

## Colonial American Poetry

A packet for use in English 370A during the week of April 25-29, 2005

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## THE MAYFLOWER COMPACT

In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are under-written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, etc.

Having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our King and Country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one of another, covenant and combine our selves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the eleventh of November [New Style, November 21], in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord, King James, of England, France, and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth. Anno Dom. 1620.

John Carver	William White	Thomas Rogers	Edmond Margeson
William Bradford	James Chilton	Thomas Tinker	Peter Brown
Edward Winslow	John Craxton	John Rigdale	Richard Bitteridge
William Brewster	John Billington	Edward Fuller	Richard Clark
Isaac Allerton	Richard Warren	John Turner	Richard Gardiner
Miles Standish	John Howland	Francis Eaton	John Allerton
John Alden	Steven Hopkins	Moses Fletcher	Thomas English
Samuel Fuller	Edward Tilly	Digery Priest	Edward Doten
Christopher Martin	John Tilly	Thomas Williams	Edward Liester
William Mullins	Francis Cook	Gilbert Winslow	John Goodman
			George Soule

### William Bradford (1589-1657)

William Bradford was born in Yorkshire, the only son of a yeoman farmer who died when Bradford was a child. After joining a Separatist or Puritan congregation, he moved to Holland where congregationalists had greater freedom of assembly. He was one of the Pilgrim Fathers who signed the Mayflower Compact and who founded the Plymouth Plantation in 1620. He was elected governor of Plymouth in 1621 and was re-elected every year until 1656, though in five different years, he said, "I gat off by importunity." He contributed to *A relation or iournall of the beginning and proceedings of the English plantation settled at Plimoth in New England, by certaine English aduenturers* (London 1622) and continued the account in manuscript to 1646.

**OF BOSTON IN NEW ENGLAND**

(from *The Collected Verse* [1974])

Oh Boston, though thou now art grown  
To be a great and wealthy town,  
Yet I have seen thee a void place,  
Shrubs and bushes covering thy face.

No houses then in thee there were,  
Nor such as gold and silk did wear.  
No drunkenness was then in thee,  
Nor such excess as now we see.

We then drunk freely of thy spring,  
Without paying of anything.  
We lodged freely, where we would.  
All things were free, and nothing sold.

And they that did thee first begin  
Had hearts as free, and as willing,  
Their poor friends for to entertain,  
And never looked at sordid gain.

Some thou hast had, whom I did know,  
Who spent themselves to make thee grow.  
Thy foundations they did lay,  
Which do remain unto this day.

When thou wast weak, they did thee nurse;  
Or else with thee it had been worse.  
They left thee not, but did defend  
And succor thee, unto their end.

Thou now art grown in wealth and store.  
Do not forget that thou wast poor,  
And lift not up thyself in pride.  
From truth and justice turn not aside.

Remember thou a Cotton had,  
Who made the hearts of many glad.  
What he thee taught bear thou in mind;  
It's hard another such to find.

A Winthrop once in thee was known,  
Who unto thee was as a crown.  
Such ornaments are very rare,

Yet thou enjoyed this blessed pair.

But these are gone; their work is done.  
 Their day is past; set is their sun.  
 Yet faithful Wilson still remains,  
 And learned Norton doth take pains.

Live thee in peace; I could say more.  
 Oppress not the weak and poor.  
 The trade is all in your own hand;  
 Take heed thee do not wrong the land.

Lest He that hath lift you on high,  
 When as the poor to him to cry,  
 Do throw you down from your high state,  
 And make you low, and desolate.

### **EPITAPHIUM MEUM**

Certain Verses left by the Honoured William Bradford Esq.; Governour of the Jurisdiction of Plimouth, penned by his own hand, declaring the gracious dispensation of Gods Providence towards him in the time of his Life, and his preparation and fittedness for Death.

From my years young in days of youth,  
 God did make known to me his truth,  
 And call'd me from my native place  
 For to enjoy the means of grace  
 In wilderness he did me guide,  
 And in strange lands for me provide.  
 In fears and wants, through weal and woe,  
 As pilgrim passed I to and fro:  
 Oft left of them whom I did trust;  
 How vain it is to rest on dust!

A man of sorrows I have been,  
 And many changes I have seen.  
 Wars, wants, peace, plenty have I known;  
 And some advanc'd, others thrown down.  
 The humble, poor, cheerful and glad;  
 Rich, discontent, sower and sad:  
 When fears with sorrows have been mixed,  
 Consolations came betwixt.

Faint not, poor soul, in God still trust,  
 Fear not the things thou suffer must;

For, whom he loves he doth chastise,  
And then all tears wipes from their eyes.

Farewell, dear children, whom I love,  
Your better father is above:  
When I am gone, he can supply;  
To him I leave you when I die.

Fear him in truth, walk in his ways,  
And he will bless you all your days.  
My days are spent, old age is come,  
My strength it fails, my glass near run:  
Now I will wait when work is done,  
Until my happy change shall come,  
When from my labors I shall rest  
With Christ above for to be blest.

### **Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672)**

Born Anne Dudley, Bradstreet grew up in the household of the Earl of Lincolnshire, whom her father served as steward. At the age of sixteen, she married Simon Bradstreet, another assistant in the household. The families were devout Puritans and together moved to Massachusetts in an early wave of the Great Migration. They settled in New Town (i.e., Cambridge), then in Ipswich and in Andover, where she is buried. She began writing poems after the birth of her children and circulated them among her friends. However, in 1650, her brother-in-law took a group of them to a press in England, where they were printed as *The Tenth Muse*. Several like the “Dialogue between Old England and New” express strong political sentiments. Others like “Contemplations” reveal a deep religiosity.

### **CONTEMPLATIONS**

[1]

Some time now past in the Autumnal Tide,  
When *Phoebus* wanted but one hour to bed,  
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,  
Where gilded o're by his rich golden head.  
Their leaves & fruits seem'd painted, but was true  
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew,  
Rapt were my senses at this delectable view.

2

I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought I,  
If so much excellence abide below;  
How excellent is he that dwells on high?

Whose power and beauty by his works we know.  
 Sure he is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,  
 That hath this under world so richly dight:  
 More Heaven than Earth was here no winter & no night.

## 3

Then on a stately Oak I cast mine Eye,  
 Whose ruffling top the Clouds seem'd to aspire;  
 How long since thou wast in thine Infancy?  
 Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire,  
 Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born?  
 Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn,  
 If so, all these as nought, Eternity doth scorn.

## 4

Then higher on the glistering Sun I gaz'd,  
 Whose beams was shaded by the leavie Tree,  
 The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,  
 And softly said, what glory's like to thee?  
 Soul of this world, this Universes Eye,  
 No wonder, some made thee a Deity:  
 Had I not better known, (alas) the same had I.

## 5

Thou as a Bridegroom from thy Chamber rushes,  
 And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,  
 The morn doth usher thee, with smiles & blushes,  
 The Earth reflects her glances in thy face.  
 Birds, insects, Animals with Vegative,  
 Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive:  
 And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

## 6

Thy swift Annual, and diurnal Course,  
 Thy daily streight, and yearly oblique path,  
 Thy pleasing fervor, and thy scorching force,  
 All mortals here the feeling knowledg hath.  
 Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night,  
 Quaternal Seasons caused by thy might:  
 Hail Creature, full of sweetness, beauty & delight.

## 7

Art thou so full of glory, that no Eye  
 Hath strength, thy shining Rayes once to behold?  
 And is thy splendid Throne erect so high?  
 As to approach it, can no earthly mould.  
 How full of glory then must thy Creator be?  
 Who gave this bright light luster unto thee:  
 Admir'd, ador'd for ever, be that Majesty.

## 8

Silent alone, where none or saw, or heard,  
 In pathless paths I lead my wandring feet,  
 My humble Eyes to lofty Skyes I rear'd  
 To sing some Song, my mazed Muse thought meet.  
 My great Creator I would magnifie,  
 That nature had, thus decked liberally:  
 But Ah, and Ah, again, my imbecility!

## 9

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,  
 The black clad Cricket, bear a second part,  
 They kept one tune, and plaid on the same string,  
 Seeming to glory in their little Art.  
 Shall Creatures abject, thus their voices raise?  
 And in their kind resound their makers praise:  
 Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no higher layes.

## 10

When present times look back to Ages past,  
 And men in being fancy those are dead,  
 It makes things gone perpetually to last,  
 And calls back moneths and years that long since fled  
 It makes a man more aged in conceit,  
 Then was *Methuselah*, or's grand-sire great:  
 While of their persons & their acts his mind doth treat.

## 11

Sometimes in *Eden* fair, he seems to be,  
 Sees glorious *Adam* there made Lord of all,  
 Fancies the Apple, dangle on the Tree,  
 That turn'd his Sovereign to a naked thral.  
 Who like a miscreant's driven from that place,

To get his bread with pain, and sweat of face:  
A penalty impos'd on his backsliding Race.

**12**

Here sits our Grandame in retired place,  
And in her lap, her bloody *Cain* new born,  
The weeping Imp oft looks her in the face,  
Bewails his unknown hap, and fate forlorn;  
His Mother sighs, to think of Paradise,  
And how she lost her bliss, to be more wise,  
Believing him that was, and is, Father of lyes.

**13**

Here *Cain* and *Abel* come to sacrifice,  
Fruits of the Earth, and Fatlings each do bring,  
On *Abels* gift the fire descends from Skies,  
But no such sign on false *Cain's* offering;  
With sullen hateful looks he goes his wayes.  
Hath thousand thoughts to end his brothers dayes,  
Upon whose blood his future good he hopes to raise

**14**

There *Abel* keeps his sheep, no ill he thinks,  
His brother comes, then acts his fratricide,  
The Virgin Earth, of blood her first draught drinks  
But since that time she often hath been cloy'd;  
The wretch with gastly face and dreadful mind,  
Thinks each he sees will serve him in his kind,  
Though none on Earth but kindred near then could he find.

**15**

Who fancyes not his looks now at the Barr,  
His face like death, his heart with horror fraught,  
Nor Male-factor ever felt like warr,  
When deep dispair, with wish of life hath sought,  
Branded with guilt, and crusht with treble woes,  
A Vagabond to Land of *Nod* he goes.  
A City builds, that wals might him secure from foes.

**16**

Who thinks not oft upon the Fathers ages.  
Their long descent, how nephews sons they saw,



The starry observations of those Sages,  
 And how their precepts to their sons were law,  
 How Adam sigh'd to see his Progeny,  
 Cloath'd all in his black sinfull Livery,  
 Who neither guilt, nor yet the punishment could fly.

**17**

Our Life compare we with their length of dayes  
 Who to the tenth of theirs doth now arrive?  
 And though thus short, we shorten many wayes,  
 Living so little while we are alive;  
 In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight  
 So unawares comes on perpetual night,  
 And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight.

**18**

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,  
 And then the earth (though old) stil clad in green,  
 The stones and trees, insensible of time,  
 Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;  
 If winter come, and greenness then do fade,  
 A Spring returns, and they more youthfull made;  
 But Man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid.

**[19]**

By birth more noble then those creatures all,  
 Yet seems by nature and by custome curs'd,  
 No sooner born, but grief and care makes fall  
 That state obliterate he had at first:  
 Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again  
 Nor habitations long their names retain,  
 But in oblivion to the final day remain.

**20**

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth  
 Because their beauty and their strength last longer  
 Shall I wish there, or never to had birth,  
 Because they're bigger, & their bodyes stronger?  
 Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade and dye,  
 And when unmade, so ever shall they lye,  
 But man was made for endless immortality.

## 21

Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm  
 Close sate I by a goodly Rivers side,  
 Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;  
 A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd.  
 I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,  
 Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,  
 And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

## 22

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,  
 Which to the long'd for Ocean held its course,  
 I markt, nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lye  
 Could hinder ought, but still augment its force:  
 O happy Flood, quoth I, that holds thy race  
 Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,  
 Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace

## 23

Nor is't enough, that thou alone may'st slide,  
 But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do meet,  
 So hand in hand along with thee they glide  
 To *Thetis* house, where all imbrace and greet:  
 Thou Emblem true, of what I count the best,  
 O could I lead my Rivolets to rest,  
 So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

## 24

Ye Fish which in this liquid Region 'bide,  
 That for each season, have your habitation,  
 Now salt, now fresh where you think best to glide  
 To unknown coasts to give a visitation,  
 In Lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry,  
 So nature taught, and yet you know not why,  
 You watry folk that know not your felicity.

## 25

Look how the wantons frisk to tast the air,  
 Then to the colder bottome streight they dive,  
 Eftsoon to *Neptun's* glassie Hall repair  
 To see what trade they great ones there do drive,  
 Who forrage o're the spacious sea-green field,

And take the trembling prey before it yield,  
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their shield.

**26**

While musing thus with contemplation fed,  
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,  
The sweet-tongu'd Philomel perch'd on my head,  
And chanted forth a most melodious strain  
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,  
I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,  
And wish'd me wings with her a while to take my flight.

**[27]**

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares,  
That neither toys nor hoards up in thy barn,  
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares  
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm  
Thy cloaths ne'er wear, thy meat is every where,  
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,  
Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear

**28**

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,  
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,  
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,  
And warbling out the old, begin anew,  
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,  
Then follow thee into a better Region,  
where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion

**29**

Man at the best a creature frail and vain,  
In knowledg ignorant, in strength but weak,  
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,  
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break,  
From some of these he never finds cessation,  
But day or night, within, without, vexation,  
Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near'st Relation

**30**

And yet this sinfull creature, frail and vain,  
This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,

This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,  
 Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow;  
 Nor all his losses, crosses and vexation,  
 In weight, in frequency and long duration  
 Can make him deeply groan for that divine Translation.

**31**

The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,  
 Sings merrily, and steers his Barque with ease,  
 As if he had command of wind and tide,  
 And now become great Master of the seas;  
 But suddenly a storm spoiles all the sport,  
 And makes him long for a more quiet port,  
 Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

**32**

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,  
 Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th'sowre,  
 That's full of friends, of honour and of treasure,  
 Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heav'ns bower.  
 But sad affliction comes & makes him see  
 Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety;  
 Only above is found all with security.

**33**

O Time the fatal wrack of mortal things,  
 That draws oblivions curtains over kings,  
 Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,  
 Their names without a Record are forgot,  
 Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th'dust  
 Nor wit nor gold, nor buildings scape times rust;  
 But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone  
 Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

**A Dialogue between Old *England* and New; concerning their present Troubles,  
 Anno, 1642.**

*New-England.*

Alas dear Mother, fairest Queen and best,  
 With honour, wealth, and peace, happy and blest;  
 What ails thee hang thy head, & cross thine arms?  
 And sit i'th' dust, to sigh these sad alarms?  
 What deluge of new woes thus over-whelme  
 The glories of thy ever famous Realme?

What means this wailing tone, this mournful guise?  
 Ah, tell thy daughter, she may sympathize.

*Old England.*

Art ignorant indeed of these my woes?  
 Or must my forced tongue these griefs disclose?  
 And must myself dissect my tatter'd state,  
 Which 'mazed Christendome stands wondring at?  
 And thou a Child, a Limbe, and dost not feel  
 My fainting weakned body now to reel?  
 This Physick purging potion, I have taken,  
 Will bring consumption, or an Ague quaking,  
 Unless some Cordial, thou fetch from high,  
 Which present help may ease my malady.  
 If I decease, dost think thou shalt survive?  
 Or by my wasting state dost think to thrive?  
 Then weigh our case, if't be not justly sad;  
 Let me lament alone, while thou art glad.

*New-England.*

And thus (alas) your state you much deplore  
 In general terms, but will not say wherefore:  
 What medicine shall I seek to cure this woe,  
 If th'wound so dangerous I may not know.  
 But you perhaps, would have me gness it out:  
 What hath some *Hengist* like that *Saxon* stout  
 By fraud or force usurp'd thy flowring crown,  
 Or by tempestuous warrs thy fields trod down?  
 Or hath *Canutus*, that brave valiant *Dane*  
 The Regal peacefull Scepter from thee tane?  
 Or is't a *Norman*, whose victorious hand  
 With English blood bedews thy conquered land?  
 Or is't Intestine warrs that thus offend?  
 Do *Maud* and *Stephen* for the crown contend?  
 Do Barons rise and side against their King,  
 And call in foraign aid to help the thing?  
 Must *Edward* be depos'd? or is't the hour  
 That second *Richard* must be clapt i'th tower?  
 Or is't the fatal jarre, again begun  
 That from the red white pricking roses sprung?  
 Must *Richmonds* aid, the Nobles now implore?  
 To come and break the Tushes of the Boar,  
 If none of these dear Mother, what's your woe?  
 Pray do you fear *Spains* bragging *Armado*?  
 Doth your Allye, fair *France*, conspire your wrack,  
 Or do the *Scots* play false, behind your back?

Doth *Holland* quit you ill for all your love?  
 Whence is the storm from Earth or Heaven above?  
 Is't drought, is't famine, or is't pestilence?  
 Dost feel the smart, or fear the Consequence?  
 Your humble Child intreats you, shew your grief,  
 Though Arms, nor Purse she hath for your relief,  
 Such is her poverty: yet shall be found  
 A Suppliant for your help, as she is bound.

*Old England.*

I must confess some of those sores you name,  
 My beauteous body at this present maime;  
 But forreign foe, nor feigned friend I fear,  
 For they have work enough (thou knowst) elsewhere  
 Nor is it *Alcies* Son, nor *Henryes* daughter;  
 Whose proud contention cause this slaughter,  
 Nor Nobles siding, to make *John* no King,  
 French Jews unjustly to the Crown to bring;  
 No *Edward*, *Richard*, to lose rule and life,  
 Nor no *Lancastrians* to renew old strife:  
 No Duke of *York*, nor Earl of *March* to soyle  
 Their hands in kindreds blood whom they did foil  
 No crafty Tyrant now usurps the Seat,  
 Who Nephews slew that so he might be great;  
 No need of *Tudor*, *Roses* to unite,  
 None knows which is the red, or which the white;  
*Spains* braving Fleet, a second time is sunk,  
*France* knows how oft my fury she hath drunk:  
 By *Edward* third, and *Henry* fifth of fame,  
 Her Lillies in mine Arms avouch the same.  
 My Sister *Scotland* hurts me now no more,  
 Though she hath been injurious heretofore;  
 What *Holland* is I am in some suspence?  
 But trust not much unto his excellence.  
 For wants, sure some I feel, but more I fear,  
 And for the Pestilence, who knows how near;  
 Famine and Plague, two Sisters of the Sword,  
 Destruction to a Land, doth soon afford:  
 They're for my punishment ordain'd on high,  
 Unless our tears prevent it speedily.  
 But yet I Answer not what you demand,  
 To shew the grievance of my troubled Land?  
 Before I tell th'Effect, I'll shew the Cause  
 Which are my sins the breach of sacred Laws,  
 Idolatry supplanter of a Nation,  
 With foolish Superstitious Adoration,

Are lik'd and countenanc'd by men of might,  
 The Gospel troden down and hath no right:  
 Church Offices were sold and bought for gain,  
 That Pope had hope to find, *Rome* here again,  
 For Oaths and Blasphemies, did ever Ear,  
 From *Belzebub* himself such language hear;  
 What scorning of the Saints of the most high?  
 What injuries did daily on them lye?  
 What false reports, what nick-names did they take  
 Not for their own, but for their Masters sake?  
 And thou poor soul, wert jeer'd among the rest,  
 Thy flying for the truth was made a jest.  
 For Sabbath-breaking, and for drunkenness,  
 Did ever land profaness more express?  
 From crying blood yet cleansed am not I,  
 Martyres and others, dying causelesly.  
 How many princely heads on blocks laid down  
 For nought but title to a fading crown?  
 'Mongst all the cruelties by great ones done  
 Of *Edwards* youths, and *Clarence* hapless son,  
 O *Jane* why didst thou dye in flowring prime?  
 Because of royal stem, that was thy crime.  
 For bribery Adultery and lyes,  
 Where is the nation, I can't parallize.  
 With usury, extortion and oppression,  
 These be the *Hydraes* of my stout transgression.  
 These be the bitter fountains, heads and roots,  
 Whence flow'd the source, the sprigs, the boughs & fruits  
 Of more then thou canst hear or I relate,  
 That with high hand I still did perpetrate:  
 For these were threatned the wofull day,  
 I mockt the Preachers, put it far away;  
 The Sermons yet upon Record do stand  
 That cri'd destruction to my wicked land:  
 I then believ'd not, now I feel and see,  
 The plague of stubborn incredulity.  
 Some lost their livings, some in prison pent,  
 Some fin'd, from house & friends to exile went.  
 Their silent tongues to heaven did vengeance cry,  
 Who saw their wrongs, & hath judg'd righteously  
 And will repay it seven-fold in my lap:  
 This is fore-runner of my Afterclap.  
 Nor took I warning by my neighbours falls,  
 I saw sad *Germanyes* dismantled walls,  
 I saw her people famish'd, Nobles slain,  
 Her fruitfull land, a barren Heath remain.

I saw unmov'd, her Armyes foil'd and fled,  
 VVives forc'd, babes toss'd, her houses calcined.  
 I saw strong *Rochel* yielded to her Foe,  
 Thousands of starved Christians there also.  
 I saw poor *Ireland* bleeding out her last,  
 Such cruelties as all reports have past;  
 Mine heart obdurate stood not yet agast.  
 Now sip I of that cup, and just't may be  
 The bottome dreggs reserved are for me.

*New-England.*

To all you've said, sad Mother I assent,  
 Your fearfull sins great cause there's to lament,  
 My guilty hands in part, hold up with you,  
 A Sharer in your punishment's my due.  
 But all you say amounts to this effect,  
 Not what you feel, but what you do expect,  
 Pray in plain terms, what is your present grief?  
 Then let's joyn heads & hearts for your relief.

*Old England.*

Well to the matter then, there's grown of late  
 'Twixt King and Peers a Question of State,  
 Which is the chief, the Law, or else the King.  
 One said, it's he, the other no such thing.  
 'Tis said, my better part in Parliament  
 To ease my groaning Land, shew'd their intent,  
 To crush the proud, and right to each man deal,  
 To help the Church, and stay the Common-weal.  
 So many Obstacles came in their way,  
 As puts me to a stand what I should say;  
 Old customes, new Prerogatives stood on,  
 Had they not held Law fast, all had been gone:  
 Which by their prudence stood them in such stead  
 They took high *Strafford* lower by the head.  
 And to their *Laud* be't spoke, they held i'th tower  
 All *Englands* Metropolitane that hour;  
 This done, an act they would have passed fain,  
 No Prelate should his Bishopricks retain;  
 Here tugg'd they hard (indeed,) for all men saw  
 This must be done by Gospel, not by Law.  
 Next the Militia they urged sore,  
 This was deny'd, (I need not say wherefore)  
 The King displeas'd at *York*, himself absents,  
 They humbly beg return, shew their intents;  
 The writing, printing, posting too and fro,



Shews all was done, I'll therefore let it go.  
 But now I come to speak of my disaster,  
 Contention grown, 'twixt Subjects & their Master;  
 They worded it so long, they fell to blows,  
 That thousands lay on heaps, here bleeds my woes,  
 I that no wars so many years have known,  
 Am now destroy'd and slaught'ed by mine own;  
 But could the Field alone this strife decide,  
 One Battel two or three I might abide:  
 But these may be beginnings of more woe  
 Who knows, but this may be my overthrow.  
 Oh pity me in this sad perturbation,  
 My plundred Towns, my houses devastation,  
 My weeping Virgins and my young men slain;  
 My wealthy trading fall'n, my dearth of grain,  
 The seed-times come, but ploughman hath no hope  
 Because he knows not who shall inn his Crop:  
 The poor they want their pay, their children bread,  
 Their woful Mothers tears unpittied,  
 If any pity in thy heart remain,  
 Or any child-like love thou dost retain,  
 For my relief, do what there lyes in thee,  
 And recompence that good I've done to thee.

*New England.*

Dear Mother cease complaints & wipe your eyes,  
 Shake off your dust, chear up, and now arise,  
 You are my Mother Nurse, and I your flesh,  
 Your sunken bowels gladly would refresh,  
 Your griefs I pity, but soon hope to see,  
 Out of your troubles much good fruit to be;  
 To see those latter dayes of hop'd for good,  
 Though now beclouded all with tears and blood:  
 After dark Popery the day did clear,  
 But now the Sun in's brightness shall appear.  
 Blest be the Nobles of thy noble Land,  
 With ventur'd lives for Truths defence that stand.  
 Blest be thy Commons, who for common good,  
 And thy infringed Laws have boldly stood.  
 Blest be thy Counties, who did aid thee still,  
 With hearts and States to testifie their will.  
 Blest be thy Preachers, who do chear thee on,  
 O cry the Sword of God, and *Gideon*;  
 And shall I not on them wish *Mero's* curse,  
 That help thee not with prayers, Arms and purse?  
 And for my self let miseries abound,

If mindless of thy State I e're be found.  
 These are the dayes the Churches foes to crush,  
 To root out Popelings head, tail, branch and rush;  
 Let's bring *Baals* vestments forth to make a fire,  
 Their Mytires, Surplices, and all their Tire,  
 Copes, Rotchets, Crossiers, and such empty trash,  
 And let their Names consume, but let the flash  
 Light Christendome, and all the world to see  
 We hate *Romes* whore, with all her trumpery.  
 Go on brave *Essex* with a Loyal heart,  
 Not false to King, nor to the better part;  
 But those that hurt his people and his Crown,  
 As duty binds, expel and tread them down.  
 And ye brave Nobles chase away all fear,  
 And to this hopeful Cause closely adhere;  
 O Mother can you weep, and have such Peers,  
 When they are gone, then drown your self in tears  
 If now you weep so much, that then no more  
 The briny Ocean will o'reflow your shore.  
 These, these are they I trust, with *Charles* our King,  
 Out of all mists such glorious dayes shall bring;  
 That dazled eyes beholding much shall wonder  
 At that thy setled peace, thy wealth and splendor.  
 Thy Church and weal establish'd in such manner,  
 That all shall joy, that thou display'dst thy Banner;  
 And discipline erected so I trust,  
 That nursing Kings shall come and lick thy dust:  
 Then Justice shall in all thy Courts take place,  
 Without respect of person, or of case;  
 Then Bribes shall cease, & Suits shall not stick long  
 Patience and purse of Clients oft to wrong:  
 Then high Commissions shall fall to decay,  
 And Pursivants, and Catchpoles want their pay.  
 So shall thy happy Nation ever flourish,  
 When truth & righteousnes they thus shall nourish  
 When thus in peace, thine Armies brave send out,  
 To sack proud *Rome*, and all her Vassals rout;  
 There let thy Name, thy fame, and glory shine,  
 As did thine Ancestors in *Palestine*:  
 And let her spoils full pay, with Interest be,  
 Of what unjustly once she poll'd from thee.  
 Of all the woes thou canst, let her be sped,  
 And on her pour the vengeance threatned;  
 Bring forth the Beast that rul'd the World with's beck,  
 And tear his flesh, & set your feet on's neck;  
 And make his filthy Den so desolate,

To th'stonishment of all that knew his state:  
 This done with brandish'd Swords to *Turky* goe,  
 For then what is't, but English blades dare do,  
 And lay her waste for so's the sacred Doom,  
 And do to *Gog* as thou hast done to *Rome*.  
 Oh *Abraham's* seed lift up your heads on high,  
 For sure the day of your Redemption's nigh;  
 The Scales shall fall from your long blinded eyes,  
 And him you shall adore who now despise,  
 Then fulness of the Nations in shall flow,  
 And Jew and Gentile to one worship go;  
 Then follows dayes of happiness and rest;  
 Whose lot doth fall, to live therein is blest:  
 No Canaanite shall then be found i'th' Land,  
 And holiness on horses bells shall stand.  
 If this make way thereto, then sigh no more,  
 But if at all, thou didst not see't before;  
 Farewel dear Mother, rightest cause prevail,  
 And in a while, you'le tell another tale.

### **In silent night when rest I took**

[Here followes some verses vpon the burning of our house, July 10th, 1666. Copyed ovt of a loose Paper.]

In silent night when rest I took,  
 For sorrow neer I did not look,  
 I waken'd was with thundring nois  
 And Piteovs shreiks of dreadfull voice.  
 That fearfull sound of fire and fire,  
 Let no man know is my Desire.

I, starting vp, the light did spye,  
 And to my God my heart did cry  
 To strengthen me in my Distresse  
 And not to leaue me succourlesse.  
 Then coming ovt beheld a space,  
 The flame consvme my dwelling place.

And, when I could no longer look,  
 I blest his Name that gave and took,  
 That layd my goods now in the dvst:  
 Yea so it was, and so 'twas jvst.  
 It was his own: it was not mine;  
 ffar be it that I should repine.

He might of All iustly bereft,  
 But yet sufficient for us left.  
 When by the Ruines oft I past,  
 My sorrowing eyes aside did cast,  
 And here and there the places spye  
 Where oft I sate, and long did lye.

Here stood that Trunk, and there that chest;  
 There lay that store I covnted best:  
 My pleasant things in ashes lye,  
 And them behold no more shall I.  
 Vnder thy roof no gvest shall sitt,  
 Nor at thy Table eat a bitt.

No pleasant tale shall 'ere be told,  
 Nor things recovnted done of old.  
 No Candle 'ere shall shine in Thee,  
 Nor bridegroom's voice ere heard shall bee.  
 In silence ever shalt thou lye;  
 Adeiu, Adeiu; All's vanity.

Then streight I gin my heart to chide,  
 And did thy wealth on earth abide?  
 Didst fix thy hope on mouldring dvst,  
 The arm of flesh didst make thy trvst?  
 Raise vp thy thoughts above the skye  
 That dunghill mists away may flie.

Thou hast an house on high erect  
 Fram'd by that mighty Architect,  
 With glory richly furnished,  
 Stands permanent tho: this bee fled.  
 'Its purchaséd, and paid for too  
 By him who hath enough to doe.

A Prise so vast as is vnknown,  
 Yet, by his Gift, is made thine own.  
 Ther's wealth enovgh, I need no more;  
 Farewell my Pelf, farewell my Store.  
 The world no longer let me Love,  
 My hope and Treasure lyes Above.

**To my Dear Children**  
(from *The Works* [1867])

This Book by Any yet vnread,  
I leaue for yov when I am dead,  
That, being gone, here yov may find  
What was your liueing mother's mind.  
Make vse of what I leaue in Loue  
And God shall blesse yov from above.

A. B.

**Edward Taylor (1642-1729)**

**1. Meditation. *Westfield 23.5m [July] 1682.***

Born in Sketchley, Leicestershire, in 1642, Taylor was brought up on a prosperous Midlands farm and educated by a nonconformist schoolmaster. He may have attended Cambridge University briefly before he started teaching and preaching in nonconformist areas. After the Restoration of the Monarchy in 1660, he refused to sign the Act of Uniformity of 1662, which effectively barred him from such activity. He moved to Massachusetts in 1668. He took classes at Harvard, from which he graduated in 1671. He then accepted the position of minister in Westfield, Massachusetts, where he married and raised a family. In 1682, he wrote the first of a long series of verse meditations, which numbered more than two hundred by the time of their publication in 1725.

(from *Preparatory Meditations before my Approach to the Lords Supper* in *The Poems* [1960])

What Love is this of thine, that Cannot bee  
In thine Infinity, O Lord, Confinde,  
Unless it in thy very Person see,  
Infinity, and Finity Conjoyn'd?  
What hath thy Godhead, as not satisfide  
Marri'de our Manhood, making it its Bride?

Oh, Matchless Love! filling Heaven to the brim!  
O're running it: all running o're beside  
This World! Nay Overflowing Hell; wherein  
For thine Elect, there rose a mighty Tide!  
That there our Veans might through thy Person bleed,  
To quench those flames, that else would on us feed.

Oh! that thy Love might overflow my Heart!  
To fire the same with Love: for Love I would.  
But oh! my streight'ned Breast! my Lifeless Sparke!

My Fireless Flame! What Chilly Love, and Cold?  
 In measure small! In Manner Chilly! See.  
 Lord blow the Coal: Thy Love Enflame in mee.

**John Danforth (1660-1730)**

A graduate of Harvard College, Danforth served as a minister in Kingston, Rhode Island, and Dorchester, Massachusetts. He is not to be confused with the former Republican senator of that name.

**A Pindarick ELEGY Upon the Renowned, MR. SAMUEL WILLARD, Late Reverend Teacher of the South Church in Boston, and Vice-President of Harvard College in Cambridge; Who Deceased September the 12th. 1707. Aetatis Anno 68.**

(from *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society* [1969])

ENdited by an Heart with Grief repleat,  
 My Verse doth Homage at his Mourners Feet:  
 Is a Just Mourner too: It's Grief is Loud:  
 Louder the Cause: Invading ills so crowd.  
 In trembling Airs, its feather'd Arrow flies;  
 But not so High, nor half so Swift, as doe our Destinys.  
 It spies, big with Portentiousness and Dread,  
 Amazing Signs advance their Lofty Head:  
 Views, how fierce Lightnings doe our Steeples strike  
     And Temples Batter,  
     And their most Sacred Riches Scatter.  
 Victims, and Priests in flames ascend alike,  
 Most wondrously; such horrid Carnage make  
 Heav'ns fiery Bombs, when they so fall & break.

It views our choicest Treasures made a Prey;  
     Death Triumphs them away:  
 But so much for to lose, altho' no more,  
 Would Beggar Nations, make Rich Empires Poor,  
 The High & Mighty States a Begging send,  
 Or Borrowing at least; But where are they can lend?  
 It sees, (and Sighs,) Hereby we were Undone,  
     Hereby Alone;  
 So much choice Gold is Buried in this Grave;  
 But that it sees our Mines no Bottom have;  
 Mines that for Proselyted Rebels, lie  
     Within the Treasury  
     Of Grace Ador'd,  
 Of our Dear Saviour and Ascended Lord.  
 'Twill yet, to Gain so much, take a long Day,  
 For choicest Pioneers to dig, and Pray;  
 And Get again what we have forfeited away.

In Crimson Flood, wade Thousands to his Tomb,

Swell'd Big with Heroe's Blood, like Trojane Womb:  
     Troy were forgot,  
     But for our Parallel Lott;  
 Ah! Woful Day! One Conquering Horse of Fate  
 Severe & Just, Enter'd our Opened Gate;  
     Nay 'Twas a Troop,  
     Enough to Seize, and swallow up  
 Long horded Stores that made Us Rich, & Proud,  
 That many Scores of Plenteous years had bounteously bestow'd.  
     Such Losing Bankrupts We; 'Twould break Heaven too  
 But that it's Wealth is Infinite, to Set us up Anew.

Let all New-England, and let Boston know,  
 How much they do to CHRIST for Willard owe;  
 Christ's Precious Blood produc'd this Copious Good,  
 (In all Its worth) not fully understood.  
 Harvard! I'll call thy Head (for tis no Treason)  
     Master of Reason;  
 Master of all the Wisdom of the Sages,  
     That's handed down to later Ages:  
 Master of Tongues; Master of Policy's  
 So much Admir'd; And in Theology's  
 Doctrines & Truths, which most Mysterious Are,  
 His Learned Mind might safely take the Chair.  
 He Liv'd and Wrought in the Oraculous Flame,  
     'Till he an Oracle became;  
     Whereat when many did Enquire,  
 They had the mind of Christ, to their Desire  
 So strong in Christ his Pen, Thousands do know  
     And stoutest foes have found it so,  
 That when he pleas'd to Conquer, he was able,  
 Chastiz'd the Rash, and settled the Unstable.

One of the King of Israel's Mightys he,  
     Of the First Three  
 Full of the Holy Ghost: (Wou'd so were we.)  
 His Virtue's Roll's so large, Th' Ocean's so Deep;  
 My Verse could do no more, but only creep  
 And Spy, and Speak a little on the Brink:  
 And thus much he must say who will speak least:  
     But of the Rest,  
     Bright Angels may, and such as They  
     with Just Amazement Think.

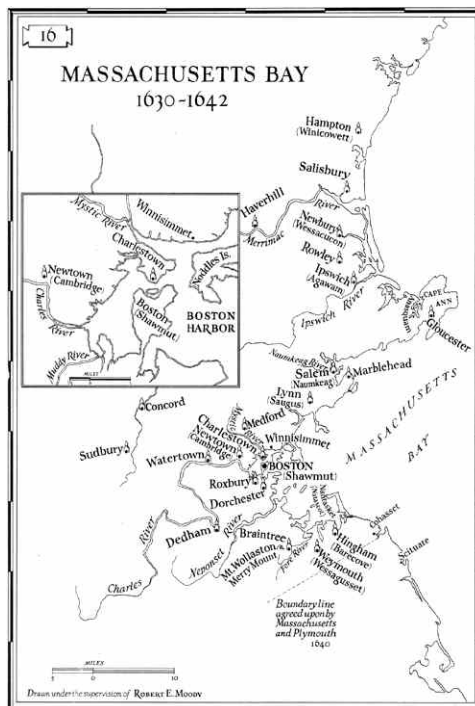
### **Colman Benjamin (1673-1747)**

Benjamin Colman was born in Boston on October 19, 1673. He graduated from Harvard in 1692 and began preaching soon afterward. After several years in England, he returned to Boston in 1699 to become minister of the Brattle Street Church. He sought to reform church traditions – for example, to abolish public profession of election. He championed

many causes including the mission among the Housatonic Indians and a plan for public inoculation against smallpox. After the death of Cotton Mather, he was offered, but refused, the presidency of Harvard. His poetry abounds in biblical references; a long poem “ON ELIJAH’S Translation, Occasion’d by the DEATH of the Reverend and Learned M<sup>r</sup>. Samuel Willard, Late *Pastor* to a Church of CHRIST in *Boston*, and *Vice-President* of *Harvard Colledge* in *Cambridge*” includes almost as many citations of chapter and verse as it has lines (272). Colman died in Boston on August 29, 1747.

So Paradise was brightned, so 'twas blest,  
When Innocence and Beauty it possest.  
Such was it's more retired Path and Seat,  
For Eve and musing Angels a Retreat.  
Such Eden's Streams, and Banks, and tow'ring Groves;  
Such Eve her self, and such her Muse and Loves.  
Only there wants an Adam on the Green,  
Or else all Paradise might here be seen.

(from *The Life and Character of the Reverend Benjamin Colman* [1749])



#### Estimated Population of New England

1650:	33,000
1678:	60,000
1706:	120,000
1734:	250,000



**Hebrews, chapter 11**

- 1:* Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.
- 2:* For by it the elders obtained a good report.
- 3:* Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.
- 4:* By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh.
- 5:* By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.
- 6:* But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.
- 7:* By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.
- 8:* By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went.
- 9:* By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise:
- 10:* For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.
- 11:* Through faith also Sara herself received strength to conceive seed, and was delivered of a child when she was past age, because she judged him faithful who had promised.
- 12:* Therefore sprang there even of one, and him as good as dead, so many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea shore innumerable.
- 13:* These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.
- 14:* For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.
- 15:* And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned.
- 16:* But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.

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