ISHAM REPRINTS.

No. 1.
SHAKESPEARE'S VENUS AND ADONIS.
From a hitherto-unknown Edition. 1599.—
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, by
SHAKESPEARE. 1599.—EPIGRAMMES, by
SIR JOHN DAVIES; and OVID'S ELEGIES,
by MARLOWE.

No. 2.
NEWES OUT OF POWLES CHURCH-
YARDE...Written in English Satyrs. 'By
E. HAKE. 1579.

No. 3.
BRETON (NICHOLAS). NO WHIPPINGE,
NOR TRIPPINGE: BUT A KINDE
FRIENDLY SNIPPINGE. 1601.

No. 4.
SOUTHWELL (ROBERT). A FOVRE-
FOYLD MEDITATION OF THE
FOURE LAST THINGS. 1606.
THE ISHAM REPRINTS.

No. 4.

A FOVRE-FOVLD MEDITATION.

BY R. S.

1606.
A Fovre-Fovld Meditation,

Of the foure last things:

viz.

1. Hour of Death.
2. Day of Judgement.
3. Paines of Hell.
4. Ioyes of Heauen.

Shewing the estate of the Elect and Reprobate:

COMPOSED IN A DIVINE POEME

BY R. S.

The author of S. Peters complaint.

[ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.]

Imprinted at London by G. Eld: for Francis Burton. 1606.

WITH A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE

BY CHARLES EDMONDS;

EDITOR OF THE "ISHAM SHAKESPEARE;" "BASILICON DORON OF K. JAMES I.;"
"HAKE'S NEWES OUT OF POWLES CHURCHYARDE;"
"THE PYTCHLEY HUNT, PAST AND PRESENT, BY H. O. NETHERCOTE."

PUBLISHED BY

ELKIN MATHEWS,

VIGO STREET, LONDON.

MDCCXC.
A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE BY THE DISCOVERER AND EDITOR.

As the merits of Southwell, both as a Poet and a Martyr, have been continually eulogized by Catholics and Protestants alike, it is unnecessary to dilate upon them here. My intention is, therefore, to address myself only to the discovery and subsequent adventures of the interesting Tractate, now for the first time submitted to the notice of the public.

It was one among many of the valuable works of Old English Poetry and Prose of the Elizabethan and Jacobean ages which I discovered at Lamport Hall in September, 1867, and the circumstances under which it was brought to light, and its author's identity proved, are so uncommon that they might form a chapter in a Romance of Bibliography. The facts are these:

After the issue of Nos. 1 and 2 of the "Isham Reprints," which were the hitherto-unknown edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" of 1599, and Hake's rare "Newes out of Powles Churchyarde" of 1579, the next volume of which I recommended the publication was "A Foure-fould Meditation of the Foure Laft Thinges; composed in a Divine Poeme. By R. S., the author of S. Peters Complaint," London, 1606, if the missing portion of the
viii  A Bibliographical Note.

poem could be found, for I had only a flight fragment containing the first eight leaves alone; but these were precious, as in addition to the first 35 stanzas, they gave, not only a Dedication by W. H.\(^1\) (himself a literary discoverer) in these striking words:

"Long haue they lien hidden in obscuritie, and happily [haplie] had neuer feene the light, had not a meere accident conuayed them to my hands," etc.; but also, most fortunately, the Title-page, for it revealed the name of the illustrious author.

I therefore sent a communication at the end of October, 1873 (inserted November 1), to the "Athenæum," which, from its high character and world-wide circulation, was most likely to effect my object. Nor was I disappointed, for a few days after I received the following note:

"St. Mary's College,
"Oscott, Birmingham.
"Nov. 8, 1873.

"Dear Sir,
"Would you kindly tell me whether the fragment of the poem of Southwell which you have discovered begins thus:

'O wretched man which loveft earthlie thinges
And to this worlde haft made thyselfe a thrall.'

"This is the first stanza of a poem which we have here at the Coll. in MS., and if I can identify it as

\(^1\) I have always presumed this "W. H." to be the same "W. H." who gave Shakespeare's Sonnets to the world three years after the present work was issued from the press of the same printer, George Eld.
A few days later I received the following letter from the President, who, after expressing his regret at not being able to see me when I called owing to press of business, continues thus: "Mr. Sole has explained to me your wish to publish the whole of this poem of Southwell's; and as you have been the means of identifying the poem as his, I think it is only fair that you should receive every help we can give you in carrying out your desire. I therefore will send you the MS. tomorrow, trusting with confidence to your taking all possible care of it, and returning it to us as soon as you have transcribed this poem. Yours truly, J. Spencer Northcote."

This was the title under which the "Fourefoulf Meditation" was concealed; probably for sufficient prudential reasons: "Sartaine moste holsome & necessarie considerations, or meditations verye meete and convenyent (for all degrees) and att all tymes to be duelye considered of and had in Remembrance To withdrawe our affections from this vaine & wicked worlde, to the desire of Heaven and heavenlye things. Reade with good advisement."
A Bibliographical Note.

The volume consists of 180 leaves, and at the beginning of the MS. is this: "The Epiftel Dedicatorie. To the right worshipfull Mr. Thomas Knevett Esquire, Peter Mowle wisheth the perpetuity of true felicitie, the health of bodie and soule with continewance of worshipp in this worlde, And after Death the participation of Heavenlie happines dewringe all worldes for ever." Among other pieces in the volume are:

"A brief Catachism of Christian Doctrine, compiled by Lawrence Vaux, Bachelor of Divinitie, 1583," 41 leaves.
[Of the family of Baron Vaux of Harrowden, which title, created in 1524, is now extint, but revived in the person of Lord Chancellor Brougham in 1830, whose ancestor married Jane Vaux.]
Peter Mowle his Looking Glasses.
Certaine of Alabasters his Meditations. Anno 1597. 13 stanzas of 14 lines each.
Defiderius, or the readie way to the Love of God. Written in Dialogue wise, under learned and pleasaunt Allegories. First put forth in the Spanishe tongue and after translated into Latin: and now lately into Englishe for the behoofe of the devout of our nation by I. G. Prisoner. In prose: 28 closely-written leaves.
[The famous Father John Gerard, author of "The Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, who fled with Southwell when pursuied by four Priest-hunters or pursuivants.]
Sartaine Godlye and devout Vereses of the passion of our Lord and Savyor Jesu Chrift, the Lamentation of our bleffed Ladie (in Latin Stabat Mater dolorosa, &c.) the fiftene misteries of the Rosarie of our Ladie in verse, with dyverfe other godly prayers and devoute matters sett forth by S. W. and dedycated to the vertuous Ladie Pawlett.
The Discourse of the Martirdome of Mrs. Margarett Clytherowe; a.d. 1586.
Vereses given for a New Yeares Gift in Anno 1592 to the Ladie Vifcountis Hereford of Parham.
Verfes of the Earthquake which happened on the 24th day of December 1601.

The Anatomie of Pride made by mee P.M. 1602.

A devout and godly prayer made by the most excelent and godlye Queene, Queene Marye.


At end: "Peter Mowld, Junior, oweth this Booke. Wittnesse Edmond Mould. 1605." While the witness calls himself Mould, the owner ues indifferently the names Mowld and Mowldc. He describes himself as of Attelbrouge, and of his being in 1589 in his 35th year.

The dated pieces range from 1590 to 1606.

The Osscott MS. is not followed in the present reprint for the following reasons: it contains only 118 stanzas, while that in the Rawlinson collection in the Bodleian contains 126; the additional ones being Nos. 42 and 63 to 69. Not only is the order of stanzas 13 and 14 different, but they vary in the commencement of the former. And the printed fragment shows that the reading there given must have preceded that of the Rawlinson MS. The latter is therefore used; but it contains no title-page, and is ascribed erroneously to Lord Philip Arundel.

I find that Southwell has Poems in "Briefe Meditations in the most Holy Sacrament," by L. Pinelli, of the Society of Jesus; also "Hymes [sic] gathered out of S. Thomas de Aquino, translated by the Rev. Fa: R. S." 8vo., s. l. et a.

On Tuesday, March 26th, the following interesting MS. was sold at Sotheby's. Lot 1050, Bibliotheca Phillippica. This MS. formerly be-
longed to the famous hagiographer, Alban Butler, whose autograph appears upon the first page.

"1050 Southwell or Sotwell. Meditationes Roberti Sotuelli Martyris de Attributis Divinis ad amorem Dei excitantes—Exercitia et Devotiones ejusdem, in the original vellum binding. 8vo."

C. E.
A

FOVRE.FOVL D

Meditation,

Of the foure last things:

viz.

1. Houre of Death.
2. Day of Judgement.
3. Paines of Hell.
4. Ioyes of Heauen.

Shewing the estate of the Elect and Reprobate.

Composed in a Diuine Poeme

By R. S.

The author of S. Peters complaint.

Imprinted at London by G. Eld: for Francis Burton.

1606.
To the Right Worshipfull and

Vertuous Gentleman, Mathew

Saunders, Esquire.

W.H. wisheth, with long life, a prosperous achievement of his good desires.

Ir; as I with great desire apprehended the least opportunity of manifesting towards your worthy selfe my sincere affection, so should I be very sorry to present any thing unto you, wherein I should growe offensive, or willingly breed your least molestation: but these meditations, being Diuine and Religious (applied upon mine owne knowledge, correspondent to your zealous inclination) emboldened me to recommend them to your view and censure, and therein to make knowne mine owne entire affection, and serviceable loue towards you. Long haue they lien hidden in obscuritie, and happily had never seene the light, had not a meere accident conveyed them to my hands. But, having seriously perused them, loath I was that any who are religiously affected, should be deprived of so great a comfort, as the due consideration thereof may bring unto them. As for my selfe, Sir, the knowledge you have of me, I hope will excuse the coldness and sterilitie of my conceits, who couet to illustrate my entire affection unto your worship, by reall and approved actions, referring my selfe wholly in this, & all other my endeavors, to your fauourable construction, who shall ever be of power, in the humblest services to command me.

Your Worships vnfained affectionate

W. H.
To the Reader,

A treatise on the science of mechanics, wherein the fundamental principles of motion are developed and illustrated through the study of physical and mathematical phenomena. The author endeavors to provide a comprehensive understanding of the behavior of bodies under various forces, exploring the interplay of gravity, inertia, and elasticity. Through a series of carefully constructed examples and theoretical analyses, the reader is encouraged to develop a deeper appreciation for the elegance and universality of the laws governing the physical world.
A Treatise of the houre of Death,  
the day of Iudgement, the paines  
of Hell, and the ioyes of Heauen.

Of the houre of Death.

1.  
O Wretched man, which loue st earthlie thinges,  
And to this worlde haft made thyselfe a thrall,  
Whose shorte delightes eternall forrow bringes,  
Whose sweete in shewe in trewth is bitter gall :  
Whose pleasures fade eare scarce they be possest,  
And greve him left that most doe them detest.

2.  
Thou arte not suer one moment for to lyue,  
And att thy death thou leauest all behinde,  
Thy landes and goodes noe suckor then can geue,  
Thie pleasures past are crosse to thie minde :  
Thie friend the world can yeld thee noe releefe,  
Thy greatest ioye will proue thie greatest greefe.
Of the houre

3.
The tyme will come when Death will thee asalle: Conceyue yt then as present for to bee, That thou in tyme maiest seeke to mend thie falte, And in thie life thine errors plainlye see:
   Imagen now thie corfe is almoost spent, And marke thie frinds how deepelie they lament.

4.
Thy wyfe dothe howle, and pearce the verie skies, Thie childdrens teares their forrowes doth bewraye, Thie kinesfolke morne and wepe with woesfull cryes, Now thou must dye, and canst noe longer staye:
   Loe here the ioyes and treasures of thie hart:
   Thie race is ronne: from thern thou must depart.

5.
With paine thou doft lye, gaspinge all for breath, Paft hope of life or hope of anie good, Thy present state a lyuelye forme of death, Thie hart become all cold for want of blood:
   Thie nosethrills ronne, and gaspinge thou doft lye, Thie lothsome fight thie frinds beginne to flie.

Thy
of Death.

6.
Thy voyce doth yeld a horce and hollowe founde,
Thie dyinge head doth greadie seeme to sleape,
Thie fences all with horror doth abound,
Thie feete doth die, and death doth vpward creepe:
Thie eyes doth stand, faft fett into thine head,
Thie jawes doth fall, and fhowe thee allmoft dead.

7.
What dofte thou thinke, now all thie fences faile?
What dofte thou faye by pleafure here is wonne?
How doft thou now thie passed life bewayle?
How doft thou wishe thie course were new to ronne?
What woldft thou doe thie endinge life to faue?
What woldft thou gene for that thou canft not

8.
Thy bodie now muft frome the foule departe,
Thie lands and goods another muft posseffe,
Thie ioyes are paft on which thou fett thine harte,
Thie paines to come noe creature can expresse:
Loe here the fruite and gaine of all thie finne,
Thie Life muft end, and Death muft now beginne.
Thy
Of the houre

9.
Thy former faultes are sett before thine eyes,
And monstrous shewes which seemed before so small,
To swallowe thee, Despaire in secrett lyes,
And all thie sinnes with terror thee appall: [mone,
With scalldinge sighes they make thee now to
And in thie foule with sorowe thou doft grone.

10.
Thou wayleft now the pleasinge of thie will,
Thie euill gott goods doth make thee so lament,
Thievaine delightes with anguishe thee doth fill,
Thie wantone tricks thie conscience doth torment:
Thie sweetest sinnes doth bringe thee bitter smarte,
Thie heynous faultes oppresse thie dyinge harte.

11.
With dreadfull feare they shake thie dolefull mynd,
And bent to fight, with force they thee inclose,
In worldlye helpe noe rescue thou canst finde:
And standinge now amidst thie mortall foes,
A thousand deaths wold seeme a lesser paine
Then this estate in which thou doft remaine.

Noe
of Death.

12.
Noe tonge, no penn, nor creature can bewraye,
Howe all thie finnes their festred rancor showe,
Howe dreadfull fightes with sorrowe thee dismaye,
Howe blusstringe stormes of greefe beginne to blowe:
   Thie ioyes are gone, which were thie God before,
   Thie life is done and shall returne noe more.

13.
What booteth it thie lewdnes to repent,
And leae to sinne when sinne forsaketh thee?
What canst thou doe when all thie force is spent?
Will then our Lord with this appeased bee?
   Thie life thou lest in seruice of his foe,
   And farueft him when life thou must forgoe.

14.
Now heauen to win noe paines thou wouldst refuse,
Nor spare thie goods to eafe thie woeful state,
Of all thie finnes thou dost thie selfe accuse,
And call for grace when callinge comes to late:
   For sinne thou didest while life and power did last,
   And leauest now, when force to sinne is past.

Then
Of the houre

15.
Then had I wist, with sorrow thee dost sake,
But after witts repentance euer breed,
The daye is come, thie debt thou now must paie,
And yeeld to death, when life thou most shalt neede:
Thie breath is ftopt in twin clinge of an eie,
Thie bodie dead in vglie forme doth lye.

16.
Thye carcasse now like carrion menn doth shonne,
Thie frends do hast thie buryall to procuer,
Thie faraunts seeke from thee awaye to ronne,
Thie lothsome stench noe creature can induer:
And they which tooke in thee their most delight,
Doe hate thee most, and most abhorre thie sight.

17.
Thye flesh shall serue for maggotts for a praye,
For pamperinge whiche both sea and land was sought,
Thie bodie must tranceformed be to claye,
For whose delight suche costlie clothes were bought:
Thie pryde in dust, thie glorie in the graue,
Thie flesh in earth their endinge now shall haue.

Behold
of Death.

18.
Behold! the place in which thou dost abide
Is lothsome, darke, vn sweate, and verie strait:
With rotten bones besett on euerye syde,
And crawinge wormes to feede on thee doth waite:
   Oh harde exchange! O vile and hatefull place!
   Where earth and fillth thie carcasse must imbrace.

19.
O wretched state! O most vn happie man!
Yet were yt well yt nothing were behinde,
Yf all myght end as here yt first begann,
Some comfort were suche endinge for to finde:
   For then as God of nothinge thee did frame,
   By course againe thou shouldst become the same.

20.
But lyue thou must a thousand deathes to die,
And dyinge stille, yet neuer whollie dead,
Thou must appere before the Judge on hie,
And haue reward as thou thie life haft ledd:
   Thie tyme is come, thou canst no longer stay,
   The iudge is fett, and botelesse is delaye.
Behoulde
Of the day

21.
Behoulde his power. Loe whom thou didst offend
For vaine delights, which were but mere deceipt,
Behould on him how Angells doth attend,
And all that court doe for his comminge waignt:
Behould his throne of glorie in the skies,
And see how wrath doth sparkell from his eies.

22.
Loe this is hee whose euerie thing did make, [daye,
Whom Heauen and Earth doe prayse both night and
Loe here the looke att which the Angells quake,
Loe here the Lord whom all thinges doth obaye:
His will is lawe, and maye not be withstand,
His wrath consumes and killeth out of hand.

23.
O filthie foule, how maye this wrath be borne?
Or can a worme his furie now abyde?
The Angells laugh thy fillthines to skorne:
They hate thie sinne, and thee for swellinge pryde:
They shine with beames fare brightter then the
And call on God that Justice may be done. [Sonne,
Each
of Judgement.

24.

Each creature cryes that punisht thou mayst bee,
Whom in thie lyfe thou lewdlye didst abuse:
Both Heauen and earth are foeses protest to thee,
And all thie thoughtes of sinne doth thee accuse:
Thie wordes and deedes against thee now are brought,
And all thie filth which sinne in thee hath wrought.

25.

Thou fyted arte a just account to showe,
How farre thou fought thie selfe for to deny,
How all thie landes and welth thou didst bestowe,
And with thie goodes thie brothers wante supplye:
What care thou hadst thie makers name to prayse,
What paine thou tokst to walk in all his wayes.

26.

The Judge dothe ask how all thie life was spent,
Yf from offence thie fences thou didst keepe,
Yf in thie soule thou truelye didst repent,
And for thie sinne with hartie sorrowe weep:
Yf thou his feare didst sett before thine eyes,
And for his loue all worldlie ioyes despise.
Of the day

27.
Yf eke thie foes reuenge thou haaste not wrought,
Yf to thie frindes thou neuer wert vnkinde,
Yf earthlie pompe thou euer fett att nought,
Yf secrett hate thou haaste not kept in mynde:
Yf thou alike didst ioye and forrowe take,
And with thie harte all carnall luft forfaie.

28.
Thye thoughtes and wordes the Judge dothe open
And asketh now a strayte account of all, [laye,
How thou didst here his motions obeye,
And for his grace with ereneft fervor call:
Yf all thie lyfe on earth thou ledst vpright,
And in his loue didst fett thie whole delight.

29.
What canst thou plead thie lewdnes to excuse,
When truth shal proue in all thou didst offend?
The Judge is just, thou mayst not him refuse,
Thie caufe is naught, thou canst not it defend:
To hope for helpe, alas! it is in vaine,
The tyme is past, noe helpe thou canst obtaine.

Our
Our Lord doth saye, "how couldst thou use me soe, 
Sith I to thee both soule and bodie gaue?
How durft thou seeke and serue my mortall fwayne,
Sithe I did dye thie selfe from death to saue?
I gaue thee all, and me thou didft deteft,
He gaue thee naught, yet wholie thee poseft.

"Thye lands and life did from my goodnes flowe,
Thy flesehe and bones I did of nothinge frame,
Both wellth and witt I did on thee beftowe,
And gaue thee all to prayse my holie name:
Yett with them all against mee thou didft fight,
And fledd to them whoe bredd mee greateft spight.

"When I did speake thou seemedst deafe and dombe,
When he did call thou madst him aunswere strayte,
He neuer stayd but thou didst quickly come,
And I without inforfed was to wayte:
O thankelesse wretche thou mee shalt see noe more,
But dwell with him whoe had thie harte before.
Thou
Of the day

33.
"Thou shalt with him for euer more remayne, To whome thic selfe for pleasure thou hastte soulde, His will thou wroughtst, and myne thou didst dif- His right thou arte, I can not thee withoulde: [daine, Thie owne deserts haue made thee his to bee, The choyfe was thine, noe wronge is done to [thee."

34.
Then comes the Devill, and to our Lord doth saye, "O righteoufs Judge, this wretche I ought to haue, For in his lyfe he would not thee obaye, But with his harte to mee him selfe he gaue: My precepts eke he practisst daye and night, And mee to please he made his whole delight.

35.
"Him selfe he vowed to serue me all his dayes, His eyes were fixt vpon my counsell still, His feete were bent to walke in all my wayes, His harte was fett for to performe my will: His life and landes I drue him on to spend, In doeinge that which might thee most offend. Hee
of Judgement.

36.

"Hee scorned thie power and quyte refusde thie grace, 
Thie bitter paynes hee bannisht from his eyes, 
Thie precious bloud hee never would imbrace, 
Thie gracious woundes he lewdlie did despise: 
Thie threats for sinne he reckoned as a left, 
Thie wordes and will in all he did detest.

37.

"Thie glorious death hee seemed to disdaine, 
And followed that in which hee did delight, 
For servinge thee hee toke not anie paine, 
But all thie love with hate hee did requite: 
What refason then thie glorie hee should see, 
Of which hee seemde so carelesse for to bee.

38.

"Thou didest him make, and on him all bestowe, 
I nothinge gaue nor him to beinge brought, 
Yet thee he left, to whom hee loue did owe, 
And mee hee servd, whoe never gave him ought: 
What woldst thou more thou vsest not to wronge, 
And hee to mee in Justice doth belonge.

Behoulde
Of the day

39.
Behoulde, O foule! how God doth thee refuse,
And how his foe doth clayme thee as his owne,
Thie conscience doth with horror thee accuse,
And reape thou muft as thou before haft fowne:
The Lord of Lords doth thee condemne to lye
In endless flames where livinge thou shalt dye.

40.
O wretched foule! what shall become of thee?
What greater paine can any harte devise?
Yett worse their is, if worse their yett maye bee,
Thie bodie muft to Judgment shortlie rise:
And bothe alike in Hell muft suffer smarte,
As both in earth in sinne had equall parte.

41.
All sinners faine would shonne this dreadfull daye,
And wishe yt were without their perill past,
The feare alone muft needs their hartes dismaye,
The signes appeare and on yt cometh fast:
Behold the Sonn is darke which shined bright,
The stares doe fall, the moone hathe lost her light.
Behould
of Judgement.

42. Behoulde how men are witherede quite with woe,
And cannot find a harboure now of rest:
Behoulde on earth how fenclesse they doe goe,
Theire faces palle, theire harts with feare oppreft:
Behoulde each where how beasts for terrour cry,
And marke how men alredy seeme to dye.

43. Behoulde how blodd the trees and braunches sweate,
And howe each thinge in trembblinge wise doth
Behoulde the Sea against the Land doth beate,
And roringe lowde doth force the Earth to shake:
Her surges mounte, her swellinge furie showes,
And on the Land her fishe with rage she throwes.

44. The clowdes like smoake doe thicken in the skies,
The mountaines move, the Earth doth open wide,
The blusstringe windes with stormes and tempests
The flowttest hartes their faces seeke to hide:
Both ritch and poore from citties now are feld,
And all in caves doe ronne to shrowde their head.
45.
Eche lyvinge thinge for helpe doth crye and call,
And savage beastes vnto the Cittie flie,
The earth doth quake, the strongest towers fall,
And beastes remaine were men did vs to lie:
The course begins of nature heire to faile,
The Heauens doth mourne and all thinges els
[doth wayle.

46.
The Anngells lowd their Trumpets dreadful sound,
And summones all that ever lyfe posest,
The Earth with woe and terror doth abound,
The dead aryse that longe had bene at rest:
Bothe quicke and dead assembled round doe stand,
And wayte his will whose comminge is at hand.

47.
Behould howe both Heaven and earth doebowe,
And prostrate all his favor to defyre,
Behould howe Christ in glorie cometh now,
And in the ayre appeares a flame of fyer:
The Earth for feare doe tremble att this sight,
The sea is dryed, the hills are molten quight.

The
of Judgement.

48.
The hardest rockes are turned into dust,
His furious wrath noe creature can abyde,
Their paines were sweete which now are proved just,
And neede not seeke in corners them to hyde:
   Our Lord rewardes as merytt hee doth finde,
   Thrife happie they that beare a giltles minde.

49.
O cursed soule! how art thou drownd in care,
When all this fight is sett before thine eyes:
Thy passinge feare noe wrytinge can declare,
Thie bodie darke like Deathe doe seme to ryse:
   Thie hope is past for easinge of thie smarte,
   Thie sinnes are prickes to wound thie dyinge

50.
Behould how thou noe favor here canst gett,
Nor from thie foes by anie meanes escape:
Thie right hand is with all thie sinnes befett,
Beneath thee Hell to swallowe thee doe gape:
   The fearefull sended vppon thie left hand frowne,
   And lye in wayte, to throwe thee hedlonge downe.
Of the day

51.
Above thee slyts the Judge all fild with rage,
Whom in thie life thou lewdlie didst offend,
Noe helpe thou haft his furie to aßwage,
His browes hee doth with anger fercelie bend:
And all the sinnes of menn hee doth repeate,
Which forceth now his furie to be greate.

52.
Within thee gnawes thie conscience voyde of grace,
And all the evill to which thou didst consent,
Without thee stands thie frinds which wayle thie cace,
And doe thie state with bitter grefe lament;
On euerie fyde the world doth thee affright,
Whose terror showes, with flames that burneth [bright.

53.
If forward now thou tookest on thie waye,
Thou hedlonge doft unto thie ruine run,
The devills doe watche thie goinge backe to staye,
Noe meanes is left misfortune for to shun:
What wilt thou doe, invirond thus with woe?
For neyther back nor forward thou canst goe.
of Judgement.

54.
O wretched man! how heauie is thie harte,
How doft thou wish for that which can not bee,
How doft thou sigh and quake in euerie parte,
And muſt thie frinds be feverd thus from thee:
They fild with ioye in glorie now ſhall raigne,
And full of greife thou torment muſt fustaine.

55.
The Judges wordes are like a burninge fyer,
Which waſteth all it commeth to imbrace,
It booteth not his mercie to requyer,
The time is paſt of callinge now for grace:
Behould the Judge doth thee condemne to hell,
Wher thou in paine for finne ſhalt ever dwell.

56.
O dolefull wordes! O moſt vnhappie wight!
Thie head to ſhowd for mountaines thou doſt call,
Thie future paines are preſent in thie figh,
And curſeſt now the cauſes of thie fall:
Thie birth and life to late thou doſt repente,
Yet wayleſt both and doſt in vaine lament.

What
Of the paines

57.
What tongue, what penn, what creature can expresse
Those deadlie greifes which allwayes thou dost taft?
The longer tyme the comfort is the leffe,
Thie hope decayes, thie sorrowes never waft.
O bitter sweete that earthlie pleasures breede!
Thie livinge death all tormentes doth exceede.

58.
Thye wanton eies those hellish monsters see,
Whose blodie mindes thie ruine did conspire,
Whose neesinge feme like lightning for to bee, [fire:
Whose monstrous mouthes doe cast out flames of
Whose nosethrills smoake, whose eies are glowing redd,
Whose whole delight by others smarte is bredd.

59.
Thye wretched eares, which harkened vnto lyes,
Doe here howe fends doe rage with all despight,
Noe noyse is their but threekes and hideous cryes,
Which able are the stoutest hart to fright: [wayle,
Wher some blaspHEME, and some their states be-
Where others curse and never cease to rayle.
Thye
of Hell.

60.  
Thye daintie nofe, which had perfumes ech daye,  
A lothsome ftenche for ever must abyde,  
Which rifeth vpp from damned bodies aye,  
That heaped their doe lye on euerie fyde:  
   Loe here the sweete thie smellinge to content,  
   Noe worldlie filth can yeld fo fowle a sent.

61.  
Thye curyous taft doth hunger their fuftaine,  
Which did in meates such rare devifes crave,  
With burninge thirft thou suffrest grevous paine,  
And yt to coole noe water thou canst haue:  
   Noe dropp is their, thie thirstinge for to eafe,  
   Noe hope of helpe that maye thie grefe appeafe.

62.  
Thye feelinge yet the greatest paine doth beare:  
With fierie flames which all thie partes torment,  
An extreame cowld thou allso findeft their,  
With gnaящing teeth that makes thee to lament:  
   Thie teares with heat in stremes are daylie shedd,  
   Thie teeth for cowld doe chatter in thie hedd.

E
Of the paines

63.
If for a while noe creature can endure
In earthly fiere one member for to bee,
What torments doe thy passed Joyes procure,
In endleffe flames thy members all to see! [breed,
What greefe, what paine, what sorrowes doe they
Which earthly flames in all doe farre exceede!

64.
The deiuills with flouts doe lough the now to scorne,
Thy flesh and bones in sunder they doe teare,
Thy cursed skinne with cruell whipes is worne,
Thy woefull harte is filled full with feare:
With inwarde woe thy soule is fore opprest:
With outward paine thy body finds no reste.

65.
Thy torments strange doe breede thee bitter greefe,
And reste in thine Imagination stille,
Thyne owne conceipte which now shoulde yeld releefe,
Doth labour more with sorrow thee to fill: [chew,
Thou thinkest moft what moft thou shouldest ef-
Thy grieue thy thoughts, and thoughts thy grieue
renew.
of Hell.

66.
Thy memory doth call vnto thy mynde
The shorte delight of all thy pleasures past,
Yt wounds thy harte these paines for them to finde,
Which greueous are and shall for euer laft:
Thy desperate case no comfort can obtaine,
Thy passed Joyes encrease thy present paine.

67.
Thine understandinge doth thy misery shew,
And telleth thee thou arte in Sathans Jawes,
For shorte delights, thy losse yt makes thee know,
And in thy soule the worme of Conscience gnawes:
Those fadinge Joyes in rage thou dost defye,
And in dispight they make thee thus to crye.

68.
"My former Joy a shadow was in deede,
It did not last, but passed quicke away,
My present paine all measure doth exceede,
Noe witt nor arte my torments can bewray:
A time there was when blisse I might haue woone,
But time is past, and all my course is runne.

O
"Of the paines"

69.

"O cursed time, in which I time forsooke,
A little paine had ridd me of my woe!
O cursed Joyes in which I pleasure tooke,
For pleasinge you all pleasures I forgoe!
And here in hell each kinde of paine I finde,
Which wafts my flesh and wounds my woefull mynde.

70.

"Yf I my finnes with forrowe had confeft,
They had to me bene cleene remitted all:
In stead of greese, I glorie had possesse,
If I for grace had bent my minde to call:
O wretched wretch, that for so small a paine,
Refusinge blisse, in torment must remaine.

71.

"The greatest ioyes which doe in earth abound
Can in a world not yeld so much delight
As here by paine is in a moment found,
Whose blasinge woe is present still in sight:
What fancie then bewitched my wretched harte,
For fained Joyes to suffer endlesse smarte.

My
of Hell.

72.
"My parents were the cawfers of my woe,
And all the meate on which I euer fedd,
My carnall frind hath proved my greatest foe,
And vnto mee this mischefe now hath bredd:
Accufe mee all that hathe my ruine wrought,
And euerie meane which mee to beinge brought.

73.
"Thris happie they on earthe that never were!
Their state is blest that never came to liue!
O blessed wombes that children never bare!
O happie brest which fuck did never geve!
O deadlie paine! O most unhappie place!
O cursed wretch whome ill mishapps imbrace!"

74.
Loe here the plaints in this infernall lake,
Wher Scorpions stinge and squorges thee torment,
Wher hammers beate, and Devils a roringe make,
Wher hope is past and damned soules lament:
Wher wormes doe crawle and uglie serpents creepe,
Wher paines abound, and sorrowes make thee weepe.
Of the paines

75.
Against our Lord thou raiest with despight,
And him thou dost with raginge words desie,
Thou barred art from seeinge anie light,
And while ye liue thou must for ever die:
Loe here the fruite which worldlie pleasures bringe,
Thie paines agree in measure with thie sinne.

76.
Thye sweet delights are come to woe and wrack,
Thie happie state unto a wretched case,
Thie gredie minde is punnisht here with lack,
Thie lecherous armes doe uglie fends imbrace:
Thie envious fowle doth howle for deadlie paine,
Thie haughtie harte doth suffer depe disdaine.

77.
Thou findest smart in stead of pleaunnt games,
Thie dainty wynes are turnd to bitter gall,
Thie costlie clothes are now made burning flames,
Thie lostie pride hath now a lothsome fall:
Thou nothinge dost which maye afford thee ease,
But feelest all which maye thee most displease.

Yet
Yet cheiflie one which farre doth all exceade,
And as it is none rightlie can esteme,
It greves thee moſt and makes thie harte to bleed,
And joynd with it the other nothinge feeme:
Then judge what paine this torture brings to thee,
When matche to it all nothinge femes to bee.

Thye fences feele for everie finne a paine,
So rated their as here thou tokſt delight,
And now for that our Lord doth thee disdaine,
Thou bannisht art for ever from his fìght:
The paine of fience small torment thou doft finde,
When thou this lossě doſt call unto thie minde.

A grevious losſe which cannot be expreſt!
O cause of greife and ſpringe of deadlie woe,
The Soule hath loſt the center of her reſt,
Thie hope, thie helpe, thie life thou muſt forgoe:
Noe paine or losſe with this maye be comparde,
It paffeth all and cannot be declared.

From
Of the paines

81.
From hope of joye this is an endlesse barr,
And greatest plague that God on finn bestowes:
Compard with this thy tortures pleasaunt are,
And all thie losse an easie burthen showes:
  Thie bittreft paines are trifles in thine eyes,
  Thie burninge flames thou seemest to despise.

82.
What woe, what smarte, what paine can be exprest,
Which wayteth now on thee for to be layde!
With swordes of greefe thie harte is daylye preft,
With dreadfull feare thie scences are dismayde:
  Thie eie hath loft what most thie did desire,
  Thie bodie burnes in flames of endlesse fire.

83.
And yf thie paines an endinge might obtaine,
When yeres their were of manie thousands runn,
As on the earthe have lightten dropps of rayne,
Since first of all this wretched world begun: [minde,
  Some helpe this hope might bringe unto thie
When hope were left an end at last to finde.
  But
But of them all noe eafe nor end thou haft,
Within thie soule some conforte might procure:
Noe tyme will helpe thie sorowes for to waste,
While God is God thie torture shall indure:
Thie paine in truth is more then can be told,
The fight in thought noe creature can unsoold.

O dyeinge lyfe! O seas of endlesse smarte!
Which nature hates and all thinges else detest,
O lyvinge death, noe life or death thou arte,
For death hath end and life hath some%y%me rest:
The worst of both our Lord hath put in thee
That neyther rest nor end might other bee.

O damned soule! howe doft thou roare and crye!
What deadlie greefes thee daylie doe oppresse!
But lyft a while thie cursed eies on hye,
And see what ioyes the blessed their possesse:
That by the fight, thie torments maye increase,
And for thie losse thie sorowes neuer cease.
Of the ioyes

87.
And first behould the beawtie of the place,
Wher all the Saintes with Christ in glorie raigne,
Wher honor is not mixed with disgrace,
Wher ioye is free from task of anie paine:
    Wher great rewards attend on good desarts,
    And all delightes posesseth faithfull harts.

88.
O wicked wretche! This cittie now behould,
Which doth surppasse the reache of anie thought,
The gates are pearle, the streetes are fyneft gould,
With precious stones the walles are wholie wrought:
    Of Sunn and Moone it needeth not the light,
    For ever their the Lambe is shining bright.

89.
And from His seate a chrifall river flowes,
Wher life doth runn, and pleasures ever springes:
On everye syde a tree of comforthe growes,
Which savinge helthe to everie nation bringes:
    It worketh rest, and flieth worldlie ftryfe,
    It flieth death, and bringeth endlesse life.
    This
This goodlie place all beawtie doth surmount,
And all this world in largenesse passeth farr:
The earth it selfe in bignes in account
Not equall is unto the smallet farr:
   O worthie place whose glorie doth excell!
   Thrife happie they that their attaines to dwell!

Noe Sainte their is but brighter seemes to bee
Then Sunn or moone whose beawties wonders breede:
What glorie then so manie Saintes to see,
Which all the farrs in number farr excede!
   All glorious their wher glorie doth abound,
   O blessed state wher blisse is ever found!

Archangells are but undersarvaunts there,
And Anngells doe their makers will obaye,
The powers in joye with triumph doe appere,
The beawties shine, the thrones their beames displaye:
   The Cherubins doe yeld a famous light,
   The Seraphins with love are burninge shininge bright.

Here
Of the ioyes

93.
Here Patriarkes haue their ioye for all their paine,
The Prophets eke with endlesse glorie blest,
The Martirs doe a worthie crowne obtaine,
The Virgins finde a hauen of happie rest:
To all their ioyes in glorie they are mett,
And now posseffe what longe they sought to gett.

94.
Those sacred Saintes remaine in perfect peace,
Which Christ confess and walked in his wayes,
They swim in blisse which now shall never cease,
And singinge all, his name for ever prayse:
Before his throne in white they daylie stand,
And carrie palmes of triumph in their handes.

95.
The Angells then are next in their degree,
Whose order is in number to be nyne,
Noe harte can think what ioye it is to see
Howe all those troupes with lampes in glorie shine:
The ioye is more then wrytinge can expresse:
O happie eies that maye these ioyes posseffe!

Above
of Heauen.

96.
Above them all the Viregin hath a place,
Which cawfd the world with comfort to abound:
The beames doe shine in her unspotted face,
And with the starres her head is richlye crownd:
   In glory shee all creatures passeth farr:
   The moone her shooes, the funn her garments are.

97.
O Queene of Heauen! o pure and glorious sight!
Most blessed thou above all womenn arte!
This citty druncke thou makest with delight,
And with thie beames rejoyseth everie harte:
   Our blisse was lost and yt thou didst restore,
   The Anngells all and men doe thee adore.

98.
Loe! here the looke which Anngells doe admire!
Loe! here thespringe from whom all goodnes flowes!
Loe! here the sight that men and Saintes desire!
Loe! here the stalks on which our comfort growes!
   Loe this is shee whom heaven and earth imbrace,
   Whom God did choose and filled full of grace.
   And
Of the ioyes

99.
And next to her, but in a higher throne,
Our Saviour in his manhode sitteth here:
From whom proceedes all perfect ioye alone,
And in whose face all glorie doth appere:
   The Saintes delight conceyved cannot bee,
   When they a man the Lord of Angells see.

100.
They ravished are with ioye in seeinge this,
How Christ our Lord the highest place obtaines:
They now behould the seate of endless blisse,
And ioye to marke how hee in triumph raynes:
   What ioye to menn moreover can befall
   Then here to see a man the Lord of all?

101.
More ioye yt yeldes then anie can devise,
A greater blisse then may in words be tould,
His persinge beames doth dazell all their eies,
His brightnes scharce his Angells can behould:
   The Saintes in him their wished comfort finds,
   And now inioye what most content their minds.

To
of Heauen.

102.
To thinke on this yt paffeth humaine witt:
The more we thinke the leffe we come to knowe:
He dothe uppon his Fathers right hand sitt,
And all ye Saintes their humble farvice showe:
   His fîght to them doth endleffe comfort bringe,
   And they to him all prayfes euer fînge.

103.
O worthie place, wher fuche a Lord is cheife!
O glorious Lord, which princelye farvaunts keepes!
O happie Saintes, which never taft of greife!
O blessed state, wher malice ever sleepe!
   Noe one is here of base or meane degree,
   But all are knowne the fonns of God to bee.

104.
What higher place can anye prince attaine,
Then sonne to him which ruleth all above?
Yet is their state not subiect to disdaine,
But in their mindes like brethren they doe love:
   Noe place is left for anie hate, or feare,
   But here they all one harte and soule doe beare.
Of the ioyes

105.
O happie place, wher discord never fights!
The ioyes of all are found in everie brest,
For ech as much in others ioye delights,
As if alone it in him selfe did rest:
   In all their ioyes noe difference is their knowne,
   For ech accounts them all to be his owne.

106.
And those they taft wherwith their Lord abounds:
As parte of theirs his glorie doe they take,
Unto them selues by union it redownds,
And all his ioyes their glorie perfect make:
   So faste are knitt the members to the head,
   As over them his ioyes are whollie spredd.

107.
What ioye is best which here they doe not finde?
What greater blisse, what pleasure maye be more?
What can by us conceyved be in minde
Which hath not bene recited here before?
   Yet one delight behinde as yet remaines,
   Which all in all, and all in it containes.

They
of Heauen.

108.
They face to face doe God Almighty see!
And all in him as in a perfect glasse:
Noe good their is, but their is found to bee,
And all delightes this vision doth surpasse.
   Ech fight doth yeld the hart her perfect rest,
   Because noe good without him is possibl.

109.
Hee present, past, and future thinges doth shewe,
And theirfore rest their understandinge here:
Their nothinge is but they in him doe knowe,
And to their eies all plainlye doth appere:
   They now obteyne what longe they sought to gett,
   And all their thoughtes are on him wholie sett.

110.
Their will doth last in lovinge of his sight,
In which consists all good that cann be thought,
Shee here hathe fixt her love and whole delight,
And never will from lovinge this be brought:
   For here all good and goodnes doth abound,
   And never can without this good be found.

Their
Of the ioyes

Their whole desire from hence doth never parte,
But setled here for ever doth abyde:
This sight doth fill the mouth of everie harte,
And nothing leaves for them to wishe beynde:
Without desire, content shee still remains,
And her desire with full delight obtaines.

Their Faith behouldes her best beloved guest,
And her beleefe this sight doth here fullfill:
Their constant Hope her hope hath now posset,
And him inioyes for whom shee hoped still:
Their Charitie, not perfect full before,
To perfect state this vision doth restore.

O glorious sight! O some of endlesse blisse!
Which never wanes, nor seemeth for to waste:
Whoe ever sawe soe fayer a sight as this,
Whoe ever did suche heapes of comfort tase?
What can be thought that can not here be hadd?
Where all doe ioye, and none are euer sadd.
They
of Heauen.

114.
They here poſſeſſe what maye content them moſt,  
And nothinge wante that perfect bliffe maye bringe:  
With all delight here breathes the Holye Ghost,  
Which allwayes makes a freshe and endlesſe springe:  
Noe daye is here, noe morninge, noone, nor night,  
But ever one and allwayes ſhininge bright.

115.
O bleſſed ioyes, which all the soules poſſeſſe!  
O happie ſruite, that vertue here hath wonne!  
And in degrees the bodies finde noe leſſe,  
But ſhine with beames farr brighte then the funn:  
Not ſubieſt now to ſicknes, greife, or paine,  
But glorious all, immortall they remaine.

116.
And propper ioyes ech fence in private fyndes:  
Their eyes behould that paſſinge glorious fight,  
Wher nothinge wantes for to content their mindes,  
And all thinges elce which maye them moſt delight:  
Their eares are fedd with hearinge of ſweete soundes,  
And them to pleafe all musick here aboundes.

From
Of the ioyes

117.
From songes of praiſe the Saintes noe moment spare:
Noe teares are feene nor anie their doe weepe:
But in this place the musick is so rare
As halfe a found would bringe all hartes a sleepe:
And everie fence a propper pleſure takes,
Which ioyn'd in one, their glorie perfect makes.

118.
Noe eie hath feene what ioyes the Saintes obtaine,
Nor eare hath hard what comforts are poseft:
Noe harte can thinke in what delight they raigne,
Nor pen express their happie porte of rest,
Wher pleſure flowes, and greife is never fene,
Wher good abounds, and ill is bannisht cleane.

119.
And of those ioyes noe creature end fhall fee:
The longer tyme the sweeter they doe showe:
While God indures they can not ended bee,
And never waste, but allwayse feeme to growe:
When worldes are wore, and millions manie pafe,
They now begin and fhall for ever laft.
of Heauen.

120.
O state of ioye, wher endless ioye remaines!
O haven of blisse, wher none doth suffer wrack!
O happie howse, which all delight containes!
O blessed state, which never feeleth lack!
   O goodlie tree, which fruite dothe ever beare!
   O quyett state, which dannger neede not feare!

121.
O mixture pure, which baseft droffe refynes!
O pleasaunte place, which onlie comforte brings!
O ioyefull sunn, wher glorie ever shines!
O fruitfull foyle, wher pleafure ever springes!
   O glorious soules! O bodies wholie bleft!
   O sea of good, and of all good the beft!

122.
O dammned wretch! the thought of this alone
Oppreffeth thee with heapes of deadlie care,
And sighinge now in speritt thou doft grone,
When with their blisse thie woe thou doft compare:
   Thie greevous losse dothe greive thie wretched harte,
   And yt with greefe redoubles all thie smarte.
Of the ioyes

123.
If all the world by conquest thou hadst wonne,
A trifle now thou thinkest all to geve,
That on the earth thie race were new to runn,
And thou againe wert suffered here to lyve:
Another course thou wouldst resolve to take,
And fastinge God thie carnall will forsake.

124.
The straightest life thou woldst noe paine esteem,
Thie prayinge wold a passinge ioye appere,
Thie fastinge ofte noe troble then would seeme,
Nor anie greife the hardest penance here:
A ioye thou woldst account the sharpest paine,
To scape from Hell and endlesse blisse obtaine.

125.
Now must I call, O worldlie man! to thee,
The end wher first I did begin to wrighte,
That all these ioyes and paines which thou dost see
May move thie minde to leade thie lyfe upright:
Thie harte will melt to thinke uppon thie case,
If their be left but halfe a sparke of grafe.

Thou
Thou findest here what thou wilt wishe att last,  
And that account which none can ever shunn:  
Then frame thie life before thie tyme be past,  
As thou wilt wishe that thou in tyme hadst donne:  
Left thou in vaine dost waile thie wretched state,  
When tyme is past and waylinge comes too late.