

[A2r] TO THE RIGHT  
HONORABLE, AND  
Christian Princesse, the Lady  
Katharine, Duchesse  
of Suffolke.

IT often falleth out in experience (my gracious and singular good Lady) that some men beyng oppressed with povertie, tossed with worldlye adversiye, tourmented with payne, sorenes, and sicknes of body, and other suche common matters of griefe, as the world counteth miseries and evils: Yet having their myndes armed and furnished with prepared patience, and defence of inward understanding, all these calamities can not so farre prevaile, as to make them fall, nor yet once stoupe into the state of men to be accompted miserable: but they beare them with suche constance, as if suche afflictions were not of such nature as other commonly do fele them, or as if those men were suche upon whome those troubles coule not worke their naturall propertie. On th'other side we se some that flowing in earthly wealth and suffisance, free from [A2v] fortunes crueltie, healthy in bodye, and every waye to the worldes seming blessed: yet with mynde not well instructed, or with conscience not well quieted, even upon such small chaunces as other can lightly beare, are vexed above measure with reasonlesse extremitie. Wherby appeareth that the graves of body and calamities of fortune do so farre onely extend, to afflict, or make a man miserable, as they approach to touch the mind, and assaile the soule. Which proveth that the peines and diseases of minde and soule are not only the most grevous, and most daungerous, but also they onely are painfull and perillous, and those of the body and fortune are such as the mynde useth, and maketh them. So as to a sicke stomacke of mynde, all bodylie matters of delite and worldly pleasures are lothesome and displeasent, as on th'other side the power of a healthy soule easily digesteth and gathereth good nouriture of the hard peines, and bitter tormentes of the body and fortune. He then, that cureth the sicke minde, or preserveth it from disease, cureth or preserveth not onely minde, but bodye also: and deserveth so much more praise and thanke, than the bodies Physicion, as the soule excelleth the bodie, [A3] and as the curing, or preservation of them both is to be preferred before the cure of the bodye alone. But we se daily, when skillfull men by arte, or honest neyghbours havng gathered understanding of some specyall dysease and the healing therof by their owne experiment, do applie their knowledge to the restoring of health of any mans body in any corporall sicknesse, howe thankfully it is taken, howe muche the releved patient accompteth him selfe bound to him by meane of whose aide and ministracion he findeth him self holpen or eased.

What then deserveth he, that teacheth such a receipt, wherby health both of body and mynde is preserved, and wherby if health be appaired, it may be restored, yea wherby sicknes and common miseries continuing shall not have so muche power to trouble a man as to make him sicke, or miserable? This receipte God the heavenly Physitian hath taught, his most excellent Apothecarie master John Calvine hath compounded, and I your graces most bounden and humble have put into an English box, and do present unto you. My thanks are taken away and drowned by the greatesse of duetie that I owe you: Master Calvine thinketh his paynes [A3v] recompensed if your grace or any Christian take profit of it: because how much soever is spent, his store is neverthelesse. And for God, recompensed he can not be: but how he is continually to be thanked, your graces profession of his worde, your abiding in the same, the godly conversation that I have sene in you, do prove that your selfe do better understand and practise than I can admonishe you.

And that you may be assured, that this kinde of medicine is not hurtfull: two moste excellent kinges, Ezechias and David, beside an infinite numbre have tasted the lyke before you, and have founde health therein, such health as hath cured them for ever, and not as common or naturall reasons of Philosophie doe cure a sicke or soore mynde, which with easie and weake not well drawyng or cleansinge plasters, so overheale the wounde that it festreth and breaketh oute aifreshe wyth renewed and doublye encreased danger.

Suche remedye as here is contained can no Philosopher, no Infidele, no Papist minister. For what perfite helpe can they geve to a dyseased mynde, that understande not, or [A4] beleve not the onely thyng that muste of needfull necessitie be put into all medicines that maye serve for a tourmented soule, that is to say, the determined providence of almyghtie God, whiche ordreth and disposeth all thynges to the best to them that truste in him?

This Physicke restreth onely amonge trewe belevyng Christians, who are perswaded that whatsoever betideth unto us, his hie wisdom that sent it, and that seeth all thynges, sent it of hys good pleasure and decreed purpose, and that for our benefite if we love and beleve hym, thoughte our weakke understandyng knoweth not howe it shoulde be profitabile, but naturally judgeth it hurtfull and unpleasaut. And necessarye it was that he whiche by understandyng of Godes hatred of synne and felynge of hys justice, is subject to fall into the moste perillous peine and tourment of conflicte with sinne and desperation, shoulde by conceyvyng of Godes mercy, and belevyng of his providence, have helpe of the moste and onely perfect and effectuallye working medicine.

But in heavye case is he, that beyng [A4v] afflicted with that daunger-

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our disease of the felyng of Gods wrath kindled against him, hath not the conserve of belefe of Gods providence remainyng with him, or beyng ministred to him either for febleness of stomack can not receive and brooke it, or his oppressed appetite beyng overwhelmed with grosse faithlesse and papistical humors can not abide the tast of it. Wo is (I say) to them: for theyr disease is dangerous and hard to be cured. For when the wretched man findyng all helpe of man not able to uphold him from perishing, being striken with the mightie hande of God, feleth him selfe unable to stande, no soundnes in his bodye, no strength in his limmes, no helpe of nature to resist the violence of that disease that Gods displeasure hath laide upon him, seeth no signe of Gods grace in his soule, but the depe woundes that Gods anger hath left in his conscience, perceiveth no token to argue him th'elect of God and partaker of the death of his Saviour, hearyng pronounced that the soule which sinneth shall die, knowyng him selfe to have sinned, and felyng him selfe dying: alas what helpe remaineth in this extremitee? If we thinke the helpe of papistes, to begge and borrowe others [A5] Virgins oyle that have none to spare, to bye the superfluous workes of those men that say they have done more than sufficient to satisfie Gods lawe and to deserve theyr owne salvation, to appease God with suche extraordinarie devised service as he never commaunded, and such like unholosome stuffe as papistical soulesleasers have ministred to Christian patientes: If (I say) we thinke these good and sufficient medicines: alas, we do nothinge therby, but plant untrew securitie, promise health, and performe death: the panges wherof when the deceived sick man feleth, he to late espieth the falshod of the murtherous Physician. The pore damned soule in Hell tourmented with the lamentable peines that turmoile him, from whome God the onely author of joy and comfort is absent, perceiveth to late howe wandring the wrong way from heaven, he is fallen into Hell. That selly wretche flamyng in the infernall fire feleth, alas, to late that thei which gave him mans medicines to drincke, have slayne his soule: they which taught him to trust of salvation by mans devises have set his burnyng hert in that place of flames, where th'everlasting Chaos sufreth no droppe of Godes mercye to descende: they [A5] which taught him to seeke health any other where than in the determined purpose of God, that hath sent his own sonne for our redemption, have spoiled him of all benefit of redemption. He feleth at length all to late howe by faulte of ill diet and through the poisonous potions which his ignoraunt corrupted and traiterous Physicion suffered him to use, and bad him to take, he lieth dead eternally.

But on th'other side, when the belevyng Christian falleth (as God hathe made none to stande wherby they should not nede his mercye to raise them when they are fallen) he knoweth whither to reache his

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hande to be raised up againe: beyng stong with the stinge of the scorpion he knoweth howe with oyle of the same scorpion to be healed againe: beyng wounded with the justice of God that hateth sinne, he knoweth howe with the mercy of the same God that pardoneth sinne to have hys peine asswaged and hurt amended. He knoweth that whome God hath from eternitie appointed to live, shal never die, howsoever sickness threaten: no misery, no tentation, no perill shall availle to his everlasting overthrowe. He knoweth that his safetie is much more [A6] surely reposed in Gods moste stedfast and unchangeable purpose, and in the most strong and almighty hande of the alknowyng and alworking God, than in the wavering will and feble weaknes of man. This healeth the Christians sicknes, this preserveth him from death, this maketh him to live for ever. This medicine is in this litle boke brought from the plentiful shof and storehouse of Gods holye testament, where Gods everabiding purpose from beyond beginning is set fourth, to the everlasting salvation of some, and eternal confusion of other. Beside that, this boke hath not only the medicine, but also an example of the nature of the disease, and the meane how to use and apply the medicine to them that be so diseased. For when a man languishing in corporall sicknes, heareth his neighbour reporte unto him, or himselfe hath before time sene in an other the same cause of sicknes, the same maner of fits, passions, alterations, and in every point the same qualities of sicknes, and the same disposition of body that he knoweth and feleth in him self: it geveth him assurance, and maketh him to know that he is sick of the same disease that th'other was: wherby knowing howe th'other was healed, what diet [A6] he kept, what Physicke he toke, he doeth with the greater boldnes, confidence of mynde, and desire, call for, taste, and greedely receyve that healthfull and lifell medicine wherby he saw and knew his neighbour healed, and with the greater care kepeth the same diet wherewith he saw and knew th'other preserved. So here this good soules Physician hath brought you where you maye se lyng before youre face the good king Ezechias, sometime chillinge and chattering with colde, sometime languishing and melting away with heate, nowe fresing, nowe fryng, nowe spechelesse, nowe crying out, with other suche piteous panges and passions wrought in his tender afflicted spirit, by suche conscience of his owne fault, by terrible consideration of Gods justice, by cruell assaultes of the tyrannous enemye of mans salvation, veyng hym in muche more lamentable wise than any bodely fever can worke, or bodily fleshe can suffer. On th'other side for his helpe, you se him sometyme throwe up his gastly eyen, staryng wyth horrour, and scant discernyng for peine and for want of the lyvely moisture to fede the brightnes of theyr sight. You se him sometyme yeldyngly stretch oute, sometyme strugglinge [A7] throwe his weakned legges not able to sustein his feble body:

170 sometime he casteth abroad, or holdeth up his white and blodles hand toward the place whether his soule longeth: sometye with fallyng chappes, he breatheth out unperfect soundes, gasping rather than calling for mercy and helpe. These thinges being here laid open to sight and remainyng in remembrance, (as the horrour and piteous spectacle can not suffre it to fall out of a Christian tender minde) if we feele oure selves in like anguyshe, we finde that the disease is the same that Ezechias had, and so by convenience of reason muste by the same meane be healed. Then behoveth us to remember or to be informed by oure diligent Physitian or charitable neighbour, howe we sawe Ezechias healed, whome we imagine in this Boke to see, both dying, revived, and walking after health recovered. There we see the heavenly Physitian anoynt him with the merciful Samaritans oyle, purge the oppressing humors with true repentaunce, strengthen his stomach with the holsome conserve of Gods eternall decree, and expell his disease, and set hym on foote with assured faith of Gods mercy, and staing his yet unsteddy pace and foltring legges [A7] with the swete promyses of Gods almyghtye goodnes. So learne we what Physicians helpe we shall use: and this medicine beyng offered us, we are bolde to take it, bycause we knowe it wyll heale us. And beyng healed, knowing and hearyng it confessed, that sinne was the cause and nourishment of Ezechias disease, we learne a newe diet, and to fede as Ezechias his Physitian and oures appointeth, absteynyng from thinges hurtfull taking things healthfull as he prescribeth. So doth the Christian attaine his health, so beyng attained he preserveth it for ever. And as it is true that seconde and returned sicknesses by surfit or misdemenour are most cruell and daungerous, so holdeth he yet this also for trueth, that to this Physitian with this medicine, no disease never so long rooted, never so oft returned, is incurable. Beyng then thus muche beholden to this Physitian we must nedes confesse that we owe unto him our life and health, and all that we be or have. And for his faithfull minister master Calvine, I beseeche your grace wyth me, to wishe hym Gods benefit of eternall happie life for his rewarde, even as I wishe your grace continuall health of life and soule for your preservation, [A8] not onely for this newe yeare, but also for the tyme that shall exceede all extent of yeares, beseeching you to accepte bothe my worke and prayer.

200 Concernyng my translation of this boke, it may please you to understand that I have rendred it so nere as I possibly might, to the very wordes of his text, and that in so plaine Englishe as I could expresse: Suche as it is, I beseeche your grace to take it good parte.

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Your graces humble  
A. L.

A MEDITA  
TION OF A PENI-  
TENT SINNER: WRIT-  
TEN IN MANER OF A  
*Paraphrase upon the*  
51. Psalm of David.

[Aa1]

5

I have added this meditation following unto the ende of this boke, not as parcell of maister Calvines worke, but for that it well agreth with the same argument, and was delivered me by my frend with whom I knew I might be so bolde to use and publishe it as pleased me.

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¶ The preface, expressing  
the passionned minde of  
the penitent sinner.

[Aa2]

[1]

The hainous gylt of my forsaken ghost  
So threates, alas, unto my febled sprite  
Deserved death, and (that me greveth most)  
Still stand so fixt before my daseld sight  
The lothesome filthe of my disteined life,  
The mighty wrath of myne offended Lorde,  
My Lord whos wrath is sharper than the knife,  
And deper woundes than dobleedged swordes,  
That, as the dimmed and forduled eyen  
Full fraught with teares and more and more opprest  
With growing streames of the distilled bryne  
Sent from the fornice of a greffull brest,  
Can not enjoy the comfort of the light,  
Nor finde the way wherin to walke aright:

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[2]

So I blinde wretch, whome Gods enflamed ire  
With peacing stroke hath throwne unto the ground,  
Amidde my sinnes still groveling in the myre,  
Finde not the way that other oft have found,  
Whome cherefull glimse of gods abounding grace  
Hath oft releved and oft with shyning light  
Hath brought to joy out of the uggly place,  
Where I in darke of everlasting night  
Bewayle my woefull and unhappy case,  
And fret my dyeng soule with gnawing paine.  
Yet blinde, alas, I groape about for grace.

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While blinde for grace I groape about in vaine,  
My fainting breath I gather up and straine,  
Mercie, mercie to crye and crye againe.

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[3]

But mercy while I sound with shreking crye  
For graunt of grace and pardon while I pray,  
Even then despair before my ruthefull eye  
Spredes forth my sinne and shame, and semes to say:  
In vaine thou brayest forth thy bootlesse noyse  
To him for mercy, O refused wight,  
That heares not the forsaken sinners voice.  
Thy reprobate and foreordeined sprite,  
For damned vessell of his heavie wrath,  
(As selve witnes of thy beknownyng hart,  
And secrete gilt of thine owne conscience saith)  
Of his swete promises can claime no part:  
But thee, caytif, deserved curse doeth draw  
To hell, by justice, for offended law.

[Aa2]

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[4]

This horror when my trembling soule doth heare,  
When markes and tokens of the reprobate,  
My growing sinnes, of grace my senselesse cheare,  
Enforce the profe of everlastyng hate,  
That I conceive the heavens king to beare  
Against my sinfull and forsaken ghost:  
As in the throte of hell, I quake for feare,  
And then in present perill to be lost  
(Although by conscience wanteth to replye,  
But with remorse enforcing myne offence,  
Doth argue vaine my not avayling crye)  
With woefull sighes and bitter penitence  
To him from whom the endlesse mercy flowes  
I cry for mercy to releve my woes.

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[5]

And then not daring with presuming eye  
Once to beholde the angry heavens face,  
From troubled sprite I send confused crye,  
To crave the crummes of all sufficing grace.  
With foltring knee I fallyng to the ground,  
Bendyng my yelding handes to heavens throne,  
Poure forth my piteous plaint with woefull sound,

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[Aa3]

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With smoking sighes, and oft repeted grone,  
 Before the Lord, the Lord, whom synner I,  
 I cursed wretch, I have offended so,  
 That dredying, in his wrekefull wrath to dye,  
 And damned downe to depth of hell to go,  
 Thus tost with panges and passions of despeir,  
 Thus crave I mercy with repentant chere.

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[A<sup>3</sup>] *A Meditation of a penitent sinner, upon the 51. Psalme.*

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[1]

HAVE mercy, God, for thy great mercies sake.  
 O God: my God, unto my shame I say,  
 Beynge fled from thee, so as I dred to take  
 Thy name in wretched mouth, and feare to pray  
 Or aske the mercy that I have abusde.  
 But, God of mercy, let me come to thee:  
 Not for justice, that justly am accusde:  
 Which selfe word Justice so amaseth me,  
 That scarce I dare thy mercy sound againe.  
 But mercie, Lord, yet suffer me to crave.  
 Mercie is thine: Let me not crye in vaine,  
 Thy great mercie for my great fault to have.  
 Have mercie, God, pittie my penitence  
 With greater mercie than my great offence.

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[2]

My many sinnes in number are encreast,  
 With weight wherof in sea of depe despeire  
 My sinking soule is now so sore opprest,  
 That now in peril and in present fere,  
 I crye: susteine me, Lord, and Lord I pray,  
 With endlesse number of thy mercies take  
 The endlesse number of my sinnes away.  
 So by thy mercie, for thy mercies sake,  
 Rue on me, Lord, releve me with thy grace.  
 My sinne is cause that I so nede to have  
 Thy mercies ayde in my so woefull case:  
 My synne is cause that scarce I dare to crave  
 Thy mercie manyfolde, whiche onely may  
 Releve my soule, and take my sinnes away.

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[A<sup>4</sup>]

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[3]

So foule is sinne and lothesome in thy sighte,  
 So foule with sinne I see my selfe to be,  
 That till from sinne I may be washed white,  
 So foule I dare not, Lord, approche to thee.  
 Ofte hath thy mercie washed me before,  
 Thou madest me cleane: but I am foule againe.  
 Yet washe me Lord againe, and washe me more.  
 Washe me, O Lord, and do away the staine  
 Of uggly sinnes that in my soule appere.  
 Let flow thy plentuous streames of cleansing grace.  
 Washe me againe, yea washe me every where,  
 Bothe leprous bodie and defiled face.  
 Yea washe me all, for I am all uncleane,  
 And from my sin, Lord, cleanse me ones againe.

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[4]

Have mercie, Lord, have mercie: for I know  
 How muche I nede thy mercie in this case.  
 The horror of my gilt doth daily growe,  
 And growing weares my feble hope of grace.  
 I fele and suffer in my thralld brest  
 Secret remorse and gnawing of my hart.  
 I fele my sinne, my sinne that hath opprest  
 My soule with sorrow and surmounting smart.  
 Drawe me to mercie: for so oft as I  
 Presume to mercy to direct my sight,  
 My Chaos and my heape of sinne doth lie,  
 Betwene me and thy mercies shining light.  
 What ever way I gaze about for grace,  
 My filth and fault are ever in my face.

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[A<sup>4</sup>']

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[5]

Graunt thou me mercy, Lord: thee thee alone  
 I have offended, and offending thee,  
 For mercy loe, how I do lye and grone.  
 Thou with allpearing eye beheldest me,  
 Without regard that sinned in thy sight.  
 Beholde againe, how now my spirite it ruees,  
 And wailes the tyme, when I with foule delight  
 Thy swete forbearing mercy did abuse.  
 My cruell conscience with sharpened knife  
 Doth splat my ripped hert, and layes abrode  
 The lothesome secretes of my filthy life,

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*Wash me yet  
 more from my  
 wickednes, and  
 cleanse me from  
 my sinne.*

*For I knowlege  
 my wickednes,  
 and my sinne  
 is ever before  
 me.*

*Againste thee  
 onely have  
 I sinned, and  
 don evill in  
 thy sight.*

*And according  
 unto the  
 multitude of  
 thy mercies  
 do away myne  
 offences.*

155 And spredes them forth before the face of God.  
Whom shame from dede shamelesse cold not restrain,  
Shame for my dede is added to my paine.

[6]

160 But mercy Lord, O Lord some pitie take,  
Withdraw my soule from the deserved hell,  
O Lord of glory, for thy glories sake:  
That I may saved of thy mercy tell,  
And shew how thou, which mercy hast behight  
To sighyng sinners, that have broke thy lawes,  
Performest mercy: so as in the sight  
Of them that judge the justice of thy cause  
Thou onely just be demed, and no moe,  
The worldes injustice wholly to confound:  
That damming me to depth of during woe  
Just in thy judgement shouldest thou be found:  
And from deserved flames relevyng me  
Just in thy mercy mayst thou also be.

[Aa5<sup>7</sup>]

[7]

175 For lo, in sinne, Lord, I begotten was,  
With sede and shape my sinne I toke also,  
Sinne is my nature and my kinde alas,  
In sinne my mother me conceived: Lo  
I am but sinne, and sinfull ought to dye,  
Dye in his wrath that hath forbydden sinne.  
Such bloome and frute loe sinne doth multiplie,  
Such was my roote, such is my juyse within.  
I plead not this as to excuse my blame,  
On kynde or parentes myne owne gilt to lay:  
But by disclosing of my sinne, my shame,  
And nede of helpe, the plainer to displaye  
Thy mightie mercy, if with plenteous grace  
My plenteous sinnes it please thee to deface.

[8]

185 Thou lovest simple sooth, not hidden face  
With trutheles visour of deceiving shoue.  
Lo simple, Lord, I do confesse my case,  
And simple crave thy mercy in my woe.  
This secrete wisdom hast thou graunted me,  
To se my sinnes, and whence my sinnes do growe:  
This hidden knowledge have I leard of thee,  
To fele my sinnes, and howe my sinnes do flowe

195 With such excesse, that with unfained hert,  
Dreding to drowne, my Lorde, lo howe I flee,  
Simply with teares bewailyng my desert,  
Relevd simply by thy hand to be.  
Thou lovest truth, thou taughtest me the same.  
Helpe, Lord of truth, for glory of thy name.

[9]

200 With swete Hysope besprinkle thou my sprite:  
Not such hysope, nor so besprinkle me,  
As law unperfect shade of perfect lyght  
Did use as an apointed signe to be  
Foreshewing figure of thy grace behight.  
With death and bloodshed of thine onely sonne,  
The swete hysope, cleanse me defyled wyght.  
Sprinkle my soule. And when thou so haste done,  
Bedeawd with droppes of mercy and of grace,  
I shalbe cleane as cleansed of my synne.  
Ah wash me, Lord: for I am foule alas:  
That only canst, Lord, wash me well within.  
Wash me, O Lord: when I am washed soe,  
I shalbe whiter than the whitest snowe.

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[Aa5<sup>7</sup>]

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[10]

215 Long have I heard, and yet I heare the soundes  
Of dredfull threates and thonders of the law,  
Which Eccho of my gyty minde resoundes,  
And with redoubled horror doth so draw  
My listening soule from mercies gentle voice,  
That louder, Lorde, I am constraunde to call:  
Lorde, pearce myne eares, and make me to rejoyse,  
When I shall heare, and when thy mercy shall  
Sounde in my hart the gospell of thy grace.  
Then shalt thou geve my hearing joy againe,  
The joy that onely may releve my case.  
And then my broosed bones, that thou with paine  
Hast made to weake my febled corps to beare,  
Shall leape for joy, to shewe myne inward chere.

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[11]

230 Loke on me, Lord: though trembling I beknowe,  
That sight of sinne so sore offendeth thee,  
That seing sinne, how it doth overflowe  
My whelmed soule, thou canst not loke on me,  
But with disdaine, with horror and despite.

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*That thou  
mightest be  
founde just  
in thy saynges,  
and maist  
over come  
when thou  
art judged.*

*For loe, I  
was shapen  
in wickednes,  
and in sinne  
my mother  
conceived me.*

*But lo, thou  
hast loved  
trueth, the  
hidden and  
secrete things  
of thy wisdom  
thou hast  
opened unto me.*

*Sprinkle me,  
Lorde, with  
hysope and  
I shalbe cleane:  
washe me and  
I shalbe whiter  
then snow.*

*Thou shalt  
make me  
heare joye  
and gladnesse,  
and the bones  
which thou  
hast broken  
shal rejoyse.*

*Turne away  
thy face from  
my sinnes,  
and do away  
all my misdeedes.*

Loke on me, Lord: but loke not on my sinne,  
 Not that I hope to hyde it from thy sight,  
 Which seest me all without and eke within.  
 But so remove it from thy wrathfull eye,  
 And from the justice of thyne angry face,  
 That thou impure it not. Looke not how I  
 Am foule by sinne: but make me by thy grace  
 Pure in thy mercies sight, and, Lord, I pray,  
 That hatest sinne, wipe all my sinnes away.

[Aa67]

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## [12]

Sinne and despair have so possest my hart,  
 And hold my captive soule in such restraint,  
 As of thy mercies I can fele no part,  
 But still in languor do I lye and faint.  
 Create a new pure hart within my breast:  
 Myne old can hold no liquour of thy grace.  
 My feble faith with heavy lode opprest  
 Staggring doth scarcely creepe a reeling pace,  
 And fallen it is to faint to rise againe.  
 Renew, O Lord, in me a constant sprite,  
 That stayde with mercy may my soule susteine,  
 A sprite so settled and so firmly pight  
 Within my bowells, that it never move,  
 But still uphold thassurance of thy love.

*Create a cleane  
 hart within me,  
 O God, and  
 renew a stedfast  
 spirit within  
 my bowels.*

245

250

## [13]

Loe prostrate, Lorde, before thy face I lye,  
 With sighes depe drawne depe sorow to expresse.  
 O Lord of mercie, mercie do I crye:  
 Dryve me not from thy face in my distresse,  
 Thy face of mercie and of swete reliefe,  
 The face that fedes angels with onely sight,  
 The face of comfort in extremest grefe.  
 Take not away the succour of thy sprite,  
 Thy holy sprite, which is myne onely stay,  
 The stay that when despair assaileth me,  
 In faintest hope yet moveth me to pray,  
 To pray for mercy, and to pray to thee.  
 Lord, cast me not from presence of thy face,  
 Nor take from me the spirite of thy grace.

*Cast me not  
 away from thy  
 face, and take  
 not thy holy  
 spirit from me.*

255

260

[Aa67]

## [14]

But render me my wonted joyes againe,  
 Which sinne hath reft, and planted in theyr place  
 Doubt of thy mercy ground of all my paine.  
 The tast, that thy love whilome did embrace  
 My chearfull soule, the signes that dyd assure  
 My felyng ghost of favor in thy sight,  
 Are fled from me, and wretched I endure  
 Senselesse of grace the absence of thy sprite.  
 Restore my joyes, and make me fele againe  
 The swete retorne of grace that I have lost,  
 That I may hope I pray not all in wayne.  
 With thy free sprite confirme my feble ghost,  
 To hold my faith from ruine and decay  
 With fast affiance and assured stay.

*Restore to me  
 the comfort  
 of thy seeing  
 helpe, and  
 stablish me  
 with thy free  
 spirit.*

270

275

280

## [15]

Lord, of thy mercy if thou me withdraw  
 From gaping throte of depe devouring hell,  
 Loe, I shall preach the justice of thy law:  
 By mercy saved, thy mercy shall I tell.  
 The wicked I wyll teache thyne only way,  
 Thy wayes to take, and mans devise to flee,  
 And suche as lewd delight hath ledde astray,  
 To rue theyr error and returne to thee.  
 So shall the profe of myne example preache  
 The bitter frute of lust and foule delight:  
 So shall my pardon by thy mercy teache  
 The way to finde swete mercy in thy sight.  
 Have mercy, Lorde, in me example make  
 Of lawe and mercy, for thy mercies sake.

*I shal teach  
 thy wayes unto  
 the wicked,  
 and sinners  
 shall be tounred  
 unto thee.*

285

290

295

## [16]

O God, God of my health, my saving God,  
 Have mercy Lord, and shew thy might to save.  
 Assoile me, God, from gilt of giltlesse blod,  
 And eke from sinne that I ingrowyng have  
 By fleshe and bloud and by corrupted kinde.  
 Upon my bloud and soule extende not, Lorde,  
 Vengeance for bloud, but mercy let me finde,  
 And strike me not with thy revengyng sworde.  
 So, Lord, my joying tong shall talke thy praise,  
 Thy name my mouth shall utter in delight,  
 My voice shall sounde thy justice, and thy wayes,

*Deliver me  
 from bloud  
 o God, God  
 of my helth  
 and my tong  
 shall joyfullye  
 talke of thy  
 justice.*

[Aa77]

300

305

Thy waies to iustifie thy sinfull wight.  
 God of my health, from bloud I saved so  
 Shall spread thy prayse for all the world to know.

310

[17]  
 Lo straining crampe of colde despeir againe  
 In feble brest doth pinche my pinyng hart,  
 So as in greatest nede to cry and plaine  
 My speache doth faile to utter thee my smart.  
 Refreshe my yeldyng hert, with warming grace,  
 And loose my speche, and make me call to thee.  
 Lord open thou my lippes to shewe my case,  
 My Lord, for mercy Loe to thee I flee.  
 I can not pray without thy movyng ayde,  
 Ne can I ryse, ne can I stande alone.  
 Lord, make me pray, and graunt when I have praide.  
 Lord loose my lippes, I may expresse my mone,  
 And findyng grace with open mouth I may  
 Thy mercies praise, and holy name display.

315

320

[18]  
 Thy mercies praise, instede of sacrifice,  
 With thankfull minde so shall I yeld to thee.  
 For if it were delitefull in thine eyes,  
 Or hereby mought thy wrath appeased be,  
 Of cattell slayne and burnt with sacred flame  
 Up to the heaven the vaprie smoke to send:  
 Of gyltlesse beastes, to purge my gilt and blame,  
 On altars broylde the savour shold ascend,  
 To please thy wrath. But thy swete sonne alone,  
 With one sufficing sacrifice for all  
 Appeaseth thee, and maketh the at one  
 With sinfull man, and hath repard our fall.  
 That sacred hoste is ever in thine eyes.  
 The praise of that I yeld for sacrifice.

[A 37]

330

335

[19]  
 I yeld my self, I offer up my ghoste,  
 My slayne delights, my dyeng hart to thee.  
 To God a trobled sprite is pleasing hoste.  
 My trobled sprite doth drede like him to be,  
 In whome tastelesse languor with lingring paine  
 Hath febled so the starved appetite,  
 That foode to late is offred all in vaine,

340

345

*Lord, open thou  
 my lippes, and  
 my mouth shal  
 shewe thy praise.*

*If thou haddest  
 desired sacrifice,  
 I wold have  
 given thou  
 deliyest not in  
 burnt offrings.*

*The sacrifice to  
 God is a trobled  
 spirit: a broken  
 and an humbled  
 hart, o god, thou  
 wilt not despise.*

To holde in fainting corps the fleing sprite.  
 My pinyng soule for famine of thy grace  
 So feares alas the faintnesse of my faithe.  
 I offre up my trobled sprite: alas,  
 My trobled sprite refuse not in thy wrathe.  
 Such offering likes thee, ne wilt thou despise  
 The broken humbled hart in angry wise.

350

[20]

Shew mercie, Lord, not unto me alone:  
 But stretch thy favor and thy pleased will,  
 To sprede thy bountie and thy grace upon  
 Sion, for Sion is thy holly hyl:  
 That thy Hierusalem with mighty wall  
 May be enclosed under thy defense,  
 And bylded so that it may never fall  
 By mynyng fraude or mighty violence.  
 Defend thy church, Lord, and advaunce it soe,  
 So in despite of tyrannie to stand,  
 That trembling at thy power the world may know  
 It is upholden by thy mighty hand:  
 That Sion and Hierusalem may be  
 A safe abode for them that honor thee.

355

360

[A 38]

365

[21]  
 Then on thy hill, and in thy walled towne,  
 Thou shalt receive the pleasing sacrifice,  
 The brute shall of thy praised name resounce  
 In thankfull mouthes, and then with gentle eyes  
 Thou shalt behold upon thine altar lye  
 Many a yelden host of humbled hart,  
 And round about then shall thy people crye:  
 We praise thee, God our God: thou onely art  
 The God of might, of mercie, and of grace.  
 That I then, Lorde, may also honor thee,  
 Releve my sorrow, and my sinnes deface:  
 Be, Lord of mercie, mercifull to me:  
 Restore my feing of thy grace againe:  
 Assure my soule, I crave it not in vaine.

370

375

380

*Shew favour,  
 o lord in thy  
 good will unto  
 Sion, that  
 the walles of  
 Hierusalem  
 may be bylde.*

*Then shalt it  
 accept the sacri  
 of righteous  
 burnt offrings  
 and oblation  
 Then shall it  
 offre yonge  
 bullockes up  
 thine altare.*

FINIS.



[A2'] To the right Honorable  
and vertuous Ladie, The  
Countesse of War-  
wicke.

5 FORasmuch as it hath pleased almightie God of his infinite goodnesse,  
to give unto the glorious Gospell of his eternall sonne, so long and pros-  
perous successe in this our Countre; it is now time (right Honorable and  
my verie good Ladie) for everie one that is a true professor of the same, all  
carnall perswasions of humane reason deluding the soule being set aside, to  
prepare our selves to the day of trial. For although it pleaseth God some-  
times, for the gathering of his Church, to give unto it as it were *Halcyon*  
daies; yet common it is not, that it should any long time continue in rest  
and pleasure. Nay, by the word of GOD wee [A2'] know, and by experi-  
ence sometimes of our selves (her Majesties royall person not excepted) and  
now of our neighbours round about us we see, that the Church of God in  
this world, as it ever hath bin, so must it ever be under the crosse. And  
therefore if wee will bee compted of the Church indeede, and glorie in that  
excellent name of a Christian, let us knowe assuredlie, that unto us, even  
unto us (that have so long lived in rest and pleasure, if wee be the children  
of God) in some sort and measure a triall must come. For, if God chastise  
everie sonne whom he receiveth, and every member of Christes body  
must be fashioned like unto the head, if the afflictions of this world are  
manifest tokens to the children of God, of his favour and love towards  
them, and sure pledges of their adoption: how can we looke, or how can  
we desire to bee [A3'] exempted from this common condition of God his  
owne children and household? To this end therefore (right Honorable  
Ladie) I have translated this litle booke, first to admonish some (who for  
lacke of experience, never feeling other daies than these full of peace and  
quietnes) that they learne to applie unto themselves whatsoever they heare  
or reade of the triall of GOD his children, least falselie imagining it to  
appertaine either to the times that are past, or to other Naitions, it fall so-  
dainlie upon them as a theefe in the night, and they be destitute of all  
hope and comfort. Secondlie, to awake others abounding both in know-  
ledge and other graces, whom notwithstanding, satan (by the deceaveable  
lusts and vaine pleasures of this wicked world) hath so rockt a sleepe, that  
they seeme almost, as they that are diseased with the Lethargie, to have  
forgotten both [A3'] themselves, their holie calling and profession. Last of  
all, to comfort an other sort, whome it hath pleased GOD so to presse  
downe with sorrowes, and to exercise with the continuall afflictions and  
calamities of this mortall life, as no times seeming favourable unto them,  
they can scarce receive the words of any comfort. And because your

Honor hath been of long time, not onlie a professor, but also a lover of  
the trueth, whom the Lord (exalting to an higher place of dignitie than  
many other) hath set up, as it were a light upon an high candlesticke, to  
give light unto manie, I have especiallie dedicated unto your Honour this  
my poore travaile, humble beseeching the Lord to make it no lesse com-  
fortable to your Honour, and to those that shall reade it, than it hath  
been unto me who have translated it. Everie one in his calling is bound to  
doo [A4'] somewhat to the furtherance of the holie building; but because  
great things by reason of my sex, I may not doo, and that which I may,  
I ought to doo, I have according to my duetie, brought my poore basket  
of stones to the strengthening of the wallles of that Jerusalem, whereof (by  
grace) wee are all both Citizens and members. And now to returne to  
those whom experience hath not yet taught, and whom prosperitie will  
not suffer to awake: I earnestlie beseech them both in the Lord, no longer  
to deceive themselves with vaine imaginations, neither to suffer their hearts  
so to be tied to earthlie vanities, that they should despise or neglect those  
things that can truly make them happie indeede. When it shall please  
GOD to open their eyes to discerne betweene heavenlie and earthly, be-  
twene things transitorie, and things everlasting, I know they [A4'] will of  
themselves bee ashamed of this their negligence. For what are all the  
pleasant things of this world, which most bewitch the minds of men, if  
they be compared with heavenlie and eternal things? If statelie and sumptu-  
ous buildings do delight; what building is so statelie and glorious as newe  
Jerusalem? If riches; what so rich as that, whose pavement is of pure gold,  
whose foundations and walls of precious stones, and gates of orient  
pearles? If friends, kinsfolke and neighbours; what Citie so replenished as  
this, where God himselfe in his Majestie, Jesus Christ the head of the  
Church in his glorie, and all the holie Angels, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apos-  
tles and Marturs do dwell together in happinesse for ever? If honor; what  
honor comparable to this, to be the servant and child of so mightie a King,  
and heire of so glorious a kingdome; where neither [A5'] time doth con-  
sume, nor envie deprive of honour, nor power of adversarie spoyle of glo-  
rie, that is endles and incomprehensible? If then there be no comparison  
betweene things heavenlie and things that are earthlie, and no man can at-  
taine to the things that are heavenlie, but by the same way that Christ  
himselfe attained unto them; which was by the crosse: why (casting off  
all impediments that presseth downe) doo we not runne on our course  
with cherefulness and hope, having Christ so mightie a King, for our  
Captaine and guide, who (as the Apostle saith) for the glorie that was set  
before him, indured the crosse, and despising the shame, sitteth now at the  
right hand of the throne of God? How slowe and dull of heart are wee, if  
as *Esau*, (who for a messe of portage sold his birthright) wee are contented

for a small and short pleasure in this [A5<sup>v</sup>] wicked world, to leese that incomparable and everlasting glorie, which Christ the sonne of GOD with so great a price hath purchased for us. The Lord give us wisdom to understand, and grace to heare his voice while it is saide to day, that when daies and nights and times shall cease, wee may (without time) enter into his joye and rest which never shall have end. The Lord ever preserve your Honor; and adde unto a multitude of happie yeares spent in his feare, a continuall increase of al spiritual graces to his glorie, and your endles comfort.

Your Honors in the Lord

most humble A. P.

[A6<sup>r</sup>] To the faithfull of the  
Low Countrie.

IT is not without reason (right deare and worshipfull bretheren) that the Church of Christ is called militant upon earth: and compared as well to a woman in travaile of child from the beginning of the world, as to a ship upon the sea tossed with tempests, and to a field tilled, upon which the plowe is drawne to cut it. The present estate of the Church exercised by so manie dissipationes, assailed so mightelie by continuall warres (the mother and nurse of all calamities) and afflicted by revolts, by Libertines, by people prophane, and by so many heretiques, is to us a livelie mirroure, a manifest scale, and an example good to be marked. Now, as the infirmitie of the flesh which dieth not in the verie children of God, but at their death, taketh from thence, and from other matter, occasion of temptations most dangerous, and many assaults: so the bounden [A6<sup>r</sup>] dutie and affection which I beare towards you, driveth me to testifie unto you the fervent desire which I feele continuallie in my heart, of your comfort, constancie and perseverance in the way of salvation. For this cause it is that in my voiage from Germanie I made this little treatise Of the markes of the children of God, and of their consolations in their afflictions: the which (seeing GOD be thanked returned) I was willing, with the advice of my bretheren and fellowes in the holie Ministerie, to put to light and dedicate unto you, to the end that reading it you might knowe and feele more and more the incomprehensible grace of GOD towards you, by the testimonies of your adoption, and the full assurance of the certaintie of it: and that in the midst of your so long and heavie afflictions, you might bee partakers of the unspeakable comforts which GOD setteth forth to his children in his word: whereby also you feeling your selves truelie happie, you maie constancie persevere in his holie trueth and obedience of his will, aspiring with contentment and joy of the holie Ghost to the enjoying of that kingdome of glorie, the right [A7<sup>r</sup>] and possession whereof is purchased for you, and kept in your head Jesus Christ. Finallie, I pray God with all my heart to shewe me this favour, that this my little labour may bee acceptable unto you, and that it will please him to blesse it, by the efficacy of his holie spirit, to your comfort and salvation, and to the advancement of the Kingdome of our Lord Jesus Christ: Hartlem 15. September 1586.

Your humble brother and  
servant in Christ:

*John Taffin* Minister of the  
holie Gospell in the French  
Church at Hartlem.

[S17] The necessitie and benefite  
of affliction.

Great trouble and vexation  
the righteous shall sustaine  
By Gods determination,  
whilst heere they doo remaine:  
Which grievous is and irksome both  
for flesh and bloud to beare.  
Because by nature we are loath  
to want our pleasure heere;  
And eke because our enemye  
that ancient deadly foe  
Satan, with cruel tyrannie  
the worker of our woe,  
Dooth still provoke the wicked sort  
in sinne which doo delight,  
To please themselves and make great sport,  
to vex us with despite.  
Yet doo the righteous by the crosse  
more blessed things obtaine,  
Than anye wate can be the losse,  
the dolor, or the paine.  
The losse is that, which in few daies  
would passe, fade and decay  
Even of it selfe: the gaine alwaies  
can no man take away.  
All earthly estimation  
the crosse may cleane deface,  
But heavenlie consolation  
the soule dooth then embrace  
Afflictions worldly pleasures will  
abandon out of minde:  
Then is the soule more earnest still  
the joyes of heaven to finde.  
These worldly riches, goods and wealth,  
by troubles may depart:  
Then inward joyes and saving health  
may wholly rule the heart.  
In trouble friends doo start aside,  
as cloudes doo with the winde:  
But Gods assistance doth abide  
to cheare the troubled minde.

40  
35  
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25  
[S17] 20  
15  
10  
5

If we should feele these losses all,  
 at once, by sudden change:  
 We may not be dismayd withall,  
 though it seeme verie strange.  
 Job lost his frends, he lost his wealth,  
 and comfort of his wife:  
 He lost his children and his health,  
 yea, all but wretched life.  
 When all was gone, the Lord above  
 did still with him remaine,  
 With mercie, kindnes and with love  
 asswaging all his paine:  
 Teaching him by experience,  
 that all things fickle be  
 (Which subject are to humane sence)  
 and yeeld all miserie.  
 But godlinesse within the heart  
 remaineth ever sure.  
 In wealth and woe, it is her part,  
 true comfort to procure.  
 Affliction turn'th these worldly joyes  
 to greater paine and woe,  
 Because the love was linck'd with toyes:  
 religion is not so.  
 For when mans heart doth most delight  
 in pleasure, wealth, and pride:  
 Religion then will take her flight,  
 she may not there abide.  
 Whereby our soules in woifull plight  
 continually remaine:  
 Yet have not we the grace or might  
 from such lusts to refrain.  
 In which estate most willingly  
 (though tending right to hell)  
 We compt our chiefe felicitie,  
 and love therein to dwell.  
 Therefore the Lord which is above,  
 regarding us below  
 With mercie, pittie, grace and love,  
 that alwaies from him flow,  
 Doth mix with griefe these earthly things  
 wherein we doo delight:  
 Which to our soules all sorrow brings,

or else remoov'th them quite.  
 Then dooth the holie word of God  
 most comfortable seeme:  
 Which we (before we felt the rod)  
 mere follie did esteeme.  
 The world which earst most pleasant was  
 now loathsome seem'th to be:  
 It doth appeare (as in a glasse)  
 all fraught with miserie.  
 Then feare we hell, then flie we sinne,  
 then seeke we heaven the more:  
 To use good meanes we then begin,  
 which we despise before.  
 Then can we pray, then can we call  
 to God for strength and grace:  
 Which things before might not at all  
 with us have anie place.  
 Then beare we with attentivenes,  
 then read we with all care:  
 Then pray we with great ferventnes,  
 no travaile then we spare.  
 Then shall we see, feele and confesse  
 the state wherein we dwell,  
 To be nothing but wretchednes:  
 though worldly joyes we felt.  
 Because the soule by godlinesse  
 more comfort doth receive  
 In one day, than by worldlinesse,  
 for ever it can have.  
 Then we with David shall confesse,  
 that God from heaven above  
 (By humbling us) doth well expresse  
 his mercie and his love.  
 For ere we felt the scourging rod,  
 we er'de and went astray:  
 But now we keepe the law of God,  
 and waite thereon alway.  
 Then for religion love the crosse,  
 though it doo bring some paine:  
 The joy is great, small is the losse,  
 but infinite the gaine.