

To The Reader.

WITH the same, leave the Ancients, call'd that kind of body Sylva, or ὕλη, 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.

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Ben. Johnson.

Excerpt

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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.*

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.

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 grieve 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.

