



ILLVSTR. XII.

Book. I.

Hrice happy is that Man whose *Thoughts* doe reare
 His Minde above that pitch the *Worldling* flies,
 And by his *Contemplations*, hovers where
 He viewes things mortall, with unbleared eyes.
 What Trifles then doe *Villages* and *Townes*
 Large *Fields* or *Flockes* of fruitfull *Cattell* seeme?
 Nay, what poore things are *Miters*, *Scepters*, *Crownes*,
 And all those *Glories* which Men most esteeme?
 Though he that hath among them, his Delight,
 Brave things imagines them (because they blinde
 With some false Lustre his beguiled sight)
 He that's above them, their meane-Worth may finde.
 Lord, to that *Blessed-Station* me convey
 Where I may view the *World*, and view her so,
 That I her true Condition may survey;
 And all her Imperfections rightly know.
 Remember me, that once there was a Day
 When thou didst weane me from them with content,
 Ev'n when shut up within those *Gates* I lay
 Through which the *Plague-inflicting Angel* went.
 And, let me still remember, that an Houre
 Is hourly comming on, wherein I shall
 (Though I had all the *World* within my powre)
 Be naked stript, and turned out of all.
 But minde me, chiefly, that I never cleave
 Too closely to my *Selfe*; and cause thou me,
 Not other Earthly things alone to leave,
 But to forsake my *Selfe* for love of *Thee*:
 That I may say, now I have all things left,
 Before that I of all things, am bereft.