



THE
DIVINE
SONNETS

John Donne

& a miscellænous compilation of his poems

QVÉBEC
for Samizdat
year of the Lord, MMXVII



The Divine Sonnets [also known as the Holy Sonnets or Divine Meditations] by John Donne (1572-1631). Most of these were first published in 1633 though it appears that initially they circulated in manuscript form amongst Donne's friends.

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Produced by Jonathan Ingram, Lesley Halamek, Stephen Rowland and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team. Sidenotes have been converted to footnotes. [EN] = Editor's note.

Note: This edition uses 17th century spelling with long "s" [ſ], and doubled e's, such as *bee*, *shee*, *mee*, *bee*, rather than he, she, me or be, giving a sense of works published in Donne's lifetime. An example of long s usage, *Chriſtian* for Christian. In some cases a "u" may appear in place of a "v" or an "I" in place of a "J" (thus *ID* for JD or John Donne). In this time period, apparently some variation in spelling was tolerated.

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Fonts:

Ancient [Jeffery Lee]

IM Fell English Roman and Italic [Igino Marini]

IM Fell Double Pica [Igino Marini]

“Let us suppose that such a person began by observing those Christian activities which are, in a sense, directed towards this present world. He would find that this religion had, as a matter of historical fact, been the agent which preserved such secular civilization as survived the fall of the Roman Empire; that to it Europe owes the salvation, in those perilous ages, of civilized agriculture, architecture, laws and literacy itself. He would find that this same religion has always been healing the sick and caring for the poor; that it has, more than any other, blessed marriage; and that arts and philosophy tend to flourish in its neighbourhood.”
(C.S. Lewis - *Some Thoughts* - 1948)

“prove all things; hold fast that which is good;” (1Th 5: 21)





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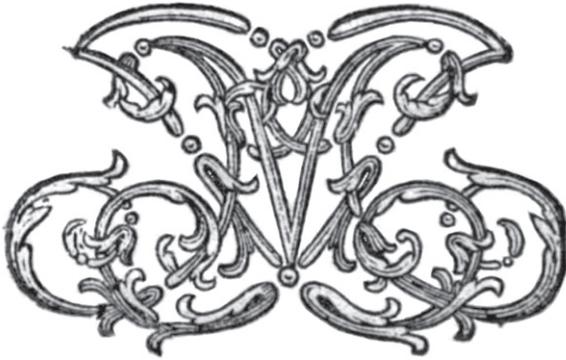
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A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely reading 'J. Donne'. The signature is written in a fluid, elegant hand with a long, sweeping underline.

John Donne's signature is drawn from a book once owned by Donne; *The Catalogue of Heretics*, by Conrad Schlüsselburg, Doctor & Teacher of Theology, Book VIII, published 1599 (now at the Rare Books Department, National Library of Scotland)

THE
DIVINE
SONNETS



I



hou haft made me, And shall thy worke decay?¹
Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,

5

Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sinne in it, which it t^rwards hell doth weigh;
Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like Adamant² draw mine iron heart.

10

1 - [EN] Allusion to Job 10: 8.

2 - [EN] The hardest metal or stone, typically diamond (or steel).

II



s due by many titles I resigne
 My selfe to thee, O God, first I was made
 By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay'd
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
 I am thy sonne, made with thy selfe to shine, 5

Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid,
 Thy sheepe, thine Image, and, till I betray'd
 My selfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
 Why doth the devill then usurpe on mee?
 Why doth he steale, nay ravish that's thy right? 10
 Except thou rise and for thine owne worke fight,
 Oh I shall soone despaire, when I doe see
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not chuse me,
 And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to lose mee.

III



might those sighes and teares returne againe
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
 That I might in this holy discontent
 Mourne with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine;
 In mine Idolatry what showres of raine 5

Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
 That sufferance was my sinne; now I repent;
 Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine.
 Th'hydroptique³ drunkard, and night-scouting thiefe,
 The itchy Lecher, and selfe tickling proud 10
 Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe

3 - [EN] Or immoderately thirsty.

Of comming ill. To (poore) me is allow'd
 No ease; for, long, yet vehement griefe hath beene
 The effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

IV



H my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
 By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion;
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,
 Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,

5

Wisheth himselve delivered from prison;
 But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
 Wisheth that still he might be imprifoned.
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
 But who shall give thee that grace to beginne?
 Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
 That being red, it dyes red foules to white.

10

V



I am a little world made cunningly
 Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,
 But black sinne hath betraid to endlessse night
 My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.
 You which beyond that heaven which was most high

5

Have found new sphears⁴, and of new lands can write,
 Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
 Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,
 Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more:
 But oh it must be burnt! alas the fire 10
 Of lust and envie have burnt it heretofore,
 And made it fouler; Let their flames retire,
 And burne me ô Lord, with a fiery zeale
 Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

VI



This is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint
 My pilgrimages last mile; and my race
 Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
 My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,
 And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt 5
 My body, and soule, and I shall sleepe a space,
 But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
 Whofe feare already shakes my every joynt:
 Then, as my soule, to heaven her first seate, takes flight,
 And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwell, 10
 So, fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,
 To where they are bred, and would presse me, to hell.
 Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

4 - [EN] In Donne's time, this usually refers to the "celestial spheres", the planets.

VII



t the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
 Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise
 From death, you numberlesse infinities
 Of foules, and to your scattred bodies goe,
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,

5

All whom warre, dearth⁵, age, agues⁶, tyrannies,
 Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes,
 Shall behold God, and never tast deaths woe.
 But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,
 For, if above all these, my finnes abound,
 'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
 When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,
 Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good
 As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

10

VIII



f faithfull foules be alike glorifid
 As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see,
 And adds this even to full felicitie,
 That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'rstride:
 But if our mindes to these foules be descryd

5

By circumstances, and by signes that be
 Apparent in us, not immediately,
 How shall my mindes white⁷ truth by them be tryd?

5 - [EN] Famine.

6 - [EN] A fever (such as malaria) with chills, fever, and sweating recurring at regular intervals.

7 - [EN] Or pure truth?

They see idolatrous lovers weepe and mourne,
 And vile blasphemous Conjurers to call 10
 On Iesus name, and Pharisaicall
 Diffemblers feigne devotion. Then turne
 Openfivē soule, to God, for he knowes best
 Thy true grieffe, for he put it in my breast.

IX



If poysonous mineralls, and if that tree,
 Whose fruit threw death on else immortal us,⁸
 If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
 Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why should I bee?
 Why should intent or reason, borne in mee, 5
 Make finnes, else equall, in mee more heinous?
 And mercy being easie, and glorious
 To God; in his sterne wrath, why threatens hee?
 But who am I, that dare dispute with thee
 O God? Oh! of thine onely worthy blood, 10
 And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood⁹,
 And drowne in it my finnes blacke memorie;
 That thou remember them, some claime as debt,
 I thinke it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

8 - [EN] Allusion to Genesis 2: 16-17.

9 - [EN] From the river Leth, in Greek mythology, a river in Hades whose water caused forgetfulness of the past in those who drank of it.

X



Death be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not foe,
 For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee, 5

Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
 Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
 Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell, 10
 And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
 And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

XI



pit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my side,¹⁰
 Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie mee,"
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely hee,
 Who could do no iniquitie, hath dyed:
 But by my death can not be satisfied 5

10 - [EN] Scholars seem to think Donne is identifying with Christ's sufferings here, while at the same time recognizing his own sin.

11 - [EN] Initially this appears to be typical European antisemitism, but here Donne is echoing the account of Jesus' crucifixion in the dishonor of being spat upon and the piercing, beating, and scourging He endured (lines 1-2). Donne thus identifies himself with Jesus on the cross, though adding that he himself deserves the punishment that Jesus actually suffered. In his book, *The Soul in Paraphrase: A Treasury of Devotional Poems* (2018) Leland Ryken observes:

The sequence of thinking that the poet puts before us unfolds in the following way. First

My finnes, which passe the Jewes impiety:
 They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
 Crucifie him daily, being now glorified.
 Oh let mee then, his sfrage love still admire:
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment.
 And *Jacob* came cloth'd in vile harsh attire
 But to supplant, and with gainfull intent:
 God doth'd himsele in vile mans flesh, that fo
 Hee might be weake enough to suffer woe.

10

XII



Why are wee by all creatures waited on?
 Why doe the prodigall elements supply
 Life and food to mee, being more pure then I,
 Simple, and further from corruption?
 Why brook'st thou, ignorant horfe, subjection?

5

Why dost thou bull, and bore so feelily¹²

(lines 1-4) the poem commands the Jews who tortured Jesus to torture him instead because he deserves such punishment, whereas Jesus did not. But then the thought occurs to the speaker (lines 5-6) that he cannot bear the penalty of his sins in the way he has proposed because his sins are even worse than the sins of the Jews who crucified Jesus. In what ways are the speaker's sins worse than those of the Jews? Lines 7-8 answer that question. In keeping with the format of the Italian sonnet, the first eight lines (the octave) have thus posed a problem (the speaker's sins) requiring a solution.

The sestet provides the solution to the problem that has been posed, namely, the sacrifice of the incarnate Jesus for the sins of the world. With the self-address of line 9 as the springboard, the speaker develops two contrasts. First the poem contrasts how kings pardon and how Jesus pardons (line 11). The second contrast centers on the patriarch Jacob and the incarnate Jesus. Both Jacob and Jesus took on "vile" clothing (in Jesus' case the metaphoric clothing of human flesh), but they did so for opposite reasons—Jacob to deceive his father Isaac for personal benefit and Jesus in order to provide a sacrifice for the sins of the world. The last line expresses the climactic insight of a poem that has given us food for thought all along—that Jesus deliberately became weak so he could suffer for the sins of humanity. The assertion that God became weak is a climactic paradox, ending the poem on a strong and even shocking note.

12 - [EN] To *seel*, to close the eyes, a term of falconry, they eyes of a hawk being for a time *seeled* [or hooded]. *A Dictionary of the English Language*, by Samuel Johnson (1792). This

Dissemble weaknesse, and by one mans stroke die,
 Whose whole kinde, you might swallow and feed upon?
 Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worse then you,
 You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous.
 But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us
 Created nature doth these things subdue,
 But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tyed,
 For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

10

XIII



What if this present were the worlds last night?
 Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
 The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
 Whether that countenance can thee affright,
 Teares in his eyes quench the amazing light,

5

Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
 Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes fierce spight?
 No, no; but as in my idolatrie
 I said to all my profane mistresses,
 Beauty, of pittie, foulnesse onely is
 A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
 This beauteous forme assures a pitiousⁿ minde.

10

would imply submitting without struggle.

13 - [EN] Sorrowful, tenderness. *A Dictionary of the English Language*, by Samuel Johnson (1792)

XIV



atter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
That I may rife, and stand, o'erthrow mee, 'and bend
Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.

I, like an usurp't towne, to'another due,

5

Labour to'admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, 'and would be loved faine,
But am betroth'd unto your enemye:
Divorce mee, 'untie, or breake that knot againe,
Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
Except you'enthral mee, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.

10

XV



ilt thou love God, as he thee! then digest,
My Soule, this wholsome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy brest.
The Father having begot a Sonne most blest,

5

And still begetting, (for he ne'r begonne)
Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption,
Coheire to his glory, 'and Sabbaths endlesse rest.
And as a robb'd man, which by search doth finde
His stolne stufte sold, must lose or buy't againe:
The Sonne of glory came downe, and was flaine,
Us whom he had made, and Satan stolne, to unbinde.

10

'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI



ather, part of his double interest
Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to mee,
His joynture in the knottie Trinitie
Hee keeps, and gives to me his deaths conquest.
This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath blest, 5

Was from the worlds beginning flaine, and he
Hath made two Wills¹⁴, which with the Legacie
Of his and thy kingdome, doe thy Sonnes invest.
Yet such are thy laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man those statutes can fulfill;
None doth; but all-healing grace and spirit
Revive againe what law and letter kill.
Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command
Is all but love; Oh let this last Will stand!

10

XVII



ince she whom I lov'd hath paid her last debt
To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
And her Soule early into heaven ravished,
Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett.
Here the admiring her my mind did whett 5

14 - [EN] Or Testaments (as in the Bible).

To seeke thee God; so streames do shew their head;
 But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,
 A holy thirsty dropsy¹⁵ melts mee yett.
 But why should I begg more Love, when as thou
 Dost wooe my soule for hers; offering all thine: 10
 And dost not only feare leaft I allow
 My Love to Saints and Angels things divine,
 But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt
 Leaft the World, Fleshe, yea Devill putt thee out.

XVIII



how me deare Christ, thy spouse, so bright and clear.
 What! is it She, which on the other shore
 Goes richly painted? or which rob'd and tore
 Laments and mournes in Germany and here?
 Sleepes she a thousand, then peepes up one yeare? 5
 Is she selfe truth and errs? now new, now outwore?
 Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore
 On one, on seaven, or on no hill appeare?
 Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights
 First travaile we to seeke and then make Love? 10
 Betray kind husband thy spouse to our fights,
 And let myne amorous soule court thy mild Dove,
 Who is most trew, and pleasing to thee, then
 When she is embrac'd and open to most men.

15 - [EN]A collection of water in the body. *A Dictionary of the English Language*, by Samuel Johnson (1792) Or inflammation.

XIX



h, to vex me, contraries meet in one:
 Inconstancy unnaturally hath begott
 A constant habit; that when I would not
 I change in voves, and in devotione.
 As humorous¹⁶ is my contritione

5

As my prophane Love, and as soone forgott:
 As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,
 As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
 I durst not view heaven yesterday; and to day
 In prayers, and flattering speaches I court God:
 To morrow I quake with true feare of his rod.
 So my devout fitts come and go away
 Like a fantastique Ague: save that here
 Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

10

THE CROSSE



ince Christ embrac'd the Crosse it selfe, dare I
 His image, th' image of his Crosse deny?
 Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
 And dare the chosen Altar to despise?
 It bore all other sinnes, but is it fit

5

That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,
 How would he flye his paines, who there did dye?
 From mee, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
 Nor scandall taken, shall this Crosse withdraw,
 It shall not, for it cannot; for, the losse
 Of this Crosse, were to mee another Crosse;
 Better were worse, for, no affliction,
 No Crosse is so extreme, as to have none.
 Who can blot out the Crosse, which th'instrument

10

15

¹⁶ - [EN] A fleeting disposition?

Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament?
 Who can deny mee power, and liberty
 To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Crosse to be?
 Swimme, and at every stroake, thou art thy Crosse;
 The Mast and yard make one, where seas do tosse; 20
 Looke downe, thou spieft out Crossees in small things;
 Looke up, thou seeft birds rais'd on crossed wings;
 All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else
 But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
 Materiall Crossees then, good physicke bee, 25
 But yet spirituall have chiefe dignity.
 These for extracted chimique medicine serve,
 And cure much better, and as well preserve;
 Then are you your own physicke, or need none,
 When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation. 30
 For when that Crosse ungrudg'd, unto you sticke,
 Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe.
 As perchance, Carvers do not faces make,
 But that away, which hid them there, do take;
 Let Crossees, foe, take what hid Christ in thee, 35
 And be his image, or not his, but hee.
 But, as oft Alchimists doe coyners prove,
 So may a selfe-dispising, get selfe-love,
 And then as worst surfets, of best meates bee,
 Soe is pride, issued from humility, 40
 For, 'tis no child, but monster; therefore Crosse
 Your joy in crossees, else, 'tis double losse.
 And crosse thy senses, else, both they, and thou
 Must perish soone, and to destruction bowe.
 For if the eye seeke good objects, and will take 45
 No crosse from bad, wee cannot scape a snake.
 So with harsh, hard, fowre, stinking, crosse the rest,
 Make them indifferent all; call nothing best.
 But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome,
 And move; To th'other th'objects must come home. 50
 And crosse thy heart: for that in man alone
 Points downewards, and hath palpitation.
 Crosse those dejections, when it downward tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
 And as the braine through bony walls doth vent 55

By futures, which a Croffes forme present,
 So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,
 Croffe and correct concupifcence of witt.
 Be covetous of Croffes, let none fall.
 Croffe no man elfe, but croffe thy felfe in all. 60
 Then doth the Croffe of Chrif work fruitfully
 Within our hearts, when wee love harmlefly
 That Croffes pictures much, and with more care
 That Croffes children, which our Croffes are.

RESURRECTION, IMPERFECT



leep fleep old Sun, thou canft not have repaft
 As yet, the wound thou took'ft on friday laft;
 Sleepe then, and reft; The world may beare thy ftay,
 A better Sun rofe before thee to day,
 Who, not content to'enlighten all that dwell 5

On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,
 And made the darke fires languifh in that vale,
 As, at thy prefence here, our fires grow pale.
 Whofe body having walk'd on earth, and now
 Hafting to Heaven, would, that he might allow 10
 Himfelfe unto all ftations, and fill all,
 For thefe three daies become a minerall;
 Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but rofe
 All tincture, and doth not alone difpofe
 Leaden and iron wills to good, but is 15
 Of power to make even finfull flefh like his.
 Had one of thofe, whofe credulous pietie
 Thought, that a Soule one might difcerne and fee
 Goe from a body, at this fepulcher been,
 And, iffuing from the fheet, this body feen, 20
 He would have juftly thought this body a foule,
 If not of any man, yet of the whole.

*Defunt cætera*¹⁷.

17 - [EN] This is lacking in the other.

THE ANNUNTIATION & PASSION



amely, fraile body, abtaine to day; to day
 My soule eates twice, Christ hither and away.
 She sees him man, so like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle embleme is,
 Whose first and last concurre; this doubtfull day 5

Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away.
 Shee sees him nothing twice at once, who is all;
 Shee sees a Cedar plant it selfe, and fall,
 Her Maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead. 10
 She sees at once the virgin mother stay
 Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha;
 Sad and rejoyc'd shee's seen at once, and seen
 At almost fiftie, and at scarce fiftene.
 At once a Sonne is promis'd her, and gone, 15
 Gabriell gives Christ to her, He her to John;
 Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,
 At once receiver and the legacie.
 All this, and all betweene, this day hath showne,
 Th'Abridgement of Christs story, which makes one 20
 (As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East)
 Of the Angels *Ave*, and *Consummatum est*.
 How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties
 Deales, in some times, and seldome joyning these!
 As by the selfe-fix'd Pole wee never doe 25
 Direct our course, but the next starre thereto,
 Which shoves where the other is, and which we say
 (Because it strays not farre) doth never stray;
 So God by his Church, neereft to him, wee know,
 And stand firme, if wee by her motion goe; 30
 His Spirit, as his fiery Pillar doth
 Leade, and his Church, as cloud; to one end both.
 This Church, by letting these daies joyne, hath shown
 Death and conception in mankinde is one;
 Or'twas in him the same humility, 35
 That he would be a man, and leave to be:
 Or as creation he hath made, as God,

With the last judgement, but one period,
 His imitating Spouse would joyne in one
 Manhood's extremes: He shall come, he is gone: 40
 Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;
 So though the least of his paines, deeds, or words,
 Would busie a life, she all this day affords;
 This treasure then, in grosse, my Soule up-lay¹⁸, 45
 And in my life retaile it every day.

GOODFRIDAY, 1613. RIDING WESTWARD



et mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,
 The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
 And as the other Spheares, by being growne
 Subject to forraigne motions, lose their owne,
 And being by others hurried every day, 5

Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:
 Pleasure or businesse, so, our Soules admit
 For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
 Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the West
 This day, when my Soule's forme bends toward the East. 10
 There I should see a Sunne, by rising set,
 And by that setting endlesse day beget;
 But that Christ on this Crosse, did rise and fall,
 Sinne had eternally benighted¹⁹ all.
 Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see 15
 That spectacle of too much weight for mee.
 Who sees God's face, that is selfe life, must dye;
 What a death were it then to see God dye?
 It made his owne Lieutenant Nature shrinke,
 It made his foottoole crack, and the Sunne winke²⁰. 20

Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,

18 - [EN] Seems to imply «laying away» or storing up useful items.

19 - [EN] Overtaken by darkness.

20 - [EN] Allusion to the darkness that fell during Christ's crucifixion. Matt 27: 45. Quite likely an eclipse of the sun.

And turne all spheares at once, peirc'd with those holes?
 Could I behold that endlesse height which is
 Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
 Humbled below us? or that blood which is 25
 The feat of all our Soules, if not of his,
 Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worne
 By God, for his apparell, rag'd, and torne?

...²¹

Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
 They're present yet unto my memory,
 For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards mee, 35
 O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
 I turne my backe to thee, but to receive
 Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
 O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,
 Burne off my rusts, and my deformity, 40
 Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
 That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face.





THE LITANIE

I

THE FATHER



ather of Heaven, and him, by whom
It, and us for it, and all else, for us
Thou madest, and govern'st ever, come
And re-create mee, now growne ruinous:
My heart is by dejection, clay,

5

And by selfe-murder, red.
From this red earth, O Father, purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
I may rise up from death, before I'am dead.

II

THE SONNE



Sonne of God, who seeing two things, 10
 Sinne, and death crept in, which were never made,
 By bearing one, tryed't with what things
 The other could thine heritage invade;
 O be thou nail'd unto my heart,

And crucified againe, 15
 Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
 But let it be, by applying so thy paine,
 Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion flaine.

III

THE HOLY GHOST



Holy Ghost, whose temple I 20
 Am, but of mudde walls, and condensed dust,
 And being sacrilegioufly
 Halfe wasted with youths fires, of pride and lust,
 Must with new stormes be weatherbeat;

Double in my heart thy flame,
 Which let devout sad teares intend; and let 25
 (Though this glasse lanthorne, flesh, do suffer maime)
 Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same.

IV

THE TRINITY



Blesed glorious Trinity,
 Bones to Philosophy, but milke to faith,
 Which, as wise serpents, diversly 30
 Most slipperinesse, yet most entanglings hath,
 As you distinguish'd undistinct

By power, love, knowledge bee,
 Give mee a such selfe different instinct
 Of these; let all mee elemented bee, 35
 Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbered three.

...²²

VI

THE ANGELS



And since this life our nonage²³ is,
 And wee in Wardship to thine Angels be,
 Native in heavens faire Palaces,
 Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,
 As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne, 50

Yeelds faire diversitie,
 Yet never knowes which course that light doth run,
 So let mee study, that mine actions bee
 Worthy their fight, though blinde in how they see.

22 - [EN] See Editor's reservations.

23 - [EN] Period of youth.

VII

THE PATRIARCHES



And let thy Patriarches Desire 55
 (Those great Grandfathers of thy Church, which saw
 More in the cloud, then wee in fire,
 Whom Nature dear'd more, then us Grace and Law,
 And now in Heaven still pray, that wee

May use our new helpes right,) 60
 Be satisfy'd, and fructife in mee;
 Let not my minde be blinder by more light
 Nor Faith, by Reafon added, lose her sight.

VIII

THE PROPHETS



By Eagle-fighted Prophets too,
 Which were thy Churches Organs, and did sound 65
 That harmony, which made of two
 One law, and did unite, but not confound;
 Those heavenly Poëts which did see

Thy will, and it expresse
 In rythmique feet, in common pray for mee, 70
 That I by them excuse not my excesse
 In seeking secrets, or Poëtiqueneffe.

IX

THE APOSTLES



nd thy illustrious Zodiacke
 Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,
 (From whom whofoever do not take 75
 Their light, to darke deep pits, throw downe, and fall,)
 As through their prayers, thou'haft let mee know

That their bookes are divine;
 May they pray still, and be heard, that I goe
 Th'old broad way in applying; O decline 80
 Mee, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X

THE MARTYRS



nd since thou so desiroufly
 Did'ft long to die²⁴, that long before thou could'ft,
 And long since thou no more couldst dye,
 Thou in thy scatter'd mystique body wouldst 85
 In Abel dye, and ever since

In thine; let their blood come
 To begge for us, a discreet patience
 Of death, or of worse life: for Oh, to some
 Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdom. 90

24 - [EN] Denoting neo-platonic influence (matter/flesh=bad, inferior), despising the body that God gave them...

XI

THE CONFESSORS



herefore with thee triumpheth there
 A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
 Whose bloods betroth'd, not married were,
 Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers:
 They know, and pray, that wee may know,

95

In every Christian
 Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow;
 Tentations martyr us alive; A man
 Is to himselfe a Dioclesian²⁵.

XII

THE VIRGINS



he cold white snowie Nunnery,
 Which, as thy mother, their high Abbessè, sent
 Their bodies backe againe to thee,
 As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,
 Though they have not obtain'd of thee,

100

That or thy Church, or I,
 Should keep, as they, our first integrity;
 Divorce thou finne in us, or bid it die,
 And call chaste widowhead Virginitie.²⁶

105

25 - [EN] Roman emperor from 284 to 305 A.D. and persecutor of Christians, particularly in the year 303.

26 - [EN] Some residual neoplatonic influence here with it's view of the physical/sexual as lower, less *spiritual* than the virgin or celibate...

XIII

THE DOCTORS



hy sacred Academic above
 Of Doctors, whose paines have unclasp'd, and taught 110
 Both bookes of life to us (for love
 To know thy Scriptures tells us, we are wrote
 In thy other booke) pray for us there

That what they have misdone
 Or mis-said, wee to that may not adhere; 115
 Their zeale may be our sinne. Lord let us runne
 Meane waies, and call them fars, but not the Sunne.

XIV



nd whil'ft this universall Quire²⁷,
 That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
 Warm'd with one all-partaking fire 120
 Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee deare,
 Prayes ceaselesly, and thou hearken too,

(Since to be gracious
 Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe)
 Hearre this prayer Lord: O Lord deliver us 125
 From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out thus.

27 - [EN] Or choir.

XV



From being anxious, or secure,
 Dead dods of sadnesse, or light squibs²⁸ of mirth,
 From thinking, that great courts immure
 All, or no happinesse, or that this earth 130
 Is only for our prison fram'd,

Or that thou art covetous
 To them whom thou lovest, or that they are maim'd
 From reaching this worlds sweet, who seek thee thus,
 With all their might, Good Lord deliver us. 135

XVI



From needing danger, to bee good,
 From owing thee yesterdaies teares to day,
 From trusting so much to thy blood,
 That in that hope, wee wound our soule away,
 From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse 140

Some sinne more burdenous,
 From light affecting, in religion, newes,
 From thinking us all soule, neglecting thus
 Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us.

28 - [EN] A small firework that burns with a hissing sound before exploding.

XVII



rom tempting Satan to tempt us,
 By our connivence, or slack companie,
 From meafuring ill by vitious,
 Neglecting to choake fins spawn, Vanitie,
 From indiscreet humilitie,

145

Which might be scandalous,
 And cast reproach on Christianitie,
 From being spies, or to spies pervious,
 From thirst, or scorn of fame, deliver us.

150

XVIII



eliver us for thy descent
 Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place
 Of middle kind; and thou being sent
 To ungratious us, staid'ft at her full of grace;
 And through thy poore birth, where first thou

155

Glorifiedst Povertie,
 And yet soone after riches didst allow,
 By accepting Kings gifts in the Epiphanie,
 Deliver, and make us, to both waies free.

160

XIX



nd through that bitter agonie,
 Which is still the agonie of pious wits,
 Disputing what distorted thee, 165
 And interrupted evenness, with fits;
 And through thy free confession

Though thereby they were then
 Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have gone,
 Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when 170
 Wee may not, and we may blinde unjust men²⁹.

XX



hrough thy submitting all, to blowes
 Thy face, thy clothes to spoile; thy fame to scorne,
 All waies, which rage, or Justice knowes,
 And by which thou could'st shew, that thou wast born; 175
 And through thy gallant humbleness

Which thou in death did'st shew,
 Dying before thy soule they could expresse,
 Deliver us from death, by dying so,
 To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe. 180

29 - [EN] Allusion to Elymas in Acts 13: 9-11.

XXI



hen senses, which thy souldiers are,
 Wee arme against thee, and they fight for sinne,
 When want, sent but to tame, doth warre
 And worke despaire a breach to enter in,
 When plenty, Gods image, and seale

185

Makes us Idolatrous,
 And love it, not him, whom it should reveale,
 When wee are mov'd to seeme religious
 Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

XXII



n Churches, when the infirmitie
 Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word,
 When Magistrates doe mis-apply
 To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,
 When plague, which is thine Angell, raignes,

190

Or wars, thy Champions, swaie,
 When Heresie, thy second deluge, gaines;
 In th'houre of death, the Eve of last judgement day,
 Deliver us from the sinifter way.

195

XXIII



H eare us, O heare us Lord; to thee
 A sinner is more musique, when he prayes, 200
 Then spheares, or Angels praifes bee,
 In Panegyrique Allelujaes;
 Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord

We know not what to say;
 Thine eare to'our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voice and word. 205
 O Thou who Satan heard't in Jobs sicke day,
 Heare thy selfe now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV



H at wee may change to evennesse³⁰
 This intermitting aguish Pietie;
 That snatching cramps of wickednesse 210
 And Apoplexies of fast sin, may die;
 That musique of thy promises,

Not threats in Thunder may
 Awaken us to our just offices³¹;
 What in thy booke, thou dost, or creatures say, 215
 That we may heare, Lord heare us, when wee pray.

30 - [EN] Calmness, constancy.

31 - [EN] Responsibilities, duties.

XXV



hat our eares sicknesse wee may cure,
 And rectifie those Labyrinths aright,
 That wee, by harkning, not procure
 Our praise, nor others dispraise fo invite, 220
 That wee get not a slipperinesse

And senselesly decline,
 From hearing bold wits jeast at Kings excessse,
 To admit the like of majestie divine,
 That we may locke our eares, Lord open thine. 225

XXVI



hat living law, the Magistrate,
 Which to give us, and make us physicke³², doth
 Our vices often aggravate,
 That Preachers taxing sinne, before her growth,
 That Satan, and invenom'd men 230

Which well, if we starve, dine,
 When they doe most accuse us, may see then
 Us, to amendment, heare them; thee decline:
 That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine.

32 - [EN] A treatment, remedy.

it properlie signifieth, powders or drie things in bags, or any liquour in a sponge or bladder, applied warme to the bodie, to mitigate paine, or for some other purpose. (John Bullokar *An English Expositor*. 1616)

XXVII



hat learning, thine Ambafador, 235
 From thine allegeance wee never tempt,
 That beauty, paradifes flower
 For phyficke made, from poyfon be exempt,
 That wit, borne apt high good to doe,

By dwelling lazily 240
 On Natures nothing, be not nothing too,
 That our affections kill us not, nor dye,
 Heare us, weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry.

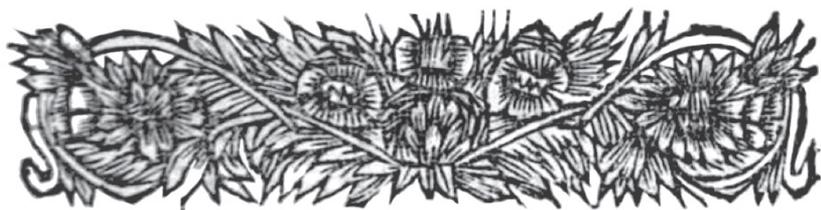
XXVIII



onne of God heare us, and fince thou 245
 By taking our blood, oweft it us againe,
 Gaine to thy felf, or us allow;
 And let not both us and thy felfe be flaine;
 O Lambe of God, which took'ft our finne

Which could not ftick to thee,
 O let it not returne to us againe, 250
 But Patient and Phyfition being free,
 As finne is nothing, let it no where be.





V P O N T H E T R A N S L A T I O N O F
 T H E P S A L M E S B Y S I R P H I L I P
 S Y D N E Y , & T H E
 C O U N T E S S E O F P E M B R O K E ,
 H I S S I S T E R



ternall God, (for whom who ever dare
 Seeke new expressions, doe the Circle square,
 And thrust into strait corners of poore wit
 Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)
 I would but blesse thy Name, not name thee now; 5

(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)

Fixe we our prayſes therefore on this one,
 That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
 These Psalms first Author in a doven tongue;
 (For 'twas a double power by which he sung 10
 The highest matter in the noblest forme;)

So thou hast cleft that spirit, to performe
 That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon
 Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one;
 A Brother and a Sister, made by thee 15

The Organ, where thou art the Harmony.
 Two that make one *Iohn Baptist's* holy voyce,
 And who that Psalme, *Now let the Iles rejoyce,*
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too,
 Both told us what, and taught us how to doe. 20

They shew us Ilanders our joy, our King,
 They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing;
 Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and sphears;
 The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man hears,
 The Spheares have Musick, but they have no tongue, 25
 Their harmony is rather danc'd³³ than sung;
 But our third Quire, to which the first gives care,
 (For, Angels learne by what the Church does here)
 This Quire hath all. The Organist is hee
 Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we: 30
 The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse
 Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the Iewes:
 And *David's* Successors, in holy zeale,
 In formes of joy and art doe re-reveale
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too, 35
 That I must not rejoyce as I would doe
 When I behold that these Psalms are become
 So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,
 So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,
 As I can scarce call that reform'd untill 40
 This be reform'd; Would a whole State present
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
 And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King
 More hoarse, more harm than any other, sing?
 For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*, 45
 Which, by this *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is
 Already done; and as those Psalms we call
 (Though some have other Authors) *David's* all:
 So though some have, some may some Psalms translate,
 We thy Sydnean Psalms shall celebrate, 50
 And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,
 (Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,
 Who hath translated those translators) may
 These their sweet learned labours, all the way
 Be as our tuning; that, when hence we part, 55
 We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

33 - [EN] An echo of this concept occurs in the closing chapter of C. S. Lewis' sci-fi novel *Perelandra*.

ODE: OF OUR SENSE OF SINNE

1. Vengeance will fit above our faults; but till
 She there doth fit,
 We see *her* not, nor *them*. Thus, blinde, yet still
 We leade her way; and thus, whil't we doe ill,
 We suffer it. 5

2. Vnhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
 Of doing ill.
 Enough we labour under age, and care;
 In number, th'errors of the last place, are
 The greatest still. 10

3. Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
 As soone repent,
 (Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,
 But past us; neither felt, but onely in
 The punishment. 15

4. But we know our selves least; Mere outward shews
 Our mindes so store,
 That our soules, no more than our eyes disclose
 But forme and colour. Onely he who knowes
 Himselfe, knowes more. 20



TO M^R TILMAN AFTER HE HAD TAKEN ORDERS



hou, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now
 To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
 Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,
 Not an impediment, but victory;
 What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind 5

Affected since the vintage? Dost thou finde
 New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steele
 Toucht with a Loadstone, dost new motions feele?
 Or, as a Ship after much paine and care,
 For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware, 10
 Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine
 Of noble goods, and with lesse time and paine?
 Thou art the same materials, as before,
 Onely the stampe is changed; but no more.
 And as new crowned Kings alter the face, 15
 But not the monies substance; so hath grace
 Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation,
 To Christs new stampe, at this thy Coronation;
 Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because
 They beare Gods message, and proclaime his lawes, 20
 Since thou must doe the like, and so must move,
 Art thou new feather'd with coelestiall love?
 Deare, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew
 What thy advantage is above, below.
 But if thy gainings doe surmount expression, 25
 Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession,
 Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit
 That Gentry should joyne families with it?
 As if their day were onely to be spent
 In dressing, Mistressing³⁴ and complement; 30
 Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
 Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust;

34 - [EN] Adultery or frequenting a mistress.

(For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though gay,
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay.)
 Let then the world thy calling disrespect, 35
 But goe thou on, and pittie their neglect.
 What function is so noble, as to bee
 Embassadour to God and destinie?
 To open life, to give kingdomes to more
 Than Kings give dignities; to keepe heavens doore? 40
Marie's prerogative was to beare Christ, fo
 'Tis preachers to convey him, for they doe
 As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speake;
 And blesse the poore beneath, the lame, the weake.
 If then th'Astronomers, whereas they spie 45
 A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie,
 How brave are those, who with their Engine, can
 Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?
 These are thy titles and prehemineneces,
 In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences, 50
 And so the heavens which beget all things here,
 And the earth our mother, which these things doth beare,
 Both these in thee, are in thy Calling knit,
 And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite³⁵.



35 - [EN] The asexual, celibate priest?

Of both natures: which is both man and woman. (John Bullokar *An English Expositor*. 1616)

A HYMNE TO CHRIST, AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY



In what torne ship soever I embarke,
That ship shall be my embleme of thy Arke;
What sea soever swallow mee, that flood
Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood;
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise 5

Thy race; yet through that maske I know those eyes,
Which, though they turne away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this lland unto thee,
And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee; 10
When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,
Put thou thy sea betwixt my sinnes and thee.
As the trees sap doth seeke the root below
In winter, in my winter now I goe,
Where none but thee, th'Eternall root 15
Of true Love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule,
The amorousnesse of an harmonious Soule,
But thou would'st have that love thy selfe: As thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now, 20
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
My soule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:
O, if thou car'st not whom I love
Alas, thou lov'st not mee.

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All, 25
On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee

On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for Prayer, that have least light:
To see God only, I goe out of sight:
And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse
An Everlasting night.

30





THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMY, FOR THE MOST PART ACCORDING TO TREMELIUS

CHAP. I



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

2 Still in the night shee weepes, and her teares fall 5
Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enimie.

3 Unto great bondage, and afflictions 10
Juda is captive led; Those nations
With whom shee dwells, no place of rest afford,
In streights shee meets her Persecutors sword.

4 Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her waies 15
Mourne, because none come to her solemne dayes.
Her Priests doe groane, her maides are comfortlesse,
And shee's unto her selfe a bitternesse.

5 Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,
Because when her transgressions did increase,

The Lord strooke her with sadnesse: Th'enemie
Doth drive her children to captivitie. 20

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

7 Now in her daies of Teares, Jerusaleme 25
(Her men slaine by the foe, none succouring them)
Remembers what of old, shee esteemed most,
Whilest her foes laugh at her, for what she hath lost.

8 Jerusaleme hath sinn'd, therefore is shee 30
Remov'd, as women in uncleannesse bee;
Who honor'd, scorne her, for her foulnesse they
Have seene; her selfe doth groane, and turne away.

9 Her foulnesse in her skirts was seene, yet she 35
Remembred not her end; Miraculoufly
Therefore shee fell, none comforting: Behold
O Lord my affliction, for the Foe growes bold.

10 Upon all things where her delight hath beene,
The foe hath stretch'd his hand, for shee hath seene
Heathen, whom thou command'ft, should not doe so,
Into her holy Sanctuary goe. 40

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

12 All this concernes not you, who passe by mee, 45
O see, and marke if any sorrow bee
Like to my sorrow, which Jehova hath
Done to mee in the day of his fierce wrath?

13 That fire, which by himselfe is governed

He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spread
 A net before my feet, and mee o'rthrowne,
 And made me languish all the day alone. 50

14 His hand hath of my finnes framed a yoake
 Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
 My strength. The Lord unto those enemies 55
 Hath given mee, from whom I cannot rise.

15 He under foot hath troden in my fight
 My strong men; He did company invite
 To breake my young men; he the winepresse hath
 Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath. 60

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

17 There's none, though *Sion* do stretch out her hand,
 To comfort her, it is the Lords command 65
 That *Iacob's* foes girt him. *Jerusalem*
 Is as an uncleane woman amongst them.

18 But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
 I have rebell'd against his holy will; 70
 O heare all people, and my forrow see,
 My maides, my young men in captivitie.

19 I called for my *lovers* then, but they
 Deceiv'd mee, and my Priests, and Elders lay
 Dead in the citie; for they fought for meat 75
 Which should refresh their soules, they could not get.

20 Because I am in streights, *Iehova* see
 My heart o'turn'd, my bowells muddy bee,
 Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
 The sword without, as death within, doth waft³⁶. 80

36 - [EN] Waste or wage destruction.

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

22 Let all their wickednesse appeare to thee, 85
 Doe unto them, as thou hast done to mee,
 For all my finnes: The sighs which I have had
 Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II

1 How over Sions daughter hath God hung 90
 His wraths thicke cloud! and from heaven hath flung
 To earth the beauty of *Israel*, and hath
 Forgot his foot-stoole in the day of wrath!

2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed 95
 All Jacob's dwellings, and demolished
 To ground the strengths of *Juda*, and prophan'd
 The Princes of the Kingdome, and the land.

3 In heat of wrath, the horne of *Israel* hee 100
 Hath cleane cut off, and left the enimie
 Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,
 But is towards *Jacob*, All-devouring fire.

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

5 For like an enimie *Iehova* is, 105
 Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,
 Destroying holds, giving additions
 To *Juda's* daughters lamentations.

6 Like to a garden hedge he hath cast downe

The place where was his congregation, 110
 And *Sions* feasts and sabbaths are forgot;
 Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not.

7 The Lord forfakes his Altar, and detests
 His Sanctuary, and in the foes hand rests
 His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries 115
 Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

8 The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
 And levell *Sion's* walls unto the ground;
 He draws not back his hand, which doth o'returne³⁷
 The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne. 120

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

10 There *Sion's Elders* on the ground are plac'd, 125
 And silence keepe; Dust on their heads they cast,
 In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
 The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.

11 My bowells are growne muddy, and mine eyes
 Are faint with weeping; and my liver lies 130
 Pour'd out upon the ground, for miserie
 That sucking children in the streets doe die.

12 When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where
 Shall we have bread, and drinke? they fainted there,
 And in the streets like wounded persons lay 135
 Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.

13 *Daughter Ierusalem*, Oh what may bee
 A witness, or comparifon for thee?
 Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
 Thy breach is like the sea, what help can bee? 140

37 - [EN] Overturn.

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

15 The passengers doe clap their hands, and hiss,
And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this
That citie, which so many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all? 145

16 Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hiss,
And gnash their teeth, and say, Devoure wee this, 150
For this is certainly the day which wee
Expected, and which now we finde, and see.

17 The Lord hath done that which he purposed,
Fulfill'd his word of old determin'd;
He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe 155
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

18 But now, their hearts against the Lord do call,
Therefore, O walls of *Sion*, let teares fall
Downe like a river, day and night; take thee 160
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

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

20 Behold O Lord, consider unto whom 165
Thou hast done this; what, shall the women come
To eat their children of a spanne? shall thy
Prophet and Priest be slaine in Sanctuary?

21 On ground in streets, the yong and old do lye,
My virgins and yong men by sword do dye; 170
Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slaine,
Nothing did thee from killing them containe.

22 As to a solemne feaft, all whom I fear'd
 Thou call'ft about mee; when his wrath appear'd,
 None did remaine or scape, for those which I
 Brought up, did perish by mineemie. 175

CHAP. III

1 I am the man which have affliction seene,
 Under the rod of God's wrath having beene,
 2 He hath led mee to darknesse, not to light,
 3 And against mee all day, his hand doth fight. 180

4 Hee hath broke my bones, worne out my flesh and skinne,
 5 Built up against mee; and hath girt mee in
 With hemlocke, and with labour; 6 and fet mee
 In darke, as they who dead for ever bee.

7 Hee hath hedg'd me lest I scape, and added more
 To my steele fetters, heavier then before. 185
 8 When I crie out, he out shuts my prayer: 9 And hath
 Stop'd with hewn stone my way, and turn'd my path.

10 And like a Lion hid in secrecie,
 Or Beare which lyes in wait, he was to mee. 190
 11 He stops my way, teares me, made desolate,
 12 And hee makes mee the marke he shooteth at.

13 Hee made the children of his quiver passe
 Into my reines³⁸, 14 I with my people was
 All the day long, a song and mockery. 195
 15 Hee hath fill'd mee with bitternesse, and he

Hath made me drunke with wormewood. 16 He hath burst
 My teeth with stones, and covered mee with dust;
 17 And thus my Soule farre off from peace was set,
 And my prosperity I did forget. 200

38 - [EN] From the French, *reins* or waist, guts, kidneys.

18 My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.

19 But when my mournings I do thinke upon,
My wormwood, hemlocke, and affliction,

20 My Soule is humbled in remembering this; 205

21 My heart confiders, therefore, hope there is.

22 'Tis God's great mercy we are not utterly
Consum'd, for his compaffions do not die;

23 For every morning they renewed bee,
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity. 210

24 The Lord is, faith my Soule, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

25 The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,
And to the Soule that seeks him earnestly.

26 It is both good to trust, and to attend 215
(The Lord's saluation) unto the end:

27 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare;

28 He fits alone, and doth all speech forbear,

Because he hath borne it. 29 And his mouth he layes

Deepe in the dust, yet then in hope he stayer. 220

30 He gives his cheekes to whosoever will

Strike him, and so he is reproched still.

31 For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake,

32 But when he hath strucke with sadnes, hee doth take

Compassion, as his mercy is infinite; 225

33 Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite;

34 That underfoot the prisoners stamped bee,

35 That a mans right the Judge himselfe doth see

To be wrung from him, 36 That he subverted is

In his just cause; the Lord allowes not this. 230

37 Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,

But that which by the Lord commanded was?

38 Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds;
 39 Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
 40 Turne wee to God, by trying out our wayes;
 41 To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise. 235

42 Wee have rebell'd, and falne away from thee,
 Thou pardon'ft not; 43 Ufelft no demencie;
 Purfueft us, kill'ft us, covereft us with wrath,
 44 Cover'ft thy felfe with clouds, that our prayer hath 240

No power to paffe. 45 And thou haft made us fall
 As refufe, and off-fcouring to them all.
 46 All our foes gape at us. 47 Feare and a snare
 With ruine, and with wafte, upon us are.

48 With watry rivers doth mine eye o'reflow 245
 For ruine of my peoples daughter fo;
 49 Mine eye doth drop downe teares incessantly,
 50 Untill the Lord looke downe from heaven to fee.

51 And for my city's daughters fake, mine eye
 Doth breake mine heart. 52 Caufl'es mine enemy, 250
 Like a bird chac'd me. 53 In a dungeon
 They have shut my life, and caft on me a ftone.

54 Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am
 Deftroy'd; 55 I called Lord, upon thy name
 Out of the pit. 56 And thou my voice didft heare; 255
 Oh from my figh, and crye, ftop not thine eare.

57 Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'ft nere
 Unto mee, and faid'ft unto mee, do not feare.
 58 Thou Lord my Soules caufe handled haft, and thou
 Refcud'ft my life. 59 O Lord do thou judge now, 260

Thou heardft my wrong. 60 Their vengeance all they have wrought;
 61 How they reproach'd, thou haft heard, and what they thought,
 62 What their lips uttered, which againft me rofe,
 And what was ever whifper'd by my foes.

63 I am their song, whether they rise or fit, 265
 64 Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,
 65 Sorrow of heart, thy curse. 66 And with thy might
 Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

CHAP. IV

1 How is the gold become so dimme? How is
 Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this? 270
 The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,
 Scattered in corners of each street do lye.

2 The pretious sonnes of Sion, which should bee
 Valued at purest gold, how do wee see
 Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand, 275
 Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.

3 Even the Sea-calves draw their brefts, and give
 Sucke to their young; my peoples daughters live,
 By reason of the foes great cruelnesse,
 As do the Owles in the vast Wildernesse. 280

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

5 They which before were delicately fed,
 Now in the streets forlorne have perished,
 And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,
 Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd. 285

6 The daughters of my people have sinned more,
 Then did the towne of *Sodome* sinne before; 290
 Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine
 No hands amongst them, to vex them againe.

7 But heretofore purer her Nazarite

Was then the snow, and milke was not so white;
 As carbundes did their pure bodies shine, 295
 And all their polifh'dneffe was Saphirine.

8 They are darker now then blacknes, none can know
 Them by the face, as through the streets they goe,
 For now their skin doth cleave unto the bone,
 And withered, is like to dry wood growne. 300

9 Better by sword then famine 'tis to dye;
 And better through pierc'd, then through penury.
 10 Women by nature pitifull, have eate
 Their children dreft with their owne hands for meat.

11 *Jehova* here fully accomplifh'd hath 305
 His indignation, and powrd forth his wrath,
 Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power
 To eate, and her foundations to devour.

12 Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live
 In the inhabitable world beleeve, 310
 That any adverfary, any foe
 Into *Ierufalem* should enter fo.

13 For the Priests fins, and Prophets, which have fhed
 Blood in the streets, and the juft murdered:
 14 Which when thofe men, whom they made blinde, did fray 315
 Thorough the streets, defiled by the way

With blood, the which impossible it was
 Their garments should scape touching, as they paffe,
 15 Would cry aloud, depart defiled men,
 Depart, depart, and touch us not; and then 320

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

Unto their old men shall the foe afford, 325

Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the sword.
 17 And wee as yet, for all these miseries
 Desiring our vaine helpe, consume our eyes:

And such a nation as cannot save,
 We in desire and speculation have. 330
 18 They hunt our steps, that in the streets wee feare
 To goe: our end is now approached neere,

Our dayes accomplish'd are, this the last day.
 19 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they
 Which follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flye 335
 At us, and for us in the defart lye.

20 The annointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, hee
 Of whom we said, under his shadow, wee
 Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
 Into the pit which these men digged, fell. 340

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

22 And then thy finnes O *Sion*, shall be spent, 345
 The Lord will not leave thee in banishment.
 Thy finnes O *Edom's daughter*, hee will see,
 And for them, pay thee with captivitie.

CHAP. V

1 Remember, O Lord, what is fallen on us;
 See, and marke how we are reproached thus, 350
 2 For unto strangers our possession
 Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,

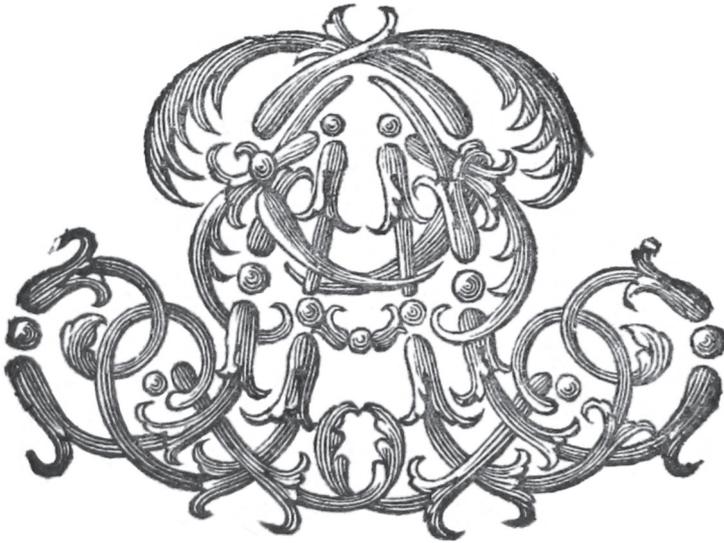
3 Our mothers are become as widowes, wee
 As Orphans all, and without father be;

- 4 Waters which are our owne, wee drunke, and pay,
And upon our owne wood a price they lay. 355
- 5 Our persecutors on our necks do fit,
They make us travaile, and not intermit,
6 We stretch our hands unto th'*Egyptians*
To get us bread; and to the *Affyrians*. 360
- 7 Our Fathers did these finnes, and are no more,
But wee do beare the finnes they did before.
8 They are but servants, which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.
- 9 With danger of our life our bread wee gat;
For in the wilderneffe, the sword did wait. 365
10 The tempefts of this famine wee liv'd in,
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne:
- 11 In *Iudae's* cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in *Sion* us'd. 370
12 The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.
- 13 Unto the mill our yong men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare.
14 Elders, the gates; youth did their songs forbear,
15 Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were. 375
- 16 Now is the crowne falne from our head; and woe
Be unto us, because we have sinned so.
17 For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimneffe is. 380
- 18 Because mount *Sion* defolate doth lye,
And foxes there do goe at libertie:
19 But thou O Lord art ever, and thy throne
From generation, to generation.
- 20 Why should'st thou forget us eternally?
Or leave us thus long in this misery? 385

21 Restore us Lord to thee, that so we may
Returne, and as of old, renew our day.

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

390



HYMNE TO GOD MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESSE



SINCE I am comming to that Holy roome,
Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy Musique; As I come
I tune the Instrument here at the dore,
And what I must doe then, thinke here before. 5

Whilst my Phyficians by their love are growne
Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne
That this is my South-west discoverie 10
Per fretum febris, by these streights to die,
I joy, that in these straits, I see my West;
For, though their currants yeeld returne to none,
What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
In all flatt Maps (and I am one) are one, 15
So death doth touch the Resurrection.
Is the Pacificque Sea my home? Or are
The Easterne riches? Is Ierusalem?
Anyan³⁹, and Magellan, and Gibaltare,
All streights, and none but streights, are wayes to them, 20
Whether where Iaphet dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.⁴⁰
We thinke that Paradife and Calvarie,
Christs Croffe, and Adams tree, stodd in one place;
Looke Lord, and finde both Adams met in me;
As the first Adam's sweat furrounds my face, 25
May the last Adam's blood my soule embrace.
So, in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,
By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;
And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,
Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine owne, 30
Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

39 - [EN] A Chinese province mentioned in a 1559 edition of Marco Polo's *Travels*.

40 - [EN] Sons of Noah.

A HYMNE TO GOD THE FATHER

I



WILT thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,
 Which was my sin, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne; through which I runne,
 And do run still: though still I do deplore? 5
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,

For, I have more.

II

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne
 Others to sinne? and, made my sinne their doore?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne 10
 A yeare, or two: but wallowed in, a score?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

III

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
 My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
 But sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne 15
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
 And, having done that, Thou haste done,
 I feare no more.

TO CHRIST



WILT thou forgive that sinn, where I begunn,
 Wch is my sinn, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive those sinns through wch I runn
 And doe them still, though still I doe deplore?

5

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 for I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sinn, by wch I have wonne
 Others to sinn, & made my sinn their dore?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinn wch I did fhunne
 A yeare or twoe, but wallowed in a score?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 for I have more.

10

I have a sinn of feare yt when I have spunn
 My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
 Swear by thy self that at my Death, thy Sunn
 Shall shine as it shines nowe, & heretofore⁴¹;
 And having done that, thou hast done,
 I have noe more.

15



41 - [EN] Or previously.





EDITOR'S RESERVATIONS



O avoid any misunderstanding, we have cut a few mariolotric lines from the *Litanie* (identified by a ...), that is setting up Mary, the mother of Jesus as semi-divine'. It should be noted that one common Catholic, Anglican (or Orthodox) argument defending prayer to Mary, generally boils down to: "Want something from Dad?, well go to Mum"..., which amounts a thinly veiled version of the example left in Greek mythology by Hera, Zeus' wife, which appears in Homer's *Iliad*, Book XIV (though perhaps with a more chaste morality). In the *Iliad*, in order to get something she wants from Zeus, Hera gets him in bed to distract him from noticing a plan she has set into motion. Mary's semi-divine status in the Catholic or Orthodox churches operates on much the same principle. "So God won't listen to your prayers? Try the back door... Play Mary against God". One point to note is that one of the Greek goddess Hera's titles was *Queen of Heaven*. This pagan title was of course quite familiar to the ancient Jews (cf: Jeremiah chap. 44). Catholics, Anglicans or Orthodox defending prayer to Mary would do well to meditate on Mary's own words: *Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it*². (John 2: 5). Or, other words, go directly to Jesus, take no detours. Intermediaries are useless...

Of course some readers may be shocked or *offended* at any hint of censoring/restricting an artist such as Donne. It is to be expected that those with with no commitment to Christian doctrine or ethics should not care about doctrinal issues or find it *offensive* that they be raised. They will tell us: *Art is above such matters*. But for a Christian committed to the *Sola Scriptura* principle, neither Pope nor artist stand above the

1 - [EN] That said, Catholic doctrine, such as Mary's *immaculate conception* (1854 papal bull *Ineffabilis Deus*) or as co-redemptrice (the Fatima visions 1915), in effect sets up Mary as fully divine.

2 - [EN] Immediately before this, Jesus rebuked his mother's attempt at manipulation/influencing his activity.

And Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come.
(John 2: 4)

Mary clearly concedes the point.

demands of God's Word. One day ALL will have to account for their works before God.