Do call for one thing, to set forth another;
Use it I may then, and yet nothing smother
Truth's golden beams: nay, by this method may
Make it cast forth its rays as light as day.

And now, before I do put up my pen,
I'll shew the profit of my book; and then
Commit both thee and it unto that hand
That pulls the strong down, and makes weak ones stand.

This book it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting prize;
It shews you whence he comes, whither he goes;
What he leaves undone; also what he does:
It also shews you how he runs and runs
Till he unto the gate of glory comes.
It shews, too, who set out for life amain,
As if the lasting crown they would obtain:
Here also you may see the reason why
They lose their labour, and like fools do die.

This book will make a traveller of thee,
If by its counsels thou wilt ruled be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its directions understand:
Yea, it will make the slothful active be;
The blind also delightful things to see.

Art thou for something rare and profitable?
Wouldest thou see a truth within a fable?
Art thou forgetful? Wouldest thou remember
From New-year's day to the last of December?
Then read my fancies: they will stick like burs,
And may be, to the helpless, comforters.

This book was writ in such a dialect,
may the minds of listless men affect: