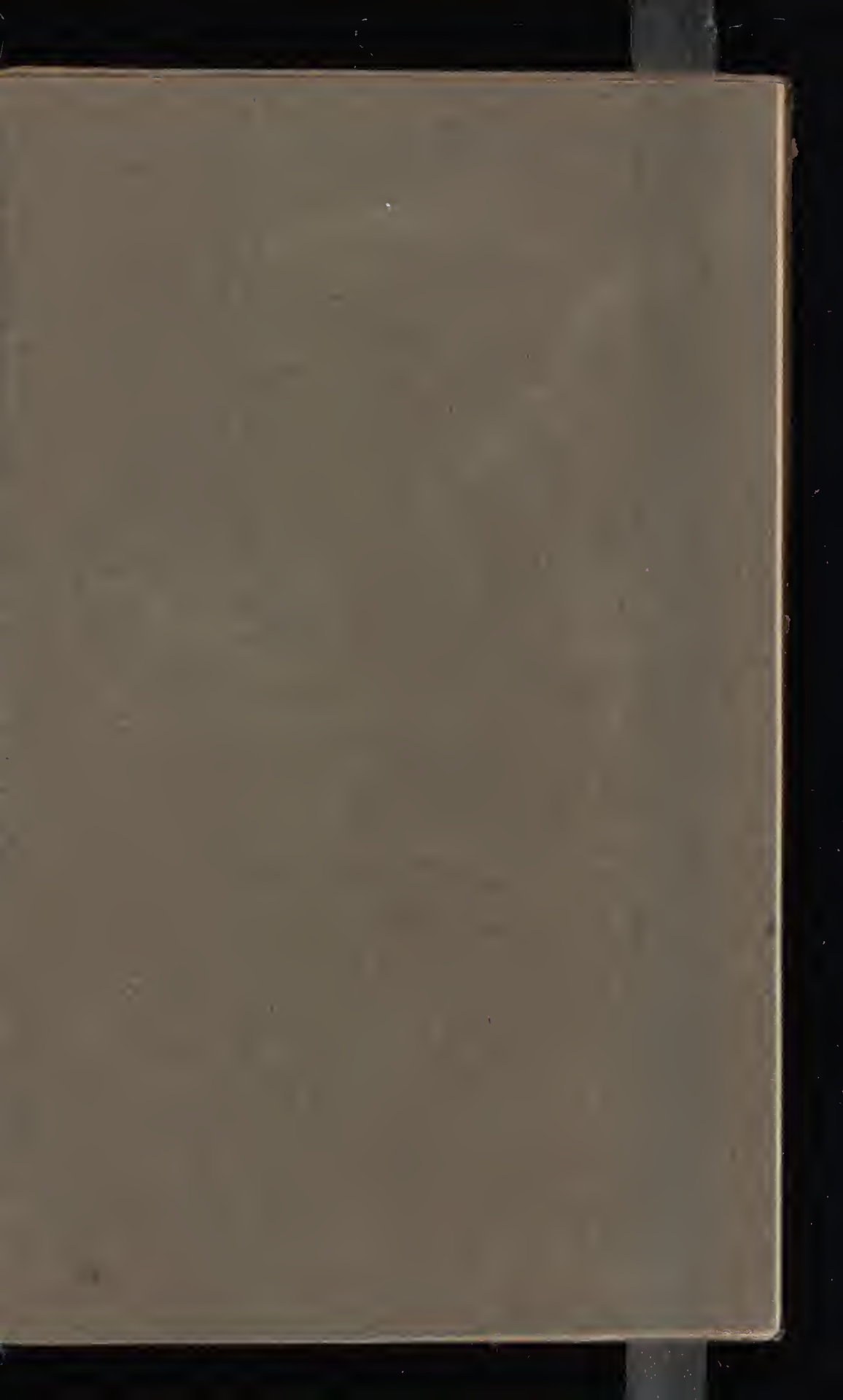


J. Carter, MA. FAS.





The Frontispeece.

Looke to the Sunne thus in his glory bright,
To Moone, to starres, from thence who borrow light;
Then thinke on Heav'n; for God the fountaine there
Of light, vnto his Saints his light doth share.

¶ Looke to the candles below, they upward tend
Vnto the light, which never shall have end;
And so the Saints, on Earth, can never cease
But flutter upward, till they see Gods face.

¶ Looke to the Beak'n and Lantern, and thence learne
To save you, when a true friend doth forewarne.

¶ Then shall your Lamp shine bright, your wax shall burne,
Till death your ashes shall to moisture turne.

¶ Th' Extinguisher and Snuffers which are by,
Tels thee O man, that sometime thou must dye;

¶ And least thou shouldst in darkenesse still remaine,
The Tinder box will light thee once againe;
But sniust from all corruption shalt thou be,
And shine with God and Saints eternally.



In me lux

a me lumen

LICHNOCAV SIA
SIVE

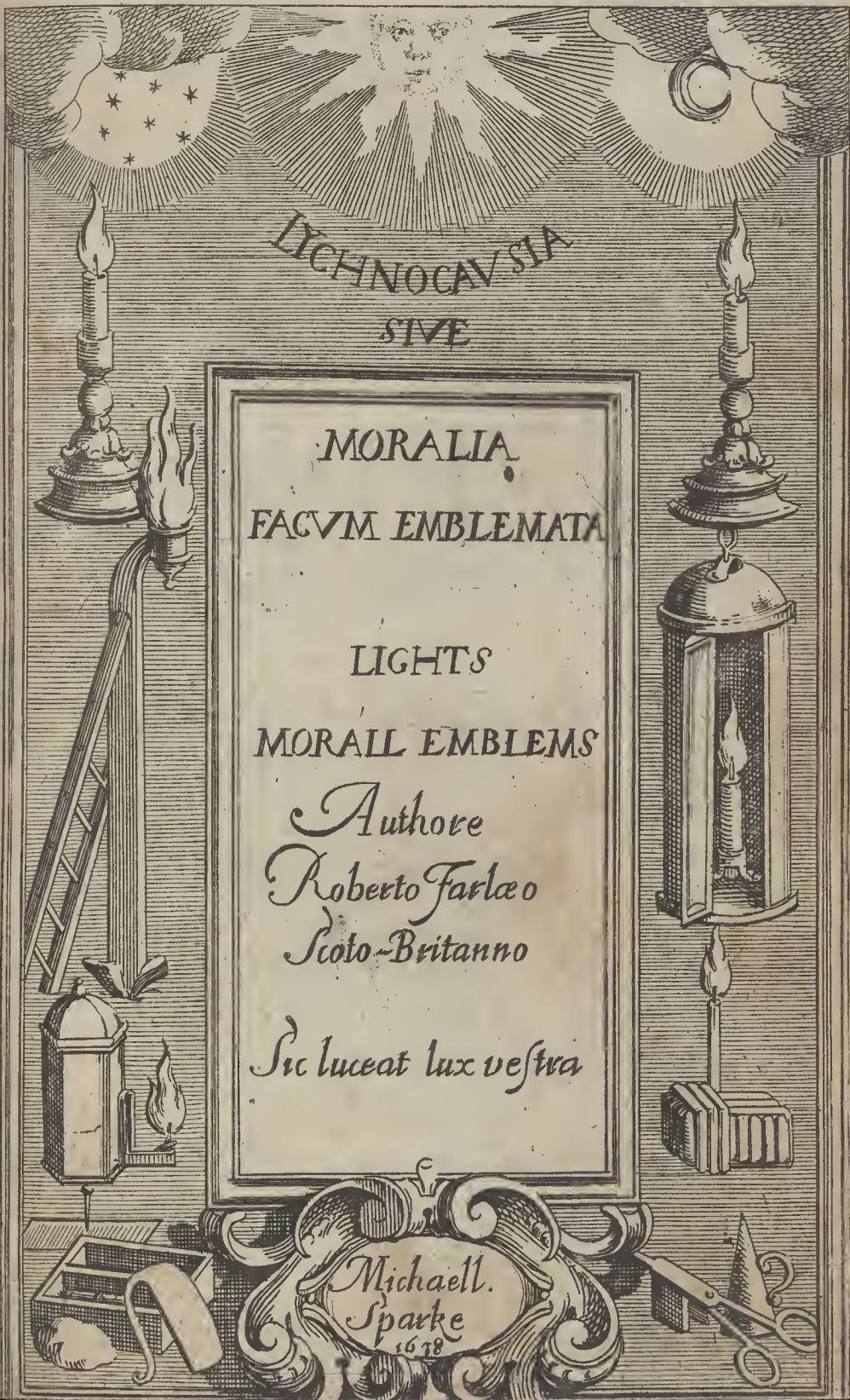
MORALIA
FACVM EMBLEMATA

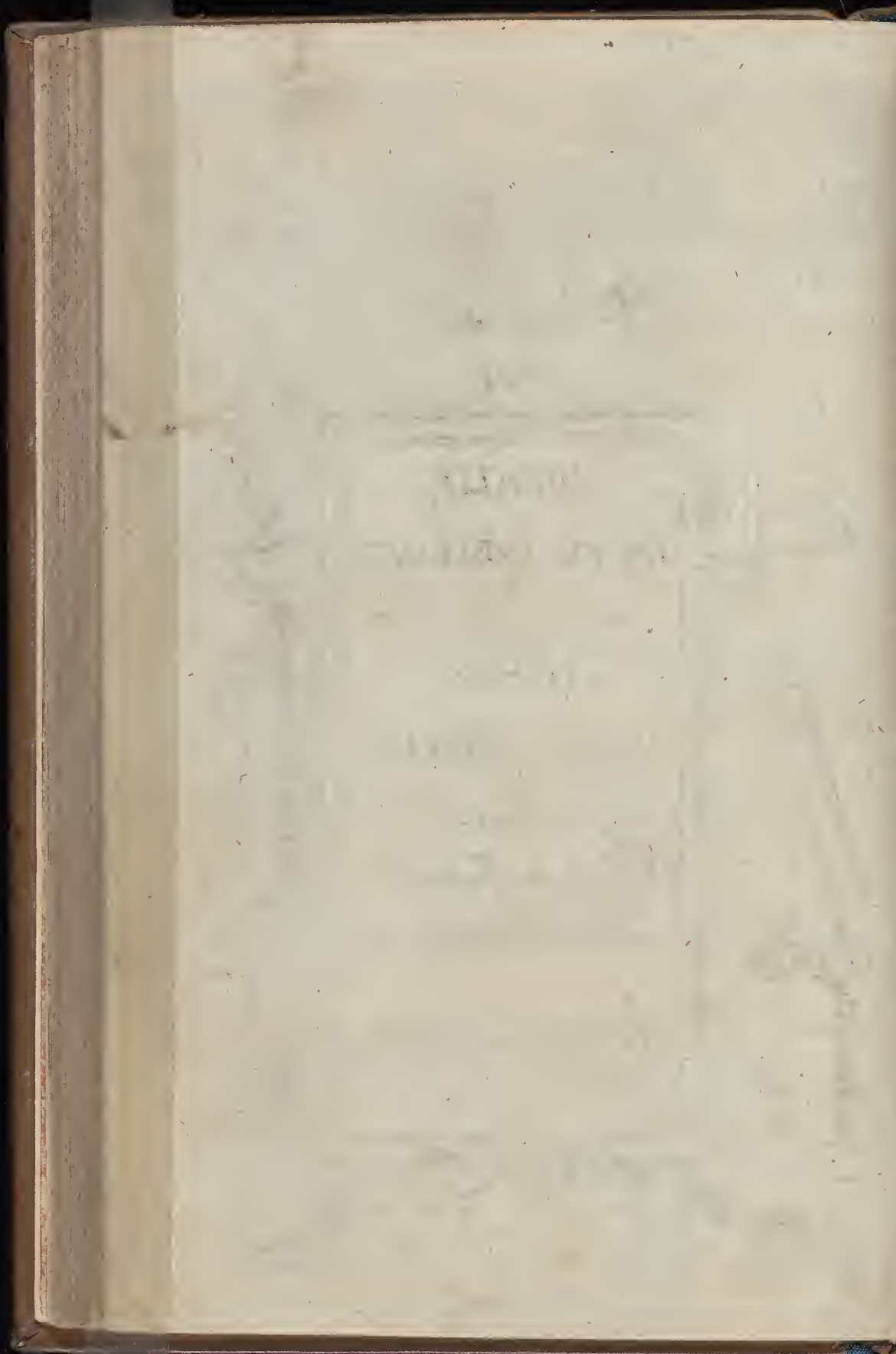
LIGHTS
MORAIL EMBLEMS

Authore
Roberto Farlæo
Scoto-Britanno

Sic luceat lux vestra

Michaell.
Sparke
1678







LYCHNOCAVSIA

five

MORALIA FACVM

EMBLEMATA.

LIGHTS

Morall Emblems.

Authore *Roberto Farleo*
Scoto-Britanno.

Sic luceat lux vestra & cet.



LONDON,

Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Michael Sparke*
Junior, and are to be sold at the blue
Bible in *Greene Arbor*, 1638.





*Lychnocausiam, sive Moralia haec facum
emblemata perlegi, & digna judico, quæ
luce à typis acceptâ publicentur.*

Feb. 10.
1638.

Tho. Wykes, R. P.
Episc. Lond. Capell. domest.



NOBILISSIMO ET

Illustrissimo Domino omnifariæ

Virtutis & Pietatis studiis

Ornatissimo,

Dom. Roberto Karo Comiti ab

Ancram, &c.

Nobilissime Heros,



Ro temerario & inconsulto cense-
ar, qui Tibi pietatis Hyperioni, No-
bilitatis jubari, & omnigenæ virtu-
tis Lampadi, faculas hasce, quæ lu-
mine & splendore tuo obsuscabun-
tur, offero: Verum Clementia Tua
& gratia, ut spero, veniam dabit; Aquilæ enim more
ingenii mei foetum exploro; qui si Solis radios su-
stinere possit, ut meum agnoscam & tollam, sin-
minus, ut spurium & nothum reiiciam.

Stellæ quæ Heliacè occidunt, Heliacè etiam ori-
untur, eademq; Sole longius remoto, nullum nisi
a Sole mutuam Lumen ostendunt: tædulæ hæ no-
stræ, quæ ad vultum tuum propius accedentes tene-
brarum instar caligant, simulac longius expatiatæ
fuerint, scintillas, quas a te mutuas habent, morta-
libus conspicuas præferent.

Ea est Solaris sideris benignitas, ut animalia,
plantas & sublunaria quæque calore suo foveat:

tanta tua (Nobilissime Mæcenas) erga mē (alios
prætereo innumeros benignitatem tuam expertos)
communi clade deprehensum, comitas & gratuitus
favor extitit, ut non solum ingenium, sed Genium
& quicquid meum est tibi in perpetuum mancipa-
tum profitear.

*Dii Tibi si qua pios respiciant Numina, grates
Persolvent dignas.*

Ergo ne ingratitude impiæ condemnē, hoc li-
cet tenue, sincerum tamen, grati & devoti animi
symbolum Nobilitati tuæ consecro; Speroq; me, si
non thure & hecatombis, farre tamen pio & fitillâ,
ut Deo, sic tibi veræ Dei soboli litare posse.

*Kare Caledonios inter dignissime Divos,
Nobilitatis apex, & Pietatis Honos;
Chara Dei soboles, & Regi fidus Achates,
Vnica musarum cura, meumque decus.
Nam simul a vultu discessit musa sereno
Nostra Tuo, faciles repperit usque deos.
Oppida quum passim decimaret fontica febris,
Funderet & totas Parca severa domos.
Pieridum quum turba gemens, tristisque sileret,
Eiicerentque sacras clausa Lycæa Deas.
Ad Te confugit tristis mea musa patronum,
In Terris sensit Te mea musa deum.
Ergo Tibi ingentem dicit rediviva salutem,
Vitam, quam dederas, hanc vovet esse Tuam.
Mactus vive Heros annis & mactus honore,
Deliciæque soli, deliciæque poli.
Donec Cœlicolûm turmalibus additus, ipsum,
Quem colis hic, cernas, ignis in arce, Deum.*

Nobilitati Tuæ devotissimus.

Robertus Farleus.

To the most Noble and Illustrious
 Lady, both for Nobility
 and Piety, as of Vertue a rare
 and peerlesse example, Lady
Anne Kare, Countesse of
Ancram.



He Lizards eyes the face of man amazeth,
 Looking on which the more and more it gazeth;
 When I your heaven-infused graces view,
 Madam, my sense amazed stares on You.

Heaven tempers so its gifts in You alone,
 As that all graces seeme combin'd in one;
 When I do homage to Nobility,
 Straight on it doth reflect Your piety;
 So earthly glory and that of heav'n begun
 Makes You a glorious object like the Sunne,
 Which darteth forth so many rayes of light,
 As that they dazle this my scantling sight.
 In You great *Iunos* stately majestie
 Is fraught with Christian love and charity;
 You have, what vertues learn'd *Minerva* hath,
 And for her *egis*, you are arm'd with faith:
 What's *Venus* beautie to Your sacred face,
 Which is the Physiognomie of grace?
 If for the golden apple there should be
 A strife amongst the goddesses; To thee
 Let *Paris* give it, so he surely shall
 Please all the three, Your selfe being more than all.

Your Honours humble, and most devoted
 to serve you,
 Robert Farlie.


To his friend the Author.

I Need not praise thy Booke : No more to tell,
Then that it Pictures hath, will make it sell :
Bookes gaudy, like themselves most do now buy,
Fine, trim, adorned Bookes, where they may spy
More of the Carvers than th' Authors skill,
And more admire the Pencill, than the Quill :
Pamphlets, whose Outfides promise, they may finde
What may their Eyes feede, rather than their minde :
Nay now adayes who almost doth behold,
One booke without a gaudy Liv'ry sold :
E'ne Poetry it selfe is at a stay,
For all it's Feet, if Carvers mak't not gay.

But as for this thy Worke (my Friend) Divine,
Which no pen worthily can praise, but thine.
It wants no Sculptill Art, to set it forth,
Twill fast enough away, with its owne worth.
Tis hard to say, whether the Muses traine,
Or else the Graces, most in thee doe raigne.
Thy Pen was well employ'd : bring it to light,
Thy Phansie's Waighty, though thy subject's Light.
Who, that thee knowes not, ever would surmise,
That out of *Scotia* such Light should arise ?
Goe forward, and the Muses so thee love
That thou a second *Buchanan* maist prove.

How subtile is thy stile ! in holy Writ
How vers'd thou art ! How fluent is thy wit !
About the Virgins Lamps, while thou dost toyle,
I'le say, thou hast not lost labour and oyle.
Fame shall here light her Torch, and thy name blaze
To after ages, which no time shall raze :
Thy Candle shall outshine the Sunnes; it's rayes
Shall not obscure their Light, nor yet thy praise.
The purblind judgement of the Criticke rout
Shall never this extinguish without doubt ;
To snuffe it with their censures them allow,
Twill brighter shine, they shall not it out blowe.

John Hooper.



To the Author.

Heroes bright lampe, which she on *Sestus* strand,
Set up to be a marke, by which might land
Her lov'd *Leander*, when he crost the Sea
Of *Hellepont*; long since was out, and we
Onely enjoy its fame, the light is gone,
And tow'r is buried in oblivion.
Th' *Egyptian Pharos*, which was fam'd to be
The worlds seav'nth wonder, in obscurity
Lyes ruin'd, and that multiplic't light,
Once to the Marriners a Sunne by night,
Is now extinct; for tis decreed by fate,
What Art doth reare, that Time shall ruinate:
Nay holy Writ assures, at the last day
The starres shall fall from heaven, the sunne decay,
The Moone be turnd to blood, those which God made
First most resplendent lights, at last shall fade.

¶ But thy Lights most transcendent, can no hand
Of Time or Fate (which all things else hath scand,)
Put to these Lights an end, for these shall be
Bright shining Tapers to Eternity.

Christopher Drayton.

To the Author.

That I may tell the world how I admire
Thy well-pend Flames; one sparke of that fire,
Which warmes thy learned brest, bestow on mee,
I, then a Poet, would dare speake of thee.
If I should write thy praise, when I have done
I hold a Candle to the flaming Sunne
I thinke thy cowering Muse a Starre hath reach'd;
Or else a Beame from bright *Apollo* fetch'd
To light each Taper by; for their pure flame
Doth well assure us, it from Heaven came.

William Povey.



Britanniae Luminaria Magna.

Æternas jactet quantumvis Persia flammam,
Vestalem ostenta Roma superba focum,
Lux cecidit dudum in cineres flammæque focique,
Hæc secum Imperii vasta ruina trahit.
Transtulit in Nostram Numen duo Luminaria Terram,
Solem Persarum, Romuleamque Deam.

Britaines Great Lights.

Persia thy Eternall fire is come to nought,
The Vestals flame is spent, more than Rome thought.
Both fires are gone with Empires: Heav'n above
Gives light and power to them, who Heav'n doe love.
Into our Land two Lights are now transfer'd;
The Persians Sunne, Romes Vesta are interr'd.





Durabit Splendor.

This Light shall endure.

Oxonia.

Vesta tua est semper (Veneranda *Oxonia*) *Βίβλος* ;
Quæ *vesta* a stando ritè vocanda fuit.
Divino hinc *triplicem* meruisti jure *Coronam* ;
Lucis, non auri est illa *Corona triplex*.

Great *Oxford*. Thine the Bible e're hath beene ;
For firmly standing *Vesta* it is seene,
Hence threefold Crowne, Thou hast deserv'd by right ;
That's not of Gold, but of Emphyrean Light.

Cantabrigia.

Dextra tenet *Solem*, lustrat qui lumine mundum,
Lævaq; cœlestis *poculâ* fundit aquæ.
Hæc *palmas* rigat astantes, quas pondera nulla
Frangant, quæ *victrix* demeruerè decus.

MY right hand holds the *Sunne*, my left doth show
The *Cup*, from which true light and Nectar flow ;
These cherish so the *Palmes* of Victory,
That they are trophæes of Eternity.

Propino vobis.



Drinke of this Cup.



To the Reader.

Since Courteous Reader, this our course is one,
Well overtaken, you shall not passe alone :
You saile this sea of life, and so doe I ;
Unto the Haven of Heaven we both doe hye ;
But harke you, least in darkenesse we doe stray,
Here be some Lights for to direct our way :
Torches and Candles, and if the wind doe blow,
Here with a Lanterne safely we may goe ;
Make use of these, untill you come to shore,
Where we shall have Heavens Light for evermore.

ROBERT FARLIE.

JANV B V



Sursum.

Vpward.



Morall Emblems.

I.



V X mea Cœlestis sursum petit, haufimus inde,
Fons ubi perpetuas luminis auget aquas.
Qualia in immensum decurrunt flumina pontum;
Hauerunt fontes unde fluenta suos.
Ponderat ad centrum terræ ceu labile saxum;
Emicat ad superas sic mea flamma domos.

+ Gaudia, deliciaq; gulæ studiosa voluptas,
Auri non animam pondera multa tenent.
Nulla quies animæ est, sursum quæ semper anhelat,
Donec ad Authorem venerit illa suum.



M Y light from whence it came, mounts stil on high
Vnto the source of light that's never dry.
Like as the Rivers to the Ocean runne,
From whence their secret fountaines, first begun;
Like as the stone doth to the center sway;

So to the Spheres my light still makes his way.
¶ No joyes, delights, and greatest weights of gold,
Nor pampering pleasure fast our soule can hold,
The panting soule rests not, untill it see
His maker God, a Tri-une Deitie.

Quo animula.



Whither my Soule.

Morall Emblems.

2.

O Anima, an nostri te tædet ? quas petis oras ?
Mene fugis ? quæ sit dic mihi causa viæ ?
Tu mihi jam pridem confors benè juncta fuisti,
Et comes, et nostri corporis hospes eras.

Quamdiu res steterat nobis, tu fida manebas ;
Tempora nunc quia sunt nubila, sola fugis.

Anima. Hic captiva tuæ veluti custodiæ adhæsi,
Et quæ ducebas, ire coacta fui.

Exul eram patriâ ; tandem custode remoto,
Libera viso meos, te pereunte, Lares.

¶ Corporis atque animæ vinculum divellitur ægrè ;
Sed tamen ad cineres hoc redit, illa Polum.

AND loth'st thou me, my Soule, loving to goe
Elsewhere, I pray thee whither, let me know,
Was thou not all this while my deereft mate,
My guest, my convoy, consort in estate ;
While I did flourish, thou didst constant prove,
My times are darkned now, so is thy love ?

Soule. Here as a captive to a keeper, so
I tyed was with thee, at list: to goe,
Banisht from home : loe now my bonds are loose,
Thou dy'st, I glad runne to my fathers house.
¶ Soules bond with body hardly maketh breach
Yet this doth dye, and that Heav'ns dwelling reach.

Hinc mihi sordes.



Hence commeth my filthinesse.

Morall Emblems.

3.

PVra fui quondam auricomi Titanis alumna,
Et purâ nitui virginitate putâ.
purior Eoæ gentis quam chara supellex,
Purior & flammis, clare pyrope, tuis.
Purior & fulvo, flammâ explorante, metallo,
Quod jam sepreno tempore flammâ coquit,
At postquam impuro malè sum conjuncta marito,
Cœperunt fordes illius esse meæ.
† Scilicet impurus temerat purissima tactus,
Viciniq; lues inquinat ipsa mali.
Corporeis anima hæc simul est immersa tenebris,
Incipit a puro degener esse polo.

Sometimes I was the brood of Gold'n-haird sunne,
More pure, more chaste, than *Vesta's* watchfull nunne,
Purer than Easterne gemmes, than Saphirs bright,
Purer than Ophirs gold, than Rubies light,
Purer than Pactols gravell often try'd
In fire, and furnace seven times purify'd :
But since the fates to grease did me combine,
His filthy dregges are judged to be mine :
¶ For why conjunction doth contagion make,
And from th'impure the pure infection take.
The soule once plung'd into the body darke,
Forgets it was a chaste and divine sparke.

Quam numerosa Lux.



How great a Light.

Morall Emblems.

4.

Vnica fax poterit tenebras dispellere noctis,
At referet clarum fax numerosa diem.
Vnica sic Solis Lampas nunc lumine mundum
Lustrat, quâ medium terminat axe polum.
Myriades Solum multæ si lumine terras
Spargere jam possint, quæ foret illa dies!
¶ Filius at Cœli, quando jus nube serenâ
Dicet, depositum reddere busta jubens.
Corpora Sanctorum toties tot mille resurgent,
Aurea quot purâ sidera nocte micant.
Illa dies tantâ dispellet luce tenebras,
Sensiat ut tenebras postea nulla dies.

O Ne candle dispels the darkenesse of the night,
And many doe resemble *phœbus* light:
One Sunne illight ns the round globe every where,
What way th' horizon bouads the hemisphere:
If you ten thousand thousand Sunnes should see
At once, O what a day light would that be!
¶ When Christ amidst the clouds our doome shall plead,
When Earth and Sea shall render up their dead
Saints more then starres at once shall mount on hye.
As glorious Sunnes, to meete Christ in the skye.
That day shall drive away the darkenesse so,
That after that, no day shall darkenesse know.

Ille

Diogenis Lucerna.



Diogenes Lanterne.

Morall Emblems.

ILLe fuit cui pera penus, cui dolia fides,
Nare sagax, mores rusticus, ore latrax.
Diogenes medio accensâ sub sole lucernâ,
Rimatus sanctum dicitur esse virum.
Explorant aquilæ pullos ad lâmina solis,
Explorat mores fax taciturna hominum.
Namque diu personati, rectumque fidemque
Mentitâ præ se simplicitate ferunt.
Sed tacitæ nocti tranquilla silentia noctis,
Ostendunt mores tunc, sine fraude, suos.
Is felix, quem Sol, & quem fax vidit eundem,
Coram teste probus, qui sine teste pius.

WHose purchase was his pouch, his house a tun,
Criticke of actions whatsoever done,
That learned dogge, at noone-tyde tinn'd his light,
Searching for one, whose actions were upright.
The Eagles young ones by the Sunne are try'd,
Mens actions by the lamp are best espy'd ;
For men in day time maskt with vizards goe
Of truth and faith making an outward show.
But when they can nights secret silence find,
Before the lamp they doe unmaske their mind.
Happy is he whom Sunne and Lamp sees one,
Who's honest still, though witnesse there be none.

Tollitur

Non sub Modio.



Not under a Bushell.

Morall Emblems.

6.

Tollitur Ætherias Lampas Titania in arces,
Quo magè subjectos lumine lustret agros.
Gloria conspicui sic est illustrior astri,
Quà patet in cunctas Ætheris aula plagas.
Nec condenda mihi mediis sub pondere cæci
Lux est, nec latebris iniicienda domus.
Suspendenda altè ut noctem funalia vincant,
Clarius & jaciant recta per alta jubar.
¶ Vos quibus Æterni lux est concredita verbi,
Tollite jam vestras gentium ad ora faces.
Ut qui Cimmeriis gaudent habitare tenebris,
Agnoscant alium gratiæ adesse diem.

Titans day-burning lamp is set on high,
The more to light n the Earth from saphir sky ;
His beames more glorious and conspicuous shine
From East to West, from South to midnight line :
My light you must not under bushell put,
Nor in a chinky corners prison shut ;
That lights may cleare the chambers all throughout,
They must aloft be hanged round about.
¶ You holy Priests, to whom the word of light
Is trust, advance your torches in the sight
Of mortals, shew them who in darkenesse dwell,
The narrow way that leads to Heaven, from Hell.

Parvis componere magna:



To compare small with great things.

Morall Emblems.

7.

Lux mea si exhilarat taciturna silentia noctis,
Obscuro lustrans gaudia cuncta laris,
Aurea si Phœbi, si lux argentea Lunæ
Hæc noctem jubare illuminat, ille diem.
Quanta erit Empyreæ lux non effabilis arcis,
Quam cernent ipsam lumina nostra Deum.
Tu citius poteris dextrâ comprehendere mundum,
Et conchâ excipias vitrea stagna maris;
Dicere quam poteris, quæ lucis gloria Cælo est,
Quæ solem obscurat, sidera, & omne jubar.
Hoc tantum dicas; non lux est aurea Phœbi,
Non Phœbes lux est, stelliferæq; domus.
Sed quam lingua nequit, quam mens describere lucem
Cernes: Æternus lux erit illa Deus.

If thus my light nights sable silence glads,
Making a cheerefull roome in midnight shades;
If Gold'n-like *Phæbus* and his silver sister,
He in the day, shee in the night doth glister;
What thought-surpassing light then shall that be,
When we in Heaven Empyrean God shall see?
Sooner thou canst the world hold in thy hand,
Or in a shell containe the glassie strand;
Than tell how glorious is the light of Heaven,
That dark'ns the Sunne, Moone, Stars, and Planets seven:
This onely tell: it is not *Phæbus* light,
Nor *Phæbes*, nor the spangles of the night.
That light which tongue cannot, nor mind descry,
Once shalt thou see, a supream Diety.

Lux

Sola Lux mihi laus.



Onely Light is my praise.

Morall Emblems.

8.

Lux anima est faculæ Cœlesti e semine ducta,
Pingueq; pro fragili corpore sumen habet.
Dædala quod gnari pictoris dextera fucat,
Cœruleum flammis addit & arte, decus.
Nil pigmenta juvant, solus sed Iuminis usus,
Laudat; ad hunc finem lux fabricata fuit.
¶ Mens est mortali vitam quæ sola beatam
Efficit, & sobolem nos probat esse poli.
Quid bona Fortunæ, quid avitæ gloria gentis,
Corporis & robur, forma decusq; juvant?
Mens nisi sit ratione potens, atq; Æthere nata,
Corpus & hoc nostrum Spiritus intus alât.

Light is the Torches life of heavenly kind,
Thus to a fraile and greasie masse combind,
To which the Painter beauty doth impart,
Giving it glosse and colour from his Art.
The painting's nought, light doth the Torch commend
Which first was framed onely for this end.
¶ It is our mind that doth our life approve,
Shewing our race derived from above.
Blind Fortunes goods, kins generosity
Youths strength, and beauties curiosity
Make not, unlesse the spirit doe us season
With that Heav'n-bred sparkle of divine reason.

Parce, aliàs fruere.



Spare me now, enjoy me hereafter.

Morall Emblems.

9.

GRata tibi mea lux, quando nox ingruit atra,
Et replent tacitas nubila cæca domos.
Sive iuvat doctæ vigilem fuligo lucernæ,
Seu ductrix pensi sedula poscit anus.
Pervigil occiduo sum succedanea Phæbo,
Donec pernoctem de statione vocat.
¶ Parcito jam nostræ lucis dare fœnora Soli,
Sæpius & lucro tu potiere meo.
Si tenuis fuerit tibi res, huic parce subinde,
Instar & Attalicæ conditionis erit.

MY Light is pleasant, when the night doth gloome,
And pitchy darknesse lines the mourning roome;
Whither thou lists *Cleanthes* smoake to blow,
Or if the Matron like to twist her tow.
When *Phæbus* setteth, I watch centenall
Vntill he from my station doth me call.
¶ Spare me, lend not my light to *Titans* rays;
So shalt th' enjoy me when there is no day.
If thy estate be meane, husband it well,
And it *Attalick* wealth shall parallell.

Vita Mihi Mors.



My Life is my Death.

Morall Emblems.

10.

QVatuor in nostrō regnant primordia rerum
Corpore, discordi consociata iugo.
Omnia ut ad nostram veniunt concordia lucem,
Non minus ad nostram sunt & amica necem.
Terra struit pyram, flammæ me præparat aer,
Naturæ flammam vis fovet uda mea m.
Non nisi consumor, do lucem; luce liqueasco;
Lux eadem vitæ causa necisq; mea.
Iâperonidæ culpa hæc, qui lumen Olympi
Mortali poterat consociare luto.
¶ Corporis & nostri nativus deficit humor,
Innato succus quando calore perit.
Vivendo morimur, moriendo vivimus: ipsa
Quæ lucem donat, dat quoque vitæ necem.

FOURE Elements in this my body are
All yockt in one, yet ever still at warre;
As all agree to nourish this my light
So to my ruine they combine their might:
Aire maketh way for flame, Earth builds a pyre,
My moisture feeds the still consuming fire.
Still as I shine by light, by light I dy,
As cause of life, so of mortality,
It was *Prometheus* fault who stole away
Heav'ns fire, and joyn'd it to his mortall clay.
¶ Moisture doth heat, and heat doth moisture quale,
That dryes our body, this makes it dampe and fraile,
That which doth give, doth likewise spend our breath;
The first of being, is first houre of death.

Mihi noceo, alijs profum.



I do good to others, I hurt my self

Morall Emblems.

II.

FO Eneror hanc aliis lucem, consumor & ipsa,
Augeo quæ damnis lucra aliena meis.
Pernocti vigiles quot ducor lumine noctes?
Sæpius in primâ Lux mea luce perit.
Aeriis quoties fio ludibria flabris,
Prævia per cæcas ire coacta vias.
Siquid sit turbæ, furvæ & grassatio noctis,
Ad me itur; vitæ sum malè parca meæ.
Discere quod nequeunt hominum pars maxima, discens
Auxiliari aliis, ipsa nocere mihi.
Lex est, naturæ sed lex contraria nostræ,
Omnes quæ memores admonet esse sui.
¶ Impiger hostiles trudens se Codrus in enses,
Profuerat patriæ, prodigus ipse animæ
Pascit & implumes animâ Pelicanus alumnos,
Incolumes servat pastor & æger oves.
Mortalig; suam gaudens profundere vitam
Ipse Deus passus, ne pateretur homo, est.

Whilst I give light to others, I decay;
I lose my selfe, whilst I to others play:
I watch all night with an unsleepey eye,
And oft, before the day doth dawne, I dye:
How oft am I by blustering *Boreas* mockt,
And lightning others, I my selfe am cho kt;
If tumult, or a night assailing be,
I am employ'd, no rest, no peace for me:
What most of men neglect, that I observe,
To succour others, though my selfe should starve:
A Law but not of nature, which directs
All of themselves to have the prime respects.
¶ *Codrus* the King, his Country to defend,
Much like a Prodigall his life did spend;
The Pelican to feede her plumelesse brood,
Doth lance her breast, and straine her purest blood,
The watchfull shepherd seldome seeing sleepe,
Directs, and keepes from wolves his straying sheepe:
Even Christ himselfe, the Sonne of the most Hie,
Did suffer death, least mortall man should die.

Aut splendore aut situ consumor.



Either by Light or mouldines I die.

Morall Emblems.

12.

Hinc me Scylla rapit, premit hinc me dira Charibdis,
Ambiguiq; urget vis nocitura mali.
Ocia blanda sequens, carie & rubigine cœcâ
Consumor multo debilitata situ.
Sin radiis nitidas lustro rutilantibus ædes,
Extinguor flammis mox liquefacta meis.
Durum; sed levius reddit patientia : lucem
Expeto, quâ splendens utilis esse queam.
¶ Plena laboriferis sunt vitæ tempora curis,
Enervant animos ocia dira leves.
Hæc intemperiem generant, & robora frangunt,
Ast curæ mentes anxietate necant.
Sed tamen est melius mediâ quam vivere sorde,
Virtutis claro lumine posse mori.

Nature propounds a dilemme, chuse I must,
Either to dye by light, or rot by rust :
If I seeke ease and rest, then lasinelle
Doth me consume with mouldy hearinesse;
But if I love to shine with glorious ray,
Then by my flames in teares I melt away.
Patience doth light'n this evill : I wish to live
In glorious light, and light to others give,
¶ This life is worne out with laborious toile;
And slothfull rest doth minde and body spoile ;
But yet it's better for to dye a sparke,
Than like a laizie moule to live in darke.

Sedula

Sic perire miserum est.



So to dye is miserable.

Morall Emblems.

13.

Edula de pingui me dextra liquamine finxit
Artificis, luci ut tæda parata forem.

Jamq; mihi restat rutilas assumere flammæ,
Quando opportuni temporis hora vocat.

Eccerunt mures cæci e penetralibus antri,
Turbatq; me multo stridula dente petit.

Ante diem morior, nondum cui vivere cessit;
Fœdæq; dentati foricis esca cado.

Do lacrymas moriens, nunc indeflecta recumbo;
Nulla, vel hæc fati fors peracerba mei.

Sic cadit in cæcis uteri penetralibus infans,
Qui nullum vidit Solis, in orbe, jubar.

Sic immaturis juvenum spes occidit annis,
Quæ poterat longas emeruisse dies.

The Crafts-man did me of pure tallow frame,

And made me sit to nourish heav'ns flame;

One thing remain'd, that I should take with fire,

When season due, and fit hour doth require:

Loe how the rats catching me all alone,

With envious teeth my body cease upon;

I dye before my day, they life prevent;

Before I live, my livelesse body's spent:

I dying could with teares my death bemoane,

But this untimely death doth yeeld me none.

The infant so oft doth it selfe entombe,

Before it see the day, in mothers wombe.

So by untimely death youths hope decays,

Which might have well deserved many daies.

Fessa tibi nunc Lampada trado.



I weary, give my Light to thee.

Morall Emblems.

14.

Quum mihi pingue foret viscoso in corpore sumen,
Alma renidentis lucis alumna fui.
Hora sed in tenues tandem me dissipat auras,
Ad fungi cineres Lux mea tota redit.
Ecce meam defessa tibi nunc Lampada trado,
Inq; vicem vires experiere tuas.
Sic cedit persona alii, vacuamq; relinquit
Scenam, quum partes egerit ille suas.
Rex sceptri vitæq; simul defunctus honore,
Deponit soboli sceptrum tuenda suæ.
Emeritus, fato & fractus post vulnera miles
Cedit, & exercet strenuus arma tyro.
Felix transactæ vitæ quem vespera laudat,
Et lauri æterno gloria honore beat.

When that my clammy substance was entire,
I was an earthly nurse of heav'n-bred fire;
Now envious time doth me in ashes turne
And to a tedious snuffe my light doth burne:
Loe I have done, take thou this light of mine;
I yeeld, doe what thou canst, the turne is thine.
So the Comedian having plaid his share,
Gives place to others, who then actors are:
A King his weighty office having done,
Dying transfers his Scepter to his sonne:
When that the crasie Souldiers strength doth faile,
The younger must the enemy assaile.
Happy is he the evening of whose daies
Doth crowne his death with ever-living bayes.

Pauper

Nec minor est mea lux.



My Light is not the lesse.

Morall Emblems.

15.

Non minor est gurgēs vitreis circumfluus undis,
Exonerans sese in stagna fluenta, lacus.
Nec minor Ætherii lux ardentissima Solis;
Innumeros quamvis lumine lustrat agros.
Magnetis ferro visq; impertita sodali
Huic, illi; tamen est non minor ipsa sibi.
Sic mea multiparo varias lux lumine tædas
Accendens, lucem mutuatur, haud minuit.
¶ Hæc Sophiæ natura, sui quæ prodiga semet
Commūnem, salvâ ast integritate, facit.
Sic melius dixere bonum communius, omnes
Gratia participes sic volet esse sui.

The glassie gulfe joyn'd with Earths globe in one
Gives waters to the rivers, looseth none:
The Sunne that makes so many glorious dayes,
Doth loose no light, and still he wast's his rayes:
The Loadstone to the iron gives vertue rare,
And yet no wayes his owne he doth impaire:
So this my torch can give to others light,
And still, as is his wont, shine perfect bright.
¶ Thus Divine Wisdome doth communicate
Her selfe, that others may participate.
The good more common better is, and grace
Witeth, all were partakers of her case.

Quum

Perdita Invenio.



I finde things lost.

Morall Emblems.

16.

PAUPER anus tenuem noctis caligine drachmam
Perdit, quæ parvæ spes erat una rei.
Sedula mox properat splendentem accendere lychnum,
Et lento nitidam verrere fasce domum.
Eruit hanc latebris; inventaq; gratior illi est :
Quam fuerat Phrygio gaza superba feni.
¶ Ex quo Cimмериis Divinæ particula auræ
Corporis in cæco carcere, mersa latet ;
Vera jacet tenebris amissa scientia rerum,
Quæ superat largas Pygmalionis opes.
Ergo Cleanthææ Lux accendenda lucernæ est ;
Sic animi amissas inveniemus opes.

THe carefull Matrone in her cell below,
Let fall a groat, yet where she did not know :
Forthwith she tinnes a Light, then with her broome
She neatly sweepes the corners of the roome :
Thus from the dust and darkeness when she finds it,
More than the Phrygian Midas wealth she mindes it.
¶ Our soule a divine sparke since that it fell
Into Cimmerician darkeness of this cell,
The soules true knowledge doth appeare no more
Which goeth beyond *Pygmalions* richest store.
Then must we light *Cleanthes* Lamp and find
By study, the lost treasure of our mind.

D

Hesperias

Phosphore redde diem.



O Morning Starre shew forth day.

Morall Emblems.

17.

Hesperias postquam Phœbus descendit in undas,
Occidua &merso littora sole rubent.
Accendor clari nocturna vicaria Phœbi,
Et successivas sedula præsto vices.
Lux mea jam queritur consumptos corporis artus,
Et minuit fumen stiria multa meum.
Cedere sic cogor; reduces jam verito currus
Phœbe, orbi clarum Phosphore redde diem.
¶ Christus sol mundi, postquam remeavit ad oras
Empyreas, scandens vitrea regna poli.
Tunc sanctos jussit lucem præferre ministros,
Gratiæ ut in cœco pareat orbe dies.
At postquam hi senio fracti, vigiliq; labore
Incipiunt fessis artubus esse graves.
Lampada tunc animæ tradunt, optantq; vicissim,
Vt possit clarâ surgere nube Deus.

When Phœbus sets in the Hesperian streames
And Westerne shores blush with his drowned beames;
Then I as Phœbus second must give Light,
And act my part in darkenesse of the night:
But now my Light complains that I decay,
And into greasie teares doe melt away;
So I am forst to yeeld. O turne thy teame
Phœbus, and Phosphor shew thy morning beame.
¶ When Christ the Sonne of righteousness did goe
Vnto his Heavenly mansions from below
Then he his holy servants did command,
Conspicuous to the world, like lights, to stand;
But when they faile with watching, toile, and age,
And now are ready to goe off the stage,
Then up they yeeld the light of life and cry;
O come thou Sonne of righteousness, we die.

Video & Taceo.



I see all and lay nothing.

Morall Emblems.

18.

SÆpe mihi noctis credunt arcana silentis,
Quæq; solent clarum furta latere diem
Martis adulterium Sol toti ostendit Olympo,
Prodidit & versis crimina Phœbus equis;
Est mihi non temerata fides; quæ conscia cerno,
Hæc taceo Conso tutior una Deo.
¶ A me mortales taciturna silentia discant,
Ne lædant sanctam garrulitate Fidem.

IN secret silence of the night what's done
Is trust to me, concealed from the Sunne
Phœbus did Mars and Venus love betray,
And turning backe did greater crimes bewray:
What I doe see when wittnesse is asleepe,
That like Harpocrates I closely keepe.
¶ Let mortals learne to rule their tongue by me,
What lawfull secret they doe heare or see.

Lucentem metuistis.



You fear'd me whilst I shined.

Morall Emblems.

19.

DV M mea candenti radiaret lumine flammâ,
Et jubari lampas æquiparanda forem.
Illustrem fecit me splendor, flamma verendum,
Invidiosa aliis, & metuenda fui.
Sed postquam mea lux torpenti emortua fungo est,
Et tenebræ radios occulere meos.
Torpeo truncus iners, tutam munimine nullo
Me rodunt gires, quam metuere, facem.
¶ Invidiamq; metumq; simul mortalibus adfert
Gloria, majestas numine tuta suo est.
At postquam dominum fallax fortuna reliquit,
Præda nec armati pumilionis erit.

WHen as my Light much like an ev'ning starre,
Did cast his glittering beames both neare and farre;
Then light me glorious, flame me dreadfull made,
And none injuriously durst me upbraide;
But when my Light into a snuffe did turne,
And cloth'd with darkenesse, I did cease to burne,
Loe how without defence I naked stand,
Thus torne and rent by this devouring band.
¶ Glory, as envy, so it terrour lends
To Mortals: Majesty it selfe defends;
But after treacherous Fortune flies away,
To an unarmed dwarfe its made a prey.

Frustra me extinguis



In vaine thou puttest me out.

Morall Emblems.

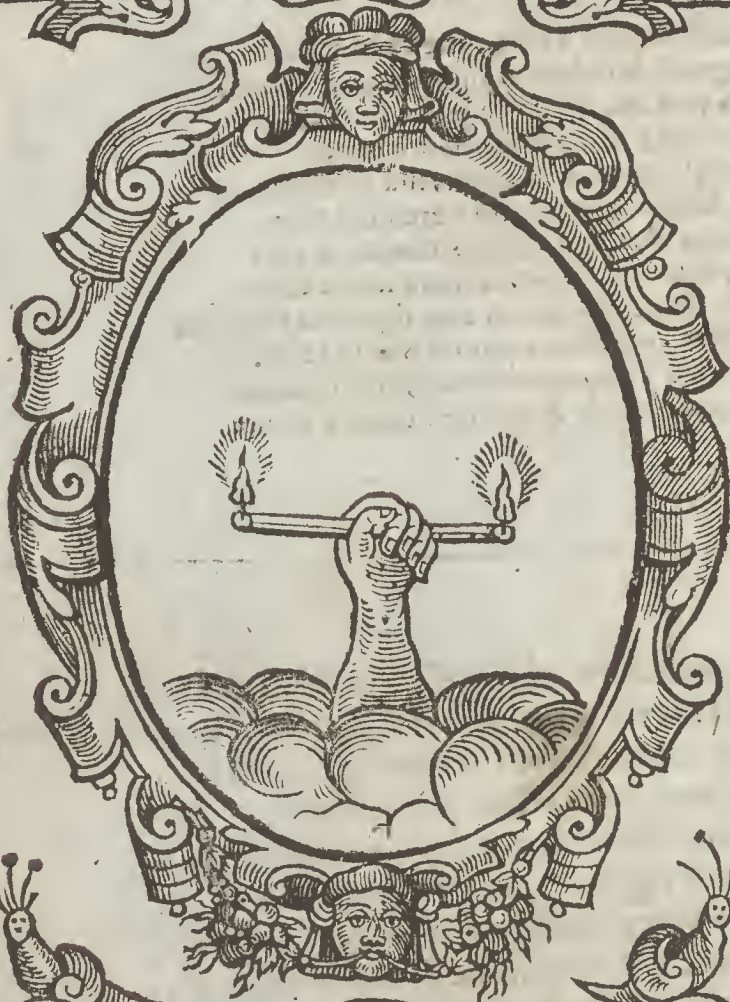
20.

ILlicitum molire nefas; me teste vereris
Aggredi, & indicium suspicis usq; meum.
Extincta jam me speras te posse latere,
Et sine teste tibi cuncta licere putas.
¶ Falleris; in cæcis Lux est divina tenebris,
Quæ lustrat Stygii tæta verenda Iovis.
Sed tu talpa Dei non spectas lumen, & atrâ
Non potis es medium cernere nocte diem.
Postmodo sed cernes, quum Lux suprema favillam
Accendet, quæ nunc corpore mersa later.
Ergo quicquid agis, tu præsens suspice numen,
In tenebris crede & cernere cuncta Deum.

THou goest about mischief and still dost feare,
Least this my light 'gainst thee should witness beare;
So having put me out thou think'st to worke
Thy will, and yet in secret still to lurke.
¶ Thou art deceiv'd, the darknesse of this cell
Contains a light, that sees the lowest hell.
But thou a Want, canst not perceive this light.
Neither discernest Sun-shine from cloudy night.
Then shalt thou see it, when the Diety
Shall kindle that sparke which in thy breast doth lie.
What e're thou dost, looke to that Light which made
All Lights, and shines as day in midnight shade.

Hinc

Cito consumar necesse est.



So I must needs be quickly consumed.

Morall Emblems.

21.

Hinc & hinc me flamma vorax consumit, utriusq;
Flagrat ad exitium Lux gēminata meum.
Dividit ardetes, velut Isthmus, dextera flammæ,
Consulat utq; mihi, vix cavet ipsa sibi.
Vicino nam tacta malo, consorsq; pericli est,
Dum coiens cogit cedere flamma manum.
¶ Dilapidet si forte gulâ bona cuncta maritus,
Vxor & in mundum destruat illa suum;
Hinc & hinc discerpta redit fors omnis ad assensum,
Pœnitet & serò dilacerasse penum.
Quod si fortunas dextrâ fulcire ruentes
Et cupiat fluxas sistere amicus opes.
Invisana perdens operam vix tutus abibit,
Namq; in eum virus vertit uterq; suum.
Sæpe malas dirimens lites malè plectitur insons,
Vertit & iratas in sua damna manus.

Am consumed with devouring fire,
Whilst Vulcane gainst me doubles thus his ire:
The hand, much like an Isthme, doth separate
The flames, and doth it selfe præcipitate
Into open danger, shewing so its love,
The scorching flames compels it to remove.
¶ A thriftlesse husband if he spend his state,
And so the wife loving to goe too neat;
Their stocke and meanes quickly goes to decay,
And late repentance comes, when all's away.
But if a friend their ruine would prevent,
And stay their fall; be sure he shall be sent:
He losing labour scarce shall harmelesse goe,
They both against him turne their malice so.
Of times who parteth quarrels and debate,
Against himselfe doth turne the parties hate.

Lux

Lux mea tibi tenebrae.



My light is darknes to thee.

Morall Emblems.

22.

L V X mea per rotas rutilans quæ spargitur ædes,
Exhilarans homines, ignicolâsq; Lares.
Nil nisi Cimmerias præfert tibi, cœce, tenebras;
Culpa tua est; cassus lumine nulla vides.
Cernere talpa nequit Solem, dum luce coruscat;
Et nullum cassus lumine, lumen habet.
¶ Christus vera Dei Lux, Sol purissimus orbi est,
Deregit & radiis nubila cuncta suis.
Cernimus haud tamen hoc lumen, nisi nmine pandat
Hos oculos, quos jam nox tenebrosa premit.
Sic ad nos Christi Lux derivata, reflectit
In proprium, radio multiplicante, jubar.

MY splendor with his bright and Sun-like ray,
Doth cheere the house, and darkenesse chase away;
To thee wh'art blind, I'm darke as sable night,
It's thy default, not mine; thou lack'st thy sight.
The Moule cannot *Hyperions* glory see;
Who want their eyes, no comfort have by me.
¶ Christ is the glory of that light from hie,
Which can the darkest Chaos full descry;
And yet we see him not untill our eyes
He open, which thickest darkenesse doth surprize;
Then doth his light unto himselfe reflect
From us as mirrours, with a new aspect.

Gloria

Tenebræ mihi famam.



Darknesse addeth glory to me.

Morall Emblems.]

23.

GLoria nulla foret faculae, nisi furva tenebris
Involvat mundum nox taciturna suis.
Stella polo quum nulla micat, quum cornua Phæbe
Condit, & obscuro sidere cuncta latent.
Frigora condensant tenuem vicina calorem,
Splendidusq; niter, nocte silente, jubar.
Quò magis est noctis caligo obsessa tenebris,
Hòc lumen tædæ clarius esse solet.
¶ Obvia si adversis ponas contraria rebus,
Obsessis pugnant viribus illa magis.
Virtuti confer vitium; splendebit utrumq;
Clarius hinc paret decus, inde decus.

NO glory could I shew, wer't not the night
In sable clouds did mantle up heavens light.
When starres are vail'd, and Phæb' her hornes doth hide,
Laying her cresset and attire aside.
The more nights fogge doth maske the spangled spheare,
The more in darkenesse doth my Light appeare;
Night's foggy cold doth make my flame more strong,
And light's more glorious pitchy clouds among.
¶ If you together contraries paralell,
By contrary opposition they excell.
Vertue compare with vice, and you shall see,
This shew his glory, that his infamie.

Nunc

Magis consumor minus luceo.



I am consumed more and shine lesse.

Morall Emblems.

24.

Nunc importunis Boreas me flatibus urget ;
Flat, ceu fornacis flamma cienda foret.
Fallitur, in tenues lucem mihi dissipat auras ;
Sic consumpta magis, luceo clara minus.
Ipse operam perdit Boreas, oleumq; ego perdo,
Impar congressus viribus estq; meis.
¶ Non si tardigradus stimulo fodiendus a fellus,
Nobilibus stimulos subdere oportet equis.
Aonidum proles non est laceranda flagello ;
Plumbea gens isto est erudienda modo.
Sunt certæ vires rerum & tranquilla facultas,
Quas urgens nimia sedulitate necas.

Now Boreas puffing in his boistrous ire
Blows as he were to kindle *Vulcan's* fire :
He doth undoe me by his churlishnesse,
I am consumed more, and shine the lesse :
He spends his labour, so I lose mine oyle,
As no wayes fit to undergoe such toyle.
¶ You beat the Assle lingring under his load,
The generous Horse deserveth not a goad :
The Muses sonnes cannot away wvith lashes,
Which are more fitting for *Arcadian* asses.
Each strength within his limits, Nature bounds,
Which who so passeth, Nature he confounds.

Nocitura peto.



I seeke mine hurt.

Morall Emblems.

25.

Aureus hanc lucis splendor trahit æmulus astris,
Nescit at infestas esse calore faces.
In fraudes incauta ruit; splendoris amore
Dum capitur, flammæ carpitur igne gravi.
¶ Splendida purpureo turget quæ gloria amictu,
Fulget in excelso conspicienda loco.
Invidiosa simul, cunctisque optabilis ardet;
Ast miserâ stultos improbitate necat.
Tollit, ut a summo derurbet culmine; katas
Cum miseris mutat gloria vana vices.
Icarix vitreo natarunt æquore pennæ,
Phœbo vicinas sollicitando vias.
Dum Phaeton capitur currus splendore paterni,
Eridani in medias decidit uestus aquas.
Tuta satis non sunt Phœbæis proxima flammis,
Audent auricomum si temerare jubâr.

Lights starre-like splendor doth allure this flye,
Not knowing that she may be burnt thereby:
Thus whilst she kindled with a great desire
Of Light, loe how shee dies in flaming fire.
¶ Glory in purple robes is set on hie,
Envious to many, lovely to the eye:
But many times glory doth fooles undoe,
Whilst, without wit and reason, they it wooe:
It raiseth them that with the greater fall,
It may them overthrow and crush withall.
Whilst *Icarus* soares to *Hyperions* beames,
He headlong fals intoth' *Icarian* streames;
And *Pha'ion* daring for to rule the day,
Was thunder-beate, and burnt with *Phœbus* ray.
We nearer to the Sunne more glorious are,
If of the scorching rayes we be aware.

Consumar si non cito.



Quickly or I am consumed.

Morall Emblems.

26.

FAx ego dum optatæ multùm peto lumina flammæ,
A flammâ lucem fervidiore peto.

Hinc cita nî accendor, jam jam consumar, & omnis
Suminis in lacrymas vis liquefacta cadet.

¶ Res quibus est angusta domi, & fortuna novercans,
Coguntur Dominos sollicitare suos.

Genua quibus cerant, & adorant supplice voto,
Municam duris mittere rebus opem.

Tunc miseros mora longa necat, nam spes cadit omnis,
Recula & exilis, quæ fuit ante, perit.

Tempestiva beant donantis munera dextræ,
Donaq; temporibus non nisi grata suis.

WHen I this wisht-for light to tinne desire,

I prostrate crave it from this flaming fire;

From whence if light come not in fitting time,

I am consum'd before the light be mine.

¶ Whose meanes are small, whom Fortune favours not,

They take their patrons mercy for their lot;

To them their supplications they direct,

Attending still with homage and respect;

Delay undo'th them, makes them spend their oyle,

Their hopes grow lesse, and greater is their toyle;

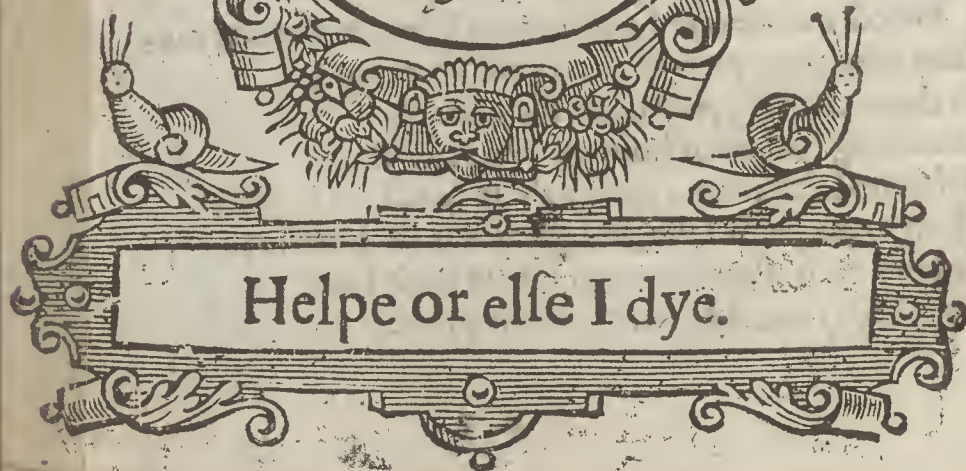
Vnlesse their Patrons timely shew their love:

For gifts, by timely giving, double prove.

Non suffulta pereo.



Helpe or else I dye.



Morall Emblems.

27.

FAx ego splendebam fixâ dum sede manerem,
Salvaq; sublato vertice flamma foret,
Nunc postquam casus lucem temeravit iniquus,
Prona vacillanti corpore tæda jacet.
Adfer opem quicumq; vides, succurre labanti,
Tutaq; sic nostræ gloria lucis erit.
¶ Humanum est labi, variæq; obnoxia forti
Vita, nequit certo firma manere loco.
Vel quassat fortuna, movet vel lubricus error;
Inq; horas hominum labitur omne genus.
Felix labenti cui vis succurrit amica,
Quiq; hominis, tanquam numinis, usus ope est.
Namq; docent, quæcumq; nocent, prudensq; cavebit
Ictus, cum lasso fortius ibit equo.

I Shined brightly whilst I stood upright,
And firmly seated gave a perfect light;
But after that mischance did me surprize,
I am cast downe and know not how to rise.
Helpe, helpe, who sees my case, now succour me,
So, as before, my Light shall glorious be.
¶ A man may fall, this brittle life of ours
Is subject to more chances than to houres:
Or fortune false, or errors slippery fall
Suffers us not, constant to proove at all:
Happy is he who falling findes a man,
Much like a God, supporting what he can.
By hurt he learning gaines, he wiser growes,
And with the weary Oxe more warily goes.

Memet Nutrio.



I nourish my selfe.

Morall Emblems.

28.

Cuncta suam nutriunt animam viventia damno
Alterius, vitam nutrio sola meam.
Planta rapit terræ vires, & pascitur illis;
Brutaq; florenti germine planta fovet.
Innocuas nec non animas animalia perdunt,
Humanæ ut fiant attilis esca gulæ.
¶ Alterius damnis hominum pars maxima vivit,
Augeat utq; suas res, aliena rapit.
Sic homini lupus est homo, raptò vivitur, & qui
Fraude potest alios fallere, lucra feret.
Felix qui propriâ ducit se sorte beatum,
Quodq; suum est, ducit satq; superq; sibi.

ALL living things with others losse maintaine
Their life, not so my harmelesse light I gaine.
The plant doth feede upon the fertile soile;
And brutish beasts the pleasant plants doe spoile;
So harmelesse beast, and bird, and fish must dy,
To pamper mans too licorish gluttony.
But of condition though I mortall be;
Yet this my Light is onely nursd by me.
¶ The most of men doe live by others losse,
Whilst others goods they to themselves engrosse:
So man proves wolfe to man, and robbery gives
Most gaine to him, who most unjustly lives.
Thrice happy's he, who's of his state content,
As if it were *Crassus* or *Cræsus* rent.

Non memet Extinguo.



I doe not put out my selfe.

Morall Emblems.

29.

Sit mihi fors quæcumq; tamen gratissima semper
Vita mihi est, morior non nisi iussa mori.
Quando manus Domini extinguit, vel fortior aura
Enecat, aut pessum casus iniquus agit.
Sic minus irrupta hanc animam cum corpore jungit
Copula, supremo non nisi rupta die.
¶ Ipsa hominem iussit vitam natura tueri,
Quâ nil mortali charius esse solet.
Ille sed invitis refecat sua stamina Pareis,
Exosusq; animam, res sibi habere jubet.
Scilicet incertæ meruens discrimina mortis,
Ante tubas mortem, ne moriatur, obit.
Ah! miser Ætheriæ non dignus munere lucis,
Vivere qui non vult, nescit & ipse mori.

What e're my star's, my love proves constant still
To this my Soule, we part against our will;
Or when fierce *Boreas* with his blustering gale,
Or some mischance my lovely light doth quale:
Else I and Light my life, would never part,
Before to ashes fates did me convert.
¶ Nature commands us to maintaine our breath
And being, shunning life-destroying death.
Yet man from *Atropus* oft takes the knife,
And cuts his fatall thred, devouring life:
For why, he fearing death before his day,
Before th'allarum, makes himselfe away.
Ah wretch! unworthy to behold the skye,
Who will not live, and knowes not how to dye.

Omnia

Mors mihi Lucrum.



Death is gaine to me.

Morall Emblems.

30.

LV X extincta perit, non spes tamen excidit om̄is,
Denuoq; accendet lux rediviva facem.
Dutius ut vivam, morior ; sic mors mihi lucrum est,
Alternasq; dabit flamma iterata vices.
Nos morimur, fatiq; om̄nes concedimus atro,
Et mors est tanquam mersa sopore quies.
Namq; anima Ætherias simulac volitavit ad arces,
Corpus in hæc mundi prima elementa redit.
Donec ad illa redux anima, hos assumpserit artus,
Quos posuit, vitâ dans meliore frui.

MY Light is gone, yet hope doth still remaine,
That Light revived shall me quick'n againe.
I shall gaine by death, for so I longer last,
Life shall returne, after some houres are past.
All of us dye, when this our threed is spunne,
And cut, deaths drousie sleepe is then begunne.
After the ghuëst is gone, the Innes decay,
Our body's turn'd to rubbish and to clay,
Vntill the soule returning doe possesse
Our bodies in Eternall happinesse.

Ætherias

Sursum Peto, deorsum trahor.



I bend upward, I am drawne downward.

Morall Emblems.

31.

E Therias mea flamma polaris anhelat ad arces,
Lux in natalem subvolat usq; locum.
Corporeo sed pressa jugo descendere flamma
Cogitur, ut quærat rædæ alimenta suæ.
Decrescens sequitur sic sumen, donec ad ipsum
Venerit, ultra quod non datur ire, rogam.
¶ Mens mea nescio quâ Cœli dulcedine capta
Cogitat alatham tendere ad astra viam.
sed grave mergit onus, dum compes dura caduci
Corporis, hanc mentem serpere cogit humi.
Pulveris in medio quærens victumq; & amictum,
Lotum edit, & patriæ vix memor ipsa suæ est.

MY Light up to Heav'ns Mansions still doth move,
Seeking his native place of rest above;
But being ty'd in bondage to this frame,
It stoopes to seeke his food, and feed his flame:
So still it sinkes downeward, untill it turne
Into a snuffe, and ashes cease to burne.
¶ My mind, I know not how, longeth to flye,
Vnto the Heavenly Courts and Saphire sky,
But still its plung'd, so to the body bound,
That its compel'd to grovell on the ground:
Thus cralling for its food my soule can fret,
And tasting Lote, his Country doth forget.

Tantus

Extinguar quin ascendam.



I will dye but I shall ascend.

Morall Emblems.

32.

TAntus amor patrii Cœli est, sic tendit in altum
Lumen, ut adversas nesciat ire vias.
Lux depressa tamen scandit, penetratq; ruinas
Illa meas, morte & sternit ad astra viam.
¶ Emicat ad Cœlos anima hæc, corpusq; supinat
Hoc grave, dum secum tollere membra cupit.
Nititur, at frustra; corpus radicibus hærens
Terræ, cognatam linquere nescit humum.
Deprimit ad filices tumulumq; victa senectus,
Cum parat in terram figere Parca caput.
Tunc anima inversi per corporis ire ruinas
Gestit, & ad superas ferre trophæa domos.

Such is lights love to Heaven, that still above
It mounts, and cannot to the center move;
Hold you it under, it will upward reach,
And through its ruinous body make a breach.
¶ Our soule doth bend our bodies straight and even;
As with it selfe, it would them raise to Heaven;
But all in vaine it undergoes such toyle,
The body will not leave its native soyle:
Age puls it downe, and makes it stoop full low,
Till death doth give his fatall overthrow
Then through the bodies breach the Soule doth rise,
And like a conquerour, mount to the skyes.

Proprio sumptu.



On mine owne cost.

Morall Emblems.

33.

OMnia quæ mea sunt, mecum bene prævida porto,
Et vivit sumptu sobria flamma suo.
Si tenuis mihi sit res, mecum convenit illi,
Et quæcunq; venit fors, mihi grata venit.
Nusquam mendico, nec quid sit tristis egestas
Viva scio; quid sit mortua, curo minus.
¶ Sunt quibus unum opus est alienâ vivere quadrâ,
Et lautam alterius dilacerare penum.
Vulturii humani generis, fuciq; culinæ,
Menfarum harpyiæ, foriculi penoris.
At Sapiens animum fortunæ accommodat æquum,
Metitus modulo seq; penumq; suo.
Gravior exigui est huic esca parabilis horti,
Malvaq;, quam magnæ sportula larga domus.

I Carry about with me, my frugall store,
With which I am content, and seeke no more;
If it be meane, I can with it agree,
What state soever, welcome comes to me :
I never begge; alive, what is distresse,
I know not; but once dead, I care for't lesse.
¶ Some live on others trenchers, and doe eate.
The bread of sloth, for which they never sweat :
They're greedy ravens of mankind, kitching drones,
Rich tables harpyes, rats, Chamelions.
The wiseman howsoever he doth finde
Fortune, to it he fits and frames his mind,
He doth preferre his course and country faire,
Vnto his Patrons dole and dishes rare.

Lucenti non invideo.



I envie not thy light.

Morall Emblems.

34.

CV M tua per noctis radiaret flamma tenebras ;
Splendebat tua lux invidiosa mihi.

At postquam Titan lustravit lumine terras,
Flamma tua est, tenebris æmula facta meis.

Non equidem invideo lucenti, gloria lucis
Nulla tuæ est, tenebris, gloria nulla meis.

¶ Ymbra velut corpus sequitur, comitatur honorem
Invidia, & livor culmina summa petit.

Gloriolam obscurat si quando gloria major,
Gloriolæ invidiam gloria major habet.

WHen thou in darkenesse of the night didst blaze,
I could not without envy on thee gaze ;

But when the Cyclop *Titan* comes in fight,
There is no ods twixt darkenesse and thy light :

I doe not envy thee, although thou shine ;
No glor' I have, nor is the glory thine.

¶ As lightsome bodies doe a shaddow give ;
So glory without envy cannot live :

When greater glory doth the meane suppress,
It likewise takes the envy from the lesse.

Flamma fumo proxima est.



Fire followeth smoake.

Morall Emblems.

135

QUI timet insanæ damnata incendia flammæ;
Et cupit extinctam nocte latere facem,
Extinguit flammam, nec cessat spiritus ante
Quam fumi fungo cum moriente ca dat.
Proxima nam fumo flamma est, spiracula fungi
Lumina fumanti dant, rediviva faci.
S Furtivas Veneris metuis qui in pectore flammæ,
Et quas accendit dira libido lues.
Has preme, suppressoq; imi jam pectoris æstu,
Tu cave ne impuro fumus ab ore meet.
Si spirat fumus, cineri supposita doloso
Flamma jacet; fumum supprime, flammâ perit.
Contra; si verbis occurret blandior aura
Pellicis; in flammæ dira libido micat.

WHO fearest outrageous *Vulcans* damned ire,
And wouldst be safe from night-surprising fire;
Put out the flame, the smoaking snuffe suppress,
Least from the smoake the fire it selfe redresse;
For fire is next to smoake, and oft its seene,
That reaking snuffe a blazing fire hath beene.
WHO feares the damned fire of inward lust,
And *Cupids* flames, observe this rule he must.
Hearts concupiscence, fore it's vehement,
Looke that in words he suffer't not to vent;
For words are smoake of burning hearts desire;
Smother his words, he needs not feare the fire;
But otherwayes a whorish complement,
Doth blow his fire, and makes him give consent.

Dum spiro spero.



Whilst I breath, I hope.

Morall Emblemes.

36.

Multa meam accelerant vitæ discrimina mortem,
Et tandem Boreæ vis truculenta necat.

Flamma cadit, calor excedit, lux aurea cæca est,
Spiritus, & vitæ specula parva manet.

¶ Hanc hominum vitam vexant incommoda mille,
Et minuit nostros fors inopina dies.

Cura, dolor perimunt, enervant corpora morbi,
Et trahit ad capulum dira senectæ senes

Vespere vel Fortuna, dedit quæ mane, revellit;
Aut spoliat miseros hostica turba viros.

Forma perit subito, vires franguntur, honores
Aufugiunt, fractas linquit amicus opes.

Spes at amica manet, dubiis fidissima rebus,
Hæc comes extremâ non nisi morte fugit.

A Thousand evils this my life doth spend,
At length fierce *Boreas* thereto puts an end :

My light, my heat, my flame and all is past;
Onely, whilst breath remaines, my hope doth last.

¶ This life of ours is tost to and againe,
Time and unconstant Fortune workes our bane :

Care kills us, griefe, diseases doth outweare
This life, Death dragges us to the dolefull biere.

Fortune takes what she in the morning gave;
Or enemies robbe and spoile what e're we have;

Strength, beauty perish, honours flye away,
False friends, when meanes are gone, they will not stay :

Hope's onely constant in adversity,
Before she's kild by death, she will not fly.

Lucentem

Altero extinguor, altero accendor.



The one puts me out, the other kindls me

Morall Emblems.

37.

Lycentem me aduersa noti jam perdidit auras;
Denuò sed flammæ aurâ secunda dabit.
Rusticus ut quondam, ventus contraria spirat,
Vno namq; calor, frigus & ore meat.
Puppe procellosi quem excussit gurgitis unda,
In puppem rediens gurgitis unda fefert.
Altera Fortunæ manus obruit, altera tollit;
Sanat, quod fixit, Pelias hasta latus.
Sic multos periisse iuvat; quem patria mulctat
Exilio, sæpe hunc hostica terra fovet.
Ne desponde animum, nec rebus concide fractis;
Difficiles, faciles experiere Deos.

WHilst I did shine fierce *Boreas* put me out,
Againe he kindles me at the second bout:
As sometimes did the clowne, now *Boreas* doth,
Both heat and cold he breatheth from his mouth,
The billow whom it cast into the maine,
Returning threw him in the Shippe againe;
Fortune throwes downe, then raiseth from the ground;
Achilles speare doth cure whom it did wound.
Losses prove good to some, whom Greece condemnd,
The Persian for his vallour could commend.
Be not cast downe, dispaire not at mischance,
God who hath crossed thee, will thee advance.

Hellespontiæcis

Herus Lucerna.



Heros light.

Morall Emblems.

38.

Hellespontiæ Hero vicina procellis
Suspendit claram narris ab arce facem.
Hanc cernens mediis nabat Leander in undis
Ad Dominæ properans gaudia blanda suæ.
Hanc postquam extinguit Boreæ violentior aura,
Æquoris in tumidis mergitur ille vadis.
Sic juveni fuerat quondam quæ tæda jugalis,
Ad funus juveni tæda parata fuit.
¶ Cœlicolûm Pater, ac æterni conditor orbis,
Lumen ab Ætheriâ protulit arce suum.
Hoc sequimur vitæ jactati mille procellis,
Dum petimus celsi gaudia vera poli.
Nulla sed hoc Boreæ aut ventorum infania lædet:
Ad portum incolumes sic licet ire piis.
Quo simul ac fessi pervenimus, illa jugalis
Fax erit, & nunquam funebris esse potest.

Hero who dwelt by Hellespenticke strand,
Hang'd forth a Light, Leanders marke for land,
Whither his helmelesse course he steerd and mov'd,
Whilst he made haste to see his welbelov'd,
Which when fierce Boreas with his blustering blast
Put out, he in the floods away was cast:
So that his wedding light became a torch,
To convoy him to Proserpines blacke porch.
¶ Almighty God who made all by his power,
Holds forth his Light from the Celestiall Tower:
That when the stormes our tossed soules annoy,
It may direct us to our heav'nly joy.
No storme against this Light can so prevaile
But Saints unto their wisht-for Haven may saile.
Where for their Wedding torch this Light they have,
Which never shall convoy them to their grave.

Cum

Exitus Probat.



The end tryeth all.

Morall Emblems.

39.

NVlla fuere faci & ceræ discrimina odoris,
Quum clarum ornaret lucis utrumq; jubar,
Lux simul extincta est, spatule fax tetrius halat;
Hyblæos redolet melæla cera favos.
¶ Sic prætextato dum fulget honoris in ostro
Improbis, assimilis creditur esse probis.
At quum nil miserans personam detrahit Orcus,
Excudit aut nudos fors malefida sinus.
Ille cachinnantis Vulgi tunc sordet in ore,
Famaq; sentinæ ut fœda mephitis olet.
Fulget in adversis contra probus, inq; secundis,
Nullaq; Fortunæ tela nocere queunt.
Quin ubi mors animam ténues efflavit in auras,
Vivit thuricremis æmula fama rogis.

When as the waxen light and candle did shine,
As was the taper, so the candle was fine:
When light is gone, this gives an odious snuffe,
That smels of Hyblas sweete nectarian stuffe.
¶ So when the wicked sits in honours chaire,
Vnto the good man all doe him compare;
But when death sparing none, his maske puls off,
And changing Fortune sets him for a scoffe:
Then to the frittles people he doth stinke:
His name smels like a common-shore or sinke:
The good againe, even in adversity,
Cares not for Fortunes false inconstancy;
And when against him death hath done her best,
His name smells like the Phenix spicy nest.

Cum

Dux Laterna Via.



The Lanterne leades the way.

Morall Emblems.]

40.

CUm mare fermentat Boreas, quum fluctibus æquor
Intumet, & ventis aspera gliscit hyems.
Sol oculis quando eripitur; caligine cœlum,
Et tumidum involvit nox tenebrosa salum.
Dux veluti, lux nostra monet vitare Charybdin,
Et Scyllæarum jurgia dira canum.
¶ Erramus vitæ jactati mille procellis,
Præpedit & nostrum nubilus error iter,
Sed Christus classis nostræ prætoria navis
Lucentem præfert per vada cœca facem.
Hanc sequere, optatas Cœli qui tendis ad oras;
Christus enim verax est via, luxq; viæ.

When stormie Boreas puts the seas in rage,
And swelling waves intestine warre do wage;
When sun is darkn'd, when night doth heav'n confound,
And foaming billowes give a discord sound.
My light then leads the way through reeling strands,
Guiding by Scyllas rocks, Charybdis sands.
¶ Here we are tossed in a maine of feares;
But Christ our admirall the lanterne beares;
Least we should suffer shipwracke in the night,
He leads us through all dangers by his light.
Who then would' it come to Heav'ns long wisht-for bay,
Follow thy Saviour who's Truth, Light, and Way.

Data Lux suspiria tollit.



Light me I shal sigh nomore

Morall Emblems.

41.

Cum mea per tenebras radiaret lumine Lampas,
Æmula quam stellis flamma corusca foret,
In precio fuerat mea lux, dignabar honore,
Inq; oculis eunctis fax mea lata fuit.
Nunc moribundatã gemo, sordens suspiria duco,
Sumq; invisa aliis, ipsa odiosa mihi.
Quod si flamma redux fuerit, decus omne redibit,
Quiq; prius frixit, sit recidivus amor.
¶ Res quam salva manet, quam pleno copia cornu est
Inta stas populus suspicit omnis opes.
At simil inconstans reflat Fortuna, faceffude
Omnes, & miseris nullus amicus adest.
Quin ubi fors vultum mutat, quam denuo ridet,
Assentatorum reflua turba redit.
Oceani velut unda fuit, fuit unda clientum,
Versiq; dat pelles fors male fida vices.

When as my Light with beames did brightly shine,
And starre light was but equall unto mine;
I was in great request and set above,
Was deare to all, who saw me, did me love:
Now breathing sighes, and languishing I grone:
I'm hatefull to my selfe, belov'd of none.
If once againe my light beginne to burne,
With it my light and honour shall returne.
¶ When Fortune standing on her slippery ball,
Doth favour, then are we admir'd of all;
But if she frowne, then flatterers flye away,
No friends abide, if once your meanes decay:
O but if Fortune change, and smile againe,
Then fawne these flatterers, and beare up your traine.
Much like the Sea these Clients flote and flow;
And Fortune turns her coat, at every show.

Frustra me tegis.



In vaine thou coverest me.

Morall Emblems.

42.

Frustra me ardentem celat prætexta lacerna,
Lumine flagrabit tacta lacerna meo.
Nostra meam nocti produunt incendia lucem,
Injectæ vestis dat q̄ ruina viam.
¶ Infandum quicumq; fovet peneralibus inui
Pectoris, & sperat posse latere nefas.
Ille faces celat Furiarum mente reductâ,
Sed frustra involutus impia flamma micat.
Sic quicumq; nefas dixi concepit Orestis,
Non minus & Furiâs impij Orestis habet.
Dissimula tu quantumvis, vis insita menti
Quæ penitus sentis, cogit aperta loqui.

IN vaine thou mantles up this light of mine,
Thinking that no man shall perceive it shine.
But all in vaine, flame will it selfe bewray
And through thy coat, by burning, make his way.
¶ Who in his lower heart doth hurt conceale,
Hoping that nothing shall the same reveale.
He hides the torches of the hellish rout,
Which will at length with violence burst out :
Who doth conceive Orestis impious thought,
It will ere long to furious fact be brought.
Dissemble what thou can'st, that inward sparke
Will burst forth into Light, though now its darke.

Sic Vos non Vobis.



So are you not borne for your selvs.

Morall Emblems.

43

ARte faber chalybem fingens sic temperat igni,
Ut silicis duræ verbera ferre queat.

Hæc quando saxi cæcis incendia ab antris
Excutit, in cremium multa favilla cadit.

Scintillas fovet hoc rutilas, a sulphure donec
Accenso flammam tæda parara rapit.

Tæda faci tandem tradit, fax ardet ad usus
Humanos, aliis commoda, nulla sibi.

¶ Sic jussit Natura Deo parere potenti
Omnia, & in proprias esse ministra vices.

Næ quibus Natura dedit sine munere vitæ
Herbarum vitas prima elementa fovent.

Brutum animal viridis terræ sic planta saginat,
Humanæ ut fiant esca parata gulæ.

Omnia sic nostros didunt se commoda in usus:
• Debemus nostro morigeri esse Deo.

THe Smith the Steele, so tempers in the fire,
As that it may indure flints stroke and ire;
The flint and steel, gainst others while they strive,
Give sparkles, which the tinder keeps alive;
Vntill the sulphure to the match gives flame,
Which keeps, and to the candle doth give the same;
The candle thus lighted proper use hath none:
Thus all ordained is for man alone.

¶ Dame Nature so commandeth ev'ry thing
In his owne kind to serve his lord and King;
Things of meere being, and which doe not live,
As Elements, food to the living give;
The living herbs doe beasts with sense maintaine,
And these, to feede us, ev'ry houre are slaine:
So every thing is for the use of man,
To God should he not doe then, what he can?

Nauplij faces.



Nauplius his Lights.

Morall Emblems.

44.

Vixit Idæis quum jam remearet ab oris
Classis, & armata glisceret ira Deæ.
Nauplius Argolicas ulturus fraude carinas,
Suspendit rutilas ad vada cœca faces.
Illa in saxa ruunt, inimico lumine falsa,
Euboicisq; natat naufraga classis aquis.
¶ Dum petimus patriam, vitæ jactamur in undis,
Et gemit assiduo quassa carina noto.
Suspendunt faculas Honor & damnosa Voluptas,
Instar Sirenis fingit uterq; dolos.
Gaudia promittunt portus, placidamq; quietem,
Interea miseros in mala damna trahunt.
¶ Vt sapias vani vitato Capharea honoris
Falsa, voluptatis naufraga saxa fuge.

When as the conqu'ring fleete return'd from Troy,
And Pallas stormy vwrath did them annoy;
Then Nauplius sought revenge upon the Greekes,
And hang'd out Lanterns on the rocky creekes;
The Greekes deceived did the rockes mistake,
And dashing gainst them did nights shipwracke make.
¶ Whilst we unto our wight-for Country goe,
This lifes feirce billowes tosse us to and fro;
Honour and glory hang out lights so faire,
And Siren-like doe seeke us to ensnare:
A joyfull, quiet haven they doe pretend;
But oft they draw us to a dolefull end:
If thou be wise shunne honours lights so hy,
And from shipwra: king Siren pleasure fly.

Lux

Præstat morari.



'Tis better to tarry.

Morall Emblems.

45.

Lux mea torpenti languet jam proxima fusgo;
Vicina est nigris fax moribunda rogis.
Ecce mea præsto lux inhiat altera fori;
Carnificemq; meis ut potiatur, agit.
Non impune meam accelerat tamen illa ruinam,
Namq; ulciscetur nostra favilla necem.
¶ Ante diem patrios minuit sic filius annos,
Et si non gladio, sæpe dolore necat,
Occupet ut bona quæ genitor sudore paravit;
Non tamen hoc Nemesis deflet, inulta nefas,
Dilapidat nam cuncta nepos, rogus ante parentis
Quam friget, nati res malè-partæ perit.

MY Light into a snuffe is almost turn'd,
And now the candle to smoaking ashes burn'd,
Behold another Light stands ready by,
Which to enjoy my place will make me dye.
Yet not unpunish'd it puts out my breath,
My very ashes doe revenge my death.
¶ So doth the sonne his Father make away,
If not with sword, with griefe, before his day,
That he his Fathers goods and meanes may joy,
Which *Nemesis* revenging doth convoy.
For oft the spendthrifts goods so evill gotten
Are spent before his Fathers bones are rotten.

Atratum,

Signum est Luxisse.



It is a token that I shined.

Morall Emblems.

46.

A Tratum quicumq; videt fuligine fungum,
Sentiet ille meum consenuisse jubar.
Teda coruscanti flagrabat lumine quondam;
Luminis, extincto lumine, stigma manet.
¶ Srenuus armatos domuit qui marte duelles,
Vulnera virtutis signa referre solet.
In Veneris meruit qui castris, vix trahit artus,
Membraq; tabificâ debilitata lue.
Discipuli vultus macri, insaniq; gulonis
Pinguis aqualiculus symbolica esse solent.
Seu virtus fuerit, vitium seu ignobile, tanquam
Sorex, indicio paret utrumq; suo.

Who so beholds this smoaky snuffe of mine,
He must needs thinke that sometime I did shine;
But now my Light is gone, my glory's darke,
Onely of light I have the brand and marke.
¶ Who for his Country hath with valour stood,
His wounds doe shew, that he hath spent his blood :
In *Venus* training who hath beene practised,
Some token he beares of what he exercised.
The Schollars badge, are fallow lookes and blanch;
The gluttons is the fatnesse of his panch.
Vertue and vice doth leave some token behind,
Which of themselves doe put us still in minde!

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Exiguo melius.



Better with a little.

Morall Emblems.

47.

Vis olei nimia extinguit, moderataq; nutrit;
Quod fovet, hoc nimium quando erit, exanimas.
Diluvii fecundus ager sterilefcit aquarum,
At modico letas educat imbre comas
Deliciz enervant animum, corpusq; salivã
Torquent; est modicæ gratia multa dapis :
Vivitur in Micã melius quam in Apolline, possis
Vt sanã, in sano corpore, mente fruã.

MY Light is best maintain'd with little Oyle,
Too much of that which feeds me, doth me spoile.
Deluge o' fwaters drownes the fertile ground,
Soft dropping raines makes it with grasse abound :
Riot in cheere the body kils and minde,
The meaneft fare, the best for both we finde :
Rather in Mica than Apollo dine,
If thou wouldst wit and health still to be thine.

Turba

1601

Qui malè facit odit lucem.



An evill-doer hateth Light.

Morall Emblems.

48.

Tyrba latrociniis grassans dum perforat ædes,
Noxiq; in tenebris furta Latere putat.
Lux mea per vitreas simul est conspecta fenestras,
Terrèt, & hos trépidam cogit inire fugam.
Lux invisa malis, quia cæcas prodere fraudes,
Fædare & latebras insidiasque potest.
¶ Tempus erat, cæcis tenebris quo mersa jacebant
Omnia, terrigenis nec fuit ulla dies.
Tunc grassabatur caco-dæmon tæta frequentans,
Pectoris arque domus incola sæpe fuit.
At postquam Eois lux Christi affulsit ab oris.
Pan magnus tandem fugit ab orbe Deus.

WHilst theeves doe digge at middle of the night,
Working the workes of darknesse, not of Light;
No sooner through the window they me spy
But they affrighted turne their backes and fly.
This Light ill-doers no wayes can abide,
Simply revealing, what they falsely hide.
¶ There was a time when all in darkenésse lay,
When mortals had a naturall night, no day;
Then Satan that arch-theefe did range abroad,
Seeking in hearts and houses his aboad;
But since that Christs bright Starre hath shewne his Light,
Great Pan is dead, the Devill is put to flight.

H

Debat

Luceo & Lateo,



I lurke and shine.

Morall Emblems.

49.

Debbat rapidis mea lux ludibria ventis,
Obvia foricibus prædaq; sumen erat.
Tunica sed postquam tersi pellucida cornu
Munivit, lateo & luceo testa magis.
Lux, adamas veluti, interno splendore coruscat,
Externo injuriam robore ferre potest.
¶ Splendida nobilitas fortunæ obnoxia telo est,
Eximiumq; petit livida turba decus.
Splendorem pteras ut murus æheneus ambit,
Gloria virtutumque ægide testa nitet.
Sic vitæ quascunque ciet fors dira procellas,
Illa tamen lucens sub probitate later.

BEfore my Light was to the winds a scorne,
My body likewise subje& to be torne;
Now for a safeguard I this lanterne have,
So whilst I shine from wrong it doth me save;
Even as the Diamond his light forth sends,
And with his hardnesse still himselfe defends.
¶ Honour is subject to unconstant chance,
Nor can it without envy' t selfe advance:
Vertue to honour is a brasen wall,
Guarded with which, it is not hurt at all;
And how so ever Fortun's stormes doe blow,
Yet Glory lurking thus, his light can show.

Si tu foris, Ego domi.



If thou abroad, I at home.

Morall Emblems.

50.

Cerea fax temnit Borealis flamina venti,
Apta procellosi nubila ferre poli.
Demonstratque vias tempestat noctis in umbris,
Et nitidum gelido sub Iove lumen habet.
Desidet at candela domi, lustratque penates,
A debacchantis verberere tuta noti.
Gaudia deliciaeque laris penetralia servat :
Ambulat illa foris, hæc latet usq; domi.
¶ Splendida sic vegetus linquit sua tecta maritus
Sub gelido gaudens munia obire dio.
Perque maris currit scopulos, cœlique procellas
Augeat ut tenuem sedulitate penum.
Vxor casta domi manet, & testudinis instar
Est domiporta, sui & splendida cura laris.
Vt subit errorum discrimina fortis Vlysses;
Penelope curam gestit habere domus.

THis waxen torch is able to endure
The winds, when Æolus puts them in ure,
It leads the way in darknesse of the night,
And, though the serene fall, it shewes his Light :
The candle still lurks at home, and there doth show
Its light, not caring how the winds doe blow,
This as the houses joy at home doth stay,
The other still abroad doth make his way.
¶ The hardy husband from his house goes forth
Seeking to compasse businesse of worth ;
He sailes by rockes and sands, earely and late
He toiles, and seekes to purchase an estate :
The wife at home much like a snarle she sits
On hous-wifry employing all her wits :
Vlysses in his travels hard did thift,
Penelope at home did use her thrift.

Sic pio perij officio.



So I am undon by doing good

Morall Emblems.

51.

VNdique laternam circa grassantibus Euris,
Debuerat tutum delituisse jubar.

Importuna nocet pietas, male provida lucem
Perdit, dum lucem fecerat illa suam.

¶ Si hostis habet muros, tunc ne pandatur amico
Porta, feret damnum sic male cautus amor.

Hostibus accedat si concomitatus amicus,
Neglige, vicini est vis metuenda mali.

Esse pius si vis, omnes circumspice casus,
Damnosa ne sis impietate pius.

WHilst stormy winds about the Lanterne rage,
The light ought to have lurked in his cage;

Untimely love undoes him while he lends
His Light, loe how his harmelesse life he spends.

¶ When troops of enemies besiege the wall,
For feare of hurt, shut gates, though friends doe call.

If that a friend accompanied with a foe
Doth come, feare neighbour danger, let him goe.

If thou lov'st to be charitable, doe
So good to others, that it hurt not you.

Hac tantum patui.



May open here onely.

Morall Emblems.

52.

PRæbuit una via in morti jam rima dehiscens
Dum malè per parvum stabra foramen eunt,
Irruit infanus Boreas, perimitq; latentem,
Ad diram rima est area lata necem.
¶ Vna saburratam mergit fissura carinam,
Tædaq; magnificas destruit una domos.
Vnius & morbi contagia dira salutem
Perdunt, atq; uno vulnere vita cadit.
Vnica peccati labes sic perdere corpus
Atq; animam aternâ mergere nocte potest.
Ergo quod est vnum & parvum, ne temne periculum;
Sæpius est magni causa pusilla mali,

THIS little rift and chæp workes all my woe,
Whilst thorow it fierce *Boras* doth blow:
A crevise is a City gate to death,
Who still in ambush seekes to stop our breath:
¶ A lttle chinke doth drowne the loaded barke,
A stately house is burned with a sparke;
And one disease doth this our health annoy,
One wound our life is able to destroy:
One Sinne can Soule and Body overthrow
Into the hell, and darkenesse thats below.
Doe not a danger which is meane despise;
From meanest causes greatest evils arise.

Vnica

Fata viam inveniunt.



Death finds the way.

Morall Emblems.

53.

Nica rima fuit; Borealis flamina venti
Quo poterant solo mi nocuere modo.
¶ Pectore vulneribus paruit quæ scutiger Heros,
Hectoreus lethi hoc repperit ensis iter.
Planta pedis fuit Æacida penetrabilis, inq; hanc
Fœmineam Paridis rexit Apollo manum.
Hostis ab insidiis veluti, mors obsidet omnes,
Agmina, quæ murus parte laborat, habet.
Stiria sive gelu fuerit, seu musca, vel unda
Guttula, Londini littera sive necer.
Mille artes caller mors insidiosa necandi,
Vel facit, aut factam repperit illa viam.

ONE chinke there was and not another way
For *Boreas*, his fury to essay;
So *Hectors* fatall gift *Ajax* confounded,
And stob'd him where he onely could be wounded;
Apollo so directed *Paris* dart
To wound *Achilles* foote, and kill his heart.
¶ Death lies in ambush like an enemy,
And brasheth where our sconces weakest be.
Whether an icecle or drop of water,
Or gnat, or *Londons* Scholler-killing letter.
A thousand trickes we see of cunning death;
He makes or finds a way to stop our breath.

Eccc

✦ *Herostrati fax.*



Herostratus his Light.

Morall Emblems.

54.

Quid miser humano non dignus nomine terras?
Ne sacram famæ destrue amore domum;
Echnica nam quamvis pictas hanc condidit Ædem;
Hæc tamen insanâ non temeranda manu est;
Nulla placet Cœlo impietas; per sæpe profani
Gentiles pœnas demeruerè graves;
Delphica sit testis vindicta, aurumque Tolosæ,
Testis arenosi sævior ira Dei:
Est tua non flammæ impietas, quæ nata fovere,
Et licere, sacris nata adolere Deis.
Tam sanctum, innocuumque nihil Natura creavit,
Causanti quod nou impietate nocet.

AH wretch unworthy of thy infamous name,
Burne not this sacred Church, to raise thy fame:
For though twas built by Heath'ns impiety,
Yet ought it not be thus destroy'd by thee:
Trust me impiety every where is nought,
And Heath'ns their heathen profanenesse dearly bought:
Let Tolose gold, and Delphus robbery,
And Hammons sandy ire this testifie:
It's thine, not my default, for I was made
For sacrifice, and to make Creatures glad.
Nothing so harmelesse and so good can be,
Which may not hurt, by mans impiety.

Ecce

Virginum Lampas.



The Virgins Lampe.

Morall Emblems.

55.

ECce venit sponsus, quã non speratur in horã,
Adventusque potest discere nemo diem ;
Scilicet ut furvis nocturnus latro tenebris ;
Sic veniet, iudex & paranympus erit.
Seraphica ex omni resonabit cardine mundi
Buccina, tunc nubes clara tribunal erit.
Corpora sanctorum, pravorum corpora surgent,
Atque animæ reduces in sua membra fluent.
Tunc cui Palladio saturata est munere Lampas,
Salvificamq; dedit Grãtia vera fidem ;
Cum Christo scander Cœlos, ducetque triumphum
Inter Cœlicolos aligerosque choros ;
Sed cui non ullã pinguescit Lampas Olivã,
Cujus & in duro pectore nulla fides ;
Tartareos illum Christus relegabit ad ignes,
In quibus est stridens & sine fine dolor.

BEhold the Bridegroom comes, he takes his way.
Nor Man, nor Angell knowes the houre or day ;
He saies, he'le come, much like a tbeefe in' night,
To judge the world with equity and right ;
Angels shall charge with trumpets sounding cleare,
And Christ as Iudge shall in the clouds appeare ;
The righteous & the wicked shall arise,
Bodies and Soules, to passe upon that size ;
He who the oyle of preparation hath,
Whom Christ shall find furnish'd with saving faith,
Shall with the blessed Bridegroom mount on hie,
Mongst Seraphimes triumphing gloriously ;
But he who hath no oyle, nor faith at all,
Heavens dreadfull Iudge shall that man cursed call,
And banish him into the pit of hell,
Where with the fiends for ever he must dwell.

Qualis

In imo minimum & pessimum.



At the bottom both least & worst

Morall Emblems.

56.

QValia flammigenæ quum fervida munera Bacchi
Dolii in angustò carcere clausa Latent ;
Quamdiu summa cado promuntur vina, palato
Et melius sapiunt, uberiusq; fluunt ;
Ast ubi perventum est tetra ad confinia facis,
Et minima in fundo, & pessima vina latent :
Talia & accensæ splendent incendia tædæ ;
Æquali haud semper lumine flamma nitet :
Teda recens accensa, magisq; & clarius ardet,
Et facula est pleno lumine pulchra magis ;
Ast ubi decrevit moribundi ad tædia fungi,
Hic olet, est cæcæ luxq; maligna facis.
Vinum, & fax vita est, primisque floret in annis,
Et viget, & genio nobiliore calet ;
Sed simul effatæ senescit damma senectæ,
Dant nobis pauci tædia multa dies.

MVch like as wine the nurse of Poets veine,
When prison-like the caske doth it containe ;
Farre from the bottome while you draw the wine,
You will it find more plenteous and more fine ;
But when you come to dreg, no wine abounds,
Both least and worst remaineth in the grounds :
Such like the shining of a candle we see,
Which kindled once burnes not still equally ;
At first it giv's greater and clearer light,
And is more pleasant both to smell and sight ;
But when it comes to snuffe and even spent,
It shineth lesse, and gives a filthy sent.
The candle & wine's our life, which, in its prime,
Doth flourish more, and hath more hope of time ;
But when with mustie age our life decays,
Then many sorrowes have we, and few dayes.

Te lux mea fallit.



My light escapes thee.

Morall Emblems.

57.

WHen first my light did shine, you lik'd me well,
Now that is gone ; you hate my loathsome smell ;
You with prolongers made me live, and art
Preserv'd my light ; but now *Time* acts his part,
Triumphant Time, shewes now my glasse is runne,
(What way God knowes) I finde my threed is spunne ;
Envy hath playd its part, and I doe goe
To Coffin : as I doe, all must doe so.
Time breaths a shrewd and life-bercaving blast,
Yet upward flies my light, where it shall last.
I'me glad to part from body, which I lov'd
So deere, that many wayes and arts I prov'd
The mudwall to maintaine, and body save,
But yet in spight of me t'will go to grave.
This is my comfort, *Body*, that thy tombe
Which is thy grave, shall be thy mothers wombe
To bring thee once againe unto the light,
And life, which death shall never know, or night:
Then be content, though you and I depart :
Yet *Soule* and *Body* still shall have one heart.



Vale.

Farewell.

Morall Emblems.

58.

Æ Thereâ de sede fuit, petit æthera rursum,
Et quicquid Terræ est, flamma valere jubet.
In cineres fungus, fumus vanescit in auras,
Candelæq; decus, quod fuit ante, perit.
Mors simul Humanæ disruptit stamina vitæ,
Cælum anima, & tumulum putria membra percutit;
Divitiisq; valere jubet, fastidit honores,
Astra super, patrios expetit illa lares.
Discite mortales miseræ contemnerè sortis
Munera, quæ tandem reiicienda animæ;
Discite Cælestes animarum poscere dotes;
Quærite quæ sursum vos comitentur opes.

FLame goes to heav'n, from whence it once did come,
Bids earth adue, and what it hath therefrom.
The snuffe to ashes, smoake turnes into ayre;
Lights beauty's gone, which sometime was so faire;
When death hath giv'n his last and farall blow,
Our soule to Heaven, our Earth to earth doth goe;
Riches and honours, which it once did love,
The Soule now lothes, and seekes to dwell above:
Learne Mortals, all false pleasures to contemne,
And treasures, which the soule must once condemne:
Seeke rather for the graces of the minde,
Which you your convoy to the Heaven will finde.

Sursum corda.

FINIS.

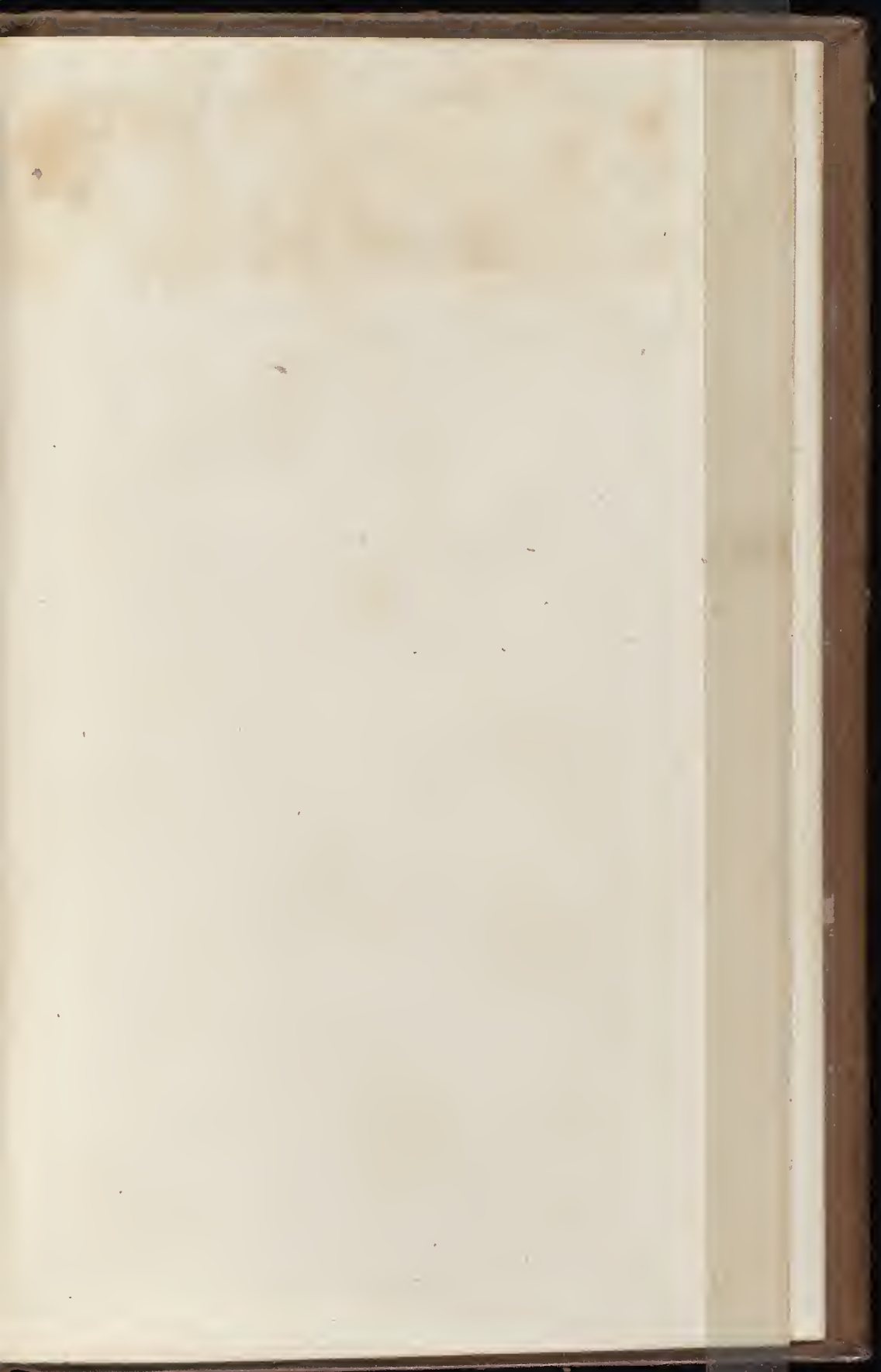
Study me in thy Prime

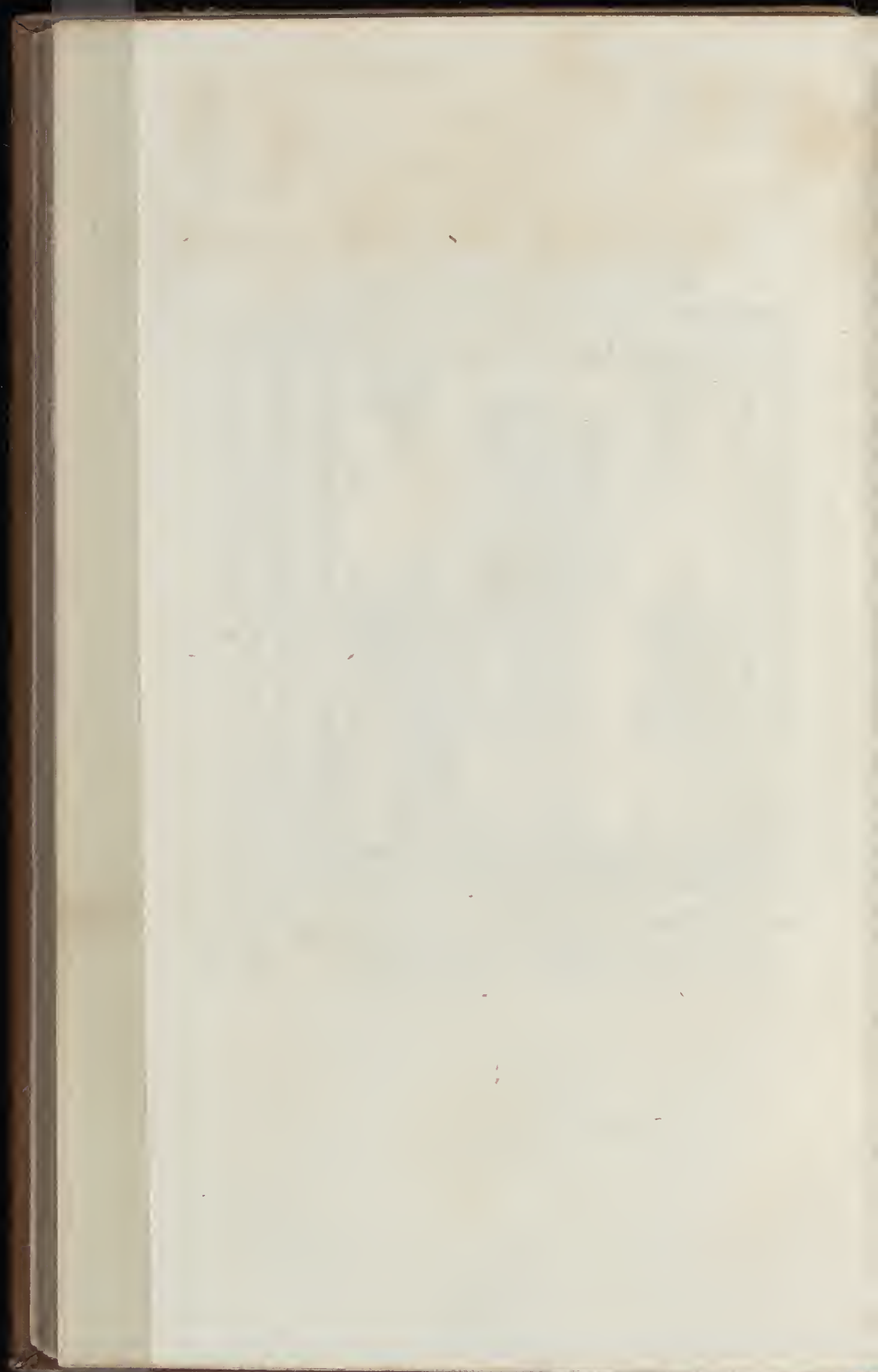
The Glasse doth Runne, and Time doth Go,

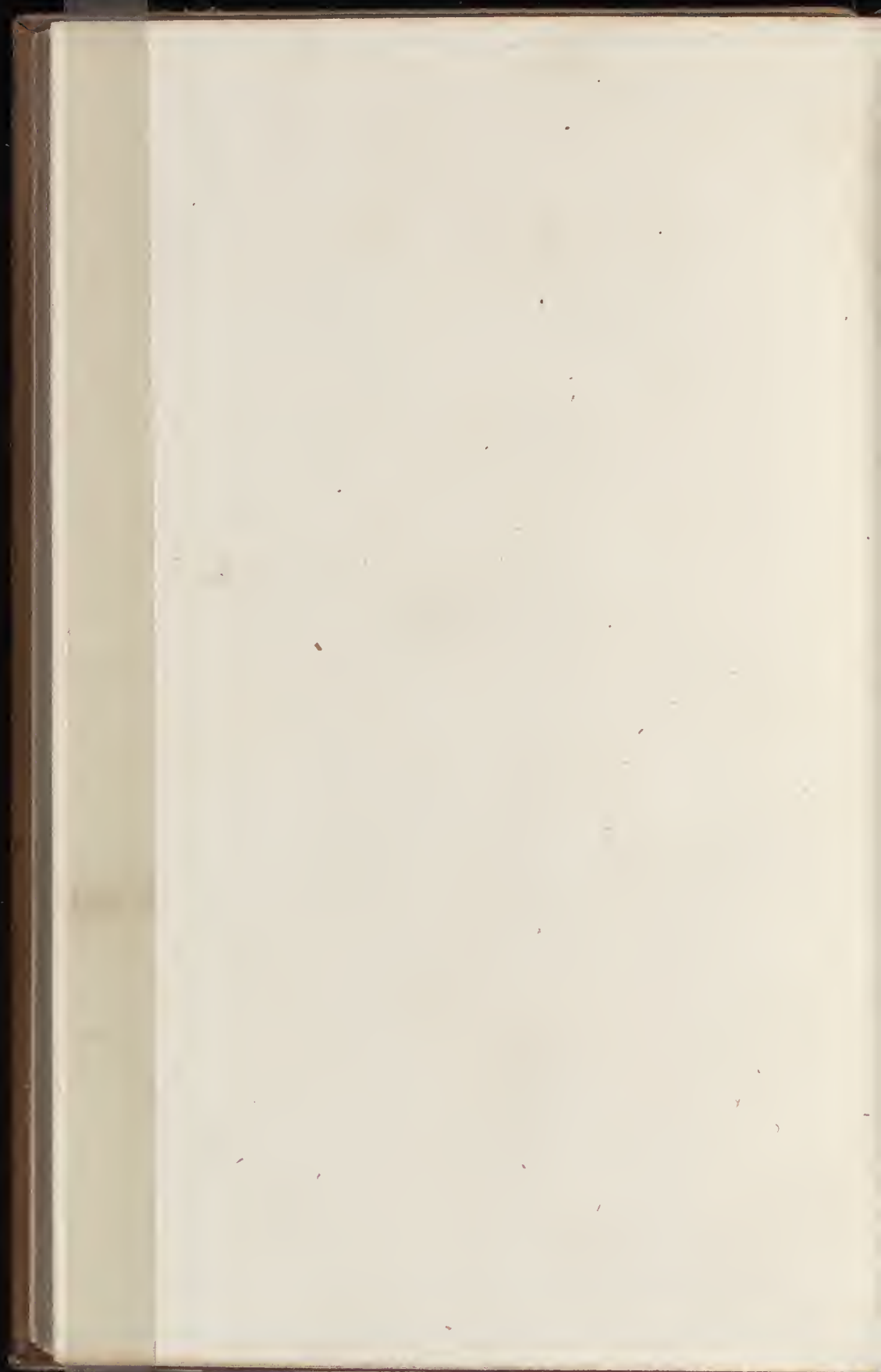


Death hath his End, I have not so.

Bury Death and weary Time.







Collated

Kalendarium:

leaf before title mounted
leaves shaved at bottom.

Lychnocausia:

engraved title-shaved at bottom.
last leaf repaired.



