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TER TRIA:
OR THE
DOCTRINE
OF THE
Three Sacred Persons,
FATHER, SON,
&
SPIRIT.

Principal Graces,
FAITH, HOPE, & LOVE.

Main Duties,
PRAYER, } and { MEDITA-
HEARING, } TION.

Summarily digested for the pleasure and
profit of the Pious and Ingenious
READER.

By *Faithfull Teate*, Preacher of the
Word at *Sudbury* in *Suffolk*.

* * *

TRIA SVNT OMNIA.

The Last Edition.

Leipzig, Printed in the Year, 1699.

FIDELIS TATVS,
(*anagramm*)
TELIS FIDATVS,
STATV FIDELIS.

JEHOVA's golden Shaft and blazing Sword,
FIDELIS had in Trust (I mean his Word)

GODS Armour-bearer was *FIDELIS TATVS*,
Who was *FIDELIS* always in that *STATVS*.

TO



TO THE
WITS
Of this AGE, pretended
or real.

YOU Candidates for Fame, who ne're could gain
The Name of WITS, till you darst be profane;
Nor get the knack on't, till the witty Devil
Gave you a smartness on a Theme was evil,
Who by elated Strains, taught you to raise
Some piece of clay, 'bove him who's above praise,
And having lost the Godhead, in it's place
By flattering lines to see some painted face;
Or with ingenious tartness to deride
The Scripture stile, and all that's good beside.
Let fall your wanton pens, and blush to see
Your self's out-done by Sacred Poetry.
Let all wise-hearted, savoring things divine,
Come suck this TEAT, that yields both Milk and Wine.
Loe depths, where Elephants may swim, yet here
The weakest Lamb of Christ wades without fear;
And you great Souls, who bathe in Contemplation,
Come, here's a prize, Wits worthy Recreation;
Mystrics as sweet as deep, pray read and try,
You'll be immers'd in pleasure by and by.
If words or things will please, here they accord,
Each other their benign aspects afford;
Words fit for Matter, matter fit for Men
Baxter or Boyle may read and read again;
Who weighs the things, will say, TEAT did inherit
The subject of his lines, the Holy Spirit;

*He that the Dress, (I mean) his Verse peruses,
 Will say, that Teat's Thrice Three surely were Muses,
 So full of Wit and Grace, 'tis hard to say,
 Whether the Heat or Heard hath got the day;
 A Heart so headed, and a Head so hearted,
 (Blest Concord) pity they should e're be parted.
 I le wish that TEAT'S and HERBERTS may inspire
 Randals and Davenants with Poetick fire;
 May th' Wits be wise, and faithful, Teat like thee,
 To Consecrate their Pens to thy Thrice Three.*

Jo. Chishutt.

THE
 AUTHOR
 TO THE
 READER.

Oft have I seen luxuriant Vicious Wit
 A wanton Rape on a fair Muse commit,
 At once distaining by leud Poetrie
 The Writers Paper-sheets and Readers Eye.
 And may not I oblige the thrice three Muses
 Chastly to serve so Sacred thrice three Uses?
 Is the grave Body of Divinity
 Less currant for the feet of Poetry?
 Are Truths, for being short and sweet, less found?
 Or Streams, for running smoothly, less profound?
 David, a Prophet, yet in Verse excels;
 'Twas Ecclesiastes made the Canticles.

Ter



Ter Tria.

FATHER.

THou that *begin'st* all things, begin my verse:
My vvords are vvind; Thy vvords are vvorks;
Thou'lt lightness find, VVhere darkness lurks;
My Pen and Ink may me, not Thee, rehearse.

My Pen is but a feather'd vanity,
Like me that vvrite; Ter shall this feather,
If thou'lt indite, Help me fly thither
VVhere Angels vvings make Pens beyond the sky.

Father, mine *Inks* dark hue presents mine heart,
Ink's not more dark, Ink's not more black;
One beam, one sparke Supply this lack.
Father of Lighs, novv shevv thy perfect Art.

Lord teach me speak, and I'll not hold my peace,
VVhich if I should, The stones vvould come:
Though deaf, yet vvould They not be dumb;
Break into praises, stonie heart, for these.

No man hath seen thee, Father, but He vvho
Did sometime come (Thy Son ic vvvas)
Thy bosome from, Thy Looking-glass,
Hee's the vvise Child, that doth h's Father knowv.

VVho else sings thee, sings vvhat he hath not seen:
My Verse hath feet, And fain vvould run
Thy praise to meet; But, lest the Sun
Should hurt vweak fight, the Clouds do interveen.

Then may I in thy Son thy self discover;
Sure Hee, the Mirroure, That shevvs thy face,
Prevents mine errour; Christs flesh like glass
A brighter Glory, but unseen, doth cover.

Since then I must be silent, or begin
 To sing th' Unseen; Father of Mercies,
 That set'st the screen, Forgive my Verses;
 O thou that vail'st their subject, vail their sin.

Father's a vword my child learns first to mutter,
 And thy child too, Thy nev born Babe
 First thing't can do Is to cry Ab;
 But both come last to knowv vwhat first they utter.

Thou art the Father of that Son, that made
 That vvomb on earth, That, vvithout Father,
 Did give him birth; And might the rather,
 He bee'ng begot, vwhere He no Mother had.

Then shall I call thee Father? Lord, thy Son
 Vvas call'd no less Before his birth;
 Prophets confes He had on earth
 His children, seed, and generation.

Th' Eternal Father call vve thee? or rather
 Thy Child, thy Son Born to restore us,
 Thine Holy One Giv'n to us for us?
 I'll call Thee th' Everlasting Fathers Father.

All that's in God is God; and needs must be.
 Thou mad'st mine eyes, Could'st thou forbear
 Thy self to spie? Or so to rear
 The blessed Image of thy self in Thee?

Surely thou couldst no more thy self not vievv;
 Then, Lord, not love Thy self vvhen seen;
 From vvhence thy Dove, As hatcht between
 Thy face and Looking glafs, sprung forth and flevv.

Then shall I not beleev Thou'rt One, yet Three,
 Father, and Son, And sacred Spirit,
 That equal run, One blifs inherit?
 Lord, I'll believ Thee surely such to bee.

Yet thou'rt the Father still: Those sparkling things,
 Are Sons of God: Those vvinged flames
 That fly abroad, (Thou knowv'st their names)
 Made vvithout Bodies, made all face and vvings.

Faces they have, and eyes, and tongues, vvithall
 To see and sing: But O their Grace!
 A sixfold vving To ev'ry face!
 VVise, happy, humble, obediential.

Lend's

Lend's vvings, dear Dove; vve lag and lose our traffick,
 Poor short-leg'd Rymes; Verses on foot
 Reach Seraphims? They cannot do't;
 Lord, novv, if ever, make my Muse seraphick.

Or if I mayn't have vvings, and so keep fight
 Of these bright flames, Shades of thy glory,
 Yet tell's their names, And tell's their story;
 And lend's a quill, dear Dove, and I'll go vvrite.

VVrite Angels, Lord, 'tis done: but vvho are they?
 Servants, or sons? Subjects, or Kings?
 Footfools, or Thrones? Inferiour things,
 Or Principalities? VVhat fhall I say?

Sometimes I hear thee call them Elohim;
 Yet they vvere made: These plumed things
 Are but the shade Of thy bright vvings,
 Before vvhose Sun-shine, all these Stars are dim.

Sometimes't should seem, that they but servants are;
 Or Ministers To vvait upon
 Salvations heirs, And guard thy Throne:
 Tet these stand cover'd, vvhere thy sons stand bare.

Servants they are, and yet Dominions:
 Each holds his Crowvn By casting it
 Most humbly down Before thy feet.
 Father, thy Throne's erected on the Thrones.

Thousands of thousands of the finite Gods
 On ev'ry side, I mean the Cherubs,
 VVhen thou dost ride, Some serve for stirrups,
 And some thou holdest in thy hands for rods.

Arch-Angels, Angels, that six-vvinged Nation,
 Stand trembling, Lord, Prest to obey
 Their Makers vword; And glad, they may
 By all their running but maintain their station.

These can't forget that early Funeral;
 These can't forget Those Moring-stars,
 That rose and set, VVhose inbred vvars
 Blevv up themselves. But ——— oh their fall!

Yet thou'rt the Father still: these Absoloms
 Their beeings had And beauties, Lord,
 But not their trade Nor Traitors Svword
 From Thee, from vvhom all good, and only comes.

Howv came these then to fall? 't should seem that under
 Their Angels vving's Each laid some evil
 (Oh vvretched things!) And hatch't a Devil,
 And so by sinning sing'd their vving's. VVhat vvonder?

Thy fine vvwhite linnen, Lord, sin burnt to tinder.
 Satan's thy creature, But novv doth vvant
 Firft form and feature, Oh miscreant!
 Thou mad'ft him bright, but sin turn'd all to finder.

Yet thou'rt the Father still: those Stars in view,
 Lanterns hung out In all mens sight
 Thy Court about, Those various lights,
 Father of Lights! thy dvelling clearly thevv.

That golden Globe comes trundling from thine hand:
 Father, thou saist Thou Sun of mine
 Run East and VVest, Cease not to shine
 Rounding my Bovvling-green of Sea and Land.

That burnisht silver Ball's hurl'd forth by Thee;
 That Moon of thine That alway's ranges,
 Doth sit and shine In constant changes,
 Says plainly: He that changeth not, made me.

The Pleiades, cluster of six, call'd seven;
 The Signs tvvice six; The errant Train:
 The Stars, that six: The Northern VVain
 And all the Constellations of the Heaven:

The great Orion vvith those bands of his:
 Stars Great and Least: The Milkie vway,
 VVith all the Rest, Doth plainly say,
 That He, vvwhose breasts drop Lights, their Father is:

Th' Archt Expanse, vvwhose props vvho can descry?
 That surging Roof, And Saphire-cieling
 Teelds ample proof To allmens feeling,
 It had its rise from Thee, O thou most High!

Those stately Offices all on a rov, v
 Standing about Thy spangled Court,
 And yet vvwithout For greater Port;
 Thee, Father of Heav'ns Family, do show.

There stands thy Minting-house, thy Bullo'ign, brought
 From 'ts place of birth; Vapours, I mean,
 From droffie earth Are there made cleane;
 And, as thou pleasest cast and coyn'd & vvrought.

There

FATHER.

There stands thy *Treasurie*; that doth contain
 Gems in great store Of orient hue:
 VVho can count o're Thy Pearls of devv?
 Thy golden Lightnings? or thy silver Rain?

There stands thy *VVardrobe*. Lord, the purple shrouds,
 VVhich thou dost use, And dappled skie,
 Like Ermins, shevvs Thy Majesty.

And vvhen thou vvilt thou vvear'tt the gold fring'd clouds.

There stands thy *stable-room*. Sometimes thy mind's
 To ride abroad; That men belovv,
 There is a God Above, may knovv,
 Hearing the neighings of thy prancing vvinds.

There's thy *Distillatorie*. Thence thou dost
 Heav'ns drops distill In such great store,
 Earth drinks its fill Till't needs no more.
 Then the cold ashes are cast forth in Frost.

There stands thy great *Confectionary*. There
 Those heaps of *Snovv*, Double-refin'd,
 Do clearly shovv And bring to mind,
 That they belong to th' Great Confectioner.

'Tis He, that makes those *Frost vvorks*. He, that makes
 Moist Drops, vvhen cast In's confit mold,
 Hail stones at last, VVhen they grovv cold,
 'Tis He that candies all the *Icic flakes*.

There stands thy *Magazine*. Thou dost erect
 Thy flaming forges, And there prepare
 Thy shafts and scourges, VVeapons of VVar
 VVhich, vvhen thou vvilt, thy rebel foes correct.

Storms, tempests, thunders, thunder-bolts vvith these,
 Great and small shot, Brimstone and fire,
 Father, vvhat not? If thou require,
 Dart thence to chastise those that thee displease.

VVhole *Egypt* from thy storm of Hailshot runs,
 His *Heathen-Head* That Royal slave
 Slunk under-bed, VVhen th' Heavens gave
 But one round volley from thy greater guns.

Thou'rt the *Rains Father*. Frost thou hast gendred?
 VVhat Prose, or Verses Can better shev
 Thy tender Mercies, Then melting Devv?
 This shevvs thine Heart, and hoary frost thine Head.

Th' Ancient of Days begat me, says the Snow.

The Lord of Hoasts 's my Fathers Name,

The Thunder boasts And Lightnings flame.

I carry Fathers Colours, says the Bovv.

So thou'rt the Father still: Lord, 'tis alledg'd

By th' feather'd Hoasts, That here and there

Th' Aerial coasts And Quarters bear,

Under thy vvings they vvere both hatch'd and fledg'd.

That Bird of Paradise, Lord, thou must ovve it.

VVith chattering cries Svvallows and Cranes

Plead, th' Only vvife Did hatch our Brains,

And He, that made our season, made us knowv it.

'Tvvas God All-seeing, made my piercing Eye,

Doth the Eagle say. To th' God of Love

Our broods vve lay, Saith Stork and Dove:

If these be ours, sure vve're thy progenie.

VVith early vvits and salutes from Earth

Up the Lark climbs, As if it meant,

VVith Seraphims Of high descent

By vvieing notes and vvings, prove equal birth.

The plumed Ostriches forget their young;

But thou, their Father, VVith careful hand

Their Eggs thost gather Laid in the sand,

Hatching to life, and hiding them from vvrong.

The goodly Peacock vvith his Argus-train,

His Angels plumes, His vvell-set border,

Strongly presumes To th' God of Order,

Unto vvhose pomp this splendour doth retain.

The tumbling Deeps vvhere all the vvaters gather

Roundly declare That Name of His,

VVhose Counfels are The Great Abyfs;

Seas svvell too big to ovvn'a meaner Father.

Surely the Ocean's thine. Lord is it not?

Thou bid'st it boyle, But not boyle o're:

And'r does recoile VVithin the shore.

Thou dost both furnish, Lord, and salt the Pot.

Thou Great-house keeper, must the Filh pond ovve,

VVhose bancks and thores Are Rocks and sands,

VVhose fulness stores All Coasts and Lands,

For thou the greatest Family canst shovv.

These

These VVater-vvorks are thine invention, Lord.
 Is the Oceans force, VVhen most serene,
 Charg'd by thine Horfe, Thy vvinds, I mean,
 VVhat mighty Banks and trenches, Lord, appear?

Under the coyert of those raging Seas
 Those armed Bands (Each joynted scale
 Like Armour stands, Or Coats of Male)
 March here and there securely as they please.

Leviathan that moving Mount or Fort,
 VVho can deride Storms battering,
 Of Sons of pride Thou call'ft Him King;
 There rumbles he to make his Maker sport.

So thou'rt the Father still. Ev'n Earth can cry
 From Cliffs and Mountains, Hills high and steep;
 Springs, Mines, and Fountains That run so deep,
 Hovv deep's thy vvifdom, Lord? thy povv'r hovv high?

Thou gav'ft the Rocks their Rife. Springs sprang from thee.
 Great Architect! Earths Fabrick fair
 Thou didst erect, And hang inth' Air
 To shevv its makers Independency.

Thy very foot-stool, Lord, thou dost inlay
 VVith Mines of gold, And silver Ore;
 VVho can unfold, Or prize the store,
 VVherevvith thou dost enrich poor dust and clay?

This inlaid foot-stool thou hast round beset
 VVith Vegetants, VVho can declare
 Those various Plants, Their Vertues rare,
 That spring from dust of heav'nly Fathers feet?

Those short-lived Beauties that the Florists gather
 Look up a vvhile, VVith a fair Eye;
 Give God a smile: And though they die
 Tet leave such seed as plainly shevv their Father.

Thou'rt fruitful Parent of all Trees fruit-bearing.
 VVho doth not see Earth doth but nurse
 These Plants for thee? Thine Heavens disburse
 Continual payments for these Plants up-rearing.

Some Trees there are, though suckled vvith earths sap,
 Tet run upright; As if they meant,
 By their vast heigt, Prove their descent,
 And lay their Leavie Locks in Fathers lap.

Others

Others there are too vweak to rise alone,
 Tet seem to knowv VWhere Father dvvells;
 VWhy should they go To Neighbours else
 To borrowv crutches, to run up upon?

The Herds, the Folds, the Beasts innumerable;
 The multifarious Creeping Creatures,
 VVhose food is various As their features,
 Cry still to God, our Father, spread our Table.

Father, to live, thy gift alone can bee;
 Earth's cold and dead, And cannot give
 To vwhat it bred To breathe or live,
 Surely the fountain of all Life's vvith thee.

This spacious House thus built and furnisht so;
 Come, let's convey Our Image just,
 Did th' Father say, To breathing dust;
 Leaving our likeness to keep Houe belovv.

Then vvas clay stamp'd by Act of Parliament
 VVith God's bright face: A Creature crownd'
 VVith Life and Grace: Heav'n-born, Heav'n-bound,
 Of upright aspect, of Divine descent.

Father, thy footsteps vve may find and gather
 All other-vvhere, But in this creature
 Thy face shines clear, VVitness his feature;
 VVho reads mans face, may quickly spell his Father.

Said I, one may? my God, I should have said
 One might have done: But things fall cross:
 Flesh turns to stone, Pure Gold to dross,
 Silver degenerates to dirt and lead.

Said I, there is? I should have said there vvas;
 My God! there vvas Thy countenance
 So in his face, That every glance
 The shining Sun in brightnes did surpass.

Father, this vvalking, talking Plant vvas hee,
 VVhom thou didst love, VVhom thou didst prize
 All Plants above. Thy Paradise
 Thou soon didst quit, vvhen thou hadst lost this Tree.

From th' side vvhereof a female plant did spring,
 A splendid pair? Novv th' Earth begins
 T' outshine the Air, VVhere Heavens bright tvvins
 (The Sun and Moon) their Light, as tribute, bring.

VWoman

Woman to man's a gift of Gods ovvn giving,
 (That man alone No more might be;
 Tet as much one, And one vvith thee)
 A gift endorsed vvith Doners Nome, the Living.

This Royal confort, to compleat mans joy,
 Thou God of Union, Didst vvell provide
 For chaff Communion, As his dear Bride,
 VVhom thou hast crovnd on Earth as thy Vice-Roy.

So th' little vworld vvith greatest vwork and skill,
 VVas fram'd at last, And being the best,
 Its grace vvas past To rule the rest;
 Nothing's forbidden, but its knowing ill.

Upon thy footstool thou hast built a Throne
 For man to sit, My God, at thine;
 And at his feet Thou didst configne
 All other things in due subjection.

Thou gav'st him life, 'twas fit, should'st give him Lavv,
 His saer did fall By thy command
 On Creatures all In Sea and Land;
 He standing only in his Fathers ayve.

His Diadem vvas bright intelligence,
 VVifdom in full, VVhose ev'ry spark
 Makes Diamonds dull, And Gems look dark;
 His Ermine Robe vvas purest innocence.

A Rational-Plant-Animal vvas he:
 Could vegetate, Could move and vvalk,
 Could contemplate, Discourse and talk:
 Fair issue of the Blessed Trinity!

Parents ovvn Picture! vvise, just, holy, Son!
 Thou mad'st that star, His heart, to be
 Triangular, Tet one vvith thee,
 VVho art the ever-blessed Threc in One.

That Instruments Three Strings thou God *Trin-Une*,
 (Th' Intellect, VVill, And Memory)
 Didst VVifdoms skill, And sanctiry,
 And Righteousness give charge to keep in Tune.

And, Oh! VVhat rare and ravishing content
 My God did take? Till, on a day,
 A fall did crack (Spoyling his play)
 The strings together vvith the Instrument.

But, oh, vvhhat tongue? vvhhat pen? vvhhat profe? vvhhat verfe?
 VVhat tears? vvhhat cryes? VVhat melting moans?
 VVhat fobs? vvhhat fighs? VVhat piercing groanes
 Can mans fo suddain, fo sad fall reherfe?

Of late a moft compleat and upright Piece
 My God did frame Of crooked bone:
 But th' Serpent came, VVhen God vvas gone,
 And vvwound his vvork to greater crookednefs.

VVound out of Heaven but into Paradife
 In a Friends guife That canker'd Devil
 By fallacies Drevv *Eve* to evil:
 And thus the mother of all living dies.

Man being thus on th' one fide mortified,
 Hovv quickly doth The Gangrene spread?
 Infecting both The heart and head.

Thus *Adam* liv'd and reign'd rebell'd and died.

Down comes the Son by leaping Fathers hedge:
 An Apple there, As some do gather,
 But a choak-Pear, As I think rather,
 Did tempt him, Oh my teeth are yet on edge!

O fruit, Death vvas thy fruit! thy gall, thy foot
 Me thinks I taft VVith all my bread:

VVhich makes me haft Unto the dead;

Thou bredst that vvorm, that kill'd me in my root;

VVhich bee'ng once vvither'd, root and branch did fall

VVich fuch a vveight, Madeth' Earth to groan,

From fuch an height Man fell upon

The inferiour creatures, and fo cruelt them all.

These fubjects, thus opprest, foon take up Arms

'Gainst Rebel-Man, Heavens Deputie,

(VVho firft began To mutinie

Against his Sovereign) to revenge their Harms.

For fin that made man Naked, Arm'd the Earth:

So poor man scrambles, In fvvreat and blood,

'Midft thorns and brambles For forry food,

Till's duft turns thither vvhen it had its Birth.

Novv the Earth, that fometimes ovvn'd him for its King

Makes him diftrain VVith plovv, or fpade

For every grain, Or't can't be had,

That vvont of'ts ovvn Accord its Tribute bring.

Man

Man having broke Gods Peace, all turns to strife:
 'Gainst his Creator. Ev'n Dogs proclaime
 Fal'n man a Traitour. A tvo edg'd Flame
 Cries come not, Rebel, near this Tree of Life.

Besides these vvarrs vvithout, that vvorm doth gnaw
 Mans inmost soul; A vvorm late breeding
 O'th' fruit, he stole, VVhereof man feeding,
 Became as broken, as his Makers Lavv.

Tet thou'rt the Father: these mourning Verses
 Do prove thee so: Mans miseries,
 The Creatures vvo, And all their cries
 Plainly Proclaim thee Father, of all mercies.

Thy Providence and Patience tovard man
 Do seem to strive, (Oblestet strife)
 VVho shall reprove The Traitours life,
 By lengthning out his poor contracted span.

Though man made so much hatt to stir thine ire,
 Tet thou art slovv; My God thou art;
 I find it so; Thou melt'st mine heart
 VVith burning Coals, but of an other fire.

Thine En'my hungers, and thou giv'st him food:
 Thine En'my thirsts, Thou giv'st him drink:
 Oh! mine heart bursts. Oh! vvho vvould think
 Man vere so bad, that sees his God so good?

Father thou mak'st thy Sun still shine on those,
 That lovvr on thee; And vvhen Heav'n lovers,
 'Tis love, vve see; For fruitful shovvrs
 Thou makest then to fall on thankless foes.

Man, vvhar art made of? dost not feel that Sun
 Dissolve the Ice? But thou art clay,
 The harder for this: Tet shovvrs, vve say,
 Soften the hardned Clay; But thou art stone.

Father, VVhen man had ceas'd thy son to be,
 And turn'd thy foe, Tet didst thou not
 Desert him so; Nor hast forgot
 To set thy child, though barter'd, on thy knee.

VVhen man first stript himself, and shev'd his shame,
 Cloaths from the backs Of Beasts less vvild,
 Mans Father takes To drefs his Child:
 Man lost his Robe, and Beasts must bear the blame.

Could

Could I, to cloath a Foe, thus strip a Friend?
 My God! My God! VVhat have these done?
 And yet thy Rod, Due to thy Son,
 Falls on these servants backs, that never sin'd.

Thus man's both fed and clad at thine expence,
 Kept at thy charge, Yet keeps it not;
 But lives at large, As having got
 His force to fight thee from thy Providence.

Heaps upon heaps! One load upon another!
 God gives Man store Like a dear Friend;
 Man sins the more Till in the end
 Or Mercies sins, or sins do Mercies smother.

Yet thou'rt the Father still: of mercies Father:
 VVhen through sins curse, Such Rebels dye;
 Thou dost yet nurse Their progenie:
 As th' Hen her Chickens, so thou dost them gather.

Thus are all things conserved since the fall,
 Both man and beast; The Raye'ns fed;
 The Lillie's drest, Then put to bed.
 All's kept in'ts kind, or individual.

Hovv beauteous in its season is each thing?
 Summer supplies, VVhat VVinter spends:
 VVhen Autumn dies, Such stock descends,
 As may set up the next succeeding Spring.

Thy Providence maks Clouds feed th' Earth vvith Rain:
 Th' Earth feed the Plant; Plant, th' Animal:
 So there's no vvant, Nor vvast at all;
 Then th' Earth vvith Vapours feeds the Clouds again.

By these, the Marshes make the Mountains drink,
 And liquid Seas At thy Commands
 VVater by these The parched Lands.
 VVho, but thy self, should such a thing forethink.

Thou dost for ev'ry mouth provide a mear:
 For ey'ry mear A mouth provide:
 Thy Board's full set On ev'ry side:
 If ought do fall to th'ground, that th' earth doth eat.

Father,

Father, for all things thou dost vvell provide.
 Thou didst erect This fair Creation,
 And dost project Its preservation:
 And being the House-keeper, art the great House-guide.
 Thou serv'st Thy self of all. Even Satans brain
 Ripeñs thy Plot; And his design,
 VVhen he thinks not, Promoteth thine:
 Thou mak'st that Black-smith forge his ovvn dark chain,
 Thou mak'st mans vvrath praise thee: And all his evil
 Thou turn'st to good: In all mans Story
 Ev'n in mans blood Thou sav'st thy glory:
 Goodness rules all in spight of man and Devil.

Tea such is Fathers care and Fathers skill,
 VVhen foolish man, Led by that elf,
 Dothral he can T'undo himself,
 T' extract mans greatest good from such an ill.
 So thour't the Father still: Thy nev Creation
 Most sweetly shevs Thy Father-hood;
 My God renevvs Fal'n man to good:
 By a nev VVord through th' Spirits Incubation.

Adam comes forth, but in a nev edition:
 Gods bright Portraiture Is nev imprest,
 The Divine Nature, On mans brest;
 Clear from all treason, and from all Misprision,
 Father, thou soak'st this Adamant in blood
 Of thy first-born. Mine heart, I felt,
 Did the impres score, And vwould not melt,
 Till that red Sea resolv'd it to a flood.

Father, I heard thee beg the Rebels peace,
 Rising betimes To ope thy doors;
 For all my crimes My God implorës
 Me to take pardon for my vickedness.

Then said I, turn me, O my Lord, my God!
 And I vwill turn To bear thy yoak;
 Mine heart doth burn, That I it broke.
 O my dear child! Ile run and burn my rod.

Thus spake my father. Pains oth' second birth
 Did pinch and grieve, But Gods dear strength
 Did soon relieve: And at the length,
 His child bee'ng vvasht and drest, my God makes mirth,

Nor doth mans elder brother grudge, or grieve,
 But sing and smile, Angels do shout
 Heav'n rings the vvhile Th' vvhole cour throughout,
 To see poor spend-thirft man return and live.

Man thus adopted and regenerate
 Searcheth his Fathers Last Testament,
 And thence man gathers Heav'ns full intent
 For his inheritance and future state.

Thou prov'ft thy self my Father all these vwayes.
 Novv let thy Dove Teach me to fear
 To serve and love Thee, Father dear,
 Proving my self thy Child, ev'n all my dayes.

*If you call on the Father, pass the time of your sojourning
 herein fear, 1. Pet. 1. 17.*



SON.



SON.

O Let that Dove, that sometimes did thee crowne
 VVith yellow Gold And Silver Plumes,
 Unto thy Poet Thee unfold,
 That humbly by thy leave presumes
 To spread thy fame, and scatter thy Renovvn.
 Let thine heroick Spirit guide my Verse.
 If thou the thing Indite, I'vwrite Touching the King,
 VVhat my vweak vvilling heart vvould fain reherse.
 'Tvvvas, vvhen *Augustus Cæsar* laid a Tax
 On all the Earth, Grace call'd for Thee:
 'Tvvvas then thy Mother gave thee Birth.
 That thou might'st set all nations free,
 Heavens fair impressiõ's stamp on Virgin VVax.
 To us a Child is born, grace gives a Son.
 Heav'ns vvere too bold, To say That they That King can hold,
 VVho novv into a Manger crouds his Throne.
 For since sin made man brutish like the Rest,
 My God did lay, The Bread of Life,
 Come down from Heav'n, 'mongst Oats and Hay,
 That man might find his food as rife,
 Tea find his Saviour vvhillst he seeks his Beast.
 'Tis not the Cloth, but Crowvn, that shevvs the King.
 A Cave's a Court, If where Appear The Prince's Port.
 VVise men, vvhat mean your Star, your sparkling things?
 Sure you can read by that Oriental light,
 VVhat is this stranger, That makes his bed
 In this poor Cottage, Crib, and Manger;
 Having no vvhere else to lay his Head?
 'Tis Christ, Earths joy, Hells torment, Heav'ns delight;
 Satan, 'tis Christ my crowvn, but Christ thy terror,
 Bite, if thou dare; His heel, I feel, Is somewhat bare;
 But thy bruis'd head shall ever rue thine error.
 All vvise men do, but foolish sinners do not
 Lye prostrated Before this Babe,

Being lodg'd in such a poor straw-bed;
 Nor, to this new-born child cry Ab;
 They're so unwise, their Masters crib they know not.
 My Lord at eight dayes old began to bleed
 For my disease: To free Poor me, Not for's ovva ease:
 Surely this Martyrs blood's the Churches feed.

Then went he to his Temple vwith his Mother.
 One Dove, me thought, That blessed Maid
 Might then have spar'd, that Lamb being brought
 Before the Lord, vvhose fleece if laid
 But rightly on, the vvorlde's vvhole sin might smother.
 From thence my Lord posts into Egypts Land.
 Have at thy head, Black Prince, For since Egypts dark bed
 Hath lodg'd this light, vvhate dungeon can vwithstand?

VVhen *Bethlehem* first grave Judahs Lyon breath,
 He boldly vvades Through th' sev'nfold stream:
 The Dragons country he invades,
 On their ovvn ground thus daring them.
 Thence safe returning dvvells at Nazareth.
 Can any good come thence? fair Nazarene!
 Thou dvvellest there: But, Lo! The Snow Is not so clear;
 As thou canst make the Black-more-finner clean.

At twelve years old my Lord went thence to sit
 I' the Temple, vvhich Ne'r shines so bright,
 As vvhens my Saviour doth enrich
 Its darkened vvindowvs vwith his light,
 There fits the Child to teach the Doctours vvite.
 The seventieth vveek bee'ng come, the time foreset:
 In *Daniels* book Foretold Of old; My Saviour took
 Baptism to him, a type of's bloody sweate,

Then vvas the vvater vvash't, that scoures my drefs,
 My God, my Christ, Thou could'st not need
 For thine ovvn sake a *John Baptise*;
 But, that thou mightest cleanse thy seed,
 Thou'rt pleas'd thus to fulfill all righteousness.
 Jordan's the cleaner, Lord, for vvashing thee:
 Hath *John* indeed, To be By thee Baptiz'd, such need?
 O my baptiz'd Redeemer! sprinkle me.

Christ

Christ thence ascending meets his ovn dear dove
 Descending, vvhile The Bridegroomes friend,
 The *Baptist*, doth both see and smile,
 VVhose ears that heavenly voice attend:
O son of all my pleasure, all my love.
 From Egypt call'd, th' baptismal sea be'ng crost,
 My Lord sets foot In hast On th' vvaist: Heav'n drives him to't;
 To learn i'th' desert hovv to seek the lost.

Novv vvith the Lion doth the Lamb converse:
 God sends his Child, His hand to lay
 Upon these Beasts, that are most vvild,
 Till he hath taught them to obey:
 Tygers, VVolves, Leopards, beasts most fell & fierce.
 My Lord's sent thither sure to learn to tame
 Mans brutish heart (More vvild, Lefs mild) By dear bought art
 To turn the Savage sinner to a Lamb.

The fiery Serpent of the VVildernesse,
 Finding Christ there, Doth spit and bite;
 But th' Brazen Serpent's hard and clear,
 Scorning the Tempters craft and spight,
 The Buller's batt' red, but not the fortrefs.
 Our Lord novv learns to fast, that vve might feast,
 And to be tempted, That vve Might bee Thereby exempted:
 Or succour'd so, as still to have the best.

If thou be th' Christ, this Stone to Bread convert.
 VVhy, fool, the Stone VVhich thou vvouldst move,
 Is Bread already, or there's none,
 My Lord vvas hungry for my love;
 Tet hee's the strengthening Bread of poor mans heart.
 Taking this Rock thence to a Mountain high,
 Saith Satan, see; If thou VVilt hovv And vvorship me,
 Those Kingdoms all I'll give thee instantly.

VVhy, fool! Must th' Son buy freedome of a slave?
 Hark, hovv thy Chain Dor clatter at
 Thine heel. My Lord vvas born to raigin;
 An Universal Monarchs state
 To him long since Heavns Letters Patents gave.
 To the Temples Pinnacle the Churches Head
 Is hurried next: Bee'ng there, I hear, Hell took a text;
 The VVolf by preaching vvould the Lamb preach dead.

Jump down; 'Tis vvritten th' Angels shall the catch,
 Say th' Tempers lips; And that he might
 Persvade my Lord to leap, he skips
 Those vvords should set his Doctrine right,
Angels our wayes ('tis not our Trespas) vvatch.
 Thy neck-verse found, in reading dost thou falter,
 Yet seem to preach; For thee Can be No Clergy, vvretch!
 Thus *Haman* sometime handsel'd his ovvn halter.

The Tempter bee'ng at last turn'd off the Ladder,
 My Lord sits still Been'g firmer stone,
 Then the vvrestling place, the Pinacle
 From vvhence he threw bold Satan down:
 Then th' Angels bring a Chariot from his Father.
 This chofen vessel these temptations season.
 Now He'll begin To Preach In each Place he comes in.
 Belev, 's his doctrine; Miracles, his reason.

Yet vvho makes use? for ev'ry tribe but one
 This great High Priest, 'Mongst all, doth get
 VVhom very near his sacred breast
 As precious Jevvels he may set;
 And of this tvelve one's but a *Brislow* stone.
 For his first proof Christ vvater turns to vvine
 At th' marriage-feast. O pure! Sirs, sure It may be gueft
 You to your vvedding did invite the Vine.

If this free vine doth yield so rich a store;
 VVho can exprefs VVhat plenty shall
 Flovv from thy crosse, my God, thy prefs,
 VVhen they have bruis'd thy clusters all?
 May this Vines blood be my vvine evermore!
 VVell done for th' first: canst do it again, Lord, do it.
 Convert my Verse, To thine Ovvn vvine My vvater tersea
 Renew thy Miracle upon thy Poet.

Soon after to his Temple goes my God,
 His house of Pray'r, VVhere th' sheep and dove
 Are sold, as if there vvere a fair.
 But vvhere is innocence and love?
 'Tis time, Lord, in thine house to use thy rod.
 Doth av'rice vvith thy Temple make thus bold?
 The next step hence That vve Shall see This sin commence,
 The Temple of thy body must be sold.

To

To seek the sunshine, comes a man by night,
 Hav'ng seen the things My Lord had vvrought.
 Heav'ns mysteries my Lord forth brings,
 But finds the teacher, hovv untaught?
 Night's most vvithin, but Christ turns all to light.
 After this Fountain, thirsting, seek a vvell:
 But finds a ditch, VVithin VVith sin All foul, the vvhich
 He searcheth first; doth all her doings tell:

Then, by revealing her, himself reveal
 To be the Christ: *Samaria* finds
 VVhat blind Jerus'lem sought, and mist.
 Thou'rt Christ to all kindreds and kinds,
 That by beleiving et to thee their feal.
 Then say's Disciples, Master, eat, vve pray;
 But he had got A meat To eat, VVich they knevv nor,
 For he'd gone eating *working* all the day.

Bee'ng thence return'd again to *Galile*,
 A noble man, For's dying son
 Bega's Reprieve of's Sovereign;
 The man beleiv'd, it should be done,
 And vvhat he first beleived, did quickly see.
 Happy that Son, vvhom Gods Son quickenerh!
 More noble, sure, He is For this Even for his cure,
 Bee'ng thus by th' Prince of life repreiv'd from death.

Then to Bethesda's Pool, Salvations VVell
 Carries a cure And gives't avway;
 The Jevvs this carriage can't endure,
 But think Christ hurts the Sabbath Day,
 VVhilst he poor man, for vvhom 'tvvas made, doth heal.
 Is there no cure, my God, for unbeleif?
 'Mongst all thine art, Doth there Appear None to impart
 To this disease a suitable relief?

My Lord invites five thousand to a feast:
 No store of dishes Beeing drest or cook'd;
 That, by five loaves and tvo small fishes,
 Their unbeleif might all be chok'd,
 VVhilst in their mouths their mear's so much increast.
 Tet the next day, as if they'd ne're been fed,
 These very men Do fret, And vvher Their teeth agen,
 No to feed on, but to back-bite Heav'ns Bread.

B

After,

After, the man born blind to fight's restor'd
 By paste of clay, Surely, I should
 Have blinded seeing eyes that wvay,
 Bee'ng so far, Lord, from doing good.
 Tet Jevvs in these nevv eyes, can't see the Lord.
 Thou rak'st a living mon'ment from a grave.
 Thy foes may see The dead Raisted; Tet they'd kill thee;
 Oh, my dear Lord, vvhat sign vvould finners have?
 Devils are all cast out, but unbeleif,
 Dead Palfies too Receive their cure;
 But Oh, Dead hearts, vvhat aileth you,
 That you do more and more obdure:
 Nor miracles, but blood must cure this grief.
 Ah! My dear Lord, the vvither'd hand is heald:
 And yet the hand Of faith VVho hath? Jevvs still vvithstand:
 And after all, to vvhom's thine arm reveal'd?
 Feavers are quench'd; yet fury burns amain:
 Issues of blood Are stanch'd quite:
 All evils, but their spleen, find good,
 And th' bloody issues of their spite.
 Oh! hovv Jevvs hate the good Samaritan!
 Do Pharisees vvash off? Ah they have need:
 Leopards do clear, But then These men The liv'ry vvear.
Gebazi's curse is on them and their seed.
 VVho cures their Phrenesies, can't their rage allay,
 They contradict The tongue, that taught
 The dumb to speak: yea, vvhen convict
 By the strange cures, my Saviour vvrought
 In falling sicknesses, yet fall avvay.
 Creeples get legs; yet mens opinions halt
 VVho thou shouldst be; One vvhile They smile, Then lovvr
 But thou art still the same: Lord! vvher's the fault? (on thee;
 For thy good vvorks their hardned hearts do stone thee.
 Sure it displeases, That they have health,
 And that thou carri'st their diseases;
 Scatt'ring among thy poor the vvealth.
 My God! ev'n of thine ovvn hovv fevv do ovvn thee!
 Oh! hovv they daily carpe at rightcoufness!
 Life may not live, If they But may The sentence give.
 They plot to bring salvation to distress.

To drag the Resurrection to the grave:
 Earths health to anguish: Howv fain vvould they
 See their dear-cheap Physitian languish,
 VVho freely cures them all the day.
 Him to destroy they plot, he them to save.
 My Lord thy patience is a miracle
 Mongst all the rest, (As vvee May see) None of the least.
 My Lord! If I may judge, it doth excell.

Oh! hovv they grudge my Lord his drink and food!
 The Bread, the Vine, Sent dovn to us,
 As bee'ng a bibber of much vvine
 They tax, and call him gluttonous,
 VVho's only greedy for to do them good.
 These dunghills to asperse the sun begin.
 He casts out evil, Tet they Do say He hath a Devil;
 Sinner they call the fountain ope for sin.

Hee is the Son o'th' Carpenter, say some;
 The Son of God, You might have said,
 VVho rais'd Heav'ns roof you see so broad,
 Such Carpentry's no such mean trade,
 Helping to ground'fill all this lover room.
 Others object that they his country knowv,
 The place, from vvhence He came, Can name, And hovv long
 VVhy, Sirs, pray vvhen did you to Heaven go? (since.

Then they persvade us that the King speaks treason,
 Because he makes Himself to be
 God, as he is: because he takes
 His ovvn, they cry out robbery.
 Lord, all men have not Faith, all have not reason.
 Sometimes he is not *Cesars* friend, they say,
 VVho's *Cesars* King. Tet hee, VVe see, Makes fish to bring
 Tribute to him, that he may *Cesar* pay.

Then they cry out, that he's the sinners friend.
 But, Oh! that they, Thas thus exclaime,
 Had rightly knowvn vvhat novv they say,
 The counfel, that to sinners came,
 From his dear friendly lips the'd more attend.
 To make Christ clash vvith *Moses* they project.
 The great Lavv-giver Doth teach Its breach; This they deliver,
 VVho vvould the copy by the proof correct.

Hovv fharp's their fight to find faults, vvhere are none?
 But Oh! hovv dim For to defcry
 That radiant Deity in him?
 And moft of all hovv blind to fpie
 Thofe great prodigious evils of thir ovvn?
 The Temple he'd deftroj, and then rebuild,
 This Jevvs object; But vvhat Of that? Themfelves project
 Hovv th' Temple of Chrifts Body might be kill'd.

Hovv malice, mixt vvith blindnefs, all mifconfsters!
 My Lord fo fpake, As ne'r did man;
 Tet's vvords and vvorks too they'll miftake,
 Say he, or do he, vvhat he can.
 To match his miracles they bring forth Monfters,
 Have Rulers or have Pharifees beleev'd?
 The Lavv vve knovv; Say thofe His foes. Ah! if't vvere fo
 The Lavv-Maker vvould fure have been receiv'd.

Tet this good Shepherd finds fome ftragling fheep,
 The Gofpel-net Some fifhers takes:
 Some, at receipt of cufstome fet,
 Chrifts cufstomers h's market makes.
 And vvhat he finds he'll fpend his life, but t' keep.
 Some vvife and noble roo, although not many,
 King Jefus Court Can fhovv: And fo, To keep his Fort,
 There's one Centurion, Lord, 'tis vvell, there's any.

Mary th' unclean, from vvhom as many Devils,
 As muddy Nile Hath freams, are caft:
 Each flood had its ovvn Crocodile:
 Tet fhe becomes one fream at laft
 Of Gofpel penitence for all her evils.
 Chrifts feet, vvafht vvith her tears, her hair makes dry;
 And Chriften agen VVith blood Makes good Her vvayes unclean:
 And vvith forgivenefs vvipes the vvipers eye.

A *Canaanite* to the King of *Hebrews* comes,
 Begs and implores At *Israels* feaft
 Some fuccour from thofe facred ftoces,
 That Jefus for the Jevvs had drest:
 VVhil'ft Children flight their bread, fhe leaps at crumbs.
 A little man, but finner not the leaft,
 Climbs up on high That he The Tree Of life might fpie;
 And in the fruitlefs *Sycamore* a feaft.

Mary

Mary the Lords *Mesſiah* doth anoint ;
 Diſciples grudge, And think't too good
 For him, vvho thinketh not too much
 To ſpend on them his precious blood.
 See, hovv one *Judas* puts all out of joynt ?
 Bee'ng thus anointed Chriſt as King appears,
 And forth doth go, As King Riding To *Sion* ſo.
 VVho brings ſalvation, him an *Aſs-Cole* bears :

Thus fooliſh things, and things that men deſpiſe
 The Lord doth chuſe ; That this dumb *Aſs*
 Might preach performance to the *Jevvs*,
 Of vvhat of old foreſpoken vvvas ;
 And Chriſt by vvweakneſs might confound the vvwiſe.
Judab! thy ſcepter's gone, but *Shiloh's* come.
Jeruſalem! Look out, And ſhout, For *Davids* ſtem
 Novv ſprings a freſh in thy Lavv-givers room.

Children, by their *Hofannahs*, loudly cry'd,
 Do teſtifie My Saviours praiſe,
 That he might fill his foes thereby,
 His Name theſe Babes and ſucklings raiſe,
 VVhilt th' Elders and the Fathers him deride.
 Thus vvhilt the Fathers fall ith' VVildernesſ,
 Children inherit ; VVhy lo, Ev'n ſo It pleas'd the Spirit,
 VVhat men deny, to teach poor Babes confeſs.

VVhat *Jevvs* reject poor *Greeks*' make friends to ſee :
Sion, take heed Thou be n't the hive
 That others do vvith hony feed,
 Not taſting, vvhat it ſelf doth give ;
 VVhileſt Gentiles ſteal avway thy Chriſt from thee.
 VVhat needs more proof ? my Lord puts on the rack
 Devils themſelves (Though *Jevvs* Refuſe, As vvorſer clves)
 Till they to him a full confeſſion make.

VVould you beleive, if your high Prieſt ſhould tell,
 Or, vvho's the Chriſt, Should teſtifie ?
 Sure your ovvn *Caiaphas* little miſt,
 Saying, 'vvat meet this man ſhould die
 For th' people, that they periſh not : Go-ſpell :
 Hovv ſweetly ſings this *Svan* before them all !
 Though envy fumes His ſkin VVithin His vvhited Plumes,
 Their High Prieſt ſings Heav'ns High Prieſts Funeral.

Thus

Thus men reach Parrots speak, but vvhath they know not;
 The High Priest cries, (And surely he
 Should know) this man's your Sacrifice.
 Tet Christ their Saviour must not be;
 My Lord, men do confes thee, though they do not.
 This Sacrifice the priest plots how to kill,
 And yet there vvas More Priest In Christ, Then *Caiaphas*.
 Thus types the truth, shadovvs vould substance spil.

Innocent Lamb! although thou knew'st this plot,
 Tet, Oh how fain VVouldst thou get up
 To be in read'ness to be slain
 'Gainst th' Pasover; that all might sup?
 My Lord thou seest thy death, but shun'st it not.
 This is the Paschall Lamb, sure, I may call it
 Immaculate; O God, Thy blood Sprinkles my gate;
 Tet is thy bitter grief my bitter fallet.

I the upper room my Lord bespeaks the feast
 For his dear friends; That they might know,
 That from above their chear descends;
 VVho'l feast vvitth Christ must upvards go.
 But, Oh! how dear for all pays this dear guest?
 Desiring I've desir'd this feast to eat
 VVith you, before I go Unto The other shore.
 Oh! how my Lord hungers to be my meat?

Tet, Friends, there's something, I must sadly say;
 You're not all clean, 'Mongst you doth sit
 (The man, that dips vvitth me I mean)
 A Devil, yet an Hypocrite,
 That shall this night the God of truth betray.
 'Tis my pursebeavys plot his Lord to sell,
 VVho had him brought, The vvretch To preach I sometime taught,
 But not to sell me, or himself to Hell.

Judas! canst thou find death in such a Pot?
 Plot such a matter Against thy Master?
 VVhilst thy sop softens in my platter,
 VVho of each dish make thee a taster,
 Hardens thy heart the vvhilst *Iscariot*?
 VVill nothing serve, but sops in blood next meal?
 My Purse, my dish VVere free To thee, VVhat more could'st vvisht?
 VVretch! vvhath thou dost, do quickly: Run, and sell.

Penfive

Penfive Disciples vwhen they hear, and knowv it,
 Each fears for one: But he that bears
 The bag, is lag; perdition's Son
 He is the last that doubts, or fears:
 Slowv to confesse, but Oh! howv swifft to do it.
 Come, children, take this bread, 'tis broke for you:
 Much good may't do you; 'Tis drest, & blest, Take it unto you,
 And there vvithall my broken body too.

Come, my Disciples, here's an health likevvise
 To you, not me; Let it go round,
 Salvations cup's the cup you see;
 Tour health is in my bloody vvound,
 Think of my blood, as oft as ye drink this.
 Tour Makers broken Lavv, your bloody sin,
 And bleeding heart Bring mee To see And feel this smart.,
 VVho vvould Hell conquer must vvith death begin.

My Testament I leave you seal'd in blood:
 Tou I bequeath, VVhen ere I die,
 Full conquest over sin and death
 VVith life and peace; vvchich by and by
 I the Testator by my death make good.
 Pledge me, dear friends, this blood vvas broach'd for you:
 I'll drink no more Of vvine O th' vine, Till being got ore,
 I may in Fathers kingdome drink it nev.

Come let's novv sing, faith Christ, feeling all my sorrow
 Is but your Crowv; Thorns at the breast
 Make musk, vwhen the Spirit's down,
 Tea sometimes musick of the best;
 Let's sing to night, for I must dye to morrov.
 My Lord then riseth up, from vvence he sate:
 VVhom vvinds obey, And seas VVith these, Disciples may
 Novv see him, that he may be gracious, vvait.

Sure vvhillst my Saviour serves, vvho ever came
 See'ng him so drest VVaiting on all,
 Girt vvith a Napkin, scarce hat guest,
 This vvere the feast of's Funeral,
 But marriage-Supper rather of the Lamb.
 After the vvine my Lord doth vvater take;
 Heav'n stoops to meer, And bov As lov As sinners feet.
 Oh vvhat clean vvork Christ's blood and Spirit makes!

Peter,

Peter, thou think'st that I stoop dovn too lovv,
 And sai'st I shall N're vvash thy feet;
 Then canst thou have no part at all
 In *Davids* Son, not be made meet
 I th' nev Jerufalems clean streets to go,
 Streets that are pure, as gold, and clear, as glafs:
 This Basin is Thy vway I say To this fair blifs:
Israel to *Canaan* must through *Jordan* pass.

Sirs, see you, vvhat I h've done, and do you knowv it?
 You call me vvell, Say'ng I'm your Lord:
 If I then stoop, Oh! never svvell.
 If I have vvash't your feet, afford
 You to do likewise; Happy, if you do it.
 Servants, my Livery, you must vwear, is Love.
 This bovl's my Spirit, VVhich, I Novv die, That you may
 The Lamb goes hence, that he may send the Dove. (nherit:

Oh may this tovvell bind your hearts in one!
 My bending dovn, Teach them to bovv!
 May pride and sinful passions drovvvn
 In this full Basin. Men shall knowv
 By this, that you are mine, vvhen I am gone.
 Gone? I'll go too, saith *Peter*, Lord, I vvill,
 VVhat ere comes on't. Oh no! Not so; 'Tis a fore brunt.
 Best mettall melts, vvhen men their Maker kill.

Nay, Lord, though all men run, I'll stand by thee:
 Run friends, or foes, Foes to pursue,
 Or friends to scape the hands of those.
 Poor man i'll tell thee, vvhat's more true,
 Ere th' Cock crovv vvvice I thrice denied must be.
 Sure *Peters* courage strengly is come on.
 My passion, lo! He did Forbid, Novv he'll die too.
 Tet vvhen the Shepherd dies, the sheep vvill run.

Let not your haerts be troubled, but believe
 In God and Mee; I ride before
 To see things may in read'nefs be,
 Behold I'll meet you at the door:
 My Fathers house can me and you receive.
 VVhither I go, ye knowv, and th' vway ye knowv.
 Saith *Thomas*, Nay Lord, vve Can't see VVhich is the vway,
 For, vve alas! knowv n't vvhither tohu dost go.

Thomas,

Thomas, I am the true and living vway.
 My flesh I gave, (Knovvest thou me)
 A path-vvay unto Heav'n to pave,
 Cemented vvith my blood to be,
 So, that vvho vvalks in me, can't go a stray.
 Shevv us the Father, Lord, that's all our blifs;
 Doth *Philip* say. Hovv long Among You must I stay,
 Ere you knowv me, saith Christ, vvhy, here he is.

Judas replied, but not th' *Iscariot*, Lord,
 Hovv is't that thou Thy self to us,
 But not unto the vvorld dost shevv,
 Thy blessed self revealing thus?
 VVhy, I vvill do't to all, that keep my vvord,
 Peace I leave vvith you, my peace I you give,
 Not as the vvorld, VVhen here And there You're tost and
 The svveetest calm shall then your hearts relieve. (aurl'd

Friends, If you love me let me go, don't grieve me.
 Oh! hovv your fobs Do antedate
 My passion, oh my pulse vies throbs,
 Oh let my grief in yours abate;
 My Fathers arms are ready to receive me
 Sirs I can't stay to talk: yonder's the Prince,
 The vvorld that svvayes: O see, Hovv hee Doth's legionsraise,
 Tet of one single fault can't me convince.

I am the vine, ye branches, bring forth fruit:
 My blood's your sap: My blood's your seed:
 'Tis vvell for you, that others tap
 The vessel, that the vine may bleed:
 The hand, that empties me, doth you recruit.
 O if you love your selves, let me go send
 That guide to you, That shall Ev'n all, Ev'n all things shevv.
 Ih've much to speak, vvhich you can't yet attend.

A little vvhile I disappear, anon
 I'm seen agen; For to the Father
 I go; say they, vvhat may this mean,
 This little vvhile? vve cannot gather.
 VVhy, friends, vvhen vvinter's over spring comes on.
 Truth, Lord! vve novv believe. Ah do you so?
 Just novv comes on An heure VVhose shovvre VVill ma-
 VVhilft solitary to my grave I go. (ke you run,
 Tet

Tet am I not alone: O blessed Father!
 Thou'rt vvith me still: Novv glorifie
 Thy Son, thy Son: vven *Butchers* kill
 Thy Lamb, Oh take me up on high,
 And thine and mine Lord vvith me to me gather:
 These are thy stock I kept, and did improve them.
 For these I pray, And all That shall Thy vvord obey':
 Lord, here's thine ovvn again; O keep them, love them!

Then his Disciples forth my Lord do th' lead.
Cedron i'th' vvay Makes me bethink,
 VVhat th' Psalmist of th' High Priest doth say:
 He of the brook i'th' vvay shall drink,
 Therefore he shortly shall lift up the head.
 Thence they together to the garden pass,
 VVhere grevv that store That can Fall'n man Make as before:
 Sure, my Redeemer's Rue's that herb o' grace.

'Tvvas in a garden *Adam* did undo us;
 There grevv that fruit, VVhose bitterness,
 That man for ever might not ru't,
 My Lord did tast and squeeze and pres:
 Then from a Garden brings our cure unto us.
 O mount of Olives! O *Getsemane*!
 To all else yet A soile Of Oyle! Of bloody sweate
 Only to me, ——— sinner! here's Oyl for thee.

Sirs, sit you here, *Peter*, and *James*, and *John*,
 Oh! I begin To feel: such smart
 Amazeth me, that n'ere knew sin:
 Tet hovv it cures my very heart!
 Sirs, sit you dovvn: I must pray, or I'm gone.
 This cup, this cup, O Father! may it pass!
 This cup, this cup May't pass! Alas! Must I drink't up?
 VVhy, all thy vials dregs are in this glass!

Ah! friends, your heav'ness doth augment mine too.
 Hovv can your eyes Continue shut
 So near such strong and bitter cries?
 Dulness, I novv perceive, can cut:
 VVill you not vvatch vvith him, that's sick for you?
 You three of all I chose for sentinels:
 Ibade you lie Perdieu, But you Sleep, though I dye.
 Tet in vveak flesh a vvilling spirit dvvels.

But

But though my foot-guard sleeps, mine horse-men vwatch;
 Though men do grieve me, Yet at the length
 Mine heav'nly Angels do releive me,
 Heav'ns succours reinforce my strength.
 Sin, do thy vvorst novv, thou'lt meet vwith thy match:
 Yet, Oh this cup! this cup! Lord, let it pass,
 If't be thy vwill; Ter thine, Nor mine, Perform thou still,
 Thy scalding vvrath, Lord, cracks my brittle glafs,

Sin entred man at first but by one hole:

But ev'ry pore Throughout my skin,
 My God! my God! becomes a door,
 VVhence blood goes out, vvhilst vvrath comes in,
 Such anger through thine anger melts my soul.
 Can you get sleep, vvhilst in this scalding bath
 Imelt avvay, Blood-vver In svveat? Sirs, think, I pray,
 'Tis for your feavers sake of sin and vvrath.

VWhat, can I not one hours short vwatch obtain?

One hours? I say. Oh you'll be temptred;
 VWatch for your ovvn flakes then, and pray:
 Oh! pray that you may be exempted,
 There are no vapours left in my parcht brain:
 I'm past all sleeping novv, but th' sleep of death.
 But, Oh! let it pass This cup! (*Drinks't up.*) Thy svword, alas!
 In thine ovvn fellovv-shepherd dost thou sheath?

Oh! hovv thy vvrath my flovr'r to hay converts!

My bones do start. My flesh consumes,
 My skin is parcht, as bottels are
 I th' smoak, Lord, through thine angry fumes.
 Disciples, novv sleep on, and rest your hearts.
 This restless night of mine procures for you
 A day of peace; My shovvs Tour flovvs, Tour joyes increase.
 Never did night yield such a blessed devv:

Honey to mine, though Gall and Blood to me:

I mean those drops, VVhich from my browv
 Bedevv the ground. Sinners, vvhats crops
 May your dear Lord expect from you?
 But novv let's rise; yon Traitour comes, I see.
 Your Saviour's given into sinners hands:
Judas! art come? Thou'lt soon Be gone Hence to thine home;
 VVhilst thou tvvists mine, I faster knit thy bands.

Thou

Thou fend'st me to my cross, but I'll be even;
 Thou shalt hang first, Theif, that thou art!
 Thou'st broke thy faith, and thou shalt burst
 Asunder, false perfidious heart!
 'Tis fit, such pay be to such traitours given.
 Into the second *Adam's* garden creep
 Dost thou, Serpent? That vway Betray The innocent?
 Methinks, thou smil'st, as Crocodiles do vweep.

Canst kifs, ant court me still? Hail! Master, Hail.
 'Twas sometimes said, O kifs the Son,
 Lest he be vvroth, and strike you dead;
 Sure, thy kifs is not such a one.
 VVith unbelievers, hypocrites shall vvail.
Judas, thou know'st mine haunt. I 'th' very place
 Me to betray Just there, Even vvhere VVith me to pray
 Thy feigned lips vvere vvont, hast thou the face?

VVhat means thy search? vvretch, thou'rt the fugitive;
 Tour Lanthorn Light, Sirs, also shevvs
 Tour vvorks are darknes, and you night.
 VVhy force you, vvhat I don't refuse?
 Is it my life, you seek? 'tis, that I give.
 Jesus of *Nazareth* you're come to take;
 VVhy? I am he *They all Down fall.* Can majestic
 Upon such Rebels such impression make?

My Lord, thou needst not flee, nor *Peter* dravv?
 They run, they run: Backvvards they fall;
 Tet to be taken thou comest on.
 Yielding thy self unto their thrall,
 VVho cannot slip thy curb from off their javv.
 Servants are let go free, vvhile th' Master's bound.
 Bold *Peter* novv, To shovv his Provvess, Is vvord & blow:
 But the meek pris'ner gently cures the vvound.

Thou chid'st thy Champion vvhile thou friend'st thy foe,
 Svveet Prince of peace! The vvounds of foes
 Thou'st rather heal vvith gentleness,
 Then thine should steal to flint oppose.
Peter's too hot to hold, I fear me so.

VVhat mean your svvords and staves? sirs! vvho's the thief;
 You've stol'n the fruit, And yet Are set To make pursuit,
 I've only stol'n the punishment and grief.

VVas

Was I not vvith you in the temple still?
 Have you forgot My Sermons there?
 Tet all that vvhile ye took me not:
 And must I novv these shackles vvear?
 Th' *Essential* must the *written* vvord ful fill.
 See my Disciples leave me and they fly;
 Each shifts for one: And so I too Could vvell have done:
 But, lo! my bondage is their liberty.

Thus bound they drag me to the High Priest first,
 VVho am the goat, Doom'd thus to die.
 More by Heav'ns counsell, then their plor,
 For sin, in mine Humanity;
 VVhich, though it knevv no sin, for sin's accurst.
 Then they confess over my guiltless head
 Their sins, not mine: Tet I Did cry, Something divine
 Tou'l find hath *scap'd* your hands, vvhen I am dead.

In my tvvo natures I'm both Goats in one;
 Can dye, yet scape; Can scape, yet *dye*:
 I can discharge first *Adams* rape,
 Then second *Adams* bands untie.
 Sinner, I must do both, or thou'rt undone.
 Falsse vvitnes they suborn'mongst faithless *Jevvs*.
 Such is their grudge, Their Lord They'ccord To death
 Though vvitneses agree not, that accuse. (t'adjudge,

Art thou the Christ? they captiously enquire;
 Not for to knowv, As sometime did
Johns dear Disciples, but to throvv
 Mine ovvn confessions at mine head.
 They vvatch my vvords vvith an inflam'd desire:
 This *Mary* sometimes did, but not as they;
 Not life, but death They vvatch & catch From my dear breath
 Both to themselves and me this bloody day.

Peter steales to their fire, to melt, not fight:
 Mine seldome vvarme Themselves vvith such
 But quickly rue their dear-bought harme,
 Saying the vvarmth's not half so much.
 Sirs, is't so this morn? 'tvas hot i'th' night;
 I felt it so: Nor find I ought yet cool,
 Except it be The love Even of My friends to me,
 VVhilst enemies my vvifdome fain vvould fool.

The High Priest rends his cloaths, but not his heart;
 Then all condemn me The Hall throughout,
 VVho must judge all; Abjects contemn me:
 VVhom Angels do admire, they flout.
 They are the *Ismaels*, I bear *Isaac's* part.
 Then they blind fold mine eyes, to vvhom the night
 Shines as the day: I can't, Sure, vvant, VVho gave ayvay
 So many eyes to others, vvanting, fight.

Oh! hovv these Bats project to blind the Sun!
 Moles plot and think (Hovv vvise they are?)
 VVith a poor clout thus to hood-vvink
Jacobs true bright and morning star.
 Indeed if't could, you've need, it should be done.
 Hovv they, to make me like themselves, devise?
 I, and they, vvink: They see Not mee; And so they think
 I can't see them, although I made their eyes.

Others, for spight, spit on my blessed face,
 VVhich *Moses*, and *Elias* too,
 Did once i' th' mount admiring stand
 Transfigur'd then, disfigur'd novv.
 Hovv men bespatter Gods ovvn Looking glafs.
 These pottheards then their potter smite vvith rods. (dy:
 My vvhitte & ruddy These foes VVith blovvvs Make black & bloo-
 I'm box'd by slaves, vvho rule among the Gods.

Then prophesie vvho smote thee, some do cry.
 Alas! vvho not? Yet I'll impart;
 Me, for my *seed*, my Father smote;
 But never did mine ovvn clean heart.
 Scorners, go read *Isaiabs* Prophezie:
 He did esteem me stricken of my God;
 That stripes on me, My smart Of heart, Mans cure might be:
 Man did the fault, and I must feel the rod.

Peter, I doubt, they courage vvill soon coole
 At that same fire; Th' Ague'll come on:
 Satañ, to sift thee, did require.
 Novv, *Peter*, prove the rock and stone.
 My dear Dilciple, don't deny my schoole.
 Oh! at first charge, I see, my Champion's laid!
 The shield, the shield Of faith, He hath Near lost this shield.
 VVho play'd the man 'mongst men, falls by a maid.

VVhom

VVhom flesh and blood reveal'd not, flesh and blood
 Can teach deny, Ev'n his dear Lord;
 Constant to 's ovvn unconstancy,
 Ev'n as if this had been his vvord,
 I vvill deny, not dye, to this he stood.
 Oh! my poor fisher's caught the second time,
 I said, abide In me, Or ye VVill quickly slide:
 But novv it seems, to be of *me*, 's a crime.

Then others cry: this man's of *Nazareth*.
 He by and by VVith cursing doth
 Me, that have born this curse, deny:
 And svvears, he knowvs not, vvhat he knowv' th.
Peter, they say, they smell thee by thy breath
 To be of me, Oh! that I could so say!
 Sirs, don't you hear? The man Can ban, Can curse and svvear,
 That he's of me, Sirs, doth such speech bevvray?

Surely you knowv my speech no more, then me.
Peter denies His Christ ————— so crevv
 The Bird, that vvakes the sleepers 'eyes;
 I lookt on *Peter*, then he knevv
 The Cock his Masters Monitour to be.
Peter, thus finding all crovv over him,
 Runs forth to vveep; His soul Novv foule To vvrinse & steep;
 Ev'n in a spring tide of salt tears to svvim.

I have deni'd my Lord, my Lord, that's dying;
 I have deni'd My Lord, my Lord,
 VVhom I confest, profest; bee'ng tried,
 I have renounc'd his and my vvord?
 My Lord, that bought me, I have been denying,
 Novv his hot fit's come on. My Christ, vvhen ever
 Through, thou knowv' st vvhat, Thee I Deny In vvord, or thought;
 Oh! give me *Peters* svveat in *Peters* feaver!

By this time is my dooms dayes dawning come.
 Their rightful King Jevvs having bound
 Before an alien Judge do bring.
 That guilt i'th' guiltless might be found,
 Butchers object, but I, the Lamb, lye dumb.
Herod, and *Pontious Pilate*, Gentiles, Jevvs
 Counsell and plot: I am The Lamb Must go to pot:
 Satan is at mine heel, vvhich he vvill bruise.

VVho

VWho art? and vwhat is truth? *Pilate* enquires;
 Bee'ng strange to both, I find it so:
 Tet to my bloodshed lag and loth,
 VWhilest my ovvn people raging go
 To burn King *David's* branch vvith Gentile fires.
 Take him your selves, saith *Pilate*, Jevvish men,
 Ease your ovvn grudge. Say they: VVe may No man adjudge
 To death, Our *Scepter's* gone. VVhere's *Shiloh* then?

See you your vvants? not vwhat ye have, O yee?

VWhy, *Shiloh's* come: My vvwhite and ruddy,
 This vvine and milk, though I be dumb,
 Speaks it, my innocence thus bloody.

This is your *Shiloh's* garment: can't you see?

'Tis not so long, O thou my city! since

Hosannahs, cryed In thee To mee, Me testified;

Thy people gath'ring round about their prince.

'Tis not so long, since I did bind my sole,

Mine Asses Colt, Unto my vine,

To thee, *Jerus'lem*, novv revolt;

That I might vvash my vveeds in vvine,

VVhilst to the death I'm pouring out my soul.

Judas mean vvwhile, confid'ring all that's done

Through his foul sin, Relents, Repents, And brings agen

That dunghill-dirt for vvwhich he sold the Sun.

For's thirty pieces thirty thousand vvoes

Oppress his heart. Then to his Priest,

I've sinned, and the innocent must smart,

The vvretch, being shriven, so confest.

See thou to that, say th' Priests, see thou to those.

Oh! to vvhat lead doth *ill-got* silver turn?

Judas can't bear The vvweight Of it; Tet't vvvas his dear:

Oh! take't agen; My fingers burn, they burn.

Into the treasury this they dare not cast:

Oh! it is not good, Poor men, they dare not;

Oh! 'tis the price the price of blood;

And yet, to spill that blood, they spare not:

Thus *Gnats* do stick, vvhilst *Camels* go dovvvn fast.

They take the mony first, and then dispute, (doth go,

VVwhether 't should be so. Mean vvwhile The vile Traitour

Bee'rg *self-condemn'd*, himself to execute.

A bloody

A bloody peice of Charitie's the end.
 The Potters field, That strangers might
 Be buri'd there, to buy they yield,
 Not burying there their ovvn strange spite.
 Thus kind to strangers, vvhilst they kill their friend.
 Mean vvhile me at a *goodly price* men hold;
 Hereto it's come, One field Can yield As great a sum,
 As doth the Maker of the vvorld, vvhhen sold.

Novv th' Judge of all stands bound at *Pilat's* bar.
 Great God is tryed For's life, by man:
 Tet by this stranger justified,
 Say mine ovvn people, vvhath they can.
 Hurried to *Herod* next, and's men of VVar.

Herod forsooth vvwould see a miracle,
 And doth, vvhilst I Sustain Disdain So patiently,
 VVho could scoule these proud scorners quick to Hell.

In vvhite and splendid rayment then, from thence
 I'm re-convey'd To my first judge.
 (T'vixt vvhom and *Herod* peace is made,
 They in my blood can sink their grudge)
 VVearing the type of my clear innocence,
 Saith *Pilate*, see, nor I, nor *Herod* can
 His crime discry, VVhy he Should be Condemn'd to dye;
 VVill you, this feast, that I release this man?

Take him, and scourge him, scourge him as you list.
 Oh! VVhat I feel! My God vvhath lashes!
 Think you my back is stone, or steel
 Like your hard hearts? O gage these gashes?
 And spare your rod, or tell me vvhwherefore is't.
 Tet doth mine hand still svvay that Iron rod,
 VVherevwith I can All those My foes, Ev'n as one man,
 In pieces break; and make them knovv I'm God.

VVho vvwould have thought all government vvere laid
 Upon these shoulders Thus rent and torn
 By cruel stripes? yet they're th' upholders
 VVhereon both globes o'th' vvorld are born;
 A load that's light to the stripes of them, that straid.
 I am the fruitful field, novv plovd in furrovvs,
 That ev'ry sin Might have It's grave To vvither in.
 I am the rock, these holes are sinners burrovvs.

Princes, whilst under *Pædagogues* they bee,
 Can stand and see, VVhen they've transgressed,
 Subjects vvhipt for't; vvhy, *Pilate*, mee
 Thou'rt innocent and king confest,
 Yet for my peoples faults I'm scourged by thee.
Pilate, thou think'st these bloody stripes may cease
 Their bloody cry, But blood So good, They'll drink them dry,
 And their Hydropick thirst vwill more increase.

Alas! thou think'st to seal me a release
 From blood in gore, But 'tvwill not be,
 'Till I have emptied all my store.
 Then, sinner, there's release for thee.
 So dearly must I buy my subjects peace.
Pilate's ovvn vvife becomes mine advocate:
 Her sufferings in Her dream, To them She doth begin,
 So to prevent my passion, to relate.

But vvho can harden his soft covvardise,
 To take my part And shield my right?
 Or mollifie their hardened heart
 To quit their spleen, or scirbous spite?
Pilate have nought to do vvith Christ, she cries:
 VVoman, thy husband's like to've nothing sure
 VVith me to do: VVhilst he For me No heart can show;
 But to condemn, vvhom he acquits, endure.

Pilates ovvn Lady playes the nursing mother;
 VVhilest Jevvs reject, Builders refuse
 Fair *Sions* precious stone Elect,
 VVhich for the corner God vwill use.

VVare, *Pilate*, lest this croud they conscience smother,
Pilate and I have tvvö hard parts to play;
Pilate, to please All those My foes, Yet me release;
 I, to make Eeav'n and earth good friends this day,

Time after time he questions and approves
 Mine innocence; And tells the Jevvs
 That clearly, that's all mine offence:
 And doth the oyl of courtship use,
 VVhich either more enflames, or nothing moves,
Pilate hangs first 'tvvixt tvvö, bee'ng crucified,
 Conscience and Fear: The Rout VVithout For blood appears:
 By *Pilates* Privy Counsell 'tis denied.

VVill

VWill you, faith *Pilate*, I release your King,
 Or *Barabbas*, The Murderer?
 The Man, of Men the Monster vvas,
 Tet *Barabbas* they all prefer;
 Blood upon blood thus on themselves they bring.
 Novv, O ye Heavens, stand astonish'd!
 And thou, bright Sun, Be gone: Get on Thy mourning govvn,
 That, vwhen I bow mine, thouv may'st *hide* thine head.

Let *Gadrens* novv for kind commended be;
 Tet they preferd Their heard of *svvine*,
 But no *Barabbas* in that heard.
 But, Oh! the hoggishness of mine,
 Even of mine only people unto me!
 VWhy? ev'n these Butchers trade's a mystery.
 There is a skill, That they This day Have learnt to fill
 Their hands vwith blood: and that before I die.

The murder and the murd'rer, all's their ovvn,
 VVhilst they thus chuse: And oh! vwhat vvonder?
 VVhat fitter head for bloody Jevvs,
 Than this *Barabbas*, to list under,
 VVhilst from their head they cast off me, their crown?
 My Christ, there's yet a *svveeter* mystery:
 Innocent breath I see In thee Condemn'd to death;
 That th' chief of sinners might escape thereby.

VVhat shall I do then vwith your King, faith he?
 Him crucifie! Cries all the rout,
 Oh let him, let him, let him dye!
 As if they could not live vwithout
 His blood; no more can I, Lord, give it mee.
 VVhy but, faith *Pilate*, tell me, vwhat's his crime,
 Or take him you. Avvay, Say they, Let him dye novv,
 To find his fault vwould ask too long a time.

VVhilst all can tell me hovv, none can tell vwhy
 I should be kill'd. Sirs, is't because
 I gave you good and righteous Lavvs,
 VVhich you have broke, and I fulfill'd?
 Must I, because I let you live, novv dye?
 Or is it for some injuries of old
 In *Egypt*, and In the *Red Sea*, And desert land,
 VVhere of your Fathers Fathers have you told!

Or is't, because I said, I came from God
 To bring a new And great Salvation,
 Greater then th' first, to thee, O Jew!
 Proving my mission to my Nation
 By an all-conquering wonder-working Rod?
 Is it, because your dumb can speak, that I'm
 Cry'd out against? 'Gainst me Are ye, O Jewvs! incens'd
 Because of all my cures? are they my crime?

Is it because your dead are rais'd, that I
 Am grudg'd my breath? Grudg'd vvhhat I give?
 Am I therefore condemn'd to death?

Doth't therefore greve you, that I live?

VVhy I shall quicken the more, vvhhen ere I dye.

Then *Pilate* puts me in the souldiers hands:

They plat a Crowvn, Alas! It vvas A thorny one,
 VVhich he must vvear, vvho Heav'n and Earth commands.

VVhy, I am *Israel's* King; and him I found

I th' vvildernes, That hovvling vvasste,

VVhose musick these outcries exprefs;

VVhose only' fruits are thorns, I tast;

Cloath'd vvith their sins I'm vvith their thorns too crowvn'd;

Thus I vvith sinners change, 'tis vell for them.

Their thorney Corvvn So vvorn, & born, I make mine ovvn,
 Tielding for it an heavenly Diadem.

Israel, that so long brought me no svveet Cane,

Novv puts me off VVith a poor vveed;

For sacrifice they bring a scoff;

And for my scepter, bring a reed;

Tet by me Princes rule and Kings do reign.

Then in a Purple Robe they me invest;

But that same colour I vvore Before Through stripes & dolour,

Both on my scourged back and tortur'd breast.

Then gath'ring round, ev'n as they list, they flout me.

Hail King! they cry; And bovv the knee,

But not their hearts: (VVhy, truly I

Ever had some that so serve mee)

Breathing disdain, yet can't they breath vvithout me.

They rend my flesh, the Temples of mine Head

They smite vvith reeds: But I Surely Shall quit their deeds,

By rending Vaile and Temple, vvhen I'm dead.

In strange disguise (for so are Princes vront
 VWhen as they pass Through strangers lands,
 And such *Judea* is, alas!
 To me, vvhilst I am in such hands)
 Brought forth I am, that Priests might me confront.
 A ruthfull spectacle! a man of grief!
 Laden vvith vvoes! VVith thorns; VVith scorns Of bitter foes!
 VVill not the Priest and Levite yield relief?

VVhither, oh! vvhither, vvould I, could I flie?
 Shall I repair To th' Altars side?
 Spight is there hottest. There they are,
 That first cry'd, be he crucified!
 Avvay, say they, O let him, let him die.
 VVehave a Lavv, the Sonne of Death he is,
 Gods Sonne to be That makes Or takes Himself, here's he.
 Sirs, do not quote the *Second Psalm* for this.

Pilate, an Heathen, dreads my reverend name,
 VVhich Jevvs despise: Enquires the more
 VVhence I am? vvhence my Kingdome is?
 Not of this vvorld, I h'd said before;
 So, he my dumbness, I his deafness blame.
 Of vvhat he asks, I did the truth impart,
 And told him so: But hee, 'Gan flee The truth, as though
 It vvere some Ghost, or Mormo. *Truth! what art?*

VVith's povver of life and death he then doth brave me,
 VVho hold the keys Of *David* still,
 To shut and open, as I please,
 To bind and loose all, as I vvill,
 For such Command'ments God my Father gave me:
 Tet *Pilates* Conscience in his face still flies:
 Novv he projects Hovv mee To free; But all th' effect's
 T' enflame their fury, double their out-cries.

Tet in their anger so much vvit they have,
 As to compound Something to calme
 Poor *Pilates* Conscience, vvhy, they've found
 Some *simples* soveraign as balm;
 Oh! 'twas good satisfaction, that they gave.
Thou art not Casars friend; if this man go.
 Novv take your Christ, Fulfill Tour vvill, Do vvhat you list
 VVith him, Jevvs, so I sentence, and so do.

Thus

Thus he and I fvyim dovn one stream this day,
 Tet the poor man Found vvant of vvater,
 Call'd for a Bafin, and began
 To vvafh him from this bloody matter,
 VVhich nothing can, but vvhat he gave avvay.
 Truly his vvafhing clears not him, but me:
 Ho doth proclaim, That I Novv dye A fpotlefs Lamb:
 Then, vvretch, vvhat Ocean can compurgate thee?

Pilate, upon us and our children fling
 Thou this mans blood: VVe Jevvs, thus vvifh.
 Is this your fo much long'd for food,
 To you of all the forbidden difh?
Pilate then cryes, ye Jevvs! behold your King.
 VVe have no King but *Cefar*, they reply.
 Sirs, you forget VVhose hour Of povver This is as yet,
 Satan's your *Cefar* more, then he, or I.

Satan, not *Cefar*, bad you plot my fall;
 That Prince of Hell, *Philiftia's* King
 Plovvs vvith mine heifer *Israel*:
 Thus to mine end, mine ovvn me bring.
 Tet *Sampsons* death's *Philiftia's* Funeral.
 The Purple Robe then ftrip they from my back;
 VVhich plainly fhevvs It's vvorn And born For finners ufe,
 That of my Righteoufnefs they might partake.

Thus is the Truth ftrip naked: And agen
 My feamlefs coat They make me vvcare
 Unto mine execution plot,
 That by my fvveet attonement there
 I might an Union vvave 'rvvixt God and Men.
 Thence to the place of Sculs, Lo! I, their Head,
 The tree accurft, Before It bore Me, bear it firft;
 Till I, by bearing it, am almoft dead.

Thus mine may learn in me, vvhat burthen he
 Must daily beare, Taking his crofs,
 That in my vvayes vvill perfevere,
 Reck'ning death gain, counting life los:
 VVho stumbles at my crofs, can't follovv me.
 Novv are my groanes nevvpickled in friends tears,
 They'd fteal, I fpie, This tree From mee, By Sympathy;
 VVhich by constraint *Simon of Cyrene* bears.

But

But vveep not, Daughters of *Jerusalem!*
 For me at all, But for your City;
 Alas! vvho can prevent thy fall,
 VVho shevv'ft thy builder no more pity?
 If they do thus to th' green tree, vvo to them!
 Thus under *Pilates* sentence, and command
 O'th' *Roman* State, That all May fall On *Romes* proud Pate;
 I'th' place of Crucifixion, lo! I stand.

Rome! thbu'rt that *Sodom*, *Egypt*, *Babylon*,
 Though Myfticall; Drunken vvith blood
 Of all my Martyrs, mine vvithall
 Novv mingling vvith thy *Tybers* flood.
Rome's stored vvith croffes and novv lends me one!
 Not *Jabbathab*, but *Golgotha's* the stage
 The Camp vvithour; VVhere I Muft dye 'Mongft all the rout,
 Tasting at once both *Hells* and *Heavens* Rage.

VVhy? I am the great Sacrifice for fin,
 And therefore muft VVithout the gate
 Unto the Earth commend my dust,
 VVhilst my dear blood doth expiate
 From all transgressions thofe, that are vvithin:
 Behold, my dear Difciple, my dear Mother!
 Her I bequeath To thee, To bee After my death
 Provided for as by her Son, my Brother.

Novv fee your Brazen Serpent lift on high,
 Upon the pole! My bloody crofs
 Bears fruit to quit, vvhat *Adam* stole:
 Justice, I find may n't go by th' lofs,
 Yet grace fhall reign by righteousnefs, hereby.
 Oh! hovv I'm stretcht and tortur'd on this tree!
 Oh! hovv each vein And nerve Doth ferve A fev'ral pain!
 'T vvas man grevv loose, and I muft strained bee.

Oh! hovv those hands, I stretcht forth all the day
 To *Israel*, Are stretcht again?
 That as my Patience did excell,
 So novv I might exceed in pain;
 VVhilst finners to mine heart find open vvay.
 Oh! hovv my feet, that here took step avvry,
 Are pierced through! Made fast In haft My crofs unto
 Till the transgressors may find time to flie.

I am

I am the *doore*, they naile me to the tree:
 And, as is fit, Over this gate
 A royal *superscription's* vvrít,
 That in *all tongues* might preach my state.
 Oh! all ye, that pass by, turn in by me.
 To th' cros I'm hing'd in mine humanity,
 That from the floor [Even each Might reach That living door,
 VVhose upper hinge clasps in vvith th' Deity.

Romans, and *Greeks*, and *Hebrews* come and look;
 These open Arms Shevv th' open vway,
 Hovv by mine, you may ease your harms;
 And may become one fold this day;
 I am the Shepherd, and my cros the crook.
 I am the shepheard, and my crook, the cros;
 VVhereby I gather And keep My sheep, And thine, o Father!
 I'll suffer death, ere thou shalt suffer los.

Living, my bread of life among my Jevvs
 I ever brake, For 'tvas their right;
 VVho vvhillst they spread these arms, do make
 A feast for Gentiles through their spight;
 That, dying, I might none, that come, refuse,
 Come unto me all ye, that laden be
 VVith sin and vvrath; Come ye To me; O come in faith:
 I'll bear your burdens, vvhillst my cros bears me,
 Mine hands are not so nail'd, but that I can
 Ev'n vvith these nailes Still pick the lock,
 Hung on your heel, if your key fails:
 But vvhillst I preach, alas! they mock.

If thou be *th' Christ*, be thine ovvn *Jesus* man.
 VVhy Jevvs remember, vvhat your high Priest taught,
 Hovv needful 'tvas, That I Should dye, That th' cup might pass
 My people, vvhillst I drink their bloody draught.

But, Oh *Jerusalem!* canst laugh at mee?
 And at my griefs? As thou didst knowv
 My pressures to be they reliefs;
 Repent, believe; and be it so.
 But laugh not at me, vvho h've vvept over thee,
 And yet vvep blood, for this thy stupid state.
 Father, I pray, Reprieve, Forgive These foes, for they
 Alas! my God, they do, they knowv not, vvhat.

They

They curse, I blefs: I pray, vvhilst they revile.
 VVhilst Priests do scoff And sore disdain
 The Sacrifice, that comes not off
 Th' Altar, but suffers to be slain,
 My blood makes intercession all the vvhile.
 VVho'd rase, then raise, the Temple (this is he)
 In three dayes space; Tet hee, VVee see, Can't quit this place,
 VVhere all the nails, that hold him, are but three.

Tet mock not, passenger; vvag not thine head
 In so much scorne, VVhen thou thinkst least,
 VVhen I this bitter death have borne,
 To earnest I'll soon turn they jest;
 And raise this Temple ere't be three dayes dead,
 Come down say some, and so convince they foes:
 VVhich if I shou'd, Hovv sore A store Of vvrath, and blood,
 VVould come down too? Sirs, I bear off your blowvs.

VVith the transgressours numbered am I:
 On either side, Truth bee'ng betvven,
 Falshood and theft hang crucified;
 Tet if Heav'n Rolls these men had seen,
 They'd found me in annother Trinity.
 But, oh my grief! not onely mine ovy Nation,
 But those, that be Justly To dye, First scoff at me,
 Their partner, not in crimes, but condemnation.

Tet can I not forget my dear Compassions:
 Though both reproach And shout at me,
 My blood for sinners since I broach,
 I vvill not suffer both to be
 At once partakers of tvo condemnations;
 Th' one I call home, though in th' eleventh hour;
 And thereby shevv, Hovv kind A mind I bear to you,
 That turn, though late, to me your Saviour.

But oh his rare Conversion! oh hovv he
 Justifies God! Rebukes his mate!
 Open his sin! kisseth his rod!
 Takes me for Lord, beseeching, that
 In my Salvation hemight sharer be.
 Thus on my Cross I vvork a nev Creation:
 Loosing the bands Of sin VVithin From th' sinners hands.
 My bitter sacrifice brings sweet salvation.

Thus

Thus I give life to others, yet I dye;
 I heal their vvounds, And break their bands;
 Tet anguish mine ovvn soul confounds
 More, then these nails do pierce mine hands.
 My God! vvhy dost thou me forsake? Oh! vvhy?
 They rend my garments, cast lots for my coat,
 VVhilst I hang here, Shame doth Me cloath, Else nak'd I vvere,
 Tonder's they *Josephs* coat, Lord dost not knovv'?

The seamless vesture of thy sinless child
 Hovv bloody is't? My God! my God!
 Tet not so bloody as thy Christ
 Is all vvithin by thy sharp rod.
 O be 'not fierce to me, for I am mild,
 Sec, hovv I'm nail'd to this most bitter tree!
 Hovv I'm accurst! Hovv gall Is all My drink in thirst!
 And vvilt thou so, my God, my God! leave me?

See, hovv men turn my glory into shame.
 Mocking my faith And confidence;
 Some say, he for *Elias* pray'th;
 But, Lord, thou knovv'st my mind and sense.
 They flout, they fleeere, vvhilst I call on thy name.
 Tet save me, for I'm thine: thine handmaids son, (no man,
 Made of this vvoman: Thy shade This maid, VVhen knovvn by
 Impovvr'd, to bring forth me, thine holy one.

Father! I'm th' only Fatherless on earth:
 All others have Fathers, or had:
 O pitty, pitty, Lord! and save
 Thy Fatherless, support the sad.
 Oh! leave me not in death, vvho gav'st me birth.
 My God! my God! vvhy dost thou me forsake?
 VVho never thee Forfook, Or took One sin to mee,
 Except the sins, that thou didst bid me take.

They fill the sponge vvith vinegar, but thou
 My soul dost fill VVith sharper grief.
 Oh! sinner, here's a bitter pill,
 Tet for thy sickness svveet releif.
 My God! my God! O do not leave me hovv!
 Hovv darkness vailes the land! yet clouds do hover
 Darker by far: Thy vvraith, Lord, hath Eclyps'd thy star,
 VVhilst from thy darling thou thy face dost cover

Hovv

Hovv both Suns suffer vvhile they *Son* lies under
 Thy fierce displeasure! Th' Sun bears a part,
 But mine eclypse it cannot measure.
 Lord, thy fore frowns do teare my heart
 More, then the Temples vaile, that's rent asunder,
 Novv come thy breaches and thy darknes on,
 O Jevvish Land! For thou Haft novv Both rid thine hand
 Of thy bright light, and of thy Corner-stone.

Father, the earth's all ague, and I more.
 Ev'n rocks are rent, My soul's more torne:
 Tet stinry Jevvs do n't once relent.
 My God! leave not mine hope forlorne.
I ha' done. Lord, open th' everlasting Doore.
Father, into thine hands I give my Spirit,
And utmost breath; VVhilst I Thus dye; And, vvith me death:
 That my dear seed henceforth may life inherit.

Then Christ, in sweet submission, *bowes his head*
 To all Gods pleasure: I think on't still:
 Lord, make the bowing heart my treasure,
 An heart to bow to all thy vwill;
 That dying I may say, *all's finished.*
 This done, my Saviour quickly shevvs his force:
 Graves open flie; They shake And quake, That see him die:
 The rude Centurion's struck vvith strange remorse.

Thus Christ lets loose his pris'ners, captivates
 His scornful foes; They knock their breast,
 Confessing vvhom they did oppose
 To be Gods SON, novv not in jest.
 Thus *Sampson's* death brake the Phylistians pates.
 Then vvith a spear his side a Souldier strikes;
 Cleaving the Rock, That may Each day VVater that Flock,
 VVhose Shepheard is novv past all push of pikes.

This is the fountain op'ned for thy sin,
Jerusalem! Thy filth, thy guilt;
 Here is for each a proper stream,
VVater and *Blood*: Let none be spilt:
 O quench thy guilt, and cleanse thy filth herein.
Isra'l they Paschall Lamb, thy Christ, is dead, (Leaven:
 That Lamb from Heav'n: Have care, Prepare, Purge out thy
 Mingle no more thy malice vvith thy bread.

Or if the Jewvish lump vwon't leave their leaven
 Make me leave mine; I have in me,
 (Lord, nail it to this Cross of thine)
 An evil heart of enmity.

Lord, kill this enmity 'twixt Earth and Heaven.
 Be thou my fort, and hiding-place, my soul
 VVould lodge in thee: My Lord! Afford One cleft for mee,
 Thy vwalls are shatt' red, yet thou'rt timber-vvhole.

Satan and sin I h've seen i'th' Tragick story
 Shoot through and through Thy blessed heart;
 Tet not one bone vvas broken, though
 Mount *Sinai's* Cannons plaid their part.
 In this rock hide me, till I h've seen thy Glory.
 Shall not Christ crucified far dearer be
 To me, then Pelf, Then name, Or fame, Or life it self?
 'Tvas thus vvith *Joseph*, vvhy not thus vvith me?

The Souldiers having broke the others leggs,
 But not my Lords; *Joseph*, a man
 Rich in the goods, this vvorld affords,
 But more in faith, most boldly ran
 To *Pilate*, and Christs lifeless body beggs.
 Then in clean linnen vvraps that skin and bones, (sure
 That martyr'd treasure: And vvhy Can't I Take as much plea-
 To cloath thy members, Lord, thy naked ones?

Jevvs, novv, our king's come dovvn: Sirs, do you see him?
 Your Temple lies Flat by the ground:
 VVill you believe vvhen't doth arise;
 Catching your Christ at his rebound?
 VVhy, if his ovvn vwon't have him, Lord! give me him.
 Christ, having novv giv'n death his deadly vround,
 Follovvs him home: Invades Deaths shades, Enters a tombe,
 To see vvhat spoils may in a grave be found.

Great Conquerour, vvho hast kill'd death i'th' duel,
 After this art Lodg'd in a stone?
 Rather take up in my poor heart,
 Hovv hard foever, or hovv none.
 Oh! that I vvere thy Cab'net, dear jevvel!
 But *Josephs* rock vvas pure, that grave vvas nev्व:
 Firft in a vvomb, VVhich none Had knovvn; Then in a tombe,
 VVhere none had lain, my Lord lodg'd; this doth shevv:

I must

It must be *clean* and *new* first. Tet thy passion
 And stream of blood, VVhat did it mean,
 That Purple, yet a Christal flood?
 VVas't not the making of me clean?
 Doth not thy rising mean my renovation?
 Then make and take for such this heart of mine,
 And dwell in it; This breast Is best, That I can get,
 Had I a better, Lord, it should be thine.

Surely the King of terrour I could brave,
 If my Lord vvould This Sepulcher,
 This heart, as his ovvn quarters hold;
 I vvould nor goale, nor goaler fear.
 O hovv my Saviours Corps perfume the grave!
 Lord, make this heart of mine a living one
 Through thy deaths merit: Convey, I pray, To me thy spirit,
 VVho thy dead flesh didst coffin in dead stone.

VVith th' *Arimathean* Counsellour combin'd
 A learned Rabbi, To shevv Christ kindness;
 An *Israelitish* Doctor: may be,
 Some vvifer man vvill blame my blindness,
 And Antichrist in *Law* and *Learning* find.
 But may my soul vvith blessed *Joseph* dwell
 And *Nicodem*: Tet, dovvn VVith th' Govvn, Cry some of them,
 VVho scarce, I doubt, from these can bear the Bell,

A spicie mixture, 'bout an hundred pounds,
 VVho came by night To Jesus, brings
 T' embalme his Lord, that gave him light,
 VVith Aromatick precious things:
 Tet not one half so precious, as those vvounds.
 Novv Jesus (*Jonah* like) Heav'ns sealed one,
 Enters the deep: But shall The VVhale, The grave, him keep?
 See, Souldiers vvatch, and *Pilate* seals the stone.

As *Daniel's* seal'd vvhen cast into the Den,
 Malicious Jevves Require a seale
 And vvatch, vvhich *Pilate* vvon't refuse,
 Lest some the coffin'd Corps should steale.
 They'l keep the Sun from rising; Crafty men!
 Lo! in a Garden stood the sealed Tomb.
Adam the first Hav'ng bin For sin I'th' Garden curst
 To th' Grave. My Saviour thus fulfills the doom.

Then dayvns that blessed light, that ever since
 Makes one day shine More, then six other;
 For should six vveek-day lights combine,
 One Lords-day brightness vould them smother:
 VVith thee, *Thy Day*, Lord, *risseth* and proves Prince.
 That Day is novv obscur'd, vvherein Christ slept;
 That Day's made bright, In vvhich That rich And orient light
 Quit that blind prison, vvhre he had been kept.

Surely, that thay's the vvhole vveeks *Jubilee*,
 (That day's the best, VVhich my dear Lord,
 By ceasing from his labour, blest,
 Labour, that cost more, then a vword)
 VVherein redemption set the ransom'd *free*.
 This first day finds more, then the seventh day lost;
 Can superadd And raise More praise, Then th' other had;
 So th' old Commandment is fullfill'd, not crost;

That bids me celebrate, vvhath day of seaven
 God hath most blest; And *his*, doth call:
 Such *was* the Jewvish, *is* our rest.
 VVe sovvr'd Gods first vworks by our fall,
 Till Christs last Passover purg'd out the leaven.
 VVas not Christs Burial part of's Humiliation?
 His day of rest From that Dark state Shal't not be blest?
 Shall I less prize a nev, then old Creation?

Redemption is a making old things nev.
 Rouze, Christians, then: Though dead before,
 Let *Lords dayes* find you living men;
 That vvith your Christ can rise and soare.
 And for the Christian, quit thy Sabbath, Jew.
 The first in sin runs first to th' Sepulcher
 Poor vvoman kind; But Christ Is mist; Oh! they can't find
 Their Lord; though tvo of his Life-guard appear.

The tvo bright pointers of that blessed Star,
 His countenance, VVho h'd roll'd the stone,
 Strikes keepers hearts, at's first advance,
 As dead, as vvhat he fate upon.
 Thieves were, novv Angels Christs attendants are.
 Say th' vvomen, vvho shall roll the stone avay?
 'Tvas done before. Thus may, I pray, I find my score
 Quit to mine hand, vvhen I cry, vvho shall pay?

Surely,

Surely, my surety did my debt discharge:
 Lord, else vwhy should Thine Angel be
 Sent down t' unlock that prison-hold,
 VWherein my Saviour lay for me?
 My surety's free, vwhy may n't I vwalk at large?
 They vvould vvith Oyntments, Odours, precious things,
 Perfume his Prison; But th' dead Vvas fled; Their *Sun vvas risen*
 VVith svveeter balme, vvith *healing in his wings.*

Mary, the sinner, Mary Magdalen

Marcheth ith' van To th' Sepulcher,
 But th' stone's remov'd, and so's the man;
 She, missing her dear Saviour there,
 To *John* and *Peter* runs, and comes agen.
 These run a race, the vvager's precious truth;
 But *John* out-ran: Alas! He vvas The younger man.
 Happy the man, runs after Christ in youth.

Peter, successeur to his Masters Crofs,

VVhilest *John* keeps out, Enters Christs Tombe;
 Looks for his Christ, but finds a clout
 And vvinding-sheet in Saviours room:
 But Christ is gone. O blessed, gainful los!
Mary, th' old vveeper, stands vvithout and cryes; (throwv,)
 But stooping down, Spies here And there The Grave cloathis
 VVhich linnens scarce can serve to vvipe her eyes:

She is still anxious, turns her round, and lo

There th' Gard'ner stood, As shee conceiv'd,
 Ev'n he, that vvaters vvith his blood
 Each plant of his. Thus Christ's receiv'd
 By the true seeker oft, vvhen'r thinks not so.
 Sir, if thou have borne him hence (and 'tvas vvell guest)
 Tell me, faith thee; *Mary!* Lo I Ev'n I am he.
 Ah! my dear Lord, that vvord revives my breath:

Tet touch me not, faith he, I'm not ascended:

But go thou rather And tell abroad
 Unto my Brethren: to my Father
 And yours I go, mine and your God.
 So richly is the poorest Saint befriended!
 Hovv studious is my Lord, that they should knowv,
 And so partake Of this His Bliss, That did forsake
 Him in his captive state and sufferings so.

Surely these men, that fled then from their colours,
 Might have expected Another kind
 Of message should have been directed
 From their novv rising Lord: but find
 Their sins in his Grave buri'd vvith his dolours.
 No vvord of th' old uncomfortable story.
 But say I'm risen: Let tears And fears Take up my prison.
 Run, tell my Brethern, thou hast seen my Glory.

Also the *Angel* cryes, be not affraid:
 Jesus you'd have; I knowv it vvell:
 But think you, *David* in a Cave,
 Or *Dabids* Son must ever dwell:
 Come, see the place, vvhere your dear Lord vvvas laid.
 VVoman, your Lord's not here; your Lord is risen,
 Have you forgot Your Lords Ovn vvords? Or have you not?
 Seek you the Prince of life in this dead prison?

Run, tell the rest, and *Peter*, Christ is gone
 Tovv'rds *Galilee*, As he did say.
 VVith joy and fear avvay they flee
 All dapled like the time of day.
 And as they march, behold! they see the *SON*.
 O may my Lord thus evermore appear,
 And shine upon Poor me, VVhen he Saith, get thee gone
 And unto others of me tidings bear.

Oh blessed meering! Courtship, and devotion!
 All Haile! saith he; They bovv't' his feet;
 Light, that forbids us courteous be,
 VVas then so dark, Christ could not see't.
 That master taught his schollars no such notion.
 Men, 'tis observ'd, the rising sun adore;
 Christ's risen novv; & bright Day light Beames from his browv;
 Shall not all vvorship the Son of God much more?

The vvatch mean vvhile bring nevvs of all that's done
 To th' Priests vvithin, Ev'n that Christ's risen;
 VVho seeing him past reach, begin
 To plot hovv they this truth m' imprison.
 Christs second Grave-stone is a silver one.
 VVhat potent pranks can mighty Mammon shevv!
 Povverfull self In'ts facts Outacts Ev'n povv'r it self:
 Money can make truth' falsehood, falsehood true.

Money

Money betray'd my Lord to all these vvrongs ;
 Novv they're devising To keep on foot
 Something to cloud this bright Suns-rising ;
 And 'tis large money that must do't.
 This silver key must turn the souldiers tongues.
 Souldiers are taught a sorry tale to tell ; (chinks
 VVhich should, methinks, Nere slip Their lip ; But that, vvhich
 So sweetly, can make all found pretty vvell.

Say, *VVhilst we keepers slept at th' Sepulcher,*
's Disciples came And stole him thence ;
VVhich if the Governour shall blame,
VVe'll meditate and make your defence.

Novv hear, O Heavens ! and, O Earth ! give ear.
 Can't thus, O *Isr'el*, fool avvay thy Glory ?
 Is such a vvise Fable Able To blind thine eyes ?
 Is this th' authentick, yet received story ?

VVhy, souldiers, if you slept at th' Sepulcher,
 VVhilst that vast stone VVas rolling back,
 (VVhich may a Jevv believe, or none)
 And some by stealth the corps did take :
 I marvel, you could see, vvhat men they vvere.
 Or, if you savv the thieves, vvhy did you not
 Stop or pursue ? So short Report VVant so much glue ?
 See hovv the last vvords have the first forgot.

But, oh fond Priests and Elders, vvhence is it,
 That you can stroak These souldiers pates ?
 Sure, such neglect vvould you provoke
 Of all. Tet you're their advocates.

Alas ! hovv fury doih befoole their vvits !
 Mean vvhile Disciples vvere so far from thieving, (refuse
 That, vvhen this nevves They brought, That savv't, Tet they
 To take't for truth, being so far from believing.

As tyvo of them vvere to *Emaus* going,
 Their busie tongue Bee'ng vvell imploy'd,
 My dearest Lord stands them among ;
 No sooner talk't of, then enjoy'd.
 Happy the Servant's, vvhom he finds so doing.
VVhat is your talk, that makes your walk so sad ?
 Saith *Cleophas*. Dost thou Not knovv These things ? Alas !
 A mighty man and Prophet vve have had ;

Mighty in vvord and deed vvith God and Men :

Jesus vvvas he Of *Nazareth*,
 VVe'd hop'd, might our Redeemer be :
 But him our Rulers put to death,
 This bee'ng the third day since. And yet agen
 VVe knowv not, vvhat to think on't, hurried (cher,
 'Tvvixt hope and fear ; For some, That come From th' Sepul-
 Assure us, that he's risen from the Dead.

But, oh this evil heart of unbelief !
 This vvant of faith, That can provoke
 The gentle Lamb of God to vvyrath,
 Setting in ev'ry vvheel a spoke,
 Clouding the rising Sun vvith gloomy grief !
 O fobles, and flovv of heart, replies my Lord,
 Slov to believe me ; But oh Not so Not slov to grieve me !
 Ought not your Christ fulfill the vvritten VVord ?

But Christ can't alvvayes hold his chiding story ;
 Sugars his cheeks VVith svveet instructions ;
Moses his vaile in pieces breaks ;
 Proves by Prophetick fair deductions,
 Through Seas of Sufferings Christ must land in Glory.
 My Lord then makes, as he vvould further go :
 But they begin To pray Him stay, And he turns in ;
 Happy, vvho love their close reprovers so.

This bread of life thus broken vvhen he had,
 He breaks more bread, And makes them eat ;
 Their Lord's their Shepheard, they're vvell fed,
 Body and Soul, vvith blessed meat.
 My soul, seek Christ first : and those things he'll add.
 Just novv my Lord makes them see, vvho he is,
 Then slips avvay : And, oh ! 'Tvvvas so VVith me last day,
 One moment op'ned and seal'd up like blifs.

VVhen Christ vvvas gone, say they, vve might have guest,
 VVhat light 'tvvas, brought So bright a day
 To darkest Scriptures ; might have thought,
 The *risen Sun* vvvas in our vvay,
 Finding our hearts so *burn* vvithin our breast,
 Then they return back to *Jerusalem*,
 Brimfull of joy, To feast The rest ; But they are coy,
 Till Christ himself stands in the midst of them.

And

And 'tis so still. VVhoever's sent about
 To tell thy story, Hardness of hearts
 And unbelief blinds all thy glory:
 Lord, vvho believes? Lord, vvho converts?
 Till thy dear presence puts all out of doubt.
 Their doors bee'ng shut, and hearts much more, that even
 My Lord to put All out Of doubt; (None else can do't)
 This nevves imparts in person to th' eleven.

Tet oh hovv hard a thing is this believing?
 A sp'rite appears, As they suppose;
 The same, that in their storms of fears
 VValk't on the Seas, vvhen vvinds arose.
 Phant'fies fools-bolt, hovv't hinders truths receiving!
 Jesus salutes them vvith a peace be to you
 Once and agen: 'Tis I; Sirs, vvhy Distrust you then?
 VVhy do you let such thoughts arise, vvhy do you?

Down doubtings; I'm got up: And ready have
 (Sirs, come and see And feel, I pray,)
 A Tombe, dead unbelief, for thee
 Dig'd in my side but t' other day,
 And for your doubtings in each hand a grave.
 If these suffice not, handle, feel my feet,
 There are tvvo more. Doubt not, I've got All as before;
 Rather then miss their faith, their sense he'll meet.

Then for the further feeding of their faith
 He calls for food; They give him fish,
 And Honey-Comb: but, oh! his blood
 And body is a svveeter dish.
 Then, breathing, take the Holy Ghost, he saith.
 Novv doth the frost-nipt tree of life recover:
 Puts forth again Nevv springs, And brings Fruits, that remain,
 Spirit and Life, so prove's Deaths VVinter's over.

Thomas mean vvhile, bee'ng absent from the rest,
 Freezing from th' fire, (Like them, that miss
 Th' assemblies Christ is vvont t' inspire
 VVith svveet assurance, joy and blifs)
 Can't feed his faith vvith hear-say of a feast;
 He must first hold a Coroners inquest;
 Must see Christs ayles, And must First thrust I'th' print o'th' nailes
 His fingers; e're this faith enter his breast.

His faith must go on stilts, or not at all;
 See vvith the eye, Feel vvith the hand,
 His faith must in his fingers lye,
 His faith must in his feeling stand,
 At th' bound from sorry sense he'll catch the ball.
 Th' vveek after, he and they be'ng all together,
 VVith blessed greeting (Increase Of peace) Christ crowns their
Thomas, faith he, come reach thy finger hither. (meeting.)

As men are vvont, vvho've Children to be taught,
 My Lord vvas fain, (Though ev'ry letter
 In's hands and feet vvere printed plain)
 VVith's finger reach him spell the better,
 The Child to faith by feeling must be brought.
 My Lord! and my God! hovv this sight relieves me!
 Poor *Thomas* cries. Christ faith, Thy faith May thank thine eyes;
 Blessed is he vvho sees not, yet believes me.

Disciples after this a fishing go;
 But nothing's caught Throughout the night;
 Till Jesus comes and brings a draught;
 Lord shevv me so, vvhich side's the right,
 VVhen to catch souls thy Gospel net I throw.
 Christ look't into their cup-board just before;
 Children, have ye Got meate To eate? Else come to me;
 I've food and firing for you on the shore.

Hence sinfull cares; infest my soul no longer,
 Base diffidence; Doubtings retreat;
 Soul, mind thy Saviours providence;
 Do thine ovvn vvork, and he'll find meate,
 Or give thee something's better, if thou hunger.
 Dinner bee'ng done, Christ speaks of vvorking then;
 And so should vve; Our vvhet, Not let, Our food should be.
 Shepherds Christ feeds, to feed his sheep agen.

Shepherds, vvho love to eat, but not to feed,
 Are, vvhat they're not, Not, vvhat they are;
 (A Paradox, and Gordian knot,
 VVhich Christ vvill cut, and vvill not spare)
 Shepherds in name, but rav'ning vvolves indeed.
Peter, dost love me more, then these? I'll prove thee.
 Then feed and keep My flock; My stock Of Lambs and Sheep.
 All knowvng Lord, faith he, thou knowv'ft, I love thee.

Peter,

Peter, vvhhen thou vvaft young, then thou vvaft free
 To conme and go As thou'dft a mind,
 Girding thy felf: 't fhall not be fo,
 VVhen thou art old, others fhall bind,
 And gird, and carry thee. Man! follow me.
Peter replies, and vvhath muft this man do?
What's that to thee? Follow Me thou. Hovv bufie vvee
 Are, to mind others vvorks, our ovvn not fo.

In an appointed mount in *Galilee*
 Chrifft meets th' eleven: Chargeth them there
 By all his povv'r in Earth and Heav'n
 To preach the Gofpel ev'ry vvhere;
 Baptizing in the name of One and Three.
 And in fo doing, faith, I'm vvith you ftill.
 He fhewvs Hells los: Deaths gate, Sins ftate Spoil'd by his Crofs.
 Novv is our *Sampfon* got on *Gaza's* hill.

To prove my nevv-bought right to ev'ry Nation,
 Nevv tongues I give Unto you: Though
 You drink vvhat's deadly, you fhall live:
 Serpents and ficknelles fhall knowv
 And Devils too, that I have vvrought Salvation.
 As many years, as *Isra'el* juft had been,
 Chrifft, dayes doth fpend 'Tvvixt the Red Sea Of's bloody end,
 And Heav'nly *Canaan*: forty dayes he's feen.

Mean vvhile Chrifft fummons others from the dead,
 To evidence His Refurrection:
 From types, from texts, from faith, from fenfe,
 Of proofs hovv full, hovv fair collection,
 Shev'ng Chrifft is Rifen as the Churches head.
 Novv, O devourer! vvhere's thy victory?
 Out of the grave That old Strong hold And eating Cave
 Comes meat and fveetnefs; vvhich vvho tafes, can't die:

Ev'n Chrifft comes thence. And novv in *Olivet*,
 VVhere he laid dovvn In part of pay
 For th' purchafe of his nevv bought crowvn,
 His bloody fveat: ev'n there this day,
 To fee's Intronization, Saints are met:
 VVilt thou reftore the kingdome, Lord, they cry,
 To *Isra'el* yet? For you To knowv Times is not fit:
 I'll fend my fpirit! that's my Lords reply.

O vvhat

O vvhat an eager foolish thing is man!
 Busie to knowv, VVhat least concerns him!
 But to take forth, alas! hovv slow
 The lessons, that my God vvould learn him.
 A sieve, that lets go th' flovv'r, but holds the bran.
Melchisedeck mean time, our Priest for ever,
 VVith lift up hands On his All blifs And grace commands;
 VVhom clouds receiving from their sight do sever.

But not from th' eye of faith, vvhich fixedly
 Pursues their king; Till Angels do
 Tidings of's second coming, bring,
 In such sort as, they'd seen him go:
 Chear up, my drooping heart, thine head's on high:
 Tet not so high, but that his heart's as lovv,
 As still to mind Poor thee, Till hee Hath made thee find,
 VVhat for thy gain he sometime did forego.

Novv's the forerunner ent'red in for thee;
 Thy Lords ascended; Up, and avvay!
 VVhen Christ first rose; this sight he 'ntended;
 And art thou quickned here, to stay?
 May all my life but one Ascension bee!
 But I'm all fits and starts, and cannot get
 Hold of mine ovvn; But clouds Prove shrouds; And all seem,
 Sometimes I *rise* vvith Christ, but cannot *sit*. (gone;

Tet am I fixt, vvhilst Saviour sits in Heaven;
 There are no hills And dales on high;
 My Svampes my Saviours merit fills,
 That all might in a level lie,
 Making my stare, though not my comfort, even.
 VVhy art thou then, my soul, disquieted?
 Christ dvvelt in dust As thou Dost novv; Shall I not trust
 Him, that drank of my brook, to lift mine head?

Is this the Butler, that bore *Pharaohs* cup?
 Though he forgot *Joseph* i'th' Prison,
 VVhen rais'd himself, thy Lord vvill not
 Reckon, that hee's compleatly risen,
 Till all his foes are down, and friends got up.

Down

Down then, thou evil heart of unbelief!
 Thou art a foe, To mee I see, To him I know;
 A goale vvould fit thee vvell, for thou'rt a thief.

Thou pick'ft my comforts, and thou steal'ft his praife,
 His and my Iofs VVe lay to' thee;
 Betvvixt tvo thieves Christ left one Crofs
 Void, that there hanged thou might'ft bee.
 Th' arch-thief of all, that rob on Gods high vvayes:
 Novv, as Mount *Olivet* for *Sion* Mount
 Thou didst forgo, Teach mee Like thee, Svweet Saviour, fo
 Heav'ns joyes before earths farness to account.

I determined not to know any thing, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified, 1. Cor. 2. 2.



SPL-



SPIRIT.

MT Verse proceeds to him, that by proceeding
 Subsisteth in the Deity ;
 But can't proceed vvithout his speeding :
 This Dove doth teach all other birds to fly.

My callovv muse hath pinions, but no vvings,
 Pinions indeed of ignorance ;
 Tet th' Dove, thar hatcheth other things,
 Can sledge mine infant muse vvith utterance.

But th' other day I savv a Lamb take vving
 And flie to Heaven from an hill :
 I vvatcht to see, if any thing

VVould fall from him in flight, and found a quill,
 Of vvhich I made a pen, and fell to vvrite
 The story ; vvriting, found a Verse ;
 VVhilst on mine hand a Dove did light,
 And bad me vvith the Lamb the Dove rehearse!

My master from mine head but th' other day
 The Clouds did take : unkind ? or kind ?
 For, vvhilst my Master vvvent avvay,
 His Mantle dropt, vvhich vvhofo seeks, may find.

I seek it : Blessed Spirit ! Come and spread
 Thy beaming vvings and cover me,
 In thy bright light thy Poet lead
 That in thy light vvould fain discover thee.

'Tis only Sun-shine, thar can shevv the Sun,
 Alas ! my Lord, my spirit's flesh ;
 Dark lanthorn light is next to none :
 My Frost-nipt blooms vvhat Sun-beams can refresh ?

Since then my carnal mind can never shevv
 Or vvho, or vvhat, dear Dove ! thou art :
 The spirit of my mind renew
 And it shall reimburse, vvhat thou'lt impart.

Father

Father and Son are God, and God's a Spirit,
 And yet Gods Spirit neither is
 Father, nor Son; yet doth inherit
 VVith both an equall, yet distinguish'd blifs.

Father and Son are God, and God is love,
 Tet neither Father, nor the Son,
 But their svveet spirit's the svveet Dove:
 Each hath his Spirit, yet they both but one.

By this eternal Spirit Christ, the VVord,
 Offers himself to God and dies:
 Tet by his Spirit doth afford
 Of life unto dead finners all supplies.

This Spirit's infinite: oh! vvho can flee
 His presence and all searching sight?
 Tet he's a vvind, vvhich vvho can see
 From vvhence it comes, or vvhither it takes flight?

This Spirit's infinite; dvvell's every vvhere,
 Fathoms all hearts, sounds ev'ry deep:
 Tet hovv fevv Temples, Lord! are there,
 VVhere in this holy Ghof't doth house, or keep?

This active Spirit moves in ev'ry vvheel,
 VVorks, as he vvill; doth, vvhat he lifts,
 Mans heart's that only brafs and steel,
 That the svveet Spirits motions resists.

This povv'rfull Spirit did the Heavens garnish
 And doth renevv earths vvith' red face:
 VVhen vvinter vvasheth off the vernish
 And makes a verdant spring in ev'ry place.

And vvhy not in my soul? avvake and blow,
 O North vvind, and, thou South vvind, come,
 Let all my svveets and spices flovv,
 That he, that ovvns my garden, may have some.

VVhere the Lords spirit is, there's liberty:
 Tet a grim Sergeant one day came,
 And neck and heels my soul did tie,
 Saying, he did it in the Spirits name.

He did his Office, and vvould not be brib'd;
 But as his vvarrant shevv'd a vvriting;
 Spirit of bondage, there subscrib'd,
 I spied; and found, 'twas of his ovvn inditing.

My

My heart before had been a bird of prey,
But, now being conquer'd by a Dove,
I think on't still, how'er sprangling lay,
Crying for quarter to that bird of love.

I markt his bill, but savv no Olive branch;
Peace I implor'd, but he deni'd;
VVhat blood he drevv, refus'd to stanch,
Till I submitted to be mortified.

Dear Dove, said I, convince me, pierce me, grieve me!
Strike through and through this vvretched heart,
So that thou'lt but at length relieve me,
And vvith thy gentle vvings but stroke my smart.

Dear heart, said he, I struck thee for to stroke thee,
Put thee in bonds, to set thee free;
That I might better heal, I broke thee;
I'm sent to comfort, by convincing thee.

Though I'm all light and peace, yet I did send thee
To a dark prison, holding over
My black rod, but it vvas to mend thee;
For friends do Fools and Phranticks thus recover.

Remember, man, thy vvild and *Bethlem*-tricks;
How oft I strove vvith thee in vain;
Thine heel could kick against my pricks;
Sure 'tvvas high time to get thee in a chain.

Thou, and *Manasseh*, stood in much more need
Of iron chains, then chains of Gold.
Distracted folk must purge and bleed,
And in their moneths be caught and kept in hold.

O blessed bonds! said I, O happy trouble!
O bitter sweet, sweet-bitter smart!
My pain vvas great, my profit double,
VVhilst thus thou undertak'st to tame mine heart.

Void, Chymicks! spill your Spirits! quit your art!
Cease from your oft fought, unfound stone;
There's but one Spirit, can convert
An iron chain into a golden one.

Dear Dove, thy prisoner may I ever be!
Bondage is like to be my state,
If to my self thou leave me free.
He's only free, vvhom thou dost captivate.

VVhere

VWhere the Lords Spirit is, there's liberty;
 No man can say, Jesus is Lord
 But by the Holy Ghost, or cry
 Abba, till that sweet Spirit teach that word.

I vvas a lifper and a stamerer,
 And could not skill o'th' *Sibboleth*,
 That might my pray'r to God in dear,
 Till this free Spirit gave new speech and breath.

I vvas a beggar, so extreemly poor,
 I skill'd not how to make my moanes;
 But this Dove met me at Gods door,
 Supply'ng my want of words vwith store of groanes.

I vvas in suit, and could not well make good
 My Title; But said this free Spirit,
 Soul, take this seal, the seal of blood;
 I am thy vvitnes, and thou shalt inherit.

I found a riddle, vvhilst I fought a Text,
 But this free Spirit loos'd the knot:
 VWhich, vwhen I h'd read, yet vwhat vvas next,
 Had not this Spirit prompted, I'd forgat.

My barren grounds vwhere chapt for want of rain,
 Gasping to v'rds Heaven for a flood;
 This Spirit flovving in amain,
 Told me, that he had brought me, that's as good.

I searcht mine heart, found so much dross and tin,
 So little else, I fell a mourning
 Both for my gross and splendid sin;
 Then he to me the spirit vvas of burning.

I fell a burning vwhen my God did chide me;
 VWater, said I, or I'm undone;
 This streaming Spirit streight suppli'd me,
 Till all those scorching flames vvere quencht & gone.

I fell a chilling till my heart grevv stone:
 Scarce had I left one vvarm desire;
 My fro'zen heart vvas next to none;
 Then said this Holy Spirit: I am fire.

I fell a melting vwhen I felt his heat;
 My soul vvas broached at mine eyes,
 The ice vvas thavn to tears and sweat,
 VWhich vwith fresh gales this Spirit gently dries.

These fontinels thus dri'd, pride rais'd a tumour,
 And then the Spirit's fain to take
 His Lancet and let out the humour:
 But, oh! mine heart hovv did it burn and ake?

VVhich this dear Dove perceiving, straightvvay goes
 T' a precious box, and thence applies
 An ointment, made of *Sbarons* Rose;
 VVhich both the swelling cools, and mollifies.

VVhen I vvas none, this Spirit made me be,
 And live, and breath: vven I vvas vvorfe,
 (For vvorfe, then nothing, sin made me)
 For my rebuilding freely did imburse.

My stony heart this spirit hatcht to flesh:
 My fleshly heart did circumcise;
 My bleeding heart vvith balme refresh
 Those tears that fell from bleeding Saviours eyes.

In native gore vven I polluted lay,
 Hav'ng none to vvasb, to salt, to svath me;
 His counsells vvere my salt that day;
 His lavvs my svadling bands: his grace did bathe me.

VVith milk for Babes this comforter did fill
 Both Testaments, the old and nev;v;
 But hovv to come by't, I'd no skill,
 Till he those breasts of consolation drevv.

He took me by the hand, and taught me go,
 For I vvent all by forms before,
 Till's holy unction made me knowv
 A nev;v and living vvay to fathets door.

I got upon an hill, vvould fain descry
 Heav'ns *Canaan* from earths vvilderness;
 But being there, could nothing spy,
 Till vvith his eye-salve he my eyes did drefs.

Over against Heav'ns haven on the shore
 I stood and vvaited for a vvind;
 Then did this Spirit vvaft me ore
 In heart, in hope, in faith, in joy of mind.

Arithmetick and th' art of measuring
 I h'd studied, but bungled still;
 The measure of a span to bring
 Or number of my dayes I could not skill.

Then

Then this free spirit gave a vwatch to me,
 VVhich ev'ry day vvind up I must,
 To tell me hovv my time did flee;
 But I forgot, and let it stand and rust.

Then being griev'd, that I'd so disrespected
 Both gift and giver, did indeavour
 To vvind it up, but t' had collected
 Such foil, as from the vvheels I could not sever.

Then did I mourning to the donour go;
 Confess'd my fault, shevv'd him the foile,
 It gather'd, vvhilst neglected so:
 Do not despaire, said he, for I am oyle.

This is the Spirit of all life and blifs,
 Tet vvhen I felt him first, I died:
 The fountain of my life he is,
 Tet but for him, I h'd neer been mortified.

This Spirit in mine heart doth shed abroad
 Gods dear and never dying love:
 Tet not a day's but his sharp rod
 Doth me severely chastise and reprove.

This Spirit rais'd my Christ, yet casts me down,
 Doth cast me down, and yet uphold;
 Mine humblings are my joy, my Crown;
 My fear doth make my faith more firm and bold.

Calms are not alvvayes profitable for me,
 Therefore the vvinds are sometimes high;
 This Spirit blusters, and is stormy,
 That I might ground-fast in humility.

This Spirit is my good and only guide:
 Tet, vvalk i' th' Spirit, Scriptures say.
 My conduct, and my path beside
 This Spirit is; my Captain, and my vway.

Man vvalk according to thy native light,
 Say some, and thou shalt perfect bee:
 Perfect indeed, as noon's at night;
 Lord, in thy Spirits light let me see.

A spirit there's in man; but th' inspiration
 Of the Almighty only can
 By no less, than a nev Creation,
 Enlighten't: such a dungeon sin made man.

Mans spirit is the Candle of the Lord ;
 VVhich, vvho vvould see by, first should light.
 At Gods ovvn fire, ev'n Gods ovvn vvord :
 Gods vvord, 's his mind, sent us in black and vvwhite.

For since th' incarnate VVord his tender love
 In blood to vvrite us condescends,
 VVhat vvonder, that his ovvn dear Dove
 In ink and paper praves us to be friends ?

Nor Son, nor Spirit had I understood,
 Bee'ng sunk so deep in sins dark grot,
 Had not the Son took bone and blood,
 Had not the Spirit pen and paper got.

The Son, in humane nature clad, doth raise
 My conscience out of guilts dark grave ;
 The Spirit, cloath'd in humane phrase,
 My mind out of blind ignorance's cave.

The Son in servile form came dovn among's,
 Serving, to purchase us command :
 The Spirit fell in cloven tongues,
 As vvho vvould lisp, that vve might unterstand.

Surely this Spirit of all Spirits fram'd
 That Book of Books, my Bible dear ;
 A thing that's all things, can be nam'd :
 Food, phyfick, treasures, pleasures, all are here.

A glafs, that shevves to ev'ry man his face ;
 A staff, that helps the lame to vvalk :
 A spur, that makes him mend his pace :
 A light, that shevvs vvhat, and vvhat not, to balk.

A Book, that makes the simple truly vvise :
 A Book, that proves the vvifest fools ;
 A Book, that helps the Readers eyes :
 A Book, that baffles and befools the schools.

A Book, vvhose ev'ry leafe, vvhose ev'ry line
 Outshines the milky vvay as far,
 As if Heavens light should all combine
 To darken and obscure one painted star.

A Book, that told my story, ere I vvvas :
 A Book, that tells me, vvhat shall be
 VVhen I'm no more ; vvhat doom shall pass
 On States, on Churches, Persons, and on me.

This

This Book's truths standard, nay, 'tis truth it self;
 So vvell's the Spirit here pourtrai'd;
 This Book doth sanctifie the shelf,
 The heart, I mean, vvhether it's sincerely laid.

Yet some by reason, some by nevv-found light
 Not only leave to question take,
 But mend this Book and set it right
 By Tables of Errata's, they vvould make.

So much is good, and 'tis Canonically,
 As to mans reason is commensur'd;
 Gods light, by mans, must stand, or fall;
 And so the Sun by th' Sextons Clock is censur'd.

Methinks, I love the Author for the Book:
 The Book for th' Author much more love;
 VVhen op'ning, into it I look,

My God, I can't forget thy sweet spread-Dove.
 The gentle vvhings I feel, and hear the mourning
 Of that dear Turtle, vvhaiting still
 Upon my grieving and returning,

To bring an Olive-branch of peace i'th' bill.
 The lines, I grant, are not all of one colour;
 Yet all make up mans doom and duty;
 Some promise joy, some threaten dolour,
 Variety makes up the Turtles beauty.

This Dove *Bezaleel* and *Abaliab* taught
 All curious vvorks for th' Sanctuary:
 But Scriptures are more finely vvrought,
 Shevving most art, vvhether they seem most to vary.

As vvhhen this one sweet Spirit is call'd seaven,
 Perfection's meant in unity:
 A Spirit, filling Earth and Heaven,
 That operates in all, but diversly.

Some reckon seaven Suns to ev'ry vveek,
 So many Moons to ev'ry year,
 As she turns th' vvhole face, or half cheek,
 And doth by turns first sit, and then appear.

This Spirit makes in *Sampson* strength excell,
 And in a *Moses* Government,
 And vvifdom in a *Daniel*,
 And all much more in Christ, vvhether't dwellt unpent.

This Spirit doth transcribe the Gospel-story
 On th' fleshly tables of mine heart :
 Christ's Cradle, Cross, his Grave, his Glory
 All's acted on that stage by th' Spirits art.

To his Birth answers my Regeneration :
 Heart-Circumcision suites to his :
 To's Cross and Grave mortification :
 And Grace and Hope to's Rising and his Blifs.

And then, as Christ makes intercession for us,
 The Spirit in us, intercedes ;
 VVith crying blood our Christ doth store us,
 VVith sighes and groanes the Spirit in us pleads.

This Spirit is unbounded, yet believers
 In earthen vessels this rich treasure
 Only receive, as he delivers,
 And he dispenseth each one but a measure.

This Spirit is eternal, never dies,
 An unextinguishable fire :
 Tet in mens hearts oft gasping cryes :
 Oh ! if you quench me thus, I shall expire.

This Spirit is a Dove, yet to contest
 VVith Crovves and Vultures is he fain ;
 VVhilst in his room mans vvretched breast
 Doth lusts unclean, vvrathe, rapines entertain.

This Spirit it a Dove, yet's vexed often
 By foolish man, that peevish vvasp,
 VVhose heart nor Sun, nor shov'r can soften,
 Man grieves him, vvithout vvhom he could not gasp.

This tender Spirit vvho, but man, vvould grieve ?
 If I my Comforter make sad,
 VVho onely can sad hearts relieve,
 Alas ! my God ; vvho then shall make me glad ?

Grieve, foolish heart ! be't to thine ovvn perplexing,
 Be thou as melted vvax in me,
 That thou shouldst set this Dove a vexing,
 That sweetly seals redemption unto thee.

Give, stubborn heart, relent, since for thy sake
 The Lamb of God not onely blood,
 But ev'n Gods turtle tears doth take ;
 Let thy repentance still help on the flood.

Melt,

Melt, stony heart! till all becomes one river.
 Doves do delight near ponds to dwell:
 Groans are best musick to a griever:
 Such is Gods Dove, vvhose groanes thy duty tell.
 Shevv not thy self vexatious to a Dove,
 That cannot grieve thee vvhithout grieving;
 Ev'n Publicans yield love for love.
 Quench not truths Spirit by thy unbelieving.
 Afflict not this dear guide: go not astray;
 Nor look back from an hoily life:
 VVhile th' Spirit sayes: his is the vway,
 Have salt in thee; remember, man, *Lots* vvife.
 Check not this Spirits checks, but let them bee
 Taken for kindness, as they are:
 His smitings reckon oyl to thee;
 Say, smite my rock, my God, and do not spare.
 Grieve not this Holy Ghost by entertaining
 Such inmates, as he cannot bear;
 If bands of lusts thine heart be training,
 VVhat room for this syweet Spirit can be there?
 Seek holiness, seek peace, make after Union;
 Let Meditation stir this fire;
 Pray'r blowv it up; let syweet Communion
 Maintain it burning still, and raise it higher.
 Quench not the smallest spark in thy vveak brother;
 VVhat flames are on that hearth of thine
 Boast not, nor yet deny, or smother.
 Rather desire thou **for** to burn, then shine.
 Some care not for this Dove, had they his feather
 A sorry bargin such vvould make;
 Over a vvhile such shall have neither;
 Seek thou the Spirits gifis for graces sake.
 'VVare sinning against light and grace and love;
 Knovv, ev'ry of those sins, that are done
 Dire&thly against this dear Dove,
 Comes near to that, that never shall have pardon.

If we live in the Spirit, let us walk in the Spirit, Gal. 5. 25.



FAITH.

From thee, dear Dove, Yet still in thine embraces,
 To Faith, Hope, Love, That Trinity of Graces,
 Now let me pass, and succour so my Verses,
 That I may expresse, vvhhat my 'Muse rehearſes.
 Faith, I'll begin VVith thee; for thou vvaſt th' first,
 VVhen bloody ſin Had made me all accurſt,
 That ſhev'd th' avenger poſting after me,
 And bad me to ſome Refuge-City flee.
 Some men vvould make Faith and Repentance ſtrive,
 VVho ſhould place take; Bur, ſurely, Faiths the hive,
 In vvhich that buſie Bee, repentance, makes
 Tears drops, like honey from mans heart, like vvax.
 For, vvho can grieve For that, vvhich they believe not?
 VVho can believe Mans ſinfull ſtate, and grieve not?
 I did believe the lavv, and ſo relented,
 I did believe the Goſpell, and repented.
 I did believe, That God made all things good;
 And then did grieve, That I had brought a flood,
 A flood of ſins, and ſo of miſeries
 On all: this brought a deluge on mine eyes.
 I did believe, That God took fleſh, loſt blood
 So to relieve Me, and to drovv'n ſins flood:
 Then girt, like *Peter*, did begin to ſvvim
 In a repentant Sea of tears to him.
 Repentance lovers, Yet (like ſad rainy dayes)
 Bring fruits and flovv'rs And floods to vvafh our vvayes,
 Its Clouds bee'ng fill'd vvith, vvhat bright faith exhales.
 Bur's dry as deſperation, vvhen faith fails.
 Yet have I heard, That ſome repented not,
 That aftervvard They might believe. This knot
 Is ſoon untied: Firſt Faith lends tears and grief
 Unto repentance, then an handkerchief;

Thus

Thus Faith precedes Repentance, yet comes after;
 Followes, yet leads; As Mother and as Daughter:
 As the bright Sun the brackish Sea doth round,
 Encompassing Repentance Faith is found.

Faith, I would tell Thy story if I could,
 VWhere thou dost dwell, Or vvhhat thou art, behold;
 But thou art Faith, vvhich sense can no more reach
 Then death the Deity can praise, or preach.

I did ask at Heav'ns gate for thee, dear grace,
 But vvas told, that There vision held thy place:
 Then some infernal fiends said, they could shevv thee,
 But took thee for no grace, for they did rue thee.

I lookt about On Earth to find thee there,
 For there no, doubt, Thou dwelst, if any vvhere;
 And yet again th' unerring Scripture faith,
 VVhen Christ shall come, shall he on earth find Faith?

Surely not much; VVhen he shall that day bring
 Unto the touch Each one, that vvears a ring,
 All vvon't prove Gold that glisters, and is specious,
 Nor feigned Faith be then approv'd as precious.

Oh! that I knev Thee, precious Faith; and could
 Thy reall hue, Thy lustre, but unfold,
 I should soon dravv all eyes from him, that hath
 Gold rings, to gaze on th' poor, vvhhen rich in Faith.

Alas! most take Thee for some pebble, they
 Do nothing make To believe any vway;
 Only those fevv, that have thee, jealous are,
 Their Faith is not the right, the right's so rare.

Thou'rt a rich stock, A Diadem brought forth
 Only by th' rock Of ages, of such vvvorth,
 That, vvho hath thee, although he hath no more,
 May vell esteem the golden Indies poor.

By thee the just May live, vvhen vvants surround;
 And so he must, VVhen other things abound.
 Faith makes the conscience good, and that, vell drest,
 Is a continual food, a constant feast.

Of the household Of Faith, I'm sure I've read;
 And dare be bold, They vvant no household-bread;
 Faith daily sets on the believers board
 The Heav'nly bread of th' ever-living vvord,

Others look by Their trades to be maintain'd:
 VVhy should not I To be by faith sustain'd?
 Thou art the calling; man but misapplies
 To other trades the name of mysteries.

The mystery Thou art; yet th' *Oedipus*
 That dost untye All doubts and knots for us.
 Nothing is hard to thee: vvhether thou canst not
 Unriddle, thou'st a sword to cut the knot.

Hovv blind vvere man But for thy piercing eye?
 VVho nothing can, No, not himself, descrie.
 Thy clue guides through both Labyrinth-like vvaies,
 Of mine ovvn heart, and through the Scriptures maze.

I should be set And pos'd at first and last
 I th' Alphabet, But that, dear Faith, thou' hast
 Taught me to knowv my letters. VVho, but thou,
 Could make me th' *Alpha* and *Omega* knowv?

Or to knowv him Aright? alas! my sight
 VVere dark and dim But for thine eyes, thy light,
 VVho seest him, that is invisible.

VVhat flesh and blood perceives not, thou see'st vvell.

Pray'r 's a blind beggar, If it do vvant but thee:
 It may be eager, But right it cannot bee.
 Hope vvere an hopeless thing, but that thou dost
 Allowv it spend upon thy proper cost.

Faith makes pray'r knowv, VVhere t' have its Ammunition,
 And teacheth, hovv To level each petition.
 Of clam'rous sin, quick prayer, by Faith, gains cope,
 And brings salvations tidings back to hope.

In pilgrimage I vvent to Calvery,
 That bitter stage, VVhere my dear Lord did dye;
 VVhere missing him, I cry'd out, vvhether is he?
 Faith vvhisper'd to me, go along vvith me.

Faith brought me to A door, but it vvas lockt:
 Faith bad me go And knock, and so I knockt;
 Then th' door flevv open, and a Lamb did stand
 Cry'ng: take both fleece and flesh. But I h'd no hand.

But as my moan I made vvith tears and grief,
 Faith lent me one, So I took the relief:
 VVhich having got, I found that this believing
 Both gives me Christ, and is of Christs ovvn giving.

But

But as I thought To h've carri'd home this gift,
A Crofs vvas brought, VVhich I vvas bad to lift,
Or leave the rest; I try'd, but could not bear it:
Said Faith, Ple lend thee shoulders, do not fear it.

VVith much ado I got this blessed pack,
Christ and's Crofs too By Faith upon my back;
But could not go, nor stand, till Faith did meet
Me, just a sinking, vvith a pair of feet.

Faith hav'ng nevv vampt My soul, I then could vwalk.
Reason's sin-crampt; And 'tis but idle talk,
To speak of marching in its strength and might,
Till Faith lends reason legs and sets it right.

VVe stand by Faith, Saith *Paul*; vve stand by reason,
VVhoever faith, I doubt me, doth speak reason.
They shevv their reason best, that daily beg,
Lord, give us Faith, reason's a vvooden leg.

Faith makes me see, VVhat reason's asking still,
Hovv can it be? Let him take heed, that vvill
Believe no more, then he finds reason for,
Lest he find reason, to believe no more.

VVhen Faith, as *Queen*, Makes reason vwait upon her,
Reason's then seen Look like a maid of honour;
But let that saucy Courtier 'vvare his head,
That crovvs the *Queen* into the truckle-bed.

In a fevv miles March, bervvixt this and Heaven,
I found some stiles Not fevv'r, then six, or seven,
That reason stumbling at; Faith, help me over,
Said I, till poor lame reason shall recover.

No sooner said I so, but Faith did lift,
Ev'n as I pray'd, Me over vvith my gift;
VVhich done, I fell aboard that sacred flesh,
That so I might my fainting soul refresh.

Bee'ng cold and thin, The fleece I had receiv'd,
I vvent to spin And vveave; but as I vveav'd,
An enemy did cast a fiery dart,
VVhich, but for th' shield of Faith, had kill'd my heart.

VVhere hast that fleece, Said Satan, thievish sinner,
Of righteousness That thou'rt be come a spinner?
I ansver'd, false accuser, not by thieving
Had I my Righteousness, but by believing.

Belie-

Believing? vvhath Doth thou, poor foolish vvretch,
Tell me of that? Said Satan, go and fetch
Gods Lavv-Book, and thy Conscience, Book, and say,
If thou canst stand as righteous any vvay.

Malicious foe, Said I, cease troubling me,
Or else ler's go To suit i'th' Chancery.
Gods Common Lavv admits of mine appeales
To th' Lavv of Faith, that Righteousness reveales.

But equity Requires thy debts be paid,
Said he; said I, And satisfaction's made
By one, that left his Cross, vvhen he vvas slain,
That I there vvith might thee, foul serpent! brain.

Then Satan flewy, Quitting the field. Anon
A numerous crevv, A *WORLD* it vvas, came on,
Thronging so thick and threefold in upon me.

That, had not Faith prest in, they had undone me,
Earth shevv'd her strength, Her treasures, pleasures, pride;
Giddy at length Poor I began to slide,
Hold, Man! said Faith, thou hast a staff by thee,
Christs Cross can help thee stand, and force these flee.

But in this broil, E're I the Cross could use,
I had a foil, And got an invvard bruise,
Conscience spat blood, pain pierc'd and vvrung my side,
Till Faith some better blood like balm applied.

Faith also bad A vein should op'ned be,
Urging, I had Much putrid blood in me:
Content, said I, for I had heard o'th' art
Of saving Faith to purifie the heart.

But lest I should In bleeding faint, Faith took
Some Cordials, roll'd In Bible-leaves, a Book,
Vvhose ev'ry leaf, said Faith, rich drugs contains,
As I compound them, sov'raign for heart-pains.

Alas! said I, Many those drugs have got,
But to decry, Finding, they profit not;
But strait remembred, vvhat the Scripture saith,
Th' vvord did not profit, be'ng unmix'd vvith Faith.

O pov'r full Faith! Vvhose ev'ry smallest grain,
If sound, vvoo hath, May say, and not in vain,
Mountains of guilt, that here so long have stood,
Get hence into the Sea of Saviours blood.

This

This skilfull grace Did first phlebotomize,
Then vvash the place, And after vvipe mine eyes.
Deare Faith ! said I, I see, that thou dost mean
Not only for to make me vvhole, but clean.

As soon, as I Vvas cur'd of this my pain,
Impetuously The VVorld comes on again:
I took Faith's Cross, and found, vvhat Scripture faith :
Our victory over the vvorld's our Faith.

Vain VVorld, be gone, Said I, vex me no more,
Vexation And vanity's thy store.
This *Jacobs*-ladder helps me to discrye
A surer sweeter VVorld beyond the skie.

By this dear Cross, My dearest Lord did climb ;
I'll count thee loss, That I may follow him.
His and my Kingdom's not i'th' VVorlds enjoyment,
If 'twere, vvho knowvs, vvhere it vvould be next moment ?

VVorld ! thou must be Set one day all on fire,
VVitchcraft in thee, And blood deserve this hire.
Then shall my dust see by thy bright fire-light
To rise that morning, that shall ne're have night.

VVe do but jest, Great *Alexanders* story
Is best exprest, VVhen vve say this VVorlds glory
Vanquish'd that seeming victor ; sure I am,
Nothing, but Faith, this vvorld e're overcame.

VVhen I begin To fight, and vvant supplies ;
Faith summons in Heavens Auxiliaries ;
And stores vvith precious promises, that are
The very sinevs of that holy vvar.

And, more then this, Brings in a rare Commander,
Jesus it is, Not *Mars*, or *Alexander* :
But he, that taught all fingers fight, can quell
All foes, 'iv'n Christ i'th heart by faith doth dwell.

Jerusalem Above, that City is,
VVhere *Davids* stem Reigns and remains in blifs ;
Tet 'tis his royal pleasure here in us
To dwell by Faith, as in his Country-house.

Faith makes mans heart, That dark, lovv, ruin'd thing,
By its rare art A pallace for a King,
High 'r, then proud *Babels* tovv'r by many a story :
By faith Christ dwells in us, the hope of Glory.

Thus

Thus Faith doth raise Out of vile dust a Court,
Imputing praise, Honour, and good report.
Hearts, *Rahab*-like, vvhen once they entertain
Heav'ns spies by Faith, a good report do gain.

If thou believe All things are possible:
Faith can relieve Ev'n to a miracle:
This Faith can vvash an *Ethiopian* clean,
VVitnes the Eunnuch of *Candace* the Queen.

And as Faith makes Us Courts, so Courtiers too;
God pleasure takes In us, vvhen all, vve do,
Is done in Faith; then reck'ning, that he hath
Most glory by us, vvhen most strong in Faith.

And as by this Our service proves his pleasure;
Ev'n so doth his Hereby be come our treasure:
One day in Gods Court Faith doth far prefer
Before a thousand any other vvhere.

'Tis unbelief I th' evil evil heart,
His and my grief, That makes us ever part:
That Blessed Man, vvhose feet this Faith hath shod,
VVith *Noah* and *Enoch* still can vvalk vvith God.

By Faith vvho strives To vvalk vvith God, vvhilst here,
Doth live tvvo lives At once each day o'th' year:
And dying, *Joseph*-like, commands his bones
To *Canaan*, there to dvvell vvith living ones.

Dear Faith, said I, My joy, my crowvn, my treasure!
Tell me, vvhereby I may do thee a pleasure?
Thou art that lock, in vvhich my strength doth lye,
Thee not to tender, vvere self-crnelty.

If thou vvouldst please Me better, vvork me more;
Said Faith, 'tis ease Only, that makes me poore.
But I do, use to bid my vvorkmen eat,
Said I; dear Faith inform me, vvhat's thy meat.

Said Faith: I came Out of the eastern lands,
Old *Abraham* And I have oft shook hands:
My food's an *Hebrew* root, that Gardners dresse
On Lords Dayes mostly, call'd the root of *Jesse*.

By hearing I Came first; and vve are fed
Most kindly by The things, vvhereof vve're bred.
Forget not, if you love me, the Church-path;
Line upon Line's the vvay from Faith to Faith.

The

The carefull foot, That vvalks by Scripture *Leaves*,
 Shall find this *Root*, VVhich, happy, vvho receives;
 So nutritive, antidorive and good,
 VVho feeds on it, needs scarce fear any food.

Make but my bread Of this root vvhen I sup,
 Let th' Dragous head Be then brake and serv'd up:
 Tet Toad-stools, one vvould think, need be vvell drest,
 E're they vvill make a good dish for a feast.

Art I did gain Sometime, and that by book,
 The Tempters brain To vvholesomeness to cook.
 Only have care, as ever thou dost mean
 To keep me long in health, to lodge me clean.

Good Conscience is An old Camrade of mine,
 VVhom I can't miss; If thou vvouldst make me thine,
 And keep me, thou must keep him too; that day,
 Thou partst vvith him, look, I should pack avay.

Self-confidence, My nat'rall enemy,
 Must be pack't hence. An hand, a foot, an eye
 VVho hath of's ovvn, vvill scorn to be my debtour:
 VVho parts vvith these, vvorks, vvalks and sees the better.

Prove that thou art A Pilgrim; daily dye;
 Of death get th' start, And live eternally.
 I, that in *Abrah'm's* heart dvvelt many a day,
 To *Abrah'm's* bosome novv shevv thee the vvay.

Fear alvvayes; Tet Faint never; Eye the cloud,
 That doth beset Thee, that triumphant Croud;
 Look unto Jesus; vvatch th' vvord of command,
 VVhich, vvhen thou hast done all these things, is *Stand*.

By Grace ye are saved, trough Faith, Eph. 2. 8.



HOPE.



HOPE.

DRive on, my Muse, till thou'rt got through;
 Let nor Hope find thee in a slough;
 Let that, that drives the Farmers plough,
 Drive thine much more.

To th' Hope of *Is'el* let me yet
 In hope my running rhyme commit,
 And humbly say, God prosper it;
 Or 'tvill be poor.

Hope is a door, the Scripture saith:
 And so is Christ, and so is Faith;
 VVho 're out of these doors, are in vvrath
 And Condemnation.

Faith into Christ doth first advent're;
 Christ into Hope allowvs me enter:
 Hope makes my very Soul to center
 On Gods Salvation.

Hope is Faiths expectation;
 Faith is the *Moses*, Hope's the stone,
 That Faith in Pray'r doth rest upon,
 Till't over come.
 Faith doth upon Hopes tip-toe stand,
 Stretching its neck to look for land
 Beyond deaths gulf; and life beyond
 The day of doem.

Hope is next door to Heav'ns gate;
 'Tis but a step from this to that;
 Nay, Hope doth Heaven antedate,
 And bring down hither.
 Hope's th' antidote against despair;
 Coffin of fear; and Couch of care;
 Cradle of patience; Hope hatha fair
 Even in foul vveather,

Hope

Hope is the mourners Handkerchief;
 Hope is the Balme of ev'ry grief:
 Hope doth endorse the beggars brief,
 Ere it's collected.
 In Hope I have, vvhhat yet I vvant;
 Hope makes me full, vvhile things are scant;
 Hope doth consummate, vvhat I can't
 Ter see effected.

Hope hath an harvest in the Spring;
 In VVinter doth of Summer sing;
 Feeds on the fruits vvhilst blossoming,
 Ter nips no bloom.
 Hope brings me home vvhen I'm abroad,
 As soon as th' first step homevvard's trod;
 In Hope to thee, my God! my God!
 I come, I come.

Hope sends the Ship to Sea, and then
 E're it returns, brings 't home agen;
 The port of all Seafaring men
 Is this *Good Hope*.

I am a Sea-man too. My Soul,
 Though tofs'd vvith doubts, vvhen vveather's foul,
 Doth like some Sea-sick vessell roul;
 Ter Heav'n's its scope.

Hope doth the Souldiers vveapon vvield;
 By Hope the Souldiers Helmet's steel'd;
 Hope gives him, e're he fights, the field;
 Hope holds his station.

I am a Souldier too. My Svord
 Is that o'th' Spirit, th' tvo-edg'd vvord;
 Novv for an Helmet give me, Lord,
 Th' hope of Salvation.

Hope sets the poor Apprentice free
 First day, he's bound: And vvhy not me?
 Thou hast Indentures, Lord, by thee,
 VVherein I'm tied:
 Mount *Sinai's* Covenants they bee,
 Ter hope doth, Lord, enfranchize mee
 In *Sion*-hill, vvhere all are free,
 That do reside.

In hope the School-boy doth commence
 Master of Art, and fair science;
 Tea, vvhlft i'th' lovveft form, fteps thence
 To th' Doctors Chair.

I'm a School-fchollar too, my God!
 But yesterday I felt thy rod;
 Tct still vvith hope am girt and fhod.
 Avvay, defpair!

'Tis hope that doth the fover feed;
 VVho feems to caft avvay his feed,
 But doth preferve in very deed
 And mend his ftore.

I am a Seeds-man too, my Lord!
 And, but for Hope, thou vvould'it affoord
 Thy bleffing, vvhen I fovv thy vvord;
 I had forbore.

I am a Seeds-man; every teare,
 I fovv in Hope, vvill brin an eare,
 Fit for thy floor in time of yeare
 For thee to gather:
 VVere't not for Hope the heart, fo me fay,
 VVould break; yet Hope led me one day
 VVeeing along the Milkie vvay
 To thee, O Father!

I am a Seeds-man, cafting bread
 On th' vvaters, vvhere it feems lye dead;
 Yet Hope affures me 't fhall be fed,
 And then reftor'd.
 Hope doth the pris'ners bolts unlock:
 His fetters doth in funder knock:
 Hope drives the Freemans trade and ftock:
 My deareft Lord!

I am a captive too. Sins chain
 Doth hold and hamper, but in vain;
 By Hope I'm faved, and fet again
 At liberty.

I am a Trades man too. Thou art
 That God, vvith vvhom I deal. My heart
 Takes Heav'n to be the only Mart,
 Thither trade I;

Expor-

Exporting groans and broken pray'rs,
 That scarce can clamber up the stairs;
 Importing rich and precious vwares,
 Ev'n joy and peace:
 Joy, that exceeds all understanding,
 O'th' Spirits sealing, Christs ovvn handing:
 Peace, that is of Gods ovvn commanding,
 And can't surcease.

Hope makes the labourer to run
 A race, as 'tvvere vvith each dayes Sun,
 Paying his vvages, ere's vvork be done,
 And mine much more.
 I daily dig and delve vvithin,
 Stubbing at th' roots and stumps of sin,
 And, but for Hope one day to vvinn,
 I should give ore.

O come that long'd for day! come quickly!
 This Hope, differ'd, makes my heart sickly.
 Grace is a Rose, but sin is prickly
 And still adheres.

Amphibion like the Diver tries,
 VVhet sharp vvith Hope, t' anatomize
 And geld the deeps: his hop'd for prize
 Forbids his fears.

I am a Diver too. Thy vvord
 Doth richer rarities affoord:
 A greater deep, and better stor'd
 VVith Pearls and Treasure:
 Angels desire to dive into
 These deeps; and so I deily do:
 VVhose Pearls are rich and Cordial too;
 Health, VVwealth, and Pleasure.

'Tis Hope, that makes the racer fleet,
 Bringing the vvager to his feet,
 Make hast, saith Hope, vvhat? don't you see't?
 Tou've vvon, you've vvon.

I am a racer too. My race
 From sin to Glory is by Grace;
 Hope sets Heav'ns Blifs before my face,
 And then I run.

I heard the vvitty vworld once fay :
 The bird i'th' bush may fly avway :
 Take Heav'n vvho vvill, 'tis present pay,
 For vvich vve trade.
 To Faith and Hope I told this story ;
 Their havings are but transitory,
 Said Faith : said Hope, and I have Glory,
 That cannot fade.

Hast it? said I; Hope, shevv it me.
 VVhat's this, said Hope, thou here dost see?
 Said I, an Acorn: No, said he,
 But 'tis an Oake.
 VVhat is't, said Hope, thou see'st fast by?
 A grain of Mustard-seed, said I,
 A plant, said Hope, reaching the sky;
 And thou'dst right spoke.

Then I perceiv'd the meaning vvas,
 Hope ripens seeds of Grace to Grace;
 Makes Grace, vvhen grounded, mount and pass
 To th' highest story.
 Hope shevv'd me then a sparkling stone,
 VVhat's this, said Hope, that I've got on?
 I strait reply'd, 'tis Grace begun.
 Said Hope, 'tis Glory.

Then learnt I, that Grace inchoate
 By lively Hope doth maturate:
 And, rip'ning, doth anticipate
 Heav'n here on Earth.
 I spake to Hope of a reverfion,
 I had in Heaven, since conversion;
 Said Hope, vvhy cast you an asperfion
 On th' second birth?

Reverfion sounds, saip Hope, to mee
 Your state at present dead to bee;
 But I have Heav'n in hand, you see,
 VVhereon I live.
 I am Faiths present recompence:
 My Grammar knowvs no Future tense:
 The Verbs, that make up all my sense
 Are Substantive.

VVhe

VVho 're these, said Hope, thou see'st before,
 Prostrate and begging at a door?
 Said I, they are Heav'ns Parish Poor;
 Said Hope, they're Kings.
 Kings? said I; But vvhere are their Crowvns?
 Their Scepters, Kingdomes, Countries, Tovvns?
 Their Ermine Robes and Purple Govvns,
 Those Royal things?

I can, said Hope, tell vvhere they be:
 Safely they are reserv'd by me,
 Safely reserv'd from them and thee:
 Look here are they.
 All's lockt: Hope, lend's the Key, said I,
 Hope fetcht a Bible presently:
 On vvhich, vvhen I h'd but cast mine eye,
 I found a Key.

The right key 'tvvas o'th' door of Hope,
 Enter, said Faith, thou needst not grope:
 I torn'd the key, and th' door flevv ope,
 And I vvent on.
 But O the things, that there I savv!
 Jewvvels of joyes, in foiles of ayve!
 But blab not, Muse! Know' 'st not the Lavv?
 Peace, and have done.

'Tis not allow'd thee to display
 The brightnes of Hopes holy day.
 Unutterable things to say;
 Muse, do not vent're.
 Hope shevv'd me, but I can't say, vvhat,
 Only let him, that questions that,
 But get the key, that then I gat:
 And let him enter.

Then let him say, If ever he
 The like things unto those, did see:
 Or yet can utter, vvhat they bee,
 That there he savv.
 This only can I say, that there
 Crowvns, Scepters, all enameld vvere
 VVith Grace and Peace, vvith Faith and Fear,
 VVith Love and Avve.

True Hope though pleasant, yet is gracious ;
 Not light, though lightsome ; Not audacious,
 Though bold ; though joyous, not falacious ;
 Merry, not vain.

Hope can rejoyce, but never rant :
 Alvwayes feeds high, but revell can't ;
 Chast Scripture-comfort's that provant,
 Doth Hope sustain.

The vvord, vvhereon I hope, doth urge
 Pureness ; the fire, vvherein I forge
 The Anchor of mine Hope, doth purge
 My dross, my tin.
 That Hope makes not asham'd, but sure,
 The bottom's rock, and shall endure ;
 That makes me strive, as God is pure,
 To purge my sin.

True Hope's a *Jacobs* staff indeed :
 True Hope is no *Egyptian* reed :
 That springs from mire, or else can feed
 On dirt, or mud.
 By Hope just men and sanctified
 Ith' Ocean safe at Anchor ride,
 Fearless of vvrack by vvind, or tide,
 By ebb, or flood.

Hope's the top-vvindowv of that ark,
 VVhere all Gods *Noahs* do imbarck :
 Hope lets in skie-light, else hovv dark
 VVere such a season ?
 But vvouldst not be engulf'd, or drovvn'd,
 VVhen storms and tempests gather round ;
 E're thou cast Anchor, try the ground :
 Hope must have reason.

Hopes Anchor-hold cannot be good,
 VVhere th' bottom's all o'r only mud.
 Shall th' Sinner in his Native blood
 To Hope pretend ?
 Or th' Hypocrite strengthen his mast,
 (VVho boldly doth Hopes Anchor cast
 On's sandy bottom) vvhen at last
 Heav'ns storms descend ?

VVare

VVare Cob-vveb Hopes, vven God shall come
 VVith's besome of impartial doom
 To sweep mans heart, that inner room,
 Shall they stand sure?
 Oft have I seen a branch in spring
 Rent from the root, yet blossoming,
 As 'twere some Hopefull grovvng thing,
 But can't endure.

He, that is at the pains and cost
 To plant and vwater it, next frost
 Is like to see his labour lost,
 And hope to perish:
 Surely 'twill pose all skill and art,
 But onely his, that can convert
 This *lively Hope* in a *dead Heart*
 To plant and cherish.

And vvhether there's but a name to live,
 Though for a season Hope seems thrive,
 VVhen such give up the *Ghost*, they give
 Their *Hopes* up too.

Good Hope's through Grace. And vvhosoever
 Part Righteousness from Hope endeavour,
 The Helmet from the Breastplate sever,
 VVhich vvho vvould do?

But let, vvhat vwaters vvill, assaile,
 The Hope o' th' righteous cannot faile,
 VVhose Anchor's cast vvithin the vaile,
 Till th' flood assvages.
 His Hope's no Lott'ry, hit, or mis; ;
 But an inheritance it is:
 Christ is in him the Hope of Blifs,
 That rock of ages.

Mine eyes are unto *Sion*-hill
 Longing in Hope, yet vwaiting still
 For he, that shall, vvill come, and vvill
 Not alvvayes linger.
 Therefore in Hope vvill I rejoyce,
 Tea, vvhhen the floods lift up their voice;
 VVhen Seas shall roare, to drovvn their noise,
 I'll turn a singer.

I'll turn a finger, and my song
 Shall be by book, lest I go vvrong:
 For I h've not skill'd of musick long,
 Or holy mirth.
 VVeeeping into the vvorl'd I came,
 Bringing a vvorl'd of sin and shame:
 Bearing the first Apostates blame
 Ev'n at my birth.

The fruit, old *Adam* and his *Eve*
 Did so long since together thieve,
 VVringing my mother made us grieve
 And groan together:
 And as I thus did vveeping come
 Out of one grave, I mean the vvomb,
 My face vvas rov'rd's a deader Tomb
 And I bound thither.

My life vvas but a Bondage, through
 The fear of death, that fatal slough.
 But lively Hope forbids me novv
 All slavish fears.
 Oft have I been contemplating
 Of death, that melancholick thing;
 VVeeeping, till Hope hath made me sing,
 Drying my tears.

Author and rock of all my Hope!
 That hast deaths prison-doors broke ope,
 So fastning to Faiths Cable-rope
 Hopes Anchor strong.
 VVhat, though I sail through foaming Seas?
 Billovs are Pillorvs, Beds of ease:
 Deaths blast rocks me asleep in these;
 VVaiting e're long

At thy shrill suddain voice to rise,
 And rub deaths dust out of mine eyes,
 VVhen death shall have disgorg'd its prize
 Safe on the shore.
 Then hold my rudder in thine hand,
 VVho put to Sea at thy command,
 Till I may make some nevv-found land:
 Oh! help me o're.

I need

I need not vvaite an Anchor, Lord,
VVith vvood and iron, bee'ng so stor'd,
VVith vvhat thy Crofs and Nailes affoord,
Had I but skill.

Anchors, I see, by th' Forgers Art,
Have both a frait and bending part;
Hope strengthens, yet it bovvs the heart
To vvaite Gods vvill.

The Scripture saith, that tribulation,
(And 'tis a strange Concatenation)
VVorks patience; as if vexation
Did make more quiet;
And Patience vvorks Experience:
Experience, Hope: yet Patience,
I'm sure, doth live on Hopes expense
For daily diet.

Thus have I seen the Grand-Childs purse
For the Grand-Siers support disburse,
Thus Hope doth Patience feed and nurse;
Patience again
Doth tutor Hope, and teach it knowv
All points of Heavenly Courtship: Howv
To vvaite on God, to bend, to bov, v
To bear his train.

To follolv him in all his vvayes,
And so to hold ev'n all its dayes,
Seeking that Honour, Glory, Praise,
That God shall give.

Patience of Hope makes Heaven smile
To see the troden Camomile,
VVhilst underfoot, spring up the vvhile
And the more thrive.

VVhen death comes vvith his leaden foot,
Hoping to crush mine Hope i'th' root,
The utmost hurt, that death can do't,
Is but to make
Mine Hope grovv up into fruition;
VVhilst Faith's translated into vision,
Mending thereby my souls condition,
Doubling my stake.

VVhat, though mine Haven, Heaven lye
 Beyond the dead Sea? vvhath, though I
 Decease? mine Hope shall never dye,
 Never decay.

VVhat, though I vvalk through th' vale of tears?
 Hope is a staff, that ever bears;
 Hope is a rod, chafing my fears,
 Guiding my vway.

VVhat, though revengefull Papists burne
 Dear *Bucers* bones, still Hope's his urne,
 Till's ashes to a Phoenix turne,
 And live afresh.

VVhat, though deaths scorching flames presume
 To turn my moisture to dry fume?
 My foul shall one day reassume
 Calcined flesh.

Therefore my dying tongue shall sing:
 Tet, ev'n my flesh, that fading thing,
 Shall rest in Hope for that day-spring
 All th' night of death.
 And vvhhen I lay my vveary head
 And bones i'th' grave, as in a bed,
 Let not the mourner say, he's dead,
 But slumbereth.

Tet bonie death sometimes looks in,
 Bringing a list of all my sin,
 Pinching mine Hope, till it looks thin,
 And's like to dye:
 Death in my very face doth stare
 So gaffly, as if't meant to scare
 And fright mine Hope into despaire,
 VVhile sin stands by.

Ah Conscience! Conscience! vvhhen I look
 Into thy Register, thy Book,
 VVhat corner of my heart, vvhath nook
 Stands clear of sin?
 And though my skin feels soft and sleek,

Scarce can I touch my chin and cheek,
But I can feel deaths javv-bone prick
Ev'n through my skin.

Tet, vvhy art thus cast down, my soul?
Hope still in God, and on him roule,
If Heaven smile, vvhat though death scoule,
And Conscience loure.

A Book of my dear Christs I have,
By vvhich I look, my God vvill save
My soul from sin, my flesh from grave
And from deaths povv'r.

O death! vvhere is thy vict'ry?
That I might live, my Lord did dye;
He fled thee not, but made thee flie,
Hav'ng dravvn thy sting.
Thou hadst of teeth a double rovv,
Till Christ by's Crofs took thee a blovv,
VVhen fastning on him. But thou'rt novv
A tooth-lesf thing.

VVell maist thou bark, but canst not bite,
Bending thy brovv, shevving thy spight:
Death do thy vvorst: Hope sets me quite
Beyond thy spleen.
VVhat, though my death seems vvritten in
The very parchment of my skin
VVith the black ink of my foul sin;
Tet have I seen:

On both hands of a friend, once slain,
But since return'd to life again,
A better story printed plain:
My fights but dim;
Tet in the print o'th' nailes I see
Life in a Saviours hands for mee,
VVhilst, as he hung upon the tree,
Hope hangs on him.

And still shall hang on him, untill
My bones have learn to climbe that hill,
VVhere novv he sits, and vvhence he vvill

Tet

Tet come dovn hither,
That he may gather into one
Each dust of his and scatt' red bone;
Then shall he, as a living stone,
Translate me thither.

And novv, my Lord, vvhhat vwait I for,
Standing and knocking at thy door?
I stand and knock at th' door of Hope,
Till knocking makes the door stand ope.

We are saved by Hope, but Hope, that is seen, is not Hope,
Rom. 8. 24.



LOVE.



LOVE.

From Faith and Hope I come *ſweet Love* to ſing;
 For ev'ry Anchor hath its ring,
 VVhereby 'tis vvedded to its Cable-Rope.
 Love makes the match 'twixt Faith and Hope.

'T'wixt Grace and Grace no marriage can be made,
 But vvhere this golden ring's firſt had.
 O golden Love, thou circling endless thing!
 All grace concentrers in thy ring.

VVhat, though mine heart be flinty rock and ſtone?
 Tet flints have fire: And have I none?
 No ſpark of Love, thou God of Love! for thee,
 That haſt twice over-hammerd me?

There's not one ſpark kindled upon mine hearth,
 But at firſt glance it quits the earth,
 As if it knew the element of fire
 VVere ſome diviner thing and high'r.

Lord, I can feel, there's ſuch a thing as Love
 VVarm in my breaſt, and feel it move;
 I find, I love my Child, and ſo doth he:
 And ſhall I not, my God! love thee?

Is love the only fire, that doth deſcend?
 Or is my God, my God, no friend?
 Sure, all my doubts and fears cannot diſprove
 The condeſcenſion of thy Love.

The Elements, vve find, invert their courſe,
 Fearing, a *Vacuum* vvould be vvorſe;
 And did not Love ſtoop lov, vvhen God did dye,
 To fill up mans vacuity?

Reader! ſtop here, And drop a-tear!

VVhen Love, that ev'ry Ev'ning makes my bed,
 Had not, vvhereon to lay his head:
 Except, you'll call that bloody Croſs and bitter
 A love-ſick Saviours bed and litter.

VVhen

VWhen Love it self, being as rich as store,
To make me rich did become poor ;
Unless, those tears and bloody drops, that fall,
Tou'l Pearls account and rubies call.

And can the flaming Element of Love,
To store my vvants, drop from above ?
VWhy can't mine Earth as vvell to Heaven growv,
As Heav'ns Love-fire come dovv'n so lov'v ?

VWhy may I not, *Elijab*-like, aspire
To ride to Heaven in that fire,
That fire of Love, that came from thence dovv'n hither,
On purpose, sure, to help me thither.

VWhen Love to hatred did himself expose,
And prick's ovvn foot to ease his foes ;
Printing full proof in his chapt parched skin,
VWhat flames of Love there vveré vvithin.

VWhen Love unthought, unsought for, did come dovv'n
Exchanging, for a Cross, his Crovv'n,
Love undesir'd, Love undeserv'd did take
Mans game to play, to save mans stake.

VWhilet flames of vv'raht so sorely did contest
VWith this Love-fire in Saviours breast,
Heightning the heat so far, till's blood boyl'd ore,
Issuing out at ev'ry pore,
Lord ! can the eye, That reads, be dry ?

Ah ! if it can ; let not the vvriters be :
No tears of Love, my God ! for thee ?
Lord ! could Love make thee take my sins, as thine ?
Sure then thy sorrovvs shall be mine.

The stripes that rent thy back shall smite and knock
My breast, till they have cleft my rock.
The ir'n, that in thy hands left such a print,
Shall strike some fire out of my flint.

Shall I not love that friend, that lov'd me so,
So lov'd me, vvhen I vvas his foe ?

Lord ! let not vvant of Love encrease my score !
My debts vvere great enough before.

Make me thy Love so burning hot to feel,
As to dissolve and melt my steel :

And

And burn my stony heart to fervent lime,
As I h've seen fire turn stone sometime.

My heart is thine; Lord thou hast bought that stone,
And thou hast fevvel of thine ovvn;
VVil't not quit cost? great builder! if it vwill,
O throvv mine heart into thy kill.

Lime is an usefull thing in building sure:
And lime of stone vwill best endure:
Knowvledge puffs up, but Love is *edifying*,
And gróvvs the stronger by long lying.

Oh that I had that lime of Love, that is
(As by *Antiperistasis*)

Hotter for vvater! I vvould often then
VVweep, till I even flam'd agen;
But novv I mourn, That I can't burn.

Can't burn? Alas! my God, I'm burning ever:
But oh! my burning is a Fever.
Such *hectic heat* doth too too plainly prove,
That I am but *infirm* in Love.

Lord, dost not see, hovv Gyants do invade
Thy right? my God, confound their trade,
VVho using lust for lime, by hellish art,
VVould rebuild *Babel* in my heart.

'Tis not so long my God and Saviour since
Thou didst expell th' usurping Prince,
Rasing his vvorks and strong-holds built vvithin
VVith lime of lust and piles of sin.

Can I love sin, that hatefull cruel thing,
That grinds the Serpents forked sting;
Shev'ng death, hovv tvvise at once to mürther me?
And can I not, my God, love thee?

Can I love sin, that puts me on the vvrack,
Till bones do break and finevvs crack;
And can I not love him, that climb'd the tree,
VVracking himself to take dovvn me?

Can I love sin, since hatred ne're had bin,
Never bin heard of, but for sin?
And can I not love *LOVE*, that came to dye;
To kill hatred and enmity?

Love

Love sin, that founded Hell at's ovvn expence?
 And not my God, that saves me thence?
 Alas! hovv strangely Love its mark can miss!
 Oh! that mine head and heart for this
 VVere both one flood Of tears of blood!

Or can mine heart, like *Jesephs* Mistrijs, make
 Love to the Servant? and mistake
 These things belovv for my dear God above,
 To vvhom I ovve ev'n all my Love?

And then, vvhen these chaste Creature-comforts flie
 Rather, then yield, or gratifie,
 Can I complain unto my Lord, and say,
 That they did tempt, then flie avvay?

Alas! poor Creatures vvould not be abused;
 And must they yet be thus accused;
 And God in them? and, that I may be found
 Guiltless, must guilt reach God at th' bound?

Thou gav'st me these to prove thy Love to me,
 But not to steal my Love from thee;
 I cannot love the giver, for his gift;
 Alas! my God, that's a poor shift.

VVhy? shall I court the Bearer, that doth bring,
 Forgetting him, that sends, the ring?
 All Creature-good in this vvorld or the next
 Be'ng but a comment on Loves Text.

This vvhole Creation be'ng but one round drop,
 Hang'ng dovvn from loves fingers top,
 If all the vvorld vvere Pearl, yet vvhy should I
 Desire to vvear it in mine eye?

So, that for this vvorlds Love I should not see,
 My dearest Lord, hovv to love thee?
 Can I so love the vvorld? And can't I yet
 Love God, that made both me, and it?
 Lord, I must cry, Here's VVitchery!

If the vvorld be th' inchantress, Lord, I pray,
 Hasten the Gen'rall Judgment-day!
 For, sure, my Love, vvhen't sees thee vvitch a burning,
 To its right vvits vvill be returning.

But rather, I suspect, 'tis Hells black art
 That from my God thus charms my heart:

Remem-

Remembring 'twas the vvilie Serpents plot,
That first brake the True-Lovers-Knot.

VVhen *Baalams* Divinations could not move
From Gods dear *Israel* Gods dear Love,
But God, that lov'd them once, vvould love them still,
Though *Balaam* vvënt from mount to hill;

He next instructs the *Moabites* to lay
Adult'rous Loves in *Isr'els* vvay,
To quench their Love to God through vvanton fire,
And thereby to incense Gods ire.

And if this vvorld play the *Moabites*;
'Tis Satans project, Lörd, I guefs;
VVho, see'ng he can't divert thy Love from mee,
VVould thus divide my Love from thee.

And, is mine heart devided? ah! my God,
VVhose cloven foot thereon hath trod,
The print discovers. VVhat, though *Balaam's* dead?
Thou God of peace! bruise Satans head.

But I am most affraid, the vvorlt's vvithin;
The vvith-craft of my native sin.
Sin vvinds and circles, Lörd, so many vvayes,
Till sin oft-times the Devil raise:
Lörd! thou art fire, Give sin her hire.

Burn up this vvitch, her crafts, and Philtre-pots;
Sins books of curious arts, charms, knots
By thy refining Spirit, that I may
Get vvarmth of Love to thee that vvay.

VVho hath bevritch'd me, that I am so coy,
VVhen thou vvoulst fain my Love enjoy,
Thou, blessed Three, stand'ft suing for mine heart,
VVho only canst fill every part?

Dear God! vvho hath bevritch'd me, that I can't
Deny the courting vvorld a grant,
That never yet could fill my heart, unless
It vvere vvith griping emptines?

The garment of thy goodnes is entire,
Can keep me vvarm vvithout a fire;
To vvhich this vvhole Creation's but a shred,
Each Creature's but one single thred.

To give these things their due, they're good for uses
 And lovely too: unless their juice
 By Love inordinate be dryed up,
 Leaving behind an empty cup.

And is Gold rich? and can the *mine* be poor?
 Theirs at the best is borrow'd store:
 Nay, so long borrow'd, that it novv growvs old:
 O that my Love could vvax as cold.

As cold to Earth, as Earth is in decay;
 But more intense to God each day!
 VVho'll soon serve earth for all its glitt'ring grace,
 As vve do serve old Silver-lace:
 Lord! fire this pile Of man mean vvhile.

Ih've heard good husbands say, that they, that borrow
 Their stock to day, may break to morrov;
 Sure, the vvorlds credit cannot long hold good:
 'Tis much, the vvorld thus long hath stood.

Confid'ring, vvhen the vvorld's in fullest trade,
 Hovv poor and sorry payment's made
 Him, that ovves all, and must his right recover;
 Sure, th' vvorld must then all trade give over;
 Shall I not therefore deal i'th' intesim
 Lefs vvith the vvorld, but more vvith him,
 VVith him, vvhose Love's an unexhausted spring
 Of ev'ry good and perfect thing?

Methinks, mens trading vvith the vvorld might stop
 At thought of this, vvho keeps her shop.
 Alas! my God, the vvorld is Devill-riden;
 The thing is knowvn, and can't be hidden.

Hell hath deffour'd the earth, and novv, I see,
 'Tvvould put its leavings offro me,
 Davvbing false paint on th' face o'th' vvrinkled creature,
 Hav'ng vvorn and spoil'd its native feature.

The Earth's all *Egypt* novv: And *Egypt's* curse
 Is over all the vvorld, or vvorse:
 For *Beelzebub* vvith his svarming train
 Hath all things flie-blown. To be plain,

There is not flesh, that's svveet, but Saviours, novv,
 VVhich Satan try'd, but knevv not hovv

To taint. All's dogs-mear else. Lord! teach me chuse,
 And I shall all the rest refuse,
 And only wish For that one dish.

A dish, that's vvholefome, and 'tis healing too.
 Ah my dear God! vvhath shall I do
 To Love thy flesh enough, that, tasted once,
 For ever heals my broken bones.

Set thine apart, all other flesh is grafs:
 And is my soul an Oxe, or As?
 That it should love no higher, then my beast?
 Or can my soul such fare digest?

Come, Trencher-criticks, you, that eat by book,
 And in your food for physick look,
 Your Cook must be some small Apothecarie,
 VVill you allow a Verfer varie

From your received rules? and be content
 To try a new experiment?

Flesh in a feaver's good Divinity,
 VVhich, vvhom most eats, scapes best, say I:

Provided, that the flesh be found and good,
 (For I vvould be right understood)
 As never did, nor could, corruption see:
 Ah my dear Saviour! I mean thee.

Alas! how long in an high burning Feaver
 Of Gods displeasure, never, never
 To have been cured otherwise, did sin
 Once bring me, till I did begin.

To fall aboard that sacred flesh? And then
 How soon did I grovv vvell again?
 Then vvelcome, gentle guest, if thou hast nor
 To prize and love thine health forgot,
 Come, sit down here, And love this Chear.

Or tell me, is it sweeter and delight,
 That rather doth thy Love invite?
 VVhat more delicious, sweeter thing can be
 Than that sweet blood, vvas shed for me?

VVhen I Repentance take, that purging pill,
 I take it in this Syrup still:
 VVhat purgeth, pains; and vvould too much corrode
 But for this sweet emulgent blood.

Joh 17

G 2

You

You curious Palates, that can't let one glafs
 VVithout a strict Examen pass,
 Come tast, and tell me if (this blood) this wine
 Be n't generous and genuine ?

The Vine is Divine, nay 'tis some vvhath more ;
 And can the blood o' th' Grape be poor ?
 'Tis this High-Country-VVine that fills my cup ;
 VVhen at my Saviours board I sup.

VVine, that's as sweet, as vvrath of God is bitter,
 VVhich vvho hath tasted, is the fitter
 To rellish this rich liquor. VVrath makes dry,
 But here's the cup of Charity.

This is the grace-cup. Nothing's sweeter, nor good,
 Till dash't or sprinkled vvith this blood.
 Men are hut Swine, vvines are but swill, before
 This blood man to himself restore.

A VVine so good, falln *Angels* might not tast it ;
 VVho therefore did contrive to cast it
 Upon the ground ; vvhich, vvhen they thought to spill,
 They broach'd for man against their vwill.
 Lord ! vvho can love Thy blood enough ?

Or do you love for Loveliness ? Come hither ;
 My Lord is lovely altogether.
 Alas ! hovv am'rous vvits forget their duty
 To this supream and perfect beauty !

Tou fond admirers of a skin-deep hue !
 To dusty beauties bid adieu,
 To dusty beauties, that have marr'd your eyes ;
 Ah my dear God ! that vvitt were vvise !

It cuts mine heart to see much silken vvitt
 And snares and halters made of it :
 Halters to th' ovvners, snarts to th' passers by.
 Hovv fast *loose* vvitt can vvantons tye

And stake them down ! till first the lover burns
 In heart, and then in Hell, by turns.
 But say, his Love be chaste ; and shee a flovv'r ;
 All's next to nothing the next hour :

'Tis kill'd vvith kindness, dies, vvhen complemented,
 And soonest fades, vvhen 'tis most sented.

VVhose

VVhose Muse doth dress his Mistresse, hangs a Verse
To day upon to morrow vs Herse;

Friends must be then call'd in, to have avway,

VVhat vvanton vvitt adores to day.

Skin-beauty's but a *Sodom*-apple just;

VVhen crusht, it turns to stench and dust.

The vvanton vvorld complains their *Love is blind*,

And I must needs be of their mind;

VVhilst for such vvalking shades they cannot see,

My dearest Lord, how to love thee,

Tet thou art faire Beyond compare.

Had I a vvitt, and had I grace, I'd bring

My Saviour an enamel'd ring,

A ring, vvhose Possie should be this alone:

Stars get ye gone, the Sun hath shone.

Stars? I mean glovv-vvorms; earthen beauties, vvhich

I th' dark do sparkle in a ditch,

And fools mistake for *Stars*; till touch informs

And proves them to be *sillicie worms*.

But, Lord, my Muse unvvorthy is to bear

The shoes, that thy fair feet do vvear,

Fairer, for bee'ng so svvift, svvift, to shed blood;

Their own, I mean, to do me good.

How fair's thy face then? may I, Lord, one day

Have leave to see't, though none can say,

How fair it is. My dear, the Sun's a Clod

To thy bright face, fair Son of God!

VVherein still fresh and fresh together groves

VVith Vallies Lillie, *Sharons* Rose,

A Rose, that ne'r bare prickles of its ovvn;

Tet sinners thorns did Saviour crowvn.

And shall I love my Champion less for scars,

He gat in vvaging of my vvars?

Thy bruises are but beauty-spots, my dear,

That make thy Love more fair appear.

VVho loves for fleshy gloss and filken skin,

May find a *Serpent oft within*.

But thy deep vvounds, Lord, prove thee, that thou art

All-lovely to thy very heart.

Beauty, thus deep, VVill hold and keep,

Or is it Knowledge, Learning, Science, Art,
That takes the more ingenious heart?
Come, bookish man, and sit a while down here;
Till thou hast read my dearest dear.

VVhat's that, that's printed in his hands and feet?
The print is plain, man, dost not see't?
A mystery, that learned flesh and blood
Never taught yet, nor understood.

I h've sometime stood and vvondred at the Ovvles,
Hovv they should prove *Minerva's* Foyvles:
But since have learnt, that learning's blind, as Love,
Till both be tutour'd from above.

Oh vvhat a Dungeon is the mind of man,
Let *Pallas* paint it, vvhat she can!
Some vvould not be such fools, but that they're vvife,
And might see better, but for eyes.

Lord, shall I love to knowv, and not knowv thee,
In vvhom all VVifdoms treasures bee?
Great Magazine! vvhose vvifdom's infinite,
Give me that Panoplie of light.

An *Epictetus*, or an *Antonine*

I th' dark may make a shift to shine;
But being by thy Sun-light understood,
Alas, my God, prove putrid vvood.

Shall ventrous Students ev'ry Toads-head look
For Pearls of knowvledge? And thy book,
Thy vvorks lye by unlov'd, unlook'd into?
Thy pupills, th' Angels, don't so do:
But help their sight By Gospel-light.

Or do I love for likenes? Ah, my dear,
VVhose Image vvas't, I first did bear?
VVhilst yet I stood in primitive perfection,
Lord, vvhat vvas I, but thy reflexion?

So like thee, that thy self thou couldst not love,
But love me too: Nor could I move
Thy Love from me, till I thy likenes lost,
Thine Image bee'ng sin-slur'd and crost.

But novv I'm hatefull grovvn and hating too,
Alas, my God! vvhat shall I do

To love thee and to be belov'd of thee?

My Lord, thy Love preventeth mee.

For since the ground of liking Likeness is,
Rather, then my poor Love thou'dst mis; ;
Since curst sin made man unlike his maker,
Goff of mans likeness vvas partaker.

VVhen sin, to mans undoing, had undone
Gods Image; God next sent his Son
In likeness of poor sinfull flesh, thereby
Condemning sin i'th' flesh to dye:

My God vvas hungry, thirsty, naked, poor;
In fears, in tears, in sweate, in gore;
VVas tempted, vvas betray'd, forsaken, sold,
VVas captivated, kept in hold,

VVas judg'd, vvas kill'd, vvas buri'd, then,
That he and I might rise agen
In one divine and sweet similitude,
And Love in Likeness be renev'd.
And can I yet Thy Love forget?

Or do I love for Consanguinity?
For nearness and relation? vwhy?
For me Christ took, and shed that *Blood* of his;
And do I ask, how *near* he is?

My Lord is much more mine, then I mine ovvn:
My Lord vvas mine; vwhen I vvas none:
My Lord, vwhen I vvas lost and gone astray,
VVas both my Shepheard and my vway.

Surely my Lord and I am near akin,
E're since my Saviour vvas made *Sin*
For me, and I made *Righteousness* in him.
He is my head and I a limb:

He is the Vine, and I the branch: the root,
VVhereof I am afflip or thoot:
Of my salvation he the captain is,
And I am a reprice of his.

He is my Father, I his seed: nay he
In travaile of his soul bare me:
My brother too, born for adversity;
The *Joseph* of the family.

He is my Maker, yet mine husband too ;
 This Potter me, his clay, did vvooe :
 And rather, then he'd mis the match, did make
 Him a *clay-body* for my sake.

Ev'n all men love *their own*, and shall I not ?
 Help, Lord, and I vwill knit the knot,
 In full acceptance of thy free donation
 Clasp hearts and hands in svveet relation :
 Lord, thou art mine, Make me more thine !

Or do I love for suitable Supplies
 To all my vvants ? sure, I vvant eyes,
 Or I could not vvant Love, my Lord, to thee,
 In vvhom all blessings treasur'd bee.

O that my drop into a Sea could svvell
 Of Love to him, in vvhom doth dvvell
 All fullness, as in bank or house of store,
 Ev'n Grace and Blifs for evermore !

Thine bee'ng once asked, if they vvould avway,
O vvither shall we go ? said they,
The words of life eternal, Lord, thou hast,
 And that's a stock, can never vvast.

Goodness is all contracted in thy face,
 As Sun-beams in a burning-glas ;
 Oh that I lay in some directer line,
 That I might burn, vvhillst thou dost shine !

Am I a sinner ? thou'rt a propitiation :
 I h've vvrought confusion, thou salvation :
 I h've purchas'd death, both for my self, and thee ;
 But thou to life hast ransom'd mee.

As God, thou *seest* ; as man, thou *feel'st* my grief ;
 As *both*, thou'rt suitable relief ;
 My Creditour, and yet my Surety too ;
Paying and *pard'ning* vvhat I ovve.

Creatures are Cisterns, leaking vessels, they
 Cannot supply themselves one day,
 And me much less. My springs are all above,
 My light, my life ; VVhy not my Love ?
 Oh 'tis thy right : Accept my mite.

Or is it Love, that sharpens Love again ?
 My Saviour, every grinding pain

Of thine on Earth, and present Intercession
Pleads for a Love beyond expression.

'Tis Love, I live upon. And do I yet
Suspect thy Love, or question it?
Lord, if my living be n't full proof, thy dying
Gives evidence beyond denying.

Herein is Love vvithout dissimulation,
Thy Love thou provest by thy *Passion*,
VVhose every vvound vvith open mouth cries out,
VVe are Loves Vouchers, if you doubt.

VVhen Heav'nly Hoasts first savv thee breath, if then
They run and preach good vvill tovv'rds men,
If thus they comment on thine Infant-breath,
My God! vvhat thought they of thy death!

Oh! hovv he lov'd him? if, vvho savv the shed
Tears for thy friend *Lazarus*, bee'ng dead
Cry'd out; VVhat might they've said, that savv the dye,
Bleedling for me, thine enemy?

And dare I, can I yet renevv that grief,
Doubting thy Love, through unbelief?
If I but say, I love, hovv doth it grieve me,
If yet my Friend vvill not believe me.

And dare I yet suspect the God of Love,
VVho sayes, vvho svvears, vvho dies, to prove
He loves me! Shall I fail in proof of mine,
And then, to make amends, doubt thine,
Doubling thereby Each injury?

I find, I feel, I see, and can't I say,
He loves me? Doubts out of my vvay:
Doubtings, by demonstrations overcome,
Sure then, if ever, may be dumb.

Or, if I needs must doubt and jealous bee,
Lord, Ile suspect my self, not thee.
My soul! lov'ft thou thy Lord? say yea, or nay,
My God, I'm gravell'd vvhat to say.

Tet vvill I hold mine heart to th' Scrutiny,
Till it affirm, or else deny.
Deny? my God! I dare not, nay, I can not,
And yet, methinks, affirm I may not.

O that I could. This onely can I say,
 Dear Lord, that I cannot say nay.
 Thoughts in again! (Love's no such neutral thing)
 Thou must a certain *Verdict* bring.

Only be sure, for 'tis your ovvn behoof,
 Your *Verdict* stands on certain proof.
 Alas! my thoughts can never solve this doubt,
 Unless thy Love, Lord, help me out.

My God, vvhat crouds of vvitnesses seem strive,
 To be depos'd o'th' Negative?
 My seldome thoughts of thee, my cold devotions,
 Heartless profession, lifeless motions;

My vvanton Daliance vvith the vvorld and sin:
 My vvant of kindness to thy kin;
 My little longing vvhen thou'rt out of sight
 Or lab'ring to regain the light,
 I sigh, to say, Hovv these plead *Nay*.

These? ah my God! and many more, than these;
 My little little care, to please;
 Or fear of grieving thee, my vvant of leisure
 For thee; and in thee vvant of pleasure.

My numbe lethargick zeal, vvhen men defame
 Thy Saints, thy vvorship, vvayes, or name,
 Hovv say I, that I Love thee, vvhen mine heart
 So poorly playes the Lovers part?

My Love commands mine eye, mine hand, my purse;
 Can I love thee, yet serve thee vvorse?
 Or must my friend of all friends be deny'd,
 VVhat I yield 't all, I love beside?

Alas! my Lord! such proof had almost got
 A *Verdict* past, I love thee not;
 But, that one vvitness came and crost the rest,
 Stiffing that *Verdict* in my breast.

Tet 't vvvas not much, that vvitness had to say,
 But, sorely vveeping, cry'd, I pray,
 If't be, as you pretend, that there's no fire,
 VVhence is this *smoaking flax*-desire?

My Jesus! thou'rt my Judge, the Judge of all,
 To vvhom my Love must stand, or fall:

Thou,

Thou, that know'st all things, know'st, that I abhor
My self for loving thee no more.

My Dear! I h've sometime long'd, and do I not
Long yet, that thou wvould'st loose one knot,
To tye another? vvhats this life to me,
If I muſt ſtill be ſtrange to thee?
To love is life, Elſe life's but ſtrife.

Oh that I were a Graduat in that Colledge,
Vvhere Love is kovvn that paſſeth knowledge;
Vvhere ſmiling Saints do comprehend and dvell
In Love incomprehenſible!

Vvhere perfect Love caſts out tormenting fear;
Nor *theirs*, nor *thine*, is doubted there:
Vvhere full-eyed Love may ſee to interline
Thy text vwith ſome ſhort Notes of mine.

But vvhilſt I'm lov'd as earth, ſhort as a ſpan,
Flat as a ſhade, narrow as Man,
The height, length, depth, and breadth of Love to meaſure
I have nor ſkill, my God, nor leiſure.

Love, that's as high, as Heav'n, for thence it came,
And thither vwith it bound I am.
Love, that's as long, as length; eternity
Muſt ſay, hovv long, for ſo can't I.

Love, that's as deep, as Hell, for thence it took
Me; and the day's dovn in my book.
Love, that's, as broad, as ſin, that ſpreads all over;
Tet, Lord! thy Love my ſin doth cover.

The Aſtronomer, vvhats Houſes ſtars do keep,
Can tell, the diver gage the deep;
But I, poor Chriffs-Croſs Schollar, cannot ſpell
LOVE, though a monaſyllable.

Lord I could be content, mine earth might turn
To aſhes, ſo my ſoul might burn,
And all my povvers become one Holocaust,
Reaching thy Love and life at laſt;
Lord, ſtir this fire - And raiſe it higher.

Here's a poor broken heart, a Sacrifice,
Vvwhich yet thou'ſt ſaid, thou'lt not deſpiſe,
I bind it on thine Altar, in deſire,
Heav'n's favour ſet it all on fire!

Lord

Lord, shall I ever be a Questionist?
 Help me commence in Love to Christ:
 Or still incept'ring? pass a grace, mine heart
 May once be master of this art.

But as I said, methought, I heard one say,
 Avvay, bold Freshman, you must stay
 Your time; there's many'n act, e're this degree,
 And here there must no hudlings bee.

Lord, if it must be so, my novv Condition
 I tender to thine ovvn Tuition,
 Till I have better arguments to prove,
 I'm more præficient in thy Love.

Charge thy self vvith me. Me and all, that's mine,
 Subject I to thy Diseipline.

Lord, I vvill have no mind'distinct from thee,
 VVho givest all, that's thine, to mee.

If others ask me, can you vvalk abroad?

I'le answer: go and ask my God.

VVhere thou saist, go, though flesh and blood say, stay,
 I'le creep, if i can't run that vvay.

Or if I, as I fear, I shall, transgress
 This lavv of Love, I novv expresse;
 I'le humbly strip my self next serious thought,
 Till thou hast vvhipt me for my fau't;
 Then kiss thy rod, And cry, my God!

Then if thou smile, thy favour, Lord, shall be
 Like rain upon movvn grafs to me,

Or like vvarm Sun-beams, that succeed some shovver,
 Till joyes poor Bud's a full-blovvn flovver;

But I vvill vvatch, lest some, *Old Adam* seed
 VVith joyes fair flovver put forth some vveed,
 VVhich, vvhen't first peeps, thy vveeding knife I'le borrovv,
 Lest the ground harden by to morrovv.

I'le mark thine eye; a better brighter Star,
 Than that, that guides the Mariner.

My dull remifness, Lord, thine eye shall vvhet
 To more observance, vvhen sharp set.

Thy quick and hasty look shall quicken mee:
 I'le avvay to my Book, or knee.

I'le chide my busie play-fellovvs; Avvay,
My maister frovvs; I dare not play.

Lord, I'le see by thine eyes; thine ev'ry beck
Shall be my bridle, curb and check.

The *Watch*, thou giv'st me, I'le keep for thy sake:
And vvind it up vvhen e're I vvake.

The *Book*, thou gav'st me, that blood-guilded Book,
I'le ever, ever in it look,
Till I find thee there, and my self thy beauty,
And learn to knowv and do my duty.

Then shevving to others, See the token, Love,
I'le say, hath sent me from above:
Keeping the cleaner hands, that I may not
Discolour it vvith any spot;
Unless a tear Drop here, or there.

The task, thou sest me, Lord, I'le not complain:
Thy vvork shall be my vvage and gain;
Clean, as I can, I'le do't; if sullied, then
My tears shall vvash it o're agen.

Thy strict commands and love-lin'd yoak shall be
A neck-chain of pure gold to me:
Thine hardest sayings, vvhen my stomachs queazie,
Love shall digest, and make them easie.

Thine is no *Labans*-service, if it vvere,
Let Love tvo Prentiships might bear:
But to be bound, or held in durance by
Thy *Royall Law*, is liberty.

Mine heart shall be lefs *loose*, and yet more *large*;
Be'ng stretcht out unto all thy charge;
And vvhere my life falls short of either table,
Love shall *fullfill*; for Love is able.

If thou vvilt come, and take an Inventory
Of all, thats mine; I'le not be sorry:
If thou vvilt search and ransack all, I have,
I'le help thee, or thine help I'le crave.

If ought, I have, displease, or if I doubt,
I vvill, for sureness, throvv it out.
If I can pleasure thee vvith oughs, that's mine;
I'le quit my Title, Lord, 'tis thine.

If mine

If mine heart fit thy vvalking, thou shalt have it,
 If not, yet Love shall mend and pave it
 VVith such clear solid stone ev'n all vwithin,
 As yet can vweep for ev'ry sin,
 VVashing thy feet, VVhen men do't see't.

Mine heart, be'ng thus possess't, vwhen strangers come,
 I'le say, thou'lt taken up my room;
 Then if thou ask, vvhose purse, or parts are these?
 I'le ansvver, thine, Lord, if thou please.

If on mine Hour-glass thou then lay thine hand,
 And ask, vvhose is this running sand?
 I'le ansvyer, Lord, the little, 's left, is thine:
 But, vwhat's run out, is no more mine.

Or if thou ask me, vvhich are those at th' door?
 Smiling on them; I'le say, my poor,
 I'le *draw my soul out*, vwhen thy *Lazar* knocks,
 My *Cupboard* shall be th' poor mans box.

If others come, like those poor *Greeks*, to mee
 VVith a Sir, vve vould Jesus see,
 I'le gladly tell them, vvhich my Lord doth sup,
 Do'ng all I can, to help them up.

If others curse thee *Shimei* like; if they
 Cast dust, I'le blow the dust avway
 VVith sighs and groans; if they thine honour stain,
 I'le vweep and vwash it clean again.

Or else I'le chide, or fight, if thou shalt bid,
 (But first of all vwith Traytours, hid
 At home.) I'le fear no colours, vvhilst above
 Thy Banner over me is Love.

VVho sues to be a favourite of mine,
 I'le ask him first, if he be thine,
 If not, I'le pray him, to be reconcil'd
 To thee, that so my Love to th' Child
 May all be found Thine at the bound.

Or, vwhen thy tender Lillie bleeds, my God,
 Torn vwith those cruel thorns abroad,
 Or rent vwith Shifmes at home and heart-division,
 I'le, vwhat I can, play the Physician.

I'le plead vwith thee vwith them; if things grow vvorse,
 I'le bleed my self to turn the course:

VVhen

VWhen I thy Peoples Hearts divided see,
Surely, mine Heart shall broken bee.

Thy Love hath lent me all the balm that's thine,
VWhy should not then thy sores be mine?
My God they shall; but chiefly, vwhen my Passion
Or lust provokes thine indignation.

I'll be reveng'd on one, my self I mean,
And grieve, till thou art pleas'd agen.
Passions shall live like *Gibeonites*, their Lav
To heav' thy vwood and vvater dravv.

So all, I have, shall serve thee, till I knowv,
My Love hath life, and find it grovv.
Lord, I'll account of all, as it conduces
To help Loves grovvth, and serve its uses.

If in the Sunshine of a prosp'rous state
My fire can't burn so clear for that,
Ile rather choose some courteous clouds return,
Then see Loves holy fire not burn.

Or if I fail of ought, I here profess,
And thy rod can't my fault redress,
Rather, then live thy grief, I'll yield to dye,
So Love inflict the penalty,
That paid my score By death before.

If Love yet let me live a grovvng debtor,
I'll study hard, but I'll live better:
Live? I mean love; that's the Commandments end,
And that's the life, that I intend.

Though Love vvax cold abroad, and sin abound,
Hard Frost o're spreading all the ground:
Shall th' heat of Kitchin-fire be more increast,
And not thy flames vvithin my breast?

Lord, vvhat's a Silver-tongue, if't cannot talk,
A Golden' Leg, if't cannot vvalk?
Faith, that can Mountains move, vvhen 'tis desired?
Or *Martyrdome*, if Love be n't fired?

VWhat, if I give my goods and all my store,
But not in *Love*, to feed thy poore?
But, if in Love a cup of vvater cold,
Though the drink's mean, the *Cup* is Gold.

Love

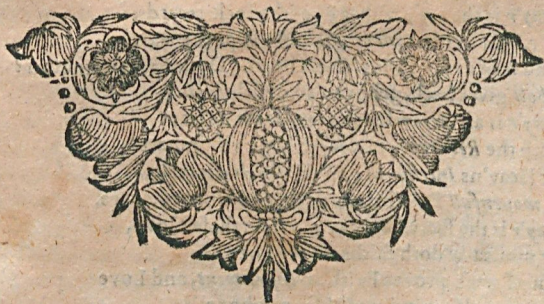
Love tunes my Pray'rs, makes Praises muscally;
 Which else at best but howl, or ball.
 Love makes two Mites to God as acceptable,
 As if, to bring two worlds, 'twere able.
 True Love's true beauty, beauties else but paint,
 No more am I, if Love I want.
 Lord, help me *put on Love* to keep me warm:
 To *dwell in Love* secure from harm:
 To *walk in Love*, till Love i'th' stream do lead
 To Love, that is the Fountain head,
 Or th' Ocean, which, if I can't comprehend,
 I'll plunge into: that in the end
 Lost I may be, *If lost*, in thee.

Yet, when I think, what pent and narrow room
 I th' Virgins VVomb
 The God of Love lodg'd in, methinks, mine heart
 May hold its part.
 Into mine heart O shed thy Love abroad,
 My God! my God!
 Both be'ng Spirit, what can better suit,
 Then th' *Spirits fruit*?
 Drink, thirsty vessel! till thou fill, or break;
 But never leak:
 The broken Heart and truly contrite Breast
 Holds Love the best,
 And the best Love; a Love, more worth, than wine;
 Lord, I mean thine.
 Then, as the purpose of thy Grace and Love
 None can remove,
 Let me so love thee, as to part and sever,
 Lord, never, never.
Ungirt, unblest, we say; my God *Love is*
The bond of Bliss
 And *perfectness*; a grace, whose Bond-men be
 The onely free.
Works without *Faith* can never, Lord, please thee,
 Nor profit mee.
Faith without *Love*, can't operate, or move,
 But *works by Love*.

Love

Love is a Grace, that stands her ground in Glory,
 That upper story.
 Love, vvhhen *Tongues*, prophesies, and knowvledge fail,
 Ent'ring the Vail,
 Possesseth, as Supream and *highest* Grace,
 The *Holiest* place.
 VVhen Faith and Hope do thither vwait upon her,
 As Maids of Honour,
 Sole Love is left, as *Queen* of all the Graces,
 In Gods Embraces.
 Mean vvhile, Lord, to be *sick of Love* to thee,
 Is *health* to mee.
 They, that have not this *sickness*, have a vvorse,
 Thy *Plague* and curse.

If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathe-
 ma Maran-atha, 1. Cor. 16. 22.





PRAYER.

NExt th' Trinity of *Persons* and of *Graces*
 Mans three main *Duties* Muse and Method places.
 VVho vievvs my God and Grace in all their Beauty,
 Can't (I should think) but take delight in Duty.

But vvho believes, hopes, loves, (I'm sure of that)
 VVill love to Pray; to Hear, to Meditate.

Pray'r's the first *breath*, put forth in *crying* then,
 VVhen through sad *pangs* poor souls are *born agen*,
 Heav'n vvell commends Faiths *midwifery*, and sayes,
 The Child's no *still-born*, for behold, he prays.

Pray'r is the *napper* at Heav'ns door, *Faith* knocks,
 VVho's there, saith *Love* vvithin doors, and *unlocks*.

Pray'r is the *key*; vvhat e're the lock retards,
 Pray'r, *oyld* vvith *mourning*, gently slips the *wards*
 And moves the *Spring*, Gods heart. Doth *Ephraim* mourn?
 The *bolt* gives back, *Jehovah's* bovvels *turn*.

Pray'r is an *Arrow* from a *well-bent* heart;
 VVatch the *Returns*, and see, vvhat 't vill impart
 Of Heav'ns *Intelligence*; i'th' *floods* decrease,
 This *mournfull Dove* brings th' *Olive-branch* of peace.

Pray'r is the sacred *Bellows*; vvhen these blow,
 Hovv musically doth faiths *Organgoe*;
 Thus Pray'r proves Faith an *Instrument*, and Love
 Ansvvers to this *wind-musick* from above,

In svveet confort vvith ravishing consent
 Upon that *Lute*, (that dear-string'd Instrument)
 VVhose strings are *Bowels* of that *Lamb, onc' slain*,
 VVho makes the Musick, bee'ng *Alive again*.

Pray'r is the sacred *Bellows*, vvhen these blow,
 Hovv doth that *Live-cole* from Gods *Altar* glow!
 By Prayer *Love* burns to *zeal*; and hor desire
Baptizeth the souls fevvell all vvith *fire*.

Pray'r

Pray'r breath's the *gale*, vvhilst Faith doth *navigate*
I'th brittle *bark* of mans frail mortal state:

Good Hope's the *Cape*: fair *Havens*, and fair *wind*!

Vvhilst Faith, in pray'r, steers the *low ballast* mind.

Pray'r is Faiths *Limbeck*, there the Promise lies

And thence *distills*; mock not *Pray'rs watry eyes*.

On th' *knees* of *Pray'r* Faith brings forth *Promises*!

As *Bilha* sometimes bare on *Rachels* knees.

Pray'r is Faiths *Bucket*, (*Pray'r* doth upvard move,
Dravving its *waters* from those *wells above*)

Chain'd to that *Bucket* of the *Blessing*, so,

That that *comes down*, as this doth *upward go*.

Pray'r is Faiths *Pump*, vvhether't vvorks till th' vwater come,
If't come not free at first, Faith *puts in some*;

Some truly penitential *tears*; and then

Pumping the *Promise*, payes it self agen.

Pray'r is the Christians *Pulse*; *Pray'r* instantly

The *Temper*, or *Distemper* vwill descry.

Some *read*, some *sing*, and some their *pray'rs* can *say*,

He's an *Elias*, that his *pray'rs* can pray.

Pray'r's, 'lifting up its *holy hands*, can dart

To He'ven that hand-granado of the Heart,

Of the whole *Heart*, vvhich, kindled vwith *desire*,

In *feruent* motion *breaks*, sets *Love on fire*!

Compassions burn; He'ven suff'ring violence,

Grovs, to *surrender* unto man, propense.

Pray'r's a chief piece of Faiths *Artillery*:

Take a *right ground*, mount *Pray'r*, aym *right*, let *fly*.

Doth Heav'n hold out? let Heaven hear from Faith,

VVhat force *Pray'r* *home charg'd* vwith a Promise hath.

Doth Hell assault? let *ferbour* fire this Gun,

And the *report* shall make bold *Legion* run.

Pray'rs Rhetorick *commands*, vwhen'r *begs*, and so

Makes most *viGlorious*, vvhom it brings most *low*.

Pray'r *lifteth up* the *Eyes*, *Hands*, *Heart*, vve see;

VVhen *Pray'r* most humbly doth *bow down* the knee.

Pray'r makes Man *Prince* vwith God; doth *Jacob kneel*,

Saith King of *Glory*, Rise up *Israel*!

Pray'r, in the *silent Hannah*, loudly *speaks*;

Pray'r both *Manasse's* heart and *prison* breaks.

Elijahs Pray'r doth pierce the *brasse* Skies ;
 And makes the *Tears* to stand in *Heavens* eyes.
 'Tis not an *armed Amalek*, can stand,
 VVhen Pray'r lift up a *Moses's* naked Hand.
 As *Thunder-struck* *Philistines* once did fall,
 Down tumbles *Rain*, and th' *Enemy* vvithall
 At th' *Lightning* Legious pray. Oh ! vvho can vvar,
 VVhere *private Souldiers* such *Commanders* are ?
 Pray'r, bee'ng aboard the great *Leviathan*,
 In vvhose close *Cook-room* *Jonah's* shipt, poor man !
 Makes *Land*, runs th' *Hull* on shore, und open breaks
 The *Pris'ners* vvay, by *blowing-up* the *Decks*.
 Pray'r undertakes to discipline the *Sun*,
 To teach that *Giant* Postures, vvhen to Run,
 VVhen to *Retreat*, to make a *Halt*, to stand.
 At praying *Joshua's* word of *Command*
 This rovvling *Eye* in *Heavens* brovv stands still,
 VVondring o see *Faiths* Pray'r thus vvork its vvill.
 Fifteen *Degrees*, vvhen *Hezekiah* pray'd,
 His *Life*, and ten the *Sun* ran retrograde :
 Thus Pray'r prevails in *Heaven*, *Earth*, and *Seas* ;
 Add but its conquest over *Hell* to these,
 Hovv th' *Ayre* of Pray'r *choakes* the serpentine brood
 Of that old crooked *Dragon* in the *flood*,
Sin. *Satans* spawn, and hovv the intestine *Thorne*
 Is by true Pray'rs *compunition* out-vvorne :
 Hovv th' *Messenger* of *Satan's* buffered,
 VVho came to *buffet* ; hovv the *Serpents* *Head*
 Under the *knees* of Pray'r is *squeez'd* at last ;
 And *Beel-zebub* is himself out cast
 By the rare force of Pray'r, that grovvs more *strong*
 By *Fasting*, and more *fresh* by vvatching long.
 The summe of all is, Pray'rs stupendious Art,
 To bind *Gods* hands, and keep in hold his *Heart*.
 Pray'r, importuning this *Sampson*, hath found
 Himself revealing, hovv he may be bound ;
 Ev'n *God* be bound, vvho's infinitely *free*,
 Tet saith to *Faith* and Pray'r : *Command* ye mee.

The Prayer-hearing God, the *Father* is ;
 The Pray'r-perfuming God, that *Son* of His
 (VVith flagrant, fragrant Incense of his Merit)
 The Pray'r-inditing God, is God the *Spirit*.
 Pray'r's Tears are vvasht in Gods Blood, & its moans
 Are ay'r'd vvith Gods unutterable groans ;
 Thus Pray'r's prevails vvith God : yet Praifes, shall
 Not Pray'r ; but th' God of Pray'r victorious call,
 VVho's *All in All*.

*Pray alwayes with all Prayer, and watch thereunto with all
 perseverance, Eph. 6. 18.*





HEARING.

From Pray'r to Hearing I proceed,
 For that prepares for this indeed ;
 But, vvh^o from *Hearing* turns his ear avway,
 The Lord *abominates to hear him pray.*

Heark ! 'tis Gods *voice* ; can man forbear
 To hear Him *speak*, that made the *Ear* ?
 VVhy should the *Head of hearing Ears* make shovv,
 Since such *Deaf Ears* upon Mans *Heart* do grovv ?

Heav'n did to poor Mans misery
 Give *ear*, before he gave the *Cry.*
 Methinks, a Saviours vvhords should all found loud,
Acuted vvvith the *Accents* of his Blood.

VVhat vile *Dishonesty* appears
 By Mans disgracefull *lofs of Eares* ?
 And yet, let *Syrens sing* and Satan *knock* ;
 Mans Heart can *hear* too light, too soon *unlock* ;

No *Cords* can *hold*, or *Lusts* be *bound*,
 Till *All* is *over-board* and *drown'd*,
 VVhen th' *Serpent charms*, this *Adder* hears, but vvh^{en}
 Heav'n *charms* more vvifely, th' *Ears* are *charm'd* agen.

Most vvhat I see a monstrous fight,
 Most have *two Ears*, yet neither's *Right*,
 God gave them *two*, yet they'l by no means lend
 So much, as *one*, to such a bounteous Friend.

Sure, such a Friend vvould soon *repay*,
 By *giving ear* to vvhat they pray.
 God ever takes up *Ears* on *Interest*,
 And doth his greatest *Creditors* pay best.

They teach their very *Ears* to pray,
 VVho *listen* vvell vvhat God shall say.

The *uncircumcis'd in Ear* bid God deny,
Refusing Him, that speaketh, vvhhen they cry.

The *Deaf ear'd Idol* is abhord,
 And *Men*, like *Idols*, of the Lord,
 VVho *deafness* plagues vvvith *deafness*, and doth turn
 His *Ear* from *Dives*, vvhilest his *Tongue* doth burn.

Lord, therefore to *Deaf Hearers* give
 To *live to hear*, to *hear and live*.

Tea, into th' *Harvest* send forth *Labourers*
 To fill thy *floor* by gathering in of *Ears*.

Thou sov'rt thy *VWord* as *Seed*, and then
 'Tis fit, thou reap the *Ears* of *Men*,
 As *Mary weeping* heard, till *showrs* of tears
 Full *ripe* for thine ovvn *reaping* made her *Ears*.

VVhat *Heapes* shall in thy *Garners* bee,
 VVhen *Ears* are *circumcis'd* by Thee?
 Fair *Sion* shall be like an *heap* of *VVheat*,
 That *round about* with *Lillies* is beset.

VVhen *Malchus* lost an *Ear*, thy *touch*
 (A *Saviours* skill and *vertue's* such)
 Repair'd that *Loss*: Lord, 'tis but *Ask* and *Have*;
 Thou canst find *Ears* in *Lazarus* his *Grave*.

Thou, *Davids* *Heir* of *Davids* *Keys*,
 Canst *shut* and *open*, as thou please,
 Thy still voice loud *winds* and proud *waves* obey;
 Unto thy *VWord* let not *Mens Ears* say *Nay*.

Thou didst a *Pris'ner* once impov'r,
 (*Judge Felix* bee'ng *Auditour*)
 To give the *Charge*, that took the *Judge* by th' *Ear*,
 More *Bonds* did then on th' *Bench*, then *Barr*, appear.

VVhen *Heav'ns* great *Guns* from *tire* to *tire*
 According to thy *VWord* give *fire*,
Kadesb doth tremble; *Hindes* do *calve* for fear;
 The *howling* *Desarts* and *deaf* *Rocks* give ear.

And is *Mans Heart* more *wild*? more *hard*?
 More *full of noises*? stronger *barr'd*?
 Tet is the *Ear* the *key-hole*: Lord, put in
 Thy *finger*, then the gentlest *vword* vvvill vvin.

All *turns* and *moves*; One *Eph-phatha*
 Removes *obstructions* out of th' *vway*;

Then th' Ear shall velcome every *second word*
 VVith a *Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!*

The Scriptures speak of th' *Learned Ear*;
 Sure, then thy *tongue* must *teach* to hear,
 Morning by morning let thy *Musick* make
 The *heavy Ears* of Mans dull mind to *wake*.

If *Sons of God*, fair *Angels*, stand
 VVaiting the *Son of God's* Command,
 (VVhich, vvhen it comes, vvho sees these *Holy things*,
 Might see their *Ears* converted into *wings*.)

If the *Deaf Devil* lends an *Ear*,
 Not led by Love, but forc'd by Fear,
 And if the *sword, Plague, Famine* onely know
 By hearkning to his VVord their *Come and Go*;

In vain doth poor Man stop his Ear,
 And say in's Heart, hee'i never hear.
Harvests bring *Ears*; and such is the *VVorlds end*:
Gnats must find *Hearers* then; The *dead* attend.

Then Happy he, that sooner heard,
 Hearing before *for afterward*;
 God had his *Eares* on Earth, and doubtles he
 Shall vvith *full sheaves* repaid in Heaven be.

If *Sol'mons* *Servants* vvere so blest,
 That *conn'd* their *Lesson* from his *breast*,
 Hovv happy 're those *Disciples* then, vvhoſe *Ears*
 Are tun'd to the *true Musick* of the *Sphears*?

VVhere the *First Mover* is *Free Grace*;
Free Purpose moves i'th' *second place*;
 Third *Orbe's* the *VVord of Grace*, in vvhich do shine
 As many *Stars*, as *Promises* Divine.

These *Lessons* so divine, so good,
 (The *Orbes* bee'ng *oyl'd* in Saviours *blood*)
 Do so divinely correspond, that so
 Needs must the *Hearer* the *Diviner* grovv.

Then comes that holy *Turtle Dove*,
 Gently descending from above;
 And sealing through the *Earth hole* into th' heart,
 Doth *Heavn's Inteltgence* on Earth impart.

This is a *joyfull sound* indeed,
 VVhat *Halcyon*-dayes shall hence succeed!

VVhileſt

VVhilest *Thunders* terror makes Deaf Rebels quail,
Christs voice to his Disciples is *All hail!*

If God, that rules all other vvhhere,
Lov's so to move the *Orb of th' Ear,*
Sure, then the *Blessed* of the Lord are they,
That *hearing* hearken, *bearkening* that obey.

The humble Hearer may invite
God guest-vvise to a difht Delight,
A fervent *whole-broke-heart,* serv'd up in *Tears;*
The *Bread* bee'ng made o'th' *contrite bearers Ears.*

Nay, God invites himself to *sup,*
VVhere such delights are so serv'd up
By a *clean hand:* vvhhere th' *ear* and the *heart's* kept ho,
God is Mans *Guest,* and Heav'n vwill pay the *shot.*

A letter H. is not, say vve,
Let *Hearing* then mine *Earing* be.
Thou God of *Israel!* bore thy *Servants Ear,*
That I in it this *Jewel* still may wear

*Let every one be swift to hear. But be ye doers of the VVord, and
not heares onely, deceiving your own souls, Jam. 1. 21,22.*





MEDITATION.

I Come to sing the last, but not the least,
 Be'ng that, that *clenbeth* in mans mind and breast
 Those *Nails*, th' *Assemblies* mastres drive;
 Not t' eat, but to *digest*, makes thrive.

Svweet, sacred thing! *Cælestial Contemplation!*
 Old *Enochs Trade*, young *Isaar's Recreation*.
 That furnishest mans thoughtfull breast.
 VVith Greatest *VVork*, and Svweetest *Rest*.

Israel's *sweet Singer* us'd, vvhhen first avwake,
 His *Lark-like* Rise upon thy *wings* to take;
 VVith vvhich he made his *morning flight*;
 Of vvhich his *Feather-bed* at night.

The nimble *Life guard* of that Royal mind,
 VVere *Thoughts*, by thee divinely *disciplin'd*;
 Marshall'd in each dayes *front* and *rear*;
 Greatness, thus guarded, knowvs no fear.

VVhen anxious musings vvoud invade that soul:
 VVhen *Cares* vvoud *clog*, or make it stomach-foul,
 Thou didst *exonerate*, Thy *skill*
 Did still prepare the *Stomack pill*.

Thy *Physick* having vrrought; and *hungry be:alib*
 Thine *hopefull Patient* re-surpriz'd by stealth,
 Then thou that *honey-comb* didst drain
 And break the *Bone*, that did contain.

The *Fat*, the *sweet*, vvhich from the *Promise* flowves,
 (VVhereof the sensuall vvoridling nothing knowvs.)
 Thus Meditation first *sets right*,
 Then *satiates* the Souls Appetite.

Man's fed vvith *Manna*, void of surfets fear,
 VVhere Meditation's *Cook*, *Digestion's* clear:
 Mortals, thus fed vvith Angels *fare*,
 Converted into *Angels* arc.

By

By *Contemplation* vvas that *Darling* drest,
 VVhen Guest-vvise Heaven bad him to a *feast*.
John's cloath'd in spirit, vvhen they call
 To keep the *Lords Dayes* festival.

In *Contemplations Mount* vvho dvell, can stretch
 Their hand to Heav'n that *starry Crown* to reach:
 And drest themselves in that bright *Sun*,
 VVhilst *under foot* they tread the *Moon*.

In *Contemplations Pisgah* they, that have
 At once a view of *Canaan*, and their grave,
 (In this vvorlds *Desart* vvearied)
 Do vvillingly undrest to Bed.

Svveet sacred *Meditation!* may I bee
 VVrought, recreated, garded thus by thee:
Physick'd and fed by thy *Dispensatory*:
 By thee be drest vvith Grace, prepar'd for Glory!

I.

Then learn, O man! to part betvvixt
Deatd Earth, and th' earth, vvherevvith thou'rt *mixt*:

Sure, *VValks of Clay* may higher rise,
 Then vvhat in earths *dead dungeon* lies.

The Soul vvith Earth's already clad,
Earth upon earth vvould make more sad.

Shall *wings* make massie *Mountains* fly?
 Shall *hands* stitch *Earth* unto the sky?

Then *dung-hill drones* scale *Heaven* may,
 And *Muck-worms* creep i'th' *Milkie way*.

To carry *Earth* to *Heav'n* some think:
 But must *Earth* rise? or Heaven *sink*?

Nor Earth, nor Heaven must be their prize;
 But a *fools* (Mah'mets) *Paradise*.

If yet thine Earth to Earth adhere,
 Then let the *dead* the *dead* interre:

If thou can't *lift* the inferior part;
 Tet, as *Gods Offering*, heave thine *heart*.

Thy *Body's* but thy *Beast*, and sure,
 All else is but its *furniture*:

Leave

Leave then thy *heavy jade* below;
Up to the place, that God shall show!
 Earth's ever moving to Earths *Center*;
 Man's for a more sublime Advent'r:
 'Tis pitty, Dust in th' *Aire*, or *Eye*,
 Should hinder a *Celestial spie*.
 VVith lumbering *Body* leave behind
 The lovv, th' ignoble *serbile mind*:
 Such men, I mean, as can't out-paſs
 Old *Abrab'ms Servants*, or his *Aſſ*.
 The *ſecret ſeeker* onely knowvs,
 VVhat *ſecrets* Heaven can diſcloſe.
 Gods *Holy of Holies* ſtill ſhuts out
 The *vulgar* and *unholy rout*.
 In *ſecrete places* of the ſtairs
 And *clefts of Rocks* lye mine affaires.
 Angels vwill ſcarce in *crowds* appear,
 VVelay: *The few'r the better chear*.
 If *buſie Ants* of mole-hill birth
Promiſcuouſly conuerſe on Earth,
 Letth' High-born *Eird of Paradise*,
 Scorning the *Earth*, ſtill ſcale the *ſkie*.
 An *Ant-hill* and *Exchange* agree,
 Save, Men the *greater Triſters* bee.
 Thus mortals *toy* to live below,
 VVhileſt Man by *toyl* to *Heavn* might go.
 VVhat though thou've been *ſhort-winded*? ſure,
Heavn's hill can *Earths green ſickneſſ* cure.
 Or vvhath needſt dread the *Journeys length*,
 VVhileſt all along thy *way's thy ſtrength*?

II.

BE'ng thus aſcended, *binde* and *ſlaughter*
 Thy ſin, thine *Onely child* of *laughter*.
 In this *Mount* God will ſoon be ſeen,
 If ſome *Dear ſin* don't intervene;
Dear Sin indeed? vvhileſt *Angels ſell*
 Their *firſt Eſtates* for it and *Hell*.
Dear Sin! vvhileſt for its *buſks* men do
Fair Heavens houſhold-bread forgo.

Apre- >

A present flash and future flame
 Is the best Income, Sin can name.
 'Twas Sin, eclyps'd the Angels Crown,
 And vvhhat brought them, vvhill keep thee, down.
 Man dost not see, hovv *Cherubs* stand
 VVith flaming svvords on evvry hand,
 From *rape* of such to guard *Lifes Tree*,
 As of *dead works* the vvorkees bee?
 Ah! *Guilty* soul, dear'ft look *abroad*,
 Or *unagreed* dar'ft walk with *God*?
 To reconcile dar'ft thou aspire
 Thy *dross* vvhith that *consuming fire*?
 Sure, such *Attonement* shall begin,
 VVhen *sin* proves *grace*, or *grace* proves *sin*.
 Since *Earth's* too *dead*, too *dark*, too *low*;
 Sure, *Hell* to *Heav'n* shall never go.

III.

BE'ing thus far onvvard in this *steep*,
 VVouldst further *climbe*? then learn to *creep*.
 VVho try, can tell, th' *Ascents*, like these,
 Are the best scal'd on th' *hands* and *knees*.
 Angels first *rose*, then *fell*; and so
 By grovving *too high*, became *so low*.
 But *Christ* did raise his *Raya! Crest*
 By building such a *lowly nest*;
 The *Pharisee*, that nothing knowvs
 Of the *true Temple*, boldly goes
 Into its *shadovv*, there to boast,
Reckning proud fool *without his Host*.
 The *Publican* doth smite upon
 His *Heart*, as if 'twere made of *stone*:
 VVhich *stone* despised, though't lay belowv,
 Did to a *Temple* sooner grov.
 Unto Gods *Altar nakedness*
 God suffers to have no access:
 Th' indovvments of mens minds vve call
 Their *parts*, importing therevwithall,
 No man of parts can *decent* be,
 Unless *cloth'd* vvhith *humilitie*.

The

The *Highest* to the *low* gives grace;
 VVho *veil* their *ovvn*, shall *see* his face.
 In dust and ashes *self* *abhor'd*
 Are the *accepted* of the *Lord*.
 Most *flaring* fair-fac'd *Dina's* are
 Sooner *undone* for being *fair*:
 The *veil'd* *Rebekah* *Isaac* takes,
 And his dear *bosom*-confort makes.
 How can a *near acquaintance* grov?
 VVhilest God proud hearts *far off* doth know:
 Proud hearts *know not themselves*, and then
 Sure, Heav'n must needs be out of *ken*.
 VVhilest the *void Aire* and *vworthless* *vvind*
 Brooks no *vway* to be *down confin'd*,
 Earthquakes must all things *overthrov*
 Rather, than empty air keep *lov*;
Gems, Jewels; *India's Treasures*, *dvvell*
 In meanest *Caverns* *low roof'd* Cell.
 Thus from the *Pots* the *Lord* doth take
 And into *Crovvns* his *Treasures* make.
 VVould'ft then be *profit*ed by mee,
 From *earth, sin*, and *proud self* get free.
 Tet 'tis a *Trinity* indeed,
 After the *vvhich* *vwith* *vvinged* *speed*
 I *vould* *pursue*, and ever may
 Both *Body, Soul*, and *Spirit*, pray.
 He, *vvhom* I seek, and ever shall,
 Is *THREE*, and *ONE*; and *ONE* and *ALL*.

Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them, that thy
 profiting may appear to all, 1. Tim. 4. 15.

FINIS.

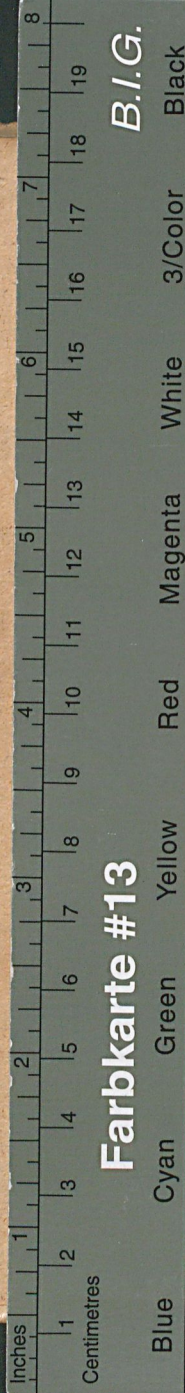
ERRATA.

Pag. 5. lin. 28. read: *Hee's*. p. 8. l. 17. r. *forth*. l. 18. r. of. p. 10. l. 6. r.
feather'd. p. 13. l. 4. r. *Name*. p. 20. l. 22. r. *sts*. p. 23. l. 13. r. *set to the*. p.
 30. l. 40. r. *thou dost*. p. 38. l. 40. r. *Bee'ng*. p. 40. l. 32. r. *make Hoaven*. p. 44.
 d. 7. r. *He doth*. p. 79. l. 5. r. *Dragons*. p. 80. l. 24. r. *doom*. p. 83. l. 30. r.
daily. p. 91. l. 37. r. *learnt to*. p. 103. l. 5. r. *God of*.

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B.I.G.

Farbkarte #13



TRIA:
OR THE
CTRINE
OF THE
acred Persons,
ER, SON,
&
IRIT.

Principal Graces,
HOPE, & LOVE.
Main Duties,
G, } and { MEDITA-
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EADER.

Teate, Preacher of the
Sudbury in Suffolk.

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