



A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SOUL AND  
BODY.<sup>1</sup>

SOUL.

O, who shall from this dungeon raise  
A soul inslav'd so many wayes ?  
With bolts of bones, that fetter'd stands  
In feet, and manacled in hands ;  
Here blinded with an eye, and there           5  
Deaf with the drumming of an ear ;  
A soul hung up, as 'twere, in chains  
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins ;  
Tortur'd, besides each other part,  
In a vain head, and double heart ?           10

BODY.

O, who shall me deliver whole,  
From bonds of this tyrannic soul ?  
Which, stretcht upright, impales me so  
That mine own precipice I go ;  
And warms and moves this needless frame   15  
(A fever could but do the same),

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 12-14). See Notes and Illustrations at its close. G.

And, wanting where its spight to try,  
Has made me live to let me dye  
A body that could never rest  
Since this ill spirit it possest. 20

SOUL.

What magick could me thus confine  
Within another's grief to pine ?  
Where, whatsoever it complain,  
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain ;  
And all my care itself employes, 25  
That to preserve, which me destroys ;  
Constrain'd not only to indure  
Diseases, but, what's worse, the cure ;  
And, ready oft the port to gain,  
Am shipwrackt into health again. 30

BODY.

But Physick yet could never reach  
The maladies thou me dost teach ;  
Whom first the cramp of Hope does tear,  
And then the palsie shakes of Fear ;  
The pestilence of Love does heat, 35  
Or Hatred's hidden ulcer eat ;  
Joy's cheerful madness does perplex,  
Or Sorrow's other madness vex ;  
Which knowledge forces me to know,  
And memory will not foregoe ; 40

What but a soul could have the wit  
 To build me up for sin so fit?  
 So architects do square and hew  
 Green trees that in the forest grew.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 28, '*what's worse, the cure.*' Have we here the original of the proverbial saying, 'the cure is worse than the disease'?

Line 30, '*shipwrackt into health again.*' This reminds us of Crashaw's Latin epigram on the poor man at the Pool of Bethesda, with its fine antithetic ending. See our edition *in loco*.

See our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings') for parallels with this poem. G.

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A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED  
 SOUL AND CREATED PLEASURE.<sup>1</sup>

COURAGE, my soul, now learn to wield  
 The weight of thine immortal shield;  
 Close on thy head thy helmet bright,  
 Ballance thy sword against the fight;  
 See where an army, strong as fair, 5  
 With silken banners spread the air!  
 Now, if thou bee'st that thing divine,  
 In this day's combat let it shine;

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 1-4). G.