

Edward Taylor  
(1645-1729)



## HE OUTWARD MAN ACCUSED

Turn o'er thy outward man, and judge aright.  
Doth not a pagan's life outshine thy light?  
Thy fleering looks, thy wanton eyes, each part  
Are painted signpost of a wanton heart.  
If thou art weighed in golden scales, dost do  
To others as thou wouldst be done unto?  
Weigh, weigh thy words: thy untruths, all which came  
Out of thy mouth, and thou confessed the same.  
Why did thy tongue detract from anyone,  
Whisper such tales thou wouldst not have be known?  
When thou wast got in such a merry vein,  
How far didst thou exceed the golden mean?  
When that thou wast at such a boon or feast,  
Why didst thou rather lie than lose thy jest?  
How wast thou tickled when thy droughty ears  
Allayed their thirst with filthy squibs and jeers?  
Why did thou glaver men of place? And why  
Scowl, gloat, and frown on honest poverty?  
Why didst thou spend thy state in foolish pranks?  
And peacock up thyself above thy ranks?  
Why thoughtest thyself out of the world as shut,  
When not with others in the cony cut?  
Hold up thy head; is't thus or no? if yea,  
How then is all thy folly purged away?  
If no, thy tongue belies itself, for lo  
Thou saidst thy heart was dressed from sin also.