

## The Sacrifice.

*O*H all ye, who passe by, whose eyes and minde  
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blinde;  
To me, who took eyes that I might you finde:  
Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head  
Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,  
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread;  
Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,  
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.  
They use that power against me, which I gave:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did beare,  
Though he had all I had, did not forbear  
To sell me also, and to put me there:  
Was ever grief like mine?

For thirtie pence he did my death devise,  
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,  
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Therefore my soul melts, and my hearts deare treasure  
Drops bloud (the onely beads) my words to measure:  
*O let this cup passe, if it be thy pleasure:*  
Was ever grief like mine?

These drops being temper'd with sinners tears  
A Balsome are for both the Hemispheres:<sup>1</sup>  
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet my Disciples sleep; I cannot gain  
One houre of watching; but their drowsie brain  
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they runne!  
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!  
How with their lanterns do they seek the sunne!  
Was ever grief like mine?

With clubs and staves they seek me, as a thief,  
Who am the Way and Truth, the true relief;  
Most true to those, who are my greatest grief:  
Was ever grief like mine?

*Judas*, dost thou betray me with a kisse?  
Canst thou finde hell about my lips? and misse  
Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse?  
Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands  
Of faith, but furie: yet at their commands  
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands  
Was ever grief like mine?

All my Disciples flie; fear puts a barre  
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the starre,  
That brought the wise men of the East from farre.  
Was ever grief like mine?

Then from one ruler to another bound  
They leade me; urging, that it was not sound  
What I taught: Comments would the test confound.  
Was ever grief like mine?

The Priest and rulers all false witness seek  
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek  
And readie Paschal Lambe of this great week:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemie,  
That I did thrust into the Deitie,  
Who never thought that any robberie:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Some said, that I the Temple to the floore  
In three dayes raz'd, and raised as before.  
Why, he that built the world can do much more:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they condemne me all with that same breath,  
Which I do give them daily, unto death.  
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth:  
Was ever grief like mine?

They binde, and leade me unto *Herod*: he  
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;  
But yet their friendship is my enmitie:  
Was ever grief like mine?

*Herod* and all his bands do set me light,  
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,  
And onely am the Lord of Hosts and might:  
Was ever grief like mine?

*Herod* in judgement sits, while I do stand;  
Examines me with a censorious hand:  
I him obey, who all things else command:  
Was ever grief like mine?

The *Jews* accuse me with dispitifulnesse;  
And vying malice with my gentlenesse,  
Pick quarrels with their onely happinesse:  
Was ever grief like mine?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove  
If stonie hearts will melt with gentle love.  
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?  
Was ever grief like mine?

My silence rather doth augment their crie;  
My dove doth back into my bosome flie,  
Because the raging waters still are high:<sup>2</sup>  
Was ever grief like mine?

Heark how they crie aloud still, *Crucifie*:  
*It is not fit he live a day*, they crie,  
Who cannot live lesse then eternally:  
Was ever grief like mine?

*Pilate*, a stranger, holdeth off; but they,  
Mine owne deare people, cry, *Away, away*,  
With noises confused frightening the day:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet still they shout, and crie, and stop their eares,  
Putting my life among their sinnes and fears,  
And therefore wish *my bloud on them and theirs*:  
Was ever grief like mine?

See how spite cankers things. These words aright  
Used, and wished, are the whole worlds light:  
But hony is their gall, brightnesse their night:  
Was ever grief like mine?

They choose a murderer, and all agree  
In him to do themselves a courtesie:  
For it was their own case who killed me:  
Was ever grief like mine?

And a seditious murderer he was:  
But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth passe  
All understanding, more then heav'n doth glasse:<sup>3</sup>  
Was ever grief like mine?

Why, Caesar is their onely King, not I:  
He clave the stonie rock, when they were drie;  
But surely not their hearts, as I well trie:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Ah! how they scourge me! yet my tendernesse  
Doubles each lash: and yet their bitternesse  
Windes up my grief to a mysteriousnesse:  
Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet him, and box him as they list,  
Who grasps the earth and heaven with his fist,  
And never yet, whom he would punish, miss'd:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Behold, they spit on me in scornfull wise,  
Who by my spittle gave the blinde man eies,  
Leaving his blindnesse to my enemies:  
Was ever grief like mine?

My face they cover, though it be divine.  
As *Moses* face was vailed, so is mine,  
Lest on their double-dark souls either shine:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Servants and abjects flout me; they are wittie:  
*Now prophesie who strikes thee, is their dittie.*  
So they in me denie themselves all pitie:  
Was ever grief like mine?

And now I am deliver'd unto death,  
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,  
That he before me well nigh suffereth:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Weep not, deare friends, since I for both have wept  
When all my tears were bloud, the while you slept:  
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept:  
Was ever grief like mine?

The souldiers lead me to the common hall;  
There they deride me, they abuse me all:  
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with a scarlet robe they me aray;  
Which shews my bloud to be the onely way  
And cordiall left to repair mans decay:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear:  
For these are all the [grapes](#) *Sion* doth bear,  
Though I my vine planted and watred there:  
Was ever grief like mine?

So sits the earths great curse in *Adams* fall  
Upon my head: so I remove it all  
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with the reed they gave to me before,  
They strike my head, the rock from thence all store  
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore:  
Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail king*:  
What ever scoffes & scornfulnesse can bring,  
I am the floore, the sink, where they it fling:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet since mans scepters are as frail as reeds,  
And thorny all their crowns, bloudie their weeds;  
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds:  
Was ever grief like mine?

The souldiers also spit upon that face,  
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,  
And Prophets, once to see, but found no place:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Thus trimmed, forth they bring me to the rout,  
Who *Crucifie him*, crie with one strong shout.  
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out:  
Was ever grief like mine?

They leade me in once more, and putting then  
Mine own clothes on, they leade me out agen.  
Whom devils flie, thus is he toss'd of men:  
Was ever grief like mine?

And now wearie of sport, glad to ingrosse  
All spite in one, counting my life their losse,  
They carrie me to my most bitter crosse:  
Was ever grief like mine?

*O all ye who passe by, behold and see;*  
Man stole the fruit,<sup>4</sup> but I must climbe the tree;  
The tree of life to all, but onely me:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sinne,  
The greater world o' th' two; for that came in  
By words, but this by sorrow I must win:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Such sorrow as, if sinfull man could feel,  
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel.  
Till all were melted, though he were all steel:  
Was ever grief like mine?

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'st thou me,  
The sonne, in whom thou dost delight to be?  
*My God, my God* -----  
Never was grief like mine.

Shame tears my soul, my bodie many a wound;  
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;  
Reproches, which are free, while I am bound.

Was ever grief like mine?

*Now heal thy self, Physician; now come down.*

Alas! I did so, when I left my crown  
And fathers smile for you, to feel his frown:

Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not my self, there doth consist  
All that salvation, which ye now resist;  
Your safetie in my sicknesse doth subsist:

Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two theeves I spend my utmost breath,  
As he that for some robbetrie suffereth.  
Alas! what have I stollen from you? Death.

Was ever grief like mine?

A king my title is, prefixt on high;  
Yet by my subjects am condemn'd to die  
A servile death in servile companie:

Was ever grief like mine?

They give me vineger mingled with gall,  
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,  
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all:

Was ever grief like mine?

They part my garments, and by lot dispose  
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those  
Who sought for help, never malicious foes:

Was ever grief like mine?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go;  
For they will pierce my side, I full well know;  
That as sinne came, so Sacraments might flow:

Was ever grief like mine?

But now I die; now all is finished.

My wo, mans weal:<sup>5</sup> and now I bow my head.  
Onely let others say, when I am dead,

Never was grief like mine.