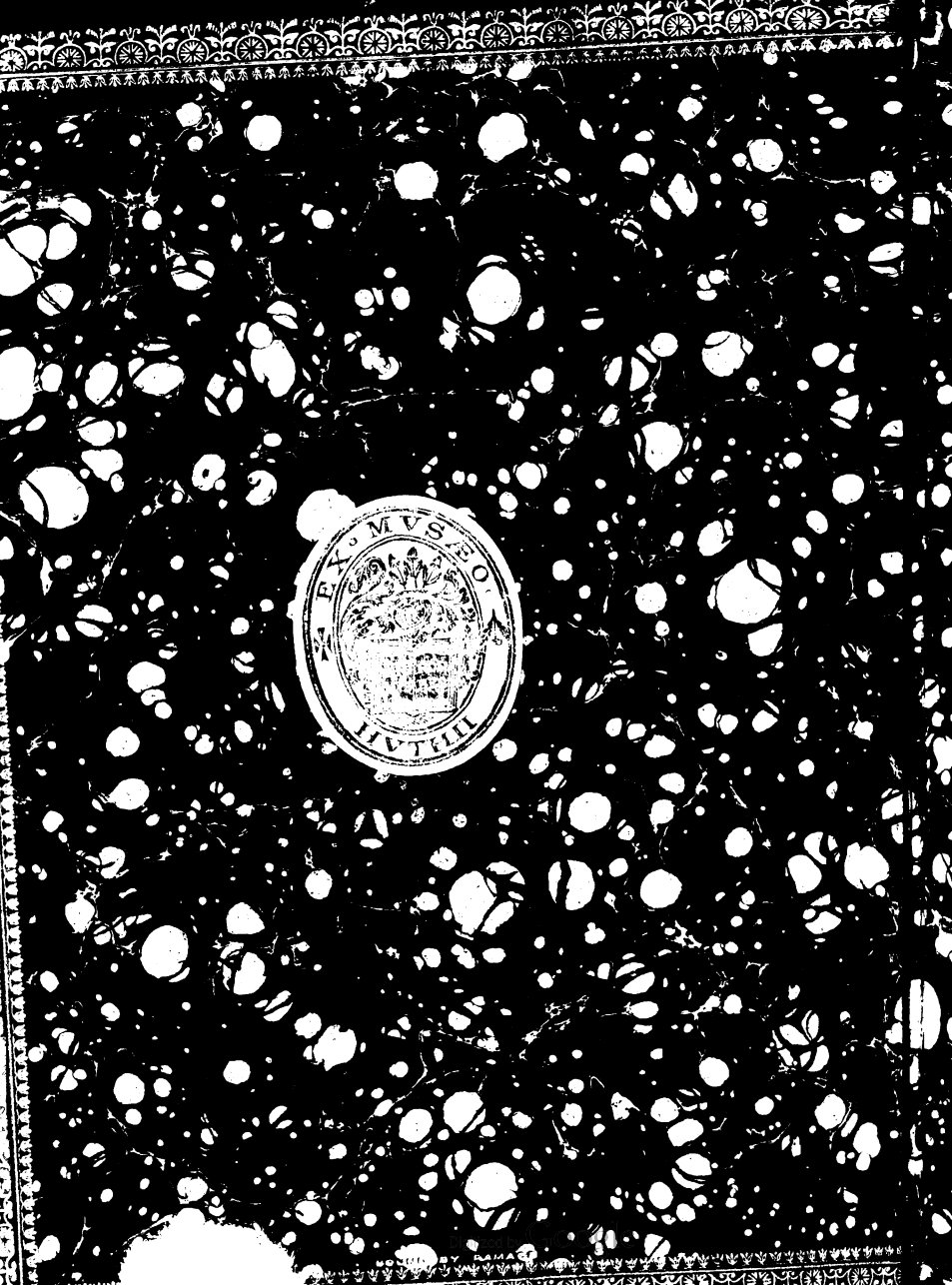
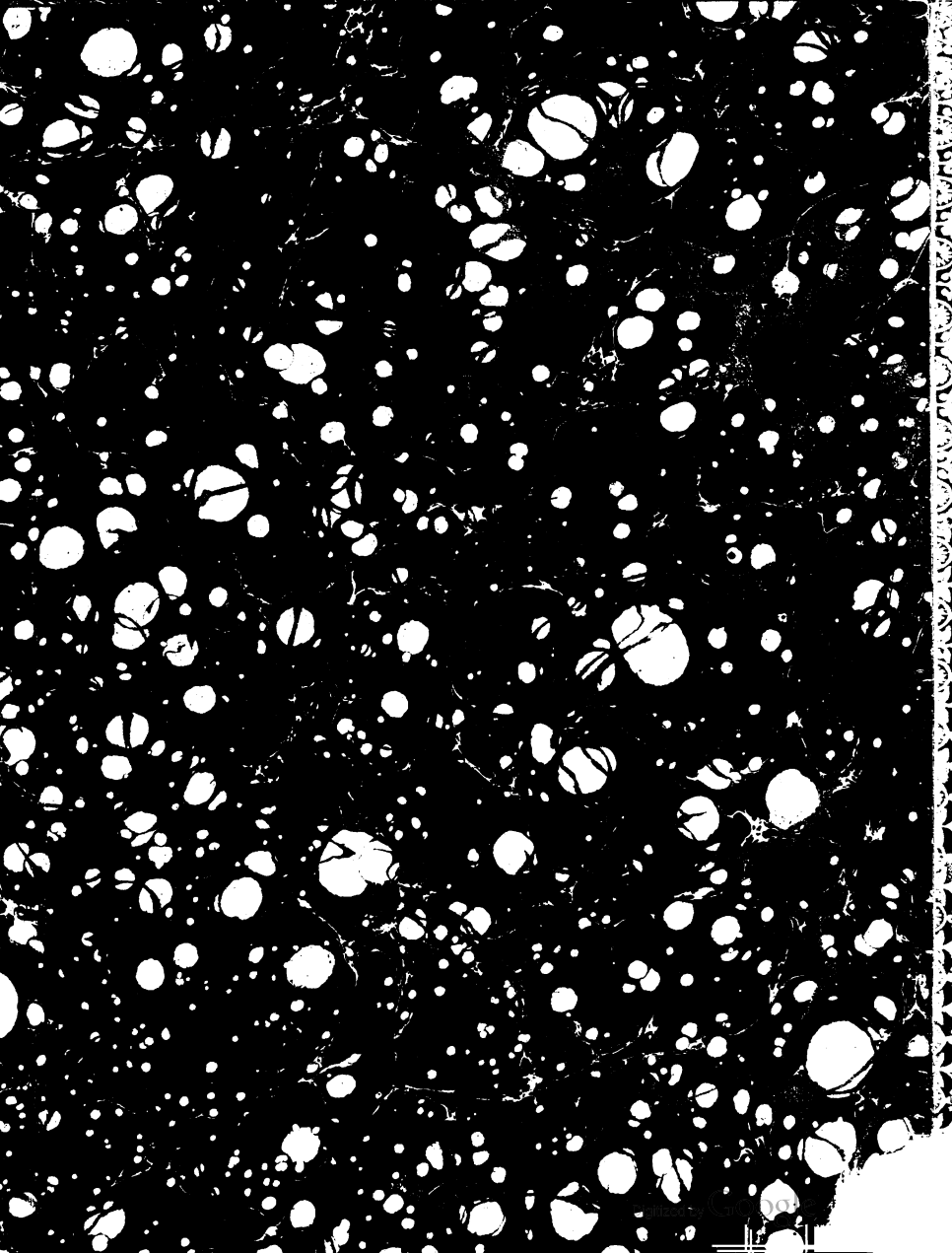


RB.23

a.10840





A
S A T Y R
AGAINST
HYPOCRITES.

Si natura negat facit indignatio versum.
Juvenal. Satyr. 1.



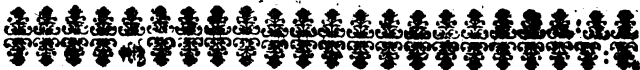
LONDON,
Printed for N. B. 1655.

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MINA

10840

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A S A T Y R

AGAINST

HIPOCRITES.

TEdious have been our Fasts, and long our Prayers;
 To keep the Sabbath such have been our cares,
 That *Cissy* durst not milk the gentle *Mulls*,
 To the great damage of my Lord Mayors Fooles,
 Which made the greazie Catchpoles swear and curse
 The Holy-day for want o'th' second course;
 And men have lost their body's new adorning (sing.
 Because their cloathes could not come home that morn-
 The sins of Parliament have long been bawl'd at,
 The vices of the City have been yawl'd at,
 Yet no amendment; Certainly, thought I,
 This is a Paradox beyond all cry.

Why if you ask the people, very proudly
 They answer straight, That they are very godly.
 Nor could we lawfully suspect the Priest,
 Alas, for he cry'd out, *I bring you Christ* :
 And trul' he spoke with so much confidence,
 That at that time it seem'd a good pretence :
 Then where's the fault? thought I: Well, I must know,
 So putting on clean cuffs, to Church I go.

Now 'gan the Bells to jangle in the Steeple,
 And in a row to Church went all the People.
 First came poor Matrons stuck with Lice like Cloves,
 Devoutly come to worship their white loaves;

And may be smelt above a German mile,
 Well, let them go to fume the Middle-Ile.
 But here's the sight that doth men good to-see't ;
 Grave Burghers, with their Posies, sweet, sweet, sweet,
 With their fat Wives. Then comes old *Robin* too,
 Who although write or read he neither do,
 Yet hath his Testament chain'd to his waist,
 And his blind zeal feels out the proofs as fast,
 And makes as greasie Dogs-ears as the best.
 A new shav'd Cobler follows him, as it hapt,
 With his young *Cake-bread* in his cloak close wrapt ;
 Then panting comes his Wife from t'other end
 O'th' Town, to hear Our Father and see a friend ;
 Then came the shops young fore-man, 'tis presum'd,
 With hair rose-water'd, and his gloves perfum'd,
 With his blew shoo-strings too, and besides that,
 A riband with a sentence in his hat :
 The Virgins too, the fair one, and the Gypsie,
Spētatūm veniunt, venient spectentur ut ipsa
 And now the silk'n Dames throng in, good store ;
 And casting up their noses to th' pew dore,
 Look with disdain to see the pew so full,
 Yet must and will have room, I, that they wull ;
 Streight that she sits not uppermost distast
 One takes ; 'Tis fine that I must be displac't
 By you, she cries then, Good *Mistris Gill Flurt* ;
Gill Flurt, enrag'd cries t'other, Why ye dirt-
 tie piece of Impudence, ye ill-bred Thief,
 I scorn your terms, good Mistris Thimble-mans wife.
 Marry come up, cries t'other, pray forbear,
 Surely your Husband's but a Scavenger ;
 Cries t'other then, and what are you I pray ?
 No Aldermans wife for all you are so gay.
 Is it not you that to all Christenings frisk it ?
 And to save bread, most shamefully steal the bisket ;
 At which the other mad beyond all law,
 Unsheaths her talons, and prepares to claw.
 And sure some gorgets had been torn that day ;

But that the Readers voice did part the fray.

Now what a wardrobe could I put to view,
 The cloak-bag-breeches, and the sleek-stone shoe,
 Th' Embroider'd Girdles, and your Usurers Cloaks,
 Of far more various forms than there be Oaks
 In Sherwood, or Religions in this Town,
 Strong then of Cypres chest appears the Gown :
 The *grogam-gown* of such antiquity,
 That *Speed* could never find its pedigree ;
 Fit to be doted on by *Antiquary's*,
 Who hence may décant in their old *Glossary's*,
 What kind of fardingale fair *Helen* wore,
 How wings in fashion came, because wings bore
 The Swan-transformed *Leda* to *Jove's* lap,
 Our Matrons hoping thence the same good hap ;
 The pent-house bever, and calves-chaudron ruff,
 But of these frantick fashions now enough,
 For now there shall no more of them be said,
 Lest this my ware-house spoil the French-men's trade,

And now as if I were that woollen-spinster,
 That doth so gravely show you *Sarum* Minster,
 Ile lead you round the Church from pew to pew,
 And shew you what doth most deserve your view,
 There stood the Font, in times of Christianity,
 But now 'tis tak'n down, men call it Vanity ;
 There the Church-VVardens sit, hard by the dore,
 But know ye why they sit among the Poor ?
 Because they love um well for love o'th' box,
 Their money buys good beef, good wine, good smocks.
 There sits the Clerk, and there the reverend Reader,
 And there's the Pulpit for the good *flock-Feeder*,
 VVho in three lamentable dolefull ditty's
 Unto their marriage-fee's sing *Nunc dimittis*
 Here sits a learned Justice, truly so
 Some people say, and some again say no,
 And yet methinks in this he seemeth wise
 To make *Stypone* yeild him an excise,

Ingredi-
 ents that
 compound
 a Congre-
 gation.

And though on Sundayes Ale-houſes muſt down,
 Yet wiſely all the week lets them alone,
 For well his Worſhip knows that Ale-houſe ſins
 Maintain himſelf in gloves, his wife in pins.
 There ſits the Mayor as fat as any Bacon
 With eating Cuſtard, Beef, and rumps of Capon;
 And there his corpulent Brethren ſit by,
 With faces repreſenting gravity,
 Who having money, though they have no wit,
 They wear gold-chains, and here in green pews ſit.
 There ſit True-blew the honeſt Pariſh-maſters.
 With Sattin Caps, and Ruffs, and Demi-caſters,
 And faith that's all; for they have no rich fanſies,
 No Poets are, nor Authours of Romances.
 There ſits a Lady, painted fine by Art,
 And there ſits curious Miſtris Fiddle-cum-fart :
 There ſits a Chamber-maid upon a Haſſock,
 Whom th'Chaplain oft inſtructs without his Caſſock :
 One more accuſtom'd unto Curtain-fins,
 Than woman is to wet her thumb, that ſpins.
 O what a gloſs her forehead ſmooth adorns !
 Excelling *Phæbe* with her ſilver horns.
 It tempts a man at firſt, yet ſtrange to utter,
 When one comes near, fogh gudds, it ſtinks of butter.
 Another tripping comes to her Miſtris's Pew,
 Where being arriv'd, ſhe tryes if ſhe can view
 Her young mans face, and ſtraight heaves up her coats,
 That her ſweet-heart may ſee her true-love knots.
 But having fate up late the night before
 To let the young man in at the back-dore.
 She feeleth drawzineſs upon her creeping,
 Turns down one proof, and then ſhe falls a ſleeping.
 Then fell her head one way, her book another,
 And ſhe ſleeps, and ſnores, a little a tone with t'other.

That's call'd the Gallery; which (as you may ſee)
 Was trimm'd and guilt in the year Fifty three.

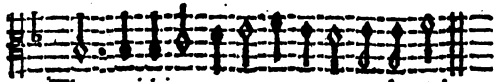
Twas

Twas a zealous work, and done by two Church-wardens,
 VWho for mis-reckoning hope to have their pardons,
 There *Will* writes short-hand with a pen of brass,
 Oh how he's wonder'd at by many an asse
 That see him shake so fast his warry fist, Hang it.
 'As if he'd write the Sermon 'fore the Priest
 Has spoke it ; Then, O that I could (sayes one)
 Do as but this man does, I'de give a crown.
 Up goes another hand, up go his eyes,
 And he, *Gifts, Industry, and talents* cries.

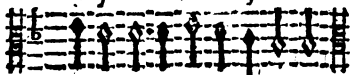
Thus are they plac'd at length : a tedious work,
 'And now a bellowing noise went round the Kirk,
 From the low Font, up to the Golden Creed.
 (O happy they who now no cares do need :)
 VWhile these cought up their morning slegm, and those
 Do trumpet forth the snivel of their nose ;
 Straight then the Clerk began with potsheard voice
 To grope a tune, singing with wofull noise,
 Like a crackt Sans-bell jarring in the Steeple,
Tom Sternholds wretched Prick song to the people :
 VWho soon as he hath plac'd the first line through,
 Up steps *Chuck farthing* then, and he reads too :
 This is the womans boy that sits i'th'Porch
 Till th' Sexton comes, and brings her stool to Church.
 Then out the people yaule an hundred parts,
 Some roar, some whine, some creek like wheels of Carts,
 Such Notes that *Gamus* never yet did know,
 Nor numerous keys of Harpsicalls in a row
 Their Heights and Depths could ever comprehend,
 Now below double *Are* some descend,
 'Bove *Ela* squealing now ten notes some flie ;
 Straight then as if they knew they were too high,
 VWith head-long haste down staires again they tumble ;
 Discords and Concords O how thick they jumble !
 Like untam'd horses tearing with their throats
 One wretched stave into an hundred notes.

Robert
Wisdom's
delight.

Some lazie-throated fellowes thus did baule

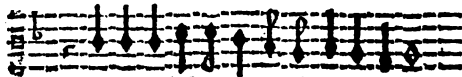


They a i hin a moy a meat uh ga have



a ha me uh a ha gall a.

And some out-run their words and thus they say,



Too cruel for to think a hum a haw,

Now what a whetstone was it to devotion
To see the pace, the looks, and every motion
O'th Sunday Levite when up stairs he march't.
And first behold his little band stiff starcht;
Two caps he had, and turns up that within,
You'd think he wore a black pot tipt with tin,
His cuffs asham'd peep't only out at's wrist,
For they saw whiter gloves upon his fist,
Out comes his kerchief then, which he unfolds
As gravely as his Text. and fast he holds
In's wrath-denouncing hand; then mark when he pray'd
How he rear'd his reverend whites, and softly said
A long *most Mercifull*, or *O Almighty*,
Then out he whines the rest like some sad ditty,
In a most dolefull *recitative style*,
His buttocks keeping Crotchet-time the while;
And as he slubbers ore his tedious story
Makes it his chiefest aim, his chiefest glory,
T' excell the City Dames in speaking fine,
O for the drippings of a fat Sir-loyn,
Instead of *Aron's oyntment* for his face,
When he cries out for *greace* instead of *grace*.
Up stept another then, how sowre his face is!
How grim he lookt! for he was one oth' *Classis*,

And

And here he cries, *Blood, blood, blood, destroy, O Lord!*
The Covenant-breaker, with a two edg'd sword.

Now comes another, of another strain,
 And he of Law and Bondage doth complain :
 Then shewing his broad teeth, and grinning wide,
 Aloud, *Free grace, free grace, free grace,* he cry'd
 Up went a Chaplain then, fixing his eye
 Devoutly on his Patron's gallery,
 Who as duty binds him, cause he eats their pyes,
God bless my good Lord and my Lady, cries,
And's hopeful Issue. Then with count'nance sad,
 Up steps a man stark revelation mad,
 And he, *Cause us thy Saints, for thy dear sake,*
That we a bustle in the world may make,
Thy enemies now rage, and by and by
 He tears his throat for the *sift Monarchy.*
 Another mounts his chin, East, West, North, South,
 Gaping to catch a blessing in his mouth,
 And saying, *Lord! we dare not ope our eyes*
Before thee, winks for fear of telling lies.

Mean while the vulgar frie sit still, admiring
 Their pious sentences, as all inspiring ;
 At every period they sigh and grone,
 Though he speak sometimes sense, and sometimes none :
 Their zeal doth never let them mind that matter,
 It is enough to hear the Magpy chatter ;
 They croud, they thrust, are crouded, and are thrust,
 Their pews seem pasties, wherein they incrust,
 Together bake and fry ; O patience great !
 Yet they endure, though almost drown'd in sweat.
 It seem'd as if those steaming vapours were
 To stew hard doctrines in, and to prepare
 Their rugged doubts, that might breed some disease
 Being tak'n raw in queasie consciences.
 But further mark their great humility,
 Their tender love, and mutual charity,
 The short man's shoulder bore the tall man's elbow,
 Nor he so much as call'd him Scurvy fellow,

Practice
 of Piety.

Wrath was forgot, all anger was forborn,
 Although his neighbour trod upon his corn ;
 And in a word, all men were meek and humble,
 Nor dar'd the Sexton, though unfeed, to grumble ;
 He honest man went with his neck a skew,
 Gingling his bunch of keys from pew to pew ;
 Good man to's Market-day he bore no spleen,
 But wish'd the seven dayes had Sabbaths been ;
 How he worships sattin, with what a Gospel-fear
 He admires the man that doth a bever wear,
Room; room, bear leave, he cries, then not unwilling
 With a *Pater noster* face receives the shilling.

But what was more religious than to see
 The women in their streins of pietie,
 Who like the Seraphins in various hews
 Adorn'd the Chancell and the highest pews.
 Stand up good middle- Ile-folks and give room,
 See where the Mothers and the Daughters come !
 Behind the Servants looking all like Martyrs,
 With Bibles in plush jerkins and blew garters,
 The silver Inkhorn, and the writing book,
 In which I wish no friend of mine to look.
 Nor must we now forget the Children too,
 Who with their fore-tops gay stand up ith pew.
 Brought there to play at Church, and to be chid,
 And for discourse at meals what children did.
 Well, be good children, for the time shall come,
 When on the *Pulpit-stairs* ye shall have room,
 There to be asked many a Question deep,
 By th' Parson, with his dinner, half a sleep.

But now aloft the Preacher 'gan to thunder,
 When the poor women they sit trembling under,
 And if he name *Gehenna* or the Dragon,
 Their faith, alas ! was little then to brag on ;
 Or if he did relate, how little wit
 The foolish Virgins had, then do they sit
 Weeping with watry-eyes, and making vows
 One to have Preachers always in her house,

Hey-day !

Jack-a-
 dandy.

To dine them well, and breakfast 'um with gellies,
 And caudles hot to warm their wambling bellies ;
 And if the cash, where she could not unlock it,
 Were close secur'd, to pick her Husbands pocket.
 Another something a more thrifty sinner,
 To invite the Parson twice a week to dinner ;
 The other vows a purple Pulpit-cloth,
 With an embroyder'd Cushion, being loth
 When the fierce Priest his Doctrine hard unbuckles,
 That in the passion he should hurt his knuckles.

Nay, in the Church-yard too was no small throng,
 And on the Window-bars in swarms they hung :
 And I could see that many Short-hand wrote,
 Where listning well, I could not hear a jote ;
 Friend, this is strange, quoth I, but he reply'd,
Alas ! your ears are yet unsanctifi'd.

Cuds so, I had even almost now forgot
 To tell you th' chiefest thing of all, what's that ?
 How the good women in a row do come,
 To bring the *New-born babe* to *Christendome*.

The Midwife, Captain of the gang, walks first,
 Laden with *Child*, and *Naples-biscket crust* ;
 Most reverently she steps, drest all in print,
 If she be not a Saint the Devils in't :

For so demure she looks, that you would guess
 She were some holy penitent Votares,es,
 With eyes and mouth set in her Looking-glass,
 On purpose for'to carry *Babe of Grace* :
 Nor is't a thing inspir'd, but got by Art,
 And Practice, as the *Beggar* learnt to Fart.
 Then follow th' Guests, each one in her degree,
 Most punctual in their *Parish-Heraldry*.

Being come to Church, they keep their close order,
 And go on, and go on, and go farther and farther,
 Till they arrive where for the Priests ease, God wot,
 Stands a pretty, little, stone Syllabub-pot ;
 Water 't had in't, though but a little, God knows,
 Scarcely to wet the tip of the Childs nose :

Men say there was a secret wisdom then,
 That rul'd the strange opinions of these men ;
 For by much washing Child got cold in head,
 Which was the cause so many Saints snuffled :
 Oh cry'd another sect, let's wash the cock,
 And eke that other thing that lurks in smock ;
 Those were the members whence did first arise
 The sinfull cause of all our miseries.
 But their wise Wives reply'd, fuming and fretting,
 'Twas dangerous, least the parts should shrink in wetting;
 And for that cause they only did be-sprinkle
 The pretty Birdsney-Pigsney-Periwinkle.
 Now when the Priest had spoke, and made an'end,
 And that the Child was made the Churches friend,
 The women straightway they went home agen,
 To talk of things which they conceal from men :
 Then Midwife carries Child t' ask Mother blessing,
 Who gives it a kifs in her Flanders-lace dressing,
 She sate with Curtains drawn, most *princum prancum*,
 And call'd the women every one to thank 'um :
 Full threescore pound it cost in Plumbs and Dishes,
 Which women eat as Pikes eat little Fishes ;
 But when the Claret and Hypocrisis came in,
 Then the tittle tattle began to begin ;
 The Midwife takes a Tankard and drinks up all,
 Of all the Saints, quoth she, God blefs St. Paul,
 He bid the men give the women their due ;
 If they do'nt, may the women ne're prove true :
 Well fare my Son here, he is a yong man,
 But let any other do better if he can ;
 Five in six years ! ----- hey ho, ----- here daughter,
 Here's to the next bout, and what shall come after.
 But what ayles my Neighbour here to look so grim ?
 A year and a half, and nothing yet come. -----
 Alas, I lost time, quoth she, I married a Fool, -----
 'Twas six months ere he knew he was to use his tool :
 But I ha' taught him a new lesson I faith, quo I, sye upon't,
 Such a fool at these years, ---- but learn more wit, ---- if
 ye do'nt -----

Alas,

Alas, cries one, you are happy to me,
 Weeping and drinking most heartily,
 My Husband whores and drinks all the week,
 Judge you then Neighbours how I am to seek :
 (Then they all shook their heads, and lookt most sad)
 These are they, quoth the Midwife, spoyl our trade ;
 But be of good cheer daughter, come, come,
 If he wont, another must in his room.

Alas, quoth she, with a jolly red Nose,
 There's many an able Christian, God knows,
 Would leap at that which thy Husband despises :
 Then 'gin they to talk of the several sizes,
 Of the long, and the short, the little and great,
 'Twould put a modest *Gamster* into a sweat.

I thank my God, quoth the Midwife then,
 I have buried three Husbands, all proper men ;
I thank my God for't, though I say't that shou'd not,
 Yet I can't say, like one that understood not,
 There was no difference between the three,
 But if any man a good workman be,
 He may well do enough, if he be intent,
 To give a reasonable She content.

(you all,

I speak merrily Neighbours, ---- hah ---- hah ---- heres to
 God send us more of these good jobs to fall :
 By and by they single out a poor woman,
 That has had the luck to have as good as no man ;
 But her they use most unmercifully,
 Calling her Husband *Do-little*, and *Cully*,
Fumbler and *Gelding*, and then they all exhort her,
 Rather then be sham'd, to hire some strong Porter.
 Now after this discourse, and th' Wines drank up,
 They all depart to their own homes to sup ;
 After that to bed, and 'tis a pound to a doight,
 If their Husbands sleep for their Quail-pipes that night.

Others not so concern'd, walk in the fields,
 To give their longing Wives what Cake-house yields ;
 And as they go, God, Grace, and Ordinances,
 Is all their chat, they seem in heav'nly trances ;

To be
 heard of
 men.

Thus

Thus they trim up their souls with holy words,
 Shaving off sin as men shave off their Beards,
 To grow the faster ; sins, they cry, are fancies,
The Godly live above all Ordinances.

Now they're at home, and have their suppers eat,
 When *Thomas*, cries the Master, *come, repeat ;*
 And if the windows gaze upon the street,
 To sing a Psalm they hold it very meet.
 But would you know what a preposterous zeal
 They sing their Hymn's withall ? then listen well ;
 The Boy begins,

To the
 Tune of S.
Margaret's
 Chimes.

Go too therefore ye wicked men,
Depart from me [Thomas] anon,
For the [Yes Sir] commandments will I keep
Of God [Pray remember to receive the 100 l. in Gra-
acious-street to morrow] my Lord alone.
As thou has promis'd to perform, [Mary, anon forsooth]
That death me not assaile, [Pray remember to rise be-
times to morrow morning, you know you have
a great many cloaths to soap]

Nor let my hope abuse me so ,
That through distrust I quaille.

Behold the
 zeal of the
 people.

But Sunday now good night, and now good morrow,
 To thee oh *Covenant Wednesday* full of sorrow :
 Alas ! my Lady *Anne* wont now be merry,
 She's up betimes, and gone to *Alderman-bury* ;
 Truly 'twas a sad day, for every sinner,
 Did feast a supper then, and not a dinner ;
 Nor men nor women wash their face to day,
 Put on their cloaths, and piss, and so away ;
 They throng to Church just as they sell their ware,
 In greasie hats, and old gowns worn thread bare,
 Where, though the whole body suffered tedious pain,
 No member yet had more cause to complain
 Than the poor nose, when little to its ease,
 A Chandlers cloak perfum'd with candle-grease,
 Commixing sent with a Sope-boylers breeches,
 Did raise a stink beyond the skill of Witches.

Now steams of Garlick whifling through the nose,
Smelt worse than *Assa-fetida*, or *Luthers* hose ;
With these *mundungus*, and a breath that smells
Like standing pools in subterranean cells.

Compos'd Pomanders to out-stink the Devil,
Yet strange to tell, they suffer'd all this evil,
Nor to make water all the while would rise,
The women sure had sponges 'twixt their thighs :
To stir at this good time they thought was sin,
So strictly their devotion kept them in.

Now the Priests elbows do the cushion knead,
While to the people he his Text doth read,
Beloved, I shall here crave leave to speak
A word, he cries and winks, unto the weak,
The words are these, *Make haste and do not tarry,*
But unto Babylon thy dinner carry,
There doth young Daniel want in the Den,
Thrown among Lyons by hard-hearted men.

Here my Beloved, and then he reaches down
His hand, as if he'd catch the Clerk by th'crown.
Not to explain this pretious Text amiss,
Daniel's the subject, Hunger th'object is,
Which proves that *Daniel* was subject to hunger,
But that I may not detain you any longer,
My Brethren dear prick up your ears, and put on
Your senses all while I the words unbutton.

Make haste, I say, make haste and do not tarry,]
Why ? my Beloved, these words great force do carry.
Au ! 'tis a waundrous emphatical speech,
Some men Beloved, as if th'had lead i'their breech,
Do walk, some creep like Snails, they're so sloe pac't,
Truly, my Brethren, these men do not make haste.

But be ye quick dear Sisters, be ye quick,
And lest ye fall, take hope; hope's like a stick.
To Babylon] Ah Babylon ! that word's a weighty one,
Truly 'twas a great City, and a mighty one.
Which as the learned *Rider* well records,
Semiramis did build with brick and bords.

The Ex-
position.

1 Use.
Not like
an Anchor.

Babel
battered.

Wicked *Semiramis*, accursed Bitch !

My spirit is mightily provok'd against that wretch.

Lustful *Semiramis*, for will I wist

Thou wert the mother of proud Antichrist.

Nay, like to *Levi* and *Simeon* from antiquity,

The Pope and thee were Sisters in iniquity.

Strumpet *Semiramis*, like her was *non*,

For she built *Babylon*, Ah ! she built *Babylon*.

2 Use.

But, Brethren, be ye good as she was evil,

Must ye needs go because she's gone to the Devil ?

Thy dinner carry.] Here may we look upon

A childe of God in great affliction :

Why what does he aile ? Alas ! he wanteth meat,

Now what (Beloved) was sent him for to eat ?

Truly a small matter ; only a dish of pottage,

But pray what pottage ? Such as a small cottage

Afforded only to the Country swains,

From whence, though not a man the place explains,

'Tis guess'd that neither Christmas pottage 'twas,

Nor white-broth, nor capon-broth, good for sick maws,

Or milk-pottage, or thick pease-pottage either,

Nor was it mutton-broth, nor veal broth neither,

Nor any broth of noble tast or scent,

Made by receipt of the Countess of *Kent* ;

But sure some homely stuff crum'd with brown-bread,

And thus was *Daniel*, good *Daniel* fed.

Truly, this was but homely fare you'l say,

Yet *Daniel*, good *Daniel* was content that day.

Would he
have been
so content.

And though there could be thought-on nothing cheaper,

Yet fed as well on't as he had been a reaper.

3 Use.

Better eat any thing than not at all,

Fasting, Beloved, why ? 'tis prejudiciall

To the weak Saints ; Beloved, 'tis a sin,

And thus to prove the same I here begin :

Hunger, Beloved, why ? this hunger *mauls*,

Au ! 'tis a great *mauler*, it breaks stone-walls ;

Now my Beloved, to break stone-walls you know,

Why 'tis flat felony, and there's great woe

Several
Reasons.

Follows that sin, besides 'tis a great schism,
 'Tis ceremonious, 'tis Pagan Judism ;
 Judism ? why Beloved, have you ere been
 Where the black Dog of *Newgate* you have seen ?
 Hair'd like a Turk, with eyes like Antichrist,
 He doth and hath ye Brethren long entic't.
 Claws like a Star-chamber Bishop, black as hell ;
 and doubtless he was one of those that fell.
 Judism I say is uglier than this *curr*,
 Though he appear'd wrapt up in Bear-skin furr.
 Thrown among *Lyons* by hard-hearted men,]
 Here *Daniel* is the Church, the *World's* the Den.
 By *Lyons* are meant Monarchs, Kings of Nations,
 Those worse than heathenish abominations :
 Truly dear friends, these Kings and Governours,
 These Bishops too, nay all superiour powers,
 Why they are *Lyons*, *Locusts*, *Whales*, I *Whales*, beloved,
 Off goes our ears if once their wrath be moved ;
 But woe unto you Kings ! woe to you Princes !
 'Tis fifty and four, now Antichrist, so says
 My Book, must reign three days, and three half days,
 Why that is three years and a half beloved.
 Or else as many precious men have proved,
 One thousand two hundred and threescore dayes ;
 Why now the time's almost expir'd, time staves
 For no man ; friends then Antichrist shall fall,
 Then down with *Rome*, with *Babel*, down with all,
 Down with the Devil, the Pope, the Emperour,
 With Cardinals, and th' King of *Spain's* great power ;
 They'l muster up, but I can tell you where,
 At *Armageddon*, there, Beloved, there,
 Fall on, fall on, kill, kill, *haloo, haloo*,
 Kill *Amalek*, and *Turk*, kill *Gog* and *Magog* too.
 But who dear friends sed *Daniel* thus forsaken,
 Truly (but there's one sleeps, a would do well to waken)
 As 'tis in th' English his name ends in *uck*,
 And so his name is called *Habacuck*.

Descripti-
 on of Anti-
 christ.

And hey
 then up go
 we.

The Do-
ctrine of
Generati-
on.

But in th' original it ends in Ock,
For that dear Sisters calls him Have-a-Cock.
And truly I suppose I need not fear
But that there are many Have-a-Cocks here :
The Laud increase the number of Have-a-Cocks,
Truly false Prophets will arise in flocks ;
But as a Farding-candle shut up quite

For Mini-
sters may
be Cuc-
kolds.

In a dark Lanthorn never giveth light ;
Even such are they. Ay but my brethren dear,
I'm no such Lanthorn, for my horns are clear.
But I shall now conclude this glorious truth

Use of
Exhorta-
tion.

With an Exhortation to old men and youth :
Be sure to feed young *Daniel*, that's to say,
Feed all your Ministers that preach and pray.

Motives

First of all, 'cause 'tis good, I speak that know so,
1. And by experience find 'tis good to do so :
4. Fourthly, 'cause 'tis not evil ; Nextly and Thirdly,
3. For that 'tis very good, unless the *Word* lye.
6. Sixthly, for that y'are mov'd thereto ; and Twelfthly,
12. 'Cause there's nought better, unless I my self lye.

Hunger a
great ene-
my to Gos-
pel-duty.
A Crop-
sick sister.

But now he smells the Pyes begin to reak,
His teeth water, and he can no longer speak :
Only it will not be amiss to tell ye
How he was troubled with a womans belly ;
For she was full of caudle and devotion,
Which in her stomach raised a commotion,
For the hot vapours much did damnifie
Her that was wont to walk in *Finsbury*.
So though a while she was sustain'd with ginger,
Yet at the length a cruel pain did twinge her ;
And like as marble sweats before a shower,
So did she sweat, and swearing forth did pour
Her mornings draught of Sugar-sops and Saffron,
Into her sighing neighbours Cambrick apron.
At which a Lard she cry'd, full sad to see
The foul mishap, yet suffer'd patiently :
How do you, then she cry'd ? I'me glad 'tis up :
Ah sick, sick, sick ; cries one, *Oh for a cup*

Of my mint water that's at home :

As patt as might be, then the Parson cry'd,
'Tis good ; one holds her head, *let't come, let't come,*
Still crying ; just i'th' nick the Priest reply'd,
Tea like a stream ye ought to let it flow,

And then she reach'd, and once more let it go.
Streight an old woman with a brace of chins,

A bunch of keys, and cushion for her pins,
Seeing in earnest the good woman lack it,
Draws a Strong-water bottle from her placket ;

Well heated with her flesh, she takes a sup,
Then gives the sick, and bids her drink it up.

But all in vain, her eyes begin to roul,
She sighs, and all cry out, *alas poor soul !*

One then doth pinch her cheek, one pulls her nose,
Some blest the opportunity that were her foes,

And they reveng'd themselves upon her face,
S. Dunstons Devil was ne're in such a case.

Now Priest say what thou wilt, for here's a chat
Begun of this great Empyrick, and that

Renowned Doctor, what cures they have done :
I like not *Mayern*, he speaks French sayes one.

Oh sayes another, though the man be big,
For my part I know none like Dr. *Trig*.

Nay, hold you there sayes t'other, on my life
There's none like *Chamberlain* the Man-midwife.

Then in a heap, their own receipts they muster,
To make this gelly, how to make that plaster,

Which when she hears that but now fainting lay,
Up starteth she, and talks as fast as they,

But they that did not mind this dolefull passion,
Followed their busines on another fashion ;

For all did write, the Elder and the Novice,
Methought the Church lookt like the *Six-Clerks-Office*.

But *Serman's* done, and all the folks as fast
As they can trudge, to Supper now make hast :

Down comes the Priest, when a grave Brother meets him,
And putting off his broad-brim'd hat, thus greets him :

A very
greatCrea-
ture-com-
fort.

A great
cry, and a
little wool.

A great
sign of
grace.

Dear Sir, my Wife and I do you invite
O'th' Creature with us to partake this night ;
And now suppose what I prepare to tell ye,
The City-dame, whose faith is in the belly
Of her cram'd Priest, had all her cates in order,
That *Graciam-street*, or *Cheap-side* can afford her.

Bill of fare.

Lo first a Pudding ! truly 't had more Reasons
Than forty Sermons shew at forty seasons.
Then a Sur-loyn came in, as hot as fire,
Yet not so hot as was the Priests desire.
Next came a shoulder of Mutton roasted raw,
To be as utterly abolisht as the Law.
The next in order was a Capon plump,
With an Use of Consolation in his rump.
Then came a Turkey cold, which in its life
Had a fine tail, just like the Citizens wife.
But now by'r leave and worship too, for hark ye,
Here comes the Venson put in Paste by *Starkey* :
Which once set down there, at the little hole
Immediately in whips the Parsons soul.
He saw his Stomachs anchor, and believ'd
That now his belly should not be deceiv'd.
How he leans ore the cheer toward his first mover !
While his hot zeal doth make his mouth run over.
This Pastie had Brethren too, like to the Mayor,
Three Christmas, or Minc'd-pyes, all very fair :
Methought they had this Motto, *Though they flirt us,
And preach us down, Sub pondere crescit virtus.*
Apple-tarts, Fools, and strong Cheefe to keep down
The steaming vapours from the Parsons crown.
Canary too, and Claret eke also,
Which made the tips of their ears and noses glow.

Up now they rise, and walk to their several chairs,
When lo, the Priest uncovers both his ears.

Grace be-
fore meat.

Most gracious Shepherd of the Brethren all,
Thou saidst that we should eat, before the Fall ;
Then was the world but simple, for they knew
Not either how to bake, or how to brew.

But happily we fell, and then the Vine
 Did *Noah* plant, and all the Priests drank wine :
 Truly we cannot but rejoyce to see
 Thy gifts dispenc'd with such equality.
 To us th' hast given wide throats, and teeth to eat ;
 To the women, knowledge how to dress our meat.
 Make us devoutly constant in thy cup,
 And grant us strength when we shall cease to sup,
 To bear away thy creatures on our feet,
 And not be seen to tumble in the street.
 We are thy sheep, O let us feed, feed on,
 Till we become as fat as any Brawn.
 Then let's fall to, and eat up all the cheer ;
 Straight *So be it* he cryes, and calls for beer.

Now then, like *Scanderbeg*, he falls to work,
 And hews the Pudding as he hew'd the Turk ;
 How he plough'd up the Beef like *Forrest-land*,
 And fum'd because the bones his wrath withstand.
 Upon the Mutton he fell like *Woolf* or *Mastie*,
 Still hewing out his way unto the Pastie :
 At first a Sister helpt him, but this Elfe sir,
 Wearying her out, she cryes, *Pray help your self sir*.
 Upon the Pastie though he fell anon,
 As if't had been the walls of *Babylon*.
 Like a Cathedral down he throws that stuff,
Why, Sisters, saith he, *I am pepper proof*.
 Then down he pours the Claret, and down again,
 And *would the French King were a Puritan*,
 He cryes : swills up the Sack, and I'll be sworn,
 Quoth he, *Spains King is not the Popes tenth horn*.
 By this his tearing hunger doth abate,
 And on the second course they 'gan to prate.
 Then quoth *Priscilla*, Oh my brother dear,
 Truly y'are welcome to this homely chear,
 And therefore eat, good brother, eat your fill ;
 Alas for *Daniel* my heart aketh still.
 Then quoth the Priest, *Sister be of good heart ;*
 But she rep'y'd, *good Brasher eat some Tart*.

Much good
 may do
 you Sir.

Christian
 forgiveness

No Grace
 after meat.

Rebecca then a member of the 'lection,
 Began to talk of Brotherly affection ;
 For this, said she, as I have heard the wise
 Discourse, consisteth much in exercise ;
 Yet I was foolish once, and did resist,
 And but that a dear Brother would not desist,
Carried forth by a strong believing power
 That I would yield at length, even to this hour
 I had liv'd in darkness still, and had not known
 What joys the *Laud* revealeth to his own.
 Then said the Priest, there is a time for all things,
 There is a time for great things, and for small things :
 There's a time to eat, and drink, and reformation,
 A time to empty, and for procreation ;
 Therefore dear Sister, we may take our time,
 There's reason for't, I never car'd for Rhyme.
 Do not the wicked Heathen speak and say,
 Gather your Flowers and Rose-buds while you may ?
 Ay truly, answer'd she, 'tis such a motion
 As alwayes I embrac'd with warm devotion :
 I mean since it did please the *Laud* in mercy,
 To shew me things by feeling, not by hear-say ;
 And truly Brother, there's no man can prove
 That I was ere ingratefull for his love ;
 But sometimes Angels did attend his Purse,
 At other times I did him duly nurse
 With many a secret dish of lusty meat,
 Which did enable us to do the feat.
 Truly quoth *Dorcas* then, I saw a Vision,
 That we should have our foes in great derision.
 Quoth *Martha* straight, (and then she shook the crumbs
 From off her apron white, and pickt her gums)
 So did I too ; methought I went a Maying,
 And the Word of the *Laud* came to me, saying,
Martha put off thy cloaths, for time is come,
 That men may *bauble* shew, and women *bum*, *
 For that the seed of them that do profess,
 Shall only need be cloath'd with Righteousness.

Nothing
beyond in-
gratitude.

'Tis true dear Sister, there are some that now
 Are come to this perfection, and I trow
 We may in time grow up to be as they,
 Grant us, *ab Land*, that we may see that day ;
 Let's ith' mean time at home and eke abroad,
 Uncloath and unbrace our selves before the Laud,
 On all occasions that time shall yield,
 That our dear Sisters dream may be fulfill'd.
 Why did not *Jacob* dream, and so it was ;
 And *Pharaoh* dreamt, and so it came to pass.
 Then *Dorcus* cry'd, reach me the Cheese up hither ;
 Sister, quoth she, give this unto our Brother,
 'Tis very good, if well wash'd down with Sack,
 His wasted spirits much refreshing lack.
 Recruited thus, All this good chear, quoth he,
 Is but an Emblem of Mortality.

The Oxe is strong, and glories in his strength,
 Yet him the Butcher knocks down, and at length
 We eat him up. A Turkey's very gay,
 Like worldly people clad in fine array ;
 Yet on the Spit it looks most piteous,
 And we devour it, as the Worms eat us.

Then full of sawce and zeal up steps *Elnathan*,
 [This was his name now, once he had another,
 Untill the Ducking-pond made him a Brother]
 A Deacon and a Buffeter of Sathan :
 Truly, quoth he, I know a Brother dear,
 Would gladly pick the bones of what's left here ;
 Nay he would gladly pick your pockets too
 Of a small two pence, or a groat, or so,
 The sorry remnants of a broken shilling.
 Therefore I pray you friends be not unwilling.
 As for my self, 'tis more than I do need,
 To be charitable both in word and deed ;
 For as to us, the holy Scriptures say,
The Deacons must receive, the Lay-men pay.
 Why Heathen folks that do in Taverns stray,
 Will never let their friends the reckning pay ;

A man
 may love
 his Bro-
 ther,

but

And

And therefore pour your charity into the bason,
 Brethren and Sisters eke, your coats have lace on.
 Why Brethren in the Lord, what need you care
 For sixpence? we'll next morn enhance our ware :
 Your sixpence comes again, nay there comes more ;
 Thus Charity's th' encreaser of your store.
 Truly well spoke, then cry'd the Master-feaster,
 Since you say so, I freely give my tester :
 But for the women, they gave more liberally,
 For they were sure to whom they gave, and why.

Not better
 than him-
 self.

Then did *Elnathan* blink, for he knew well
 What he might give, and what he might conceal.
 But now the Parson could no longer stay,
 'Tis time to kiss, he cryes, and so away :
 At which the Sisters, once th' alarm taken,
 Made such a din as would have serv'd to waken
 A snoring Brother, when he sleeps at Church ;
 With bagg and baggage then they 'gan to march ;
 And tickled with the thoughts of their delight,
 One Sister to the other bids Good night.
 Good night, quoth *Dorcas* to *Priscilla* ; she,
 Good night dear Sister *Dorcas* unto thee.
 In these goodly good nights much time was spent,
 And was it not a holy complement ?

Christian
 Liberty.

At length in steps the Parson, on his breast
 Laying his hand, A happy night of rest
 Refresh thy labours, Sister ; yet ere we part,
 Feel in my lips the passion of my heart.
 To another straight he turn'd his face, and kist her,
 And then he cryes, *All peace be with thee Sister.*
 Next her that made the Feast he kisses harder,
 And in a Godly tone, cryes, *God reward her :*
 And having done, he whispers in her ear,
 The time when it should be, and the place where.
 Thus they all part, and for that night the Priest
 Enjoys his own Wife, as good as ever pist.

Ne're a
 prophane
 kiss among
 all these.

This seem'd a golden time, the fall of sin,
 You'd think the thousand years did now begin,

When

When Satan chain'd below should cease to roar,
 Nor durst the wicked as they wont before
 Come to the Church for pastime, nor durst laugh
 To hear the non-plust Doctor feign a cough.
 The Devil himself, alas! now durst not stand
 Within the switching of the Sextons wand,
 For so a while the Priests did him pursue,
 That he was fain to keep the Sabbath too,
 Lest being taken in the Elders lure,
 He should have paid his crown unto the poor;
 And lest he should like a deceiver come
 'Twixt the two Sundays *inter stitium*,
 They stuff up Lecturers with texts and straw,
 On working-days to keep the Devil in awe.
 But strange to think, for all this solemn meekness,
 At length the Devil appeared in his likeness,
 While these deceits did but supply the wants
 Of broken unthrifts, and of thread-bare Saints.

*Oh what will men not dare, if thus they dare
 Be impudent to Heaven, and play with Prayer!*
 Play with that fear, with that religious awe
 Which keeps men free, and yet is mans great law:
 What can they but the worst of Atheists be,
 Who while they word it 'gainst impiety,
 Affront the throne of God with their false deeds,
 Alas, this wonder in the Atheist breeds.
 Are these the men that would the Age reform,
 That Down with Superstition cry, and swarm
 This painted Glass, that Sculpture to deface,
 But worship pride, and avarice in their place.
 Religion they bawl out; yet know not what
 Religion is, unless it be to *prate*.
 Meekness they preach, but study to controul;
 Money they'd have, when they cry out *your soul*.
 And angry, will not have Our Father said,
 'Cause it prays not enough for daily bread.
 They meet in private, and cry *Persecution*,
 When Faction is their end, and State-confusion:

These are the men that plague and over-run
 Like *Goths* and *Vandalls* all Religion.
 Every *Mechanick* either wanting stock,
 Or wit to keep his trade must have a flock,
The Spirit, cries he, *moveth me unto it*,
And what the Spirit bids, must I not do it?
 But having profited more than his flock by teaching,
 And stept into authority by preaching
 For a lay Office, leaves the *Spirits* motion
 And streight retreateth from his first devotion.
 But this he does in want, give him preferment,
 Off goes his gown, God's call is no determent.
 Vain foolish people, how are ye deceiv'd?
 How many several sorts have ye receiv'd
 Of things call'd truths, upon your backs laid on
 Like Saddles for themselves to ride upon?
 They rid amain, and hell and *Satan* drove,
 While every Priest for his own profit strove.
 Can they the age thus torture with their lyes,
 Low'd bellowing to the world. Impieties,
 Black as their coats, and such a silent fear
 Lock up the lips of men, and charm the ear?
 Had that same holy *Israelite* been dumb,
 That fatal day of old had never come
 To *Baals* Tribe; oh thrice unhappy age!
 While zeal and piety lye mask'd in rage
 And vulgar ignorance! How we do wonder
 Once hearing, that the heavens were forc'd to thunder
 Against assailing Gyants, surely men,
 Men thought could not presume such violence then;
 But 'twas no Fable, or if then it were,
 Behold a sort of bolder mortals here,
 Those undermining shifts of knavish folly,
 Using alike to God and men, most holy
 Infidels, who now seem to have found out
 A subtler way to bring their ends about
 Against the Deity, than op'nly to fight;
 By smooth insinuation and by slight.

They close with God, seem to obey his Laws;
They cry aloud for him and for his cause.
But while they do their strict injunctions preach,
Deny in actions what their words do teach.

O what will men not dare, if thus they dare

Be impudent to Heaven, and play wish Prayer !

Yet if they can no better teach than thus,
Would they would only teach themselves, not us :
So while they still on empty outsides dwell,
They may perhaps be choakt with husk and shell ;
While those who can their follies well refute,
By a true knowledge do obtain the fruit.

FINIS.

The Wanton Wife of Bath.

by Paul Moore Esq?

In Bath a wanton Wife did dwell,

As Chaucer he doth write;

Who did, in pleasure spend her days,

In many a fond delight.

Upon a time sore sick she was,

And at the length did die;

Her soul at last at Heavn's Gate,

Did knock most mightily.

Then Adam came unto the Gate,

Who knocketh there? quoth he:

I am the Wife of Bath, she said,

And gain would come to thee.

Thou art a sinner, Adam said,

And here no place shall have,

Alas for you good Sir, she said,

Now give you do'ting Knave.

I will come in, in spite she said,
Of all such Churls as thee;
Thou wert the cause of our Woe,
Our pain and misery;
And first broke God's commandments,
In pleasure of thy Wife:
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
He run away for life.

Then down came Jacob at the Gate,
And bids her pack to Hell,
Thou false deceiver, why, said she,
Thou may'st be thus as well.
For thou deceiv'd'st thy Father dear,
And thine own Brother too.
Away went Jacob presently,
And made no more ado.

She knocks again with might and main,
And Lot he chides her straight:
Why then, gooth she, thou drunken Ass,
Who bid thee here to wait.

With thy two Daughters thou did'st bye,
On them two Bastards got;
And thus most tauntingly she chaff
Against poor willy Lot.

Who calleth these, quoth Judith them,
With such shrill-sounding notes?
His fine mind's surely cannot hear,
Quoth she, for cutting Throats.

Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame
When she heard her say so;
King David hearing of the same,
He to the Gate did go.

Quoth David, who kocketh them so loud,
And maketh all this strife?
You were now kind, good sir, she said,
Unto Uriah's Wife.

And when thou caus'd'st thy servant
In Battle to be slain,
Thou caus'd'st them more strife than I,
Who would come here so pain.

The Woman's mad, said Soloman,
That thus doth taunt a King.
Not half so mad as you, she said,
I know in many a thing.

Thou haddest seven Hundred Wives,
For whom thou didst provide,
Yet to all this, three hundred Whores,
Thou didst maintain beside.

And those made thee forsake thy God,
And worship stocks and stones,
Besides the charge they put thee too
In breeding of young Pones.

Hadst thou not been besides thy Wids,
Thou wouldst not thus have 'scanted';
And therefore I do marvel much,
How thou this place hast enter'd.

I never heard, quoth Somas then,
So vile a scold as this,
Thou Whore-don, runaway; quoth she
Thou diddest more amiss.

I think, quoth Thomas Womans Tongues
Of Aspen Leaves are made
Thou unbelieving Wretch, quoth she,
All is not True that's said.

When Mary Magdalen heard her then,
She came unto the Gate,

Quoth she, good Woman, you must think
Upon your former state.

No sinner enters in this Place,

Quoth Mary Magdalen then.
'Twere ill for you, Fair Trustees mind
She answered her again:

You for your honesty, quoth she,
Should once be stoned to death,
Had not our Saviour Christ come by,
And written on the Earth.

It was not your occupation,
You are become divine,

I hope my soul in Christ's Passion
Shall be as safe as thine.

Then rose the good Apostle Paul,

Unto this Wife he cry'd:

Except thou shake thy sins away,

Thou here shalt be deny'd.

Remember Paul, what thou hast done,

All this a lewd desire,

How thou didst persecute God's Church,

With wrath as hot as fire.

Then up stands Peter at the last;

And to the Gate he hies,

Good Fool, quoth he, Husk not so fast;

Thou weariest Christ with cries.

Peter, said she, content thyself,

For Mercy may be won,

I never did deny my Christ,

As thou thyself hast done.

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,

With Heavenly Angels bright,

He comes unto this simple soul,

Who trembled at his sight.

Of him for Mercy she did crave,
Quoth he, thou hast receiv'd
My proper Grace, and Mercy too,
And much my Name abus'd.

Sore have I sinned, O Lord, she said,
And spent my time in vain,
And bring me like a wand'ring sheep
Into thy flock again:

O Lord my God, I will amend
My former wicked Vice:

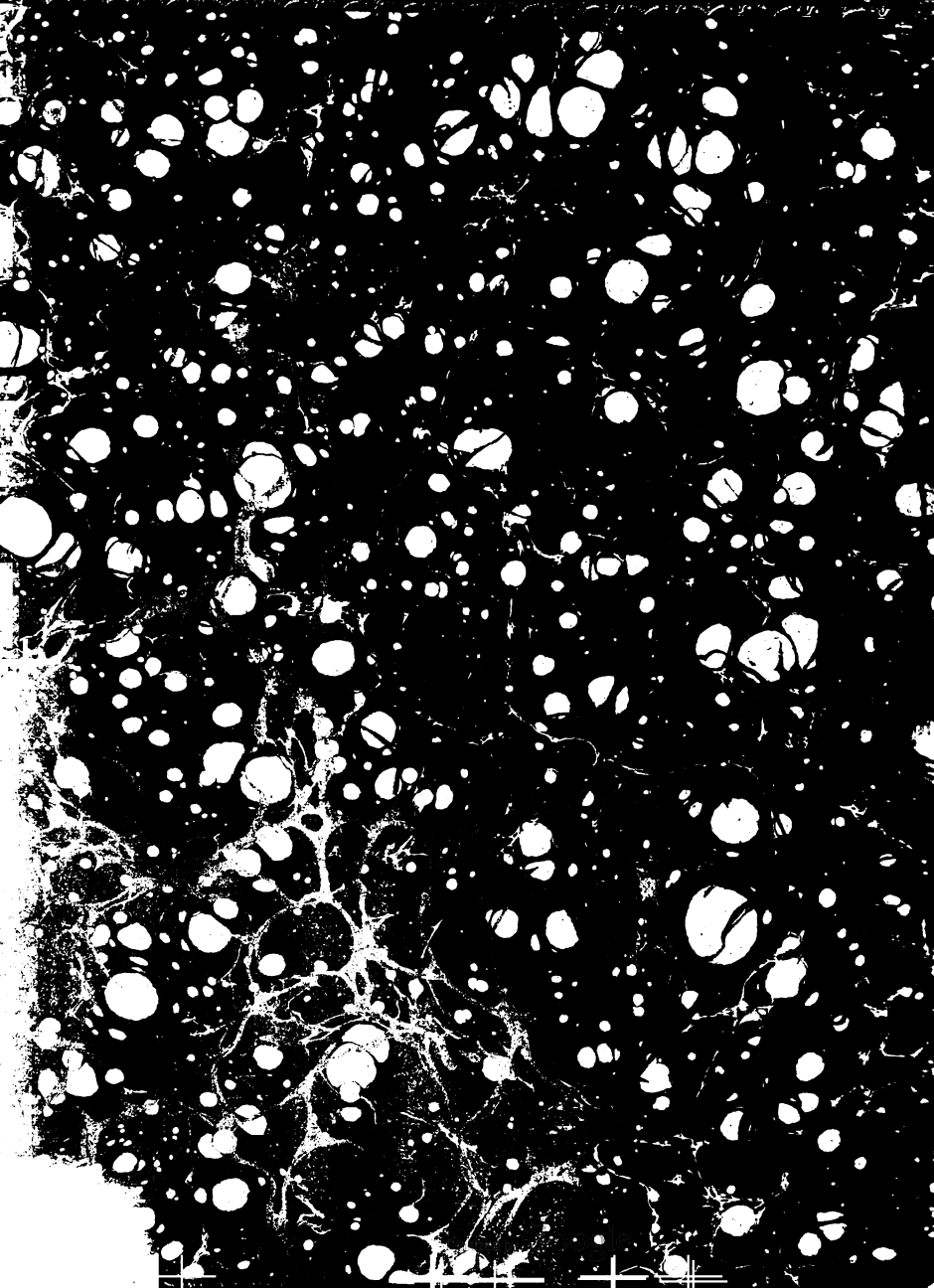
The Thief at these poor silly words,
Falls into Paradise.

My Laws and my Commandments,
Said Christ were known to thee,
But of the same in amercise,
Nor yet one word did see.

I grant the same, O Lord, quoth she,
Most lewdly did I live,
But yet the loving Father did
His prodigal son forgive.

So I forgive thy soul, he said,
Through thy repenting cry,
Come you therefore into my joy,
I will not thee deny.

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