

Confession

I doe confesse, O God, my wandering Fines
Are kindled not from Zeale, but loose Desires;
My ready ~~W~~ Teares, shed from instructed Eyes,
Have not bin pious griefs, but Subtilties;
And onely sorry, that Sinnes misse I ow
To th'warded wishes; all the sighs I blow:
My Fines thus merit Fine; my Teares the fall
Of Showers provoke; my Sighs for Blasts doe call.

Other descend in Fine; but lett it be
Such as snatch't up the Prophet; such as Wee
Read of in Hezekiah, a Fire of Joy,
Sent to enlighten rather than destroy.

Other descend in Showers; but lett them be
Showers only; & not Tempests; such as Wee
Fie from the worming Eyclids, just as feed,
Not choake the sprouting of the tender Seed.

Other descend in Blasts; but lett them be
Blasts only; & not Whirlwinds; such as Wee
Take in for Healths sake, soft, & easy Breaths,
Taught to convey Refreshments, & not Deaths.
Soe shall the Fury of my Fines abate;
And that turne fierd, with was brought Rage.
So shall my Teares, be then untaught to paine,
And the distill'd Waters heal'd againe.

So shall my Sighs not be as Clouds & smog,
My Sinner with Night, but Winde to purge my Brest.

H. Cartwright. poem p. 320.

A Hymne to God the Father.

Will Thou requir that Sinne where I begun,
Which was my Sinne, though it were done before?
Will Thou forgive that Sinne, through which I runne,
And doe not still though still I doe deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Will Thou forgive that Sinne, which I have wome
Others to Sinne, & made my Sinne their doore?
Will Thou forgive that Sinne, which I did sworne
A yeare, or two, but walow'd in a Score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have

I have a Sinne of Feare, that when I have sparne
My last thord, I shall perish on the shore.
But in care by thy selfe, that at my deat Thy Sonne
Shall shine, as he shines now, as heere before;
And having done that, thou hast done:
I feele noe more. /

*Dr Donne in his former sicknesse
in his life. 1641. p. 868.*

A Hymne to my God in a Night
of my late sicknesse.

O Thou great Lover, in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die;
Behold me through thy beam of Love,
Whilst on this Concl of Teares I lie:
And cleanse my sordid Soule within
By Thy Christs blood, the Bath of Sin.

No halow'd oyle, no grains of sand;
No rays of Sunne, no burning fire;
One rosie drop from Davids seed
Was worthie of Seas to quench Thine ire.
O precious Ransome which once paid,
That Consummation was said.

And said by Him that said noe more,
But seal'd it with his sacred Breath.
Thou then, that hast dismould ^{my} score,
And dying wast the Death of Death;
Be to me now (on this I call)
My Life, my Strength, my Joy, my All. /

H. Wotton. ep. p. 514.

Another Hymne of the same Author, made at Venice
in the time of a great sicknesse, when he was in bed here.

Eternall Love, whose diffused Glory,
To show our grovelling Reason what Thou art,
Unfolds itselfe in Clouds of Naturs Story,
Where Man, thy poorest Creature, airt his part;
Whom yet (alas!) I know not Why; wee call
The World's contracted humme, the little All.

For what

For what are We, but humps of walking clay?
Why should we swell? whence should our spirits rise?
Are not brute Beasts as strong? or Birds as gay?
Tread longer liv'd? or creeping things as wise?
Only our Soule was left an inward light,
To feel our weaknesse, & confesse Thy might.

Then then our Strength, Father of Life, & Death,
To whom our Thanks, our Vows, our selves we owe;
From Me, thy Tenant of this fading Breath,
Account these Lines, which from Thy Goodnesse flow.
And then that weat Thy Regall Prophet's Nose,
Doe not Thy Praise in weaker Soulds refuse.

Let these pure Notes ascend unto thy Throne,
Where Majesty doth sit with Majesty crown'd:
Where my Redeemer lives, in whom alone
The resort of my wandring life are drown'd,
Where all the Quire of Heaven rejoind the same,
That onely Thine, Thine is the Saving Name.

Will then my Soule, joy in the midst of paine,
Thy Christ, that conquer'd Hell, shall from above
With greater Triumph yet returne againe,
And conquer his owne Iustice wth his Love!
Commanding Earth, & Seas to render thee
Unto his Throne, for whom He payd His Rōe.

Now have I done; now are my thoughts at Peace,
And now my joys are stronger than my griefe.
I feele those Comforts, that shall never cease,
Picture in Hope, but present in Beliefe.
Thy words are true, Thy Promises are just,
And thou wilt find Thy dearely bought in Dust.

H. Wotton. ep. p. 529.

On the Sacrament.
He was the Word, that spake it;
He took the bread, & brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I doe believe, & take it.

*Howe was an Epigram
in his life. p. 502.*

Dr Donne. p. 342.