

Renascence Editions

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The First and Second Anniversaries

John Donne

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The First Anniversarie.

AN
ANATOMIE
of the World.

Wherein,

BY OCCASION OF
the vntimely death of Mistris
ELIZABETH DRVRY,
the frailtie and the decay of
this whole World is
represented.

LONDON,

Printed by *A. Mathewes* for *Tho: Dewe*, and are
to be sold as his shop in *Saint Dunstons Church-*
yard in *Fleetestreete*. 1 6 2 1.

TO THE PRAISE
of the Dead, and the
ANATOMY.

V*Well dy'de the World, that we might liue to see
This World of wit, in his Anatomee:
No euill wants his good: so wilder heyres;
Bedew their Fathers Toombs, with forced teares,
Whose state requites their losse: whiles thus we gaine
Well may we walke in black[e], but not complaine.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead
While this Muse liues? which in his spirits stead
Seemes to informe a world: and bids it bee,
In spight of losse, or fraile mortalitee?
And thou the subiect of this wel-borne thought,
Thrise noble Maid; couldst not haue found nor sought
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate,
Then whiles this spirit liues; that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last Nephews Eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his, and thine:
Admired match! where striues in mutuall grace
The cunning Pencill, and the comely face:
A taske, which thy faire goodnesse made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to tuch;
Enough is vs to praise them that praise thee,
And say that but enough those prayses bee,
Which had'st thou liu'd, had hid their fearefull head
From th'angry checkings of thy modestred:
Death bars reward & shame: when enuy's gone,
And gaine; 'tis safe to giue the dead their owne.
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their Tombes, then houses: these of clay,*

*But those of brasse, or marbele were; so wee
Giue more vnto thy Ghost, then vnto thee.
Yet what wee giue to thee, thou gauest to vs,
And maiest but thanke thy selfe, for being thus:
Yet what thou gau'st, and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profest all due, were 'tis repayd.
So these high songs that to thee suited bine,
Serue but to sound thy makers praise, in thine,
Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him
Amid the Quire of Saints and Seraphim,
As any Angels tongue can sing of thee;
The subiects differ, then the skill agree:
For as by infant-yeares men iudge of age,
Thy early loue, thy vertues, did presage
What hie part thou bear'st in those best songs
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on thou Virgin soule, whose losseful gaine
Thy loue-sicke Parents haue bewail'd in vaine;
Neuer may thy Name be in our songs forgot.
Till we shall sing thy ditty, and thy note.*

The First Anniversary.

A N A N A T O M Y *of the World.*

Whe[n] that rich soule which to her heauen is gone,
Whom all doe celebrate, who know they haue one
(For who is sure he hath a soule, vnlesse
It see, and Iudge, and follow worthinesse,
And by Deedes praise it; Hee who doth not this,
May lodge an Inmate soule, but tis not his.)
When that Queene ended here her progresse time.
And, as t'her standing house, to heauen did clymbe,
Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
Shee's now a part both of the Quire, and Song.

This, world, in that great earthquake languished;
 For in a common Bath of teares it bled,
 Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out:
 But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
 Whether the world did loose or gaine in this,
 (Because since now no other way there is,
 But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,
 All must endeauour to bee good as shee.)
 This great consumption to a feuer turn'd,
 And so the world had fits; it ioy'd, it mournd,
 And, as men thinke, that Agues Physicke are,
 And the Ague being spent, giue ouer care,
 So thou sicke world, mistak'st thy selfe to bee
 Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Letargee.
 Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than
 Thou might'st haue better spar'd the Sunne, or Man.
 That wound was deepe, but 'tis more misery,
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
 T'was heauy then to heare thy voice of mone,
 But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne.
 Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst; thou wast
 Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'repast.
 For as a child kept from the Fount, vntill
 A Prince, expected long, come to fulfill
 The Cermonies, thou vnam'd hadst laid,
 Had not her comming, thee her Palace made:
 Her name defin'd thee, gaue thee forme and frame,
 And thou forget'st to celebrate thy name.
 Some moneths shee hath bene dead (but being dead,
 Measures of times are all determind)
 But long shee'ath beene away, long, long, yet none
 Offers to tell vs who it is that's gone.
 But as in states doubtfull of future heyres,
 When sicknesse without remedy, empayres
 The present Prince, they're loth it should be said,
 The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead:
 So mankinde feeling now a generall thaw,
 A strong example gone equall to law.
 The Cyment which did faithfully compact
 And glue all vertues, now resolu'd, and slack'd,
 Thought it was some blasphemy to say sh' was dead;
 Or that our weakness was discovered
 In that confession; therefore spoke no more
 Then tongues, the soule being gonne, the losse deplore.
 But though it be too late to succour thee,

Sicke world, yea dead, yea putrified, since shee
Thy'ntrinsique Balme, and thy preseruatiue,
Can neuer be renew'd, thou neuer liue,
I (since no man can make thee liue) will trie,
What we may gaine by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught vs dearely, that thou art
Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,
Tis labour lost to haue discovered.
The worlds infirmities, since there is none
Aliue to study this dissection;

For there's a kind of world remaining still,
Though shee which did inanimate and fill
The world, begone, yet in this last long night,
Her Ghost doth walke, that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weake loue of vertue and of good
Reflects from her, on them which vnderstood
Her worth; And though she haue shut in all day,
The twi-light of her memory doth stay;
Which, from the carkasse of the old world, free
Creates a new world; and new creatures bee
Produc'd: The matter and the stuffe of this,
Her vertue, and the forme our practise is.
And thought to be thus Elemented, arme
These creatures, from hom-borne intrinsique harme,
(For all assumed vnto this Dignitee,
So many weedlesse Paradises bee,
Which of themselues produce no venemous sinne,
Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)
Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake,
And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,
This new world may be safer, being told.

*VVhat life the
vworld hath stil.*

The dangers and diseases of the old:
For with due temper men doe then forgoe,
Or couet things, when they their true worth
know.

There is no health; Phisitians say that we
At best, enioy, but a neutralitee.
And can there be worse sicknes, then to know
That we are neuer well, nor can be so?
We are borne ruinous: poore mothers cry,
That children come not right, nor orderly:

*The sicknesse of
the vworld*

*Impossibility of
health.*

Except they headlong come and fall vpon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruine? how impotunate
Vpon mankinde? It labour'd to frustrate
Euen Gods purpose; and made woman, sent
For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment.
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessory, and principall in ill.
For that first mariage was our funerall:
One woman at one blow, then kill'd vs all,
And singly, one by one, they kill vs now.
We doe delightfully our selues allow
To that consumption; and profusely blinde,
We kill ourselues, to propagate our kinde.
And yet we doe not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankinde, which was then
When as the Sun, and man, did seeme to striue,

Shortnesse of life.

(Ioynt tena[n]ts of the world) who should surui
[u]e.
When *Stag*, and *Rauen*, and the long liu'd tree[,]
Compar'd with man, dy'de in minoritee.
When, if a slow-pac'd starre had stolne away
From the obseruers marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred yeeres to see't againe,
And then make vp his obseruation plaine;
When, as the age was long, the sise was great:
Mans grouth conf[e]ss'd, and recompenc'd the meat:
So spacious and large, that euery soule
Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule:
And when the very stature thus erect,
Did that soule a good way towards Heauen direct.
Where is this mankind now? who liues to age,
Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page?
Alas, we scarce liue long enough to trie;
Whether a true made clocke run right, or lie.
Old Grandsires talke of yesterday with sorrow,
And for our children we reserue to morrow.
So short is life, that euery peasant striues,
In a torne house, or field, to haue three liues,
And as in lasting, so in length is man.

*Smalenesse of
stature.*

Contracted to an inch, who was a span,
For had a man at first, in Forrests stray'd,
Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would haue laid
A wager that an Elephant, or Whale

That met him, would not hastily assaile
 A th[in]g so equall to him: now alasse.
 The Fayries, and the Pigmies well may passe
 As credible; mankind decayes so soone,
 We're s[c]arse our Fathers shadowes cast at noone.
 Onely death addes t'our length: nor are we growne
 In stature to be men, till we are none.
 But this were light, did our lesse volumes hold
 All the old Text; or had we chang'd to gold
 Their siluer or dispos'd into lesse glas,
 Spirits of vertue, which then scattred was.
 But 'tis not so: w'are not retir'd, but damp't?
 And as our bodies, so our minds are cramp't:
 Tis shrinking, not close weaning that hath thus,
 In minde and body both be-dwarfed vs.
 We seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'vndoe;
 Of nothing he made vs, and we striue too,
 To bring our selues to nothing backe; and we
 Doe what we can, to do't so soone as he.
 With new diseases on our selues we warre,
 And with new Physicke, a worse Engin farre.
 Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperor, in whom
 All faculties, all graces are at home;
 And if in other creatures they appeare,
 They're but mans Ministers, and Legats ther[e],
 To worke on their rebellions, and reduce
 Them to Ciuility, and to mans vse.
 This man, whom God did woo, and loth t'attend
 Till man came vp, did downe to man descend,
 This man so great, that all that is, is his,
 Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is?
 If man were any thing; he's nothing now:
 Helpe, or at least some time to wast, allow
 T'his other wants, yet when he did depart
 With her whom we lament, he lost his heart.
 She, of whom th'Ancients seem'd to prophesie,
 When they call'd vertues by the name of shee,
 She in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
 That for Allay vnto so pure a minde
 She tooke the weaker Sex, she that could driue
 The poysonous tincture, and the stayne of *Eue*,
 Out of her thought, and deedes, and purifie
 All, by a true religious Alchemy;
 See, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is.

And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 The heart being perish'd, [no] part can be free.
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
 The supernaturall food, Religion.
 Thy better growth growes whithered, and scant;
 Be more than man, or thou'rt lesse then an Ant.
 Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame
 Quite out of ioynt, almost created lame:
 For, before God had made vp all the rest,
 Corruption entred, and depraud the best:
 It seis'd the Angels, and then first of all
 The world did in her Cradle take a fall,
 And turn'd her brains, and tooke a generall maim
 Wronging each ioynt of th'vniuersall frame.

*Decay of Nature
 in other parts.*

The noblest part, man, felt it first; and than
 Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of
 man.
 So did the world from the first houre decay,
 That euening was beginning of the day,
 And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,
 Like sonnes of women after fifty bee.
 And new Philosophy calcs all in doubt,
 The Element of fire is quite put out;
 The Sunne is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit
 Can well direct him where to looke for it.
 And freely men confesse that this world's spent,
 When in the Planets, and the Firmament
 They seeke so many new; they see that this
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atomis.
 'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone;
 All iust supply, and all Relation:
 Prince, Subiect, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,
 [F]or euery man alone thinkes he hath got
 To be a Phoenix, and that then can be
 None of that kinde, of which he is, but he.
 This is the worlds condition now, and now
 She that should all parts to reunion bow,
 She that had all Magnetique force alone,
 To draw, and fasten sundred parts in one;
 She whom wise nature had in[u]ented then
 When she obseru'd that euery sort of men
 Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea stray,
 And needed a new compasse for their way;
 Shee that was best, and first originall

Of all faire copies and the generall
 Steward to Fate; shee whose rich eyes, and brest:
 Guilt the West-Indies, and perfum'd the East;
 Whose hauing breath'd in this world, did bestow
 Spice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so,
 And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,
 Is but as single money, coyn'd from her:
 She to whom this world must it selfe refer,
 As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowst how lame a cripple this world is.
 And learnst thus much by our Anatomy,
 That this worlds generall sicknesse doth not lie
 In any humour, or one certaine part;
 But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,
 Thou seest a Hectique feuer hath got hold
 Of the whole substance, not to be contrould.
 And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit
 The worlds infection, to be none of it.
 For the worlds subtill immaterial parts
 Feele this consuming wound, and ages darts.
 [F]or the worlds beauty is decayd, or gone,

*Disformity of
 parts.*

Beauty, that's colour, and proportion.
 We thinke the heauens enjoy their Sphericall
 Their round proportion embracing all.
 But yet their various and perplexed course,
 Obseru'd in diuerse ages doth enforce
 Men to find out so many Eccentrique parts,
 Such diuers downe-right lines, such ouerthwarts,
 As disproportion that pure forme. It teares
 The Firmament in eight and forty sheeres,
 And in these constillations then arise
 New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes:
 As though heau[']n suffered earth quakes, peace or war,
 When new Towers rise, and old demolish't are.
 They haue impayld within a Zodiake
 The free-borne Sun, and keepe twelue signes awake
 To watch his steps; the Goat and Crabbe controule,
 And fright him backe, who els to either Pole,
 (Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might runne:
 For his course is not round; nor can the Sunne
 Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way
 One inche direct; but where he rose to day
 He comes no more, but with a cousening line,

Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:
And seeming weary with his reeling thus,
He meanes to sleepe, being now falne nearer vs.
So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne.
In Circle still, none ends where he begunne.
All their proportion's lame, it sinckes, it swels.
For of Meridians, and Parallels,
Man hath weaued out a net, and this net throwne
Vpon the Heauens, and now they are his owne.
Loth to goe vp the hill, or labour thus
To goe to heauen, we make heauen come to vs.
We spur, we raigne the stars, and in their race
They're diuersly content t'obey our peace,
But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
Doth not a Tenerif, or higher Hill
Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke
The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sinke?
Seas are so deepe, that Whales being strooke to day,
Perchance too morrow, scarce at middle way
Of their wish'd iorneye ende, the bottom, die.
And men, to sound depths, so much line vntie,
As one might iustly thinke, that there would rise
At end thereof, one of th'Antipodies:
If vnder all, a Vault infernall be,
(Which sure is spacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there must
Millions into a strait hot roome be thrust)
Then solidnesse, and roundnesse haue no place.
Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face
Of th'earth? Thinke so: But yet confesse, in this
The worlds proportion disfigured is,
That those two legges whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment are bent awry.
And, Oh, it can no more be questioned,
That beauties best, proportion, is dead,
Since euen grieffe it selfe, which now alone
Is left vs, is without proportion.
Shee by whose lines proportion should bee
Examin'd measure of all Symmetree,
Whom had the Ancient seene, who thought soules made
Of Harmony, he would at next haue said
That Harmony was shee, and thence infer.
That soules were but Resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies goe,
As to our eyes, the formes from obiects flow:

Shee, who if those great Doctors truly said
 That the Arke to mans proportion was made,
 Had beene a type for that, as that might be
 A type of her in this, that contrary
 Both Elements and Passions liu'd at peace
 In her, who cau'd all Ciuill war to cease.
 Shee, after whom, what forme soe're we see,
 Is discord, and rude incongruitee,
 Shee, shee is dead, she's dead; when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowst how vgly a monster this world is:
 And learnest thus much by our Anatomee,
 That here is nothing to enamour thee:
 And that, not onely faults in inward parts,
 Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts.
 Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,
 Endanger us: but that if euery thing
 Be not done fitly'nd in proportion,
 To satisfie wise, and good lookers on,
 (Since most men be such as most thinke they bee)
 They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee.
 For good, and well, must in our actions meete;
 Wicked is not much worse then indiscreet.
 But beauties other second Element,
 Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent.
 And had the world his iust proportion,
 Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.
 As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
 As gold fals sicke being stung with Mercury,
 All the worlds parts of such complexion bee.
 When nature was most busie, the first weeke,
 Swadling the new borne earth God seemd to like,
 That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play,
 To mingle, and vary colours euery day.
 And then, as though she could not make inow
 Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow,
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
 Yet sight hath onely colour to feede on,
 And colour is decayd: summers robe growes
 Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment showes.
 Our blushing redde, which vs'd in cheekes to spred,
 Is inward sunke and onely our soules are redde.
 Perchance the world might haue recouered,
 If shee whom we lament had not bene dead:
 But she, in whom all white, and red, and blew

(Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
 As in an vnnext Paradise; from whom
 Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
 Whose composition was miraculous,
 Being all colour, all Diaphanous,
 (For Ayre, and Fire but thinke grosse bodies were,
 And liueliest stones but drowsie, and pale to her,)
 Shee, shee, is dead; she's dead: when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowest how wan a Ghost this our world is:
 And learnst thus much by our Anatomie,
 That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.
 And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,
 'Tis now but wicked vanitie to thinke,

To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
 Or with bought colors to illude mens sense.
 Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares,
 Then that her influence the heau'n forbears,
 Or that the Elements doe not feele this,
 The father, or the mother barren is.
 The clouds conceiue not raine, or doe not powre
 In the due birth-time, down the balmy showre.
 Th'Ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,
 To hatch her seasons, and giue all things birth.
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are toombes,
 And false conceptions fill the generall wombes.
 Th'ayre shoues such Meteors, as none can see,
 Not onely what they meane, but what they bee.
 Earth such new wormes, as would haue troubled much,
 Th'Egyptian *Mages* to haue made more such.
 What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
 Heauen hither, or constellate any thing,
 So as the influence of those starres may bee
 Imprisoned in an Hearbe, or Charme, or Tree.
 And doe by touch, all which those starres could doe?
 The art is lost, and correspondence too.
 For heauen giues little, and the earth takes lesse,
 And man least knowes their trades and purposes.
 If this commerce twixt heauen and earth were not
 Embarr'd, and all this trafique quite forgot,
 Shee, for whose losse we haue lamented thus,
 Would worke more fully and pow'rfully on vs.
 Since herbes and roots by dying, lose not all,
 But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall,
 Death could not quench her vertue so, but that

*Weakenesse in
 the vvant of
 correspondence
 of heauen &
 earth.*

It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
 And all the world would be one dying Swan,
 To sing her generall praise, and vanish than.
 But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,
 Except it be from the liue Serpent shot,
 So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
 That unto vs; she working more then it.
 But she, in whom, to such maturity,
 Verue was grown, past gtrouth, that it must die,
 She from whose influence all Impresion came,
 But by receiuers impotencies, lame,
 Who, though she could not transubstantiate
 All states to gold, yet gilded euery state,
 So that some Princes haue some temperance;
 Some Counsellors some purpose to aduance
 The common profite; and some people haue
 Some stay, no more then Kings should giue, to craue;
 Some women haue some taciturnity,
 Some Nunneries, some graines of chastity.
 She that did thus much, & much more could doe,
 But that our age was Iron, and rusty too,
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowest how drie a Cinder this world is.
 And learnst thus much by our Anatomy,
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie
 It with thy Teares, or Sweat, or Blood: no thing
 Is worth our trauaile, grieffe, or perishing,
 But those rich ioyes, which did possesse her heart,
 Of which shee's now partaker, and a part.

Conclusion.

But as in cutting vp a man that's dead,
 The body will not last out to haue read
 On euery part, and therefore men direct
 Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
 So the worlds carcasse would not last, if I
 Were punctuall in this Anatomy.
 Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell
 Them their disease, who faine would thinke they're well.
 Here therefore be the end: And, blessed maid,
 Of whom is meant what euer hath beene said,
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
 Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song,
 Accept this tribute, and his first yeeres rent,
 Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,
 As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,

Will yeerely celebrate thy second birth,
That is, thy death. For though the soule of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than
When man doth die, Our bodi's as the wombe,
And as a Mid-wife death directs it home.
And you her creatures, whom she workes vpon
And haue your last, and best concoction
From her example, and her vertue, if you
In reuerence to her, doe thinke it due,
That no one should her prayes thus rehearse,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse,
Vouchsafe to call to minde, that God did make
A last, and lastingst peece, a song. He spake
To *Moses*, to deliuer vnto all,
That song: because he knew they would let fall,
The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
But keepe the song still in their memory.
Such an opinion (in due measure) made
Me this great Office boldly to inuade.
Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre
Me, from thus trying to emprison her.
Which when I saw that a strict graue could doe,
I saw not why verse might not doe so too.
Verse hath a middle nature: Heauen keepes soules,
The Graue keepes bodies, Verse the same enroules.

A F V N E R A L L E L E G I E.

*T*Is lost, to trust a Toombe with such a guhest,
*O*r to confine her in a Marble chest.
*A*las, what's Marble, Ieat, or Porphiry,
*P*riz'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,
*O*r with those Pearles, and Rubies which shee was?
*I*oyne the two Indies in one Toombe, 'tis glas;
*A*nd so is all to her materials,
*T*hough euery inche were ten'escurials.
*Y*et shee's demolished: Can we keepe her then
*I*n workes of hands, or of the wits of men?
*C*an these memorials, ragges of paper, giue

*Life to that name, by which name they must liue?
Sickly, alas, short liu'd, aborted bee
Those Carkas verses, whose soule is not shee.
And can shee, who no longer would be shee,
Being such a Tabernacle, stoope to bee
In paper wrapt; Or, when shee would not lie
In such a house, dwell in an Elegie?
But 'tis no matter; we may well allow
Verse to liue so long as the world will now
For her death wounded it. The world containes
Princes for armes, and Counsailors for braines,
Lawyers for tongues, Diuines for hearts, and more,
The Rich for stomachs, and for backes the Poore;
The officers for hands, Merchants for feet
By which remote and distant Countries meet.
But those fine spirits which doe tune and set
This Organ, are those peeces which beget
Wonder and loue; And these were shee; and shee
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee.
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,
Except the world it selfe, so great as shee.
Thus braue and confident may Nature bee,
Death cannot giue her such another blow,
Because shee cannot such another show.
But must we say shee's dead? May't not be said
That as a sundred Clocke is peece-meale laid,
Not to be lost, but by the makers hand
Repolish'd, without error then to stand,
Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs
It selfe into the earth, and after comes,
(Hauing first made a naturall bridge, to passe
For many leagues,) farre greater than it was,
May't not be said, that her graue shall restore
Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?
Heauen may say this, and ioy in't; but can wee
Who liue, and lacke her, here this vantage see?
What is't to vs, alas, if there haue beene
An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin?
We lose by't: And as aged men are glad
Being tastlesse growne, to ioy in ioyes they had,
So now the sicke staru'd world must feed vpon
This ioy, that we had her, who now is gone.
Reioyce then nature, and this world, that you
Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue*

*Your force and vigor, ere it were neere gone,
Wisely bestow'd, and laid it all on one.
One, whose cleare body was so pure, and thin,
Because it need disguise no thought within.
T'was but a through-light scarfe; her minde t'enroule,
Or exhalation breath'd out from her soule.
One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd,
And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;
As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
To which of them, it shall be consecrate.
But as when Heauen lookes on vs with new eyes,
Those new starres euery Artist exercise,
What place they should assigne to them they doubt.
Argue, and agree not, till those starres goe out:
So the world studied whose this peece should be,
Till she can be no bodies else, nor shee:
But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd
Rather t'adorne, then last, shee soone expir'd;
Cloathed in her Virgin white integrity;
For mariage, though it doe not staine, doth dye.
To scape th'infirmities which waite vpon
Woman, shee went away, before sh'was one.
And the worlds busie noyse to ouercome,
Tooke so much death, as seru'd for opium.
For though she could not, nor could chuse to die,
Shee'ath yeilded to too long an Extasie.
He which not knowing her said History,
Should come to read the booke of Destinie,
How faire and chaste, humble and high shee'ad beene,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteene,
And measuring future things, by things before,
Should turne the leafe to read, and read no more,
Would thinke that either destinie mistooke,
Or that some leaues were torne out of the booke.
But 'tis not so: Fate did but Vsher her
To yeares of Reasons vse, and then infer
Her destinie to her selfe, which libertie
Shee tooke but for thus much, thus much to die.
Her mosdesty not suffering her to bee
Fellow-Commissioner with destinee,
She did no more but die, if after her
Any shall liue, which dare true good prefer,
Euery such person is her deligate,
T'accomplish that which should haue beene her fate.
They shall make vp that booke, and shall haue thanks*

*Of fate and her, for filling vp their blankes.
For future vertuous deeds are Legacies.
Which from the gift of her example rise.
And 'tis in heau'n part of spirituall mirth,
To see how well, the good play her, on earth[.]*

The Second Anniversarie.

OF
THE PROGRES
of the Soule.

Wherein,
BY OCCASION OF
The Religious death of Mistris
ELIZABETH DRVRY,
the incommodities of the Soule
in this life, and her exaltation in
the next, are Contem-
plated.

L O [N] D O N

Printed by *A. Mathewes* for *Tho: Dewe*, and are
to be sold at his shop in *Saint Dunstons Church-*
yard in *Fleetestreete*. 1621.

THE HARBINGER
to the Progresse.

*Two soules moue here, and mine (a third) must moue
Paces of admiration, and of loue;
Thy soule (Deare Virgin) whose this tribute is,
Mou'd from this mortall sphere to liuely blisse,*

*And yet moues still, and still aspires to see
The worlds last day, thy glories full degree:
Like as those starres which thou ore-lookest farre,
Are in their place, and yet still moued are
No soule (whiles with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way;
Or see thy flight; which doth our thoughts outgoe
So fast, that now the lightning moues but slow:
But now thou art as high in heauen flowne
As heau'ns from vs; what soule besides thine owne
Can tell thy ioyes, or say he can relate
Thy glorious Iornals in that blessed state?
I enuie thee (Rich soule) I enuy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory see:
And thou (Great spirit) which her's follow'd hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast;
So farre as none can follow thine so farre,
(And if this flesh did not the passage barre
Had'st caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
Which long agone had'st lost the vulgar sight
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee les'ned in thine aery way;
So while thou mak'st her soule by progresse knowne
Thou mak'st a noble progresse of thine owne.
From this worlds carcasse hauing mounted hie
To that pure life of Immortalitie;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselues so raise
That more may not beseeme a creatures praise,
Yet still thou vow'st her more; and euery yeare
Mak'st a new Progresse, while thou wandrest here;
Still vpward mount; and let thy makers praise
Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy laies.
And since thy Mus[es] head in heauen shrouds
Oh let her neuer stoope below the clouds:
And if those glorious sainted soules may know
Or what we doe, or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs shall still content them best
Which praise those awfull powers that make them blest.*

The second Anniuersary

O F

THE PROGRES

of the Soule.

Nothing could make me sooner to confesse.

The entrance.

That this world had an euerlastingnesse,
Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower worlds, and the Sunnes, Sunne,
The Lustre, and the vigor of this All,
Did set; t'were Blasphemy, to say, did fall.
But as a ship which hath strooke saile, doth runne,
By force of that force which before, it wonne:
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red seas, which freely ran,
One from the Trunke, another from the Head,
His soule he saild, to her eternall bed,
His eies will twinckle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckned, and cal'd backe his Soul,
He graspes his hands, and he puls vp his feet,
And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soule; when all these motions which we saw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:
Or as a lute, which in moist weather, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings.
So struggles this dead world, now shee is gone;
For there is motion in corruption.
As some Daies are, at the Creation nam'd,
Before the Sunne, the which fram'd Daies, was fram'd,
So after this Sunnes set some show appeares,
And orderly vicissitude of yeares.
Yet a new Deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
Hath drown'vs all, All haue forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the m[ai]ne Reserue of all,
Yet in this Deluge, grosse and generall,
Thou seest me striue for life; my life shall be,
To bee hereafter prais'd, for praying thee,
Immortall Maid, who though thou wouldst refuse
The name of Mother, be vnto my Muse,
A Father since her chaste ambition is,
Yearely to bring forth such a child as this.
These Hymnes may worke on future wits, and so

May great Grand-children of thy praises grow.
And so, though not Reuiue, enbalme, and spice
The world which else would putrifie with vice.
For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
Vntill man doe but vanish, and not die.
These Hymns they issue, may encrease so long,
As till Gods great *Venite* change the song.
Thirst for that time, O my initiate soule,

And serue thy thirst, with Gods safe-sealing
Bowle.

Bee thirsty still, and drinke still till thou goe;
To th'onely Health, to be Hydroptique so.
Forget this rotten world; And vnto thee,
Let thine owne times as an old story be[.]
Be not concern'd: study not why, nor whan;
Doe not so much, as not beleeeue a man.
For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth,
Is far more busines, then this world is worth.
The world is but a carcasse; thou art fed
By it, but as a worme, that carcas bred;
And why shouldst thou, poore worme, consider more,
When this world will grow better then before,
Then those thy fellow-wormes doe thinke vpone
That carcasses last resurrectione.
Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,
As of old cloaths, cast off a yeere agoe.
To be thus stupid as Alacrity;
Men thus lethargique haue best Memory.
Looke vpward; that's towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulate.
Shee, to whom all this world twas but a stage,
Where all sat harkning how her youthfull age
Should be emploid, because in all, shee did,
Some Figure of the Golden times, was hid.
Who could not lacke, what ere this world could giue,
Because shee was the forme, that made it liue;
Nor could complaine, that this world was vnfit,
To be staid in, then when shee was in it;
Shee that first tried indifferent desires
By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,
Shee to whose person Paradise adhear'd,
As Courts to Princes, she whose eies enspheard
Star-light inough, t'haue made the South controll,
(Had shee beene there) the Starfull Northern Pole,

*A iust dis-
estimation of this
vworld.*

Shee, shee is gone; shee is gone; when thou knowest this,
What fragmentary rubbidge this world is.
Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinkes it nought.
Thinke then, My soule, that death is but a Groome,

*Contemplation of
our state in our
death-bed.*

Which brings a Taper to the outward roome,
Whence thou spiest first a glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight:
For such approaches doth heauen make it in death.
Thinke thy selfe labouring now with broken breath,
And thinke those broken & soft Notes to bee
Diuisiion, and thy happiest Harmoniee.
Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke;
And thinke that but vnbinding of a packe,
To take one precious thing, thy soule, from thence.
Thinke thy selfe parch'd with feuers violence,
Anger thine Ague more, by calling it
Thy Physicke; chide the slacknes of the fit.
Thinke that thou hear'st thy knell, and thinke no more,
But that, as Bels cal'd thee to Church before,
So this, to the Triumphant Church, cals thee.
Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,
And thinke that but for Legcies they thrust;
Giue one thy Pride, to 'another giue thy Lust:
Giue them those sinnes which they gaue before,
And trust th'immaculate blood to wash thy score.
Thinke thy friends weeping round, and thinke that thay
Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way.
Thinke they confesse much in the world, amisse
Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,
Which they from God, and Angels couer not.
Thinke that they shourd thee vp, and thinke from thence
They reinuest thee in white innocence.
Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so lowe,
Thy soule exhalted so, thy thoughts can goe.)
Thinke thee a Prince, who of themselues create
Wormes which insensibly deuoure their state.
Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right
Laies thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucies night.
Thinke these things cheerfully: and if thou bee
Drowsie or slacke, remember then that shee,
She whose Complexion was so euen made,
That which of her Ingredients should inuade
The other three, no Feare, no Art could guesse:

So farre were all remou'd from more or lesse.
 But as in Mithridate, or iust perfumes,
 Where all good things being met, no one presumes
 To gouerne, or to triumph on the rest,
 Onely because all were, no part was best.
 And as, though all doe know, that quantities
 Are made of lines, and lines from Points arise,
 None can these lines or quantities vnioynt,
 And say this is a line, or this a point,
 So though the Elements and Humors were
 In her, one could not say, this gouerns there.
 Whose euen constitution might haue worne
 Any disease to venter on the Sunne,
 Rather then her: and make a spirit feare
 That he to disuniting subiect were.
 To whose proportions if we would compare
 Cubes, th'are vnstable, Circles, Angulare,
 Shee who was such a Chaine, as Fate emploies
 To bring mankind, all Fortunes it enioyes,
 So fast, so euen wrought, as one would thinke,
 No accident, could threaten any linke,
 Shee, shee embrac'd a sicknesse, gaue it meat,
 The purest Blood, and Breath, that ere it eat.
 And hath taught vs that though a good man hath
 Title to Heauen, and plead it by his Faith,
 And though he may pretend a conquest, since
 Heauen was content to suffer violence,
 Yea though he plead a long possession too,
 (For they're in heauen on earth, who heauens workes do,)
 Though he had right, & power and place before,
 Yet Death must vs her, and vnlocke the doore.
 Thinke further on thy selfe, my soule, and thinke;
 How thou at first was made but in a sinke;
 Thinke that it argued some infermitee,
 That those two soules, which then thou foundst in mee,
 Thou fedst upon, and drewst into thee, both
 My second soule of sence, and first of growth.
 Thinke but how poore thou wast, how obnoxious;
 Whom a small lumpe of flesh could poyson thus.
 This curded milke, this poore vnlittered whelpe
 My body, could, beyond escape, or helpe,
 Infect thee with originall sinne, and thou
 Couldst neither then refuse, nor leaue it now.
 Thinke that no stubborne sullen Anchorit,
 Which fixt to'a Pillar, or a Graue doth sit

Bedded and Bath'd in all his Ordures, dwels
So fowly as our soules, in their first-built Cels.
Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie
After, enabled but to sucke, and crie.
Thinke, when t'was growne to most, t'was a poore Inne,
A Prouince Pack'd vp in two yards of skinne.
And that vsurped, or threatned with the rage
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age.
But thinke that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,

*Her liberty by
death.*

Thou hast thy'expansion now and libertee;
Thinke that a rusty Peece, discharg'd, is flowen
In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,
And freely flies: This to thy soule allow,
Thinke thy sheell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but now.
And think this slow-pac'd soule, which late did cleaue,
To a'body, and went but by the bodies leaue,
Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a day,
Dispatches in a minute all the way,
Twixt Heauen, and Earth: shee staies not in the Ayre,
To looke what Meteors there themselues prepare;
Shee carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether th'Ayrs middle Region be intense,
For th'Element of fire, shee doth not know,
Whether shee past by such a place or no;
Shee baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie,
Whether in that new world, men liue, and die.
Venus recards her not, to'enquire, now shee
Can, (being one Star) Hesper, and Vesper bee,
Hee that charm'd Argus eyes, sweet Mercury,
Workes not on her, who now is growen al Ey;
Who, if shee meete the body of the Sunne,
Goes through, not staying till his course be runne;
Who finds in Mars his Campe, no corps of Guard;
Nor is by Ioue, nor by his father bard;
But ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at, and through the Firmament.
And as these starres were but so many beades
Strunge on one string, speed vndistinguish'd leades
Her through those spheares, as through the beades, a string,
Whose quicke succession makes it still one thing:
As doth the Pith, which, least our Bodies slacke,
Strings fast the little bones of necke, and backe;
So by the soule doth death string Heauen and Earth.
For when our soule enjoyes this her third birth,

(Creation gaue her one, a second, grace,)
 Heauen is as neare, and present to her face,
 As colours are, and obiects, in a roome
 Where darkenesse was before, when Tapers come.
 This must, my soule, thy long-short Progresse bee;
 To'aduance these thoughts, remember then, that shee
 Shee, whose faire body no such prison was,
 But that a soule might well be pleas'd to passe
 An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent
 Mintage to others beauties, for they went
 But for so much, as they were like to her;
 Shee, in whose body (if we dare prefer
 This low world, to so high a marke, as shee,)
 The Westerne treasure, Esterne spiceree,
 Europe, and Afrique, and the vnknownen rest
 Were easily found, or what in them was best;
 And when w'haue made this large Discoueree.
 Of all in her some one part then will bee
 Twenty such patts, whose plenty and riches is
 Inough to make twenty such worlds as this,
 Shee, whom they had knowne who did first betroth
 The Tutelar Angel, and assigned one, both
 To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
 To Fu[n]ctions, Offices, and Dignities,
 And to each seuerall man, to him, and him,
 They would haue giuen her one for euey limme;
 Shee, of whose soule, if we may say, t'was Gold,
 Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold
 Many degrees of that; (we vnderstood
 Her by the sight, her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought,
 That one might almost say, her body thought,
 Shee, shee, thus richly, & largely hous'd, is gone:
 & chides vs slow-pac'd snailes who crawl vpon
 Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke vs well
 Longer, then whil'st we beare our brittle shell.
 But t'were but little to haue chang'd our roome,

If, as we were in this our liuing Toombe
 Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so,
 Poore soule in this thy flesh what do'st thou
 know.

Thou know[']st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not,
 How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
 Thou neither know'st, how thou at first came in,

*Her ignorance in
 this life and
 knowvledge in the
 next.*

Nor how thou took'st the poyson of mans sin.
 Nor dost thou, (though thou knowst, that thou art so)
 By what way thou art made immortall, know.
 Thou art to narrow, wretch, to comprehend
 Euen thy selfe: yea though thou wouldst but bend
 To know thy body. Haue not all soules thought
 For many ages, that our body'is wrought
 Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements?
 And now they thinke of new ingredients.
 And one soule thinkes one, and another way
 Another thinkes, and ty's an euen lay.
 Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
 The bladders Caue, and neuer brake the skin?
 Knowst thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
 Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe?
 And for the putrid stuffe, which thou dost spit,
 Knowst how thy lungs haue attracted it?
 There are no passages so that there is
 (For ought thou knowst) piercing of substances.
 And of those many opinions which men raise
 Of Nayles and Haires, dost thou know which to praise?
 What hope haue we to know our selves, when we
 Know not the least things, which for our vse be?
 We see in Authors, too stiffe to recant.
 A hundred controuersies of an Ant.
 And yet one watches, starues, freeses, and sweats,
 To know but Catechismes and Alphabets
 Of vnconcerning things, matters of fact;
 How others on our stage their parts did Act;
 What *Cæsar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said.
 Why grasse is greene, or why our blood is red,
 Are mysteries which none haue reach'd vnto.
 In this low forme, poore soule what wilt thou doe?
 When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
 Of being thought by sense, and Fantasy
 Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seeme great,
 Below; But vp vnto the watch-towre get,
 And see all things despoyle of fallacies:
 Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eies,
 Nor heare through Laberinth of eares, nor learne
 By circuit, or collections to discern.
 In heauen thou straight know'st all, concerning it,
 And what concerns it not, shall straight forget.
 There thou (but in no other schoole) maist bee
 Perchance, as learned, and as full, as shee,

Shee who all Libraries had throughly red
At home, in her own thoughts, and practised
So much good as would make as many more:
Shee whose example they must all implore,
Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse
That aie the vertuous Actions they expresse,
Are but a new, and worse edition,
Of her some one thought, or one action:
Shee, who in th'Art of knowing Heauen, was growen
Here vpon Earth, to such perfection,
That shee hath, euer since to Heauen shee came,
(In a far fairer point,) but read the same:
Shee, shee, not satisfied withall this waite,
(For so much knowledge, as would ouer-fraite
Another, did but Ballast her) is gone,
As well t'enioy, as get perfectione.
And cals vs after her, in that shee tooke,
(Taking her selfe) our best, and worthiest booke.
Returne not, my soule, from this extasee,

And meditation of what thou shalt bee,
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,
With whom thy conuersation must be there.
With whom wilt thou Conuerse? what station
Canst thou choose out, free from infection,
That will not giue thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?
Shalt thou not finde a spungy slacke Diuine
Drinke and sucke in th'Instructions of Great men,
And for the word of God, vent them agen?
Are there not some Courts, (And then, no things bee
So like as Courts) which, in this let vs see,
That wits and tongues of Libellars are weake,
Because they doe more ill, then these can speake?
The poyson'is gone though all, poysons affect
Chiefly the cheefest parts, but some effect
In Nailes, and Haires, yea excrements, will show,
So wise the poyson of sinne, in the most low.
Vp vp, my drowsie soule, where thy new eare
Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare;
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Ioy in not being that, which men haue said.
Where shee is exalted more for being good,
Then for her interest, of mother-hood.
Vp to those Patriarckes, which did longer sit
Expecting Christ, then they haue enioy'd him yet.

*Of our company
in this life and in
the next.*

Vp to those Prophets, which now gladly see
 Their Propheties growen to be Historee.
 Vp to th'Apostles, who did brauely runne,
 All the Suns course, with more light then the Sunne.
 Vp to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
 Oyle to th'Apostles lamps, dew to their seed.
 Vp to those Virgins, who thoughts that almost
 They made ioyntenants with the Holy Ghost,
 If they to any should his Temple giue.
 Vp, vp, for in that squadron there doth liue
 Shee, who hath carried thether, new degrees
 Shee coynd, in this, that her impressions gaue
 To all our actions all the worth they haue:
 Shee gaue protections; the thoughts of her brest
 Satans rude Officers could nere arrest.
 As these prerogatiues being met in one,
 Made her a Church; and these two made her all.
 Shee who was all this All, and could not fall
 To worse, by company; (for she was still
 More Antidote, then all the world was ill,
 Shee, shee doth leaue it, and by Death, suruiue
 (As to their number) to their dignities.
 Shee, who being to her selfe, a state enioyd
 All royalties which any state emloyd,
 For shee made wars, and triumph'd, reason still
 Did not ouerthrow, but rectifie her will:
 And shee made peace, for no peace is like this,
 That beauty and chastity together kisse:
 Shee did high iustice; for shee crucified
 Euery first motion of rebellious pride:
 And shee gaue pardons, and was liberall,
 For, onely her selfe except, shee pardond all:
 All this, in Heauen; whether who doth not striue
 The more, because shee's there, he doth not know
 That accidentall ioyes in Heauen doe grow.

But pause, My soule, and study ere thou fall
 On accidentall ioyes, th'essentiall.
 Still before Accessories doe abide
 A triall, must the principall be tride.
 And what essentiall ioy canst thou expect
 Here vpon earth? what permanent effect
 Of transitory causes? Dost thou loue
 Beauty? (And Beauty worthy'st is to moue)
 Poore couse'ned cose'nor, that she, and that thou,

*Of essentiall ioy
 in this life and in
 the next.*

Which did begin to liue, are neither now.
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
 Next day repaires, (but ill) last dayes decay.
 Nor are, (Although the riuer keepe the name)
 Yesterdayes waters, and to daies the same.
 So flowes her face, & thine eies, neither now
 That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your louing row
 Concern'd, remaines, but whil'st you thinke you bee
 Constant, you're houely in inconstancee.
 Honour may haue pretence vnto our loue,
 Because that God did liue so long aboute
 Without this Honour, and then lou'd it so,
 That he at last made Creatures to bestow
 Honour on him; not that he needed it,
 But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit.
 But since all honours from inferiours flow,
 (For they doe giue it; Princes doe but show
 Whom they would haue so honord) and that this
 On such opinions, and capacities
 Is built, as rise, and fall, to more and lesse,
 Alas, tis but a casuall happinesse.
 Hath euer any man to'himselfe assigned
 This or that happiness, to'arrest his minde,
 But that another man, which takes a worse,
 Thinke him a foole for hauing tane that course?
 They who did labour Babels tower to'erec't,
 Might haue considered, that for that effect,
 All this whole solid Earth could not allow
 Nor furnish forth Materials enow;
 And that his Center, to raise such a place
 Was farre too little, to haue bene the Base;
 No more affords this worlds, foundatione
 To erect true ioye, were all the meanes in one.
 But as the Heathen made them seuerall gods,
 Of all Gods Benefits, and all his Rods,
 (For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are
 Gods vnto them, so Agues bee, and warre)
 And as by changing that whole precious Gold
 To such small copper coyne, they lost the old,
 And lost their onely God, who euer must
 Be fought alone, and not in such a thrust,
 So much mankind true happinesse mistakes;
 No Ioye enioyes that man, that many makes.
 Then, soule, to thy first pitch worke vpon againe;
 Know that all lines which circles doe containe,

For once that they the Center touch, doe touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou such.
Double on heauen, thy thoughts on earth emloid;
All will not serue; Onely who haue enioyd
The sight of God, in fulnesse, can thinke it;
For it is both the obiect, and the wit.
This is essentiall ioye, where neither hee
Can suffer Diminution, nor wee;
Tis such a full, and such a filling good;
Had th'Angels once look'd on him, they had stood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
Shee whom we celebrate, is gone before.
Shee, who had Here so much essentiall ioy.
As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy;
Who with Gods presence was acquainted so,
(Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
His face, in any naturall Stone, or Tree,
Better then when in Images they bee:
Who kept by diligent deuotion,
Gods Image, in such reparation,
Within her heart, that what decay was growen,
Was her first Parents fault, and not her own:
Who being solicited to any Act,
Still heard God pleading his safe precontract;
Who by a faithfull confidence, was here
Betrothed to God, and now is married there,
Whose twilights were more cleare, then our mid-day,
Who dreamt deuoutlier, then most vse to pray;
Who being here fild with grace, yet stroue to bee,
Both where more grace, & more capacitee
At once is giuen: she to Heauen is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heauen, and here, became vnto vs all,
Ioye, (as our ioyes admit) essentiall.
But could this low world ioyes essentiall touch,

Heauens accidentall ioies would passe them
much.

How poore and lame, must then our casuall bee?
If thy Prince will his subiects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than,
By being a greater, growen to be lesse Man,
When no Physician of Reders can speake,
A ioyfull casuall violence may breake
A dangerous Apostem in thy brest;

*Of accidental
ioyes in both
places.*

And whilst thou ioyest in this, the dangerous rest,
 The bag may rise vp, and so strangle thee.
 What eye was casuall, may euer bee.
 What should the Nature change? Or make the same
 Cer[t]a[i]ne, which was but casuall, when it came?
 All casuall ioye doth loud and plainly say,
 Onely by comming, that it can away.
 Onely in Heauen ioies strength is neuer spent;
 And accidentall things are permanent.
 Ioy of a soules arriuall neere decaies;
 For that soule euer ioyes & euer staies.
 Ioy that their last great Consummation
 Approches in the resurrection;
 When earthly bodies more celestiaall
 Shalbe, then Angels were, for they could fall;
 This kind of ioy doth euery day admit
 Degrees of grouth, but none of loosing it.
 In this fresh ioy, tis no small part, that shee,
 Shee, in whose goodnesse, he that names degree,
 Doth iniure her; (Tis losse to be cald best,
 There where the stufte is not such as the rest)
 Shee, who left such a body, as euen shee
 Onely in Heauen could learne, how it can bee
 Made better; for shee rather was two soules,
 Or like to full, on both sides written Rols,
 Where eies might read vpon the outward skin,
 As strong Records for God, as mindes within,
 Shee, who by making a full perfection grow,
 Peeces a Circle, and still keepes it so,
 Long'd for, and longing for'it, to heauen is gon,
 Where shee receiues, and giues addition.

Conclusion.

Here in a place, where mis-deuotion frames
 A thousand praiers to Saints, whose very names
 The ancient Church knew not, Heauen knowes not yet,
 And where, what lawes of Poetry admit,
 Lawes of Religion, haue at least the same,
 Immortall Maid, I might in[u]oke thy name.
 Could any Saint prouoke that appetit,
 Thou here shouldst make mee a french conuertite.
 But thou wouldst not; nor wouldst thou be content,
 To take this, for my second yeeres true Rent,
 Did this Coine beare any other stampe, then his,
 That gaue thee power to doe me, to say this.
 Since his will is, that to posteritee,

Thou shouldest for life, & death, a patterne bee,
And that the world should notice haue of this,
The purpose, and th'Authority is his;
Thou art the Proclamation, and I ame
The Trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

FINIS.



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