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O. 15. a. 515 JONSON (BEN) POETASTER, or the Arraignment, as it hath  
beene sundry times privately acted in the Blacke Friers by  
the Children of her Majesties Chappell

FIRST EDITION, *large copy, morocco* Printed for M. L., 1602

*Lothian  
May 2  
1857.*

515





























# POETASTER

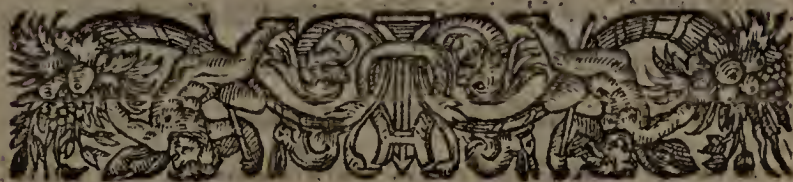
OR

## The Arraignment:

*As it hath beene sundry times priuately  
acted in the Blacke Friers, by the  
children of her Maiesties  
Chappell.*

Composed, by Ben. Iohnson.

*Et mihi de nullo fama rubere placet.*



LONDON

Printed for M. L. and are to be sould in  
Saint Dunstons Church-yarde.

1602.

# THE PERSONS THAT ACT.

X9  
3973  
9

1. Augustus Caesar.
2. Mecenas.
3. Mar. Ouid.
4. Cor. Gallus.
5. Propertius.
6. Fu. Ariftius.
7. Pub. Ouid.
8. Virgill.
9. Horace.
10. Tucca.
11. Lupus.
12. Crispinus.
13. Hermogenes.
14. De. Fannius.
15. Albius.
16. Minos.
17. Hiftrio.
18. Pyrgus.
19. Licitor.
20. Iulia.
21. Cytheris.
22. Plautia.
23. Chicē.
24. Maydes.

157, 623  
May 1873

## Ad Lectorem.

Ludimus innocuis verbis, hoc iuro potentis  
Per Genium Fame, Castalidumq; gregem:  
Perq; tuas aures, magni mihi numinis instar,  
Lector, inhumana liber ab Invidia. Mart.

LIVOR

# Poëtaster.

## LIVOR

**L**ight, I salute thee; but with wounded nerues:  
Wishing thy golden splendor, pitchy darknesse.  
Whats here? *Th'arraignment*? I: This, this is it,  
That our sunke eyes haue wak't for, all this while:  
Here will be subiect for my Snakes and me,  
Cling to my necke and wrists my louing Worines;  
And cast you round, in soft, and amorous foulds,  
Till I doe bid, *uncurle*: Then, breake your knots;  
Shoote out your selues at length, as your forc't stings  
Would hide them selues within his malic't sides,  
To whom I shall apply you. Stay: the shine  
Of this assembly here, offends my sight,  
Ile darken that first, and out-face their grace.  
Wonder not if I stare: These fifteene weekes  
(So long as since the Plot was but an *Embrion*)  
Haue I, with burning lights, mixt vigilant thoughts,  
In expectation of this hated Play:  
To which (at last) I am arriu'd as *Prologue*.  
Nor would I, you should looke for other lookes,  
Gesture, or complement from me, then what  
Th' infected bulke of Enuie can afford:  
For I am risse here with a couetous Hope,  
To blast your pleasures, and destroy your sports,  
With wrestings, Comments, applications,  
Spie-like suggestions, priuy whisperings,  
And thousand such promooting sleights as these.  
Marke, how I will begin: The Scene is, ha?  
*Rome? Rome?* and *Rome?* Cracke eystrings, and your balls  
Drop into earth; let me be euer blind.  
I am preuented; All my hopes are crost,  
Checkt, and abated; fie, a freezing sweate

# Poëtaſter.

Flowes forth at all my Pores, my Entrailes burne :  
What ſhould I doe ? *Rome : Rome ?* O my vext ſoule,  
How might I force this to the preſent ſtate ?  
Are there no *Players* here ? no *Poet-Apes*,  
That come with Baſiliſkes eyes, whoſe forked tongues  
Are ſteep in venome, as their harts in gall ?  
Either of theſe would helpe me ; they could wreſt,  
Peruert, and poyſon all they heare, or ſee,  
With ſenſeleſſe glosſes, and alluſions.  
Now if you be good *Diuels*, fly me not.  
You know what deare, and ample faculties  
I haue endowed you with : Ile lend you more.  
Here, take my Snakes among you ; come, and eate,  
And while the ſqueezd iuice flowes in your blacke iawes,  
Helpe me to damne the Author : Spit it forth  
Vpon his lines, and ſhew your ruſtie teeth  
At euery word, or accent : or elſe chooſe  
Out of my longeſt vipers, to ſticke downe  
In your deepe throates ; and let the heads come forth  
At your ranke mouthes ; that he may ſee you armd  
With triple malice, to hiſſe, ſting, and teare  
His worke, and him : to forge, and then declame,  
Traduce, corrupt, apply, enforme, ſuggeſt ;  
O, theſe are gifts wherein your ſoules are bleſt.  
What ? doe you hide your ſelues ? will none appeare ?  
None anſwere ? What, doth this calme troupe affright you ?  
Nay then I doe deſpaire : Downe, ſinke againe.  
This trauaile is all loſt with my dead hopes.  
If in ſuch boſomes, Spight haue left to dwell,  
Enuie is not on earth, nor ſcarſe in hell.

PROLO.

# Poëtaster.

## PROLOGVS.

**S** T A T Monster : ere thou sinke, thus on thy heade  
Set wee our boulder foote; with which we tread  
Thy malice into earth: So Spight should die;  
Despis'd and scornd by noble industry.

If any muse why I salute the Stage,  
An armed Prologue; know't is a dangerous age:  
Wherein, who writes, had neede present his Scenes  
Fortie fold prooffe against the coniuering meanes  
Of base Detractors, and illiterate Apes,  
That fill vp roomes in faire and formall shapes.  
'Gainst these, haue we put on this forc't defense:  
Whereof the Allegory and hid sense  
Is, that a well erected Confidence  
Can fright their pride, and laugh their follie hence.  
Here now, put case our Author should once more  
Swear that his Play were good; he doth implore,  
You would not argue him of Arrogance;  
How ere that common Spawne of Ignorance,  
Our Fry of Writers, may beslime his fame,  
And giue his action that adulterate name,  
Such full blowne vanity he more doth loath  
Then base deiection; There's a meane twixt both:  
Which with a constant firmenesse he pursues,  
As one that knowes the strength of his owne Muse.  
And this he hopes all free soules will allowe:  
Others that take it with a rugged browe,  
Their moodes he rather pities, then enuies;  
His minde it is aboue their iniuries.

Poëtaster.

ACTVS PRIMVS.  
SCENA PRIMA.

Ouid, Luscus.

Ouid. **T**HEN, when this bodie falls in funerall fire,  
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.  
It shall goe so.

Lus. Young master, Master Ouid, do you heare?  
Gods a me! away with your *songs* and *sonets*; and on with your  
gowne and Cappe, quickly: here, here, your Father will bee a  
man of this roome presently. Come, nay, nay, nay, nay, be briefe.  
These verses too, a poyson on 'hem, I cannot abide 'hem, they  
make me readie to cast, by the bankes of *Helicon*. Nay looke,  
what a rascally vntoward thing this *Poetry* is; I could teare  
'hem now.

Ouid. Giue mee, how neere's my Father?

Lus. Hart a'man: get a lawe booke in your hand, I will not  
answere you else. Why so: now there's some formalitie in you;  
By *Ioue*, & three or foure of the Gods more, I am right of myne  
olde masters humour for that; this villanous *Poetry* will vndoe  
you, by the Welkin.

Ouid. What, hast thou buskins on, *Luscus*, that thou swear'st  
so tragically and high?

Lus. No: but I haue bootes on sir, and so ha's your father too  
by this time: for he call'd for 'hem, ere I came from the lodging.

Ouid. Why? was he no readier?

Lus. O no; and there was the mad skeldring Captaine, with  
the veluet armes, readie to lay holde on him as he comes down:  
hee that presses euery man hee meetes, with an oath, to lend  
him money, and cries; *Thou must doo't old boy, as thou art a man, a  
man of worshippe.*

Ouid. Who? *Pantilius Tucca*?

(thither too.

Lus. I, hee: and I met little master *Lupus* the *Tribune*, going  
Ouid.

# Poëtafter.

*Ouid.* Nay, and he be vnder their arrest, I may (with safetie enough) reade ouer my *Elegy*, before he come.

*Lus.* Gods a mee! What'll you doe? why, yong master, you are not *Castalian* mad, lunatike, frantike, desperate? ha?

*Ouid.* VVhat ailest thou, *Luscus*?

*Lus.* God be with you sir; Ile leaue you to your Poeticall fancies and *furies*. Ile not be guilty, I. *Exit.*

*Ouid.* Be not, good ignorance: I'm glad th'art gone:  
For thus alone, our Eare shall better iudge  
The hastie errors of our morning *Muse*.

**E** NVIE, why twitst thou me, my Time's spent ill?  
And callst my verse, fruites of an idle quill?  
Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprong)  
Wars dustie honors I pursue not young?  
Or that I studie not the tedious Lawes;  
And prostitute my voice in euery cause?  
Thy scope is mortall; mine eternall Fame,  
Which through the world shall euer chaunt my name.  
Homer will liue, whilst Tenedos stands, and Ide,  
Or to the sea, fleete Simois doth slide:  
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines doe beare,  
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened eare.  
Callimachus, though in Invention lowe,  
Shall still be sung; since he in Arte doth floure.  
No losse shall come to Sophocles proud vaine,  
With Sunne and Moone Aratus shall remaine.  
Whilst Slaues be false, Fathers hard, & Bauds be whorish,  
Whilst Harlots flatter, shall Menander flourish:  
Ennius, though rude, and Accius high-reard straine,  
A fresh applause in euery age shall gaine.  
Of Varro's name, what eare shall not be tolde?  
Of Iasons Argo? and the Fleece of golde?  
Then, shall Lucretius lofty numbers die;  
When Earth, and Seas in fire and flames shall frye.

*Ouid. Lib.*  
*1. Amo.*  
*Ele. 15.*

## Poëtaſter.

Titirus, Tillage, AEncy ſhall be read,  
Whilſt Rome of all the conquer'd world is head.  
Till Cupids fires be out, and his bowe broken,  
Thy verſes (neate Tibullus) ſhall be ſpoken.  
Our Gallus ſhall be knowne from Eaſt to Weſt:  
So ſhall Lycoris, whome he now loues beſt.  
The ſuffring Plough-ſhare or the Flint may weare:  
But heavenly Poëſie no death can feare.  
Kings ſhall giue place to it, and kingly ſhowes,  
The bankes ore which gold-bearing Tagus flowes.  
Kneele hindes to traſh: me let bright Phœbus ſwell,  
With cups full flowing from the Muſes Well.  
The froſt-drad Myrtle ſhall impale my heade,  
And of ſad louers Ile be often read.  
” Ennie, the lining, not the deade, doth bite.  
” For after death all men receiue their right.  
Then when this bodie falſ in funera'l fire,  
My name ſhall liue, and my beſt part aſpire.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

¶ Ouid ſenior, Ouid Iunior, Luſcus, Tucca, Lupus, Pyrgus.

Ouid ſen. **Y**OUR name ſhall liue indeede ſir; your ſay true:  
but how infamously, how ſcorn'd and contem-  
n'd in the eyes and eares of the beſt and graueſt *Romanes*, that  
you think not on: you neuer ſo much as dreame of that. Are  
theſe the fruits of all my Trauaile & Expences? is this the Scope  
and Aime of thy ſtudies? are theſe the hopeful courſes, wherwith  
I haue ſo long flattered my expectation from thee? Verſes? *Poe-*  
*try*? Ouid, whome I thought to ſee the Pleader, become Ouid  
the Play-maker?

Ouid Iun. No Sir.

Ouid ſen. Yes Sir. I heare of a Tragedie of yours comming  
foorth for the cōmon Players there, call'd *Medea*. By my houſ-  
holde



# Poëtaſter.

gods, if I come to the acting of it, Ile adde one tragicke parte, more then is yet expected, to it: beleue me when I promise it. What? ſhal I haue my ſon a Stager now? an Engle for Players? a Gull? a Rooke? a Shot-clog? to make ſuppers, and bee laugh- at? *Publius*, I wil ſet thee on the funeral pile firſt.

*Ouid Iun.* Sir, I beſeech you to haue patience.

*Lus.* Nay, this tis to haue your eares damn'd vp to good coun- ſell. I did augure all this to him afore hand, without poring into an oxes paunch for the matter, and yet he would not be ſcru- pulous.

*Tucc.* How now, good man ſlaue? what, *Rowle Powle*? all ri- uals, *Raſcal*? why my Knight of worſhippe, do'ſt heare? Are theſe thy beſt *proiectes*? is this thy *deſſeignes* and thy *discipline*, to ſuffer knaues to be competitors with *Commaunders* and Gent- men? are we *paralels*, *raſcall*? are we *paralels*?

*Ouid ſen.* Sirrah, goe get my horſes readie. You'll ſtill be pra- ting.

*Tucca.* Doe, you perpetuall Stinkard, doe: goe, talke to Tap- ſters and Oſtlers you ſlaue: they are i' your element, go: here be the Emperours captaines, you Raggamuffin *Raſcal*; and not your *Comrades*.

*Lup.* Indeede, Sir *Marcus Ouid*, theſe Players are an idle Ge- neration, & doe much harme in a State, corrupt young gentry very much, I knowe it: I haue not been a *Tribune* thus long and obſeru'd nothing: beſides, they will robbe vs, vs, that are Magiſtrates, of our reſpect, bring vs vpon their Stages, & make vs ridiculous to the Plebeians; they will play you, or me, the wi- ſeſt men they can come by ſtill; me: onely to bring vs in con- tempt with the vulgar, and make vs cheape.

*Tucca.* Th'art in the right, my venerable *Cropſhin*, they wil indeede: the tongue of the *Oracle* neuer twangd truer. Your *Courtier* cannot kiſſe his miſtreſſe Slippers, in quiet, for 'hem, nor your white innocent Gallant pawne his reuelling ſuit, to make his Punque a ſupper. An honeſt decayed *Commaunder*, cannot ſkelder, cheat, nor be ſcene in a bawdie houſe, but he ſhal

## Poëtaſter.

be ſtraight in one of their wormewod Comedics. They are growne licentious, the Rogues; Libertines; flat Libertines. They forget they are i'the Statute, the Rascals, they are blazond there, there they are trickt, they and their *Pedigrees*: they neede no other *Heralds* Iwiſſe.

*Ouid ſe.* Me thinkes if nothing elſe, yet this alone; the verie reading of the publike Edictes ſhould fright thee from Commerce with them; and giue thee diſtaſte enough of their actions. But this betrayes what a Student you are: this argues your proficiencie in the Law.

*Ouid In.* They wrong me ſir, and doe abuſe you more,  
That blowe your eares with theſe vntrue reports.  
I am not knowne vnto the open Stage,  
Nor doe I trafique in their *Theaters*.  
Indeede, I doe acknowledge, at request  
Of ſome neare friends, and honorable *Romaines*,  
I haue begunne a Poeme of that nature.

*Ouid ſe.* You haue ſir, a Poeme? and where is't? that's the Law you ſtudie.

*Ouid In.* *Cornelius Gallus* borrowed it to reade.

*Ouid ſe.* *Cornelius Gallus*? Ther's another gallant, too, hath drunke of the ſame poyſon: and *Tibullus* and *Propertius*. But theſe are Gentlemen of meanes, and Reuenewes now. Thou art a yonger brother, and haſt nothing, but thy bare exhibition: which I proteſt ſhall be bare indeede, if thou forſake not theſe vnprofitable by-courſes, and that timely too. Name me a profeſt Poet, that his *Poetry* did euer afford him ſo much as a competencie. I, your God of *Poets* there (whom all of you admire and reuerence ſo much) *Homer*, he whoſe worm-eaten Statue muſt not be ſpewd againſt, but with hallowed lips and groueling adoration, what was he? what was he?

*Tuc.* Marry He tell thee old Swaggrer; He was a poore blind riming Rascal, that liu'd obſcurely vp and down in Boothes & Tap-houſes, and ſcarce euer made a good meale in his ſleepe, the whorſon hungry begger.

*Ouid ſe.*

## Poëtafter.

*Ouid sen.* He sayes well. Nay I knowe this nettles you now; but answere mee; Is't not true? Is't not true? You'll tell mee his name shal liue, & that now (being deade) his workes haue eternised him, and made him diuine: but coulde this diuinitie feede him while he liued, could his name feast him?

*Tuc.* Thou speak'st sentences, olde *Bias*.

*Ouid sen.* Well, the day growes olde, gentlemen, and I must leaue you. *Publius*, if thou wilt hould my fauour, abādon these idle fruitlesse studies that so traduce thee. Send *Ianus* home his backe face againe, and looke onely forward to the Law: Intend that .I will alowe thee, what shal suit thee in the ranke of Gentlemen, and maintaine thy societie with the best: & vnder these conditions, I leaue thee. My blessings light vpon thee, if thou respect them: if not, mine eyes may droppe for thee, but thine owne heart will ake for it selfe; and so farewell, What, are my horses come?

*Lus.* Yes Sir, they are at the gate without.

*Ouid sen.* That's well. *Asinus Lupus*, a word. Captaine, .I shall take my leaue of you?

*Tuc.* No, my little knight Errant, dispatch with *Caualiër Cothurnus* there; I'll attend thee, I.

*Lus.* To borrowe some ten Drachmes, I knowe his Proiecte.

*Ouid sen.* Sir you shall make mee beholding to you. Now Captaine *Tucca*, what say you?

*Tuc.* Why, what should I say? or what can I say, my most *Magnanimous Mirror of Knighthood*? Shold I say thou art rich? or that thou art honorable? or wise? or valiant? or learned? or liberall? Why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it (my noble *Lucullus*) thou knowest it: come, be not ashamed of thy vertues, olde Stumpe. *Honour's* a good brooch to weare in a mans hat, at all times. Thou art the man of warres *Mecenas*, knight. Why shouldst not thou bee grac't then by them, as well as he is by his *Posts*? How now my Carier, what newes?

## Poëtafter.

*Lus.* The boy has stayed within for his *cue*, this halfe howre.

*Tuc.* Come, doe not whisper to me, but speake it out. what, it is no treason against the State, I hope, is't?

*Lus.* Yes, against the state of my masters purse.

*Pyr.* Sir, *Agrippa* desires you to forbear him till the next weeke: his *Moyles* are not yet come vp.

*Tuc.* His *Moyles*? now the *Bots*, the *Spain*, and the *Glanders*, and some dosen diseases more, light on him, & his *Moyles*. VVhat ha' they the *Yellomes*, his *Moyles*, that they come no faster? or are they fowndred? ha? his *Moyles* ha' the *Staggers* belike: ha' they?

*Pyr.* O no Sir: then your tongue might be suspected for one of his *Moyles*.

*Tuc.* He owes me almost a Talent, and he thinks to beare it away with his *Moyles*, does hee? Sirrah, you, Nut-cracker: goe your waies to him againe, and tell him I must ha' money, I: I cannot eat stones and Turues, say. What, wil he clem me and my followers? Aske him and he will clem mee: doe, goe. Hee would haue me fry my Ierkin, would he? Away Setter, away. Yet stay, my little tumbler: the Knight shall supply now: I will not trouble him, I cannot be importunate, I: I cannot bee impudent.

*Pyr.* Alas sir no: you are the most maidenly blushing creature vpon the earth.

*Tuc.* Do'st thou heare, my little *Six and fiftie*, or *thereabouts*? Thou art not to learne the humours and trickes of that old bald Cheater, *Time*: thou hadst not this chaine for nothing. Men of worth haue their *Chymera's*, as wel as other creatures: and they doe see monsters, sometimes: they doe, they doe.

*Pyr.* Better cheape then hee shall see you, I warrant him.

*Tuc.* Thou must let mee haue six, six, Drachmes, I mean, *Old boy*; thou shalt do it: I tel thee, *Old boy*, thou shalt, and in private too, dost thou see? Goe, walke off: there, there. Six is the sum.

Thy

# Poëtaster.

Thy sonn's a gallant Sparke, and must not be put out of a suddaine : come hither, *Callimachus*. Thy Father tels me thou art too Poeticall, Slaue: thou must not be so: thou must leaue them, yong Nouice; thou must : They are a sort of poore starued Rascalles; that are euer wrapt vp in foule linnen: and can boast of nothing but a leane visage, peering out of a seam-rent suite; the very *Emblemes* of Beggery. No: dost heare? turne Lawyer, Thou shalt be my *Solicitor*: Tis right olde boy, Ist?

*Ouid sen.* You were best tell it. *Captaine*.

*Tuc.* No: fare thou well mine honest Knight, and thou olde Beauer, Pray thee Knight, when thou comest to towne, see me at my lodging, visite me some times: Thou shalt be welcome olde boy: doe not balke me good Swaggrer; Ioue keepe thy chaine from pawning: goe thy waies: if thou lacke money Ile lend thee some: I'le leaue thee to thy horse, now; Adué.

*Ouid sen.* Farwell good *Captaine*.

*Tuc.* Boy, you can haue but halfe a share now, boy. *Exit.*

*Ouid sen.* Tis a strange boldnes, that accompanies this fellow: Come.

*Ouid.* Ile giue attendance on you, to your horse, Sir; Please you.-----

*Ouid sen.* No: keepe your chamber, and fall to your studies; doe so: the Gods of *Rome* blesse thee. *Exeunt.*

*Ouid.* And giue me stomacke to digest this law;  
That should haue followed sure, had I beene hee.  
O sacred *Poësy*, thou spirit of *Arts*;  
The soule of *Science*, and the *Queene* of *Soules*;  
What prophane violence, almost sacriledge,  
Hath here beene offered thy *Diuinities*!  
Hmh! that thine owne guiltlesse *Pouerty* should arme  
*Prodigious Ignorance* to wound thee thus!  
For thence, is all their force of *Argument*  
Drawne foorth against thee; or from the abuse

## Poëtaſter.

Of thy great powers in Adultrate braines;  
When, would men learne but to diſtinguiſh ſpirits,  
And ſet true difference twixt thoſe iaded wits,  
That runne a broken paſe for common hire,  
And the high Raptures of a happy ſoule,  
Borne on the winges of her immortall thought,  
That kickes at earth with a diſdaineſfull heele,  
And beates at Heauen gates with her bright hooues;  
They would not then with ſuch diſtorted faces,  
And dudgeon Cenſures ſtab at *Poeſy* :  
They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds  
Should nere deſcend on ſo vnworthy obiects,  
As Gould or Titles : they would dread farre more,  
To be thought ignorant, then be knowne poore.  
„ The time was once, when wit drown'd wealth : but now,  
„ Your onely Barbariſm's, to haue wit, and want.  
„ No matter now in vertue who excell's,  
„ He, that hath coyne, hath all perfectione ſe.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Tibullus. Ouid.*

*Tibull.* *Ouid?*

*Ouid.* Whoſe there? Come in.

*Tibull.* Good morrow Lawyer.

*Ouid.* Good morrow (deare *Tibullus*) welcome : ſit downe.

*Tibullus.* Not I. what : ſo hard at it? Lets ſee,  
Whats here? *Numa in Decimo nono?*

*Ouid.* Pray thee away.

*Tibullus.* If thrice in field, a man vanquiſh his foe,  
Tis after in his choice to ſerue, or no.

How now *Ouid!* Law caſes in verſe?

*Ouid.* In troth, I know not : they runne from my Penne  
Vnwiſſingly, if they be verſe. What's the newes abroad?

*Tibullus.* Off with this gowne, I come to haue thee walke.

*Ouid.* No, good *Tibullus*; I'm not now in caſe.

# Poëtaſter.

Pray thee let me alone.

*Tibullus*. How? not in caſe!

S'light thou'rt in too much caſe, by all this Law.

*Ouid*. Troth, if I live, I will new dreſſe the Law,  
In ſprightly *Poeſyes* Acoutrements.

*Tibull*. The hell thou wilt. what, turne Law into verſe?  
Thy father has ſchoold thee I ſee. Here, read that ſame.  
Ther's ſubiect for you: and if I miſtake not,  
A *Superſedeas* to your Melancholy:

*Ouid*. How! ſubſcrib'd *Iulia*! O my life, my Heauen!

*Tibull*. Is the Mood chang'd?

*Ouid*. Muſique of wit! Note for th'harmonious *Spheares*!  
Celeſtiall Accents, how you rauiſh me!

*Tibull*. What is it, *Ouid*?

*Ouid*. That I muſt meete my *Iulia*, the Princeſſe *Iulia*.

*Tibullus*. Where?

*Ouid*. Why at Hart, I haue forgot: my paſſion ſo tranſ-

*Tibull*. Ile ſaue your paines: it is at *Albius* houſe, (ports me.  
The Jewellers, where the faire *Lycoris* lies.

*Ouid*. Who? *Cytheris*; *Cornelius Gallus* Loue?

*Tibull*. I, heele be there too, and my *Plantia*.

*Ouid*. And why not your *Delia*?

*Tibull*. Yes, and your *Corinna*.

*Ouid*. True; but my ſweete *Tibullus*; keepe that ſecret:  
I would not, for all *Rome*, it ſhould be thought  
I vaile bright *Iulia* vnderneath that name:  
*Iulia*, the Gem, and Jewell of my ſoule,  
That takes her honours from the goulden Sky,  
As beauty doth all Luſtre, from her Eye.  
The Ayre reſpires the pure *Elyzium* ſweetes,  
In which ſhe breathes: and from her lookes deſcend,  
The glories of the *Summer*. Heauen ſhe is,  
Praiſ'd in her ſelfe aboue all praiſe: and he,  
Which heares her ſpeake, would ſwear the Tune- full *Orbes*  
Turn'd in his *Zenith* onely.

# Poëtaſter.

*Tibull. Publius*, thou'lt looſe thy ſelfe.

*Ouid.* O, in no *Labyrinth*, can I ſafelier erre,  
Then when I looſe my ſelfe in prayſing her.  
Hence Law, and welcome, *Muſes*; though not rich,  
Yet are you pleaſing: let's be reconcilde,  
And new made one. Hence foorth, I promiſe faith,  
And all my ſerious howres to ſpend with you:  
With you, whoſe Muſicke ſtriketh on my hart,  
And with bewitching Tones ſteals foorth my ſpirit,  
In *Iulias* name; Faire *Iulia*, *Iulias* Loue  
Shall be a Law, and that ſweete Law I'll ſtudy,  
The Law, and Arte of ſacred *Iulias* Loue:  
All other obiects will but Abiects proue.

*Tibull.* Come, we ſhall haue thee as paſſionate, as *Proper-*

*Ouid.* O, how does my *Sextus*? (*tius*, anon.)

*Tibull.* Faith, full of ſorrow, for his *Cynthias* death.

*Ouid.* What, ſtill?

*Tibull.* Still, and ſtill more, his grieues doe grow vpon him,  
As doe his howres. Neuer did I know  
An vnderſtanding ſpirit ſo take to hart  
The common worke of *Fate*.

*Ouid.* O my *Tibullus*,

Let vs not blame him: for againſt ſuch chaunces,  
The hartieſt ſtrife of vertue is not prooſe.  
We may read Conſtancy and Fortitude,  
To other ſoules: but had our ſelues beene ſtrooke  
With the like *Planet*; had our Loues (like his)  
Beene rauisht from vs, by iniurious death,  
And in the height, and heat of our beſt daies,  
It would haue crackt our ſinnewes, ſhrunke our vaines,  
And made our very hart ſtrings iarre, like his.  
Come, let's goe take him foorth, and prooue, if Mirth,  
Or Company will but abate his paſſion.

*Tibullus.* Content, and I implore the Gods it may. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

ACTVS



ACTVS SECVNDVS.  
SCENA PRIMA.

*Albius. Crispinus. Chloë. Maydes. Cytheris.*

*Albius.* **M**After *Crispinus*, you are welcome; Pray, vse a  
stoole Sir. Your Cosen *Cytheris*, will come  
downe presently. We are so busie for the re-  
ceceauing of these Courtiers here, that I can  
scarce be a minute with my selfe, for thinking of them; Pray  
you sit Sir, Pray you sit Sir.

*Crispinus.* I am very well Sir. Nere trust me, but you are most  
delicately seated here, full of sweete delight and blandishment;  
An excellent ayre, An excellent Ayre.

*Albius.* I Sir, tis a pretty ayre: These Courtiers runne in my  
minde still; I must looke out: for *Iupiters* sake sit Sir, or please  
you walke into the Garden. Ther's a Garden on the backside.

*Crispinus.* I am most strenuously well, I thanke you Sir.

*Albius.* Much good doe you Sir. *Exit.*

*Chloë.* Come, bring those Perfumes forward a little; and  
strew some Roses, and Violets here; Fie, here be roomes sa-  
uor the most pittifully ranke that euer I felt: I cry the Gods  
mercy, my Husband's in the winde of vs.

*Albius.* Why this is good, Excellent, Excellent: well said  
my sweete *Chloë*. Trim vp your house most obsequiously.

*Chloë.* For *Vulcanes* sake, breath some where else; in troth  
you ouercome our Perfumes exceedingly, you are to predo-  
minant.

*Albius.* Heare but my Opinion, sweete Wife.

*Chloë.* A pinne for your Pinnion. In sinceritie, if you be thus  
falsome to me in euery thing, I'll be diuorc't; Gods my body!  
you know what you were, before I married you; I was a Gen-  
tlewoman borne, I: I lost all my friends to be a Citizens wife;  
because I heard indeed, they kept their wiues as fine as Ladies;

## Poëtaster.

and that we might rule our husbands, like Ladies; and doe what we list: doe you thinke I would haue married you else?

*Albins.* I acknowledge, sweete wife: she speakes the best of any woman in *Italy*, and moues as mightily: which makes me, I had rather she should make Bumpes on my head, as big as my two fingers, then I would offend her: But sweete wife--

*Chloë.* Yet againe? I't not grace inough for you, that I call you Husband, and you call me wife: but you must still be poking me, against my will to things?

*Albins.* But you know wife; here are the greatest Ladies, and Gallantst Gentlemen of *Rome*, to be enterteyn'd in our house now. and I would faine aduise thee, to entertaine them in the best sort, yfaith wife.

*Chloë.* In sinceritie, did you euer heare a man talke so Idly? You would seeme to be Master? You would haue your spoke in my cart? you would aduise me to Entertaine Ladies, and Gentlemen? bicause you canne marshall your Packneedles, Horsecombes, Hobby-horses, and Wall-Candlesticks in your ware house better then I; therefore you can tell how to Entertaine Ladies, and Gentlefolkes better then I?

*Albins.* O my sweete wife, vpbraid me not with that: "Gaine fauours sweetely from any thing; He that respects to get, must relish all commodities alike; and admit no difference betwixt *Oade*, and *Frankincense*; or the most pretious *Balsamum*, and a *Tarre-barrell*."

*Chloë.* Mary fough: You sell snuffers to, if you be remembered, but I pray you let me buy them out of your hand; for I tell you true, I take it highly in snuffe, to learne how to Entertaine Gentlefolkes, of you, at these yeeres; I faith: Alas man; there was not a Gentleman came to your house i' your tother Wiues time, I hope? nor a Lady? nor Musique? nor Masques, Nor you, nor your house were so much as spoken of, before I disba't my selfe, from my Hood and my Fartingall, to these Bumrowles, and your Whale-bone Bodies.

*Albins.*

# Poetaster.

*Albius.* Looke here, my sweete Wife; I am *Mum*, my deare *Mumma*, my *Balsamum*, my *Sperma Cete*, & my verry Citty of--- she has the most best, true, fæminine wit in *Rome*.

*Crisp.* I haue heard so Sir; and doe most vehemently desire to participate the knowledge of her faire Features.

*Albius.* Ah, peace; you shall heare more anon; be not seene yet; I pray you; not yet; obserue. *Exit.*

*Chloë.* S'body, giue Husbands the head a little more, and they'll be nothing but Head shortly; whats he there?

*Mayde.* 1. I know not forsooth:

*Mayde.* 2. Who would you speake with Sir?

*Crisp.* I would speake with my Cosen *Cytheris*.

*Mayde.* Hee is one forsooth would speake with his Cosen *Cytheris*.

*Chloë.* Is she your Cosen Sir?

*Crisp.* Yes in truth for sooth, for fault of a better.

*Chloë.* She is a Gentlewoman?

*Crisp.* Or else, she should not be my Cosen, I assure you;

*Chloë.* Are you a Gentleman borne?

*Crisp.* That I am Lady; you shall see mine Armes, if't please you.

*Chloë.* No, your legges doe sufficiently shew you are a Gentleman borne Sir: for a man borne vpon little legges, is alwaies a Gentleman borne.

*Crisp.* Yet, I pray you, vouchsafe the sight of my armes, Mistresse; for I beare them about me, to haue h'em seene: my name is *Crispinus*, or *Cri-spinas* indeede; which is well exprest in my armes, a Face crying in chiefe; and beneath it a bloody Toe, betweene three Thornes *Pungent*.

*Chloë.* Then you are welcome Sir; now you are a Gentleman borne, I can finde in my hart to welcome you: for I am a Gentlewoman borne too; and will beare my head high enough, though twere my fortune to marry a Flat-cappe.

*Albius.* Deare wife be not angry.

*Chloë.* God's my passion!

# Poëtaster.

*Albins.* Heare me but one thing; let not your maides set Cushions in the Parlor windowes; nor in the dining Chamber windowes; nor vpon stooles, in either of them in any case; for tis Tauerne like; but lay them one vpon another, in some out Roome, or corner of the dining Chamber.

*Chloë.* Goe, goe, meddle with your Bed-chamber onely, or rather with your Bed in your Chamber, onely; or rather with your Wife in your Bed onely; or on my faith, Ile not be pleas'd with you onely.

*Albins.* Looke here, my deare Wife, entertaine that Gentleman kindly, I pre' thee; ---- Mum. *Exit.*

*Chloë.* Goe, I need your instructions indeede; Anger me no more, I aduise you. Citi-sin quotha'! shees a Wife Gentlewoman yfaith, will marry her selfe to the Synne of the Citty.

*Albins.* But this time, and no more (by heauen) Wife: hang no pictures in the Hall, nor in the dining Chamber, in any case, but in the Gallery onely, for tis not Courtly else, on my word, Wife.

*Chloë.* 'Spretious, neuer haue don'!

*Albins.* Wife. *Exit.*

*Chloë.* Doe I not beare a reasonable corrigible hand ouer him, *Crispinus*?

*Crisp.* By this hand Lady, you hold a most sweete hand ouer him.

*Albins.* And then for the great gilt Andyrons?

*Chloë.* Againe! would the Andyrons were in your great guts, for me.

*Albins.* I doe vanish, Wife. *Exit.*

*Chloë.* How shall I doe, Master *Crispinus*? here will be all the brauest Ladies in Court presently, to see your Cosen *Cytheris*: O the Gods! how might I behaue my selfe now, as to entertaine them most Courtly?

*Crisp.* Marry Lady, if you will entertaine them most Courtly, you must doe thus: as soone as euer your maide, or your man brings you word they are come; you must say, *A pox on 'hem; what do they here?* And yet when they come, speak them as faire,

# Poëtaster.

faire, & giue them the kindest welcome in wordes, that can be.

*Chlo.* Is that the fashion of Courtiers, *Crispinus*?

*Crisp.* I assure you, it is Ladie, I haue obseru'd it.

*Chl.* For your Pox Sir, it is easily hit vpon; but, 'tis not so easie to speake faire after, me thinks?

*Alb.* O VVife, the Coaches are come, on my word, a number of Coaches and Courtiers.

*Chlo.* A pox on them: what doe they here?

*Alb.* How now wife! wouldst thou not haue them come?

*Chlo.* Come? come, you are a foole, you: He knowes not the tricke on't. Cal *Cytheris* I pray you: and good master *Crispinus*, you can obserue, you say; let me intreate you for all the Ladies behaiours, Iewels, Iestes, and Attyres, that you marking as well as I, we may put both our markes together, when they are gone, and confer of them.

*Crisp.* I warrant you Sweet Ladie; let me alone to obserue, till I turne my selfe to nothing but obseruation.

Godmorrow cosen *Cytheris*.

*Cyth.* Welcome kinde cosen. What, are they come?

*Alb.* I, your friend *Cornelius Gallus*, *Ouid*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, with *Iulia* the Emperors daughter, and the Ladie *Plantia*, are lighted at the dore; and with them *Hermogenes Tigellius*, the excellent Musitian.

*Cyth.* Come, let vs goe meete them *Chloë*.

*Chlo.* Obserue *Crispinus*.

*Cri.* At a haire's breadth Ladie, I warrant you.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Gallus*, *Ouid*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, *Hermogenes*, *Iulia*.

*Plantia*, *Cytheris*, *Chloë*, *Albius*, *Crispinus*.

*Gall.* Health to the louely *Chloë*: you must pardon me *Mis- tris*, that I preferre this faire Gentlewoman.

*Cyth.* I pardon, and praise you for it, Sir; and I beseech your Excellence, receiue her beauties into your Knowledge and Fauour.

# Poëtaster.

*Iul.* *Cytheris*, she hath Fauour, & behauiour, that commands as much of mee; and sweete *Chloë*, know I doe exceedingly loue you, & that I wil approue in any grace my father the Emperour may shewe you. Is this your husband?

*Alb.* For fault of a better, if it please your Highnesse.

*Chl.* Gods my life! how he shames mee!

*Cyth.* Not a whit *Chloë*, they all thinke you politicke, and wittie; wise women chuse not husbands for the Eye, Merit, or Byrth; but wealth, and Soueraignty. (you.

*Ouid.* Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of *Tibull.* And would be glad to deserue your loue, Sir.

*Alb.* My wife will answere you all, gentlemen; Ile come to you againe presently. *Exit.*

*Plaut.* You haue chosen you a most faire companion here, *Cytheris*; and a very faire house.

*Cith.* To both which, you and all my friends, are very welcome *Plautia.*

*Chlo.* With all my heart, I assure your Ladishippe.

*Plau.* Thanks, sweete Mistresse *Chloë.*

*Iul.* You must needes come to Court Ladie yfaith, and there be sure your welcome shall be as great to vs.

*Ouid.* She will well deserue it Madam. I see, euen in her lookes, Gentry, and generall worthinesse.

*Tibull.* I haue not seene a more certaine Character of an excellent disposition.

*Alb.* VVife.

*Chl.* O, they doe so commend me here, the Courtiers! what's the matter now?

*Alb.* For the banquet, sweete wife.

*Chl.* Yes; and I must needes come to Court; and be welcome, the Princeesse saies. *Exit*

*Gal.* *Ouid* and *Tibullus*, you may be bolde to welcome your Mistresses here.

*Ouid.* VVe finde it so Sir.

*Tibull.* And thanke *Cornelius Gallus.*

*Ouid.*

# Poëtafter.

*Ouid.* Nay, my sweete *Sextus*, infaith thou art not sociable,

*Prop.* Infaith I am not *Publius*; nor I cannot.

Sick mindes are like sick men that burne with Feauers,  
VVho when they drinke, please but a lingring taste,  
And after beare a more impatient fit.

Pray, let me leaue you; I offend you all,  
And my selfe most.

*Gal.* Stay sweete *Propertius*.

*Tibull.* You yeeld to much vnto your grieues, and Fate,  
VVhich neuer hurtes, but when we say it hurts vs.

*Prop.* O peace *Tibullus*; your Philosophie  
Lends you to rough a hand to search my wounds.

Speake they of griefes, that know to sigh and grieue;  
The free and vnconstrained Spirit feeles

No weight of my oppression.

*Exit.*

*Ouid.* VVorthie *Romane*!

Me thinks I taste his misery; and could

Sit downe, and chide at his malignant Starres:

*Iul.* Me thinkes I loue him, that he loues so truely.

*Cyth.* This is the perfect' st loue, liues after death.

*Gal.* Such is the constant ground of vertue still.

*Plau.* It puts on an inseperable face.

*Chl.* Haue you markt euery thinge, *Crispinus*?

*Cri.* Euery thing, I, warrant you

*Chl.* VVhat Gentlemen are these? doe you know them?

*Crisp.* I, they are *Poets*, Ladie.

*Chl.* *Poets*? they did not talke of me since I went, did they?

*Crisp.* O yes, and extold your perfections to the heauens.

*Chl.* Now in sincerity, they be the finest kind of men, that e-  
uer I knew; *Poets*? Could not one get the Emperor to make my  
husband a *Poet*, thinke you?

*Crisp.* No Ladie, tis Loue, and Beauty make *Poets*: & since  
you like *Poets* so well, your Loue, and Beauties shall make me

*Chl.* VVhat shall they? and such a one as these? (a *Poet*.)

*Crisp.* I, and a better than these: I would be fory else.

# Poëtaster.

*Chl.* And shall your lookes change? and your Haire change? and all, like these?

*Crisp.* Why, a man may be a *Poët*, and yet not change his Haire, Ladie.

*Chlo.* Well, we shall see your cunning: yet if you can chāge your Haire, I pray: do.

*Alb.* Ladies, and Lordings, there's a slight Banquet staies within for you, please you drawe nere and accost it.

*Julia.* We thanke you good *Albins*: but when shall wee see those excellent Jewels you are commended to haue?

*Alb.* At your *Ladishippes* seruice. I got that speach by seeing a Play last day, and it did me some grace now: I see, 'tis good to collect sometimes; Ile frequent these Playes more then I haue done, now I come to be familiar with Courtiers.

*Gal.* Why how now *Hermogenes*? what ailest thou trow?

*Her.* A little melancholy, let mee alone, pray thee.

*Gal.* Melancholy! how so?

*Her.* With ryding: a plague on all Coaches for me.

*Chlo.* Is that hard fauourd Gentleman a *Poet* too; *Cytheris*?

*Cyth.* No; this is *Hermogenes*; as humorous as a *Poet* though: he is a *Musitian*.

*Chlo.* A *Musitian*? then he can sing.

*Cyth.* That he can excellently; did you neuer heare him?

*Clo.* O no: will he be intreated, thinke you?

*Cyth.* I know not. Friend, Mistresse *Chloe* would faine heare *Hermogenes* sing: are you interested in him?

*Gal.* No doubt, his owne Humanitie will commaund him so farre, to the satisfaction of so faire a beauty; but, rather thē faile, wee all be suiters to him.

*Her.* Cannot sing.

*Gall.* Pray thee *Hermogenes*.

*Her.* Cannot sing.

*Gal.* For honour of this Gentlewoman, to whose house, I know thou maist be euer welcome.

*Clo.* That he shall in trueth sir, if he can sing.

*Ouid.*



# Poëtaſter.

*Ouid.* VVhat's that?

*Gal.* This Gentlewoman is woing *Hermogenes* for a ſong.

*Ouid.* A ſong? Come, he ſhall not deny her. *Hermogenes*?

*Herm.* 'Cannot ſing.

*Gal.* No, the Ladies muſt doe it, he ſtaves but to haue their thankes acknowledg'd as a debt to his cunning.

*Iul.* That ſhall not want: our ſelfe will be the firſt ſhall promiſe to pay him more then thankes, vpon a fauour ſo worthily vouchſaft.

*Herm.* Thanke you Madame; but 'will not ſing.

*Tibull.* Tut, the onely way to winne him, is to abſtaine from intreating him.

*Criſp.* Doe you loue ſinging, Ladie?

*Chl.* O, paſſingly. (you.

*Criſp.* Intreat the Ladies, to intreat me to ſing then, I beſeech

*Chl.* I beſeech your Grace intreat this Gentleman to ſing.

*Iul.* That we will *Chloë*; can he ſing excellently?

*Chl.* I thinke ſo Madam: for he intreated me, to intreat you, to intreat him to ſing.

*Criſp.* Heauen and earth! would you tell that?

*Iul.* Good Sir, lets intreat you to vſe your voice.

*Criſp.* Alas Madam, I cannot in trueth.

*Plan.* The Gentleman is modeſt: I warrant you, he ſinges excellently.

*Ouid.* *Hermogenes* cleare your throate: I ſee by him, heer's a Gentleman will worthily challenge you.

*Criſp.* Not I ſir, Ile challenge no man.

*Tibul.* That's your modeſtie ſir: but we, out of an aſſurance of your excellency, challenge him in your behalfe.

*Criſp.* I thanke you Gentlemen, Ile doe my beſt.

*Her.* Let that beſt be good, ſir, you were beſt.

*Gal.* O, this contention is excellent. VVhat is't you ſing Sir?

*Criſp.* If I freely may diſcouer, &c. Sir, Ile ſing that.

*Ouid.* One of your owne compositions, *Hermogenes*.  
He offers you vantage enough.

D

*Criſp.*

# Poëtaster.

*Crisp.* Nay truly Gentlemen, Ile challenge no man-- :I can sing but one staffe of the Dirtie neither.

*Gal.* The better: *Hermogenes* himselfe will bee intreated to sing the other.

## CANTVS.

**I**F I freely may discover,  
What woulde please mee in my Louer:  
I woulde haue her faire, and wittie,  
Savouring more of Court, then Citie;  
A little proude, but full of pitie:  
Light and Humorous in her toying,  
Oft building hopes, and soone destroying,  
Long, but sweete in the enioying,  
Neither too easie, nor too harde:  
All extremes I would haue barde.

*Gal.* Belceue me Sir, you sing most excellently.

*Ouid.* If there were a praise about Excellence, the Gentleman highly deserues it.

*Her.* Sir, all this doth not yet make me enuy you: for I know I sing better then you.

*Tibull.* Attend *Hermogenes* now.

2

Shee should be allowed her Passions,  
So they were but vs'd as fashions;  
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,  
Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,  
Euery fit, with change, still crowning.  
Purely Ielous, I would haue her,  
Then onely constant when I craue her.  
Tis a vertue should not saue her,  
Thus, nor her Delicates would cloy mee,  
Neither her peeuishnesse annoy mee.

# Poëtaster.

*Iul.* Nay *Hermogenes*, your merit hath long since beene both knowne, and admir'd of vs.

*Her.* You shall heare me sing another: now will I beginne.

*Gal.* VVee shall doe this Gentlemans Banquet too much wrong, that staies for vs, Ladies:

*Iul.* Tis true: and well thought on, *Cornelius Gallus*.

*Her.* VVhy 'tis but a short *Ayre*, 'twill be done presently, pray' stay; strike *Musique*.

*Ouid.* No, good *Hermogenes*: we'll end this differēce within.

*Iul.* Tis the common disease of all your *Musicians*, that they knowe no meane, to be intreated, either to begin, or ende.

*Alb.* Please you leade the way, Gentles?

*Omnes.* Thankes good *Albins*.

*Exeunt*

*Alb.* O, what a charme of thankes was here put vpon me! O *Ioue*, what a setting forth it is to a man, to haue many Courtiers com to his house! Sweetly was it said of a good old Houskeeper; *I had rather want meate, then want Ghests*: specially, if they be Courtly Ghests. For neuer trust me, if one of their good legges made in a house, be not worth all the good cheare, a man can make them. He that would haue fine Ghestes, let him haue a fine Wife; he that would haue a fine Wife, let him come to mee.

*Crisp.* By your kinde leaue, Master *Albins*.

*Alb.* VVhat, you are not gone, Master *Crispine*?

*Crisp.* Yes faith, I haue a desseigne drawes me hence: pray Sir, fashion me an excuse to the Ladies.

*Alb.* VVill you not stay? & see the Jewels, sir? I pray you stay.

*Crisp.* Not for a Million Sir, now; Let it suffice, I must relinquish; and so in a word, please you to expiate this Complement.

*Alb.* Mum.

*Exit.*

*Crisp.* Ile presently goe and Engle some Broker, for a *Poets* Gowne, and bespeake a Gyrland: and then Jeweller, looke to your best Jewel yfaith.

*Exit.*

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

Poëtafter.

ACTVS TERTIVS.  
SCENA PRIMA.

*Horace, Crispinus.*

Hor. Lib. I.  
Sat. 9.

Hor. **H**M H? yes; I will begin an *Ode* so; & it shall bee to  
*Mecœnas.*

Crisp. **H** Slid yonders *Horace*: they say hee's an Excellent  
*Poet*: *Mecœnas* loues him. Ile fal into his acquaint-  
tance, if I can; I thinke hee bee composing, as hee goes, i<sup>t</sup> the  
streete: ha? tis a good humor, and hee bee: Ile compose too.

*Hor. Swell mee a bowle with lustie wine,  
Till I may see the plump Lyæus swim  
Aboue the brim:*

*I drinke, as I would wright;*

*In flowing measure, fill'd with Flame, & Spright:*

Crisp. Sweete *Horace*! *Minerva*, and the *Muses* stand auspi-  
cious to thy desseignes. How far st thou sweete man? Frolicke?  
rich? gallant? ha?

Hor. Not greatly gallant, Sir: like my fortunes; well.  
I'm bold to take my leaue Sir, you'd naught else Sir, wold you?

Crisp. Troth no; but I could wish thou didst know vs, *Ho-  
race*; we are a *Scholer*, I assure thee.

Hor. A *Scholer* Sir? I shall be couetous of your faire know-  
ledge.

Crisp. Gramercy good *Horace*; Nay, we are newe turn'd *Po-  
et* too, which is more; and a *Satyrist* too, which is more then  
that: I write iust in thy vaine, I. I am for your *Odes* or your  
*Sermons*, or any thing indeede; wee are a Gentleman besides:  
our name is *Rufus Laberius Crispinus*; we are a pretty *Stoicke*  
too.

Hor. To the proportion of your beard, I thinke it sir.

Crisp. By *Phœbus*, here's a most neate fine streete; is't not?

# Poëtaster.

I protest to thee, I am enamord of this streete now, more then of halfe the streetes of *Rome*, againe; tis so *polite*, and *terse*: Ther's the front of a Building now. I study *Architecture* too: if euer I should build, I'de haue a house iust of that *Prospectiue*.

*Horace*. Doubtlesse, this Gallants tongue has a good turne, when he sleepest.

*Crisp*. I doe make verses, when I come in such a streete as this: O your Citty-Ladies, you shall ha' hem fit in euery shop like the *Muses*,--- offering you the *Castalian* Deawes, and the *Thespian* Liquors, to as many as haue but the sweete grace and Audacitie to--- sip of their lips. Did you neuer heare any of my verses?

*Horace*. No Sir; but I am in some feare, I must, now.

*Crisp*. Ile tell thee some (if I can but recouer 'hem) I compos'd e'en now of a veluet cap, I saw a Jewellers wife wear; who indeede was a Jewell her selfe: I prefer that kind of Tire now; What's thy opinion *Horace*?

*Horace*. With your siluer Bodkin, it does well, Sir.

*Crisp*. I cannot tell, but it stirs me more then all your Court Curles, or your Spangles, or your Trickes; I affect not these high *Gable* ends, these *Tuscan* tops, nor your *Coronets*, nor your *Arches*, nor your *Pyramid's*; giue me a fine sweete--- little veluet Cap, with a Bodkin; as you say: and a Mushrome, for all your other Ornatures.

*Horace*. Ist not possible to make an escape from him?

*Crisp*. I haue remitted my verses all this while, I thinke I ha' forgot 'hem.

*Horace*. Heres hee, could wish you had else.

*Crisp*. Pray *Ioue*, I can intreat 'hem of my Memory.

*Horace*. You put your Memory to too much trouble, Sir.

*Crisp*. No, sweete *Horace*, we must not ha' thee thinke so.

*Horace*. I cry you mercy; then, they are my Eares  
That must be tortur'd; well, you must haue patience, Eares.

*Crisp*. Pray thee *Horace*, obserue.

*Horace*. Yes Sir: your Sattin sleeu begins to fret at the

## Poëtaster.

Rug that is vnderneath it, I doe obserue; And your ample Veluet hose are not without euident staines of a hot disposition Naturally.

*Crisp.* O,— Ile dye them into another Colour, at pleasure: how many yards of Veluet dost thou thinke they conteyne?

*Horace.* Hart! I haue put him now in a fresh way To vex me more: Faith Sir, your Mercers booke Will tell you with more patience, then I can; For I am crost, and so's not that, I thinke.

*Crisp.* 'Slight; these Verses haue lost me againe: I shall not inuite hem to minde now.

*Horace.* Racke not your thoughts, good Sir; rather, defer it To a new Time; Ile meete you at your lodging, Or where you please: Till then, *Ioue* keepe you Sir.

*Crisp.* Nay gentle, *Horace*, stay: I haue it, now. (on me.

*Horace.* Yes Sir. *Apollo, Hermes, Iupiter*, looke downe vp-

*Crisp.* Rich was thy hap, Sweete Veluet Cap,

*There to be placed;*

*Where thy smooth blacke, sleeke white may smacke,*

*And both be graced.*

*White*, is there vsurpt for her brow; her forehead: and then *sleeke*, as the *Paralell* to *smooth* that went before. A kind of *Parano-masy*, or *Agnomination*: doe you conceaue Sir?

*Horace.* Excellent. Troth Sir, I must be abrupt, & leaue you.

*Crisp.* Why, what haste hast thou? pray thee stay a little: thou shalt not goe yet, by *Phœbus*.

*Horace.* I shall not? what remedy? Fie, how I sweate with

*Crisp.* And then----- (suffering.

*Horace.* Pray Sir, giue me leaue to wipe my face a little.

*Crisp.* Yes, doe, good *Horace*:

*Horace.* Thanke you Sir.

'Death! must craue his leaue to pisse anon;  
Or that I may goe hence with halfe my teeth,  
I am in some such feare: This Tyranny  
Is strange; to take mine Eares vp by *Commission*,

(Whether

# Poëtafter.

(Whether I will or no) and make them stalls  
To his lewd *Solœcismes*, and woorded trash.  
Happy the bold *Bolanus*, now, I say;  
*Romes* Common Buffon: His free Impudence  
Would, long ere this, haue cald this fellow, Foole;  
And ranke, and tedious Foole, and haue slung iests  
As hard as stones, till he had pelted him  
Out of the place: whil' st my tame Modesty  
Suffers my Wit be made a solemne Assè  
To beare his Fopperies.-----

*Crisp.* *Horace*, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see.  
But---- Pray thee, lets proue, to enioy thee awhile: Thou hast  
no businesse, I assure me: Whether is thy iourney directed? ha?

*Horace.* Sir, I am going to visit a Friend, that's sicke.

*Crisp.* A Friend? Whats he? doe not I know him?

*Horace.* No Sir, you doe not know him; and 'tis not the  
worle for him.

*Crisp.* What's his Name? wher's he lodg'd?

*Horace.* Where, I shall be fearefull to drawe you out of your  
way, Sir; a great way hence; Pray sir, let's part.

*Crisp.* Nay, but where ist? I pray thee fay:

*Horace.* On the farre side of all *Tyber* yonder, by *Casars*  
Gardens.

*Crisp.* O, that's my course directly; I am for you. Come,  
goe: why standst thou?

*Horace.* Yes Sir: marry the Plague is in that part of the  
Citty; I had almost forgot to tell you, Sir.

*Crisp.* Fow: It's no matter, I feare no Pestilence, I ha' not of-  
fended *Phœbus*.

*Horace.* I haue, it seemes; or else this heauy scourge  
Could nere haue lighted on me.-----

*Crisp.* Come, along.

*Horace.* I am to goe downe some halfe mile, this way, Sir,  
first; to speake with his *Phisitian*: And from thence to his *Apo-*  
*thecary*, where I shall stay the mixing of diuers drugges----

# Poëtaster.

*Crisp.* Why, its all one. I haue nothing to doe, and I looue not to be idle; Ile beare thee company. How call'st thou the *Po-  
thecary*?

*Horace.* O, that I knew a Name would fright him now.  
*Rhadamanthus* Sir:

Ther's one so cald, is a iust Iudge in hell;  
And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those,  
That (here on earth) torment poore patient spirits.

*Crisp.* He dwells at the Three *Furies*, by *Ianus* Temple?

*Horace.* Your *Apothecary* does, Sir.

*Crisp.* Hart, I owe him Money for sweete meats, and he  
has laid to arrest me, I heare: but-----

*Horace.* Sir, I haue made a most solemne vow: I will neuer  
Bayle any man.

*Crisp.* Well then, Ile sweare, and speake him faire, if the  
worst come. But his Name is *Minos*, not *Rhadamanthus*,  
*Horace.*

*Horace.* That may be Sir: I but guesst at his name by his Signe.  
But your *Minos* is a Iudge to, Sir?

*Crisp.* I protest to thee *Horace* (doe but tast me once,) if I  
doe know my selfe, and mine owne vertues truely; thou wilt  
not make that esteeme of *Varius*, or *Virgill*, or *Tibullus*, or any  
of 'hem in deed, as now in thy Ignorance thou dost; which I  
am content to forgiue: I would faine see which of these could  
pen more Verses in a day, or with more facility then I; or that  
could court his Mistres, kisse her hand, make better sport  
with her Fanne, or her Dogge?

*Horace.* I can not Bayle you yet, Sir.

*Crisp.* Or that could moue his body more gracefully? or  
Dance better? you shoo'd see me, were it not i' the street.

*Horace.* Nor yet.

*Crisp.* Why, I haue beene a Reueller, and at my cloth of sil-  
uer Sute, and my long stocking, in my Time, and will be a-  
gaine-----

*Horace.* If you may be trusted, Sir.

*Crisp.*





## Poëtaster.

pray thee, if thou louest me, goe.

*Horace.* Now let me die Sir, if I know your Lawes ;  
Or haue the power, to stand halfe so long  
In their ( ) Courts, as while a Case is Argued.  
Besides, you know Sir where I am to goe, and the Necessity.--

*Crisp.* Tis true : ----

*Horace.* I hope the howre of my release be come : He will  
(vpon this Consideration) discharge me sure.

*Crisp.* Troth, I am doubtfull, what I may best doe ; whether  
to leaue thee, or my affaires, *Horace*?

*Horace.* O *Iupiter*, me Sir ; me, by any meanes : I beseech  
you, me, Sir.

*Crisp.* No faith, Ile venture those now ; Thou shalt see I loue  
thee, come *Horace*.

*Horace.* Nay then, I am desperate : I follow you Sir. 'Tis  
hard contending with a man that ouercoines thus.

*Crisp.* And how deales *Mecænas* with thee? Liberally? Ha?  
Is he open handed? bountifull?

*Horace.* Hee's still himselfe, Sir.

*Crisp.* Troth *Horace*, thou art exceeding happy in thy Friends  
and Acquaintance ; they are all most choise Spirits, and of the  
first ranke of *Romanes*: I doe not know that *Poet*, I protest, ha's  
vsd his Fortune more prosperously then thou hast. If thou  
would'st bring me knowne to *Mecænas*, I should second thy  
desert well ; Thou should'st find a good sure Assistance of me :  
One that would speake all good of thee in thy Absence, and be  
content with the next Place, not enuying thy Reputation with  
thy *Patron*. Let me not liue, but I thinke thou and I ( in a small  
time) should lift them all out of Fauor, both *Virgill*, *Varius*,  
and the best of them ; and enioy him wholly to our selues.

*Horace.* Gods, You doe know it, I can hold no longer ;  
This Brize hath prickt my Patience : Sir, your Silkenesse  
Clearely mistakes *Mecænas*, and his house ;  
To thinke, there breaths a Spirit beneath his Roofe,  
Subiect vnto those poore affections.

# Poetaster.

Of vnder-mining *Envy*, and *Detraction*,  
Moodes, onely proper to base groueling minds:  
That Place is not in *Rome*, I dare affirme,  
More pure, or free, from such low common Euils.  
There's no man greeu'd, that this is thought more Rich,  
Or this more Learned; Ech man hath his Place,  
And to his merit, his reward of Grace:  
Which with a mutuall loue they all embrace.

*Crisp.* You report a wonder! tis scarce credible, this.

*Horace.* I am no Torturer, to enforce you to belecue it, but tis so.

*Crisp.* Why, this enflames me with a more ardent desire to be his, then before: but, I doubt I shall find the entrance to his Familiarity, somewhat more then difficult, *Horace.*

*Horace.* Tut, you'le conquer him, as you haue done me; There's no standing out against you Sir, I see that. Either your Importunacy, or the Intimation of your good Parts; or---

*Crisp.* Nay, I'le bribe his Porter, and the Groomes of his Chamber; make his doores open to me that way first: and then, I'le obserue my times. Say, he should extrude me his house to day; shall I therefore desist, or let fall my suite to morrow? No: I'le attend him, follow him, meete him i'the streete, the high waies, runne by his Coach, neuer leaue him. What? "Man hath nothing giuen him, in this life, without much Labor.

*Horace.* And Impudence.

Archer of Heauen; *Phæbus* take thy Bowe  
And with a full drawne shaft, nayle to the earth  
This *Python*; that I may yet runne hence, and liue:  
Or Brawny *Hercules*, doe thou come downe;  
And (though thou mak'st it vp thy thirteenth labor)  
Rescue me from this *Hydra* of discourse here.

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Aristius. Horace. Crispinus.*

*Aristius.* **H** *Orace.* Well met.

*Horace.* O welcome my Redeemer.

*Aristius,* as thou louest me, Ransome me.

*Aristius.* What aylst thou, man?

*Horace.* Death, I am seaz d on here.

By a Land-Remora, I cannot stirr;

Not moue, but as he please.

*Crisp.* Wilt thou goe, *Horace*?

*Horace.* Hart! He cleaues to me like *Alcides* shirt,  
Tearing my Flesh, and Sinnewes; ô I ha' beene vext  
And tortur'd with him, worse then forty *Feauers*.

For *Ioues* sake, find some meanes, to take me from him.

*Arist.* Yes, I will: but I'll goe first, and tell *Mecœnas*.

*Crisp.* Come, shall we goe?

*Arist.* The iest will make his eyes runne, yfaith.

*Horace.* Nay, *Aristius*?

*Arist.* Farewell, *Horace*.

*Horace.* Death! will a' leaue me? *Fuscus Aristius*, doe you  
heare? Gods of *Rome*, you said you had somewhat to say to  
me in priuate.

*Arist.* I, but I see, you are now imployd with that Gentle-  
man: twere sinne to trouble you. I'll take some fitter opportu-  
nity, adue. *Exit.*

*Horace.* Mischiefe, and torment! O my Soule, and Hart,  
How are you Crampt with anguish! Death it selfe  
Brings not the like Conuulsion. O this day,  
That euer I should viewe thy tedious face?

*Crisp.* *Horace*, what Passion? what Humours this?

*Horace.* Away, good *Prodigy*, afflict me not.  
A Friend, and mocke me thus! neuer was man  
So left vnder the Axe----- how now.

# Poëtaster.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Minos, Liçtors, Crispinus, Horace.*

*Minos.* **T**Hat's he, in the imbrodred hat, there, with the Ash  
colourd Fether: his name is *Liberius Crispinus*.

*Liçt.* *Liberius Crispinus*; I arrest you in the Emperors name.

*Crisp.* Me Sir? doe you arrest mee?

*Liçt.* I Sir, at the suite of Master *Minos* the *Apothecary*.

*Hor.* Thankes, greate *Apollo*: I will not flippe thy fauour of-  
fered me in my escape, for my fortunes. *Exit.*

*Crisp.* Master *Minos*? I know no Master *Minos*. Where's  
*Horace*? *Horace*? *Horace*?

*Min.* Sir, doe not you knowe mee?

*Crisp.* O yes; I knowe you, Master *Minos*: 'cry you mercie.  
But *Horace*? Gods 'Slid, is he gone?

*Min.* I, and so would you too, if you knewe how. Officer  
looke to him.

*Crisp.* Doe you heare, Master *Minos*? pray' let's be vs'd like  
a man of our owne fashion. By *Ianus* and *Iupiter*, I meant to  
haue payed you next weeke, euery *Drachme*. Seeke not to ec-  
clipse my reputation thus vulgarly.

*Min.* Sir, your oathes cannot serue you; you knowe I haue  
forborne you long.

*Crisp.* I am conscious of it, Sir. Nay, I beseech you, Gentle-  
men, doe not exhale me thus; remember 'tis but for sweete  
meates-----

*Liçt.* Sweete meate must haue sower sauce, Sir. Come along.

*Crisp.* Sweete Master *Minos*: I am forfeited to eternall dis-  
grace, if you doe not commiserate. Good officer. bee not so  
officious.

# Poëtaster.

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Tucca, Pyrgus, Minos, Liçtors, Crispinus, Histris,  
Demetrius,*

*Tuc.* Why how now, my good brace of Blood-hounds? whether doe you dragge the Gent'man? you Mungrelles, you Curres, you Bandogges, wee are Captaine *Tucca*, that talke to you, you inhumane Pilchers.

*Min.* Sir, he is their prisoner.

*Tuc.* Their Pestilence. What are you, sir?

*Min.* A Citizen of *Rome*, sir.

*Tuc.* Then you are not farre distant from a Foole, sir.

*Min.* A *Pothecary*, sir.

*Tuc.* I knewe that was not a *Phisitian*; fough: out of my Nostrils, thou stinkst of *Lotium*, & the *Syringe*; away Quack-saluer; Follower, my sworde.

*Pyr.* Here, noble Leader, youle do no harme with it: Ile trust you.

*Tuc.* Doe you heare, You, Goodman slaue? Hooke, Ramme, Rogue, Catchpole, loose the Gent'man, or by my veluet armes-----

*Lict.* What will you doe, sir?

*Tuc.* Kisse thy hande, my honourable actiue Varlet: & embrace thee, thus.

*Pyr.* O Patient *Metamorphosis!*

*Tuc.* My sworde, my tall Rascall.

*Lict.* Nay, softe sir; Some wiser then some.

*Tuc.* What? and a Wit to? By *Pluto*, thou must be cherish'd, Slaue; heres three *Drachmes* for thee: hold.

*Pyr.* There's halfe his Lendings gone.

*Tuc.* Giue mee.

*Lict.*

# Poëtaſter.

*Liſt.* No ſir, your firſt word ſhall ſtand: Ile holde all.

*Tuc.* Nay, but Rogue:

*Liſt.* You would make a reſcue of our priſoner, Sir, you?

*Tuc.* I, a reſcuc? away inhumane Varlet. Come, come; I neuer reliſh aboute one Ieſt at moſt; doe not diſgeſte me: Sirra, doe not. Rogue, I tell thee, Rogue, doe not.

*Liſt.* How ſir? Rogue?

*Tuc.* I, why; thou art not angry Raſcall? art thou?

*Liſt.* I cannot tell ſir, I am little better, ypon theſe termes.

*Tu.* Ha! Gods & Feinds! why doſt hear? Rogue, Thou, giue me thy hand; I ſay vnto thee, thy hand: Rogue. what? doſt not thou know mee? not me, Rogue? not Captaine *Tucca*, Rogue?

*Min.* Come: pra' ſurrender the Gentleman his ſword, Officer; we'll haue no fighting here.

*Tuo.* VVhat's thy name?

*Min.* *Minos*, an't pleaſe you.

*Tucca.* *Minos*? come hyther, *Minos*; Thou art a wiſe Fellowe it ſeemes: Let me talke with thee.

*Criſp.* VVas euer wretch ſo wretched, as vnfortunate I?

*Tuc.* Thou art one of the *Centum-viri*, *Old boy*, art' not?

*Min.* Noe indeede, Maſter Captaine.

*Tucca.* Goe to, thou ſhalt be then: Ile ha' thee one, *Minos*. Take my ſworde from thoſe Raſcalleſ, doſt thou ſee? Goe, do it; I cannot attempt with patience. VVhat does this Gentleman owe thee, little *Minos*?

*Min.* Foureſcore *Sexterties*, ſir.

*Tuc.* VVhat? no more? Come, thou ſhalt releaſe him, *Minos*; what; Ile be his Bayle, thou ſhalt take my worde, *Old boy*, and Caſheere theſe Furies: thou ſhalt do't, I ſay thou ſhalt, little *Minos*, thou ſhalt.

*Criſp.* Yes, and as I am a Gentleman and a Reuelter, Ile make a peece of *Poetry* and abſolue all, within theſe five daies.

*Tuc.* Come, *Minos* is not to learne how to uſe a Gent'man of qualitie, I know; My ſworde: If he pay thee not, I will, and I

## Poëtafter.

must, *old boy*. Thou shalt be my *Pothecary* too: ha'lt good *E-ringo's*, *Minos*?

*Min.* The best in *Rome*, sir.

*Tuc.* Goe too, then *Vermine*, knowe the house.

*Pyg.* I warrant you *Collonell*.

*Tucc.* For this Gentleman, *Minos*?

*Min.* Ile take your word, *Captaine*.

*Tuc.* Thou hast it, my sword.

*Min.* Yes sir: but you must discharge the arrest, Master *Crispinus*.

*Tuc.* How, *Minos*? looke in the Gentlemans face, and but reade his silence. Pay, pay; 'tis honour, *Minos*.

*Crisp.* By *Ioue*, sweete *Captaine*, you do most infinitely endeare, and oblige me to you.

*Tuc.* Tut, I cannot complement, by *Mars*; but *Iupiter* loue me, as I loue good wordes, & good cloathes, and there's an end. Thou shalt giue my boy that girdle & hangers, when thou hast worne them a little more.

*Crisp.* O *Iupiter*! *Captaine*, he shall haue them now, presently; Please you to be acceptiue, young Gentleman.

*Pyrg.* Yes sir, feare not; I shall accept: I haue a prettie foolish huinor of taking, if you knewe all.

*Tuc.* Not now, you shall not take, boy.

*Crisp.* By my truth, and earnest, but a' shal *Captaine*, by your leaue.

*Tuc.* Nay, and a' sweare by his truth, take it boy: doe not make a Gentleman forsworne.

*Litt.* Well sir, there is your sworde; but thanke Master *Minos*: you had not carried it as you doe, else.

*Tuc.* *Minos* is iust, and you are knaues, and.

*Lic.* What say you sir?

*Tuc.* Passe on, my good Scoundrell, passe on, I honour thee: But, that I hate to haue Action with such base Rogues as these; you should ha' seene me vnrip their noses now, and haue sent them to the next Barbers, to fitching: for, doe you see? I am a  
man



# Poëtaster.

man of *Humor*, and I doe loue the Varlettes, the honest Var-  
lets; they haue *Wit*, and *Valor*, and are indeede good profitable  
— Arrant Rogues, as any liue in an Empire. Doeſt thou hear,  
*Poëtaster*? ſecond me. Stand vp; *Minos*, cloſe, gather, yet; ſo. Sir,  
(thou ſhalt haue a quarter ſhare, be reſolute) you ſhal at my re-  
queſt take *Minos* by the hand here: little *Minos*, I will haue it  
ſo; All friends, and a health; Be not inexorable: and thou ſhalt  
impart the wine, *Old boy*, thou ſhalt do't, little *Minos*, thou  
ſhalt: make vs pay it in our Phyſicke. What? wee muſt liue and  
honour the Gods ſometimes; now *Bacchus*, now *Comus*, now  
*Priapus*; euery God a little. What's hee, that ſtalkes by, there?  
Boy, *Pyrgus*, you were beſt let him paſſe, Sirrah; do Leueret, let  
him paſſe, doe.

*Pyr.* Tis a Player, ſir.

*Tuc.* A Player? Call him, call the lowſie ſlaue hither; what'l  
hee ſaile by, and not once ſtrike, or vaile to a *Man of warre*?  
ha? doe you heare? you, Player, Rogue, Stalker, come back here:  
No reſpect to Men of worſhippe, you ſlaue? What, you are  
ptoude, you Rascal, are you proude? ha? you growe rich, doe  
you? and purchaſe? you haue Fortune & the good yeere on your  
ſide, you Stinkard? you haue? you haue?

*Hiſt.* Nay, ſweete Captaine, be confinde to ſome reaſon; I  
proteſt I ſawe you not, ſir.

*Tuc.* You did not? where was your ſight, *Oedipus*? you walke  
with Hares eyes, doe you? Ile ha' 'hem glaz'd, Rogue; and you  
ſay the worde, they ſhall be glaz'd for you: Come, we muſt  
haue you turne Fiddler againe, ſlaue, 'get a Baſe Violin at your  
backe, and march in a Tawnie Coate, with one ſlecue, to  
Goofe-faire, and then you'll knowe vs; you'll ſee vs then; you  
will, Gulch, you will? Then; wil't pleaſe your worſhippe to haue  
any Muſicke, Captaine?

*Hiſt.* Nay, good Captaine.

*Tucca.* What? doe you laugh, *Howleglas*? death, you per-  
ſtemptuous Varlet, I am none of your fellowes; I haue com-

# Poëtaster.

maunded a hundred and fiftie such Rogues, I.

*i. Pyr.* I, and most of that hundred and fiftie haue been leaders of a Legion. (taine.

*Hist.* If I haue exhibited wrong, I'll tender satisfaction, Cap-

*Tuc.* Say 'st thou so, honest Vermine? Giue me thy hand, thou shalt make vs a supper one of these nights.

*Hist.* VVhen you please, by *Ioue*, Captaine, most willingly.

*Tuc.* Doest thou sweare? To morrowe then; say, and holde slaue. There are some of you Players honest Gent'man-like Scoundrels: A man may skelder yee, now and than, of halfe a dozen shillings, or so. Doest thou not know that *Caprichio* there?

*Hist.* No, I assure you, Captaine.

*Tuc.* Goe, and be acquainted with him, then; hee is a Gent'man, parcell-Poet, you slaue: his Father was a man of worship, I tell thee: goe, he pens high, loftie, in a newe stalking straine; bigger then halfe the Rimers i'the towne againe: he was borne to fill thy mouth, *Minotaurus*; he was: he will teach thee to teare and rand, Rascall; to him: cherish his *Muse*; goe: thou hast fortie, fortie; shillings, I meane, Stinkard; giue him in earnest; doe: hee shall write for thee, slaue. If hee penne for thee once, thou shalt not neede to trauell, with thy pumpes full of grauell, any more, after a blinde Iade and a Hamper. (taine.

*Histrio.* Troth, I thinke I ha' not so much about mee, Cap-

*Tuc.* It's no matter: giue him what thou hast: *Paunch*, I'll giue my word for the rest: though it lack a shilling or two, it killes not: Go, thou art an honest *Twentie i'the hundred*; I'll ha' the Statute repeal'd for thee, *Minos*: I must tel thee, *Minos*, thou hast deiected yon' Gent'mans spirit exceedingly: do'st obserue? do'st note, little *Minos*?

*Min.* Yes sir.

*Tuc.* Goe to then, raise; recouer; do; suffer him not to droop,

# Poëtaſter.

in proſpect of a Player, a Rogue, a Stager: put twentieth into his hand; twentieth; *Drachmes*, I meane, and let no bodie ſee: goe, doe it; the worke ſhall commend it ſelfe: be *Minos*: I'll pay.

*Min.* Yes forſooth, Captaine.

2. *Pyr.* Doe not wee ſerue a notable Sharke?

*Tuc.* And what newe Playes haue you now a foote, ſirrah? ha? I would faine come with my *Cockatrice* one day, and ſee a Play; if I knewe when there were a good baudie one: but they ſay, you ha' nothing but *Humours*, *Reuels*, and *Satyres*, that girde, and fart at the time, you ſlaue.

*Hïſtrio.* No, I aſſure you Captaine, not wee. They are on the other ſide of *Tyber*: wee haue as much Ribaldry in our Plaies, as can bee, as you would wiſh, Captaine: All the ſinners, i' the Suburbes, come, and applaud our Action, daily.

*Tucca.* I heare, you'll bring mee o' the Stage there; you'll play mee, they ſay: I ſhall bee preſented by a ſorte of Copper-lac't Scoundrels of you: Death of *Pluto*, and you Stage mee, Stinkard; your *Mansions* ſhall ſweate for't, your *Tabernacles*, Varlettes: your *Globes*: and your *Tryumphes*.

*Hïſt.* Not wee, by *Phoebus*, Captaine: doe not doe vs imputation without deſert.

*Tucca.* I woo' not, my good two pennie Rascal: reach me thy neufe. Do'ſt heare? What wilt thou giue me a weeke, for my brace of Beagles, here, my little Point-truſſers? you ſhall ha' them Act among yee. Sirrah, you, pronounce. Thou ſhalt heare him ſpeake, in King *Darius* dolefull ſtraine.

1. *Pyr.* O dolefull daies! O direfull deadly dumpe!

O wicked world! and worldly wickedneſſe!

How can I hold my fiſt from crying thumpe,

In rue of this right rascal wretchedneſſe!

*Tuc.* In an amorous yaine now, ſirrah; peace.

# Poëtaster.

1. Pyr. O, she is wilder, and more hard, without  
Then Beast or Birde, or Tree, or stonie wall.  
Yet might she loue mee, to vpreare her state:  
I, but perhaps, shee hopes some nobler Mate.  
Yet might she loue me, to content her Sire:  
I, but her reason masters her desire.  
Yet might she loue me as her beauties thrall:  
I, but I feare, she cannot loue at all.

Tuc. Now the horrible fierce Souldier, you Sirrah.

1. Pyr. What? will I braue thee? I, and beard thee too.  
A Romane spirit scornes to beare a braine,  
So full of base Pusillanimitie.

Demet. Histrio. Excellent.

Tuc. Nay, thou shall see that, shall rauish thee anon: prick vp  
thine eares, Stinkard: the Ghost, Boyes.

1. Pyr. Vindicta.

2. Pyr. Timoria.

1. Pyr. Vindicta.

2. Pyr. Timoria.

1. Pyr. Veni.

2. Pyr. Veni.

Tuc. Now, thunder, sirrah, you, the rumbling Player.

1. Pyr. I, but some bodie must cry *murder*, then, in a  
small voice.

Tucca. Your fellowe Sharer, there, shall do't; Cry Sirrah,  
cry.

1. Pyr. *Murder, murder.*

2. Pyr. Who calls out murder? Ladie, was it you?

Demet. Histrio. O admirable good, I protest.

Tucc. Sirrah, Boy, brace your drumme a little straighter, and  
doe the t'other fellowe there, hee in the--- what sha' call  
him--- and yet, stay too.

2. Pyr. Nay, and thou dalliest, then I am thy Foe,  
And Feare shall force, what Friendship cannot winne;

Thy

# Poëtaster.

*Thy Death shall bury what thy life conceales,  
Villaine! thou diest, for more respecting her, than me.*

1. *Pyrgus.* O, stay my Lord.

2. *Pyrgus.* Yet speake the truth, and I will guerdon thee:  
But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

*Tucca.* Enough of this, Boy.

2. *Pyrg.* Why then lament therefore: damn'd be thy Guts vnto  
King Plutoes hell, and Princely Erebus; for Sparrowes must  
haue food.

*Histrion.* Pray, sweete Captaine, let one of them doe a little  
of a Lady.

*Tucca.* O! he will make thee eternally enamour'd of him  
there: doe Sirrah; doe: 'twill allay your fellowes Fury a little.

1. *Pyrgus.* Master, mocke on: the scorne thou giuest me,  
Pray Ioue some Lady may returne on thee:

2. *Pyrgus,* No: you shall see me doe the Moore: Master,  
lend me your scarfe a little.

*Tucca.* Here, 'tis at thy seruice, Boy:

2. *Pyrgus.* You, Master *Minos*, harke hither a little. *Exeunt.*

*Tucca.* How do'st like him? art not rapt? art not tickled  
now? do'st not applaud, Rascall? do'st not applaud?

*Histrion.* Yes: what will you aske for 'hem a weeke, Cap-  
taine?

*Tuc.* No you mangonizing slaue, I will not part from 'hem:  
you'll sell 'hem for Enghles you; let's ha' good cheare to mor-  
row night at supper, Stalker, and then wee'll ralke, good Capon,  
& Plouer, do you hear, Sirrah? & do not bring your eating Plaier  
with you there; I cannot away with him: He will eate a legge  
of mutton, while I am in my porridge, the leane *Poluphagus*,  
his belly is like *Barathrum*, he lookes like a Midwife in Mans  
apparrell, the slaue; nor the villanous-out-of-tune Fidler *OEno-  
barbus*, bring not him. What hast thou there? six and thirty?  
ha?

*Hist.* No, here's all I haue (Captaine) some five and twenty.  
Pray Sir, will you present, & accommodate it vnto the Gentle-

## Poëtafter.

man: for mine owne part, I am a meere stranger to his Humour: besides, I haue some businesse inuites me hence, with Master *Asinius Lupus*, the Tribune.

*Tucca*. Well; goe thy waies; pursue thy *Proiects*, let me alone with this *Desseigne*: my *Poëtafter* shall make thee a Play, & thou shalt be a man of good parts, in it. But stay, let me see: Doe not bring your Father *Æsop*e, your Polititian; vnlesse you can ramme vp his mouth with Cloues: the slaue smells ranker then some sixteene Dung-hilles, and is seuentene times more rotten: Mary, you may bring *Eriskin*, my *Zany*: Hee's a good skipping Swaggerer; and your fat Foole there, my *Mango*, bring him too: but let him not begge Rapiers, nor scarfes in his ouer-familiar playing face, nor roare out his barren bold Iestes, with a tormenting Laughter, betweene drunke and dry. Doe you heare, Rascall? Giue him warning, Admonition, to forsake his sawcy glauering Grace, and his goggle Eye: it does not become him, Sirrah: tell him so.

*Histrion*. Yes Captaine: *Iupiter*, and the rest of the Gods confine your moderne delights, without disgust.

*Tuc*. Stay: thou shalt see the *Moore*, ere thou goest: what's he, with the halfe Armes there, that salutes vs out of his cloake, like a *Motion*? ha?

*Histrion*. O Sir, his dubblet's a little decayed; he is otherwise a very simple honest fellow, Sir: one *Demetrius*, a dresser of Playes about the towne, here; we haue hir'd him to abuse *Horace*, and bring him in, in a Play, with all his Gallants: as, *Tibullus*, *Mecœnas*, *Cornelius Gallus*, and the rest.

*Tuc*. And: why so, Stinkard?

*Histrion*. O, it will get vs a huge deale of money (Captaine) and we haue neede on't; for this Winter ha's made vs all poorer, then so many staru'd Snakes: No body comes at vs; not a Gentleman, nor a -----

*Tuc*. But, you know nothing by him; doe you, to make a Play of?

*Histrion*. Faith, not much, Captaine: but our *Author* will deuise

# Poëtafter.

deuise inough :

*Tuc.* Why, my *Parnassus*, here, shall helpe him, if thou wilt :  
Can thy Author doe it impudently enough ?

*Hist.* O, I warrant you, Captaine: and spitefully inough too ;  
he ha's one of the most ouerflowing villanous wits, in *Rome*.  
He will slander any man that breathes ; If he disgust him.

*Tucca.* I'le know the poore, egregious, nitty Rascall, and he  
haue such commendable Qualities, I'le cherish him : stay ; here  
comes the *Tartar* ; I'le make a gathering for him ; I : a Purse,  
and put the poore slaue in fresh ragges ; tell him so, to comfort  
him : well said Boy.

2. *Pyrg.* Where art thou Boy ? where is Calipolis ?  
Fight earth quakes, in the entrailles of the earth,  
And Easterne whirle-windes in the hellish shades :  
Some foule contagion of th' infected heauens.  
Blast all the trees ; and in their cursed tops  
The dismall night-rauen and tragicke Owle  
Breed, and become fore-runners of my fall.

*Tucca.* Well, now fare thee well, my honest Penny-biter :  
Commend me to seuen Shares and a halfe : and remember to  
morrow : if you lacke a seruice, you shall play in my name,  
Rascalls ; but you shall buy your owne cloth : and I'le ha' two  
shares for my Countenance : let thy Author stay with me.

*Demetr.* Yes, Sir.

*Tucca.* T'was well done little *Minos*: thou didst stalke well :  
for-giue me that I said thou stunkst, *Minos* : 'twas the fauour  
of a *Poet*, I met sweating in the streete, hanges yet in my  
nostrills :

*Crisp.* Who ? *Horace* ?

*Tucca.* I ; he, do'st thou know him ?

*Crisp.* O, he forsooke me most barbarously, I protest.

*Tucca.* Hang him fusty *Satyre* ; he smells all Goate ; he  
carries a Ram, vnder his Arme-holes, the slaue : I am the worse  
when I see him. Did not *Minos* impart ?

*Crisp.* Yes, here's twenty Drachmes, he did conuey.

## Poëtafter.

*Tucca.* Well said, keepe 'hem, weell share anon; come little *Minos*.

*Crisp.* Faith Captaine, I'll be bould to shew you a Mistres of mine, a Jewellers Wife, a Gallant, as we goe along.

*Tuc.* There spoke my *Genius*. *Minos*, some of thy Erin-goes, little *Minos*; send: come hither *Parnassus*. I must ha thee familiar with my little *Locust*, here; tis a good *Vermine* they say.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Tertij.*

## ACTVS QVARTVS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Chloë. Cytheris.*

*Chloë.* **B**V T sweete Lady, say: am I well inough attir'd for the Court, in sadnesse?

*Cytheris.* Well inough? excellent well, sweete

*Chloë.* This straight-bodied Citty attire ( I can tell you) will stirre a Courtiers blood, more, then the finest loose Sackes the Ladies vse to be put in; and then you are as well Jewell'd as any of them; your Ruffe, and linnen about you, is much more pure then theirs: And for your beauty, I can tell you, there's many of them would defie the *Painter*, if they could change with you. Marry, the worst is, you must looke to be enuied, and endure a few Court-frumps for it.

*Chloë.* O God! Madam, I shall buy them too cheape: Giue me my Muffe, and my Dogge there. And will the Ladies be any thing familiar with me, thinke you?

*Cytheris.* O *Hercules*! Why, you shall see 'hem flocke about you with their puffe wings, and aske you, where you bought your Lawne? and what you paid for it? Who starches you?



# Poëtaster.

you? and entreat you to helpe 'hem to some pure Landresses,  
out of the City.

*Chloë.* O, *Cupid!* Giue me my Fanne, and my Masque too:  
And wil the Lords, and the *Poets* there, vse one well too, Lady?

*Cytheris.* Doubt not of that: you shall haue kisses from  
them, goe pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, vpon your Lips, as thicke  
as stones out of slings, at the assault of a Citty. And then your  
Eares will be so furd with the breath of their Complements,  
that you cannot catch cold of your head (if you would) in three  
Winters after.

*Chloë.* Thanke you, sweete Lady. O Heauen! And how  
must one behaue her selfe amongst 'hem? you know all.

*Cytheris.* Faith, impudently inough, Mistresse *Chloë*, & well  
inough. Cary not too much vnder-thought betwixt your selfe  
and them; nor your Citty mannerly word (*forsooth*) vse it not  
too often in any Case; but plaine *I, Madam;* and *No, Madam:*  
Nor neuer say, your *Lordship,* nor your *Honor;* but, you, and  
you my *Lord,* and my *Lady:* the other, they count too simple,  
and minsiuue. And though they desire to kisse Heauen with  
their Titles, yet they will count them fooles that giue them too  
humbly.

*Chloë.* O intollerable *Jupiter!* By my troth Lady, I would  
not for a world, but you had lyen in my house: and i' faith you  
shall not pay a farthing, for your boord; nor your Chambers.

*Cytheris.* O sweete Mistresse *Chloë!*

*Chloë.* I faith, you shall not Lady; nay good Lady, doe not  
offer it.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Cor. Gallus, Tibullus, Cytheris, Chloë.*

*Cor. Gallus.* Come, where be these Ladies? By your leaue,  
bright Starres; this Gentleman and I are come to man you to  
Court: where your late kind Entertainment is now to be re-  
quited with a Heauenly Banquet.

G

*Cytheris.*

# Poëtaster.

*Cytheris.* A Heauenly Banquet, *Gallus*?

*Cor. Gallus.* No lesse, my deare, *Cytheris.*

*Tibullus.* That were not strange, Lady, if the *Epithete* were onely giuen for the Company invited thither; your selfe, and this faire Gentlewoman.

*Chloë.* Are we invited to Court, Sir?

*Tibull.* You are Lady, by the great Princessse *Iulia*; who longs to greet you with any fauours, that may worthily make you an often Courtier.

*Chloë.* In sincerity, I thanke her, Sir. You haue a Coach? ha?

*Tibull.* The Princessse hath sent her owne, Lady. (you not?)

*Chloë.* O *Venus*! that's well: I doe long to ride in a Coach most vehemently.

*Cytheris.* But sweete *Gallus*, pray you, resolue me, why you giue that heauenly praise, to this earthly Banquet?

*Cor. Gallus.* Because (*Cytheris*) it must be celebrated by the heauenly powers: All the *Gods*, and *Goddeses* will be there; to two of which, you two must be exalted.

*Chloë.* A pretty fiction in truth.

*Cytheris.* A fiction indeed *Chloë*, and fit, for the fit of a *Poet*.

*Cor. Gallus.* Why, *Cytheris*, may not *Poets* (from whose diuine spirits, all the honors of the *Gods* haue beene deduc't) in-treat so much honor of the *Gods*, to haue their diuine presence at a *Poëticall* Banquet?

*Cytheris.* Suppose that no fiction: yet, where are your *Habilities* to make vs two *Goddeses*, at your Feast?

*Cor. Gallus.* Who knowes not (*Cytheris*) that the sacred breath of a true *Poet*, can blow any vertuous Humanity, vp to Deity?

*Tibull.* To tell you the femall truth (which is the simple truth) Ladies; and to shew that *Poets* (in spight of the world) are able to Deify them selues: At this Banquet, to which you are invited, we intend to assume the figures of the *Gods*; and to giue our seuerall Loues the Formes of *Goddeses*. *Ouid*, will be *Iupiter*: the Princessse *Iulia*, *Iuno*: *Gallus* here *Apollo*; you *Cytheris*, *Pallas*:

# Poëtaſter.

*Pallas* : I will be *Bacchus*, and my Loue *Plautia*, *Ceres*. And to install you, and your Husband, faire *Chloë*, in honors, equall with ours; you ſhall be a *Goddeſſe*, and your Husband a *God*.

*Chloë*. A *God*? ô my *God*!

*Tibullus*. A *God*; but a lame *God*, *Lady*: for he ſhall be *Vulcan*, and you *Venus*. And this will make our Banquet no leſſe then heauenly.

*Chloë*. In ſincerity, it will be ſugred. Good *Ioue*, what a pretty fooliſh thing it is to be a *Poet*! But harke you, ſweete *Cytheris*; could they not poſſibly leaue out my Husband? me thinkes a *Bodies Husband* do's not ſo well at Court; A *bodies Friend*, or ſo: But *Husband*, 'tis like your Clog to your *Marmaset*, for all the world, and the heauens.

*Cytheris*. Tut; neuer feare, *Chloë*: your Husband will be left without in the Lobby; or the great Chamber; when you ſhall be put in, i' the Cloſet, by this Lord, and by that *Lady*.

*Chloë*. Nay, then I am certified: he ſhall goe.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Horace*, *Albius*, *Criſpinus*, *Tucca*, *Demetrius*,  
*Gallus*, *Tibullus*, *Cytheris*, *Chloë*.

*Gallus*. *Horace*! Welcom.

*Horace*. Gentlemen, heare you the newes?

*Tibullus*. What newes, my *Quintus*?

*Horace*. Our melanchiolike Friend, *Propertius*,  
Hath cloſ'd him ſelfe, vp, in his *Cynthias* Tombe;  
And will by no intreaties be drawne thence.

*Albius*. Nay, good Maſter *Criſpinus*; Pray you bring neere  
the Gentleman.

*Horace*. *Criſpinus*? Hide me, good *Gallus*; *Tibullus* ſhelter

*Criſpinus*. Make your approach, ſweete Captaine. (me.

*Tibullus*. What meanes this, *Horace*?

*Horace*. I am ſurpriz'd againe; Farewell.

*Gallus*. Stay, *Horace*.

# Poëtafter.

*Horace.* What, and be tir'd on, by yond' Vulture? No:  
*Phœbus* defend me. *Exit.*

*Tibullus.* Slight! I hold my life,  
This same is he met him in *Viasacra*.

*Gallus.* Troth, 'tis like enough. This Act of *Propertius* re-  
lisheth very strange, with me.

*Tucca.* By thy leaue, my neat Scoundrell: what, is this the  
*mad Boy* you talk't on?

*Crispius.* I: this is Master *Albius*, Captaine.

*Tucca.* Giue me thy hand, *Agamemnon*; we heare abroad,  
thou art the *Hector* of Citizens; what sayest thou? are we wel-  
come to thee, noble *Pyrrhus*?

*Albius.* Welcome, Captaine? by *Ioue* and all the *Gods*  
i'the *Capitoll*.

*Tucca.* No more, we conceaue thee. Which of these is thy  
Wedlocke, *Menelaus*? thy *Hellen*? thy *Lucrece*? that we may  
doe her honor; *mad Boy*?

*Crisp.* She i'the little veluet Cap, Sir; is my Mistres.

*Albius.* For fault of a better, Sir.

*Tucca.* A better, prophane Rascall? I cry thee mercy (my  
good Scroile) was't thou?

*Albius.* No harme, Capraine.

*Tucca.* Shee is a *Venus*, a *Vesta*, a *Melpomene*: Come hi-  
ther *Penelope*; what's thy name, *Iris*?

*Chloë.* My name is *Chloë*, Sir; I am a Gentlewoman.

*Tucca.* Thou art in merit to be an Empreffe (*Chloë*) for an  
Eye, and a Lip; thou hast an Emperors Nose: kisse me againe:  
'tis a vertuous Punque, So. Before *Ioue*, the *Gods* were a sort of  
Goslinges, when they suffred so sweete a breath, to perfume the  
bed of a stinkard: thou hadst ill fortune, *Thisbe*; the Fates  
were infatuate; they were, Punque; they were. (Sir.

*Chloë.* That's sure, Sir; let me craue your Name, I pray you,

*Tucca.* I am know'n by the Name of Captaine *Tucca*,  
Punque: the noble *Romane*, Punque: a *Gent'man*, and a *Com-  
mander*, Punque.

*Chloë.*

# Poëtaster.

*Chloë*. In good time: a Gentleman, and a Commaunder? that's as good as a Poet?

*Crisp*. A prety instrument: It's my Cofen *Cytheris* Viole, this: ist not?

*Cytheris*. Nay, play Cofen; it wants but such a voice, and hand, to grace it, as yours is.

*Crisp*. Alas Cofen, you are merily inspir'd.

*Cytheris*. Pray you play, if you loue me.

*Crisp*. Yes cofin: you knowe, I doe not hate you.

*Tibull*. A most subtil wench! How she hath bayted him with a Viole yonder, for a songe!

*Crisp*. Cofin, pray you call Mistresse *Chloë*; she shall heare an *Essay* of my *Poetry*.

*Tuc*. I'll call her. Come hither *Cocatrice*: here's one, will set thee vp, my sweet *Punque*; set thee vp.

*Chl*. Are you a *Puet*, so soone, Sir?

*Alb*. Wife: mum.

## CANTVS.

**L**OVE is blinde, and a wanton;  
In the whole worlde, there is scant  
one such another:

No, not his Mother.

He hath pluckt her Doues, and Sparrowes,  
To fether his sharpe Arrowes;  
And alone preuaileth,  
Whil'ſt ſicke Venus waileth.

But if Cypris once recouer  
The wag; it shall behoue her  
To looke better to him:

Or she will undoe him.

*Alb*. O, most odoriferous Musicke!

*Tuc*. A, ha; Stinkard. Another *Orpheus*, you flauie, another

## Poëtaster.

*Orpheus*; an *Arion*, riding on the backe of a Dolphin, Ras-  
call.

*Gall.* Haue you a Copie of this Dittie, Sir?

*Crisp.* Master *Albius* ha's.

*Alb.* I, but in trueth, they are my Wiues *Verses*; I must not  
shewe 'hem.

*Tuc.* Shewe 'hem Bankrupt, shew 'hem; they haue salt in  
'hem, and will brooke the ayre, Stinkard.

*Gal.* How? to his bright mistresse, *Canidia*?

*Crisp.* I, sir, that's but a borrowed name; as *Ouids* *Corinna*, or  
*Propertius* his *Cynthia*, or your *Nemesis*, or *Delia*, *Tibullus*.

*Gall.* It's the name of *Horace* his Witch, as I remember.

*Tib.* VVhy? the Ditt'is all borrowed; 'tis *Horaces*:hang him  
*Plagiary*.

*Tuc.* How? he borrowe of *Horace*? he shall pawne himselfe  
to ten Brokers, first. Doe you heare, *Poëtasters*? I knowe you  
to be Kniights, and men of worshippe. Hee shall write with  
*Horace*, for a *Talent*: and let *Mecænas* and his whole Col-  
ledge of *Critickes* take his part: thou shalt do't young *Phæ-*  
*bus*: thou shalt, *Phaeton*; thou shalt.

*Demet.* Alas, sir, *Horace*? he is a meere sponge; nothing but  
*Humours* and Obseruation; he goes vp and down sucking from  
euery societie; and when he comes home, squeezes himselfe  
dry againe. I knowe him, I.

*Tuc.* Thou sayest true, my poore *Poeticall Furie*, he will pen  
all he knowes. A sharpe thorny-tooth'd *Satyricall Rascall*, flye  
him; He carries Haye in his horne; he will sooner loose his best  
friend, then his least least. VVhat he once drops vpon paper, a-  
gainst a man, liues eternally to vpbraide him in the mouth of e-  
uery slaue Tankerd-bearer, or Water-man: not a Baud, or a  
boy that comes from the bake house, but shall point at him:  
'tis all Dogge, and Scorpion; hee carries poyson in his teeth,  
and a sting in his taile; fough. Bodie of *Ioue*! Ile haue the slaue  
whipt one of these daies for his *Satyres*, and his *Humours*, by  
one casheer'd Clarke, or another.

*Crisp.*

# Poëtafter.

*Crisp.* We'll vndertake him, Captaine.

*Demet.* I, and tickle him i' faith, for his Arrogancie, and his impudence, in commending his owne thinges: and for his trāflating: I can trace him i' faith: ô, he is the most open fellowe, liuing; I had as lieue as a newe Suite, I were at it.

*Tuc.* Say no more then, *but doe it*: 'tis the onely way to get thee a newe suite: sting him, my little Neufts; I'le giue you instructions: I'le be your Intelligencer, wee'll all ioyne, and hange vpon him like so many horseleaches: the Players and all. Wee shall suppe together soone; and then weele conspire, i' faith.

*Gall.* O, that *Horace* had stayed still, here.

*Tib.* So would not I: for both these would haue turn'd *Pythagoreans* then.

*Gall.* What, mute?

*Tib.* I, as fishes i' faith: come Ladies, shall wee goe?

*Cyth.* VVee await you, sir. But Mistresse *Chloë* askes, if you haue not a *God* to spare, for this Gentleman.

*Gall.* VVho, Captaine *Tucca*?

*Cyth.* I; hee.

*Gall.* Yes, if wee can inuite him along, he shall be *Mars*.

*Chloë.* Ha's *Mars* any thing to doe with *Venus*?

*Tibull.* O, most of all, Ladie.

*Chloë.* Nay, then I pray' let him be inuited: and what shall *Crispinus* be?

*Tib.* *Mercury*, Mistresse *Chloë*.

*Chloë.* *Mercury*? that's a *Poet*? is't?

*Gall.* No Ladie; but somewhat enclinyng that way: hee is a Herald at Armes.

*Chloë.* A Herald at Armes? good: and *Mercury*? pretty: he ha's to doe with *Venus* too?

*Tibull.* A little, with her face, Ladie; or so.

*Chloë.* 'Tis verie well; pray' let's goe, I long to bee at it.

*Cyth.* Gentlemen, shall wee pray your companies along?

# Poëtaſter.

*Criſp.* You ſhall not onely pray, but preuaile, Ladie. Come, ſweete Captaine.

*Tuc.* Yes, I follow; but thou muſt not talke of this now, my little Bankeroupt.

*Alb.* Captaine, looke here: mum,

*Demet.* Ile goe write, ſir.

*Tucc.* Doe, doe: ſtay; there's a *Drachme*, to purchaſe Ginger-bread, for thy *Muſe*. *Exeunt.*

## SCENA QVARTA.

*Lupus, Hiſtrio, Liſtor, Minos, Mecœnas, Horace.*

*Lup.* Come, let vs talke here; here wee may be priuate: ſhut the dore, *Liſtor*. You are a Player, you ſay.

*Hiſt.* I, and't pleaſe your worſhippe.

*Lup.* Good: and how are you able to giue this intelligence?

*Hiſt.* Mary Sir, they directed a Letter to mee, and my fellow Sharers.

*Lupus.* Speake lower; you are not now i' your *Theater*, Sta-ger: my ſword Knaue. They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-Sharers: forward.

*Hiſt.* Yes, ſir; to hyre ſome of our Properties; as a *Scepter*, and a *Crowne*, for *Ioue*; and a *Caduceus*, for *Mercury*: and a *Petaſus*---

*Lupus.* *Caduceus*? and *Petaſus*? Let mee ſee your Letter. This is a *Coniuration*; a Conſpiracy, this. Quickly, on with my Buſkins: Ile act a *Tragedy*, i' faith. Will nothing but our *Gods*, ſerue theſe *Poets* to prophane? *diſpatch*. Player, I thanke thee. The Emperour ſhal take knowledge of thy good ſeruiſe. Who's there now? Looke knaue. A *Crowne*, and a *Scepter*? this is good: Rebellion, now?

*Liſtor.* 'Tis your *Pothecary*, ſir, Maſter *Minos*.

*Lupus.* VVhat tell'ſt thou mee of *Pothecaries*, Knaue? Tell him;



## Poëtafter.

him, I haue affaires of *State*, in hand; I can talke to no *Pothecaries*, now. Heart of mee! Stay the *Pothecary* there.

You shall see, I haue fish't out a cunning piece of Plot now; They haue had some intelligēce, that their *Proiect* is discouer'd, and now haue they dealt with my *Pothecary*, to poyson mee; tis so; knowing, that I meant to take Physick to day: As sure as Death, 'tis there. *Iupiter*, I thanke thee, that thou hast yet made mee so much of a *Polititian*. You are welcome, sir; Take the potiō frō him there; I haue an *Antidote* more then you wote of, Sir; Throw it on the ground there: So. Now fetch in the Dogge; And yet wee cannot tarry to try Experiments, now: Arrest him, you shall goe with mee, sir; I'll tickle you *Pothecary*; I'll giue you a Glyster, i' faith. Haue I the Letter? I: 'tis here. Come, your *Fasces*, *Lictors*: The halfe pikes, & the Halberds, take them downe from the *Lares*, there; Player, assist mee.

*Meca*. Whether now, *Asinius Lupus*, with this Armory?

*Lup*. I cannot talke now; I charge you assist mee: Treason, Treason,

*Hor*. How? Treason?

*Lup*. I: if you loue the Emperour, and the State, followe me.

*Exeunt*.

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Ouid*, *Iulia*, *Gallus*, *Cytheris*, *Tibullus*, *Plautia*, *Albius*,  
*Chloë*, *Tucca*, *Crispinus Hermogenes*, *Pyrgus*.

*Ouid*. Gods, and goddesses, take your seuerall seates. Now, *Mercury*, mooue your *Caduceus*, and in *Iupiters* name commaunde silence.

*Crisp*. In the name of *Iupiter*; Silence.

*Her*. The Crier of the Court hath too clarified a voice.

*Pall*. Peace *Momus*.

*Ouid*. Oh, he is the god of Reprehension; let him alone. 'Tis

H

his

# Poëtafter.

his office. *Mercury*, goe forward; and proclaime after *Phœbus*, our high pleasure, to all the Deities that shall partake this high Banquet.

*Crisp.* Yes, Sir.

<i>Gal.</i> The great God, <i>Iupiter</i> , Of his licentious goodnesse, VVilling to make this Feast, no Fast From any manner of Pleasure; Nor to bind any <i>God</i> or <i>Goddesse</i> , To be any thing the more <i>God</i> , or <i>Goddesse</i> , for He giues them all free Licence, (their names: To speak no wiser, then persōs of baser Titles; And to be nothing better, then cōmon Men, And therefore no <i>God</i> (or <i>VVomen</i> . Shal need to keep himself more strictly to his Then any man do's to his wife. ( <i>Goddesse</i> , Nor any <i>Goddesse</i> (her <i>God</i> , Shall need to keepe herselfe more strictly to Then any woman do's to her Husband. But, since it is no part of wisdome, In these daies, to come into Bonds; It shall be lawfull for euery Louer, To breake louing oathes, (thers, To change their Louers, & make loue to o- As the heate of euery ones Bloode, And the spirit of our <i>Nectar</i> shall inspire. And <i>Iupiter</i> saue <i>Iupiter</i> .	<i>Crisp.</i> The great, &c. Of his, &c. VVilling, &c. From any, &c. Nor to, &c. To bee, &c. He giues, &c. To speak, &c. And to, &c. And ther. &c. Shal need, &c. Then any, &c. Nor any, &c. Shall need, &c. Then any, &c. But, since, &c. In these. It shall, &c. To breake, &c. To chāge, &c. As the, &c. And the, &c. And <i>Iupi.</i> &c.
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*Tib.* So : now we may play the Fooles, by Authoritie.

*Herm.* To play the foole by Authoritie, is wisdome.

*Iul.* Away with your Mattery Sentences, *Momus*; they are to graue, and wise, for this meeting.

*Ouid.* *Mercury*, giue our Ieaster a stoole, let him sit by; and reach him of our Cates.

*Tuc.* Do'st heare, Mad *Iupiter*? VVe'll haue it enacted; He, that speaks the first wise word, shall be made Cuckold. VVhat sayst thou?

# Poëtaster.

thou? Is't not a good Motion?

*Ouid.* Deities, are you all agreed?

*Omnes.* Agreed, great *Iupiter*.

*Alb.* I haue read in a Booke, that to play the Foole wisely, is high wisdom.

*Gall.* How now, *Vulcan!* will you be the first Wizard?

*Ouid.* Take his wife, *Mars*; & make him Cuckold, quickly;

*Tucc.* Come, Cocatrice.

*Chl.* No: let me alone with him, *Iupiter*: I'll make you take heede, fir, while you liue againe; if there be twelue in a companie, that you be not the wisest of 'hem.

*Alb.* No more I will not indeede, wife, hereafter; I'll be here: mum.

*Ouid.* Fill vs a bowle of *Nectar*, *Ganymede*: we will drinke to our daughter *Venus*.

*Gall.* Looke to your wife, *Vulcan*: *Iupiter* begins to Court her.

*Tibull.* Nay, let *Mars* looke to it: *Vulcan* must do as *Venus* doe's, beare.

*Tuc.* Sirrah, Boy: Catamite. Looke you play *Ganymede* well now, you slaue: Doe not spill your *Nectar*; Carry your Cuppe euen: so. You should haue rubd your Face, with whites of Egges, you Rascall; till your Browes had shone like our sootie brothers here, as flecke as a Horne-booke: or ha'steep't your lips in wine, till you made 'hem so Plumpe, that *Iuno* might haue beene Iealous of 'hem. Punque, kisse mee, Punque.

*Ouid.* Here daughter *Venus*, I drinke to thee.

*Chloë* Thanke you, good Father *Iupiter*.

*Tucca.* Why, Mother *Iuno*! Gods and Fiends! what, wilt thou suffer this ocular Temptation? (anger.

*Tib.* *Mars* is enrag'd; he lookes bigge, and begins to stut, for *Her.* VVell plaide, Captaine *Mars*.

*Tuc.* VVell said, Minstrell *Momus*: I must put you in? must I? When will you be in good fooling of your selfe, Fidler? neuer?

*Her.* O, 'tis our fashion, to be silent, when there is a better

*Tuc.* Thanke you, Rascall.

(Foole in place, euer.

# Poëtaster.

*Ouid.* Fill to our daughter *Venus*, *Ganymede*; who fills her father with affection.

*Iul.* VVilt thou be raunging, *Iupiter*, before my face?

*Ouid.* VVhy not, *Iuno*? why should *Iupiter*, stand in awe of thy Face, *Iuno*?

*Iul.* Because it is thy wiues Face, *Iupiter*.

*Ouid.* What, shall a Husband be afraid of his wiues Face? will shee paint it so horribly? Wee are a King, Cotqueane; and wee will raigne in our pleasures; & we will cudgell thee to death, if thou finde fault with vs.

*Iul.* I will finde fault with thee, King Cuckold-maker: what, shall the King of Gods turne the King of Good fellowes, and haue no Fellow in wickednesse? This makes our *Poëts*, that knowe our Prophanenesse, liue as prophane, as wee: By my God-head, *Iupiter*; I will ioyne with all the other Gods, here; binde thee hand and foote; throwe thee downe into earth; and make a poore *Poët* of thee, if thou abuse me thus.

*Gall.* A good smart-tongu'd *Goddesse*; a right *Iuno*.

*Ouid.* *Iuno*, wee will cudgell thee, *Iuno*: wee tolde thee so yesterday, when thou wert ielalous of vs, for *Thetis*.

*Pyr.* Nay, to day she had me in Inquisition too.

*Tuc.* VVell saide, my fine *Phrygian Fry*, informe, informe. Giue mee some wine, King of *Heralds*; I may drinke to my Cocatrice. (By *Styx*, we will.

*Ouid.* No more, *Ganymede*; wee will cudgell thee, *Iuno*.

*Iul.* Its well; *Gods* may growe impudent in Iniquitie, and they must not be tolde of it.

*Ouid.* Yea, wee will knocke our Chinne against our Brest; and shake thee out of *Olimpus*, into an Oyster-boate, for thy scoulding.

*Iul.* Your Nose is not long enough to doe it, *Iupiter*; if all thy Strumpets, thou hast among the Starres tooke thy part. And there is neuer a Star in thy Forehead, but shall be a Horne, if thou persist to abuse mee,

*Crisp.* A good least, I faith.

*Ouid.*

# Poëtaster.

*Ouid.* We tell thee, thou angerst vs, Cotqueane; and we will thunder thee in peeces, for thy Cotqueanity: we will lay this City desolate, and flat as this hand, for thy offences. These two fingers are the Walls of it; these within, the People; which People, shall be all throwne downe thus, and nothing left standing in this Citty, but these walls.

*Crispinus.* Another good Iest.

*Albus.* O, my hammers, and my *Cyclops*! this *Boy* fills not wine enough, to make vs kind enough, to one another;

*Tucca.* Nor thou hast not collied thy face enough, Stinkard.

*Albus.* I'll ply the table with *Nectar*, and make them friends.

*Her.* Heauen is like to haue but a lame Skinker, then.

*Albus.* "Wine, and good Liuers, make true louers: I'll sentence them together. Here Father: here Mother: for shame, drinke your selues drunke, and forget this dissention: you two should cling together, before our faces, and giue vs example of Vnity.

*Gallus.* O, excellently spoken, *Vulcan*, on the sodaine!

*Tibull.* *Iupiter*, may doe well to preferre his Tongue to some office, for his Eloquence.

*Tucca.* His Tongue shall be Gent'man Vsher to his Wit, and still goe before it.

*Alb.* An excellent fit office.

*Crisp.* I, and an excellent good icast, besides:

*Herm.* What, haue you hired *Mercury*, to cry your icastes you make?

*Ouid.* *Momus*, you are enuious:

*Tucca.* Why, you whoreson block-head, 'tis your only blocke of witte in fashion (now adaies) to applaud other folkes icastes.

*Herm.* True: with those that are not Artificers them selues.

*Vulcan*, you nod; and the mirth of the feast droopes.

*Pyrgus.* He ha's sild *Nectar* so long, till his braine swimmes in it.

*Gallus.* What, doe we nod, fellow Gods? sound Musicke,

# Poëtafter.

and let vs startle our spirits with a song.

*Tucca.* Doe, *Apollo*: thou art a good *Musitian*.

*Gallus.* What saies *Iupiter*?

*Ouid.* Ha? ha?

*Gallus.* A Song.

*Ouid.* Why, doe, doe, sing:

*Plantia.* *Bacchus*, what say you?

*Tibullus.* *Ceres*?

*Plantia.* But, to this song?

*Tibullus.* Sing, for my part.

*Julia.* Your belly weighes downe your head, *Bacchus*: here's a song toward.

*Tibullus.* Begin, *Vulcan*.

*Albus.* What else? what else?

*Tucca.* Say, *Iupiter*.

*Ouid.* *Mercury*.

*Crispinus.* I, say, say.

## CANTVS.

**W**AKE; our mirth beginnes to die:

Quicken it with tunes, and wine:

Raise your notes; you're out: fie, fie;

This Drouzinesse is an ill signe.

We banish him the Queere of Gods,

That droopes agen:

Then all are men,

For here's not one, but nods.

*Ouid.* I like not this sodaine and generall heauinesse, amongst our *Godheads*: 'Tis somewhat ominous. *Apollo*, Command vs lowder Musicke, and let *Mercury*, and *Momus* contend to please, and reuiue our senses.

## CANTVS.

# Poëtaster.

## CANTVS.

*Her.* **T**HEN, in a free and lofty strayne,  
Our brokentunèes we thus repaire;  
*Cris.* And we answere them againe,  
Running diuision on the panting Ayre:  
*Ambo.* To celebrate this Feast of Sense,  
As free from Scandall, as Offense.  
*Her.* Here is Beauty, for the Eye;  
*Cris.* For the Eare, sweete Melody;  
*Her.* Ambrosiack Odours, for the smell;  
*Cris.* Delicious Nectar, for the Taste;  
*Ambo* For the Touch, a Ladies Waste;  
Which doth all the rest excell.

*Ouid. I:* This hath wak't vs. *Mercury*, our Herald; Goe from our selfe the great God *Iupiter*, to the great Emperour, *Augustus Caesar*: And command him, from vs (of whose Bounty he hath receaued his Sir-name, *Augustus*) that for a Thank-offring to our Beneficence, he presently Sacrifice as a Dish to this Banquet, his beautifull and wanton Daughter *Iulia*: She's a curst Queane, tell him; and plaies the scould behind his backe: Therefore let her be Sacrific'd. Commaund him this, *Mercury*; in our high name of *Iupiter Altitonans*.

*Iulia.* Stay, Feather-footed *Mercury*; and tell *Augustus*, from vs, the great *Iuno Saturnia*; if he thinke it hard to doe, as *Iupiter* hath commanded him, and Sacrifice his Daughter, that he had better to doe so tenne times, then suffer her to loue the well-nos'd Poet, *Ouid*; whom he shall doe well to whip, or cause to be whipt, about the *Capitoll*, for soothing her, in her Follies.

# Poëtaſter.

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Cæſar, Mæcænas, Horace, Lupus, Hiſtrio, Minos,  
Licitors, Ouid, Gallus, Tibullus, Tucca, Crispinus,  
Albius, Hermogenes, Pyrgus, Iulia, Cytheris,  
Plantia, Chloë.*

*Cæſar.* What fight is this? *Mæcænas, Horace,* ſay;  
Haue we our ſenſes? Doe we heare? and ſee?  
Or, are theſe but Imaginary obiects  
Drawne by our Phantaſie? Why, ſpeake you not?  
*Let vs doe Sacrifice? Are they the Gods?*  
Reuerence: Amaze: and Fury fight in me.  
What? Doe they kneele? Nay, then I ſee tis true  
I thought impoſſible: ô impious fight!  
Let me diuert mine eyes; the very thought  
Euerts my Soule, with Paſſion: Looke not Man.  
There is a *Panther*, whoſe vnnaturall eyes  
Will ſtrike thee dead: turne then; and dye on her  
With her owne death.

*Mæcænas. Horace.* What meanes imperiall *Cæſar*?

*Cæſar.* What, would you haue me let the Strumpet liue,  
That, for this Pageaunt, carnes ſo many deathes?

*Tucca.* Boy, ſlinke Boy.

*Pyrgus.* Pray *Iupiter*, we be not follow'd by the ſent, Ma-  
ſter. *Exeunt.*

*Cæſar.* Say, Sir, what are you?

*Albius.* I play *Vulcan*, Sir.

*Cæſar.* But, what are you, Sir?

*Albius.* Your Citizen, and Jeweller, Sir.

*Cæſar.* And what are you, Dame?

*Chloë.* I play *Venus*, forſooth.

*Cæſar.* I aſke not, what you play? but, what you are?

*Chloë.* Your Citizen, and Jewellers wife, Sir:

*Cæſar.*



# Poëtaster.

*Cesar.* And you, good Sir?

*Crispinus.* Your Gentleman, parcell-Poet, Sir.

*Cesar.* O; that prophaned Name!

And are these seemely company for thee,  
Degenerate Monster? all the rest I know;  
And hate all knowledge, for their hatefull sakes.  
Are you, that first the *Deities* inspir'd  
With skill of their high Natures, and their Powers,  
The first Abusers of their vse-full light;  
Prophaning thus their Dignities, in their formes;  
And making them like you, but counterfeites?  
O, who shall follow *Vertue*, and embrace her,  
When her false bosome is found nought but Aire?  
And yet, of those embraces, *Centaures* spring,  
That warre with humane Peace, and poyson Men.  
Who shall, with greater comforts, comprehend  
Her vnscene being, and her excellence;  
When you, that teach, and should eternize her,  
Liue, as she were no Law vnto your liues:  
Nor liu'd herselfe, but with your idle breathes?  
If you thinke *Gods* but fain'd, and *Vertue* painted,  
Know, we sustaine an actuall residence;  
And, with the Title of an *Emperour*,  
Retaine his spirit, and imperiall power:  
By which (in imposition too remisse,  
Licentious *Naso*, for thy violent wronge,  
In soothing the declin'd Affections  
Of my base Daughter,) I exile thy feete  
From all approach, to our imperiall Court,  
On paine of death: and thy misgotten Loue  
Commit to patronage of Iron doores;  
Since her soft-harted Sire cannot containe her.

*Mecœnas.* O, good my Lord; forgiue: be like the *Gods*:

*Horace.* Let royall Bounty (*Cesar*) mediate.

*Cesar.* There is no Bounty to be shewed to such,

# Poëtaster.

As haue no reall goodnes: Bountie is  
A spice of *Vertue*: and what vertuous Act  
Can take effect on them, that haue no power  
Of equall habitude to apprehend it;  
But liue in worship of that Idole *Vice*,  
As if there were no *Vertue*, but in shade  
Of stronge imagination, meere enforc't?  
This shewes, their Knowledge is meere Ignorance;  
Their farre fetcht Dignity of soule, a Fancy;  
And all their square pretext of Grauity:  
A meere vaine Glory: hence: away with 'hem.  
I will preferre for knowledge, none, but such  
As rule their liues by it, and can becalme  
All Sea of *Humour*, with the marble *trident*  
Of their strong spirits: Others fight below  
With Gnats, and shadowes; Others nothing know. *Exeunt.*

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Tucca, Crispinus, Pyrgus, Horace, Meccenas,  
Lupus, Histrio.*

*Tucca.* What's become of my little Punque, *Venus*; and the  
poult-foote Stinkard, her Husband? ha?

*Crisp.* O, they are rid home i'the Coach, as fast as the  
wheeles can runne.

*Tucca.* God *Iupiter* is banisht, I heare: and his Cocka-  
trice, *Inno*, lockt vp: 'Hart; and and all the *Poetry* in *Parnassus*:  
get me to be a Player againe, I'll sell 'hem my share for six  
pence. But this is *Humours*; *Horace*, that Goat-footed enuious  
Slaue: hee's turn'd fawne now; an *Informer*, the Rogue: 'tis he  
has betraid vs all; Did you not see him, with the Emperour,  
crouching?

*Crisp.* Yes.

*Tucca.* Well, follow me. Thou shalt libell, and I'll cudgell  
the.

# Poetaster.

the Rascall. Boy, prouide me a Trunchion; Reuenge shall gratulate him, *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.*

*Pyrgus.* I, but Master; take heed how you giue this out, *Horace* is a Man of the Sword.

*Crisp.* 'Tis true, introth: they say, hee's valiant.

*Tucca.* Valiant? so is mine Arse: Gods, and Fiendes! I'll blow him into aire, when I meete him next: He dares not fight with a puck-fist.

*Pyrgus.* Master, here he comes.

*Tucca.* Where? *Iupiter* saue thee, my good *Poet*; my *Prophet*; my Noble *Horace*. I scorne to beate the Rogue i'the Court; and I saluted him, thus faire, bicause he should suspect nothing, the Rascall; Come: wee'll goe see how forward our Journeyman is toward the vntrusting of him.

*Crisp.* Doe you heare, Captaine? I'll write nothing in it but *Innocence*: because I may sweare I am *Innocent.* *Exeunt.*

*Horace.* Nay, why pursue you not the Emperour for your reward, now; *Lupus?* (band of *Lictors*:

*Mecænas.* Stay, *Asinius*; you, and your Stager, and your I hope your seruice merits more respect, Then thus, without a thanks, to be sent hence?

*Histrion.* Well, well, ieast on, ieast on.

*Horace.* Thou base vnworthy Groome. (*Lupus.*) I'tis good. Was this the Treason? this, the dangerous plot, Thy clamorous tongue so bellowed through the Court? Hadst thou no other Proiect to encrease Thy Grace with *Cæsar*, but this Wooluish traine; To pray vpon the life of innocent Mirth, And harmelesse pleasures, bred, of noble wit? Away: I loath thy presence: Such as thou, They are the Moathes, and Scarabbes of a State; The Bane of *Kingdomes*; and the dregges of *Courts*: Who (to endeer themselues to any 'mploiment) Care not, whose fame they blast; whose life they endanger: And vnder a disguis'd, and cobweb Masque

## Poëtafter.

Of loue, vnto their *Soueraigne*, vomit foorth  
Their owne prodigious malice; and pretending  
To be the Props, and Columnes of his safety,  
The Guardes vnto his Person, and his Peace,  
Disturbe it most, with their false *Lapwing* cries.

*Lupus*. Good. *Cesar* shall know of this; belecue it. *Exeunt.*

*Mecœnas*. *Cesar* doth know it (*Wolfe*) and to his know-  
He will (I hope) reward your base Endeouours. (ledge,

“ Princes that will but heare, or giue accesse

“ To such officious Spies, can nere be safe :

“ They take in poyson, with an open Eare,

“ And free from *Danger*, become slaues to *Feare*. *Exeunt.*

## SCENA OCTAVA.

*Ouid.*

*Ouid*. Banisht the Court? Let me be banisht life;

Since the chiefe end of Life is there concluded :

Within the Court, is all the Kingdome bounded;

And as her sacred Spheare doth comprehend

Ten thousand times so much, as so much Place

In any part of all the Empire else;

So euery Body, moouing in her Spheare,

Containes ten thousand times asmuch in him,

As any other, her choice Orbe excludes.

As in a circle, a *Magitian*, then

Is safe, against the Spirit, he excites;

But out of it, is subiect to his rage,

And looseth all the vertue of his Art :

So I, exil'd the circle of the Court,

Loose all the good gifts, that in it I ioy'd.

“ No Vertue currant is, but with her stamp :

“ Nor no Vice vitious, blaunch't with her white hand.

The Court's the Abstract of all *Romes* desert;

And my deare *Julia*, the Abstract of the Court.

Me

# Poëtaster.

Mee thinkes, now I come neare her, I respire  
Some aire, of that late comfort, I receau'd:  
And while the Euening, with her modest vaile,  
Giues leaue to such poore Shadowes as my selfe,  
To steale abroad; I, like a hart-lesse Ghost,  
Without the liuing Bodie of my Loue,  
Will here walke, and attend her: For I knowe,  
Not farre from hence, she is imprisoned,  
And hopes, of her strict Guardian, to bribe  
So much admittance, as to speake to mee,  
And cheere my fainting spirits, with her breath.

## SCENA NONA.

*Julia, Ouid.*

*Jul. Ouid?* my Loue?

*Ouid.* Here, heauenly *Julia*.

*Jul.* Here? and not here? O, how that worde doth play  
VVith both our Fortunes, differing, like our selues,  
Both one; and yet diuided, as oppos'd?  
I High, thou Lowe: ô, this our plight of Place  
Doubly presents the two lets of our Loue,  
*Locall* and *ceremoniall* Height, and Lownesse:  
Both waies, I am too high; and thou, too lowe.  
Our Mindes are euen, yet: ô, why should our Bodies,  
That are their flauës, be so without their rule?  
I'le cast my selfe downe to thee; If I die,  
I'le euer liue with thee: no height of *Birth*,  
Of *Place*, of *Dutie*, or of cruell *Power*,  
Shall keepe mee from thee; should my Father locke  
This bodie vp within a Tombe of *Brasse*,  
Yet I'le be with thee: If the *Formes*, I holde  
Now in my Soule, be made one substance with it;

## Poëtaster.

That Soule immortall; and the same 'tis now:  
Death cannot raze th'affectes, she now retaineth:  
And then, may shee be any where she will.  
The soules of Parents rule not Childrens soules,  
VVhen Death sets both in their dissolu'd estates:  
Then is no Childe, nor Father: then Eternitie  
Frees all, from any temporall respect.  
I come, my *Ouid*; take me in thine armes:  
And let me breath my soule into thy breast.

*Ouid.* O, stay my Loue: the hopes thou do'st conceiue  
Of thy quicke Death, and of thy future Life,  
Are not *autenticall*. Thou choos'st Death,  
So thou might'st ioy thy Loue, in th'other Life.  
But knowe (my princely Loue) when thou art dead,  
Thou onely must suruiue in perfect soule;  
And in the soule, are no Affections:

We poure out our Affections with our Bloode;  
And with our Bloods affections; fade our Loues.

"No life hath Loue in such sweete state, as this;

"No *Essence* is so deare to moodie *Sense*;

"As *Flesh*, and *Bloode*; whose *Quintessence* is *Sense*.

"*Beautie*, composd of *Blood*, and *Flesh*, moues more,

"And is more plausible to *Blood*, and *Flesh*:

"Then *Spiritual* *Beautie* can be to the *Spirit*.

Such Apprehension, as wee haue in *Dreames*

(VVhen *Sleepe*, the bond of *Senses*, locks them vp)

Such shall we haue, when *Death* destroyes them quite.

If *Loue* be then thy *Obiect*, change not life,

*Liue* high, and happie still: I still belowe,

*Close* with my *Fortunes*, in thy height, shall ioy.

*Iul.* Ay me, that *Vertue*, whose braue *Eagles* winges

VVith euery stroake, blowe *Starres*, in burning *Heauen*;

Should like a *Swallowe* (praying toward stormes)

*Fly* close to earth: and with an eager plume

*Pursue* those *Obiectes*, which none els can see,

But

## Poëtafter.

But seeme to all the world, the emptie Aire.  
Thus thou (poore *Ouid*) and all vertuous men.  
Must pray like Swallowes, on inuisible foode;  
Pursuing Flies, or nothing: and thus Loue,  
And euery worldly Fancie, is transpos'd,  
By worldly Tyranny, to what plight it list.  
O, Father; since thou gau'st me not my Minde,  
Striue not to rule it: Take, but what thou gau'st  
To thy disposure, thy Affections.  
Rule not in me; I must beare all my griefes,  
Let me vse all my pleasures: "Vertuous Loue  
Was neuer scandall, to a *Goddesse* state.  
But hee's inflexible; and, my deare Loue,  
Thy life may chance be shortned, by the length  
Of my vnwilling speaches to depart.  
Farewell, sweete Life: though thou be yet exil'd,  
Th'officious Court, enjoy mee amply still:  
My Soule, in this my breath, enters thine Eares,  
And on this Turrets Floore, will I lye deade,  
Till wee may meete againe; in this proud Height,  
I kneele beneath thee in my prostrate Loue,  
And kisse the happie sands, that kisse thy feete.  
"Great *Ioue* submits a Scepter, to a Cell;  
"And Louers, ere they part, will meete in Hell.  
*Ouid*. Farewell all companie; and if I could  
All light with thee: Helles shade should hide my browes,  
Till thy deare Beauties beames redeem'd my vowes.  
*Iul*. *Ouid*; my Loue: alas, may we not stay  
A little longer (think'st thou) vnderstand?  
*Ouid*. For thine owne good, faire *Goddesse*, doe not stay:  
Who would ingage a Firmament of fires  
Shining in thee, for me, a falling Starre?  
Be gone, sweete Life-bloode: if I should descerne  
Thy selfe but toucht, for my sake, I should die.  
*Iul*. I will be gone then; and not Heauen it selfe,

# Poëtaster.

Shall drawe me backe.

*Ouid.* Yet *Iulia*, if thou wilt,  
A little longer stay.

*Iul.* I am content.

*Ouid.* O mightie *Ouid!* what the sway of Heauen  
Could not retire, my breath hath turned back.

*Iul.* Who shall goe first, my Loue? my passionate Eyes  
Will not endure to see thee turne from mee.

*Ouid.* If thou goe first, my soule will follow thee.

*Iul.* Then wee must stay.

*Ouid.* Aye me; there is no stay  
In amorous pleasures: if both stay, both die.  
I heare thy father; hence my *Deitie*.

*Exit Iulia.*

Fearc forgeth soundes in my deluded eares;  
I did not heare him: I am mad with Loue.  
There is no Spirit; vnder heauen, that workes  
With such illusion; yet such witchcraft kill mee,  
Ere a sound minde, without it, saue my life.

Here, on my knees, I worshippe the blest Place  
That held my *Goddesse*; and the louing Aire,  
That clos'd her bodie in his silken armes:  
Vaine *Ouid*; kneele not to the Place, nor Ayre;  
Shee's in thy hart: Rise then, and worshippe there.

"The truest wisdome fillie men can haue,

"Is dotage, on the follies of their flesh.

*Exit.*

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

## ACTVS QVINTVS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Cesar, Meccenas, Pallus, Tibullus, Horace, Equites Ro.*

*Ces.* **W**E, that haue cōquer'd stil, to saue the cōquer'd  
And lou'd to make inflictions feard, not felt;  
Grieu'd to reprocue, and ioyfull to reward,

More



# Poëtaſter.

More proud of Reconcilement; then Reuenge,  
Reſume into the late ſtate of our Loue;  
VVorthy *Cornelius Gallus*, and *Tibullus*;  
You both are Knightes; and you, *Cornelius*,  
A Souldier of Renowne; and the firſt *Præuoſt*,  
That euer let our *Romane Eagles* fly  
On ſwarthy *Egypt*, quarried with her ſpoyles.  
Yet (not to beare colde Fortnes, nor mens out-termes,  
Without the inward fires, and Liues of men)  
You both haue Vertues, ſhining through your Shapes;  
To ſhewe, your *Titles* are not writ on Poſtes,  
Or hollow Statues, which the beſt men are,  
Without *Promethean* ſtuffings reacht from Heauen.  
Sweete *Poëſies* ſacred Gyrlands crowne your Knighthoodes:  
VVhich is, of all the Faculties on Earth,  
The moſt abſtract, and perfect; if ſhee be  
True borne, and nurſt with all the Sciences;  
She can ſo mould *Rome*; and her *Moniments*,  
Within the liquid Marble of her Lines,  
That they ſhall ſtand fresh, and miraculous,  
Euen, when they mixe with innouating duſt:  
In her ſweete ſtreames ſhall our braue *Romane* ſpirits  
Chace, and ſwimme after Death, with their choiſe deedes  
Shining on their white ſhoulders; and therein  
Shall *Tyber*, and our famous Riuers fall  
With ſuch attraction, that th'ambitious Line  
Of the round World ſhall to her Center ſhrinke,  
To heare their Muſicke: And for theſe high Parts,  
*Ceſar* ſhall reuerence the *Pierian* Artes.

*Mecæ*. Your Maieſties high Grace to *Poëſie*,  
Shall ſtand 'gainſt all the dull detractions  
Of leaden Soules; who (for the vaine aſſumings  
Of ſome, quite worthleſſe of her ſoueraigne wreaths)  
Conteine her worthieſt *Prophets* in contempt.

*Gal*. Happie is *Rome* of all Earths other States,

# Poëtaster.

To haue so true, and great a president,  
For her inferiour spirits to imitate,  
As *Cesar* is; who addeth to the Sunne,  
Influence, and lustre; in encreasing thus  
His inspirations, kindling fire in vs.

*Hor. Phæbus* himselfe shall kneele at *Cesars* Shrine,  
And deck it with Bay Gyrlands deaw'd with VVine,  
To quite the worship *Cesar* does to him:  
Where other Princes, hoysted to their thrones  
By Fortunes passionate and disordered power,  
Sit in their height, like Clouds, before the Sunne,  
Hindring his comforts; and (by their excesse  
Of cold in Vertue, and crosse heate in Vice)  
Thunder and tempest, on those learned heads,  
VVhom *Cesar* with such Honour doth aduance.

*Tibul.* All humane businesse, Fortune doth command  
Without all order; and with her blinde hand,  
Shee, blinde, bestowes blinde gifts; that still haue nurst  
They see not who, nor how, but still, the worst.

*Cesar.* *Cesar*, for his Rule, and for so much stufte  
As Fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose it  
(As if his Hand had eyes, and soule, in it)  
VVith worth and iudgement. "Hands, that part with gifts,  
" Or will restraîne their vse, without desert;  
" Or with a misery, numin'd to Vertues right,  
" Worke, as they had no Soule to gouerne them,  
" And quite reiect her; seuering their Estates  
" From humane order. VVhosoever can,  
" And will not cherish Vertue, is no man.

*Eques.* *Virgill* is now at hand, imperiall *Cesar*.

*Cesar.* *Romes* Honour is at hand then. Fetch a chaire,  
And set it on our right hand; where 'tis fit,  
*Romes* Honour, and our owne, should euer sit.  
Now he is come out of *Campania*,  
I doubt not he hath finisht all his *AEneids*,

Which

# Poetaster.

Which, like another Soule, I long t' enioy.  
VVhat thinke you three, of *Virgill*, Gentlemen,  
(That are of his profession, though rankt higher)  
Or *Horace*, what saist thou, that art the poorest,  
And likeliest to enuye, or to detract?

*Hor. Caesar* speakes after common men, in this,  
To make a difference of me, for my pooreness:  
As if the filth of Pouertie sunke as deepe

Into a knowing spirit, as the Bane  
Of riches doth, into an ignorant soule.

No *Caesar*; they be path-lesse, moorish minds,  
That being once made rotten with the dung  
Of damned Riches, euer after sinke  
Beneath the stepes of any Villany.

But Knowledge is the *Nectar*, that keepes sweete  
A perfect Soule euen in this Graue of sinne;

And for my Soule, it is as free, as *Casars*:  
For, what I knowe is due, I'll giue to all.

“ He that detracts, or enuies vertuous Merit,  
“ Is still the couctous, and the ignorant spirit.

*Caesar*. Thanks *Horace*, for thy free, and holosome sharpnesse:  
Which pleaseth *Caesar* more, then seruile fawnes.

“ A flatterd Prince soone turnes the Prince of Fooles.

And for thy sake, wee'll put no difference more  
'Twixt Knights, and Knightly spirits, for being poore.

Say then, lou'd *Horace*, thy true thought of *Virgill*.

*Hor.* I iudge him of a rectified spirit,  
By many reuolutions of discourse  
(In his bright reasons influence) refin'd  
From all the tartarous Moods of common Men;

Bearing the Nature, and similitude  
Of a right heavenly Bodie; most seuer  
In fashion, and collection of himselfe;

And then as cleare, and confident, as *Ioue*:

*Gal.* And yet so chaste, and tender is his Eare,

## Poëtaſter.

In ſuffering in any Syllable to paſſe,  
That, he thinkes, may become the honour'd name  
Of Iſſue to his ſo examin'd ſelfe;  
That all the laſting fruites of his full merit  
In his owne *Poemes*, he doth ſtill diſtaſte:  
As if his mindes Peece, which he ſtroue to paint,  
Could not with fleſhly Penſils haue her right.

*Tibul.* But, to approue his workes of Soueraigne worth,  
This Obſeruation (me thinkes) more then ſerues:  
And is not vulgar. That, which hee hath writ,  
Is with ſuch iudgement, labour'd, and diſtill'd  
Through all the needefull vſes of our liues,  
That could a man remember but his Lines,  
He ſhould not touch at any ſerious point,  
But he might breath his ſpirit out of him.

*Cæſar.* You meane, he might repeat part of his workes,  
As fit for any conference, he can vſe?

*Tib.* Trew, Royall *Cæſar*.

*Cæſar.* 'Tis worthily obſeru'd:  
And a moſt worthie vertue in his workes.  
VVhat thinks, *Materiall Horace*, of his learning?

*Hor.* His Learning labours not the Schoole-like *Glaſſe*,  
That moſt conſiſts in *Ecchoing* VVordes, and *Termes*,  
And ſoonest wins a man an Empty name;  
Nor any long, or far-fetcht Circumſtance,  
VVrapt in the curious General'ties of *Artes*:  
But a direct, and *Analyticke* Summe  
Of all the worth and firſt effectes of *Artes*.  
And for his *Poëſie*, 'tis ſo ramm'd with Life,  
That it ſhall gather ſtrength of Life, with being;  
And liue hereafter, more admir'd, then now.

*Cæſar.* This one conſent, in all your doomes of him,  
And mutuall Loues of all your ſeueral merits,  
Argues a truth of merit in you all.

SCENA

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Cesar, Virgill, Mecœnas, Gallus, Tibullus,  
Horace, Equites Ro.*

*Cesar.* See, here comes *Virgill*; we will rise and greet him:  
Welcome to *Cesar, Virgill. Cesar, and Virgill*  
Shall differ but in sound; to *Cesar, Virgill*  
(Of his expressed Greatnesse) shall be made  
A second Sir-name; and to *Virgill, Cesar.*  
Where are thy Famous *AEneids*? doe vs grace  
To let vs see, and surfet on their sight.

*Virgill.* Worthlesse they are of *Cesars* gracious Eyes,  
If they were perfect; much more, with their wants;  
Which yet are more, then my Time could supply:  
And, could great *Cesars* expectation  
Be satisfied with any other seruice,  
I would not shew them.

*Cesar.* *Virgill* is too modest;  
Or seekes, in vaine, to make our longings more.  
Shew them, sweete *Virgill.*

*Virgill.* Then, in such due feare,  
As fits Presenters of great works, to *Cesar,*  
I humbly shew them:

*Cesar.* Let vs now behold  
A humane Soule made visible in life;  
And more refulgent in a senselesse paper,  
Then in the sensuall Complement of Kings.  
Read, read, thy selfe, deare *Virgill,* let not me  
Prophane one accent, with an vntun'd tongue:  
"Best matter, badly showne, shewes worse, then bad.  
See then, this Chayre, of Purpose set for thee  
To reade thy *Poeme* in: Refuse it not.  
"Vertue, without presumption, place may take  
"Aboue best Kings, whom onely she should make.

# Poëtaster.

*Virgill.* It will be thought a thing ridiculous  
To present Eyes, and to all future times  
A grosse vntruth; that any *Poet* (void  
Of Birth, or wealth, or Temporall dignity)  
Should, with *decorum*, transcend *Cesars* Chayre.

“ Poore *Vertue* rais'd, high birth and wealth set vnder,  
“ Crosseth Heauens courses, and makes worldlings wonder.  
*Cesar.* The course of Heauen, and Fate it selfe, in this  
Will *Cesar* crosse; much more all worldly Custome.

*Horace.* “ Custome, in course of Honour, euer erres:

“ And they are best, whom Fortune least preferres.

*Cesar.* *Horace* hath (but more strictly) spoke our thoughts.  
The vast rude swinge of generall Confluence  
Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense:  
And therefore Reason (which in right should be  
The speciall Rector of all *Harmony*)  
Shall shew we are a man, distinct by it,  
From those that Custome rapteth in her preasse.  
Ascend then *Virgill*: and where first by Chaunce  
We here haue turnd thy Booke, doe thou first read.

*Virgill.* Great *Cesar* hath his will: I will ascend.  
’Twere simple iniury to his free hand,  
That sweeps the Cobwebs, from vnused *Vertue*,  
And makes her shine proportiond, to her worth,  
To be more nice to entertaine his Grace;  
Then he is choyse, and liberall to afford it.

*Cesar.* Gentlemen of our Chamber, guard the Doores,  
And let none enter. Peace. Beginne, good *Virgill*.

Vir. lib. 4. *Virgill.* Meane while, the Skies gan thunder; and in taylor  
Æneid. Of that, fell pouring stormies of flecte, and bayle:

The Tyrian Lords, and Troian youth, each where  
\* Iulus. With Venus Dardane \* Nephew, now, in feare  
Seeke out for severall shelter through the Plaine;  
Whilst Flouds come rowling from the Hills amaine.

\* Æneas. Dido a Cane, The Troian \* Prince the same

Lighted

# Poëtafter.

Lighted upon; There, Earth, and Heauens great \* Dame  
That bath the charge of Mariage, first gaue signe  
Vnto this Contract; Fier, and Ayre did shine,  
As guilty of the Match; and from the Hill,  
The Nymphes, with shriekings, doethe Region fill.  
Here first began their Bane; This Day was ground  
Of all their Ills: For now, nor Rumours sound,  
Nor nice respect of State moones Dido ought;  
Her Loue, no longer now, by stealth is sought:  
She calls this Wedlocke, and with that faire Name  
Couers her fault. Forthwith the Bruit, and Fame,  
Through all the greatest Lybian Townes, is gone;  
Fame, a flecte Euill, then which is swifter none:  
That mooning growes, and flying gathers strength;  
Little at first, and fearefull; but at length  
She dares attempt the Skies, and stalking proud  
With feete on Ground, her Head doth pearce a Cloud.  
This Child, our Parent Earth, stir'd up with spight  
Of all the Gods, brought foorth; and, as some wright,  
She was last sister of that Giant \* Race  
That thought to scale Ioues Court; right swift of Pafe,  
And swifter, far, of Wing. A Monster vast,  
And dreadfull: Looke, how many Plumes are plac't  
On her huge Corps, so many waking Eyes  
Sticke vnderneath: and (which may stranger rise  
In the Report) as many Tongues she beares,  
As many Mouthes, as many listning Eares.  
Nightly, in midst of all the Heauen, she flies,  
And through the Earths darke shadow, shrieking, cries;  
Nor doe her Eyes once bend, to tast sweete sleepe:  
By Day, on tops of Houses, she doth keepe,  
Or on high Towers; and doth thence affright  
Cities, and Townes of most conspicuous site;  
As conetous she is of Tales, and Lies,  
As prodigall of Truth: This Monster, &c.

\* Iuno.

\* Coeus,  
Enceladus, &c.

Poëtaſter.

SCENA TERTIA.

*Lupus, Tucca, Crispinus, Demetrius, Hiſtrio,  
Liſtors, Caſar, Virgill, Mæcenas, Gallus,  
Tibullus, Horace, Equites Ro.*

*Lupus.* Come, follow me, aſſiſt me, ſecond me: where's the  
Emperour?

*Eques 1.* Sir, you muſt pardon vs.

*Eques 2.* *Caſar* is priuate now, you may not enter.

*Tucca.* Not Enter? Charge hem, vpon their Allegeance,  
Cropſhin.

*Eques 1.* We haue a charge to the contrary, Sir.

*Lupus.* I pronounce you all Traytors, horrible Traytors:  
What? Doe you know my Affaires?

I haue Matter of danger, and ſtate, to impart to *Caſar*.

*Caſar.* What, noyſe is there? who's that, names *Caſar*?

*Lupus.* A Friend to *Caſar*. One that for *Caſars* good would  
ſpeake with *Caſar*.

*Caſar.* Who is't? looke, *Cornelius*.

*Eques 1.* *Aſinius Lupus*.

*Caſar.* O, bid the turbulent Informer hence;  
We haue no vacant Eare, now, to receiue  
The vnſeaſond fruits of his officious tongue.

*Mæcenas.* You muſt auoid him there.

*Lupus.* I coniure thee; as thou art *Caſar*, or reſpect'ſt thine  
owne ſafety; or the ſafety of the ſtate, *Caſar*: Heare me, ſpeake  
with me, *Caſar*: 'tis no common buſines, I come about; but  
ſuch as, being neglected, may concerne the life of *Caſar*.

*Caſar.* The life of *Caſar*? Let him Enter. *Virgill*, keepe thy  
Seate.

*Equites.* Beare backe there: whether will you? keepe  
backe.

*Tuc.* By thy leaue good man Viſher: mend thy Periwig, ſo.

*Lupus.*



# Poëtafter.

*Lupus*. Lay hold on *Horace* there; and on *Mecœnas*, *Lic-tors*. *Romanes*, offer no rescue, vpon your Allegeance: Read roy-all *Cæsar*; I'll tickle you, *Satyre*.

*Tucca*. He will, *Humors*, he will: He will squeeze you, *Poet* Puckfist.

*Lupus*. I'll Lop you off, for an vnprofitable braunch, you *Sa-tyricall* Varlet.

*Tucca*. I, and *Epaminondas* your Patron, here, with his flag-gon Chayne; Come, resigne: Though 'twere your great Graund-fathers, the Law ha's made it mine now, Sir. Looke to him, my party-colour'd Rascalls; Looke to him.

*Cæsar*. What is this, *Asinius Lupus*? I vnderstand it not.

*Lupus*. Not vnderstand it? A Libell, *Cæsar*. A dangerous, seditious Libell. A Libell in *Picture*.

*Cæsar*. A Libell?

*Lupus*. I, I found it in this *Horace* his study; in *Mecœnas* his house, here; I challenge the penalty of the Lawes against 'hem.

*Tucca*. I, and remember to begge their Land betimes; be-fore some of these hungry Court-hounds sent it out.

*Cæsar*. Shew it to *Horace*: Aske him, if he know it.

*Lupus*. Know it? His hand is at it, *Cæsar*.

*Cæsar*. Then 'tis no Libell.

*Horace*. It is the imperfect Body of an *Embleme*, *Cæsar*, I began for *Mecœnas*.

*Lupus*. An *Embleme*? right: That's *Greeke* for a Libell. Doe but marke, how Confident he is.

*Horace*. A Iust man cannot feare, thou foolish *Tribune*;  
Not, though the Malice of traducing Tongues,  
The open vastnesse of a Tyrants Eare,  
The senselesse Rigor of the wrested Lawes,  
Or the red Eyes of strain'd Authority  
Should, in a point, meete all to take his life:  
His Innocence is Armour 'gainst all these.

L

*Lupus*.

# Poëtafter.

*Lupus.* Innocence? ô Impudence! Let me see, Let me see. Is not here an *Eagle*? And is not that *Eagle* meant by *Cæsar*? ha? Do's not *Cæsar* giue the *Eagle*? Answere me; what sayst thou?

*Tucca.* Hast thou any Euaſion, Stinkard?

*Lupus.* Now hee's turn'd dumbe. I'll tickle you, *Satyre.*

*Horace.* Piſh. Ha, ha:

*Lupus.* Doſt thou piſh me? Giue me my Long ſword.

*Horace.* With reuerence to great *Cæſar*, worthy *Romanes*, Obſerue but this ridiculous Commenter:  
The Soule to my *Deuiſe*, was in this *Diſtich.*

*Thus, oft, the baſe and drauenous multitude*

*Suruiue, to ſhare the ſpoyles of Fortitude:*

Which in this Body, I haue figur'd here;

A *V V L T V R E*----

*Lupus.* A *Vulture*? I; now, 'tis a *Vulture*. O, abhominable! Monſtrous! Monſtrous! ha's not your *Vulture* a Beake? ha's it not Legges? and Tallons? and Wings? and Fethers?

*Tucca.* Touch him, old *Buskins.*

*Horace.* And therefore muſt it be an *Eagle*?

*Mecænas.* Reſpect him not, good *Horace*: Say your *Deuiſe.*

*Horace.* A *V V L T V R E* and a *W O L F E*----

*Lupus.* A *Wolfe*? Good. That's I; I am the *Wolfe*: My name's *Lupus*; I am meant by the *Wolfe*. On, on; A *Vulture*, and a *Wolfe*----

*Horace.* Praying vpon the Carcaſſe of an *A S S E*----

*Lupus.* An *Aſſe*? Good ſtill! That's I, too, I am the *Aſſe*. You meane me by the *Aſſe*.

*Mecænas.* Pray thee, leaue braying then.

*Horace.* If you will needs take it, I cannot with Modeſtie giue it from you.

*Mecænas.* But, by that Beaſt, the old *AEgyptians*

Were wont to Figure in their *Hieroglyphicks*,

*Patience, Frugality, and Fortitude;*

For

# Poëtaſter.

For none of which, we can ſuſpect you, *Tribune*.

*Cæſar*. Who was it, *Lupus*, that inform'd you firſt,  
This ſhould be meant by vs? or waſ't your *Comment*?

*Lupus*. No, *Cæſar*: A Player gaue me the firſt light of it,  
indeede.

*Tucca*. I, an honeſt Sycophant-like Slaue, and a *Politician*,  
beſides.

*Cæſar*. Where is that Player?

*Tucca*. He is without, here.

*Cæſar*. Call him in.

*Tucca*. Call in the Player, there; Maſter *AEſope*, call him.

*Equites*. Player? where is the Player? Beare backe; None,  
but the Player, enter.

*Tucca*. Yes: this Gent'man, and his *Achates* muſt.

*Criſp*. Pray you, Maſter *Vſher*; wee'll ſtand cloſe, here.

*Tucca*. 'Tis a Gent'man of *Qualitie*, this; though he be  
ſomewhat out of *Clothes*, I tell yee. Come *AEſope*: haſt a  
*Bay leafe* i'thy mouth? Well ſaid; be not out, *Stinkard*. Thou  
ſhalt haue a *Monopoly* of playing, confirm'd to thee and thy  
*Couey*, vnder the Emperours broad Seale, for this ſeruiçe.

*Cæſar*. Is this he?

*Lupus*. I, *Cæſar*: this is he.

*Cæſar*. Let him be whipt. *Lictors*, Goe, take him hence.

And *Lupus*, for your fierce *Credulity*,

One fit him with a paire of larger *Eares*:

'Tis *Cæſars* *Dooime*, and muſt not be reuok't.

VVe hate, to haue our *Court*, and *Peace* diſturb'd

VVith theſe quotidian *Clamours*. See it done.

*Lupus*. *Cæſar*.

*Cæſar*. Gag him, we may haue his ſilence.

*Virgill*. *Cæſar* hath done like *Cæſar*. *Fayre*, and *Iuſt*  
Is his *Award*, againſt theſe *braineleſſe* *Creatures*.

'Tis not the *wholſome ſharpe* *Morality*,

Or *modest* anger of a *Satyricke* *Spirit*,

That hurts, or wounds the *body* of a *State*;

# Poëtafter.

But the sinister Application  
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base  
Interpreter; who will distort, and straine  
The generall *Scope* and purpose of an *Author*,  
To his particular, and priuate spleene.

*Cesar*. VVe knowe it, our deare *Virgill*; and esteeme it  
A most dishonest practise, in that man,  
Will seeme too wittie in anothers worke.  
What would *Cornelius Gallus*, and *Tibullus*?

*Tuc*. Nay, but as thou art a man, do'st heare? a man of wor-  
shippe; and honorable: Hold, here, take thy chaine againe:  
Resume, mad *Mecænas*. What? do'st thou thinke, I meant  
t'haue kept it, *old Boy*? No; I did it but to fright thee, I: to try  
how thou would'st take it. What? will I turne Sharke, vpon my  
Friends? or my friends Friends? I scorn it with my three Soules.  
Come; I loue Bully *Horace*, as well as thou do'st, I: 'tis an ho-  
nest *Hieroglyphick*. Giue me thy wrist *Helicon*. Do'st thou  
thinke, I'le second ere a *Rhinoceros* of them all, against thee?  
ha? or thy noble *Hippocrene*, here? I'le turne Stager first, and  
be whipt too; do'st thou see, Bully?

*Cesar*. You haue your will of *Cesar*; vse it *Romanes*.  
*Virgill* shall be your *Prator*; and our selfe  
VWill here sit by, *Spectator* of your sports;  
And thinke it no impeach of Royalty.  
Our Eare is now too much prophand (Graue *Maro*)  
VWith these distasts, to take thy sacred Lines:  
Put vp thy Booke, till both the Time and wee  
Be fitted with more hallowed circumstance  
For the receiuing so diuine a Labour.  
Proceede with your desseigne.

*Mecæ. Gall. Tib.* Thanks to great *Cesar*.

*Gall. Tibullus*, drawe you the Inditement then, whilst *Ho-  
race* arrests them, on the Statute of *Calumny*: *Mecænas*, and I  
will take our places here; *Lictors*, assist him.

*Hor.*

# Poëtafter.

*Horace.* I am the worst Accuser, vnder Heauen.

*Gallus.* Tut, you must do't: 'Twill be noble Mirth.

*Horace.* I take no knowledge, that they doe maligne me.

*Tibullus.* I, but the world takes knowledge.

*Horace.* Would the World knew

How hartily I wish, A Foole should hate me.

*Tucca.* Body of *Iupiter!* What? Will they arraigne my briske *Poëtafter*, and his poore Iourneyman, ha? Would I were abroad skeldring for Twopence, so I were out of this *Labyrinth* againe: I doe feele my selfe turne Stinkard already. But I must set the best Face I haue, vpon't now: well said, my diuine, deſt *Horace*; bring the whorſon detracting Slaues to the Barre, doe; Make 'hem hold vp their ſpread Golls; I'll giue in Euidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage *Crispinus*; Would thy man had a cleane band.

*Crispinus.* What muſt we doe, Captaine?

*Tucca.* Thou ſhalt ſee anon: Doe not make Diuiſion with thy Legges, ſo.

*Cæſar.* What's he, *Horace*?

*Horace.* I only know him for a Motion, *Cæſar*.

*Tucca.* I am one of thy Commanders, *Cæſar*; A man of Seruice, and Action; My Name is *Pantilius Tucca*: I haue ſeru'd i'thy Warres againſt *Marke Antony*; I.

*Cæſar.* Doe you know him, *Cornelius*?

*Gallus.* Hee's one, that hath had the Muſtring, or Conuoy of a Company, now, and then; I neuer noted him by any other

*Cæſar.* We will obſerue him better. (Imployment.

*Tibullus.* Liſtor, proclaime Silence, in the Court.

*Liſtor.* In the name of *Cæſar*, Silence.

*Tibullus.* Let the Parties, the Accuſer, and the Accuſed, preſent them ſelues.

*Liſtor.* The Accuſer, and the Accuſed; Preſent your ſelues in Court.

*Criſp.* *Demet.* Here.

*Virg.* Reade the Inditement.

# Poëtafter.

*Tibul.* Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You are, before this time, soyn'tly and seuerally indited; and here presently to be arraigned, upon the Statute of Calumny, or Lex Remmia (The one by the name of Rufus Laberius Crispinus, aliàs Crispinas, Poëtafter, and Plagiary: the other by the name of Demetrius Fannius, Play-dresser & Plagiary) That you (not hauing the feare of Phœbus or his shafts, before your eyes) contrary to the peace of our liege Lord, Augustus Cæsar, his Crowne and dignitie, and against the forme of a Statute in that case made, and provided; haue most ignorantly, foolishly, and (more like your selues) malitiously gone about to depraue, and calumniate the Person and writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, here present, Poet, and Priest to the Muses: and to that end haue mutually conspir'd, and plotted, at sundry times, as by seuerall meanes, and in sundry places, for the better accomplishing your base and Enuious purpose; taxing him, falsely, of Sefe loue, Arrogancy, Impudence, Rayling, filching by Translation, &c. Of all which Calumnies, and euery of them in manner and forme aforesaid, what answere you? Are you Guiltie,

*Tuc.* Not Guilty, say.

(or not Guilty?)

*Crisp. Dem.* Not Guilty.

*Tibullus.* How will you be tryed?

*Tuc.* By the Romane Gods, and the noblest Romanes.

*Crisp. Dem.* By the Romane Gods, and the noblest Romans.

*Virg.* Here sits *Mecœnas*, and *Cornelius Gallus*;

Are you contented to be tryed by these?

*Tucca.* I; So the noble Captaine may be ioyn'd with them in Commission; say.

*Crisp. Dem.* I; so the noble Captaine may bee ioyn'd with them in Commission.

*Virgill.* What saies the Plaintife.

*Hor.* I am content.

*Virg.* Captaine, then take your Place.

*Tuc.* Alas, my worshipfull *Prætor*! 'tis more of thy Gent'ness, then of my deseruing, I wusse. But, since it hath pleas'd

the

# Poëtafter.

the Court to make choyce of my VVisdome, and Grauitie,  
Coine my *Calumnious* Varlets; Let's heare you talke for your  
selues now, an howre or two. What can you say? Make a noyse.  
Act, Act.

*Virg.* Stay; tuine, & take an Oath first. *You shall sweare,*  
*By Thunder-darting Ioue, the King of Gods;*  
*And by the Genius of Augustus Cæsar;*  
*By your owne white, and uncorrupted Soules;*  
*And the deepe reuerence of our Romane Iustice;*  
*To indge this Case, with Truth and Equitie:*  
*As bound, by your Religion, and your Lawes.*

Now reade the Euidence: But first demaund  
Of either Prisoner, if that *Writ* be theirs.

*Tib.* Shew this vnto *Crispinus*. Is it yours?

*Tuc.* Say I. what? dost thou stand vpon it, *Pimpe*? Doe not  
deny thine owne *Minerua*; thy *Pallas*; the Issue of thy Braine.

*Crisp.* Yes, it is mine.

*Tibull.* Shewe that vnto *Demetrius*. Is it yours?

*Demet.* It is.

*Tuc.* There's a Father, will not deny his owne Bastard, now, I  
warrant thee.

*Virg.* Reade them alowd.

*Tibul.* *Rampe up, my Genius; be not Retrograde:*  
*But boldly nominate a Spade, a Spade.*  
*What, shall thy Lubricall and glibbery Muse*  
*Line, as she were defunct, like Punque in Stewes?*

(*Tucca.* Excellent.)

*Alas! That, were no moderne Consequence,*  
*To haue cothurnall Buskins frighted hence.*

*No; teach thy Incubus to Poëtize,*  
*And throwe abroad thy spurious Snotteries;*  
*Vpon that puffed-up Lumpe of Barmy froth,*

(*Tucca.* Ah, ha!)

*Or Clumsy Chil-blain'd Indgement; that, with Oaths,*  
*Magnificates his Merit; and bespaules*

# Poëtaſter.

The conſcious Time, with humorous Fome; & bravles,  
As if his Organons of Senſe would crack  
The ſinewes of my Patience. Breake his Back,  
O Poëts all and ſome: For now wee liſt  
Of ſtrenuous Venge-ance to clutch the fiſt.

Subſcri. Cris : aliàs, Innocence.

*Tuc.* I may, this was written like a *Hercules* in Poetry, now.

*Cesar.* Excellently well threatned.

*Virgill.* I, and as ſtrangely worded, *Cesar.*

*Cesar.* We obſerue it.

*Virgill.* The other, now.

*Tucca.* This's a fellow of a good prodigall tongue too; this'll doe well.

*Tibull.* Our Muſe is in minde for th' untruſſing a Poet:

I ſlip by his Name; for moſt men doe know it: .

A Critick, that al the world beſcumbers

With Satyricall Humors, and Lyricall Numbers:

(*Tucca.* Art thou there, Boy?)

And for the moſt part, himſelfe doth aduance

With much ſelfe-loue, and more Arrogance:

(*Tucca.* Good: Againe.)

And (but that I would not be thought a Prater)

I could tell you, he were a Tranſlater.

I knowe the Authors from whence he ha's ſtole,

And could trace him too, but that I underſtand hem not full and whole.

(*Tucca.* That line is broke looſe from all his fellowes; chaine him vp ſhorter, doe.)

The beſt note I can giue you to knowe him by,

Is, that he keepes Gallants company;

Whome I would wiſh, in time ſhould him feare,

Leaſt after they buy Repentance too deare.

Subſcri. De. Fannius.

*Tucca.*



# Poëtafter.

*Tuc.* Well said. This carries Palme with it.

*Horace.* And why, thou Motley Gull? why should they feate?  
When hast thou knowne vs wrong, or taxe a Friend?  
I dare thy malice, to betray it. Speake.  
Now thou curlst vp, thou poore and nasty Snake;  
And shrinkst thy poysonous head into thy Bosome;  
Out Viper; thou that eat'st thy Parents, hence:  
Rather, such speckled Creatures, as thy selfe,  
Should be eschew'd, and shund: such, as will bite  
And gnaw their absent Friends, not cure their Fame;  
Catch at the loosest Laughters, and affect  
To be thought Iesters; such, as can deuise  
Things neuer seene, or heard, t' impayre mens Names,  
And gratifie their credulous Aduersaries;  
Will carry Tales; doe basest offices;  
Cherish diuided Fiers; and increase  
New Flains, out of old Embers; will reueale  
Each secret that's committed to their Trust:  
These be blacke Slaues; *Romanes*, take heede of these.

*Tucca.* Thou twangst right, little *Horace*; they be indeed:  
A couple of Chap-falne Curres. Come, Wee on the Bench,  
Let's rise to the *Vrne*, and condemne 'nem, quick.

*Virgill.* Before you goe together (worthy *Romanes*)  
We are to tender our Opinion;  
And giue you those Instructions, that may adde  
Vnto your euen Iudgement in the Cause;  
Which thus we doe Commence: First, you must know  
That where there is a true, and perfect Merit,  
There can be no Deiection; and the Scorne  
Of humble Basenesse, oftentimes, so workes  
In a high Soule vpon the grosser Spirit;  
That to his bleared, and offended Sense,  
There seemes a hideous Fault blaz'd in the Obiect;  
When only the Disease is in his Eyes:  
Here-hence it comes, our *Horace* now stands taxt

# Poëtafter.

Of *Impudence, Selfe-loue,* and *Arrogance,*  
By these, who share no merit in themselves;  
And therefore, thinke his Portion is as small.  
For they, from their owne guilt, assure their Soules,  
If they should confidently praise their workes,  
In them it would appeare *Inflation;*  
Which, in a full, and well-digested man,  
Cannot receiue that foule abusive name,  
But the faire Title of *Erection.*  
And, for his trewe vse of *translating Men;*  
It still hath beene a worke of as much Palme  
In clearest Iudgements, as *inuent,* or *make.*  
His *sharpnesse,* that is most excusable;  
As being forc't out of a suffering Vertue,  
Oppressed with the Licence of the Time:  
And howsoever Fooles, or Ierking *Pedants,*  
Players, or such like *Buffonary* wits,  
May with their beggerly, and barren trash,  
Tickle base vulgar eares, in their despight;  
This (like *Ioues* Thunder) shall their pride controule.  
“*The honest Satyre hath the happiest Soule.*”

Now, *Romanes,* you haue heard our thoughts. Withdrawe,  
when you please.

*Tibull.* Remoue the Accused from the Barre.

*Tucca.* Who holdes the *Vrne* to vs? ha? Feare nothing: I'll quitte you, mine honest pittifull Stinkards. I'll do't.

*Crisp.* Captaine, you shall eternally girt me to you, as I am Generous.

*Tucca.* Goe to.

*Cesar.* *Tibullus,* let there bee a case of *Vizardes* priuately prouided: wee haue founde a Subiect to bestowe them on.

*Tibull.* It shall be done, *Cesar.*

*Cesar.* Here be wordes, *Horace,* able to bastinado a mans  
Eares.

# Poëtaster.

Eares.

*Hor.* I. Please it great *Cæsar*, I haue Pils about mee  
(Mixt with the whitest kinde of *Ellebore*)  
Would giue him a light vomite; that should purge  
His Braine, and Stomack of those tumorous heates:  
Might I haue leaue to minister vnto him.

*Cæsar.* O! be as *Æsculapius*, Gentle *Horace*;  
You shall haue leaue, and he shall be your *Patient*.  
*Virgill*, vse your Authoritie, commaund him forth.

*Virg.* *Cæsar* is carefull of your health, *Crispinus*;  
And hath himselfe chose a *Phisitian*  
To minister vnto you: take his Pils.

*Hor.* They are somewhat bitter, but wholesome;  
Take another, yet; so: Stand by, they'll worke anone.

*Tibull.* *Romanes*, returne to your feuerall seates: *Lictors*,  
Bring forward the *Vrne*; and set the Accused at the Barre.

*Tucca.* Quickly, you VWhorson Egregious Varlettes;  
Come forward. What? shall wee sit all day vpon you?  
you make no more haste, now, than a Begger vpon Pat-  
tins: or a *Phisitian* to a *Patient* that ha's no money, you Pil-  
chers.

*Tibull.* *Rufus Laberius Crispinus*, and *Demetrius Fannius*,  
holde vp your handes. You haue (according to the Ro-  
mane Custome) put your selues vpon Tryall to the *Vrne*,  
for diuers and sundry Calumnies, whereof, you haue  
before this time beene indited, and are now present-  
ly arraigned: Prepare your selues to harken to the  
verdict of your Tryers. *Caius Cilnius Meccœnas* pro-  
nounceth you, by this hand-writing, Guiltie. *Corneli-*

*Tuc.* *Gallus*, Guiltie. *Pantilius Tucca*---  
us Parcell Guiltie; I.

*Demet.* He meanes himselfe: for it was he indeede,  
Suborn'd vs to the Calumny.

*Tuc.* I, you whorson *Cantharides*? was't I?

# Poëtaſter.

*Demet.* I appeale to your conſcience, Captaine.

*Tib.* Then, you confeſſe it, now.

*Demet.* I doe, and craue the mercie of the Court.

*Tib.* What ſaith *Criſpinus*?

*Criſp.* O, the Captaine, the Captaine.

*Hor.* My Phyſicke begins to worke with my Patient, I ſee.

*Virg.* Captaine; ſtand forth and anſwere.

*Tuc.* Hold thy peace, *Poet Prætor*: I appeale frõ thee, to *Cæſar*, I. Doe me right, *Royall Cæſar*.

*Cæſar.* Mary, and I will, Sir. *Lictors*, gag him:  
And put a caſe of vizards o're his head,  
That he may looke *Bi-fronted*, as he ſpeakes.

*Tuc.* Gods, and Fiends. *Cæſar!* thou wilt not *Cæſar*? wilt thou? Away, you whorſon Vultures; away. You thinke I am a deade *Corps* now; becauſe *Cæſar* is diſpoſ'd to ieſt with a man of Marke, or ſo. Holde your hook't talons out of my fleſh, you inhumane *Gorboduckes*. Goe to, do't. What? will the *Royall Auguſtus* caſt away a Gent'man of worſhippe, a Captaine, and a Cõmaunder; for a couple of condemn'd Caitiue Calumnious *Cargõ's*?

*Cæſar.* Diſpatch, *Lictors*.

*Tucca.* *Cæſar*.

*Cæſar.* Forward, *Tibullus*.

*Virg.* Demaund, what cauſe they had to maligne *Horace*.

*Demet.* In troth, no great cauſe, not I; I muſt confeſſe: but that he kept better companie (for the moſt part) then I: and that better Men lou'd him, then lou'd me: and that his writings thriu'd better then mine, and were better lik't & grac't: Nothing elſe.

*Virg.* Thus, enuious Soules repine at others good.

*Hor.* If this be all; faith, I forgiue thee freely.

Enuie me ſtill; ſo long as *Virgill* loues me,  
*Gallus*, *Tibullus*, and the beſt-beſt *Cæſar*,  
My deare *Mecænas*; while theſe, with many more

(Whole

# Poëtafter.

(Whose names I wisely slip) shall think me worthy  
Their honour'd and ador'd Society,  
And read, and loue, prooue, and applaud my *Poemes*;  
I would not wish but such as you should spight them.

*Crisp.* O.

*Tib.* How now, *Crispinus*?

*Crisp.* O, I am sicke.

*Hor.* A Bafon, a Bafon, quickly; our *Physicke* works. Faint  
not, man.

*Crisp.* O---*Retrograde*---*Reciprocall*---*Incubus*.

*Cesar.* What's that, *Horace*?

*Hor.* *Retrograde*, *Reciprocall*, and *Incubus* are come vp.

*Gall.* Thanks be to *Iupiter*.

*Crisp.* O---*Glibbery*---*Lubricall*---*Defunct*---O---

*Hor.* VWell said: here's some store.

*Virg.* VWhat are they?

*Hor.* *Glibbery*, *Lubricall*, and *Defunct*.

*Gall.* O, they came vp easie.

*Crisp.* O---O---

*Tibull.* VWhat's that?

*Hor.* Nothing, yet.

*Crisp.* *Magnificate*.

*Mecæ.* *Magnificate*? that came vp somewhat hard.

*Hor.* I. VWhat cheare, *Crispinus*?

*Crisp.* O, I shall cast vp my ---*Spurious*---*Snotteries*---

*Hor.* Good. Againe.

*Crisp.* *Chilblaind*---O---O---*Clumsie*---

*Hor.* That *Clumsie* stucke terribly.

*Mecæ.* What's all that, *Horace*?

*Hor.* *Spurious*, *Snotteries*, *Chilblain'd*, *Clumsie*.

*Tibull.* O *Iupiter*!

*Gall.* VWho would haue thought, there should ha' been such  
a deale of filth in a *Poet*?

*Crisp.* O---*Barmy Froth*!

*Cesar.* What's that?

# Poëtaster.

*Crisp.*-----*Puffy*----*Inflate*----*Turgidous*----*Ventosity*.

*Horace.* *Barmy Froth, Puffy, Inflate, Turgidous, and Ventosity* are come vp.

*Tibullus.* O, terrible, windy words!

*Gallus.* A signe of a windy Braine.

*Crispinus.* O-----*Oblatrant*----*Obcæcate*----*Furibund*----  
*Fatuate*----*Strenuous*.----

*Horace.* Heer's a deale: *Oblatrant, Obcæcate, Furibund, Fatuate, Strenuous.*

*Cæsar.* Now, all's come vp, I trow. What a Tumult he had in his Belly!

*Horace.* No: there's the often *Conscious* behind, still.

*Crispinus.* O----*Conscious*.

*Horace.* It's come vp; thanks to *Apollo*, and *Æsculapius*: Yet, there's another; you were best take a Pill more?

*Crispinus.* O, no: O----O----O----O.

*Horace.* Force your selfe then, a little with your Finger.

*Crispinus.* O---O---*Prorumped*.

*Tibullus.* *Prorumped*? What a noyse it made! as if his Spirit would haue *Prorump*t with it.

*Crispinus.* O-----O-----O.

*Virgill.* Helpe him: it stickes strangely, what euer it is.

*Crispinus.* O-----*Clutcht*.

*Horace.* Now it's come: *Clutcht*.

*Cæsar.* *Clutcht*? It's well, that's come vp. It had but a narrow Passage.

*Crispinus.* O-----

*Virgill.* Againe, hold him: hold his head there.

*Crisp.* *Tropologicall*----*Anagogicall*----*Loquacity*--*Pinnosity*.

*Horace.* How now, *Crispinus*?

*Crispinus.* O-----*Obstupefact*.

*Tibullus.* Nay: that are all we, I assure you.

*Horace.* How doe you feele your selfe?

*Crispinus.* Pretty, and well, I thanke you.

*Virgill.* These Pilles can but restore him for a Time;

Not

# Poëtaſter.

Not cure him quite of ſuch a Malady,  
Caught by ſo many ſurfets; which haue filld  
His Blood, and Braine, thus full of *Crudities*:  
'Tis neceſſary, therefore, he obſerue  
A ſtriect and holsome Diet. Looke, you take  
Each morning, of old *Catoes* Principles  
A good draught, next your heart; that walke vpon,  
Till it be well digeſted: Then come home,  
And taſte a piece of *Terence*; ſucke his *Phraſe*  
In ſteede of Licorice; and, at any hand,  
Shun *Plautus*, and old *Ennius*: They are meates  
Too harſh for a weake Stomacke. Uſe to read  
(But not without a *Tutor*) the beſt *Greekes*:  
As *Orpheus*, *Musaus*, *Pindarus*,  
*Hefiod*, *Callimachus*; and *Theocrite*;  
High *Homer*; but beware of *Lycophon*:  
He is too darke, and dangerous a Diſh:  
You muſt not hunt for wild, out-landiſh *Termes*;  
To ſtuffe out a peculiar *Dialect*;  
But let your *Matter* runne before your *Words*:  
And if, at any time, you chaunce to meeete  
Some *Gallo-Belgick* Phraſe, you ſhall not ſtraight  
Racke your poore Verſe to giue it entertainement;  
But let it paſſe: and doe not thinke your ſelfe  
Much damnified, if you doe leaue it out;  
When, nor your *Vnderſtanding*, nor the *Senſe*  
Could well receiue it. This faire Abſtinence,  
In time, will render you more ſound, and Cleare;  
And this haue I preſcrib'd to you, in place  
Of a ſtriect Sentence: which till he performe,  
Attire him in that Robe. And hence-forth, learne  
To beare your ſelfe more humbly; not to ſwell,  
Or breath your inſolent, and idle Spight,  
On him, whoſe Laughter, can your worſt affright.  
*Tibullus*. Take him away.

# Poëtaster.

*Crispinus.* Iupiter guard *Cesar*.

*Virgill.* And, for a weeke, or two, see him lockt vp  
In some darke Place, remoou'd from Company:  
He will talke idly else after his Physicke.  
Now, to you, Sir: Th'Extremity of Law  
Awards you to be branded in the front,  
For this your *Calumny*; But, since it pleaseth  
*Horace* (the Party wrongd) t'intreat, of *Cesar*,  
A Mitigation of that iuster Doome;  
With *Cesars* tongue, thus we pronounce your sentence.  
*Demetrius Fannius*, thou shalt here put on  
That Coate, and Cap; and hencefoorth, thinke thy selfe  
No other, then they make thee: vow to weare them  
In euery Faire, and Generous Assembly,  
Till the best sort of Minds shall take to knowledge  
As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.

*Horace.* Only (Graue *Prator*) here, in open Court,  
I craue the Oath, for good Behauour,  
May be administred vnto them both.

*Virgill.* *Horace*, it shall: *Tibullus*, giue it them.

*Tibullus.* *Rufus Laberius Crispinus*, and *Demetrius Fannius*, Lay your hands on your hearts. You shall here solemnely  
contest, and sweare; That neuer (after this instant) either, at  
Booke-sellers Stalls, in Tauernes, Two-penny Roomes, Tiring-  
houses, Noble-mens Buttryes, Puiſne's Chambers (the best, and  
farthest Places, where you are admitted to come) you shall once  
offer, or dare (thereby to endeare your selfe the more to any  
Player, Engle, or guilty Gull, in your Company) to maligne,  
traduce, or detract the Person, or Writings of *Quintus Hora-  
tius Flaccus*; or any other Eminent Man, transcending you in  
Merit, whom your Enuy shall finde cause to worke vpon, either,  
for that, or for keeping him selfe in better Acquaintance, or  
enoying better Friends: Or if (transported by any sodaine and  
desperate Resolution) you doe; That then, you shall not vnder the  
Bastoun, or in the next Presence, being an honorable Assembly  
of



# Poëtaſter.

of his Fauourers, be brought as voluntary Gent: to undertake  
the forſwearing of it. Neither ſhall you at any time (ambitiouſly,  
affecting the Title of the Vntruſlers, or Whippers of the Age)  
ſuffer the Itch of writing to ouer-run your performance in Libel;  
vpon paine of being taken vp for Lepers, in Wit, and (loosing  
both your Time, and your Papers) be irrecoverably forfeited  
to the Hoſpittall of Fooles. So helpe you our Romane Gods,  
and the Genius of great Cæſar.

*Virgill.* So: now diſſolue the Court.

*Hor. Tib. Gall. Mec. Vir.* And thanks to Cæſar,  
That thus hath exerciſ'd his Patience.

*Cæſar.* We haue, indeed, you worthieſt friends of Cæſar.

It is the Bane, and Torment of our Eares,  
To heare the diſcords of thoſe Iangling Rimers,  
That, with their bad and ſcandalous Practiſes,  
Bring all true Arts, and learning in Contempt.  
But let not your high thoughts deſcend ſo lowe,  
As theſe deſpiſed Obiects; Let them fall,  
With their flat-groueling Soules: Be you your ſelues.  
And as with our beſt fauours you ſtand crown'd:  
So let your mutuall loues be ſtill renown'd.  
Enuy will dwell; where there is want of *Merit*,  
Though the deſeruing man ſhould cracke his Spirit.

## CANTVS.

**B**LVSH, Folly, *Bluſh*: here's none that feares  
The magging of an Aſſes Eares,  
Although a Wooluiſh caſe he weares.  
Detraction is but Baſeneſſe Varlet;  
And Apes are Apes, though cloth'd in Scarlet.

*Finis Actus quinti & ultimi.*

*Exeunt.*

Rumpatur, quiſquis rumpitur inuidia.

N



☞ To the Reader.



HERE (Reader) in place of the Epilogue, was meant to thee an Apology from the Author, with his reasons for the publishing of this booke: but (since he is no lesse restrain'd, then thou depriu'd of it, by Authoritie) hee praies thee to thinke charitably of what thou hast read, till thou maist heare him speake what hee hath written.

FINIS.

~~gilla quibus in laboris velle. In exitu scientia fab~~



Henry & W. Wood

