

# Holy Sonnets

by

**JOHN DONNE**

*a 1631*

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# John Donne: Holy Sonnets

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## *Holy Sonnets*

### I

THOU hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?  
 Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,  
 I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,  
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday;  
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,  
 Despaire behind, and death before doth cast  
 Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste  
 By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;  
 Onely thou art above, and when towards thee  
 By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe;  
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,  
 That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine;  
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,  
 And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

### II

AS due by many titles I resigne  
 My selfe to thee, O God, first I was made  
 By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay'd  
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;  
 I am thy sonne, made with thy selfe to shine,  
 Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid,  
 Thy sheepe, thine Image, and, till I betray'd  
 My selfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;  
 Why doth the devill then usurpe on mee?  
 Why doth he steale, nay ravish that's thy right?  
 Except thou rise and for thine owne worke fight,  
 Oh I shall soone despaire, when I doe see  
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt'not chuse me,  
 And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to lose mee.

**III**

O MIGHT those sighes and teares returne againe  
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,  
 That I might in this holy discontent  
 Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine;  
 In mine Idolatry what showres of raine  
 Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?  
 That sufferance was my sinne; now I repent;  
 'Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine.  
 Th'hydroptique drunkard, and night-scouting thiefe,  
 The itchy Lecher, and selfe tickling proud  
 Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe  
 Of comming ills. To (poore) me is allow'd  
 No ease; for, long, yet vehement grieffe hath beene  
 Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

**IV**

OH my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned  
 By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion;  
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done  
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,  
 Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,  
 Wisheth himselfe delivered from prison;  
 But damn'd and hal'd to execution,  
 Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.  
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;  
 But who shall give thee that grace to beginne?  
 Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,  
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;  
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might  
 That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

**V**

I AM a little world made cunningly  
 Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,  
 But black sinne hath betraid to endlesse night  
 My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.  
 You which beyond that heaven which was most high  
 Have found new spears, and of new lands can write,  
 Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might  
 Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,  
 Or wash it if it must be drown'd no more:  
 But oh it must be burnt! alas the fire  
 Of lust and envie have burnt it heretofore,  
 And made it fouler; Let their flames retire,

And burne me ô Lord, with a fiery zeale  
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

## VI

THIS is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint  
My pilgrimages last mile; and my race  
Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,  
My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,  
And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt  
My body, and soule, and I shall sleepe a space,  
But my'ever-waking part shall see that face,  
Whose feare already shakes my every joynt;  
Then, as my soule, to'heaven her first seate, takes flight,  
And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwell,  
So, fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,  
To where they're bred, and would presse me, to hell.  
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,  
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

## VII

AT the round earths imagin'd corners, blow  
Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise  
From death, you numberlesse infinities  
Of soules, and to your scattred bodies goe,  
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,  
All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,  
Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes,  
Shall behold God, and never tast deaths woe.  
But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,  
For, if above all these, my sinnes abound,  
'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,  
When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,  
Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good  
As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

## VIII

IF faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd  
As Angels, then my fathers soul doth see,  
And adds this even to full felicitie,  
That valiantly I hels wide mouth o'stride:  
But if our mindes to these soules be descry'd  
By circumstances, and by signes that be  
Apparent in us, not immediately,  
How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?  
They see idolatrous lovers weepe and mourne,

And vile blasphemous Conjurers to call  
 On Jesus name, and Pharisaicall  
 Dissemblers feigne devotion. Then turne  
 O pensive soule, to God, for he knowes best  
 Thy true grieffe, for he put it in my breast.

### IX

IF poysonous mineralls, and if that tree,  
 Whose fruit threw death on else immortall us,  
 If lecherous goats, if serpents envious  
 Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why should I bee?  
 Why should intent or reason, borne in mee,  
 Make sinnes, else equall, in mee more heinous?  
 And mercy being easie, and glorious  
 To God; in his sterne wrath, why threatens hee?  
 But who am I, that dare dispute with thee  
 O God? Oh! of thine onely worthy blood,  
 And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,  
 And drowne in it my sinnes black memorie;  
 That thou remember them, some claime as debt,  
 I thinke it mercy if thou wilt forget.

### X

DEATH be not proud, though some have called thee  
 Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,  
 For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,  
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.  
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,  
 Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,  
 Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.  
 Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,  
 And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,  
 And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,  
 And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?  
 One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,  
 And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

### XI

SPIT in my face you Jewes, and pierce my side,  
 Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie mee,  
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely hee,  
 Who could do no iniquitie, hath dyed:  
 But by my death can not be satisfied  
 My sinnes, which passe the Jewes impiety:



They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I  
 Crucifie him daily, being now glorified.  
 Oh let mee then, his strange love still admire:  
 Kings pardon, but be bore our punishment.  
 And *Jacob* came cloth'd in vile harsh attire  
 But to supplant, and with gainfull intent:  
 God cloth'd himselfe in vile mans flesh, that so  
 Hee might be weake enough to suffer woe.

## XII

WHY are wee by all creatures waited on?  
 Why doe the prodigall elements supply  
 Life and food to mee, being more pure than I,  
 Simple, and further from corruption?  
 Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection?  
 Why dost thou bull, and bore so seelily  
 Dissemble weaknesses and by'one mans stroke die,  
 Whose whole kinde, you might swallow and feed upon?  
 Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worse than you,  
 You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous.  
 But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us  
 Created nature doth these things subdue,  
 But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tyed,  
 For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

## XIII

WHAT if this present were the worlds last night?  
 Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwelly  
 The picture of Christ crucified, and tell  
 Whether that countenance can thee affright,  
 Teares in his eyes quench the amazing light,  
 Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.  
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,  
 Which pray'd forgivenessse for his foes fierce spight?  
 No, no; but as in my idolatrie  
 I said to all my profane mistresses,  
 Beauty, of pittie, foulnesse onely is  
 A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,  
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,  
 This beauteous forme assures a pitious minde.

**XIV**

BATTER my heart, three person'd God; for, you  
 As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend,  
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee,'and bend  
 Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new  
 I, like an usurpt towne, to'another due,  
 Labour to'admit you, but Oh, to no end,  
 Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,  
 But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.  
 Yet dearly'I love you,'and would be loved faine,  
 But am bethroth'd unto youremie:  
 Divorce mee,'untie or breake that knot againe,  
 Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I  
 Except you'enthrall mee, never shall be free,  
 Nor ever chast, except you ravish mee.

**XV**

WILT thou love God, as he thee? then digest,  
 My Soule, this wholesome meditation,  
 How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on  
 In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy brest.  
 The Father having begot a Sonne most blest,  
 And still begetting, (for he ne'r begonne)  
 Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption,  
 Coheire to'his glory,)and Sabbaths endlesse rest;  
 And as a robb'd man, which by search doth finde  
 His stolne stufte sold, must lose or buy't againe:  
 The Sonne of glory came downe, and was slaine,  
 Us whom he'had made, and Satan stolne, to unbinde.  
 'Twas much, that man was made like God before,  
 But, that God should be made like man, much more.

**XVI**

FATHER, part of his double interest  
 Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to mee,  
 His joynture in the knottie Trinitie  
 Hee keepes, and gives to me his deaths conquest.  
 This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath blest,  
 Was from the worlds beginning slaine, and he  
 Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacie  
 Of his and thy kingdome, doe thy Sonnes invest.  
 Yet such are thy laws, that men argue yet  
 Whether a man those statutes can fulfill;  
 None doth; but all-healing grace and spirit

Revive againe what law and letter kill.  
 Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command  
 Is all but love; Oh let this last Will stand!

### **XVII**

SINCE she whom I lov'd hath payd her last debt  
 To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,  
 And her Soule early into heaven ravished,  
 Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett.  
 Here the admyring her my mind did whett  
 To seeke thee God; so streames do shew their head;  
 But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,  
 A holy thirsty dropsy melts mee yett.  
 But why should I begg more Love, when as thou  
 Dost wooe my soule for hers; offering all thine:  
 And dost not only feare least I allow  
 My Love to Saints and Angels things divine,  
 But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt  
 Least the World. Fleshe, yea Devill putt thee out.

### **XVIII**

SHOW me deare Christ, thy Spouse, so bright and clear.  
 What! is it She, which on the other shore  
 Goes richly painted? or which rob'd and tore  
 Laments and mournes in Germany and here?  
 Sleepes she a thousand, then peepes up one yeare?  
 Is she selfe truth and errs? now new, now outwore?  
 Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore  
 On one, on seaven, or on no hill appeare?  
 Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights  
 First travaile we to seeke and then make Love?  
 Betray kind husband thy spouse to our sights,  
 And let myne amorous soule court thy mild Dove,  
 Who is most trew, and pleasing to thee, then  
 When she'is embrac'd and open to most men.

### **XIX**

OH, to vex me, contraries meet in one:  
 Inconstancy unnaturally hath begott  
 A constant habit; that when I would not  
 I change in vowes, and in devotions.  
 As humorous is my contritione  
 As my prophane Love, and as soone forgott:  
 As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,  
 As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.

I durst not view heaven yesterday; and to day  
In prayers, and flattering speaches I court God:  
To morrow I quake with true feare of his rod.  
So my devout fitts come and go away  
Like a fantastique Ague: save that here  
Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

**THE CROSSE**

SINCE Christ embrac'd the Crosse it selfe, dare I  
 His image, th' image of his Crosse deny?  
 Would I have profit by the sacrifice,  
 And dare the chosen Altar to despise?  
 It bore all other sinnes, but is it fit  
 That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?  
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,  
 How would he flye his paines, who there did dye?  
 From mee, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,  
 Nor scandall taken, shall this Crosse withdraw,  
 It shall not, for it cannot; for, the losse  
 Of this Crosse, were to mee another Crosse;  
 Better were worse, for, no affliction,  
 No Crosse is so extreme, as to have none.  
 Who can blot out the Crosse, with th' instrument  
 Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament?  
 Who can deny mee power, and liberty  
 To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Crosse to be?  
 Swimme, and at every stroake, thou art thy Crosse;  
 The Mast and yard make one, where seas do tosse;  
 Looke downe, thou spiest out Crosses in small things;  
 Looke up thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings;  
 All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else  
 But the Meridians crossing Parallels.  
 Materiall Crosses then, good physicke bee,  
 But yet spirituall have chiefe dignity.  
 These for extracted chimique medicine serve,  
 And cure much better, and as well preserve;  
 Then are you your own physicke, or need none,  
 When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation.  
 For when that Crosse ungrudg'd, unto you stickes,  
 Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe.  
 As perchance, Carvers do not faces make,  
 But that away, which hid them there, do take.  
 Let Crosses, soe, take what hid Christ in thee,  
 And be his image, or not his, but hee.  
 But, as oft Alchemists doe coyners prove,  
 So may a selfe-dispising, get selfe-love;  
 And then as worst surfets, of best meates bee,  
 Soe is pride, issued from humility,  
 For, 'tis no child, but monster; therefore Crosse  
 Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double losse,  
 And crosse thy senses, else, both they, and thou  
 Must perish soone, and to destruction bowe.  
 For if the'eye seeke good objects, and will take

No crosse from bad, wee cannot scape a snake.  
So with harsh, hard, sowre, stinking, crosse the rest,  
Make them indifferent all; call nothing best.  
But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome,  
And move; To th'other th'objects must come home.  
And crosse thy he art: for that in man alone  
Points downewards, and hath palpitation.  
Crosse those dejections, when it downward tends,  
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.  
And as the braine through bony walls doth vent  
By sutures, which a Crosses forme present,  
So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it)  
Crosse and correct concupiscence of Witt.  
Be covetous of Crosses, let none fall.  
Crosse no man else, but crosse thy selfe in all.  
Then doth the Crosse of Christ worke fruitfully  
Within our hearts, when wee love harmlessly  
That Crosses pictures much, and with more care  
That Crosses children, which our Crosses are.

**RESURRECTION, IMPERFECT**

SLEEP sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast  
As yet, the wound thou took'st on friday last;  
Sleepe then, and rest; The world may beare thy stay,  
A better Sun rose before thee to day,  
Who, not content to'enlighted all that dwell  
On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell  
And made the darke fires languish in that vale,  
As, at thy presence here, our fires grow pale,  
Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now  
Hasting to Heaven, would, that he might allow  
Himselfe unto all stations, and fill all,  
For these three daies become a minerall;  
Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but rose  
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose  
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is  
Of power to Make even sinfull flesh like his.  
Had one of those, whose credulous pietie  
Thought, that a Soule one might descerne and see  
Goe from a body, 'at this sepulcher been,  
And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen,  
He would have justly thought this body a soule,  
If not of any man, Yet of the whole.

*Desunt cætera*

**UPON THE ANNUNTIATION AND PASSION***Falling upon one day. 1608*

TAMELY, fraile body, 'abstaine to day; to day  
 My soule eates twice, Christ hither and away.  
 She sees him man, so like God made in this,  
 That of them both a circle embleme is,  
 Whose first and last concurre; this doubtfull day  
 Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away.  
 Shee sees him nothing twice at once, who's all;  
 Shee sees a Cedar plant it selfe, and fall,  
 Her Maker put to making, and the head  
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead.  
 She sees at once the virgin mother stay  
 Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha;  
 Sad and rejoyc'd shee's seen at once, and seen  
 At almost fiftie, and at scarce fiteene.  
 At once a Sonne is promis'd her, and gone,  
 Gabriell gives Christ to her, He her to John;  
 Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,  
 At once receiver and the legacie.  
 All this, and all betweene, this day hath showne,  
 Th' Abridgement of Christs story, which makes one  
 (As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East)  
 Of the 'Angels Ave, 'and *Consummatum est*.  
 How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties  
 Deales, in some times, and seldome joyning these!  
 As by the selfe-fix'd Pole wee never doe  
 Direct our course, but the next starre thereto,  
 Which shoves where the 'other is, and which we say  
 (Because it straves not farre) doth never stray;  
 So God by his Church, neerest to him, wee know,  
 And stand firme, if wee by her motion goe;  
 His Spirit, as his fiery Pillar doth  
 Leade, and his Church, as cloud; to one end both.  
 This Church, by letting these daies joyne, hath shown  
 Death and conception in mankinde is one;  
 Or'twas in him the same humility,  
 That he would be a man, and leave to be:  
 Or as creation he hath made, as God,  
 With the last judgement, but one period,  
 His imitating Spouse would joyne in one  
 Manhoods extremes: He shall come, he is gone:  
 Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,  
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;  
 So though the least of his paines, deeds, or words,  
 Would busie a life she all this day affords;



This treasure then, in grosse, my Soule uplay,  
And in my life retaile it every day.

**GOOD FRIDAY, 1613. RIDING WESTWARD**

LET mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,  
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,  
And as the other Spheares, by being growne  
Subject to forraigne motions, lose their owne,  
And being, by others hurried every day,  
Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:  
Pleasure or businesses so, our Soules admit  
For their first mover, and are whirld by it.  
Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the West  
This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the East.  
There I should see a Sunne, by rising set,  
And by that setting endlesse day beget;  
But that Christ on this Crosse, did rise and fall,  
Sinne had eternally benighted all.  
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see  
That spectacle of too much weight for mee.  
Who sees Gods face, that is selfe life, must dye;  
What a death were it then to see God dye?  
It made his owne Lieutenant Nature shrinke,  
It made his footstools crack, and the Sunne winke.  
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,  
And tune all spheares at once, peirc'd with those holes?  
Could I behold that endlesse height which is  
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,  
Humbled below us? or that blood which is  
The seat of all our Soules, if not of his,  
Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worne  
By God, for his appare'l, rag'd, and torne?  
If on these things I durst not looke, durst I  
Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye,  
Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus  
Halfe of that Sacrifice, which ransom'd us?  
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,  
They're present yet unto my memory,  
For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards mee,  
O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;  
I turne my backe to thee, but to receive  
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.  
O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,  
Burne off my rusts, and my deformity,  
Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,  
That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face.

**THE LITANIE****I. THE FATHER**

FATHER of Heaven, and him, by whom  
 It, and us for it, and all else, for us  
     Thou madest, and govern'st ever, come  
 And re-create mee, now growne ruinous:  
     My heart is by dejection, clay,  
     And by selfe-murder, red.  
 From this red earth, O Father, purge away  
 All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned  
 I may rise up from death, before I'm dead.

**II. THE SONNE**

O Sonne of God, who seeing two things,  
 Sinne, and death crept in, which were never made,  
     By bearing one, tryed'st with what stings  
 The other could thine heritage invade;  
     O be thou nail'd unto my heart,  
     And crucified againe,  
 Part not from it, though it from thee would part,  
 But let it be, by applying so thy paine,  
 Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slaine.

**III. THE HOLY GHOST**

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I  
 Am, but of mudde walls, and condensed dust,  
     And being sacrilegiously  
 Halfe wasted with youths fires, of pride and lust,  
     Must with new stormes be weatherbeat;  
     Double in my heart thy flame,  
 Which let devout sad teares intend; and let  
 (Though this glasse lanthorne, flesh, do suffer maimed)  
 Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same.

**IV. THE TRINITY**

O Blessed glorious Trinity,  
 Bones to Philosophy, but milke to faith,  
     Which, as wise serpents, diversly  
 Most slipperinesse, yet most entanglings hath,  
     As you distinguishd undistinct  
     By power, love, knowledge bee,  
 Give mee a such selfe different instinct  
 Of these; let all mee elemented bee,  
 Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbered three.

## V. THE VIRGIN MARY

For that faire blessed Mother-maid,  
 Whose flesh redeem'd us; that she-Cherubin,  
 Which unlock'd Paradise, and made  
 One claime for innocence, and disseiz'd sinne,  
     Whose wombe was a strange heav'n for there  
     God cloth'd himselfe, and grew,  
 Our zealous thankes wee poure. As her deeds were  
 Our helpes, so are her prayers; nor can she sue  
 In vaine, who hath such titles unto you.

## VI. THE ANGELS

And since this life our nonage is,  
 And wee in Wardship to thine Angels be,  
 Native in heavens faire Palaces,  
 Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,  
     As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne,  
     Yeelds faire diversities  
 Yet never knowes which course that light doth run,  
 So let mee study, that mine actions bee  
 Worthy their sight, though blinde in how they see.

## VII. THE PATRIARCHES

And let thy Patriarches Desire  
 (Those great Grandfathers of thy Church, which saw  
 More in the cloud, than wee in fire,  
 Whom Nature clear'd more, than us Grace and Law,  
     And now in Heaven still pray, that wee  
     May use our new helpes right.)  
 Be satisfy'd, and fructifie in mee;  
 Let not my minde be blinder by more light  
 Nor Faith, by Reason added, lose her sight.

## VIII. THE PROPHETS

Thy Eagle-sighted Prophets too,  
 Which were thy Churches Organs, and did sound  
 That harmony, which made of two  
 One law, and did unite, but not confound;  
     Those heavenly Poëts which did see  
     Thy will, and it expresse  
 In rythmique feet, in common pray for mee,  
 That I by them excuse not my excesse  
 In seeking secrets, or Poëtiquenesse.

## IX. THE APOSTLES

And thy illustrious Zodiacke  
 Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,

(From whom whosoever do not take  
 Their light, to darke deep pits, throw downe, and fall,  
     As through their prayers, thou' hast let mee know  
     That their bookes are divine;  
 May they pray still, and be heard, that I goe  
 Th' old broad way in applying; O decline  
 Mee, when my comment would make thy word mine.

#### X. THE MARTYRS

And since thou so desirously  
 Did' st long to die, that long before thou could' st,  
     And long since thou no more couldst dye,  
 Thou in thy scatter' d mystique body wouldst  
     In Abel dye, and ever since  
     In thine; let their blood come  
 To begge for us, a discreet patience  
 Of death, or of worse life: for Oh, to Some  
 Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdoms.

#### XI. THE CONFESSORS

Therefore with thee triumpheth there  
 A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,  
     Whose bloods betrothed, not married were,  
 Tender' d, not taken by those Ravishers:  
     They know, and pray, that wee May know,  
     In every Christian  
 Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow;  
 Tentations martyr us alive; A man  
 Is to himself e a Dioclesian.

#### XII. THE VIRGINS

The cold white snowie Nunnery,  
 Which, as thy mother, their high Abbesse, sent  
     Their bodies backe againe to thee,  
 As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,  
     Though they have not obtain' d of thee,  
     That or thy Church, or I,  
 Should keep, as they, our first integrity;  
 Divorce thou sinne in us, or bid it die,  
 And call chast widowhead Virginitie.

#### XIII. THE DOCTORS

Thy sacred Academie above  
 Of Doctors, whose paines have undasp' d, and taught  
     Both bookes Of life to us (for love  
 To know thy Scriptures tells us, we are wrote  
     In thy other booke) pray for us there

That what they have misdome  
 Or mis-said, wee to that may not adhere;  
 Their zeale may be our siniie. Lord let us runiie  
 Meane waies, and call them stars, but not the Sunnie.

## XIV

And whil'st this universall Quire,  
 That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,  
 Warm'd with one all-partaking fire  
 Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee deare,  
     Prayes ceaslesly, 'and thou hearken too,  
     (Since to be gracious  
 Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe)  
 Heare this prayer Lord: O Lord deliver us  
 From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out thus.

## XV

From being anxious, or secure,  
 Dead clods of sadnesse, or light squibs of mirth,  
 From thinking, that great courts immure  
 All, or no happinesse, or that this earth  
     Is only for our prison fram'd,  
     Or that thou art covetous  
 To them thou lovest, or that they are maim'd  
 From reaching this worlds sweet, who seek thee thus,  
 With all their might, Good Lord deliver us.

## XVI

From needing danger, to bee good,  
 From owing thee yesterdaies teares to day,  
 From trusting so much to thy blood,  
 That in that hope, wee wound our soule away,  
     From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse  
     Some sinne more burdenous,  
 From light affecting, in religion, newes,  
 From thinking us all soule, neglecting thus  
 Our mutuall duties Lord deliver us.

## XVII

From tempting Satan to tempt us,  
 By our connivance, or slack companies  
 From measuring ill by vitious,  
 Neglecting to choake sins spawne, Vanitie,  
     From indiscreet humilitie,  
     Which might be scandalous,  
 And cast reproach on Christianitie,  
 From being spies, or to spies pervious,

From thirst, or scorne of fame, deliver us.

## XVIII

Deliver us for thy descent  
 Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place  
 Of middle kind; and thou being sent  
 To' ungratious us, staid' st at her full of grace;  
     And through thy poore birth, where first thou  
     Glorifiedst Povertie,  
 And yet soone after riches didst allow,  
 By accepting Kings gifts in the Epiphanie,  
 Deliver, and make us, to both waies free.

## XIX

And through that bitter agonie,  
 Which is still the agonie of pious wits,  
     Disputing what distorted thee,  
 And interrupted evenesse, with fits;  
     And through thy free confession  
     Though thereby they were then  
 Made blind, so that thou might' st from them have gone,  
 Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when  
 Wee may not, and we may blinde unjust men.

## XX

Through thy submitting all, to blowes  
 Thy face, thy clothes to spoile; thy fame to scorne,  
     All waies, which rage, or justice knowes,  
 And by which thou could' st shew, that thou wast born;  
     And through thy gallant humblenesse  
     Which thou in death did' st shew,  
 Dying before thy soule they could expresses  
 Deliver us from death, by dying so,  
 To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe.

## XXI

When senses, which thy souldiers are,  
 Wee arme against thee, and they fight for sinne,  
     When want, sent but to tame, doth warre  
 And worke despaire a breach to enter in,  
     When plenty, Gods image, and seale  
     Makes us Idolatrous,  
 And love it, not him, whom it should reveale,  
 When wee are mov' d to seeme religious  
 Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

## XXII

In Churches, when the' infirmitie  
 Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word,  
 When Magistrates doe mis-apply  
 To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,  
     When plague, which is thine Angell, raignes,  
     Or wars, thy Champions, swaie,  
 When Heresie, thy second deluge, gaines;  
 In th'houre of death, th'Eve of last judgement day,  
 Deliver us from the sinister way.

## XXIII

Heare us, O heare us Lord; to thee  
 A sinner is more musique, when he prays,  
 Than spheares, or Angells praises bee,  
 In Panegyrique Allelujaes;  
     Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord  
     We know not what to say;  
 Thine eare to'our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voice and word.  
 O Thou who Satan heard'st in jobs sicke day,  
 Heare thy selfe now, for thou in us dost pray.

## XXIV

That wee may change to evennesse  
 This intermitting aguish Pietie;  
 That snatching cramps of wickednesse  
 And Apoplexies of fast sin, may die;  
     That musique of thy promises,  
     Not threats in Thunder may  
 Awaken us to our just offices;  
 What in thy booke, thou dost, or creatures say,  
 That we may heare, Lord heare us, when wee pray.

## XXV

That our eares sicknesse wee may cure,  
 And rectifie those Labyrinths aright,  
 That wee, by harkning, not procure  
 Our praise, nor others dispraise so invite,  
     That wee get not a slipperinesse,  
     And senslesly decline,  
 From hearing bold wits jeast at Kings excesses  
 To' admit the like of majestie divine,  
 That we may locke our eares, Lord open thine.



## XXVI

That living law, the Magistrate,  
 Which to give us, and make us physicke, doth  
 Our vices often aggravate,  
 That Preachers taxing sinne, before her growth,  
     That Satan, and invenom'd men  
     Which well, if we starve, dine,  
 When they doe most accuse us, may see then  
 Us, to amendment, heare them; thee decline:  
 That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine.

## XXVII

That learning, thine Ambassador,  
 From thine allegeance wee never tempt,  
 That beauty, paradises flower  
 For physicke made, from poyson be exempt,  
     That wit, borne apt high good to doe,  
     By dwelling lazily  
 Or Natures nothing, be not nothing too,  
 That our affections kill us not, nor dye,  
 Heare us, weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry.

## XXVIII

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou  
 By taking our blood, owest it us againe,  
 Gaine to thy self, or us allow;  
 And let not both us and thy selfe be slaine;  
     O Lambe of God, which took'st our sinne  
     Which could not stick to thee,  
 O let it not returne to us againe,  
 But Patient and Physition being free,  
 As sinne is nothing, let it no where be.

## UPON THE TPANSLATION OF THE PSALME

*By Sir Philip Sydney, and the Countesse of Pembroke His Sister*

ETERNALL God, (for whom who ever dare  
 Seeke new expressions, doe the Circle square,  
 And thrust into strait corners of poore wit  
 Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)  
 I would but blesse thy Name, not name thee now;  
 (And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)  
 Fixe we our prayes therefore on this one,  
 That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon  
 These Psalmes first Author in a cloven tongue;  
 (For 'twas a double power by which he sung  
 The highest matter in the noblest forme;)  
 So thou hast cleft that spirit, to performe  
 That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon  
 Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one;  
 A Brother and a Sister, made by thee  
 The Organ, where thou art the Harmony.  
 T'wo that make one *John Baptists* holy voyce,  
 And who that Psalme, *Now let the Iles rejoyce*,  
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too,  
 Both told us what, and taught us how to doe.  
 They shew us Ilanders our joy, our King,  
 They tell us why, and teach us *how* to sing;  
 Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and sphears;  
 The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man heares,  
 The Spheares have Musick, but they have no tongue,  
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;  
 But our third Quire, to which the first gives eare,  
 (For, Angels learne by what the Church does here)  
 This Quire hath all. The Organist is hee  
 Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we:  
 The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse  
 Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the Jewes:  
 And  *Davids* Successors, in holy zeale,  
 In formes of joy and art doe re-reveale  
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too,  
 That I must not rejoyce as I would doe  
 When I behold that these Psalmes are become  
 So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,  
 So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,  
 As I can scarce call that reform'd untill  
 This be reform'd; Would a whole State present  
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?  
 And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King  
 More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing?

For that we pray, we praise thy name for *this*,  
Which, by this *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is  
Already done; and as those Psalmes we call  
(Though some have other Authors)  *Davids* all:  
So though some have, some may some Psalmes translate,  
We thy Sydnean Psalmes shall celebrate,  
And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,  
(Learn'd the first bower, that we see the King,  
Who hath translated those translators) may  
These their sweet learned labours, all the way  
Be as our tuning, that, when hence we part,  
We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

**TO MR. TILMAN AFTER HE HAD TAKEN ORDERS**

THOU, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now  
 To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,  
 Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,  
 Not an impediment, but victory;  
 What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind  
 Affected since the vintage? Dost thou finde  
 New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steele  
 Toucht with a Loadstone, dost new motions feele?  
 Or, as a Ship after much paine and care,  
 For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware,  
 Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine  
 Of noble goods and with lesse time and paine?  
 Thou art the same materials, as before,  
 Onely the stampe is changed; but no more.  
 And as new crowned Kings alter the face,  
 But not the monies substance; so hath grace  
 Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation,  
 To Christs new stampe, at this thy Coronation;  
 Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because  
 They beare Gods message, and proclaims his lawes,  
 Since thou must doe the like, and so must move,  
 Art thou new feather'd with coelestiall love?  
 Deare, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew  
 What thy advantage is above, below.  
 But if thy gainings doe surmount expression,  
 Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession,  
 Whose joye passe speech? Why do they think unfit  
 That Gentry should joyne families with it?  
 As if their day were onely to be spent  
 In dressing, Mistressing and complement;  
 Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust  
 Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust;  
 (For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though gay,  
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay.)  
 Let then the world thy calling disrespect,  
 But goe thou on, and pittie their neglect.  
 What function is so noble, as to bee  
 Embassadour to God and destinie?  
 To open life, to give kingdomes to more  
 Than Kings give dignities; to keepe heavens doore?  
*Afaries* prerogative was to beare Christ, so  
 'Tis preachers to convey him, for they doe  
 As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speake;  
 And blesse the poore beneath, the lame, the weake.  
 If then th'Astronomers, whereas they spie

A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie,  
How brave are those, who with their Engine, can  
Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?  
These are thy titles and preheminences,  
In whom must meet Gods graces, mens offences,  
And so the heavens which beget all things here,  
And the earth our mother, which these things doth beare,  
Both these in thee, are in thy Calling knit,  
And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.

## A HYMNE TO CHRIST

### *At the Authors Last Going into Germany*

IN what torne ship soever I embarke,  
 That ship shall be my embleme of thy Arke;  
 What sea soever swallow mee, that flood  
 Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood;  
 Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise  
 Thy face; yet through that maske I know those eyes,  
     Which, though they turne away sometimes,  
     They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,  
 And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee;  
 When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,  
 Put thou thy sea betwixt my sinnes and thee.  
 As the trees sap doth seeke the root below  
 In winter, in my winter now I goe,  
     Where none but thee, th'Eternall root  
     Of true Love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule,  
 The amorousnesse of an harmonious Soule,  
 But thou would'st have that love thy selfe: As thou  
 Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,  
 Thou lov'st not, till from loving, more, thou free  
 My soule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:  
     O, if thou car'st not whom I love  
     Alas, thou lov'st not mee.

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All,  
 On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;  
 Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee  
 On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.  
 Churches are best for Prayer, that have least light:  
 To see God only, I goe out of sight:  
     And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse  
     An Everlasting night.

**THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMY***For the most part according to Tremelius*

## CHAPTER I

HOW sits this citie, late most populous,  
 Thus solitary, and like a widdow thus!  
 Amplest of Nations, Queene of Provinces  
 She was, who now this tributary is!

Still in the night shee weepes, and her teares fall  
 Downe by her cheeks along, and none of all  
 Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously  
 Her friends have dealt, and now are enemie.

Unto great bondage, and affliction  
 Juda is captive led; Those nations  
 With whom shee dwells, no place of rest afford,  
 In straights shee meets her Persecutors sword.

Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her waies  
 Mourne, because none come to her solemne dayes.  
 Her Priests doe groane, her maides are comfortless,  
 And shee's unto her selfe a bitterness.

Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,  
 Because when her transgressions did increase,  
 The Lord strooke her with sadnesse: Th'enemie  
 Doth drive her children to captivitie.

From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,  
 Like Harts, which seeke for Pasture, and find none,  
 Her Princes are, and now before the foe  
 Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

Now in her daies of Teares, Jerusalem  
 (Her men slaine by the foe, none succouring them)  
 Remembers what of old, shee esteemed most,  
 Whilest her foes laugh at her, for what she hath lost.

Jerusalem hath sinn'd, therefore is shee  
 Remov'd, as women in uncleannesse bee;  
 Who honor'd, scorne her, for her foulnesse they  
 Have seene; her selfe doth groane, and turne away.

Her foulnesse in her skirts was seene, yet she  
 Remembered not her end; Miraculously  
 Therefore she fell, none comforting: Behold

O Lord my affliction, for the Foe growes bold.

Upon all things where her delight hath beene,  
 The foe hath stretch'd his hand, for shee hath seene  
 Heathen, whom thou command'st, should not doe so,  
 Into her holy Sanctuary goe.

And all her people groane, and seeke for bread;  
 And they have given, only to be fed,  
 All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:  
 How cheape I'am growne, O Lord, behold, and weigh.

All this concerns not you, who passe by mee,  
 O see, and marke if any sorrow bee  
 Like to my sorrow, which Jehova hath  
 Done to mee in the day of his fierce wrath?

That fire, which by himselfe is governed  
 He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spread  
 A net before my feet, and mee o'rthrowne,  
 And made me languish all the day alone.

His hand hath of my sinnes framed a yoake  
 Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke  
 My strength. The Lord unto those enemies  
 Hath given mee, from whom I cannot rise.

He under foot hath troden in my sight  
 My strong men; He did company invite  
 To breake my young men; he the winepresse hath  
 Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.

For these things doe I weepe, mine eye, mine eye  
 Casts water out; For he which should be nigh  
 To comfort mee, is now departed farre;  
 The foe prevailes, forlorne my children are.

There's none, though *Sion* do stretch out her hand,  
 To comfort her, it is the Lords command  
 That *Jacobs* foes girt him. *Jerusalem*  
 Is as an uncleane woman amongst them.

But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,  
 I have rebell'd against his holy will;  
 O heare all people, and my sorrow see,  
 My maides, my young men in captivitie.



I called for my *lovers* then, but they  
 Deceiv'd mee, and my Priests, and Elders lay  
 Dead in the citie; for they sought for meat  
 Which should refresh their soules, they could not get.

Because I am in straits, *Jehova* see  
 My heart o'rturn'd, my bowells muddy bee,  
 Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast  
 The sword without, as death within, doth wast.

Of all which heare I mourne, none comforts mee,  
 My foes have heard my grieffe, and glad they be,  
 That thou hast done it; But thy promis'd day  
 Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

Let all their wickednesse appeare to thee,  
 Doe unto them, as thou hast done to mee,  
 For all my sinnes: The sighs which I have had  
 Are very many, and my heart is sad.

## CHAPTER II

How over Sions daughter hath God hung  
 His wraths thicke cloud! and from heaven hath flung  
 To earth the beauty of *Israel*, and hath  
 Forgot his footstools in the day of wrath!

The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed  
 All Jacob's dwellings, and demolished  
 To ground the strengths of *Juda*, and prophan'd  
 The Princes of the Kingdome, and the land.

In heat of wrath, the home of *Israel* hee  
 Hath cleane cut off, and lest theemie  
 Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,  
 But is towards *Jacob*, All-devouring fire.

Like to anemie he bent his bow,  
 His right hand was in posture of a foe,  
 To kill what *Sions* daughter did desire,  
 'Gainst whom his wrath, he poured forth, like fire.

For like anemie *Jehova* is,  
 Devouring Israel, and his Palaces,  
 Destroying holds, giving additions  
 To *Juda's* daughters lamentations.

Like to a garden hedge he hath cast downe  
 The place where was his congregation,  
 And *Sions* feasts and sabbaths are forgot;  
 Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not.

The Lord forsakes his Altar, and detests  
 His Sanctuary, and in the foes hand rests  
 His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries  
 Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound  
 And levell *Sions* walls unto the ground;  
 He draws not back his hand, which doth oreturne  
 The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne.

Their gates are sunke into the ground, and hee  
 Hath broke the barres; their King and Princes bee  
 Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there  
 Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appeare.

There *Sions Elders* on the ground are plac'd,  
 And silence keepe; Dust on their heads they cast,  
 In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low  
 The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.

My bowells are growne muddy, and mine eyes  
 Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies  
 Pour'd out upon the ground, for miserie  
 That sucking children in the streets doe die.

When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where  
 Shall we have bread, and drinke? they fainted there,  
 And in the streets like wounded persons lay  
 Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.

*Daughter Jerusalem*, Oh what may bee  
 A witnesses or comparison for thee?  
 Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?  
 Thy breach is like the sea, what help can bee?

For thee vaine foolish things thy Prophets sought,  
 Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,  
 Which might disturne thy bondage: but for thee  
 False burthens, and false causes they would see.

The passengers doe clap their hands, and hisse,  
 And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this  
 That citie, which so many men did call

Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?

Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hisse,  
 And gnash their teeth, and say, Devoure wee this,  
 For this is certainly the day which wee  
 Expected, and which now we finde, and see.

The Lord hath done that which he purposed,  
 Fulfill'd his word of old determined;  
 He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe  
 Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

But now, their hearts against the Lord do call,  
 Therefore, O walls of *Sion*, let teares fall  
 Downe like a river, day and night; take thee  
 No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

Arise, cry in the night, poure, for thy sinnes,  
 Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;  
 Lift up thy hands to God, lest children dye,  
 Which, faint for hunger, in the streets doe lye.

Behold O Lord, consider unto whom  
 Thou hast done this; what, shall the women come  
 To eate their children of a spanne? shall thy  
 Prophet and Priest be slaine in Sanctuary?

On ground in streets, the yong and old do lye,  
 My virgins and yong men by sword do dye;  
 Them in the day of try wrath thou hast slaine,  
 Nothing did thee from killing them container

As to a solemne feast, all whom I fear'd  
 Thou call'st about mee; when his wrath appear'd,  
 None did remaine or scape, for those which I  
 Brought up, did perish by mine enemie.

### CHAPTER III

I AM the man which have affliction seene,  
 Under the rod of Gods wrath having beene,  
 He hath led mee to darknesse, not to light,  
 And against mee all day, his hand doth fight.

Hee hath broke my bones, worne out my flesh and skinne,  
 Built up against mee; and hath girt mee in  
 With hemlocke, and with labour; and set mee  
 In darke, as they who dead for ever bee.

Hee hath hedg'd me lest I scape, and added more  
To my steele fetters, heavier than before.  
When I crie out, he out shuts my prayer: And hath  
Stop'd with hewn stone my way, and turn'd my path.

And like a Lion hid in secrecie,  
Or Beare which lyes in wait, he was to mee.  
He stops my way, teares me, made desolate,  
And hee makes mee the marke he shooteth at.

Hee made the children of his quiver passe  
Into my reines, I with my people was  
All the day long, a song and mockery.  
Hee hath fill'd mee with bitterness, and he

Hath made me drunke with wormewood. He hath burst  
My teeth with stones, and covered mee with dust;  
And thus my Soule farre off from peace was set,  
And my prosperity I did forget.

My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said)  
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.  
But when my mournings I do thinke upon,  
My wormwood, hemlocke, and affliction,

My Soule is humbled in remembring this;  
My heart considers, therefore, hope there is.  
'Tis Gods great mercy we're not utterly  
Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;

For every morning they renewed bee,  
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.  
The Lord is, saith my Soule, my portion,  
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,  
And to the Soule that seeks him earnestly.  
It is both good to trust, and to attend  
(The Lords salvation) unto the end:

'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare;  
He sits alone, and doth all speech forbearer  
Because he hath borne it. And his mouth he layes  
Deepe in the dust, yet then in hope he stayes.

He gives his cheekes to whosoever will  
Strike him, and so he is reproched still.  
For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake,

But when he'hath strucke with sadnes, hee doth take  
 Compassion, as his mercy'is infinite;  
 Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite;  
 That underfoot the prisoners stamped bee,  
 That a mans right the judge himselfe doth see

To be wrung from him, That he subverted is  
 In his just cause; the Lord allowes not this.  
 Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,  
 But that which by the Lord commanded was?

Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds;  
 Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?  
 Turne wee to God, by trying out our wayes;  
 To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.

Wee have rebell'd, and falne away from thee,  
 Thou pardon'st not; Usest no clemencie;  
 Pursuest us, kill'st us, coverest us with wrath,  
 Cover'st thy selfe with clouds, that our prayer hath

No power to passe. And thou hast made us fall  
 As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.  
 All our foes gape at us. Feare and a snare  
 With ruine, and with waste, upon us are.

With watry rivers doth mine eye oreflow  
 For ruine of my peoples daughter so;  
 Mine eye doth drop downe teares incessantly,  
 Untill the Lord looke downe from heaven to see.

And for my citys daughters sake, mine eye  
 Doth breake mine heart. Causles mine enemy,  
 Like a bird chac'd me. In a dungeon  
 They have shut my life, and cast on me a stone.

Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am  
 Destroy'd; I called Lord, upon thy name  
 Out of the pit. And thou my voice didst heare;  
 Oh from my sigh, and crye, stop not thine eare.

Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st nere  
 Unto mee, and said'st unto mee, do you feare.  
 Thou Lord my Soules cause handled hast, and thou  
 Rescud'st my life. O Lord do thou judge now,

Thou heardst my wrong. Their vengeance all they have wrought;  
 How they reproached, thou hast heard, and what they thought,  
 What their lips uttered, which against me rose,  
 And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

I am their song, whether they rise or sit,  
 Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,  
 Sorrow of heart, thy curse. And with thy might  
 Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

#### CHAPTER IV

HOW is the gold become so dimme? How is  
 Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this?  
 The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,  
 Scattered in corners of each street do lye.

The pretious sonnes of Sion, which should bee  
 Valued at purest gold, how do wee see  
 Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand,  
 Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.

Even the Sea-calfes draw their brests, and give  
 Sucke to their young; my peoples daughters live,  
 By reason of the foes great crueltiesse,  
 As do the Owles in the vast Wildernesse.

And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,  
 His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw.  
 And when for bread the little children crye,  
 There is no man that doth them satisfies

They which before were delicately fed,  
 Now in the streets forlorne have perished,  
 And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,  
 Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loathd.

The daughters of my people have sinned more,  
 Than did the towne of *Sodome* sinne before;  
 Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine  
 No hands amongst them, to vexe them againe.

But heretofore purer her Nazarite  
 Was than the snow, and milke was not so white;  
 As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine,  
 And all their polish'dnesse was Saphirine.

They are darker now than blackness none can know  
 Them by the face, as through the streets they goe,  
 For now their skin doth cleave unto the bone,  
 And withered, is like to dry wood growne.

Better by sword than famine 'tis to dye;  
 And better through pierc'd, than through penury.  
 Women by nature pitifull have eate  
 'Their children drest with their owne hand for meat.

*Jehova* here fully accomplished hath  
 His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,  
 Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power  
 To eate, and her foundations to devour.

Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live  
 In the inhabitable world beleeve,  
 That any adversary, any foe  
 Into *Jerusalem* should enter so.

For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have shed  
 Blood in the streets, and the just murdered:  
 Which when those men, whom they made blinde, did stray  
 Thorough the streets, defiled by the way

With blood, the which impossible it was  
 Their garments should scape touching, as they passe,  
 Would cry aloud, depart defiled men,  
 Depart, depart, and touch us not: and then

They fled, and strайд, and with the *Gentiles* were,  
 Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell there;  
 For this they are scattered by Jehovahs face  
 Who never will regard them more; No grace

Unto their old men shall the foe afford,  
 Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the sword.  
 And wee as yet, for all these miseries  
 Desiring our vaine helpe, consume our eyes:

And such a nation as cannot save,  
 We in desire and speculation have.  
 They bunt our steps, that in the streets wee feare  
 To goe: our end is now approached neere,

Our dayes accomplished are, this the last day.  
 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they  
 Which follow us, o'r mountains tops they flye

At us, and for us in the desert lye.

The annoited Lord, breath of our nostrils, hee  
Of whom we said, under his shadow, wee  
Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,  
Into the pit which these men digged, fell.

Rejoyce *O Edoms daughter*, joyfull bee  
Thou which inhabitst Huz, for unto thee  
This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkenesse  
Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakednesse.

And then thy sinnes *O Sion*, shall be spent,  
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment.  
Thy sinnes *O Edoms daughter*, hee will see,  
And for them, pay thee with captivitie.

#### CHAPTER V

REMEMBER, O Lord, what is fallen on us;  
See, and marke how we are reproached thus,  
For unto strangers our possession  
Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,

Our mothers are become as widowes, wee  
As Orphans all, and without father be;  
Waters which are our owne, wee drunke, and pay,  
And upon our owne wood a price they lay.

Our persecutors on our necks do sit,  
They make us travaile, and not intermit,  
We stretch our hands unto *th'Egyptians*  
To get us bread; and to the *Assyrians*.

Our Fathers did these sinnes, and are no more,  
But wee do beare the sinnes they did before.  
They are but servants, which do rule us thus,  
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

With danger of our life our bread wee gat;  
For in the wildernesses the sword did wait.  
The tempests of this famine wee liv'd in,  
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne:

In *Judaes* cities they the maids abus'd  
By force, and so women in *Sion* us'd.  
The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace  
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.



Unto the mill our yong men carried are,  
And children fell under the wood they bare.  
Elders, the gates; youth did their songs forbearer  
Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.

Now is the crowne falne from our head; and woe  
Be unto us, because we'have sinned so.  
For this our hearts do languish, and for this  
Over our eyes a cloudy dimnesse is.

Because mount *Sion* desolate doth lye,  
And foxes there do goe at libertie:  
But thou O Lord art ever, and thy throne  
From generation, to generation.

Why should'st thou forget us eternally?  
Or leave us thus long in this misery?  
Restore us Lord to thee, that so we may  
Returne, and as of old, renew our day.

For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,  
And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

**HYMNE TO GOD MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESSE**

SINCE I am comming to that Holy roome,  
 Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore,  
 I shall be made thy Musique; As I come  
 I tune the Instrument here at the dore,  
 And what I must doe then, thinke here before.

Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne  
 Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie  
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne  
 That this is my South-west discoverie  
*Per fretum febris*, by these straights to die,

I joy, that in these straits, I see my West;  
 For, though their currants yeeld returne to none,  
 What shall my West hurt me?  
 As West and East in all flatt Maps (and I am one) are one,  
 So death doth touch the Resurrection.

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are  
 The Easterne riches? is *Jerusalem?*  
*Anyan, and Magellan, and Giblaltare,*  
 All straights, and none but straights, are wayes to them,  
 Whether where *Japhet* dwelt, or *Cham*, or *Sem*.

We thinke that *Paradise* and *Calvarie*,  
*Christs Crosse*, and *Adamstree*, stood in one place;  
 Looke Lord and finde both *Adams* met in me;  
 As the first *Adamssweat* surrounds my face,  
 May the last *Adams* blood my soule embrace.

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,  
 By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;  
 And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,  
 Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine owne,  
 Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

## A HYMNE TO GOD THE FATHER

### I

WILT thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,  
Which is my sin, though it were done before?  
Wilt thou forgive those sinnes, through which I runne,  
And do run still: though still I do deplore?  
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
For, I have more.

### II

Wilt thou forgive that sinne by which I've wonne  
Others to sinne? and, made my sinne their doore?  
Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne  
A yeare, or two: but wallowed in, a score?  
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
For, I have more.

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne  
My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;  
Swear by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne  
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;  
And, having done that, Thou haste done,  
I feare no more.

