

The egg's at first contained in the shell,  
 Men afore grace in sin and darkness dwell;  
 The egg, when laid, by warmth is made a chicken,  
 And Christ by grace the dead in sin doth quicken;  
 The egg when first a chick the shell's its prison,  
 So flesh to soul who yet with Christ is risen."

Or this, *On a Swallow* :—

"This pretty bird! Oh, how she flies and sings;  
 But could she do so if she had not wings?  
 Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace;  
 When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease.

Though the Globe Theatre was, in the opinion of Non-conformists, "the heart of Satan's empire," Bunyan must yet have known something of Shakspeare. In the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress* we find :—

"Who would true valour see,  
 Let him come hither;  
 One here will constant be,  
 Come wind, come weather."

The resemblance to the song in *As You Like It* is too near to be accidental :—

"Who doth ambition shun,  
 And loves to be in the sun;  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleased with what he gets,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither.  
 Here shall be no enemy,  
 Save winter and rough weather."

Bunyan may, perhaps, have heard the lines, and the rhymes may have clung to him without his knowing whence they came. But he would never have been heard of outside his own communion, if his imagination had found no better form of expression for itself than verse.