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PRESENTED BY





SATIRES,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOSEPH HALL, D.D.

AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF EXETER AND OF NORWICH.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE volume now presented to the public, comprises the poetical remains of one of the wisest and most venerable prelates that ever adorned the episcopal bench in England. A copy, complete in the text and annotations, having been presented to the Editor of the Works of Bishop Hall, with a request that he would supply whatever he might consider necessary to complete the volume for publication; he, according to his time and ability, has merely annexed a verbal Glossary, and compiled the few particulars which ensue, relative to the first publication and subsequent reception of the Satires.

At the age of twenty-three, and while yet a student at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, the author commenced the publication of his *Virgidemiarum*.* The three first books were published, without the name of the author, in 1597; and the three last in 1598. The whole were reprinted in 1599, concluding with "Certain worthy Manuscript Poems, of great antiquity,

* "By Virgidemia, an uncouth and uncommon word," says Warton, "we are to understand a Gathering or Harvest of Rods,—in reference to the nature of the subject."

reserved long since in the study of a Norfolk Gentleman, and now first published by J. S." and dedicated "to the worthiest poet, Master Ed. Spenser." This edition is sometimes found with the surreptitious date of 1602, prefixed to the *first* part, or *Toothless Satires*; while the correct date of 1599 still remains to the *second* part, or *Biting Satires*. Warton describes the edition of 1599, as the "last and best" of those published by the author.

The Satires had two evils of an opposite description to encounter,—hostility at first, and neglect afterwards. No sooner was the first edition issued from the press, than it was condemned by the High Commission Court to the flames, through the instigation of Archbishop Whitgift and Bishop Bancroft:* while the character of the author, as well as that of the book, was attacked nearly half a century afterwards with relentless severity by no less an antagonist than John Milton.† For two whole centuries they were then almost forgotten. An edition indeed appeared at Oxford, in 1753, under the superintendence of the Rev. W. Thompson, formerly Fellow of Queen's College; and Pope ‡ and Gray were both of them

* See note to Book I. Satire viii. line ult. (page 20.)

† In his Apology for Smectymnus, published in 1642.

‡ In the catalogue of Mr. West's library, sold in 1773, occurs the following article:—"No. 1047. Hall's (Bp.) *Virgideniarum*, 6 books, impr. by Harrison, 1599-1602; rare edit. Mr. Pope's copy, who

alive, and endeavoured to enliven others, to an appreciation of their merits. But it was not till the masterly analysis by Warton, which appeared in the fourth volume of the History of English Poetry, that the *Virgidemiarum Libri Sex* of Bishop Hall took their place among the classical poetry of the land. The praises bestowed by Warton were repeated by Campbell in his Specimens of the British Poets, and copies of the Satires began to multiply. In the tenth volume of Mr. Pratt's edition of the works, a variety of illustrations had been given already from the pen of Mr. Henry Ellis, of the British Museum. A facsimile of the first edition was now printed by Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh: in 1824, another edition, under the care of Mr. S. W. Singer, with the illustrations of Warton, and additional notes interspersed: and another, in 1825, limited to one hundred copies, but elaborately revised and elucidated.

presented it to Mr. West, telling him that he esteemed them the best Poetry and truest Satire in the English language; and that he had an intention of modernizing them, as he had done some of Donne's Satires." Mr. Thompson, the editor of the Oxford reprint, mentions, that "Mr. Pope saw these Satires, but so late in life, that he could only bestow this commendation on them, which they truly deserve, to wish that he had seen them sooner." Bp. Warburton told Mr. Warton, that, in a copy of Hall's Satires, in the library of Mr. Pope, the whole of the First Satire of the Sixth Book was either corrected in the margin, or interlined; and that Pope had written at the top, *Optima Satira*.

“The Satires,” says Mr. Warton, “are marked with a classical precision, to which English poetry had yet rarely attained. They are replete with animation of style and sentiment. The indignation of the satirist is always the result of good sense. Nor are the thorns of severe invective unmixed with the flowers of pure poetry. The characters are delineated in strong and lively colouring; and their discriminations are touched with the masterly traces of genuine humour. The versification is equally energetic and elegant, and the fabric of the couplets approaches to the modern standard. It is no inconsiderable proof of a genius predominating over the general taste of an age, when every preacher was a punster, to have written verses, where laughter was to be raised, and the reader to be entertained with sallies of pleasantry, without quibbles and conceits. His chief fault is obscurity; arising from a remote phraseology, constrained combinations, unfamiliar allusions, elliptical apostrophes, and abruptness of expression. Perhaps some will think, that his manner betrays too much of the laborious exactness and pedantic anxiety of the scholar and the student. Ariosto in Italian, and Regnier in French, were now almost the only modern writers of satire; and I believe there had been an English translation of Ariosto’s Satires. But Hall’s acknowledged patterns are Juvenal and Persius, not without some touches of the urbanity of Horace.

His parodies of these poets, or rather his adaptations of ancient to modern manners,—a mode of imitation not unhappily practised by Oldham, Rochester, and Pope,—discover great facility and dexterity of invention. The moral gravity, and the censorial declamation, of Juvenal, he frequently enlivens with a train of more refined reflection, or adorns with a novelty and variety of images.”

“They are full of spirit and poetry,” observes Mr. Gray, in a letter to Dr. Warton; “as much of the first as Dr. Donne, and far more of the latter.”

Mr. Campbell adds:—“In the point, volubility, and vigour of Hall’s numbers, we might frequently imagine ourselves perusing Dryden.”—“They are neither cramped by personal hostility, nor spun out to vague declamation on vice; but give us the form and pressure of the times, exhibited in the faults of coeval literature, and in the foppery or sordid traits of prevailing manners.”—“Human nature, in all its varieties, is their subject; and although not free from the obscurity of occasional allusions, they betray great knowledge of mankind, and contain much that will be found interesting and intelligible in every age.”

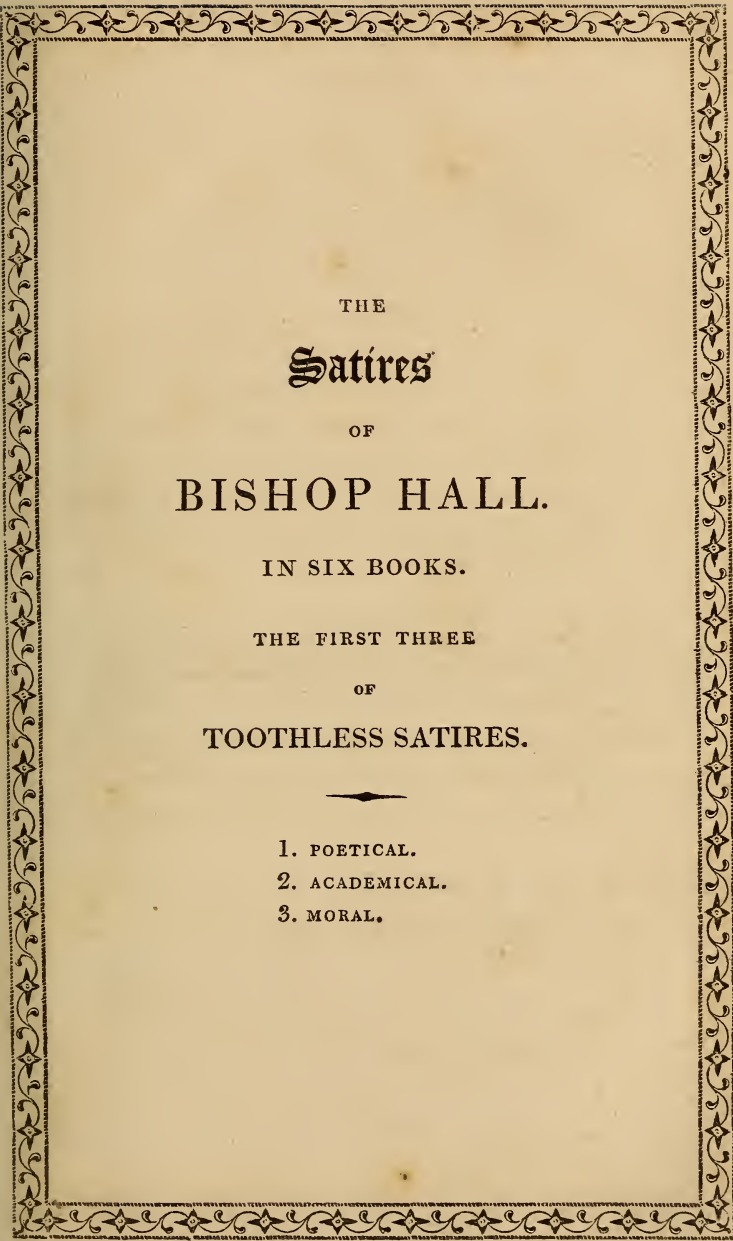
It was a strange remark of Warton’s, nevertheless, that, in the writings of Bishop Hall, “the poet is better known to posterity, than the prelate or the polemic;” and that “his Satires have outlived his Sermons.” The truth is, that almost the whole of

his devotional and practical pieces have retained their popularity. The Contemplations, more especially, are continually appearing in all the varieties of new and cheap publication ; and without a set of the works of Bishop Hall no theological student would consider his library complete. With the Satires, the case is different. Having, for nearly two centuries, almost perished out of remembrance, they have met, of late years, with a revival. Whether the claim asserted by the author be allowed him, as the earliest of English Satirists, will depend on the value attached by readers to the previous efforts of Lodge, Skelton, and Sir Thomas Wyatt : but to the judgment inscribed by Lord Hailes, a cold and sagacious critic, on a copy formerly in his possession, few will be found to demur : " Hall's Satires have merit, and will be remembered."

Of the Miscellaneous Poems which close the volume, it only remains to be observed, that the Psalms and Anthems were published by the Bishop while presiding over the see of Exeter ; and that the rest are taken from the publications, into which, according to the custom of the times, they were respectively introduced.

P. H.

Chelsea,
September 3, 1838.



THE
Satires
OF
BISHOP HALL.
IN SIX BOOKS.
THE FIRST THREE
OF
TOOTHLESS SATIRES.

1. POETICAL.
2. ACADEMICAL.
3. MORAL.

A

DEFIANCE TO ENVY.

NAY; let the prouder pines of Ida feare
The sudden fires of heaven, and decline
Their yielding tops that dar'd the skies whilere :
And shake your sturdy trunks ye prouder pines,
Whose swelling grains are like begall'd alone,
With the deep furrows of the thunder-stone.

Stand ye secure, ye safer shrubs below,
In humble dales, whom heav'ns do not despight;
Nor angry clouds conspire your overthrow,
Envyng at your too disdainful height.
Let high attempts dread envy and ill tongues,
And cow'rldy shrinke for feare of causelesse wrongs.

So wont big oaks feare winding ivy weed :
So soaring eagles fear the neighbour sunne :
So golden* Mazor wont suspicion breed,
Of deadly hemlock's poisoned potion :
So adders shroud themselves in fairest leaves :
So fouler fate the fairer thing bereaves.

* Mazor—a standing cup to drink in.

Nor the low bush feares climbing ivy twine :
 Nor lowly bustard dreads the distant rays :
 Nor earthen pot wont secret death to shrine :
 Nor subtle snake doth lurk in pathed ways.
 Nor baser deed dreads envy and ill tongues,
 Nor shrinks so soon for fear of causelesse wrongs.

Needs me then hope, or doth me need mis-dread :
 Hope for that honour, dread that wrongful spite :
 Spite of the party, honour of the deed,
 Which wont alone on lofty objects light.
 That envy should accost my muse and me,
 For this so rude and recklesse poesy.

Would she but shade her tender browes with bay,
 That now lye bare in carelesse wilful rage,
 And trancè herself in that sweet extacy,
 That rouzeth drooping thoughts of bashful age.
 (Tho' now those bays and that aspired thought,
 In carelesse rage she sets at worse than nought.)

Or would we loose her plumy pineon,
 Manicled long with bonds of modest feare,
 Soone might she have those kestrels* proud outgone,
 Whose flighty wings are dew'd with wetter aire,
 And hopen now to shoulder from above
 The eagle from the stairs of friendly Jove.

* Kestrels—a species of hawk.

Or list she rather in late triumph reare
Eternal trophies to some conquerour,
Whose dead deserts slept in his sepulcher,
And never saw, nor life, nor light before :
 To lead sad Pluto captive with my song,
 To grace the triumphs he obscur'd so long.

Or scour the rusted swords of elvish knights,
Bathed in pagan blood, or sheath them new
In misty moral types ; or tell their fights,
Who mighty giants, or who monsters slew :
 And by some strange enchanted speare and shield,
 Vanquish'd their foe, and won the doubtful field.

May-be she might in stately stanzas frame
Stories of ladies, and advent'rous knights,
To raise her silent and inglorious name
Unto a reachlesse pitch of praises hight,
 And somewhat say, as more unworthy done,
 Worthy of brass, and hoary marble stone.

Then might vain envy waste her duller wing,
To trace the airy steps she spiteing sees,
And vainly faint in hopelesse following
The clouded paths her native drosse denies.
 But now such lowly satires here I sing,
 Not worth our Muse, not worth her envying.

Too good (if ill) to be expos'd to blame :
Too good, if worse, to shadow shamelesse vice.
Ill, if too good, not answering their name :
So good and ill in fickle censure lies.

 Since in our satire lies both good and ill,
 And they and it in varying readers will.

Witness ye Muses how I wilful sung
These heady rhimes, withouten second care ;
And wish'd them worse, my guilty thoughts among ;
The ruder satire should go ragg'd and bare,
 And shew his rougher and his hairy hide,
 Tho' mine be smooth, and deck'd in carelesse pride.

Would we but breathe within a wax-bound quill,
Pan's seven-fold pipe, some plaintive pastoral ;
To teach each hollow grove, and shrubby hill,
Each murmuring brook, each solitary vale
 To sound our love, and to our song accord,
 Wearying Echo with one changelesse word.

Or list us make two striving shepherds sing,
With costly wagers for the victory,
Under Menalcas judge ; while one doth bring
A carven bowl well wrought of beechen tree,
 Praising it by the story, or the frame,
 Or want of use, or skilful maker's name.

Another layeth a well-marked lamb,
Or spotted kid, or some more forward steere,
And from the paille doth praise their fertile dam;
So do they strive in doubt, in hope, in feare,
Awaiting for their trusty umpire's doome,
Faulted as false by him that's overcome.

Whether so me list my lovely thought to sing,
Come dance ye nimble Dryads by my side,
Ye gentle wood-nymphs come; and with you bring
The willing fawns that mought your musick guide.
Come nymphs and fawns, that haunt those shady groves,
While I report my fortunes or my loves.

Or whether list me sing so personate,
My striving selfe to conquer with my verse,
Speake ye attentive swains that heard me late,
Needs me give grasse unto the conquerors.
At Colin's* feet I throw my yielding reed,
But let the rest win homage by their deed.

But now (ye Muses) sith your sacred hests
Profaned are by each presuming tongue;
In scornful rage I vow this silent rest,
That never field nor grove shall heare my song.
Only these refuse rhimes I here mis-spend
To chide the world, that did my thoughts offend.

* Spenser.

DE SUIS SATIRIS.

DUM satyræ dixi, videor dixisse sat iræ
Corripio ; aut istæc non satis est satyra.

Ira facit satyram, reliquum sat temperat iram ;
Pinge tuo satyram sanguine, tum satyra est.

Ecce novam satyram : satyrum sine cornibus ! Euge
Monstra novi monstri hæc, et satyri et satyræ.

Satires.

BOOK I.

PROLOGUE.

I FIRST adventure, with fool-hardy might,
To tread the steps of perilous despite.
I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist.
Envy waits on my back, Truth on my side ;
Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.
Envy the margent holds, and Truth the line :
Truth doth approve, but Envy doth repine.
For in this smoothing age who durst indite
Hath made his pen an hired parasite,
To claw the back of him that beastly lives,
And pranck base men in proud superlatives.
Whence damned Vice is shrouded quite from shame,
And crown'd with Virtue's meed, immortal name !
Infamy dispossess'd of native due,
Ordain'd of old on looser life to sue :
'The world's eye-bleared with those shameless lyes,
Mask'd in the show of meal-mouth'd poesies.
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thanklesse task,
And do the ugly face of Vice unmask :
And if thou canst not thine high flight remit,
So as it mought a lowly satire fit,
Let lowly satires rise aloft to thee :
Truth be thy speed, and Truth thy patron be.

SATIRE I.

NOR ladie's wanton love, nor wandring knight,
 Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight.
 Nor fright the reader with the pagan vaunt
 Of mightie Mahound, and great Tennagaunt*.
 Nor list I sonnet of my mistress' face,
 To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace;
 Nor can I bide to pen some hungrie scene
 For thick-skin ears, and undiscerning eyne.
 Nor ever could my scornful Muse abide
 With tragic shoes her ankles for to hide.
 Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fawning taylor
 To some great patron, for my best awayle.
 Such hunger-starven trencher-poetrie,
 Or let it never live, or timely die:
 Nor under every bank and every tree,
 Speak rhymes unto my oaten ministralsie:
 Nor carol out so pleasing lively laies,
 As mought the Graces move my mirth to praise.
 Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,
 I them † bequeath: whose statues wandring twine
 Of ivy mix'd with bays, circling around
 Their living temples likewise laurel-bound ‡.

* Fairy Queen, B. vi. c. 7. st. 47.

† Earl of Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Dyer, &c.

‡ Prologue to Persius Satires.

Rather had I, albe in careless rhymes,
Check the mis-order'd world, and lawless times.
Nor need I crave the Muse's midwifry,
To bring to light so worthless poetry :
Or if we list, what baser Muse can bide,
To sit and sing by Granta's naked side ?
They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,
E'er since the fame of their late bridal day*.
Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,
To tell our Grant his banks are left for lore.

SATIRE II.

WHILOM the sisters nine were vestal maides,
And held their temple in the secret shades
Of fair Parnassus, that two-headed hill,
Whose auncient fame the southern world did fill ;
And in the stead of their eternal fame,
Was the cool stream that took his endless name,
From out the fertile hoof of winged steed :
There did they sit and do their holy deed,
That pleas'd both Heav'n and Earth—till that of late
Whom should I fault ? or the most righteous fate,
Or Heav'n, or men, or feinds, or ought beside,
That ever made that foul mischance betide ?

* See Spenser.

Some of the sisters in securer shades
 Defloured were
 And ever since, disdainng sacred shame,
 Done ought that might their heav'nly stock defame.
 Now is Parnassus turned to a stewes,
 And on bay stocks the wanton myrtle grewes ;
 Cythéron hill's become a brothrel-bed,
 And Pyrene sweet turn'd to a poison'd head
 Of coal-black puddle, whose infectious stain
 Corrupteth all the lowly fruitful plain.
 Their modest stole, to garish looser weed,
 Deck'd with love-favours, their late whoredoms meed :
 And where they wont sip of the simple flood,
 Now toss they bowls of Bacchus' boiling blood.
 I marvell'd much, with doubtful jealousie,
 Whence came such litters of new poetrie :
 Methought I fear'd, lest the horse-hoofed well
 His native banks did proudly over-swell
 In some late discontent, thence to ensue
 Such wondrous rabblements of rhymesters new :
 But since I saw it painted on Fame's wings,
The Muses to be woxen wantonings.
 Each bush, each bank, and each base apple-squire*
 Can serve to sate their beastly lewd desire.
 Ye bastard poets, see your pedigree,
 From common trulls and loathsome brothelry!

* See Nabbe's Microcosmus.

SATIRE III.

WITH some pot-fury, ravish'd from their wit,
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ :
As frozen dung-hills in a winter's morn,
That void of vapour seemed all befor,
Soon as the Sun sends out his piercing beams
Exhale out filthy smoak and stinking steams.
So doth the base and the fore-barren brain,
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.
One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
On crowned kings, that Fortune hath low brought :
Or some upreared, high-aspiring swaine,
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlaine* :
Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned spright,
Rapt to the threefold loft of Heaven hight,
When he conceives upon his faigned stage
The stalking steps of his great personage,
Graced with huff-cap terms and thundring threats,
That his poor hearers' hair quite upright sets.
Such soon as some brave-minded hungry youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide-strained mouth,
He vaunts his voyce upon an hired stage,
With high-set steps, and princely carriage ;
Now soouping in side robes of royalty,
That erst did skrub in lowsy brokery,

* Malone's Shakespeare.

There if he can with terms Italianate*
Big-sounding sentences, and words of state,
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse,
He ravishes the gazing scaffolders:
Then certes was the famous Corduban†,
Never but half so high tragedian.
Now, lest such frightful shows of Fortune's fall,
And bloody tyrant's rage, should chance apall
The dead-struck audience, 'midst the silent rout,
Comes leaping in a self-misformed lout,
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And justles straight into the prince's place;
Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,
With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd.
A goodly hotch-potch! when vile russetings
Are match'd with monarchs, and with mighty kings.
A goodly grace to sober tragic Muse,
When each base clown his clumsy fist doth bruise,
And show his teeth in double rotten row,
For laughter at his self-resembled show.
Meanwhile our poets in high parliament
Sit watching every word and gesticment,
Like curious censors of some doughty gear,
Whispering their verdict in their fellow's ear.
Woe to the word whose margent in their scrole
Is noted with a black condemning coal.

* See Marston's Satires, 1598.

† Seneca.

But if each period might the synod please,
Ho!—bring the ivy boughs, and bands of bays.
Now when they part and leave the naked stage,
Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
That thus hath lavish'd his late half-penny.
Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold,
For every peasant's brass, on each scaffold.

SATIRE IV.

Too popular is tragic poesie,
Straining his tip-toes for a farthing fee,
And doth beside on rhymeless numbers tread,
Unbid iambics flow from careless head.
Some braver brain in high heroic rhymes
Compileth worm eat stories of old times ;
And he like some imperious Maronist,
Conjures the Muses that they him assist,
Then strives he to bombast his feeble lines
With far-fetch'd phrase ;
And maketh up his hard-betaken tale
With strange enchantments, fetch'd from darksom vale,
Of some Melissa*, that by magic doom
To Tuscans soil transporteth Merlia's tomb.

* Ariosto.

Painters and poets hold your auncient right :
 Write what you will, and write not what you might :
 Their limits be their list, their reason will.
 But if some painter, in presuming skill,
 Should paint the stars in center of the Earth,
 Could ye forbear some smiles, and taunting mirth ?
 But let no rebel satyr dare traduce
 Th' eternal legends of thy faerie Muse,
 Renowned Spenser : whom no earthly wight
 Dares once to emulate, much less dares despight.
 Salust* of France, and Tuscan Ariost,
 Yield up the lawrel garland ye have lost :
 And let all others willow wear with me,
 Or let their undeserving temples bared be.

 SATIRE V.

ANOTHER, whose more heavy hearted saint
 Delights in nought but notes of rueful plaint,
 Urgeth his melting Muse with solemn tears
 Rhyme of some dreary fates of luckless peers.
 Then brings he up some branded whining ghost,
 To tell how old misfortunes had him toss'd.
 Then must he ban the guiltless fates above,
 Or fortune frail, or unrewarded love.

* Guillaume Salluste, Seigneur du Bartas.

And when he hath parbreak'd* his griev'd mind,
 He sends him down where erst he did him find,
 Without one penny to pay Charon's hire,
 That waiteth for the wand'ring ghosts retire †.

SATIRE VI.

ANOTHER scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes †,
 Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times :
 Give me the numbred verse that Virgil sung,
 And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue :
 "Manhood and garboiles" shall he chaunt with chaunged
 feet

And head-strong dactyls making music meet.
 The nimble dactyl striving to out-go,
 The drawling spondees pacing it below.
 The lingring spondees, labouring to delay,
 The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay.
 Whoever saw a colt wanton and wild,
 Yok'd with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,

* See Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 290.—Proverbs, c. xxv. v. 16, Bible Edition, 1569.—Spenser, b. 1. c. 1. p. 8.—4to. Edit. 1590.

† See the Mirrour of Magistrates, 1557.

‡ Mr. Warton conceived the translation of Virgil alluded to by the Bishop to have been Webb's of the Bucolics : but Mr. Ellis thinks he meant Stanihart's Æneid. See Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 290.

Can right areed how handsomely besets
 Dull spondees with the English dactylets.
 If Jove speak English in a thundring cloud,
 "Thwick thwack," and "riff raff," roars he out aloud.
 Fie on the forged mint that did create
 New coin of words never articulate.

SATIRE VII.

GREAT is the folly of a feeble brain,
 O'er-ful'd with love, and tyrannous disdain.
 For love, however in the basest breast,
 It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best :
 Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry,
 While they hang gazing on their mistress' eye.
 The love-sick poet, whose importune prayer
 Repulsed is with resolute despair,
 Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame,
 With public plaints of his conceived flame.
 Then pours he forth in patched sonettings,
 His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings :
 As though the staring world hang'd on his sleeve,
 When once he smiles, to laugh : and when he sighs, to
 grieve.
 Careth the world, thou love, thou live, or die ?
 Careth the world how fair thy fair-one be ?

Fond wit-wal* that wouldst load thy witless head
 With timely horns, before thy bridal bed!
 Then can he term his dirty ill-fac'd bride
 Lady and Queen, and virgin deify'd:
 Be she all sooty black, or berry brown,
 She's white as morrow's milk, or flakes new blown:
 And though she be some dunghill drudge at home,
 Yet can he her resign some refuse room
 Amidst the well known stars; or if not there,
 Sure will he saint her in his Kalendere.

SATIRE VIII.

HENCE †, ye profane! mell not with holy things,
 That Sion's Muse from Palestina brings.
 Parnassus is transform'd to Sion Hill,
 And Jury-palms ‡ her steep ascents done fill.
 Now good St. Peter § weeps pure Helicon,
 And both the Maries make a music || moan:
 Yea, and the prophet of the heav'nly lyre,
 Great Solomon, sings in the English Quire;

* See Ford, in the Merry Wives of Windsor; also post, Book 4, Sat. 1.

† See Markham's Sion Muse.—Also History of English Poetry, 3 vol. p. 318.

‡ See Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 292.

§ Robert Southwell's St. Peter's Complaint.

|| See Spenser, in his Tears of the Muses, l. vi.

And is become a new-found sonnetist,
 Singing his love, the Holy Spouse of Christ:
 Like as she were some light-skirts of the rest,
 In mightiest inkhornisms he can thither wrest.
 Ye Sion Muses shall by my dear will,
 For this your zeal and far-admired skill,
 Be straight transported from Jerusalem,
 Unto the holy house of Bethlehem*.

* See Andrew's Continuation of Dr. Henry's England, 1 vol. p. 530. b. 7, c. 2, from which the following extract is made.—“As the High Commission Court had an unlimited power over all publications, it exerted that power most severely in 1599, by sweeping away from Stationers' Hall, Marston's Pygmalion, Marlowe's Ovid, THE SATIRES OF HALL and Marston, with the Caltha Poetarum! These, by the direction of the Prelates Whitgift and Bancroft, were ordered (together with 'The Shadow of Truth,' 'Snarling Satires,' 'The Booke agaynt Women,' and 'The XV Joyes of Marriage,') to be instantly burnt. The Books of Nash and Gabriel Harvey were at the same time anathematized; and Satires and Epigrams were forbidden to be printed any more. That Hall and Marston should both be included in the same prohibition seems a sentence grounded in rigour rather than justice, since as they darted the stings of their Satires at parties precisely opposite, they could not easily be both in the wrong.”

“The enthusiastic attachment of the puritans to the Song of Solomon, and one particular version among many, styled 'the Poem of Poems, or Sion's Muse, containing the divine Song of King Solomon, divided into Eight Eclogues,' dedicated to 'the Sacred Virgin, divine Mistress Elizabeth Sydney, sole daughter of the ever-admired Sir Philip Sydney,' were intolerable to the keen spirit of Dr. Hall (afterwards Bishop of Norwich; and

SATIRE IX.

ENVY, ye Muses, at your thriving mate*,
Cupid hath crowned a new laureat :

“ after having mentioned another poem, probably of the same
“ cast, he proceeds,

‘ Yea, and the prophet of the heavenly lyre,
Great Solomon, sings in the English quire,
And is become a new found sonnetist,
Singing his love, the holie spouse of Christ ;
Like as she were some ‘ light skirtes’ of the rest,
In mightiest Inkhornisms he can thither wrest.
Ye ‘ Sion’s Muses’ shall, by my dear will,
For this your zeal, and self-admired skill,
Be straight transported from Jerusalem
Unto the holie house of Bethlehem.’

“ But John Marston, a sober bard, of whom little is known,
“ but of whom Langbaine speaks with great respect and con-
sideration, answered the caustic bard in no contemptible verse ;

‘ Come daunce, ye stumbling satyres, by his syde,
If he list once the Sion muse deride,
Ye, Granta’s white nymphs, come, and with you bring
Some syllabub, whilst he doth swetely sing
’Gainst Peter’s tears, and Marie’s moving moan ;
And, like a fierce enraged bore, doth foame
At sacred sonnets.—O dire hardiment !
At Barta’s sweet remains, rail impudent !
At Hopkins, Sternhold, at the Scottish King,
At all translators that do strive to bring
That stranger language to our vulgar tongue,’ &c. &c.

* Robert Greene.

I saw his statue gayly 'tyr'd in green,
As if he had some second Phœbus been.
His statue trimm'd with the venerean tree,
And shrined fair within your sanctuary.
What, he, that erst to gain the rhyming goal,
The worn Recital-post of Capitol,
Rhymed in rules of stewish ribaldry,
Teaching experimental bawdery?
Whiles th' itching vulgar, tickled with the song,
Hanged on their unready poet's tongue.
Take this, ye patient Muses; and foul shame
Shall wait upon your once profaned name.
Take this, ye Muses, this so high despite,
And let all hateful luckless birds of night;
Let screeching owls nest in your razed roofs,
And let your floor with horned satyres' hoofs
Be dinted, and defiled every morn;
And let your walls be an eternal scorn.
What if some Shoreditch fury should incite
Some lust-stung lecher, must he needs indite
The beastly rites of hired venery,
The whole world's universal bawd to be?
Did never yet no damned libertine,
Nor elder heathen, nor new Florentine*,
Though they were famous for lewd liberty,
Venture upon so shameful villany.

* Peter Aretine.

Our epigrammatorians, old and late,
Were wont be blam'd for too licentiate.
Chaste men! they did but glance at Lesbia's deed,
And handsomely leave off with cleanly speed.
But arts of whoring, stories of the stews,
Ye Muses will ye bear, and may refuse?
Nay, let the Devil and St. Valentine
Be gossips to those ribald rhymes of thine.



Satires.

BOOK II.

PROLOGUE.

OR been the manes of that Cynic spright,
Cloath'd with some stubborn clay and led to light?
Or do the relique ashes of his grave
Revive and rise from their forsaken cave;
That so, with gall-wet words and speeches rude
Controuls the manners of the multitude?
Envy belike incites his pining heart,
And bids it sate itself with others' smart.
Nay, no despight: but angry Nemesis,
Whose scourge doth follow all that done amiss:
That scourge I bear, albe in ruder fist,
And wound, and strike, and pardon whom she list.

SATIRE I*.

FOR shame! write better Labeo, or write none:
 Or better write; or Labeo, write alone.
 Nay, call the Cynic but a wittie foole,
 Thence to abjure his handsome drinking bowl;
 Because the thirstie swaine, with hollow hand,
 Convey'd the streame to weet his drie weasand.
Write they that can, tho' they, that cannot, doe:
But who knowes that; but they that do not know?
 Lo! what it is that makes white rags so deare,
 That men must give a teston † for a queare.
 Lo! what it is that makes goose-wings so scant,
 That the distressed sempster did them want:
 So lavish ope-tyde causeth fasting-lents,
 And starveling famine comes of large expence.
 Might not (so they were pleas'd that beene above)
 Long paper-abstinence our death remove?
 Then manie a Lollerd would in forfaitment,
 Beare paper-faggots o'er the pavement.
 But now men wager who shall blot the most,
 And each man writes. *There's so much labour lost,*
That's good, that's great: nay much is seldome well:
Of what is bad, a little's a greate deale.
Better is more: but best is nought at all.
Lesse is the next, and lesser criminall.

* See the first Satire of Persius.

† A piece of Money, value ten-pence. See Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 298.

*Little and good, is greatest good save one :
Then, Labeo, or write little, or write none.*
Tush, in small paines can be but little art,
Or lode full drie-fats fro the forren mart,
With folio, volumes, two to an oxe hide ;
Or else, ye pamphleteer, go stand aside ;
Reade in each schoole, in everie margent quoted,
In everie catalogue for an authour noted.
There's happiness well given and well got,
Lesse gifts, and lesser gaines, I weigh them not.
So may the giant roam and write on high, .
Be he a dwarfe that writes not there as I.
But well fare Strabo, which as stories tell,
Contriv'd all Troy within one walnut shell.
His curious ghost now lately hither came ;
Arriving neere the mouth of luckie Tame,
I saw a pismire struggling with the load,
Dragging all Troy home towards her abode.
Now dare we hither, if we durst appeare,
The subtile stithy-man that liv'd while ere :
Such one was once, or once I was mistaught,
A smith at Vulcan's owne forge up brought,
That made an iron chariot so light,
The coach-horse was a flea in trappings dight.
The tamelesse steed could well his waggon wield,
Through downes and dales of the uneven field.
Strive they, laugh we : meane while the black storie
Passes new Strabo, and new Strabo's Troy.

Little for great ; and great for good ; all one :
For shame ! or better write ; or Labeo, write none.
But who conjur'd this bawdie Poggie's ghost,
From out the stewes of his lewde home-bred coast :
Or wicked Rablais' dronken revellings,
To grace the mis-rule of our tavernings ?
Or who put Bayes into blind Cupid's fist,
That he should crowne what laureats him list ?
Whose words are those, to remedie the deed,
That cause men stop their noses when they read ?
Both good things ill, and ill things well ; all one ?
For shame ! write cleanly Labeo, or write none.

SATIRE II.

To what end did our lavish auncestours
Erect of old these stately piles of ours ;
For thread-bare clerks, and for the ragged muse,
Whom better fit some cotes of sad secluse ?
Blush niggard Age, and be asham'd to see,
These monuments of wiser ancestrie.
And ye faire heapes, the Muses' sacred shrines,
(In spite of time and envious repines)
Stand still, and flourish till the world's last day,
Upbraiding it with former love's decay.
Here may you Muses, our deare souveraignes,
Scorne each base Lordling ever you disdaines ;

And every peasant churle, whose smokie rooffe
Denied harbour for your deare behooffe.
Scorne ye the world before it do complaine,
And scorne the world, that scorneth you againe;
And scorne contempt it selfe, that doth incite
Eack single-sold 'squire to set you at so light.
What needes me care for anie bookish skill,
To blot white papers with my restlesse quill;
Or pore on painted leaves, or beat my braine
With far-fetch thought; or to consume in vaine
In latter even, or midst of winter nights,
Ill smelling oyles, or some still-watching lights.
Let them, that meane by bookish businesse
To earne their bread, or hopen to professe
Their hard got skill, let them alone, for me,
Busic their brains with deeper brokerie.
Great gaines shall bide you sure, when ye have spent
A thousand lamps, and thousand reames have rent
Of needless papers; and a thousand nights
Have burned out with costly candle lights.
Ye palish ghosts of Athens, when at last
Your patrimonie spent in witlesse wast,
Your friends all wearie, and your spirits spent,
Ye may your fortunes seeke, and be forwent
Of your kind cousins, and your churlish sires,
Left there alone, midst the fast-folding briers.
Have not I lands of faire inheritance,
Deriv'd by right of long continuance,

To first-borne males, so list the law to grace,
Nature's first fruits in an eternal* race?
Let second brothers, and poore nestlings,
Whom more injurious nature later brings
Into the naked world; let them assaine
To get hard penny-worths with so bootlesse paine.
Tush! what care I to be Arcesilas †,
Or some sad Solon, whose deed-furrowed face,
And sullen head, and yellow-clouded sight,
Still on the stedfast earth are musing pight ‡;
Mutt'ring what censures their distracted minde,
Of brain-sick paradoxes deeply hath define:
Or of Parmenides, or of darke Heraclite,
Whether all be one, or ought be infinite?
Long would it be ere thou hast purchase bought,
Or welthier wexen by such idle thought.
Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store;
And he that cares for most shall find no more.
We scorne that wealth should be the finall end,
Whereto the heavenly Muse her course doth bend;
And rather had be pale with learned cares,
Than paunched with thy choyce of changed fares.
Or doth thy glorie stand in outward glee?
A lave-ear'd asse with gold may trapped be.
Or if in pleasure? live we as we may,
Let swinish Grill delight in dunghill clay.

* See Pratt's Hall, 10 Vol. p. 300.

† Persius, Sat. 3. 78.

‡ Lear, Act. 2. Sc. 1.

SATIRE III.

WHO doubts? the laws fell down from heaven's height,
 Like to some gliding starre in winters night?
 Themis, the Scribe of God, did long ago
 Engrave them deepe in during marble stone,
 And cast them downe on this unruly clay,
 That men might know to rule and to obey.
 But now their characters depraved bin,
 By them that would make gain of others' sin.
 And now hath wrong so maistered the right,
 That they live best, that on wrong's offal light.
 So loathly flye, that lives on galled wound,
 And scabby festers inwardly unsound,
 Feeds fatter with that poys'nous carrion,
 Than they, that haunt the healthy limbs alone.
 Wo to the Weale, where many lawyers be;
 For there is, sure, much store of maladie!
 'Twas truely said, and truely was foreseene,
 The fat kine are devoured of the leane.
 Genus and Species* long since barefoote went,
 Upon their ten-toes in wilde wanderment:
 Whiles father Bartoll on his footcloth rode,
 Upon high pavement gayly silver-strow'd.
 Each home-bred science percheth in the chaire,
 While sacred artes grovell on the groundsell bare.

* "Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores,
 " Sed Genus et species cogiturire in pedes."

See *Pratt's Hall*, 10 vol. p. 320.

Since pedling Barbarismes can be in request,
Nor classicke tongues, nor learning found no rest.
The crowching client, with low-bended knee,
And manie Worships, and faire flatterie,
Tells on his tale as smoothly as him list,
But still the lawyer's eye squints on his fist;
If that seem lined with a larger fee,
Doubt not the suite, the law is plaine for thee.
Tho' must he buy his vainer hope with price,
Disclout his crownes, and thanke him for advice.
So have I seene in a tempestuous stowre,
Some bryer-bush shewing shelter from the showre
Unto the hopefull sheepe, that faine would hide
His fleecie coate from that same angry tide:
The ruthlesse breere, regardlesse of his plight,
Laies holde upon the fleece he should acquite,
And takes advantage of the carelesse prey,
That thought she in securer shelter lay.
The day is faire, the sheepe would far to feede,
The tyrant brier holdes fast his shelter's meed,
And claimes it for the fee of his defence:
So robs the sheepe, in favour's faire pretence.

SATIRE IV.

WORTHIE were Galen to be weighed in gold,
Whose help doth sweetest life and health uphold:

Yet, by Saint Esculape he sollemne swore,
That for diseases they were never more,
Fees never lesse, never so little gaine;
Men give a groate, and aske the rest againe.
Groats-worth of health can anie leech allot?
Yet should he have no more, that gives a groate.
Should I on each sicke pillow leane my brest,
And grope the pulse of everie mangie wrest,
And spie out marvels in each urinall,
And tumble up the filths that from them fall,
And give a dosse for everie disease
In prescripts long and tedious recipes,
All for so leane reward of art and me?
No horse-leach but will looke for larger fee.
Meane while, if chauce some desp'rate patient die,
Com'n to the period of his destinie:
(As who can crosse the fatall resolution,
In the decreed day of dissolution?)
Whether ill tendment, or recurelesse paine,
Procure his death; the neighbours straight complaine,
Th' unskilfull leech murd'red his patient,
By poyson of some foule ingredient.
Here-on the vulgar may as soone be brought
To Socrates his poysoned hemlock-drought,
As to the wholesome julap, whose recat
Might his disease's lingring-force defeat.
If nor a dramme of triacle soveraigne,
Or *acqua vitæ*, or sugar candian,

Nor kitchin-cordials can it remedie,
Certes his time is come, needs mought he die.
Were I a leech, (as who knowes what may be?)
The liberal man should live, and carle should die:
The sickly ladie, and the goutie peere
Still would I haunt, that love their life so dear.
Where life is deare, who cares for coyned dross?
That spent is counted gaine; and spared, losse:
Or would conjure the chymick mercurie,
Rise from his horsedung bed, and upwards flie;
And with glasse stills, and sticks of juniper,
Raise the black spright, that burnes not with the fire:
And bring quintessence of elixir pale,
Out of sublimed spirits minerall.
Each powdred graine ransometh captive kings,
Purchaseth realms, and life prolonged brings.

SATIRE V.

SAW'ST thou ever SI-QUIS patch'd* on Paul's church dore,
To seeke some vacant vicarage before?
Who wants a churchman, that can service say,
Read fast and faire his monthly homiley?
And wed and bury, and make christen-soules?
Come to the left-side alley of Saint Poules.

* See Decker—Wroth—Warton—and Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 304.

Thou servile foole, why could'st thou not repara
 To buy a benefice at steeple-faire?
 There moughtest thou, for but a slender price,
 Advowson thee with some fat benefice:
 Or if thee list not waite for dead men's shoon,
 Nor pray each morn th' incumbent's daies were done;
 A thousand patrons thither ready bring,
 Their new-falne churches to the chaffering;
 Stake three yeares stipend; no man asketh more:
 Go, take possession of the church-porch-doore,
 And ring thy bells; lucke stroken in thy fist:
 The parsonage is thine, or ere thou wist.
 Saint Fooles of Gotam mought thy parish be,
 For this thy base and servile symonie!

SATIRE VI.

A GENTLE squire would gladly entertaine
 Into his house some trencher-chaplaine;
 Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
 And that would stand to good conditions.
 First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
 Whiles his young maister lieth o'er his head.
 Second, that he do, on no default,
 Ever presume to sit above the salt*.

See post, Book VI. S. 1.—Also Warton.

Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
 Fourth, that he use all common courtesies ;
 Sit bare at meals, and one halfe rise and wait.
 Last, that he never his yong maister beat,
 But he must aske his mother to define,
 How manie jerkes she would his breech should line.
 All these observ'd, he could contented bee,
 To give five markes and winter liverie.

 SATIRE VII.

IN th' heaven's universal alphabet
 All earthly thinges so surely are foreset,
 That, who can read those figures, may foreshew
 Whatever thing shall afterwards ensue :
 Faine would I know (might it our artist please)
 Why can his tell-troth Ephemerides
 Teach him the weather's state so long beforene,
 And not foretell him, nor his fatall horne,
 Nor his death's-day, nor no such sad event ;
 Which he mought wisely labour to prevent ?
 Thou damned mock-art, and thou brainsick tale
 Of old astrology, where did'st thou vaile
 Thy cursed head thus long, that so it mist
 The black bronds of some sharper satyrist ?
 Some doting gossip 'mongst the Chaldee wives,
 Did to the credulous world thee first derive ;

And Superstition nurs'd thee ever sence,
 And publisht in profounder art's pretence* :
 That now, who pares his nailes, or libs his swine,
 But he must first take counsel of the signe.
 So that the vulgars count, for faire or foule,
 For living or for dead, for sick or whole.
 His feare or hope, for plenty or for lack,
 Hangs all upon his new-year's Almanack.
 If chance once in the spring his head should ake,
 It was foretold : thus says mine Almanack.
 In th' heaven's high-street are but dozen roomes,
 In which dwells all the world, past and to come.
 Twelve goodly innes they are, with twelve fayre signes,
 Ever well tended by our star-divines.
 Everie man's head innes at the horned Ramme ;
 The whiles the necke the Black-bull's guest became :
 Th' arms, by good hap, meet at the wrastling twins :
 Th' heart, in the way, at the Blue-lion innes :
 The leggs their lodging in Aquarius got ;
 That is the Bridge-streete of the heaven, I wot :
 The feet took up the Fish, with teeth of gold ;
 But who with Scorpio lodg'd, may not be told.
 What office then doth the star-gazer beare ?
 Or let him be the heaven's ostelere ;

* See Dibdin's *More's Utopia*, 4to. Edition, p. 233, who, in his quotation from this Satire, varies this reading and substitutes *defence* for *pretence*.

Or tapsters, some; or some be chamberlaines,
To waite upon the guests they entertaine.
Hence can they reade, by virtue of their trade,
When any thing is mist, where it was laide.
Hence they divine, and hence they can devise,
If their aim faile, the stars to moralize.
Demon, my friend, once liver-sicke of love,
Thus learn'd I by the signes his griefe remove :
In the blind Archer first I saw the signe,
When thou receiv'dst that wilful wound of thine ;
And now in Virgo is that cruel mayde,
Which hath not yet with love thy love repaide :
But marke when once it comes to Gemini,
Straightway fish-whole shall thy sicke-liver be.
But now (as th' angrie heavens seeme to threat
Manie hard fortunes, and disastres great)
If chance it come to wanton Capricorne,
And so into the Ram's disgraceful horne,
Then learne thou of the ugly Scorpion,
To hate her for her fowle abusion :
Thy refuge then the balance be of right,
Which shall thee from thy broken bond acquite :
So, with the Crab, go back whence thou began,
From thy first match, and live a single man.



Satires.

BOOK III.

PROLOGUE.

SOME say my satyres over loosely flow,
Nor hide their gall enough from open show :
Not, riddle like, obscuring their intent ;
But, packe-staffe plaine, uttring what thing they ment :
Contrarie to the Roman ancients,
Whose words were short, and darksome was their sense.
Who reades one line of their harsh poesies,
Thrice must he take his winde, and breath him thrice :
My Muse would follow them that have foregone,
But cannot with an English pineon :
For looke how farre the ancient comedie
Past former satyres in her libertie ;
So farre must mine yield unto them of old ;
'Tis better be too bad, than be too bold.

SATIRE I.

TIME* was, and that was term'd the time of gold,
When world and time were young, that now are old :
(When quiet Saturne sway'd the mace of lead;
And pride was yet unborne, and yet unbred.)
Time was, that whiles the autumnne fall did last,
Our hungrie sires gap'd for the falling mast

Of the Dodonian oakes.

Could no unhusked akorne leave the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be.
And, if some nice and liquorous appetite
Desir'd more daintie dish of rare delite,
They scal'd the stored crab with clasped knee,
Till they had sated their delicious eye :
Or search'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy-rowes,
For brierie berries, or hawes, or sourer sloes :
Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all,
They lick'd oake-leaves besprint with hony fall.
As for the thrise three-angled beech nut-shell,
Or chesnut's armed huske, and hid kernell,
No Squire durst touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the Court, and for the King's owne board.
Their royall plate was clay, or wood, or stone ;
The vulgar, save his hand, else he had none.

* See the Sixth Sat. of Juvenal.

Their onely cellar was the neighbour brooke :
None did for better care, for better looke.
Was then no plaining of the brewer's scape,
Nor greedie vintner mixt the strained grape.
The king's pavilion was the grassy green,
Under safe shelter of the shadie treen.
Under each banke men layd their limbs along,
Not wishing anie ease, not fearing wrong :
Clad with their owne, as they were made of old,
Not fearing shame, not feeling anie cold.
But when by Ceres' huswifrie and paine,
Men learn'd to burie the reviving graine ;
And father Janus taught the new-found vine,
Rise on the elme, with many a friendly twine ;
And base desire bade men to delven low,
For needlesse mettals ; then gan mischief grow.
Then farewell, fayrest age, the world's best dayes ;
Thriving in ill as it in age decaies.
Then crept in pride, and peevish covetise ;
And men grew greedie, discordous and nice.
Now man, that erst haile-fellow was with beast,
Woxe on to weene * himselfe a God at least.
No aerie fowl can take so high a flight,
Tho' she her daring wings in clouds have dight ;
Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding sea,
Tho' Thetis selfe should sweare her safetie ;
Nor fearfull beast can dig his cave so lowe,
As could he further than earth's center go ;

* *Woxe on to weene. i. e. Came to imagine.*

As that the ayre, the earth, or ocean,
Should shield them from the gorge of greedie man.
Hath utmost Inde ought better than his owne ?
Then utmost Inde is neare, and rife to gone.
O nature ! was the world ordain'd for nought
But fill man's maw, and feede man's idle thought ?
Thy grandsires words savour'd of thriftie leekes,
Or manly garlicke ; but thy furnace reekes
Hot steams of wine ; and can a-loofe descrie
The drunken draughts of sweete autumnitie.
They naked went ; or clad in ruder hide,
Or home-spun russet, void of forraine pride :
But thou canst maske in garish gauderie,
To suite a foole's far-fetched liverie.
A French head joyn'd to necke Italian :
Thy thighs from Germanie, and brest from Spain :
An Englishman in none, a foole in all :
Many in one, and one in severall.
Then men were men ; but now the greater part
Beasts are in life, and women are in heart.
Good Saturne selfe, that homely emperour,
In proudest pompe was not so clad of yore,
As is the under-groome of the ostlerie,
Husbanding it in work-day yeomanrie.
Lo ! the long date of those expired dayes,
Which the inspired Merlin's word fore-sayes ;
When dung-hill peasants shall be dight as kings,
Then one confusion another brings :

Then farewell fairest age, the world's best dayes,
Thriving in ill, as it in age decayes.

SATIRE II.

GREAT Osmond knowes not how he shall be known,
When once great Osmond shall be dead and gone :
Unlesse he reare up some rich monument,
Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.
Some stately tombe he builds, Egyptian wise,
Rex Regum written on the pyramis.
Whereas great Arthur lies in ruder oak,
That never felt none but the feller's stroke.
Small honour can be got with gaudie grave ;
Nor it thy rotting name from death can save.
The fairer tombe, the fouler is thy name ;
The greater pompe procuring greater shame.
Thy monument make thou thy living deeds ;
No other tomb than that true virtue needs.
What ! had he nought whereby he might be knowne
But costly pilements of some curious stone ?
The matter nature's, and the workman's frame ;
His purse's cost : where then is Osmond's name ?
Deserv'dst thou ill ? well were thy name and thee,
Wert thou inditched in great secrecie ;

Where as no passenger might curse thy dust,
Nor dogs sepulchrall sate their gnawing lust.
Thine ill deserts cannot be grav'd with thee,
So long as on thy grave they engraved be.

SATIRE III.

THE courteous citizen bade me to his feast,
With hollow words, and overly request :
“ Come, will ye dine with me this holyday ?”
I yielded, tho’ he hop’d I would say nay :
For had I mayden’d it, as many use ;
Loath for to grant, but loather to refuse.
“ Alacke sir, I were loath ; another day,—
“ I should but trouble you ;—pardon me, if you may.”
No pardon should I need ; for, to depart
He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for monie, Darbishirian* wise ;
(That’s one too manie) is a naughtie guise.
Who looks for double biddings to a feast,
May dine at home for an importune guest.
I went: then saw, and found the greate expence ;
The fare and fashions of our citizens.
Oh, Cleopatrical ! what wanteth there
For curious cost, and wondrous choice of cheere ?

* See Pratt’s Hall, Vol. 10, p. 315.

Beefe, that earst Hercules held for finest fare ;
 Porke for the fat Bœotian ; or the hare,
 For Martial ; fish for the Venetian ;
 Goose-liver, for the likorous Romane ;
 Th' Athenian's goate ; quaile, Iolan's cheere ;
 The hen, for Esculape, and the Parthian deere ;
 Grapes, for Arcesilas, figs, for Plato's mouth,
 And chesnuts faire, for Amarillis' tooth*.
 Hadst thou such cheere ? wert thou ever there before ?
 Never.—I thought so : nor come there no more.
 Come there no more ; for so meant all that cost :
Never hence take me for thy second host.
 For whom he meanes to make an often guest,
 One dish shall serve ; and welcome make the rest.

 SATIRE IV.

WERE yesterday Polemon's natalis kept,
 That so his threshold is all freshly steept
 With new-shed blood ? Could he not sacrifice
 Some sorry morkin † that unbidden dies ;
 Or meager heifer, or some rotten ewe,
 But he must needs his posts with blood embrew ;

* See Todd's Life of Spenser, p. 76.

† *Morkin*.—A beast that dies by accident or sickness.

And on his way-doore fixe the horned head,
With flowers and with ribbands garnished?
Now shall the passenger deeme the man devout.
What boots it be so, but the world must know't?
O the fond boasting of vain-glorious men!
Does he the best, that may the best be seene?
Who ever gives a paire of velvet shooes
To th' Holy Rood, or liberally allowes
But a new rope to ring the curfew bell,
But he desires that his great deed may dwell,
Or graven in the chancel-window-glasse,
Or in his lasting tombe of plated brasse?
For he that doth so few deserving deeds,
'Twere sure his best sue for such larger meeds.
Who would inglorious live, inglorious die,
And might eternize his name's memorie?
And he, that cannot brag of greater store,
Must make his somewhat much, and little more.
Nor can good Myson weare on his left hond,
A signet ring of Bristol-diamond,
But he must cut his glove to shew his pride,
That his trim jewel might be better spy'd:
And that men mought some burgesse him repute,
With sattin sleeves hath grac'd his sacke-cloth suit.

SATIRE V.

FIE on all courtesie, and unruly windes,
 Two onely foes that faire disguisement findes.
Strange curse! but fit for such a fickle age,
 When Scalpes are subject to such vassalage.
 Late travailing along in London way,
 Mee met, as seem'd by his disguis'd array,
 A lustie courtier; whose curled head
 With abron locks was fairely furnished.
 I him saluted in our lavish wise :
 He answeres my untimely courtesies.
 His bonnet vail'd *, ere ever he could thinke,
 Th' unruly winde blowes off his periwinke †.
 He lights and runs, and quickly hath him sped,
 To overtake his over-running head.
 The sportfull winde, to mocke the headlesse man,
 Tosses apace his pitch'd Rogerian :
 And straight it to a deeper ditch hath blowne ;
 There must my yonker fetch his waxen crowne ‡.
 I lookt, and laught, whiles, in his raging minde,
He curst all courtesie, and unruly winde.
 I lookt and laught; and much I mervailed,
 To see so large a caus-way in his head.

* See Reed's Shakespeare, 7 vol. p. 235.

† See post, Book iv. Sat. 6.

‡ See Reed's Shakespeare, 2 vol. p. 358.

And me bethought, that when it first begon,
 'Twas some shroad autumnne * that so bar'd the bone.
 Is't not sweete pride, when men their crowns must shade,
 With that which jerks the hams of every jade,
 Or floor-strow'd locks from off the barber's sheares?
 But waxen crowns well gree with borrow'd haire.

SATIRE VI.

WHEN Gullion dy'd (who knowes not Gullion?)
 And his drie soule arriv'd at Acheron,
 He faire besought the feryman of hell,
 That he might drinke to dead Pantagruel.
 Charon was afraid lest thirstie Gullion
 Would have drunke drie the river Acheron.
 Yet last consented for a little hyre,
 And down he dips his chops deep in the myre,
 And drinkes, and drinkes, and swallows in the streeme,
 Untill the shallow shores all naked seeme.
 Yet still he drinkes, nor can the Boatman's cries,
 Nor crabbed oares, nor prayers make him rise.
 So long he drinkes, till the blacke caravell,
 Stands still fast gravell'd on the mud of hell.
 There stand they still, nor can go, nor retyre,
 Tho' greedie ghosts quicke passage did require.

* See As You Like it. Act 5. S. 4.

Yet stand they still, as tho' they lay at rode,
 Till Gullion his bladder would unlode.
 They stand, and wait, and pray for that good houre ;
 Which, when it came, they sailed to the shore.
 But never since dareth the ferryman,
 Once entertaine the ghost of Gullian.
 'Drinke on drie soule, and pledge sir Gullion :
 Drinke to all healths, but drinke not to thine owne.

Desunt nonnulla.

SATIRE VII.

SEEST thou how gayly my yong maister goes,
 Vaunting himselfe upon his rising toes ;
 And pranks * his hand upon his dagger's side ;
 And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide ?
 'Tis Ruffio. Trow'st thou where he din'd to day ?
 In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray †.
 Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheere,
 Keepes he for everie straggling cavaliere.
 An open house, haunted with greate resort ;
 Long service mixt with musicall disport.

* See Todd's Spenser, vol. 2. p. 117.

† For a very full Note on this cant phrase, see Pratt's Hall,
 vol. 10, p. 318.

Many a faire yonker with a feather'd crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his *twelve-pence* to a meaner host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He toucht no meat of all this live-long day.
For sure me thought, yet that was but a guesse,
His eyes seeme sunke for verie hollownesse,
But could he have (as I did it mistake)
So little in his purse, so much upon his backe?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stilly struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found braverie.
The nuns of new-woon Cales his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spaine,
His grandame could have lent with lesser paine?
Tho' he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English shore,
Yet faine would counted be a conquerour.
His hair, French like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock Amazon-like disheveled,
As if he meant to weare a native cord,
If chance his Fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close noched is his beard both lip and chin;

His linnen collar Labyrinthian-set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met :
His sleeves half hid with elbow-pineonings,
As if he meant to flie with linnen wings.
But when I looke, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eye in human show !
So slender waist with such an abbot's loyne,
Did never sober nature sure conjoine.
Lik'st a strawne scare-crow in the new-sowne field,
Rear'd on some sticke, the tender corne to shield.
Or if that semblance suit not everie deale,
Like a broad shak-forke with a slender steele.
Despised nature suit them once aright,
Their bodie to their coate, both now mis-dight.
Their bodie to their clothes might shapen be,
That nill their clothes shape to their bodie.
Meane while I wonder at so proud a backe,
Whiles th' empty guts lowd rumblen for long lacke :
The belly envieth the back's bright glee,
And murmurs at such inequality.
The backe appears unto the partial eie,
The plaintive belly pleads they bribed been ;
And he, for want of better advocate,
Doth to the ear his injury relate.
The back, insulting o'er the belly's need,
Says, Thou thy self, I others' eyes must feed.
The maw, the guts, all inward parts complaine
The back's great pride, and their own secret paine.

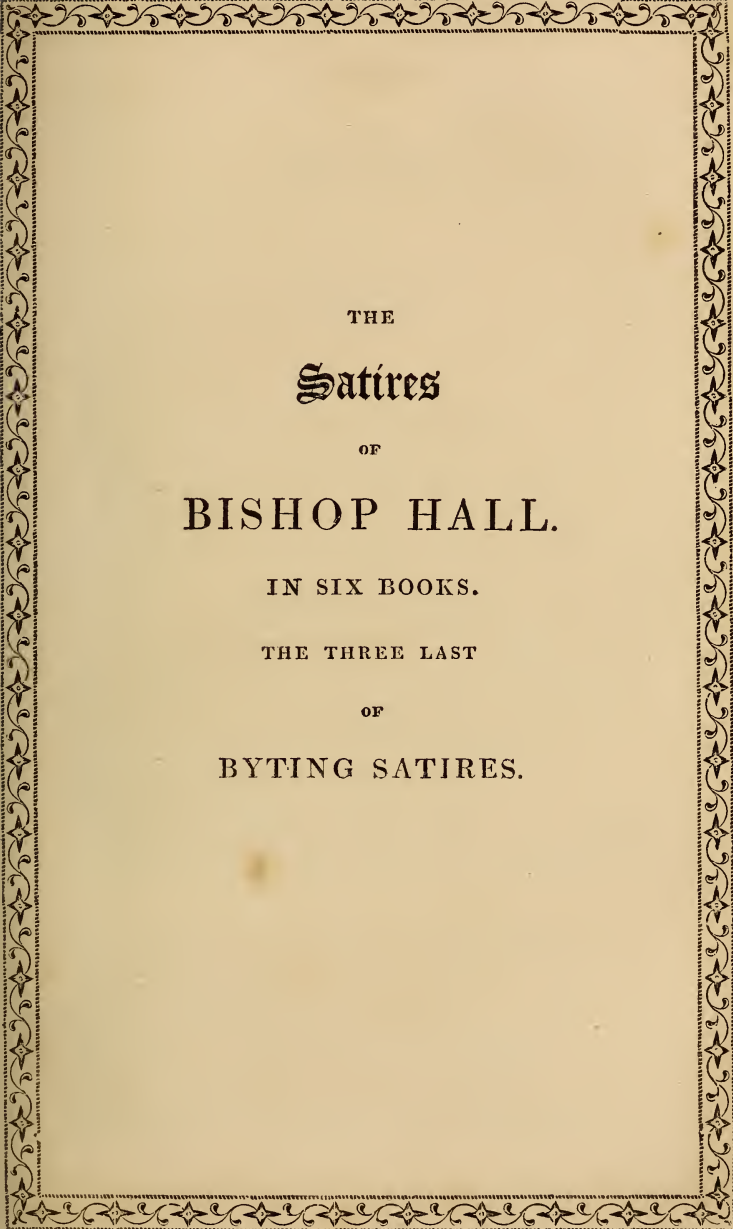
Ye witlesse gallants, I beshrew your hearts,
That sets such discord 'twixt agreeing parts,
Which never can be set at onement more,
Until the maw's wide mouth be stopt with store.

THE CONCLUSION

OF THE FIRST THREE SATIRES.

THUS have I writ, in smoother cedar tree,
So gentle Satires, penn'd so easily.
Henceforth I write in crabbed oak-tree rinde,
Search they that mean the secret meaning find.
Hold out, ye guilty and ye galled hides,
And meet my far-fetch'd stripes with waiting sides.






THE
Satires
OF
BISHOP HALL.
IN SIX BOOKS.
THE THREE LAST
OF
BYTING SATIRES.



Satires.

BOOK IV.

THE
AUTHOR'S CHARGE
TO HIS
SECOND COLLECTION OF SATIRES,
CALL'D
Byting Satires.



YE lucklesse rhymes, whom not unkindly spight
Begot long since of truth and holy rage,
Lye here in wombe of silence and still night,
Until the broils of next, unquiet age :
That, which is others' grave, shall be your wombe ;
And that, which bears you, your eternal tombe.

Cease, ere you gin ; and, ere ye live, be dead ;
And dye and live, ere ever ye be borne :
And be not bore, ere ye be buried ;
Then after live, sith you have dy'd beforne.
When I am dead and rotten in the dust,
Then gin to live, and leave when others lust.

For when I dye, shall Envy dye with me
 And lie deep smother'd with my marble stone;
 Which, while I live, cannot be done to dye;
 Nor, if your life gin ere my life be done,
 Will hardly yield t'await my mourning hearse,
 But for my dead corps change my living verse.

What shall the ashes of my senselesse urne
 Need to regard the raving world above?
 Sith afterwards I never can returne,
 To feel the force of hatred or of love?
 Oh! if my soul could see their post-hume spight,
 Should it not joy and triumph in the sight?

Whatever eye shalt find this hateful scrole
 After the date of my deare exequies,
 Ah! pity thou my plaining orphan's dole,
 That faine would see the sunne before it dies.
 It dy'd before: now let it live againe:
 Then let it dye, and bide some famous bane.

Satis est potuisse videri.

SATIRE I.

CHE BAIAR VUOL, BAI.

WHO dares upbraid these open rhymes of mine
 With blindfold Aquines, or darke Venusine * ?
 Or rough-hewn Teretisius, writ in th' antique vain
 Like an old satire, and new Flaccian ?
 Which who reads thrice, and rubs his rugged brow,
 And deep indenteth every doubtful row,
 Scoring the margent with his blazing stars,
 And hundreth crooked interlinears,
 (Like to a merchant's debt-roll new defac'd,
 When some crack'd Manour cross'd his book at last)
 Should all in rage the curse-beat page out-rive,
 And in each dust-heap bury me alive,
 Stamping like Bucephall, whose slackned raines
 And bloody fet-locks fry with seven men's braines :
 More cruel than the cravon Satire's ghost,
 That bound dead-bones unto a burning post ;
 Or some more strait lac'd juror of the rest,
 Impannel'd of an Holy-Fax inquest :
 Yet well bethought, stoops down and reads anew.
 " The best lies low, and loathes the shallow view,"
 Quoth old Eudemon, when his gout-swolne fist
 Gropes for his double ducates in his chist :

* See Juvenal, l. 51.—Pratt's Hall, vol. 10. p. 327.

Then buckle close his carelesse lyds once more,
 To pose the poore-blind snake of Epidaore*.
 That Lyncius may be match'd with Gaulard's sight,
 That sees not Paris for the houses' height;
 Or wily Cyppus, that can winke and snort
 While his wife dallies on Mæcenas' skort:
 Yet when he hath my crabbed pamphlet red
 As oftentimes as PHILIP † hath been dead,
 Bid all the Furies haunt each peevish line
 That thus have rack'd their friendly reader's eyne;
 Worse than the Logogryphes ‡ of later times,
 Or Hundreth Riddles shak'd to sleeve-lesse rhymes.
 Should I endure these curses and despight,
 While no man's care should glow at what I write?
 Labeo is whipt, and laughs me in the face:
 Why? for I smite and hide the galled-place.
 Gird but the Cynick's helmet on his head,
 Cares he for Talus §, or his flayle of lead?
 Long as the crafty Cuttle lieth sure
 In the blacke Cloud of his thicke vomiture,
 Who list complaine of wronged faith or fame,
 When he may shift it to another's name?
 Calvus can scratch his elbow and can smile,
 That thrift-lesse Pontice bites his lip the while.
 Yet I intended in that selfe devise
 To checke the Churle for his knowne covetise.

* Horace, Sat. I. 3.

† See Pratt's Hall, 10 Vol. p. 328.

‡ Ibid.

§ See Spenser.

Each points his straight fore-finger to his friend,
 Like the blind dial on the belfry end.
 Who turns it homeward, to say, This is I,
 As bolder Socrates in the comedy?
 But single out, and say once plat and plaine
 That coy Matrona is a courtezan;
 Or thou false Crypsus choak'dst thy wealthy guest,
 Whiles he lay snoring at his midnight rest,
 And in thy dung-cart didst the carkasse shrine
 And deepe intombe it in Port-Esqueline*.
 Proud Trebius lives, for all his princely gait,
 On third-hand suits, and scrapings of the plate.
 Titius knew not where to shroude his head
 Until he did a dying widow wed,
 Whiles she lay doating on her death's bed; }
 And now hath purchas'd lands with one night's paine
 And on the morrow woos and weds againe.
 Now see I fire-flakes sparkle from his eyes,
 Like to a Comet's taylor in th' angry skies:
 His pouting cheeks puff up above his brow,
 Like a swolne toad touch'd with the spider's blow:
 His mouth shrinks side-ward like a scornful Playse,
 To take his tired ear's ingrateful place:
 His ears hang laving like a new lugg'd swine,
 To take some counsel of his grieved eyne.
 Now laugh I loud, and breake my splene to see
 This pleasing pastime of my poesie;

* Esquilæ was one of the Roman hills.

Much better than a Paris-Garden beare* ;
Or prating puppet on a theatre ;
Or Mimoe's† whistling to his tabouret,
Selling a laughter for a cold meal's meat.
Go to then, ye my sacred Semones‡,
And please me more the more ye do displease.
Care we for all those bugs of idle feare ?
For figels grinning on the theatre ?
Or scar-babe threatnings of the rascal crew ;
Or wind-spent verdicts of each ale-knight's view ?
Whatever breast doth freeze for such false dread,
Beshrew his base white liver for his meed.
Fond were that pity, and that feare were sin,
To spare wast leaves that so deserved bin.
Those tooth-lesse Toys that dropt out by mis-hap,
Be but as lightning to a thunder-clap.
Shall then that foul infamous Cyned's hide
Laugh at the purple wales of others' side ?
Not, if he were as near as, by report,
The stewes had wont be to th' tennis court.
He, that, while thousands envy at his bed,
Neighs after bridals, and fresh-maidenhead :
While slavish Juno dares not look awry,
To frowne at such imperious rivalry ;

* The Paris-garden was in Southwark. It is alluded to by Reed in his Shakespeare, 15 vol. p. 200. Pennant, &c. &c.

† Supposed to allude to Kempe. See Wharton.

‡ A Deity of an inferior order. See Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 206.

Not tho' she sees her wedding jewels drest,
To make new bracelets for a strumpet's wrest ;
Or, like some strange disguised Messaline,
Hires a night's lodging of his concubine ;
Whether his twilight-torch of love do call
To revels of uncleanly musicall,
Or midnight plays, or taverns of new wine,
Hye, ye white aprons, to your landlord's signe ;
When all, save toothlesse age or infancy,
Are summon'd to the Court of Venery.
Who list excuse ? when chaster dames can hire
Some snout fair stripling to their apple-squire*,
Whom, staked up like to some stallion-steed,
They keep with eggs and oysters for the breed.
O Lucine ! barren Caia hath an heir,
After her husband's dozen years' despair.
And now the bribed mid-wife swears apace,
The bastard babe doth bear his father's face.
But hath not Lelia pass'd her virgine years ?
For modest shame (God wot !) or penal fears ?
He tells a merchant tidings of a prize,
That tells Cynedo of such novelties ;
Worth little less than landing of a whale,
Or Gades' spoils, or a churl's funerale.
Go bid the banes and point the bridal-day,
His broking bawd hath got a noble prey :

* See ante.—Also Nabbe's *Microcosmus*, quoted in Mason's Supplement to Johnson.

A vacant tenement, an honest dowre
Can fit his pander for her paramoure ;
That he, base wretch, may clog his wit-old head,
And give him hanel of his Hymen-bed.
Ho! all ye females that would live unshent,
Fly from the reach of Cyned's regiment.
If Trent be drawn to dregs and Low refuse,
Hence, ye hot lecher, to the steaming stewes.
Tyber, the famous sink of Christendome,
Turn thou to Thames, and Thames run towards Rome.
Whatever damned streame but thine were meet,
To quench his lusting liver's boiling heat?
Thy double draught may quench his dog-days rage
With some stale Bacchis, or obsequious page,
When writen Lena makes her sale-set shews
Of wooden Venus with fair-limned brows ;
Or like him more some veiled Matron's face,
Or trained prentice trading in the place.
The close aduultresse, where her name is red,
Comes crawling from her husband's lukewarm bed,
Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odours sweet,
Groping the postern with her bared feet.
Now play the Satire whoso list for me,
Valentine self, or some as chaste as he.
In vaine she wisheth long Alchmana's night,
Cursing the hasty dawning of the light ;
And with her cruel Lady-star uprose
She seeks her third roust on her silent toes ;

Besmear'd all with loathsome smoake of lust,
Like Acheron's stemes, or smoldring sulphur dust:
Yet all day sits she simpering in her mew*,
Like some chaste dame, or shrined saint in shew;
Whiles he lies wallowing with a westy-hed
And palish carcasse, on his brothel-bed,
Till his salt bowels boile with poisonous fire;
Right Hercules with his second Deianire.
O Esculape! how rife is physick made,
When each brasse-basen can professe the trade
Of ridding pocky wretches from their paine,
And do the beastly cure for ten groats' gaine?
All these and more deserve some blood-drawn lines,
But my six cords beene of too loose a twine:
Stay till my beard shall sweep mine aged breast,
Then shall I seem an awful Satyrist †:
While now my rhymes relish of the ferule still,
Some nose-wise Pedant saith; whose deep-seen skill
Hath three times construed either Flaccus o'er,
And thrice rehears'd them in his Trivial floore.
So let them tax me for my hot blood's rage,
Rather than say I doated in my age.

* See Book IV. Sat. 4.—Reed's Shakespeare, 14 vol. p. 280.—
Todd's Spenser, 2 vol. p. 161.—Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 331.

† See Persius, Sat. I.

SATIRE II.

ARCADES AMBO.

OLD driveling Lolio drudges all he can
To make his eldest sonne a gentleman.
Who can despaire that sees another thrive,
By loan* of twelve-pence to an oyster-wive?
When a craz'd scaffold, and a rotten stage,
Was all rich Nævius his heritage.
Nought spendeth he for feare, nor spares for cost;
And all he spends and spares besides is lost.
Himself goes patched like some bare Cottyer,
Lest he might ought the future stocke appeyre.
Let giddy Cosmius change his choice array,
Like as the Turk his tents, thrice in a day,
And all to sun and air his suits untold
From spiteful moths, and frets, and hoary mold;
Bearing his pawn-laid lands upon his backe,
As snailes their shells, or pedlers do their packe.
Who cannot shine in tissues and pure gold,
That hath his lands and patrimony sold?
Lolio's side-coat is rough Pampilian,
Gilded with drops that downe the bosome ran;
White carsey hose, patched on either knee,
The very embleme of good husbandry;

* See Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 332, and Colquhoun's Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis.

And a knit night-cap made of coursest twine,
With two long labels button'd to his chin :
So rides he mounted on the market-day,
Upon a straw-stu'fft pannel all the way,
With a maund charg'd with household merchandize,
With eggs, or white-meate, from both dayries ;
And with that buys he rost for Sunday noone,
Proud how he made that week's provision.
Else is he stall-fed on the workey-day,
With browne-bread crusts soften'd in sodden whey,
Or water-gruell ; or those paups of meale,
That Maro makes his Simule* and Cybeale :
Or once a weeke, perhaps, for novelty,
Reez'd bacon soords shall feast his family ;
And weens this more than one egg cleft in twaine,
To feast some patrone and his chappelaine ;
Or more than is some hungry gallant's dole,
That in a dearth runs sneaking to an hole,
And leaves his man and dog to keepe his hall
Least the wild roome should run forth of the wall.
Good man ! him list not spend his idle meales
In quinsing plovers, or in winning quailes ;
Nor toot in Cheap-side baskets earne and late †
To set the first tooth in some novell-cate.
Let sweet-mouth'd Mercia bid what crowns she please
For half-red cherries, or greene garden-pease,

* See Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 333.

† See Todd's Spenser, vol. I. p. 53.

Or the first artichoaks of all the yeare,
 To make so lavish cost for little cheare :
 When Lolio feasteth in his revelling fit,
 Some starved pullen scoures the rusted spit.
 For else how should his sonne maintained be
 At Inns of Court or of the Chancery :
 There to learn law, and courtly carriage,
 To make amends for his mean parentage ;
 Where he, unknowne, and ruffling as he can *,
 Goes curreant ech-where for a gentleman ?
 While yet he rousteth at some uncouth signe,
 Nor never red his tenure's second line.
 What broker's lousy wardrobe cannot reach
 With tissued panes to prancke each peasant's breech ?
 Couldst thou but give the wall, the cap, the knee,
 To proud Sartorio that goes straddling by :
 Wer't not the needle, pricked on his sleeve,
 Doth by good hap the secret watch-word give ?
 But hear'st thou Lolio's sonne ? gin not thy gait
 Until the evening owl or bloody bat :
 Never until the lamps of Paul's been light,
 And niggard lanterns shade the moon-shine night
 Then, when the guilty bankrupt, in bold dreade,
 From his close cabbिन thrusts his shrinking heade,
 That hath been long in shady shelter pent
 Imprisoned for feare of prisonment ;

* See Malone's Note on the Taming of the Shrew, Act iv.
 Scene 3.

May be some russet-coat Parochian
 Shall call thee cousin, friend, or countryman,
 And for thy hoped fist crossing the streete
 Shall in his father's name his god-son greete.
 Could never man work thee a worser shame,
 Than once to mingle thy father's odious name:
 Whose mention were alike to thee as leve
 As a catch-poll's fist* unto a bankrupt's sleeve;
 Or an *Hos ego* from old Petrarch's spright
 Unto a plagiary sonnet-wright.

There, soon as he can kiss his hand in gree †,
 And with good grace bow it below the knee,
 Or make a Spanish face with fauning cheere,
 With th' iland-conge like a cavalier,
 And shake his head, and cringe his neck and side,
 Home hies he ‡ in his father's farm to bide.
 The tenants wonder at their land-lord's sonne,
 And blesse them at so sudden comming on,
 More than who vies his pence to view some trick
 Of stranges Moroccoe's § dumb arithmetick,

* See Phillips's *Splendid Shilling*, l. 57.

† For "prendi in grado," see Todd's *Spenser*, 2 vol. 158.

‡ See the late Mr. Dibdin's "Selected Songs," 2 vol. p. 84.—

Weybridge Edition.

§ *Moroccoes dumb arithmetick*.—The following Note by Mr. Isaac Reed is taken from his copy of this Work in the Editor's possession.—"This alludes to a pamphlet called 'Marocco's Extractions, or Banke's Bay Horse in a Trance,' 4to. 1595. It is a Dialogue between Bankes and his Horse; and begins, 'Holla, Marocco, whose mare is dead?' &c. There is a wooden print prefixed of the master and his horse, and a pair of dice on the

Or the young elephant, or two-tayl'd steere,
 Or the rigg'd camell, or the fiddling frere.
 Nay then his Hodge shall leave the plough and waine,
 And buy a booke, and go to Schole againe.
 Why mought not he as well as others done,
 Rise from his fescue* to his Littleton?
 Fools! they may feed with words and live by ayre,
 That climb to honour by the pulpit's stayre:
 Sit seven years pining in an Anchore's cheyre,
 To win some patched shreds of Minivere †;
 And seven more plod at a patron's taylor
 To get a gelded ‡ chapel's cheaper sayle.
 Old Lolio sees, and laugheth in his sleeve
 At the great hope they and his state do give.
 But that, which glads and makes him proud'st of all,
 Is when the brabbling neighbours on him call
 For counsel in some crabbed case of law,
 Or some indentments, or some bond to draw:
 His neighbour's goose hath grazed on his lea,
 What action mought be enter'd in the plea?
 So new-fall'n lands have made him in request,
 That now he looks as lofty as the best.
 And well done Lolio, like a thrifty syre,
 'Twere pity but thy sonne should prove a squire.

"floor. The horse stands on his hind legs with a stick in his
 "mouth to point with." See also Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 335.

* See Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 335.—Also Johnson, & c.

† See Ainsworth.—Also Warton.

‡ See Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 336.—Also the Return from Parnassus: Act III. Scene I.

How I fore-see in many ages past,
When Lolio's caytive name is quite defa'st,
Thine heir, thine heir's heir, and his heir again
From out the loynes of careful Lolian,
Shall climb up to the chancell pewes on high,
And rule and raigne in their rich tenancy ;
When, perch'd aloft to perfect their estate,
They rack their rents unto a treble rate ;
And hedge in all the neighbour common lands *,
And clodge their slavish tenants with commands ;
Whiles they, poor souls, with feeling sigh complaine,
And wish old Lolio were alive againe,
And praise his gentle soule and wish it well,
And of his friendly facts full often tell.
His father dead ! tush, no it was not he,
He finds records of his great pedigree ;
And tells how first his famous ancestor
Did come in long since with the Conquerour.
Nor hath some bribed herald first assign'd
His quartered arms and crest of gentle kind ;
The Scottish Barnacle, if I might choose,
That, of a worme, doth waxe a winged goose.
Nathlesse some hungry squire, for hope of god,
Matches the churl's sonne into gentle blood ;
Whose sonne more justly of his gentry boasts,
Than who were borne at two pide-painted posts,

* See Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 336, 337.—Also Book v. Sat. I.

And had some traunting chapman to his syre,
 That trafick'd both by water and by fyre.
 O times! since ever Rome did kings create,
 Brasse gentlemen, and Cæsars Laureate!

SATIRE III.

Fuimus troës. vel, vix ea nostra.

WHAT boots it, Pontice*, tho' thou could'st discourse
 Of a long golden line of ancestours?
 Or shew their painted faces gayly drest,
 From ever since before the last conquest?
 Or tedious bead-rolls of descended blood,
 From father Japhet since Ducalion's flood?
 Or call some old church-windows to record
 The age of thy fair armes;——
 Or find some figures halfe obliterate
 In rain-beat marble near to the church-gate
 Upon a crosse-legg'd tombe †? what boots it thee
 To shew the rusted buckle that did tie
 The garter of thy greatest grand-sires knee?
 What to reserve their relics many yeares,
 Their silver-spurs, or spils of broken speares?

* Juv. Sat. VIII. L. I.

† Ibid. L. IV.

Or cite old Ocland's verse, how they did weild*
The wars in Turwin, or in Turney field?
And, if thou canst in picking strawes engage
In one half day thy father's heritage;
Or hide whatever treasures he thee got,
In some deep cock-pit; or, in desp'rate lot
Upon a six-square piece of ivory,
Throw both thy self and thy posterity;
Or if (O shame!) in hired harlot's bed
Thy wealthy heir-dome thou have buried:
Then Pontice, little boots thee to discourse
Of a long golden line of ancestors.
Ventrous Fortunio his farm hath sold,
And gads to Guiane land to fish for gold;
Meeting perhaps, if Orenoque deny,
Some stragging pinnace of Polonian Rye.
Then comes home floating with a silken saile,
That Severne shaketh with his cannon-pealé;
Wiser Raymundus, in his closet pent,
Laughs at such danger and adventurement;
When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,
And now his second hopeful glasse is broke;
But yet, if haply his third fornace hold,
Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold:
So spend thou, Pontice, if thou canst not spare,
Like some stout seaman, or philosopher.

* Juv. Sat. VIII. L. IX.—Warton's Hist. English Poetry, III. 314.

And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise* ;
No thank to thee, by whom their name decays :
By virtue got they it, and valourous deed ;
Do thou so, Pontice, and be honoured.
But els, look how their virtue was their owne,
Not capable of propagation,
Right so their titles been, nor can be thine,
Whose ill deserts might blancke their golden line †.
Tell me, thou gentle Trojan, doth thou prize
Thy brute beasts' worth by their dams' qualities ?
Say'st thou, *this* colt shall prove a swift-pac'd steed,
Only because a Jennet did him breed ?
Or say'st thou, *this* same horse shall winn the prize,
Because his dam was swiftest Trunchevine,
Or Runcevall his sire ? himself a Gallaway ?
Whiles, like a tireling jade, he lags half-way ;
Or whiles thou seest some of thy Stallion-Race,
Their eyes boar'd out, masking the miller's maze,
Like to a Scythian slave sworne to the payle,
Or dragging froathy barrels at his tayle ?
Albe wise Nature, in her providence,
Wont, in the want of reason and of sense,
Traduce the native virtue with the kind,
Making all brute and senselesse things inclin'd
Unto their cause, or place where they were sowne ;
That one is like to all, and all like one :

* Juv. Sat. VIII. L. XIX.

† Ibid. L. LXXVI.

Was never fox, but wily cubs begets :
 The bear his fiercenesse to his brood besets :
 Nor fearful hare falls out of lyon's seed,
 Nor eagle wont the tender dove* to breed :
 Creet ever wont the cypress sad to bear,
 Acheron banks the palish popelare :
 The palm doth rifely rise in Jury field,
 And Alpheus' waters nought but olives wild :
 Asopus breeds big bull-rushes alone,
 Meander, heath ; peaches by Nilus growne :
 An English wolfe, an Irish toad to see,
 Were as a chast-man nurs'd in Italy.
 And now, when nature gives another guide
 To human-kind, that in his bosome bides,
 Above instinct, his reason and discourse,
 His being better, is his life the worse !

* See Horace, Lib. iv. Ode iv. L. 30.—Also Brome's Horace, edition 1646, Page 133.

“ A valiant man gets men of spirit ;
 “ Ev'n beasts their fathers mindes inherit ;
 “ Nor doth the bird of Jove
 “ Get a degenerous dove.”—

And Southwark's Horace, edition 1649, P. 98.

“ From good and valiant men the like proceed,
 “ So kine and horses follow all their breed.
 “ An eagle fierce ne're bread a gentle Dove,
 “ But learning innate Vertue doth promove.”—

Ah me! how seldom see we sonnes* succeed
 Their father's praise, in prowess and great deed!
 Yet, certes, if the syre be ill inclin'd,
 His faults befall his sonnes by course of kind.
 Scaurus was covetous, his sonne not so;
 But not his pared nayle will he forego.
 Florian, the syre, did women love alive,
 And so his sonne doth too; all, but his wife.
 Brag of thy father's faults: they are thine own.
 Brag of his lands, if those bee not foregone.
 Brag of thine own good deeds; for they are thine:
 More than his life, or lands, or golden line.

SATIRE IV.

PLUS BEAU QUE FORT.

CAN I not touch some upstart carpet-shield
 Of Lolio's sonne, that never saw the field †;
 Or taxe wild Pontice for his luxuries
 But straight they tell me of Tiresias' ‡ eyes?

* Some of our modern WHIPS are lamentable instances of this degeneracy of character.—Also see Horace, Lib. iv. Ode iv. L. 35.

† See Johnson on Sir Toby's remark to Sir Andrew, in Twelfth Night.—Also Reed's Shakespeare, 5 vol. p. 368.

‡ Tiresias, one of the most celebrated sooth-sayers of antiquity, was the son of Everus and the nymph Chariclo, and derived his

Or lucklesse Collingborn's* feeding of the crows, }
 Or hundreth scalps which Thames still underflowes, }
 But straight Sigalion nods and knits his browes,
 And winkes and wafes his warning hand for feare,
 And lips some silent letters in my eare?
 Have I not vow'd for shunning such debate
 (Pardon, ye Satires,) to degenerate?
 And, wading low in the plebeian lake,
 That no salt wave shall froth upon my backe.
 Let Labeo, or who else list for me,
 Go loose his ears and fall to alchymie.
 Only let Gallio give me leave a while
 To schoole him once, or ere I change my style.
 O lawlesse paunch! the cause of much despight,
 Through raunging of a currish appetite,
 When spleenish morsels cram the gaping maw,
 Withouten diet's care or trencher-law;
 Tho' never have I Salerne rhymes profest,
 To be some lady's trencher-critick guest
 Whiles each bit cooleth for the oracle,
 Whose sentence charms it with a rhyming spell:
 Touch not this coler, that melancholy:
 This bit were dry and hot, that cold and dry.

origin from Udæas, one of those who sprung from the serpent's
 teeth sown by Cadmus. He was blind, and several causes were
 assigned for it. Some ascribed it to the resentment of Minerva—
 others to that of Juno—whilst some say that the gods, not think-
 ing it proper, that he should reveal to mortals what they desired
 to conceal from them, deprived him of sight.

* See this legend in the Mirror of Magistrates.

Yet can I set my Gallio's dieting,
 A pestle of a lark, or plover's wing ;
 And warn him not to cast his wanton eyne
 On grosser bacon, or salt haberdine*,
 Or dried fitches of some smoked beeve,
 Hang'd on a writhen with since Martin's eve,
 Or burnt larke's heeles, or rashers raw and grene,
 Or melancholick liver of an hen,
 Which stout Voravo brags to make his feast,
 And claps his hand on his brave ostridge-breast,
 Then falls to praise the hardy Janizar
 That sucks his horse side, thirsting in the war:
 Lastly, to seal up all that he hath spoke,
 Quaffes a whole tunnell of tobacco smoke.
 If Martius in boystrous buffs be dress'd,
 Branded with iron plates upon the breast,
 And pointed on the shoulders for the nonce †,
 As new-come from the Belgian Garrisons,
 What should thou need to envy ought at that,
 When as thou smellst like a civet-cat?
 When as thine oyled locks smooth platted fall,
 Shining like varnish'd pictures on a wall?
 When a plum'd fanne may shade thy chalked face,
 And lawny strips thy naked bosom grace.
 If bragging Make-Fray, at each fair and size,
 Picks quarrels for to shew his valiantize ;

* A dried Codfish.

† Todd's Spenser, 6 vol. p. 271.—Johnson, &c.

Straight pressed, for an hungry Swizzer's pay,
To thrust his fist to each part of the fray;
And, piping hot, puffs toward the pointed plaine,
With a broad Scot, or proking spit of Spaine;
Or hoyseth sayle up to a forraine shore,
That he may live a lawlesse conquerour:
If some such desp'rate Hackster shall devise
To rouse thine hare's-heart from her cowardice,
As idle children striving to excell
In blowing bubbles from an empty shell;
Oh Hercules! how like to prove a man,
That all so rath thy warlike life began?
Thy mother could thee for thy cradle set
Her husband's rusty iron corselet;
Whose jargling sound might rock her babe to rest,
That never plain'd of his uneasy nest:
There did he dreame of dreary wars at hand,
And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could stand.
But who hath seene the lambs of Tarentine*,
May guesse what Gallio his manners beene:
All soft as is the falling thistle-downe,
Soft as the fummy ball, or Morrian's crowne†.
Now Gallio, gins thy youthly heat to raigne
In every vigorous limb and swelling vaine.
Time bids thee raise thy headstrong thoughts on high,
To valour and adventrous chivalry:

* Juv. Sat. VIII. L. XIV.

† See Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 342.

Pawne thou no glove for challenge of the deed,
Nor make thy Quintaine others armed head
T'enrich the waiting herald with thy shame*,
And make thy losse the scornful scaffold's game.
Wars, God forefend! nay God defend from war!
Soone are sonnes spent, that not soon reared are.
Gallio may pull me roses ere they fall,
Or in his net entrap the tennis-ball,
Or tend his spar-hawke mantling in her mew,
Or yelping beagles' busy heeles pursue,
Or watch a sinking corke upon the shore,
Or halter finches through a privy doore,
Or list he spend the time in sportful game,
In daily courting of his lovely dame,
Hang on her lips, melt in her wanton eye,
Dance in her hand, joy in her jollity;
Here's little perill, and much lesser paine.
So timely Hymen do the rest restraine.
Hye, wanton Gallio, and wed betime,
Why should'st thou leese the pleasures of thy prime?
Seest thou the rose-leaves fall ungathered?
Then hye thee, wanton Gallio, to wed.
Let ring and ferule meet upon thine hand,
And Lucine's girdle with her swathing-band.
Hye thee, and give the world yet one dwarfe more,
Such as it got when thou thy selfe wast bore.

* See Malone—Douce—Johnson—Pratt's Hall, vol. 10. p. 343.
—Reed's Shakespeare, 8 vol. pages 193. 198.

Looke not for warning of thy bloomed chin :
 Can ever happinesse too soone begin ?
 Virginius vow'd to keep his maiden-head,
 And eats chast lettice, and drinks poppy-seed,
 And smells on camphire fasting ; and, that done,
 Long hath he liv'd, chaste as a veiled nunne ;
 Free as a new-absolved damosell,
 That Frere Cornelius shrived* in his cell :
 Till, now he wax'd a toothlesse bachelour,
 He thaws like Chaucer's frosty Janivere ;
 And sets a month's mind upon smiling May,
 And dyes his beard that did his age bewray ;
 Biting on annys-seede and rose-marine,
 Which might the fume of his rot lungs refine :
 Now he in Charon's barge a bride doth seeke,
 The maidens mocke, and call him withered leeke,
 That with a greene tayle hath an hoary head ;
 And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

SATIRE V.

STUPET ALBIUS ÆRE.

WOULD now that Matho were the Satyrist,
 That some fat bribe might grease him in the fist ;

* Confessed.

For which he need not brawl at any bar,
Nor kisse the booke to be a perjurer :
Who else would scorne his silence to have sold,
And have his tongue tyed with strings of gold ?
Curius is dead, and buried long since,
And all that loved golden Abstinence.
Might he not well repine at his old fee,
Would he but spare to speake of usury ?
Hirelings enow beside can be so base,
Tho' we should scorne each bribing varlet's brasse :
Yet he and I could shun each jealous head,
Sticking our thumbs close to our girdle-stead :
Tho' were they maniced behind our backe,
Another's fist can serve our fees to take.
Yet pursy Euclio, cheerly smiling, pray'd
That my sharp words might curtal their side trade :
For thousands beene in every governall
That live by losse, and rise by others' fall.
Whatever sickly sleepe so secret dies,
But some foule raven hath bespoke his eyes ?
What else makes N——, when his lands are spent,
Go shaking like a threadbare malecontent ;
Whose band-lesse bonnet vailes his o'er-grown chin,
And sullen rags bewray his morphew'd skin ?
So ships he to the wolfish western isle,
Among the savage kernes in sad exile* ;

* See Todd's Spenser, 8 vol. p. 392.—Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 345.

Or in the Turkish wars, at Cæsar's pay,
To rub his life out till the latest day.
Another shifting gallant to forecast
To gull his hostess for a month's repast,
With some gall'd trunk, ballast with straw and stone,
Left for the pawn of his provision.
Had F——'s shop layn fallow but from hence,
His doores close seal'd as in some pestilence,
Whiles his light heeles their fearful flight can take,
To get some badgelesse blue upon his back ?
Tocullio was a wealthy usurer,
Such store of incomes had he every year,
By bushels was he wont to mete his coine,
As did the olde wife of Trimalcion.
Could he do more, that finds an idle roome
For many hundreth thousands on a toombe ?
Or who rears up four free-schools in his age,
Of his old pillage, and damn'd surplusage ?
Yet now he swore, by that sweete crosse he kiss'd
(That silver crosse, where he had sacrific'd
His coveting soule, by his desire's owne doome,
Daily to die the devil's martyrdome)
His angels were all flowne up to their sky,
And had forsooke his naked treasury.
Farewell Astrea and her weights of gold,
Untill his lingring calends once be told ;
Nought left behind but wax and parchment scroles,
Like Lucian's dreame that silver turn'd to coals.

Should'st thou him credit, that nould credit thee?
Yes, and may'st swear he swore the verity.
The ding-thrift heir his shift-got summe mispent,
Comes drooping like a pennylesse penitnt,
And beats his faint fist on Tocullio's doore,
It lost the last, and now must call for more.
Now hath the spider caught a wand'ring fly,
And draws her captive at her cruel thigh:
Soon is his errand read in his pale face,
Which bears dumb characters of every case.
So Cyned's dusky cheeke and fiery eye,
And hairlesse brow, tells where he last did lye.
So Matho doth bewray his guilty thought,
While his pale face doth say his cause is nought.
Seest thou the wary angler trayle along
His feeble line, soone as some pike too strong
Hath swallowed the bate that scornes the shore,
Yet now near-hand cannot resist no more.
So lieth he aloofe in smooth pretence,
To hide his rough intended violence:
As he, that, under name of Christmas cheere
Can starve his tennants all th' ensuing yeare.
Paper and wax, (God wot!) a weake repay
For such deepe debts and downstakt sums as they.
Write, seale, deliver, take, go spend and speede,
And yet full hardly could his present need
Part with such sum; for but as yester-late
Did Furnus offer pen-worthis at easy rate,

For small disbursment : he the bankes hath broke,
And needs mote now some further playne o'erlook ;
Yet, ere he go, faine would he be releast,
Hye you, ye ravens, hye you to the feast.
Provided that thy lands are left entire,
To be redeem'd or ere thy day expire ;
Then shalt thou teare those idle paper bonds
That thus had fettered thy pawned lands.
Ah foole ! for sooner shalt thou sell the rest
Than stake ought for thy former interest ;
When it shall grind thy grating gall for shame,
To see the lands that bear thy grandsire's name
Become a dunghill peasant's summer-hall,
Or lonely hermit's cage inhospitall ;
A pining gourmand, an imperious slave,
An horse-leech, barren wombe and gaping grave * ;
A legal thiefe, a bloodlesse murtherer,
A fiend incarnate, a false usurer :
Albe such mayne extort scorns to be pent
In the clay walls of thatched tenement :
For, certes, no man of a low degree
May bid two guests, or gout, or usury :
Unlesse some base hedge-creeping Collybist †
Scatters his refuse scraps on whom he list,
For Easter gloves, or for a shrove-tide hen,
Which, bought to give, he takes to sell again.

* Proverbs, chap. xxx. verses 15, 16.

† See Pratt's Hall, 2 vol. p. 458.

I do not meane some glozing merchant's feate,
 That laugheth at the cozened world's deceit,
 When as an hundred stocks lie in his fist,
 He leaks and sinks, and breaketh when he list.
 But Nummius eas'd the needy gallant's care
 With a base bargain of his blowen ware
 Of fusted hops, now lost for lack of sale,
 Or mould brown paper that could nought availe ;
 Or what he cannot utter otherwise,
 May pleasure Fridoline for treble price :
 Whiles his false broker lieth in the wind,
 And for a present chapman is assign'd,
 The cut-throat wretch for their compacted gaine
 Buys all but for one quarter of the mayne ;
 Whiles, if he chance to breake his deare-bought day,
 And forfeit, for default of due repay,
 His late intangled lands ; then, Fridoline,
 Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pine.
 If Mammon's selfe should ever live with men,
 Mammon himself shall be a citizen.

 SATIRE VI.

QUID PLACET ERGO ?

I WO'T not how the world's degenerate *,
 That men or know, or like not their estate :

* Hor. Lib. I. Sat. I.—Juv. Sat. x.

Out from the Gades up to th' eastern morne,
 Not one but holds his native state forlone.
 When comely striplings wish it were their chance,
 For Cænis' distaffe to exchange their lance,
 And weare curl'd perriwigs, and chalk their face,
 And still are poring on their pocket-glasse.
 Tyr'd with pinn'd ruffs and fans, and partlet strips*,
 And busks and verdingales† about their hips;
 And tread on corked stilts a prisoner's pace,
 And make their napkin for their spitting place,
 And gripe their waist within a narrow span:
 Fond Cænis that would'st wish to be a man!
 Whose manish huswives like their refuse state,
 And make a drudge of their uxorious mate;
 Who, like a cot-queene, freezeth at the rock,
 Whiles his breech't dame doth man the forreïn stock.
 Is't not a shame to see each homely groome
 Sit perched in an idle chariot roome‡,
 That were not meete some pannel to bestride,
 Surcingled to a galled hackney's hide?
 Each muck-worme will be rich with lawlesse gaine,
 Altho' he smother up mowes of seven years' graine,
 And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap again; }
 Altho' he buy whole harvests in the spring,
 And foyst in false strikes to the measuring:

* See Hanmer.—Also Johnson.

† Or, Fardingales. See Phillip's New World of Words.

‡ See Warton.

Altho' his shop be muffled from the light,
Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian night :
Nor full nor fasting can the carle take rest,
While his George-Nobles rusten in his chest :
He sleeps but once, and dreames of burglarie,
And wakes and casts about his frighted eye,
And gropes for theeves in every darker shade ;
And, if a mouse but stirre, he calls for ayde.
The sturdy plogh-man doth the soldier see
All scarfed with pied colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fōrtunate ;
And now he gins to loathe his former state :
Now doth he inly scorne his Kendall-Greene *,
And his patch'd cockers now despised beene.
Nor list he now go whistling to the carre,
But sells his teeme and fetleth to the warre.
O warre ! to them that never try'd thee, sweete !
When his dead mate falls groveling at his feete,
And angry bullets whistlen at his eare,
And his dim eyes see nought but death and dreere.
Oh happy ploughman † ! were thy weale well knowne :
Oh happy all estates except his owne !
Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent,
If he can live to see his name in print ;
Who when he is once fleshed to the presse,
And sees his handsell have such faire successe,

* See Stat. of 12 Rich. 2.

† See Virgil, Geor. Lib. 2.

Sung to the wheele, and sung unto the payle,
 He * sends forth thraves of ballads to the sale.
 Nor then can rest, but volumes up bodg'd rhymes,
 To have his name talk'd of in future times.
 The brain-sick youth, that feeds his tickled ear
 With sweet-sauc'd lies of some false traveller,
 Which hath the Spanish † Decades read awhile,
 Or whet-stone leasings of old Maundeville ‡;
 Now with discourses breakes his mid-night sleepe,
 Of his adventures through the Indian deepe,
 Of all their massy heapes of golden mine,
 Or of the antique toombes of Palestine;
 Or of Damascus' magick wall of glasse,
 Of Solomon his sweating piles of brasse,
 Of the bird Ruc § that bears an elephant,
 Of mermaids that the southerne seas do haunt,
 Of headless men ||, of savage cannibals,
 The fashions of their lives and governals:
 What monstrous cities there erected be,
 Cayro, or the city of the Trinity.
 Now are they dung-hill cocks, that have not seene
 The bordering Alpes, or else the neighbour Rhene:

* Elderton the drunken ballad singer is supposed to be alluded to.

† See Warton.

‡ Mandeville's Voyages.

§ See Bishop Hall's *Mundus Alter et Idem*. Also Pratt's Hall, 10 vol. p. 142. 153.

|| Ibid, p. 238.

And now he plies the newes-full grasshopper,
 Of voyages and ventures to enquire.
 His land mortgag'd, he sea-beat in the way,
 Wishes for home a thousand sithes a day.
 And now he deems his home-bred fare as leefe,
 As his parcht bisket, or his barrel'd beefe.
 Mong'st all these stirs of discontented strife,
 Oh let me lead an academick * life;
 To know much, and to think we nothing know;
 Nothing to have, yet think we have enow;
 In skill to want, and wanting seek for more;
 In weale, nor want, nor wish for greater store.
 Envy, ye monarchs, with your proud excesse,
 At our low sayle †, and our high happiness.

SATIRE VI.

POMH PTMH.

WHO says these Romish pageants been too high †
 To be the scorne of sportful poesy?
 Certes not all the world such matter wist
 As are the Seven Hills, for a Satyrst.

* See Bishop Hall's Specialties.

† See the Return from Parnassus. 4 Act. 5 sc.

‡ See lib. 3, c. 8, 9 of the Bishop's Mundus Alter et Idem.

Perdy, I loath a hundreth Mathoes' tongues,
An hundreth gamesters' shifts, or landlords' wrongs,
Or Labeo's poems, or base Lolio's pride,
Or ever what I thought or wrote beside ;
When once I thinke if carping Aquine's* spright
To see now Rome, were licenc'd to the light,
How his enraged ghost would stamp and stare,
That Cæsar's throne is turn'd to Peter's chayre.
To see an old shorne Lozell † perched high,
Crossing beneath a golden canopy ;
The whiles a thousand hairlesse crownes crouch low,
To kisse the precious case of his proud toe :
And for the lordly Fasces borne of old,
To see two quiet crossed keys of gold ;
Or Cybele's shrine, the famous Pantheon's frame,
Turn'd to the honour of our Lady's name.
But that he most would gaze and wonder at,
Is th' horned mitre, and the bloody hat,
The crooked staffe, their coule's strange form and store,
Save that he saw the same in hell before :
To see the broken nuns, with new-shorne heads,
In a blind cloyster tosse their idle beades,
Or louzy coules come smoking from the stewes,
To raise the lewd rent to their lord accrewes,

* Juvenal.—See Spenser, st. 25.

† A lazy lubber. See Phillip's New World of Words.

(Who with ranke Venice* doth his pompe advance
 By trading of ten thousand courtezans)
 Yet backward must absolve a female's sin;
 Like to a false dissembling Theatine†,
 Who, when his skin is red with shirts of male
 And rugged hair-cloth, scoures his greasy nayle;
 Or wedding garment tames his stubborne backe,
 Which his hempe girdle dies all blew and blacke:
 Or, of his almes-boule three dayes supp'd and din'd,
 Trudges to open stewes of either kinde:
 Or takes some Cardinal's stable in the way,
 And with some pamper'd mule doth weare the day,
 Kept for his lord's own saddle when him list.
 Come, Valentine, and play the satyrist,
 To see poor sucklings welcom'd to the light
 With searing irons of some sour Jacobite,
 Or golden offers of an aged foole,
 To make his coffin some Franciscan's coule‡;
 To see the Pope's blacke knight, a cloaked Frere,
 Sweating in the channel like a scavengere;
 Whom earst thy bowed hamme did lowly greeete,
 When at the corner-crosse thou didst him meete,
 Tumbling his Rosaries hanging at his belt,
 Or his Barretta||, or his towred felt:

* See Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 201.

† Ibid. p. 352.

‡ For the value of a Cowl, see Pennant's London, Art. Christ Church.

|| Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 353.

To see a lazy dumbe Acholithite*,
 Armed against a devout flye's despight,
 Which at th' hy altar doth the Chalice vaile
 With a broad flie-flappe of a peacocke's taylor;
 The whiles the likerous priest spits every tryce †
 With longing for his morning sacrifice,
 Which he reares up quite perpendiculare,
 That the mid church doth spighte the chancel's fare,
 Beating their empty mawes that would be fed
 With the scant morsels of the sacrists bread:
 Would he not laugh to death when he should heare
 The shameless legends of St. Christopher,
 St. George, the Sleepers, or St. Peter's well,
 Or of his daughter good St. Petronell ‡?
 But had he heard the Female Father's groane,
 Yeaning in mids of her procession §;
 Or now should see the needlesse tryal-chayre,
 (When each is proved by his bastard heyre)
 Or saw the churches, and new calendere
 Pestred with mungrel saints and reliques dere,
 Should he cry out on Codro's || tedious tomes,
 When his new rage would ask no narrower roomes?

* See Bishop Carleton's Remembrance.—Also Mason's Supplement to Johnson.

† See Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 353, for a very rational remark on Warton's observations on this passage.

‡ Ibid. p. 354. Mr. Ellis observes, that these legends are amongst the MS. given by Bishop Fell to the Bodleian library.

§ Alluding to the story of Pope Joan.

|| Juvenal.

Satires.

BOOK V.

SATIRE I.

SIT PENA MERENTI.

PARDON, ye glowing eares: needs will it out,
Tho' brazen walls compas'd my tongue about,
As thick as welthy Scrobioe's quick-set rowes
In the wide common that he did inclose.
Pull out mine eyes, if I shall see no vice,
Or let me see it with detesting eyes.
Renowned Aquine*, now I follow thee,
Far as I may for fear of jeopardy;
And to thy hand yield up the ivy-mace,
From crabbed Persius, and more smooth Horace;
Or from that shrew, the Roman Poetesse,
That taugh her gossips learned bitterness;
Or Lucile's muse, whom thou didst imitate,
Or Menip's old, or Pasquiller's of late.

* Juvenal.

Yet name I not Mutius, or Tigilline,
Tho' they deserve a keener style than mine;
Nor meane to ransack up the quiet grave;
Nor burn dead bones, as he example gave.
I taxe the living: let the dead ashes rest,
Whose faults are dead, and nailed in their chest.
Who can refrain that's guiltlesse of their crime,
Whiles yet he lives in such a cruel time?
When Titio's grounds, that in his grandsire's daies
But one pound fine, one penny rent did raise,
A summer snow-ball, or a winter rose,
Is growne to thousands as the world now goes.
So thrift, and time, sets other things on flote,
That now his sonne soups in a silken cote,
*Whose grandsire happily, a poore hungry swaine,
Beg'd some cast abbey in the church's wayne:*
And, but for that, whatever he may vaunt,
Who now's a monk had been a mendicant.
While freezing Matho, that for one lean fee
Wont term each term the term of Hilarie,
May now, instead of those his simple fees,
Get the fee-simples of faire manneryes*.
What, did he coynterfait his prince's hand,
For some strave lordship of concealed land?
Or, on each Michael and Lady-Day,
Took he deepe forfeits for an hour's delay;

* See Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 358.

And gain'd no lesse by such injurious braule,
 Then Gamius by his sixt wife's burial ?
 Or hath he wonne some wider interest,
 By hoary charters from his grandsire's chest,
 Which late *some bribed scribe* for slender wage,
 Writ in the characters of *another age*,
 That Ploydon* selfe might stammer to rehearse,
 Whose date o'erlooks three centuries of years ?
 Who ever yet the tracks of weale so tride
 But there hath been one beaten way beside ?
 He, when he lets a lease for life, or yeares,
 (As never he doth until the date expires ;
 For when the full state in his fist doth lie,
 He may take vantage of the vacancy)
 His fine affords so many treble pounds
 As he agreeth yeares to lease his grounds :
 His rent in fair response must arise
 To double trebles of his one yeare's price.
 Of one baye's † breadth, God wot ! a silly coate,
 Whose thatched sparres are furr'd with sluttish soote
 A whole inch thick, shining like black-moor's brows,
 Through smook that down the headlesse barrel blows :
 At his bed's feet feeden his stalled teeme ;
 His swine beneath, his pullen o'er the beame.
 A starved tenement, such as I guesse
 Stands straggling in the wastes of Holdernesse ;

* Plowden, a celebrated lawyer.

† See Johnson.

Or such as shiver on a Peake-hill side,
When March's lungs beate on their turf-clad hide ;
Such as nice Lipsius would grudge to see
Above his lodging in wild Westphalye* ;
Or as the Saxon king his court might make,
When his sides playned of the neat-heard's cake.
Yet must he haunt his greedy landlord's hall,
With often presents at each festivall ;
With crammed capons every New-year's morne,
Or with green cheeses when his sheep are shorne ;
Or many maunds-full of his mellow fruite,
To make some way to win his weighty suite.
Whom cannot gifts at last cause to relent,
Or to win favour, or flee punishment :
When griple patrons turn their sturdy steele
To waxe, when they the golden flame do feele ;
When grand Mæcenus casts a glavering eye
On the cold present of a poesie ;
And, least he might more frankly take than give,
Gropes for a French crowne in his empty sleeve ?
Thence Clodius hopes to set his shoulders free
From the light burden of his Naperie †.
The smiling landlord shews a sun-shine face,
Feigning that he will grant him further grace,

* See Bishop Hall's "Mundus Alter et Idem."

† See Pratt's Hall, vol. 2, p. 109.—"She, that made a fountain
of her eyes, made precious Naperie of her hair."

And leers like Æsop's foxe upon the crane
 Whose neck he craves for his chirurgian :
 So lingers off the lease until the last,
 What reckes he then of paines or promise past ?
 Was ever feather, or fond woman's mind,
 More light than words ; the blasts of idle wind ?
 What's sib or sire, to take the gentle slip,
 And in th' exchequer rot for surety-ship ?
 Or thence thy starved brother live and die,
 Within the cold Cole-harbour* sanctuary ?
 Will one from Scots'-bank bid but one groate more,
 My old tenant may be turned out of dore ;
 Tho' much he spent in th' rotten roof's repair,
 In hope to have it left unto his heir :
 Tho' many a load of marle and manure led,
 Reviv'd his barren leas, that earst lay dead.
 Were he as Furius, he would defy
 Such pilfering slips of petty landlordry :
 And might dislodge whole colonies of poore,
 And lay their roofe quite level with their floore ;
 Whiles yet he gives, as to a yielding fence,
 Their bagge and baggage to his citizens,
 And ships them to the new-nam'd Virgin lond †,
 Or wilder Wales where never wight yet wond.
 Would it not vex thee, where thy syres did keep,
 To see the dinged folds of dag-tayl'd sheep ?

* See Pennant, Maitland, and Stow.

† Virginia.

And ruin'd house, where holy things were said,
 Whose free-stone walls the thatched rooffe upbraid,
 Whose shrill saint's-bell hangs on his loverie,
 While the rest are damned to the plumbery?
 Yet pure devotion lets the steeple stand,
 And idle battlements on either hand:
 Least that, perhaps, were all those reliques gone,
 Furious his sacriledge could not be knowne.

SATIRE II.

HEIC QUÆRITE TROJAM.

HOUS-KEPING'S dead, Saturio: wot'st thou where?
 Forsooth, they say far hence, in Brek-neck shire.
 And, ever since, they say, that feel and tast,
 That men may break their neck soon as their fast.
 Certes, if Pity dy'd at Chaucer's date*,
 He liv'd a widower long behind his mate:
 Save that I see some rotten bed-rid syre,
 Which, to out-strip the nonage of his heire,
 Is cram'd with golden broaths, and drugs of price,
 And each day dying lives, and living dies;
 Till, once surviv'd his wardship's latest eve,
 His eyes are clos'd, with choise to die or live.

* See Chaucer's Poem, "How Pyte is dead."

Plenty and He dy'd both in that same yeare,
When the sad sky did shed so many a teare.
And now, who list not of his labour fayle,
Mark, with Saturio, my friendly tale.
Along thy way thou canst not but descry
Fair glittering halls to tempt the hopeful eye:
Thy right eye 'gins to leape for vaine delight,
And surbeate* toes to tickle at the sight:
As greedy T—— when in the sounding mould,
He finds a shining pot-shard tip't with gold;
For never Syren tempts the pleased eares,
As these the eye of fainting passengers.
All is not so that seems: for, surely, than
Matrona should not be a courtezan:
Smooth Chrysalus should not be rich with fraud;
Nor honest R—— be his own wife's bawd.
Look not asquint, nor stride across the way
Like some demurring Alcide to delay;
But walk on cherely, till thou have espide
Saint Peter's finger at the church-yard side.
But wilt thou needs, when thou art warn'd so well,
Go see who in so garish walls doth dwell?
There findest thou some stately Dorick frame,
Or neat Ionick worke;——
Like the vain bubble of Iberian† pride,
That over-croweth all the world beside:

* See Spenser.

† The Escorial.

Which, rear'd to raise the crazy monarch's fame,
 Strives for a court and for a college name ;
 Yet nought within but lousy couls doth hold,
 Like a scab'd cuckow in a cage of gold :
 So pride above doth shade the shame below ;
 A golden periwig on a black-moor's brow.
 When Mævio's* first page of his poesy,
 Nay'd to an hundredth postes for noveltie,
 With his big title an Italian mott,
 Layes siege unto the backward buyer's grote,
 Which all within is drafty sluttish geere,
 Fit for the oven, or the kitchen fire :
 So this gay gate adds fuel to thy thought,
 That such proud piles were never rais'd for nought.
 Beate the broad gates : a goodly hollow sound
 With doubled echoes doth again rebound ;
 But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
 Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see :
 All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
 Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite :
 The marble pavement hid with desart weed,
 With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock-seed.
 But, if thou chance cast up thy wond'ring eyes,
 Thou shalt discern upon the frontispiece
 ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ graven up on high,
 A fragment of old Plato's poesy † :

* See Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 362.

† See Warton.

The meaning is " Sir foole, ye may be gone :
" Go back by leave; for way here lieth none."
Look to the towred chimnies which should be
The wind-pipes of good hospitality;
Through which it breatheth to the open ayre,
Betokening life, and liberal welfare :
Lo! there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,
And fills the tonnell with her circled nest;
Nor half that smoke from all his chimnies goes,
Which one tobacco-pipe drives thro' his nose.
So raw-bone hunger scorns the mudded walls,
And 'gins to revel it in lordly halls.
So the Black Prince is broken loose againe,
That saw no sunne save once (as stories saine) :
That once was, when, in Trinacry I weene,
He stole the daughter of the harvest queene;
And grip't the maves of barren Sicily
With long constraint of pineful penury ;
And they, that should resist his second rage,
Have pen'd themselves up in the private cage
Of some blind lane, and there they lurk unknowne
Till th' hungry tempest once be over-blowne :
Then, like the coward after his neighbour's fray,
They creep forth boldly, and ask, Where are they?
Mean-while the hunger-starv'd appurtenance
Must bide the brunt, whatever ill mischance :
Grim Famine sits in their fore-pined face,
All full of angles of unequal space ;

Like to the plaine of many-sided squares,
 That wont be drawne out by geometars ;
 So sharp and meager, that who should them see
 Would swear they lately come from Hungary.
 When their brasse pans and winter coverlid
 Have wip'd the maunger of the horses-bread,
 Oh me ! what odds there seemeth 'twixt their chere
 And the swolne bezzell at an alehouse fyre,
 That tonnes in gallons to his bursten panch,
 Whose slimy droughts his draught can never stanch !
 For shame, ye gallants ! grow more hospitall,
 And turn your needless wardrope to your hall.
 As lavish Virro, that keeps open doores,
 Like Janus in the warres,——
 Except the twelve days, or the wake-day feast,
 What time he needs must be his cousin's guest.
 Philene hath bid him, can he choose but come ?
 Who should pull Virro's sleeve to stay at home ?
 All yeare besides who meal-time can attend :
 Come, Trebius, welcome to the table's end.
 What tho' he chires on purer manchet's* crowne,
 While his kind client grinds on blacke and browne,
 A jolly rounding of a whole foot broad,
 From of the mong-corne † heap shall Trebius load.
 What tho' he quaffe pure amber in his bowle
 Of March-brew'd wheat, yet sleeks thy thirsting soule

* Manchet—a fine sort of wheaten bread.

† Mixed-corn, as wheat and rye, usually called *Maslen* in the northern counties.

With palish oat, frothing in Boston-clay,
Or in a shallow cruise : nor must that stay
Within thy reach, for feare of thy craz'd braine ;
But call and crave, and have thy cruise againe :
Else how should even tale be registred,
Or all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrel's head ?
And if he list revive his heartless graine
With some French grape, or pure Canariane,
When pleasing Bourdeaux falls unto his lot,
Some sow'rish Rochelle cuts thy thirsting throte.
What tho' himselfe carveth his welcome friend
With a cool'd pittance from his trencher's end,
Must Trebies' lip hang toward his trencher side ?
Nor kisse his fist to take what doth betide ?
What tho' to spare thy teeth he employs thy tongue
In busy questions all the dinner long ?
What tho' the scornful waiter lookes askile,
And pouts and frowns, and curseth thee the while ;
And takes his farewell with a jealous eye,
At every morsell he his last shall see ?
And, if but one exceed the common size,
Or make an hillock in thy cheeke arise,
Or if perchance thou shouldest, ere thou wist,
Hold thy knife uprights in thy griped fist,
Or sittest double on thy backward seat,
Or with thine elbow shad'st thy shared meat,
He laughs thee, in his fellow's eare, to scorne,
And asks aloud, where Trebies was borne ?

Tho' the third sewer* takes thee quite away
 Without a staffe, when thou would'st longer stay,
 What of all this? Is't not enough to say,
 I din'd at Virro his owne board to day?

SATIRE III.

KOINA ΦΙΛΩΝ.

THE Satire should be like the porcupine †,
 That shoots sharp quills out in each angry line,
 And wounds the blushing cheeke and fiery eye,
 Of him that hears, and readeth guiltily.
 Ye antique Satires, how I blesse your daies,
 That brook'd your bolder stile, their own dispraise;
 And wel-neare wish, yet joy my wish is vaine,
 I had been then, or they were now againe!
 For now our eares been of more brittle mold,
 Than those dull earthen eares that were of old:
 Sith theirs, like anvils, bore the hammer's head,
 Our glasse can never touch unshivered.
 But, from the ashes of my quiet stile
 Henceforth may rise some raging rough Lucile,

* An attendant or officer who served up the feast.

† See Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 366.—Plato, 5 Book de Legibus.
 —Marston.—Oldham.—Warton.

That may with Eschylus both find and leese
 The snaky tresses of th' Eumenides :
 Meanwhile, sufficeth me, the world may say
 That I these vices loath'd another day :
 Which I hane done with as devout a cheere
 As he that rounds Poul's pillars in the eare,
 Or bends his ham downe in the naked queare. }
 'Twas ever said, Frontine, and ever seene,
 That golden clerkes but wooden lawyers bene.
 Could ever wise man wish, in good estate,
 The use of all things indiscriminate ?
 Who wots not yet how well this did besee me
 The learned master of the Academe ?
 Plato is dead, and dead is his devise,
 Which some thought witty, none thought ever wise,
 Yet, certes, Mæcha is a Platonist
 To all, they say, save whoso do not list ;
 Because her husband, a far-trafiqu'd man,
 Is a profess'd Peripatecian.
 And so our grandsires were in ages past,
 That let their lands lye all so widely wast,
 That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent
 Within some province, or whole shire's extent.
 As Nature made the Earth, so did it lye,
 Save for the furrowes of their husbandry ;
 When as the neighbour-lands so couched layne,
 That all bore shew of one fare champian :
 Some head-lesse crosse they digged on their lea,
 Or rol'd some marked meare-stone in the way.

Poore simple men ! for what mought that availe,
That my field might not fill my neighbour's payle ;
More than a pilled stick can stand in stead,
To bar Cynedo from his neighbour's bed ;
More than the thread-bare client's poverty
Debars th' attorney of his wonted fee ?
If they were thriftlesse, mote not we amend,
And with more care our dangered fields defend ?
Each man can guard what thing he deemeth deare,
As fearful merchants do their female heir :
Which, were it not for promise of their wealth,
Need not be stalled up for fear of stealth ;
Would rather stick upon the bell-man's cries,
Tho' profer'd for a branded Indian's price.
Then raise we muddy bulwarks on our banks,
Beset around with treble quick-set ranks ;
Or, if those walls be over weak a ward,
The squared bricke may be a better guard.
Go to, my thrifty yeoman, and upreare
A brazen wall to shend thy land from feare.
Do so ; and I shall praise thee all the while,
So be thou stake not up the common style ;
So be thou hedge in nought but what's thine owne ;
So be thou pay what tithes thy neighbours done ;
So be thou let not lie in fallow'd plaine
That, which was wont yield usury of graine.
But, when I see thy pitched stakes do stand
On thy incroached piece of common land,

Whiles thou discommonest thy neighbour's kyne,
 And warn'st that none feed on thy field save thine ;
 Brag no more, Scrobius, of thy mudded bankes,
 Nor thy deep ditches, nor three quickset rankes.
 O happy dayes of old Deucalion,
 When one was landlord of the world alone !
 But, now, whose choler would not rise to yield
 A pesant halfe-stakes of his new-mown field,
 Whiles yet he may not for the treble price
 Buy out the remnant of his royalties ?
 Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride :
 Scorne thou to live, if others live beside ;
 And trace proud Castile that aspires to be
 In his old age a young fift monarchie :
 Or the red hat, that tries the lucklesse mayne,
 For wealthy Thames to change his lowly Rhene.

 SATIRE IV.

POSSUNT, QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR.

VILLIUS, the wealthy farmer, left his heire
 Twice twenty sterling pounds to spend by yeare.
 The neighbours praisen Villio's hide-bound sonne,
 And say it was a goodly portion :
 Not knowing how some merchants dow'r can rise
 By Sunday's tale to fifty Centuries ;

Or to weigh downe a leaden bride with gold,
 Worth all that Matho bought, or Pontice sold.
 But whiles ten pound goes to his wife's new gowne,
 Nor little lesse can serve to sute his owne ;
 Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting-man,
 Or buys a hoode, or silver-handled fanne *,

* See Reed's Shakespeare, vol. 5, p. 79, in which is the following note.

“ — *lost the handle of her fan.*” It should be remembered that fans, in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers (or others of equal length and flexibility), which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory, of curious workmanship. One of them is mentioned in the Heire, Com. 1610: “ — she hath a *fan* with a *short silver handle*, about the length of a barber's syringe.” Again, in *Love and Honour*, by Sir Wm. D'Avenant, 1649: “ All your plate, Vasco, is the *silver handle* of your old prisoner's *fan.*” Again, in Marston's III. Satyre, edit. 1598:

“ How can he keepe a lazie waiting man,
 And buy a hoode, and *silver-handled fan*
 With fortie pound ?” —

In the frontispiece to a play called “ *Englishmen for my money, or A pleasant Comedy of a Woman will have her will*, 1616,” is a portrait of a lady with one of these fans, which, after all, may prove the best commentary on the passage. The three other specimens are taken from the *Habiti Antichi et Moderni di tutto il Mondo*, published at Venice, 1598, from the drawings of Titian, and Cesare Vecelli, his brother. This fashion was perhaps imported from Italy, together with many others, in the reign of King Henry VIII. if not in that of King Richard II.

Thus also Marston, in the *Scourge of Villanie*, Lib. iii. Sat. 8.

“ ————— another he
 Her *silver-handled fan* would gladly be.”

Or hires a Friezeland trotter, halfe yard deepe,
To drag his tumbrell through the staring Cheape ;
Or whiles he rideth with two liveries,
And's treble rated at the subsidies ;
One end a kennel keeps of thriftlesse hounds ;
What think ye rests of all my younker's pounds
To diet him, or deal out as his doore,
To coffer up, or stocke his wasting store ?
If then I reckon'd right, it should appeare
That forty pounds serve not the farmer's heire.

And in other places. And Bishop Hall, in his Satires, published
1597, Lib. v. Sat. 4.

“ Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting manne,
Or buys a hoode, or *silver-handled fanne.*”



Satires.

BOOK VI.

SATIRE I*.

SEMEL INSANIVIMUS.

LABEO reserves a long naile for the nonce,
To wound my margent thro' ten leaves at once ;
Much worse than Aristarchus † his blacke pile,
That pierc'd old Homer's side :————
And makes such faces that me seems I see
Some foul Megæra in the tragedy,
Threat'ning her twined snakes at Tantale's ghost ;
Or the grim visage of some frowning post,
The crab-tree porter of the Guild-Hall gates,
While he his frightful beetle elevates,
His angry eyne look all so glaring bright,
Like th' hunted badger in a moonlesse night,
Or like a painted staring Saracen :
His cheeks change hue like th' air-fed vermin's skin,

* This book is evidently a humorous and ironical recantation of the former satires. On which refer to Mr. Ellis's admirable notes in Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 378, et seq.

† Ibid.—Cic. Orat. in Pisonem. c. 30.—Hors. Ars. Poet. 446.—Ausonius, Lud. Sept. Sap. p. 265.

Now red, now pale; and swol'n above his eyes,
Like to the old Colossian imageries.
But, when he doth of my recanting heare,
Away, ye angry fires, and frosts of feare:
Give place unto his hopeful temper'd thought,
That yields to peace, ere ever peace be sought.
Then let me now repent me of my rage,
For writing Satires, in so righteous age:
Whereas I should have stroak'd her tow'rdly head,
And cry'd EVÆE in my Satires stead,
Sith now not one of thousand does amisse.
Was never age I weene so pure as this.
As pure as old Labulla from the baynes,
As pure as through-fare channels when it rains;
As pure as is a black-moor's face by night,
As dung-clad skin of dying Heraclite.
Seeke over all the world, and tell me where
Thou find'st a proud man, or a flatterer;
A theif, a drunkard, or a paricide,
A lecher, liar, or what vice beside?
Merchants are no whit covetous of late,
Nor make no mart of time, gain of deceit.
Patrons are honest now, ore they of old:
Can now no benefice be bought or sold?
Give him a gelding, or some two yeares' tithe,
For he all bribes and simony defy'the.
Is not one pick-thank stirring in the court,
That sold was free till now, by all report.

But some one, like a claw-back parasite,
Pick'd mothes from his master's cloake in sight ;
Whiles he could pick out both his eyes for need,
Mought they but stand him in some better stead.
Nor now no more smell-feast Vitellio
Smiles on his master for a meal or two ;
And loves him in his maw, loaths in his heart,
Yet soothes, and yeas and nays on either part.
Tattelius, the new-come traveller *,
With his disguised coate and ringed eare,
Trampling the bourse's † marble twice a day,
Tells nothing but stark truths, I dare well say ;
Nor would he have them known for any thing,
Tho' all the vault of his loud murmur ring.
Not one man tells a lye of all the yeare,
Except the Almanack or the Chronicler.
But not a man of all the damned crew,
For hills of gold would swear the thing untrue.
Pansophus now, though all in a cold sweat,
Dares venture through the feared castle-gate,
Albe the faithful oracles have foresayne
The wisest Senator shall there be slaine :
That made him long keepe home, as well it might ;
Till now he hopeth of some wiser wight.
The vale of Stand-gate, or the Suter's hill,
Or westerne ‡ plaine, are free from feared ill.

* See Marston, Robert Hayman's Epigrams, Warton, &c.

† The Royal Exchange.

‡ It is probable the Bishop meant the low-land in Lambeth

Let him, that hath nought, feare nought I areed :
 But he, that hath ought, hye him, and God speed !
 Nor drunken Dennis doth, by breake of day,
 Stumble into blind taverns by the way,
 And reel me homeward at the ev'ning starre,
 Or ride more eas'ly in his neighbour's chayre.
 Well might these checks have fitted former times,
 And shoulder'd angry Skelton's * breathlesse rhymes :
 Ere Chrysalus had barr'd the common boxe,
 Which earst he pick'd to store his private stocks ;
 But now hath all with vantage paid againe,
 And locks and plates what doth behind remaine ;
 When earst our dry-soul'd Sires so lavish were,
 To charge whole boot's-full to their friend's welfare ;
 Now shalt thou never see the salt beset
 With a big-bellied gallon flagonet.
 Of an ebbe cruce † must thirsty Silen sip,
 That's all forestalled by his upper lip.
 Somewhat it was that made his paunch so peare :
 His girdle fell ten inches in a yeare.
 Or when old gouty bed-rid Euclio
 To his officious factor fair could shew
 His name in margent of some old cast bill,
 And say, Lo ! whom I named in my will ;

parish, a street in which is still called Stand Gate Street ; Shuter's Hill, in Kent ; and the ground extending from Millbank to within eight acres of the Uxbridge Road.

* See Phillip's *Theatrum Poetarum*, p. 115.

† See Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 376.

Whiles he believes, and, looking for the share,
Tendeth his cumbrous charge with busy care
For but a while; for now he sure will die,
By this strange qualme of liberalitie.
Great thanks he gives—but, God him shield and save
From ever gaining by his master's grave :
Onely live long and he is well repaid,
And weats his forced cheeks whiles thus he said ;
Some strong-smell'd onion shall stir his eyes
Rather than no salt teares shall then arise.
So looks he like a marble toward raine,
And wrings, and snites *, and weeps, and wipes again :
Then turns his back and smiles, and looks askance,
Seas'ning again his sowred countenance ;
Whiles yet he wearies heav'n with daily cries,
And backward death with devout sacrifice,
That they would now his tedious ghost bereav'n,
And wishes well, that wish'd no worse than heav'n.
When Zoylus was sicke, he knew not where,
Save his wrought night-cap, and lawn pillow-bere :
Kind fooles ! they made him sick, that made him fine ;
Take those away, and there's his medicine.
Or Gellia wore a velvet mastick-patch
Upon her temples when no tooth did ache ;
When beauty was her reume † I soon espy'd,
Nor could her plaister cure her of her pride.

* See Phillip's New World of Words.

† See Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 377.

These vices were ; but now they ceas'd of long :
Then why did I a righteous age that wrong ?
I would repent me, were it not too late,
Were not the angry world prejudicate.
If all the sevens penitential
Or thousand white-wands might me ought availe,
If Trent or Thames could scoure my foule offence
And set me in my former innocence,
I would at last repent me of my rage :
Now, bear my wrong, I thine, O righteous age.
As for fine wits, an hundreth thousand fold
Passeth our age, whatever times of old.
For, in that Puisnè world, our Sires of long
Could hardly wag their too unweildy tongue
As pined crows and parrots can do now,
When hoary age did bend their wrinkled brow :
And now, of late, did many a learned man
Serve thirty yeares' prentiship with Priscian ;
But now can every novice speake with ease
The far-fetch'd language of 'Th' Antipodes.
Would'st thou the tongues, that earst were learned hight,
Tho' our wise age hath wip'd them of their right ;
Would'st thou the courtly three in most request,
Or the two barbarous neighbours of the West ?
Bibinus selfe can have ten tongues in one,
Tho' in all ten not one good tongue alone.
And can deep skill lie smothering within,
Whiles neither smoke nor flame discerned bin ?

Shall it not be a wild-fig in a wall,
Or fired brimstone in a minerall?
Do thou disdain, O over-learned age!
The tongue-ty'd silence of that Samian sage:
Forth, ye fine wits, and rush into the presse,
And for the cloyed world your works addresse.
Is not a gnat, nor fly, nor seely ant,
But a fine wit can make an elephant.
Should Bandel's throstle die without a song?
Or Adamantius, my dog, be laid along,
Downe in some ditch without his exequies,
Or epitaphs, or mournful elegies?
Folly itself, and baldnesse, may be prais'd*;
And sweet conceits from filthy objects rais'd.
What do not fine wits dare to undertake?
What dare not fine wits do for honour's sake?
But why doth Balbus his dead-doing quill
Parch in his rusty scabbard all the while;
His golden fleece o'ergrowne with mouldy hore,
As tho' he had his witty works forswore?
Belike, of late, now Balbus hath no need;
Nor now belike his shrinking shoulders dread
The catch-pole's fist—The presse may still remaine
And breathe, till Balbus be in debt againe.
Soon may that be! so I had silent beene,
And not thus rak'd up quiet crimes unseen.

* Erasmus on Folly, Cardan, &c.

Silence is safe, when saying stirreth sore
 And makes the stirred puddle stink the more.
 Shall the controller of proud Nemesis
 In lawlesse rage upbraid each other's vice,
 While no man seeketh to reflect the wrong,
 And curb the raunge of his mis-ruly tongue?
 By the two crownes of Parnasse ever-green,
 And by the cloven head of Hippocrene,
 As I true poet am, I here avow
 (So solemnly kiss'd he his laurell bow)
 If that bold Satire unrevenged be
 For this so saucy and foule injurie.
 So Labeo weens it my eternal shame
 To prove I never earn'd a poet's name.
 But would I be a poet if I might *,
 To rub my brow three days, and wake three nights,
 And bite my nails, and scratch my dullard head,
 And curse the backward Muses on my bed
 About one peevisish syllable; which, out-sought,
 I take up Thales' joy, save for fore-thought
 How it shall please each ale-knight's censuring eye †,
 And hang'd my head for fear they deem awry:
 While thread-bare Martiall turns his merry note,
 To beg of Rufus a cast winter-coate ‡;

* Hor. Ars. Poet. 291.

† See Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 379.

‡ Ibid.

While hungry Marot * leapeth at a beane,
 And dieth like a starved Cappucien ;
 Go, Ariost, and gape for what may fall
 From trencher of a flattering cardinall † ;
 And if thou gettest but a pedant's fee,
 Thy bed, thy board, and coarser livery,
 O honour, far beyond a brazen shrine,
 To sit with Tarleton ‡ on an ale post's signe !
 Who had but lived in Augustus' dayes,
 'Thad been some honour to be crown'd with bayes :
 When Lucan stretched on his marble bed
 To think of Cæsar, and great Pompey's deed § :
 Or when Achelaus shav'd his mourning head,
 Soon as he heard Stesichorus was dead.
 At least, would some good body of the rest
 Set a gold-pen on their baye-wreathed crest ;
 Or would their face in stamped coin expresse,
 As did the Mytelens their poetesse.
 Now, as it is, beshrew him if he might,
 That would his browes with Cæsar's laurell dight.
 Tho' what ail'd me, I might not well as they
 Rake up some forworne tales, that smother'd lay

* Clement Marot, a French poet.

† Hippolito, Cardinal of Este.

‡ There is still a sign in the Borough of Southwark of Tarleton's portrait, with a pipe and tabor. See the authorities noticed in Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 380.

§ Juv. Sat. 7, l. 79.

In chimney corners, smoak'd with winter-fires,
To read and rock asleep our drowsy Sires?
No man his threshold better knowes, than I
Brute's first arrival, and first victory *;
St. George's sorrell, or his crosse of blood;
Arthur's round board, or Caledonian wood;
Or holy battles of bold Charlemaine †,
What were his knights did Salem's siege maintaine;
How the mad rival of faire Angelice
Was physick'd from the new-found paradise.
High stories they, which with their swelling straine,
Have riven Frontoe's broad rehearsal plaine.
But, so to fill up books, both backe and side,
What needs it? Are there not enow beside?
O age well thriven and well fortunate,
When each man hath a muse aproprate;
And she, like to some servile care-boar'd slave,
Must play and sing when and what he'd have!
Would that were all!—small fault in number lies,
Were not the feare from whence it should arise.
But can it be ought but a spurious seed,
That growes so rife in such unlikely speed?
Sith Pontian left his barren wife at home,
And spent two years at Venice and at Rome,

* Juv. Sat. 1, l. 7.

† The preceding lines refer to the popular pieces of the author's time. See Warton on the Fairy Queen. Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 381.

Returned, hears his blessing ask'd of three,
 Cries out, O Julian law! adultery!
 Tho' Labeo reaches right (who can deny?)
 The true strains of heroick poesy:
 For he can tell how fury reft his sense,
 And Phœbus fill'd him with intelligence:
 He can implore the heathen deities
 To guide his bold and busy enterprize;
 Or filch whole pages at a clap, for need,
 From honest Petrarch, clad in English weed;
 While big *But Oh's!* each stanza can begin,
 Whose trunk and taile sluttish and heartlesse been.
 He knowes the grace of that new * elegance,
 Which sweet Philisides fetch'd of late from France;
 That well beseem'd his high-stil'd Arcady,
 Tho' others marre it with much liberty,
 In epithets to joine two wordes in one
 Forsooth, for adjectives cannot stand alone:
 As a great poet could of Bacchus say,
 That he was *Semele-femori-gena*.
 Lastly he names the spirit of Astrophel †;
 Now hath not Labeo donie wondrous well?
 But ere his Muse her weapon learn to weild,
 Or dance a sober Pirrhicke in the field,

* See *Teares of the Muses*, p. 553.

† Sir Philip Sydney.

Or marching wade in blood up to the knees,
Her *Arma Virum* goes by two degrees.
The sheepe-cote first hath beene her nursery,
Where she hath worne her idle infancy ;
And, in high startups, walk'd the pastur'd plaines,
To tend her tasked herd that there remains ;
And winded still a pipe of oate or breere,
Striving for wages who the praise shall beare ;
As did whilere the homely * Carmelite,
Following Virgil, and he Theocrite ;
Or else hath beene in Venus' chamber train'd
To play with Cupid, till she had attain'd
To comment well upon a beauteous face,
Then was she fit for an heroick place.
As witty Pontan †, in great earnest, said,
His mistress' breasts were like two weights of lead.
Another thinks her teeth might liken'd be
To two faire rankes of pales of ivory,
To fence in, sure, the wild beast of her tongue,
From either going far, or going wrong :
Her grinders like two chalk-stones in a mill,
Which shall with time and wearing waxe as ill
As old Catillae's, which wont every night
Lay up her holy pegs till next day-light,
And with them grinds soft-simpring all the day,
When, least her laughter should her gums bewray,

* Baptista Martuan. See Pratt's Hall, vol. 10, p. 382.

† John Jovianus Pontanus.

Her hands must hide her mouth if she but smile ;
Faine would she seem all frixe and frolicke still. }
Her forehead faire is like a brazen hill,
Whose wrinkled furrows, which her age doth breed,
Are dawbed full of Venice chalke for need.
Her eyes like silver saucers, faire beset
With shining amber, and with shady jet :
Her lids like Cupid's bow-case, where he hides
The weapons that doth wound the wanton-eyde :
Her chin like Pindus, or Parnassus hill,
Where down descends th' oreflowing streams doth fill
The well of her fayre mouth.—Ech hath his praise.
Who would not but wed poets now a daies !



A Postscript to the Reader.

IT is not for every one to relish a true and natural satire: being, of itself, besides the nature and inbred bitterness and tartness of particulars, both hard of conceit and harsh of style; and, therefore, cannot but be unpleasing both to the unskilful and over musical ear: the one being affected with only a shallow and easy matter; the other, with a smooth and current disposition. So that I well foresee, in the timely publication of these my concealed satires, I am set upon the rack of many merciless and peremptory censures; which, since the calmest and most plausible writer is almost fatally subject unto, in the curiosity of these nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted upon the occasion of so busy and stirring a subject? One thinks it mis-beseeming the author; because a poem: another, unlawful in itself; because a satire: a third, harmful to others for the sharpness: and a fourth, unsatire-like; for the mildness: the learned, too perspicuous; being named with Juvenal, Persius, and the other ancient satires: the unlearned, savourless; because too obscure, and obscure because not under their reach. What a monster must he be that would please all!

Certainly, look what weather it would be, if every almanack should be verified: much-what like poems if every fancy should be suited. It is not for this kind to desire or hope to please, which naturally should only find pleasure in displeasing: notwithstanding, if the fault finding with the vices of the time may honestly accord with the good will of the parties, I had as lieve ease my self with a slender apology, as wilfully bear the brunt of causeless anger in my silence. For poetry itself, after the so effectual and absolute endeavours of her honoured patrons, either she needed no new defence, or else might well scorn the offer of so impotent and poor a client. Only, for my own part, though were she a more unworthy mistress, I think she might be inoffensively served with the broken messes of our twelve o'clock hours, which homely service she only claimed and found of me, for that short while of my attendance; yet, having thus soon taken my solemn farewell of her, and shaked hands with all her retinue, why should it be an eye-sore unto any, since it can be no loss to myself?

For my Satires themselves, I see two obvious cavils to be answered. One concerning the matter: than which, I confess, none can be more open to danger, to envy; since faults loath nothing more than the light, and men love nothing more than their faults: and, therefore, what through the nature of the faults and fault of the persons, it is impossible so violent an approachment should be quietly brooked. But why should vices

be unblamed, for fear of blame? And if thou may'st spit upon a toad unvenomed, why may'st thou not speak of vice without danger? Especially so warily as I have endeavoured: who, in the impartial mention of so many vices, may safely profess to be altogether guiltless in myself to the intention of any guilty person who might be blemished by the likelihood of my conceived application; thereupon choosing rather to mar mine own verse than another's name: which notwithstanding, if the injurious reader shall wrest to his own spite, and disparaging of others, it is a short answer, *Art thou guilty?* Complain not: thou art not wronged. *Art thou guiltless?* Complain not: thou art not touched. The other, concerning the manner: wherein, perhaps, too much stooping to the low reach of the vulgar, I shall be thought not to have any whit kindly raught my ancient Roman predecessors, whom, in the want of more late and familiar precedents, I am constrained thus far off to imitate: which thing I can be so willing to grant, that I am further ready to warrant my action therein to any indifferent censure. First, therefore, I dare boldly avouch, that the English is not altogether so natural to a satire as the Latin: which I do not impute to the nature of the language itself, being so far from disabling it any way, that methinks I durst equal it to the proudest in every respect; but to that which is common to it with all the other common languages, Italian, French, German, &c. In their poesies the fettering together the series of the verses, with the bonds of like cadence

or desinence of rhyme, which if it be usually abrupt, and not dependent in sense upon so near affinity of words, I know not what a loathsome kind of harshness and discordance it breedeth to any judicial ear: which if any more confident adversary shall gainsay, I wish no better trial than the translation of one of Persius's satires into English; the difficulty and dissonance whereof shall make good my assertion. Besides, the plain experience thereof in the satires of Ariosto, (save which, and one base French satire, I could never attain the view of any for my direction, and that also might for need serve for an excuse at least) whose chain-verse, to which he fettereth himself, as it may well afford a pleasing harmony to the ear, so can it yield nothing but a flashy and loose conceit to the judgment. Whereas, the Roman numbers, tying but one foot to another, offereth a greater freedom of variety, with much more delight to the reader. Let my second ground be, the well-known daintiness of the time: such, that men rather chuse carelessly to lose the sweet of the kernell, than to urge their teeth with breaking the shell wherein it was wrapped: and, therefore, since that which is unseen is almost undone, and that is almost unseen which is unconceived, either I would say nothing to be untalked of, or speak with my mouth open that I may be understood. Thirdly, the end of this pains was a satire; but the end of my satire a further good; which whether I attain or no, I know not; but let me be plain with the hope of profit, rather than purposely obscure only for a bare name's sake.

Notwithstanding, in the expectation of this quarrel, I think my *first* satire * doth somewhat resemble the sour and crabbed face of Juvenal's: which I, endeavouring in that, did determinately omit in the rest, for these forenamed causes, that so I might have somewhat to stop the mouth of every accuser. The rest to each man's censure: which let be as favourable as so thankless a work can deserve or desire.

* The author here means the first satire of the fifth book, this postscript having been published with the three *last* books of biting satires.

End of the Satires.

ON
MR. GREENHAM'S BOOK
OF THE SABBATH.

WHILE Greenham writeth on the Sabbath's rest,
His soul enjoys not, what his pen exprest :
His work enjoys not what itself doth say,
For it shall never find one resting day.
A thousand hands shall toss each page and line,
Which shall be scanned by a thousand eie ;
That Sabbath's rest, or this Sabbath's unrest,
Hard is to say whether's the happiest.

ELEGY

ON DR. WHITAKER*.

BIND ye my browes with mourning cyparisse,
And palish twigs of deadlie poplar tree,
Or if some sadder shades ye can devise,
Those sadder shades vaile my light-loathing eie :
I loath the laurel-bandes I loved best,
And all that maketh mirth and pleasant rest.

* King's Professor, and Master of St. John's College, Cambridge; he died in 1595. This elegy was annexed to the *Carmen Funebre Caroli Horni*, 1596. N.

If ever breath dissolv'd the world to teares,
 Or hollow cries made Heaven's vault resound :
 If ever shrikes were sounded out so cleare,
 That all the world's waste might heare around :
 Be mine the breath, the teares, the shrikes, the cries,
 Yet still my grieffe unseene, unsounded lies.

Thou flattering Sun, that ledst this loathed light,
 Why didst thou in thy saffron-ropes arise ?
 Or foldst not up the day in drierie night ?
 And wakst the westerne worldes amazed eies ?
 And never more rise from the ocean,
 To wake the morn, or chase night shades again.

Heare we no bird of day, or dawning morne,
 To greet the Sun, or glad the waking eare :
 Sing out, ye scrich-owles, lower than aforme,
 And ravens blacke of night ; of death of drierie :
 And all ye barking foules yet never seene,
 That fill the moonlesse night with hideous din.

Now shall the wanton Devils daunce in rings
 In everie mede, and everie heath hore :
 The Elvish Faeries, and the Gobelins :
 The hoofed Satyres silent heretofore :
 Religion, Vertue, Muses, holie mirth
 Have now forsworne the late forsaken Earth.

The Prince of Darknesse gins to tyrannize,
 And reare up cruel trophies of his rage,
 Faint Earth through her despairing cowardice
 Yeelds up herselfe to endlesse vassalage :
 What champion now shal tame the power of Hell,
 And the unrulie spirits overquell ?

The world's praise, the Pride of Nature's prooffe,
 Amaze of times, hope of our faded age :
 Religion's hold, Earth's choice, and Heaven's love,
 Patterne of vertue, patron of Muses sage :
 All these and more were WHITAKER's alone,
 Now they in him, and he and all are gone.

Heaven, Earth, Nature, Death, and every Fate
 Thus spoil'd the careless world of woonted joy :
 Whiles each repin'd at others' pleasing state,
 And all agreed to work the world's annoy :
 Heaven strove with Earth, Destiny gave the Doome,
 That Death should Earth and Nature overcome.

Earth takes one part, when forced Nature sendes
 The Soule, to flit into the yeelding skie :
 Sorted by Death into their fatal ends,
 Foreseene, foresett from all eternitie :
 Destinie by Death spoyl'd feeble Nature's frame,
 Earth was despoyl'd when Heaven overcame.

Ah, coward Nature, and more cruell Death,
 Envyng Heaven, and unworthy mold,
 Unweildy carkasse and unconstant breath,
 That did so lightly leave your living hold :
 How have ye all conspir'd our hopelesse spight,
 And wrapt us up in Greife's eternall night.

Base Nature yeeldes, imperious Death commandes,
 Heaven desires, durst lowly dust denie ?
 The Fates decreed, no mortal might withstand,
 The spirit leaves his load, and lets it lie.
 The fencelesse corpes corrupts in sweeter clay,
 And waytes for worms to waste it quite away.

Now ginne your triumphs, Death and Destinies,
 And let the trembling world witness your wast :
 Now let blacke Orphney raise his gastly neighes,
 And trample high, and hellish forme outcast :
 Shake he the Earth, and teare the hollow skies,
 That all may feele and feere your victories.

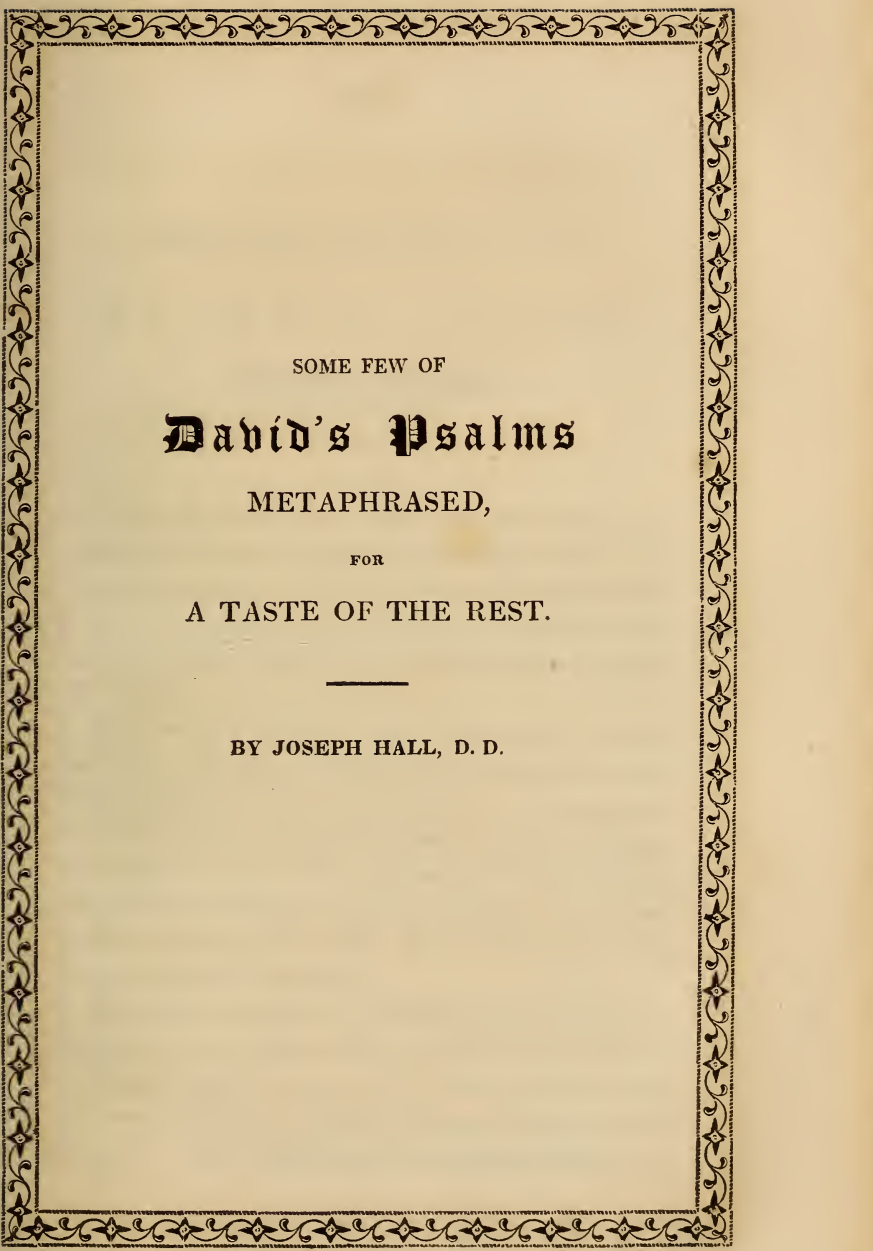
And after your triumphant chariot,
 Drag the pale corpes that thus you did to die,
 To show what goodly conquests ye have got,
 To fright the world, and fill the wondering eie :
 Millions of lives, of deathes no conquest were,
 Compared with one onely WHITAKERE.

But thou, O soule, shall laugh at their despite,
 Sitting beyond the mortall man's extent,
 All in the bosome of that blessed spright:
 Which the great God for thy safe conduct sent,
 He through the circling spheres taketh his flight,
 And cuts the solid skie with spirituall might.

Open, ye golden gates of Paradise,
 Open ye wide unto a welcome ghost:
 Enter, O soule, into thy boure of blisse,
 Through all the throng of Heaven's hoast:
 Which shall with triumph gard thee as thou go'st
 With psalmes of conquest and with crownes of cost.

Seldome had ever soule such entertaines,
 With such sweet hymnes, and such a glorious crowne.
 Nor with such joy amids the heavenly traines,
 Was ever led to his Creator's throne:
 There now he lives, and sees his Saviour's face,
 And ever sings sweet songs unto His grace.

Meanwhile, the memorie of His mighty name
 Shall live as long as aged Earth shal last:
 Enrolled on berill walles of fame,
 Ay ming'd, ay mourn'd: and wished oft in wast.
 Is this to die, to live for evermore.
 A double life: that neither liv'd afore?



SOME FEW OF

David's Psalms

METAPHRASED,

FOR

A TASTE OF THE REST.

BY JOSEPH HALL, D. D.

TO MY LOVING AND LEARNED COUSIN,

MR. SAMUEL BURTON,

Archdeacon of Gloucester.

INDEED, my Poetry was long since out of date, and yielded her place to graver studies: but whose vein would it not revive, to look into those Heavenly Songs? I were not worthy to be a Divine, if it should repent me to be a Poet with David, after I shall have aged in the Pulpit.

This work is holy and strict, and abides not any youthful or heathenish liberty; but requires hands free from profaneness, looseness, affection. It is a service to God and the Church, by so much more carefully to be regarded, as it is more common. For, who is there, that will not challenge a part in this labour? and that shall not find himself much more affected with holy measure rightly composed?

Wherefore, I have oft wondered, how it could be offensive to our adversaries, that these divine ditties, which the Spirit of God wrote in verse, should be sung in verse; and that a Hebrew Poem should be made English. For, if this kind of composition had been

unfit, God would never have made choice of numbers, wherein to express himself.

Yea, who knows not, that some other Scriptures, which the Spirit hath indited in prose, have yet been happily and with good allowance put into strict numbers? If histories tell us of a wanton poet of old, which lost his eyes while he went about to turn Moses into verse; yet every student knows, with what good success and commendation, Nonnus hath turned John's Gospel into Greek Heroics. And Appollinarius, that learned Syrian, matched with Basil and Gregory (who lived in his time) in the terms of this equality, that Basil's speech was *σαδερύτερος*, but Appollinarius's *αδροτερος*, wrote, as Suidas reports, all the Hebrew Scripture in Heroics; as Sozomen, somewhat more restrainedly, all the Archaiology of the Jews, till Saul's government, in twenty-four parts; or, as Socrates, yet more particularly, all Moses in Heroics, and all the other histories in divers metres: but, however his other labours lie hid, his Metaphrase of the Psalms is still in our hands, with the applause of all the learned: besides the labours of their own Flaminius and Arias Montanus, to seek for no more, which have worthily bestowed themselves in this subject.

Neither do I see how it can be offensive to our friends, that we should desire our English Metaphrase bettered. I say nothing to the disgrace of that we have: I know how glad our adversaries are of all such advantages; which they are ready enough to find out without

me, ever reproachfully upbraiding us with these defects. But, since our whole translation is now universally revised, what inconvenience or shew of innovation can it bear, that the verse should accompany the prose? especially since it is well known, how rude and homely our English Poesy was in those times, compared with the present; wherein, if ever, it seeth her full perfection.

I have been solicited by some reverend friends to undertake this task; as that, which seemed well to accord with the former exercises of my youth, and my present profession. The difficulties I found many; the work, long and great; yet not more painful than beneficial to God's Church: whereto as I dare not profess any sufficiency; so I will not deny my readiness and utmost endeavour, if I shall be employed by Authority.

Wherefore, in this part, I do humbly submit myself to the grave censures of them, whose wisdom manageth these common affairs of the Church; and am ready either to stand still or proceed, as I shall see their Cloud or Fire go before or behind me. Only, howsoever, I shall, for my true affection to the Church, wish it done by better workmen: wherein, as you approve, so further my bold, but not unprofitable motion, and commend it unto greater ears; as I do you to the Greatest.

Your loving Kinsman,
JOSEPH HALL.

Non-such,
July 3.

SOME FEW OF

David's Psalms Metaphrased.

PSALM I.

IN THE TUNE OF THE CXLVIIIth PSALM,

" Give laud unto the Lord."

WHO hath not walkt astray,
 In wicked men's advice,
 Nor stood in sinners' way ;
 Nor in their companies
 That scorners are
 As their fit mate,
 In scoffing chaire,
 Hath ever sate :

2 But in thy lawes divine,
 O Lord, sets his delight,
 And in those lawes of thine
 Studies all day and night :
 Oh, how that man
 Thrice blessed is !
 And sure shall gaine
 Eternal blisse.

3 He shall be like the tree
Set by the water-springs,
Which, when his seasons be,
Most pleasant fruit forth brings,
Whose boughs so greene
Shall never fade,
But covered beene
With comely shade.

So, to this happy wight,
All his designes shall thrive :

4 Whereas the man unright,
As chaffe, which windes doe drive,
With every blast
Is tost on hie,
Nor can at last
In safety lie.

5 Wherefore, in that sad doome,
They dare not rise from dust :
Nor shall no sinner come,
To glory of the just.
For, God will grace
The just man's way ;
While sinners' race
Runs to decay.

PSALM II.

IN THE TUNE OF THE CXXVth PSALM,

“ Those, that do put their confidence.”

- 1 WHY do the Gentiles tumults make,
 And nations all conspire in vaine,
 2 And earthly princes counsell take
 Against their God; against the raigne
 Of his deare Christ? let us, they saine,
 3 Breake all their bonds: and from us shake
 Their thraldome, yoke, and servile chaine.
 4 Whiles thus, alas! they fondly spake,

He, that aloft rides on the skies,
 Laughs all their lewd device to scorne;
 5 And, when his wrathfull rage shall rise,
 With plagues shall make them all forlorne;
 And, in his fury, thus replies:
 6 But I, my King with sacred horne
 Anointing, shall, in princely guise,
 His head with royall crowne adorne.

Upon my Sion's holy mount
 His empire's glorious seat shall be.
 And I, thus rais'd, shall farre recount
 The tenour of his true decree.

- 7 My Sonne thou art, said God ; I thee
Begot this day, by due account :
Thy sceptre, doe but ask of me,
All earthly kingdomes shall surmount.
- 8 All nations to thy rightful sway,
I will subject from furthest end
- 9 Of all the world ; and thou shalt bray
Those stubborne foes, that will not bend,
With iron mace, like potter's clay,
- 10 In peeces small : ye kings attend ;
And yee, whom others wont obey,
Learne wisdome, and at last amend.
- 11 See ye serve God, with greater dread
Than others you : and, in your feare,
Rejoyce the while ; and, lowly spread,
- 12 Doe homage to his Sonne so deare :
Lest he be wroth, and doe you dead
- 13 Amids your way, If kindled
His wrath shall be : O blessed those,
That doe on him their trust repose.

PSALM III.

AS THE CXIIIth PSALM,
 “*Ye children, which &c.*”

- AH, Lord! how many be my foes!
 How many are against me rose,
 2 That to my grieved soule have sed,
 Tush, God shall him no succour yeeld;
 3 Whiles thou, Lord, art my praise, my shield,
 And dost advance my carefull head!
- 4 Loud with my voice to God I cry'd:
 His grace unto my sute reply'd,
 From out his holy hill.
- 5 I laid me downe, slept, rose againe:
 For thou, O Lord, dost me sustaine,
 And sav'st my soule from feared ill.
- 6 Not if ten thousand armed foes
 My naked side should round enclose,
 Would I be thereof ought a-dread.
 Up, Lord, and shield me from disgrace:
- 7 For thou hast broke my foe-men's face,
 And all the wicked's teeth hast shed.
- 8 From thee, O God, is safe defence;
 Do thou thy free beneficence
 Upon thy people largely spread.

PSALM IV.

AS THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,

“ Attend my people.”

THOU wisse of my truth sincere,
 My God, unto my poore request
 Vouchsafe to lend thy gracious eare :
 Thou hast my soule from thrall releast.

- 2 Favour me still, and daigne to heare
 Mine humble sute. O wretched wights,
 3 How long will ye mine honour deare
 Turne into shame through your despights ?

- Still will ye love what thing is vaine,
 4 And seek false hopes ? know then at last,
 That God hath chose, and will maintaine
 His favourite, whom ye disgrac't.

- God will regard my instant mone.
 5 Oh ! tremble then, and cease offending ;
 And, on your silent bed alone,
 Talke with your hearts, your wayes amending.

- 6 Offer the truest sacrifice
 Of broken hearts ; on God besetting
 7 Your only trust. The most devise
 The wayes of worldly treasure getting :

But thou, O Lord, lift up to me
 The light of that sweet looke of thine ;
 8 So shall my soule more gladsome be,
 Than theirs with all their corne and wine.

9 So I in peace shall lay me downe,
 And on my bed take quiet sleepe ;
 Whiles thou, O Lord, shalt me alone
 From dangers all securely keepe.

PSALM V.

IN THE TUNE OF THE CXXIVth PSALM,

“ Now Israel may say, &c.”

Bow downe thine eare,
 Lord, to these words of mine,
 And well regard
 The secret plaints I make.
 2 My King, my God,
 To thee I doe betake
 My sad estate :
 Oh, doe thine eare incline
 To these loud cries,
 That to thee powred bin.

3 At early morne
 Thou shalt my voice attend :
 For, at day break,
 I will myselfe addresse
 Thee to implore,
 And wait for due redresse.

4 Thou dost not, Lord,
 Delight in wickednesse ;
 Nor to bad men
 Wilt thy protection lend.

5 The boasters proud
 Cannot before thee stay :
 Thou hat'st all those,
 That are to sin devoted :

6 The lying lips,
 And who with blood are spotted,
 Thou doest abhorre,
 And wilt for ever slay :

7 But I unto
 Thy house shall take the way :

And, through thy grace
 Abundant, shall adore,
 With humble feare,
 Within thy holy place.

8 Oh ! leade me, Lord,
 Within thy righteous trace :

Even for their sakes
 That malice me so sore,
 Make smooth thy paths
 My dimmer eyes before.

9 Within their mouth
 No truth is ever found :
 Pure mischief is
 Their heart: a gaping tombe
 10 Is their wide throat ;
 And yet their tongues still sound,
 11 With smoothing words.
 O Lord, give them their doome,
 And let them fall
 In those their plots profound.
 In their excesse
 Of mischief, them destroy,

12 That rebels are ;
 So those, that to thee flye,
 Shall all rejoyce
 And sing eternally :
 13 And whom thou dost
 Protect, and who love thee.
 And thy decre name,
 In thee shall ever joy ;
 Since thou with blisse
 The righteous dost reward,
 And with thy grace,
 As with a shield him guard.

PSALM VI.

AS THE Lth PSALM,

“The mighty God, &c.”

LET me not, Lord,
 Be in thy wrath reprov'd :
 Oh ! scourge me not
 When thy fierce wrath is mov'd.

2 Pity me, Lord,
 That doe with languor pine :
 Heale me, whose bones
 With paine dissolv'd bin ;

3 Whose weary soule
 Is vexed above measure.
 O Lord ; how long
 Shall I bide thy displeasure ?

4 Turne thee, O Lord,
 Rescue my soule distrest ;

5 And save me of thy grace.
 'Mongst those that rest
 In silent death,
 Can none remember thee ;
 And in the grave
 How shouldst thou praised be ?

6 Weary with sighs
 All night I caus'd my bed
 To swim : with teares,
 My couch I watered.

7 Deepe sorrow hath
 Consum'd my dimmed eyne,
 Sunk in with grieffe
 At these lewd foes of mine :
 8 But now hence, hence,
 Vaine plotters of mine ill :
 The Lord hath heard
 My lamentations shrill :
 9 God heard mine suit,
 And still attends the same :
 10 Blush now, my foes,
 And flye with sudden shame.

PSALM VII.

AS THE CXIth PSALM,

“ The man is blest that God, &c.”

ON thee, O Lord my God, relies
 My onely trust ; from bloody spight
 Of all my raging enemies
 Oh! let thy mercy me acquite.
 2 Lest they, like greedy lyons, rend
 My soule, while none shall it defend.
 3 O Lord, if I this thing have wrought,
 If in my hands be found such ill ;
 4 If I with mischief euer sought
 To pay good turnes, or did not still

Doe good unto my causlesse foe,
That thirsted for my overthrow;

- 5 Then, let my foe in eager chase,
O'ertake my soule, and proudly tread
My life below, and with disgrace
In dust lay downe mine honour dead.
6 Rise up in rage, O Lord, eft soone
Advance thine arm against my fo'ne ;

And wake for me, till thou fulfill

- 7 My promis'd right : so shall glad throngs
Of people flocke unto thy hill.
For their sakes then revenge my wrongs,
8 And rouse thyselfe. Thy judgements be
O'er all the world : Lord, judge thou me.

As truth and honest innocence
Thou find'st in me, Lord, judge thou me :

- 9 Settle the just with sure defence :
Let me the wicked's malice see
10 Brought to an end. For thy just eye
Doth heart and inward reines descry :
11 My safety stands in God, who shields
The sound in heart : whose doome, each day,
12 To just men and contemners yeelds
13 Their due. Except he change his way,

His sword is whet, to blood intended.
His murdering bow is ready bended.

- 14 Weapons of death he hath addrest
And arrowes keene to pierce my foe,
15 Who late bred mischief in his breast;
But, when he doth on travell goe,
16 Brings forth a lye ; deep pits doth delve,
And fall into his pits himselfe.
- 17 Back to his owne head shall rebound
His plotted mischief ; and his wrongs
18 His crowne shall craze : But I shall sound
Jehovah's praise with thankfull songs,
And will his glorious name expresse,
And tell of all his righteousnesse.

PSALM VIII.

AS THE CXIIIth PSALM,
“ *Ye children which, &c.*”

- How noble is thy mighty Name,
O Lord, o'er all the world's wide frame,
Whose glory is advanc'd on high
Above the rowling heavens' rack !
2 How for the gracelesse scorner's sake,
To still th' avenging enemy,

- Hast thou thy tender infants' tongue,
 The praise of thy great name made strong,
 While they hang sucking on the brest !
- 3 But, when I see the heavens bright,
 The moone and glittering stars of night,
 By thine almighty hand address,
- 4 Oh ! what is man, poore silly man,
 That thou so mind'st him, and dost daine
 To looke at his unworthy seed !
- 5 Thou hast him set not much beneath
 Thine angels bright ; and, with a wreath
 Of glory, hast adorn'd his head.
- 6 Thou hast him made high soveraigne
 7 Of all thy workes, and stretch'd his raigne
 Unto the heards and beasts untame,
- 8 To fowles, and to the scaly traine,
 That glideth through the watry maine.
- 9 How noble each-where is thy Name.

PSALM IX.

TO THE TUNE OF THAT KNOWN SONG BEGINNING,

“ Preserve us, Lord.”

- THEE, and thy wondrous deeds, O God,
 With all my soule I sound abroad :
- 2 My joy, my triumph is in thee.
 Of thy dread Name my song shall be,

3 O highest God : since put to flight,
And fal'ne and vanish't at thy sight
4 Are all my foes ; for thou hast past
Just sentence on my cause at last ;

And, sitting on thy throne above,
A rightful Judge thyselfe dost prove :
5 The troupes profane thy checks have stroid ;
And made their name for ever void.

6 Where's now, my foes, your threat'ned wrack ?
So well you did our cities sack,
And bring to dust ; while that ye say,
Their name shall dye as well as they !

7 Loe, in the eternall state God sits,
And his high throne to justice fits :
8 Whose righteous hand the world shal weeld,
And to all folke just doome shall yeeld.

9 The poore from high find his releefe ;
The poore in needfull times of grieffe :
10 Who knows thee, Lord, to thee shall cleave,
That never dost thy clients leave.

11 Oh ! sing the God that doth abide,
On Sion Mount ; and blazon wide
12 His worthy deeds. For he pursues
The guiltlesse blood with vengeance due :

He minds their cause, nor can passe o'er
Sad clamours of the wronged poore.

- 13 Oh! mercy, Lord: thou, that do'st save
My soule from gates of death and grave:

Oh! see the wrong my foes have done:

- 14 That I thy praise, to all that gone
Through daughter Sion's beauteous gate,
With thankfull songs may loud relate;

And may rejoyce in thy safe aid.

- 15 Behold, the Gentiles while they made
A deadly pit my soule to drowne,
Into their pit are sunken downe:

In that close snare they hid for me,
Loe, their owne feet entangled be.

- 16 By this just doome the Lord is knowne,
That th' ill are punish't with their owne.

- 17 Downe shall the wicked backward fall
To deepest hell, and nations all

- 18 That God forget; nor shall the poore
Forgotten be for evermore.

The constant hope of soules opprest

- 19 Shall not aye dye. Rise from thy rest,
O Lord. Let not men base and rude
Prevaile: judge thou the multitude

20 Of lawlesse Pagans: strike pale feare
 Into those breasts, that stubborne were:
 And let the Gentiles feele and find,
 They beene but men of mortall kind.

PSALM X.

AS THE LIST PSALM,

“ O God, consider.”

WHY stand'st thou, Lord, aloofe so long,
 And hid'st thee in due times of need,
 2 While lewd men proudly offer wrong
 Unto the poore? In their owne deed
 And their device, let them be caught.
 3 For, loe, the wicked braves and boasts,
 In his vile and outrageous thought;
 And blesseth him, that ravines most.

4 On God he dares insult: his pride
 Scornes to enquire of powers above;
 But his stout thoughts have still deni'd
 5 There is a God. His wayes yet prove
 Aye prosperous: thy judgements hye
 Doe farre surmount his dimmer sight.
 6 Therefore doth he all foes defie:
 His heart saith, I shall stand in spight,

Nor ever move; nor danger 'bide.

- 7 His mouth is fill'd with curses foule,
 And with close fraud: his tongue doth hide
 8 Mischiefe and ill: he seekes the soule
 Of harmelesse men, in secret wait;
 And, in the corners of the street,
 Doth shed their blood: with scorne and hate,
 His eyes upon the poore are set.

- 9 As some fell lion in his den,
 He closely lurks, the poore to spoyle:
 He spoiles the poore and helplesse men,
 When once he snares them in his toyle.

- 10 He crowcheth low in cunning wile,
 And bowes his brest; whereon whole throngs
 Of poore, whom his faire shewes beguile,
 Fall to be subject to his wrongs.

- 11 God hath forgot, in soule he sayes:
 He hides his face to never see.
 12 Lord God, arise, thy hand up-raise:
 Let not thy poore forgotten be.
 13 Shall these insulting wretches scorne
 Their God; and say, thou wiit not care?
 14 Thou see'st (for all thou hast forborne)
 Thou see'st what all their mischiefes are;

That to thy hand of vengeance just
 Thou maist them take the poore distressed

Relye on thee with constant trust,
The helpe of orphans and oppressed.

- 15 Oh! breake the wickeds' arme of might,
And search out all their cursed traines,
And let them vanish out of sight.
- 16 The Lord, as King, for ever reignes.

- From forth his coasts, the heathen sect
17 Are rooted quite : thou, Lord, attend'st
To poore men's suits ; thou do'st direct
Their hearts : to them thine eare thou bend'st ;
- 18 That thou mayst rescue from despight,
The wofull fatherlesse and poore :
That so, the vaine and earthen wight
On us may tyrannize no more.



Anthems

FOR THE
CATHEDRAL OF EXETER.

LORD, what am I? A worm, dust, vapour, nothing!
 What is my life? A dream, a daily dying!
 What is my flesh? My soul's uneasie clothing!
 What is my time? A minute ever flying:
 My time, my flesh, my life, and I;
 What are we, Lord, but vanity?

Where am I, Lord? Downe in a vale of death:
 What is my trade? Sin, my dear God offending;
 My sport sin too, my stay a puffe of breath:
 What end of sin? Hell's horroure, never ending:
 My way, my trade, sport, stay, and place
 Help to make up my dolefull case.

Lord, what art thou? Pure life, power, beauty, bliss:
 Where dwell'st thou? Up above, in perfect light:
 What is thy time? Eternity it is:
 What state? Attendance of each glorious sp'rit:
 Thyself, thy place, thy dayes, thy state
 Pass all the thoughts of powers create.

How shall I reach thee, Lord? Oh, soar above,
 Ambitious soul: But which way should I flie?
 Thou, Lord, art way and end: What wings have I?
 Aspiring thoughts, of faith, of hope, of love:
 Oh, let these wings, that way alone
 Present me to thy blissfull throne.

Anthem

FOR

CHRISTMAS DAY.

IMMORTALL babe, who this dear day
 Didst change thy heaven for our clay,
 And didst with flesh thy Godhead vail,
 Eternal Son of God, all hail!

Shine, happy Star, ye Angels sing
 Glory on high to Heaven's King:
 Run, Shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
 See heaven come down to Bethleem's cratch.

Worship, ye Sages of the East,
 The King of Gods in meanness drest.
 O Blessed Maid, smile and adore
 The God, thy womb and armes have bore.

Star, Angels, Shepherds, and wise Sages ;
 Thou Virgin, glory of all ages ;
 Restored frame of heaven and earth ;
 Joy in your Dear Redeemer's birth.

LEAVE, O my soul, this baser world below,
 Oh, leave this dolefull dungeon of woe ;
 And soare aloft to that supernal rest,
 That maketh all the Saints and Angels blest.
 Lo there the Godhead's radiant throne,
 Like to ten thousand suns in one !

Lo there thy Saviour dear in glory dight
 Ador'd of all the powers of heavens bright :
 Lo where that head, that bled with thorny wound,
 Shines ever with celestial honour crown'd :
 That hand, that held the scornfull reed,
 Makes all the fiends infernall dread :

That back and side, that ran with bloody streams,
 Daunt angels' eyes with their majestick beames ;
 Those feet, once fastened to the cursed tree,
 Trample ou death and hell, in glorious glee.
 Those lips, once drench't with gall, do make
 With their dread doom the world to quake.

Behold those joys thou never canst behold ;
Those precious gates of pearl, those streets of gold,
Those streams of life, those trees of paradise,
That never can be seen by mortal eyes :
 And, when thou seest this state divine,
 Think that it is or shall be thine.

See there the happy troup of purest sprites,
That live above in endless true delights ;
And see where once thyself shalt ranged be,
And look and long for immortalitie :
 And now, beforehand, help to sing
 Hallelujahs to Heaven's King.



GLOSSARY

OF

HARD TERMS, NOT EXPLAINED IN THE NOTES.

- Abron—auburn.
Abusion—corruption, reproach.
Acquite, or acquit—to discharge.
Albe, or albee—albeit, although.
Ale-knight—a pot-companion.
Alife—as dear as life.
All—although.
Anchore—an anchoret, a hermit.
Appeyre—to impair, to diminish.
Apple-squire—a cuckold, a pimp.
Aread—to guess, to declare.
Askile—askew, aslant.
Assaine—to attempt.
Autumnity—the time of harvest.
- Bain—a bath.
Bezel, or bezzle—a drunkard.
Blowen, or blown—stale, worthless.
Blowesse, or blouze—a courtezan.
Bookery—the study of books.
Boot—to profit.
Broke—to transact business for another.
Bronds—brands, reproaches.
Bufs—regimentals.
Busk—whalebone for stays.
- Caitive—servile, base.
Caravell—a galley.
Carle—a churl, a clown.
Carsey, or kersey—woollen stuff.
Certes—certainly.
Chire, or cheer—to feast; to chew.
Client—a dependant.
Clodge—to clog.

Cockers—hedger's boots.
 Collybist—a banker, an usurer.
 Cote, or cot—a cottage.
 Coted—quoted.
 Cotquean—an effeminate fellow ; a hen-pecked husband.
 Cottyer—a cottager.
 Couched—levelled.
 Covetise—covetousness.
 Curtal—to curtail.
 Cybeale—coarse meal, porridge.

Dag-tailed—dirtied.
 Deal—a degree, a portion.
 Delicious—delicate.
 Dight—dressed, adorned.
 Ding-thrift—a spendthrift.
 Disclout—to disburse, to unwrap, to empty out.
 Dispight—defiance, malignity.
 Dole—a gift, a portion ; misery.
 Done, or doon—to do.
 Doughty—important.
 Draffy, or draffy—worthless.

Ebb-cruise—a vessel half-empty.
 Erst—first, formerly.
 Eyne—eyes.

Fault—to blame.
 Festue, or fescue—a stick, to point the letters of the alphabet to children.
 Fettle—to go to work in earnest.
 Forlore—forlorn, forsaken.
 Forwent—abandoned, neglected.
 Frere—a friar.
 Frixe—frisk.
 Fumy-ball—a puff-ball, or fungus.

Gald—galled, fretted, worn away.
 Galloway—a hack, or hackney ; a pony.
 Gapt—gaped.
 Garboil—an uproar.
 Gear—a matter, a subject.
 Gin, gan—begin, began.
 Girdlestead—the waist.
 Glaver—to flatter, to leer, to wheedle.

Governall—government, a kingdom.

Grave—to dig, to bury.

Gree—kindness, satisfaction.

Greeves—grows.

Griple, or gripple—avaricious.

Hackster—an ordinary sort of man.

Hansel—the first use of any thing.

Hest—behest, command.

Holy-rood—the cross, mounted on the choir-screen, or rood-loft, of a church.

Huf-cap—saucy, arrogant.

Hundreth—hundred.

Importune—importunate, troublesome.

Inhospittal—inhospitable.

Inkhornisms—affected phrases and expressions.

Inn—to lodge.

Intend—to regard attentively.

Jargling—jarring.

Jennet—a Barbary horse.

Jerk—a lash, a stroke.

Joy—to rejoice.

Jury-field—the land of Judea.

Kernes, or kerns—Irish boors and soldiers.

Lave-eared—having long, or lapping ears.

Leef, or lieve—agreeable.

Leese—to lose.

Lib—to geld.

Loverly, or loover—a turret, or tunnel for smoke, in the great hall.

Lust, or list—to desire, to choose.

Mantling—spreading and flapping the wings.

Mask—to go blindfold.

Maud—a basket.

Mell—to meddle.

Mere-stone—a boundary-stone.

Mew—a cage, a closet, a retreat.

Minge—to remember, to mention.

Minivér—the fur of the squirrel, or weasel.

Month's-mind—a fancy, a desire.

Morrian's-crown—a negro's head of hair; a fool's cap.
 Morphewed—covered with scurf or leprosy.
 Mot—a motto.
 Mought, or mote—might.
 Mould—mouldy.
 Muck-worm—a miser.

Napery—linen.
 Nil—will not.
 Nonce—a purpose, an occasion.
 Nould—would not.

Of-long—of old.
 Onement—the state of unity.
 Ope-tide—the season of spring; perhaps Shrovetide.
 Ostlery—a stable.
 Outrive—to tear out.
 Overly—slight, superficial.

Pack-staff—the stick on which a pedlar hangs his bundle.
 Panes—slips of cloth or silk, of various colours, let into a garment.
 Pannel—a pack-saddle.
 Parbrake—to vomit.
 Partlet-strip—a loose collar, or neckerchief.
 Paunched—crammed, stuffed.
 Peare—spare, thin.
 Pestle—a leg, a leg-bone.
 Pickthank—a flatterer.
 Pight—pitched, fixed.
 Pill—to peel, to rob.
 Playne—to complain,
 Playse—one who has a wry mouth, a mimic.
 Plumbery—a bell-foundry.
 Privy-door—a pit-fall, or trap.
 Pranck—to decorate.
 Proking-spit—a Spanish rapier, or Toledo.
 Pointed—adorned with knots and tags.
 Pullen—poultry.
 Purchase—profit, recompense.

Queare—a quire of paper, a book.
 Quinse—to mince, to cut small.
 Quintain—a mark for tilers, in the practice of tournaments.

- Rath—early, prematurely.
 Raught—reached.
 Reezed—grown rusty.
 Resign—to appoint.
 Rife—common, easy.
 Rifely—frequently, abundantly.
 Rock—a distaff.
 Rogerian—a wig, a scalp.
 Rose-marine—rosemary.
 Round, or rown—to whisper.
 Ruffling—turbulent, boisterous.
 Russeting—a low fellow, dressed in russet.

 Scaffolders—people who frequent the upper gallery in a theatre.
 Scape—a trick, a cheat.
 Scroll—a copy.
 Sealy—silly, harmless.
 Self—same.
 Semones—satyrs; thence, satires.
 Sewer—one who provides water for the guests to wash their hands at table.
 Shak-fork—a pitch-fork.
 Shend—to defend, to protect.
 Shoon—shoes.
 Shot—an account, a reckoning.
 Shroad, or shrewd—forward, painful.
 Sib—a cousin, a kinsman.
 Side—indirect, disreputable.
 Side-robcs—long, loose robes.
 Single soled, or souled—half-witted.
 Si-quis—an ecclesiastical proclamation, beginning “If any one,” &c.
 Sise—assize.
 Sith—since.
 Sithes—times.
 Skort—skirt.
 Snite—to blow the nose.
 Soord—a sward, skins, rinds.
 Spanish-face—the face of a courtier.
 Spils—splinters, fragments.
 Startups—high rustic shoes.
 Steale—a handle.
 Stole—a long garment.
 Store—a large number.

- Stowr—confusion, distress.
 Strawn—made of straw.
 Streatned—stretched.
 Streave—stray.
 Strike—the act of laying out corn for measurement.
 Surbeat—battered, galled, tired of walking.
 Sursingled—fastened by an upper girth.
 Swoop—to sweep along majestically.

 Tavernings—the fashion of frequenting taverns.
 Teretismes—lewd and uncouth verses.
 Thicks—thickets.
 Tho—then, still.
 Thrave—a bundle; properly, of twenty-four.
 Toot—to pry, to peep.
 Trace—to follow.
 Traunt—to traffic as an itinerant.
 Treen—trees.
 Truckle-bed—a smaller bed, made to run under a larger.
 Tumbrell—a dung-cart.

 Unshent—unhurt.

 Vail—to yield, to lower.
 Venerean tree—the myrtle.
 Vie—to wager.

 Waft—to wave the hand, to beckon.
 Weal—prosperity, state, commonwealth.
 Weasand—the throat.
 Weat—to wet.
 Weed—a garment; not necessarily black.
 Weeter—wetter.
 Westy—giddy.
 Whetstone-leasings—narratives that have gained the prize for
 falsehood.
 Wist—art aware.
 Wit-wal, wittal, or wittoil—a cuckold.
 Wonned, or wond—dwelt.
 Writhen—distorted, deformed, wrinkled.
 Writhen-withe—a band of withy, or willow-twigs.

 Yean—to labour in child-birth.
 Ypent—enclosed.

ERRATUM.

Page 30; note. Read, "Cogitur ire pedes."

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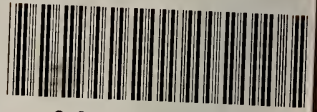
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