

Rare Book Dept.
No. G.389A.344
The Public Library of the City of Boston.

JONSON (JEN). Q. Horatius Flaccus: His Art of Poetry,
Englished by Ben Jonson. With other Works of the
Author Never Printed Before. Portrait by Marshall.
Small 12mo, original sheep (worn). London: Printed
by J. Oakes, 1640.

A fine copy of the first edition, with all the
original blank leaves. The collation agrees with
that given in the Grolier Club Catalogue, and the
portrait is in the first state. On the flyleaf is
a contemporary signature of James Wright and the
date, 1659.

\$200.00

A Discourse

A Discourse

A Discourse

against Flattery.

ing this, it may be a great

his judgements, like warr

against Flattery.

114 A Discourse

no affection, which are

Google

against Flattery. 131

quid me immortalibus equas?

cerer alwayes, giues the vi-
ctorie to him he Flatters,
alwayes applauding ha-
ving no other end then to
please, whereas a true
friende respectes not so
much, how he may please
as how hee may profit: A
friend alwayes respectes,
procures, and attempts
that which is reason, ho-
nestie and dutie. The flat-
terer that which belongs
to passion, and pleasure,
which is already

ter, nee nequitia
falsly or vniustly be pray-
ses you, so he may please
and gaine well. Such as
these were the flatterers
of *Alexander* the great,
who perswaded him, that
he was the sonne of *Iupi-
ter*: but one day in his
wars, being hurt, he said,
*Omnes iurat me esse Iouis
filium, sed hoc vultus me
hominem esse clamant.* You
all swear that I am the
sonne of *Iupiter*, but this

false and deceitfull they
are, euen in this respect;
that for those things that
deserues greatest repre-
hension, they attribute
most commendation: and
when they should blame
vs for yore, they cōmend
our remperance; when
we deserue to bee blamed
for folly, they praise our
wit: and if we wel obserue
how many of our wicked-
est actions they applaud

faine to praise, or dis-
praise, alwayes commo-
dating himselfe to the
mind of him hee Flatter-
eth; A friend is firme and
constant, a Flatterer vex-
eth himselfe too violently
in all that hee doth in the
viewe and knowledge of
him hee Flattereth, euer
praising and offering his
seruice, *Non imitatur ami-
citiam sed praterit*, he hath
no moderation in his owne

neither breedeth good
blood, nor engendreth
spirits, nor addes vigor
nor strength to any man,
but all the good they doe,
is either to prouoke lust,
or breede some fogges &
rotten humours, that are
neither fast nor sound: So
if a man looke narrowly
to a Flatterer he shall ne-
uer find any good to com-
from him, but find them
to be sowers of dissensio,
breeders of enuie, exaspe-

James Wright . . . 165

his souldiers about him,
they applauded him, cal-
ling him King of kings,
commander both of Sea
and land: the King ama-
zed at this flattery, and
being willing to shew
how litle he was addicted
thereunto, commaunded
himselfe to be stript, and
sate downe close to the
water, saying vnto the
waues, I charg you touch
not my feete; they after
their ordinary course

~~Worship him alone~~

yet I cannot commaund
these waues from touch-
ing me. Wherefore you
see it is no morrall that
deserues that title, but on-
ly God, by whō all things
are gouerned: Wherefore
him alone let vs worship
and praise, who is indeed
King of kings, Lord of
Heauen, and Earth, and
Sea, and euery thing, and
let vs confesse him alone
to be, & besides him pro-

honesty. Euery man by
nature hath these two
parts within him, the one
part is giuen to truth and
honestie, the other to vn-
truth and withall passio-
nate, the rue friend euer
assisteth the better part in
giuing counsell and com-
fort, the Flatterer apply-
eth himselfe to the other
part, which is void of
reason, and full of passion,
still feeding and pleasing

esse no other To feche

it by deuising some wile

James Wright

A
~~1~~

his booke.

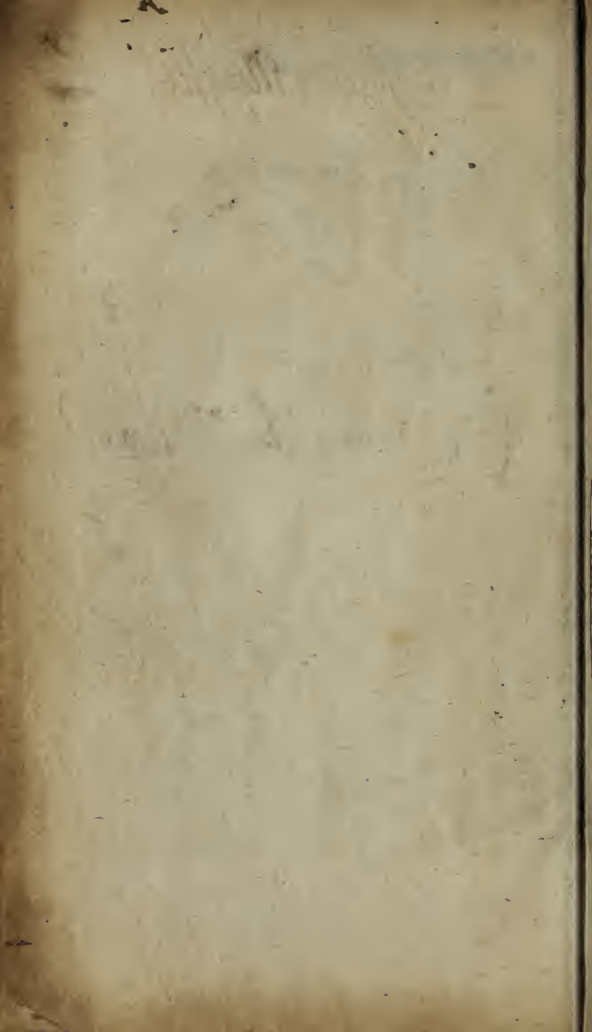
1659

Ex libris Jacobi Wright.

First Edition with
portrait in first
state Very rare

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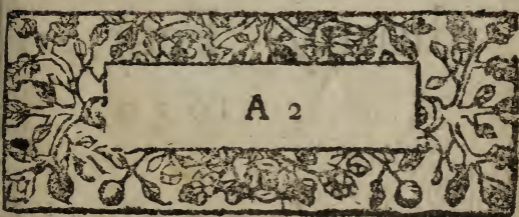
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~~_____~~

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

INDEPENDENTLY
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AND BY OTHERS



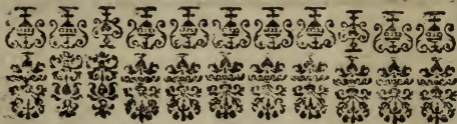
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BY SAMUEL JOHNSON
AND OTHERS



Imprimatur :
Mat. Clay.
And by other Au-
thority. Febr. 21.

1639.



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~~16~~



Q;
HORATIVS
FLACCUS,
his Art of
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A

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Josiah H. Benton Ed.

Mar. 22, 1939

EE



To the Right

Honourable

THOMAS

Lord

WINDSORE.

My Lord:



He Extension
of your Noble
Favours Com-
mands, and my

Gratitude no lesse binds

A 5

me

The Epistle.

me to present this *Elaborate Peece*, of our learned and judicious Poet *Ben Jonson* his Translation of *Horace de Arte Poetica*, to your *Lordships* perusal: which *Book* amongst the rest of his *Strenuous* and *Sinewy* Labours, for its rare profundity, may challenge a just admiration of the *Learned* in this and future *Ages*, and crowne his *name* with a lasting memory of never
dying

The Epistle.

dying glory! You rightly knew (my *Lord*) the worth and true esteeme both of the *Author* and his Learning, being more perspicuous in the candid judgement of *Your Lordship*, and other sublime *Spirits* that rightly knew him, then my capacity can describe. But there is from me a iust duty and service due to *your Honour*, which makes me assume this boldnesse, yett

The Epistle.

yet in some good assurance that *your Goodnesse* will be pleas'd to accept of this as a true acknowledgment, and profession of my most humble *thankfulnessse*, by which my *Lord* you shall dignifie the purpose of him who shall alwayes study to be accounted

*Your Honours most
observant and af-
fectionate servant.*

I. B.

Sir



Sir *Edward Herbert* Knight
of the Bath, Ordinary Emba-
sador for His Majesty of
Great *Brittaine* with the
French King.

Upon his Friend Mr. *Ben: Ion-*
son, and his *Translation*.

TWas not enough, *Ben: Ionson* to be thought
Of English Poets best, but to have brought
In greater state, to their acquaintance, one
Made equal to himselfe and thee ; that none
Might be thy second : while thy glory is
To be the *Horace* of our times, and his.

Barton



BARTON HOLYDAY,
to BEN JONSON.

EPODE.

TIs dangerous to praise; besides the task,
Which to do't well, will aske

An age of timē and judgement; who can then
Be prais'd, and by what pen?

Yet, I know both, whilst thee I safely chuse
My subject; and my Muse.

For sure, henceforth our Poets shall implore
Thy aid, which lends them more,
Then can their tyr'd *Apollo*, or the nine
She wits, or mighty wine.

These Deities are banquerupts, and must be
Glad to beg art of thee.

Some they might once perchance on thee bestow:
But, now, to thee they owe:

Who dost in daily bounty more wit spend,
Then they could ever lend.

Thus

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Thus thou, didst build the globe, which, but for thee,
Should want its Axle-tree :

And, like a carefull founder, thou dost now
Leave Rules for ever, how

To keep't in reparations, which will doe
More good, than to build two.

It was an able stock, thou gav'st before ;
Yet, loe, a richer store !

Which doth, by a prevention, make us quit
With a deare yeare of wit :

Come when it will, by this thy name shal last
Untill Fames utmost blast.

Thou art a wealthy Epigram, which spends
Most vigour when it ends.

This sul *Epiphonema* of thy best
Wit, out-speaks all the rest.

Me thinks, I see our after Nephewes gaze,
And all their time to praise

is taken up in wonder, whilst they see
Ages of wit, in thee

Collected, and well judg'd: *Charons* stout heart
Feeles thy new power of Art,

And, his obedient armes labour amaine,
Whilst he wafts back againe

What Poets shadow, thou dost please to call
To this thy judgement hall :

While



Whiles, at these frightning Sessions, thou dost sit,
The searching Judge of wit,

O how the Ghosts do shuffle one behind

Another, lest thou find

Them, and their errours : but, in vaine, they flie

Thy persecuting eye.

Bold *Aristophanes*, shrewd whorson, now

More feares thy threatning brow,

Then his owne guilt of libelling, and prayes

He may new write his plays.

Plautus so quakes, that he had rather still

Grind on in his old mill.

Terence would borrow his owne Eunuchs shape,

By the disguise to scape.

The Greek Tragœdians droop, as if they plaid

The persons whom they made :

Fearing thou'lt bid them adde with more expence

Of braine, wit to their sence :

Or whilst their murdered wits thou maist contemne

Write Tragœdies of them.

Seneca, would with *Hercules* be glad

To scape, by running mad :

Or at the least, he feares as lesse a hurt,

To weare his burning shirt.

They'd all take care, and if thy *Flaccus* too

Writ now, he'd write all new.



Yet all at once confesse *Placcus* doe's well,
But thou makst him excell.
The Morning Sunne viewing a silver stream,
So guilds it with his beame.
Master of Art, and Fame ! who here makst knowne
To all, how all thine owne
Well-bodied works were fram'd, whilst here we see
Their fine Anatomie.
Each nerve and vaine of Art, each slender string,
Thou to our eye dost bring :
Thus, what thou didst before so well collect,
Thou dost as well dissect.
For which skill, Poëms now thy censure wait,
And thence receive their Fate.
Thou needst not seek for the, to thee they're brought,
And so held good, or nought.
Thus, doth the eye disdain, with an extreame
Scorne to send forth a beame :
But scaly formes from the glad object flow]
By which the eye doth know
Its subtle image : thus the eye keeps state,
Thus doth the object wait.
But here, at this, perchance some one stands by,
and draws his mouth awry ;
As if his mouth (his mouth he doth so teare)
Would whisper in his care ;


When



When thy soft pittie, if it see his spight,
 But saies, set your mouth right.
 Yet in mild truth, this worke hath some defect,
 As now I dare object :
 Thou err'st against a workmans rarest part,
 Which is to hide his Art.
 Next, all thy rules fall short, since none can teach
 A verse, thy worth to reach.
 For which, Ile now judge thee : know thy estate
 Of wit must beare this fate :
 Till *Ionson* teach some Muse a straine yet new,
Ionson shall want his due.

To

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To Mr. Jonson.

BENS the world is much in debt and though it may
Some petty reck'nings to small Poets pay :
Pardon if at thy glorious summe they stick,
Being too large for their Arithmeticke.
If they could prize the Genius of a Scene,
The learned sweat that makes a language cleane,
Or understand the faith of ancient skill,
Drawn from the Traick, Comick, Lyrick quill:
The Greek and Roman denison'd by thee,
And both made richer in thy Poetry.
This they may know, and knowing this still grudged
That yet they are not fit of thee to judge.
I prophesie more strength to after time,
Whose joy shall call this Isle the Poets Clime,
Because 'twas thine, and un'o thee returne
The borrowed flames, with which thy Muse shal burn.
Then when the stocke of others Fame is spent,
Thy Poetry shall keep its owne old rent.

Zouch Tounley.

ODE.

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O D E.

T O B E N J O N S O N
Upon his *Ode* to
himselfe.

I.

PROCEED in thy brave rage,
Which hath rais'd up our Stage
Unto that height, as *Rome* in all her state,
Or *Greece* might emulate:
Whose greatest Senators did silent sit,
Heare and applaud the wit,
Which those more temperate Times,
Us'd when it tax'd their Crimes:
Socrates stood, and heard with true delight,
All that the sharpe *Athenian* Muse could write.

II. A-

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II.

Against his suppos'd fault;
And did digest the salt

That from that full vaine did so freely flow :

And though that we doe know

The Graces joyntly strove to make that brest

A Temple for their rest,

We must not make thee lesse

Than *Aristophanes*:

He got the start of thee in time and place,

But thou hast gain'd the Goale in Art and Grace.

III.

But if thou make thy feasts

For the high relish'd guests,

And that a Cloud of shadowes shall break in,

It were almost a sinne

To think that thou shouldst equally delight

Each severall appetite :

Though Art, and Nature strive

Thy banquets to contrive :

Thou

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Thou art our * whole *Menander*, and dost † look
Like the old *Greek* : think then but on his † *Cook* :

* *Cæsar* cald *Terence Menander* half'd, because he wanted so much of his grace and sharpnesse. *Ben: Jonson* may well be cal'd our *Menander*, whole, or more : exceeding him as much in sharpnesse and grace, as *Terence* wanted of him. † *Ben. Jonson* is said to be very like the picture we have of *Menander*, taken from an ancient *Medall*. † *Menander* in a fragment of one of his *Comædies*, makes his *Cook* speak after this manner of the diversity of tastes. viz.

What is his usuall fare :

What Country man is he :

These things 'tis meet the Cook should scan :

*For such nice guests as in the Isles are bred,
With various sorts of fresh-fish nourished,
In salt meat take little or no delight,
But taste them with fastidious appetite:*

IV.

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IV.

If thou thy full cups bring
Out of the Muses spring,

And there are some foule mouthes had rather drink
Out of the common sink:

Here let 'hem seek to quench th'Hydropick thirst,
Till the swolne humour burst.

Let him who daily steales

From thy most precious meales.

(Since thy strange plenty findes no losse by it)
Feed himsele with the fragments of thy wit.

V.

And let those filken men

(That know not how, or when

To spend their money, or their time) maintaine

With their consum'd no-braine,

Their barbarous feeding on such grosse base stuffe

As onely serves to puffed

Up the weak empty mind,

Like bubbles, full with wind,

And strivet ingage the scene with their damn'd oaths,

As they doe with the priviledge of their cloaths.

VI

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VI.

VVhilst thou tak'st that high spirit,
VVell purchas'd by thy merit,
Great Prince of Poets, though thy head be gray,
 Crowne it with *Delphick* Bay,
And from the chiefe in *Apollo's* quire,
 Take downe thy best tun d Lire,
VVhose sound shall pierce so farre
 It shall strike out the starre, (the
VVhich fabulous *Greece* durst fixe in heaven, whi
VVith all due glory here on earth shall shine.

VII.

Sing English *Horace*, sing
 The wonder of thy King ;
VVhilst his triumphant Chariot runs his whole
 Bright course about each Pole :
Sing downe the *Roman* Harper ; he shall raine
 His bounties on thy vaine :
 And with his golden Rayes,
 So guild thy glorious Bayes :
That Fame shall beare on her unwearied wing,
VVhat the best poet sung of the best King.

I. C.

Quinti



Quintus Horatius Flaccus
his Book of the Art of
Poetry to the
PISO'S.

F to a womans head, a painter would
 A horse neck joyn, & sundry plumes ore-fold
 On every limb, ta'ne from a severall creature,
 Pretenting upwards a fair female feature,
 5 Which in a blacke foule fish uncomely ends :
 Admitted to the sight, although his friends,
 Could you containe your laughter? credit me,
 That Book, my *Piso's*, and this piece agree,
 Whose shapes like sick mē's dreams are form'd so vain,
 10 As neither head, nor foot, one forme retain :
 But equall power to Painter, and to Poet,
 Of daring ought, hath still bin given we know it : 10

And both doe crave, and give again this leave :
 Yet not as therefore cruell things should cleave
 15 To gentle ; not that we should Serpents see
 With Doves ; or Lambs with Tigres coupled be.
 In grave beginnings, and great things profest
 You have oft-times, that may out-shine the rest,
 15 A purple piece, or two stich'd in : when either
 20 *Diana's Grove*, and Altar, with the nether
 Bouts of fleet waters, that doe intertwine
 The pleasant grounds, or when the River *Rhine*,
 Or Rain-bow is describ'd ; but here was now
 No place for these : And Painter haply thou
 25 Knowst well alone to paint a *Cypresse Tree*,
 25 What's this, if he whose mony hireth thee
 To paint him, hath by swimming, hopelesse, scap'd,
 The whole Fleet wrack'd ? a great jarre to be shap'd
 Was meant at first, why, forcing still about
 30 Thy labouring wheel, comes scarce a pitcher out ?
 Heare me conclude ; let what thou workst upon
 Be simple quite throughout, and alwayes one.

The greater part, that boast the *Mu'es* fire
 Father, and sons right worthy of your Sire,
 35 Are with the likenesse of the truth beguil'd :
 My selfe for shortnesse labour, and am stil'd
 Obscure. Another striving smooth to runne,
 Wants strength, and sinewes, as his spirits were done ;
 His

(3)

His Muse professing height, and gre atnesse, swells;
40 Downe close by shore, this other creeping steales,
Being over-safe, and fearing of the flaw :

So he that varying still affects to draw

One thing prodigioufly, paints in the woods

A Dolphin, and a Boare amidst the floods: 30

45 The shunning vice, to greater vice doth lead,

If in th'escape an artlesse path we tread.

The worst of statuaries, here about

Th' *Emilian* Schoole, in Brassie can figure out

The nailes, and every gentle haire disclose ;

50 Yet in the main work haplesse : since he knowes

Not to designe the whole. Should I aspire 35

To frame a worke, I would no more desire

To be that fellow, then to be markt out

With faire blacke eyes, and hair, and some vile snout.

55 Take therefore, you that write a subject fit

Vnto your strength, and long be turning it:

Prove what your shoulders will, or will not beare, 40

His choise, who's matter to his power doth reare,

Nor language nor cleare order will forsake:

60 The vertue and grace of which, or I mistake,

Is now to speak, and even now to differ

Much that mought now be spoke, omitted here

Till fitter season ; now to like of this,

Lay that aside, the Epicks office is, 45

65 In using also of new words, to be
 Right spare, and wary: then thou speak'st to me
 Most worthy praise, when words that vulgar grew
 Are by thy cunning placing made meer new.
 Yet, if by chance in uttering things abstruse,
 70 Thou need new termes; thou maist without excuse,
 Feigne words un-heard of to the girded Race
 Of the *Cetbegi*; and all men will grace
 And give, being taken modestly, this leave,
 And those thy new, and late-coyn'd words receive,
 75 So they full gently from the *Grecian* Spring,
 And came not too much wrested. What's that thing
 A *Roman* to *Cæcilius* will allow,
 Or *Plautus*, and in *Virgil* disavow,
 Or *Varius*? Why am I now envy'd so,
 80 If I can give some small increase? when, loe,
Cato's, and *Ennius* tongues have lent much worth
 And wealth unto our Language; and brought forth
 New names of things. It hath beene ever free,
 And ever will, to utter termes that be (pears
 85 Stamp't to the time. As woods whose change ap-
 Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding years,
 The first borne dying; so the aged Fate
 Of words decay, and phrases borne but late
 Like tender Pul's shoot up, and freshly grow.
 90 Our selves, and all thats ours, to death we owe:
 Whe-

Whether the Sea receiv'd into the shore,
 That from the North the Navy safe doth store,
 A Kingly work; or that long baren Fen 65
 Once rowable, but now doth nourish men
 95 In neighbour-towns, and feels the weighty plough:
 Or the wild River, who hath changed now
 His course, so hurtfull both to grain and seeds,
 Being taught a better way. All mortall' deeds
 Shall perish: so farre of it is, the Fate
 100 Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting date,
 Much phrase that now is dead shall be reviv'd, 70
 And much shall dye, that now is nobly liv'd
 If custome please, with whom both choyse, and will
 Power, Art, and rule of speaking resteth still.
 105 The deeds of Kings, great Captains, & sad wars,
 What number best can fit, *Homer* declares,
 In verse unequal match'd, first sowre laments, 75
 After mens wishes, crown'd in their events
 Were also clos'd: but who the man should be,
 110 That first sent forth the dapper Elegie
 All the Grammarians strive: and yet in Court
 Before the Judge it hangs, and waits report.

Unto the Lyrick strings, the Muse gave grace, 80
 To chant the gods, and all their god like race
 The conquering champion, the prime horse in course,
 Fresh Lovers businesse, and the winds free source. 85

79 The *Iambicke* arm'd *Archilochus* to rave,
 80 This foot the socks tooke up, and Buskins grave
 As fit t'exchange discourse, and quell the rings
 120 Of popular noyses, borne to actuate things.
 6 If now the changes, and the severall hues
 Of Poëms here describ'd, I can nor use,
 Nor know t'observe; why (i'the Muses name)
 Am I cald Poet? wherefore with wrong shame
 125 Perversely modest had I rather owe
 To ignorance still, then yet to learne, or know.
 Yes Comick matter shunnes to be exprest
 In Tragick verse, no lesse *Thyestes* feast
 130 Abhorres low numbers, and the private straine
 Fit for the Sock: Each subject should retaine
 The place allotted it, with decent praise:
 Yet sometime both the Comædy doth raise
 Her voyce, and angry *Cyrenes* chafes out-right,
 With swelling throat: and, oft, the Tragick wight
 135 Complaines in humble phrase. Both *Telephus*
 And *Peleus*, if he seek to heart-strike us
 That are spectators, with his misery,
 When he is poore, and banisht, must throw by
 His Bombard phrase, and foot-and-half-foot words:
 140 Tis not enough the labouring Muse affords
 Her Poëms beauty, but a sweet delight,
 To worke the hearers minds, still to the plight.

Mens count'nances, with such as laugh, are prone
 To laughter : so they grieve with those that mone :
 145 If thou wouldst have mee weep, bee thou first
 dround

Thy selfe in tears, then me thy harms will wound,
Peleus, or Telephus. If thou speak vile

And ill-pen'd things, I shall or sleep, or smile. 105

Sad language fits sad looks ; stufte menacings,

150 The angry brow : the sportive, wanton things ;

And the severe, speech ever serious :

For nature first within doth fashion us

To every Fortunes habit ; she helps on,

155 Or urgeth us to anger ; and anon

With weighty woes she hurles us all along ; 110

And tortures us, and after by the tongue,

Her Truck-man, she reports the minds each throe ;

If now the phrase of him that speaks, shall flow

In sound, quite from his fortune ; both the rout,

160 And *Roman* Gentry, will with laughter shout,

It much will sway whether a god speak, than ;

Or an *Heroe* : If a ripe old man,

Or some hot youth, yet in his flourishing course ; 115

Whe'r some great Lady, or her diligent Nurse ;

165 A ventring Merchant, or the husband free

Of some small thankfull land : whether he be

Of *Colchis* borne: or in *Assyria* bred;
 Or with the Milke of *Thebes*, or *Argus* fed:
 Or follow fame, thou that dost write, or faine
 170 Things in themselves agreeing: if againe
 Honour'd *Achilles* chance by thee be seiz'd;
 Keepe him still active, angry, unappeas'd,
 Sharp, & contemning Lawes at him should aime,
 Be nought so 'bove him, but his bold sword claime.

175 *Medea* make wild, fierce, impetuous:

Tro bewaild; *Ixion* trecherous;

Io still wandring; griev'd *Orestes* sad:

24 If something fresh, that never yet was had,
 Unto the Stage thou bringst, and dar'st create
 180 A meer new person, looke he keep his state
 Unto the last, as when he first went forth,
 Still to be like himselfe, and hold his worth.

'Tis hard, to speake things common properly:

And thou maist better bring a Rhapsody

185 Of *Homers* forth in *Acts*, then of thine owne

30 First publish things unspoken, and unknowne.

Yet, common matter thou thine owne maist make,
 If thou the vile, broad-troden ring forsake.

For, being a Poet, thou maist feigne, create,

190 Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,

To render word for word: nor with thy sleight

Of imitation, leape into a streight

From.

From whence thy modesty, or Poëms Law
Forbids thee forth againe thy foot to draw.

135

195 Nor so begin, as did that Circe, late,
I sing a noble warre, and *Priams* fate.

What doth this promiser, such great gaping wotth
Afford? the Mountains travail'd, and brought forth

A trifling Mouse! O how much better this

140

200 Who nought assaies, unaptly, or amisse?

Speak to me, Muse, the man, who after *Troy* was sackt

Saw many towns, & men, & could their manners tract,

He thinks not how to give you smoak from light,

But light from smoak, that he may draw his bright

205 Wonders forth after: As *Antiphates*,

145

Scylla, *Charybdis*, *Polypheme*, with these.

Nor from the brand with which the life did burne

Of *Meleager*, brings he the returne

Of *Diomedes*, nor *Troyes* sad wars begins

210 From the two Egges, that did disclose the twins.

He ever hastens to the end, and so

(As if he knew) rapp's his hearer to

The middle of his matter: letting goe

What he despaires, being handled might not show.

150

215 And so well faines, so mixeth cunningly

Falshood and truth, as no man can espy

Where the midst differs from the first, or where

The last doth from the midst dis-joyn'd appeare.

Hear, what it is the people, and I desire.

220 If such a ones applause thou dost require,
That carries till the Hangings be tane downe,
And sits till the Epilogue sayes clap, or crowne:
The customes of each age thou must observe,
And give their years and natures as they swerve,
225 Fit dues. The child that now knows how to say,
And can tread firme, longs with like lads to play.
Soone angry, and soone pleas'd, is sweet, or soure,
He knowes not why, and changeth every houre.

The unbearded youth, his Guardian being gone,
230 Loves Dogs, and Horses; and is ever one
I'th open field; is waxe-like to be wrought
To every vize: as hardly to be brought
To endure Counsell: a provider slow
For his owne good, a carelesse letter-goe
235 Of Mony, haughty, to desire soone mov'd,
And then as swift to leave what he hath lov'd.

These Studies alter now, in one growne Man;
His betterd mind seeks wealth, and friendships than,
Looks after honours, and bewares to act
240 What straightway he must labour to retract.
The old man many evils doe girt round;
Either because he seeks, and having found,
Doth, wretchedly the use of things forbear,
Or does all businesse coldly, and with feare:

245 A great differer, long in hope, grown numbe
 With sloth, yet greedy still of whats to come :
 Froward, complaining ; a commender glad
 Of the times past, when he was a young lad,
 And still correcting youth, and censuring.

250 Mans comming yeares much good with them
 doe bring, 175

At his departing take much thence : lest then
 The parts of age to youth be given, or men
 To children, we must alwayes dwell, and stay,
 In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.

255 The businesse either on the stage is done,
 Or acted told : but, ever, things that runne
 In at the eare, doe stirre the mind more flow
 Than those that faithfull eyes take in by show,
 And the beholder to himselfe doth render. 180

260 Yet to the Stage at all thou maist not tender
 Things worthy to be done within, but take
 Much from the sight, which faire Report will
 make

Present anon. *Medea* must not kill
 Her Sons before the people : or the ill- 185

265 Natur'd, and wicked *Atreus* cooke to the eye
 His Nephews intrailles : nor must *Progne* flye
 Into a Swallow there ; nor *Cadmus* take
 Upon the stage, the figure of a Snake.

What

What so is shewne, Inot beleeve, and hate.

270 Nor must the Fable, that would hope the fate

190 Once seene, to be againe call'd for, and play'd;

Have more, or lesse than just five Acts: nor lay'd

To have a god come in; except a knot

Worth his untying happen there: and not

275 Any fourth man to speak at all desire.

An Actors part, and office too, the quire

Must manly keep, and not be heard to sing

Between the Acts a quite cleane other thing

195 Than to the purpose leads, and fitly agrees.

280 It still must favour good men, and to these

Be wonne a friend; it must both sway and bend,

The angry, and love those that fear t'offend.

Praise the spare dyet, wholesome Justice, Lawes,

The open ports, and sports that peace doth cause,

200 285 Hide faults, and pray to th' gods, and wish aloud

Fortune would love the poore, and leave the proud.

The Hau-boy, not as now with Latten bound,

And rivall with the Trumpet for his sound,

But soft and simple, at few holes breath'd time,

290 And tune too, fitted to the Chorus Rime,

As loud enough to fill the Seats, not yet

205 So over-thick, but where the people met,

They might with ease be numbred, being a few

Chast, thrifty, modest folk, that came to view.

295 But

295 But as they conquer'd, and inlarg'd their bound,
 The wider walls imbrac't their City round,
 And they un-censur'd might at feasts, and playes, 210
 Steep the glad Genius in the Wine, whole dayes,
 Both in their Tunes the license greater grew,
 300 And in their Numbers; for alas, what knew
 The Idior, keeping holy day, or drudge,
 Clowne, townsman, base, and noble, mixt. to judge:
 Thus to his ancient art the piper lent
 Gesture, and Rior, whilst he wandring went 215
 305 In his train'd Gown, about the stage, thus grew
 To the grave Harp, and Violl voyces new;
 The rash and headlong eloquence brought forth,
 Unwonted language; and that sense of worth
 That found out profit, and fore-told each thing,
 310 Now differ'd not from *Delphick* ridling.

He too, that did in Tragicke Verse contend 220
 For the vile Goat, soone after forth did send,
 The rough rude Satyrs naked, and would trye,
 Though sower, with safety of his gravity,
 315 How he could jest, because he mark't & saw
 The free spectators subject to no law,
 Having well eate and drunke: the Rites being done,
 Were to be staid with softnesses, and wonne
 With something, that was acceptably new,
Yet so the scoffing Satyrs to mens view,

And

And so their prating to present were best,
 And so to turne our earnest into jest,
 As neither any god, be brought in there,
 Or semi-god, that late was seene to weare
 325 A royall Crown, and Scarlet, be made hop
 With poore base termes, through every baser shop :
 230 Or, whilst he shuns the earth, to catch the aire,
 And empty clouds. For Tragedy is faire,
 And farre unworthy to blurt out light Rimes ;
 330 But, as a Matron drawne at solemne times
 To dance, so she should, shame-fac'd, differ farre
 From what th'obscæne, and petulant Satyres are.

Not I, when I write Satyres, will so love
 335 Plaine phrase, my *Piso's*, as alone t'approve
 Meere rainging words : nor will I labour so
 Quite from all face of Tragedy to goe,
 As not make difference whether *Davus* speake,
 And the bold *Pythids*, having cheated weake
Simo, and of a talent cleans'd his purse ;
 340 Or old *Silenus*, *Bacchus* Guard, and nurse.
 240 I can, out of knowne stuffe, a Fable frame,
 And so, as every man may hope the same :
 Yet he that offers at it, may sweat much,
 And toyle in vaine : the excellence is such
 345 Of order, and connexion ; so much grace ;
 There comes sometimes to things of meanest place ;
 But

But let the Faunes, drawne from the groves beware,
 Be I their judge, they doe at no time dare,
 Like men Town-born, and neare the place rehearse, 245
 350 Or play young tricks in over-wanton verse;
 Or cracke out shamefull speeches, or uncleane.
 The Roman Gentry; men of birth, and meane,
 Take just offence at this: nor, though it strike
 Him that buyes Pulse there, or perhaps may like
 355 The nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
 Receive, or give it any Crowne the more. 250

Two rests, a short, & long, th' *Iambicke* frame,
 A foote, whose swiftnesse gave the verse the name
 Of *Trimeter*, when yet it was sixe-pac'd,
 360 But meere *Iambicks* all, from first to last.
 Nor is't long since they did with patience take
 Into their Birth-right, and for fittnesse sake,
 The steady *Spondæes*; so themselves to beare
 More slow, and come more weighty to the eare: 255
 365 Provided, ne're to yield, in any case
 Of fellowship, the fourth, or second place.
 This foote yet in the famous *Trimeters*
 Of *Accius*, and *Ennius*, rare appears;
 So rare as with some taxe it doth engage
 370 Those heavy verses sent so to the stage
 Of too much hast, and negligence in part,
 Or a worse crime, the ignorance of art: 260

But every Judge hath not the faculty
 To note, in Poëms breach of harmony;
 375 And there is given too unworthy leave
 To *Roman* Poets: shall I therefore weave
 My verse at randome, and licentiously?
 Or rather thinking all my faults may spy,
 Grow a safe Writer, and be wary-driven
 380 Within the hope of having all forgiven.
 'Tis cleare, this way I have got off from blame,
 But in conclusion merited no fame.

Take you the *Greeks* examples, for your light,
 In hand, and turne them over, day, and night:
 270 385 Your Ancestors, old *Piautus* numbers prais'd,
 And jests, and both to admiration rais'd;
 Too patiently, that I not fondly say;
 If either you, or I know any way
 To part scurrility from wit; or can
 390 A lawfull Verse, by th' care, or finger scan.

Tbespis is said to be the first, found out

275 The Tragedy, and carried it about,
 Till then unknowne, in Carts, wherein did ride
 Those that did sing, and act: their faces dy'd
 395 With lees of Wine. Next *Æschilus* more late
 Brought in the visor, and the robe of state,
 Built a small timber'd stage, and taught them talke
 280 Lofty, and great; and in the Buskin walk.

To these succeeded the old Comœdy,
 400 And not without much praise; till liberty
 Fell into fault so farre, as now they saw
 Her force was fit to be restrain'd by law:
 Which law receiv'd, the Chorus held his peace,
 His power of fowly hurting made to cease.
 405 Our Poets, too, left nought unproved here:
 Nor did they merit the lesse Crowne to weare,
 In daring to forsake the *Græcian* Tracts,
 And celebrating their owne home-born facts:
 Whether the guarded Tragœdy they wrought,
 410 Or 'twere the gowned Comœdy they taught.
 Nor had our *Italy* more glorious bin
 In vertue, and renowne of Armes, than in
 Her language, if the stay, and care-t'have mended
 Had not our every Poet like offended. 290
 415 But you, *Pompilius* off-spring, spare you not
 To taxe that Verse, which many a day and blot
 Have not kept in, and (least perfection faile)
 Not, ten times o're, corrected to the naile.
 Because *Democritus* believes a wit
 420 Happier than wretched Art, and doth by it. 295
 Exclude all sober Poets from their share
 In *Helicon*; a great sort will not pare
 Their nails, nor shave their beards, but seek by-paths
 In secret places, flee the publick baths-

425 For so, they shall not onely gaine the worth,
 But fame of Poets, if they can come forth,
 And from the Barber *Licinius* conceale

300 The head that three *Anticira*'s cannot heale.

O I, left-witted, that purge every Spring

430 For Choler! if I did not, none could bring

Our better Poems: but I cannot buy

My title at their rate. I had rather, I,

305 Be like a whetstone, that an edge can put

On steele, though't selfe be dull, and cannot cut.

435 I, writing nought my selfe, will teach them yet

Their charge, and office, whence their wealth to fit:

What nourisheth, what formed, what begot

The Poet, what becommeth, and what not:

Whether truth will, and whether errour bring.

440 The very root of writing well, and Spring

Is to be wise, thy matter first to know,

310 Which the *Socratick* writing best can show:

And, where the matter is provided still,

There words will never follow 'gainst their will:

445 He, that hath studied well the debt, and knowes

What to his Country, what his friends he owes,

What height of love a Parent will fit best,

What brethren, what a stranger, and his guest,

Can'tell a States-mans duty, what the Arts

315 450 And office of a Judge are, what the parts

Of a brave Chiefe sent to the warres, he can
 Indeed give fitting dues to every man.
 And I still bid the learned maker look
 On life, and manners, and make those his booke :
 455 Thence draw forth true expressiōs, for somtimes,
 A Poëm, of no grace, waight, art in Rimes
 With specious places, and being humour'd right, 320
 More strongly takes the people with delight,
 And better stayes them there than all fine noyse
 460 Of empty Verses, and meere tinckling toys,
 The Muse that onely gave the *Greeks* a wit
 But a well compass'd mouth to utter it,
 Being men were covetous of nought but praise.
 Our *Roman* youthes they learne more thriving wayes
 465 How to divide into a hundred parts, 325
 A pound, or piece, by their long counting Arts ;
 There's *Albin's* sonne will say, substract an ounce
 From the five ounces, what remains ? pronounce
 A third of twelwe, you may : foure ounces : Glad,
 470 He cryes, good boy, thou'lt keep thine owne :
 now adde
 An Ounce, what makes it then ? the halfe pound
 just,
 Sixe ounces : O, when once the canker'd rust, 330
 And care of getting thus our minds hath stain'd
 Thinke we, or hope, there can be verses feign'd
 475 In

475 In juyce of Cædar worthy to be steep'd,
 And in smooth Cypresse boxes to be keep'd?
 Poets would either profit, or delight,
 Or mixing sweet, and fit, teach life the right.

335 Be brieve in what thou wouldst command, that so
 480 The docill mind may soon thy precepts know,
 And hold them faithfully; for nothing rests
 But flowes out, that ore swelleth in full breasts.

Let what thou feign'st for pleasure sake, be neare
 The truth; nor let thy Fable think, what e're

340 485 It would, must be: lest it alive would draw
 The child, when *Lamia* has din'd, out of her maw.
 The Poëms voyd of profit, our grave men

Cast out by voyces; want they pleasure, then
 Our gallants give them none, but passe them by:

490 But he hath every suffrage can apply
 Sweet mix'd with soure, to his reader, so
 As doctrine and delight together goe.

345 This book will get the *Socij* money; this
 Will passe the Seas; and long as Nature is

495 With honour make the far-known Author live.
 There are yet faults, which we would well forgive,
 For, neither doth the string still yield that sound,
 The hand, and mind would; but it will rebound
 Oft-times a sharp, when we require a flat:

350 500 Nor alwayes doth the loosed bow hit that

Which

Which it doth threaten: Therefore, where I see
 Much in a Poëm shine, I will not be
 Offended with few spots, which negligence
 Hath shed, or humane frailty not kept thence.
 505 How then? why, as a Scrivener, if h'offend
 Still in the same, and warned, will not mend,
 Deserves no pardon; or who'd play and sing
 Is laught at, that still jarreth in one string:
 So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
 510 A *Chærilus*, in whom if I but see
 Twice, or thrice good, I wonder: but am more
 Angry, if once I heare good *Homer* snore.
 Though I confesse, that, in a long work, sleep
 May, with some right, upon an Author creep.
 515 As Painting, so is Poësie: some mans hand
 Will take you more, the neare; that you stand;
 As some the farther off: this loves the dark.
 This, fear'ng not the subtlest Judges mark
 Will in the light be view'd: this, once, the sight
 520 Doth please, this ten times over will delight.
 You Sir, the elder brother, though you are
 Informed rightly, by your Fathers care,
 And, of your selfe too understand; yet mind
 This saying: to some things there is assign'd
 525 A meane, and tolleration, which doth well,
 There may a Lawyer be, may not excell;

355

560

365

Or

Or pleader at the Barre; that may come short

370 Of eloquent *Mesalla's* powers in Court;

Or knowes not what *Cassellius Aulus* can

530 Yet, there's a value given to this man.

But neither men, nor gods, nor Pillars meant

Poets should ever be indifferent.

As jarring Musick doth at jolly feasts,

375 Or thick grosse oyntment but offend the guests.

535 Poppy, with hony of *Sardus*; 'cause without

These, the glad Meal, might have bin wel drawn out;

So any Poëm fancy'd, or forth-brought

To bettering of the mind of man in ought,

If ne're so litt'e it depart the first,

540 And highest; it sinketh to the lowest, & worst.

He that not knowes the games, nor how to use

The Armes in *Mars*, his' field, he doth refuse;

380 Or who's unskilfull at the Coyt, or Ball,

Or trundling wheele, he can sit still from all:

545 Lest the thrōg'd rings should a free laughter take:

Yet who's most ignorant, dares Verses make.

Why not; being honest, and free-borne, doth hate

Vice, and is knowne to have a Knights estate.

385 Thou, such thy judgement is, thy knowledge too,

Wilt nothing against Nature speak, or doe:

But, if hereafter thou shalt write, not feare

To send it to be judg'd by *Metius* eare,

And

And to your fathers, and to mine; thought be
 Nine yeares kept by: your papers in, y'are free
 555 To change, & mend, what you not forth do set.
 The word once out, never returned yet.

390

Orpheus, a Priest, and speaker for the gods,
 First frightened men, that wildly liv'd in woods,
 From slaughters, and foule life; and for the same
 Was Tygers said, and Lyons fierce to tame:

560 *Amphion* too, that built the *Theban* towers,
 Was said to move the stones by his Lutes powers,
 And lead them with his soft songs, where he would:
 This was the wisdom that they had of old,
 Things sacred from prophane to separate;

395

565 The publicke from the private; to abate
 Wild ranging lusts, prescribe the marriage good,
 Build townes, and carve the lawes in leaves of wood.
 And thus at first, an honour, and a name
 To divine Poets, and their verses came.

400

570 Next these, great *Homer*, and *Tyrtæus* set
 On edge the Masculine spirits, and did whet
 Their minds to wars, with rimes they did rehearse:
 The Oracles too were given out in verse;

All way of life was shewn; the grace of Kings
 575 Attempted by the Muses tunes, and strings:

405

Playes were found out; the rest, the end, & crowne
 Of their long labours, was in verse set downe.

Left

Left of the finger *Apollo*, and *Muses* fam'd
 Upon the Lyre, thou chance to be asham'd:
 580 'Tis now inquir'd which makes the nobler verse
 Nature, or Art. My judgement will not pierce
 Into the profits, what a meer rude braine
 410 Can, or all toyle, without a wealthy vaine:
 So doth the one, the others helpe require,
 585 And friendly should unto their end conspire.
 He that's ambitious in the race to touch
 The wished Goale, both did and suffered much
 While he was young: he sweat, and freez'd again,
 And both from wine and women did abstaine.
 590 Who now to sing the *Pythian* Rites is heard,
 415 Did learne them first, and once a Master feard.
 But, now, it is enough to say, I make
 An admirable verse: the great Scab take
 Him that is last, I scorne to be behind,
 595 Or, of the things, that ne're came in my mind,
 Once say I me ignorant: just as a Cryer,
 That to the sale of wares calls every buyer,
 420 So doth the Poet, that is rich in Land,
 Or wealthy in monyes out at use, command
 600 His praisers to their gaine: but say he can
 Make a greate Supper, or for some poore man
 Will be a surety, or can helpe him out
 Of an intangling suit, or bring't about,

I wonder how this happy man should know,
 605 Whether his soothing friend speake truth, or no. 425
 But, you, my *Piso*, carefully beware,
 Whether y'are given to, or giver are,
 You doe not bring to judge your verses one
 With joy of what is given him over-gone :
 610 For he'll cry good, brave, better, excellent !
 Look pale, distill a dew was never meant
 Out at his friendly eyes, leap, beat the ground ! 430
 As those that hit'd to weep at funeralls sound,
 Cry, and doe more than the true mourners, so
 615 The scoffer, the true prayser doth out-goe.
 Great men are said with many cups to plye,
 And rack with wine the man whom they would try, 435
 If of their friendship to be warthy or no ;
 When you make verses, with your judge doe so :
 Looke through him, and be sure you take no mocks
 620 For praises, where the mind harbours a Foer.
 If to *Quintilius* you recited ought,
 He'd say, mend this my friend, and this, 'tis nought.
 If you deny'd, you had no better straine,
 625 And twice, or thrice assay'd it, but in vain ; 440
 He'd bid blot all ; and to the Anvill bring
 Those ill-torn'd verses to new hammering.
 Then, if your fault you rather had defend
 Then change ; no word ner work more would he see ;

630 In vaine, but you, and yours you should love still
Alone, without a rivall at your will.

745 A good and wise man will crye open shame
On artlesse Verse ; the hard ones he will blame :
Blot out the carelesse with his turned pen ;

635 Cut off superfluous ornaments ; and, when
They're dark, bid cleare 'hem ; al thats doubtful wrote
Dispute ; and what is to be changed, note :

450 Become an *Aristarchus* : And, not say,

Why should I grieve a friend this trifling way ?

These trifles into serious mischiefs lead

The man once mock'd, and suff' red wrong to tread.

Those that are wise, a furious Poet feare,

455 And flye to touch him, as a man that were
Infested with the Leprosie, or had

645 The yellow jaundis, or were truely mad,

Under the angry Moon . but then the boyes

They vexe, and carelesse follow him with noise.

This, while he belcheth lofty Verses out,

And stalketh, like a Fowler, round about,

650 Busie to catch a Black-bird ; if he fall

Into a pit, or hole, although he call

460 And crye aloud, helpe gentle Country-men ;

There's none will take the care to help him, then.

For, if one should, and with a rope make hast

655 To let it downe, who knowes, if he did cast

Himselfe there purposely, or no ; and would
 Not thence be sav'd, although indeed he could ;
 He tell you but the death, and the disease
 Of the *Sycilian* Poet, *Empedocles* ;
 660 He, while he labour'd to be thought a god,
 Immortall, took a melancholick, odd
 Concept, and into burning *Ætna* leap't :
 Let Poets perish that will not be kept.
 He that preserves a man against his will,
 Doth the same thing with him that would him kill.
 Nor did he doe this, once ; if yet you can
 Now, bring him backe, he'le be no more a man,
 Or love of this his famous death lay by.
 Here's one makes verses, but there's none knows why : 470
 670 Whether he hath pissed upon his Fathers grave ;
 Or the sad thunder-strucken thing he have,
 Polluted, toucht : but certainly he's mad :
 And as a Beare, if he the strength but had
 To force the Grates that hold him in, would fright
 675 All ; so this grievous writer puts to flight
 Learn'd, and unlearn'd ; holdeth whom once he takes ;
 And there an end of him with reading makes : 475
 Not letting goe the skin, where he drawes food,
 Till, horse leech like, he drop off, full of blood.

FINIS.

The first thing I did was to
 go to the office and see
 what was going on. I found
 everything in a state of
 confusion. The papers were
 all over the place and
 I had to spend some time
 before I could get any
 work done. I was very
 busy and had to work
 hard to get things
 straightened out. I was
 very tired when I
 went to bed. I had
 a very long day and
 I was very happy to
 go to bed. I was very
 tired and I was very
 happy to go to bed. I
 was very tired and I
 was very happy to go
 to bed. I was very
 tired and I was very
 happy to go to bed.

Ben: Ionson's
Execration
AGAINST
VVLCAN.



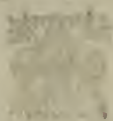
LONDON:
Printed by *J. Okes*, for
J. Benson, and are to bee
sold at his shop in *St. Dun-*
stons Church-yard in *Fleet-*
street. 1640.

Ben: Jonson's

Excursion

AGAINST

VALLAN



LONDON:

Printed by J. Oke, for

J. Wolfe, and he to be

sold at his shop in St. Dun-

stons Church-yard in Fleet-

street 1640.



Ben: Ionson's

Execration

AGAINST

V V L C A N.

And why to me this; (thou lame god of fire)

What have I done, that might call on thine

ire?

Or urge thy greedy flames, thus to devoure

So many my years labours in one houre!

I ne're attempted ought against thy life,

Nor made least line of love to thy loose wife:

Or in remembrance of thy affront and scorne,

With clowns and tradesmen kept thee clos'd in horne:

'Twas *Jupiter* that hurl'd thee headlong downe,
 And *Mars* that gave thee a *Lanthorne* for a *Crowne*.
 Was it because thou wert of old deny'd,
 By *Jove*, to have *Minerva* for thy *Bride*,
 That since thou tak'st all envious care and paine,
 To ruine every issue of her braine?
 Had I wrot *Treason* there, or *Heresie*,
Impostures, *Witch-craft*, *Charmes*, or *Blasphemy*,
 I had deserv'd then thy consuming looks,
 Perhaps to have beene burned with my books:
 But on thy malice tell me, didst thou spye,
 Any least loose, or scurrill paper lye
 Conceal'd, or kept there; that was fit to be,
 By thy owne vote, a *Sacrifice* to thee?
 Did I there wound the honour of the *Crowne*?
 Or taxe the glory of the *Church*, or *Gowne*?
 Itch to defame the *State*, or brand the *Times*,
 And my selfe most in lewd selfe-boasting *Rimes*?
 If none of these, why then this fire? or find
 A cause before, or leave me one behind,
 Had I compil'd from *Amadis de Gaule*
 Th' *Esp'andians*, *Arthurs*, *Palmarins*, and all
 The learned *Library of Don Quixot*,
 And so some goodlier *Monster* had begot:
 Or spunne out *Riddles*, or weav'd fifty *Tomes*
 Of *Logographes*, or curious *Palindromes*;

Or pump'd for those hard trifles, Anagrams,
 Or Ecrofticks, or your finer flames
 Of Egges, and Halbards, Cradles, and a Herse,
 A paire of Sizers, and a Combe in verse;
 Acrofticks, and Tellefticks, or jumpe names,
 Thou then hadst had some colour for thy flames,
 On such my serious follies: But thou'lt say,
 There were some pieces of as base a Lay,
 And as false stampe there: parcells of a Play
 Fitter to see the fire-light, than the day:
 Adulterate moneys, such as would not goe,
 Thou shouldst have stay'd, till publicke Fame
 said so:
 She is the Judge, thou Executioner:
 Or if thou needs wilt trench upon her power,
 Thou mightst have yet enjoy'd thy cruelty,
 With some more thirst, and more variety!
 Thou mightst have had me perish piece by piece,
 To light Tobacco, or save roasted Geese,
 Sing'd Capons, or crispe Pigges, dropping their
 eye:
 Condemn'd them to the Ovens with the Pies;
 And so have kept me dying a whole age,
 Not ravish'd all hence in a minuts rage:
 But that's the mark whereof thy right doth boast,
 To sow Consumption every where thou go'st.

Had I fore-knowne of this thy least desire,
 T'have held a triumph, or a feast of fire;
 Especially in paper, that that steame
 Had tickled thy large nostrills, many a Reame,
 To redeem mine, I had sent in; enough
 Thou shouldst have cryed, and all beene proper
 stuffe.

The *Talmond* and the *Alcaron* had come
 With pieces of the Legend: the whole summe
 Of Errant Knight-hood, with their Dames and
 Dwarfes,
 The charmed Boats, and their enchanted Wharffes:
 The *Tristrams*, *Lancelots*, *Turpins*, and the *Peeres*,
 All the mad *Rowlands*, and sweet *Oliviers*,
 With *Merlins* Marvailles, and his *Caballs* Loffe,
 With the *Chimera*, of the *Rosie Crosse*;
 Their Charms, their Characters, Hermetick Rings,
 Their Jems of Riches, and bright stone that brings
 Invisibilty, and Strength, and Tongues,
 The art of kindling the true Cole be Lungs.
 With *Nicholas Pasquills*, meddle with your match,
 And the strong Lines that doe the times so catch:
 Our Captaine *Pamphlets* Horse and foot that salley,
 Upon the Exchange still out of *Popes-head* Alley,
 The weekly *Currants*, with *Pauls* Scale, and all
 The admir'd Discourses of the Prophet *Baal*:
 These

These (hadst thou pleas'd either to dine, or sup)
Had made a meale for *Vulcan* to licke up.

But in my Desk, what was there to excite
So ravenous and vast an appetite ?

I dare not say a Body, but some parts
There were of search and mystery in the Arts:

And the old *Venusine* in Poëtry,

And lighted by the *Stagarite*, could spy,

Was there made English, with a Grammer too,

To teach some that, their Nurses could not doe ;

The purity of Language : and (among

The rest) my journey into *Scotland* Sung,

With all the adventures ; three Books not afraid

To speak the Fate of the *Sycilian* maid

For our owne Ladyes : And in story there

Of our first *Henry*, eight of his nine yeare.

In which was Oyle, besides the succours spent,

Which Noble *Cotton*, *Carew*, *Selden* sent.

And twice twelve yeares stor'd-up-humanitie,

And humble gleanings in *Divinitie*,

Aster the Fathers ; and those wiser guides,

Whom Faction had not drawne to study sides:

How in these ruines *Vulcan* dost thou lurke :

All soot and Embers, odious, as thy worke ?

I now begin to doubt, if ever grace

Or goddesse could be patient at thy face.

Thou

Thou woe *Minerva*, or to wit aspire,
 Cause thou canst halt with us in Art, and Fire;
 Son of the Wind; for so thy Mother gone
 With Lust conceiv'd thee, Father thou hadst none:
 When thou wert borne, and that thou lookst at
 best,

She durst not kisse, but flung thee from her brest.
 And so did *Jove*, who ne're meant thee his cup:
 No mar'le the Clowns of *Lemnos* took thee up.
 For none but Smiths would have made thee a god,
 Some Alchymist there may be yet, or odd
 Squire of the Squibs against the Pageant-day,
 May to thy name a *Vulcanale* say,

And for it lose his eyes by Gun-powder,
 As the other may his brains by Quick-silver:
 Well fare the wise men yet on the Banks-side,
 (Our friends the Water-men) they could provide
 Against thy fury, when to serve their needs,
 They made a *Vulcan* on a sheaf of Reeds.

Whom they durst handle in their holy-day coats,
 And safely trust to dresse, not burne their Boats:
 But on these Reeds, thy meere disdain of them,
 Made thee beget that cruell stratagem:

(Which some are pleas'd to stile, but thy mad
 pranke)

Against the Globe, the glory of the banke,

Which

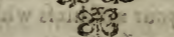
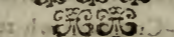
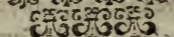
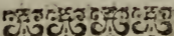
Which though it were the Fort of the whole parish,
 Fenc'd with a ditch, and forc'd out of a Marish:
 I saw with two poore Chambers taken in, (bin
 And rais'd e're thought could urge: this might have
 See the Worlds ruines, nothing but the piles
 Left, and wit since to cover it with tiles. ;
 The brethren they straight nos'd it out for newes,
 'Twas verily some relique of the Stewes ;
 And this a sparkle of that fire let loose,
 That was rak'd up in th' *Winchestrian* Goose,
 Bred on the banke in time of Popery,
 When *Venus* there maintain'd the mystery :
 But others fell with that conceit by th' eares,
 'Twas verily a threatening to the Beares ;
 And that accursed ground, the *Paris Garden* :
 Nay, (sigh'd a sister) 'twas the *Nun Kate Arden* :
 Kindled the fire ; but then did one returne ;
 No foole would his owne harvest spoile, or burne ;
 If that were so, thou rather wouldst advance
 The place that was thy wives inheritance.
 O no, cry'd all, *Fortune*, for being a whore,
 Scapt not his justice any for the more :
 He burnt that *Idoll* of the *Revells* too :
 Nay let *White-hall* with *Revells* have to doe,
 Though but in Dances, it shall know thy power,
 There was a judgement too shew'd in an houre ;
 He

He was right *Vulcan* still, he did not spare
Troy, though it were so much thy *Venus* care :
 Foole wilt thou let that in example come ?
 Did she not save from thence to build a *Rome* ?
 And what hast thou done in these petty spights,
 More than advanc'd the houses, and their Rites,
 I will not argue thee from them of guilt,
 For they were burnt but to be better built :
 Tis true, that in thy wish they were destroy'd,
 Which thou hast onely vented, not enjoy'd.
 So wouldst th' have run upon the *Roles* by stealth,
 And didst invade part of the Common-wealth :
 In those Records (which were our *Chroniclers* gone)
 Would be remembred by sixe Clerks to one.
 But say all sixe good men, what answer yee,
 Lyes there no Writ out of the Chancerie
 Against this *Vulcan* ? no Injunction ?
 No Orders ? No Decree ? though we be gone
 At Common Law, me thinks in his despight,
 A Court of Equity should doe us right.
 But to confine him to the Brew-houses,
 The Glasse-house: Dye-fats, and their Furnaces :
 To live in Sea-coale, and goe out in smoak :
 Or least that vapour might the City choak,
 Confine him to some Brickhills, or some Hill-
 Foot out in *Sussex* to an Iron-mill :

Or in small Faggots have him blaze about
 Vile Taverns, and the drunkards pisse him out:
 Or in the Bell-mans Lanthorne, like a spye,
 Waste to a snuffe, and then stink out and dye:
 I could invent a sentence yet more worse,
 But Ile conclude all in a civill curse:
 Pox on your Flame-ship (*Vulcan*) if it be
 To all as fatall as t'hath bin to me,
 And to *Pauls* steeple, which had bin to us
 'Bove all your fire-works, had at *Ephesus*,
 Or *Alexandria*, which (though a Divine
 Loffe, yet) remains as unrepair'd as mine:
 Would you had kept your Forge at *Aetna* still,
 And there made Swords, Bills, Glaves, and Armes
 your fill;
 Maintained a trade at *Bilbo*, or elsewhere,
 Struck in at Millane with the Cutlers there:
 And staid but where the Frier and you first met,
 That from the Devills Arse did Guns beget:
 Or fixt in the Low-Countries, where you might
 On both sides doe your mischiefs with delight:
 Blow up and ruine, Mine, and Counter-mine,
 Use your Petards, and Granads, all your fine
 Engines of murther, and enjoy the praise
 Of Massacring Man-kind so many wayes:

We aske your absence here, we all love peace
And pray the fruits thereof, and the increase ;
So doth the King, and most of the Kings men
That have good places : therefore once agen
Poxe on thee *Vulcan* ; thy *Pandora's* poxe,
And all the ills that flew out of her Boxe
Light on thee : or if those plagues will not doe,
Thy wives poxe take thee, and *Besse Braughtons* too.

FINIS.



The Village

of the

BY F. S. M. E.

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The Masque
OF THE
GYPSIES.

Written by BEN: JONSON.



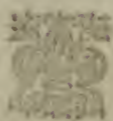
LONDON:
Printed by *J. Okes*, for
J. Benson, and are to be
sold at his shop in *St. Dun-*
stons Church-yard in *Fleet-*
street. 1640.

The Malapre

OF THE

EYPSIES.

Whitney T. & J. on.



LONDON:

Printed by J. Oker, for

J. Baskin, and are to be

sold at the shop in St. Dun.

St. Dun Church-yard in Fleet.

1702.



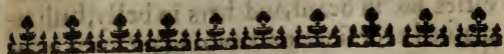
The Masque of THE GYPSIES.

*At the Kings Entrance. At Burly
Aug. 1621.*

IF for our thoughts there could but speech be
found,
And all that speech be uttred in one sound,
So that some power above us would afford
The meanes to make a language of a word,
It should be welcome ; in that onely voyce
We would receive, reteine, enjoy, rejoyce,
And all affects of love, and life, dispence,
Till it were cald a copious eloquence ;

For should we vent our spirits, now you are come
In other fillables, were as be dumbe.

Welcome, O welcome then, and enter here
The house your bounty built, and still doth reare,
With those high favours, and those heap't increases,
Which shews a hand not griev'd, but when it ceases.
The Master is your creature; as the place;
And every good about him is your grace:
Whom, though he stand by silent, think not rude,
But as a man turn'd all to gratitude,
For what he ne're can hope how to restore,
Since while he meditates one, you poure on more.
Vouchsafe to thinke he onely is oppress't
With their abundance, not that in his brest
His powers are stupid grown; for please you enter
Him, and his house, and search him to the center,
You'l find within, no thanks, or vowes, there shorter,
For having trusted thus much to his Porter.



The GYPSIES Metamorphos'd.

Enter a GYPSIE, leading a Horse laden with five little Children, bound in a trace of Scarffes upon him : a second leading another horse, laden with stolne Poultry, &c. The first leading Gypsy speaks, being the

JACKMAN.

R Oome for the five Princes of *Agypt*, mounted all upon one horse, like the four sons of *Ammon*, to make the miracle the more by a head, if it may be : Gaze upon them, as on the Off-spring of *Ptolemy*, begotten upon severall *Cleopatra's* in their severall Countyes ; especially on this brave sparke, strook out of *Flint-shire*, upon *Iustice Juggs* daughter, then Sheriffe of the County, who running away with a Kinsman of our Captains, and her Father pursuing to the marches, he great with *Iustice*, she with *Juggling*, they were both for the same time turn'd stone, upon the sight of each other in *Chester*, till at the last (see the Wonder) a *Jugg* of the Towne Ale reconciling

ciling them, the memoriall of both their gravities, his in beard, and hers in belly, hath remained ever since preserv'd in picture, upon the most stone Iuggs in the Kingdome. The famous Impe yet grew a wretchocke, and though for seven yeares together he was carefully carried at his Mothers back, rock'd in a Cradle of *Welch* Cheese, like a Maggot, and there fed with broken Beer, and blown wine of the best, daily, yet lookes he as if he never saw his *Quinguenever*: 'tis true, he can thrust Needles on horse-backe, or draw a yard of Inkle through his nose; but what's that to a growne *Gypsie*, one of the blood, and of his time, if he had thriv'd? Therefore (till with his painfull Progenitors, he be able to beat it on the hoofe to the bene bouse, or the stauing Ken, to nip a lan, or clye the Jarke) 'tis thought fit he march in the Infants Equipage

With the Convoy, Cheats, and peckage,

Out of clutch of Harman-beckage,

To the Libkins at the Crackmans,

Or some skipper of the Black-man.

2 GYPSIE.

W Here the Cacklers, but no Grunters
 Shall uncas'd be for the Hunters;
 Those we still must keep alive,
 I, and put them forth to thrive,
 In the Parkes and in the Chases,
 And the finer walled places,
 As *St. Jameses, Greenwich, Tibals,*
 Where the Akorns plumpe as Chiballs,
 Soone shall change both kind and name,
 And proclaime 'hem the Kings game;
 So the act no harme may be
 Unto their keeper *Barnabee* :
 It will prove as good a service
 As did ever Gypsie Gervice,
 Or our Captaine *Charles*, the tall man,
 And a part too of our *Salmon*.

D JACK-

JACKMAN.

IF here we be a little obscure, it is our pleasure, for rather than we will offer to be our owne Interpreters, we are resolv'd not to be understood : yet if any man doe doubt of the significancy of the Language, we referre him to the third Volume of reports : set forth by the learned in the Lawes of Canting, and published in the Gypsie tongue. Give me my Guittara : and roome for our Chiefe.

Dance 1.

The Captaine danceth forth with sixe more to a stand. After which the Jackman Sings

Song. 1.

FROM the famous Peak of *Darby*,
 And the *Devills-Arse* there hard by,
 Where we yearely keep our musters,
 Thus th' *Egyptians* throng in clusters.

Be not frightened with our fashion,
 Though we seeme a tatter'd Nation ;
 We account our ragges our riches,
 So our tricks exceed our stitches.

Give us Bacon, rinds of Walnuts,
 Shells of Cockles, or of small-nuts,
 Ribbands, Bells, and Saffron'd Linnen,
 All the world is ours to winne in.

Knacks we have that will delight you,
 Sights of hand that will invite you,
 To endure our tawny faces,
 And not cause you cut your laces.

All your fortunes we can tell yee,
 Be they for the backe, or belly:
 In the Moods too, and the Tenes,
 That may fit your fine five senses.

Draw but then your Gloves we pray you,
 And sit still, we will not fray you,
 For though we be here at *Burly*,
 We'd be loath to make a Hurly.

PATRICO.

Stay my sweet finger,
 The touch of thy finger

A little, and linger
 For me, that am bringer
 Of bound to the border
 The Rule, and Recorder,
 And mouth of your order :
 As Priest of the game,
 And Prelate of the same.

There's a Gentry Cove here,
 Is the top of the shire,
 Of the Beaver-Ken,
 A man amongst men :
 (Yee neede not to feare,
 I've an eye, and an eare,
 That turnes here and there,
 To looke to our geere :)
 Some say that there be
 One or two, if not three,
 That are greater than he.

And for the Room-morts,
 I know by their Ports,

And

And jolly resorts
 They are of the sorts
 That love the true sports,
 Of King *Ptolomeus*,
 Our great *Coryphaeus*,
 And Queen *Cleopatra*,
 The Gypsies grand-matra,
 Then if we shall sharke it,
 Here Faire is, and Market.

Leave Pigby, and Goose,
 And play fast, and loose,
 A short cut, and long,
 With (ever and among)
 Some inch of a Song,
Pythagoras lot,
 Drawne out of a pot ;
 With what sayes *Alchindus*,
 And *Pharaotes Indus*.
John de Indagine,
 With all their *Pagina*,

Faces and Palmistry,
 And this is all mystery.

Lay by your wimbles,
 Your boring for thimbles,
 Or using your nimbles
 In diving the Pockets,
 And sounding the sockets
 Of semper-the-Cockets,
 Or angling the purses
 Of such as will curse us.

But in the strict duell
 Be merry, and cruell,
 Strike faire at some Jewell,
 That mint may accrue well,
 For that is the fuell

To make the Tuns brew'ell,
 And the porring well,
 And the Braine sing well,
 Which we may bring, well
 About, by a string well,
 And doe the thing well.

It is but a strain
Of true Legerdemaine,
Once, twice, and againe.

Or what will you say now,
If with our fine play now,
Our Knackets, and Dances,
We worke on the fancies,
Of some o' these Nancies,
These Trickets, and Tripsies,
And make 'hem turn Gipsies.

Here's no Justice *Lippus*

Will seeke for to nip us

In Crampring, or Cippus,

And then for to strip us,

And after to whip us.

His Iustice to varry,

While here we doe tarry.

But be wise and wary

And we may both carry

The *Kate*, and the *Mary*,

And all the bright Aery
 Away to the Quarry,
 If our brave *Ptolomee*
 Will but say follow me.

3 GYPSIE.

Captaine, if ever at the bouzing Ken,
 You have in drops of *Darby* drill'd your men;
 And we have serv'd thee armed all in Ale,
 With the brown bowle, and charged in Bragot stale:
 If muster'd thus, and disciplin'd in drink,
 In our strict watches we did never wink,
 But, so commanded by you, kept our station,
 As we preserv'd our selves a loyall nation:
 And never did yet branch of statute break,
 Made in your famous Palace of the Peak:
 If we have deem'd that Mutton, Lamb, or Veale,
 Chick, Capon, Turkey, sweetest we did steale,
 As being by our Magna Charta saught,
 To judge no viands wholsome that are bought:
 If for our Linnen we still us'd the list,
 And with the hedge, (our trades-increase) made shift,
 And ever at your solemne feasts and calls,
 We have beene ready with th' *Egyptian* brawles,

To let *Kit Callot* forth in Prose or Rime,
Or who was *Cleopatra* for the time :

If we have done this, that, more, such, or so ;

Now lend your care but to the *Patrico*.

CAPTAIN E.

Well, dance another straine, and we'le think how.

GYP SIE.

Meane time in song doe you conceive some vow :

Dance 2.

Song 2.

THe faicry beame upon you,
The starres to glister on you,
A Moone of light,
In the Noone of night,
Till the Fire-Drake hath o're-gone you.]

The Wheele of Fortune guide you,
The Boy with the Bow beside you,
Runne aye in the way
Till the Bird of day,
And the luckyer lot betide you.

Captaine goes up to the King.

Blessie my sweet Masters, the old and the yong
 From the gall of the heart, and the stroak of the
 . wetongue.
 With you, lucky bird, I begin ; let me see,
 I aime at the best, and I troe you are hee.
 Here's some luck already, if I understand
 The grounds of my art, here's a gentlemans hand,
 He kisse it for lucks sake ; you should by this time *line*
 Love a horse, and a hound, but no part of a swine,
 To hunt the brave Stagge, not so much for the food,
 As the weale of the body, & the health of the blood.
 You are a man of good means, and have Territorie
 store,
 Both by sea, and by land, but were born fir to more.
 Which you like a Lord, and the Prince of your peace,
 Content with your havings, despise to encrease.
 You are no great wencher, I see by your Table,
 Although your *mons veneris* sayes you are able.
 You live chaste, and single, and have buried your wife,
 And meane not to marry by the line of your life ;
 Whence he that conjectures your quality, learns,
 You are an honest good man, and have care of your
 Barnes,

Your.

Your *Mercuries* hill too, a wit doth betoken.
 Some book-craft you have, & are pretty well spoken.
 But stay in your *Jupiters* mount, what's here?
 A *King* a *Monarch*; what wonders appeare!
High, Bountiful Just: a love for your parts,
 A *Master* of men, and that *Reigne* in their hearts
 Ile tell it my traine,
 And come to you againe.

Song. 3.

TO the old, long life and treasure,
 To the young, all health and pleasure,
 To the faire their face
 With eternall grace,
 And the foule to be lov'd at leisure.

To the witty all cleare mirrours,
 To the foolish their darke errours;
 To the loving sprite,
 A secure delight,
 To the jealous his owne false terrours.

After which the *Kings* fortune is pursued by
 the *Captaine*,

Could any doubt that saw this hand,
 Or who you are, or what command

d

You

You have upon the fate of things,
 Or would not say you were let downe
 From Heaven, on earth to be the Crowne,
 And top of all your neighbour Kings.

To see the wayes of truth you take,
 To ballance businesse, and to make
 All Christian differences cease,
 Or till the quarrell, and the cause
 You can compose to give them lawes,
 As Arbiter of warre and Peace.

For this, of all the world you shall
 Be stiled *James* the just and all

Their states dispose, their sons & daughters,
 And for your fortunes you alone,
 Among them all shall worke your owne,
 By peace, and not by humane slaughters.

But why doe I presume, though true,
 To tell a fortune fir, unto you,

Who are the maker here of all;
 Where none doe stand, or sit in view,
 But owe their Forrune unto you,

At least what they good fortunes call?

My

My selfe a *Gypsie* here doe shine,
 Yet are you maker sir, of mine.

Oh that confession could content
 So high a bounty that doth know
 No part of motion, but to flow,
 And giving never to repent.

May still the matter waite your hand,
 That it not feele, or stay, or stand,

But all desert still over-charge.
 And may your goodnesse ever finde,
 In me whom you have made, a minde,
 As thankfull as your owne is large.

Dance 3. 2 Strains.

*After which, the Princes Fortune is
 offered at by the*

2 GYPSIE.

AS my Captaine hath begun
 With the Sire, I take the Son,

Your hand Sir,

Of your fortune be secure,
 Love, and she, are both at your

Command Sir.

d 2

See

See what Starres are here at strife,
Who shall tender you a wife,

A brave one ;
And a fitter for a man,

Then is offer'd here, you can-
Not have one.

She is sister of a Starre,
One the noblest now that are,

Bright *Hesper*.
Whom the *Indians* in the East,

Phosphore call, and in the West,
Hight *Vesper*.

Courses even with the Sunne,
Doth her mighty brother runne,

For splendor.
What can to the marriage night,

More then morne, and evening light ?
Attend her ?

Save the promise before day,
Of a little *Lawes* to play

Hereafter.
Swixt his Grandfires knees, and move

All

All the pretty wayes of love,

And laughter.

Whil'st with care you strive to please,

In your giving his cares ease,

And labours ;

And by being long the ayd

Of the *Empire*, make afraid

Ill neighbours.

Till your selfe shall come to see

What we wish, yet farre to be

Attending;

For it skills not when, or where

That begins, which cannot feare

An ending.

Since your name in peace, or warres,

Nought shall bound untill the starres

up take you.

3 2 Dance.

2 *Dance.* *Straine* 3.

*After which, the Lady Marquise Buck-
inghams by the*

3 *GYPSIE.*

HUrtle after an old shooe,
He be merry what e're I doe,
Though I keepe no time,
My words shall chyme,
He overtake the sense with a rime,
Face of a Rose,
I pray thee depose
Some smal piece of silver : It shal be no losse,
But onely to make the signe of the Crosse ;
If your hand you hollow,
Good fortune will follow.
I sweare by these ten,
You shall have it agen,
I doe not say when.

But

But Lady, either I am tipsie,
Or you are to fall in love with a *Gypsie*.

Blush not Dame *Kate*,

For early, or late,

I doe assure you it will be your fate;
Nor need you be once ashamed of it Madam,
He's as handsome a Man as ever was *Ad. m.*

A man out of waxe,

As a Lady would axe;

Yet he's not to wed yee,

H'has enjoy'd you already,

And I hope he has sped yee.

A dainty young fellow,

And though you looke yellow,

He never will be jealous,

But love you most zealous. (tell us.

There's never a line in your hand, but doth

And you are a soule, so white, and so chaste,

A table so smooth, and so newly ras'te,

As nothing cald soule,

Dare approach with a blot,

Or any least spot;

But still you controul e,
 Or make your owne lot,
 Preserving love pure as it first was begot :
 But Dame I must tell yee,
 The fruit of your bellic,
 Is that you must tender,
 And care so to render ;
 That as your selfe came
 In blood, and in name,
 From one house of fame,
 So that may remaine
 The glory oft waine.

2. Dance.

Strain 4.

After which, the Countesse of Rutlands, by the

3 GYPSIE.

You sweet Lady have a hand too,
 And a fortune you may stand too,
 Both your brav'ry, and your bounty,
 Stile you Mistris of the County;

You.

You will finde it from this night,
 Fortune shall forget her spight,
 And heape all the blessings on you,
 That she can poure out upon you :
 To be lov'd, where most you love,
 Is the worst that you shall prove ;
 And by him to be imbrac't,
 Who so long hath knowne you chaste,
 Wise, and faire ; whil't you renew
 Joyes to him, and he to you :
 And when both your yeares are told,
 Neither thinke the other old.

And the Countesse of Exeters by the

PATRICO.

M Adam we know of your comming so
 late,
 We could not well fit you a nobler fate,
 Then what you have ready made ;
 An old mans wife,
 Is the light of his life,
 A young one is but his shade.

You will not importune,
 The change of your fortune;
 For if you dare trust to my forecasting,
 'Tis presently good, and will be lasting.

Dance 2.

Straine 5.

*After which, the Countesse of Bucking-
 hams, by the*

4 GYPSIE.

Your pardon Lady, here you stand,
 If some should judge you by your hand,
 The greatest Fellow in the Land

Detected :

I cannot tell you by what Arts,
 But you have stolne so many hearts,
 As they would make you at all parts

Suspected :

Your very face first, such a one,
 As being view'd it was alone,

Too

Too slippery to be lookt upon ;
 And threw men.

But then your graces they were such,
 As none could e're behold too much ;
 Both ev'ry taste, and ev'ry touch
 So drew men.

Still blest in all you thinke, or doe,
 Two of your sonnes are *Gyphes* too,
 You shall our *Queene* be, and he who
 Importunes
 The heart of either yours, or you ;
 And doth not wish both *George*, and *Sue*,
 And every Barne besides, all new
 Good fortunes.

The Lady Purbecks, by the

2 GYPSIE.

HElpe me wonder, here's a booke,
 Where I would for ever look ;
 Never yet did Gypsie trace,
 Smoother lines in hand, or face :

Venu

Venus here doth *Saturne* move,
 That you should be Queen of Love ;
 And the other starres consent,
 Onely *Cupid's* not content ;
 For though you the theft disguise,
 You have told him of his eyes :
 And to shew his envy further,
 Here he chargeth you with murther ;
 Sayes, although that at your sight
 He must all his torches light ;
 Though your either cheeke discloses,
 Mingled bathes of Milke and Roses,
 Though your lips be bankes of blisses,
 Where he plants, and gathers kisses ;
 And your selfe the reason why,
 Wisest men for love may dye ;
 You will turne all hearts to tinder
 And shall make the world one Cinder.

And

And the Lady Elizabeth Hattons by the

5 GYPSIE.

Mistris of a fairer Table,
 Hath no History, nor Fable;
 Others Fortunes may be showne,
 You are builder of your owne,
 And what ever Heav'n hath given you,
 You preserve the state still in you,
 That which time would have depart,
 Youth without the helpe of Art,
 You doe keepe still, and the glory
 Of your Sexe, is but your story.

The Lord Chamberlaine, by the

JACKMAN.

Though you sir be Chamberlaine, I have
 a Key
 To open your Fortune a little by the way:
 You are a good man,
 Deny it that can;

And

And faithfull you are
Deny it that dare.

(pen,

You know how to use your sword and your
And you love not alone the arts, but the men;
The Graces and Muses ev'ry where follow
You, as you were their second *Apollo*;

Onely your hand here tells you to your face
You have wanted one grace

To performe, what has bin a right of your
place;

For by this Line, which is *Mars* his
Trench,

You never yet help'd your Master to a
Wench:

Tis wel for your honour, he's pious & chaste;
Or you had most certainly bin displaste.

Dance.

Dance 2. Straine 3.

The Lord Keepers Fortune, by the

PATRICO.

A Shappy a Palme sir, as most i'the Land,
 It should be a pure, & an innocent hand;
 And worthy the trust,
 For it sayes you'll be just,
 And carry the purse,
 Without any curse
 Of the Publicke-weale,
 When you take out the Scale,
 You doe not appeare,
 A Judge of a yeare.
 Ile venture my life,
 You never had wife,
 But Ile venture my skill,
 You may when you will.
 You have the Kings Conscience too in your
 brest,
 And that's a good guest;
 Which

Which you will have true touch of,
 And yet not make much of;
 More then by truth your selfe forth to bring,
 The man that you are, for *God*, and the *King*

The Lord Treasurers fortune, by the

3. *GYPSIE.*

I Come to borrow, and you'll grant my de-
 mand sir ;
 Since tis for no money, pray lend mee your
 hand sir ;
 And yet this good hand ; if you please to
 stretch it,
 Had the Errant beene money, I could easily
 fetch it ;
 You command the Kings Treasure, and yet
 on my soule
 You handle not much, for your palme is not
 foule,
 Your fortune is good, and will be to set
 The Office upright, and the King out of debt;
 To

(75)

To pat all that have Pensions soone out of
their paine,
By bringing th' Exchequer in credit againe.

The Lord Privy-Scales,

a GYPSIE.

Honest, and old,
In those the good part of a fortune is told
God send you your health,
The rest is provided; honour, and we a lih
All which you possesse,
Without the making of any man lesse,
Nor neede you my warrant, enjoy it you
shall,
For you haue a good Privy-Seale for it all.

The.

*The Earle Marshalls,*3 *GYPSIE,*

NExt the great Master, who is the Donor,
 I read you here the preserver of honour,
 And spye it in all your singular parts,
 What a Father you are, and a Nurse of the
 Arts.

By cherishing which, a way you have found,
 How the free to all, to one may be bound,
 And they againe love their bonds; for to be
 Obliged to you, is the way to be free:
 But this is their fortune: Hark to your own
 Yours shall be to make true Gentry knowne
 From the fictitious, not to prize blood
 So much by the greatnesse, as by the good:
 To shew and to open cleare vertus the way,
 Both whither she should, and how farre she
 may;

And

And whilst you doe judge twixt valour, and
 noyse,
 T'extinguish the race of the roaring boyes.

The Lord Stewards, by the

4 *GYPSIE.*

I Finde by this hand,
 You have the command
 Of the v'ery best mans house i'the Land :
 Our Captaine, and wee,
 Ere long will see
 If you keepe a good table ;
 Your Master's able.
 And here be bountifull Lines, that say,
 You'll keep no part of his bounty away.
 This written to *Franke*,
 On your *Venus* banke ;
 To prove a false steward you'll finde much
 adoe,
 Being a true one by blood, and by office too.

Lord

Lord Marquesse Hamiltons, by the

3 GYPSIE.

O Nely your Hand ; and welcome to
Court,

Here is a man both for earnest, and sport.

You were lately imploy'd,

And your Master is joy'd,

To have such in his traine,

So well can sustaine

His person abroad,

And not shrinke for the load:

But had you beene here,

You should have been a Gipsie I swear,

Our Captaine had summon'd you by

Doxic,

To whom you would not have answerd by

Proxie,

ne, had shee come in the way of your
Scepter,
is oddes, you had laid it by to have leapt
her.

The Earle of Buckclougs, by the

PATRICO.

A Hunter you have bin heretofore,
And had game good store;
But ever you went
Upon a new scent,
And shifted your loves:
As often as they did their Smocks, or their
Gloves.
But since that your brave intendments are
Now bent for the Warre,
The world shall see
You can constant bee,
One Mistris to prove,
And court her for your love.

Pallas

Pallas, shall be both your *Sword*, and your
Gage;

Truth, beare your *Shield*, and fortune your
Page.



Patr. **W**Hy this is a sport,
 See it *North*, see it *South*,
 For the taste of the *Court*,

Iack, For the *Courts* owne mouth,
 Come *Wind* for the *Towne*,

With the *Major*, and oppose,

Wee'll put them all downe,

Patr. *Do—do—downe* like my hose.

A *Gypsie* in his shape,

More calls the beholder,

Then the fellow with the *Ape*.

Iack, Or the *Ape* on his shoulder.

H^e's a sight that will take

An old Judge from his wench,
I, and keep him awake,

Pat. Yes, awake on the Bench:
And has so much worth,
Though he sit i'the stocks,
He will draw the Girles forth,

Jack. I, forth i'their smocks.
Tut, a man's a man;

Let the Clownes with their Sluts,
Come mend us if they can,

Pat. If they can for their guts.
Come mend us, come lend us, their shouts,
and their noyse,

Both. Like Thunder, and wonder at *Pto-*
lomics Boyes.

27 Dance.

2 Dance. 6 Straine, which leads into

Dance 3.

During which, enter the Clownes,

Cockrell, Clod, Townshed, & them

P U P P Y.

Cock. **O**The Lord! what bee these Tom!
dost thou know? come hither, come
hither Dick, didst thou ever see such? the fi-
nest Olive-coloured spirits: they have so
danced and gingled here, as if they had bin
a set of over-growne Fayries.

Clod. They should bee Morris dancers by
their gingle, but they have no Napkins.

Cock. No, nor a Hobby-horse.

Clod. O, he's often forgotten, that's no rule,
but there is no Maid-marrian, nor Friar a-
mongst them, which is the surer marke.

Cock. Nor a foole, that I see.

Clod. Vnlesse they be all fooles.

Town. Well said Tom Foole, why thou
simple parish Ass^e thou, didst thou never see
any

any Gypsies: these are a Covy of Gypsies, and the bravest new Covy that ever Constable flew at: Goodly! Game Gypsies! they are Gypsies o' this yeare, o' this Moone in my Conscience.

Clod. O they are called the Moon-men, I remember now.

Cock. One shall hardly see such Gentleman-like Gypsies, though under a hedge in a whole Summers day, if they be Gypsies.

Clod. Male-Gypsies all! not a Mort amongst them.

Pup. VVhere, where, I could never endure the sight of one of these rogue Gypsies, which be they? I would faine see 'hem.

Clod. Yonder they are.

Pup. They can Cant, and Mill, are they Masters in their Arts?

Town. No Batchellours these, they cannot have proceeded so farre, they have scarce had the time to be lowsie yet.

Pup. All the better, I would be acquainted with them while they are in cleane life, they will doe their tricks the cleaner.

Cock. VVe must have some musick then.

Pup. Musick! we'll have a whole poverty of Pipers, call Checks upon the Bag-pipes, & *Tom Ticklefoot* with his Tabor; he could have mustred

mustred up the smocks o' th two shires ; and
set the Codpieces and they by the cares,
wusse, here's my two-pence towards it: *Clod*
will you gather the Pipe money?

Clod. Ile gather't an you will, but Ile give
none.

Pup. Why well said ; claw a Churle by the
Arse, and he will shite in your fist.

Cock. I, or whistle to a Jade, and he'll pay
you with a fart.

Clod. That's all one, I have a wife, and
child in reversion, you know it well enough
& I cannot fat Pidgeons with Cherry-stones
Ile venture my penny with you.

Cock. Well, theres my two-pence ; Ile bee
jovy : my name's *Cockrell* ; and I am true
bred.

Town. Come, there's my groat, never stand
drawing Indentures for the matter ; we'll
make a Bolt, or a Shaft on't now.

Clod. Let me see, here's nine-pence in the
whole.

Pup. Why there's a whole nine-pence
for it : put it all in a piece for memory, and
strike up for mirth sake.

Town. Doe, and they'll presently come a-
bout us for lucke sake. But look to our pockets
and purses for our own sake.

Clod. That's warning for me, I have the
greatest charge I am sure.

PIPERS.

A Country Dance.

*During which the Gypsies come about them
prying: and after the*

PATRICKO.

Sweet Doxes and Dells,
My Roses and Nells,
Your hands, nothing ells,
We ring you no knells
With our *Ptolemy* Bells,
Though we come from the fells,
And bring you good spells,
And tell you some chances
In midst of your Dances,
That Fortune advances
To *Prudence* or *Francis*,
To *Sisley* or *Harry*,
To *Roger*, or *Mary*,
Or *Meg* of the Dary.

To *Maudlin*, or *Thomas*,
 Then doe not runne from us,
 Although we look tawny,
 VVe are healthy and brawny,
 VVhat e're your demand is,
 VVe'le give you no laundis.

Pup. Say you so old Gypsic? 'slid these go to't in Rime, this is better then Canting by t'one halfe.

Town. Nay, you shall heare them, peace! they begin with *Prudence*, marke that.

Pup. The wiser Gypsies they marry.

Town. Are you advised.

Pup. Yes, and Ile stand to't, that a wise Gypsic (take him i'th time o'th' yeare) is as politicke a piece of Flesh, as most Iustices in the County where he maunds.

3 GYPSIE.

To love a Keeper your fortune will be.
 But the Dowcets better than him or his fee.

Town. Ha, *Prud'*, has he hit you in the teeth with the sweet bit?

Pup.

Pup. Let it alone; she'll swallow it well enough: a learned Gypsie.

Town. You'll heare more hereafter.

Pup. Marry and Ile listen, who's next, *Jack Cockrell.*

3 GYPSIE:

You'l steal your selfe drunk, I find it here true,
As you rob the pot, the pot will rob you.

Pup. A Prophet, a Prophet: no Gypsie, or if he must be a Gypsie, a divine Gypsie.

Town. Marke *Frances* now; she's going to't, the virginity of the parish.

PATRICO.

Feare not, in hell you'll never lead Apes,
A mortifi'd maiden of five escapes.

Pup. Bir-Lady he toucht the Virgin string there a little too hard, they are arrant learned men all I see. What say they upon *Tom Clod's* list.

4. GYPSIE.

Clod's feet in Christmas will goe neare to be bare,

When he has lost all his Hobnails at post and pare.

Pup. H' has hit the Hobnaile o' the head, his own game.

E Town.

Town. And the very mettle he deales in at play, if you marke it.

Pup. Peace, who's this Long *Meg*?

Town. Long and foule *Meg*, if she be a *Meg*, as ever I saw of her Inches : Pray God they fit her with a faire Fortune, shee hangs an Arse terribly.

PATRICO.

She'l have a Tailer take measure of her britch.
And ever after be troubled with a stitch.

Town. That's as homely as she.

Pup. The better : a Turd's as good for a Sow as a Pan-cake.

Town. Har ke, now they treat upon Tickle-foot.

4 GYPSIE.

On Sundayes you rob the poores boxe with
your Tabor,
The Collecters would doe it, you save them
a labour.

Pup. Faith but little, they doe it notwithstanding. Here's my little *Christian* forgot,
ha

ha you any fortune left for her, a strait lac'd
Christian of sixteene?

P A T R I C O.

Christian shall get her a loose bodyed Gown,
In trying how a Gentleman differs from a
Clowne.

Pup. Is that a fortune for a Christian? a
Turke Gypsie could not have told her worse.

Town. Come, Ile stand my selfe, and once
venture the poore head o'th' Towne. Doe
your worst, my name is *Townshhead*, and heres
my hand Ile not be angry.

2 G Y P S I E.

A Cuckold you must be, & that for three lives,
Your owne, the Parsons, and your wives.

Town. I swear Ile never marry for that,
an't be but to give Fortune my foe the lye:
Come *Paul Puppy* you must in too.

Pup. No, I am well enough: I would have
no good Fortune an I might.

4 G Y P S I E.

Yet look to your selfe, you'l ha' some ill luck
And shortly, for I have his purse with a plucke

Away Birds mum,
 I heare by the hum,
 If Beck-Harman come,
 He'le strike us all dumbe,
 With a noyse like a drum.
 Lets give him our roome
 Here, this way some,
 And that way others,
 We are not all brothers :
 Leave me to the cheats,
 Ile shew 'hem some feats.

Pup. What are they gone, flowne all of a suddaine ; this is fine y'faith : a Covy call yee 'hem ? they are a Covy soone scattered me thinks, who sprung 'hem I mar'le ?

Town. Marry your selfe *Puppy* for ought I know, you quested last.

Clod. Would hee had quested first, and sprung 'hem an houre agoe for me.

Town. Why, what's the matter ?

Clod. 'Slid, they sprung my purse, and all I had about me.

Town. They ha' not, ha' they ?

Clod.

Clod. As I am true *Tom Clod* ha' they, and ransackled me of every peny: out cept I were with child of an Owle (as they say) I never saw such luck : Its enough to make a man a whore.

Pup. Hold thy peace, thou talkst as if thou hadst a Licence to lose thy purse alone in this company : 'slid here be those can lose a purse in honour of the Gypsies, as well as thou for thy heart, and never make word of it : I ha' lost my purse too, and more in it that Ile speak of, but e're I'de crye for't as thou dost ——— Much good doe 'hem with all my heart, I doe reverence 'hem for't.

Cock. What was there i'thy purse? was the Lease of thy house in it?

Pup. Or thy Granams silver Ring?

Clod. No, but a Mill-sixpence of my Mothers, I loved as dearely ——— and two pence I had to spend over and above, beside the Harper that was gathered amongst us, to pay the Piper.

Town. Our whole stock, is that gone? how will *Tom Ficklefoot* do to whet his whistle then?

Pup. Marry a new Collection, there's no Musick else: Masters he can ill pipe that wants his upper lip.

Town. Yes, a Bag-piper may want both.

Cock. Why they have rob'd *Prudence* of a Race of Ginger, and a jet ring she had to draw *Iack Straw* hither a holy-dayes.

Town. Is't possible, fine fingred Gypsies y'faith.

Cock. And *Maudlin* has lost an enchanted Nutmeg, all guilded over, she had to put in her Sweet-hearts Ale a mornings, with a row of pins, which pricks the poore soule to the heart, the losse of 'hem.

Clod. And I have lost (beside my purse) my best Bridelace, and a halpworth of Hobnails, and *Francis* her thimble, with a skeane of Coventry blew she had to work *Will: Litchfields* Handkerchiffe.

Cock. And *Christian* her Practice of Piety, with a bow'd Groat, and the Ballad of whoop *Barnabee*, which grieves her worst of all.

Clod. And *Ticklefoote* has lost his Clout he sayes, with a three-pence and foure tokens in it, beside his Tabouring stick, even now.

Cock. And I my knife and sheath, and a pair of Dogs leather gloves.

Town. Have we left ne're a Dog amongst us? where's *Puppy* gone?

Pup. Here goodman *Townshhead*: you ha nothing to lose it seemes but the Townes Braines you're trusted with.

PATRICO.

O My deare Marrowes,
 No shooting of arrowes,
 Or shafts' of your wit,
 Each oth'r to hit,
 In your skirmishing fit:
 Your store is but small,
 Then venture not all;
 Remember each mock
 Doth spend o' the stock;
 And what was here done,
 Being under the Moone,
 And at afternoone,
 Will prove right soone
Deceptio visus,
Done gratia risus.
 There's no such thing,
 As the losse of a Ring,
 Or what yee count worse,
 The misse of a purse:
 But, hey for the maine,
 And passe o' the straine,

Here's both come againe,
 And there's an old twinger,
 Can shew you the Ginger :

- The Pins and the Nutmeg,
 Are safe here with Slutmeg,
 Then strike up your Tabour,
 And there's for your labour,
 The sheath and the knife,
 Ile venture my life,
 Shall breed you no strife,
 But like man and wife,
 Or sister and brother,
 Keep one with another,
 And light as a feather,
 Make hast to come hether.
- The Coventry blew
 Hangs there upon *Prue*,
 And here one opens
 The clout and the Tokens;
 Deny the bow'd goat,
 And you lye in your throat,
 Or the Tabourers nine-pence,

Or the fixe fine pence,

As for the Ballet,

Or Book what ye call it,

Alas our Society'

Mells not with Piety :

Himselfe hath forsooke it,

That first undertooke it.

For thimble or bridelace,

Search yonder side-lasse.

All's to be found,

If you looke your selves round :

WVe scorne to take from yee,

We'd rather spend on yee :

If any man wrong yee,

The thiefe's among yee,

Town. Excellent y'faith, a most restorative Gypsie : all's here againe, and yet by his learning of Legerdemaine he would make us believe we had rob'd our selves, for the Hob-nailes are come to me.

Coc. May be he knew whose shooes lackt clouting.

Pup. I, hee knowes more then that, or

Ile ne're trust my judgement in a Gypsie againe.

Cock. A Gypsie of quality believe it, one of the Kings Gypsies this : a *Drinkalian*, or a *Drinkebragatan*, aske him : the King hath a noyse of Gypsies, as well as of Bearewards.

Pop. What sort or order of Gypsies I pray Sir?

PATRICO.

A Flagonfeakian,
A Divells *Arse* & *Peakian* :
Borne first at *Ninglington*,
Bred up at *Filchington*.
Boorded at *Tappington*.
Bedded at *Wappington*.

Town. Fore me a dainty deriv'd Gypsie.

Pop. But I pray sir, if a man might aske on you, how came your *Captaines* place first to be cald the *Devills Arse*?

PATRICO.

For that take my word,
We have a record
That doth it afford,
And sayes our first Lord,

Cocklerrell

Cocklorrell he hight,
 On a time did invite
 The Devill to a feast;
 The taile of the yeast,
 Though since it be long,
 Lives yet in a Song,
 Which if you would heare,
 Shall plainly appeare.
 He call in my Clarke
 Shall sing like a Larke,
 Come in my long sharke,
 With thy face browne and darke;
 With thy tricks and thy toys,
 Make a merry merry noise,
 To those mad Country boyes.
 And chant out the fart of the Grand-
 devills Arse.

SONG.

(his guest,

COck-lorrel would needs have the Devill
 And bad him once into the Peak to dinner,
 Where never the Fiend had such a feast,
 Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His stomacke was queasie (for comming there
Coacht)

The jogging had caus'd some cruelties rise ;
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turne up the egg's of his eyes.

And so recover'd unto his wish,
He sate him downe, and he fell to eate ;
Promooter in Plum-broth was the first dish,
His owne privy Kitchin had no such meate.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
Vpon a suddaine he shifted his trencher,
As scone as he spy'd the Bawd, and Bacon,
By which you may note the devil's a wensher.

Six pickl'd Taylers sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tyre-women, fit for his pallet,
With Feathermen, and Perfumers put,
Some 12 in a Charger to make a grand salet.

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his marrow,
And by him a Lawyers head and Green-sawce ;
Both

Both which his belly took in like a Barrow,
As if till then he had never seene sawce.

Then Carbonado'd, and Cook't with paines,
Was brought up a cloven Serjeants face;
The sauce was made of his Yecmans braines,
That had beene beaten out with his owne mace.

Two roasted Sheriffes came whole to the boord,
(The feast had nothing bin without 'hem)
Both living, and dead, they were foxt and fur'd,
Their Chaines like Sawfages hung about 'hem.

The very next dish was a Major of a Towne,
With a pudding of maintenāce thrust in his belly,
Like a Goose in the Feathers drest in his gowne,
And his couple of Hinch-boyes boyl'd to a jelly.

A London Cuckold, hot from the spit,
And when the Carver up had broke him;
The Devill chopt up his head at a bit,
But the hornes were very neere like to have
choake him.

The Chine of a Lecher too there was roasted,
 With a plump Harlots haunch and garlick;
 A Panders Petticoes, that had boasted
 Himselfe for a Captaine, yet never was warlick.

A large fat patty of a Midwife hot,
 And for a cold bak't meate into the story,
 A reverend painted Lady was brought,
 And coffin'd in crust, till now she was hoary.

To these an over-growne Justice of peace,
 With a Clarke like a gizzard thrust under each
 arme;

And warrants for sippets, laid in his own grease,
 Set o're a Chaffing-dish to be kept warme.

The joule of a Taylor serv'd for fish,
 A Constable sou's'd with vinegar by;
 Two Aldermen Lobsters a sleepe in a dish,
 A Deputy Tart, a Churchwarden Pye.

All which devour'd, he then for a close,
 Did for a full draught of Darby call;

He heav'd the huge vessell up to his nose,
And left not till he had drunke up all.

Then from the table he gave a start,
Where banquet, and wine were nothing scarce;
All which he flirted away with a fart,
From whence it was call'd the Devils Arse.

And there he made such a breach with the wind,
The hole too standing open the while,
That the scent of the vapour, before, & behinde
Hath foully persumed most part of the Iste.

And this was Tobacco, the learned suppose;
Which since in Country, Court, and Towne,
In the Devils Glister-pipe smoakes at the nose
Of Polcat, and Madam, of Gallant, and Clown.

From which wicked weed, with Swines-flesh, &
Ling,

Or any thing else that's feast for the Fiend:
Our Captaine and wee, cry God save the King,
And send him good meate, & mirth without end.

P P P P T.

AN excellent Song, and a sweet Songster, and would have done rarely in a Cage, with a dish of water and Hempseed; a fine breast of his owne: Sir, you are a Prelate of the Order I understand, and I have a terrible grudging upon me to be one of your Company: will your Captaine take a Prentise Sir? I would binde my selfe to him body and soul, either for one and twenty yeares, or as many lives as he would.

Clo. I, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too: I am sorry I had no more mony i' my purse when you came first upon us sir: If I had knowne you would have pickt my pocket so like a gentleman, I would have beene better provided; I shall bee glad to venture a purse with your worship any time you'll appoynt, so you would preferre mee to your Captaine; He put in security for my truth, and serve out my time, though I dye to morrow.

Cock I, upon those termes sir, and in hope your Captaine keeps better cheere than hee made for the Devill, for my stomacke will
ne're

ne're agree with that dyet, we'll be all his followers: Ile goe home and fetch a little money sir, all I have, and you shall pick my pocket to my face, and Ile avouch it: A man would not desire to have his pocket pickt in better company.

Pap. Tut, they have other manner of gifts, than telling Fortunes, or picking pockets.

Cock. I, and they would bee pleased to shew 'hem, or thought us poor mortall country folkes worthy of them.

Pap. What might a man doe to be a gentleman of your company sir?

Cock. I, a Gypsie in ordinary, or nothing.

PATRICKO.

FRiends not to refell yee,
 Or any way quell yee,
 To buy or to sell yee;
 I onely must tell yee,
 You aime at a mystery,
 Worthy a History.
 There's much to be done,
 E're yee can be a sonne,

Or brother o'the Moone;
 'Tis not so soone
 Acquir'd as desir'd ;
 You must be beane-bowzy,
 And sleepey and drouzy,
 And lazy, and louzy,
 Before yee can rouze yee,
 In shape that avowes yee,
 And then yee may stalke
 The Gypsies walke :
 To the Coopes and the Pens,
 And bring in the Hens,
 Though the Cocke be left sullen,
 For losse of the Pullen,
 Take Turkey and Capon,
 And Gammons of Bacon :
 Let nought be forsaken,
 We'll let you goe loose,
 Like a Foxe to a Goose,
 And shew you the Sty
 Where the little pigges lye,
 Whence if you can take

One,

One, two, and not wake
 The Sow in her dreames,
 But by the Moone-beames,
 So warily hye,
 As neither doe crye,
 You shall the next day
 Have a Licence to play
 At the hedge a flirt,
 For a sheet, or a shirt.
 If your hand be light,
 Ile shew you the slight
 Of our *Ptolomies* knot,
 It is, and tis not.
 To change your Complexion,
 With the noble confection,
 Of Wall-nuts and Hogges-grease:
 Better then Dogs grease:
 And milke the Kine,
 Ere the Milke-maid fine,
 Have opened her cyne.
 Or if you desire
 To spit, or fart fire,

Ile teach you the knacks
 Of eating of Flaxe,
 And out of your noses,
 Draw Ribbons for Posies,
 As for example,
 Mine owne is as ample,
 And fruitfull a nose,
 As wit can suppose.
 Yet it shall goe hard,
 But there will be spar'd
 Each of you a yard,
 And worth your regard,
 When the colour and size,
 Arrive at your eyes :
 And if you incline
 To a cup of good wine,
 When you sup or dine :
 If you chance it to lacke,
 Be it Clarret or Sack,
 Ile make this snout,
 To deale it about,
 Or this to runne out,
 As it were from a spout.

Town. Admirable tricks, and he does 'hem
all *se defendendo*, as if he would not be taken
in the trap of authority by a fraile fleshy
Constable.

Clod. Without the aid of a Cheese.

Pup. Or helpe of a Flich of Bacon.

Cock. O hee would chirpe in a paire of
Stocks sumptuously: I'de give any thing to
see him play loose with his hands, when his
feet are fast.

Pup. O' my conscience he feares not that
an the Marshall himselve were here: I pro-
test I admire him.

PATRICO.

Is this worth your wonder?
Nay then you shall under-
stand more of my skill,
For I can (for I will)
Here at Burlye o'th' Hill,
Give you all your fill,
Each *Jack* with his *Gill*,
And shew you the King,

The

The Prince too, and bring,
 The Gypsies were here,
 Like Lords to appeare,
 And such their attenders,
 As you thought offenders,
 Who now become new men,
 Youle know 'hem for true men;
 For he we call chiefe,
 (He tell you in brieft)
 Is so farre from a thiefe,
 He gives you reliefe,
 With his Beere and his Biefe,
 And tis not long sine
 Yee dranke of his wine,
 And it made you fine,
 Both Clarret and Sherry;
 Then let us be merry,
 And help with your call,
 For a Hall, a Hall,
 Stand up to the wall,
 Both good men and tall,
 We are one mans all;

BEVER.

THe first of *August*,
Vill not let Saw-dust
 Lie in your throats,
 Or cob-webs, or oates;
 But helpe to scoure yee,
 This is no *Gowrie*
 Has drawne *James* hither,
 But the good man of *Bever*,
 Our *Buckingham's* Father,
 Then so much the rather
 Make it a jolly night,
 For tis a holy night,
 Spight of the Constable,
 Or Mas *Deane* of *Dunstable*.

All. A Hall, a hall, a hall.

The Gypsies changed. Dance.

PATRICO.

WHy now yee behold,
 Twas truth that I told,

And

And no devise ;
 They are chang'd in a trice ,
 And so will I ,
 Be my selfe by and by .
 I onely now
 Must study how
 To come off with a grace ;
 With my *Patrico's* place :
 Some short kinde of blessing ,
 It selfe addressing
 Unto my good Master ,
 Which light on him faster ,
 Than wishes can flye ,
 And you that stand by
 Be as jocund as I ;
 Each man with his voyce ,
 Give his heart to rejoyce ,
 Which Ile requite ,
 If my heart hit right ,
 Though late now at night ,
 Each Clowne here in sight ,
 Before day light ,

Shall

Shall prove a good Knight :
 And your Lasses Pages,
 Worthy their wages,
 Where fancy engages
 Girles to their ages.

Clow. Oh any thing for the *Patrico*, what
 is't ? what is't ?

Pat. Nothing but bear the bob of the close,
 It will be no burthen, you well may suppose.
 But blesse the Sov'raigne, and his sences,
 And to wish away offences.

Clow. Let us alone, blesse the Sov'raigne,
 and his sences.

Pat. We'll take them in order, as they have
 being : And first of seeing.

Pat. **F**ROM a Gypsie in the morning,
 Or a paire of squint-eyes turning :
 From the Goblin, and the Spectre,
 Or a Drunkard, though with *Nectar* ;
 From a woman true to no man,
 which is ugly, besides common ;
 A smocke rampant, and the itches,
 To be putting on the breeches ;
 Wheresoever they ha' their being,
 Blesse the Sov'raigne and his seeing.

2. From

2

From a foole, and serious toyes ;
 From a Lawyer, three parts noyse ;
 From impertinence, like a Drum
 Beate at dinner in his roome :

From a tongue without a file,
 Heapes of Phrases, and no Stile.

From a Fiddle out of tune,
 As the Cuckow is in *Iune*.

From the Candlesticks of *Lothbury*,
 And the loud pure wives of *Banbury* :

Or a long pretended fit,
 Meant for mirth, but is not it :

Onely time, and cares out-wearing,
 Blessè the Sov'raigne, and his hearing.

3

From a strolling Tinkers sheete,
 Or a paire of Carriers feet :

From a Lady that doth breath,
 Worse above than underneath.

From the Diet, and the knowledge
 Of the Students in Beares Colledge.

From Tobacco, with the tipe
 Of the Devills Glister-pipe ;

Or a stinke all stinks excellling
 A Fish-mongers dwelling,
 Blessè the Sov'raigne, and his smelling.

4 From

From an Oyſter, and Fry'd fiſh,

A Sowes Baby in a diſh :

From any portion of a Swine.

From bad Veniſon, and worſe wine.

Ling, what Cooke ſoe're it boyle,

Though with Muſtard ſauc'd and oyle,

Or what elſe would keepe man faſting,

Bleſſe the Sov'raigne, and his taſting.

5

Both from Bird lime, and from pitch,

From a Doxie and her itch.

From the Briſles of a Hogge.

Or the ring-worme in a Dogge.

From the courtſhip of a bryer,

Or St. *Antonies* old fier.

From a Needle, or a Thorne ;

Itle bed at Ev'n, or Morne.

Or from any Gowts leaſt grutching,

Bleſſe the Sov'raigne, and his touching.

6

Bleſſe him too from all offences,

In his ſports, as in his ſences.

From a Boy to croſſe his way,

From a fall, or a foule day.

Bleſſe him, ô bleſſe him heav'n, and lend him

To be the ſacred burthen of a ſong; (long

The

The acts, and years, of all our Kings t'out-go,
And while he's mortall we not think him so.

After which, ascending up, the Jackman sings.
Song 1.

THe sports are done, yet doe not let
Your joyes in suddaine silence set:
Delight and dumbnesse never met.
In one selfe subiect yet.

If things oppos'd must mixt appeare,
Then adde a boldnesse to your feare,
And speake a hymne to him,
Where all your duties doe of right belong,
Which I will sweeten with an under song.
Captaine.

Glory of ours, and grace of all the earth,
How wel your figure doth become your birth.
As if your forme, and fortune equall stood,
And onely vertue got above your blood.

Song. 2.

Vertue, his Kingly vertue which did merit
This Iste entire, and you are to inherit.

4 Gypsie.

How right he doth confesse him in his face
His brow, his eye, and ev'ry marke of state;
As if he were the issue of each grace,
And bore about him both his fame, and fate.

Song.

Song 3.

Looke, looke, is he not faire,
And fresh, and fragrant too,
As Summer skie, or purged aire,
And lookes as Lillies doe,
That were this morning blowne.

4 Gyp. Oh more ! that more of him were
knowne.

3 Gypsie.

Look how the winds upon the waves grown
tame, (wings;
Take up Land sounds upon their purple
And catching each from other, bear the same
To ev'ry angle of their sacred springs:
So wil we take his praise, and hurle his name
About the *Globe*, in thousand ay'ry rings,
If his great vertue be in love with fame,
For that contemn'd, both are neglected
things.

Song 4.

Good Princes soare above their fame,
And in their worth,
Come greater forth,
Then in their name.

Such, such the Father is,
Whom ev'ry title strives to kisse: (raise,
Who on his Royall grounds unto himselfe doth
The worke to trouble fame, & to astonish praise.

4 Gypsie

4 Gypse.

Indeed he's not Lord alone of all the State,
 But of the love of men, & of the Empires fate.
 The *Muses* Arts, the *Schools* commerce; our
Honours lawes,
 And *Vertues* hang on him, as on their wor-
 king cause.

2 *Gip.* His Hand-maid *Justice* is.

3 *Gip.* *Wisedom* his Wife :

4 *Gip.* His Miltresse, *Mercy* :

5 *Gip.* *Temperance* his life.

2 *Gip.* His Pages bounty, and grace, which
 many prove,

3 *Gip.* His Guards are *magnanimity* & *love*.

4 His *Ushers*, *Counsell*, *Truth*, and *Piety*.

5 *Gip.* And all that followes him, *Felicity*.

Song 5

Ob that we understood

Our good;

There's happinesse indeed in blood,

And store,

But how much more,

When *virtu's* flood

In the same stream doth hit?

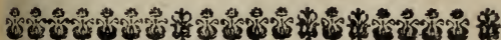
As that growes high with yeares, so happinesse
 with it.

Cap.

Captaine.

Love, love his fortune then, & vertues known,
Who is the top of men,

But makes the happinesse our owne;
Since where the Prince for goodnesse is re-
nown'd,
The Subject with felicity is Crown'd.

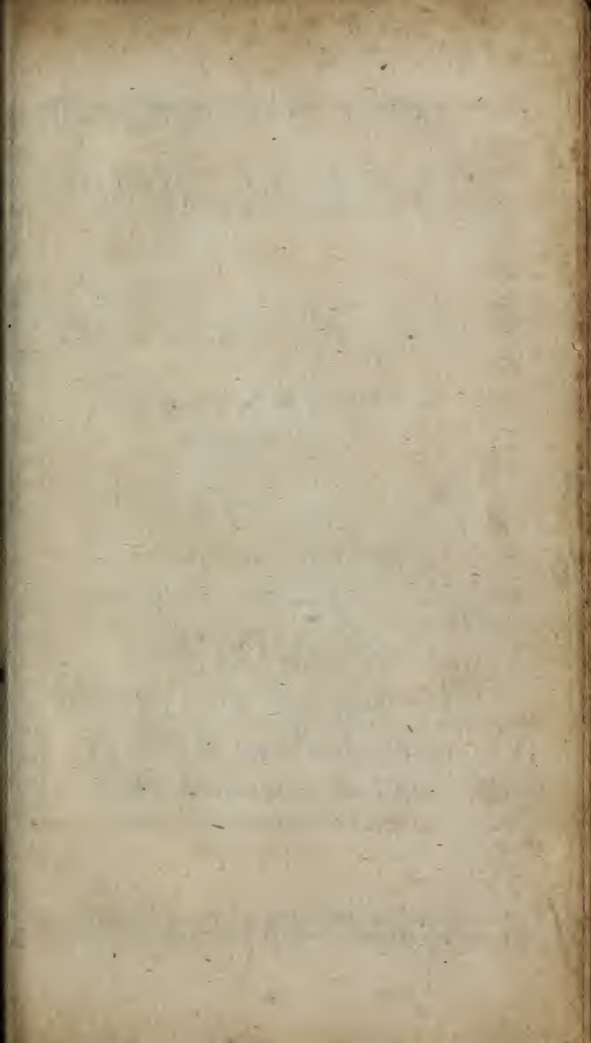
*The Epilogue.*

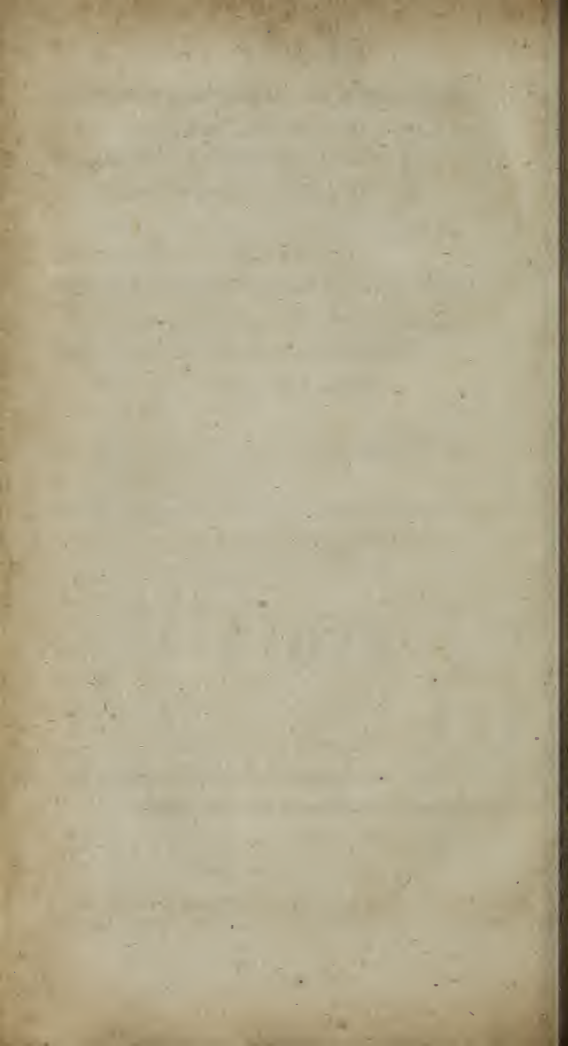
AT *Burley, Bever*, and now last at *Windsor*,
Which shews we are *Gypsies* of no common kind
You have beheld (& with delight) their change, (sir.
And how they came trāsform'd, may think it strange.
It being a thing not toucht at by our Poet,
Good *Ben* slept there, or else forgot to shew it;
But least it prove like wonder to the sight,
To see a *Gypsic*, as an *Æthiophe*, white:
Know, that what dy'd our faces was an oyntment
Made, and laid on by *Mr. Woolfes* appoyntment;

The

The Court *Licantropos* : yet without spells,
By a meeke Barber, and no Magicke ells:
It was fetcht off with water and a Ball,
And to our transformation this is all,
Save what the Master *Fashioner* calls his,
For to Gypsies *Metamorphosis* ;
Who doth disguise his habit, and his face,
And takes on a false person by his place :
The power of Poetry can never faile her,
Assisted by a *Barber*, and a *Taylor*.

FINIS.





EPIGRAMS

TO

Severall Noble
Personages in this
Kingdome.

The Author *Ben: Ionson*.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. Okes*, for
J. Benson, and are to bee
sold at his shop in *St. Dun-*
stons Church-yard in *Fleet-*
street. 1640.

EPICRAMS

TO

Several Noble

Personages in this

Kingdom.

The Author Excuses

LONDON:

Printed by J. Oates, for

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sold at his shop in St. Dun-

stons Church-yard in Fleet-

street. 1740.



EPIGRAMS

TO

Severall Noble Personages
in this Kingdome.

Upon King CHARLES
his Birth-day.

THis is King *Charles* his birth day, speake it
the Tower
Unto the ships, & they from Tire to Tires
Discharging 'bout the Island in an houre,
As loud as thunder, and as swift as fire.

Let *Ireland* meet it out at Sea halfe way,
 Repeating al great *Brittaines* joy and more,
 Adding her owne glad accents to this day,
 Like eccho playing from another shore.

What Drums, or Trumpets, or great Ordnance can,
 The Poetry of Steeples with the Bells.
 Three Kingdomes mirth in light and ayery man,
 Made loftier by the winds all noyses els.

At Bone-fires, squibs, and mirth, with all their
 shouts,
 That crie the gladnesse which their hearts would
 pray,
 If they had leasure, at these lawfull routs,
 The often comming of this Holy day :
 And then noyse forth the burthen of their song ;
 Still to have such a *Charles*, but this *Charles* long.

To



To the Queen on her Birth-day.

UP publicke joy, remember
 The sixteenth of *November*,
 Some brave uncommon way.

And though the parish Steeple
 Be silent to the people,
 Ring thou it Holy day.

What though the thirfty Towre,
 And Guns there spare to powre
 Their noyses out in thunder :

As fearefull to awake
 The City, as to shake
 Their guarded gates afunder.

Yet let the Trumpets sound,
 And shake both aire and ground
 With beating of their Drums :

Let every Lire be strung,
 Harpe, Lute, Theorbo sprung
 With touch of learned thumbs :

That when the Quire is full,
 The harmony may pull
 The Angels from their spheres:
 And each intelligence,
 May wish it selfe a fence,
 Whilst it the Ditty heares.

Behold the royall *Mary*,
 The daughter of great *Harry*,
 And sister to iust *Lewis*,
 Comes in the pompe and glory
 Of all her fathers story,
 And of her brothers Prowis.

She shewes so farre above
 The feigned *Queen of Love*,
 This *Sea-girt* ground upon,
 As here no *Venus* were,
 But that she reigning here,
 Had put the *Ceston* on.

See, see our active King,
 Hath taken twice the Ring
 Upon the poynted Lance,
 Whilst all the ravish't rout,
 Doe mingle in a shout,
 Hey for the floure of *France*.

This

This day the Court doth measure
Her joy in state and pleasure:

And with a reverend feare,
The revells and the play
Make up this Crowned day
Her one and twenty yeare.



*An Epgram to the Queens
Healib.*

HAile *MARY*, full of grace, it once was said,
And by an Angell, to the blessed Maid,
The mother of our Lord: and why not,
Without prophaneesse, as a Poet, crye,
Haile *Mary* full of honours, to my Queene,
The Mother of our Prince? when was there seene
(Except the joy that the first *Mary* brought,
Whereby the safety of the world was wrought)
So generall a gladnesse to an Isle,
To make the hearts of a whole Nation smile,
As in this Prince? let it be lawfull so
To compare small with great, as still we owe

Our thanks to God; then haile to *Mary* spring
Of so much health, both to our Land and King.



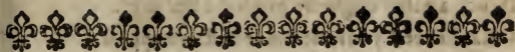
On the Princes Birth-day.

An Epigram.

AND art thou born, brave babe? blest be thy birth
That so hath crown'd our hopes, our spring on
earth;

The bed of the chaste *Lilly*, and the *Rose*,
What month than *May* was fitter to disclose
This Prince of flowers? soon shoot thou up, & grow
The same that thou art promis'd; but be slow
And long in changing: let our Nephews see
Thee quickly come, the Gardens eye to bee,
And still to stand so: Haſte now envious Moone,
And interpose thy ſelfe, care not how ſoone,
And threat the great Eclips, two houres but runne,
ſhe will reſhine; if not, *Charles* hath a Sonne.

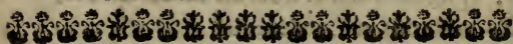
— Non Diſplicuiſſe meretur,
Festinat Caſar, qui placuiſſe tibi.



Another on the Birth of *the Prince.*

A Nother Phoenix, though the first is dead,
 A second's flowne from his Immortall bed,
 To make this our *Arabia* to be
 The nest of an eternal progeny.
 Choise nature fram'd the former, but to find,
 What error might be mended in Man-kind :
 Like some industrious workmen, which affect
 Their first endeavours onely to correct :
 So this the building, that the Modell was,
 The type of all that now is come to passe :
 That but the shadow, this the substance is,
 All that was but the prophesie of this :
 And when it did this after birth fore-runne,
 'Twas but the morning starre unto this Sunne ;
 The dawning of this day, when *Sol* did thinke,
 We having such a light, that he might winke,
 And we ne're misse his lustre : nay so soone
 As *Charles* was borne, he, and the pale fac'd Moone,

With envy then did copulate, to try
 If such a birth might be produc'd ith' sky.
 What heavenly favour made a starre appeare,
 To bid wise Kings to doe their homage here,
 And prove him truely Christian? long remaine
 On earth, sweet Prince, that when great *Charles* shall
 In heaven above, our little *Charles* may be (reigne
 As great on earth, because as good as he.



A Parallell of the Prince to the King.

SO *Peleus*, when he faire *Thetis* got,
 As thouthy *Sea Queen*; so to him she brought
 A blessed Babe, as thine hath done to thee:
 His worthiest prov'd of those times, ours may be
 Of these; his had a *Pallas* for his guide,
 Thy wisdome will as well for ours provide:
 His conquered Countries, Cities, Castles, Towers,
 A worthy foe; hereafter so may ours.
 His all his time but once *Patroclus* finds,
 But this of ours a world of faithfull friends;

He's

I doe obey you beauty ; for in death
 You seeme a faire one ; O that I had breath
 To give your shade a name ! stay ! stay ! I feele
 A horrour in me, all my blood is Steele,
 Stiffe starke ; my joynts 'gainst one another knockt
 Whose daughter ? ha ! great *Savage* of the *Rock* !
 He's good, as great ! I am almost a stone,
 And ere I can aske more of her she's gone !
 Alas I am all Marble : write the rest,
 Thou wouldst have written Fame upon my brest,
 It is a large faire Table, and a true,
 And the disposure will be somewhat new :
 When I, who would her Poet have become,
 At least may beare th'inscription to her Tombe :
 She was the *Lady Lane*, and Marchionesse
 Of *Winchester* ; the Heralds can tell this :
 Earle *Rivers* grand-child ; serve not titles, fame
 Sound thou her vertues, give her soule a name.
 Had I a thousand mouthes, as many tongues,
 And voyce to raise them from my brasen Lungs,
 I durst not aime at, the Dotes thereof were such,
 No Nation can expresse how much
 Their Charact was : I or my trump must break,
 But rather I, should I of that part speake,
 It is too neare of kin to God ; the soule
 To be describ'd, Fames fingers are too soule

To touch those mysteries; we may admire
 The heat and splendor, but not handle fire:
 What she did by a great example well,
 T' in live posterity, her fame may tell;
 And calling truth to witness, make it good
 From the inherent graces in her blood.
 Else who doth praise a person by a new,
 But a feign'd way doth spoyle it of the true:
 Her sweetnesse, softnesse, her faire courtesie,
 Her wary guards, her wise simplicity,
 Were like a ring of vertues 'bout her set,
 And piety the Center where all met:
 A reverend state she had, an awfull eye;
 A darling (yet inviting) Majesty;
 What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact,
 Could heap to a perfection, was her act:
 How did she leave the world, with what contempt?
 Just as she in it liv'd, and so exempt
 From all affection: when they urg'd the Cure
 Of her disease, how did her soule assure
 Her sufferings, as the body had bin away:
 And to the torturers, her Doctors say,
 Stick on your Cupping-glasses, feare not, put
 Your hottest Causticks to burne, lance, or cut:
 Tis but a body which you can torment,
 And I into the world with my soule was sent.

Then

Then comforted her Lord, and blest her sonne,
 Cheer'd her faire sisters, in her race to runne.
 Which gladnesse temper'd her sad parents teares,
 Made her friends joyes to get above their feares.
 And in her last act taught the standers by,
 With admiration and applause to dye:
 Let Angels sing her glories, who did call
 Her spirit home to her originall;
 That saw the way was made it, and were sent
 To carry and conduct the Complement
 'Twixt death and life: where her mortality
 Became her birth-day to eternity.
 And now through circumfused lights she looks
 On Natures secrets there, as her owne books;
 Speaks heavens language, and discourfes free
 To every Order, every Hierarchy,
 Beholds her Maker, and in him doth see
 What the beginning of all beauties be:
 And all beatitudes that thence doth flow,
 Which the Elect of God are sure to know.
 Goe now her happy parents, and be sad,
 If yce not understand what child you had;
 If you dare quarrell heaven, and repent
 To have paid againe a blessing was but lent:
 And trusted so, as it deposited lay
 At pleasure to be cald for every day.

If you can envy your owne daughters blisse ;
 And wish her state lesse happy than it is ;
 If you can cast about your eyther eye,
 And see all dead here, or about to dye :
 The Starres that are the jewells of the night,
 The day deceasing with the Prince of light,
 The Sunne. Great Kings, and mightiest King-
 domes fall,
 Whole Nations ; nay, Man kinde, the VVorld
 and all
 That ever had beginning to have end ;
 With what injustice can one soule pretend
 T'escape this common knowne necessity,
 When we were all borne, we beganne to dye :
 And but for that brave contention and strife,
 The Christian hath to enjoy a future life,
 He were the wretchedst of the race of men ;
 But as he soares at that, he bruseth then
 The serpents head ; gets above death and Sinne,
 And sure of heaven rides triumphing in.

ODE



ODE PINDARICK
 To the Noble Sir
Lucius Cary.

The turne of ten.

BRave Infant of *Saguntum* cleare,
 Thy comming forth in that great yeare,
 When the prodigious *Hanibal* did Crowne
 His rage, with razing your immortall Towne.
 Thou looking then about,
 E're thou wert halfe got out:
 Wise child didst hastily returne,
 And madst thy Mothers wombe thine Urne,
 How sum'd a Circle didst thou leave man-kind,
 Of deepest lore, could we the center find.

The Counter-turne of ten.

Did wiser nature draw thee backe,
 From out the horrour of that sacke ?

Where

Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right,
Lay trampled on the deeds of death and night.

Urg'd, hurried forth, and hurl'd
Upon th' affrighted world :
Sword, fire, famine, with full fury met,
And all on utmost ruine set :
As could they but lives miseries fore-see,
No doubt all Infants would retorne like thee.

The Stand, of twelve.

For what is life, if measur'd by the space,
Not by the Act ?
Or masked man, if valued by his face,
Above his Fact ?
Here's one out-liv'd his Peeres,
And told forth fourescore yeeres,
He vexed time, and busied the whole State,
Troubled both foes and friends,
But ever to no ends :
What did this stirrer but dye late ?
How well at twenty had he falne or stood,
For three of his foure-score he did no good.

The

The second turne of ten.

He entred well by vertuous parts,
 Got up and thriv'd with honest Arts,
 He purchas'd friends, and fame, and honours then,
 And had his noble Name advanc'd with men.
 But weary of that flight,
 He stoop'd in all mens sight
 To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
 And sunke in that dead Sea of life
 Too deep: as he did then death's waters sup,
 But that the Corke of title, boy'd him up.

The second Counter-turne, of ten.

Alas, but Morison fell young;
 He never fell, thou triptst my tongue:
 He stood a souldier to the last night end,
 A perfect Patriot, and a noble friend.
 But most a vertuous son,
 All Offices were done
 By him so ample, full and round,
 In weight, and measure, number sound,
 As though his age imperfect might appeare,
 His life was of humanity the Spheare.

The second Stand of twelve.

Goe now and tell out dayes, sum'd up with feares,
And make them yeares:
Produce thy masse of miseries on the Stage,
To swell thine Age;
Repeate of things a throng,
To shew thou hast beene long,
Not liv'd: for life doth her great actions spell,
By what was done, and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are how well:
Each sillib' answer'd, and was form'd how faire;
These make the lines of life, and that's her aire.

The third turne of ten.

It is not growing, like a Tree,
In bulke, doth make man better bee,
Or standing long an Oake, three hundred yeare,
To fall a Log at last, drye, bald, and scare:
A Lilly of a day,
Is fairer farre in May,
Although it fall and dye at night,
It was the plant and flower of light;
In small proportions we just beauty see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

The third Counter-turne of ten.

Call noble *Lucius* then for Wine,
 And letchy looks with gladnesse shine,
 Accept this Garland, plant it on thy head,
 And thinke, nay know thy *Morison's* not dead
 He leap'd the present age,
 Possess with holy rage,
 To see the bright eternall day,
 Of which we Priests and Poets say
 Such truths as we expect for happy men,
 And there he lives with memory : and *Bene*

The third Stand of twelve.

Jonson ! who sung this of him e're he went
 Himselfe to rest :
 Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
 To have exprest,
 In this bright Asterisme,
 Where it was friendships schisme.
 Were not his *Lucius* long with us to tarry,
 To seperate these twi-
 Lights, the *Dioscuri*,
 And

And keep the one halfe from his *Harry* ;
 But fate doth so alternate the designe,
 Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth must shine.

The fourth turne of ten.

And shine as you exalted are,
 Two names of friendship, but one starre
 Of hearts the union : and those not by chance
 Made or indentur'd, or leas'd out t' advance
 The profits for a time,
 No pleasures vaine, did chime
 Of Rimes, or Ryots at your feasts.
 Orgies of drinke, or feign'd protests ;
 But simple love, of greatnesse and of good,
 That knits brave minds & manners mote than blood.

The fourth Counter-turne of ten.

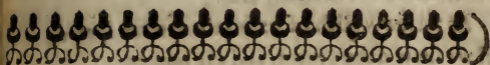
This made you first to know the why
 You lik'd, than after to apply
 That liking ; and approach so one the tother,
 Till either grew a portion of the other ;
 Each stiled by his end,
 The copy of his fiend ;

You

You liv'd to be the great surnames,
 And titles by which all made claimes
 Unto the vertue: nothing perfect done,
 But as a *Cary*, or a *Merison*.

The fourth, and last Stand, of twelve.

And such a force the faire example had,
 As they that saw
 The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
 That such a Law
 Was left yet to man-kind,
 Where they might read, and find
 Friendship indeed was written not in words,
 And with the heart, not pen,
 Of two so rarely men,
 Whose Lines her Rowles were, and records
 Who e're the first downe, bloomed on the Chin,
 Had sowed these fruits, and got the harvest in.



To *Hierom* Lord *Weston*,
upon his returne from his
Embassie.

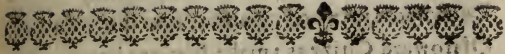
Such pleasures as the teeming earth
 Doth take in easie Natures birth,
 When she puts forth the life of every thing,
 And in a dew of sweetest raine,
 She lies deliver'd without paine,
 Of the prime beauty of the yeare and spring.
 That Rivers in their shores doe runne,
 The clouds rack cleare before the Sunne,
 The rudest winds obey the calmest aire,
 Rare plants from every banke doe rise,
 And every plant the sence surprise,
 Because the order of the whole is faire.

The very verdure of her nest,
 Wherein she fits so richly drest,
 As all the wealth of season there were spread,
 Have shew'd the graces, and the houres,
 Have multiply'd their arts and powers,
 In making soft her Aromaticke bed.

Such joyes, such sweets doth your returne
 Bring all your friends, faire Lord, that burne
 With joy to heare your modesty relate
 The businesse of your blooming wit,
 With all the fruits that follow it,
 Both to the honour of the King, and state.

O how will the Court be pleas'd,
 To see great CHARLES of travell eas'd:
 When he beholds a graft of his owne hand,
 Spring up an Olive, fruitfull, faire,
 To be a shadow of the aire;
 And both a strength and beauty to the Land.

To

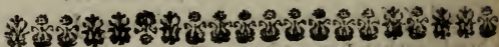


To the Right Honourable
the Lord Treasurer.

An Epigram.

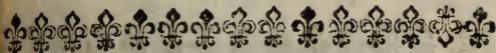
IF to my minde, great Lord, I had a state,
I would present you with some curious Plate
Of *Norimberg*, or *Turkie*; hang your rooms,
Not from the *Arras*, but the *Persian* Looms:
I would (if price or prayer could them get)
Send in what *Romans* famous *Tintaret*,
Titian, or *Raphaell*, *Michaell Angelo*,
Have left in Fame, to equall, or out-goe
The old Greeke hands in picture or in stone;
This would I doe, could I thinke *Weston* one
Catch'd with these Arts; wherein the judge is wise,
As farre as sence, and onely by his eyes.
But you I know, my Lord, and know you can
Discerne betweene a Statue, and a Man:
Can doe the things that Statue doe deserve,
And as the businesse which these paint or carve,

What you have studied are the Arts of life,
 To compose men and manners, stint the strife
 Of froward Citizens ; make Nations know
 What world of blessings to good Kings they owe ;
 And mightiest Monarchs feele what large increase
 Of fame and honour you possesse by peace.
 These looke I up at with a measuring eye,
 And strike Religion in the standers by.
 Which though I cannot, like as an Architect,
 In glorious Piles and Pyramids erect
 Unto your honour ; I can voyce in song
 Aloud ; and (haply) it may last as long.



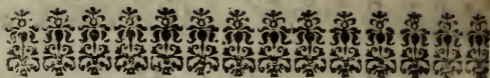
To Mr. Jonson upon these Verses.

YOUR Verses were commended, as 'tis true,
 That they were very good, I meane to you :
 For they return'd you *Ben* I have beene told,
 The seld seen summe of forty pound in gold.
 These Verses then, being rightly understood,
 His Lordship, not *Ben: Jonson*, made them good.



To my DetraCTOR.

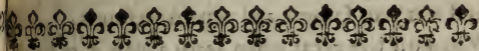
MY Verses were commended, thou didst say,
 And they were very good ; yet thou thinkst nay.
 For thou objectest, as thou hast beene told,
 Th'envy'd returne of forty pound in gold.
 Foole doe not rate my rimes, I have found thy vice
 Is to make cheap the Lord, the Lines, the Price :
 But barke thou on ; I pittie thee poore Cur,
 That thou shouldst lose thy noise, thy foam, thy flur,
 To be knowne what thou art, thou blatent beast :
 But writing against me, thou thinkst at least
 I now would write on thee : no wretch, thy name
 Cannot worke out unto it such a fame :
 No man will tarry by thee as he goes
 To aske thy name, if he have halfe a nose ;
 But flye thee like the Pest. Walk not the street
 Out in the Dog-dayes, least the Killer meet
 Thy Noddle with his Club ; and dashing forth
 Thy dirty braines, men see thy want of worth.



To *William* Earle of *New*
Castle on the backing
 of his *Horse*.

When first, my Lord, I saw you back your horse
 Provoke his mettle, and command his force
 To all the uses of the field and race,
 Me thought I read the ancient Art of *Thrace*,
 And saw a Centaure past those tales of *Greece*;
 So seem'd your horse and You, both of a peece:
 You shew'd like *Perseus* upon *Pegasus*,
 Or *Castor* mounted on his *Cillarus*:
 Or what we heare our home-borne Legend tell,
 Of bold Sir *Bevis*, and his *Arundell*,
 And so your seat his beauries did endorse,
 As I beganne to wish my selfe a horse.
 And surely had I but your stable scene
 Before, I thinke my wish absolv'd had beene:
 For never saw I yet the Muses dwell,
 Nor any of their household h. lfe so well.

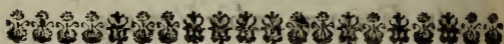
So well ! as when I saw the floore and roome,
 I look'd for *Hercules* to be the groome.
 And cry'd, away with the *Cæsarian* bread,
 At these immortall Mangers *Virgil* fed.



To *William Earle of New-Castle.*
An Epigram on his Fencing.

They talke of Fencing, and the use of Armes,
 The Art of urging, and avoyding harmes ;
 The Noble Science, and the mastering skill
 Of making just approaches, how to kill,
 To hit in Angles, and to clasp with time,
 As all defence, or offence, were a Chime.
 What this mea'sur'd: give me metled fire,
 That trembles in the blaze, but then mounts higher
 In swift and darling motion, when a paire
 Of men doe meet like rarified aire :
 Their weapons darted with that flame and force,
 As they out-did the lightning in the course,
 Thus were a spectacle, a sight to draw
 Under to valour : no, it is a Law

Of daring, not to doe a wrong : tis true,
 Next to despise, it being done to you :
 To know all heads of danger : where tis fit
 To bend, to breake, provoke, or suffer it:
 And this my Lord is va'our : this is yours,
 And was your fathers, and your Ancestours;
 Who durst live great, when death appear'd, or bands
 And valiant were with, or without, their hands.



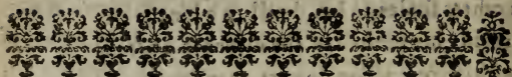
To Sir Kenelme Digby.

An Epigram.

THough happy Muse thou know my *Digby* well,
 Yet take him in these Lines : he doth excell
 In Honours, Courtesie, and all the parts
 Court can call hers, or man would call his Arts :
 He's prudent, valiant, just, and temperate,
 In him all action is beheld in state.
 And he is built, like some Imperiall Rome,
 For those to dwell in, and be still at home.
 His breast is a brave Pallas, a broad street,
 Where all heroicke ample thoughts doe meet.

Where

Where nature such a large surveigh hath tane,
 As others soules, to his, dwell in a lane:
 Witnesse his birth-day, the eleventh of *June*,
 And his great action done at *Scanderoone*.
 That day, which I predestin'd am to sing,
 For *Brittains* honour, and to *Charles* my King:
 Goe Muse in, and salute him, say he be
 Busie, or frowne at first, when he sees thee,
 He will cheare up his fore-head, think thou bring'st
 Good fortune to him in the Note thou sing'st:
 For he doth love my verses, and will looke
 Upon them, next to *Spencers* noble booke;
 And praise them too: O what a Fame 'twill be?
 What reputation to my lines, and me,
 When he doth read them at the *Treasurers* board,
 The knowing *Weston*, and that learned *Lord*
 Allowses them? then what Copies will be had?
 What transcripts made? how cry'd up, and how glad
 Wilt thou be Muse, when this shall then be fall,
 Being sent to one, they will be read of all.



His Mistresse Drawne.

Sitting, and ready to be drawne,
 What make these Velvets, Silks, & Lawn?
 Embroyderies, Feathers, Fringe and Lace,
 When every limbe takes like a face?

Send these suspected helps to aid
 Some forme defective, and decay'd :
 This beauty without falsehood faire,
 Needs nought to cloath it but the aire,

Yet something to the Painters view,
 Were fitly interpos'd, so new
 He'll all (if he can understand)
 Worke by my fancy with his hand.

Draw first a Cloud, all save her necke,
 And out of that make day to break :
 Till like her face it doe appeare,
 And men may think all light rose there.

Then

Then let the beames of that disperse
 The Cloud, and shew the Universe :
 But at such distance, as the eye
 May rather it adore than spye.

The heavens design'd, draw next a spring,
 With all that youth, or it may bring :
 Foure Rivers branching forth like seas,
 And Paradise confin'd in these.

Last draw the circle of this Globe,
 And let there be a starry Robe
 Of Constellations 'bout her hurl'd,
 And thou hast painted beauties world.

But Painter, see you doe not sell
 A Cobby of this Piece, nor tell
 Whose 'tis : but if it favour find,
 Next sitting we will draw her mind.



Her Minde.

PAinter y' are come, but may be gone,
 Now I have better thought thereon,
 This worke I can performe alone,
 And give you reasons more than one:

Not that your Art I doe refuse,
 But here I may no colours use;
 Besides, your hand will never hit
 To draw the thing that cannot fit.

You' could make shift to paint an eye,
 An Eagle towring in the skye,
 A Sunne, a Sea, a foundlesse pit;
 But these are like a Mind, not it.

No, to expresse a minde to fence,
 Would aske a heavens intelligence,
 Since nothing can report that flame,
 But what's of kin to whence it came :

Sweet Mind then speake your selfe, and say
 As you goe on, by what brave way,
 Our fence you doe with knowledge fill,
 And yet remaine our wonder still.

I call you Muse, now make it true,
 Henceforth may every line be you,
 That all may say that see the frame,
 This is no picture, but the same.

A Mind ? so pure, so perfect fine,
 As 'tis not radiant, but divine :
 And so disdaining any tryer,
 'Tis got where it can trye the fire.

There (high exalted in the Spheare,
 As it another nature were)

It moveth all, and makes a flight,
As circular as infinite,

Whose Notions when it will expresse
In speech, it is with that excesse
Of grace and musicke to the care,
As what it spake it planted there.

The voyce so sweet, the words so faire,
As some soft chime had stroak'd the Aire :
And though the sound were parted thence.
Still left an eccho in the sence.

But that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
It selfe to us, and come so nigh
Earths grossenesse ! there's the how, & why?

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stucke in Clay here ; it would pull
Vs forth by some Celestiall flight,
Vp to her owne sublimed height.

Or

Or hath she here upon the ground,
 Some Paradise or Pallace found
 In all the bounds of beauty, fit
 For her t' inhabit ? there is it.

Thrice happy house that hast receipt
 For this so softly forme, so streight,
 So polish'd, perfect, and so even,
 As it slid moulded off from Heaven.

Not swelling like the Ocean proud,
 But stooping gently as a Cloud ;
 As smooth as Oyle powr'd forth and calme
 As showres, and sweet as drops of Balme :

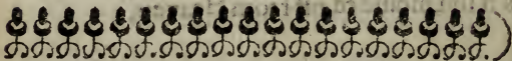
Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood,
 Where it may run to any good,
 And where it staves it there becomes,
 A nest of Odours, Spice, and Gummes,

In action winged as the wind,
 In rest like spirits left behind

Vpon

Upon a banke or field of flowres,
 Begotten by the wind and showres.

In thee faire mansion let it rest,
 Yet know with what thou art posselt,
 Thou entertaining in thy breast,
 But such a mind mak'st God thy Guest.



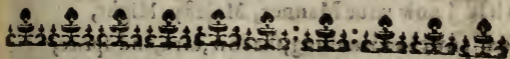
Sir WILLIAM BURLASE
The Painter to the Poet.

TO paint thy worth, if rightly I did know it,
 And were but Painter halfe like thee a Poet,
Ben: I would shew it.

But in this art my unskillfull pen will tire,
 Thou and thy worth will still be found farre higher,
 And I a lyer.

Then what a Painter's here? and what an eater
 Of great attempts? whereas his skill's no greater,
 And he a Cheater. Then.

Then what a Poet's here, whom by confession
 Of all with me, to paint without digression,
 There's no expression.



BEN: JONSON

The Poet to the Painter.

Why though I seeme of a prodigious waste,
 I am not so voluminous, and vast,
 But there are lines, wherewith I might be embrast.

Tis true, as my wombe swells, so my back floops,
 And the whole part growes round, deform'd, and
 droops,

But yet the Tun at Heidleberg had hoops:

You were not ty'd by any Painters Law,
 To square my Circle, (I confesse) but draw
 My superficies, that was all you saw.

Which if in compasse of no Art it came,
 To be described by a Monogram,
 With one great blot y' had form'd me as I am.

But

But since you curious were to have it be
 An Archetype for all the world to see,
 You made it a brave peece, but not like me.

O had I now your Manner, Majesty, Might,
 Your power of handling, shadow, aire, and sprite,
 How I could draw, and take hold, and delight!

But you are he can paint, I can but write;
 A Poet hath no more than blacke, and white;
 Ne knowes he flattering colours, or false light.

But when of friendship, I would draw the face,
 A letter'd minde, and a large heart would place,
 To all posterity, I would write *Burlase*.



Upon my Picture left in *Scotland.*

I Now think Love is rather deafe than blind,
 For else it could not bee

That shee

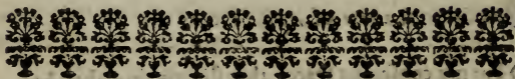
Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
 And cast my suit behind.

I'me

And in his Mistris flames playing like a flye,
Was turned into Cynders by her eye ?

Yes ; as in life, so in their deaths unblest :

A Lovers ashes never can find rest.



To the Ladies of the Court.

An Ode.

COME Noble Nymphs, and doe not hide
The joyes for which you so provide ;

If not to mingle with us men,

What doe you here ? goe home agen :

Your dressings doe confesse,

By what we see, so curious arts,

Of *Pallas* and *Arachnes* Arts,

That you could meane no lesse.

Why doe you weare the Silke-worms toyles ?

Or glory in the shell-fish spoyles ?

Or strive to shew the grains of Ore,

That you have gathered long before,

Whereof to make a stocke

To graft the green Emerald on,
Or any better water'd stone,

Or Ruby of the Rock?

Why doe you smell of Ambergreece?

Whereof was formed *Neptunes* Neece,

The Queen of Love, unlesse you can

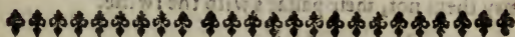
Like Sea-borne *Venus* love a man?

Try, put your selves unto

Your looks, your smiles, and thoughts that meet:

Ambrosian hands, and silver feet,

Doe promise you will doe.



O D E

To himselfe.

I.

Come leave the loathed Stage,

And the more loathsome age,

Where pride and impudence in faction knit,

Usurpe the chair of wit:

Inditing and arrainging every day,

Something they call a play.

Let their fastidious vaine

Commission of the braine,

Runne on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn,

They were not made for thee, lesse thou for them.

II. Say

II.

Say that pour'st 'hem wheat,

And they would Akornes eat :

Twere simple fury still thy selfe to waste

On such as have no taste :

To offer them a surfeit of pure bread;

Whose appetites are dead :

No, give them graines their fill,

Huskes, Draffe to drinke, and swill :

If they love Lees, and leave the lusty Wine,

Envy them not, their pallat's with the swine.

III.

No doubt a mouldy Tale,

Like Pericles, and Sta'e

As the Shrieves crusts, and nasty as his fish,

Scraps out of every Dish,

Throwne forth, and rak'd into the common Tub,

May keep up the Play Club.

Brooms sweepings, doe as well

There, as his Masters meale :

For who the relish of these guests will fit,

Needs set them but the Almes-basket of wit.

IV.

And much good do't ye then,

Brave Plush and Velvet men

Can

Can feed on Orts ; and safe in your scene cloathes,
 Dare quit upon your Oathes
 The Stagers, and the stage-writes too ; your Peers,
 Of stuffing your large eares
 With rage of Comick socks,
 Wrought upon twenty blocks ;
 Which if they're torne, & foule, and patch'd enough
 The Gamsters share your gilt, and you their stuffe.

V.

Leave things so prostitute,
 And take th' *Alcaine* Lute ;
 Or thine owne *Horace*, or *Anacreons* Lyre ;
 Warne thee by *Pindars* fire ;
 And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold
 Ere yeares have made thee old,
 Strike that disdainfull heart
 Throughout, to their defeat:
 As curious fooles, and envious of thy straine,
 May blushing sweare, no Palsie's in thy brain.

V I.

But when they heare thee sing
 The glories of thy King ;
 His zea'e to God, and his just awe of men,
 They may be blood-shaken, then
 Feele such a flesh-quake to possesse their powers,
 That ha' no tun'd Harpe like ours,

In found of peace or wars,
 Shall truly hit the stars :

When they shall read the Acts of Charles his reigne,
 And see his Chariot triumph bove his waine.



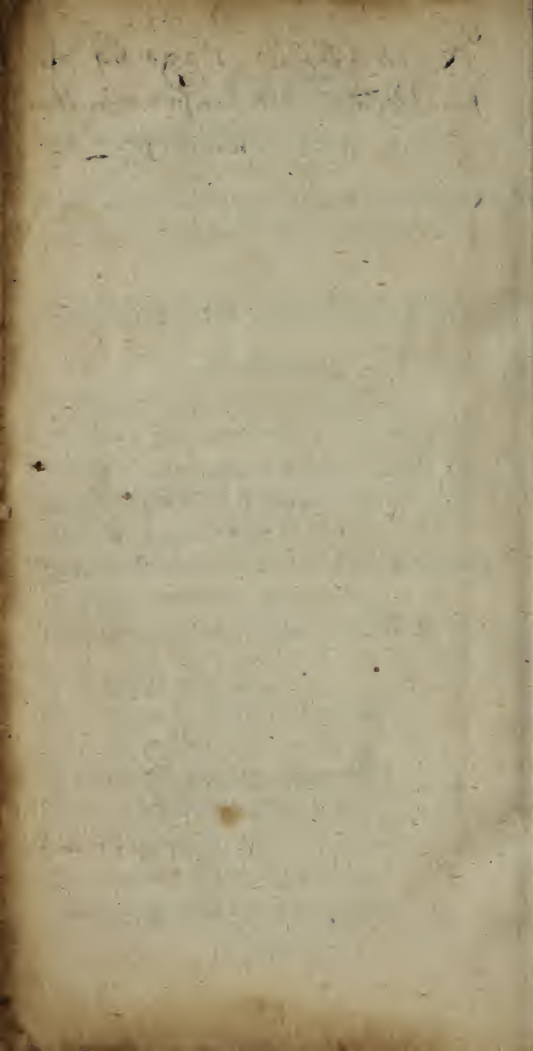
A Sonnet.

THOUGH I am young, and cannot tell
 Either what death, or Love is well,
 Yet I have heard they both beare Darts,
 And both doe aime at humane hearts:
 And then againe I have beene told,
 Love wounds with heat, and death with cold;
 So that I feare they doe but bring
 Extreame, to touch and meane one thing.

As in a ruine we it call,
 One thing to be blowne up and fall;
 Or to our end like way may have
 By a flash of lightning, or a wave :
 So Loves inflamed shaft, or band,
 Will kill as soone as deaths cold hand :
 Except loves fires the vertue have,
 To fright the frost out of the grave.

F I N I S

Randolph, Page 64. of
his Poems hath answered this
Authors Ode to himself. p. 135.



seemeth to performe, bath
in it nothing true, no-
thing iust, nothing sim-
ple, nothing liberall: for
it desires onely to be em-
ployed in shamefull and
dishonest actions; friend-
ship only in honest ones;
a Flatterer seekes to plea-
sure vs in those things
that are vniust: And thus
you see a man cannot
both be a friend and a flat-
terer, that is as much as
if I should say a friend and
no friend, for one friend
cannot stand to another, to

capture to the Duke of
Moscouia. The Duke hea-
ring of this, and knowing
it proceeded from his in-
tention to flatter him,
commaunded he should
bee kept more close pri-
soner, til he saw the euent
of his dreame. *Suetonius*
reports, that *Caligula* cal-
ling home a certaine man
banished in *Tiberi*'s time,
giving him his liberty, de-
manded of him what hee
did all the time of his ba-
nishment? I did nothing
(saith hee) but pray that

Both the copies in the B. Museum
agree with this one, & have the
leaves cancelled after 104

presently be put to death.
After this sort *Dauid* punished the yong man that brought news of *Saul* and his childrens death; who desiring to flatter King *Dauid*, was by him commanded to bee put to death. Wherefore if Princes will auoide these their vndoers, let them shewe how lirtle they desire their prayes, and what small confidence they put in them; as *Cannus* King of this land did; who, as

the, alwayes making vs worse, and apt to conceiue ill, still soothing vs vp in our owne ill humors. Art thou angry with one, punish him faith he; hast thou a minde to a-ny thing, buy it and no more a doe: Desirest thou this or that wench, spare no cost for her faith hee, winne her and weare her. Suspectest thou any thing beleue it confidently faith he: And thus he be- haues himselfe still soothing vs in those things

and makes him doe what
he will. The true friend
serues for a healthfull me-
dicine, but the flatterer is
as a sweet poison. A true

vs lay to iudic, as Seneca
counsels, *Vos dicitis me esse
prudentem ego autem scio
quam multa inuitia concu-
piscam, nocitura optem, you
call me wise, but it is o-*

things they praise vs for,
whether they be in vs or
no, or whether they speak
to humor vs, & not from
our desert, or whether
they praise vs for such

lours but white, can frame
himselfe to any thing but
good. A friend orders &
frames all his actions to
the good of his friend, but

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A Discourse

of the Recommendations *Wher*

against Flattery.

III

that which is good, wher-

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against Flattery. 127

Jan
1940

Ben Jonson's Art of Poetry

Q. *Horatius Flaccus: his Art of Poetry* "englished" by Ben Jonson [**G.389a.344] represents a rare addition to the Library's group of Elizabethan translations. The little book was printed in London in 1640, three years after Jonson's death. An engraving shows his bust, adorned with a laurel wreath. The volume contains, besides the translation of the *Ars Poetica*, an *Execration against Vulcan*, *The Masque of the Gypsies* and *Epigrams to*

readers, but some of the lyrics still retain their charm.

The final section of the volume contains *Epigrams to Severall Noble Personages*. These poems were addressed to King Charles — who was far less inclined than his learned father to the poet's company; to Queen Mary; and various influential peers. The one to Sir Kenelm Digby has more than the conventional warmth. With frank pleasure the laureate wrote:

For he doth love my verses, and will
 looke
Upon them, next to Spencers noble
 booke;
And praise them too! O what a Fame
 'twill be?

No less sincere, but much less friendly are the verses addressed to the "blatent beast" who had taunted him with receiving forty pounds for some verses to the Lord Treasurer.

M. M.

118 A Discourse

against Flattery. 127

Q. *Horatius Flaccus: his Art of Paetrie* "englished" by Ben Jonson [**G.389a.344] represents a rare addition to the Library's group of Elizabethan translations. The little book was printed in London in 1640, three years after Jonson's death. An engraving shows his bust, adorned with a laurel wreath. The volume contains, besides the translation of the *Ars Poetica*, an *Execration against Vulcan*, *The Masque of the Gypsies* and *Epigrams to Severall Nable Persanages*.

The *Ars Poetica* is a metrical dissertation on poetic art, written by Horace in the form of a letter to L. Calpurnius Piso and his sons. Considering the great vogue of Horace among English men of letters in later times, it is noteworthy that he was not a favorite with the Elizabethans. However, the first English translator of the *Ars Poetica* was not Jonson, but the Reverend Thomas Drant, whose *Arte of Paetrie, Pistles, and Satyrs* was printed in 1567. In the early 1600's Jonson, a guest at the house of Sir Robert Townshend, where he could indulge his passion for classical study, himself read and translated Horace's poem. However, his version was not printed until several years later.

Following the translation is a highly individual ten-page poem, *Ben Jonson's Execration against Vulcan*. In 1623, when the dramatist was at the height of his fame, a fire destroyed his precious library, including many of his manuscripts. In this invective against the god of fire he gave vent to his indignation and also much information, for which biographers must be grateful, about the lost works. The Library has also a separate edition printed in the same year as this copy.

The one dramatic piece in the volume is *The Masque of the Gypsies* or *The Gypsies Metamarphas'd*. Ben Jonson had entertained the court with many masques, since the accession of James I. The King, always a friend to Jonson, doubtless found pleasure in the rollicking fantasy when it was first performed in 1621, at the country house of the Duke of Buckingham; for it was repeated at Belvoir and Windsor. The masque, a medley of dance and song, presents a band of gypsies, who tell fortunes for the King and court. The jokes have lost their relish for modern readers, but some of the lyrics still retain their charm.

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