempest". The word 'flint', indeed, occurs not more than twice in Vaughan's religious poems, here as an emblem of the soul that yields no fire, and in "Daphnis" as a synonym for a shepherdess's cold heart. To return to the 'rock' or 'stone'. As a general rule this figure is used in a thoroughly accepted sense—the sense of a heart too 'rocky' or 'stony' to give

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God admittance or to bear fruit to His praise. But occasionally it has grafted upon it, if I may be allowed the metaphor, the mediæval idea of the Philosopher's Stone, the scriptural notion of the tables of stone, or Vaughan's own doctrine of God's commerce with stones, and then it becomes very difficult indeed to discover the exact signification in which the word 'stone' is used, and to make out the possible permutations or combinations of meaning. The phrase is used simply for the Philosopher's Stone in "Jacob's Pillow and Pillar" and in "Rules and Lessons". But in "Holy Scriptures" the mention of this magical stone is immediately followed by a comparison of the stony tables of the law with the stony tables of man's heart, which latter tables—though stony—have yet to be inscribed with the lines of Christ's law. Again, in "Man's Fall and Recovery" the 'stone' mentioned is obviously the table of the law, and the 'adamant' which is broken by the blood of Christ's 'saving wound' refers probably, not to man's stony heart, but to the stones of the old law which might be described as broken, inasmuch as their commands were abrogated by the passion of our Saviour.

For another biblical sense in which this

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figure is employed the reader must go to the group of poems which contains "White Sunday", "Religion", "The Book", "Righteousness", the address "To Christian Religion" and "Misery". In the first two pieces the 'rock' is God, conceived as the archetype of that rock which, smitten by Moses, poured forth its thirst-quenching waters; in the next three God is spoken of as the Rock of Ages, the shade, shelter, and rest of all that are weary and oppressed; while in the last piece the idea of the water-filled rock seems to be combined with the orthodox notion of the heart being too 'rocky' to grant God leave to enter.

In "Church-Service" the familiar emblem is associated with that of 'dust', a favourite word of Vaughan's for expressing man's frailty and insignificance; and elsewhere the whole similitude is varied by the proclamation of the poet's doctrine that stones, 'though they have neither speech nor tongue', are yet 'deep in admiration' of God, 'though speechless, are not dumb', though 'judged dull, dead, senseless, and inanimate', yet 'sigh and groan' for God, 'their liberty', a doctrine which, as Vaughan intimates in his first set of verses on "Jesus Weeping", is borrowed from Christ's rebuke of the Pharisees: "I tell you that if

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these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out", a doctrine which the poet develops in an uncanny but luridly imaginative fashion in "The Stone", where he says of God that

Yet will not He by His own light—
Though both all-seeing and all right—
Condemn men; but will try them by
A process, which e'en man's own eye
Must needs acknowledge to be just.

Hence sand and dust
Are shaken for witnesses, and stones,
Which some think dead, shall all at once
With one attesting voice detect
Those secret sins we least suspect.

In the concluding passage of this same poem Vaughan asserts that the stone of 'the law delivered to the Jews' will appeal to God against them as presenting 'hearts more stiff and tough' than even stone, and so contrives to fuse together the three notions of man's 'stony' heart, of the 'stone' of the law, and of the 'stony' witnesses against man.

VAUGHAN'S THREE LEADING THEMES

The discussion of the various uses of the word 'stone' leads naturally enough to a consideration of Vaughan's three leading

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themes—themes which, though they are found raised to a full philosophical crop in *Silex Scintillans*, yet owe, as I shall show, their germinal idea and first appearance to *The Temple*. Now, inasmuch as the burden of all Vaughan's sacred verse may be described, in the title of one of his own poems, as "Man's Fall and Recovery"—man's fall through sin, and his recovery by grace—the poet seems to have thought that he could enforce and illustrate his doctrine in most salutary and arresting fashion by allowing the flame of his spiritual fancy to play round, and to throw into high poetic relief three main consequences of man's first disobedience. Herbert had discerned these through a mist, and had described them in pretty conceits, but Vaughan was permitted to see them in white light and to express them in pictures that are vivid, glowing, and imaginative. The first of these consequences—the cessation of that direct "commerce 'twixt Heaven and Earth" which used to prevail in the patriarchal ages, and which Donne celebrates in "The First Anniversary"—is lamented by Herbert in the first and second verses of "Decay":

Sweet were the days when Thou didst lodge
with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,

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Advise with Abraham; — when Thy power
could not
Encounter Moses' strong complaint and moan,
Thy words were then, "Let Me alone".

One might have sought and found Thee
presently
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well;
"Is my God this way?" "No," they would
reply,
"He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
List, ye may hear great Aaron's bell."

Pretty and picturesque lines certainly, but not to be compared, for vision and intensity, with the younger poet's corresponding verses in "Corruption", in "Religion", and in "Ascension Day". Vaughan, however, must needs return to the subject in other poems, and unfortunately with only slight success, a lapse which he in some measure atones for in "The Day of Judgment" (No. 2) by describing God's earthly friends as 'those first white pilgrims', and by striking out a still more felicitous phrase in "The Rainbow", where he speaks of Terah, Nabor, Haran, Abram, Lot, as 'the youthful world's gray fathers'.

Shakespeare's Duke, banished to Arden, 'finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good

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in everything'. So Vaughan's typical pilgrim, struggling back to Eden, has 'lessons played him by a wind or wave', finds 'sublime truths and wholesome themes' lodging in 'the mystical, deep streams' of a waterfall, and regards 'all the vast expense in the creation shed, and slaved to sense' as making up 'but lectures for his eye and ear'. This Wordsworthian notion of the thought-compelling power of the 'meanest thing' springs naturally from that belief in the universal co-relationship and mutual interdependence of all God's creatures which Vaughan is never tired of inculcating in all his religious poems: and it is at the root of the poet's next great theme, the piety of the lower creation. The second consequence of man's sin Vaughan finds in the exile of the brute and of the inanimate creatures from God's presence. "They seemed to quarrel with him (*i.e.* man); for that act, That fell him, foiled them all; He drew the curse upon the world and cracked The whole frame with his fall." So says the poet in "Corruption"; and starting with this idea of beasts, plants, and stones being in a state of estrangement or difference from man, he elaborates a theory of the superiority of the lower creation to man in respect of natural piety. The first hint of this

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doctrine is given by Herbert, who, in "Affliction" (No. 1), says:

I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;
 For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade: at least some bird would
 trust
Her household to me, and I should be just;

in "Employment" (No. 1) exclaims:

All things are busy; only I
Neither bring honey with the bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
 To water these.
I am no link in Thy great chain;

and in "Employment" (second poem) breaks out:

Oh that I were an orange tree,
 That busy plant!
Then would I ever laden be,
 And never want
Some fruits for Him that dressed me.

"The Star", though it suggested to Vaughan a piece bearing the same title, which adopts the 'curl and wind' of the original, is a poem merely descriptive of a sacred picture, and contains no inkling of the doctrine of 'pietas'.

This piety of the irrational creatures, this

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example afforded by them to men, Vaughan finds assuming many forms, and for the convenience of the reader I append one reference for every form distinguished. In "Christ's Nativity" this piety may be called *fruitfulness and plenitude in God*; in "Man" it is *stability as opposed to that human restlessness* which Vaughan, following the fine lead offered him by Donne in the "Letter" to Mr. Woodward, and by Herbert in "The Pulley", and foreshadowing the whole melancholy stoicism of Matthew Arnold's poetry, so eloquently denounces in "The Pursuit"; while in "Providence" and in "Death" it is *reliance on God's goodness and calm submission to death*, a notion to which a modern poet—I mean Walt Whitman—has given more caustic expression from a pagan point of view. In "The Favour" *the attraction of herbs to the stars and to light*, which Herbert deals with in "The Search", is contrasted with the unreadiness and drowsiness of man, just as in "The Tempest" *the aspirations towards home* of waters, stones, and plants are made to rebuke the erring and grovelling state of God's rational creatures. In "Repentance" the author celebrates *the dutifulness* of the inanimate creation, a theme pursued in "The Constellation", where

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he very manifestly forestalls both Wordsworth and Arnold by broaching their favourite topic of the lessons and consolations to be derived from '*the silence that is in the starry sky*', from the '*toil unsever'd from tranquillity*' of the stars, 'noise' being regarded by the Caroline poet, in this as in many other poems, as one of the most distinctive marks of man's alienation from God, as one of the most formidable impediments to his reaping—shall I say?—'*the harvest of a quiet eye*'. Discussing Vaughan as a metaphysical poet, I have already mentioned his notion of the piety shown by stones and dust in *giving witness against man*—in "Midnight" the poet speaks of the stars as God's '*host of spies*' so it only remains to allude to *the courtesy shown to Christ by the manger-beasts* at the Nativity, a notion which seems to have been suggested by Herbert's "Christmas"; to speak of the *groaning and travailling of the whole creation for Christ's coming*, referred to in "And do they so? have they a sense", an idea which Arnold also deals with in his poem called "In utrumque paratus"; to mention *the reward promised* in "The Book" to these '*dumb creatures*' piety—'*Thou shalt restore trees, beasts, and men*'; and to complete the tale of

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unhuman religion by an examination of the nature of Vaughan's obligation to 'The Temple' for the conception of *irrational prayer and praise*. For the conception, or shall I say conceit, of this form of piety, Vaughan is manifestly indebted to Herbert, who, in one of his poems on "Prayer", likens it to 'a kind of tune which all things hear and fear', and in three stanzas of "Providence" expounds the following doctrine:

Of all the creatures both in sea and land
Only to man hast Thou made known Thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of Thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds dittie to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To Thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to man, while they are lame and
mute.

Man is the world's high-priest: he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that
blow.

Vaughan adopts both of these notions—the notion of the lower creatures, though eager to praise God, yet being so comparatively inarticulate as to require the services of man as high-priest (cf. "Christ's Nativity" and "The Bee"), and the kindred

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idea of the participation of all the world in prayer. But reluctant as he always is to isolate man from Nature and from his fellow-creatures he seems—in “The Bird” and in “Rules and Lessons”—to think this mediation by no means indispensable, while he modifies and heightens Herbert’s conception by regarding man’s thanksgiving as a mere item in ‘the great chime and symphony of Nature’—the Platonic music of the spheres—and by representing the irrational and inanimate creatures (*not* man) as waiting eagerly for that dawn which shall ‘release them from the shades of night’, and give them leave to praise ‘the Morning’s King’. Vaughan, indeed, is the great poet of daybreak; his eye and ear are ever fixed on the horizon to observe the ‘rose bud in the East’. Mornings, to him, are mysteries, for which patient vigil can alone prepare: so ‘through the long twilight he waits for the dawn’. He says of his Saviour, “The Dayspring”, in verse that has a real magical thrill:

Early, while yet the dark was gay,
And gilt with stars more trim than day,
Heaven’s Lily and the Earth’s chaste Rose,
The green, immortal Branch arose,
And in a solitary place
Bowed to His Father His blessed face.

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And his song of "The Dawning"—'Ah! what time wilt thou come?'—may be reckoned a veritable *aubade*, throbbing with that anxious and mystical yearning which Christ's Bride must always feel for the coming of her Bridegroom.

It will be gathered, then, that such appreciation of Earth's beauty as the Silurist shows is semi-mystical, never entirely sensuous. Looking up through Nature to Nature's God he loves her not for herself alone, but for the sake of the great Poet or Maker whom she reveals. To Vaughan, indeed, the glories of the earth and of the heavens are but those 'weaker glories' wherein he sees some 'shadows of eternity'. So earth itself, its flowers, its seas, its mountains, are but the 'masks and shadows' of the shady city of palm-trees, of the sea of light, of the everlasting hills. And this 'gilded canopy', the sky, is as 'a dome of many-coloured glass', 'which', in Shelley's words, 'stains the white radiance of eternity'. For Vaughan, like his fellow physician Browne, was before all things an investigator. He loved to 'peer and peep' into the heart of things physical and hyperphysical, and he was never wearied of searching there for traces of the Great Artificer. He looked into

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himself and wrote; and all his visions, whether they be of Heaven or of Earth, are subjective rather than objective realities. In that vivid pictorial sense which enabled Keats to transfer a beautiful object straight from Nature to the printed page Vaughan had little part. It was not his method of representation: all his impressions of glades, clouds, and streams—extraordinarily vivid as they are—he has impregnated with the germ of his own theosophy, and—to use his own phrase—he has ‘hatched’ them in his heart to a new and wondrous birth. Yet, when all is said, he cannot be deemed a true mystic. His bent was towards speculation and vision, scarcely towards ecstasy or rapture. For rapture he even expresses, in one of his religious pamphlets, something very like contempt. His mysticism, indeed, was inchoate, for with him passivity never developed into trance, and I find in his poems no evidences of his having been caught up into the seventh Heaven, there to see and hear unutterable things. Nevertheless what he was privileged to see—in a glass darkly, through perspectives and strange crystals, or in the dim twilight of subliminal consciousness—he was supremely capable of uttering, and his most famous vision, that of the ante-

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terrene state of the soul, was such an one as Plato had before him.

Whether Herbert shared this vision must always remain a subject open to dispute. Three quotations can, however, be made from *The Temple* in support of the view that he fished the murex up and that his disciple made the colour. The first occurs in an alternative stanza of "Whitsunday" found in the Williams MS.:—

But we are fallen from Heaven to Earth,
And if we can stay there, it's well.
He that first fell from his great birth,
Without Thy help, leads us his way to Hell;

but its purely manuscript authority almost necessarily robs it of anything like evidential value. Another may be seen in the second poem on "Vanity":—

If souls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly:
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regain their ancient nest.

And the third allusion is made in "The Bouquet":—

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of earth was drowned;

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God took blood, and needs would be
Spilled with me,
And so found me on the ground.

But, after all, there is nothing very mystical in phrases like 'fallen from Heaven' and 'born on high'. Donne himself, in one of his Verse Letters, talks of 'Our soul, whose country's Heaven'. Such language is merely biblical, and smacks less of Plato than of St. Paul, it has nothing to do with visions, or, to take a phrase from Hugo, with 'things seen'; and, for my own part, I am inclined to acquit Vaughan of any serious obligation to Herbert for this particular doctrine. Certain it is that, while Herbert makes not the slightest pretence of elaborating it, Vaughan derives from it quite a set of philosophic ideas. His main idea--an idea on which, as expressed in "The Retreat", Wordsworth bases his famous "Intimations of Immortality", an idea to which Arnold, Wordsworth's disciple, recurs more than once in such poems as "Morality" and "The Buried Life"—seems to be that man, though fallen from that happy state in which he spent the sinless childhood of his race, yet retains such recollections of past glory, and comes upon such traces

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of his hidden source of being, as cause him to 'hate to be detained on earth' and to groan for that time when Christ shall 'bring all stragglers home' to their 'first love'. And the poet seems so enamoured of this theory of the original spotlessness of the soul, that in "Childhood" he calmly repudiates the orthodox Christian doctrine of original sin, and, in a beautiful fallacy, transfers to the childhood of the individual man that innocence which elsewhere he has predicated of the childhood of the race, clinching his argument by a description of infancy as an 'age which he must live twice that would God's face see', and basing his whole theory, as seems probable, on that saying of Christ which runs: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven".

The figures employed in the two-and-thirty pieces in which Vaughan develops or alludes to these ideas are mainly two: that of Heaven as a 'sea [or 'world'] of light' from which man, who used to shine, has carried away some 'trains of light' or 'beams of glory'—sometimes it is conceived as 'everlasting [or 'eternal'] hills', on which God, the Sun, is ever shining—and that of earth as a dark and storm-tossed

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place to which man has been banished, and from which he will eventually, by God's guidance, find his way 'home' to 'true liberty'. But, far from impeding Vaughan in the development of his ideas, this very limitation of imagery and concentration of vision seem to help him to invest this particular set of poems with an intensity to which he certainly never attains in his more conventional verses. To illustrate his treatment of this theme I will not quote "Corruption" or "They are All Gone into the World of Light"—pieces which are celebrated to the point of being hackneyed—but I will take a couple of stanzas from "The Waterfall", partly in view of the fact that the poem is comparatively unfamiliar, partly because I seem to hear in one of the lines a note of that serene optimism which Browning is so fond of sounding—Browning who, in his dramatic fashion of plunging *in medias res*, frequently adopts Vaughan's habit of commencing a poem with a short, sharp, arresting ejaculation.

Here are the two stanzas:—

Dear stream! dear bank! where often I
Have sat, and pleased my pensive eye;
Why, since each drop of thy quick store
Runs thither whence it flowed before,

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Should poor souls fear a shade or night,
Who came, sure, from a sea of light?
Or since those drops are all sent back
So sure to thee that none doth lack,
Why should frail flesh doubt any more
That what God takes He'll not restore?

O useful element and clear!
My sacred wash and cleanser here;
My first consigner unto those
Fountains of life, where the Lamb goes!
What sublime truths and wholesome
themes,
Lodge in thy mystical, deep streams!
Such as dull man can never find,
Unless the Spirit lead his mind,
Who first upon thy face did move,
And hatched all with His quickening love.

VAUGHAN'S DEBT TO HERBERT

Vaughan, as I have shown, is indebted to Herbert, in a fashion, for some of his most important themes; but the main obligation incurred by the younger to the older poet is after all a matter of phrase and of conceit. In the sub-title which he adds to *Silex Scintillans* the author characterizes his poems as 'Private Ejaculations', and he gives a similar description—'Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations'—of the religious verses which he includes in *Thalia Rediviva*. In truth, as I have previously

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intimated, he could not have found a more appropriate designation, for six of the poems begin with 'interrogations', thirteen with 'affirmations', twenty-one with 'exclamations', and thirty-six with 'invocations' of God. It is interesting to observe how, on the very threshold of his own "Temple", Vaughan invokes the aid of Herbert; for this trick of commencing a poem with a short, emphatic address, apostrophe, assertion, or question, is of course borrowed from the older poet, who—in "The Reprisal", *I have considered it;* in Ephes. iv. 30, *And art thou grieved?* in "The Temper" (No. 2), *It cannot be, where is that mighty joy?* in "The Bag", *Away despair! my gracious Lord doth hear;* and in "Sepulchre", *O Blessed Body! whither art Thou thrown?*—originated this quaint convention of 'ejaculation'. Less important, but not unimportant, are the facts that Vaughan bestows on his poems no less than twenty-eight of Herbert's titles, and follows his master in the use of certain favourite expressions, 'lieger' as a synonym for 'ambassador', 'mean' and 'threaten' in the sense of 'aim at', &c. But the really significant features of resemblance between Herbert and Vaughan are to be discovered in that parallelism of phrase and of conceit which can be seen

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running right through *The Temple* and *Silex Scintillans*—a parallelism so continuous and so close as to leave the reader no alternative save to regard the younger poet as his elder's deliberate plagiarist.

The wonder is that Vaughan did not adopt Donne as his master in the writing of spiritual songs. But; so far as I know, there are no real traces of such a *primary* influence. Once only, and then in his love poems, is Vaughan found imitating the Dean; and this imitation must needs be considered, not as an instance of 'conveying', but as a profession of faith in his 'father', as an indispensable qualification for admission into the company of metaphysical poets. The great metaphysical idea—I had almost quoted Byron and called it the great 'metaquizzical' idea, for this notion of the telepathic communion of lovers is a rather sterile paradox—the great metaphysical idea, then, as expounded by Donne in "A Valediction forbidding Mourning" and in "Soul's Joy, now I am Gone", is that, while

Dull sublunary lovers' love—
Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it,

the passion felt by lovers more 'refined' and

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'interassurèd of the mind' is such that distance and absence can interpose no barriers to souls meeting and embracing. This rather false and not very startling theory seems to have struck Donne's 'sons' as something marvellously fine; and accordingly all the more important of them have paid it the sincerest kind of flattery. Carew imitated it in a poem addressed "To my Mistress in Absence"; Lovelace followed suit in his song "To Lucasta going beyond the Seas"; Suckling, though he rather scoffed at the notion, based two songs on it, "If You refuse me Once, and Think Again", and "When, Dearest, I but think of Thee"; Cowley in his *Miscellanies* undertook a version of it called "Friendship in Absence"; Lord Herbert of Cherbury embodied it in "I must Depart", and in the second poem he devotes to "Platonic Love"; and Otway—of all persons!—celebrated it too, for in "The Orphan" he represents Castalio as discoursing to Monimia of 'the ecstatic bliss of souls that by intelligence [*i.e.* telepathy] converse'. Vaughan's study in this fancy is made in two poems addressed to Amoret, an imaginary lady whose charms also inspired both Lovelace and Waller. The verses are graceful enough, but are no way distinguished for sincerity or for

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originality; and the only thing remarkable in them, as I have said before, is that such frigid studies in amonist poetry should afford the only instance of any influence being exercised over Vaughan by the great leader of the metaphysical revolt. It was indeed to a religious poet endowed with an imagination far less sombre and far less comprehensive than Donne's that the author of *Silex Scintillans* went for a model of phrase and of conceit; and an examination of the parallel passages placed for convenience of arrangement in an appendix to this volume (many collected by Mr. E. K. Chambers in his "Muses' Library" edition of the *Silurist*, several now pointed out for the first time, I believe, by myself), should serve to convince the most stubborn champion of Vaughan's originality that the younger poet followed his model with a diligence well-nigh grotesque.

Vaughan, it will be observed, meets with the customary fate of the imitator. His fortune in these borrowings is, as it were, aleatory. Sometimes, as in "The Tempest", "The Palm Tree", and in two stanzas of "Man", he transmutes Herbert's commoner metal and returns χρυσέα χαλκων, but more often he gives a poorer replica, and, as Johnson said of Burke, instead of 'soaring

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crawls like 'a beetle in the mire'. The Silurist indeed often displays a strange lack of tact. What can be more naively ludicrous than the conversion of the Leviathan of Psalm civ into 'the comely, spacious whale'? What can be more offensive to taste and falser in sentiment than the conceit of the "Easter Hymn", that 'infants with Death's pangs contest, As pleasant as if with the breast'? And where shall be found literalism more perilous and more depressing than that shown by a poet who, at the very climax of an anticipation of 'The Marriage Supper of the Lamb' can drop into such bathos as 'Let me heed . . . *what in the next world to eat*'? Vaughan, indeed, can appropriate Herbert's phrases and emblems, but he is quite unable to borrow the urbane temper, the dainty fancy, the equipoise of humour and of gravity from which they spring. Wherefore, being, as it would seem, a man fundamentally serious, he plays havoc with all pretence of sincerity when he comes to express those exaggerated notions of the spiritual value of 'grief', of 'affliction', and of 'melancholy', which the Metaphysicals offer in their religious verses as the fit equivalent to the strained compliments and desperate protestations of their amorist poems. He talks of laughter

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as 'the wise man's madness', of affliction as 'mere pleasure', of joy itself 'making a right soul grieve'; he wishes that he were 'one hearty tear', he inveighs against the 'lewd, loathed motions' of the dance, and he alleges that Christ's 'life while here, as well as birth, was but a check to pomp and mirth'. Meantime his unhappy reader, wearied by these artificial antinomies, oppressed by that vague discomfort which must always beset the man who sees a dear friend making himself ridiculous, hovers between the 'hearty tear' and the hearty laugh, and wishes that the poet would content himself with expressing what he really sees and feels.

VAUGHAN'S POSITION AMONG ENGLISH POETS

For Vaughan has his obvious limitations, and just as he lacks the grace and wit of Herbert, he is equally devoid of Crashaw's flaming passion and sustained intensity of diction. So while the last-named singer in his two hymns to Saint Teresa mounts unerringly on an ascending and culminating scale of passionate rhetoric, Vaughan, in a similar case, is content—I use his own phrase—to 'sleep at the ladder's foot'.

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And as his muse knows no ecstatic, so she knows no equable flights: for sometimes her poet begins a piece magnificently, at other times he redeems it by a splendid finish, and ever and anon he embeds some luminous thought or figure in a mass of his dullest verse. Few indeed of Vaughan's poems can be reckoned finished works of art, for in few can their author be said to achieve that high fusion of feeling and of diction that yields supreme felicity of expression. Yet despite this lack of 'wit at will' on the one hand and of sustained strength on the other, Vaughan's claim to head the list of our religious singers cannot easily be impugned. His originality, as far as regards all the greater matters of his art, is strikingly impressive. He is in truth a poet of poets, a pioneer of new poetic paths, and it is not his least glory to have paved the way for Wordsworth and for Arnold. I have already mentioned the striking echoes of *Silex Scintillans* that can be heard in these two great nineteenth-century poets, so at this point I will content myself with hinting that Arnold in "Revolutions" employs a notion of God's hieroglyphics, broken and undecipherable, somewhat similar to that which Vaughan introduces in "Vanity of Spirit", and that

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Wordsworth's "Affliction of Margaret"—

My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the crowds
Have power to shake me as they pass—

owes something to Vaughan's

There's not a wind can stir,
Or beam pass by,
But straight I think, though far
Thy hand is nigh.

Of lines resembling his which can be traced in such contemporary bards as Dryden and Crashaw it is scarcely worth while to speak; but when he affords 'handsome anticipations' of more modern utterances, the passages in question are perhaps worth quoting. Blake is a poet who, in his mysticism and in his love of children and of animals, has some remarkable affinities with Vaughan. I say 'remarkable affinities' not merely because I look upon "The Eagle" as a forerunner of "The Tiger", and think of the lines in "Childhood" which ask 'Why should men love a wolf, more than a lamb or Dove?' but because the *Songs of Innocence* follow *Silex Scintillans* at an interval of nearly a century and a half, in all which time the 'age of mysteries' had found not a single singer!

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But a greater poet than Blake is every now and then foreshadowed by the Silurist. How Shelleyan is the following couplet taken from "The Ass"!—

This leaden state, which men miscall
Being and life, but is dead thrall.

It is quite in the vein of "Adonais", and reminds one irresistibly of such lines as 'He has awakened from the dream of life'—'and that unrest which men miscall delight'.

Now take the following extracts from "Joy of my Life":—

Stars are of mighty use: the night
Is dark and long;
The road foul; and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.

God's saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long must pass
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glass.

How clearly they recall Newman's well-known hymn! Almost as clearly, indeed, as certain lines in "Young and Fair Light" remind one of the famous profession of faith which Dryden makes in *The Hind and the Panther*. Let me next place side by side four lines of "Mount of Olives" (No. 2) and a stanza taken from *The Earthly Paradise*:—

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So have I known some beau-
teous paisage rise
In sudden flowers and ar-
bours to my eyes,
And in the depth and dead
of winter bring
To my cold thoughts a
lively sense of spring.

Folk say, a wizard to a
northern king
At Christmas-tide such won-
drous things did show,
That through one window
men beheld the spring,
And through another saw
the summer glow,
And through a third the
fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in
its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that
December day.

and it will be seen that, though Morris's magical landscape may have more glamour, Vaughan's has the advantage of appearing more natural and more spontaneous. Christina Rossetti again—like William Morris and her brother Dante Gabriel—owes something to Vaughan. Traces of the older poet's influence on her can be found in "Good-Friday" and in "For a Mercy Received"; and the "Verses"

It seems an easy thing
Mayhap one day to sing,
Yet the next day
We cannot sing or say.

are obviously suggested by the third stanza of "Anguish", where Vaughan protests

O! 't is an easy thing
To write and sing;
But to write true, unfeigned verse
Is very hard!

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The Silurist, indeed, judged by the influence he has exercised on modern English poets, is a far greater force than any of his rivals: just as his verse, taken at its best, excels theirs in sheer grandeur and sublimity. The bright white light to which he leads one makes Herbert's fireside flame of decent piety burn but pale; his calm spiritual insight is no unworthy substitute for the graveyard speculations of Donne or for the feverish raptures of Crashaw; and, save in certain set pieces, he conciliates the average reader by omitting to sound that note of strict Anglicanism which is so persistent a feature of *The Temple* and of *The Christian Year*. In truth, strange as the notion may appear, it is possible to maintain that the Church of England finds the most inspired interpreters of her teaching not in her professional apologists, but in two physicians, Thomas Browne and Henry Vaughan. This much, at any rate, is certain, that on her most catholic and most spiritual side, she can boast no greater and no meeker bard than the poet of *Silex Scintillans*.

W. A. LEWIS BETTANY.

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AUTHORIS (DE SE) EMBLEMA

*Tentâsti, fateor, sine vulnere saepius, et me
Consultum voluit Vox, sine voce, frequens;
Ambivit placido diviniior aura meatu,
Et frustrâ sancto murmure praemonuit.
Surdus eram, mutusque Silex: Tu, (quanta
tuorum
Cura tibi est!) aliâ das renovare viâ;
Permutas Curam: Jamque irritatus Amorem
Posse negas, et vim, Vi, superare paras;
Accedis propior, molemque, et saxea rumpis
Pectora, fitque Caro, quod fuit ante Lapis.
En laceram! Coelosque tuos ardentia tandem
Fragmenta, et liquidas ex Adamante genas!
Sic olim undantes Petras, Scopulosque vomentes
Curâsti, O populi providus usque tui!
Quam miranda tibi manus est! Moriendo,
revixi;
Et fractas jam sum ditior inter opes.*

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE FOLLOWING HYMNS

That this kingdom hath abounded with those ingenious persons, which in the late notion are termed Wits, is too well known: many of them having cast away all their fair portion of time in no better employments than a deliberate search, or excogitation, of idle words, and a most vain, insatiable, desire to be reputed poets: leaving behind them no other monuments of those excellent abilities conferred upon them, but such as they may (with a predecessor of theirs) term parricides, and a soul-killing issue, for that is the *Βραβεῖον*, and laureate crown, which idle poems will certainly bring to their unrelenting authors.

And well it were for them, if those willingly studied and wilfully published vanities could defile no spirits but their own; but the case is far worse. These vipers survive their parents, and for many ages after (like epidemic diseases) infect whole generations, corrupting always and unhallowing the best-gifted souls and the most capable

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vessels; for whose sanctification and welfare the glorious Son of God laid down His life, and suffered the precious blood of His blessed and innocent heart to be poured out. In the meantime it cannot be denied but these men are had in remembrance, though we cannot say with any comfort, "their memorial is blessed"; for, that I may speak no more than the truth (let their passionate worshippers say what they please), all the commendations that can be justly given them will amount to no more than what Prudentius the Christian sacred poet bestowed upon Symmachus;

*Os dignum, aeterno tinctum quod fulgeat auro,
Si mallet laudare Deum, Cui sordida monstra
Praetulit, et liquidam temeravit crimine vocem;
Haud aliter, quam cum rastris qui tentet
eburnis*

Coenosum versare solum, &c.

In English thus,

A wit most worthy in tried gold to shine,
Immortal gold! had he sung the divine
Praise of his Maker: to Whom he preferred
Obscene, vile fancies, and profanely marred
A rich, rare style with sinful, lewd contents;
No otherwise, then if with instruments
Of polished ivory, some drudge should stir
A dirty sink, &c.

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This comparison is nothing odious, and it is as true as it is apposite; for a good wit in a bad subject is (as Solomon said of the fair and foolish woman) "like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout", Prov. xi. 22. Nay, the more acute the author is, there is so much the more danger and death in the work. Where the sun is busy upon a dunghill, the issue is always some unclean vermin. Divers persons of eminent piety and learning (I meddle not with the seditious and schismatical) have, long before my time, taken notice of this malady; for the complaint against vicious verse, even by peaceful and obedient spirits, is of some antiquity in this kingdom. And yet, as if the evil consequence attending this inveterate error were but a small thing, there is sprung very lately another prosperous device to assist it in the subversion of souls. Those that want the genius of verse fall to translating; and the people are (every term) plentifully furnished with various foreign vanities; so that the most lascivious compositions of France and Italy are here naturalized and made English; and this, as it is sadly observed, with so much favour and success, that nothing takes (as they rightly phrase it) like a romance. And very frequently (if that character be not an ivybush), the

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buyer receives this lewd ware from *persons of honour*, who want not reason to forbear: much private misfortune having sprung from no other seed at first than some infectious and dissolving legend.

To continue (after years of discretion) in this vanity, is an inexcusable desertion of pious sobriety; and to persist so to the end, is a wilful despising of God's sacred exhortations, by a constant, sensual volutation or wallowing in impure thoughts and scurrilous conceits, which both defile their authors, and as many more as they are communicated to. If "every idle word shall be accounted for", and if "no corrupt communication should proceed out of our mouths", how desperate, I beseech you, is their condition, who all their lifetime, and out of mere design, study lascivious fictions: then carefully record and publish them, that instead of grace and life, they may minister sin and death unto their readers! It was wisely considered, and piously said by one, that he "would read no idle books; both in regard of love to his own soul, and pity unto his that made them"; "for", said he, "if I be corrupted by them, their composer is immediately a cause of my ill; and at the Day of Reckoning, though now dead, must give an account for it, because

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I am corrupted by his bad example, which he left behind him. I will write none, lest I hurt them that come after me; I will read none, lest I augment his punishment that is gone before me. I will neither write, nor read, lest I prove a foe to my own soul: while I live, I sin too much; let me not continue longer in wickedness than I do in life." It is a sentence of sacred authority, that "he that is dead is freed from sin"; because he cannot in that state, which is without the body, sin any more; but he that writes idle books makes for himself another body, in which he always lives, and sins (after death) as fast and as foul as ever he did in his life; which very consideration deserves to be a sufficient antidote against this evil disease.

And here, because I would prevent a just censure by my free confession, I must remember, that I myself have, for many years together, languished of this very sickness; and it is no long time since I have recovered. But (blessed be God for it!) I have by His saving assistance suppressed my greatest follies, and those which escaped from me, are, I think, as innoxious as most of that vein use to be; besides, they are interlined with many virtuous, and some pious mixtures. What I speak of them is truth: but

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let no man mistake it for an extenuation of faults, as if I intended an apology for them, or myself, who am conscious of so much guilt in both, as can never be expiated without special sorrows, and that cleansing and precious effusion of my Almighty Redeemer. And if the world will be so charitable as to grant my request, I do here most humbly and earnestly beg that none would read them.

But an idle or sensual subject is not all the poison in these pamphlets. Certain authors have been so irreverently bold, as to dash Scriptures and the Sacred Relatives of God with their impious conceits; and (which I cannot speak without grief of heart) some of those desperate adventurers may, I think, be reckoned amongst the principal or most learned writers of English verse.

Others of a later date, being corrupted, it may be, by that evil genius, which came in with the public distractions, have stuffed their books with oaths, horrid execrations, and a most gross and studied filthiness. But the hurt that ensues by the publication of pieces so notoriously ill, lies heavily upon the stationer's account, who ought in conscience to refuse them, when they are put into his hands. No loss is so

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doleful as that gain, that will endamage the soul. He that prints lewdness and impieties, is that madman in the Proverbs, who "casteth firebrands, arrows, and death".

The suppression of this pleasing and prevailing evil lies not altogether in the power of the magistrate; for it will fly abroad in manuscripts, when it fails of entertainment at the press. The true remedy lies wholly in their bosoms, who are the gifted persons, by a wise exchange of vain and vicious subjects, for divine themes and celestial praise. The performance is easy, and, were it the most difficult in the world, the reward is so glorious, that it infinitely transcends it: for "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine like the stars for ever and ever": whence follows this undeniable inference, that the corrupting of many, being a contrary work, the recompense must be so too; and then I know nothing reserved for them, but "the blackness of darkness for ever"; from which, O God, deliver all penitent and reformed spirits!

The first, that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream, was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of whom I

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am the least; and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired wit of his time. After him followed divers,—*Sed non passibus aequis*; they had more of fashion than force. And the reason of their so vast distance from him, besides differing spirits and qualifications, (for his measure was eminent,) I suspect to be, because they aimed more at verse, than perfection, as may be easily gathered by their frequent impressions, and numerous pages. Hence sprang those wide, those weak, and lean conceptions, which in the most inclinable reader will scarce give any nourishment or help to devotion; for, not flowing from a true, practick piety, it was impossible they should effect those things abroad, which they never had acquaintance with at home; being only the productions of a common spirit, and the obvious ebullitions of that light humour, which takes the pen in hand out of no other consideration than to be seen in print. It is true indeed, that to give up our thoughts to pious themes and contemplations (if it be done for piety's sake) is a great step towards perfection; because it will refine, and dispose to devotion and sanctity. And further, it will procure for us (so easily communicable is that loving Spirit) some small prelibation of those

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Heavenly refreshments, which descend but seldom, and then very sparingly, upon men of an ordinary or indifferent holiness. But he that desires to excel in this kind of hagiography, or holy writing, must strive by all means for perfection and true holiness, that "a door may be opened to him in Heaven", Rev. iv. 1, and then he will be able to write (with Hierotheus and holy Herbert), "A True Hymn".

To effect this in some measure, I have begged leave to communicate this my poor talent to the Church, under the protection and conduct of her glorious Head: Who, if He will vouchsafe to own it, and go along with it, can make it as useful now in the public, as it hath been to me in private. In the perusal of it, you will (peradventure) observe some passages, whose history or reason may seem something remote; but were they brought nearer, and plainly exposed to your view, though that perhaps might quiet your curiosity, yet would it not conduce much to your greater advantage. And therefore I must desire you to accept of them in that latitude, which is already allowed them. By the last poems in the book, were not that mistake here prevented, you would judge all to be fatherless, and the edition posthume; for indeed

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“I was nigh unto death”, and am still at no great distance from it; which was the necessary reason for that solemn and accomplished dress, you will now find this impression in.

But “the God of the spirits of all flesh” hath granted me a further use of mine than I did look for in the body; and when I expected, and had by His assistance prepared for, a message of death, then did He answer me with life; I hope to His glory, and my great advantage; that I may flourish not with leaf only, but with some fruit also; which hope and earnest desire of His poor creature, I humbly beseech Him to perfect and fulfil for His dear Son’s sake, unto Whom, with Him and the most Holy and loving Spirit, be ascribed by angels, by men, and by all His works, all glory, and wisdom, and dominion, in this the temporal and in the eternal being. Amen.

NEWTON by USK, near SKETH-ROCK,

September 30, 1654.

O Lord, the hope of Israel, all they that forsake Thee shall be ashamed; and they that depart from Thee, shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters.

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved, for Thou art my health, and my great deliverer.

I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave; I have deprived myself of the residue of my years.

I said; I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.

O Lord! by Thee doth man live, and from Thee is the life of my spirit: therefore wilt Thou recover me, and make me to live.

Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.

For Thy name's sake hast Thou put off Thine anger; for Thy praise hast Thou refrained from me, that I should not be cut off.

For the grave cannot praise Thee, death cannot celebrate Thee: they, that go down into the pit, cannot hope for Thy truth.

The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day: the father to the children shall make known Thy truth.

O Lord; Thou hast been merciful; Thou hast brought back my life from corruption: Thou hast redeemed me from my sin.

They that follow after lying vanities, forsake their own mercy.

Therefore shall Thy songs be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will go unto the altar of my God, unto God, the joy of my youth; and in Thy fear will I worship towards Thy holy temple.

I will sacrifice unto Thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that which I have vowed; salvation is of the Lord.

Silex Scintillans

To my most merciful, my most loving, and
dearly loved REDEEMER, the ever blessed,
the only HOLY and JUST ONE,

JESUS CHRIST,

*The Son of the living GOD, and the sacred
Virgin Mary.*

I

My God! Thou That didst die for me,
These Thy death's fruits I offer Thee;
Death that to me was life and light,
But dark and deep pangs to Thy sight.
Some drops of Thy all-quickenning blood
Fell on my heart; those made it bud,
And put forth thus, though Lord, before
The ground was cursed and void of store.
Indeed I had some here to hire
Which long resisted Thy desire,
That stoned Thy servants, and did move
To have Thee murdered for Thy love;
But Lord, I have expelled them, and so
bent,
Beg Thou wouldst take Thy Tenant's rent.

II

Dear Lord, 'tis finished! and now he
That copied it, presents it Thee.
'Twas Thine first, and to Thee returns,
From Thee it shined, though here it burns;
If the sun rise on rocks, is 't right,
To call it their inherent light?
No, nor can I say, this is mine,
For, dearest Jesus, 'tis all Thine,
As Thy clothes, when Thou with clothes
wert clad,
Both light from Thee, and virtue had;
And now, as then, within this place,
Thou to poor rags dost still give grace.
This is the earnest Thy love sheds,
The candle shining on some heads,
Till at Thy charges they shall be
Clothed all with immortality.

III

My dear Redeemer, the world's light,
And life too, and my heart's delight!
For all Thy mercies and Thy truth,
Showed to me in my sinful youth,
For my sad failings and my wild
Murmurings at Thee, when most mild;
For all my secret faults, and each
Frequent relapse and wilful breach,

For all designs meant against Thee,
And every published vanity,
Which Thou divinely hast forgiven,
While Thy blood washed me white as
Heaven;

I nothing have to give to Thee,
But this Thy own gift, given to me.
Refuse it not; for now Thy token
Can tell Thee where a heart is broken.

REVEL. CAP. 1. VER. 5, 6, 7.

*Unto Him That loved us, and washed us from
our sins in His own blood;*

*And hath made us kings and priests unto
God and His Father; to Him be glory and
dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.*

*Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye
shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him;
and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because
of Him: even so. Amen.*

Vain wits and eyes,
Leave, and be wise:
Abuse not, shun not holy fire,
But with true tears wash off your mire.
Tears and these flames will soon grow
 kind,
And mix an eye-salve for the blind.
Tears cleanse and supple without fail,
And fire will purge your callous veil.
Then comes the light; which, when you
 spy,
And see your nakedness thereby,
Praise Him, Who dealt his gifts so free,
In tears to you, in fire to me.

Part I

Regeneration



1

A ward, and still in bonds, one day
 I stole abroad;
It was high-Spring, and all the way
 Primrosed, and hung with shade;
 Yet was it frost within;
 And surly winds
Blasted my infant buds, and sin
 Like clouds eclipsed my mind.

2

Stormed thus; I straight perceived my
 Spring
 Mere stage and show,
My walk a monstrous, mountained thing,
 Rough-cast with rocks and snow;
 And as a pilgrim's eye,
 Far from relief,
Measures the melancholy sky,
 Then drops, and rains for grief:

REGENERATION

3

So sighed I upwards still; at last,
 'Twixt steps and falls,
I reached the pinnacle, where placed
 I found a pair of scales;
 I took them up, and laid
 In th' one late pains;
The other smoke and pleasures weighed,
 But proved the heavier grains.

4

With that some cried, "Away"; straight I
 Obeyed, and led
Full East, a fair, fresh field could spy;
 Some called it Jacob's Bed;
 A virgin soil, which no
 Rude feet e'er trod;
Where (since He stept there,) only go
 Prophets and friends of God.

5

Here I reposed; but scarce well set,
 A grove descried
Of stately height, whose branches met
 And mixed on every side;
 I entered, and, once in,
 (Amazed to see't,)
Found all was changed, and a new Spring
 Did all my senses greet.

REGENERATION

6

The unthrift sun shot vital gold,
 A thousand pieces;
And heaven its azure did unfold,
 Chequered with snowy fleeces;
 The air was all in spice,
 And every bush
A garland wore; thus fed my eyes,
 But all the ear lay hush.

7

Only a little fountain lent
 Some use for ears,
And on the dumb shades language spent,
 The music of her tears;
 I drew her near, and found
 The cistern full
Of divers stones, some bright and round,
 Others ill-shaped and dull.

8

The first (pray mark!) as quick as light
 Danced through the flood;
But th' last, more heavy than the night,
 Nailed to the centre stood;
 I wondered much, but tired
 At last with thought,
My restless eye, that still desired,
 As strange an object brought.

REGENERATION

9

It was a bank of flowers, where I descried
 (Though 't was mid-day,)
Some fast asleep, others broad-eyed
 And taking in the ray;
 Here musing long I heard
 A rushing wind,
Which still increased, but whence it stirred,
 Nowhere I could not find.

10

I turned me round, and to each shade
 Dispatched an eye,
To see if any leaf had made
 Least motion or reply;
 But while I, listening, sought
 My mind to ease
By knowing, where 't was, or where not,
 It whisper'd; "Where I please".

"Lord," then said I, "on me one
 breath,
And let me die before my death!"

CANT. CAP. 4. VER. 17.

*Arise, O North, and come thou South-wind;
and blow upon my garden, that the spices there-
of may flow out.*

Death



A DIALOGUE

Soul

'Tis a sad land, that in one day
Hath dulled thee thus; when death shall
freeze
Thy blood to ice, and thou must stay
Tenant for years, and centuries;
How wilt thou brook 't?—

Body

I cannot tell;
But if all sense wings not with thee,
And something still be left the dead,
I'll wish my curtains off, to free
Me from so dark and sad a bed;

A nest of nights, a gloomy sphere,
Where shadows thicken, and the cloud
Sits on the sun's brow all the year,
And nothing moves without a shroud.

DEATH

Soul

'Tis so: but as thou saw'st that night
We travaill'd in, our first attempts
Were dull and blind, but custom straight
Our fears and falls brought to contempt:

Then, when the ghastly twelve was past,
We breathed still for a blushing East,
And bade the lazy sun make haste,
And on sure hopes, though long, did
feast:

But when we saw the clouds to crack,
And in those crannies light appeared,
We thought the day then was not slack,
And pleased ourselves with what we
feared:

Just so it is in death. But thou
Shalt in thy mother's bosom sleep,
Whilst I each minute groan to know
How near Redemption creeps.

Then shall we meet to mix again, and
met,
'Tis last good-night; our Sun shall never
set.

DEATH

JOB, CAP. 10. VER. 21, 22.

Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death;

A land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.

Resurrection and Immortality



HEB. CAP. 10. VER. 20.

*By that new, and living way, which He hath
prepared for us, through the veil, which is His
flesh.*

Body

1

Oft have I seen, when that renewing
 breath,
 That binds and loosens death,
Inspired a quickening power through the
 dead
 Creatures a-bed,
 Some drowsy silk-worm creep
 From that long sleep,
And in weak, infant hummings chime,
 and knell
 About her silent cell,
Until at last, full with the vital ray,
 She winged away,
And, proud with life and sense,
 Heaven's rich expense,

RESURRECTION

Esteemed (vain things!) of two whole
elements

As mean, and span-extents.

Shall I then think such providence will
be

Less friend to me?

Or that He can endure to be unjust

Who keeps His Covenant even with our
dust?

Soul

2

Poor querulous handful! was't for this

I taught thee all that is?

Unbowelled nature, showed thee her recruits,

And change of suits,

And how of death we make

A mere mistake;

For no thing can to nothing fall, but still

Incorporates by skill,

And then returns, and from the womb of
things

Such treasure brings,

As Phoenix-like renew'th

Both life, and youth;

For a preserving spirit doth still pass

Untainted through this mass,

Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all

That to it fall;

RESURRECTION

Nor are those births, which we
Thus suffering see,
Destroyed at all; but when Time's restless
wave
Their substance doth deprave,
And the more noble essence finds his house
Sickly and loose,
He, ever young, doth wing
Unto that spring,
And source of spirits, where he takes his
lot,
Till Time no more shall rot
His passive cottage; which (though laid
aside,)
Like some spruce bride,
Shall one day rise, and, clothed with
shining light,
All pure and bright,
Re-marry to the soul, for 'tis most plain
Thou only fall'st to be refined again.

3

Then I, that here saw darkly in a glass
But mists and shadows pass,
And, by their own weak shine, did search
the springs
And course of things,
Shall with enlightened rays
Pierce all their ways;

AND IMMORTALITY

And as thou saw'st, I in a thought could
 go
To Heaven or Earth below,
To read some star or mineral, and in state
 There often sat;
So shalt thou then with me,
 Both winged and free,
Rove in that mighty and eternal light,
 Where no rude shade, or night
Shall dare approach us; we shall there
 no more
 Watch stars, or pore
Through melancholy clouds, and say,
 "Would it were Day!"
One everlasting Sabbath there shall run
Without succession, and without a sun.

DAN. CAP. 12. VER. 13.

*But go thou thy way until the end be: for
thou shalt rest, and stand up in thy lot at the
end of the days.*

Day of Judgment



When through the North a fire shall rush
 And roll into the East,
And like a fiery torrent brush
 And sweep up South and West,—

When all shall stream and lighten round,
 And with surprising flames
Both stars and elements confound,
 And quite blot out their names,—

When Thou shalt spend Thy sacred store
 Of thunders in that heat,
And low as e'er they lay before
 Thy six-days' buildings beat,—

When like a scroll the heavens shall pass
 And vanish clean away,
And nought must stand of that vast space
 Which held up night and day,—

When one loud blast shall rend the deep
 And from the womb of Earth

DAY OF JUDGMENT

Summon up all that are asleep
Unto a second birth,—

When Thou shalt make the clouds Thy seat,
And in the open air
The quick and dead, both small and great,
Must to Thy bar repair;

O then it will be all too late
To say, "What shall I do?"
Repentance there is out of date,
And so is Mercy too.

Prepare, prepare me then, O God!
And let me now begin
To feel my loving Father's rod
Killing the man of sin.

Give me, O give me crosses here,
Still more afflictions lend;
That pill, though bitter, is most dear
That brings health in the end.

Lord, God! I beg nor friends, nor wealth,
But pray against them both;
Three things I'd have, my soul's chief
health,
And one of these seems loth:

DAY OF JUDGMENT

A living faith, a heart of flesh,
The World an enemy;
This last will keep the first two fresh,
And bring me where I'd be.

I PET. 4. 7.

Now the end of all things is at hand; be you therefore sober, and watching in prayer.

Religion



My God, when I walk in those groves
And leaves Thy Spirit doth still fan,
I see in each shade that there grows
An angel talking with a man.

Under a juniper some house,
Or the cool myrtle's canopy;
Others beneath an oak's green boughs,
Or at some fountain's bubbling eye.

Here Jacob dreams, and wrestles; there
Elias by a raven is fed,
Another time by th' angel, where
He brings him water with his bread.

In Abraham's tent the wingèd guests
(O how familiar then was Heaven!)
Eat, drink, discourse, sit down, and rest
Until the cool and shady even.

Nay Thou Thyself, my God, in fire,
Whirlwinds, and clouds, and the soft
voice,

RELIGION

Speak'st there so much, that I admire
We have no conference in these days.

Is the truce broke? or 'cause we have
A Mediator now with Thee,
Dost Thou therefore old treaties waive,
And by appeals from Him decree?

Or is't so, as some green heads say,
That now all miracles must cease?
Though Thou hast promised they should
stay,
The tokens of the Church, and peace.

No, no; Religion is a spring,
That from some secret, golden mine
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring
Cordials in every drop, and wine.

But in her long, and hidden course,
Passing through the Earth's dark veins
Grows still from better unto worse,
And both her taste and colour stains;

Then drilling on, learns to increase
False echoes and confused sounds,
And unawares doth often seize
On veins of sulphur under ground;

RELIGION

So poisoned, breaks forth in some clime,
And at first sight doth many please;
But drunk, is puddle or mere slime,
And 'stead of physic, a disease.

Just such a tainted sink we have,
Like that Samaritan's dead well;
Nor must we for the kernel crave
Because most voices like the shell.

Heal then these waters, Lord; or bring
Thy flock,
Since these are troubled, to the springing
Rock;
Look down, Great Master of the feast; O
shine,
And turn once more our water into wine!

CANT. CAP. 4. VER. 12.

*My sister, my spouse, is as a garden enclosed,
as a spring shut up, and a fountain sealed up.*

The Search



'Tis now clear day: I see a rose
Bud in the bright East, and disclose
The pilgrim-sun; all night have I
Spent in a roving ecstasy
To find my Saviour; I have been
As far as Bethlem, and have seen
His inn and cradle; being there
I met the Wise Men, asked them where
He might be found, or what star can
Now point Him out, grown up a man?
To Egypt hence I fled, ran o'er
All her parched bosom to Nile's shore,
Her yearly nurse; came back, enquired
Amongst the Doctors, and desired
To see the Temple, but was shown
A little dust, and for the town
A heap of ashes, where some said
A small bright sparkle was a-bed,
Which would one day (beneath the pole),
Awake, and then refine the whole.

Tired here, I came to Sychar; thence
To Jacob's well, bequeathèd since

THE SEARCH

Unto his sons, where often they
In those calm, golden evenings lay
Watering their flocks, and having spent
Those white days, drove home to the tent
Their well-fleeced train; and here (O fate!)
I sit, where once my Saviour sat.
The angry spring in bubbles swelled,
Which broke in sighs still, as they filled,
And whispered, "Jesus had been there,
But Jacob's children would not hear".
Loth hence to part, at last I rise
But with the fountain in mine eyes,
And here a fresh search is decreed;
He must be found where He did bleed.
I walk the Garden, and there see
Ideas of His Agony,
And moving anguishments, that set
His blest face in a bloody sweat;
I climbed the Hill, perused the Cross,
Hung with my gain, and His great loss:
Never did tree bear fruit like this,
Balsam of souls, the body's bliss.
But, O His grave! where I saw lent
(For He had none,) a monument,
An undefiled, a new-hewed one,
But there was not the Corner-stone.
"Sure then," said I, "my quest is vain,
He'll not be found where He was slain;
So mild a Lamb can never be
'Midst so much blood and cruelty.

THE SEARCH

I'll to the wilderness, and can
Find beasts more merciful than man;
He lived there safe, 't was His retreat
From the fierce Jew, and Herod's heat;
And forty days withstood the fell
And high temptations of Hell;
With seraphins there talkèd He,
His Father's flaming ministry;
He heavened their walks, and with His eyes
Made those wild shades a paradise.
Thus was the desert sanctified
To be the refuge of His bride.
I'll thither then; see, it is day!
The sun's broke through to guide my way."

But as I urged thus, and writ down
What pleasures should my journey crown,
What silent paths, what shades, and cells,
Fair virgin-flowers, and hallowed wells
I should rove in, and rest my head
Where my dear Lord did often tread,
Sugaring all dangers with success,
Methought I heard one singing thus;

I

Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts;
Who pores
And spies
Still out of doors,
Descries
Within them nought.

THE SEARCH

2

The skin and shell of things,
 Though fair,
 Are not
Thy wish, nor prayer,
 But got
By mere despair
 Of wings.

3

To rack old elements,
 Or dust;
 And say,
Sure here He must
 Needs stay,
Is not the way,
 Nor just,

Search well another world; who studies
 this,
Travels in clouds, seeks manna where
 none is.

ACTS, CAP. 17. VER. 27, 28.

*That they should seek the Lord, if haply they
might feel after Him, and find Him, though He
be not far off from every one of us, for in Him
we live, and move, and have our being.*

Isaac's Marriage



GEN. CAP. 24. VER. 63.

And Isaac went out to pray in the field at the even-tide, and he lift up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming.

Praying! and to be married! It was rare,
But now 't is monstrous; and that pious
care,
Though of ourselves, is so much out of
date,
That to renew 't were to degenerate.
But thou a chosen sacrifice wert given,
And offered up so early unto Heaven,
Thy flames could not be out; religion
was
Rayed into thee like beams into a glass;
Where, as thou grew'st, it multiplied, and
shined
The sacred constellation of thy mind.
But being for a bride, prayer was such
A decried course, sure it prevailed not
much.

ISAAC'S MARRIAGE

Had'st ne'er an oath, nor compliment?
 thou wert
An odd, dull suitor; hadst thou but the
 art
Of these our days, thou couldst have coined
 thee twenty
New several oaths, and compliments too
 plenty.
O sad and wild excess! and happy those
White days, that durst no impious mirth
 expose!
When conscience by lewd use had not
 lost sense,
Nor bold-faced custom banished inno-
 cence!
Thou hadst no pompous train, nor antic
 crowd
Of young, gay swearers, with their need-
 less, loud
Retinue; all was here smooth as thy
 bride,
And calm like her, or that mild evening-
 tide.
Yet hadst thou nobler guests: angels did
 wind,
And rove about thee, guardians of thy
 mind;
These fetched thee home thy bride, and
 all the way
Advised thy servant what to do and say;

ISAAC'S MARRIAGE

These taught him at the well, and thither
brought

The chaste and lovely object of thy thought.
But here was ne'er a compliment, not one
Spruce, supple cringe, or studied look put
on:

All was plain, modest truth: nor did she
come

In rolls and curls, mincing and stately
dumb;

But in a virgin's native blush and fears,
Fresh as those roses which the day-spring
wears.

O sweet, divine simplicity! O grace
Beyond a curlèd lock, or painted face!
A pitcher too she had, nor thought it much
To carry that which some would scorn
to touch;

With which in mild, chaste language she
did woo

To draw him drink, and for his camels
too.

And now thou knew'st her coming, it
was time

To get thee wings on, and devoutly climb
Unto thy God; for marriage of all states
Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates.
This brought thee forth, where now thou
didst undress

Thy soul, and with new pinions refresh

ISAAC'S MARRIAGE

Her wearied wings, which, so restored,
did fly
Above the stars, a track unknown and
high;
And in her piercing flight perfumed the
air,
Scattering the myrrh and incense of thy
prayer.
So from Lahai-roi's ¹well some spicy
cloud,
Wooed by the sun, swells up to be his
shroud,
And from her moist womb weeps a fra-
grant shower,
Which, scattered in a thousand pearls,
each flower
And herb partakes; where having stood
awhile,
And something cooled the parched and
thirsty isle,
The thankful Earth unlocks herself, and
blends
A thousand odours, which, all mixed, she
sends
Up in one cloud, and so returns the skies
That dew they lent, a breathing sacri-
fice.

¹A well in the South Country where Jacob dwelt, between Cadesh and Bered; Heb. the well of him that liveth and seeth me.

ISAAC'S MARRIAGE

Thus soared thy soul, who, though
 young, didst inherit
Together with his blood thy father's spirit,
Whose active zeal and tried faith were to
 thee
Familiar ever since thy infancy.
Others were timed and trained up to 't, but
 thou
Didst thy swift years in piety outgrow.
Age made them reverend, and a snowy
 head,
But thou wert so, e'er Time his snow could
 shed.
Then, who would truly limn thee out, must
 paint
First a young patriarch, then a married
 saint.

The British Church



1

Ah! He is fled!
And while these here their mists and
shadows hatch,
My glorious Head
Doth on those hills of myrrh and incense
watch.

Haste, haste, my Dear!
The soldiers here
Cast in their lots again.
That seamless coat,
The Jews touched not,
These dare divide and stain.

2

O get Thee wings!
Or if as yet (until these clouds depart,
And the day springs),
Thou think'st it good to tarry where Thou
art,

Write in Thy books,
My ravished looks,

THE BRITISH CHURCH

Slain flock, and pillaged fleeces;
And haste Thee so,
As a young roe
Upon the mounts of spices.

*O rosa campi! O liliū convallium! quomodo
nunc facta es pabulum aprorum!*

The Lamp



'Tis dead night round about: Horror
doth creep
And move on with the shades; stars nod
and sleep,
And through the dark air spin a fiery
thread,
Such as doth gild the lazy glow-worm's
bed.

Yet burn'st thou here a full day, while
I spend
My rest in cares, and to the dark world lend
These flames, as thou dost thine to me;
I watch
That hour, which must thy life and mine
dispatch;
But still thou dost outgo me, I can see
Met in thy flames all acts of piety;
Thy light, is Charity; thy heat, is Zeal;
And thy aspiring, active fires reveal
Devotion still on wing; then, thou dost
weep
Still as thou burn'st, and the warm drop-
pings creep

THE LAMP

To measure out thy length, as if thou 'dst
know
What stock, and how much time were left
thee now;
Nor dost thou spend one tear in vain, for
still
As thou dissolv'st to them, and they distil,
They're stored up in the socket, where they
lie,
When all is spent, thy last and sure
supply:
And such is true repentance; every breath
We spend in sighs is treasure after death.
Only one point escapes thee; that thy
oil
Is still out with thy flame, and so both
fail;
But whensoever I'm out, both shall be in,
And where thou mad'st an end, there I'll
begin.

MARK, CAP. 13. VER. 35.

*Watch you therefore, for you know not when
the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at
midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the
morning.*

Man's Fall and Recovery



Farewell, you Everlasting Hills! I'm cast
Here under clouds, where storms and
 tempests blast

 This sullied flower,
Robbed of your calm; nor can I ever make,
'Transplanted thus, one leaf of his t' awake;

 But every hour
He sleeps and droops; and in this drowsy
 state

Leaves me a slave to passions and my
 fate.

 Besides I've lost
A train of lights, which in those sunshine
 days

Were my sure guides; and only with me
 stays,

 Unto my cost,
One sullen beam, whose charge is to
 dispense

More punishment than knowledge to my
 sense.

MAN'S FALL AND RECOVERY

Two thousand years
I sojourned thus. At last Jeshurun's king
Those famous tables did from Sinai bring.
These swelled my fears,
Guilts, trespasses, and all this inward
awe;
For Sin took strength and vigour from the
Law.

Yet have I found
A plenteous way, (thanks to that Holy
One!)
To cancel all that e'er was writ in stone.
His saving wound
Wept blood that broke this adamant, and
gave
To sinners confidence, life to the grave.
This makes me span
My fathers' journeys, and in one fair step
O'er all their pilgrimage and labours leap.
For God (made Man),
Reduced th' extent of works of faith; so
made
Of their Red Sea, a spring: I wash, they
wade.

ROM. CAP. 5. VER. 17.

*As by the offence of one, the fault came on
all men to condemnation; so by the righteous-
ness of One, the benefit abounded towards all
men to the justification of life.*

The Shower

1

'T was so; I saw thy birth. That drowsy
lake
From her faint bosom breathed thee, the
disease
Of her sick waters, and infectious ease.
But now at even,
Too gross for heaven,
Thou fall'st in tears, and weep'st for thy
mistake.

2

Ah! it is so with me; oft have I pressed
Heaven with a lazy breath; but fruitless
this
Pierced not; Love only can with quick
access
Unlock the way,
When all else stray,
The smoke and exhalations of the breast.

3

Yet if, as thou dost melt, and, with thy train
Of drops make soft the earth, my eyes
could weep

THE SHOWER

O'er my hard heart, that's bound up and
asleep,
 Perhaps at last,
 Some such showers past,
My God would give a sunshine after rain.

Distraction



O knit me, that am crumbled dust! the
heap

Is all dispersed and cheap;
Give for a handful but a thought,
And it is bought.

Hadst Thou

Made me a star, a pearl, or a rainbow,
The beams I then had shot
My light had lessened not;

But now

I find myself the less the more I grow.

The world

Is full of voices; Man is called, and hurled
By each; he answers all,
Knows every note and call;

Hence, still

Fresh dotage tempts, or old usurps his
will.

Yet hadst Thou clipped my wings, when
coffin'd in

This quickened mass of sin,
And saved that light, which freely Thou
Didst then bestow,

DISTRACTION

I fear
I should have spurned, and said Thou didst
forbear,
Or that Thy store was less;
But now since Thou didst bless
So much,
I grieve, my God! that Thou hast made
me such.
I grieve?
O, yes! thou know'st I do; come, and
relieve,
And tame, and keep down with Thy light,
Dust that would rise and dim my sight!
Lest left alone too long
Amidst the noise and throng,
Oppressèd I,
Striving to save the whole, by parcels dic.

The Pursuit



Lord! what a busy restless thing
Hast Thou made man!
Each day and hour he is on wing,
Rests not a span;
Then having lost the sun and light,
By clouds surprised,
He keeps a commerce in the night
With air disguised.
Hadst Thou given to this active dust
A state untired,
The lost son had not left the husk,
Nor home desired.
That was Thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too;
For when all fails to bring to bliss,
Then this must do.
Ah! Lord! and what a purchase will that
be,
To take us sick, that sound would not
take Thee!

Mount of Olives



1

Sweet, sacred hill! on whose fair brow
My Saviour sat, shall I allow

Language to love

And idolise some shade or grove,
Neglecting thee? such ill-placed wit,
Conceit, or call it what you please,

Is the brain's fit,

And mere disease.

2

Cotswold and Cooper's both have met
With learnèd swains, and echo yet

Their pipes and wit;

But thou sleep'st in a deep neglect,
Untouched by any; and what need

The sheep bleat thee a silly lay,

That heard'st both reed

And sheepward play?

3

Yet if poets mind thee well,
They shall find thou art their hill,

MOUNT OF OLIVES

And fountain too:
Their Lord with thee had most to do;
He wept once, walked whole nights on
thee;
And from thence (His sufferings ended,)
Unto glory
Was attended.

+

Being there, this spacious ball
Is but His narrow footstool all;
And what we think
Unsearchable, now with one wink
He doth comprise; but in this air,
When He did stay to bear our ill
And sin, this hill
Was then His chair.

The Incarnation and Passion



Lord! when Thou didst Thyself undress,
Laying by Thy robes of glory,
To make us more, Thou wouldst be less,
And becam'st a woeful story.

To put on clouds instead of light,
And clothe the Morning-star with dust,
Was a translation of such height
As, but in Thee, was ne'er expressed.

Brave worms, and earth! that thus could
 have
A God enclosed within your cell,
Your Maker pent up in a grave,
Life locked in death, Heaven in a shell!

Ah, my dear Lord! what couldst Thou spy
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made Thee thus resolve to die
For those that kill Thee every day?

INCARNATION AND PASSION

O what strange wonders could Thee move
To slight Thy precious blood, and breath?
Sure it was Love, my Lord; for Love
Is only stronger far than Death!

The Call



1

Come, my heart! come, my head,
In sighs, and tears!
'Tis now, since you have lain thus dead,
Some twenty years.
Awake, awake,
Some pity take
Upon yourselves!
Who never wake to groan nor weep,
Shall be sentenced for their sleep.



2

Do but see your sad estate,
How many sands
Have left us, while we careless sate
With folded hands;
What stock of nights,
Of days, and years,
In silent flights
Stole by our ears;
How ill have we ourselves bestowed,
Whose suns are all set in a cloud!

THE CALL

3

Yet, come, and let's peruse them all;
And, as we pass,
What sins on every minute fall
Score on the glass;
Then weigh and rate
Their heavy state,
Until
The glass with tears you fill;
That done, we shall be safe and good:
Those beasts were clean that chewed the
cud.

Thou That
Know'st For Whom  
I Mourn

Thou That know'st for whom I mourn,
 And why these tears appear,
That keep'st account till he return
 Of all his dust left here ;
As easily Thou might'st prevent,
 As now produce, these tears,
And add unto that day he went
 A fair supply of years.
But 't was my sin that forced Thy hand
 To cull this primrose out,
That, by Thy early choice forewarned,
 My soul might look about.
O what a vanity is man !
 How like the eye's quick wink
His cottage fails, whose narrow span
 Begins even at the brink !
Nine months Thy hands are fashioning us,
 And many years—alas !—
E'er we can lisp, or aught discuss
 Concerning Thee, must pass ;

THOU THAT KNOW'ST

Yet have I known Thy slightest things,
A feather, or a shell,
A stick, or rod, which some chance brings,
The best of us excel.
Yea, I have known these shreds outlast
A fair-compacted frame,
And for one Twenty we have past
Almost outlive our name.
Thus hast Thou placed in man's outside
Death to the common eye,
That Heaven within him might abide,
And close Eternity.
Hence youth and folly, man's first shame,
Are put unto the slaughter,
And serious thoughts begin to tame
The wise man's madness, laughter.
Dull, wretched worms! that would not keep
Within our first fair bed,
But out of Paradise must creep,
For every foot to tread!
Yet had our pilgrimage been free,
And smooth without a thorn,
Pleasures had foiled Eternity,
And tares had choked the corn.
Thus by the Cross Salvation runs;
Affliction is a mother,
Whose painful throes yield many sons,
Each fairer than the other.
A silent tear can pierce Thy throne,
When loud joys want a wing;

THOU THAT KNOW'ST

And sweeter airs stream from a groan,
 Than any arted string.
Thus, Lord, I see my gain is great,
 My loss but little to it;
Yet something more I must entreat,
 And only Thou canst do it.
O let me, like him, know my end,
 And be as glad to find it;
And whatsoe'er Thou shalt commend,
 Still let Thy servant mind it.
Then make my soul white as his own,
 My faith as pure and steady,
And deck me, Lord, with the same crown
 Thou hast crowned him already!

Vanity of Spirit



Quite spent with thoughts I left my cell,
and lay

Where a shrill spring tuned to the early
day.

I begged here long, and groaned to know
Who gave the clouds so brave a bow,
Who bent the spheres, and circled in
Corruption with this glorious ring;
What is His name, and how I might
Descry some part of His great light.

I summoned nature; pierced through all
her store;

Broke up some seals, which none had
touched before;

Her womb, her bosom, and her head,

Where all her secrets lay a-bed,

I rifled quite; and having past

Through all the creatures, came at last

To search myself, where I did find

Traces and sounds of a strange kind.

Here of this mighty spring I found some
drills,

With echoes beaten from th' Eternal Hills.

VANITY OF SPIRIT

Weak beams and fires flashed to my sight,
Like a young East, or moonshine night,
Which showed me in a nook cast by
A piece of much antiquity,
With hieroglyphics quite dismembered,
And broken letters scarce remembered.
I took them up, and (much joyed,) went
about
T' unite those pieces, hoping to find out
The mystery; but this near done,
That little light I had was gone.
It grieved me much. At last, said I,
“ Since in these veils my eclipsed eye
May not approach Thee, (for at night
Who can have commerce with the light?)
I'll disapparel, and to buy
But one half glance, most gladly die”.

The Retreat



Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back (at that short space),
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud, or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of Eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;

THE RETREAT

From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of palm-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

Come, Come!
What do I Here?



1

Come, come! what do I here?
Since he is gone,
Each day is grown a dozen year,
And each hour, one.
Come, come!
Cut off the sum:
By these soiled tears!
(Which only Thou
Know'st to be true,)
Days are my fears.

2

There's not a wind can stir,
Or beam pass by,
But straight I think, though far,
Thy hand is nigh.
Come, come!
Strike these lips dumb:
This restless breath,
That soils Thy name,
Will ne'er be tame,
Until in death.

WHAT DO I HERE?

3

Perhaps some think a tomb
 No house of store,
But a dark and sealed-up womb,
 Which ne'er breeds more.
 Come, come!
Such thoughts benumb;
But I would be
With him I weep
A-bed, and sleep
To wake in Thee.

Midnight



1

When to my eyes,
Whilst deep sleep others catches,
Thine host of spies,
The stars, shine in their watches,
I do survey
Each busy ray,
And how they work and wind;
And wish each beam
My soul doth stream
With the like ardour shined.
What emanations,
Quick vibrations,
And bright stirs are there!
What thin ejections,
Cold affections,
And slow motions here!

2

Thy heavens, some say,
Are a fiery-liquid light,
Which, mingling aye,
Streams and flames thus to the sight.

MIDNIGHT

Come then, my God!
Shine on this blood
And water, in one beam;
And Thou shalt see,
Kindled by Thee,
Both liquors burn and stream.
O what bright quickness,
Active brightness,
And celestial flows,
Will follow after,
On that water
Which Thy Spirit blows!

MATTH. CAP. 3. VER. 11.

I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but He That cometh after me, is mightier than I; Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.

Content

1

Peace, peace! I know 't was brave;
 But this coarse fleece
I shelter in, is slave
 To no such piece.
 When I am gone,
I shall no wardrobes leave
 To friend or son,
But what their own homes weave.

2

Such, though not proud nor full,
 May make them weep,
And mourn to see the wool
 Outlast the sheep;
 Poor, pious wear!
Hadst thou been rich, or fine,
 Perhaps that tear
Had mourned thy loss, not mine.

3

Why then these curled, puffed points,
 Or a laced story?

CONTENT

Death sets all out of joint,
And scorns their glory.
Some love a rose
In hand, some in the skin;
But, cross to those,
I would have mine *within*.

Joy of my Life
while Left Me
Here!



1

Joy of my life while left me here!
And still my love!
How in thy absence thou dost steer
Me from above!
A life well led
This truth commends;
With quick or dead
It never ends.

2

Stars are of mighty use; the night
Is dark, and long;
The road foul; and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray,
Shot o'er some cloud,
May clear much way,
And guide a crowd.

JOY OF MY LIFE

3

God's saints are shining lights : who stays
Here long must pass
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glass ;
But these all night,
Like candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into bed.

4

They are, indeed, our pillar-fires,
Seen as we go ;
They are that City's shining spires
We travel to.
A swordlike gleam
Kept man for sin
First *out* : this beam
Will guide him *in*.

The Storm



1

I see the use; and know my blood
 Is not a sea,
But a shallow, bounded flood,
 Though red as he;
Yet have I flows as strong as his,
 And boiling streams that rave
With the same curling force, and hiss
 As doth the mountained wave.

2

But when his waters billow thus,
 Dark storms and wind
Incite them to that fierce discuss,
 Else not inclined.
Thus the enlarged, enraged air
 Uncalms these to a flood;
But still the weather that's most fair
 Breeds tempests in my blood.

3

Lord, then round me with weeping clouds,
 And let my mind

THE STORM

in quick blasts sigh beneath those shrouds,
 A spirit-wind;
So shall that storm purge this recluse
 Which sinful ease made foul,
And wind and water, to Thy use,
 Both wash and wing my soul.

The Morning- watch



O Joys! infinite sweetness! with what
flowers

And shoots of glory my soul breaks and
buds!

All the long hours
Of night and rest,
Through the still shrouds
Of sleep and clouds,
This dew fell on my breast;
O how it bloods,

And spirits all my earth! hark! in what
rings

And hymning circulations the quick world
Awakes and sings!

The rising winds,
And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore Him in their kinds.

Thus all is hurled
In sacred hymns and order, the great
Chime

And Symphony of Nature. Prayer is

THE MORNING-WATCH

The world in tune,
A spirit-voice,
And vocal joys,
Whose echo is Heaven's bliss.
O let me climb
When I lie down! The pious soul by night
Is like a clouded star, whose beams,
though said
To shed their light
Under some cloud,
Yet are above,
And shine and move
Beyond that misty shroud.
So in my bed,
That curtained grave, though sleep, like
ashes, hide
My lamp and life, both shall in Thee abide.

The Evening- watch

A DIALOGUE

Body.

Farewell! I go to sleep; but, when
The day-star springs, I'll wake again.

Soul.

Go, sleep in peace; and when thou liest
Unnumbered in thy dust, when all this
frame
Is but one dram, and what thou now
descriest

In several parts shall want a name,
Then may His peace be with thee, and
each dust
Writ in His book, Who ne'er betrayed
man's trust.

Body.

Amen! but hark, e'er we two stray,
How many hours dost think till day?

THE EVENING-WATCH

Soul.

Ah! go; thou'rt weak and sleepy.
Heaven
Is a plain watch, and, without figures,
winds
All ages up; Who drew this circle, even
He fills it; days and hours are blinds.
Yet this take with thee; the last gasp
of Time
Is thy first breath, and man's eternal
prime

Silence and
Stealth of Days!



Silence and stealth of days! 'Tis now,
 Since thou art gone,
Twelve hundred hours, and not a brow
 But clouds hang on.
As he that in some cave's thick damp,
 Locked from the light,
Fixeth a solitary lamp,
 To brave the night,
And, walking from his sun, when past
 That glimmering ray,
Cuts through the heavy mists in haste
 Back to his day;
So o'er fled minutes I retreat
 Unto that hour,
Which showed thee last, but did defeat
 Thy light and power.
I search and rack my soul to see
 Those beams again;
But nothing but the snuff to me
 Appeareth plain.

SILENCE

That, dark and dead, sleeps in its known
And common urn;
But those, fled to their Maker's throne,
There shine and burn.
O could I track them! but souls must
Track one the other;
And now the spirit, not the dust,
Must be thy brother.
Yet I have one Pearl, by Whose light
All things I see;
And in the heart of Earth and Night
Find Heaven and thee.

Church-Service



1

Blest be the God of harmony and
love!

The God above!

And holy Dove!

Whose interceding, spiritual groans

Make restless moans

For dust and stones;

For dust in every part,

But a hard, stony heart.

2

O how in this Thy quire of souls I
stand,

Propped by Thy hand,

A heap of sand!

Which busy thoughts, like winds, would
scatter quite,

And put to flight,

But for Thy might;

Thy hand alone doth tame

Those blasts, and knit my frame;

CHURCH-SERVICE

3

So that both stones, and dust, and all of
me

Jointly agree

To cry to Thee;

And in this music, by Thy martyrs' blood

Sealed and made good,

Present, O God,

The echo of these stones;

My sighs, and groans!

Burial



1

O Thou! the first-fruits of the dead,
 And their dark bed,
When I am cast into that deep
 And senseless sleep,
 The wages of my sin:
 O then,
Thou great Preserver of all men,
 Watch o'er that loose
 And empty house,
 Which I sometime lived in!

2

It is, in truth, a ruined piece,
 Not worth Thy eyes;
And scarce a room, but wind and rain
 Beat through and stain
 The seats, and cells within;
 Yet Thou,
Led by Thy love, wouldst stoop thus low,
 And in this cot,
 All filth and spot,
 Didst with Thy servant inn.

BURIAL

3

And nothing can, I hourly see,
Drive Thee from me:
Thou art the same, faithful and just,
In life or dust.
Though then, thus crumbed, I stray
In blasts,
Or exhalations, and wastes
Beyond all eyes,
Yet Thy love spies
That change, and knows Thy clay.

4

The world's Thy box: how then, there
tossed,
Can I be lost?
But the delay is all; Time now
Is old and slow;
His wings are dull and sickly.
Yet he
Thy servant is, and waits on Thee.
Cut then the sum:
Lord, haste, Lord, come,
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly!

ROM. CAP. 8. VER. 23.

And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.

Cheerfulness



1

Lord, with what courage and delight
I do each thing,
When Thy least breath sustains my wing!
I shine and move
Like those above,
And, with much gladness
Quitting sadness,
Make me fair days of every night.

2

Affliction thus mere pleasure is ;
And hap what will,
If Thou be in 't, 't is welcome still.
But since Thy rays
In sunny days
Thou dost thus lend,
And freely spend,
Ah! what shall I return for this?

3

O that I were all soul! that Thou
Wouldst make each part

CHEERFULNESS

Of this poor, sinful frame, pure heart!
Then would I drown
My single one;
And to Thy praise
A consort raise
Of hallelujahs here below.

Sure, there's a
Tie of Bodies!

1

Sure, there's a tie of bodies! and as they
Dissolve with it to clay,
Love languisheth, and memory doth rust,
O'er cast with that cold dust;
For things thus centred, without beams
or action,
Nor give nor take contactation;
And man is such a marigold, these fled,
That shuts and hangs the head.

2

Absents within the line conspire, and sense
Things distant doth unite;
Herbs sleep unto the East, and some
fowls thence
Watch the returns of light.
But hearts are not so kind: false, short
delights
Tell us the world is brave,
And wrap us in imaginary flights,
Wide of a faithful grave.

SURE, THERE'S A TIE

3

Thus Lazarus was carried out of town;
For 'tis our Foe's chief art,
By distance all good objects first to drown,
And then besiege the heart.
But I will be my own death's-head; and
though
The flatterer say I live,
Because incertainties we cannot know,
Be sure not to believe.

Peace



My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits, crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend
And (O my soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, Who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

The Passion



1

O my Chief Good!
My dear, dear God!
When Thy blest blood
Did issue forth, forced by the rod,
What pain didst Thou
Feel in each blow!
How didst Thou weep,
And Thyself steep
In Thy own precious, saving tears!
What cruel smart
Did tear Thy heart!
How didst Thou groan it
In the spirit,
O Thou, Whom my soul loves and fears!

2

Most blessèd Vine!
Whose juice so good
I feel as wine,
But Thy fair branches felt as blood,
How wert Thou pressed
To be my feast!

THE PASSION

In what deep anguish
Didst Thou languish!
What springs of sweat and blood did
drown Thee!
How in one path
Did the full wrath
Of Thy great Father
Crowd and gather,
Doubling Thy griefs, when none would
own Thee!

3

How did the weight
Of all our sins,
And death unite
To wrench and rack Thy blessed limbs!
How pale and bloody
Looked Thy body!
How bruised and broke,
With every stroke!
How meek, and patient was Thy spirit!
How didst Thou cry,
And groan on high
"Father forgive,
And let them live!
I die to make My foes inherit!"

4

O blessèd Lamb;
That took'st my sin,

THE PASSION

That took'st my shame,
How shall Thy dust Thy praises sing!
I would I were
One hearty tear!
One constant spring!
Then would I bring
Thee two small mites, and be at strife
Which should most vie,
My heart, or eye,
Teaching my years
In smiles and tears
To weep, to sing, Thy death, my life.

And do they So?
Have they a
Sense



ROM. CAP. 8. VER. 19

*Etenim res creatae exerto capite observantes
expectant revelationem filiorum Dei.*

I

And do they so? have they a sense
Of aught but influence?
Can they their heads lift, and expect,
And groan too? why th' elect,
Can do no more: my volumes said
They were all dull, and dead;
They judged them senseless, and their state
Wholly inanimate.
Go, go; seal up thy looks,
And burn thy books!

2

I would I were a stone, or tree,
Or flower by pedigree,
Or some poor highway herb, or spring
To flow, or bird to sing!
Then should I (tied to one sure state,)
All day expect my date.

AND DO THEY SO?

But I am sadly loose, and stray,
A giddy blast each way;
O let me not thus range!
Thou canst not change.

3

Sometimes I sit with Thee, and tarry
An hour or so, then vary.
Thy other creatures in this scene
Thee only aim and mean;
Some rise to seek Thee, and with heads
Erect peep from their beds;
Others, whose birth is in the tomb,
And cannot quit the womb,
Sigh there, and groan for Thee,
Their liberty.

4

O let not me do less! shall they
Watch, while I sleep or play?
Shall I Thy mercies still abuse
With fancies, friends, or news?
O brook it not! Thy blood is mine,
And my soul should be Thine;
O brook it not! why wilt Thou stop
After whole showers one drop?
Sure, Thou wilt joy to see
Thy sheep with Thee.

The Relapse



My God, how gracious art Thou! I had
slipped

Almost to Hell,

And, on the verge of that dark, dreadful
pit

Did hear them yell;

But O Thy love! Thy rich, almighty love,

That saved my soul,

And checked their fury, when I saw them
move,

And heard them howl!

O my sole Comfort, take no more these
ways,

This hideous path,

And I will mend my own without delays:

Cease Thou Thy wrath!

I have deserved a thick, Egyptian damp,

(Dark as my deeds,)

Should mist within me, and put out that
lamp

Thy Spirit feeds;

A darting conscience full of stabs and
fears,

No shade but yew,

THE RELAPSE

Sullen and sad eclipses, cloudy spheres,
 These are my due.
But He That with His blood, (a price too
 dear,)
 My scores did pay,
Bid me, by virtue from Him, challenge here
 The brightest day;
Sweet, downy thoughts, soft lily-shades,
 calm streams,
 Joys full and true,
Fresh, spicy mornings, and eternal beams,—
 These are His due.

The Resolve



I have considered it; and find
 A longer stay
Is but excused neglect. To mind
 One path, and stray
Into another, or to none,
 Cannot be love;
When shall that traveller come home,
 That will not move?
If thou would'st thither, linger not,
 Catch at the place;
Tell youth and beauty they must rot,
 They're but a case;
Loose, parcelled hearts will freeze: the sun
 With scattered locks
Scarce warms, but by contraction
 Can heat rocks.
Call in thy powers; run, and reach
 Home with the light;
Be there before the shadows stretch,
 And span up night.
Follow the cry no more: there is
 An ancient way

THE RESOLVE

All strewed with flowers and happiness,
And fresh as May;
There turn, and turn no more. Let wits
Smile at fair eyes,
Or lips; but who there weeping sits,
Hath got the prize.

The Match



I

Dear friend! whose holy, ever-living lines
 Have done much good
 To many, and have checked my blood,
My fierce, wild blood, that still heaves and
 inclines,
 But is still tamed
By those bright fires which thee inflamed;
Here I join hands, and thrust my stubborn
 heart
 Into thy deed,
 There from no duties to be freed;
And if hereafter youth or folly thwart
 And claim their share,
 Here I renounce the poisonous ware.

II

Accept, dread Lord, the poor oblation;
 It is but poor;
 Yet through Thy mercies may be more.
O Thou! That canst not wish my soul's
 damnation,
 Afford me life,
And save me from all inward strife!

THE MATCH

Two lives I hold from Thee, my gracious
Lord,
Both cost Thee dear;
For one, I am Thy tenant here;
The other, the true life, in the next world
And endless is,
O let me still mind *that* in *this*!
To Thee therefore my thoughts, words,
actions
I do resign;
Thy will in all be done, not mine.
Settle my house, and shut out all distractions
That may unknit
My heart, and Thee planted in it;
Lord Jesu! Thou didst bow Thy blessed
head
Upon a tree,
O do as much, now unto me!
O hear, and heal Thy servant! Lord, strike
dead
All lusts in me,
Who only wish life to serve Thee!
Suffer no more this dust to overflow
And drown my eyes;
But seal, or pin them to Thy skies.
And let this grain, which here in tears I sow,
Though dead and sick,
Through Thy increase grow new and
quick.

Rules and Lessons



When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul
leave

To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and
heave

Unto their God, as flowers do to the
sun.

Give Him thy first thoughts then; so
shalt thou keep

Him company all day, and in Him
sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer should
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful
hours

'Twixt Heaven and us. The manna was
not good

After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowers.

Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins
glut,

And Heaven's gate opens when this
world's is shut.

RULES AND LESSONS

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the
hush
And whispers amongst them. There's not
a spring,
Or leaf but hath his morning-hymn.
Each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou
not sing?
O leave thy cares, and follies! go this
way;
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not
go,
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him; and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did
shine.
Pour oil upon the stones; weep for thy
sin;
Then journey on, and have an eye to
Heaven.

Mornings are mysteries; the first world's
youth,
Man's resurrection, and the Future's bud
Shroud in their births: The Crown of life,
light, truth
Is styled their "star", the "stone", and
"hidden food".

RULES AND LESSONS

Three blessings wait upon them, two of
which
Should move; they make us holy, happy,
rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm
abroad,
Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each
clay;
Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may.
Yet keep those cares without thee, let
the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better
part.

Through all thy actions, counsels, and
discourse,
Let mildness and religion guide thee out;
If truth be thine, what needs a brutish
force?
But what's not good and just ne'er go
about.
Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten
stick;
That gain is dreadful, which makes
spirits sick.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true;
If priest and people change, keep thou
thy ground.

RULES AND LESSONS

Who sells Religion, is a Judas Jew;
And, oaths once broke, the soul cannot
be sound.

The perjurer's a devil let loose: what
can

Tie up his hands, that dares mock God,
and man?

Seek not the same steps with the crowd;
stick thou

To thy sure trot; a constant, humble mind
Is both his own joy, and his Maker's too;
Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.

A sweet self-privacy in a right soul
Outruns the earth, and lines the utmost
pole.

To all that seek thee, bear an open heart;
Make not thy breast a labyrinth or trap;
If trials come, this will make good thy
part,

For honesty is safe, come what can hap;
It is the good man's feast, the prince
of flowers,

Which thrives in storms, and smells best
after showers.

Seal not thy eyes up from the poor, but
give

Proportion to their merits and thy purse;

RULES AND LESSONS

Thou may'st in rags a mighty prince
relieve,

Who, when thy sins call for't, can fence
a curse.

Thou shalt not lose one mite. Though
waters stray,

The bread we cast returns in fraughts
one day.

Spend not an hour so as to weep another,
For tears are not thine own; if thou giv'st
words,

Dash not thy friend, nor Heaven; O smother
A viperous thought; some syllables are
swords.

Unbitted tongues are in their penance
double;

They shame their owners, and the
hearers trouble.

Injure not modest blood, whose spirits rise
In judgment against lewdness; that's base
wit,

That voids but filth and stench. Hast
thou no prize

But sickness or infection? stifle it.

Who makes his jest of sins, must be at
least

If not a very devil, worse than a beast.

RULES AND LESSONS

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed;
But meet to quench his longings, and
thy thirst;
Allow your joys Religion: that done, speed,
And bring the same man back, thou wert
at first.

Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,
But shuts his door, and leaves God out
all night.

To heighten thy devotions, and keep low
All mutinous thoughts, what business e'er
thou hast,
Observe God in His works; here fountains
flow,
Birds sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and th'
earth stands fast;
Above are restless motions, running
lights,
Vast circling azure, giddy clouds, days,
nights.

When seasons change, then lay before
thine eyes
His wondrous method; mark the various
scenes
In heaven; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow,
and ice,
Calms, tempests, light, and darkness, by
His means;

RULES AND LESSONS

Thou canst not miss His praise; each
tree, herb, flower
Are shadows of His wisdom, and His
power.

To meals when thou dost come, give Him
the praise
Whose arm supplied thee; take what may
suffice,
And then be thankful; O admire His ways
Who fills the world's unemptied granaries!
A thankless feeder is a thief, his feast
A very robbery, and himself no guest.

High-noon thus passed, thy time decays;
provide
Thee other thoughts: away with friends
and mirth;
The sun now stoops, and hastes his beams
to hide
Under the dark and melancholy earth.
All but preludes thy end. Thou art the
man
Whose rise, height, and descent, is but
a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 't is well. Have all
Thy beams home with thee: trim thy
lamp, buy oil,

RULES AND LESSONS

And then set forth; who is thus dressed,
the Fall

Furthers his glory, and gives Death the
foil.

Man is a summer's day; whose youth
and fire

Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds; make
plain the way

'Twi'x Heaven and thee; block it not with
delays;

But perfect all before thou sleep'st; then
say

"There's one sun more strung on my
bead of days".

What's good score up for joy; the bad,
well scanned,

Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's
hand.

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the
grave one hour

Before thy time; be not a stranger there,
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages; Life's
poor flower

Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits
fear

This conversation; but the good man lies
Entombèd many days before he dies.

RULES AND LESSONS

Being laid, and dressed for sleep, close not
thy eyes
Up with thy curtains; give thy soul the
wing
In some good thoughts; so, when the day
shall rise,
And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks
will bring
New flames; besides where these lodge,
vain heats mourn
And die; that Bush, where God is, shall
not burn.

When thy nap's over, stir thy fire, unrake
In that dead age; one beam i' th' dark
outvies
Two in the day; then from the damps and
ache
Of night shut up thy leaves; be chaste;
God pries
Through thickest nights; though then
the sun be far,
Do thou the works of day, and rise a
star.

Briefly, "Do as thou would'st be done
unto",
"Love God, and love thy neighbour";
"Watch, and Pray".

RULES AND LESSONS

These are the words, and works of life;
this do,

And live; who doth not thus, hath lost
Heaven's way.

O lose it not! look up, wilt change
those lights

For chains of darkness and eternal
nights?

Corruption



Sure, it was so. Man in those early
days

Was not all stone and earth;
He shined a little, and by those weak rays
Had some glimpse of his birth.

He saw Heaven o'er his head, and knew
from whence

He came, condemnèd, hither,
And, as first Love draws strongest, so
from hence

His mind sure progressed thither.
Things here were strange unto him: sweat
and till;

All was a thorn or weed;
Nor did those last, but, like himself, died
still

As soon as they did seed;
They seemed to quarrel with him; for that
act,

That fell him, foiled them all;
He drew the curse upon the world, and
cracked

The whole frame with his fall.

CORRUPTION

This made him long for home, as loth
to stay

With murmurers and foes;
He sighed for Eden, and would often
say

“Ah! what bright days were
those!”

Nor was Heaven cold unto him; for each
day

The valley, or the mountain
Afforded visits, and still Paradise lay
In some green shade or fountain.
Angels lay lieger here; each bush, and
cell,

Each oak and highway knew them:
Walk but the fields, or sit down at some
well,

And he was sure to view them.
Almighty Love! where art Thou now? mad
man

Sits down, and freezeth on:
He raves, and swears to stir nor fire, nor
fan,

But bids the thread be spun.
I see Thy curtains are close-drawn; Thy
bow

Looks dim too in the cloud;
Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk
below

The centre, and his shroud.

CORRUPTION

All's in deep sleep and night; thick darkness lies

And hatcheth o'er Thy people--

But hark! what trumpet's that, what angel cries

“Arise! thrust in Thy sickle!”

Holy Scriptures

Welcome, dear book, soul's joy and food!
The feast
Of spirits: Heaven extracted lies in thee.
Thou art Life's charter, the Dove's spot-
less nest
Where souls are hatched unto Eternity.

In thee the Hidden Stone, the Manna lies;
Thou art the Great Elixir, rare and choice;
The Key that opens to all mysteries,
The Word in characters, God in the voice.

O that I had deep cut in my hard heart
Each line in thee! Then would I plead
in groans
Of my Lord's penning, and by sweetest art
Return upon Himself, the Law, and
Stones.

Read here, my faults are Thine. This
Book and I
Will tell Thee so; Sweet Saviour, Thou
didst die!

Unprofitableness



How rich, O Lord, how fresh Thy visits
are!

'T was but just now my bleak leaves hope-
less hung,

Sullied with dust and mud;

Each snarling blast shot through me, and
did shear

Their youth and beauty; cold showers
nipped and wrung

Their spiciness and blood;

But since Thou didst in one sweet glance
survey

Their sad decays, I flourish, and once
more

Breathe all perfumes and spice;

I smell a dew like myrrh, and all the
day

Wear in my bosom a full sun; such
store

Hath one beam from Thy eyes.

But, ah, my God! what fruit hast Thou
of this?

What one poor leaf did ever I let fall

UNPROFITABLENESS

To wait upon Thy wreath?
Thus Thou all day a thankless weed dost
dress,
And when Th' hast done, a stench or fog
is all
The odour I bequeath.

Christ's Nativity



1

Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!
It is the birth-day of thy King.

Awake! awake!

The sun doth shake
Light from his locks, and, all the way
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

2

Awake, awake! hark how th' wood rings;
Winds whisper, and the busy springs

A consort make;

Awake! awake!

Man is their high-priest, and should rise
To offer up the sacrifice.

3

I would I were some bird, or star,
Fluttering in woods, or lifted far

Above this inn

And rod of sin!

Then either star or bird should be
Shining or singing still to Thee.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY

4

I would I had in my best part
Fit rooms for Thee! or that my heart
Were so clean as
Thy manger was!
But I am all filth, and obscene;
Yet, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make clean.

5

Sweet Jesu! will then. Let no more
This leper haunt and soil Thy door!
Cure him, ease him,
O release him!
And let once more, by mystic birth,
The Lord of Life be born in Earth.

II

How kind is Heaven to man! If here
One sinner doth amend,
Straight there is joy, and every sphere
In music doth contend.
And shall we then no voices lift?
Are mercy and salvation
Not worth our thanks? Is life a gift
Of no more acceptance?
Shall He That did come down from thence,
And here for us was slain,
Shall He be now cast off? no sense
Of all His woes remain?

CHRIST'S NATIVITY

Can neither love nor sufferings bind?
Are we all stone and earth?
Neither His bloody passions mind,
Nor one day bless His birth?
Alas, my God! Thy birth, now here,
Must not be numbered in the year.

The Check



I

Peace, peace! I blush to hear thee; when
thou art
 A dusty story,
A speechless heap, and in the midst my
heart,
 In the same livery dressed,
Lies tame as all the rest;
When six years thence digged up, some
youthful eye
 Seeks there for symmetry,
But finding none, shall leave thee to the
wind,
 Or the next foot to crush,
Scattering thy kind,
And humble dust,—tell then, dear flesh,
Where is thy glory?

2

As he that in the midst of day expects
 The hideous night,
Sleeps not, but shaking off sloth and
neglects,

THE CHECK

Works with the sun, and sets,
Paying the day its debts;
That (for repose and darkness bound,) he
might
Rest from the fears i' th' night;
So should we too. All things teach us
to die,
And point us out the way;
While we pass by,
And mind it not; play not away
Thy glimpse of light:

3

View thy forerunners: creatures, given
to be
Thy youth's companions,
Take their leave, and die; birds, beasts,
each tree
All that have growth or breath,
Have one large language, Death!
O then play not! but strive to Him, Who
can
Make these sad shades pure sun,
Turning their mists to beams, their damps
to day;
Whose power doth so excel
As to make clay
A spirit, and true glory dwell
In dust and stones.

THE CHECK

4

Hark, how He doth invite thee! with
what voice

Of love and sorrow

He begs and calls! "O, that in these thy
days

Thou knew'st but thy own good!"

Shall not the cries of blood,

Of God's own blood, awake thee? He
bids beware

Of drunk'ness, surfeits, care;

But thou sleep'st on; where's now thy
protestation,

Thy lines, thy love? Away!

Redeem the day;

The day that gives no observation

Perhaps to-morrow.

Disorder and Frailty



1

When first Thou didst even from the grave
And womb of darkness beckon out
My brutish soul, and to Thy slave
Becam'st Thyself both guide and scout;

Even from that hour

Thou got'st my heart; and though here
tossed

By winds, and bit with frost,

I pine and shrink,

Breaking the link

'Twixt Thee and me; and oft-times creep
Into th' old silence, and dead sleep,

Quitting Thy way

All the long day;

Yet, sure, my God! I love Thee most.

Alas, Thy Love!

2

I threaten Heaven, and from my cell
Of clay and frailty break and bud,
Touched by Thy fire and breath; Thy blood
Too is my dew, and springing well.

DISORDER AND FRAILTY

But while I grow
And stretch to Thee, aiming at all
Thy stars and spangled hall,
Each fly doth taste
Poison, and blast
My yielding leaves; sometimes a shower
Beats them quite off; and in an hour
Not one poor shoot,
But the bare root,
Hid underground, survives the fall.
Alas, frail weed!

3

Thus like some sleeping exhalation,
Which, waked by heat and beams, makes
up
Unto that comforter, the sun,
And soars, and shines; but ere we sup
And walk two steps,
Cooled by the damps of night, descends,
And, whence it sprung, there ends;—
Doth my weak fire
Pine, and retire;
And, after all my height of flames,
In sickly expirations tames,
Leaving me dead
On my first bed,
Until Thy sun again ascends.
Poor, falling star!

DISORDER AND FRAILTY

4

O, yes! but give wings to my fire;
And hatch my soul, until it fly
Up where Thou art, amongst Thy tire
Of stars, above infirmity;

Let not perverse
And foolish thoughts add to my bill
Of forward sins, and kill
That seed, which Thou
In me didst sow;

But dress, and water with Thy grace,
Together with the seed, the place;

And, for His sake
Who died to stake
His life for mine, tune to Thy will
My heart, my verse.

HOSEA, CAP. 6. VER. 4.

*O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O
Judah, how shall I intreat thee? for thy good-
ness is as a morning cloud, and as the early
dew it goeth away.*

Idle Verse



Go, go, quaint follies, sugared sin,
Shadow no more my door!
I will no longer cobwebs spin;
I'm too much on the score.

For since amidst my youth and night
My great Preserver smiles,
We'll make a match, my only Light,
And join against their wiles.

Blind, desperate fits, that study how
To dress and trim our shame;
That gild rank poison, and allow
Vice in a fairer name;

The purls of youthful blood, and bows
Lust in the robes of love,
The idle talk of feverish souls
Sick with a scarf or glove;

Let it suffice my warmer days
Simpred and shined on you;
Twist not my cypress with your bays
Or roses with my yew.

IDLE VERSE

Go, go, seek out some greener thing ;
It snows and freezeth here ;
Let nightingales attend the Spring ;
Winter is all my year.

Son-Days



1

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots
of bliss;

Heaven once a week;

The next world's gladness prepossessed in
this;

A day to seek

Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and
the rich,

And full redemption of the whole week's
flight!

2

The pulleys unto headlong man; Time's
bower;

The narrow way;

Transplanted Paradise; God's walking
hour;

The cool o' th' day!

SIX-DAYS

The creature's Jubilee; God's parle with
dust;
Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh
and flowers;
Angels descending; the returns of trust;
A Gleam of glory after six-days-showers!

3

The Church's love-feasts; Time's pre-
rogative,
And interest
Deducted from the whole; the combs, and
hive,
And home of rest.

The milky way chalked out with suns, a
clue
That guides through erring hours; and,
in full story,
A taste of Heaven on earth; the pledge
and cue
Of a full feast; and the out-courts of
glory.

Repentance



Lord, since Thou didst in this vile clay
 That sacred ray,
Thy Spirit, plant, quickening the whole
 With that one grain's infused wealth,
My forward flesh crept on, and subtly
 stole
 Both growth and power; checking the
 health
And heat of Thine. That little gate
 And narrow way, by which to Thee
The passage is, he termed a grate
 And entrance to captivity:
Thy laws but nets, where some small
 birds,
 (And those but seldom too,) were
 caught,
Thy promises but empty words
 Which none but children heard, or
 taught.
This I believed: and though a friend
 Came oft from far, and whispered, "No";
Yet, that not sorting to my end,
 I wholly listened to my foe.

REPENTANCE

Wherefore, pierced through with grief, my
sad,

Seducèd soul sighs up to Thee ;
To Thee, Who with true light art clad,
And seest all things just as they be.
Look from Thy throne upon this roll
Of heavy sins, my high transgressions,
Which I confess with all my soul ;
My God, accept of my confession !

It was last day,
(Touched with the guilt of my own
way,)

I sat alone, and taking up
The bitter cup,
Through all Thy fair and various store,
Sought out what might outvie my score.
The blades of grass Thy creatures feed-
ing ;
The trees, their leaves ; the flowers, their
seeding ;
The dust, of which I am a part ;
The stones, much softer than my
heart ;
The drops of rain, the sighs of wind,
The stars, to which I am stark blind ;
The dew Thy herbs drink up by night,
The beams they warm them at i' th'
light ;
All that have signature or life
I summoned to decide this strife ;

REPENTANCE

And lest I should lack for arrears,
A spring ran by, I told her tears;
But when these came unto the scale,
My sins alone outweighed them all.
O my dear God! my life, my love!
Most blessed Lamb! and mildest Dove!
Forgive your penitent offender,
And no more his sins remember;
Scatter these shades of death, and give
Light to my soul, that it may live;
Cut me not off for my transgressions,
Wilful rebellions, and suppressions;
But give them in those streams a part
Whose spring is in my Saviour's heart.
Lord, I confess the heinous score,
And pray I may do so no more;
Though then all sinners I exceed;
O think on this; "Thy Son did bleed!"
O call to mind His wounds, His woes,
His Agony, and bloody throes;
Then look on all that Thou hast made,
And mark how they do fail and fade;
The heavens themselves, though fair and
bright,
Are dark and unclean in Thy sight;
How then, with Thee, can man be holy,
Who dost Thine angels charge with
folly?
O what am I, that I should breed
Figs on a thorn, flowers on a weed?

REPENTANCE

I am the gourd of sin and sorrow,
Growing o'ernight, and gone to-morrow.
In all this round of Life and Death
Nothing's more vile than is my breath;
Profaneness on my tongue doth rest,
Defects and darkness in my breast;
Pollutions all my body wed,
And even my soul to Thee is dead;
Only in Him, on Whom I feast,
Both soul and body are well dressed;
His pure perfection quits all score,
And fills the boxes of His poor;
He is the centre of long life and light;
I am but finite, He is infinite.
O let Thy justice then in Him confine;
And through His merits make Thy mercy
mine!

The Burial of an Infant



Blest infant bud, whose blossom-life
Did only look about, and fall,
Wearied out in a harmless strife
Of tears, and milk, the food of all!

Sweetly didst thou expire: thy soul
Flew home unstained by his new kin;
For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
Death weaned thee from the world and sin.

Softly rest all thy virgin-crumbs!
Lapped in the sweets of thy young breath,
Expecting till thy Saviour comes
To dress them, and unswaddle death.

Faith



Bright and blest beam! whose strong
projection,

Equal to all,

Reacheth as well things of dejection,

As th' high and tall;

How hath my God by raying thee

Enlarged His Spouse,

And of a private family

Made open house!

All may be now co-heirs; no noise

Of bond or free

Can interdict us from those joys

That wait on thee.

The Law and ceremonies made

A glorious night,

Where stars and clouds both, light and
shade,

Had equal right;

But, as in Nature, when the day

Breaks, night adjourns,

Stars shut up shop, mists pack away,

And the moon mourns;

So, when the Sun of Righteousness

Did once appear,

FAITH

That scene was changed, and a new dress
 Left for us here;
Veils became useless, altars fell,
 Fires smoking die;
And all that sacred pomp, and shell
 Of things did fly.
Then did He shine forth, Whose sad fall,
 And bitter fights
Were figured in those mystical
 And cloudy rites;
And as i' th' natural sun, these three,
 Light, motion, heat,
So are now Faith, Hope, Charity
 Through Him complete;
Faith spans up bliss; what Sin and Death
 Put us quite from,
Lest we should run for't out of breath,
 Faith brings us home;
So that I need no more but say
 " I do believe ",
And my most loving Lord straightway
 Doth answer, " Live! "

The Dawning



Ah! what time wilt Thou come? when
 shall that cry
"The Bridegroom 's coming!" fill the sky?
Shall it in the evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will Thy all-surprising light
 Break at midnight,
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early, fragrant hours
 Unlock Thy bowers?
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crowned with Eternity?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with Thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring, every field
 Full hymns doth yield;
The whole creation shakes off night,
And for Thy shadow looks, the light;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepy planets set and slumber,
The pury clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter,
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
 That morning-star.

THE DAWNING

O at what time soever Thou,
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
And, with Thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security,
Where, if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave;
But as this restless, vocal spring
All day and night doth run, and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted;
So let me all my busy age
In Thy free services engage;
And though (while here) of force I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel flow,
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above;
So when that day and hour shall come,
In which Thy Self will be the sun,
Thou 'lt find me dressed and on my way,
Watching the break of Thy great day.

Admission



I

How shrill are silent tears! when sin got
head

And all my bowels turned
To brass and iron; when my stock lay
dead,

And all my powers mourned;
Then did these drops, (for marble
sweats,

And rocks have tears,)
As rain here at our windows beats,
Chide in Thine ears;

2

No quiet couldst Thou have: nor didst
Thou wink,

And let Thy beggar lie,
But ere my eyes could overflow their brink
Didst to each drop reply.

Bowels of love! at what low rate,
And slight a price

Dost Thou relieve us at Thy gate,
And still our cries!

ADMISSION

3

We are Thy infants, and suck Thee; if
Thou
 But hide, or turn Thy face,
Because where Thou art, yet, we cannot
 go,
 We send tears to the place.
These find Thee out, and, though our
 sins
 Drove Thee away,
Yet with Thy love that absence wins
 Us double pay.

4

O give me then a thankful heart! a heart
 After Thy own, not mine;
So after Thine, that all and every part
 Of mine may wait on Thine;
O hear! yet not my tears alone,
 Hear now a flood,
A flood that drowns both tears and groans;
 My Saviour's blood.

Praise



King of comforts! King of life!
Thou hast cheered me;
And when fears and doubts were rife,
Thou hast cleared me!

Not a nook in all my breast
But Thou fill'st it;
Not a thought that breaks my rest,
But Thou kill'st it;

Wherefore with my utmost strength
I will praise Thee,
And as Thou giv'st line and length,
I will raise Thee;

Day and night, not once a day,
I will bless Thee;
And my soul in new array
I will dress Thee;

Not one minute in the year
But I'll mind Thee;
As my seal and bracelet here
I will bind Thee;

PRAISE

In Thy word, as if in Heaven,
I will rest me;
And Thy promise, till made even
There, shall feast me.

Then, Thy sayings all my life
They shall please me,
And Thy bloody wounds and strife,
They will ease me;

With Thy groans my daily breath
I will measure,
And my life hid in Thy death
I will treasure.

Though then Thou art
(Past thought of heart)
All perfect fulness,
And canst no whit
Access admit
From dust and dulness;

Yet to Thy name,
As not the same
With Thy bright essence,
Our foul, clay hands
At Thy commands
Bring praise and incense;

PRAISE

If then, dread Lord,
When to Thy board
Thy wretch comes begging,
He hath a flower,
Or, to his power,
Some such poor offering;

When Thou hast made
Thy beggar glad,
And filled his bosom,
Let him, though poor,
Strow at Thy door
That one poor blossom.

Dressing



O Thou that lovest a pure and whitened
soul!

That feed'st among the lilies, till the day
Break, and the shadows flee! touch with
one coal

My frozen heart! and with Thy secret key

Open my desolate rooms; my gloomy
breast

With Thy clear fire refine, burning to dust
These dark confusions that within me
nest,

And soil Thy temple with a sinful rust.

Thou holy, harmless, undefiled High-priest!
The perfect, full oblation for all sin,
Whose glorious conquest nothing can
resist,

But even in babes dost triumph still and
win;

Give to Thy wretched one
Thy mystical communion,

DRESSING

That, absent, he may see,
Live, die, and rise with Thee;
Let him so follow here, that in the end
He may take Thee, as Thou dost him
intend.

Give him Thy private seal,
Earnest, and sign; Thy gifts so deal
That these forerunners here
May make the future clear;
Whatever Thou dost bid, let faith make
good,
Bread for Thy body, and wine for Thy
blood.

Give him, with pity, love,
Two flowers that grew with Thee above;
Love that shall not admit
Anger for one short fit;
And pity of such a divine extent,
That may Thy members, more than mine,
resent.

Give me, my God! Thy grace,
The beams and brightness of Thy face;
That never like a beast
I take Thy sacred feast,
Or the dread mysteries of Thy blessed blood
Use with like custom as my kitchen food.

DRESSING

Some sit to Thee, and eat
Thy body as their common meat;
O let not me do so!
Poor dust should lie still low;
Then kneel, my soul and body, kneel and
bow;
If saints and angels fall down, much more
thou.

Easter-day



Thou, whose sad heart and weeping head
lies low,

Whose cloudy breast cold damp invades,
Who never feel'st the sun, nor smooth'st
thy brow,

But sitt'st oppressèd in the shade,

Awake! awake!

And in His resurrection partake,

Who on this day (that thou might'st
rise as He,)

Rose up, and cancelled two deaths due
to thee.

Awake! awake! and, like the sun, disperse
All mists that would usurp this day;
Where are thy palms, thy branches, and
thy verse?

Hosanna! hark! why dost thou stay?

Arise! arise!

And with His healing blood anoint thine
eyes,

Thy inward eyes; His blood will cure
thy mind,

Whose spittle only could restore the
blind.

Easter Hymn



Death and darkness, get you packing,
Nothing now to man is lacking;
All your triumphs now are ended,
And what Adam marred is mended;
Graves are beds now for the weary,
Death a nap, to wake more merry;
Youth now, full of pious duty,
Seeks in thee for perfect beauty;
The weak and aged, tired with length
Of days, from thee look for new strength;
And infants with thy pangs contest
As pleasant as if with the breast.

Then unto Him, Who thus hath thrown
Even to contempt thy kingdom down,
And by His blood did us advance
Unto His own inheritance;
To Him be glory, power, praise,
From this unto the last of days!

The Holy Communion



Welcome, sweet and sacred feast! welcome
life!

Dead I was, and deep in trouble;
But grace and blessings came with thee so
rife,

That they have quickened e'en dry stubble.

Thus souls their bodies animate,

And thus, at first, when things were rude,

Dark, void, and crude,

They, by Thy Word, their beauty had and
date;

All were by Thee,

And still must be;

Nothing that is, or lives,

But hath his quickenings, and reprieves,

As Thy hand opes or shuts;

Healings and cuts,

Darkness and daylight, life and death

Are but mere leaves turned by Thy breath.

Spirits without Thee die,

And blackness sits

On the divinest wits,

THE HOLY COMMUNION

As on the sun eclipses lie.
But that great darkness at Thy death,
When the veil broke with Thy last breath,
 Did make us see
 The way to Thee;
And now by these sure, sacred ties,
 After Thy blood
 (Our sovereign good)
 Had cleared our eyes,
 And given us sight;
Thou dost unto Thy Self betroth
 Our souls and bodies both,
 In everlasting light.

Was't not enough that Thou hadst paid
 the price,
 And given us eyes
When we had none, but Thou must also
 take
 Us by the hand,
 And keep us still awake,
 When we would sleep,
 Or from Thee creep,
Who without Thee cannot stand?

Was't not enough to lose Thy breath
And blood by an accursèd death,
 But Thou must also leave
 To us, that did bereave

THE HOLY COMMUNION

Thee of them both, these seals, the means
That should both cleanse
And keep us so,
Who wrought Thy woe?
O Rose of Sharon! O the Lily
Of the Valley!

How art Thou now, Thy flock to keep,
Become both food, and Shepherd to Thy
sheep!

Psalm 121



Up to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence flows my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for Him Who fills
Unseen both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope,
That I shall not be moved;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
And guardeth His beloved;

The glorious God is my sole stay,
He is my sun and shade;
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes;
Doth all their plots control;
And is a shield, not reckoning those,
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd,
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud
Now and for evermore.

Affliction



Peace! peace! it is not so. Thou dost
miscall

Thy physic: pills that change
Thy sick accessions into settled health;
This is the Great Elixir that turns gall
To wine and sweetness, poverty to wealth,
And brings man home, when he doth
range.

Did not He, Who ordained the day,
Ordain night too?

And in the greater world display
What in the lesser He would do?

All flesh is clay, thou know'st; and but
that God

Doth use His rod,

And by a fruitful change of frosts and
showers

Cherish and bind thy powers,
Thou wouldst to weeds and thistles quite
disperse,

And be more wild than is thy verse.

Sickness is wholesome, and crosses are but
curbs

AFFLICTION

To check the mule, unruly man;
They are Heaven's husbandry, the famous
fan,

Purging the floor which chaff disturbs.
Were all the year one constant sunshine,
we

Should have no flowers;
All would be drought and leanness; not a
tree

Would make us bowers.
Beauty consists in colours; and that's best
Which is not fixed, but flies and flows;
The settled red is dull, and whites that
rest

Something of sickness would disclose.
Vicissitude plays all the game;
Nothing that stirs,
Or hath a name,
But waits upon this wheel;
Kingdoms too have their physic, and for
steel

Exchange their peace and furs.
Thus doth God key disordered man,
Which none else can;
Tuning his breast to rise or fall;
And by a sacred, needful art,
Like strings, stretch every part,
Making the whole most musical.

The Tempest



How is man parcelled out! how every hour
Shows him himself, or something he
should see!

This late, long heat may his instruction
be;

And tempests have more in them than a
shower.

When Nature on her bosom saw

Her infants die,

And all her flowers withered to straw,

Her breasts grown dry;

She made the Earth, their nurse and tomb,

Sigh to the sky,

Till to those sighs, fetched from her womb,

Rain did reply;

So in the midst of all her fears

And faint requests,

Her earnest sighs procured her tears

And filled her breasts.

O that man could do so! that he would hear

The world read to him! all the vast

expense

THE TEMPEST

In the creation shed, and slaved to sense,
Makes up but lectures for his eye and ear.

Sure, Mighty Love, foreseeing the descent
Of this poor creature, by a gracious art
Hid in these low things snares to gain
his heart,
And laid surprises in each element.

All things here show him Heaven; waters
that fall,
Chide and fly up; mists of corruptest
foam
Quit their first beds and mount; trees,
herbs, flowers, all
Strive upwards still, and point him the
way home.

How do they cast off grossness? only
earth
And man, like Issachar, in loads
delight;
Water's refined to motion, air to light,
Fire to all three,¹ but man hath no such
mirth.

Plants in the root with *earth* do most
comply,
Their leaves with *water* and *humidity*,

¹ Light, Motion, Heat.

THE TEMPEST

The flowers to *air* draw near and
subtlety,
And seeds a kindred *fire* have with the
sky.

All have their keys and set ascents; but
man,
Though he knows these, and hath
more of his own,
Sleeps at the ladder's foot; alas! what
can
These new discoveries do, except they
drown?

Thus, grovelling in the shade and darkness,
he
Sinks to a dead oblivion; and though all
He sees (like pyramids,) shoot from this
ball,
And, lessening still, grow up invisibly:

Yet hugs he still his dirt; the stuff he
wears,
And painted trimming, takes down
both his eyes;
Heaven hath less beauty than the dust
he spies,
And money better music than the spheres.

THE TEMPEST

Life's but a blast; he knows it; what?
shall straw
And bulrush-fetters temper his short
hour?
Must he nor sip, nor sing? grows ne'er
a flower
To crown his temples? shall dreams be
his law?

O foolish man! how hast thou lost thy
sight?
How is it that the sun to thee alone
Is grown thick darkness, and thy bread
a stone?
Hath flesh no softness now? mid-day no
light?

Lord! Thou didst put a soul here. If I
must
Be broke again, for flints will give no
fire
Without a steel, O let Thy power clear
Thy gift once more, and grind this flint to
dust!

Retirement



I

Who on yon throne of azure sits,
Keeping close house
Above the morning-star,
Whose meaner shows
And outward utensils these glories are,
That shine and share
Part of His mansion; He one day
When I went quite astray,
Out of mere love,
By His mild Dove,
Did show me home and put me in the way.

2

Let it suffice, at length thy fits
And lusts (said He,)
Have had their wish and way;
Press not to be
Still thy own foe and Mine; for to this day
I did delay,
And would not see, but chose to wink;
Nay, at the very brink
And edge of all,
When thou wouldst fall,
My love-twist held thee up, My unseen link.

RETIREMENT

3

I know thee well; for I have framed,
And hate thee not;
Thy spirit too is Mine;
I know thy lot,
Extent, and end, for My hands drew the line
Assigned thine;
If then thou wouldst unto My seat,
'Tis not th' applause and feat
Of dust and clay
Leads to that way,
But from those follies a resolved retreat.

4

Now here below, where yet untamed
Thou dost thus rove,
I have a house as well
As there above;
In it My name and honour both do dwell;
And shall until
I make all new; there nothing gay
In perfumes or array;
Dust lies with dust,
And hath but just
The same respect and room with every clay.

5

A faithful school, where thou may'st see,
In heraldry

RETIREMENT

Of stones and speechless earth,
Thy true descent;
Where dead men preach, who can turn
feasts and mirth
To funerals and Lent.
There dust, that out of doors might fill
Thy eyes and blind thee still,
Is fast asleep:
Up then, and keep
Within those doors, My doors. Dost hear?
"I will."

Love and Discipline



Since in a land not barren still,
(Because Thou dost Thy grace distil,)
My lot is fallen, blessed be Thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me which choke or spill
That seed Thou sow'st, blessed be Thy skill!

Blessed be Thy dew, and blessed Thy
frost,
And happy I to be so crossed.
And cured by crosses at Thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distressed,
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest,
In both Thou work'st unto the best.

Thus while Thy several mercies plot,
And work on me, now cold, now hot,
The work goes on, and slacketh not;

For as Thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best, 'twixt joys and tears,
And all the year have some green ears.

The Pilgrimage



As travellers, when the twilight's come,
And in the sky the stars appear,
The past day's accidents do sum
With, "Thus we saw there, and thus
here";

Then, Jacob-like, lodge in a place,
(A place, and no more, is set down,)
Where till the day restore the race,
They rest and dream homes of their own:

So for this night I linger here,
And, full of tossings to and fro,
Expect still when Thou wilt appear,
That I may get me up and go.

I long, and groan, and grieve for Thee,
For Thee my words, my tears do gush;
O that I were but where I see!
Is all the note within my bush.

As birds robbed of their native wood,
Although their diet may be fine,
Yet neither sing, nor like their food,
But with the thought of home do pine;

THE PILGRIMAGE

So do I mourn and hang my head;
And though Thou dost me fulness give,
Yet look I for far better bread,
Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then! and since I may
Have yet more days, more nights to count,
So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,
That I may travel to Thy mount.

HEB. CAP. 11. VER. 13.

*And they confessed that they were strangers
and pilgrims on the earth.*

The Law and the Gospel

1

Lord, when Thou didst on Sinai pitch,
And shine from Paran, when a fiery law,
Pronounced with thunder, and Thy threats,
did thaw

Thy people's hearts, when all Thy weeds
were rich,

And inaccessible for light,

Terror, and might;—

How did poor flesh (which after Thou didst
wear,)

Then faint and fear!

Thy chosen flock, like leaves in a high wind,
Whispered obedience, and their heads
inclined.

2

But now since we to Sion came,
And through Thy blood Thy glory see,
With filial confidence we touch e'en Thee;
And where the other Mount, all clad in
flame

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL

And threatening clouds, would not so
much
As 'bide the touch,
We climb up this, and have too all the way
Thy hand our stay;
Nay, Thou tak'st ours, and (which full
comfort brings,)
Thy Dove too bears us on Her sacred wings.

3

Yet, since man is a very brute,
And after all Thy acts of grace doth kick,
Slighting that health Thou gav'st when
he was sick,
Be not displeas'd, if I, who have a suit
To Thee each hour, beg at Thy door
For this one more;
O plant in me Thy Gospel and Thy Law;
Both faith and awe;
So twist them in my heart, that ever there
I may as well as love, find too Thy fear!

4

Let me *not spill*, but *drink* Thy blood;
Not break Thy fence, and by a black excess
Force down a just curse, when Thy hands
would bless;
Let me not scatter and despise my food,

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

Or nail those blessed limbs again
Which bore my pain.
So shall Thy mercies flow: for while I fear,
I know Thou'lt bear,
But should Thy mild injunction nothing
move me,
I would both think and judge I did not
love Thee.

JOHN, CAP. 14. VER. 15.

If ye love Me, keep My commandments.

The World



I

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time, in hours,
 days, years,
 Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the
 world
 And all her train were hurled.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
 (Wit's sour delights,)
With gloves, and knots the silly snares of
 pleasure,
 (Yet his dear treasure,)
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flower.

2

The darksome statesman, hung with
 weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there
 so slow,

THE WORLD

He did nor stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses,
scowl

Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways
be found,

Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey. But one
did see

That policy:
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears; but
he

Drank them as free.

3

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce
trust

His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but
lives

In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as him-
self,

And hugged each one his pelf;

THE WORLD

The downright epicure placed Heaven in
 sense,
 And scorned pretence;
While others, slipped into a wide excess,
 Said little less;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares en-
 slave,
 Who think them brave;
And poor, despised Truth sat counting by
 Their victory.

4

Yet some, who all this while did weep and
 sing,
And sing, and weep, soared up into the ring;
 But most would use no wing.
"O fools," said I, "thus to prefer dark
 night
 Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the
 day
 Because it shows the way;
The way, which from this dead and dark
 abode
 Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun,
 and be
 More bright than he!"
But, as I did their madness so discuss,
 One whispered thus,

THE WORLD

This Ring the Bridegroom did for none
provide,
But for His Bride.

JOHN [1ST EP.] CAP. 2. VER. 16, 17.

*All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh,
the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not
of the Father, but is of the world.*

*And the world passeth away, and the lusts
thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth
for ever.*

The Mutiny



1

Weary of this same clay and straw, I
laid
Me down to breathe, and casting in my
heart
The after-burthens and griefs yet to
come,
 The heavy sun
So shook my breast, that, sick and sore
dismayed,
My thoughts, like water which some stone
doth start,
Did quit their troubled channel, and retire
Unto the banks, where, storming at those
bounds,
They murmured sore; but I, who felt them
boil,
 And knew their coil,
Turning to Him, Who made poor sand to
tire
And tame proud waves, If yet these barren
grounds
And thirsty brick must be (said I,
 My task and destiny,

THE MUTINY

2

Let me so strive and struggle with Thy
foes,
(Not Thine alone, but mine too,) that when
all
Their arts and force are built unto the
height,
That Babel-weight
May prove Thy glory and their shame; so
close
And knit me to Thee, that though in this
vale
Of sin and death I sojourn, yet one eye
May look to Thee, to Thee the finisher
And author of my faith; so show me home,
That all this foam
And frothy noise, which up and down doth
fly,
May find no lodging in mine eye or ear;
O seal them up! that these may fly
Like other tempests by.

3

Not but I know Thou hast a shorter cut
To bring me home, than through a wilder-
ness,
A sea, or sands, and serpents; yet since
Thou,
(As Thy words show,)

THE MUTINY

Though in this desert I were wholly shut,
Canst light and lead me there with such
redress

That no decay shall touch me; O be pleased
To fix my steps; and whatsoever path
Thy sacred and eternal will decreed

For Thy bruised reed,

O give it full obedience, that so seized
Of all I have, I may nor move Thy wrath
Nor grieve Thy Dove, but soft and mild
Both live and die Thy child.

REVEL. CAP. 2. VER. 17.

*To him that overcometh will I give to eat of
the Hidden Manna; and I will give him a white
stone, and in the stone a new name written,
which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth
it.*

The Constellation

Fair, ordered lights, (whose motion without noise

 Resembles those true joys
Whose spring is on that hill where you
 do grow,
And we here taste sometimes below,)

With what exact obedience do you move
 Now beneath, and now above!
And in your vast progressions overlook
 The darkest night and closest nook!

Some nights I see you in the gladsome
 East,
 Some others near the West,
And when I cannot see, yet do you shine,
 And beat about your endless line.

Silence, and light, and watchfulness with
 you
 Attend and wind the clue;
No sleep, nor sloth assails you, but poor
 man
 Still either sleeps, or slips his span.

THE CONSTELLATION

He gropes beneath here, and with restless
care,

First makes, then hugs a snare;
Adores dead dust, sets heart on corn and
grass,

But seldom doth make Heaven his glass.

Music and mirth (if there be music here,)

Take up and tune his year;
These things are kin to him, and must
be had;

Who kneels, or sighs a life, is mad.

Perhaps some nights he'll watch with
you, and peep

When it were best to sleep;
Dares know effects, and judge them long
before,

When th' herb he treads knows much,
much more.

But seeks he your obedience, order, light,

Your calm and well-trained flight,
Where, though the glory differ in each star,
Yet is there peace still, and no war?

Since placed by Him, Who calls you by
your names,

And fixed there all your flames,
Without command you never acted aught,
And then you in your courses fought.

THE CONSTELLATION

But here, commissioned by a black self-
will,
The sons the father kill,
The children chase the mother, and would
heal
The wounds they give by crying "Zeal".

Then cast her blood and tears upon Thy
book,
Where they for fashion look;
And, like that lamb, which had the
dragon's voice,
Seem mild, but are known by their noise.

Thus by our lusts disordered into wars,
Our guides prove wandering stars,
Which for these mists and black days were
reserved,
What time we from our First Love swerved.

Yet O, for His sake Who sits now by Thee
All crowned with victory,
So guide us through this darkness, that
we may
Be more and more in love with day!

Settle, and fix our hearts, that we may
move
In order, peace, and love;

THE CONSTELLATION

And, taught obedience by Thy whole crea-
tion,

Become an humble, holy nation!

Give to Thy Spouse her perfect and pure
dress,

Beauty and holiness;

And so repair these rents, that men may
see

And say, "Where God is, all agree".

The Shepherds



Sweet, harmless live[r]s! on whose holy
leisure

Waits Innocence and Pleasure,
Whose leaders to those pastures and clear
springs

Were patriarchs, saints, and kings;
How happened it that in the dead of night
You only saw true light,

While Palestine was fast asleep, and lay
Without one thought of day?

Was it because those first and blessed
swains

Were pilgrims on those plains,
When they received the Promise;— for
which now

'T was there first shown to you?

'T is true, He loves that dust whereon
they go

That serve Him here below,
And therefore might, for memory of those,
His love there first disclose;

But wretched Salem (once His love,) must
now

No voice nor vision know,

THE SHEPHERDS

Her stately piles with all their height and
pride
Now languishèd and died,
And Bethlem's humble cots above them
stept,
While all her seers siept;
Her cedar, fir, hewed stones, and gold
were all
Polluted through their fall,
And those once sacred mansions were now
Mere emptiness and show.
This made the Angel call at reeds and
thatch
(Yet where the shepherds watch,)
And God's own lodging, though He could
not lack,
To be a common rack;
No costly pride, no soft-clothed luxury,
In those thin cells could lie;
Each stirring wind and storm blew through
their cots,
Which never harboured plots;
Only Content and Love and humble joys
Lived there without all noise;
Perhaps some harmless cares for the next
day
Did in their bosoms play,
As where to lead their sheep, what silent
nook,
What springs or shades to look;

THE SHEPHERDS

But that was all; and now with gladsome
care
They for the town prepare;
They leave their flock, and in a busy talk
All towards Bethlem walk
To see their soul's great Shepherd, Who
was come,
To bring all stragglers home;
Where now they find Him out, and, taught
before,
That Lamb of God adore,
That Lamb Whose days great kings and
prophets wished
And longed to see, but missed.
The first light they beheld was bright and
gay,
And turned their night to day;
But to this later light they saw in Him,
Their day was dark and dim.

Misery



Lord, bind me up, and let me lie
A prisoner to my liberty,
If such a state at all can be
As an impris'nment serving Thee;
The wind, though gathered in Thy fist,
Yet doth it blow still where it list,
And yet shouldst Thou let go Thy hold
Those gusts might quarrel and grow bold.

As waters here, headlong and loose,
The lower grounds still chase and choose,
Where, spreading all the way, they seek
And search out every hole and creek;
So my spilled thoughts, winding from Thee,
Take the down-road to vanity,
Where they all stray and strive, which shall
Find out the first and steepest fall.
I cheer their flow, giving supply
To what's already grown too high,
And having thus performed that part
Feed on those vomits of my heart.
I break the fence my own hands made,
Then lay that trespass in the shade;
Some fig-leaves still I do devise,
As if Thou hadst nor ears nor eyes.

MISERY

Excess of friends, of words, and wine
Take up my day, while Thou dost shine
All unregarded, and Thy Book
Hath not so much as one poor look.
If Thou steal in amidst the mirth
And kindly tell me I am earth,
I shut Thee out, and let that slip;
Such music spoils goodfellowship.
Thus wretched I, and most unkind,
Exclude my dear God from my mind,
Exclude Him thence, Who of that cell
Would make a court, should He there dwell.
He goes, He yields; and troubled sore
His Holy Spirit grieves therefor;
The mighty God, th' eternal King
Doth grieve for dust, and dust doth sing.
But I go on, haste to divest
Myself of reason, till oppressed
And buried in my surfeits I
Prove my own shame and misery.
Next day I call and cry for Thee,
Who shouldst not then come near to me;
But, now it is Thy servant's pleasure,
Thou must, and dost, give him his measure.
Thou dost, Thou com'st, and in a shower
Of healing sweets Thyself dost pour
Into my wounds; and now Thy grace
(I know it well,) fills all the place;
I sit with Thee by this new light,
And for that hour Thou'rt my delight;

MISERY

No man can more the world despise,
Or Thy great mercies better prize;
I school my eyes, and strictly dwell
Within the circle of my cell;
That calm and silence are my joys,
Which to Thy peace are but mere noise;
At length I feel my head to ache,
My fingers itch, and burn to take
Some new employment, I begin
To swell and foam and fret within.

“The age, the present times are not
To snudge in, and embrace a cot;
Action and blood now get the game,
Disdain treads on the peaceful name;
Who sits at home too, bears a load
Greater than those that gad abroad.”

Thus do I make Thy gifts given me
The only quarrellers with Thee;
I'd loose those knots Thy hands did tie,
Then would go travel, fight, or die.
Thousands of wild and waste infusions
Like waves beat on my resolutions;
As flames about their fuel run,
And work and wind till all be done;
So my fierce soul bustles about,
And never rests till all be out.
Thus wilded by a peevish heart,
Which in Thy music bears no part,
I storm at Thee, calling my peace
A lethargy, and mere disease;

MISERY

Nay those bright beams shot from Thy eyes
To calm me in these mutinies,
I style mere tempers, which take place
At some set times, but are Thy grace.

Such is man's life, and such is mine,
The worst of men, and yet still Thine,
Still Thine, Thou know'st, and if not so,
Then give me over to my foe.

Yet since as easy 'tis for Thee
To make man good as bid him be,
And with one glance (could he that gain,)
To look him out of all his pain,
O send me from Thy holy hill

So much of strength, as may fulfil
All Thy delights, whate'er they be,
And sacred institutes in me!

Open my rocky heart, and fill
It with obedience to Thy will;
Then seal it up, that as none see,
So none may enter there but Thee.

O hear, my God! hear Him, Whose blood
Speaks more and better for my good!

O let my cry come to Thy throne!
My cry not poured with tears alone,
(For tears alone are often foul,)
But with the blood of all my soul;
With spirit-sighs, and earnest groans,
Faithful and most repenting moans,
With these I cry, and crying pine,
Till Thou both mend, and make me Thine.

The Sap



Come, sapless blossom, creep not still on
earth,

Forgetting thy first birth!

'Tis not from dust; or if so, why dost thou
Thus call and thirst for dew?

It tends not thither; if it doth, why then
This growth and stretch for heaven?

Thy root sucks but diseases; worms there
seat,

And claim it for their meat.

Who placed thee here, did something then
infuse,

Which now can tell thee news.

There is beyond the stars an hill of myrrh,
From which some drops fall here;

On it the Prince of Salem sits, Who deals
To thee thy secret meals;

There is thy country, and He is the
way,

And hath withal the key.

Yet lived He here sometime, and bore for
thee

A world of misery,

THE SAP

For thee, who in the first man's loins
didst fall
From that hill to this vale;
And had not He so done, it is most true
Two deaths had been thy due;
But going hence, and knowing well what
woes
Might His friends discompose,
To show what strange love He had to our
good,
He gave His sacred blood,
By will our sap and cordial; now in this
Lies such a Heaven of bliss,
That who but truly tastes it, no decay
Can touch him any way.
Such secret life and virtue in it lies,
It will exalt and rise,
And actuate such spirits as are shed,
Or ready to be dead;
And bring new too. Get then this sap,
and get
Good store of it, but let
The vessel where you put it be for sure,
To all your power, most pure;
There is at all times, though shut up, in
you
A powerful, rare dew,
Which only grief and love extract; with
this
Be sure, and never miss,

THE SAP

To wash your vessel well: then humbly
take

This balm for souls that ache;
And one who drank it thus, assures that you
Shall find a joy so true,
Such perfect ease, and such a lively sense
Of grace against all sins,
That you'll confess the comfort such, as even
Brings to, and comes from, Heaven.

Mount of Olives



When first I saw True Beauty, and Thy
joys,
Active as light, and calm without all noise,
Shined on my soul, I felt through all my
powers
Such a rich air of sweets, as evening
showers,
Fanned by a gentle gale, convey and breathe
On some parched bank crowned with a
flowery wreath;
Odours, and myrrh, and balm in one rich
flood
O'er-ran my heart, and spirited my blood;
My thoughts did swim in comforts, and
mine eye
Confessed the world did only paint and lie.
And where before I did no safe course steer,
But wandered under tempests all the year;
Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,
And was blown through by every storm
and wind,
I am so warmed now by this glance on me,
That midst all storms I feel a ray of Thee.

MOUNT OF OLIVES

So have I known some beauteous paisage
rise

In sudden flowers and arbours to my eyes,
And in the depth and dead of Winter bring
To my cold thoughts a lively sense of Spring.

Thus fed by Thee, Who dost all beings
nourish,

My withered leaves again look green and
flourish;

I shine and shelter underneath Thy wing,
Where sick with love I strive Thy name
to sing;

Thy glorious name! which grant I may so
do,

That these may be Thy praise, and my joy
too!

Man



1

Weighing the stedfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below
 reside,
Where birds, like watchful clocks, the noise-
 less date
 And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive,
 and flowers,
 Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same
 bowers;

2

I would (said I,) my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for
 these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
 And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and
 dine,
 The flowers without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never dressed so fine.

MAN

3

Man hath still either toys or care;
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But ever restless and irregular

About this earth doth run and ride.

He knows he hath a home, but scarce
knows where;

He says it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

4

He knocks at all doors, strays and
roams;

Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones
have,

Which in the darkest nights point to their
homes,

By some hid sense their Maker gave;

Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest

And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

I Walked the
Other Day, to
Spend my Hour



1

I walked the other day, to spend my hour,
 Into a field,
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to
 yield
 A gallant flower;
But Winter now had ruffled all the bower
 And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

2

Yet I, whose search loved not to peep and
 peer
 I' th' face of things,
Thought with myself there might be other
 springs
 Besides this here,
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once
 a year;
 And so the flower
Might have some other bower.

I WALKED THE OTHER DAY

3

Then taking up what I could nearest spy,
I digged about
That place where I had seen him to grow
out;
And by and by
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,
Where fresh and green
He lived of us unseen.

4

Many a question intricate and rare
Did I there strow;
But all I could extort was, that he now
Did there repair
Such losses as befell him in this air,
And would ere long
Come forth most fair and young.

5

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er
his head;
And stung with fear
Of my own frailty dropped down many a
tear
Upon his bed;
Then sighing whispered, "Happy are the
dead!

I WALKED THE OTHER DAY

What peace doth now
Rock him asleep below!"

6

And yet, how few believe such doctrine
springs
From a poor root,
Which all the Winter sleeps here under
foot,
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of
things;
But is still trod
By every wandering clod.

7

O Thou! Whose Spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, form, nor
name;
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

8

That in these masques and shadows I
may see
Thy sacred way;

I WALKED THE OTHER DAY

And by those hid ascents climb to that
day,
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly:
Show me Thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease!

9

And from this care, where dreams and
sorrows reign,
Lead me above,
Where light, joy, leisure, and true com-
forts move
Without all pain;
There, hid in Thee, show me his life
again,
At whose dumb urn
Thus all the year I mourn!

Begging



King of mercy, King of love,
In Whom I live, in Whom I move,
Perfect what Thou hast begun,
Let no night put out this sun;
Grant I may, my chief desire,
Long for Thee, to Thee aspire!
Let my youth, my bloom of days
Be my comfort, and Thy praise;
That hereafter, when I look
O'er the sullied, sinful book,
I may find Thy hand therein
Wiping out my shame and sin!
O! it is Thy only art
To reduce a stubborn heart;
And since Thine is victory,
Strongholds should belong to Thee;
Lord, then take it, leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot;
But since I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be Thine!

JUDE, VER. 24, 25.

Now unto Him That is able to keep us from

BEGGING

falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy,

To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory, and majesty, dominion and power, now and ever, Amen.

Part II

Ascension-Day



Lord Jesus! with what sweetness and
delights,
Sure, holy hopes, high joys, and quicken-
ing flights,
Dost Thou feed Thine! O Thou! the Hand
That lifts
To Him Who gives all good and perfect
gifts,
Thy glorious, bright Ascension (though
removed
So many ages from me,) is so proved
And by Thy Spirit sealed to me, that I
Feel me a sharer in Thy victory!
I soar and rise
Up to the skies,
Leaving the world their day;
And in my flight
For the True Light
Go seeking all the way.
I greet Thy sepulchre, salute Thy grave,
That blest enclosure, where the Angels
gave
The first glad tidings of Thy early light,
And resurrection from the earth and night.

ASCENSION-DAY

I see that morning in Thy convert's¹ tears,
Fresh as the dew, which but this dawning
wears.

I smell her spices; and her ointment
yields,
As rich a scent as the now primrosed
fields.

The day-star smiles, and light with Thee
deceased

Now shines in all the chambers of the
East.

What stirs, what posting intercourse and
mirth

Of saints and angels glorify the Earth?

What sighs, what whispers, busy stops
and stays,

Private and holy talk, fill all the ways?

They pass as at the last great day, and
run

In their white robes to seek the Risen
Sun;

I see them, hear them, mark their haste,
and move

Amongst them, with them, winged with
faith and love.

Thy forty days more secret commerce
here

After Thy death and funeral, so clear

¹ St. Mary Magdalene.

ASCENSION-DAY

And indisputable shows to my sight
As the sun doth, which to those days
gave light.
I walk the fields of Bethany, which shine
All now as fresh as Eden, and as fine.
Such was the bright world on the first
seventh day,
Before man brought forth sin, and sin
decay;
When like a virgin clad in flowers and
green
The pure Earth sat; and the fair woods
had seen
No frost, but flourished in that youthful
vest,
With which their great Creator had them
dressed:
When heaven above them shined like
molten glass,
While all the planets did unclouded pass;
And springs, like dissolved pearls, their
streams did pour,
Ne'er marred with floods, nor angered
with a shower.
With these fair thoughts I move in this
fair place,
And the last steps of my mild Master trace;
I see Him leading out His chosen train
All sad with tears, which like warm
summer rain

ASCENSION-DAY

In silent drops steal from their holy eyes,
Fixed lately on the Cross, now on the
 skies.

And now, eternal Jesus! Thou dost heave
Thy blessed hands to bless these Thou
 dost leave.

The cloud doth now receive Thee, and
 their sight

Having lost Thee, behold two men in
 white!

Two and no more: "What two attest is
 true",

Was Thine own answer to the stubborn
 Jew.

Come then, Thou faithful Witness! come,
 dear Lord,

Upon the clouds again to judge this world!

Ascension Hymn



Dust and clay,
Man's ancient wear,
Here you must stay,
But I elsewhere!

Souls sojourn here, but may not rest;
Who will ascend, must be undressed.

And yet some,
That know to die
Before death come,
Walk to the sky

Even in this life; but all such can
Leave behind them "the old Man".

If a star
Should leave the sphere,
She must first mar
Her flaming wear,
And after fall; for in her dress
Of glory she cannot transgress.

Man of old
Within the line

ASCENSION HYMN

Of Eden could
Like the sun shine,
All naked, innocent, and bright,
And intimate with Heaven, as light;

But since he
That brightness soiled,
His garments be
All dark and spoiled,
And here are left as nothing worth,
Till the Refiner's fire breaks forth.

Then comes He
Whose mighty light
Made His clothes be
Like Heaven all bright;
The Fuller, Whose pure blood did flow,
To make stained man more white than
snow!

He alone,
And none else, can
Bring bone to bone
And rebuild man;
And by His all-subduing might
Make clay ascend more quick than light.

They are All
Gone into the
World of Light



They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is
dressed
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and
hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O, holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have
showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

THEY ARE ALL GONE

Dear, beauteous Death; the jewel of the
just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's
nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in
now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our
wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn
there;
But when the hand that locked her up
gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!

THEY ARE ALL GONE

Either disperse these mists, which blot
and fill

- My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass!

White Sunday



Welcome, white day! a thousand suns,
Though seen at once, were black to
thee!
For after their light darkness comes,
But thine shines to eternity.

Those flames, which on the Apostles
rushed
At this great Feast, and in a tire
Of cloven tongues their heads all brushed,
And crowned them with prophetic fire,—

Can these new lights be like to those?
These lights of serpents like the Dove?
Thou hadst no gall e'en for Thy foes,
And Thy two wings were Grief and
Love.

Though then some boast that fire each
day,
And on Christ's coat pin all their shreds,
Not sparing openly to say,
His candle shines upon their heads;

WHITE SUNDAY

Yet while some rays of that great light
Shine here below within Thy Book,
They never shall so blind my sight
But I will know which way to look.

For though Thou dost that great light
 lock,
And by this lesser commerce keep,
Yet by these glances of the flock
I can discern wolves from the sheep.

Not but that I have wishes too,
And pray, "These last may be as first,
Or better"; but Thou long ago
Hast said these last should be the worst.

Besides, Thy method with Thy own,
Thy own dear people, pens *our* times;
Our stories are in *theirs* set down,
And penalties spread to *our* crimes.

Again, if "worst and worst" implies
A state that no redress admits,
Then from Thy Cross unto these days
The rule without exception fits.

And yet, as in Night's gloomy page
One silent star may interline,
So in this last and lewdest age
Thy ancient love on some may shine.

WHITE SUNDAY

For, though we hourly breathe decays,
And our best note and highest ease
Is but mere changing of the keys,
And a consumption that doth please;

Yet Thou the great eternal Rock
Whose height above all ages shines,
Art still the same, and canst unlock
Thy waters to a soul that pines.

Since then Thou art the same this day
And ever, as Thou wert of old,
And nothing doth Thy love allay,
But our hearts' dead and sinful cold;

As Thou long since wert pleased to buy
Our drowned estate, taking the curse
Upon Thyself, so to destroy
The knots we tied upon Thy purse;

So let Thy grace now make the way
Even for Thy love; for by that means
We, who are nothing but foul clay,
Shall be fine gold which Thou didst
cleanse.

O come! refine us with Thy fire!
Refine us! we are at a loss.
Let not Thy stars for Balaam's hire
Dissolve into the common dross!

The Proffer



Be still, black parasites,
Flutter no more;
Were it still winter, as it was before,
You'd make no flights;
But now the dew and sun have warmed
my bowers,
You fly and flock to suck the flowers.

But you would honey make:
These buds will wither,
And what you now extract, in harder
weather
Will serve to take;
Wise husbands will (you say,) their wants
prevent,
Who do not so, too late repent.

O poisonous, subtle fowls!
The flies of hell,
That buzz in every ear, and blow on souls,
Until they smell
And rot, descend not here, nor think to
stay!
I've read, Who 't was drove you away.

THE PROFFER

Think you these longing eyes,
 Though sick and spent,
And almost famished, ever will consent
 To leave those skies,
That glass of souls and spirits, where
 well dressed
They shine in white, like stars, and
rest.

Shall my short hour, my inch,
 My one poor sand
And crumb of life, now ready to disband,
 Revolt and flinch;
And having borne the burthen all the
day,
Now cast at night my crown away?

No, No; I am not he;
 Go seek elsewhere!
I skill not your fine tinsel, and false hair,
 Your sorcery
And smooth seducements: I'll not stuff
my story
With your commonwealth and glory.

There are that will sow tares
 And scatter death
Amongst the quick, selling their souls
and breath
 For any wares;

THE PROFFER

But when thy Master comes, they'll find
and see

There's a reward for them and thee.

Then keep the ancient way!

Spit out their phlegm,

And fill thy breast with home; think on
thy dream:

A calm, bright day!

A land of flowers and spices! the word
given,

"If these be fair, O what is Heaven!"

Cock-Crowing



Father of lights! what sunny seed,
What glance of day hast Thou confined
Into this bird? To all the breed
This busy ray Thou hast assigned;
 Their magnetism works all night,
 And dreams of Paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,
Their little grain, expelling night,
So shines and sings, as if it knew
The path unto the house of light;
 It seems their candle, howe'er done,
 Was tinned and lighted at the Sun.

If such a tincture, such a touch,
So firm a longing can empower,
Shall Thy Own image think it much
To watch for Thy appearing hour?
 If a mere blast so fill the sail,
 Shall not the breath of God prevail?

O Thou, immortal Light and Heat!
Whose hand so shines through all this
 frame,
That by the beauty of the seat,
We plainly see Who made the same;

COCK-CROWING

Seeing Thy seed abides in me,
Dwell Thou in it, and I in Thee!

To sleep without Thee is to die;
Yea, 't is a death partakes of hell:
For, where Thou dost not close the eye,
It never opens, I can tell;
 In such a dark, Egyptian border,
 The shades of death dwell, and disorder.

If joys, and hopes, and earnest throes,
And hearts, whose pulse beats still for light,
Are given to birds; who, but Thee, knows
A love-sick soul's exalted flight?
 Can souls be tracked by any eye
 But His, Who gave them wings to fly?

Only this veil which Thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veil, I say, is all the cloak,
And cloud which shadows Thee from me.
 This veil Thy full-eyed love denies,
 And only gleams and fractions spies.

O take it off! make no delay;
But brush me with Thy light, that I
May shine unto a perfect day,
And warm me at Thy glorious eye!
 O take it off! or till it flee,
 Though with no lily, stay with me!

The Star



Whatever 't is, whose beauty here below
Attracts thee thus, and makes thee stream
and flow,

And wind and curl, and wink and smile,
Shifting thy gait and guile,

Though thy close commerce nought at
all imbars

My present search, for eagles eye not stars;
And still the lesser by the best
And highest good is blessed;

Yet, seeing all things that subsist and be,
Have their commissions from Divinity,
And teach us duty, I will see
What man may learn from thee.

First, I am sure, the subject so respected
Is well-disposed; for bodies, once infected,
Depraved, or dead, can have with thee
No hold, nor sympathy.

Next, there 's in it a restless, pure desire
And longing for thy bright and vital fire,

THE STAR

Desire that never will be quenched,
Nor can be writhed nor wrenched.

These are the magnets, which so strongly
move
And work all night upon thy light and
love;
As beauteous shapes, we know not why,
Command and guide the eye.

For where desire, celestial, pure desire,
Hath taken root, and grows, and doth
not tire,
There God a commerce states, and sheds
His secret on their heads.

This is the heart He craves; and whoso
will
But give it Him, and grudge not, he shall
feel
That God is true, as herbs unseen
Put on their youth and green.

The Palm-Tree



Dear friend, sit down, and bear awhile
 this shade,
As I have yours long since. This plant
 you see
So pressed and bowed, before sin did
 degrade
Both you and it, had equal liberty

With other trees; but now shut from the
 breath
And air of Eden, like a malcontent
It thrives nowhere. This makes these
 weights, like death
And sin, hang at him; for the more he's
 bent

The more he grows. Celestial natures
 still
Aspire for home. This, Solomon of old
By flowers and carvings and mysterious
 skill
Of wings, and cherubims, and palms fore-
 told.

THE PALM-TREE

This is the life which, hid above with
Christ
In God, doth always (hidden) multiply,
And spring, and grow, a tree ne'er to be
priced,
A tree whose fruit is immortality.

Here spirits that have run their race, and
fought,
And won the fight, and have not feared the
frowns
Nor loved the smiles of greatness, but have
wrought
Their Master's will, meet to receive their
crowns.

Here is the patience of the saints: this
tree
Is watered by their tears, as flowers are fed
With dew by night; but One you cannot
see
Sits here, and numbers all the tears they
shed.

Here is their faith too, which if you will keep
When we two part, I will a journey make
To pluck a garland hence while you do
sleep,
And weave it for your head against you
wake.

Joy



Be dumb, coarse measures; jar no more;
to me

There is no discord but your harmony,
False, juggling sounds; a groan well
dressed, where care

Moves in disguise, and sighs afflict the
air.

Sorrows in white; griefs tuned; a sugared
dosis

Of wormwood, and a death's-head crowned
with roses.

He weighs not your forced accents, who
can have

A lesson played him by a wind or wave.
Such numbers tell their days, whose spirits
be

Lulled by those charmers to a lethargy.

But as for thee, whose faults long since
require

More eyes than stars; whose breath, could
it aspire

To equal winds, would prove too short:
thou hast

Another mirth, a mirth, though overcast

JOY

With clouds and rain, yet full as calm and
fine

As those clear heights which above tem-
pests shine.

Therefore while the various showers
Kill and cure the tender flowers,
While the winds refresh the year
Now with clouds, now making clear,
Be sure under pains of death
To ply both thine eyes and breath.

As leaves in bowers
Whisper their hours,
And hermit-wells
Drop in their cells:

So in sighs and unseen tears
Pass thy solitary years,
And going hence, leave written on some
tree,
“Sighs make joy sure, and shaking fastens
thee”.

The Favour



O Thy bright looks! Thy glance of love
Shown, and but shown, me from above!
Rare looks! that can dispense such joy
As without wooing wins the coy,
And makes him mourn, and pine, and die,
Like a starved eaglet, for Thine eye.
Some kind herbs here, though low and far,
Watch for and know their loving star.
O let no star compare with Thee!
Nor any herb out-duty me!
So shall my nights and mornings be
Thy time to shine, and mine to see.

The Garland



Thou, who dost flow and flourish here
 below,
To whom a falling star and nine days'
 glory,
Or some frail beauty makes the bravest
 show,
Hark, and make use of this ensuing
 story.

When first my youthful, sinful age
 Grew master of my ways,
Appointing Error for my page,
 And Darkness for my days;
I flung away, and with full cry
 Of wild affections, rid
In post for pleasures, bent to try
 All gamesters that would bid.
I played with fire, did counsel spurn
 Made life my common stake;
But never thought that fire would burn,
 Or that a soul could ache.
Glorious deceptions, gilded mists,
 False joys, fantastic flights,

THE GARLAND

Pieces of sackcloth with silk lists,
 These were my prime delights.
I sought choice bowers, haunted the spring,
 Culled flowers and made me posies;
Gave my fond humours their full wing,
 And crowned my head with roses.
But at the height of this career
 I met with a dead man,
Who, noting well my vain abear,
 Thus unto me began:
"Desist, fond fool, be not undone;
 What thou hast cut to-day
Will fade at night, and with this sun
 Quite vanish and decay.

Flowers gathered in this world die here;
 if thou
Wouldst have a wreath that fades not, let
 them grow,
And grow for thee. Who spares them
 here, shall find
A garland, where comes neither rain, nor
 wind."

Love-Sick



Jesus, my life! how shall I truly love
Thee?
O that Thy Spirit would so strongly move
me:
That Thou wert pleased to shed Thy grace
so far
As to make man all pure love, flesh a star!
A star that would ne'er set, but ever rise,
So rise and run, as to out-run these skies,
These narrow skies (narrow to me,) that bar,
So bar me in, that I am still at war,
At constant war with them. O come, and
rend
Or bow the heavens! Lord, bow them and
descend,
And at Thy presence make these mountains
flow,
These mountains of cold ice in me! Thou
art
Refining fire, O then refine my heart,
My foul, foul heart! Thou art immortal heat;
Heat motion gives; then warm it, till it
beat;

LOVE-SICK

So beat for Thee, till Thou in mercy hear;
So hear, that Thou must open; open to
A sinful wretch, a wretch that caused Thy
 woe;
Thy woe, Who caused his weal; so far his
 weal
That Thou forgott'st Thine own, for Thou
 didst seal
Mine with Thy blood, Thy blood which
 makes Thee mine,
Mine ever, ever; and me ever Thine.

Trinity Sunday



O holy, blessèd, glorious Three,
Eternal witnesses that be
In Heaven, One God in Trinity!

As here on Earth, when men withstood,
The Spirit, Water and the Blood
Made my Lord's Incarnation good:

So let the anti-types in me
Elected, bought, and sealed for free,
Be owned, saved, sainted by you Three!

Psalm 104



Up, O my soul, and bless the Lord! O
God,

My God, how great, how very great art
Thou!

Honour and majesty have their abode
With Thee, and crown Thy brow.

Thou cloth'st Thyself with light, as with
a robe,

And the high, glorious heavens Thy
mighty hand

Doth spread like curtains round about
this globe

Of air, and sea, and land.

The beams of Thy bright chambers Thou
dost lay

In the deep waters, which no eye can
find;

The clouds Thy chariots are, and Thy path-
way

The wings of the swift wind.

PSALM 104

In Thy celestial, gladsome messages
 Dispatched to holy souls, sick with
 desire
And love of Thee, each willing angel is
 Thy minister in fire.

Thy arm unmoveable for ever laid
 And founded the firm Earth; then with
 the deep
As with a veil Thou hidst it; Thy floods
 played
 Above the mountains steep.

At Thy rebuke they fled, at the known
 voice
 Of their Lord's thunder they retired
 apace:
Some up the mountains passed by secret
 ways,
 Some downwards to their place.

For Thou to them a bound hast set, a
 bound
 Which (though but sand,) keeps in and
 curbs whole seas:
There all their fury, foam, and hideous
 sound,
 Must languish and decrease;

PSALM 104

And as Thy care bounds these, so Thy rich
love

Doth broach the Earth; and lesser brooks
lets forth,
Which run from hills to valleys, and
improve
Their pleasure and their worth.

These to the beasts of every field give
drink;

There the wild asses swallow the cool
spring:
And birds amongst the branches on their
brink
Their dwellings have, and sing.

Thou from Thy upper springs above, from
those

Chambers of rain, where heaven's large
bottles lie,
Dost water the parched hills, whose
breaches close,
Healed by the showers from high.

Grass for the cattle, and herbs for man's
use

Thou mak'st to grow; these, blessed by
Thee, the earth
Brings forth, with wine, oil, bread: all
which infuse
To man's heart strength and mirth.

PSALM 104

Thou giv'st the trees their greenness, e'en
to those

Cedars in Lebanon, in whose thick
boughs

The birds their nests build; though the
stork doth choose

The fir-trees for her house.

To the wild goats the high hills serve for
folds,

The rocks give conies a retiring place:
Above them the cool moon her known
course holds,

And the sun runs his race.

Thou makest darkness, and then comes
the night;

In whose thick shades and silence each
wild beast

Creeps forth, and, pinched for food, with
scent and sight

Hunts in an eager quest.

The lion's whelps, impatient of delay,

Roar in the covert of the woods, and
seek

Their meat from Thee, Who dost appoint
the prey,

And feed'st them all the week.

PSALM 104

This past, the sun shines on the earth,
and they
Retire into their dens; man goes
abroad
Unto his work, and at the close of day
Returns home with his load.

O Lord my God, how many and how
rare
Are Thy great works! In wisdom hast
Thou made
Them all; and this the earth, and every
blade
Of grass we tread, declare.

So doth the deep and wide sea, wherein
are
Innumerable creeping things, both small
And great: there ships go, and the ship-
men's fear,
The comely spacious whale.

These all upon Thee wait, that Thou may'st
feed
Them in due season: what Thou giv'st
they take;
Thy bounteous open hand helps them at
need,
And plenteous meals they make.

PSALM 104

When Thou dost hide Thy face (Thy face
which keeps

All things in being,) they consume and
mourn :

When Thou withdraw'st their breath their
vigour sleeps,

And they to dust return.

Thou send'st thy Spirit forth, and they
revive,

The frozen Earth's dead face Thou dost
renew :

Thus Thou Thy glory through the world
dost drive,

And to Thy works art true.

Thine eyes behold the earth, and the whole
stage

Is moved and trembles, the hills melt
and smoke

With Thy least touch; lightnings and
winds that rage

At Thy rebuke are broke.

Therefore, as long as Thou wilt give me
breath,

I will in songs to Thy great name employ
That gift of Thine, and to my day of death

Thou shalt be all my joy.

PSALM 104

I'll spice my thoughts with Thee, and from
Thy Word

Gather true comforts; but the wicked
fiver

Shall be consumed. O my soul, bless thy
Lord!

Yea, bless thou Him for ever!

The Bird



Hither thou com'st. The busy wind all
night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own
warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the
fitter born,
Rained on thy bed
And harmless head;

And now as fresh and cheerful as the light,
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence, Whose unseen arm
Curbed them, and clothed thee well and
warm.

All things that be praise Him; and had
Their lesson taught them when first
made.

So hills and valleys into singing break;
And though poor stones have neither
speech nor tongue,

THE BIRD

While active winds and streams both run
and speak,
Yet stones are deep in admiration.
Thus praise and prayer here beneath the sun
Make lesser mornings, when the great are
done.

For each enclosed spirit is a star
Enlight'ning his own little sphere,
Whose light, though fetched and borrowed
from far,
Both mornings makes and evenings there.

But as these birds of light make a land glad,
Chirping their solemn matins on each
tree:
So in the shades of night some dark
fowls be,
Whose heavy notes make all that hear
them sad.

The turtle then in palm-trees mourns,
While owls and satyrs howl;
The pleasant land to brimstone turns,
And all her streams grow foul.

Brightness and mirth, and love and faith,
all fly,
Till the day-spring breaks forth again from
high.

The Timber



Sure thou didst flourish once! and many
springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many
showers
Passed o'er thy head: many light hearts
and wings,
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living
bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh groves grow up, and their green
branches shoot
Towards the old and still-enduring skies;
While the low violet thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy line
Of death doth waste all senseless, cold,
and dark;
Where not so much as dreams of light
may shine,
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf, or
bark.

THE TIMBER

And yet (as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred, in thy growth, betwixt high winds
and thee,
Were still alive,) thou dost great storms
resent,
Before they come, and know'st how near
they be.

Else, all at rest thou liest, and the fierce
breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy
ease;
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means only those who broke (in life) thy
peace.

So murdered man, when lovely life is done,
And his blood freezed, keeps in the centre
still
Some secret sense, which makes the dead
blood run
At his approach that did the body kill.

And is there any murderer worse than sin?
Or any storms more foul than a lewd
life?
Or what resentient can work more within,
Than true remorse, when with past sins
at strife?

THE TIMBER

He that hath left life's vain joys and vain
care,
And truly hates to be detained on earth,
Hath got an house where many mansions
are,
And keeps his soul unto eternal mirth.

But though thus dead unto the world, and
ceased
From sin, he walks a narrow, private
way;
Yet grief and old wounds make him sore
displeased,
And all his life a rainy, weeping day.

For though he should forsake the world,
and live
As mere a stranger, as men long since
dead;
Yet joy itself will make a right soul grieve
To think he should be so long vainly
led.

But as shades set off light, so tears and
grief,
(Though of themselves but a sad blub-
bered story,)
By showing the sin great, show the relief
Far greater, and so speak my Saviour's
glory.

THE TIMBER

If my way lies through deserts and wild
woods,
Where all the land with scorching heat
is cursed;
Better the pools should flow with rain and
floods
To fill my bottle, than I die with thirst.

Blest showers they are, and streams sent
from above,
Begetting virgins where they use to
flow;
And trees of life no other waters love:
These upper springs, and none else make
them grow.

But these chaste fountains flow not till
we die:
Some drops may fall before, but a clear
spring
And ever running, till we leave to fling
Dirt in her way, will keep above the sky.

ROM. CAP. 6. VER. 7.

He that is dead, is freed from sin.

The Jews



When the fair year
Of your Deliverer comes,
And that long frost which now benumbs
Your hearts shall thaw; when angels here
 Shall yet to man appear,
And familiarly confer
Beneath the oak and juniper;
 When the bright Dove,
Which now these many, many springs
 Hath kept above,
 Shall with spread wings
Descend, and living waters flow
To make dry dust and dead trees grow;

O then that I
Might live, and see the olive bear
Her proper branches! which now lie
 Scattered each where,
And, without root and sap, decay,
Cast by the husbandman away.
 And sure it is not far!
For as your fast and foul decays,
 Forerunning the bright morning-star,
Did sadly note His healing rays

THE JEWS

Would shine elsewhere, since you were
blind,

And would be cross, when God was kind:—

So by all signs

Our fulness too is new come in;

And the same sun, which here declines
And sets, will few hours hence begin

To rise on you again, and look
Towards old Mamre and Eshcol's brook.

For surely He

Who loved the world so as to give

His only Son to make it free,
Whose Spirit too doth mourn and grieve
To see man lost, will for old love
From your dark hearts this veil remove.

Faith sojourned first on earth in you,

You were the dear and chosen stock:
The Arm of God, glorious and true,
Was first revealed to be your Rock.

You were the eldest child, and when

Your stony hearts ^{despised} love,
The youngest, e'en the Gentiles, then,
Were cheered, your jealousy to move.

Thus, righteous Father! dost Thou deal
With brutish men; Thy gifts go round
By turns, and timely, and so heal
The lost son by the newly found.

Begging



Aye, do not go! Thou know'st I'll die!
My spring and fall are in Thy book!
Or, if Thou goest, do not deny
To lend me, though from far, one look!

My sins long since have made Thee strange,
A very stranger unto me;
No morning meetings since this change,
Nor evening walks have I with Thee.

Why is my God thus slow and cold,
When I am most, most sick and sad?
Well fare those blessèd days of old,
When Thou didst hear the weeping lad!

O do not Thou do as I did,
Do not despise a love-sick heart!
What though some clouds defiance bid,
Thy sun must shine in every part.

Though I have spoiled, O spoil not Thou!
Hate not Thine Own dear gift and token!
Poor birds sing best, and prettiest show,
When their nest is fall'n and broken.

BEGGING

Dear Lord! restore Thy ancient peace,
Thy quickening friendship, man's bright
wealth!
And if Thou wilt not give me ease
From sickness, give my spirit health!

Palm-Sunday



Come, drop your branches, strow the way,
Plants of the day!

Whom sufferings make most green and
gay.

The King of grief, the Man of Sorrow,
Weeping still, like the wet morrow,
Your shades and freshness comes to bor-
row.

Put on, put on your best array ;
Let the joyed road make holiday,
And flowers, that into fields do stray
Or secret groves, keep the highway.

Trees, flowers, and herbs; birds, beasts,
and stones,

That, since man fell, expect with groans
To see the Lamb, (which all at once,)

Lift up your heads and leave your moans;
For here comes He

Whose death will be
Man's life, and your full liberty.

PALM-SUNDAY

Hark! how the children shrill and high
 “Hosanna” cry;
Their joys provoke the distant sky,
Where thrones and seraphins reply;
And their own angels shine and sing,
 In a bright ring:
 Such young, sweet mirth
 Makes Heaven and Earth
Join in a joyful symphony.

The harmless, young, and happy Ass,
(Seen long before¹ this came to pass,)
Is in these joys an high partaker,
Ordained and made to bear his Maker.

Dear feast of palms, of flowers and dew!
 Whose fruitful dawn sheds hopes and
 lights;
Thy bright solemnities did shew
 The third glad day through two sad
 nights.

I'll get me up before the sun,
 I'll cut me boughs off many a tree,
And all alone full early run
 To gather flowers to welcome thee.

Then, like the palm, though wrong I'll bear,
 I will be still a child, still meek

¹ Zechariah, chap. 9, ver. 9.

PALM-SUNDAY

As the poor ass which the proud jeer,
And only my dear Jesus seek.

If I lose all, and must endure
The proverb'd griefs of holy Job,
I care not, so I may secure
But one green branch and a white robe.

Jesus Weeping



S. LUKE, CHAP. 19. VER. 41.

Blessèd, unhappy city! dearly loved,
But still unkind! Art this day nothing
moved?

Art senseless still? O canst thou sleep
When God Himself for thee doth weep?
Stiff-neckèd Jews! your fathers' breed,
That served the calf, not Abra'm's seed;
Had not the babes "Hosanna" cried,
The stones had spoke what you denied.

Dear Jesus, weep on! pour this latter
Soul-quickenng rain, this living water
On their dead hearts; but (O my fears!)
They will drink blood that despise tears.
My dear, bright Lord! my Morning-star!
Shed this live-dew on fields which far
From hence long for it! shed it there,
Where the starved earth groans for one
tear!

This land, though with Thy heart's blessed
extract fed,
Will nothing yield but thorns to wound
Thy head.

The Daughter of Herodias



S. MATT. CHAP. 14. VER. 6, &C.

Vain, sinful art! who first did fit
Thy lewd, loathed motions unto sounds,
And made grave Music, like wild wit,
Err in loose airs beyond her bounds?

What fires hath he heaped on his head!
Since to his sins, as needs it must,
His art adds still (though he be dead,
New, fresh accounts of blood and lust.

Leave then, young sorceress;¹ the ice
Will those coy spirits cast asleep,
Which teach thee now to please his eyes
Who² doth thy loathsome mother keep.

¹ Her name was Salome; in passing over a frozen river, the ice broke under her, and chopped off her head.

² Herod Antipas.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS

But thou hast pleased so well, he swears,
And gratifies thy sin with vows;
His shameless lust in public wears,
And to thy soft arts strongly bows.

Skilful enchantress, and true bred!
Who out of evil can bring forth good?
Thy mother's nets in thee were spread,
She tempts to incest, thou to blood.

Jesus Weeping



S. JOHN, CHAP. II. VER. 35.

My dear, Almighty Lord! why dost Thou
weep?

Why dost Thou groan and groan again?

And with such deep,

Repeated sighs Thy kind heart pain?

Since the same sacred breath, which thus

Doth mourn for us,

Can make man's dead and scattered
bones

Unite, and raise up all that died at once?

O holy groans! groans of the Dove!

O healing tears! the tears of love!

Dew of the dead! which makes dust move

And spring, how is't that you so sadly
grieve,

Who can relieve?

Should not Thy sighs refrain Thy store

Of tears, and not provoke to more?

Since two afflictions may not reign

In one at one time, as some feign.

JESUS' WEEPING

Those blasts, which o'er our heads here
 stray,
If showers then fall, will showers allay;
As those poor pilgrims oft have tried,
Who in this windy world abide.

Dear Lord! Thou art all grief and love;
But which Thou art most, none can prove.
Thou griev'st man should himself undo,
And lov'st him, though he works Thy woe.

'T was not that vast, almighty measure
Which is required to make up life,
(Though purchased with Thy heart's dear
 treasure,)

 Did breed this strife
Of grief and pity in Thy breast,
The throne where peace and power rest:
 But 't was Thy love that (without leave,)
Made Thine eyes melt, and Thy heart heave.
For though death cannot so undo
What Thou hast done, (but though man too
Should help to spoil, Thou canst restore
All better far than 't was before,)
Yet Thou so full of pity art
(Pity which overflows Thy heart,)
That, though the cure of all man's harm
Is nothing to Thy glorious Arm,
Yet canst not Thou that free cure do,
But Thou must sorrow for him too.

JESUS' WEEPING

Then farewell joys! for while I live,
My business here shall be to grieve:
A grief that shall outshine all joys
For mirth and life, yet without noise;
A grief, whose silent dew shall breed
Lilies and myrrh, where the cursed seed
Did sometimes rule; a grief so bright,
'T will make the land of darkness light;
And while too many sadly roam,
Shall send me, swan-like, singing home.

PSALM 73. VER. 25.

*Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there
is none upon Earth that I desire besides Thee.*

Providence



Sacred and secret Hand!
By Whose assisting, swift command
The angel showed that holy well,
Which freed poor Hagar from her fears,
And turned to smiles the begging tears
Of young, distressed Ishmael:

How in a mystic cloud
(Which doth Thy strange sure mercies
shroud,)
Dost Thou convey man food and money
Unseen by him, till they arrive
Just at his mouth, that thankless hive
Which kills Thy bees, and eats Thy honey!

If I Thy servant be,
(Whose service makes e'en captives free,)
A fish shall all my tribute pay,
The swift-winged raven shall bring me
meat,
And I, like flowers, shall still go neat,
As if I knew no month but May.

PROVIDENCE

I will not fear what man
With all his plots and power can.
Bags that wax old may plundered be;
But none can sequester or let
A state that with the sun doth set,
And comes next morning fresh as he.

Poor birds this doctrine sing,
And herbs which on dry hills do spring,
Or in the howling wilderness
Do know Thy dewy morning hours,
And watch all night for mists or showers,
Then drink and praise Thy bounteousness.

May he for ever die
Who trusts not Thee, but wretchedly
Hunts gold and wealth, and will not lend
Thy service nor his soul one day!
May his crown, like his hopes, be clay;
And what he saves, may his foes spend!

If all my portion here,
The measure given by Thee each year,
Were by my causeless enemies
Usurped; it never should me grieve,
Who know how well Thou canst relieve,
Whose hands are open as Thine eyes.

Great King of love and truth!
Who wouldst not hate my froward youth,

PROVIDENCE

And wilt not leave me when grown old;
Gladly will I, like Pontic sheep,
Unto their wormwood diet keep,
Since Thou hast made Thy Arm my fold.

The Knot



Bright Queen of Heaven! God's Virgin
Spouse!

The glad world's Blessèd Maid!
Whose beauty tied life to thy house,
And brought us saving aid:

Thou art the true Love's-knot; by thee
God is made our ally;
And man's inferior essence He
With His did dignify.

For coalescent by that band
We are His body grown,
Nourished with favours from His hand
Whom for our Head we own.

And such a knot what arm dares loose,
What life, what death can sever?
Which us in Him, and Him in us,
United keeps for ever.

The Ornament



The lucky World showed me one day
Her gorgeous mart and glittering store,
Where with proud haste the rich made way
To buy, the poor came to adore.

Serious they seemed, and bought up all
The latest modes of pride and lust;
Although the first must surely fall,
And the last is most loathsome dust.

But while each gay, alluring ware
With idle hearts and busy looks
They viewed, (for Idleness hath there
Laid up all her archives and books,)

Quite through their proud and pompous file,
Blushing, and in meek weeds arrayed,
With native looks which knew no guile,
Came the sheep-keeping Syrian maid.

Whom straight the shining row all faced,
Forced by her artless looks and dress;
While one cried out, "We are disgraced!
For she is bravest, you confess".

St. Mary
Magdalen



Dear, beauteous Saint! more white than
day
When in his naked, pure array;
Fresher than morning-flowers which show,
As thou in tears dost, best in dew:
How art thou changed, how lively-fair,
Pleasing, and innocent an air,
Not tutored by thy glass, but free,
Native and pure, shines now in thee!
But since thy beauty doth still keep
Bloomy and fresh, why dost thou weep?
This dusky state of sighs and tears
Durst not look on those smiling years
When Magdal-castle was thy seat,
Where all was sumptuous, rare and neat.
Why lies this hair despisèd now
Which once thy care and art did show?
Who then did dress the much-loved toy
In spires, globes, angry curls and coy,
Which with skilled negligence seemed shed
About thy curious, wild, young head?
Why is this rich, this Pistie nard

ST. MARY MAGDALEN

Spilled, and the box quite broke and
marred?

What pretty sullenness did haste

Thy easy hands to do this waste?

Why art thou humbled thus, and low

As earth thy lovely head dost bow?

Dear soul! thou knew'st flowers here on
earth

At their Lord's footstool have their
birth;

Therefore thy withered self in haste

Beneath His blessed feet thou didst cast,

That at the root of this green tree

Thy great decays restored might be.

Thy curious vanities, and rare

Odorour ointments, kept with care

And dearly bought, (when thou didst see

They could not cure nor comfort thee,)

Like a wise, early penitent,

Thou sadly didst to Him present,

Whose interceding, meek, and calm

Blood is the world's all-healing balm.

This, this Divine restorative

Called forth thy tears, which ran in live

And hasty drops, as if they had

(Their Lord so near,) sense to be glad.

Learn, ladies, here the faithful cure,

Makes beauty lasting, fresh and pure;

Learn Mary's art of tears, and then

Say you have got the day from men.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN

Cheap, mighty art! her art of love,
Who loved much, and much more could
move;

Her art! whose memory must last
Till truth through all the world be passed;
Till his abused, despisèd flame
Return to Heaven, from whence it came,
And send a fire down, that shall bring
Destruction on his ruddy wing.

Her art! whose pensive, weeping eyes,
Were once Sin's loose and tempting spies;
But now are fixèd stars, whose light
Helps such dark stragglers to their sight.

Self-boasting Pharisee! how blind
A judge wert thou, and how unkind!
It was impossible that thou,
Who wert all false, shouldst true grief
know.

Is't just to judge her faithful tears
By that foul rheum thy false eye wears?

"This Woman", say'st thou, "is a sinner!"
And sat there none such at thy dinner?
Go, leper, go! wash till thy flesh
Comes, like a child's, spotless and fresh;
He is still leprous that still paints:
Who saint themselves, they are no saints.

The Rainbow



Still young and fine! but what is still in
view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh
and new.
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admir-
ing eye
Thy burnished, flaming arch did first
descrie!
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one
knot,
Did with intente looks watch every
hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each
shower!
When thou dost shine, Darkness looks white
and fair,
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and
air:
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and
pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and
flowers.

THE RAINBOW

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the
sure tie

Of thy Lord's hand, the object¹ of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be
dim,

Distant, and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from His glorious
throne,

And minds the covenant 'twixt All and
One.

O foul, deceitful men! my God doth keep
His promise still, but we break ours and
sleep.

After the Fall the first sin was in blood,
And drunkenness quickly did succeed the
Flood;

But since Christ died (as if we did devise
To lose Him too, as well as Paradise,)

These two grand sins we join and act to-
gether,

Though blood and drunkenness make but
foul, foul weather.

Water (though both heaven's windows and
the deep

Full forty days o'er the drowned world did
weep,)

Could not reform us, and blood, (in despite,)

Yea, God's own blood, we tread upon and
slight.

¹ Gen. chap. 9, ver. 16.

THE RAINBOW

So those bad daughters, which God saved
from fire,
While Sodom yet did smoke lay with their
sire.

Then peaceful, signal bow, but in a cloud
Still lodged, where all thy unseen arrows
shroud;

I will on thee as on a comet look,
A comet, the sad world's ill-boding book;
Thy light as luctual and stained with woes
I'll judge, where penal flames sit mixed
and close;

For though some think thou shin'st but to
restrain

Bold storms, and simply dost attend on
rain;

Yet I know well, and so our sins require,
Thou dost but court cold rain, till rain
turns fire.

The Seed
Growing
Secretly



S. MARK, CHAP. 4. VER. 26.

If this world's friends might see but once
What some poor man may often feel,
Glory and gold, and crowns and thrones,
They would soon quit, and learn to
kneel.

My Dew, my Dew! my early Love,
My soul's bright Food, Thy absence kills!
Hover not long, eternal Dove!
Life without Thee is loose, and spills.

Something I had, which long ago
Did learn to suck and sip and taste;
But now grown sickly, sad and slow,
Doth fret and wrangle, pine and waste.

O spread Thy sacred wings, and shake
One living drop! one drop life keeps!
If pious griefs Heaven's joys awake,
O fill his bottle! Thy child weeps!

SEED GROWING SECRETLY

Slowly and sadly doth he grow,
And soon as left shrinks back to ill;
O feed that life, which makes him blow
And spread and open to Thy will!

For Thy eternal, living wells
None stained or withered shall come
near:
A fresh, immortal green there dwells,
And spotless white is all the wear.

Dear, secret greenness! nursed below
Tempests and winds, and winter-nights!
Vex not that but One sees thee grow:
That One made all these lesser lights.

If those bright joys He singly sheds
On thee, were all met in one crown,
Both sun and stars would hide their heads,
And moons, though full, would get them
down.

Let glory be their bait whose minds
Are all too high for a low cell:
Though hawks can prey through storms
and winds,
The poor bee in her hive must dwell.

Glory, the crowd's cheap tinsel, still
To what most takes them is a drudge;

SEED GROWING SECRETLY

And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving vice for virtue judge.

What needs a conscience, calm and bright
Within itself, an outward test?
Who breaks his glass to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and
watch,
Till the white-wingèd reapers come!

As Time One
Day by Me
did Pass



As Time one day by me did pass,
Through a large dusky glass
He held, I chanced to look,
And spied his curious book
Of past days, where sad Heaven did shed
A mourning light upon the dead.

Many disordered lives I saw,
And foul records which thaw
My kind eyes still, but in
A fair, white page of thin
And even, smooth lines, like the sun's rays,
Thy name was writ, and all thy days.

O bright and happy calendar!
Where youth shines like a star
All pearly with tears, and may
Teach age the holy way;
Where through thick pangs, high agonies,
Faith into Life breaks, and Death dies.

AS TIME ONE DAY

As some meek night-piece which day quails,
To candle-light unveils:
So by one beamy line
From thy bright lamp did shine
In the same page thy humble grave,
Set with green herbs, glad hopes and
brave.

Here slept my thought's dear mark! which
dust
Seemed to devour like rust;
But dust (I did observe,
By hiding doth preserve;
As we, for long and sure recruits,
Candy with sugar our choice fruits.

O calm and sacred bed, where lies
In Death's dark mysteries
A beauty far more bright
Than the noon's cloudless light;
For whose dry dust green branches bud,
And robes are bleached in the Lamb's
blood.

Sleep, happy ashes! (blessèd sleep!)
While hapless I still weep;
Weep that I have outlived
My life, and unrelieved
Must (soulless shadow!) so live on,
Though life be dead, and my joys gone.

Fair and
Young Light!

Fair and Young Light! my guide to holy
Grief and soul-curing melancholy;
Whom living here I did still shun
As sullen night-ravens do the sun,
And led by my own foolish fire
Wandered through darkness, dens, and
mire:

How am I now in love with all
That I termed then mere bonds and thrall!
And to Thy name, (which still I keep,)
Like the surviving turtle, weep!
O bitter cursed delights of men!
Our souls' diseases first, and then
Our bodies'; poisons that entreat
With fatal sweetness, till we eat;
How artfully do you destroy,
That kill with smiles and seeming joy!
If all the subtleties of vice
Stood bare before unpractised eyes,
And every act she doth commence
Had writ down its sad consequence,
Yet would not men grant their ill fate

FAIR AND YOUNG LIGHT!

Lodged in those false looks, till too late.
O holy, happy, healthy Heaven,
Where all is pure, where all is even,
Plain, harmless, faithful, fair, and bright,
But what Earth breathes against thy
light!

How blessed had men been, had their
sire

Lived still in league with thy chaste fire;
Nor made life through her long descents
A slave to lustful elements!

I did once read in an old book,
Soiled with many a weeping look,
"That the seeds of foul sorrows be
The finest things that are to see."

So that famed fruit, which made all die,
Seemed fair unto the woman's eye.

If these supplanters in the shade
Of Paradise could make man fade,
How in this world should they deter
This world, their fellow-murderer!

And why then grieve we to be sent
Home by our first fair punishment,
Without addition to our woes
And lingering wounds from weaker foes?
Since that doth quickly freedom win,
"For he that's dead is freed from sin".

O that I were winged and free,
And quite undressed just now with Thee

FAIR AND YOUNG LIGHT!

Where freed souls dwell by living fountains
On everlasting, spicy mountains!

Alas! my God! take home Thy sheep;
This world but laughs at those that
weep.

The Stone



JOSH. CHAP. 24. VER. 27.

I have it now:
But where to act that none shall know,
Where I shall have no cause to fear
 An eye or ear,
 What man will show?
If nights, and shades, and secret rooms,
 Silent as tombs,
Will not conceal nor assent to
My dark designs, what shall I do?
Man I can bribe, and woman will
Consent to any gainful ill,
But these dumb creatures are so true,
No gold nor gifts can them subdue.
“Hedges have ears,” said the old sooth,
“And every bush is something’s booth”;
This cautious fools mistake, and fear
Nothing but man, when ambushed there.

But I, alas!
Was shown one day in a strange glass
That busy commerce kept between
God and His creatures, though unseen.

THE STONE

They hear, see, speak,
And into loud discoveries break,
As loud as blood. Not that God needs
Intelligence, Whose Spirit feeds
All things with life, before Whose eyes
Hell and all hearts stark naked lies.
But He¹ that judgeth as He hears,
He that accuseth none, so steers
His righteous course, that though He
knows
All that man doth, conceals or shows,
Yet will not He by His own light
(Though both all-seeing and all right,)
Condemn men; but will try them by
A process, which e'en man's own eye
Must needs acknowledge to be just.

Hence sand and dust
Are shaken for witnesses, and stones,
Which some think dead, shall all at once
With one attesting voice detect
Those secret sins we least suspect.
For know, wild men, that when you err
Each thing turns scribe and register,
And, in obedience to his Lord,
Doth your most private sins record.

The Law delivered to the Jews,
Who promised much, but did refuse

¹ S. John, chap. 5, ver. 30, 45.

THE STONE

Performance, will for that same deed
Against them by a stone proceed;
Whose substance, though 't is hard enough,
Will prove their hearts more stiff and
tough.

But now, since God on Himself took
What all mankind could never brook,
If any (for He all invites,)
His easy yoke rejects or slights,
The Gospel then (for 't is His word,
And not Himself,¹ shall judge the world,)
Will by loose dust that man arraign,
As one than dust more vile and vain.

¹ S. John, chap. 12, ver. 47, 48.

The Dwelling-Place



S. JOHN, CHAP. I. VER. 38, 39.

What happy, secret fountain,
Fair shade, or mountain,
Whose undiscovered virgin glory
Boasts it this day, though not in story,
Was then Thy dwelling? did some cloud,
Fixed to a tent, descend and shroud
My distressed Lord? or did a star,
Beckoned by Thee, though high and far,
In sparkling smiles haste gladly down
To lodge Light, and increase her own?
My dear, dear God! I do not know
What lodged Thee then, nor where, nor
how;
But I am sure Thou dost now come
Oft to a narrow, homely room,
Where Thou too hast but the least part;
My God, I mean my sinful heart.

The Men of War



S. LUKE, CHAP. 23. VER. 11.

“ If any have an ear,”
Saith holy John,¹ “ then let him hear !
He, that into captivity
Leads others, shall a captive be.
Who with the sword doth others kill,
A sword shall his blood likewise spill.
Here is the patience of the saints,
And the true faith which never faints.”

Were not Thy word, dear Lord ! my light,
How would I run to endless night,
And persecuting Thee and Thine,
Enact for saints myself and mine !
But now enlightened thus by Thee,
I dare not think such villany ;
Nor for a temporal self-end
Successful wickedness commend.
For in this bright, instructing verse
Thy saints are not the conquerors ;
But patient, meek, and overcome
Like Thee, when set at naught and dumb.

¹ Revel. chap. 13, ver. 10.

THE MEN OF WAR

Armies Thou hast in Heaven, which fight
And follow Thee all clothed in white;
But here on Earth (though Thou hadst
need,)

Thou wouldst no legions, but wouldst
bleed.

The sword wherewith Thou dost command
Is in Thy mouth, not in Thy hand,
And all Thy saints do overcome
By Thy blood, and their martyrdom.
But seeing soldiers long ago
Did spit on Thee, and smote Thee too;
Crowned Thee with thorns, and bowed the
knee,

But in contempt, as still we see,
I'll marvel not at aught they do,
Because they used my Saviour so;
Since of my Lord they had their will,
The servant must not take it ill.

Dear Jesus, give me patience here,
And faith to see my crown as near,
And almost reached, because 't is sure
If I hold fast, and slight the lure.
Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,
A sweet, revengeless, quiet mind,
And to my greatest haters, kind.
Give me, my God! a heart as mild
And plain, as when I was a child.

THE MEN OF WAR

That when "Thy throne is set," and all
These "conquerors" before it fall,
I may be found (preserved by Thee!)
Amongst that chosen company,
Who by no blood (here) overcame
But the blood of the blessed Lamb.

The Ass



S. MATT. CHAP. 21.

Thou Who didst place me in this busy
street
Of flesh and blood, where two ways meet:
The one of goodness, peace, and life,
The other of death, sin, and strife;
Where frail visibles rule the mind,
And present things find men most kind;
Where obscure cares the mean defeat,
And splendid vice destroys the great;
As Thou didst set no law for me,
But that of perfect liberty,
Which neither tires, nor doth corrode,
But is a pillow, not a load:
So give me grace ever to rest,
And build on it, because the best;
Teach both mine eyes and feet to move
Within those bounds set by Thy love;
Grant I may soft and lowly be,
And mind those things I cannot see;
Tie me to faith, though above reason;
(Who question Power, they speak treason.)

THE ASS

I let me, Thy ass, be only wise
To carry, not search, mysteries.
(Who carries Thee, is by Thee led;
Who argues, follows his own head.)
To check bad motions, keep me still
Amongst the dead, where thriying Ill
Without his brags and conquests lies,
And Truth, oppressed here, gets the
prize.

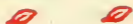
At all times, whatsoe'er I do,
Let me not fail to question, who
Shares in the act, and puts me to 't?
And if not Thou, let not me do 't.
Above all, make me love the poor,
Those burthens to the rich man's door;
Let me admire those, and be kind
To low estates and a low mind.
If the world offers to me aught,
That by Thy book must not be sought,
Or, though it should be lawful, may
Prove not expedient for Thy way,
To shun that peril let Thy grace
Prevail with me to shun the place;
Let me be wise to please Thee still,
And let men call me what they will.

When thus Thy mild, instructing hand
Finds Thy poor foal at Thy command,
When he from wild is become wise,
And slight's that most which men most
prize;

THE ASS

When all things here to thistles turn
Pricking his lips, till he doth mourn
And hang the head, sighing for those
Pastures of life where the Lamb goes:
O then, just then! break or untie
These bonds, this sad captivity,
This leaden state, which men miscall
Being and life, but is dead thrall.
And when, O God! the ass is free,
In a state known to none but Thee,
O let him by his Lord be led
To living springs, and there be fed,
Where light, joy, health, and perfect peace
Shut out all pain and each disease;
Where death and frailty are forgotten,
And bones rejoice which once were broken!

The Hidden Treasure



S. MATT. CHAP. 13. VER. 44.

“What can the man do that succeeds the
king?
Even what was done before, and no new
thing.”¹
Who shows me but one grain of sincere
light?
False stars and fire-drakes, the deceits of
night
Set forth to fool and foil thee, do not
boast;
Such coal-flames show but kitchen-rooms
at most.
And those I saw searched through; yea,
those and all,
That these three thousand years Time did
let fall
To blind the eyes of lookers-back; and I,
Now all is done, find all is vanity.

¹ Ecclesiastes, chap. 2, ver. 12.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE

Those secret searches which afflict the
wise,
Paths that are hidden from the vulture's
eyes,
I saw at distance, and where grows that
fruit
Which others only grope for and dispute.
The world's loved wisdom, (for the
world's friends think
There is none else,) did not the dreadful
brink
And precipice it leads to bid me fly,
None could with more advantage use
than I.
Man's favourite sins, those tainting ap-
petites,
Which nature breeds, and some fine clay
invites,
With all their soft, kind arts and easy
strains,
Which strongly operate, though without
pains,
Did not a greater beauty rule mine
eyes,
None would more dote on, nor so soon
entice.
But since these sweets are sour and
poisoned here,
Where the impure seeds flourish all the
year,

THE HIDDEN TREASURE

And private tapers will but help to stray
Even those who by them would find out
the day,

I'll seal my eyes up, and to Thy com-
mands

Submit my wild heart, and restrain my
hands;

I will do nothing, nothing know, nor see,
But what Thou bidst, and show'st, and
teachest me.

Look what Thou gav'st; all that I do
restore,

But for one thing, though purchased once
before.

Childhood



I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it, as at Eternity.

Were now that chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too, in my power,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by mere playing go to Heaven.

Why should men love
A wolf, more than a lamb or dove?
Or choose Hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright stars and God's own beams?
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace;
And sweetly living (fie on men!)
Are, when dead, medicinal then.
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise;
Since all that age doth teach is ill,
Why should I not love childhood still?
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down myself,

CHILDHOOD

Or by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurled?
Those observations are but foul,
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the practice worldlings call
Business and weighty action 'all,
Checking the poor child for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away.

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift
span
Where weeping Virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice that would God's face
see;
Which Angels guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than e'er I studied man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O for thy centre and mid-day!
For sure that is the narrow way!

The Night



S. JOHN, CHAP. 3. VER. 2.

Through that pure virgin shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o'er Thy glorious
noon,
That men might look and live, as glow-
worms shine,
And face the moon,
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blind
eyes
Thy long-expected healing wings could
see,
When Thou didst rise;
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

O who will tell me, where
He found Thee at that dead and silent
hour?

THE NIGHT

What hallowed solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower;
Within whose sacred leaves did lie
The fulness of the Deity?

No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,
But His own living works, did my Lord
hold

And lodge alone;
Where trees and herbs did watch and
peep
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear Night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busy fools; care's check and
curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's¹ progress—, and His prayer-time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth
chime.

God's silent, searching flight;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew,
and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of
night;
His still, soft call;

¹ S. Mark, chap. 1, ver. 35. S. Luke chap. 21, ver. 37.

THE NIGHT

His knocking-time; the soul's dumb
watch,
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing
or voice

Is seldom rent;
Then I in heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix
and tire
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To every mire;
And by this world's ill-guiding light,
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God, some say,
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men
here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that Night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!

Abel's Blood



Sad, purple well! whose bubbling eye
Did first against a murderer cry;
Whose streams, still vocal, still complain
Of bloody Cain;

And now at evening are as red
As in the morning when first shed.

If single thou

(Though single voices are but low,)
Could'st such a shrill and long cry rear
As speaks still in thy Maker's ear,
What thunders shall those men arraign
Who cannot count those they have slain,
Who bathe not in a shallow flood,
But in a deep, wide sea of blood?
A sea, whose loud waves cannot sleep,
But deep still calleth upon deep:
Whose urgent sound, like unto that
Of many waters, beateth at
The everlasting doors above,
Where souls behind the altar move,
And with one strong, incessant cry
Inquire "How long?" of the Most High.

Almighty Judge!

At Whose just laws no just men grudge;

ABEL'S BLOOD

Whose blessed, sweet commands do pour
Comforts, and joys, and hopes each hour
On those that keep them; O accept
Of his vowed heart, whom Thou hast kept
From bloody men! and grant I may
That sworn memorial duly pay
To Thy bright Arm, Which was my light
And leader through thick death and night!

Aye! may that flood,
That proudly spilled and despised blood,
Speechless and calm as infants, sleep!
Or if it watch, forgive and weep
For those that spilled it! May no cries
From the low Earth to high Heaven rise,
But what (like His Whose blood peace
brings,)
Shall, when they rise, "speak better things
Than Abel's" doth! May Abel be
Still single heard, while these agree
With His mild blood in voice and will
Who prayed for those that did Him kill!

Righteousness



Fair, solitary path! whose blessèd shades
The old, white prophets planted first
and dressed;
Leaving for us (whose goodness quickly
fades,)
A shelter all the way, and bowers to
rest;

Who is the man that walks in thee? who
loves
Heaven's secret solitude, those fair
abodes
Where turtles build, and careless sparrows
move
Without to-morrow's evils and future
loads?

Who hath the upright heart, the single
eye,
The clean, pure hand which never
meddled pitch?
Who sees invisibles, and doth comply
With hidden treasures that make truly
rich?

RIGHTEOUSNESS

He that doth seek and love
The things above,
Whose spirit, ever poor, is, meek, and low;
Who, simple still and wise,
Still homewards flies,
Quick to advance, and to retreat most slow.

Whose acts, words, and pretence,
Have all one sense,
One aim and end; who walks not by his
sight;
Whose eyes are both put out,
And goes about
Guided by faith, not by exterior light.

Who spills no blood, nor spreads
Thorns in the beds
Of the distressed, hasting their overthrow;
Making the time they had
Bitter and sad,
Like chronic pains, which surely kill,
though slow.

Who knows Earth nothing hath
Worth love or wrath,
But in his Hope and Rock is ever glad.
Who seeks and follows peace,
When with the ease
And health of conscience it is to be had.

RIGHTEOUSNESS

Who bears his cross with joy,
 And doth employ
His heart and tongue in prayers for his
 foes;
 Who lends, not to be paid,
 And gives full aid .
Without that bribe which usurers impose.

Who never looks on man
 Fearful and wan,
But firmly trusts in God; (the great man's
 measure,
 Though high and haughty, must
 Be ta'en in dust;
But the good man is God's peculiar
 treasure.)

Who doth thus, and doth not
 These good deeds blot
With bad, or with neglect; and heaps not
 wrath
 By secret filth, nor feeds
 Some snake or weeds,
Cheating himself; that man walks in this
 path.

Anguish



My God and King! to Thee
I bow my knee;
I bow my troubled soul, and greet
With my foul heart Thy holy feet.
Cast it, or tread it! it shall do
Even what Thou wilt, and praise Thee too.

My God, could I weep blood,
Gladly I would;
Or if Thou wilt give me that art
Which through the eyes pours out the
heart,
I will exhaust it all, and make
Myself all tears, a weeping lake.

O! 'tis an easy thing
To write and sing;
But to write true, unfeignèd verse
Is very hard! O God, disperse
These weights, and give my spirit leave
To act as well as to conceive!

O my God, hear my cry;
Or let me die!—

Tears



O when my God, my Glory, brings
His white and holy train
Unto those clear and living springs
Where comes no stain!

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,
And joy, and rest,
Make me amongst them ('tis my suit!)
The last one, and the least.

And when they all are fed, and have
Drunk of Thy living stream,
Bid Thy poor ass (with tears I crave!)
Drink after them.

Thy love claims highest thanks, my sin
The lowest pitch:
But if he pays, who loves much, then
Thou hast made beggars rich.

Jacob's Pillow and Pillar



I see the Temple in thy pillar reared,
And that dread Glory which thy children
feared,

In mild, clear visions, without a frown,
Unto thy solitary self is shown.

'Tis number makes a schism: throngs are
rude,

And God Himself died by the multitude.
This made Him put on clouds, and fire,
and smoke;

Hence He in thunder to thy offspring
spoke.

The small, still voice at some low cottage
knocks,

But a strong wind must break thy lofty
rocks.

The first true worship of the world's
great King
From private and selected hearts did
spring;

JACOB'S PILLOW AND PILLAR

But He, most willing to save all mankind,
Enlarged that light, and to the bad was
kind.

Hence Catholic or Universal came,
A most fair notion, but a very name.
For this rich pearl, like some more common
stone,

When once made public, is esteemed by
none.

Man slights his Maker when familiar
grown,

And sets up laws to pull His honour down.
This God foresaw: and when slain by the
crowd,

(Under that stately and mysterious cloud
Which His death scattered,) He foretold the
place

And form to serve Him in should be true
grace

And the meek heart; not in a mount, nor
at

Jerusalem, with blood of beasts and fat.

A heart is that dread place, that awful
cell,

That secret ark where the mild Dove doth
dwell.

When the proud waters rage, when
Heathens rule

By God's permission, and man turns a
mule,

JACOB'S PILLOW AND PILLAR

This little Goshen (in the midst of night
And Satan's seat,) in all her coasts hath
light;

Yea, Bethel shall have tithes, saith Israel's
Stone,

And vows and visions, though her foes cry,
"None".

Thus is the solemn Temple sunk again
Into a pillar, and concealed from men.
And glory be to His eternal Name,
Who is contented that this holy flame
Shall lodge in such a narrow pit, till He
With His strong arm turns our captivity!

But blessèd Jacob, though thy sad dis-
tress

Was just the same with ours, and nothing
less;

For thou a brother, and bloodthirsty too,
Didst fly,¹ whose children wrought thy
children's woe:

Yet thou in all thy solitude and grief,
On stones didst sleep, and found'st but
cold relief;

Thou from the Day-star a long way didst
stand,

And all that distance was Law and com-
mand.

¹ Obadiah, chap. 1, ver. 11. Amos, chap. 1, ver. 11.

JACOB'S PILLOW AND PILLAR

But we a healing Sun by day and night
Have our sure Guardian and our leading
Light.

What thou didst hope for and believe, we
find

And feel, a Friend most ready, sure and
kind.

Thy pillow was but type and shade at
best,

But we the substance have, and on Him
rest.

The Agreement



I wrote it down. But one, that saw
And envied that record, did since
Such a mist over my mind draw,
It quite forgot that purposed glimpse.
I read it sadly oft, but still
Simply believed 't was not my quill.

At length my life's kind angel came,
And, with his bright and busy wing
Scattering that cloud, showed me the flame,
Which straight like morning-stars did
sing,
And shine, and point me to a place,
Which all the year sees the sun's face.

O beamy book! O my mid-day,
Exterminating fears and night!
The mount, whose white ascendants may
Be in conjunction with true light!
My thoughts, when towards thee they
move,
Glitter and kindle with thy love.

THE AGREEMENT

Thou art the oil and the wine-house ;
Thine are the present healing leaves,
Blown from the tree of life to us
By His breath Whom my dead heart
heaves.

Each page of thine hath true life in 't,
And God's bright mind expressed in
print.

Most modern books are blots on thee,
Their doctrine chaff and windy fits,
Darkened along, as their scribes be,
With those foul storms when they were
writ ;
While the man's zeal lays out and
blends
Only self-worship and self-ends.

Thou art the faithful, pearly rock,
The hive of beamy, living lights,
Ever the same, whose diffused stock
Entire still wears out blackest nights.
Thy lines are rays the true Sun sheds ;
Thy leaves are healing wings He
spreads.

For until thou didst comfort me,
I had not one poor word to say :
Thick busy clouds did multiply,
And said I was no child of day ;

THE AGREEMENT

They said my own hands did remove
That candle given me from above.

O God! I know and do confess
My sins are great and still prevail,
(Most heinous sins and numberless!)
But Thy compassions cannot fail.
If Thy sure mercies can be broken,
Then all is true my foes have spoken.

But while Time runs, and after it
Eternity, which never ends,
Quite through them both, still infinite,
Thy covenant by Christ extends;
No sins of frailty, nor of youth,
Can foil His merits, and Thy truth.

And this I hourly find, for Thou
Dost still renew, and purge and heal:
Thy care and love, which jointly flow,
New cordials, new cathartics deal.
But were I once cast off by Thee,
I know, my God! this would not be.

Wherefore with tears, tears by Thee sent,
I beg my faith may never fail!
And when in death my speech is spent,
O let that silence then prevail!
O chase in that cold calm my foes,
And hear my heart's last private throes!

THE AGREEMENT

So Thou Who didst the work begin,
 (For I, till drawn,¹ came not to Thee,)
Wilt finish it, and by no sin
 Will Thy free mercies hindered be.
 For which, O God, I only can
 Bless Thee, and blame unthankful man.

¹ S. John, chap. 6, ver. 44, 65.

The Day of Judgment



O Day of life, of light, of love!
The only day dealt from above!
A day so fresh, so bright, so brave,
'T will show us each forgotten grave,
And make the dead, like flowers, arise
Youthful and fair to see new skies.
All other days, compared to thee,
Are but Light's weak minority;
They are but veils and ciphers, drawn,
Like clouds, before thy glorious dawn.
O come! arise! shine! do not stay,
Dearly loved day!

The fields are long since white, and I
With earnest groans for freedom cry;
My fellow-creatures too say, "Come!"
And stones, though speechless, are not
dumb.

When shall we hear that glorious voice
Of life and joys?
That voice, which to each secret bed
Of my Lord's dead,

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

Shall bring true day, and make dust see
The way to immortality?

When shall those first white pilgrims
rise,

Whose holy, happy histories
(Because they sleep so long,) some men
Count but the blots of a vain pen?

Dear Lord! make haste!

Sin every day commits more waste;
And Thy old enemy, which knows
His time is short, more raging grows.

Nor moan I only (though profuse,
Thy creatures' bondage and abuse;
But, what is highest sin and shame,

The vile despite done to Thy name;
The forgeries which impious wit
And power force on Holy Writ,

With all detestable designs
That may dishonour those pure lines.

O God! though mercy be in Thee
The greatest attribute we see,

And the most needful for our sins;
Yet, when Thy mercy nothing wins
But mere disdain, let not man say

"Thy arm doth sleep"; but write this day
Thy judging one: Descend, descend!

Make all things new, and without end!

Psalm 65



Sion's true, glorious God! on Thee
Praise waits in all humility.
All flesh shall unto Thee repair,
To Thee, O Thou That hearest prayer!
But sinful words and works still spread
And overrun my heart and head;
Transgressions make me foul each day;
O purge them, purge them all away!

Happy is he, whom Thou wilt choose
To serve Thee in Thy blessed house!
Who in Thy holy Temple dwells,
And filled with joy Thy goodness tells!
King of Salvation! by strange things
And terrible, Thy justice brings
Man to his duty. Thou alone
Art the world's hope, and but Thee, none.
Sailors that float on flowing seas
Stand firm by Thee, and have sure peace.
Thou still'st the loud waves, when most
wild,
And mak'st the raging people mild.
Thy arm did first the mountains lay,
And girds their rocky heads this day.

PS. 124 65

The most remote, who know not Thee,
At Thy great works astonished be.

The outgoings of the even and dawn
In antiphones sing to Thy Name:
Thou visit'st the low earth, and then
Water'st it for the sons of men;
Thy upper river, which abounds
With fertile streams, makes rich all
 grounds;

And by Thy mercies still supplied
The sower doth his bread provide.
Thou water'st every ridge of land,
And settlest with Thy secret hand
The furrows of it; then Thy warm
And opening showers (restrained from
 harm,)

Soften the mould, while all unseen
The blade grows up alive and green.
The year is with Thy goodness crowned,
And all Thy paths drop fatness round;
They drop upon the wilderness,
For Thou dost e'en the deserts bless,
And hills, full of springing pride,
Wear fresh adornments on each side.
The fruitful flocks fill every dale,
And purling corn doth clothe the vale;
They shout for joy, and jointly sing,
"Glory to the Eternal King!"

The Throne



REVEL. CHAP. 20. VER. 11.

When with these eyes, closed now by Thee,
 But then restored,
The great and white throne I shall see
 Of my dread Lord;
And lowly kneeling (for the most
 Stiff then must kneel,)
Shall look on Him, at Whose high cost
 (Unseen,) such joys I feel;

Whatever arguments or skill
 Wise heads shall use,
Tears only and my blushes still
 I will produce.
And should those speechless beggars fail,
 Which oft have won,
Then taught by Thee I will prevail,
 And say, "Thy will be done!"

Death



Though, since thy first sad entrance by
 Just Abel's blood,
'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
And still thy sovereignty holds good.
Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease
 As a tried thing;
And every one can slight his lease,
As if it ended in a Spring,
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free
 bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go:
 But there was One,
Who searched it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the sun,
Discovered all that there is done.

And since His death we throughly see
 All thy dark way;
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
Which His first looks will quickly fray:
Mists make but triumphs for the day.

DEATH

As harmless violets, which give
 Their virtues here
For salves and syrups while they live,
Do after calmly disappear,
And neither grieve, repine, nor fear:

So die His servants; and as sure
 Shall they revive.
Then let not dust your eyes obscure,
But lift them up, where still alive,
Though fled from you, their spirits live

The Feast



O come away,
Make no delay,
Come while my heart is clean and steady!
While Faith and Grace
Adorn the place,
Making dust and ashes ready!

No bliss here lent
Is permanent,
Such triumphs poor flesh cannot merit;
Short sips and sights
Endear delights:
Who seeks for more, he would inherit.

Come then, True Bread,
Quickening the dead,
Whose eater shall not, cannot die!
Come, antedate
On me that state
Which brings poor dust the victory.

Aye, victory!
Which from Thine eye
Breaks as the day doth from the East,
When the spilt dew

THE FEAST

Like tears doth show
The sad world wept to be released.

Spring up, O Wine,
And springing shine
With some glad message from His heart,
Who did, when slain,
These means ordain
For me to have in Him a part!

Such a sure part
In His blest heart,
The Well where living waters spring,
That, with it fed,
Poor dust, though dead,
Shall rise again, and live, and sing.

O Drink and Bread,
Which strikes Death dead,
The food of man's immortal being!
Under veils here
Thou art my cheer,
Present and sure without my seeing.

How dost thou fly
And search and pry
Through all my parts, and, like a quick
And knowing lamp,
Hunt out each damp
Whose shadow makes me sad or sick!

THE FEAST

O what high joys!
The turtle's voice
And songs I hear! O quickening showers
Of my Lord's blood,
You make rocks bud,
And crown dry hills with wells and flowers!

For this true ease,
This healing peace,
For this taste of living glory,
My soul and all,
Kneel down and fall,
And sing His sad victorious story!

O thorny crown
More soft than down!
O painful Cross, my bed of rest!
O spear, the key
Opening the way!
O Thy worst state, my only best!

Oh! all Thy griefs
Are my reliefs,
As all my sins Thy sorrows were!
And what can I
To this reply?
What, O God! but a silent tear!

Some toil and sow
That wealth may flow,

THE FEAST

And dress this earth for next year's meat:
But let me heed
Why Thou didst bleed,
And what in the next world to eat.

REVEL. CHAP. 19. VER. 9.

*Blessed are they which are called unto the
Marriage Supper of the Lamb!*

The Obsequies



Since dying for me, Thou didst crave no
more

 Than common pay,
Some few true tears, and those shed for
 My own ill way ;
With a cheap, plain remembrance still
 Of Thy sad death,
Because forgetfulness would kill
 Even life's own breath :
I were most foolish and unkind
 In my own sense,
Should I not ever bear in mind,
If not Thy mighty love, my own defence.
Therefore those loose delights and lusts,
 which here

 Men call good cheer,
 I will, close girt and tied,
For mourning sackcloth wear, all mortified.

Not but that mourners too can have
 Rich weeds and shrouds ;
For some wore white e'en in Thy grave,
And joy, like light, shines oft in clouds :

THE OBSEQUIES

But Thou, Who didst man's whole life earn,
Dost so invite and woo me still,
That to be merry I want skill,
And time to learn.

Besides, those kerchiefs sometimes shed
To make me brave

I cannot find, but where Thy head
Was once laid for me in Thy grave.

Thy grave! To which my thoughts shall
move

Like bees in storms unto their hive;
That from the murdering world's false love
Thy death may keep my soul alive.

The Waterfall



With what deep murmurs, through Time's
silent stealth,

Dost thy transparent, cool, and watery
wealth

Here flowing fall,
And chide and call,

As if his liquid, loose retinue stayed
Lingering, and were of this steep place
afraid;

· The common pass,
Where, clear as glass,
All must descend
Not to an end,

But, quickened by this deep and rocky grave,
Rise to a longer course more bright and
brave.

Dear stream! dear bank! where often I
Have sat, and pleased my pensive eye;
Why, since each drop of thy quick store
Runs thither whence it flowed before,
Should poor souls fear a shade or night,
Who came (sure) from a sea of light?

THE WATERFALL

Or, since those drops are all sent back
So sure to thee that none doth lack,
Why should frail flesh doubt any more
That what God takes He'll not restore?

O useful element and clear!
My sacred wash and cleanser here;
My first consigner unto those
Fountains of life where the Lamb goes!
What sublime truths and wholesome
themes

Lodge in thy mystical, deep streams!
Such as dull man can never find,
Unless that Spirit lead his mind,
Which first upon thy face did move
And hatched all with His quickening love.
As this loud brook's incessant fall
In streaming rings restagnates all,
Which reach by course the bank, and
then

Are no more seen: just so pass men.
O my invisible estate,
My glorious liberty, still late!
Thou art the channel my soul seeks,
Not this with cataracts and creeks.

Quickness

False life! a foil and no more, when
 Wilt thou be gone?
Thou foul deception of all men
That would not have the true come on!

Thou art a moon-like toil; a blind
 Self-posing state;
A dark contest of waves and wind;
A mere tempestuous debate.

Life is a fixed, discerning light,
 A knowing joy;
No chance, or fit; but ever bright,
And calm, and full, yet doth not cloy.

'Tis such a blissful thing that still
 Doth vivify,
And shine and smile, and hath the skill
To please without eternity.

Thou art a toilsome mole, or less,
 A moving mist.
But life is what none can express,
A quickness which my God hath kissed.

The Wreath



Since I in storms used most to be,
And seldom yielded flowers,
How shall I get a wreath for Thee
From those rude, barren hours?

The softer dressings of the Spring,
Or Summer's later store,
I will not for Thy temples bring,
Which thorns, not roses, wore.

But a twined wreath of grief and praise,
Praise soiled with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all Thy pain,
Thy causeless pain! and, sad as death,
Which sadness breeds in the most vain,
(Oh, not in vain!) now beg Thy breath,
Thy quickening breath, Which gladly bears
Through saddest clouds to that glad place
Where cloudless quires sing without tears,
Sing Thy just praise, and see Thy face.

The Queer



O tell me whence that joy doth spring
Whose diet is divine and fair,
Which wears Heaven like a bridal ring,
And tramples on doubts and despair?

Whose Eastern traffic deals in bright
And boundless empyrean themes,
Mountains of spice, day-stars and light,
Green trees of life, and living streams?

Tell me, O tell, who did thee bring,
And here without my knowledge placed;
Till thou didst grow and get a wing,
A wing with eyes, and eyes that taste?

Sure, Holiness the magnet is,
And Love the lure that woos thee down:
Which makes the high transcendent bliss
Of knowing thee, so rarely known!

The Book



Eternal God! Maker of all
That have lived here since the Man's fall!
The Rock of ages! in Whose shade
They live unseen, when here they fade!

Thou knew'st this paper, when it was
Mere seed, and after that but grass;
Before 't was dressed or spun, and when
Made linen, who did wear it then:
What were their lives, their thoughts and
deeds,
Whether good corn, or fruitless weeds.

Thou knew'st this tree, when a green shade
Covered it, since a cover made,
And where it flourished, grew, and spread,
As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless beast, when he
Did live and feed by Thy decree
On each green thing; then slept, well fed,
Clothed with this skin, which now lies
spread

THE BOOK

A covering o'er this agèd book,
Which makes me wisely weep, and look
On my own dust; mere dust it is,
But not so dry and clean as this.
Thou knew'st and saw'st them all, and
though
Now scattered thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,
When Thou shalt make all new again,
Destroying only Death and pain,
Give him amongst Thy works a place,
Who in them loved and sought Thy face!

To the Holy Bible



O Book! Life's guide! how shall we part;
And thou so long seized of my heart?
Take this last kiss; and let me weep
True thanks to thee before I sleep.

Thou wert the first put in my hand,
When yet I could not understand,
And daily didst my young eyes lead
To letters, till I learned to read.
But as rash youths, when once grown
strong,
Fly from their nurses to the throng,
Where they new consorts choose, and stick
To those till either hurt or sick;
So with that first light gained from thee
Ran I in chase of vanity,
Cried dross for gold, and never thought
My first cheap book had all I sought.
Long reigned this vogue; and thou, cast by,
With meek, dumb looks didst woo mine
eye,
And, oft left open, wouldst convey
A sudden and most searching ray

TO THE HOLY BIBLE

Into my soul, with whose quick touch
Refining still I struggled much.
By this mild art of love at length
Thou overcam'st my sinful strength,
And, having brought me home, didst there
Show me that pearl I sought elsewhere.
Gladness, and peace, and hope, and love,
The secret favours of the Dove;
Her quickening kindness, smiles and kisses,
Exalted pleasures, crowning blisses,
Fruition, union, glory, life,
Thou didst lead to, and still all strife.
Living, thou wert my soul's sure ease,
And dying mak'st me go in peace:
Thy next effects no tongue can tell;
Farewell, O book of God! farewell!

S. LUKE, CHAP. 2. VER. 14.

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
peace, good will towards men.*

L'Envoy



O the new world's new-quickening Sun!
Ever the same, and never done!
The seers of Whose sacred light
Shall all be dressed in shining white,
And made conformable to His
Immortal shape, Who wrought their bliss;
 Arise, arise!
And like old clothes fold up these skies,
This long-worn veil: then shine and spread
Thy own bright Self over each head,
And through Thy creatures pierce and pass,
Till all becomes Thy cloudless glass,
Transparent as the purest day,
And without blemish or decay,
Fixed by Thy Spirit to a state
For evermore immaculate;
A state fit for the sight of Thy
Immediate, pure, and unveiled eye,
A state agreeing with Thy mind,
A state Thy birth and death designed:
A state for which Thy creatures all
Travail and groan, and look and call.

L'ENVOY

O seeing Thou hast paid our score,
Why should the curse reign any more?
But since Thy number is as yet
Unfinished, we shall gladly sit
Till all be ready, that the train
May fully fit Thy glorious reign.
Only let not our haters brag
Thy seamless coat is grown a rag,
Or that Thy truth was not here known,
Because we forced Thy judgments down.
Dry up their arms who vex Thy Spouse,
And take the glory of Thy house
To deck their own; then give Thy saints
That faithful zeal, which neither faints
Nor wildly burns, but meekly still
Dares own the truth, and show the ill.
Frustrate those cancerous, close arts
Which cause solution in all parts,
And strike them dumb who for mere
words

Wound Thy belovèd more than swords.
Dear Lord, do this! and then let grace
Descend, and hallow all the place;
Incline each hard heart to do good,
And cement us with Thy Son's blood;
That like true sheep, all in one fold,
We may be fed, and one mind hold.
Give watchful spirits to our guides;
For sin, like water, hourly glides
By each man's door, and quickly will

L'ENVOY

Turn in, if not obstructed still.
Therefore write in their hearts Thy law,
And let these long, sharp judgments awe
Their very thoughts, that by their clear
And holy lives Mercy may here
Sit regent yet, and blessings flow
As fast as persecutions now.
So shall we know in war and peace
Thy service to be our sole ease,
With prostrate souls adoring Thee,
Who turned our sad captivity!

S. CLEMENS APUD BASIL:

*Ζῆ ὁ Θεὸς καὶ ὁ κύριος Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς
καὶ τὸ Πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον.*

Appendix

*Containing a list of the parallel passages in
"The Temple" and in "Silex Scintillans"*

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

I. *The Answer*

As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky;
But cooling by the way, grows palsy and slow,
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark state of tears: to all, that so
Show me, and set me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest, know more than I.

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX
SCINTILLANS"

The Shower

'T was so; I saw thy birth. That drowsy lake
From her faint bosom breathed thee, the disease
Of her sick waters, and infectious ease.

But now at even,
'Too gross for heaven,
Thou fall'st in tears and weep'st for thy mistake.

Disorder and Frailty

Thus like some sleeping exhalation,
Which waked by heat, and beams, makes up
Unto that comforter, the sun,
And soars, and shines, but ere we sup
And walk two steps,
Cooled by the damps of night, descends,
And, whence it sprung, there ends,—
Doth my weak fire,
Pine, and retire;
And, after all my height of flames,
In sickly expirations tames,
Leaving me dead
On my first bed,
Until Thy sun again ascends.

Cf. also for the idea *Isaac's Marriage* and *The Tempest*; and for Herbert's 'pursy cloud', Vaughan's 'the pursy clouds disband and scatter' (*The Dawning*).

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

2. *Home*

- XI O loose this frame, this knot of man untie!
That my free soul may use her wing,
(i) Which now is pinioned with mortality,
As an entangled, hampered thing.

The Church Porch

- XIV God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those
feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

The Church Porch

- (ii) LXXVI
Sum up at night, what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul:

Whit Sunday

- (iii) Listen, sweet Dove, unto my song,
And spread Thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and fly away with Thee.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

Isaac's Marriage

And now thou knew'st her coming, it was time
To get thee wings on, and devoutly climb
Unto thy God;

This brought thee forth, where now thou didst undress

Thy soul, and with new pinions refresh
Her wearied wings, which so restored did fly
Above the stars, a track unknown and high;

Rules and Lessons

XXII

Being laid, and dressed for sleep, close not thy eyes
Up with thy curtains; give thy soul the wing
In some good thoughts;

Ascension Hymn

Souls sojourn here, but may not rest;
Who will ascend, must be undressed.

Holy Scriptures

I Thou art life's charter, the Dove's spotless nest,
Where souls are hatched unto eternity.

Disorder and Frailty

IV O, yes! but give wings to my fire,
And hatch my soul, until it fly
Up where Thou art,

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

3. *Providence*

XXX

Rain, do not hurt my flowers; but gently spend
Your honey-drops: press not to smell them here:
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

4. *Sion*

- 3 All Solomon's sea of brass and world of stone
Is not so dear to Thee as one good groan.
- 4 But groans are quick, and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing;
The note is sad, yet music for a king.

Gratefulness

- VI Not that Thou hast not still above
Much better tunes than groans can make;
But that these country-airs Thy love
Did take.

The Family

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys;
But griefs without a noise:
Yet speak they louder than distempered fears.
What is so shrill as silent tears?

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

The Rainbow

When thou dost shine, Darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air :
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Ba'lm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.

Isaac's Marriage

The thankful earth unlocks herself, and blends
A thousand odours, which, all nixed, she sends
Up in one cloud, and so returns the skies
The dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice.

'Thou, that know'st for whom I mourn'

A silent tear can pierce Thy throne,
When loud joys want a wing ;
And sweeter airs stream from a groan,
Than any arted string.

[Donne probably furnished the root-idea of this conceit. In "A Litany", stanza xxiii, he says:

Hear us, O hear us, Lord ; to Thee
A sinner is more music when he prays,
Than spheres' or angels' praises be,
In panegyric alleluias ;]

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

The Search

v I sent a sigh to seek Thee out,
Deep-drawn in pain,
Winged like an arrow: but my scout
Returns in vain.

vi I tuned another (having store)
Into a groan ;
Because the search was dumb before:
But all was one.

5. *Sion*

i Lord, with what glory wast Thou served of old,
When Solomon's temple stood and flourishèd !
Where most things were of purest gold ;
The wood was all embellishèd
With flowers and carvings, mystical and rare:
All showed the builder's, craved the seer's care.

ii And truly brass and stone are heavy things,
Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for Thee:
But groans are quick, &c.

6. *The Storm*

iii Poets have wronged poor storms: such days are
best ;
They purge the air without, within the breast.

7. *Prayer* (i)

A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

The Palm-Tree

. . . Celestial natures still
Aspire for home: this, Solomon of old
By flowers and carvings and mysterious skill
Of wings, and cherubims, and palms foretold.

The Night

iv . . . No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,
But His own living works did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;

The Storm

So shall that storm purge this recluse
Which sinful ease made foul
And wind and water to Thy use
Both wash and wing my soul.

Cf. also *Affliction*.

The Morning Watch

Prayer is
The world in tune.

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

8. *Longing*

Wilt thou defer
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
Says 'Come'?

The Temper (i)

iv Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that Thou dost
stretch
A crumb of dust from Heaven to Hell?

9. *The Collar*

Call in thy Death's head there: tie up thy fears.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

Burial

111 Thou art the same, faithful and just,
 In life, or dust.
 Though then, thus crumbed, I stray
 In blasts,
Or exhalations, and wastes,
 Beyond all eyes,
 Yet Thy love spies
 That change, and knows Thy clay.

Distraction

1 O knit me, that am crumbled dust! the heap
 Is all dispersed and cheap;
Give for a handful but a thought,
 And it is bought;

The Proffer

v Shall my short hour, my inch,
 My one poor sand,
And crumb of life, now ready to disband,
 Revolt and flinch;
And having borne the burthen all the day,
 Now cast at night my crown away?

'Sure, there's a tie of bodies'

But I will be my own Death's head;

Joy

False, juggling sounds;

 A Death's head crowned with roses.

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

10. *The Agony*

- III Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood ; but I, as wine.

The Bunch of Grapes

- IV Blessed be God
.
Who of the law's sour juice sweet wine did make,
Ev'n God Himself, being pressèd for my sake.

11. *Discipline*

- I Throw away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath :
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

12. *Affliction (i)*

- IV My days were strawed with flowers and happiness;
There was no month but May.

The Flower

- I Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

The Passion

II Most blessed Vine!
Whose juice so good
I feel as wine,
But Thy fair branches felt as blood.

The Relapse

O my sole Comfort, take no more these ways,
This hideous path,
And I will mend my own without delays:
Cease Thou Thy wrath!

The Resolve

. There is
An ancient way,
All strewed with flowers and happiness,
And fresh as May.

Providence

III And I, like flowers, shall still go neat,
As if I knew no month but May.

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

13. *Business.*

VIII If He had not lived for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly ;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

X If He had not died for thee,
Thou hadst lived in misery
Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

Love Unknown

. . . A Lord I had,
And have, of Whom some grounds which may im-
prove,
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.

14. *The Church Porch*, with its moral and religious
gested the form and the matter of *Rules and*

15. *Sunday*

I The week were dark, but for thy light :
Thy torch doth shew the way.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

The Sap

Yet lived He here sometimes, and bore for thee
A world of misery,
And had not He so done, it is most true
Two deaths had been thy due;

The Match

II Two lives I hold from Thee, my gracious Lord,
Both cost Thee dear;
For one, I am thy tenant here;
The other, the true life, in the next world
And endless is,
O let me still mind *that* in *this*.

Easter Day

Awake! awake!
And in His Resurrection partake,
Who on this day, that thou might'st rise as He,
Rose up, and cancelled two deaths due to thee.

maxims (especially stanzas 63-77) obviously sug-
Lessons.

Son-Days

I . . . Lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days;

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

III Man had straight forward gone
To endless death, but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;

v The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King :

i . . . Care's balm and bay :

16. *Prayer* (i) plainly suggested the idea and six
in *Son-Days*

*Prayer, the Church's banquet, Angels' age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth;*

*Engine against th' Almighty, sinner's tower,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-days'-world transposing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear.*

*Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise.*

*Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices; something understood.*

Prayer (i) is also responsible for a similar catalogue

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

ii The pulleys unto headlong man . . .

Rules and Lessons

xx There's one sun more strung on my bead of days.

The Night

v . . . Care's check and curb;

items of the catalogue of spiritual blessings found

ii The creature's jubilee; *God's parle with dust;*
Heaven here; Man on those hills of myrrh and
flowers;

Angels descending; the returns of trust;
A gleam of glory after six-days' showers!

iii *The Church's love-feasts;* Time's prerogative,
And interest

Deducted from the whole; the combs, and hive
And home of rest.

The milky way chalked out with suns; a clue
That guides through erring hours; and in full
story

A taste of Heaven on Earth; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast; and the out-courts of glory.

given in *The Night*, v and vi.

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

17. *Holy Scriptures* (i)

111 . . . Thou art Heaven's lidger here,
Working against the states of Death and Hell.

18. *Providence*

1v Man is the world's High Priest: he doth present
The sacrifice for all.

19. *Love* (i)

Who sings Thy praise? Only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

20. *The Star*

v Then with our trinity of light,
Motion and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didst bow.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

Corruption

Angels lay lieger here; each bush, and cell,
Each oak, and highway knew them;

Retirement (ii)

They are the meek's calm région, where
Angels descend and rule the sphere;
Where Heaven lies lieger, and the Dove
Duly as dew comes from above.

Christ's Nativity (i)

11 Man is their High Priest, and should rise
To offer up the sacrifice.

The Bee

The hermit hears, and with meek voice
Offers his own up, and their, joys.

Idle Verse

The purls of youthful blood and bowls,
Lust in the robes of love,
The idle talk of feverish souls
Sick with a scarf, or glove.

Faith

And as i' th' natural sun, these three,
Light, motion, heat,
So are now Faith, Hope, Charity
Through Him complete;

The Tempest

v1 How do they cast off grossness! only earth,
And Man, like Issachar, in loads delight;
Water's refined to motion, air to light,
Fire to all three, but man hath no such mirth.

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

21.

VI That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

22.

VII Sure, thou wilt joy, by gaining me,
To fly home like a laden bee
Unto that hive of beams
And garland streams.

Praise (i)

v O raise me then! poor bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

Love-sick

Thou art
Refining fire, O then refine my heart,
My foul, foul heart! Thou art immortal heat;
Heat motion gives; then warm it till it beat;
So beat for Thee, till Thou in mercy hear;

The Lamp

. . . I can see
Met in thy flames all acts of piety;
Thy light, is Charity; thy heat, is Zeal;
And thy aspiring, active fires reveal
Devotion still on wing; . . .

The Star

1 Whatever 't is, whose beauty here below
Attracts thee thus, and makes thee stream and flow,
And wind and curl, and wink and smile,
Shifting thy gate and guile:

Man

1 Weighing the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds, like watchful clocks, the noiseless
date
And intercourse of time divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and
flowers,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowers:

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

23. *The Church Floor*

Hither sometimes Sin steals, and stains
The marble's neat and curious veins:
But all is cleansed when the marble weeps.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

Providence

- II How in a mystic cloud—
Which doth Thy strange sure mercies shroud—
Dost Thou convey man food and money
Unseen by him, till they arrive
Just at his mouth, that thankless hive
Which kills Thy bees and eats Thy honey!

The Obsequies

- II The grave! To which my thoughts shall move
Like bees in storms unto their hive;

The Bee

Give me the wisdom of the bee,
And her unwearied industry!
That from the wild gourds of these days,
I may extract health, and Thy praise.
.....
Go with me to the shade and cell,
Where thy best servants once did dwell.
.....
Till from them, like a laden bee,
I may fly home and hive with Thee.

The Seed Growing Secretly

- IX Though hawks can prey through storms and winds,
The poor bee in her hive must dwell.

Admission

- I Then did these drops (for marble sweats,
And rocks have tears)
As rain here at our windows beats,
Chide in Thine ears;

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

Ephes. 4. 30

- IV O take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have, than such hard things.

24. *Longing*

From Thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, because Thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants, them; and they suck Thee
More free.

Whitsunday

(the last stanza in the Williams MS.)

Show that Thy breasts cannot be dry,
But that from them joys purl for ever,
Melt into blessings all the sky
So we may cease to suck, to praise Thee, never.

The H. Scriptures

- I Oh Book! Infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck every letter,

A Priest to the Temple

But the chief and top of his knowledge consists in the Book of Books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort—the Holy Scriptures. There he sucks and lives.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

Admission

III We are Thy infants, and suck Thee; if Thou
But hide, or turn Thy face,
Because where Thou art, yet, we cannot go,
We send tears to the place.

Easter Hymn

And infants with thy pangs contest
As pleasant, as if with the breast.

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

25. *Church Monuments*

I While that my soul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my flesh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of dust ;
To which the blast of Death's incessant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at last.

26. Herbert's *Praise* (ii) obviously suggested to

I King of Glory, King of Peace!
I will love Thee :
And that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.

II Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me :
Thou didst note my working breast
Thou hast spared me.

III Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.

IV Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me ;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

V Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee.
In my heart, though not in Heaven,
I can raise Thee.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

Rules and Lessons

XXI

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the grave one hour
Before thy time ; be not a stranger there,
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages ; Life's poor flower
Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear
This conversation ; but the good man lies
Entombèd many days before he dies.

Vaughan the form of his *Praise*

- i King of comforts ! King of life !
Thou hast cheered me ;
And when fears and doubts were rife,
Thou hast cleared me !
- ii Not a nook in all my breast
But Thou fill'st it,
Not a thought, that breaks my rest,
But Thou kill'st it ;
- iii Wherefore with my utmost strength
I will praise Thee,
And as Thou giv'st line and length,
I will raise Thee.
- iv Day and night, not once a day
I will bless Thee,
And my soul in new array
I will dress Thee.

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

27. *The Elixir*

IV All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture, 'for Thy sake',
Will not grow bright and clean.

VI This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

28. *The Holdfast*

I I threatened to observe the strict decree
Of my dear God with all my power and might:

29. *The Temper* (i)

Yet take Thy way; for sure Thy way is best;
Stretch or contract me—Thy poor debtor:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music better.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

Affliction

This is the great elixir that turns gall
To wine and sweetness, poverty to wealth.

Holy Scriptures

In thee the hidden Stone the manna lies ;
Thou art the Great Elixir, rare and choice ;

Disorder and Frailty

I threaten Heaven, and from my cell
Of clay and frailty break and bud,

Affliction (i)

Thus doth God key disordered man,
Which none else can,
Tuning his breast to rise or fall ;
And by a sacred, needful art
Like strings, stretch every part,
Making the whole most musical.

Disorder and Frailty

IV And for His sake
 Who died to stake
His life for mine, tune to Thy will
 My heart, my verse.

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

30. *Miserie* is in theme and often in phrase the

VIII Man cannot serve Thee; let him go,
And serve the swine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this virtue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:

IX O foolish man! where are thine eyes?
How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares?
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No not to purchase the whole pack of stars:

X and XI But Man doth know
The spring, whence all things flow:
And yet as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reign;

31. *The Pearl*

Yet through the labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
But Thy silk twist let down from Heaven to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to Thee.

32. Herbert's *A Parody* [*i.e.* a metaphorical appli-
Donne's *Soul's joy, now I am gone* has a

I Soul's joy, when Thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because Thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on Thee;

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

model of *The Tempest*

- IX Yet hugs he still his dirt; the stuff he wears,
And painted trimming, takes down both his
eyes;
Heaven hath less beauty than the dust he spies,
And money better music than the spheres.
- XI O foolish man! how hast thou lost thy sight?
How is it that the sun to thee alone
Is grown thick darkness, and thy bread a stone?
Hath flesh no softness now? midday no light?
- VII All have their keys and set ascents; but man
Though he knows these, and hath more of his
own,
Sleeps at the ladder's foot; alas! what can
These new discoveries do, except they drown?

Retirement (i)

Nay, at the very brink
And edge of all,
When thou would'st fall
My love-twist held thee up, My unseen link.

cation] of the great metaphysical idea expounded in
parallel in Vaughan's *Dressing*

- IV Give to Thy wretched one
Thy mystical communion,
That, absent, he may see,
Live, die, and rise with Thee;
Let him so follow here, that in the end
He may take Thee, as Thou dost him intend.

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

33. *Good Friday* begins 'O my chief Good', and so

34. *Love-Unknown* begins 'Dear friend, sit down',

35. *Hope*

With that I gave a vial full of tears :
But he a few green cars :

36. *Virtue*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky :

Sunday

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

The Passion begins.

so *The Palm-Tree* begins.

Love and Discipline

For as Thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best 'twixt joys and tears,
And all the year have some green ears.

The World (i)

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;

‘This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for His Bride!’

The Seed Growing Secretly

XI What needs a conscience, calm and bright
Within itself, an outward test?

The Queer

I O tell me whence that joy doth spring
Whose diet is divine and fair,
Which wears Heaven like a bridal ring,
And tramples on doubts and despair?

The Proffer

VIII Think on thy dream:
A calm, bright day!

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

The Mutiny

I Turning to Him, Who made poor sand to tire
And tame proud waves, . . .

Psalm CIV

vii

For Thou to them a bound hath set, a bound,
Which, though but sand, keeps in and curbs whole
scas:

Misery

I shut Thee out, and let that slip,
Such music spoils good fellowship.
Thus wretched I, and most unkind,
Exclude my dear God from my mind,
Exclude Him thence, who of that cell
Would make a Court, should He there dwell.

'The age, the present times are not
To snudge in, and embrace a cot;
Action and blood now get the game,'

Yet since as easy 't is for Thee
To make man good, as bid him be,
And with one glance, —could he that gain—
To look him out of all his pain,

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

41. *Nature*

O tame my heart ;
It is Thy highest art
To captivate strongholds to Thee

42. *Affliction* (v)

IV Affliction then is ours ;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,

43. *A Dialogue-Anthem*

Death :—' Let losers talk : yet thou shalt die ;'

44. *Peace*

III Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The Crown Imperial: . . .

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

Begging (i) (which, like *Praise*, owes its opening to
Herbert's *Praise* (ii))

O it is Thy only art
To reduce a stubborn heart ;
And since Thine is victory,
Strongholds should belong to Thee ;

Joy

'Sighs make joy sure, and shaking fastens thee.'

The World (ii)

I will not strive, nor the rule break,
Which doth give losers leave to speak.

'*I walked the other day, to spend my hour*'

I walked the other day, to spend my hour,
Into a field,
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
A gallant flower ;

The Request

With what sweet looks doth Thy love shine
On those low violets of Thine,
While the tall tulip is accurst,
And Crowns Imperial die with thirst !

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

45.

IV There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, Who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

v He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But after death out of His grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
Which many, wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

VI It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth :
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtue lies therein,
A secret virtue bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

VII Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you ;
Make bread of it : and that repose
And peace which every where
With so much earnestness you do pursue
Is only there.

46. *The Pulley*

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
Let Us (said He) pour on him all we can :
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

The Sap

There is beyond the stars an hill of myrrh,
 From which some drops fall here ;
On it the Prince of Salem sits, Who deals
 To thee thy secret meals ;

Yet lived He here sometimes, and bore for thee
 A world of misery,
For thee, who in the first man's loins didst fall
 From that hill to this vale ;

But going hence, and knowing well what woes
 Might His friends discompose,
To show what strange love He had to our good,
 He gave His sacred blood,
By will our sap and cordial ; now in this
 Lies such a Heaven of bliss,
That who but truly tastes it, no decay
 Can touch him any way.
Such secret life and virtue in it lies,
 It will exalt and rise,
And actuate such spirits as are shed,
 Or ready to be dead ;
And bring new too. . . .

The Pursuit

Lord! what a busy, restless thing
 Hast Thou made man!
Each day and hour he is on wing,
 Rests not a span.
Then having lost the sun and light,
 By clouds surprised,

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature ;
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness :
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

Giddiness

I Oh, what a thing is man ! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest !
He is some twenty several men at least
Each several hour.

v O, what a sight were man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind ;
And, like a dolphin's skin, his clothes combined
With his desires.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

He keeps a commerce in the night
 With air disguised.
Hadst Thou given to this active dust
 A state untired,
The lost son had not left the husk,
 Nor home desired.
That was Thy secret, and it is
 Thy mercy too ;
For when all fails to bring to bliss,
 Then this must do.
Ah! Lord! and what a purchase will that be,
To take us sick, that sound would not take Thee.

Man

- II I would, said I, my God would give
 The staidness of these things to man! for these
 To His divine appointments ever cleave,
 And no new business breaks their peace.

- III Man hath still either toys or care ;
 He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
 But ever restless and irregular
 About this earth doth run and ride.

- IV He knocks at all doors, strays and roams ;

 Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
 And passage through these looms
 God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

47. *Self-Condemnation*

III He that hath made a sorry wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferred
False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading:
For he hath sold for money his dear Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

48. *Whitsunday*

VII Lord, though we change, Thou art the same,
The same sweet God of love and light:
Restore this day, for Thy great name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

49. *Longing*

Indeed, the world's Thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assigned:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlined.

50. *The Church Porch*

LVI . . . Who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

Rules and Lessons

VIII

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true ;
If priests and people change, keep thou thy ground.
Who sells Religion, is a Judas-Jew ;

White Sunday

XI For, though we hourly breathe decays,
And our best note and highest ease
Is but mere changing of the keys,
And a consumption that doth please ;

XII Yet Thou, the great Eternal Rock
Whose height above all ages shines,
Art still the same, and canst unlock
Thy waters to a soul that pines.

x And yet, as in Night's gloomy page
One silent star may interline ;
So in this last and lewdest age
Thy ancient love on some may shine.

The Timber

v But this thy strange resentment after death
Means only those who broke, in life, thy peace.

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APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

Praise (iii)

I Lord, I will mean and speak Thy praise,
Thy praise alone.

A True Hymn

My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say,

The Answer

As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt and means the sky.

51. *Content*

VI The brags of life are but a nine-days wonder.

52. *Life*

I I made a posy, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band;
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.

II My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly Death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

And do they So? Have they a Sense?

III Sometimes I sit with Thee, and tarry
An hour or so, then vary.
Thy other creatures in this scene
Thee only aim, and mean ;

The Garland

To whom a falling star and nine-days' glory,
Or some frail beauty makes the bravest show,

I sought choice bowers, haunted the spring,
Culled flowers and made me posies ;
Gave my fond humours their full wing,
And crowned my head with roses.
But at the height of this career
I met with a dead man,
Who, noting well my vain abear,
Thus unto me began :
' Desist, fond fool, be not undone,
What thou hast cut to-day
Will fade at night, and with this sun
Quite vanish and decay '.

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

53. *Easter*

I got me flowers to straw Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with Thee.

54. *The Thanksgiving*

Shall Thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?
Thy rod, my posy? Cross, my bower?

55. *The Quip*

doubtless suggested

The merry World did on a day,
With his train-bands and mates, agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

56. Herbert's *Trinity Sunday*, with its triads of eight-
Sunday.

57. *Constancy*

is clearly the model of

IV His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

58. *The Church Porch*

x Were I an epicure, I could bate swearing.

(Where 'epicure' is used in the sense of 'epi-
curean', 'pleasure-seeker'.)

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

Palm-Sunday

I'll get me up before the sun,
I'll cut me boughs off many a tree,
And all alone full early run
To gather flowers to welcome thee.

The Feast

XI O thorny crown
More soft than down!
O painful Cross, my bed of rest!

The Ornament

The lucky World showed me one day
Her gorgeous mart and glittering store,
Where with proud haste the rich made way
To buy, the poor came to adore.

syllable lines, obviously suggested Vaughan's *Trinity*

Righteousness

v Whose acts, words, and pretence
Have all one sense,
One aim and end;

Mr. Chambers points out that *Righteousness* probably suggested Wordsworth's *Character of the Happy Warrior*.

The World (i)

111 The downright epicure placed Heaven in sense.

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

59. Herbert seems to have taught Vaughan his own creature.

Constancy

- VI Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way :

Home

- VII What is this woman-kind, which I can wink
Into a blackness and distaste?

60. *Life*

III

- Farewell dear flowers ; sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.

Providence

- XX A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure :

The Rose

- v What is fairer than a rose?
What is sweeter? yet it purgeth.

A Priest to the Temple

The parson useth damask, or white roses for loos-
ing, and plantain, shepherd's purse, knot-grass for
binding.

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

mediæval notion of woman as a foolish and unholy

The Stone

Man I can bribe, and woman will
Consent to any gainful ill,

Childhood

But flowers do both refresh and grace;
And sweetly living (fie on men!)
Are, when dead, medicinal then;

Death

v As harmless violets, which give
 Their virtues here
For salves and syrups while they live,
Do after calmly disappear,
And neither grieve, repine, nor fear:

[Donne has this idea in "The First Anniversary",
l. 403.]

APPENDIX

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

61. *The Flower*

2 Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

62. Herbert converts 'sugar' into a verb in *Life* and *Verse* and in other poems, and also makes 'inn', 'proverb', 'coffin', 'primrose', and the sense of 'infuses blood'). 'Inn', how-

63. *The Size*

VIII Call to mind thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whose meridian was engraven,
'These seas are tears, and heaven the haven'.

64. *The Collar*

Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? . . .

APPENDIX

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

I walked the other day, to spend my hour'

- 3 Then taking up what I could nearest spy,
 I digged about
That place where I had see him to grow out;
 And by and by
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,
 Where fresh and green
 He lived of us unseen.

- 4 Many a question intricate and rare
 Did I there strow;
But all I could extort was that he now
 Did there repair
Such losses as befell him in this air,
 And would ere long
 Come forth most fair and young.

in *The Rose*. Vaughan follows this example in *Idle* verbs of such substantives as 'heaven', 'crumb', 'blood' (which in *The Morning Watch* is used in over, is a verb of Donne's coining.

The Proffer

- VIII Think on thy dream:
 A calm, bright day!
A land of flowers and spices! the word given,
'If these be fair, O what is Heaven'.

The Tempest

- x Life's but a blast; he knows it; what? shall straw
 And bulrush-fetters temper his short hour?
Must he nor sip, nor sing? grows ne'er a flower
To crown his temples? shall dreams be his law?

The present text of *Silex Scintillans* is the result of a collation of the two original issues of 1650 and 1655. The readings generally adopted are those of the last-named issue of the poems, the second edition in order of time, but the first complete edition in respect of matter. To meet the requirements of the modern reader the spelling has been modernized and, of course, rendered uniform throughout, and the arbitrary use of italic and of capital letters has been dispensed with. A few notes have been added to explain or to point out difficult passages.

W. A. L. B.

NOTES

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

p. 4.

'tentet'. The reading of the original text is 'tentat'. But Vaughan's own translation '*should stir*' makes it probable that 'tentat' is a slip of the pen or a printer's error for 'tentet'.

p. 11.

'A True Hymn'. This is the title of a poem in Herbert's "The Temple" which begins 'My Joy, my Life, my Crown!'

p. 25.

Regeneration.

'all the ear'. That is 'all that can be apprehended by the ear', so 'all sounds'.

p. 28.

Death: a dialogue.

'travailled'. This seems to be the word meant by the 'travel'd' of the original texts.

p. 44.

Isaac's Marriage.

The *variae lectiones* contained in this poem practically mark the sole textual differences (for 'Silex Scintillans', Part I) between the editions of 1650 and of 1655. The earlier readings are as follows:—

Lines 11-14:

"But being for a bride, sure, prayer was
Very strange stuff wherewith to court thy lass!
Hadst ne'er an oath nor compliment? Thou wert
An odd coarse suitor."

NOTES

Line 19:

“When sin, by sinning oft, had not lost sense”.

Lines 35 and 36:

“But in a frighted virgin-blush approached,
Fresh as the morning when 't is newly coached”.

p. 47.

‘Her moist womb’. One of the few instances in which Lyte has made a justifiable correction of the text. The readings of both the first and second editions of ‘Silex Scintillans’ give ‘his moist womb’.

p. 66. *Thou That know'st for whom I mourn.*

This is one of a set of seven poems which the Silurist devotes to mourning for a dead brother—obviously not his twin-brother Thomas, who died as late as 1665. The other poems which allude to this event are ‘Come, Come! What do I Here?’, ‘Joy of my Life while Left Me Here!’, ‘Silence and Stealth of Days! 'Tis Now’, ‘I Walked the Other Day, to Spend my Hour’, ‘They are All Gone into the World of Light’, and ‘As Time One Day by Me did Pass’.

p. 67.

‘one Twenty’. That is, ‘one term of Twenty years’.

p. 70. *Vanity of Spirit.*

‘but this *near* done’. The reading of the original text is ‘neer’—an obvious mis-spelling of ‘near’.

p. 81. *The Storm.*

‘discuss’. That is, ‘antagonism’ or ‘discord’. ‘Discuss’ is used in its original Latin sense.

Sure, there's a Tie of Bodies!

p. 95.

‘Absents within the line conspire’. No editor of Vaughan has succeeded in discovering the exact meaning of this sentence. ‘Line’ seems to be used in an astrological sense.

NOTES

p. 96.

'Thus Lazarus was carried out of town'. Apparently the reference is not to the Lazarus who was the brother of Mary and Martha of Bethany, but to the Lazarus of the parable (S. Luke, xvi. 20), whose afflicted state should have served as an invaluable 'object-lesson' to the rich man. But I cannot explain 'carried out of town'. Lazarus of Bethany was possibly 'carried out of town'—to be buried.

p. 96.

'I will be my own death's-head'. In seventeenth-century plays there are frequent references to the custom of wearing Death's-heads in rings, a morbid and deliberate speculation on mortality which was prevalent amongst persons leading a libertine life. Thus Doll in 'Northward Ho', act iv, scene 1, says: "And, as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a Death's-head".

p. 105.

The Resolve.

'span up'. That is, 'measure out'.

p. 109.

Rules and Lessons.

'far-day'. That is, 'the day far advanced', 'the heat of the day'.

p. 119.

Corruption.

'fell'. A transitive use of the verb.

p. 120.

'lieger'. That is, a permanent as distinct from an extraordinary ambassador.

p. 144.

Faith.

'spans up'. That is, 'measures out', 'is the measure of'.

p. 195.

The Sap.

'rise'. A transitive use of the verb.

NOTES

p. 219.

White Sunday.

'interline'. That is, 'get between the lines', and so 'con-
trive to appear'.

p. 220.

'Balaam's hire'. That is, the hire which Balak offered and
Balaam rejected:—"promotion to very great honour" and
Balak's "house full of silver and gold". Cf. Numbers, xxii.
17 and 18.

p. 222.

The Proffer.

'with your Commonwealth'. This is one of the few refer-
ences which Vaughan makes to the Civil War and to the
Republican rule. In 'The Author's Preface' he says: "I
meddle not with the seditious and the schismatical"; and in
the second stanza of 'The World' he perhaps alludes to Crom-
well when he speaks of "the darksome statesman, hung with
weights and woes". But his direct complaints of the Puritan
usurpation in church and state are couched in language which
the state of the times compelled him to make studiously veiled
and indefinite. Such complaints may be found in 'The
British Church', the last two lines of 'Christ's Nativity'--
part 2nd, the penultimate stanza of 'Dressing', the 10th
stanza of 'The Constellation', the 3rd and 4th verses of
'White Sunday', 'The Men of War', 'Abel's Blood',
'Jacob's Pillow and Pillar', and in 'L'Envoy'.

p. 224.

Cock-crowing.

'tinned'. That is, 'kindled'. 'Tinned' is said to be de-
rived from the same root as 'tinder'.

'empower'. The reading of the original text is 'impowre',
which may stand for either 'empower' or 'in-pour'.

p. 250.

The Timber.

'Begetting virgins'. It is by no means certain whether
'begetting' is used as an adjective or as a participle. In
the first case the meaning would be 'chaste streams that help
man to the New Birth'; in the second case the idea would
be almost the same, 'streams that make man virginal, that
cleanse him from sin'.

NOTES

p. 251.

The Jesus.

'And sure it is not far'. That is, 'the fair year of your deliverer'.

p. 253.

Begging.

'Aye, do not go'. The original text has 'I do not go'. But 'I' is the spelling of 'aye' which the printer uniformly adopts.

'the weeping lad'. That is, Ismael. Cf. Genesis, xxi. 17.

p. 255.

Palm-Sunday.

3. 'which all at once'. This is the reading of the original text. Lyte alters 'which' to 'come'. But if the four words are taken as a parenthesis, referring to the succeeding line, their meaning is not obscure; 'which all at once' then means 'which do ye all at once'. 8. 'Then like the palm, though wrong, I'll bear'. 'Wrong' seems to mean 'bent', 'not straight'. Cf. 'The Palm-Tree'.

p. 263.

Jesus Weeping.

'swan-like'. As Mr. Chambers points out, there is a double allusion here, to the story of the swan's death-song, and to Vaughan's pen-name and book of poems 'Olor Iscanus'—'The Swan of Usk'.

p. 268.

The Ornament.

'Syrian maid'. That is, Rebekah.

'one'. The 1655 edition reads 'once'—seemingly a misprint for 'one'. If 'you' of the last line were altered to 'we', it would be possible to retain 'once', and to interpret it as equivalent to 'at once'.

p. 280.

Fair and Young Light!

'And led by my own foolish fire'. In the 1655 text the four lines "And led . . . thrall" are, by a blunder, printed twice. Indeed the whole text of the 1655 edition is full of mis-spellings, double spellings, and printer's errors.

NOTES

p. 296.

Childhood.

'Dazzles'. An intransitive use of the verb. Cf. the famous line in 'The Duchess of Malfi', act iv, scene 2. "Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young".

p. 307.

Abel's Blood.

'speak better things than Abel's'. Cf. Hebrews, xii. 24.

p. 316.

The Day of Judgment.

'ciphers'. Here again, as in the case of 'impowre' in *Cock-crowning*, the word printed in the original text is spelled so strangely as to render it difficult to decide on Vaughan's exact meaning. The textual reading is 'cypers', which Lyte takes to signify 'ciphers', and which Mr. Chambers very ingeniously converts into 'cypress'. Probably 'cypers' stands for 'cyprus', *i.e.* 'crape' or 'muslin'. Giles Fletcher, in 'Christ's Victory and Triumph', Part I, stanza 59, has 'About her head a cyprus heaven she wore', and Milton speaks of 'sable stole of cipres lawn', in 'Il Penseroso', l. 35.

p. 332.

The Wreath.

'Which sadness breeds in the most vain'. 'Breeds' seems to be used in an intransitive sense, and the whole line is most likely a parenthesis meaning 'and this sadness is bred in the most vain'.

p. 334.

The Book.

'Did live'. The original text reads 'liee', probably a misprint for 'live'.

p. 338.

L'Envoy.

'Travail and groan'. The original text has 'travel', but, according to the lax practice of the time in such matters, 'travel' and 'travail' were both spelled alike. Cf. 'Death: a dialogue', stanza 4, p. 28.



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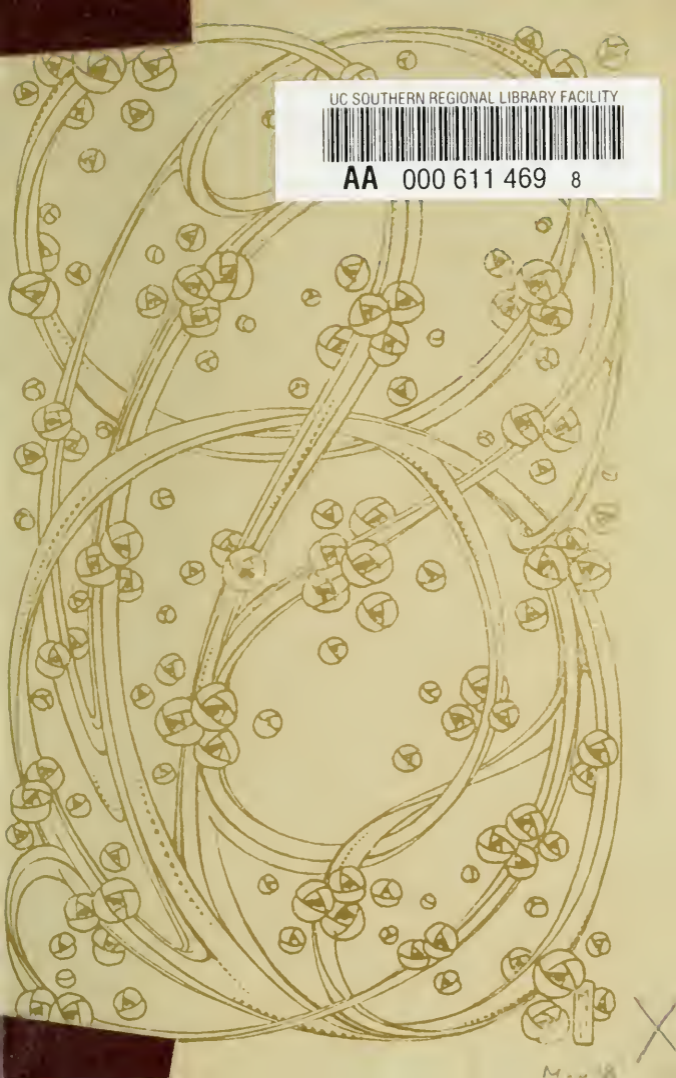
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