

sufferings of him who produced them. It is a resistless and incomprehensible passion, which still impels the tuneful complainer to breathe forth his strains of delight or pathos in defiance of the pressure of neglect or want. Could Breton rise again from the grave, and choose his course through this life, it would scarcely be that of a poet, harassed by poverty and crowned with fruitless laurels. His "*Melancholick Humours*" flow from one deeply immersed in the Castalian spring, who had drank fully of its inspiring waters. These strains will, I trust, hereafter be received among the pure relics of the departed genius of England!

SEE, AND SAY NOTHING.

Oh! my thoughts, keep in your words,  
Lest their passage do repent ye;  
Knowing Fortune still affords  
Nothing, but may discontent ye.

If your saint be like the sun  
Sit not ye in Phœbus' chair,  
Lest, when once the horses run,  
Ye be Dedalus his heir.

If your labours well deserve,  
Let your silence only grace them;  
And in patience hope preserve,  
That no fortune can deface them.

If your friend do grow unkind,  
Grieve, but do not seem to show it;  
For a patient heart shall find  
Comfort, when the soul shall know it.

If your trust be all betray'd,  
Try but trust no more at all:  
But in soul be not dismay'd;  
Whatsoever do befall.

In yourselves, yourselves enclose,  
Keep your secrets unseen;  
Lest, when ye yourselves disclose,  
Ye had better never been.

And whatever be your state,  
Do not languish over long;  
Lest you find it, all too late,  
Sorrow be a deadly song.

And be comforted in this,  
If your passions be concealed,  
Cross or comfort, bale or bliss,  
'Tis the best is not revealed.

So, my dearest thoughts, adieu!  
Hark, whereto my soul doth call ye,  
Be but secret, wise, and true,  
And no evil can befall ye.

WHAT IS HELL?

What is the place that some do paint for hell?  
A lake of horror for the life of man:  
Is it not then the nest wherein I dwell,  
That knows no joy, since first my life began?

What are the devils? Spirits of tormenting;  
What else are they, that vex me in each vein?  
With wretched thoughts my woful spirit tempting,  
Or else perplex me in an after pain.

What is the fire, but an effect of sin,  
That keeps my heart in an unkindly heat?  
How long shall I this life continue in?  
Till true repentance mercy doth intreat;

And patience cry, even at the latest breath,  
Save me, sweet Lord! yet from the second death.

A TESTAMENT UPON THE PASSIONS.

To Care, that crucifies my heart,  
My sighs and sobs I do bequeath;  
And to my Sorrow's deepest smart,  
The latest gasp that I do breathe.

To Fortune I bequeath my folly,  
To give to such as seek her grace:  
To faithless friends, that fortune wholly,  
Brought me in this heavy case.

To Beauty I bequeath mine age;  
To Love the hate of wit and sense;  
To Patience, but the cure of rage;  
To Honour, Virtue's patience.

Mine enemies I do forgive;  
And to my friends I give my love;  
And wish ungrateful hearts may live  
But like ingratitude to prove.

To Pity I bequeath my tears,  
To fill her eyes when they be dry;  
To Faith, the fearless thoughts of fears,  
To give to life, to let me die.

My care I do bequeath to Death,  
To cut the threads that thoughts do spin;  
And at my latest gasp of breath,  
To Heaven my soul, to Hell my sin.

A DOLEFUL PASSION.

Oh, tired heart! too full of sorrows,  
In night-like days, despairing morrows;  
How can'st thou think, so deeply grieved,  
To hope to live to be relieved?

Good Fortune hath all grace forsworn thee,  
And cruel Care hath too much torn thee:  
Unfaithful friends do all deceive thee:  
Acquaintance all unkindly leave thee.

Beauty, out of her book deth blot thee,  
And love hath utterly forgot thee:  
Patience doth but to passion move thee,  
While only Honour lives to love thee.

Thine enemies all ill devise thee,  
Thy friends but little good advise thee;  
And they who most do duty owe thee,  
Do seem as though they do not know thee.

Thus Pity weeps to look upon thee,  
To see how thou art woe-begone thee;  
And while these passions seek to spill thee,  
Death but attends the hour to kill thee.

And since no thought is coming to thee,  
That any way may comfort do thee;  
Dispose thy thoughts as best may please thee,  
That Heaven, of all thy hell, may ease thee.