

Brathwaite's Strappado for
the Diuell.

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A Strappado for the Diuell.

By Richard Brathwaite.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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*Editor of the Bagford Ballads, Drolleries
of the Restoration, &c.*

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INTRODUCTION.

“A mirthful man he was : the snows of age
 Fell on, but did not chill him. Gaiety
 Even in life's closing, touched his teeming brain
 With such wild visions as the setting sun
 Raises in front of some hoar glacier
 Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.”

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ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

“**G**OOD Wine,” says the Proverb, “needs no bush.” Nevertheless, while wine is in demand, there hangeth out the advertising bunch of leaves above the door where it is offered to consumers, reminding them of care having beer taken to keep the barrel from the sun's scorching heat, when it was brought and stored. So it is with Richard Brathwaite, whose *Strappado for the Diuell* is now ready for the entertainment of revellers. “Taste and try!” is all that is absolutely necessary to be said or sung ; yet are we called on, by our friend whose labours have provided this choice and accurate reprint, to write a few lines of introduction.

In sooth, the book well deserved to be copiously annotated, for, like others by the same author, it is full of quaint allusions to subjects out of the common road of thought and conversation, even in the days when it

was first given to the world. It, moreover, illustrates the time by innumerable jocular quips and cranks, proverbs, and a detailed record of the contemporary customs, so that every thoughtful Shakesperian student may rejoice at now possessing the book. It was published in 1615, when Beaumont and Shakespeare had reached their last year, but while most of the other great dramatists were at their best. It exemplifies alike the laborious trifling which continued to find favour among the wits, as it had done during the reign of the Virgin Queen; and also that robust and boisterous vivacity, suited to men of adventurous spirit and hardihood at the time of England's greatest intellectual vigour. Of late there has been felt an increased interest in all of Richard Brathwaite's writings, and certainly his *Strappado for the Diuell* well deserved to be made more generally accessible to students. Fairly to do justice to it, a commentary equalling it in bulk, although without redundancy of annotation, would be required. This is at present deemed inexpedient. The book is offered entire, unadulterated, a verbatim reprint, but nothing more. Those who have detected the inaccuracies of most modern editions of old authors will be, doubtless, gratified at securing such an exact reproduction of this rare work as may be deemed equivalent to the original.

An excellent portrait of Richard Brathwaite is in the frontispiece of his book, *A Survey of History; or,*

A Nursery for Gentry: Contrived and Comprized in an Intermixt Discourse upon Historicall and Poeticall Relations, 1638. It is one of William Marshall's choice engravings, an elaborate composition in eight compartments; the oval portrait forms the centre. With pointed beard, stiff horizontal moustache, and cleanly shaven cheeks, it gives us such a likeness of the man as carries its own warrant of fidelity. The full point-lace collar falls over a slashed doublet of dark velvet. The strongly-marked features betoken a somewhat fierce animalism: great capacity and impetuosity. The eyes are already dimmed; they show in their worn and wearied expression a remembrance of bygone revels, not altogether pleasant. They have lost all the joyous light of youth, and under the knotted brow look out sadly upon the world. A stalwart combatant is this, ready at all times for a struggle against any odds that offer. He bears the bruises and the scars, in furrowed front and sunken cheek; but evidently he is unsubdued, though weakened, and will "die game," with his face to the foe. He has drank deeply of the cup proffered to him, and has known the bitterness of after-reflections. He has clasped hands firmly in friendship, and has struck hard, when needful, at those who may have hated, but dared not scorn him. Yet this face, with its wealth of varied memories, is of a man no older than forty-eight years! It is thus certified in the engraving. The flame must

have burnt fiercely, to have calcined so much in that short time. With this portrait in view we the better understand and prize his works.

He is believed to have been born about 1588, and this would make the portrait, marked "ætatis 48," to be representative of him at two years earlier date than when it was published, in 1638, in *A Survey of History*. It corresponds more closely with William Marshall's full length of him, as "Barnaby," merrily enjoying his newly-lighted pipe at the ale-house door, than with the lean-visaged yet smooth-browed decorous gentleman in a plaited ruff, whose portrait is prefixed to the *Psalms of David*, in the same year 1638. Joseph Haslewood writes of this second oval portrait, subscribed, "quanquam ô," that it "appears to have been intended for our author, when advanced in years." But Brathwaite can scarcely have been represented as more than two years older than the portrait issued almost simultaneously, in the *Survey*, wherein his age is stated. Elsewhere, in his biographical account, Haslewood refers to this "engraved title to the *Psalms*, where he has a more aged appearance, probably adopted as the sedate Christian moralist—a character he seemed desirous uniformly to sustain in all his serious and religious pieces." It may be that the biographer intends to admit a certain amount of falsification in the *Psalms'* portrait: that it was, in fact, like the picture of an actor "in character," more or less disguised in its se-

dateness. Otherwise, we should be led to believe that the assigned date of our author's birth may have been a trifle too late. We hold firmly by a belief in the literal fidelity of the original portrait in the *Survey*, with its motto "Meliori nascimur ævo."

It is not necessary to repeat here the short account of his life given by his loving biographer. In few of his labours had Haslewood so satisfactorily acquitted himself as when he gave back the *Barnabæ Itinerarium* to the world. He left little for after-gleaners. The first duty now is to reprint Brathwaite's various works with scrupulous fidelity: the second is to add to them such a comprehensive and exhaustive introduction with annotations as they well deserve. From first to last they throw light on our English social history at the most interesting period, from before the time of Shakespeare's final retirement to Stratford, throughout the struggle of the Commonwealth against the Monarchy, and beyond the Restoration until 1673. So voluminous an author, one who wrote with a flying pen, and loved to record his own habits, whims, and experiences, beside his allusions to contemporary topics, must reward the student of literature. Nor is he ever wearisome, except by an excess of sparkle and point. His vivacity sometimes fatigues readers who cannot keep pace with his sportive sallies. But he is no mere witling, and quibbler with words. He offers subjects for thought, and would himself have scorned

to be considered a jester or buffoon for idle hours. He has some kinship with George Wither,* his contemporary; resembling him alike in the pastoral poems, and in the pungency of his Satires. In the under-current of religious seriousness the two writers are not so far apart as might be imagined. Both were confessors, not martyrs, enduring persecutions for conscience sake. Brathwaite proved his sincerity and fortitude in manifold sufferings for the Royal cause, but he seems to have led a much happier and more jovial life than Wither, who was always in opposition amid a factious minority; always coming into collision with authority, and suffering imprisonments or humiliation, without much benefit to any cause that he chose to advocate. Both men deserve our affectionate remembrance, and are unlikely to be forgotten in the coming age. There will be made a diligent search for every scrap of writing that they left behind them. Except the dreary religious poetry whereunto they piously turned in later years (as a compensation for having earlier indulged

* Of George Wither, and of William Browne, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, Brathwaite was a warm admirer. In his poem "Vpon the Generall Sciolists or Poettasters of Brittain" (our p. 23) he writes "On witty *Wither* neuer-withring plaines," and declares that

"long may England's *Thespian* springs be known
By *louely Wither* and by *bonny Browne*."

Again, in *Nature's Embassie*, he distinctly alludes to Wither's *Abuses Stript and Whipt*: "Thou must be *Stript, and Whipt*, and chastis'd for 't."

in much satirical "stripping and whipping" of whatever they believed to be Social Abuses), they wrote few things which the world is inclined to cast aside as "alms for oblivion."

Even without assuming the received date of Brathwaite's birth to be slightly post-dated, we find him certainly reaching the venerable age of eighty-five years. That he retained his mental faculties until the end, or very near the end, seems to be clearly proved. Whatever may have been the wild excesses of his youth, the actions and the words of his closing days were such as secured respect. Anthony á Wood, who is by no means lavish of praise, declares that "he left behind him the character of a well-bred gentleman and good neighbour;" and his later biographer gladly adds, "a consistent christian and upright man." As to his appearance, attire, and disposition, "Tradition reports him to have been in person below the common stature, well-proportioned, and one of the handsomest men of his day; remarkable for ready wit and humour; charitable to the poor in the extreme, so much so as to have involved himself in difficulties by it. He commonly wore a light grey coat, red waistcoat, and leather breeches. His hat was a high-crowned one, and beyond what [height] was common in those days, when such hats were worn. His equals in life bestowed on him the name of *Dapper Dick*, by which he was universally known. In disposition he was as admirable

as in person ; and, always taking from the gaiety of heart a conspicuous part in the neighbourhood in promoting the festivities of Christmas, those good times gone by long beheld him the darling of that side of the country."

We need feel no scruple in borrowing one more paragraph from Joseph Haslewood, for it assists to bring before the reader Brathwaite's Cavalier spirit of hospitality, already mentioned. Soon after 1639, when he married his second wife, a loyal Scotch widow lady, he quitted his own family-residence at Burneshead, in Lancashire, which was probably in disorder and difficulties, and, as it seems, removed to Catterick, her jointure manor-house, in Yorkshire. "The fevered state of the times might in part occasion his quitting the family residence at Burneshead. Brathwaite was 'a subject sworn to loyalty,' and not likely under any sway at that lawless period to escape the common wrack of power. Lavish hospitality in support of the royal cause on the one hand, and contributions imperiously demanded and violently enforced in the name of either the Parliament or the Usurper upon the other, would serve equally to impoverish his hereditary property, and make a removal to the newly-acquired estate at Appleton a matter of convenience to prevent shading family honours. He declares himself to have been 'a resolute sufferer for both' sovereign and country, and depicts the very impaired state of his

fortune at the Restoration, in a poem addressed 'To his Majesty upon his happy arrivall in our late discomposed Albion' (1660), which he describes as written 'by him who ever held his intimacy of Loyalty a sufficient reward for all his sufferings; and his house most happy in the hospitality of your [the king's] servants.'

*'My ruin'd fortunes I shall nere bemone,
Though I have felt as much as any one
Of the Delinquent's whip: I'm still the man
I was, before the Civill warrs began;
Those capitall grand-bugbears had no power
T' affright your servant, though they might devour
That small remainder which he then possest;
Wherein they grew half-sharers at the least.'*"

Thus loyal to King and Church he held his way with cheerfulness, despite the troubles and material losses which it was his lot to encounter. He uses the whip of the Satirist, sometimes playfully, and sometimes in grim earnest; but in his hands it is not the implement of ruthless cruelty and destruction that it would have been if wielded by a Puritan fanatic. This was no narrow-minded sectary, incapable of feeling any bright influence of joy and beauty from the world that lay before his purblind eyes. No prurient moralist was he, secretly enslaved by desire for the luxuries he could not compass, but openly denounced, in language more offensive than the love-ditties which the Precisians declared to be idolatrous and blasphemous. It

is not laid upon us to attempt to reconcile the self-contradictions of such a complex character as Brathwaite's, where the reveller and gallant is conjoined to the austere moralist and pious churchman. We see that he was of open-handed liberality and robust geniality, yet religious-minded withal. Like him, in those days, were many others, so that he was not an eccentric humourist, flighty, and almost unintelligible, but a fair sample of a large class of men. Most of them fought for the king's cause against the tyranny of faction, and suffered sore hardships without losing heart or hope; in many cases yielding up their lives, as well as their estates, in attestation of their loyalty. With this clue to an understanding of the man himself, the writings of Richard Brathwaite become doubly valuable. He is not only an illustrator of rural customs, and of transitory habits in the busy city-life; not only is he of assistance to the commentator who desires to learn more of the obsolete phraseology and folk-lore belonging to our richest dramatic literature. He is all this, but he is also a bold and genial Englishman, representative in no small degree of other Cavaliers, who had been roysters and revellers without ceasing to be gentlemen and christians.

As to the manner in which he looked upon the prim Sectaries, the men whom later days designated the "unco guid and rigidly righteous," we have a notable example in the present volume, on p. 109. It is an

address "to the Precision, that dares hardly looke (because th' art pure, forsooth) on any book, saue Homilies," &c. He gibbets the class of men for posterity, by a reference to this one being

"wont to slay

*His cat for killing mice on th' Sabbath day."**

We desire not to imitate our author in one thing, viz., the keeping back readers from his book by an accumulation of prefatory matter. Among the few

* It may be the phrase was already proverbial, for it has the imperfect quotational marks before it. This is the earliest-known appearance of the allusion in print. John Taylor the Water-Poet uses it, several years later, of a Brownist, in *The Praise of Hempseed*:—

*"The Spirit still directs him how to pray,
Nor will he dresse his Meate the Sabbath day,
Which doth a mighty mysterie vnfold,
His Zeale is hot, although his Meat be cold;
Suppose his Cat on Sunday kill a Rat,
She on the Munday must be hang'd for that."*

Dr. James Smith or Sir John Menzies in *Musarum Deliciæ*, 1655, mentions "some close-pared Brother" who will work retributive vengeance on a Cat (guilty of having eaten certain lute-strings),

*"Or else, profane, be hang'd on Monday,
For butchering a Mouse on Sunday."*

It has also been noted that the incident had re-appeared in Wm. Sampson's play of *The Vow-Breaker* 1636. Modern adaptations of a civil-war ballad, telling how "A Presbyterian Cat sat watching of her prey," are found in *The Linnet*, (= *Orpheus*), 1740, p. 20, and (altered into "There was a Cameronian Cat") in James Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1st. series, p. 37, 1819.

printed copies of the *Strappado*, still remaining, there are differences in the arrangement of the leaves. Imperfections, similar to what we find in the rare *Drolleries* and early song-books, arise chiefly from the books having been roughly used in frequent perusal. Even in the best libraries, where any apparently un-mutilated volume of such class may be stored, it has been generally made complete (like the unique first 4to. of *Hamlet*, 1603), by intermixture of several imperfect exemplars. Our publisher and printer, with whom had rested the labour of preparing this reproduction, has spared no pains to make it as nearly as possible *an exact reprint* of Brathwaite's interesting pages. In them we see the author at an early part of his joyous life. He was not more than twenty-seven years old when it was published. Some parts of it may have been written earlier, but we do not think this is probable. He was a quick producer, and seems to have generally flung out whatever he wrote without much delay. Elaboration suited not his humour, and it is not likely that he kept many unused manuscripts long beside him. When he had executed any piece of work that his own judgment approved, as worthy of being tossed out to an expectant public of good fellows,* he probably searched amid his loose papers,

* In general he seems to have hurried his writings into print, and almost always left them at the mercy of typographical blunders, until such time as he could add an "Apology for the

the fly-leaves of favourite volumes whereon he had jotted down some odd thoughts in epigrammatic form. With the aid of such waifs and strays as these (tokens of their fugitive character remaining visible at this day), he would increase the bulk of his book until it looked big enough to face the world. Even when consecutively paged, his volumes are often composed of several distinct works. Separate titles, dedications, tables of errata, and other camp-followers are accumulated in each. They resemble the highland clans that followed the standard of Prince Charles Edward, each under its own feudal leader, and his chosen subordinates ; so that they look less like a disciplined army, than a *melée* of ill-disciplined and incongruous forces, ready at a word to fall asunder.

Thus, in the present volume, we find his "Love's Labyrinth ; or, the true-Louers knot : inclvding The disastrous fals of two star-crost Louers Pyramvs and Thysbe," following, with no poetic or logical link of connection, closely after the "Strappado for the

Errata," under an excuse of the author's absence. But there are a few instances of his keeping manuscript by him for a long time, as in the case of his *Comment upon the two Tales of our Ancient, Renowned, and Ever Living Poet Sr. Jeffray Chaucer, &c.*, which was not printed until 1665, but appears to have been (in part, at least), written half a century earlier, having been in 1617 announced for early publication. The *Barnabæ Itinerarium* also bears clear marks of having been written at intervals, and long retained in hand before its appearance about 1649.

Deuill." Even so in "Nature's Embassie : or, the wilde-mans Measvres," 1621, (already reprinted at Boston by Mr. Robert Roberts, in 1877) : the charming "Shepherd's Tales," with its separate title-page, and "Omphale, or, the Inconstant Shepheardesse," beside "His Odes, or Philomel's Tears," all of the same date, are formed into one volume, consecutively-paged in the reprint.

There seems to be good reason for believing that the author designed "Nature's Embassie" to be accepted as a continuation of "A Strappado for the Deuill." After our present p. 234 had followed two leaves having signature and direction. "¶ Place this and the leafe following after the end of the First Booke." In lines addressed, at that place, "To the equall Reader," he is told,

"———*if these ierks, so lightly laid on, smart,
Thoull finde rare whipping cheere i the Second Part,
Where Furies run diuision on my song :
Patience awhile, and thou shalt haue 't ere long.*"

We entertain no doubt whatever that the "Second Part" thus announced was none other than the book published in 1621, under the full title of "Natre's Embassie ; or, The Wilde-mans Measvres : Danced naked by twelve Satyres, with sundry others contained in the next Section." That no close connection exist between the two works, and that no declaration made to the effect that "this is the promised Second

Part of the *Strappado*," are facts of infinitely small weight in the balance against the supposition. Puritanism was growing more powerful, and there had evidently been objections raised against the introduction of the Devil's name into the title of the earlier volume.* As to connection, there is still less between the component parts of the present, and many another volume, by the same author, than there is between the *Strappado* and the *Wilde-men's Measures*. So much need was felt for a "taking title," and the appearance of novelty, that the publisher, Richard Whitaker, would be indisposed to risk the success of the book, in 1621, by permitting the author to call it a "Second Part," even of the successful *Strappado*. As a matter of fact, we know that two years later the unsold copies were helped into circulation by fresh title-pages, with the more acceptable name of "*Shepherd's Tales*." The two books ought never hereafter to be separated.

Although his name appeared thus prominently, and

* Thus, in his *Essay on Detraction*, Brathwaite writes, "Wonder I cannot chuse (for else should I wonder at my own stupidity) how any should harbour the least conceit of an intended *Detraction* by mee, or by my Labours, unlesse my title of *Devill* imply so much, which may seem to have affinitie with that which the Greeks terme *διαβολή*, *Detraction*." This extract has, in 1625 (ten years after the publication of the *Strappado*) the following marginal note:—"A pleasant poeme by the Author, long since published; and by some no lesse censoriously than causelessly taxed."

caused all this connection, the "Deuill" had left very few of his hoof-marks behind him in the books. Personally, he resembles the "harmless fairy," whom Stephano and Trinculo* found to lead them into a

* The allusion to "Tom Trincalos" on p. 114 is certainly not to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, but (like Milton's) to a play which was a favourite among the Cambridge students: "Albumazar, A Comedy presented before the King's Maiestie at Cambridge, the ninth of March, 1614: by the Gentlemen of Trinitie College. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes for Walter Burre, and are to be sold at his Shop, in Paul's Church-yard. 1615." Another 4to. edition was issued in 1634, and a third in 1668, with an Epilogue (instead of the short original), written by Dryden, beginning,

*"To say this Comedy pleased long ago
Is not enough to make it please you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit,
When few men censured, and when fewer writ;
And Ionsen, (of those few the best) chose this,
As the best model of his master-piece.
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchymist by this Astrologer.
Here he was fashioned, and we may suppose
He liked the fashion well who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead became his gold."* &c.

This Epilogue appeared in *Covent-Garden Drollery*, 1675, no doubt in the same form as when first spoken (afterwards slightly changed), and probably in the characters of Albumazar, or of Trincalo. The latter person had spoken the original Epilogue. The comedy has been included among Dodsley's "Old Plays," and is in the eleventh volume of the recent edition, 1875, in 15 vols. Unless there had been an earlier production of "Albumazar" than 1614, Dryden must have mistaken the supposed paternity of Ben Jonson's "Alchymist," which was certainly printed in 1612. The author of "Albumazar" is believed to

reeking horse-pond (where no horses came, any more than to Venice). He is conspicuous by his absence. It might have been said, "omitted by particular desire. Brathwaite has given us the fitting explanation, so far as it goes, in his reference to the *διάβολος* as the Spirit of Detraction: this it is that receives the whipping, as is due. He writes (on p. 33) of his "sharp tooth'd Satire," but he is not venomous. He rebukes the poetasters for their fantastical and mischievous perversions of language and thought, "transform'd from English to Italianate." By their indiscriminate adulation of the unworthy, for self-interest, he declares they "bring The Art of Poetry to Ballading." He knows well the price likely to be paid by any true Poet who dare to rebuke the vices of the Court,

"As some have done, and haue been mew'd up for 't."

He hesitates not to speak his indignant scorn of those who act as poetic panders to luxury,

*"As they runne still in that high-beaten way
Of error, by directing men amisse,
Penning whole volumes of licentiousnesse,
Descanting on my Ladies Rosie lip,
Her Cinthian eie, her bending front, her trip,
Her bodies motion, notion of her time,
All which they weaue vp in a baudy Rime."*

have been one John Tomkis, or Tomkins. R. Brathwaite's "Epigramme" speedily followed the publication of the play, to which it alludes. Milton's reference to the Cambridge performance of *Trincalo* is in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, 1642.

Even in his address "To his Booke" he had glanced at the prevalent error of allowing rich and powerful offenders to escape unpunished, while those in lower condition were treated with severity.

" ———let this be vnderstood,
Great men though ill they must be stiled good,
Their blacke is white, their vice is vertue made:
But 'mongst the base call still a spade a spade.
If thou canst thus dispense (my booke) with crimes,
Thou shalt be hugg'd and honour'd in these times."

As Shakespeare puts it: "that in the Captain's but a choleric word, which in the Soldier were rank blasphemy." It may not improbably be, that the thought in Brathwaite's mind was to make the Devil the representative of evil-greatness: "spiritual wickedness in high places," and to hint, by his title, that he was not afraid of laying on the lash, if it were deserved, because of the dignity in station held by the culprit. No honest men need fear him, they are avowedly "out of the survey of his Strappado;" but those who prove "Recreant" by consorting with "the swartie miscreants of Lucifer," are fairly warned of his intentions.

We find little here of that strange perversion or confusion of ideas that meets us in all the art and literature of the middle-ages, and still survives to our day, by which the horror against sin and its embodiment in the Arch Spirit of Evil is joined with a sense of the

ludicrous, prompting to jests and buffoonery, even to contemptuous scorn ; as though we held it to be true, what Ben Jonson took as title for one of his Comedies, "The Devil is an Ass." Those dangerous tamperings with solemn thoughts, traversing them by daylight, shrinking appalled from them in darkness and solitude, were not besetting failings with Brathwaite. He was of healthier taste and sounder judgment. His "Ciuell Diuell" is an ensnaring wanton, whose place of resort and evil enticements are painted with marvellous power and distinctness ; affording a companion picture to John Dickinson's finished portraiture of the downfall of "the faire Valeria," in his *Greene in Concept*, 1598, or Thomas Cranley's *Amanda ; or, The Reformed Whore*, 1635. But it was not any inability to make a "righte merrie Ieste" on the subject of the Arch-enemy, that kept Brathwaite to more legitimate sources of humour ; as any one can see who turns to p. 95, and reads the laughter-stirring tale, which Admetus used to relate in his hearing, whilst he sat roasting a crab-apple by the fire, on winter nights. It briefly shows the misery of a hen-pecked husband whose helpmate was "an arrant Deuill of her tongue," and how (after time-honoured custom) the poor man sought consolation in "a potte of nappy Ale : " how this prototype of Tam O'Shanter stayed too long at the ale-house, fortifying himself against the home-comforts of his wife's tongue, which he knew to be awaiting his re-

turn ; and how, instead of Alloway Kirk full of witches, he encountered what seemed to him the very Leader of that unholy revel. His absence of fear is accounted for by himself in words of wisdom :

*“ Good Spirit, if thou be, I need no charme,
For well I know thou wilt not doe me harm :
And if the Deuill ; sure, me thou shouldst not hurt,
I wed’d thy Sister, and am plagued for ’t.
The Spirit, well-approouing what he said,
Dissolu’d to ayre, and quickly vanished.”**

No less true in humour, and longer sustained, is the excellent poem “ Vpon a Poets Palfrey, lying in Lauander, for the discharge of his Prouender,” (p. 156). To be “ laid in lauender ” was a mild euphemism for being in pawn. With wit that tires neither its exhibitor nor the reader, he courses through a multitude of suppositions, incidentally repeating to us the cry of

* We well remember an ancient Kirk-yard in the north of Scotland, where-through a path ran straight from the public-house to the minister’s manse, often trodden, alas ! by an irreproachable Mess-John, whom friends had vainly attempted to convert to ways of sobriety by serious advice, and even by that heaviest of trials, praying at him ! One night a well-intentioned clerical-brother disguised himself in a sheet, and awaited, beside a tomb-stone, the return home of the unsteady wanderer, in hope of alarming him into repentance and the Pledge. When fairly holding in view the tall white figure, which a struggling moon-beam made visible, the only ejaculation that expressed consciousness was the pathetic enquiry, “ Oh, mon ! is it the general resurrection ? or are ye taking a daunder yer lane ? ” Nothing was left for it but the Presbytery Kirk-sessions, and their sentence of deposition.

Shakespeare's Richard III., "A horse, a horse, a kingdom for a horse!" and the very line from Marlow's *Tambourlaine* which Pistol mocks, "Hallow, ye pamper'd Iades of Asia, what draw but thirty miles aday?" Don Quixote's Rozinante, the Trojan Horse, Phæton's borrowed coursers of the Sun, are brought in, with a snaffle, to trot before us. As the mother of the minotaur, Queen Pasiphæ, is mentioned, we might have expected to encounter Queen Semiramis; "that injured queen, by chroniclers so coarse, Has been accused, I doubt not by conspiracy, Of an improper friendship," &c. But no, we never mention her. The wonderful performing-horse of Banks the conjuror (which was burnt, with its master, in Italy, because this cleverness was believed to be of magic), appears in the twelfth and fifteenth verses. The Pageants and religious moralities, from Adam and Eve to Noah and his ark, which were represented at Bartholomew-Fair, are glanced at. So are Duke Humphrey's dinner-less guests. This poem alone might make the volume precious to us.

In a Satyre, called "The Coni-borrowe," we find a palpable allusion to one of the characters in Shakespeare's *Pericles*, "the damned door-keeper" Boulton. The public hangman is mentioned in the proverbial saying of "going to Heaven by *Derick* in a string:" there was a tune known about that time, with a burden "Take 'm, Derrick!" See our *Bagford Ballads*, (p.

778). Brathwaite's abhorrence of wantonness is spoken with a convincing earnestness, such as few writers have equalled. He uses strong language, but it is because he feels strongly and will not palter with the truth. Our only surprise is that he has not taken his place higher, in the ranks of poetic Satirists, as he deserved, while men inferior to him in command of words, and less impressed with an indignant scorn against uncleanness, are belauded, if not read, as though they were the masters of their art. The clearness, the colloquial English, the force and brilliancy of his style, at his best, merit the highest praise. This volume cannot fail to make thoughtful readers desirous of knowing more of Richard Brathwaite.

That the writer of such scathing rebukes of lustful dalliance should also be the author of some wanton trifling, as "A Marriage Song," can only be explained by our recollection of the tyranny of moods in destroying self-consistency, and especially by our making allowance for the warmth of the poetic temperament. One never can depend on these Satirists being entirely truthful. They have first revelled in iniquity, and then turn approvers or king's evidence, and bear witness against old associates to secure their own escape from punishment. No one knew this better than our greatest poet. When Jacques in the forest of Arden claimed the privilege of satirising whomsoever he would, to blow on them with "as large a

charter as the wind," he made the banished Duke tell what would happen :—

*“ Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin ;
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.”*

Our author is singularly free from the worst vices of these ill-conditioned “ censors of the age.” He had never been so debauched with pleasures, and he never became so malignant in his vituperation, as most of the gang who assume the vile hangman's office for hangman's wages.

While there is such richness of allusion to contemporary matters in his pages, that scarcely one among them fails to yield something valuable to the student of antiquity, we are apt to forget the genuine sweetness and musical fluency of his best lyrics. The rich flow of his lines makes him pleasant reading, even on such comparatively dull subjects as his address to the Alderman of Kendall, or the companion poem To the Northern Sparks, the Cottoneers (in both of which, nevertheless, appear a multitude of ripe suggestions to cultivated students). We see in these latter the progenitors of those industrious communities at Wakefield, Bradford, and the other manufacturing towns of the North, whom Brathwaite knew well, and could

bring before us both in their hours of steady labour at the loom, and in their wakes and revels, May-games on the green, with Robin Hood and Morris-dancers :

“ *One footing actively Wilson’s delight,
 Descanting on this note, I have done what’s right,
 Another ioying to be nam’d ’mongst them,
 Were made Men-fishers of poore fisher-men.
 The third as blith as any tongue can tell,
 Because he’s found a faithfull Samuel.
 The fourth is chanting of his Notes as gladly,
 Keeping the tune for th’ honour of Arthura Bradly.*
 The 5. so pranke, he scarce can stand on ground,
 Asking wh’le sing with him Mal Dixon’s round?*” &c.

There is poetic grace and daintiness of expression in the charming little lyric, (on p. 93,)

SUNG TO MAIDS’ INCONSTANCY.

“ *Foolish I, why should I griue
 To sustaine what others feele?
 What suppose, fraile women leaue
 Those they lou’d, should I conceale
 Comfort’s rest,
 From my brest,
 For a fickle, brittle woman?
 Noe, Noe, Noe,
 Let her goe,
 Such as these be true to no man.*

* See the whole available information on this subject gathered by the present writer in *Choice Drollery* re-print, 1876.

" Long retired hast thou beene,
 Sighing on these barren rocks,
 Nor by sheepe nor shepheard seene,
 Now returne vnto thy flockes,
 Shame away,
 Doe not stay,
 With these mouing-louing women,
 They remoue
 From their loue ;
 Such as these doe oft vndoe men." &c.

So, too, with its own charm of music and deep affection, more quaint in form and expression, The funeral Elegy, (on pp. 242, 243,) has the true ring of poetry. And he who likes not "Admetus's Sonnet" is hard to please.

The breezy freshness of Browne's Pastorals fans our brow as we read that hearty song of The Woodman, Arthur Standish (pp. 168 to 172), with all its nice discrimination of timber and thicket greenery.

To some readers the so-called "Epigrams" descriptive of various characters, such as The Courtier, The Wooer, will commend themselves; a class of compositions then in fashion, and such as Brathwaite excelled in.* There is also work worth studying in his "Panegirick Embleame, intituled, Saint George for England." It has the tenderness and intricate lingering

* "See his prose "Whimzies; or, A new Cast of Characters," 1631.

cadences of the old romances : as befitted days when knights and ladies were content to yield ungrudgingly their time to a perusal or recital of such tales of maiden's sorrow and knightly valour.

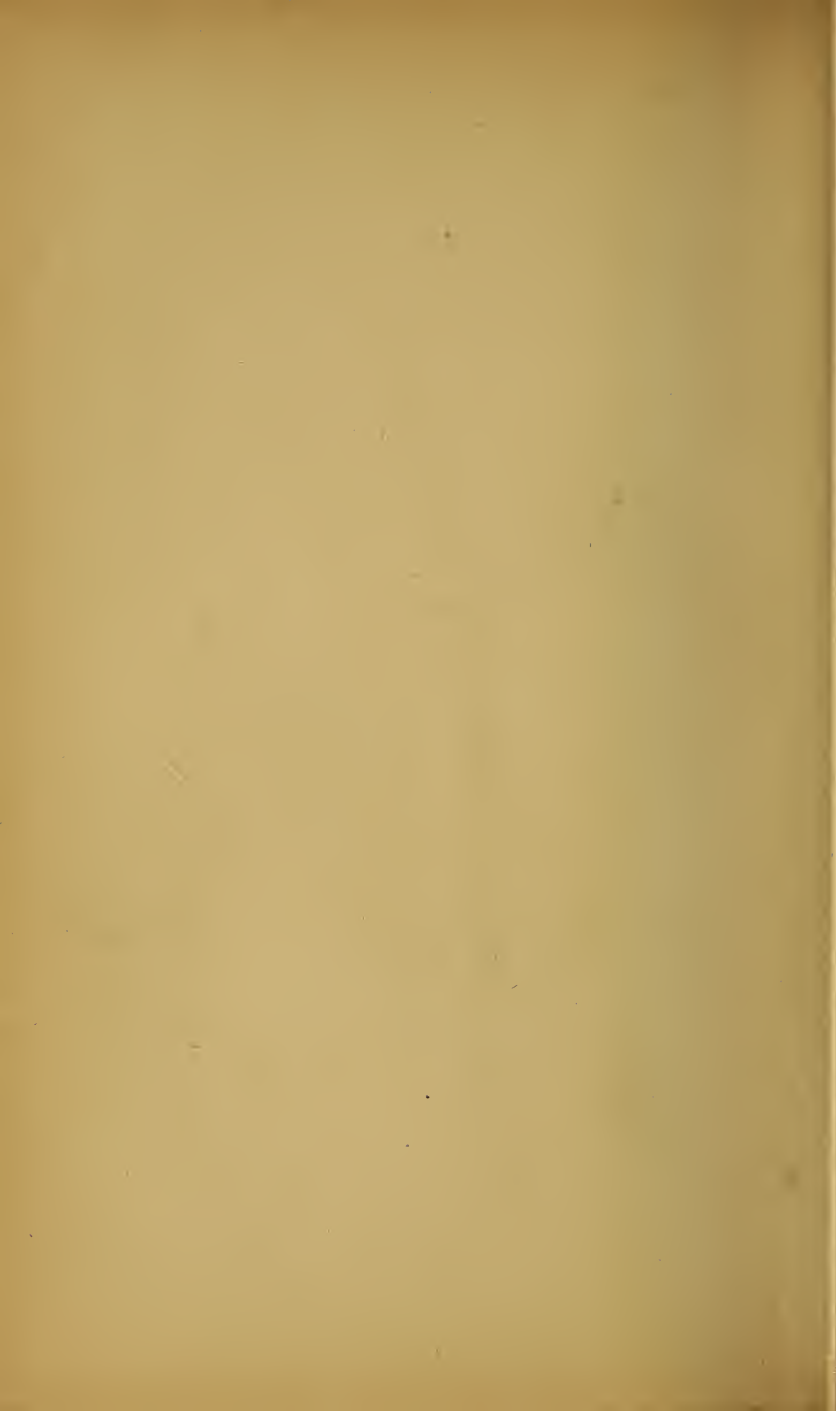
No more need we add, unless we were to annotate his every page, in commendation of this worthy, too-long neglected, but never quite-forgotten. We have not written half the praise we could have ventured, not a tenth part of his due, but those who read him without prejudice will find a hearty friend in Richard Brathwaite, fresh and wholesome, like this first day of Spring.

J. W. E.

MOLASH VICARAGE, KENT,

March 21st, 1878.





A
STRAPPADO
for the Diuell.

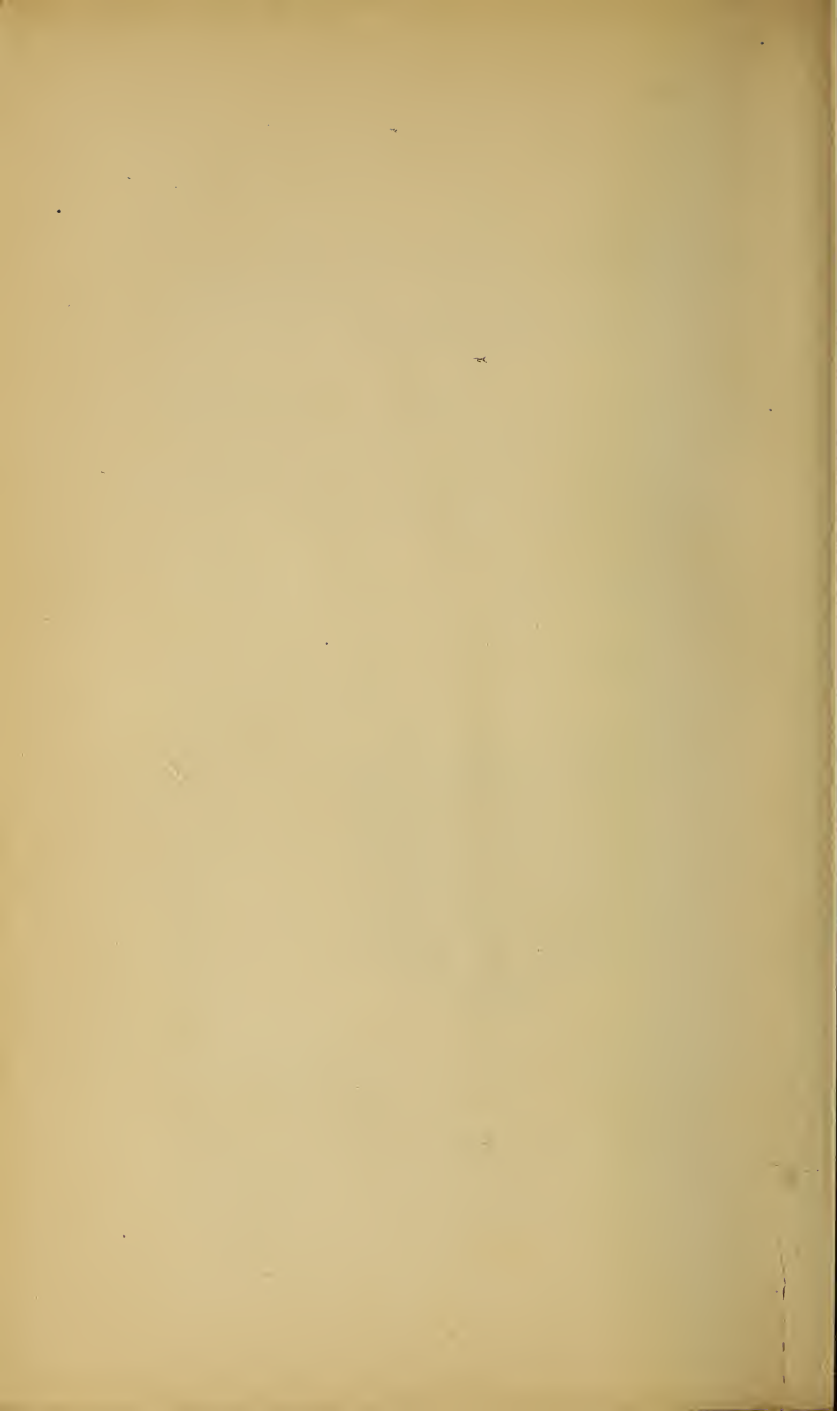
EP̄GRAMS AND
Satyres alluding to the time,
with diuers measures of no
lesse Delight.

By *μισοσυκος*, to his friend
φιλοκρατες.

Nemo me impune lacessit.



At London printed by *I.B.* for *Richard Redmer*
and are to be sold at the West dore
of *Pauls at the Starre.* 1615.





The Authors Anagram.

RICHARDE BRATHWAITE.

Vertu hath bar Credit.

*This Ile auow, (for it is I that said it)
If Vertue haue no coine, she has no Credit.*

A 3

To





TO THE WORTHIE
lie esteemed the true Character
of a *Generous disposition*, Sir THOMAS
GAINSFORD Knight, his Vertues endeered
Admiror, wisheth fulnesse of content in the
Dedication of these his Anagrams extra-
cted from his Name, and concor-
ding with his Nature.

Thomas Gainsforde.

Anagram

So fame doth raign.

SO *Fame doth raigne with Anagram's so fit
As if that Nature had inuented it :
For he that knowes thy Vertues and thy Name,
Will say all raigne in thee, all ring thy Fame.*

Thomas Gainssford.

Anagram

Shade t' Honours game.

*A pale for shelter of her game is made,
And thou to Honours game art made a shade,
Thy Huntsup's Vertue, and thy Beagle grace,
Which (well in winde) hath still the game in chace.*

To



To his much honoured and endeered Mecœnas (*the expressiū'st* Character of a generous Spirit) iudicious approver of best-meriting Poesie, Guerdoner of Arts, cherisher of Wittes, and serious Protectour of all free-borne Studies, Mr.

THOMAS POSTHVMVS DIGGS, the
Author humbly dedicates himselfe, his
Time-futing Epigrams with
the vse of
his diuinely importing Anagram

Anagramma.

Thomas Posthumus Digges.

Though time passe, *God* summs.

In Anagramma Distichon.

How well thy *Anagram* with truth it runs,
Though time pas nere so fast, yet *God* still summs.

Or thus.

Hopes issu most dem' gag't.

A 4

An



Another Anagram.

Two verses including the Anagram.

PVblique and priuate men in young and ag't,
on whom most hope is, thē we deem most gagt.

Annexed.

At you (faire mirroure) aime I; you'r my scope,
Much are you gag't vnto your Contries hope.





To the gentle Reader.

IF I giue thee a deseruing Title (Gentle Reader) no question but thou wilt expresse thy selfe in thy censure: th'art no wri-neck critick, politick informer of States, deprauer of wel intended lines, nor maligner of others labours: Bee thine owne president in the surueigh of these distempered *Epigrammes*; and therein thou may performe the part of an honest man: cancell the bill of errours, or chalke them on, & they shal serue to make vp a greater volume for next impressiō. If thou bee gentle (as I tearme thee)

and

and haft sense, thou wilt supplie many defects, committed in the *Presse* by the Authors absence. Be honest still and thou art out of the swing of this strap-pado : if thou play Recreant (by comforting with the swartie miscreants of *Lucifer*) the *Author* hath vowed hee will play Arch-Pyrate with thee, tie thee like a Gallie-flaue to the Mast of his *Malu-Speranza*, and ferrie thee ouer into *Tartarie*.

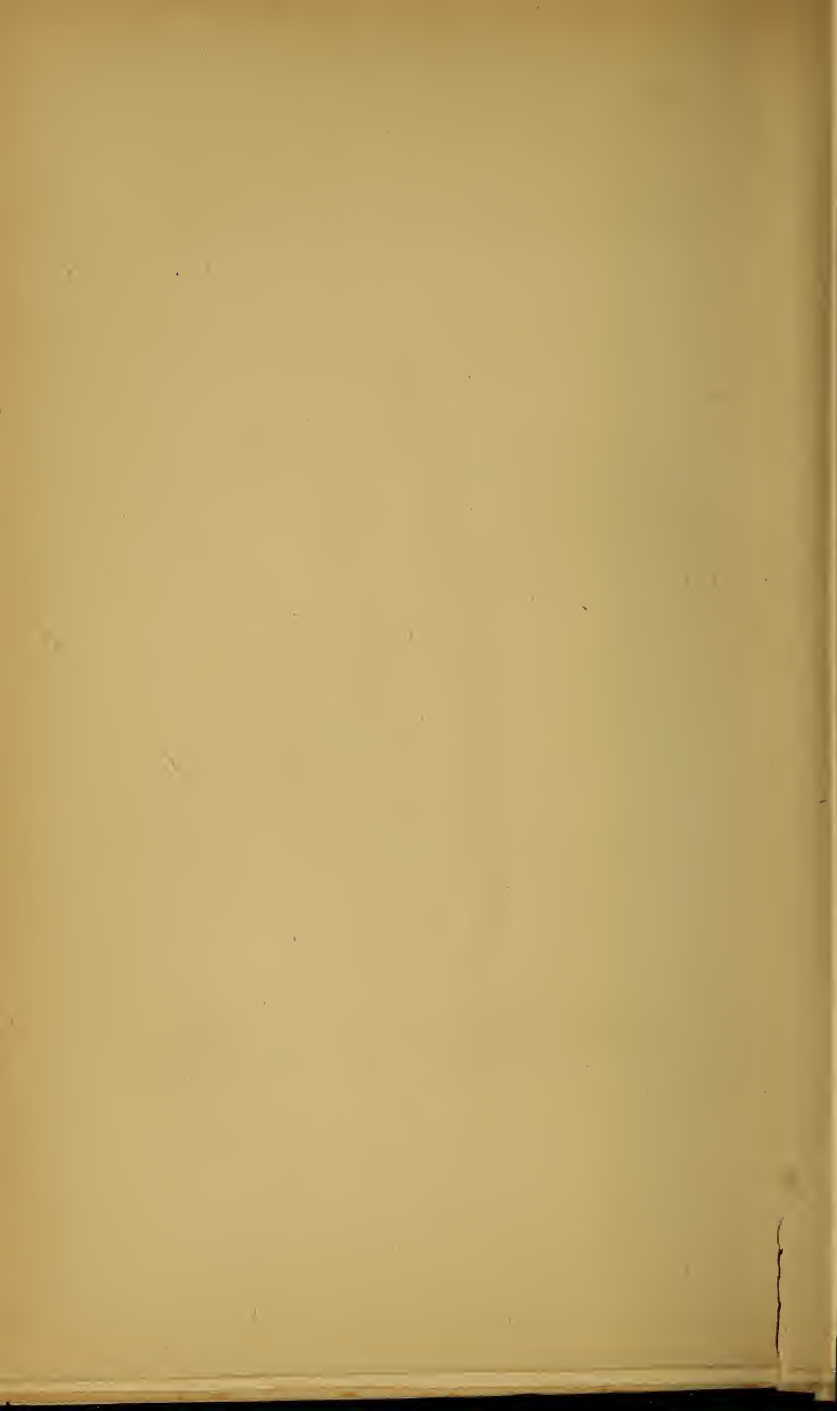
Farewell.



To his BOOKE.

Booke whither goes thou, I had rather haue thee
To stay still with me, for my Booke may saue me :
Saue me, its true, and that's the cause I craue
Thou'de to the world, that thou the world might saue ;
But that's a taske (my booke) too hard for thee,
Bid hang the woredl so thou wilt saue me :
Yet pray thee be aduis'd whom thou dost checke,
For speaking truth may chance to break thy necke.
Which to preuent, let this be vnderstood,
Great men though ill they must be filed good,
Their blacke is white, their vice is vertue made :
But 'mongst the base call still a spade a spade ;
If thou canst thus dispense (my booke) with crimes,
Thou shalt be hugg'd and honour'd in these times.







The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*To all Vfurers, Broakers, and Promoters,
Sergeants, Catch-poles, and Reqraters,
Vfhers, Panders, Suburbes Tra-
ders, Cockneies that haue
manie fathers.*

*Ladies, Monkies, Parachitoes, Mar-
mosites, and Catomitoes, Falls, high-
tires and rebatoes, false-haires,
periwigges, monchatoes : graue
Gregorians, and Shee-
painters.*

Send I greeting at aduentures, and to
all fuch as be euill, my *strappado*
for the Diuell.







Vpon the Errata.

Gentlemen (*humanum est errare*) to confirme which position, this my booke (as many other are) hath his share of errors ; so as I run *ad prælium tanquam ad prælium, in typos quasi in scippos*: but my comfort is if I be strappadoed by the multiplicitie of my errors, it is but answerable to my title: so as I may seem to diuine by my stile, what I was to indure by the presse. Yet know iudicious disposed Gentlemen, that the intricacie of the copie, and the absence of the Author from many important proofes were occasion of these errors, which defects (if they bee supplied by your generòs cõniuece and curtuous disposition, I doe vowe to satisfie your affectionate care with a more serious surueigh in my next impresseion.





Errata.

PAge 2 line 23 for Pine read Vine. p. 10. l. 20 alone wanting.
p. 16. l. 13. for fenselesneffe read fenseleffe. p. 15. l. 27. for
vainelike, r. vainly. p. 26. l. 11. for both, forsooth so delete. p. 25
l. 25. for wherefore, read wherefoere. p. 43. l. 22. for shirts r. sheets,
for weaues, r. woes *infra* p. l. 25. p. 48. l. 4. r. cloze. *ibid* for
backe r. barke. p. 266. l. 23. for mistrust, r. instruct. for curse read
scarfe.

For other errors as the misplacing of commaes,
colons, and periods (which as they are in euerie
page obuious, so many times they inuert the fence)
I referre to your discretion (iudicious gentle-men)
whose lenity may sooner supply them, then all my
industrie can portray them.





TO THE TRVE DIS-
couerer of secrets Mounfieur *Bacchus*,
sole Soueraigne of the Iuy-bush, Master-gunner
*of the pottle-pot ordinance, prime founder of Red-lat-
tices, cheerer of the hunger-staru'd Muses, and
their thred-bare followers, finguler Artist
in pewter language, and an obser-
uant linguist for anon
anon Sir.*

His dere Canary-Bird, wisheth, red-eyes,
*dropsie-legges, and all other ac-
coutrements befitting.*

Bottle-nos'd *Bacchus* with thy bladder face,
To thee my *Muse* comes reeling for a place :
And craues thy Patronage ; nor do I feare,
But my poore fragments shall be made of there,
For good reuerfions by thy scrambling crew,
That belch, and reade, and at each enteruiew
Of a sharpe temper'd line, commend the vaine,
Digeft it, and then rift it vp againe ;
But know thou cup shot god, what is exprest,
Within these Pages doe deserue the best
Of thy light-headed Shamroes, nor 's my tutch
For such as loue to take a cup too-much.
No, no my lines (though I did seeme to stand,
And begge a poore protection at thy hand,)

B

Shall

Shall liue in spite of Time, for Time shall see
 The curtaine of her vices drawne by me ;
 And though portraide by a leffe art-full fist,
 Yet he that limm'd them is a Satyrift,
 For th' lines he writes (if ought he write at all)
 Are drawne by inke that's mixed most with gall.
 Yea, he was borne, euen from his infancie,
 To tell the world her shame, and bitterly
 To taxe those crimes which harbour now and then
 Within the bosomes of the greatest men.
 "Yea, nought I doe but I againe will doe it,
 "Nor ought will write, but I will answer to it :
 Yet would I not, great *Bacchus*, haue thee thinke
 My *Muse* can into that obliuion sinke,
 As to become forgetfull so of thee,
 (For so she might vnthankfull seeme to be
 As neuer to record thy worthy Name
 Since I confesse from thee that spirit came,
 Which first inspir'd my *Muse* (by thee exprest)
 For when she spoke the least, she wrot the best.
 Yea, thou it was, (and so Ile euer hold,)
 That quickned me and made me speake more bold ;
 By that rare quintessence drawne from the pine,
 Or from those fluent Hogges-head pipes of thine,
 And I doe thanke thee : yet thus much Ile say,
 For any kindnesse showne me anie waie,
 By thee, or thy attendants, I may sweare
 Not any one did euer yet appeare :
 Nay, I could say (and truly too) far more
 I neuer ran ten shillings on thy skore,

Which

Which may seem strange, that I which am so grown
 Into acquaintance, and to thee well knowne :
 " Should in thy booke haue such a diffidence,
 As not be chalkt for want of ready pence ;
 Nay, there's another reason I could shew,
 Which might infer that thou dost duty owe
 To men of our profession, and its this ;
 (If my conceipt make me not thinke amisse.)
 Tell me, Where hadst thou Iuie-bush, say where ?
 Which as thine ancient liv'rie thou dost weare ;
 That garland sure me-thinks that I should know it,
 From th' Temples sure of some pot hardy Poet ;
 Who, cause he had not wherewithall to pay,
 Was forc't to leaue his Garland, or to stay
 Till some of 's Patrons pittied his estate :
 But he, poore man, cleere out of hope of that
 Hauing discust it often in his minde,
 Did think't more fit to leaue his wreath behinde,
 Then into such apparent danger fall,
 And so did vnto one of th' Drawers call
 To tell thee, if thou would'ft be so content,
 He would engage his Iuie-ornament ;
 Which thou being glad of, for thy priuate vse
 Wore it thy selfe, and cheat'd the Poet thus.
 Now dost thou thinke, that we can brooke to haue
 One of our fort thus iniur'd by a flauie,
 Without all satisfaction : *Bacchus* no,
 Vse 't to thy groomes, we'le not be baffelt so.
 Make restitution of thy bush againe,
 And tie thy wreath about the Poets braine :

Or fatisfie his damage in fome fort,
 " Or be thou fure that thou fhalt anfwer for't.
 But thou wilt lightly weigh fuch threats as thefe,
 And fay thou canft bring vs vpon our knees
 By th' power of thy commaund : true thou canft fo,
 Yet (bleere ey'de *Bacchus*) I would haue thee know
 That we do fo eftime thy power and all
 Thy followers, we'le vent thee 'gainft the wall :
 Yea euen the kennell fhall a witneffe be,
 Of the fmall refpect which we do beare to thee.
 Refigne then what thou oweft, or forbear,
 To taxe our credits when our skore's not cleere.
 For well may'ft thou forbear both them and me,
 Since thou doft owe vs more, then we owe thee.
 Thou know'ft it *Bacchus* (if fo thou wilt knowe it)
 That garland which thou weares, it was a Poet
 That firft empaund it, and thou like a Iewe
 VVilt not reftore to him what is his due.
 But thou wilt anfwer (as I know thou may)
 Yes, I imagine what tis thou canft fay :
 "*Bacchus cares not for outward finnes a rufh,*
 "*Good wine needs not the hanging of a bufh.*
 Doft not thou vizzard-fac't ingratefull Elfe ?
 Yes, for want of a bufh thou'd hang thy felfe.
 And caper like a zuinglian (ô my malice
 Burfts out againft thee) titted vnder the gallowes.
 For tell me how fhould men diftinguifh thee ?
 Thoul't fay by thy fire-fparkling phifnomie,
 Thofe wink-apipes of thine, thofe ferret eies,
 Thofe bag-pipe cheeks, thofe fpeciall qualities

Thou

Thou art endew'd with : true by th'firft th'art known,
 But for thy qualities thou haft not one
 To glory in : for ſpeeches ornament
 Anon, anon fir :—peutor complement
 Is all thou canft, and this, thou knoweft is ſuch,
 As th'Iay or Parrat they can doe as much ;
 But I am loath to taxe each crime of thine,
 For I do know thou lou'ft the *Mufes* nine,
 And they loue thee, yet it is fit their vs'd
 With more reſpect, then to be once abus'd
 By any apron-prentice that thou haft :
 Yea, fit it is not they ſhould be out-fac't
 By ſuch vnletterd Animals as theſe,
 But reuerence the *Mufes* on their knees,
 For what be theſe attend thee, ſuch as loſt
 Their tongue to gaine two or three words at moſt,
 As for example neate and briſke, and then
 Anon, anon fir, welcome gentlemen.
 And is it fit that ſwads of ſuch deſert
 Should ſtay the very quinteſſence of art
 For a non-payment ? or make Sergeants ſtand
 In a croſſe-lane to laie vnhallowed hand
 On *Albions Mercuries* ? no, its not fit
 That *Hypocrenes* pure riuelings of wit,
 Should haue their ſtreame with honour doubled)
 By ſuch baſe tenter-hooks once troubled.
 Let this be then amended (and with haſte)
 Leſt ſome of theſe profeſſors ſhould be plac't,
 Before thy prohibition come to ſtay
 Thy will-for in, they'le hardlie get awaie.

But if I heare thee *Bacchus* after this
 That thou arrests but any one I wish
 Thou should'st exempt I will reuenged be
 Ere many daies, of some of thine or thee.
 And thanks vnto my Genius (as I craue it)
 Without inuention further now I haue it.
 And thus it is : Ile to the Peuterer
 To make thy quart pots greater then they were ;
 And so condition with him, as't may be
 Thou wilt confesse one day I begar'd thee :
 Or if I cannot by my meanes intreate
 Thy pottle-pots for to be made more great
 Then th'order is, or th'Citties stampe allowes,
 I hope I shall preuaile with some of those
 Who are appointed by their charge to know,
 Whether thy pots be sealed yea or no,
 That such as are not seal'd they would reueale them,
 And not take bribes in priuate to conceale them :
 Or if this will not ferue, I will deuise
 How to bring th'potts vnto a larger size ;
 Which if they do neglect but to performe,
 According to that Nature and that forme
 They are prescrib'd, then on default they shall
 Make presently a forfeiture of all,
 (Which goods confiscate for their great abuse,
 May afterward redound vnto the vse
 Of all such noble skinkers (by confession)
 As were deceiv'd by men of this profession ;
 But this's not all Ile doe : *Bacchus* shall knowe
 His naprie-drawers shall not end it so.

Surueighers

Surueighers fhall be-gett (and well may be)
 (For worfer trades haue fought *monopolye* ;
 And rais'd their ftate by't) which fhall fhtrictly take
 Examination, whether you do make
 Your pottles to be bruis'd, bough'd, cruft, & bent
 Vpon fet purpofe and for this intent,
 That you thereby (which is a common crime)
 Might fill your crazie pots with leffer wine,
 For leffer will they hold, through your deceit,
 Being drawne in and made by you more ftraite :
 Yet haue I left the Coopers all this while,
 Which I do know haue fome art to beguile.
 And therefore, if all will not ferue ; Ile feeke
 And bribe them too, to make your veffels leeke.
 Yea, befide this (know *Bacchus*) I'ue a meane,
 Which put in practice will vndoe thee cleane,
 And thus I lay my proiect : Ile exprefse
 What motiues there be of licentioufneffe,
 Within thy brothel clofures, and with-all
 Complaine of thy partitions, how the fall
 Of many a fimple Virgine (though fhee's loath,
 To do't poore-wench) coms from a painted cloath,
 A curtaine, or fome hanging of like fort, (for't.
 Which done god-wot, they'ue caufe to curfe thee
 And that this might better preuented be,
 I will prefer petition instantly,
 That thou nor none of thine fhould fuffer thence,
 (for to auoide this inconuenience)
 Any of different sexes being but payres,
 To goe in priuate manner vp the ftaires :

And this I know (if that my aime be right,
 VVill goe well nie to ouerthrow thee quite.
 If none of these will doe, yet sure I am
 There is a creature call'd the Puritan,
 Who'le ferret thee, and by a strict surueigh
 Fine thee for bouzing on the Sabboath day,
 VVhich if they finde, the *Righteous* they will curse
 Though their example it be ten times worse.
 But I would haue thee to repressse all this,
 VVhich thou shalt do by doing what I wish,
 And that with reason, which (as I haue sayd it)
 Is but to giue to our profession credit :
 They'le pay the man, and if the world goe hard,
 VVith them at this time, yet they'le afterward,
 Regratulate thy loue (paying th'old skore)
 VVhich paide they will make bolde to run on more.
 For tell me *Bacchus*, though the world appeare
 To learned men as if no learning were :
 And that the golden age (not as it was)
 Smiles on the filken foole, or golden Affe ;
 Yet time will come (yea now it doth begin
 To shew it selfe (as former times haue been)
 VVhen wise *Minerua* shall no honour lacke,
 For all the foole, whose honour's on his backe.
 But I shall stagger *Bacchus* if I stay
 Longer with thee, therefore Ile packe awaie
 Vnto thy sifter *Ceres* :—I haue sayd
 —Onely looke to thy plate, for all is paide.

*To the Queene of Haruest, daughter and heire
to Saturne, and Ops, Goddesse of the Corne-
sheafe, Ladie Soueraignenesse of the three Vales,
Efam, Beuar, and White-horse, Inuentres of the Sith,
Sickle, and weeding-Hooke: much honoured
by the Reede, Corne Pipe, and Whistle; and
with all obseruance attended by
Hobnaile and his
company.*

Her Deities admirer wifeth many a
seasonable Haruest.

HAile fruitfull Ladie, cheerer of our time,
Rare in thy bewtie, in thy state diuine,
Ripener of Haruest, thou it is whose birth
Yields full encrease vnto the fertile earth :
Thou art that cheering mother that renues (dewes,
The Plow-mans hope, and giues their toile those
Which makes them happie, may my Poems please
Thy honourd selfe, that glads vs with encrease :
Yet in my mirth I cannot but repine
At that vnhappie ackward losse of thine,
That thou which euer hast been debonaire,
Faire in thy selfe, making our fields as faire,
With thy ender'd respect, should be exilde,
Of due content, by loosing of thy childe,
Thy heart, thy hope, thy loue, and thy delight,
Thy deare *Proserpina*, whose vowe is plight

Vnto

Vnto, alasse I cannot speake it well,
 That black-blacht-blabber-lipt foule Prince of hell.
 Yet be contented, manie one there bee,
 Yea I know som which may lament with thee
 For their straide daughters, who I much doe feare
 Are lodged now, or will be lodged there.
 Lasse it is nothing for maides now adaies
 For which of them (though modest) hath not straies,
 In youth, in age, which straying I doe call,
 Dotage in maides, and that is worst of all.
 How manie haue wee in this error sferud,
 Who in themselues haue iusty wel deferud.
 That punishment thy daughter first regainde,
 'Las I haue known them, though they seem containd
 In modest bounds, yet thus much I will say,
 Thy daughter was vnchast, & so were they.
 And (pray thee *Ceres*) credit me in this,
 Though my proceeding was not to my wish,
 Yet this to thy due comfort I must tell,
 Thy daughter doth not liue in Hell
 Without acquaintance, yea I know there are,
 Though they in sumptuous raiment and in fare
 Seeme to excell the worthies of our Land,
 Yet being iustly poized vnder hand,
 They are as neere to *Pluto* and his heire,
 As if those persons that lesse gorgeous were,
 May I speake more, for I am in a vaine,
 To cull strange things out of a stragling braine,
 That there's no wench truly ingenious,
 Wittie by nature, or ambitious

In her conceipt, but that the time will come,
 That she will wander full as farre from home,
 As ere thy deare *Proserpina* diftraide,
 Transform'd from beauty of a louely maide,
 To be a drudge ('lasse I am forc't to tell)
 Vnto the base-borne Skinkird bred in Hell.
 Doe I not know thee *Ceres*? yes, I know
 Far more of thee, then I intend to shew
 In publike eie: 'Lasse I doe know thy worth,
 To be the fruitfull Mother of the earth,
Albions faire-Fostermother, yea that Queen,
 That makes a hopefull Haruest to be seene.
 Within our flourie Fields: if I might say,
 What I in due respect am bound alwaie
 For to expresse I might example thee,
 To be the glorie of our progenie;
 Honour of ages, and successe of time,
 Errecting to thy selfe that noble shrine,
 Which nere shall be defaced by time or age,
 The best of labour in our Pilgrimage.
 Then *Ceres* let thy daughter work, for one
 Thou art in due respect admir'd alone
 To be the soueraignesse of *Albions* Ile,
 Who when retired braines doe sleep the while,
 Shalt shew thy selfe worthy a sacred power,
 Though thy vaine daughter play in hell the whore.
 Yea fit it is, and futing to her birth,
 She should play baud in hell plaid whore on earth.

To

*To the Amorous Queene of Delights, Sole
Empresse of loue-sicke Bedlams, profes'd patro-
nesse to all young Letchers, Foundresse of Midnight-
Reuels, Sentinell to many a crackt Maidenhead, and sole
Benefactor to all lasciuious Nouices ; Best habilimented
by her Coach drawne with foure Turtles, bea-
ring for her armes a Pricke in the midst of
a Center, with this Motto ;*

Pungimur in Medio.

*And on the other side a woman-captiue (instan-
ced in Penthifilæa) with this word,*

Vincitur a victo, victor.

*Her much Endered and affectionate Paliurus wisheth
manie long delightful night, Mars his presence, Vulcans
absence, much good sport without discouerie,
and many yeeres yet to continue her
husbands Liuary.*

^a *Bacchus and Ceres if they be away,*

^b *Small good doe I looke for, may Venus say.*

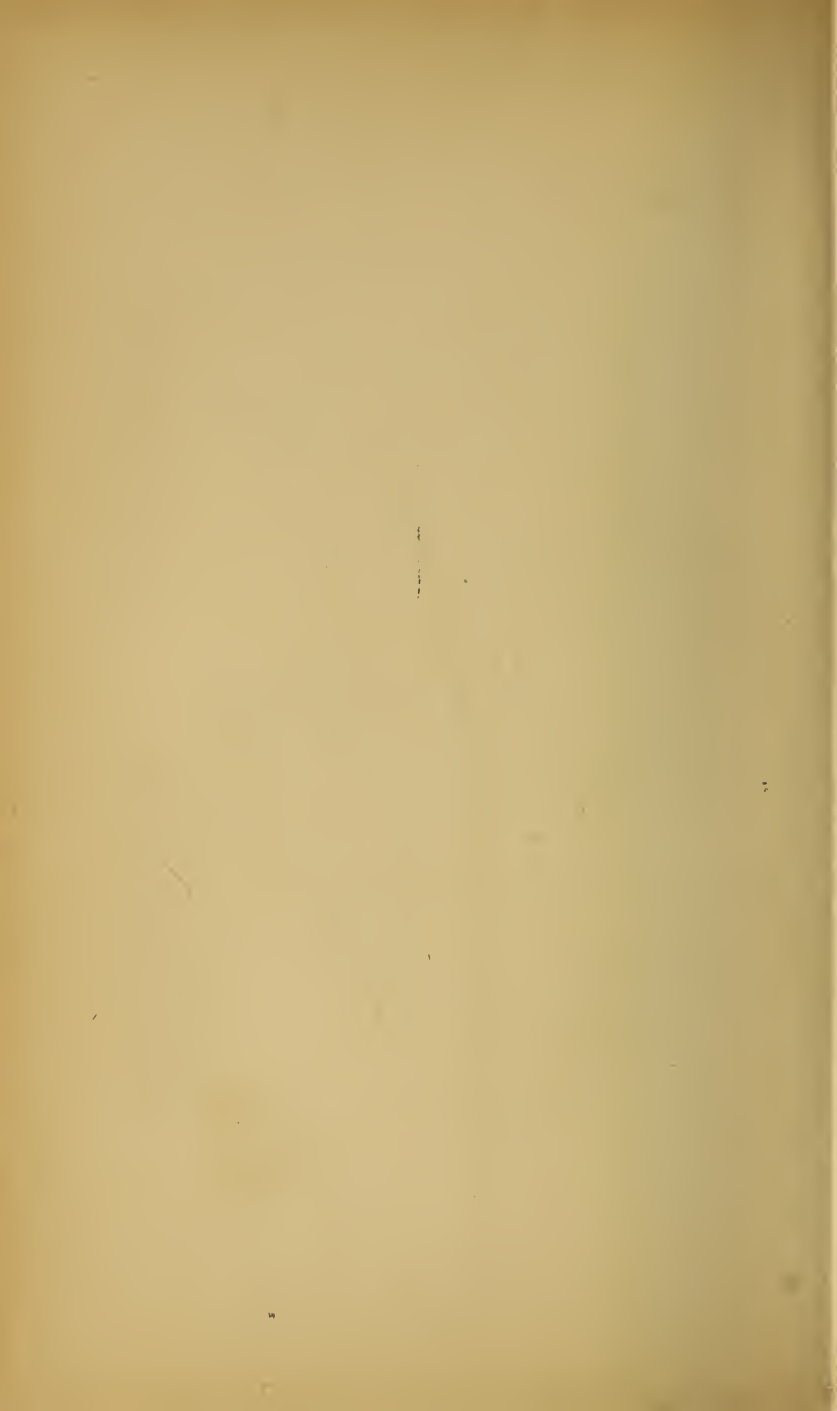
CHerry-lipt *Venus* with thy dimpled Chin,
Who by our Letchers, honourd still hast bin :
For a braue trading damsell, though't may seeme,
By my neglect of thee, that I haue cleane

^a *Carpit enim vires paulatim vritq. videndo. Femina. Virg.*

^b *Res vulgaris amor, semel insanimus omnes.*

Descar-

Discarded thee and thine, yet thou shalt know it ;
Venus hath some alliance with a Poet,
 And that a neerer one too : for pray thee say,
 Who can expresse thy bewty anie way,
 So well as they ? and though they onely write,
 hauing nere hap to come to more delight ;
 Yet art thou much endeared to their Art,
 Though they can say nought for the practick part :
 Yet mongst our Albion *Sibils* that are more,
 In number far, then merit, wit, or power.
 Some I doe know, euen of the pregnant'ft men,
 That loue to trade with *Venus* now and then.
 And this the cause why they obserue that vse,
 (As I haue heard) for to enflame their Muse :
 And some I could produce, had their desire ;
 For they, their Muse, and all were on a fire :
 More could I write to touch thee neerer'th quick,
 But as thou loues those stroakes are short & thick.
 So I desire the very fame to be
 In writing out that is concerning thee.



*An Heroicke Embleme vpon the Warriour
called H O N O R A.*

TAra, Tantara, Honours signall come,
 VVhose best of Muficke is the warlike Drumme,
 Come braue Tyndarian spirit, heare thy glorie,
 Shrouded too long in pitchie darke, whose storie,
 Shall shine and shew it selfe more faire, more bright,
 Then chaf *Latona* on the fablest night.
 Now art thou much admird by euery eie,
 Though lately vassald to captiuitie.
 Now art thou showne to be a Monument,
 Of former glorie, and an ornament,
 Fit for the eare of Kings, now art thou one,
 Highly esteemed, that was of late as none.
 Now canst thou shew thy merit and desert,
 To be deriued from a royall heart.
 Not chafed with perfumes, like a Carpet Knight,
 That cannot fight but in his Ladies fight.
 Not sick ofth fashions, (like this amorous frie
 Of Nouice, who nere knew Enemie)
 Saue their disdainefull Mistres : not enthrald
 To loue, for loue thou knowst not how its cald.
 VVhat stile it has, or what be louers charmes,
 Saue that pure loue which thou dost beare to Armes.
 Not seruile to each apish complement,
 Saue Honours seruice, and VVarres management.
 Not slaue to Fortune, nor engagd to fate,
 But heire to resolution, an estate
 More eminent and glorious to thy selfe,
 Then all the misers-Mammons mouldred-pelfe.
 Not vaine-like proud of Titles, but hast Art,
 To make thy waie to Honour by Defert.
 Not gage to prostitution, for the name
 Of Souldiour hate such an ignoble staine.

Not

Not lure to lucre, but dost make thy blood,
 An instrument vnto thy countries good :
 Not in appearance, or in outward show,
 To seem to know what thou didst neuer know,
 Not humorous, occasioning offence,
 But with pure valour mixing patience ;
 That two reduc't to one, one drawn from two,
 Might make thee apt to speake, & prompt to doe.
 Long hast thou slept, and some did thinke it ill
 To wake thee, but to let thee sleepe on still.
 But how can resolution lie inter'd
 Alas how far haue vulgar iudgements er'd ?
 To thinke thee senselesnes ? No, thou didst but winke,
 For to obserue what other men would thinke
 Of thy retired silence, now thou hast
 Rub'd ore thy gummie eies, & ruines as fast
 To thy intendements forct from coast to coast,
 As willing to redeeme what thou hast lost.
 Hallow amaine, downe by the flowrie vale
 Of honour and renowne display thy faile,
 Trample on Bastard-greatnesse, bruite their shame,
 That are esteemed onely great in name,
 Without demerit, tell them worth should be
 Drawn from our selues, not from our familie.
 Bid them wipe of that painting from their cheeke,
 Its too effeminate and bid them seeke,
 Actions that seeme them better : its not amber,
 Sleeking, or chafing in a Ladies chamber,
 Phantastick humors, amorous conceipts,
 Fashion inuentors sinne seducing baits,

What

What such a Mounfeyr wore, or what Tyres be
Of eminent request in Italie.
No, no, our perfum'd Gallants now must looke,
Like to the fonnes of Valour, smer'd with smoke,
Steeled with spirit, arm'd with best of youth,
Directly planted 'fore a Cannons mouth.
Shake not (my dapper Courtier) though thou heare
Nought but the voice of thunder euey where :
Or if the noife of armes breed in thee feare,
(No lesse then death) go on and stop thine eare ?
Bouge not a foot (or if thou feare to kill)
Winke, and then fay, thou murders gainst thy will.
How likest thou this ? This is no camp for loue,
Nor must thy wreath be heere a Ladies gloue.
Anticke and apish fashions will not serue,
In this enobled field, such as deserue,
By a peculiar merit shall receiue
The Guerdon of their Valour, and in Graue
Shall finde a liuing monument, which men
Admiring much, shall euer honour them.
And is not this a nobler monument,
Then spend our time in fruitlesse complements.
Spend a whole age in making of a legge,
Or seeking how some office we may begge.
Trading for vnderferued Honour, got
By seruile meanes, and by the simplest sot,
That knowes not Honours essence, O may I
Rather then be so Honor'd wish to dye
In the obscurest manner, that when Time
Shall shroud my ashes in a homely shrine,

Some earthy vrne, yet may my memorie
 Liue without reach of enuie after me.
 Sacred *Bellona*, valours choicest Saint,
 For now by thee flie we vnto our tent.
 Infuse true resolution in the minde
 Of thy professors, that their spirits may finde
 What difference there is in honours fight,
 Twixt a good Souldier and a carpet-Knight.
 His perfume's powder, and his harmonie
 Reports of Cannons, for his brauerie,
 Barded with steele and Iron, for the voice,
 Of amorous Ganimeses, the horrid noise
 Of clattering armour, for a Downie bed
 The chill cold ground, for pillow to their head,
 Tinckt with muske Rofes, Target and their shield,
 For gorgeous Roomes, the purprise of the field,
 For nimble capring, Marching, for the tune
 Of mouing comforts, striking vp a drumme,
 For dainties, hunger ; thus is honour fed,
 VVith labour got, and care continued.
 Can this content my Courtier? yes, it may,
 VVhen his laciuous night and fruitles day,
 His manie idle howers employed worfe,
 (Though better deem'd) then such whose vagrant
 Incurs a penal censure ; shall be past, (course
 And he with whip of conscience throughly lash't,
 Shall bid adue to Ladie vanitie
 To Courts applause, to humors phantafie,
 To honours vnderferu'd, to parasites,
 To fashions-brocage, and to all delights.

VVhich

VWhich reape no fruit, no guerdon, nor reward,
 Saue care on earth, repentance afterward :
 VWhere Iustice oft is forc't from her intent.
Goodnesse being onely cause of punishment.
 VWhere violence (so strong be great men growne)
 Makes right supprest', and iustice ouerthrowne.
 VWhere finnes in cloth of Tiffue faire descri'de,
 Make that wise Sages Axiome verifi'de.
" A great mans foe oft by experience proues,
" Of all that be, no thunder like to Ioues.
 Heere Magistrates are clad in violet,
 Because pure Iustice they doe violate.
 Here vice is mounted, vertue liues despif'd,
 The worst esteem'd, the better meanely priz'd.
 Corruption rides on foote-cloth, (some auerre)
 And vpriight dealing shee does lackie her.
 Honour's afraide of Sergeants, merits sad,
 And liues as one without obseruance had.
 VVifdom's out of request, for temperance,
 Shee's neuer knowne but in a Moris daunce.
 And purple Iustice seldom's seene to passe,
 To any Court, but riding one an Affe.
 VWhat then but valour should support the State,
 And make a Realme by vice growne desolate.
 See her owne shame, and in her shame conceiue,
 The blest memorial of an happie graue.
" On then with honour, let the vsurer
Made stiffe with plenty, feele the flock of war,
And tremble, fearing least' should be his lot,
To loose by warre what his oppression got.

Let the prophane contemner of Gods power
 Be mou'd by terrour, let the Paramour,
 Glaz'd with a shameleffe fore head leaue her finne,
 The youthfull Prodigall, those nets hee's in.
 Let the prodigious state-engroffer feele,
 What harme h'as done vnto the Common-weale.
 Let th'aspiring birth of *Dathan* see,
 The end of them, and their conspiracie.
 Let all lasciuious Minions hence reclaime,
 Their odious liues, and put on robes of shame.
 Let publique Haxfters (now the most of all)
 That in their heat, would quarrell for the wall,
 Stand to their Tacklings, let both youth and age,
 Show distinct worths in distant Equipage.
 Lead on *Honora*, that in time report,
 May make a Campe-Knight gracious in the Court.
 So noblest minds in best of Actions showne,
 May challenge Honour when it is their owne.

*Vpon the Generall Sciolists or Poettasters
 of Britannie.*

A Satyre.

COME *Arethuse* come, for nere had we,
 At any time a greater need of thee.
 No Lawrell now, but Nettle's best to grace
 Our Laureat Poet : see his vncouth face,
 Vnapt for poesie : his strange disguise,
 Onely adrest (in Verse) to Temporize :
 Now Parasites proue Poets, and expresse
 Their oyly workes : for what is more or lesse

Dilated

Dilated on, is consecrate to men,
 That are the greatest : O what need is then,
 To thee (deere *Arthuse*) that didst frame,
 A Poet to the nature of his name ?
 No time-observing smooth-fac'd sycophant,
 No strange conceited Ass who's Element
 Is to insinuate vnder the shade
 Of a great Mounseyr's elbow, thour't prou'd Iade
 To thy profession, not a saffron band,
 But like a roaring boye, can make thee stand
 And yeeld obseruance to him : silly foole,
 That Artlesse idiots should bring to schoole,
 The best of Muses, thou that once wast borne,
 Not as our great Acteons, to the horne
 Of their dishonour, (being of ioy bereft)
 Leauing to others what themselues haue left.
 (Worse by degrees then was that *Phæbus* Car,
 Which *Phaeton* by rash attempts did marre :
 And cleere dissolues) lasse see thy Trophies torne,
 Thy statues razed : and that Mount forlorne
 Which first possest the Muses : now no wreath
 Can be hung vp to memorize the death
 Of any great man, why for vertues due,
 Bids euery Poet (in his verse) speake true
 Of such as are deceased : its true, who then
 Speaking no more then truth, can praise such men,
 As rather were then liu'd ? being, but not
 In reall essence, las what fame is got
 By such as write of these (whose only good)
 Is to auerre they were of Noble blood.

But so much disproportion'd to their name,
 As what thy seem'd, they seldome were the same.
 The same; O noe, their garish ornament,
 Their wanton guise, their Loue-sicke complement,
 Their strange distractions, their deformed state,
 Transform'd from English to Italianate,
 Expreffe small comfort to a Poets penne,
 Which onely should delight in shewing them
 Vnto the worlds eye, whose fame succeedes,
 And makes them Noble by Heroicke deedes,
 Drawen from the line of Honour: but how farre
 Seeme Poets in these latter times to erre?
 Who write not for respect, or due esteeme,
 Had to their owne profession, but to gaine
 The fauour of a great one, this it is,
 Giues priuiledge to men that doe amisse:
 Such be our ranke of Poets now adayes,
 As they adorne th'Immerited with praise
 About desert. Hence is it that we bring
 The Art of Poetry to Ballading.

Hence is it, that the Courtier may intend
 A strange pretended proiect for no end,
 Saue to augment 's expence, a suites begun,
 Which makes a silly Farmer quite vndone,
 Without all hope of composition: l'asse
 That such transgressions should so freely passe,
 Without controuement. Many we haue heere,
 That can compose their Verse, but in a sphere
 So different to the time, as they descry
 Their want of braines to each iudicious eye.

Yea some I know are Poets in this time
 Who write of fwains, might write as well of fwine,
 For th' profit of their labours is so small,
 As t'were farre better not to write at all,
 Then to consume such pretious time in vaine,
 About a fruitlesse, and desertlesse straine :
 Better indeed : when in their Makers fight,
 They must accomptants be of what they write,
 Whose eyes be purer, and extension beare,
 About th'Dimension of a common sphere.
 Yet ranke I not (as some men doe suppose)
 These worthlesse fwaines amongst the laies of those
 Time-honour'd Shepherds (for they still shall be)
 As well they merit) honoured of mee,
 Who beare a part, like honest faithfull fwaines,
 On witty *Wither* neuer-withring plaines, (feru'd,
 For these (though seeming Shepherds) haue de-
 To haue their names in lasting Marble caru'd :
 Yea this I know I may be bold to say,
Thames ner'e had swans that song more sweet than they.
 It's true I may auow't, that nere was song,
 Chanted in any age by fwains so young,
 With more delight then was perform'd by them,
 Pretily shadow'd in a borrowed name.
 And long may Englands *Thespian* springs be known
 " *By louely Wither and by bonny Browne,*
 Whilest solid *Seldon*, and their *Cuddy* too,
 Sing what our (Swaines of old) could neuer doe.
 Yea I do hope, sith they so well can write,
 Of Shep-heards sport, and of the fields delight.

That when they come to take a view of th' Court,
 (As fome haue done) and haue bin mew'd vp for't,
 They'l tell her freely, (as full well they may)
 That in their Iudgements, after due furuay,
 Of th' Court & th' Cottage, they may well maintain,
 Vices in the Court, but vertues in the Swaine ;
 And happy be thofe Authors which doe giue
 Vertue and vice their titles, they fhall liue
 In fpite of Enuie, when fuch men as teach
 That fuch be onely vertuous as be rich,
 Shall lye inter'd where fame fhall neuer finde them,
 For fuch doe feldome leaue a name behind them.
 Laffe they muft dye and perifh, fo muft we,
 Nor can we gaine ought of eternity :
 Saue that we liue, Oh then how bleft are they
 That fpend their life in weighing of their daies.
 But of profeffants, which compofe their fong
 To a ftrange defcant ! this Ile fay they wrong
 Flowrie *Parnaffus*, where fuch vfed to be,
 As in themfelues made one fet company.
 Thefe fung not what they knew not, but in Verfe,
 What time had taught them they vfe to rehearfe,
 And to reduce it to one perfect forme,
 Striuing by proper figures to adorne
 Ech worke, ech compofition : but laffe now
 How farre's that alteration ? where we know
 Left that we write, adding to our eftate
 (Begg'd meerely) by a great mans Dedicate.
 Heere is no fubftance, but a fimple peece
 Of gaudy Rhetoricke : Which if it please,

Yeelds

Yeelds th' Author dear-contentment : thus we ftraine
 The Mufes Text for a peculiar gaine
 Vnto our felues : hence is it vice abides,
 (And lording-like in filken foot-cloath rides.)
 Hence is it Land-lords make their tenants flauers :
 Hence is it wafte-goods ope their fathers graues :
 Hence is it Mammonifts adore their golde :
 Hence is't the impious to perdition folde :
 Hence Sacriledge a priuiledge obtaines :
 Hence th' fneking Lawyer by his Clyent gaines :
 Hence th' Politician, what fo ere befall,
 Will to his trade and fhew a Machiuell.
 Hence impofts rife extortions violence,
 Graced by men that haue moft eminence. (it)
 Hence Sergeants walk vnfrōted (though they know
No friend is worfe then Sergeant to a Poet.
 Hence painted faces (like ill wine in caske)
 Shrow'd their deform'd complexions vnder maske :
 Hence curious Courtiers, gorgeoufly arrayd,
 Weare more vpon their backe then ere was paide :
 Hence th' baudie Pandor, feruile to his whore,
 And hence the Baude that keeps the traders dore ;
 Hence bafe informers take their borrowed light,
 Liuing like Owles that vfe to flie by night :
 Hence wanton Prodigals that fpend their ftate,
 And 'gin repentance when it is too late.
 Hence young and old, hence each in their degree,
 Challenge to them a due Monopolie.
 O how *Mineruas* temple's now difgrac't,
 By th'skum of Poetry ! fhe that was plac't

Once

Once like th' *Ephesian* Queene in a pure shrine
 Of honour and delight, now's forc't to pine.
 And languish in her bewty, being deprest,
 By such men most, whom she suscecteth lest.
 Vnpiniond *Muses* (such as nere could flie)
 Further then vnplum'd birds now presse as high
 As Eagles ; which by the Colour you may know,
 As eminent and cleere as *Flaccus* Crow :
 These steale selected flowers from others wit,
 And yet protest their nature brookes not it,
 They are (for both) so inuented by their art. ✓
 Making their pen the displayer of their heart.
 They brooke no Brocage, yet has workes in presse,
 VVhich they are guiltlesse of : but this were lesse,
 VVorthy reproofe, if in their gleaned lines,
 Like our age Criticks they would curbe these times
 For petulancie : but so vaine be they,
 As they runne still in that high-beaten way
 Of errour, by directing men amisse,
 Penning whole volumes of licentiousnesse,
 Descanting on my Ladies Rosie lip,
 Her *Cinthian* eie, her bending front, her trip,
 Her bodies motion, notion of her time,
 All which they weaue vp in a baudy Rime.
 For since there's no obseruance, Accent neither
 (Sith fence and accent feldome goe together.)
 O what aspersions doe these lay on her,
 VVho beares the onely natiue character.
 Of her deere issues merit : shee, I meane,
 VVithout whose nourishment we had not been,

She

She without whose embrace, the solid earth,
 Had quite interr'd the honour of our birth :
 She without whom we haue no biding place,
 No mansion, no repose : she by whose grace
 We are inhabitants, planted in rest,
 Sucking pure milke out of her tender breast.
 She whose our *Guardian* governing our state
 Shoring our weaknesse, arming vs 'gainst fate,
 Guiding our path-lesse passage, brething life
 Into our dulnesse : midiating strife
 Because (a peacefull mother) chering vs
 With solace, when deprest, tricking our *Muse*,
 VVith seemly subiects (that whil'ft shepherds sing)
 Of rurall pastimes, midst their sonneting,
 The grauer ranke might compositions make,
 Not for themselues but for their countries sake :
 Alasse poore cuntry ; where is all that store
 Of diuine wits that thou hast bred before ?
 VVhere is that Quint-essence of poesie,
 That in (fore-times) was wont to breath on thee :
 Like a coole *Zephirus* ? *Hybles* pure mount,
 Renowm'd in former ages and that Fount,
 Of sacred *Castalie* lie desolate.
 For they with theirs haue lost their former state
 Of Greatnesse : no proportion nor no flower
 Decks, with a dasie Border, that sweet Bower
 Where *Cynthia* vs'd to reuell : but as th' port
 Of house-keeping is now transport'd to Court,
 " Leauing their Country-houfes, which men looke
 " And gaze at long ere they can see them smoke :

So

So fruitfull *Hesperie*, which vs'd to be
 The *Ren-de uou* for sacred poesie
 Leuing to be her selfe, shuts vp her dore?
 Hence is the bankrout poet becom'd poore:
 Hence is't hee's forc't to write not for the ease
 Of his owne minde (but as his Patrons please.)
 Hence ist that errors must be Vértues deem'd,
 Because, poore Poet, its by Fate ordain'd,
 That if he will not humour, he must sterue:
 "*For Great-men loue not heare what they deserue.*
 How iealous be our times of their deserts,
 When they suppress the eminence of arts?
 Making them speechlesse whereas we do see,
 If persons were dispos'd as they should be;
 Their sincere conscience (like a brazen wall)
 Might beare them vp what euer should befall.
 Then might our Satyre mixe his inke with gal,
 But with his mixture do no hurt at all.
 Then might our scepticke giue his iudgement free,
 yet do small harme to mens integritie.
 Then might the Lawyer pleade without offence;
 Not feare his *Conscience* with a faire pretence
 Of doing good, when his corrupted will
 Vnder pretence of good, acts what is ill.
 Then might the diuels Factors liue like men,
 That haue a god, nor for the hundred ten;
 Receiuing with aduantage need'd they pay,
 A greater summe at that same latter daie,
 VVhen due accompts are had: ô vsurie
 That art the Cities scourge, how much haue we

Occasion to proscribe thee from our land,
 Since by thy meanes haue we felt heauens hand
 More heauy and reuenging then before,
 Whose wrath has vialls euer laid in store
 To punish impious men : its thou (fowle sin)
 Which haft hal'd downe the infection we haue seene
 Rage in this famous Ile : its thou whose hight
 Hath turn'd our day of comfort to a night
 Of great affliction : for who more can be
 Afflicted in himselfe, then inwardly
 Feeling the worme of Conscience gnawing him
 Torment conforing with that birth of sinne
 Wherein he's nurtured : alas poore Ile !
 That thou shouldst foster such as do defile
 Thy once renomed borders with the hate
 Of a supernall power, making thy state
 Pray to oppression, vassalling thy fame
 (Which once was glorious) to thy odious name
 Of miserie : Great *Albion* now is growne
 Poore in her selfe, because what is her owne
 She cannot vse but in depraued wife,
 Makes her selfe subiect to all forraine eyes
 As vices spectacle : ô that the blisse
 Which we enioy by minds *Synderyfis*
 Th' refined part of man, should foyled be
 By th' worst of ils the staine of vfury ?
 And who'le inueigh against it, few or none,
 For miser-Nature hardly leaues vs one,
 That can securely speake against this ill
 So generall is the poison of our will :

For

For (deere *Pernassus* now is fo opprest)
 It dare not fpeake for feare that intereft,
 Should be demaunded by the Vfurer
 To whom it ftands engag'd : this is the fate
 That Poets haue, to leaue more wit then ftate
 To their posteritie : ô impious time !
 When worft of Fortune followes wits diuine ;
 VVhen noble actions motiue in their fpirit,
 Can leaue nought to their Iffue to inherit :
 Saue their poore fathers papers, monuments
 Scarce worth refpect : how weakes the Element
 VVhich Poets are compos'd of, when one frowne
 Sent from a great mans vifage can keepe downe
 Their beft inuention ? filly poefie,
 That (though free borne, art forc't to flauery,
 And vnderferu'd fubiection : pittie it is,
 That beft of merit should fhut vp her wifh ;
 And dew expectance in no other booke,
 Saue in a fkrew'd face or a writhed looke ;
 Vnfit to entertaine an Art diuine
 VVhich is exprest in that poore *Mufe* of thine.
 Come, come, great regent of that facred quire,
 Come in thy felfe and fo our foules infpire
 VVith Arts Elixir and with fpirit toe,
 That we may do with boldnes what we do :
 Erect our aged fortunes make them fhine
 (Not like the foole in's foot-cloath) but like Time,
 Adorn'd with true experiments which may
 Conuert our odious night to glorious day.
 Let not Ambition mounted in her ftate

Paffe vncontrol'd : care not for getting hate :

“ *For honest minds are best approued still,*

“ *By gaining hate in curbing what is ill.*

* Let not these painted blocks of *Iuuenal*,

VVhich for their cloaths are most admir'd of al

Stand vnreproou'd : let not their dangling plume

So daunt thee, as thou dare not well perfume

To blazon their defects, speake what thou seest

And care not who be pleas'd, or who displeas'd.

Let not moth-eaten Auarice appeare

In this deere Ile, without her Character :

Lash me the Symonist, who though precise

In shew, can geld his Parsons Benifice.

Gall me (our graine-engrossers) moulds of th' earth,

That in their plentie laugh at others dearth.

Rouse me the Atheist, let's security

Heare th'iudgement of supernall maiestie

Thundring against him : let th'lasciuious

Know their bed-broking sin, how odious

Their sensuall meetings are to his pure eyes,

VVho euen the secrets of our hearts espies,

Searching our reines, examining our hearts,

Discuffing each intention (and all parts)

That haue a working faculty : Euen he

That well approues of morall poesie,

He that confirms the motions of our minde,

And breath's vpon them if to good inclinde.

Let not sin-tempting wanton Mermaids rest

VVithout due censure, who with naked brest,

* *Truncoq ; Simillimus Heros. Iuuenal.*

Atrac-

Attraftiue eye, and garifh Complement
 Enfnare our fond vnwary Innocent :
 Thefe are thofe Babel publick prostitutes,
 Lures to damnation, Romane Catamites,
 Inuentreffes of pleasures, penfue ftill
 To doe whats good, but frolike to doe ill.
 O *London* how thy Vanity abounds,
 Glorying in that which thy renowne confounds.
 Traduced fashions from the Dutch to French,
 From French to Spanifh, and not longer fince,
 Then yefterday, blufh at thy finne for fhame,
 That Albion (by thy meanes) fhould lofe her name,
 And habit too : fee, fee, how farre thou'rt gone.
 Beyond thy felfe, that therer's no fashion knowne,
 In forraine Courts, deform'd howfoere it be,
 But by tranfportance it doth come to thee.
 Laffe how immodeft art thou to exprefse,
 Thy felfe fo much by others fashions leffe ?
 How ftangely Metamorphif'd to partake,
 For Angells forme, the moft deformed fhape,
 That Countries can bring out : ô pittie tis
 That *Albions* much admir'd *Metropolis*,
 Should make thofe which admir'd her now to hate
 Her vaine condition (introduc'd by ftate
 Too plentifull : Here you *Hesperian* wits
 May you haue fubieft more then well befits
 A modeft pen : for nere was any time
 More prone to ill : no Region, countrey, clime,
 Prouince, Ifle, Regiment fo truly bleft
 With all earths bounties, yet hath leffe exprest,

Of gratitude : here Satirists resort,
 And make an ample coment on the Court,
 Where thou shalt write, fom's wanton, others vaine,
 Ambitious some, others doe couet gaine
 By seruile meanes : some beggars, yet who dare
 Write in these daies that any such there are.
 Then (my sharp tooth'd Satire) frame thy ditty
 In the same forme, vnrip the Crimes of 'th Citty
 With a sterne brow : tell the purple Magistrate,
 How he has raif'd himfelfe to great estate
 By others ruine : such as Mercers are,
 Tell them darke shops haue got away ill ware.
 Such as be Gold-smiths, and are dangerous,
 Call them the Siluer-smith of *Ephesus*.
 Long liue *Diana*, but no longer then
 By their *Diana* they doe reape a gaine.
 Such as be Brokers, tell them their profession,
 Is not to be a knaue o'th first edition.
 But as those garments which are brought to them,
 Use to bè worne before by other men :
 Euen so they broke their vices and receiue
 Som crimes wrapt vp i'th garmets which they haue,
 Tell them of *Wapping*, bid them thankfull be,
 That there is Iustice had for Piracie :
 For if that were not (it may well be said)
 Many their shops would be vnfurnished,
 But in the Country now my *Muse* shall be,
 For brooke shee'le not a Brokers Company.
 Here shalt thou see th'picture of Auarice, (eyes,
 Thin-cheek'd, raw-bon'd, faint-breath, and hollow-
 D Nose-

Nofe-dropping, rhowme-deftilling, driueling mouth
 Hand-shaking, haire down-falling, th'mifers cough,
 Legs goutie, knees vnweldy, hand on cruch,
 Eies in his bofome, gafing on his pouch,
 His labour torment, reft he cannot take,
 VVhen all are fleeping, he is forc't to wake :
 His Eies are euer ope, for riches keepe
 His eies vnclafed : *The mifer cannot fleepe.*
 He's his owne anguifh, fuch an impious elfe,
 Thats ill to all, but worft vnto himfelfe.
 He has not bookes whereon to meditate,
 Onely a debt booke and an Alminake.
 The one's for forfeitures, where he will pore,
 And daie by day trauers them ore and ore :
 Th'other's his Enterlude that yeelds him mirth.
 Seeing predictions of the next yeeres dearth.
 Hope of a deerer Sommer then laft was
 Vnfeafoned harueft : O thefe hopes fuprafte
 All others, Heere the Mifer fets his eie,
 And when he does thefe ftrange prenotions fpie,
 He kifles th'booke, fweares the profeflion's rare,
 And wifhes all hee reades fuch fubiefts were.
 This Cormorant engrofseth all his graine,
 Makes his barnes greater by a fecret traine
 Brings ore his neighbours fonne to fet his hand,
 Vnto a fale, and fo ioynes land to land.
 This wicked *ulcer* that corrupts the ftate,
 Nere thinkes of death, till that it be too late.
 His gold's his God, yet vfe it cannot he,
 But in expreffion of his miferie ;

which

Which puts the poore Miser to a double paine,
 By telling it and putting't vp againe.
 But now (my nimble Satyre) for to thee
 Tends this impolisht peece of poesie :
 How wilt thou taxe, or where wilt thou begin
 With thy tart phraze, to stinge and nettle him ?
 Thou must be bitter (for in greatest grieues)
 And festered wounds we vse no lenitiues
 To mollesie, but corrasiuues to gall :
 And of all griefes this is the great't of all.
 By it we are degenerate and liue,
 As such as can receiue, but cannot giue
 To Nature competence : Come my deare Mate
 I'll tell thee how to cure their desperate state ;
 Which in few words least that thy memory faile,
 Ile speake my minde vnto thee in a tale.

*It chaunc't vpon a time (and well might be
 For such like chances fall on miserie,
 A pinch-gut Miser fell extreamely sicke,
 So, as at last his Conscience gan to pricke,
 And tell him of's oppression, wheresoere
 He turn'd his eyes, he saw damnation there.
 Sleepe could he not, his sicknesse was too great,
 Nor hope for ought, his conscience did so threate
 And terrifie his soule : thus lay this wretch
 Poore in his spirit, though to the world rich ;
 Faine would he oft desire himselfe confest.
 But cause he was falne out with Parish priest
 About a Tith-pigge, he deferr'd the time,
 And would in no case suffer this Diuine*

*To minister due comfort to his state
 All woe-begone: so great was th' Misers hate:
 For though he were afflicted, yet would he
 Vp-braide the Parson full irreuerently,
 Calling him hedge priest, belly-god (nay more)
 That like a Thiefe, he came not in at dore,
 But in at windowe to his Benefice;
 And that he knew the practice and device
 Of him and's Patron: who that th'law might be
 Dispensed with in case of Symonie,
 Sold him a horse (that whatsoere should fall,)
 The price might pay for th' Benefice and all:
 This would he say, concluding merrily,
 Sir Priest you come more for my pigge then me.
 Silent the Parson was, for well he knew,
 The Miser spoke no more then what was true;
 Onely he wisht such neighbours as he had
 Present to pray for him, for he was mad,
 And that by all appearance it was like
 That his disease had made him lunaticke:
 Thus euery day his sicknesse did encrease,
 Bereft of comfort, conscience sweetest peace,
 Without all hope of health or here or there,
 (For th' worm of conscience follows euery where.)
 There's no euasion left: where ere we goe
 She will attend vs in our weale and woe.
 You heard confest he would, but as tis true,
 A miser loues not him that craues his due:
 So to such men this censure stands for iust,
 They loue their Conscience rest lesse then their rust.*

What

What should he doe ? the Parfon now is gone,
And he vnto himfelfe is left alone
T' expoftulate with death : his finnes did grieue him
But now the moft when all his friends do leaue him ;
Torment belowe, iudgement he fees aboue,
Witneffe within him, that will duly proue
What he has done on earth (thus all in one
Make vp a confort in his dying mone :
Yet as a fhip ore-burdend with her freight
Sinking before, fayls brauely, being made light ;
Or as the Ocean beats from fhelfe to fhelfe,
(Sea-ficke god-wot) till fhe hath purg'd her felfe.
So this fur-charged foule rowl's here and there,
And yet to comfort is no whit the neere,
Till that fame laftage of corruption be
Exempted quite : then fleepes fhe quietly.
Confefse he muft, but to no Priest, that's vaine :
But vnto one cleere of another ftraine ;
Shall I tell Satire ? yes, thou needs muft know it,
And this he was ; a thrid-bare neighbouring Poet :
Who after dew confeflion made to him
Of euery act, and each peculiar finne,
Extortion, Violence and Iniurie,
Preffing of Orphanes, biting vfurie,
Forfeitures-taken, forged bills, at laft
He makes confeflion how a Poet paft
His pikes : who once was of a faire eftate,
But after had no profpect but a grate :
O, quoth the Poet, that was ill in you ;
O (quoth the Mifer) I doe know its true :

But with remorse I now lament his fall,
 Which 'mongst the rest afflicts me most of all.
 Wherefore good Sir, poure out your prayers for me,
 That in distast of my impiety
 Languishing sore, I may be cheerd in state,
 Dying in hope, that now lies desperate.
 The faire conditio'nd Poet, though he had heard
 How ill his owne profession got reward,
 By this hard-harted Miser; yet did he
 Scorne his reuenge should in affliction be
 Streight he retires himselfe a pretty space,
 Chusing for's Orifons a priuate place,
 VVhich being done, to cheere the drooping man,
 VVith hands heau'd vp, his praiera he thus began.

*Powerfull Iehouah, King of Heauen and Earth,
 That giu'st to all things liuing life and birth.
 Thou that protects each thing which thou hast made,
 And so preferu's it, as it cannot fade.
 Before the time presin'd: thou that wilt haue
 Mercy on such as thou dost meane to saue.
 Looke on this wretch (that lies all woe begon)
 If so thou thinke hees worthy looking on:
 Great is thy mercy, so it needs must be,
 If thou wilt saue such Miscreants as he.
 But what thou meanes to doe, he faine would know,
 Whether he must ascend, or fall below:
 That he prouision may according make,
 And fit himselfe for th' Voyage he must take.
 For if to heauen, he needs the lesse prepare,*

Because

*Because he knowes all needfull things be there.
 But much he fear'd, and so feare other some,
 Mongst which my selfe, that there he nere shall come.
 But if to hell (the likelier place o'th two)
 He does desire, that thou wouldst this allow.
 He may haue so much respite as prepare,
 The Bonds of all such Prodigalls be there :
 That what he could not cancell here so well
 On earth, may there be cancelled in hell.
 The cause is this (as it to me appeares)
 Lest that those spend-thrifts fall about his eares ;
 When they shall see him, which that he may stay,
 He'le cancell th' Bonds, though't be long after day
 Or this's the cause as he was impious here,
 He meanes to proue an honest Deuill there.*

*“That Time to Times-successors may bring forth,
 “Hell made him better then he was on Earth.*

Much more he praide, but I doe rather chuse,
 (Satyre) to make of all his praiers an vse,
 That when the vse shall well expressed be,
 Thou maist apply the Benefit to thee.
 Sir [quoth the Poet] I my praiers haue made,
 Haue you, (replied he,) as one dismayed,
 Yes sir, and by them so my zeale enforc't,
 As I preuaild, though it was long time first,
 For know an apparifion came to me
 VVith a shrill voice, which bad me say to thee :
 If thou wilt first a restitution make,
 And render vp what thou by Fraud didst take,

From any man, but chiefly what thou tooke
 From th'Poet : next, deliuer vp thy booke
 Of all *Accounts, great'st cause of thy despaire,*
To thy Confessour, and make him thy heyre.
 Thou shalt haue health for this, it bad me tell,
 But if thou wilt not, thou art markt for hell.
 For Hell, no marry I : take keyes and state,
 I will not buy wealth at so deere a rate.
 If thou my pretty Satyre couldst reclayme,
 A miser thus, I'de thanke thee for the fame.
 But all too long I haue enforc't thee stay,
Vice calleth thee, and Time drawes me away.

An Epigramme called the
Ciuill Dewill.

I T chanc't one euening as I went abroad,
 To cheere my cares, and take away my loade,
 Of disagreeing passions, which were bred
 By the distemper of a troubled head,
 Midst of my walke, spying an Allye doore,
 (Which I protest I neuer spied before)
 I entred in, and being entred in,
 I found the entry was to th'house of sinne.
 Yet much I wondred, how sin there could be,
 Where th'finnes protectresse shou'd most modesty.
 A ciuill matron, lipping with forsooth,
 As one that had not heart to sweare an oath,
 In Graue attire, French hood, all Frencheside,
 For she had some-thing more of French beside,

Her

Her outward rayment in a loofe-gowne made,
Right after fashion, with a countnance ftaid,
And which is ftranger (fhamefaft) her Iaboord
(Like a young nouice letcher) making each word
A proteftation ; ſhe that knew'th deuice,
T'enfnare a greene wit, feem'd wondrous niſe,
Reprouing of my errour : Sir, I am
(For thus ſhe tooke me vp) wife to a man
Of due reſpect, one that has office borne,
Twice in the Citty, therefore pray forbear,
You doe miſtake your-ſelfe, there's none ſuch heere
As you make fute for. I as one diſmaid,
That durſt not iuſtifie what I had ſaid,
Began to flinke away ; ſhe ſeeing this,
Fearing leaſt ſhe ſhould ſuch a Gudgeon miſſe,
Recants what ſhe had ſaid, ſwearing though ſhe
Vvere ſuch a mans wife of the Marſhalſie,
One that had neuer yet incurd ill name,
Or knew ought more then modeſty or ſhame,
Though ſhe nere was defam'd in all her life,
Or loued more then as becom'd a wife,
Though her affection neuer yet was ſhowne
(Saue to her husband) vnto any one,
Though ſhe was graue in yeers, and therefore might
Tread rightly now, that had ſo long trod right,
She would pawne name, fame, modeſtie, and all
Affection, husband, yea what ere befall
Her grauer yeeres ſhould once diſpence with time,
“ She would, forfooth, remaine entirely mine,
This alteration made me ſtrangely doubt,

Doubt

And though my feet were in, my mind was out.
 Yet so was I enthralld by tempting sinne,
 Though Vertue forc't me out, Vice kept me in.
 Thus did my tempting *Genius*, sweare, protest,
 That of all creatures she did loue me best,
 And with diffembling teares disguise her ill,
 Fond is that man, and fonder is his will,
 That's thus depraud : how seruile are men growne,
 When these same Vertues we esteeme our owne
 Are thus Eclips'd by Hyene faced whores,
 That protestation make they will be ours,
 When they proue nothing lesse, las I do know
 And by experience, whatsoere they show.
 Their painted Vizards couer naked sinne,
 Which seeming faire, are euer foule within.
 A whiten wall, a rotten odious tombe,
 That prostitutes her selfe to all that come.
 To all that come, hence then's affection crost,
 For loue is pure, but lust for them bid most.
 But to my Saint-like Deuill : she thus precise
 At first held credit deere, but now her eyes
 Like wandring stars prest to induce some sin
 Makes me (the silly fish) catcht by her gin.
 Reason did tell me, and suggest her name,
 Whispring me in the eare, it was a shame
 To gage my reputation to a whore :
 But las who knows it not, sence hath more power
 Then reason in these acts : I gaue consent
 To her inducements, thought her Innocent,
 And a right modest matron : yet how farre,

Did fenſe from reaſon in her Verdict erre ?
For how could ſhe be modeſt that ſo ſoone,
Was gain'd ere crau'd, ſo quickly wood and wonne ?
Laſſe that my ſimple ſtraine ſhould be ſo weake,
As to continue for a wantons ſake,
So firme in my affection ? ſhe was graue,
Its true, ſhe was ſo : but how many haue
That forme of grauity, the more their ſinne,
Being ſo graue without, ſo gay within,
But ſhe proteſted ; true, ſhe ſwore an oath,
As any other tempting wanton doth,
VVhen ſhee's in hope of gaine, vnhappy I,
To leane ſo much to harlots forgery.
Well my braue Curtizan, ſince I am won,
To doe that act by which I am vndone.
Since I am ſnared, and like a Bird that caught,
Fledged in bird-lime, am of wit diſtraught,
And ſenſes too : I will runne headlong to it,
And doe it with force, ſince I perforce muſt doe it.
Downe goes the filken Carpet all the while,
Showing thoſe ſheets, which louers doe beguile,
Thoſe ſheets of luſt perfum'd deliciouſly,
VVith roſie odours, where variety
Of obieſts made recourse : ſee wantons ſee,
How many motiues now enuiron me ?
Heere my laſciuious Matron wooes with teares,
There a reſoſe for luſts reſtrait appeares.
Heere a proteſting whore (ſee whoredomes ſhelfe)
Rather then looſe me, ſhe will damme her ſelfe.
There *Adons* picture, clipping *Venus* round,

Heere

Here *Ioue Europa* lying on the ground.
 Heere *Mars* difarm'd in Beauties chariot drawn,
 VVhere faire *Eryca* couer'd ore with lawne,
 Bids him her best of welcome, and is ledde,
 For want of roomes vnto her Husbands bedde.
 Heere *Danâe* stood (admiring diuine power)
 VVhich did descend like to a goulden shoure,
 Into her Virgin-lap, there straight I spide
 The tempting *Omphale*, and on one side,
 Her wanton sifter, on the other, faire
Alcinous daughter, courted for her haire
 By great *Apollo*: but below her foote,
 Sat *Hercles* spinning, she enioynd him too't.
 Here I beheld the nimble Satyres dance
 The *Druids* fung, the water-Sea-nimphs prounce,
 Ore the delicious *Mede*: there was the Queene
 Of Amorous meetings pictur'd as sh'ad beene
 Taking a greene-gowne (many such there are)
 Of *Mars* that Martiall Enginer of warre.
 Heere *Vulcane* lay, poore Cuckold as he was,
 And saw them mating on the greeny grasse,
 Yet durst fay nought, how many such there be,
 That see enough, but dare not fay they see?
 Sweet heart (quoth she) and smild, seeing me eye
 This picture more then any one was nie,
 Leaue me the shadow, to the substance goe,
 VVhat thou now seest, let louers action know,
 Ile be thy *Venus*, pretty Ducke I will,
 And though lesse faire, yet I haue farre more skill,
 In Loues affaires: for if I *Adon* had,

As *Venus* had : I could haue taught the lad.
To haue beene farre more forward then he was,
And not haue dallied with so apt a lasse. (be
Come, come (my youngling) though I nere could
Immodest yet, Ile show my selfe to thee,
A lasse of mettal : Come, in faith thou shalt,
Thou'rt *Mars*, I *Venus*, he that limping halt,
My *Vulcan*-husband, pox on't he is gone,
And I my selfe as desolate alone,
VVill entertaine thee : I in manlike shape,
Being a man, a man should imitate.
Protested I would doe, yet had no power,
For who can deale so ably with a whore,
Or with so free-bred actions, since I know,
None can affection with election show,
Sincerely or entirely, but whose strife,
S'transform'd from wanton action to a wife
Of modest action : this is she can doe,
And eury night has new conceits to wooe,
Though she be won, las what is wooing then,
Since wooing, winning, be small change in men ?
VWho knowes not whores affection purchas'd soon,
And that they are not sooner woo'd then wonne ?
Or as the world goes, for its more common,
VVomen woe men more oft then men woe women.
Hence nature seemes to haue transform'd vs quite,
Conuerting day vnto a drerie night,
Vertue to vice, a good-names eminence,
Expof'd to shame, and publique impudence.

Once

Once women knew a blushing shame-fastnesse,
 But now a blush is least that they expresse ;
 Vnlesse for shame of hauing done some ill
 They feare is known, which they would shadow stil,
 Shine brightest heauen (if thou wilt deigne to shine,
 And with thy beames dispell this hideous crime,
 Which now (protection has) : curbe them, that call
 Such finnes as veniall, *Venereall*.

Let not an Ile of an Angelicke name
 Expose her glory to the house of shame :
 Let not those many Tropheies of her worth
 Loose their renowne or honour in our birth.
 Let not faire *Albion*, stil'd from cliffes so white,
 Change Vertues day star to a vicious night.
 Let not those many conquests she hath got
 Seeme now deprest, as if remembred not.
 Let not our peace (like *Halcion* daies) be tane
 From vs and ours and giuen to other men :
 Let not this sacred Vine which planted is
 In *Albion*, shaken be by wantonneffe.
 Let not our plenty and abundant store
 Occasion be that we should sinne the more :
 Let not our Realme vnite, diuide that loue
 Which we should beare vnto the King about :
 Let not our want of wars inuasion bring vs
 A lust-full war encountring within vs.
 Let not those manie blessings we receiue,
 Make vs interre our honour in our graue.
 Let not our seasons yeerly fruitfulnessse
 Produce in vs a loathed barranneffe.

Let

Let not those many strange conspiracies
Which heauen preuented, close our thanklesse eyes,
Let not our being make vs not to be,
For God is God and will auenged be.
He seemes some time to sleepe and suffer all,
But calls at last for vse and principall.
Many, I know, there be of crimes that's ill,
Drawne from the source of our depraued will,
But of all crimes that euer were or be,
None in this Ile claimes more impunity.
A purple sin (for who will not allow it)
Since purple-fathers oft-times go vnto it ?
The Citties Elders (which though they reprove)
They doe but chastice what themselues do loue.
Statists haue lou'd it too : but marke (my friend)
For all their state they had a loathsome end,
Like stinking *Herod*, loth'd *Hertogenes*,
Crook't *Damocles*, lowfie *Pherecides* ;
All these experience had of this fowle euill,
And could describe too-well a ciuell Diuell.

The

The Authors Morall to his
Ciuell Diuell.

Come Nouice, come, see here the fall of youth,
 Begun in pleafure, but wouen vp in rueth :
 See what occurrents meete the heires of flame,
 Where end is pouerty, and cloz'd ill-name ?
 See what the fruits be of licentious fin
 That end in woe as they in heate begin ?
 See painted *Sodom*-apples faire to th'eye,
 But being tutcht they perifh instantly.
 See, fee a wanton Mere-mayd, that does fing,
 To bring youths crazie backe to ruining.
 See Vertue in pretence, but vice in deed,
 See Harlots a \dot{c} tion in a Matrons weede :
 See damned Factors who their trafficke make,
 Not for their foule but for the diuels fake.
 See my coach't Lady hurried long the ftreet,
 Casting her lufts-eyes on who s'ere fhe meet :
 See, fee her cerus cheeke, made to delight
 Her apple-squire, or wanton Marmofite.
 See, fee her braided haire, her paps laide out,
 Which witneffe how fhe 'le do when fhe's put to 't.
 O fee fhe likes vpon th'condition well,
So fhe may coached be fhe'le goe to hell,
 And willingly : fee, fee adulterate golde,
 In valew worft, yet is the deereft folde.
 See *Albions* curfe, Youths gulph, Heires mifery,
 Our Countries shame, foules ftaine, earths vanity.

O Sunne reflect thy Gould on my pale Moone,
And let this *Dathans* braunch be rooted foone,
Out of this flourie isle : O let not this
(So hideous a crime) eclipse the blisse
Which Britaine now possesseth, may my penne,
Be steeped now in wormewood, that such men
As haue beene 'erst delighted, now may be,
Wain'd from that land-oppreffing miserie.
And you (damn'd prostitutes) that pawn your name,
Making a triuiall may-game of your shame ;
Bed-broaking lechers, Broakers of ill ware,
For many such base factors now there are)
Heare me spit out my malice : May you liue,
Till you haue nought to take, nor none to giue,
For your ore-iaded pleasure : may you stand
Banisht for euer in this *Fruitfull land*, (power)
Which fares the worfe (and that by Heauens high
For giuing harbour to an odious whoore.
May you detested liue, intestate die,
And as I doubt not make your Tragedy
By death more wofull : may your vlcereous skin,
As it beares here the marks of your fowle sin :
Like to the Iewes as they did earst appeare,
Who in their fore parts circumcised were)
Be circumcis'd : that after times may shew,
There was small difference twixt the whore and Iewe.
And you poore haire brain'd youths that doe begin
To nestle in these lothsome sinkes of sin ;
You that spend substance, heritage and all,
Becomming subiect to a doubtful fall :

E

You

You that are fent to practife ftudious arts,
 But leauing them, betake to worfer parts
 Your vnpledg'd fancies : heare me, and you'le fay,
 It feemes he wifht vs well another day.
 Flie the ftange woman, let her wanton looke,
 Be vnto you as fome experientft booke ;
 Prefcribing cures for ftange difeafes be
 As if you did not note, or did not fee
 Her fin-alluring motiues : if ſhe ſmile
 Confter it thus : this wanton would beguile
 With her affected feeming, if ſhe play
 With her light capring foote, or bid you ſtay
 (So brazen fac't is ſin) away from thence,
 Taxe, but affect not, her loth'd impudence.
 If ſhe ſhew modeſtie (as well ſhe may)
 For whoores haue change of faces euery daie
 Vieing new fafhions : you may confter thus,
 It is a painted but no natiue blufh.
 If ſhe proteſt (beleue not what ſhe fayth)
 For there's no whore but can diſpenſe with fayth :
 If ſhe inuite you to ſome dainty feaſt
 Be not entreated, leaſt like *Circes* beaſt,
 You be transform'd from that ſame forme diuine
 Vnto the beſtiall nature of a ſwine,
 If ſhe allure thee to ſome wanton ſport
 In that ſhe moues you to it, care not for't
 Let S^t. foote be (ſuch follies luſt afford)
 " For faireſt play is euer aboue boord.
 Redart not eyes with her : if ſhe looke red
 Say its her guilt, if pale diſtempored

With

With some lasciuious passion : if conceipt
Be pregnant in her, sweare its but deceit
To draw thee on : if fullen, it may be thought
Her weight of sin has that distraction wrought.
If she discourse, its but some whorish tale
That she perchance has purchas't by retaile ;
If silent, 't may be thought she's plotting ill,
And that's the cause her oily tongue is still :
If seeming modest, vertuous or precise,
Its her dissembling, making her lusts eyes
Like Basilisks (who naturally haue
Desire to kill, where they do seeme to faue.)
If hope of meanes : fie, let no Generous minde,
Stoope to so base a lure, as be inclin'de,
To buy a stipend at so deare a rate,
" As gage a soule, to get a little state.
If discontent : this is no remedie
Vnto thy grieffe, but ads to miserie :
For who (through discontent) goes to a Whoore,
Must needs be more deiected then before.
If an enforced marriage (as who can)
Taste still the sweete of comforts, being man :
This is no way to ease thy troubled head,
To make thy selfe adulterize thy Bed.
If to spend time : how ill is that spent time,
Which adds vnto that great accompt of thine
Thousands of accusations ? where thy looke
Shall beare record (if wanton) in that booke,
Where all our actions duely written be
From youth to man, to Age from infancy :

If for acquaintance (as oftimes we heare)
 The greatest men are most acquainted there ;
 Thou seeks amisse, for what's acquaintance worth,
 By birth borne great, to bastardise their birth.
 If to obserue new fashions, tricks not knowne
 Before of thee : 'lasse those must needs be growne
 Quite out of fashon, when there's none that vse thē
 Saue Pandors, Bawds, & whoors that stil abuse them.
 If to be deem'd a Turne-ball roring lad,
 Of all the straines that be there's none so bad :
 " These glorie in deformed shapcs, and thirst
 After that guize which doth beseeme them worst :
 But wouldst thou know them ? then attend to me,
 (And I in few words will describe them thee.
 Their peak't-mouchatoes bodkinwife oppose
 Each other, and stand brauing of their nose :
 They're blustering boyes, and whatfoe're befall,
 If they be three to one they'le haue the wall.
 They haue a mint of oaths, yet when they sweare,
 Of death and murder, there's small danger there :
 Buffe-yerkins say their souldiers, (but's not so,)
 For they were prest indeed but durst not goe.
 They weare a Cutler's-shop euer about them :
 Yet for all that we need not greatly doubt them.
 For tak't from me by this you soon'ft may know thē,
 They weare the desperat'ft blades, yet dare not draw
 They're Panders by profession, men that get (them.
 A flauish meanes out of a seruile wit :
 They're euer foaking of a pipe, whose smoake
 Makes them contort & wreath their wainskot look

To every fashion, they are monstrous proud,
And what-soere they speake they sweare its good :
They neuer goe to Church, vnlesse it be
To man their whore, or for formalitie.
They are and are not : seeming men by fight,
But beasts, becomming flaves to appetite :
Their walke is not where Vertue hath recourse,
(For to discourse of Vertue is a curse)
To Roring-boyes : their *Rende-voue's Tibb Calles*
Her shrowd their shrine, their walk's in *Garden-allies*
Dost see these (youngling) ? pray thee see and mark,
A whore enticing, and a god-lesse sharke
Attending her, haue a good eye to him,
Pray thee beware he's instrument of sinne :
Goe not along, let my aduise enforce,
Least thou returne (my boy) by weeping crosse.
Let not, ô let not moment of delight,
Deprive thy soule of her internall light,
Shame not thy eye of reason with expence
Of ill spent time, expos'd to th'vse of fence.
Thy form's Diuine, no fading, vading flower :
O let not then th'embraces of a whore
Captiue thy iudgement, but as thou dost take
Thy Great Creators forme, so for his sake,
Referue thy Temple (if thou'le liue with him,
To be for *Syon*, not for place of Sinne.



The occasion of this Epigram proceeded
*from the restraint of the Author, who in the
 iustnes of his cause (like Zenophons Sparrow)
 fled for refuge: to the worthily esteemed, the*

Right Worshipfull RICH. HUTTON,
*Sergeant at Lawe: to whose protection the
 retired Author commends his Epi-
 gramme entitled.*

HIS CATCH.

{ *Singing my catch, if you be not my friend,* }
 { *For all my catch, I shall be catcht ith' end.* }

Not in a durance suite remaine I here,
 Yet in a suite like durance hemm'd with feare
 Retir'd I am: confinement makes me thrall
 Vnto my selfe, which grieues me most of all:
 If I but see the shadow of a man.
 Or th' tinkling of a Braziers copper pan,
 I feare a Sergeant, shadow saies its he,
 And th'Brazier saies, such like his buttons be,

Where

Where shall I flie to ? 'lasse I know not where :
For *Milford*-lane is growne too monftrous deere.
No, there I must not goe ; for know you how
That place is stit'd ? The Gallants *Randa-uou*.
Well, some-where I must flie : O now I see't :
Philosophers say ; heate is expel'd by heate.
Moisture by moisture ; Colds extremity
By cold, deriu'd from passions natiuely
Concurring in vs : if this then be trew,
VVho should I flie to (Sir ?) but vnto you
That are a Sergeant, and has power to place
Your God-sonne free from any Sergiants Mace ?
To you ile flie pursu'de by impudence,
(A Courtiers garbe) crauing safe residence
Vnder your wings : and know (kinde Sir) from me,
To doe for Orphanes its a charity.
Little I am possesst of well you know,
And of that little, little doe I owe
To any man : yet for all this am I,
Made a fit obiect for a Sergeants eie.
I could not beg if that my cause were bad,
But to disburse for that I neuer had.
Nor anie for me, 'lasse it seemes to me,
The cause might pleade it selfe without a fee.
Pray Sir (at least) if'th Courtier needes will craue it,
Let him pursue such, where 'has hope to haue it :
For me theres none : but this his wit God wot
To sue his bond, wheres nothing to be got,
Yet for the reputation which I beare
To my vnblemisht credit, I must feare

Not

Not our iust cause, nor any such pretence,
 But brazen-face, and guilded conscience.
" For dangers felt are worse then others feard,
" Which makes me now conceald which once appear'd.
 'Lasse Sir, my studies cannot brooke restraint,
 " Since times obseruance giues me argument.
 Of writing what I write : so smal's the store
 Of La'er I haue, that if I knew not more
 By obseruation, then by reading, men
 Might iustly say, I knew not what I pen.
 But Iustice whose pure eie lookes euer right,
 And can admit of none that cloudes her sight,
 Will shield my cause : its trues I know she will,
 Yet in meane time I am be-leagred still,
 With these iniurious burre, *these tenterhookes,*
That euen afright me with their gastly looks.
These engines of despaire, agents of euill,
Factors for Mammon, Viceroyes for the diuell
These that lay hold like bird lime : these be they,
 That must be soundly brib'd, or we must pay ;
 I haue no hope then but your vertuous selfe
 To saue my crasie vessel from this shelve,
 Or ship-wrack rather, and so sure am I
 Of your best helpe, that I see safety
 Appearing midst of daunger : for my trust
 So well repof'd in one that is so iust,
 Cannot be frustrate, but must needes receiue
 What you may graunt, and I may iustly haue.
 And well I know that actions of this kinde,
 Keepe best concordance with your generous minde,
Whose

Whose natiue vertues haue been still exprest,
 In giuing breath to caufes that are best.
A great prerogatiue, as't seemes to me,
 Haue you ore *such* as onely take their fee,
 Witthout obseruance or discuffion had,
 Of what the cause is : whether good or bad.
 These like to spiders, weaue ore iustice throne
 A web, to make their actions lie vnknowne,
 But all in vaine : their vices time descrites :
 For time has many eares and many eies.
 Ripe was his wit, and well he vnderstood,
 VVho rouf't ⁱ *Westminster Hal* with Irish wood.
 That Iustice there profest', should like appeare,
 Suffring no venemous creature to come neere
 Her sacred throne : no ^kSpider, worme, nor moth,
 But that like vertue should accrew to both.
 VVhich makes me muse : sith Irish wood can show,
 Such pure effects, why *Ireland* does not see,
 O no it were too much to be the fame,
 In title, temper nature, and in name.
 But whither wanders my confined *Muse* ?
 Lament thine owne, care not for times abuse,
 It yields thee matter ro expresse thy spleene,
 VVhich otherwise would be extinguish't cleane.

ⁱ Rufus finishing the stately building of Westminster hall, found fault for being built too little, saying it was fitter for a chamber, then a Hall for a King of England ; taking a plot for one more spacious to be added vnto it.

^k This peculiar vertue the superstitious Irish haue ascribed to the power of Saint Patrick.

Thou mai'ft retire, ther's one will fee thee pla'ft
 In fafe repofe, till all thefe ftormes be paft :
 VVhich paft, may I my conning quite forget,
 If better numbers doe not defcant it.

*From me and mine
 to you and yours,
 From time to time
 our praiers like showers
 Diffufed be
 incessantlie.*

Your worths obseruer

R. B. μισσοῦκος.



TO MY APPROVED FRIEND

T. P. in the conduct of my arrest-
fearing Epigram his best
of Wishes.

IF any Sergeant should my lines forestale,
 Before they see my Patron enter bayle.

Ibid.———*Where say,*———

How Night by Night in severall roomes I lye,
 And that my lines haue farre more Aer then I.

An



An Epigramme called the
Honest Lawyer.

SPrightly my muse, speake like the son of thunder
 And with a full mouth, ring out *Albions* wonder :
 No *Suffex Dragon*, no *Virginian*,
 But of a *Lawer that's an Honest man.*
 Whose definition if you wish to know,
Is a blacke Swan, faire Moore, or milke-white Crow.
 He takes no fees, till he conceiue the cause,
 Nor with an Oylly bribe annoints his iawes.
 He wants the vse of feeling, feares Heauens curse,
 Strings not his conscience with his Clients purse.
 Hee'l not be tongue-tide, but for *Iustice* fake,
 He seekes to earne the mony he does take.
 He hates æquiucation and delay,
 Nor will he make his Threed-bare Client stay
 For his dispatch : he will not haue his fee,
 Till he discusse the causes equity.
 His Iudgement will not vaile to wind nor wether,
 Nor is his conscience made of retching lether.
 His eye's on Iustice, nor will euer he
 Banke-rupt his soule, t' enrich posterity.

His

His tongue's no time-obferuer, made to please,
His fist is fhut from taking double fees.
He will not forge a lye, nor wrest the fence,
Of law or right, for any faire pretence.
He will not backe his Clyent, or maintaine
An vniuft fuit, to reape a priuate gaine.
He fpeakes and ftands too't, nor is sorry for't,
Though he by fpeaking truth, incense the Court.
He hates corruption, nor has euer fould,
His peace of Confcience, for a peece of gold.
He loues no perfumes, nor is one of thofe,
Whofe peak't mouchatoes fkirmifh with their nofe.
His beard's not ftarcht, he has no fubtile fconce,
Nor *Ianus*-like lookes he ten waies at once.
His Eare is neuer fhut to poore mens mones,
His Coach-wheele is not made of Clients bones,
His Confcience nere did ought that needs relenting
Or ' ere made Clients pay for his wiues painting.
His foule was neuer foild by corrupt dealing,
Nor ftands he on a veluet gowne at fealing.
His face was nere at Braziers, nor his skin
Sy-fambris-like was hung vp to be feene. (can.
His tongue fpeakes truth, makes peace where ere he
This Larwer muft be needs an honest man.
It's true, he muft : but where now fhall we finde
This man : I feare theres none left of his kind.

e For my pretty tooth-picker, the Criticke Lawyer, who ftands
on the puntlylio of his honour, I am by *Martialls* meanes prouid-
ed of armour. 505. *Epig.*

*Carpere caufidicus fertur mea carmina : qui fit
Nefcio : fi fciero, vae tibi, caufidice.*

Yes

Yes one I know, and more there be no doubt
 But that my dull pate cannot find them out,
 Who's truly honest: Whom you may discern,
 You Clients you, that visit this throng Terme,
 By no example in our *Albion* more,
 Then by my Patron in my *Catch* before.
Aske you me why? Experience tells it me,
"None of's Profession honeste then he.

Vpon a Patron, who was at home, and
yet abroad: in the City, and yet in the
 Countrey: seene, and not to bee
 seene: in any place, but where
he was, and as soone to be found
where he was not, as
where he was.

A good Patrons Anagram: is
Patren. Anag. Parent.
An euill ones
Patrone. Anag. Rope an't.

A Satyre.

THere is a Patron, to expresse his name,
 I thinke it needlesse, for you may coniecture,
 Who tis by dumbe shoves: yet Ile reade a Lecture,
 Vpon's Anatomy: "He thinks no shame
 To be at home, yet to deny the fame,
 By one of's Pander porters: he is proud

Of a new Title giuen him, yet it's stale,
Knight-hood I wish : for's speech he speaks a tale,
With a Beere-brewers *Grace*, as for his bloud,
He faies he can deriu't from *Robin hood*,
And his *May-Marian*, and I thinke he may,
For's Mother plaid *May-Marian* tother day.

If a rich country-Boore come to present him,
With Pigge or Goofe, he shall no sooner come,
But the gate's open, and the Knight's at home,
Where the Dog-fawning Knight will question him,
Why he from's house has so long absent beene?
Yet tother day, a Poet whom he lou'd,
At least protested so : knocking at's gate,
Was full two houres enforced there to waite,
And still he staid to find his loue approu'd, (mou'd,
Till th'Brazen head spake, through a casement
(The Knight I meane) but seeing who it was,
I'me not at home (quoth he) good Poet passe.

An

*An Epigram in Curium Lampetram :
A Cashierd Courtier.*

C*Vrius Lampetra*, (as he doth confesse)
 For he was t'ane i'th nicke, o'th businesse,
 Ha's done, soone done, God wot, a worthy deede,
 Setting the Courts wreath on the Cities head :
 But for his wreath, before one Terms demurre,
 He was degraded of his Courtly spurre.
 (True badge of Honour) and from that time swore,
 Nere to approach the Cities confines more.
 What should he doe ? the Citie was his gaine,
 For poore *Lampetra* nere had courtly straine ;
 But apish imitation, whose small force
 Made him admired, like an Hobby-horse.
 And yet they say, he had a wit at will :
 Running like the rundell of a blind horse-mill. (set
 Could sweare an oath, could some at mouth could
 His words in fustian, and could runne in debt,
 Could skrew his face, could moralize a fable,
 Yet nere read *Æsop*, sit at Duke *Humfreys* Table,
 Could walke a turne in *Paules*, could talke of *Spaine*,
 Yet nere was there, and then come home againe.
 Why this is courtly, and this he could doe,
 Yea but *Lampetra* knew not how to woe.
 Not woe ? why he could kisse, and as they sing
 I'th ballad too, he could doe tother thing.
 "A Pox thats true : But shall I tell thee why
 She told all out ? he did so scruily :

" As at the very instant when theyre taine,
 Shee said (poore foole) put vp thy pipe againe,
 For such a Fidler is farre worfe then none,
 That plaies on still, yet has no stroake but one.
 But prethee say, what shall Lampetra doe ?
 (As other Courtiers) make a foolish shew
 Of what they haue not : no, it is decreed,
 Being boorish bred, he must with boores goe, feede
 On huskes and hawes ; and that he may retaine
 Some courtly garbe, his ruins to maintaine
 Ith Country must this rusticke swaine be plast,
 To purchase pardons, when the iudgement's past :
*Or he may finde a * Giant at S^t Bees*
And with his sight get money if he please.

* *Vt in antiquissimis Monumentis in Monasterio Sainct. Bees, ab
 inclyto eo generosiss. viro, Qui in hunc diem cuius opibus pre-
 cipue Alabastris versatur, nuperrime compertus fuit ; et prope
 Epistomium in Fleetstreet, publice ostensum, &c.*

An Embleme writte vnto a Gentleman,
*who entreated the Author to distinguish
 twixt Rome and roome.*

YOu mou'd me fir, next time I chanc't to come,
 For to distinguish betwixt *Rome* and roome,
 Which I haue done: and to the full I hope,
Rome being as farre from roome, as *Peter Pope*.
 For wherefoere I am, wherefoere I come,
 I must haue roome, yet that I hope's not *Rome*.
 So whenfoere I see Saint *Peters* chaire,
 I doe inferre, ^aSaint *Peter* has beene there.
 But that Saint *Peters* heyre is now at *Rome*.
 Though he be there, Ile say it's not his roome.
*Peter Romes pillar, Cater pillar he,
 Whose roome I loue more then his company.*

^a For we read that in the second yeare of Claudius reigne.
Peter the Apostle came to *Rome*, and there remained 30.
 yeares after, yet some dissent from this opinion, &c.



EN TRES EXCEL-
 lentissimo *Phantasto Moriano*
 del Castello, equiti tres illustrissimo
septentrionali.

Fades rare horned Dicke.

An Anagram included in the Satyre.

FAdes my rare horned *Dicke*? ô, out a cry,
 His hornes bud out, and gall him greeuoufly,
 What remedy? faith patience: which appears
 In's wife, whose patience, many burden beares.
 Then he may learne of her: it's true, you say,
 And therefore plyes his hornebooke day by day.



Anagramma.

How Riches freed'd adorne a gull?

Epigram.

*Wise is that Foole, that hath his coffers full.
And Riches free'd adorne the veriest Gull.
Yet but vncase the Assse, and you shall see,
An Assse is still an Assse, and so is he.*

An Epigram vpon the Anagram, Dedicated to the Mirrour of true Excellency, his
much admired (though vnacquainted) friend,

Don MORIANO DELL CASTELLO,

To whom the Author wishes many cheer-
full daies, delightfull nights with his
*his late espoused Mistresse, whose
imparalelld Vertues hee hath
presumed to illustrate in*

These his impolisht (yet affectionate) Poems.

M*orios Augustus* thou great man of sence,
That art entil'd with best of *Excellence.*

To thee I write : yet doe I not know how,
T' expresse thy worth, or with apparant show,
Of thy demerits blaze thee as thou should,
Yet know (braue northerne spirit) that I would,
Doe full as much as any, if my Art
Were but of equall valem with my heart.
For thou art he amongst all other men,
That giues a subiect to the freest pen,
And canst define true honour by degree,
Drawne from the best, yet instanced in thee.
Mount thee (resolued *Heroe*) that thy Fame,
May be a wreath to *Morianos* Name.
Shine bright, like *Eos* with his beamy face,
Whose pretious Mantle, fring'd *with some gold lace*,
Made all the passengers admire his worth,
Descending from Heauens Court, to lighten earth.
I know thou canst doe this, for I haue seene
Euen in a place, where many more haue beene,
And haue obseru'd thee, galloping thy round,
Making low Congees, till thou kisse the ground
VVith lip of thy humility, and then
Putting thy foote in stirrop once againe,
Mounted thy barbed steed, then with thy hand,
Straking thy horses crest to make him stand.
VVho proud on's burden, frolick'd in his stay,
And with a neighing stomacke trac'd the way.
Faire fall thee formall Gallant that hast force,
To tame the courage of a head-strong horse,
Displaying resolution in thy eye
Courtship in cloths, in speech propriety.

In gesture admiration, in thy looke
 An Orbe of fashions, or a Table-booke.
 Of new-inuented features : in thy forme,
 Such exquisite perfections as adorne
 Natures best Mirror, O but that I doubt,
 By speaking of thy worth, I shall be out.
 I could epitomize each speciall thing,
 Thy birth, thy worth, thy wooing, sonnetting.
 Yet for thy loue-sake (whatsoere befall)
 I will speake somthing, though I speake not all. (net
 Mongst which my *Muse* records that amorous son-
 VVhich who will not admire, that looks vpon it,
 VVrit to that faire *Alicia* now behight,
 The chaste-vow'd wife vnto an honor'd Knight :
 Where with lous passions, thou so well did show it,
 That none could thinke thee lesser then a Poet.
 Apt in thy words, in thy dimensions rare,
 Thy Figures proper, and thy motions faire.
 Art could not show, or euer yet bring forth,
 So farre fetcht straines inuented so farre North.
 Now of her Beauty wouldst thou Comment make,
 And vow to take strange labours for her sake :
 Then to induce her loue (by meanes most fit)
 Thou wouldst commend the promptnes of her wit,
 Protesting by the aery powers aboue,
 (As who ere lou'd would not protest they loue ?)
 Noe speech ere *Pallas* spake merits more praise,
 Then what thy Mistresse Dere *Alicia* saies.
 Then wouldst thou descant of her rubie lippe,
 (Though thou had neuer lucke to tast of it.)

Then

Then of her pure complexion which did praise
It selfe, not as complexions now adaies.
Then of her louely quallities which might be
Styled the *Eccoës* of heauens harmonie.
Then of her vertues so diuine, so rare,
As they surpaſt the reſt about compare.
All this thou didſt to ſhew her eminence,
More grac't by thee being ſtil'd *his excellence*.
And faire thy loue had ended as begun,
If that a Web had not thy loues web ſpun.
Great Northerne *Atlas*, what can I ſay more,
Then of thy merits hath been ſaid tofore.
At leaſt obſeru'd ? for many men doe ſee,
And know it well I write but truth of thee.
O that times records ſhould be ſo portraide,
In leaues of braſſe, that what was done or ſaid,
In auncient ages, ſhould ſo well diſplay,
Their full euent, as done but t'other day.
Whileſt thy renowme great mirrour of the North,
Showne in our time, wants one to ſet it foorth,
“VVhereas its no leſſe glory to a Crowne,
To haue Authours then haue Actours of renowne.
Yet ſhall not vertue ſo obſcured bee,
Nor thoſe accompliſht parts appeare in thee.
Lie rak't in Aſhes : No great *Morios* heire,
Thou ſhalt not liue as though there nothing were,
VVorthy poſterity ; its I will write,
Though far vnfitting for ſo great a light
My beſt of thee, that art the beſt of man,
“*He does not ill that does the beſt he can.*

Accept it needes thou must, how er't be done,
 Being thy Fathers God-sonne, thou his sonne.
 But of all vertues that attend on thee,
 There's none that equals thy humilitie.
 Yet so as thou art generous with all,
 A stile that does adorne thee most of all.
 Vnto thy humble spirit annex't there is,
 Another foueraigne vertue, *Patience* ;
 Or the enduring of an iniurie :
 Which of all others is obseru'd in thee.
 Thou wilt not snuffe if one correct thee : no,
 Nor hardly aske him why he wrong'd thee so.
 Thou wilt not answere to thine owne disgrace,
 Nor taxe the man that *turdesies* thy face,
 Thou wilt not grieue for euery light offence,
Feare is thy guide, thy shield is Patience,
 Thou like a christian walkes (God wot) in feare,
 And being boxt will turne the other eare.
 Thou art Gods man, and whatsoe're men say,
 He is the best man at the later day.
 Thou art no bluftring boy that walkes the streete,
 And bindes a quarrell with who s'ere he meete.
 Thou art no Haxtar that by nature's giuen,
 To rage on Earth, but nere to raigne in Heauen.
 In brieft, thou art the man that *God will chuse,*
 VVearing a blade for fashion more then *vse.*
 Nor doe I flatter thee for ne're was I
 Seruile to anie man : but if my eie
 Impartiall in her knowledge seeme to show,
 VVhat by obseruance other men doe know,

And

And haue admir'd, pardon I neede not craue,
 Since I expresse but what thy merits haue
 Deferu'd : enough. Thy vertues are with best,
 And little need they to be more exprest,
 Then as they are ? Goe on (my honourd friend)
 And as thou hast begun, so fairely end.

Be Fame thy Herauld to blaze forth thy worth,
 Making thee *Morios*, none such vpon earth.

Be as thou art, and more thou canst not be,
 Since best of being is included in thee.

Be thou as hee, to whom all may resort,
Muses I meane, and coming thank thee for't.

Be thou as *Cæsar* in the Capitall,
 So thou of *Morios* Castell Centinell.

Be as thou art reported, great in wit,
 And so discreet, as thou mai'st mannage it.

Be as thou art, founder of iollitie,
 Grauen in the gold-cup of our Langanbie.

Be as thou would'st be, and I wish no more,

So time shall second what I write before.

But 'lasse poore *Muse* hast thou no more to speake

Of such a subiect, (pray thee deare awake)

And memorise his name in euery page,

From this time forth vnto a following age.

No ? what is my wit drawne drie ? or I am tane

VVith some amazement at a great mans name ?

VVhy thou hast writ of men as great before,

And hast exprest their actions ore and ore.

Turn'th ore their best of glory, and i'th end,

So won their hearts, as thou becamst their friend.

And

And art thou now growne silent? cannot he
 That merits best, receiue like praise of thee?
 No, no: he cannot; so obscur'd he liues,
 That though I write but truth, yet who belieues
 A true relation, when we seeme to shew
 A man to men whom they doe hardly know?
 O then (redoubted fir) let me now end
 This home-bred Sonnet (as a louing friend
 That would perswade) if you perswad' would be
 To shew your selfe something more openlie
 Vnto the world: O see how men repine,
 That you so long conceal'd, should gull the time,
 Hauing such parts, as much adorne your birth,
 Yet has no willing mind to set them forth.
 VVhat is a Iewell worth if euer hid?
 Or whats a cased Instrument in stead?
 The lustre of the former is not seene,
 Nor can we know by 'th latter what't does meane.
 For Gemmes and instruments are knowne by tutch,
 And such as shew them men, we know them such.
 VVith like good will doe I present thee these,
 As *Mopsus* (that poor shepard) sent a cheefe
 Vnto his *Phillis*: and it came to me
 Once in my minde, to send the like to thee:
 But for I fear'd (and I haue cause to feare)
 That you had better cheefe then any here:
 In steed of bride-cakes, cheefecakes I was tide
 In loue, to send this present to your Bride.
 All haile to *Himen* and this marriage day:
 Strow rushes, and quickly come away.

Bring

Bring in your flowers, and giue of each of them
To such as lov'd, and are forsaken men :
For well I know so louing is the Bride,
So curteous and so liberall beside
Of her discrete affection, I dare say
None must depart vnsatisfied away.
Strew rushes maides, and euer as you strew,
Thinke one day maides, like will be done for you :
Strew you, Ile sing, or if you like not choise :
Sing you, Ile strew : you haue the better voice.

Crowned be thou Queene of loue,
By those glorious powers aboue :
Loue and Bewtie ioyn'd together
May they col and kisse each other,
And in midst of their delight,
Shew thee pleasure in the night.
For where acts of loue resort,
Longest nights seeme too too short ;
May thou sleeping dreame of that,
Which thou waking dost partake,
That both sleepe and watching may
Make the darkest night seeme day :
As a fort besieged rest,
Yeelding most, when seeming left :
Or in pleasures may thy smile
Burnish like the Camomile,
Which in verdure is encreft
Most, when it is most deprest.

Vertues

Vertues as they doe attend thee,
 So may foueraigne thoughts defend thee.
 Acting in thy loue with him,
 Wedlocks a^ctions are no finne :
 Who in *Hymens* bands is ioyned,
 And in sacred loue combined,
 To remaine euer thine.
 He thy Picture thou his shrine,
 Thou the mettall he the mint,
 Thou the waxe he the print,
 He the Lant-horne, thou the lampe,
 Thou the bulloine, he the stampe.
 Thou the figure he the feature ;
 He thy former, thou his creature.
 He the image, legge and limme,
 Thou the mould to cast him in.
 He the plummet thou the center,
 Thou to shelter he to enter ;
 Thou the Parke or shady vale,
 " He the dogge that freth's the pale.
 Hammer he to strike alone,
 Anuile thou to beate vpon :
 More I could, but more I will not,
 Since to speake more much it skills not ;
 Onely I will here extend
 Th' period of my speech as friend ;
 And expresse what I protest
 Comes from th' center of my brest,
 That my protestations may
 Beare record another day.

*Iö Hymen crowne the night
Of these Nuptials with delight.*

No more, no more : much honour aie betide,
The lofty Bride-groome, and the louely Bride :
That their succeeding dayes and yeeres may say,
Each day appeares like to a mariage day.

But now retire, darke shades haue lodg'd the sun,
Put vp thy pipes for now thy layes are done.

Finis Epithalami.



To the hopefull young Gentle-
man, and his experienced friend,

M^r. CHEATER.

ANAGRAMM.

TEACHER.

*Teacher you are, for you haue taught me more,
Then I was taught in all my life before.*

A GRATVLATORY *Epigram.*

(write
TO thee (young youth) these youngling lines I
Stor'd with my best of wishes : may delight
Crowne

Crowne that long-wisht for Nuptial bed of thine,
 (Which should haue been) if Fate had granted mine
 With many happy nights : Blest be my fate,
 Since what one friend has is communicate
 Vnto an other, that my loue should end,
 And ending, giue beginning to my friend.
 But why say I its ended ? sith by thee,
 A three-loues song beares descant merily.
 And thus it is : I lou'd her, where thou art,
 Shee thee, thou mee ; three louers in one heart :
 Shee thine, thou mine (if mine thou stil'd may be)
 Makes her in being thine, espows'd to me.

An Embleme which the Author composed
*in honour of his Mistris, to whom
 he rests euer deuoted.*

Allusiuey shadowing her name in the
*title of the Embleme, which
 hee entitles :*

His Frankes Anatomie.

F*Ranke* thy name doth promise much,
 If thy nature were but such :
 But alasse what difference growe
 'Twixt those two, I onely know ?

I alasse

I alas that to thy bewtie
Am deuoted in all dewtie ;
I that once inuented layes,
Singing them in Shepherds praife,
I that once from loue was free
Till I fell in loue with thee :
I that neuer yet began
Trade, to hold my mistress fan ;
I that neuer yet could knowe,
Whether loue was high or lowe :
I that neuer loued was,
Nor could court a looking-glasse :
I that neuer knew louses lawe,
Nor lov'd longer then I faue ;
I that knew not what's now common,
To throw sheep-eyes at a woman :
I that neuer yet could proue,
Or make shew of heartie loue :
I that neuer broke my sleepe,
Nor did know what charms did keepe
Louers eyes : now can tell
What would please a louer well.
Shall I tell thee ? yes I will,
And being tolde : or saue, or kill.
It would please him, if he might
Euer liue in's Mistress fight :
It would please him t' haue the hap,
But to sleep in 's Mistress lap :
Or to haue his Mistress faire,
VVith her hand to stroke his haire.

Or

Or to play at foot-S^t. with him,
 Or at barly-breake to breathe him ;
 Or to walke a turne or two,
 Or to kisse, or coll, or woe ;
 Or in some retired Groue,
 But to parly with his loue.
 Or when none that's iealous spies,
 To looke babbies in his eyes :
 Or when action ginnes to fayle,
 To supply it with a tale.
Venus vnto Vulcane wedde,
Yet came Mars to Vulcanes bedde :
 He and she being both in one,
 Whilest poore *Vulcan* lies alone ;
 Or if this will not affoord
 Ioy enough : obserue each bird
 How she singles out her make
 And to him does onely take.
 See their billing each with other,
 (Loue and dallying younc't together)
 Mutuall loue inheres in either,
 Being birds both of one feather ;
 Or if this yeeld no content.
 To refort vnto the plant.
 Which being grafted skilfully,
 Brings forth fruit abundantly :
 Deeper that the plant's we see,
 Sooner will it fruitfull be,
 Which (my franke) in modesty,
 Thus I will apply to thee.

Deeper

Deeper that thy loue is fet,
 More impreffion may it get :
 Riper fruits then fuch as growe,
 And are planted fcarce fo lowe :
 If you aske me what I feeme,
 By impreffion for to meane,
 I will tell thee : fuch as thefe,
 Impreffions onely women please.
 "Coine for ftampe fake we allowe :
 So for ftampe fake do we you,
 Weake's that *Evidence* you know
 That has neither feale to fhowe,
 Stampe, impreffion : fuch (I ken)
 Are you maydes, not ftampt by men
 Weake, God wot, for why you take
 Your perfection from your make :
 Then if thou defire to be
 Perfect, haue recourf to me :
 Or fome other that may giue,
 What old *Adam* gaue to *Eue*,
 'Laffe its nothing : pray thee take it,
 Many wifh it that forfake it.
 But when fhamefull dance is done,
 They could wifh they had begun
 Many yeeres before they learnt it,
 (O how gladly would they earne it ?)
 But too long, I feeme to ftay,
 Ere thy beauty I difplay :
 Spare me sweeteft for my *Mufe*,
 Seldome makes fo faire a chufe.

*Chuse it Loue what ere it be,
Reade thy owne Anatomie.*

Purest of *Ophyr-gold*, let me prepare
 First for the choice description of thy hayre,
 Which like the finest thrids of purple seeme
 Clere to out-strip those of the *Paphian Queene* ;
 Whose tender tresses were so neatly wrought,
 As *Cholcos* fleece seem'd to be thither brought,
 And sure it was, what ere fond Poets say,
 And this was th' fleece which *Iason* tooke away.
 Delicious Amber is the breath which flowes
 From those perfumed conduits of thy nose,
 Thy smile, a snare, which tempts the way-ward boy
Adon the faire, and bids him leaue to ioy
 In Forrest pleasures, there's a fruitlesse marke,
 Hauing more store of game within thy parke.
 Thy lippes (two gates) where loue makes entrie in,
 And yet so modest as nere taxt of sinne :
 Thy cheek, that rosie circlet of pure loue,
 Resembling neereft that *Castalian* groue ;
 Where such variety of flowers appeare
 That nought seems good, which is not bet'er'd there.
 Thy blush (pure blush) Embleme of Chastitie
 Blushing, yet guiltlesse of ought done by thee
 Portends a maidens honest-spotlesse heart,
 Hauing thy blush by nature not by Art.
 Thy chin (that dimpled mount) which hath last place
 Yet giues no lesser bewty to thy face :

Then

Then th' greateſt ornament : for it doth ſhow
Like to a pleaſant Vale ſeated below
Some ſteepy Mount : thy chriſtall eyes the fount,
Thy chin the Vale, thy louely face the Mount.
O is not then this feature, boue compare,
Where breath is perfume, and pure gold is hayre
Where ſmiles are ſnares, lippes gates of Iuorie,
Cheekes roſes, bluſhes types of chaſtitie :
Where chin a vale, the browe the mount, the face
That Soueraigne of the heart, that keeps loues place :
VVhere ſhall I looke then, or how ſhall I moue
Theſe eyes of mine and teach them not to loue ?
For if my eyes ſhould but thy haire beholde,
I muſt be forc't to loue for it is golde :
If thy delicious breath I chaunce to ſip,
Being the roſie verdure of thy lip ;
I deeme my ſelfe in that ſweet perfume bleſt
Much more, in that, worſe breaths be in requeſt :
If thou do ſmile, I loue, and wiſh the while,
That I might only liue to ſee thee ſmile.
If thou do ſpeake (pure Orator) I'me dumb,
For why ? thy admiration curbs my tongue.
If thou but bluſh (as maydes are wont to doe)
My paſſions are perplex'd, I wot not how, (pale,
'Twixt feare and loue : feare makes me wondrous
Fearing thy bluſh came from ſome wanton tale.
Too too immodeſt ſpoken by my ſelfe.
Which to affoyle Ile reprehend my ſelfe ;
If I but tutch, to tutch 's a veniall ſin,
The pretty circle of thy dimpled chin :

I vowe and in my vowe giues Bewtie thanks,
 That chin was *Venus*, though it now be *Franks*.
 Yet haue I not spoke all that I doe see ;
 Or at least iudge in thy *Anatomie* :
 For true Anatomists being men of Art,
 Know the exact description of each part,
 Member and arterie : so should my sight
 Be in my *Franke* if I describe her right,
 Which that I might reduce to some full end,
 Though there's no end in loue, I will descend
 To the distinct relation of the rest,
 And in my *Franks* discouery thinke me blest.
Thy waste, (without waste) like a curious frame,
 Aptly proportion'd still referues the same :
 Or like some well compos'd Instrument
 Exact in forme, in accent excellent ;
 So is thy *waste*, and happy may he be,
 That's borne to make it strike true harmony.
 Thy belly (if coniectures true may be)
 For we must guesse at that we cannot see,
 Is like an orient Cordon pearled faire,
 With diuerse feats of Nature here and there.
 Where glides a christall streameling to abate,
 The heate of Nature oft insatiate.
 Pardon me Deere : Nature ordained first
 That Fount of yours, to quench the place of thirst.
 Thy thigh (imagination now must doe)
 For I must speake, though well I know not how,
 Like the laborious and the loaden Bee,
 That hastens to her hiue melodiously.

Nor is her freight more luscious (*Deere*) then thine,
 For thine is full of pleasure, hers of Thyme :
 Thy knee like to an orbe that turnes about,
 Giuing free passage to thy nimble foote,
 Apt for each motion, actiue in loues sphere,
 Moouing her ioints to trip it euery where.
 Thy legge (like *Delias*) neither bigge nor small,
 But so well fram'd and featured in all,
 That Nature might seeme enuious to impart,
 So great a good, and hide so good a part.
 Thy foote the curioust module of the rest,
 For Art and Nature there be both exprest :
 Art in the motion, Nature in the frame,
 Where action works, and motion moues the fame.
 Nor can I credite what our Poets say,
 Affirming *Venus* chanc't vpon a day
 To pricke her foote, so as from th' blood she shed,
 The damaske-rose grew euer after red ;
 For if from blood such strange effects should be,
 Stanger (ere this) had been deriu'd from thee :
But Poets though they write, Painters portray,
It's in our choice to credit what they say.
 Yet credit me (for I would haue thee know it)
 I neuer yet durst challenge name of Poet :
 Onely thine owne I am and still will be,
 For whom I writ this poore *Anatomie.*

Vpon his Mistris Nuptiall,

ENSTILED :

His Franke's Farewell.

(pray?)

WHY whither *Franke*? to th' church? for what to
 O no : to say, what thou canst nere vn say :
 Alasse poore Girle : I see thy *quondam* friend,
 Hath cause to say his hopes are at an end :
 How vainely then be our affections plaste,
 On women-kinde, that are so seeming chaste,
 And priuately so forward-well-be gone,
 (If ere I marry) I'le finde such an one,
 As (in her modesty) will thinke't a disgrace
 " Others to loue when I am out of place.
 But I do thank thee *Franke*, th' hast taught me more,
 Then I could learne in twice seauen yeere before ;
 For I did thinke your simple sexe did hate
 By double dealing to equiuocate :
 Where by experience now I finde it common,
 That fast and loose is vsuall with women.

*Yet on these rites this line my loue shall tell,
 Fare well or ill, I wish my Franke farewell.*

An

An Epigramme called the
W O O E R .

C O m e yee braue wooers of *Penelope*,
Doe not repine that you should crossed be :
For pregnant wits, and ripest braines can show,
As much or more then euer you did know.
And that my storie better may appeare,
Attend to my discourse, and you shall heare.

It chanc't vpon a time (and then was'th time)
When the thigh-fraughted Bee gathered her thyme,
Stored her platted Cell, her fragrant bower, (er
Crop't from each branch, each blossom & each flow-
When'th pretty Lam-kin scarce a fortnight old,
Skipped and frolicked 'fore the neighbouring fold,
When'the cheerfull Robin, Larke, and Lenaret,
Tun'de vp their voices, and together met,
When'th fearefull Hare to cheere her quaint delight,
Did make her selfe her owne Hermaphrodite,
When'th louely Turtle did her eies awake,
And with swift flight follow'd her faithfull make,
When euey Beast prepar'd her wonted den,
For her owne young, and shade to couer them,
When *Flora* with her mantle tucked vp,
Gathred the dewie flow'rs, and them did put
In her embrodred skirts which were rancke set,
With Prime-rose, Cow-slip, and the violet,
The dill, the dasie, sweet-breath'd Eglantine,
The Crowfoote, pansie, and the Columbine,

The pinke, the plantaine, milfoile, euery one,
 With *Marigold* that opens with the *Sunne* ;
 Euen then it was, (ill may I fay it was)
 VVhen young *Admetus* wooed a cuntry lasse,
 A cuntry lasse whom he did woe indeede,
 To be his Bride, but yet he could not speede.
 VVhich forc't him grieue : heare but his cause of woe,
 And you'le not wonder why he should doe so ?

Virtuous the maide was, and so grac't by fate,
 As she was wise, and did degenerate
 From her weake-witted father : modesty
 Lodg'd on her cheeke, and showd virginity
 In a faire Rosie colour, which was spread
 By equall mixture both of white and red.
 So as no white it seem'd, but *Idas* snow,
 No red, but such where *Roses* vse to grow.
 And though of *Hero* many one doe write,
 Styling her foueraigne Goddesse of delight,
 So faire as she was taken for no other,
 Of all that saw her, then *Adonis* mother.
 So pure her skin, so motiue to the eie,
 As it did seeme compos'd of Iuorie.
 So high and broad her front, so smoth, so euen,
 As it did seeme the Frontispice of Heauen.
 So purely mixt her cheekes, as it might seeme,
 She was by nature made for natures Queene.
 So pretty dinted was her dimpled chin,
 As't seem'd a gate to let affection in.
 So sweete her breath, (as I haue hard them tell)
 That like to *Cassia* she did euer smell.

So louely were those mounts of pure delight,
 That Gods themfelues wer cheered with their fight :
 So as great *Ioue* (for fo our Poets fay)
 Fain'd himfelfe ficke for her vpon a day.
 Wife *Æsculapius* he was fent forthwith,
 VVho felt Ioues pulfe, yet found no figne of death,
 Or any great diftemper : (yet to please *Ioue*
 For he perceiu'd his malady was loue)
 Said ; Sir, I'aue found your grief: what i't (quoth he ?)
 A meere confumption, yet be rul'd by me;
 And follow my direCTIONS (though with paine)
 And then no doubt you fhall be well againe.
 Fiuë mornes muft you to *Abidoes* towne repaire,
 And fuck pure milke from th' fair'ft virgin there.
Ioue hearing what he wifht, obey'd his heft ;
 And war foone well by fucking *Heroes* brest.
 Yet what was *Hero*, though the fair'ft that was
 In all her time vnto *Admetus* laffe ?
 Though *Heroes* beuty did allure all men,
 The time is chang'd, now's now, and then was then.
 Each milk-maide in fore time was thought a Queen,
 So rare was perfect bewty to be feene.
 But now, where is no *Venus* to be had ?
 Such ftore I wot there be, that euery lad
 Can haue his trickfie laffe, which wantonlie,
 Scarce crept from fhell, he dandles on his knee.
 But to my ftorie of fuch royall parts
 VVas ſhe compofed, that the very hearts
 Of her attendants, as it did apeare,
 VVere fpouf'd to this pure virgin euery vwhere,

VVith what reſolued ſilence would her wit,
 Oppoſe her tongue, and ſeeme to bridle it ?
 VVith what diſcretion would ſhe ſpeake her minde,
 And nere tranſgreſſe thoſe limits ſhe aſſign'd.
 But with that decencie of grace and ſpeech,
 As She might ſeeme the elder ſort to teach.
 “ VVhat a bleſt ſexe were woman if this ſong
 VVere onely learnt them, for to hold their tongue,
 And ſpeake no more (O t'were a leſſon good)
 Then that were fit, and what they vnderſtood ?
 But when will that be taught them ! O (I feare)
 Neuer ; for womens tongues be euery where.
 So as at firſt, if they had no tongue,
 It may be thought they would not haue been dumb.
 Such is th'ternall motion, that its ſayd,
When women ſpeechleſſe lie they're neerly dead.
 This virgin which *Admetus* fought to haue,
 Beſide her vertues, then which who could craue,
 A better portion, had an ample dowre,
 VVhich did enrich thoſe gifts that were before
 Expreſſed and dilated, and to tell
 The very trueth, ſhe lou'd *Admetus* well.
 And could haue brook't all others t'haue denide,
 So that ſhe might haue been *Admetus* bride.
 But he a ſhamefaſt lad, though oft he fought
 Her loue, yet durſt not vtter what he thought.
 Nor to her parents could impart his minde,
 How he affected was, and how inclinde.
 Yet ſtill was he reſpected, and in grace,
 Nor any fought to put him out of place.

Nor to withdraw th'affection of the maid,
From that foundation where it once was laid
For three months space, hung it in this suspense,
Neither conceald nor showne : till's *Excellence*,
For so was th'Title of a noble Squire,
Whose liuing bordered in th'adioyning shire,
By an intendment (as he thought vpon't)
Put poore *Admetus* nose quite out of ioynt,
And thus it was : for I meane to repeat
By what deceit, what cunning flight and cheat,
He bobd this simple Swaineling ; on a day,
When young *Admetus* had addrest his way
To *Troinouant*, where he occasion had,
" His *Excellence* in th'absence of the ladde,
Acquaints another with *Bellinaes* loue,
(For so her name was :) he more prompt to moue
Affection, then *Admetus* ere could be,
VVins me *Bellina's* fort couragiously,
By new assaults, incurfions, and displaid
His youngling Colours : when the breach was made.
O how methinks I see th'young Souldier sweate,
Till he hath done, and perfected his feat.
How he affailes, assaults, ascends, inclines,
Inuades, inuirones, ruines, vndermines,
VVhil'ft she like to a Fort opprest doth lye,
Depriu'd all meanes of helpe, yet will not crye.
He like a stout victorious *Hanniball*,
Bidding her yeeld, or he will raze the wall.
She though made subiect to his conquering hand,
Like Carthage Queene still at defiance stands.

He

He (with the Spirit of a *Mirmidon*,)
 Makes her the Carpet which he lies vpon.
 She (*Deianira*-like) will chuse death firft,
 Ere ſhe craue mercy, bids him doe his worft.
 He enters th'breach, and doth his ſignall rere,
 And leaues ſome token that he has beene there :
 She glories in her conqueſt, and throwne downe,
 Saies, I am low, yet am not ouercome.
 He doth renew his battery, and ſtands too't,
 And ſhe Vyrago-like, yeelds not a foote.
 He takes more firmer grounding, yet is ſhe
 Still as ſhe was, lower ſhe cannot be.
 He plants his Engines deeper, labours more,
 Yet ſhe proteſts, its worſe then twas before.
 He enters parlye, and ſpeakes ore the wall,
 But ſhe (as ſenceleſſe) anſwers not at all.
 He ſounds rerteat, and to his campe doth creepe,
 Which makes her wake out of her pleaſant ſleepe.
 Then in a ſweete entwining doe they clippe,
 And cull and kiſſe, and from the roſie lippe
 Of *Hymens* chaſt embraces doe they taſt,
 The ſweets aboue, when lower ioyes be paſt.
 Heere is the ſpell of ſweet-charmd *Morphus*
 Diffolu'd to nothing, by charmes amorous.
For though men (after Labour) reſt doe ſeeke,
Loues eyes be open ſtill, and cannot ſleepe.
 Iudge what *Admetus* thought when he did heare,
 Of this report, ſoone whiſpered in his eare,
 How he did looke? how ſtrange perplext he was,
 Thus to bee cheated of his louely laſſe?

Pipe could he not, his cheeks were growne so thinne,
His pipe-bagge torne, no wind it could keepe in,
His cloue-ear'd curre lay hanging downe his head,
And for foure dayes, would tast no kind of bread.
His Flockes did pine (all went contrary way)
Heere lay *Admetus*, thèrè his Sheep-crooke lay,
All wea-begane, thus liu'd the Shepheard long,
Till on a day inspired with a song,
(For so it seem'd) to others more then me,
Which thus he fung to maids inconstancy.

Foolish I, why should I grieue,
To sustaine what others feele ?
VVhat suppose, fraile women leaue,
Those they lou'd, should I conceale
 Comforts rest,
 From my brest.
For a fickle, brittle woman,
 Noe, Noe, Noe,
 Let her goe,
Such as these be true to no man.

Long retired hast thou beene,
Sighing on these barren rocks,
Nor by sheepe nor shepheard seene,
Now returne vnto thy flockes,
 Shame away,
 Doe not stay,

VVith

With these mouing-louing woman,
 They remoue
 From their loue :
 Such as these doe oft vndoe men.

Tender-tinder of Affection,
 If I harbour thee againe,
 I will doe it by direction,
 Of some graue experienc't fwaine.
 Nere will I,
 Loue by th' eye,
 But where iudgement first hath tride,
 If I liue,
 Ere to loue,
 It is she, shall be my bride.

When this retired Swaine had end'd his song,
 He seem'd as one that had forgot his wrong,
 His Teres were dried vp, his willow wreath,
 Throwne quite away, and he began to breath,
 More cheerefull and more blith then ere he was,
 Forgetting th' Name and Nature of his lasse,
 So as no Swaine on all the plaine could be,
 For any May-game readier then he :
 Now would he tune his pipe vnto his Eare,
 And play so sweet, as ioyed the flocks to heare,
 Yea I haue heard, (Nor thinke I Fame did lye)
 So skilfull was this lad in Minstrelsie,
 That when he plaid (one stroke) which oft he would,
No Lasse that heard him could her water hold.

And

And now because I doe remember't well,
Ile tell a tale which I haue heard him tell,
On winter-nights full oft vnto my Sire,
While I fat roasting of a Crab by th' fire.

*A Man there was wh' had liu'd a merry life,
Till in the end, he tooke him to a wife,
One that no image was (for she could speake)
And now and then her husbands costrell break.
So fierce she was and furious, as in some
She was an arrant Deuill of her tongue.
This droue the poore man to a discontent,
And oft and many times did he repent
That ere he chang'd his former quiet state,
But las repentance, then did come too late.
No cure he finds to heale this maladie,
But makes a vertue of necessity.
The common cure for care to euery man,
A potte of nappy Ale : where he began
To fortifie his braine 'gainst all should come,
'Mongst which the clamor of his wiues loud tongue.
This habit graffed in him grew so strong,
" That when hee was from Ale, an houre seem'd long,
So well he lik'd th'profession : on a Time,
Hauing staid long at pot, (for rule nor line
Limits no drunkard) euen from Morne to Night,
He hasted home apace, by the moone-light :
Where as he went, what phantasies were bred,
I doe not know, in his distempered head.*

But

*But a strange Ghost appear'd (and forc'd him stay)
 With which perplext, he thus began to say.
 Good Spirit, if thou be, I need no charme,
 For well I know, thou wilt not doe me harme,
 And if the Deuill; sure, me thou shouldst not hurt,
 I wed'd thy sifter, and am plagued for't.
 The spirit well-approving what he said,
 Dissolu'd to ayre, and quickly vanished.*

For *Guido* faith, some spirits walke on earth,
 That cheered are, and much delight with mirth,
 Such doe admire conceits and pregnant braynes;
 Others there are, which Melancholy chaines,
 And keeps in low Subiection, these are they
 Affect the balefull night, frequent that way
 That is obscure, silent and intricate,
 Darke charnell-houses, where they keep their chat,
 Of Tortures, Tragicke ends and Funeralls,
 Which they solemnize for their Festiualls.
 Thus would *Admetus* passe the winter-night,
 Wherein he gaue such neighbours great delight,
 As came to heare him: and such store he had,
 Of quaint conceits, as there was not a ladde,
 That of discourse had more variety,
 Or could expresse his mind more gracefully.
 But lacke for sorrow, how hee's fallen away,
 That was so trim a youth but tother day,
 A meere Anatomy, but skin and bone,
 One that it pitties me to looke vpon.
 What should the cause be, sure I cannot say,
 But his pale face, some sicknesse doth bewray?

“ For

“ For as our thoughts are legible in our eye,
“ So doth our face our bodies grieffe descry.
Yet I perchance, by th’ Sonnet which hee made,
May find the cause for which he is dismaide
How ere it fall, it shall be fung by me,
Now when I want *Admetus* company.

Admetus Sonnet.

N *Eighbour Swaines and Swainelins heare me,*
“ *Its Admetus bids you heare*
Leaue your Pastures, and come neere mee,
“ *Come away you need not feare,*
By my soule, as I affect you,
I haue nought that can infect you.
O then come,
Heare a tongue,
That in discord keepes apart,
With a Woe-surcharged heart.

Nere was Swaine on plaine more loued,
Or could doe more feats then I,
Yet one grieffe hath now remoued,
All my whilome iollity.
All my Laies be quite forgotten,
Sheepe-hooke broken, pipe-bagge rotten,
O then come,
Heare a tongue,
That with flattering speech doth call,
To take long farewell of all.

H

I am

*I am not as once I was,
 When Eliza first did suite me,
 Nor when that same red-hair'd lasse.
 Faire Bellina did inuite me,
 To a Garden there to play,
 Cull, kisse, clip, and toy all day,
 O then come,
 Heare a tongue,
 That in wooing termes was flowing,
 But through Wo has spoil'd his woing.*

*All I can or will desire ye
 When my breath of life is spent,
 That in loue you would interre me,
 (For it will my soule content,)
 Neare vnto my Fathers hearse,
 And bestow some comely verse
 On my Tombe,
 Then my tongue
 Shall throb out this last adieu,
 Nere were truer swaines then you.*

*A verse Admetus? I will be the swaine,
 Though most vnfit, to vndertake that paine,
 Which in faire letters shall engrauen be,
 Ouer thy hearse t'expresse thy memory,
 And thus it is: Heere is a Shepheard layd,
 Who lou'd, was lou'd, yet liu'd and died a Maid.
 Yet gainst his will: pray then good spirits tell,
 Whether he must or no lead Apes in Hell.*

How

How Fancie is a Phrensie.

An Epigram.

AND thou* *Euenus* whose renown's disperst,
 ABOUT those fertile coasts which border thee,
 Whose well-tun'd Current runs so pretily,
 That Fame her selfe, nor shall it be reuerst,
 Ha's thus enacted : that thy liquid brest
 Should make my confort vp, for there appears
 Euen in thine eyes, continuing streames of teares.

Still may thy *Sliding-foord*, and spacious course,
 Wash those adioyning vales encircle thee,
 Which by thy meanes yeeld crops so fruitfully,
 That thy pure sand may be of *Ganges* force,
 Golds pure Elixir : for thou hast remorse,
 And pitties my hard hap to loue a swaine,
 That hates my loue, and makes my sute in vaine.

Oft by thy *Sliding Channell* haue I stood,
 Bathing my selfe in teares, teares were the drinke,
 That quench't my thirst, & whē thou seem'd to sink,
 Into some hollow cauerne, streight my blood,
 "(That little bloud I had) made thy course good.

* *In Euenum Flumen lubrico pregreddicus cursu,*

And sinke into the Cesternes of mine eyes,
Filling thy streams with teares, thy banks with cries.

Streight fell I downe vpon thy floury shore,
As if the shore had beene my mistris brest,
Where I a while conceau'd that sweetned rest,
As it expell'd the care I felt before,
Seeming to make my comforts so much more,
Because so long delay'd ; but lasse the while,
My thoughts chekt me, I chekt my thoughts of guile.

For well I found, this was a goulden dreame,
Yet but a Dreame, that seem'd to represent,
Vnto mine eyes, that sacred Continent,
Which shadowes my content : but this has beene,
Euer most true, *Dreames are not as they seeme.*
And if they were, I'me fure they mist in this,
Taking thy Banke for where my mistres is.

Oft did I cull, and clip, and kisse, and doe,
God wot, full madly, for reposing there,
I call'd the grasse, the tresses of her haire :
And bound it vp, yet well I knew not how,
Making a bracelet on't, which I would show
To euery Sheepheard, so distract'd was I,
And euery rurall Syluane that past by.

All this thou saw, and thou did pittie me,
“ For thy distreaming teares explan'd no lesse,
Surcharged breasts must needs their greefes expresse,
Which

Which once expreſt ; ſuppreſſed ſeeme to be :
“ Teares unto grieſe, yeeld ſoueraignſt remedy.
For Teares doe ſilence greefe, but where appears
Extent of grieſe, their grieſes doe ſilence teares.

And ſuch were mine : ſometimes I could not weep,
But like one ſence-leſſe, laughed at my diſtreſſe,
Mixing a ſtraine of Mirth with heauineſſe,
Or as one caſten in a deadly ſleepe,
That neither ſence nor faculty can keepe,
Euen ſuch was I : but ſtreight I chang'd my ſong,
Making my ioyes ſhort, but my ſorrowes long.

Her fancie was the phrenſie that ſurpriſd
My idle brain with theſe diſtracted paſſions,
Ten thouſand ſhapes I had, ten thouſand faſhions,
Deſpiſing, louing, loue where I deſpiſd'e,
Prifing her moſt, where I was loweſt priſ'de.
Thus my affectiones to diſtractiones turn'd,
Made me mourne more then louer euer morn'd.

And Reaſon too : for ſome I had, *my Friends,*
(At leaſt they ſeem'd ſo) which contemnd my grieſe
Nor fought to yeeld my filly heart releefe,
With one poore comfort, but as diuers ends,
Occaſion ſtrange effects ; ſo *Loue depends*
(If I may call inconstant *Friendſhip* Loue,)
On *Fortune heere below, not truth aboue.*

Let mee vnrippe my ſorrowes, that my breſt

May void such *Scarabees*, that vse to fit
 Vpon each vicer : whose contagious witte,
 Is worfe then *Hellebore*, for they infest
 The purest Mansion, louing euer left
 Where they shew most Affection, for their straine,
 Is not for loue but profit, and their gaine.

Record them (sweet Euenus) for they hate,
 Thy sacred streams : wash not their foyled sin
 With thy pure liquor : for the *Æthiops* skin,
 Will be blacke still : the doome of enuious fate,
 (Like *Mammons heires*) sits skouling ore their state :
 Their *Summer-Swallows flourish*, they make one,
But if thy state be blasted, they are gone.

And thou (*Blest Hymen*) that confirms the loue,
 Of Mortall soules, with thy diuine rites,
 Knows whom I mean by, for they quench thy lights
 By their abuse : but there's a power aboue,
 Will dash their gainefull tradings, and remoue,
 Their Bartring from the earth, to th'depth of hell,
 That teach in Marriage how to buy and sell.

Yet deere *Euenus*, I haue more to speake,
 For I would haue thee carry me commends,
 To such as be my true approoued friends,
 (*For some I haue will neither bow nor breake*)
 Mid'st my afflictions : but by all meanes seeke
 To re-infuse life in me : pray the tell
When by their house thou goest, that I am well.

And

And if they aske thee how I brook this place
Where I'me retired to : say, as louers vse,
Pent from their loues, they cannot will, nor chuse,
But liue an Hermits life, and in disgrace
Of beauty and her name, hath made his face
Like times annatomie (poore Sceleton)
An obiect fit for *Ruth* to looke vpon.

Tell them the bookes I reade, be such as treat,
Of *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Pelmerin*,
Furious Orlando, and *Gerilion*,
Where I obserue each fashion and each feate,
Of amorous humors, which in my conceipt,
Seeme to to rare, *That they that were so strong,*
Should be so mad, and I be tame so long,

But presently I recollect my sence,
And findes a reason : questionles I'me mad
But who cares for't, or markes it ? if I had
Land (like an elder brother) Eminence
Of some Court-Comet, would haue prefidence,
Ouer my braine-pan : and would beg my wit,
Though neither he nor I could mannage it.

So though I loofe my wits I cannot loofe
My lands, they rest secure ; where ? can you tell ?
VVhere ? yes, where not ? wil't please thee buy, I'le sel :
VVhat ? wit ? I haue none ; counsell ? neither : house ?
The arch of Heauen's my couer ; pray excuse
My Error, I am pore ; I'haue naught to sell

But teares and those I cannot part with well.

But (pray thee) spare thy speech to such as be,
 And euer were professed foes to loue,
 And *Bayne* to marriage, for by them I proue
 The depth of discontent : they loue not me,
 Nor doe I care for't : once I hope to see,
 Enuie without a sting, which still extends
 Her hatefull power vnto depraued ends.

Yet if thou chance to slide by *Enuies place*,
 (Which by this true discription thou shalt know)
Her structures ruin'd are, and there doth grow,
A groue of fatall Elmes, wherein a maze,
Or labyrinth is fram'd : heere *Enuies race*,
 Had their beginning, *For there's yet to see,*
The very throne where Enuy vs'd to bee.

Tell that (*proud minion*) *that ambitious dame,*
Whose meagre look and broad dissheaueld lock,
Whose dangling nose, shap't like an apricock,
 Makes her desert-lesse proud, that I doe blame
 Her vniust dealing, though I scorne to name,
 Th'uniustnesse of it : yet this vowe i'le make,
 I'le nere trust *long-nos'd Female for her sake.*

* *Et tu quæ minio nardoque fulges, extendens oculos altius
 prouectos, desiste ceptis.*—

*Nasutam dicam et sane dicerem,
 Si iuxta nasum polleat ingenium.*

Could

Could ſhe (hard hearted ſhe) for priuate gaine,
(Such lucring *Mammonifts* the heauens difpleafe,)
Sell both *the loue and liking of her Niece*,
And where loue ſhewd her moſt, there to reſtraine,
Affection within bounds? ſweet ſtreames complaine,
To *Iuno* on't, I know ſhee'l pittie me
And grant my ſuite—*That ſhe may barrain be.*

VVe haue too manie of that odious brood,
VVe neede no more : it is a fruitleſſe fruit,
That ſhames the Parents :—*Iuno* heare my fuit,
For it will doe both heauen and earth much good,
And be a caueat vnto woman-hood ;
“ Rather in *Marriage* not to deale at all,
Then to ſet Marriage ſacred rites at ſale.

Farewell (Euenus) I haue writ my minde,
VWhich I would haue thy ſtreamelings to conuey
To *Ennies* houſe, by that frequented way,
Which as a Port or Hauen is assign'd
To euery paſſenger : Sweet breathing winde
Breath on thy failles, that when thou doeſt complaine,
Remembring me, thy teare-ſwolne eies may raine,
And fructefie the earth : *That time may ſhowe,*
This did Euenus for her Poet doe.



Certaine Select Epigrams, made
good by obseruance, experience, and
 instance: with an introduction to *Time,*
including sundry conceipted passages,
no lesse pleasant then
 present.

It's a mad world my Masters.

O Age what art thou made of? fure thou art,
 Compos'd of other *mettall* then thou wert,
Once was thy glory by thy vertues showen,
 But now alas *thy vertues are unknowen.* (day
 For who should show worth but great men? yet each
 Shews by experience, *None more ill then they,*
 VVhere Honour on a foote-cloth's wont to passe,
 Like *Appians* Land-Lord on his trapped Ass.
 'Lasse I haue seen what I haue grieu'd to see,
Honour with vertue nere keepe companie.
 But if they doe (*as some obseruance make*)
 It's not for *Conscience,* but for fashion sake.

O then how vaine is time, to showre down good,
 On such as are but great, only by blood ;
 Not true demerits which makes me contemne,
 The idle passions of phantasticke men,
 VVhich think't sufficient to be great in state,
 VVithout least vertue fit to imitate :
 This makes me hence conclude : vice puts on honour :
 " For vertue, there is none will looke vpon her.

*I in my time haue seene an vpsstart Lord,
 Raised to sudder honour like a Gourd,
 Whom in as small time I may chance to see,
 As Ionah's gourd, so withered he may be,
 And what's the cause ? because its not demerit
 Or true descent, by which he doth inherit,
 Such new stolne honors : for then might his name
 Freely such estimation seeme to claime :
 But an insinuating humour drawn,
 " From that same force of vice, that lothsome spawne
 Of all distempered passions, which can be
 Mark't with no better name then flatterie.
 And is this way to purchase honour trewly ?
 Can such a man be sayd to merit dewly ?
 VVhen hows'ere we admire him for his feate.
 " It was not worth, but baseness made him great.
 O Time, how strangely art thou varied,
 From what thou once appear'd ; how art thou led
 By every fashion-monger that doth stand
 More on the egge-fying of his band*

His

His peak't munchattoes, his Venetian hose,
 His Buskin-pace, how *Gorgon-like* he goes,
 His crispled haire, his fixing of his eye,
 His cerufs-cheeke, and such effemnacie :
 "Then on tru-man-like Vertues : for its common,
 Women are liker men, men liker women ;
 Sith I no other difference can make,
 'Twixt man and woman saue the outward shape
 Their mind's all one : nor doth their shape appeare
 Much different : since women th'breeches weare :
 Which fashion now to th'Countrey makes resort,
 In imitation of their weare at Court ;
 Where it is sayd to shun the meanes of sinnen,
Came that vse vp to weare their breekes of linnen ;
 And can we see this and not pittie it
 When men that haue more complement then wit,
 Shine in the eye of popular respect,
 And others of more worth droope in neglect ?
 We cannot : yet must we admire them still,
 (That worthlesse are) though't be against our will,
 What remedy ? Ile tell thee, though thou dare not,
 But congy when thou meets them : laugh & spare not
 So't be in priuate, burst thy sides with laughter,
 And whilest th'rt laughing, Ile come lashing after :
 Mean time (with silence) I would haue thee hear me,
 That haue compos'd these *Epigrams* to cheere thee.

Take them how ere they be : if sowre in taste,
 Reforme thy errors which are former past :
 If sweet, let th'relish of my poems moue
 That loue in thee, to thanke me for my loue :



To the Precifian.

FOr the Precifian that dares hardly looke,
 (Because th'art pure forfooth) on any booke
 Saue Homilies, and fuch as tend to th'good
 Of thee, and of thy zealous brother-hood :
 Know my Time-noting lines ayme not at thee,
 For thou art too too curious for mee.
 I will not taxe that man that's wont to flay
 " His Cat for killing mife on th'Sabboth day :
 No ; know my resolution it is thus,
 I'de rather be thy foe then be thy pus :
 And more should I gaine by 't : for I fee,
 The daily fruits of thy fraternity.
 Yea, I perceiue why thou my booke should fhun,
 " Because there's many faultes th'art guiltie on :
 Therefore with-drawe by me thou art not call'd,
 Yet do not winch (good iade) when thou art gall'd,
 I to the better fort my lines difplay,
 I pray thee then keep thou thy felfe away.

The

The Church-Knight.

A Church-man was there on a time I reade,
 Of great estate his father being dead,
 Which got, his Syrpe-cloth he discarded quite,
 Resolving fully now to be a Knight :
 Vp to the Court he goes with speede he can,
 Where he encountred a North-britaine man,
 With whom discourfing in his Euening walke,
 He fpoke of Knights 'mongft other idle talke,
 How th'title it was worthie, and that he,
 Could well endure entitled fo to be ;
 For I do reade (quoth he) of fuch as thefe
 Within the Ecclefiaticke histories :
 What fame and honour they obtain'd by warre,
 Which fir (believe me made me come thus farre,
 That I (if meanes or mony could obtaine it)
 Might in refpect to my profeflion gaine it.
 The *Brittanne* his profeflion did require :
 A Curate once, quoth he, of *Brecknocke*-fhire,
 Helde, I may fay to you, a learned man ;
 But fince my fathers death turn'd gentleman.
 I ioy me in th'occafion th'*Brittan* fayd,
 (Doubt not fir Priest) you fhall a Knight be made ;
 And you deferue't : for though Knights common are
 " Holy church-knights, fuch as you be, feeme rare,
 To *Long-lane* goes the Curate to prouide,
 An ancient fuite, and other things befide ;

Crucem & coniugem vno petimus fato,
Hanging and marrying goe by destinie.

It is an axiome in Philosophie,
 “ *Hanging and marrying goe by destinie ;*
 Both reference haue vnto the doome of fate,
 Both doe our birth and nature calculate :
 Nor can we fay these two be different far,
 Sith both haue influence from one ominous star,
 Which bodes our happinesse or our mischance
 According to the starres predominance ;
 This made *Arminus Carthage*-Ruler say
 “ That with a wife he could not well away :
 For being askt why he with others share not,
 Good fortune in good wiues (quoth he) I dare not,
 For if I chance to light on one that’s wife,
 “ She will be wilfull, selfe-lov’d, or precise,
 “ If wealthy, wanton, vowing to her friend,
 “ I shall be Cocold ere a fortnight end :
 “ If poore then peeuisht, of condition shrewde :
 “ If bewtifull she will be monstrous proude ;
 “ And if deformed, lothsome is she then,
 “ And th’least of these would kill a thousand men.

But now suppose, I could no longer tarrie,
 But that I might doe either worfe or marrie,
 And that I sought a wife to fit my turne,
 (For better tis to marrie then to burne) (riage)
 Though many (they may thank their own good car-
 Are all afire the first day of their marriage :

Why

Why then as my position was at first,
 This marriage-day is either best or worst
 I ere was maister of: for if my wife
 Be loyall as she ought, then is my life
 Made double blest in her, where I may say,
 " Each day lookes cheerefull like a mariage-day,
 But if selfe-will'd vntamed, head-strong, froward,
 Immodest, indiscrete, peeuissh, vntoward:
 Why then through th'fury of her in-bred malice,
 In climing to her bed, I clime to th' gallowes.
 Where euery word that doth proceed from her
 Strangles me like an Executioner;
 Her humour is my neck-verse, which to fort
 I cannot, if I should be hanged for't,
 Her tongue's my torture, and her frisking taile,
 Flies vp and downe like to a wind mills saile,
 Her hands like Fullers wheels, one vp, one downe,
 Which still lie malling on my costrell crowne:
 VVhich ere I would endure to take her banging,
 I would goe round to worke and take a hanging:
*Since therefore Fate hath doomed this to thee,
 Hanging or wiuing patient thou must be.*



An Epigramme called the
Cambrian Alchymist.

THE Planet-stroken *Albumazar*,
Shaues the *Muses* like a razor ;
Fayry-like we therefore shun them,
Cause there is no haire vpon them,
Muses loose their ornament,
Cambria has their excrement.

Excrement ? it's true indeede,
Haire growes from th'excesse of feede,
Which by instance small doth varie
From th'peere-lesse Seminarie ;
Which to make her worth allow'd,
Shrowdes her proiect in a clowde.

In a Clowde ? its rather showne,
like the man that's in the Moone,
Where our Iles *Ardelio*,
Descants of *Tom Trinkillo* ;

Form'd

Form'd like one that's all in mist,
Like a second *Alchymist*.

Strange the Project was I with
Of this *Metamorphosis* ;
Nought was (if I vnderstood)
Good, but that it was deem'd good
By the great : ô worthy feate,
To be worthleffe deemed great.

Vpon diuine Roscius.

TWo famous *Roscio's* chanc't I to espie,
Acting a *Metamorphosis*, while I
Sleepe vnder th'couert of a shady *wood*,
VWhere great *Archyas* for the vmpire stood,
VWho did their feuerall actions thus define,
" Art-full the one, the other most diuine.



Vpon *Roscius Hackney*, in a Dialogue
betwixt Expedition, & Endimion.

- (sleeps,*
- Exped. **W***Hy-ho, Endimion; how th' Dormouse
Awake for shame, open thy wink a-peeps!*
- Endim. *What stir you make, I come with speed I can
(and too much speed) for I haue tyr'd my man;*
- Exped. *Who, Dulman?*
- Endim. *Yes.*
- Exped. *I thought the Iade would shame vs,
And play vs one horse-tricke for Ignoramus.*
-

Vpon **TARBON** the Countrey
Gentleman.

T*Arbon* they say is mellancholly growne,
Because his wife takes phisicke in the towne:
VVhy, that's no cause; who would not hazard faire
To leaue both land and name vnto his heire?
Yea, but he doubts, (so ielous is the man)
That th'phisicke workes not but Physitian.
VVhich if he finde, he sweares he meanes to call,
The child not *Tarbon* but young *Vrinall*.

O monstrous, by this thou'ft truly shoue,
Thy wife a punke, thou needs not call her fo :
VVhich with thy fowre eyes *Talbon* if thou finde,
Ile neuer trust face, conscience, nor kinde.

An Epigram called the Court-
Attourney.

VVHo's yon, young *Stephano*? why sure you iest,
You gallants ride with 4 coach-horse at least;
Besides there is euen in his very eye,
A kinde of Court-like formall maiestie :
Its true ; yet it is he : for you must know,
Young *Stephano* is turn'd a Courtier now
VVhich makes him complete, and whers'ere he goe,
He has his ducke, or its not worth a strawe :
But I do doubt, nor be my doubts in vaine,
The Courtier must Attourney turne againe.
And then he must be stript of euery ragge,
And fall againe vnto his buckram-bagge :
If this befall, I shall be sorry for't,
Sith *John astyles* gets but small grace at Court.



*An Epigramme called the
Winde-fall.*

SIr *Sensuall* (a wanton Priest) there was
 Who made appointment with a Countrie lasse,
 That 'gainst the time from market she'st returne,
 He would keepe tutch and doe her a good turne.
 The place where these two louely mates should meet
 Was a vast Forrest vnrequent'd with feete
 of any passenger, saue such as were
 Keepers of th'wood, 'mongst which a Forrester,
 Vpon occasion chaunc't to come that way,
 And heard eue-dropper-like what they did say,
 Their place of meeting, with the maides consent
 Which he resolv'd as quickly to preuent.
 And being vnder shade securely scons't,
 Which place he had elected for the nonst,
 He staies to see th'returne of this same Lasse,
 (which as she wish't) did quickly come to passe :
 For Maids that know not what tis to consent
 To a lost Maiden-head, nor what is meant
 by giuing of a greene gowne, sooner will
 Assent to ill, because they know no ill,

Then

Then such as haue of actiue pleasures store,
 For well were they experient in't before.
 Yea such will neuer deale vnlesse they smell,
 Some hope of gaine, or like the trader well.
 At last the maide hauing her market made,
 (Perhaps far sooner then her Parents bade)
 With clothes tuckt vp returnes with speedy pace,
 Downe by the *Forrest* to'th appointed place.
 Where'th Priest Sir *sensuall* lay all this while,
 That he the *Maid might of her gem beguile*.
 If you had seene what meeting there was then,
 Betwixt these two, you would haue vou'd no men
 Of any ranke or order were so good.
 As Church-professors vnto woman-hood.
 So humble was the prelate, as to please.
 The shamefast maid, he oft fell on his knees.
 VVhile mumbling *pater nosters* on her lips,
 Down fell his breeches from his naked hips.
 And all this while poore soule she stood stock still,
 Not thinking (on my conscience) good or ill.
 At last the iolly Priest (when all was showne,
 That he could shew) wil'd th'maid to lay her downe,
 Vpon a shadie banke, which with all forts,
 Of flowres was checkerd fit for *Venus* sports.
 She (though she were resolu'd no ill could be
 By lying downe, yet in her modesty)
 VVould not vnto his motion so assent,
 Yet let him blow her downe she was content.
 The short-breath'd Priest (for he was wondrous fat)
 And stuff'd withall, makes me no bones of that,

But *Æolus*-like puf's vp his cheeks well growne,
 And he no fooner blows then she was downe.
 The *Forrester* who all this time had stood,
 Vnder a shadie couert of the wood,
 Steps in, when'th Priest his shriuing should begin,
 Saying all *wind-falls* they are due to him.
 Manie such Priests auncient records doe show,
 And present times may show as many now.

Another Epigram called, *A Cuckold*
with a witnesse.

A VVilie wench there was (as I haue read)
 VVho vs'd to *capricorne* her husbands head,
 VVhich he suspecting, lay in priuate wait,
 To catch the knaue, and keep his wife more strait,
 But all in vaine : they day by day did mate it,
 Yet could his foure eies neuer take them at it.
 This subtile wench perceiuing how they should
 At last preuented be, doe all they could :
 For now Italian-like her husband grew,
 Horne-mad I wish, and kept her in a *Mew*.
 Inuent'd a trick, which to accomplish better,
 Vnto her friend she closely sent a letter,
 And thus it was ; Friend you shall know by me,
 My husband keepes me far more narrowlie,
 Then he was wont, so as to tell you true,
 You cannot come to me ; nor I to you.

Yet

Yet spite of his eies and as many more,
VVele vse those pleasures which we vsd before :
Onely be wise, and second what I wish :
VVhich to expresse (my friend) know this it is.
My husband as he hates the horne to weare,
Of all the Badges forth, so feares he'th *Beare*,
More then all other Beasts which doe frequent
The heathy *Forrests* spacious continent.
If thou wilt right me then, and pepper him,
Couer thy seruant in a false Beares skin.
And come to morrow, as thou vs'd before,
Tying thy seruant to my chamber dore.
After this quaint direction he attirde
His man in beare-skin as she had desir'de
Entring the chamber he receiued is
VVith many a smile, back-fall, and sweetned kisse :
For they'r secure, of all that was before,
Hauing a *Beare* that kept the Buffe *from dore*.
The wittall foole no sooner inckling had,
Then vp the staires he ran as he were mad.
But seeing none but th' *Beare* to entertaine him,
Of *Hornes* he neuer after did complaine him.

In Romanum Mnestorem.

IT chanc't two Romane Conuerts on a day,
 For *pater noster* at the Cards to play ;
 She mop'd, he pop'd : his popping could not get her,
 " For she thought popping elfewher had been fitter.
 Thus he went home no wifer then he came,
 Sith popping was the Puppies chiefest game.

In Poetam Hippodramum.

O R

Post-riding Poet.

IT tooke a Poet once I'th head to poaft,
 For what I know not, but I'me fure it cost
 His purfe far more (as I haue heard foms fay)
 Then ere his *Muse* was able to repay.

In Numularium antiphylon.

CAsh-coin'd ? its true ; but he intends to be
 The famper of that Coine is due to me.
 Pray thee (my friend) forbear to fet it on,
 (My stampe I meane) till I haue throughly done :
 And I protest to thee, when I haue ended,
 I'le yeeld to thee, if she say thou canst mend it.

In

In Romanum Sacerdotem.

A Romane Priest came to absolue a Virgin by the way,
 As he in his Proceffion went : where hee resolu'd to stay
 A night. For what ? not to absolue the tender Virgins sinne,
 But as a Ghostly Fathers wont, to let more errors in :
 The doore was shut, the candle out, for I would haue you mark,
 A carnall Father best absolues a Virgin in the darke :
 Which absolution so increas'd, in zeale and purity,
 As within fixe and forty weekes it grew a Tympany,
 A gire forfooth, baptized *Ioan*, nor is it any shame,
 For th' wench in time may proue *Pope Ioan the second of that name.*

In Phylætum.

P *Hylætus* writing loue-lines on a day,
 A *Ratte* came in and stole his lines away.
Phylætus slept on still, and minded not
 While th' hungry *Ratte* eat vp the lines he wrote ;
 If I were to be Iudge, as much may be,
 The *Rat* should be in loue, *Phylætus* free.
 That seeing th' faucy *Rat* to loue enthrall'd,
 Loue-bayne heereafter might be Rats-baine call'd.



An Epigram called the
Courtier.

NOW heauen preferue mine eyesight what is here?
 A man made vp in Wainfcot? now I fweare,
 I tooke him for some Coloffe; fure I erre,
 This is not he: yes: this's the Courtier,
 Braue *Pun-tevallo*, for thofe armes he beares,
 (An Affe-head rampant) and that chaine he weares,
 By bleft Saint *Martin*, doe defcry it's he,
 Well, ile obserue his carriage narrowly.
 VVhat makes him go fo ftiffe, has he the gout?
 No, but a fire in's hams that went not out
 Thefe feuen yeares to my knowledge: then it has
 Begun (it feems bout time) when th'glaffe-work was.
 Its true, it did fo, I haue heard fome fay,
 He has a pleafant wit, he has one way
 A pretty thriuing wit, can make a legge,
 And harken out what office he may begge.
 Can looke as big and burly on fuch men,
 (Poore Gnats) that come for to petition him,
 As Giants in a Pagent, can proteft,
 For meere formality, laugh at a iest,
 (Without conceiuing ont) has witte enough,
 To put good clofe on, beare his face in's ruffe.

Like

Like a braue sprightly Spaniard, will not let,
With some new minted oaths to pay his debt,
And can dispenſe with them, nor does he more,
In this, then what his Elders did before.
VVith truth (in complement) he ſeldome meetes,
For naked truth with *Eue* lies without ſheetes,
And he endures not that, nor can incline,
To ſuch a motion, but in progreſſe time.
He cannot bluſh (no more can women now)
Till that their pretie painter tell them how.
He ha's a kind of vaine in fonnetting,
Purchaſt by brocage or by pilfering,
VVith which he wooes his miſtreſſe, he will ſet,
His face to any faſhion, and will bett,
VVagers on Ladies honours : hauing forgotten
VVhat he ſhould ſpeake, hee's fingering his button,
Or ſome ſuch trifling action, till he ſtore
himſelfe with wit, which he had loſt before :
Nor did that Morall erre, who wifely would,
Compare a Courtiers witte to th'Marigold.
It opens with the Sunne, but beeing ſet
The Mari-gold ſhuts vp, ſo doth his witte.
The Marigold's moſt cheer'd by mid-day funne,
So's he, whence i'ft, he lies in bed till noone.
Occaſion is his *Cupid*, luſt his lure,
Pleaſure his Pander, dalliance his whoore,
He h'as but one receipt of making loue,
And being put out, he cannot ſpeake, nor moue,
But like a liue-leſſe image, ſeemes to be,
Till by good hap his ſpeech recouered be.

He

He smells of Complement, in presence faire,
 And vses oft to weare bracelets of haire,
 Swearing they came from such, but tis not so,
 For t'was some *tyre-woman* he tooke them fro.
 The Ornaments which he admires are these,
 To faune, to obserue times, to court, to please,
 To make strange faces, fleeke his presum'd skin,
 Starch his Mouchatoes, and forget his sinne.
 To dance, to dice, to congie, to salute,
 To stamp, to stalke, to finger well a lute.
 To tremble at a Cannon when it shootes,
 To like, dislike, and fill his head with doubts.
 To be in passion, wind his carelesse armes,
 To plie his Mistresse with delightfull charmes.
 To be for all, yet ignorant in all,
 To be disguisd, and strange fantasticall :
 Briefly to be, what all his kind haue beene,
Seeme what they be not, be what least they seeme.
 Such is my *Puntauallo*, and in time
 No question but hee'l prooue true Pantomime,
 To imitate all formes, shapes, habits, tyres
 Suting the Court, and forting his desires,
 And then what th'Satyre said, shall well appeare :

The Deuill is the perfects Courtier.

Hauing my complete Courtier thus defin'd,
 I haue no more that I can call to minde,
 " Saue what is common, and is knowne to all,
 " *That Courtiers as the tide doe rise and fall,*
 So I will end with what I haue writ before,
 " Till the'next tide come, and then I wil write more.

Vpon



Vpon his much honoured friend
 Master *William Ascam*, and his
 felected Temple.

VVhose Anagram is produced by the Poet.

William Ascam.

———*Sum Via Luci*———*Alma.*

*Hoc Anagramma tenes Gulielmi) — Sum via Luci
 Alma, per æthereos qua iuuat ire locos.
 Quæ via ? virtutis via lactea, quæ tibi nota est :
 Nec minor Exemplis Gloria parta tuis.*

Epigram.

*In Templo, Venerem Spectet
 Qui amat Venerem.*

A Ske him what *Temple* most delighteth him,
 And hee'l repleye, that *Temple* thou art in.

*Nec Venus est quæ nomen habet veneris, sed Amica
 Casta deæ Arcadiæ, Delia nomen habet, &c.*

Looke

Aske him what Praiers should in that *Temple* be,
 And he'le replie, what prayers best liketh thee.
Aske him what *Temple* yeelds him most content,
 And he'le reply thy *Temple*, ther's his Saynt.
Aske him what *Temple*'s purer then aboue.
 He'le say thy *Temple*: there's the Queene of *Loue*;
 Then let me aske your iudgement is't not fit,
That Temple honour him, that honours it?

Poesies vpon bracelets.

As loue giues life to euery part,
 So this giues life vnto my hart :
 This chafly lies, and liues with me,
 O that I might doe so with thee ?

Another.

How might I triumph in my bliffe ;
 If loue were where my Bracelet is.
 For then should loue do no such harm
 To wring my heart, but wreath my arme.



An Eglogue betweene
Billie and Iockie called
 the Mufhrome.

Iockie.

W Hon Billie whon, what faire has thou bin at?
 Thouse be so trim, I mickle torcken at:
 For wele I wate, last time I met with thee,
 Thou hardly had a lapp to swedde thee.
 Pray thee (good Bille,) tell me swith and soone,
 Iockie may doe what Billy late has done.
 Billie. What Iockie (*lither lurden*) lesse for wea,
 Thou'ft be so tattert, but theres many sea,
 That ill can wappe it: but be vis'd by mee,
 And thou or lang fall glish in brauery.
 Swatt on thy tayle man, heeres a blythy place,
 And ile ensure thee how I gat this grace.

* Eclogie apud Lucianum extat quæ horticulo plane inscribitur, *Mirrica nimrium*, quam *Fungum esse existimo*, *intempestiue orientem arentemque*, &c. Eo nomine Romanos Sabini appellauere, Gallos Romani, Tuscos Itali, infimo nempe genere, & ignota gente orta, subitoque prouectos, &c.

K

Iockie

Iockie. *Mickle may Bille thriue, as hees begun,
 My lugges are lithing, Bille now iogge on.*
 Billy. *Then heare me Iocky. Bout mid-belten twas
 Or Ise bethought awrang, when I must passe,
 Ore th' Breamy bourne, and (wele I traw) I had,
 Smaw gere (at tat tide) but a lether-bagge,
 A Motley iacket, an a slop of blew,
 It was my Fadders, I mun tell thee true.
 A lang youd I, (and langer then thoule say)
 And wele, I knew not whether, ne what way,
 Fute-sare I was, for Bille shoon had neane,
 But an aud pare with him, and they were gane.
 Nor hose-legs (wele I wate) but skoggers aud,
 That hardly hap't poore Billes legs fra caud.
 Hate was my weafin, empty was my maw,
 And nane I met with, I could ken or knaw,
 So uncath was the gete (as but for shame)
 I had com'd backe toth place fra whein I came,
 For siler had I skant, nor lesse nor mare,
 Then three Bawbees, Ile tell thee all my stare.
 But lith me Iocky (after many a mile)
 At last I hapt to light vpon an Ile,
 Bu Come and full a gere, and full a store,
 For Bille neuer met with like before,
 Sae Greathy was the place where I was driuen
 That I me sicker thought I was in Heauen.*

But

*But wele I fe sure they that this Iland kept,
Were by our Whilome Fathers Angels clept.
And wele they might be so, for wele I wate,
They were fine men, and men of mickle state.
Had lusty husses (that were tricke and trim,)
Cud wele don on their geere, with euery pin.
Heere stood I musing lang full heauily,
Till Iockie wha dost thinke speard vp to me.
Iockie. Wha Bille mot that be?*

Bille. Ane wha thou kens.

*Cand ane, we raught on meanely, but now sene,
He has the pricke and preze Ile say to thee.*

Iockie. Was it not Lobbie?

Bille. Iocky it was he.

*But now the mickle Lurden is so great,
Theyr blest by God, that may with Lobbie speake.
By Gods bread Iockie, he so gaish was,
I thought no boot to speake, but let him passe,
And had done so, but Lobby was so kinde.
To come to me, and leaue his men behind.*

*Great chat we had, and many that were nye,
Musd he would chat with sike an ene as I.
But blith was Lobbie, and so meeke he was,
That he vnhorst sate by me on the grasse,
Lang did we tauke of this thing and of that,
A Iugge, a Peggy, and a nut-brown Kate,*

*A Crowd the Piper, and the Fiddler Twang,
 And many sike things, as wee layen along.
 Ablangst the leaue, this Councell gaue he mee,
 That made me wele to leue, so may it thee.
 Billie (quoth Lobby) if thoule prosper heere,
 Thou mun be bald, and learne to bandon feare,
 Thou mun not blush, nor colour change for ought,
 Though th'plea thou hast in hand be nere so nought.
 Thou mun not take petition (lithen me)
 Nor entertaine him, till thou take thy fee,
 And (wele I warne thee) better way thou thrue,
 If thy hand open be to aw that giue.
 Get mee some prollers, they are best of all,
 To marke thee weet, when some good office falls,
 Or a barre-hoisted Lawyer that can see,
 With his foure eyne where aud concealments be,
 But of aw things I mun fore-warne thee hence,
 To haue small dealing with a Conscience.
 That will vndoe thee (Billy) looke to one, (none.
 Poore men haue Conscience, but rich men haue
 'Mongst other things listen to what I say,
 For I in briefe will speake now what I may.
 In Teucra here (this Citie where there be)
 Many a man will haue an eye of thee,
 Gaine me Acquaintance: it's the spring of life,
 And know thou maist a Tradesman by his Wife.*

*Be sicker on her Billye, she it is
Can ope her husbands Casket with a kisse.
Diue me into a Mercers Booke, and say,
Thoul't pay on sike a time, but doe not pay.
Chauke me on Vintners, and for aw thy skore,
Let great words pay for aw, still run on more.
Be stately Billy (and I doe thee rede)
Thou mun now throw away thy countrey weed.
For skoggers, hozen of the Naples twine,
For thy blew slop, sike a breeke as mine :
For thy aud motley iacket, thou mun weare,
A cloth a siluer, sike as I haue heere.
Then mun thou looke big (what way ere thou passe)
As if that Billy were not th' man he was.
Then learne me Billy some aud Pedegree,
Noe matter though't belong not vnto thee,
And say thy Grand-fire was a Duke at least,
And first inuentor of Saint Gallowayes feast.
Maintaine me leeing in a Liuery,
For that's the first meanes that mun honour thee :
Let her be Page-like, at thy elbow still,
For when thou canst not doe it, leeing will,
Let Suters dance Attendance, lithen me,
And quicke dispatch, be it thine enemye.
Take fees for expedition, for of aw,
Sutes hastily ended wreake our ouerthrow.*

*Get me an Heralt (wele I wat) oth best,
 That may for Bille find some pretty Crest,
 A Rat, a Pismire, or a Butterflie,
 A Cornish Chucke, a Parrat, or a Pie,
 A nimble Squirrell, or a picke-a-tree
 A Wesell, Vrchin, or a Bumble-Bee.
 Or if of plants, my Bille will haue ane,
 He may full swithly mange these chuse him ane.
 The Brier, the haw-thorne : or the Priuet bush,
 The Osire, Cypresse, or where th'merry Thrush,
 Sings out her Fa, la, la, but nane there be,
 " That like the Mushrome Bille fitteth thee,
 Her growth is sudder, Bille so is thine,
 Then take the Mushrome, its a Crest of mine.
 Mare need I not say, keepe but wele my reede,
 And siker Ise, thou cannot chuse but speede.
 With that he twin'd fra me, and left me there,
 Where I with mickle Carke, and mickle Care,
 Bustling now vp now downe, at last me yode,
 To ply my lesson wele I vnderstood,
 And in a pretty while I learnd to bee,
 That cunning Clerke that he awarded me.
 Deftly could I tricke vp me sell, and trim,
 Me featly fine, in euery legge and limme,
 Wele cud I marke my name in Marchants books,
 Fo wele I wate, wha ere he be, that looks,*

*I se there in black and white, and wele I may,
For he is said to aw that menes to pay.
Not a petion would I listen ore,
Till Billie had sam chinke in's fist before.
Not a rich mickle lossell could there be,
That had a plea but had his path by me.
And sine I sau as Lobbie teld belieue,
That he that had a conscience could not thriue.
I draue the Haggard fra me, sine whilke time,
Iockie thou sees how Billie gins to shine.
Iockie, And lang may Billie shine, but sayne to me
Fare aw our Coustrils haufe as wele as thee,
Billie. Iockie they doe, nor neede thou t'arken out,
For we will feede, wha euer famish for't :
O its a place so full of Iouisance,
Play but thy round the Ilanders will daunce.
Ladies & Lordings, Swainelings with their
Will trimly trip it ore the leuie plaines. (swaines,
And wele I wat that Iockie ance could play,
For I haue heard him,—————
Iockie. And so Billie may.
Billie. Then tune thy chanter vp and gae with me,
Come blithly on,—————
Iockie. Iockie does follow thee.*



A Panegirick Embleame,
Intituled,
Saint George for England.

*The Argument of the
Embleame.*

From whence the English anciently deriued this Saints canonization, his orders, inauguration—of Sigismund, Emperour of Almaine : and his present to Henry the fift. The institution of this order where, the solemnizing where : the seuerall games, exercises, Races, and Martiall trialls auspiciously begunne with that Saint.—And the like of Honour and advancement.—A comparision had betweene Perfeus sonne to Iupiter and Danae ; who preserued Andromoda from the sea monster, and Saint George, who slew the Dragon. The discription of Perfeus, and of Saint George : concluding with a victorious Pæan to Saint George.

The Embleame.

HAile to thy shrine thou Saint of *Albion*,
Who had thy auncient consecration

From



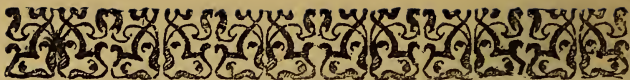
A Panegerick Embleame.

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From thy religious managements, as farre
Disperst, as Turke or *Christian* planted are,
Thou art the Saint which we in war doe vse,
Hoping by thee to be auspicious.
Yet void of superstition we impart,
Sole laud to him, whose noble Saint thou art.
Nor loose we th' name of th' *Almaine Sigismund*,
By whom thy precious Reliques first were found.
And heere presented as a royall gift
To *Englands* Mirrour, *Henry* the fift.
Since when thy order is solemnized,
At *Windsor*, where a part of thee is sed
To be inter'd: thrice happy monument,
To couer part of one so eminent.
So *Saintly vertuous*, as no honour can,
"Give thee thy due, as onely due to man."
O may thy institution honour'd be,
By true deserts, and due solemnyty.
Nor whom thy order doth inaugurate,
May they by vice stand subiect vnto hate.
But so euen weigh in all their actions here,
"As *Georges Knights* may after *Saints* appeare:
Which they shall be, by showing feruent zeale
Vnto the *Church*, loue to the common-weale.

In





In all our games and pastimes feuerall,
Euer on George as on our Saint we call:
For by that name the auncients vnderstood,
Their *Fortune* could not chuse but to be good,
As *Turnaments, Iusts, Barriers, and the rest,*
In which his name was euermore exprest.
In *Races* too these present times affoord
Instances store, *Saint George he giues the word.*
So as it was (as common stories tell)
To say Saint George, as say God speede you well.

In Martiall trials when our armies met,
His name would spirit in our men beget,
“Heightning their courage, perills passing through.
“Standing desolu’d before a Cannons mouth.
“Out-bearing danger, and with violent breath
“Stand at defiance gainst the threats of death.
Marching through horror they would boldly passe,
(*As for pale feare, they knew not what it was.*)
Which may be instanc’d in that holy war,
Where those that lost their liues canoniz’d are
In leaues of perpetuity: I meane,
In the regayning of *Ierusalem,*
Where those renoued *Champions* enterprift,
For the due honour of their Sauour *Christ.*

Either





A panegericke Embleme.

139

Either to win that Cittie (maugre th'vaunts
Of all those hellish god-lesse miscreants,)
Or if they could not th' Cittie so surprize,
Resolv'd they were their liues to sacrifice ;
Euen then I say when those that Marshall'd them,
Could not with-hold from flight their recreant men ;
“ Saint George appear'd in a submissiue show,
“ Wishing them not to wrong their Countrie so :
And though a ghost (and therefore lesse belieu'd ;
Yet was his mouing presence so receiv'd
As none to fight it out resolu'd more,
Then such as readiest were to flie before.
Vp went their scaling-ladders to displant
Th'abhorred of-spring of the *miscreant,*
And euer as some danger they espide,
God and S' George for England still they cride.
And how successiue that renowned warre
Was to those Christians, which enrolled are
In an eternall register, may well appeare
“ By Godfrey Bulloyne who was stiled there
“ King of Ierusalem, yet as its showne,
“ By auntient stories, would receiue no crowne,
“ Thinking't vnfit that it should be rehearst,
“ That where his masters head with thornes was pierst.

Hee





He that his seruant was should be so bold,
As haue his head girt with a crowne of gold.
What fame in forraine coasts this *Hero* got,
The lake ^m*Silene* shewes, if we should not ;
Where in the reskew of a louely Mayde,
A fearefull Dragon he discomfited,
So as we haue portraide to euey viewe,
On signes of Innes how *George* the Dragon flew ;
Which story to expresse were too too long,
Being a subiect for each fidders song :
“ Yet cause there is (I cannot will nor chuse)
Comparison 'twixt him and *Perseus*,
VWho sonne to *Ioue* and showre stain'd *Danae*,
In reskew of the faire *Andromade*,
Encountred that sea-monster ; Ile explaine
Each attribute of their peculiar fame :
“ And then conferring them one with the other,
“ Collect whose best their actions laide together.
And first for *Perseus* ; great I must confesse,
He was in name, his birth inferres no lesse
Being *Ioues* sonne, yet can he no way shun
The name of Bastard, though he were his sonne :

^m *Sylene* the pond or lake where
the Dragon was.

Deflow-





A panegericke Embleme.

141

Deflowr'd his mother was—and in a showre
Of gold, to shew how gold has foueraigne power,
T' vnlocke the fort of fancy, and how soone
“ *Women are wonne, when golden bayts are showne.*
Long *Ioue* had woo'd and yet he could not win
What he desir'd, till gold receiv'd him in,
Which seemes by easie consequence to proue,
“ *Gifts be the giues that biddes the hands of loue.*
Thus sprung the noble *Perseus*, who in time
“ To propagate the honour of that line
From whence he came, and that it might be sed,
That he from *Ioue* was rightly fathered
Tooke on him strange aduentures ; as to right
“ *Iniur'd Ladies by a single fight,*
“ *Encounter Giants, rescue men distrest,*
In each whereof his glory was represt :
“ *For valiant & more worthy they doe shew them,*
“ *That wrongs redresse, then such as vse to doe them.*
But th'first and best attempt he did on Earth,
“ *Was, to wipe off th'blemish of his birth,*
And th'taine of his corrupted mothers honour,
Which blushes blaz'd who euer look't vpon her.
“ *On them alone imagin'd it may be*
VVent he to th'reskew of *Andromade* ;

VVho



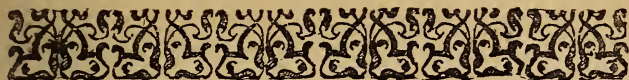


Who now was markt for death, and brought to th'
Where many maids had bin deuour'd before, (shore
By a sea-monster: here the Virgin stood,
To free her Countrey with her guiltlesse blood,
Whom *Perseus* (as he coasted by that way)
No fooner vew'd then he began to fay.

Faire Virgin (then he wept) impart to vs
What rude vnhalloved hand hath vs'd thee thus
And by the honour of my heauenly Sire
What ere he be he shall receiue his hire,
Giant or Monster in the earth or Sea,
Reueng'd he shall sweete Virgin tell it me.
Kind Sir (quoth she) and then she staide her breath
As one addrest to meditate of death,
Treate not with me of life, nor aske who 'tis
Giant or Monster that's the cause of this,
Onely know this (thou gentle Knight) that I
"Am doom'd to death, and I'me resolu'd to die.
To die (faire Maide quoth he) ? if't be thy fate,
Ile sympathize with thee in equall state
And die with thee: onely giue grieue a tongue,
To tell me who's the Author of thy wrong:
Know then (sayd he) I am that haplesse she,
The wretched, pittied, poore *Andromade*,

Who





A panegericke Embleme.

143

Who here am left of friends, bereft of all
To be a prey vnto a rauenous whale :
Many haue suffered ere it came to me,
Now is my lot and welcome it shall be,
To expiate with my vnstained blood
The Monsters wrath and doe my countrey good ;
As she spake this vp from the Ocean
Came that deuouring vaste *Leuiathan*,
Sweeping along the shore, which being spide ;
Good fir retire the noble Damsell cride,
Yonder he comes for loue of honour flie,
It's I am doom'd, then let me onely die.
But *Perseus* (one better tempered,
Then to behold a Virgine slaughtered,
Without affayd reuenge) did streight begin
With man-like valour to encounter him,
Doubtfull the skirmish was on either side,
(While th'Maide a sad spectator did abide)
Wooing with teares which from her cheeks did flow
That *Ioue* would giue this Monster th'ouerthrow :
At last her prayers and teares preuail'd so well,
As vnder *Perseus* feete the Monster fell ;
Whence came it (as the story doth proceede)
The Virgin and her Countrey both were freed:

VVhich

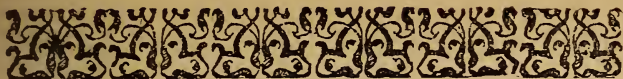




VWhich to requite (in guerdon of her life)
Se gaue her selfe to *Perseus* as wife,
“ *Whom he receiu'd - ô he did ill in this,*
“ *Sith by the Auncient it recorded is,*
Before that *Perseus* to her reskew came,
She was espoused to another man
“ *By name Vaxedor, (ô it was a sinne*
“ *To marrie her that was not dew to him :)*
And better had't been to sustaine her fate,
“ *Then by such breach of faith to violate*
Her former Spoufals - which vniust offence
“ *Gods may winke at but neuer will dispence :*
Yea to a barraine Rocke though she were tyde,
Yet better 'twas then to be made a Bride
“ *To an vsurped Bed, for that did laie,*
“ *That staine on her, time cannot wipe away.*
Thus haue you heard what noble *Perseus* was
VWith greatest dangers that his worth did passe,
The imminence whereof merits due praise,
“ *And such a Poet as deserues the Baies :*
Laurell and Myrtle-though his Nuptiall knot
“ *Loft him more fame then ere his valour got :*
“ *For so deprauid's the Nature of our will,*
“ *What's good we laine, what's ill we harpe on still.*

Now





A panegericke Embleme.

145

Now to thy English Saint, my *Muse* repaire,
And lim him so, that when thou shalt compare
These two: He *Perseus* may out-strip as farre,
As sunne the Moone, or th' Moone a twinkling star.

GEORGE now enstil'd the Saint of *Albion*,
By lineage was a *Capadocian*;

Whoseⁿ valour was exprest in all his time,
That vertue might in euery action shine,
VVhich to induce beliefe by mouing sence,
I will produce his best description thence,
Both for th're semblance which hath euer bin,
Twixt the renowned *Perseus* and him:

As also to make good, that not one staine
"Eclipst that glory which his acts did gaine
All which by instance fecoded shall be
"*Perseus was great yet George more great then he.*

Tutching that Dragon on *Sylenes* shore,
I haue in part related it before:
Yet but as shadoves doe resemblance make,
Vnto the substance and materiall shape,
Digressiuely I onely seem'd to glance,
At th'act it selfe, not at the circumstance:

ⁿ The Etimologie of GEORGE from *Gera* and
Gion, War-like, or valiant.

L

Know





Know then this noble Champion hearing one,
Along his trauaile making piteous mone,
In meere remorse drew neerer to the noice,
“ *Till he perceiu'd it was a Ladies voice,*
VVho in a Virgin-milky-white araide,
Show'd by her habit that she was a Maide ;
Carelesse her haire hung downe, and in her looke,
Her woes were writ as in a Table-booke :
Warm-trickling teres came streaming from her ei.
Sighs from her heart, and from her accent cries.
Tyed was she fast vnto a pitched stake,
Bounding on *Sylen's* Dragon-haunted lake,
All which exprest without a Character
The wofull state which did enuiron her :
Saint *George* observ'd her teares, and from his eyes
Her teares by his finde their renew'd supplies,
Both vie as for a wager, which to winne,
“ The more she wept, the more she forced him :
At last with modest hauiour in reliefe,
Of her distresse, he thus allaide her grieffe.
“ Sorrowfull Lady, if griefes lesned are,
VVhen those that pittie griefes receiue their share,
Impart your sorrowes to me, and in lew,
“ If right I cannot, I will pittie you.

Alasse





A panegericke Embleme.

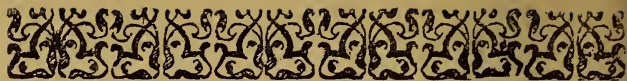
147

Alasse (sweet youth quoth she) pittie's too late,
VVhen my diseafe is growen so desperate,
Yet doe I thanke thee for thy loue to me,
That neuer yet deseru'd so much of thee :
“*Pray thee begone, such friendship Ile not trie,*
To see thy death one is enowe to die,
And I am shee,—crosse not the will of Fate,
“*Better's to loose one then a double state :*
Be gone I say do not the time fore-flowe,
“*Perish I must of force, so needs not thou.*
Imminent horror would admit no more ;
For now the Dragon from *Sylenes* shore
Came spitting lothsome venome all about,
VVhich blasted trees and dried vp their roote.
S^t *George* the Dragon had no sooner vew'd,
Then fresh supplies of spirit was renew'd
In his vnmatched brest : him he assailes,
And though ore-matcht his spirit neuer failes
Till he subdew'd him : and as some auerre,
He tyed him fast and made him follow her
Vnto her fathers pallace, where we reade
In publike triumph he cut off his head.
Here may we see that act of *Perseus*
Equall'd by *George* and made more glorious

L 2

In





148

A panegericke Embleme.

In that he aym'd no further nor was fe'd
"To put his feete into anothers bed,
"His conquest it was temporate and iust,
Not stayn'd with blemish of defaming lust
For no attempt vs'd he to vndertake,
But for true honour and for Vertues sake.





A Victorious Pæan to our
Albions St, alluding to all noble
 spirits, natiue affumers of
 his Honor & Order.

I Ò Pean *then must wee*
 Giue St George the victorie :
 Whose desert
 Grac't each part ;
Where so ere he vs'd to be,
None more grac't, or lou'd then he.

Perfeus though his renowne,
 Did to all the world come ;
 Yet one staine,
 Dimm'd his fame :
But the world's spatious roome,
Shrines St George in honours tombe.

A



A Satyre called the *Coni-*
borrowe.

NOw in the name of fate what Saint is she,
 That keepes a shop of publicke Brothelrie?
 Harbours the sharking Lawyer for his pence,
 And Martir-like consumes his euidence?
 Nusles my damned Atheist, makes him curse
 Nature and fortune, that his thin-lin'd purse
 Should be depriv'd of crowns: do you ask what St?
This Saint was sent from th' fiery Regiment.
 A *Sodome-apple*, a lasciuious staine
 To vertues habite, or a whore in graine,
 A sucke-blood, *Hyene*, feigning Crocodile
 VVorse then the monst̄er bred on th' banks of Nyle,
 A purple Strumpet, Gangrene to the state,
 Earths-curse, hels-blisse, foules-foile, & Angels hate,
 Smoothed Damnation, smothered infamie,
 Horror to Age, and youths calamity,
 Pritty-fac'd diuell of a ginger pace,
 Grace-lesse in all faue that her name is *Grace*,
 Soules-running vlc̄er that infects the heart,
 VVith painting, purfling and a face of Art.

Star-blasting honour, vertues foe, exprest
By hating where she seemes to fancy best.
Vow-breaking periure, that her selfe adornes,
VVith thousand fashions, and as many formes.
Creature of her owne making, hollow trunke,
A *Christian* Paganif'd with name of *Punke*.
A Cell, a hell, where she'le no others haue,
The common Palliard-Pandor, Baud, or flaue,
A cage of vncleane birds, which is possfest,
Of none saue such as will defile their nest.
VVhere fries of Hell-hounds neuer come abroade,
But in that earthly Tophet make aboade.
VVhere bankrupt Factors to maintaine a state,
Forlorne (heauen knows) and wholly desperate,
Turne valiant *Boults*, *Pimps*, Haxtars, roaring boyes,
Till flesht in bloud, counting but murders toyes,
Are forc't in th' end a dolefull Psalme to sing,
Going to Heauen by *Derick* in a string.
It's you damn'd prostitutes that soyle this land,
VVith all pollutions, haling downe the hand
Of vengeance and subuerfion on the State,
Making her flowrie borders desolate.
It's you that ruine ancient families,
Occasion bloodshed, pillage, periuries.
Its you that make the wicked prodigall,
Strips him of fortune, heritance, and all,
Its you that makes new *Troy* with factions bleede,
As much or more then euer old *Troy* did.
Its you (sin-branded wantons) brings decay,
To publique states. Its you that hate the day,

But honour *night*: where euery female finner
 Refembles th' Moone, that has a man within her.
 Lasciuious Burrowes, where there nothing are,
 But toused, fullied, and ore iaded ware.
 No musick but despaire, no other note,
 Saue some *French*-language from a prophane throat:
 Noe other Accent then the voyce of hell,
 Where Stygian *Circe* mumbles ore her spell.
 Shakes her pox-eaten ioynts, and sends for spies,
 To gaine her traders two sin-tempting eies.
 Where she in praise and honour of her trade
 Saies, *that the Stewes were in th' beginning made,*
 For the aduancement of a publick good,
 And well it may, if rightly vnderstood:
 For if in pleasures there such bitters be,
 As still repentaunce lackies vanitie?
 If lust that's cal'd by th' sensuall Epicure,
 The best of mouing pleasures, and the lure,
 That for the instance makes our organs rise,
 Thinking that place wee'r in is Paradise.
 If she (I say) bring forth no fruit at all,
 Saue news from'th *Spittle*, or the *Hospitall*.
 Drie rewmes, catarchs, diseases of despaire,
 Puritane-sniueling, falling of the haire.
 Akes in the ioynts, and ring-worme in the face,
 Cramps in the nerues, fire in the priuy place.
 Racking the sinews, burning of the gall,
 Searing the vaines, and bowels most of all:
 Drying the head, which natur's wont to feede,
 Sucking the blood, whence all distempers breede.

If best of pleasures haue no other end,
Mong'st earth's delights, thē haue we cause t'extend,
Our pure affections to an higher ayme,
Then to corrupt the honour of our name.
For present appetite : I thanke the whoor,
Thou hast instructed me to haue a power
Ouer my fence by reason rectified,
And hast well neere my senses mortefied.
I know thy habit, and (and I once haue sworne,
But now recant it, that no earthy forme
Was of like composition, but conceiuing,
That th' period of thy pleasure was in hauing,
And that thy lust was but desire of gaine,
I curb'd my selfe that I should be so vaine.
To spend my state, my stock, my name, my nature,
On such a brittle, fickle, faithlesse creature.
Fond was my iudgement when my reason straid,
To foile the honourd title of a maide,
With brothell greeting, or a painted trunke,
A rotten Tombe, a Bafaliske, a *Punke*.
For tell me whore ? what bewty's in thee showne,
Or mouing part that thou canst say's thine owne ?
The blush that's on thy cheeke I know is made
By 'th Painters hand, and not by nature laid :
And that same rosie-red, and lillie white,
Which seemes to include a volume of delight,
Is no more thine, then as it may be said ;
Faire is the waineskote when it's varnished.
Yea I haue heard some of thy comforts say,
Thy night-face is not that thou wearst by day.

But

But of a different forme, which vnderstood,
 Rightly implies too faces in one hood.
 Now my (prodigious *faery*) that canst take,
 Vpon occasion a contrary shape.
 Thou that canst varie habits and delight,
 To weare by day what thou putst of at night.
 Thou that with tempting motiues of despaire,
 Braiding the net-like tresses of thy haire,
 Smoothing thy brazed front, oyling thy skin,
 Taking a truce with Satan, and with sinne.
 How canst thou thinke that I will loose the light,
 Of my deare foule, to please mine appetite?
 How canst thou thinke that for a moments sweete,
 Wherein the height of pleasures, sorrows meete.
 I will engage that effence of delight
 For *time eternall, measure infinite?*
 How canst thou thinke I am so void of sense,
 Or blinde, as not to know thy impudence?
 True, I was blind, when thy fin-*Syren* voice,
 Made me despise my selfe, and make a choice
 Of foules-seducing Error: I was blinde,
 When I did hope contented ioyes to finde
 In so profane a couer: Blinde was I
 When I expected ought but vanitie.
 In such an odious harbour: blinde I was
 To looke for vertue in so vile a case.
 But now the glorious effence of my foule
 Tels me, *For all thy vertue thou art foule.*
 Spotted with *Ermins*, and that vanitie,
 Of which thar't proud, is like a leprosie.

VVhich

VVich runnes to euery vaine, whose very breath,
Poisons the tutchers with infectious death.
For whats complexion if I should speake true,
(That which thou wears I meane) but what the Iew
Of lothsome compositions's vfd to make,
As th' fat of Serpents, and the slough of snakes,
VVith curfed spittle or fleagme commixed is,
And canst thou thinke this face deserues a kisse ?
No, odious Lecher that beslubbered face,
That entertaines no signe nor stampe of grace,
That sin-reflecting eye, whose piercings are,
VVounds to the soule, and to the mind a care,
That artificiall blush, that painted cheeke,
VVhich neuer seekes, what woman-hood shold seek,
That whorish looke drain'd from a wanton mind,
Shall make me hate, where I was once inclin'd,
Shall make me hate ? O that I did not hate,
Before this time : but sorrow's nere too late,
If feruent, and may I excluded be,
If my resolues proceed not inwardly.
Farewell, but well I doubt thou canst not fare,
So long as thou dost lodge in this dispaire :
Preuent me then the cause, and thou shalt see,
The effect thereof will soone preuented be :
*Till then adew : for till that time I sweare it,
Thy Connie-burrow is not for my Ferret.*

Vpon



Vpon a Poets Palfrey, lying
in *Lauander*, for the discharge
of his *Prouender*.

An Epigram.

IF I had liu'd but in King *Richards* dayes,
Who in his heat of passion, midlt the force
Of his Assailants troubled many waies
Crying *A horse, a Kingdome for a horse*.
O then my horse which now at Liuery stayes,
" Had beene fet free, where now hee's forc't to stand
" And like to fall into the Ostlers hand.

If I had liu'd in *Agamemnons* time,
Who was the leader of the Mirmidons,
Mounting aloft as wantons in their prime,
Of frolike youth, planting the Græcians
In their due order, then this horse of mine,
" Had not bin thus confin'd, for there he might,
" Haue showne himselfe, and done his master right.

If

If I had liu'd when *Pallas* horfe was made,
Aptly contriu'd for th'ruine of poore Troye
O then there had beene doings for my Iade,
For he had beene sole author of annoy,
Vnto the Troians : well as I haue faid,
" He might be *Pallas* horfe in legge and limme,
" Being fo neere proportion'd vnto him.

If I had liu'd in *Pasiphaes* raigne,
That lusty Lasse, in pleasure euer full,
And perfect dalliance : O I blest had beene,
" She sure would loue a horfe, that lou'd a Bull,
And better might it with her honour seeme.
" A Bul's too fierce, a horfe more modest aye,
" Th'one routs and rores, the others answer's ney.

If I had liu'd in *Alexanders* age,
Crowning my youth 'mongst his triumphant heires,
O then that prince, who in his heat of rage,
Bad th'Macedons get stallions for their Mares,
More liuely and more likely would not gage,
" His loue for nought, to such as mongst the rest,
" Would bring a Stallion that could doe with best.

If I had liu'd amongst th'Amazonites,
Those Warlike champions, monuments of Fame,
Trophies of Honour, friends to choice delights,
Who much desired to propagate, their name,
" And therefore wisht that they so many nights,

Might

“ Might haue free vse with men, in due remorse,
 For want of men would take them to my horse.

If I had liu'd in *Phaeton* his daies,
 When with vngiddy course he rul'd the Sun,
 O then my Palfrey had beene of great prise,
 For hee's not head-strong, nor would haue out-run,
 His fellow-Horses, but with gentler pace,
 As soft and easie as the nimble wind,
 He would with hakney pace lagg'd on behind.

If I had liu'd when th'warre of Agincourt,
 Burnish't with shields as bright as Diamond,
 To which our noblest *Heroes* made resort,
 O then my Stallion would haue kept his ground,
 And beene at razing of the stateliest fort,
 In all that Prouince : and though small he may,
 Yet am I fure he would not runne away.

If I had liu'd but in *Don Quixotes* time,
 His *Rozinant* had beene of little worth,
 For mine was bred within a coulder clime,
 And can endure the motion of the earth,
 With greater patience : nor will he repine
 At any prouender, so mild is he,
 How many men want his humility ?

If I had liu'd when that proud fayry Queene,
 Boasted to run with swift wingd *Zephirus*,
 Tripping so nimbly ore the leuie greene,

Of *Oetas* flourie forrest, where each bush,
Taxt her presumption : then my Horse had beene,
A Horse of price, O then he had beene tride,
And to no manger in subiection tide.

If I had liu'd when Fame-spred *Tamberlaine*
Displaid his purple signalls in the East,
Hallow ye pamphred Iades, had beene in vaine,
For mine's not pamphred, nor was ere at feast,
But once, which once 's nere like to be againe,
How methinks would hee haue scour'd the wheelles,
Hauing braue *Tamberlaine* whipping at's heeles.

If I had liu'd but in our *Banks* his time,
I doe not doubt, so wittie is my Iade,
So full of Imitation, but in fine,
He would haue prou'd a mirrour in his trade,
And told Duke *Humphreis* Knights the houre to dine
Yea by a secret instinct would had power,
To know an honest woman from a whoore.

Well theres no remedy, since I am poore,
And cannot feede my horse as I desire,
I must be forc't to set a Bill oth dore,
And with my Bill pay for my horfes hire,
VVhich once discharg'd, Ile neuer run o'th skore ;
But for my Bill, (inuention play thy part,)
And for my horse-fake, tell men what thou art.

Heere stands a beast that eats and ha's no teeth,

Wiske

*Wiske out and winches, and yet has no tayle,
 Looks like Deaths-head, and yet he is not death,
 Neighs like an Affe, and crawleth like a snayle,
 All bones aboue, no belly vnderneath,
 " Legg'd like a Cammell, with a Sea-horse foote,
 " So bigg's his head he cannot be got out.*

Now generous spirits that inhabit heere,
 And loue to see the wonders of this Isle,
 Compar'd with other nations, draw but neere
 And you fhall see what was exprest ere-while,
 Your pay 's but pence, and that's not halfe so deere,
 " If you remember, as was that fame toy,
 " Of *Banks* his horse, or *Fenners* Englands ioy.

What would you see, that may not heere be feenc
 A Monfter? VVhy, its heere : or would you see,
 That which has erft beene showne to other men,
 " A horges tayle stand where his head should be,
 Lasse you must know I am for none of them,
 That loue such nouelties : my two yeeres sayle,
 Has brought a winching thing that has no tayle.

Obserue the wonder, it's not obuious,
 Nor each day common : see now while its heere,
 For its a monfter so prodigious,
 That if I can, I'll hau't some other where,
 And show my trauell to the generous.
 " *For know my monster doth this stable hate,*
 " *Hauing a head so great, a roome so strait.*

Why crowd ye here no faster? 'lasse I see,
 Because I cannot garnish out my poft
 VVith faire inscriptions grauen curiouſlie.
 “ Like to your *Mountebanke* or *English Foist*.
 The trifling vulgar will not come to me.
 Nor viſit my ſtrange *one* beaſt : let them paſſe.
 My *Monster's* not fet vp for euery Affe.

It' for theſe braue renowned *Cauallieres*,
 “ That craue to ſee, and talke of what they ſee ;
 Nay talke of more then either eies or eares
 VVere witneſſe of. Theſe welcome are to me,
 And to my *Monster*, for to them't appeares,
 “ And to no others, that they might beget,
 “ More gaine by th' fight, then ere I gain'd by it.


VVhat none? no *Mandeuill*? is *London* growne
 To ſurfet of new accideats? why hoe,—
 Saint *Bartlemews*, where all the *Pageants* ſhowne,
 And all thoſe acts from *Adam* vnto *Noe*
 Vs'd to be repreſent? canſt ſend me none,
 Of any fort? or thou'ld not any ſpare,
 But keepe them for the *Pageants* of thy *Faire*.

How many vſd to ſwarme from Booth to booth.
 “ Like to *Sclauonians*, when with famine pinde,
 Going like *Heards*, as other cattell doth,
 Itching for news, yet neuer more inclinde
 To heare the worſt : where now is all that froth,
 Of crab-fac't *Raskals*? O I know their ſtraine,
 “ *The Faire being done, they ſleepe till faire againe.*

If mother Red-cap, chance to haue an Oxe
 Rofted all whole, O how you'le flye to it,
 Like Widgeons, or like wild-geefe in full flocks,
 That for his pennie each may haue his bitte :
 Or if that limping Pedant at the stocks,
 Set out a Pageant, whoo'l not thither runne,
 As twere to whip the cat at Abington.

Ill-nurtur'd Bowbies, know what I haue heere
 Is fuch a Monfter, as to know what tis,
 Would breed amazement in the strangeft eare,
 But vulgar eyes are ayiming ftill amiffe,
 To whom whats onely rare, is onely deere.
 For you my wonder fleepes, nor fhall't awake,
 Till riper wits come for my monfter's fake.

Farewell vnciuill Stinkards, skum oth City,
 The Suberbs pandors, boults to garden Alleys,
 May you through grates fing out your doleful ditty,
 For now my Dragon-Monfter fpits his malice,
 That as you pittie none, fo none may pittie,
 Your forlorne ftate : O may't be as I pray,
 So faddeft night may cloud your cleereft day.
 And for the Oftler, fince I reape no gaine,
 Out of my Monfter, take him for thy paine.
 Yet for remembrance write vpon this fhelfe,
Here ftood a Horfe that eat away himfelfe.



Hymens Satyre.

D *On Bassiano* married now of late :
 Has got his witleffe pate a faire estate,
 Ift possible, Fortune should be so blind,
 As of a world of men not one to find,
 Worthy her training in her thriuing school
 But an admired *Wittall* or a Foole ?
 It's true : why then Fortune's a partiall whoore,
 To make the foolish rich, the wifest poore.
 VVhence we obserue (experience teacheth it)
The younger brother hath the elder wit,
 Yea by example instanc'd euery where,
 The Cockney-Cittie's rich, the Suburbs bare,
O then I see the Goulden age begins,
When fooles are mates for wifest Citizens.



A Marriage song called by the
 Author *In and Out* : and now de-
dicated to the lately converted honest-
 man, *W. G.* and his long
love-crossed Eliza.

The Marriage song, called
In and Out.

HAh, haue I catcht you : prethee sweet-hart show,
 If so thou canst, who is in Turne-ball now ?
 Dost smile my pretious *one* ? nay I must know,
 There is no remedy, then tell me how ;
 What my ingenuous cheat, dost laugh to see,
 All former iarres turne to an harmony,
 So generally applauded ? trew thou may,
 The Night is past, and now appears the day,
 Full of true Iouifance ; long was thy fuit,
 Ere twas effected, being *in* and *out*,
 Vowing and breaking, making many an oath,
 Which now I hope's confirmed by you both.
 O how I clip thee for it ? since thy name,
 Is there renued, which first defam'd the same,
 For (heare me Bride-groom) thou by this shalt faue
 Thy selfe a Title : I will raze out knaue,

Dishonest

Dishonest louer : vow infringing swaine,
And say thou ceast to loue, that thou againe
Might loue more feruent, being taught to wooe,
And wooing doe what Silke-wormes vse to doe ;
VVho doe surceffe from labour now and then,
That after rest the better they might spin.

Spin then (my pretty Cobweb) let me see,
How well thy Bride likes thy actiuitie.
That when she sees thy cunning, she may say ;
“ VVhy now I'me pleas'd for all my long delay ;
“ Play that stroke still, theres none that here can let
“ For non there is can better please thy *Bettie*. (thee,
“ O there (my deere) I hope thou'le nere giue ore,
“ VVhy might not this been done as well before ?
“ Nay faint not man, was *Bettie* so soone won,
“ That her short pleasure should be so soone done.
“ Nay then come vp, are marriage ioyes so short,
“ That Maydenheads are lost with such small sport ?
“ This if she say (as this she well may say)

Like a good Gamster hold her still out play.
First night at least wise, and it will be hard,
But she will loue the better afterward.
VVhence is the Prouerb (as it hath been said)
Maydens loue them that haue their maydenhead :

Come then my lad of mettall make resort,
Vnto the throne of loue thy *Betties* fort.
There plant thy Cannon siede her round about.
Be sure (my Boy) she cannot long hold out.
Erect thy standerd, let her tender brest,
Be thy paullion : where thou takes thy rest.

Let her sweet-rosie Breth such ioyes bestow,
 That in that vale of Paradife below,
 Thou may collect thy ioyes to be farre more,
 Then any mortall euer had before.
 Yet heare me friend, if thou secure wilt be,
 Obserue these rules which I prescribe to thee.
 Be not horne ielous, it will make thee madde,
 VVomen will haue it if it may be had.
 Nor can a ielous eye preuent their sport,
 For if they lou't farre will they venter for't.
 Suppose her straying beauty should be led,
 To the embraces of anothers bedde,
 VVilt thou *Acteon-like* thy houre-glasse spend,
 In moning that thou neuer canst amend?
 No, my kind friend, if thoul't be rul'd by me,
 I'de haue thee winke at that which thou dost see,
 shading thy wiues defects with patient mind,
 Seeing, yet seeming to the world blind.
 For tell me friend, what harme is there in it?
 If then being cloyd, another haue a bitte?
 VVhich thou may spare, and she as freely giue,
 Beleue me friend, thou hast no cause to greeue.
 For though another in thy saddle ride,
 VVhen he is gone, there's place for thee beside,
 Which thou may vse at pleasure, and it'h end,
 Referue a pretty morfell for thy friend.
 Let not thy reason then be counter-bufft,
 Nor thinke thy pillow with horne-shauings stuft,
 If't be thy destiny to be a monster,
 Thou must be one, if not, how ere men conster.

Thou

Thou may remaine secure, exempt from shame,
 Though megre Enuie aggrauate the fame.
For this has been my firme position still,
The husbands hornes be in the womans will.

Vpon the Marriage.

THis Marriage went the nearest way about.
 Playing now vp, now downe, now in, now out,
 But being done I wish loue may begin,
 Now to be neuer out, but euer in.

An Epigramme,

Like to like.

VPon a time (as I informed am)
 A Sub-vrbs *Baud* and Countrey Gentleman,
 Comming at the dore where I doe lie,
 A gallant ruffling wench chanc't to passe by;
 Which th' *Baud* obseruing,—Sir I pray you see,
 “How like you gallant and my daughter be.
 Indeed they much resemble, both in face,
 Painting, complexion, and in huffing pace,
 Yea I should say nere any two were liker,
 If this be as thy daughter is? *a striker.*



Vpon the commodious though
compendious labor of Mr. Arthur Standish,
In the inuention of planting of Wood.
 A wood-mans Emblealme.

Come Syluanes, come each in his fresh array,
 And sing his name that makes you looke so gay,
 Euery Braunch,
 Euery spray,
 Budds as in the
 Month of Maye.
Heere the mirtle Venus tree,
There the Chessnut, wallnut be,
Heere the Medlar set aboue,
Intimates what woemen loue.
 Lofty pine,
 Fruitfull vine,
 Make a spring
 In winter time.

*The naked field has put a garment on,
With leany shades for birds to peck upon.*

*Now Nemæa
doth appeare,
Flower embordered
euery where.*

*Here the popular, Alder there,
Witch-tree, holy-thorne and Brere*

*Here the shady Elme, and firre,
Dew it, tere-distilling mirrh.*

*Euery cliffe,
euerie clime,
Makes a spring
in Winter time.*

*Wood-haunting Satires now their minions seeke,
And hauing found them play at Barley-breke.*

*Where delight
makes the night,
Short (though long)
by louers sight.*

*Wher Marisco Fairies Queene,
With her Ladies trace the greene ;*

*Dauncing measures, singing layes,
In the worthy planters praise ;*

*Standish fame
each voice implies,
Blisse to Standish
Ecco cries.*

Heere

*Here stands the Wilding on the steepie rocke,
 The Quince, the Date, the dangling Apricock,
 Rough skind'd Pech,
 lip-died cherrie,
 Melon citron,
 Mulberie.*

*Sallow, Willow, Mellow, Birt,
 Sweete-breathd Sicamour and Mirt,
 Heere the Plum, the Damsen there
 The Puffill, and the Katherins pearre
 Flowers and flourish
 blowne so greene,
 As the spring
 doth euer seeme.*

*The brittle Ashe and shade-obscuring Yewe,
 The aged Oke claspt with the Missetoe,
 Hawthornes grow,
 one a row,
 And their sweetest
 smels bestow.*

*Royall Palme, Laurell wreath,
 With young Ofiers vnderneath,
 Loue-resembling Box tree there,
 Flowrishing through all the yeere.
 Seyons young,
 tender plants,
 Where the quire
 of woodbirds chants.*

Flora now takes her throne and for she knowes,
Of Standish care, she decks his aged browes :

With crowne
of renowne,
Monument
in time to come.

That what he hath done of late,
After times may imitate,
So when al our Groues grow greene,
Albion may a Forrest seeme,
Where if she
the Forrest were,
Standish would
be Forrester.

Then should no gorse grounds, furrie whin, or Brire,
Deprive the painefull plough man of his hire.

Euery field,
then should yield,
Great reliefe
to share & shield.

To the Plow share for his paine,
To the shield for discipline,
Sith the first he sows and reapes,
And the last defends and keepes.

Standish giues,
to both a part,
To the Gauntlet,
and the Cart.

*Trees (Standish saies) in summer upward growe,
In winter downe-ward to the roote belowe :*

*This I know not,
but I know
That with him
it is not so.*

*For in winter of his time,
Now when sap gins to decline,
Store of science blossome out
From the top vnto the root :
Root of age,
toppe of youth.
Winter bearing,
summers growth.*



To the truly worthy, the Alderman
of Kendall and his brethren.

Sir in regard of due respect to you,
(If I could write ought that might yeeld a due,
To th' *Corporation* of which I may call,
(And dewly to) your selfe the principall :
I should desire, if power were to desire,
To take an Eagles wing and soare farre higher,
Then hitherto my weake *Muse* could attaine,
But 'lasse I see my labour is in vaine ;
For th' more I labour to expresse your worth,
The lesse I able am to set it forth :
Yet let not my endeouours so be taken,
As if with power my will had me forsaken ;
For know (though my ability be poore)
My good-will vie's with any Emperour.
Yea I must write and though I cannot speake,
What I desire yet I will euer seeke,
T' expresse that loue which hath been borne by me,
(And shall be still) to your *Society*.
Then cause I know your place and haue an ayme,
To shewe your merits in a shadow'd name :

I must

I must be bold (affection makes me bold,
 To tell you of some *errors vncontrol'd,*
 VVhich to your best discretion Ile referre,
 Hauing full power to punish such as erre.
 First therefore I intend to speake of is ;
 Because, through it, there's many do amisse,
 Is *Idlenesse*, which I haue partly knowne,
To be a vice inherent to your towne :
 Where errant pedlers, mercinarie slaues,
 Tinkers, and Tookers and such idle knaues
 Are too too conuerfant : let your commaund
 Suppress this sinne and refuse of the land,
 They much disparage both your towne and you :
Send them to th' whipping-stocke, for that's their dew.
 You know the Lord (whose will should be obeid)
 Hath in his sacred word expressly sayd,
 That those which wil not labour they should sterue,
 (For rightly so their merits do deserue.
 Yea if we should in morall stories see,
What punishments inflicted vse to be
On such as could not giue accompt what they
Did make profession of from day to day ;
Yea such as could not (vpon their demaund
Expresse how they did liue vpon their hand ;
I make no question (but by Pagans care,)
You that both Magistrates and Christians are,
 VVould see your *Towne* (by th' punishments exprest)
 By selfe-same censures to be soone redrest.
 And this same error do I not espie,
 Onely in them, but *in the younger frie,*

Who

VWho in their youth do lauish out their time,
Without correction or due discipline :
Respectlesse of themselues (as't may be sayd)
They seeme forgetfull wherto they were made :
O looke to this let them not run at large,
For ouer these you haue a speciall charge ;
And if they fall beleeu't from me it's true,
Their blood will be requir'd of some of you.
We reade in Rome how they did still retaine,
Some exercise that they their youth might traine,
In warlike discipline or liberall arts,
Or education in some forraine parts ;
So as in time as after it was showne,
These actions gain'd their Citty great renowne.
But whence can I imagine that this sin,
Wherein too many haue been nussed in,
Had her originall but from that staine
Of reputation, and the worlds baine,
(Which I in brieft am forced to expresse,)
To wit, *that swinish vse of drunkennesse ?*
A vice in great request (for all receiue it)
And being once train'd in't there's few can leaue it ;
How happie should I in my wishes be,
If I this vice out of request could see,
VWithin that natie place where I was borne,
It lies in you, deere Townes-men to reforme,
VWhich to performe, if that I might presume,
Or so much vnder fauour to assume,
As to expresse what my obseruance taught me,
Or bring to you what my experience brought me,
I could

I would make bold some outward grounds to lay,
 Which might in some sort lye an open way,
 For rectifying such abuse as grow,
 By this foule vice, *and I will tell you how.*
There is no meane that sooner moues to good,
If that the same be rightly vnderstood,
Then is example, for it's that doth moue,
 Such firme impressiō as we onely loue,
 What greater wittes approue, and what they say,
 Stands for an axiome mongst the younger aye,
 Which by the Prouerbe euery man discernes,
Since as the old Cocke crowes, the young Cock learns ;
 So weake is youth, as there is nought in them,
 Which they deriue not from the *Eldermen*,
 Quickly peruerted (so depraud's our will)
 If they see ought in the *Elder sort* that's ill,
 And hardly (when they'r customed in sinne,)
 Can they be wain'd from that they'r nussed in,
 But if they once perceiue the Elder sort,
 Hates vice in youth, and will reprocue her for't
 If they see Vertue honourd *by the Graue*
And reuerend Magistrate, care they will haue,
 To rectifie their errors, and reduce,
 Their streying courses to a ciuill vse.
 If this by due obseruance doe appeare,
 Methinks you that are *Elders*, you should feare,
 To act ought ill, lest your example should,
 Approue in others, what should be contrould.
 And ill may th' Father chastise in his sonne,
 That vice, which he himselfe is guilty on.

Your

Your patternes are most obuious to the eye,
Of each vnseason'd youngling passeth by,
VVhich if he see defectiue but in part
He presently applies it to his heart :
For *Education* which we may auerre
With that diuinely-learn'd Philosopher
To be a second Nature) now and then
Doth alter quite the qualities of men, (were,
And make them so transform'd from what they
(As if there did some other men appeare :
Yea so far from their Nature they're estraung'd,
As if they had been in the cradle chang'd :
And of this second nature I am sure,
Example is the onely gouernour
Which Plutarch termes th' Idea of our life,
Tymon an emelation or a strife
We haue to imitate, that what we see,
May in our selues as well accomplisht bee.
O then you *Presidents* (whose yeeres do giue
To most of you a faire prerogatiue)
Reforme your selues (if you see ought) and then
You better may reform't in other men.
As you are first by order and by time,
So first inioine your selues a Discipline ;
VVhich being observ'd by you and dewly kept,
You may wake such as haue securely slept
In their excesse of vanities : 'mongst which
Let me (with all respect to you) beseech
That you would seek exactly to redresse,
(That brutish vice of beastly drunkenesse.

And first to propagate a publique good,
Banish't I pray you from your brother-hood,
 For diuerse haue obserued it and will ;
 (For man obserues not good so oft as ill,
 What's done by th' *Elders of a Corporation,*
Giues vnto other men a toleration :
 If any such there be (as well may be)
 For that vice raignes in each Society :
 First caution them, bid them for shame refraine
 To lay on Grauity so fowle a staine ;
 Tell them much happens twixt the cup and lip,
 And those same *teres of their good fellowship,*
 If they in time reforme not what's amisse,
 Shall drowne their reeling foules in hels *abisse :*
 Where they may yaule and yarme til that they burst,
 Before they get one drop to quench their thirst,
 Since th'punishment shall be proportion'd there,
 To that delight which we do liue in here.
 O then, for Gods loue, bid them now prepare,
 To be more strict then hitherto they were,
 Or bid them haue recourse vnto their glasse,
 And there surueigh how swiftly time doth passe,
 How many aged Emblemes time doth showe,
 In those same wrinkles of their furrow'd browe ;
 How many motiues of declining age,
 What arguments of a short pilgrimage,
 How many messengers of instant death,
 As dropsie, gout, and shortnes of the breath,
 Catarrs descending howerly from the head,
 Distaste of meates, wherein they surfeted :

And

And thousand such proceeding from ill diet,
Nights sitting vp, rere bankets, mid-dayes ryet.
But if these *doting Gray-beards* I haue nam'd,
VVill not by your intreaties be reclaim'd,
Then I would wish (because these vices lurke)
That you would fall another way to worke,
And by dew castigation force them take
Another course for youths example fake :
For those that will not now, at last repent
After some twice or thrice admonishment,
Derferue a punishment, nay which is worse,
The Churches *Anathema* or that curse,
Which shall lie heauy on them in that day,
When what they owe they must be forc't to pay :
But some of you such *Reuerend-men* appeare,
As you deserue that title which you beare,
Townes Guardians, protectors of our peace,
And sole renewers of our hopes encrease,
So discreete and so temperate withall,
As if Rome did her men Patritians cal,
I without assentation might be bolde
To name you so, nor could I be control'd.
VVherefore I need not feare but you that are
Of such sincerity will haue a care,
To roote out these (which as they seeme to me)
Be maine Corrupters of your libertie,
I wish it and I hope to see it too,
That when I shall come to re-visit it you
I may much glory, and so much the more,
To see them good that were deprau'd before :

Nor doe I onely shadow fuch fhould giue,
 Example vnto others how to liue ;
 But ev'n fuch vice-supporters as begin,
Brauado-like to gallant it in fin :
 Thefe are incorrigible *faying* their ftate
 Tranfcends the power of any Magiftrate :
 For why they're Gentlemen, whence they alleadge
 They may be drunkards by a priuiledge :
 But I would haue you tell them this from me,
 There is no fuch thing in gentilitie,
 Thofe that will worthily derferue that name,
 Muft by their vertues character the fame :
For vice and generous birth (if vnderftood)
Differ as much in them, as ill from good.
 Besides, if they do snuffe when they're reproof'd,
 Or feeme as if, forfooth their blood were moov'd :
 Tell them that weake and slender is that towne,
 VVhen snuffes haue power to menace iuftice down :
 Shew me true Refolution, they may know
 That God hath placed *Magiftrates* below,
 Who haue power to controle and chaftice fin, (bin :)
 (And bleft's that town where fuch commaund hath
 For tell me, if when great men do offend
 Iuftice were fpeech-leffe, to what efpeciall end
 Should lawes enacted be ? Since they do take
Nothing but Flies, like th' webs which fpiders make
Where fmall ones they both ta'ne and punish'd be,
While great ones breake away more eafily :
But rightly is it which that Cynicke fayde,
Who feeing iuftice on a time ore-fwaid,

And

And ouer bearded by a great-mans will,
Why thus it is, quoth he, with Iustice still :
Since th'golden Age did leue her, for at first
She was true-bred and scorn'd to be enforst
To ought but right, yea such was Time as then,
" Things lawfull were most royall amongst men :
But now she that should be a sharpe edg'd axe,
To cut downe all sin 's made a nose of waxe ;
Wherein it's Iustice (if I not mistake it)
What ere it be, iust as the Great-men make it.
But Saturne is not banisht from your towne,
For well I know there's perfect iustice showne,
There *Themis* may be sayd to haue her feate,
VWhere poore-ones may be heard as well as great,
There's no corruption but euen weight to all,
Equally temper'd, firme, impartiall,
Sincere, Iudicious, and so well approu'd,
As they that iustice loue or ere haue lov'd,
Are bound to hold that *Corporation* deere,
Since in her colours she's presented there.
Nor do I only speake of such as be,
Iustices nam'd within your *libertie*,
But of those men wherewith your *Bench* is grac't
And by Commission ore the County plac't.
There may we see one take in hand the cause,
Ferretting out the secrecy of th'lawes
Anatomizing euery circumstance,
Where if he ought omit, it's a meere chance,
So serious is he, and withall so speedy
As sure his Pater nofter's not more ready :

*Yea I haue wondred how he could containe
 So many law-querkes in so small a braine,
 For as we see full oft in summer time,
 When Sun begins more South-ward to incline,
 A showre of haile-stones rattling in the aire :
 Euen so (for better can I not compare)
 His lawe-exhaling meteors) would he
 Send out his Showre of law-termes vsually :
 So as I thought and manie in those places,
 That it did thunder lawe, and raine downe cases.
 Yea I haue knowne some strucke in such a blunder
 As they imagin'd that his words were thunder ;
 Which to auoide (poore snakes) so scar'd were they,
 As they would leaue the Bench and sneake away.
 There may we see another so well knowne
 To penall statutes, as there is not one,
 (So well experienst in them he does make him)
 Which can by any kinde of meanes escape him.
 Besides for execution which we call,
 The soueraigne end and period of all ;
 Yea which may truly be esteem'd the head,
 From whence the life of Iustice doth proceed
 He merits dew respect : witnesse (I say)
 Those whipping-stocks erected in th'high way
 With stockes and pilleries, which he hath set
 To haue the vagrant Begger soundly bet :
 Nor doth he want for any one of these,
 A statute in warme store if that he please ;
 Which on occasion he can well produce,
 Both for himselfe and for his Countries vse,*

*Another may we see, though spare of speech,
 And temperate in discourse, yet he may teach
 By his effectuall words the rasher sort,
 Who speake so much as they are taxed for't.
 Yea so discreetly sober, as I wish,
 Many were of that temper as he is.
 For then I know their motions would be good,
 Nor would they speake before they understood.
 Another solid, and though blunt in words,
 Yet marke him and his countrey curse affords
 One more iudicious, pithy in discourse,
 Sound in his reasons, or of more remorse,
 To such as are distressed, for he'l take,
 The pore mans cause, though he be nere so weake,
 And much haue I admir'd him in Surueigh
 Of his deserts showne more from day to day,
 That he should so disualue worldly praise,
 When euery man seekes his esteeme to raise.
 And worthyly, for neuer nature brought
 Foorth to the world a man so meanely wrought,
 Of such rare workemanship as you shall finde,
 Inth' exquisite perfection of his minde.
 Yea, if too partiall thought I should not be,
 (In that he hath been still a friend to me)
 I could expresse such arguments of loue,
 As were of force th'obduratst hearts to moue,
 To admiration of those vertues rest,
 Within the generous table of his brest,
 But I haue euer hated, so has hee,
 " To paint mens worths in words of flatterie.*

Yea I doe know it derogates from worth,
 To haue her selfe in colours shadow'd forth,
 Sith vertue rather craues for to be knowen
 Vnto her selfe, then vnto others shoven.
 Onely thus much ile say ; ordain'd he was,
 Euen in his Cradle others to surpasse.
 Since for his education it may seeme,
 Being in mountaines bred, that it was meane.
 But now of such an equall forme combin'de
 As he is strong in body and in minde.
 Sincerely honest, and so well approu'd,
 As where he is not known, hee's heard & lou'd,
 So as on Mountaines born, his thoughts aspire,
 To Sions mount, & Ioues triumphant quire.
 Another there's, who howsoere he seeme,
 In th' eie of some distemper'd iudgements mene.
 In vnderstanding, I doe know his wit,
 Out-strips the most of those that censure it.
 Besides theres in him parts of more desert
 For Nature is supplide in him by Art.
 And wheras som to's wit impute the wrong,
 I rather doe impute it to his tongue.
 Since well I know by due experience,
 (At such times as he deign'd me conference)
 For reading, profound reason, ripe conceipts,
 Discourse of stories, arguing of estates,
 Such generall iudgement he in all did show,
 As I was wrapt with admiration, how
 Mē could esteem so menely (hairebraind-elues)
 Of such an one was wiser then themselues.

Its true indeed, hee's not intemperate.
(As this age fashions) nor opinionate,
But humble in his iudgement, which may be,
Some cause that he is censur'd, as we see.
Alas of griefe, none should be deemed wise,
But such as can like timists temporize.
Expose their reputation to the shame
Of an offensiue or iniurious name.
Whereas if we true wisdome vnderstood,
We'd think non could be wise but such wer good.
And though we question thus, asking what mā?
Vnlesse he be a polititian,
Yet pollicie will be of small auaille,
When that arch polititian Machauell,
Shall flame and frie in his tormented soule,
Because to th'world wise, to heauen a foole.
Yea I doe wish (if ere I haue a sonne)
He may be so wise, as haue wit to shun
A selfe conceipt of being soly wise,
In his owne bleared and dim sighted eies,
For then I know there will in him apeare,
A Christian zealous and religious feare,
Which like an Angell will attend him still,
Mouing to good, and waine him from whats ill.
And far more comfort should I haue of him,
Then if through vaine conceipt he should begin
To pride him in his follies, for by them,
We see how many roote out house and name,
Yea of all vertues which subsisting be,
None makes more perfect then humilitie.

Since

*Since by it man deemes of himselfe, and's worth,
 As of the vilest worme the earth brings forth.
 Which disesteeming I may boldly name,
 More noble then to glorie in oür shame :
 For it doth leade vs in a glorious path,
 With safest conduct from the day of wrath.*
 When standig 'fore that high Tribunall there
 We're found far better then wee did appeare.
 And such is hee-yet haue I heard it vowde,
 " Hee has not witt enough for to bee proude.
 VVheras wee know, and by experience see,
 That fooles bee still the proudest men that be.
*Nor is he onely humble, for I heare,
 Of other proper vertues which appeare
 In his well tempred disposition, when
 I hear of no complaints mongst poorer men,
 Who are his tenaunts for he has report,
 Of shewing mercy, and is blessed for't.*
 And is not this a poynt of wifedome, say?
 For to prouide thus for another day
 That for terrestriall things, hee may obtayne
 A farre more glorious and transcendent gayne.
 Sure (I doe thinke) there is no foole to him,
 That does enrich his progeny by sinne,
 Makes shipwrack of a conscience, bars himselfe,
 Of after hopes to rake a little pelfe.
 Ruines his soule, and ads vnto the store,
 Of his accounts, by racking of the pore.
 VVhereas ofth' other side hees truely wise,
 (Though not to man, yet in thalmighties eies.

Who pittie and compassion doth professe,
 To th'forlorne widdow and the fatherlesse,
 Does right to all men, nor will make his tongue,
 An aduocate for him who's in the wrong ;
 Accepts of no aduantage, which may seeme
 To staine his conscience, or to mak't vncleane :
 Hates an oppressors name, and all his time,
 Was neuer wont to take too great a fine.
 Beares himselfe blamelesse before God and man.
 Hee's truely wise, or much deceau'd I am.
 Indeed he is, and such an one is plapt,
In that same Mirror which I spake of last.
 VVho without affectation may be said,
 To haue a patterne vnto others laid,
 In actions of this kind, yea I may sweare,
 Rather for these respects I hold him deare,
 Then for his state, which may be well exprest,
 To equall, if not to surmount the best.
 But I'ue too farre digrest, in breefe it's he,
 VVho hates the *leuen* of the *Pharisee*,
 And (which is rare) 'mongst richer men to find,
 He counts no wealth like th'riches of the mind.
 How happy you (*Graue Elders*) to haue these,
 Assistants in your peace, meanes for your ease,
 So as their ferious care, ioyn'd to their powers,
 May seeme in some degree to lessen yours,
 For powers vnited, make the army stronger,
 "And minds combin'd preferue that vnion longer.
 O may there be, one mind and one consent,
 (Cohering in one proper continent)

One firme opinion, generall decree,
Amongst you all concurring mutually: (fords,
And may your Throne, which such good men af-
Nere fall at oddes by multiplying words,
Since the spirit of contention stirres our blood,
And makes vs oft neglect a publique good.
Thus with my best of wishes, I will end,
Resting your euer true deuoted friend.

R. B.



To all true-bred Northerne Sparks, of
the generous society of the Cottoneers, who
 hold their High-roade by the Pinder of *Wake-*
field, the Shoo-maker of *Brandford*, and
the white Coate of Kendall : Light gaines,
Heauie Purses, good Tradings,
with cleere Conscience.

TO you my friends that trade in *blacke and white*,
 In blacke and white doe I intend to write.
 Where Ile infert such things are to be showne,
 Which may in time adde glory and renowne,
 To your *commodious tradings*, which shall be
 Gracefull to you, and such content to me,
 As I should wish, at least my lines shall tell,
 To after-times, that I did wish you well,
 And in my obseruations seeme to show,
 That due respect I to my *country* owe.
 First therefore ere I further goe, Ile proue,
 Wherein no lesse, Ile manifest my loue,
 Then in the greatest : that of all haue beene,
 Shall be, or are, you seeme the worthiest men,

And

And this's my reason ; which may grounded be,
 On the firme arches of Philosophy ;
We say, and so we by experience find,
In man there is a bodie and a mind,
The body is the couer, and in it
The minds internall soueraignesse doth sit,
As a great Princeesse, much admired at,
Sphered and reared in her chaire of state,
While th' body like a hand-maid prest t' obey,
Stands to performe, what ere her mistresse say.
Yea some compare this bodies outward grace,
Vnto a dainty fine contriued case,
Yet for all th' cost which is about her spent,
She sounds but harsh, without her instrument,
Which is the soule : others resembled haue,
The bodies feature to a sumptuous graue,
Which garnisht is without full tricke and trim,
Yet has nought else, but sculls and bones within.
Others compare the beauty of the mind,
To pith in trees, the body to the rind.
But of all others have bene, be, or were,
In my opinion none doth come so neere,
In true Resfmblandes (nor indeed there can)
Then twixt the mind and lining of a man,
For its the inward substance which to mee,
Seemes for to line the body inwardly,
With ornaments of vertue, and from hence,
As he excells, we draw his excellence.
 Then, my deere countrimen, to giue your due,
 From whence comes mans perfection, but from you
That

That doe maintaine with credit your estate,
 And fells the best of man at easie rate,
 To wit, the minds resemblance, which is gotten,
 By those same *linings which you sell of Cotten.*
 For see those thin breech Irish lackies runne,
 How small i'th wast, how sparing in the bombe,
 VVhat *Iacke & Lents* they are: yet view them when
 They haue beene lin'd by you, theyr proper men,
 Yea I may say, man is so strange an Elfe,
 VVithout your helpe, hee lookes not like himselfe.
 Indeed if we were in some parts of those,
 Sun-parched countries, where they vse no clothes,
 But through the piercing violence of heat,
 VVhich in some places is intemperate,
 Th' inhabitants go naked, and appeare
 In grisly fort, as if they fren ticke were,
 Then you that make vs man-like, should not need,
 Nor your *profession* stand in any steed,
 For why? the clymate which we then should haue,
 No *Bombast, Cotten, or the like would craue*: (them,
 Since scorching beames would smoulder so about
 As th' dwellers might be hot enuffe without them.
 But heer's an Island that so temprate is,
 As if it had plantation to your wifh.
 Neither so hote, but that we may abide,
 Both to be *clad and bombaasted beside.*
 Neither so cold, but we may well allow it,
To weare such yarne, a blind man may looke through it.
 Its true indeed, well may it be confest,
 If all our parts were like some womens brest.

Bared

Bared and painted with pure Azure veines,
 Though of themfelues they haue as many ftaines,
 And riueled wrinkles, with fome parts as badde,
 Then th' crooked *Greeke Therfyttes* euer had,
 It might be thought your gaines would be fo fmall,
 As Ime perfwad'd they would be none at all :
 But thanks be giuen to heauens supernall powers,
 Which fways this Maffe of earth, *that trade* of yours,
 Hath her dependance fixt in other places,
 Then to be tide to womens brefts or faces.
 Let Painters and Complexion fellers looke,
 To their crackt ware, you haue another booke
 To view into, then they haue to looke in,
 For yours's an honeft trade, but their's is fin.
 Next I exprefse your worth in, fhall be thefe,
First, your fupportance of poore families,
 Which are fo weake in ftate, as I much doubt me,
 They would be forc't to begge or ftarue without ye.
 The fecond is, (wherein you'ue well deferued,
The care you haue to fee your Country ferued,
 Not as fuch men who liue by forraine Nations,
Impouerifhing this Land by transportations,
 For their depraued Natures be well showne,
 By louing ftrangers better then their owne ;
 Or as it feemes, to fucke their Mothers bloud,
 Their Natiue Countrie for a priuate good.
The third and laft, which heere exprefst fhall be,
 Shall reference haue to your *Antiquity,*
 All which I will dilate of, and though I
 Cannot describe ech thing fo mouingly,

As I could wish, yet take it in good part,
 Proceeding from the centre of a heart,
 That did this taske and labour vndertake,
 For your *profession* and your *countries* fake,
 Whose ayre I breath'd, O I were worthy death,
Not to loue them, who suck't with me one breath.
 How many *Families* supported be,
 Within the compasse of one *Barroury*,
 By your profession I may boldly show,
 (For what I speake, I by obseruance know.)
 Yea by eye-witnesse, where so many are,
 Prouided for by your peculiar care,
 As many would the beggars be (I wot)
If your religious care releeu'd them not.
 For there young brats, as we may well suppose,
 Who hardly haue the wit to don their clothes,
 Are set to worke, and well can finish it,
 Being such labours as doe them besit :
 Winding of spooles, or such like easie paine,
 By which the least may pretty well maintaine
 Themselues, in that same simple manner clad,
 As well agrees with place where they were bred.
Each plies his worke, one cards, another spins,
One to the studdles goes, the next begins
To rauell for new wefte, thus none delay,
But make their webbe-vp, 'gainst each Market-day,
 For to preferue their credit : but pray see,
 Which of all these for all their industry,
 Their early rising, or late fitting vp,
 Could get one bit to eat, or drop suppe.

If hauing wrought their *webbes*, their forc't to stand,
 And not haue you to take them off their hand.
 But now by th'way, that I my loue may shew,
 Vnto the *poorer sort* as well as you,
 Let me exhort you, in respect I am,
 Vnto you all both *friend and Countriman*,
 And one that wisheth, if hee could expresse,
 What's wishes be vnto your *Trade* successe,
 As to himselfe, *these pooremen* (vnder fauour)
 Who earne their meanes so truly by their labour,
 Should not (obserue me) bee enforc't to wait,
 "For what you owe, and what's their due, so late,
 Time vnto them is pretious, *yea one houre*,
If idlye spent, is charges to the poore :
 Whose labour's their Reuenue : doe but goe,
 To *Salomon*, and he will tell you so,
 Who willeth none, exprefly to fore-flow,
 To pay to any man what they doe owe,
 But, if they haue it, not to let them stand,
 Crauing their due, but pay it out a hand.
Say not vnto thy friend (saith Salomon)
I haue not for thee now, but come anon :
For why shouldst thou that hast wherewith to pay,
Put of till morrow, what thou maist to day.
 Beleue me friends I could not choose but speake,
 And caution you of this, for euen the weake
 And impotent, whose soules are full as deere,
 As be the *Monarchs*, whisper in mine eare,
 And bid mee tell you yet to haue a care,
 Not to expresse their names what men they are,

For then they doubt that you to spite them more,
 Would make them stay, farre longer then before.
 That you would see their iniuries redrest,
 Of which they thinke, you were not yet posselt.
 But in transferring of the charge to such,
 As be your *Factors*, which haue had small tutch,
 Of others griefes : your selues haue had the blame,
 Though't seems your *Factors* wel deferud the fame.
 Nor would I haue you thinke Ime feed for this,
 For they do plead in *Forma pauperis*
 That bee my *Clyents*, yea Ime tied too,
 In countries loue to doe that which I doe :
 For euen their teares, mones, and distressed state,
 Haue made me for them so compassionate,
 That my foule yern'd within me, but to heare,
 Their mones despisd, that were esteem'd so deere,
 To their *Creator*, see their Image then ;
 And make recourse to him that gaue it them,
 Whose mansion is aboute the highest sphere.
 And bottles vp the smallest trickling teare,
 Shed by the poorest soule, (which in a word)
 Shall in that glorious fynod beare record :
 Where for the least non-payment which we owe,
 Shall passe this doome-*Away ye cursed, goe.*
 But I do know by my *Experience*,
 The most of you haue such a Conscience,
 As in that day, what euer shall befall,
 Your sincere soules will as a brazen wall,
 Shield you from such a censure ; for to me,
 Some doe I know bore such integrity.

As I dare well auow't, tis rare to find,
 In such a crazie time, so pure a mind.
 But now I must descend (as seemes to me)
 From the releefe of many *Familie*,
 By you supported, to your speciall care,
 To see your country serued with *good Ware* ;
 Which of all others (if well vnderstood)
 Seemes to haue ayme most at a publike good.
 VVell it appeares, euen by your proper worth,
 That you were borne for her that brought you forth,
 Not for your selues, which instanced may be,
 In that you ayme at no *Monopoly*,
 No *private staples*, but desire to sell,
 (VVhich of all other seem's approu'd as well,)
 Your *Ware* in publike places, which may stand
 No more for your auaile, then good of th' land.
 Nor are you carelesse what it is you bring,
 Vnto your *Country*, for your customing,
 Dependance has vpon that due esteeme,
 They haue of you, that are the same you seem,
Plaine home-bred chapmen (yet of such due note)
Their word is good, how plaine so ere's their coat.
Yea doe I wish, I may haue such as they,
Ingag'd to me, for they'l do what they say,
When silken coats, and some of them I know,
Will say farre more then ere they meane to doe.
 Therefore it much concernes you to produce,
 That which you know is for a common vse.
 Not for the eye so much as for the prooffe,
 For this doth tend most to your owne behoofe :

VVhere

VWhere Reputation doth fuch custome gaine,
 As being got is feldome loft againe.
 Yet fure methinks *my Friends*, you put to th' venture,
 VWhen your commodities are stretcht on th' *tenter*,
 So that as I haue heard, when come to weting
They shrinke a yard at least, more then is fitting.
 Yet doe I heare you make excuse of this.
 That for your selues you know not what it is :
 And for your *Factors* what they take, they pay,
 If *Shere-men* stretch them so, the more knaues they.
 It's true they are so, yet for all you vse
 These words, beleeu't, they'l ferue for no excuse,
 For if you will be Common-weales men, know,
 VWhether your *Shere-men* vse this feate or no,
 Before you buy, (which found) reprooue them then,
 Or else auoid fuch tenter-hooking men.
There is a Gallant in this towne I know,
(Who damnd himselfe, but most of them doe soe)
If that he had not, to make cloake aud suit,
Some thirty yards of rug or thereabout,
Yet hardly came to fifteene afterward,
It had bene measur'd by the Taylors yard.
 Now was not this too monstros and to badde,
 That it should leese full halfe of that it had ?
 I know not what to thinke (but to be breefe)
 Either the Taylor was an arrant theefe,
 And made no bones of Theft, which is a crime,
 Most Taylors will dispence with at this time :
 Or fure, if my weake wit can iudge of it,
 The rugge was *tentred* more then did befit :

But you will say, the *Gallant* sure did lie,
 Faith if you be of that minde so am I,
 For its scarce possible so much to put,
 In Cloake and fute, vnlesse heed cloath his gut ?
 (And that's of th' largest size) and so't may be,
 For I've heard one skild in *Anatomie*,
 (Auerr thus much that euery gut in man
 For at that time his lecture then began,)
 Vvas by due obseruation knowne to be
Seauen times his length: so that it seemes to me
 If this be true, which Naturalists doe teach,
The Taylor plaid the man to make it reach,
 So far, for sure the yards could not be small,
 That were to make cloake, fute, cloath guts, and all.
 But I doe finde you guiltlesse, for I know,
 As to your Countrey, you your liues doe owe,
 If priuate harmes might propagate her good,
 (For Countries loue extends vnto our blood)
 So there's no *Commerce* which you entertaine,
 Aymes not in some part at a publique gaine ;
 And that's the cause, Gods blessings doe renew,
 Making all things to *cotton* well with you.
 " Now to the *third Branch*, is my muse addrest,
 To make your *Trades Antiquity* exprest,
 If I had skill but rightly to define,
 Th' originall foundation and the time,
 The cause of your encrease, and in what space,
 The people you Commerst with, and the place
 Of your first planting, then it might appeare,
 Vpon what termes your priuiledges were :

But so onfus'd be times antiquities,
 As it is hard directly to shew these,
 In what especiall fort they were begun,
 (Yet I may doe what other men haue done)
 And by coniectures make your *Trade* displayd
 Speaking in Verse, what some in profe haue faide
Some are opiniond that your trade began
From old Carmentis, who in colours span
Such exquisit rare works, as th' webs she wrought
Were farre and nere by forrain nations sought.
And as it may in ancient writ appeare.
The Phrigian works were said to com from her.
But now the better to vnfolde the same,
Know that there were two women of that name,
The one (for Stories manifest no lesse)
Euanders mother was, a Prophetesse,
Who wrot and spake in verse with such a grace,
As she renoumd the Countrey where she was.
The other was a Spinster, which did come,
Along with Aquila (when he from Rome
Marching amaine, lancht forth for Britanie)
Which Coast Carmentis did no sooner see,
Then she admir'd, for well she saw by vse,
Th' inhabitants would proue industrious.
So as in these daies rude, they grew in time,
Specially Nooth-ward) by her discipline,
To become ciuill, and where prompt to doe,
Any set Taske this Matron put them to.
Touching the place where she plantation had,
Diuers Historians haue so differed,

*As hardly iumpe they by a hundred mile,
 And therefore difficult to reconcile
 Their different opinions : for they striue,
 Amongst themselues, & aske wher shes'd ariue ?
 Since it appeares when Aquila came ashore,
 Saue 3 or 4 choice dames, there were no more.
 Of woman kinde with him : for he was loath,
 To ship such old hags, were not for his tooth,
 And therefore such as bewty did adorne, (turne
 Wer shipt with him : for they would serue his
 To reconcile these doubts, which seems a wöder,
 Know that his fleet deuided was a sunder.
 And driuē to sundry creeks, som East, som west,
 Som North, som South ; for so they wer distrest.
 By aduerse winds (as forced from together)
 They were disperst, they knew not where, nor whither.
 In which auspicious tempest, happy stray,
 For happy was that tempest may you say,
 This modest matron with an heauy heart,
 Reft of her friends ariued ith North part,
 With som young maids which Aquila did minde
 To bring along to keepe his men in winde.*

*The Port when she ariud (as't seemes to me,
 For I doe ground on probability,
 Drawne from the clime & Ports description)
 Was the rich hauē of ancient VVorkington,
 Whose stately prospeēt merits honours fame,
 In nought more noble than a Curwens name.
 And long may it referue that name whose worth,
 Hath many knights from that descent brought forth,*

For

*For if to blaze true fame (I ere haue skill),
 In Bouskill ioynd with Curwen show't I will.
 Carmentis thus ariud did trauaile on
 To find finde some place fit for plantation :
 For then that Coast as we in stories reade,
 Lay wholly wast, and was vnpeopled.
 Where in her progresse by the way she came,
 She gaue to sundry places different name.
 " Mongst which her owne name, whence it is they say,
 Cartmell or Carment-hill holds to this day
 Her Appelation : and now neere an end
 Of her set iourney, as she did descend
 Downe from the neighbouring Mountaines, she might
 A woody vale, seat'd deliciously, (spie,
 Through which a pleasant Riuer seemd to glide,
 VVhich did this vale in equall parts deuide,
 This hauing spide, (on Stauelaies Cliffes they say)
 She laid her staffe, whence comes the name Staffe-lay.
 Corruptly Staulay, where she staid a space,
 But seeing it a most notorious place,
 And that the trades men were so giuen toth' Pot,
 That they would drinke far more then ere they got.
 She turnd from thence, yet left some Maids behinde.
 That might acquaint them in this wool worke kinde.
 VVhile she did plant, as ancient Records be,
 Neer er to Kendall in th' Barronrie.
 Thus haue I drawne your lineage as it was,
 For other Accidents I let them passe,
 Onely such things as most obseruant were,
 (As the erection of your Sturbidge faire.*

I thought to shadow briefly, which began,
 On this occasion by a *Kendall* man,
Who coming vp or downe I know not well,
Brought his commodities that way to sell :
Where being benighted, tooke no other shield,
To lodge him and his ware then th' open field :
A Mastiffe had he, or a mungrill Cur,
Which he still cride and cald on, Stur-bitch stur,
Least miching knaues now fore the spring of day,
Should come perchance, and filch his ware away.
 From hence they say tooke *Sturbidge* first her name,
 VVhich if she did, she neede not think't a shame,
 For noble Princes, as may instanc'd be,
 From *Braches* had their names as well as she :
 Such *Romulus* and *Remus* were, whose name
 Tane from a she-*Wolfes* dug, raisd *Romes* first fame,
 Yea *Cyrus* which 's as ill, (if not far worse,)
 Had but a Bitch (cal'd *Spacon*) for his nurse.
 For in descents, it is our least of care,
 To aske what men once were, but what they are.
Sith great estates, yea Lordships raisd we see,
(And so shall still) fromth' ranke of beggarie.
 Yea Peasants (such hath been their happy fate)
 VVithout desert haue come to great estate,
 For true it is was said so long agon,
A paltry Sire may haue a Princely Sonne.
 " But hast my *Muse* in colours to display,
 Some auncient customes in their *high roade way,*
 By which thy louing Countrey men doe passe,
 Conferring that now is, with which once was,

At least such *places* labour to make knowne,
 As former times haue honour'd with renowne.
 So by thy true relation 't may appeare
 They are no others now, then as they were,
 Euer esteem'd by auntient times records,
 Which shall be shadow'd briefly in few words.
 The first whereof that I intend to show,
 Is merry *Wakefield* and her *Pindar* too ;
 Which Fame hath blaz'd with all that did belong,
 Vnto that *Towne* in many gladfome song :
 The *Pindars* valour and how firme he stood,
 In th' Townes defence 'gainst th' Rebel *Robin-hood*,
 How stoutly he behav'd himfelfe, and would,
 In spite of *Robin* bring his horse to th' fold,
 His many *May games* which were to be seene,
 Yeerely presented vpon *Wakefield greene*,
 Where louely *Iugge* and lustie *Tib* would go,
 To see *Tom-liuely* turne vpon the toe ;
Hob, Lob, and *Crowde* the fidler would be there,
 And many more I will not speake of here :
 Good god how glad hath been this hart of mine
 To see that *Towne*, which hath in former time,
 So flourish'd and so gloried in her name,
 Famous by th' *Pindar* who first rais'd the fame ?
 Yea I haue paced ore that *greene* and ore,
 And th' more I saw't, I tooke delight the more,
 " For where we take contentment in a place,
 " A whole daies walke, seemes as a cinquepace :
 Yet as there is no solace vpon earth,
 Which is attended euermore with mirth :

But

But when we are transported most with gladnesse,
 Then suddenly our ioyes reduc'd to fadnesse,
 So far'd with me to see the *Pindar* gone,
 And of those iolly laddes that were, not one
 Left to suruiue : I griev'd more then Ile say,
 (But now for *Brad-ford* I must hast away).
Brad-ford if I should rightly set it forth,
 Stile it I might *Banberry of the North*,
 And well this title with the *Towne* agrees,
 Famous for twanging, *Ale, Zeale, Cakes and Cheese* :
But why should I set zeale behinde their ale ?
Because zeale is for some, but ale for all ;
Zealous indeed some are (for I do heare,
Of many zealous sempring sister there)
Who loue their brother, from their heart iffaith.
 For it is charity, as scripture faith,
 But I am charm'd, God pardon what's amisse,
 For what will th' wicked say that heare of this,
 How by some euill brethren 't hath been sed,
Th' Brother was found in 's zealous sisters bed ?
 Vnto thy taske my *Muse*, and now make knowne,
 The iolly shoo-maker of *Brad-ford* towne,
 His gentle-craft so rais'd in former time
 By princely Iourney-men his discipline,
 " VVhere he was wont with passengers to quaffe,
 " But suffer none to carry vp their staffe
 Vpon their shoulders, whilst they past through town
 For if they did he soon would beat them downe.
 (So valiant was the Souter) and from hence,
 Twixt *Robin-hood* and him grew th' difference ;

Which

VVhich caufe it is by moft ftage-poets writ,
 For breuity, I thought good to omit,
 “ *Descending thither where moft bound I am,*
 “ *To Kendall-white-coates, where your trade began.*
Kendall (to which I all fucceffe do wifh)
 May termed be that parts *Metropolis*,
 For feate as pleafant, as the moft that are,
 Inftanc’t in th’ ruin’d *Caftle of Lord Par.*
 (For feate imparaled); where we may fee,
 “ Great men to fall as fubieft are as we :
 Yea there (as in a mirror) may be fhowen,
 The Subiefts fall refts in the Soueraigne’s frowne.
 Many especiall bleffings hath the Lord,
 Pour’d on this *Towne*, for what doth’t not afford
 (If neceffary for mans proper vfe)
 Sufficient, if not fuperfluous ?
 Yea I dare fay (for well it doth appeare)
 That other places are more bound to her,
 Then fhe to any, there’s no *Towne* at all,
 (Being for compaffe fo exceeding fmall,
 For *commerce* halfe fo great, nor is there any
 That doth, confort in trafficke, with fo many.
 But to her priuate bleffings, *for pure aire,*
Sweet holefome water, fhe may make compare
 With any clime, for aire nor piercing is,
 Nor in her temprate brething, too remiffe :
 For water, *Kent*, whence *Kendall* takes her name,
 VVhose fpring (from *Kent-mere*) as they fay, is tane :
 Swift is’t in pace, light-poiz’d, to looke in cleere,
 And quicke in boiling (which efteemed were)

Such

Such qualities, as rightly vnderstood
 Without 'en these, no water could be good.
 For *Wood* (how well she was in fore-time growne)
 May soone appeare by th' store that is cut downe,
 Which may occasion grieffe, when we shall see
 What want shall be to our posteritie :
 Yet who seekes to preuent this surely none,
 Th' old prouerbe's in request, *each man for one*,
 While each for one, one plots anothers fall,
 " *And few or none respect the good of all.*
 But of all blessings that were reckoned yet,
 In my opinion there is none so great,
 As that especiall one which they receiue,
By th' graue and reuerend Pastor which they haue ;
Whose life and doctrine are so ioint together,
(As both sincere, there's no defect in either,)
For in him both Urim and Thummim be,
O that we had more Pastors such as he :
For then in Sion should Gods flocke encrease,
 " *Having such Shepherds would not flea but fleece ;*
Thus what wants Kendal that she can desire,
Tyre's her Pastor, and her selfe is Tyre,
He to mistrust her people, she to bring,
Wealth to her Towne by forraine trafficking ?
 Now must I haue the *White-coates* vnder-hand
 Who were in fore-time a defence to th' land :
 Yea such they were, as when they did appeare,
 They made their foes *perfume* their hose for feare,
 Experiēt *Archers*, and so practis'd it,
 As they would feldome shoot but they would hit.

So that though th'darters of rude *Scythia*,
 The *golden-Archers* of rich *Persia*,
 The *Silver-shields* of *Greece* haue borne the name,
 Blaz'd by the partiall trumpe of lying fame.
 Yet in behalfe of *Kendall* (I durst sweare it)
 For true renovvne these *Countries* came not nere it,
 As for this name of *White-coate* vs'd to fore
 It came from th' *milk-white furniture they wore* (lovvs
 And in good-footh they vvere but home-spun fel-
 "Yet would these *white-coats* make their foes dy yel-
 VVhich might by latter times be instanced, (lows,
 Euen in those border-feruices they did :
 But this t'expresse (since it is knowne) were vaine,
 Therefore, my friends, Ile turne to you againe,
 And of some speciall matters caution you,
 Which being done Ile bid you all adew :
 Since God hath blest you with such benefits,
 As the reliefe of nature well befits,
 Hauling of euery thing sufficient store,
 There's reason (*Country-men*) you render more
 To your Creator, who so kinde has been,
 To you and yours aboue all other men :
 (Though all (I say) should thankfull be) then such
 VVho nere receiued of him halfe so much,
 For well you know its in the *Scripture* said,
 Accompt for euerie *Talent* must be made,
 And how much more our *Talents* are, shall we
 After this life exact Accomptants be :
 Be good dispencers then of what you haue,
 And doe not shut your Eares to such as craue

yet

Your charities Reliefe (for in a word)
 VVhat you giue th' poore, you lend vnto the Lord,
 And be you fure, your loue is not in vaine,
 For with encrease hele pay it you againe :
 Put not your labourer off with long delay,
 But fatisfie him if you can this day,
 For pittie 'tis, poore soule, that he should fit
 VVaiting your time when he hath earned it.
 And this belieue me many crimes produces,
 "*Teeming of tenters and such like abuses*
 VVhich they are forc't to, cause they are delaide
 VVorking for more, then ere they can be paide :
 Be not too rigorous vnto your debtor,
 (If he be poore) forbearance is far better,
 For 'lasse what gaine accrewes to you thereby,
 If that his carkasse doe in prison lie :
 Yea, if you kept his bodie till 't should rot,
 Th' name of hard-hearted men were all you got.
 And fure, if my opinion faile not me,
 T' imprison debtors ther's no policie,
 Vnlesse they able be and obstinate,
 And like our *Bank-rupts* break t' encrease their state,
 For th' poore they better may discharge their debt
 VVhen they 're at libertie and freedome get,
 For labour may they when they are enlarg'd,
But when they die in prison all's discharg'd,
 O then (my friends) if you haue such as these :
 Remember to forgiue your trespaffes,
 At least be not extreame to th' poor'ft of all,
 " Giue him but time and he will pay you all.

So Time shall crowne you with an happy end,
And confummate the wifhes of a friend. (fure

So each (through peace of confciēce) rapt with plea-
Shall ioifully begin to dance his meafure.

“One footing aētiuely VWilfons delight,

“Descanting on this note, I haue done what’s right,

“Another ioying to be nam’d ’mongft them,

“Were made Men-fifhers of poore fifher-men.

“The third as blith as any tongue can tell,

“Because he’s found a faithfull Samuel.

“The fowrth is chanting of his Notes as gladly,

“Keeping the tune for th’honour of Arthura Bradly.

The 5. fo pranke, he fcarce can ftand on ground,

Asking who’le fing with him Mal Dixons round?

But where haue been my fences all this while,

That he (on whom profperity doth fmile)

And many parts of eminent refpect.

Should be forgotten by my ftrange neglect?

Take heede my Muse leaft thou ingratefull be,

For well thou knowes he better thinkes of thee:

On then (I fay) exprefse what thou doft wifh,

And tell the wored truely what he is:

He’s one has shar’d in Nature fpeciall part,

And though beholding little vnto art,

Yet beare his words more emphafis or force,

Then moft of th’Schollers that I heare difcourfe,

His word keeps tutch (and of all men I know)

He has th’beft infide for fo meane a shewe,

Outwardly bearing, temperate, yet will be

A bonus focius in good company.

He vnderstands himselfe (as I haue sayd)
And therefore aymes whereto he first was made,
In brieffe 'mongst all men that deserue applauding,
None (hauing lesse of Art) merits more lauding :
So that though true desert crowne all the rest,
Yet if ought want in them its here exprest ;
 But th'Euening shade drawes on, and damps the light
 "Think friends on what I sayd, and so good night.



To the Worshipfull Recorder
of Kendall.

FOr Townes-abufes (worshipfull Recorder)
 I leaue them to your discreet selfe to order :
 My Iourney's at an end ; *hic baculum fixi,*
 My Tale concluded, nought now rests but *Dixi.*
 Nor would I haue you speak that, (though you may)
 "Which I haue heard a countrie Maior did say,
 Vnto a Scholler, who concluded had
 His latine speech with *Dixi* I haue sayd :
 To whom th'vnletter'd Maior to aproue the same
 Replying thus, tooke *Dixi* for his name.
 "If that thy name be *Dixi* fure I am,
Dixi's a learned vnderstanding man.



To the Landf-lord where-
soeuer.

L *Andf-lord* to thee, adrest to speake I am,
And full as much to thee as any man :
For many *Errors* and fowle crimes I knowe
That thou art more then others subiect toe,
Which ile in part, vnrip, and so make cleere,
As in that day, when all men shall appeare
Before their heauenly *Landf-lord*, where is had
A *dew accompt* : This now which I haue sayd
May be a witnesse, and beare record still,
That thou didst know before thy Maisters will,
Which not perform'd thou know'st what thou hast
“ *With manie stripes thou shalt be chastised,* (read
But first, ere I proceed, so great 's the cries
Of widdowes, and so many tere-fwolne eyes
Of Orphanes succourlesse that reach to heauen,
As I'me well-nigh into amazement driuen,
And cannot perfect what I do entend,
Vntill I see their sorrowes at an end,
At least allayd (for I am forc't to keepe,
A confort with these silly foules that weep :)
So moouing is their passion (as in brieft)
So strong's compassion, I do feele their grieft.

VVherefore I must (so great is griefes extent)
 Perfwade these blubbert wretches be content,
 And beare with patience, till the Lord shall send,
 In his good time vnto their sorrowes end :
 VVhich to expresse the better I will moue them
 In mildest tearmes ; and thus will speak vnto them.
*Cease, cease (poore iniur'd soule) your teres to shed,
 Weeping for that cannot be remeded,
 'Lasse you are farre deceiu'd ; if you suppose
 Teres can moue Landf-lords : they are none of those,
 Their dispositions are more harder far,
 Then any other of Gods creatures are :
 For tell me (starueling) hath thy trickling eye,
 Pale-colour'd uisage, heauen-ascending crie,
 Earth-bending knees, hart throbbing languishment,
 Eccoing sighs, souls-fretting discontent,
 Famine at home, surcharg'd with sorrowes loade,
 Debt with a Sergeant dogging thee abroad,
 Haue any these whereof thou hast had part,
 Been of that force to mollifie his heart ?
 Haue all thy cries and Orphanes teres together
 Moo'd him ? ô no : they are as if a fether,
 Were here and there tost with each gale of winde,
 Thou shalt not finde that temper in his mind :
 For he is cauteris'd and voide of sence,
 And thanks his God he has a conscience,
 Can stand remorcelesse 'gainst both winde and weather,
 (Though he and's Conscience goe to hell together,
 Yea he doth feele no more thy piteous mone,
 Then doth an Anuile when its strooke vpon.*

Why then shouldst thou thus striue against the streame,
T'importune him that seemes as in a dreame,
Secure of hell, carelesse of thy distresse ?
Fie take vpon thee some more manlinesse,
Rouse thy deiected spirits which now lie,
As if surpris'd by a lethargie ;
Wipe, wipe, those eyes with briny streamelings drownd,
And plant thy selfe vpon a firmer ground,
Then thus to wast thy grieffe-enthralled heart,
Which done : pray tell me but, what better art ?
Well, if thou wilt but silence thy iust wrong
For one halfe howre, or hardly for so long,
Ile shew the best I can of art and skill,
With an vnbounded measure of good will,
To tell thy cruell lord, that there's a doome
As well as here in after time to come :
Ile tell him boldly though I chance to moue him
For all he's lord, there is a Lord aboue him,
Before whose throne he must come to account ;
For Syons-Lord is that Lord Paramount,
Who swayes the massie orbe of heauen and earth,
Brething on euery creature that brings forth ;
It's he that giues to each increase and store,
Girdling the swelling Ocean with a shore :
The proudest Peeres he to subiection brings,
And prostrate lies the Diadems of Kings :
By him oppressors feele there is a God,
That can reuenge and chastice with his rodde ;
Yea, thy iniurious Lord, I meane to tell
Though he thinks of no hell, he's finde a hell.

*And those distreaming teres which thou hast shed,
 Are by thy louing father bottled,
 For there's no teres, sighs, sorrowes, grieues or mones,
 Which come from any of his little-ones
 But in his due compassion still exprest
 Vnto their cause, he'le see their wronges redrest.
 How thinks't of this? will not these things enforce
 In thy relentlesse Landf-lord a remorse,
 Sooner and deeper (of that minde am I)
 Then puling with thy finger in thine eye.
 Well I will make attempt (which if it fall
 Out to my wishes as I hope it shall)
 The onely fee which I expect of thee,
 Is that thou wouldst poure out thy prayers for me,
 Meane time pray for thy selfe (while I expresse
 Thy grieues, and heauens grant to my hopes successe.)*

Now (rent-inhauncer) where away so fast?
 Pray stay a little fir for all your haste:
 Perchance you may more profit by your stay,
 Then if you should leaue me and goe your way:
 For I coniecture whither you are going,
 Nay, (doe not blush) to some poore snakes vndoing,
 To root out some poore *Family* or other;
 Speake freely man do not your conscience smother;
 Ist not (you Suck-blood) to oppresse the poore,
 And put him and his children out a dore;
 Ist not to take aduantage on some thing
 Or other for his vtter ruining:
 Ist not because thou art not halfe content
 That he should sit vpon so easie rent.

And

And therefore takes occasion vpon naught,
 Forging fomthing he neither said, nor thought.
 If such effects make thee abroad to come,
 Thou might with fafer conscience stay at home.
 For whence be these exactions thus to stretch,
 And racke thy *Tenants*? thou wilt say, *t'enrich*
Thy priuate Coffers, which in time may be
A faire estate to thy posteritie.

Or if not to encrease thy wealth, or store,
 For to maintaine thy ryot or thy whore.

O thou forlorne and miserable man,
 Come these conclusions from a *Christian*?

Be these the ends whereto thou wert created, (ted?
 To loue those things which make thy soule most ha-
 Ime sorry for thee, (yet vnhappy Elfe)

Why should I grieue that grieues not for thy felfe?
 How canst thou thinke thy children shall possesse,
 Long that estate is got by wickednesse?

Or how imaginst that it can succede
 VVell with thy short liu'd heires, or with their feede,
 VVhen all that welth (was gathered to their hand.)
 Came from the cries and curses of the land?

No no, thou greedy sponge that sucks vp store,
 Yet more thou suckes, thou needest still the more.

Euill got goods (howbeit neare soe fayre)
Seldome enjoyed are by the third heire

For wauering is that state is raisd by wrong,
 Built its on Sand, and cannot hold out long.

Yea I haue seene (euen in that little time
 Which I haue liu'd) Som of you in their prime.

And so erected to the height of state,
 As you might seeme to be admired at.
 For braue attendance, sumptuous attire,
 For fare & pleasure what you could desire.
 In building gorgeous, so as you might be
 Styled the heires of *Earths* felicitie.
 Yet 'lasse (again) how quickly haue I seene,
 These men shrunke downe, as if they had not been :
 Their pompe decreas'd, their great attendance gon,
 And for their many dishes one, or none ?
 True ; for how can it any other's chuse,
 Since God hath promis'd not to blesse that house,
 Which aimes at welth, and honour, for to rise
 By Orphanes teares, and woefull widows cries.
 Then for the first thou sees how it is vaine,
 To thinke that thy posterity can raigne
 Or long abide in that estates possession,
 Is got by fraud, collusion, or oppression.
 Now I will see whereto thy labours tend,
To squeeze the poore that thou may better spend
On wanton consorts (Souls eternall curse)
 The first was ill, but this is ten-times worse.
Its well obseru'd, that when wee doe begin,
One sinne's attended by an other sinne.
 They come in paires, which seemes approud to be,
 In none oppressor better then in thee.
 Its not enough to prey vpon the *Poore*,
 But thou must spend his state vpon thy *whoore*.
 So that me thinkes I almost might auer,
 Its rather he then thou maintaineth her.

Must his night cares and early rising to,
His dayly labours, when and where to sow,
His painfull tillage, and his slender fare,
His grieffe when's crops the lesse successiue are,
His many howers of want, few of content,
His speciall care to pay his *Landf-lords rent*,
Must he that earns his liuing best we know,
(Being as God command'd) in's sweat ofs Brow,
Must he the sleepes with many a troubled head,
To finde his wife and hungry children bread,
Must he (I say) for all his lifes disquiet,
Maintaine thy whoredome and excessiue riot,
Must he support thee in thy vaine delights,
Thy midnight reuels, and thy pagent fights,
Thy new inuented fashions, and thy port,
Must he at th'Cart, maintaine thy pride at Court,
If this he doe ? this doome to thee is giuen,
Court it on earth, thou's neuer Court in Heauen.
No *Ahab* no, there is no place for such, (tutch.
Whom poore mens grieues and forrowes will not
Such as will haue compaffion, shall be there,
Receiud in mercy that had mercy heere.
But such as thou, who in the Pride of heart,
Had little feeling of an others smart,
Shall heare that *Ve, Away thou cursed, goe,*
" Repent in time, or thou shalt finde it so :
For tell me ? why should *whorish complement*
Force thee to soules eternall languishment.
Why should a minutes pleasure take from thee,
All after-hope of thy felicitie,

Why

Why should a painted cheeke be so fought after,
 Beleeu't in common sense it merits laughter
 That her complexion should by thee be fought,
 That knows its not her owne, but that 'twas bought,
 Yea one would thinke more reason theres to seeke,
 "Complexion in the shop, then on the cheeke.
 And better wil't with generous humors stand,
 To buy't at first then at the second hand.
Both's to be bought : no difference in the sale ;
 The one in grosse, the other in *Retaile*.
 O then take heede, mix not two finnes in one,
 Sinnes linkt together make the foule to groane.
 Their burdens heauy, yea tis such as they,
 Draw sin in *Cart-ropes* (as the Prophets say)
 But if thou wilt needes to perdition run,
 And follow on that chase thou hast begun,
 If thou wilt make thy body (in few words)
 A filthy Caske, or Cage of vncleane birds,
 If that same foule, which should a Temple be,
 And dedicated to Gods *Maiefty*,
 Must now be made (it grieues me to expres)
 A stew for Harlots and licentioufnesse.
 Yet let not thy oppression be the meanes
 For to maintaine such prostituted queanes,
 That doe expose themselues to publique shame,
 "One sin's enough : shun thou oppressions name.
 I know indeede what was of *Ahab* tould
 Is growne a story now exceeding old.
 His mouldred bones and ashes who can finde,
 Yea his example's quite worne out of minde,

Since

Since for most part, mens corps's no sooner rotten,
 Then they and all their actions be forgotten.
The stories old indeed, its true they say,
Yet is the vse experienst euerie day,
 " *Ech day we see a silly Naboth slaine,*
 " *And euerie day a wicked Ahab raigne.*
 Who if he see one plat of ground that is
 Delightfull in his eye, or bordering his ;
 Whether't be vineyard, garden, or that land,
 (The front I mean) where *Naboths* house doth stand,
 He cannot be content till he has got,
 By fraud or violence, that same neighbouring plot.
 For like an eye-fore, it did euer grieue him,
 Nor till ge gain'd it, would he euer leaue him.
 Yet for all this, our moderne *Ahabs* they,
 No sooner heare what faced Scriptures say,
 Of that example, then they straight begin,
 To giue a curse to *Ahab* and his sinne.
 Who made no bones (poore *Naboth* to denye him)
 To haue one little Vineyard lying by him.
 Cruell he was, say they, and well deseru'd
 His punishment ; for he was rightly seru'd.
 To be depriu'd of all, life, realme, and crowne,
 That would not suffer *Naboth* haue his owne.
 Yea the reward did fit his Tyrant-hart,
 Despoyl'd of all, that spoyle the poore of part.
 So their owne iudgements (most vnhappy Elues)
 That thus pronounce the sentence on themselues.
 Their owne mouthes do condemn them, for by this
 Each proue their guilt by th'guilt they shew of his.

Where-

VWherefore as *Nathan* did to *David* fay,
 Taking *Vriahs* life and wife away,
 VWhere he proposd this question thereupon.
Of him had many Sheepe, another one :
Wherein indeed the Prophet shadowed,
That fact which David to Vriah did,
Which when that good King heard, as th' Scripture saith
He answered straight, he hath deserued death,
Thou art the man (quoth he) so sure I am,
I may be bold to say thou art the man.
 Thou *Ahab*, thou that by extortion gaines,
 Some *Skreads of Land* to better thy demains.
 Thou that triumphes in wrongs, and brings the crye
 And curfe of widdowes to thy Family.
 Thou that with dainties dost that carrian feede,
 That maw of thine, while such doe begge their bread,
 As thou opprest, (to their extremest wrong,)
Thou art the man, Ile sing no other song.
 Dost thou not yet relent? no streams of grace,
 Thrilling or trickling from thy blubber't face?
 No signe of reformation? Las I see,
 Custome in sinne cannot relinquisht be
 Vpon the instant, wherefore I must set
 My resolution not to leaue thee yet,
 And howsoere thou take it, I will goe,
 Yet further with thee Ile not leaue thee so,
 Two speciall motiues I might here produce,
 To moue thee to a conscience, and to vse.
 A christian-like respect to such as be,
 Ordain'd by God for to liue vnder thee :

The first is : to haue eye vnto that forme
Or image, which doth euery man adorne,
Euen his creators image, which might moue
Vs to loue him for his creators loue.
The second is : a due especiall care,
Or a confideration what wee are,
Men ; and in that we should be humbler still,
“ Since best of vs, are *Tennants* but at will :
On which two branches briefly Ile dilate,
Or rather curfiuely fo shadow at,
As seeing his Forme, thy little cause of pride,
This good furueigh may make thee mortified.
The comely feature which is giuen to man,
Implies the place from whence this creature came,
Euen from that fragrant garden of delight,
That spicy *Eden*, where in our makers sight,
He did enioy farre more then tongue can tell,
Till from that height he to corruption fell :
Yet still retain'd his forme which first was giuen him
In *Paradise*, whence now the Lord had driuen him ?
So precious was this forme (as he who made it,
For as we reade in Scripture, where he said it,
Let vs make man after our Image : he
Saw in this forme (I say) such maiestie
As he who (in his mercy fast did make it)
Becomming man of God, vouchsaf'd to take it.
So that what th' first man *Adam* did before
Christ, th' second *Adam* as man, did restore.
Thou sees this *Image* then how it was giuen
And represented by the God of heauen,

Who

Who in his great compassions, thought 't no scorne,
 That the Creator take the creatures forme ;
 And how canst thou (irreuerent wretch) disdaine
 That forme which thy Creator did retaine ?
 How canst despise that image, or presume
 To wrong that shape thy Sauour did assume ?
 How canst thou presse that soule with discontent,
 Which thy *Redeemer* daign'd to represent ?
 How canst abuse that type for hope of pelfe,
 Which Christ thy louer shadowed in himselfe ?
 How canst thou see that image rack't to be,
 VVhich in thy Christ was rackt and rent for thee ?
 How canst endure to haue that soule bereft,
 Of all releefe, and to haue nothing left,
 Driuen from his house, forc't from his *Tenant-right* ?
 VVhen he that is the *way, truth, life and light*,
 Taking his forme to satisfie for sinne,
 Had not so much as house to hide him in.
Birds had their nests, and euery beast his denne,
Yet had not he what was permit'd to them.
 O let me now perswade, be not extreame,
 (*Its easie saies the Prouerb*) to wade the streame,
 Where th'foord's at lowest, recolleēt to minde
 His noble image, and in it thou'l finde,
 Such singular impressions of regard,
 As I doe thinke thou'l honour't afterward.
 VVhen thou obseru's, ther's nothing that's in him,
 VVas not before in *Christ* excepting sinne.
 O then refine the ayme of thy intents,
 In raising *rents*, thinke on thy Sauours *rents*.

In taking of aduantage, thinke on this,
 If God aduantage take for each amiffe,
 In what a cafe wert thou, how woe-begon,
 That of a *thousand cannot answer one* ?
 If thou to grieue Gods little ones begin,
 Thinke therewithall, that thou art grieuing him.
 VVho in his mercy heares the widdowes crie,
 And in his pittie wipes the Orphanes eye,
 VVhich thou haft caufe to thinke on, fo much rather
 Sith God's the widdows Iudge, the orphans Father :
 And though earths Iuftice, be of th'second fight,
 Yet hee's fo iuft, hee'l doe the pooreft right.
 But if mans *Image*, which were ftrange, fhould faile,
 VVith thy remorfeleffe confcience to preuaile,
 From that transparent Mirror, Ile descend,
 Though it may feeme in it to comprehend
 All humane glory, yea I may fay more,
 The forme of God which he affum'd before,
 Vnto that due obferuance, or that care,
 VVhereby we come to acknowledge what we are.
 Man's of a fubftance meane, hauing his birth,
 As his firft natiue Mother, from frayle Earth,
 Brittle's his compofition, and fo weake,
 Be his refolues, as hee can vndertake
 Nought with fo firme a purpofe as may ftand,
 Or will not change with th'turning of a hand.
 His *health's a ftranger* to him, for when moft,
 It feemeth with him, it is fooneft loft ;
 For his abiding, hee's as in a *Tent*,
 VVherein hees *militant*, not *permanent*.

The

The world's his *campe*, his profest *enemies*,
 VVherewith he is to grapple, they be these.
The turbulent affections of his mind,
 Which euery houre is feuerally inclin'd.
 The goale which he doth ayme at, or th'reward,
 After the *fight*, hee lookes for after-ward :
 Thus thou may see, in this fame earthly cell,
 Though dwell we seeme, indeed, we doe not dwell,
 But soiourne : *Its no mansion but an Inne,*
Syons our home, this pilgrimage is sinne.
 As for our states, we are but *leacers* all,
 And shall be put off, when hee's pleas'd to call ;
 Yea I may rather say (and not amisse)
 VVe are the *Lessees*, he the *Lessour* is.
 And howfoere our *Landf-Lords* make accompt,
 They'r but inferiour Lords, hee's *Paramount*.
 Then if thou wilt but duely looke vpon't ;
 Thy *tenure* stands vpon a tickle point,
 Yea I doe find thy state not worth a straw,
 If I haue any iudgement in the law :
 And why shouldst thou bring *poore men* into suit,
 Sith thou thy selfe hast no state absolute,
 But for thy *terme of life* : so as methinks,
 VVhen that *French gibberish* to my braine-pan sinks
 VVhere *Iohn a Stiles* and 's neighbour *Iohn an Okes*,
 VVith many other *Law-baptized folkes*,
 Are brought in seaz'd of land, as they doe finde,
 In Burrow, English, Soccage, Gauell-kinde,
Fee-tayle, fee-simple (it oft seemes to me)
These Lawyers are the simplest men that be ;

Who are perfwaded (and would haue vs too)
 But let's difcent from them :—theres fools enough :
 That of al ftates and *Tenures* are poffeft,
 Or can bee had, *Fee-Simple* is the beft.
 Whereas I thinke, if well they vnderftood,
 What fpecially concern'd them, and their good.
 They would conclude, *Fee-fimple* will not doe,
A double-Fee is better of the two.
 If we could find indeed a difference,
 In th'liues of th'*tenures*, then there were fome fence
 To fay, that fuch a *tenure* were the strongest ;
 Becaufe by it the *Tennant* liues the longest.
 But tell me, are not all eftates that be
 Subiect alike to mutability :
 To the poffeffour you will fay they are ;
 If vnto him, why fhould we further care,
 Since as the Prouerbe is, *when he is gone,*
The world's gone with him, as all in One : (vant,
 O then thou *Earth-bred worme*, why fhouldeft thou
 As if thou wert a *Lord prædominant.*
 Why fhouldeft triumph ore th'meaner fort of men,
 Since thour't compofd of one felfe *Mould* with thē ?
 Thou art but *Adams* fonne, and fo are they,
 Both of you fram'd and fafhion'd of one clay,
 Both haue one image : then compaffion take,
 If not for them, yet for their image fake.
 For though thou canft not one good looke affoord,
 To thefe poore fnakes, they'r deere vnto the Lord,
 As is thy felfe, as pretious in Gods eies,
 Bought and redeemed with as great a price.

And though there be twixt *Substitutes and Kings*,
 Superiour states, and lower vnderlings,
 A difference in the world, yet there shall
 Twixt them (in heauen) no difference be at all,
 Onely what's good shall approbation haue,
With King and subiect, conquerer and slaue.
 O then receiue the bowells of compassion,
 And beare like mind, as thou dost beare like fashion :
 Let thy vnrighteous *Mammon* get thee friends,
 That when thy pilgrime daies of Labour ends,
 Thou may possesse a glorious heritage,
 After the period of this pilgrimage.
 My *lessons* are but short, pray then remember,
 As thou the welfare of thy soule dost tender.
 " *The best of vs are tenants but at will,*
 " *And stand in hazard of disseisure still.*
 And though our states seeme firmer then the rest,
 They are vncertaine *tenures* at the best.
 In brieft, thou earthly *Landf-lord* striue to be, (thee
 As thou wouldst haue Heauens *Landf-lord* towards
 Not too extreame : thou knowst the doome is giuen,
 That no extortioner shall enter Heauen.
 Resolue what thou wilt doe : for though it grieue me
 To leaue thee yet, I am enforc't to leaue thee,
 And turne vnto thy *Tenant, who dismaide,*
Stands heere at doore to heare what I haue said.



To the Tennant

howsoever.

WHat *state* soever thou are seized on,
 Or in what *Tenure* thou dost hold vpon,
 I'lle now addressse my speech in brieft to thee,
 Wherein I ayme in part to comfort thee,
 In part to rectifie what may seeme ill,
 In thy peruerse and vn-conformed will ;
 That in them both for th'loue which I doe owe,
 To him thou *represents*, I may so show,
 That deere affection which we're bound to beare,
 To one another while we sojourne heere,
 As when an end of all our sorrowes are
 Reduc'd to one set *period*, and our care
 Shall haue a finall end, what I haue done,
 " In loue may be approu'd when I am gone.
 To moue thee vnto comfort, in a word,
 I'lle vse th'perswasion which I gaue thy Lord,
 To humble his ambitious spirit, when
 I told him of the different state of *Men*,
 How in the eyes of men indeed they were
 Esteemed great, but when they should appeare,
 Before that high *Tribunall*, where all should,
 (Though if they might auoid it, many would,)

Make their appearance, then the great should know,
 They were no more respected then the low :
 One aduocate, one *Iudge*, one barre one triall,
Conscience the onely difference, when Deniall,
 Seald with *abite*, or th' accursed doome,
 Or th' inuitation with *Venite* come,
 Shall in that generall iudgement there expresse,
 Or weale, or woe, or hell, or happineffe :
 " So as when all are fummon'd fore that feat,
 It's better to be good, then to be great.
 For then, as well it may be vnderstood,
 They onely shall be great that are found good.
 But thou wilt aske, is there no comfort else ?
 Yes that there is, thy daily labour tells,
 There's a reward of glory that's referu'd,
 For such as haue their *Maister* duely seru'd,
 In their vocation : there's a *penny* too,
 Which though it be not giuen vnto thee now,
 Yet be assur'd, (for he that spok'e't is true)
 " When th' euening comes, thou shalt receiue thy due.
 And though thou seeme a little while to stay,
 Doe not repine, it's th' euening crownes the day.
 Wouldst know what I by th' *Euening* doe intend ?
 I meane the sun-set of thy life or end
 Of all thy pilgrime daies, which though they bee,
 A very death, or *Martyrdome* to thee,
 (So little ioy conceau's thou vpon earth,)
 Yet wil thy Comicke end include thy mirth,
 VVhen from this Vale of labour and of care,
 Thou shalt vnto a mount of ioy repaire.

When

When from this floating Sea, this fading cell,
 Thou shalt depart, and with thy Saviour dwell.
 Yea on thy *death-bed* thou art comforted,
 Thinking how truly thou hast laboured.
 How many carefull nights thou hast orepast,
 Without the least of rest, how thy repast,
 Was not delighfull feeding with excesse,
 But th'bread thou eate was mixt with *carefulnesse* ;
 Noe houre without affliction or some *griefe*,
 And now to finde to all thy woes reliefe
 It may no little solace the, when th'end
 Of discontentes shall bring thee to a *friend*
 That will in armes of charitie receiue thee, (thee.
 Where beeing lodg'd, no woe, no want can grieue
Happy translation, and by so much more,
 In that those *Lordings* which triumph'd before,
 And plaid vpon thy weakenesse, now shall stand,
 To th'doome which those *oppressors* of the land,
 Are subiect to : tell me (poore wormeling) then,
 What difference there will bee twixt thee and them ?
Great were they heere indeed, and did resemble,
 Those *Bulls of Basan*, yet see how they tremble,
 How quicke their powerfull *greatnesse* is made small,
 For little is their pompe, or none at all :
 See, see these *Cedars* now are strucke with thunder,
And thogh they once sate high, thei'r now broght vnder
 Those glorious titles which gaue wings to pride,
 Those gorgeous buildings made them deifide.
 Those many state-attendants, more or lesse,
 Like *Sommer-Swallows* following their succeffe.

Are vanish't, ruin'd, and disperfed quite,
 Ther's none of these can come into their fight,
 Yea which is worfe in-ſteed of Eminence ;
 There is an enemy called *Conſcience*,
 That ſtill diſturbs their quiet and their reſt :
 VVhich if at peace, there were continuall feaſt.
 But that's impoſſible, ſuch men as theſe ;
 Haue in themſelues a thouſand *Witneſſes*, (them,
 And theſe *poore ſnakes* cauſe they did heere contemn
 Shall with their *Conſcience* ſtand there to condemne
 VVhere that ſame place, they are appointed to (thē,
 Shall *Tophet* be, their word, *ye cursed goe*.
 Thou ſeeſt then no difference doth appeare,
 Twixt thou and them ſaue onely when you're heere
 A little garish vanity there is,
 Which doth include that happineſſe of his,
 Who ſeemes ſo popular, yet thou ſhalt ſee,
 From thence is drawne his greateſt miſerie.
 For (tel me) doth not that externall ſtate,
 Make him forget whereto he was create :
 Doth't not be-lull his ſoule in finnes delights,
 (Not knowing how the fleſh gainſt ſpirit fights,)
 VVhereby he comes, which is the worſt of all,
 To bring his reaſon to his ſenſes thrall.
Yea I haue heard of many great mens end,
So full of feare and horroure as God ſend
Me leſſe delights on earth ſo I may haue,
A quiet eaſie paſſage to my graue.
 " For reaſon doth informe me, *rare it is,*
That earths delight ſhould bring a man to bliſſe.

More

More could I speake to comfort thy distresse,
 And more I was determind I confesse,
 To insist on thy *affliction*, but I found,
 By my *Experience* this especiall ground,
 Held euer firme when we doe comforts tutch,
 Such is mans nature he will take too much,
 Rather then too too little, yea its fed ;
 More haue through store of comforts surfeted,
 Then such as from all outward solace pent,
 Haue famisht been through inward discontent.
 With *Gedeons* souldier therefore prest I am,
 Rather to lap, and like a *Ionathan*,
 To tutch the *hony* onely with my rod,
 Then on this subiect make too long abroad.
 Which that I may, from comfort Ile descend,
 To *faults* in the which I would gladly mend.
 That God commands from whō proceeds all power,
 " Let each be subiect to's *Superiour*.
 For it would breed confusion in the Land,
 If people did admit of no commaund.
 But like a *Platoes Common-wealth*, should be,
 Subiect to none, but in equalitie.
 Therefore that Lord, who of his grace doth loue vs,
 Hath ranked some below vs, some aboue vs.
Above vs that we might be caution'd thence,
 To shew vnto them due obedience.
Below vs, that we might thereby expresse,
 To them our loue, to God our thankfulnessse,
Our loue, that we might our affection show,
 In loue to them that ranked are so low.

Our thankfulnesse, that we should more receiue,
 Then other some, that more deserued haue.
 Againe, *aboue vs*, to acknowledge here,
 Without that power aboue, how weake we are.
Below vs, that if we vnhappy Elues,
 Should grudge to see fom greater then our felues,
 By seeing these wee might suppose they're sent,
 By their degree to bid vs be content,
 In this fame decent comly order then
 Of high and low, great and inferiour men,
 Thou ranked art, nor richest, nor most pore,
 For thou seeft many goe from dore to dore,
Whose scrips their store, whose wallet is their wealth,
Whose staffe's their stay, whose treasure is their health.
 Now in thy ranke there's many things I wish
 Thou wouldst *referme*, which I doe see amisse.
 "As first for all thy pouerty and want,
 Thou hast a disposition arrogant :
Rash, heady, selfe-wild, prouder then thy state
Can well beare out, extreameely obstinate,
Foolishly peremptory, saucy with all,
Besides I see in thee (I must tell all)
A factious wauering nature, apt to rise
Through discontent, in any enterprise.
A very Iack Straw, or a custome asse,
Alleading such records as neuer was.
A pest' lent member to the Kingdomes quiet,
Prone to diuision, enmity, and riot,
Sower of discord, selfe conceitedly
Wise, yet I cannot well imagine why.

Yea, I haue seene, some of thy crew to gather,
 Like *wild-geese* for the wagging of a feather,
 Making strange combinations, which did tend,
 Still to their owne subuersion in the end.
Some Terme agoe on one I chanct to light,
Was come to towne to trie his tenant-right,
With whom discoursing, he impart'd to me,
Mongst other things how most iniuriously
He and the rest which held one tenure there,
About their state or title troubled were,
And therewithall alleadgd that he could show,
Customes and discords (so he said) enough,
And that from Noahs indignation, when
Of all the world there were but left 8 men ;
No, this is true, quoth he, I will assure yee,
Without delayer pannelled a Iurie :
Where those 12 men (the number scarce holds right)
Rising to 12, that were before but eight,
Found that our ancestry did hold in pottage,
 Now I imagine he did meane in Soccage,
Which to make sure, this Custom speakes for vs,
And he with that draws forth a Mittimus.
 This I may sweare, more then a fennet after,
 I could not thinke on, but was forc't to laughter.
 But now to *thee*, for I haue done thee wrong,
 To keepe me from discourse with thee so long,
 Whom I resolu'd to haue aduertised,
 Of these precedent errors mentioned ;
 " Conforme thy will vnto thy Lords commaund
 In fitting things, thou liu'ft vpon his *land*.

And

And art his liedge-man, therefore thou shouldst show
Thy selfe to him, as thou thy selfe doest owe.
Vnto the *Heyre* to, a respect is due,
For time may come when he shall pleasure you.
Yet meane I not that thou shouldst pay a Fine,
Vnto the heire now in his Fathers time,
“ For if I were an heire as I am not,
“ Belieue it I would thinke that fine ill got.
What I doe wish to the is briefly this,
Successe in thy estate, as thou wouldst wish,
Conformed so vnto thy *Lands Lord here,*
That with *heauens Land-lord* thou may liue elsewher.

FINIS.



Riddle me this.

An Embleame including the
Authors name.

TWO waies there be, one broade, the other fraite,
which two beat paths leade to a distinct state
Of weale, of woe: this if you right explaine,
the first, though worst, includes the *Authors* name.

Or thus,

A *Brea*, a *Banke*, a *Border*, or a *Shore*,
Smiles on his name that brought these *Satires* ore.

His Crest,

His Crest a *Cuckolds Croffe*: his Motto, *Heere*
I giue a Badge which Citizens doe weare.

Blow my Plump-fac't *Poulterer* of
Saffron Hill.



Place this and the leafe following after
the end of the First Booke.



To the equall Reader

IF that thy nature anfwere to thy name,
 Thou in thy iudgement wilt expresse the same
 Which I entitle thee, and hate to be
 A squint ei'd Critick to misconster me.
 How'ere: be what thou wilt, if *Equall*, finde
 Lines correspondent to thy *Equall* minde :
 If rough (for all my smootheffe thou hast heard)
 Thou'fe heare far rougher *Satires afterward*.
 For if these ierks so lightly laid on smart,
 Thoule finde rare whipping cheere i'th *Second part*.
 Where Furies run diuision on my song :
 Patience awhile, and thou shalt haue't ere long.

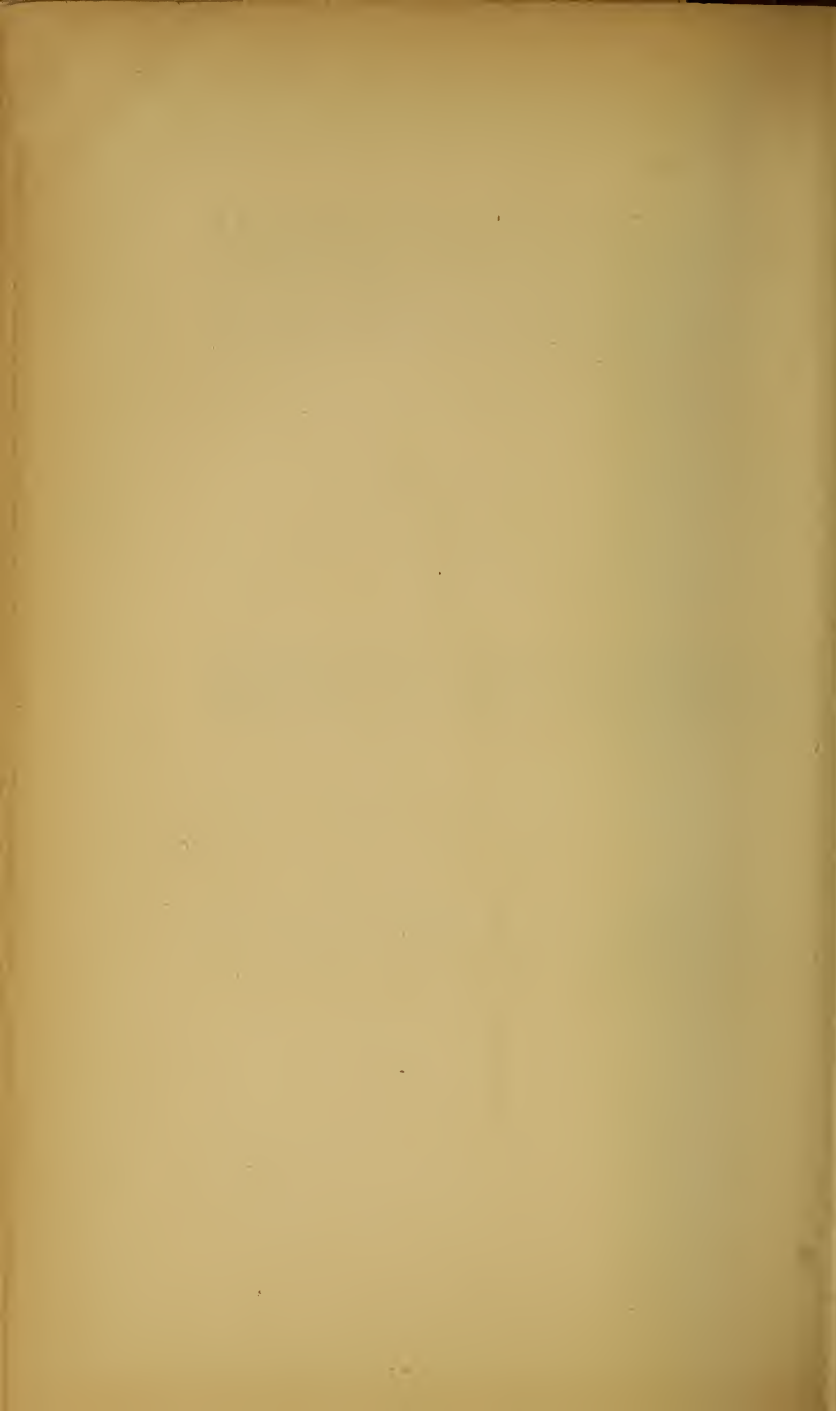


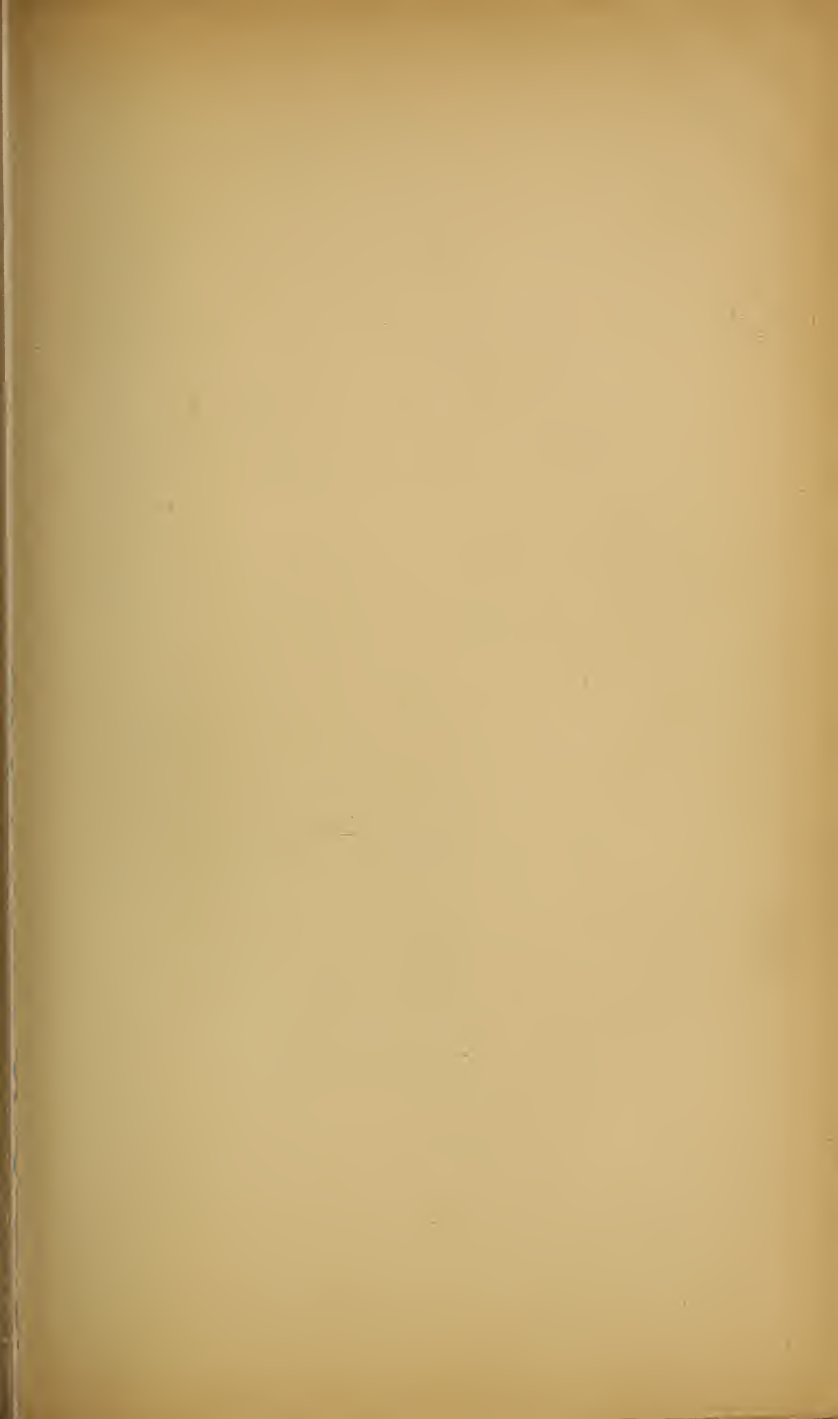


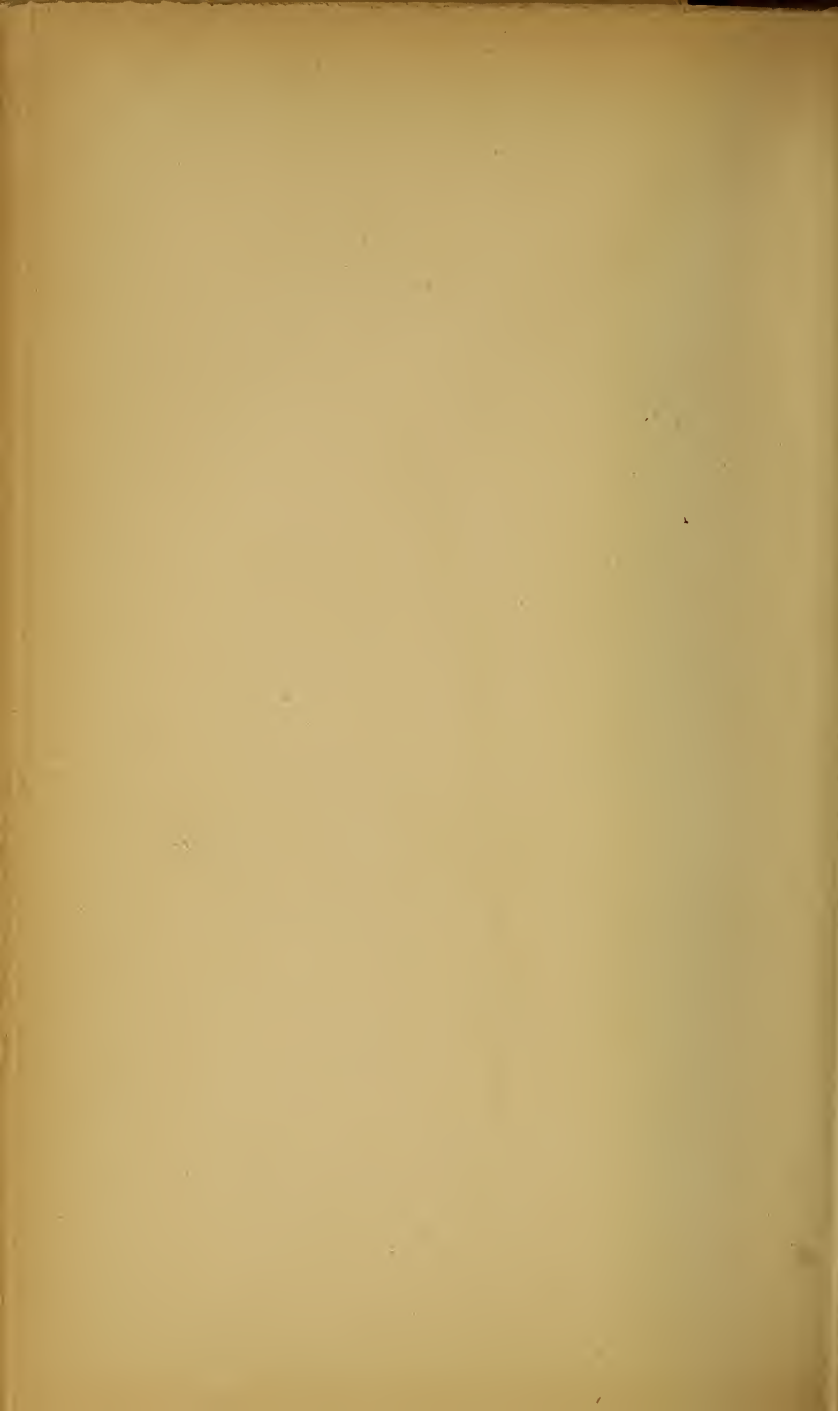
To the Captious Reader.

MY answer's this to him that faies I wrong
Our *Art* to make my *Epigrams* so long;
I dare not bite, therefore to change my *nature*,
I call't an *Epigram* which is a *Satire*.









LOVES
LABYRINTH:
OR
The true-Louers knot :

INCLVDING
The difastrous fals of two star-croft
Louers PYRAMVS & THYSBE.

*A Subiect heeretofore handled, but
now with much more propriete of
paffion, and varietie of inuen-
tion, continued :*

By RICHARD BRATHWAYTE.

Res est folliciti plena timoris amor.



At London printed by I.B. for Richard Redmer
and are to be sold at the West dore
of Pauls at the Starre. 1615.





CANDIDO ET
 cordato, Amico fælici Genio,
perspicaci ingenio, Richardo Musgraue
 de *Harcley* Baronetto, coq ; titulo
 vere digno :

Richardus Brathwaite hosce extre-
 mos Amatorum amplexus, grati a-
nimi primitias, solenniq. officio
perfunctas humillime

Dedit, Dicauit, Dedicauit.

Richardus Musgraueensis.

ANAGRAMM.

Charus musis diurna reges.

Dystichon.

{ Sicut amas Musas, Musis redamaris ab ipsis, }
 { Charus vt es Musis, secla diurna reges. }

Vpon



Vpon the Dedicatorie.

I Heare one aske me, if I could finde none,
 To dedicate this Poeme to, but one
 That's now transplanted to another sphere,
 And better measures sings then anie's here.
 Its true indeede, the world's large and wide,
 And many were there I confesse beside,
 My now deceased *Patron*, I could finde,
 But none so well agreeing with my minde ;
 He was one that I honour'd, and his worth
 Deferu'd a pregnant *Muse* to set it forth,
 Which though I haue not I will shew my best,
 To crowne him sleeping in the bed of rest,
 Where, while I write, my passion shall appere,
 By each lines accent mixed with a tere :
 But you will say this subiect cannot moue,
 Such firme impressiō, cause it treats of loue,
 A sadder straine would better fitting be
 " Drain'd from the streames of graue *Melpomene*,
 Where euery sentence might that passion breede,
 " as if himselfe were here portraide indeed ;
 This I could doe and so expresse him too
 (But that his worth would be a shame to you.

That

That are desertlesse to see him by Fate
Lopt, that has left you much to imitate,
Of honour I dare say, (which ere 't be long,
" May be a subiect to a better song.)
But I would haue you know how ere this is,
It was from th' cradle nat'ralized his :
Nor would I raze my Patrons dedicate,
" How ere he seem'd to be obscur'd by Fate,
But as I lou'd him liuing, my desire
Is to expresse my loue vnto him higher
Being now dead ; that though my friend be gone,
Yet life and death to friendship may be one :

*For th' print of loue if it be stamp't aright,
Is most in heart when it is least in sight.*

FINIS.

R



VPON THE PREMA-
 ture death of the most Generous
and Ingenious; the right Worshipfull, Sir
 RICHARD MUSGRAVE Knight-Barronett of
Hartley: Who died in *Italy*, being preuented of
 his religious purpose, intending to visit the holy
Sepulchre of our Sauiour in Ierusalem,
 an EPICEDIVM:


The Author Dedicates these Obit-teres, vnto
his vertuous and modest Lady, the much ho-
noured FRANCIS MUSGRAVE, Daugh-
 ter to the truly honourable PHILIP
 LORD WHARTON.

His Ladies Obit-teres.

T*Eres I do shedde, yet are they shedde in vaine,*
Nor can they call him backe to life againe:

Yet





A funerall Elegy.

243

*Yet sigh I will, to
wake him from his
sleep,
Thus whilst he sleeps
in Earth, on Earth
ile weepe.*

*So my sad groanes sent forth vnfeignedly
May moue the hardest heart to pittie me,*

*To pittie me, that
though I cannot
haue*

*The priuiledge to
see my husbands
graue*

Yet may my teres (as me it doth behoue)

Transported be to testifie my loue :

*My loue which euer
shall these obites
keepe,*

*She can doe verie
little cannot
weepe.*

R 2

Richardus





Richardus Musgraviensis.

ANAGRAMM.

Vnis refurgam charus diis.

Dystichon.

Nascimur & morimur : sed tu moriendo resurges,
Gratior & sanctis, charioratq ; deis.

De protectione eius ad
Sanctis, Christi
Sepulchrum.

Christus erat pretium, Christi quia morte sepulchrū,
perlustrare cupis : quem moriendo capis.

Richard Musgraue.

ANAGRAMM.

Graces reward him :

or

We admire his grace.

Two Anagrammes included in one verse.

Dyftich.

*Graces reward him, we admire his grace,
Serue both as proper Mottoes for this place :*





A funerall Elegie.

245

*The first t' expresse the hope of his reward,
Whence is implie'd our comfort afterward.*

Vpon his Graue.

*In Musgraues hearse I finde the Muses graue,
For by his losse a Patron lost they haue :
Yet he's not lost, but is ascended higher,
And sings with Muses of the heauenly quire.*

His Character.

*Faire England gaue me breeding, birth, and name,
Ierusalem was th' place where I did ayme,
But loe my Sauours graue I could not see,
For my owne graue was made in Italy.*

Vnto the Italian.

*Doe not contemne my corps Italian,
I am th' remainder of a Gentleman,
Who knew what honour was : so after-time
May shew like loue to thee, thou showes to mine.*

R 3

Vnto





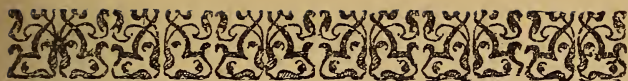
Vnto Report.

*To speake well of the dead is charitie,
 If thou be then a Christian, taxe not me
 Of what I did: (if men, we're prone to fall,)
 Speake what is well, or do not speake at all.*

Mors fidelium	est (de	{ Morte Fide Agone Peregrinatione Labore Expectatione Mundo }	in	{ Vitam. Notitiam. Brauium. Patriam. Refrigerium. Præmium. Deum. }
Transitus				

BERNARDVS.

Peregi officium morientis amici.



To all unhappy Louers.

Come neere me louers, croft by louers fate,
 And see thefe ftar-croft louers, that their fight,
 May fomthing cheere the drowping of your ftate,
 Showing fuch beames of comfort in the night,
 Of your difcomforts : that both loue and hate,
 “ May make you happy louers by renew,
 “ Had to thefe louers croft as well as you.

You fay you lou’d ; it’s true : and fo did thefe ;
 “ You fay you lou’d a faire one ; fo did he,
 Who fancied *Thisbee* ; you fay louers peace,
 Is feldome purchas’d but by enmity,
 Deriu’d from parents : fo did loue encrease,
 “ In thefe vnhappy *Louers*, who were croft,
 By *Parents* meanes, of what they fancied moft.

Tell me *then* hapleffe louer, haft thou caufe
 To grieue at that which others haue endur’d,
 As if thou wert quite priuiledg’d from lawes,
 Firme in thy felfe, from louers hate secur’d,
 “ O no, beleeeue it, prickles hath the *Rofe*,
 “ *The fweet her sower ; the hony-Bee her ftng*,
 “ *Loue though a toy, yet shee’s a toilesom thing.*

Repofe thee then vnhappy louer heere,
And fee loues fal in tragick meafures fram'd,
That when thou feeft a louer loofe his deere,
Thou of like chance may neuer be afham'd
Since thou art but as other louers were.

“ For shame its none, to loofe whats scarce begun,

“ But shame is't not to doe what should be done.

Your paffion-pittier,

Richard Brathwaite.

The Author vpon his infant
Poeme.

I F ought's amisse, imputed let it be,
 I Toth' time wherein this *Poeme* it was writ,
 Which was (I must confesse) my infancy
 Of *Age, Art, Iudgement, Knowledge,* and of *Wit* :
 Nor doe I thinke it would this time besit,
 To meddle with my youths *minority.*
 Vnpolisht and vnshewd, I therefore send it
 Freely toth' *World,* that she may friendly mend it.

Vpon the Presse.

T Ride would I bin byth' *Country, Bench, & Prince,*
 Yet but a month agoe, no longer since,
 Was I for speaking (as it may be thought)
 And not for silence to the presse thus brought.
 Iudge you my friends what conscience there is in't :
 By th' weights I beare the errors of the *Print.*

*The Argument of Pyramus and
Thysbe.*

C Hildrens loue and Parents hate,
 Pure affection cros'd by fate.
 True their loue, so true to either,
 That they chus'd to die together.
 Curteous woodnimphs, Tigres fierce,
 " Wash with teares their doleful hearse,
 Mirtle branches, roses sweete,
 " Satyres strow about their feete.
 Woodnimphs with their Syrens voice,
 Call their parents by their noise.
 Who with pace (slow pace God wot,)
 " Made hast they could, yet hasted not ;
 Till they saw their children lie,
 " Arme in arme full louingly.
 Oft they sought, but all in vaine,
 To bring life to them againe.
 Trickling teares came dropping downe,
 " Groues with teares were ouerflowne,
 Water mixt with crimson blood,
 " Made a deluge where they stood.
 Thisbees obsequies they see,
 " Grauen in an Oliue tree,
 Their bones to ashes they doe burne
 And place them in one sacred vrne.
 That as their loue was all in all,
 So they might haue one Buriall.

*To this shrine, this statue faire,
Lovers wont for to repayre.
Who to confirme their sincere Loue,
Offered them a Turtle Doue.
But when their reliques scattered were,
Maids nere after offered there
Their wonted incense, but forsooke,
The Altar which was wont to smoke,
With mirrhe and thime, which they did burne,
With solenne rites about their vrne.
Yet lest their fame should so decay,
Their tombe is to be seene this day,
Which first erected was to be,
Conseruer of their memory.*

Nimrods



Pyramus and Thysbe.

N *Imrods* faire City, beauteous *Babylon*,
 which admirations eies once gaz'd vpon,
 Though grac'd in all, in nought so gracious,
 as in her *Thysbe*, and yong *Pyramus*.
Thysbe a maid as faire, as faire could be,
 he for his sexe, was full as faire as she.
 These two resplendent starres, shone in one sphere,
 and by contiguous mansions bordering neere,
 Renewd their loues vnhappy memory,
 preff'd downe too much by parents ieloufie,
 Aye me too ielous, to preuent that good,
 of sincere loue which cannot be withstood.
 These two debarr'd of meeting, not of louing, (uing
 for loue, though smothred, hath an inward moo-
 Sought means to shew their mutual loue by woing,
 supplying that in words, they mist in doing.
 Their walls abutting nere, so nere did meet,
 That these two Saints might each another greete.
 A chinke there was, which *Thysbe* soone espies,
 for maids in wanton feats, haue *Linceus* eyes.

VWhich

VVhich beeing feene (well feene) ſhe did repaire
each morne betime to ſee if he were there :
At laſt he ſpies it, (men haue duller witte,
then women haue, yet better manage it.)
This crany was the ſhrine to which they came,
where either call'd on other, by their name.
And with deuotion ech to other kneeled,
proteſting loue, hid loue, ſo long concealed.
VVhy ſhould our Parents, *Pyramus* would ſay,
ſeeke to protract our loues by long delay ?
Or why ſhould we, with ſuch preciſeneſſe ſhunne,
that which our parents long before haue done ?
Suppoſe their loue was pure : our loue's as pure,
they full as fond as we, were drawn to th' lure.
And why, my *Thyſbe*, ſhould that comely face,
for all her feature, haue a ciphers place ?
Thou art no ſhadow, but a ſubſtance (deare)
in ſubſtances, impreſſions beſt appeare.
Then for my loue, thy ioy, and beauties ſake,
that ſeemes eclipſ'd, let me th' impreſſion make,
Lets to the field, aye me, we cannot goe,
we are immur'd within the grate of vvoe ;
And why ſhould I, fond man, my *Thyſbe* moue,
to vvanton pleaſure ? vvhere's no vſe of loue ;
I knovv thou lou'ſt, in that thy grieſe is more,
pent from that S^t vvhich thou vvould fain adore.
Thyſbe ſtood peeping through this narrow chinke
and though ſhe ſpake nought, yet ſhe more did
Her bluſh, her ſmile, her biting of her lip, (think,
did all the ſecrets of her hart vnrippe.

Thus

Thus whilst they stood both standing at a bay,
 wishing some private passage, or some way,
 To consummate their vows : in comes her mother,
 which made them take their leaue one of another.
 She skould her daughter : vvhath my trickie girle,
 are you befotted with this worthlesse pearle,
 This beauties blossome? faire enough, but poore,
 dote on the rich, affect his rags no more.
 Mother (quoth *Thisbe*) you are much decau'd,
 if I may speake with reuerence, he nere crau'd
 Loue at my hands : what did he here, quoth she,
 that he so private should discourse with thee?
 He is (quoth *Thisbe*) come from *Salamine*, (vine
 and brought me grapes, pluckt from that tender
Ætolus planted, which she gaue in hast,
 vnto her mother, praying her to tast :
 Shee tooke and tasted : fruits variety
 seru'd at that time for her Apology.
 The pitchy shade of night approach't at hand, (mā
 vvhē Screech-owles, Fauns, and Satyres haue cō-
 Where skipping in their lawne and flowry groue,
 Siluane to Siluane consecrates his loue.
 Yet when each chirping bird, goes to her nest,
 loues eyes be open, and can take no rest.
 Beasts to their caues resort, surcease to prey,
 feeding on that they purchas'd by the day.
 Each creature in his kind dispos'd to sleepe,
 but feruent loue continuall watch doth keepe :
 He toffeth in his bed, wishing it day,

Hoping

hoping thereby his cares to throw away.
 Yet when the night is past, the day yeelds more,
 then ere the night afforded him before :
 Thus *Pyramus* enthrall'd twixt hope and feare,
 hopes, though smal fruit of hope in him appeare.
 He cannot sleepe nor wake, but twixt them both,
 sleeping and waking as a letharge doth.
 Oft would he hugge his pillow in his arme,
 and cling it fast about, to keepe it warme.
 Supposing it was *Thysbe*, and would sweare,
 no creature ere could be more welcome there,
 Streight would he call on *Hymen*, then inuite,
 his friends and kinsfolke to his nuptiall rite.
 And faigning their replies, thanks he would giue,
 vowing requitall once, if he should liue.
 Oh what distractions haunt a louers minde
 passing those bounds which nature hath assign'd,
 Nought vpon earth, but limits hath we see,
 but boundlesse loue can nere contained be.
 Hearbs yeeld a foueraigne cure to euery wound,
 but for loues cure, in hearbs no vertue's found.
 Then blest is he, and in an happie state,
 who for loues dart is made inuulnerable.
 Yet was it hard to see and not to loue,
 Thysbe's admired beauty, which could moue,
 Serpēts, birds, plāts brute beasts which grafe & feed,
 more then ere *Orpheus* with his musicke did.
 Her goulden treffes, pure ambrosian,
 Fairer then all the twifts *Arachne* span,

Shone

Shone far more bright then *Phæbus* gliftring raies,
 by all mens iudgements, meriting more praife ;
 Her corall lip, (no lip) but ports of pleasure,
 which seem'd to open to whole mines of treasure,
 Appeard so sweet, that all was sweet about it,
 for I am sure nought could be sweet without it.
 Her breasts two iuory mounts, mounts may I cal the
 for many vales of pleasant veines empall'd them
 These like two borders, did such sweets display,
 that who lodg'd there, lodg'd in the milkie way.
 Below a shady vale, aye mee that shade,
 which nature in her owne despite had made,
 Had made for glory of that sacred mount,
 with the sweet Nectar of a liuely fount.
 A still distilling fount, an heauenly riuier,
 for theres no earthly spring can spring for euer.
 Her wanton gate, her glance, her smile, her toying,
 all ioy'd in one, shewed pleasure in enioying.
 So as^b *Euphrates*, vvhether this city bounded,
 vents vp his passions, for he oft refounded
 Beating his bancks, and eccoing in the aire,
 and then retiring backe, seem'd to despaire.
 That *Thysbe* could not loue a fencelesse one,
 at which repining, he vvould make his mone.
 Hath not my current ere renouvned beene,
 for th' easie passage of my quiet streame ?
 Hath not my torrent yeilded much content, (spent ?
 to gild his meanes, vvwhose meanes where vvholly
 Haue I not suffered much ? sustain'd great paines,
 fraugh-

fraughting your trauaile with a double gaines.
 And for supporting of so many shippes,
 may not *Euphrates* graze vpon her lippes,
 Whom thus he loues? vnthankfull coast (quoth he)
 respecting least, who did the most for thee.
 This being said, hee could expresse no more,
 but in a loue-sicke passion, bett the shore.
 And to ^c confirme, what I haue heard men say,
 he left his course and tooke another way.
 If fencelesse riuers that were neuer seene
 to loue, or care for louing, held no meane,
 In their affecting *Thisbe*: what should hee
 that had both fence and reasons purity?
 Pure in his mind, and faire in beauties shew,
Narcissus second for his comely hew:
 Lipp'd like *Adonis*, *Frycina* loued,
 shap'd like *Alexis Pollyos* approoued.
 Grac'd with a smiling countenance, which did breed,
 a louely white, mix'd with a comely red.
 Two sparkling eyes pierciue as Diamond,
 which, wherfoere they gaf'd, they seem'd to wou'd,
 That though the Sun were set, yet his bright eies
 shone as the Beames which from the sun doe rise:
 The night being gone, too long god wot in going,
 her wandring lights to *Tethis* banks bestowing,
Titan came peeping in at *Thyisbes* chamber,
 whom she reflected with her locks of amber.
 Each other greeting, as if had beene there,
 two Suns at once, both in one hemyphere.

Hard was the combat, but more hard it were,
 to tell whose beams diffus'd their light most clear,
 Yet in the end *Titan* in an angry mood,
 seeming furpast, did hide him in a cloud.
Thysbe puts on her cloths, blest were those cloths,
 thrice happy shade, that shadow'd such a Rose,
 Where being dressed, not dress'd as shee would bee,
 she tooke her to her praiers religiously. (flow,
 High heauens (quoth she) from whence al pleasures
 deigne some of then on *Thysbe* to bestow.
 For by your power, which I doe much adore,
 I loue but that which you haue lou'd before.
Thou thundring Ioue, did dote as well as I,
when thou desired with Danae to lye ;
Which to effect, thou turn'd her to a showre.
a Goulden showre her beauty to defloure,
For cloth'd in lightning, Danae denaied,
to ioyne with thunder : afterward arraid
In dewie moisture, (moisture we do loue,)
she cast off shame, and did thy shape approue.
And Iuno lou's Ixion for his kisse,
Venus, Adonis, for his comelinesse.
Daphne (poore Laurell) chased by Apollo,
running as fast before as he did follow.
Thus did your loue, your lust, your thoughts renew,
if I thinke ill, I thinke no worse then you.
And well may gods with womens sexe dispence,
Since they were first authoris'd their offence.
My loue's not spotted with lasciuious tutch,
vnlesse it be by louing ouermuch.

Nor branded with the note of Infamie,
but pure as Delia Queene of Chastitie.
Thoughts are the worst, my actions they be cleare,
& he'se no man whose thoughts nere foyled were.
Then pardon if I loue, suppose it zeale,
whose passions be too hote for to conceale :
Leauing her Orifons, composed of Loue,
loue dallying praiers : her eyes aside she moues,
And sees the chinke, which she first saw before,
which did augment her dolors much the more.
For shee recall'd to minde, to memory,
her mothers chiding, fathers Ielousie ;
Both which a streame of teares extract from her,
as if pale death her comforts should interre.
Oft would she call on louely *Pyramus*,
with smothered speech, as one suspicious :
Lest the pure ayre, and walls adioyning neere,
should prattle loue vnto her parents eare.
Oft would she nibble out a stone or two,
to make the crift seeme bigger to the show
Of her deepe loue : for they suspected were,
therefore debar'd, lest they should come too neer.
Pyramus pent vp all this while, at last,
gets out and hies him to the chinke as fast.
Where what discourse their mutuall loue affoorded,
seem'd by the Gods in heauen to be recorded.
Either with greedy eye gasing on other, (ther :
Thysbe look'd backe somtimes, doubting her mo-
For she suspected much her ielalous eye,
in her loues presence to be euer by.

Enuious vvall, oft would these louers say,
 diuide thy selfe and let vs haue a way,
 To meete, to kisse, to parley and relate,
 the solemne festiues of our nuptiall state.
 Why should thy marble structures hold vs out,
 whose loue encircles *Babilon* about ?
 Or why should terrene composition moue
 a breach or separation of our loue ?
 Loue is celestiall : thou a marble shrine,
 why shouldst thou hinder loue that is diuine ?
 And yet we cannot so ingratefull be,
 but we must offer vp our thanks to thee ;
 Our voves, our giftes, our best priu'd sacrifice,
 in that thou yeelds a passage to our eyes,
 Yeelding some comfort in this gloomie night,
 supplying kiffes with the vse of sight.
 Loue hath some harmonie, some small agreeing,
 for what it wants in tutch it hath in seeing.
Hesperias garden was by serpents kept,
 whose euer watching eye-liddes neuer slept.
 And *Colchis* Fleece was kept as warily,
 till *Iasons* meanes obtain'd the victorie
 So be our loues immur'd, interred rather,
 by two suspitious dames, one subtile father.
 Then would they kisse the wall and oft entreat,
 that in compassion it would let them meet.
 We will not tell our parents, nor expresse,
 who twas, gaue way vnto our happinesse,
 Louers be faithfull, of our faiths beleeeue vs, (vs.
 since this straight durance cannot chuse but grieue
 The

The wall replyde not : yet their words had force,
pierſing her hardneſſe, ſoftned with remorſe.
For euer ſince, as well it may appeare,
the marble ſheds each morne a Trickling teare,
Thus did theſe louers paſſe the weary morne,
depriu'd of that which louers beſt adorne,
And that is priuate meeting, which being miſſing,
we beat the aire but with conceit of kiſſing,
A vaine conceit, to dally with delight,
Expecting ſun-ſhine in a cloudy night,
Imparadiſ'd in ioyes he cannot be,
that's clad in ſable roabs of miſery.
Oh then conceiue what forrow he ſuſtaines,
that in perpetuall languiſhment remaines.
O what diſtractions do his ioyes diſſeuer,
feeding like vultures on his hart for euer.
If *Zeuxes* pictured grapes, ſo liuely were ;
That many birds in flocks repaired there,
Pecking vpon his ſtatues, and did browse
vpon his liuely grapes, meere liueles ſhowes.
Well may we thinke, that *Ioue* himſelfe can make,
a farre more liuely, and proportion'd ſhape,
Then a poore painter ; though his Grapes ſeeme ripe,
yet they were drawne from *Ioues* firſt Archetype.
Then *Ioues* beſt picture, Natures admiration,
Thysbe, euen *Thysbe* made for recreation,
May well be thought to draw each bird each beaſt,
from Paſtures greene, vpon her lippes to feaſt.
It were a feſtiue banquet there to be,
whoſe breath is *Nectar*, breathing deity.

Here *Pyramus* would be, if heuens would grant it,
 for he esteemes no treasure whilest he wants it,
 Since such a Iewell, such a pretious Gem,
 in that it's rare, is more admired by men.
 Thus *Tantalised*, the Gods doe seeme to loue him.
 setting him fruite, but fruite too farre aboue him.
 For when his lips (pure lips) should but com ny them
 they mocke his lips and in derision flie them.
 Dost flie my lips (quoth he) ô doe not flie me,
 for what I doe, I doe it but to trie thee,
 To trie thy loues which though our parents thwarted
 our conioin'd loue disioin'd shall nere be parted,
 Well may our bodies be disioin'd a sunder,
 but loue's to head-strong, none can keepe it vnder :
 Loue is free-borne, it cannot seruile be,
 to begge for curtesie with a bended knee.
Thysbe kept concord, for each word he spake,
 seem'd her retired passions to awake,
 Stird vp her spirit, as inspir'd by fate,
 making her stout that was effeminate.
 Continue thy intendments sweete, quoth she,
 and as thy shadow I will follow thee,
 Passing a sea of dangers launching deepe,
 till I the shadow to the substance creepe,
 Passe *Oeta's* as Forrest, snow-cliued *Caucasus*
Thysbe will follow steps of *Pyramus* ;
 Thee *Riphean* Mountaines, or the *Hetririan* plaines,
 Each morne resounding with the notes of swains.
 If thou loue *Vinolus*, with her fragrant spices,
 or *Eriçthea* famous for deuices :
Thysbe will follow thee with speed she may,

only, her trauaile with thy loue repaie.
But these are but discourfes of our ill,
which if not cured, be augmented still.
For that you know renues the maladie,
which rubs the fore, and yields no remedie :
For why should any labour me remoue,
From that admired mirror whom I loue.
And I am of that nature : more they hold me,
from fancying thee, more passions do enfould me,
Then plot (my *Pyramus*,) contriue, inuent,
that we may harbour loue in loues content,
Till wearied with ioy, wearyed too soone,
thou leaue adoring of the watrie Moone.
Where being cloyed with the sweetes of loue
mayst leaue the vale, and taste the fruits aboue.
Thou art my sheepheard, I will be thy plaine,
I the poore cottage, thou the homely fwaine,
Thou shalt refresh thy selfe vpon my banckes,
which hauing don, I know thou'le giue me thanks,
For my diffused streames, streams meerely sent,
not much enforc'd from *Thysbes* continent,
Come then, for why should any marble wall
being materiall substance, so appall
Our ardent wishes, wishes which proceede
from loue-sick passions, which more passions feed.
Let our distilling teares congeal'd in one,
disfolue the hardnes of this flinty stone.
Remorse may moue this stone by diuine wonder,
to let vs meete, diuide herselfe a funder.
This said, maine riuers of distreaming teares,
in their woes-torrents purblinde eies appears,

Seeking, but seeking all in vaine God wot,
 to moue that fhrine, which weeping moued not.
It wept to see true loue so straite confinde,
 disioyn'd by fates, which fauours had combinde.
 It wept to see their parents so vnkinde,
 to curbe their bodies prefence, whose pure minde,
 Rapt with content of feeing, not enioying,
 acts discontent, debar'd of further toying.
 It wept to see their minds so well agreeing
 in one felfe place, not to haue one felfe-being.
 It wept and much repin'd that difmall fate,
 Should croffe pure loue by loue-difioyned hate :
 And pittying their cafe fhed many a teare,
 Shedding fo many, she her felfe did were.
 Oh what hard harted parents had thefe two,
 fince what the ftones allow'd, they'l not allow,
 Reprouing that in theirs, themfelues affected,
 foiling their youth with what their youth refpected
 Are thefe the fruits and honours of our time,
 the fruitleffe bloffomes of a fterile clyme ?
 Are thefe our louing Sires ? oh no, they are hard,
 to preffe downe loue, that cannot be debar'd.
 You high refplendent heauens, whose cherifhing heat
 with feafoned warmth, our fpacious borders greet,
 Temper fuch parents hearts, as are not won,
 till both their line and linnage be vndone.
 Soften their ftifned minds, oppreff'd with rage,
 playing sharpe tyrants in declining age.
 For why fhould they find fault their children play,
 fince in their prime they playd as much as they.

Decrepit

Decrepit age, stilted for want of strength,
with brinish teares deplores their sins at length ;
But thus I conster't : They their age deplore,
theyr youth is spent, and they can doe no more.
And like an enuious viper, would haue none,
to vse their strength, because their strength is gone.
But old age ers in this : experienc'd wit
suaies their proceedings, youth abandons it.
Nor doe they know what hurt poore maides receiue,
to pen them vp from that they wish to haue.
For though they be immur'd in walles of Brasse,
Loue hath her loope-holes by which she will passe,
In spite of iecalous dotage, and espies
some priuy chinke, though wacht by ε Linceus eies,
For loue enclof'd like raging elements
of fire and water, though imprifoned, vents,
And must eruption haue, it cannot be
an heauenly motion should want libertie.
^h*Eurydice* though shes enforc't to dwell,
in *Stygian Plutoes* court infernall hell,
Yet her transmounting passions doe remoue
themselues from hell vnto the earth aboue.
Poore swaine *Dorinda* though by Satires kept,
in a vast caue, whose watchfull eies nere slept,
But with reflexion both by night and day,
had speciall care lest she should get awaie,
Comforts her selfe in louing, fearing not,
but chaste desires ore long would get her out,
Loue is enfranchisd not in bonds retained,
spotlesse as *Christall*, for no foile can staine it.

The

The boiftrous windes fhut vp in iron grates,
 on each occafion and intendment waites,
 When they come forth their tempefts hurrie more
 grieu'd at their durance, then they did before.
 That morn which fēds her glittering raies too foone,
 fables her funne in cloudes ere it be noone,
 But when its long ere that her beames appeare,
 we doe prefage ere night they'le fhine more cleere.
ⁱ *Thetis* exiled from her marine feate,
 a willing exile with the Sea-nimphs meetes,
 To celebrate *Achilles* funeralls,
 in fable robes, in difmall feftiualls.
 Each wept whole floods of teares to wafh his hearfe,
 whereon engrauen was a doleful verfe ;
 That no hard harted paffenger came by,
 but feeing it, would fheede teares instantly :
 Some made relation of his valiant fpirit,
 fome of the glory which his acts did merit :
 And wofull *Brufis* one amongft the reft,
 being his captiue, whom ſhe loued beft,
 Emburied him with liquid ftreames of forrow,
 renewing grieffe with each renewing morrow.
 So did thefe louers, louers too fincere,
 rife ere the morning dayftar could appeare,
 Bewayling much their parents frowardneffe,
 that kept them from the fupport of happineffe.
 Happie, if happy in enioying loue,
 to fee the *Turtle* billing with the *Doue*,
 The ſkipping *Kid*, the *Goate*, the penſiue *Hinde*,
 confortng each with other in their kinde :

Yet these two louers are debar'd from this ;
what brute beasts haue, they haue not but in wish :
And wishes yield small comfort, poore reliefe
to such as are prest downe with heapes of grieffe.
O that heauens splendor, her translucent eie
should see, and seeing, pittie miserie,
Yet suffer man to be oppres'd therewith,
Making him die a neuer dying death.
Or why should man endu'd with reasons light,
in his owne bowels harbour such a fight,
As may subuert the pallace of the soule,
eclipping it, making her bewty foule ;
Conuerting that by her depraued will,
as first seem'd good to some apparant ill ;
Not gathering hony from each bitter flower
of discontent, nor reaping sweet of sower,
But in distractions passionate we run,
in headlong course till that we be vndone :
And then despairing, we reside in woe
shut vp in shelses : we know not where to goe.
The fillie *Bee* that labours in her hiue,
in her Hyblæan works addres'd to striue,
With nature in proportion : seemes to make,
more for her selfe then nature for her sake,
In her digesting and disposing fit,
what she had gathered by her natiue wit,
She rests secure of loue, worse hap haue we,
opprest with loue-sick passions then hath she
But heauens haue so decreed ; this is our lotte
Creatures that haue most reason, most should dote.

Thus

Thus each ore-shadowing eu'ning shadowed hope,
 ayming at loue, loue was their onely scope :
 At which they leuelled : But ('las) *disdain*
 foaring aloft, the frute of loue retaines :
 Lockt from all comfort, shut from sweete repose,
 she to their parents doth their loue disclose.
 Telling them how their children made repaire,
 vnto a chinke which breath'd a cooling aire.
 Yeelding content enough : and they should see
 that ere long time *Thysbe* would frutefull bee.
 Their parents stamp'd, but *Tymon* most of all,
 for hee was rich and feard his daughters fall.
 Yet well he could haue brook'd her nuptiall bed,
 if he were rich that should his daughter wed.
 Fie on such Gould-adoring parentage,
 that rests respectlesse both of youth and age,
 Who measure loue by wealth are sure to haue,
Midas his eares, depriu'd of what they craue,
 They wrest their childrens minds to make them taste,
 the sweet of Gold, which works their baine at last.
^m Thus parents are as vipers to their feed,
 since they their venome in their bosomes feede.
 Which like to *Naptha* that being once inflamed,
 Burnes of it selfe, and cannot be restrained.
 But loue the more repressd the more confin'd,
 encreaseth so much more in louers minde. (them,
ⁿ For though their watchfull eies did still looke ore
 Gods pittying their distres did more deplore them ;
 And *Ioue* himselfe yields soueraigne remedy,
 to these two louers fraught with misery.

And

And well might *Ioue* yield comfort to their wounds,
 since he his passions on like passions grounds,
 For he (though God) did doate as well as man,
 transforming *Leda* to a milke white Swan.
Ioue in his aiery throne with piercing eies,
 these louers griefes from high *Olimpus* spies,
 And spying them oppres'd, pref'd downe with louing
 Their humane passions force a diuine mouing.
 You fruitfull sprigs sprung of a fruitfull tree,
 I heare your plaints, and I doe pittie yee,
 That the ioynt tablet of two louing hearts
 should be deuided into feuerall parts
 Hard-hearted Parents, made of Marble sure
 Or else they could not such distresse endure,
 That their owne budding blossoms which did grow,
 from their vnseasoned bosome should bestow
 Their oile, their labour in affections straines,
 yet kept in thraldome by their parents reynes.
 But I that haue the Regiment aboue,
 rules *Cupids* arrows, knows the vse of loue,
 I that haue poasted down from heauens high sphere,
 to *Danae*, *Io*, and the *milke-maides* here,
 And to *Latona* bewties sacred Queene,
 yet to this hower, as *Ioue* I nere was seene,
 Nor euer knowen, such was our diuine power,
 transfuming shapes of plants and roarie showers,
 Will pittie your affections and apply,
 Vnto your wounds are present remedy.
 For we (as men) do naught of woemen craue,
 but what they well may giue, and we may haue.

If

If the oreshadowing cloudes whose duskie face,
 obscures heauens splendor, *Sols* refulgent grace :
 If misty vapours, foggy excrements,
 thickned by mixture of grose elements,
 If Heauen, earth, Sea, plants, stones, or serpents may
 yield you content, or can your woes allay,
 Rely on me ; for *Ioues* high diademe,
 was first ordained to succour wretched men,
 And by the flagrant creffet of the Sunne,
 wele either see your minds vnited one,
 Or else my power shall contradict her selfe,
 Making affection vassaile vnto pelfe,
 VVhich were discordant musique, harsher straines,
 then ere *Pan* sung among his countrie swains
 For its not fit that hand-maids should command vs
 or subiect powers should in their acts withstand
 Pelfe (worlds trash) in lowest ranke should sit, (vs.
 loue as a Mistris framd to manage it :
 For who will contemne the daie, the night adore,
 set best behinde, and worst part before.
Ioue hauing in compassion seene their woes,
 to ° *Hesperus* the euening star he goes,
 And bids her shew her light, for by her aide,
 she might yeeld succour to a helpleffe maide,
Hesperus roused, rous'd before her time
 in heauens horizon streight began to shine :
 Ore cannoping heauens beawtie with a clowde,
 all which by *Ioue* himselfe was well allowde,
 Then wandring starrs in different dignity,
 sent out their lights disparkled orderly.

Arctophilax begotten of the beare,
and *Cassiopeia* likewise did appeare,
The *Pleiades*, *Orion*, with the rest,
Castor and *Pollux*, whom *Ioue* loued best ;
All these confort and make one constellation,
at *Ioues* command for louers recreation.
The heauens be-sprinkled thus with fundry lights,
limit the day by bringing on the night,
To comfort wearied spirits spent with toyle,
whose troubled brains the night-time shuld affoil.
For *Ioue* at first conceiuing mortall feede,
amidst his labors some repast to need,
Created night those cares to take away,
which had beene fostred on the toilefome day,
Night wished night, to Louers that desire
to be partakers of that heauenly fire,
Cupid (blind boy) infuseth in their brest,
which once infus'd engendreth their vnrest.
But its no matter, leaue vve cannot louing,
though bitter fruits redound to our approuing :
This gloomy night yeelds comfort to their wo, (go,
For *Ioue* had showen the place, where they should
To *Ninus* toomb, a toomb to bury grieffe
shaded with couert, fit for loues reliefe :
These two blest louers, blest in loues appearing,
addresse their eye for sight, their eare for hearing.
Left their suspitious Parents should sift out,
Their fond intendments which they went about :
The Night was very darke, darke nights be best,
For such as on the day-time take no rest.

Since

Since each disparkling beame which doth appeare,
 yeelds to a Iealous louer caufe of feare.
 But duskie nights which Louers best approue,
 giue free acceffe of parly vnto loue.
Thisbe loue-ficke, for loue had made her ficke,
 time thus occasioned, findes a pretie tricke
 To gull her keepers and her Parents too,
 which who can blame her, all that loue will doe :
 Decre be our Parents loues, their wils, their blessings
 by which we prosper : deerer be the kissings
 Of those we loue sincerely from our heart,
 for where they be there is our chiefeft part.
 No vnfrequented defert can remoue
 our hearts from them whom we entirely loue.
 No diftance can difioine vnited mindes,
 no labyrinth fram'd with *Meanders* winds :
 We reft the fame or elfe it cannot be,
 that our affections ground on conftancie.
Thisbe with creeping pace pac'd ore the floore,
 oyling the hinges of the creeking dore,
 Left it fhould fhew her meaning to her mother,
 whose eies ſhe^a feared more then anie other.
 For they were too too iealous and would ſpie,
 more in her dealing then her fathers eye :
 For he was bed-rid and could hardly moue
 his fenceleffe ioints and knew not what was loue :
 Yet this bed full of bones, this ſap-leffe wretch
 had ſap within his cheft, for he was rich ;
 And more, for which all wifemen-may deride him,
 he euer lov'd to haue his golde beſide him.

For on his trash he was so deeply rooted,
that he (fond-man could neuer sleepe without it :
Thus had he much, yet he desir'd much more
his gold, his Idole which he did adore.
And though he had no vse for that he got,
yet he from raking more surceas'd not.
Which punishment was first inflict'd by *Ioue*,
Rich men should haue no vse of what they loue ;
But in an in-bred appetite to golde,
delight to haue it euery minute tolde :
VVhich being done making an endlesse paine,
they tell their trash and put it vp againe.
Thus did this aged *Tymon* : and respected,
wealth more then youth of girles most affected,
For richlesse was the scope he leuel'd at,
heele call none sonnes but men of good estate.
Worth worthlesse seemes, if worth haue no retire,
nor meanes by which their honour might aspire.
For beggar *Irus* whose estate was poore,
made *Ithacus* to driue him out of dore.
And seeing him arraide in beggars list,
in furious passion flew him with his fist.
Thus men are made respectlesse for their want,
and pouerty, though faire, yet whole not taunt ?
Deeming them most vnfit of honours throne,
that haue more wit then fortune of their owne,
But he that poiseth worth as worth should be,
will not obscure true worth for pouertie ;
Being the substance and maine difference,
twixt sauage beasts and humane excellence.

T

And

And more is trash inferior to the minde,
 then pith of trees superior to the rinde :
Thysbe escaping, hies her to the place
 which was appointed : her admired face
 Cast such a lustre on the plaines belowe,
 as steepy mountaines couered with snow.
 In Maiden white appareld : maides should be
 arraied so to shew their modestie ;
 Such piercing eyes she had, which shon so bright,
 that they gaue day vnto a gloomy night :
 So that each Wood-nymph, *Faune* and *Satyre* there,
 rose from their caues perceiuing light appeare.
Siluanus god of woods and desert groues,
 his shaggy head from off his pillow moues ;
 And halfe asleepe seeing his arbour shine
 and all about him, long before his time
 He girds his quiuer to him, and drew neere (cleere :
 to *Ninus* toombe, where sun-beames shon most
 Where he no sooner came ; ay me ! too soone
 to that vnluckie shrine that ominous toombe :
 But seeing her he cast all sleepe aside,
 sewing, and suting *Thysbe* for his bride.
 Mirror of women, best of Natures art, (heart
 heare a poore wood-god that hath pledg'd his
 To thee and to thy feature : heauenly queene
 that would these flowrie thickets well beseeme,
 Sit thee downe here : this is an arbour sweet,
 where al the wood nymphs vse each euen to meet
 Making a concord ; whose mellifluous found,
 would glad the birds and all the desert round :

The

The Nimphs shall make their praiers and renew,
each morne their hymnes, that they may pleasure
The *Muses* nine from *Pyerus* shall descend, (you
and to our musique their attention lend,
Where if there anie discord chance to be,
Muses themselues will yeeld a remedie.
There *Clio*, *Erato*, and *Melpomene*,
Euterpe, *Thalia*, and *Calliope*,
Terpsychore, *Vrania*, and that sweet
tong'd *Poly-himnia* singing at thy feet
All these shall grace thee in this rurall plaine,
if thou canst brooke to loue a *Countrie swaine* :
Yet am I borne more high then mortall men,
deriu'd from gods euen of immortall stem,
Sprung my beginning, therefore scorne not me,
since if thou match thou match's with deitie.
The flowery shrubbs thou see'st doe I command,
nay euen the Cedar which so high doth stand,
Rests at my power : there is no branch doth grow,
whose moisture doth not from *Sylvanus* flow.
The sweetest spices of Arabia,
the preciou'st perfumes breth in Lidia,
Smell by my meanes : for my celestially power
can make each stinking weede a fragrant flower.
Then deare affect me, for no perfume's good
if I want thee that perfumes euery Wood.

Thysbees replie.

IF you (quoth *Thysbee*) as you doe professe,
 deriue your birth from gods then shew no leffe :
 For its not fit that gods with starres araid, (maid,
 and heauens immortall sphaeres, should loue a
 u A Countrie lasse best fits a Countrie fwaine,
 his oaten pipe best fuites with her harsh *straine*,
 Those gods that in *Olympus* regiment,
 fit and beare rule skorne baser elements.
 Then if you be diuine, as sure you be,
 surcease your suite which yeelds indignity,
 To that high of-spring whence you did proceed,
 staine not your loue with any mortall feed.

Doth mine high lineage (quoth *Syluanus*) shew,
 that I am too diuine to match with you ;
 Thou art sure born of that *ambrosian aire*,
 which *Ioue* infus'd in me : thou art too faire
 To be of mortall race, oh do not then
 debase that faire so much to mach with men :
 Yet if thou wilt not match but with a fwaine,
 Ile be no god that I thy loue may gaine.
 A Shepherds habite I wil take vpon me,
 if in that habite I may liue with thee.
 For credit me (heauens faint) if thou partake
 of man, all men ile honour for thy sake :
 Then loue *Siluanus*, doe not blush be free,
 loue god or fwaine, *Syluanus* both will be.

Thysbe

Thisbees reply.

IT ill becomes, quoth she, your peereleffe state,
 with filly maides to be importunate :
 You should protect our weaknesse and defend
 our brittle sexe, and euer be a friend
 To womans weake proceedings, ceasing still
 to drawe deuoted Virgins to your will :
 We that are consecrate to *Vestas* shrine,
 must in no lasciuious meetings spend no time :
 If thou (quoth he) to *Vesta* dedicate
 thy vowes, thy hefts : what mak'st the here so late ?
 For well I know dame *Vesta* cannot bide
 her maides should walke alone in euening tide.
 And those that meane to satisfie her will,
 must both be chaste and feare suspicions ill.
Thisbe stood mute, she knew not what to say,
 without reply she went a pretty way
 And could not answer, for her tripping tongue
 and modest silence told she spoke awrong.
 For she nere *Vesta* lou'd nor *Vestas* order,
 but this was best excuse the time afford'd her.
 Churlish *Syluanus* (for he was a churle)
 so to importune a poore Countrie girle,
 Halfe mad with anger that she would not yeeld
 vnto his suite : takes in his hand his shield,
 And raging sternely, sweares he meanes to goe,
 where he will plunge her in a depth of woe.

Are you so coy (quoth he) that youle denie,
 to ioine with gods immortall deitie ?
 Wele learn young girles manners if we liue, (griue
 and make them rew, that they our power should
 With this he went fast trotting vp the hill,
 purfuing hot the proiect of his will.
 Intending to command some sauage beaft,
 vpon her, whom he lou'd, he lik'd to feaft.
 And reaching neere vnto the hill aboue,
 he wagg'd his hand, and ask'd if she would loue ?
 But she denied him loue : doe you denie me ?
 fond ? quoth *Syluanus*, sauages shall trie thee,
 And thy affection : which no sooner said,
 then he sent out a Lion to this Maide.
 A Lion new returnde from rauening pray,
 came to the fount, his blood to wash away.
 Where with a fhaking pace he seem'd to come
 towards the place appointed *Ninus* tombe.
 But *Luna* pitting poore *Thysbes* case,
 fends out her light, to tell her who it was
 That now approach'd her, whom no sooner spide,
 then in a Caue, poore *Thysbe* did her hide.
 But out alasse for feare, she ran so fast,
 that she forgot her tire through too much haft :
 For she all breathlesse, and quite out of winde,
 running so fast did leaue her tire behind.
 And as one carelesse of her weale or woe,
 distressed thus, she knew not were to goe,
 Carelesse of what she left or what she had,
 not knowing what was good, from what was bad.

Yet

Yet nature grafts in all a natiue feare,
by which th' euent of all things doe appeare,
As we conceaue yeeld daunger to our state,
and feare by time, lest we should feare too late.
Thus she pent vp within a defart caue,
with sobs & sighes, expresse what she would haue,
For in that Caue she wish'd her loue were there,
For loues embraces would exempt her feare.
Oft did she thinke the Lion staid without.
and therefore trembling *Thysbe* made a doubt,
To take the open ayre, but pent within,
wish'd in her heart, she had caractred him,
Whom she admires and loues, whose sweet respect,
makes her to haue her parents in neglect.
But he too slow, aye me, too slow in doing,
being so forward in his formall woing :
Staies too too long, being more warely kept,
by such sharpe keepers, that all night nere slept :
But as one grafsing *Hart* the rest doth keepe,
by watchfull eyes warning the rest that sleepe ;
So euer one was waking, that might call
vpon the rest if any thing befall :
The Lion hauing quencht his scorching thirst,
with springing water which he long'd for first :
Found *Thysbes* tyre, and with his bloody pray,
besmeard the same, which done, he went away.
Now in the end *Pyramus* tooke a time,
a time too late to answere loue diuine :
Yet in this silent course of nighterne race,
with quick recourse he runs vnto the place.

²So that to see him frolick ore the plaine,
 were worth more prise then ²*Hipodamias* gaine,
 For golden apples drew her tempting eie,
 But this young youth affects no vanity
 But the true touch of loue : vaine, if abused ;
 but precious as pure gold, if rightly vsed.
 Then who wil blame vs, *labours to endure,*
if we by labours can our loue make sure ?
For constant loue no trauaile will eschew,
that constant loue by trauaile may renew.
Alcides he can serue the *Lidian* queene,
 in spinning, carding, which doe ill befeeme
 So stout a mirrors magnanimity,
 but he must doe it, theres no remedy.
 For when his manly nature did withstand it,
 one glance of her could wel enough command it.
 No spacious confines nor indurate labour,
 if these ore-past, could purchase ere her fauour,
 Would he refuse : one smile reward enough,
 for all the labours he had passed through.
Thysbe the trophie of his breathing course,
Thysbe the garland which doth him enforce.
 Her he respects, and whiles he runs apace,
 he meditates of *Thysbes* beuteous face ;
 Her comely feature made for ¹*Adons* shrine,
 whose Iuory orbs like *Pelops* shoulders shine,
 Had made that deep impressiion in his heart,
 that *Nature* seem'd to striue with *Natures Art.*
Nature had giuen her much, *Art* much the more,
Art decking that which *Nature* dres'd before.

For that same creature cannot perfect be,
where Art and nature ioyne not mutuallie.
If you would haue the module of true wit,
Nature creates, but Art must polish it.
Thysbe was perfect both in *Natures* hew,
and artificiall colours, which did shew,
As if both *Art* and *Nature* should contend,
to make her such an one no skill could mend ;
For she was witty, pregnant, full of fauour,
Dictinna like, sent out a fragrant fauour,
That when she walkt' in *Babilons faire streete*,
she made the kennel with her perfumes sweet.
Pyramus comming, comming all too late,
to *Ninus* tombe expects his bewteous mate,
Whom when he could not finde, he fear'd her end.
Feare is an adiunct to a faithfull friend.
Roundly he goes vnto the siluer spring,
where all the water-nimphs were wont to sing,
In honour of their Goddesse and her bewty,
to whom they offred hymnes as was their duty.
He ask'd the Nimphes if they his *Thysbe* knew,
describing her, and eke her matchlesse hew :
And if they did, he praid them seeke about
their Nectar springs with him to finde her out,
For if you be immortall, as you seeme,
and dedicate your seruice to your *Queen*,
A beter seruice sure you cannot doe her,
then to redresse them owe their seruice to her.
This if you will in your compassion doe,
I sweare each morne Ile offer thime to you.

Better

Better then any *Hyble*, can affoord,
 with musick sweete to which the heauens accord,
 And euer rest deuoted to your shrine,
 in that you dayn'd to glad this heart of mine.
 The water-nimphs replide with curtuous cheere,
 they knew none such, nor any did apeare,
 But if it pleas'd him, they their springs would seeke,
 exquire each bushie shade, each priuate creeke,
 To see if she were in their mansions hid,
 which he assented to ; all which they did :
 But when with watrie tripping they had fought
 both brake and brier ; yet could not finde her out,
 Wearied with their diurnall labour, left
Pyramus sighing, of all ioy bereft ;
 Yet did these nimphes bemone his hard mishap,
 for sitting downe vnder *Nereus* lap,
 They turnd their Warbling strings to that sad straine,
 that all the woods re-eccoed them againe.
 Each in their order sung their dolefull verse,
 as if it had been ouer *Thysbes* hearse,
 And tun'd their odes with that vnseasoned time,
 as that brute beasts to pittie did incline,
 For they in fable colours did portend,
 that their two loues were neere a tragick end.
 Thus shadie night, Sea-nimphes, stars, plan'ts & all
 preface to them and to their loues a fall.
 Yet *Pyramus* though sad, for he was sad
 to haue those hopes extinguisht, which he had,
 Seeks still about the tombe : sad tombe (quoth hee)
 that hides my loue, so much admir'd of me :

Yet

Yet if thou wilt but tell me where she is,
I vow by Heauens Ile pardon whats amisse,
Yea I'le remit thine error and thy wrong,
for keeping her within thy cheft so long.
Say, wilt thou? tell me what became of her?
Didft thou her bewty in thy shrine inter?
Didft thou immure her in thy marble toombe?
what makes thee filent? bewty makes thee dumb:
Wilt thou fo wrong a louer to conceale,
From him the mirrour of his ioy, his weale,
His heart, his liking euen the flower of youth?
and yet conceiues within thy heart no ruth.
Fie, fie for fhame: ift fit that monuments
fhould fo ecclipfe natures beft ornaments?
As to obfcure the glory of her face,
that where she is giues honor to the place.
Thou much abstracts from trophies *Ninus won*,
in doing that which he would nere haue done.
Thou leffens much the honour he obtained,
loofing that fame which *Ninus* conquests gained.
For what great gaine or conquest i'ft t' haue faid,
I haue poffeffion of a countrey maide.
A young vnnurtur'd girle fit for men,
vnfit for liueleffe tombes which couer them?
This faid this doting young man, blind with louing,
thinking ould mouldy shrines had liuely mouing.
Mou'd with her loue, whom he did more esteeme,
then any gem that ere on earth was feene.
But when he faw into his error well,
He feem'd thofe loue-fick paffions to difpell,

And

And to repaire vnto his search againe,
 seeking each couert, each vnhaunted plaine,
 Each thick-fet hill, each groue that he might finde,
 the *diapason* of his troubled minde.
 At last too soone, by seeking long he found,
 (*Thysbe*) not *Thysbe*, but her tire on ground.
 Vnhallowed ground, vnseasoned her attire,
 to crosse the passions of an hot desire.
 Oh now conceiue what sorrows gall his brest,
 to see the tire of her he loued best,
 Besmeard with blood, for it all bloody, shews,
 her sanguine colour tinct with Lyons iawes ;
 Oft would hee looke vpon it, and would kisse,
 the tire besmeard with blood, wishing it his,
 His fate, his fortune, to remaine with her.
 since his long absence thus had iniurd her.
 How to remaine (quoth he) since she is dead,
 oppress'd by death, inclos'd in mourneful weede ?
 How should I liue with her whose life is gone,
 and hath left me (vnhappy me) alone.
 Die, die, with her, with whom thou canst not liue,
 For thou by dying shalt thy life repriue.
 And haue her presence that enthroned is,
 in perfect ioies of heauens *Elisian* blisse.
 Yet stay awhile, this is not *Thysbes* tire,
 stay there (fond wretch) against thy tongue a lyer.
 This was her roabe, this was her comely weede,
 which hauing lost her owner gins to bleede.
 Oh *Ioue* what cause hadst thou thus to remoue
 two, that had their intentions vould to loue,

Or why should thou this faire occasion show vs,
which being showne, dost seeke for to vndoe vs ?
Be gods so iron-hearted, to requite
constant affection with a dismall spite ?
A sharpe reuenge it is, to set vs on,
and then to leaue vs when we are begun.
Did not high *Ioue* yeeld vs more hopes then these,
when he commanded *Phæbus* to surcease,
For to diffuse his beames, bidding him go,
retire in hast vnto the shades below.
Calling for *Luna* to supply his place,
shrowding heauens lustre with her cloudy face.
That our escape suspected lesse might be,
by the darke vaile of nights obscurity.
But heauens I see, repine at our succeffe, (lesse,
since Gods themselues by Fates haue shew'd no
To plunge my weale in woe, my loue in teares,
producing nought, but sighes, and fruitlesse feares.
Thou harsh tun'd *Nemesis*, thou tragicke ghost,
against whose acts my loue declaimeth most ;
What cause hadst thou to sing this dolefull song,
vpon her herse that neuer did thee wrong ?
She neuer raild against thy Soueraigne power,
but like an harmelesse doue, a fragrant flower ;
Flourish'd secure at home, yeelding content,
by gracefull smiles, a maids best ornament :
She neuer curb'd thy rage, nor did she mell
with ought but loue, which made worst for her fell :
But Fates haue made thè instrument of sinne,
respectlesse of our losse, so they may win.

The

The pretious spoyle of *Thysbes* bleeding foule,
 whose sad mishap the plants themselues condole.
 Yet thou remorselesse art, ill may betide thee,
 that wold haue none to loue that liue beside thee.
 Yet for all this thou canst not me depriue,
 of louing her, whose life did mee reuiue,
 For being dead, Ile rather chuse to die,
 then liuing, lose her loving company.
 This said : he takes her tyre, and kissing it,
 vpon the fountaine banks did water it,
 With dewie moifture of still-flowing teares,
 which being shed, renewing drops appeares.
 Teares liquefied the arbour where he fate,
 which water nimphs perceiuing, wondred at.
 Oft would he beat his brest, and teare his haire,
 shutting his hopes in clouds of deepe despaire.
 Oft would he curse the day, the houre, the night,
 that banisht him from *Thisbes* gladsome sight.
 Wishing that night had neuer beene descride,
 for nere did night more harsh euent betide.
 Oh *Pyramus*, and then he sigh'd to speake,
 for gufts of sorrow made his hart-strings breake.
 What meant thou to allure a simple maid,
 to these vvild woods ? her loue is well repaid,
 That she should come vnto the place assignd,
 and thou (base coward) come so farre behind.
 Thou with a tardy pace came at thy leifure,
 such slow-pac'd courfers ill deserue such pleasure.
 Thou too precise, made bones of what thou did,
 such fond precisenes seldome hath good speed.

Shee

Shee to enioy her ioy, cut off delay,
that she her minds perfection might display,
And with a course as quicke as *Pegasus*,
run ore these plaines to meet with *Pyramus*,
Which thou requited ill, basest of men,
which time shall character with scandalls pen.
A scandall to thy fexe, and to thy state,
to leaue thy loue in deserts defolate.
Oh what mishap had she to loue a fwaine,
that could not yeeld her loue for loue againe ?
Hard was her fortune to affect that creature,
who for a childish feare delaid to meet her.
The gods I know more forward would haue beene,
to meet loues Parragon, so faire a Queene.
As for her beauty, aye me, beauties faire,
with *Ericina* she might well compare ;
And farre more modest : *Venus* had her mole,
but nere was *Thysbe* stain'd with bewties soile.
But thou hast stain'd her beauty by thy fault,
ruin'd that fort, which neuer had assault,
But by thy selfe, and by thy selfe too soone,
since by thy meanes her shrine is razed downe.
Turne thee to heauen, and loe the heuens dismaid,
to see the tragicke downefall of a maide :
Frowning at thee that was the cause of this,
causing her end that was thy Soueraigne blisse.
Turne thee to earth, and see her turn'd to earth,
which makes the caues below resound with mirth
That they enioy which thou didst once enioy,
reaping their comfort from thy deepe annoy.

Turn

Turne thee vnto the Sea, and thou shalt see,
 The Nymphes and Syrens crying out 'gainst thee.
 That should make promise, yet not promise hold,
 calling thee coward, but thy *Thysbe* bold.
 Bold, to aduenture on the gloomy night,
 bold to encounter with *Latonas* light.
 Bold in her course, swift in her cursiue mouing,
 bold to escape, and constant in her louing :
 Thus heauen, earth, Sea, concurring all in one,
 do sympathize with thy discording mone.
 And wilt thou liue for this ? O doe not liue,
 but to requite her loue, let earth receiue
 This little All of thine : which when they haue,
 they may interre two louers in one graue.
 Adioyning to this fount, a rocke there was,
 so steepe and craggy, that no man could passe.
 To which wilde beafts repair'd, making their den
 in th' hollow cauernes which did couer them.
 Which seene by him ⁸ : what doe not louers see ?
 with face deiected, thus discoursed he.
 If any Lion or fierce sauage Beare,
 lodge in this ragged rocke, or coucheth neere,
 Let him come out, for heere is amorous food,
⁹ and cooling streames to wash away our bood,
 That this may beare record by euery wight,
 two faithfull louers perisht on one night.
 But these are but delaies which cowards vse,
¹⁰ their trembling passions seeking to excuse,
 Cast off vaine feare, feare is a vassalls weede,
 and place true Resolution in her steed.

This

This said ¹¹ with praies vnto his houſhold Gods,
Offering to *Venus* altar, myrtle rods,
Which grew hard by that ſpring where he did fit,
with other ceremonialls which befit
A louers laſt farewell : he wiſht his friends
for their too hard reſtraint to make this mends,
And to erect his ſhrine by *Ninus* tombe,
as witnes of his loue in time to come.
Which ſaid : with hand reſolu'd, reſolu'd to dye,
with ſword vnſheath'd, he ends his miſery.
Thus hauing ended, ended ere begun,
for thus the thred of his ſhort life was ſpun,
The ſad euent and obſequies enſue,
which thus in brieſe my *Muſe* relates to you.
Thyſbe, poore *Thyſbe*, trembling all this while,
ſhut vp within her caue : began to ſmile.
And with a cheerefull countenance caſt off feare,
for in that coaſt, no ill ſhe ſaw appeare.
And much delighted with her ſpeedy courſe,
vnto the ſprings, ſad ſprings, ſhee made recourſe.
She tuck'd her cloaths vp, for the euening dew,
had waſh'd the herbs that in the forreſt grew ;
And tucking vp as Country maids doe uſe,
the high bet path to *Ninus* tombe to chuſe ;
Where ſhe (vnhappy ſhe) no ſooner came,
then like *Narciſſus* eccho, ſounds his name,
VVhom ſhe affects, admires, whoſe onely face,
drew her (poore wench) vnto that diſmall place.
Come, come, quoth ſhe, thou knowſt not how to wo
Come to thy *Thyſbe* ſhe vvill tell thee hovv.

She wil prescribe the rules, with fruits of woing,
for fruitlesse be those fruits that haue no doing.

We that doe hazard our good names for men,
if they'l not pleasure vs : what profit then,

Of all our toylsome labour we sustaine,
that reape no haruest from such gusts of pain ?

We patient are to beare, and what we bore,
we doe accept, and wish it ten times more,

That we might pleasure you : how fond are we ?

The weaker sort beares your infirmity.

But its our Nature, Nature hath ordain'd,
mans strength by womans weaknesse is sustain'd.

In this same cloudy night, with what desire,
did all my thoughts, and my intents aspire ?

To that same treasure thou hast promis'd me,
promise is debt, it must be kept by thee,

With what affection haue I cross'd these plaines.

cheered by wood-nymphs, singing plesant strains,

And dan'd *Lualto* till I came to thee,

longing for that which thou didst promise mee.

Sad *Philomela* skared from her rest,

fung with a pricking slothorne at her brest,

And fung of *Tereus* something, what I know not,

which if I knew, yet would I neuer show it.

¹² For *Tereus* impious in his prophane life,

to wrong a sifter, and so chaste a wife.

Sustains the torture of his wickednesse,

transform'd into a Bird : whose filthinesse,

Loues marish places, flies the solid ground,

good reason why : his conscience was not found.

¹³ For *Tireus* was a King and for his lust,
by *Ioue* himfelfe, was from his fcepter thruft.
A fenfuall Prince to wanton motions ftirr'd,
chang'd from a prince, vnto a loathfome bird.
Thus did I paffe the filence of the night,
till I arriu'd within my louers fight,
Which yet I cannot doe : oh why fhould we,
¹⁴ to get a little fport, paune modefty ?
Thefe fhady thickets, and that fecret caue,
thofe pratling Sea-nimphes, & this marble graue,
Beare all record what trauell I haue taken,
yet like a Turtle of her make forfaken,
Cannot enioy my loue, aye me, vnkind,
that feemes inconstant, to a constant mind.
VVhy fhould our fauors fo deuoted reft,
to them, whose hardned harts bred our vnrest ?
And make vs fubieft to more inward grieffe,
then ere their comforts can afford releefe.
But thou art too too rash : (beleeeue me fweet,)
in more remiffe Appearance doe I greete,
Thy diuine beauty ; pardon what is faid,
conceyue no harme fpoke by a harmeleffe maide ;
For if thou fhould (as fure I thinke thou doft,)
lie hid vnder fome bufh, and hearft this noif'd,
This fhrowd inuection, gainft thy loue and thee,
thou might as well condemne my fpeech and me.
VVhy fhould I fpeake againft fo hallowed shrine,
to whom I haue bequeath'd both me and mine ?
Or why fhould I detract from that faire funne,
vvhich (if ecclips'd) my gliftring raies bee done ?

Then enuious thou, to daze that glorious bright,
 whose first arising gaue thy setting light.
 Rouse vp thy selfe for shame, and honour him,
 whom if I get, heauens treasure I doe winne.
 More prife and richer then those sisters three,
 which kept the apples of faire ¹⁵ *Hespery*.
 This was no sooner said, then seriously,
 ech Bush, ech place, she fought that bordered nie,
 Doing as children vse, that seeke about,
 their hid companions, till they find them out.
 Hard by this tombe, a Mulbery there was,
¹⁶ encircled round with tufts of greenest grasse :
 Which tree look'd once as white as white could be,
 but now was chang'd, like to the Eben tree. (more
¹⁷ Whose blooms were black as ieat, and which was
 it lost the forme which it retain'd before.
 Vnder these shady spraires, lay *Pyramus*,
 depriu'd of fence, a scene too ominous.
 Which when poore *Thysbe*, iudge what tis to see
 a constant loue in such perplexity ?
 For sure I am, such heapes of passions cloid her,
 that in his death a double death annoid her.
 Long time she brethlesse stood aboue her loue,
 depriu'd of fences, for they could not moue.
 And as one liuing in a lethargy,
 hath not the vse of fences faculty ;
 But sleeping seemes secure of any ill,
 so in this fencelesse mouing, stood she still :
 At last awaked with watry drops downe-falling,
 of her loues name, she fell to instant calling.

Calling

Calling him by his name : awake, arife,
with that he heaued vp his heauy eies.
Thysbe (faith she) calls on thee, fie awake,
leau off thy fencelesse dulnesse for her sake :
Thysbe no sooner spake, but at her name,
he op'd his eies, and shut them vp againe.
Such was the force of *Thysbe*, that being dead,
by loues reflexe, he mou'd his louely head.
And when he lay him downe, as laid before,
yet his two staring eies, still glimmering more
Were prest vpon his loue, as if his heart,
was giuen her by his eyes at lifes depart.
For they still gaz'd vpon her, as if he
had seen the heauen where he wisht to be.
Thrice did he moue his head, yet all in vaine,
for wanting strength, it bended backe againe.
Thrice did he kisse the ground, thrice kisse the ayre,
supposing that his *Thysbe* had beene there.
And when he could not find her, hee vnrips,
his loue effects, and smackers with his lips.
Thysbe conceiuing what he meant, admired,
his feruent loue, and to a shade retired.
Hard by this Tombe, where with all blubbered face,
she made this sad narration to the place.
Haplesse and hopelesse is mine ending friend,
cruell the Fates that should such torments fend,
Vnto a faithfull Louer : heauens haue done,
that which the plants within this Forrest shun.
They lose their forme, their feature, and their shape,
and what they doe, they doe it for his sake.

For this fame Tree, beares record of our wracke,
 decolor'd quite from white, to difmall black,
 And this fame ground, all in a gore of blood :
 No chirping bird within this fatall wood,
 And this for loue of him, that now is gone,
 leauing his forlorne *Thysbe* all alone.
 Hard was mine hap, to fee his dolefull end,
 at whofe fad hearfe the Fates themfelues attend :
 Hard was mine hap, more harfh the courfe of time,
 to crop my loue, my dazie in his prime.
 Hard was his hap to extinguifh his defire.
 with apparition of a bloody tire :
 Hard was his hap to forrage heere fo late,
 to miffe his loue, and meete fo foone with Fate.
 Turne to thy loue, fee if thy vitall breath,
 can call him from the flumber of pale death.
 See if thou canft reuiue his gasping foule,
 for loe his eies within his head doe rowle.
 Embrace his ioury necke with fouled armes,
 deftill life in him by thy louing charmes.
 Buzze in his eares of loue, it will not bee,
 his dying fences haue no mind of thee.
 Thus round empalld with greefe, was *Thysbes* mind,
 no hope of life in him can *Thysbe* find,
 For he grew ftiffe engor'd with bloody wound,
 and by his blood faft glued to the ground.
Thysbe espied her Tire which hee did hould,
 faft in his hand, and did the fame enfould,
 As if it were fome Antidote to cure
 his gaping wound and make him ere endure :
Vnhappie

Vnhappy *Tire* (quoth she) vnhappy *were*,
that gaue occasion to my loue of feare.
Thou that hast prest my foule in anguish more,
then all the robes which ere I wore before.
Thou wandring stragler, fliding from mine head,
gaue the first onset to this vgly deede.
For if thou hadst not been, my loue had liu'd,
that now of sence & mouing is depriu'd.
What hap had I at first to put thee on,
when darke *Latonas* lights were drawing on,
Or what misfortune had I for to leaue thee,
since thy departure doth so greatly grieue mee.
It needes must grieue me : for it cuts my heart,
as if my foule from body should depart.
He was my foule, my body cannot breath,
When as my foule is seised on by death.
Why should I haue such curious regard
to Nightern robes, whē meaner would haue serud ?
For well I know it was my loues desire,
to meete my selfe and not my curious tire.
Fie on this nice preciseness weomen vse
in garish dressings : men should weomen chuse,
Not by their bodies habit, but their minde,
in lists of vertue, and respect confinde.
We that doe loue as we protest we doe,
must not get husbands with a painted shew,
Like puppets in a play, addref'd to play
strange acts by night, to purchase loue by day.
Best honour that befeems a countrey maide,
is to be modest, in her actions staid.

For this (beleue me) modest lookes doe win
 more hearty loue, then baits of tempting sin.
 And yet we cannot leaue lasciuious straines,
 to draw young men to our immodest traines,
 But if young girles would be rul'd by me,
 They'l make their preciou'st iewel *modestie*.
Thysbe with this beheld the bloody blade
 which lay all moistned vnder that same shade
 Where her true louer lay, and seeing it,
 with many a balefull ban she cursed it,
 Calling it cruell :¹⁸ *Cruell sword* (quoth she)
that in this sort did part my loue and me,
What made thee so remorcelesse, so hard-hearted,
to see two constant louers so soone parted ;
Parted by thee ; fie on thee for the deede,
thou murdered him, and makes my soule to bleede,
Bleede in despaire of seeing him againe,
who gaue a cordiall to my toilsom paine.
He was the Saint that liuing I adored,
this is his Trunke these watrie eies deplored.
Yet ioyne with me to honour his sad hearse,
let plaints and teares thine hardned temper pierce,
Pierce thine owne bosome, Bosom if thou haue,
that brought my loue so timelesse to his graue.
And thou unhallowed ¹⁹ *Tombe that couers him,*
who first enlargd this Empire and did win,
Trophies of honour, which remaine to thee ;
in times succession to posteritie.
²⁰ *Open thy marble bosome and receiue,*
two friends at once in one renowned graue.

Thou

*Thou hides the honour of a worthy King,
that liuing did great conquests hither bring,
Send him abroade out of thy shrine, with speed,
and take vs two to thee in Ninus steed :*
*But thou wilt answere thou should wrong him then,
to place our reliques amongst such prince-like men ;
Which is not so : For rest assur'd that we
purchase more fame then euer purchas'd he.
He conquered Realmes by fates auspicious :*
But thou may trust me, more is got by vs :
*For we haue conquered Loue, which he could neuer,
which in our praise shall be recorded euer.
What if his name be spread in euery place,
this sounds not much vnto his reliques grace ;
Thou couers but his ashes turnd to dust,
we turne to earth, and so all Princes must.
If that thy Monument were so diuine,
as the huge gulfe of mountaine Inarime.
That doth possesse Typhæus Gyant fierce,
and shrouds him liuing in her hollow hierce.
Where he with rest of his aspiring rout,
at end of each seauen yeers doe turne about.
Yet pressed downe with hills that lie aboue them,
for all their strength they hardly can remoue them.
Then wert thou famous (for good might betide thee)
to haue such liuing wonders sleepe beside thee.
But now thou art not so : for what is he,
that he can challenge more of death than we ?
He might whil' st he suruin'd and bore the sway,
his purple flag in euery coast display.*

He

21 *He might command, and haue what he commanded,
 but death, pale death now swaies, & she'l withstand it.
 Then honourd hearse, if hearfes honour haue,
 yeeld to my sute, and perfect what I craue.
 Doe not denie me : to deny me this,
 were to depriue thee honour, me of blisse.
 Nay doe not smile, (for I doe see thee smile)
 if that our bones thou in thy brest compile,
 And recollect them after Thysbes death,
 the Nymphes themselues shall set a laurell wreath
 Upon thy back : e'r honourd shalt thou be,
 for this good turne thou did my loue and me.
 But if thou scorne my vows, and cal them vaine,
 yeelding no eare to louers that complaine,
 Rest well assured the Nymphs reueng'd will be.
 And for our sakes will quite demolish thee.
 When trusty Ajax & Achilles came,
 to Patrocles tombe, with teares they bath'd the same
 For euery word they spake of Patrocles,
 drew teares from them, as streames from Caucasus.
 Whose ragged top sends riuers out amaine,
 and being sent, renews her springs againe.
 So they deplor'd his death, his sacred hearse,
 ranck set with embleames and with dolefull verse.
 The swanes of Caister and eke of Poe,
 came to ensable him in songs of woe:
 Since which sad time the Poets haue reported,
 that each daie twice the swannes haue there resorted.
 Passing by flockes along the Greequish plaine,
 seeking by songs to make him liue againe. ✓*

But

*But when it would not be, the Swans there swore,
that from that time they nere would warble more ;
But at their ²³ death which they performe : for why
they neuer sing but hower before they die.
Why should a Grecian haue such honour done,
that neuer any Trophies ere had wonne,
But slaine by Hector : for no fame he had
of doing greatly good or greatly bad.
And yet forsooth he must characters haue,
in golden letters ore his worthlesse graue.
In polisht marble must his shrine be set
in saphires, ²⁴ trophies and in british iuate.
Thus must he haue respect, when we, god wot,
must lie obscure as if men knew vs not.
And yet our fame deserues more praise then he,
more grace, more glorie, and more memorie :
Time shall race out that marble hearse of his,
time shall amend what time hath done amisse.
For we shall liue in spite of Fates decree,
when lowe interr'd this famous Greeke shall be.
Loue cannot die, we loued and therefore death
shall crowne our hearse with times immortal wreath,
And though we die we loue and liue in dying,
loue to pale death perpetuall life applying.
Why should prince Ilus acts haue such respect
whose toomb with precious emeralds bedeckt ?
For well I know such acts did neuer he,
In amorous passions of true loue as we,
²⁵ Yet Batias toomb must haue inscriptions faire,
to shew what man of birth was buried there.*

*A crowne vpon his head, and in his hand,
 a royall scepter which did Troy command,
 These must exalt his glory and make roome,
 for Fames resounding trumpe in time to come ;
 And as that hearse doth memorize his name,
 so after times by it might doe the same.*

*O thou iniurious time, that time obserues,
 yeelding not honour as our deeds deserues.
 Dost partialise and modest bounds surpasse,
 bestowing honour on each worth-lesse Assse:*

*Thus a stranger was vnto thy soyle
 an ²⁶ vp-start Prince, who for a little toyle
 To win a crowne, was thus aduanc't by thee,
 from Beggers ragges to Princes dignitie.
 Looke at his low beginning whence he came,
 what were his copes-mates his delected name,
 Looke at his pompe, how ill he could besee me,
 the stile of King, or she the name of Queene.
 And then exile his glory from thy coast,
 thy great'st disgrace of whom thou gloriest most :*

*Receiue our ashes, ashes of true loue,
 keepe them as hallowed in thy sacred Groue,
 Receiue our ashes and abandon his,
 that liuing, kissing, dying we may kisse.*

*For what great grace wilt be in time to come,
 vnto thy soile, to say, thou keep'st the toomb
 Of two true-louers, mirrors of affection,
 louing so long till loue came to perfection.*

*Perfect in loue, so perfect in our loue
 that nought (saue death) could our affections moue :*

And

*And yet in death we languish not in louing,
though ²⁷death depriue vs of all vitall moouing :
For we conceiue more ioy intoomb'd together,
then if we liu'd depriu'd the one of other.
More must I say to seale these obsequies ;
for death is fearefull and inuents delaies,
And most of all in vs : a weaker brood,
the talke of death yeeldes feare to woman-hood.
And yet, me thinkes I stay from him too long,
and in my stay I doe him double wrong.
First to depriue him life, and then begin
with tardie pace aloofe to follow him.
Well Ile prepare my selfe, the Fates decree
two Louers should sustaine their crueltie.
And yet not cruell, cruelty is showne
when either is debarred of his owne.
But we by ²⁸Cupids meanes, that pur blind boy,
obtaine by death we could not earst enioy,
Death yeelds more comfourt then our life time did,
shewing our loue which long before was hid.
No priuate cranie nor no secret chinke
need we finde out, nor fearefull need we shrinke.
For Parents hot pursuite we rest secure,
since heauen our hearts, as earth our corps immure.
Wee need not haue our Parents in suspect,
they may rest carelesse now whom we affect :
For well I know we can be hardly seene,
twixt heauen and earth, so great a space between.
Thus loue an heauenly motion doth ascend,
from earth to heauen to gratulate her friend,*

Thysbis

Thysbees EPICÆDIVM.

YEt *Thysbe* stay thine hand : thine obsequies,
 desire more celebrating exequies ;
 Die not intestate, in this desert groue,
 but consecrate in token of thy loue
 Thine hefts to *Vesta*, yet let *Vesta* know,
Thysbe unwilling is enforced so.
 Then let thy ²⁹Parents, Parents though vnkinde
 By Natures lawe, *some short memorials finde,*
 Of thy affection : *Swannes before they die,*
leue pensiue odes and warble merrily.
³⁰ Yet must I needs declaime against your feare,
 iealous of hurt where no hurt could appeare :
 For I am sure nere was your thriuing blissing,
 more deere to me then was my louers kissing.
 Oh then vnkind vnkindnesse did not fit,
 our chaste desires that could not bridle it.
 Loue was the hott'ft when it did seeme conceal'd,
 and hid in ashes, yet in time reueal'd.
 Then blame your felues, not vs : you caus'd our end,
 barring a louer from her long fought friend,
 Which we doe pardon if youle let vs haue,
our toomb in one, our ashes in one graue.
 Which if you shall performe our hope extends,
 our disioin'd corps conioin'd you make amends.
 Well do I know our *funerals* renew,
 currents of teres and streames of grieve in you.

And

Yet so wele prattle that we may receaue,
 loues haruest purchaf'd by our irckfom graue.
 A happy Graue, that is a spicie vrne,
 where louers vse to smile, surcease to mourne,
 For by their dying they doe more obtaine,
 then euer here enthal'd they thought to gaine.
And can that death be cald a death? O no ;
 for by that death from death to life we goe.
 Reaping the blossomes of experienc'd good,
 which while we *Pilgrims* were, we neuer could.
 Then doe not weepe deere friends ; for we enioy,
 the hauen of our hopes, where no annoy
 Can make disturbance, but empal'd by *Ioue*,
 we get renoume for our surpassing loue.
 Let no sad Odes our burials solemnise,
 nor let no teares com trickling from your eies.
 The ³² solemne *fire* which euer old hath been,
 our buried reliques will full well be seem :
 Yet when you burne our ashes, you should see,
 His ashes haue the vpper hand of me :
 For *Cupid* with his mother Queene of loue,
 Pres'd downe the female, set the male aboue.
 Then for an order (since the Gods ordaine it)
 It were presumption for you to restraine it.
 For rest assured if we had mist this chance,
 we had obaid ere this their ordinance.
 O let our loues recorded be by you,
 and when you sing vnto our *hearse* adew,
 Euer imprint this caution in your minde,
 Be not vnto your childrens loues vnkinde.

Hang not the willow token of difdaine
vpon our *Toome* : for that each country fwaine
Can fet vpon his fhrine : let Venus tree,
the louely mirtle fhew our *conftancie*.
If you want any rites or folemne heftes,
which may befeem our *graues* : the birds protefts
Each in their order to folemnife them,
and gods themfelues for to eternize them :
Each *mourning Turtle* hauing loft her make,
will mourning make refort for *Venus* fake.
And fweet *Leucothoe* will represent
of *Vmolus* odours a delicious fent.
The Nighterne owle, that night wil ceafe from prey
howling by night, as fhe did howle by day.
The little Batt (though fearefull heretofore)
will flocke amongft the reft and feare no more.
Thus euery Bird, for it is Gods defire,
will with their prefence decke our *funerall fire*.
To purge our guilt dame *Venus* promis'd me,
fhele goe to heauen with lowe and bended knee.
And well I know *Ioue*, *Venus* loues fo well,
he will belieue what tale fo ere fhe tell.
Then for her loue let *Venus* altars fmoke,
and in each corner of her *Temple* looke ;
No ornament which beft may her be-fit,
Be there awanting but to perfect it.
You know our *Cittie* much relies on her :
for by her succour no diftrefse can fturre
The prosperous failes of our prosperitie,
but like a fterne fhe's euer fixed nie,

To rid her from those rocks vnto the shore,
 in lieu whereof we do her shrine adore.
 Yet ere I die I must take leaue of you,
 you *sacred mansions* which my woes renew :
 Thou *oliue-tree* that planted was so nie
 vnto my *fathers house* where I came by
 This last unhappie night : thou *tender vine*,
 whose supple slips these fingers oft did twine.
 Thou ³³ *rosie border* set with roses fayre,
 to which each *morne* I vsed to repaire,
 And rob thee of thy store to bewtifie
 my haplesse *tire* with crimson puritie,
 Farewell at once farewell, long may the dew
 of siluer hair'd *Aurora* water you,
 Long may you flourish, this I onely craue, (graue.
 that with your flowers each morne you deck my
 Such sweetes, such fragrant roses represent,
 that your repose may make it redolent.
 Send out your spicy odours and attend,
 with *Hyble* fruites vpon my bleeding friend ;
 For manie time and oft hath he and I,
 chas'd one another full lasciuiously :
 And if he chaunc't to be too slow in running,
 I would hold ³⁴back and linger for his comming.
 But of all *monuments* I bid adew,
broad shadowing beech-trees to the sight of you :
 You many times haue yeilded sweet repose
 vnto our loue and seasoned haue our woes,
 By your contented shades blest be you euer,
 and like *Elisian-shades* fade may you neuer.

O many

O many times haue we two sported there,
 (for we alone were priuiledged there)
And twisting nose-gaies we our flowers would hide,
 left by some *Satyre* we should be espide : (them,
Oft would we crop sweete flowers and hauing cut
 within our wicker baskets we would put them :
And when we more had gathered then we needed,
 we gatherd still for so our loue exceeded,
That euery flower we cropt we did apply
 vnto the flower of our virginitie.

*“ For if such flowers such sweetnesse did bestowe,
flowers are much sweeter that do spring belowe.*

Fare-well thou *spacious plaine* amongst the rest,
 I haue no cause but to respect thee best :
For manie time and oft haue we two plaide
 at *Barli-breake*, but now that sports decaid,
Full many secreet corners dost thou yeelde,
 for Louers sports within thy louely field.

And thou vnhappy *Pine* that mounts so hie.
 as if thou meant by height to tutch the skie ;
Thou mai’st repine at fates that murdred me,
 since *Thysbees* hand each morne did cherish thee,
Oft haue I planted grafts within thy *stemme*,
 which now are growne so high they shadowe men
And with a ³⁵ *Water-pot* which I did bring
 each morne by time ; I made thine arms to spring :

But now, poore *Pine*, pine maist thou now and die,
 for none that I know cherish thee but I :
 Now shall thy shadowing branches fall away,
 their falling leues to winters fury paie.
 And none remains there now to pittie thee,
 When I am dead that liuing nourisht thee ;
 But be content ; shed teres in loue of me,
 and when thou hear'st my death deiected be :
 Cast down some withered leues & send them hither,
 portending thus much, we must die together ;
 This if thou dost I will thee thankfull call,
 and wil with *Laurel* thy sad head empall :
 That though thou die, yet that thou diest with me.
 in after-times still honoured thou maist be.
 And thou *straitte chinke* to which full many time
 we made reaire : through thee our loue did shine,
 And spearst her beames ; farewell, for neuer more,
 shall we resort to thee as heretofore ;
 Thou wast the author of our first vndoing,
 for by thy meanes thou gauest vs means of woing,
 Giuing eyes liberty, which eyes so wounded
 that by their passions passions new rebounded,
 Yet we do thank thee for thy fore-past loue,
 for by our deaths the gods themselues approue
 Our constant minds, recorded which must be
 in heauens conuentions to our memorie.
 O happy thou whilst our two fragrant breaths
 made thee so rich, impouerisht by our deaths :
 For this I thinke, this is my prophesie,

nerer shall such lips bestowe their breath on thee,
When thou shalt heare of our discording end,
some softned teares vpon our *funeralls* spend :
Let thine hard marble be dissolv'd to streames
of liquid water, since those radiant beames
Which our reflecting eyes the marble gaue
might pierce him more, then euer *Lyricks* haue
The sauage beasts, whose natures were made tame,
at the rehearfall of sweet *Amphions* name :
What then should Bewtie ? whose attractiue power
commands stons, serpents & sweet budding flowr :
What should the Splendor of faire Beauties eie
act, since such acts were done by harmonie ?
Open your *flinty bosome*, let remorse
shed riuolets of teres vpon my coarse :
Or if you will not so, at least restraine
your *ayrie chinke*, and shut it vp againe :
Let not such *Monuments* liue when we die,
for they'le augment our Parents iealousie :
That as we lov'd, kifs'd toy'd when we're liuing,
so we may loue, kisse, toy at lifes depriuing.
Then shut that *crany* vp left after time,
impute the fault vnto that chinke of thine.
This last record by *Thysbe* thus recorded
bred floods of teres : for teres their sighs afforded,
the *Balme-trees* wept, their teres concrete in one
distilled into th' substance of a stone :
Which stone it seemes, did after couer them,
for after times found it laid ouer them,
With many faire inscription which did shew

of loue recorded neuer none more *true*,
 Then this of *Thysbe* and her louing mate,
 supposing mutuall death a blessed state,
 A state more blest in that they had their wish,
Thysbe had hers and *Pyramus* had his ;
 They were depriv'd of louing in their liuing, (uing
 but by their deaths the gods themselues were gi-
 Tokens of loue, for they enioied their loue,
 which no transparent ieaious eye could moue.
 Empall'd by diuine power, heauens maiesty,
 to honour them, that honour'd constancie ;
 And which was more : dame *Venus* (as we read)
 yoking her Doues, came to high *Ioue* with speed,
 Her milke-white doues with ayrie coloured wings,
 vnto *Ioues* throne their beawteous lady brings ;
 Where she with smiling countenance, for her smile,
 all foggie mists *Olympus* did exile,
 Thus spake to *Ioue*, who seeing her did grace her,
 and with enfolded arms 'gan to embrace her.

Heauen-habiting Ioue, that in compassion sees,
louers inflamed passions : on my knees,
Doe I entreate as I am Queene of loue
for shipwrackt louers : that thou wilt remoue
Their earthly members to participate
the glorious sunshine of one heauenly state,
For they were constant, constancy thou loues
and in thy selfe their passions thou approues :
Deigne to eternize them with sacred Baise,
It's fit such mirrors should haue endlesse daies.

That

*That consecrate their vowes to gods diuine,
then so propitious to these praieres of mine,
They were enobled with a constant minde,
Such sacred lights, it's hard on earth to finde :
They were adorn'd with Vestas puritie :
Vestas pure shape deserues eternitie.
They liu'd in louing, and in louing did'e,
nor did two Vrns their ioyned loue diuide :
But both inter'd together, they haue wonne
a fame recorded in all times to come.
She was as faire as fairenes could be laid
on mortall colours, though a country maide,
Yet for her thoughts as pure, as was her face,
she well deserues to haue an heauenly place.
Doe not frown (deare Sire) me thinks that frowne,
doe ill beseeme, to such as be your owne.
I am your daughter, and I know you loue me ;
and I presume my praieres needs must moue you,
Or else I should despaire e're to resort
from Idas mount, vnto your heauenly court.
Then yeeld assent vnto your daughters suite,
if you denie it me, I will be mute,
And neuer make recourse vnto your shrine,
which cannot choose but gall this heart of mine.
This earthly goddesse will full well beseeme,
in Iunoes absence to supply as Queene.
Loue smilde at this, for he desired change,
and therefore oft from heauē to earth would range
For pleasure and delight : variety
willing vnwilling, wrested this reply.*

*You speake of wonders (daughter) quoth high ³⁷ Ioue,
of mortall wights so constant in their loue.
These two in constant louing you surpasse,
For they'r more constant then ere Venus was.
Death cannot part asunder their desires,
which like bright flames vnto our throne aspires,
They're worthy (daughter) of a glorious crowne,
and they shall haue it: for wele vse our owne.
But to enioy that ioy, that amorous die
of bewties sweete complexion: how should I
Disioyne these two, both would I gladly grace,
if I could distance them in seuerall place.
That faire form'd creature thou dost so much praise,
I doe remember in her former daies:
For she entirely wisht she might haue time
to vse her loue, and offred to my shrine
Great store of incense; incense it was sweete,
that I would giue them time and place to meete.
Which I did promise: but I did not pay:
for seeing her more bewtious then the day,
Faire as Orgon, purer then that white
louely ³⁸ Alcmena wore vpon the night
When she suppos'd Amphitrio her deare loue
possest the place which was supplide by Ioue.
Being thus faire, (for Thysbe was more faire)
I much amazed stood, oppres'd with care,
Seeming asleepe, yet sleeping I did moane.
my too large promise which was past and gon.
Oft did I wish I had been Pyramus,
oft I resolu'd (the night so tedious)
For to transhape my selfe, and to descend,*

*and meete with Thysbe as her pointed friend.
But Iuno iealous Queene, with open eie
slept not all night, but fraught with iealousie,
Askt me full oft what aild me : turne (quoth she)
and with my nectar lips ile comfort thee.
Are you in loue? I blush'd : that blush displaies,
you are inclin'd (quoth she) some otherwaies :
You haue some tricksie Girle, that doth keepe
your heart enchain'd, your powrefull eies from sleepe.
Fie fie (quoth she) as you are Ioue, affect
her that affoords to you the most respect :
I am celestiaall³⁹ wife and sister both
vnto your selfe : and Iuno would be loth
To violate the glory of her spouse
with euery swaine, in eu'ry brothell house :
And can you then without regard of me,
or of your selfe, disgrace your deitie
With euery Leda, euery milke-maide, toie,
while Iuno is deprived of her ioye ?
Now by my God head mortall men adore,
I'auue borne so much that I can beare no more.
Either content you with your choice, your Queene,
or ile tell that which would ful ill beseeme
The glory of your state : the Gods shall heare,
what heretofore to tell I did forbear.
Then as you tender th'honour of your name,
Be charie henceforth how you soile the same.
This said dame Iuno, but I curbd her speech
with brows contracted, till shee did beseech
With trickling teares, that I would pardon giue,
protesting she would neuer after grieue*

My royall person ; wishing my delight,
if it pleas'd me, euen in my Iunos sight
Wherewith I seemd appeas'd, and fayning ⁴⁰ sleepe,
with eie-lids shut, my heart a watch did keep ;
Euer conceiuing somthing what I know not,
which if I knew it's shame for Gods to show it,
Being lasciuious passions, which were bred
of the distempred humors of my head.
But to be briefe, I did by meanes contriue
their long sought loues fruition to depriue,
Which thus accomplish'd, I am glad of this,
Venus intreates what Ioue himselfe did wish.
This I will doe, (which done) may seeme a wonder,
equall their ioies, yet distance them asunder.
He from his Thysbe, Thysbe from her loue,
Ioue for his Thysbe, Thysbe for her Ioue.
 This said : bright *Venus* happy to receiue
 The full accomplisht fute which she did craue,
 Takes leaue of *Ioue*, and taking leaue he ⁴¹ kist her,
 amidst his kisses with his prayres he blist her.
Venus to ⁴² *Ida* hies, *Idas* she fends
 Embassadour to *Thysbe*, who attends,
 The Gods decree ; where hauing come at last,
 tels to *Thysbe* all discourse was past
 Twixt *Ioue* & *Venus*, yet not all she told,
 for *Venus* bade him *Ioues* intendments hold,
 Left his narration should more sorrow breede,
 then any comfort drawne from humane feede :
 For well I know no *Ioue* so precious
 to her, as was her louely *Pyramus*.

When

When *Idas* had exprest what *Ioue* decreed,
he tooke his leaue of *Thysbe*, and with speede
Return'd to *Venus*, *Venus* Queene of loue,
whom he with *Mars* found lying in a groue
Of leauy Poplars, sporting midst their pleasure.

Vulcan was absent, they had time and leisure.
Where we will leaue them, and swift *Idas* traine,
and to our loue-sick *Thysbe* turne againe.

Thysbe address'd to die, yet long in dying,
Draws courage to her, & that *blade* espying.

VWhich was becrimfond with the bloody gore,
of that fame murder it had done before ;
Takes it into her hand, (her hand God wot
as soft as downe, such weapons handled not
Before this time, (and this time was too soon
to vanquish bewty, and to cut it downe.

⁴³ Poore wench she knew not how to vse the blade,
for other armour Nature had her made.

But like an vntraind Souldier wanting skill,
knows not to fight, yet vfeth his good will,
Trauerse his ground as other fouldiers doe,
yet hath no method, for he knows not how :

Euen so this heauenly creature handled it,
long time vncertaine how to mannage it.

At last by reason, ⁴⁴reason did acquaint,
which was the pummell, which the fatall *point*,

Grasping the blade which she before did take,
to th'shade which shadowed *Pyramus* shee spake.

Thou shadowing tree, that ⁴⁵*shadowes this dark tombe,*
shelter vs two, that passengers which come,

Vnto

*Vnto this forrest, may thy pittie praise,
 and memorise thy loue in after daies.
 Thou seest we are depriv'd of friend or make,
 which may deplore with teres our forlorne state,
 Supply our want with thy remorsefull shade,
 since (as it seemes) for pittie thou was made,
 Couer vs two (two louers) that would be
 gladly ore-cannoped with th' leaues of thee.
 Thou^{A6} couerst him already: happy time,
 that twists about him with those spraies of thine.
 If Nature had accorded to our vowes,
 these armes had clept that necke, those flowry bowes,
 Doe now enfold; but heauens haue so decreed,
 to haue two louers clad in sable weed.
 Which I accord vnto, heauens purge my sinne,
 hee's gone before, and I must follow him.
 Which said, she fix'd the sword vnto her Brest,
 with more then womans spirit which exprest,
 Her loue vnto her Saint, who lay along,
 congeal'd in bloud, whose trunke shee fell vpon.
 The tree sent out her Branches, which did couer,
 their corps with vernant blossomes, shadowed ouer.
 Aurora breath'd vpon them, whose sweet breath,
 perfum'd their bodies, seizd vpon by death.*

Siluan.

Siluan. Epicædium.

THIS done in filent passage of the Night,
when stars shone fair & bright in *Thetis* fight,
The rural *Wood-nymphes* did their *Odes* display,
fabled with woes : which woes to take away,
They fung these verses, verses ominous,
Ore *Thisbes* hearse, and louely *Pyramus*.
*Long may your fame*⁴⁸ *and glory heer remain,*
honour'd by vs, and by each country Swaine.
Long may you liue renowned, for your loue
hath made perpetuall eccoes in this groue.
A thrice blest groue, blest graue, for such blest Saints,
That in this flowry pale heere pitch their tents,
Wherein loues warre eternized for aye,
loft that by night, which was restor'd by day,
Smell sweet for euer, sweetest of all sweets :
you springing blossoms which the spring-time greets.
Send out your fragrant sauor and releuee,
our troubled springs which be address'd to grieue.
Let not your vernant bosome so retaine,
all comfort from the oat-pipe of a Swaine,
That no release of sorrow or distresse,
makes diminution of his wretchednesse.
What should we sing? no hymne of melody :
shall ere possesse our desert empery.
No tune of ioy, no pleasant straine of mirth,
shall yeeld contentment to Nereus birth.

For

*For farre more faire, more beautious, Thysbe was
 then any wood-Nymph, any Country Lasse.
 49 Campaspe shee was faire, and was belou'd,
 of potent Monarchs : her proportion mou'd,
 Doting Apelles, loues effects to shew,
 to that same picture which his Pencile drew.
 Yet if Campaspe were enshrined heere,
 no cause of loue would in her frame appeare.
 More diuine feature was in Thysbes face,
 a more delightfull smile, more comely grace,
 Then ere Apelles, though in skill most rare,
 could make his picture any way compare.
 Bring mirtle branches, let vs couer them,
 shrowding their corps with wreaths laid ouer them ;
 And euery time and tide, let's shed a teare,
 ouer the sad memoriall of their Bere,
 Well doe these odes of sorrow vs beseeeme,
 and better would they please Arcadias Queene,
 Then if with feasts and triumphs we should spend,
 our dismall houres, about a louers end.
 Wee are not for Dianas cheerefull game,
 though we (foretime) haue well approou'd the same.
 No quiuer, nor no bow, will we receiue,
 till wee haue spent our dirges on their graue,
 Whose glorious loues, so well conioyn'd in one,
 makes their two teares distill into one stone.
 For euery drop of bloud which doth descend,
 from Thisbes wound, flies to her louing friend :
 And those same streames which issued out amaine,
 from Pyramus make their recourse againe.*

And

*And ioyne with Thysbe, whose respectiue wound,
licks vp the blood was shed vpon the ground.
Eternall Trophies hung vpon your hearse,
made euerlasting, by our pensiue verse ;
And let this marble which doth couer you,
her teares (each morne) with moistned drops renew,
Which in remorse, compassionate may spend,
some dewie drops to witnesse your sad end.
You pretty gliding streames which run apace,
leauē off your course, and flow vnto this place,
That you may moisten this sad monument,
this desert herse with watry element.
And gratifie our loue, that loue you deare,
and wish entirely your sweet presence heere.
Leauē off to wash those cliues and ruggy caues,
and now repaire to monumentall graues,
To rinse all foule infection which did staine,
the corps deceas'd by your still streaming vaine.
Why doe you stay ? why seeme you so hard harted,
to shed no teares, at constant loue departed ?
If that our Queene should heare, as shee shall heare,
this your remorselesse hart, would cost you deare.
Doe you not see how we in sable weede,
to weepe amaine, haue heere repair'd with speed ?
And in distresse enclos'd, full fraught with woe,
may aske of you what's cause you doe not soe ?
See how ech sprig ⁵⁰ sends out a pearled drop,
and when the pruner seemes their height to crop,
They seeme to thanke him for it, wishing death,
to decke these louers with a flowry wreath.*

See

*See how each bird resorts vnto their shrine,
 as if it were vnto some power diuine :*
*And dedicates vnto their mournfull tombe
 laies, which shal serue in after times to come.*
*They warble out their dolefull funeralls,
 hauing forgot their forepast festiualls.*
*Their sad ⁵¹ aspects such sorrow doth affoord,
 that we our selues their sorrows may record*
*Time yeelds no tune, nor tune obseru's no time,
 time, tune, nor measure keep we ore this shrine,*
*We cannot descant, descant there is none,
 to such as know no descant but to mone.*
*Like spouse-lost Turtles, do we flocke together,
 and on each morn by time, consort we hither*
*To celebrate their deaths with memorie,
 whose constant loues make them charactred be.*
*Nor will we cease, or make an end of grieffe,
 till that their parents yeeld them some reliefe,*
*To consummate their wishes, and supply
 their former hardnes by their clemency :*
*For in no time did euer children find,
 parents more wilfull, to their loues vnkind.*
*Yet for that Fate hath done her worst of ill,
 in that she did the bloud of louers spill.*
*And tyrannif'd in shewing of her force,
 raging gainst loue, deprivied of remorse :*
*Let Parents cease to hate, and make amends,
 by solemne hests for their vntimely ends.*
*It is not fit that ⁵² death and enmity
 should wage their battaile euer mutually.*

For none I know, but when their foe is dead
they scorne base enuy in their breasts to feede.
But let vs to our worke, and build vs bowres,
compof'd of fragrant blossomes, and of flowers,
Hard by this tombe, this herse, this desert graue,
where we may giue what constant loue doth craue,
An ode displaying passion : and relate,
the sad euent of loues vnhappy state.
Each nimph adresse her to her dolefull voice,
that we may charme the furies with our noise ;
And draw their haplesse parents from their cell,
to heare the said Narration we shall tell.
So shall our first mornes mone performed bee,
in honour of these louers constancy.

Siluanor : Threnodia.

I *F any rurall God, or poore swaine,
consecrate Leucothoes rod, to this plaine :
This herse, deckt with sable verse,
Shall commend
Him as our friend,
Our springs, or groues, our straine.*

*Let your Temples sweet, mixed be,
With perfumes, let their feete embalmed be.
Then will we, mutually
Still expresse,
And confesse,
You deserue eternitie.*

Y

Venus

*Venus with mirtlewand, Cupids bow,
 Pelops with his Iuory hand will bestow ;
 All in one, to this stone
 To declare
 Loue is rare,
 Loue that hath no painted show.*

*Ioue admires Thysbes face full of fauor,
 Mirrha likes the striplings grace and behauiour,
 Venus lippe, Ios skippe,
 Were both rare,
 Yet both are,
 In one Thysbe, Ioue would haue her.*

*From Olympus Ioue espies Thysbes beauty,
 Which no sooner he descries, then in duety.
 Cupids dart wounds his heart,
 He by force,
 Sues diuorse,
 Iuno cannot please his fancy.*

*Thus did Thysbe liue and dye, liue by dying
 Death confirmes her deity, in applying
 To her shrine, power diuine,
 Which doth shew,
 And renew :
 Life anew, renewed by dying.*

This ode thus tuned in more dolefull fort,
 Then any *Muse* of mine can make report :

Such

Such errours made refound both farre and neere,
that these sad *straines* came to their *parents* eare.
They much perplex'd to heare such wofull newes,
which floods of teares in their moist eies renues ;
With speed they could, (which speed but easie was,)
they made recourse vnto that forlorne place.
Teares trickled downe, as drops from *Ætas* hil. (fill
which with their streams ech hollow ⁵³ caue did
For woes exceeded more in that their *Tombe*,
had bard them hope of future ioys to come.
For they were old, old folkes desire to see,
a good successe vnto their progeny.
But now no hope, mishap had cross'd their hope,
e're to attaine at their desired scope.
Oh what ⁵⁴falt seas for seas they seem'd to be,
no drops but floods, vvhich run incessantly
From their dim eies, for teares had made them dim,
which, nere the lesse, they took much pleasure in.
Oft would the Mother clip her *Thysbe* round,
vvhich lay all fencelesse on the bloody ground.
And vwith a kisse (as old vviues vse to doe,)
her entire loue, her withered lips did show.
Turne to thy *Mother* (quoth he) or receiue,
thy dolefull *Mother* in thy haplesse graue ;
Acknowledge her that first aye me too foone,
brought thee to light, vvhich is eclipf'd & done ;
I nourished thee, and with a kind embrace,
made me an *Idoll* of that beauteous face ;
For I conceiu'd, deceiu'd I could not be,
No birth more perfect, then the birth of thee.

Thus did doting ⁵⁵trot deplore her fall, (all
 with dropping nose, faint breth, more then them
 That did attend her passion : for the rest
 did more repress those passions she exprest,
*Nor is it proper, well I know, that man
 should shed his teares with ease as women can ;*
 For they more prompt to comfort, yeeld releefe,
 to such as are opprest with heapes of greefe,
 And can conceale their sorrow, as is fit,
 knowing the meanes and way to bridle it.
 They thus remaining ore their childrens *grau*e,
 the hatefull ground, which did their corps receiue,
 They did consult how they might expiate,
 that *wrong* of theirs, which they had done so late.
 Which whilst they did aduise, they straight did see,
 their childrens vowes, grauen in an *Oliue* tree.
 Which were to this effect. “ Surcease to mourne,
 “ and place our feuerall ashes in one Vrne.
 For whilst we liu’d, we lou’d, then since we dye,
 let one poore vrne preferue our memory.
 And let this day recorded bee by you,
 and festiue kept : eternise louers true.
 Giue vpper hand to him, for he was first :
 respect with care, our bones be not disperst
 Amongst vnhalloved reliques which will staine
 the glorious Trophies which our loue did gaine,
 Bee not vnkind vnto your childrens loue,
 but what they like, let your consent approue,
 For if your minds disposed so had beene,
 this spacious glasse of woe you nere had seene.

But

But we forgiue, forget, so you performe,
what we haue wish'd : we feast, cease you to mourn.
These hestes, these rites thus read : without delay,
they fought their forepast guilt to take awaie,
And rinse their former ill by present good,
yeelding to loue which they before with-stood :
For admiration rapt them, and they saw,
no curbe could hold the reins of *Venus* lawe :
For she enioyn'd them loue, which they obey'd,
which by no *Parents* wishes could be stai'd.
Each in their order did their obsequies,
with solemne rites as their last exequies,
Making a fire of *Iuniper* compos'd,
in which their louely corps seem'd well dispos'd,
Which were consum'd to ashes and conferu'd,
in one small ⁵⁷*pot*, as wel their fame deseru'd.
This vrne, poore vrne, which kept their ashes sure,
was made of *Brasse*, that it might ere endure,
And as a relique, reliques then were vsed,
in ⁵⁸*Nimrods Temple* in a chest enclosed.
There was it put, to which as some report,
all *constant louers* vs'd to make resort.
No marriage rite was to be consummate,
Before they did this relique inuocate,
That it would be propitious to their loue,
in signe whereof each gaue a *Turtle-Doue*,
To explicate their truth, their *constancie*,
which they obseru'd for euer solemnly.
Thus were these *two* with honour well rewarded,
their ashes, as times *Monuments* regarded,

Kept and referu'd for Fame, Fame grac'd the earth,
 in suffering Nature bring so faire a birth
 Into the world, which world vnworthy was,
 to haue *two mirrors* and to let them passe.
 But time, vnthankfull time, too foone forgot
 the *Gem* she had, as if she had it not.
 Soild in the lustre, lustre it had none,
 depriu'd of Fame, when her renowne was gone,
 For *Parents* breathlesse were, and with their birth,
 by times succession were interr'd in earth.
 In *selfe-same earth* for they desir'd to haue, (graue
 their childrens ⁵⁹ *hearse* their *vrne*, their comely
 Which hauing got, men neuer did adore,
 their sacred *hearse* as they had done before.
 For lesse were they esteem'd, so from that time,
neve any louer came vnto their shrine.
 Yet to this day, their pictures doe remaine,
 in Marble wrought, describing euery vaine.
 Ech ruby blush, mix'd with a crimson die,
 with *Thysbes* smile decolour'd wantonly.
 With face defac'd by times iniurious frowne,
 hath shown more beauty thē my *Muse* hath shown.

*The answere of Hipolitus vnto
Phædra.*

The Argument.

Hippolitus son to Theseus, by the Amazō Hippolite, solicited by his step mother Phedra to sensuality, seekes by all meanes to repress her inordinate lust by exemplifying the worth, resolution, and magnanimity of his father & her husband Theseus: as also aggravating the foulness of the fact she intended producing reasons to dissuade her from prosecuting her purpose any further: as more particularly the scandall of the world, which of necessity would ensue vpon committing of a fact so detestable to the supream deitie, so exorbitant to the law of nature. Next he propoūdeth the inevitable reuenge of the Gods aboue, who could not suffer such impieties to passe with impunity: but would chastise incestuous actions with the exquisitest punishments they reserue for any delinquent: concluding his Epistle more emphatically: assuring her if she would not desist from her lasciuious intendments, Theseus should be acquainted with her entiresst thoughts, who in no wise could brooke her insatiable desires, but ere long would expiate the guilt of her sin with the sacrifice of her blood.



The Epistle of *Hyppolitus*
vnto *Phedra*.

I F modest lines fend out a modest smile,
and those immodest vows *you* dedicate
Vnto my youth ; youths frailty to beguile,
my vertuous blossoms to extenuate,
What should I write ? or in what tempred stile
should I describe the ruine of my state ?
Since vertue is my *centre*, truth the *scope*,
At which I aime the leuell of my hope ?

I will not call you wanton, but you seeme
too too respectles of your glorious fame,
That once in *Creet* for *bewty* deem'd a *Queene*,
should now grow carelesse to eclipse the fame.
O better fruits should in that groue be seene,
then to neglect the glory of your name.
Minos esteemed was more pure, more iust,
then to expose his house to shamefull lust.

Turne to your *spouse* my *father*, and obserue
his worth, his *merits*, and disclaime your vow,

See

See what respect your *Theseus* doth deserue,
who consecrates his loue & life to you :
Then I am sure you will be loth to swerue
from your allegiance, which is *Theseus* dew.
He thinks him blest in you, O doe not then
impaire the blessing of such blessed men.

But if you will distaine my *fathers* bed,
make it a *brothel* prostitute to finne,
Rest well assur'd Ile neuer heare it said,
that I his sonne that leudnesse did begin,
To prime the *prime rose*, or to see it fade
within his bed where I haue nourish'd been,
For ill it would beseeme both him and me,
that his gray head should weare my liuerie.

Let not the glory of your ancient house
attainted be, or dazed by your stain :
For after ages would speake worfe of vs,
and this our shame would euermore remaine :
Which could not chuse but grow pernicious
to the renowme your *Theseus* did attaine.
That he who many monsters vanquished,
should let a *monster* liue within his bed.

Employ those thoughts so wantonly inclin'd
to th' comfort of your *spouse*, let him receaue
Th' *elixir* of your loue anew refin'd
your loues the *haruest* which your Lord doth craue :
Then keepe not from him that which is assign'd,

By

by powers supernal for his worth to haue :
 Adore no shrine but his, let mine alone,
 I am his image, *he and I are one.*

How ill would it befeeme distastfull youth,
 to wrong the winter of his reuerend age :
 Whom (if not gracelesse) would it not moue to 'ruth ?
 to foile his bed, Whose nie-spent Pilgrimage
 Craues pittie by *prescription*, grac'd by truth,
 and vertues colours, making fame his page,
 To follow euery action with her breath,
 to giue him life when feaz'd vppon by death.

Looke at the trophies *Cressa* doth possesse,
 times monumentall characters of worth,
 And you shall see his spoiles deserue no leste,
 then adoration *deifi'd* on earth.
 Since euery act proclaimes his mightinesse,
 as if descended from *Ioues* diuine breath.
 His wars, his conquest, each expresse his merit,
 indude with more then Adamantine spirit.

Leaue of inuiting your *Hyppolitus*
 to festiue banquets, of incestuous meeting,
 Well loues he *Phædra*, better *Theseus*,
 then to wrong age with such licentious greeting,
 To make his *owne* to be most trecherous.
 the sowrest tast from him that seemd his sweeting,
 In working shame 'gainst him who first sustained
 far more for me then in me is contained.

Much do I wonder how you should conceiue,
such a suspitious thought of my neglect,
Vnto my *fathers* age? or how you haue,
grounded the reasons of your fowle suspect?
That I his *childe*, my *childehood* should depraue,
affecting that which loue cannot effect, (wot,)
Which loathed pleasures, loath'd they are (God
to vse those sports which Nature fancieth not.

These ⁶⁰*pastimes* which I follow yeelde content
without repentance : heere's no *Parents* fhame,
No worlds Rumor: dangers imminent,
haue no repose mongst these : admired fame
Followes the Court, and places eminent,
each seeking how they might dilate their name.
But I respectlesse of Fames admiration,
reape the content of harmelesse recreation.

Heere steepy clifts, and heauen-aspiring Hilles,
Yeeld a sweet aier to relish my delight, (destills
There pleasant springs, from whence sweet streames
to quench my thirst : and when the glomie night,
Shuts vp the raies of *Phæbus*, rest we still
till rosie check'd *Aurora* shew her light.
Then we addresse vs to our sports againe,
For where we take delight there is no paine.

Then pardon me, (if pardon I may aske)
that knowes no other pleasure then is heere,
That neuer tooke vpon me any taske,

but

but the purfuing of the harmleffe *Deere*.
 I need not fhame, my blufh requires no mafke,
 I haue no obiefts of affection neere,
 But the true fplendor of a Natiue face,
 not mix'd with colours to augment her grace.

If *Ariadne* defolate, forlorne,
 fhould heare of your intendments : what would ſhe
 Reply, but ieaft, that he who had forfworne
 thofe folemne vowes which fhould obferued be,
 Hath well deferu'd to weare his wantons *horne*,
 that dedicates her felfe to luxurie.
 O fie for fhame, let fhame repreffe that finne,
 which not reprefs'd will fhame both you and him.

How glad would *Ariadur* heare of this,
 who refts deiefted, rob'd of that fame *Gem*,
 Which you refpect not : ſhe conceiu'd a bliffe
 in his fweet fmile, whoſe fweetneffe did regaine
 Her much prid'd loue, her *fpels* explan'd no leffe ;
 In the fubduing *him*, who more had flaine,
 Then any monfter, that in *Crete* was bred ;
 yet by her *Art* was foone difcomfited.

But ſhe ! vnhappy ſhe, as *Bachus* would,
 depriu'd of him, for whom fuch paneis ſhe tooke,
 In *Chios* left, neere after to behold
 her darling *Theſeus*, who (you know) forfooke
 Her much diftreſs'd diftreſſes did enfold
 the very *manſion* pitch'd on ⁶² *high* to looke,

At

At that vnhappy place where *Theſeus* left her,
whose abſent ſteps all comfort had bereft her.

Then you that are preferr'd before her loue,
fet not at ſale the *treafure* you poſſeſſe,
Let *Ariadnes* exile ſomething moue
that fickle minde of yours, whose wantonneſſe,
Seemes more tranſparant in that you approue
more of my loue, then of his excellence.
Whoſe beautious outside's faire, but you may finde,
a farre more beauteous *inſide* of his minde.

Conſtant he is, witneſſe *Peritheus*,
whose two combined hearts ſo well vnited,
Haue eterniz'd the loue of *Theſeus* :
Mirroure of men, that men ſhould be exiled,
To paſſe ſuch ſhelfes of perrils dangerous,
With fight of poore *Proſerpina* delighted :
Whom to exempt with *Pluto*, they remaine,
the one imprifon'd cloſe, the other flaine.

Yet could not *Pluto* barr his eies from *teares*,
which he pourd out each morne vpon the hearſe,
Of his *deare friend*, loue after death appeares,
which like an *Ecco* earths abyſſe did pierce,
Oppreſs'd with woe, ſurmifes of vaine feares,
Maugre the furie, of thoſe *Furies* fierce,
And *Fiends* below, which could not him ſurpriſe
with daſtard feare : ⁶³*Braue Spirits feare deſpiſe.*

O doe not then expose his vertuous age,
 to such dishonour adde no discontent
 Vnto his outworne strength, lest you enrage
 his patient spirit about his element.
 Doe not corrupt your honour nor engage,
 the glory of your birth so eminent.
 Scandalls are soone engendred sooner bred,
 then after-times can make extinguished.

Doe not degrade your *Theseus* from his *throne*,
 Which he enioies, conceiuing more delight,
 In that he hath this little of his owne,
 reaping contented *harbour* on the night,
 Then th' husband man to reape what he hath sowne,
 or the poore Turtle, in her Turtles fight.
 Beleue me Queene, more doth your preface please
 Your *Theseus* heart, then any one of these.

If you would haue *Hippolitus* to loue,
Loue aged Theseus for Hippolitus sake ;
 For by those heauenly powers that raigne aboue,
 more comfort shall *Hyppolitus* partake
 By that affection, then *Idalias* groue,
 ere reap'd in *Venus* when he did awake,
 And rous'd from silent slumber to returne,
 vnto her Birds which for their Queen did mourn.

Alas, faire queene, why should you thus assault,
 the vnprouided *fortresse* of mine hart ;

Or why should you your colours thus exalt,
displaying ruine to my chiefeft part,
And vnder ground as in fome secret vault
laying your fhott, intending to subuert,
The *Bulwarke* which fupports my flender being,
to raze my *Fort* and put my friends to fleeing.

The *fort* which I poffeffe is my pure heart,
my *friends* the vertues which doe keepe my fort,
The *first* in all my dolours beares a part,
the *second* in diftrefse do make refort,
To arme my foule againft inuafions dart
vpon their foe, their furie to retort.
Were 't not a pittie then to fee that fall.
which doth fustaine my felfe my meanes and all ?

But fure you fee in me *some* fhew of pleasure,
and gladly would haue me exprefse my thought,
Obiecting to my fenfes time and leafure,
feldome are fuch delights fo lightly bought,
High is the price of fuch a precious *treasure*,
and well deferues it to be throughly fought :
But I reply that pleasure lafts not long
that tis vfurp't by force, and tane by wrong.

I loue no *bitter sweets* immixd with gall,
whofe fharp repentance drowns the pleasure paff,
A pure vnfpotted foule, whofe ⁶⁴*Brafen wall*
can hold out battrie and wil euer laft
That feare no ruine, no declining fall,

Soil'd

foilde with no blemish of her mindes distaste,
 But fraught with wealth, thrice happy in her *wealth*
 feeding on free delights, not got by stelh.

What is that pleasure, where attendeth *fear*,
 As faith-infringers doe : who violate
 The faith they owe : whereby it doth appeare,
 they rest respectlesse of their future state,
 Preferring lust before their *Spousals* deare,
 their shame with shamelesse Acts to aggrauate :
 O none God wot : no pleasure can be there,
 where there is nought but actions of despaire.

O let those hefts inuiolable stand,
 which heauens aboue confirme, and let them be
 As *Charaētres*, writ by dame Natures hand
 to eleuate our senses purity :
 Proceeding from the immortall powers command,
 to consummate our liues integrity.
 That loue's well squared by an equall line.
 whose *ground-worke* is grounded on the lawes di-
 (uine

But if these motiues cannot caution you,
 not to adulterise your *Nuptiall bed*,
 Be you assur'd to *Theseus* I will shew
 those indigested humors which are bred,
 By your vnsetled thoughts which doe renew
 an heape of passions in your troubled head.
 All which concurring make that discord true.
 No faith more faithlesse then the *Faith* of you.

Your

Your brittle fexe, so brittle is your mould,
you cannot long be free from alteration :
Grounds her *foundation* on no certaine hold,
but toft with fundrie gufts of times mutation,
Expos'd to fhame and to confufion fold,
infringing loue to purchafe *recreation*,
Which we by nature do accompt a fhame,
to fet them light that haue eſteemed them.

Vertues ſurprifer, chaſtities depriuer,
fower of discord, refuge to the worſt,
Forge of ambition enmities contriuer :
an hatefull monſter, vipers birth accurſt,
Friendſhips diſſoluer, ſimple ſoules deceiur,
which from perdition had her birth-right firſt.
The ſoile and ſale of honour ſooneſt ſhown,
where men affect all pleaſure ſaue their owne.

And what be thoſe but vaine, vnfauourie ioyes,
whoſe fruits vnfeas'ned yeeld but ſmall delight,
When comforts are conuerted to annoies,
the beauty of our day obſcur'd by night,
And that we iudg'd for ferious ſeeme as toies,
which haue eclips'd the glory of their light :
And then reuoluing what we did admire
let fall our hopes, to *greater* things aſpire.

O be aſham'd to blemiſh that faire *Roote*,
which had deriuall from the powers aboue,

Z

Staine

Staine not your bed with your polluted foot,
 loue him alone whom you are bound to loue,
 Giue no occaſion to your *Spouſe* to doubt
 of your licentious paſſion, but remoue,
 Both *guilt* and *guilts*, *ſuſpicion*, whoſe bright eyes,
 Iealouſe of nought your ſecret'ſt counſels ſpies.

Will you for any pleaſure loſe reſpect,
 of all your *kindred* that attend your fame,
 Which once ſurpriz'd by infamies ſuſpect,
 will call your acts *augmenters* of their ſhame ?
 O doe not ſo : let not your luſt effect,
 the ruine of that houſe from whence you came :
 But as your glorie doth ſurpaſſe the reſt,
 ſo in your heart let *virtue* build her neſt.

Vaine is the *flower*, ſoone fading, ſoone forgot,
 which you do pamper to your ouerthrow,
 Time will be, when thoſe beautious corps ſhall rot,
 their poore remainder to the earth beſtowe ;
 Then you ſhall be as if you flouriſh'd not
 plac'd in earths centre, *Stigian lake* belowe,
 Where *Minos* iudgement giues of euery ſin,
 that thoſe are *guiltie* may remaine with him.

He was your *father*, yet his *equitie*,
 will not permit his *Phædra* to tranſgreſſe :
 His lawes haue no exception, puritie
 onely exempted is, whoſe eminence

Was first ordain'd to raigne eternally,
in the *Elifian* fields *Ioues* residence ;
Then chuse which two you please, whether you'le dwell,
in heauen with Ioue, or with your Sire in hell.

Erect your thoughts depressed downe belowe,
and let them foare vnto an higher pitch
Then *terrene pleasures*, let that beauteous show
of outward colours your affection teach (flowe
To taste the *Spring* of sweetes, from whence doth
such *mines* of *treasure*, as will more enrich
The *Ars'nall* of your minde then vaine delight,
which lopped is before it come to height.

Recall to minde *Ixions* punishment,
see in a mirror what his folly got,
Who whil'ft he soar'd aboue his *element*,
kindly receiv'd of *Ioue*, himselfe forgot :
And as a streame which runs too violent,
passing his bounds and limits, knoweth not
How soone that flowe shall haue a sudder fall,
whose boundlesse current kept no mene at all.

So did *Ixion* who in selfe-conceit
of his proportion did aspire too high,
Affecting *Iuno* which did ruinate,
the mansion of his Pristine dignitie,
Dassling that sun which shone so bright of late,
for with a *clowde deceiv'd* engendred he

The *Centaurs* varied formes, which being bred,
to *Pelion* came, where they inhabited.

O then confine affection with the bound,
of vertues honour, giuing her the place
In euery action, making reasons ground
the strong foundation, Time cannot deface,
With beautious faire contexture closed round,
a correpondence twixt the minde and face :
The one renown'd by th' others puritie,
as if both made to make one vnity.

Shall *Hymens* temple be defac'd by you,
Her sacred hefts by your inconstancy :
O be assur'd the gods will punish you,
imbranding shame in your *posteritie*,
To breake your faith and wrong a *friend* so true,
vnder pretence of mere simplicitie :
Leue vertus *shadowe*, and your selfe betake,
to loue the shadow for the *substance* fake.

VVhat vertues did your *maiden yeeres* attend ?
white was your roabe but whiter was your mind,
VVhen all your actions did to vertue tend ;
Each fence her proper function had assign'd,
Vertues foundation had perfections end, (finde,
youth mix'd with grace : rare was't your like to
But now your lustre foil'd by shameleffe finning,
argues your end farre worfe then your begining.

Crete

Crete made renown'd by *fathers* memory,
shal't be extinguish'd by the daughter's shame ?
Times auntient browe records his *equitie*.
for *time-impartialifers* merit fame,
Proude was the earth to haue such men as he :
earth feem'd by him to change her earthly name.
For nere did fame with truth so neerely meete,
as when your aged father gouern'd *Crete*.

O then be *daughter* to so good a *father*,
be his lifes pattern, shew from whence you sprang,
Seeke to reuiue his glorie *tropheis* rather,
then by your shame to see them ouerthrowne,
Some fruitfull blossomes from his vertues gather :
so may you make your *fathers* fame your owne :
Crete was sustained oft by others fall.
but she's sustain'd by Phædra most of all.

How will this *trumpe* of glorie make your mind
too low deiected, seeke an other port
Then that you aime at now : where you shall finde,
more perfect solace when you make resort
Vnto the *shrine* of Vertue, that's refined
with purest colours, where the strongest *fort*
That could be built by Nature or by Art,
conferues the facred *treasure* of the heart.

O time deceing youth abusing time,
making her stale to obiects of delight,

Seeing the *best will to the worst decline* : (light,
Night-owle, whose works dare not approach the
 Prophaning that which was before diuine,
 Truth's great'st opponent, vertues second fight,
 Whose minde bewitching vanities ensnare,
 our captiv'd reason with a *seeming faire*.

More should I *write*, but that I loath to *write*
 of such a subiect whose lasciuious soyle,
 Makes my poore lines asham'd of such delights,
That Parents birth, should Parents bed defile,
 Or to play false when he is out of fight :
 distrusting nought should I his trust beguile ?
 O cease to loue liue to aduance your fame,
 freeing your Bed and me from *Parents* shame.

Yours if your owne : But being not your owne,
I will not reope what other men haue fowne.

FINIS.

To the vnderstanding Reader.

FOR your better direction I haue reduced these ensuing notes Alphabetically, with an apt relation to each particular included in the *Poeme*, which may minister no leffe Grace to the inuention, then delight to your reading.

^a *S*alamina insula est Atheniēsis, quam Telamon gubernasse dicitur, vitibus et myrtetis eiusq. generis arboribus vestita. vid. Plutarch.

^b *Flumen maxime omnium inclytum, &c. Flumen è Niphati monte originem ducens, et Babiloniam celerimo cursu secans, in rubrum mare prolabitur.*

^c *Alueum mutasse fertur ibid. &c.*

^d *In personam amatorum.*

^e *Zeuxis vuæ viuis coloribus depictæ. &c. vid. Plutarch. in Apoth.*

^f *Riphæi montes Arcadiæ, qui asperrimis verticibus subnixi sunt. vid. Cæs. commen.*

Ruphæi

^g *Lynceus & Argos incredibili perspicacia luminum præditi.*

^h *Coniux Orphei, quæ per deserta loca currens, ut Aristæum, eam immodeste nimis sequentem, euitaret, a serpente venenato infecta extremam diem obiit, eam vere legimus, a Plutone raptam esse, et sub imperio suo miserissimam vitam transgisse, vid. Ouid. et Senec. Trag. Her. Fu.*

ⁱ *Homer. in Iliad. vid: super hunc locum. Calabr. in quar. lib. de supple.*

^k *Turture sic Turtur iungit amanda suo. pœt.*

^l *Timon pater Thisbis qui ingētem Thesauri molem in Arca recondidisse arbitratur, eiusque aspectu mirum in modum delectabatur. vid fab. in Ouid. Metam.*

^m *Naphtha bituminis genus quod aspersione aquæ vehementius exæstuat. Testat. Plinio.*

ⁿ *Loue is more vehement depriued of her obiect.*

^o *Stellam Veneris appellat Homerus "Εσπερον.*

^p *Vid Lucan. et pallin, de sid: nominibus.*

^q *Res est imperiosa timor.*

^r *Sordities, iræ, nummorum copia mira, his natura senis tribus est infecta venenis.*

^f *Vnde Vestales virgines candidis stolis indutas esse legimus in Aulo. Gell. in noct. Att.*

^t *Sublimi stemmate ductus.*

^u *Nam si vis apte nubere, nube pari, Ouid.*

^x *Succinctis humeris scuto.*

^y *Vid. Plinium in natur. hist. & Arist. de Natur. animal.*

Quos si Argus seruet? qui oculatus totus fuit. Plaut. in Aulular.

² *Hippodamia filia ænomai quam Pelops celeritate cursus obtinebat.*

¹ *Peloid : humeri : prouerb.*

² *Diana.*

³ *Lustra ferarum. Virg.*

⁴ *Noctis opaco cardine fulgebant stella.*

⁵ *Campi Elysi.*

⁶ *Nemesis ultionis dea.*

⁷ *Pegasus alatus equus, a quo Hypocrene originem duxit.*

⁸ *O quicumque sub hac habitatis rupe leones, &c. Ouid. in Metam.*

⁹ *Vna duos (inquit) nox perdit amantes, Ouid.*

¹⁰ *Sed timidi est optare necem : ibid.*

¹¹ *Myrtus Vener., &c.*

¹² *Progne Philomela, & Itys.*

¹³ *Ter. in v̄pupam. Rex fueram sic crista probat : sed sordida vita immundam è tanto culmine fecit auem, Campan. in Ter.*

¹⁴ *Exegi monumentum ære perennius : marmore durius, ebore serenius, vid. Eleg. Flac. et Propert.*

¹⁵ *Ægle Aretusa, & Hesperitusa Atlant : filix, quæ hortum Hesperix aureis pomis refertissimum ope serpentis perpetuam vigiliam seruantis tenebant, quam postea Hercules interemit, vid. ope : Her : in Sen : Trag.*

¹⁶ *Arbor niueis pulcherrima pomis — Ardua Morus erat : Ibid.* ¹⁷ *Corticis exigux, nigrique coloris Ebenus, &c. de natura gagatis : vid. Plin.*

Postquam

- 18 *Postquam vestem cognouit, et eiusdem.* Ouid.
 19 *In tumultum Nini, allocutio.*
 20 *Viscera plus quam marmorea.*
 21 *Purpurea vela, leniorem auram trahentia, &c.*
 22 *Homer in Iliad. vid. Calab. in deliquijs super hunc locum.*
 23 *Fluminis vt cecinit littore cicnus, obit.*
 24 *Gagates quæ monumēta excolere solebat non tam ob eximie naturæ proprietates, quam politæ et exarata Formæ elegantias usurpata. vid. Plin. in Natur. histo.*
 25 *Batia, sepulchrum Ili, quod in Ilío erigebatur et in Troiano bello solenni honore effici legimus. vid. Hom. ib.*
 26 *ἄνθος, honos.*
 27 *Et mihi fortis in vnum hæc manus est: et amor, &c. Ouid. ibid.*
 28 *Quoq. magis tegitur tanto magis æstuat ignis.*
 29 *In parentes nœnia.* 30 *Vt sup. vid. eleg. Mart.*
 31 *Volat irreuocabile verbum.* 32 *Pyra solennis vid. Funer. antiq. in Gell. et al.* 33 *Rosa quæ redolet, crescit cum spina quæ punget.* 34 *Et fugit ad salices, & se cupit ante videri. Virg.* 35 *Vid Virg. in 1^o. lib. Georg. de Irrigatione, &c.* 36 *a Poetical fiction.* 37 *Ioues reply.*
 38 *Vid. Hesiod de generat. deor. de natal. Hercul. et Plau. in Amphitruo—pol me haud pœnitet; Scilicet boni dimidium mihi diuidere cum Ioue.*
 39 *Et soror et coniux, &c. Virg. in Ænead. 1^o. lib.*
 40 *Nocte somniat, quæ vigilans voluit. Terent.*
 41 *Oscula libauit natæ. Virg.* 42 *Idas filius Apharei qui celeritate equorum incredibili, Marpessam egregia forma puellâ corripuit. vid. Ouid.* 43 *Horat. in 1. lib.*
 Ratione

- 44 *Ratione verum a falso discernimus, quam a Natura nobis insitam habemus* vid. Cic. I. lib. offi. 45 *Quæ lato culmine Bustum occulit, arbutis teneris intexit opacis.* vide Proper. 46 *Tu quæ ramis arbor miserabile corpus, nunc tegis unius mox & tectura duorum.* Ouid. Metam. 47 *Qui viret in folijs venit e radicibus humor, et patrum in natos abeunt cum stemmate mores.* 48 *Viuit post funera virtus, &c.* 49 *Vid. Apoth. rom. apud Plutarch.*
- 50 — *Et germina gemmis effulsere suis, fragrantia pascua veris præmia diffundunt, noua fert noua semina. Terra.* 51 *O quam difficile est crimen nõ prodere vultu?* 52 *Cessit post funera liuor.* vid. Apoth. Plut. de Aeschin. et Demosth. inimicit. et de obitu Demost.
- 53 *Ingentia terræ antra replere solent currentia fonte perenni, &c.* 54 *Mare mittit amara, &c.* 55 *Vetus vietus veterinosus mustellino colore.* Terentius.
- 56 *De Oliua refert Plinius, quod post initi fæderis societatem, ramos eius arboris Fetialis gestare solebat, cuius indicio pacis specimina proferebantur,* vid. in Philip. comm. de Bell. Neapol. *Oliuæ ramos pacis indicia circumferre solebant ij, cum quibus cõditiones pacis confirmatæ sunt. &c.* 57 *Recipit populos vrna citatos.* Senec. 58 *Babilon nunc vero Bagadeth appellata, a Nimrode extruebatur, & a Semiramide extendebatur.* In Euphratem Flu: amæmif: sita: vid: Geo-graph. comen. 59 *Quia ossa parentum eorum rogis immiscebantur.*
- 60 *Minotaure.* 61 *Ascendo: vires animus dabat aequè ita late Æquora prospectu metior alta meo.* Ouid. in op. Ariad. Thef.

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“ For the Precisian that dares hardly looke,
(Because th’art pure forsooth) on any booke
Sawe Homilies, and such as tend to th’good
Of thee, and of thy zealous brother-hood:
Know my Time-noting lines ayme not at thee,
For thou art too too curious for mee.
I will not taxe that man that’s wont to slay
“ His Cat for killing mice on th’ Sabboth day :
No ; know my resolution it is thus,
I’de rather be thy foe then be thy pus : ”—*Strappado*, p. 109.

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Opinions of the Press.

“ The perseverance with which contemporary Elizabethan literature is studied in these times for such incidental light as can be thrown upon the plays of Shakespeare by allusions to customs and manners of the time, has brought into a certain degree of note the writings of Richard Brathwaite, till lately known only to curious scholars. We lately noticed a verbatim reproduction of “ Nature’s Embassie,” handsomely printed by Mr. Roberts of Boston, in Lincolnshire ; and we have now to record the appearance of a companion volume, in

which the original edition of Brathwaite's curious poem, "A Strappado for the Devil," is reproduced by the same publisher in the same careful way. To the Shakespearean student this powerful satire is of peculiar interest; but its intrinsic merits, its wit and fancy and power of rhymical expression, would alone fully justify the pains bestowed upon it by the learned editor, Mr. Ebsworth, who contributes an interesting introduction. The volume also comprises the shorter satires and the collection entitled "Love's Labyrinth," originally published in 1615. These editions are all strictly limited in number."—*Daily News*, Sep. 16th, 1878.

"In addition to his value as an original author, Brathwaite has a value quite distinct, or he could not have found the favour he has found with certain competent scholars. He is of considerable use for the illustrations he furnishes of contemporary literature: many a Shakespearean phrase and allusion, for instance, have light thrown upon them from his pages; and, secondly, he is of considerable interest as a representative man. The characteristics of the late Elizabethan or Jacobean age show clear in him. He threw himself into the life of his time with a wild enthusiasm. "A mad world, my masters;" and Brathwaite was at home in it. . . . We have in Brathwaite a man of a curiously mixed nature, or rather—for that description would apply to us all—a man who displays his mixedness with a curious frankness and fullness. We see him in his cups; we see him at his prayers. A strange figure this, now reeling, now kneeling. Do not let us doubt his sincerity: he drinks with zest; he prays with all earnestness. He is a vehement, impulsive man, who must still be talking, still unbosoming himself, still giving voice to the passion of the moment. Always hating Puritanism—it had no heartier enemy—he struggles to be religious and to recommend religiousness in what he thought a more liberal spirit than the Puritanic; yet in the midst of his aspirations and efforts there would intrude at times far other thoughts, and all of a sudden the paraphrast of "The Psalms of David the King and Prophet and of other holy prophets" is busy conjugating his favourite verb:—

"Sat est, verbum declinavi,
Titubo—titubas—titubavi."

The Psalms of David and the songs of Anacreon, he can sing them both *con amore*, this versatile gentleman. . . . Brathwaite has always some vivacity and vigour; he is never utterly dull; now and then he writes with true force and dignity, and he furnishes here many of those illustrations of contemporary life and literature which we have mentioned as giving value to his works. He quotes "a horse, a kingdom for a horse," from *Richard III.*; and "Halloa ye pampered Jades," from *Tamberlaine the Great*, second part. Here is an early reference to Cervantes' famous romance:—

"If I had lived but in Don Quixote's time,
His Rozinant had been of little worth;
For mine was bred within a colder clime,
And can endure the motion of the earth
With greater patience; nor will he repine
At any provender, so mild is he.
How many men want his humility!"

Certainly the student, whatever may be said of the "general reader," will find this volume repay perusal."—*Academy*, Nov. 2nd, 1878.

"Mr. Roberts is an enthusiast of a kind rare in England, an enthusiast for the production of finely-printed books. It would not seem to have much antecedent probability that the place where these volumes of Brathwaite, and the Apophthegmes of Erasmus, and Mr. Pickering's lately-published Coleridge

should see the light would be the Strait Bargate in Boston, the narrow street of the dull Lincolnshire town whose existence seems to be summed up in two things, its church and its corn-wharves. But there is no law in these matters, and nothing appears to prevent good things from coming out of Boston. *Nature's Embassie* denotes the message sent by Nature "to this age for her Reformation"—by Nature before she was degenerate and "adorned with unnaturalized ornaments, which nature never apparelled her with":—

"Doth not thy habite shew thy wanton mind,
Forward to all things but to vertuous life:
Passing those bounds which Nature hath assign'd,
'Twixt Art and Nature by commencing strife?
I tell thee, Nature sends me to repress
Thy foolish toyes, thy inbred wantonnesse."

It is strange to find a Jacobean Englishman thus anticipating Jean Jacques. . . . Of the satires themselves it is curious to note how much the best are those in which the writer has real examples before his eyes or a pointed story to tell. Clytemnestra, Tereus, and Polynices are chronicled in the dreariest fashion; but it is a different thing when we come to Hypocrisie and Brathwaite's pet aversion, the Puritan:—

"Claudius is pure, abjuring prophane things,
Nor will he companie with wickednesse;
He hates the source whence leud affection springs,
He'll not consent with deeds of naughtinesse;
Yet he will deale, so none do see his sinne,
Yea though heavens eyes he cares not looke on him.
He will not speake unto a maid in th' streete,
Lest his repute should fall into decay;
Yet if they two in private chance to meete
He in a pure embrace will bid her stay,
Saying: I will instruct thee prettie Nan,
How thou shalt be a formal Puritan."

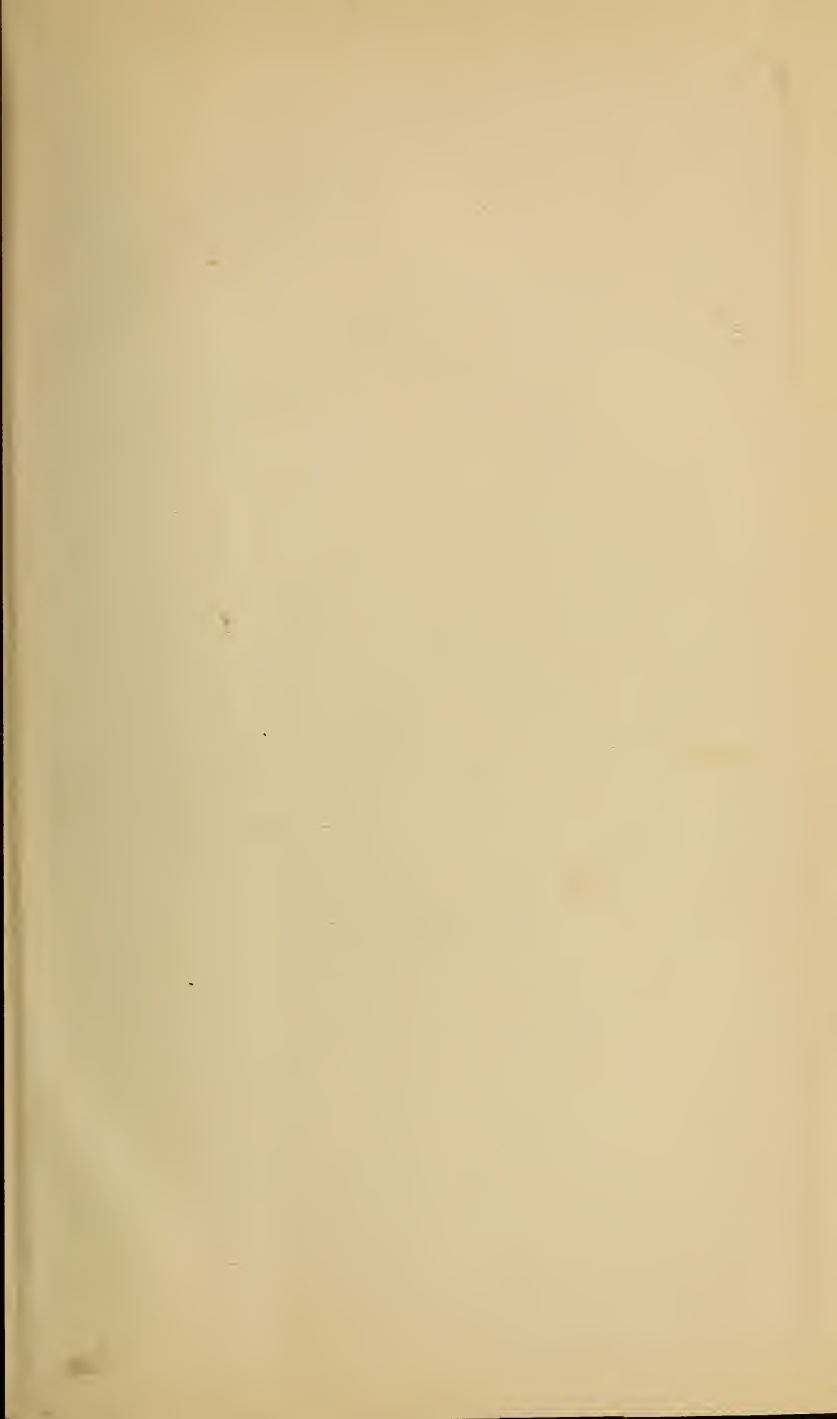
And so on, in lines of which the vigour is evidently the fruit of strong feeling. Any one who wishes to understand Brathwaite need go no further than these books; and indeed we venture to hope that Mr. Ebsworth was saying what he wished rather than what he intended when he wrote, "The first duty now is to reprint Brathwaite's various works with scrupulous fidelity." Surely these two, with Mr. Hazlitt's re-issue of Haslewood's edition of *Barnabee*, are enough.

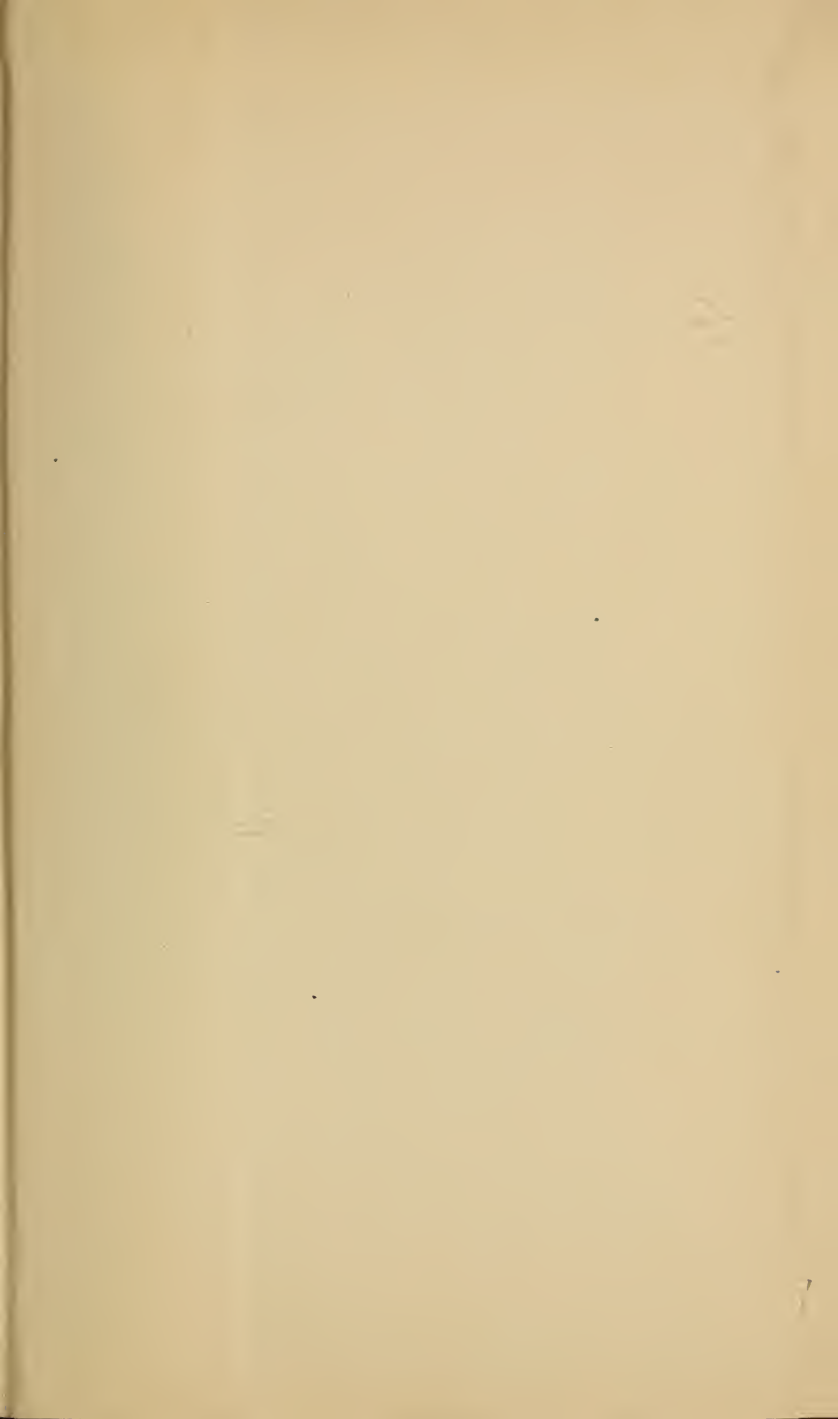
. . . One of Brathwaite's best poems, and one that really could not be spared on account of its references to his contemporaries, Wither, Browne, Ben Jonson, and others, is his *Epistle to the Poetasters of Brittain*."—*Saturday Review*, Jan. 25th, 1879.

"The only work of Brathwaite which is known outside the small circle of students of early literature is the 'Barnabæ Itinerarium,' which, thanks to its subject, to the pains of Haslewood, and to the praise of Leigh Hunt, has passed through several editions. A reprint literal in all respects, even to the preservation of all peculiarities of spelling and blunders in the Latin and Greek marginal notes, of some of his rarest poetical tracts is a distinct boon to a certain set of readers, to whom the majority of Brathwaite's works are quite inaccessible. . . . We are glad to have the opportunity of access to his work, and are thankful for this handsome and attractive edition. The entire reprint is limited to 350 copies. The prefatory matter is ample and accurate."—*Athenæum*, Aug. 17th, 1878.

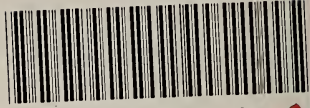
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