

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
THOMAS TRAHERNE, 1636?-1674,  
FROM THE ORIGINAL  
MANUSCRIPTS; WITH A MEMOIR  
OF THE AUTHOR**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649675647

The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne, 1636?-1674, from the Original Manuscripts; With a Memoir of the Author by Thomas Traherne & Bertram Dobell

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Cover @ 2017

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**THOMAS TRAHERNE & BERTRAM DOBELL**

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
THOMAS TRAHERNE

5132 5

An Hymne upon S<sup>t</sup> Bartholomew Day.

What Powerfull Spirit live within!  
What Active Angel both inhabit here!  
What Heavenly Light inspires my Skin;  
Which both so like a **DIETIE** appear  
of **LIVING TEMPLE** of all Ages &

Within me see  
A **TEMPLE OF ETERNITIE!**  
All Kingdoms of **Devils**  
In me.

2  
An Inward Omnipresence here,  
Mysteriously like His within me stands,  
Whose Knowledge is a Sacred Sphere  
That in it self, at once Includes all Lands.  
There is seen an **ANGEL** of within Me can  
Both Talk & Move  
And Walk & flie & See & love  
A Man on Earth, a Man  
Above.

3  
Dull Walls of Clay my **SPIRIT** fears  
And in a fervent Kingdom both appear,  
That Great Apostle it receives,  
Whom ~~Heaven~~ <sup>Heaven</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~Worsh.~~ <sup>Worsh.</sup> ~~stand~~ <sup>stand</sup> here  
Within my Self from East to West I move,  
As if I were  
At once a **CHERUBIM** & **Sphere**...  
Or was at once above,  
& had here.

4  
The ~~Soul~~ <sup>Soul</sup> a Messenger who by  
Within waxe Inward Temple Weening be  
Even like to very **DIETIE**,  
In all 8 parts of His Etes within.  
O his within & leave us nothing Dross  
Flesh is but **Cloak!**  
O fly my Soul & **Hope** away,  
To **JESUS THRONE**, or **CROSE!**  
O **be.**

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THOMAS TRAHERNE

1636?-1674

FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

EDITED BY  
BERTRAM DOBELL

*WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR*

SECOND EDITION

"I give you the end of a golden string,  
Only wind it into a ball,  
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate  
Built in Jerusalem's wall."

*William Blake*

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

*William Wordsworth*

LONDON  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR

77 CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

1906

28750

11-5-24

1769-2-31

77  
1906

JC

TO

G. THORN DRURY

My youth was ever constant to one dream,  
Though hope failed oft—so hopeless did it seem—  
That in the ripeness of my days I might  
Something achieve that should the world require  
For my existence ; for it was a pain  
To think that I should live and live in vain :  
And most my thoughts were turned towards the Muse,  
Though long she did my earnest prayers refuse,  
And left me darkling and despairing ; then  
By happy chance there came within my ken  
A hapless poet, whom—I thank kind fate !—  
It was my privilege to help instate  
In that proud eminence wherein he shines  
Now that no more on earth he sadly pines.  
This was a fortune such as I must ever  
Be thankful for—yet still 'twas my endeavour,  
With what, I hope, was no unworthy zeal,  
My life-work with some other deed to seal,

1922



## DEDICATION

And lo ! when such a dream might well seem vain,  
Propitious fate smiled on me once again,  
And through the mists of time's close-woven pall  
A glint of light on one dim form did fall,  
Which, as I gazed more earnestly, became  
A living soul, discovered by the flame  
Of glowing inspiration which possessed  
Even now, as when he lived, the poet's breast.  
Did I deceive myself? Could it be true  
A new poetic star was in my view,  
And shining with a lustre bright and clear,  
Where, constellated in the heavenly sphere,  
Herbert and Vaughan, Crashaw and Milton shine  
With varying brightness, yet alike divine ?  
I gazed again, but still that star burned on,  
And ever with a deeper radiance shone,  
Until I knew no Will-o'-th'-Wisp's false light,  
No meteor delusive mocked my sight,  
But 'twas indeed a fulgent planet which  
Henceforth shall with its beams the heavens enrich.

Some vanity, I know, is in this strain,  
But men may be with reason sometimes vain :  
Shall he alone who does a worthy deed  
Not pay himself, if so he will, that meed  
Of self-applause from which all virtues spring,—  
Without it who would do a noble thing ?

## DEDICATION

vii

So let the world arraign me as it will,  
It cannot now my satisfaction chill,  
Since you, dear friend ! and all whose praise I prize,  
Look on my labours with approving eyes.

This book to you 'tis fit I dedicate  
Since you, my friend, so well appreciate—  
Nay, rather love, our poets of old time,  
Responding ever to their notes sublime :  
Who, though you treasure most those sons of light,  
Whose radiance glitters on the brow of night,  
Do not despise the faintest twinkling star  
That shines where Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton are :  
Who can, like Lamb, a brilliant flower descry  
Where all seems sterile to the common eye,  
Who, like Lamb, too, to no strait bounds confined,  
Have room for all fair fancies in your mind,  
And, with a taste that never errs, discover  
Faults like a censor, beauties like a lover.

Here is another offering for your store,  
Though not arrayed in that brown garb of yore  
Which, with quaint type and paper stained with age,  
Were for the Spirit of our Poet-Sage  
A fitter dwelling, more becoming page.  
I could not give him these, and so have sought  
To match his noble and exalted thought

With the best raiment that our time affords  
Of comely type, fine paper, seemly boards,  
Which, centuries hence, to our children's children's eyes  
May have an antique look which they shall prize,  
When Traherne's name, familiar to their ears,  
Shall hold assured a place among his peers.