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Malone
B. 371.



*I hereby certify that the impression of this reprint of
Decker's Dreame is strictly limited to twenty-six copies,
no perfect copy being preserved either in the waste or even
in proof-sheets.*

Thomas Dingle

May, 1860.



DECKER'S DREAM,

IN WHICH,

BEING RAPT WITH A POETICAL ENTHUSIASM, THE GREAT
VOLUMES OF HEAVEN AND HELL WERE OPENED
TO HIM, IN WHICH HE READ MANY
WONDERFUL THINGS.

Reprinted from the rare Edition of 1620.

EDITED BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

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1860.

P R E F A C E.

THOMAS DECKER, says Langbaine, writing in 1691, was “ a poet that liv’d in the reign of King James the First, and was contemporary with that admirable laureat, Mr. Benjamin Johnson. He was more famous for the contention he had with him for the bays, than for any great reputation he had gain’d by his own writings. Yet even in that age, he wanted not his admirers, nor his friends amongst the poets : in which number I reckon the ingenious Mr. Richard Brome ; who always stil’d him by the title of Father. He clubb’d with Webster in writing three plays ; and with Rowley and Ford in another : and I think I may venture to say, that these plays as far exceed those of his own brain, as a platted whip-cord exceeds a single thread in strength. Of those which he writ alone, I know none of much esteem, except the Untrussing the

PREFACE.

Humourous Poet, and that chiefly on account of the subject of it, which was the witty Ben Johnson. This play was writ on the occasion of Ben Johnson's Poetaster, where under the title of Chrispinus, Ben lash'd our author, which he endeavour'd to retaliate by Untrussing Ben under the Title of Horace Junior. This play is far inferior to that of Mr. Johnson, as indeed his abilities in poetry were no ways comparable to his." For some curious particulars recently discovered respecting Decker and his family, see Collier's "Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare," 8vo. 1846.

There can be but little doubt that the woodcut on the title-page contains a genuine portrait of Decker ; and, as such, it is of great interest.

May, 1860.

DEKKER HIS DREAME.

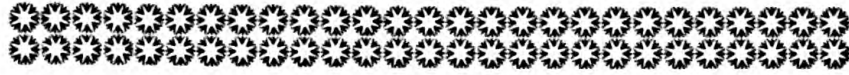
In which, beeing rapt with a Poeticall
Enthusiasme, the great Volumes of Heauen
and Hell to Him were opened, in which he
read many Wonderfull Things.

Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus Illo.



LONDON :

Printed by NICHOLAS OKES. 1620.



*To the trvely accomplished Gentleman
and worthy deseruer of all mens loues,
Master Endymion Porter.*

SIR :

IF you aske why, from the heapes of men, I picke out you onely to bee that *murus achæneus* which must defend mee, let me tell you (what you know already) that books are like the Hungarians in Paules, who haue a priuiledge to holde out their Turkish history for any one to reade. They beg nothing, the texted pastbord talkes all ; and if nothing be giuen, nothing is spoken, but God knowes what they thinke. If you are angry that I thrust into your hands a subiect of this nature, O good sir, take me thus far into your pardon, that it was impossible for me to beget a better ; for the bed on which seuen years I lay dreaming was filled with thornes instead of fethers, my pillow a rugged flint, my chamber-fellowes (sorrowes that day and night kept me company) the verry, or worse than the very infernall Furies. Besides, I herein imitate the most courtly reuellings ; for if lords be in the

grand masque, in the antimasque are players ; so in these of mine, though the diuell bee in the one, God is in the other ; nay in both. What I send you may perhaps seeme bitter, yet it is wholesome ; your best physicke is not a iulip ; sweete sawces leaue rotten bodies. There is a hell named in our creede, and a heauen, and the hell comes before : if we looke not into the first, we shall neuer liue in the last. Our tossing vp and downe (here) is the sea, but the land of angels is our shoare. Sayle so long as we can beare vp, through honors, riches, pleasures, and all the sensuall billowes of the world ; yet there is one harbour to put in at, and safely to arriue (there) is all the hardnesse, all the happinesse. Bookes are pilots in such voyages : would mine were but one point of the compasse, for any man to steere well by. I doe not thinke but euen those courtiers, who are most taken with the glittering of pallaces, doe from those glorious enter-viewes, masques, tilt-triumphs, and such like (with which their eyes are so often banqueted), reade sometimes excellent lectures to their soules, by a comparatiue laying those transitory ones, and those immortall beauties of heauen

together. The very roofes of kings courts do almost draw vs vp to such a contemplation : for when the pauements of such places are at the best but marble, yet the upper feelings are like firmaments of starres : there you see the golden embosments and curious en-chasings ; the true brauery is above.

An excellent dinner was that in France, when the king and queen sate at table, and with them Thomas Aquinas and Bonauentura (the two great schoolemen) ; whilst the others were feeding, one of these cast an earnest and fixed eye vpon the beauty of the queene : at which the king wondring, asked, why hee did so ? O (quoth he), if the great Worke-maister, out of a peece of clay, can mould and fashion so admirable a creature as your queen is, I am rapt into an astonish-able amazement to thinke how glorious those bodyes are, who are courtiers attending upon his maiesticall throne. If I hold the pen longer in my hand, I shall fall asleepe again : but howsocuer I wake, or haue mine eyes closed,—I rest,

Euer ready to do you seruice,

THO. DEKKER.



TO THE READER.

OVT of a long sleepe, which for almost seven yeares together seized al my sences, drowning them in a deepe Lethe of forgetfulnesse, and burying mee to the world, in the lowest grave of obliuion ! meeting in that drouzy voyage with nothing but frightfull apparitions, by reason (as now I guesse) of the place in which I lay, being a caue strongly shut vp by most diuellish and dreadfull enchantments ; I did at last fall into a dreame, which presented to my waking soule infinite pleasures, commix'd with invtterable horrors. More did I behold thus sleeping, then euer I could before, when my eies were wide open. I climbed to the tops of all the trees in Paradise, and ate sweeter apples then Adam euer tasted. I went into the star-chamber of heaven, where kings and princes were set to the barre, and when the court arose, I fed vpon manna, at a table with angels. Jerusalem was the pallace I liued in, and Mount Sion the hil, from whose top, I was dazled with glories brighter then

sun beames. This was my banquet : the course meate was able to kill me. For I was throwne (after all this happinesse) into a sea infernall, and forced to swim through torrents of vnquenchable fire. All the jayles of hell were set open. And albeit the arraignements were horrid, yet the executions were ten times more terrible. Joyes tooke me by the hand in the first dance, but feares and sorrowes whipt me forward in the second. I must not now tell what I saw, neither can I now see so much as I haue told, what musicke led both these measures. Do but open my song-booke, and the lessons are there set downe.

If the notes please thee, my paines are well bestowed. If to thine eare they sound vtuneable, much are they not to be blamed, in regard they are the aires of a sleeping man.

Farewell.



DEKKER HIS DREAME.

Which beeing truely interpreted, is able
to comfort the good, and terrifie
the bad.

WHEN downe the sun his golden beames had layd,
And at his westerne inne his iourney stayd,
Thus sleepe the eyes of man and beast did seize,
Whilest hee gaue light to the antipodes :
I slep'd with others, but my sences stream'd
In frightfull formes, for a strange dreame I dream'd.

Signes before the last Day.

Peace fled to heauen (me thought), and as she went,
Her roabe fell from her, which Warre finding rent
Into a thousand ragges, dying them in gall,
Mix'd with mans bloud, and charged the world to call
Those spoyles his ensignes : then (all arm'd) bestriding
A canon, and with thundring voyce diuiding
Nations colleagu'd ; downe fell the golden chaine
Of sweete commerce, linck'd both by loue and gaine :
Order ran mad, disorder fil'd his roome.
When beating at hell gates the fatall dromme,

Out-yssued vengeance, horror, incest, rape,
Famine and death, in the most vgly shape
That hell could send them out in. At these sights,
Seas threatened shores ; the earth (in strange affrights)
Shooke at the center : then (me thought) one drew
From his full quiuer, poysned shafts, which flew
With burning feathers of hot pestilence,
Filling the wide worlds vast circumference
With blaines and blisters, whilst each kingdom raues,
To see the whole earth but one field of graues.
Anon (me thought), treason and murther cry'de
Kill ! kill ! wilde vproares gates flew open wide ;
The father stabd the sonne, the sonne the brother ;
Man was not man, till he destroyd another ;
Each man was both the lyon and the prey,
And every corne-field an Aeldema :
A citty on a citties ruines stood,
And townes (late peopled), now were lakes of bloud.
As boystrous billowes, boystrous waues confound,
So nations, are in nation's glories drownd.
The Turkish half moone on her siluer hornes,
Tosses the Christian diadem, and adornes
The sphaere of Ottoman with starry light,
Stolne even from those, vnder the crosse who fight :
The sacred empire did it selfe o're whelme ;
State on state trampled ; realm did beat down realme :
Religion (all this while) a garment wore,
Stayn'd like a painters apron, and turn'd whore.

To severall countries, till from deepe abysme
Vp her two bastards came (error and schisme),
She in that motley cloake, with her two twinnes,
Trauell'd from land to land, sowing ranck sinnes,
Which choak'd the good corne, and from them did rise
Opinions, factions, black leau'd heresies ;
Pride, superstition, rancor, hate, disdaine,
So that (me thought) on earth no good did reigne.

All this afore named (and more terrible prædictions
then the weake pen of a silly man can set down), are
liuely written in God's eternal calendar : where his
prophet Ezechiel thus thundereth forth the terrors fore-
going the later day.

The fish of the seas, birds of the aire, beasts of the
field, and al that creepeth on the ground, together with
all humane generations which liue vpon the face of the
earth, shall be in an vproare ; hils shall bee ouerturned,
hedges broken downe, euery strong wall fall to the
ground ; I will call against them the sword from the
tops of all mountaines, and euery man's sword shall be
bent against his owne brother ; my judgement shall bee
in pestilence and bloud, etc. And I will raine fire and
brimstone.

Marke, how an evangelist seconds a prophet, with
this new battry vppon the world. When (saith hee),
you shall heare the fame or bruite of warres and
vproares ; be not afraid, for that these things must

bee. And yet presently the end of the world shall not ensue. One nation shall rise against another, and one kingdome shall inuade another ; there shall be great earth-quakes, pestilence and famine, most terrible signes and tokens from heauen.

The latter day.

These transitory, poore terrestriall terrors,
 Seru'd but as heralds to sound forth the horrors
 Of woes eternall ; this, was but a sceane
 To the great following tragedy. So that then
 (Me thought) one sitting on a raine-bow, sounded
 A trumpet, which in earth-quakes earth confounded.
 And then a voyce, shrill (but angelicall),
 Full of command and dreade, from heauen did call,
 To summon the whole world to stand to th' barre.
 Both all that euer have beene, and now are,
 To giue a strict account how they had spent
 That tallent of their life, which was but lent.

We must all be summoned before the tribunall seate
 of Christ, and euery man receive either good or euill,
 according as he hath behaued himselfe whilst he lived
 vpon earth. Christ taketh account of all his tallents.
 Luke 12, 16, 19, 10. Matt. 26.

Terrors of the later day.

The leaues of heauen (me thought) them rent in sunder,
 Out of which lightning brake, and horrid thunder,

Which pash'd (in peices) kingdomes : whizzing flakes
Of brimstone rain'd, that seas seemed burning lakes :
Rocks crumbled into powder ; scalded mountaines
In their drie iawes, dranck riuers vp and fountaines :
Fury, with snaky locks and smeared hands,
(Tossing about her eares two fry brands)
Met wrath, and indignation rauing-mad,
Tearing each others flesh, and wildly clad
In skins of spotted tygers ; vp and downe
They ran and spied (at last) confusion :
With whom swearing a league, black stormes they hurl'd,
With whirlwind violence to crush the world,
And bury her in 's quick ruines ; all the floore
Celestiall, crack'd and fell downe in a shower
Of bloud ; whilst the terrestiall pauement burn'd,
In which the starres to spent out snuffes were turnd ;
The sun leap'd from his chariot, and in feare
Of firing headlong ran to th' moones cold sphæte,
But she (for all her flouds, ice, frosts and snow)
Did like a lumpe of steele i' th' furnace glow ;
The sun and moone were neither sun nor moone,
Their shining could be cald nor night nor noone,
This massy, vniuersall, earthly ball,
Was all one bonfire, and it burnt out all.
In an eies twinkling, more by fire was lost
Than twenty earthes ; and all their wealth e're cost.

Christ his comming in glory.

As in an army royall (led by a king),
After the canons sulphurous thundering,
Battring downe bulwarkes, rampires, parapets,
Forts, gabions, palizadoes, cazimates,
Horror on all sides roaring, wings here flying
At wings (like armed eagles) ; here troopes dying,
A butcherous execution through the field,
Bellowing with fiend-like threats, when yet none yeeld,
Though death stalkes vp and downe, ghastly and pale,
The victors wreath lying in a doubtfull scale ;
The king himselfe, safe guarded on a hill,
Seeing this black day, yet stirring not vntill
He findes fit time to strike ; then down amayne,
Whorrying he comes ; a glorious dreadfull trayne
Of high heroick spirits, circling him round,
Who with swift vengeance do their foes confound.
And slaue-like drag them at prowde chariot wheelles,
Whilst miseries (worse than death) tread on their heeles :
So (but with greater) terror, state, and wonder,
Heauens supreme monarch (one hand greping thunder,
The other stormes of haile, whirle-winds and fire,
Ensignes of his hot-burning quenchlesse ire) ;
When the worlds buildings, smothered lay in smoake,
(With sparkling eyes), maiestically broke
Out of his pallace, ne're set ope' before,
And stood like a triumphant conqueror,

Trampling on death and hell : about him, round
(Like petty viz-royes), spirits (me thought) all-crownde,
Shewd, as if none but kings had bin his guard ;
Whole hierarchies of saints were then preferd,
With principalities, powers, and dominations ;
Thrones, angels, and archangels, (all att once)
Filling the presence : then like heauen-borne twinnes,
Flew fiery cherubins and seraphins ;
Whilst the old patriarches, cloath'd all in white,
Were rap'd with joy, to see beames far more bright,
About the prophets and th' apostles runne,
Than those whose flames were kindled at the sun.
Martyrs (me thought), with selfe same lustre shinde,
As gold, which seuen times was by fire refine :
Virgins, whose soules in life from lust liu'd cleare,
Had siluer robes, and on their heads did weare
Coronets of diamonds. Were my fingers flint,
My pen of pointed adamant, t' imprint
Characters in tough iron, or hammered brasse,
Mine inke a depthlesse sea ; all these (alas !)
Would be worne out, ere I one lyne should draw,
Of those full glories, which (I dreamd) I saw :
Nor could I write this (though it be but meane),
Did not some angell guide my fainting pen.
Gods heire apparent (here once made away)
Triumph'd in this his coronation day,
In which heauen was his kingdome, mercy his throne,
Justice his scepter, a communion

Of sanctified soules, the courtly peeres,
 And his star chamber lords ; who now had yeeres
 Which neuer turn'd them gray by times rough wether,
 Greatnesse was now no more cald fortunes fether,
 Nor honor held a fruitlesse golden dreame,
 Nor riches a bewitching swallowing streame,
 Nor learning laugh'd at as the beggars dower,
 Nor beauties painted cheeke a summers flower.
 No, no, life endlesse was, yet without loathing,
 Riches were subiect to no base consuming ;
 Learning burnt bright, without contentious fuming ;
 Beauty no painting bought, but still renew'd,
 Each one had (heere) his full beatitude.
 O my weake eyes ! how did your balls (me thought)
 Burne out their jelly, when they had but caught
 One little, little glimpse of those diuine
 And in accessible beames, which did out-shine
 Hot-glowing coales of fire ? no mortall sight
 Can stand a maiesty so infinite.

That face whose picture might haue ransom'd kings,
 Yet put vp spettings, baffulings, bufferings.

Esa. 50 ; Jerem. 3 ; Math. 26 ; Marke 14 ; Luk. 22.

That head, which could a crowne of starres haue worne,
 Yet spightfully was wrench'd with wreathes of thorne.

Math. 27 ; Mark 15 ; John 19.

Those hands and feete, where purest stamps were set ;
Yet naid vp like to pieces counterfet.

Psal. 77.

Those lippes, which though they had command o're all,
Being thirsty, vineger had to drinke and gall.

Luke 23.

That body, scourg'd and torne with many a wound,
That his deere bloud (like balme) might leaue us sound.

Luk. 23 ; Psal. 129 ; Zach. 13.

The well of life, which with a speare being tride,
Two streames (mysterious) gush'd out from the side.

John 19.

Messias, great Jehouah, God on hie,
Yet haild king of the Jewes, in mockery.

Math. 27 ; Mark 15 ; Luk. 23.

The manger-cradled babe, the begger borne,
The poorest worrne on earth, the heighth of scorne.

Math. 2 ; Psal. 22.

That Lord, by his owne subiects crucified,
Lo, at this grand assize comes glorified
With troopes of angels, who his officers are,
To call by sound of trumpe his foes to a bar.

Thus stood he arm'd, justice his breast-plate was ;
Judgement his helmet, stronger farre than brasse :
On his right arme truths shield he did aduance,
And turnde his sharpned wrath into a lance :
Out of his mouth a two-edg'd sword did flie,
To wound body and soule eternally ;
Arm'd (cap-a-pe) thus, who 'gainst him durst fight ?
There was no ground for strength, nor yet for flight.
At this (me thought) all graves that euer held
Dead coarses, yawn'd wide open, and compell'd
The bones of dead men vp with flesh to rise ;
Yea, those on whom the seas did tyrannize, [eaten,
And droun'd in wrackes, and which were peece meale
With liuely bodies to the shoares were beaten :
Whom sword, or fire, jibbets, or wheelles had torne,
Had their own limbes againe, and new were borne ;
From the first man God made, to th' last that died,
The names of all were here exemplified ;
Emp'rours and kings, patriarches, and tribes forgotten,
The conquerors of the world (moldred and rotten) ;
Lords, beggers, men and women, young and old,
Vp (at a bar set forth) their hands did hold.
The judge being set, in open court were layd
Huge bookes : at sight of which all were dismaid ;
Would faine have shrunk back, and fell downe with
In sheetes of brasse, all stories written were [feare :
(Which those great volumes held) character'd deepe
With pens of steele ; eternal files to keepe

Of euery nation, since the earth began,
And euery deede, word, thought of euery man :
Sins hatch'd in caues, or such whose bawd was night,
The minutes of the act were here set right.
Great men, whose secret damn'd sins vizards wore
So close, that none vpon their browes could score
The least black line (because none durst) had here
A bill of items in particular,
What their soules owed for sin, to death and hell ;
Or if it happened that they e're did well,
In these true journals it as large was found,
And with rich promise of reward was crown'd.

The bookes were opened, &c. Apoc. 20.
Which done (me thought), the sessions thus began,
Conscience the cryer, cald forth euery man
To make appearance ; and (though to my sight
The numbers that were there were infinite)
In an eies-twinkling, yet they parted were,
The good from bad, the spotted from the cleare ;
The wolues and goates to th' left hand howling went ;
The lambs, and harmelesse sheep to th' right were sent :
After this separation, vp did rise
Heauen's Lord Chiefe Justice, and this sentence flies
Out of his dreadfull breast : O you (quoth he),
That haue my lambs bin, and did follow me
As your true shepheard, and did know my voyce,
As I in you, you shall in mee reioyce :
And now is come the day ; this is the houre

In which my blessings on your heads I poure :
Beloued of my father, come and take
A kingdom layd vp onely for your sake ;
For me you haue bin mock'd, reuil'd, and beate,
Mount therefore now into a glorious seate :
O blessed word ! which none but he can speake,
O word of loue diuine ! when (not with weake)
But armes omnipotent strong, (spread ope' wide)
He cries, come, come. How is man dignified,
(Being but a vassaile groueling on the ground),
Next to his kings owne throne thus to sit crown'd !
Come and possesse ; O what shall you possesse ?
A kingdome, whose vast boundes none can expresse :
Had all the peebles in the world bin cut
Into rich diamonds, and both Indies put
Into two hils of silver, and fine gold,
Nor all kings hoarded treasures downe being told,
Can this inheritance buy, which for your good
Is purchast at a high rate (Christ's deere blood).
Come and possesse what time can neuer rot,
Theiues steale, warres spoyle, or cank-rous envy blot ;
Come and possesse a state, whose title, law,
Attorneys wiles,—no, nor the scarlet awe
Of corrupt judges,—euer can intangle ;
No bawling pleader at the barre shall wrangle
To proue the right of this, being stronglier grounded
Than descents lineall, by which realmes are bounded.
Set at his table, which doth euer lie

Couered with banquets of eternitie ;
Salutations cup stands fill'd for you to th' brim,
Come drinke, where immortality doth swim.
Come and possesse, you blessed ; blest in this,
The deere Sonne giues you a coelestiall kisse
For welcome : Come, you blessed, and possesse
Wealth, honor, glories, pleasures numberlesse. [gold,
Forthwith (me thought) they all were crown'd with
Set thick with starres, and in their hands did hold
Scepters of sparkling diamonds, which out shinde
Sun-beames, or siluer seuen times being re-finde.
The ioy at this was wondrous : all the skies
Danc'd to the soundes of seuerall harmonies ;
Both angels and arch-angels loudly sung,
All heauen was but one instrument well strung.
But they, who on the left hand were set by,
(As out-casts) shooke and trembled fearefully,
Like falling towers : their sinnes and soules were black,
And troopes of hel-hounds waited at their back :
They beat their breasts, they tore their flesh and haire,
And curs'd that houre in which they first drew aire.
And then with grones (able to split in sunder
Their very soules, like trees riuen through with thunder),
They wrung their hands, sobd, shriek'd, and howl'd, and
That rocks and hils might on their backs be layd, [praid
And they to dust be grinded ; so that they
Might from the Judges face but turne away :
And seeing themselues infore'd to stand the doome,

They gnash'd their teeth, and curs'd their mothers
They who on earth were reard (Colossus-high) [wombe;
Spurn'd kingdomes, trod on thrones, and did defie
Omnipotence it selfe, into base graues
Tombling; prow'd monarches here tooke place with
And like to broken starues down were throwne, [slaues,
Trampled, and (but in scorne) not look'd vpon.
Their cries, nor yellings did the Judge regard,
For all the doores of mercy vp were bard ;
Justice and wrath in wrinkles knit his for head,
And thus he spake : You cursed and abhorred,
You brood of Sathan, sonnes of death and hell,
In fires that still shall burne, you still shall dwell ;
In hoopes of iron then were they bound vp strong,
(Shrikes being the burden of their dolefull song.)
Scarce was the sentence breath'd out, but mine eies
Euen saw (me thought) a caldron, whence did rise
A pitchy steeme of sulphure and thick smoake,
Able whole coapes of firmament to choake :
About this, diuels stood round, still blowing the fire,
Some tossing soules, some whipping them with wire
A-crosse the face, as vp to th' chins they stood
In boyling brimstone, lead, and oyle, and bloud.
Millions were here tormented ; and together
(All at this sessions doomd) were condemnd hither.
My frighted soule (me thought), with terrors shooke
To see such horrid obiects : bloud forsooke
The conduite-pipes of each exterior part,

And ran to comfort and defend the heart ;
But the worlds glorious frame being rac'd in fire
And none aliue left, I had then desire
(Me thought) to see that black infernall court,
Whither (in thousands) soules did so resort.
The way was quickly found ; paths numberlesse
(Beaten with feete which thither fast did presse)
Lay trodden bare ; but not one path returning,
Was euer seene from this dark house of mourning.
This flaming kingdome hath one ferriman,
And he one boate : he rowes through Acheron,
Styx, and Cocytus, riuers that in hell
Spread all the countrey ouer : fogges still dwell
Stinking and thick vpon them ; and there growes
Vpon their bankes (in wild disordered rowes)
The poplar (white and black), with blasted ewgh ;
The deadly poppy, cypresse, gall, and rew,
(Emblems of graues, tombes, funerals, and beeres) ;
And on the boughes no other bird appeares,
But schriches, owles, and rauens, and the shrill throates
Of whistlers ; death still listning to their notes.

These riuers of hell, poetically inuented, cary a morall and mysticall interpretation : for Acheron (the first water) signifies bitterness : Styx, a detestation ; and Cocytus, a sorrow or repentance ; and are thus applied. When soules, by reason of their sinnes, are to passe ouer the troublesome riuers of death, being tor-

mented with remembrance of the losse of worldly honors, riches, &c., then they passe Acheron ; it is a bitter draught : Styx is the next, for when they see no remedy, but they must passe ouer to their last shoare, they begin to haue a loathing of their ante-acted life ; and then comming to ferry ouer Cocytus, they mourne and howle : so that all the conflicts, combats, and earthly wrastlings about the time of a mans departure, are figured vnder those three riuers.

I hollowed to the ferriman (me thought),
And with a strech'd voyce cry'd a boate, a boate ;
Hee came at first call, and when neere he drew,
That of his face and forme, I had full view,
My bloud congeal'd to ice with a colde feare
To see a shape so horribly appeare :
His eyes flash'd fire, grizled and shagg'd his haire,
(Snarl'd all in felt lockes), terror and despaire
Lay in his wrinckled cheekes ; his voyce was hoarse
And grumbling, he look'd ghastlier than a coarse.

This description of the vgly ferriman is but an argument how terrible the apparence of death is vnto vs, at our last voyage, which we take in departing from the world.

By those who there stood thronging on the shoare,
I heard his name was Charon : a blacke oare

And dirty, held he in his brawny hand,
And though 'mongst those who stood vpon the strond
He saw some kings, some beggers, none had roome
For birth, or bloud, but sate as they did come :
None gaue the cushions here, for there was none ;
But in heaps tumbling in, all were as one :
Some thither came laden with bags of gold,
Some with braue cloaths ; then did he barke and scold,
And snatch'd all from them, with looke sharpe and grim,
All fares (the sayd) must naked goe with him.

As death hath no respect of persons, for the beggers dish and the kings standing cup of gold, are to him of one weight ; so he spoyleth all men of all that they possesse ; princes of their crownes, lords of their manors, judges of their scarlet, gentlemen of their reuenues, citizens of riches, souldiers of strength, scholers of learning, women of beauty, age of experience, youth of comelinesse. And as they enter into the lists of the world, weake and vnfurnished : so must they go forth, beaten, vanquished, and disarmed.

At last (me thought) I leap'd into the boate,
Which scene, the sculler pluck'd me by the throate
To haue his fare first. Asking what it was,
He cry'd A penny. I for that did passe :
Being glad for bought experience ; I could tell,
That auarice house stood the next doore to hell.

Charon by interpretation is ioy; for after we have ferried ouer the troublesome passage of death, and landed on the shoares of blessednesse, then the ferriman (how churlish and terrible soeuer hee seemed at first), hath a countenance merry and comfortable. Charon also is pictured old, signifying good counsell and sweete perswasion to prepare for death, and that brings ioy: for what ioy can bee greater than that which ariseth out of an assured knowledge of a spotlesse innocence; or of an hope that sins committed are repented and pardoned?

Anon (to see with what a restlesse gyre)
 The soule entranc'd is whirld, some times through fire,
 Then waues, then racking clowdes; earth, heau'n and
 Lying (then) all open, free and passible. [hell
 Me thought, being in a twinkling ferried o're,
 And tembling on the horrid Stygian shore,
 I saw the brazen gates of deepe abyse
 In a vast bottome standing: none can misse
 The way, it is so beaten and so wide
 That ten caroches (breast-wise) in may ride;
 To it there is a headlong base descent,
 Slippery in worrying downe, yet turbulent
 Through throngs of people daly poasting thither,
 For day or night are the gates closde together.
 As at some direfull tragoedy (before
 Not acted), men prease round about the dore
 Crowding for entrance, yet non entrance haue,

But (like toss'd billowes) this and that way waue :
So here ; I ask'd the cause, and thousands cry'd
Hell is so full, there's roome for few beside.

In thrust I 'mongst the thick'st, and sweating got :
(For all the aire mee thought was sulphry hot).
With much a-doe to 'th gate, where stood a grim
And churlish porter, being in voyce and limbe
A dog ; yet like the porter of a iayle,
On new-come guests he fawn'd and wagg'd his taile,
But bawl'd aloud for fees, ready to teare
Their throats, who without bribes begg'd entrance ther ;
I choak'd the curre with what he crau'd, and went
On with bold steps to the black regiment.

The feeding and feeling of Cerberus taxeth those in
office, who wey the gift, not the cause ; and haue
no other language in their mouthes but *Quid dabis* ;
yet S. Paul willeth him that hath an office, to looke to
his office : and as for taking of bribes, there is a direct
statute against it, set downe by the vpper house of
heauen in these expresse words, *Thou shalt take no
bribe.* Exod. 23.

Noyse was my guide (mee thought) by which being led,
I got to th' court where soules were sentenced :
Full was it of braue fellowes and fine dames,
Their haire (once so perfum'd) all turnd to flames.
The prince of darkenesse, sate vpon a throne

Of red hot steele, and on his head a crowne
Of glowing adamant : as in he drew
The noysome ayre, flames from his nostrils flew,
His eyes dash'd fire, and when with dreadfull sound
He roar'd (for that's his voyce), he shooke the ground
Of his Tartarean pallace ; massy keyes
(The ensignes of his empire) held (as stayes),
A canopy of brasse aboue his head,
Which hard (to last) in hell was hammered.
Those keyes being emblems of eternall paine,
For who there enter ne're come forth againe,
Being lock'd vp euer : at his clouen feete
Three judges sate, whom I did lowly greete.

Those judges names are Minos, Rhadamanth, and
Æacus : the infernall king is called Pluto. Now,
albeit by the lawes of God we both beleewe, and
are bound to acknowledge Him onely to bee supreme
lord and judge both of heauen, earth, and hell ; yet
sithence those former figured names (drawne from
poeticall inuention) carry in them a morall and instruc-
tue meaning, they are not altogether to be reiected ;
and the rather because in picturing forth so terrible an
obiet as the kingdome of hell, and tortures of the
damned, I striue to shaddow the horrors of them, and
to set them off with heightning both of profit and
delectation.

The judges in their hands held whips of wire,
Dipp'd in boyld brimstone, to pay soules their hire
According to their facts : the king of fiends
Spying me there i' th' throng, roares out and sends
Two of his furies (beadles of the court)
To drag me to him, who in currish sort
(Like flesh-hooke-fingred sergeants) hal'd me on :
Being there, the jawes of black damnation
Thus yawnd, and bellowed : wherefore art thou come
Hither (thou slaue) ere death sets downe thy doome ?
Thou art aliue, and not a soule that drawes
Breath vitall, by our dread infernall lawes
Must heere for footing. Humbly then (mee thought)
With pale and frightfull lookes I him besought,
That since I was a stranger, and aliue,
Hee by his hillish large prærogatiue
Would signe my passe, but to walke all the rounds
Of his vast countries and to view their bownds :
A yelling out-cry all about was hurld,
That 'twas not fit one of the vpper world
Should be a close intelligencing spy,
Of their scorch'd shores to make discouery.
But the Crim Tartar, with distorted brow
Thwarting their grumbling, held it scorne to bow
To any wish of theirs, and vnder-writ
The passe, with toades bloud from the witches pit,
Charging me as my soule (if ere it fell
Into his pawes) should answere it in hell,

Not to a next world that my pen betrayd
 What there I saw ; his threatning being obay'd,
 From him I tooke my way, nor did I feare
 To lose my path, hels path was euery where.

Heere begin the descriptions both of the darknesse
 and fires of hell, &c., as also of the particular torments
 assigned to euery man, according to his particular
 sinnes.

On wings of hot desire I flew from thence
 With whirle-wind swiftnesse, noyse, and violence,
 Being mounted on a spirits back, which ran
 With mandrake-shrikes, and like a lubrican :
 Whilst round (me thought) about me there did roare
 Ten thousand torrents, beating on a shoare
 Made all of rocks, where huge leuiathans lay
 Gaping to swallow soules new cast away.

The darknesse of hell.

Were all the rowndure betwixt hell and heauen
 One clowd condens'd and into blackness driuen,
 Not that ; no, nor the chaos vn-refinde,
 (When in one bundle darknesse vp did binde
 That confus'd lumpe of mixtures) being put too,
 Not that ; no nor if since the world was new,
 All nights (that euer were) might grow in one,
 Neither could that ; nor the Ægyptian

Caliginous black vapor, which did rise
From caues infernall to blind Pharaohs eyes,
Clammy as if that pitch from heauen did melt,
And glutinously-thick it might be felt :
Adde to all these, that hideous direfull houre
When all the lamps celestially out did poure
Their lights like spent oyle, dropping from their
(As in my dreame at first it did appeare) : [sphære
Not all these darknesses together glowd,
And ten times-ten redoubled and renewde,
Are half so dismall as the night infernall,
Black, stinking, stiffling, poysning, and eternall.

See for this darkenesse Math. 22, 13 ; Jud. 13 ;
Job. 10 ; Prou. 4, 14 ; Psal. 107, 10.

Horror of hell fire.

How then (it may be asked) did my weake sight
Pierce these thick walles of horror, where no light
Euer shed beame ? why on that sorcerous coast
Where haggies and witches dwelt was not I lost ?
My spirit had balls of wild-fire in his head
For eyes (me thought), and I by them was led :
For all these coale-pits (faddom'd deepe as hell)
Still burne, yet are the flames inuisible.
This fire is none of that which God lent man,
When (driuen by sinne out) he from Paradise ran,
Bitten with cold, beaten with frosts and snow,
And in meere pity did that warmth bestow,

Teaching him how to kindle it at first,
And then with food combustible haue it nurst :
No ; this red gloomy fornace is a firing,
Deuouring, yet not wasting, nor selfe-tiring.
Arithmetick cannot in figures set
An age of numbred yeares to swell so great,
As to fill vp that time when these shall dye,
Being never, for it burnes eternally,
From the worlds first foundation, to th' confounding ;
Were deluges on deluges abounding,
Not all that raine (able to drowne the world)
Reach'd it to heauen, nor thousand oceans hurld
On top of all those waters, can euer slake
Or quench the least drop of this brimstone lake.
For (which most dreadfull is) the flames cease neuer
To torture soules, and yet no light seene euer :
It is a burning which doth brightnesse lack,
The coales being infinite hot, and infinite black.
Yet though my horse of hell gallopp'd amaine,
Now plung'd in boyling lakes, then vp againe,
Leaping into vast caues, where heate neuer comes :
For sharper cold then winters breath, benummes
The aire so stiffe, it freezeth all to ice,
And clowdes of snow, whose flakes are harder thrice
Than those quadrangled haile-stones, which in thunder
Kill teemes, and plough-men, and riue oakes in sunder.

The extremities of cold in hell.

The hyperborean wind, whose rough hand flings
Mountaines for snow-balls, and on 's marble wings
Beares rocks of ice fetch'd from the frigid zone,
Which stuck i' th' north seas, seas and shoares were one;
Ten thousand wild waues hardned in the aire
Rattling like isicles on his grizly haire,
And in his driueling beard snow ten times more
Than e're the bald-pate Alpes in periwigs wore,
When from his caues of brasse (bound there in giues
Of adamant), out he whorries and fore him driues
(In whirl-windes), haile, frosts, sleete, and stormes ; and
With rugged winter, whom he roaring greetes, [meetes
Then clapping their obstreperous squallid wings,
Each of them on the frozen ruffian dings
Such bitter blasts downe, that they flye in droues
(Though swaddled all in furies) to sweltring stoues :
The Muffe, the Scythian, nor the Freeze-land-boore,
Nor the Laplandian witch once peeping o're
A threshold, lest their noses, cheekes, and eyes
(Pinch'd off by his clumsy nailes) he made a prize
To snarling Boreas. O yet, all this cold
(Were it pil'd vp in heapes a hundred fold,
In stifned clowdes to freeze ten thousand yeere)
Is a warme thaw, to th' piercing horrors heere.
Hells cold so biting, so inuincible,
Insufferable, inexpressible,

That from all cold else the sharpe nips doth steale ;
Should fire come neare it, it would fire congeale,
Till flames turne icy flakes, and force fire leese
His vertue, so that coales red hot will freeze.

Here I beheld (mee thought) soules scar crow-like,
Some bound, some hang bi th heeles, whose heads did
The icy-knobbed-roofe, toss'd too and fro [strike
By gusts implacable, able downe to throw
Rampires of brasse, which still beate out the braines,
And still renewde them with plangiferous paines ;
Here I beheld kennels of fat paunch'd dogges,
From one to one howling in dialogues
Of hellish language, cursing that they sat
At prowde voluptuous tables, yet forgat
Numm'd charity, when at their gawdy gates
She begg'd but scraps of their worst delicates,
Yet staru'd for want; whilst they at toasting fires
Bath'd their ranke guts ; and with sharpe whips of wires
(But nothing else) heated her shiuering limbes : [brims,
They quaffing bowles (i' th' mean time) crown'd to th'
And when ragg'd souldiers, of their bodies making
Anatomies in wounds, with chill blasts quaking
And shrunke-vp mawes, did to their worships come,
At whipping poast and halter was their doome.
Or when thin pale-cheek'd schollers held but forth
Their thread-bare armes, and did beseech their worth
To pittie haplesse learning once so much
As not to see her beg : no, they'd not touch

A poore bookes couer, though within it lay
Their soules wealth, but (in scorne) shuffled away.
O diuine vengeance ! how most just thou art !
What they stung others with is now their smart.
Bleake agues, apoplexies, mures, catarrhes,
Coughes, dropsies, rhowmes, diseases that make wars
And in cold bloud kill health, did here reigne rife,
And though they could not wast, yet worried life.
Death from his earthy hands flung here and there
Cold snakes, and scorpions, which did piece-male-teare
Frost-bitten soules, and spewd them vp againe
Wanting digestion : and to whip paine with paine,
Ten thousand salamanders (whose chill thawing
Puts bonfires out), their starke-stiffe lunges it were gnaw-
Harsh was their musicke therefore, on no string [ing :
But yels ; teeth-gnashing, chattring, shiuering.

When thus farre I was transported by my dreame ;
I called to minde (me thought) that vpon earth I had
heard many great schollers defend, that there was no
cold in hell. But then (turning ouer the leaues of my
memory) I found written there, that Job once spake
thus :—

They shal passe from the waters of snow, to too much
heate ; and that vpon those wordes Reuerend Bede did
inferre that Job seemed to point (with his finger as it
were) at two hels, the one of fire, the other of cold.
And that S. Hierome vpon the tenth of Mathew, did

auouch the same thing : and againe, that Hugo Victorinus, in his booke *De Anima*, had set downe, that in hell there was a passage from the waters of snow, to the heate of fire, and both of these were insufferable, &c. Job. 24.

I likewise (me thought) remembred, that the author of the booke intituled *De Triplici Habitaculo*, (that is to say, of heauen, earth, and hell) being thought to be the worke of Saint Augustine, had these wordes. There are two principall torments in hell ; viz., intollerable colde, and intollerable heate ; whereupon the Euangelists wrote, there shall bee in hell weeping and gnashing of teeth ; teares melting from the eyes through the extremity of fire, and that of the teeth, proceeding from the sharpnesse of colde.

Then called I to minde, that Justinianus, in his booke *De casto Connubio Animæ*, sayd thus : There is in hell a fire corporeall, inextinguible, wanting combustible matter to nourish it : it shines to punishment, not to consolation. In that place there is colde incomparable, gnashing of teeth, and smoake most horrible-stinking, &c. And that Haymo commenting vpon Mathew, sung the same tune, thus : That among all the tortures in hell, the greatest were heate and colde.

My memory (mee thought) amongst these mustred, Anselmus in his *Elucidary* ; Innocentius with his booke *De Contemptu Mundi*, with many others, all fighting vnder the same opinion.

Againe, I tooke hold vpon the 39. chapter of Ecclesiasticus, speaking thus : They are spirits created for reuenge, and in their fury they haue fortified their torments ; when the finall day shall come, they shall poure forth the force and rage of him that created them, fire, hayle, famine, &c.

These and other fortifications of reading defending me were armors sufficient and of prooffe that there was cold in hell : and that haply the infernall torments did so change, that some times the soules of men were scorched in fires, and anon as grievously plagu'd with inexpressible anguish of cold ; yet considering with my selfe that it was no pillar for saluation to leane vpon, to beleue that there was or was not any such thing, it could (mee thought) be no offence to perswade it was so, or not so : and the rather, because it was but a dreame.

My Mephostophilan nag (which foam'd before
With a white frothy sweate, by scudding o're
The fields of flames), had now the glanders got
Through sudden cold, when he was extreame hot :
Foundred he was besides (halting downe right),
So that I durst nor on, nor yet allight ;
Myselfe (mee thought) being almost frozen dead,
Back therefore did I reyne his stubborne head ;
When quick as thought, he gallopp'd thence away,
And came againe where soules all broyling lay :

Vpon them fell downe stormes of burning speares,
Trumpets red-hot, blowing flames into their eares,
Each sence, and member, that on earth had bin
An armour in the quarrell of damn'd sin
To fight 'gainst heauen, were (here) in pieces rent,
And faults weigh'd out with equall punishment ;
The glutton roar'd for cookes to give him meate ;
Drunkards for wine, to quench their scalding heate ;
Adulterers for their whoores, to coole those fires
Which now burnt hotter then their old desires.
Some for caroches cry'd, some for their trayne
Of vassailes to attend, but cry'd in vaine.

They shall cry to the gods whom they serued in this
life, and they shall not saue them in this time of
affliction. Jer. 2.

Gay gawdy women, who spent yeares of noones
In tricking vp their fronts with chaperoones,
And powdred haire : whose taylors sheares did quarrell
With pride, how to cut onely their apparrell,
Whose backs wore out more fashions then their wit,
Phantasticknesse being short to alter it
Into so many shapes as they did vary :
The loades being more then those when fed mules carry
(In sumpters) great lords things ; whose heads were
I' th' aire high as a stag's, boue all the heard ; [reard
And when they rode (their foot-men running by)

They seem'd prowd ships in all their gallantry,
Newly-arriu'd, full-fraighted, vnder sale,
Slight empty cock-boates dancing at their tayle ;
These dames, who each day in French chariots sat
Glistring like angels, a prowd bounding trot
From foure faire steedes drawing all on them to wonder,
That the clowdes eccho'd and the earth shook vnder :
But when their coursers tooke their full carieere
It look'd like that day, when the thunderer
Struck with his triple-fire heauens rider downe ;
For (from their horses nostrils) breath was throwne,
Hot-quick as lightning, and their hoofs vp-hurld
Such clowdes of smoake, as when he fir'd the world.
O horrid sight ! These (once so much ador'd)
In hell were drudges, spurn'd at, and abhorr'd ;
Their painted cheekes, turn'd into witches looks,
Bright haire to snakes, long fingers into hooks,
Pearle-chaines to roapes, their gawdy robes to ragges,
And delicate bodies, vglier farre than haggies.
They that for table-crums refus'd to buy
And (for their soules) hoord vp eternity,
Here offred worlds of treasure, but to get
One drop of water : (O hels infinite heate !)
Yet not a drop was sufferd once to fall ;
To quench their thirst, diuels held out cups of gall.

Diues the patterne of such vncharitable wretches,
cries out in that language : O Father Abraham, haue

compassion vpon me, and send down Lazarus vnto me, that he may dippe the toppe of his finger in water and coole my tongue, &c. Luke 16.

Cram'd-vp in stinking corners I beheld
Base heapes tumbled together, who all yell'd
Like bandogs tyed in kennels : high-way-standers,
Foists, nips, and tylts, prinadoes, bawdes, pimpes, pan-
Old sunck-eyed beldames hir'd to keepe the doors, [ders,
Till their owne daughters were by slaues made whoores :
Catchpolles, and varlets, who did poere men flecce
(To their vndoing) for a twelue-peny peece.
Mongst these were mingled periwi'd common baile,
With petti-foggers, that set law to sale
With cauterized consciences ; theeues, cheates,
Tradesmen that fed vpon the broken meates
Of oathes and rotten-wares ; and those to sell
Car'd not for single money to buy hell.
Ten thousand packs (like these) were basely throwne
Into a ware-house of damnation,
Where fire their foode was, adders galls their drinke,
And their tobacco a strong brimstone stinke.

His head (speaking of the wicked worldling) in his belly shall be turned into the gall of serpents, hee shall be constrained to vomit out againe the riches which he hath deuoured, God shall pull them forth of his belly, he shall be constrained to suck the gals of cocka-

trices, and the tongues of adders shall slay him, &c.
Tob. 10.

The worme of conscience.

The whips that lash'd the damn'd were some of wire,
And some of iron ; others were roapes of fire
Knotted with ragged stones of glowing flint,
Which though in thousand formes they did imprint
Tortures vpon their soules, yet there was one
To which all torments else compar'd were none.
A kind of worme there was, all speckled black,
That shot ten thousand prickles from his back,
Sharper then quills of porcupines, and longer,
And further flying, and more swift and stronger ;
It beare a tearing forked sting behinde,
Which in the striking did so strangely winde,
It wounded euery way where it did hit,
Nor could it be put by, by force or wit :
This worme had teeth of needles, and lay gnawing
Both night and day, black soules in peeces drawing ;
The more 'tis rack'd, it liues ; the more it fries
In flames, the lesse it burns ; and neuer dies.

Our Sauour speaking of the paines of the damned,
saith that their worme dieth not. Mar. 9, 44.

To call but this worme to minde (amongst the other
torments of that infernall lake), marke in what passions
one poureth his feares : Gehennan timeo, quippe inter-

minatam, exhorreo Tartarum vt cui nimicum insit
caloris, paueo tenebras, quoniam nihil admittunt lucis,
formido pestiferum vermem quoniam est perennis, &c.

I feare Gehenna, because it hath no end ; hell to
me is horrible because it hath too much fire, the dark-
nesse I tremble at, because it hath no light, the deadly
worme affrights me, because it is euer-lasting.

Holy Bernard being pierced to the soule with the
same agony of feare, thus confesseth it : Paueo
Gehennam, contremisco a dentibus bestie infernalis.
horreo vermem rodentem, et ignem tonentem fumum,
et vaporem, et sulphur, et spiritum procellarum, &c.

I am (saies hee) afraid of hell, I tremble at the teeth
of the infernall dragon, the gnawing worme is a horror
to me, and the roasting fire, and the smoake, and
the brimstone, and the spirit of stormes, &c.

One soule (me thought), boyling in sulphurous flame
Curs'd God, and on his rigor did exclame ;
Rail'd at him for iniustice, and thus cri'd,
If for my sin thy Son was crucified,
Why am I hell'd in execution
In this damnd iayle, euer to be vndone ?
If hee layd downe his life to set me cleere
From all my debts, why am I dungeon'd heere ?
Why for a life no longer then a span,
Am I euerlasting damned man !
He whom the first bad woman did intice,

Was but once driuen out of Paradice,
Yet hee (euen then) was sole monarchall lord
O're the whole globe, seas did to him accord
In sweete obedience : all the beasts on earth
As vnder his dominion they tooke birth ;
So from him had they names, they all did bow
Their knees to him, and did obserue his brow.
He lost a garden, but an orchard found
Wall'd in with seas, with sun-beames compast round,
Where birds (whose notes were neuer since so cleare)
Seru'd as musitians all to tune his eare :
A serpent cozened him by sorcerous charmes,
But (in his stead) a woman fild his armes :
A woman ! in whose face more beauties shone
Then all the beauties after made in one :
He was man's maister-thiefe, robd him of all,
Droue him from Eden, and (so) forc'd him fall
Out of the sphære of innocence ; and yet
Those crownes of blessings God on him did set ;
Why then for sin but of a minutes date
Must I for euer be a reprobate ?
Gods holy hunger though it oft did kill me,
Gods holy banquet yet did neuer fill me ;
The silke worme ne're for me wrought in her loome ;
I neuer eate pies of nightingales tongues, or sate
Like Diues at my table seru'd in plate.
My beldame nurse (the earth) when she gaue suck
To me, her left breast still she forth did pluck,

Being iuice-lesse ; or from thence if drops did fall,
How could I quench my thirsty iawes with gall ?
I neuer lackeyed by prowld fortunes wheele,
For all the taste of pleasures I did feele,
Was in the warme embracements of my whore :
If that were sin, why then did nature store
My veines with hot bloud blowing lustfull fire ?
Twas her corruption, and not my desire.
I likewise (now and then) was wash'd within
All o're with wines, but why should that be sin,
When God the vineyard planted, and in 's Word
Bid man drinke wine ? Thou art a rigorous Lord,
(Mee thought) the hell-hound howl'd, for trifling crimes
To damne me in a worlde out-lengthning times.

Say, that full sixty yeares my glasse did run,
More then that halfe I slept, there was won
Like to hell in sleepe : but my lifes thread
Reach'd but to thirty, so that I lay dead
Fifteene of those, and of those fifteene fiue
(At least) were childish : O must I aliue
Be held for euer in damnation iayle
For poore ten yeares ! when I perhaps did saile
Some part of them towards heauen ? what cursed waue
Threw'st thou to drowne me in th' infernall graue ?
My parents blest me mornings, noones and nights,
Were all those spent in vayne ? I tooke delights
In plucking apples from t' Hesperian trees,
Which eating, I grew learn'd : adde to all these

My priuate readings, which more school'd my soule
Then tutors, when they sternliest did controll
With frownes or rods : some dayes in this were spent,
So that if all my faire-writ leaues were rent
Out of Gods memory, alack ! it were
A thin booke of the foule : yet must I (here)
For sowing some few acres vn-awares
Of bad corne, reape an endlesse field of tares ?

At this, ten thousand soules (rauing-mad) roard
That on their heads the selfe-same shot was scoard ;
But then a voice (tun'd to an angels sound)
With repercussiue ecchoes did rebound
Through all the court of Barathrum, thus thundering
Terrors that shooke hells center : Cease thy wondring
(Thou bawling reprobate), a recompence
Is giuen thee to the weight of thine offence.
For had thy yeares out-reach'd a Methuslem's age,
Thy black lifes torrent (with impetuous rage)
Had boundlesse, bottomlesse, restlesse bin ;
So that as thy eternity did sin,
Tortured thou art in Gods eternity ;
Thy faults to him, his rods for thee doe buy :
Nor can he in his iustice pittie those
Who pittie not themselues, but do expose
Their soules to foule acts, scorning threatned paine,
Like whoores, who buy damnation for small gaine.
Thou on the bread thy sins did earne doest feede,
Not paying by the day, but by the deede.

What was thy whole life but a mutinous warre
Gainst thy Creator ? euery sense did iarre
From his obedience : like to mad-mens swords [words.
Thy works were wounds, and blowes flew from thy
Thy lips, eares, eyes, haue still him gates set wide
To let in blasphemy, lust, auarice, pride,
And legions of such diuels, thou didst dwell
First in a house of flesh, but now in hell ;
That was thy partner and (as partners doe)
Hath thee vndone for euer : thou shalt rue
His ryots, whorings, swearings, his disorders
Are thy damnations : euery sence now furdres
Thy torments, the loose glances of the eyes,
The liquorishnesse of taste, the melodies
To the lasciuious eare ; all, all these turne
To thy perdition, thou for these shalt burne
To no hand holden vp can helpe be giuen,
The left is hels, the right beat back from heauen ;
In flames go it wher, and grow green againe ;
Paine kill thee, yet thou still shalt liue in paine.
On was he going, but to drowne this voice
All hell broke loose, and then were heard no noyse
But vlulations, shriking, horred soundings
Of ratling-chaynes, and thousand strange confoundings
Of indistinguishable dire mix'd terrors :
At which (I trembling) wakde ; and though the errors
Of my sleepe-wandring-soule were now left cleare,
And that my cold-hands had taine leaue of feare,

Yet my heart panted, and my haire turn'd white
More through the ghastly obiects of this night,
Then with the snow of age : and yet euen then,
Collecting vp myselfe, I read of men
The volumes ouer, and the world so well
That I found here worse diuels then are in hell.

FINIS.



