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**DAVIDS HAINOUS
SINNE, HEARTIE
REPENTANCE,
HEAVIE
PUNISHMENT.**

THOMAS FULLER



Dauids Hainous Sinne, Heartie Repentance, Heavie Punishment.

Author(s): Fuller, Thomas (1608-1661)

Publisher: Grand Rapids, MI: Christian Classics Ethereal Library

Description: Thomas Fuller was one of England's most prolific authors, publishing works of history, theology and poetry during his lifetime. As well as an encyclopedia of England's noble families, he wrote a history of the Crusades, a history of the Church of England, and several volumes' worth of sermons. In 1631, Fuller composed and shared "Dauids Hainous Sinne," a lyric retelling of David's seduction of Bathsheba in 2 Samuel. The poem contains three movements, the first recounting David's sins of adultery and murder, the second narrating David's repentance, and the last telling how God punished David for his crimes. At Trinity College, Cambridge, "Dauids Hainous Sinne" earned him the reputation of an accomplished wordsmith.

Kathleen O'Bannon

CCEL Staff

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DAVIDS

{

HAINOUS SINNE.

HEARTIE REPENTANCE.

HEAVIE PUNISHMENT.



BY THOMAS FULLER,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHURCH
HISTORY OF BRITAIN,"
ETC. ETC.

BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING,

196, PICCADILLY,

LONDON.

1869.



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DAVIDS

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HAINOUS SINNE.

HEARTIE

Repentence.

HEAVIE

Punishment.

[Exodus 35. 23.](#)

And every man, with whom was found—Goates haire, and red skins of Rammes, and Badgers skins, brought them. [to the building of the Tabernacle.]

Ad Zoilum.

Thy Laies thou utt'rest not, yet carpest mine,
Carpe mine no longer, or else utter thine.

By THOMAS FULLER Master of Arts of *Sidnye* Colledge in *Cambridge*.

LONDON,

Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *John Bellamie*, dwelling at the three Golden Lyons in *Cornehill*.
1631.



Prefatory Material

To the Honorable M^r. Edward,

M^r. William, and M^r. Christopher Montagu,
Sonnets to the Right Honorable,
Edward Lord Montagu,
of Boughton.

FAire Branches of a Stock as faire
Each a sonne, and each an heire:
Two *Joseph*-like, from Sire so sage,
Sprung in Autumne of his age;
But a *Benjamin* the other,
Gain'd with losing of his Mother.
This fruit of some spare hours I spent
To your Honours I present.

A King I for my subiecl have,
And Noble Patrons well may crave;
Things tripartite are fit for three,
With Youths, things youthful best agre
Take thē therfore in good part,
Of him that ever prayeth in heart,
That as in height ye waxe apace,
Your Soules may higher grow in grace.

Whilst your Father (like the greene
Eagle in his Scutcheon seene,
Which with bill his age doth cast)
May longer still and longer last:
To see your Vertues o're increase
Your Yeares, ere he departs in Peace.
Thus I my Booke, to make an end,
To You: and you to God commend.

Your Honours | in all service

Tho. Fuller.



DAVIDS Hainous Sinne.

1

HOW *Zions* Psalmist grievously offended,
How *Israels* Harper did most foulely slide,
Yet how that Psalmist penitent amended,
And how thar Harper patient did abide
 Deserved chastisement, (so fitly stil'd,
 Which wrath inflicted not, but love most mild,
 Not for to hurt, but heale a wanton child.)

2

How one by her owne Brother was defiled;
And how that Brother by a Brother slaine;
And how a Farher, by his Sonne exiled:
And by a Subject, how a Sovereigne:
 How Peace procured after Battels fierce,
 As *Sol* at length doth sullen cloudes dispierce;
 My Muse intends the subject of her Verse.

3

Great God of might, whose power most Sovereigne,
Depends of none, yet all of thee depend,
Time cannot measure, neither place containe,
Nor wit of man thy Being comprehend:
 For whil'st I thinke on Three, I am confin'd
 To One, and when I One conceive in minde
 I am recal'd to Three, in One combin'd.

4

Thy helpe I crave, thy furtherance I aske,
My head, my heart, my hand direct and guide,
That whilst I undertake this weighty taske,
I from thy written lore start not aside:



Alas, 'tis nothing Lord with thee to breake
The strong, 'tis nothing to support the weake,
To make men dumbe, to make an Infant speake.

5



EACH one begotten by immortall seed,
Becomes the pitcht feild of two deadly foes,
Spirit and Flesh, these never are agreed,
With trucelesse warre each other doth oppose;
And though the Spirit oft the Flesh doth quell,
It may subdue but can it not expell,
So stoutly doth the Jebusite rebell.

6

Now *David* when on *Bathsheba* loose eyes
He fixt, his heavenly halfe did him dissuade;
Turne, turne away thy sight from vanities,
Exchange thy object, else thou wilt be made
Unmindfull of thy Soule, her corps to minde,
Made for to lose the truth, such toyes to finde,
By looking long, made at the last, starke blinde.

7



What though her face, and body be most faire,
Behold, the Sun her beauty doth surpass;
His golden beames surmount her yellow hayre,
As far as purest Cristall, dyrtie glasse:
Her skinne, as is the skie, not halfe so cleare,
Her curious veines, for colour come not neare
Those azure streaks, that in the Heavens appeare.

8

There let thy hungry sight her famine feede,

Whereon it cannot surfet with excesse:
Whil'st tongue, heart, harp are tuned up with speed,
The grand-contrivers glory to expresse:
 Framing with words, to rayse his mighty name,
 That with a mighty word, did rayse this frame,
 And by his providence preserves the same.

9



But let no lustfull thoughts lodge in thy minde,
Before that they be borne, they must be kill'd,
Or else the man is cruell that is kinde,
To spare the foes, wherewith his Soule is spill'd:
 And if a wanton motion may request,
 Leave for to lodge a limbe, th' incroaching guest,
 Will soone command roome to receive the rest.

10

Looke towards the midday Sun, and thou shalt see,
A little tower,¹ o're topps of hills to peepe;
That is the birth place of thy pedygree:
Full oft there hast thou fed thy fathers sheepe,
 And kept his flockes upon the flowry plaine.
 But now the Sheepe-hook of a country swaine
 Is turn'd the Scepter of of a Sovereigne.

11



God made thee great, oh doe not him disgrace,
And by his weighty Statutes lightly set,
Hee honour'd thee, oh doe not him debase,
Hee thee remembred, doe not him forget:
 Why should fat Jeshurun so wanton grow,²
 As at his Maisters head, his heeles to throw?

1 The Tower of Eder, nigh Bethlē, 7. miles from Jerusalem.

2 Deut. 32. 15.

Maister; that all his feeding did bestow.

12

Behold high Cedars in the valley set,
They in thy eyes like little shrubbs doe show,
Whil'st little shrubbs upon mount Olivet,
Seeme lofty Cedars; men whose states are low
 Their sinnes are not so obvious to sense,
 In Princes persons of great eminence,
 A smaller fault doth seeme a great offence.

13



But grant, no man thy wickednes espies,
Surely the Searcher of the reines doth marke
Even infant lust, can figg-leaves bleare his eyes?
Or can thy shame bee shrowded in the darke?
 Darknes shall then be turned into light,
 Yea Darknes, is no Darknes, in his sight,
 But seeme the same to him, both day and night.

14

The Spirit had resolved more to speake,
But her halfe-spoken words, the Flesh confounds,
Nor wonder is it, she so us'd to breake
Gods Lawes, not passing for to passe their bounds,
 Against mans rules of manners should offend,
 Which now impatient longer to attend,
 Began before her Rivall made an end.

15



If ever Nature lavishly did throw
Her gifts on one, which might have served more,
Yet make them comely, if shee e're did show,

The prime, and pride, and plenty of her store.
Loe, there's the forme wherein she hath exprest
Her utmost power, and done the very best,
Her maister-peece surpassing all the rest.

16

What if those carelesse tresses were attired?
Sure then her face for comelines transcends,
What now seemes lovely, then would be admired,
If Art might but begin, where Nature ends.
Alas, ten thousand pitties 'tis indeed,
That Princes, on so common fare should feed,
Whilst Common men, on princely meat exceed.

17

Always the same doth glut the appetite,
But pleased is our palate, with exchange,
Variety of dishes doth delight,
Then give thy loose affections leave to range.
Forbidden things are best, and when we eate
What we have slily gotten by deceit,
Those morsels onely make the daynty meate.

18

But oh, reserve thy selfe, my maiden Muse,
For a more modest subject, and forbear
To tune such wanton toyes, as may abuse,
And give distaste unto a Virgins eare:
Such rotten reasons first from Hell did flow,
And thither let the same in silence goe,
Best knowne of them, that did them never know.



19

Thus hee that conquer'd men, and beast most cruell,
(Whose greedy pawes, with fellow goods were found)
Answer'd *Goliah's* challenge in a duell,
And layd the Giant groveling on the ground:
 He, that of *Philistims*, two hundred flue:
 No whit appalled at their grisly hue,
 Him one frayle womans beauty did subdue.

20

Man is a Shippe, affections the Sayle,
The world the Sea, our sinnes the Rocks and Shelves,
God is the Pylot, if hee please to sayle,
And leave the steering of us, to our selves,
 Against the ragged Rocks wee run amaine,
 Or else the winding Shelves doe us detaine,
 Till God the *Palinure*, returnes againe.

21

YET *David* bold to sinne, did feare the shame,
He shunn'd the sheath, that ran upon the knife,
With a fine fetch, providing for his fame,
Hee fetcheth home *Uriah* to his wife:
 So under his chaste love, to cloake his owne
 Unlawfull lust, to fault most carelesse growne,
 Most carefull that his fault should not be knowne.

22

But in their plots, God doth befoole the wise,
By wayes that none can trace, all must admire:
Short of his house that nigh *Uriah* lyes,
And David so came short of his desire:
 The man a nearer lodging place did use,
 (Which made the King on further plots to muse)



And sent home, home to goe, did thus refuse.

23



The pilgrime Arke doth sojourne in a tent,
In open fields, *Joab* my Lord doth lye,
And all the souldiers of his Regiment,
Have Earth their beds, the Heaven their Canopy:
Where bitter blasts of stormy winds are rife.
Shall I goe feast, drink, dally with my wife?
Not, as I live, and by your Lordships life.

24

Then by his servants *David* did conspire,
Uriahs lust so dull, with wine to edge:
(*Venus* doth freeze, where *Bacchus* yeelds no fire)
By their constraint, he condescends to pledge
One common cup that was begun to all
Captaines incamped nigh to *Rabba* wall;
One specially, unto the Generall.

25



Abishay next is drunke to, *Joabs* brother,
And this cup, to a second paves the way,
That orderly doth usher in another;
Thus wine once walking, knowes not where to stay:
Yea such a course methodicall they take,
In ordering of cupps, the same did make
Uriah quite, all order to forsake.

26

His false supporters soone begin to slipp,
And if his faltring tongue, doth chance to light
On some long word, hee speedily doth clip

The traine therof; yea his deceitfull sight,
All objects paired doth present to him:
As double faces, both obscure and dim,
Seeme in a lying looking-glasse to swim.

27



My prayers for friends prosperity, and wealth,
Shall ne're be wanting, but if I refuse;
To hurt my selfe, by drinking others health,
Oh let ingenious natures mee excuse:
If men bad manners this esteeme, then I
Desire to be esteem'd unmannerly,
That to Hue well, will suffer wine to dye.

28

Well did blind *Homer* see, for to expresse
This vice, that spawnes all other; when he faines,
Dame *Circe*, an enchanting Sorceresse,
Whose cupps, made many men forgoe their braines,
Whilst with the witlesse Ass, one purely doats,
Others mishaped are, like lustfull Goates,
Or swil-ingrossing Swine, with greedy throats.

29



Though bad, yet better was *Uriah* left,
Not quite a beast, though scarce a man, disturb'd
In minde, but not distracted, nor bereft
Of witt, though drunk, yet soberly hee curb'd
His lust, being wise, though ignorant, to crosse
The Kings designes, who now new thoughts doth tosse,
Finding his former project at a losse.

30

The Night with mourning weeds, the world becladd,
When restlesse *David*, for to mend his matter,
Did make it worse; his naked sinne was bad,
More Monstrous being maskt; they oft doe scatter
 The chayne, that of Gods lawes unloose a linke:
 Hee swam before in sinne, nigh to the brinke,
 But now he meanes in midst thereof to sinke.

31

Then for a light, hee speedily did call,
(Thou Darknes with his project best agree'd)
For paper, pen, and inke, to write withall,
Though sure a poniard, might have done the deed,
 Better if hee in blood had dipped it,
 And on a sheet of paper what he writ,
 A winding sheet far better did befit.



32

This certs I know, as Sepian juice did sinke
Into his spongy paper, sabling o're
The same, with various-formed specks of inke,
Which was so pure and lilly-white before:
 So spots of sinne the writers soule did staine,
 Whose soylie tincture did therein remaine
 Till brinish teares had washt it out againe.

33

Next day, when day was scarce an infant growne,
Uriah, (that no mischief did mistrust,
As none hee did deserve, but by his owne
Did measure all mens dealings to bee just)
 Bearing this letter, on his journey past
 With speed, who needed not to make such hast



Whose death, had he gone slow, did come too fast.

34



Thus crafty Maisters, when they minde to beate
A carelesse boy, to gather birch they send him;
The little lad, doth make the rod compleat,
Thinking his Maister therefore will commend him:
But busily imploy'd, he little thought,
Hee made the net, wherein himselfe was caught
And must be beaten, with the birch hee brought

35



His journey came well to the welcome end,
Safe to the Towne of Waters hee attaines,³
Towne which to force, *Joab* his force did bend,
(Nought is so hard, but vincible by paines)
Some with their heads did plot, some with their hand
Did practise, yea as ready was the band
To serve, as was the Captaine to command.

36

So busie Bees, some fly abroad at large,
Of flowry Nectar for to fetch their fill,
Some stay at home, for to receive their charge,
And trustily, the liquor doe distill:
Or bottle it in waxe, whilst others strive,
Like sturdy Martialls, far away to drive
The drowsy Droanes, that harbour in the hive.

37



The strong-arm'd Archer, from his crooked Bow,

3 Rabba, 2 Sam. 12. & 27.

Made a strait shaft, with dismall newes to speed
Into the towne which ne're return'd to show,
The sender, how his message did succeed:
 Yea heavie bodies, mounted were on high,
 Dull stones, to which Dame Nature did deny
 Feete for to goe, Art made them wings to fly.

38

Whilst in the towne, one with his friend did talk,
A sudden stroake did take his tongue away,
Some had their leggs arrested, as they walke,
By Martiall law, commanding them to stay:
 Here falls a massy beame, a mighty wall
 Comes tumbling there, and many men doth maule,
 Who were both slaine, and buried by the fall.

39

Were there not used in the dayes of yore,
Enough men-murdering Engines? But our age.
Witty in wickednes, must make them more,
By newfound plotts, mens malice to inrage:
 So that fire-spitting Canons, to the cost
 Of Christian blood, all valour have ingrost.
 Whose finding, makes that many a life is lost.

40

Whilst thus the well appointed army sought,
Winding in worm-like trenches neare the wall,
To humble the proud towers, *Uriah* brought
The speaking paper to the Generall,
 Who when such language hee therein did finde,
 Hee thought himselfe, or els the king was blinde,
 Himselfe in body, or the king in minde.



41



Then hee the letter did peruse againe,
The words, the words of *David* could not bee,
And yet the hand, for *Davids* hand was plaine,
Hee thought it was, and thought it was not hee:
 Each little line, he thorowly did view,
 Till at the length, more credulous he grew,
 And what he thought was false, he found too true.

42

Now *Joab* let thy valour be display'd,
Act not a midwife, to a deed unjust,
By feare or favour, be not oversway'd,
To prove a Pandar, to a Princes lust;
 Returne a humble answer back againe,
 Let each word breath submission, to obtaine
 By prayers, a conquest of thy Sovereigne.

43



Shew how when God and countries good requires,
Then substance, soule and body to ingage,
Is the ambition of thy best desires,
Foes forraine to resist, to quell their rage,
 How willingly would'st thou thy selfe despise,
 Count losing of thy goods, a gainfull prize,
 Lavish thy blood, and thy life sacrifice?

44

But when Gods lore, directly doth withstand,
And where his lawes, the contrary convince,
Wee must not breake the heavenly kings command,
Whilst we do seeke to please an earthly Prince:
 The burdens they impose on us to beare,
 Our dutie is to suffer them; but where

Kings bid, and God forbids, we must forbear.

45



Behold the man, whose valour once surmounted,
In sacking Zions mount, (mount not so high
As men therein were haughty) and accounted,
Of Worthies chiefe, doth most unworthily:
Hee that to summe the people of the land
Withstood the King, now with the King doth stand
Too buxome for to finish his command.

46

Next morne, when early *Phoebus* first arose,
(Which then arose last in *Uriah's* sight)
Him *Joab* in the forfront did dispose,
From whom, the rest recoyled in the fight:
Thus of his friends, betray'd by subtill traine,
Assaulted of his foes, with might and maine,
He lost his life, not conquered, but slaine.

47



His mangled body, they expose to scorne,
And now each cravin coward dare defie him,
Outstaring his pale visage, which beforne
Were palsy-strook, with trembling to come nigh him:
Thus heartlesse hares, with purblind eyes do peere
In the dead Lyons pawes, yea dastard Deere,
Over his breathlesse corps dare domineere.



Dauids hearty Repentance.

1

THE tongue of guiltlesse blood is never ti'd
In the earth's mouth, & though the greedy ground
Her gaping crannies quickly did provide,
To drinke the liquor of *Uriah's* wound,
Yet it with moanes, bescattered the skies,
And the revoicing Eccho, with replies,
Did descant on the playnsong of the cries.

2

Hereat the Lord, perceiving how the field,
Hee sow'd with grace, and compast with an heape,
Of many mercies, store of sinnes did yeild,
Where he expected store of thankes to reape,
With flames of anger, furnace-like be burn'd,
For patience long despis'd, and lewdly spurn'd
Is at the length to raging fury turn'd.

3

Then all the Creatures, mustered their traine,
From Angells unto worms, the blinde did see
Their Lord disgrac't, whose honour to maintaine
Things wanting life, most lively seeme to be;
Refusing all to serve Man, that refus'd:
To serve his God, all striving to be us'd,
To punish him, his maker that abus'd:

4

Please it your Highnes, for to give me leave,
Il'e scorch the wretch to cinders, said the *Fire*;
Send me, said *Aire*, him Il'e of breath bereave;
No, quoth the earnest *Water*, I desire



His soylie sinnes with deluges to scoure;
Nay, let my Lord quoth *Earth*, imploy my power,
With yawning chapps, I will him quick devoure.

5



Soone with a word, the Lord appeas'd this strife,
Injoyning silence, till he did unfold
That precious volume, cald The booke of life,
Which he the Printer, priviledg'd of old,
Containing those he freely did imbrace,
Nor ever would I wish an higher grace,
Than in this Booke to have the lowest place.

6

Within this Booke, hee sought for *Davids* name,
Which having found, he proffered to blot,
(And *David* surely well deserv'd the same,
That did his nature so with sinne bespot,
Though none are blotted out, but such as never
Were written in, nothing Gods love can sever,
Once written there, are written there for ever.)

7



Strait from his throne, the Prince of peace arose,
And with embraces did his Father binde,
Imprisoning his armes, he did so close,
(As loving Ivey on an oake did winde,
And with her curling flexures it betraile)
His father glad, to finde his force to fayle,
Strugled, as one not willing to prevaile.

8

Thus then began the Spotlesse lambe to speake,

(One word of whom, would rend the sturdy rocke;
Make hammer-scorning Adamant to breake,
And unto sense, perswade the sensles stocke,
 Yea God himselfe, that knowes not to repent,
 Is made by his petitions, penitent,
 His Justice made, with Mercy to relent)

9



Why doth my Fathers fury burne so fierce?
Shall *Persian* lawes unalterable stand?
And shall my Lord decree, and then reverse,
Enact, and then repeale, and countermand?
 Tender thy credit, gracious God, I crave,
 And kill not him, thou didst conclude to save,
 Can these hands blot, what these hands did ingrave?

10

Hath not thy wisdome, from eternity,
Before the worlds foundation first was lay'd,
Decree'd, the due time once expir'd, that I
Should Flesh become, and Man borne of a Maide?
 To live in poverty, and dye with paine,
 That so thy Sonne, for sinners vilely slaine,
 Might make vile Sinners bee thy Sonnes againe.

11



Let me, oh let me, thy feirce wrath asswage,
And for this sinner, begg a full discharge,
What though hee justly doth provoke thy rage?
Thy Justice I will satisfie at large.
 If that the Lord of life must murder'd bee,
 Let mee intreat, this murd'rer may goe free,
 My Meritts cast on him, his Sinnes on me.

12

Thus speaking, from his fragrant cloaths there went
A pleasant breath, whose odour did excell,
Myrrhe, Aloes, and Cassia for sent,
And all perfum'd his Father with the smell,
Whereat his smoothed face most sweetly smil'd,
And hugging in his arms, his dearest child,
Return'd these welcome words, with voyce most milde.

13



Who can so pleasing violence withstand?
Thy craving, is the having a request,
Such mild intreaties, doe my heart command,
The 'mends is made, and pacifi'd I rest:
As far as Earth, from Heaven doe distant lye,
As East is parted from the Westerne skye,
So far his sinnes, are sever'd from mine eye.

14

Hereat the heavenly Quire, lift up their voyce,
Angells and Saints imparadis'd combine,
Upon their golden Violls, to rejoyce,
To rayse the prayse of the coelestiall Trine,
All in their songs a sacred strife exprest,
Which should sing better, and surpass the rest,
All did surpass themselves, and sang the best.

15



Then said the *Fire*, my fury I recant,
Life-hatching warmth, I will for him provide:
If *Davids* breathlesse lungs do chance to pant,
Said *Aire*, Il'e fanne them with a windy tide:
With moisture, Il'e said *Water*, quench his heat,
And I his hunger, quoth the *Earth*, with meat,

Of marrow, fatnesse, and the flower of Wheat.

16

Thus when a Lord, long buried in disgrace,
A King to former favor doth restore,
With all respect the Court doth him embrace,
Fawning as fast, as they did flowte before:
Whose smiles, or frownes, are but the bare reflexiō
Of the Kings face, and like to this direction,
Where hee affects, they settle their affection.

17

PLaine-dealing *Nathan*, presently was sent:
Nathan, than whom, was none more skil'd to lanch
A festred soule, and with a searching tent,
To sound the sore; more cunning none to stanch
A bleeding-hearted sinner, nor more kinde,
With swadling cloaths of comfort, for to binde
Unjoynted members, of a troubled minde.



18

Hee did not flow with wealth, which envye breeds,
Nor yet was he with penury opprest;
Want is the cause, from which contempt proceeds:
His meanes were in the meane, and that's the best.
High hills are parcht with heate, or hid with snow,
And humble dales, soone drown'd, that lie too low,
Whilst happy graine, on hanging hills doth grow.

19

For sundry duties, he did dayes divide,
Making exchange of worke, his recreation;
For prayer, he set the precious morne aside,



The midday he bequeath'd to meditation:
Sweete sacred stories, he reserv'd for night,
To read of *Moses* meeknes, *Sampsons* might,
These were his joy, these onely his delight.

20

But now dispensing with his dayly taske,
To court he comes, and wisely did invent,
Under a parable, his minde to maske,
Seeming to meane nought lesse, than what he meant,
And Lapwing-like, round fluttering a while,
With far-fetcht praeface and a witty wile,
Hee made the King himselfe for to beguile,

21

Thus he that thought all mortall men to cheate,
And with false shewes, his secret sinnes to shade,
Was couzned by the innocent deceite,
Of one plaine Prophet, and directly made,
As he a Judge sate on the bench, to stand,
At barr a prisoner, holding up his hand,⁴
But first condemned by his owne command.⁵

22

Goe fond affectors of a flanting straine,
Whose sermons strike at sinnes with slenting blowes,
Give me the man that's powerfull and plaine,
The Monster Vice, unmasked to expose:
Such Preachers doe the soule, and marrow part,
And cause the guilty conscience to smart,
Such please no itching eares, but peirce the heart.

4 Thou art the man.

5 The man that hath done this thing shal dye.



23



This made King *Davids* marble minde to melt,
And to the former temper to returne,
Thawing his frozen breast, when as he felt
The lively sparks of grace therein to burne,
Which under ashes cold, were choakt before;
And now hee weeps, and wayles, and sighs full sore,
Though sure such sorrow, did his joy restore.

24

So have I seene one slumber'd in a swoond,
Whose sullen soule into his heart did hye,
His pensive frien'ds, soone heave him from the ground,
And to his face life-water doe apply:
At length, a long-expected sigh doth strive
To bring the wellcome newes, the man's alive,
Whose soule at last, doth in each part arrive.

25



Then to his Harpe, he did himselfe betake,
(His tongue-tide harpe, long growne out of request,)
And next to this his glory must awake,
The member he of all accounted best:
Then with those hands, which hee for griefe did wring,
Hee also lightly strikes the warbling string,
And makes one voice serve both to sob and sing.

26

That heavenly voyce to heare, I more desire,
Than *Syren's* sweetest songs, than musicke made
By *Philomele* chiefe of the winged quire;
Or him, whose Layes so pleasing, did perswade
Stones for to lackey, when he went before,
Or that brave harper, whom unto the shore,

His hackny Dolphin safely did restore.



Dauids Heavie Punishment.

1

MOst true it is, when Penitents by grace
Acquitted are, the pardon of their sinnes,
And punishments release, do both imbrace,
Like to a paire of undivided twinns,
Parted they cannot be, they cleave so fast,
Yet when the tempest of Gods wrath is past,
Still his afflicting hony-flower doth last.

2

But let the Schooles, these thorny points dispute,
Whose searching sight can naked truth discry,
Sculking in Errors arms, and are acute,
Fine-fingred with distinction to untye
Knotts more than Gordian, these men never mist
The slender marke, like those in whose left fist,⁶
There did so much dexterity consist.

3

Meanetime, my Muse, come see how prettily
The patient Infant doth it selfe behave,
Infant, but newly borne, now neare to dye,⁷
That from the cradle, posted to the grave,
See with what silent signes, and sighes full faine,
Poore heart, it would expresse where lies the paine,
Complaining, that it knowes not to complaine.

4

Stay cruell Death thy hand for pittie hold,

6 Judges 20. 16.

7 The death of King David's Child.



Against some aged grand-fire bend thy bow,
That now hath full, twice forty winters told,
Whose head is silver'd or'e, with ages snow:
Dash out this Babe, out of thy dismall bill,
And in exchange, let him thy number fill,
So may he life, his friends enjoy him still.

5



Those hands to hurt another, never sought,
Which cannot helpe themselves, they are so weake;
His heart did never hatch a wanton thought,
His tongue did never lye, that cannot speake:
By wrong and violence, he ne're did wrest
The goods, wherewith his Neighbour is possest,
Whose strength scarce servs to suck his nurse's brest.

6

But ah, this Infant's guilt from him proceeds,
That knew the least, when most he sought to know,
Who was most nak't, when cloathed in his weeds,
Best cloathed then, when naked he did goe:
In vayne the wit of wisest men doth strive,
To cut off this intayle, that doth derive
Death unto all, when first they are alive.

7



As when a tender Rose begins to blow,
Yet scarce unswadled is, some wanton maide
Pleas'd with the smell, allured with the show,
Will not reprove it, till it hath display'd
The folded leaves, but to her brest applie's
Th' abortive budd, where confined it lye's
Losing the blushing Dye, before it die's:

8

So this babes life, newly begun, did end
Which sure receiv'd the substance, though not sign'd
With graces seale; God freely doth attend
His ordinance, but will not be confin'd
 Thereto, when'ts not neglected, nor despis'd,
 They that want *Water* are by *Fire* baptiz'd,
 Those sanctifi'd, that ne'er were circumcis'd.

9

Sweet Babe, one Sabboth thou on earth didst see,
But endles Sabboths, doest in heaven survive,
Grant, Death of joyfull howers deprived thee,
Thou hadst seene yeares of sorrowes, if alive:
 True, thou wert borne a Prince, but now art crown'd
 A King by Death, sleepe therefore in the ground
 Sweetly, untill the Trumpet last shall sound.



10

By this childs death, King *David* did sustaine
One losse; but where this misery did end,
More miseries began: as in a chayne,
One linke, doth on another linke depend:
 His lust, with lust, his slaying with a slaughter
 Must punish't be: proportion'd thereafter
 To Mother sinne, is punishment the Daughter.

11

AMon advis'd by *Jonadab*, a fit
Of sicknesse faines: Men wickedly inclin'd,
Worse counsellors, (that with great store of wit
Have dearth of grace) most easily may find;



And *Thamar's* hands, his meate must onely make:⁸
Ah happy age, when Ladies learn't to bake,
And when Kings Daughters knew to knead a cake.

12

Rebecka was esteem'd of comely hew,
Yet not so nice her comelinesse to keepe,
But that shee water for the cammells drew;
Rachell was faire, yet fedd her fathers sheepe,
But now for to supply *Rebecka's* place,
Or doe as *Rachell* did, is counted base,
Our dainty dames, would take it in disgrace.

13

But quickly did his beastly lust declare,
That he, to eate her daynties, had no neede,
He for the cooke, not for the cates did care,
Shee was the dish, on whom he meant to feed:
Oh how she pray'd, & strove with might & maine!
And then from striving, fell to prayers againe,
But prayers, and striving, both alike in vayne.

14

Thus a poore Larke imprison'd in the cage
Of a Kites claws, most sweetly sings at large
Her owne Dirge whilst shee seeks to calme his rage,
And from her jaylor, sue's for a discharge;
Who passing for no musick that surpast,
To feede his eares, whilst that his gutts doe fast,
On her that pray'd so long, doth prey at last.



⁸ The deflowering of Thamar.

15

Then with dust-powdre'd haire she sore bewayles,
And punisht on herselfe, her brothers sinne,
Parting her maiden livery with nayles,
That parted was with colours, and wherein
 White streaks, their owners innocence did show;
 The bashfull *Red*, her modesty; the row
 Of *Sable*, sorrowed for the wearers woe.

16

Comfort thy selfe more vertuous, than faire,
More faire, than happy virgin, mourne with measure,
Sinnes unconsented to, no soules impaire,
That must be done perchance with bodies pleasure,
 Which with the griefe of soule may be constrain'd
 The casket broke, the jewell still remain'd,
 Untoucht, which in the casket was contain'd.

17

IN his brest *Absolon* records this wrong:⁹
Out of our minds, good turns doe quickly passe,
But injuries therein remaine too long,
Those scraul'd in dust, but these ingrav'd in brasse,
 One Sun-set for our anger should suffice,
 Which in his wrath set oft, oft did arise,
 With yearly race, surrounding twice the skies.



18

Now when his fruitfull flocks, which long had worne
Their wollen coates, for to make others hot,
Were now to forfeit them, and to be shorne,
(Sure from the silly sheepe, his divelish plott,

9 The murdering of Amnon.

Their owner never learnd) hee finds a way,
To worke revenge, and called on that day,
His brothers to a feast, which pro'vd a fray.

19



What *Amnon* drunke in wine, in blood he spilt,
Which did the dainties marre, and meate defile,
Cupps, carpetts, all with goary streakes were gilt,
Seeming to blush, that cruelty so vile,
So fowly savage, should the banquet staine:
Thus he that being well, did sicknesse faine,
Not being sicke, was on a suddaine slaine.

20

The rest refused on the meate to feede,
Whose bellies were so full with grieve, and feare
To feele, what they had seene; away they speed
To ride: but Fame did fly, fame that doth weare
An hundred listning eares, an hundred eyes,
An hundred prating tongues, she dayly plies,
Tongues, that both tell the truth, and tattle lyes.

21



She gets by going, and doth gather strength,
As balls of snow, by roling more doe gaine,
She whispr'd first, but lowdly blaz'd at length,
All the Kings Sonnes, all the Kings sonnes are slaine:
The pensive Court, in dolefull dumps did rue
This dismall case, till they the matter knew,
Would all bad news, like this, might prove untrue.

22

Goe silly soules, that doe so much admire,

Court-curious intertainment, and fine fare,
May you for mee obtaine what you desire,
I for your sowles of *Phasis* do not care,
 If that such riots at your feasts be rife,
 And all your meate, so sowrely sauc'd with strife,
 That guests to pay the shot, must lose their life.

23



Happy those Swaines, that in some shady bower,
Making the grasse their cloath, the ground their board,
Doe feede on mellow fruite, or milks fine flower,
Using no wine, but what their wells afford:
 At these did malice never bend her bow,
 Their state is shot free, it is set so low,
 They overlooke, that would them overthrow.

24

FAst unto Geshure, flies the fatricide,
To shelter there himselfe, the sentence sore
Of angry justice, fearing to abide,
Oh happy turne had he return'd no more,
 Who wonted guise, kept in a country strange,
 Those that abroad, to forraine parts do range,
 Their climate, not conditions doe exchange:

25



Return'd: at entrance of the Court he stands,¹⁰
If any sutors there he chanc't to finde,
Hee steales their hearts, by taking of their hands,
And sucked out their soule, with kisses kinde:
 He of their name, cause, citty doth inquire,
 Proud men prove base, to compasse their desire,
 They lowest crouch, that highest do aspire.

10 Absolons aspiring to the kingdome.

26

Before such kisses come upon my face,
Oh, let the deadly Scorpion me sting,
Yea rather than such armes should me imbrace,
Let curling Snakes about my body cling:
 Than such faire words, I'de rather heare the fowle
 Untuned schreeching of the dolefull Owle,
 Or heare the direfull mountaine Wolfe to howle.

27

Some men affirme, that *Absolon* doth sound
In the worlds oldest tongue [of peace a father]
But certs I know that such mistake their ground,
[Rebellious sonne] sure it importeth rather:
 And yet why so? sith since I call to minde,
 Than the *Clementes* none were more unkind,
 Then *Innocent*, more nocent none I finde.



28

Then borrowing the plausible disguise
Of holinesse, he mas'kt his plot so evill,
Under the good pretence of sacrifice,
(A Saint dissembled is a double Devill.)
 But sure were these the vowes, he went to pay,
 His Sire, that harmelesse sheepe he vow'd to slay,
 Who o're mount Olives weeping fled away.

29

This makes mee call my Saviours grieffe to minde,
Who on this mount,¹¹ because the Jewes were growne
So wicked, those that said they saw, so blind,
Mourn'd for their sins, that mourn'd not for their own:



11 Luke 19. 42.

Much did hee weepe for others that forbad,
Others to weepe for him, whose being sad
Hath made his Saints, for ever since, full glad.

30

Downe comes the King to *Jordan*: on the sand
If that the saylors chance to ground the boat,
A flood of teares they straitwayes did command,
Whose large accession, made the vessell floate:
And if a blast of winde, did chance to saile,
So greivously the people did bewayle,
Their very sighs might serve to stufte the sayle.

31

Thus was the King, in his owne land exil'd,
His subjects were his hoast, and he their guest,
Whose place was ill supplied by his child,
(Unhappy Bird defiling his owne nest)
That tooke his fathers wives, in open sight,
Those that do want of grace the shun-shine bright,
Extinguish oft dim Natures candle light.



32

The blushing Sun, no sooner did behold
So beastly lust, but sought his face to shrowd,
And shrinking in his beames of burnish't gold,
Was glad to sculke within a sullen cloud:
The shamefac't birds, with one wing faine to fly,
Did hold their other fanne before their eye,
For feare they should such filthinesse espie.

33

What needed he, to keepe alive his name,



Erect a pillar? Sure this damned deed,
Makes us remember, and detest the same,
That in the worlds last doating age succeed:
 Yea when that Brasse, that seemeth time to scorne,
 Shall be by all-devouring time out-worne,
 His name they'le beare in minde that are not borne.

34

But he that gave this counsell,¹² did not speed,
Who speeding home on witlesse asse amaine,
(Asse that for wit, his rider did exceed,)
'Cause he his will at Court could not obtaine,
 Did make his Will at home: the peevish elfe
 Amongst his houshold parts his cursed pelfe,
 Carefull of that, but carelesse of himselfe.

35

Oh suddaine thought of thy mortality!
Thou art not yet so thorough worne with age,
None in thy face such Symptoms can espy,
Which should so neare approaching death praesage:
 Thy state is not distempered with heate,
 Thy working pulse doth moderatly beate,
 All outward things seeme whole, seeme all compleate.

36

But ghostly is thy griefe: thou that by treason,
Against thy Leige, so lately wast combin'd,
Thy passions now rebell against thy Reason,
Reason, that is the Sovereigne of thy minde,
 And seeke for to disturbe it from the throne:
 Strive, strive to set these civill broyles at one,
 Order thy selfe, and let thy house alone.

¹² Achitophel hanging himselfe.



37



A chayne of hempe, he to his necke made fast,
By tying of which knot, hee did untye
The knot of Soule and Body, and at last
Stopping the passage of his breath, thereby
A passage for his Soule, wide opened hee:
Thus traytors, rather than they should goe free,
Themselves the hangmen of themselves will bee.

38

His friends, to balme his body spare no cost,
With spices seeking to perfume a sinke,
For certs I know, their labour was but lost,
His rotten memory, will ever stinke,
His soule thereby was nothing bettered,
Because his corps were bravely buried,
Tombes please the living, profit not the dead.

39



How many worthy Martyrs vilely slaine,
Made meate for fowles, or for the fire made fuell,
Though ground, they could not for a grave obtaine,
Were not lesse happy, but their foes more cruell,
Unburied bodies made not them unblest,
Their better halfe, did finde an heavenly rest,
And doth injoy, joyes not to be exprest.

40

Leave we the Traytor thus, upon whose hearsse,
My Muse shall not a precious teare mis-spend,
Proceeding to bemoane in dolefull verse,
How two great bands,¹³ with cruell blowes contend,

13 The battell betwixt Absalon and Davids men.

Whole clouds of arrowes, made the skye to lowre,
Dissolv'd at length, into a bloody showre,
Till Steele kill'd many, wood did more devoure.

41



Oh, let it not be publish't in the path,
That leads unto th' incestuous seed of *Lot*,
Tell not these tidings in the towne of *Gath*,
In *Ascalon*, see ye proclaime it not,
Least these rejoyce at this calamity,
Who count your fame, their greatest infamy,
Your wofull jarrs, their wellcome melody.

42

Had *Rachel* now reviv'd, her sonnes to see,
Their bloody hands, would make her heart to bleed,
Each a *Benoni* unto her would be;
Had *Leah* liv'd to see herselfe agree'd
To fall out with herselfe, with teares most sure,
She would have made her tender eyes past cure,
Who ever wonn, she must the losse endure.

43



The conquest (which her verdict long suspended)
Hover'd aloft, not knowing where to light;
But at the last, the lesser side befreinded
With best successe; the other put to flight,
More trusted a swift foote, than a strong fist,
Most voices oft of Verity have mist,
Nor in most men, doth Victory consist.

44

The gracelesse sonne was plung'd in deepe distresse,

For earth his weight, no longer would endure,
The angry heavens denied all accesse,
Unto a wretch so wicked, so impure:
 At last the heavens and earth with one consent,
 A middle place, unto the monster lent,
 Above the earth, beneath the firmament.

45



His skittish Mule, ran roving in the fields,
And up high hills, downe dales, o're woods did prance,
Seeming with neighing noyse, and wanton heeles,
In token of great joy to sing and dance,
 That now her maister, she should beare no more,
 (An heavy bulke, whose sinnes did weigh so sore)
 Now rid of him, that rid on her before.

46

Cry *Absolon*, cry *Absolon* amaine,
And let thy winged prayers, pierce the skye,
Oh to the spring of pitty, soone complaine,
That ne're is dammed up, nor drained dry,
 Thy fault confesse, his favour eke implore,
 Much is thy misery, his mercy more,
 Thy want is great, but greater is his store.

47



Comdemne thyselfe, and he shall thee acquitt,
Doe thou but pray, hee'le pitty thy estate,
Confesse thy debt, he will the same remit,
It never was too soone, its ne're to late:
 Alas; long sinners scarce at last relent,
 Hee gives not all offenders to repent,
 That granteth pardon to all penitent.

48

Whilst thus his life suspended was on high,
Bold-ventrous *Joab* opened his heart,
(Heart, where much treason lurked privily)
And peir'ct his body with a triple dart:
Then Crimson blades of grasse, whereon he bleeds,
Did straitwayes dye, and in their roome succeeds
A fruitfull wilderness, of fruitlesse weeds.

49

When *David* heard the Victory was gain'd,
But his sonne lost (as Jordan waxing ranke,
Or'e flowes the land, and scornes to be restrain'd,
To have his Tide, ti'de in a narrow banke)
Surges of sorrow in his heart did rise,
And brake the watry sluces of his eyes,
Who lightned thus himselfe, with heavy cryes:



50

My sonne, whose body had of grace the fill,
My sonne, whose soule was so devoid of grace,
Without my knowledge, and against my will,
My sonne, in cause so bad, so strange a place:
My sonne, my sonne, for which I most complaine,
I feare in soule, as in the body slaine,
Would I might dye, that thou migh't live againe.

51

Now when this grieffe was swallow'd, not digested,
The subjects flock't, King *David* to restore,
Who in an instant, love what they detested,
Detest in th' instant, what they lov'd before:
People like weather-cocks wav'd with the wind,
We constant, in unconstancy may finde,



As time counts minutes, so they change their mind.

52

Amongst the rest, that came the King to meete,
Lame-legd *Mephibosheth*, but loyall hearted,
Was one, that never washt his cloaths, or feete
(Except with teares) since *David* first departed;
Feete, which by fall from nurses armes began
To halt, with him a child, so fast she ran,
That he could never goe, when growne a man.

53

Not much unlike, if it give no distaste,
That reall truths, I doe with trifles match,
Whilst that my posting Muse, with headlong haste
Doth strive her rurall Layes for to dispatch,
Halting Invention, for the want of heede,
And lame unjoynted lines from her proceede,
And seldome things done speedily, doe speed.



54

But here an unexpected jarre arose,
Whilst people, for most part in Prince contended,
Which grew from bitter words to bloody blowes,
The King, quoth *Judah*, of our Tribe descended,
Hee of our flesh is flesh, bone of our bone:
Nay, answer'd *Israel*, in the King wee owne
Ten parts, a single share is yours alone.

55

Whilst sparkes of discord thus began to smoake,
To finde the bellowes, *Sheba* did conspire,



(*Sheba* that proudly did disdain the yoke)¹⁴
And blowing of a trumpet, blew the fire:
Then those that claimed ten, disdain'd all part
In *David*, taught by his seducing art,
They discontented to their tents depart.

56

This Rebell, *Joab* whilst to quell he strives,
A nameles woman (in the booke of life
Her name is kept, that kept so many lives)
Procur'd that he, who stirred up the strife,
The body of the Common-wealth to rend
From Prince the head, whereon it did depend,
With head, from body rent, his life did end.

57

By his death many Citizens surviv'd,
The losse of Traytors blood, did prove their gaine,
Soone cea'st the flood of Discord, thence deriv'd,
When they the factious fountaine did restraine.
This warre, a vile man with a word did rayse,¹⁵
Unto his shame, which to her endlesse prayse,
A worthy Woman with a word allaies.¹⁶



58

So in our land, a noble Queene arose,
As we have heard our fathers oft relate,
A Maide, yet Manly to confound her foes,
A Maide and yet a Mother to the State:
Which she weake, like to crumbling bricke did finde,

14 The sonne of Belial.

15 What part have we in David, &c.

16 His head shall be thrown, &c.

Which strong, as lasting marble she resign'd,
Gold and Gods worship, both by her refin'd.

59



She having florished in great renowne,
In spite of power, and policy of *Spaine*,
Did change her earthly, for an heavenly crowne,
And cea'st to rule o're men, with God to raigne:
 Fourty and foure *Novembers* fully past,
 (Aie me that winged time should post so fast)
 To Christ her love, she wedded was at last.

60

This Sunne thus set, there followed no Night
In our Horizon, strait another Sunne,
Most happily continued the light,
Which by the first was hopefully begunne:
 And, what might most amaze all mortall eyes,
 Never before out of the *Northen* skies,
 Did men behold bright *Phoebus* to arise.

61



Arts did increase his fame, he did increase
The fame of Arts, and counting twice eleven
Twelve months upon his throne, this Prince of peace,
By falling to the Earth, did rise to Heaven:
 Then downe our cheeks tears hot & cold did flow,
 Those for the Sire decea'st, expre'st our woe,
 Those joy, for his succeeding Sonne did show.

62

Live gracious Leige, whose Vertues doe surmount
All flattery, and Envy them admires,

Center of grace and greatnesse, live in Court,
Till that thy kindome with the world expires:
 Wee subjects wish thee worst, that love thee best,
 Who here long to injoy thee, doe request,
 That late thou mayst injoy an heavenly rest.

63



And thou young Prince, hope of the future age,
Succeed to Fathers Vertues, Name, and Crowne,
A new Starre did thy Saviours birth praesage,
His death, the Sun eclipsed did renowne:
 But both of these conjoynd to adorne
 Thy wellcome birth, the Sun with age so worne
 Did seeme halfe dead, and a young starr was borne.

64

But what dost thou, my ventrous Muse, praesume
So far above thy dwarf-like strength to straine?
Such soaring soone will melt thy waxen plume,
Let those heroike sparks, whose learned braine,
 Doth merit chapletts of victorious bayes,
 Make Kings the subjects of their lofty layes,
 Thy worthlesse praysing doth their worth dispraise.

65



Strike saile, and to thy matter draw more neare,
And draw thy matter nearer to an end,
Though nought prayse-worthy in thy verse appeare,
Yet strive that shortnesse may the same commend:
 Returne to see, where *Joab* homeward goes,
 To see his Friends, that had subdu'd his foes;
 His souldiers, and himselfe there to repose.

66

Thus when two adverse winds, with strong command,
Summon the Sea, the waves that both do feele,
Dare follow neither, but in doubt do stand,
Whilst that the shippes with water drunke doe reele
 With men, for grieffe of drowning, drown'd in grieffe,
 Untill at length, a Calme brings them reliefe,
 And stills the storme, that had so long beene briefe.

67

Oh that I might but live to see the day,
(Day, that I more desire, than hope to see)
When all these bloody discords done away,
Our Princes, in like manner might agree:
 When all the world, might smile in perfect peace,
 And these long-lasting broyles, at length might cease
 Broyles, which (alas) doe dayly more increase.



68

The *Neatherlands*, with endlesse warrs are tost,
Like in successe, to their unconstant tide,
Losing their gettings, gaining what they lost.
Denmarke both sword, and *Baltick* seas divide:
 More blood, than juice of grape nigh *Rhine* is shed;
 And *Brunswicke* Land will not be comforted,
 But cryes, My Duke, alas, my Duke is dead.

69

The warrs in *France*, now layd aside, not ended,
Are onely skinned over with a scarre,
Yea haughty *Alps*, that to the clouds ascended,
Are over-climbed with a bloody Warre:
 And *Maroes* birth place *Mantua*, is more
 Made famous now for *Mars*, and battell sore,



Than for his Muse, it famed was before.

70

Sweden to stopp th' Imperiall flood provides,
(May his good cause, be crown'd with like successe,
And they, that now please none, to please both sides
May they themselves, his trusty friends expresse.)
But *Turks* the Cobweb of their Truce, each howre
Doe breake, they wayte a time, but want no powre,
Nor will, warr-wearied Christians to devoure.

71

But let the cunning *Chymicke*, whose exact
Skill, caused Light from darknesse to proceed,
Out of disorder order can extract,
Make in his due time all these jars agree'd,
Whose greivances may be bemoan'd by men,
By God alone redressed; and till then
They more befitt my Prayers than my Pen.

ΤΩ ΜΟΝΩ ΔΟΣΑ ΘΕΩ.

FINIS.



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