

Classic Poetry Series

**John Abbott
- poems -**

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

John Abbott(1587/1588 – c. 1650)

John Abbot was an English Roman Catholic clergyman and poet. His birthplace is uncertain, but may have been London or Leicester. Abbott is believed to be the nephew both of George Abbot, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Robert Abbot, the bishop of Salisbury. Abbot was thus from a strongly Protestant family. After being educated at Balliol College, Oxford, he travelled to the continent where he converted to Roman Catholicism. On returning to England he was in Jesuit orders for a while, before working as a secular priest. In 1635 he was imprisoned in the Gatehouse at the Palace of Westminster. He was released within a year, but in 1637 he was again arrested, and seems to have spent the rest of his life in prison. He was, along with other Catholic priests, condemned to death in 1641, but the conviction was never executed, and he appears to have died in prison in 1650.

His best known work is his poem *Devout Rhapsodies* (2 vols., 1647), about the war in heaven and the temptation and fall of man. The work can be seen a precursor of [Milton's](http://www.poemhunter.com/john-milton/) *Paradise Lost*

Devovt Rhapsodies

Sermo Primus

To the Right Honourable, Philip Herbert, Earle of Pembroke and Montgomerie;
And to the Lord Philip Herbert his Son.

The Argument

As branches doe the Roote, Rivers obey
The Ocean, smaller lines their tribute pay,
And homage to the Centre, as the Sreames
Shot from the Sun confesse themselves his Beames;
So must all Authors, all prescriptions fall
Vnto the scripture as Originall.
Wrangling Philosophers may boast,
The Scriptures only speake the Holy Ghost.
Their Schooles decay, what's grounded on our Texts
Shall flourish, maugre Gentilisme, and Sects.

Our sacred Volumes are the sealed springs,
Where choicest Nymphs, as they of heavenly things
Sing ditties, bath themselves: from the white Mount
Of Liban issues this perennall Fount,
Which proves an Ocean where the silly sheepe
May wade securely, yet the same's so deepe,
The Elephant may swim, and if he range
Too far be swallowed in the Gulfe: so strange
And perilous are these streames. Was not a Wave,
Nestorius venturde on Nestorius grave?
And did not Arrius perish in these seas,
Whilst he durst saile midst the profundities.
And wanted a sure Pilot: What Saint Paul
Hath preach'd and writ to instruct and save us all.
Turnes to the ruine of illiterate men,
As they pervert the meaning of his pen.
Who prie too neerely into Majesty,
Strucke purblinde by the raies of glory die.

'Tis true: Pharphar and Abana are streames
Of Syria; but if leprous Naaman dreames,

Theile clense his spots he erres, and must obey
The Prophet, and to Jordan take his way:
There glide the waters which he washing in,
Shall cure his leproisie, and clense his skin.
Poems must from this Chrystall Torrent spring,
Else theyle, as did those bitter waters bring
Diseases to the Drinker. Wanton bookes,
Hurt soules, as did the bodie Maras brookes,
Like dangerous Basiliskes a passage finde
To dart their poyson at the inveigled minde.

What? Are our Rils drunke up? Our fountains dry?
That wee must to such durty puddles fly,
First shall no Tapers grace the spangled heaven,
The rough Alps lye as the smooth Vallies even:
Ere who are conversant in sacred writ,
Shall faile of Themes to exercise their wit.
Are not the Fire, the Aire, the Earth, the Seas,
The Spheres, the Saints, th' Angels above all these,
A still supplying Subject? then to wade
In the Divine Idæas whence God made
Of nothing every thing, and with one word,
Could existence to all he made afford.
The Birth, the Infancy of this Vast Frame,
Increase, decrease, restoring of the same.
All Sciences of things above, below,
(More then Philosophy did ever know)
Are objects of Gods Booke, and easily yield
To all invention a most spacious field.

Wee grant prophaner Authours have given Rules
Of living well, kept open natures scholes:
But this booke Gentilisme exceedes as far
As the bright Sun at Noone some lesser Star.
Why doe wee study? Wherefore are wee joyn'd
So fiercely in dispute? To adorne the minde
With Truthes, and as the flint and steele conspire
In issuing forth the Element of fire;
By joynt collision, so from much bickerings
In disputation Aletheia springs.
Volve and revolve your Sages Volumes, you
Shall not be certaine one opinion's true

Amongst one hundred. What their Histories?
Patcht up with idle fables and with lies.
What's noxious there our Scripture reprehends,
What's crooked rectifies, what's faulty mends;
What's good makes better, and you neede not feare
Any report or false position there.
Millions of Lines about this Circle are,
And though they mutually may seeme to square,
And contrary as East to West, the South
To North; yet all meete in the Centre Truth.

What can be thought or writ by any quill,
Is in our Bible specified, and still
New matter drawes the curious Reader on,
And makes the Learned to reflect upon
The sense of deeper Mysteries, as he sees
Heere wondrous actions done: and out of these
Drawes morall applications, and can fly
To Allegorie, and Anagogie.
From the same words and deeds quadripartite,
Senses are fetcht, and every one is right.
Who but the Mother of us all Gods minde
Could in few words such stronge allusions finde?
And then what hee hath in Ænigma's put,
Make curious wits enucleat the Nut?
GOD is a copious Magazin; men are
The dispensatours of his precious ware,
And heeres such plenty that from every clause,
New mysteries the ingenious Reader drawes.

Goe jugling Mountebanks, cry up your toyes
Amongst the Rustiks, Idiots, Girles, and Boyes.
Yee winding Sophisters expose your trash,
Wrangling Philosophers together clash.
Frame Sophismes, Syllogismes, describe, devide,
Bring in essentials to define, decide
By Demonstrations Problemes. What's all this
To what we are made for, everlasting blisse?
Study foure yeeres the ten Predicaments,
Meane while forget the ten Commandements;
What profits Stoicisme? What Plato's wit
To your salvation? What the Stagyrit?

That Cynik Sage expresses, though heele hide
In's Tub, and currish manners far more pride
Then Plato in his Pompe. He who gave rules
To Courtiers, had a Cæsar in his Schooles
For a Disciple, found another way
How Princes Gnomically should write and say,
With some Atheistik Documents spoiles all,
Commending such who on their owne swords fall,
And with a violent Fate themselves deliver,
From paine or shame, for such shall live for ever
In paine, and shame. These wisemen are commended
Wher they are not: but their pains shal nere be ended
Where they are. Lets aske where are their followers now?
Who to defend their marcid Axioms vow?
Who now adore strict Zeno's Apathie?
Who for smooth Epicure will Champions be?
Where are Diogenes scholars that can scrub,
Sleepe, wake, eate, drinke, live, die; All in one Tub?
Contented with a scrip, a dish, a staffe,
More mad themselves at others madnesse laugh?
Surely such men have been; and made a shew
Of Learning, had Disciples, and did know
Something indeed, although not much; but what?
Is it Times fault? All almost are forgot.
No: time is blamelesse, for a Bastard sproute,
Though watred much seld fixes a deepe roote.

Our Scripture is a more Celestiall seed,
Not Philosophik Darnell, or that weed
That growes in one day, in the following fades;
But planted by Gods hand, shootes forth, the blades
Increases so, that in the branches rest
Your towring Eagles, and make them their Nest.
(Our glorious Doctours o're whose head a Dove
Hovers, and dictates Lines of Wit and love)
Wit in expounding Mysteries of our Faith,
Love, urging to performe what Scripture saith.)
From bough to bough these soaring Eagles spring,
Chanting the Trophees of their slaughtred King
Who (by his passion worthy made) reveal'd
This Sacramentall Volume seven times seal'd.
For our Lambe butcher'd, streight the Vale was rent,

Which 'twixt the Temple, and the HOLIEST went.
The Tables, Aarons Rod, and Manna there
Reserv'd, by immolated JESUS were
To be brought forth, the Law more plainely taught,
Grace freelier give, deeds more prodigious wrought.
These Tables, and what appertains to them
Were preach'd, were taught, receiv'd in every Realme.
These are the silly graines of Mustard-seed,
That tasted once such operations breed.
Converted Nations, builded Churches, and
Planted soule-saving faith in every Land.

How is it possible poore Fishermen
Should convert Nations, erect Temples, then
Leave their Disciples, who when they were dead,
This saving Doctrine every where should spread?
Be Trumpets and the Pipes of heavenly grace,
And in all Regions JESUS Banners place:
Be dayly Actors of stupendious things,
Maugre all Sects, and persecuting KINGS?
First do's the Synagogue recalcitrate
Against this Progresse with intestine hate.
But Truth prevailing, the Apostles shall
Interre her in a glorious Funerall,
And joyntly every Ceremonious Rite
Takes sweetrepose in darkenesse, but delight.
Then Pagan Kesars dreading th' overthrow
Of their false Gods, against the true GOD shew
Their indignation, and with fire and sword
Pursue, destroy Professours of his Word
Reveal'd, and writ: But as did Aarons Rod
Turn'd to a Serpent by the hand of God,
Devoure the Sorcerers Wands by Magick spells,
Also made Serpents, yet not tumid swells,
So this divinellie-vigorous Mustard-seed
Shall eate up, and hath swallowed every weed,
That through the world by Gentilisme was sowne,
(Their Doctrines, Phanes, and Idols overthrowne.)
No honours now to Moloch, Camos given,
None to Astarthe, and the Hoasts of Heaven.
Their maimed Dagon falls before the Arke,
Do's Hamon bleate now? Do's Anubis barke?

Paphus and Cyprus no more Venus follow,
No doubtfull answers uttred by Apollo.
These have, all Sects successively must perish,
Our heavenly seede eternally shall flourish.

Sermo Secundus

To the Right Honorable, William, Lord Powis, and Sir Percie Herbert his Son.

The Argument

Wee meane to treat of GOD; what shall wee take
For Essence, and a Definition make?
Can he who no waies will be circumscrib'de,
By any termes of Learning be describ'de?
Can he be specifide by words of Art?
When thought cannot imagine the least part
Of his perfections. Yet weele something write
From Gods owne Lucid Lanthorne borrowing light,
For since prophaner Authors Buzzards were,
By this directed, wee our course must steere.

So sacred are our Records, no prophane
Hand must attempt to touch 'em under paine
Of severe chastisement. So Sinais Mount,
Nor man nor beast approach when Moses on't
Receives the Law; and the same Prophet must
Pull off his shooes in reverence of that Dust,
Where God shall show himselfe. He answers well,
Who being commanded by his King to tell
What God was, and desiring still more dayes
The Question to resolve, yet still delays:
Truely confessing that the Thesis grew
Harder, and harder, and the lesse he knew,
The more he studied. Who writ Tragedies,
For his presumption forfeited his eyes.
And Theopompus lost his health, because
One in his Stories, the other Moses Lawes
Durst bring upon the Stage, both are restor'd
To sight, and health; their fault by both deplor'd.

Yet who are humble with a prosperous gale
In Cephas ship shall through the Ocean saile,
And in the depths behold Gods Attributes,
How this perfection, that negation sutes,
To expresse some thing of a Diety,
(More then created understandings high)
And character as followes. GOD'S a Being,
That ever was, and shall be; a minde seeing,
All in the Mirroure of himselfe, where all
Future things, and possible (though these shall
Nev'r have existence) boast Eternitie,
And in the Godhead all whole sharers be,
GOD every where is present, no where seen,
He filleth the whole world, and had there been
Myriads of worlds, he would them all have rounded,
Himselfe not compast, bounded all not bounded.
Fancy some vast imaginary space,
The Centre, and circumference of that place
Is GOD. Imagine thousand vaster, there
GOD must be'e involved the surrounding Sphere:
All intimate to all things, yet all without
All things; though nothing can be, if God be out.

GOD is an Entitie most simple, yet
Millions of discrepant perfections meete,
As Lines Concentrike in this SIMPLE ONE,
And without all these weele acknowledge none:
For GOD: where all are with a bended knee
Offer our Vowes to that sole Majestie.
Admire his immutability, the same
Still in himselfe, yet changing still the frame
O'th world with various Motions: Can love, hate,
Be pleas'd, displeas'd, yet still keeps the same state.
(Exteriors only altred.) Stand amaz'd
When mans and Angels thoughts to'th height are rais'd
By'th light of Glory, yet inferiour far
To penetrate what Mines of Treasures are
Hid in that supreme Nature, Power, and Skill
To make ten thousand worlds, when ere he will,
More beautifull then this, increase the store
Of Angels numberlesse, and make 'em more
Glorious beyond esteeme. Can any Law

Limit his Arme? When this world's but a straw
Compar'd to what he can: turne when he please
To their first Chaos, the Aire, the Land, the Seas.
Dissolve the Heavens, reduce to'th old Abyesse,
Of nothing, whence they came, those Bands of his
Owne Court, the Angels, and when this is done,
Be full as happy in himselfe alone.

For GOD did not those glorious spirits create
With purpose to encrease his blessed State:
Who was so copious, as he was before,
Nor doe their Legions multiply his store.
Repute Earth, Angels, Heavens, but a meere story
To speake a Deities more extensive glory:
And when he made this ample fabrike, He
For our good would declare a Majestie
Ineffable; in all expresse a will
Of doing good, a power to doe't, a skill
To doe't in the best manner, as much Art
In the production of each severall part,
As of the whole, (an Artists skill being waigh'd,
Not after what, but how the worke is made.)

A Childe may be begot, brought forth, and cry,
But without more sollicitude must dye.
Gods Providence his Creatures must attend
Els were they made to little, or no end.
Soone would this world to the first nothing fall,
If wisdom should not nurse, and governe all.
The Machine a disordred Ataxie,
Generall confusions, and combustions be.
What's Providence? A faire exterior Robe
Encompassing, and covering the whole Globe,
And all things comprehended in't: Beside
It is the lining of the worlds inside;
Ordaines, rules, acts, for ends peculiar; yet
This Queene do's not her Majesty forget;
But makes the secundarie causes know
They are her Agents, and obedience owe
To what she lists. Could the intensive heate
O'th flaming Furnace make the children sweate,
This Providence a while suspending fire
From action maugre the fierce Tyrants ire?

Did not she make at Josuahs vowes the teeme
O'th posting Sun a while shoote every beame
From the same Zenith, and in lieu of night,
Mortalls stand gazing at a Noonedayes light?
This prescribes Rules, ordaineth Ends, gives Lawes
Constant to th' universe, makes every cause.
Helpe it's associate: Nothing do's in vaine,
But first disposing sweetly without paine
Brings forth what nature would: Yet most appears
Where liberty of action domineeres.
And with so deepe a wisdome enterweaves
Humane affaires, that though she freedome leaves
To severall purposes and different ends,
Yet happily effects what she pretends,
Attends to all; yet so to every one,
As if save that, she notice tooke of none.
To dictate, write, reade, heare, all in one houre,
Made Cæsar wondred at, Origen much more.
This world of creatures Gods eye lookes upon,
Governes, provides for; yet for all as one.
Observes as well what's in the Cottage acted.
As what votes are i'th Senate House transacted.
Searches intentions, searcheth hearts and reines,
What's done for publique, what for private gaines.
Has admirable fetches. Did not Gods
Providence make Benadad and Jehu Rods
Of Achab, though that an Idolater
Jehu a Jew, yet a false worshipper:
These scourges were of Gods revenging ire,
And vengeance acted, cast, into the fire.
This lets bad men beare swaie some Moneths, or Yeares,
And then excited by the cryes and teares
Of the oppressed, with a potent hand
Frees a distress'd and captivated Land.
So Tribes returne to Palestine againe,
And Portugall shakes off the yoke of Spaine.
How this was done the following lines shall speake,
And how mans Arts to Providence are weake.

No end of Taxes, of Excises none,
How to get money still is thought upon;
Water excis'd, and Spanish Lordans are

So greedy, they would tax even the free Aire.
 True Patriots are suppress, and only they
 Advanc'd for Officers, who have the way
 To grinde the Land, and out the poore mans throat
 Get for Corbona an extorted goat,
 Harpies oth' the Commonwealth, who procure hate
 To an easie King, and cosen King, and State.
 All tattred th' other day, Bancrupts, poore Johns,
 Now prance it on their foote-clothes, are great Dons:
 These are disperst through the whole Kingdome, and
 Their Arbitrary power for Law must stand.
 They are seconded at Court, if any take
 Exceptions, are so potent, they can make
 Him a dangerous Malignant, have him sent
 For up, plagu'd in purse or imprisonment.
 Thus grones poore Portugall, knowes not to whom
 She should adresse her selfe, no helpe from home.
 St. Julians Fort is in the Spaniards hands,
 All Castles kept by Military Bands.
 No Lovers of their Countrey weapon beare,
 But sent to Italy, or Flanders, there
 A Gods name let 'em fight, the more are slaine,
 The more firme is the Monarchy of Spaine.
 Now steps in Providence, no more quoth she
 Of bondage; I will set this Nation free,
 And make D' Almeida with the Mello's plot,
 And never cease till they have freedome got.
 And take that crowne from the third Philips Son,
 Which D' ALVAS Armes for Prudent Philip won.
 Could humane wit or strength: But sole GODS hand,
 And PROVIDENCE (that can events command)
 So soone, so easily with no losse of blood
 Redeeme a Kingdome from long servitude?
 But wee must know the Kings, and Peoples sin
 Translates the Natives, and brings strangers in.
 So Roderigo'es fault brought Moores to Spaine,
 Our Britaine by the Saxon, Norman, Dane,
 Subdu'd; the French-mens sins for us have fought,
 And what but our owne sins fetch't in the Scot?
 So when the Conquerours crimes weigh downe the scale,
 They make their Vassailes over them prevaile.
 When wise, and just men fall, Fooles, Tyrants rise

On the heavenly disposition with squint eyes
 Wee looke, and cry an ERROUR of the Prince,
 When rightly 'tis a supreme Providence.
 Lets higher goe. Abimelech combin'd
 With Sichem, and with Mello, all are joyn'd
 To ruine Gedeons house. The Olive Tree,
 The Vine, the Fig-tree put off Majesty:
 "Tell the Trees plainely; wee'le not lose our ease,
 "And for your sakes so much our selves displease.
 "Wee shoote, wee spring, wee flourish, bring forth fruite
 "Which with the Spring, the Summer, Autumne suite
 "Please God, and man: what are great Monarks shares?
 "But as their Realmes, so multiply their cares.
 Only a Whin, a Bramble will be great,
 Takes complacence enthron'd in Royall Seate;
 But what's the sequell? Sichemites shall rue
 That with their Tyrant Gedeons Race they slewe,
 And by such murders chose Abimelek Prince,
 Gloried in him: Now steps in Providence.
 Which Joathan fortold 'em. God shall send
 From the darke shades of hell some subtile Fiend,
 That shall the Subjects, and the King divide,
 Make them hate his Tyranny, him their pride:
 They upbraid him with his Brethrens murther, though
 They were associates in the murther: (So
 Eager on mischeife, wee first rashly doe,
 At leasure see how foule the fact's, then rue)
 He who was raised by them, rases their Walls,
 Destroyes their Towne, and by a woman falls.
 (Heavens not permitting such League should last long,
 Which for Foundation murther had and wrong.)
 Marke Kingdomes, Common-wealths, and private States.
 And you'le observe not Fortune nor the Fates,
 But GODS transcendent Providence beare sway,
 And always sin with shame, or sorrow pay.

As Providence and Power, so his science is
 His Bounty, Mercy, Justice, an Abyesse
 Of infinite Perfections. Weele conceive,
 Millions of worlds i'th Divine Essence, leave
 Nothing which may adde beauty, give delight
 To the understanding, hearing, and the sight,

Angels surmounting sands oth' Ocean shore,
Of populous Nations a far ampler store,
Then should of Atomes be, had this vast Frame
Nothing but distinct Atomes in the same.
Now, what a pleasant Vision wert? If you
Saw all these objects in one simple view.
Millions of Angels, Men, Beasts, Plants, rich Stones
All Minerals, heard all Symphonies at once.
Beheld all Colours, Fields, Woods, Trees, Flowres, Fountaines,
Oceans, Springs, Rivers, Vallies, Plaines, Rocks, Mountaines,
Numberlesse Cityes, Hamlets, Castles, Courts,
All recreations, all delightfull sports.

Is there delight in War? the Seige of Troy,
And sacking off'? How barbarous Kings destroy
Rome, and Jerusalem: The Punik slights
Of Hannibal, Grecian, and Romane fights:
The battailes by our third stout Edward fought
Against the French, and Flower-de Luces got
To adorne our Scutcheons, the renowned story
O'th Field of Agincourt fift Harries glory,
And what with BLOOD not inke should be set downe
Our CIVILL fights, since that at Keinton Towne,
Which so much bloud, and many lives have cost,
That whosoever was gainer, England lost:
Had they been well imploy'd, those Legions might
Have subdu'd France, regain'd the Electorall Right.
The Romane Triumphs, and Olympian Games,
And what soe're Magnificent in Fames
Booke stands registred, is, shall be, hath been,
Are in Gods Essence as a Mirroure seen:
And all these knowne a thousand Myriads more
Of objects may be seen, and yet the store
Never exhausted: GOD alone must be
The Comprehender, of his Infinitie.

Eternally there was duration, though
Nor Yeares, nor Monthes, six thousand yeares agoe,
Nor Dayes, nor Houres, nor minutes did divide
Ages, and Times, and all these specifi'd
By the perpetuall motions of the SUN,
As he shall through his annuall mansions run,

And by the carrying his eternall Light
Make Winter, Summer, Autumne, spring, day, night.
So when the world shall fade, and all these cease,
The tired Earth enjoy a constant peace.
No Plough rip up her Bowels: The Glebe-land
Still unmannured, and untilled stand.
No aurigations of the heavenly carres,
No' in certaine motions of the wandring Stars.
Shall not there be DURATION? Sure there shall,
But such an one as comprehendeth all
Ages, and Times, the present, future, past,
And all these vanish'd evermore shall last,
And is the same with God. This never had
Beginning, never shall have end. This made
When it pleas'd him the universe: Wee know
How long 'tis since he made it: If wee goe
FURTHER that FURTHER is Eternity,
And will not measur'd, but admired be.
For who conceives some thousand Centuries
Of ages past, and againe multiplies
The same millions, and millions more of time,
Yet cannot this grand Calculator climbe,
Although perpetually he multiply
Unto the Top of GODS eternity.
Who only can his owne DURATION tell,
Above created thoughts ineffable.

These glorious Attributes, and Idioms shew
A mighty GOD, come wee to things below.
As he converses with the sons of men,
Bestowes his gifts, beares with their manners, then
Greater amazement will arise to see
His Bounty, Mercy, Longanimity;
But weele defer to insist upon this Text,
And with Devotion prosecute the next.

Sermo Tertius

To the Honorable, my most honored Friends, the Lady Francis Nevil: And
Mistrisse Margaret Brooke her Daughter.

The Argument

Wee sing the Notions of the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, issuing from both; yet ONE
With BOTH: One individed Essence: Three
Persons by relative Pluralitie:
Man is Gods Image, and do's represent
This Ternall One, and the unconfinde extent
Of the whole Macrocosme; yet never shall
Be happy till he gaine this ONE, this ALL.

Shall he from whose redundant Plenitude
Wee all receive, Being, Grace, Beatitude.
Who fills the Ocean with innumerable spawnes,
Replenishes the Desarts, and the Lawnes
With stocke of Cattell, dayly do's repaire
With yong ones the inhabitants of the Aire.
Can such a God be barren? No, a sire
Issuing a Son shall with that Son conspire
To breath the Holy Ghost, and all these three
Equall in glory and in Majesty.
Ethinks acknowledg'd, though with much adoe
One God, but knew not what belonged to
A TRIAD what is Divine GENERATION,
What is PROCESSION, what active SPIRATION.
The FATHER needs must get a SON, and then,
That FATHER and that SON give Origen
To the Holy Ghost; the first Two cannot be,
Vnlesse they make their Number Ternary:
For Love which gives all Creatures birth and growth,
Before all Creatures had his birth from Both:
(Father on Son the Son on Him reflecting,
And with a mutuall Complacence affecting)
The Synagogue of this had shaddows; but
Their Lanthorne was under a Bushell put:
And the Hebrew Rites, and Books Enigma's are,
They' explaine not Truths, but poynt at from a far;
The Law in measure, above measure Grace,
When that once past, this other comes in place.
That Lambe, that Lampe of the Cælestiall Towne,
Shall leave his royall Throne, and comming downe,
Enucleat Mysteries, preach a Godhead, three

In Notions, yet a pure Identitie.
Who comprehends himselfe, could onely tell,
GODS immanent Acts, that are ineffable.

O thou Eternall Son, and Word, who far,
(Ith' raies of Saints) before the morning Star
Wert got, and spoke; let's through all Ages break,
And search, when GOD did thee beget, and speake;
For both are One, GOD did no more afford,
To give thee birth, then uttering of a Word.
Lets search a hundreth thousand Ages moe,
Yet shall we not thy Birth, and utterance know.
If we thy Father question, heele reply,
My Son is both so old, and young as I.
When he was got, as no time can designe,
So when he was not got, no time define.
Yet of his Origen, you truly may,
Affirme he is begetting every day:
And through Eternity all Ages past,
Shall this continued Generation last.
A SON of's FATHER independant, Heat
As th'e ORIGEN, whence tis deriv'd so great.
True GENERATIONS yet devoid of Motions,
Reall relations, yet no more then Notions.
As the Vast Ocean that surrounds the Earth,
Though it give RIVERS springs and Brookes their Birth,
Euphrates, Volga, Quahu, Nile, our Thame,
Yet never wanteth but runs stil the same.
A thankfullie all these Returne againe
And disembogue themselves into the Maine.
The FATHER never wants, although the SON
Has all he hath: nor are these TWO undone,
Nor the least jot of all their Treasure lost
Though al's be stowde upon the holy Gost.
For though they mutuallie give all their store
Yet give they so, that they can stil give more.
Imagine some Eternall Spring, or Mine
Whence Purest Gold is digd, flowes richest wine,
And yo'ule conceive some glimsies that come nigh
To shadowe this stil Bounteous Trintie.

Not Trimegistus or the Stagyrit,

Not any Stoik, or Platonik wit,
Though Monas Monadem begat, can tell
How this Fecunditie, yet no wombes swell,
Arises, how one can give all his store
Yet never be exhausted, never poore.
Such science is a more peculiar grace,
Granted to none o'th Philosophike race,
And who will have this TRIAD for his booke
Must with FAITHS candle on the volume looke,
Though none can understand each page aright
Who has not for his Flame-bew Glories light.

Merchants, who travell to the rising SVN,
And view his setting when the day is done
In neither of the Worlds can fulnes finde,
For though they fill their purses, yet their minde
Is emptie still, and still they covet more,
And are amidst their heapes of Riches pore.
The Macedonian youth contented not
Himselfe with the whole World his sword had got.
The Reason: all things here confined are
Within their Modell, insufficient far
To satisfie mans APPETITE ordain'd,
Not to be satisfi'd till GOD be gaind.
The Spherik Figure no waye can suffice,
To equall what is made TRIANGLE wise.
Lay one upon another, you shall see
All waies some cornets will unfurnish'd be.
When the Worlds maker made mans Soule, the same
Triangular did the best Worke-man frame
To represent his matchles self and be
The Image of one GOD in Persons three;
Ordaining him to love, to honour, serve
His GOD, who for such service do's reserve
A Crowne, and place in Heaven; where he shall see
The TRIADS order, and how all things be
Deriv'd from thence. Nor can there ought be found
In this low O be, that's Sphericall, and round,
May satisfie our Soules; nor can wee rest
In Creatures, who are ordred to be blest
By his fruition, who to Creatures gave
That existence, and essence which they have.

Sol'e GODS proportion'd to our Soules, and till
GOD be injoid, wee nere shall have our fill,
Unles wee feed on this Celestiall meate,
Wee still shall hunger, still desire to eate.

Creatures observe that order, keepe that state,
Which GOD appoints: Sole MAN'S retrograde.
Behold the wandring Planets, and fix't stars
Are Constant in the motion of their Cars,
And as they approach, or goe from severall seates
Cause winters nipping frosts, and Summer heates.
Make buds and blossomes sprout foorth in the Spring,
And in the Autumne to perfection bring.
See how the Simple Elements Combine
And in the making of mixt Bodies ioyne.
The Fire, the Ayre, the Water, that surrounds
The Earth: how all observe their proper bounds,
And very bounteously themselves bestow,
On all things that have sense, or move, or grow.
Suppose (what will not be) some glorious light,
(The Sun or Moone) should fall from Heaven, or quite
Extinguished be: suppose Gods arme should take
This World, and of't the Pristine Chaos make;
Involving in the same calamity,
The old, the middle aged, and the Frie.
Here death gives rest to Beasts, to Fish, to Foule,
All paine expiring with the fleeting Soule:
And though here's some inversion of that end,
Which Nature in Creation did pretend:
Yet tis no more then if some Clowne should grub,
Or cut a plant up, but as yet a shrub;
Or a young Partridge caught ith' Fowlets net,
Or by the Hawke devour'd Pin-fether'd yet.

But different far is Mans accursed state,
If by transgression he prevaricate:
For if in prosecution he shall erre,
Sulphurean Flames that first prepared were
For the Infernall Fiends, must be his hire,
And with condemned Ghosts, eternall fire.
Better he had nere been borne, then be borne so,
As dying, he must live in endlesse woe:

For not as soules of Birds and Beasts, Mans minde,
Shall with the body dissolution finde;
But when chance, age, or sicknesse break the tye,
Twixt Body and the Soule, this last shall flye
(Supported by the wings of heavenly love)
To those magnifique Pallaces above,
Where Saints and Angels with much blithenesse sing,
The Trophees of the slaughtered Lambe, and bring
Their Anadems of Glory (as tis meet)
Offering them, and themselves at IESVS feet.
6Who with the treasure of his precious blood,
Purchast his Courtiers such Beatitude.
Or else the Soule poysde with transacted faults,
Shall streight descend to subterranean Vaults;
Where horroure with pale desperation dwell,
And damned Ghosts eternally shall yell.
'Twould be some ease it thousand myriads past,
Of yeares, Hels torments should have end at last,
But they'le endure so long as GOD shall be,
And one way equalize eternity.

O thou all-potent Trinity, whose hand,
First made, then polisht Fire, Aire, Water, Land:
Prescribdst to all their duty, and their end,
Which they without reluctancie attend,
And gaine; Illuminate our souls to know,
Wherefore thou mad'st us, whether we should goe;
To heaven our journey is, direct our wayes,
To that blest Land; there crowne us with thy rayes
Of glory; who made by, and after thee,
Without thy selfe shall nev'r contented be.

Sermo Quartus

To the Honorable, William Savile, Baronet, my Godson. Edward Atsloe, Iohn Church, Esquires.

The Argument

Wee sing what power bad Angels have, and how
All causes, and their consequents they knowe,

Are incorporeall, and with winged speed
Act what they will, but not their bounds exceed.
Wee sing unhappie mans corrupted state,
How more then Beasts he do's degenerate.

The World being finish't God amazed stood,
And with much complacence pronounc'd al's good:
If all be good, how come ill Angels then
(So noxious, yet so conversant with men?)
If they are ill, why are they left to roame
Abroad, why are they not confin'd to home
In Hell? why did they not when they lost grace,
Forfeite as well their Energye as place?
In Heaven? they can doe wonders, have a power
As great as Sions courtier's, some have more.
What from the rising of the Radiant sune,
Till in the Occident his race be run
Is acted, they see clearely, can without
Passing through Medium's scu'd the World about
It's twinkling of an eye; at distance can
Mountaines oreturnde, destroye, or tempt a man.
Locall Dimensions limit not their Sphere
Of action, where they operate they are there.
And though these Devils can the Sun as soone
Shut in a lanthorne, as deduce the Moone
Downe from it's Mansion; yet they are petty Kings
In the airie Region, and ore earthly things
Can dominere, although not reach so farre
As is the Mansion of the lowest Starre,
All Theorie, and Practike arts they knowe,
Natures abstruser secrets, no plants growe,
But they their Virtues ken, and can apply
Actives on Passives to bring miserie
And witchcrafts upon man, and as if wee
Framde of Ambition, envie, enmitie,
Were not sufficient Devills to our selves,
Wee must have ayde from these Infernall Elves
In our malitious plots, and for the hire
Damne our owne soules to their eternall fire,
And as wee share in their Iniquitie,
So in their punishment associates be.
And such must of necessity be ill,

Who once deprav'd can never change their will,
Never retract an Error, nor repent
What once (apprehended good) they durst attempt.

Speake more Celestiall Muses, what's the cause
Of so much perversitie against the Lawes
Of humane sence, how fell the Angels downe
Why did they forfeit that Perennall Crowne
Due to integrity and (Virgins) knowe
The knowledge of such Cronicles you owe
To Sacred Historyes? how Balthasar,
And Nemroths Babylon surprized are,
And the Assyrian Monarchie cast downe
The Medes and Persians share the Imperiall Crowne,
How Tomyris the warlicke Scythian Queene
Amidst her thickest Troopes in Armour seene,
Acts dire Revenge, and having first made drunke
The Persian Brigades, drenches the cold trunck
Of slaughtered Cyrus in a tub of gore,
Bidding him quaffe his fill, who evermore
Had thirsted blood; how like the flashing fire,
Of angry Heaven, when Heaven and Earth conspire
To raise a tempest, Alexander flies,
And shewes the World his glorious Victories;
How by death conquered, he who conquer'd all,
Must in the midst of all his Trophies fall;
Many great Homers (Alexanders Vow)
Inrich you with such Histories, and how,
Cæsar amidst and by persidious friends,
I'th Capitall his life, not glory ends.
The sad disasters of these Monarchies,
With the addition of ten thousand lyes,
Of the Assyrian, Greek, Odrysian Lords,
Innumerable Stories, numberlesse Records
Speak amply: many Birds first reassume,
Onely their proper Feathers, then unplume,
The Roman Eagle, till great Mahomet,
As he did Constantines Bizantium get,
Wrung off one neck, and in that Empire plac'd
The beauty of our Tawring Bird defac'd.

But of the reall grounds, why these States fall,

Why th' other rise, no mention's made at all;
Nor once remembred what condition they
Be of, who are chiefe Actors in this Play
Of blood, and death, where a Muse buskind sings
With teares the Fates of Common-wealths, and Kings.
The Gentile Sages by experience see,
But know not whence proceeds our Miserie:
They never know with what industrious Arts,
The Devils in our Drames act chiefest parts.
Why Man doth with the Spiders Cobwebs spin,
And one net wrought, unsatisfied begin
A fresher web, why with the Ante take paines,
With such sollicitude for sordid gaines.
Why thrust the Badger with the Foxes slight
Out his owne Hole, why with the Lyons might
Invade the weaker; why made Lord of all
The Universe, does he degenerate fall
So low beneath himselfe, and far inferiour
In sence to many Beasts, to all superiour
In brutish qualities, exceeds the Hog
In drunkennesse, more fawning then the Dog,
When profit shall accrue, in rage outgoes
The Hircanian Tygres, when assayl'd by foes,
Shee saves her young ones, and with teeth and nayles
Against a world of combatants prevailes;
Prouder then the Horse, when in his bravery,
He shall attract every beholders eye,
To marke him onely, as with stately grace,
Through the streets richly hanged he shall pace.

As here the Gentiles all are silent, wee
Should sit amaz'd, and with them silent be;
Wholy transformed, knowing our God all good,
Dispute, how with such bounty it hath stood,
To suffer his chiefe creature, Man to fall,
In such disorders, and permit in all
So generall a confusion, when behold,
Onely our writs the Origen unfold
Of all these mischeifes, taught by them wee speake
The causes: and through many ages breake
Boldly our passage ope, beginning long
Before the Universe began a Song.

Sermo Quintus

To the right Honorable, John Paulet, Marquesse of Winchester, the Lady Honoria,
The best Example of her Sex, His Marchiones; and the Honorable, Walter
Mountague.

The Argument

What ruind Angels? a transcendent pride?
Or envy? Because Man was Deifide.
Proud Lucifer turn'd Traytor animates
His fellow Angels to be associates
In the Rebellion: Michael with the bands,
Of Loyall Subjects for GODS title stands:
The Traytors lose the day; Grace, glories Crowne,
(They might have gai'nd) to th' depths of Hell cast downe.

The Devill nere was glutton; never soild,
With amorous embraces: never foild
with drink: no purser by the high way side,
Never for Murder at the Sessions tride.
(Nor could he faile so, such concupiscence
Following corporeall faculties and sense.)
(Yet has he perpetrated all these crimes,
By proxie, above a hundred thousand times)
How fell the Devill then? how lost his place,
And share 'oth Deity, Cœlestiall grace.
How did the searcher of all intrailles finde,
Iniquity in so sublime a minde?
What horrid act hath his eversion wrought?
Ruine on him? on Us destruction brought,
(For he having limpt himselfe, made Adam halt,
Whence issued our hereditary fault.)
Was Lucifer a Peacock? when he spide
His specious plumes, with a selfe-pleasing pride,
Tooke he fond complacence in gifts bestowde,
And with those gifts rebeld against his God,
Who gave 'em? did he glorying in his state,
Aspire to be with God coequall Mate?
With soaring wings why would he northward flye,

And independant be as the most high?

Or did not envy raigne? that God should sleight,
The Angelike Essence, and himselfe unite
To our weak substance, by a wondrous tye,
Including in one Man the Deity,
And humane Nature: this makes Traytors rise
In armes 'gainst their Creator; envies eyes
Are so malignant, that anothers good,
Like daggers strikes to th' heart, and fetches blood.
'What quoth th' aspiring Angell, shall this slime
'Oth earth, this worme in plenitude of tyme,
'Grac'd with the union Hypostaticall,
'Be Deified? have Empire over all.
'Must Angels so accomplished with grace,
'In Entity so perfect give him place?
'Be slaves, and as obsequious Vassals stand,
'To know, then execute what heele command?
'If God cannot his bounties better share,
'Weele learne him Order, teach him who we are:
'If needs he will his gifts, and selfe diffuse
'In Donatives, let him election use:
'Wherefore you (Legions) ayde me, and weele make,
'This partiall God recall his purpose, take
'Our Nature, where you all shall sharers be,
'And fellowes with me in the Deity.
As in a Leguer, where distracted mindes,
Revolt against their Generall, Treason findes,
New complices to act a dririe plot;
So now seditious Lucifer ha's got
Whole multitudes to second what he saith,
As Impious Angels violate their faith,
Turne to a Creature their chiefe leader, and
Amazed at his eminencies stand:
For Lucifer had such similitude
With God, that he, next him was the first good.
No Cedar in Mount Libanus so tall,
No Beech as hee: he far surmounted all;
Great his indowments, specious were his raies,
And he stild justly, First of all Gods wayes,
Allured with such parts, the inferiour stars
Forsake their stations, denounce open Wars

Against their Maker. Now the signal's given,
Of a great battaile to be fought in Heaven.
For Michael and his friends oppose themselves,
In Squadrons rangde against the haughty Elves:
The loyalty of Subjects now is tryde,
As they take part on Michaels and Gods side:
Who stands impartiall a spectator by,
To see these Combatants for maistry try.

No party brought to th' field, or swords or bils,
But serious altercations of their Wils:
Neither did they with a Stentorean voice,
On any part plead rights; but without noice
Ioyn'd the Batalia's: No loud clamors there,
Let the left Wing advance, bring up the Rere:
But what they would have either friend or foe,
Should understand, their Wils did make 'em know:
Yet Drums and Trumpets were the harmonious Spheres,
Still ecchoing terror in the Rebels eares:
When they reflect how those, though senslesse stand,
In order, when these spurne at Gods command.

That fight was famous in Pharsalia field,
Where the Patrisians, and their Pompey yeild
To Cæsars conquering Legions, and one day,
Makes Rome, and the whole world the Victors pray:
So was that Naumachie by the Actian shore,
Where Anthony pursues his flying Whore;
And great Octavian all the Empire gets,
Where the Sun first appeares, and where he sets.
The whole Worlds Sovereignty, being set at stake,
Did these encounters so conspicuous make.
But in this Battaile fought on Sions plaine,
Where the false Angels lose, the loyall gaine
The day: what ever is above the skies,
Even Gods command must be the Victors prize.

The Armies ordered, and in mutuall view,
The grand Commander of the Traytruos crue
Himselfe advances, and at every straine,
Presents Goliah, or fierce Tamerlaine.
Blasphemes and curses Gods selected band,

But as (if such comparisons may stand)
 A thick neck'd Bull made Captaine of the Herd,
 And for his strength, of all the Forrest fear'd;
 Meeting some stately Lyon at a spring,
 Disdaines to pay due homage to his King:
 But ventilating oft his hornes ith' ayre,
 He and his Flock themselves to fight prepare;
 When the stout Lyon backed by his friends,
 The conflict presently begins and ends:
 As furiously upon the Bull he goes:
 And, maugre his great strength, casts in the close.
 Then on the prostrate neck, setting his foot,
 With a disdainfull paw puls out his throat:
 The rest, as they behold their Leader dye,
 With the disaster all appalled flye.
 In the same manner Michael putting on
 His trusty Armour: Vindication
 Of Gods supremacy, a two edg'd Sword,
 Strongly compos'd of Gods revealed Word:
 Iustice his brest-plate, and of Faith the shield:
 A belt of Verity: his helmet steel'd
 With safety. Armed thus against his foe,
 He marches, and as David with one blow
 Defeats the Else: then trampling on his head,
 This ovant speech in following manner said:
 'Who like to God? who from the abyse of nought,
 'First made thee, then to this perfection brought?
 'Ingratefull wretch to thy Creators grace,
 'Unworthy such endowments, and cheife place.
 'Was thy eye evill because God was good?
 'Or didst thou surfeit with much plenitude?
 'What is, is his; and must he come so low
 'Beneath himselfe, that when he will bestow
 'His favours, he must aske his creatures what
 'He shall bestow? whether on this or that
 'Person, or nature? he can best dispence,
 'Who knowes what's given is but benevolence:
 'Great were thy eminencies: did we repine
 'At dignities conferd on thee, and thine?
 'We knew, and so shouldst thou, that he who gave
 'Such gifts, knew well what every one should have,
 'And in what measure, neither thou, nor I,

'Can limit or inlarge his liberality.
'False Impe, who wouldst have Empire over all,
'To the lowest pit thou shalt dejected fall:
'Can nothing please thee but thy Makers Crowne?
'To Hell with thy associates tumble downe.

As when the heavens, the ayre, the winds conspire
With horrid thunder, and with flashing fire,
To terrifie the world, and make us thinke,
Our sins had filld Gods cup even to the brinke,
And the Universe must end: Midst all these tones
Of angry Heaven, innumerable stones,
Of haile fall downe, and with their fragour make,
The Machin of the frighted World to shake.
Such was the Angels precipice from Heaven,
When glorious Michael had his sentence given.
For Lucifer, who made the Angels faile,
As he fell headng, dragd downe with his tayle,
The stars third part (when men of high estate
Decline, the ruine ends not in their Fate.)
But as some potent Lording, who hath wrought
Treason against his Sovereigne Prince, and sought
To murder or depose him, for which ends,
Conspiring with his Vassals, and his Friends;
He traiterously takes armes, but in the field,
Is vanquishd by his King, compeld to yeild.
Brought to a tryall, all receive their doome,
But differently; some from their native home,
Banishd; some forfeit life, some goods and land,
So did the case with the damn'd Angels stand,
Some are confinde 'ith spacious ayre to dwell,
Others on the earth, and seas; yet all in Hell.
For they still beare about the load of sin:
Fire in the apprehension, tortur'd minds within.
And we might see, had we spirituall eyes,
How innumerable Devils, Atome-like and Flies
In a hot summers day, hop up and downe,
Ith' ayre or'e every City, Village, Towne.
Soaring like Hawkes, with Vultures mawes and eyes,
And when 'tis sprung, source downe upon their prize.
Then let us know that as they towre so high,
They easily, viewing, with advantage flye,

And seaze upon their pray. (Whats poore mans state,
Continually exposed to their hate?)

But that grand Traytor, Lucifer, whats done
With him? doe not the conquerors sit upon
The manner of his chastisement? who lead
The dance in this Rebellion, was the head
Plotter and actor in the treason, shall
Be more severely punished then all
The minor Devils; and one clause they adde
Toth' rest of's torments, that makes him stark mad:
Namely, that he who would so high have flowne,
With wings of pride, even to Jehovahs throne,
In a deep dungeon, shut eternally,
Shall a confined slave and prisoner lye.
A hole his goale furthest from Heaven to show,
That as transgressions so must pennance goe.
The other Fiends have the vast Ayre and Seas,
And land to range in whensoere they please:
But their great Monarck must in fetters tyde,
In lowest Hell perpetully abide.
And this was the first prison made for sin,
A patterne to torment Delinquents in:
Yet no confinements, Fetters, Bolts, and Gives,
Can make the damned wretches mend their lives.
Sure the strange quallities of Alpheus streames,
Are idle Poets or Historians dreames.
How he though disimboguing in the Maine,
Yet midst the brine his sweetnesse can retaine;
Debt, and transgression are conduent gins,
To Prisons, Prisons Colledges of sins.
The noble Sciences profest, and chiefe
Arts taught, are of the Drunkard, Whore and Thiefe,
Who were in knavery Freshmen, comming here,
Shall proceed learned Graduats in one yeare.

Behold the Gallies, and a Prison view,
And they shall fully represent to you
What's done in Hell; blaspheming every where,
Continuall torments, yet they curse and sweare
Amidst those torments: Boat-swaines, Goalers are,
The Furies that torment 'em and their fare,

Bisket, Tobacco; trickling teares must serve
To make their meat go downe: else let 'em starve,
What then? too many care no more when halfe
Are starv'd then Butchers when they kill a Calfe.
A Prison's like the cruell Martichore,
Or Hell it selfe, still seeking to devour,
It's alwayes taking, the least favour must
Be dearely bought, nor can you goe on trust.
Sweat, labour for some Goalers, a good turne,
Is never thought of in the following morne,
Best curtesi's done to them are but their due,
And what's their Office must be sold to you:
French impostes, Spanish taxes are not hard,
If to th' exactions of a Goale compar'd.

Yet heavens forbid all Keepers should be such,
I know some gently bred, who will not grutch
To doe a favour gratis, know the same
Fortune that oretakes others, is not lame,
But may oretake themselves, and they may be,
Their fellow-prisoners in Captivity:
Know what a sin it is, to boyle the lambe,
Ith' milke and sight of the afflicted damme,
And therefore scorne to add fresh woes to woe,
(Onely ignoble, Beares and Wolves do so.)
They understand al gaines these Vultures take
From undone men cannot them wealthy make,
No more then did that silver Judas good,
Which he had purchas'd with his Maisters blood.
The poore are Christ himselfe, and what is got,
Over the Devils shoulders needs must rot
Under the belly of his Damme (as teares,
And Prisoners clamours penetrate Gods eares.)
These keep not Goales as Charon kept his Boat,
To crave for every passenger a groat,
Nor (gentle soules) wil they, or curse, or raile,
If any in their bounty sometimes faile.
May such (and prisoners votes are potent) be
Fellowes with Peter in Eternity.
(Turn-keys best patterne) who with little state,
But much humanity will ope Heavens gate
Toth' poorest soule, that clensed from his sin,

Or knocks, or rings, craving admission in.
No mischiefe on such Keepers ever fall,
But let 'em have his lot who kept Saint Paul:
No prisoners scaping from 'em run away,
Much courtesie with much injustice pay.
Free from the Bondmans heaven-ascending curse,
May they dye rich in credit, rich in purse.
As the Egyptian Midwives, let their race,
And they thrive here, and have in Heaven a place.
Yet thrice blest Rome, who in the seven Kings times,
And Tribunes rule, wert so devoyd of crimes,
That one pore Goale sufficed to detaine,
All Malefactors, but as Scipio's gaine,
Asia, and Africa, Emilius Greece,
And all returne rich Iasons with the fleece
Of gold, then as thy sins and Towne increase
New Goales are made, and Justices of Peace.
How art thou spotted, with what tincture di'de,
Of sins proud London? which so loud have cri'd
To Heaven for vengeance, that in every street,
New prisons must be made; the Gatehouse, Fleet,
Newgate, and Ludgate, and a hundreth more,
Not large enough for murderer, thiefe, and whore;
But so increases the Malignant trade,
That Courts and Pallaces are prisons made.
O inauspicious Stars to live and die
In torments worse then those of Gregory.
There miseries end with our exhaled breaths,
Continued prisons are continued deaths:
A prison's like Vestas deflowred Nun,
Ram'd in the grave before his thread be spun.
Yet heavens are gentle, and permit this curse,
To fall on some, to keep 'em from a worse.

Sermo Sextus

To the right Honorable, Henry Parker, Lord Morlie, and Mount-Eagle, William Habington Esquire, and Mistris Lucie Habington.

The Argument

What undiscovered pathes the Serpent treades,
With what flye Engines, and darke wayes he leades
Mankinde to errour? with what subtiltie,
Invites he us to our owne miserie.
The Fowler and the Fisher-man may gaine,
Arts of deceit from his more subtile braine.
Eve poysons Adam, and by his sad fall,
Conveyes pernicious venome to us all.
The folish Woman, and her female seed,
Tax'd worthily for this accursed deed.

Why does the Spouse in a Cygnean song,
Descant so dolefully of the great wrong
Her Brethren do her, and of battailes fought,
And stratagems wherein her life is sought;
Who are these barbarous Brethren so unkind?
Legions of evill Angels in Gods mind,
Our generall Mother, who, Idea'de there,
Were form'd, then fell, and after suffered were
To range abroad; these tempt, sollicite Man,
And doe him all the injuries they can,
(Thinking erroneously tis some reliefe,
To have companions in their endlesse griefe,)
As Meagre envy made 'em first to fall,
So the same fury domineeres in all
Their actions: knowing man must weare that Crowne,
And fill those thrones from which they tumbled downe:
Knowing how no coinquinatèd thing,
Shall see the face of Sions glorious King.
At every step, and place they set their gins,
To intrap the passengers in snares of sins.
All creatures of the world are traps and nets,
Which to catch fooles the cunning Devill sets:
And Satan having long converst with man,
Is in his Volume deeply read, and can
Comply with all his appetites; invert
The order of his intellect; divert
Affections rightly plac't; perswade him choose
Evill cloth'd in the shape of God, refuse
Virtue look'd on, not in her proper guise,
But form'd by Fancy, or our carnall eyes:
For the grand workman of this earthly mole,

When in our body he infusde the soule,
He made the Intellect, Will, memory,
A true resemblance of the Trinity.
As they have power to issue severall,
Most distinct operations; yet they all
Are one, and the same soule; and though we name
Them diversly, yet they are all the same.

These rule as some great Queene of many lands,
All the corporeal faculties commands;
And though she seeme to rule by Deputy,
Yet in all acts 'tis shee, and onely shee,
VWho records onely understands, wils onely, hoords
Onely in her vast Magazin records,
The specie of things present, past, to come,
And when shee will remember, to that roome,
Makes her recourse. These species Satan can
Stir up, when he intends to tempt a man,
Objects of riches, pleasure, and the height
Of honour; and propose with such delight,
That the Intellect obscured by the Will,
Shews in false glasses good, that which is ill:
Then sense, will, understanding headlong run,
Into transgression, and are all undone.

The Serpent such a colour set on pride,
With a rich glosse of being Deifide,
And knowing much, that Eve lik'd it so well,
As having tasted Heaven, shee'd venture Hell.
To know what's ill. The Fiends not long a wooing,
But tels her if sheele know, shee must be doing.
'Behold that goodly Apple, take and eate,
'The choyse of Paradise, delicious meat;
'This will bestow an immortality,
'And make you sharers in the Deity.
'God knowes this wel, ther'fore least you should be,
'Partners with him, he has forbid this Tree.

The liquorish Woman eyes, and eyes againe
The Apple; sees it lovely and would faine
Pluck it, but feares: at last demurreth so;
'If not for use, why did this apple grow?

'What Aromatick smell? how smooth the skin,
'And gay? Can any poyson lurke within?
'No sure: God in forbidding has some end,
'That's envious, Ile beleeve my speckled friend;
'Who gives the world to roame in, and excludes
'But the least corner, all his gifts deludes,
'And pens you in a prison; All the trees
'Of Eden are but toyes; forbidding these
'Choise fruits, what gave God when he gave command,
'Ore fishes, foules of th' ayre, beasts of the land?
'And then forsooth to say, dare not once touch
'This Apple; bounty is not valued much,
'Hedg'd in with lymits: I had rather have,
'What he exempts, then all the rest he gave.
'Had it not been forbid, it might have past,
'Not car'd for, now I must needs, and will tast.
'Be it what it will, Ile by experience try,
'If it bring death, or immortality.
With this, maugre Jehovahs frownes and threats,
The bold Virago the Apple plucks and eates.
Shee scarce had gorgd it when the subtile Snake,
Tickling with laughter in such manner spake.
'Are not your eyes now open? sure you know,
'What's Good and Bad: but be not envious, go
'Present your husband with an Apple, and
'Both good and ill alike shall understand.
Lets to the Devill give what is his due,
Though he equivocate, yet he speakes true.

But why did he assume the Serpents shape?
Are not there other beasts, the Fox, the Ape,
The Dog, the Elephant so wise as is
The Serpent? but he takes this vermins hisse,
To cheat our Grandame: Satan will declare,
How neare allyed he and the Serpent are.
All other creatures onely will defend
Themselves, not unprovoked man offend:
This venome still in ambush lyes like Dan,
To bite our heeles, and not toucht poysons man.
What harme did we the Devill? that he shou'd,
Envy our happinesse, prevent our good?
Then in the turnes and windings that he makes,

How does he represent the circling snakes?
Observe this plot, and by one wile guesse all,
As he made Eve, so he makes others fall.
Knowing the woman of the two more frayle,
He will the weaker vessell first assayle.
Knowing the man of sounder judgment, he
Sends his Embassadors to Adam, shee
Must play the Orator; commend the meate,
Turne Crocodile, peule, weep, unlesse he eate.
(By such seducers Solomon al-wise,
Forsooke his God, Sampson lost strength and eyes.)
If we dare trust the Jewes, their stories tell,
How Nathan saw before King David fell
His ardent love to Bershabe, and thought
To stay the Prince from his adulterous fault.
He trudges to the Court, but in the way,
The subtile Fiend as a dead carkasse lay:
The Prophet stops his course to interre the dead,
Meane while the King defiles Uriahts bed.

Shall we conceive Adam was so unwise,
To think an apple could make cleare his eyes?
Indude with grace, and a strong Intellect,
He could not but on Gods' command reflect,
Wherefore we must beleeeve his chiefest end,
In the transgression was not to offend
His cogging wife. (A precedent of those,
Who to please others their owne soules dare lose.)
So Solomon his Queenes so much affects,
That for 'em to false Gods he Phanes erects:
But did the mischiefe end in Adams sin?
No sure! our misery must here begin.
A businesse of such consequence, that all,
Involv'd in him with him must joyntly fall.
Had he been single, there had staid the doome,
But he was Father of the World to come:
And in his sentence we were censur'd, who
Nere understood what appertained to
Transgression. Ist' not strange one single crime,
Should last, and blast all progresses of time?
Let Epictetus, let the Stagirit,
With Divine Plato, who have amply writ

Of vertues, and of vices, speak the cause,
Why man so easily transgresses Lawes.
When all are dumbe, our sacred Volumes can
Tell wherefore all these mischiefes lite on man.
Adam had all our wils in his, and we
Eate joyntly with him the forbidden Tree.

His onely act, that one pestiferous bit,
Had many thousand Aconites in it.
It scarce is swallowed when infernall gates,
With violence flye open, Iron grates
Of Hell are burst; anxieties, cares, feares,,
Sorrow with all her dropping children, teares,
Suspition, jealousy, lawlesse desire,
Unbridled lust, pretensions to aspire.
Fond joyes, sad discontent at present state,
Aversion from good: anger, envy, hate,
Avarice still greedy, griping penury,
Dogging at the heeles of Prodigality,
Darknesse of minde, perversity of will,
And what in both can be suspected ill.
Beguiling error, pervicacious schisme,
Crab-creeping heresie, impious atheisme:
Idolatry alwaies inventing where
New Gods may be adorde for love or feare.
Egypt to Ibis, Rome will sacrifice
To th' fire, and Cloaca a Goddess is.
These monsters with their pale commander death,
(Kept hither to close prisoners beneath,
Nor should they ever have beheld the Sun)
Hearing what man against his God had done,
Scorne longer to obey prescribed Lawes,
But they will forth and vindicate Gods cause.

By the effects judge Adam of thy fault,
These mischiefes are the purchase thou hast bought,
Corruption is the house; the land sad woes,
In which though with teares watred no good growes.
Making at houre of death thy latest will,
Thou didst bequeath this Legacy of ill,
And for Executors, the Devill trust,
Who though a Bankrupt, yet in this is just,

And takes such care that jointly with our breath,
We doe receive thy testament of death.
Hence issue, if we well revolve our Fate,
Those woes which follow mans accursed state:
Hence those afflictions which attend our wayes,
Those sad catastroph's of our wretched dayes:
Hence that unequall share of joy and paine,
A dropp of pleasure, but of woe a maine;
O, hadst thou lov'd God more, Eve not so well,
Thou wouldst have left us heires of Heaven, not Hell.

Who can describe what's sin? Nothing at all,
And must the masse of man for nothing fall?
All things ith' world God made, and God was glad,
That by his making hand they being had,
Onely thou misbegotten Monster, sin,
As Bastards use stolest at the Window in,
Ashamed of thy birth: God never put
Least finger to thy Essence: Hell was shut.
Thou wert' the Key to open it; day light
Changde by thy birth into eternall night.
Curst be thy birth day: let it not appeare,
Nor once be nam'd with th'other dayes o'th yeare.
Be long expected, and as thou shalt faile,
Be curs'd of those, who watch to chase the Whale:
On that black day let the Universe be sad,
And Furies onely at thy birth be glad,
For thou hast on us all these mischiefes hurld,
And made a Pristine Chaos of the World.

And weele be angry with thee, Grandam Eve,
The Mother of this Child: thou didst conceive
The odious Monster: Satan was his Sire,
But you adulterous Paramours conspire,
And with such slights juggle the businesse, that
Adam must father the mis-gotten brat.
God form'd thee of the mans selected bone,
To helpe him, that he should not be alone:
This was your taske: Have you not help'd him well,
And all his progeny to goe to Hell?

Eve must bring children forth in pangs and throes,

And make a joyfull father by her woes,
Which shee performes, with a delight in paine,
(One teeming past, another hasts againe.)
Eve must be subject to her Husband, and
A Vassaile alwayes be at his command.
Grounded on this, some Common-weales ordaine,
A Salique Law, the Distaffe shall not raigne;
Esteeming those God censured to obey,
Unfit for Government, and Regall sway.
And this first fault all mankind so has vext,
That men take all the Nation for a text
Of their invectives, dip in gaule their quill,
And with Satyrick lines whole Volumes fill
Against Eves sex, who in much ignorance bred,
Unable are their proper cause to plead.
But had they pens, as good as are their tongues,
They amply would retaliate such great wrongs:
And we should read, as well as loudly heare,
With how much patience they these scandals beare.

Sermo Septimus

To my Honourable Friends, Master EDWARD, and Mistris RUTH PETRE.

The Argument

We sing those Courtiers, who attend the Throne,
And act commands of that most absolute One,
Who gives all, takes from none, but what before,
Issued from his never exhausted store:
We likewise treat, with what despotike sway,
This Monarck governs, Citizens obey.

Plato fram'd a Republike, and it cost
Tullie much labour to write, what is lost,
A Common-wealth: so Aristotle writ,
His book of Politicks, proving in it
How the best forme of Government is, where
One absolute Monarck shall the Scepter beare.
Be it so, or not, let slaine Cambyses Peres
Dispute the Question: jealousies and feares,

Arise on every side: a Monarck may
Turne tyrant, Nero, or Dionysius play.
Violently take your goods, command your Wives,
And what more precious is then both your lives:
Bring in an arbitrary Government,
Or feare, or scorne to call a Parliament.
Forget himselfe, and how one single clause
Of his life more commands then all his Lawes.
He acts on a conspicuous stage, and is
Subject to all his subjects clap or hisse.

Thus Monarcks may decline, and may not such,
Who to a state turne Kingdomes doe as much?
Suppose your Noblemen should beare the sway,
Even these may erre as well as tyrants may:
Consult, combine, to keep the people low,
And from the publike pressures potent grow.
A crafty party circumvent the rest,
Some few prevaile, the bad oretop the best.
From reasons rule, and square of Justice erre,
Before the generall, private ends prefer.
Athens a slave by thirty tyrants made;
And Rome by the Decemviri betrayd.
These promis'd cures o'th body politick,
But made the same a hundreth times more sick.
Weary of Kings, Rome ordains Consuls, those
Supprest, shee ten chiefe Magistrates will choose.
Rods onely scourg'd her in the dayes of Kings,
And Consuls, these few men with Scorpions stings
Slash the poore Commons, as none can be sure
Of his owne goods, nor in's owne house secure:
The people grumble: let 'em, this base Yoake,
They brought upon themselves, and till the'have broake
Their Asses backs i'th carriage must endure
The burthen: armed Cohorts shall secure
The tyrants lives, and military bands,
Force speedy execution of commands.

For the fond multitude, they never knew
Their proper good, nor what belonged to
Or worth, or manners; Peers and Monarcks know,
When they do injuries, that they do so.

But the base Vulgars unrestrained wil,
Is model of their actions good, or il.
A many headed monster, yet not one
Sconce stuff with Reason, or Religion:
Fiery in prosecution of what's new,
Which had, they presently their wishes rue:
And you as easily may, and even as soone,
Shape out and make a garment for the Moone,
Now crescent, now i'th full, now in the waine,
As satisfie the Vulgars fickle braine.
The Rable doated on this Parliament,
With clubs and staves for their protection went
To Westminster: gloryed to heare themselves
Cald Round-heads, others Cavaliers (new Guelphs
And Gibelins) what blood shed they? what fights?
Adventur'd for the Parliamentall rights?
How bountifully did they give their store,
Of gold at Guildhall? yea, contribute more
Then was requir'd. City and Country cry,
T' have reverend Laud and active Strafford dye,
As enemies to'th Realme, and Parliament;
And till their heads are off ne'r be content.
But now the case is altred, they rayle on
Both Houses, cry downe for oppression
Excises, are so impudent, they'd thrust
Them from their Voting, whom themselves did trust,
With all their rights; whisper, expresse their spight
In prose and verse, most dangerous pamphlets write:
Yea some ('tis strange) so rash they dare proclaime
Themselves the authors, and subscribe a name:
Boldnesse and mercy, these would spend their blood
Most willingly, our Senators are good,
And will not spil't, knowing a Magistrate.
Should th' Emperour Nero (yet young) imitate.
Who wept when he should signe to th' deaths of men,
Condemn'd, and wish'd he could not use a pen.
But howsoe're they hold a wolfe by th' eare,
Who court the multitude, and still must feare,
Heele byte 'em; all their bones are broke in twaine,
Who seek the fickle Vulgars love to gaine.

So weak our providence, so full of feare,

No state that's perfect can be stablish'd here;
None formed yet a body politick,
That sundry noxious humours made not sick.
Eutopia fancied by our learned More,
Had faults, and Platoes Common-wealth had more.
Let Genoa, Jena, Venice, Amsterdam,
And my deare London a republike frame,
As they have fram'd, some Constitutions are,
That erre from reason, and with justice square.
Yet when Philolophers with all their wit,
(Though some were States-men) faile, our sacred Writ
Shall speak a Common-weale, so sound, so sure,
That for eternity it shall endure.
For lift your eyes up, and contemplate them,
Who fill the Senate of Hierusalem;
There you shall see an ordered policy
Establish'd, a sure grounded Monarchy:
That on the Burgers has more blessings brought,
Then Common-weales have dream'd of, or have sought.
A glorious City, that surpasseth far,
Ninus vast Ninive, or the grand Caire:
Though that could vaunt of threescore miles in length,
Wals of unmeasured magnitude, and strength,
Almost two thousand towers as Babel high,
Threatning as Memphis Pyramids, the skie.
Yet if with Sion you both these compare,
Both silie cottages, both Sheep-coats are.

The pavement, wals, and roofe of gold are made,
With diamonds and precious stones inlaide.
That with their lustre give a constant light,
Although such need not, for the sable night
Is ever banish'd thence; (the fulgent rayes,
Oth' slaughtered Lamb, causing perpetuall dayes.)
No watch, no warding at the severall ports,
No military stations at the Forts.
Onely at every Gate an Angel stands,
And brandishes a Fauchion in his hands,
To keep Malignants out, as heretofore
Th' Angel kept watch and ward at Edens dore.
And when that shame of nature went about,
To break Lots house, the angels kept 'em out:

Besides the Citizens al souldiers are,
Knights of St. Vincent for their feats of War.
They made their passage through a crimson flood,
(As did the Israelites) of Iesus blood.
And Satan mindfull he was vanquish'd here,
Scarce lifts his eyes to Heaven, much lesse comes there.

The forme of Government is such; one King,
To whom all homage owe, and tribute bring;
His Court most glorious: Myriads of those Peres,
Whose charge it is to volve the circling Spheres,
Assist his throne: Cherubs who pierce, and see,
The secret Orders of the Deity.
And those Seraphike Lords, with firy love
Inflam'd, in and about the centre move
Oth' divine Essence. Sedentary be,
The thrones, and with a sweet tranquility,
Contemplate God. Ore sublunary things,
The dominations sway, and act their Kings
Commands; who uses to imploy the powers
When he will curbe those enemies of ours,
Th' Aerian Potentates: as Satan would,
Bring Moses body forth, that th' Hebrews should
It idolize, he was made hold his peace
By Michael, and from th' enterprize surcease.
Who take the charge of Kings and kingdoms, these
Are stil'd magnifique Principalities.
When God prodigious operations takes
In hand, he then the active Virtues makes
His instruments. Angels, archangels, are
His Nuntio's, when he pleases to declare
His mind to Mortals: the angel Gabriel went,
In Embassie to crave a Maids consent,
And as some Paranymp prepare a roome,
Where God himselfe should to our nature come,
And wooing in's owne person make a tye
Betwixt our flesh, and his Divinity,
The hypostatick Union was the Ring,
Did make the match, and to perfection bring:
And made our lumpe of despicable clay,
Ore the Empyrian Dominations sway.
What time the Spouse, both Jewes and Gentiles takes,

And with them both a mystique marriage makes.

The fervent Seraphin, and Cherubs be
Lords of Gods privy Councell, although he
Nor sits, nor needs much to deliberate,
What's to be done in businesses of State.
Yet some blest Angels know more of his mind,
And in the Book of Life (read deeply,) find,
The fixt decrees of his eternall will,
How he elects the good, rejects the ill.
Some leaders of Gods Army, whom he sends,
Or to subdue his foes, or aide his friends;
So Michael, Generalissimo, commands
The sacred Brigades, and Cælestiall Bands;
Guesse at their strength, by what but one has done,
Killing in Egypt every first borne son.
All this one night perform'd: Did not almost
Two hundred thousand of the Syrian Host,
Oth' ground lye gasping, by one Angell kil'd,
And all the rest with Panik terrour filde,
Trudge with their King away? some Angel must
I'th latest day collect all humane dust:
When soules shall reassume their flesh, and give,
Account of all their actions done alive.

All these great Princes houely waite upon
Their glorious King, encompassing his throane,
To doe him service, and i'th very name,
Each one Eucleates his Creators fame.
For every single appellation suites,
To be the Banner of Gods attributes.
The Seraphim proclaime that ardent fire,
Wherewith the Persons mutually conspire,
To give existence, and communicate,
To whats existent an accomplish'd state.
The Cherubs wittenesse an abyss of skill,
In the production, and a provident will,
In government oth' world: both in the height
Of wisdom, number, and of weight.
How fitly doe the quiet thrones expresse,
Gods never to be altered quietnesse?
Who in himselfe immov'd, alwayes the same,

With various motions alters the Worlds frame.
Mutations in the fire, ayre, water, land,
And in all these God has a speciall hand.
But as some Rock fixt firmly midst the waves,
Stirs not a jot, although the ocean raves,
And boysterous winds conspiring with the tyde,
Cause noyse, and feare alike on every side:
So in the world, though daily motions be,
Changes of elements, and Kingdomes; he
Who changes all, sits quiet in his throne,
Ever the same unalterable, One.
Powers, vertues, principalities, display
With dominations a despotick sway.
The Angels fancied young with Cherubs wings,
The cheerfull expedition in their Kings
Commands: these ninety nine have never er'd,
But alwayes loyal to their God adher'd:
When Lucifer that Catelin lost his place,
These purchast glory, keeping their first grace.

A mighty Prince prepar'd Assuerus feasts,
And sent his Vassals to invite the guests,
And bid 'em forthwith to the banquet come,
They onely wanted to adorne his roome.
They all excuse; one answers, he hath bought,
A Farme, and goes to see if't be worth ought;
Another has bought Oxen, and must know
By tryall, whether they be good or no.
The third's a married man, and for his life,
He cannot obtaine licence of his wife.
What's to be done? must all the Kates be spoyld?
This noble Prince, and all his court'sie foyld?
No sure his servants goe to every street,
And take up all the passengers they meet.
Yet there is place: he sends for the Rif-raf,
They come sit at his table, drink, eate, laugh.
Such is Gods bounty, he prepared feasts,
Adorn'd heavens Hall, and onely wanted guests
To fill the roomes of those rebellious Fiends,
Wherefore to Jews and Gentiles out he sends.
Many excuse themselves: some pride of life
Retard, some hope of gaine, others a Wife.

But who can crosse Gods efficacious will?
Guests are compel'd, whether they wil or nil,
By congruous grace to come, and fill the seats
O'th trayterous Elves, and feed on dainty meats.
The lame, the feeble, and the poore in spirit,
By grace of Christ advanc'd, not their owne merit,
To Gods owne table, eate Cælestiall Kates,
Where Angels minister, and Jesus waites.

Of these in Heaven a countlesse multitude.
Inhabit, not as the base vulgar rude;
But deeply learned, having for their book,
Even God himselfe, on whom they daily look:
And as they more or lesse relations see
Ith' sacred triad, so they learned be;
And happy more or lesse, and what them all,
Most firmly comforts, they shall never fall
From this beatitude: some ages past,
This state of things shall end; theirs ever last.
No sicknesse, no diseases can come neare
That happy Towne, nor is there any feare,
That all consuming time, or pensive cares,
Shall issue furrowing wrinckles, or gray hayres:
Never sedition troubled this blest towne,
Since Lucifer that Boutifew fel downe.
And care is had that none shall enter in
The gates, defil'd with leprousie of sin.

Tis true, there's difference twixt the light of stars,
Yet cannot inequality breed jars:
No Saint repining at anothers share,
Though some more glorious then some others are.
All rest contented with their proper store
Of grace, and glory, and require no more.
And 'twere a madnesse any should repine,
The cheerfull Sun should on his fellow shine;
Or dropping Clouds with a fructiferous shower,
Upon his neighbours fields a blessing poure.
The selfe same mirrour bounteously reflects,
Upon a thousand severall mens aspects.
The aiery species, nor is lesse your view,
Because a thousand sharers are with you.

God is this glorious planet, this cleere glasse,
That cheers all, shews all objects as they passe.
Though he cheer all, though he be seen of many,
All this is done sans detriment of any.
And had there been millions of such worlds more,
Of saints, and angels, an innumeros store,
All had had heat, all had as clearely seen,
Yet th'object never penetrated been.
As easily God giving life and forme,
To al as he doth to the silliest worme:
And though to some his bounties ampler be,
Yet even in this we shal Decorum see.
As architects, who reare a house or wal,
When pondrous stones are fit, apply not smal:
When smal proportion will not massie place,
For so the worke would want both art and grace.
Such is Gods City made of lively stones,
Spiritual Chrysolithes, and Unions.
The Sardonix, and sparkling Chrysoprase,
Beryllus, Jasper, Christaline like glasse.
All these rich Jems proportionably cut,
Are in that forme, and decent manner put,
And of such quantity, and valour be,
As with the Universe shal best agree.
For if the workman shewed such curious art,
In making this low Orbe, and every part
Contain'd in it, how must his skill abound,
When he a palace for himselfe wil found?
We have view'd Gods City, know the subjects, now
Let's contemplate the policy and how
This mighty Monarck governs, by what law
So steers, his subjects love, yet stand in aw.
Kings are compel'd to imploy their subjects hands,
As usefull instruments of their commands:
They cannot live without 'em, nor are Kings,
Unlesse the subject necessary things;
Supply for life, and state, whence come their treasures,
But from the subjects purse? even to their pleasures
The subject must contribute, nor the field,
Nor River without Subjects pleasure yeild,
Unlesse the Falconer traversing the mounds,
Shall lure the Hawke, the hunts-men rate the Hounds.

In masques, and showes, and playes, which Princes see,
Subjects must revellers, and actors be.

If he rule wisely the best Monarck heares,
More with his subjects, then with his owne eares:
He must have ledgers, and his spies maintaine,
To informe what's done in Rome, France, Flanders, Spaine.
Ist' the least misery of Kings to stand
In feare of their owne subjects, least they band
Against them, or plot treason; Monarcks are,
Jealous when subjects grow too popular,
Too potent, or too rich; on purpose send
Them out Embassadors, to make 'em spend
Their formidable treasures: Or in shew
Of honour, let 'em for their Viceroyes goe
To the remoter Indies. Who can tell,
How many Monarks by their Vassals fell?
We need not travaile Greece, Rome, Beme, France, Spaine;
In our sole Britaine fifty Monarks slaine:
That Aventinus boldly dares report,
The Roman-German Emperour kept a court,
Where Kings were subject: none but Asses were
Vassailes to the French King, because they beare
Such heavy burdens; the Hesperian Kings,
Were Kings of men, because the Spaniard clings
So closely to his Prince. A King of Devils,
Our English King, by reason of the evils
Against their Kings done by the subjects hands,
Rebellions, depositions, murthers, bands.
Yet we must understand ther's mighty ods,
Betwixt the Commons, and terrestrial Gods.
Angels guard us, archangels wait on them,
Secure their persons, and protect the Realme
For Monarks sakes: let the world know that Kings,
Are gods on earth, and consecrated things.
Precious 'ith sight of God, in state most high,
Who touch 'em, touch the apple of Gods eye.
Semei may barke, Achitophel counsel give,
But how long after did these traytors live?
The polititian, farewell gently takes
Of all his freinds, and with decorum makes
(If hanging have a decency) an end

Of's loathed life. Semei is made a friend,
To the restored King; but with this law
(Which whilst he lives shal keep him stil in awe)
He must not leave his house: some few years passe,
His servants run away; mounting his Asse
He brings 'em back againe. 'Tis told the Prince,
And Semei dyes for's first, and last offence.
(Gods scourge oretaking (though 'tis sometimes long)
Still subjects, who dare doe their Monarks wrong.)
But though high powers guard Kings, yet we may see,
How to their subjects spleens they subject be.

No such dependant Monarchie in Heaven,
Where nothing by the subject can be given,
That was not Gods before: their very being
Glorious endowments, beatifiquie seeing.
For pleasure, not for want of power or skill,
He makes the Angels actors of their will.
Nor feares he mutinies; lov's the onely law,
Of their obedience, and a filyall awe.
Should any rise (which cannot be) one frowne,
Would easily cast to Hell the Rebels downe.
Who acts al things, above, beneath the Sun,
Needs no informers to know what is done.

The greatest Monark governs, as well clounes,
As Kings: in Heaven all are Kings, all weare crownes.
Nor can we reckon the innumerous list,
Of Gods apparent heys, coheys with Christ.
Commanders of his Military Bands,
Who for their brave exploits by Gods owne hands,
Have Diadems set on every Victors front,
Of precious stones, and every stone has on't
The trophees they have rear'd by Victories got,
As with the Devill, World, and Flesh they fought.

Thus is our Sions government in all
Points most compleat, truly Monarchicall.

Sermo Octavus

To the right Honourable, Thomas Lord Brudenol, Master Robert Brudenol his Son,
and my learned Friend, Master Iames Yate.

The Argument

All good here scanted, if a Man have wealth,
He wants or wit to use it, or wants health.
This witty as Achitophel; but his case,
As poore as Iobs, or worse: for he wants grace.
Onely in Heaven these Three are friendly joyn'd,
Health, Wealth, and choise endowments of the Mind:
Then the fourth Good on these Three former waites,
Angels, Archangels, Patriarcks are your mates:
With Prophets, Martyrs, Doctors to their King,
Melodious Allelujas you shall sing.

The end of Common weales is to procure,
A temporall happinesse, and put in ure,
All means conducent to that purpose, this
Obtain'd they rest contented with such blisse.
Was ever Rome, Sparta, or Athens blest,
With such a happinesse? Lets view the rest,
Of Common-wealths; they often chang'd their formes
Of government, to be secur'd from stormes.
Now Kings, now Peers, now Commons, now commixt,
All three; no policy long standing fixt.
Which shews that all your Common-wealths are lame,
Gaine not their ends, but onely at them aime.

Are private men more happy? Let us see
What's requisite to our felicity.
A plenteous fortune, Dowries of the minde,
To which the bodys health must be adjoyn'd.
(Does not such blisse stand on a ticklish point,
The Gout, or head-ach can put out of joynt?)
Then choise associates must accumulate,
The full fruition of a blessed state:
And 'tis extension of a private good,
When friends partake in our Beatitude.
Such have blind Fortunes various changes been,
That never yet a Common-wealth was seene,
Or single man, in whom these blessings joyn'd,

Friends, health, the goods of fortune, and the Minde.
In wrongs was Alexander fortunate,
His friends unfaithfull, minde intemperate.
What was his fury? what his drunkennesse?
When he slue Clitus, and Callisthenes.
Virtues in others can this Prince offend,
Which were they his, heed'in himselfe commend.
What can content this brainsick'young mans minde?
When what his foes cannot, himselfe will finde
A want in his owne greatnesse: Philips son,
Though Asia he subdu'd has nothing done,
Because Perdiccas hath a warlike brest,
Lysimachus amongst his Chieftaines best,
Can lead an Army. Attalus brave gate,
A shadow casts on Alexanders state.
Se'eucus is magnanimous, and where,
Dangers and death are most apparent, there
He will be formost, Ptolomy does rest
In Fortunes lap, all his attempts are blest.
Thus envy has, as Argus many eyes,
Above, beneath, on every side shee spies.
We hate Superiours, because they are so,
We feare least our Inferiours equall grow.
We look a squint on such we fellows see,
And have a jealousie theyle better be.

The best of Romans, and most worthy man,
Was Scipio Major, surnam'd African.
Was he accomplish'd? no, though wherein weake,
His noble Wife can, but disdains to speake.
Omitting these, weele come to Solomon,
A type of the Messias, Davids son:
This Monarck by his subjects even ador'd
For wisdom, with all rich endowments stor'd:
Well kend all plants, and could describe the tall
Cædar as well, as th' Hysop of the wall:
He knew all secrets, and could make his texts,
The causes influences on their effects:
He well was verst in what few mortals know,
Whence it proceeds, why these, and those winds blow,
And what learn'd Aristotle put beside,
His wits, he knew the ebbing of the Tyde,

And the refluxe: whether the Moone be cause
Th' Ocean in both observes such constant lawes.
Taught by omniscious God, he knew the motions
Of all the Orbs, and how their revolutions
Sway sublunary things, and whether those
Have a predominance in joyes and woes.
Whether our Lilie or his Booker erre,
Or we must Wharton 'fore them both prefer:
Had he writ Almanacks, (and sure he had
Such knowledge, halfe whereof would have made mad
All our Astrologers) by this we had seene,
What th' end of all our troubles would have been.
Sith these by Prophets onely are foretold,
For we are masters of our arts and hold
Our Fortunes in our hands: stars may incline,
But not necessitate thy will or mine.
Had he turn'd Alchymist (as many say
He did) he would have taken the right way,
To make projection come, and not with brags
Of Peru's mines, have gone himselfe in rags,
As our impostures doe, who rich men cheat,
Onely to sneak in tatters and to eate.
The Rabbins tell, so powerfull was his skill,
That th' aerie potentates obeyd his will;
And that in pity knowing how much hurt,
Is done to mankind by this glistering durt,
Cal'd Gold, the sinews of unnaturall war,
Lust, and ambition; and how Lawyers are
Furnish'd by this to feed eternall strife,
'Twixt friend and dearest friend, man and his wife;
And if men get the Philosophick stone,
All would be rich, proud, and luxurious, none
Go the right way; he therefore th' Angels bound,
By a strong oath, that whensoe'r they found,
Projection, neare to come, they should like thunder,
Fall on th' Alembiks, and break all a sunder,
And ever since projection has been spun,
Even to the latest day: then al's undone.
Though Empyricks whine and sweare some grievous fault
Has crush their stils, and made their science halt.

Our Solomon had a full theorie

Of all the morall arts: Oeconomie,
How we should rule our house, how rule a state,
How our unruly passions subjugate.
How we should children rule, and if we can,
Make every wife obeisant to her man.
What all surmounts by gift of prophecy,
He could the mysteries of our Church foresee;
And to one God a sumptuous Temple reare,
Prefiguring that which Jesus here
Founded: although to this inferiour far,
As to prototypons all shadows are.
Then wrapt with heavenly fires chast hymns enroule,
Wherewith the Spouse shall court the Church, the soule,
(His compheres) and as this musitian sings,
The amorous embraces of his Kings,
In strong allusions, and harmonious ayres,
What are his owne perfections he declares.
His comely body was a curious house,
For a composed soule. His Memphian spouse
Ith' following song thus shall her consort greet.

'The fragrant roses and white lyllies meet,
'In my loves face, his forme surpasseth far,
'The sons of men: th' attractive graces are,
'Dancing about his lips, when heele decide
'Some doubtfull case, or else his wit is tryde
'In parables, what Combs of hony flow,
'What heavenly elocution does he show?
'Kings and Domesticks, all astonish'd gaze
'Upon him, and the happy fortunes praise,
'Of the worst Meniall of his house, who stands,
'And hears as well his wisdom, as commands.
'If these enjoy such blisse, how great is hers,
'Whom to his bed, and bosome he prefers,
'His loyall consort, Empresse, turtle Dove,
'His friend, compleatly faire, his onely Love?

Will you behold the royall majesty,
Of Spanish Kings? travell to Sicily,
Or else at Naples, view the Viceroyes port,
And all the glorious circumstance of Court.
But if youle see Magnificence indeed,

To Salems new adorned city speed.
 There youle behold a mighty Prince command,
 From the Sea shore to swift Euphrates strand,
 Potent in horse and foot: innumeros sums,
 Of coyne, of Serean silks, Arabian Gums,
 Odours of Saba; every neighbour King,
 Courts him with presents, or does Tribute bring.
 His Fleet (in a firme league of friendship joyn'd,
 With Tyrian Hiram) shall mount Ophir finde,
 And marking when the Lyons goe to pray,
 Seaze on the precious Ore, and bring 't away:
 (For Ophir Lyons dig, and watch those Mines,
 Of purer dust which covetous man refines,
 And spreads about the world to maintaine what,
 Ambition, lust, wrath, envy, levell at.)
 Now view this glorious Monarck sit alone,
 (Like some terrestriall God on's Ivory throne)
 Or the resplendent Sun at noon dayes pride,
 His Memphian Empresse sitting by his side,
 In a rich pearl-imbroidered Cyclad dight,
 (Resembling the faire mistresse of the night.)
 Two massie Lyons made of beaten gold,
 On either side the high-set-throne uphold:
 Six steps th' ascent: a dozen Lyons are,
 Of the same metall guarding every staire.
 A world of Grandees wait upon their Prince,
 Admiring his full answers, and deep sence:
 Either as he Embassadors shall grace,
 Or else enucleate some ambiguous case:
 For pleasures now what were his house and court?
 A City this, that Eden full of sport.
 Ordered so well that every meniall knowes
 His proper duties, and discharges those
 Without disturbance to the rest, all move
 In their owne centrike lines as do's behove,
 Vassailes of Solomon: the plaines, the woods,
 Yield profit and delight; the springs, the floods,
 To fish-ponds turn'd, and made inhabitants,
 About his house to water trees, flowers, plants.
 When he feeds every element combines
 To grace his board: the earth her richest wines.
 Sea, earth, and ayre, present fish, fowle, and beasts,

And every day he makes Apician feasts.
At all his banquets, massie plate behold,
Cups, Tankards, Flagons, all of purest gold,
Embost with Jems: For gold, pearles, diamonds,
Abounded there, as rife as pibble stones.
What stately Masques, where wit with bravery strives,
Presented are before him, and his wives,
And concubines? (a thousand) every one,
So gracious, might be a Prototypon,
And single give ingenious Zeuxis lawes,
When for rich Croton he a Goddesses drawes,
At every straine such musique charmes their eares,
May paralell with the Harmonious spheres.

Such was the life of Solomon, and sure,
If you will character an Epicure,
Envelop'd in all pleasures, doe but look,
And seriously, upon this Monarcks book,
And you must grant an happinesse, if this
Low Orbe, and all things in't can yeeld a blisse.
But Moores, and Plato's Common-weals have been
Fancied ingeniously, though never seen.
And Xenophon with a neat pen could draw
A curious Cyrus, whom the world nere saw.
So Aristotle form'd a happy man,
In his owne braine, which no age could or can,
Or shall behold: Riches, and outward things,
Are temporary. Pleasure brings
No constant blisse: are wives, and women ware,
More precious? let our Ancestors declare
The worth of these. What is for silver sold,
Lesse valued is then Silver, lesse then gold:
A Wife by Gods command the Prophet buyes,
And with her having paid his Sicles lyes:
A Kings first daughter chaffer'd for the skins,
And flippits of preputiate Philistins.
We goe beyond their wisdome; now 'tis common,
Without a Dowry few will take a woman.
Five thousand, twenty, forty thousand crownes,
Laid downe upon the naile; wardrobes of gownes.
And rich attire, jewels prepar'd before
Shee enters her dread Lord, and husbands dore.

Yet notwithstanding all this stir and cost,
The haplesse husbands have by th' bargaine lost.
For some such shrews, or rather Furies are,
Their husband's better be without 'em far.

What are your Empires? what your large commands?
So many severall cares, as severall lands.
What are your stately masques? ingenious playes?
Wit uttered, shoves perform'd by Popinjaies.
Besides this transitory life's so short,
That passing we can onely look at sport,
Not sit by it; that thread, the life of man
Spins out, fitly resembled to a span.

What's Solomon on his Imperiall Throne,
His Grandees all attending, every one
Praising his wisdom? Despicable clay,
Accoutred well, set forth in rich array:
Yet thus set forth a Lilly withering streight,
Shall quite eclipse this gaudy Monarcks state.
If wisdom, learning, erudition bring
Felicity; we must confesse this King
A happy man: but he himselfe shall grant,
Where's much affliction, likewise that's much want
Of happinesse: though sciences delight,
Yet what a toyle is studying day and night,
To purchase arts; and when all's done none know,
What animates a dog, a cat, a crow.
We see when any such poore creature dyes,
The senselesse carkasse without motion lyes.
Death some thing must destroy, some thing divide,
That soule and body hath together tyde.
The union's lost, where is, and what is that?
Did constitute a crow, a dog, a cat.
We cannot tell, more then in generall,
How we these actuating soules should call.

We have surveigh'd the world and nothing finde,
Which can beatifie mans restlesse mind:
Created to be happy: must this end,
Be frustrate? must we toyle, and labour spend
In vaine? No! we will fly with wings of love

To heaven; and finde beatitude above.

The state of joy and pleasure, is the will,
The object either reall good or ill,
Yet such as clothes it selfe in the antique tire
Of good: the senses when what they desire,
They have, transmit to th' soule (their Queene) delight,
Which issues from the hearing, tast, smel, sight.
That pleasure is the soules, we are easily taught,
Because the will, or else some pensive thought
Can curbe all pleasure in exterioris tane.
Yea more, convert all pleasure into paine.

Faire Aletheia the search, and object is
Oth' understanding, and its proper blisse
Is formall verity: How are we glad,
When certaine demonstrations can be had,
In any science? through what labours run,
To finde how, where, by whom, such deeds were done?
Pleasures belong to th' will, and to know much
Gives the understanding great contentment: such
Knowledge have Sions Citizens; they know
All things; as torrents, so their pleasures flow.
A torrent, blessing the overwhelmed meads,
Derives his Origen from severall heads:
Heaven-threatning mountaines in abundance send,
Their fleecy snowes; the neighbouring rivers lend
Friendly their streames, heavens cataracts fly ope,
The earth to all her flood-gates gives full scope:
So shall there be a confluence of all good,
To make compleat the Saints beatitude.
Will understanding, memory, every Sence,
Shall freely give a large benevolence.

A body so exact in every part,
That skilfull nature cannot mend, nor art
Make better, after the age of Christ; for he,
As author, so th' exemplar cause must be
Of the Saints blisse; full of agility,
Can when it will through the aerie Kingdomes flie.
Drakes Ship as a rare monument was kept,
At Debtfort, 'cause she had the Ocean swept,

Encompassing the world, and ere the Sun
Had thrice his course through th' oblique Zodiack run,
Circled the coasts of parched Africa,
Of Asia, Europe, and America.
What is this world compar'd to heaven? a span,
To fifty leagues. Yet the Saints bodyes can,
As soone as the swift sun all regions see,
And at the journeyes end not wearied be.
Then how pellucid bodyes made divine
By glory are? how radiantly they shine.
Here they were Tabernacles (though of clay,)
In which soules deare to God, a while made stay,
Organs oth' divine glory; so Pauls tongue,
Through th' Universe, Gods praise, and Gospell sung,
Orethrew Idolatry, orethrew false Gods,
His body for the true God scourg'd with rods.
Orewhelm'd with stones; in perils on the Maine,
His head by th' sword from off his shoulders tane.
These severall members for the severall wounds,
Shall be adorn'd with severall Diamonds.
Anadems of glory circle that blest front,
Gyrlands of richest Jewels set upon't.
The Proto-Martyrs body black and blew,
With stones shall shine in a most fulgent hue.
Such glorious dowries, the Saints bodyes grace,
That rocks and hardest marble must give place.
To make them way, nor can they suffer harme,
By any sword manag'd by th' strongest arme.
Subject to woes, to blowes, to torments here,
Senslesse of woes, of blowes, of torments there.

Parch'd Afriks glory (borne in's mothers eyes)
An happyer issue of her holy cries,
Then of her wombe) would magnifie three sights
Above all other temporall delights.
To see our Saviour in that flesh araid,
In which he was to the false Jewes betraid,
By Gentiles crucified, rose from the grave,
And by his death did Jewes and Gentiles save.
To heare the Doctor of the Gentiles Paul,
Either in the Athenian-judgement Hall,
From th' unknowne statue fit occasion take,

And to his auditors a Sermon make:
Or in the Synagogues, instruct the Jewes,
How he whom they so barbarously did use,
Naild to the Crosse should with much glory come,
To give all Mortals an impartiall doome.
Or else before the Roman Presidents,
Thundring Gods judgements, and what punishments
Attend transgressors, with his Rhetorick make
Affrighted Fælix and Drusilla quake.
Then what a glorious sight wil't be to see,
Great Rome in all her former Majesty?
Or in Augustus, or Vespasians time,
Proud with the Trophees of the Easter clime?
The spoiles of Nations Cæsars bringing forth
In Ovant pompe, what in the South and North
Was rich, and glorious: Souldiers crown'd with Bayes,
Ecchoing in Pæans their Commanders praise.

Rome at the greatest was but thirty miles
About; had for its household-stuffe the spoiles
Of the whole World: the riches of all Realmes,
Arabian Gums, and gold, Egyptian Gems.
What's thirty miles to Sions amplitude?
What's the worlds treasure to Beatitude?
We speake a Citie, where large Kingdomes are
The gracefull streets: Rome, Babylon, Grand Caire,
But simple Cottages compar'd with ours,
Their Pallaces, their high-Heaven-threatning Towers,
But sties for swine: though we fond mortals cry
'Em up, not knowing true Felicity.

Heavenly Jerusalem with jems is built,
The Wals, the Battlements, the Turrets guilt,
The streets are pav'd with Sapphire, Ophir stones,
Berill, rich Carbuncles, and Uniones,
In such a Citie, (when the blest soules must,
Be reunited to their wonted dust,
Completed by that Union) the Saints shall
Have lordly domination over all
The World, and seated in Majestick chaires,
Judge Nations, heires of God, with Christ coheires.
Be conversant with him, humbly adore,

And kisse those wounds by which he triumph'd ore
The grave, and Hell; acknowledge his sole blood,
The onely price of their Beatitude.
Therefore with the Elders every Saint casts downe
Prostrate at Jesus feet his royall Crowne.

Not onely in the mirrour of Gods minde,
You shall the Apostles, Paul, John, Peter finde,
But all the Patriarcks, Martyrs, Doctors see,
Converse, and with 'em most familiar be.
Heare every passage of their lives and deathes,
How the stout Martyrs purchased their wreathes.
Heare Paul relate through what Seas he did wade,
What dangers scap't, where, what Orations made,
And before whom; what good his Sermons wrought,
And who by them into the Church were brought.
And as he speakes, so act at every straine,
That you would think you heard him preach againe.

Your understanding shall be lightened so,
That you the severall Hierarchies shall know,
See perfectly what now, wee but in trust,
Take up; if every Individuum must
Bee' a severall Species by it selfe, and God
Must needs of the same Forme create and od;
Suppose, if two of the same forme heele make,
He must our Mother, the first Hyle take.
But these are Nicities: Your principall
Happinesse is God, whose Vision includes all
May satisfie. What's done in Heaven, the Son,
By his Father got: active Spiration.
How these embracing mutually conspire,
From both their heats, to give eternall fire
Its Origen: which sent by them shall move,
In such a circle, that with ardent love
The World shall burne, acknowledging a Law,
That shall both Jewes and Gentiles keep in awe.
A Law not of sterne threats and fetters made,
To compell man; but gently shall perswade,
Attracte with tyes of love, no more command,
Then what may easily with practice stand.

Let's well observe what things are requisite
 To draw from Scientific arts delight,
 So shall we know what they, and how much pleasure
 Enjoy, who purchast have this hidden treasure.
 A power, a faculty, apt to conceive,
 And from proportion'd objects formes receive;
 And knowledge, and delight, compleater be,
 According to the objects dignitie.
 This power cognoscitive must be combinde,
 With th' object, and the closer it is joynde,
 The more it knowes, receives the more content,
 And both increase when th' object's excellent.
 Can any object be like God? of good,
 The fountaine, in himselfe Beatitude.
 Of bounty, mercy, justice, a vast Ocean,
 Whose every vertue, every single notion
 Speaks an abyссе of worth; where sily sheepe
 May wade, Elephants may swim, not reach the deep.
 With this sea of perfections, sea of good,
 The soul's so joynd, tis swallowed in the stood.
 Immerg'd so deeply in that vast abyссе,
 That with it one, and the same spirit 'tis.
 Knowes all his immanent acts, sees all respects,
 Which his All-potent hand has to effects.
 Is entred to all Gods joyes, and injoyes
 Made one with God, all treasures, pleasures, joyes.
 Gods all in all things, and whom he unites
 So neerly to him, with him all delights
 Pertakes; nor need the blessed journeys take,
 To seek Beatitude; God alone will make
 Them happy, having in himselfe all store
 Of bounty, mercy, justice, wisdom, power.
 And such an object how must it distill,
 Torrents of pleasures on the ravish'd will?
 How shall our memorie, that rich Magazin,
 Of all Idæas showing what has been,
 Is extant, shall exist before us lay
 All acts from the Worlds cradle to this day?
 Present all passages through our life run,
 The manie favours God for us hath done:
 The many dangers we have scapt, the fights,
 We had against the world, the flesh, the slights

Of Satan, how God aided with his grace,
And brought us Conquerours to this happy place,
Where (our browes circled with triumphant bayes)
Eternally we shall his mercies praise.
Then we surveigh the worlds Chronologie,
And entring in Gods Cabinet councill see,
Why he so oft hath suffered just men here
To be opprest, the wicked domineere.
Plainely perceive these miserable times,
To issue from the deluge of our crimes.
Our bloody sins have made so loud a cry,
Nothing can cure us but Phlebotomie.
We did abhor the very name of Peace,
The clamour of the Drum shall never cease.
We chase Religion out the Land, not any
One can content us, now we have too many.
Did too much plenty cause a surquedrie?
Famine shall cure it, and much penurie.
The stock of cattle spent, a barren yeare
Shall Victuals make, and Corne excessive deare.
Excises shall, set up on every score,
Adde to the famine, and undoe the poore.
Necessity caus'd taxes, the same Law,
Must keep 'em up to keep the rout in awe.
Why did th' ambitious Horse endure the bit,
To chase the hart, then would be free from it?
But cann't; who thrust themselves into a yoake,
Deserve to beare untill their backs be broake.
The Saints shall see why God permits all this,
And not a jot be troubled in their blisse,
For those blest Citizens of Sion be,
As well from trouble, as from sicknesse free.
Nor can their Kin, or dearest friends annoy,
Though knowne, diminish their eternall joy.
For mercies towards themselves, to God they owe,
And praise his justice in Delinquents woe.

Sermo Nonus

To the right Honourable, Edward, Earle of Dorset, Richard, Lord Buckhurst his

Son, and my truly honoured Friend, Doctor Samuel Turner.

The Argument

Man labouring like the Spider, when al's done,
Tis but a simple Cobweb he hath spun.
The Epirot will with his Armies rome
Abroad, to gaine what he injoyes at home.
Well may we learne of the industrious Ant,
To gather treasures 'gainst the time of want.
Such is that dreadfull day when all soules shall
In publike audience, give account of all
Their life. The good mounting in heaven shall dwell,
The bad descend downe to th' Abyссе of Hell.

How does the Spider toile, and when al's done
Tis but a silly cobweb shee hath spun:
Worth nothing, of no durance, every blast
Can break it, with a dish of water cast,
It falls; or Joane when shee makes cleane the roome
Sweeps downe the Cobweb, and with her long broome,
The Spider kils; from heavens embroydered hall,
The Angels see (who with one act view all
Thats done on earth, (so doe the Devils too,
And crave such acts as to their nature due.)
Fond men with the laborious Spider toile
By day and night are troubled, keep a coile,
To purchase Lands, and Titles, and all done,
'Tis but a silly Cobweb they have spun.
Your goods, your lands, your glorious titles be,
Expos'd to Fortunes mutability.
The Senates anger, or a Kings displeasure,
Commands your liberty, life, honours, treasure.
How many Princes, mounted even to th' top
Of Fortunes wheele, have falne? and without hope
Ever to rise; who but the other day,
Ore many Nations had Monarchicke sway?
How many wealthy men, even in our times,
Either for reall or supposed Crimes,
Have been dispoil'd of all? and know no more
Of their vast treasures, but that heretofore,
They had abundance: And 'tis no releife,

To have been happy, but a greater griefe.
So rich men onely dreame of goods and lands,
And waking graspe just nothing in their hands.
A sicknesse soiles the choisest beauties grace,
Time leaves his surrowes in the smoothest face.

Wast not a frensie in the Epyrot
To boast when his Victorious sword had got,
Great Rome and Italie; he would waft ore,
And land his forces on the Lybick shore.
Africk subdu'd, hee'd conquer France and Spaine,
Then Asia, and the Easterne Regions gaine.
The sage Philosopher demanding leave,
Thus does the haughty Pyrrhus undeceive.
'What title have you to invade these lands?
'Tis not the number of acquirde commands
'Makes Monarcks potent? rather such are weake,
'Who in their Conquests lawes of justice breake.

Pyrrhus. 'Doe not I lyneally claime my descent,
'From great Achilles, who to Ilium went?
'And Neoptolemus his warlike son,
'Who sackt the Citie of Laomedon.
'I tell thee Cineas thy friend Pyrrhus springs
'From Alexander, and Molossian Kings.
'Who like Joves thunder through the world did flie,
'Imp'd with the plumes of nimble Victory
'And of the East a speedy conquest made;
'And had there been more worlds, my Kinsmans blade
'Had all subdu'd. From great Æacides,
'My mother, from renowned Hercules
'My father drawes his stem; from both my blood,
'And both excite me to be great and good.
'Feare argues basenesse, Demi-gods and Kings,
'Are borne t'attempt, and act Heroick things.
'Have I degenerated? did not these hands
'Defeat Demetrius, and his bay-crownd bands?
'When I was young, whose valour but mine owne
'Worth could restore me to my Fathers throne?
Here Cyneas smiles, and pitying much his Prince,
(Pardon first beg'd, thus speakes without offence.
'Ist not a folly (Sir) to vaunt of blood?

'When such are onely Noble, who are good.
'And tis a signe of small inherent worth,
'When kin and cloathes are urg'd to set us forth.
'True worth and vertue not by deed of gift
'Or birth descend, but we must make a shift
'To purchase 'em. Such are more noble, who
'(First) raise a house, then they who (last) undoe.
'As valiant deeds, so kindred then are best,
'When others, not our selves the same shall test.
'Gaurus cures any sicknesse, if not nam'd,
'Speake Gaurus, and his Energie is maim'd.
'Tis brave to do exploitys worthy the Pen
'Of Homer, and Herodotus, but then
'Beware to be the trumpe of your owne praise,
'Let Courts and Cottages your trophees blaze.
'For noble vertue like some streame that's deepe,
'A constant, but a silent course will keepe.
'When shallow Riv'lets, which on Pibles glide,
'Make louder noice then Seas at a full tide.
'Alive we build no Monuments of Fame,
'To our owne memory, but leave the same
'To progenie: The father tels his son,
'The worthy acts his Ancestors have done:
'So we acquire addition to our glory,
'When we being silent others speake our story.

'But tell me (Prince) when what yo' intend is done,
'And we have conquer'd all, where th' humble Sun
'Declines and where hee gloriously appeares:
'How shall we spend the remnant of our yeares?

'Pyrrhus to this replies, Then comming back
'To our native Land, weele free from cares drink Sack,
'Fare jovially, consume the dayes and nights,
'In banquets, revellings, and fresh delights.
'Wearied with sports, our choisest Captive Dames,
'Shall set our bloods on fire, then quench our flames.
'The ayre, the land, the Ocean shall conspire,
'To furnish us with what we two desire.

'Why all this stir? why must we goe so far,
'Expose our selves to th' hazard of a war?

'Suffer the heat of dayes, the cold of nights?
'Such Victories obtain'd enter new fights?
'Suppose we conquer Rome, Africk, Spaine, France,
'In Asia our victorious flags advance,
'What have we got? lets cast up our account,
'To how much does the totall summe amount?
'That Pyrrhus and his Cineas comming back,
'T' our native Land, may free from cares drink Sack,
'Fare jovially, consume the dayes and nights,
'In banquets, revellings, and fresh delights.
But cannot Pyrrhus and his Cineas doe
All this in Epire? why should we run through
So many dangers; wherefore fight and rome?
When we may have this happinesse at home.

O foolish mortals, senslesse cares of men,
To leave what we enjoy'd at home, and then
To seek't abroad, with losse of limbs, and lives,
Our daughters rapes, deflouring of our Wives.
Had we not peace? what have we got by wars?
But undone families, but death, but scars,
(The tests of civill fights) with English gore
Wee are forc'd to purchase what we had before,
And might have still enjoy'd, had we not been
Selfe-authors of our mischiefs, and brought in,
All the destructive plagues that wait upon
A Common-weale rent by dissention.
A state before indifferently good,
Turn'd shambles, an Acheldama of blood,
And slaughtered corps; 'tis true, before w'had many
Religions with us, now we scarce have any.
And what must be deplor'd with gushing teares,
Weake hopes of better, but of worse strong feares.

Yet now (with Pyrrhus) we have conqur'd all,
Lets bury strife in a just funerall.
As Christians ought, know the best end of blowes
Is clemencie, and to forgive our foes.
Such moderation Cajus Cæsar made
More lov'd and fam'd then his victorious blade.
That conquer'd Cæsars foes; but mercy takes
Cæsar, and of himselfe a conquerour makes.

They're Wolves and Beares, who on dead Bodies pray,
The Lyon scornes a prostrate foe to slay.
Is not Gods chiefest attribute to show
Much mercie to transgressours? such who know
To pardon injuries resemble God,
Who more delights in favours then the Rod.
And in the midst of's fury does asswage,
With clemency the rigour of his rage.
So when his doome strikes our first parents dead,
The Womans seed shall bruise the Serpents head.
And when the world is swallowed up in waves,
Just Noah and his Family God saves,
To be a future Nursery of men,
And to make populous the world agen.

Shall sins against our selves be thought almost,
As great as sins against the Holy Ghost,
Ne're to be pardon'd? shall our children rue,
And childrens children (what they never knew)
Their Grandsires errors? If't erroneous be,
To serve, t'obey, to fight for Majesty.
Dare we presume we have a Deitie,
In us to cast on faults infinitie?
Are we not mortall men? and shall we beare
Immortall enmities? Will we not feare,
Like retributions at Gods hands? Can we
For sins against that supream Majesty,
Done by us vermine, who to God compar'd
Are nothing, hope by th' same God to be heard,
When we forgiveness aske for Talents ought,
Our selves forgiving not a petty fault?
Will nothing satisfie? but deaths, but bands,
But sequestrations of mens goods and lands,
Will we not feare? will we not stand in awe,
Of the like recompence? or Talions Law?
How did we handle Strafford? how grave Laud?
We made a rod for them; now the same rod,
Scourges our selves, as our owne Souldiers plead,
They trace our steps, who first this dance dar'st lead.

How doe the Angels smile to see poore Ants,
More wise than the worlds chiefe inhabitants;

They toyle, they labour, gather here and there,
To hoard up graine against the following yeare:
When they are sure by winters frosts and raines,
To be besieg'd, therefore take all this paines,
To fortifie their hold; but man that knowes,
Not whether in the Sabboth, or the snowes
Of winter, he shall take his flight; (both times,
Unfit to travell into distant climes)
Provides not for his journie, scarce demands,
What coine goes currant in remoter Lands.
Sound faith, firme hope, love, hospitality,
Patience in trouble, meeknesse, piety.
These when our soule does the fraile body leave,
Shall in eternall mansions it receive.

And when we all by th' Angels summond must
Be reunited to our wonted dust,
And Christ appeare in his majestick state
Of glory, in the vale of Josaphat;
Myriads of Angels waiting on their prince,
(All of the Judges verdict in suspence.)
These shall conduct you up to Christs right hand,
Where without dread securely you shall stand,
And see the Book of Consciencs liad ope,
And all our actions done under the Cope
Of heaven made knowne, then heare the Judges votes,
Remunerating Sheepe condemning Goates.

'Ingratefull wretches why have you misus'd,
'Those treasures I have given you, why abusde?
'Your stewardship, not knowing, or not caring,
'How I to thousand others have been sparing,
'To you most bountifull? your labours blest,
'Your sheep, your oxen, and your stocks increast;
'Your eares of corne yielding a hundreth fold,
'Your Ships returnd loaded with spice and gold.
'And why all this? that your superfluous store,
'Should finde out, pity, and relieve the poore.
'Amongst the needy distribute your pelfe,
'Whom I esteem'd my Brethren: more, my selfe.

'But your boards furnish'd with choise Kates and Wines,

'Distressed Lazarus at your threshold pines.
'You strut in silks and purple, Lazarus begs
'Your crumbs to satisfie his hunger, rags
'To cloth his nakednesse, bind up his wounds,
'But finds more mercifull then you, your Hounds.
'You cruell men, what pleasure did you take?
'When you could severall Goales and Prisons make
'To torture poore offenders; as if God,
'Had not for you as, well a scourging rod,
'As them: did ever your superfluous store,
'Comfort a prisoner, or relieve the poore?
'How many starv'd in prisons thither sent,
'Even for no crimes, at your commandement?
'And being petition'd for poore men in clogs,
'You cryde out, let 'em famish, hang 'em dogs.
'Thus you your Christian brethren did abuse,
'As if or they, or rather you were Jewes;
'Put in authority, you so did beare,
'With cruelty your state, as if you were,
'Not as are other men, but Wolves or Fiends,
'Still seeking blood for private splens, eand ends.
'Deafe to laments of others, with false lies,
'Detractions, slanders, feares, and jealousies,
'Cozoning the world; making the multitude,
'Your instruments in shedding guiltlesse blood.
'So at the Priests command, the rabble cride
'When I was judg'd, Let him be Crucifi'd.
'When help'd you widowes, and the fatherlesse?
'When gave you lodging to the harbourlesse?
'Wretches pack hence to subterranean vaults,
'Prepared for the Devils and their faults.

This sentence given; with flashes, and with thunder,
The yauning earth shall forthwith rive a sunder,
And swallowing in her jawes, conveigh to Hell
The damn'd, who there eternally shall yell.
And waile in flames their most accursed state,
With Devils whom they here did imitate.

Christ gently turning toward's the elect his face,
Speakes mildly, but with a Majestick grace.
'You blessed of my Father, come, pertake

'That kingdome, and those joyes which for your sake,
 'When the foundation of the world was layd,
 'By God predestinated were and made;
 'For when my members beg'd from dore to dore,
 'You gently did support them with your store:
 'When hungry, fed 'em, thirsty, gave 'em drinke,
 'Nor were you frighted with the loathsome stinke
 'Of cut-throat Goales, but when they lay in gives
 'Your supreme charitie, preserv'd their lives;
 'When they were sick you ministred unto 'em,
 'When they were wounded, and the Priest not knew 'em,
 'Nor Levite, you like the true Samarite,
 'Taking compassion from your Horse did lite,
 'Bound up their wounds, and brought 'em to an Inne,
 'Which you had made an ample Magazin
 'Of Chirurgerie for the sick, and with much pity,
 'Erected Hospitals in every City.
 'And you who for profession of my word,
 'And Church, and faith, dreaded nor fire, nor sword;
 'Couragiously shedding your noble blood,
 'Have swum with Israel through a crimson flood.
 'You sowed my Gospels seed the whole world ore,
 'And rain'd on it your owne fructiferous gore,
 'To make it grow; and deem'd it your chiefe fame,
 'To suffer ignominy for my Name.
 'You wept when you went forth to sow this seed,
 'But now with joy you shall receive your meed:
 'Bringing along with you those soules to Heaven,
 'To whom you faith have and salvation given.
 'You learned Doctors dect with virdant bayes,
 'Shall issue forth as the fresh morne your raies.
 'You guided others in the way of right,
 'And now shall shine as stars ith' gloomy night.
 This speech being ended with triumphant cries,
 The judge, th' Angels, the Saints ascend the skies.

All Roman triumphs were but silly toyes,
 Or rather gaudy feastings of Schoole-boyes.
 Compar'd to this, where Christ the King of Kings,
 With him his captives, yet all conquerors brings,
 Into the eternall Citie. (All had bin,
 Made slaves to death, and Hell, and both by sin

(They were enfranchiz'd by his precious blood,
On Golgoth shed, from this base servitude.
And fighting battailes of the God of hosts,
Subdu'd the world, the flesh, infernall Ghosts.)
For though the blessed Saints shall alwayes play,
(Their life being one continued Holie-day.)
Yet shall their first ascent more glorious be,
And solemniz'd with more festivitie.
The Hierarchies of Angels will attend,
And entertaine obsequiously their friend,
And fellow-sharer Man, leading the way,
And as they mount, sing hymns, and sweetly play,
What a magnifique spectacle shal't be?
To behold every distinct Hierarchie,
March in array, as if they went to win
A battaile, or some Citadel take in.
These Squadrons marching: of hiacinthine clouds,
A stately Chariot made great Jesus shrowdes,
And such his grandeur is, his beautie such,
Angels of viewing him have nere too much.
For now the glory of his soule, (which he
Injoy'd even in this vaile of misery)
Reflecting on his comely face a light,
Shall make it then the Sun (at Noone) more bright,
The Angels gone before, the Saints shall follow,
And Epinician acclamations hollow.
Apostles, Martyrs, (their fronts crown'd with bayes,
Shall blithly chaunt their grand Commanders praise.
The Patriarcks, Prophets, Doctors, Maides conspire,
With choisest voyces to make up the Quire.
Roses at every passage, as they goe,
And Violets on Jesus head they throw:
As if the welkin now turn'd Aprill Spring,
Would pay the latest tribute to its King.
The Airie Regions eccho in the eares,
Of our Musicians, what th' harmonious Spheres
Sweetly deliver; melodie of Lutes,
Viols, Theorbos, Clarions, Trumpets, Flutes.

This glorious sight so wondrously shall scare,
The Sun, the Moone, and every lesser Star,
That all the glittering Tapers, which cause day

And night, amaz'd perpetually shall stay
In the same Zenith; no more shoot their beames,
By winding motions of their Orbed Temes.
Hoping (although such hopes will be in vaine,)
They shall behold the selfe same show againe.

John Abbott

Iesvs Praefigvred: Or A Poem Of The Holy Name Of Iesvs. The First Booke By John Abbot

PRINCE OF VVALES, DVKE OF CORNEVVALL, EARLE OF CHESTER, &c.

Great Charles

I doe not thinke the Verse I write,
VVorthy the honour of your Princely fight;
(And should you read no lines, but worth your view,
Men knew not what to dedicate to you)

But hauing nothing els to shew my zeale,
VVith VViddow, what I haue, I freelie deale:
To giue rich Donatiues great Princes vse,
T'is also greatnesse badge not to refuse
Smal presents; els how should meane persons showe
That duty, which to Potentates they owe?
To you my Prince I consecrate my booke,
Reward my Muse: with what? your gracious looke.

Vouchsafe to read our Poëm, vvherein all
Is written without malice, without gall:
VVee are not bitter at the Present time,
Onelie wee saie Rebellion is a Crime.
Aud auntient sectaries our verse doth strike,
VVho so shall doe your Highnesse needs must like.

And though wee speake in rime, as Poets vse,
Yet sacred veritie attends our Muse.
Truth on our Poëm waits: (an vpright cause,
To set it fourth needeth no lying clause)
In all our building there is not a stone,
But wee dare justifie to be our owne.
Certes now wee haue perfited our frame,
Casting reflections eie vpon the same
VVe doubt much vvwhether vvee haue anie vaine
In Poetrie, because wee doe not faine.
Vouchsafe then Mighty Charles my Booke to view
VVhich is all Innocent, all smooth, all true.
Your Highnesse humble seruant Iohn Abbot.

THE PRÆFACE

Some vvill perchance object it is not fitt
That verses should by such as I be vvrit:
I ansvvere vvhen the subject holy is
VVho e're make Verses shall not doe amisse,
That Volume vvhich Iobs patience doth rehearse,
For no small quantitie doth speake in verse.
Of other Scriptures is not a great part
Compos'd according to Poeticke Art?
And if vve to the after times descend,
The sacred Catalogue shall neuer end.
Hovv many auntient Fathers Hymnes haue vvrit,
In one combining pietie and vvitt

They erre vvho thinke a Poet hath no straine,
Vnlesse the subject of his Muse be vaine.
For vvhy hath Pegasus his vvings to flie?
If he must still keepe earth, ne're mount on highe.
Is it not pittie such a noble Horse
In Boggs and durtie vvaie should spend his force,
And manag'd by loose Venus vvanton Son
In paths of obsceane loue, his vvhole course run?
Recall your selues braue vvits: such vvaies to passe,
Better becomes an Apuleian Asse.
And though the Iades you ride on, do not tire
Yet doe they vvant the true Poetike fire
Fetcht from that Mount vvhere Virgins on a Hill

VVrite loftie Odes vvith a Parthenian quill.
There, there take horse: Nor are you streightned vvhen
You make faire virtue object of your Pen.
God, virtue, sins hate are a spacious field,
And vvell-tild can abundant matter yeild.
VVrite vvith a modest Pen such holy laies,
That Phœbus may vvith euerlasting baies
Your tempells Crovvne: els knovv that chaster times.
Shall sacrifice to Vulcan your loose rimes

And thou my Pegasus vvhom I shall vse
As Palfrie in this progresse of my Muse,

VVhilst of great Iesvs name thy Ladie sings,
Mount vp aloft vse thy best paire of vvings,
VVhen thou art forc'd to trampel here benea'th,
Be it a moment onelie to take breath,
And in the vvaie plaie not the Iade and tire,
But as thy journey, so increase thy fire.

A POËME, OF THE HOLIE NAME OF Iesvs.

The first Booke

The Argvment

VVe speake vvhat Ground, VValls, Painters vvorke
Roofe, Pillars, Lampe, hath Iesvs Kirke.
Give me a Quill pul'd from that Eagles vving,
VVho soaring in the bosome of his King,
Saw those deepe secrets, which his Books descrie,
And vve admire, but cannot looke so high.
Oh giue me such a Quill! and vvith the same
I'le vvrite vvhat vvorth is in that glorious name,
VVhich vvith the nevv yeare giu'n the vvounded Boye,
Did blesse the follovvng times, vvith hopefull joye
Of a release from Sinne, from Death, from Hell.
(So many blessings in one Iesvs dvvell.)
Knovv Muse this Royall name is Oyle shed,
And o're the vniuersall vvorld outspred.
Bee Oyle too, learne in a 'sea to svvimme
Aboue thy selfe; yea others, stretch each limme
VVith courage out: this glorious titles praise,
Like Oyle aboue all other titles raise,
Thy subject is a Sea: behold thy selfe
In the vast Maine, no shallovv feare, no shelve.

He vvho made all, and meanes novv all to saue
To shevv his meaning, vvill this Iesvs haue
For his ovvne name, and thinkes enough is done,
To make the vvorld reflect some nevvver Sun
VVarming our hemisphère, and giuing light,

Shall driue avvaie vvith graces beames blacke night.
 VWho euer had this name, and vvas not high?
 VWhat Iesvs euer vvas, and did not flie
 Aboue the common pitche of humane race?
 As if the name did bring a special grace:
 If vvee see Iesvs forthvvith vvee shall see
 Captiued Man from seruitude set free:
 Victorious Tribes tryumphing ouer foes,
 VVith equall lots, diuide the landes of those
 VVhom they haue Conque'rd: hetherto hath stood
 Adjoyning to this name a common good.
 In fairest of-spring happie auntient Nun,
 Bring fourth thy valiant and thrice vvorthy Son,
 (Our Iesvs figure, honor'd vvith his name,
 For Iosvah and Iesvs are the same.)
 VVhose holie anger made Apollo staie,
 And baite his firie horses in the vvaie;
 VWho but a Iesvs such an act hath done?
 VWho but a Iesvs could command the Sun?
 VWho but our Iesvs, only hath the grace?
 To make the Sun of Iustice, keepe his place.
 That vvee not ouertaken by darke nighte,
 Discerne may, vvhen, and vvhere, our foes to smite?
 VWho can the promis'd land out-deale to his?
 But Iesvs to vvhom Earth and Heauen is
 By Father giuen; vvho but Iesvs shall
 By stratagem surprise, and make to fall
 Proud Haie, of present vvorlde the figure right?
 VWhich must be vanquisht, not by force, but flight:
 Iesvs shall teach his Armie Haie to sacke,
 By a strange stratagem of running backe,
 VVhen they lie hid vvithin a Cloister vvall,
 Then Haie by holy fire and svvord shall fall.
 Shall I relate hovv Iericho falls dovvne,
 VVhilest holy Israel about the tovvne
 Goes in Procession: Iesvs vvalkes this round,
 And bids the Priests their brazen trumpets sound.
 I should dilate my selfe vpon this feate,
 And largely explicate that povver great,
 VVhich Iesvs giues to Priests absolving vvordes
 A greater force, then haue speares, lances, svvordes.
 They can and doe, vvith their sole voices sound,

Cast battlements of Iericho to ground.
VVhat are these vvals, these battlements dovne cast,
By sacred povvre of Priests forgiuing blast?
The vvals are sin, the bulvvarkes sin, sins guilt,
Hovvses, vvhereof proud Hiericho is built.
But hovvses, bulvvarkes, vvals, yea the vvhole tovvne,
As Priests doe blovv their trumpets, are cast dovne.

I should describe, eake hovv the seuen-fold foe,
By Iesvs conqu'red, doth in myst'rie shevv,
Our deadly enemies: in number seau'n,
VVhich must bee conquer'd, 'fore vve enter heau'n:
Those kept the Israelites from promist land,
In our pretences these against vs stand.
VVhat artes, vvhat stratagems doth Iesvs vse?
As hee the vvarlike Chananites subdues?
To fight against vice rooted in the hart,
A speciall science is, a speciall art:
VVhich Iesvs doth, communicate to his.
By vvhom the promist land obtained is.
Then to describe the armie of our foe,
In vvhat disord'red order he doth goe.
Hovv against him great Iesvs soldiers fight.
Is subject for a holie Muse to vvrite,
But vvee must leaue it to some happie vvitt,
(Ours is not such) or to some time more fit;
speake of Iesvs vvho the People lead,
VVhen they from Babilon did homevvards tread.
And freeing them from proud Assyrias thrall,
Repair'd the Temple, and built Sions VVall:
For Records count, that the infernall King,
His Troupes against Ierusalem did bring.
And vvith the Cannon shot of deadly sinne
Making a Breach, the Cittie entred in.
Hovv many of the Tovvnesmen left he dead?
The rest vvith him to Babilon he lead:
VVhere vvretched soules, forgetting natie house,
Forgetting Sions God, they doe carouse
In the VVhores Cuppe, and drunke vvith Babell vvine,
To Babels Idols, honours giue diuine.
The lusts of flesh, some doe adore; some Gold
VVith the Kings Picture fac'de, for their God hold.

Others doe build their Churches in the ayre,
VWhere they place honors Idol, all their care
Is to ascend, and vvith a bended knee
Praie the false God propitious to bee;
Each Man, as once in Salmanazars daies,
A proper Idol hath, and to it praies.

Our Iesvs seeing this vvith holy zeale
Of Fathers glorie, vvill procure the vveale
Of these blinde vvretches: hee'le indure no more
VWith Gods dishonour they such Gods adore.
And first vvith cunning hand of heau'nly might
He doth restore the blinde vnto their sight,
And makes them see their Gods vveare made of stone,
VWood, and like trump'rie, in them life had none
Inraged vvith themselues their vvyrath they vvreake
Vpon the Idols, and their Puppets breake
In peeces: this being done, they doe conspire
To burne the Reliques vvith an Holy fire
Of diuine Loue. Then doth our Iesvs shevv
The vvay to Sion, and before them goe:
VWhere being come, and pittying to see
Hovv the faire Cittie vvalls destroyed bee.
The houses ruin'd, and the Church cast dovvne,
Nothing but desolation in the Tovvne:
He himselfe vesteth vvith apparrell base,
And clothed so, begins to vvorke apase,
Exhorting his to doe in euerie thing,
As they see him to doe, their Prince, their King;
I cannot tell vvhat an effectuall force
To moue mens harts is in the virtuous course
Of Magistrates: each one thinkes it a grace
To vvorke vvith Iesvs, vvith him to be base
Cloth'd as their leader is, they fall to vvorke,
And helpe their Iesvs to build vp his Kirke.

My Pegasus is vvearie of his flight,
VWherefore my Muse, for some short space alite,
And vvilst the Iade doth rest his lazie bones,
Let vs contemplate of vvhat VWood, vvhat Stones,
VWhat forme, vvhat matter the nevv Church is built,
VWhat Moyses vvorke it hath, hovv it is guilt:

And first if vvee behold vvith curious Eye
VWhat the foundation is, vvee shall descrie
The same to be a mightie Rocke of Stone
So great, and of such vveight that God alone
Could bring it thither: no created might
Can moue it thence: Gates of eternall night
Can do't no harme, no force can make it shrinke,
But vvho falls on this Rocke shall split and sinke,
Asking a vvorkman of the name, he saith,
This Rock icleped is Saint Peters Faith.

On this foundation is built vp a VWall,
Inuironing the Church, vvwhich vvee vvill call
Firme Hope: So strongly made on euery side,
That it all injuries of Stormes shall bide.
No blustering persecution can it shake,
No tempting spirit, no rough vvinde can make
This VWall to shrinke; nay eu'ry aduerse blast,
(O vvonderful!) doth make it stand more fast;
And though this Hope seeme to be founded lovv
Vpon the humble Crosse; yet you must knowv
The vvorkemen still vvill eleuate the vvall
Till it doe æquall high Iehovas Hall.

Looke vp my Muse, if thou canst looke so high,
And to the Temples cou'ring cast thy Eye
VWhich thou shalt see made all of purest gold,
Adorne the vvorke, and vvalls together hold.
This Roofe is Charitie, vvho is a louer
Others defects vvill guild, his ovvne faults couer.
Loue is amongst all Mineralls the best,
The Ophir vvhere it grovvves is a good brest.
Humilitie the Earth in vvwhich most lovv,
As mines are vvont, this pretious Gold doth grovv.
God hath ordain'd this Mettall should so deepe,
Lye buried in the Earth, that he may keepe
It safe from Theeues: Vaine-glorie and selfe-loue
Soone vvould it steale, laie it the ground aboue.
The Marchants also must in digging svveat,
Before they can so rich a treasure get.
But that vvwhich made my Muse astonisht more,
VWas to behold a strange conceited Dore:

This vvas forsooth an euer-running floud,
 A floud saie I? a mightie Sea of bloud
 VVhich vvhen our Iesvs in Caluaria dide,
 Did issue forth his vvith Launce perced side.
 As vve the vvaters of this Ocean vievv,
 Behold a stranger vvonder doth ensue:
 A Black-more borne, vvhere Phœbus too much vvarmes,
 Full of diseases, hauing in his armes
 A leprous Infant, in this streame his limmes,
 And the Child vvasheth, then hee thorough svvimmes:
 VVhen presently they both are cur'de both sound,
 No spot, no Vlcer in their flesh is found..
 Amaz'd vvee stand, vvhen see an Indian Foule,
 In blacker body, hauing a vvorse soule,
 Doth as the former through the Riuier passe,
 VVhen he is made more vvwhite then Christall glasse.
 Good God saie I, are Elizævs yeares
 Againe reuolu'd? Iordan againe appeares
 In vvhose faire streames vvhilest Namaan doth bath,
 Hee cured is, nevv flesh, nevv body hath:
 Or comes our Iesvs to the Pond againe,
 VVhere for the Sacrifice much Sheepe vvas slaine,
 VVith vvaters motion virtue to bestovve,
 To make foule Lepers cleane, lame Crepels goe?

This Church hath vvindowves, prudence, vvismomes eie
 Discretion, vvhich our motions doth descrie,
 VVhether from God, good Angel, or our selfe,
 They come, or from the vvorld, and Hellish Elfe.
 Discretion teaching vvhen vvee ought to goe,
 Into the field, vvhen to decline our foe.
 For some sins must be ouer-come by fight,
 Others must vanquisht be by prudent flight.

So Iosvah did thinke, flight the best vvay
 To get the victorie against proud Haie.
 Nor thinke it shame to runne avvaie from sinne,
 VVee knovv the Parthians flie, yet the field vvinne.
 Though Cæsar did from Alexandria svvim,
 Yet none of Covvardise dares censure him.
 Of Machabæus it vvas the least grace,
 Against so manie troopes to keepe his place.

Wise men doe judge too hotspurlike that fire,
Which scornes or knowes not sometimes to retire.
Who wisely saues himselfe may fight againe,
What good can he doe more, vvhich once is slaine.

In this blest Church, neuer sad darkenesse came,
For in the midst doth stand a Holy Lambe,
Who vvith his Raies giuing a constant light,
Chaseth avvaie the horror of darke night.
Hee doth illustrate all vvith beames of grace;
But chiefly, vvhen as many in this place
In Iesvs holy name assembled joyne,
And all their strengths in Vnitie combine;
Called together for some vrgent cause,
As generall contempt of Holie Lavves,
Or some vile Beast departing from the rest,
Doth seeke the flocke vvith Errors to infest:
Some rauenous Beare, some Foxe, some sensuall Svvine,
Doth vvith his Tuskes vnder the Temple mine,
That so (but t's impossible) vvith vvall
The intire Fabrique might together fall.
Such Arius vvas, Nestorius long since,
Iouinian, VVitcliffe, and the like, frem vvhence
The svvinish broode of this our present Age,
In their Sires vizardes plaie on the vvorlds stage,
Vvhere they doe acte, the digging parte so vvell
That alvvaies the last Scene doth end in Hell.

Who doth together this graue Senate call,
And sits as President aboue them all,
On vvhose decsion questions doe depend,
In vvhose last sentence Controuersies end,
Is the Lambes Viceroye, in the Romaine Chaire,
Lavvfull successor, and Saint Peters heire.
To vvhom our Iesvs hath such povv'r giu'n,
That vvhat hee here doth, is confir'md in heu'n:
Peter rule thou for mee great Iesvs saies,
Of Sions Cittie I giue thee the Keies:
(Fond Sectaries this common truth conceiue,
Vvho Keies accept, authoritie receiue,)
Alvvaies by him the Holy Ghost doth stand,
And euer as he vvrites, directs his hand.

So that vvhath e're in doubtfull points he saith,
Must be embrac'd as Article of Faith:
Vvhat e'are he doth command is good, and ought
To be perform'd, vvhath he forbids is naught:
Hovv many Beasts, hovv many vvicked men
Hath he destroyed only vvith his Pen?
Therefore as heretofore vvhen Syrias King,
His Army against Israel did bring,
He did commaund his Soldiars to fight
Against sole Achab, him alone to smite.
Let the meane sorte, saith Benadad alone,
Against the King of Israell each one,
Direct his force, if he be kil'd or yeald,
Ours is the day, vvee gotten haue the field.

Sinne, Atheisme, Heresie, Infernall Ghoasts,
Proclaiming vvarre against the God of Hoasts,
To ruinate that Cittie, vvich his hand
Hath built, and mauger gates of Hell shall stand,
Obseruing that their Troupes a daily harme,
Receiue by Peters heau'nly guided arme,
Chiefly on him they doe their furie vvreake,
At him they shoot, on him their Launces breake.
291: Proud Herod, and the first begotten Son
Of Satan, Simon Magus thus haue don:
Neroes and Dioclesians shall tell,
How odious Cephass is to feindes of Hell.
In battaile raye, none against Iesvs goe,
But they proclaime themselues first Peters foe,
Knowing if struck vvith Errors darte he die,
Christs Army vvith his losse dismaid vvill flie.

Your malice is in vaine Tartarean feindes,
Iesvs vvith loue his substitute defends;
Firme-faith the sheild is, vvich repells all blovves,
Gods promise is the svvord vvich kills all foes:
Hee is th' approued pretious corner stone,
Vvch Ievves and Gentiles doth conjoyne in one.
Proud scandals rocke, on vvch vvhat shipps shall hit,
They suffer shipvvrack, and in peeces split.

Fairest Bizantium, Easterne Monarkes seat,

Glorie of Britaines Constantine the great,
 VVho first in Eagles place, against proud foe,
 Our Iesvs Crosse in Labarum durst shoe;
 Let mee shed teares, vvhen I reuolue thy fate,
 VVhy vveart thou not contented vvith thy state?
 To sou'raingty vvhy doest thou so aspire?
 Then God would haue thee, why wouldst thou be higher?
 Peter, not thou must vveare the triple Crovvne,
 VVho doe exalt themselues, shall tumble dovvne.
 The tribes beguil'd by Hieroboams art,
 From Ivdas royall progeny doe part;
 And scorning to haue Davids Sonne their King;
 Scepter and Crovvne to Ieroboam bring:
 And though it vvas expresse Iehova's vvill,
 That in no place but holy Sions hill.
 They should obserue their Neomenian Feasts,
 And sacrifice their Hecatombes of beasts:
 The tipick bloud of Paschal Lambe be spilt,
 In that sole Church vvwhich Salomon had built:
 In Salems streets so many times each yeare,
 Dilated Iacobs of-spring must appeare.
 And none but those vvho are of Leuis race,
 Shall in the Temple haue a Church-mans place;
 VVhen Israels sons amongst themselues contend,
 By Aarons verdict must the question end.
 Desire of sou'raigntie, and Empires cause,
 Makes Ieroboam breake these holy lavves,
 Hee'le haue high places, and inuent a God,
 VVhich hath free'd Israel from Pharoes rod;
 Bethel and Dan, shall haue tvvo Calues of gold,
 And many Idols shall Bethauen hold:
 His Pursiuants such passengers shall staie,
 VVho tovwards Ierusalem doe take their vvaie:
 For Tyrant thinkes his Crovvne not to sit fast,
 Should Ephraim and Iudas friendship last,
 Hee makes vnnvorthie vvights the incense burne,
 To plaie the Priest any shall serue the turne,
 Diuided thus sin, vpon sin they add,
 And though afflictions often make them sad:
 Yet no Elias, no Assyrian rod,
 Can make the stiffe-neck'd tribes returne to God:
 Vntill at last great Salmanazar came,

VVhip of Gods furie, guerdon of their shame,
VWho vvith vvars-svvord, the Infants bloud doth spill,
Defloures their Virgins, and their vvarriors kill:
And vvhere his murth'ring furie doth not range,
They death for greater miserie doe change:
Hauing the markes of slaues, gyues on their hands,
They are led captiue vnto forreine lands,
VVherein eternall seruitude they spend
Their vvofull daies: in seruitude they end
Their vvretched liues. But Iuda shall be taught,
VVith short captiuitie, to mend his fault.
Though Babels Monarcke lead to Memphis tovvne.
Subjects and King, yet vvhen his Son fals dovvne,
From Empires top, the Persian Kings shall giue,
Iudæa leaue, home to returne and liue
In Sions tovvnes: but Ephraims vvicked race
Shall ne're come backe vnto their dvvelling place.
VWho did refuse to honour Davids throne,
Vnder Idolaters opprest shall grone.

Thinke Grecian Dame, my verse of thee hast spoke
VWho from thy hautie necke hath cast the yoke
Of diuine Order, and in Northern ayre,
Exalted hast vvith Lucifer thy Chaire:
Thinking to meane a Patriarchall seate
Aboue thy merits graunted; yet more great
Thou striu'st to bee: and casting Peter dovvne,
On thy ambitious head, dar'st vveare his Crovvne,
Carried in emptie Clouds of a proud hart,
Thou leau'st Christs sheepfold, & from Church dost part
Iesvs our humble God, doth from his throne,
VVith angrie eyes behold tvvo made of one;
Hee hateth schisme, and hath this sentence fixt,
The proud shall drinke a Cup vvith much vvoe mixt.
Thinke the incursions of the Sarzen King,
VVeare gentle rods, thee back againe to bring.
And knowv that as thy schisme and sin did grovv,
So likevvise did increase thy plagues, thy vvoe.
Hovv oft didst thou thy heresies forsvveare?
Hovv oft didst thou returne to Peters Chaire?
Hovv oft didst thou againe vvith the foule Hog
VVallovv in myre, hovv often vvith the Dog

Returne to vomit? but Gods patient hand
 Can hold no longer: h'eele no longer stand
 VVaiting repentance, lenitie must cease,
 VVhen often vvrongs admit no speach of peace.
 Barbarians shall be scourges of thy sin,
 Fierce Mahomet shall proud Bizantium vvin,
 Thy Cæsar murd'red in the streets shall die,
 VVhere heapes of vngrau'de Citizens shall lie.
 At a high price some vvretches buy their liues,
 VVith goods losse, and dishonour in their vviues.
 Thy Romane Eagles yealde to Turkish Moone,
 In Churches rights of Mahomet are done.
 In fine thou suff'rest vvhatsoever harmes
 Vse to attend a cruell conq'rours Armes,
 And vvho aloft vvith Lucifer vvould'st dvvell,
 VVith rebell Angel, tumblest dovne to Hell,
 same confusion is, lavvlesse desires,
 In practise put; are thy tormenting fires,
 Thy Conscience is the vvorme, the Diuels Turkes,
 The fires fuell is schisme and euill vvorkes:
 VVith enuie thy teeth gnash (part of thy paine)
 To see thy riuall in such glorie raigne:
 Darknesse, thy ignorance, and vvant of grace,
 Disordred Passions, horror of the place;
 Thoughts of despaire, thy miseries attend
 To thinke this seruitude shall neuer end:
 For vvho in schisme didst vvith Samaria fall,
 VVith her must suffer an eternall thrall.

But Rome is Davids house, the Goth, the Hun
 VVith Citties spoyle, shall punish faults, vvich done,
 Adaulphus leading his fierce Goths to Spaine,
 Christs Vice-roye, to his Rome shall come againe,
 VVhere hee shall sit on Davids promis'd seate,
 And giue just Lavves, vvilst Sun giues vvonted heat.
 To decke the Church a cunning vvorkeman paints,
 The liuely Images of diuers Saincts.
 But vvhat doth make most glorious shevv of all,
 Is Iesvs name, vvritten on euerie vvall.
 There see vvee Pavle, the name of Iesvs hold,
 Diuinely stampt in characters of gold:
 VVhich flying through the vvorld vvith Cherubs vvings

Hee carries before Potentates and Kings.
I'lle not vvith Silius goe to Maroes graue,
And at his dust a holy fury craue,
To praise this vessell; but Ile aske to share
A part of Chrysostomes Cælestiall ayre.
That svweetly guided by his serious sp'rite,
As they require, I maie Pavles praises vvrite.
Pythagoras savv no Troie, yet vvish I,
His vvittie transmigrations vveare no lie.

That vvhil'st I treat of such renovvned men,
Some Heroes spirit might direct my pen.
Let his deuotes commend him for his zeale,
Or that he hath spread Iesvs common vveale,
Throughout the vvorld, afflictions, sorrovves, bandes,
Yea vvhat not suffred, both on sea and landes,
The loue and chiefest object of my muse,
Shall be because our Iesvs did Pavle chuse,
A speciall trumpet to sound out his fame,
And blazon through the vvorld great Iesvs name,
Exalting him vvith this peculiar grace,
For Iesvs name to suffer in each place.
O three-times happie man vvhom Iesvs chose!
For Iesvs royall name to suffer vvoes.
others praise him for his vvritings sake,
A title of their eminence they take,
Because proud Ievves and Gentiles he makes knowv,
The vvho disguis'd in seruants shape did goe,
VVas the Messias their Creatours Son,
VVho for transgression vvith mankinde had done,
A ransome pai'd: strong reasons he doth frame,
To shevv that nature, and the lavv are lame,
And neuer can tovwards heau'nly Sion tread,
If Iesvs grace doe not them thether lead.
But his Epistles, I aboue the rest,
Commend and saie, that they are therefore best,
Because in e'ury leafe, yea, line is found,
Of Iesvs name, the eares vvell pleasing sound.

Triumphant Martirs, are dravvne all in red,
Each hauing a Baye Garland on his head,
VVhich at the Lambes feete humblie casting dovvne,

They him acknowvledge giuer of their Crovvne.

In the first place as Captaine of the band,
Doth glorious Stephen promartir stand.

VVho vvhil'st the multitude stones at him throwves,
Prayeth to Iesvs for his cruell foes.
No spiteful Ievv, more svviftly flings a stone,
Then his loue-darts ascend to Heau'ns high Throne,
VVhere falling lovv before the seate of grace,
They humblie beg, that mercie may haue place,
And hovv they speed, vv'eele aske of furious Saule,
VVho shall hereafter be a Preaching Pavle.
Sebastian eke, shot through vvith many Dart,
Instructeth Gentlemen to plaie a part
In true-loues stage, that others fall not dovvne,
He labours, and so gets a Martyrs Crovvne.
Neere to Sebastian, seeing a voyde place,
VVee aske vvho they are shall haue so much grace,
To stand nigh Iesvs champion, and are told,
Our English Noble men, that roome shall hold.
As no goods losse, no deaths feare could them quayle,
No dangers make in Iesvs faith to fayle,
For though not equall vvith the Martyrs rovve,
Yet as stout Squires of Martyr-Knights they goe.

As vvee these Champions vievv vvith curious eye,
Amongst them vvee a Ladie doe espie,
VVhose Crovvnes proclayme, shee ruled sundry lands,
But historie complaines, of sauage hands:
The Armes of Scotland, and French Lilies teach,
That o're these Kingdomes her commaund did reach.
VVritten in bloudie Characters vvee read,
(Heauens vveepe, vvilst I recount so foule a deed)
That shee, vvhose head vvee see on this sad stage,
From body cut, to satisfie the rage
Of barb'rous foes; vvilst shee did liue had been,
Francis of France his vvife, and Scotlands Queene.
And though her stile of Majestie vvas such,
Yet prophane hands, durst Gods anynted touch,
As if no sacred Oyle had bene shed,
By holy Prelate on her Princely head,

Vnto the Scaffold brought, (ô cruell deed!)
By the sharpe Axes blovv, shee there doth bleed,
Heau'ns did yee shine, vvas there a vvicked Sun
To lend a daie, vvhil'st such a deed vvas done?
Surely all things as rul'd by a nevv force,
Did goe retrograde to Natures course.
And as vvhen Man, Iehouah did offend,
The vniuers for Mans offence did end
Againe so many Lavves in one foule fact,
Being infring'de in pennance of the Act,
All things are taught to goe an other vvaie,
In the accustom'd order nought doth staie.

The pious Spartans euermore deni'de,
In battaile Theopompus to haue di'de,
They thought though millions of meane persons die,
Yet death durst not approach great Monarchs nigh.
And deem'd his Kingly Majestie a sheild,
Able to saue his life in bloudie field;
And can it bee a person of such state,
Amongst her friends, should finde so hard a fate?
Tiberius fearefull of his after fame,
Hated Historians vvho vvould blase his name.
And teach posteritie in this, and this,
Tiberius vvhil'st he liu'd did doe amisse.
That yeare vvhen this vvas done (ye learned Men)
Forget to handle an Historians Pen.
Doe not instruct the vvorld that England durst,
Performe a Deed, of all bad Deeds the vvorst.
Not, but I read that Monarchs haue bene kil'd,
And the Majestike blood vnjustly spil'd
But still the Murderers haue carefull been,
That such impietie should not be seen,
VVhen vvee in Counsell sit, and in cold bloud
Deliberate, as if the Act vvere good.
The sentence giu'n, vvee justifie the fact,
By publike execution of the Act.
But vvhats the cause for vvhich they shed her bloud?
This one for-sooth, because shee vvas so good;
And the vvorld knevv, vvhat right shee had to raigne,
These are the reasons, vvherefore shee vvas slaine.
Should Herod knovv, that Iesvs is Gods Son,

Would hee doe lesse thinke you then he hath done?
Curst be ambition, vvhich vwill knovv no lavves,
Curst be suspition in a Kingdomes cause.
But as proud Iades shall trample vwith their feet,
Good Seruius carcasse, in the vvicked street;
And Tullia hasting to set on her head,
Romes Diadem on Fathers corps dares tread:
Vvee vwill not vvonder vvhen for Kingdomes crovvne
Vvee see the Lavves of God and Man cast dovvne.

That vvaters doe not ouer-vvhelme our land,
And Neptune svvim, vvhere Englands Ile doth stand,
That yet no greater vengeance hath bene seene:
VV'eele thanke thy prayers, vntimely butcher'd Queene.
Shall vvee vwith teares bedevv thy Royall Hearse,
Blame the too-hastie fates vwith mournfull verse.
The Sisters aske, hovv they durst vse a Knife
So soone to cut thy golden thread of life?
Vvee vvould doe thus, but that faith makes vs knovv,
Glories rich Crovvne, vvas giu'n thee by that blovv
Vvhich tooke thy life avvaie; so Ammons pride,
Prepares a horse, for Mordechee to ride.
Our teares vvhich els should alvvaies flovv, are done,
Vvhen vve behold our Iames, thy glorious Son,
Vvho as just Noah amongst mortalls best,
Shall giue our sorrovves end, our labours rest.
His Parent Lamech did of him fore-tell,
That in his blessed time, things should goe well.

Renovvned Prince, so vse thy Royall Pen,
That vve may place thee 'mongst these learned Men:
Our Churches Doctors, vvho next Martirs stand,
A siluer Pen, each hauing in his hand.
Aboue their heads, houers a holy Doue,
Vvhich dictates lessons full of vvitt and loue.
If to thy Harpe vveare added one more string,
Then thou, no Svan could more diuinely sing.
But vvee haue hope all numbers novv shall meet
To make thy Musique absolutely svveet.
Thou Delos Oracle of thy life time,
Thou Sun, thou starre of parched Afriques clime:
Our Churches Pearle, bred in thy mothers eyes,

Againe begotten by a sea of cries.
Great Avsten, shall I vvith more vvondring eye,
Behold thee vvhen thy Muse doth mount on high,
Or loue thee more vvhen thou dost creepe so lovve,
As doe thy humble Retractations shevv?
To thinke amisse is fraile-Mans common case,
To change for better, is a speciall grace.
And can vve thinke more forcible, more good,
The teares of loue, then a blest Martyrs bloud.

The Desert Citizens vveare also there,
Some cloth'd vvith leaues, others vvith shirts of hayre:
Their visages all pale, their bodies thin,
Proclayme their greatest glorie is vvithin.
Their simple out-sides giue abundant shevves,
That they to vvorld and flesh vveare alvvaies foes,
Heere also vvee our English Edvvard knovv,
Mongst formest plac'de in the Confessors rovv.
A scepter in his hand, o'ns head a Crovvne,
Yee gentle Heau'ns, raine manie Edvwards dovvne;
VVho to our Britaine, vpright lavves may giue,
And teach their People, as they doe to liue.

Great Charles the second Hope of Northern clime,
Ordain'd by God, to blesse the present time,
Of Edvvard learne, that subjects best obey,
VVhen they see Majestrates, first doe, then saie.
Such Edicts moue Mens harts, though vvritten short,
VVhich first are practi'zd in the Princes Court
Of Edvvard learne, that only hee's a King,
VVho doth his Passions in subjection bring.
Princes Dominions, may from Parents take,
To be a Saint, virtue alone can make.
In that strange statue, vvich great Babels King,
In vision sees each lim, each part, each thing
As they grovv higher, so in goodnesse grovv,
VVhich Potentates, and greater men doth shevv,
That vnto honour should be joynd this grace,
To grovv in goodnesse, as they grovv in place.
The head vvas best of mettals, purest gold,
You the heads place, amongst your subjects hold
Be gold in loue, be better then the rest,

VVhat e're your people are, be you the best.

But it may be a Patron of thy name,
Allures thee rather, Fraunce shall giue the same.
Charles surnam'd great, for his renovvned facts,
Thou hast his name, haue thou his stile, his Acts.
Let vs behold thee vvith thy conq'uring bands,
Reuoke to Iesvs, faith reuolting landes.
VVith the fift Charles Achilles of our daies,
Beyond Alcides Pillars, Tropheies raise,
Plus vltra be thy motto, thy armes tend,
And vvhere the vvorld, there let thy Empire end.
Bee euermore victorious, euer great,
Euer obedient to Saint Peters seate.

May Romaine Prelate make our England glad,
As to thy Lyons hee shall Eagles ad,
And vvith high titles, thy braue house aduance,
As he hath done to Charlemaine of Fraunce.
Loose Matchiauels, and Atheists you mistake,
Rome vseth to giue Realmes, and Kesars make,
Not to abuse the povv'r of triple Crovvne,
By foule injustice, casting Princes dovvne.
By Romes authoritie, Otho the great,
In Germanie did fixe the Empires seate.
Henrie Aniou, Plantaginet his childe,
By Adrians gift, is Lord of Ireland stild'e.
Thy royall Ancestors, vvhat better name,
Then Faiths defender haue? vvho gaue the same?
The Cath'like title, vvhat a splendor brings,
To the stil Conquering Hesperian Kings?
So Capets race of Christian stile more brags,
Then of the Lilies, in their royall flags.
Faiths champion, Christian Catholike, these three,
Most glorious titles be combind'e in thee.
Besides my vvishes, O that I could giue,
Then thou there should no greater Monarke liue.

Momus found fault (and I vvould take his part,
VVeart not against my God) that each mans hart,
Had not a vvindowve, that the vvorld might see,
VVhat realties therein inuolued bee.

Then the slie hypocrite durst not speake faire,
VWhen from smooth vvords, his thoughts dissenting are.
Your Courtly Gallant, durst not your hands kisse,
VWhen in his hart, all rancour lodged is.
False Iudas durst not to his Maister bovv,
VWith apish complements, protest, svveare, vovv,
Heape on him blessings, vvish a vvorld of good,
VWhen in his purse, the price is of his blood.
Heere I could vvish my breast vvere made of glasse,
That so thy Royall sight (great Prince) might passe,
Into my soule, and see that I vvould doe
As I doe vvish, had I a povv'r thereto.
But Iesvs loue (I hope) hath made me poore,
And hauing vvished, I can doe no more.

Beseleel Virgins carues of Iu'rie bone,
Of such King Salomon did make his throne
An Eliphant, then vvchich no beast doth liue
More temperate, more vvise, his tooth doth giue:
If in Elections vvisdome hath chiefe place,
By Virgins choise, vvee'le censure of their grace.
They need not enuie Pharoes daughters lot,
VWho for their Spouse, Gods vvisest Son haue got.
VWho can sufficiently describe hovv chast
These are, vvho as terrestiall Angels pla'st
In our lovve Heau'n through contemplation see
All things in Earth contemptible to be;
In God they doe behold, as in a glasse,
Hovv all delights doe like a shadvv passe:
Shadvvs leaue nought behind: th' are black, th' are fowle
Pleasures of flesh, hovv blacke make they the sovvlle?
They in one instant end, in one begin,
Behind them nothing leaue, but guilt of sin.
And tell me vvhat is sin? nothing at all.
VWhat e're is extant in the ample Ball
Of this large vvorld, God made, and God vvas glad,
That by his making hand it being had,
Only thou misbegotten Monster sin,
As Bastards vse to doe, cam'st stealing in,
Ashamed of thy birth: God neuer put
Least finger to thy being; Hell vvas shut,
Thou vvert the Key to open it: Day-light

Thy birth did turne into eternall night.
Curst be thy birth-daie, neuer it appeare,
Nor be it reco'nd 'mongst daies of the yeare:
Like Atreus feasts, doe thou Apollo scarre,
Abhorring thee, let him turne backe his Carre.
Thy hate make Titan hide himselfe, and staie,
T'vvixt Thetis armes, more then his vvonted daie.
Be thou expected, and as thou dost fayle,
Of them be cursed, vvho doe chase the VVhale.
Let Starres that daie borrovv no light of Sun,
And the sad Moone forget her course to run.
The vniuerse be on that blacke daie sad,
That thou vve'rt borne, let only Hell be glad.
O that our Curses, vvhich on thee doe lite,
Could turne thee to a sempiternall night.
VVee vvill be angrie vvith thee vvretched Eve,
The mother of this Childe, thou did'st concieue,
The Monstrous Bastard, Satan vvas his sire,
But yee adult'rous couple doe conspire,
And vvith such slights contriue the matter, that
Adam must Father, the mis-gotten brat.
Fond vvoman, God made thee of the Mans bone,
To helpe him that he should not be alone:
This vvas your end, and you performe it vvell,
You helpe him; but in vvhat? to goe to Hell.
No sooner vveare you made, but you must vvalke,
To recreat your selfe, and enter talke.
VVith Satan: vvhen your bellies full of chat,
You cast your eyes, novv on this fruit, novv that:
The Diuell by the vvan dring of your eye,
That your teeth vvater, presently doth spie,
And vvith much kindnes doth an Apple pare,
Praies you to taste it, and to giue a share
To your Good-man (for so good manners vvill)
It vvill suffice yea both to eat your fill.

O foolish Man! VVhat dost thou meane? that bit
Hath many poysons, many Hels in it.
Trust not the lookes, although it please the Eye:
Millions of Miseries, in it doe lye.
Trust not thy Palate, though it doe tast vvell,
It vvill not be digested, but in Hell.

Hee scarce doth eat it, vvhen infernall Gates,
VVith violence flye open, iron grates
Of Hell are burst, anxieties, cares, feares,
Sorrow vvith all her vveeping Children, teares:
Suspition, jealousie, lavvles desire:
Vnbridled lust: pretentions to aspire,
Fond joyes, sad discontent at present state,
Auersion from good, anger, enuie, hate,
Darknesse of mind, peruersitie of vvill,
And vvhat in both, can be suspected ill:
These Monsters, vvith their pale Commander Death,
(Kept hetherto as Prisoners beneath,
And neuer should haue seene the light of Sun)
Hearing vvhat Man against his God hath done,
Scorne longer to obey grimme Plutoes Lavves,
But they vvill forth, and vindicate Gods cause.
VVhat hauock amongst Rebels doe they make,
Hovv many soules send dovvne to stygian lake?
By the effects judge Adam of thy fault,
These mischiefes are the purchase thou hast bought,
Corruption is the house, the land large vvoes,
In vvich though vvith teares vvat'red, no good grovves
At hovver of death, making thy latest vvill,
Thou vs bequeth'st this legacie of ill:
And for Executor Satan doest trust,
VVho though a Banckrupt, yet in this is just,
And takes such care, that joyntlie vvith our breath,
VVe doe receaue thy legacie of death.
Hence doe proceed, if vvee reuolue out fate,
The vvoes vvich follovv Mans accursed state.
Hence those afflictions that attend our vvaies,
Those sad Catastroph's of our vvretched daies.
Hence that vnequall share of joyes and paine,
A dropp of pleasure, but of vvoe a maine.
O hadst thou lou'd God more! Eve not so vvell,
Thou vvould'st haue left vs heires of Heau'n, not Hell.

VVe see vvhen substances doe passe avvaie
The emptie shaddovves, can no longer staie.
But thou like to the Moth dost liue, foule sin
Hauing destroy'd the soule, thou vveart borne in
Pleasures, vvwhose shade thou art, long since are past,

VWhen thy foule making Essence still doth last.
 Hence vgly Monster, vvhy staiest thou behind,
 To be the Hang-man of the spotted mind?
 To Naamans leprosie art thou a kin,
 And must still sticke to the defiled skin?
 Vnlesse vvith floudes of teares so oft as he
 In Iordans Riuer vvas, thou clensed be.
 Great God bring all men to the sacred floud,
 All Nations be baptiz'd in Iesvs bloud.
 In the first age, vvhen vvorld did nevv begin,
 VVith many raines thou did'st drovvne Man and sin
 Againe vnto the vvatry flouds giue scope,
 Againe the Cataracts of Heau'n set ope.
 VVee not of Abana and Pharphar dreame,
 VVee must bee curd'e in onely Iordans streame.
 Blest streame vvhich from thy mercies head doth rise
 And thence descending runneth through our eies:
 VVaters beginning from earthes slimie vaines,
 Not able are to purifie our staines.
 Such are those teares, vvhich from Hels feare do grovv,
 Such are those teares, vvhich from selfe-loue do flow.
 The raine vvhich this detested elfe must drovvne,
 Must from aboue, must from high heau'n come dovvne.
 VVherefore salt-teares, for sin send dovvne apace,
 (O happie dying in such streames of grace.)
 A sea of grieffe in eu'ry place abound:
 And in the vvaues let vgly sin be drovvn'd.
 Each one of vs a sinners title beares,
 Let vs be Magdalens in shedding teares.
 Of Hesebon, large Fish-pondes be our eyes:
 The vvaters vvofull plaintes, the fish sad cries.
 VVhat doest thou meane my Muse, vvhy gadst thou so?
 Recall thy selfe, and let the Monster goe:
 A better object shall delight thy eyes,
 Behold Pulcheria, the faire, the vvise,
 Of vvhom to rule, shall Theodosius learne,
 And vvhen he dyes, leaue her his Empires stearne.
 Had Aristotle liued in her Court,
 Hee vvould haue deem'd, his pollicies to short.
 Had hee beheld the actions of her life,
 Her sexe should haue resembled Delphos knife.
 VVhilst shee vvho did vvith such a grace obaye,

Shall ample Scepters, vvith like justice svvaye,
Hovv much to her our Christian vvorld doth ovve,
Let Fathers gath' red by great Leo shove,
Shee doth on necke of proud Nestorius tread,
And vvith his foyle bruiseth the Serpents head.
All actes of vvorthie vveomen counted be,
None for the Church hath done so much as shee.

I heare you saie, vvas her desert so much,
VVhy then as if there neuer had bene such,
The vvorld so litle heareth of her name,
No publike meetings solemnize her fame?
Shall I imagine Easterne Empires losse,
Hath added to our Christian vveale this crosse,
Or thinke our God vnto some latter daies,
The solemne honors of his Sainte delaies.
Meane time I vvish such vertue to my Quill,
That vvith her praise, I might all Countries fill.
And teach the vvorld that in Pulcheria stood
Tvvo rarely meeting graces, Great and Good:
Tvvo other opposites vveare likevvise freinds,
VVhilst priuate thoughts did ayme at publike ends.

But since (great Queene) my forces are to vveake,
A better vvorke-man shall thy glorie speake,
And vvith a Pencill rul'de by heau'nly Arte,
Delineate diuers Pictures, as thou vvearte:
VVhich vvhen they are presented to our sight,
VVee'le forth-vvith saie, here is Pulcheria right.
Faire Austria seat of greatnesse, honors tree,
VVhose brauncesh through the vvorld dilated bee,
VVhat Land; vvhat Kingdome doth not make great suite
To haue a plant deriued from thy roote?
Shall I an ample Roll of Cæsars shovv,
Or for great Monarkes to Hesperia goe?
Shall I recount hovv Hungarie and Beme
Haue gouern'd bene, and kept good by this stem?
Or shall I thinke Bauarias Duke so good,
Because his vaines doe flovv vvith Avstrian bloud?
In large descentes of this illustrious line
Hovv many rare Pulcherias doe shine?
Shall vvee of Margarets and Maries tell,

In vvhom Pulcherias many virtues dvvell?
The vvhich vvhen vve in vaine begin to count,
Vvee'le judge hovv much the patterne did surmount.
Cornelia (Mother of that vvorthie paire,
VVhose fates vnnvorthie of their virtues vveare)
Thou scorn'st to haue a Crovne come on thy head,
VVhich must be bought vvith Ptolomeus bed,
Iudging more honour in thy vviddovvs state,
Then to be stil'd the King of Ægypt's mate:
Though in thy Noble sons consists thy grace,
Yet giue vnto our Austrian Ladies place:
Of vvhom hovv many Scepters shall refuse,
And for a Husband svveetest Iesvs choose?
And those vvhom Heau'ns vvill haue a Pæan sing,
At Hymens tryumphs, shall great Rodulphs bring,
VVho vvith a bended knee and vvarlike hand,
Shall add nev v Kingdomes to their natiue land.

But shall the vvorld be vvarm'd by Austrias son,
And to our Britaine shall no good be done?
Must vvee be ouer-past, as if vvee stood
Vnder the Arctike Pole, vvhere comes no good?
Yee gentle heau'ns forbid, novv is the time,
VVhen Austria shall giue our Northerne Clime
A Marie, vvho like the fourth Edvwards heire,
In vvhom combin'd the diff'rent Roses vveare,
Shall make vvars Trumpet euermore to cease;
And blesse our England vvith eternall peace.
Impious Hostilitie shall end: no more
Shall Christian blades be sheat'hd in Christian gore,
But Spaine and Albion joyn'd 'gainst Iesvs foe,
In Ievvrie land the bloudie Crosse shall shoe,
And once againe recou'ring Salems tovvne,
From top of Mesquites cast their halfe moones dovvne.

Take courage mightie Princesse at thy birth,
The Heau'ns vnto the Vniuersall Earth,
Did promise many blessings: thou art shee,
In vvhom the vvorld Irenes times shall see:
Againe, Iconoclasts shall leaue their sect,
And curse to Hell, their impious neglect
Of these faire Pictures, better taught to knovv,

That adoration doth further goe
Then the bare Image; vvhich of vwood or stone,
The vvorkman frames, and in it life hath none.
Vnapt, to vvhom vvee should our Acts direct,
Abstracting from all relatiue respect.
But vvhen to Images vvee honour giue,
Gods Saints are honour'd, vvho vvith him do liue,
So vvhen each knee to name of Iesvs bends.
To Iesvs glorious selfe, the honour tends.
In euery corner Marathonia meetes.
As he beholds painted vpon each vvall,
The Persians conque'rd by Athenians fall.
He sees Miltiades, vvith plumie crest,
Like Thracian Mauors, animate the rest.
VVhose diuine virtue in that bloudie feild,
Made numberlesse to a small number yeild.

First hee's astonish't, casting then his eyes
Backe to his youth, and vvanton daies, he cries.
At last he speakes: O vvould I had no sight!
That I might not behold Marathons fight?
VVould I vveare deafe, that I might no more heare
Of Trophies vvich Miltiades did reare
In Marathonian feildes. The children sing,
The verie vvales Miltiades doe ring.
In eu'rie place sound Ecchoes of his fame,
VVhilst I lie buried in the grane of shame.

But ah! let mee more ponder, and not crie,
VVhat vvas this Man so honour'd, more then I?
Had not Miltiades (in each place nam'de)
A bodie of the selfe-same substance framde.
VVith my claie Carcase: haue not I a share,
As-vvell as he, in a Cælestiall ayre?
This soule vvich in my house of durt doth dvvell,
Doth æquall his; that it doth not so vvell
Performe her functions, I my selfe must blame;
VVho so vvith svveets, effeminate the same.
Had hee as I, in Tauerns spent his daies,
The vvorld had bene noe Eccho of his praise.
Had he as I bene daily drovv'n'de in vvine,
His statues had no other bene then mine.

His statues vvvhich are objects of my eies,
His statues vvvhich are causes of these cries.

Let me be good, and valiant as hee,
The vvorld vvill statues consecrate to mee,
As it hath done to him: heere, heere shall stand,
My follies period, vvith a drunkards hand,
I'le vvrite no more an ignominious booke,
VVherein the after-times my shame shall looke.
But vvith Heroike deedes, and vveapons dinte,
My name on front of Athens foes i'le print.
There, there, the vvorld, vvhi'lst lasteth the worlds frame
In glorious Characters shall read my name.
You my youths deities, I bid adievv,
I meane no more to sacrifice to you:
For drunken Bacchus cups I'le vse the speare,
For Venus faouours in my helme I'le vveare
Deaths grizly face. I'le goe the vvorld about,
But I vvill finde a nevv Marathon out.
(Novv is conceiu'd a Salaminian fight,
So much mooues virtue, virtues painted sight.)
The hauty Caius Cæsar, cannot sleepe,
Nay Alexanders statue makes him vveepe.
Quoth he (and sighs) at my yeares Philips son,
Conq'uerd the vvorld: and (beast) vvhat haue I done?
Shall I at home alvvaies ignobly rest,
And like a babe sucke milke at my Mam's breast,
No no, as he my Monuments of fame,
I'le raise: or die in persuite of a name.
His son the Portratures of vvorthy Knights,
Sets in his Pallace, that their very sights,
May moue himselfe, and the succeeding Kings,
To the attempting of heroicke things.

As I behold my Iesvs on the Rood,
VVith armes extended, shed his pretious bloud:
Hovv am I moou'd? and vvhen I knowv for me,
My God vvas nayled thus vpon a tree.
Doth he not Preach, although he make no noyse?
(His only Picture is a Preaching voice.)
The Sermon thus beginnes: behold Gods Son
Hath so much suff'red, and hath so much done

For thy soules health, that thou shouldst enter in
Heau'ns gates, and freed be from hell and sin.
That thou eternally shouldst vvith mee raigne:
I for thy sins, am as a victime slaine.
This Picture represents vnto thy sight,
My loue to thee in Golgoth's bloudie fight:
VVhere although in the battaile I did die,
Yet made I sin vvith death and hell to flie.
VVeare thou the spoiles of that tryumphant daie,
(The spoyles are grace, and glories Crovvne for aye.)

As I this vvofull spectacle doe vievv,
VVhat actes must follovv, vvhat affects ensue?
Doe not I Iesvs loue, vvho shed his bloud,
To take avvaie the lets vvich 'gainst mee stood.
In my pretension to the promist land,
And di'de to abrogate that vvriting hand,
Of Gods decree (and should haue had its course,
Had not great Iesvs disannull'd his force)
Doe I not vveep? yes, yes, not cruell Ievves,
But my transgressions Iesvs did misuse.
I, I, vyld vvretch, vvith vvickednesse and sin,
His temples crovv'n'd; and vvith faults tore his skin.
As I see Iesvs oft faint in the vvaie,
And Cyrenevs helpe him, I thus saie,
No vvonder that our Iesvs cannot goe,
The vveight of my transgressions load him soe.

Shall I not sin detest vvhen Gods sole son,
Sin only to destroie so much hath done:
And knovv hovv hatefull sin is in Gods eyes,
VVhen to appease him no Host can suffice,
No victime make him his dravvne vveapon sheath,
But his Sons sacrifice, and Isaacs death.
Iulian deface that Portraiture vvich shee
Erects, vvhom Iesvs from the fluxe set free,
That so the memorie might alvvaies stand,
Of benefit receiu'd by Iesvs hand:
At foote against Iconoclasts shall preach
An herbes rare virtue, vvho vvhen it shall reach
To Iesvs garments hemme, Iesvs shall daie,
VVith virtue of it to cure eu'rie paine.

Cast dovne this statue (renegate) and so,
In Iesvs picture shevv thy selfe his foe.
And vvhen thou hast it broken in disgrace,
Erect thine ovvne foule Picture in its place.
That from heau'n comming dovne a firie blast,
May burne thy Portrature, and to earth cast.
Shall vvee haue Iulians in our vvretched age,
Shevv against Iesvs Crucifixe their rage?
These Pictures vvwhich in such fayre order stand,
Must they be vvith a sacrilegious hand
Cast out our Church? Shall Gentle-men no more,
Behold Sebastian shed his manly goare,
For Iesvs cause? and vvith the Martyrs sight,
Be animated manfully to fight.
For Iesvs faith? shall they not Alban see.
Beheaded by sterne Emperours decree,
For hiding in his house, 'gainst Kesars lavves,
Iehouas Priest? and making here a pause.
Incourage thus themselues, this is our case,
Vilde Pursiuants haue Iesvs Priests in chase:
VVe vvill them intertaine, and if vvee die.
VVith vvinges of blest eternitie vveele flie
To highest heau'n, and there vvith Alban raigne,
VVho for like cause, vvith Alban haue bene slaine
Had thy great house (faire Esther) bene so good,
If Leopoldus had not pictur'd stood?
Telling his Nephevves ti's a Princes grace,
To be as high in Sanctitie as place.
Each virtue in a Monarkes brest must dvvell,
He must as Savl the multitude excell.
By shoulders then the rest, he must be higher,
Carried aloft vvith a Cælestiall fier.

Take Pictures hence, vvhere is the idiots booke?
Our Faiths deepe Mysteries therein to looke.
In Images, the vn-taught svvaine shall read,
That Christ for him is borne, for him doth bleed.
Hee shall as he sees Iesvs borne so poore,
Conceiue that pouertie in it hath more,
Then the vvorld thinkes; affection shall him make.
Loue the svveete babe, borne poorely for his sake.
VVhen Ianus double fac'de the nevv yeare brings,

Hee shall behold the off'rings of the Kings:
And learne those Kings vvho offer presents, are
First fruits of Gentiles, guided by a starre.

If God vvould not haue holy Pictures stand,
To grace his Church; vvhy vvas the cut off hand
Of Damascene restor'd by Maries praire?
VVhose Pictures in his bookes defended are.
If vvorshipping of Images be nought,
I'le taxe thee (Angels Empresse) vvith a fault.
VVhy didst thou giue him his hand backe againe,
VVho Images Relligion did sustaine?
Can such a one finde fauour in thy sight,
VVho for Idolatries defence doth vvrite?

If vvorshipping of Images be ill,
Heau'ns Queene, let me aske thee vvhy dost thou fill
The vvorld vvith miracles, and no vvhere more,
Then vvhere thy statues Catholikes adore?
Had not (vouchsafe to ansvveare mightie Queene)
Ægyptian Marie thy faire picture seene.
And praid before it, should not her blest soule,
Haue still remained, as a Blacke-more foule?

From Iesvs Mother, i'le goe to her son,
And humbly aske of him vvhat he hath done,
As he the Messenger made backe to beare,
His holy picture to Edessas Pere:
As he vvith Virtue vvonderfull did place
In Berenices hand-kercher his face.
Each followving age vvill reuerence the same,
And he for superstition must haue blame.
Pictures, he saith are good, but they are nought,
VVho haue their goodnesse into question brought.
Shall not our English Queenes see Helen make
A holy journey for deuotion sake
To Salem tovvne? vvhere miracles forth-bring,
The scepter of our vvith-thornes Crovvned King.
(As on King Salomon the daughters stand
Of Sion gazing this vvas in his hand.)
This scepter long time hid in holy ground,
Is by deuotion of this Empresse found.

Part of it she vnto Byzantium brings,
(So much that age did esteeme holy things)
Part vnto Rome, vvhether pietie doth build
Marmorean Temples, and deuotion yeild
Iust honours to those Reliques, vvhich did beare
Iesvs, as hee o're hell did Tropheies reare.

Doth not this Queene of those foure nayles make much,
VWho holied vveare by Iesvs bodies touch?
In her Sons Diadem she placeth one,
(VWhich giues more grace, then any Iaspar stone.
And teacheth Constantine although he raine,
That hee's his substitute vvhom Nayles did paine)
Tvvo shee doth in his bridle raines inclose,
To keepe him safe from menaces of foes.
As Ivstine on his head these raines vvill vveare,
The Feindes of Hell him dare not once come neare.
Hell as yet mindfull of Caluarie sight.
Is daunted vvith these reliques only sight.

VWho hath not heard of angrie Adrias vvaues,
VWhere millions of ships haue found their graues?
But novv that passage shall no more be so,
For Helen the fourth nayle vvill in it throe,
And hee vvho vvith his death made all things eu'n,
Firming a lasting peace t'vvixt earth and heau'n,
VWill giue the sanctified Nayle a force
To make the billovvles leaue their vvonted course.
Neptune appeaseth euery troubled vvaue,
(So great a virtue holy Reliques haue:)
On euery vvall vvhy should not Ladies see?

Such stories and by them instructed be?
VWhat vveare the actions of renouved Dames
In antient times, vvhether vvith they made their names
In catalogue of Saints to be enro'ld:
And by Fames trumpe in after-times extold.
VWhy should not euery vvall and corner Preach
And vvhat religion Helen vvas of teach?

Oh vvicked daies of ours! vvhen Danaes rape.

And naked Goddesses immodest shape,
As for an Apple they contention had,
To be descided by the Phrygian lad:
VVhen vvorkes of Aretines lasciuious hand,
Shall curiously in chambers painted stand.
Casting lust darts through vvindowves of the eie,
And vvith luxurious thoughts make the soule die.
But Images of Christ, his Mother, Saints,
VVhom pietie and true deuotion paintes,
VVith sacrilegious hand shall be defa'st,
In peeces broake, and out of Churches cast.

In darkest shades let Manes euer bide,
And his tvvo impious sons on either side,
VVho vvorship due to Reliques first did blame,
And pietie fond superstition name.
Let them make Hell resound vvith vvofull plaints,
For their impietie 'gainst God and Saints.
It is enough that Infidels and Ievves,
VVho Gods and his Saints Images abuse.
Doe euerlasting pennance for their fault,
But let our Christian vvorld be better taught.
Let none vvho in our common vvealth doe dvvell,
For such impietie goe dovvne to Hel.
Let all vvho are vvasht in great Iesvs name,
VVith bended knee humblie adore the same.
Let all vvho Iesvs, and his friends affect,
The Tabernacles of his Saincts respect.

Surely blest Nymph errors detested night
Thy happie times shall turne to faire daie light,
Thy Hymenæan Torches are the Sun,
By vvhich this good to Britaine shall be done.
For Gods Eternall vvisdome by vvhose hand,
The vvorld is gouern'd as it first did stand,
By a proportion'd meanes vvill bring to passe,
VVhat but in vaine by force attempted vvas.

VVee joye to read as sacred stories count,
That Clodoue vvas to the holy Font,
By his Clotilda brought: the Lombards King,
Doth Ledolinda to the true faith bring,

Thy Auncestors the Gothes are likevvise seene,
Reuok'd from Errors by their pious Queene.

VVho vvounded vveare by great Achilles speare,
By the same vveapon to be cured vveare.
Against a Scipio vvho vvas Cæsars foe.
In Cæsars armie doth a Scipio goe.
VVhen as Melania by her blinde guide taught,
Errors of Origen to great Rome brought,
VVhere-vvith opinion of an holy name,
Shee and Ruffinus did dilate the same.
As Debora did not Marcella rise,
And make the erring. Romaines ope their eies?
Made shee not Barach to stretch out his hand,
And put to flight the nevv-sprung errors bands?

The Lyons vvhelpe of Iuda shall oppose
His force against that Lyons force, vvho goes
About the vvorld, seeking each vvhere to eate
(The soules of men are this fierce Lyons meate.)
In Edens Garden the curs'd tree did grovv,
VVhose fruit vvas death, leaues sicknesse, branches vvoe:
In top of Golgotha must spring a tree,
VVhich from these miseries shall set vs free.
Anne vvas the Eve vvwhich gaue vs our deaths vvound,
Marie the vvoman is, shall make vs sound.
A lavvlesse Mariage England did vndoe,
Thy vvish't for Mariage England shall renue.

Against their King (vvhen Absalon vvas slaine)
Rebellious Seba moues the Tribes againe;
But a vvise vvoman in Abela tovvne,
Doth Sebas head from Cittie vvalles cast dovvne,
And by the death of a seditious Knaue,
From Ioabs furie doth her people saue.

Shall vvee be troubled vvith eternall jarres,
VVill no Alcides giue end to the vvarrs,
And Hollands many headed Hydra kill,
VVhich doth vvith tumults our North-climate fill?
This Monster hath a Cockatrices breath,
Threatning to Monarkes, and all Kingdomes death:

No Dions novv, no Brvti liue againe,
 Detesting lavvlesse tyrannie should raigne;
 But Athens thirtie tyrants, and Romes ten
 VWill change a Monarchy for diuerse men.
 Religion is too poore a Maske to hide,
 Their Treason that it should not be espide.
 The vvorld be taught that breach of Faith to Kings,
 First Heresie, then Atheisme, then Hell brings,
 VWho doe contemne the Church their Mothers lore,
 VWill at the last acknowvledge Christ no more;
 And vvee haue seene them count it a small losse,
 For Turkish Moones to change the Christian Crosse
 vvorthy Countrie-men, vvhy are you slaues
 To Brevvers, Coblers, Basket-making Knaues?
 VWhy doe you voluntarie your selues thrust
 To patronize a cause as Hell vn-just?
 You ansvere that you part of Holland take,
 For the Lords vvord, and for his Gospell sake.
 The Gospell saies, let Cæsar haue his due,
 Hovv for the Gospell fight you then, thinke you?
 Thieues their Kings rob, and you against all lavv,
 That thieues may keep stolne goods, your vveapons draw
 But if you nearer to their Gospell looke,
 Youle finde it is a Matchiuiilian booke:
 VWherein each leafe containeth damned things,
 Conspiracies, and treasons against Kings.
 Sovving sedition amongst other men,
 That they may sleepe safe in their Cacus den.
 Let vvarres destroe France, Germanie, and Beme,
 VWhat doe they care, so vvarres be far from them?
 VWhat Gospel can they haue, vvhere Turks, vvhere Ievvs
 Their Synagogues, and prophane Mesquits vse?
 Is not their Amsterdam the drugs, the fex,
 The sinke of all impuritie and sects?
 Could Hannibal more sundrie nations tell,
 Then sects contrarie in that Babell dvvell?
 But that no matter is, Ievv Atheist, Turke,
 So he defie the Pope, is of their Kirke.

Moreouer can rebellions cause be just,
 VWhen thieues true Lords out of possession thrust?
 VWhat if a D'Alua bore a heauie hand,

Must they forth-vvith vp in rebellion band
Against their King, and take from him his ovvne:
If so: vvhat Prince can sit safe in his throne?
Lets praie that Princes may doe vvhat is right,
And not vvith trait'rous armes against them fight.
But you doe not examine much their cause,
Their friendship you into the action dravves.
VVhy should you take such tyrants for your freinds,
VVho affect none but for their priuare ends?
Let Massacres in remote Indies shevv,
If Holland be our Englands friend or no.
Oh that our Seas could speake: vve soone should heare
VVhat good-vvill Hollanders to England beare:
Let jestes, let scoffes, let mockes at King, and state
Make knovvne their litle loue, if not great hate
To Prince and vs: as helpes haue bene deni'de,
To backe their Heresie, their theft, their pride.

Ill-nurturde svvaines, not taught vvhat is a King,
A God on earth, a Consecrated thing.
David laments, that he cut his Kings coate,
VVhen these vvith open mouth, vvith open throate,
Gods Vice-roies bite, their royall actions blame,
VVith frumpes, vvith quips Monarchs expose to shame.
Let base Typhæus brood, vvhose pride is such,
That they the holie ones of God dare touch
VVith slandering libels, expiate such vvrongues,
VVith losse of hands, and forfeiture of tongues.
Yea let such Caitiues for blaspheming die,
(VVho touch Kings, touch the apple of Gods eie.)
Let eu'ry Simei, eu'ry slanderingKnaue,
The saucy Eupolis misfortune haue.
And here their often mention'd Tempel fayles,
T'is Satans Ghost, vvhich against Princes rayles.
VVhen the vvhole vvorld is in combustuous fire,
Subjects against their Kings each vvhere conspire:
Base-borne Abimelech his brethren kills,
Mis-gotten Mansfield Realmes vvith rapine fills.
And all these mischiefes fram'd, this vvorld of harmes
In Hollands Ætna, vvhere Cyclops make armes.
For Hells black Prince, 'gainst God himselfe to fling,
And Sions Citie to destruction bring.

Let none it contrarie to reason thinke,
That I haue temper'd some gall vvith my incke?
VVhen I doe heare base Eupolis so bold,
To rayle at Kings, my splene I cannot hold.

Though I at vices, not at persons ayme,
I affect Holland, but rebellion blame:
And let the Netherlanders once be good,
Let them cashire this their rebellious mood,
And as Religion teacheth againe bring
VVonted obedience to Hesperias King.
Reasons and thousand arguments i'le frame,
To eternise industrious Hollands name.

Meanevvhile vvill none inspir'd vvith heau'nly fire,
Fore-tel hovv Spaines great King shall sacke proud Tyre?
VVill no Ioues seed once-more in Lerna lake,
The many heads from this foule Hydra take?
No Iohn de Austria their cities vvin,
No Parma take reuolting Holland in?
No demi-god (better then other men)
Grapple vvith theiuish Cacus in his den?
(Cacus vvho hath his Father Vulcans shape,
Cacus vvho liues by Homicide and rape.)
No, no: our God vvill not haue Iury land,
Set free alone by valiant Barachs hand:
But Iabins captaine pearced in the head
By Iahels vvife, shall at her feete fall dead.
Ambitious Ammon euer looking high,
By Esters Prayers hanged aloft shall die.
Great Princesse thou art Iudith, by vvhose hands,
Proud Holofernes leader of Hells bands,
Shall vanquisht be: thou art Abelas Dame,
VVhose Nuptiall rites shall Holland Rebels tame,
Seditious Sebas head shall buy a peace,
And vvith the Tribes submission vvars shall cease.
Thou hast Pulcherias birth, her state, her face
In the attempt of great things haue her grace:
So let thy Actions crowne thy life vvith praise,
That after-times thy Monuments may raise.
And as thy Ancestors their Nephevv Kings,
Excite to enterprise of vvorthie things;

So be thy deeds thy royall issues booke,
VVherein hovv they shall liue, they alvvaies looke.

Antiquitie doth of an Atlas count,
On his backe bearing vp Olympus mount,
Our Iesvs is vvise Atlas, by his hands,
Sion vvas built, and on his backe it standes.
Our Atlas dies, vvho shall supplie his place,
Hath he left heires of this supporting grace?
Firme-pillars of best marble compos'd all,
Beare Sion on their backes, that it not fall.
(VVho in Gods Church vvill haue a Pillars part,
Must be vvell practiz'd in the bearing art.
Hath not truths selfe his promise giu'n that those,
VVho triumph ouer their Infernall foes,
Shall in his Church be Pillars; vvilst no frovvne,
No Hellish violence can cast them dovvne?
VVhen vve see thee (Great Charles) vanquish each foe,
VVhich doth in battaile against virtue goe:
VVhen vvee behold in all thy actes such grace,
Shall not vvee promise thee a Pillars place?
Of Iesvs Church a Pillar thou shalt be,
VVhilest Iesvs Church shall be borne vp by thee.
VVith Hercules (vvhere Sol his steedes doth vvete)
Thou shalt thy Monuments and Columnes set,
And vvrite non vltra to the after-daies,
Forbidding all to æqualize thy praise,
VVhilest no great Monarke, nor great Monarkes Son,
Shall doe so much for Church, as thou hast done.
In first place vvrought by Iesvs cunning hand,
Most eminent doth Simon Peter stand.
To Peter next vvilst' he supporteth all,
In Iesvs Church a Pillars place hath Pavle,
A cruell death, vvhich did tvvo vvhole daies last,
Could not firme Andrevv to the Earth dovvne cast.
Great Iames, Iohns brother, and Zebedies child,
By Herod kild, and Spains Apostle stil'd,
VVhether he vvent, and vvith victorious hand,
To Iesvs faith subu'de that noble land,
Iohn of vvhite Marble made, though his out-side
VVas gold in fyerie flames refin'd and tride.
VVas not vvhite marble his Parthenian brest?

Of Golden loue vvas not made all the rest?
Thomas eternall Monuments shall haue
Amongst the Indians, vvhether he hath his graue.
Simon, Thaddevs, Philip, holy Iames,
VVhose vvondrous virtue either knee proclaimes.
Rough Bartholmevv vvithout, though faire vvithin,
(For Iesvs name Tyrant pul'd off his skin.)
For Iphigenia Hirtacvs may frovvne,
Yea kil blest Matthevv, but not cast him dovvne.
Matthias vvhom the holy Ghost did chose,
For that place vvich Iscariot did lose.
Sermons of Bbr'nabe vvill teach vvhat can,
Persvvasions vvich proceed from a good man.

Of the same matter, of vvwhich other men,
Th' Apostles vveare composde, yet knovv, that vvhen
Iesvs them Columnes in his Church did place:
Hee so them temp' red vvith cælestiall grace,
That mauger anie vvinde or aduerse blast,
They keepe their place, yea rather stand more fast.
The last perfection, and supremest forme,
VVas giuen them, vvhen as the vvisht-for storme
Of diuine grace, and clouen tongues of fire,
Made the roome shake, vvhere Christs friends did retire,
Before this storme, a silly vvenches frovvne,
Did cast the chiefest of the Pillars dovvne.
Cephas as to him a poore Damzell calls,
Denies his Iesvs, miserably falls:
But once confirmed by this devv of grace,
No threats, no vvhips, can make him leaue his place.
Nay hee esteemeth honours badge that shame,
VVhich he endureth for great Iesvs name.

The thundring Cannon at vvhose Eccho quake
Strong Citties, vvhilest his bullets their vvalls shake,
Before the fire shall make him vse his voice,
Is sport for children, meriment for boies:
They plaie vvith him, they roule him heare and there,
And as vpon his backe they ride, not feare.
But let once fire enflame the charged Gun,
VVho doth not quake, and from his fury run?
So haue I seene, the stoutest harts looke pale,

And as they heard his thunder, their heads vaile:
Before Gods Ghoast did Iesvs friends inspire,
Peter a Canon vvas but vvithout fire:
No maruell then though at a vvomans sound,
Hee daunted vveare, and fell dovvne to the ground.
But after God had put an holy flame,
Vnro this Canon, and discharg'de the same.
VWhat Cittie vvas there, vvhat defensiue vvall,
VWhich vvith his thunder-bolt he made not fall?
I passe hovv Anania's and his vvife,
VWith his breaths only foarce did loose their life.

Caine built a tovvne nam'de Rome, the vvals were sin,
Errour and Paganisme did liue vvithin,
Deriu'de by a long progenie from Caine,
In this same Citie did proud Nero raigne.
Iesvs decreeing in the tovvne to take,
And in it his ovvne Empires seate to make.
So beats the vvals vvith Cephass Cannon shot,
That at the last the batt'red tovvne is got.
Idolatrie and superstition flie,
A thousand errors in the Cittie die.
There Iesvs makes his seate, and there vvill raigne,
VWhilest Sun giues light, flouds run into the maine.

Tis true the last time, that this peice did roare,
Hee burst in tvvo that Iesvs hoast no more
As earst could vse him: so vvhen Spartans flie,
Epaminondvs doth Victorious die.
Did Philistims or Samson the field loose,
VWhen at his death he kil'd three thousand foes?
And vvhen in Golgotha Golias head,
By Iesvs is strucke off, is Iesvs dead,
But potent God forth-vvith the broke-peece cast,
And making sound againe in Sion plast'e
Vpon the Battlements, vvhence he hurts more
Our aduersaries, then he did before.
Petitions are the bullets, vvwhich he throwves,
From vpper ground, and vvith them Kils our foes:

John Abbott

Iesvs Praefigvred: Or A Poem Of The Holy Name Of Iesvs. The Second Booke

The Argvment

Of Iesvs flesh (Ambrosian meate,) Of Bell, of Architects vvee treate.

The hovvre did novv approach, in vvich men dine,
VVhen see a Table set vvith bread and vvine:
Besides these tvvo nothing at all vvas pla'st,
No daintie dishes to content the tast.
VVho vvould not judge such silly Cates vnfit,
For Potentates, vvhom there vvee see to sit?
But vvonder not though the fare simple seeme,
The Maister of the Feast vvill haue vs deeme
By the effects his banquets vvorth, and knovv,
That best things make not alvvaies the best shovv.

And surely Cleopatras Royall feaste,
VVherevvith shee entertain'd her Romaine guest.
Nor Assvervs banquet to his states,
VVhich sacred volume vvith such care relates:
No not the Manna vvich the Ievves did eate,
Can be compar'd vvith this Cælestiall meate.
VVhat dyet hath such virtue as this food:
Mortall to make immortall, vvicked good?
Is your soule sicke? eat here and it no more
Shall be diseas'd; heers Physicke for each sore.
This bread makes strong this vvine our armes doth cheare
The Royall banner of Christs Crosse to beare,

VVhen as the fancy objects, vvich are ill
Conceiues, and represents them to the vvill,
That the short pleasure of an idle thought,
May vvith the soules eternall losse be bought.
Heers Bread (vvich God the Holy Ghost did make,
And in the vvombe of sacred Virgin bake,
Heating the Ouen vvith Charities best fire,
The fevvell vvas many a Chast desire:

The Loaves vvith name of Iesvs marked be,
Hauing his hands and feet nayld to a tree.)
In such occasions heer's that mistique bread,
In vision seene, vvich Madians bloud shall shed.
And put the Easterne multitude to flight:
Zeb and Zalmana their tvvo chieftaines smite;
The svvord of Gedeon, vvich loose Venus Boye
Shall profligate, his Darts, his shafts destroye.
Corne of the chosen, substance of the good,
Expelling bad desires, breeding pure blood,
This bread, proud Babylon, thy little ones
VVith holy vvrath shall dash against the stones.
This eleuated bread 'boue top of hils,
(Priests heades I meane) our vvorld vvith plentie fils.
Elias, as he fainteth, it makes strong,
To take of fortie daies a journey long.
Nay some vvho daily Guests are at this feast,
Averre for truth that vvhat meate you like best:
VVhat your taste pleaseth, bee it flesh or fish,
You shall haue here in this Cælestiall dish.
Manna such vertue to haue had, vve read
And much more tast it in this heau'nly bread.

At Easter time you joye to see your Board,
(As vvas the Israelites) vvith a Lambe stord
Prepare vvith them your selues; take in your hand
A vvalking-staffe, vvith your loynes guirded stand
As Pilgrims doe (yours is a Pilgrims case
The vvorld your Inne is, heau'n your dvvelling place)
Gather vvilde Lettice, ouercome I meane
Your imperfections, and extirpe them cleane.
Make of such Lettice sauce a Lambe to eate;
The Lambe is Iesvs, hee shall be your meate.
Iesvs hath cloth'd himselfe vvith a Lambs skin,
From Sheepe to take the heauy load of sin.
Is it not strange a Lambe should on his backe
Carrie a flocke of Sheep, and their sins pack?
Had not our Iesvs them supported so,
Not one of all the flocke to heau'n should goe.

The Eliphant by Nature hath this grace,
That in his furies heate, yet if in place

Hee shall a Lambe (milde peaces Embleme) see,
His fury is assuag'd, his angers bee
Forth-vvith made calme; perchance some fel aspes tounge
VVith slanders poison hath your credit stunge:
Or some ill-nurtur'd groome eu'n to your face
Opprobrious speeches giues, vvordes of disgrace.
Your case is Davids, Absalon his hands
Against you lifts, and the rebellious bands
Are with your chiefe friends fil'd, vvho earst did goe
Next to your side is chiefe cause of your vvoe.
And vvhere you vveare vvith benefites most kind,
There you discourtesies doe chiefly finde,
By thieuish Pursuiuants your goods you loose,
And yet the Thieues you dare not once accuse.
Per chance vvith Iacobs sons, or Davids Childe
You blush to see as Tamar is defilde
Kick'de out of doores, after a deede so ill
You vow you vvill incestuous Ammon Kill.
You rage, you chafe, you storme, you svvell, you puffe,
The foming Adria is not halfe so rough.

Come angrie Eliphant behold a lambe,
Meeke Iesvs vvho in Paschall season came;
That by his death Man might enfranchis'd bee,
And by his slaughter the bound Goate set free.
Moyses a brasen Serpent did erect,
VVhich cured Israel vvith his sole aspect.
Behold this Lambe, meeke Iesvs marke him vvell,
In him let all your meditations dvvell.
His only sight vvill cure your inflam'd blood,
Chiefely if seene vpon the Crosses Rood.
For knovv fierce Man, this Lambe is Gods sole Son,
VVho vvhen vs sillie sheepe sin had vndone,
And vvee by Tempters vvhistle led astraye
Through vn-couth paths to Hell vvent the next vvay,
To see our ruine grieuing at the hart,
VVith Fathers leaue he plai'd the Shepherds part,
Inuenting a proportion'd meanes to gaine
The vvandering sheepe, and bring him backe againe.
Hee cloths himselfe vvith shape, vvith flesh, vvith skin
VVith all of Man, excepting only sin:
And in this forme conuersing 'mongst the rest,

Hee teacheth them vvhath feeding place is best.
Sometimes in Vallies and lovv Dales he goes,
As hovv vvee should our selues despise, he shoes,
Auerring vvho to Sion mount vvill clyme,
Must graze in these lovv pastures for a time.

Of Gelboe hils he bids his sheepe take heede,
There is no saftie on those Cliffs to feed.
The fruitfull shevvres, the Devv of heau'nly grace,
Neuer refresh that miserable place.
There vve see Savl on his ovvne svvord to die,
VVhilst he the Philistæan blades vvould flie
The Hils vvith murdred VVarriors are fill'd,
Thy valiant there, ô Israel are kil'd.
VVhat are these Mountaines vvhere such vvorthies di'de,
But eleuated hils of humaine pride?
VVits, vvho doe lift themselues aboue the rest,
And euer judge their ovvne opinion best.
Such vvicked Arrius vvas, and after him
Pelagius, of the Diuell each a limb.
Vrsacius, Valens and the gelded sorte,
VVho doe frequent (Constantius) thy Court.
To Iesvs all injurious: Iesvs grace
Pelagius doth denie: the Eunuchs race
Auer that God no more then they haue done,
In generation of his only Son:
And Gods Son follovving Natures vvonted lavves,
In his eternall being hath a cause.
These and all Heretikes in Gelboe hils,
Haue fallne on their ovvne swords, I meane their quilts.

Some times our Lambe on top of Thabor feedes
The flocke instructing by Heroycke deeds
Of diuine Counsails tis best there to graze,
From vvhence tovvard heau'nly Sion they may gaze:
Then he inform's them of his Royall birth,
The reason vvhy he came vpon the earth.
Hovv doth he make Celestiall Spirits mount,
VVhen hee the Eight Beatitudes doth count?
Beginning thus, the Kingdome of high heau'n
To those vvho are in spirit poore, is geu'n.
You aske vvho are spiritually poore,

VWho looking on their nothing doe not soare
VWith feath' red vvings of pride, but knowving vvell
That their offences haue deserued Hell,
They suffer injuries, that so his vvrath
They may appease, vvhom sin offended hath.
This pouertie had Israels forlorne King,
VWhen rayling Simei at him stones did fling:
Hee doth reflect as his rebellious son
Against him vvarrs, vvhat he before had done
To good Vrias, and accepts this rod,
As a deseru'd affliction, sent from God.

Marke hovv our Lambe doth earths possession giue
To those vvho on the earth doe meekely liue,
O're their ovvne passions their command is great,
I'th land of others harts they haue a seate.
Theirs is the land of euerlasting blisse,
(The vvchich alone land of the liuing is)
If poore haue heau'n, if meeke on earth doe dvvell,
VWhat place is for the angrie left, but Hell?
To Stygian pit, vvherefore doth Thubal goe,
Let holy man by God inspired shovv.
Because he had no Target to vvard blovves,
But svvordes and Launces to offend his foes.
Iesvs vvho doest our hands vvith vveapons arme,
VWhen heaped injuries sound the alarme;
VWhen vve shall suffer opprobries, vvhen wronge,
Bestovv on vs that armour of the strong
Firme patience, vvho fight couer'd vvith this shield,
Alvvaies returne victorious out the field.

VWhat vvvas thy life but a continuall paine,
A lasting labour to bring backe againe
The vvandering sheepe, and put him in such place
VWhere holsome pastures are, streames flovv vvith grace.
VWhom did'st not thou instruct, to vvhom not Preach
VWhom virtue not by thy example teach?
VWhen any vvith the rot infected vvare,
VWith vvhat loue didst thou cure them, vvith vvhat care?

Herafter Pastors thou doest teach to rule,
Making thy life of eu'ry grace a Schoole.

Thou bidst them oft remember Ioathans tale,
 How when supremacy was set to sale.
 The Figge, the Vine, the Oliue would not buye
 With their owne detriment a place so highe:
 Only the Thorne accepteth to be great,
 (Thornes willingly doe sit in vpper seate)
 Who follow thee must choose the lower end,
 Vntill thy heauenly Father bid ascend.
 Thou shevest wherein a Prelats place consists
 Not in good fare, or doing what he lists,
 Not to haue complacence in being first,
 Rather to judge himselfe therefore the worst.
 Not making the poore sheepe to carry much
 When hee with his least finger will not touch
 The burthen others beare, nay the right waie
 To gouerne is, when Prelates doe, then saie.
 Therefore still thou doest to thy precepts joyne
 This Rule, my seruants actions be like mine.
 Hee is a Monster in whose mouth doth stand
 A tongue, in greatnesse which exceeds his hand.
 How many such our Basan Pastures shovve?
 How many such in vpper places goe?
 Of God and virtue they doe largely talke,
 But haue no hands to worke, no feete to walke
 After thy Crosse, such carry on their backe
 A Pastors title, but the virtue lacke.
 Who are in seate of supream honour plac't
 Must keepe themselues from a cold Northren blast,
 Icleped pride, this had his birth on high,
 And euer since contendeth vp to flie.

What industrie, what labours doest thou spend
 In gaining Iudas? as if the whole end
 Of thy conuersing in the world had bin
 To make this wretch forsake his haunt of sin:
 And what reward? as Priests shall him out tell
 Poore thirtie pence, he will his Maister sell?
 And can a Lambe for such a price be sold,
 More worth then Iasons sheepe with fleece of gold?
 When at this rate the Butchers had thee bought,
 They presently vnto the shambles brought,
 Where with thy death though they did meane to end,

Thy vvisdome did beyond their malice tend.
Then thou didst thinke vpon this mystique board,
Hovv vvith thy sacred flesh it should be stor'd,
Making theit furies, vvho did thirst thy bloud
The instruments of our eternall good.
And alt'ring the old rites of Pascall sheepe,,
Ordain'st that vvee a better Easter Keepe.

The hautie Pharisies full little thinke,
They make a vvine shall be soule-sauing drinke
For hated Gentiles, little doe they dreame,
From Iesvs vaines can flovv so rich a streame.
Doe you thinke Scribes vvho sit on Moyses Chaire,
That vvhen in high Priests house you joyned are,
Your consultation is, hovv you shall dresse
For Christian banquet a Cælestiall Messe?
Speake sacred Muse, hovv this great Myst'rie came,
That our foes dresse for vs our Paschall Lambe.

The cruell Knife that cut our Iesvs throate,
In Pilates Hall vvas the base vulgars note.
As they the Heau'ns astonish vvith their crie,
Let Barrabas alone, let Iesvs die.
I finde quoth Pilate of his death noe cause.
They ansvveare let him dye (our vvils are lavves.)
Bring vvater, from this crime ile vvash me free.
His bloud on vs, and on our Children bee.
Yee Impious Ievves, this vvas the sharpe edg'de Knife,
VVhich did depriue meeke Iesvs of his life.

VVhen Titvs shall your Cittie vvals cast dovvn,
VVhen fire your Temple, and destroye your Tovvne,
VVhen to the vvorlds end your accursed race
Shall vvander vagabonds in eu'ry place;
Then knowv that Abels bloud, vvhom you haue slaine
For vengeance cries against his Brother Caine.
VVhen common vveales shall make you a signe vse
To make the vvorld take notice you are Ievves,
VVhen Boyes hoope after you, Dogs at you barke,
Haue you not Caine the homicide his marke?

Before a Lambe is for the Table fit

They vse to fleye him, aftervwards to spit,
 And so by gentle fires all sides to heate,
 Till by degrees it be made holsome meate.
 But not the most hard-harted Butcher flaies
 The silly Lamkin, vvilst life in it staies:
 Oh then are Butchers, more inhumaine Ievves!
 Hovv cruellie doe you meeke Iesvs vse?
 As you doe make the Romaine Cohort strip,
 And vvhilest he liues, flaie him vvith tearing vvhip.
 From top to toe his skin they doe pull off,
 His vvoundes your sport are; at his paines you skoffe:
 Hovv else should his vvoes of all vvoes be chiefe:
 Hovv else should Iesvs be a man of grieffe?
 But can your malice as yet farther goe,
 Are you stil vvittie to increase his vvoe?
 Though you did stab him vvith your doubled noate,
 Of let him die, although pul'd off his coate
 VVith many lashes, yet nor Knife, nor Rod
 Quite kills the Lambe, vvho is both Man and God.
 After a manie deaths life doth remaine,
 That hauing killed you may kill againe.
 You joye that he as yet not yeelds to fate,
 That so you longer may protract your hate.
 Hee joyes to liue, that vvee may see hovv much
 Hee loued vs, vvhose suffrings haue bene such,
 And all for vs; our sins strucke euery blovve
 Our vvickednesse vvas cause of all his vvoe.

VVittie Perillus and Mezentius sterne
 To torture shall of you inuentions learne.
 Proceeding in your malice you make fit,
 To rost this holy Lambe a vvodden spit,
 The Crosse I meane, to vvchich his feete and hands
 Your barb'rous hangmen tie vvith iron bands.
 VVhat is defectiue novv? a flame to roast
 The victime, and so consummate the Hoast:
 Ith' altar of our Iesvs breast doth burne
 A sacred fire, the vvchich shall serue the turne.
 Not thornie Crovvne, not vvhips, not bloudie svveat,
 Not Crosses vveight, but feruorous loues heate
 Consumes our Lambe, as Phœnix in his nest
 Our Iesvs dies midst flames of fierie brest.

For vvere he not consum'd by such a Sun,
Hovv should an holocaust be rightly done?
Vnder the Crosse to haue a place, vveel'e sue
VWhere vvee vvill immolated Iesvs vievv:
And vvhilste on each sad passage vvee reflect,
VVeele heale our sorrovves vvith his sole aspect
VWhen vvee are angrie vvee vvill on him looke,
His taunts, his griefes, his vvounds shall be our booke:
And as he suffers, vvilst vvee heare no noice,
Not the least sound of a Complainctiue voice,
VVeele set our spoonefull to his sea of vvoes,
Our aduersaries to his sauage foes,
And blush to fill each eare, each place vvith mone,
VWhilst in respect of his our griefes are none.

The Lambe by Ievves and Pharises thus drest,
For Iesvs friends makes a continuall feast.
But vvith vvhat drinke is this great banquet stor'de,
VWhat Massique vvine adornes this royall borde?

My Muse declare in the ensuing verse,
And the strange nature of that vvine rehearse,
The properties of that Cælestiall vvine,
VWhich Iesvs vvorthy ghestes drinke as they dine.
Of vvchic vvhen you shall heare prodigious things,
Yet giue vs faith, and knovv this liquor springs
From Vine tree, vvchic vvvas set by Gods ovvne hand,
And in the midst of Paradise doth stand.
Bee not incredulous this vvine doth grovv
In Iesvs vaines, and from his vvoundes doth flovv,

The Hart vvhom Dogs haue almost at a baye,
Peceiuing that his spirits doe decaye,
Forthvvith vnto some Riuer hath recourse,
VWhere svvimming through, he gathereth nevv force,
VWith vvchic, as if he had but then begun,
He svviftly flies, pursuing death to shun.

The soule of Man cloth'd vvith this fleshly furre,
Is this poore Hart, by many cruell Curr,
Hunted to death, the houndes names vvill you heare?
Sad griefe, fond joye, stearne vvrath, vaine hope, false feare

These as Acteons Beagles obe'id Man,
Vvilst Man vvas good, and reason vs'd, but vvhen
Man in transgression vvas the Deuils Ape,
And to a beast transformed, lost his shape.
The Curs vvich heretofore vvere kept in avve,
Vvill novv obey no longer reasons lavv,
But as that Hunters Dogs their Maister chase,
And oft bereaue him of his life of grace.
Amongst the rest one vgly Curre is found,
Icleped Mortall sin, this foule-mouth'd hound
By nature hath such an enuenom'd tooth,
That vvhere he bites, assured death ensu'th.

The Nemrod or chiefe Maister of the sport,
The Diuel is, vvho vvith a gracelesse sorte
Of vvorldlings, sons of the accursed Cayne,
Pursue the silly Harte, till hee be slaine.
Vvhen sin is done an Euge blovves the horne,
Their Huntzman hola is faire vertues scorne.
The vvoods resound vvith base detractions voice,
Foule slanders Echo makes a hideous noyse.
Vvhen no temptation doth the soule assault,
They storne and svveare the Doggs are at a fault,
Getting the sent by customes tracke againe,
They and their Curre follovv the Chace amayne.

The Hart pursu'de by such malitious foes,
Is tyred ofte, oft doth his forces lose.
Vvhen loe good God (vvho the stai'd course of things
Svveetly contriues) our Beast thus toyled brings
By secreet motions to a pretious floud,
Vvich flovves vvith streames of vvounded Iesvs bloud.
Through this the chased Deer no sooner svvims,
But vvith nev v strength he innouates his limbs:
And thus refresht tovwards Heau'n he trippeth so,
That vve him judge rather to flie then go:
Nay sure he flies, (his vvings are loue and grace)
Vvhere-vvith tovwards Sion he mounts vp apace.
Is this blest Riuer Davids house of Armes
To furnish vs vvith sheilds against all harmes?
Or as in first creation great God brings

Out of the waters feth' red foule vvith vvings?
Barke, barke yee Currs, ye cannot hurte vs more,
Our soule hath vvings, and in the Ayre doth soare.

Vvho shall in Lethes streames his members bath
(Is it a benefite?) Obliuion hath
Of his past deedes, forgetting good and ill,
(Else Poets vvith their lyes the vvorld doe fill.)
On Alter table flovves a Lethes fload,
Breeding obliuion of each thing, but good.
Vvho are vvash't heere forget their old desires,
Earthly propensions, and accustom'd fires.
Vvhat vvonder then, if as Hart through here passe,
He seeme to be far other then he vvas?

Shall I describe this glorious Nilus head
Vvhen it began? As Iesvs blood is shed
By impious Ievves on blest Caluarias Hill,
And since through Edens Garden flovveth still:
Vvhen as the souldiar vvith his Launce did ope
Our Iesvs side, he gaue the streame full scope
To issue foorth, vvich hetherto hath run,
And euer shall vntill the vvorld be done.
On Ægypt fruits Nilus bestovves a birth,
This Riuer fertill makes our Christian Earth.
Once in a yeare seau'n-headed Nile or'e-flovves,
And benedictions on the land bestovves.
Each daye, each hovvre, as Aarons sons thinke good,
Vvvee see the ouer-flovving of this fload.

Fruitfull the Trees are, vvich in ordred ranckes,
Vvith the streames vvatred grovv along the bankes.
Among'st these flourisheth a vvell-spread Vine,
The Grape vvhereof doth make a royall Vvwine,
Vvith vvich our Iesvs furnisheth his Feasts:
None can it's vertue tell, but vvho are Guests.
O happie vines vvich in Engaddy grovv
Vvhere vvine is made, from vvhence chast virgins flow.
Vvith this vvine to be drunke, feare not this Cup
Ingenders vvorthy thoughts, drinke it all vp

Vvhen vvee (faire Nymph) thy Austrian house and tree,

Throughout our Christian world dilated see,
All men the greatness of the Trunke admire,
Great Kings such branches as thy selfe desire.
Vvee doe reuolue old Oracles, and saie
Therefore doth Austrias Sun like the Noone daie
Shine in our Hemisphère, and bright raies spread,
Because Great Rodolph to this mistique bread,
By vs describ'de, such pietie did shovv,
From his deuotion benedictions flowv
Vppon thy house: my Muse vvhich here doth treat
Of this rare Mannah, and Ambrosian meate,
Offers her selfe, vvhil'st shee doth Manna sing,
To you (Great Princesse) vvho from Rodolph spring:
And knowves, though nothing else her gracious make,
Yet y'oule accept her for the Mannas sake.

The sacrifice vvhereof our Church doth boast,
VVherein for Peoples sins Gods Son is hoast,
Astonisht vvee vvith silence vvill passe o're,
And humbly him vvho is in it adore.
Vvee anger Iesvs vvhen vvee doe amisse,
To make our peace Iesvs the victime is.
The Priest eake Iesvs is: millions of times,
And in as many places for our crimes
Doth Iesvs offer victimes eu'rie daie,
As if he nothing else but Masse did saie.
The Bell vvch makes all people to repaire,
To Iesvs Church, and telleth them that there,
Gods seruice shall be done: is a straunge bell,
And vvhen it rings, doth ring as strange a knell.
It is made of the voices of all those
VVho reason vse; both Iesvs friends and foes
Serue as a Bell, vvch Christian people tels,
That in our Church the true Religion dvvels:
In Church describ'de by me, built by Gods Son,
True seruice of eternall God is done.
At such an houre, at such a time of daie,
Iesvs himselve vvill vouchsafe Masse to saie.

Great God himselve in this Bell hath a share,
As he doth in his testaments declare,
That the Church, vvwhose foundation I haue laid

Is that vvhich he 'ith vvorlde beginning made;
The same vvhich in the Patriarchall daies,
And lavv of Moyses he from earth did raise,
But vvas vnto a full perfection brought,
VWhen Iesvs grace, and truth his Christians taught
Nay God is angrie, and doth tell vs plaine,
His Church did not begin vvith impious Caine,
But founded in a righteous Abels bloud,
Hath since supported by his right hand stood.
Haue I built vp my Church, Iehova saith,
On Arrius, Hus, on Magus faithlesse faith?
VWho so doe build their house, build on the sands,
No longer then the builder, the vvorke stands.
VWho not vvith mee on Iesvs build; at once
Their Church shall perish, vvith their rotten bones.
But my Church stands on an immoued rocke,
And shall endure each persecutions shocke.
No Ievv, no Heretique, no Pagans arme
Can doe the Church vvhich I haue builded harme.
Nay euery blustering vvinde, each aduerse blast
Make the foundation of my Church more fast.

I built a neate, an ample statelie Kirke,
And dare these saie, their hogsties are my vvorke?
VWith virtues Tapestry my Church is faire,
Not vvith sins vgly, as their dunge cartes are,
Perfumes of grace in my Church svvetly smell,
Vice makes their Synagogues a second Hell.

Iesvs (the vvorth of vvwhose braue name vvee tell)
Giue a voice to'th making of our bell,
And speaketh thus, liuing it vvas my vvill
To build my Church and Citty on a Hill.
I built my Tempel on a mountaine high,
Conspicuous and expos'd to eu'rie eye:
Had I made man inuisible to goe,
I vvould haue likevvise built my temple soe.
I therefore spent a thirtie-three yeares time,
That mine should high perfections mountaine clime.
A three-fould mountaine then Olympus higher
As Ætna burning vvith perpetuall fier:
The poore, the chast, the virtue vvhich obeies,

This mount more high then common earth doth raise.
Good vvorkes, and almes bestovved in my name,
Make this high hill vvith Charitie to flame:
The smell is likevvise vvonderfully svveete,
VVhilest Myrrhe and Frankinsence together meete.
And that these alvvaies recke must be the care
Of mortifying actes, and mentall praire.

Hovv then dare these blasphemers of my grace,
Saie I haue chosen for my Church a place
VVith the earth euen? those vvho neuer soare
VVith counsailes vvings to heau'n, vvhat haue they more
Then earth? in vallies and lovv dales they goe
VVho then commandements, vvill no more knovv.
Good vvorkes not onely make my Cittie faire,
But eake behoofull for the dvvellers are.
And shall such appertaine vnto my mount,
VVho of good vvorkes make none or little count?

But carelesly set all at sixe and seau'n
And saie bare faith enough is to get Heau'n.
My Church is not a Kennell for foule Dogs,
A nastie hogstie for all sensuall Hogs.
Did not Iouinian a foule Hogstie make,
VVhen from chaste life he did all merit take?
All such doe Hogsties vvith Iouinian build,
VVho to Virginitie no honour yeild.
Hovv dare these Gerasines (feeders of svvine)
Affirme their durtie village to be mine?
I claime a Church vvhich on a mountaine stands
Such, such is that vvhich I made vvith my handes.
In this I giue remission of sin,
And in none else, here (people) enter in.
This is my garden, this my dvvelling house,
Here vvith me dvvells my Loue, my Doue, my Spouse.

This Church my sheepefold is: sheepefold and sheepe
VVith my ovvne mouth I did bid Peter keepe.
And shall I thinke my Church and sheepefold theare
VVhere my chiefe Vicar Peter hath no care?
Those Synagogues, vvhere Cephass hath no Keie
Are shambles, vvherein butchers the sheepe slaie.

I in my Church (vvhat nation can so boast?)
For peoples sins offer my selfe an Hoast.
I did die rherefore, therefore I did bleed
That I my friendes might vvith my ovvne flesh feed.
And in my vvounded vaines a Vine might grovv
From vvhence a Nectar (drinke of Gods) should flovv.
VVhere you behold such Nectar and such fare
Goe in; there is my feast, there my guests are.
But be assur'de there is no feast of mine
VVhere you no more haue then bare Bread aud VVine.

Not to a meale made vp of of Foule and Beastes,
But to my Body I inuite my ghuests.
Am not I able to performe my vvord,
And set my sacred flesh vpon the board?
VVho say my diuine hand Almighty is,
VVhy giue they limits to my povvre in this?
For vvine I said my ghuests my bloud should drinke,
If I not giue it them, they needes must thinke,
I either doe delude, or els am vveake,
Not able to effect, vvhat I doe speake
Nor i'st enough if I should make them eate
For my true body a phantastike meate,
My bodies figure, and a tipike VVine,
For I a substance promist' not a signe.

The Architect of lies maketh such Feasts
And vvith like fopperies deceiues his guests.
Hee carries them to Castles of the aire,
And makes them thinke they feede on daintie fare
VVhen they eate nothing, all are trickes of his,
Each thing a signe, each thing a shaddov is,
They neither haue before them flesh nor fish,
But idle faith composeth eu'ry dish.
Call they not mee impostor vvith high Priests
VVho saie that I so juggle vvith my ghests?
I bid them to a banquet, saie their meate
Shall be diuine, my bodie they shall eate;
But vvhen they sit dovvne, an od fellovv saith,
Take, eate this bread, and feed on Christ by faith.
The putid Berengarius mumbled so,
And long since for an Heretique did goe.

And yet the people must persuaded be,
That such a dinner vvas ordain'd by me.

Marie his Mother, vvho triumph'de or'e Hell,
Giueth a voice to making of this Bell.
And bids all people to this Temple goe,
VVhich in the former lines my Muse doth shevv:
And thus she speakes: This Church vnto my Son
Belongs for in it are due honours done.
To mee his Mother: Iesvs Priests are heere,
For pietie hath builded euerie vvhere,
Many faire Altars, and to honour mee,
The vvorld continuall sacrifice doth see:
Each hart is made an holy Altar stone
VVhereon due victimes vnto mee are done.
Petitions are the Hoasts vvhich please mee vvell,
As vvith deuotions Frankinsence they smell.

VVhen as the vvorld its first beginning had,
And sin had made the tvvo beginners sad;
Great God the serpent punishing, from vvhom
Both sin and sadnesse came, pronounc'd this doome;
That there should be an euerlasting vvarre
T'vvixt mee, and Satan, betvvixt those vvho are
His Sons, and such vvho from my bovvels spring
(Such Children at the Crosse I forth did bring.
That vvas the groning Bed I laie vpon,
VVhen at my Iesvs death I did beare Iohn
And in him the vvhole Church: my eldest boie
Borne vvithout paine, but not vvithout much joye
Great Iesvs vvas: the earth and heauen smilde,
VVhen my vvombe blest the vvorld vvith this braue child.
Iesvs and Iohns acknowvledge I my seed,
(In sorrovv Iohns as Rachel I did breed.)
Iohns knowvng I am theirs and Iesvs Mother
VVith filiall loue affect me 'fore all other.
Knowv then that Tempel in the vvhich you see
My progenie, Iesvs true Church to bee.

Novv by these markes you shall my children knowv
A great respect and loue to me they shovve,
They knowv vvhat grace on earth God to me gaue,

They know what glorie in the heau'ns I haue:
(Such Chrysostome, such Anselme, Bernard vveare
By God instructed in my visions share)
They know what int'rest I haue in my Son:
He euer hath and vwill graunt mee each boone.
Like Bersabee I sit at his right hand,
And though I doe intreat, yet I commaund.
Therefore to mee they doe direct their prairs,
My Son heares my petitions, I heare theirs.
A mothers title doth my Iesvs moue,
Mee to helpe them forceth a Mothers loue.

VVhere you see Virgins deuoute, humble, lovv,
Theres Iesvs Church, into that Temple goe
VVhere you see some vvith loues vvings mount on high,
They are my seed (so vvilst I liu'de did I.)
Mine are those Children vvho make me their glasse,
T'adorne themselues vvith virtues as I vvas.
By such apparell you my seed shall knowv,
But Satans sons in diff'rent habits goe.
Yet learne their markes, that vvhen you shal them meet,
You may discerne them by their clouen feete.
God promised a vvoeman vvho should tread
On the old serpens necke, and bruise his head.
Am I not shee vvho conceiu'd vvithout sin
In Mothers vvombe to bruise him did begin?
(VVhom sin taints not (sin is the serpens head)
Such trample on him, yea such strike him dead)
Eve vvas a cursed tree, on vvich did grovv
To Adam, and his generation vvoe.
I bore a fruit, Iesvs my royall Son,
VVho did restore vvhat Adam had vndone.
Grovvng in Caluarie vpon a Crosse,
He did repaire terrestriall Edens losse.
VVherefore 'gainst me, vvhom mightie God did chuse,
And as a meanes in mans redemption vse,
'Gainst mee the Mother of the God of Hoasts,
The Prince of Hell musters his damned Ghosts:
'Gainst mee each Goblin, each infernall sprite
Proclaimeth vvarre, spitteth at mee his spite.

But since my person they cannot come nigh

(Glorie and grace haue lifted me so high.)
That diu'lish malice vvwhich to mee they ovve,
In blasphemies and opprobries they shovv.
So doth the Serpent and his vvicked race
Diminish that all ouer-shadovving grace
VVherevvith the holy Ghost my soule did fill,
VVhen Iesvs leauing high Olympus hill,
Chose my parthenian vvombe, that flesh to make
VVhich on himselfe the Deitie vvould take.)
VVhen they dare saie, offenders vvith sin foule
As much grace beautifies as my pure soule.

If God my Anselme did inspire as hee
Affirmes hovv those that are deuoute to me,
May firmly hope, that their names helpe to fill
That booke vvwhich Gods predestinating vvill
Hath vvrit; (this pietie and filiall loue
My deuotes to enroll great God doth moue.)
Shall not such justly feare, their names to finde
In the blacke booke of death? vvwhose canker'd minde
Replenisht is vvith spight, vvith splene, vvith hate
Against my person and my glorious state.
Can such more spit their rancourd malice forth,
Then in diminishing my graces vvorth?
They saie, God me no gifts peculiar gaue
So great a sanctitie as I all haue.
Daies Festiuall ordain'd to honour mee
By these my foes quite abrogated be.
They striue that I Mother of such a Son,
Should be forgot as if I nought had done.

The Serpent labours in the Desert vvilde,
First to deuoure the vvoman, then the childe.
These Caitiues knovv, that honour vvwhich I share
Redounds to Iesvs, vvwhose my merits are.
(For vvhat in mee is eminent is good
Is Iesvs grace; That is the Ocean Floud
From vvhence Saints merits flovv, and to the maine
By gratitude must back returne againe..)
And though they seeme at mee alone to ayme,
Yet they vvell knovv vvhat dart hurtes me the same
VVoundeth my Iesvs, such relation is

Tvvixt him and mee: my opprobries are his:
Therefore vvhen mooued by their du'ilish sire
They slander me; 'gainst Iesvs they conspire.

VVhen Antiochians vvill their hatred shovv
Vnto their Kesars, they their statues throwv
Contemptibly to ground: on Kings they vvreake
Their fury, as their Portratures they breake.
Could these Iconoclasts vvith impious hand
My person touch, I should no more commaund
As Angels Empresse: nor in highest heau'n,
Injoye that glorie vvhich my Son hath giu'n.
But since their malice cannot reach so high
They in my holy Pictures me defie.
They breake and despise these, out Churches thro
And if they could they eake vvould vse mee soe.

Nay vvorse then Saul, possest vvith an ill sp'right
VVhat serpent could not doe, these sons of night
Attempted haue vvhist their blaspheming tongue
Hath me defiled vvith transgressions dunge.
Counsailers and Fathers haue religious bin,
Mee to exempt vvhen as they treat of sin.
And yet these foule-mouthd'e Cerberi dare houle
That Iesvs Mother is vvith blacke sin foule.
So did not the Archangel Gabriel sing
VVhen he from heau'n his Embassie did bring.
But thus began, Hayle of thy sexe the best
Store-stouse of grace amongst all vvoemen blest.
The Fathers svvimme in this Embassage streame,
Making the Angels vvordes my praises theame.
VVho dare a note hovvle contrarie to this,
Sing not as Angel, but vvith Serpent hisse.
But though Dogs barke, yet Cynthia keepes her course,
These Curses may houle, but haue no further fourcc,
Although these Deuils against mee conspire,
Yet am I vvorshipped of Angels Quire.
Mauger the Serpent, mauger errors pride,
In glories Chariot, I triumphant ride.
These are the Clothes vvhich Satans children vveare
The markes of Cain vvhich on their fronts they beare
A deadly hatred and malitious splene,

Gainst Iesvs Mother, and the Angels Queene.
Such, such are Serpents of-spring, Satans seed,
VVhen you incounter them, flie flie vvith speed.
Knovv Iesvs loue in such can neuer dvvell,
VVho of his Mother knovv not to speake vvell,
Auoyd their companies, their verie breath
Is dangerous, and can ingender death;
Hovv fatall, vvas the serpents hissing noise
VVhen he Eue murdered vvith his only voice?
Vild Heretiques of vvorse sire sons as ill
Haue of their father learnd vvith vvords to kill.
Hereticall assemblies are a schole,
VVhere Satan sitting on his pest'lence stole
False doctrine teacheth, and vvith forged tales
Gainst me, my Son, and his Saints daily railles.

But vvhere are pious vvorshippers of me,
Assure your selues there Iesvs Church to be.
VVhere Iohns assemble, there the true Church is,
If you finde one you cannot th' other misse.
Angels vvho not pertake our speaking art
By signes vvill vtter their true meaning harte:
And saie this is that Church, vvhich Iesvs built,
Those verie vvalls he made, the roofe he guilt.
Into this Church all nations enter in
VVhere truest Sacrifice is done for sin.
Heere shed your teares, here Iesvs vice-roies sitt,
VVho can your sins vvashed vvith teares remit.
Iudges, to vvhom Iesvs such povvre hath giu'n
That vvhat they here doe is confirm'd in heau'n.
In this Church vvee (attendants on our King,)
As Iesvs Prelates doe the High Masse sing,
And eleuate our mightie Lord on High,
In signe of Homage on the lovv earth lie.
By Quires of Angels are song joyfull laies,
VVhen sinfull soules forsake their vvonted vvaies;
In Penitents conuersion shares haue vvee
Our ruines by their risings filled bee.
Of it and those vvho in this Tempell are,
Are vvee protectours, and haue speciall care.
VVhereas those Synagogues, vvhich schisme and pride
Haue cobled vp, not Michael doth guide:

But Lucifer vvith his blacke garde attends,
And brings at last vnto disastrous ends.

Chiefe Senatours of Iesvs Common vveale
Th' Apostles in this manner ring a peale.
That Church vvhich of th' Apostles taketh name,
Is Iesvs Church, vvee did erect the same.
Against this Church Hell gates fight, but in vaine,
Vvee are the Pillars, vvho this Church sustaine.
Firme Pillars, and strong firmament of Truth,
Supporting it, mauger vvhat Satan doth.
Those Synagogues on Pillars doe not stand
Vvhich vveare built vp by Magus impious hand,
By Cerinth Marcion, but in Pillars turne,
Are rotten stickes, vvhich in Hell fire shall burne.
The houses vvith them joyntlie shall decaie,
The houses vvhich these vvorkemen make of Claie.
Opinions Preaching nothing else but ease,
Opinions vvhich (prone to ill) nature please.
Are rotten stickes, vvhen Simon Magus said
To gaine heau'n faith sufficient is, hee made
Of rotten stickes a stie for sensual hogs,
And like to him a Kennell for foule dogs
Eunomius built, saying that Faith alone
Can saue our soule, though good vvorks vve haue none.
Did not Nouatians build a house of claie,
Vvhilst Priests authoritie they tooke avvaie?

A house vvhere carnall libertines shall dvvell,
A house vvhich is the Porters lodge of hell.
No vvonder though broad be perditions path,
For Pilgrims tovwards Hell it alvvaies hath.
No true Confession of sins in the vvay,
No good aduise the passengers to staie.
But in that Church vvhich built by Iesvs hands
On vs Apostles as firme Pillars stands.
Iesvs appointed there should alvvaies sit
His Vicerioies, and the guilt of sin remit:
And Christians teach vvhere feinds in ambush lie.
Hovv they their treacheries and snares shall flie.
Doctors of Physicke, vvho vvith vvine and oyle
Diseases cure; vvhen Priests from sin assoile

They povvre in oyle: Gods mercie oyle must be,
 VVhich svvimming 'boue his attributes vvee see.
 Pennance by Priests injoy'n'd hath the vvines place,
 VVhich though it smart, yet hath an healing grace.
 His Vicerioies, vvho vvhen sinners goe next vvaie
 To Hell, them by good admonition staie;
 Teach Penitents that such and such a fault
 Their predecessours to perdition brought,
 That such actes are inordinate and fovvle,
 Such customes dangerous vnto the soule.
 Hovv by good customes they must o'rcome bad,
 In Ghostly vvarfare vvhat care must be had,
 So Aarons Priests judg'd of the Lepers skin:
 So Iesvs Priests judge betvvixt sin and sin.
 In Church vvhich Iesvs vpon vs did raise,
 Such vvas the vse; This euen in our daies,
 The custome vvas; Iesvs vs povver gaue
 To forgiue sins, and vvee it practiz'd haue:
 But vvhere of sins no true remission is,
 Bee sure you shall of Iesvs tempel misse.
 Of that Church Iesvs no foundation laid,
 But schisme and pride haue the vvhole building made:
 That Church Apost'like is vvhere-vvith great care
 Traditions of Apostles obseru'd are.
 Things vvhich great Iesvs vs alone did teach
 To the vvhole vvorld vvee aftervvards did Preach,
 And though all circumstances are not vvrit,
 (The Majestie of God not thinking fit
 So to confine himselfe) yet they 're as good
 As if they vvrit in sacred volume stood,
 And in Religious hartes finde as much faith
 VVho kovv it is as true vvhat Iesvs saith,
 As vvhat he vvrites: so vve haue Christians taught,
 That Baptisme children frees from Adams fault.
 Inspir'd by God vvee ordaind Lenten fast,
 VVorship of Images in Tempels pla'st.
 These vvee as Iesvs substitutes ordain'de
 And haue in Christs Church hetherto remaind.
 VVhere these are kept, that Church is Iesvs spouse,
 Goe in all people, there keepes Iesvs house.

The Martyrs vvho vvith death their Crovvnes did vvin

Ring such a peale and call all people in.
 That Church vvhich by sad persecution grovves,
 And more it is oppressed by her foes,
 The more increaseth, vvas by Iesvs made,
 Iesvs of it the vvhole foundation laid.
 The Parget vvhich this building makes so good,
 And joynes the stones is glorious Martyrs bloud:
 VVhen other sects by frovning Cæsars ire,
 Consumed are like drie vvhod in the fire,
 VVee as true gold (such is Gods heaun'ly mighte)
 Are purifi'de, and made to shine more bright.
 VVho should of Sixtus and his Laurence tell
 If Valerianus had not bene so fell:
 VVho e're had heard of braue Sebastians praise?
 Had hee not liu'de in Dioclesians daies.
 Great Rome three hundreth thousand Martyrs shovves
 Expos'd to beasts, burnt, rackt by cruell foes.
 And thirty glorious Popes in order stand,
 VVho lost their liues by Persecutors hand.
 (Can all the sectes vvhich haue bene since Christs daies
 Together joyned, such a number raise?
 If it be chiefest loue our liues to spend,
 (Iesus saith so) in seruice of our friend,
 VVas not the charitie of Romaines much?
 VVhose Massacres for Iesus sake vvere such.
 No vvonder eake though Romaine ground be good
 A Nilus vvatred it of Martyrs bloud.

VVe lost our liues, and yet vvee vvon the field,
 And made our bloudie persecutors yeild,
 Tvvo Kesars vanquisht in these bearing fights
 To Constantine resigne their Kingly rights,
 And first a Christian killing hand doth vvant,
 E're martyrs readie to be kild are scant.
 Iesvs ordaining that his friends shal gaine
 Not by resisting, but by being slaine.
 So he him selfe made Hell, and diuels flie,
 VVhen on the Crosse on Golgoth he did die.
 No armour must vvee bring into the field
 But a sole Buckler, patience is this shield.
 This is enough to gaine the promist Crowne,
 Sufficent eake to cast Hells povvers dovvne.

The rising vvaues, vvhich drovvne each other barke,
Lift only from the ground just Noahs Arke.
Though other Cocke-boates perish in the seas,
VVhilst no milde Neptune makes the billovves cease,
Yet vvhen the surges tosse Saint Peters barge,
Iesvs himselfe (best Palinure) hath charge.
Iesvs himselfe great Neptune of the Sea,
Iesvs vvhom VVindes and Æolvs obey.
Hee calmes the vvaues vvith his all-potent hand,
And brings our Pinnace to desired land.

VVhere is Iouinians Hoie; vvhere Arrius Boate?
Though furnished vvith seamen of such noate.
Euseb, and other learned men
Rovved in Arrius Boate vvith tongue and pen:
Rotten vvith time their Pinnace vvater drinkes,
And to the bottome miserably sinckes.
Nor anie ship can long 'gainst billovves stand,
VVhich is not built and gouernd by Gods hand.
Of Albigenses vvhat doth novv remaine?
But that they vvere by Simon Montford slaine.
VVho novv for vvicked Hus, and Arrius lookes,
Must finde them in great Iesvs Doctors bookes.

But Peters ship, vvherein did Iesvs preach,
As he the multitude on shore did teach,
From Iesvs daies vnto our present times
Hath still made voyages to remote climes.
And carried Marchants, vvho not for base gold,
But death and blovves their pretious vvares haue sold.
Their vvares vveare charitie, true-faith, firme-hope,
VVhich they for sorrovves and contemptes did cope.
Saint Peters ship made voyages to Chine,
To Iapons Ilands vvhich on Sinas joyne
To the remote America vvhich shovves
A flovvre, vvhereon the name of Iesvs grovves.
(Yee gentle heau'ns smile svveetly on that earth
So dignifi'd vvith name of Iesvs birth)
(Thrice happie they, on vvhose vvell-vvatred ground
The name of Iesvs flourishing is found.)
Iesvs svveete odour our stout hartes did fill,

When Tyrants vs for Iesvs sake did kill.
To all these Regions Peters Pinnace fraught
With Merchandise, celestiall virtues brought,
And though it labourd hath so many yeares,
Yet svvift it sailes and as nev्व made appeares.
No dangerous syrts, no ship-deuouring sands,
No billovves, no perfidious Pyrats bandes
Conspiring vvith damnd Ghoasts to Hell cast dovvne,
Are able Peters vvell-built Arke to drovvne.
Her Pilote Iesvs in no tempests fayles,
The holy Ghost filleth vvith vvindes her sailes:
That mauger Satan, and his stigian court
Shee safe ariues at heau'ns desired porte.

Wherefore that ship, vvwhich through all ages hath
Carried in her the Merchants of true Faith:
That ship vvwhich of spoiles from Hell-gained brags,
And for her streamers hath blest Martyrs flags.
Is Iesus Church (vvwhich God like a ship formes
For t'is exposde to Seas, to vvindes, to stormes.)
Of this Boate Iesus himselfe hath the charge,
(VVho seeke heau'ns Hauen come into this barge.)

Virgins vvho Lavvrels vveare vpon their head,
Adorn'de vvith Lilies vvwhite, and Roses red.
(Virginitie the Lilie vvwhite bestovves
A glorious death brings forth the ruddie Rose)
These Nymphs I saie Angelicallie sing,
And in this sorte a holy peale doe ring.
(A peale vvherein all numbers friendly meete,
Virgins alone can sing a song so svveete.)
These flovvres vvwhich on our frontes make so faire shovv
And smell so svveete in Iesus Garden grovv.
Thence Barbara, thence Agnes, did them take,
And a triumphant Garland of them make.
Iesus Church stands in an Elizian ground,
VVhere fragrant Roses are, and Lilies found,
VVhere Vestal Virgins haue their deseru'd praise,
And Martyrs fronts adorn'de are vvith greene Baies.
VVhere good vvorkes euermore doe fragrant smell,
Is Iesus Garden, Iesus there doth dvvell.
There s his bovver, there his Summer house,

There Iesus sporteth vvith his louely spouse.

Mongst these in English tone sings Ebba slaine
For Chastities defence by the stearne Dane,
VVith many Nuns, vvho vnder her charge vvere
(For of a Monasterie shee had care)
Off'ring their Laurels at feete of their King,
VVith Deborah of victories they sing.
Relate my Muse the subject of their song,
And speake their Crovvnes gaind by Barbarians vvrong.

In Collingham eight hundreth yeares agoe,
Or there-about (as Chronicles doe shovv)
A holy Cloister stood (is it not strange
That after-times should cause so great a change)
Then Fathers joyd, vvhen Cloistets had their sons,
Mothers rejoyc'd to see their daughters Nuns.
And thought their children bestovv'd vvondrous vvell,
VVhen they serud' Iesus in a quiet Cell.
They thought vvhen daughter chose a Cloister life,
That shee vvvas matcht vvith Iesus for his vvife.
But after-daies doe better ope their eies,
And then their Ancestors are grovvne more vvise:
Our times instructed in a deeper schole,
Haue learnde to call each age precedent foole,
And put on their Dads backes a Motlie coate,
Affirming superstition made them dote,
But le'ts goe on: Ebba vvvas Abbesse there
Many faire Nymphs to her obedient vvere.
Many faire Nymphs (though beautie vvvas thought foule
VVhich vvvas not grast'e vvith beautie of the soule.)

But vvhen our Fathers sin (for knowv that sin
Oft changeth scepters, and brings strangers in.
(So Roderigoes fault brought Mores to Spaine)
Had made God send to punish Crimes the Dane.
The Pagan soldier each vvhere spoyld the land,
No place vvvas free from his all-burning hand,
No holy Church but vvvas consum'de by fire
No age, no sexe could pacifie his ire.
Though no vvhere more the Deuill his part plaid,
Then vvwhereas pietie had houses made

For holy Nuns, and consecrated vvights,
To spend in diuine praier their daies and nights.
Satan too consciuous of the dailie maime,
By these he suffreth, and hovv they proclaime
VVarre 'gainst his Kingdome: vvith peculiar spite
Makes his infernall feinds gainst these to fighte.
(Speake Alberstate and Mansfield as you brag
Of Monasteries spoiles, vnder vvwhose flag
Your vvarfare is? Satan vvill paie you vvell
And vvhat vvants here you shall receaue in Hell.)

To Collingham the Mansion of our Nuns
A troupe of Pagans came: (Satan these sons
On Gentilisme begat) The house they take
(For vvhat resistance could poore vvomen make?)
The Vestments, Chalice, the holy things,
(Surely my Muse of nevv-done mischiefes sings.)
They doe prophane: vvhen they are full of spoyle
The Nuns (Gods liuing Temple) theile defile.

The VVolve vvho for long time no food hath eate
VWith fiercer appetite seekes not his meate
As leauing VVoods, vvhen night hath chas'de the daie,
He to the Village comes to get his praie,
And hauing found either by cries or smels,
VWhere harmelesse flocke by care of shepheard dvvels.
About the house he often vvalketh round,
Espying vvhere an entrance may be found.
Hee oft assaies to breake into the stall,
And oft repeld is by the vvell made vvall.
At last by force preuailing hee makes vvaie,
And in midst rusheth of his vvisht-for praie.
At sight of cruell foe the poore sheepe quake,
And although manie yet no head dare make.
(Shall vvee blame nature vvho makes stoutest Rams,
In presence of the VVolve, as meekest Lambs)
No othervvise the soldiers runne about
Each corner of the Cloister to finde out
These Lambes of God: they burne vvith vvicked flames,
And nought can quench their fire but sacred Dames.
They each-vvhere raunge, no barres can stop their course
They breake the strongest doores vvith deu'lish force.

So see vve Humber passing his set bounds
VVith vvaters drovvne the ouer-flovved grounds.
Bridges, and houses vvwhich oppose his vvaie
He carries vvith him, nothing can him staie.

Ebba (novv compast vvith Susannas care
Death or deflovvring the Elections are)
VVas to the Church vvith all her daughters fled
(VVith feare the holy Maides vvere almost dead)
Daughters, quoth shee; and vvould haue spoken more
VVhen furious Pagans rushing at the dore,
Did make her leaue, before shee had begun,
Vnto the dore some bolder Virgins runne,
And firme it fast, at least it shall keepe out
For some short space the Danes intruding route.
Ebba againe beginnes (daughters) quoth shee
To free your selfe from Danes lust learne of mee;
VVhat lavv forbids to vse a murdring hand,
To keepe vovvd'e faith, the same lavv doth commaund
For beauties sake Pagans haue vs in chase,
In steed of beautie a disfigur'd face.
Our sights shall yeeld them: as you see me doe
(vvith that shee dravves a Knife (Virgins) doe you.
Our bodies hetherto haue bene kept chast,
And vnto death shall not this purenesse last?
Our bodies yet are free from foule lusts staine,
And shall vve novv be rauisht by the Dane.
Shall vve polluted be vvith Pagans rape?
No no first perish this vvell-pleasing shape.
VVith streames of blood vv'eele quench vnlavvful fires,
VVith vglie lookes vv'eele scarre vntam'de desires.
Our spouse is Iesvs, faith to him vvee gaue,
Hee shall our bodies chaste, though mangled haue.
And though vve be exteriorly foule,
He more vvill loue the beautie of our soule.
In speech of men Euphrasia alone
Shall not hereafter liue: of vs each one
Shall acte that Virgin, and not feare deaths blovv
That to our spouse vnspotted vvee may goe.
Empresse of Virgins, of our sexe the best,
To thee vvee consecrate our snovvy brest.
If any faint doe thou stout thoughts inspire,

Iesvs pure Mother, giue a noble fire.

Hauing said thus, vvith knife shee slits her nose,
Mangels her cheekes, cuts off her lips, yet shevves
Not the least signe of sorrow (Iesvs loue
In her chaste soule all sorrow goes aboue.)
The Nuns vvho in obedience vveare exact
Follovv their Abbesse in this vvorthy fact.
Their Vizages (ô nobly cruel deed!)
VVith plenteous streames issuing from vvounds do bleed.
Faces, vvhere beautie dvvelt, and eu'ry grace,
Religious Amazons) themselues deface.

Telling this act shall I a credit finde?
VVill men beleue such an heroicke minde
Could in so manie dvvell? Could England breed
So manie Actours of so so braue a deed?
VVe see Zopirus daughters vvithout Nose
VVith mangled Cheekes: the most inhumaine foes
VVould pittie them, yet they all pittie hate,
(So much they Iesvs loue and Maiden state)
Imagine novv vvhat a deformed sight
These Virgins are: vvhom vvill not their vievv fright?
Let vvanton Dane attempt a Nun to kisse,
For lips a streame of bloud he shall not misse.

VVhat Church of Sectaries a Virgin shovves,
VVho slit for Chastities defence her nose?
Nay they shall Canonize such for a Sainte,
VVho doth not her selfe for an husband painte.
If Teeth, if Nose, if Face haue the least fault,
Nevv Teeth, nevv Nose, nevv Face, shal streight be bought:
If Teeth, if Nose, if Face can be for gold,
At Painters shop, or Poticaries sold.
(So vnlike is, so different the fire
Of Sions daughters, and the Gyrles of Tyre.

The inra'gde soldiers bolted out so long
Breaking the Dores into the Tempel throng,
And euery one, not knovving vvhat vvas done,
Run furiouslie to sease vpon a Nun:
But as they see their mangled faces bleed,

They stand amazed at the horrid deed.
The Captaine of the sacrilegious band,
Thinking this Acte vvas done by a strange hand,
Despairing eake to coole his impure flames,
By his Gods svveares, vvho had misus'de the Dames
Should die the Death, for Venus sportes vvere made
(Quoth he) these faces: not by cruell blade
To be disfigur'de. Then did Ebba speake.
Tyrant on vs thy sauage fury vvreake.
VVe haue offended, if offence it be,
By bodies maime to set the body free.
And in my Corps first sheth your naked blades,
VVhose counsaile and example made these maydes
Performe this deed, vvch follovving times shal tell,
And praise them to the heau'ns for doing vvell.
Conuert your svvords on me, t'vvas I, t'vvas I,
VVho counsaile gaue and courage; let me die,
This leader had no Porsenas braue sp'rit,
VVho vvhen the Romaine maides in dead of night
Guided by Clælia dovvn Tiber svvamme,
And safely to their sieged Cittie camme,
Astonished at the Heroike act
Did praise, and Crovvne the Virgins for the fact.

But these Barbarians, in vvwhose sauage brest
Not the least true nobilitie did rest
Inrag'de, that the attempt of these Chast Dames
Had quenched quite their ignominious flames,
VVith Hellish fury, and Erynnis fild,
VVhome they did loth to violate, they kild:
And turning vvicked lust to d'uilish ire
They set the Cloister vvith the Nuns on fire.

O happie Virgins, burning vvith your house
You offer holocausts vnto your spouse
To keepe your bodies incorrupt you die,
And vvith pure soules to high Olympus flie,
VVhere vvith your Iesvs you in glorie raigne,
VVho for your faith to Iesvs haue bene slaine.
Let not fame blazon more Lucretias name,
VVho as shee suff'red had a deed of shame,
VVith cruell blade her harmesse selfe did kill,

And on her corpes reveng'de anothers ill.
Had she before the acte vvith vvhetted knife
Sundred in tvvo the gold thread of her life,
VVe vvould haue giu'n her a chaste Matrons praise,
And vviser times her monuments should raise.

As to the Doctors, I novv take my vvaie,
Her sex and times first Martyr bids me staie,
VVhose glorious death did ring so loud a knell,
That it hath made eu'n learned strangers tell
Hovv a rich Marcarit in this our time,
Adornes our (from the vvorld diuided) clime,
VVhose Lavvrel vvith such fragrant flovvvers grac'te
Amongst the stoutest Champions hath her plac'te.
If Vincent, Menas of the true Church bee
Like cause, like virtue rings that so is shee.

The holy Fathers vvho had vvitt at vvill,
And vvith a Pen made of an Eagles Quill,
Diuinely vvrit for Iesvs common vveale,
To Martyrs next ring in this sorte a peale.
VVhere Doctors teach of admirable vvitt,
In eu'ry science deeply learned, yet
As vvas their Maister Iesvs, humble, knovv,
There Iesvs dvvels: into that Temple goe.
VVee of our Fathers mysteries did learne,
And vvhen vve vvould faiths Articles discern,
For feare of our great Maister to be shent,
Like Children vvee vnto our Mother vvent
And although vvee 'boue other men did soare
Yet did vvee listen to the Churches lore,
Knovving that truth vvas promist vnto it,
But priuate men may erre for all their vvitt.

Yea these vvise men in vvragling fashion chime,
And make complaints against some of our time,
VVho pulling them from heau'n vvhere they do dvvel,
Rancke them vvith Heretikes condem'd in hell,
Saying that they did teach the same vvith those
To vvhose opinions they vvere alvvaies foes.

Saint Ierome yet is full of holy Gall,

And vvho saie so, he Heretikes doth call.
Haue I quoth he so labourd vvith my Quill,
To fence a Cittie built vpon a Hill.
Haue I so many Virgins taught to tread
The Counsailes path, and to perfection lead,
And must I novv bee recond'e amongst svvine
VVho nothing holy haue nothing Diuine?
VVho more then I against Iouinian vvritt
And must I novv 'mongst his Disciples sit?
By mee just honours vveare to Reliques giu'n
And doe I novv contemne the same in heaun?
Saint Austen vvonders men can so much straine
His Orthodoxal sentences, and faine
That hee vvhil'st in our Region hee did dvvell
Held such opinions vvich hee hates as hell.
VVhat Church I vvas of, quoth hee vvho vvill knovv
Vnto the Rule vvritt by mee lett him goe.
In that I counsailes of perfection giue,
And teach a life vvich I my selfe did liue.
This as to Greate Norbertus I appeare
(Antvverpes Apostle) in my handes I beare
And promise that my rule obserued vvell
His Canons shall secure from feare of Hell
VVhen Iesvs shall to stricter iudgment come
And as they haue deseru'de giue soules their dome.
Noe lesse then fifty holy Orders stand
Obseruant of this rule vvritt by my hand.

Daily fresh vvreaths adorne my glories crowne
As I behold (from high heau'n looking dovvne
My English Daughters keepe vvith holy care
Those statutes vvich by mee ordained vveare.
They piously obserue vvhat I haue vvritt
For Nuns and solitarie liuers fitt.
These Virgins neuer call this or that mine
But alvvaies vse this phrase, vvhat mine is thine
(As longe agoe in the Apostles time,
VVhen Christian feruour vvas in cheifest prime,)
From Mothers knowledge the least thing to hide,
They thinke a trespas for vvich Achan d'ide.
Each Virgin Iesvs for her husband hath,
To vvhome shee keepes infallibly her faith,

Betvixt Greate Iesvs and each holy Nun
As shee is vested fiances are done
The Matrimoniall knot is t'ide vvhen shee
Vovveth obedient, chast and poore to bee.
Heau'n is the chamber, vvheare in ioyful blisse
This holy marriage consummated is.

Then their superiors they doe knovv noe vvill,
For they abjured haue their ovvne, as ill.
They Angels vvings haue, vvhen they should obey,
And forthvvith flie if Mother once doe saie:
At midnight they (for sometime) leaue their Cell
And come to Church cald thether by a Bell:
VVhere they doe pray vvilst vvorldly people sleepe,
And Vigils vvith the vvatching Angels keepe.
VVhen flesh against the spirit entreth field
VVith prai'rs and fasting they make the flesh yeeld.
They oft are guests at that Cælestiall board,
VVhich Iesvs hath vvith his ovvne bodie stord.
There are they strengthened vvith heau'nly grace,
Their ghostly enemies avvay to chase.
If the least spot contaminate their soule,
Confession doth expiate vvhat is foule,
I taught these Maides to treade the milken path,
Their Church is mine, as theirs so vvas my faith.

Shall vve discend from heau'n to our earths frame,
From earth to hell, and demaund of the same?
VVhat tune it rings, vvhat battailes haue bene fought
Tvixt light and darkenesse, betvixt good, and naught
Ievves Pagans Turkes, our Region, lovv Hell
And all the Damned ghoasts vvho therein dvvell,
Shall ring that they 'gainst that Church spit their splene,
VVhich in my verses is described seene.
Gainst Peters seate, against the Church of Rome
Did Heresie in bataille arraie come.
Great Behemoth that Monstrous oxe did dreame
To svvallovv vp delightfull Iordans streame.
But Peter (cunning Fisher-man) vvith hooke
Out of the sea Leuiathan hath tooke.
Chiefely by Peters heau'nly guided arme
Ievves, Pagans, heretikes haue receiud harme.

Still Peter doth in his successor fight,
And triumph ouer gates of horrid night.
Therefore of Stygian feindes the hate is great
VVhich they to Peter beare, and Peters seate.
But Iesvs doth make e'un Tipheus pride
To shovv this Church so hated is his bride.
Thus God, Christ, Marie, Angels, Saints, Earth, Hell
Ioynly concurre to make our Church a Bell.

It remaines only novv vvee should declare,
Of this faire building vvho the vvorkemen are.
The chiefest Architect vvho guides them all
And giues directions hovv they labour shall
Is Iesvs selfe: he did devise the frame,
And learns the Craftes-men hovv to vvorke the same.
Best vvorkemaister, for hee vvhen ends the daie,
VVith glories penie doth the vvorkemen paie.
Novv you must knovv there dvvells in Iesvs hart
The fulnesse of each science, and each art.
VVith great election he his choise doth make
And of a multitude some fevv stones take.
And those of vvhich he meanes his Church to build,
He vseth curiouslie vvith loue to guild.

And by the vvay obserue there can be none
Fit for the building, but a fowresquare stone.
A figure richly gracd', no fortunes frovvne
No Crosse, no miserie can cast it dovvne:
And therefore Noah fouresquare vvood did take,
Thereof his all-containing Arke to make.
And Sions Cittie as no Hellish storme
Can it annoy, is built in this same forme.
In eu'ry stone he doth foure virtues carue
Assisting man least hee from reason svvarue:
Hee maketh temp'rance sit in pleasures vvaine,
Curbing the sensuall Iades vvith a strong raine.
Teaching amidst a vvorld of sugred svveetes
To take no more then vvhat vvith reason meetes.
Next Fortitude vvhom dangers cannot quaile,
Nor vnexpected casualties make pale.
This virtue of meane men createth Kings,
VVhilest it excites them to attempt great things.

Iustice vvwhose faire integritie is knovvne
In dealing out to eu'ry man is ovvne.
Shee holds a ballaunce vvwhich is alvvaies true,
And vveighs to God, our selfe, our friend vvwhats due.

He lastly prudence carues, of the foure best
As being sole directrix of the rest.
This Ladie rides by Fortitude her side
And tels her, as tis follie and rash pride
In deaths occasions vvilfully to run:
So is it crauen covvardise to shun
All dangers, vvhere renovvne and lasting fame
May purchast be, though pale death buy the same.

And you Svvasch-bucklers of our English stage,
Thinke you discretion is your valours page?
Or vvell ey'd prudence doth your courage guide?
VVhen for mere toyes you brable, quarrell, chide;
Nay for just nothing, lesser then a stravv
You'le challenge to the field, and vveapons dravv.
Tell mee vvhat reasons more can you alledge?
Then that such vvould not in the Tauerne pledge
Your vvoemans health, or drunke gaue you the lie,
Therefore God damme you if he doe not die:
Forthvvith you send him the length of your svvord,
And fight you vvill, vnlesse he eate his vvord.
You challenge others, for they tooke the vvall?
Such vvorthy motiues are for vvwhich you braule:
Saie you haue suff'red vvrong, right you it vvell?
In going soule and body vnto Hell.
VVho truly valiant are, vvill only fight
VVhen as the cause, for vvwhich they jarre is right,
And also vveighty, then vvith them along
They justice take, and so reuenge a vvrong:
To fight for trifles, and vvith priuate hand
To right himselfe: Can this vvith justice stand?

Hovv odious are Duellums in Gods sight,
Speake holy Church, vvwhich to preuent this fight,
And from such folly terrify fond man,
Strikes it vvith all the thunder-bolts she can
Denying to their bodies Christian graue

VVhose soules in hell choose sepulchers to haue.
But you a refuge haue by manhoods lavv
To saue your credit you are forc'd to dravv:
Men vvould deeme you a dunghil Cocke, a Covv,
Should you put vp such vvrong therefore you vvovv
Youle die a thousand deaths yea to hell goe
Rather then you vvil blot your honour soe.
VVhy you are challeng'd and the vvorle vvould thinke
Should you not meete him that for feare you shrinke.
Harke my vvise man, vvhat is the vvorld? a foole.
Neuer read lesson in true vvisdomes schoole;
God, Saints, yea vvise men see vvith better sight,
Tis Bedlam follie in this sort to fight.
Novv take your spectacles, chose vvwhich youle vveware,
The true fooles coate, or haue fooles thinke you feare.

Prudence instructeth tem'prance vvhen to vse
Delights and pleasures, vvhen them to refuse.
VVho knowves not that the Dogs vvho liue by Nile,
Are taught by dangers to make hast the vvhile
They drinke the streame, for Crocodiles doe lie
Vnder the vvaters, vvherefore they must flie:
Vrg'de by necessitie they needes must drinke,
But Caution bids them only lap the brinke.
Man is composed after such a sort
That he must sometimes pleasures haue and sport,
Our Constitution is of such a mould,
That vvithout some delights vve cannot hold.
But tis a truth that pleasures though they smile
As dang'rous are as Crocodiles of Nile:
VVho then vvill harmes shun be his prudence such,
That he drinke not of pleasures vvaters much.
Let him not long at delights fountaine staie,
But hauing sipt, let him make hast avvaie.

Imagine novv vvhat a most goodly shevv
These stones do make plast'e in an ord'red rovve.
Bishops, Priests, Deacons, Cloyster keepers, Nuns,
And married folke, vvho fill the vvorld vvith sons.
To all these doth our vvisest Iesvs Preach,
And hovv they should maintaine their puesto teach,
He bids vvithall the vvorkemen to haue care,

That they do place each stone in that ranke, vvhwhere
It ought to stand: his calling must make fit
For the rovv eu'ry stone vvhwhere they set it.
Let not affection put stones here or there,
VVhen the chiefe vvorkman vvould haue them els vvhwhere
Oh vvhen the Architects obserue not this,
Disastrous ends crie something vvas amisse.
A cruell Lion the poore Prophet slaies,
VVhilest vvith fond tales him Bethels vvizard staies.
Our Iesvs is his Fathers vviseest Son,
And performes svveetly vvhat he vvill haue done.

Hee eu'ry one aduiseeth there to stand
As he vvas plac't by the chiefe vvorkemans hand.
If high keepe there, if on the Temples side
Remaine he there, if lovv, there let him bide.
Let not the eare, and hand desire to see
Nor vvhwhere the head is the foote aske to bee:
Oh hovv securely had Christs people slept;
If euery man this order vvell had kept?
Did not Bizantium set the Church on fier?
VVhilest her proud Prelate labour'd to be higher
Then God ordaind? And in our Northerne line
A stone vvas plac'd vvchich as a starre did shine,
But falling from that ranke vvherein he stood,
He vvallowved vvith the Hog in sensuall Mud.
Mee thinkes I see the Dragon once more fall,
And vvith his beastly tayle from heau'ns high hall
Many faire starre pull dovvne: Priests my Muse meanes
VVhom he made Marry, nay for vvivues take queanes:
So he their Lucifer before had done,
VVhen for his Paramour he tooke a Nun.

Iesvs such cunning his Apostles taught
That vvith great praise their Maister-peece they vvrought:
But amongst all vvho chiefly doth excell
Is learned Pavle, he beares avvay the Bell;
VVhether vve count his labours vvchich are most
Or curious vvorke, none like to him can boast.
VVe talke of Sages vvho haue runne about
The vvorld to finde a little knowvledge out.
So Plato and Pythagoras haue done,

VWho for Arts sake vvas burnt by Indian Sun.
Plato vnto Gymnosophists durst goe
That he their abstruse mysteries might knowv.
VWas there a land in that age to vs knowvne,
VWhether Pavle vvent not to fetch vvood and stone?
Arabia, Greekeland, Ilands, Asia, Rome
Of his great industrie to vvitness come.
VWhat arr, vvhat labour shevves he in his vvorke
As he fits peeces for our Iesvs Kirke,
And for the stones vvch in this Church haue place
Are liuing stones, (the life is Faith and Grace.)
Hee neuer thinkes that he hath done his part,
If Iesvs name be not vvrit in each hart.

Ile trauel vvhere the Orientall Sun
VWith fierie jades doth his carreire first run,
And fetching Xaver, place him vvith great Pavle
Since in so many things, yea almost all
Alike they are: before Great states and Kings
Great Iesvs name this chosen vessel brings.
Of conquer'd Sergius did Pavle get his name?
Let conquerd Iapon augment Francis fame.
VWhen in our vvorld, France, Portingal, Spaine, Rome
He gath' red had of stones an endles some,
He goes, vvhere first Aurora looketh red,
(Blushing to thinke on her Tithonus bed)
There he plaies Peter, and into the dores
Of Iesvs Church lets many thousand Mores.
VVe vvill hereafter from that speach refraine
VWho a More vvasheth laboureth in vaine.
Hovv augments he our building as for it,
Three hundreth thousand stones he maketh fit?

Yee pamp' red Chaplines, vvho in dovvnies beds,
Betvvixt your Lemmans armes repose your heads:
Darkenesse infernall Monarke doth not feare
That you to Indies Iesvs name shall beare.
He knowves your Paramours, vvith vvhom you sleepe
From such a vvarfare you at home vvill keepe:
His Kingdome is secure these Syrens charmes
From hurting him enfeeble shall your armes.
You are vvith Hannibal in Capys tovvne,

And Citrie Dames shall take your courage dovvne:
Though heau'ns againe the Giaunts troups should dread
Vulcan can make no bolts in Venus bed.

'Gainst God himselfe sin and hell a stirre keepe
VWhilst you vvith your faire Cithereas sleepe.
Vp, vp you sluggards from your slumber rise,
Frame boltes on Virtues Anvil in such vvise,
As may befitt Ioue from Olympus Hill
To fling, and vvith them Tellus of-spring kill.
Novv you make vvooden daggers, leaden svvords,
VWhilst your life is not ansvv'ring to your vvords:
The bullets vvich you shoote are made of claie,
VWhilst you your selues performe not vvhat you saie:
Nor are they temp'red vvith that heau'nly heate
VWhich in sole Sion hath his proper seate,
And to one house alone by gift of heau'n
In daies long since of Pentecost vvas geu'n.
Thence vvith Prometheus fetch this diuine flame
From priuate spirit such fire neuer came.
Tesiphone or some more Hellish Ghoast
Giues them vvilde fire, vvho of this spirit boast.

God promist he vvould Fisher men prouide
VWho should in Peters boat each time and tide
VWith Nets and Angles in fresh streames, and brookes
In the salt sea, in armes, in creekes, in crookes
A Fishing goe (mens soules the fishes bee
Of these at once Peter caught fiftie three.
God promist he vvould likevvise huntsmen giue
VWho should the hills, the vales vvhere beasts doe liue:
The Rockes, the holes, yea eu'ry vncouth nooke
To finde their game vvith great industrie looke.

Are you these Fishermen? then knowv much fish
Is in VWest Indies: Peter could not vvish
Genesareth more plenteous: thether goe,
And make those Pagans Iesvs believe knowv.
Theres game enough; in eu'ry streame, each brooke
You may take Fish either vvith net or hooke.

Are you these huntsmen then goe seeke your game,

In Mogor, Iaua you shall finde the same.
Doe vvee beleuee amisse? then to vs come,
Tell vs of Christs faith vvhat is the true summe.
Doe you feare death? tush that is nothing, knovv
That Iesvs faith by Martyrdomes must grovv.
Oh burnt your soules vvith Charities true zeale!
You vvould dilate your Iesvs common vveale:
You'de not expect game should fall in your mouth
But you vvould goe to East, VVest, North, and South
As huntsmen after soules, and eu'ry vvhere
To Iesvs holy seruice Churches reare.

But am I frantique? as I persvvade those
Of the same Cittie to be mutuall foes.
Schisme, errour, paganisme together dvvell
They all are Cittizen of the same Hell.
Those Kingdomes ruinated soone vve see
VVhere ciuil enmities and factions bee.
VVherefore that long hels common vvealth may stand,
You vvill not budge a foote out of your land.
Let those vvho vvill to farthest Indies goe
You vvarmely sleepe, and meane to keepe you soe
So did your Ancestors, and t'is a sin
For you nevv fangled customes to begin.
Tell me in histories can it be shovvne
That sects to Iesvs Church haue brought a stone?
O had you heau'nly fire vvithin your brest
Surely it vvould not there confined rest.
T'vvould make you leaue base earth and mount on high
And vvith zeales vvings to distant regions flie.
There to communicate this heaunly flame
And burne all harts vvith loue of Iesvs name.
So did this æmulatour of great Pavle
Flie vvith seraphique vvings 'bout the vvorlds ball.
And in each land his Iesvs tropheis raise,
Teaching all nations to sing Iesvs praise.
So before him many a zealous son
Of Bennet, Francis, Dominick haue done.
Men for such actions fit: of single liues
Not cumbered vvith clokebags called VViues.

In this faire building not the meanest hand,

Hast thou deare youth, vvho by the Crosse didst stand
At Iesvs death, and lou'd aboue all other,
VVhart there Created Son of Iesvs Mother.
VVhen vvee see Iesvs Church vvith gold so shine,
VVeele saie th' Embroid'ry vvorke vvas chiefly thine.
To loue thou doest the harts of mortalls moue
Thy Edicts commaund nothing els but loue.
In life loue is thy song, at hovvre of death
VVith a loue song, thou yeeldest vp thy breath.
VVith Charitie thou gilddest eu'ry stone
In golden vvordes persvvading eu'ry one,
To plaie a Iesvs in the louing art,
And thinke each neighbour must be as thou vvert
Chiefely belou'd, each man a Iesvs bee,
And loue his brother as Christ loued thee.

Heere vvee behold a troupe of English men,
VVho vvith their labours, and industrious Pen
Build Iesvs Church; so Bonifacivs taught
Germans our Faith, and to Christs Temple brought.
And vvee vvill VVillebrord vvho first of all
Made Frisons Christians, their Apostle call
Both appertaining to Cassinos Mount
VVhose Catalogue such numberlesse can count.

Cassinus Mount a second horse of Troie,
Bringing foorth vvorthies Hels tovvne to destroie.
Cassineos Mount a Trojan horse vvhere dvel
Heroes vvho sacke not Ilion but Hell.
Saint Bennet vvas the Chiron vvho first taught
And these Pelides to perfection brought.)

Mongst these Iohn Lidgat stands, of speciall note,
Crovvnd vvith greene baies & cloth'd vvith the same coate
As I see him vvith others our Church build,
I am vvith joye and admiration fild.
I vvill approach the Man, and of him aske,
Hovv he came thether, vvho gaue him a taske
Being a Poet, full of vvandring fires,
To vvorke amongst these venerable sires
For I (fond man) made hetherto a count
That Poets vvvent not past the forked Mount:

But since they climbe vp Sions sacred Hill;
I care not much if I make verses still.

O yes quoth Lidgate, for though novv a daies,
The Crovvne of glorie, and Apolloes baies
So seldome meet. vvhilst Poets suite their rimes,
After the vvanton humour of the times,
Yet former ages often-times haue seene
Our Christian Prophets deckt vvith Lavvrel greene
Ascend Olympus Mount: vvhere their chast laies
Revvarded are vvith glories glitt'ring raies,
And Poets brovves vvith Lavvrels Crovved are,
(King David (Poets Phœbus) hath this care:
So is Sidonius Crovvd, Prudence vvho vvrit
Things vvorthy of Apollo full of vvitt.
Prosper, Sedulius, vvho the nine haue taught
VVhen they sing hymnes to blush as Maidens ought.

Leauing this vvorthy Man, and thousand more,
Of the same Coate vvhom time makes vs passe o're.
VVee come to Rochester, vvho lost his head
For not allovving Henries lavvlesse bed.
Arts treasure, chiefe darling of the nine,
Historian, Poet, Oratour, Diuine.
Linguist Philosopher, Statesman to King:
Best husband, Father, vvhat not? eu'ry thing.
If thou art graue vvee see a Cato sit,
If merry, flovves the Quintessence of vvit:
Renovvned More, Colleague in Fishers Crovvne,
VVhom no aduersity, no Harries Frovvne
Can make approue vvhat Iesvs thinkes not good,
VVhose Church thou buildest as thou shedst thy bloud.

Graue Pole her child, vvhom true Relligions sake
A Margarite in Iesvs Church doth make.
VVhom doth not Bristol vvith his vvritings moue?
VVho doth not Reignolds for his braue vvit loue?
Industrious Harpsfeild, vvwhose laborious Quill
Doth vvith Church Records our Musæum fill.
VVhat Sanders merits in this building be,
By his conspicuous Monarchie vve see.
And shall vvee forget Stapilton vvho goes

Arm'd Capapea against Iesvs foes,
Hovv doth he rouse the Boare out of his den,
And strike him dead vvith a vvell-guided Pen?
VVe must beleue vvhen vvee his vvritings read,
Saint Hierome vvhilest hee liued vvas not dead.

And thou my Londons Champion, vvho at once
To our Foundation bringest thy ten stones,
Neuer dost thinke thy reasons fully good,
Till they be vvritten vvith a Martyrs bloud.

Illustrious Alan of more honourd note,
For thy great labours, then the Purple Coate
And Scarlet Hat, vvhich Simon Peters heire
Did cause thee for thy vvorthy acts to vveare.

Chiefe Architect, best vvorkman of thy daies,
As thou thy Dovvay Monument dost raise,
Thou found'st a quarry vvhich faire stones shall yeild,
VWhereof our Iesvs vvill his Temple build.
And vvhen vvee see thy Children stones make fit,
VVe saie that Alan liues, and labours yet.

Gifford first Peere of France: of speciall note
VWas thy great virtue, vvhen Saint Benets Coate,
Thou didst put on: as thou the vvorld dost scorne
VWith flying it, thou doest much more adorne
Thy vvorthy selfe: A candle must not bide
Vnder a Bushell; Cloisters cannot hide
Thy virtues luster: mightie Princes see
Thy talents, and on Candlesticke place thee:
VWhere like the glorious Sun thou giuest light,
Expelling vvith bright raies the shade of night.

VWell on thy head (Bishop) doth Miter sit
Thy labours for our Church haue made it fit.
Happie thrice happie vvould our England be
If all the Prelates vveare like vnto thee.
But since vvee see our dearest Countrie blest
VWith such a Bishop, vvee vvill hope the rest.
VWhilst Kellison each builders vvorke doth viewv,
Hee shevves vvho haue the false Church, vvho the true.

Sound VVrite in mans large volume deeply read,
Preparing ghuests for Iesvs mystike bread.
Doth not our Champney the true Prelate Crovvne,
VVhilst he casts from their throne vsurpers dovvne?
Smyth a true Goldsmith ballaunces doth hold
VVith vvchic hee vveigheth drosse, and vvaighty gold.
(The gold makes my nevv builded Tempel fine
VVith the Drosse Satans Synagogues doe shine,)
His ballance eake all sorts of monie vveighs.
The Counterfeit (such is rife novv a daies)
Of Copper coyned is, vvchic verie lovv
In an heretique mine cald Hell doth grovv,
Satan chiefe coiner is, but he all naught
Arch-heretikes this Cos'ning art hath taught.
VVho hauing stamp't Christs picture on their Coine,
And vvith the scriptures making their brasse shine:
They vovv and svveare (so impudently bold
Are they) because it glisters tis true gold.
Manie they doe deceiue, and vvould doe more
As Smyth is, vveare there not of goldsmiths store.

VVhen they discoverd are by Iesvs Lavv,
(Some punishing others to keepe in avv)
On Pillaries as Cosoners they stand,
VVhere vvhilst ignoble shame their fronts doth brand
They loose their eares, for lost they not each eare,
It is impossible but they should heare
An Oecumenick Councill, vvhere all vvise,
And learned of the vvorld make lovvdest cries.
Aemonian Boreas vvhen as he doth rage
And vvarre against Neptunes vast Kingdome vvage
Making the vvaues one 'gainst another fight,
And vvith contention foaming turne all vvwhite,
No, not great loue, vvhen vvith his thundring noyce
Hee shakes our Machin, hath a louder voice.
Then Fathers thus assembled vvhen they smite
VVith their Anathemas these sons of night.
Yet i'st not vvonderfull? more deafe are they
Then Fish vvchic svvimme in bottome of the sea.
(VVaues of this vvorld, of Pride, of Schisme, of Sinne,
Stop close their eares, and let no noyce come in.

More deafe then Fusius vvas, vvhom vvhen he plaide
Afflicted Hecuba the vvofull Maide
Polyxena ordained for an hoast,
To satisfie Achillis angrie Ghost.
VVith hollovves, clamours, scrickings, loudest cries
Could not make him from his deepe slumber rise.
Doctors, Church, Fathers hollovv eu'ry vvhere,
Arch-heretikes are deafe, and vvill not heare.

Ingenious Flovd, vvwhose brest the nine did hire
Long since; thereof to make their Muses quire:
Thy brest, the mansion of each grace, each art,
Thy brest th' attractiue gainer of each hart,
True Israelite vvithout vnfaithfull guiles
VVithout Pelasgian artes, and Sinons vviles.
In virtue thou art first, though some may goe
In policies beyond thee, so vvee knowv
The children of this vvorld haue quicker sight
In the supplanting art, then Sons of light.
Thou art Achilles, and at Babel tovvne
Able to kill Thersites vvith thy frovvne.
Art thou the Man, vvwhose Pen againe made right,
That stone vvchich from his due place fell dovvn quite
Spalatoes Prelate? vvhen high Cedars fayle,
Shal not their ruine make lesse shrubs looke pale.
None eake dispaire, mercy for sins to finde
VVhen Iesvs is to such a trespasse kinde.

Goe forvvard vvorthy man, and vvith thy quill,
The Boare vvchich rooteth Iesvs garden, kill:
Goe forvvards vvorthy man and vvith thy vvit
VVrite such braue vvorkes, as haue not yet bene vvrit.
VVho see this Poeme, joyntly let them see
That I doe loue, yea ovve my selfe to thee.
Into the greater Floud so lesse Brookes run
From vvhence at first their Origen begun.

Yee learned Esdræ, vvho from Forraine lands,
Returning build Christs Church vvith pious hands,
Prosper in this your vvorke, againe repaire
Decaied Sion, aed make it more faire
Then t'vvas before, let true faith sustaine all,

The rooffe be Charitie; firme Hope the vvall,
As Ivdas clense our Church; and in the same
Each vvhere aduance great Iesvs Crosse and name.
VVith Cyrvs Gods annoynted you haue grace,
Your Attaxerxes graunts a breathing space,
Giuing out Edicts in his royall name,
That none dare let the inchoated frame.
The pleased heau'ns promise a lasting peace,
And Sanaballats from molesting cease.
Esteeme this gracious fauour therefore such,
Because your Queene can do vvith King so much.

There founders of Relligious orders svveat,
Their diligence is much, their labour great:
For Iesvs them commaunds vvith cunning hand
To fit those pieces vvchich in chiefe place stand.
The stones they hevve vvhen as they are too rough,
They plaine the vvood, vvhen tis not smooth enough.
VVe Christian Candor may the plane vvell call
VVith vvchich they make vvhat is vneuen fall.
The Hammer vvchich the rugged stones doth smite,
Is a sharpe toole of abnegation hight.

And first my Muse of glorious Benet count,
VVho climing vp Cassinos loftie mount,
Hevv'de many stones by Iesvs so much grac'de,
That they in Temples very top vvere plac'de.
Religious schollers of great Benets schole
For many hvndreth yeares the Church did rule.
Hovv many thousands of the selfe-same coate,
In Sions Quire chaunt Alleluias note?

And blessed Francis vvho aboue the rest,
In that grace shimest vvchich of all is best,
Humilitie: vvhen I doe thinke of thee,
I must recall vvhat Iesvs hath for mee.
And my sins suffred: thy mark'd body shovves
Iesvs fiue vvoundes causd by so many blovves.
VVast not enough that thou didst dravv so neare
To Iesvs in thy soule, but thou must beare
His likenesse in thy limms? in feete handes side
Must Iesvs holy characters be spide?

Because thy hart vvith Iesvs loue aboundes,
Therefore in thy blest flesh are Iesvs vvoundes,
And not alone from plenty of the hart.
Thy mouth speakes Iesvs, but eke eu'ry part.

Some as they see the vvorke vvchich thou hast vvrought
And vievv; the stones, vvchich by thy labour brought
Increase the building, make a jest, and saie
VVithout a foole there cannot be a plaie.
They thinke thee foolish, vvho thy ritches store
Didst giue avvaie, and aftervvards liue poore.
And it is true a foole blest man thou vvvert,
And novv thy holy sons plaie the fooles part.
But he vvho vvhat is folly knovveth best
VVhat vvisdome, as he preacheth doth not jest.
That vvho are fooles in the vvorlds purblinde eies,
In Gods best seeing sight are truly vvise.

And if vve rightly censure he's a sott
VVho judgeth that for good vvchich good is not.
Hovv many doe vvee see, vvho are all ill
Haue riches, honours, pleasures at their vvill?
VVhen good are poore (if there can good men be
In this vilde vvorld vvhere most men bad vve see,
Therefore Antiquitie makes Plutus blinde,
Because he seldome honest men can finde
To pleasure vvith his drosse: the very same
As to the good Ioue sendeth him falls lame.
But vvhen hee's bid to vvicked men repaire,
He puts on vvings, and flieth in the aire.

In our great Iesvs vvas all vvisdomes store,
Yet did he liue contemned here and poore.
VVhat pleasures had he? vvhom he loued best
His Mother and Apostles nere could rest
Alvvaies in troubles; of all men thought vvorst
Despis'de, neglected, suffring hunger, thirst,
Cloth'd poorely, entertaind vvith scoffes, vvith quips.
Esteemd seducers, dang'rous; beate vvith vvhips.
Surely if vvorldly men the right vvay goe
Iesvs vvould not haue let his friends liue soe.
Further great Saint, though thy sons appeare base,

This verie basenesse doth the temple grace.
 The stones are rough, vvhich vndermost of all
 Support the building that it doe not fall.
 Such stones in vision that great Prelate savv
 VVho gaue allowvance to thy stricter lavv.
 In the vvorlde is varietie of things,
 All cannot Kesars be and mightie Kings.
 All are not persons fit for Princes court.
 There must be some vvho are of meaner sort:
 Some must to Indies goe, some in shops stand
 There must be contriemen to plough the land.
 Yet this so much varietie of place
 Not only must be, but eke giues a grace.
 Neither are riches equally to all
 Out dealt; some are vvhom vvealthy men vve call.
 Others are poore, vvhat then? thers no lesse art
 In representing vvell the poore mans part.
 Then in the acting of a King or Duke
 VVisemen vvhat part is plaid not so much looke,
 As hovv t'is done: you vvill graunt Iesvs vwise
 Yet he plaid Codrus in a poore mans guise.
 Codrus he acted and in beggers vveed
 1876: To saue his people vvillingly did bleed.

(Happy vvho chose vvith Iesvs to be poore,
 And vvith their Maister beg from doore to doore.
 Happy thrice happy such: this is my note;
 Though the vvorlde laugh, and forthvvith saie I dote)
 Our Iesvs knevv if he should keepe his state,
 No malice vvould præoccupate his fate.
 No Priests vvould for him thirtie pence out tell
 No Iudas vvould his sou'raigne so cheape sell.
 VVherefore he makes himselfe vvith Codrus poore
 And by his death doth man to life restore.
 Francis exprest the poore mans person to
 VVhich he of Iesvs learned so to doe,
 That vvhen the dramme vvith his life did expire
 A clap vvas giu'n by God and Angels quire.

And thou, though last, yet not Loiola least
 As daintie junkets at end of a feast,
 So novv the vvorlde is old and almost past,

Thou dost invite and please our Christian tast:
VVhen vvith thee in thy banner thou dost bring
The name of Iesvs our all conq'ring King.
Blest such true Sons, vvho in their hart and flag
Haue Iesvs vvrit, and vvith their Father brag
Not in fames shaddovv, sumptuous buildings, drosse,
But only in their Iesvs name and Crosse.

VVhat hath Semiramis obtaind the Crovvne,
And shevves Magnificence in Babels tovvne?
Or doe the Amazons for Ilions sake
By Argiues ransaked a nevv Troie make?

Hath Dido as shee sees Sichæus dead
Into hott Afrique from Pigmalion fled.
VVhere shee imploies the treasure of her Purse,
In the erecting of a stately burse.
Our chiefe Preist Iesvs through false treason dies,
From second Nuptials his Eliza flies.
Martha the vveeping Maries sister fled
First in this maner a Pigmaliions bed.
And vvith her folke comming to Marsiles shore,
Of liuing stones gath'red a royall store
To build a Church, vvhere rightly should be done,
Best victimes to her Gods eternal son.
These stones vvere Virgins, Chrysolithes them name,
For they refined vvere in true loues flame.

A troope of royall dames to labour fall,
Some the foundation, some build vp the vvall:
Most of the Companie ascend aboue,
And deck the highest rooffe vvith golden loue.
As in a summer month vvee often see
The hiues frequented by the busie Bee,
Some goe from home, some come backe to the Hiue,
Each pritty soule as Emulous doth striue
VVho shall doe most? the drones and vvho are slacke
As they approach, are from the hiue beat backe:
Some to bring vp the young ones haue a care,
Some to vnburden those vvho loaden are
VVhilst none are idle, none spend ill their time,
The honied house smels redolent vvith thyme.

In this Parthenian troupe none idle stand,
But to the labour each one puts her hand,
And bring vvell-tasting honie to the hiues,
(Their actions honie are suck'd from Saints liues)
On flovv'res of Saints braue deedes these Virgins rest,
And by praire feeding suck out, vvhat is best.
They learne of Dominick and Katrine zeale
To praie and labour for their neighbours vveale.
Of Francis they humilitie doe learne,
Of Clare hovv to themselues they shalbe stearne,
And full of svveete they come backe to their home
VVhere they the honie make and honie combe.
All full of louely svveet, amongst them all
Not one conuerseth vvho hath the least gall.

That Iesvs Church neuer hath shades of night,
But a perpetuall and constant light,
Thereof vvee must ascribe not the least part
To these Bees and their honie making art.
These Maiden Bees a Virgin vvaxe doe vvorke
Of vvhich are Candles made for Iesvs Kirke.
Their liues are Torches, from vvhence light is gi'un,
VVhich as men see they praise the God of heau'n,
Marcella, Fabia, Pavla and her childe
Evstochivm in such vvorke vvhere neuer toild.
(Evstochivm natures vvonder in vvhose brest,
Most arts, all virtues, chieftest tongues did rest)

VVe thee (Scholastica) amongst the first
Behold a Romaine Clælia, vvho durst
Be author to thy high descended Dames,
Hovv they shall eternize their royall names.
VVhen thy Eduina sprung of English Kings
Vnto our Temple a ritch Saphyr brings,
VVee'le say by her oblation may be seene
Although she spurn'd a Crovvne, shee vvvas a Queene.
Of many Hildas, Rictruds could vvee tell,
By thee instructed in religious Cell
To offer amethysts vvwhose virtues rare
Against intemperance approoved are.

Of vvell tun'de voices to make vp a Quire,
VVe vvill not goe vvith Ieremie, and hire
Lamenting vvoemen, vvho shall Nenas sing,
For good Iosias death their slaughtred King.
Thy English Nymphes (Great Saint) shall neuer fayle
By daie, by night their Iesvs death to vvaile.
They shall in streetes of Adradremon mone,
And in the blacke fieldes of Mageddo grone.
They shall fill Adadremmon vvith said cries,
Because Iosias in Mageddo dies.

Great Gregorie procurer of our blisse
The Quires chiefe Maister, and directour is.
Though Pope, yet for his Father Benets sake
He for his sisters holy songs vvill make,
And though the ditties vvith their tunes are plaine,
Yet there is Majestie in eu'ry straine:
Yea though deaths songs resound in eu'ry place,
Yet shall this sorrovv giue the Musike grace.
And men shal argue as their ravisht eare,
Such pleasant straines of Melodie doth heare:
VVhether on Organs once more Angels plaie,
VVhilest manie Cecilies together praie.
Or els the Nine leauing their forked hill,
Our lovver Orbe vvith Harmonie doe fill.

Here also vve behold bare-footed Clare.
Her Damsels eake though noble bare-foote are:
I dispute vvith my selfe vvhat shall be done,
By these so royal Ladies vvithout shoone.
Doth it by Iesvs vvill to their lot fall,
To prepare Morter for the Churches vvall?
Yes sure, Clare vvas a Morter treading Dame,
The Morter vvas riches, base pleasures, fame,
To trample on such Morter Clare did vse,
This vvas the reason vvhy shee vvore no shoes:
And that trash vvith vvhose loue the vvorld doth burne,
Her chaster of-spring vvith their feete doe spurne.
Doe vve not see vvhilst these such Morter tread,
The vvoeman brusing the old serpents head.

Iesvs to Francis, he to Clare did Preach,

And all of pouertie a lesson teach.
She learns her Nuns in spirit to be poore
And then vvhat nature askes to vse no more.

Nay the strict lavves of pouertie are such
That often-times it must not haue so much.
For vvhere sufficient is, nothing doth vvant,
Tis certaine that there Pouertie is scant.
VVhere transitorie things abundant are,
There vve doe vvant true daughters of poore Clare.
Each Nun must be familiar vvith these foure
Daughters of pouertie all Christned poore.
Poore fare, poore Clothes, poore lodging, and poore Cell.
Let her not thinke her selfe in health, not vvell,
Vnlesse to these foure sisters vvhom her God
So much esteemes, shee joyne herselfe the od.

Teresa glorie of novv-dearest Spaine
Top of Carmelus, smoothing vvith thy Plane,
VVhat rugged is: each sexe thou makest nev
VVhilst thou dost both vvith abnegation hev,
Surely blest Nymph, Elias vvill not grieue,
If in his order vve a share thee giue.
Nor can his children justly make complainte,
As Iesvs giues a Canonized Sainte:
So vvhen the troopes of Iabin conqu'red are
Barach and Iahels vvife the glorie share.
Tis true, foyld Sisara from Barach fled,
Yet Iahels vvife the nayle strucke on the head.
The great Elias put selfe-loue to flight,
Thou vvith thy perfect rule dost kill him quite.
In Moyses lavv vvhat only vvas in chase,
Is fully vanquish't in the lavv of grace.

Sure Zevxis had much choise, vvho vvhen he vvas,
To paint Ioues sister as a beauteous las,
A thousand Virgins had of feature rare,
Lims equally compacted, faces faire
Presented to his vievv, that euery part
VVhich vvas most eminent by his great art
He might expresse; one Virgin gold thread vveares
In tresses place: he dravves her golden heires.

He paints anothers forehead high yet plaine
There Venus might make sport, and Iuno raigne:
And curiouslie obserueth all theit eyes
As vvanton Cupid vp and dovvne them flies;
And vvhere the Boye is vvaggish, yet in avve
Of Mothers presence, he that eye doth dravv.
He makes a nose rise like a marble tovvre,
Hee eies too lips in vvchich as in a bovvre
Fragrant vvith Roses delight lou'de to dvvell
(Roses they vvere for colour and for smell)
Hee dravves the Colour vvith his pensil right,
To giue the smell exceeds his Pensils might.
Eares as Bee-hiues he makes; though no Bee there
(For Bees vvith stings might the beholders feare)
(But in the patterne may be there vvare some,
For hovv should honie els in the hiues come?)
Yet tvvo rich perles (and they shevvd vvondrous vvel)
Did hang as Clappers at each siluer Bell.
A dimple graced much a Ladies chin
Dravving that part he put the dimple in.
A Nymph as her the painter much doth vievv,
Dieth her cheekes vvith a Vermilion hev v,
Those cheekes vvchich by that blushing got much grace,
Hee blushing paintes, and so makes vp his face.
Like to the face all parts dovvne to the feet,
In handsomnes and just proportion meete.
To vvchich he could no more perfection giue,
Vnlesse his cunning had made all to liue.
But had Prometheus giu'n heate to this Dame,
VVe should againe haue hear of Paris flame,
And once more Phrigians through Sicilians ire,
Should haue done penance vvith their Citties fire.

Surely vvhen blest Teresa did deuse
The model of her vvorke, before her eies
God set each order, as a beauteous Dame
That vvhat in each vvas perfect, in her frame
Shee might expresse, vvith eu'ry order stands
Iesvs great selfe, the vvorke of vvhose blest hands
Each order is. Teresa on him lookes
His vvordes her lessons are, his deedes her bookes.
Shee markes that he doth doe far more then saie

VWhen he commands, he leads himselfe the vvaie.
Therefore to Nuns shee Preacheth vvith her actes,
And teacheth not so much by vvordes as facts.

As she her life in vvritings forth doth bring,
VVith Xenophon she faineth not a King,
But in her selfe trulie expresseth hovv,
A votarie is bound to keepe her vovv.
If Virtues fulnesse anie vvhere doth vvant,
Tis vvhere the humble virtue made her scant.

As she each order vievves, a graue svveete Quire,
From one she learns, though charities best fire
Descend from heau'n: yet she obserues the care
Another hath by meanes of mentall praier
To keepe it in: This praier must serue the turne,
And in her Virgins breasts make loues fire burne.
And vvithout this Relligion is nighte,
This must to each act giue a cheerefull lighte.
Her Nuns must oft retire vnto their Cell,
And there reflect, hovv idly or hovv vvell
They haue spent precious time: hovv that or this
They may amend: vvhen it is done amisse.
VVhen in obeying they are slovv, vvhen halt,
VVhat motiues, and vvhat meanes to mend this fault.

Terrene propensions doe keepe dovvne their soule,
Some blemishes their purity make foule.
Here meditation makes them mount on highe
And to the top of all perfection flie,
To vvash their sins in Iesvs clensing bloud
And bath their errours in a vweeping floud.

Of him vvwhose rare discretion is seene
In invvard motions, the foure virtues Queene
Prudence she learns, this doth direct her Quill.
VVhilest she her Papers doth vvith precepts fill:
She teacheth hers to meditate on sins,
And Hell; as complacence of good begins
To puffe them vp; againe vvhen feares cast dovvne
To ponder Gods great mercy, and heau'ns crovvne.
She hamm'reth much on this, doth this much Preach,

Hovv vnto God alone their loue must reach.
They feare loue, honour must, and serue their God
For himselfe onely, not for feare of rod,
VVhich punisheth transgressours, not for lust
Of those svveete meates, vwherevvith he feedes the just.
She teacheth them, although on earth they dwell
To build vvithin their soules an heau'nly Cell.
(The Saints their God in the heau'ns alvvaies finde,
God dwellleth in a recollected minde.)

Mans body is not made of iron or stone
As our soule is not flesh, so t'is not bone.
Fond dissolution doth the spirit spill
Too much attention doth the vvhole man kill.
VVherefore of approou'de Orders she doth take
Each best thing, and a temp'red medly make.
In Moyses lavv Gods people shevv'd their loue,
In sacrificizing of a Turtle Doue.
A bird vvhich doth due hovvres and seasons knowv,
And at fit times vnto her home doth goe.

Her daughters offer Turtles vvhen they spend
In pious mirth the hovvre, vvhich for that end
Their rule appoints, nor is their vvonted fier
VVith this made lesse, but rather flieth higher.
As sacred birds they mutually doe moue
Each other by such conference to loue.
They offer Turtles vvhen they leaue to speake,
For feare they should commanded silence breake.
Then they goe home, I meane vnto their Cell
VVhere in reflection of past talke they dwell.

She vvas instructed in great Iesvs schole
In such a sort to mitigate her rule.
That the most tender may i'ts rigour bide,
And yet the strong complexion may be tride.
The flesh vvith too much pampring is too bold,
VVith too much curbing long it cannot hold:
Shee doth not vnto this or that side leane
But euer treadeth in the golden meane.
No vvonder then, though Iesvs mother vvill
Make her chiefe mansion in vvwhite Carmel hill:

No vvonder eke though in our Iesvs time
So many Nymphs the top of Carmel climbe.

Thus (mighty Princes) vvee a Church haue built
Eu'n from the ground our vvals reard, the roofe guilt
VVith lampe enlight'ned it, vvith Pictures grac'te
(Your ancestors) firme Pillars in it plac'te.
And set on top thereof a loud voic'de Bell
VVhich shall hereafter times and ages tell
VVhose Church it is: the Priest, the Hoast (Gods Son)
VVhat Sacramentall rites in it are done)
VVe haue describde, and added a svveete Quire,
Giu'n eake vnto our vvorkemen their due hire
A grateful memorie: all vvhich at first
VVe for your royall sakes begun, and durst
Goe forvvardes in the inchoated frame,
Till vvee had fully perfited the same:
VVherefore in justice giuing all their due,
Our Church and Architect belongs to you.
To you belongs the vvhole, to you each stone,
Accept then, and protect vvhat is your ovvne.

God Kings for fathers to his Church vvill giue
For Nurces Queenes: our Church beginnes to liue,
It is a Babe, in England nevvlie borne
You roiall couple shall not thinke it scorne
To plaie the Nurces: Mighty Charles make fit
Such nutriment, vvhich shall giue strength to it:
Be thou our David, vvho vvhen a Beare came
And from the flocke did beare avvaie a Lambe
VVith Monsters death redeem'de the sheepe let Beare:
Let rau'nous Boare thy Princely povver feare,
Yea let the Dragon in the Desert vvilde
Not dare for feare of thee approach our Child.
Faire Nymph may our Babe in thy bosome rest,
May it suck milke, yea Nectar from thy brest,
If Agags race dare threat the Infant harme,
Sheild and support it vvith thy Princely arme.

And you good times make hast, yee moments run:
If euer, novv t'is requisit the sun
Should take Post-horse, and gallop to that signe

In vvwhose conjuncture Albion shall joyne
VWith Hesperie, and in perpetual bands
Of Amitie vnite tvvo glorious lands.
Our Charles like vnto vvhom the vvorld hath none,
Shall take a Marie the vvorlds onely one,
And joyntly vvith their Hymenæan bed
England and Spaine eternally shall vvved.

John Abbott

The Force Of Contrition

In the first age, when world did new begin,
With many raines thou didst drowne man and sin:
Agaïne vnto the watery flouds giue scope,
Agaïne the cataracts of heauen let ope.
We not of Abana and Pharpar dreame,
We must be curd'e in onely Iordan's streame—
Blest streame, which from thy mercies' head doth rise,
And thence descending runneth through our eies.
Waters beginning from earthe's slimie vaines
Not able are to purifie our staines.
Such are those teares which from hel's feare do grow,—
Such are those teares which from self-loue do flow.
The raine which this detested elfe must drowne
Must from aboue, must from high heauen come downe:
Wherefore salt teares for sin send down apace—
O happie dying in such streames of grace !—
A sea of grieffe in eu'ry place abound,
And in the waues let vgly sin be drown'd.
Each one of vs a sinner's title beares,—
Let vs be Magdalens in shedding teares:
Of Hesebon, large fish-pondes be our eyes;
The waters wofull plaintes, the fish sad cries.

John Abbott

To His Honored Friend, Mr. Rivers

Hide

Poetry Classics

< Back to top 100 poetry classics

Our poetry classics archive is reproduced for educational purposes by volunteers, and is provided at no charge. Some poems are public domain, but many are the property of their respective owners. DMCA

by John Abbot • 7 poems

x 0, 2 views, 0 comments, 77 lines, print

Add to my list >

John Abbot (1587/1588 – c. 1650) was an English Roman Catholic clergyman and poet. His provenance is uncertain, he might have been from either London or Leicester, but he is believed to be the nephew both of George Abbot, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Robert Abbot, the bishop of Salisbury. Abbot was thus from a strongly Protestant family, but after being educated at Balliol College, Oxford, he travelled to the continent where he was converted to Roman Catholicism. On returning to England he was in Jesuit orders for a while, before working as a secular priest.

< All by John Abbot >

Devovt Rhapsodies Our sacred Volumes are the sealed springs, / Where choicest Nymphs, as

The Fable Of Philo The Jew, Amplified. When the Angels had the ample world survaid, / And here and there in mu

Iesvs Praefigvred: Or A Poem Of The Holy Name Of Iesvs. The First Booke
PRINCE OF VVALES, DVKE OF CORNEVVALL, EARLE OF CHESTER, &c. / Great Cha

Iesvs Praefigvred: Or A Poem Of The Holy Name Of Iesvs. The Second Booke
The Argvment / Of Iesvs flesh (Ambrosian meate,)

Commendation: Fortescue, G.

To his honoured Friend, Mr. Rivers,

Upon his Holy Rhapsodies

Who's this? who like the rosy-fingred Morne,
Is thus from Mountaine unto Mountaine borne:
Whose mystick locks charg'd with the drops of nights,
On us below hurle beames inrich't with lights?
Is it that soule, which having Iordan past,
Pure Iordan, made such an ambitious hast
To passe like Israel through the bloody maine,
In hope another Baptisme to obtaine?
It is the same, whose Rhapsodies unfold,
Sweet Raptures, Raptures which in cups of gold,
To us Cælestiall Constellations hold.
Would all thus Poetize, who would refuse,
To celebrate the straines of such a Muse?

George Fortescue

Commendation: Yate, J.

To his honoured Friend, Mr. Rivers,

upon his excellent Poemes, the Devout Rhapsodies

Mysterious Rivers, whose each sacred lyne,
Shewes that thy Muse is absolute Divine;
And cannot with impurity be stain'd,
Or with obsceane conceptions be prophain'd.
But in Meanders, holy turnes, and windes,
Delightfull to thine owne, and Readers mindes.
He that will give thee a deserved praise,
Must crowne thy head with groves, not boughes of bayes.

James Yate

Commendation: Cox, G.

To my much honoured and Candid Friend, Mr. Abbot. alias Rivers,

upon his Devout Rhapsodies

Was thy Quill made oth' t' t'ring Eagles wing,
Who soaring in the bosome of his King,
Saw what was done in Heaven? straight thence descends,
And sings our Churches lot, and state of Fiends.
Thy Poeme speakes all these, which I reade ore,
With wonder and delight, but which was more,
I know not of these two, and dare proclaime,
Who understand it, will commend the same.
Nor doe I envy it, because 'tis thine,
Yet were vowes potent; I could wish it mine.

George Cox

Commendation: Chapperline, J.

To my worthy, and learned Friend, Mr, Rivers,

after the reading of his Religious Rhapsodies

That thou in noblest straines of Poesie;
Do'st teach the myst'ries of Theologie:
And raisest humane soules from sordid earth,
Up to that blest place, whence they take their breath.
I leave to them whose learned spirits know,
How best their knowledge, and thy praise to show.
And onely saying, I the Work admire,
Wish that all those who Christian bayes desire,
With just attention, and cleare sight would looke,
Each houre, or day, on thy sweet, mystick booke:
So they, reform'd by vertue of thy Muse,
No more shall Wit, and Poesie abuse.

Iohn Chapperline

Commendation: H. W.

To my deare Friend, Mr. Rivers,

upon his Rhapsodies

How often write I Verses? often teare
My Verses? stil imagining they were,
Unworthy thy brave Muse? begin againe:
And search in every corner of my braine?
Barraine; I bite my Pen; my servants rate,
When the fault lies not in them, but my Pate.
Shall I who have so many Verses writ,
In every Theme imployd my active wit;
And having promis'd Verses, not performe
What I have promis'd? here againe I storme,
Yet reassume my Quill: write: All men know;
That to my noble Friend I Verses owe:
Protest against my selfe, so great's the summe,
Of thy due praise, my Muse is banquerout, Dumbe.

John Abbott

To The Truly Noble, And Virtuous Lady, Honoria, Marchionesse Of Winchester

In Sermonium Quintum

Why did God labour when he made the Court
Of Heaven so glorious? wherefore in such sort
Did he adorne it? wherefore take a mold,
Better then this terrestriall we behold,
For the Materiall? furnish it with light,
Of all the scattered Tapers of the night,
And that eternall Torch the Sun? let's breake
Into Gods Cabinet councill, and then speake
Freely our sense. He meant a house to make,
For th' Angels and blest Saints, and for their sake,
Mansions prepare with all magnificence,
To please the eye, and pleasure every sense.

And may we not imagine that God aym'd
At the same end? when with such Art he fram'd,
Your beautious selfe, proportion'd limbs, a face
Most amiable, and a peculiar grace,
In all your actions. Did God idely take
Such paines in the composure? No; hee'd make
A curious Palace for a spirit divine,
Which seriously should emulate the Nine
Orders of Angels, and as they doe move,
In the same Orbe of a Seraphick Love.
A sumptuous Court to entertaine a Soule,
That mounting to its Centre, should controule,
Terrene affections: As you firmly stand,
When Apostatick Scenes through the whole Land,
Are dayly acted; and ith' gloomie night,
Of more then Decian Tempests shine more bright.
(Though Noahs streames to th' multitude prov'd graves,
Yet like his Arke, You're raisde to Heaven by waves,)
And we dare say, not idolizing You,
Nor flattering, but with confidence what's true,
GOD fram'd your specious Outside, and ordain'd,
A fairer Soule should in't be entertain'd.

Which guiding for a while, that ordred Sphere,
Should afterwards ascend to Heaven, and there,
Fixt a bright Constellation with your rayes,
Direct our Ladies in their nobler wayes.

John Abbott

To the Right Honourable Algernon Percie, Earle Of Northumberland, Etc

My Lord,

So many glorious titles crowne
Your Noble Stemme, as easily they put down
Great Romes Æmilians, Scipio's, Fabio's, whose
One single Tribe adventured to oppose
Themselves their Cities Wall: and with their bloud,
Preserve Rome from the innumerable Multitude
Of Veians. How oft have our Ancestours
Seen, and extold like Piety of Yours?
How many Victories have the PERCIES got?
What Trophies reard of the subdued SCOT?
How many of your Martiall Linage are
In FAMES BOOK, written Thunderbolts of VVAR,
Who with HEROICK Actions adde new Grace,
To Charlemain's MARTELLVS, PEPINS race,
From whom you are discendants; and we know
How much GRADIVUS and the MVSES owe
To your Progenitours: and dare rehearse
Our better VOVVES and SERVICES in verse,
Be Greatest FABIVS, be great ALGER NON,
And emulate your PERCIES CRESCENT MOON
Shewre down your influence: make our clouded night
By your wise Counsailes, then the day more bright.
Your Honours humble Servant, A, Rivers.

John Abbott