

## APPENDICES

### Biography of Henry Vaughan

Henry Vaughan was born in 1621 to Thomas Vaughan and Denise Morgan, in Newton-upon-Usk in Breconshire, Wales. He had a twin brother Thomas, with whom he studied in Oxford University in 1638. In 1640, he left Oxford and studied law in London for two years, but his study was interrupted by the Civil War. He returned to Breconshire in 1642 and worked as secretary to Judge Llyod. In 1645, he served the Royalist in South Wales. He married Catherine Wise in 1646 and had a son and three daughters.

In the same year, he published Poems with the Tenth Satire of Juvenal Englished. In 1650, he published the first part of Silex Scintillans, which is a collection of religious poems. Silex Scintillans means “The Fiery Flint” or “The Flashing Flint”. A year later, in 1651, he published Olor Iscanus or “The Swan of Usk”, which is a collection of secular poetry with four prose translations. ‘Usk’ is a river that flows in Vaughan’s hometown. This poem contains passages of delight feel about the beauty of nature. In 1655, Silex Scintillans was reprinted with a second, additional part.

After the death of his wife, he married his wife's sister, Elizabeth, in 1655, and he had another son and three daughters. He also published a few more works, including Thalia Rediviva in 1678. He died on April 23, 1695 and was buried in Llansantffraed churchyard.

## THE WORLD

I saw Eternity the other night,  
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,  
    All calm, as it was bright;  
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,  
    Driv'n by the spheres  
Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world  
    And all her train were hurl'd.  
The doting lover in his quaintest strain  
    Did there complain;  
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,  
    Wit's sour delights,  
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,  
    Yet his dear treasure  
All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour  
    Upon a flow'r.

The darksome statesman hung with weights and woe,  
Like a thick midnight-fog mov'd there so slow,  
    He did not stay, nor go;  
Condemning thoughts (like sad eclipses) scowl  
    Upon his soul,  
And clouds of crying witnesses without  
    Pursued him with one shout.  
Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found,  
    Work'd under ground,  
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see  
    That policy;  
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries  
    Were gnats and flies;  
It rain'd about him blood and tears, but he  
    Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust  
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust  
    His own hands with the dust,  
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives  
    In fear of thieves;  
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,  
    And hugg'd each one his pelf;  
The downright epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,  
    And scorn'd pretence,

While others, slipp'd into a wide excess,  
Said little less;  
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,  
Who think them brave;  
And poor despised Truth sate counting by  
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,  
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring;  
But most would use no wing.  
O fools (said I) thus to prefer dark night  
Before true light,  
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day  
Because it shews the way,  
The way, which from this dead and dark abode  
Leads up to God,  
A way where you might tread the sun, and be  
More bright than he.  
But as I did their madness so discuss  
One whisper'd thus,  
"This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,  
But for his bride."

## MAN

Weighing the steadfastness and state  
Of some mean things which here below reside,  
Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless date  
And intercourse of times divide,  
Where Bees at night get home and hive, and flowrs  
Early, aswell as late,  
Rise with the Sun, and set in the same bowrs ;

I would (said I) my God would give  
The staidness of these things to man! for these  
To his divineappointments ever cleave,  
And no new business breaks their peace ;  
The birds nor sow, nor reap, yet sup and dine,  
The flowres without clothes live,  
Yet *Solomon* was never drest so fine.

Man hath stil either toyes, or Care,  
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,  
But ever restless and irregular  
About this Earth doth run and ride,  
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where,  
He sayes it is so far  
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,  
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have  
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,  
By some hid sense their Maker gave ;  
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest  
And passage through these looms  
God order'd motion, bit ordain'd no rest.

### **THE INCARNATION AND PASSION.**

LORD, when Thou didst Thyself undress,  
Laying by Thy robes of glory,  
To make us more, Thou wouldst be less,  
And becam'st a woful story.

To put on clouds instead of light,  
And clothe the morning-star with dust,  
Was a translation of such height  
As, but in Thee, was ne'er express'd.

Brave worms and earth ! that thus could have  
A God enclos'd within your cell,  
Your Maker pent up in a grave,  
Life lock'd in death, heav'n in a shell !

Ah, my dear Lord ! what couldst thou spy  
In this impure, rebellious clay,  
That made Thee thus resolve to die  
For those that kill Thee every day ?

O what strange wonders could Thee move  
To slight Thy precious blood, and breath ?  
Sure it was love, my Lord ! for love  
Is only stronger far than death !

## CHRIST'S NATIVITY

Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!  
It is the birth-day of thy King.  
    Awake! awake!  
    The Sun doth shake  
Light from his locks, and all the way  
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

Awake, awake! hark how th' wood rings;  
Winds whisper, and the busy springs  
    A concert make;  
    Awake! awake!  
Man is their high-priest, and should rise  
To offer up the sacrifice.

I would I were some bird, or star,  
Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far  
    Above this inn  
    And road of sin!  
Then either star or bird should be  
Shining or singing still to thee.

I would I had in my best part  
Fit rooms for thee! or that my heart  
    Were so clean as  
    Thy manger was!  
But I am all filth, and obscene;  
Yet, if thou wilt, thou canst make clean.

Sweet Jesu! will then. Let no more  
This leper haunt and soil thy door!  
    Cure him, ease him,  
    O release him!  
And let once more, by mystic birth,  
The Lord of life be born in earth.