

## To The Reader.

WITH the same, leave the Ancients, call'd that kind of body Sylva, or "YAH, in which there were workes of divers nature, and matter congested; as the multitude call Timber-trees, promiscuously growing, a Wood, or Forrest: so am I bold to entitle these lesser Poems, of later growth, by this of Under-wood, out of the Analogie they hold to the Forrest, in my former booke, and no otherwise.

BEN. JOHNSON.





## UNDER-WOODS.

#### **POEMS**

### OF DEVOTION.

The Sinners Sacrifice.

To the Holy Trinitie.

- I. O holy, blessed, glorious Trinitie
   Of persons, still one God, in Unitie.
   The faithfull mans beleeved Mysterie,
   Helpe, helpe to lift
- 2. My selfe up to thee, harrow'd, torne and bruis'd By sinne, and Sathan; and my flesh misus'd, As my heart lies in peeces, all confus'd,

  O take my gift.
- 3. All-gracious God, the Sinners sacrifice.
  A broken heart thou wert not wont despise,
  But 'bove the fat of rammes, or bulls, to prize
  An offring meet,
- 4. For thy acceptance. O, behold me right, And take compassion on my grievous plight. What odour can be, then a heart contrite,

  To thee more sweet?

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- 5. Eternall Father, God, who did'st create This All of nothing, gavest it forme, and fate, And breath'st into it, life, and light, with state To worship thee.
- 6. Eternall God the Sonne, who not denyd'st To take our nature; becam'st man, and dyd'st, To pay our debts, upon thy Crosse, and cryd'st All's done in me.
- 7. Eternall Spirit, God from both proceeding, Father and Sonne; the Comforter, in breeding Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeale them feeding For acts of grace.
- 8. Increase those acts, ô glorious Trinitie
  Of persons, still one God in Unitie;
  Till I attaine the long'd-for mysterie
  Of seeing your face.
- 9. Beholding one in three, and three in one,
   A Trinitie, to shine in Unitie;
   The gladdest light, darke man can thinke upon;
   O grant it me!
- 10. Father, and Sonne, and Holy Ghost, you three All coeternall in your Majestie,
  Distinct in persons, yet in Unitie
  One God to see.
- 11. My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier.
  To heare, to meditate, sweeten my desire,
  With grace, with love, with cherishing intire,
  O, then how blest;
- 12. Among thy Saints elected to abide, And with thy Angels, placed side, by side, But in thy presence, truly glorified Shall I there rest?



# A Hymne to God the Father.

HEARE mee, O God!
A broken heart,
Is my best part:
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein, thy Love.

If thou hadst not
Beene sterne to mee,
But left me free,
I had forgot
My selfe and thee.

For, sin's so sweet.
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Untill they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Then thou hast done:
That gav'st a Sonne,
To free a slave?
First made of nought;
Withall since bought.

Sinne, Death, and Hell, His glorious Name Quite overcame, Yet I rebell, And slight the same.

But, I'le come in, Before my losse, Me farther tosse, As sure to win Under his Crosse.

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## A Hymne

On the Nativitie of my Saviour.

I sing the birth, was borne to night,
The Author both of Life, and light;
The Angels so did sound it,
And like the ravish'd Sheep'erds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Sonne of God, th' Eternall King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soule from danger;
Hee whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven, and earth did make;
Was now laid in a Manger.

The Fathers wisedome will'd it so,
The Sonnes obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisedome had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on him our Nature.

What comfort by him doe wee winne?
Who made himselfe the price of sinne,
To make us heires of glory?
To see this Babe, all innocence;
A Martyr borne in our defence;
Can man forget this Storie?



# A Celebration of Charis in ten Lyrick Peeces.

I.

# His Excuse for loving.

LET it not your wonder move, Lesse your laughter; that I love. Though I now write fiftie yeares, I have had, and have my Peeres; Poëts, though devine are men: Some have lov'd as old agen. And it is not alwayes face, Clothes, or Fortune gives the grace; Or the feature, or the youth: But the Language, and the Truth, With the Ardor, and the Passion, Gives the Lover weight, and fashion. If you then will read the Storie, First, prepare you to be sorie, That you never knew till now, Either whom to love, or how: But be glad, as soone with me, When you know, that this is she. Of whose Beautie it was sung, She shall make the old man young. Keepe the middle age at stay, And let nothing high decay. Till she be the reason why, All the world for love may die.

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2.

### How he saw her.

I beheld her, on a Day, When her looke out-flourisht May: And her dressing did out-brave All the Pride the fields than have: Farre I was from being stupid, For I ran and call'd on Cupid; Love if thou wilt ever see Marke of glorie, come with me; Where's thy Quiver? bend thy Bow: Here's a shaft, thou art to slow! And (withall) I did untie Every Cloud about his eye; But, he had not gain'd his sight Sooner, then he lost his might, Or his courage; for away Strait hee ran, and durst not stay, Letting Bow and Arrow fall, Nor for any threat, or Call, Could be brought once back to looke, I foole-hardie, there up tooke Both the Arrow he had quit, And the Bow: which thought to hit This my object. But she threw Such a Lightning (as I drew) At my face, that tooke my sight, And my motion from me quite; So that there, I stood a stone, Mock'd of all: and call'd of one (Which with griefe and wrath I heard) Cupids Statue with a Beard, Or else one that plaid his Ape, In a *Hercules*—his shape.



## 3. What hee suffered.

AFTER many scornes like these, Which the prouder Beauties please, She content was to restore Eyes and limbes; to hurt me more And would on Conditions, be Reconcil'd to Love, and me First, that I must kneeling yeeld Both the Bow, and shaft I held Unto her; which love might take At her hand, with oath, to make Mee, the scope of his next draught Aymed, with that selfe-same shaft He no sooner heard the Law. But the Arrow home did draw And (to gaine her by his Art) Left it sticking in my heart: Which when she beheld to bleed, She repented of the deed, And would faine have chang'd the fate, But the Pittie comes too late. Looser-like, now, all my wreake Is, that I have leave to speake, And in either Prose, or Song, To revenge me with my Tongue, Which how Dexterously I doe Heare and make Example too.

## 4. Her Triumph.

SEE the Chariot at hand here of Love Wherein my Lady rideth! Each that drawes, is a Swan, or a Dove And well the Carre Love guideth.



As she goes, all hearts doe duty

Unto her beauty;

And enamour'd, doe wish, so they might

But enjoy such a sight,

That they still were, to run by her side,

Through Swords, through Seas, whether she would ride.

Doe but looke on her eyes, they doe light
All that Loves world compriseth!
Doe but looke on her Haire, it is bright
As Loves starre when it riseth!
Doe but marke her forhead's smoother

Then words that sooth her!
And from her arched browes, such a grace
Sheds it selfe through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the Gaine, all the Good, of the Elements strife.

Have you seene but a bright Lillie growe,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the Snow
Before the soyle hath smutch'd it?
Ha' you felt the wooll of Bever?
Or Swans Downe ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the Brier?
Or the Nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the Bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

5.

His discourse with Cupid.

NOBLEST Charis, you that are Both my fortune, and my Starre! And doe governe more my blood, Then the various Moone the flood!